

A woman with long dark hair and bangs, wearing a white ribbed crop top and white shorts, is posing in a dramatic, low-angle shot. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. The background is a dark, atmospheric image of a classical building facade with statues and architectural details.

His Harem

Part 5

The
Penultimate
Part

Amelia Stark



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His Harem: Part Five.

The Penultimate Part

An Erotic Mini-Series – The Concubine.

By Amelia Stark

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One ~ Squabbling thralls

Buffing the final quarter of marble floor tiles was the most difficult thing I had ever done in my life. I was beyond exhausted, I was absolutely knackered. It had got to the point where I couldn't think straight. One area of the rose tiles looked like any other; and in the end, I found myself buffing several sections twice.

The results of mine and the other girl's hard labour were, I thought, were impressive. When we started, the room was dull and lifeless. When we had finished, it sparkled with life and smelt of lavender petals. Damien Halabi, the house manager, went around the vast room wearing white gloves, running his fingers along surfaces and stroking the ceramic tile floor.

Both Layal and I remained naked, on all fours, still in the cleaning restraints, while he carried out his inspection. Tamara and Yamina, who retained their tunics while they slaved away, stood beside us waiting for the verdict on our hard labour.

"Your efforts are acceptable girls, so I won't be handing out any punishments this morning." We all breathed easier while he looked at his watch. "Girls, it's twelve forty-five. Take the cleaning equipment back to the servant's quarters. I'll bring the dress tunics over in half an hour and I want you ready by one-thirty. You will eat after our guest has finished her meal."

Tamara helped me and Layal remove the restraints and buffing gloves from our tired bodies. Naked and sweating, we stood up under the watchful eye of the house manager. He was far too interested in watching me, for my liking, so I was keen to put my tunic on and get out of there; but Tamara had other ideas and held onto the tunics.

“Wait, Gina. These tunics are clean. You and Layal can have a shower first. Come on, grab the gear and let’s go.”

Layal was au-fait with Tamara’s instructions, so was already picking up the bar, cable and gloves she had been wearing. I followed suit and the four of us set off for the servant accommodation. Layal and I were in a disgusting state. Sweat and dust had dried on our bodies and neither of us were in the mood for chatting in the oppressive late morning heat.

The large female accommodation building stood beside the identical male version and was divided by a fenced yard. The building consisted of a single room where the thralls ate, lounged and slept. The vast room was mostly in deep shade, for all the long window shutters were closed.

“The restraints go in the yard,” Layal explained, pointing toward the only other door in the room.

We crossed the room and entered the sun-bathed yard. Several washing lines were hanging across the entire length of the wide space. It looked as though all the sheets in the palace had been washed at one time, there were so many. The entire area was covered in green marble effect ceramic tiles and like the rose tiles I had been cleaning, looked absolutely spotless.

Three large washing machines were standing along the wall to our left, while to our right stood a long countertop with an inset sink and cupboards above and below. An sloping 8’ wide roof protected the outdoor utility facilities as well as a line of open shower heads at the far end.

Layal dropped the cleaning restraints on the ceramic tile floor at the end of the cupboards. “Come on, we’ll be the first in the showers.”

We hurried down to the end and turned the water on. “Oh, it’s cold,” I gasped in surprise, but then stepped under, grateful to escape the 90+ degree sweltering temperature. There were four heads, but the spray was so wide, Layal shared it with me.

The pretty Arab’s hair was cut short, making her stand out from the others. Her gold collar and cuffs were the permanent type. She was also wearing matching cuffs on her ankles, like all the other servant thralls in the Halabi household. My restraints were different for I was only wearing them temporarily, until I joined Sheik Husni’s staff as his interpreter.

The young Saudi had bright eyes and lovely, sensual lips that aroused my interest. We were the same height and build, but she had smaller tits than me. My fair skin contrasted vividly with hers and the other Arab girls, but no one had mentioned my ethnicity to date. I was wearing temporary pendant gems on my nipples, while Layal’s were pierced and threaded with chunky stainless-steel rings.

Standing before me, with water running down her superbly fit body, her standout features were the brands and tattoos that had been burnt and inked on her coffee coloured skin. The running ‘R’ scars on her neck and inner thigh were permanent reminders that she had tried to run away from an earlier Master. The digits tattooed on her mons and upper arms were her identification number that all privately owned thralls had to display in the UAE.

I grabbed a bar of soap from a ledge on the wall and started removing the dried perspiration caking my body. “Will you do my back, Gina,” the young Saudi

asked over her shoulder.

“Sure...” I immediately switched my attention to lathering her slim figure and marvelled at just how firm her young body was!

Her pert, well-rounded ass cheeks were incredibly taut. I thoroughly enjoyed rubbing my hands over them and feeling their firm texture. The youngster loved my attentions and showed her enjoyment by wiggling her ass continually. Tamara and Yamina joined us, under another head, but gave us some space to do our thing, for they wanted to wash each other's bodies too.

Layal leant forward and put her hands on her knees, then looked over her shoulder. “Clean my holes, Gina and then I'll do yours.”

I was relatively inexperienced in girl on girl action, but I liked Layal and wanted to try and make her feel like my equal in the short space of time I was on the Halabi estate. I placed my left hand on her arched back and used the slippery fingers of my right to investigate her tight, snug anus and then her lower, more accommodating quim.

The youngster was devoid of any clitoral flesh, having had it removed by her previous owners. However, her vagina was hot and succulent, possibly the result of the lewd and shameful work we had just been engaged in.

Pushing her ass back to encourage me, I gave her a good frigging before she moved forward and stood up. She turned, and after placing her hands on my shoulders, studied me with a curious expression on her face.

“I heard Tamara telling Yamina that you might be staying here...” she said softly.

I shook my head. “No. That was what Dawid said. He was talking bullshit.”

“Dawid is the senior house servant and usually knows about such matters. Look Gina, I want you to stay. You’re the only person who’s ever told me I’m beautiful.”

“That’s because you are, Layal.” I placed my hands on her hips and moved my mouth closer to hers until our nipples were rubbing together. Her larger, darker nubs were as hard as bullets. When I looked down, I noticed several faint red lines running across both her tits, proof of more sadistic punishments. “Look, Layal, I’m not staying here. I belong to Sheik Husni...” She looked disappointed. “It doesn’t mean we can’t be friends...”

Our tits squashed together as she pushed her lips against mine and gave me a short, passionate kiss. She leant back. “Gina, I don’t want to upset you, but we’re usually the last to know if we’ve been sold. It’s better to be sold in a private deal than be shipped off to auction in a cage.”

I was horrified. “In a cage! You’re joking?”

She shook her head. “Nope. If a Slave trader is involved, they’ll only handle thralls who are trussed and caged. I spent twenty-four hours in one, before I went on show to buyers.”

I was appalled and felt sorry for the youngster. I hugged her tightly and gave her a kiss, but she pulled out of it again.

“Come on, let me wash your back.”

I wanted to reiterate my belief that I was leaving later in the day, but Layal was desperate to reciprocate the intimate wash I gave her. With her thumb in my anus and her fingers teasing the entrance to my quim, the Saudi youngster demonstrated how to drive a girl to the edge of a climax and hold her there for a while.

While cold water continued to splatter down on us, Layal’s fingers and thumb probed, rubbed, squeezed and massaged the tender flesh within my orifices until I was quivering through an intensive orgasm.

I wasn’t surprised to find that the young Saudi was highly skilled at pleasuring both men and women alike. She had been taught to serve her Masters and Mistresses over many years and I was enjoying the fruits of her extensive training.

“Layal, we’ve got to get the washing down...”

I looked around to find Tamara and Yamina about to start drying themselves. My new friend turned the water off and went to fetch a towel. Tamara stopped me from following her by putting her hand out. “Don’t get too close to our runner,” she said in a loud whisper. “If you come in, she’s probably on her way out.”

I shook her hand off my arm. “Tamara, it’s not going to happen, I belong to Sheik Husni.”

She sniffed and wrinkled her nose. “You think you’re better than us?”

Yamina came alongside her buddy. “What’s the matter?”

“Tamara has the wrong idea about me...” I complained.

The Arab thrall reached out and grabbed my right nipple and gave it a painful twist. “Owww,” I exclaimed and tried to wrest her hand off my sore bud. “What’s that for?”

“I’m senior thrall and I don’t like you saying I’m wrong...”

Layal arrived and when she saw Tamara was still gripping my nipple, she dropped the towels. “Tam, what the fuck are you doing?” She grabbed her arm, Yamina tried to push Layal off Tamara and there was a coming together of four slippery naked bodies.

“GET OFF ME!” Tamara cried above the melee, then the senior girl appeared to slip on the tiles and crashed to the ground, taking me and the other two with her.

“What the fuck is going on here, Tamara?”

I was the first one to scramble to my feet, only to be confronted by Damien Halabi, the house manager. Naked and looking guiltier than Jack the Ripper, I wanted to ground to open up and swallow me whole!

Two ~ Devastating blows.

I was appalled to be confronted by a man in my naked state, but even more shocked to be caught misbehaving with the other thralls. Damien Halabi waited, cane tapping against his leg. Red faced and conscious my ass was within swatting distance of the cane, I leant over and helped Layal to her feet. The other two climbed to their feet and stood to attention alongside Layal and myself.

“Sorry, Sir,” Tamara said. “We were fooling around after taking a shower and I slipped over.”

“You were fighting. You have a stroke for lying, Tamara. I want the instigator to take one step forward or you will all receive two strokes.” He stood tapping the cane on the ground, waiting patiently for the guilty person to accept responsibility.

It looked as though we were all going to get the punishment, so hoping I’d save the others from being beaten, I took a step forward.

“Ah, the English troublemaker. On your knees and hold your breasts up.”

I was aghast. “M... My breasts... No, please, don’t strike me there...”

He lifted his cane and glared at me. “Questioning an order, gets you another two strokes.”

The blazing sun was nowhere near as fierce as the manager's intense, demanding stare, which made me go weak at the knees. I slowly sank and began crying even before I had cupped my breasts and lifted them into the firing line.

He waited patiently. "Turn your head away, girl. The rule is, if you drop your breasts, you will get a second stroke on them."

I looked in the opposite direction and concentrated on the teardrop gems that were nestling in my hands. They belonged to Sheik Husni, the man I believed owned me and the man I wished would put a stop to my present torment. I placed my thumbs over my nipples to protect them from the blow, then felt the cool cane rest on the tops of both tits. Then it was gone... Switt!

"Neeeeeeeeiiiiiii," I screamed louder than I ever had before. It felt as if both breasts had been sliced off by a red-hot Samurai sword. "Ahhhhhhhhhhh," I cried uncontrollably, moaned, swayed back and forth, but, I just about managed to retain the grip on my tits. Tears streamed onto my violated breasts and my chest heaved as each sob escaped my blubbering mouth.

"Hunker down girl so I can complete your punishment." It was a relief to be able to fall forward and try and rub the fire from the surface of my tits, but he had other ideas. "I shouldn't have to tell you to reach back and pull your cheeks apart, girl. The same rules apply. Release your cheeks and you'll get another blow."

I turned my head and rested it on the ceramic floor, then reached back and opened my valley for him. I was exposing the most sensitive part of my body to the sadistic house manager knowing that I was about to suffer another catastrophic shock to my fragile nervous system.

He straddled my body and faced my splayed ass cheeks, so he had the perfect angle to deliver the blows. The tears began to flow as soon as he rested the cane against the side of my valley and the tip on my right labia lip.

“Noooooooo,” I cried when the cane was lifted. Switt!!

“Neeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiiii...” A line of white-hot fire ripped into the side of my exposed valley.

My hands left my cheeks as I unsuccessfully tried to throw myself onto my side. Damien had planted his legs close to my body, thus stopping me from keeling over.

“Yamina, Layal, pull her cheeks apart.” Moments later, the girls were in position beside me, drawing my buttocks as far apart as they would stretch. Switt! Switt! Switt!

“Neeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiiii.” The explosive pain was so unbearable, my uncontrollable, violent reaction pushed one of Damien’s leg aside.

He stepped away to let me writhe and twist first one way and then the other. I rolled about, crying and screaming until the fire eased a little. Then I lay still in the foetal position, sobbing and feeling sorry for myself. Why oh why, did I come to Dubai? My brain screamed over and over again.

Damien carried on with Tamara's punishment. I vaguely heard her yelping after receiving her stroke, then the girls came over and helped me to my feet. "Are you okay, kid?" Tamara asked.

My tits stung, but it was ass and pussy that was causing me the most grief. I nodded though and grunted a reply. "No, I shouldn't be here..."

"Let's get you on your bed and Layal can put some cream on your stripes, while we get the sheets in."

The three girls eased me down onto my back, then lifted my knees onto my chest. "Wheeeeeee," Layal whistled. "These stripes are really bright. I'll get some cream."

I had stopped crying and while Layal fetched the cream, I took the chance to take in my surroundings. Tamara had said 'on your bed', but I had no intention of spending a night in Sheik Halabi's thrall accommodation.

I was laying on the second bed from the end and was in deep shadow. Only one door was partially open – the one to the yard – but my eyes had become accustomed to the poor light. The bed had a wafer-thin mattress that felt as though it was filled with straw, or a lumpy, fibrous material.

It was hard and uncomfortable, and I wasn't sure if I could fall asleep on it, let alone get a full night's sleep. The single pillow was filled with the same material while the white sheet and pillowcase, folded on the bedside table, looked tired and worn.

The most disturbing thing I noticed were chains hanging from eyelets cemented in the brick wall behind the heads of all eight beds. I wondered how long the chains were and whether they ever had cause to use them on any of the girls.

Layal, who was still naked, returned with the cream and knelt on the end of the bed. “How do you sleep on this mattress, Layal?” I asked.

She poked the surface. “They’re not as comfortable as the beds in the palace but better than sleeping on straw with the cows.”

“Is that what you had to do?”

She nodded as she started to rub cream into the red, angry stipes in the valley of my ass cheeks. She left my thrusting labia to last, then gently massaged my bruised lips.

“Here, give it to me...” She handed over the tube so I could do my tits.

I was certain that after I had spoken to Sheik Husni’s wife, Masumi, during or after dinner, I would be leaving with her. If that was the case, I probably wouldn’t be seeing the young Saudi again. So, as soon as she had finished her gentle ministrations, I lowered my legs and sat up. When I handed the cream back, I caught and held onto her hand, then swung my legs around so we were both kneeling, facing each other.

“I know you don’t understand and there’s no reason why you should, but I shouldn’t be here. The one shining light though in this horrible place is your beautiful face.”

She gave me a huge smile and then briefly kissed me on the lips. “Your words make me very happy...” She looked around the room. “This place isn’t too bad.”

The conditions were backward and primitive, but Layal was content living in them. I didn’t want to make her unhappy, so I changed tack. I think the way they treat you and the others is atrocious, especially the sadistic beatings.”

She shrugged my words off. “Gina, this is our life. The beatings? We all hate them, but you’ll get used to the pain. By the way, you were stupid volunteering just now. We’d all have gotten a couple of strokes across our asses and he’d have left it at that.”

“Not across our tits or between our cheeks?”

“No. He and the others hate troublemakers and dish out more severe punishments to those responsible for starting the trouble. If it’s a group thing, he’ll usually go down the line and give us a couple each. If we were all to get five strokes, for something really bad, like a poor team service at the dinner today, the first stroke would be across our tits and the rest in our valleys. We all know how important it is for our Master to impress his guest by having well-behaved and smart servants.”

“I shouldn’t be serving Sheik Husni’s wife, I should be eating and then leaving with her.”

Layal slowly shook her head. “Gina, I’ve seen similar situations with other thralls. Our Master often takes thralls for short periods of time, so girls frequently come and go.”

“Frequently? Do you mean after they’ve stay here, they go back to their original owner?”

“Sometimes, but most are eventually caged and sent off to auction.”

“That’s terrible,” I responded in a loud whisper. “I have to speak to the Sheik’s wife as early as possible. What do you think I should do?”

“I doubt if she’ll speak to you during the dinner. It’ll be very ceremonial. You’ve got to concentrate on your job – serving our Master, our Mistress and their guests. Fuck up and we will all suffer.”

“But, I have to talk to her. I have so much to ask her...”

Layal touched her collar. “Our collars will be armed during the meal. If she has something to discuss with you, it’ll happen after we have cleared the table, and they’ll probably switch the collar off so you can have a conversation with her.” She reached out and lifted the teardrop gemstone hanging from my right breast. “Have you ever loved someone, Gina?”

I held her cute face with both hands and kissed her gently. Her eyes lit up, but she didn't respond. She wanted to know the answer to the question. "Do you know, I don't think I have. If you change the word 'loved' to 'needed', then the answer is yes. In this moment in time, I've never needed someone as much as I do now..."

Three ~ Degrading punishment.

Tamara and Yamina, who were back in their light blue cotton tunics, and a young lad wearing a white thawb, filed into the room. Yamina carried on past the bed I and Layal were kneeling on, while Tamara and the lad stopped. I felt dreadfully embarrassed kneeling under the steady gaze of the tall Arab lad but didn't bother to cover my bruised tits or my smooth mons, lest I was reprimanded.

“Gina, this is Yousaf, one of five house servants. He is going to head our team, so he will oversee us during the meal.” Tamara didn't sound very happy about the arrangement. “Yousaf wants to give you a tour and show you what happens to us if we really step over the line.”

He nodded. “Tamara, Layal. Go and get ready for the lunchtime service.”

Yousaf was slightly older than Dawid, the senior house servant, who had earlier thrust his cock in my mouth while I was polishing the floor in the rose dining room. It sounded as if he wasn't quite as powerful as the other lad, although he still had authority over me, so it hardly mattered. Layal scrambled off the bed and joined Tamara who was heading down the line of beds toward Yamina.

The lad hooked his thumb. “Come on, follow me.”

“Can I put my tunic on, Sir?” I enquired as I twisted and climbed off the bed.

He turned his head. “No point. You'll be getting dressed in a minute. Come on.”

I caught up with him but stayed back so my jiggling tits were outside of his peripheral vision. We left the room and entered the wide yard. I had to cover my eyes to protect them from the brilliant sunshine. By the time we were halfway across, I was able to see where we were going. The sheets and washing lines were gone so I had an unobstructed view of the other building.

The male quarters, like our building, also had a 10 feet wide covered section along the entire length of the outside wall. Underneath it was a line of benches, covered with tools and equipment, along with a couple of small stainless-steel cages, which were standing on the furthest bench.

However, the most terrifying thing of all was happening in an 8' gap between two benches. A blue tray had been placed on the ground and in it sat a naked girl. She was wearing a black leather hood that covered her whole head, including her mouth and eyes. There were holes for her nose and a small tube sticking out, presumably so she could be given fluids to keep her hydrated. She was also wearing a leather posture collar that held her head upright on her naked shoulders.

Two hanging chains had been fastened to the wall at a height of about six feet. One of them dangled in the tray and the other appeared to be attached to the back of the girl's collar. She was sitting in the corner with her arms behind her back. I didn't want to go near her, but my escort was heading in that direction.

He turned and walked backwards the final couple of steps. "Er, Gina?"

I stayed back and put my hands behind my back, so he didn't think I was hiding my body. I knew I was blushing, for I hated being naked and have a young man like him, blatantly examine my nakedness. "That's right, Sir."

He shooed me forwards. “Come and look at Jamila. She’s spending six hours in the tray. That’s what we call it...” He reached out and put his hand on the back of my neck. We were both standing, staring down at the girl.

I was horrified that anyone could be so cruel to a thrall, for that’s what she was – a girl whose human rights had been stripped away! She had the same tattoos and stainless-steel rings hanging from her shapely tits, as the other thralls. Her legs were akimbo, so I was also able to see the steel ring hanging from just above her gaping slot. The girl had a featureless labia, so like poor Layal, she had been trimmed at some point in the past.

“What did she do to warrant such an awful punishment?” I asked.

“She fucked up twice. I’m showing you, girl, because you’re new and you’ve already fucked up once today. If you foul up the dinner, later, you’ll end up in the tray for the rest of the day. Just a couple of points you need to know. The hood totally blocks out sound, so she doesn’t know we’re standing here; and she can’t hear what we’re saying. I’m going to give her a signal, which all the girls have been taught to respond to.”

He hunkered down and grasped her foot. The reaction was panic from the girl. Her whole body began twitching and trembling. He gave her foot a tug and then let go. The girl instantly shuffled around, showing her wrist cuffs were connected behind her back, then tucked her knees and leant forward, until her head was touching the tray.

He pointed at her ass with his free hand. “That is what we call the ‘moon’ position and you can guess what happens next.”

“That’s appalling,” I muttered, staring down at the girl’s massively bruised ass.

“Not as appalling as what would happen if she didn’t respond to the signal. So, I want you in the tray beside her and copy the position so I know you understand what will happen to you if you step out of line again.”

“Me? No, please don’t make me do that...”

He gripped the back of my neck. “Girl, if you don’t do as you’re told, I’ll put the hood on you...” He pointed at a black leather hood sitting on the bench, waiting for an occupant. There was also a cane, a crop and several dildos lying beside it. “...and give you the full experience.”

I was aghast. “Nooo,” I wailed. “I don’t want to wear that...”

The threat was enough to spur me into action. He pushed me forward anyway, so I had stepped into the tray before he released me. I dropped to my knees, leant forward and rested my head on the blue plastic surface. He waited for me to part my knees a foot, like the unfortunate thrall beside me.

“Hands together behind your back.”

I felt him kneel between my calves and start to thread a cable tie between the eyelets on my cuffs. “No, please don’t tie my hands, I’ll do as you say...”

“Be quiet, girl, or I’ll beat your ass. Thank your lucky stars I’m in a good mood.”

I began to babble. “I’ll be good. Please don’t beat me.” I was more concerned about him using the cane on me than I was about him taking advantage of my exposed sex.

He shuffled forward, lifted his thawb onto my back and prodded the entrance to my quim with the tip of his cock. “I’m doing this to drive home the point I’m trying to make...”

The moment he said ‘drive’, he plunged his cock into the dry entrance to my quim, then used his hips to bludgeon his way past my tight vaginal muscles until his groin and belly were hard up against my upturned cheeks.

“Are you going to be careful and fully respectful to our guest at dinner?” He held his rock-solid boner deep in my quim, then began to withdraw as the prelude to a fast thrusting piston motion.

“Yes, Sir, uh, uh, uh” I wailed and grunted, while his heavy balls bounced off my bruised labia lips.

My head slid back and forth on the blue plastic tray despite Yousaf gripping my hips tightly. As I became juicier, I stilled and was able to settle down and appreciate a warm feeling spreading out from around my nether region.

The lad was in a hurry and quickened his pace until he was slamming his full weight behind each powerful thrust. That was enough to instantly trigger my orgasm, but I kept quiet to hide my enjoyment from him.

Imagining being made to wear such an extreme hood, while tethered to a wall, naked, should have dulled my libido, but it didn't. I felt dirty and primitive, for feeling any kind of enjoyment from being bound and fucked from behind.

"There's a good bitch..." he sighed. "...but we don't fill this hole in the tray." He ground to a halt, withdrew and thrust his slippery cock against my anus. "We use this cum dump, to save making a mess..." He breached the tight muscle and resumed his powerful thrusting motion.

The girl beside me lay trembling, probably wondering when she was going to be speared. Well, I saved her from that particular indignity, but unfortunately, she was doomed to continue suffering her own barbaric punishment in utter silence and darkness.

Yousaf became extremely excited when he finally ejaculated, then took a few moments to calm down, leaning on my back, playing with my tits. After withdrawing he climbed to his feet.

"Stand up so I can cut the tie." He picked up a penknife and as soon as I got to my feet, he released my hands.

Then, to my disgust, Yousaf side kicked the girl's posterior, whereupon she

turned and scrabbled back into the corner. I should have been feeling sorry for myself, but my thoughts were for the poor girl suffering such a mean and degrading punishment. The more I saw and experienced a thrall's life in Dubai, the more I was determined to reject the contract and flee back to England.

A month training in anything like the conditions I was experiencing in the Halabi household was totally out of the question. All I had to do was survive a few more hours and then I'd be able to tell Sheik Husni's wife my decision.

Four ~ The important guest.

Dressed in our yellow gauze tunics and yellow high heels, I, Layal, Tamara, Yamina and Yousef stood to the side of the main reception group in readiness to greet Sheik Husni's wife and her party. Sheik Halabi, his family, three concubines and the male servants were standing on the top step of the main entrance, watching the white stretched limousine approaching up the drive.

All the men for some reason were wearing smart grey suits and red check keffiyeh headdresses. Mohamed and Damien Halabi looked particularly smart in their turquoise blue silk shirts. The sheik's wife was also wearing turquoise blue in the form of an ankle length chiffon frock.

The young, slim Arab Shaykhah, who I guessed was younger than myself, stood beside her husband and looked bored and lonely. She was quite plain looking and was definitely outshone by the three attractive concubines her husband owned. Her long hair, reaching to the middle of her back, was her best feature along with her svelte, curvaceous figure.

Since arriving at the Halabi estate, I hadn't seen a woman over the age of thirty, maybe twenty-five! There was a lack of mature women around, so there was no one to check on the excesses of the dominant chauvinistic men who ruled the roost.

Whereas the concubines were given some status, servant thralls were considered second class citizens and were looked down upon by all the male staff and those above them. What confused me about the turbulent events of the previous two days was that I was enjoying the company of Layal and the other two thralls.

I had much higher expectations of life than the other three, but as we went about

preparing the food, I became engrossed in what we were doing. I forgot about my predicament for over half an hour, even though I was dressed and being treated like a slave. We wore our plain cotton, light blue tunics while we helped with the food in the kitchen, then changed into pretty yellow ones as soon as we were ready to greet the visitors.

Yousaf buzzed around on the periphery, but in the kitchen we were working under the officious assistant chef, Fahid. I didn't like his constant berating and the way he placed his hand on my ass while he showed me how to do a task. However, in a short space of time I begrudgingly came to respect him because the food he prepared was of the highest quality.

The car slowly came to a stop and everyone held their breath. I was expecting nothing short of a princess wearing a crown to step out of the limousine after it had parked in front of the Sheik's group.

I was pleased to see that Nazira was the first to emerge from the car. I had befriended the concubine on the plane, so it was reassuring to see her arriving with the party. Bashar Sarraf, the Husni house manager, climbed from the limo next. He turned and held the lady's hand as she elegantly eased off the leather seat and stood up.

I gawped. A princess hadn't emerged, but a fashion model had! Dressed in a short, purple toga-style dress, Salim's third wife looked like a female gladiator entering the arena. She was wearing gold high heels that had extended straps, wrapped around her ankles. Her dress appeared to be held together with a massive gold and diamond broach in the shape of an 'S'. A smaller version hung around her neck and more diamonds sparkled on her ears, nose and fingers.

However, she may have been wearing millions of dollars' worth of gems, but my

eyes were drawn to her stunning face and the mass of unruly strawberry blonde hair that tumbled and cascaded around her face and over her shoulders. I had seen a picture of her on the internet, which by a mile, didn't do her justice. Now I was seeing her in person, I could see her Japanese heritage, that interesting mix of European and Japanese features that I shared with her.

I was in awe of the young woman who was the same age as me – only 23. My confidence was boosted, for if a girl like Masumi could become wedded to one of the richest men in the world, then there was hope for me. I would be fooling myself if I didn't admit I was envious of her.

Sheik Halabi, shook her hand and bowed. Then he introduced his son, Mohamed, then his wife, while they bowed. Typical, I thought, of the male chauvinistic life the Arab men lived. The sheik moved onto Damien, his cousin, then the concubines and male servants, who he introduced by name.

They approached the end of the steps where we were standing. I was getting excited until they stopped short.

“This is the team who will be serving your dinner, Shaykhah,” Sheik Halabi explained.

“Sheik, I have told you to call me by my given name. I don't do titles,” she responded in a light-humoured manner.

“Yes, Miss Masumi.” Everyone, including a huge bodyguard, gathered around to listen and be close to the young woman.

“No. It’s just Masumi. I am and I will always be, to my friends, Masumi. And, Sheik, I count you and your family as very dear friends.”

They all bowed. “Thank you, Masumi,” all three of the men muttered.

“We are but a small family, Masumi, and we treasure yours and your husband’s friendship.”

“Thank you, Sheik.”

“Er, as I was saying, this is Yousaf and his team. They will be serving you dinner.”

Masumi smiled at the young man. “Another handsome young man, Sheik. You are blessed with impeccable and well-presented staff.” She glanced along the line of our four smiling faces and was then interrupted.

Sheik Halabi pointed toward the drive. “I thought I’d walk you through the rose garden before we sat down to dinner.”

“I would love that, Sheik. Lead the way.” The entourage slowly reformed so Sheik Halabi could walk alongside the blonde beauty on their way through the impressive gardens.

I stood stunned in disbelief. The young woman hardly noticed me. She was much more interested in playing up to the men and boosting their egos. I began to fear that the rumour Sheik Husni was selling me to the Halabi's, was true. Why else abandon me, send Masumi the next day and then ignore me entirely.

Yousaf woke me from my dark thoughts. "Come on girls. We have to be waiting in the rose dining room for their arrival."

We followed him into the palace and along the main corridor. Layal, who was walking beside me, looked genuinely excited. "Isn't she the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"She's very attractive..." I muttered.

"What's the matter? This is a great honour to have someone like her visit the Halabi estate, especially on her own."

"I know. I was hoping she had come to talk to me, but now I'm not so sure. If she doesn't want to talk to me, I don't know what I'll do."

She touched my hand. "Sheik Halabi is a good Master..."

Damien, the house manager was waiting for us in the empty dining room, so our conversation was curtailed. "Right girls, I'm arming your collars, so that you

maintain absolute silence during the meal. Yousaf, check their holes, then line them up by the patio doors. I'll go and see where the party is..."

Yousef didn't need to give the other girls the order to bend over, for they were doing it before Damien disappeared out of the patio doors. I followed suit and had to suffer the ignominy of having the young lad pull my cheeks apart and sniff my orifices.

The fact that the other girls accepted the intimate inspections as part of their daily routine was an illustration that they were happy with their lowly status. What then, did that say about me? For I too had bent forward, without complaint and acceded to the depraved ritual!

Yousef had shafted me in the tray, so the lingering inspection was hardly necessary, unless he had taken a shine to me and wanted a closer look at my sex. Or, was he genuinely afraid that I would in some way let the team down in front of their special guest?

Once he was satisfied, we stood in line, waiting for Masumi to arrive in the pink dining room. Standing beside three excited thralls, I understood that the special event was a rarity, but I was struggling to lift my dark, gloomy mood. Because of the colour of my skin, Masumi could hardly not notice me, but would they switch my collar off and give me the chance to talk to her?

Five ~ Too submissive!

The dinner, or banquet, appeared to be a huge success. Masumi only ate small portions, but she sampled all five courses and was very complimentary toward the assistant chef and the staff. We served twelve people in total, so I was on the move continually throughout the entire meal. The young wife of Sheik Husni noticed me whenever I served her and I got a smile and thanks, but she afforded the same politeness to all four of us.

The four concubines, three belonging to Sheik Halabi and one to Sheik Husni, sat and shared the honour of eating with the guest. Because I should have been sitting beside Masumi, dressed as a concubine, I couldn't lift my mood throughout the entire proceedings.

Once the final course, the mignardise, coffee and tea was served, the conversation between the important figures became more vocal. The subjects didn't interest or involve my situation in any way, so I sulked and agonized for most of the meal.

My mouth watered as I watched the concubines helping themselves to truffles, Turkish delight and exotic chocolates, while drinking champagne from elegant cut-glass flutes. The discussion between Masumi and Sheik Halabi strayed onto improving the ties between their families, while I stood beside the middle-aged Arab holding a bottle of champagne.

As I bent forward to pour wine into the sheik's glass, a hand settled on my naked ass just inches away from where his wife sat. I only just about managed to pour the sparkling wine, before standing up and holding my breath. The conversation went on as normal while the sheik searched out my fleshy entrance at the apex of my slightly parted thighs. I almost panicked when he slipped a finger inside me but was saved when Mohamed clicked his fingers, indicated he wanted more champagne.

When the table was clear and we were ready to leave the dining room for the last time, I did so with mixed feelings. I was relieved after being put under so much pressure. One cock-up and I would have spent several hours in the tray, wearing the hood and being shafted by one male servant after another. On the other hand, I was desperate to hear about my future. Only Masumi knew what was happening to me and I needed to have a discussion with her before she left.

I knew something was happening when Damien left his seat and followed us back to the kitchen. He stood by the door with his cane tapping his leg, watching us unload the trays. He then approached me. "Gina, come with me..." I looked at the others and saw a mixture of curiosity and worry on their faces. "Come on."

I followed him back to the female servant's building. He stopped at the doorway and ushered me in. "Change out of that dress and put your work tunic on."

It lay on the bed the girls had given me, but I was loath to put it on. In the first place, it was soiled after working in the kitchen and the second reason was that it suppressed my attractiveness. I assumed I was about to be taken back to the palace to meet Masumi, so I wanted to look my best. Damien though, had other ideas.

He followed me to the bed and when I held it up to show him the soiled front, he put his hands on his hips. "Do as I say and put it on. You'll get a clean one tomorrow."

That was the last thing I wanted to hear, for I had no intention of staying on the Halabi estate for another day. I reluctantly removed my one and only garment,

while the house manager watched me with a steely gaze. I wondered what was going through his mind as I tried to change tunics as quickly as possible. Was I just another thrall passing through his hands? A creature who could be treated like dirt one moment and a sex slave the next? Or, did he know anything about me; and that I didn't belong on the Halabi estate?

If only I could speak, I would tell him why I came to Dubai. Why I would be a huge asset working beside Sheik Husni as he travelled the world. Then, from the look he gave me while I was naked, I came to the conclusion he didn't give a damn who or what I was, so long as I worked hard and obeyed his orders.

I had to save my pleadings for Sheik Husni's lovely wife, but would I get the chance? I wondered.

With my tardy tunic in place and the smart dress and shoes sitting in a pile on the bed, I waited for his instruction. "Good. Go and sit at the table and wait. Do not move until given permission or you will be punished."

I was surprised by his order, but padded across the ceramic tile floor, bare footed, to the bench. He waited until I was seated, then left the room. I placed my hands on the table to stop them from shaking. How could I have been reduced to such an irrelevant person in such a short space of time? I asked myself.

My confidence was shot. I cowered whenever an Arab man came near me, especially if they were holding a cane, and I jumped when orders were issued because of the draconian punishments hanging over my head. I would never get used to such treatment, so I had to extricate myself from the clutches of the Halabi family and get on a flight back to London.

I didn't have long to wait before the light dimmed and Damien appeared in the doorway. He was followed into the room by Masumi and Basha Sarraf who was carrying a small briefcase. I scrambled off the end of the bench, lifted my hands together between my tits and bowed.

"Sit down, Gina," Masumi, said in a soft gentle voice.

I returned to my seat, while Sheik Husni's third wife sat opposite me – where Layal was sitting while we had our breakfast. Bashar stood behind and to the side of Masumi and laid the briefcase on the table, while Damien stood behind me.

I was dazzled by Masumi's four inch 'S' diamond and gold broach. If the gems were real, then I was sitting within touching distance of an absolute fortune.

The blonde-haired beauty calmly looked around the room and then back at me. "Sheik Halabi's servant's quarters are a lot better than many of the estates in Dubai."

It was a worrying observation and didn't need a response.

She continued. "Gina, I know your collar is armed so you can't respond to what I have to say. However, Damien will switch it off at the relevant moment so you can tell us what you think. But, for now, you must listen, because what I have to say will affect you for the rest of your life. Nod if you want me to continue."

I nodded because I was desperate to get the chance to speak. I needed an explanation for abandoning me on the Halabi estate and I couldn't imagine what she could say to persuade me to stay.

“Okay. Let's talk about the flight first. The sequence of events on the plane were engineered so that by the time it landed, a decision had been made about your suitability to work with my husband. You probably think that life in the UAE is all about men and their control of women... Am I right?”

I nodded. That's exactly what I thought.

“Well, it's not as simple as that. Ever since the fateful night when someone tried to assassinate Salim, his power has faded and continued to fade. Husni Oil is run by his first wife, Rasha Husni. In your first interview in London, you impressed her greatly, but on the plane, you were too easily led and made the mistake of agreeing to become a concubine.” She fell silent and stared at me.

My body began to tremble, while my temperature climbed. Surely, I couldn't be blamed for my eagerness and desire to please Masumi's husband, could I?

“Rasha misjudged you, a rare event. She confirmed your submissive nature and easily led character, later in the flight, and decided you weren't suitable to work as an interpreter for Husni Oil. You see, with Salim's weakness for submissives, we couldn't have one in such an important position.” She paused to let that sink in.

I was gobsmacked but as things had turned out, I was pleased Rasha had rejected me.

Masumi continued. “So, when you left the plane, you were heading for an entirely different future than the one you were expecting...” She lifted her hand and waved it around the room. “This or something similar, Gina, is your future.”

“Noooooorrrruugh!” I cried and promptly received a powerful shock on both sides of my neck. Clawing at the collar, I fell forward onto my elbows. It was lucky I was sitting, because I lost control of my muscles and was gripped by a series of involuntary spasms. “Ughhhhhhhhhh...” It was the second time I had triggered the collar and instantly regretted doing so.

“Can I get you a drink, Masumi, while you wait?” Damien asked.

“Thank you, Damien. Bring two glasses of water.”

The manager hurried away while I tried to pull myself together. It wasn’t easy, for the aftereffects of the jolts remained in my system for some minutes. Masumi stayed completely calm and quiet while she waited for me to recover. Moments later, Damien returned and placed two glasses of water in front of us.

Absurdly, he had bought the water in crystal cut tumblers. Masumi sipped her drink, as did I. I was feeling terrible in the humid conditions, so the refreshing water was a godsend. The cold liquid helped me to recover under the gaze of a young woman who had just delivered the cruellest news imaginable...

Six ~ Cast adrift in Dubai.

I was in a terrible situation, thousands of miles from home. Two of my friends had warned me about going to Dubai and Arab men, but I had dismissed their concerns and consequently lost contact with them. I had clearly made the biggest mistake of my life, so I had to have my wits about me if I was going to find a way out of their clutches and out of the country.

“Feeling better?” Masumi asked.

I shrugged and my face must have betrayed the anger that was flowing through my veins and dominating my thoughts.

“Gina, I can imagine how you feel. Don’t let my fine clothes and high status fool you. I was in your position when I first came to Dubai. My Master and husband, Sheik Husni, demanded that I prove my worth before he would raise my status from thrall to concubine and then to his bride. I too wore a shock collar and cuffs and had to work in the stables. I too had to suffer badly, but it was worth it. Becoming Salim’s wife was my goal and I strove hard to achieve it.”

I couldn’t imagine Masumi dressed in anything other than expensive clothes. She was a natural beauty and wore very little make-up. Any man would be plain stupid to treat her like a thrall.

“I can see you doubt my story. No matter. Once you succumbed to Salim’s penchant for the fairer sex and Rasha had confirmed your unsuitability for the post, plan ‘B’ had to be triggered. Plan ‘B’ is simple. We have placed you in the system and Sheik Halabi has generously offered to accommodate you while you are integrated and prepared for sale.”

I shook my head furiously, then felt Damien's hand grip my shoulder. It was a warning to sit still and listen to the lady, so although I was furious, I settled again.

Bashar Sarraf opened the briefcase, took out a document and handed it to Masumi. She scanned it for a second and looked up.

“The process started at the airport. Once you were tagged, you were in the system as being provisionally owned by the Husni estate. The electronic monitoring device, once the rest of your passport is complete, will enable your owner to move you from state to state.

The other elements of your thrall ‘passport’ will be added in the coming days. Officially, you are now owned by the Halabi estate. This document transfers your ownership from the Husni estate for the sum of twenty thousand Dirham, that's about four thousand of your English pounds. It doesn't sound much, and it's not, for a thrall with your potential.”

I was numb in body and mind. I couldn't absorb so much devastating news in such a short space of time. It was as though I was watching a really crap movie. and seeing myself being sold into slavery. I wanted to walk out because the action was so crass, but I was glued to the seat and couldn't move.

The shocking thing was that I was already imprisoned in a new identity and I had no cards left in my hand to play. I had no belongings or a passport and no friends to rescue me. I sat there, lonely and shaken to the core. Above all, I was terrified that Masumi was right about my future.

“Gina, I told you my story, because I think you’ll find your way into a good household, then who knows what can happen? I made myself appealing and you can too. I thought your performance at dinner was good and you clearly work well within a team. I had a word with Yousef. He gave you a glowing report, so I believe that if you keep your head down, you could make something of yourself. Now I’m going to ask Damien to switch your collar off so you can ask me some questions.”

The house manager pulled the remote controller out of his pocket. “Gina, I will not tolerate any rudeness to our special guest. Is that clear?”

I nodded. “Yes, Sir.” I hadn’t calmed but I didn’t want a punishment that would consign me to a spell in the tray. I was still trying to get my thoughts in order, but they remained jumbled and unclear. Basically, when the collar was switched off. I was still in a state of panic.

I tugged it to make it more comfortable. “Why not send me back. Why give me all that bullshit... Ahhhhhh...” Damien gripped the back of my neck and squeezed.

“Girl, that remark is disrespectful, and you will receive two strokes for it.”

Masumi held her hand up. “Damien, it would please me greatly if you would suspend that punishment for now.”

He relaxed his grip but kept his hand there. “Yes, Miss, but any more insolence

must be punished.”

She nodded. “Gina, Husni Oil’s desire to avoid scandal is paramount when we make decisions like the one regarding you.”

“Scandal? There wouldn’t be a scandal. I wouldn’t say anything.”

“Those are the famous last words of dozens of ‘kiss and tell’ young ladies like yourself. Salim has never had any accusations made against him and we, his three wives, plan to maintain his good name.”

I wasn’t satisfied, but I had other questions. “Did you say Sheik Halabi will be selling me?”

“Yes, it’s part of the agreement, but he can’t arrange it until you have been fully integrated into the system.”

“How long will that take?”

“Sheik Halabi will do it as quickly as humanly possible. These estates are expensive to run so he wants the profit on your sale to boost his finances.”

“I’m not worth much. Four thousand pounds won’t go far.” In fact, it was a derisory amount.

“Gina, I’m pleased you were listening. That figure was for what we call a raw thrall transaction. At the right auction, when you’re ready, you could fetch twenty or twenty-five times that amount. I hear the auctions in the Democratic Republic of Congo are particularly lucrative for sellers with quality merchandise.

I was stunned. Surely no one would pay a hundred thousand pounds for a 23-year-old, white slave girl, would they? “No, that’s barbaric and inhuman! I don’t want to be sold... Uhhhhh.” The hand squeezed, silencing me.

Masumi gave the manager a broad smile. “I think we have finished here, Damien. Sometimes, the harder you try to help someone, the less they appreciate your efforts. It’s very sad...”

“Yes, Miss. Gratitude is difficult to come by these days. Is there anything else you wish to tell this thrall?”

“No. But I would like you to arrange for our adornments to be removed from her person so I can take them back to the palace.”

“I’ll take care of it, Miss.”

“Good. Bashar and I are going to the pool for a dip. Will you be joining us later?”

“Yes, Miss. I have a couple of things to take care of, then I’ll join you.”

The elegant young woman got to her feet and was escorted out by the handsome Arab, the man who managed the Husni household. The room suddenly became cold and lifeless without her presence. However, the interview had been such a car-crash I needed a break to collect my thoughts.

Damien tapped me on the shoulder. “Follow me girl.”

I climbed to my feet and set off two paces behind him. “Sir, can I speak to the sheik’s wife later?”

He totally ignored me and instead pushed the door open to the yard and walked out into the brilliant sunshine. Again, I had to shield my eyes from the brilliant sun as we crossed the yard to the line of benches. I was able to remove my hand when we arrived under cover and was shocked to see we were standing facing the hooded thrall in the tray.

He grabbed my upper arm and shook me gently. “Did Yousaf explain this punishment to you?”

“Yes, Sir, he did.”

“It is I who decides when a thrall is put in the tray. Two severe misdemeanours will get you in there. You have committed one already today so be careful. Masumi was gracious enough to suspend two stokes, but if you ask me any more

stupid questions, then they become live and you'll get another. If you reach five you will be put in the tray, immediately after you've received your strokes. Is that clear."

Tears arrived and rolled down my face. I couldn't even ask a question without being punished. The rules were beyond barbaric and nonsensical. My priority was to avoid angering the manager and evade joining the thrall in the tray.

"Yes, Sir, that is very clear."

"Good. Come with me." He turned, walked toward the end and stopped at a deeper, lower version of the benches either side. "Take your tunic off and sit on the edge, girl."

I did as I was told by placing the garment on the taller bench to the side, then turned and sat down on the edge.

"Lean back, girl and lift your knees onto your chest..." As soon as I had adopted the awfully lewd position, he leant forward and pushed my knees further apart. "Hold your ankles, girl... That's it. This is the 'splay' position. So, when I point at a bench or the floor and say 'Splay!', you'll know exactly what I mean. We also have a fitness trainer who uses the terms I'm going to teach you..."

He left me while he squatted and helped himself to a couple of items from under the bench. He came up with a tiny allen key and a small box. It contained a stainless-steel clitoral clamp. He laid it to the side and slotted the key into a tiny hole, then began to turn. I gripped my ankles when the familiar fierce, dull ache ramped up to the sensation I felt when it was first fitted.

“Uhhhhh,” I groaned when he eased the device off my sensitive fleshy ridge and laid it beside the other clamp.

“I’ll remove your nipple adornments before I fit the new clamp.” He announced. They came off easily and quickly, but my buds had also become hypersensitive and painful.

“Ahhhhh!” I cried when he rolled them between his thumbs and forefingers. My eyes watered and I gritted my teeth to stop from releasing an expletive.

“Enjoy the pain, girl, for it usually proceeds giving pleasure to your Master. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Siiiiiiir,” I gasped when he increased the squeeze.

Once he had made his point, he released them and grasped my breasts. “Nice tits, girl,” he muttered. “The tattoo artist will be arriving this afternoon at five...” He moved his right hand off my tit and onto my belly. “These muscles need to be tighter and this...”

“Ahhhhhhh, I cried when he rubbed his thumb up and down my clitoral ridge.

“...may cause a problem.”

He then plunged his manly thumb into my succulent entrance and began energetically prodding it. I could see from the look in his eyes and the way he rubbed my tender folds that he wanted to spear me. It was more awkward in his smart grey suit, but that didn't deter the aggressive Arab.

He continued to ease his thumb back and forth while he unzipped and located his tackle with his free hand. His moment to ride the new thrall had arrived as he pushed his knob alongside his thumb. For a few moments, both were stretching my entrance and then it was just his granite-like dick plunging deeper and deeper.

After starting a smooth piston stroke, he poked my belly with a finger. "Girl, show some appreciation for your visitor."

He wanted his ego massaged so I wracked my brains for some appropriate compliments. "Sir, that feels so goooood... You're stretching my young vagina with your enormous manhood like no other man has before... You are so hard and big..." I had never said anything so crass before, but it brought a smile to his face.

"Better. An eager thrall is a valuable thrall. Give me more and use your imagination."

I thought for a moment. "I've fallen in love with you cock, Sir." I started sighing.

“No! don’t show any pleasure. Shower your Master with compliments but don’t cum. Your role is to provide pleasure, not experience it.”

I searched my brain for some more compliments. “Your cock is magnificent, Sir. I think I’m going to pass out from your powerful thrusts.” It probably sounded a little strangulated because I was trying to disguise the thrill I was experiencing. He then became vocal as soon as he approached his climax.

We reached a peak together, but he wasn’t aware, nor cared about my feelings when he jettisoned his load, into the depths of my bruised cervix. He withdrew and tucked his tackle away, then picked up the stainless-steel clamp and fitted it to my sore ridge. After he had tightened the device, he stepped back. “Have a quick shower, girl, then you can have your lunch.”

I clambered off the bench and rushed over to the female showers, where under Damien’s watchful eye, I quickly cleaned my body and douched my pussy. Was there a softening in Damien’s attitude toward me after having sex? It was a long shot, but I hoped there might be a chink in his macho armour that I might exploit.

Seven ~ Primitive conditions.

I dabbed myself with a towel, then put my tunic on. I felt better but frustrated that I couldn't talk to Masumi again. An idea had come to me while I was showering. Might they let me work on the Husni estate if I accepted full thrall training there? If only I could have a chance to impress Masumi and the other wives, I could prove to them I had a backbone and was capable of repelling Salim's advances.

I didn't buy the 'too submissive' reason for rejecting me, because Salim was surrounded by beautiful nubile young women who he could dominate to his heart's content. I suspected that I was too intelligent and too attractive for the wives liking and that they perceived me as a threat to their positions. If that was the case, then I was wasting my time asking the question and sparking the house manager's ire.

He pointed to the open door. "Go through, the thralls should be back with enough food for all of you." I led the way into the dim interior and sure enough the girls were back and sitting at the table. The group had expanded to four with the addition of another Arab girl. All four rose from their sitting position and bowed to the manager.

"Tamara, go and release Jamila from the tray."

A huge smile swept across her pretty face. "Thank you, Sir. You are most generous."

"Well, I'm in a good mood at the moment. Now get a move on, I want the six of you in yellow and out at the pool by four o'clock." With that, he turned and headed for the exit.

Tamara turned to me. “He’s in a good mood. What did you do to him?”

I shook my head. “I think it was what he did to me. Do you want a hand with Jamila?”

“Sure, come on.” She looked over her shoulder. “Leave some for us.”

On the way across the yard, Tamara asked the burning question. “Well, kid, what are they going to do with you?”

I hadn’t been told to keep quiet about anything, so I didn’t see any harm in telling her a part of the story. “I belong to Sheik Halabi now. Sheik Husni offloaded me here.”

“That’s good news, Gina. We need another pair of hands.”

“It’s not good news for me,” I said miserably. “Masumi says that I may be sold when they’ve finished integrating me into the system. What does that even mean?”

She waited until we arrived at the tray, then pointed at the poor unfortunate girl’s mons. “They say integrated. What it means is that you have to be registered, given a number and have it tattooed on you, like the rest of us. I expect once the paperwork is done, they’ll send for Ahmed Quraishi to do it. He does everything,

tattoos, piercings, collars and cuffs.”

It was the worst possible reply and a crushing blow to my fragile optimism. “Do they do that to every thrall?”

“Of course. You’re lucky that you weren’t marked when you were in Mexico.”

I told Tamara that Sheik Husni had bought me at an auction in Mexico before flying to Dubai.

“How long does it normally take? Damien said the man is coming at five o’clock.”

“That’s quick, but Sheik Halabi often does quick transfer deals... Come on, let’s get Jamila out of here.”

The moment the young Saudi stepped into the tray the girl sprang into life. She began shaking again and pushed her hands out like a blind person would. However, when Tamara grasped the girl’s flailing arms, she calmed and went limp.

“Release the chain and cut the cable tie on her cuffs, Gina, and I’ll unfasten the hood.” My job was easy after Tamara helped the girl up, onto her shaky legs. A clip released the chain from the back of her collar and I cut the tie with a pair of pliers. The hood was held together by three buckled straps at the back. As soon as they were released, the hood pulled forward and I could finally see the

occupant.

The attractive youngster was crying with joy, she turned her huge sad eyes on me for a second, then hugged Tamara. “Thanks, Tam. That was the worst...” She turned to me again. “Who’s this?”

“Her name is Gina. She arrived this morning...”

“Nice to meet you Jamila,” I said.

“Oh, are you from England?”

I laughed. “Yes, how did you guess?”

“Come on. Have a quick shower and then you can eat,” Tamara urged. “The food is on the table.”

We escorted her to the shower so she could wash her matted hair and sweaty body. We both stood and watching her clean herself with a bar of soap. The four thralls I had seen naked all had superbly fit bodies. Their tits varied in sizes (Jamila’s were similar to mine) and each girl was a different shade of brown, but in most other respects their bodies were almost identical.

“What’s a quick transfer deal?” I asked Tamara while we waited.

She thought for a moment. “Well, I think it’s to do with the source of the thrall. Some are like you, from countries like Mexico, America, Europe or Russia. Their Masters have bought them under questionable circumstances and sell them quickly to make a fast Dirham; or sell them because they are hot property. Once they are integrated into the system their value skyrockets. I guess our Master has bought you as an investment.”

I could see why Tamara oversaw the female servants. She was intelligent and didn’t miss much. She handed me a towel and together, we dried Jamila’s body and hair, while she stood in the blazing mid-afternoon sunshine. I sensed that Tamara was fond of Jamila by the way she caressed her body; or I was witnessing the normal behaviour of girls who had bonded in the face of adversary.

“I’m hungry,” Jamila muttered on the way to the open doorway.

There was plenty of room on the benches for six thralls and more than enough food to fill our bellies. The others stopped eating to welcome Jamila back into the fold and then Tamara introduced me to Tamarind who was sitting next to her. I filled a large bowl with rice and a selection of meats and vegetables, then set about devouring it using just my fingers.

I was seated at the end, opposite Jamila, who hadn’t bothered to don her tunic. She and the others were quiet, as they scooped their food and filled their mouths like primitive cave dwellers used to. I too was behaving in the same manner and wondered if before long I’d become so used to eating with my fingers it would be ingrained in my psyche.

The leftovers from the meal in the rose dining room provided an excellent meal for the six of us. All five seemed happy with their lot and appeared to be oblivious to the contrast between themselves and their Masters and Mistresses with their champagne and riches. I was halfway through my food when the light dimmed.

I turned to see a figure silhouetted in the doorway. As he approached, I identified the young man as being the assistant chef, Fahid. The young Arab had changed out of his chef overalls and was wearing a white thawb. He was carrying a small silver tray and when he reached the end of the table, he placed it in the middle between Jamila and myself. It contained six huge pieces of Turkish delight.

“Girls, are you enjoying the food?”

We all stopped eating. “Yes, Sir,” we chorused.

“Sir, you are the best cook, ever,” Tamara added.

“I know! Which one of you is going to thank me for these treats?” he asked, pointing at the tray of Turkish delight.

I looked at the other five and they stared back at me. Tamara slightly nodded her head suggesting I volunteer. When I turned my head back, the young man had already lifted his thawb and revealed his impressive cock and dangling balls. Sensing I couldn't back out of the egregious task. I reached for a tissue and wiped my hands.

“Good, girl. Fill your mouth again with my boner. This is even tastier than what you’ve been eating.”

I swivelled on the bench and after Yousef had adjusted his position, I gripped his cock with both hands and drew his foreskin back. As I started licking his crown, I could see in my peripheral vision, Jamila, once again shovelling food in her mouth. The situation was surreal. There I was preparing to give the Arab lad a blow job and the others were acting as if his demands were nothing out of the ordinary.

He waited until I was lolly-popping his knob before laying a hand on my head. “Devour it girl. I want to feel your throat not your hands.”

I moved them down to the stout base and his pendulum-like ball sack. I then began the slow process of nudging it deeper and deeper down my throat, while bobbing my head back and forth. Since boarding the plane to Dubai, I had learnt a lot about fellatio and how to regulate my breathing and found that the right position was imperative. Sitting on the end of the bench, at least I was comfortable and had a good angle to thrust my throat aggressively onto his rock-hard shaft.

“Ofay, that’s so sweeeeet...”

His dick began to twitch and seconds later I felt pulse after pulse of jiz shoot against the side of my oesophagus. I eased up slowly as he softened, then gave his one-eyed crown a final, salacious lick while looking up into his eyes.

As I backed away, Fahid dropped his thawb and patted my head again. “Enjoy

your meal girls and don't leave a mess in the kitchen. I've been invited to the pool..." He turned and headed for the exit.

I was learning fast that being a humble and accommodating thrall was the only way to get on side with my aggressive male counterparts. However, I wasn't sure if I could keep acting in such a submissive manner for much longer.

There was silence until he had left the room. "I've been invited to the pool," Tamara parroted in a low voice that was meant to sound like Fahid's.

Everyone burst out laughing including me. Seconds earlier, I was sucking the guys cock and feeling miserable, but the girls had a positive, uplifting effect on me. "Does he do that often?" I asked the moment they stopped giggling.

"What, give us treats or demand a blowjob?" Jamila asked with a twinkle in her eye.

I was amazed by the speed with which the young Arab had recovered from her traumatic spell in the leather hood. "Both, I suppose."

"Every man in the household demand 'rewards' whenever they feel like it," Tamarind explained. "Fahid is one of the nice ones."

"He's probably the last one at the pool, so we should be left in peace for the rest of the meal," Yamina added.

“So, the others interrupt us while we’re eating?”

Tamara shrugged. “The servant lads drop in anytime, if they’re not on duty. Damien allows oral in here to keep the lads from jumping us whenever they get the urge. You’ll get the hang of it and we normally take it in turns to blow them. Dawid is the exception. He usually comes after lights out and picks on one of us at random. He’s the sheik’s favourite because he’s the son of a friend. There would be no point complaining about him unless you want to be punished. I know because I tried when I became senior thrall. The other lads know they wouldn’t get away with it because it’s Damian’s rule.”

The girl’s painted a scenario of thralls being totally dominated by every male on the estate. It was a depressing picture, but I consoled myself knowing that I was now sixth in the line to give a blowjob. I turned to Layal who was sitting beside me. “How many men are there on the estate?”

“Um, the Sheik, his son and cousin. Six house servants, chef and his assistant. How many does that make?”

Tamara counted on her fingers. “Nine internal staff. There are just as many in gardening and security, but their quarters are beyond the gardens. We only get grief when we have to go down there on an errand. Come on, everyone, finish your food. I’m dying to see Masumi naked.”

We were still speculating on what Sheik Husni’s wife was or wasn’t wearing, while we loaded six trays and carried them to the kitchen. I too was curious as to what the billionaire’s third wife was wearing in the pool. However, we had to wait to find out until we had washed the dishes, dried and put them away.

Again, for fifteen minutes, we six thralls working as a team, laughed and giggled every time Layal cracked a joke. Imprisoned on an estate in Dubai, the thralls were free from the pressures of modern-day life. Their worries weren't about how much money they could earn and whether they could pay all the bills. Their masters took care of that. They only had to worry about avoiding sadistic punishments and the constant demands for sex.

I didn't want to live in a bubble and be cut off from the outside world. I wanted my phone back and to have the freedom to message my old friends. I didn't want to be dominated morning, noon and night and be treated like a sex slave. I wanted to be respected and loved. By coming to Dubai, it looked as though I had thrown all my hopes away with one thoughtless stupid decision.

So, no matter what, I had to avoid being sent somewhere more barbaric than the Halabi estate. Time was running out and I needed help and a plan. The trouble was, I had nothing to offer in exchange for help. Because, every male on the estate could use and abuse me whenever they wished...

Eight ~ Extreme punishment.

Once we had changed into our yellow tunics, we hurried out into the garden, crossed the grass barefooted, and walked around the side of the palace to the pool. It was four o'clock, the sun was lower, and the temperature had dropped a degree or two. To me, it was the ideal climate and I wished I could enjoy it under better circumstances.

After filing through the gate, I was surprised to see that everyone was in the pool. The only man on dry land was Masumi's bodyguard. He stood stoically by a sun lounger, presumably to keep an eye on her valuable adornments.

When Damien spotted us gathering in a group, he climbed out of the pool and strutted over to us. The athletic house manager was wearing a pair of green bathing shorts, a sign that the men were respecting their visitor's sensibilities. It was good to see, but a shame it didn't extend to everyone. We bowed respectfully as a pool of water gathered around Damien's feet.

"Layal, Gina, collect the wet towels and take them to the laundry. After putting them in the machine, bring back another batch."

"Yes, Sir," we replied in unison.

Layal grabbed my hand. "Come on, let's start there."

As we approached the line of sunbeds, A naked Arabic girl climbed from the pool. It was Nazira, the girl who befriended me on the plane. She looked at me and when the blank expression didn't change, my heart sagged with disappointment and sadness. She turned and held a hand out for Masumi who was also climbing out of the pool.

I caught my breath when the Japanese youngster stood erect and ran her fingers through her wet hair. A quick glance around showed that every person in or out of the pool was staring at her beauty and goddess-like form. She was wearing a white one-piece bathing costume which contrasted vividly with her well-tanned body.

I spotted a dry towel folded neatly on the end of her lounge, so I rushed across, grabbed it and turned, thinking I'd get a chance to plead with Masumi before she left.

Unfortunately, Nazira was approaching. "Give me the towel, girl." She demanded, with her hand held out.

"Let me give it to Masumi, please Nazira."

"Give it to me and get on with your duties."

"What's going on?" a gruff voice boomed behind me.

Nazira's expression changed from anger to relief. "Oh, Damien, this thrall won't

hand me Masumi's towel."

I handed the towel over and turned to face the surly Arab. "I was only trying to help, Sir."

"You call that help? You were told to collect the wet towels, not hand out the dry ones. That's two strokes for disobeying an order. I don't have to remind you that you're one stroke away from the tray, do I?"

I wrung my hands together and quivered with anguish. "No, Sir. I will try and follow your orders in the future."

"Get moving then!"

Layal passed me collecting wet towels so I joined her and gathered as many as I could carry from the rest of the loungers. By the time we turned to retrace our footsteps, Masumi had reached her sunbed and was talking to Damien. She turned and took a step toward me, so I paused. "Gina, life can be cruel for a girl in your position..." She turned to Layal who was gawking at the Japanese youngster. "What's your name girl?"

"Layal, Miss. I think you're beautiful."

"So were you before that..." Masumi pointed at the running 'R' scar on her neck. "Have you told Gina how you got it?"

“Yes, Miss. Gina knows I tried to escape from my Master. I regret what I did...”

Masumi held her hand up to silence Layal while turning back to me. “Gina, in Dubai, punishment is swift. Learn from Layal’s mistake and do what I did, impressed my Master until he wanted me by his side. Am I getting the message across?”

“You are, Miss. Thank you...” We both bowed and my chance to plead for mercy was gone, for she swivelled to resume her conversation with Damien.

He had been staring at me with a look of disapproval on his face, but I was careful not to say anything that might upset him. However, I was upset when I heard Masumi words as I bent over to pick up the towel that Nazira had dropped on the ground after drying her hair. “Keep an eye on that girl, Damien. She’s highly...”

I had to join Layal who was waving to me to hurry up. “What’s the rush, Layal?”

“I just want to get out of here before Damien has a go at me.”

She led the way to a large laundry cart on wheels. The box-like body of the stout four-wheel vehicle was made from moulded blue plastic and already half full of wet towels. We dumped the ones we had collected on top of the others, clasped the long handle on the back and pushed it toward a double wooden gate set in the surrounding fence. Layal opened it, we pushed the cart through, then she closed it behind us.

“The Laundry isn’t far,” my companion said, once we had resumed pushing the card along the paved road.

With our bodies bent at the hips, so we could clasp the handle and put our backs into the task, our tunics had ridden up, and bared our most intimate spots. Layal wasn’t bothered in the least if her pert ass was visible, but I wanted to avoid flashing my pussy and avoid having sex again. Luckily all or most of the men were enjoying themselves at the pool so I gradually calmed as the journey progressed.

We turned a corner to trundle along beside a deserted tennis court, then when we reached the end, we turned again and approached a large brick building. “Great news you’re staying,” Layal said as she raised her arm and pointed right. “The door is round there.”

“Maybe not for long though...” I replied.

We turned the corner and parked the cart. Once again, Layal opened the doors, enabling us to push the vehicle inside. “Over there...” I looked where she was pointing. “...is the industrial washing machine and drier...” I looked around the warehouse and was surprised to see the huge quantity of stores that the Halabi household held at any one time. “Come on let’s push this over there.”

Beside the machine, stood a large shelf unit, filled with white and turquoise towels. We transferred the wet towels into the washing machine, then opened the tumble dryer and folded the dry towels one by one and placed them in the trolley.

“What makes you think you won’t be staying long?” Layal asked me.

“Just some stuff Masumi told me. I shouldn’t be here Layal. I...”

“This is a good place to be,” she said with real enthusiasm. “Sure, they treat us like shit, but we have fun.” She dropped a towel in the cart, then stepped forward and wrapped her arms around me. I rested my hand on her shoulders. “Don’t listen to Masumi. She knows shit. I live for today and enjoy it because I’m alive and eating good food.”

I moved my hand from her shoulder to her face and stroked it. “You’re right. Masumi’s talking crap. She said you used to be beautiful when she should have said, you are beautiful.”

Layal pushed her lips against mine and gave me the most passionate kiss I had ever had. Men are usually aggressive and overpowering, especially Arab men. Layal was aggressive but in a loving and considerate way. She dominated me but allowed me to come back at her and win minor tongue battles. Our mouths rotated as our heads turned first one way then the other.

The show of genuine affection was most welcome after the previous two days of turmoil and pain. I found myself stepping back as Layla gently pushed her body against mine. Before I knew what was happening, I tripped and fell backwards onto a pile of towels that collapsed under my weight.

Layal’s hand dropped to my ass, then my thigh and lifted it so she could slip her

fingers onto my sore, bulging Pussy. I winced when she played with my spongy major lips and sighed when she slipped a couple of fingers into my hot succulence. I reciprocated by searching out hers and together we rolled and writhed amidst the scattered towels.

“Well, well, well, bitches, what have we here?” We scrambled apart and sat up among the towels.

We were so embroiled in what we were doing we didn’t hear someone approaching. It was Yousef, back in a white thawb and brown sandals.

“Sorry, Sir, we fell over...” Layal said as she tried to get to her feet.

The lad kicked out and although he didn’t land a blow, Layal fell backward to avoid the blow. “Stay down, girl. You know what the punishment is for performing sapphic sex when you should be doing your duties.”

“Yes, Sir, I know...”

“Tell your Jap friend what it is.”

“It’s two stokes, Gina, unless we ask Yousef to deal with us himself.”

It was a crushing blow to have gotten carried away enjoying myself and then

come crashing down to earth with a bang. The lad grinned at me then his eyes dropped to my legs. They were akimbo and my clamped pussy was partially visible.

“Well, I’m waiting, Gina!” He emphasised the final syllable with glee.

I swallowed hard. Please, Sir, will you deal with us, instead of reporting our behaviour to Damien?”

He rounded on Layal. “I haven’t heard from the runaway thrall.”

“Please punish us, Sir, and take our bad behaviour no further.”

“Is the cart full?”

“Yes Sir, it is.”

“Turn it around while I fetch a couple of packets of ice. Tidy these towels up first.”

He marched off leaving us to restack the towels. Having done that, we turned the cart around and waited for him to return. “What’s he going to do to us, Layal?”

“Huh, what do you think? Screw us of course.”

Moments later he staggered into view carrying two heavy bags of ice. He threw them on top of the towels, then pulled a bunch of cable ties from his pocket. “Grip the handle girls.”

It was easy for him to thread the ties through the eyelets on the cuffs and fasten them to the handle, completely disabling us.

“Yousef, Gina is new so go easy on her.”

“And hard on you?”

“Yes, if you like.”

“Not a chance, runner. I want your feet well spread, straight legs and your sweet asses in the air... That’s it, dip your backs girls and make those cunts an easy target. The more difficult to hit, the more attempts I’m going to have to make!”

He went to the pile of towels, took one and started to roll it up.

“Attempts. What the fuck?” I hissed at Layal.

“Stay still kid, so he can flick your cunt. Make it an easy target. If he misses, he’ll try again.”

“Heads down bitches. The first one is going to be a surprise!”

Layal and I stared into each other’s eyes. Tears were dripping from mine, but my friend’s were dry and determined.

Crack! “Neeeeeeeeiiiiiii!” I screamed and dropped to my knees, when my pussy exploded in a ball of pain.

A fire raged as I wiggled my ass and rocked from side to side, but the pain pulsed on and on, just like the tears pouring down my face. Crack!
“Ahhhhhhhhh,” cried Layal, but she maintained her posture.

“Get up,” she cried at me through gritted teeth.

Unable to comprehend her advice, I was still on my knees when... Crack!
“Uhhhhh!” The tip of the towel snapped in the centre of my right ass cheek, sending me into more convulsions.

“Get up,” Layal tried again, more urgently than before.

I started climbing to my feet. Crack! “Neeeeeeei!” Layal collapsed onto her

knees, crying and screaming through gritted teeth.

The sadistic lad waited until I was in position. Crack! “Ahhhhhhhh!” My legs gave way again, and together we cried and squirmed while our wrists remained anchored to the cart handle.

Impatient and unsympathetic, Yousef lifted my hips to help me back into position. “That should have warmed your Jap cunt up a tad.”

Legs apart, bent at the waist 90 degrees, my pussy was at a comfortable angle and height for him to spear me.

“I’m going to sample these two holes before visiting our little runner...” he said as he eased his blunt crown into my well-lubricated quim.

Surprised and relieved my body was aroused, his rapid, plunging cock caused me a lot less pain than when I was dry.

“Jap, you’re sizzling hot. It’s like putting my dick in a furnace.”

He pounded my quim for a minute while I gripped the handle and lowered my head in an attempt to deny myself an orgasm. I only avoided it when Yousef changed holes and resumed his aggressive piston-like thrusts in my rectum. Layal and I maintained eye contact throughout my twin shafting, then throughout hers. I think I fell in love with the young Saudi during those awful five minutes.

We held each other's hand instead of the middle of the handle. Her attitude made me feel stronger and helped me to pull myself together. Then, when Yousef decided where he wanted to dump his load, he returned to my tighter orifice and brought our ordeal to an end.

It was a relief when we were once again out in the open air, pushing the trolley across the estate. I had probably had the most turbulent day of my life and worst was to come. Was there any way to avoid being processed through their crazy, barbaric system? Or, was I destined to live the rest of my life slaving for an Arab Master on a backward estate like Sheik Halabi's?

The moment of reckoning was approaching fast and my future looked as bleak as a cold winter's day, in my hometown of Oxford...

THE END of Part five.

In the sixth and final part, Gina cannot avoid being drawn deeper into the murky world of slavery. Sheik Halabi is keen to complete the English thrall's transformation by tattooing her with her thrall registration and having her body pierced in multiple places. She must be trained, both in fitness and attitude, before being sent to auction. This will be her future, unless something or someone crops up and saves her from a fate worse than death. Is there a handsome Sheik in Dubai somewhere, who'll sweep her off her feet, or is the youngster doomed to a life serving a cruel Master?

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

follow Gina's attempts to escape a lifetime of slavery

Thanks. A.S.

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