

# *Megan's Desert Heat*

**By JJ Argus**



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(part 2 of desert heat)

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**Smashwords edition**

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*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

Megan Rasmussen was, to all appearance, a perfectly ordinary girl of twenty two. Her soft brown hair fell halfway down her back, with her thick, habitually too-long bangs spilling down across her forehead and oftentimes across the tops of her black rimmed glasses, as well.

As a teaching assistant to professor Peters she taught early Egyptian history at the University of Pennsylvania while studying for her Masters degree. Her dress was thus normally quite conservative, and generally in dull colored, largely shapeless clothes which were easy to care for and did not draw annoying attention from annoying people – namely male students.

Megan was a serious academic, intent on her studies and teaching duties, and had no time for the carousing, not to mention obsessively sexual behavior of young men. She had as much interest in sports as young men generally had in early Egyptian history, which was a further point of divergence.

But Megan was also an extremely intelligent and imaginative girl who read quite a lot. This produced an active fantasy life which was nobody's business but her own, of course, and certainly didn't affect or impact her day to day life or behavior.

Or at least, it didn't used to...

Some months previously she had gone to Egypt during summer break. She had some hopes of experiencing a more historic Egypt, off the beaten path from the tourist traps, and had, to an unusual degree, succeeded, though she hadn't told anyone about it.

She had encountered Hassan bin Tariq in a market jewelry store. He was a tall, powerfully built older man who had sensed in her something no one else had to that point in time. In short order she had found herself in a tent in the desert, naked and bound, at his mercy and subject to his very skillful sexual attention.

It had been – eye opening, to say the least.

It had, perhaps coincidentally, struck a chord within her, appealing to dark inner fantasies of being a slave girl, captured by Arab princes, or taken by long ago Arab pirates on the Barbary Coast. She had done wicked, shocking, and

appallingly slutty things there in that tent, and in the desert outside, things which could make her flush even to think upon them.

She had done things which had aroused her to heights of passion and exquisite pleasure she had not known were even possible. And they had very abruptly yanked her out of her state of asexual unconcern with men into a realization that she was, in fact, a very sexual person, with sexual desires which had been heavily influenced by that single day of 'slavery' in the desert with Hassan.

Of course, any hint of what she'd done there would be scandalous to anyone she knew, and so she had spoken of it to no one. But the memories bubbled away inside her, and she felt an intense desire to once again experience that wild, dark thrill of sexual pleasure.

The university, unfortunately, was full of boys, not men. Even the adults, that was to say, the teachers, were, for the most part, mere shadows of the seething machismo Hassan had possessed. He had been a large, powerfully built man in a society which believed men of strength and strong will ought to act the part.

It was simply impossible to imagine any of the men she encountered around campus, to say nothing of the 'boys', manhandling her the way Hassan had, nor ordering her about with such a stern sense of command. Hassan was a strong man with a sense of authority and command, used to giving orders and having them instantly obeyed. Where did one find that on a campus ruled by human resources policies on gender equality, bullying and harassment?

She had dabbled somewhat with men in Philadelphia, non academics, searching for that dark heat she'd felt during the summer, but without success. Oh, men were happy enough to get their hands on her body, for beneath the drab clothes Megan was a lithe young college student with a fit, slender body, but they had particular interest in anything behind the most obvious.

Nor was it really possible for her to be explicit in making her interests known. She was a product of her environment, after all, and simply could not bring herself to confess to some stranger that she wanted to be tied up and ... and used roughly!

Besides, that night in the desert, bound naked, stumbling along at the end of a rope led by Hassan on his camel, and fetching up by a campfire at night, had been like being dragged back into her dark romantic fantasies of Egypt's distant

past.

No, if she was to experience that glorious heat again, it would have to be in the desert. And there were no deserts in Pennsylvania.

And while she could not confess her innermost desires to strangers, or indeed to anyone she knew around campus lest her reputation be ruined, she could take a chance and confess them to Hassan by email. He owned multiple jewelry stores in Cairo and was a world-traveler, after all, and after that wild day together she felt she could tell him almost anything.

She suspected he was merely a sophisticated man who had taken a chance with a somewhat naïve American tourist and gotten a good time out of it, and that he probably thought her a slut for not screaming and running. But for some reason that didn't matter. He had demonstrated a sensitivity to her needs, a keen insight into her fantasies, and a quite artful ability to rouse a sexual fever in her.

She doubted he would ever marry someone like her, but on the other hand, he did not seem to feel any great sense of contempt for her sexual immorality, as she was fairly sure most Arab men would have.

Of course, talking to Hassan was still difficult, and one of the difficulties was that she didn't entirely know herself what she wanted. It wasn't simply a repeat of what had happened in the summer. She knew that much. Ever since she'd gotten home she'd had fantasies about 'what if', about what would have happened if Hassan had kept her, or, had done as he had teasingly threatened to do, sold her at the casbah as a sex slave!

She was not so naïve to believe she wanted to be a sex slave for real, of course. She had her career ahead of her, after all, and generally speaking liked doing what she felt like doing, not what someone else ordered her to do. All she wanted was a ... a further taste... of her wicked dark fantasies brought to life, somewhere they wouldn't harm her reputation.

And the Christmas break was coming up.

Even with Hassan, she found it difficult to be explicit.

*What I really want is an adventure, she wrote him, an adventure into Egypt's wild, dark past.*

To which he reminded her that ...women had little freedom and much cruel treatment in those times. And furthermore that ...captured European women of such exquisite beauty as you were like to be used most enthusiastically by the rough men of the desert. Their bodies belonged to their captors, after all, and little interest was shown for their modesty or dignity.

Megan didn't care. The thought filled her with a dark hunger, and she trusted Hassan – to a degree – to ensure she was not harmed.

And so it was that she managed to get together sufficient funds for a quick trip to Egypt as soon as exams were marked. She would stay for two weeks and be back in time for Christmas at her parents house. Or so she believed.

Hassan had said little about what he had planned. She thought they would most likely discuss that in person when she arrived.

When she had come last summer she had dyed her hair brown, in acknowledgment of the Hollywood inspired belief in the middle east that blonde women were all sluts just waiting for any man to do as he wished to them. The Arab man in the street tended to believe pretty much all western women were sluts, of course, but they had a special fixation in their minds for blonde girls.

This time she almost decided to change her hair back. She wanted to be treated like a slut! Well, in a sense, under the right circumstances, by the right man...

She did have a number of ideas she intended to raise with Hassan, possibilities, that was. She had no idea whether he would be able to get hold of another camel, for example, or if he owned or had access to an older style home somewhere, but she knew he was a man of considerable means and imagination.

He was not at the airport himself, which somewhat disappointed her, but there was a small, thin man in a dark suit waiting for her with her name on a sign. He took her luggage and led her to an old style sedan, much like the big nineteen fifties era Buick Hassan had been driven around in during the summer. This one, however, had tinted windows, which, given the brightness of the sun, she didn't at all mind.

The little man didn't seem to speak English, but that didn't really matter. She got in the back, which, much to her disappointment, was not air conditioned, and he drove off. She tried to open the window but the little wheel didn't turn, and there

was another window between she and the front seat. She tried tapping on it but the man ignored her.

She much preferred Hassan's air conditioned Buck, she thought in annoyance, wiping the perspiration which was already starting to appear on her forehead.

And then the back doors opened on both sides, and two large men got in! They were both wearing black robes, including headscarves, and nothing could be seen of their faces but their eyes above the black scarves covering their lower faces.

Megan gaped at them in surprise as the doors closed. Then the car moved off. Neither man spoke. But the one on her left abruptly leaned over and threw his arms around her legs, then yanked them up and back across his lap, while the one on her right gripped her upper arms and pulled her down across his lap!

She cried out in surprise and alarm, and had her hair pulled up and back, then something stuffed into her open mouth! It was a sort of ball of cloth, and a moment later, as her arms were pulled back behind her a length of black silk went over her mouth, then back behind her head, where it was tied in place!

She felt large fingers at her neck, undoing her dress, and then as it opened it was pushed over her shoulders, then yanked down her wriggling, twisting body and off! To her horror, her underwear soon followed, leaving her utterly naked! She felt her wrists pinned together, then bound in place, then her ankles were lifted up and back and tied to her wrists!

Her glasses were pulled off, and a black silk blindfold completed their efforts, and she was then left on her side on the wide seat while the car drove on! It had all taken not much more than a minute to accomplish, and now Megan found herself naked and completely helpless in the car with three strange men!

Or at least, she thought they were all strangers. It was possible one of the veiled, robed men was Hassan. He had worn something similar, though in white and without the veil, during their earlier encounter.

She was, of course, mortified, and quite frightened, though not, after her initial burst of alarm, as frightened as she would have been.

Hassan had introduced those three men in the desert into her fantasy without

warning, after all. In fact, he had done everything without warning. The man driving the car knew her name and was waiting for her. Therefore, Hassan had sent him to fetch her. And since he showed no particular alarm at these men getting into the car, that suggested he had known it was going to happen.

Of course, it might not be Hassan arranging it. Maybe someone else had heard and was kidnapping her, stripping and tying her up! That thought held a world of fear and alarm in it! But in all likelihood, this was Hassan's doing. Perhaps he thought to demonstrate just how quickly a western girl was made helpless by Arab captors.

And certainly being overpowered and captured was one of her favorite dark fantasies, albeit it was based on the rich history of a time period centuries past, where the Barbary Coast pirates often took British ships on their way to India.

So this was Hassan giving her a dose of reality while at the same time very abruptly drawing her into the midst of her own dark fantasies.

Or at least, she most desperately and earnestly hoped so!

The alternative didn't bear thinking on! It was bad enough trying to cope with being utterly naked all of a sudden on a seat between two strange men! Oh, yes, she had danced naked before the strange Arab men in the desert, but she'd already been in a near feverish sexual heat before they had shown up.

She had not been the least bit aroused when being attacked here, and now her face flamed as she lay there, back bowed, breasts thrust out tautly, heart pounding and blood racing. What would they do to her?

Anything they wanted!

But hopefully, presumably, they would do to her whatever Hassan told her, and no more!

Still, they were men, and she had a fairly good idea of what they were thinking now as they stared down at her naked body! Her skin tingled as she waited for them to touch her, to grope her and make free with her body, but nothing happened!

Hassan was going to get a piece of her mind when she was brought to him!

The car continued on, and gradually the wild turmoil within her began to fade. She was still horribly self-conscious at being naked with these men, but had less embarrassment and less fear as time passed on.

Her back began to ache, though, and her legs and arms began to get stiff. She was also very hot, in part due to the heat outside, and in part due to her own struggles and wild emotional turmoil. The cloth they'd stuffed in her made her mouth dry, and she was getting quite thirsty.

Occasionally she heard the men speak in low voices, but of course, they spoke in Arabic. Learning Arabic was one of the tasks she had set for herself, and she did understand it somewhat, but they were using a dialect she wasn't terribly familiar with, so she could only pick out the odd word.

And then she felt one of them brushing his fingers lightly across her stomach! She gasped and moaned and twisted against her bonds, but could do nothing to restrain him as his fingers lightly caressed her soft warm flesh.

His fingers moved lightly, stroking softly and gently against her taut, straining belly, apparently in no hurry to do anything more. The pads of his fingertips glided back and forth, and sometimes in circles. Sometimes they eased down onto her abdomen, making her heart beat faster, but then they glided back up again.

After a minute or two, they went away, leaving her as she was.

And the car drove on.

Perhaps ten or fifteen minutes later she felt fingers lightly stroking through her hair, as if combing it back from her forehead. There was more low, male murmuring, but she still didn't understand it, as her hair was lightly combed back and fingers slid through it repeatedly.

Then another set of fingers began to caress her hip! They stroked up and down, going all the way from her knee to her ribs, moving gently along her wiggling body, casually caressing her as she heard those soft male whispers again!

And then the hands went away.

Her heart continued to beat quite rapidly, however, as she waited for the next

touch, and her mind raced back over the very brief glimpses she'd had of the two men as they had entered the car. Was it possible one of them was Hassan!? Even if it was that meant the other was a stranger, as was the driver!

It was perhaps ten minutes later when, right out of the blue, a large, warm male hand landed on her left breast. She gasped and twisted, but of course, to no avail, as fingers began to lightly brush the underside of her breast. The fingers skated around the outside, sliding, stroking, caressing, and only slowly moved inward.

She shuddered as the hand squeezed her breast lightly, and then she felt her nipple caught between the pads of a finger and a thumb, which rolled it lightly between them as a voice murmured softly, as if discussing her!

The finger and thumb plucked lightly at her pink nipple, rolled it, then pinched a little, then slid apart, to engulf her breast, kneading it a little less gently before moving off and leaving her alone once again.

Megan trembled lightly, hot, perspiring, aching from being tied so tautly, and now anticipating the next outrageous touch! Even if one was Hassan, he was touching her in front of the other, and talking about her as he did! What was he saying? Was he telling the other man what a slut she was?! Was he promising to let the other man have her later!?

And what if neither man was Hassan!?

She felt fingers on her stomach again, sliding gently up and down, in no particular hurry, as if the owner was simply enjoying the tactile pleasure of caressing her soft flesh. But they did move lower and lower this time, down along her lower abdomen. The fingers spread open as they slid down lower still, avoiding touching her clitoris or the neat, tight, clean lips of her sex.

Then another hand cupped her breast, fingers kneading softly, stroking gently. A third hand landed on her hip, sliding up and down along her upper side, along her ribs, and down over her hip again, curving softly across to caress her bottom, and a fourth hand moved up her torso just above where she lay on the seat, stroking and caressing her other breast!

Megan strained against the bonds, quivering, gasping for breath, moaning, eyes wide behind the blindfold, alarmed, embarrassed and... starting to feel a growing sense of arousal despite herself. Her nipples were hard, and growing more

sensitive, and she felt the lips of her sex warming and swelling even though they hadn't been touched yet.

In fact, their hands were sliding and stroking and caressing her everywhere but there! She even felt a hand gently massaging her bare feet where they were pulled up tightly against her wrists and bound in place. And no amount of wriggling and straining could do a thing to dissuade them!

It was outrageous, of course! But then, wasn't that the kind of thing which had so aroused her on her previous visit?

She had performed oral sex on those three strangers during her previous visit, but that was all, and they hadn't touched her, except for her hair! Of course, Hassan had felt himself perfectly free to mount her right there in front of them while they watched!

As the fingers caressed her she began to think of that more and more. Why, these might be the same men! But even so, she was utterly helpless, their prisoner! They could do anything they wanted to her!

The car stopped, and they removed their hands from her. She heard voices as the door opened and the men got out. Then she was dragged along the seat. Whatever tied her ankles to her wrists was removed and she was pulled out and to her feet.

She swayed weakly, gasping, moaning, but strong hands supported her, one on either side, holding tightly to her upper arms as she was led forward. Her bare feet were on hot pavement for only a moment, then on dirt, and then sand as the men moved her forward. She felt the hot sun on her fair skin, and sweat began to trickle down between her shoulder blades.

Then the sun was off her, and her stumbling feet felt something other than sand... blankets, perhaps, or rugs underfoot. Yet she could have sworn they were still outdoors. She heard more voices, many more voices, and gasped in shock and alarm, cringing in her nudity!

Those voices were distant, but the hubbub of them made her heart beat rapidly as she was sat down on something light, like a stool. She heard a female voice, and her hair was brushed. She felt hands at her wrists, untying them, but holding them firmly. Then she felt hard metal around them, locking tightly in place.

Her blindfold was removed and she stared wildly around! She was in a small, square tent. The floor was covered in some soft material, and an Arab woman wearing a black robe, her face covered save for a slit over her eyes, was brushing her hair.

A moment later she picked up a heavy metal collar and she and a man who stood behind her placed it around her throat, then locked it in place! The woman removed her gag, then and held a cup of water to her lips.

Megan drank thirstily. Her throat and mouth were dryer than she had ever felt them! Only when the woman drew the near empty cup back did she try so speak.

“Please, I – !”

The woman put her hand quickly over Megan's mouth.

“Silence!” she barked. “No one has interest in your words.”

She was pulled up by the collar, and she rolled her eyes up at the man in the black robe behind her as he marched her out of the tent. Only it turned out she was still in the tent. She had been in a small inner room in a huge pavilion of a tent! It was easily a hundred feet across, and over twenty feet high at its center.

There was a small raised dais at the center, and all around it were men, dozens of men! They sat, most of them, or lay on cushions and rugs, drinking and chatting, and watching the raised dais, where a man stood auctioning off a sword.

Megan hardly paid any attention to that, of course. She dropped her eyes, face flaming as she realized how many people were in the tent! She was partly hidden by a curtain, but she could see some of them raising hands to bid on the sword.

When that was done the man turned and a goat was lifted onto the stage. Again there were bids and it was bought.

Then she was pushed through the curtain and led up onto the stage!

Her face was so hot she was amazed it didn't burst into flames as she was marched up onto the stage and dozens of pairs of eyes examined her with interest as the man, the auctioneer, began to speak.

Again, she was unable to understand most of what was said, especially as it was said in a very quick speaking voice. The man behind her jerked back on the collar to straighten her shoulders, and thrust a booted foot between her ankles to force her feet apart on the stage.

Stricken, mortified, Megan Rasmussen stood naked on the wooden stage as men began to call out bids on her!

When the bids trailed off the auctioneer moved up beside her, speaking rapidly, apparently describing her further. He cupped one breast as he spoke, then ran a hand downward between her legs, rubbing his fingers lightly alongside her hairless sex!

The man holding her turned her around and pushed her head down, bending her over with her bottom towards the men, and the auctioneer cupped her bottom, then slapped it as he laughed.

The other man straightened her up again and turned her around once more as more bids were called.

Surely this wasn't real, Megan thought, starting to feel a sense of near panic amid the turmoil racing through her mind.

Then she was led down from the stage and marched into another small room. There was a cage there, and she was placed into it, and the bars locked behind her! The woman then let her drink from the cup again before leaving her alone.

This had to be Hassan, she thought, heart pounding. It had to be! Hadn't he taunted her and aroused her with the threat to sell her 'at the casbah' often enough, to sell her as a sex slave!?

After a brief period of time the two men in black came for her again, letting her out of the cage. The blindfold was put over her eyes again and she was led from the tent, and then... she had no idea to where. But suddenly her feet were on concrete, and then she was stopped and lifted up across someone's shoulder.

She was carried forward, hanging over his shoulder like a bag of potatoes – naked potatoes! She moaned helplessly as they went down a set of stairs, and then in somewhere, somewhere with walls, for the air felt quite different, and somewhat cooler.

She was put down, and felt stone underfoot, or concrete. She grunted as she was suddenly pressed against more stone or concrete. The shackles were removed from her wrists, and she was turned around so her back was to the wall. Her arms were raised up above her head, and the shackles fastened around her wrists again.

Then the blindfold was removed, and the man left her!

She was in a small room of cold gray stone on all four sides. A barred window was high on the wall, too high to see out of unless she was able to grab the frame and pull herself up. The room was the size of a large closet – a cell, she thought, staring up at her wrists manacled to chains hanging from the wall!

There was no light in the room save that coming through the small window. That made it dimly lit and shadowy, but she could see her own naked body well enough, and the heavy wooden door closed and no doubt bolted!

Her wrists held just above her head, which allowed her to slump against the wall, or even turn around to face it and examine the manacles. They were very old fashioned, held together by a thick bolt. Such manacles had been in use centuries before. Perhaps these were that old!

She turned around again, putting her back to the cool wall, leaning against it. It was still hot, but not as hot as it had been outside.

Was this all part of something Hassan had organized!? It had better be, for she didn't want to think about the alternative!

And then the door opened. She jerked her eyes up as a man walked through. It could have been one of those who were in the car. She had no way of telling. He wore the same black robe and headdress, with the same black scarf across his lower face so that only his eyes were visible.

He looked her up and down and she flushed and licked her lips, wanting to say something but too embarrassed, too uncertain, too intimidated and anxious.

It was not Hassan! She was sure of it! This man was tall, but not as broad across the chest! He seemed younger, too, though she wasn't sure why she thought that. He moved more gracefully, more smoothly. Hassan moved like an arrogant bear rumbling through crowds. This man moved like a leopard!

He cupped her chin roughly, forcing her head up and back, then raked her with his steely dark eyes.

Then his hand dropped low, slid over her breasts, squeezing one roughly.

“D-Don't!” she gasped, almost instinctively twisting aside.

His eyes narrowed.

“Is it for the slave to tell the master what he may do?” he demanded in a cool voice. “I should have your tongue removed for such impertinence, but your tongue will have other duties.”

She had half twisted away and he roughly continued to turn her until her breasts were pressing against the rough stone of the wall. Then he drew something out of his robe, a kind of flog, and swept it down across her bare back!

“Oh!” she cried as a dozen thin laces snapped stingingly across her bare skin!

“You will learn discipline, slave,” he growled.

The flog swept down again and again and again, and Megan twisted and cried out in alarm and shock, though in fact, the pain was not particularly severe. Each of the long laces was quite thin and light of weight. Still, they did sting a bit when they landed, and a dozen small stings taken together was less than pleasant, especially as it came down again and again and again!

“Do you understand, slave?” he demanded, gripping her hair and jerking it back.

“Y-Yes!” she cried.

“Yes master,” he growled.

“Yes, master!” she squeaked.

He snorted derisively, then took out the silken scarf and slipped it over her eyes and around her head once more, tied it behind her and left. She heard the door slam behind him and she moaned, turning slowly around, her back feeling sore, but not overly so. It felt better against the cool stone as she stared sightlessly at the door.

This had to be fake, she thought, her mind racing. It had to be! He hadn't really hurt her at all. That ... whip thing hadn't really hurt her much at all! Not that she was overly familiar with what it would feel like to be properly whipped but she was relatively certain the pain would be a lot more extreme than that!

In fact, she had more confidence now that this was something Hassan had set up for her to experience her dark fantasies. With that came considerable relief, even though she still wasn't entirely certain. And she was still filled with anxiety, for she had no idea what was to come!

She stood there against the wall for what felt like an hour, long enough to calm her, even to make her feel a desire for something to happen. Her arms were stiff and her legs were starting to ache. The stone wall was rough against her bare skin, and she wanted –

The door opened! She jerked her head up but could, of course, see nothing!

Was it that man again? Was it Hassan? Was it someone else entirely!?

She felt hands on her ribs, just below her breasts, felt them slide slowly up, then begin to caress the undersides of her breasts. Her heart beat faster and faster as the fingers spread out to lift her breasts slightly, pressing in just a little, squeezing ever so lightly and repeatedly.

A booted foot moved between her ankles, pressing them apart, then further apart.

The hands from her breasts eased up, and she felt her stiff nipples caught between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers, rolled and stroked, then plucked lightly.

Who was this!?

He gathered her hair in from behind her, letting it trail down across her breasts, then his hands caressed them again, fingers sliding through her soft hair, rubbing it across her breasts. She gasped as she felt his face now against her stomach! He had a beard, and rubbed his cheek and then his lips against her taut stomach, before kissing her just above the belly button!

Hassan had not had a beard, and she felt a jolt at the near certainty now that it was a stranger!

She felt the backs of his hands sliding back and forth on the underside of her breasts, then they shifted, turned and his hands squeezed her breasts up and together. She felt his tongue licking lightly along her flesh, felt him kissing her just above her clitoris, felt his lips move slowly higher and higher until they were kissing the underside of her left breast. His lips traced upward and he took her nipple and the center of her breast into his mouth, teeth biting in lightly, lips pressed against her as he sucked.

Her nipple began to quiver and strain in his mouth, and then his tongue began to move against it, sweeping up and across in in long, firm strokes, then circling it, twisting against it, caressing and teasing it as his teeth chewed lightly but achingly against her soft flesh.

Megan's wrists shifted and pulled against the shackles holding them up as her body shifted and turned. She moaned in helpless anxiety, her head pulsing with indecision as her breathing became more ragged. A part of her wanted to demand he stop, that the release her. And yet... she didn't.

She felt a rising sense of dark heat now, felt it churning through her lower belly as she felt his hands and lips on her, and as her mind began to swirl into that seething sense of history, of being a slave girl or prisoner of sheikhs. She struggled wildly with her own notions of indecency and embarrassment, of her natural inclination of stern dignity.

And at the back of her mind was the uncertainty of whether he actually would stop if she demanded it! That was both the fear and the thrill of what was happening! She wasn't entirely sure whether she had any control of it at all! It was easy to think that she didn't! And she was frightened of doing anything to confirm it!

She was also loath to do anything to absolutely deny it. For the notion of being a helpless prisoner was suffocatingly erotic as this strange man's hands moved delicately over her trembling body!

She moaned helplessly, torn between heat and pain, as his teeth chewed hungrily at her breasts and his mouth sucked rhythmically, as his tongue swirled and swiped across her now tingling nipples, and his fingers kneaded her soft flesh.

The stone was so hard and rough against her back, and yet there in front of her was raw heat!

His hands slid down her body, now, followed by his lips, kissing her, lips brushing against her, teeth nibbling lightly, teasingly as her pulse raced. He kissed his way down her twisting, wriggling belly and abdomen, and then his hands forced her thighs wide as his tongue traced its way down along her thigh and up the inside.

His hands were large and firm, gripping her thighs tightly just below her crotch, yet his tongue remained soft, his lips gently brushing her flesh in an uneven pattern all around her lower abdomen, just avoiding any contact with her sex.

She was beginning to find that extraordinarily frustrating, even as her mind swirled and churned with uncertainty, fear, anxiety and guilt.

It was one thing to allow Hassan to tie her up, after all. They had established a sort of, well, not a relationship exactly, but at least she'd spoken to him, had dinner with him, spent hours in his company! But to let herself be treated like this by complete strangers?! What kind of slut would allow herself to be touched and made love to by strangers!?

And yet that was precisely what was happening now, and her body was growing hotter and hotter to his careful touch. She felt his hands loosening and then sliding off her thighs, sliding up her body to cup and knead her breasts again. One slid back down, and she felt the heel of the hand pushing into her lower abdomen just above her sex, grinding gently against her.

She let out a quick gasp as his tongue finally moved lower and traced the line of her sex. Her hips flexed instinctively, her muscles reacting, pushing up and out against his tongue!

She moaned helplessly, gulping in air now as his hands slid downward, and then she felt pressure against her labia on either side, felt fingers pushing and then spreading her open as his tongue pushed in more firmly. She shuddered and the dual heat of incitement and embarrassment pulsed within her mind.

His tongue pushed deep into the mouth of her sex, twisting and turning as his lips pushed in behind it. It dipped inside her, drew back out, then dipped in again. When it withdrew she felt his finger pushing up inside her! It squirmed within the tightness of her warm, moist sheath, and she knew fresh embarrassment.

She was wet inside! He would think she was such a slut! But then, did it really matter? He must think that anyway, after all, and her reputation meant nothing here, anyway.

She groaned as the finger pushed deep, then pulled back. When it pushed again it was thicker, and she knew he had inserted a second finger. They slid up along the front wall of her sex, rubbing from side to side, then up and down, finding a soft swollen area there which they proceeded to stroke carefully across.

Megan gurgled helplessly at the rising tide of heat, at the pulsing sensations of pleasure. She felt her inhibitions melting away as her excitement grew more and more intense. The fingers inside her slid in and out, up and down, stroking directly against the front wall of her sex. And then his tongue licked softly across her clitoris.

She felt a powerful burst of sensation and heat that made her back arch and her head roll as her muscles spasmed and her inside flared!

Yet after that single long lick his tongue moved to the side, circling her clitoris, stroking against the delicate skin alongside it, but barely missing it, while those fingers pumped steadily in and out, stroking her in a way which made her want to scream!

She felt or sensed a shift in his movements. Then she felt his mouth on her breast again, sucking, chewing, licking. It shifted upwards, up along her throat, up under her ear. His fingers were still stroking against the inside of her sex, and now he pressed his thumb down across her clitoris, following the movement of his fingers on her insides, squeezing it between them as fingers and thumb moved up and down, up and down.

Megan's hips began to grind in desperate pleasure and she shuddered and trembled as he bit into the side of her throat, then up under her earlobe. She cried out as he grasped her hair and jerked back, then his mouth was on hers, his tongue in her mouth as the orgasm exploded within her!

There was no hiding it, no disguising her reaction. Her hips bucked wildly, even frantically against him as she cried out again and again, and he swallowed her cries, his tongue twisting and stroking against her own as his lips crushed hers.

He drew back as she slumped, gasping, moaning, half hanging by her aching

wrists, but he certainly didn't go far. His hands moved over her body, and his lips shifted up and down along the nape of her neck, then down onto her breasts.

He was clearly in no hurry, whoever he was! Megan moaned weakly, regaining control of her rubbery legs first, then trying to close them. He put a stop to that quickly enough, pushing them wide once more as her face reddened.

With the immediacy of her heat eased she felt a new surge of self shame and embarrassment, but still, what could she do? What dared she do!? What could she say!?

She groaned as he chewed casually on her breasts, even taking her nipples delicately between his teeth and grinding them lightly from side to side until she winced and gasped and then cried out. He released them, only to let his lips slide over them and suck as his tongue caressed them.

All too soon he was between her legs again. Her stomach still ached from the intensity of the orgasm as his hairy cheeks rubbed against it, then his lips moved lower, and this time made no attempt to avoid her clitoris. She groaned as he took her into his mouth, massaging her with his soft, moist lips, his tongue moving lightly at first.

His fingers pushed up inside her again, one, then two, and, she gasped, a third, turning, twisting, and pumping softly, pushing up against the front wall of her sex again, across her G-spot! Her breathing had been ragged, and had little time to recover as he began to suck lightly on her clitoris. Then his tongue started to stroke against it in time to the movements of his fingers!

Megan found herself unable to keep still. Her body would not abide it! She arched, twisted, strained, her hips rolling, her buttocks grinding against the wall as heat poured over her and through her.

He rose and Megan gasped as his hands firmly, even roughly twisted her around so her belly was to the wall and she felt its rough texture against her aching, swollen breasts. A large hand slid over her hip, down her abdomen, and cupped her sex, then pushed, forcing her backward, forcing her further back, the strength shoving her lower body until she was forced onto the balls of her feet, her arms straight and taut, extended up and forward.

And then something struck her buttocks with a sharp blow.

*Crack!*

“Oh!” she cried!

It stung! She felt a sharp heat where it – Crack!

“Oh!” she cried, at another blow!

It was a.. .a strap of some kind, a leather belt or – !

*Crack!*

“Oh! Please!” she gasped.

He held her sex in his hand, and his fingers rubbed lightly against her even as his forearm forced her abdomen back.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Slave girl,” she heard.

It was a harsh whisper, so soft she might not have even heard it were his lips not right against her ear.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Slave,” the soft voice whispered again.

“Please!”

*Crack!*

The blows stung! And her bottom was starting to warm most unpleasantly! Yet at the same time a dark thrill swept over Megan as her own helplessness was drawn again to her attention.

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She twisted and writhed and moaned and half sobbed as the belt or strap snapped down against her bottom repeatedly, but with her wrist locked tightly in the shackles there was little she could do but bear it!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She panted raggedly, her mind suffused with heat but growing ragged with the sharp, stinging blows to her bottom!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

And then she felt his hand on her buttocks, felt it sliding down between them. His fingers pushed against her back passage, then slowly pushed up inside her. She wanted to protest, but ... this was far better than the strap!

His fingers seemed slick, slippery, as they slid up into her bottom, two of them pumping softly in and out. His other hand remained between her legs, but now two fingers penetrated her, sliding up inside, pumping in and out as the heel of his hand remained in place. Her clitoris throbbed powerfully as his fingers moved across it, and Megan gulped in air, flushed and overheated, whimpering dazedly as his fingers pumped in and out of her helpless body.

“Slut,” the voice whispered softly.

She moaned, writhing.

His fingers came free, and she slumped against the wall, her breasts crushed against the cool hard stone. For a moment she stood pressed against it, eyes fluttering behind the blindfold. Then his his hands gripped her hips drawing them back, drawing her lower body out until the chain was taut and her upper body was bent forward.

She rose onto the balls of her feet, legs together, and his hands released her.

“Do not move,” he growled into her ear.

She didn't! Panting, swallowing, licking her lips, she stood balanced, bent forward, trembling.

*Crack!*

“Oh!” she cried at the fresh blow to her bottom.

Her hips jerked forward, but were again gripped by his hands, drawn firmly back, putting her in place once more with her on the balls of her feet, bottom thrust up and out.

“Discipline,” he growled into her ear. “Obedience.”

She held her position, heart pounding.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

She trembled, but held her position, despite the stinging blow across her buttocks.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

Again she managed to hold position.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She felt tears in her eyes, and a growing sense of desperation, but knew somehow that the only way for this to stop was for her to do as she was told!

And then it did stop, and she felt his big hands gripping her thighs, gently but firmly, shifting her feet apart on the floor, spreading her legs wide.

He let go and she remained in that position, trembling. A few seconds passed, then she felt his hand between her legs, cupping her sex, squeezing softly, rubbing her. Another hand slid up her ribs and under to cup her breast.

His hands drew back, and then she felt something hard, and yet deliciously soft,

against her, felt it sliding up and down across her buttocks, then in along her inner thighs. He was big, and he was hard, and she felt him reach around her hip and grip himself, forcing the head up between the lips of her sex, then sliding up and down her narrow, overheated furrow, and up across her clitoris!

He stroked her again, and again, and again, the shaft rubbing firmly up against her sex as he worked the head in circular motion against her clitoris. He drew back, as she trembled, and then penetrated her. His hands gripped her hips, and he pushed into her in one long stroke that made her cry out in both pain and dazed pleasure!

He ground himself against her, buried inside her, his cock feeling as though it were pulsing in the center of her. His big hands moved up her body to knead her breasts as he ground his hips against her aching, throbbing buttocks, and Megan felt her hips grinding back in desperate hunger!

One of his hands slid down the front of her body, fingers finding her clitoris. The other slid up and into her hair and jerked her head up and back by the hair.

“Slave!” he growled into her ear, his breath hot against her as his hips began to move. “Slut!”

His voice was so soft, so low she could barely hear it. But she could hear it!

The long, thick length of him began to move in and out, in and out, in and out as his fingers stroked across her clitoris. It took less than half a minute before Megan was frantically thrusting herself back at him as the orgasm approached, then flooded her with wild heat and pleasure!

She let out a series of inarticulate cries of pleasure as his hips struck her buttocks with a hard, pounding beat. The orgasm was an unrestrained storm that battered at her mind! On and on it went, until her cries became breathless and she lost almost all control of herself.

Then it faded, leaving her dazed and moaning, her upper body held aloft only by the chains around her wrists, her head hanging low as he seized her hips and continued to drive himself into her with hard, solid thrusts.

The heat within her had not departed, however. Despite the powerful orgasm, her insides were still twisting and roiling, and the steady pounding of his hips

against her sent her head lolling, her eyes blinking and fluttering, as she gulped in ragged breaths of air.

His cock seemed to have found the same special spot along the front wall of her sex as his fingers had explored earlier, and Megan twitched and jerked, twisted and gasped, moaned and whimpered at the raw intensity of the sensations which were crackling through her body.

Heat gripped her anew, and she moaned as the sensations rose in pleasure, as her mind took on a ragged edge, a raw, feral hunger at being so crudely, so powerfully used under such shocking, wicked and outrageous circumstances.

“Slave girl,” he growled.

Yes! She was! She was a slave girl! She was being used roughly by complete strangers, chained up in a dungeon and helpless!

Another orgasm tore through her, and she cried out in a wild, undulating sob of exultation, her insides twisting and sucking and squeezing on his thick, pounding flesh. It tore through her insides and sent her mind spinning up into a place where nothing existed but hedonistic pleasure and need!

And still he pounded her, as her head swam, as she lost track of who she was, never mind where she was or what was happening!

\*

She wasn't sure if the length of the chains was designed to keep her from being comfortable. She suspected it, however.

Whoever had made such strong use of her had kept her wrists shackled, but attached the chains to a lower ring on the wall. She could kneel now, and was kneeling. But she couldn't sit. Even kneeling, sitting on her heels, forced the chains so taut her wrists ached.

After finishing with her he had poured an entire bucket of water over her head! It had been a relief, but temporary. It was still hot, though the temperature had subsided as the sun had set. He had removed her blindfold before departing, but she hadn't been able to his face.

Now she knelt in the cell, the window showing darkness outside, and only a small candle on the wall casting a flickering light on the small stone room.

But at least she could see!

She was thirsty, though, and hungry! What was Hassan doing!? She ran their previous time together through her mind again and again, as well as their email conversations, worried about his intent, especially about what he might have thought from what she'd said.

She was interrupted by the door opening. She gulped and jerked her head up, then flushed as a man came in. He was a younger man, much younger, younger even than she was! He was slender, and wore a white robe and headdress, but nothing over his face.

“Water for you, slave,” he said in Arabic.

She flushed, but felt a surge of eagerness as he came over to her.

He reached down and gripped her hair, jerking it back, and she cried out.

Then he held out a plastic water bottle, held it to her lips, and let her close them around it. She drank thirstily, ignoring the grip on her hair, moaning as she swallowed again and again. It was cold and it was good!

He pulled the water away from her mouth and she coughed and sucked in air. Then he reached down and gripped his long robe, drawing it up inch by inch, foot by foot, baring his legs and then...

She dropped her eyes, face hot, but beset again by the wildly conflicting emotions of deep embarrassment and unbridled lust.

Slave girl! She was a slave girl, a prisoner to cruel Arab sheikhs!

He pushed himself into her mouth and while she was uncertain and reluctant, she did not fight him, nor complain. He leaned into her, pumping, and she closed her lips and sucked with a growing sense of excitement, moaning softly, licking at the underside as he drove himself into her.

This was so perverse, so nasty, so wrong, so wickedly exciting!

He leaned into the wall, his hips driving him in and out of her mouth as she sucked, then pushed deep into her throat, his hand forcing her lips up tight around the base of him as he ground himself against her.

He drew back suddenly, cursing, gasping, pumping frenziedly for long seconds, then gasped and pulled out completely, leaving Megan dazed and gasping.

“Slave,” he said in a breathless voice. “Sex slave!”

She flinched at the words!

He poured the remainder of the water bottle down over her head and face, then left, slamming the door behind.

It was difficult to judge time there in the small stone cell, but she thought it an hour later when the door opened and another man came in. He was older, not bearded, but had a thick mustache. She flushed anew, heart beating much more rapidly as he looked her up and down.

He squatted before her, leering, and reached out, his hand cupping her breast, sliding down between her legs. He chuckled cruelly, but his fingers were not rough. They stroked against her, then – .

“Spread your legs, slut!” he barked.

She gasped, face reddening, but obeyed, as his fingers moved up and down the line of her sex.

“Would you like food, slut?”

She gulped hungrily! “Y-Yes, please!” she said in a small voice.

“Yes, master,” he growled.

“Yes, master!”

“Henceforth, you will address all men as master. Do you understand, slave?”

“Yes, master!” she gulped as his fingers pushed up inside her.

“It is proper for a beautiful slut to be the property of strong men,” he said, fingers pushing up deeper as his thumb began to stroke up and down just to the right of her clitoris.

“Is it not?” he demanded, leaning in to stare into her eyes.

“Y-Y-Yes, Master!” she gasped.

“And you are a filthy slut, are you not!?”

“Yes, master!” she moaned.

“Say it aloud.”

“I’m a filthy slut, master!” she gasped.

It was rather hard for her to argue that one even within her own mind, but saying it aloud to a stranger made her squirm and burn!

He stood up, and then gripped her matted hair in one hand as he lifted his robe in the other. She moaned as he drew her head forward, and she licked and sucked at his balls, then licked up and down his stiffening cock until he was rock hard.

He pushed himself into her mouth and she sucked with a strange sense of rightness, of almost eagerness, as if to show herself, to prove to herself that she was a slave, that she was a filthy slut!

He pushed himself deep into her throat as the first man had done, pumping more slowly, though, taking his time. He drew himself out, rubbing his saliva coated cock back and forth across her face and over her lips, then drove himself deep inside her once more.

He took longer to come, but not very long, as he was not a patient man. When he was done he undid her shackles from the ring in the wall, then pulled her to her feet.

“You will speak only when spoken to or be whipped,” he growled.

He took her out of the room and through a dark corridor, then up a flight of stairs. It was better lit here, and she was placed into what appeared to be a kind

of laundry room. There was a tub in the center, filled with water, and two black robed women within.

They spoke rapidly to him and he removed the shackles and collar, then left. The women took her arms and led her to the tub, then made her sit down in warm water. They casually bathed her with rough, soapy rags, pushed her head under the water to soak her hair, then washed that with something greasy, then pushed it back under the water to rinse it off.

It was... embarrassing, but she wasn't sure if either spoke English, and wouldn't know what to say if they did. She was also mindful of what the man had said. Would they really whip her!? She didn't want to find out! Well, a part of her did, but not really!

They pulled her out of the tub, but made her get down on all fours, and then much to her embarrassment, they gave her both an enema, and a douche! She struggled only briefly, though. They were both big women and their hands slapped stingingly against her bottom when she protested!

*Slave girl, she thought dazedly. It's like I'm a slave girl!*

They brushed out her hair and sprayed perfume lightly on her body, then placed a thick gold collar ringed with jewels around her throat! Two gold bracelets were placed around her wrists, and two golden anklets locked around her ankles. Her wrists were drawn back together behind her and the shackles locked together.

A man in a white robe arrived, then, and clipped a leash to the front of the collar. He frowned darkly at her, then turned and jerked on the leash, forcing her to stumble towards the door!

And then they were in the hall, and he was walking along, pulling casually on the leash, as a red-faced Megan stumbled frantically along. She caught her footing, and used short, quick steps to keep pace two feet behind him as he turned onto a broader corridor with a long blue and gold rug along the center.

Without her glasses she couldn't see very far, but before long she saw a blurred something ahead, and it was moving! It came into focus as they approached, and turned into a woman in a heavy robe, all but her eyes slitted. Megan quailed under those eyes, dropping her own to the floor as they passed. Then came a young man, smirking and leering, then two middle aged men, who eyed her with

interest, then two more women. It was all quite mortifying, and she was astonished at the level of embarrassment she could endure!

For she must endure it! She had no way of covering herself, or turning away, forced to pad quickly along on her bare feet past these people as the man before her clutched the leash tightly. Nor was complaining likely to serve any purpose at all, even if she assumed she could make herself understood!

She was in Arabia!

*Slave girl, she thought with dark, fascination. A sex slave!*

They turned abruptly and he pushed through a tall door into a large room with a high ceiling. The floor was of patterned stone, but there was a richly covered carpet in the center, and the man with the leash led her there and ordered her to her knees before removing the leash.

Another man awaited her. He was quite a bit older than her, tall, and slim, with a long duck-tail beard graying with age. He wore a white robe and headdress fringed with black cord, and he held a thin flexible ... stick in his hand which he bent from side to side with the other as she watched anxiously.

He looked at her and she flushed hotly. Then he moved forward, moved past her. She felt him grip a tendril of hair and pull back, and then heard the whir of air a moment before the stick snapped down across her bottom.

“Sit straight,” he ordered in a soft voice.

She gulped and obeyed hurriedly.

“Knees well apart on the floor.”

Megan jerked her knees apart as he moved around and came forward on her other side.

“Shoulders back, head straight. Do not look at me. Look straight ahead. Always. Do not ever look at me.”

He thrust the long, thin stick between her thighs, slapping back and forth against her inner thighs, and she jerked her knees wider.

“Kneel back,” he said.

She blinked and looked at him, and he snapped the stick down lightly against her hip.

“Oh!” she gasped.

“Do not look at me, female,” he ordered.

She jerked her eyes and face straight.

“Kneel back means to arch back until your hands are on the floor behind you and your eyes are on the ceiling above,” he said.

Megan let herself fall back onto her shackled hands, then arched her back, drawing her head well back.

She felt the stick slapping at her inner thighs again and jerked them apart.

“Excellent. Maintain this position,” he said.

The stick, or switch, slid up her body, over her nipples, slapping lightly at them, then back down again to stroke lightly along her sex.

“Prostrate yourself,” he said.

Megan grunted uncertainly, then straightened up and fell forward onto her hands and knees, lowering her head.

*Whir.. snap! The switch cut down on her lower back with a stinging blow.*

“Chin on the floor, bottom raised high,” he said softly.

Gulping, Megan stretched forward as directed, though it forced her head up and back sharply.

*Whir... snap! The switch cut into the back of her thighs!*

“Legs straight, stomach drawn in tightly against them,” he said, circling her.

Megan obeyed again, and he continued to move around her.

*Whir... snap!*

“Eyes straight ahead,” he said.

She trembled slightly, holding her position with a fresh line of heat across her raised bottom.

“If your arms are free, they must be stretched out before you,” he said, the switch caressing her back, then, as he circled behind her again, stroking up and down across her buttocks.

He moved around in front of her.

“The only thought in the mind of a slave is pleasing her masters,” he said. “The only way to please her masters is through obedience. A slave obeys. That is all that you must consider, all that you need believe or understand.”

He circled behind her again, and Megan sucked in a breath of air as the switch pushed in between her thighs, then angled upward so the long, thin shaft pressed in against her sex.

“Present yourself for use,” he said. “Knees apart.”

She felt a rush of heat and adrenalin, as well as anxiety, shifting her knees apart on the rug. The switch slapped at her inner thighs and she widened them further, then it snapped down on her buttocks.

“Bottom high,” he said.

She wriggled backwards on her belly until it was in tighter against her thighs, raising her bottom.

“There is only one purpose served by such a position,” he said, driving the switch in and then up against her sex once more, and then sliding it back and forth. “And that purpose is obvious. It is the central purpose of your life, to please men with your body.”

*This is so completely insane! she thought breathlessly.*

She moaned as the thin wooden shaft sank in between the lips of her sex and slid

up and down against her soft pink flesh. It drew back again and the man moved around in front of her.

“Stand, slave,” he ordered.

Grunting, heart pounding, Megan rose to her feet and, seeing him motioning her to turn, turned her back to him. She felt his hands on her wrists, and the shackles unlocked – not from her wrists but from each other.

“Turn.”

She turned back, still flushed, pulse still racing.

*Whir...snap!*

She gasped at the blow across her bottom.

“Back straight, shoulders back, arms at your sides, face looking straight ahead,” he said.

She felt him tugging at a few hairs at the top of her head and gasped, her hands instinctively reaching up to grab at him.

*Whir...snap!*

The switch cut into her bottom and she yelped in pain.

“Did I give you permission to move? To use your arms?”

‘N-No!’ she squeaked.

*Whir...snap!*

She winced at another blow across her buttocks.

“Master,” he said calmly. “Say it.”

“No, master!” she gulped.

“Arms at your sides,” he said.

She obeyed, and felt him tugging at her hair again.

“Up onto the balls of your feet,” he said.

She obeyed, and he eased the pull on her hair.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced.”

She drew her hands up as he circled around in front of her again, arching her back without being told since that was the clear intent.

She flinched as she felt the switch sliding back and forth across one taut breast, across a very hard pink nipple.

“Are you a slave?” he asked.

She flinched again, stomach quivering.

“Speak it aloud.”

“Y-Yes, master!” she squeaked.

“Say it.”

“I'm a slave, master!”

“Do you know who has bought you, slave?”

“N-No, master!” she gulped anxiously.

“It does not matter. A slave obeys all others. A slave calls all men master, and all women mistress, save other slaves. You are the only slave in this palace at the moment. This means you will obey all orders given to you by any person at all times. Do you understand, slave?”

“Y-Yes, master!”

She flinched anew as the switch slid between her thighs and pressed up against her sex, up between the lips of her sex, then moved slowly in and out.

“Your body belongs to others. They may do with it as they choose. You may not

oppose them for any reason. You may only obey. If you do not accept this you will be beaten... often. On your knees, slave.”

She sank gratefully to her knees, her body trembling by then with the pressure of holding her on the balls of her feet.

“Please me with your mouth, slave,” he said, drawing his robe up to reveal that he was naked beneath.

Megan gasped, but though the shock rippled through her belly it did not hinder her mind from understanding what she must do. She leaned in, raising her hands to cup him gently, then began to slowly kiss and lick his soft cock and testicles.

He lowered the long switch, letting it press down along her spine and between her buttocks as she licked him. He had not suggested he was in a hurry, so she worked on him slowly, the way Hassan had liked, the way she had once read was the perfect example of oral sex.

She started out with gentle kisses and caresses of his testicles, then let her fingers stroke lightly up along his cock, stretching it, stroking it as she moved in to gently suck his testicles into her mouth and massage them with her tongue. She sucked lightly, rhythmically, her fingers stroking, massaging, caressing, as his cock began to slowly harden.

She hardly thought about who she was performing oral sex on, hardly thought about his face. She had stopped looking at his face, after all. Instead, it was just a cock she had to please. And so she did, sliding her lips up and down its length, licking it softly, rubbing it against her cheeks and lips and then, when it hardened, taking it between her lips and into her mouth.

The man said nothing. She focused on the job at hand, beginning to bob up and down, in and out, then forcing her lips all the way down to take him into her throat. He made no sound or movement, did not grasp at her head or hair, but simply stood observing her, the switch caressing her tailbone, and now and then rolling from side to side against the insides of her buttocks.

I can't believe this is happening, or thoughts to that effect, kept rising to the surface of her brain as she worked. They were thoughts of breathless hunger, anxiety, embarrassment, elation, worry, excitement, uncertainty, heat, and even delight.

*Slave girl, she thought. It's like I'm a sex slave!*

She drew her lips all the way down his long shaft, rubbed him against her face and lips as she gulped in air, then pushed him up and back against his belly so that she could slide her mouth in beneath and lick and suck at his testicles again. Her fingers caressed his shaft and the underside of his head as she worked below.

She drew him back down, once more, slid her lips over him, and pushed herself down the length, even as another man entered the room, a stranger in a robe and turban. She jerked and her embarrassment abruptly deepened. She halted, but the switch snapped down sharply against her tailbone, and she continued, pulse pounding in her throat as the other man spoke with the one she was performing on, in rapid fire Arabic.

The first man replied calmly, and the second turned and left.

“You are vastly unprepared but it seems there is a shortage of servants this day and your services are required to help serve the afternoon meal,” he said.

The switch slapped down against her buttocks.

“I did not say to stop,” he said.

She continued, bobbing her lips up and down his length, sucking, licking, her hands massaging his testicles as she listened.

“You will do exactly as you are told, obey every instruction, and make no effort to resist or defy your masters and mistresses,” he said. “If you fail at this you will be beaten.”

He came in her mouth just then, and she anxiously swallowed his seed, her mind spinning!

Another man entered just as the first one had dropped his robe back into place. This man had a large beard, and snapped a leash to her collar.

“Obey,” the first man said as she was jerked to her feet.

She followed the man holding the leash back into the hall, then further up the corridor. More people passed, and though her arms were now unshackled she

had very little time from when she saw them to when they were past. Her hands rose sometimes, but not enough to cover herself. She was pretty sure she wasn't allowed to cover herself anyway.

Then they turned into a kitchen. Another man was there, older, bearded, and wearing another turban. The leash was removed, and the new man handed her an armful of plates, and pushed her through a doorway into a dining room.

It was quite a dining room. It was thirty feet by twenty, the floor of gleaming white marble, the walls of polished stone. The ceiling was high above, and a chandelier hung from it directly over a long white table.

There were eight chairs along the sides of the table and one at one end.

It didn't take a genius to understand her purpose. She placed the plates before each of the chairs, then turned and went back. This time the man pointed at a side table, and she picked up bowls and then cutlery, followed by folded linen napkins. She placed them all before the chairs, then returned for filled water glasses.

It seemed... bizarre to be working as a waitress with no clothes, and the bearded man in the turban watched her with lustful eyes as she moved about, but she was in a strange place in her mind, where she had a darkly exciting role to fulfill, and that role was of that of a slave girl.

When she had placed everything on the dining room table she returned and the man beckoned her closer. She shuffled forward nervously as he looked at her, and then gulped as he raised his hands and cupped her breasts. Her own hands jerked up, then dropped back to her sides as his fingers roughly kneaded her soft flesh while he muttered something under his breath.

One of his hands slid down her belly and he fingered her sex, making her gasp, and sending strange dark flushes of sensation and heat through her body. She was not the least bit attracted to this man, this cook, but it didn't seem to matter in the slightest!

Then there were voices out in the dining room, and she pulled back, turning hurriedly to his work. He quickly prepared a number of small plates of some delicacy, but then on a wheeled tray, and motioned her with a scowl.

Heart beating furiously, Megan pushed the tray out through the doorway and into a room now crowded with men! Most were seated or sitting as she came through the door, and all looked at her as she hurriedly dropped her eyes.

*Don't look at their faces, she told herself frantically. Not only had she been ordered to not do so but it was easier this way.*

She began to place the small plates on the table in front of the men, who resumed talking, now laughing softly, their eyes, she was certain, on her, as she placed the plates in front of them. She gasped as a hand squeezed her bottom, but didn't stop or complain.

Another hand groped her bottom, and another, as she slid in between two men to place the plates on the table before them. Another hand rose to cup her sex at the same time, then, as she turned away, one made a quick grab at her breast!

She moved along the table, being constantly groped, fondled and pinched, and doing her best to ignore it despite the way her body and mind were being wildly roiled by emotions. One man grasped her by the hair, then and pulled her right back against him, half onto his lap as he laughed to the others and dropped his other hand between her legs.

Megan trembled but did not try to break free as his fingers groped her, as the man next to them reached up to grope her breast.

Someone else entered the room and said something, and the man let her go. She scurried back to the tray and laid the last two plates on the table as the new man took his place – at the head of the table.

She raised her eyes for a moment. It was Hassan! She gasped and his eyes narrowed as she looked at him. She dropped her eyes quickly, then went back into the kitchen.

She felt a wave of relief, however, that he was there! Did that mean he had 'bought' her!? Or did it mean something else again!?

There were more plates to bring out, larger plates loaded with vegetables and fruits, then with a wide variety of meat. It would be incorrect to say she got used to all those eyes on her, or the constant groping and caresses, but her anxiety did calm somewhat, and the embarrassment level slowly dropped, though it never

disappeared, of course.

She began to feel a growing sense of arousal, though, with the embarrassment now tempered. She was naked and collared and shackled around all those men, and they were making no effort to disguise their interest either!

When they were eating the main course the cook put her on her knees and had her perform oral sex on him behind the counter. That stoked a fierce, fiery heat within her, not because she cared about him but because of how utterly slave-like such behavior was, and how lacking in shame or guilt.

She was a slave, after all. She had no choice. She was only doing as she was ordered.

And the more she felt like that the less guilt and shame she had in following those orders.

He was soft well before the diners were done with the main course. He had her kneel in a corner, legs wide, waiting for further orders.

Then it was time to clear away the plates. She felt a fresh wall of heat as she walked out amid the men, as they stared at her, as their hands slid up and down her body while she cleared away their now empty and near empty plates.

The men got up and left the room and she finished clearing the table in relative peace. The cook was brewing up tea, it seemed, and soon there was another tray with an ornate silver tea pot, along with delicate china cups. He directed her out another door, and pointed left, and she rolled the cart into a large area which had enormous windows looking out on the desert along one wall, and antique furniture scattered about.

The ceiling again was quite high, now with fans circling gently. An enormous red carpet with black swirling birds and mountains stitched across it filled the center of the room as she pushed the tray along. The men were all sitting around on the chairs in a broad oval, facing each other and chatting.

Blushing, she approached Hassan first. "Chai, Sahib?" she asked softly, eyes downcast.

Her Arabic was rudimentary, but she knew the words for both 'tea' and of course

'master'.

She felt him turn his eyes towards her, but looked resolutely down.

“You could be beaten for speaking to me without permission, slave,” he said in English. “Still, you were correct to approach me first as your master.”

He had bought her, she thought with vast relief, or at least, was pretending to have bought her!

“Thank you, master,” she said softly.

“Have you been instructed in how to offer tea, slave?”

“No, master,” she gulped.

“Pour the cup until it is three quarters full, then kneel before me and bow your head as you offer it up to me.”

Pulse racing, with all those male eyes on her, Megan poured as he ordered, then knelt before him, bending forward, bowing her head as she offered the cup up in her joined hands.

After a few long seconds, he took the cup from her hands.

Then she had to ask each of the other men, and offer up the tea to them in the same way. Some chatted with each other, but most kept their eyes on her most of the time, even while talking. No one groped her, however. Perhaps it would have seemed unseemly here.

Hassan said something, and the others chuckled.

“I have told them you are a new slave,” he said in English, “And have little training, though a natural talent in certain areas.”

And then he reached to the ornate table next to him and turned a switch. Music began to play.

It was the same music he had made her dance to in the summer!

Megan froze, her face reddening as she looked at him, feeling a sense of panic. It

was ... strange, she admitted to herself, to panic at the thought of dancing before all these men even as she had begun to get used to being naked around them.

“Dance, slave,” Hassan ordered.

She trembled, but then her hips began to move awkwardly, then with more grace, her hands sliding slowly up her nude torso. Her upper body began to move, to loosen up, and her hands slid up through her hair as she arched and rolled her hips.

Embarrassment clawed at her mind but heat began to build as they all watched her dance, as she turned and danced slowly around the open oval as they sat surrounding her, sipping their tea and watching her, staring at her!

*God, I can't believe I'm doing this! she thought.*

She began to feel a hint of panic, though. When she had danced naked for three men in the desert she had had to perform oral sex on each of them. Was she going to have to do that again, for all these men!?

When the song ended, she stopped, flushed and panting, and Hassan motioned her over to him, then turned her around. He drew her arms up and back behind her, then locked the golden shackles together.

“Kneel, slave,” he ordered.

She knelt next to his chair, knees wide, and then ... and then they simply continued sipping tea and chatting.

Though their eyes on her were hungry, even more hungry than they had been before. She could feel their lust and hunger beating at her like unseen waves every time one of them looked at her! Oh, they were all acting so civilized, but she knew they would all be on her in an instant, like a pack of wolves on a sheep, if they were allowed!

Hassan rose, then. He said something in quick Arabic, which drew a ripple of laughter. He then bent and snapped the clip of a leash to the front of the collar around Megan's neck. In almost the same motion, he reached behind her and unlocked the wrist cuffs so that her arms could come free.

“Crawl, slave,” he ordered, tugging on the leash sharply.

She gasped, half falling forward before catching herself on her hands. Then felt a rush of embarrassment, shame, excitement, heat and outrage as she realized his intent. She crawled forward just behind and to the side, crawled like a dog on a leash while the men stared and licked their lips hungrily!

It was even more shockingly degrading than anything else she had done or which had been done to her, and it took her breath away for that! At the same time, she felt a pulsing dark heat within her as she crawled along the length of the chairs and tables, crawled while their eyes followed her, while their heads turned, crawled naked like an animal on a leash!

Hassan led her out from among them, then across the room and through the doors. But he wasn't done. Megan felt her face burning as he led her, still crawling, past servants and others in the halls, her knees aching, despite the thick rugs which went down the middle of the corridors.

Up the stairs, he led her, and down the narrower corridor there, heart pounding, and finally stopping at a large pair of double doors. He opened one and pulled her through, closing it behind him.

It was a bedroom, and Megan felt a surge of excitement and anticipation.

“Do you know what those men would have wished to do to you, slave girl?” he asked.

“Y-Yes, Master!” she gulped.

“Do you know what they thought of you?”

*That I'm a slut, she thought, flushing.*

He led her across the floor and up to the bed, then up onto it. He ordered her to lay her chest down, her arms stretched out to either side, her bottom high, her belly tucked in and back against her thighs as far as possible, and her knees apart.

“Come, slave. You have studied Egyptian society, yes? What do you think they saw when you crawled out on a leash?”

“Th-that I was a slut,” she gulped, chin forced up and back as it was pressed against the bed.

“More.”

A slut was something entirely different to Muslims, of course, than it was to a western man. Not only were the requirements different but the judgment was far and away more severe.

“That I was less than human,” she said. “Like... like an animal!”

“Like a wanton creature of sex, almost like something from myths, not a thinking human being at all, but a nymph, a demon creature, a feral she-thing of lust and unbridled desire. If I allowed it, they would use you all day and all night.”

Megan trembled softly, her lower belly thrumming with heat.

“And you would not have protested,” he said, his hand now coming forward and sliding between her legs.

She moaned, an instant flush of pleasure rolling through her as his fingers moved firmly along the narrow line of her sex.

“You would have not only submitted to it, but gloried in it,” he said, as his fingers slowly penetrated through the swollen lips of her sex.

“Oh! Ohh!” she moaned as they pushed deeper through the tight, moist folds of her thrumming belly.

His fingers were thick and long, and there were three of them, she thought, the heat sweeping through her in waves. They turned and twisted inside her, pushing ever deeper, until with a helpless cry of pleasure, the orgasm swept through her and she bucked back violently, jerking and shaking and trembling as the pleasure tore through her body and mind and soul!

And when his thumb pressed in and down against her clitoris to rub with short, quick movements the intensity of the pleasure surged even higher, and she cried out in helpless pleasure, her hips bucking back against him!

His fingers pumped roughly and rapidly inside her as the orgasm rippled through her nervous system, and only as her movements eased, though tremors still ran through her muscles, did he pull his fingers back.

*Crack! His hand slapped sharply down against her buttocks!*

Then his cock pushed into her, his hands dropping onto her hips. He drove himself almost fully into her with one powerful stroke, then began to thrust in deep, hard, careful strokes that sent his hips slapping into her bottom with bruising force.

He thrust hard and steadily, pulling out now and then, then thrusting into her anew. His hands moved up and down her body, then reached for her hair, jerking it up and back as he pumped harder and faster.

The heat began to build within her trembling body almost at once, as if the orgasm had only whetted her appetite for more. In short minutes she was crying out in heated pleasure once more as another orgasm tore through her, then another, and another, leaving her dazed and moaning, eyes glassy and chest pumping like a bellows.

“There is a darkness within you,” he said, “A lust for darkness, a strange craving for the forbidden.”

Which was true, she knew. It seemed like there was a fiery heat inside her that no amount of orgasms could quench!

He shoved her over onto her back, then gripped her arms, pulling her up along the bed. He joined her wrists together, then chained them to the headboard before producing a blindfold of black silk cloth, folding it over, then tying it around her head and over her eyes.

“You shall have your darkness,” he said. “Perhaps your cravings will ease, or perhaps take you over completely.”

She had no idea, as she lay there, panting, what he meant. She was alone in silence, moaning a little, wriggling on the bed. Then there was a sound, and a weight on the bed. Hands eagerly but roughly explored her body! They were male hands, but they were not Hassan's hands, for they were not large enough!

She moaned as they groped her breasts, as they pinched her nipples and thrust roughly between her legs. Her thighs were yanked apart, and then she cried out as he thrust into her, as she felt his weight settling atop her!

She had no idea who he was, perhaps one of the men from downstairs, but it didn't matter. The darkness flowed around her and she writhed as he rode her, as he cursed softly in Arabic, as his hands raced over her body and his hips drove him into her with unrestrained lust and heat.

He did not last long, but a minute after he was gone another was there, his hands running everywhere over her, his mouth on her breasts, his teeth on her nipples. Then he was inside her, thrusting hard and fast, his hips riding her like a piston.

Then another, and another, and another came into the room and, without speaking, rode her. She groaned as someone rolled her onto her belly, slapped her bottom sharply, jerked her hips up, and entered her from behind!

It was like a dark nightmare, or fantasy! Heat and darkness, excitement and shame, embarrassment and a wild, fierce arousal swirled and churned through her mind as her body writhed and twisted beneath them all.

It was the second man who gave her the first orgasm, but the knowledge of what was happening assailed her like a storm of fire as the third came in and climbed into bed, and that storm never left her! A sexual fever rode her mind as they rode her body, and orgasm after orgasm tore through her like lightning storms.

When the fourth – or was it the fifth man, climbed into bed and flipped her onto her belly she was already slack jawed and gasping. He pounded into her violently, his hips striking her bottom with such force as to shake the bed! She came explosively, screaming out all her breath as he rode her with merciless force and power!

He left her like that, gasping, on her face, her bottom high, moaning, eyes slitted behind the blindfold, trying to catch her breath. She had only a brief respite, but did nothing with it. Then another man was there, his hand thrust between her thighs, squeezing her. He left her in that position and used her almost as hard, forcing more orgasms upon her.

She fell onto her side after her left, gulping in air and moaning. The next man seized her hair, jerking her head up and to the side as he thrust himself into her

mouth. She gurgled weakly, sucking and licking as best she could as he pumped in and out of her. It took him very little time to come, and then the next man entered, rolling her onto her back, lifting her legs up and shoving them back against her chest, entering her, and beginning to pump.

She had no idea how many men used her. Breathless, dazed, moaning, sucking in desperate breaths of air between explosive muscle spasms, she barely cared. Her insides began to ache horribly, not from their stiff organs but the wild muscle spasms which tore through her again and again!

She had no idea how long it had lasted either, her brain barely functioning above the level of trying to draw breath and still the trembling of her aching, overheated body

Was it all of the men from downstairs? Was it all of them twice? She had no idea, nor did she care. She could not see them, and that provided a strange sense of insularity for her mind. It was as if they didn't exist, as if invisible hands and bodies pawed and groped and used her so roughly.

She was anyone's meat, a slave girl, to be used by anyone who wanted her, for any purpose they wanted her.

One of the men rolled her onto her belly again, and this time entered her anally. It hurt, but he ignored her pain. After a while, so did she, as heat rose within her at such rough, cruel treatment. He used her thoroughly, leaving her aching and sore, and she sagged, gasping. There was the usual minute of peace, then the next man was upon her, flipping her back onto her back again and spreading her legs.

His hands were small, his fingers claws as they dug into her breasts. His mouth followed, bites making her cry out as he sucked fiercely against her soft, pale skin and dug his teeth into her. Then he thrust wildly for long minutes before leaving her alone again.

For the next man.

In the end, breathless, she lost consciousness entirely.

She woke, shackled, in the cell. She was kneeling, arms stretched tautly above her, back against the rough stone. Her knees had been forced very wide, in fact,

tied wide to the wall behind her, achingly wide, though they had been stretched quite a bit in the previous couple of days. She was not blindfolded any more, and raised her head wearily, moaning weakly in the heat.

After some time, a man entered, and gave her water, poured the remainder over her, then roughly used her mouth and throat before leaving. She remained in place for another while, stiff, sore, and sweating in the heat, before another man came for her. He brought her up to the women, who bathed her again, as they had before, washing her inside and out.

They brought her to the dining room, where Hassan was alone, there to eat, but not at the table with him. She ate off the floor, or from his fingers. Afterward, she straddled his chair for what she thought of as a lap dance, which ended, of course, in oral sex, and then riding his stiff, slick cock to orgasm, despite how sore she was.

Then it was back before that man with the switch, who ordered her to move and shift positions again and again, and was quick to snap the switch down across her sore flesh when she was slow.

During the following days, she remained nude. She danced for him and others, sometimes one, sometimes groups of them. Often she then used her oral skills to sate their list while others looked on. Once she was tied to a pair of narrow stone pillars and whipped while a dozen men looked on, then used roughly.

When she wasn't having sex or otherwise pleasing him and his acquaintances she was set to small, menial tasks, such as washing floors on her hands and knees. A servant would oversee her, groping her mercilessly if a man, using a switch on her bottom with evident eagerness if a woman.

She lost track of time. She almost lost track of who she was. Obedience became second nature, and hunger clutched her mind with a merciless throbbing need.

The days passed in a dark, sexual fever dream. The only constant was that she would be used many times, and roughly. Her hair would be pulled and yanked, her breasts groped, and her body made to sate the pleasure of men, most of whom she did not know.

And eventually, finally, after some time, it almost became... ordinary. It no longer filled her mind with overwhelming hunger. She could ride or be ridden by

man after man without coming uncontrollably.

By the time she caught her flight home – with Hassan's assurance that every man who had used her had been medically 'checked' beforehand, she was able to fit the experience into a new sense of awareness of who and what she was. It had been wickedly exciting, even thrilling, and something she would never want to forget. But she knew she wouldn't want to do it again.

She felt more sophisticated, more mature, more aware of herself and more in control of her body and mind. She felt a warm sense of delight in what she'd undergone, as if she had tested herself to her limits and come through unscathed.

She emerged, however, without any sexual inhibitions, with no shyness about her body or her sexuality. That was not to say she had any intention of anyone back at the university learning about what she'd done, of course. Her reputation, and the respect of her colleagues was still quite important to her.

If her attitude and wardrobe changed, if rumors of wild sexual dalliances made the rounds, that only led to a sense of awareness on the part of those who knew her that in addition to being intelligent and knowledgeable, she was a beautiful and sexually provocative woman.

Those were not mutually exclusive in modern day America, the way they were in old Egypt, and that left Megan with any number of other fantasies to explore – in the future.

End

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## [The Heat of the Desert](#)

### **Megan's Desert Heat**

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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