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# His Harem

## Part 6

### The Finale

*Amelia Stark*

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## Part 6

### The Finale

*Amelia Stark*

# **His Harem: Part Six – The Finale**

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

**By Amelia Stark**

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First Smashwords Edition 15-01-2020

Published by Amelia Stark

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Excerpt of 'Extreme Obedience: The Complete Story'.

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**One ~ New Masters.**

I lay staring at the roof rafters in a state of shock. The vast open plan room was strangely quiet and tranquil, in total contrast to the emotions churning around inside me. My thoughts were jumbled while my body was throbbing with pain in multiple locations; and to make matters worse, I was lying on an uncomfortable, wafer thin, lumpy mattress.

Thirty minutes earlier, Ahmed Quraishi, having finished with me in his mobile surgery, handed me over to Dawid, who promptly escorted me back to my bed in the female thrall accommodation. I hated calling it 'my bed' because claiming it, gave permanence to my thrall status in the Halabi household.

The young lad stood staring down at my naked body; and for once, an Arab male was resisting laying a hand on me; but for how long? Three days earlier, I wouldn't have laid naked in front of anyone, let alone a lad I had only known a few hours.

He folded his arms. "Gina, you are excused duties until morning call at 6 o'clock. That gives you an extra couple of hours in bed."

Trying not to excite the highly sexed young Arab, I lay with my arms by my side and my legs together, straight and toes pointed. I could see the shape of his erection pushing against the front of his long white thawb and wondered how long he would wait before he demanded relief.

Despite looking dishevelled Dawid was clearly aroused by my vulnerability and nakedness. I had bandages on my upper arms and a large pad on my mons, covering the registration numbers that Quraishi tattooed on me. My areolas and nipples were bright red from being pierced and fitted with chunky one-inch



stainless steel rings, while my face was tear-stained from over an hour of non-stop crying.

Raw pain pulsed through my breasts, but the piercing at the top of my pudendal cleft was the worst. I had touched the deep-seated ring and instantly regretted it. The tattoos weren't too bad. There was some physical pain, but it was the mental anguish of having my body permanently marked that crushed my spirit.

“Gina, now you're a Halabi thrall we've got to come to an understanding. When we're alone, I'm your Master. Got it?”

“Yes, Master. I understand.”

“I'm waiting for a sign of gratitude, girl.”

“Thank you, Master, for giving me an extra couple of hours in bed.”

The young Arab was in two minds whether to let me have a rest or have a quickie before the girls returned for their supper at 7 o'clock. He took a couple of minutes to reflect on my condition, but his cock eventually overruled his brain, like most of the men I had encountered in Dubai.

Dawid finally issued the order I feared. “Sit up.”

Tamara, the head thrall, explained, while we were eating our lunch, the rules regarding sex in the thrall accommodation. A decree from Damian, the house manager, forbade any sex, other than oral in the room. However, Tamara warned me about Dawid. He was in charge of the male servants and was able to flaunt the rules, because he was the son of a friend of Sheik Halabi's.

I sighed heavily, then lifted my head and shoulders, while working my ass up the bed. I didn't lean back against the wall because of the heavy chain hanging from a ring higher on the wall.

I was extremely uncomfortable sitting on my sore ass and pussy. They were still throbbing from the thrashing I received earlier. The first stroke, across my tits, had left a thin red welt which was much more visible on my white skin than the aftermath of similar cuts on the other thrall's tits. The final four blows landed in my deep divide and on my spongy labia lips, while the girls pulled my buttocks apart. It was a brutal thrashing and a shocking wake-up call for me.

Dawid started to slowly lift his thawb, gathering the material at his waist. First his knees, then his strong thighs and finally his dangling balls and erect cock came into view. The lad was well-endowed and was expecting me to compliment him. Arab men had even bigger egos than Englishmen, and after several encounters in Dubai, I was already well-versed in what was expected.

I reached out with my right hand and gripped the base of his shaft. "Master, your cock is huge!" I exclaimed, before turning my head to offer my mouth. When he didn't move, I leant over and pulled his dick down so I could lick the blunt, domed end.

He adjusted his position, so he was standing facing me, then patted my head. "You can do better than that, girl. You've got a free hand."

I reached out and lifted his huge balls, then began to gently massage them in rhythm with my flicking tongue. I was rubbing his crown between my lips, when he pushed down on my head. So, I took more into my mouth and increased the speed.

“That’s what I like, girl...”

With both hands busy and using a more aggressive lollypop motion, my ministrations had the Arab lad moaning softly.

“Deeeeeeper,” he sighed.

I went down on him, but only a couple of inches, before starting to rapidly thrust my throat onto his rock-solid shaft. I nudged deeper, but I had only devoured about half of his nine inches before I felt the first signs of his ejaculation coming. I thanked god the lad didn’t have much staying power.

“Oh yes, oh yes,” he gasped, the moment his cock began pulsing powerful jets of jiz deep into my oesophagus.

He withdrew his cock, let his thwob drop and moved to the head of the bed.

“Sweet Jap, that was satisfactory and wins you a bonus point. That’s between you and me. You see, I can get you treats when you’ve earned enough points...”

“Thank you, Master. I will do what I can to earn more points.”

He reached behind my back and pulled up the chain from behind my bed. It had a small padlock on the end. “Lean forward.” Once I had dipped my head, he closed the padlock, connecting the chain to an eyelet on the back of my new collar.

“Is that necessary, Master?”

“Lay down,” he said in an angry tone of voice.

I was relieved to be able to return to a reclined position and take the weight off my sore ass. He waited until I was comfortable before continuing.

“Thralls don’t question orders. If one of us tells you to do something, you do it without question. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

Dawid hunkered down and placed a hand on my thigh. “If you question one of my orders or something I’ve said, you will be punished. If you have any bonus points, I may deduct one.” His hand slid up to the apex of my thighs and nudged the stainless-steel clamp, causing a jolt of pain in my pussy. “Bonus points are earned if you show willing...”

Pushing his fingers into my thigh tunnel suggested he wanted to go further, so I parted my legs. It was a shameful thing to do but I didn't want to anger him.

He withdrew his hand. "Good, girl, but you can go further..."

I gripped the mattress and bit my lip as I raised my knees and brought them down onto my chest. His hand hovered over my thick convex lips, thrusting upward between the back of my upper thighs.

His fingertips lightly touched the purple, bruised lips. "Tell me what you think would make your Master happy, girl." He wanted me to act in an utterly shameful and slutty manner, just to satisfy his sick hunger for sexual gratification. "A thrall must always be eager to please," he added.

"I would be most pleased, Master, if you pushed your fingers inside my pussy."

He carelessly slid two fingers into my succulent quim. I was mortified that after such a torrid few hours, my body was aroused and my quim hungry for stimulation.

"This, girl, is your wet hole, not a pussy, so use the correct term in the future."

"Yes, Master. Your powerful fingers feel good in my wet hole."

“Is that all you want in there? Tell your Master what you really want.”

I wanted him gone and to be left to suffer my pain and misery alone, but I didn't think that would happen until he had speared all my orifices. “Your magnificent cock would be better, Master. My hungry holes are eager to be speared...”

The sound of voices distracted him. He turned his head and withdrew his fingers. “Put your legs down, girl.”

I heaved a sigh of relief, when first, Tamara, then Layal entered the room carrying trays of crockery. They spotted Dawid and bowed politely. He was only the senior house servant, but they showed him respect to keep in his good books.

“Carry on girls,” he called across the room. Then, after standing, he set off and met them at the table.

He muttered some instructions to them and then strode out of the room leaving us alone. The girls laid the table, then came over to see how I was coping with the pain.

Layal knelt by the side of the bed but Tamara remained standing. The young Saudi put her hand on my arm, “How are you feeling, Gina.”

“Pretty rough, actually. Thanks for interrupting him. He was about to...”

“Fuck you?”

I nodded. “He couldn’t resist taking advantage of me and making me do... you know....”

“You’ve got a lot to learn, kid,” Tamara said, having moved so she was standing right over me.

Her short, light blue cotton tunic hung away from her body, enabling me to see the lower half of her incredibly fit bronze form. The steel ring hanging beneath her identification tattoo, on her mons, and the stainless-steel clamp gripping and hiding her clitoral flesh were the evidence of her slave status. Both girls were beautiful young women and, in my judgement, had been purchased by Sheik Halabi because of their attractiveness.

Layal reached out and wiped a tear off my cheek. “Sheik Halabi is one of the better Masters. You’ll get used to the life here and we’ll have some fun together.”

“I’m not going to have much fun chained to this bed,” I said with a heavy trace of bitterness in my voice.

Layal looked down at the pad on my mons and beyond. “Oh, I don’t know.” She had a cheeky expression on her cute face and winked at me. “They chain me too. I think I’ll sleep in the next bed tonight.”

“Do they chain you every night?”

“Sure...” She touched the running ‘R’ scar on her neck. “No one will ever trust me again, for the rest of my life.”

“No, that’s not true, Layal. You mustn’t think like that.”

Tamara shook her head. “Layal committed one of the cardinal sins in the UAE and will feel the effects of the sentence for as long as she lives. Gina, relax. I’m sure the chain is temporary. We’ll be back at seven-thirty with supper and we’ll bring a bowl over to you.”

The pair left me alone with my thoughts which were still so dark I couldn’t lift myself out of my miserable depressed state. My world had shrunk in size to a tiny estate in Dubai, where for the time being, I was a prisoner without status and without a future to look forward to...



**Two ~ Chained to the wall.**

I was in Dubai because I impressed Sheik Husni's wife in an interview I attended in London. I have a degree in language studies and I'm fluent in Chinese and Japanese, due to my unusual parentage. My Japanese father was married to my English mother until I was six. He then married my stepmother who is Chinese. I've lived in the UK all my life – 23 years – but my parents went to live in Japan after I had spent a year at university.

To find myself lying on a primitive bed, naked and chained to the wall, after I had such high hopes for my future, was a crushing blow. The wives of Sheik Husni didn't approve of me being in Salim's company, so they arranged my sale to another estate.

Dressed as a concubine, I had sex with Sheik Salim Husni, then his wife Rasha, thinking I was cementing my attempt to be Salim's personal interpreter. I was attracted to the idea of travelling the world with the billionaire, helping him secure trade deals for Husni Oil. Unbeknownst to me though, my behaviour was too submissive, so I failed the test aboard the flight.

Fearing I'd do a 'kiss and tell' story on the billionaire, the wives decided I had to disappear and never to be seen again. And, that's how I ended up imprisoned on Sheik Halabi's estate. Imprisonment was a strong word, because until I was chained to the bed, I walked around the palace and grounds unfettered, dressed as a thrall.

All my possessions including my clothes, phone, passport and wallet were gone and I was totally isolated from the world. When I came through customs wearing only a burka, I had to submit to being tagged by an abusive immigration officer. It was my first harsh lesson of the life, Sheik Husni's wives had planned for me.

I had just been fitted with a permanent gold shock-collar and matching cuffs on my wrists and ankles. Worst of all though, was being tattooed with my thrall registration number, UG7942. Ahmed Quraishi, a repugnant fat Arab, inked the tattoos on my mons and both upper arms, just below my shoulders.

It meant that if I managed to escape from Dubai and gain my freedom, I was marked for life. Panties and a short sleeve top would hide the tattoos, but I'd know that as long as they were there, I had been a slave and I'd always be looking over my shoulder.

I turned my head away when Quraishi was doing them and I hadn't looked under the bandages, so I was dreading my first sight of the disfiguring tattoos. Somehow, on the terribly uncomfortable mattress and in the stifling heat, I managed to lie still for a while and doze off.

The girls were going to let me sleep, but Fahid, the assistant chef, showed up and it was his voice that woke me from my slumber. He had a loud laugh and the girls were joining in.

The atmosphere in the vast room had drastically changed. It was pitch black outside, so the girls had lit oil lamps to illuminate the eating area. I half sat up, unsure about what to do, until I spotted Layal leave her seat and head toward me.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Grotty... How much chain have I got?" I asked reaching behind me and giving it a tug.

“Enough to piss in the pot under your bed.”

“Calling this a bed is a crime against the trade description act.”

She frowned. “Trade what?”

“Never mind. That food smells good. I see you’re eating with Fahid.”

“He can be a cunt sometimes, but we all like him.”

“What about Dawid. Do you like him?”

“No, he’s a cunt all the time, like most of the male servants. Are you hungry?”

“Sure. Have you saved some for me?”

“Yes, I filled a dish for you. I’ll fetch it.”

While she was away, I tried to get comfortable on the thin, lumpy mattress. I placed the pillow behind my back and was reasonably comfortable by the time Layal returned. She handed me the dish and placed a tumbler of water on the

floor.

“Do you need anything else?”

The dish was piled with chicken wings, rice and three vegetables. The food looked good and was probably the leftovers from the main meal at the palace. “I’m fine, thanks.”

“Make the most of it. Tomorrow the chef is back and he would rather give the good food to the dogs than give it to us.” Layal headed back to the table, leaving me to eat with my fingers and ruminate about the primitive conditions I was living in.

We, the thralls were considered low lifes and were given all the dirty jobs around the palace. The concubines had some status and seemed to spend a lot of time in the company of Sheik Halabi and his son, Mohamed. Then there were the male servants who were given authority over thralls but couldn’t administer punishments. Apparently, Dawid was the exception to that rule.

When Layal and I returned to the pool with the clean towels, Masumi, Nazira and Basha Sarraf were nowhere to be seen. Zee, one of Sheik Halabi’s concubines was in the pool and climbed out to help us put the towels in a storage cupboard. I was shattered to learn that the guests had left while I was fooling around with Layal in the warehouse.

We had just finished transferring the towels when Damien showed up to take me to where Ahmed Quraishi had parked his mobile medical van. The fat Arab had a well-equipped theatre complete with a gynaecological chair and some

impressive equipment for turning innocent young women like me, into fully fledged UAE thralls.

My heart missed a beat when he asked the house manager if I had to be trimmed. My collar was armed so I was unable to protest against such a dreadful suggestion.

Thankfully, Damien replied in the negative. “Not this time, Ahmed. The master hasn’t decided on which market he’s going to put her in yet.” I had a lucky escape, but I was mindful that the fate of my clit was in the hands of a couple of Arab men who cared not one jot about my feelings.

I was mulling those thoughts over and had just put my bowl on the floor and picked up the beaker, when Dawid entered the room. It was the signal for Fahid and the girls to put the dirty dishes on the trays.

Layal came over and collected my bowl. “We’ll be back when we’ve cleaned the dishes...” she informed me. “...while you get to laze in bed.”

I looked over and saw Dawid watching us. “I’d rather be coming with you.”

She pulled a face. “You’re the new thrall. They’ll all want to try out your holes, then it’ll go back to normal.”

“Seriously? I don’t know if I can cope with so much sex. It’s like working in a brothel.”

She looked shocked and shook her head. “No. we belong to our Master and his family. If he wants us to please a guest, there is no money involved. We are not whores but servants of a very good Master.”

Layal spoke passionately and the last thing I wanted to do was upset her, especially as she had befriended me as soon as I arrived. “Sorry, Layal, I didn’t mean to suggest we were whores. I meant that I have had a lot of sex since I arrived in Dubai.”

She softened. “Like I said, Gina, you’re the new girl and every lad is going to want to feel your lips wrapped around the end of his cock; and, you’re very beautiful and white...”

I wanted to reply, but she turned and hurried back to the table where the girls were about to set off. Fahid led the five girls out, but Dawid stayed. He wandered around the room, casting a critical eye over the table and countertop, then approached me. “Are you feeling better after your meal?

“Yes, Master. Thank you.”

“Good, has Damien taught you the positions yet?”

The question caught me by surprise, then I twigged. “Oh yes, one. He called it the ‘splay’ position.”

“Good, I like that one. Turn through 90 degrees and do it for me.”

It was an awful position to adopt, and one that would no doubt lead to yet another shafting. Because we were alone, I suddenly felt the urge to make a stand. “Master, I know you are kind and understanding. The tattoos and piercings are causing me a lot of pain and I need rest...”

He clenched his fists and his muscles tensed. “You need to be taught a lesson, thrall!” he hissed, then turned away and headed for the exit to the yard.

“Sir...” I called out, realizing I had made a stupid mistake, but it was too late.

Two minutes later, he returned with another lad I hadn’t seen before; and was carrying a black hood. I shrank back against the pillow behind my back, as they strode up to the bed.

Dawid pointed at me. “This bitch just refused an order. We’ve got to put her in the tray. Help me put this on her.”

Fear in the form of a sparkling sensation rushed through my nervous system. The thought of wearing the hood terrified me. “Sir, I’ll do it... Please don’t put the hood on me.”

I quickly shimmied onto my back in a tuck position and turned so I was laying across the bed. They didn’t make a move to grab me and instead watched me settle into the ‘splay’ position. Holding my feet wide and my legs straight, I leant



my head back and opened my mouth. My three holes were the only thing I had to offer them in exchange for clemency.

Both lads, standing side by side stared down at my stretched pussy. The pad hid the tattoo on my mons but the ring resting on the steel clamp, provided a gleaming focal point for my grossly lewd display.

“Shad, I think the thrall wants to play on the roasting spit. Am I right, bitch?”

“Yes, Master. I was wrong to say I was tired. Please give me another chance.”

“Alright, bitch. I want you on your hands and knees. Chad, go round the other side.”

Making sure the chain didn't tangle, I twisted again and scrambled onto my hands and knees, so I was facing Chad's thawb, at the perfect height to blow him. He placed his hand under my chin and lifted. “You look like a Jap not a Brit...”

“She's half and half,” Dawid muttered, as he placed his hands on my ass. “The mix came out alright, didn't it?” He squeezed my cheeks. “dip your back girl and part your knees... Better.”

The lads had me in the perfect position and height to spear me at both ends. Chad waited for his boss to make the first move. Moments later, Dawid lifted his thawb onto my back and nudged the entrance to my quim with the tip of his

cock. The lad in front of me then lifted his thawb, and after revealing his cock, steered the crown down to my mouth.

“Impressive, heh?”

His dick was average, but I wasn't about to upset the lad. “Your cock is very impressive, Sir...” I started licking his blunt knob. “Uhhhh,” I sighed softly when Dawid drove his cock into my succulence, with some force.

“Very nice, girl. You're still hot and wet.” He muttered softly, then pushed on until I was fully impaled and his hips were hard against the back of my thighs.

He luxuriated in my tightness for a few moments, then started to thud into my ass with some force. So much so, my head began jarring back and forth on Chad's dick. He grasped my hair either side of my head and stood still, so as I moved forward, more solid dick slid down my throat.

“Uh, uh, uh,” I groaned each time I was simultaneously speared, from both front and back.

I suspected that the pair had worked together before, because the double fuck was perfectly timed. Dawid gripped my naked buttocks while Chad held my head; and together they eventually stilled my body. Once stationery, they were able to increase the speed of their thrusts.

I would have been happier if my throat fucker had given me time to adjust, but

both lads were on a mission to drill my orifices at pace, to satisfy their desire for an explosive release. The sheer brutality of the double fuck intensified my own experience and triggered a raw and vivid climax, the like of which I had never experienced before.

Dawid, groaning like a hog, came first, having remained in my quim, then moments later Chad grunted his way through his ejaculation. I was gasping for air when he withdrew and dropped his thawb nonchalantly. With both cocks withdrawn, I stood trembling through the aftermath of my own deep and powerful orgasm.

Chad patted me on the head. "Welcome to Halabi heaven where your holes will always be sore!" They both laughed at his crass joke.

Dawid slapped my ass. "Turn around, Gina." I scrambled through 180 degrees, only to find Dawid was still holding his semi-flaccid dick. "Kiss it good night." I gave the one-eyed domed end a wet kiss and backed off.

"Nice ass," Chad muttered after placing his hands on my buttocks.

Dawid dropped the front of his thawb, then nodded at Chad who removed his hands. "Get some rest, girl. Morning call is at 6 o'clock. Major Fayed will be here to put you through a fitness test before breakfast. I think he's got something special arranged for you..."

Both lads laughed as they headed toward the exit, which suggested to me, I was in for a torrid time come the morning. I sank gratefully onto my side, then rolled over, returning to my prone position staring at the rafters.

In less than 36 hours I had been transformed into a slave girl and marooned in a country where slaves were real and had no rights. My future was gloomy, and I was unable to come up with a single positive thought as I drifted toward sleep.

After the most tumultuous day of my life, my tired body gave up the ghost. By the time the girls returned I had fallen into such a deep sleep it would have taken a thunderclap to wake me.

**Three ~ The fitness test.**

Eight hours sleep was just what the doctor ordered. When I woke, I found myself still lying on my back. Grey light, filtering into the room through partially opened windows, gave the room a ghostly aura. I slowly sat up, trying not to make the chain jangle while I put my pillow against the wall. Only four of the other beds were occupied and all the girls appeared to be asleep.

Layal was laying in the next bed, curled up in the foetal position, facing me. Her cute features and short hair suggested, incorrectly, that she was younger and more vulnerable than the rest of us. Just looking at her peaceful features, triggered a desire in me to want to protect the youngster in some way. She too was attached to a chain hanging from a metal ring cemented into the wall above her head – a measure that was surely over the top.

There was an analogue clock on the other side of the room, but because of the light I had to squint to make out the time. Both hands were pointing down, so I guessed it was just after 5:30. I then realized I needed to do a wee, so I swung my legs around, eased off the bed and knelt on the ceramic tile floor. I pulled out the china pot, inelegantly perched my butt and peed in it.

Once I was back on my bed, I sat cross-legged and examined my tender areolas and nipples. The stainless-steel rings hanging from them and the one hanging from just above my pudendal dimple were thick and shiny. I could just about bare the pain when I slightly moved the rings, which was a massive improvement from the previous day.

Quraishi told me to remove the bandages from the tattoos in the morning and if I had any concerns to tell Damien. The triangular pad covering my mons was held down with plasters on all three sides. I peeled the top one off first and got my first glimpse of the tattoo, as the bandage lifted. I gasped and hurriedly pulled the whole pad off.

The registration number, UG7942 stood out against my smooth white mons. It was three-inches wide and the fancy digits were more than half an inch high. A government crest, beneath the digits, had been inked on my mons just above the deep-seated steel ring. I instantly hated being marked like a common slave and regretted ever coming to Dubai to chase a job with an oil rich billionaire.

I was removing the bandages on my arms when the door swung open and Damien entered with another Arab man. Damien was wearing his white thawb while the stranger was wearing black shorts, a khaki green singlet and black trainers. He was carrying a short stick in one hand and looked as though he was about to go jogging or play tennis.

Sitting cross legged, I dropped the bandages on the floor and placed my hands on my knees. I was getting used to thrall behaviour and less embarrassed to have a stranger study my nakedness and see my sex. Damien came around to the right side of the bed, while the stranger stood at the end.

I raised my hands between my breasts, bowed my head and then returned my hands to my knees. My body trembled with embarrassment while I sat naked in front of two Arab men who were both old enough to be my father. Damien moved to the wall and released the padlock, freeing me from the chain.

“Gina, this is Major Fayed. He is a fitness trainer and will be putting you through your paces today so we can complete your thrall transfer paperwork and passport.”

I bowed again. “Nice to meet you, Sir.”

The Major was tall and muscular and had a rich brown skin tone, several shades darker than Damien's. His black hair and full beard were cut short, giving him a hard, military appearance. His dark eyes studied me intently while maintaining a stern expression on his face. Despite his aggressive demeanour, he was undoubtedly an extremely handsome man.

"Mmm, you may not think that later..." the swarthy Arab replied, tapping the stick on the end of the mattress. "Hands behind your head and shoulders back!" he came alongside the bed to stand opposite Damien.

I complied with his command and as a result my tits lifted slightly. The rings moved, reminding me of their presence with a sharp tingle of pain. He reached out, cupped my left breast and gave it a squeeze, then slid his hand down to my belly and grabbed what he could of my flesh.

He withdrew his hand and issued another order. "I want you on all-fours across the bed. I want to examine your rear end."

It was the same position the lads had me in the previous night. Was I about to be speared at both ends yet again? "Yes, Sir," I muttered as I fell forward, adjusted my legs and turned on the narrow bed. His huge hands descended on my ass and began squeezing and pulling them apart.

"Drop your shoulders and get your head down..."

As I adjusted my position, I noticed Damien releasing Layal from the chain



tether. A hand pressed down on my back. “Dip your back, girl.”

Once he was happy, he had another feel of my buttocks, then moved down the muscles on the back of my thighs and calves, gripping and squeezing them. His thumbs brushed my thick labia lips, but he seemed much more intent on assessing my fitness.

“Right, stand at the end of your bed in the ‘at ease’ stance.”

I was surprised to see the other four girls were getting off their beds and doing the same thing, without being told. Moments later, five compliant slave girls, marked and ringed identically, were standing in line, naked, facing the Major and Damien.

“While I’m here, I’ll take a look at the others,” the Major said, pointing down the line with his stick.

Layal was next to me and then there was a gap of two empty beds. Damien moved in front of me, while the Major strolled down the line.

“Gina, I or Dawid will wake you and the others at six o’clock. This morning, after breakfast, you will be leaving with Major Fayed to complete your registration. First though, while the others prepare breakfast, he is going to put you through an outdoor fitness test.”

I glanced down the line to see the Major was feeling Tamara’s tits. “Will I come

back for breakfast, Sir?”

“Of course you will. Don’t ask stupid questions.”

The Major arrived beside Damien and poked my belly with his stick. “Get your tunic on, girl and come with me.”

Relieved I was being allowed to cover my body, I hurriedly shimmied into the light blue cotton tunic I had left on the bottom of my bed and followed the fitness instructor outside. The sun had just rising, so the light was gloomy and the temperature felt as though it was in the low eighties.

It was the right time of the day for a run, but I was a far from enthusiastic participant. The Major marched purposely and I had to jog to keep up with him. We skirted the palace and arrived at the back of the pool, but the gates were closed. He pointed at the towel trolley parked beside the fence. It appeared to be full of boxes.

He stood beside the cart and pointed toward the scrubland behind the palace. “You are going to push this cart down to the main security post and back again. The route we’re taking is over a mile in each direction, so an excellent test of your fitness. You’ll get a ten-minute rest before setting off on the return journey. If you stay with the Halabi’s, I will test you on the same route every week and record your times.”

The trolley was heavy when it was full of wet towels and took quite an effort to keep it going. Layal and I managed it easily, but I doubted if I could have pushed it all the way to the warehouse on my own. I prayed that the boxes were much

lighter, or I was in a lot of trouble.

The Major pulled a pair of trainers from a box on top of the load and dropped them by my feet. “Put those on, girl.”

I hunkered down and tugged the first one on my foot, only to discover that they were slightly too small. However, with a bit of effort I managed to squeeze my feet into them and tie the laces. When I straightened, he was holding a couple of cable ties. My shoulders slumped, for I knew what was coming next and I didn’t like it.

**Four ~ Tethered and tamed.**

I had a bad experience with Dawid the previous evening and hated having to have my hands disabled again, while I pushed the cart, but I had no say in the matter.

The Major tapped the metal tube that served as a low handle “Hold the handle girl, then I’ll tie your cuffs to it.”

Once my hands were on the bar, he threaded the cable ties through the cuff eyelets and around the bar. Bent at the waist, I was once again exposing the lower half of my ass and my fig-like labia to anyone walking behind me. The next item from the box was a light blue bucket hat which he promptly pulled onto my head, after gathering my hair under it.

“That’ll keep your hair out of your eyes. Now for the last item.” I caught my breath when he pulled a stainless-steel butt plug out of the box. “I’ll explain how this works once I’ve eased it into your coal chute,” he said as soon as he was standing foursquare behind me.

“Ooooo,” I whimpered when he nudged the pointy end into the soft entrance to my quim.

He drove it in a couple of inches and then withdrew it. “Damn these cunt clamps. They turn your oil well dry. Hold still, girl, and I’ll rev it up. I’ll soon strike oil, don’t you worry.”

Looking between my legs, I spotted him push his shorts halfway down his hairy

thighs before easing the blunt end of his dick into my dry quim. “My god, you are one tight fucker...”

“Oh, Sir, your cock is too big for my young vagina,” I said boldly during the first thrusts. “Ahhh, I fear your penis is too long, Sir,” I added when he bottomed out.

“Shut it. I’m not one of your Masters. I don’t need to hear your bullshit!”

I was relieved I didn’t have to continue massaging his ego. It wasn’t necessary anyway, because the trainer had a huge cock and he knew it. He was not only stretching my tender walls with each powerful thrust but prodding my extremity as well. He quickly turned my quim molten and then withdrew, leaving me on the edge of an orgasm. Moments later he was dipping the plug in oodles of pussy juice now coating the walls of my succulent quim.

“That’s what I need. A nice slimy plug...”

“Uhhhhh,” I groaned when he pushed the pointy end against my sphincter, which immediately surrendered.

Finding no resistance, the trainer plunged the plug into my rectum and that’s where it settled once my pucker had tightened on the slim neck of the plug. It was snug and heavy and would be an annoyance during the run I was about to embark on.

When he returned to the cart to fetch another item, I feared the worse. He pulled

out a remote and showed it to me. “Girl, the plug in your ass will emit a sharp shock if I push this button, like this...”

“Owwwww!” I screamed and jerked forward, moving the cart a foot. “Nooo, please don’t do that again, Sir” I pleaded, while hopping from one foot to the other and wiggling my ass, in an attempt to dissipate the pain.

I had truly never felt anything like the sharp invasive, pulsing pain, in my life.

He waved his stick in my face. “This fitness test is all about discipline. If you slacken, you’ll get a rocket up your ass, I kid you not!”

He was an army man and completely heartless. I was an 8 stone slip of a girl and he was probably used to dealing with men twice my size. But, given the choice, a hot-blooded man like Fayed would choose to train nubile naked thralls any day of the week.

With his finger on the button he studied his watch. “On the count of three, start pushing, and remember, pace yourself, there’s a long way to go.”

I began to sweat, not from the heat, but from the pressure I felt heaped upon me. “Three, two, one, go, girl!”

I felt the weight of the cart when I received the jolt, so it wasn’t a surprise to find it was almost as heavy as the towel laden cart I helped push the previous evening. It took a lot of effort to build up the speed until I was slowly jogging

along the hard-packed earthen track. The trainers were a godsend and gave me the grip needed to cope with the rough surface beneath my feet.

I thought I would be proactive and try and impress the ex-army officer who was jogging along beside me. “Am I going fast enough, Sir?”

“Keep your eye on the road, girl. I’ll warn you if I think you’re shirking.”

I was pleased with his reply. Most of the other Arabs had rebuked me for even asking a question. I resisted asking another because the stick he was holding in his right hand was dangerously close to my sashaying semi-naked ass.

The scrubland we were running through was thankfully flat and featureless. This was a bonus, for I had to run in both directions and I was going to be tired on the return journey. The heat was another consideration, for as the sun rose, the temperature was going to climb through the 80’s into the 90’s. What the Major didn’t know was that I was comfortable at the pace I was jogging.

He had examined me on the bed and satisfied himself that I was fit enough to do the test. However, he couldn’t have guessed that I was an accomplished tennis player and had worked on my fitness for years. Was he going to be disappointed, I wondered, if he didn’t need to put a rocket up my ass?

The track led to the security fence where I had to do a 90-degree turn. I had the chance to examine the barrier that was effectively keeping me a prisoner. Ten feet tall and made from steel chain-link, it had another two feet of barbed wire leaning over above my head. The only way to breach the barrier would be to cut through it and that was way beyond anything I was capable of.



I could see another palace in the distance – painted a gaudy yellow – but the sheik who owned the property was unlikely to listen to a thrall who was legally registered in the UAE. All I’d accomplish would be a couple of brands on my neck and thigh, like the unfortunate Layal had to suffer.

I continued trundling the cart alongside the fence, at an even pace, until the ground started to rise. I suddenly had to put more effort in to maintain a jog, but, despite my efforts, the speed dropped as we approached the top.

“Keep it going, girl...” He tapped my ass with the stick, which was enough to spur me on.

My shoulders and thighs began to ache, while the butt plug was making its presence felt and annoying the hell out of me. Despite those distractions, I crested the hill and had the luxury of having the load do the work for me on the way down the other side. Also, a small building came into view in the distance, which I hoped was the security post, our final destination. With sweat running down my face, I still had a way to run; and only started to slow when we were about 100 yards short of the building.

Zzzzzzz! “Aeeeeeei!” I screamed when the sadistic trainer triggered the butt plug. The effect was instant. My head ruled my body for a few seconds as it assumed that running faster would escape the sharp jagging pain in my ass. “Nooooo,” I cried, while my trainers pounded the dirt track.

The Major kept pace with me. “Better, girl. You’re getting the hang of it...” He pointed at the building we were fast approaching. “Park the trolley on that patch of grass.”

I steered left, off the track and away from the fence, then brought the trolley to a halt, about twenty yards away from the sentry post and facing it. On the other side of the building were a pair of gates that controlled traffic entering the grounds from a tarmacked service road.

Panting and sweating buckets, all I wanted to do was collapse on the ground. I was sinking to my knees, when the major put his hand on my arm.

“No, girl, I want you to remain standing. You have to hold it together and prepare yourself for the return journey.” Behind him, the door of the sentry post opened and a security officer stepped out.

“I... I’m thirsty, I croaked.” It was the understatement of the year. My tongue felt like it was made of sandpaper.

“I’ll get you a drink...” He lifted an empty drinks bottle from the box in the cart and set off.

The Major met the guard halfway, had a chat and handed him the bottle. After a minute, he turned and retraced his steps, while the guard returned to his office.

“While Timeer gets you a drink, I’m going to give your back a massage and top your slime tank up with a spurt of high octane jiz.”

I groaned softly when once again, the middle-aged Arab took up a position behind me, lowered his shorts and slid his dick into my succulent quim. “Uhhhh,” I grunted when his crown passed the restriction caused by the stainless-steel butt plug. I didn’t believe the part about the massage until he pushed my tunic up to my shoulders.

Then, while his cock was firmly sheathed by my tender vaginal walls, he began to massage my back and shoulders. His huge, powerful hands started on the top of my buttocks and moved up my back, rubbing my tired muscles with considerable skill and consideration for my female body. I luxuriated in his manipulating hand movement and quivered with genuine arousal.

His body movement was minimal but the slight thrusting sensation – perhaps an inch at a time – added to the sensual massage and soon had me aching in anticipation of the impending orgasm. Then, as a slight distraction, the guard immersed from his office and approached carrying the water bottle. Without a word between the Arabs, he parked himself on my left.

I turned and lifted my head so he could offer the spout of the bottle to my lips. Once I was drawing the fluid from the bottle, he reached under my body and started to fondle my tits.

“Urrrrr,” I gasped and spluttered when he clumsily nudged first one areola and then the other.

“Nice tits on this thrall,” the guard muttered.

The raw pain brought tears to my eyes, and I continued to have difficulty

drinking.

“The girl has just had her nipples pierced,” the Major informed the guard in a gruff tone.

Thankfully, he eased off, but continued to squeeze, first one, then the other tit. Meanwhile I closed my eyes when the trainer reached my shoulders. I was on the edge, so I tried to squeeze his cock with my internal muscles and increase my movement.

He brought his hands back to my hips and gripped me tightly. “So, you want me to top your tank up, heh?” With that he started pistoning his cock at a rapid rate of knots.

My orgasm arrived within seconds and continued for several minutes while the trainer built to his own explosive climax. His maturity was evident, when compared with the young lads, who shot their load in half the time. The guard had moved around to the far side of the trolley by the time Major Fayed had withdrawn and pulled his shorts up.

“Is this going to be a regular thing?” the guard asked the trainer.

“Probably. I’ll advise Sheik Halabi to get a better cart. Maybe one with a seat in it. I won’t have to run, then, heh?” They both laughed at his joke or was it a joke?

“Any chance this thrall will be bringing my lunch down later in the day, Mahib?”

“Not this one, Timeer. We’re off to the bureau after breakfast and you know what those bureaucrats are like.”

He shrugged and appeared to be disappointed. After taking a last look at me, the swarthy guard returned to his office, while the Major squatted behind me and gave my legs a massage. Once again, I was standing naked with a strange man examining my exposed nether region. The fact that I wasn’t feeling intense shame was probably proof that I was beginning to accept my lowly thrall status, and slavery as a way of life...

**Five ~ Faint hope?**

I set off on the return journey feeling invigorated and upbeat. Overall, I was being treated appallingly, but the trainer had shown me some consideration. He told the guard about my piercings and didn't let him shaft me after he had finished 'filling my tank'.

I still had the butt plug to worry about, but the hill came first and I was able to get to the top without slowing down.

"You're doing well, now see if you can set a good time I can use to test the others," he urged as he jogged along beside me.

After about a quarter of a mile we turned away from the fence and headed in the direction of the palace. Once again, I started to flag, but the thought of the sharp jolt up my ass was enough inducement to see me back to the pool without slowing down. I collapsed on my knees having expended every drop of energy in my body. He pulled my trainers off and snatched the hat, then fetched a knife from the box.

When Major Fayed cut the ties, I would have totally collapsed if he hadn't grabbed my arm and hauled me to my feet. "Come on girl, time for a dip in the pool, then you can have some breakfast."

I managed to stand without his help, but I was as weak as a kitten. "Did you know I was in England a couple of days ago, Sir?" I was desperate and thought that he might be my only hope of escaping from the Halabi estate.

He reached out, wrapped his hand around the collar and thrust me against the cart. The long handle pushed into the small of my back, so the top half of my body was leaning back. “Thrall, I couldn’t give a fuck where you’ve been and how you got here. To me, one thrall looks like another. I treat all you bitches the same and if you think you’ll find a friendly ear to listen to your complaints, you’re sadly mistaken.”

“S...sorry, Sir. I didn’t mean...”

“Yes you did, bitch. Just because I’m not as mean as some of those other fuckers, you thought I’d be interested in the injustices that have befallen you.” He dropped his hand and stroked the tattoo on my mons. “This is who you are and you’d better get used to it or some very nasty things are going to happen to you. Do you understand?”

I was as miserable as sin, but I nodded. “Yes, Sir, I understand.”

He opened the gate and ushered me into the pool area which was totally deserted. The turquoise blue water looked very tempting, but I was stopped from approaching the side of the pool.

The trainer pointed to the open poolside showers. “Get undressed, have a shower then you can go in the pool for five minutes.”

I didn’t hesitate. In two minutes flat, naked and dripping wet, I ran to the edge and dived into the pool. Major Fayed also took a quick shower and followed me in. After the toil and pain, it was wonderful to be swimming in the crystal-clear cool water. The trainer ignored me, but I thought I should make an effort to get



back in his good books.

I waited until he reached the side to pause his swim, then swam over to him. I trod water just a few feet away from his bobbing figure. “Sir, Master, can I show you what I’ve learnt since Sheik Halabi bought me from Sheik Husni?”

His serious expression hardened. “Can you impress me?”

“I think so, Master.” I reached down and was pleased to find him hard.

Using his cock, I pulled myself up against his hairy chest and steered his cock between my thighs and into my quim. As soon as I had sunk a couple of inches, I placed my hands on his shoulders and slid down his body, slowly impaling myself until I could go no further. He didn’t move a muscle while I raised my knees and bounced my body on his granite-like shaft.

He let me shower his face with kisses and rub my raw tits up and down his chest. It was the longest bout of sex I had ever had; and I was only able to keep the rapid movement going because of the bouncy properties of the water surrounding me. I begrudgingly liked the man, so found the task far less onerous than most of the other sexual encounters I had experienced since getting on the plane to Dubai.

I had been riding an orgasmic wave for several minutes by the time his cock exploded like an active volcano. Then, showing no emotion, he gently pushed me away once his cock had slid from my slick orifice.

“Time for breakfast,” he announced, then turned and hauled himself out of the pool.

Treading water behind his naked form, I waited for his hand so he could haul me up onto the poolside. I followed him over to our clothes. He put his shorts on while I remained naked. We then set off for the accommodation building without drying our bodies. By the time we reached the entrance door, my skin was dry, but my hair was still damp.

He stopped me before I entered. “I’ll be back at eight o’clock. No need to wear anything. I’ll bring your clothes. Oh, and you won’t be able to go to the toilet in the registration bureau. You have been warned.”

When I entered the room, I found the girls seated, eating their breakfast. Layal left her seat and met me by my bed. “Have you been in the pool?”

“Yes. The Major let me take a dip.”

Layal looked surprised. “That’s a first. He normally brings us back here after a run, then we shower.”

I dumped my tunic and we joined the others at the table. The food was more spartan than the previous meals, due to the chef having returned from his buying trip. However, I was so hungry I devoured everything I could lay my hands on and drank two glasses of water.

“What happens at the registration bureau?” I asked Tamara who was sitting opposite me.

“Well, none of us have been to the Dubai bureau because we were bought in other states and our values are already set by our purchase price.”

“My value? What has that got to do with registering me?”

“We all have to be valued, even Layal, for insurance purposes. If something happens to you then your Master will claim your value off the insurance company.”

“God, I’m not a car!” I exclaimed.

Tamara shook her head and pulled a sad expression. “That’s true, but you are a valuable asset who has to be replaced if you drowned or ran away.”

The whole process was demeaning and depressed me greatly, so I was pleased when the subject changed to the fitness trainer, Major Mahib Fayed.

“Isn’t he the most handsome man in Dubai?” Jamila asked.

“Yes. Did he fuck you, Gina?” Layal asked.

“Where did you go on your run?” Yamina asked.

I held my hands up to silence them and then gave them a blow by blow account of my journey to the guard’s post and what happened when we got there.

“He didn’t let Timeer fuck you?” Tamara asked incredulously.

I got a similar reaction from the others who all agreed that the security officer, whoever was on duty, always shafted at least one thrall when they visited the isolated security office. Their information made me feel optimistic about my future relationship with the fitness instructor.

I didn’t want to lose sight of the fact that I had become a slave and that I was being constantly being treated like one, but I couldn’t help cling to the hope that someone like Major Fayed was going to come to my rescue.

**Six ~ The registration bureau.**

I remembered what Major Fayed had told me about doing my toilet so I got Layal to show me where it was. Once again, when she showed me into an open-air bathroom, I despaired at the pre-historic condition of the meagre facilities the thralls had to live in.

“My god, Layal, this is awful,” I said casting my eye around the enclosure.

“What’s the matter, it’s clean and hygienic...,” she responded. “...and you’ll be helping us keep it this way.”

There was a long boxed in, wooden bench with three holes in it, while on the floor beside each hole stood a bucket of water. Layal was right, there was a strong smell of bleach. It was a mistake to denigrate their way of life because I too was going to have live with them and use the facilities.

When the Major arrived, I was alone and sitting at the table. Fahid had, a few minutes earlier, arrived and led the girls back to the kitchen to clean our dishes and help cook the master’s breakfast. The 40-something Arab was dressed in smart grey pants and a white silk, short sleeve shirt and looked extremely dashing.

Major Fayed placed the Burka and a black gauze tunic on the table. Then waited for me to put them on. The tunic was shaped like a sleeveless vest and only reached as far as my belly. I couldn’t help noticing the Major studying my body just before I picked up the Burka and slipped it on.

He then pulled a remote from his pocket. “Gina, I’m arming your collar and it will remain live during our visit to the registration bureau. Come on, I want to get there by nine o’clock.”

I followed the Major into the palace and had to wait in the hall while he had a few words with Sheik Halabi. He, his family and two male guests, I hadn’t seen before, were lounging on cushions with the concubines. All five thralls buzzed around, serving their meal in their smart yellow tunics.

I would have much preferred to be with my fellow thralls than going on a mystery trip with the Major. They ignored me as they hurried by, either carrying dirty dishes or bringing fresh trays of food.

I guessed that their collars had also been armed for the duration of the meal, for they were silent and focused. The Major finished his discussion and led me out of the main entrance and down the steps to a black minivan.

He opened the sliding back door and waited for me to climb into the cool interior. I was surprised to find a young woman sitting on the opposite side, dressed in a smart grey skirt suit. She was wearing a black headscarf and studying the screen of the laptop on her lap.

The Major remained outside the vehicle but pointed at the young woman. “Gina, this is Farrah, she works on the legal side and will escort you through some of the registration steps.”

I sat down beside her and fastened my seatbelt. Meanwhile the Major walked around the other side and climbed up into the driver’s seat. As soon as we pulled

away, the young woman closed the laptop and put it in a shoulder bag, then turned to me.

“Gina, I am a legal advisor and have escorted several thralls through the thorough registration process. I understand that you’ve just arrived in the UAE for the first time. That means you need to be examined for medical purposes, classified for insurance purposes, and registered for ownership purposes. All three stamps must be present on your thrall passport or you could be confiscated by the department of labour and imprisoned until your status has been established. The last thrall we helped in such a situation had been locked up for over two years. The courts act slowly and methodically in the UAE.”

She fell silent and the journey continued for about 20 minutes. I was shaken by the knowledge that I was being absorbed into an official system that gave men the right to buy and sell me like a used car. I was still consumed by dark thoughts when the Major steered the vehicle into the car park of a huge building. With my foreign language skills, I was able to read the sign at the entrance. It read ‘Department of Labour’.

Once Major Fayed had parked the minivan, he came around and helped both of us out of the same door, then led the way into the edifice. It was a modern building and very busy. I could see, through the thin slot, several women wearing burkas, each with a male and female escort.

The male escort’s dress varied from thawb to full suits, but the female escorts were all dressed like Farah, in knee length grey skirts, matching jackets and black headscarves.

We all had to go through an x-ray machine, while two armed officer’s watched everyone carefully. Farrah went first, carrying a file under her arm. The machine



beeped for her and again for me as I went through. The alarm prompted one of the officers to step forward and speak to Farrah.

“Documents.” Farrah opened the file and showed him a document, which he glanced through before pointing at a pair of double doors, between two lines of automatic barriers. “Please take the thrall, Miss Al-Farsi, through the transit security lobby.” he said clearly above the hubbub.

She turned and signalled to me. “This way.”

“I’ll meet you on the other side, Farrah,” the Major said, before pushing through both barriers and striding off down the corridor.

We negotiated the first line of barriers then pushed through two sets of double doors before arriving in a long narrow room. I was stunned and couldn’t quite believe what was happening in the room. Each female minder and her charge were standing in a line, straddling a long wooden bar, which was supported by several posts along its length. It was set at a comfortable height for an adult, possibly four inches below the height of my crotch.

The three women wearing burkas, and their minders, were holding their skirts up and were having to wait while exposing the lower half of their bodies to the guards at the other end. It was an awful, degrading system that didn’t belong in the twenty-first century.

I blinked when Farrah shimmied her skirt up above her white cotton panties and proceeded to remove the tight garment, as if it was the normal thing to do! If that wasn’t gobsmacking enough, the young legal expert revealed that she too bore a

registration number and crest on her mons.

That meant that she had once been a thrall and was still, in some respects, being treated like one. She wore a gold chain necklace, but no collar and she certainly wasn't wearing cuffs on her wrists or ankles. I wondered whether she still considered herself to be a thrall or was it just a tough period she had put behind her.

“Lift your skirts Gina and straddle the bar. When you get to the end, you must squat on the shaped sensor and protrusions. Your tag will be read, and your cavities searched. Then we'll be allowed to go through.”

That explained the purpose of the bar. It also ensured an orderly queue, but surely there had to be a more humane way to deal with females passing through security. I gathered the skirts of the burka up and shuffled forward, so I was straddling the wooden bar. Farrah followed me, and together we edged along until I caught up with a stationery suited minder.

It was the most bizarre thing I had ever done. There were three women ahead of me so I couldn't see what was happening. Whatever they were doing was done quietly and without any fuss. I guessed that the women were used to being treated like lower class citizens or even animals in some cases.

We slowly edged forward until it was the turn of the woman in front of me. She went up onto tiptoe and that was the first time I spotted the stout, stubby dildoes protruding from a mini saddle strapped to the bar. The whole thing was moulded out of a single piece of pink silicone, almost the colour of my skin, where I had caught the sun.

The five-inch dildos were coved in lubricant cream, making it easy for the woman to penetrate her own orifices. Both phalluses had an eye on the end, probably the lens of a camera to spy as the dildo sank deeper and deeper. The woman had to reach back and guide the rear one into her back passage. She groaned softly as she lowered her body inch by inch.

“Slowly does it,” advised the security guard on our right. Then, after studying her activity, he made some brief notes on his clipboard.

The guard on our left had a small table, upon which stood a bowl of water and a tub of cream. The woman finally reached the sitting position and waited. I could hear a soft whirring noise, then the woman releasing another groan while sitting perfectly still. Ahead of them and to the left a guard sitting in a booth leant out and gave the thumbs up.

“You can stand up now,” the guard on the right said.

No sooner had the woman eased her orifices off the dildos and stepped forward off the beam, the guard on my left used a sponge to clean the saddle and dildos. He wiped them over with a cloth, then smeared a dollop of lubricant on the flexible phalluses.

The guard with the clipboard pointed at the saddle. “Your turn.”

I egged forward until the front dildo was nudging the entrance to my quim, then did as the previous woman had by using my free hand to guide the rear silicone cock into my rectum, via my obturate pucker.

“Uhhrrrr,” I groaned softly as I lowered my body in small nudges so my internal walls could adjust to the intruders. Then when they nudged each other through the thin membrane between my quim and rectum, I groaned softly until I was sitting in the ‘saddle’.

“Sit still until the exploration has finished,” the guard ordered.

“Uhhhhh,” I gasped in surprise when the dildos started to expand in length, explaining the source of the distinct soft whirring sound.

I could feel them burrowing deeper and deeper and then finally stop. Moments later they retreated and returned to their normal size. The guard in the booth gave a thumbs up and I was allowed to extricate myself from the dildos.

Throughout the process, the guard on my right made notes and gawked at my mons as I lowered my body and finally raised it. I was relieved to be free of the examination, but I had to wait until Farrah had suffered the same experience. It was a shocking way to treat women and I despaired that even if I managed to work my way up to an adviser, like Farrah, I would still receive the same shocking treatment.

I was beginning to appreciate a much wider picture of life in Dubai. I should have done my homework, but the eggs were broken and I had to try and make the best omelette I could. Although I didn’t like the way I was being treated, I had to adjust and accept my lot, or I was going to go nuts and die of depression.

**Seven ~ The examination room.**

Farrah didn't appear to be fazed by the examination. I had a good look at her tattoo and the gold ring hanging beneath it. Her adornment was studded with tiny gemstones that glittered and sparkled in the bright lights. Farrah took her time to sink onto the dildos which pleased the guard taking notes.

"I think you need a little more jelly," he said, dipping his finger in the jar.

"Oh, yes, of course," Farrah replied, raising her body so the guard could slide his finger along her clitoral ridge and smear the jelly around her succulent orifice.

Once the guard had sated his desire to massage her sex, Farrah had to start again and lower herself onto the prongs. I could see the fear in her eyes and guessed she would have done anything to keep the guard sweet. Maybe a lesson for me if I get the chance to better myself sometime in the future.

Farrah was very attractive and extremely sexy, so it wasn't surprising the guard made the most of the brief security examination. Farrah went even further, knowing the guards were watching her like a hawk when she got dressed. She put on quite a show when she finally drew her white cotton panties up her legs, before pulling the hem of her skirt down to her knees.

The Major was waiting for us outside and immediately took the file from Farrah before setting off down the deserted corridor to a lift at the end. Everything, including the decorations and vinyl floor were more spartan, compared with the luxury conditions at the main entrance. The lift only had two buttons, one for the ground floor and the other for the basement.

The lower ground floor corridor was brightly lit and painted a depressing light green. The young lady sitting behind the security desk examined the document in the file and handed it back to Major Fayed. “You know the way, Major. This thrall is the fourth and last for the eleven o’clock assessment.”

“Thanks, for getting her on the list for me, Sellah. See you on the way out.”

The next stop was a door marked ‘Assessment clinic’. The Major didn’t enter but opened the door for us. “See you in a minute, Farrah.”

We entered the room, which was a small deserted waiting room. My guide pointed at a bench where there were three piles of neatly folded burka and black tunics. “Undress and put your clothes on there, then come and sit with me.”

I was obviously one of four thralls attending some sort of registration ceremony. Having been made to do some base and dreadful things since I arrived in Dubai, I feared the worst once I was naked. However, deep in the bowels of a government building, I was hardly in a position to balk against what was happening to me.

I undressed, folded the two items and crossed the room. I was naked apart from my sandals, the collar and cuffs and the stainless-steel adornments. Thankfully, the rings had bedded in well and my new tattoos were no longer hurting me. In fact, the swelling had gone down and they were beginning to look as though I had always had them.

I sat down beside Farrah who looked cheerful and comfortable in the chilling surroundings.

“Gina, the doctor will call you through in a minute. He’ll give you a general check-up, then I’ll take you through to the assessment room. If you want a good Master and the chance to better yourself, then you must impress the judges in the assessment room. If, say for example, they give you a six out of ten on attitude, then you’ll only be accepted in middle ranking auctions.”

She let that sink in, having seen my stunned expression. What was I expected to do and was she going to give me some suggestions?

She continued. “From your Master’s point of view, a high grade serves two purposes. Firstly, you’ll be valued at a higher price for insurance purposes and because Sheik Halabi plans to sell you, he can put a much higher reserve on you at the auction. You were bought as an investment and the Sheik wants to make a large profit on the deal. One final thing, your Master is claiming that you are 19 years old and from what I can see, no one is going to question that assertion.”

I was stunned by the deviousness, of first Sheik Husni, then Sheik Halabi. To them I was a commodity, to be traded for the best possible price, and for all they cared, I could end up with a brutal Master and be forced to live a nightmare existence. I was genuinely terrified of the process, but one thing was clear, I had to impress the judges and get as high a score as possible.

The door opened to reveal a white coated Arab doctor, complete with stethoscope hanging around his neck. “Miss Al-Farsi, bring the thrall through.” We stood and I entered the room first, whereupon my shoulders slumped. The doctor was pointing at a gynaecological chair. “In you get girl and lift your legs into the stirrups.”



He helped me position them, before strapping them in place with strips of Velcro. He tilted the chair until I was almost lying flat, then wheeled an electronic instrument to the side of the chair. Wearing surgical gloves and using an Allen key, he removed the clit clamp and put it on a tray.

“Ahhhh,” I moaned when the doctor examined my labia and in particular, my clitoral ridge. It was raw and painful, so I was glad when he moved on and eased two fingers into my vagina.

He seemed competent but I still hated being examined down there. The doctor then lifted one of two dildos out of a holder on the machine. When he held the 10” monster up to show me, I saw that it was attached to the machine by a coiled cable.

“Girl, this is to measure the strength of your muscles in your lower orifices. By analysing the muscles, the instrument will be able to tell, within ten percent accuracy, the amount of times your vagina has been used. It won’t take a minute.”

He dipped the end of the dildo in lubricant and nudged it against the entrance to my quim, then drove it in until it would go no further. “Give it a squeeze, girl.”

“Uhhhhhh,” I grunted as I tried to crush the silicone dirigible.

“Very good, girl. Now for your rectum.”

He left my vagina plugged while he prepared the second torpedo-like phallus, then offered the tip against my pucker. I shook my head, to try and signal that my poor anus couldn't expand enough to accommodate such a huge dildo, but it was less solid than I thought, enabling the doctor to force it through my tight ring of muscles.

"Uhhhhhhhh," I groaned as the intruder nudged alongside the other, where there was just a thin barrier to divide them.

"Very good," the doctor muttered as he scanned the readout from the machine.

He made a few notes on a clipboard, then started the real examination. He listened to my heart, took my temperature, fondled my tits and examined the piercings. After a few more notes he removed the dildos and released my legs. I had to clamber from the chair myself and use tissue to wipe away the excess lubrication, while the doctor filled in a form and stamped it.

We stood and waited for him to hand it over to Farrah, whereupon he opened a door on the other side of the surgery for us.

"Miss Al-Farasi, this thrall has passed with an overall score of nine point five. Her orifices have been graded as 'virginal', due to the nine point six and nine point eight classifications."

"Thank you, Doctor," Farrah muttered as we passed through into what looked like another changing room.

An Arab thrall and her minder were standing together by the far door and looked at us when we entered. There was no sign that the suited young woman knew Farrah before she returned to briefing her charge. I was struck by the attractiveness of the thrall and the vulnerability of her appearance. I knew I probably looked the same to her, but I was certain I was a couple of years older and more capable of handling such a stressful situation.

Farrah waited for the pair to leave the room, then studied the document she had been given. "This is a good result, Gina. A virginal grade will cement our claim that you're only nineteen years old. Come let me rub some balm on your body and then I'll take you through."

I stood by the dressing table while Farrah helped me smear some scented cream over my body. I did my arms and chest while she rubbed the oily substance into my back and ass. She applied a little make-up and combed my hair, but there was no attempt to glamorize my appearance.

"The examination room is what you might expect in a typical Arabic auction room," Farrah explained. "I know you've only just been imported into this country so it may come as a shock to you, but remember this process has been going on for centuries. In this case, the men who will examine you are assessors not buyers. They are bureaucrats or people of great wealth who oversee the laws pertaining to the private ownership of slaves. They expect thralls to respond in a positive way to their examination because they believe that a thrall with a good attitude is an asset to any household. Come on, we don't want to keep the men waiting."

Bemused and filled with dread, I allowed Farrah to lead me into a room that was mostly in dark shadow. I had only taken a couple of steps when the Major stepped out of the gloom. "Farrah, give me that." He scanned the sheet. "This is good. Put her on the stage."

The stage was a raised platform that ran along one featureless wall. It was only six inches high, but four feet deep and about 15 feet long. Three thralls were standing with their backs to a chrome bar, facing out toward the darkened half of the room. Spotlights hanging from the ceiling, bathed the stage in a bright light, highlighting the three thralls against the dark maroon wall behind them.

The end girl was a white Asian, while the other two were middle eastern Arabic. All were naked bar their collars and cuffs and all bore thrall tattoo registration marks on their mons and arms. Farrah took my arm, led me up onto the stage and stopped me where two short chains, about a foot apart, were hanging from the bar.

“Gina, hold the bar so I can fasten your cuffs to it.” It only needed a simple metal clip to secure my cuffs and disable me. “Feet apart,” she ordered.

Two more chains were fastened to the floor, enabling Farrah to secure my feet about two feet apart. My pretty escort stood foursquare in front of me. “Remember, Gina, the report that the examiners write will be read by prospective buyers in the future, so make an effort to impress them.”

That was all the advice she gave me, before stepping off the stage and disappearing into the shadows beyond the line of bright, dazzling lights. Alone, naked and tethered to a bar behind me, I suspected that we were being studied by a group of faceless Arab men whose opinion may well shape our futures in more ways than one.

That was a terrifying and scary thought!

**Eight ~ The clue**

I looked along the line of thralls and noted that I wasn't the only one trembling and waiting anxiously to be assessed. Turning my attention back to the room, I tried to see if I could see the Major, in the darkness, by squinting my eyes, but the light was too bright.

Then, one by one, four robed figures emerged from the shadows, on the far side and started to examine the white Asian girl on the end. Their long maroon robes included a hood and within the hood, the men were wearing colourful masks.

The secrecy confirmed in my mind that slave/thrall registration wasn't part of official business at all, otherwise the inspectors would not have covered their faces. I had been sucked into a murky underworld that was perpetuated by the elite class in the UAE, namely the oil rich billionaire sheiks, of which there were thousands in Dubai!

The group slowly edged along, gathering around each girl, hiding their actions from the rest of us. It was only four Arabs men, I guessed, in fancy costumes, but as the seconds ticked away, I became more and more anxious. The cloaked figures arrived at the girl next to me and began examining her. I watched closely to see the thrall's reaction to eight hands, pawing her body, examining her teeth and other intimate parts of her body.

I could imagine a similar thing happening at a cattle market in England, except the men would be examining cows and not nubile young women. However, the thrall's reaction wasn't lost on me. She stood proud and thrust her chest out for one pair of hands and wiggled her ass while another man examined the rounded cheeks of her posterior. She smiled and appeared to genuinely enjoy being examined.

The moment came when they moved along and surrounded me. I raised myself up and stood tall, imagining that I was Aphrodite the goddess of love and sex. When the hands began their examination of my body, I successfully suppressed the disgust I would normally have felt and imagined that the all the hands belonged to Major Fayed.

“Open your mouth, Gina,” one anonymous man asked, then examined my teeth by pulling on my lips.

“Relax your cheeks,” another said, while checking out the muscles of my ass.

“These are very firm,” another commented while massaging my tits.

And, so it continued, pinching the skin on my stomach, squeezing the muscles on my legs and arms. Throughout the whole examination, I held my head up and projected my tits forward to show I was proud of my body and that one day it would belong to the highest bidder.

It was during the examination that I crossed a line in the sand. I was no longer thinking of ways to escape, I was trying hard to impress the examiners with a view to getting a high rating. Becoming a slave and belonging to someone was being infused into my DNA.

During the inspection, not one single finger penetrated me. They examined my labia and the condition of my anus. They squeezed my tits and tested their bounce. Examined my bone structure and muscle development, but it was impossible to tell if they were happy with what they found.

Eventually, the group of men slowly slipped away into the shadows and I was left alone with the other three thralls, to wonder what would happen next. We didn't have long to wait, because the bar we were holding suddenly started to rise. I looked around in panic but when I saw we were all in the same boat I calmed a little.

A woman, one of the minders stepped into the light. "Girls, the bar will rise until you are in the right position for stage two of the inspection."

She waited while we were slowly forced to bend forward. As the bar went higher, so did our wrists until our arms were vertical and our heads were low, forcing us to stare at the floor or look between our legs. I was relieved when the bar stilled, but shocked to be bound in such a vulnerable position.

"Each of our examiners is now going to visit your orifices...", the young woman explained. "...so, relax and give thanks to the visitors, but remember, you are forbidden to reach an orgasm."

One of the cloaked figures emerged out of the shadows on the far side and took up a position behind the first girl. I couldn't see what was happening, but the young woman's words were all I needed to know that she was being well and truly shafted. Moments later the girl was rocking back and forth, confirming my supposition.

Several minutes passed before another examiner appeared. He took over from the first man, who moved along to the second thrall. When the third cloaked figure appeared, the first man was just one position away from spearing my holes. Would I be able to avoid an orgasm? I wondered.



The extraordinary circumstances of mine and the other girl's bondage was, for some unfathomable reason, turning me on. Anticipating the first of four bouts of sex, made my thoughts jumbled and my body tremble with a combination of expectation and dread.

It was a relief to feel the examiner's cloak being placed on my lower back and the owner of the garment steer his cock into my hot, salivating nest. How was it possible for a man to spear so many holes and not shoot his load several times? I wondered. Well, the mystery was solved when he withdrew after only eight powerful thrusts.

My anus had been stretched and oiled as I passed through the bizarre security check, so the initial dull ache associated with anal sex was minimal. The half dozen or so thrusts were powerful and jarred my whole body, then he withdrew. Moments later another cloak and another cock thrusting into my vagina.

The first man came around the side of me, stepped down from the stage, then walked along the line of thralls and stopped to face the end girl. She was still, waiting for the cloaked figure to make a move.

I was jerking back and forth as the second examiner slammed his cock into my quim, 8 times. He completed his turn in my rectum then stepped down from the stage and took up a position foursquare in front of the second girl.

Five minutes later, the four examiners were facing us and standing still like street artists pretending to be statues. I lifted my head and crooked my neck to see if I could see the man's face, but the silver and red mask did its job and completely hid his features. The young lady announcer stood midway, between and behind

the second and third cloaked figures.

She took one step forward. “Thralls, this is the final test. Raise your heads and use your best oral skills to thank the inspectors for finding the time to examine you.”

The men untied the rope belts holding their cloaks together, then parted the robes just wide enough for their cocks to be visible. I did a double take when I thought the penis I was staring at, just inches from my mouth, looked familiar. I tried to remember what the Major’s cock looked like and half convinced myself that he was the man wearing the cloak.

When he raised his left hand and grabbed my hair though, I was disappointed, because I was sure that the hand didn’t belong to Major Fayed. The man used his right hand to steer the crown of his cock to my lips, thus providing the right angle for me to go down on him.

I was ready and waiting, so I began by lavishing his knob with wet, full lip kisses, and wrapping my tongue around the rim in a constant flowing motion. Only then did I take him into my mouth and start rubbing my soft palette on his sensitive crown. By jerking my head in short sharp thrusts, I managed to regulate my breathing until the strokes were longer and more ambitious.

My arms were still tethered to the bar and my body was in a full tuck, so all I could move was my neck and head. That was enough though to perform a powerful piston motion and provide the examiner with a thrilling ride which was only ever going to end one way. I thought I heard a murmur when he reached completion and jerked copious amounts of jiz, deep into my oesophagus.

Throughout the oral test, for that's what it seemed like to me, the examiner occasionally patted my head but never interfered. I felt like I had excelled at the task, but because I was so inexperienced, I doubted if I was as good as the other thralls.

The examiner pulled his robe together, tied the rope belt, and turned. The other three men were ready, so the lead man turned right and disappeared into the shadows followed closely by the other three. I wasn't interested in watching them go, but I did, and as a result spotted something I would have otherwise missed.

The man, whose cock I had just been sucking, the last man of the four, was limping! Recognizing the limp and the man's cock, hit me like a stone shattering a glass vase. It was such a shock that the room and my predicament disappeared as I tried to unravel my thoughts. What did it mean? Was Salim Husni here to see me? Or, more likely, he often gave his time to shaft four nubile thralls while having their registration processed.

As the bar started to lower, we were able to gradually stand erect. Farrah appeared from the shadows and released all four of my cuffs. We waited for the others, then filed out of the examination room and into the changing room.

"Sit there and wait, Gina. There's just one more stage to complete, then the doctor will refit your clamp. I'll fetch your tunic and see if there's a delay before you can go through."

While I sat and waited, I mulled over what I had witnessed and concluded that Sheik Husni wasn't the only man in Dubai with a limp. I had suffered so many disappointments, I was clinging to straws when I should be trying to think positively. Try as I might though, I couldn't dismiss the idea that I had been

sucking Sheik Salim Husni's cock.

**Nine ~ The answers.**

While I was sitting in the waiting room and mulling over the examination process, my thoughts turned to the future. Farrah was a clear example of a girl who had talent and was being allowed to better herself. It wasn't clear what her responsibilities were exactly, but she had some status in the male dominated Dubai society. That gave me hope and lifted me out of my depressed state.

I was the last thrall in the waiting room when Farrah eventually returned. "The doctor will see you now."

I followed her into the surgery and climbed into the chair, whereupon the doctor refitted the clit clamp. I noted that my minder wasn't wearing one when she went through security. In fact, her clitoral meat was visible, so I had high hopes that my clamp was only temporary.

I was pleased to be leaving the doctor's surgery and even more relieved to be wearing the black tunic, even though it didn't cover my mons and ass. I carried the burka down the corridor to the registration office, which was a large room, staffed by two Arab men.

Major Fayed was sitting at one officer's desk and remained seated while I had my photograph taken against a wall with height lines painted on it. The rest was bureaucratic paperwork which the Major dealt with while I stood by his chair on one side and Farrah on the other. They were halfway through the details before I realized I was being registered under a different name – Rinah Fayed – as though I was related to the Major.

I couldn't protest or complain, so I had to stand through the question and answer session and silently accept the change. When the officer left the room, the Major

lifted his left hand to my ass and gave it a squeeze.

“Rinah, what do you think of your new name?” Another squeeze. I couldn’t speak but I could smile and I could part my legs, so I did both. “Good, girl,” he said then slipped a couple of fingers into my slick orifice. “Rinah, you have come through every stage with ninety percent or above. Your master is going to be very pleased.”

Having my name changed was the final piece of the puzzle. My body had been changed so that I looked like a thrall. My psyche was being trained to think and act like a thrall; and finally, I had a new thrall identity. Rinah Fayed was catchy and I liked it because it suited who I had become. The officer returned with the completed documents, stamped three times, indicating the process was over.

When we stepped out into the corridor, I expected to be led back to the lift, but the Major set off in the opposite direction. I walked beside Farrah who seemed slightly bemused, but she didn’t question the Major.

“I’m turning your collar off,” the Major informed me.

We turned a corner into another long, wide corridor. He looked at the doors as we passed them, reading the numbers, then stopped at number 18. He knocked and was called in, so he opened the door; and putting his hand on my shoulder, steered me inside.

A thrill rose in my chest when I recognized Sheik Salim Husni wearing a grey suit and sitting in a chair by the window. Farrah and I bowed in the appropriate manner and as I pressed the sides of my hands between my breasts, I could feel

my heart thumping in my chest.

Beside him on one side sat Rasha, his first wife, and on the other side, Masumi, his third wife. The contrast between the two women couldn't have been starker.

One had jet black hair and was dark skinned, while the other had blonde hair and fair skin. One had been a wealthy heiress before she married Salim and the other had been a lowly thrall like me. But, the binding factor was that they were both stunningly beautiful and Salim had chosen them for his wives.

They made me feel inferior and inconsequential. I was but a slave and they were privileged billionaires. However, Masumi was living proof that the unlikely was possible, provided I was prepared to climb the ladder rung by rung. I needed a ladder to climb and I dared to wish that Salim Husni would provide it.

Salim sat up and lifted his head. "Major, I want to thank you for bringing Rinah and Farrah to see us. Please take a seat while I have a few words with them."

"Thank you, Salim," he replied before kissing, first Masumi on the hand, and then Rasha. He then sat next to the dark-haired beauty.

Seeing the friendly discourse between the Major and Salim encouraged my hopes of a reprieve. I stood, waiting anxiously to find out what was going to happen next.

"Farah, Rinah, are you comfortable in those clothes?"



“No, Master, I’m not,” replied the young woman.

I knew what response was required. “No, Master. May I take my tunic off?”

“That would please me, greatly.” His blue eyes flashed while a wide grin crossed his face.

My task was simple, I just had to lift my black tunic off, whereas Farrah had a jacket, skirt, blouse and finally a pair of white cotton panties to remove. It was the second time I had watched her slip them off and she was extremely deft at prolonging the procedure to maximise the moment. It was a lesson I vowed to learn so I could impress my Master if I got the chance.

We stood, side, by side, while four sets of eyes examined our bodies. They were similar in shape but different in colour. We both bore multicolour bruises on our asses and red stripes across our tits.

“Farrah, tell me what I’m looking at?” Salim demanded.

“Two thralls, Master, who are desperate to serve you.”

He turned his dazzling eyes on me. “Rinah, what do I see?”

I put my hands together and extended my arms. “Yes, yes, Master. Farah is right. I want to serve you more than anything in this world.”

He put his hand up to throw water on my enthusiasm. “Look at Farrah and tell me what you see.”

I turned and examined the beautiful young woman. The tattoos and adornments, in my eyes, added to her attractiveness, possibly because her body was a reflexion of mine. “I see a beautiful young thrall, Master. She is a special person.”

Salim turned to Rasha, who spoke for the first time. “She is, Rinah, a very special person. She is a member of my staff and has joined Major Fayed this morning to help you through the registration process, which can be quite gruelling for a young thrall. We needed to see how you managed and you came through with an exceptionally high score. The feedback from Sheik Halabi’s staff was good and Major Fayed has said some positive words about your physical fitness.”

There was a pause before Salim turned to Masumi. The stunning blond continued. “Rinah, you never left the Husni estate. The contract I showed you was a loan agreement so you could be trained with the Halabi thralls. That won’t change. What will change is the length of your stay with Sheik Halabi. We now think two weeks is enough before you come to our palace and join Salim’s Harem...”

I couldn’t contain myself. I rushed forward and fell on my knees before him, then grabbed his hand and started kissing it. “Thank you, Master. Thank you, Master. I will be your most dedicated thrall... You will never regret choosing me...”

He patted me on the head. “Rinah, up and sit here.” He parted his knees and patted his right thigh.

I was crying with joy as I scrambled up and perched my naked ass against his leg. His aura of authority and power almost overwhelmed me. He wrapped his arm around my waist and when his hand rested on the side of my thigh, I identified it as the one I had seen in the examination room.

It felt as though electricity was crossing from his hand to my leg, the contact was that important to me. “Master, I want to be in your harem more than anything...”

He squeezed my leg. “Good. I hope that when I see you in two weeks’ time, you are just as enthusiastic.”

“I will be, Master. I promise, I will be...”

He pushed me back to my feet. “It is time for you to go back to the Halabi estate. You are forbidden to discuss your future with anyone other than the people in this room, do you understand?”

“I do, Master.” I bowed and decided there and then that I wouldn’t breathe a word of Salim’s plan to anyone.

The roadmap for my future was drawn. Two weeks of gruelling work in the

Halabi household and then my reward would be a place in Sheik Salim Husni's Harem. A place in his bed and a place by his side. When that happened, I'd be the happiest Concubine on the planet...

**THE END**

**Excerpt from 'Extreme Obedience: The Complete Story'.**

Set deep in the New Forest, isolated from the general public, stands a 300-year-old building that houses St Luke's Remand Centre for girls. The inmates range from 18 to 21 and are some of the most difficult young women to handle. To improve discipline, the government has given the institute a special charter. The commission allows for extreme punishments to be used in exceptional circumstances.

Suzy Giles knows all about punishments, for she is one of the most difficult inmates to handle. Running a small black-market operation among the inmates, she goes too far and takes one risk too many.

Gordon Edrich is a coach who can't keep his hands off the girls. He has redeeming qualities, one of which is his coaching ability. He genuinely believes he can tame Suzy and turn her into a race winning athlete.

This is their story – A tale of both male and female domination. A tale of sexual gratification and wanton lust. A tale of greed and callous disregard. And a tale you won't want to miss!

Because this book contains explicit descriptions of sexual acts of a BDSM nature it is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18

### **Suzy - Chapter One.**

We took the stairs two at a time and rushed into the dormitory, like two kids playing tag. I reached our alcove first and dived on my bed. Fran, about six feet behind me jumped on top of me, whereupon we wrestled for a moment before I let her pin me to the covers.

“That was easy,” she said breathlessly. “I thought you’d put up a fight.” She leant forward and kissed me on the lips,

We had a proper snog, full on. While we kissed, I gathered her skirt up and pushed my hands down her tight panties so I could squeeze her hot cheeks. She squirmed when my fingers slipped into her crack.

She broke the kiss. “Heh, I need a shower.”

“Not before we’ve been down to the fence.”

She pushed herself up and sat on my tummy. “Suzy, not again. If you’re caught breaking the rules again, they’ll skin you alive.”

I pulled my hands out of her panties and tried to tickle her. “The rules are made to be broken,” I said in a loud whisper.

We were alone in the dormitory, having left the evening meal early. I told the other girls we were going to the library. They scoffed and several gave us knowing nods, suggesting we were about to go muff diving. I didn’t care what they thought, but I did care if their inuendo hurt Fran, my best and intimate

friend.

“Suzy, can’t you go on your own?”

“Nah, I need you to hold the torch while I climb the fence. The last thing I want to do is break my leg, climbing over it.”

She rolled off the bed and sat on the edge of hers. “I don’t want you climbing the fence! It’s too dangerous and you might get caught.”

I jumped off the bed and forced my way between her knees, then leant forward and kissed her. “Don’t get your knickers in a twist, babe. Rob threw the package over the outside fence. I’ve only got to climb the inside one to get it. That’s why I need you to help me.”

“Climbing the fence could land you in the slammer. Me too.”

“I’ll be in trouble, not you. If we get caught, I’ll tell them it was my idea and I dragged you along. Look babe I need that package. I ran out of ciggies two days ago. I’ve got orders to fill or I’m in trouble.”

“Don’t you ever want to get out of here?”

“I’ve got nowhere to go,” I said bitterly.

“You can come and live with me.”

“These bastards aren’t going to let me go until I’m twenty-one. Even then they might make me spend some time in an adult prison.”

My pretty friend sighed, then looked down at her clothes. We were both wearing the second-year uniform – a white blouse, tartan skirt and long black stocking/socks. “We can’t go in our uniforms.”

“Yes, we have to. It’ll only take ten minutes to jog through the spinney and ten minutes back. No one will know we’ve been out.”

The remand centre ran a relaxed regime in and around the main building but the rules about going beyond the lawns were strict and the punishments were draconian. I preferred not to think about the consequences and instead focus on the rewards I’d get, once I had the package.

“Come on, put your cardigan on and grab the torch. We’ll go down the back stairs and leave through the laundry room.”

It was a tried and tested route for skiving off and getting out of the building quickly. We both put our maroon cardigans on and slipped out of the alcove, leaving the curtain closed.



“They’ll think we’re at it,” I whispered to Fran as we strode out of the dormitory.

She nudged me with her elbow. “I’d rather be on your bed between your thighs, than out there, risking a thrashing.”

“I love your filthy mouth.” We reached the top of the stairs. “We can do it later, after lights out. Adrenalin will be racing around my veins at a hundred miles an hour.” I put my finger on my lips as we descended the narrow concrete stairs.

We arrived in the service corridor, which was out of bounds after 7 o’clock. Being caught in the laundry room would land us both in trouble – maybe three strokes of the cane on our bare asses. It was dark and difficult to navigate but I knew the way and avoided running into any one of the many laundry trolleys that were parked in the room overnight.

The back door was locked on the inside with bolts and a huge key, a throwback from the building being over 300 years old. The huge wooden door creaked as I opened it, but the building was alive with sounds, so we weren’t in danger of alerting anyone.

I popped my head out and found the coast clear. I could see the lawn to my right was deserted, which meant the guard who strolled around at night was most likely on the other side of the building. We slipped out and, in a crouch, ran along beside the building. When we got to the end, I looked around the corner and spotted the guard walking away from us.

Static CCTV covered the lawns but there were several blind spots and ways of evading being seen. Fran had been out with me at night before, when I showed

her how to avoid the cameras. It was a silly game, but nothing came remotely close to the excitement I felt avoiding security.

I squatted down beside Fran on the gravel path. “The coast will be clear in a minute.” The border that lined the far side of the path was stocked with an abundance of tall flowers and shrubs. Couple that with the fact that our uniforms were dark, made us difficult to spot in a crouch.

Fran put her hand on my thigh, just above the top of my black stocking/sock which had slipped down to my knee. “We can go back. It’s not too late. You know what will happen if we get caught.”

I was squatting on my heels and my knees were parted. I grabbed her hand and slid it up my thigh, under the pleated miniskirt until she cupped the bulge in my blue serge knickers. She stroked my cleft making my clit sparkle with excitement.

I held her stare and smiled. “There, what do you feel, babe?”

“Christ, Suzy, you’re hot and damp...”

“I’m up for this and when we get back...” I raised my eyebrows.

She was a sucker for my charm and easy to manipulate. A remand home for girls was a harsh place to stay, so when friendship was on offer, girls like Fran were easily influenced. Having seen what the other girls had done to her earlier in her

sentence, I took it upon myself to befriend her. We had come through some tough times together.

I took another look and saw that the lawn to the west was clear. “Come on.”

I led the way along the edge of the lawn, beside another border, which divided the lawn in two. Then at the end, we had to edge between the shrubs and cross a service road which ringed the entire estate. Crossing it meant we were out of bounds and in hostile territory. I had been to the fence, on my own, many times when the light wasn't too bad, but it was October and dark by 7 o'clock.

I knew my way through the spinney. There were several tracks used by the gardeners who had a storage shed quite close to the fence. After jogging along the track, without the aid of the flashlight, we reached the large wooden structure in less than five minutes.

Fran grabbed my arm. “Suzy, I don't like it here...” She looked around our almost black surroundings, wide-eyed.

I grabbed her and gave her a hug. “Give me a kiss.”

It was a bit nippy and the hug was obviously welcome, for she returned my passion with a stonking kiss. We entwined tongues and turned our heads first one way and then the other.

I had to break the kiss. “Phew, you're as excited as I am!”

She shook her head as she stepped back. “No, I’m terrified.”

“Not far to go.” I took her warm hand and led her through the back end of the spinney.

We emerged on a strip of land that had been cleared so maintenance guys could easily repair the fence. We also came through the patch, on our cross-country runs when we did a circuit of the estate. The broad swathe of flattened grass and weeds was about fifteen feet wide on our side of the ten feet tall chain link inner fence.

The barrier had several strands of barbed wire intertwined along the top edge, but it wasn’t a serious challenge for a determined 19-year-old girl like me. However, the outer fence, 20 feet beyond the inner, was an entirely different kettle of fish.

It was taller and had a sloping section leaning over no-man’s land. Even I wouldn’t attempt to climb that fence, but if I could get my hands on a pair of bolt cutters...? I had no intention of trying to escape. If I tried and was successful, I had absolutely nowhere to go.

Institutionalized since I was thirteen, after my parents died in a house fire, I had been bounced from one remand centre to another, until the authorities had completely forgotten about me. With no next of kin and just one visitor, an ex-con, the remand homes had become my world. A world where I waged my own little rebellion against authority.

The only contact I had with the outside world was a lad named Rob. He was a friend of an inmate who had gone home and she was paying him for the cigarettes. After meeting at one of the family days, he started ringing me a few months back and he readily agreed to throw the packages over the fence, provided he got his money from my friend.

The arrangement was a dodgy one, but from my point of view, well worth the risk...

## **Suzy – Chapter Two.**

I got a message from Rob earlier that morning. He had thrown the package over the outer fence into long grass. There was a path through the centre of the no-man's land, but the rest was overgrown and only cut back twice a year. I had been at St Luke's Remand Centre for over a year, since I turned 18, and had explored the fence several times, at night, during the summer months.

Eight o'clock was the time they changed guards so there was no chance of one strolling along the path for at least another hour.

"The drop zone is this way," I whispered. Still holding Fran's hand, I led her toward the spot where I had successfully recovered three packages. "There!" I pointed at a sign with red letters. Even in the darkness we could read the sign. 'CLIMBING THIS FENCE IS FORBIDDEN'. We crossed the flattened grass and stood against the chain link fence.

Fran pointed at the sign. "I think they're trying to tell us something."

"Look, if I get caught, I spend a week in the slammer. It's worth the risk."

"And, the public caning..."

That part wasn't so pleasant. St Luke's was a private remand centre. The government had given the institution a private charter which meant the governing body could set their own rules. As far as I was concerned the governor, his henchmen and women, made the rules up as they went along.

Rich parents were able to pull their kids out of the government system and place them in institutions like St Luke's. It eased the pressure on the public purse and at the same time introduced a harsher level of punishment that wasn't acceptable in state prisons. The only reason why I was transferred to St Luke's was because five other institutions washed their hands of me. The psycho-babble guys sorted me out, or so they thought, and I had been coping without them for nearly a year.

"It's not going to come to a caning, babe," I assured Fran. "No one is going to know what we've been up to. Switch the torch on so I can see what I'm doing." I then unbuttoned the overlap on my tartan skirt. "Dim the torch... Put your hand around the lens... Better..."

"Why are you taking your skirt off?" she asked.

"I need it to lay over the barbed wire."

"It might get torn."

"Nah. I've done it before. It'll be okay."

I folded the skirt and handed it to Fran. "Pass it up to me in a minute."

Unencumbered by the skirt, I pushed the toe of my buckled right shoe into a space in the links and hauled myself up a couple of feet. Being only 5'2" and 48 kilos I was the right build for climbing fences. I had just found a toe hole for my left shoe and lifted my ass when Fran shone the torch on it.

"Christ, Suzy, it looks like you've wet your knickers. So much pussy juice..."

"Stop farting about and give me a push up."

She placed her thumb on the damp patch and her fingers on the under slopes of my cheeks, then pushed. It was a welcome boost and helped me scramble to the top.

With one hand gripping the links I turned and held my right hand out. "Hand me the skirt, babe."

She took her thumb out of her mouth and handed me the skirt. "You're very tasty tonight."

"There'll be plenty of pussy juice left for you, babe," I muttered, then turned and threw the skirt over the top of the fence. "Perfect..."

I pulled myself up and threw my right leg over, so I was balancing on the top of the fence. The gusset of my panties rested on the double layer of skirt, but not



for long, because I swung my left leg over and wedged it into the other side of the fence. I moved down a couple of feet, then released my grip and dropped to the ground.

“Pass the torch through,” I said as soon as Fran came close to the chain links.

She eased the slim flashlight through a diamond shape gap. “Hurry, this is taking longer than you said.”

“Stop worrying. If anyone’s looking for us, I’ll say we went for a walk...” No sooner had the words left my mouth, I thought I heard a sound from close by. “Shhhhh,” I whispered. I covered the light and waited for my eyes to adjust, then turned to Fran. “Get down, babe, and wait for me to throw the package over the fence.”

Satisfied I was alone, I turned and waved the flashlight over the undergrowth to get my bearings. Then I heard another sound. I froze and listened.

“Did you hear that?” Fran hissed behind me.

I ignored her and stepped forward. The ferns and weeds brushed against my legs all the way up to my thighs, so I quickly pulled the cotton stockings up as far as they’d go. I tramped through undergrowth and reached the well-trodden path the guards used for their patrols. Security was sporadic at St Luke’s and highly predictable.

The governor relied more on harsh punishments to persuade inmates to toe the line, than spend money on patrolling the grounds 24 hours a day. When they were out and about, the guards mainly strolled around the grounds within the service area and along the corridors after lights out at 10 PM.

Guards patrolled between the fences infrequently and tended to hang around the main entrance to the estate for long periods. I had been out at night watching the guards. I estimated they took the long walk around the perimeter, between the fences, only twice a night.

As I searched beyond the path, I heard another sound I couldn't identify. It was unlikely to be coming from beyond the fence, because the woodland was denser and there was no one living within five miles. Rob claimed he threw the package over earlier so it couldn't be him.

I heaved a sigh of relief when I found the green parcel. Rob had camouflaged it by tying ferns to the wrapper, a ruse that worked well in the past. I picked it up, turned and froze. A sound in the undergrowth was close, making the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. I backed away from where I found the package and took another step backwards.

My heart almost leapt out of my mouth when a hand grabbed my shoulder. "Drop the package," the man hissed.

I dropped both the torch and the package because I was deeply shocked. I turned and came face to face with a tall masked figure, I guessed it was a man. Well, he had a scarf wrapped around the lower half of his face, but I could see the whites of his large, staring eyes.

“Rob?” I blurted out.

“Who’d you think it is, you silly little bitch. And, keep your fucking voice down.”

“Suzy, what’s going on?” Fran called out.

He slipped his hand down to my upper arm and shook me gently. “Tell your friend to piss off.”

I didn’t want to do that. However, even though Rob’s behaviour was threatening, I thought I could handle him. “Fran, you can go back. I’ve found the package I don’t need you anymore.”

“Babe, stop fucking about. Who are you talking to?” Fran asked.

Rob tightened his grip and pushed his black face into mine. “You can either get rid of her or invite her to the party. I aint ever fucked two lesbians before.”

“Let go of my arm and I’ll go over and tell her.”

“Bitch, do you think I’m stupid? Tell her now.”

I raised my voice. “Fran, I need to talk to my friend. Go back. I’ll catch up with you later.”

“Oh, er, alright,” she replied hesitantly, then there was silence. We both listened, then Rob picked up the torch and shone it in the direction of the inner fence.

Satisfied Fran was no longer there, he directed the beam of the torch down at my panties. “Your pal, Zoe, never showed up, so you owe us for two shipments. Get your knickers off. You can start paying now.”

“No, no. I’ll speak to Zoe. I can fix it...”

I knew I couldn’t fix it, banged up in a remand centre. The lads knew that and weren’t about to let me off with a warning. They had me over a barrel and I only had myself to blame!

### **The end of the Sample.**

I hope you enjoyed this story and sample and will

continue to read my work in the future.

Thanks. A.S.

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