

The Heat of the Desert

By JJ Argus



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(Part 1 of desert heat)

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

Megan had always dreamed of visiting Egypt, of seeing the great antiquities and the vast expanse of desert. As a student of the period she had been fascinated with the architecture, art and culture of the time when the pharaohs ruled.

When she was nineteen she had been able to make a quick tour with a group, and see the pyramids and the valley of the kings. But now, three years later, she had the opportunity to come alone and spend more time in immersing herself in the history of the ancient land.

Megan was now a teaching assistant at the University of Pennsylvania, working on her masters in Egyptian history. But she wasn't entirely oblivious to the modern cultural issues involved in a lone woman exploring Egypt.

For one, there was the unfortunate degree to which Hollywood's long portrayal of the 'blonde bombshell' had influenced rather unsophisticated views of blonde women in the Arab world. To most of the male gender in the middle east the term 'sexy woman' was synonymous with 'whore'. And in their society, a whore was someone who was available to any man, regardless of what she said or wanted.

Of course, compared to the restrictions on their own women, what they heard of western women made them apply that term to pretty much all of them. But they were in general agreement that blonde women were, of course, far more sluttish than the norm, even in the West.

Megan had been worn her blonde hair long since she was a little girl. Her nature was not such as to pay much attention to or make much consideration of her looks. Generally she ran a brush through her hair, threw on whatever was clean, and went to work, uncaring of what image she presented.

Megan was nearsighted, and in order to see the world much beyond the reach of her fingers with any degree of clarity, wore rather thick glasses. She chose those glasses for efficiency and comfort, not for any particular sense of fashion or looks. To her mind, if a person cared appearance, as opposed to what manner of person she was, then that person wasn't really worth knowing anyway.

Megan didn't care what people looked like. She cared how smart, how thoughtful, how caring and considerate and polite and amusing they were. She

couldn't, for the life of her, understand why anyone wouldn't feel the same way, though of course, she was aware some shallow people did.

To that end, she chose glasses with efficiency in mind, which wound up being large round glasses with a black plastic frame. That such glasses would fail to enhance her lovely green eyes, or make her look sexy and attractive to those who encountered her was far from her mind when she selected them, nor had it occurred to her since.

Still, despite the fact she was nearly oblivious to any concern about her appearance, she did realize there were difficulties in being a blonde in Egypt, and in dressing in the way she habitually did, in jeans and khakis and sweatshirts. To that end, she dyed her hair brown before leaving and made sure to bring along dresses, light summer dresses, of course, due to the expected heat. She also made sure the dresses had reasonably conservative hems.

In other words, she did at least make an effort to appease local sensibilities, however silly she considered them to be. Unfortunately, she failed to take into consideration that a dress which was considered conservative in Pennsylvania could still be thought of as wicked and revealing to many of the male eyes which she would encounter in Cairo.

She wore a peach colored tie-died summer dress off the flight, knee length, with long belled sleeves. The hem, collar and lower part of the sleeves were pinkish, and the skirt was loose and light. However, the material was quite thin, with the sleeves being partially see through.

No one gave her any problems at the airport other than a rude man who brushed by and let his fingers trace their way across her bottom as he passed. The taxi driver ogled her for much of the ride, however, a scary ride, since the car lurched from one near-collision to the other as he kept his eyes glued on the rear view mirror.

She checked into the hotel, which was bright and modern, then donned a lovely pink, broad brimmed hat and went shopping in the nearby market.

At first she thought the way people were staring at her was simply because she was a western woman. She was the only one about that she could see, and the local women all seemed to be clad head to foot (literally) in blue and black robes, or jihabs, showing no hair, and often enough nothing beyond their eyes.

People, men, really, said things to her as she passed which sounded eager, and which she took to be a friendly greeting, so responded with a smile, and sometimes a wave. The market was a crowded place, with small shops, stalls, and carts selling all manner of local goods from crafts to food.

When the first hand landed on her bottom she quickly reached back to slap it away, glaring about her at the crowd before sniffing disdainfully and moving on, but the market was indeed busy, and there always seemed to be many men around and few women.

Her hat kept the sun off but also restricted her peripheral vision so that when another hand slapped her bottom and she whirled she could once again not tell who had done it. So she determined that the only option was to ignore such rudeness and carry on.

Within a few minutes, however, she was beginning to feel distinctly harassed. She was touched, slapped and groped several more times, by, she presumed, different men. And the shopkeepers stared at her far too intently, far too lasciviously. One actually had the temerity to offer up a carved camel she had been inspecting in exchange for sex!

She became aware there was actually a crowd of dozens of men following her. Her own experience over time was that she was safe in a crowd, but she began to realize that might not be true over here and finally began to get nervous.

This area, however, was a tourist site, and there were numerous police around. They broke up the crowd around her several times, but it always reformed as she moved along, and they were becoming more boisterous and rude, no longer putting much effort into hiding their attempts to touch her.

She was being jostled more, groped more, and when she took a short cut between a pair of tents it seemed like the whole mass of them either jostled to get through behind her or ran around the other way. She was sweating and anxious and hurried back towards the hotel down a separate aisle, then darted into the first actual shop she saw along the way in hopes of losing most of her pursuers.

That worked out better than she had expected, for it was a jewel shop, and two very large bearded men in turbans stood on either side of the wide doorway. They ignored her as she scurried through but when the first yelling, jostling

edges of the crowd tried to hurry past they produced long bamboo staffs and started flailing at them, driving the yelping men back out.

Megan turned wide eyes on the chaotic scene at the door, heart pounding, and saw the big men showing considerable eagerness for this break in an otherwise boring day, swinging their staffs with great enthusiasm and sending the ragged mob fleeing back.

“How do you do, Meess.”

She turned with a start to see a slender, elderly man in a beige suit looking at her inquiringly.

“Uhm oh, uh, hi,” she gulped, pulse still racing.

“Is there anything in particular I can be helping you with?” he asked in accented but quite understandable English.

“I was – oh!”

One of the big bearded men held another man by his hair and bent him over as the other swung his staff two handed, striking the small, skinny man's bottom and sending him flying and stumbling across the path with a howl of pain.

“Trash,” the old man said with a sniff of disdain. “Really, in the old days most of them wouldn't even be allowed into the city.”

She turned her wide eyes on him.

“Standards have slipped,” he said, then looked her up and down for a moment. “You are on your own here, yes?” he asked.

Megan nodded shakily.

“Unfortunately, it is not safe for a young woman to walk about on her own here, especially one... as lovely... as you.”

“But... I thought... in the daytime...”

He shook his head, making a face. “Too many country people have been allowed

into the city. They are ignorant and backward, illiterate and ill-mannered.”

He thought for a moment, “Here,” he said, “Consider this.”

He walked to a nearby glass cabinet, slid the door open, and drew a long curved dagger from inside. The sheath was metal, fancifully decorated, with small emeralds around the end. He pulled the the dagger free and swung it sharply aside.

“You buy this, yes, and if any man is rude to you – ,” he slashed the blade through the air with enthusiasm. “You cut him.”

Megan stared at him, open-mouthed.

“See this? Gold leaf? And here on the hilt is a a lovely opal surrounded by emeralds.”

“I couldn't... stab anyone!” she gasped.

“No, of course not. This is for slashing, not stabbing,” he said, swinging his arm again.

“I'd go to jail!”

He raised his eyebrows. “For them?” he said in derision. “No one cares what happens to them.”

There was shouting outside, just then. The crowd of men had moved well back from the doorway, but there was a scuffle to one side and two of the men were sent flying to the ground as another man, a large man, pushed through.

He glared around at them, let out a stream of angry Arabic, then said something to the big bearded men. They seemed quite happy, and moved further out, swinging their staffs to disperse the crowd.

The big man scowled and came through the door. He was even bigger than the men in turbans, though like the shopkeeper, he was wearing a light, linen suit. He was much younger than the shopkeeper, probably less than ten years older than she was, but Megan could see a clear resemblance in the in the line of his jaw, and his eyes.

He spoke with the other man and they exchanged words in rapid fire Arabic, then he turned to her with a smile.

“Good afternoon, Miss,” he said to her, his voice deep and slightly... furry. “My name is Hassan bin Tariq. I apologize for the lack of manners you have encountered outside my shop.”

“Uhm, well, it wasn't your fault,” Megan gulped, noting his fierce dark eyes.

He was such a ... a male! She had encountered larger men before, but the this one was so unapologetically male in his movements and posture she was taken aback. He stood straight and tall, his deep voice almost a growl.

“My father says you have come alone to the market?” he asked doubtfully.

“Clearly a mistake,” she sighed. “I had no idea... I mean, I thought ...”

“You are American, yes?”

At her nod he nodded in return. “What you see there is not an indication of how women are treated in Egypt,” he said with a scowl, “just an indication of the lack of civility in parts of Cairo, and the inept policing.”

“Since you have been brought to my shop, however, I see this as kismet. You were destined to find something here which was created for you alone.”

“Uh...”

He gave her an intent stare, his eyes sliding down along her neckline, and Megan felt a hint of nervousness, but also a tightening in her chest and a slight fluttering in her lower belly.

“You have lovely skin,” he said. “It is a perfect complexion, and deserves to be properly adorned.”

“Oh I don't usually... bother much,” she said, not finishing what she intended to say, which was that she didn't bother much with jewelry.

She had no desire to leave the shop just yet!

“You are a beautiful woman,” he said sternly. “Beautiful women are Gods gift to the world, and must be properly adorned.”

He thought she was beautiful!? There was really no room for doubt in his voice, filled, as it was, with absolute certainty! Megan felt her chest tighten a bit further, and butterflies fluttering lightly inside her tummy!

He inspected her again. “Your hair and eyes,” he said. “Would, I think, go well with emeralds.”

Megan eyed the dagger the old man was still clutching doubtfully, but Hassan instead turned to another cabinet and withdrew a choker of square cut emeralds in silver frames.

“May I be permitted to know your name, Miss?” he asked.

“Uh... Megan,” she said hesitantly. “I mean, I'm Megan Rasmussen.”

“How do you do, Miss Megan Rasmussen,” he said with a bow. “I am pleased beyond measure to make your acquaintance.”

Megan didn't think correcting the honorific to 'Ms.' was the right thing to do so smiled and nodded.

“This,” he said, holding up the choker. “was made to adorn a slender, perfect throat like yours.”

And without hesitation he slid it behind her neck and drew it around her throat.

Megan gulped, hands raising, but hesitating as he carefully clasped the choker around her neck and fastened it in place. His strong hand guided her gently to a nearby mirror and she stared into it.

“It's... quite beautiful,” she admitted.

She stepped closer, then took off her glasses. The choker did look lovely, though it didn't go with her outfit. But if she wore something green....

“But I'm sure it's too much for me!” she exclaimed.

“You may well be mistaken,” he said. “Westerners pay outlandish prices for jewelry. But this is Egypt. And I wish to make you an excellent bargain to make up for your experience outside.”

He let his finger trace along the line of emeralds, looking at her over her shoulder in the mirror.

“In the United States, this would sell at one of your jewelry stores for a thousand dollars,” he said. “Perhaps more. Here, I will sell it to you for two hundred American dollars.”

“Really?!” she asked, staring at the image in the mirror.

That seemed like a tremendous bargain, but then again everything outside had seemed much cheaper than in the US, which, she thought, it had to be if anyone local could afford it.

Well, anyone but the rich.

But jewelry?! Her?!

She found herself wanting to please Hassan, and caught her eyes examining his broad shoulders and large, powerful looking chest with considerable interest. He was so very... very different from most of the men she met! They were, for the most part, academics, like her. Even though some worked out at the gym she didn't know anyone as powerfully built as him.

“You have only recently arrived here in Cairo, yes?” he said.

“I got off my plane only a little more than an hour ago,” she admitted.

“You have come to see the pyramids?”

“Oh, well, I will again, yes. I was there once before. I'm a student of Egyptian history, you see, and I wanted to see some of the more unique places, not the usual tourist traps.”

“Ah, he said, “an academic. Yes, I would have guessed it of you. You have very intelligent eyes.”

Megan found herself giggling slightly, self-consciously.

“Oh they're just.. eyes, even if they're a little green,” she said.

“Their beauty it is quite clear for those who have eyes to see,” he said with a smile.

Well, how could she refuse to buy the choker after that!?

She did wonder if he was simply soft-soaping her to get the sale, but on the other hand, it certainly did look nice on her throat, and she had no doubt things were much cheaper here than in the states. And besides... she was a little breathless in his presence.

He put it in a box, as it wouldn't be safe to wear back to the hotel, then insisted on walking her back himself. Megan was anxious as he led her out into the market. Most of the scraggly looking men in their long white robes who had been standing around had moved on, but some few remained. They moved back at a glare from Hassan, though.

“It is difficult to understand Egypt without living here and among the people,” he said, as they walked back down the wide market aisle. “And you must realize that though it is one country it has many, many completely different groups within it.”

A short, skinny man they passed said something in Arabic and he reached for her. Hassan's enormous hand seemed to almost completely encircle his throat. His other hand shot down beneath the man's crotch, and with a smooth motion he seemed to effortlessly hoist the man up and fling him up onto the canvas roof of a stall selling fruit.

The roof collapsed under him and the shopkeeper came out screaming and beating at the man with a stick as they continued on.

“And of course, even within one area the culture and values of people vary widely,” he said without any evident sign of strain.

“Uhm, I suppose,” she gulped.

“If you wish to see the real Egypt, however, you need to get out of the city, out

into the desert where the Berbers still live, the nomads who still carry goods, smuggled goods, as often as not, back and forth across the borders.”

“I don't think they offer a tour of that,” she said hesitantly.

“Hmmm, it might be I could assist you,” he said.

“Oh, that would be... lovely!” she exclaimed.

He saw her to her hotel, bowed his head slightly, smiled, and said he would call her when he had made arrangements.

Megan went inside, heart still thumping, most of her alarm at the way men had swarmed around her forgotten, overwhelmed by the sheer force of Hassan's personality and strength.

She went up to her room and took the choker out of its box, then slipped it around her throat. A moment later she stripped off the summer dress, as the color wasn't quite right, then smiled slightly at herself in the mirror, wondering what Hassan would think if he saw her now.

It would have shocked her colleagues, who knew her for her comfortable, loose, businesslike clothes, to know she had a great love of colorful and delicate lingerie, and she was wearing a pale blue bra and pantie set with lacy fringes. She imagined presenting herself to Hassan like this, flushing slightly at the idea.

What would it be like... with a man like Hassan? He was so big and strong and .. confident! She wasn't a virgin, but had never found sex to really be worth the trouble. She'd never had a man like Hassan either, and here, far from home and any real worry about reputation among her friends and colleagues, the idea of a more casual fling with a big, strong man was beginning to seem quite appealing.

And it wasn't like she hadn't had all sorts of fantasies over the years of daring, but entirely unfulfilled adventures. Some of them, of course, given the nature of her studies, focused on Arabia and Egypt, though mostly in olden times. Yes, she'd imagined being in a harem, or kidnapped by the Barbary pirates and sold into slavery, or of simply making love in the great, wide open and empty desert under a blue sky.

That last seemed doable! Of course, her sensible side thought it would probably

be a lot hotter and sweatier than her fantasies had involved... Perhaps they could find a cool day for it?

*

She had dinner with Hassan the next day. He called on her in a huge old Buick which looked to be from the nineteen fifties. It had air conditioning, though, for which she was grateful, and a driver, a small, dark skinned man who wore a black suit and cap.

“Selling jewelry must be much more profitable than I had thought,” she observed, as he led her down the stairs to it and she saw the man holding the rear door.

“Selling enough of it, certainly,” he said with a smile, taking her hand to help her slide into the car.

He got in beside her and the driver closed the door and hurried around to get in.

“The shop in the market nearby is only one of seventeen I have here in Cairo,” he said.

“Oh, really!? I had no idea!”

He said something in Arabic to the man up front and the car pulled out into traffic, using its bulk to bully other vehicles out of the way.

“I don't drive much,” he said. “Traffic in Cairo is chaotic at best, and ones mind must be entirely focused on the task at hand. Mine is usually busy on other things. That is a lovely dress to go with the choker,” he added.

“Thank you,” Megan said with a slight blush.

It was another summer dress, of course, though the hem was closer to the knee. It was green and white, and went well with the silver and emerald choker.

They went to a restaurant paneled in smoothly polished wood which looked quite ancient, with small chandeliers running along the ceiling. Everyone was wearing suits, including the staff, who wore tuxedos. He asked her about her studies, and they talked about Egypt for some time.

“Egypt has always held a fascination for the world,” he said. “Though mainly for men. It's history has not been overly kind to women.”

“Well, there was Cleopatra,” she said.

“A strong woman, a brave woman, but ultimately doomed,” he said.

“Unfortunately, strength and bravery without wisdom has been something of a hallmark for our leaders for some time.”

“But she died for the man she loved!” Megan said.

“She made poor political choices, as did he, and both of them died because of it, as did her son.”

“It's still very romantic,” she said.

He smiled softly. “Yes, I understand the concept of the doomed romance in western culture.” he said. “It has some interest among our females too. I am a practical man, however. Had I been Cleopatra I would not have baited the Romans so. It cost her much and cost Egypt more.”

“Egypt does have a rich history of political...”

“Stupidity?”

“Er, I was going to say turmoil.”

“Caused by stupidity,” he said. “That is why I admire the simple nomads. They are a very practical people.”

“I've always wanted to ride a camel,” she said.

“Ha,” he said. “The nomads would never let a woman ride a camel. They would instead tie you to their camel and make you walk across the desert naked.”

She flushed slightly. “That doesn't seem nearly as much fun.”

He laughed loudly enough to draw looks.

“No, perhaps not,” he said, lowering his voice “Not for the woman, anyway. I'm sure it has its appeal for the man.”

“Wouldn't the man want this naked woman up there with him?” she asked, feeling daring.

“Ah, well, that would be sensible, would it not? Still, the struggle between man and woman for supremacy in all things is also a story of history.”

“I don't think there's much doubt who won that one here,” she said with a snort.

“Ah, you would be surprised at what goes on behind the closed doors. Egyptian women are not meek and mild mannered, you know.”

“Perhaps, but I note men can have multiple wives. Wives can't have multiple husbands.”

“Multiple husbands would kill each other fighting over their wife. Besides, a man can make many women pregnant. A woman with multiple husbands can still only get pregnant once. So you see, there is a certain practicality to this.”

She made a face.

“Only rich men can afford to have more than one wife, in any case.”

“Rich men like you?”

“Allah forbid,” he said. “I do not need multiple wives nagging me.”

She laughed. “You don't want a harem?”

“Again, you westerners have these romantic notions. The hareems were only for the very, very wealthy and powerful sheikhs. And the women had lives of luxury and ease within them that most other women would have envied.”

“Even slave girls?”

“Even slave girls,” he said. “Life was very harsh for most of our history. It is still very harsh for most Egyptians. Slave girls in the hareem were not treated as your Africans were in America. There was much enjoyment for them compared to the poor living anywhere else in Egypt.”

“I suppose,” she said reluctantly.

“You would be a most prized slave girl,” he said with a mischievous smile. “You would be clad in silk, and eat only the finest foods.”

“No shackles and whips?”

“Not unless you were naughty,” he said with a glint in his eyes which made her stomach flutter.

“I do not think any of the sheikhs would whip his girls in any case. They were prized for their beauty, after all. The sheikhs would not want to mar their unblemished skin.”

He cut a piece of meat and then winked at her. “of course, a hand applied to a bare bottom would be something else again.”

He popped the food into his mouth as she blinked repeatedly, a vision of Hassan spanking her coming to her mind. She had no doubt that he could manhandle her with ease, for he probably weighed twice what she did.

She felt that flutter in her belly move lower, and a flush came to her face.

“There is a tribe I know of which rents camels, however,” he said. “It would be possible for me to rent one without telling them I intended to allow a woman near it.”

She snorted.

“They travel and keep a group of spare camels which are not being used at any given time. It would cost almost nothing to for the loan of one.”

“Oh well, I don't know...”

“No, no. I would like to do it. I would like you to see more of what Egypt was like. There are some ruins nearby which are quite interesting, but so overwhelmed by the big and popular tourist sites that no one goes near them.”

“Really?” she asked with interest.

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He drove the Buick himself two days later, talking casually about a trip to India to buy gold last month, then about how outlandish he found the prices in Japan when he visited there.

“You certainly have traveled,” she said.

“Perhaps I am something of a nomad myself,” he replied. “I have been to America and Europe, and to Lisbon and Rio. That is all five continents.”

“You're forgetting the sixth continent,” she said with a smile.

He turned, frowning.

“Antarctica.”

He snorted. “I like the desert, but not the desert of ice down there. Here, at least, a man can survive without encasing himself in... feathers.”

She laughed.

They drove for several hours, but the time seemed to go by quite fast. The scenery was breathtaking, and of course, the car was both comfortable and air conditioned. Hassan seemed knowledgeable on almost every subject, and was such a clever and amusing conversationalist she hardly noticed the passage of time.

They arrived at a very small town in late afternoon, but only stayed long enough to switch from the Buick to a Land Rover with enormous tires. That carried them into the desert, and she stared around her in excitement as they drove.

“It's not far from here,” he said. “Just a little out of the way.”

And then, up ahead, between several acacia trees, she spotted a camel and a very large tent. The car drove up and stopped, and they got out, with Megan gasping a little at the heat. Her shoes sank into the sand as Hassan took her arm and led her up closer.

“What is... this place?” she asked, looking around.

“It is the edge of a wadi, which is a dry riverbed which floods in the rains. The

nomads sometimes set up camp here in the fall, but it is vacant at this time of year.”

The camel seemed absolutely enormous up close!

“Beware for the camel is an unfriendly beast and prone to biting and spitting,” he said, tugging her back. “Do not approach from the front unless you know it well.”

He led her around the side and she shook her head as she stared at the majestic beast. It was seven feet high, its body massive, and she recalled a brief video she had once seen of a camel closing its jaws around a man's shoulder and flinging him a dozen feet away.

She glanced aside at the open front of the tent.

“Oh,” she said.

It was a domed canvas tent, and inside, the ground was covered with blankets. There was a low wooden square in the middle which had plates and glasses.

“Oh yes, well, I thought we might have something to eat while we let the day grow cooler,” he said.

That made ample sense to Megan and she let him lead her out of the sun and into the open mouthed tent. They sat down cross-legged and she gazed across at him. Hassan was not wearing a suit today, but a long white robe, complete with white headdress.

“This is my desert suit,” he said with a smile, removing the headdress. “It again is very practical.”

“I suppose it is. Gosh, it's hot out,” she said, taking off her hat and combing her fingers through her hair.

“It is the desert. And you are not acclimated to such heat. That is why it is perhaps better to wait until it is cooler.”

He opened a basket which someone had apparently left, and drew out fruits, vegetables and water. Megan discovered she was actually quite hungry, and

reached for a fig and he picked up some grapes.

“Truly, if you wish to experience life as it once was, you should come here and feed these to me,” he said with a smile.

“And wave a palm frond over you too?” she asked with a laugh.

“No, that would be one of my other slave girls.”

“Ha!”

“And I suppose I should be in a bikini while I do it,” she said with a smirk.

“I like the bikini,” he said with a smile. “I have been to western beaches. They are... very interesting.”

“I think most of your countrymen would be appalled.”

“Not the men.”

“The men would think they were all whores and attack them.”

“Well, the lower classes, perhaps. Some of us are quite a bit more civilized.”

The camel made a noise and he got up and went out to make sure it was properly watered, then returned to sit down next to her rather than across.

“They are an interesting animal but not one I wish to possess myself.”

She laughed lightly.

“Now a slave girl, that would be something much more interesting,” he said with a glint in his eyes.

She flushed. “I am not a slave girl.”

“Of course not. We are civilized people here! Here, feed me a grape, woman.”

She snorted, plucked one from the batch and tossed it at his face. He opened his mouth and managed to catch it neatly.

“Not so fast the next one.”

Megan laughed, then tossed another one, this time more gentler, and he caught it in his mouth again. Then he reached over and plucked a grape from the bunch, and to her surprise, for she was ready for him to toss it, instead gently slid the grape over her lips and onto her tongue.

She blinked rapidly, then closed her lips on it, a hot flush sweeping through her as her lips caught the tips of his fingers.

“Perhaps I should feed you instead,” he said with a soft smile.

“Th-that wouldn't really be... historically accurate,” she said, fighting to keep her voice even.

“Ah, you wish historical accuracy,” he said, eyes glinting.

Megan gulped, then blinked as he pointed at the bunch of grapes.

Her pulse was racing as she plucked one and then, instead of tossing it, brought it up gently to his lips. He took it from her fingers, but then reached up and gripped her wrist to hold her hand in place. He gently licked at her fingers as the breath caught in her throat, then drew her hand downward and kissed the back of her wrist.

Then, as her chest locked tight, he drew her hand further down, kissing his way up her forearm. Her sleeve was light and loose, and his hand slid it higher as he kissed his way gently up past her elbow, up along her upper arm, then, his eyes on her, he leaned in, his other hand slipping around behind her back.

She gasped as he kissed her, her heart pounding like a drum as his other hand drew her firmly up against him, then he turned her, drawing her across his lap, looking down at her with hunger in his eyes as she stared up in open-mouthed shock. He bent and kissed her again, his lips seemingly melting against her as his tongue began to ease into her mouth.

She felt his fingers sliding through her hair, then gasped as she felt them close on a thick mass of it, drawing it back and down, forcing her head back even as his lips left hers and began to nibble and lick and kiss their way down along the nape of her neck.

At the same time she started as his other hand landed on her belly, stroking her through the thin material of the dress, then glided up across her arched chest, over her breast, and back again, to gently knead her soft, thrumming flesh.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Oh! I... I'm... Oh!”

Her nipples burned and tingled hotly as his fingers massaged her breast, and his mouth returned to hers, his tongue darting in to stroke teasingly across her own. Megan wriggled helplessly, moaning, dazed and filled with a wild, flaring shock of excitement, uncertainty, anxiety and delight.

The hand on her breast slid downward, moving sideways to skim along her hip and then down onto her bare leg before sliding back again, taking the hem with it, caressing her bare leg. She flinched and then gasped, eyes going wide as his hand slid inexorably higher, past her knee and gliding in along her thigh until it was cupping her sex through her thin panties.

She jerked sharply, but his hand glided away again, and then was stroking her hip and then caressing her breast once more as the world seemed to swirl wildly around her. She felt incredibly hot, and this time the heat was internal. Her thoughts warred with herself in her own mind, her excitement and daring at the thought of doing something like this fighting with her innate caution and conservatism.

But she was far from home and who would know!?

His hand glided down past the hem of her dress again, then up along her bare skin, leaving a trail of flaring heat wherever it passed. It slid up to cup her pussy and she shuddered as that heat flared – and built! His fingers pressed in against the center of her, stroking softly up and down, and Megan found it hard to breathe!

Her hips started to roll and the air caught in her chest! And then he suddenly pulled his lips back from hers and smiled. The big hand under her head released her hair and instead lifted her into a sitting position across his lap. It dropped to untie the back of her dress, then both hands gripped it and pulled it forward over her shoulders!

Megan gasped, clutching at it, but he gave her a frown and her fingers loosened as he tugged it away. Her face was already flushed, but now she felt a rush of

embarrassment as his eyes dropped to her scanty bra. His hand followed a moment later, caressing the visible parts of her breasts, as he leaned in to kiss the nape of her neck.

He shifted his lips onto hers again, tugging back on her hair, and she shuddered and trembled as her tongue joined with his, her body pulsing as she felt him undo the clip of her bra and pull it forward and off. His single hand seemed quite adept, for it then tugged her dress downward, and with a sudden jerk on her hair her back arched very sharply, causing her buttocks to raise so that he could slip it down and off.

“D-Don't!” she gasped, reaching back for her hair.

He released it, but then his hand was sliding down past the waistband of her panties, and she jerked sharply as his fingers made contact with her now very sensitive, swollen clitoris. At the same time, he lowered his mouth to her breast, letting his lips brush it gently, then suck lightly. He pushed his lips forward, spreading them, sucking harder, rhythmically as he took in the whole center of her breast.

His tongue began to stroke against her quivering nipple and Megan shuddered and moaned in helpless pleasure. His fingers stroked against her clitoris, rubbing insistently, and she felt for a moment that she was losing herself. Then the orgasm hit and she cried out in helpless pleasure, hips grinding and bucking against him as his teeth dug into her breasts and he sucked harder.

She felt as though her entire body was flaring with energy and heat, and arched back, trembling and shaking, losing control of her spasming muscles as that flare went on and on! And then as it began to wane, she sagged, gasping for breath, moaning.

He chuckled softly, then eased her face in against his shoulder.

“Historical accuracy, yes? I think we can manage some historical accuracy for you, my dear.”

He lifted her up in his arms as he rose to his knees, turning and moving towards the back of the tent. Then he set her down on her back on a blanket, and his fingers slipped into the waistband of her panties and slid them down and off. She gulped and her eyes widened as he spread her legs wide, then knelt above her.

“Very historically accurate, I think,” he said in a low growl.

He took her wrists and raised them up and back, placing them against the blanket above her head and out to the sides, then slid forward, his knees on either side of her hips, reaching for something above her.

He pushed something down, then, into the blanket, through the blanket and into the ground next to her hand. A moment later she felt something being wrapped around her wrist! Chest heaving, mind still spinning, Megan looked up and to her left, staring at the sight of what looked like a leather cord he was tying around her wrist!

He shifted his angle to his left and she stared in something like amazement, pulling at her hand. But her slim wrist was tied to ... a stake, he had driven into the ground!

She gasped, twisting her head to the other side to see him pushing another stake into the ground, then wrapping another leather cord around that wrist.

“H-Hassan!?” she gulped.

“Historical accuracy, my dear,” he said. “Think of it as the eighteenth century, and you a helpless Christian prisoner of the Arab nomad who has captured you.”

He sat back on his heels with a grin, two more stakes in hand. His big hands simply spread to the sides, pushing them down into the ground next to her widely spread ankles.

“B-But... I... I'm not sure... that is... I'm not – .”

“Prisoners have no say,” he said, tying a cord around one ankle.

She gasped, pulling against the cords, her body straining. She tried to move her one free ankle but he gripped it and pushed it firmly into place, then tied it as she lay there, trembling uncertainly.

He dropped low, then kissed her ankle. As her heart pounded and the blood raced through her body, she watched as he slowly kissed his way up her leg, up onto her thigh, taking his time, in no evident hurry. He bypassed her sex, kissing and occasionally nibbling at her belly as he made his way up to her chest.

“Oh!” she gasped as he caught one of her nipples between his teeth.

He bit in more stingingly, drawing his mouth back to make her pinched nipple stretch out. Then he dropped low again, his lips spreading wide as he sucked and licked and chewed at her in a way she had never felt before. Sometimes he was incredibly gentle, and at other times she had to gasp and cry out as his teeth bit in harder against the soft flesh of her breast.

“I will take you to the Casbah,” he growled, “And auction you on the slave block!”

He slid lower, his tongue licking a lazy trail down her belly. Then it was tracing the line of her sex, and Megan was staring, bug-eyed, gasping and moaning as his thumbs gently pried open the lips of her sex and his tongue slid up and down the glistening pink furrow.

“Oh! Oh God!” she moaned, her head dropping back.

Hassan's fingers pushed slowly into her body as his lips moved higher. By the time they caught her swollen clitoris between them and started sucking Megan's hips were already starting to roll and jerk helplessly. When his tongue moved over her she cried out, twisting and writhing against the stakes, back arching as her head rolled from side to side.

The orgasm was shocking in its suddenness, as it took control of her body and the muscles inside her belly and abdomen spasmed wildly! She desperately tried to jam her pussy up into his mouth as hard as possible, ankles jerking convulsively against the stakes as they held her helpless.

She felt herself crying out, the gurgling, gasping, moaning giving way to breathless cries of pleasure every time she exhaled, her body twisting and straining against the stakes as her insides burned and churned wildly.

She went limp, gasping for breath, moaning, feeling the dampness of her body now as he licked his way up along her chest, then up under her ear, then back over her lips.

“Should I torture you, Christian girl?” he asked with a purr. “Should I drive you mad with pleasure? Should I prepare you for your life as a naked slave girl in the harem?”

The words, even though she knew he was play-acting, were jarring to Megan, and she felt a dazed sense of disbelief – and rapidly rising excitement again, at the tightness of the cords around her wrists and ankles.

She was tied up helpless, and could stare out the open doorway of the tent at the shifting sands of the desert, and the camel there! Was this really happening? To her!?

Hassan slid downward again, and she moaned, his mouth at her navel, his teeth making her wince before they drew back and he slid lower. Now his fingers slid into her, slowly, deeply, and she groaned as they pushed up and back beneath her still swollen clitoris. He brought his tongue down against her, and began to lick steadily, hungrily, as his fingers moved in and out.

If this was torture she wanted more of it!

Her hips were very soon grinding against him, once more, as her body burned. She was sweating freely now, her body glistening, her bangs glued to her forehead, as the turmoil within her caused her to overheat. He abandoned her pussy, licking his way down her thigh, then, chewing lightly, kissing her in a long line down to her ankle, then up the other side.

He licked his way across her belly as his fingers pushed into her once more, two, then three, as he brought his thumb down against her clitoris, then rolled and squeezed it between them!

He moved up further, his fingers still pumping, still stroking, and his other hand gripped her hair, jerking her head back.

“Would you beg for release, slave girl?” he growled.

She moaned and her hips began to buck, but he took his fingers back, instead, ever so delicately brushing the tips of his fingers across her quivering clitoris.

“Would you beg to come, slave?”

“Oh! Please!” she moaned. “Please, Hassan!”

“Beg, slave girl.”

“Please!” she gasped.

“Please master,” he said.

She shuddered, another wild rush of heat and excitement spilling through her veins.

“Please, master!” she gasped. “Please make me come, master!”

She shuddered as his fingers penetrated her, pushing deep, then his thumb came down against her clitoris again and he forced her head back further, leaning in to chew more strongly along her throat as her hips began to bounce and jerk more and more desperately.

Another climax tore through her, and she cried out in helpless pleasure, writhing and straining in paroxysms of wild sensory overload, burning up with a feverish heat, forgetting to breath as she quivered and shook, then finally going limp save for heaving chest.

He chuckled softly, then sat up. He reached past her and picked up a small bottle of water. She was still gulping in air, so he instead poured it gently over her forehead, brushing her hair back, then let the water trickle into her hair, then across her chest.

“Drink,” he said, holding it to her lips.

Megan gulped down several mouthfuls, then gasped for breath again.

He put down the water, then rose to his knees and peeled the robe up and off. He slid down his shorts, and Megan let out a squeak as her eyes widened at the sight of his cock. It was... menacing! She hadn't a lot of familiarity with them, not in person, but this one seemed unusually – large! It was extremely erect, and she gaped at it with a mixture of anxiety and excitement as he sat back on his heels between her legs.

“Helpless slave girl,” he said. “You will come to adore your master's staff, to beg

for it, and to cry when it is denied you.”

His hands moved up and down her body, coasted over her breasts, then as he himself leaned in and down, slid past her shoulders. She moaned as his heavy body sank down atop her own, and she gave a gasp at the feel of his thick shaft trapped between them, pressing up along her abdomen!

He supported his upper body on his elbows as he looked down at her, but she still felt a quickly rising heat as he bent and kissed her.

Was that big thing really going to go inside her!? She felt a sense of wonderment as it was pressed so firmly against her belly! He'd never get it inside! It would never fit, she thought anxiously. At the same time, she felt a wild thrill of excitement at the thought of it!

And she couldn't do anything about it one way or the other! She was as helpless as... as... as if she were a slave girl!

Perhaps a slave girl captured from a ship which had been pirated off the Barbary Coast!

He drew up and back, and she gulped in ragged breaths of air as she forced her head up, her neck quite sore by then, staring as he held himself in one hand and then pushed against her. She moaned, feeling the pressure against her opening building and building, her body beginning to ache as the taut lips of her sex were slowly forced in and back.

And then began to spread wider and wider ... and still wider! There was some pain, but she spread just wide enough, and then he began to push through the mouth of her sex and into her body! She felt a wild sense of delight and relief even as her insides stretched around him.

She had never taken one that big in her life, was more than slightly astonished she could do so now, and she lay there, head back now, gasping, eyes closed as she felt him pushing deeper and deeper, felt herself being filled up with his thick, throbbing hardness!

He fell forward atop her again, still holding his upper body on the elbows as he brought his face closer.

“Do you feel me inside you, slave girl?” he growled.

“Y-yes!” she squeaked.

His eyes narrowed, and he caught her left nipple between his fingers, pinching it, twisting it until she yelped.

“Master,” he growled. “You must call me master or you will be punished.”

“Y-yes, master!” she gasped.

He slid further forward, lowering his chest to press against her breasts, his hands on either side of her head, pressing in.

“Are you my slave girl?” he growled.

“Y-yes, master!” she gasped.

“Say it. I want to hear it.”

“I-I'm your slave girl!” she croaked.

He pushed himself deeper and she shuddered.

“My sex slave, you mean? Is that what you mean?”

“Y-yes! I'm your sex slave, master!” she moaned.

“Then your body belongs to me, slave girl. I can do anything I wish to it. Do you know what I wish to do with this body that belongs to me, slave?”

She cried out as he pushed even deeper, then ground his hips against her.

He began to ease his hips up and back, and she groaned in relief. But it was only temporary, for he soon pushed forward again, the shaft sliding deep into her quivering belly. He drew back, then pushed forward, again and again, and, she thought dazedly, he was going deeper with every push!

“Oh God!” she moaned, shuddering at the ache inside her.

“Yes, I will be as a god to you, slave,” he growled.

It seemed to her that he must be absolutely as deep inside her as it was possible! Yet it seemed there was still more of him outside! The aching grew, but so did the heat, and the heat seemed to make the ache unimportant.

He began to thrust harder, and she grunted and gasped at every stroke, moaning as his hips worked faster and faster, rhythmically thrusting into her as her eyes fluttered and she moaned dazedly, the heat multiplying, the dark sexual electricity crackling through her body.

She felt as if he were churning her insides into mush! But the pleasure was too intense, the sexual hunger too overwhelming. Nothing else mattered now, even if she died! All she cared about was the continuation of the wild, burning heat which was roiling inside her.

It was all simply too much, and another orgasm exploded within her overheated body. Her arms and legs jerked and spasmed as they pulled against the leather cords, and her head thrashed from side to side as he continued to thrust and thrust, riding her through it and out the other side, then slowing somewhat.

“Do you love your master's cock, slave?” he growled.

Megan, glassy eyed, only moaned in reply.

He ground himself against her, then caught her chin in his hands, forcing her glazed eyes to meet his. They ever so slowly focused as he held his position.

“Do you love your master's cock, slave girl?”

“Y-yes!” she moaned.

“Say it, slave.”

“I-I love my master's cock! I love your cock... master!”

“Slattern,” he growled, starting to thrust again. “Clearly you were made to be kept a naked sex slave, used by me and by my men, given to the nomads and sold at auction.”

Megan shuddered at his words, coated with sweat now, but not caring at all. It was so hot, she thought dazedly. Why was it so hot?

He thrust harder, hard enough to hurt, though she didn't care, and then another orgasm spilled through her nervous system even as he picked up the pace, driving himself into her with savage strokes that made her cry out again and again.

Megan though she might have fainted afterward. She felt dizzy and faint, far too overheated. She groaned as he untied her wrists and ankles, but then he rolled her onto her face and she felt her hands being drawn up and back together behind her back, then tied in place there, crossed at the wrists.

He rolled her over again and then helped the dazed girl to her knees, sitting her back on her heels.

“Knees apart, wide apart, slave. That's it,” he growled.

He pulled her head up and back by the hair, then held the water bottle to her lips again.

“Drink. Your master orders it.”

She drank, gasping and coughing for she was still trying to draw in shaky breaths of air. He let her drink a quarter of the bottle, poured much of the rest slowly down over her head and shoulders and then held it to her lips once again.

“Drink, slave.”

He drank himself, then, leaving her kneeling there, still panting weakly, head down now as her chest heaved.

“You are certainly not ready to go out in the sun,” he said. “Not yet. But I will find things to occupy you until that time.”

He popped a few grapes into his mouth, then began to feed them into hers. He slid his fingers along her tongue with each grape, ordering her to close her mouth and use her lips and tongue on his fingers as he drew them slowly back.

Megan felt as if her mind was wrapped in a wild, gauzy fantasy of heat, sex and erotic passion as she sucked delicately on his fingers. Her crossed and bound wrists were a dark, forbidden thrill like a throbbing background to the breathless pulsing heat in her mind.

She was so naked! And in a tent in the desert! The sun was still bright outside, and she knelt like... like a slave girl in the tent, her legs obscenely spread open as Hassan sat there so smugly, his big, naked, masculine form casually available for her helplessly fascinated eyes.

Then he stood up and her eyes widened as he moved to stand directly before her. Her pulse rate shot up as he reached down and slid his big fingers through her damp hair, then drew her firmly up off her heels.

“It's time for you to service your master, slave girl,” he growled.

“But – !”

She gasped as he jerked back on her hair. “Do not speak,” he said. “Your mouth is needed for other things.”

Megan felt a sense of indignation at that, but then he gripped his flaccid cock and lifted it high against his belly, drawing her mouth in against the underside.

“Begin,” he said sternly.

Megan was far from experienced, sexually, but she was an intelligent woman who had, even in her more youthful days, always wanted to be prepared for anything she expected to encounter. Thus she had 'researched' oral sex on the internet so as to appear as if she knew what she was doing when it eventually become necessary to carry out such a task.

Her research had been somewhat wasted, she had since learned, for men, by and large, had few demands in this respect. Almost anything pleased them.

Still, she had her own standards, and in this case, her thinking was inflamed by the dark sexuality of the situation she found herself in. She felt the tightness of the cords around her wrists once more as she leaned in and licked at his testicles, licked lightly, then more heavily.

She let her lips slid forward, kissing him repeatedly, then spread them slowly apart, sucking lightly, rhythmically, drawing them into her mouth through pursed lips. Her eyes rolled up towards his, her face flushed as she sucked him into her mouth and massaged him with her tongue.

She drew her head slowly back, keeping her lips pursed, letting him slowly ooze out between her lips, then sucked him back in again, her tongue caressing him and reaching out beneath to stroke the very base of his shaft.

She pulled slowly back again, then licked her way up his shaft to just below where he held himself up. Already, she thought, it looked like he was starting to harden.

She was a slave girl pleasing her master in the Egyptian desert! The thought pumped heat through her mind and body.

He let go of his soft cock, and she lowered her lips, sucking the head, then the rest into her mouth, holding all of him inside her, including his balls, sucking, her tongue stroking, as she felt him pulsing and growing.

She slid back slowly, again keeping her lips nearly closed, letting him ooze out of her, first his balls, then the thinner shaft, inch after inch of it. By the time she had only the head inside he was half hard again. She pulled free, then leaned in to rub her face against his groin, her tongue flicking out like a snake.

“Such a shameless little slave girl,” he growled, fingers combing through her hair. “But one with talent which will fetch a higher price on the auction block.”

A dark thrill swept through Megan as she licked her way up and down his shaft, then sucked his cock into her mouth, bobbing up and down as it thickened and hardened. She sucked and bobbed, her tongue working rapidly as her eyes flicked up at him, then down again, forcing her lips down further and further.

Then, the heat inside her forced her forward. She braced herself, as always, and closed her eyes, swallowing the long length of him. She felt the dull ache in her throat, the stretching as he pushed down into her, but the heat was roaring within her and easily pushed back any urge to gag or choke.

Her lips were wrapped around the base of his cock and he was saying something in Arabic, something she was reasonably sure was a curse of surprise, of pleasure. Heat ran through her again as she slowly drew back, but then his hand pushed hard against the back of her head, jamming her down again, and she gagged slightly.

She moaned almost inaudibly as he clutched her there, feeling a wave of anxiety,

now. She was bound, after all, and could not speak, could not let him know – .

But he eased back and then so did she, sliding her mouth and throat back along his thick shaft until the head popped free and she was able to breath again.

“A very skilled worker in her trade,” he said, “A wild creature of pleasure and heat. You will please the sheik in his hareem, girl.”

She moaned in heated excitement, then took him into her mouth again, sliding her lips up and down repeatedly before drawing him deep into her throat once more. He groaned above her, giving her a thrill of pleasure and victory, then he pulled her quickly back, gasping.

“I have more to do before I am finished, slave girl,” he growled breathlessly. “Turn around and bend over. Show your master what he owns.”

Her mind squirmed, but Megan obeyed, turning and dropping forward with a grunt onto her shoulders.

Crack!

“Oh!” she gasped at the slap to her buttocks.

“Spread your legs, slave,” he ordered.

Moaning, she obeyed, and his hands caressed her buttocks, sliding down to her hips. She felt his hard slick flesh against her, then the head pushing, probing, and entering, slowly forcing aside her swollen lips and jamming itself in the mouth of her sex.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom again, and Megan gasped.

“Such a sluttish girl should be punished,” he growled.

He pushed forward and she shuddered as his thick hard shaft slid into her, slid deeper and deeper, achingly deep, spreading her wide as he gripped her hips and pulled her back against him.

She ached wonderfully as he filled her! His hips ground against her from behind, his stiff shaft twisting slowly within her thrumming belly.

Crack! He struck her bottom another sharp slap.

“Slut,” he growled. “Perhaps I will let all my men sample your body! It will make them everlastingly grateful to me!”

The words were outrageous, and yet scalding! Megan trembled at the intensity of the heat and passion filling her even as he began to stroke, to pull back and thrust forward. He moved faster, and then still faster as she gulped in air, her upper body twisting and jerking.

His hands left her hips, sliding up past her bound wrists, up into her thick hair. He gathered it into a thick mass behind her and jerked sharply, head forced up and back.

Crack! His other hand slapped her bottom sharply.

“Slut!” he growled. “You were made to be a slave girl!”

Crack!

“You will dance naked for the soldiers in the casbah!”

Crack!

His other hand shot down, then, filling itself with her right breast, squeezing roughly, fingers kneading the soft, aching flesh as his hips slapped harder and harder against her upraised buttocks!

Another orgasm tore through the dazed young woman, and she cried out again and again, every deep, powerful thrust drawing a shattered cry from her open lips as he rode her with his own growing passion.

Her body was pounded again and again as she trembled and shook through the explosive release of sensations and sexual pressure. His hips struck her bottom with bruising force even as he jerked back on her hair and drove himself aching deep into her belly!

Megan found herself overwhelmed by sensation, tossed and turned like a cork on a high sea, her mind spinning helplessly as the world moved beyond her control. And at the center of it was that thick, slick hard shaft driving into her with

powerful, relentless force, threatening to drive her insane!

The orgasm left her limp and breathless, and yet her body continued to jerk and spasm as he slammed himself into her from behind, as he jerked on her hair, as he kneaded her breast and slapped at her bottom. Her eyes were glazed and she trembled and moaned as her face stared at the blanket inches from her nose.

And then... with shocking speed, a fiery heat swept through her, rising from almost nothing to a firestorm, it crackled along her skin and pulsed through her body and drove her into another orgasm, her body trembling and shaking through violent convulsions as he continued to pound himself against her and into her.

And then, sagging, gasping, moaning, another, and still another behind it, until she felt wrung out and barely conscious as, with a final flurry of powerful strokes, he jammed himself, every single inch of himself, deep inside her, spending himself, collapsing over her with an explosive release of emotional Arabic.

He literally fell back, then, leaving her there on her knees, face pressed to the ground. He groaned, sprawled there behind her, then reached for the bottled water and poured it over his head.

“Hot,” he gulped.

Megan only groaned, then toppled over onto her side.

He got up and helped her back onto her knees, sitting on her heels, but, annoyingly, wouldn't untie her. Instead he fed her grapes, dates, figs, and various other juicy edibles. He put his robe back on, but of course, Megan remained naked, which continued to imbue everything with a darkly sexual heat even as the day cooled.

And any time she started to perhaps take that for granted he would do something skillful with his fingers on her body until she was moaning and gasping and her insides were thrumming with energy.

He got up and went outside to check on the camel, and she remained in the position he had set for her. She'd been kneeling like that, her knees very wide, the backs of her feet on the ground, her buttocks half resting on her heels, for

some time.

Nor would he let her slouch or slump or relax. In a way which was both arousing and annoying, he insisted on calling her 'slave' and ordering her to keep herself in a position with her head and shoulders back – which of course, thrust her chest out.

Every time she unconsciously relaxed he would reach over and pinch her nipple! So she wasn't about to have him come right back in and find her slumped forward.

She shook her head, amazed, excited, and still gripped by a sense of disbelief that she of all people was doing this, was kneeling naked like a slave girl in a tent in the desert, her hands tied behind her back!

She could see him saddling the beast, though. The sun was much lower on the horizon than it had been when they'd arrived. She still felt hot and sweaty, but she didn't care. She wanted to be out in the desert!

And maybe making love in the sand!

He returned, looking fierce in his robe and headdress, and his eyes glinted as he examined her.

“On your feet, slave girl. It is time for us to travel.”

She got up with a groan of relief, and he turned her around, then began to untie her wrists. No sooner had the leather laces come free, though, when he turned her around, and she saw he had a rope in his hands.

“But what – .”

“Don't be silly, slave. You know I cannot have a foul unbeliever riding one of our fine camels. Infidels walk.”

She stared at him, and at her wrists, which he had pressed together and then looped the rope around.

“But Hassan – !”

He spun her and slapped her bottom, and Megan yelled and scowled as he completed tying her wrists.

“You will address me as master, slave.”

She felt indignant, but a bubbling cauldron of excitement filled her, and she felt her heart beating faster, wondering what he planned.

The rope was quite long, and then he turned, pulling on it, leading her out of the tent and into the sun.

She gasped at the increased heat, but the sun was at least behind them and not in her eyes as he walked over to the camel. She watched him mount, tie the rope to his saddle and then... and then the camel began to move!

Megan gaped at him, then stumbled forward as the line went taut, almost pulling her off her feet. Fortunately, the camel was not moving particularly fast. Even so, her arms stretched out in front of her. Megan was pulled along ten feet or so back, her bare feet sinking into sand which grew softer the further they moved from the wadi!

“Hassan!” she cried.

“Do not make me gag you, slave,” he called over his shoulder.

They climbed over a low hillock and then down the other side, and now they were into the true soft sand, and she gaped about her, a part of her cringing at being naked outside the way she was, eyes anxiously scanning every direction in fear of someone seeing her.

The sun was sinking lower behind her, casting longer shadows, and she stumbled along, eyes wide, her insides burning with an incredible heat stoked by the outrageousness and ... and realism of what he was doing!

Oh my God! It's like I'm a real slave girl! Like an ancient slave girl caught by an Arab prince, she thought dazedly, her insides thrumming wildly.

The camel pulled her inexorably up low sand dunes and down the other side, and she moaned helplessly, filled with a crackling sexual electricity that could find no release.

The sun set rapidly in the desert, yet there wasn't anything to run into, and the stars and moon shone brightly above. She felt again as though she were walking through a fantasy, as her heart pounded and her insides throbbed with hunger.

The heat diminished greatly as the sun set, but even so it was starting to get exhausting keeping up with the camel as she trudged through the sand.

The desert was not flat, not with all the rolling hills and dunes. Besides which, without her glasses, she could not see clearly beyond a dozen feet, or at all beyond a hundred. So it was she didn't even see the small fire until they climbed a small, sandy hill, and then started down the other side. She gasped in alarm, eyes widening and every sense straining to see around her, to see who might be near.

“Hassan!” she exclaimed anxiously.

“Shush, slave,” he growled.

He led the camel into what looked like a small campsite, empty of people, then stopped and got down. She scurried closer so that the rope would go slack and she could try to cover herself with her arms, but there still didn't seem to be anyone around but them.

Someone had to have lit the fire, though!

He took some gear down from the camel, then removed the saddle and set it aside, ignoring her. He went over to the fire and took some spare wood, placing it on the fire. And where had THAT come from!?

He seemed to know where he was. Could someone have prepared this for him and then... left?! Well, someone had done that very thing with the tent so she supposed that was possible. It was certainly a vast relief to think so, anyway!

He untied her at last, and she rubbed her wrists, frowning at him, feeling she ought to be complaining. But she still felt that thrumming sense of excitement, and with no sight of anyone around her alarm was rapidly fading.

He put a blanket down and sat down.

“Come here, slave,” he said.

She walked through the sand and onto the blanket, then knelt as he held out a water bottle. He shook his head, though, when she reached for it.

“On your hands and knees, slave.”

Flushing, she obeyed, and he held the bottle to her lips, letting her drink from it as his free hand combed through her hair.

“Keep drinking,” he ordered when she started to draw back. “You are not used to the heat and must consume water to keep from dehydrating.”

Reluctantly, but knowing he was right, she leaned in, placing her lips around the bottle and drinking again.

“And what does this remind you of, slave?” he asked with a sly grin.

She flushed, and he chuckled. His other hand slid up to knead her breast as she knelt there, his fingers rolling and stroking her nipple.

He made her finish the bottle, then sat back against the saddle, taking something from a leather bag. It looked like a small radio but... and yes, music began to play, Arabic music of course.

“Stand up, slave.”

Gulping, she obeyed.

“Dance for me, slave girl.”

She sucked in a deep breath, a jolt of excitement hitting her.

And she began to dance. Her body swayed in time to the music, her arms rising up and hands sliding through her hair. Her hips rolled and her body turned as her legs moved in a graceful motion which gave testament to the ballet classes she'd been through in her youth.

She was normally shy, but now the heat was on her, and she preened under his eyes, her chest tight as she twisted and rolled and made her body undulate in time to the music. She let her tongue slide across her lip, giving him a seductive look as her hands caressed her body invitingly.

Every time her fingers descended she had to fight the urge to slide them between her legs, the sexual pressure so intense within her. She let them play up across her breasts, though, moaning softly as her fingers slid across her aching nipples.

And then she sensed movement out of the corner of her eye. She gave a startled squeak of shock as another man in a robe, this one a black robe, came into view, leading a camel. Behind him was another man! And then another!

Shocked, Megan stopped dancing, dropping low, her knees against her torso and her arms clutched around them to hide as much of her body as possible.

Yet the men ignored her, greeting Hassan in Arabic. He rose to meet them, and they laughed and hugged and slapped each others backs as she crouched in stunned silence and horrible embarrassment.

The men sat down, joining him on the blanket, but Hassan moved over to where she crouched, reached down, and caught her hair, forcing her up to her feet with a yelp! He drew her head back sharply, and her hands instinctively jerked up and back to ease the pain in her scalp, only to be trapped by his big hand and drawn down behind her neck.

And there he posed her as he spoke to them in Arabic, posed her upright, back arched, hands and shoulders and head back! The men nodded and laughed and made sounds of approval.

“You will dance for us,” Hassan growled softly into her ear. “Else you will give grave offense to these men. They do not know this is a game between you and I, and must not know. For right now you belong to me and they can do nothing without my permission. They are nomads and have a great temper which is easily roused.”

“Now do not move. Stay in exactly this position until I order you to dance.”

Such was the command in his voice that Megan, still utterly stunned by this shocking turn of events, obeyed!

He released her and walked over to the men, speaking, laughing, and joining them.

Megan stood in place, trembling, shoulders back, back arched, breasts thrust out.

She heard the music stop, then it restarted.

“Dance, slave,” he growled.

How could she!?

“Or else face punishment,” he growled.

God, what did that mean!? Would he spank her in front of them or something!?

She let her head ease down, then dropped her arms, staring, stricken at the four men, and then, at Hassan's scowl, she began to move her legs a little, then a little more. Her hips began to move, and her arms began to sway in time to the music.

And then, slowly, she was dancing, dancing naked in the firelight in front of four men, three of them complete strangers! It seemed impossible, and yet it was happening!

Slave girl, a voice in her head whispered with both anxiety and excitement.

These men really thought she was a slave girl!?

Her movements slowly became more fluid, and the horrible shock of the embarrassment began to bleed away. And then an astonishing thing happened. The arousal which had been almost at fever pitch before their arrival began to reignite.

She was moving as if in a dream, a fantasy, turning and swaying, her body undulating once more as the four men watched, hands sliding up and down her skin, up through her hair. She was terrified, and she was, at the same time, incredibly aroused!

“Come closer, slave,” Hassan ordered.

Tension and heat crawled through her as she danced forward, almost breathless with the shock of it as she danced right up next to the blanket upon which the four of them were sitting! The three newcomers were all in their mid twenties or early thirties. They were big men, two with beards, and they spoke only in Arabic to themselves and Hassan.

Hassan got up, then and moved behind her.

“Hands behind your neck again, slave,” he growled.

Moaning, she obeyed, and he jerked back her hair.

“Feet apart in the sand!”

She shifted her feet, heart pounding, as he spoke in Arabic.

“They ask how much to buy you,” he said in English.

She jerked, shocked.

He spoke in Arabic, one hand in her hair, the other sliding up and down her torso as he spoke, cupping a breast, rolling a nipple between his thumb and forefinger. His hand descended, sliding down her now slick flesh, his fingers reaching the top of her sex, rolling and caressing her clitoris as the men looked on.

“I tell them how beautiful you are, and how responsive to a man's touch,” he whispered, “to justify the high price that I ask. Move your hips as I touch you.”

God, she couldn't do that! And yet her hips wanted to move! And then they began to grind helplessly against his skilfully stroking fingers as both her embarrassment and excitement mounted! Three three men were staring up at her hungrily, and she could hardly breath as her chest locked!

Hassan slid his fingers down along her narrow opening, then pushed in between her swollen lips. She shuddered as they slid up inside her, curving in and back against her as he pressed her clitoris down against them.

She came.

Her hips bucked frantically and she cried out, convulsions wracking her body as the orgasm tore through her with an incredible violence! Her legs turned to rubber and she fell to her knees in the sand, and Hassan followed her down, still clutching her wrists behind her neck, his fingers still making her writhe and buck!

As the wild, flaring heat faded she sagged, gasping for breath, moaning, chest

heaving as Hassan let his fingers glide up her body again, then down. They pushed between her thighs.

“Knees apart,” he barked, slapping at them.

Dazed, Megan shifted her knees apart, then flushed as she realized what that meant. But Hassan jerked them wider, still holding her with her back arched.

The orgasm had drained her energy, but even still, no sooner had her legs spread wide in front of the three strangers than a wild dark heat began to pulse within her once again.

Hassan spoke with the men, chuckling softly, then whispered in her ear.

“I have told them they may not have sex with you, for that would be indecent.”

Megan trembled weakly, desperately relieved on the one hand, and weirdly disappointed on the other. It was impossible to make her mind adjust to kneeling there naked like that with the three men staring at her! Her heart continued to thump and her pulse to race.

Hassan reached up and took her wrists in separate hands, then drew them down and back behind her, crossing her wrists again. A moment later she felt the leather cord being wrapped around them, binding them together.

Her heart beat faster!

“Of course, your flaunting of your body has aroused them,” Hassan said, “So it would be only proper for you to... relieve them of their distress.”

What did that mean, she thought frantically!

The men rose up and moved forward, and Megan gasped as Hassan stood behind her, raising her up on her knees by pulling at her hair.

The three men drew their robes up, grinning, and they proved to be naked beneath! Their cocks were thick and hard and pointing menacingly at her face!

“You see how the mere sight of you has aroused them,” Hassan said. “Imagine the madness which would ensue if they could touch your perfect body.”

Megan moaned as the one in the center moved forward, eyes eager. She felt the pull on her hair and then his cock was at her lips! She did nothing, frozen, and it plunged past her lips and onto her tongue! Moaning, she rolled her eyes wildly, but there didn't seem to be anything else to do but what they all expected of her!

She closed her lips and began to suck, her tongue licking at the underside of the head, her mind spinning with shock, anxiety, heat, embarrassment and a dark, almost depraved sense of something like exultation at this further demonstration of what it would be like to be a slave girl.

She moaned, sucking, trying to bob her lips up and down as the man thrust deep. She did not look up at him, wanting no sight of his face as she set about what she regarded as a task.

A task for a slave girl!

She felt Hassan release her hair, and bobbed her head freely, then gulped as the man pushed forward, his hand going behind her head, pulling her all the way down his shaft so that the head pushed deep into her throat. She gurgled helplessly, her lips wrapped around the root of him for long seconds.

He pulled back, groaning, and she pulled back as well, chest burning, gulping in air. But then the man on his left reached across, gripping her hair, turning her head towards him, and his cock pushed into her mouth. She sucked dazedly, sucked and licked, moaning, bobbing her lips until he too pulled her deep and jammed himself down her throat.

The fire flickered behind her, and the moon shone down. The desert was eerily silent as she sucked, as the man pulled back, and the third man pushed into her mouth. She turned her head to her left to suck him, then it was the center man's turn, then the man on her right, then back to her left.

It seemed to go on forever! And then Hassan was kneeling behind her, and she felt his hands sliding around her ribs, cupping and kneading her breasts, then pushing down between her legs, fingering her sex.

She felt his bare flesh against her bottom, felt his own shaft hard and thick, pressing against her. She groaned around the cock in her mouth, gurgled as it pushed into her throat, and shuddered as she felt the nose of Hassan's own cock pushing up against her tight little back passage.

He felt... slick... slippery, as if he'd put on some kind of lotion or balm, but even so, she ached as he slowly pushed into her. As her focus was yanked away, though, as the man whose cock was in her mouth pulled her down the length of him so that he filled her throat, she mostly forgot about what Hassan was doing, her head pounding from lack of air as the man held her tight.

He finally relented and she slid back, gasping and coughing, then gasping for breath as the next man gripped her hair and rubbed himself up and down against her cheek. She was aware, dazedly, that Hassan was deep inside her now, while his fingers were still at work between her legs, still kneading her breast.

Then she was bobbing and sucking on the cock placed inside her mouth as Hassan began to slowly pump in and out of her, using slow, careful strokes which gradually lengthened and grew in speed.

One of the men lost control of himself in her throat, and shuddered, cursing in Arabic as he spent himself. That left two, but one of those came soon after, and that left one. When that one was done, filling her mouth so she had to swallow, the three all sank back, sighing, sitting and watching as she knelt there before them, knees spread wide.

Hassan was sitting on his own heels now, and his hands gripped her thighs, drawing her up and back upon him, impaling her on his thick staff as she trembled and moaned. His big hands lifted and lowered her repeatedly atop him, then he gripped her hair, jerking her head up and back, leaning in to kiss and lick and chew his way along her throat as his other hand began to stroke her clitoris once more.

“Ride me, slave girl,” he growled.

Panting, overheated, Megan began to do just that, riding up and down on his thick cock as the three men watched, a wild crackling sexual storm spreading out within her until it threatened to consume her mind as well as her body.

The orgasm took her, and she cried out again and again, twisting and bucking and rolling her hips back with frantic need as the plunging of his thick cock within wakened some dark, primal need.

Hassan flung her forward and down onto her chest on the desert sand, jerked her hips up, and began to pound himself against her. Every deep thrust caused a

powerful ache within her belly, but drove the fires of her heat higher as she writhed and trembled in helpless pleasure.

*

The three men left soon after, and Hassan drew out a bedroll for himself, then pulled her ankles back sharply behind her back, tying them to her wrists. With her utterly helpless, he went to sleep, or at least, appeared to.

Laying beside the fire, hog-tied, Megan was starting to wonder what was real and what was fantasy. It was easy to imagine now that she was back in time, that she was the prisoner of an Arab sheik, and on the way to be sold as a slave at some market. She could hardly believe what had happened to her that day, and a quivering sense of anxiety lay at the back of her mind about what Hassan would do to her tomorrow.

What if he really sold her for a slave!? She knew that slavery was still practiced in parts of Egypt, if not precisely legally. What if Hassan intended to sell her to some rich Arab!? She imagined herself in a harem, kept naked and in shackles, at the disposal of any man who wanted her. It was a dark, wicked, wild, thrilling fantasy, but she knew it would be considerably less exciting in reality!

Wrapped in such thoughts, she hardly felt the passage of time. Then Hassan sat up, and reached for her, undoing her ankles. She groaned in relief as she was able to straighten out, and reassured that his intent was not harmful, as he settled back to sleep.

Yet even so, she had to sleep naked and bound there on the desert sand!

Somehow, she did, though not very well. He wakened with the dawn, which wakened her from an uneasy slumber. He removed his robe and washed himself with washcloth and soapy water, then roughly pulled her to her knees, made her spread her legs again, and then washed her as well.

With that done, he made breakfast, feeding her by hand, once more, then threw her down against a low sand dune and thrust wildly into her for long minutes. Such was the state of her body and mind she was already wet within, and despite a complete lack of preparation his rough sex drew a small orgasm from her moaning lips.

Then he packed up, retired her hands in front of her, and mounted the camel to head back.

*

She calculated later, that from the time they had arrived at the tent, to the time they returned, she was allowed to dress, and they got into the car for the drive back to Cairo, about fourteen hours had passed. That seemed, to her, like so little time for the most important, most shocking, most depraved and wicked and wild and thrilling experience of her life.

She felt jarred, shocked, dazed by it for days afterward, muddled by her effort to come to terms with what a shocking thing she had experienced. And what affect it had on her. For from that day she felt like such a... sexual person, that all her behavior was influenced by it.

She began to dress in a different way, more sleek, more attractive, and began looking for a different kind of man, a strong man, a man who could treat her like a slave girl. And at the back of her mind was always the dark, wicked, and somewhat fearful fantasy of 'what if'. What if Hassan had actually taken her somewhere and sold her as a slave girl, a naked sex slave to some rich Arab!?

A part of her wanted to find out!

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

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