BARBARY PASHA

- The Unexpurgated Version -

By Allan Aldiss

Barbary pasha was originally published in book form by Silver Moon but is now out of print. The unexpurgated version is now published electronically only, in two parts, of which this is the first.

Allan Aldiss has recently been voted Britain's most popular erotic writer and Barbary Pasha has consistently proved to be one of his bestselling books about Harems and white slaves. But inevitably the printed version had to be heavily censored. Allan Aldiss has now (January 2001) taken advantage of the freedom of the Internet to restore and expand the original version into two books, one the sequel of the other.

Here therefore is the expanded and unexpurgated version of this popular and highly erotic story of a young Englishwoman in Turkey at the turn of the 19th and 20th Centuries. She has to give up her virginity to a cruel but handsome Turkish Pasha in order to have his permission to marry her English fiancé - only then to be captured and sold as a slave, firstly as a work slave under a cruel overseer and then in a high-class brothel, before ending up back with the Pasha, this time as a breeding slave in his Harem.

Now you can read about just what really went on in the secrecy of the Pasha's Harem, about what the jealous wife of the Pasha really ordered to be done to Jane before taking her back to the Pasha as a present - and also what really happened in the Harem to Jane's friends Phileda Armstrong and Juliette de Rohan and her daughter Myriam.

This is the unexpurgated story of life as a white slave girl in the Ottoman Empire; a story of innocent and educated European women, including a mother and daughter, enslaved and used for pleasure and forced breeding; a story of slave training, of female circumcision, of slave dealers, of cruel overseers, and of strict black eunuchs - and all in a world where white women slaves are ruled by fear of the cane, the whip and the bastinado.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Present day readers of this story may be surprised at the apparent racism regarding the mutual antagonism between the black eunuchs and the white women in their charge.

Please accept that this is simply a reflection of actual attitudes in Turkey a hundred years ago. Black eunuchs had been employed to take charge of the Harems of the ruling officials and of the wealthy for hundreds of years - mainly because they were black. White eunuchs were not normally employed in Harems because experience had shown that they were too easy-going. Black eunuchs were not.

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BOOK ONE - JANE AND THE RUTHLESS PASHA

PART I - JANE MEETS THE PASHA

1 - MALIK 1895

Jane Dudley pushed her way through the crowd of fat merchants, Turkish soldiers, shrieking children and veiled women and at last secured a place at the guardrail of the small vessel, desperate for a sight of the man she had come all this way to marry.

She had been up since dawn, watching as they slowly approached the little port of Malik, with its low white buildings interspersed with the domes and minarets of mosques.

Already she fancied she could smell that distinctive odour of an Oriental town. It was early morning and as usual the warm sun was already bright, reflecting vividly off the mirror-like surface of the crystal-clear Mediterranean - it was springtime in the Levant at the turn of the century.

Jane's petite slender figure, her golden hair, her blue eyes, her vivacious smile and her blue muslin dress, all these made her stand out from the olive complexions, Oriental clothes and passive demeanour of the other passengers. Indeed, the very fact that she was a pretty European girl had marked her as unique ever since she had come aboard at Smyrna to take passage along the beautiful, wild and mountainous southern coast of Turkey to this little-known port, close to where the northern border of Syria now lies.

As they turned past the breakwater and maneuvered to moor stern-on to the quay, she looked anxiously amongst the watching crowd.

There were Turks in European suits and dark red tarbushes, and other Turks in the more traditional wide Turkish breeches and embroidered waistcoats.

There were Arabs, some wearing simple robes and greasy strips of cloth wound round their heads, others, obviously of a superior class, wearing immaculate white kaftans under black flowing cloaks, picked out with gold thread, with white Kuffayiah head cloths and black Aighal headbands.

She saw women completely covered in long black shapeless burkas that gave no inkling of the age or beauty of the woman underneath it, and provided her only with a strip of black lace, over the eyes, to see through. Other women wore an opaque white veil over their faces that left their eyes uncovered.

But there was no sign of William.

She had been thrilled by his talk of wealthy Beys and Pashas, of Sheiks and Caids, of camels and beautiful Arab horses, of Harems and of black eunuchs, of deserts and snow-covered mountains, of raids and revolts against the rule of the autocratic Turkish Sultan in Constantinople, of fierce Moslem fanatics and their despised Christian subjects, of the crisp dry air and of the distinctive smells and scents of the Near East.

They had become secretly engaged before he returned to Turkey to carry on with his excavations in the Syrian Desert. Then the aunt she lived with had died. The shock of this was followed by the shattering discovery that most of her aunt's capital had recently been lost in a series of unfortunate investments. The house would have to be sold to pay outstanding debts, and there would be little left.

With no other relatives she could turn to, her aunt's aged solicitor suggested that, unless she married quickly, she would have to become a governess. Become a governess! With her vivacious character and her romantic leanings, such an idea was abhorrent.

But what was she to do? To whom could she turn? Obviously, this was the moment for William Lascelles to have appeared and taken charge of her life. But he was away somewhere in Turkey!

Suddenly and impetuously, she had decided that she would go and join him. There was nothing now to keep her in England. The solicitors had advanced her a small sum from her aunt's modest estate, with a warning that no more would be forthcoming for some months, and then probably only a small amount.

It was now or never! She must act quickly whilst she at least had some money, or see it all frittered away. Driving her on was the terrifying thought that William would hardly be keen on marrying a governess!

Without telling anyone - and indeed who was there to tell? - she bought a couple of suitcases and a train ticket to Marseilles. She had telegraphed and written to William that she was coming out to join him, and then quickly left before he'd had time to reply, lest he tried to put her off.

From Marseilles she had taken ship to Athens, and from there another ship to Smyrna, and then this small coaster to Malik, the small Turkish port where William had his base. It had all been so exciting! Travelling alone across Europe and the Mediterranean! How her aunt would have disapproved!

However, she told herself, this was now almost the Twentieth Century, she told herself, a time when women were fighting to be free to do what they liked, a time when women would no longer be the chattels of men, a time of would-be Suffragettes and of the Married Woman's Property Act, certainly a time when a young woman could decide to go and join her fiancé!

But now she had arrived - and where was William? A feeling of despair and anti-climax began to creep over her as she scanned the jetty in vain. She began to feel perhaps that she had been very foolish in rushing out here. At the back of her mind was the realization that she now had very little money left.

And yet, she had to admit, it was very exciting - even more exciting than William had described. She inhaled the strange smells of the Levant. She saw trains of camels being led down a narrow street. She saw dirty-looking Arabs riding flea-ridden donkeys. She saw well-dressed Turkish gentlemen in immaculate European suits being driven in smart carriages by Negro grooms behind a pair of beautiful matched horses.

She saw two veiled women, half walking, half running, alongside a well-dressed man riding a beautifully harnessed mule. Instantly her English up-bringing made her rebel against the sight. Why were the women not riding and the man walking? She saw other women walking respectfully behind men, carrying parcels and loads, whilst the men smoked long Turkish cigarettes and chatted amongst themselves. It was not right!

She remembered how William had said that in the Moslem world, women, and especially Christian 'roumi' women, were considered to be of little account. Were these women concubines or slave girls?

Jealously she watched the other passengers being greeted by their friends and relations. She felt very alone and rather frightened, alone in a strange land whose language and even whose alphabet she did not understand. Thank heavens so many of the more educated Turks spoke a little French, as she did. Schoolgirl French! Little had she thought that she would be using it in the Levant.

She waited on board for an hour in the warm spring sunshine. The ship would soon be leaving for its next port of call. One of the ship's officers had suggested that she should go to the main hotel, and had called a ghari, one of the local horse-drawn cabs. The Hotel de Paris had been William's permanent address. No doubt, she thought, he would be waiting for her there, not knowing on which boat she would be arriving.

The friendly Turkish ghari driver loaded her two suitcases. She saw that the men on the quayside were looking at her strangely. Clearly the sight of a lone, unveiled European woman was a rarity in Malik.

The cab drove through narrow streets, crowded with people and animals, before coming out onto a wide boulevard lined with high palm trees. Spacious looking houses, the windows covered in Arabesque stone tracery or ironwork grilles, could just be seen over high walls.

Then they arrived in the courtyard of the Hotel de Paris.

The Greek booking clerk was courteous but firm.

"Mais non," he explained, Monsieur Lascelles was not staying at the hotel. He had left two weeks previously to explore some remote Roman remains deep in the desert. He was not expected back for some time, perhaps a month, perhaps longer. No, he had no idea just where he was doing excavations, for Monsieur Lascelles always kept that secret.

He showed Jane her own telegram and letter announcing her arrival - still sitting in a pigeon-hole, unopened, behind the reception desk of the hotel.

"Oh God! What am I going to do?"

"There is a boat leaving for Genoa in two weeks' time, Mademoiselle, and meanwhile you could stay here."

"But I don't have any money!" wailed Jane.

The smile on the face of the Greek clerk froze.

"In that case..."

"I want to speak to the British Consul," said Jane in a suddenly decisive tone.

"There are no Consuls in this part of Turkey, Mademoiselle." It was the voice of the Hotel Manager, who had come to see what all the trouble was about. "The nearest British Consul is in Damascus, several hundred miles away ... Did Mr. Lascelles know anyone in Malik?"

"I suppose he must have done - I don't know - oh, there was a man who helped him get permission for his excavations - a Mr. Zaid, I think."

The manager seemed to freeze.

"Not - His Excellency - "

"No, no, not an Excellency, just a - a Pasha I think it was - "

"By the beard of the Prophet - His Excellency Zaid Pasha!"

"Do you know him? Does he live near here?"

The Manager suddenly became very obsequious in manner.

"Mademoiselle, Zaid Pasha is the Vail, the Governor, the representative of the Sultan, and one of the biggest land owners here, a man of great wealth and power - a man of authority. Of course, we all know Zaid Pasha!"

"Then send him a message! Explain what has happened."

"Of course, Mademoiselle, of course! And if you will be so kind as to accept the hospitality of this humble hotel meanwhile." He turned upon the Greek clerk. "A room, you fool! Hurry! Our best room!"

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Jane lay resting on the bed of the comfortable hotel room, thinking over what had happened and, in particular, the extraordinary change in the attitude of the hotel staff, once she mentioned the name of Zaid Pasha. What sort of a man was he? How would he react to her message, asking for his assistance?

A Pasha! Even the title sounded exciting.

She remembered that William had told her about the Pasha of Acre, a man with an impossible name, who had held up Napoleon not far from here. With the help of Sir Sydney Smith, and a tiny force of Royal Navy ships and Marines, he had forced Napoleon to give up his plans to invade Turkey from Egypt after Nelson had sunk his fleet at the Battle of the Nile.

She suddenly remembered his name: Djezzar Pasha. His personality and leadership had played a key role in inspiring the handful of Turkish and Arab troops to perform miracles of endurance. Backed by the small British force they had beaten off the cream of the French Army.

People still talked of Djezzar Pasha, William said. But, he had added with a laugh, one of the main reasons why his troops so respected him was that, even in his sixties, he was still known to have eighteen white European women in his Harem, as well as many Levantine and Arab girls.

In their eyes, it was his possession of Christian women in his Harem that made him a real man, a leader. William had explained that to have as your slaves European women, the woman of the hated Christians, the despised 'roumis', was a sign of power and success.

The hotel manager knocking on the door interrupted her reverie.

"Mademoiselle! I have myself been to see his Excellency, the Pasha. He has sent his carriage to convey you to his Palace. He begs you to accept his hospitality and protection whilst your affairs are sorted out."

"There!" said Jane triumphantly. "I knew everything would be alright!"

2 - THE PASHA'S PALACE

Jane followed the Hotel Manager into the courtyard, where a small-enclosed carriage was waiting, a crest of two crossed scimitars and a star painted on the door.

A smartly dressed coachman held two sleek and carefully matched Arab horses - the same crest was branded on their quarters. Her suitcases had already been strapped to the back of the carriage.

Clearly, she thought, this Pasha was someone who did things in style, who acted quickly and decisively. If only William had more style and was more decisive!

Then she saw a huge Negro holding the door of the carriage open for her. He was hideous! His jet-black face was covered with tribal scars. His small eyes glittered menacingly, he seemed particularly black and repulsive looking. He did not hold himself as a servant in her presence, but rather as a superior.

His very size made her feel small and helpless.

"This is Mansour, His Excellency's Chief Black Eunuch," murmured the Hotel Manager, noticing the way Jane had recoiled in horror on seeing him. "It is a great honour that the Pasha should have sent him. The Chief Black Eunuch of a Pasha is a man of influence and importance."

Jane looked baffled. A Chief Black Eunuch? Like any well brought-up young woman in the Victorian and Edwardian eras, Jane had never heard of eunuchs.

She saw he was dressed expensively in a long white robe, trimmed with fur, and was wearing a strange conical felt hat. Later she was to learn that this was the emblem of a trusted black eunuch, employed to guard and control the women of a rich Turk or Arab. Or, at least one of the emblems, for she saw that he also carried a thin whippy cane with a handle curved over like that of a walking stick.

It was just like the canes used in schools in England - but how strange that a eunuch should carry one in public, and obviously with pride.

"His Excellency send me to take you to Palace," said the huge Negro in broken French. His voice was a strange high pitched rasping falsetto that came strangely from such a huge muscular frame.

Jane looked around wildly for moral support. The man was so frightening! But the Hotel Manager was bowing her out of the hotel, clearly glad to be rid of an awkward and unexpected guest.

"Come!" said the Negro impatiently. "Pasha not want English lady stay alone in hotel. Not safe! Maybe abducted."

"Abducted!" cried Jane. What on earth had she let herself in for? How stupid she had been to rush out here to Malik!

The Negro gripped her arm, and she let herself be bundled into the carriage as if she were a child. He was so strong! He sat down beside her, still gripping her arm. The carriage door was slammed shut and he pulled the curtains across the windows. No one could see into the carriage, and she could only vaguely see out. The Negro had removed his strange headwear, revealing a shiny shaven skull that made him an even more frightening figure.

Jane felt the carriage lurch as the coachman climbed up into his seat, and lurch again as the two horses moved off at a fast trot. She tried to pull back the curtain, but the Negro restrained her, waving an admonishing finger. She could not even see properly where they were going - she felt helpless, but also strangely excited.

Soon the coach slowed down. She could vaguely make out a high wall. She glimpsed armed Negro guards. She heard the noise of a gate being opened. The carriage moved on again. She heard the crunch of gravel. They were in a private drive. The carriage stopped again.

The big Negro opened the door and lifted her out as if she were a child.

Jane looked around. She was in a courtyard, surrounded on two sides by a high wall and on another by a large building with terraces, hidden by arches covered with beautiful Arabesque traceries. It was set in a large and beautifully kept park and a large doorway led into the Palace.

But the Negro pointed with his cane across the park towards a smaller separate building. Obviously, she thought, this must be the guest house. He led her along a winding path to this smaller building, unlocked the grilled door and let her through. Then he turned and locked it again. Security was tight in the Palace! She shivered as she realized that she was now locked in.

He led her into a simple whitewashed hallway, spotlessly clean. The floors were marble and precious rugs hung in the walls. In an inside courtyard a fountain tinkled prettily, and there was a burst of colour from the flowerbeds. Then he led her into a spacious room, brightly coloured and intricately patterned tiles on the floor, and bold swirling designs, apparently in Arabic writing, on the walls.

The only windows looked out onto the interior courtyard she had just left. Large curved iron bars forming an attractive shaped grille protected them. Against the wall were several heavy chests, and there were some low tables surrounded by long, brightly coloured, leather covered cushions. There were also several large ottomans. Numerous mirrors reflected into each other giving an impression of limitless space.

A curtained archway led off into another large room, clearly a bedroom, with a large couch in the centre. Off the bedroom was an alcove in which she could see a bath. The Negro pointed to the couch. "You rest! I send someone come soon."

Then he was gone. She heard the grilled door close behind him and the noise of the key in the lock.

So this was the Palace of Zaid Pasha, the Governor of Malik! It all seemed a very long way from the quiet Wiltshire village of Upper Handley, where her aunt had lived.

She took off her shoes and lay down on the comfortable bed, and looked around the room. Immediately facing the bed was a large photograph hanging on the wall - a man in military uniform.

Intrigued, Jane slipped off the bed to have a closer look. The man in the photograph was tall, a well-built man in his forties or fifties with a rather arrogant and nonchalant air, certainly a good looking enough fellow. The mysterious Zaid Pasha! He seemed very European looking and very civilized.

She thought about the repulsive Negro who had brought her here. The Hotel Manager had said that he was the Pasha's Chief Black Eunuch. Did that mean that a civilized looking man like him had a Harem of slave girls? Of course not, even if, as she had heard, the Sultan in Constantinople still had a huge Harem...

Startled she turned round. The door was opening. A black hand came round it.

3 - THE ENGLISH CONCUBINE

The young Negro who entered the room was just as huge and repulsive as the one who had escorted her from the hotel. However, instead of being dressed in a gorgeous fur-trimmed robe, he wore bright red Turkish breeches and an embroidered waistcoat that left his gleaming and hairless muscular chest quite bare. Like the other Negro, his head, too, was shaved and glistening.

Behind him came a witch-like figure, completely shrouded in one of the all-enveloping ugly black burkas that she had seen women wearing on the quayside.

The Negro, who seemed to be exceptionally black, held a light chain in his hand. It was similar to the type often used in England as a dog lead. Then she was shocked to see that the other end of the chain, divided into two short lengths. Each of these was apparently locked onto metal bracelets fastened round each of the hidden woman's wrists.

The wrists and hands of this ugly witch were the only part of her that could be seen, but Jane saw that even they were hidden under ugly black gloves - just as her ankles were hidden by ugly, great, black boots.

Because of the chain, her hands were held in front of her and the Negro was leading her as if she were an animal. The two bracelets on her wrists each had a large ring to which the chain was locked, and also a row of little bells that tinkled with every movement of her hands.

The Negro looked carefully around the room and into the bedroom and its bathroom in the alcove. Apparently satisfied that they were alone, he grasped the woman's hands and unlocked the chains from each of her wrists with a tiny key. Then he gave a signal to the woman. Obediently she took off the thick gloves and boots and lifted the hideous black garment off over her head, before handing them all to him with a respectful bow.

Jane gasped in astonishment when she saw that the apparently ugly witch had been transformed into a tall voluptuous young woman with grey eyes and long golden hair that hung down her back. Now barefooted, she moved gracefully and smiled hesitantly at Jane.

She wore a long caftan of dark blue coloured silk with a cord under the bosom that pushed up her breasts suggestively. The caftan seemed almost transparent and scarcely hid her firm young bosom and swelling hips, which contrasted with her small waist. She was heavily made-up in the Levantine style, her cheeks rouged and her eyes outlined in black, which made them seem huge.

On her feet were Turkish slippers. On her head she wore a little satin pillbox hat, fastened by two ropes of pearls that drooped across her forehead in a pretty half-moon.

She was one of the most gorgeous women Jane had ever seen. What a transformation! How awful to have been made to look so ugly and unattractive.

However, Jane noticed, she was clearly scared stiff of the Negro, who was now watching the two women. With his hugely fat but muscular naked torso, he seemed to tower over both Jane and this other woman.

Jane had raised her hand to her mouth in a gesture of surprise. Was this beautiful creature one of the Pasha's Harem? But why had she been brought here, and why veiled and chained? Did they have a common language? She was about to say something, when the Negro gave the young woman a curt word of command in Turkish, which Jane, of course, did not understand.

The girl turned to Jane, smiling, her eyes sparkling. She made a little Oriental salaam. Jane saw that she seemed to have a curious shiny stainless-steel collar round her neck.

"I have been sent here to welcome you, Madam, on behalf of His Excellency, Zaid Pasha, my Master," she said in perfect English. "He hopes that you will enjoy your stay in his Palace until your fiancé can be found. He asks you to excuse him, as he has an important meeting, but he will come and meet you as soon as he can get away."

"But you're English!" cried Jane, delighted and astonished, to find someone who spoke English.

"Yes, that's why I was sent to welcome you. I am Phileda."

"Phileda who?" asked the astonished Jane.

"Just Phileda." She held out her arm and Jane saw that on the inside of her forearm some Arabic numbers had been tattooed on the inside of her forearm, followed by a red rose. "Just Phileda, indentured servant, registered with the Police at Malik as number four five eight seven - and so to all intents and purposes just a slave."

Jane raised her hands in horror.

"What? A slave! It can't be true! And that tattooed number! It can't be true!" Jane shifted uneasily, and pointed nervously at the Negro standing across the doorway as if on guard, his hands folded across his bare chest, a long slender and whippy bamboo cane tucked under his arm. Jane saw that it had a curved handle, just like the one that the Negro who had brought her here had been carrying.

"And why is that man carrying a cane?"

Seeing Jane was looking at his cane, the black man grinned and took in both hands and bent it menacingly and then released it, as if testing its whippiness.

"Oh, he's very proud of it. The cane is the symbol of his authority over the Pasha's women. The Pasha's black eunuchs always carry a cane."

"Black eunuchs. What to do you mean?"

"Well, you've knew the difference back in England between a stallion and gelding."

"Yes," replied Jane hesitantly. It was something she had never quite understood.

"Well, you see, a black eunuch is like a gelding. You're quite safe with him."

"Oh!" gasped Jane. "But he looks so big and frightening!"

"Yes, these black eunuchs are. I think they are chosen for their size - to make women scared of them. And they have complete power over us. The Pasha just leaves it to them to run his Harem and supervise us."

"Black men in charge of white women!" cried Jane aloud.

"Yes, but keep your voice down," whispered Phileda, "or he'll take me away and punish me with his cane for getting you excited. They black eunuchs like to see us always whispering like little girls."

"Oh! And that awful black man who brought me here ... the hotel manager said something about him being the Pasha's chief black eunuch."

"Yes, that would have been Mansour. He's in overall charge of the Harem. He's the Pasha's right-hand man." She dropped her voice. "He's the worst of them all - a really cruel swine who enjoys humiliating us white women. I think it's something to do with getting revenge for the way the Europeans enslaved so many blacks and used them as slaves in America and the West Indies."

"How awful! But can't you tell this one to go away? I don't like him here, not with that cane."

"Nor do I," said Phileda, "but he won't go away."

"But who is he?"

"He's Mr. Ali, one of Mansour's assistant black eunuchs, and he's here to watch over me. It's very rare that we are allowed out of the Harem or even out of the Harem Garden into the palace park, and when we are we have to be completely veiled to prevent any man from seeing us. We also have to be chained to prevent us from trying to escape, or from someone trying to steal us, even in the Palace grounds."

"Steal you!"

"Yes! As a blonde European, I am very valuable. Many a young Turk would like to steal one of the Pasha's European concubines for himself, or to sell her in Arabia to a wealthy Emir."

"My God! Are you serious?"

Phileda spoke sadly. "Yes, I'm afraid so. This is Turkey, and the Pasha is a rich and influential man. His concubines always have to be under supervision of a black eunuch at all times - even when we go to the loo!"

"What!" gasped Jane, horrified, but trying to keep her voice down. "You mean these black men ... these black eunuchs ... watch you when you ... spend a penny? It can't be true!"

"I couldn't believe it either when I was first put into the Harem - and got six strokes of the cane for trying to go into the loo without permission. And they do more than just watch you - they control you there and inspect what you've done and keep a record of it for each girl. They think that by controlling a girl's natural functions - if you see what I mean - they will have all the more control over her. And I must admit, it's quite true."

"But how desperately embarrassing!"

"But that's not all, they also keep a record of our monthly cycles and inspect us every day for signs of 'coming into season' as they so cruelly call it."

"What!" murmured Jane incredulously.

"Yes, in Europe a girl that state is more or less in purdah, but here in Turkey the men find the flightiness and petulance, that we all show at that time of the month, very amusing. You won't believe it, but the black eunuchs actually enjoy specially parading girls ‘in season’ before the Pasha."

"But all this is incredible!"

"Not really," said Phileda gravely. "It isn't really so extraordinary, not when you think about it. Not from the Turkish point of view, anyway. They all hate and despise Christians. `Nasranis' or `Roumis' they call us. They love having beautiful white Christian women in their Harems where they can control and humiliate them."

"But how awful!" Jane could hardly believe what she was hearing, and yet somehow, she was finding it rather exciting. "This just can't happen to an English girl these days."

"Oh yes, it can! Officially slavery may have been abolished in the Turkish Empire to please the European Powers, but for women, and especially for white Christian women, it still thrives - even if officially we are now indentured servants - indentured for life, to whatever man likes to buy our

indentures. Anyway, who knows what goes on behind the walls of a rich man's Harem? A man's Harem, and the women in it, are the private concern of the Master alone, according to Moslem law."

"But ..."

"But, nothing! It's true. The old slave markets may have been closed but the slave dealers are still thriving."

"Slave dealers!"

"Yes" said Phileda, "don't forget that here in the Moslem world, women are always kept veiled and shut up. So, whereas in Europe a rich man might have a mistress, here he buys them from a slave dealer - and hands them over for safe-keeping and disciplining to his black eunuchs."

"Disciplining?"

"Oh yes, the black eunuchs are far stricter in the Pasha's Harem than even the mistresses were at my girls' school. Here if you ever answer one of them back or treat him with what they regard as 'lack of respect' or dumb insolence, then it's twelve strokes of the cane on your bare bottom in front of all the other girls - and twenty if it's to the Pasha himself."

"My God! How awful! But how did you end up here?"

"Do you find me beautiful?"

"Yes indeed, but ... "

"Two years ago, I was just Phileda Armstrong, a respectable and well-educated young Englishwoman. However, as a penniless orphan I realized that I would have to earn my living as a governess. I was offered a post with a rich Greek family in Smyrna, and jumped at the chance of seeing a bit of the world."

"Yes, but what happened?" asked Jane.

"Foolishly I let myself be seduced by the husband. He was very good looking and promised to marry me and divorce his wife. Meanwhile we continued our secret affair and were lovers. But then his wife must have found out. However, she said nothing and hid her jealousy."

"So, what went wrong?"

"Well, one day, when her husband was away, traveling on business, she called me down to meet a Turk, whom I later discovered to be Hamid Effendi, one of the leading dealers in white indentured servants, here in Malik, which is the local centre for the slave trade in white girls. It is well away from prying European eyes, and near enough to Arabia to attract many buyers from both there and Turkey itself."

"Oh no!" Jane did not know whether to be shocked or secretly excited.

"He was on a buying expedition, acquiring Christian girls to be taken back to Malik to be trained as pleasure slaves in his special school, before being discretely offered for sale. Apparently, he decided that he could transform me into a really valuable slave girl. He must have made a deal with the wife of my employer and lover. I ate several delicious cakes he produced, and that was the last thing I remember. It was also the last time I saw Smyrna. I woke up naked and chained in a cage in the hold of a small coaster, together with half a dozen other girls being taken back to Malik by Hamid Effendi. He had got an Englishwoman cheap, and I was to be trained and offered for sale."

She smiled ruefully.

"When I was considered to be ready for sale, I was made to sign an official document saying that in exchange for all the money Hamid Effendi had spent taking me to Malik and training me, I agreed to becoming an indentured servant. For life! And my indentures can be transferred without my agreement. So I just became a slave to be bought, used, and sold."

"But didn't you try to escape?" asked Jane.

"Oh, there was no chance of that. I was always kept chained and locked up with a collar locked round my neck proclaiming that I am an indentured servant and offering a reward for my return - just like a dog back in England."

Phileda sighed in resignation.

"No, there was no escape, and soon I was displayed at one of Hamid Effendi's monthly private auctions. I caught the eye of Zaid Pasha. He had me inspected by his black eunuchs in front of him. Can you imagine the shame of having your hands fastened behind your neck as these black eunuch

men comment to their Master as they shamelessly feel the firmness of your breasts, weigh them in their hands and arouse your nipples?"

"How dreadful!"

"Yes, but it's even worse, when they make you part your legs and bend your knees so that they tickle your beauty bud to see how quickly you become aroused."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, and even that's not all when a black eunuch examines a girl for his Master."

"What more can they do?" cried Jane in horror.

"They made me bend over so that they could come behind me and feel between my beauty lips and up my rear entrance to see how tight I'd be for him."

"Oh!" cried Jane, deeply shocked. "And your rear ... you can't mean ... "

"Oh, yes, Turks love humiliating a Christian woman by taking her there too. They call it 'using her like a boy', and they love that, too."

"Oh!" gasped Jane, more horrified than ever. Like most respectable young Englishwomen of her time, she had a romantic idea about men and knew little of love-making.

"Anyway," Phileda went on, "the black eunuchs recommended that he should buy me, and he did."

Again, Phileda paused. She blushed.

"But they also said that, as I was no longer a virgin and had been used to making love regularly with my lover, my employer, I was too 'passionate'. I would therefore, they said, be constantly trying to ... "

"Trying to what?" asked Jane naively.

"To ... play with myself," replied Phileda blushing.

"You mean...?"

"Yes, masturbate."

Masturbate! The very word took Jane back to her schooldays, to whispered conversations and feelings of secret shame.

"It's something that's strictly forbidden in the Harem by the black eunuchs. We must be kept pure by them - pure for the Master."

"Oh!" cried Jane deeply shocked. To be controlled by black men in this way. How awful!

"So they recommended to the Pasha that something should be done to me before they took delivery of me."

"Took delivery of you," repeated Jane, again shocked, "as if you were an animal?"

"That's all slave girls are here in Turkey," replied Jane bitterly, "animals to be bought and sold - and used for pleasure and forced breeding."

"Forced breeding!" repeated Jane, horrified.

"Yes, and we never know when the Pasha will take it into his head to have us covered - for he always likes to see a few swollen bellies in his Harem. The Turks think that having a nicely curved belly makes a girl look more beautiful."

"Oh no!"

"And the more curved, the more desirable. Yes, and he also likes his black eunuchs to always have several girls in milk."

"Oh!"

"Oh yes! They say that this is all quite normal in the Harems of rich Turks," said Phileda. "But to return to what happened to me," she went on, " those swine, the Pasha's black eunuchs recommended to him that, before they took delivery of me on his behalf, I should be ... I can hardly bring myself to say it."

"Go on," said Jane encouragingly

But there was a long pause before Phileda could bring herself to say the words.

"All right then, they recommended that…"

4 - THE CIRCUMCISION OF PHILEDA

" ... That I should be ... cut."

"Cut? Whatever do you mean?" said Jane, mystified.

"Well, that's what the black eunuchs describe as being circumcised."

"Circumcised!" Jane cried out.

"Shush!" whispered Phileda. "You must keep your voice down, or you'll make Mr. Ali suspicious."

She turned to the black eunuch standing by the door and nodded respectfully to him with a humble and reassuring little smile. Then she turned back to Jane.

"Yes, you see female circumcision is an old custom in Turkish Harems, especially for Christian slave girls. But it's terrible. It changed my whole life."

Female circumcision! Like masturbation, the very word again took Jane back to her school days, the furtive whispering in darkened corridors, the secret searchings in the encyclopaedia and in certain books about Eastern travel.

"And surely the Pasha didn't accept their recommendation?" asked Jane deeply shocked.

"Oh, but he did! He just casually ordered it to be done to me as if it was the most normal thing in the world."

"Oh, what a swine he is! But why?" Jane asked. "Why did he want this terrible thing to be done to you?"

"Because, here in Turkey, having a grown woman circumcised gives a cruel Master an exciting feeling of power over her. You see, when a woman loses her beauty bud, she can't secretly masturbate in the normal way. Now, like me, she can only get pleasure or climax if something touches her inside."

"Oh!" again gasped Jane. She had never heard of such things being openly talked about in her secluded life in England.

"And yet," Phileda again lowered her voice to an almost inaudible whisper, "what can a circumcised girl do here? Those cunning swine, the black eunuchs, even slice all bananas and cucumbers before letting them into the Harem to prevent desperate women secretly using them! So, a girl soon gets a fixation about the only thing that can now arouse her ... her Master's ... manhood ... his erect manhood."

"His erect manhood?" whispered Jane. She had never seen a man with an erection, but again there were memories of whispered conversations with other schoolgirls.

"Yes, a girl who's been circumcised, like me, soon realizes that being penetrated by her Master's manhood is her only chance of climaxing. So, no matter how much such a girl may resent being the slave of cruel Turk, she soon finds herself dreaming and daydreaming about his manhood - now her only source of pleasure. Indeed, she thinks of nothing else and makes herself look as beautiful as possible so as to catch his eye."

She paused for a moment, and then continued.

"And, moreover, losing your precious beauty bud it makes it all the harder, of course, for a woman to climax - even if her Master gives her permission to do so when he takes her. So she then finds herself having to try harder, and go on longer desperately rubbing herself against the manhood inside her to reach a climax - much to the delight of her Master."

She again paused.

"And, of course, there's another reason why the black eunuchs like having circumcised girls in the Harem - it makes life easier for them."

"Easier! But how?" asked Jane naively.

"Well, it very embarrassing to explain to a respectable young Englishwoman like you."

"What do you mean?" asked Jane.

"Well, you see, it's terrible being kept locked up in the sensuous and artificial atmosphere of this Harem and being shut off from the outside world. Here life just revolves around one thing - being selected by the Master for his pleasure. You never even see another man except your Master - and you

have to share him with many other women. So you find yourself constantly being constantly aroused and yet desperately frustrated - just what the black eunuchs want you to be."

She paused and blushed.

"So you also find yourself longing for relief. But for an uncircumcised slave girl to - what shall we say? – 'play with herself' is regarded by the black eunuchs as being unfaithful to the Master and an affront to his honour - and, perhaps more to the point, an insult to themselves. They thrash any girl they ever find alone and by herself. And they regard seeking solace in the arms of another girl as akin to adultery, for which the official punishment in this part of the world is still death by stoning."

"My God!" cried Jane.

"So they feel that one of their main tasks to be to make sure that the women are under their constant surveillance, so that they never have the chance of doing it, either alone or with another girl. That's another reason why they even stand over us when we spend a penny"

"Yes, that must be terribly embarrassing", exclaimed Jane.

"Well," replied Phileda, "remember that they're not really men. But it's still dreadful."

"And quite apart from that, "said Jane, "surely being circumcised must have hurt terribly!"

"No, not really. The staff of Hamid, the slave dealer, have got snipping off the little bud down to a fine art. I knew nothing about it until I awoke from a drugged sleep to find that that my hands were fastened to the top of the bed and that there were bandages over my loins. I could feel something strange and different under the bandages, but even when they were removed and I was allowed up, Hamid's black eunuchs kept my hands fastened behind my back to prevent me feeling myself. So I didn't at first realize just what awful thing had been done to me.

Finally, my hands were freed, and I was allowed up to look at myself in a mirror. I gasped when I saw that my inner lips had been trimmed back so that they no longer protruded out between the outer lips - making me look like a little girl again. I had heard that Turkish men like to impose this look on their slave girls, and I thought at first that that was all they had done to me.

Then, grinning like Cheshire cats, the black eunuchs parted my now shorn lips and again pointed into the mirror. To my horror I saw that where my precious beauty bud, the source of so much secret pleasure, used to be, there was now just a little scar. Then they freed my hands and allowed me to feel there. I felt ... nothing! The realization of what had been done to me was awful."

"Yes, it must have been awful," gasped Jane. "So you mean that this dreadful Pasha had had you circumcised just to give to stop you masturbating and to give himself more mental and physical pleasure? How cruel!"

"Yes, and the black eunuchs here even say that they like to have some circumcised girls in the Harem, just so that they can provide for the Master an exciting change from his more responsive women. Indeed, to ring the changes for the Pasha, they have even put a little gold ring through the beauty bud of some of the girls so that, unlike me, they are permanently aroused as they move about."

"Oh!" Yet again gasped Jane.

"And I think it's not only a question of physical pleasure for the Pasha, but of mental pleasure as well: the feeling of power that comes from having these awful things done to some of his white slave women. Certainly, the more pleasure and excitement the black eunuchs provide for the Master, the more he rewards them - and the more he leaves the running of the Harem to them - and turns a blind eye to their cruelty."

"But surely you must have tried to escape from this terrible Harem with its awful black eunuchs?"

"At first I did, but I soon realized that there is no escape from a Turkish Harem. Quite apart from the constant surveillance of the black eunuchs, and the number tattooed on my arm, there are armed Negro guards on the high walls of the Palace, and, above all, there's this collar."

She pointed at the shiny metal collar that Jane had noticed earlier, so wide and made of links of steel.

"It is riveted round my neck. And look at the inscription on it. I can't read Arabic script, for the black eunuchs deliberately keep us illiterate in it like little girls. But I know what it says: `I am the property of Zaid Pasha, indentured servant number Malik 4587. High reward paid for my return'. So even if I did somehow manage to get out of the Harem, and out of the Palace grounds, every Turk would regard it as his patriotic duty to return a despised Roumi slave girl to the Pasha."

"Then I shall get you out!" Jane shouted. "I shall tell the British authorities, and he'll be forced to free you."

"But he wouldn't. He's not done anything that other rich Beys and Pasha's and merchants don't do. They all have Harems, and they all like collecting Christian slave girls, European if possible. Anyway, the British authorities, as you call them, certainly won't want to upset diplomatic relations with Turkey, or upset one of their most influential friends in Turkey, just because of a girl."

"But that's terrible!" again cried Jane.

"Yes, but don't you see, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Austria, all the so-called European powers I used to teach about as a Governess, are vying against each other for influence and contracts with the Sultan. Making a scandal about the private affairs of a well-known provincial Governor, a friend of the Sultan himself, would do the English no good at all."

"Then I shall make a fuss in the English press ..."

"God no! Then I'd just disappear. He'd have me quietly killed, and my body hidden - or maybe sell me to some awful Arab sheik living in a remote part of the desert! Not a word, please. Promise?"

"Well, then, I suppose I must, but there must be some way ..."

"There isn't. He knows that, it's why he doesn't mind me meeting you."

"Yes, I see ... what a dreadful man - a cruel tyrant who enjoys oppressing innocent women! And to think that I accepted his offer of hospitality!"

Jane was now worried to death.

"You had no alternative," murmured Phileda. "Face up to it! You were mad to come here alone, and you should be grateful to the Pasha for sheltering you. Anyway, he's not like that at all. He's a wonderful man! He's tall, handsome, strong and attractive. He's everything that a woman looks for in a man. Rich, self-confident, charming and courteous - except when he's angry. We all adore him!"

"We! Who are we?"

"Well, virtually all the women in his Harem."

"And how many is that, for Heaven's sake?"

"Well, there are ... let's see, there's several of us real European girls - and two more have just arrived, though officially they are Armenians. Then there are a dozen other Christian girls from the various subject races in the Turkish Empire: Armenians, Circassians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Macedonians and so on. And there's half a dozen Moslem girls, mainly Arab. About twenty-five, not counting the older women who live in a separate building where life is much more relaxed."

"But that's dreadful! Absolutely wicked!"

"No, for a Turk it isn't. Mohammed taught that women were put into the world for the greater enjoyment of men. Anyway, most of the time we are quite happy! You should see us chattering and laughing when the Pasha comes into the Harem, all trying to catch his attention like little girls crowding round a favourite uncle, or showing ourselves off to him when we are paraded in front of the screen behind which he is sitting hidden. No, it's not him we hate, it's his black eunuchs and, as I've told you, the constant fear of being punished by them."

"Punished!" Jane's eyes were drawn to the young Negro standing by the door, tapping his cane.

"You don't think he's carrying that cane for nothing, do you? Even the youngest black eunuch boy has the right to give a girl three strokes of his riding whip for disobedience at any time."

"Riding whip?" gasped Jane. "You mean that these young black boys are allowed to use a riding whip on a grown-up young white woman?"

"Oh yes, and not only on a young white woman either. Several of the most beautiful white Christian women in the Harem are Armenian, Circassian or Greek women in their thirties or even forties. They risk getting the whip from these awful boys, just as much as we younger girls do."

"But that's dreadful," whispered Jane.

"Well, their riding whips sting like anything. I can tell you. They're whippy and about two feet long with a small square of leather at the end. They really enjoy finding an excuse to make us bend over and get the whip."

"My God!" whispered Jane, imagining herself in Phileda's shoes. "But how humiliating for a white woman!"

"And moreover, when these young black boys whip you, they may also report you to the chief black eunuch or give you a Black Mark."

"A Black Mark?" queried Jane. "You mean . . ."

But there was no time for Phileda to explain, for suddenly there was the sound of footsteps in the passageway. The robed figure of Mansour, the dreaded chief black eunuch himself, appeared in the doorway. He looked at the two girls, said something in Turkish to the other eunuch, Ali, and left. Ali gave Phileda a short order in Turkish. She nodded obediently and turned to Jane.

"Quick!" she said. "The Pasha will be here in a few minutes. We must stop chattering, or he'll have me thrashed. We must get you ready to meet him. You must make yourself look as pretty and attractive as possible before him. He hates women looking untidy. Remember he is used to seeing them beautifully groomed smiling and docile!"

Jane caught her breath. This dreadful cruel and powerful man was about to arrive! Instinctively, she ran to the mirror and started to titivate herself, but Phileda brushed her aside and started to brush her hair, to make-up her eyes with heavy black Turkish make-up, to rouge her cheeks, to paint her lips and to powder her shoulders and bosom. Then she tightened the waist of Jane's dress to accentuate her hips and breasts.

It was all rather exciting, being prepared in this way for the eyes of one man. Then, when she looked in the mirror, she was amazed at the transformation. A most beguiling and attractive young woman, as heavily made-up as any Levantine woman, or European whore, stared back at her.

She was about to protest when the eunuch came over to inspect her. He looked her slowly up and down, making her blush. He said something in Turkish.

"He says that you must show the Pasha more of your breasts," said Phileda, quickly undoing the top of Jane's dress and sliding it off her shoulders until her nipples were almost showing, ignoring Jane's protest.

There came the noise of a gong being struck.

"He's coming!" cried Phileda. "Stand in the middle of the room, looking beautiful. Take deep breaths to thrust out your bosom. That's better. Now, don't be shocked, but I must be put back on the lead. In the Master's presence a Christian slave girl must always be on a lead, unless he orders otherwise."

"Like a dog!" cried Jane, horrified.

"Yes - and they always refer to us as Christian dogs."

Phileda now ran over to the eunuch and bent her neck. The eunuch reached up and snapped the chain back onto the ring at the back of her stainless-steel collar. Holding her like a dog on a lead, he led her into the centre of the room.

Then Phileda unbuttoned her long caftan. It slipped to her ankles, leaving her stark naked, except for her slippers, her collar and the little satin pill-box hat, with the chains of pearls drooping across her forehead. But these only made her nakedness more erotic.

She turned to Jane and gave her a quick smile.

"This is rare chance for me to show myself off to him," she whispered, "and catch his attention, without him being distracted by a couple of dozen other beautiful girls! I don't mean that you're not beautiful too, but you're different. You're not one of us!"

Jane saw that Phileda did indeed have a beautiful body in a slightly plump way. Then she noticed something else that made her gasp. Phileda was completely depilated! It made her seem extra naked in a strangely sensuous way. It gave her the distinct look of a little girl, a look that contrasted erotically with her large breasts.

Phileda saw Jane's shocked glance.

"That's quite normal in a Harem," she whispered as the eunuch led her by the lead into the centre of the room. "The black eunuchs check us over every week to make sure that not even the tiniest hair can be seen."

But it was not only the lack of hair that accounted for the 'little girl look'. Jane remembered that Phileda had said that her inner beauty lips had been trimmed back on the Pasha's orders when he had her circumcised. Yes, there now was no sign of them, and her outer lips had the simple and closed look of a young girl.

But there was more, for there prominently branded on Phileda's tummy, below her navel, was a strange mark. She recognized it as the same crest she had seen painted on the Pasha's carriage and branded on the horses' hindquarters. My God, she thought, this dreadful man had his slave girls branded too!

There was hardly time to think...

Now in response to an order from the eunuch, Phileda fell to her knees.

Jane's head was reeling. There was a sudden warning loud knock on the door and she cried out, startled.

"Don't move!" whispered Phileda urgently. Then she dropped onto all fours the palms of her hands flat on the floor at the sides of her forehead, which was also touching the floor.

The black eunuch gave her an order and she moved so that her raised buttocks were facing towards the door.

But he was not satisfied and angrily he repeated the order, emphasizing it with a sharp tap of his cane on her naked bottom. Phileda blushed and hastily parted her legs wide, in a gesture of utter submissiveness.

The first thing that the Pasha would notice about her would be her parted, hairless and smooth, beauty lips and, Jane saw to her horror, the little scar where once had been her beauty bud.

5 - THE PASHA

Two white youths entered the room. They paused, and looked around, exchanged a nod with the black eunuch and then stood like lackeys on either side of the door.

The youths were dressed rather like European pageboys, scarlet tunics with a long row of buttons down the front, but with typically Turkish wide baggy breeches ending below the knee, leaving their calves bear. On their head were little pillbox hats, rather like the one worn by Phileda.

But it was their faces that caught Jane's attention and shocked her. Each had been heavily made-up, their eyes outlined with black, their eyelids painted a silver glittering blue, their cheeks rouged and their lips painted bright scarlet, just like Phileda and herself. Indeed, they looked so much like pretty girls that had it not been for their flat bosoms they might have been mistaken for girls.

Suddenly a large man stood framed in the doorway. She recognized him as the man in the photograph, but in the flesh, he was both taller and more impressive than she had expected. Although he moved in a dignified and slow way, he nevertheless gave the impression of being both athletic and strong. Indeed, his whole stance was one of power and strength of character.

He wore a red Turkish fez on his head. But otherwise, he wore European clothes with a stiff collar, a double-breasted frock coat of a lightweight dark-coloured material and dark trousers. This was, she was to learn later, the Stambuline, the formal dress of the senior officials of the still powerful Ottoman Empire.

Jane was struck how the very formality of his dress contrasted sharply with the exposed nakedness of Phileda - and indeed, she blushingly realized, with her own half-exposed bosom.

His well-spaced eyes were piercing. His shoulders were broad. He had a small pointed beard, and his face was that of a strong-willed man, a man used to have his orders carried out instantly and without question. With his prominent lips, his face was that of a man who appreciated the sensual aspects of life. His complexion was white. Only his slightly curved and prominent nose and his dark eyes showed his Levantine origin.

Jane gave a sudden gasp, a shudder of fear. She was speechless. No man had ever made such an immediate impression on her, an impression of sheer masculine domination and power. She felt helpless beneath his gaze as he slowly and silently looked her up and down.

With relief she saw him turn away. She could not help reflecting however, that poor William Lascelles cut a very poor figure of a man compared to His Excellency, Zaid Pasha.

The Pasha was looking down at the naked figure of Phileda, her head and shoulders to the floor, her legs wide apart, as if offering herself abjectly, her lead held taut by the black eunuch. He seemed pleased at what he saw. He smiled, and Jane saw that his smile was a mixture of cruelty and kindness.

The black eunuch holding her lead gave a word of command. Phileda turned and began to crawl forward, still on all fours, still with her head to the floor. She reached his feet, and to Jane's horror, began to lick his shoes. The Pasha slowly raised the toe of one of his shoes, and Phileda began to lick the still dusty sole. Jane was appalled. Never had she seen such debasement of a woman, nor such arrogance in a man.

The scene continued for several moments more, as if the Pasha was seeking to impress Jane with his power over his women. Struck dumb, Jane looked away momentarily. She saw that the two white boys were watching Phileda with a contemptuous smile. Furious, she glanced back at the Pasha. She noticed, for the first time, that - if it had not been for the obscenely painted boys, the black eunuch and the naked white woman abjectly licking the sole of his shoe - he might have been a well-dressed, reserved, upper-class Englishman. Jane felt that this made it all the harder to accept, and yet, she had to admit, all the more exciting and arousing. If he had been a half-naked dusky African potentate, it would not have seemed nearly so shocking - or nearly so erotic.

The Pasha turned back towards Jane. Again, he looked her up and down. She felt that she was being appraised frankly as a woman, appraised in a way that no Englishman, and certainly not William Lascelles, had ever dared to do. She blushed furiously. She swallowed hard. She still could not find any words, and she felt that he knew this. He seemed incredibly terrifying and yet well intentioned. He was certainly devastatingly handsome and good-looking, just as Phileda had said he was. Now she understood how Phileda could be in love with such a man.

Suddenly, he spoke in good English. His voice was resonant and compelling. There was a strong ring to it that matched his appearance. "Miss Jane Dudley, I think?" He bowed courteously, ignoring the naked figure of Phileda still licking the sole of his shoe.

"Yes ... yes," stammered Jane nervously.

"Welcome to my humble abode, as I seem to remember you say in England." He laughed. It was a pleasant laugh. "I'm afraid that my English is rusty, despite my occasional encounters with our friend Phileda here. Somehow, however, they never seem to be in circumstances conducive to practicing my English!"

"But your English is very good." Suddenly something made her need to add words of respect. "Your Highness."

"Thank you."

Jane felt that he was acknowledging her use of his title, rather than her artless compliment on his English. He was, she realized, a clever man who liked to fence with words.

"But I believe you understand French? I am much happier in that language. Indeed, it is the second language of the educated classes throughout the Levant - as I am sure that your fiancé, Mr. William Lascelles, must have told you."

He switched to French.

"As I was saying, welcome to my Palace. I hope that you will be happy here until we can locate your errant fiancé." He laughed again, that same easy laugh. "We cannot have an attractive Englishwoman roaming around Malik on her own!" Suddenly he looked serious. "You would not be safe on your own. Here, however, you'll be well looked after."

"But, sir, I cannot presume on your hospitality."

"Nonsense, young lady, we will not discuss it further. You will stay here until your fiancé returns." His tone was firm, and Jane realized with a delicious thrill that he regarded the matter as closed.

"And you will be company for my little Phileda."

He glanced down at the grovelling naked woman, then turned back to Jane, his expression quite blank, as if having your shoes licked by a grovelling naked English girl was an everyday occurrence in his life.

"But please, do not give her any ideas above her status. Whatever or whoever she may have been, she is now nothing more than one of my concubines - an indentured servant, the modern equivalent of a slave girl."

Jane nodded. Inwardly she was despising herself for not having the courage to cry out that he had no right to keep an Englishwoman enslaved in his Harem. But she was too overwhelmed by the Pasha, too overwhelmed by his civilized charm.

"Come!" he said. "Come and sit on the sofa."

Courteously he helped her to sit down. She was very conscious of her half-exposed breasts, and of her provocatively made-up face.

He sat down beside her. The black eunuch handed him Phileda's chain. She was again grovelling at his feet, her long hair covering her face. He turned to Jane, his hand absent-mindedly stroking Phileda's hair and the back of her neck, as if fondling a dog. Jane felt most uncomfortable in the presence of the naked kneeling woman. Scarcely daring to raise her eyes to the Pasha, she could not take them off the beautiful creature at his feet.

"I think you will find it more comfortable to dress in the Turkish fashion whilst you're here." He jerked Phileda's lead, she raised her head obediently, her eyes kept demurely down. "See to it!"

"Yes, Master."

Phileda now also spoke French. Jane saw that she risked a quick glance up at the Pasha, a glance full of silent adoration, but she took care to accompany it with a little coquettish wriggle of her buttocks that made the Pasha smile.

He turned back to Jane. "Now tell me all about yourself," he said gently.

It seemed like an order. Once again, she found herself trembling, but more from excitement than with fear. He really seemed to be a most charming man, despite his commanding manner and the fact that he apparently kept a Harem of helpless slave girls. Perhaps it was this that made him all the more attractive?

She found herself pouring out the story of her life, as if he were not a stranger but rather her ... father, or perhaps, she scarcely dared to think, her Master. The two concepts seemed to merge as she continued her story.

He interrupted once or twice to ask shrewd questions, as if seeking confirmation of her temperament.

"I see you're a girl of character as well as beauty," he commented when she had finished. "I only hope that Mr. Lascelles proves worthy of such a woman. I had always associated him more with abstruse archaeological studies than with a hot-blooded woman like yourself."

Jane blushed. It was as if he knew that she found him madly exciting, and his life, his power, his wealth, his slave women and his eunuchs all fascinating and sensually arousing.

"Mademoiselle is a very attractive woman!" he said slowly with emphasis. "We must see that she is kept amused whilst she is staying under my roof, eh, Phileda?" He gave the chain another tug.

Phileda gave Jane a glance of intense jealousy. "As my Master wishes," she murmured in an insolent tone.

The Pasha smiled. He enjoyed playing one woman off against another. The black eunuch raised his eyes towards the Pasha. Quick, from years of experience, in detecting the nuances of a young woman's mood, he had noticed the tone of insolence in Phileda's voice, and now he raised his cane.

Jane wondered whether even minor signs of insolence or sulkiness in a concubine were punishable by immediate application of the cane. She caught her breath.

But the Pasha waved the eunuch's cane away. Phileda, who had been terrified at her momentary loss of control, breathed with relief. "Please, Master, I did not mean to give offence," she cried. She lowered her head and frenziedly began to lick his feet. "Mademoiselle is indeed very beautiful, and I will do everything you ordered me to do."

"Yes, I'm sure you will, and six strokes of the cane this evening will help you remember to do so - and not to address me without permission."

As the Pasha said this, his eyes never left Jane's. She felt hypnotized by them. She heard Phileda gasp. She wanted to protest, to plead for Phileda to be let off her punishment but she was tongue-tied. She had just heard him casually order a grown-up Englishwoman to be flogged! And for what even in a schoolgirl would be considered mild insolence. The sheer arrogance of it all appalled her.

"Please ... please..." she began, but he quickly cut her short.

"Perhaps you would join me for supper in my private apartments this evening?" He gave her no time to accept or refuse. "We can discuss your program and what you would like to see of our town and the beautiful countryside. And we can discuss contacting your fiancé. Meanwhile I'm giving orders that my black eunuchs should look after you. You will find that they are quite used to looking after European women."

He gave the black eunuch some instructions in Turkish, and then turned back to Jane.

"You will not object, I am sure, if they take certain steps to protect the honour of your fiancé whilst I have the responsibility of having you under my roof. Phileda will explain to you later just what I mean."

With that he rose. Phileda prostrated herself again. The black eunuch took her lead from the Pasha and bowed. Jane found herself rising to her feet in an awkward gesture of respect. The Pasha bowed, took hold of her hand and kissed it. He looked into her eyes with a smile, letting her hand fall. She gasped with the sheer sensuousness of it all, her hand rising instinctively to her open mouth.

Before she could say anything, he had turned and swept out of the room, followed by the two painted young pages.

PART II - JANE LEARNS MORE ABOUT THE PASHA

6 - THE PASHA'S WHITE EUNUCH PAGEBOYS

After the Pasha had left, the black eunuch bent down and unfastened Phileda's lead from her collar. He gave her a word of command. She stood up and slipped the silver caftan back on, over her head. Her prominent breasts and nipples could be seen only too well, pressing against the silken transparent material. Now at least partly dressed again, she turned to Jane with an ironic smile.

"Mistress has clearly made a great hit with the Master!" she said bitterly, speaking in English again.

"'Mistress'! Why do you call me that? I thought we were going to be friends. Please call me Jane and let me call you Phileda."

"But you are a free woman, and, as you saw, I am now only an indentured servant, a circumcised slave girl, no more important than a domestic animal ... And whereas you are going to dine in splendour the Pasha's private apartments tonight, I am going to be beaten for insolence. I don't want to get more strokes for not showing respect to a free woman who has caught my Master's eye."

"I don't want you to show respect to me, and I don't want to be in the Pasha's favour. I just want to help you get away from him."

"There is no escape for me," said Phileda slowly. "You know that now. And you've seen how he can be charming, attentive and very attractive - as well as cruel."

Jane held out her hand in sympathy, and Phileda took it. "Yes, yes," she said. "Do let's be friends."

"Oh yes, and there's so much I'm dying to ask you," said Jane. "Will he let us talk for a few more minutes?" She glanced at the impassive Negro, once again standing across the doorway as if to block any thought of running away.

"Yes. I haven't got my dancing lesson until later, and in any case, we must wait for your Turkish clothes to arrive."

"I'm not dining with the Pasha dressed in something like that!" said Jane, pointing to Phileda's scandalously transparent caftan.

"Oh no! You're going to be dressed as a Turkish lady."

"Oh!" She quite liked the idea. But then, unable to contain herself any longer, she burst out: "Who were those dreadful painted boys who came with the Pasha?"

"Oh dear!" said Phileda. "This is going to be difficult. You're going to be shocked. I know I was, when I first came to Turkey and learned about them."

She paused, gathering her thoughts.

"You must remember," she went on, "that whereas the Christian churches say that sex is all about producing children, the Moslems say that it should be enjoyed for its own sake. They enjoy both boys and women equally, and there is no social stigma about enjoying boys. It's considered quite normal. Most of the time they even take a woman from behind."

"Take a woman from behind?" queried Jane.

"Yes, in the same as they enjoy taking boys."

"What!" gasped Jane trying to keep her voice down. "You mean ...

"Yes. Up her back passage after she's been washed out by the black eunuchs."

Jane was shocked into silence.

Phileda laughed bitterly.

"Yes, it's so degrading for a woman, especially for a white woman who's never heard of such things - and that's why the Pasha enjoys doing it so much. It gives him such a feeling of power. And if the woman is made to use her muscles properly when she's penetrated there, it can be highly pleasurable for him. It was one of the many things I had to learn to do, and to do to order, during my training as a pleasure slave at the school of Hamid Effendi."

"To be trained as a pleasure slave! But to give pleasure in such a dreadful and shaming way! How awful! What ghastly men these Turks were - and especially this arrogant Pasha."

"And the black eunuchs here make us practice doing it every day - and check that we are using our muscles properly."

"Check?" queried Jane mystified. But how?"

"With their fingers, of course. They make us practice gripping and releasing their fingers as we would our Master's manhood. And they keep us stretched so that the Master can more easily take us there. It's all very embarrassing and uncomfortable."

"Yes," murmured Jane sympathetically. Was there no end to the horror of a Turkish Harem, she wondered?

"Of course, some rich Turks even have Harems only of boys," went on Phileda, "but most have women in their Harems, and also use white eunuch boys, garzons as they're called, as their so-called pageboys and personal attendants. These pageboys attend on their Masters at all times, in the bath, when dressing, when eating, when seeing visitors, when traveling and even when their Master visits his Harem. And, if they're Christian boys, then they're usually castrated Christian boys. All the Pasha's pageboys have been castrated before puberty, so that they can accompany him on his visits to the Harem without being affected by the sight of so many half-naked women."

"Oh," again gasped Jane

"Yes," murmured Phileda, "the only erect manhood that's ever allowed in the Harem, the only one we're ever allowed to see, is that of the Pasha, our Master. They say it's just a simple operation - just a little slit and the boy's testicles are removed. They say it makes the boy more loyal to his Master since he cannot run away, as he would be a figure of fun back in the Christian communities of the Turkish Empire. They use make-up, as you saw, just like us slave girls; they dance for the Pasha, just like us; and they often share his bed - with us!"

She paused.

"And whereas we're branded with the Pasha's crest on the belly, as you saw on my tummy, they're branded on the backsides."

There was then a long pause.

"Well!" commented Jane, shaken by what she'd just heard, "it certainly is different from life in England!" She paused. "What happens when these white boys grow up?"

"Then they become their Master's confidential clerks and stewards, running his affairs, his estates and his businesses. The Turks feel that, once castrated, these white youths are not likely to be distracted by the desire for money or women. They say they make very loyal servants."

"I see," said Jane thoughtfully. She had to admit the logic of the Turkish system, even if it was barbaric by English standards.

"Of course, we girls and these white eunuch pageboys are deadly rivals for the Pasha's favours. They see so much more of him than we do, so it's rather unfair. Also being castrated makes them spiteful. They're always trying to catch us out breaking the Harem rules, so that they can report us to the black eunuchs, or whisper things about us into the Pasha's ear. One of the Pasha's white eunuchs is a young English boy, Hyacinth."

"An English boy!" cried Jane. "How on earth did..."

"He was a cabin boy in a ship visiting a Turkish port. He got lost and strayed into the native quarter, and fell into the hands of some agents for a slave dealer. They left his clothes on the beach so everyone assumed he had been drowned. Being a good-looking boy, with a soft skin, he was taken to the house of the slaver who specializes in pageboys. There he was castrated and trained. Then he was offered to the Pasha who bought him. His family in England think he's dead, and so, of course, he is to all intents and purposes. Just like me, he'll never go back to England again, not as a eunuch."

"Where is he now, poor boy?"

"He's still only sixteen. He was the Pasha's favourite garzon, and then the Pasha lent him as a present, a toy, to his wife. Having been castrated after puberty, he can still give a woman pleasure - without the risk of becoming pregnant. Many rich Turkish widows have several such white eunuch boys. Lucky them! The Pasha's wife even takes Hyacinth to attend on her in front of her friends, when she visits the Hamman, the Turkish baths. Now the Pasha wants him back."

Both girls laughed, blushing.

7 - THE TERRIFYING BLACK EUNUCHS

"But then, what about these black eunuchs?" Jane glanced at the Negro by the door. "They seem quite different. They certainly look petrifying."

"Yes," answered Phileda with a shiver. "They are very frightening. They watch us all the time. They're so cunning. They see life as one long battle of wits against the women in the Harem, and against the Christian girls in particular. They're always looking for an excuse to use their canes. Oh, the constant fear of corporal punishment is awful."

"You see they completely run the Harem for the Pasha. He is far too busy to bother himself about our little problems. So, discipline in the Harem, and the training of the concubines, is entirely left to them. But they don't have authority over the Pasha's wife, who lives separately with her own servants."

"But how many of these awful black eunuchs are there, for Heaven's sake?"

"Well, there's Mansour, the Chief Black Eunuch to the Pasha. He is a man of great authority in Malik, as he has access to the Pasha at all times, even when he is enjoying himself in his Harem. You've already met him. He really is petrifying. I expect it'll be him who'll beat me."

"Apparently he gives the Pasha every morning a report on the state of all his women and recommends which ones he should try out in his bed. So, you can see how important he is in our lives. Not only that, but he also recommends to the Pasha which women should next be mated and then kept in milk.'

Phileda stopped for a moment.

"I am very frightened," she whispered, "because the other day he felt my breasts and said: "I think these would milk very well for the Master. He especially likes the milk of a blond woman."

"Oh awful!" Jane whispered back.

"Yes, and then he put his hand on my tummy and said:" And think how lovely he'll find this when it's nicely curved."

"Oh no!"

"Well, it may not happen just yet. But I'm sure they want to put me through a forced pregnancy. As I told you before, most of the girls are put through it, sooner or later, for he likes the sight of what the black eunuchs so cruelly call a ‘prettily curved belly’. It's like a Sword of Damocles hanging over us all. And the black eunuchs just love playing at being midwives, even the young ones."

"How embarrassing!"

"Yes, indeed, but going back to the black eunuchs, under Mansour are five others, including young Mr. Ali here, another one who is also trained as a hairdresser, and another who is a designer of wonderfully revealing clothes, like this caftan, and one who is on duty in the Harem dormitory at night - in case any of us want to go to loo, and, of course, to make sure we don't get up to mischief. And there are several other young little black boys. They're learning their trade on the job - including the art of caning and whipping a woman."

"Black boys used for punishing grown woman?" said Jane. "My God!"

"Yes, isn't it awful? They have to seek permission from Mansour to cane a girl - but he never refuses it. No matter how much the girl may protest that she's innocent, he always believes the black eunuch boy and not the girl. Those little swine really enjoy caning a girl - on the bottom, across the belly and on the breasts. And in any case, they have the authority to give three strokes with their little riding whips on the palm of the hand at any time. Only yesterday at lunch one of them gave me three very painful strokes of his whip on my hand because I had the temerity to start eating before he had given us permission. I certainly shan't do that again in a hurry!"

"How awful," Jane whispered.

"And they also have a system of black marks for minor misdemeanours, with the six girls getting the most by midday prayers each Friday, being beaten in front of the others - twelve strokes of the cane from the young boys, as part of their training. It's terrifying as the days go by to Friday as no more marks are put on the board after Tuesday, so none of us know for sure whether the various black eunuchs and eunuch boys have in fact yet remembered to report the marks they said they were going to give us."

"How cruel to keep you all on tenterhooks like that," Jane said.

"And, of course, you get twelve strokes also if the Pasha ever complains to Mansour that you were not doing your utmost to pleasure when you're chosen for his bed. That's a threat that you are thinking about all the time when you're in his bed. It makes you desperate to please him and to anything, no matter how degrading rather than get twelve strokes."

"Oh! How wicked!"

"And even if you succeed in making him wild with ecstasy, it's the black eunuchs who get the reward - not the girl!"

"Oh, these black eunuchs. They sound really awful," said Jane in a conspiratorial whisper. "But where on earth do they come from?"

"Well, I don't really know all that much about them, but the Arab girls in the Harem say that they come from the Southern Sudan, and that they are specially chosen for being very black, strong and repulsive looking.

You see, it's supposed to be against the Moslem religion to castrate a fellow Moslem, so the eunuchs are all black Pagans from Africa, or white Christian boys from the Balkans and Caucasian provinces of the Turkish Empire. The white eunuchs have nothing to do with us. The Turks feel that they would be far too soft on us, as fellow Christians. So only black eunuchs are used in the Harems.

Unlike us, they are taught to read and write, and, once castrated, are taught to become strict Moslems. They are also taught all about controlling women in Harems. The black eunuchs hate and despise us Christian girls. As boys, they work in the Harems under the older black eunuchs. The black boys are often worse than the grown-up eunuchs. It's certainly very humiliating for an educated European woman to have to call a young black boy `Sir', and to have to ask his permission to speak, and, above all, to be reported to Mansour for a caning for Showing Lack of Respect, as they call it."

"How awful!" murmured Jane once again, mentally thanking God that she was guest in the Pasha's place and not one of his white slave girls.

"So," went on Phileda, "I think you can see how the black eunuchs completely dominate our lives. I had read a little about Harems before coming out to Turkey, but I had no idea of the power of the black eunuchs. They are even trained to know all about our womanly ailments and problems. As no Turkish doctors are allowed to see the face or much of the body of a Harem girl, it is the black eunuchs who keep us fit and well for the Pasha's enjoyment."

"Fit and well," repeated Jane in surprise.

"Yes, they drill and exercise us in the gymnasium to keep our bodies in shape. They decide how much food each of us should have. They supervise and record our bodily functions and, as I said earlier, we have to ask their permission, even to spend a penny - and, to make it worse, we have to do it under their supervision. They're also experts at whipping a woman so as to inflict maximum pain and humiliation without leaving a permanent scar. They also use a sort of paddle, rather like a carpet beater, which hurts but leaves no real mark. I expect that's what I shall get tonight from Mansour himself."

"Oh no," cried Jane. "It's all my fault! I made you jealous."

"Don't worry," replied Phileda. "The Harem system is based on jealousy."

"It all sounds terribly grim," said Jane.

"Oh no!" replied Phileda. "We girls all laugh and joke amongst ourselves. Sometimes the Pasha watches from behind his screen, and he wants to see us behaving like happy young schoolgirls, not sullen and cowed prisoners. And, when he comes into the Harem, he likes us to crowd around him, sitting on his lap and caressing him, like little girls.

You see, in a Turkish Harem, the Master is very much a father figure - or in many cases, a grandfather figure, for rich Turks enjoy keeping young girls in their Harem even when they are very

old. They may not then be able to do much with the girls sexually, but they still enjoy looking at them and stroking them like a pet animal, and above all they still enjoy the feeling of power that comes from owning a valuable collection of carefully chosen white women, who are kept for his private pleasure only - out of the sight of other men."

A father figure, Jane was thinking. That was what she so desperately needed; her father having died when she was only a child. How she had longed, ever since, for a father. How inadequately, she had to admit, did William answer that need ...

Her reverie was interrupted by Phileda.

"Oh, before I forget, I must warn you about what the Pasha said about protecting your fiancé's honour, whilst you were under his roof. You're going to have to wear a purity belt - a sort of chastity belt really. Their use is quite common here in Turkey."

"I'm certainly not going to wear any such thing."

"Well, don't say you weren't told," Phileda warned. "And the black eunuchs will be strict about it too. They insist on girls being kept pure - if you see what I mean."

She held out her wrists.

"Why do you think we have these belled bracelets locked round our wrists? So the eunuchs know what we are doing all the time, even at night!"

She blushed before going on.

"Even if we try to touch ourselves in the dark at night, under the bed covers, the patrolling eunuch will hear the bells tinkling and then you are in serious trouble, I can tell you. A Turk likes his women to be kept absolutely pure. He must be the only source of pleasure for the women in his Harem. This keeps us longing for him, longing for his touch, longing for his manhood.

The Pasha often goes away to Constantinople or on a tour of his province for weeks on end. He often takes his wife and several of his Arab girls with him with Mansour and a couple of black eunuch boys to watch over them. But we Christian girls usually get left behind. We might try to escape! To make doubly sure about our purity whilst he's away, he makes the eunuchs lock us into purity belts. By the time he returns we are more desperate than ever to catch his eye."

"Goodness," gasped Jane.

"Yes," whispered Phileda, "this purity business is taken very seriously here. Once, when I was a new girl in the Harem, I tried to see if I could play with myself one night despite being circumcised, but the black eunuch on duty heard the wretched little bells. The next day I was marched before the Pasha and accused by the eunuch of being unfaithful to my Master. I was lucky, I was told, to be sentenced to a mere dozen strokes of the Bastinado, on the soles of my feet, in front of all the other girls. The pain was terrible, and I could hardly walk for a week."

Jane was too shocked to say a word. The thought of the handsome Pasha giving orders that she was somehow to be prevented from playing with herself! It was all too shame making for words.

Desperately wanting to change the subject, she asked: "And that brand mark on your tummy. How did you...?"

"I was branded by his blacksmith in front of the Pasha, whilst I stood hooded and bound to a post. It is the same mark as he has branded on his horses, his donkeys, his camels -"

"It must have hurt terribly!"

"It was agony at the time, and I screamed my head off under the hood. But the pain was at least partly off-set by the knowledge that being branded meant that he had decided to keep me."

"To keep you? What do you mean?"

"One day," explained Phileda, "after I had completed my training, at Hamid's, I was paraded naked, with several other girls, in front of the Pasha. Turks never buy a girl without seeing her naked. As I told you, he instructed his eunuchs to examine me intimately while he watched. My God, that was shaming! Then at the subsequent private auction he bought me. But it was on the usual understanding that I was on approval for a week, after which I could be returned if he was displeased. Sale and return! You can imagine that I tried desperately to make myself pleasing to such a handsome and magnificent Master, even when I was given the usual introductory thrashing in front of him."

"Introductory thrashing?"

"Oh, a Turkish Master always likes to impress his power and authority on a Christian girl that he has just bought. He has her given a good thrashing by his black eunuchs in front of him. I can tell you that it makes you treat him thereafter with great respect, even if you hate him. But respect isn't good enough. I soon learnt that. I was soon told that, unless I was more eager to please and adoring, I would be sent back to Hamid, the slave dealer, to be sold to a brothel.

That really scared me. I put aside all my English inhibitions and tried shamelessly to attract him when we were all paraded several times a day in front of the screen behind which he would be sitting, first beautifully dressed and then stark naked. At first, he ignored me, then one evening the eunuchs told me that I was to please him with my hands and tongue, chained down on the bed, whilst he was taking his pleasure with one of his Arab concubines.

I was shocked and revolted, even though I had had to practice this during my training at Hamid's. But I knew that I just had to do it. It worked. The following day I was told that Zaid Pasha had decided to keep me after all, and I was to be marked with his brand."

"How terrible!" whispered Jane, overcome by such a tale of sheer masculine domination.

"Oh, I think the brand is very pretty. They put red die into the wound to keep the scar looking bright red. All the girls must expect to be branded if we belong to the Pasha. It puts up our value."

"What do you mean?" cried Jane, astonished.

"You see a man will eventually tire of even the prettiest and most provocative of his slave girls and no matter how much she may love her Master, he may then sell her - or give her away as a present to one of his retainers, or to an important Arab sheik. They would all be proud to own a girl bearing the brand of Zaid Pasha. Similarly, if she was auctioned on the block, the fact that she'd been in the Harem of such an important man, and bore his brand on her naked flesh, would greatly increase the price that men would pay to own her.

Of course, there's much more to it that merely increasing a girl's value. A tattooed number on your arm certainly makes you feel a slave. Having to wear a man's collar, like a dog, with his name, also makes you feel even more his slave, his animal, but actually carrying his brand really makes you feel quite helpless and in his power. It makes you feel utterly dependant on him. A woman can't help feeling enormous respect and fear for a man who has actually marked her just like one of his animals."

Her voice softened.

"It may sound extraordinary, but somehow here you just can't help falling hopelessly in love with such a man. I told you we're all in love with him."

"But how can you all love such an unbelievably cruel monster?"

"It may sound crazy to you, but we all do! And that pleases the black eunuchs, for we are also madly jealous of each other, as we compete to attract the Pasha's attention, which, of course, is just what they want. That's the secret of the Harem system. Lock up a group of attractive young women and put them under the strict supervision of black eunuchs. Prevent them from having any contact with another man, and soon, thanks to their sheer feminine nature, they will fall hopelessly in love with their dreaded Master, even if they also hate and fear him."

Jane's brain was in a ferment. It was all very shocking, but also somehow rather exciting.

Then a black servant girl came in with a pile of brightly coloured Turkish dresses: satin shalwars or baggy trousers, transparent blouses, little boleros, embroidered slippers and pretty little caps.

"Oh! They're lovely," gasped Jane in admiration. She could hardly wait to try them on.

Just then Phileda's escorting eunuch said something to her in Turkish.

"Look, I've got to dash. I'm late for my dancing lesson. Dancing lessons are very important, as the Pasha likes to see his women dancing in front of him and sometimes in front of his guests as well, though of course we have to be veiled on those occasions. Eastern dancing is very different from ours. It is purely intended as a spectacle to arouse men. But it's all rather exciting having that effect on your Master."

"Goodness!" murmured Jane once again. Now that she had met the handsome Pasha, she could indeed understand how exciting it would be for a woman to dance half naked in front of him.

"It's nearly siesta time. The eunuchs will bring you some fruit, yoghurt and little Turkish sweetmeats and put you to bed. Then later on they will wake you, bathe you, dress you and take you to the Pasha."

"But I'm not a child," protested Jane. "I don't want any horrid great Negroes undressing and dressing me, thank you very much."

"Don't get angry, please, or I'll be blamed by the eunuchs and given black marks. I don't want another beating! Just think of them as rather strict nannies. I know it all sounds very strange, but you're in Turkey now and it's the custom. The Pasha has ordered them to look after you. He regards it as a courtesy, so don't anger them."

Just remember that they each carry a cane, and they are each used to using it at the slightest provocation. I know that you are the Pasha's guest and a free woman, but I wouldn't push my luck all the same, if I were you. Just remember that they are used to having complete authority. Now I really must fly."

With that she went over to the waiting eunuch. He made her put back on her ugly big boots and thick gloves. Then he slid her black burka over her head and adjusted it so that the little lace insert was over Phileda's eyes. She was now completely hidden to any prying eye that might see her on her way back to the Palace Harem.

He locked his chain leashes onto her wrist bracelets, and holding her from behind, took her out of the room.

Moments later two other black eunuchs, one only a boy, came into the room carrying two trays of food and a glass of sherbet. The older one was carrying a long whippy cane, the boy a little riding whip. They gestured to Jane to sit down on a large leather cushion in front of a low Turkish table on which the food was placed. Feeling hungry after all the long morning, Jane sat down cross-legged on the cushion.

"Lady must not sit like that!" said the older eunuch sharply in broken French. "In Turkey, only men sit cross-legged. Ladies kneel."

They showed her how to kneel on a cushion, sitting back on her ankles. She realized it was a much more submissive and feminine position and one that would give pleasure to a dominant man. Would she have to kneel like this in front of the Pasha? Instinctively she knew that she would.

The eunuch and his boy assistant stood over her as she ate the various little dishes. It was rather like being a child in a nursery, just as Phileda had said.

The feeling of helplessness was heightened when, after she had finished her meal, they took her into the bathroom alcove. The Negro produced a brass bowl and a notebook. Suddenly she realized what it was intended for. Highly embarrassed and even more embarrassed by their presence she angrily waved them away. But they paid no attention and partially undressed her.

Then the young boy gestured to her to clasp her hands behind her neck and to keep her head up and look straight ahead. When she tried to look down, he angrily pushed her chin up with the tip of his riding whip.

What made it even worse was that instead of putting the bowl on the floor, so that at least she could squat over it, the young boy held it up behind her in his hands. Then, with his whip, he made her bend her knees and part her legs, so that he and the older black eunuch, still standing in front of her, could see exactly what was happening. Then, having to her embarrassment turned on a tap in the bathroom to encourage nature to take its course, the two eunuchs stood and waited.

Jane was now scarlet with shame. To have to do this in front of the two Negroes, one of whom was a mere boy! But she simply could not wait. She had no alternative. Still looking straight ahead she heard a little tinkling noise as her body liquids trickled into the bowl. To her intense embarrassment, she heard the eunuchs commenting approvingly in Turkish, in their high-pitched voices, on what she was producing.

Then making her still hold her position, and still not look down, they washed the chain mail purity with a sponge. Oh, how shame making! Anything else the Negroes might make her do, she decided, would be nothing as compared to that awful intimate scene. She would tell the Pasha how they had treated her! He'd soon put them in their place!

But would he, she wondered - and could she really discuss such an intimate matter with a man, a stranger? She remembered Phileda's warning not to annoy the eunuchs. No, she decided, perhaps it would be better to just keep quiet and accept it all.

She was beginning to feel increasingly drowsy. Although she was not used to the idea of taking a siesta, she now longed for a little sleep in the comfortable-looking bed.

It was in this very sleepy frame of mind that she let the Negroes completely undress her, sponge her down all over and put her into a beautiful satin nightdress. She could not help running her hands down over it. It was gorgeous!

Suddenly she felt herself being lifted up and carried by the huge Negro as if she was as light as a feather, or anyway just a little girl, across to the bed. They tucked her in, just like a nanny might put a young girl to bed.

She was now feeling even more drowsy. She could hardly keep awake. Had they put some drug into her food to make her sleep properly? Vaguely she remembered Phileda's story of being drugged and kidnapped. But she was safe in the Palace of Zaid Pasha. It was a comforting thought - to be under the protection of such a powerful and strong-minded man.

Hardly able to keep her eyes open, she saw that the eunuch was holding a little casket. In it lay a little curved triangular shaped strip of beautifully worked silver mesh, from which hung a tiny bell. A present from the Pasha! How kind of him. And how pretty it was. How lovely it would look on her bosom. The eunuch made the little bell tinkle, and laughed.

It was a pretty little noise.

Jane closed her eyes, and within seconds she was asleep.

8 - THE PURITY BELT

Jane tossed uneasily in her drugged sleep as consciousness gradually returned. It had been a strange and curious sleep, full of wild and exciting dreams that left her aroused and frustrated. Doubtless the drug that the eunuchs had given her had accentuated the sensuousness of her dreams, just as they knew that it would. They had many years of experience of drugging young women with aphrodisiacs.

Jane dreamt of the tall and handsome man who had made such an impression on her, and who allowed his black eunuchs to rule his women with a rod of iron, or was it a slender cane? A man who, despite his apparent cruelty, seemed to arouse his women's deepest and most sensuous feelings.

Half awake, she day dreamed of being one of the Pasha's slave girls, of being overwhelmed by the sense of his power and charm, of wantonly longing to give herself to him, or being forced to display herself helpless and naked in front of him, of being in his arms...

As she awoke more fully, slowly and deliciously, she could feel that she was highly aroused. Automatically, she put her hand down under the bedclothes, to ease the tension, as she had done so often in the past, though she had never felt quite so aroused. Smiling to herself, she felt her hand gliding over the smooth silky satin. Then through the satin she touched something metallic between her legs.

Suddenly she was awake, wide-awake, her fingers moving desperately hither and thither. She opened her eyes. Leaning over her was the hideous face of a Negro, a very black Negro.

"You excited by dreams of Master," he said in his high-pitched voice. "But now you cannot touch yourself."

He laughed, and she gave a gasp. He put his own hand down to check through the satin. She felt the cold metal pressing against her, intimately. She recoiled, and then heard a sudden tinkle from below the bedclothes - as from a tiny bell.

She tried to slip her hands down, but they were firmly held in the eunuch's grip. She tried to lift up the bedclothes to see, but was given an admonishing slap.

What devilish thing had they done to her? Her mind was racing. At least it wasn't hurting! She remembered what Phileda had said about not angering the eunuchs and tried to relax, to smile up at the Negro.

"Good!" he said. "Like nice cup of tea?" He handed her a little Turkish cup of sweetened tea, and she drank it eagerly, hoping it would calm her frayed nerves.

"Now time get up and get ready join Master." The eunuch's French was basic, but the meaning was clear.

He reached down and lifted her out of bed. Dumbly, she allowed herself to be carried into the bathroom, where she saw a young Negro boy, holding a riding whip, was waiting by a hot bath. She could not stop them lifting off her nightdress. She looked into the mirror and saw that a curved silver triangular-shaped wire mesh grille was now fastened over her loins.

She recognized it as the one that the eunuchs had shown her just before she fell asleep - as a present from the Pasha. This must be what she had felt under her nightdress. She heard the tinkle of a bell and recognized the pretty little bell that she had seen dangling from the beautiful silverwork mesh.

She saw that the triangular silver mesh was fastened on either side by a tiny steel chain that led up over her hips and behind her back. She could feel a third chain went up behind her between her buttocks. She glanced round into the mirror behind her. There in the small of her back, where the three chains met, was a tiny padlock.

She put her hand down to touch the grille. This time, the eunuch merely smiled. The centre of the grille was raised so that she could not feel anything under it - not even her beauty bud. But the sides and the top were tight against her skin. She pulled in her breath, but could not get her finger under the grille. She looked in the mirror again. She had to admit it looked very pretty.

"Master says you stay pure for future husband whilst in his Palace," said the eunuch with a knowing smile.

For Jane, it was embarrassing enough to be naked in front of this Negro and his boy assistant, eunuchs or not, never mind seeing what they had strapped onto her while she lay in a drugged sleep. What else had they done? She felt something strange, somehow different under the raised grille mesh. She looked down, but of course she could see nothing through the chain mail of the grille.

She was shaking with anger and despair. As she did so the wretched little bell tinkled merrily. It would do so, she realized, with her every movement. Still overcome with embarrassment, she let them put her into the bath. They began to wash her all over. It was too awful, and yet it was relaxing and somehow exciting. She felt that she was being prepared, being made beautiful for the Pasha. The eunuch's black fingers stroked and probed. She could not help becoming aroused again.

They lifted her out of the bath and dried her with a huge soft Turkish towel. Once again, it was as if she were a little girl. There was something she now needed to do! Urgently.

As if anticipating her needs, the black boy produced the same little brass bowl that they had made her use before her enforced siesta. Presumably, she thought, they would now take the belt off her, but they made no such attempt.

She looked into the mirror again. It was certainly very pretty, she had to admit, and beautifully made with the top and sides exactly curved to fit a woman's body. Suddenly she realized why the belt was made of chain mail.

Once again, she blushed deeply, as the boy, who hardly came up to her waist, pointed to the bowl with his whip. Once again, she had to stand with her legs wide apart, her knees bent and her hands clasped behind her neck. Once again, the boy used the tip of his riding whip to make her raise her chin and look straight ahead. Only when he was satisfied with her position did he raise the bowl and, now standing behind her, hold the bowl under her.

"Come!" whispered the horrible boy encouragingly.

Poor Jane felt utterly degraded but too scared to protest. Soon Nature again took its course, and was rewarded by the tinkling sounds of liquid trickling between and chain mail and dropping down into the bowl. When she had finished the eunuch wrote something in a notebook and patted her head as if she were a little child.

"You always perform like that now," he smiled. "Only Chief Black Eunuch have key to your belt, and he not unlock without orders from Master." He then pressed a large wet sponge to the grille, before drying it with a towel.

Only the Pasha could order the belt to be removed, she thought in horror. But how, how with a slender chain going up between her buttocks, was she to ...

As if in answer to her unspoken question, the Negro made her resume the same humiliating position, looking straight ahead, hands clasped behind her neck, knees bent and legs wide apart. The boy came behind her and she felt him slightly pull the chain aside. She felt his finger touch her rear entrance.

She jumped. No man or boy had ever touched her there.

"You see," smiled the big eunuch, "with boy holding chain you can perform from behind into bowl he is holding. But only with him holding chain to one side."

Jane stood desperately trying to hide her naked body with her hands from the sight of the two Negroes like the shy virgin that she was. At least in the bath, the water had seemed to cover her nakedness. She simply could not get out of her mind the awfulness of having to perform, through the little grille, into the bowl whilst it was held by the boy, or having to perform into it from behind whilst he held the chain aside.

She remembered what Phileda had said about the black eunuchs thinking that, by controlling a girl's natural functions, they would have all the more control over here. Well, they had certainly now established a complete moral ascendancy over her.

Next, they lifted her up and laid her on her back on a high massage couch. Gradually she relaxed as they smoothed away her tensions with their clever fingers, squeezing and stroking her legs, her belly, her breasts and her face before turning her over to repeat the process down her back and buttocks. It was a wonderful feeling. It was certainly very relaxing. But the eunuchs were also clever at preparing women for the Pasha - even a virgin. Soon Jane found that she was getting highly aroused under the mesh of her purity belt.

Her eyes began to open wider than ever, her naked breasts became blotched with red, her mouth opened, and her breath became short. The Negroes exchanged glances. They knew the signs! They took away their hands.

Jane wanted to scream at them not to stop. She even heard herself whispering to them, begging them to continue. But the Negroes just smiled. They picked her up and placed her gently back into the now cool bath, where she lay panting in her frustration, too shame-faced to meet the mocking eyes, her own lowered in humility.

he lay there, her body on fire. She slipped her hand down towards her loins under the water, seeking to ease her frustration, but of course the silver mesh was in the way. Moreover, she found, the fact that the centre of the mesh was kept slightly raised prevented her from pressing it against the secret source of all her pleasure. Not only did her belt effectively protect her from a would-be seducer, but also her purity was also effectively protected from herself. She simply could not now masturbate, no matter how aroused she was.

She looked up to see that the two Negroes had been watching as she explored around her purity belt, and were grinning at her discovery of her helplessness, making her again blush with shame.

Then they stood her up and dried her again before leading her over to a little dressing table. They sat her down on a small stool facing a mirror, and proceeded to brush her hair with long slow strokes. No longer was it brushed up, like that of a fashionable Edwardian lady, but hung straight down her back, like that of Phileda, like that of a young girl. They were clearly fascinated by her honey-coloured hair, talking about it to each other in Turkish. Finally, they fastened it together behind her neck with a large blue satin bow, leaving the ends hanging down between her shoulder blades.

Then they proceeded to make up her face, using even more of the heavy Turkish cosmetics than Phileda had done when she prepared her for the Pasha's visit. Once again, she found it exciting, being prepared so carefully for the eyes of one man - the Pasha. Once again, her eyes were heavily outlined and lengthened with kohl, her eyelids painted with silver antimony, her cheeks heavily rouged and her lips painted a vivid scarlet.

No respectable Englishwoman would ever have dared appeared in public so heavily painted, but the effect was brilliant and startling.

Suddenly they spun her round on her stool. The Negro eunuch held her arms behind her naked back, and the boy came round. In his hand were a little bottle and a tiny brush. Whilst the Negro held back her hands, forcing her to thrust out her breasts, the boy slowly proceeded to paint something first on one nipple and then on the other. It seemed cold and icy. She could feel her nipples were becoming erect and large. It was strange and exciting, despite being done by a young black boy.

Then he put down the bottle and picked up a tiny pot. He began to paint her now swollen nipples the same brilliant scarlet as her mouth. The Negro now released her hands and turned her back to face the mirror. Shocked by what had been done to her, she had to admit to herself that the effect was beautiful. But surely she would not have to display her naked breasts when she was taken to join the Pasha?

Then they dressed her.

The little bell tinkled from between her legs as they made her step into a voluminous pair of satin trousers, the shalwar, which fitted tightly round her ankles. Under it she was naked - except of course for the horrible purity belt and its little bell. Everyone was going to know she had to wear the belt!

They made her put a loose white transparent blouse. Shocked and yet excited, she saw that her scarlet painted nipples could be seen through it, in a very provocative way.

Next came a short-embroidered bolero with stiff sides that, instead of hiding her breasts, drew attention to them - and to her painted nipples. She looked around for something to cover her bosom, a shawl, a coat, a cloak, anything! But the eunuchs shook their heads and smiled approvingly at the effect.

They put little Turkish slippers on her feet, and a tiny Turkish embroidered cap, rather like Phileda's, on her head. Again, just like Phileda, they draped two lines of pearls from her cap across her forehead. But they also pinned from the cap a strip of white transparent silk that covered her face beneath her eyes and rested on her nose.

A hint of her scarlet lips and rouged cheeks could be seen through the veil. Above it, her eyes flashed anxiously in a most delightful way, as she gazed awestruck into the mirror. A ravishingly beautiful young Turkish girl stared back at her, her breasts and painted nipples accentuated rather than hidden by her gauze-like blouse and short bolero, the lower half of her face scarcely hidden by her Turkish yashmak veil.

Gone, as she had already seen, was her fashionable and sophisticated European swept-up hairstyle. Instead, her hair had been brushed and combed straight back down her back like that of a young girl - and like that of Phileda.

"Come!" ordered the burly black eunuch. "Now I take you to Master."

She wanted to protest the Pasha was not her Master, but before she could say anything the Negro had started to hide hands under some ugly thick black gloves, just like the ones that poor Phileda had had to wear. Then he slipped off her delicate Turkish slippers, put them in his pocket, and put her feet into some ugly heavy boots - again like the ones that Phileda had had to wear when crossing the Palace Garden. Finally, he put a shapeless, ugly, black burka over her head and shoulders. It covered her almost to her equally ugly heavy boots.

"Many gardeners and guards, as well as visitors, in park" explained the Negro. She realized as he adjusted the strip of lace over her eyes, that the Pasha must have given orders that she was not to be seen, except in a burka, by another man, except himself, until William returned. It was all very exciting.

With her heart in her mouth, and her arm gripped by the muscular eunuch, she was led outside into the Palace Garden. She could just see through the strip of lace. The black eunuch boy was walking behind her, his cane in his hand, as if escorting one of the Pasha's women. At least, she thought, she wasn't being led on a chain like Phileda.

In the evening twilight she saw the high walls that made escape impossible. She saw the barred windows. She saw the beautifully tended flowerbeds and the busy Turkish gardeners, who paid no attention to the black shrouded figure escorted by two eunuchs. At the gate, and patrolling the garden, were armed Negro guards.

She could feel her breasts swaying in a most unaccustomed way. She blushed as she felt the silver mesh pressing against her most intimate lips. Embarrassingly, she heard the occasional tinkle of the bell of her purity belt from under her baggy Turkish trousers. But she also felt how her body lips were being pressed together under the grille of her purity belt. It felt so strange ... so excitingly frustrating.

Suddenly she remembered seeing that Phileda had had all her body hair removed, and had said that this was quite normal in the Harem. Had they removed all her hair while she had been sleeping, drugged? Was that why she felt strangely different under the belt? Were her own pretty little beauty

lips, hidden under the purity belt, now as hairless as those of Phileda? How awful that would be - but also how exciting!

She heard an outburst of girlish laughter as they passed the Harem wing of the Palace, and wondered what it must be like to be kept locked up in the Pasha's Harem like Phileda. Then suddenly she was led through a side door into the Palace itself.

She had an impression of brilliant light coming through numerous windows, of white marble floors, of beautiful tiled walls festooned with ancient weapons and huge gilt Arabic inscriptions. There was a general air of great luxury.

Outside a large door the eunuch turned and lifted off Jane's burka, and then looked her over, adjusting the hang of her bolero and tucking her blouse more tightly into her satin trousers so that her breasts were pressing more tightly against its silken transparent material.

She was acutely conscious of her purity belt and its little bell, and of being made-up in a way that would have branded her as a whore in England. She was even more acutely conscious of her half-exposed painted nipples, but above all she was acutely conscious that she was about to dine alone with a man who apparently kept numerous Christian women captives in his Harem, a man she should hate with every fibre in her body.

But she was also acutely conscious that she was about to enter the private apartments of the most devastatingly attractive man she had ever met, a man of great wealth and complete power in this remote part of Turkey.

9 - DINNER WITH THE PASHA

Jane now found herself in a beautiful room that might have been in a fashionable house in Mayfair. Modern European pictures hung on the wall. A perfect Sheraton writing desk stood in one corner. A small but beautifully proportioned eighteenth century English dining table stood to one side and there were antique English bookshelves and occasional tables. The only sign of the East was a large leather cushion at the side of the sofa on which the Pasha was sitting.

He rose courteously as she entered and kissed her hand. He was dressed in a well-cut European evening dress: black tailcoat and white tie.

How, she wondered, could this obviously highly civilised and charming man be the same lascivious Pasha that Phileda had been describing? As if in answer to her silent question, he made a gesture around the room.

"This is my private study and dining room. My European room."

"It's beautiful, Your Excellency," gasped Jane. "How did ..."

"How did a wild, barbarous Turk ever come to appreciate and collect such things?"

He laughed and waved aside Jane's embarrassed protest.

"When I was a young man, I studied in Paris and visited England. I learned to appreciate both English and French beautiful things: your pictures, your literature, your furniture, your horses and of course, your women. I have started to collect all these things here in my Palace. I have several French Impressionist paintings, and some early English ones. I have a library of both French and English books. I have several English thoroughbreds in my stables, and some French trotting horses. And, of course, I have several English and French women in my Harem - and now I have the beautiful Miss Jane Dudley staying in my Palace as my honoured guest."

He gave another little bow and took her hand, gazing into her eyes fiercely, with a look that melted her heart and stopped her from launching into a tirade about the dreadful way she had been treated by his eunuchs, and how wicked he was to keep Phileda and his other Christian girls captive in his Harem.

"Please come and sit down beside me and tell me how we can best contact William."

He led her towards the large cushion. To Jane's consternation she saw that he meant her to sit on it, at his feet. But her consternation was even greater when the little bell of her purity belt started to tinkle

as she moved forward. She blushed crimson at the sound of the shameful thing but the Pasha, charming and courteous as ever, showed no sign of having heard anything.

Jane felt even more embarrassed that he ignored the sound of the bell. By doing so he had established a clear moral ascendancy over her, just as the black eunuchs had done by making her spend a penny in front of them. Instead of being an angry little spitfire, screaming her protest to a defensive Pasha, she was an embarrassed young woman, shyly on the defensive in the presence of an overwhelmingly self-confidant courteous older man.

Jane was about to sit down cross-legged on the cushion, when she remembered what the eunuch had taught her about Turkish manners. Dutifully, she knelt down in the submissive position that she had learned with her legs underneath her, and her buttocks resting back on her heels. She found herself looking up at the Pasha, her back straight and her half-exposed breasts thrust forward under the transparent blouse. She blushed and made as if to cover her breasts with the tiny bolero. But the sides would not meet across her breasts, and she felt herself blushing an even deeper crimson.

Jane realized that she must make a charming and provocative sight, with her prettily painted face raised to meet that of the Pasha, her hands twisting nervously in her lap, and her scarcely veiled breasts peeping out from behind the bolero.

She realized that her beautiful blue eyes, and her golden hair, both a rarity in Turkey, must add to the rare picture of an innocent and delightful free young Englishwoman. Presumably, the Pasha could easily arrange for her to disappear and put her straight into his Harem alongside Phileda, she thought with an excited little shudder. Was that why he had allowed Phileda to tell her so much about the Harem? Or did he now find it more amusing to pay court to her in the European way? Was he playing some sort of game with her?

She looked up at him again. On the one hand she was fascinated by him and by her new surroundings, on the other she could not forget the appalling way she had been treated by his black eunuchs.

She was seeking an opportunity to complain of her degrading treatment. Surely this civilized and urbane man would be horrified if he knew what had happened? But the Pasha kept the conversation on other topics, and never gave her the chance to change the subject. He was busy describing the finer points of one of his pictures, when Mansour entered the room bearing a cushion on which rested a tiny key. He offered the key to the Pasha who smiled, picked it up and showed it to Jane.

"This is the key, Miss Dudley, to something rather precious that is now in my safe keeping." He handed it back to Mansour, who took it, bowed and left the room.

The Pasha turned back to the picture and continued describing it to Jane. But Jane was hardly listening. Her mind was in turmoil. Was that the key to the hateful purity belt? Was her purity the valuable item that was now in his safekeeping? Was he indeed playing a game with her, or was she just imagining it all?

She lowered her eyes in shame. When she raised them again, the Pasha was busy talking about another picture. Oh, the embarrassment! She could not pay attention to what he was saying. Displaying the key must have been intended as a signal to her, a signal that he knew what had happened, that he knew what the eunuchs had done to her, and that it was to be an unmentionable secret between them! She simply could not look him in the eye, such was her shame and embarrassment.

"Now I must show you something else I brought back from England." He smiled as he raised her up and led her across the room to a little curtain. "I saw round several of your schools, and I was very impressed with the importance that was attached to keeping young people fit and strong."

He pulled back the curtain that covered a wooden latticed screen.

"Look!"

Jane peered through the screen, and was astonished to see that she was looking down into a miniature gymnasium. There were parallel bars on the walls and the floor was of wood. In one corner was a vaulting horse.

"So this is how you keep yourself fit and looking so well?"

"Oh no," replied the Pasha, "I keep myself fit by riding. No, no, this is for the young concubines of my Harem. Mansour has been trained by the Turkish Army as a Physical Training Instructor. He puts my girls through their paces every morning. I can hear him doing it from my desk or, as you can see, I can walk over and watch."

Jane was about to look away in embarrassment, when something caught her eye. It was propped up against the leather-covered vaulting horse and looked rather like a carpet beater. With a sudden shock she remembered that Phileda had said that the eunuchs, as well as using their canes to punish a woman, also used a sort of paddle rather like a carpet beater, which hurt but left no real mark. And Phileda expected to be beaten with it this very night!

At the same time, she saw that there were rings, set in the floor, near the four corners of the horse. Were they for tying a girl down, bent over the horse for her beating? My God!

The Pasha drew the curtain back across the wooden screen, and led Jane back to the cushion on which she had been kneeling.

"My eunuchs also use the gymnasium as a punishment room," he said with an innocent smile. "I always leave such minor details to Mansour and his team. They are responsible for maintaining discipline in the Harem. I am far too busy to worry about such minor matters."

Minor matters! He had ordered poor Phileda to be thrashed that night, and he called that a minor matter! Jane could hardly believe what she had heard.

She was gathering her thoughts before making a violent scene and storming out of the Pasha's room when he clapped his hands and immediately two handsome white youths entered. They had long beautiful curled hair, painted lips and cheeks, and wore white silk kaftans. With a shock, she realized they must be white eunuch pageboys. Did he really make love to them, as Phileda had insinuated?

The Pasha must have seen something in her expression, for he glanced from her to the pageboys. "I suppose Phileda has been talking?" he said. "But you don't quite believe her? Well, you may as well know that many Turks see no harm in enjoying both women and boys - and indeed often prefer to make love to a woman as they would to a boy."

Jane was speechless.

"These are Christian boys who have been castrated to keep their skin soft and beardless," the Pasha continued. "I am not ashamed of them, not at all, indeed they attend on me everywhere I go. They are a more obvious sign of my wealth and power than the rumours of the number of white women I keep locked up in my Harem."

Jane was finding all this both shocking and yet exciting, as the two boys walked round with little bowls of Turkish sweetmeats and glasses of sherbet that they offered him with humble and respectful gestures. But her sense of fear of this powerful man was increasing.

She was ignored completely, which was fortunate at first, as she badly needed to regain her composure. Yet despite all that had happened the delicious smell of the choice pieces of roasted lamb quickly made her feel hungry. The Pasha was ignoring her now as he helped himself to the bowls of food that the pageboys were pressing on him.

"You must forgive our Turkish habits," said the Pasha after a while. She was now watching him hungrily and longingly. "Our women do not eat with us; they eat after us."

Was the Pasha gratuitously insulting her? A new surge of anger made her start to rise to her feet. Again, she wanted to storm out of the room, but this time the Pasha put his hand on her arm, gently pushing her back onto the cushion.

"But, of course, it is equally a tradition for a man to feed a woman from his plate! Try this - you will find it delicious."

He held out a small piece of roast lamb in his fingers, just as in Europe a man might offer a choice bit from his plate to a favourite dog. When she opened her mouth to protest, he popped it in. It was indeed delicious. He smiled and then laughed, and she found herself laughing too, even though she was well aware of the moral ascendancy he had achieved with this little gesture.

Ignoring the waiting pageboys, he launched on a very funny description of how he picked up one of his pictures in a small gallery in Paris. As he talked, he was again helping himself to the delicious smelling food. At last, whilst still talking, he held out another choice morsel, and again she could not help but accepting it gratefully.

A few mouthfuls later, Mansour entered the room and bowed respectfully to the Pasha. He whispered something in the Pasha's ear, glancing with his snake-like eyes to the curtain over the lattice that looked down into the gymnasium. She caught the words in French ."… the girl is ready, Your Excellency."

Phileda? Again, anger surged thought Jane. She was about to launch into a violent protest when the Pasha, with a smile, put the most delicious little tit-bit into her mouth, at the same time nodding to Mansour, who bowed and silently left the room.

A few moments later there was a swishing, splattering, noise from behind the curtain over the wooden latticework. She heard a cry, a woman's cry of pain. Startled, she looked up. The Pasha paid no attention, and just continued to ask her about her schooling and how she had met William.

A minute later the noise was repeated, and again there was the cry of a woman in pain. Again, the Pasha ignored it. He was drawing her out on why she had come to Malik by herself. A minute later there was the same noise and the same cry of pain. Then, again, came the same noise, and again a pitiful cry.

The Pasha was still talking. Suddenly she heard a pleading voice. It was Phileda. "No more, no more! No more! Please, Sir, no more!"

Jane looked at the Pasha with her mouth wide open. It really was an extraordinary and impossible situation!

"Excuse me a moment, my dear," said the Pasha suddenly. "It won't take a moment."

With a manly stride the Pasha went across the room and partly pulled back the curtain over the grille. As he did so there came the noise of another stroke of what must be the carpet beater. Again, she heard poor Phileda scream in pain. The Pasha had said that she was to have six strokes and five had now been delivered. Surely he would spare her the last one?

"Please, Your Excellency, please ..." Jane started to say, but the Pasha turned to her with his normal charming smile and put his fingers to his lips. As he did so, came the noise of the sixth and final stroke. A last final scream reached the room through the latticework. The Pasha drew the curtain across again and came back to Jane, smiling as if nothing had happened.

"Well, as I was saying," he continued in a reassuring tone, "we must make sure that you are happy here until I can deliver you safe and sound to your fiancé. Don't worry, I shall take great care of you, Miss Dudley."

"Thank you, Your Excellency," Jane heard herself say. How she despised herself for not protesting at the way poor Phileda had just been thrashed - and thrashed for nothing, for a little moment's insolence, brought on by jealousy of herself.

The meal continued for another hour with no more interruptions. The food really was delicious. The Pasha made Jane laugh as she had not laughed for a long time. Gradually she began to forget about his Harem, about Phileda, about the concubines, and about his black eunuchs.

An hour later, the Pasha's meal was over. Although he had continued to feed her with little tit-bits, she was still feeling quite hungry. He laughed as he saw her eying the dishes wistfully as the pageboys took them out of the room.

"You must not begrudge my women a few of the choicest morsels left over from my dinner! Their normal food in e Harem is rather dull. However, I will order that a part of what is sent down to the Harem is also sent to your room in the guest house."

She realized that the Pasha was putting her on a par with Phileda and his other girls, but she did not mind now. Somehow it seemed quite natural. Indeed, she was regretting the speed with which time seemed to have raced past while she was with him. He had been so charming, so amusing, so attentive, and so delightfully handsome, that her embarrassment of her bosom being half exposed, and of the awful bell that rang from her purity belt, and of the noise of Phileda being beaten, had gradually melted away.

Once again, she found it hard to believe that this civilized man in his immaculate European evening clothes, with his fluent French and his amusing talk of London and Paris, could be the same man as Phileda's terrifying Master.

Perhaps, she dared to wonder, it would be rather exciting and fulfilling to be one of the Pasha's women. Certainly, it seemed that Phileda had found it to be so, despite her beating that night - and despite the terrifying Sword of Damocles that Phileda had said was hanging over her.

A pang of jealousy went through her at the thought of this gorgeous man enjoying himself with Phileda - or indeed, with his other women. As if he had read her thoughts, the Pasha suddenly turned to her. "Perhaps you would like to watch me choose my women for tonight?"

Jane felt she should protest, but once again he gave her no chance to speak. Pulling her from her cushion at his feet, he led her to the door. She saw that a large fat eunuch was now standing there, the same eunuch who had brought her over from the guest wing.

"Go with Ali," he said politely but firmly. "Tomorrow, Mansour will show you round the town, and tomorrow at lunch you can tell me all about it."

He bowed courteously as ever, and Jane found herself making a little curtsey to him. Was it an automatic recognition of his superior station in life, or was it, she asked herself, an acknowledgment of his masculine superiority?

PART III - THE HAREM

10 - JANE'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HAREM

Ali gripped her arm and led her along the passageway. She turned her head desperately for another sight of the Pasha, but he had already gone.

"Come!" said the Negro in his harsh high-pitched voice.

The way he held her reminded Jane of how he had led poor Phileda by a lead snapped onto her wrist manacles, as if she had been a dog. Phileda had said the Christian slave girls were regarded as little more than animals. Jane shivered at the memory as she was led into a gallery that led off from the Pasha's private study.

This gallery was comfortably furnished with a sofa and armchair and a little table on which stood trays and boxes of Turkish cigarettes. It was a room for a man to relax in. It was also a rather dark room, until the eunuch pulled back a curtain on one wall, when light streamed in through a large window covered by a latticed wooden grille. The grille looked down into a large brilliantly lit room, and Jane realized that because the gallery was darker, nobody in the room below would be able to see through the grille - from here the Pasha could look down without being seen.

Jane looked - and gave a gasp of astonishment. She saw a beautiful room, lavishly decorated in the Turkish style, far more beautiful than the rather austere gymnasium, which she had last seen through a similar grille.

High columns of white marble reached up to the ornately carved ceiling. Brightly coloured Turkish rugs partly covered the smooth marble floor. Huge windows, covered with lattice arabesques and elaborate curved cast iron bars, looked out onto a beautiful walled garden that was lit with lamps. It was clearly a private garden, and the only access to it was through a closed door. The only other door into the room was a large strong-looking wooden door reinforced with iron bolts. It too was closed.

It all somehow gave Jane the impression of a luxurious prison - or rather of a luxurious finishing school for girls, for it was the young women in it that made Jane gasp in astonishment and admiration.

A dozen young women were sitting on brightly coloured leather cushions, laughing and giggling to each other. They were all incredibly beautiful, immaculately groomed and made up.

Jane saw that metal collars, like that of Phileda, were locked round their necks. Some were dressed in long French evening dresses that showed off their voluptuous bosoms and slim waists. Others were wearing elegant European day dresses of flowing silk and muslin which must have been wetted to show off the lines of their bodies, for the women were clearly naked under their dresses. It seemed that the eunuchs liked to dress the girls in their charge in a wide variety of clothes to amuse the Pasha.

In a corner of the room were several other girls dressed in little-girl dresses that showed off exquisitely their well-developed figures. They were playing with their dolls in front of a large doll’s house, undressing them, bathing them, and putting them to bed just as little girls might do. They too were collared.

Standing over them and clearly making sure they behaved like little girls was a huge black Negro eunuch whom they were nervously eyeing. The inevitable long whippy cane in his hand, he was smiling with approval at the girlish antics of the young women in his charge. Periodically, however, he would turn and look round at the other women in the room. Clearly, he was responsible for supervising them all. Indeed, whilst Jane watched, spell-bound by the scene, she saw him clearly counting all the couple of dozen women in the room as if to make sure than none had slipped away behind his back - not that, with all the locked doors, high walls and bared windows they would be able to get very far.

In another corner, two collared white girls with hugely curved naked bellies were struggling to copying a slim Arab girl whom was belly dancing to Eastern music being played on a gramophone. The hands were held back-to-back above their heads. Jane gasped as she saw that each girl's hands

were linked by a shiny two- foot chain that was fastened to manacles locked round their wrists. Their ankles were similarly manacled and chained.

They were all dressed as Turkish dancing girls, with transparent silk trousers slung low on their hips, supported by a wide belt covered in tinkling coins. How awful, Jane thought, to make a girl show off her tummy when she's expectant - and to keep her manacled. But, even worse, how cruel to make young women belly dance in their expectant state. But, she realized, their bigger bellies would make it an even more erotic sight for a virile and sensuous man like the Pasha. And perhaps Mansour had ordered it as a pre-natal exercise.

Jane gasped as she saw that prominently branded on their swollen bellies was the same red crest as on Phileda's. She could see, however, that the gyrations of the girls' large bellies and the shaking of their hips contrasted in a highly erotic way with the swinging of their bouncing breasts, which were quite bare, disclosing their painted and strangely prominent nipples. Were they being brought on to be milk slaves for the Pasha?

The huge eunuch came over to them, walking slowly and watching the girls carefully, calling out what seemed to be a mixture of threats and encouragement that made the girls shake and gyrate their sweating bodies with even more vigour and energy.

His jet-black face creased into a smile that showed off his white teeth as they flung themselves into a frenzy of pulsating motion - a clear imitation of a woman's natural movements during what would be highly excited lovemaking.

The eunuch wound the gramophone up again, and motioned the exhausted women to resume. He raised his cane threateningly, and the gyrations were continued. Then he walked over to another group of young women in various dresses, including some very like her own one, but with transparent trousers that showed off their naked legs and branded bellies. They were sitting on a huge cushion, giggling over what seemed to be a child's picture book. There was no sign of any letters or printed writing - just pictures of what seemed to be an Arabic fairy story. A Turkish picture book for little girls who had not yet learned, or been allowed to learn, to read or write.

Jane remembered Phileda saying that the eunuchs kept the women ignorant and illiterate in Turkish. She had not appreciated what she meant until now. How awful for an educated woman! Did the eunuchs want to keep their brains stultified, so that they would happily play with dolls and look at picture books? Did they not want them to age mentally a day from when they first entered the Harem? In the Moslem world women were scarcely educated. Was this ignorance of the outside world also imposed on Christian slave girls to make them think only of their duties as pleasure slaves?

Jane then noticed two other white women. Their breasts were bare but were being supported from underneath so their unusual prominent nipples seemed to being on offer. She could see blue veins on their breasts. They must be, she realized, the Pasha's milk slaves. Their hands were chained behind their backs, loosely but enough to prevent them from being able to get at their milk swollen breasts. These were clearly kept for the Pasha.

As she watched she saw one of these girls go over to a eunuch boy and say something to him as if pleading. Perhaps she was pleading, Jane thought, for her aching milk laden breasts to be eased. The boy felt her breasts and then lifted them up one by one as if weighing them. Then he shook his head and sent her back to rejoin her companion.

How awful, Jane thought, to feel your breasts painfully swelling and filling, and not being able to ease any milk from them. To just have to wait until the Pasha felt thirsty and called for you to offer them to him - and with your hands still chained behind your back.

Suddenly Jane saw a life-size portrait of the Pasha himself on the wall opposite her. She thought of the photographs on the wall of her bedroom in the guest wing, but this was quite different. Here the Pasha was painted wearing a long Arab robe open down the front and displaying his virile torso.

She caught her breath in astonishment as she saw that the picture also portrayed his manly attributes in full and proud erection, whilst two naked women knelt at his feet. One was a fair-haired woman with very white skin, and the other a dark-haired girl with the olive skin of a typical Mediterranean young woman.

In the picture the Pasha was standing with his leather riding-boots placed well apart. He was pointing with a short riding whip to his feet, a stern expression on his face. The dark-haired girl was bent double, licking one of his boots, while the fair-haired girl was looking up at him, an adoring

expression on her beautiful face as she held up chained hands in supplication. The submissive attitude of the two women, contrasted vividly with the Pasha's air of self- confident, male domination.

Jane could not take her eyes off the picture. It was the most erotic and arousing picture that she had ever seen. It dominated the whole room, and she could see the young women were all constantly glancing up at it.

Then her eyes were distracted by a very attractive tall young woman. She was wearing a long transparent silk and cream-colored caftan, little Turkish slippers and a stiff embroidered cap. Phileda! She saw her crossing the room, running in an exaggerated way on her toes, with her arms straight and swinging at her side. The bells on her bracelets were ringing as she swung her arms.

She ran up to a young black boy, who was dressed like a eunuch with baggy trousers, an open waistcoat and white conical hat. He was carrying a riding whip.

The boy must have been one of the young black eunuchs that Phileda had said were even worse than the adult ones. She saw Phileda clasp her hands behind her neck and bow to the boy in a particularly servile gesture. As she bent over, Jane saw that her buttocks were still red from the beating, which had only recently been administered to her in the gymnasium. She saw Phileda whisper something to the boy. It must have been something embarrassing and private, for Phileda was blushing.

Another young woman, also clearly a European girl, and dressed in a long evening dress, ran up to the black boy in the same exaggerated way. She also clasped her hands behind her neck and bowed humbly, before blushingly whispering something to him.

The boy nodded and gestured to the two young women to precede him to an alcove. With their hands still clasped behind their necks, the two beautiful young creatures swayed into the bathroom and disappeared from Jane's sight, followed by the boy.

"You look!" suddenly said Ali, who was still holding Jane in a firm grip by the arm.

He drew back another curtain, displaying another latticed screen, which this time looked down into a bathroom. In the centre was a huge bath surrounded by tiles. Jane realized that it would hold numerous young women all under the eye of a supervising black eunuch. Up against one wall was a row of Turkish toilets, flat and seat-less, with raised footholds for standing or squatting on.

Jane saw that Phileda and the other young woman were standing in the centre of the room, their hands still clasped behind their necks. The boy pointed to the line of toilets with his whip, and the two young women ran to them. Each stood on a foothold, facing the wall, their backs to the boy.

The boy pulled a notebook out of a pocket and called out an order, and the two women bent their knees. There was a pause and then another order. Jane saw that the two women were spending a penny under the boy's supervision. The boy made a record in his notebook, and, picking up a sponge, washed the two still half-squatting women, just as a boy had washed Jane earlier. Then he stood back and called out another order. The two women ran back into the main Harem room.

The eunuch now drew the curtain over the screen that looked down into the bathroom and instead drew back another on the other side of the room. It looked down into the gymnasium.

"His Excellency very impressed by gymnasiums in boys' school in England," said Ali in his guttural French. "He install one here in the Harem for his women. Mansour give all women one-hour drill and exercises every day. Develop here very well." He pointed to Jane's bosom, making her blush. "And here for future mothers." He pointed to her tummy. "Pasha much enjoy watching."

Indeed, Jane realized, that sitting here on a comfortable sofa, smoking a cigarette and perhaps chatting to his cronies, he could really enjoy watching his collection of slave girls, both in the Harem itself and being exercised and drilled in the gymnasium. In his European style office, he could, apparently, only look down into the gymnasium.

"Drill very good for Harem discipline!" said Ali with a cruel grin. "Any mistakes, and girl feel that!" He pointed at the carpet beater that was hanging on the wall of the gymnasium. "Girl bend over horse in gymnasium, and whoosh!" - he made a stroke with his hands as if whipping one of the women - "very good for discipline."

Jane's hand flew to her mouth in a natural gesture of alarm and shock, remembering Phileda's beating earlier on that evening.

"See!" Ali pointed to a large blackboard with what seemed to be a list of names written in Arabic, some with ticks after them. "That list of concubines. Each tick black mark!"

Ali now elaborated on what Phileda had told Jane. All the eunuchs, including the boys, he explained, could give black marks for minor offences or lack of respect, walking in the Harem or not running in the silly way she had seen Phileda and the other girl do, addressing a eunuch without first asking permission, being lazy or slack, trying to go to the bathroom or into the Harem Garden without permission, not looking properly groomed and made up ... and so on and so on.

Black marks would be added to those on the board until each Friday when the Pasha returned from the weekly midday prayers at the principal mosque in Malik.

Then, whilst the Pasha watched from behind the screen in the gallery where Jane was now standing, the six girls with the blackest marks were caned by the black boys. The girl with the blackest marks got twelve strokes, and the next eleven and so on down to the sixth girl who only got seven strokes.

"Very good for discipline," the fat black eunuch laughed. "Each girl keep looking to see how many black marks she got! And if she already got three or four, then she won best behaviour for rest of week. And if got eight or nine, she desperate! But after Tuesday women not told if get more black marks. They not know until Pasha comes back for Punishment Parade and Mansour reads out the numbers. This keep all very obedient!"

What a cruel and cunning system! Jane could indeed image the constant terror of the women.

Then Ali described how, every Friday, the girls would be paraded in the gymnasium, wearing their best clothes and looking their prettiest way. They would be lined up with the tallest on the right and the shortest on the left. They were not allowed to talk and had to stand at attention as they waited the Pasha's return from prayers and the reading of the list.

Meanwhile the black eunuchs, men and boys, would be walking up and down, laughing amongst themselves as they watched the terrified women. The boys would be impatiently swishing their canes. Unlike the women, the eunuchs knew who were the six girls with the highest number of black marks - and each boy already knew which woman he would be thrashing!

"When Pasha ring bell from behind screen, Mansour read out name and Harem number of first girl to be beaten and number of strokes. She then step forward and bend over gymnasium wooden horse. Black boys take down trousers. They fasten ankles wide apart to rings on one side of wooden horse on wooden horse and then fasten wrists to rings on other side. Girl now tightly bent over, but must look up at screen for Pasha to see face."

The fat black eunuch laughed. "Yes, white women hate being beaten by black boy in front of friends. And all the time other women watch, wonder if they will be beaten too, and if so, how many strokes."

The big Negro was now shaking with laughter.

"Yes, very good for Harem discipline!"

What would it be like, Jane wondered, to be one of the girls, not knowing whether you were going to be beaten or not? And hoping with each name that was called out that you were going to get away with it. And then, if your name was called out, how degrading it would be to be undressed and made to bend over a wooden horse, knowing that the Pasha would be watching, unseen, from up here.

And yet she could not help also feeling that perhaps it might really rather exciting to be displayed before the Pasha, to be wriggling in pain in front of him ...

11 - THE PASHA MAKES HIS CHOICE

Suddenly, there was a deep reverberation, as if from a large gong being struck hard.

There was sudden panic in the Harem, the girls abandoning whatever they were doing and rushing into the bathroom. Facing them was a line of mirrors under which were hairbrushes, combs and sets of make-up. Quickly and deftly, they began to touch up their make-up, to make their eyes even more appealing, to brush their hair into even more silk-like strands, and to adjust their dresses to show off their figures. The little bells on their bracelets were ringing madly.

Clearly, no talking was allowed. Mansour, the chief black eunuch himself, followed by the black eunuch who had been on duty in the Harem room, and his young boy assistant, were all walking up and down behind the line of women, giving one instruction to apply more kohl to her eyes, another to use more rouge, and another to pull down her dress more to show off her breasts.

After a few moments Mansour gave a word of command, and the girls filed out and lined up in a row along one side of the Harem with the tallest girls at one end and the shortest at the other. They stood there in silence, their half-exposed bosoms rising and falling rapidly in their trepidation and excitement.

Suddenly the gong was struck again.

Mansour now stood to one side of the screen ready to show off the women in his charge. He raised his cane and called out a number.

Instantly a tall girl at the end of the line stepped forward and with mincing steps and swaying hips ran forward to a small carpet placed in front of a latticed screen. It was Phileda! She ran with in the same way as before, like a showgirl, with her arms straight and held away from her body her, hands and fingers bent back in a particularly submissive gesture.

Jane suddenly realized that the Pasha must be seated behind the screen, invisible from the Harem itself. Now he was going to choose the women to share his bed for the night, just as he had said he would. Jane could hardly believe her eyes. She was actually witnessing a Turkish Pasha choosing from his bevy of beautiful concubines which ones most caught his eye that night.

Phileda paused in front of the screen. She put her head back and thrust her arms back behind her, forcing her breasts against the silk of her caftan. Her mouth was open. She was offering herself completely and humbly. She held this position for several seconds. Then, accompanied by the tinkling of the bells on her bracelets, Mansour suddenly slipped the caftan off her shoulders. It fell to her ankles. He was now offering her nude to the hidden Pasha.

Again, she kept quite still for a few seconds, and then gracefully fell to her knees in front of the screen, her hands flat on the floor, her forehead touching the marble, her long golden hair flung forward, baring the back of her neck. She held this position for several seconds, and then deftly turning at right angles to the screen, again lowered her head in humble obeisance.

Jane could see that with her full breasts hanging down prettily beneath her, Phileda must indeed be a delightful sight for a man seated behind the screen. Then Phileda raised herself again onto her haunches and turned through another ninety degrees, so that she now had her back to the screen.

There was a gasp from the line of the watching girls. To turn your back to the Pasha! But Phileda opened her legs and again let her head fall to the floor, offering herself and displaying herself, and her circumcised beauty lips in the most abject way imaginable. Jane realized that not only would she be displaying the most intimate parts of her body, but also the marks of her beating.

Then Phileda rose, picked up her caftan and ran off to the other side of the screen, where she stood panting with the exertion, still naked, waiting for the other girls to join her once each had given her own display.

The chief black eunuch called out another number. The girl who had been in the bathroom with Phileda now slowly walked forward to the screen, her beautiful long evening dress swaying delightfully. She curtsied deeply in front of the screen, a delightful picture of obedient and beautiful womanhood. Three times she curtsied, and each time she undid another button on her corsage, so that finally her breasts hung down quite bare as she stooped in front of the screen.

Then Mansour stepped forward and quickly unbuttoned the back of her dress. He held it as she stepped out of it, standing quite naked, with her hands coyly over her breasts. Then she repeated the

three curtsies before joining Phileda at the far side of the Harem. Hers had been a quite different display from Phileda's, but perhaps even more erotic.

And so, the inspection continued, with each of girl going through a short display, before being proudly shown off naked by Mansour. Each was trying to out-do the others in catching the Pasha's eye.

Several of the women were obviously European, like Phileda, and Jane wondered how they had come to be in the Pasha's Harem. Others looked more Levantine, perhaps Circassian, Armenian, Arab or Greek. They were all remarkably beautiful, however, each in a calculatedly different way. They were all smiling, and appeared to be eager to please their Master. Despite the strict Harem discipline, they all looked happy.

As each was stripped naked in front of the screen, Jane saw that each had had her body hair removed, giving each a strange little girl look, and making each look extra naked. She also saw that each had, like Phileda, been branded on the front of their thigh with the Pasha's brand of two crossed scimitars.

The two heavily pregnant girls whom Jane had seen practicing their belly dancing were brought up together, crawling on all fours, by a young black eunuch boy. Their wrist and ankle manacles clinked as they crawled up to the screen, held them on a lead like a pair of brood bitches. Then, on a word of command from the boy they rose up, awkwardly because of their swollen bellies, and began to gyrate their prettily, but hugely, curved bellies.

Clearly, thought Jane, the Pasha must like to have girls in an interesting condition in his Harem. When Mansour undressed them, she saw that similar little silver mesh purity belts had been locked onto them. She wondered why.

Both girls seemed to be proud of their state, flaunting their swollen bellies in front of the screen. To her surprise, Jane was not as shocked as she might have been. Somehow such things did not seem to shock here in the sensuous atmosphere of the Harem.

Two more girls were brought crawling up on all fours, their large breasts hanging down below them. Little drops of milk were spilling from their breasts onto the tiled floor. Jane recognized them as the milk slaves she had seen earlier. Their hands had evidently been freed for the selection parade, but also evidently, they had not dared to ease the discomfort in their breasts.

Some of the girls seemed to be still in their teens. However, there were also several still beautiful creatures in their thirties or forties, women who had perhaps spent most of their lives in the Pasha's Harem.

After the last of the women had paraded in front of the screen there was a pause. Then two other women were led into the Harem. They were both fair-haired and slim. They were wearing identically coloured transparent trousers, and identical tiny boleros that left their breasts bare.

Like all the other women, they wore a bright stainless-steel collar round their necks, in their case a short lead, clipped onto the ring at the back of each of their collars, was held by two black eunuch boys carrying riding whips. They were walking awkwardly as they stumbled along behind the two black boys, and Jane saw that their hands had been chained behind their backs.

The two women were led up to the screen. Jane saw that one was a very attractive woman of about thirty-five, the other a pretty girl in her late teens. There was a distinct likeness between them.

"Officially they just Armenian dogs," said the eunuch, gripping Jane's arm. "But really French! Just staying with Armenia friends. They mother and daughter!"

A French mother and daughter! My God, thought Jane, how did they end up in the Pasha's Harem?

"Yes," went on the eunuch. "They sent to Pasha as present. They just arrived. Rich Turkish masters, like Pasha, pay much for pretty European mother and daughter. Very rare!"

Jane looked down in horror at the two poor women. She had heard of the appalling massacres of the Armenians in the Turkish Empire, but had not previously realized what it meant for a woman. Nor had she realized that it might result in a white mother and daughter both ending up in the same Harem, slaves to the same Master!

As if reading her thoughts, the eunuch added: "Turkish gentlemen much like have mother and daughter in Harem. But these not yet trained for Master!"

The two black eunuch boys, still holding their charges by their leads, slipped down the silken trousers of the older of the two women, so that she was now naked in front of the screen. A second

later her daughter was equally naked. "Legs wide apart," ordered one of the boys. It was too much for the older woman. "Pig!" she screamed, " Turkish Pig!"

There was a horrified gasp from the line of concubines, but the two black boys smiled as if they'd been expecting such an outburst.

But that was not all, for the pretty daughter not only copied her mother in screaming out: "Turkish pig" but also had the temerity to actually spit at the openwork screen.

Some of her spittle must have gone through it and spattered the Pasha sitting hidden behind the screen, for there was a furious shout from behind the screen.

"You filthy little bitches," came the Pasha's furious voice. "For that you'll both be circumcised! And when I've taken you both, I'll have you both mated with one of my Black Guards. That'll teach you to treat your Master with respect. And meanwhile you'll both be thrashed."

Jane gasped as the two women, helpless with their hands chained behind their backs, were hustled out and into the Harem gymnasium where they were then lined up in front of the leather covered horse which was now in the centre of the room. One of the black boys went over to the wall, and took down the same carpet beater that she had seen hanging there earlier on.

He showed it to the two French women. Jane heard the mother burst out, "No! No!"

Her cries were joined by those of her daughter.

"They both get good beating later!" said Ali. "Nice long wait here first. They soon learn not to insult Master - and they even sorrier when circumcised! "

Jane's attention was now caught by the sight of Mansour clapping his hands down in the main Harem room. The line of naked young women straightened themselves expectantly. He called out two numbers.

"These the girls Master has chosen for tonight," explained Ali.

Jane saw Phileda step forward, looking delighted. She was joined by another girl. The other women, disappointed, walked across into another slave alcove off the main Harem room.

Ali drew back yet another curtain, and Jane found herself looking down into a room in which there were several lines of covered mattresses on the floor - this must be the Harem dormitory.

Except for a line of cupboards containing each woman's clothes and personal objects, it was very bare. There was a raised platform, rather like a pulpit, from which all the dormitory could be watched. On the wall facing the mattresses was a copy of the same erotic picture of the Pasha that was in the other Harem room, lit with candles.

Jane realised that as each woman lay in her bed in the half darkness of the dormitory, she could not help looking at her fierce Master. It would be the last thing that she would see before falling asleep, and if she awoke during the night, it would be the first thing she would see again. She would be obsessed by the image of the Pasha and of his virile masculinity. No wonder the girls in the Harem were indeed obsessed by the Pasha, the only man in their lives - indeed the only normal man they ever saw.

The women were all now putting on their little nightdresses, lying down on their mattresses and pulling up the covers. The black eunuch on duty in the Harem climbed up into another little pulpit so that he could see them all.

"Lie still! No touching!" he called out.

Ali turned to her and explained. "When Master takes women to his bed, all other girls also go to bed, and lie still and think about what Master doing. It makes them think of ways of pleasing Master themselves! It makes them try harder to be chosen!"

It was, Jane had to admit to herself, a devilishly clever system. All these frustrated and jealous women, besotted by one man, day and night, with their most secret and intimate thoughts being directed towards him, towards how to please him, towards how to catch his eye. And yet, she thought, in some strange and primitive way it must be very exciting and fulfilling for a woman to be treated in this way.

Ali led her past the little gallery to look down again into the Harem bathroom. Phileda and the other girl were being bathed, washed and dried by a black eunuch boy under the close supervision of Mansour himself.

Evidently Phileda had been right when she said that the Pasha's visit to Jane's room had been a wonderful opportunity for her to catch his attention when he was almost alone. Her display of her naked body might have been degrading and humiliating, but it must have made an impression on the Pasha. Had the fact that he had also heard, and partly seen, her being beaten also affected his choice? How shocking - and yet how exciting!

When Mansour called out an order the two girls held out their wrists. She saw him lock a chain on each of the girl's belled bracelets. Now a heavy two-foot length of chain linked each girl's wrists - like those of the girls with the curved bellies.

"Master likes to have girls chained in his bed," explained Ali. "Then they no fight him! Make girl feel real slave. Also excites girl!"

To be chained in the Pasha's bed! Even the idea was exciting.

The first girl was led over to the table on the bathroom on which were laid a variety of rubber tubes. With a start, Jane recognised their purpose. She remembered Phileda saying that Turks often liked to use women as if they were boys. Clearly, the black eunuchs were now going to make sure that the girls were ready for any eventuality and would be spotlessly clean - inside and out.

Poor Phileda, thought Jane. But Phileda was looking radiantly happy and excited as her body was meticulously prepared for the Pasha.

In an English novel, reflected Jane, most girls would be weeping and protesting. And yet here they were, two Christian girls obviously delighted and thrilled at having been chosen to be raped by their cruel Master - a cruel and pitiless Master, an evil monster who, for all his charm and civilised air, was really a barbarian who enjoyed imprisoning and tormenting helpless women.

But was the Pasha really like that? Was it simply a matter of a vastly different culture, a different attitude to women?

Her head was still reeling with these conflicting thoughts, and with the extraordinary scenes that she had just witnessed, when Ali gripped her arm and led her away.

12 - PHILEDA EXPLAINS

"Wake up! Wake up, sleepy head! The Pasha has sent me to say he hopes you slept well."

It was the voice of Phileda. She was dressed in a smart silk European day dress. She might have been going to have lunch at Claridge’s, instead of being destined to spend the day locked up in a Harem, but Jane could see that under the dress she was naked.

"The Chief Black Eunuch will collect you in an hour to take you round the town. You are lucky! I've hardly ever been allowed outside the Harem garden - never mind outside the Palace walls. However, there are compensations - like last night!"

Indeed, Phileda looked like the proverbial cat that had swallowed the cream, thought Jane angrily.

Phileda handed Jane a tray of coffee and fruit. "You must eat! The Pasha wants you to put on weight - in the right places of course." She smiled, running her hands down over her own ample bosom, tiny waist and spreading hips. "He's very taken by you!"

Jane was about to make an angry contemptuous reply, but Phileda continued her monologue.

"I gather you saw the little exhibition I put on last night in front of the Pasha? I'd been practicing it for days in front of the bathroom mirror. And it certainly worked! Actually, though, I think he would have chosen me no matter what sort of display I put on - just to make you jealous! Jealous of another Englishwoman."

"Me jealous!" burst out Jane unconvincingly. "Jealous about you and that barbarian of a Pasha!"

"Shush! Don't let the eunuchs hear you talk about the Pasha like that." She looked anxiously at the eunuch standing impassively by the door. "They may not understand much English, but they can certainly recognize a tone of voice. Even if you are a free woman, you must still be careful. Anyway, even if the Pasha is a barbarian, he's certainly a glorious one! What a night!

"I don't want to hear about it," said Jane angrily.

"But you must! Making love to the Pasha is our main topic of conversation in the Harem, and one which the eunuchs encourage." She looked at the eunuch standing by the door, watching them. Folded over his arm were the bleak Burka and lead, which Phileda had to wear on the short journey from the Harem. "He will be expecting me to tell you all about it whilst you eat your breakfast."

"Oh, very well!" said Jane with an irritation that completely belied the considerable excitement and curiosity that she was indeed secretly feeling.

"Well," said Phileda, launching into her story, "you saw how the Pasha chose me and another girl, Gloria. She's a new girl whom the Pasha only recently bought. Her husband was a big landowner in Bulgaria where they hate the Turkish conquerors. They are always revolting against them. One day they will succeed. Anyway, Gloria's husband was involved in plotting a revolt and was betrayed to the Turks. The Turks shoot any men involved in revolts, but hand any good-looking young women or boys over to the slave dealers. They, in turn, pay a handsome price to the Turkish secret police, and of course this makes the police all the keener to accuse more Christians from the occupied countries of plotting against the Sultan. They say it's fear of what will happen to their families if they are caught plotting, that is the main reason why so many Christian peoples seem to abjectly accept being part of the Turkish Empire - an Empire in which they are only second-class citizens with the threat of being shot or enslaved constantly hanging over their heads."

"I see," said Jane.

"Well, Gloria is a very beautiful woman and was a very valuable piece of merchandise. Down here in Malik, there is a great demand for such women from the wealthy Arab sheiks. They visit Damascus from all over Arabia and come to Malik to buy one or two Christian girls to take back to their Harems. Malik is also considered to have excellent training schools for slave girls. A girl who has been trained in Hamid's Establishment, like me, is widely sought after."

She tossed her head proudly.

"Anyway, Gloria was sent here to be trained, and when she was considered to be ready, she was first offered to the Pasha, who bought her ... However, I was to be the upper girl last night, and she, as a new girl, was to be the lower one!"

"Upper girl? Lower girl?" Jane was becoming increasingly interested.

"Well, a Turk has a quite different attitude to making love from an Englishman! In England we women have been taught that lovemaking is something rather shameful that we must put up with from a man. Here we are taught during our training that a woman's body is a beautiful instrument that can give exquisite pleasure not only to a man but also to the woman. In England it is the man who takes the initiative. But here, having bought his women, a man likes to lie back and be pleasured by them. So we are taught to use our fingers, our lips and our tongues to arouse and excite our Masters and woe-betide us if we don't!"

"Oh! ... But what about the upper and lower girls?"

"Don't you see? The Pasha likes to have one girl chained by a short chain fastened to the back of her collar to the foot of his bed, under the bed clothes - she's the lower girl. Her job is simply to lick her Master. She is chained so that her head only comes up to his waist. He can't even see her most of the time - he just feels her tongue as she obeys his commands. The Pasha always has a riding whip handy when he's in bed, and he uses it to ensure that the lower girl goes on and on giving him pleasure without getting any in return - though sometimes, if she does very well, he will relent. I've often been the lower girl, and I can tell you it's pretty frustrating whilst he amuses himself with two upper girls, or an upper girl and a page boy."

"Two upper girls? A pageboy? You don't mean ..." cried Jane in a scandalised tone.

"Yes, normally the Pasha will have two upper girls to amuse him - one on each side and each trying to outstrip the other in giving him pleasure. Remember, the whole essence of the Harem system is competition - urged on, of course, by fear of the eunuchs' whips! Often the Pasha will have only one upper girl, and have one of his pageboys in his bed instead of a second upper girl. That really does make for competition! As I expect you saw that the Pasha always has his girls manacled with a short chain in his bed - it makes us look more like slaves and, of course, makes us feel more like one. But the pageboys are not chained at all. It's jolly unfair."

"Oh!" was all that Jane could say at these new revelations about the Pasha.

"He finds the contrast between a white boy's smooth hard body and a girl's soft one very exciting. That's why the black eunuchs keep all the girls in the Harem buxom and plump. They make us that way with their special food and exercises and make sure that we stay like that. The Turks have a saying: 'If you want a small bosom and narrow hips, chose a boy!' So we have to be very feminine with heavy breasts, small waists and swelling hips! But I've been getting off the subject."

She stopped for a moment and then picked up her line of thought again.

"Yes, as I said, I've often had to serve as a lower girl. It's pretty nerve-wracking. There you are - at last the Pasha has chosen you, but he's also chosen two other girls as well. All three of you line up at the foot of the Pasha's bed under the orders of a black eunuch boy, armed with the usual riding whip."

"A black boy in his bedroom?" queried Jane.

"Yes, apparently he doesn't find a black boy so inhibiting as he would an older black eunuch ... Well anyway the Pasha will probably be reading in his bed and pay no attention to you. So you just stand there naked and in silence, not even daring to cough or look at him. You have to keep your head up and your eyes fixed on the wall."

Jane was listening, shocked but secretly entranced, as Phileda continued.

"Then, finally, you hear him putting down his book, or some salacious French magazine. You still don't dare look at him, but you know that he is looking over the three of you. You try and look as seductive as possible. Then he points to one of you and nods to the eunuch, indicating which of you is to be the lower girl. She's not necessarily the least attractive, on the contrary the Pasha clearly enjoys making a beautiful woman serve as his lower girl."

Phileda paused for a moment as if remembering just such an occasion.

"No slave girl is ever allowed into the Master's bed except crawling up from the bottom. So the black eunuch boy then lifts up the bottom of the bed covers and you have to crawl up the centre of the bed underneath them. It's dark and you can smell the masculinity of the Master. You wriggle your way up the huge bed, up between the sturdy legs and thighs of the Master which you can only just see in the darkness."

Again she paused.

"You feel the chain running down your back beginning to get taut and then, just when your face reaches the very core of your Master' virility, you feel it holding you back. The slightest sign of any reluctance then to start licking, kissing and stroking your Master, and he would throw back the bottom of the covers and give you a smart stinging crack of his whip across your bottom - or order the black boy to do so! So there you in the darkness, just a tongue and a pair of hands, straining anonymously to please your Master, and terrified of his whip."

"Oh no!" murmured Jane. This wasn't at all what she had imagined that making love to the Pasha would be like.

"Then the black boy again lifts up the bedcovers at the bottom of the bed for the other two girls. You now see, or rather feel, them sliding up past you, on either side of the Master's body. Not held back by any restraining chains, they go on past you until they are level with the Pasha himself. You see them running their hands over his body, gently arousing him, stretching down to where your tongue is very active."

Again, she paused to collect her thoughts.

"Oh," she went on sadly, "it makes you feel so jealous when you hear them whispering sweet nothings to him, telling him of their adoration. You hear them giggling as he, in turn, fondles their bodies. You are already familiar with the arousal of your Master, now the two girls are also becoming aroused as they start their ardent love-play under his direction. And all the time, there you are lying under the bedclothes, humbly and abjectly licking him gently with the tip of your tongue, as if your very life, or anyway your backside, depended on it."

Phileda's tone suddenly changed.

"But," she laughed, "it was poor Gloria who was chained down as lower girl last night. And there was no pageboy or other girl lying on the Pasha's other side! I was his alone! I think it was because of you and the fact that I am also English. He wanted to see how an Englishwoman would perform alone! Anyway, it was wonderful. His hands! The touch of his hands! Often, I've left his bed in the morning

still frustrated, and deliberately kept unsatisfied by him - but not last night! He was wonderful. I'm still exhausted! What a man he is!"

"Oh, stop it!" cried Jane angrily, overcome by what she secretly realised was not disgust but jealousy. "And as for that hateful Pasha, well ..."

"I can see you're just madly jealous!" laughed Phileda. "Admit it. You're just longing to be seduced by him!"

"I'm certainly not longing for any such thing," protested Jane coldly. "I hardly know the man. I must remind you that I am a respectable virgin and engaged to marry a good respectable ..."

"And deadly dull man!" interrupted Phileda. "I've heard all about him. He wouldn't dare even contradict you, never mind whip you."

"I should think not!" protested Jane.

"Then the more's the pity for you, then," smiled Phileda. "I've learnt that the more a man beats you, provided it's not too hard, the more you love him! It's something the Turks have known for centuries. They even beat their wives, never mind their slave girls."

There was a silence as Jane lowered her eyes in shame. It was true, all night she had been dreaming that the Pasha was either beating her himself, or had ordered her to be beaten by his black eunuchs in front of him. Even the mere idea was madly exciting.

"Don't be shy!" whispered Phileda. "I was just like you, until I was put through the routine of Hamid's training establishment."

"But how can you be trained to ... accept such things?"

"Very simply! By the whip! And also by the fear that if you do not measure up to the standards of a Hamid-trained slave girl then Hamid will dispose of you to a brothel or some dealer catering for a lower class of buyers."

"This training ... was it very difficult?"

"Yes, I suppose it was at first," replied Phileda thoughtfully. "But after a few weeks, it became quite normal: to walk on the tips of your toes with your body thrust forward and your breasts swaying; to run across a room with your hands out straight and your hands bent back in a strangely childish but erotic way; always to move and stand in a way calculated to drive a man to a frenzy of uncontrollable desire - and then to drive him to the heights of ecstasy, whilst seeking no pleasure for yourself."

"It must be quite a school!"

"You should see it! Ask the Pasha to have you taken there!"

Both girls laughed, but Jane was thinking seriously whether she could ever really dare to ask the Pasha such a thing!

"Come on!" cried Phileda after a pause, starting to pull back the bedclothes. "The eunuch is waiting to bathe you and dress you and will be angry if you keep him waiting."

"I suppose you have to be careful yourself," said Jane in a serious tone, "or you'll soon be ..."

"In an interesting condition?" Phileda completed her sentence. "Oh no! The eunuchs see to that! A proud Turkish Pasha would never have a Christian slave girl as the mother of his son. That's what his Turkish wife is for!"

"But I distinctly saw last night that two of the Harem girls were pregnant," objected Jane.

"Yes, but not by the Pasha!"

"What!"

"Well, you see it's different here. In England a pregnant girl is hidden away and regarded as untouchable by Englishmen. But in the Near East it is considered to be a natural state for a young woman, and the men find it very beautiful. He also enjoys subjecting a girl, especially a white Christian girl, to what they call Forced Breeding."

"Forced Breeding?"

"Yes, choosing a mate for a girl, having her put to him and then making her carry the progeny and deliver them, safe and sound, to her Master."

"But that's treating a woman like an animal."

"Exactly!" replied Phileda. "Here in Turkey a slave girl has the same status as an animal."

"Oh!"

"And the Pasha likes to have a couple of his slave girls with curved bellies, as they call it. He enjoys having us Christian girls mated in front of him with one of his black soldiers – black, so that the girl can't later claim that the Pasha is the father of her mulatto child!"

"But I thought that he didn't allow his Harem girls to see another man?"

"They don't. The eunuchs hood her so that she can't see the Negro soldier, and the soldier can't see her face! The Pasha enjoys matching the girl and the Negro, and takes as much trouble over it as an Englishman might take in selecting a stallion to cover a favourite filly."

"How awful!"

"Well, they find it all quite natural. Good childbearing hips can put up the value of a slave girl considerably! They really enjoy making a white Christian girl carry a black baby."

"But surely, she can try to ..."

"To get rid of it?" asked Phileda with a laugh. "Oh no, the black eunuchs are much too clever for that! And, anyway, as you saw they make the girls wear a breeding belt once she's been mated, so that she can't get at herself. No, once she conceived, she has to go through with it, whether she likes it or not. There's nothing she can do about it, even if the black eunuchs weren't watching all the time. Mansour sees to that!"

"You mean that's why the expectant girls were wearing those belts - they were being forced to carry a black baby?"

"Exactly!" said Phileda.

"But, how dreadful and cruel to use a woman's body in this way without her consent!"

"Well, as I keep telling you, they regard us as mere animals to be used for whatever purpose they like. And Mansour often plays at making the poor girl carry her progeny for an extra couple of weeks ‘to increase the curve of her belly for the Master's amusement’, as he cruelly calls it."

"My God, how dreadful!" gasped Jane.

"Well, there are compensations." Phileda sighed. "The Pasha takes a great interest in the girls he's had mated. He even has them specially paraded before him every day, naked, so that he can watch their bellies swelling. That must be a wonderful opportunity to catch his eye," she added wistfully.

She paused deep in thought.

"And the eunuchs are always teasing tease me, saying that Mansour is going to recommend that I am mated to take the place of the two girls who are due to deliver soon. And they also say that the Pasha has told Mansour that the milk of a blonde European girl tastes better than any other!"

"What!" cried Jane.

"Yes! You must have noticed last night that blonde woman in milk."

There was a long pause as each of the girls was lost in their private thoughts.

13 - THE FRENCH MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

"And what about the beautiful French mother and daughter I saw last night?"

"Ah, well, it seems that Juliette de Rohan is a newly bereaved widow - well connected, but poor. She and Myriam came to stay with some rich Armenian friends of hers whom she had met in Paris and who live in Eastern Turkey. Whilst there, one of the sons of the house was caught in some plot against the Sultan. The Turks hate the Armenians who are clever and act as moneylenders throughout the Ottoman Empire - rather like the Jews in Europe. Anyway, it gave the local Turks reason to arrest the whole family as revolutionaries. The men were shot out of hand and the women imprisoned, leaving the French widow and her daughter stranded."

"But surely the Turks would not dare to touch a French woman."

Phileda laughed bitterly.

"Nor, you might say, would they dare to touch an Englishwoman - and look at me now! No, the fact is that once you're put into a Turkish Harem, you just disappear. No one knows you are there, for Moslem men never talk about their women - except to their black eunuchs. And there is no hope of escape - none."

She paused.

"No, I gather that a clever Turkish officer, wishing to ingratiate himself with the Pasha, told the two women he could arrange for them to escape out of the country and back to France. Juliette gratefully gave him all her jewellery. Then he disguised them as Greek women and had them escorted here by his soldiers and handed them over to the Pasha as a present together with the court order for their arrest and enslavement."

"And did the mother really get beaten?

"Oh, yes! Calling the Pasha a pig, indeed! And spitting into his face! They really asked for it. The Pasha was livid, and after you had been taken away, we all had to stop whatever we were doing and line up to watch them being beaten - as a lesson for us all. I was just being got ready for the Pasha's bed, and the other girls were going to bed when we were ordered back into the gymnasium and lined up along one side of the gymnasium with those two facing us. You remember that they were quite naked. Neither they, nor any of us, could take our eyes off the cane carpet beater that the young black eunuch boy was waving in the air, and occasionally bringing down hard onto the leather-covered horse in the middle of the gym."

"And then?" Jane could not stop herself from asking.

"The Pasha was behind the screen up in the gallery. He knocked on the lattice as the signal that he was ready for the punishment to begin. The chief black eunuch called the mother forward and made her bend over the horse. He made her put her legs apart and stretch up on her toes. Then he walked round to the front of the horse and made her straighten her back and raise her head so that the Pasha could see her face as she was being beaten. Finally, he was satisfied and she had to call out the first stroke.

The black boy raised the carpet beater and after another long pause brought it down across her bottom. She gave an awful scream and collapsed onto the floor, holding her buttocks and sobbing. But the chief black eunuch told her that because she had broken her position, that stroke didn't count and she had to get up and assume the same position again, gripping the edge of the horse with her hands and again count the first stroke. This time she somehow managed to keep her position after the stroke.

She had to remain bending over for almost half a minute, before the chief eunuch let her go back and stand at attention with her hands straight down her side, whilst her daughter was called forward to receive her first stroke."

"But that's so unfair," cried Jane. "The daughter had only copied her mother."

"And had committed the unforgivable sin of spitting at the Pasha, her Master. And anyway, being her mother's daughter, she had to be punished too. She got the first two strokes, but was very brave. And then it was the turn of the mother and then the daughter again. But this time the chief black eunuch made them face towards the latticed screen and say to the hidden Pasha that they deserved to be beaten. They were both crying as they did so. I expect it was the appalling thought of also being circumcised and mated with a black guard. Anyway, they had to repeat it several times until they had both said it properly."

"But why?" asked Jane.

"Oh, I expect the Pasha found it most invigorating, as a prelude to taking me to his bed, to watch a beautiful and sophisticated French woman in her thirties being treated in such a degrading way. That's probably why he was in such good form later on in bed!"

"Oh!" said Jane. The idea of a man being sexually aroused by watching a woman being beaten was something quite new to her. She wondered what it would be like to be beaten in front of the Pasha, knowing that he was finding the spectacle more and more stimulating as the strokes continued.

"Anyway, it all dragged on for some time. I don't think either of them, or any of us, will ever dare call the Pasha a pig again - and certainly never spit in his face. Finally, they were led away, and the other girls were sent back to the Harem dormitory whilst Gloria and I were hastened back to the bathroom to complete quickly being prepared for the Pasha's bed - quickly, because he now wanted us urgently. There! Now you know it all."

Jane was silenced by Phileda's description. She could imagine the whole scene. The terrified mother and daughter ... the huge grinning black eunuchs ... the hateful young black boy with the paddle. How awful for a woman in her thirties to be beaten by a mere boy - and a black one at that, and in front of her own daughter!

She could imagine the line of scared young women, wearing their short nightdresses, each feeling desperately sorry for the two women being punished, and yet each thanking God that it wasn't her. And the Pasha, the dreadful Pasha sitting at his ease, smoking a cigarette, and probably being 'attended on' by his white pageboys, as he gave the signal for the punishment to commence. It was horrible to think about - and yet rather exciting!

There was a long pause as both women were occupied by their thoughts. Then suddenly, Phileda again pulled back the bedclothes, interrupting their reverie.

"Come on!" she cried. "We can't go on gossiping forever. Mr. Ali is waiting to bathe you and get you ready for your outing. Oh, and don't forget to call him 'Mr. Ali' and to call even the eunuch boys 'Sir'. They get very angry if a Christian girl doesn't call them Sir or Mr. You have been warned! Remember that they are very touchy about not being treated with respect by what they regard as a mere dog of an infidel Christian."

Phileda heard the ringing of the little bell on Jane's purity belt, and saw the flash of silver between her thighs.

"Oh, so that's the type of belt they've used on you. It's a great sign of the Pasha's interest. You should be proud of it!"

14 - JANE SEES PART OF MALIK AND MAY SEE MORE

Half an hour later, washed, cleaned, made-up and looking beautiful, Jane was covered in a simple black shroud that went right over her head and down to the ground, giving no hint to the beautiful Englishwoman beneath it.

"His Excellency not want create disturbance of free European woman visiting town," Mr. Ali had explained. "Like this you just any woman and not draw attention. Now Chief Black Eunuch take you in carriage."

So it was that once again Jane found herself sitting in the carriage of the Pasha, with the grim and terrifying Mansour holding her arm in a proprietary way through the thin material of her burka.

This time the curtains of the little carriage were drawn back and she could see out. She found that she was getting used to a burka and could see fairly well through the strip of black lace gauze in front of her eyes, but under it, to her embarrassment, she had been kept naked - naked, that is, except for the purity belt with its little bell.

The massive gates of the Palace swung open as the carriage made its way at a fast trot past the high walls and into an attractive tree-lined boulevard that at first glance might have been one in a southern French town. But the typical Eastern scene made it seem very different, as did the distinctive Eastern smells.

Jane was fascinated by all that she saw. The other Palaces of wealthy leading Turks peering over the tops of high walls, the sight of well-dressed men, wearing European long morning coats and red tarbooshes seated outside cafes, drinking tiny cups of Turkish coffee and ignoring the passing figures of women, dressed like herself, in shapeless burkas.

As they left the smarter residential area and drove into the centre of the town, the roads became narrow streets and bewildering lanes. A mass of people, Turks dressed in voluminous baggy trousers, and Arabs dressed in long robes and white headdresses, and again more women in burkas, pressed against the carriage. Again, she noticed how the women were often apparently bowed down with heavy parcels, whilst the men carried nothing.

She saw youths holding hands with youths, just like girls might do in Europe. She saw a grown man holding hands with a handsome young white boy and remembered what Phileda had said about the

Moslems regarding love of a boy as quite normal, and indeed more practical than love of a jealous woman, who had to be locked away out of sight of other men - and who might also become pregnant.

She saw again what she had first noticed on her arrival in Malik: men riding on camels and donkeys, followed by the veiled figures of women half walking, half running alongside them. Sometimes she saw white pageboys running at their Master's stirrup!

She saw a camel ridden by an immaculately dressed Arab followed by a line of a dozen heavily veiled women. On either side of the line a Negro overseer was riding a donkey and urging the women on with a cane. With a shock, she saw that the women were chained together by the wrist: two long chains ran from behind the camel's saddle and down each side of the line of following women, with each woman's wrists being linked to one of the two chains - they must be captives or slave girls, but she could make out nothing of them through their black shrouds.

She saw the camel turn into a large courtyard, the chained women following along behind, the Negroes mounted on their donkeys bringing up the rear as the gates to the courtyard clanged to behind them.

Mansour, seated beside her in the carriage, turned to her. "Those Armenian women, husbands and fathers' traitors, and shot. Women now slaves."

"But where were they being taken?" asked Jane.

"To house of Hamid Effendi. Big slave dealer."

So that was Hamid's establishment, about which she had heard so much from Phileda! And were those women being taken there to be trained as pleasure slaves, and sold as slave girls for rich men's Harems - just like Phileda had been? Jane's curiosity was even more aroused. Indeed, she hardly noticed anything else as they continued the drive round the busy and thriving port so taken up was she by the thought of what went on behind the walls of Hamid's training school.

A few hours later, the Pasha smiled as the slender petite figure of Jane was ushered into his private study. She felt his eyes looking her up and down and blushed.

"Ah, Miss Dudley, how pretty you look this morning! Obviously, your tour of our town has done you good. Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh yes, indeed, Your Excellency."

She was very embarrassed as the little bell now tinkled continuously from under her dress whilst the Pasha courteously helped her into a comfortable chair. But he gave no sign of having heard anything.

It was now nearly an hour after her return. She'd been given a refreshing bath by one of the black eunuchs. He had then produced a long full flowing day frock of muslin cut in the latest Parisian style. Was it, she had wondered, one normally worn by one of the Pasha's European concubines? Then the eunuch had escorted her to join him for lunch.

Only the occasional tinkling of the awful bell spoiled her composure. Otherwise, she was very pleased to be wearing European clothes again for a European style lunch with a handsome man dressed in a well-cut European double-breasted frock coat. She might, she thought, have been meeting a friend for lunch at Claridge’s - but then as she moved in her seat the wretched bell gave another tinkle.

"I hear that you were particularly interested in one particular establishment in our beautiful town," the Pasha said in his slightly mocking but arresting voice. Again, Jane felt herself blushing as she realised that he was referring to her interest in the establishment of Hamid Effendi.

But he changed the subject. "Talking of beautiful things," he drawled, "how did you find the collection of beautiful women that I keep in my Harem?"

At last, thought Jane! At last, he has given me a chance to say what I think of him and his Harem.

"I think it's dreadful! How can you compare collecting real live women, including kidnapped European women, with collecting modern paintings or thoroughbred horses? How can you, a well-travelled, educated and civilised man, keep these poor creatures locked up at the mercy of those hideous black eunuchs? How can you..."

"Ah!" The Pasha was smiling, bland as ever. "I see you are deeply shocked that I should possess a Harem of beautiful women. But you must admit that they seem happy and cheerful, and even, perhaps, fond of me! Indeed, I believe that Phileda has told you that she is actually in love with me?"

"Yes, but you never allow her to see another man ..."

"I should think not! That young woman cost me a great deal of money." He laughed. "Pretty young English women do not come on the market every day of the week! Is it surprising that I make certain that she has no opportunity to fall in love, or even flirt, with another man? Surely such an attitude is quite reasonable - even for a well-travelled, educated and civilised man, such as you so kindly describe me?"

"No, no, you must let her go. You should release her - and all your other Christian girls!"

"What, after all the trouble I have taken to have them taught to give me exquisite pleasure? You do not understand how our religion encourages us to have as many women as we can afford and our black eunuchs can supervise - we see nothing wrong in this, nor in enslaving infidel Christian women."

"No, it's wrong," cried Jane.

"Wrong? I can assure you that in the Bazaars the men talk of me with admiration because of my collection of Christian women. And besides, you must admit that Phileda and her companions are happy and well. They think only of pleasing me. Indeed, they worship me."

"Isn't that because they are whipped if they don't? Men don't whip women in England."

"No," answered the Pasha, "and that's because your men are too weak to do so. They live a dog's life, harried and nagged by strident women. Nor are their women happy. A woman respects a strong man who will keep her in order. The beating of a woman in a man's Harem may make a lot of noise, but rarely is much harm done. Indeed, the mere threat of the cane is usually sufficient. A man likes to enjoy a beautiful, laughing and unmarked woman. He certainly doesn't want to have a cowed and injured one on his hands."

There was a pause as the Pasha lit another cigarette. "Have you ever been beaten by a man?" he asked suddenly.

"Certainly not!" The very idea was shocking! But the Pasha thought it made her blush again quite delightfully.

"And yet have you never secretly longed to be? Most real women have! Have you never despised a man for not exercising his power over you? Come now. Admit it! Have you never secretly longed to be lying helpless in a man's arms, to have all decisions taken for you, and to be helpless in his power? Admit it! It's quite natural in a woman ... Well?"

Jane quailed before his fierce gaze. There was a lot of truth in what he had said. How well he understood women! How she had longed for William to carry her off. Instead, it was she who had followed him to Turkey! How often had she regretted that he did not treat her more resolutely, even more harshly.

"Well ... perhaps once or twice, but ..."

"But nothing!" interrupted the Pasha in a firm tone. "You are a natural slave, like most women. After proper training, and with proper discipline from an experienced black eunuch, you would make a delightful slave."

"Oh!" Once again, she could feel that she was blushing. She suddenly felt hot and moist in her loins. To be a slave! A helpless slave of a strong and ruthless man like the Pasha! She felt too shy to look him in the eyes, and looked demurely down into her lap where her hands were twisting with embarrassment.

The Pasha must have seen that he had struck home. He patted her gently on the head. "We must remember that you will shortly be married to Mr. Lascelles," he smiled. "Before you leave to join him, would you perhaps like to see more of any part of Malik? Perhaps you would like to see the inside of the establishment of Hamid Effendi, the slave dealer?"

Jane's heart gave a jump. How had he guessed? She had heard so much about Hamid and his establishment. It all sounded so exciting. Actually, to see round it as a free woman would be really exciting, but she was shy about admitting that to the Pasha. Fortunately, he appeared to take it for granted.

"It's not quite so simple as you may have thought, my dear," he said. "Hamid would hardly allow a free European woman to wander round his establishment, particularly that now, officially, slavery does not exist in the Turkish Empire. However, I may be able to arrange things differently ..."

He paused, and then clapped his hands.

A good-looking pageboy came into the room and bowed respectfully to the Pasha. Jane recognised him as one of the white eunuch boys she had seen in attendance on the Pasha. The Pasha gave an order in Turkish, and the boy bowed again and left.

"Now, go next door," said the Pasha. "You'll find a grille through which you can see into this room. You can watch what happens. But you must not make any noise, or attempt to speak, or interrupt what you see. Is that understood? Can I rely on you?"

"Well, I suppose so," replied Jane rather confused.

"There is no question of supposing so," said the Pasha, looking into Jane's eyes. "Do I have your word that you will keep quiet?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," said Jane, obediently lowering her eyes to the floor.

"Very well then. Go next door and shut the door behind you. You will find that it is an annexe to this room, and a room where many of my papers are kept and where my secretaries often work."

Jane did as she was told. There were several desks in the small room in which she now found herself. There was no one else in it. She looked around for the grille. Peering through it she could see into the Pasha's study. She stood there watching in silence, wondering what on earth she was going to see.

15 - THE FATE OF THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Jane was looking through the grille into the Pasha's study when she heard a knock on the door, and as two black eunuchs entered the Pasha's study, she saw that one was Mansour, the Pasha's chief black eunuch of whom she was so nervous. Alongside each of the two eunuchs crawled a woman, on her knees, led on a leash attached to a collar round her neck, the eunuch gently tapping her buttocks with his cane as if to remind her to behave.

The two women were stark naked, except for their shiny steel collars, and for a wide leather belt strapped tightly round their waists which showed off their long backs and the rounded swell of their hips. They were the French women - Juliette and her daughter, Myriam.

The two of them made a pretty picture as they crawled side by side up to the sofa on which the Pasha was placidly sitting. The black eunuchs gave them both a sharp tap on the buttocks with the canes, as if to remind them of what they had previously been instructed to do. Instantly each of them began to lick avidly at the Pasha's shoes.

The eunuchs handed the two leashes to the smiling Pasha, who now held them taut, one in each hand. He looked down at the women approvingly for some time as they both humbly licked, their tongues thrust well out in a way that had obviously been practised.

It was, Jane felt, a perfect example of female subjugation by a strong-willed male. And these were educated European women - a mother and her daughter! She shivered as she watched, imagining what it would be like to be one of them. She had to admit that it was an exciting, if frightening, thought.

The Pasha looked up enquiringly at his chief black eunuch.

"Your Excellency," began Mansour, "these two Christian dogs wish to beg for your forgiveness."

The Pasha smiled again.

"Well?" he said, giving the mother's leash a jerk.

"Your Excellency! My master!"

She began in French in a half-muffled voice, keeping her head down to the floor. As she spoke clearly and slowly as if remembering a lesson half learnt, Jane found that she was able to understand her well.

"This Christian dog acknowledges His Excellency to be her Master. She will be greatly honoured if he would take her into his Harem as one of his slaves, to serve and obey him and to abandon all thoughts of other men. She wishes to give her Master pleasure, and to live only for his pleasure, for as long as he may deign to keep her."

The Pasha looked approvingly up at Mansour. Clearly he felt that he and the black eunuchs' canes had done a good job. He turned to look down at Myriam and gave her leash a tug.

"Well, and how about you?"

"This little Christian dog also begs her Master to take her into his Harem," came a young girlish voice. She too kept her head down to the floor. "I wish to offer up my virginity to my Master. Forsaking the sight of all other men, I wish to be kept for his exclusive use and pleasure."

Again, the Pasha gave a look of approval at his chief black eunuch and his cane. It was really quite extraordinary, thought Jane, to see a pretty young girl, brought up in France and used to flirting with boys of her own age, begging a man over three times as old as herself to keep her for his exclusive use.

Jane had been shocked to see how young Myriam really was. She scarcely looked more than sixteen - just a French schoolgirl and yet now destined for the Pasha's Harem.

The girl was now twisting her head and actually smiling coquettishly up at the Pasha. It was the natural behaviour of a young female in the presence of a powerful male, and Jane saw that she had also opened her legs more in a gesture of submission to the male - a gesture that she had already been made to practice.

Jane remembered what Phileda said happened to girls who looked at the Pasha without permission. She held her breath waiting for an explosion from the Pasha or from the eunuchs. But this time Myriam's indiscretion was ignored. It was as if the Pasha and the black eunuchs had accepted her flirtatious gesture as a secret sign of her submission, a sign that she wished to distance herself from her mother's more hostile attitude. It seemed that she accepted the fact that her future happiness depended on her obedience to her new Turkish master.

Both Juliette and Myriam were still kneeling at the Pasha's feet, their heads low, the palms of their hands flat on the floor on either side of their heads, and their long blond hair flung forward baring their necks.

The Pasha nodded again to Mansour.

"Kneel up, little dogs!" ordered the chief black eunuch. "Heads up! Hands behind necks!" With little taps of their canes, the two eunuchs positioned each of the women to their satisfaction. A tear was trickling down the side of Juliette's cheek. Doubtless she was feeling the humiliation of being treated in this way in front of her daughter. Doubtless too, she was feeling the shock of realising that she would now never remarry, or even see her French fiancé again. Nor that Myriam would never now make the brilliant marriage she had planned for her. Both were destined to for the Pasha's bed and to be incarcerated hidden away in his Harem. Myriam was looking more cheerful, having shown the Pasha the coquettish and flirtatious side of her character.

Both women were now staring straight ahead at the wall, looking past the Pasha, not daring to look him in the face. The Pasha spoke slowly and with emphasis.

"Both of you will now be sent away to be circumcised as a punishment for your disgraceful behaviour."

Jane repeated to herself the dread words: ‘to be circumcised’. She remembered that this was what had also happened to poor Phileda by order of the cruel Pasha.

"Then you will both have a period training together, yes, together. I shall periodically come to watch your progress. If I am pleased with what I see, then I will consider accepting you into my Harem. Once there you will both be branded with my crest, and after I have enjoyed you both, I may have you, as I said, mated with one of my giant Black Guards."

The Pasha looked at the two terrified women. Both gave a little moan at these words. But neither dared to say a word of protest.

"Or," he added mysteriously, "I may keep you both for breeding something rather more interesting."

He paused, enjoying once again the look of horror in the women's faces.

"Yes," he went on cruelly. "Either way, I shall really enjoy seeing a mother and daughter both with identically curved bellies."

Again, there were little moans of horror.

"If, however," the Pasha continued in a rather bored tone of voice, "I am not pleased by your submissiveness or the degree of skill in love-making that either of you have acquired, then you will both be sold to a brothel, serving my black soldiers."

There were more horrified gasps from both the mother and her daughter, and for a second both of them turned their eyes pleadingly to the stern-faced Pasha.

The Pasha handed the two leashes back to the eunuchs. "Take them away," he ordered.

PART IV – HAMID, THE SLAVE DEALER

16 - THE PASHA HAS PLANS FOR JANE

"Come back in, my dear," said the Pasha.

Jane knew she should upbraid him for his conduct and beg him to release the two unfortunate women, but before she could gather her wits together, the Pasha gestured to her to sit on a cushion by his feet.

"Yes, as you heard, I am sending them to Hamid Effendi. He will see to it that they become delightful and willing slaves."

"You mean you will send them to a slave dealer to be circumcised and trained for your Harem, before having them mated!" said Jane angrily.

"Of course. That's why I bought them - and at considerable cost, I may say. I made a fuss when they cursed and spat at me in front of the rest of the Harem, but I always anyway intended that to be their fate. That's half the fun of owning a European mother and daughter."

"Oh, you're just odious and cruel," cried Jane in despair.

"Not at all. Owning them is going to give me great pleasure, both mental, watching being made to perform together, and physically, together in my bed."

He laughed pensively.

"Of course, I don't need the assistance of Hamid Effendi merely for that No, my own black eunuchs are quite capable of training them to perform together in my bed or before me as a little amusement. No, sending them to Hamid's is merely a blind to prevent them from realising what really is going to happen to them - particularly to the exquisite young Myriam."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah! That's a secret."

"Oh! But you mustn't do anything dreadful to them. They're a mother and daughter!"

"All the better! A well-educated European mother and daughter is a rare prize for my Harem. And anyway, apart from the occasional curved bellies, they will now be assured of a comfortable and healthy life, being looked after by black eunuchs, never having to worry where their next meal comes from, and never having to fight off the attentions of strange men."

"You mean," said Jane angrily, "being constantly terrified of being beaten by black eunuchs."

"Bah! It's natural for women to be beaten. It's good for them! They even find it exciting being beaten in front of me. And, as I've already told you, the treatment may make a lot of noise, but doesn't do much real harm. If your Christian religion doesn’t tell men to beat their woman, ours does. Europe would be a happier place."

Jane lowered her eyes, feeling herself blush. Her anger at the Pasha was immediately replaced by a feeling of ... of what? Of wondering how she would react if she were one of the Pasha's slaves? Of how she would react if she were in his power? The Pasha's voice, the voice she found so madly attractive interrupted her confused thoughts.

"But, of course, you would not understand. You are not one of my slave girls. You are my honoured visitor, the fiancé of another man." Again he laughed sardonically, making her tremble all over with a mixture of fear and excitement.

Suddenly he changed the subject. "So you want to see the inside of the establishment of Hamid the slave dealer, do you?" He did not wait for her to confirm or deny it, he just swept on. "Very well, but there is no way that you could ever be allowed in as a free European woman, you would have to go in the guise of a slave girl. Do you understand?"

To go there disguised as a slave girl! Goodness, it was all getting more and more exciting! Her eyes were still demurely lowered to the ground, and she could not bring herself to raise them to meet those of the Pasha. She simply nodded her assent.

"Now listen carefully. As you know, I am sending Juliette and her daughter to Hamid for a month's intensive ... training and ... something else. This latter will ensure that they will each return a much more submissive woman, a woman more eager to please. It will also prevent them from getting any ideas above their situation. A circumcised and branded Frenchwoman, due soon to carry a black progeny, is hardly likely to be eager to escape back to France, no matter how sophisticated she is - nor is her daughter."

"Oh!" cried Jane.

"Of course, you're not going to circumcised or branded, but I think you'd be impressed by the extent of Hamid's training arrangements. Do you follow me?"

Indeed she did! The idea of being trained for use by the Pasha was madly exciting. Too thrilled to trust herself to say anything, she continued to sit still, her eyes lowered, and the Pasha's voice dominating her thoughts.

"Well, when Hamid has girls sent to him for training, they are always first shown round on arrival, so that they get a good idea of what they are in for, and of the standards that they must reach. He finds that in this way the girls co-operate better - if only out of fear. He then examines them to decide whether they are suitable. So I will send you with Juliette and her daughter, nominally as merely another slave girl, about whose suitability for training I would like his opinion."

"My suitability for training!" wailed Jane, now genuinely alarmed. "You aren't planning to leave me there?"

"Certainly not! Mansour and Ali, who will be taking all three of you to Hamid tomorrow morning, will have strict orders to bring you back again. We don't want Mr. Lascelles to lose his fiancée, do we? They will simply tell Hamid that I am going to have you circumcised before sending you back to him to start your training."

"Circumcised! Not me also!"

Quite apart from the Pasha's plans for Juliette and Myriam, Jane remembered with horror how Phileda had told her how she had been casually circumcised at the order of the Pasha when he bought her.

"Yes," laughed the Pasha, "I'm sure that Phileda has told you that we Turks often like to circumcise some of the Christian girls in our Harems, to emphasise our power over all of them. It's an old custom in Harems. It makes it harder for a woman to enjoy making love, so that she has to try harder, and go on longer, much to the delight of her Master. However, I myself like a mixture of circumcised girls and more responsive ones."

Jane shuddered at hearing from the Pasha himself what Phileda had already told her. Female circumcision! The Turks seemed obsessed about it. How terrible! And all for the vanity and amusement of one man! Jane looked up horrified at the Pasha, but he cut her protest short.

"Don't worry! You are my guest here. No one is going to do it to you really, though I admit it would be a good joke to play on your Mr. Lascelles - though perhaps he would not even notice the difference! Anyway, you will be quite safe and yet able to satisfy your natural curiosity, the curiosity of any young woman, as to what goes on in the house of a slave dealer specialising in dealing with high-grade white women being sold, trained and often circumcised as pleasure slaves."

"Oh!" said Jane. She did not know whether to be relieved or shocked. She could not help feeling excited, however, at the thought of what she was going to see.

"Of course, the black eunuchs will have to prepare you so that you genuinely look like a slave, a slave who I am considering for my Harem, after training and circumcision. And you must not under any circumstances speak English. Hamid must not suspect you are a free woman. He will be told you were just another abducted woman - part of the preset problems with the Armenians, like the other two. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I see," she murmured. But what had he meant by 'prepare you so that you look like a genuine slave'? She was too shy to ask.

"Very well then, go back now with Ali to the guest wing and rest properly before tomorrow's visit."

17 - WASHED OUT - TURKISH STYLE

Jane lay drowsily in bed, looking out at the early morning Mediterranean sunshine, and down on to the well-tended garden that surrounded the palace.

The gardeners were already up and about, watering the flowers and shrubs, and raking the gravel paths. Beyond them lay the high wall that surrounded the palace. Beyond that, half hidden in the haze, was the outline of the mountains behind Malik.

To one side was another high wall, the one that shut off the Harem garden from the palace garden and the park. She remembered seeing the pretty little Harem Garden in the twilight through the lattice screen in the balcony above the Harem two evenings before. Idly, she wondered who tended the Harem Garden and when. Phileda had been adamant that the Harem slaves were not allowed to speak to another man, or even to see one. So presumably the Pasha would hardly allow his women to be excited by the presence of handsome young virile gardeners!

Suddenly she heard footsteps outside the open door of her bedroom, the door specially left open so that the black eunuchs watching over her could come and go, as they liked. Watching over her! Were they guarding her or supervising her? With a guilty gesture, and feeling like a naughty school girl, she pulled her hands from under the bedclothes and put them where the eunuchs liked to see them: on top of the sheets.

It was all so embarrassing, so shame-making, and indeed so unnecessary, for there was no way she could have been misbehaving with that wretched purity belt so tightly strapped round her loins. Why had she not insisted that they take it off? She wasn't, after all, one of the Pasha's slave girls - whose purity, as they called it, they were responsible for.

This time she would be firm, but even as she resolved to do so she knew that it was a waste of time. She was putty in the hands of the huge and forbidding black eunuchs, and she was still too shy to discuss it with the Pasha.

Already, only two days after she had had the belt put on her, she was beginning to feel and understand the frustration and secret longings of the Harem girls that Phileda had so poignantly described.

Her eyes caught the photograph of the Pasha hanging on the wall. She remembered the shocking ones in his Harem, the ones that showed his erect manhood. She felt herself becoming aroused by desire under the silver grille of the belt.

If the Pasha had given secret instructions to the eunuchs to put the belt onto her so that her thoughts would constantly turn to him, he was certainly succeeding - despite her horror at the cruel and casual way he treated his women! However, she could not be certain whether she thought of him with adoration or fear, respect or sheer hatred, or a mixture of all four.

Who, she wondered, had been summoned to his bed yesterday for his siesta? And who for the night? She felt a pang of jealousy. Yes, she was definitely jealous! Did that mean that she was falling in love with the Pasha? Was she falling in love with a barbaric and cruel Turkish Pasha? What nonsense!

Her mind began to race. Had he used a higher and a lower girl in the way that Phileda had described? She imagined herself in the role of his lower girl, hidden and anonymous, her only reward a gentle pat from the Pasha's hand as he occasionally reached down to hold her in position by gripping her hair.

Had he also had a white pageboy in his bed? The very idea had filled her with disgust when Phileda had told her about the pageboys. But now, already, she seemed to accept them as part of the way of life of a virile Turk. Disgust had turned to jealously, jealousy of the Pasha's young white pageboys, as well as of his young white concubines.

Her thoughts were interrupted as two black eunuchs entered the room without knocking or even asking permission. She saw that one was Ali, and the other a young black boy. Ali was carrying a long whippy cane, the boy a short riding whip, both were, she now knew, their badges of office, the sign of their authority.

"Good morning, Mr. Ali, Sir!" she said dutifully, remembering what Phileda had said about the black eunuchs being so touchy about being treated with respect by Christian girls. Then she saw that the black boy was scowling at being ignored. "Good morning, Sir!" she said hastily to him, embarrassed at having to call a mere boy 'Sir'.

"Good morning, little Miss," replied Ali in a rather patronising tone. "Little Miss will now be prepared for visit to House of Hamid. Then we give you breakfast, then we go."

"What do you mean, prepare me for this visit?" asked Jane anxiously. She remembered that the Pasha had used the same expression, and that she had been too shy to ask him what he meant. She was simply to be disguised as a slave - nothing more.

"You soon see, little Miss. Mr. Ali not hurt you! You no worry! Mr. Ali know your body well now."

Yes, thought Jane, that was indeed true, though the idea made her blush. Ali knew her body very intimately! And he had access to the key to her purity belt. The big, fat Negro, with his sinister face, had become her Nanny, a strict and capable Nanny who seemed to know all about girls like her.

Now he bent down and pulled back the bedclothes, making Jane curl up with shame, for the little nightdress he had put her into the previous evening left little to the imagination. Suddenly he picked her up as if she were a doll.

Helpless in his strong arms, she was carried into the bathroom, where the hateful young black boy was already standing with a bowl. Eunuchs or not, she would never get used to having to perform so degradingly in front of them - and into a bowl held by a young black boy. It just was too awful!

Suddenly she saw that the bathroom had been changed. A cupboard high up on the wall had been unlocked to disclose three large glass bottles, each containing a differently-coloured and strongly-scented liquid. The liquid in the first bottle was green and soapy-looking, the next was bright red and fizzy like sherbet, and the third was bright blue and slightly burning. The sides of all three bottles were graduated to show how much liquid each had dispensed.

Hanging down to the floor from each bottle was a long length of rubber tubing, each coloured to match the colour of the liquid in its parent bottle. The tubes all terminated in a strangely shaped nozzle made of stiffer rubber. Little taps at the end of each tube enabled an operator to use his experience to repeatedly close down the supply of one liquid to the nozzle and to momentarily open one of the other two.

The work of the operator was thus not unlike that of a skilled barman making up a complex cocktail - a little of this and now a little of that!

The end of the nozzle itself was gently pointed and covered in grease, but it then quickly became quite large, like a lozenge. However, a few inches back from the tip of the nozzle, there was a strange circular indentation where the nozzle became much smaller. This was intended to provide a close fit for the sphincter to grip the muzzle and thus ensure that there were no unnecessary spillages of these valuable liquids caused by the recipient trying to expel the nozzle.

Jane did not realise at first realise the purpose of all this.

Indeed, she was soon to learn that this Turkish-style Harem enema was very different than those simpler ones used in European hospitals. With its choice of different highly scented liquids, it was designed to give a better and more carefully controlled clean-out and finish. This was not for medical purposes, but rather, in a Harem, to prepare the way for the most fastidious Master to enjoy, to his heart's content, a popular Turkish pastime - the penetration of a slave girl’s cleaned and scented rear orifice.

On this occasion, however, it was, of course, simply to ensure that Jane was in a fit state to be examined by Hamid Effendi and his staff. The black eunuchs of the Pasha's Harem would not want their colleagues on the staff of Hamid Effendi to think that they did not know how to keep a white slave girl clean and fresh.

Ali lifted her nightdress off over her head. She was now naked. Blushing, she modestly covered her breasts with her hands.

But Ali now pointed to a rubber mat on the floor under the strange-looking bottles. Impatiently he told her to kneel down on it on all fours. Mystified and nervously eying his cane, she quickly did so.

In front of her, low down on the edge of the mat, was another strange-looking wooden contraption that rather reminded her of an old-fashioned stock. It was hinged and there were small holes. It had been securely fastened to the floor.

Before she realised what was happening, Ali had put her two wrists into the bottom half of the holes and then with a reassuring smile closed the stocks. Her hands were now held helpless, down close to the floor.

"Let me go!" she cried. "Why have you done this?"

"Now, little Miss," said Ali with a smile, "we must make you nice and clean for your visit to House of Hamid. We not want risk any accidents there. You not to risk disgracing Pasha, do you?"

Then assisted by the boy, the strong black eunuch quickly fastened her ankles to the side of the mat with little straps. With her hands fastened in the stocks, she could not stop him.

It was all too degrading, Jane thought, but at least they were removing the hateful purity belt.

Indeed, Ali now quickly unlocked the tiny padlock in the small of her back, allowing the belt to fall away. Jane felt the lips of her body open again, like the petals of a flower, after two days of being squeezed tightly together.

Then a padded bar was slipped under her belly to keep her buttocks nicely raised. She was now firmly secured, kneeling on all fours with her knees parted and her rear orifice well displayed.

Ali now picked up the operator's stool and, placing it behind Jane between her outstretched knees, sat down on it. He stroked her now trembling bottom reassuringly. She still did not quite understand what was going to happen.

The boy turned on the taps of each of the three coloured tubes in turn to test that all was well. He was rewarded by little jets of three differently coloured liquids shooting out from the tip of the nozzle onto the tiled floor. Satisfied, he handed the nozzle to Ali.

Suddenly, Jane felt Mr. Ali's hands part her buttocks. She blushed as she felt the end of the greased nozzle press against her rear orifice. Suddenly it slipped in. She felt him slowly pushing it up her. Then he stopped. He could see that her sphincter muscles round her rear orifice had closed around the indentation in the nozzle, holding it tightly in place. She would now not be able to eject it.

Ali looked down at the control taps on the end of the nozzle that was now protruding from the girl's rear entrance. No two black eunuchs would ever quite agree about which liquid should be used first. Some said that the soapy mixture gave an immediate cleansing effect. Others swore by the Prophet's beard that the fizzy liquid was more effective at this early stage. He himself, however, always preferred to use the burning liquid first, so as to get the girl shaking her belly well right from the start.

Accordingly, he momentarily turned on the blue tap.

"No! No!" Jane screamed out as she felt a little jet of the burning liquid shoot up into her, cleaning her as it did so. Frantically she tried to reach back to pull out the nozzle, but her hands were firmly held by the stocks. Then she tried in vain to shake it out, opening and closing her buttocks desperately. But her sphincter held it equally firmly in place.

"You've no right to do this to me," she cried. "The Pasha will be furious when he hears about it."

But the two eunuchs merely smiled at each other and Ali again gave the blue tap another little two quick twists, provoking further screams from Jane. But as he knew she would, she was now nicely shaking her belly and hips to and fro in an automatic, but vain, attempt to stop the burning liquid from going further up her. These white women all reacted in the same way.

The girl was now ready, Ali decided, to receive a good dose of the red fizzy liquid. He closed the blue tap, opened the red one and left it open.

Jane at first fell silent, as this new liquid seemed to neutralise the awful first one. Then she began to cry out as she felt its strange fizzy action inside her.

Ali now got up off his stool and went and stood by the kneeling girl's side to get a better view of her now slowly swelling belly. He smiled as stood back further to watch as the girl writhed in vain on the mat whilst the fizzy liquid slowly and inexorably penetrated deeper and deeper.

"No, no, no more please," cried Jane.

But Ali just laughed. It was early days yet! He glanced at the graduations on the side of the red bottle. The liquid was going in well. He put his hand down and felt her belly. Yes, she would soon be ready for the green soap and then for a return to the blue burning liquid. It was, Ali knew, always better to do it by stages, with a good little shake between each one. He sat down on the stool behind her again and turned off the red tap.

Jane let a cry of relief as she felt the liquid stop. But the relief was short-lived, for Ali told the boy to give her a sharp tap on her bottom with his whip.

"Wriggle!" ordered Ali. He wanted to get the fizzy liquid really fizzing inside her. "Go on, wriggle your bottom!"

Jane was almost too humiliated to obey. Again, she felt the riding whip on her bottom, this time much harder, making her cry out. But Ali saw that she began to shake her belly and hips again. Again he smiled - the whip never failed!

"Now wriggle your belly from side to side," he ordered. "I want you to feel that you are really shaking up that fizzy liquid."

Another stroke of the whip, and the girl was shaking herself frantically. "I'll do it, I'll do it," she was screaming, "but please don't beat me again."

Ali laughed aloud. How many times had he heard the same cry from a white woman? And always just at this moment. He nodded to the boy, who again brought his riding whip down across the girl's bottom - this time really hard. He was rewarded by a piercing scream, but soon the girl was sweating as she wriggled more frantically than ever.

He made her go on for another minute. She must be getting really clean by now.

"Stop!" he ordered. Gratefully, an exhausted Jane stopped wriggling and kept still to catch her breath. But, just as Ali knew she would, she could still feel the fizzy liquid bubbling away inside her. He let the fizzy liquid do its work for another minute. Then he turned on the green tap, fully on. Jane gave another little cry as she felt the soapy liquid swelling up inside her.

After another minute Ali reached forward and felt her belly. Yes, it was getting very nicely swollen. He would let it run for another minute and then finish off with another shot of the Blue Burner, before she was left for five minutes, whilst all three liquids completed their cleaning tasks.

A minute later, and Jane screamed again as she felt the blue burning liquid shoot up inside her.

"Now keep still," ordered Ali. This was always a tricky moment. He put the bowl down on the floor between her legs - just in case. The black boy was now standing beside him, holding a well-greased rubber plug. It had a circular indentation, like the one on at the rear of the nozzle, for the girl's sphincter to grip.

Slowly he began to withdraw the nozzle, easing it past the sphincter. Jane gave a sigh of relief. Oh, how she longed to release everything.

Then quickly he pulled out the nozzle, grabbed the plug from the boy and pushed it in. Yes, the sphincter was holding it. He got up from the stool. It was time for a coffee.

Five minutes later, standing by the window and sipping a cup of Turkish coffee, Ali gestured to the boy to remove the plug and to hold up the bowl.

Then it was time to repeat the process. But this time there was nothing left to be washed out and the emphasis was more on the liquids pleasing scents than on their cleansing properties.

Poor Jane was left exhausted and utterly degraded by it all.

18 - JANE IS FURTHER PREPARED

Ali and the black eunuch boy had scarcely finished washing her out, when she saw Ali coming back towards her with what she recognised as a spray-type douche. She was still tied down on all fours on the rubber mat.

He gently parted her body lips and then twice washed her out there twice, too - first to get a good clean out and then with a sweet-smelling scent. Her ablutions now completed, he released her wrists and ankles and carried her over to a high couch, like one used by a masseur.

Perhaps, Jane thought, they're going to give me a relaxing massage! But she was soon disillusioned, for he quickly fastened a strap around her waist and another round her neck, tying her down to the couch. Alarmed, she put out her arms to try and push the eunuchs away, but they were gripped and quickly pulled down between her legs and strapped to the outside of her now widely parted ankles.

She was now in the most vulnerable position a woman can be put into, lying on her back, wide open and helpless, her raised knees held wide apart. Because of the way her wrists had been fastened to her ankles she found she was quite unable to close her legs. Ali pulled down two light chains hanging

from the ceiling and fastened them to her ankles. The chains took the weight of her legs, making the position easy to maintain.

Supposing the Pasha came in while she was held in this humiliating position? Or perhaps he was already watching from behind some screen! There was one in the corner of the bathroom - just like those in the Harem. Had he watched her being so degradingly washed out? Oh no! That was too awful to think about.

She tried to raise her head and look around, but the strap around her neck held her down. She heard the two black eunuchs, Ali and the boy Abdul, talking at the foot of the couch. They seemed to be mixing something in a bowl. She could not see what was happening. She was frightened. She wanted to cry out, but the bathroom door was closed so no one would hear.

Ali came up to the top of the couch. He was sharpening a cutthroat razor! With a start she remembered the Pasha's talk about female circumcision. Surely, these awful Negroes couldn't be planning to ...

"Mr. Ali, Sir," she begged tearfully, "don't do it to me! The Pasha promised me ..."

"Don't you worry, little Miss. We not hurt you. But you keep quite still!"

Suddenly she felt something soapy being rubbed between her widely parted legs. Shaving soap! Ali bent down over her, a large shaving brush in his hand, and the black boy reached down from the other side of the couch. She felt his hand pulling and stretching her body lips. She heard a scratching noise. Something was moving, scraping, low down on her belly.

She was being shaved! Her body hair was being shaved off! She would be just like Phileda and all the other Harem girls. Just like Juliette and her daughter. So this was also part of what the Pasha meant by being 'prepared', so that she would look like a real slave girl. A feeling of anger at what was being done to her was now tempered by a feeling of relief that nothing worse was being done. No female circumcision!

"You keep quite still!" repeated Ali, wiping the soap-covered razor. "We cut hair short when put on purity belt, now we remove completely. You must be quite hairless for inspection by Hamid Effendi."

"What!" cried Jane. Then she remembered what the Pasha had said about Hamid personally inspecting the women to see if they were suitable for training. How she wished she had never asked to see Hamid's wretched establishment!

She did not dare move an inch as the two eunuchs worked carefully down, closer and closer to the most intimate parts of her body. They repeatedly brushed her skin with the shaving brush and then carefully shaved off the soap and hairs, pulling her skin taut, and then running their hands over her skin to check that she was now perfectly smooth. At last it was over. The black boy handed Ali a bowl of talcum powder, and she felt it being poured over the curves of her body and smoothed down with the palm of Ali's hand. They untied her and stood her in front of a long mirror. They smiled at each other, as if to acknowledge a skilled task carried out.

Jane could hardly bear to look in the mirror. What she saw was the same smooth look that she had seen on the Pasha's real slave girls - and on Phileda, of course. But there was a difference.

The outer lips of Phileda, and of some of the other women, lay pressed closely together, giving a charming and innocent look - like that of a little girl. In her case, however, the tips of her womanly inner lips still protruded out from between her outer lips - like the petals of a flower.

Was the trimming back of these inner lips mandatory in the Pasha's Harem for all European women, she wondered, as a way of differentiating their status? Were the beauty lips of Juliette and Myriam going to be altered in this way, to please the Pasha?

"Very good!" It was the voice of Mansour, the chief black eunuch, who had just come into the bathroom. He bent down and rubbed his hands down over Jane now smooth mound and beauty lips.

"Very good! Just like real slave girl!" Then he looked at her. "In future we use special cream to keep smooth. Pasha not like prickly skin!" He laughed, and Jane felt her cheeks flushing.

Jane was now offered a little fruit and coffee for breakfast. Then she was taken back into the bathroom and, ignoring her protests, they fastened a new type of chastity belt onto her. It was rather different in design from her old purity belt.

Instead of a triangular-shaped silver chain mail mesh, a pretty heart-shaped curved brass disc was locked over the curve of her body. Running down the centre of the disc was a narrow slit. Whereas

the silver mesh had been fastened tightly, thereby ensuring Jane's purity as well as her chastity, this disc was more loosely fastened. It was, however, quite enough to protect her chastity.

"This to protect you on way to Hamid's," said Mansour.

She looked down at the prettily curved disc being reflected back in the mirror. A scimitar had been engraved on either side of the central long slit, the sign of the Pasha's brand, the sign that his slave girls all wore branded onto their thigh once they had been accepted into his Harem.

She could not take her eyes off the engraved crest. Somehow it made her feel as if she really belonged to the Pasha, and this feeling was heightened when the eunuchs slipped a wide shiny stainless-steel collar round her neck.

She saw that Ali was dropping what seemed to be a lead pellet into the join of the collar. He picked up a large instrument, rather like a huge pair of pliers, and began to squeeze the joint. Then he put down the instrument and examined the collar. The lead pellet ensured that the collar was now riveted round her neck. Only with a special riming instrument and blows from a hammer could the pellet be removed and the collar taken off her.

The collar gave her an overpowering feeling of being owned by the Pasha. Oh! If the Pasha had come in to the room at that moment nothing would have prevented her from giving way to the primitive emotions that were flooding up inside her. She would have thrown herself at his feet.

Would she ever experience such powerful feelings with William? He would be horrified if he had ever learnt what had happened to her. Yet, by contrast, Zaid Pasha must have known just what the black eunuchs were doing to her - and had probably discussed it with Mansour. Oh, how shame-making!

As she looked in the mirror, her eyes dropped again to the curved disc chained round her lower belly. She could see that, even though it was quite small, it would indeed effectively prevent a man, any man, from penetrating her. And the long slit was far too narrow to allow even a little finger to pass, never mind anything else. It was a most effective chastity belt. Her emotions were aroused even more by the realisation that once again the Pasha and his black eunuchs had complete control over her intimacies.

But the black eunuchs had not finished. Gripping her nose to make her open her mouth, Ali thrust a leather gag into her mouth. It was tightly fastened behind her neck. She was now quite unable to say a word. Furious, and flashing her eyes, she tried to protest but the Negroes just ignored her grunts.

Then, stark naked except for her chastity belt, her gag and the collar, they put the inevitable shapeless black burka over her. Only her hands and wrists remained uncovered, and soon they too were covered by shapeless thick black gloves, whilst, once again, her feet were thrust into a pair of ugly black boots. From the outside there was now no hint of her exquisite English beauty: she could well have been an old Arab hag of ninety.

There was the usual lace strip in front of her eyes. It enabled her to peer out without even her eyes being seen by a passer-by. She noticed that it could be unbuttoned, and wondered when and if it would be.

"When in House of Hamid we unfasten," explained the eunuch Ali. "Pasha not want any man in street to see or hear his women."

His women! Gagged and wearing his collar and chastity belt, engraved with his crest, Jane certainly felt like one of them!

19 - COFFLED!

Hidden and gagged under the burka, Jane was now led out into the palace courtyard. She saw that two saddled donkeys were standing waiting. Near them were the black shrouded figures of two women, whom she guessed must be Juliette and Myriam.

Jane was made to stand immediately behind the shorter of the two figures, presumably Myriam, and in front of the taller one, Juliette. The eunuchs had a passion for ranging women in order of height. It was another form of domination, another way of enforcing discipline in the Harem.

"Right hands away from bodies!" suddenly ordered the Chief Black Eunuch. "Keep out straight!"

Jane felt a slight sting on her buttocks through the burka, as Ali gave her a sharp tap with his cane, making her obey the order. All three women now had their right hands raised, held at an angle away from their bodies. Then Ali locked a manacle onto Myriam's right wrist: it was attached to a chain.

"Eyes to your front!" ordered Mansour. "Not look down!" He went down the line of women, temporarily unbuttoning their lace visors or peepholes, to make sure that his order was being obeyed. Jane felt another tap on her buttocks, and she fixed her eyes straight onto the middle of Myriam's back. It was, a typical and unnecessary way of humiliating a woman.

She felt a manacle being locked onto her own right wrist. She felt the heavy weight of the short length of chain that linked her wrist to that of Myriam, standing only a couple of feet in front of her. She felt Mansour's eyes watching her. She did not dare look down. A moment later she heard a click behind her as Ali fastened a manacle onto Juliette's wrist. She felt the heavy weight of that chain too.

"Right hands down!"

With relief Jane let her hand fall to her side.

"Raise left arms!" came the order. Jane heard the swish of the cane behind her, but it was not for her this time. She heard a little thud as the cane hit home. She heard a muffled cry from Juliette; clearly she too had been gagged. Obviously, the eunuchs did not want to risk any of the women calling out while they were being marched through the town to the House of Hamid.

"You move quicker when chief black eunuch give order, Christian dog," came Ali's growled warning.

Then an identical length of heavy chain was manacled onto the women's left wrists. Jane now found herself standing in a line, each wrist linked by a short length of chain to the wrists of Myriam, standing just in front of her, and to Juliette, whom she could hear sobbing quietly through her gag immediately behind her.

She was now held quite helpless. She had read about coffles of black slaves being marched by cruel Arab slavers across Africa. She was now coffled herself, a pretended slave ready to be marched to the establishment of a slave dealer.

She heard another muffled gasp from Juliette, but did not dare turn round. A few seconds later she herself gave a similar gasp as Ali checked her manacles, and then ran his hand down over her body to feel, through the burka, that her chastity belt was still properly in place.

Two rather longer lengths of chain were then led forward from Myriam's wrists and fastened, one on each side, to the stirrups hanging from one of the donkeys' saddles. Phileda had said that a Christian slave was just an animal, and now they were helplessly harnessed behind a real animal! Where the donkey went, they would have to follow.

Ali went down the line, buttoning up again the lace visors in front of each woman's eyes, leaving Jane peering through the little gaps in the intricate lacework. No one would now get even a glimpse of her sparkling eyes. He then tucked his cane under the saddle of one of the donkeys and picked up a long carriage whip.

"Little Christian dogs!" came the voice of Mansour. "You run behind donkey, or you feel Mr. Ali's whip. You not look round in town, or you feel Mr. Ali's whip. You not make noise in town, or you also feel Mr. Ali's whip."

Through the lace on the front of her burka, she saw Mansour mount the donkey in front of the line of woman. Ali then mounted the other, and rode alongside them, his long carriage whip at the ready. A second later she felt a jerk on her wrists as Myriam was dragged forward by Mansour's donkey. She too was jerked forward and was then jerked backwards as the heavy chains dragged Juliette forwards. Ali's carriage whip cracked menacingly.

"Left! Left!" he called out, cracking his whip with each order. "Left, right, left!"

Soon all three women had learnt leant to keep in step and to move along together. Mansour kicked his donkey into a trot. Jane felt a sharp tap on the buttocks from Ali's whip, as he rode beside them.

"Run, little dogs, run!" he cried.

They ran across the palace garden to the large main gate where the grinning guards stood waiting. The gates swung open. They ran out in to the crowded, noisy, dusty street. The gate swung shut behind them.

Jane had been driven down the streets of Malik in the comfortable seclusion of a closed carriage. How different it was to be running breathlessly along as a doubly chained slave, one of a coffle of slaves being driven and dragged through the busy narrow streets and lanes!

No one seemed to pay much attention to them. The sight of a line of shrouded and chained women, half running, half walking behind a donkey and being urged on by the whip of a big Negro mounted on another donkey, must have been an everyday sight in Malik. Indeed, she remembered how she had seen just such a coffle of woman, chained behind a camel.

Her burka slipped on her head, and now she could hardly see anything at all. She was just trotting along, guided by the pull of the heavy chains on her wrist. Soon she was panting and out of breath, but Ali's whip drove her on and on. What a fool she had been to ask to be taken to the House of Hamid!

She could hear the cry of beggars and hawkers right alongside her. She could smell unwashed bodies, camel dung and refuse. She could still see practically nothing. Desperately, driven on by fear of Ali's whip, she stumbled on.

At last, the pull on her wrists slackened. She heard Mansour's voice, and another voice answering him. She heard a gate being opened. The line moved forward again.

The gate closed behind them with an ominous thud.

20 - THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Followed by Ali and Mansour, the Negro chief eunuch in charge of training in the House of Hamid, Abdullah, took the coffle of women through two heavy iron doors, each guarded by armed guards.

Hamid certainly took no chances about his valuable charges trying to escape! They were taken up some stairs and into a long gallery, which looked down into a succession of large training rooms. The gallery was intended for use by Hamid and by Abdullah, when checking up on how each class was getting on. It could also be used to give important clients a preview of the women that Hamid would shortly be offering for sale.

Chained closely to each other by both wrists as Jane and her two companions were, they had to turn their heads sideways to look down into each room, as instructed by Abdullah - so that they could learn just what would be expected of them. At a first glance there did not seem anything particularly interesting about the first room, indeed it was virtually empty except for a tall, thick smooth post.

Then Jane jumped as a whip cracked, and she saw a black eunuch, dressed in a black frock coat and stiff collar, like Abdullah. This was the European style 'Stambouline', worn by officials and senior black eunuchs in Turkey. The formality of his dress clashed with the nakedness of three white women kneeling on all fours by one wall. In the Negro's hand was a long carriage whip. It was this that he had cracked, and Jane saw how all three women had raised their heads expectantly, as if awaiting a further order.

The Negro pointed to a pretty young woman. Then he paused. Jane saw that the woman's breasts were rising and falling as if she was breathing heavily in anticipation. Suddenly the Negro cracked his whip again, and immediately the woman rose up gracefully and ran and knelt behind the post, facing it, her knees and breasts on either side of it, her belly pressed against it, her hands round the back of it as if embracing it.

"Of course," Jane heard Abdullah say, this time speaking in French to make sure the Pasha's women understood, "this may be done to music and with more than one girl."

The whip cracked again. Immediately the young woman rose to a half crouching position. She began to writhe about the pole. "Kiss it, love it, caress it," commanded her trainer, cracking the whip again. Like the black eunuchs in the pasha's Harem he was speaking in broken French, the lingua

franca of Turkish Harems that containing white women, even if they came from the Christian provinces of the Turkish Empire.

"Now - more slowly - that better! Now hardly move, use thighs. Just the inside of thighs. Keep belly back. That better! Now move slowly round the pole, keep inside of thighs touching it. More sensuously! Kiss the pole! Lick the pole! Keep knees bent, belly back!

He paused whilst the girl desperately tried to carry out the order of the big Negro.

"Now," he then continued, "go right round the pole, very slowly, touch it with left nipple and inside of both thighs. Good! Now go other way round, touching it with right nipple. No! Only tip of nipple must touch the pole. Head up! Now bend down and place a drop of saliva onto the pole. Good! Now stand up, as you were, and let me see you draw the saliva right round the pole first with one nipple ... and now with the other. Good! Now rest."

There was a pause as the exhausted girl got her breath back, resting back on her knees. Jane saw that she was looking up at them. Was she wondering whether one of them would be the next girl to be put to the pole? Jane shivered. She was glad she was free, and not a slave.

"It's a useful exercise," said Abdullah to the Pasha's two black eunuchs. "We find it helps a girl learn to address herself to a standing master."

Jane heard the trainer down in the room call out to the girl. "Is our little girl wet?" The young woman nodded, blushing. She was Macedonian, the widow of a young man who had rashly criticised the Turkish overlords.

"Very well. Up again! No, not too high. Keep knees bent. Now very gently place a little oil from between your legs onto the pole ... A little more! Now belly back. I want to see you rub that liquid into the pole, right round it, with the inside of thighs. Don't touch the pole with belly. Good, rub it in. Right round! Up and down! Head up."

Jane could not take her eyes off the jerking girl. She was a most erotic sight as she struggled round the pole, encouraged by little flicks of her trainer's long carriage whip. She was keeping her knees bent and her legs well apart, rising up and down to rub her own most intimate juice into the woodwork.

"Rest!"

The girl gratefully sank back onto her knees, resting on her heels. Again, she looked up at Jane, this time with a superior little smile on her face. There was contempt and hostility in her eyes. She knew that from now on her life as a slave girl would be one of competition with other women.

Jane, embarrassed, looked away, at the thick post itself. It was dark and shiny. It had been rubbed smooth by the bodies of countless woman, and polished with their intimate juices and saliva. Jane could feel herself ready under her burka - ready, if ordered, to place a little polish onto the pole!

"Again!" ordered the masked Turkish trainer. "And this time put more endearment into your performance."

He turned back to the watching line of naked girls, kicking the girl away with his foot as he did so.

"Remember, your Master is your whole life. For you, as a Christian slave girl, nothing else matters, except your Master. He may be ugly. He may be repulsive. He may be cruel. He may be unfair. But to you he is God. You depend entirely on his goodwill. At a snap of his fingers, he can have you thrashed. At another, he can have you put down and killed, like an animal."

Jane heard the women gasp at these words, as did her own two companions -and herself.

"No matter what your secret feeling may be," continued the trainer, " you must, in your own interests, convince him that you truly worship the very ground he walks on; that you adore him; that your life is not worth living without him."

Again, he stopped for a moment to allow his words to sink in.

"And if you to convince him, you must first convince yourself. You must forget your former husbands, lovers and flirts. Now you love your Master, and only him - and you're going to try hard, really hard, to show that love."

He paused and cracked his long carriage whip. He pointed it at the girl he had kicked away.

"Now, again!"

She went to the end of the room, turned and then with a happy and entrancing smile on her face she ran excitedly back to the man, who was standing wearing a long-embroidered dressing gown. She

threw herself onto her belly in front of him, kissing his feet passionately. Then she rose slowly to her knees, kissing his robe adoringly from the ankles to the waist.

"Choose me, Master," she whispered excitedly. "I love you. I will give you much pleasure." Her knees were wide apart. Her belly lips were moist and glistening as she thrust them invitingly towards him. "Oh, my Master, your little slut dreams only of you. She promises she will take no pleasure for herself. She will think only of your pleasure - the pleasure of the Master she adores and worships, and whose shoes she is not worthy to kiss."

"Better!" grunted the Turk from behind his mask. "Back into line!"

The girl ran back to her position at the end of the line. She stood with her hands straight down to her side, her chin up, her breasts rising and falling from the emotion, which, this time, it was clear she had really felt.

"You!" Sitting down, he pointed at the next girl. "Practise from behind!"

She was very pretty. Her eyes glistened as she ran to stand behind him. She bent down, letting her naked breasts touch the back of his head. She put her hands forward round his neck and down slowly onto his chest, stroking him lovingly with the palms of her hands. She was licking him adoringly under the ear. She began to whisper little nothings.

"Choose me, little me, your little slave girl. This little slave wants to give her master pleasure, wonderful pleasure, and excitement and thrills. This little slave thinks of her big strong master all day, and dreams of him all night."

"Fair!" said the trainer. "But I still want to hear more genuine passion. Remember that your Master is the most wonderful thing in your life." He pointed at another girl. "Next! On my knee!"

She was a beautiful creature. She walked entrancingly towards him, her fingers outstretched and horizontal. She slipped onto his knee, just as a little girl might do. With her shoulders back, she tickled his chest with her breasts. She put her hands gently round his neck. She licked up at his chin. One hand slowly slipped down the man's body, touching it only with her finger tips, down onto his thighs and then up again.

"Oh, my Master, how I love you! How I adore you! How I worship you! I want to be your little girl. Your own little live doll! A little doll for you to play with. A little doll to give you pleasure, much pleasure. Please don't send me away! I can't bear being away from my Master. I love my Master!" So intense was her emotion that tears began to roll down her cheeks. "Please don't send me away. I'll be a good little girl, a very good little girl, Master!"

The man pushed her away, and she fell to her knees, sobbing with genuine emotion.

"That was very good! ... So, at last you are all beginning to get there. I want to see you all carried away by your emotions, I want to see you all crying, crying for your Master. I want to see you all crying your hearts out at the thought of being separated from your beloved Master."

Overcome by what the trainer had said, Jane was now almost crying too. Surely, she could be sad at the thought of eventually having to leave that cruel swine of a Pasha! Or was she?

The last class were being practised in the use of their tongues.

"In this room they are taught to be the silent, anonymous givers of pleasure," Jane heard Abdullah say.

She looked down. There were two trainers in this room. One, wearing a long white robe, was sitting on a comfortable sofa. He was a Turk and masked. In his hand was a riding whip.

He snapped his fingers. A naked young woman ran up and fell to her knees in front of him. He snapped his fingers again, and she lowered her head and put it under his heavy robe, letting the folds completely cover her. A short chain had linked her wrists in front of her.

Jane shivered, imagining what it must be like to be in the dark under a naked man's robe. She saw the woman slowly squirming her way up the robe, her head making it bulge. She stopped just below his waist. She saw the man part his legs under his robe. She saw the woman's head going up and down.

Suddenly the man looked angry. He reached down and lifted up the hem of his robe, baring the woman's backside. He gave her a sharp tap with his whip.

"No! Just tip of tongue. Nothing else," he cried in broken French. He flung down his robe again. Jane saw that the woman's head was now quite still. She could hear little lapping and licking noises noise coming from under the robe.

"Better! Just tip of the tongue. Now the tips of fingers as well ... and now let me feel just the touch of your lips!"

The other man now caught Jane's eye. Once again, he was a masked Turk. He was half sitting up on a long wide bed, the lower half of his obviously naked body covered by bedclothes.

Three naked girls were taking it in turn to crawl up under the bedclothes from the bottom of the vast bed. Not only were they naked, as was apparently usual in the training classes, but also a chain was fastened to a ring at the back of the simple iron collar that all the women in training wore. This chain ran down their backs and was fastened to a ring in the floor at the foot of the bed. A short chain again linked their wrists.

Jane was reminded about what Phileda had said about being the Lower Girl in the Pasha's bed. Had she been taught here as this girl was being taught?

"That was better," came the voice of the Turk, deep and strong, like that of the other Turks - quite different from the high-pitched voice of Abdullah.

"You must remember," the same voice continued, "that a Lower Girl's function is simply to quietly please her Master under his bedclothes whether he is reading, drinking coffee, or making love to one of his favourite page boys or concubines. A Lower Girl has no other function. She must not talk. She must not show her face. Her only reward comes from the thought that her Master must be greatly enjoying keeping her hidden down under the bedclothes. Frequently, her Master will hold her there by her hair. She must feel grateful for this small attention."

The man in the room below picked up the book and began to read. The girls kneeling at the foot of the bed looked at each other silently. Suddenly, without putting down the book, he called out: "Next!"

One of the girls began to squirm her way up the bed. First her head, then her back, then her buttocks and finally her legs slowly disappeared as she slowly wriggled up between the reader's legs. Jane saw that he put his hand down, presumably to grip the girl's hair. She saw that the chain coming out from the foot of the bed was now bar-taut.

The man's hands were preventing her from avoiding her duty by slipping down the bed again, whilst the chain prevented her reaching the much more comfortable position of lying alongside him - a position that was also much less tiring, anyway for her tongue.

Jane saw that the man put down his book and pick up a riding whip. He brought it down across the bedclothes with a fearful crack, though the thickness of the covers must have protected the girl quite well. But she must have been terrified of the noise as she lay there in the dark, the masculine smell of the aroused man in her nostrils, as she strained to reach him with the tip of her tongue.

"Don't stop!" he growled. "Keep going. Tell yourself that you worship your Master, and that you're doing this as proof of your love."

21 - TWO EXPERIENCED BLACK EUNUCHS DISCUSS BREEDING - FROM WHITE WOMEN

"Slowly! More humbly!" said the trainer in the next room, in a more cultured French and a much stronger voice.

He was half crouching over a crawling and naked young woman, moving around to get a better view as she crawled. She had a pretty face, but was crawling awkwardly due her prettily curved belly that hung down below her. So, too, did her swollen breasts.

"These days we get quite a few expectant Armenian and other Christian young women," explained Abdullah. Their husbands having been shot, their widows are enslaved and, of course, a fair proportion of them are already mothers-to-be."

"Do they sell well?" asked Mansour. Appalled, Jane thought that he might have been a horse dealer talking about the horses he sold.

"Yes, surprisingly so, though many we keep back until after they've foaled, and then sell them as milk slaves."

Meanwhile the woman's trainer had risen to his feet and moved across to the other side of the room. He snapped his fingers as if to a dog. "Here!" he called out.

The woman again crawled awkwardly towards him. Poor thing, thought Jane.

"Head lower! Keep your legs apart as you crawl! Back straighter and buttocks higher!"

To her surprise, Jane saw that this trainer was Turkish, but that over his face was a black mask, making it impossible to see what sort of a man he was. But his voice was harsh.

Jane watched as the woman approached him slowly, on hands and knees, her breasts hanging beautifully, her nipples just grazing the tiled floor. Then she dropped the riding whip from her teeth before his booted feet. She remained there, head down, in position.

"That's better! Now let me see you keep your hands really far back." He bent down, picked up the whip and threw it across the room. The woman kept quite still.

"Fetch!" he ordered.

The woman rose lightly to her feet with a graceful movement. Then, with her arms held behind her back, she pranced across the room, trying desperately to raise her knees high in the air, despite her curved belly.

"Up! Up!" called out the trainer, cracking a short whip.

"Prancing like that a very good exercise for in-foal mares," laughed Abdullah. "Make them drop little colts or fillies, quickly and easily. We rarely have problems."

"Oh yes," agreed Mansour, "I've also found it to be a most useful form exercise for our own white in-foal mares, as you call them."

The two Negroes were soon lost in an animated discussion about the best way of successfully bringing on a well-curved belly.

"The secret," Mansour was saying, "is definitely plenty of exercise so that the stomach muscles are kept taut so that the belly develops a perfectly rounded curve and does not droop."

"Of course," agreed Abdullah.

"But it's easier for you," Mansour said. "Your girls have been mounted by their white husbands and carrying white small white progeny. Ours are put to a giant Dinka Black Guard and are therefore carrying larger black progeny - much to our Master's delight. Indeed, he often insists that we delay delivery for a week or two to get an even larger belly."

"But isn't that a bit dangerous?" she heard Abdullah say knowingly.

They might, Jane thought, still horrified, have been two experienced stud grooms discussing the problems of brood mares.

"No," replied Mansour, "and that's what so wonderful about using a Dinka stallion. The girl's belly quickly shows well with a pretty curve, as often happens with a Dinka, she's carrying twins. Luckily Dinka's have small heads, and so the progeny drop quite easily."

"And," laughed Abdullah with a cruel smile, "as well as well as extra-large curved bellies, I expect you also get extra big breasts as Nature prepares a little white body to feed the giant black progeny it will soon be producing."

"Yes," replied Mansour earnestly, "and the milk yields we subsequently get are quite exceptional for a white woman."

Oh, thought Jane, wondering with a little shiver, half of fear and half of excitement, what it would be like firstly to be made to carry a half Dinka giant for the Pasha's amusement and then to be one of his milk slaves.

"Well, Hamid Effendi and I have often discussed the possibility of using a Dinka giant on some of our young women. But having to wait nine months to get a good milk slave is just not economic for a slave dealer, and as for putting them to a Dinka simple to get a good belly is also not good financial sense. Most Masters, like your own Pasha, would prefer to breed from a girl themselves - and thereby enjoy the excitement of making her carry her unwanted progeny through to delivery."

"Perhaps you're right there," conceded Mansour with a laugh, "our Pasha certainly takes a great interest in the progress of his girls whom he's had mated. He loves, for instance, hiding from a girl the fact that she's conceived. Then, when she first feels the little kicks and realises the truth, he loves secretly watching her desperate and vain attempts to get at herself through her chain mail Breeding Belt and get rid of the horrible creature she is being made by the belt to carry - and carry right through to delivery."

A chain mail 'Breeding Belt'! Goodness, thought the horrified Jane, that must just like the chain mail so-called Purity Belt I was put into by the Pasha's black eunuchs on his orders. Well! Her mind was reeling.

"Of course, there's another interesting variation," Mansour said.

"Variation?" queried Abdullah.

"Well, the wife of our Pasha is a very rich and independent Turkish lady."

"Oh, you mean one of those idle ladies who wile away their time breeding various rare kinds of cats," laughed Abdullah.

"Not quite!" replied Mansour. "Her hobby is breeding purebred black dwarfs and pigmies."

"Well! That's a fascinating hobby."

"Yes, but she really wants is to experiment breeding mulatto ones from white women. She's always asking me to let her have a white woman from the Pasha's Harem."

"And I don't expect your Master will agree to that. He'll want them all for himself."

"Yes, but he might agree to borrow one of his wife's prize stallions and then let her have the resulting progeny."

"Ah, ah!"

Whilst they were talking, the woman had dropped gracefully to her hands and knees. She picked up the whip in her teeth and turned to face her trainer, again keeping quite still, her eyes fixed on his hands. Suddenly he snapped his fingers again. Once keeping her head down and her back beautifully straight, she crawled slowly back to him, the whip held in her teeth.

"Drop!" he ordered

If Jane had been excited by what she had seen in the previous room, this display of female submission and animal-like obedience was almost overwhelming. She heard a gasp from Juliette standing chained behind her. She must have been thinking how awful it would be to have to do that in front of her daughter. Jane could not help imagining what it must be like to be made to kneel and watch another girl performing, knowing it would be your turn next.

"Next!" she suddenly heard the trainer call out. She could hardly stop herself from replying: 'coming, Sir!'

She had noticed that in both rooms there had been three or four women, all white. Whilst one of them was being put through her paces by the trainer, the others knelt along one wall, watching carefully. Now the next girl gracefully rose to her feet and ran quickly forward to kneel in front of the trainer. He threw his whip across the tiled floor.

"Fetch!"

"As you can see, we do not use a Negro as a trainer for this lesson," Abdullah explained in his halting French for the benefit of the women. "An experienced black eunuch is ideal as a trainer for the pole lessons, but for this one we want the girl to associate the trainer with her future or present Turkish Master. So we use a mature Turk. He wears a mask because this lesson has such a strong effect on the

women. When they crawl back with the whip between their teeth, they really feel they are crawling back to their Master, and we don't want them to get emotionally involved with a trainer."

Jane realised that, indeed, as a mere spectator she had not only associated the girl with herself, but also the masked trainer with Zaid Pasha. How clever these trainers were! How well they understood the mind of a woman! Just like the Pasha's own black eunuchs!

22 - MORE TRAINING SCENES

Jane looked down into the next room. "How beautiful!" she murmured to herself.

The Turkish musicians, playing in the corner of the room, stopped for a moment. The girl down below looked enquiringly at her Negro trainer. He nodded approvingly. "Your dancing is coming along very nicely."

A ring had been fastened around the girl's left wrist, and to this was attached a long slender gleaming chain. Standing as she was with her left hand raised, the chain hung down in a loop before rising up again to a ring in the front of her metal collar, through which it was free to run before hanging down again to run up to the ring fastened to her right wrist.

Although the chain slightly confined the girl's movement by incorporating it into her dance, the effect was made all the more entrancing and erotic, with the chain symbolising the girl's status as a slave. The heavy rings on her wrists and the collar round her neck emphasised this all the more.

The musicians started to play their Eastern style music again, and girl resumed her dancing. She was smiling excitedly, clearly thrilled to be dancing in such an uninhibited way. Her eyes were half closed. She was imagining she was dancing half naked in front of her Master, arousing and pleasing him with her erotic movements.

The head trainer smiled down at her approvingly.

"Even for girls who are not particularly good dancers, this chain training is excellent. Our clients like to buy a girl who is vivacious and lively, as well as submissive and obedient. It is not easy to train a girl to be both, but dancing brings out all these inherently natural qualities in a girl."

"Women," he went on, "even educated Christian women, brought up to be ashamed of their bodies, find to their surprise that they have a natural and instinctive desire to dance before a man; to provoke him with their arrogance and gaiety; and, then, to appease him at the last moment by submissively throwing themselves at his feet."

Jane listened in wonder. How true this was! The head trainer was describing her own feelings and deep desires. Ever since she had been a little girl she had longed to dance, to dance teasingly before a man. These men really seemed to know all about women!

Was this the reason why the Pasha had encouraged her to visit Hamid Effendi's training school for slave girls? To make her face up to her secret desires, and to realise that although she might have had to hide them in England, here in Turkey men understood the secret desires of women?

"No, no, you must use your body to wash him far more delicately and gently," the Negro trainer was saying to the girl who was sliding her well soaped and slippery body up and down a man who was lying on his tummy on a couch, alongside a full bath.

Like her, he was naked. Jane saw that he too wore a slave collar round his neck and was blindfolded - clearly he too was a slave. He could not see the naked girl, but he could feel her. She was being trained to arouse a man's sense of touch.

"That's better! You must make it an exciting and arousing experience for him. Now soap your body again. Make it really slippery. Now slide up and down him. Now reach under him and squeeze his nipples whilst you slide over his buttocks. Gently! Yes, now you're beginning to get a reaction ..."

"Well done! Now put your hand under his arms and turn him over. Soap your breasts again and let them brush his skin and let them brush his skin - hardly touching him. Good! Now you've got his manhood erect, keep it erect. That's right, gently massage him under the water."

The slave moaned with delight. The trainer motioned to the girl to stop. After a minute he ordered the male slave to stand up.

"Now let's see you dry him. Again, this must be an exciting experience for him. Watch him carefully. Make sure you keep him aroused. Use the towel gently, and use your other hand. That's better! Keep your eyes on his manhood. Run your nipples across his belly ... that's good."

Again, the slave moaned in ecstasy, and the trainer motioned to the girl to stop.

"Attending on her Master, when he bathes, is a wonderful opportunity for a slave girl to show her respect and adoration," said Abdullah.

"Indeed" replied Mansour, anxious to show that such techniques were all old hat as far as he was concerned.

But for Jane, it was all a new world. Could she, she wondered, ever bring herself to bathe the Pasha in such a blatantly erotic way - or, more likely, to hide her natural coyness, be made to do by fear of a black eunuch's whip?

"Now make him feel you adore him," called out the trainer. "Slowly! ... That's better ... now the next girl!"

"Of course," the head trainer said to Mansour as he led them down the narrow passageway and down the dark stone steps to what seemed to be dungeons, "it would be a waste of time to put a delicate young Christian girl, or an older married woman, straight into a class when they arrive. It would be just as stupid as putting a green horse between the shafts of a carriage. Both must first be broken in, and this is where we do it!"

The place was dark and damp. Myriam, chained ahead of Jane, suddenly gave a scream as a rat ran almost across her feet. "You see how these little Christian dogs hate rats!" the trainer laughed. "They will see plenty of them down here."

He opened a heavy wooden door and led the way into a hallway. In the centre of the hallway was a leather covered wooden horse - just like the one in the Pasha's Harem, thought Jane. Would it too be used for beatings? She shivered.

Along both sides of what could only be described as kennels, were rows of little doors, low down just like the entrance to real kennels. There was a gap of several inches between the bottom of each door and the floor. A Negro was pushing a flat bowl of revolting-looking cold, half-cooked porridge under one door, using his foot.

"This girl has completed her training," said Hamid Effendi's chief black trainer. "She's graduated as a Hamid girl. The little red rose has been tattooed, you will see, onto her arm alongside her newly registered slave number - or perhaps I should say, these days, her indentured servant number. She's now proud to have graduated as a Pleasure Slave, trained in the House of Hamid. She will now try hard to attract the attention of a rich Master - and earn us all a good commission."

She was naked on the block. A Negro trainer stood over her, whip in hand. The room was round, with several small discreet alcoves separately curtained off, each containing a comfortable sofa for a potential buyer who would be inspecting the women on display, and bidding for them. There were large mirrors all around the block to ensure that all the bidders got a good view of the girl being sold.

The girl's weight was on the palm of her hands and on her toes. Her arms were straight, her head was up, her legs were wide apart and straight, her back was slightly curved downwards with her buttocks slightly raised so as to display her intimacies towards the alcoves. It was a degrading position for a woman, and her shame was heightened by a chain that linked her wrists.

"Show yourself!" ordered the trainer, with a crack of his long carriage whip. The girl began to thrust out with her buttocks, alternately thrusting out and squeezing in, whilst keeping her legs splayed in a highly erotic display.

"Show yourself to the men over here." The trainer pointed to an alcove to one side. "Keep your legs straight!"

Keeping her hands and toes on the floor, the girl awkwardly moved round until her buttocks faced the designated alcove. Then she repeated her display. It had been a degrading sight. But it would show her submissiveness to her would-be buyers.

"Next position!" ordered the trainer.

The girl gracefully turned over onto her back, clearly repeating a movement that had been much practised. She parted her legs. She raised her knees. Slowly she raised first one leg, then the other, and once again she was ordered to offer herself, thrusting her belly up and down.

"Next position!" came the order.

The girl rose to her feet. She stood up straight, her shoulders back, her breasts thrust forward, and her eyes fixed on the alcove facing her. She had an inviting smile on her face. The palms of her hands were at her side. The chain linking them was taught across her thighs.

The whip cracked. Her smile vanished. She put her hands behind her neck. She parted her legs and then bent her knees, at first only slightly, and then more until she was almost in a squatting position.

"Show yourself!" She hesitated. The whip cracked menacingly. Again, it was the turn of her belly to be alternately thrust out and sucked in, in a series of gestures that left little to the imagination.

Again, Jane found herself imagining that she was this girl. How awful to have to display yourself in such a shameful way before strange men! And yet, might it not also be highly exciting? She could indeed feel that she herself was already wet and aroused, under the curve of her new chastity belt, at the mere idea.

Then she noticed that the girl's naked body was in a similar state - signs that the girl's trainer was not slow to notice as he made her repeatedly practice displaying herself so brazenly.

"Good! A nice hot little Christian slut, showing off her arousal."

The girl was blushing.

"Now put your hands on your hips. Go on displaying yourself. And now gently shake your breasts! And put out your tongue ... No! Not like that! Put it out straight, as if you were licking a peach - or your Master's manhood! That's better!"

And so it went on. If she were a rich man, thought Jane, she would pay anything to have such a delicious young thing in her power.

"Although this girl is practising being sold on the block," Abdullah explained, "the routine would be the same for a girl who had been sent here by her Master for training. She would be showing off to him again, but now as a trained pleasure slave."

He stopped for a moment.

"Of course," he went on, "she wouldn't know if he will accept her back, or take advantage of her greatly increased value to have her sold to some other Master - who might be even more terrifying! And she is scared lest her Master's eye might have been taken by one of the other girls being trained here. So she is desperate to show herself off to him as a superbly provocative yet submissive slave girl."

Jane heard Juliette, still chained right behind her, catch her breath as she listened horrified to what the chief trainer was saying. Obviously, she was realising that she, in her turn, would have to perform before the Pasha in a month's time just like the girl on the block before them.

"Run round!" came the order from the Negro trainer below them. His whip cracked. The girl placed her chained wrists behind her neck. The whip cracked again, and like a well-trained performing animal the girl began to run round the block, raising her knees in an exaggerated way.

"Knees higher!" The whip cracked again, this time only inches from her buttocks. The girl was now prancing round like a circus horse, raising her thighs until they were horizontal, and keeping her back straight. It was a pretty display, by a well-trained and obedient slave girl.

"Speak!"

The girl stopped. She faced the empty alcoves. She stood rigidly at attention, her fingers straight down her thighs, her wrist chain hanging by her knees, her head up. "I will give my Master great pleasure. Please buy me!"

She flashed her eyes appealingly around the alcove. She made an irresistibly beautiful and desirable picture. But her Negro trainer was not satisfied. He cracked the whip angrily.

"Say it again! And this time say it as if you really meant it. You will be standing naked and helpless before sophisticated men used to the appeals of slave girls. You must melt their hearts."

The girl repeated her little speech, this time speaking more slowly with greater emphasis.

"That's better! Next!"

Just then a young black boy who came running into the gallery and whispered something to him. He turned to Mansour.

"Hamid Effendi," he said, pointing to Jane and to the mother and daughter, "wants to see these slaves - now!"

Ali led the coffle out of the viewing gallery and down the passageway. As they left Jane saw that the girl was being put through the same slave paces as the first girl had been.

23 - DISPLAYED TO THE SLAVE DEALER

Jane stood in the chained line of women in the middle of the room. Deftly unbuttoning the fastenings on the sides of their burkas, Ali slipped them off. So now they were stark naked as they stood closely chained by their wrists, one behind the other, and ready for the inspection by Hamid Effendi himself. Naked, that is, except for the little brass chastity discs locked over their intimacies.

"We take these off when Hamid Effendi inspects you," said Ali. It was bad enough, thought Jane, to be chained, almost naked and awaiting the inspection of your body by a Turkish slave dealer. It was even worse knowing that your last line of defence, your chastity belt, was going to be removed in front of him - yet somehow it also was desperately exciting.

The black eunuchs from the Pasha's Harem and Hamid Effendi's chief trainer were chatting away in Turkish in a corner or the room, paying no attention to the waiting line of naked white women. Then Ali looked round.

"Heads up," he barked, raising his cane menacingly. "Hands straight down your sides, fingers stretched down, eyes looking straight ahead. Look at wall! Do not move!"

Now Jane realised why they had been chained in order of height, the diminutive Myriam in front of her and the tall Juliette immediately behind her. She could just see over the head of the woman in front of her as, scared, she kept her eyes fixed on the wall.

Jane saw that there were drawings on the wall. One depicted one of the training sessions that they had just witnessed: a woman crawling with a riding whip in her mouth; a girl being trained at the post; a girl kneeling imploringly at the feet of a masked Turkish trainer; a girl dancing naked; a girl bending over the padded horse; and a girl performing on the block.

Jane saw that there were other drawings representing training scenes that they had not seen: a girl licking a man from behind; two naked girls kissing each other whilst their Negro trainer stood over them.

Staring at these pictures of the domination of Christian girls, as she stood naked at attention, Jane was confused and ashamed. She had not realised the complexities of training a pleasure slave. Never had she imagined that women could be so dominated by men. She wished she had never asked to visit the slave dealer's establishment, yet she had found it the most exciting experience of her life - as exciting as the brief glimpse she had seen of the Pasha's Harem.

These men, unlike the men she had seen and grown up with in England, were Masters, true Masters of women. And the women were happy to have such Masters. She, too, would be happy to have such a Master, she realised. It was a feeling that was quite natural to her as a woman, but was one largely ignored in so called civilised England and Europe.

These thoughts and memories, strengthened perhaps deliberately by the drawings she had to keep looking at, and by the terrifying thought of the forthcoming inspection of her naked body by a strange man, were arousing her as she stood helpless and chained. She could smell her arousal.

She could feel herself becoming hot and moist again under the disc of her chastity belt. The thought that the disc was shortly to be removed horrified her, and yet again stimulated her further.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw a large heavily bearded Turk enter the room. The slave dealer's chief trainer and the Pasha's two black eunuchs all bowed obsequiously. Ponderously, he walked over to a high-backed chair immediately in front of Myriam, just under the drawings. Jane saw that his eyes were cruel. There were rings on his fingers, the outward sign of a successful Levantine merchant - a merchant whose merchandise was women!

Hamid Effendi turned to the Negroes. Gesturing to the cowering women he put short sharp questions to Mansour, and to his own chief trainer. They spoke in Turkish, and Jane found it perhaps even more embarrassing and shaming to be discussed in a language she could not understand.

Then Hamid Effendi nodded at Ali.

"Hands back!" ordered Ali. The three women now held their arms back on either side of their waists. Each found that her wrists were increasingly held back by the chain linking her to the wrists of those of the woman behind her. Mansour held back the wrists of Juliette, the last girl in the line, thus forcing back Jane's hands, which in turn held back those of Myriam. Never had Jane felt so helpless, like an animal tied so that it could be felt and examined.

Then Ali deftly and quickly unlocked the little padlock in the small of Myriam's back. Her chastity belt fell away. Next, he unfastened her gag. Hamid Effendi slowly looked her up and down. Jane saw that the back of the girl's neck was reddening as she blushed under Hamid's gaze.

"Head up! Eyes on wall! Keep silent!" shouted Ali. Myriam straightened up; her breasts thrust forward by the way that her arms were being held back.

After a long pause, Hamid Effendi beckoned Myriam forward. The line of chained women shuffled forward awkwardly until Myriam stood between the slave dealer's knees. Jane did not dare look down, so she could not see what he was doing. She heard Myriam catch her breath several times and gasp. She heard Hamid give a grunt of satisfaction.

"This little virgin will train well," he said in French. "She will give Zaid Pasha much pleasure. And she will be an ideal candidate for full circumcision."

He nodded at Ali, who bent down and unfastened the girl's wrist chains. Myriam was led away. Led away to start her training, and, Jane realised, to be broken in, down in the dreadful dungeons, having first been fully circumcised, whatever that meant. Poor girl!

The young girl gave a last look at her mother and seemed about to cry out to her, but the chief trainer thrust her gag back into her mouth as he pushed her through the door to where another Negro eunuch was waiting. This one was dressed in a white gown, like a male nurse. But he was also carrying a little dog whip in his hand.

Jane was now made to walk forward to stand, in her turn, between the knees of the gross Hamid Effendi. She tried to hold back but Ali brought his cane down across her naked back, making her scream behind her gag. Seconds later she felt Ali unlock her chastity belt. It fell away displaying her completely. Then he unfastened her gag.

"Head up! Eyes on wall! Keep silent!"

Jane felt Hamid Effendi's hands on her lovely blonde hair, feeling its texture. She felt the back of his jewelled hands on her cheeks but she did not dare look down.

"Open your mouth!" he ordered in French.

Jane felt the dealer's practised hands lifting up her lips to get a better look at her teeth. She felt like an animal being examined. She tried to lift her chained hands to her face to brush away his awful fingers but, of course, her hands were held back behind her. She was helpless.

Dutifully, she opened her mouth. She felt his fingers inside her mouth, examining and feeling her teeth. He smelt her breath. "Put your tongue out!" She wanted to refuse, but Ali gave her a warning tap on the shoulders with his cane. Obediently, she put out her tongue.

She felt Hamid Effendi's hands on her breasts, lifting them, weighing them expertly, lifting them high up and then letting them go to judge the bounce, squeezing her nipples, making them hard, drawing them out. Only the repeated tap of the cane prevented her from recoiling in horror. Then his hands dropped to her waist, kneading her belly in an experienced manner and running his hands down behind her back and over her buttocks.

"Bend your knees and part your legs!" he ordered. "Wider! Down more!" The next two minutes were the most embarrassing of Jane's life. Suffice to say that her virginity and her double tightness were all clearly established. Even worse, her state of arousal was also noted and commented on with approval.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one, Sir," she quickly answered, keeping her eyes on the wall.

His hand was still on her, playing with her, driving her almost mad with desire and shame.

"Look at me!"

She couldn't! She could not look in the eyes of a man who had just examined her so degradingly and who still held her against the palm of his hand, a palm against which she found she could hardly stop rubbing herself - just as she had seen female animals do when in season!

"Look at me!" Again, the slave dealer's harsh order was accompanied by a stroke from Ali's cane across her shoulders.

"No! No!" she sobbed.

She saw Ali raise his cane again.

"Alright! Alright! Please just don't beat me again." Obediently she lowered her eyes to meet the cruel piercing ones of Hamid.

"She is a delightful little creature, and a natural slave," said Hamid to Mansour. A natural slave! No! But she felt herself press against the palm of the dominating slave dealer. She felt like putty in his experienced hands.

"Yes, indeed, a really natural little slave, waiting to be taken by her Master! The Pasha is indeed lucky to have acquired her. I shall certainly recommend to him that she is sent to me for further training, but I shall also recommend he does not have her circumcised. Not yet!"

He ran his hand down again over her moist beauty lips.

"Depriving a woman of pleasure can give a man great satisfaction, but in her case, she responds so well that it would be a pity. You want to please your Master, don't you, little slave? You would enjoy being his little toy, wouldn't you?"

Hamid's eyes were ruthlessly boring into her, dominating her, hypnotising her. "You would like to be his little slave, wouldn't you? Answer me!"

For a moment Jane forgot that she was really a free woman, she forgot that she was only pretending to be one of the Pasha's slaves so as to see the training given to real slave girls.

"Yes, Sir," she said, dropping her eyes in shame.

"You want to be what?" He nodded at Ali, and Jane felt the tap of his cane.

"I want to be his slave, Sir," she sobbed.

"Say it again! And say it loudly!"

"I want to be one of His Excellency Zaid Pasha's slave girls, Sir!"

There! She had said it! She had said what secretly had been in her mind ever since she had arrived at the Pasha's palace. She had been made to express out aloud her most secret thoughts.

"Now write it!" Hamid handed her the yellow pad, as Ali freed her wrist chains.

"No! You don't understand!"

"Oh yes, I do! I can recognise a natural slave in love with her Master when I see one. Now write: 'I want to be one of Zaid Pasha's slave girls'. Go on! Write!"

Terrified and mesmerised, Jane wrote the words, her eyes staring at the page.

"Now sign it! Sign it with your accursed Christian names!"

She signed it 'Jane Dudley'. Hamid took it back and handed it to Mansour with a laugh.

"Zaid Pasha will be most amused to see the effect of merely watching a little training! How much greater will be the effect of a real training programme! Tell him to let me have her for a month, and I will return her to him as the most passionate and obedient little slave he has ever enjoyed."

Rubbing his tummy he laughed and laughed. Then he turned to Ali.

"In view of the Pasha's instructions for the mother and daughter I think it's time you took them to the Circumcision Wing. Take the other one too. No harm for her to see what may be in store for her, too!

24 - THE CIRCUMCISION AND INFIBULATION WING

It was an hour later, and Jane was wearing her burka again, peering through the slit over her eyes at the scene before her.

As before she was under the supervision of Mansour himself and of Ali, who was holding her on a lead fastened to a ring on the back of her collar. The lead ran through a special little hole in the back of her burka at the back of her neck. He was driving her in front of him with sharp little strokes of his cane on her buttocks, which were bare under the thin but opaque material of the shroud.

Mabu, the same large black eunuch who had earlier taken Myriam off, was now standing proudly in the middle of a white painted room, still dressed like a male nurse.

The cause of his pride was the presence of a dozen naked young women, lying half covered by sheets and chained down on their beds. These now included Juliette and Myriam. The hands of all the women were strapped to the top corners of their beds, making it impossible to reach down and touch their beauty lips and difficult for them even to look down and see them. They were all gagged to prevent them from discussing what had been done, or was about to be done, to them.

Myriam and Juliette, however, were lying on operating couches, with their ankles strapped to stirrups which held them wide apart.

"Oh, what a fool I was to have called the Pasha a pig," Juliette was thinking, as she lay, now half drugged, and helplessly chained down on the couch. "Oh, what a fool I was to have provoked the Pasha into ordering me to be circumcised. If that means what I think it means, then my life will be much changed. Farewell, my lovely little beauty bud, the source of so much enjoyment. Oh, my God!"

Similarly young Myriam was also thinking what a fool she had been not merely to have also called the Pasha a pig, but also to have committed the unforgivable offence of actually spitting at him in front of the other women, and thus being condemned to 'Full Circumcision' - not she had any idea what that meant.

Mabu beckoned them over to one side of the room. He began to speak in a high-pitched voice in broken French for Jane's benefit, but quietly so that the women lying in the beds would not hear.

"Here, in Circumcision and Infibulation Wing" he said, "we carry out three different types of Female Circumcision and three types of Infibulation."

Infibulation, thought Jane, what's that? Phileda had given her an idea of the horror about what circumcision involved, but she had never, in her innocent upbringing, heard of infibulation.

"All these little ... shall we say ... changes ... were carried on one or more the women here last week. They all now healed up nicely, and the girls will be discharged tomorrow to start, or renew, their training before being offered for sale - except for one case of Full Circumcision. She stay on her back for another week. Make sure well healed."

He paused and turned to Mansour and Ali.

"I sure you gentlemen know infibulation or circumcision, or mixture of both, much increases girl's value on block. So House of Hamid like to offer some girls already infibulated or circumcised, as well as do women specially sent here by Masters, like your two."

He pointed to Juliette and Myriam.

"They nearly ready for ... operation. Soon drugs make them sleep deeply. And when they wake up," he laughed cruelly, "they changed women!"

"Yes, and you charge far too much," said Mansour teasingly.

"Ah, but this highly skilled and specialised work," laughed Mabu. "And for Full Circumcision, we use trained surgeon. He very expensive"

"Alright," laughed Mansour. He pointed at the shrouded Jane. "Pasha want this girl see just what might soon be happening to her."

Jane gave a little shudder of fear.

"Right! Then we'll start with a simple type of infibulation. This is particularly applicable to older girls."

He pulled back the sheet that covered a girl who might have been in her late twenties. Her ankles were strapped down, close together, chained to the foot of her bed. A big leather cushion under her hips raised her intimacies for easy inspection.

From underneath Jane's burka came the first of what was to be a series of gasps of horror - all muzzled by her gag.

"As you see," said Mabu, "outer beauty lips of this young lady now prettily sewn up with leather laces. But for greater flexibility, first we insert four little silver rings down the side of each outer lip."

He pointed these out.

"Then when rings have settled down, we pass leather laces through the them - all same pass laces through eyelets of pair of shoes. Laces pulled tight and ends held together by little padlock that hang down between the girl's legs. Girl cannot now touch her beauty bud. She kept nicely frustrated for as long as laces kept taut. As laces stretch, we tighten up - and so can black eunuch overseers of future Maser."

Mabu rubbed his hands and laughed.

"Of course, usually," he said, "whilst inserting rings we also take opportunity snip off sensitive tip of beauty bud. This simplest form of circumcision. This what we have done to this girl - though she not yet know it. We call this simple combination Ring and Cut."

Mansour then pointed to Juliette who was lying helpless on a bed across the room.

"Pasha order her given Ring and Cut, too." He laughed. "Nice little present for white lady!"

"Yes," said Mansour. "She proved quite a handful since arriving in the Pasha's Harem."

"Oh, I think you find Ring and Cut quieten her down a lot," replied Mabu with a grin. "It make former free white woman realise she now just a slave."

Jane gave a little shiver of fear at the casual way these awful black eunuchs were discussing, like two professional colleagues, what was going to be done to poor Juliette.

"Of course," Mabu went on, "Ring and Cut give great ... flexibility. Girl's own overseer can keep key of padlock and use it to ease laces so he can douche her, or prepare her for her Master, or even, as I understand is later planned for this lady your woman, for the large manhood of Dinka stallion."

He smiled and turned to Mansour.

"Alternatively, of course, if you only lace up top two or three rings, then ready access provided for penetration at any time." Again he laughed. "And with Dinka" he said, "when you satisfied fertilising seed ... properly placed, you just tighten up the laces again. Lady then not able prevent conception, nor interfere with little growing creature inside her - despite own horror and disgust. So ideal for Forced Breeding."

The gagged girl looked up at Mabu with fear in her eyes.

"And when delivery time come you just remove laces temporarily and then, immediately afterwards, the thread laces again through rings again and tighten up again until lady ready for next mating."

"Yes," said Mansour, "that's what we shall be doing."

Poor Juliette, thought Jane.

Mabu now led the way to another bed.

"This form of infibulation is very effective with the colder type of white girl."

He pulled back the sheet.

"Legs apart!" he ordered, giving the girl a sharp tap on her tummy with his little dogwhip. "Knees bent! Belly up!"

The girl's intimacies were now well presented.

"Look!" he said.

To her horror Jane saw that that the girl's beauty bud had been drawn out and a little silver ring passed through it.

"Every movement of girl will make ring keep girl always aroused for her Master. We call this Bud Ringed. It keep girl desperate for her Master, no matter how ugly or how much she hate him. It very popular alternative to circumcision."

Mabu now pulled back the sheet covering the body of the girl in the next-door bed, and gave her the same orders.

Jane then saw two little rings between the girl's beauty lips, each one having been passed through one of the inner lips. A little padlock had been passed through one of her inner lips. A small padlock linked the two rings, keeping the girl well sealed.

"We call this Inner Ringed. Can, of course, also be combined with Bud Ringed. Not all Masters like 'little girl look'. Some like see the inner lips more prominent and tell black eunuchs to stretch them so they hang down more - like petals of large flower. Inner Ringed is ideal for this - black overseers can also hang weights from rings until get good stretch."

"So," Mabu was saying, "you see we offer three types of infibulation: Ring and Cut, Bud Ringed and Inner Ringed. Now I show you what we offer in way of circumcision."

He went over to another bed, and pulled back the sheets. Jane saw that the girl's legs were held wide apart to the bottom corners of the bed.

Mabu bent down and parted the girl's hairless beauty lips. As with Phileda, where there should have been a little beauty bud, there was just a tiny scar.

"I make just little snip," he laughed, "and the girl's whole life is transformed from then. We call it Bud Removed."

"Sensitive beauty lips can also be source of illicit pleasure for girls," Mabu was saying, as he displayed another girl. So this second type of circumcision stop that."

Jane gasped as she saw that there was no sign of the girl's inner lips. Instead, the outer lips were touching, like those of a little girl.

"We call this Trim Back, and it usually combined with Bud Removed. The two make normal masturbation impossible. For that reason and for pleasingly effect it give, this combination of Bed Removal and Trim Back is very popular and much improves the value of a girl on the block."

He pulled back the sheet covering the next-door girl. Jane saw that her inner lips had disappeared too. But in her case a large ring joined the two outer lips together.

"And we often infibulate outer rings when giving girl Trim Back," explained Mabu.

"Now," laughed Mabu, "I show you our special technique: Full Circumcision. I myself usually do all other types of infibulation and circumcision, but for Full Circumcision we use very experienced surgeon."

He laughed again. "This Full Circumcision includes both Bud Removal and Trim Back, but goes further - much further! It particularly applicable to younger girls."

He pointed to where Myriam was lying helpless on a bed. "That one going to have Full Circumcision done this afternoon, when properly asleep" he said. "Now let me show what she will look like when her bandages are removed."

He moved across to another bed and proudly slipped back the sheet. The girl's ankles were tightly fastened together.

If Jane had been shocked by what she had previously seen, this time she was appalled. For where there should have been pretty outer and inner lips, there was just a long thin pink scar.

"Yes, first we remove beauty bud and trim back inner lips. Then surgeon, he snips off the edges of outer lips. He sew them together. This makes them heal together, forming, as you see, just simple line scar."

"Of course," he went on, pointing to a little puckered orifice at the bottom of the scar, "we leave a little exit for girl's fluids. This also provide nice tight orifice for Master. He now has choice of see two similar little orifices, the rear one and this new one, tantalisingly close to each other!"

"Yes, but don't forget that the Pasha intends to put the daughter to a Dinka giant, at the same time as he puts her mother to him. He wants to see two prettily and identically curved bellies."

"Oh, that alright," Mabu said reassuringly. "Big Dinka manhood, like her Master's, well able to penetrate up the little orifice that we shall be giving her - like this girl."

"And how about delivery?"

"Easy! When the time comes the little long scar is simply slit open again."

"And sewn up again?"

"Exactly!"

Jane could scarcely believe what she was hearing. Poor girl!

BOOK TWO - SEDUCED, CAPTURED AND ENSLAVED

The story so far . . .

In 1895, Jane Dudley, a twenty-one year, well-educated but orphaned English girl, worried by financial problems, had suddenly decided to go out to Turkey to marry her English fiancé, an archaeologist. Arriving in the Southern Turkey port of Malik, she found that he had not received her messages and was still out in the Syrian Desert busy with his excavations. She was alone and nearly penniless. The nearest British Consulate was hundreds of miles away.

However, Zaid Pasha, the Governor of Malik, knows her fiancé and pending his return, puts her up in the Guest House of his Palace.

Jane is fascinated by the handsome and yet ruthless and cruel Pasha, with his Harem of some twenty-five white slave girls, all under the strict control of black eunuchs. His powerful Turkish wife lives separately in the Palace grounds.

The Pasha plays on Jane's curiosity and lets her see his Harem and how its inmates are treated and trained, with some being circumcised and some used for Forced Breeding. Meanwhile the black eunuchs start taking charge of her.

The Pasha tells her that by local law a Christian girl must seek the permission of the Pasha, who by the Droit de Seigneur has the right take her virginity before her marriage. Horrified and yet enthralled by the sheer arrogance of the Pasha, who is so much more of a man than her weak and rather effete fiancé, Jane lets herself be seduced.

However, her fiancé is now about to arrive to take her away for their marriage.

Now read on . . .

PART V - ONBOARD THE PASHA'S STEAMER

25 - DROIT DE SEIGNEUR - TURKISH STYLE

"I think I may need your help, Jane," said the Pasha with the arrogant laugh that she found so irresistible. "Do you know what is meant by Droit de Seigneur?"

It was two days after Jane's visit to the establishment of Hamid Effendi, two days of living in luxury in the Pasha's guest wing, always watched over by the black eunuchs from his Harem.

'Droit de Seigneur!' Like "Masturbation" and "Female Circumcision", the very words brought back memories of girlish whispers in school corridors of shocking and excited explanations, and of relieved laughter that no such system still existed.

"Why, yes, Your Excellency," she replied. He called her Jane now, but he had not excused her from calling him by his formal title. "It was a rather quaint old medieval custom that died out years ago - if it ever really existed."

"Medieval, or not," said the Pasha angrily, "it's still very much the custom in the remoter parts of Turkey, like Malik."

"Oh really?" She tried to put on a bored voice to disguise her excitement.

"In these parts of Turkey there are few Christians - isolated members of subject and conquered races. The local Imams, our Moslem priests, want to keep it that way. So, when a Christian girl wants to get married, she must first seek the permission of the local Turkish Governor and of the Moslem Imam. They must certify that she is a loyal subject of the Sultan and fit to be a Turkish mother."

He paused and then deliberately looked Jane in the eye.

"To enable the Governor to do so," he said speaking slowly and clearly in his excellent French, "it is the custom, if he finds her attractive, for him to insist that she spends a little time in his household so that he can be sure of her suitability and loyalty."

Again, he paused.

"He then hands her over to his black eunuchs, and she is put into his Harem for a few weeks, or even for months. Of course, she loses her virginity there - but loses it to the very man who must vouch for her loyalty as the future mother of some of the Sultan's Christian subjects."

Once again, the Pasha paused, as if to ensure that Jane had taken in what he had been saying. In fact, her mind was beginning to race. What was this devilishly attractive man trying to tell her?

"Yes, it's a clever system," the Pasha continued. "If the girl does not collaborate fully, then she does not get permission to marry. If she does, however, then not only will she get the permission but perhaps also a handsome marriage present of silks and jewels - and, though she may not yet know it, a half-Turkish baby."

"Oh!"

"Yes, for this reason, it is often normal for Christians to be forced to bring up their first child as a Moslem. Indeed, before giving his certificate, the Imam will have her examined to make sure that she is no longer a virgin and that, hopefully, she is already carrying a good Moslem child. When she is released back to her family, she gets married quickly. The young man does not ask any questions, and when the first child is born, he is usually called after the Pasha who took her virginity."

"Oh!" cried Jane in shocked astonishment.

"From our point of view," continued the Pasha, "not only are these girls a delightful source of pleasure for us Pashas, but once we have enjoyed her virginity, her transient stay in the Harem also makes her ideal for introducing our young teenage sons into the joys of taking Christian girls."

"You mean she has to pleasure you sons as well?" repeated Jane in astonishment.

"Yes indeed - if she is getting her desired official permission to marry."

"Oh, how dreadful!"

"Moreover, there is the political aspect. The girl herself will be left for the rest of her life with the vivid memory of the power of her Turkish overlords - a memory that will help ensure that she and her family treat us with the respect that is due to us from our conquered Christian subjects."

"But surely, Your Excellency, the future husband sometimes objects violently?"

"In which case, my dear Jane," replied the Pasha urbanely, "the girl he wishes to marry would not get permission to do so! Better a slightly used bride, than no bride at all! In any case he is often unaware of how his bride-to-be obtained her permission to marry. And the Pasha's black eunuchs would teach her how to disguise the fact that she had already lost her virginity."

The Pasha had now stopped speaking.

Goodness, Jane was thinking. Her own situation was very similar to that of these local Christian girls. But, of course, she was British so there was no question of this harsh rule being applied to her. Thank God! But then ... was she really so relieved? Might it not be rather exciting being treated like one of the local Christian girls? But what a shocking thought!

"Would you enjoy being such a girl, Jane?" the Pasha suddenly asked.

Jane laughed nervously, feeling embarrassed. She lowered her eyes. The Pasha had a knack of making her feel that he knew her most secret thoughts.

She looked up at him. "I think, Your Excellency, that it would depend on whether I liked the Pasha in question. But anyway, this rule would not apply to me, as an Englishwoman."

"But it could, you know. And indeed would, here in this remote part of Turkey! You are a Christian. If you want to get married, then you must have permission, and that permission must come from me."

"Oh!"

The Pasha looked forcibly into her eyes, making her quail.

"Moreover, the story of your arrival in Malik has now gone around the bazaars. The Mufti of Malik, our chief priest, has already been to see me to insist that I implement the rule."

"Oh no!"

"Yes! He even said that he might want to insist on his right to inspect you, to make sure that you are a virgin now and afterwards to check that you had lost your virginity. Only a good Moslem, he had insisted, had the right to enjoy being a Christian girl's first man ... I think I really rather agree with him!"

Jane gave a shocked gasp, but did not trust herself to say a word. The thought of being taken by this magnificent man was both terrifying and unbelievably exciting.

"But I might perhaps excuse you carrying my child at your wedding," laughed the Pasha. "Doubtless my black eunuchs could be instructed to take the same precautions as they do with my Christian concubines."

Leaving Jane speechless, he turned and picked up a piece of yellow paper, the paper she had signed in Hamid's training school.

"I can see that the visit to the slave training school made quite an impression on you, and brought out some of your most secret thoughts," laughed the Pasha. It was this same laugh that she found so attractive.

He put down the yellow sheet of paper and picked up another.

"A natural slave ... with training could become a humble and submissive slave girl ... at present shows signs of enjoying teasing men and has a passionate nature ... but should be circumcised to control this ... has good child-bearing hips ... should be mated to increase the size of her breasts ... with extended nipples she would make a good milk slave."

When he put the report down, Jane was trembling.

"Interesting, very interesting," he said, as if what he had been reading had no direct bearing on Jane. But now he knew everything! She was putty in his hands!

"So, you wish to apply for permission to marry, Miss Dudley?" he asked, suddenly speaking in an official tone of voice. "And you know the conditions?"

Jane felt her heart beating quickly. "But William?" she whispered. Then answering her own question, she added. "He must never know."

"Exactly!" laughed the Pasha. "I thought you would come round to looking at it like that ... Look up at me, Jane!"

She found herself looking up at him almost coquettishly. When he stroked her hair, she shivered with excitement. She found herself longing, driven by some primeval instinct, to reach up for his hand and take it to her lips, to kiss it passionately and submissively.

His other hand reached down and touched her breasts through her thin Turkish blouse. She caught her breath.

"Listen! I am leaving tomorrow for a short tour of inspection along the coast, visiting some of the smaller towns and villages, in my official steamer," she heard him saying. "I would not want to leave you here alone. I shall be taking Phileda and several of my other concubines - the villagers will expect me to provide dancing girls for our banquets ashore. Would you like to come too? You would enjoy the trip, and the coast is very beautiful. And Phileda would be company for you."

"You mean come as..."

"You would come as a Christian girl seeking permission to marry under the local law. Nothing more and nothing less." He patted her cheek. "I'm glad that you agree, because I have already given the eunuchs instructions to include you amongst the baggage I am taking on board."

"Amongst your baggage!" Jane's anger suddenly exploded. Her eyes flashed. She rose to her feet. He was taking too much for granted.

"And supposing, Your Excellency, I don't agree?" she demanded haughtily.

"Then you will be put on board my yacht, for my personal enjoyment, just the same. However, you would be kept chained in a cell when not wanted in my bed. You would still lose your virginity, but because your conduct had not been satisfactory you would not be given your permission to marry."

"Oh, you Turkish men! You're just beasts, beasts who only think of their own pleasure," Jane sobbed.

"Exactly, little Jane," smiled the Pasha. "And it's your anger that makes you so irresistible. Now calm down and kneel again at my feet, or the eunuch will be tempted to use his cane!"

"Ouch!" She felt a sharp tap on her buttocks. She spun round. Ali, the black eunuch who had brought her to the Pasha's apartments, had quietly entered the room and was standing right behind her, his cane raised.

"You're just a dirty bully!" she sobbed as she fell to her knees. "You just use a huge Negro to frighten a poor girl into doing what you want."

"Exactly!" laughed the Pasha as he bent down and began gently to stroke her breasts.

"Oh ... oh!"

"Except that the huge Negro, as you call him, would also be frightening the poor girl into doing what she wanted to do as well."

"How can you say such a thing!"

"I do say it, and you know that it's true."

26 - THE PASHA'S WIFE

It was a few hours later that the summons came. But it was not at all what she had expected, and hoped for!

"The Lady Lalla Zora, the wife of His Excellency, wishes to see the English girl," said a black servant girl who had suddenly appeared. Immediately the eunuchs bustled round Jane, dressing her in the smartest Turkish costumes that they could find hanging in the wardrobes, and fetching more from the Harem. Scarcely had they dressed her in bright green, when they shook their heads, stripped her naked and dressed her in brilliant blue, only then to change it all to a soft pink.

They brushed her hair until it shone. They painted her nails for the third time that day. They touched up her eyes, and they put sparkling sequins in her hair. Being summoned by the Pasha's wife was clearly a full-dress affair!

Only when they were really satisfied that she looked ravishing did they cover her in a black burka and lead her out into the palace gardens and across to a secluded and very pretty villa, or Kiosque, as the Turks called it. Once inside her burka was removed. The eunuchs gave her dress a last-minute adjustment and smoothed her hair. Then she was led into a large brilliantly lit room.

Sitting erect on a high sofa was a beautiful and striking-looking Turkish woman of about forty with huge eyes, dark hair and a voluptuous figure. She said something in Turkish, and a second later Jane heard an English voice.

"The Lady Lalla Zora, His Excellency's wife, says you are very beautiful - no wonder His Excellency is taking you with him on his forthcoming trip."

Jane turned away from the fascinating figure on the sofa to the side of the room from where this voice, a boy's voice, had come. Startled she saw an almost naked youth of startling beauty. His face, his eyes, and even his nails were painted just like hers. His long blond hair, beautifully groomed, fell to his shoulders where it was curled upwards in pageboy style. His chest was bare and hairless, his figure slight and almost girlish. Round his waist was a wide green satin cummerbund, the tasselled front of which hung down to his knees, disclosing on the front of his smooth left thigh the same brand of two scimitars that she had seen on the thighs of Phileda and the other slave girls. Except for this cummerbund and his Turkish embroidered slippers, he was naked. In his hands he held a long stave with a widespread fan on the end.

Lalla Zora clapped her exquisitely painted hands. The youth ran and stood by her, keeping the fan slowly moving over her head. Again, she spoke in Turkish. Again, came the perfect English translation.

"Lalla Zora wishes you to approach closer."

"But you're an English boy!" cried Jane astonished. Then suddenly she remembered something that Phileda had said. "You're the cabin boy who ..."

"I am Hyacinth."

Lalla Zora said something in an angry tone.

"My Mistress is angry because we are talking together. My role is only to act as an interpreter. Please don't interrupt or ask me questions, or I shall be beaten!"

"Oh!" Jane was silenced. Lalla Zora looked her up and down, making her blush. She gave a word of command.

"She says, turn round," said the English boy.

Hesitantly, and then rather proudly, Jane turned and showed off her figure. Another word of command. Jane saw the black eunuchs who had brought her coming towards her.

"She wants you to undress. She wants you see you naked!"

"What! Undress here? In front of you and all these people!"

"Apart from My Mistress and her maid servants, there are only eunuchs," the boy said quietly. "It is the custom for the Mistress to inspect girls in whom the Pasha is interested. It would be better to do what she says!"

So Jane began to unbutton her clothes, handing them one by one to the eunuchs, blushing deeply as she did so. Soon she was standing naked to the waist, her hands covering her breasts. Again came a command in Turkish.

"And your pantaloons," translated the boy.

Desperately embarrassed, Jane stood in front of the Turkish woman, stark naked except for the humiliating silver purity belt that had been put on her again after her return from the slave dealer.

"She wishes you to put your hands on your head and walk round the room."

Jane did as she was bid. There seemed no alternative - and, as the English boy had said, there were only women and eunuchs!

Next the key was inserted into the tiny padlock at the small of her back. The chastity belt fell away, displaying Jane in her full and now hairless nudity. Again, she was made to walk round the room,

before returning to stand in front of the Pasha's wife, who looked her up and down and then said something in Turkish. There was laughter in the room.

"She says that His Excellency is right. It would have been a crime to have left the deflowering of such a beautiful creature to your fiancé."

Jane was too ashamed, too shy, too embarrassed to say anything. She stood there naked, being appraised as a woman by the wife of the man she loved!

The Turkish woman said something in a conversational, almost sad, tone.

"She says that she is sorry that you are not a real slave. She would have liked to have bought you to give to her son for his birthday."

"Her son!" gasped Jane, remembering what the Pasha had also said.

"Yes," replied the English boy eunuch. "He is twelve, and on his thirteenth birthday they will give him his first Christian slave girls to start his Harem. Meanwhile, his father lets him use his slave girls."

"Oh!" cried Jane, silenced once again by the thoughts of the sheer male dominance of Turkish life. The Turkish woman laughed.

"She says she will recommend her son to accompany his father on his trip. She will ask the Pasha to let her son have you!"

"Oh no!" screamed Jane, suddenly overwhelmed by it all. She dropped her hands from above her head, and buried her face in them. The son of the Pasha! A twelve-year-old boy!

"Put your hands back quickly over your head!" said the boy urgently. "Or you will make her angry."

Hesitantly Jane placed her hands back again on the top of her head, in the submissive position of a slave girl under examination. The Turkish woman began to comment on her body.

"She says that your body is crying out to be used for breeding, that you would look very pretty carrying two little black slaves. She says that if you were her slave she would have your mated to her favourite black dwarf to see what you would produce."

"How dare she ..."

"She means it as a compliment."

Before Jane could say anything Lalla Zora languidly gestured to the black eunuchs to give Jane back her clothes. She watched as they first locked the purity belt back over her body lips and then dressed her, then stood up and smiled. She stroked Jane's blonde hair approvingly.

"She hopes you will be happy married to your fiancé, but that she doubts that you will ever forget Zaid Pasha - or his son, her son."

With that Lalla Zora swept from the room in a regal manner, her beautiful English boy valet running behind her and leaving Jane in a state of considerable shock. If her brain had been in a torment before the encounter with the Pasha's first wife, it was now a maelstrom of confused ideas and concepts.

If only, she thought, if only I had stayed in peaceful and uneventful Hampshire and not stupidly rushed out here.

27 - EMBARKATION

"Heads up!"

The order came from the powerful and frightening figure of Mansour, the Pasha's chief black eunuch; it was early the following morning.

The black shrouded figures straightened up. As they did so, there was a clanking sound from under the burkas, for in accordance with the Harem procedure, concubines chosen to accompany the Pasha on his trips away from Malik, were all manacled by the wrist. This was not only to prevent escape, but also to show off to the locals the way that Pasha treated his slave girls.

Five little bells also tinkled from underneath the shapeless shrouds for, also in accordance with the Harem rules for girls accompanying the Master, all were locked into chastity belts. These were

intended to protect the honour of the Pasha in strange surroundings where other men might have the opportunity to rape his women.

"Hands to your sides!"

There was a chinking of heavy chains from under the burkas as the woman put their hands down their naked thighs.

"Report!" ordered Mansour.

From under her burka, the woman who was standing apart called out: "Leila!" She was the Arab girl whom Jane had seen giving belly dancing lessons in the Harem.

Then the tallest girl on the right of the line of the four chained women stepped forward.

"Phileda!"

The next tallest girl, standing next to her, stepped forward.

"Magda!"

She was, Jane knew, the buxom young Austrian woman who was the Pasha's current personal milk slave, and who therefore travelled everywhere with him. She stepped back, her naked heavy breasts hidden by the black burka.

Jane felt a sharp dig in the ribs from the girl on her left. Hesitantly she stepped forward.

"Jane!"

All night she had tossed and turned, wondering if this drawn-out forced seduction was real or only a dream. But it was real, and her forthcoming rape was coming closer and closer, and there seemed just nothing she could do about it - even if she wanted to.

She felt a gentle tug on her burka and stepped back into the line. As she moved, the chains linking her collar to those of the girls on either side of her, jingled embarrassingly.

"Ruth!" This was the Romanian girl with a beautifully curved belly whom Jane had seen practising her belly dancing in the Harem. She had, thought Jane, no doubt be chosen for the dancing displays that would enliven the feasts the Pasha would give to the elders of the coastal villagers. Moreover, the sight of a despised Christian girl in a breeding belt and with the curve of her belly clearly showing her enforced maternity, would equally rebound to the standing of the Pasha.

"Pay attention!" came the high-pitched fierce voice of Mansour. He paused so that his words would have greater effect. "Mr. Ali in charge, with Mr. Mustapha and Mr. Abdul. Leila, as only Moslem girl, will be Head Girl."

He turned towards Jane as if to explain. "She only a concubine, but as Moslem girl she far superior to you Christian dogs. You show her respect. You let her pass through door first. If she want your chair or cushion, you give it to her at once. She has authority to report you to Mr. Ali for punishment. And Faisal Bey, the Master's son, he now coming too. You please him, like you please Master, or else he have you beaten!"

Mansour nodded to Ali, who led the four Christian girls out into the courtyard, where the Pasha's baggage wagon was being loaded. The concubines were merely part of his baggage.

Peering through the gauze strip of her burka and through a crack in the side of the baggage wagon, Jane saw the Pasha climb down from his smart carriage. He made a virile picture of masculine pride as, booted and spurred, he took the salute of the Guard of Honour drawn up alongside the freshly painted steamer.

By his side strode the figure of a boy, dressed like his father in a smart Turkish uniform.

"That's the Pasha's son all right," whispered Phileda. "He's a vicious and cruel little squirt. He may be only twelve, but how he likes to hear a girl screaming under the whip! We all hate him."

The Guard of Honour marched off. The baggage wagon drove up to the gangway. A party of sailors came down and carried the Pasha's cases and trunks on board. Then Ali came and unlocked the door at the back of the wagon. He told the Christian girls to get out and lined them up. As usual he was carrying his badge of office: his cane.

Also, as usual he was wearing just a pair of baggy, red satin, Turkish trousers and a waistcoat that hardly hid his huge, fat torso. It glistened with oil. He towered over the women. 'Oh', thought Jane, 'I don't think I'll ever get over my fear of these huge black eunuchs'. Even without their canes, the

contrast between their sheer size and brutal looking black faces and her own small slender white figure, was enough to scare the living daylights out of her.

The two black eunuch boys preceded the women up the gangway, their riding whips in their hands. Leila, also hidden under a burka, walked behind them, and Ali brought up the rear. They passed a luxurious salon, part of the Pasha's quarters. Then they arrived on a little enclosed deck: the women's deck. It was barred like a cage at the sides and over the top. An awning also went over the top and side screens were attached round the sides - all to hide the Pasha's concubines from prying eyes, either of the crew or from ashore.

They were led into a cabin, with two-tier narrow bunks. Two barred portholes proved light. Over the head of each of the bunks was a ring with a padlock, to enable the woman's wrists to be fastened above their head so that, whether their chastity belts were fitted or not, they could not touch themselves in bed. 'The Turks really are obsessed', thought Jane, 'by the idea of enforcing purity amongst slave girls'.

There was also a much larger and more comfortable bed - for the black eunuch boy on duty during the night. Next door was a bathroom and loo. It was locked, so that, as in the Harem, a girl wanting to spend a penny would have to ask a black eunuch to take her there.

Soon the women were standing naked in their little dormitory cabin, lit up only by two small portholes. Their gags were removed. Ali now produced five short little satin tunics. They buttoned on the shoulders so that they could be put on or taken off by women with their wrists chained. The front plunged deeply to their navels, scarcely hiding their breasts, and over their shoulders was a sort of sailor's collar. The waist was tightly belted and the skirt absurdly short. But the women were glad have something to cover their nakedness. On the right breast of each tunic was the Pasha's crest of two scimitars. Even Leila had to wear the revealing tunic.

Then they had to put on yashmak veils that fastened behind their necks and rested on the bridge of their noses, hiding their faces, except for the eyes, in case of an accidental encounter with a member of the crew. The veils were only to be removed, Ali ordered, in the presence of the Pasha himself or his son.

Jane looked into the bathroom that was alongside the girl's dormitory. The dormitory might be small and crowded - that was of little concern to a Turkish gentleman - but the bathroom where his woman were cleaned for his pleasure, and where they made themselves look beautiful for his delight, was a different matter altogether. It was large and spacious. Numerous Turkish cosmetics were laid out together with hairbrushes and mirrors. Clearly it was intended that the girls were to be kept spotless and looking beautiful throughout the voyage.

The ship began to vibrate gently with the throb of the engines as lines were cast off and they got under way. Excited like schoolgirls on an outing, the young woman all rushed out onto their private little deck, laughing, giggling, jumping about in their short tunics, and peering through little slits in the side screens as Malik began to disappear. Soon, under a bright sun, the ship was slowly cutting its way through the flat calm of the Mediterranean Sea.

When he was satisfied that no one on the shore could see his charges, and that the deck was also cut off from sight of the crew, Ali and his young assistants took down part of the canvas side screens, letting in a refreshing breeze. Then Ali went round testing and inspecting the iron bars that made this special woman's deck into a cage out of which the young women could not climb, and into which no would-be amorous swain could penetrate. He then checked that there was no access to the woman's quarters except through those of the Pasha himself. He carefully tested the raised rings above each girl's bunk. Then he checked the view from the Duty Eunuch's bed in the dormitory and from his raised chair on the private deck. He was satisfied that the supervising black eunuch boy would always be able to keep a close eye on what his charges might be getting up to. Satisfied that he could now ensure both the chastity and the purity of his young women whilst they were on board, he instructed his two young assistants to unlock the chastity belts from each girl's loins.

It was the first time that Jane had not had to wear a chastity belt since her arrival in the Pasha's palace. With her body hair removed, and her little tunic hardly reaching down to her hips, she felt very naked and exposed - excitingly so. Originally, she reflected, the Pasha had apparently ordered her to be put into a chastity belt to protect what he called the honour of her fiancé. Now that he intended to deflower her himself, and as she was under the continuous supervision of his black eunuchs, there was no need to take more than the normal precautions that his black eunuchs took with all his women.

It was all very exciting. She was now in the same position as his concubines, all trying to outwit the black eunuchs, and risk a flogging, in order to obtain a few minutes of physical relief. It was all very shaming, but it was the inevitable result of the frustration in which they were deliberately kept by the black eunuchs, so as to heighten their sensual awareness and their dependence on the masculinity of the Pasha, their Master.

Their private deck, despite the rather forbidding bars, was attractive and comfortable with several chaiselongues and deck chairs as well as large leather cushions. The excited young women threw themselves down onto them, relieved at not now having to wear chastity belts. But Ali now clapped his hands and made them line up again.

"Remember, you will still be watched - all the time. If you found touching yourselves or each other, it will be twelve strokes of the cane immediately!"

He looked hard at Jane. She blushed, realising what he meant. But how dare he threaten her, she thought, with an arrogant toss of her head in a gesture of contempt. 'Pooh', she thought, 'I'm not afraid of you'. As Ali turned away, she put out her tongue at him, a gesture reminiscent of a little girl showing her contempt for a superior.

"You little fool!" whispered Phileda, now standing beside her.

But it was too late. One of the black eunuch boys had noticed Jane's insolent gesture.

28 - FLOGGED!

"Jane! Come here!" Ali ordered. Nervously, Jane stepped forward. She heard the other girls behind her suck in their breath in fear.

"You not now His Excellency's honoured guest. You just Christian dog, seeking permission to marry another Christian dog, by pleasing Master. You need lesson in Harem discipline, now you get six strokes!"

"No! You've no right to threaten me!" cried Jane angrily.

"Oh yes, he has, little Jane!" came a voice from behind her. There was a sudden commotion as the other girls all fell to their knees, their hands flat on the wooden deck, their foreheads touching it. The Pasha had unexpectedly stepped through the door leading to his apartments. He had changed into a long Eastern robe. Behind him stood one of his white eunuch pageboys, his long hair beautifully brushed and curled up at the ends in a pageboy cut, just like Lalla Zora's boy. The Pasha was smiling, and she felt reassured. Now Ali was really going to be put in his place!

"And for arguing with my trusted black eunuch you will now receive not six strokes but twelve." He paused and sat down in comfort, his pageboy standing behind him. "Now!"

Jane was immediately seized by the two black boy eunuchs. They bent her over a wooden table in the middle of the deck. Her hands were pulled forward and held by one of the boys. A strap on the table was fastened tightly across her waist, tying her down. She was helpless. She was going to be beaten, for the first time in her life, and in front of a man - in front of the Pasha!

She could feel her scandalously short tunic riding up over her bottom. Horrified she realised that with her chastity belt removed, the Pasha seated behind her could see her now hairless intimacies.

"Legs apart!" ordered Ali.

Oh no, this made it even worse! She felt utterly degraded. But more was to follow.

"Offer yourself to your Master!" the Negro ordered. With a sob, she thrust her parted thighs backwards in a primitive placatory gesture of submission. Never had she felt so humbled.

There was a long silence. Jane saw that the other girls were still kneeling on all fours with their heads and hands on the deck, like the well-trained animals that they were.

Ali came round the table to face her. Terrified she looked up at him. In his hand was his long whippy cane.

"Kiss cane!"

Hastily she did so.

"Kiss lovingly. It also represent Master's authority over you. You kiss respectfully and slowly ..."

This is awful, thought Jane as Ali then went behind her, quite unbelievably awful. Was she really going to be flogged in front of the Pasha? And the other girls! And the white pageboy!

Suddenly she felt a sharp tap on her bare buttocks. She tried to jump up, but the strap round her waist held her down.

"Head up! Look straight ahead! Arch back downwards!"

Her buttocks were now thrust out. She felt Ali lift up the back of her short tunic with the tip of his cane, baring her bottom completely. She remembered what the Pasha said about a Harem beating making more noise than real harm. She just hoped that it was true.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!" intoned the burly Negro. She suddenly felt hopelessly small and helpless by comparison with his great strength. She clenched her wrists. She tried to clench her buttocks.

"No! Relax!" ordered the Negro. "Relax more ... more! That better."

There was a sudden whistling noise, and then a streak of fire across her bottom. She screamed.

The pain was terrible. But which was worse, the pain or the humiliation? Tears sprang to her eyes. To be beaten in front of the Pasha! Then she felt a familiar feeling in her thighs. She was becoming aroused! Aroused by her beating? Aroused by being beaten naked in front of a man ... a man she secretly loved? But how could she love a man who degraded her so? But she knew she did. And she knew that he could not help seeing the signs of her arousal!

"In the name of Ali, the Merciful, the Compassionate!" Again, the streak of fire across her bottom. Again, she screamed. Again, came a long pause as she displayed her further arousal to the man she no longer regarded as her future lover, but as her Master.

She was given two more strokes, and then the strap round her waist was unfastened. The Negro boy let go of her chained wrists. Astonished, she stood up, unsteadily. Was her beating over? Was she going to be let off the remaining strokes, and of having to display her growing arousal?

"Show your stripes to your Master! Go over to him! Turn round! Bend over!"

Blushing with unbelievably embarrassment, she found herself doing what she was told. She remembered that Phileda had told her that this was the Pasha's normal practise.

"Keep still!"

She felt his hands tracing the lines of the four strokes. It was desperately exciting feeling his hands on her body. Unable to help herself, she opened her legs to his hands, as if begging for him to touch her there, to relieve her arousal. But he paid no attention!

"I think, Ali" she heard the Pasha say in his casual attractive voice, "we'll have the next four strokes a little lower down, across the backs of her thighs." He might have been talking about the clipping of a favourite mare.

Sobbing with shame, she was led back to the table. But this time she was bent over it facing the Pasha. She was too ashamed to look at him as she felt the strap being fastened round her waist again.

"Legs together, this time!" ordered the Negro. She realised that he must have caned hundreds of women. He was so cunning.

"Up on your toes! Right up! Strain up! Now arch your back down and raise your head up! Now hold that position! Concentrate on it! Think! Higher up on your toes!"

At last, he seemed satisfied, making Jane really concentrate on holding her position. Then came the order she was half expecting and dreading.

"Now look at your Master. You not take your eyes off his!"

A sharp tap on her bottom accompanied this order as Ali realised that it would be one that she would have to be driven to obeying. She raised her eyes to the Pasha's, as if begging in her distress and arousal for mercy.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!"

The cane came down across her tightly pressed thighs, but this time it was far harder than before. She could not help herself screaming much louder than before, how could she stand any more strokes?

The Pasha said something in Turkish to Ali.

"Master says you took your eyes off his. So that stroke not count. You get extra stroke! Now, this time, you keep eyes on Master!"

Somehow, she managed it for the next stroke. Having to look at him while he sat smiling in comfort while she was being beaten had the effect of arousing her even more. By the time the next three strokes had been given to her, she was almost at fever pitch with arousal, pain and humiliation all driving her almost mad. She felt a complete slut. She could not wait to be untied and to have to bend over in front of him, and to have to feel his hands on her body.

But she was not untied. Instead, the Pasha lethargically rose and went behind her. Suddenly she felt his hands. She could not help thrusting her back into his hand, showing him her aroused wetness. She gasped as he slowly stroked her. She was reaching a crescendo! Then suddenly he stopped and went back to his seat.

"No, please don't stop! Don't stop! Come back!" she heard herself screaming shamelessly.

She heard the Pasha suddenly snap his fingers. She saw the other girls straighten themselves like dogs awaiting a further command from their Master. "Ruth! Come here!"

The Romanian girl crawled across the deck to her Master's feet.

"Down!"

Ruth put her head under the long robe, insinuating her body with its curved belly, up under it, between his outspread knees. Soon her head could be made out rising and falling under the robe. There was no doubt about what she was doing with her tongue.

Jane realised that if being beaten in front of the Pasha had aroused her, so watching her being beaten had aroused him. Her beating was simply an excuse for the Pasha to receive pleasure from his slave girls. Since her visit to Hamid's school, she was now well aware of such things. Was that why the Pasha had sent her there on a short visit?

She saw the Pasha move Ruth's head with his hands. She saw the robe rising and falling with the movements of Ruth's head underneath it. She saw the Pasha half close his eyes with pleasure. She could not take her eyes of the little scene.

Then the Pasha opened his eyes and nodded to Ali.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!"

Jane had to watch the Pasha being pleasured by Ruth as she was given the last of the twelve strokes. She realised that although he was being pleasured, he was not allowing himself to be brought to a climax.

The pain was almost unbearable, but so too was the sight in front of her, and the knowledge of the role that she was being made to play as she writhed under the cane, stimulating the Pasha's arousal.

Despite the quite appalling pain, she could still feel herself being deeply aroused. Now more than ever she felt under the exciting and complete domination of the Pasha. He was in truth her Master.

29 - Lower Girl

It was dark and stuffy under the bedclothes.

Jane lay alone in the Pasha's bed, in his spacious cabin. She could feel the chain running down her back. One end was fastened to the ring at the back of her stainless-steel collar, the other was fastened to the foot of the bed. It was this chain that kept her down under the bedclothes, unable to crawl up to the comfortable pillows, to light and air at the top of the bed.

The heavy chain riveted round her wrists had been drawn up the bed, under the bedclothes, and fastened with a silk scarf to the top of the bed. So, as Ali had said to her, she could not now misbehave whilst waiting for the Pasha to finish his lunch and take his siesta. Her bottom was still unbelievably tender from her thrashing, and even the slight weight of the bedclothes hurt her if she made the slightest movement.

Jane had been lying there, held by the chains, for nearly half an hour. By lifting up the top of the bedclothes occasionally with her head, she had found she could get a little fresh air. She was frightened and alone, yet at the same time madly excited at finally being in the Pasha's bed.

It had been only a short time after her beating in front of the Pasha that the white pageboy had brought the message. She had been lying amongst the other girls on the neck. They had been lying on their backs. But because of her sore bottom, she had had to lie on her tummy.

Pointing to Jane, he had told Ali that the Pasha wished her to be chained as a Lower Girl in his bed for his siesta. No, he had said, the Pasha had said nothing to him about an Upper Girl.

Jane had been washed and douched until she was as spotless inside as out. Ali had made sure she was quite empty. There must be no risk of an embarrassing accident, Ali had said, and twice she had to kneel over the inevitable brass bowl. In reply to Jane's request for a drink of water to help settle her nerves, she had been allowed to take only a tiny sip.

Her frightened thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a door opening. There were footsteps. She heard the falsetto voice of the Pasha's white pageboy as he undressed his master. There was a pause. Horrified, Jane realised that the white pageboy had not gone, that he was still in the room, that he would be witnessing her submission.

Then she heard the top of the bedclothes being drawn back and the rustle of his silk gown. Her hands were released. Quickly she pulled them down. She felt the bedclothes rubbing against her sore bottom, but at least she was lying on her tummy. Then she felt the Pasha's muscular naked legs slowly feeling their way down under the bedclothes one on either side of her.

Not a word was said. She was again in complete darkness as he settled down in the bed. She could smell him, a strong masculine smell. She tried to wriggle up to get some fresh air, but of course the chains held her down in the darkness.

Her face was now against his hard body. She knew what she was expected to do, but it was all too much! Still not a word was said. Perhaps she was not expected to do anything after all? She lay quite still, relieved. Then she heard the Pasha angrily click his fingers above the bedclothes. Presumably he was giving an order to his white pageboy. She felt his hand reach down and grip her hair, holding her tightly. She felt the bottom of the bedclothes being slowly drawn up, baring her legs and then her naked bottom.

Suddenly she heard a whistling noise. The white boy's riding whip! Just as in the morning, fire streaked across her soft little bottom. She screamed under the bedclothes. She tried to wriggle away, but the chain and the Pasha's hand held her tightly.

There was a long pause. Then again, she heard the angry flick of the Pasha's fingers. Again there was the whistling noise. Another stroke! Again she screamed. Still nothing was said, but now she knew what she had to do!

Remembering what she had seen in the training classes at Hamid Effendi's, she put out her tongue and started to her lick her Master's hardness. In the darkness she licked gently upwards and then downwards, softly and tantalisingly, licking like an obedient little bitch might lick her master's hand. Indeed, as his hand left her hair, she found herself grasping it eagerly and covering it with kisses

Suddenly the Pasha thrust her head more quickly up and down and then sideways and round and round. The bed covers were put back over her naked bottom, but she knew that the white pageboy was

still standing, ready to apply his whip again should she falter. She began to use the tips of her fingers to supplement the tip of her tongue. She realised that the Pasha was beginning to doze off, to take his regular siesta, to dream erotic dreams whilst one of his women softly pleased him.

It was a humiliating role, and yet one which she found somehow deeply satisfying. He had chosen her to give him pleasure under his bedclothes. She began to feel proud of her humble and anonymous role. Careful not to wake him, she used the tip of her tongue and fingers, to send little shivers of delight through his manly frame.

Was he dreaming of her? This, she realised, as she gently tongued his hard manhood, was the instrument that would soon, perhaps this very day, take her virginity. In some primitive way, she felt that it was only right and proper that she should first be made to worship it, to adore it and to lick it.

Before her visit to the slave-training establishment, the very idea of doing what she was now eagerly performing would have been shocking and horrifying. Now, driven on by fear of the whip, it was exciting and arousing.

Her reverie was cut short. The Pasha was awake again, and she had allowed her tongue and fingers to falter! She heard the dreaded snap of his fingers. Hastily she re-applied herself to her task. But it was too late! She felt the bedclothes being drawn back again. Once again, her hair was gripped to hold her still, to hold her in position for the whip.

Twice she heard it whistling through the air. Twice she screamed under the bedclothes, as it was slashed across her very tender posterior. Then the bedclothes were replaced. Still not a word was said, but she knew why she had been beaten, and she knew what she had to do to prevent being beaten again. She did it. And she kept on doing it, even though she suspected that he had now dozed off again.

Half an hour later, she felt him stir. His manhood was again erect and probing as she humbly worshipped it as the instrument that would soon take her virginity. The Pasha gripped her hair. He positioned her mouth and thrust his manhood into it, making her slowly give him exquisite pleasure.

She could feel that she too was becoming acutely aroused, but there was nothing she could do about that. She did not dare lower her chained hands to satisfy her own body. Indeed, the fingers of both hands were holding the Pasha's manhood. He kept her at it for some minutes. She heard him give an occasional sigh of pleasure, a sigh that drove her on to greater efforts. Several times he gently pushed her away from his body to avoid coming to a climax, and then allowed her to resume.

Suddenly she felt him climb out of the bed. She heard the noise of the white pageboy washing him and then dressing him. Still not a word had been said to her as their footsteps went to the door, and once again she was all alone.

30 - JANE LOSES HER VIRGINITY

Jane was sitting on one of the leather cushions on the women's deck. She was looking out across the calm blue sea towards the mountains of Turkey, a very beautiful sight in the evening light.

Her reverie was interrupted by Ali. He had a piece of embroidery in his hands and some brightly coloured silks. He handed them to her, and then he showed her a completed piece.

"You copy! Keep you busy! This for footstool for your Master. You copy carefully. No mistakes! You get cane for any mistakes."

"Yes, Mr. Ali, Sir!"

She was glad to have something to do. She saw that several of the other girls were also busy doing embroidery. It would keep her mind off the events of the day: her humiliating beating in front of the Pasha; his use of her as a Lower Girl during his siesta; and the ever-present thought that the Pasha really had brought her on this trip to take her virginity, like any local Christian girl seeking permission to marry her Christian boyfriend.

She had embroidered various cushions for her aunt in England and was quite expert at it. But this one was particularly difficult. She remembered that Ali had said she would be beaten for any mistakes.

She would have to concentrate carefully. As she started on the work, she felt a thrill at the idea that her work would be used on a footstool for the Pasha. He would wipe his feet on her work! It somehow seemed appropriate and symbolised the dominating character of the Pasha,

An hour later it began to get dark. The ship had anchored in an uninhabited bay. The breeze had dropped and little lights had been rigged up across the womens' deck. It all seemed very beautiful and romantic - a romantic setting for her forthcoming rape!

One of the Pasha's pageboys came onto the deck. The women all looked up curiously. What message did he bring this time? He whispered into Ali's ear. It seemed serious, for Ali quickly sent for his two boy assistants.

Then he came over to Jane. "You put down embroidery! You come with me! At once!"

Nervously, she followed Ali and one of the black eunuch boys to the bathroom. The other black boy remained watching the other women. They always had to be under supervision, she thought sadly.

Half an hour later, washed out, scrubbed and beautified, she found herself crawling across the Pasha's luxurious rugs. Her short little tunic had risen up around her waist, below which she was completely naked.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the Pasha's shoes. He must be sitting on a large sofa, she thought. Next to his shoes was a smaller pair of boy's shoes. The Pasha's son must be sitting next to him! It was bad enough to have to humiliate herself like this in front of the Pasha, but to be seen half naked and crawling by his young son made it doubly embarrassing.

At last, she reached the Pasha's shoes. He raised a toe ... She heard his voice. It was harsh.

"Now listen carefully. You are here because it is only right and proper that as a Christian dog you should offer your virginity up to a True Believer before you meet and marry your fiancé. In your heart do you not understand and welcome this?"

He paused. Jane felt utterly under his domination - as much as she had in his bed as a Lower Girl that afternoon.

The Pasha continued. "Don't say a word - not one word! But you're now going to knock your head on the floor as a sign that you know you're going to lose your virginity. Now, knock your head!"

Helpless to refuse to do so, Jane obeyed. She felt like an abject slave.

"Harder than that! Do it again, or you'll be caned!"

Desperately she struck her forehead hard against the floor.

"That's better. Now listen carefully. Just listen. One word from you, and it will be twenty strokes."

Such was her terror that Jane could not help trembling - trembling like a leaf, she thought.

"I have delegated the duty of taking your virginity to my son, my precious beloved son."

Jane's mind exploded. No! No! It's not him, it's you I want to give myself to, she almost screamed aloud. Only the sheer fear of the twenty strokes kept her silent. Her whole body shook with a violent sob. The Pasha was silent, watching as she absorbed fully the devastating news: she was going to be taken by a fat little twelve-year-old boy!

She would never, she thought, have acquiesced in coming on this trip, if she had thought that this would be the result. But had she really had any option? It was all too awful.

There was complete silence for a full minute.

"It is, of course, a great honour. You will be his first virgin. The black eunuchs have instructions not to take any precautions, and if you conceive you will have to explain to Mr. Lascelles why your first child has such dark eyes."

The Pasha laughed aloud.

"Now you are going to knock you head on the floor as a sign that you are grateful to me for letting my son exercise my rights of Droit de Seigneur over you."

Horrified, scarcely knowing what she did, Jane knocked her forehead on the floor once more. It was obviously the Pasha's wife, she thought bitterly, who had engineered all this. Jane thought of her with black hatred in her heart. She heard the Pasha's slow casual voice.

"Later this evening, my son and I will be coming to watch you all dance for us on the women's deck. My musicians will be staying hidden behind a screen so that they cannot see the dancers. Ali will be in charge."

Jane was listening carefully, but she did not see the relevance of all this to the fact that she was now going to be raped by the Pasha's son.

"You will be dancing for us as well. But don't worry! We shan't expect you to be able to belly dance, but after your visits to Hamid Effendi's school for slave girls, I shall expect you to have a good idea of how to dance erotically for us."

He laughed.

"Each girl will, of course, be trying to attract my attention. But you, my little Jane, you will be dancing for my son. You will dance naked in front of him. Your dance will be aimed at him. The other girls will be surprised, for they do not know about this conversation. You will not tell them that your virginity has been reserved for my son to take tonight! After your dance, you will sit by him flirting with him like a whore - exciting and arousing him in a loving way, until he finally orders you to his bed. In his bed you will again be passionate and adoring."

He paused yet again to make sure that his commands were understood.

"Have I made myself clear?"

Horrified Jane struck her forehead against the floor again in a submissive gesture of assent.

"Very good!" laughed the Pasha, though there was still an undertone of menace in his voice. "Provided you perform satisfactorily tonight, I may use you myself tomorrow or the next day."

Jane's heart leapt. She felt his hand fondle her hair absent-mindedly. At least it was something. He was still fond of her, even if he was giving her virginity to his son. She remembered that the boy had frequently used the other girls. Now that she was having to play the role of a slave girl, it was not so surprising perhaps, that the boy would use her, too.

But surely not on the first night!

Suddenly she felt the boy's hand gripping her hair. He lifted her head up off the floor. Startled she looked up at the boy. He was fat and cruel-looking. Without any warning he suddenly smacked her face hard, twice.

"How dare you look at me!" he screamed. Quickly she lowered her eyes demurely. "You'll pay for that later on! Ali's cane will make you show more respect!"

The Pasha looked on in a fatherly and approving way, glad to see that his son was standing no nonsense from a mere chit of a Christian girl. Now she was as frightened of the boy as she was of the Pasha.

* * * * *

She had been dancing for some time ... swaying erotically to the music...

Once again, the music suddenly stopped. Again, she stood stock-still.

Ali stepped over to her again. He unfastened one of the long broad ribbons that hung down from her collar down over her breasts and belly, and down to her ankles. Then he unfastened another from the back of her collar. He threw them onto a little pile of similar ribbons in front of her. In the twinkling half-light of the women's deck, it was clear that Jane now had only one ribbon in front, and one behind.

The music started again. Jane's hands were touching, back-to-back, above her head. Her shoulders, her belly, and her hips were all slowly undulating to the slow sensuous music. Her brilliant scarlet lips were matched by her brilliantly painted nipples and body lips that appeared and disappeared provocatively behind the one remaining front ribbon.

Her eyes were on Faisal Bey, the Pasha's son. She was dancing for him and for him alone. He sat, a small fat and unattractive figure, by himself on a sofa. His eyes were riveted in anticipation on the delightful naked figure of Jane. The fact that her dancing was amateurish only made it all the more arousing. He was playing with a long dog whip, as he watched her.

She swayed up to him. He raised his whip. She swayed back again. She turned away, the long ribbon that hung down her back swaying over her soft bottom.

Jealously, she flashed her eyes towards the Pasha himself. Dressed in a long Eastern open cloak and brightly coloured robe, he was sitting back, enjoying the spectacle.

Kneeling up on the sofa on his right, Jane saw Leila, the Arab girl. Her left hand was round the Pasha's neck as she whispered little murmurs of love into his ear and kissed his cheek. Her right hand

was gently thrust down deep into the Pasha's robe. She was naked. Both Leila and Magda had already danced for the Pasha. Only Phileda and Ruth, the expectant Romanian girl, had still to dance.

The music stopped yet again. The last of Jane's ribbons fell to the floor.

The music started up again and changed to a faster rhythm. Jane knew that only by humiliating herself before the boy could she please the Pasha. Now bereft of any covering, she swayed herself toward the boy. She had been watching him playing with the long whip. She knew what she had to do, what she must do, to please the Pasha.

The music came to a crescendo and stopped, and she flung herself at the feet of the boy, grovelling at his feet, her eyes raised pleadingly. He raised the whip, as she knew he would. He brought it down hard across her back, once, twice, three times, and then once more.

Jane was screaming, but she was also kissing the boy's feet. Out of the corner of her eyes she saw the Pasha smiling approvingly. That was reward enough.

Feeling a complete whore, she slowly got up. She sat on the boy's knee. She put her arms round his neck, kissing him passionately and lovingly, astonished at her own forwardness. Again she glimpsed the Pasha's approving smile. Surely her performance tonight was satisfactory - so far.

Could she really go through with it all? But was there really any alternative? How desperately cruel the Pasha was, forcing her to make love to his son.

* * * * *

Jane lay on her back on the boy's divan bed. The weals on her bottom and thighs and the new weals across her back made it very painful. Under her bottom were two large cushions, to thrust up her loins. She was helpless, tied down like a sacrifice. The boy had even ordered her to be gagged and blindfolded.

She heard him come into the room. His step sounded rather heavy. She felt something light, like a feather, running up and down her thighs, up and down her body. She tried to cry out, to protest, but she could only make little grunts under her gag. Oh, how she hated this boy!

Slowly and surely, she felt herself being aroused, madly aroused. Ashamed, she felt herself raising her body to the boy, offering herself, like a slut, like a whore. Was this, she sobbed behind the gag, how she would remember for the rest of her life, the way she had lost her virginity?

She felt his hand on her body. For a moment she shrank back, but soon her body was making her thrust forward again, begging, begging, begging. Suddenly she felt his manhood. She was quite helpless. She was penetrated slightly.

The boy seemed surprisingly experienced. He kept her fully aroused, setting her whole body on fire. She was screaming under the gag, screaming with pain - but also with delight.

She felt him slightly withdraw before driving in again. She held her breath. This was it! This was the moment in which she was going to become a woman. In fact, it was a moment that was tantalisingly drawn out. Under the gag she was crying out a name. It was not the boy's; it was the Pasha's. If only this had been him! Why had he been so cruel?

Then suddenly the boy drove into her with surprising force. She felt her virgin defence break. Again she screamed, and as she did so her blindfold was ripped from her.

Blinking in the sudden light, she found herself staring into the blazing eyes of Zaid Pasha himself!

31 - AN IDYLLIC HONEYMOON

It was not until late that night, that wonderful night, that she would indeed remember for the rest of her life, that she plucked up enough courage to ask. She remembered that Phileda had told her that slave girls risked a beating if speaking without permission.

"Please, Sir, Your Excellency, may I speak?"

She was lying curled up alongside him. He had told her to put one arm lovingly around his neck. He had told her to reach up periodically throughout the night and gently lick his cheek, his neck and his ear, like an adoring little dog, and to flash her eyes submissively up at him in the half darkness.

These were, she had found, gestures that had come quite naturally to her, gestures of subservience and homage. With her other hand she was gently cradling his manhood, his wonderful manhood that had taken her and then given her so much delight, and which was now resting.

"Yes, little Jane, you may speak."

The Pasha laughed, amused at the way this untrained English girl was so quickly picking up the ways of an oriental slave girl.

"Why, Sir, why the ..."

"The deception? Why did I tell you that you were going to be given to my son?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," she whispered gently into his ear.

"Don't you see? How else could I have got you to myself all night!"

"Oh! But ..."

"Yes, it's a rare honour for a girl to be alone in my bed, without several other slave girls all competing for my attention."

"Yes, Sir! I'm so grateful, Sir!"

"It will be for the first and last time, little Jane!"

"Oh Sir!" She reached up and as a little sign of gratitude licked his bearded chin. "But surely your son was disappointed?"

"Hardly!" laughed the Pasha. "It is not often that a twelve-year-old boy has a chance to have four girls in his bed!"

"Oh!"

The sheer licentiousness of it all, she thought, the single-minded concentration on how best to use women for your pleasure!

"In any case, he'll have plenty of other opportunities to enjoy you during the next few days, my exquisite little Jane. There will also be opportunities for you to show your gratitude to him for having foregone the delights of Droit de Seigneur."

"Oh!"

* * * * *

For Jane the next week passed like a dream, although after that first delirious night she was never alone again in his bed. Always there were one, and often two other girls. Nevertheless, it was a week that seemed to have been largely spent in the Pasha's bed, or sitting adoringly on his knee, or at his feet, and constantly seeking to attract his attention whenever he visited his women in their cage-like little deck.

Once she was shocked to find she was sharing his bed with one of his pretty white pageboys. She was grateful that Phileda had warned her that this was considered quite normal in Turkey - as was using a woman like a boy, something that still appalled Jane every time she was used in this way. However, she realised it made her feel utterly subservient to the Pasha.

Several times she was again given the humiliating role of Lower Girl, an event that made her all the more appreciative when she was chosen to be an Upper Girl.

On several occasions, of course, she had to suffer the jealousies and frustrations of not being chosen at all, and of having to lie silently in her bunk in the little dormitory, her wrists chained to the ring above her, whilst other girls were enjoying themselves with the Pasha. She had to lie there in the

darkness of the night, or in the shade of siesta time, wondering what they were doing and why the Pasha had spurned her.

She was experiencing the way that black eunuchs had for centuries kept all the girls in a rich man's Harem on their toes and keen to please their Master. Writhing in her frustration, and driven half mad by jealousy, she planned, like many a slave girl before her, how to make herself irresistible to her Master, and then to give him so much pleasure that in future he would choose her again and again.

She had been chosen, this time in all seriousness, by the Pasha's son. She had steeled herself for it, knowing that it would be her turn sooner or later. She knew she must pretend to be loving and adoring just as she was naturally with the boy's father. But when it came to the point he had to use his dog whip on her frequently to keep her up to the mark. It was an unpleasant experience.

Would she find, she wondered, that William was equally unsatisfying after what she had experienced in the Harem of the Pasha?

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The little steamer called in to visit several isolated fishing villages and small towns. The Pasha would spend much of the day inspecting the village or town and listening what the local elders had to say, while encouraging them to renew their loyalty to the Sultan.

Meanwhile, the side screens surrounding their deck refastened, Ali would exercise his slave girls and put them through their paces. It was the first time that Jane had been made to perform the almost military drill that the Pasha had introduced into his Harem as a way of both keeping his women trim and disciplined.

She found it hard when she was coffled with Ruth, the Romanian girl with the now nicely curved belly, to practise a joint erotic display that Ali had decided they were to perform together, their faces always veiled, in front of the Pasha and his guests. It took numerous strokes of the cane, and the threat of being reported to the Pasha himself for a major thrashing, before she could bring herself to overcome her inhibitions and exchange with Ruth the passionate embraces that it amused Turks to watch reluctant white girls perform.

Clearly, the Pasha enjoyed showing off his numerous slave girls, especially the European and Christian ones. In the evenings he was frequently invited ashore to a banquet or gave one on board. He expected his slave girls to participate by dancing assiduously before his guests in the oriental way.

The other girls had already been already well trained in the art of pleasing a man by humbly and submissively offering him food and drink as well as in dancing. Jane, of course, was quite untrained. But after her performance at dancing to the Pasha's son on her first night on board, and after much practising with Leila, she was considered to be suitable to perform before the Pasha and his guests.

Thus, all five women were frequently sent ashore under the supervision of Ali, heavily veiled, manacled and, of course, chained together. On arrival Ali would remove their burkas, but then make them cover the lower half of their faces with a tantalising white veil.

Each was dressed in a flowing pair of silken pantaloons and, in view of their manacled wrists, just a pretty open Turkish bolero flung over their shoulders. Magda, as the Pasha's personal milk slave, had to offer her milk to his guests during the evening. With her swollen breasts brushing aside the skimpy bolero, she made a most erotic sight.

Periodically during the evening, Ali would come in to the room in which they were kept waiting under the supervision of one of the Pasha's black eunuch boys, and would beckon one of them to come out and dance, to serve the next dish, or, as with Jane and Ruth, put on a well-rehearsed erotic display.

Although Jane had not been trained in belly dancing, she was used again to perform an exciting form of Turkish dancing that involved little more than swaying to the music. Wearing her veil, she would stand completely naked except for the chains of her wrist manacles and the same dozen long strips of broad shimmering silk ribbon, fastened in a simple slipknot to her metal collar, that she had had to wear when dancing to the Pasha's son. Once again, every time the music stopped, she would have to hold whatever position she was in, while Ali removed one ribbon. The music would then recommence.

The dance would continue until she had only one little ribbon left, when with a deep obeisance she was allowed to scuttle out of the room, red-faced with embarrassment, leaving the assembled men to congratulate the Pasha on the submissiveness of his new Christian slave.

Indeed, the sight of several European women, all clearly his slaves, wearing his collar with a chain riveted round their wrists, and except for Jane bearing his brand on their thighs, made a considerable impression. So did the fact that they were all under the strict discipline of his huge Negro eunuch guard, his cane always in his hand. The Pasha was indeed regarded with increased awe and respect as a devout Moslem who knew how to handle Christian girls.

* * * * *

On the last evening of the cruise, the small steamer anchored in a beautiful but deserted bay. There was an air of excitement on the women's deck.

Ali looked along the uninhabited shoreline and agreed that the side screens could be taken down, allowing the women to enjoy the beautiful scenery and the magnificent sunset. Then he ordered them all into the spacious bathroom to be washed and groomed.

After he had supervised the bathing of the slave girls by his black boy assistant, he had Leila dressed as an Arab houri with transparent long silk trousers and a matching blouse. Smiling, he sent her off in the care of the black boy to amuse the Pasha's son for the night.

Then he opened a large trunk that he had brought with him from the Pasha's palace. Out of it he produced four beautiful white European ball dresses, cut in the latest Parisian style. There was a gasp of delight from Jane's companions, as he also produced long white gloves, silk stockings, satin dancing shoes and gorgeous jewellery. This was followed by gorgeous silken underwear, again from Paris: beautifully embroidered bust bodices, chemises, and, most exciting of all for these women normally forced to be half-naked, long boned corsets. All this was greeted with astonishment by Jane, and with girlish shrieks by Phileda, Ruth and Magda.

"A ball!" they cried. "A Harem ball! Oh, how romantic! How lovely! And all out here under the stars with the moonlight reflecting off the still waters of the bay. A ball!"

She shouldn't mind, explained Phileda to the rather bemused Jane, that there would only be one partner for them all, only one beau. A Harem ball meant that for once they could put up their hair and look like European woman of fashion. A Harem ball meant that, until midnight, they could pretend that they were back in Europe again, that the normal Harem rules were relaxed, that they would be free to gossip, tease and flirt with the Pasha as if he were a European prince and they the ladies of his court. They might even be allowed to sip a little champagne. Above all they could forget that they were the Pasha's women, that they were his private property bought and paid for, his animals, his slaves - until midnight!

Their excitement was intense and the atmosphere was electric as they carefully did up each other's hair and helped each other into the now almost unfamiliar underclothes. They laced up each other's long fashionable corsets, admiring the tiny waists, the flowing hips, and the prominent bosoms that these gave them. They praised the way Magda's extra opulent bosom was now set off by her now small waist.

Ali was watching these girlish antics with approval. He made them put little white ribbons in their hair to give them a more innocent and girlish look. He allowed them to use only a touch of rouge and only a touch of mascara. After each had put on her exquisite ball dress and little satin slippers, he handed her a beautiful fan of white soft feathers. They must, he admonished them, behave as if they were debutantes, shy and nervous debutantes at their first ball.

At last, he was satisfied that all was ready. He allowed the excited girls - with Jane now just as excited as the others - to peep through the curtains that he had drawn over the little windows that gave out onto the women's deck. They gasped with delight. It had been transformed into a fairytale terrace.

Coloured Chinese lanterns lit up a scene reminiscent of a summer ball in Europe, with little French chairs, rugs and a sofa. The hidden musicians started to play - not the normal oriental music but the latest exciting and romantic music from Paris and Vienna: waltzes, polkas and even the new quick-step.

They saw, standing in the middle of the deck, casually holding a cigarette, and looking immaculate in a well-cut full evening dress, a satin lined cloak thrown over his shoulders, a silver topped black cane in his hand, his white bow tie perfectly tied, the elegant figure of the Pasha.

Ali went to the door and held it open.

"Miss Phileda Armstrong!" he announced with justifiable pride as a vision of English loveliness stepped regally, and yet demurely, onto the deck. The slightly exaggerated tremor of her fan showed her emotion and excitement. She curtsied exquisitely to the Pasha. He kissed her hand respectfully and attentively. He offered her a glass of champagne that she refused gaily, until he pressed her further. He complemented her on her appearance. She flashed her eyes coquettishly and yet tremulously, and tapped him on the wrist with her fan. They made, thought Jane jealously, a delightful couple.

"Fraulein Magda Von Sternauser!"

Regretfully, Phileda moved to the side as the Pasha raised Magda to her feet and started an impassioned discussion about the latest Richard Strauss opera which he had recently seen on his travels, whilst his eyes seemed fixed on her opulent milky white charms.

"Mademoiselle Ruth Cirescu!" announced Ali.

The Pasha was teasing Ruth about the natural beauty of Romanian women, and she, in return, was blandly asking how he knew about it, bearing in mind that he was a Moslem and was supposed to look down on Christians. Laughing he began to tell Ruth about a fascinating Romanian woman whom he had met recently in Paris.

"The future Mrs. William Lascelles!" announced Ali.

Blushing with confusion Jane stepped onto the deck. Such was her emotion that she nearly stumbled as she curtsied deeply, more deeply than she had every curtsied to anyone in her life.

"Ah Mrs. Lascelles! ... as I think we should call you now, since I understand you will tomorrow be receiving permission to marry - provided," he smiled enigmatically, "that nothing untoward happens meanwhile!"

Leaving Jane standing with her mouth open, he turned back to Ruth and continued, to her delight, his rhapsody about Jewish women. What did he mean, wondered Jane anxiously, as Magda, trying to be kind, handed her a glass of champagne. A few minutes later, the Pasha turned and formally asked Magda to dance. The other girls watched jealously for he was clearly an excellent dancer.

It was not until nearly another half an hour before Jane found herself in his strong arms, languidly turning to the music of the latest Viennese waltz. It was absurd, she thought, but she felt just like the heroine of a Victorian melodrama, swooning in the arms of the man she loved on the eve of her wedding to another man. She gazed into the Pasha's eyes adoringly and appealingly, but his face was a mask.

The music stopped and he put his hand round her waist. She shivered with excitement at his touch. He led her over to the guardrail. The mountains looked unbelievably beautiful and wild in the moonlight. He took her hand and gently squeezed it, and she could not help returning the little secret gesture, her eyes lowered in a mixture of sadness and modesty. He raised her chin, making her look up again into her eyes.

"I have a feeling, Madame," he said with a little bantering laugh, "that you will not easily forget a certain Turkish Pasha, even if your marriage is as happy as I hope that it will be."

"Oh no, Your Excellency," she found herself murmuring. "I shall never forget you - never, never, never!"

A little sob shook her small body.

The Pasha smiled. "Good! But don't be sad. Wipe away your tears. This is a happy occasion. Come, we'll dance again."

But she could not stop the tears that poured down her face as he again took her into his arms and whirled her around the deck. Soon, despite her tears, she was smiling, as he teased her about her future married life, before returning her to her companions.

And so the extraordinary party continued. The gay music was constantly punctuated by girlish laughter, by the Pasha's own deep laugh, by the chink of champagne glasses - and of course by the metallic clinking of the chains riveted round the wrists of each of these beautiful creatures!

The Pasha danced with Jane twice more, holding her in the formal European way. For the other girls it was a delightful and enjoyable break from their harsh life as one of the Pasha's collection of women, but for Jane, it was the sudden realisation that a page in her life, a dear, very dear page, would soon be turned.

Suddenly there was a noise of eight bells being struck at the far end of the steamer. Midnight!

There was a pause. Ali coughed. He now had his cane in his hand again. First Ruth, and then Phileda and then Magda fell to their knees before the Pasha's feet, the palms of their hands and their foreheads touching the deck. Ali coughed again. Jane saw that he was looking directly at her. She, too, fell to her knees in the same humble position.

"Ali!" came the voice of the Pasha. "I am so pleased with my little girls tonight, but I really can't choose between them. Have them all sent to my state room."

There was the noise of the Pasha's footsteps as he left the deck, none of the women moved. Then Ali clapped his hands twice. Jane saw the other girls kneel up. She did so too.

"You will be taken back to the bathroom and undressed. Then you will be washed, ready for the Master. Tonight, you will all wear new long satin French nightdresses for the Master's delight."

Half an hour later, four beautifully groomed young women were kneeling at the foot of the large bed in which the Pasha was lying. Two white pageboys each held two leashes, the ends of which were fastened by a slip catch to the ring at the back of the girls' steel collars. The girls kept their heads down. They did not dare to talk. They could hear the Pasha chuckle to himself as he turned the pages of a book. How long was it since they had been allowed to read a book!

Then they heard the book being shut with a slam.

"Release the little dogs!" came the Pasha's order.

His pageboys reached down and slipped the leashes off, and four young women eagerly started to crawl on their bellies up the bedclothes. Another night of love had begun - just one more for the other girls, but a last one for Jane.

32 - THE BREEDING PLANS FOR PHILEDA

Mansour, the Pasha's chief black eunuch, swept in.

"Quick! You hurry!" he shouted. "Man come for you, now with Master. Must get ready! Hurry!"

It was two days later. Two days in which Jane, now back again in the guest wing of the palace, had again been treated as an honoured guest. Her wrist chains and the stainless-steel collar had been removed. She was allowed to wear her own clothes again. She no longer had to wear the exaggerated Harem make-up. She again looked like a typical English girl, pretty and charming - except for one thing. The black eunuchs' horror of masturbation had made them keep on her mesh silver chastity belt, under her English dresses, together with the humiliating little bell.

"You stay pure for future husband!" they teased her, knowing only too well how the Pasha had aroused her sensuality.

There were, of course, several other matters that, in the Victorian age, differentiated her from a normal young upper-middle class unmarried woman. Firstly, she was no longer a virgin. Secondly, she had been taken not only by a dark Levantine Pasha, but by his twelve-year-old son as well. Thirdly she had been disciplined and caned by black Negro eunuchs in a Harem.

A further difference, of course, was that she had been taken, officially as a slave girl whom Pasha had wanted to be professionally assessed, to the terrifying and shocking establishment of Hamid Effendi, the leading slave dealer in Malik. The way she had seen women being treated there had both shocked and terrified her - and, as the Pasha had intended, shown her things that she had never imagined existed about the role of women in arousing men.

However, the Pasha had ignored her since the cruise had ended - too busy, she had thought jealously, now that he was back with all his other women. But she did have one visitor: earlier that morning Ali brought Phileda over from the Harem, as usual chained and shrouded in black, to say goodbye.

It was an emotional moment for Phileda. As a slave in the Pasha's Harem, she was unlikely ever to have another chance of speaking to an Englishwoman. But, as she explained to Jane, there was a second reason for her agitation.

"Half an hour ago I was sent for by Mansour. I was very frightened and wondered what awful infringement of the Harem rules I had committed. But he simply told me that the Pasha had finally decided to have me mated - but not with one of his negro guards merely to become one of his milk slaves like Magda now and like poor Juliette and Myriam later."

She paused as if about to burst into tears.

"No, it's even worse."

Again, she seemed unable to continue.

"No," she suddenly burst out, "I am to be mated with a white slave that he has bought."

"Oh!" cried Jane thoughtfully.

"Yes, he wants me to produce little blonde girls for his old age! At least two, and if I don't produce twin girls the first time, then I'm to be put to the white boy for a second time or third time until he's got two girls."

Jane put her hand to her mouth as if remembering something.

"Yes, that makes sense. Once when I was being Lower Girl and hidden under the Pasha's bedclothes, I heard Mansour come in and recommend to the Pasha using some girl who had now settled down to Harem life and would make an ideal mother to breed from."

"What! You knew all along! Well, you might have warned me. I thought you were my friend!"

"I was shocked, but I never thought that they might be talking about you. And anyway, I could not hear properly. I thought it was all so awful - and evidently as the Pasha hadn't made up his mind..."

"Well,' said Phileda thoughtfully, "he must have finally decided since coming back from the cruise. We blondes must have both have impressed him considerably, though I thought that he had only eyes for you! Did you hear who this white slave was?"

"Only that he was a blond Scandinavian boy."

"A Scandinavian! That sounds more interesting."

"And that Mansour said he had put him in a cage with several with several black girls."

"And I suppose that they've all produced little girls."

"Yes," cried Jane, "I remember now, that's exactly what he did say: that they mainly got girls from him. I was shocked at the callous way they talked, as if they were planning the breeding of pedigree dogs."

"That's what we are in their eyes," said Phileda said bitterly, "just pedigree Christian dogs!"

"What else did you overhear," asked Phileda anxiously.

Jane thought for a moment.

"Only that the Pasha said something about making sure they could not see or talk to each other. And Mansour replied that they would both hooded and gagged."

"Oh!" said Phileda sadly. "Anyway, Mansour told me that the Pasha wants to have the choice, in his old age, of bringing into his Harem daughters of some of his prettiest present concubines. Each little girl is to be sent to a convent in France to be brought up strictly as a French girl, in blissful ignorance of the fact that they are really the Pasha's private property."

"I think he may have already sent several little girls there," whispered Jane, " and visits them on his periodical trips to Europe"

"I suppose just to see how pretty they are turning out," said Phileda bitterly.

"Yes, and I don't suppose that neither they nor the nuns know who the real father is." Murmured Jane.

"Nor who their mother is either, "added Phileda sadly. "Mansour says that my daughter would see me for the first time when she's brought here. Poor thing, to perform with me, her mother, in the Pasha's bed!"

"Well," said Jane trying to be comforting, "at least you'll see her when she's born and until she is sent away."

"No, that swine Mansour said that I would be hooded when she was born, and that she would be immediately taken away so that I don't get too fond of her. Here in the Harem, we're only allowed to love the Master!"

"So..." Jane began to say.

"So, neither of us will see each other before my daughter is old enough to be put into the Harem with me. We'll be white concubines together something that, Mansour said, discerning Turkish Masters much enjoy. Discerning indeed! Can you imagine the horror of it?"

"Well, that's just what the Pasha will be doing with Juliette and Myriam."

"Yes," agreed Phileda, "and Mansour says that instead of mating both with a giant Dinka just for his amusement, he's going to put them both to his white boy, for the same reason as I'm to be put to him. Can you imagine the result? There'll be two pretty young girls brought back to the Harem who are, unknown to them half-sisters and cousins with Juliette being the grandmother of one and mother of the other, who will also be the half-sister of Myriam."

"And your girls will be their half-sisters too," said Jane.

"Yes, it's like breeding a successful line of race-horses," muttered Phileda angrily. "And I won't even know if my daughter is alive or dead or whether I had in fact produced a boy and not a girl at all."

"Oh, how awful! But will he really be able to bring your daughters back here?"

"Apparently yes. Mansour says that lots of rich Turks have the same arrangement and that provided the girl turns out to be pretty, then when the Pasha judges she is old enough, he will arrange for the nuns to be told to send her on holiday here to Turkey where she will simply disappear into his Harem."

"Just like that!" exclaimed Jane in amazement.

"Yes, and Mansour also said that the Pasha might decide to keep some girls in the convent until they are seventeen or eighteen, and in accordance with Turkish custom, others might be chosen when they are much younger."

"Oh!" it was Jane's turn to be shocked. Indeed, the Pasha's ability to shock her seemed to be never ending. "But surely the nuns would not allow this?"

"That's what I said too, but Mansour says that they would be only too happy not ask too many questions and just sit back and receive the Pasha's generous contributions to their charitable works."

Again she paused and seemed on the brink of tears.

"Anyway, the Pasha has instructed that I am to provide two little blonde girls for the convent to bring up as ladies. So, Mansour has told me that he'll be taking me to the Pasha's farm where the white slave is kept. It'll be ten days after I next come ‘into season’, as the black eunuchs so embarrassingly and yet deliberately call it - as if we were just animals. So, Mansour says I will then be ready to conceive and will be repeatedly mated over a week or so to make sure that I take."

"Gosh!" said Jane. "They've really got it all worked out."

"Oh yes," answered Phileda, "there's nothing amateurish about these black eunuchs when it comes to breeding - especially from white women. They really enjoy controlling it all, the swine. Mansour said the Pasha would be present on the first occasion of the mating, at least, and that I would be mated kneeling down on all fours like an animal."

"How cruel!" cried Jane.

"Yes, and apparently I shall have to be kissing the Pasha's feet as the boy's seed jets into me - so that I don't get ideas above my station - though I don't know how I'm going to do that, if as you say, I'm going to be hooded and gagged."

"Well at Hamid's I saw a gag with as a hole in the middle for a girl to put her tongue out through and a hood with a little slit over the mouth. Perhaps they'll use something like that."

"Perhaps," Phileda agreed.

"Then, what will happen to you?" asked Jane, genuinely concerned about her friend.

"Then, when they are sure that I have conceived, I will be returned to the Harem. You know how the Pasha likes to have several of his slave girls either with what Turks consider to be prettily curved tummies, or what they find to be equally erotic - in milk."

"And what if it's a boy?" asked Jane.

"Then, poor little mite, I suppose he'll be raised to become a white pageboy. And I'll be sent back to the Scandinavian to try again! As I said, the Pasha has ordered that we are to go on until we have each produced two little girls for his future delight. Perhaps I'll have twin girls first time! Just think,

if I am still in the Pasha's Harem long enough, then I might be competing for the Pasha's favours against my own daughters! Just like Juliette and Myriam."

Phileda sighed sadly.

"And to think," she said, "that every time he goes to Europe, he will be taking a discreet look at my daughters to see how they are turning out, and deciding when to have then brought back here. I really don't know whether to be pleased at the prospect or appalled."

"Pleased!" said Jane startled. "How can you possibly be pleased?"

"Well, if I've got to be a slave, it's nice to know that you're appreciated by your Master!" said Phileda trying to be brave. But even though she was smiling, tears started to run down her cheeks, and she began to sob.

"It's all so awful," cried Jane. "How can I get you away from this dreadful Harem? You, an English girl like me!"

"You simply can't, and you know very well by now that if you were to try then the result might be disastrous for me. I'd rather be in the Pasha's Harem than dead! So stop feeling sorry for me! I'm much more sorry for you, having to go away. You really love the Pasha, don't you?"

"How can I?" murmured Jane unconvincingly. "He's such a cruel and selfish man, who's only interested in his own greater pleasure. And look what he's planning to have done to you."

"But still, like me, you still can't get him out of your mind, can you? Despite everything, like me you love that ruthless and powerful man, don't you?"

"Yes," whispered Jane. "And now I'm about to lose him, to marry someone else. Oh, it's all too awful!"

She burst into tears. The two young women fell sobbing into each other's arms.

"Oh, how we both hate him," they repeatedly told each other.

They dried their tears and smiled.

"And, yet, oh how we both love him."

"You're lucky," murmured Phileda. "In a few days' time, you'll have forgotten all about the Pasha and about this poor slave girl, doomed to be the mother of his future ones."

"No, no!" cried Jane. I'll never forget you, nor the Pasha. Never!

They looked at each other, smiling. Again, they fell into each other's arms. Both were fighting to keep back more tears.

Then Ali returned. Raising his cane, he said that it was time that Phileda was taken back to the Harem. They kissed and then Phileda, again shrouded and chained, was led away...

PART VI - AN UNUSUAL ENSLAVEMENT

33 - A SAD FAREWELL

And now, Jane was thinking, William Lascelles, her fiancé, the man she had come all this way to marry, was waiting for her!

Mansour beckoned her forward. She stood submissively in front of the frightening black eunuch, the figurehead of the Pasha's authority over his women. Her hands were behind her neck, in the supine attitude she had learnt to assume whenever one of the black eunuchs called her.

With his cane he lifted up the front of her dress. He said something to the black eunuch boy with him. The boy bent down. Jane could feel that he was unlocking the padlock of her chastity belt. She felt it slip down her legs. The boy grunted and caught it, and handed it to Mansour.

"Lie down on your back! Legs apart! Knees raised!"

Wonderingly, and still scared of Mansour's cane, Jane obeyed.

The young black eunuch boy began to rub a paste down over her beauty lips. Jane could feel that it was beginning to burn. She tried to put her hands down, but Mansour had tied them to the top of the couch.

"Master want to be sure that you quite hairless when you are first seen by man," explained Mansour grimly.

How on earth, wondered Jane, was she going to explain this to William - and much else? How was she going to hide the fact that she was no longer a virgin? How was she going to hide the marks of the black eunuchs' canes and whips?

Half an hour later Jane was standing up fully dressed again, and looking very beautiful. Mansour handed her a little ornate oriental box.

"You open! Present from Pasha!"

She opened it. Inside was a simple metal brooch. It was in the shape of two crossed scimitars with an Arabic letter above them. It was the crest of the Pasha! The same mark that had been branded onto the belly or thigh of his slave girls.

"You wear!" said Mansour, fastening it onto her dress. "It make you remember Master."

Yes indeed, she thought, yes indeed.

Just then Ali came into the room. "Mr. Ali now come to take you," explained Mansour. "He in charge of you here and on steamer - only right that he now hand you over to future husband."

They covered her in a black shroud, then Ali snapped two chains onto her wrist. Right up to the last moment, she realised, they were treating her as a mere Christian slave girl. Moments later she was led by her chains by Ali across the palace gardens to the Pasha's personal apartments next to his Harem.

"Stand here! You wait!"

Through the lace grille in front of her eyes, Jane saw Ali go into the Pasha's room. She heard voices. She did not dare move. Then Ali returned silently. He slipped the black burka off over her head and unfastened her wrist chains. Gripping her tightly by her arm he led her into the Pasha's study.

She saw the Pasha, a handsome figure of a man, dressed formally in a European morning coat, a red fez on his head. And standing alongside him was William! She noticed he was dressed in a rather crumpled lightweight jacket and breeches. His young, rather weak, face lit up when Jane entered the room.

"Jane!" he cried. Then he turned to the Pasha. "How can I ever thank you for looking after her, Your Excellency."

He turned back to Jane. "You look so well - positively glowing! What have you been doing to look so wonderful?" He sounded almost juvenile and rather callow.

The Pasha gave a little laugh, making Jane blush.

'You'll never guess,' Jane thought with a chuckle. 'You'll just never guess!'

William kissed her rather formally. He held her as if she were a fragile flower. It all seemed rather unsatisfactory, compared to someone else's strong embraces, she thought, someone who is not ten thousand miles away from here.

Suddenly she felt Ali grip her arm again. She looked across the room for a second at the Pasha. Damn you, she thought, damn you for being so handsome, so fascinating, so exciting, so deeply satisfying! Damn you for making other men seem so inadequate, so boring!

The Pasha coughed, and William stood back: Ali still held her arm.

"This is Ali," explained the Pasha to William, "one of my black eunuchs, who has been looking after your fiancée, while she has been here. He has taken great care of her for you."

Great care, thought Jane bitterly! She remembered only too well all the humiliating moments he had caused her - quite apart from the beatings he had given her. Then she saw the Pasha whisper something to William, who reached for his wallet.

"Very grateful to you, Ali," William said, pressing several notes into the grinning Negro's hand. Jane could hardly believe it. Her fiancé was tipping Mr. Ali! Yes - tipping Ali, the cruel black eunuch who had so degraded her, who had stood over in the loo, who had washed her out so humiliatingly, who knew all her most intimate secrets, who ...

"And now, young man," said the Pasha. "What are your plans? Here is your future bride's official permission to marry, something which every Christian girl in this part of Turkey must obtain. I have signed it myself!"

"Oh, Your Excellency, you really shouldn't have gone to such trouble. How very kind and thoughtful of you."

Kind and thoughtful, thought Jane! Cunning and cruel would have been more appropriate. Or dominating and demanding! Or, she admitted wistfully, exciting and arousing! And what about her? What about all the trouble she had been put through just to get that wretched permission? She chuckled to herself . Goodness - it had been worth it!

Lascelles rather immature voice brought her back to reality.

"I must get back to the excavation quickly. I think we're just on the point of making an exciting discovery. I think that Jane could come with me. My Lebanese assistant and his wife will be with us as chaperones. Then after a few days we will go on to Damascus and get married in the consulate chapel."

He turned to Jane. "How does that sound to you, darling?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," she said hesitantly.

"It is wild country between here and where you are excavating," said the Pasha very seriously. "I do not like the idea of your taking Miss Dudley there without an armed escort."

"An armed escort!" laughed William "No need for that! Nobody's going to bother to attack us! I got nothing worth taking with me.

Except me, thought Jane.

34 - CAPTURED!

A week had now gone by since the party left Malik.

They had ridden across the mountains, following an atrocious road, and down across several valleys. They were now in the wild almost desert country near where William was carrying out his archaeological excavations. They had slept in small inns and were planning to carry on that evening to a village several miles ahead.

For Jane it had been a difficult time emotionally. She was annoyed to find William now even more attentive than she had expected. Perhaps the sight of Jane's somehow changed beauty in an oriental setting had increased his sensuality. Certainly, he could hardly wait to marry her and consummate their marriage.

He constantly pursued her, touching her and seeking opportunities to embrace her - attentions, which she found increasingly distasteful. Indeed, the more he tried to flirt with her, the more she was repelled by him.

It was ironic, she knew, that whereas in England she had been annoyed by his coldness and shyness, here she was infuriated by his forwardness. The fact was that, after the Pasha, he still seemed a poor fish. She needed time to get over being seduced by the Pasha, or rather being raped by him. She felt more and more out of love with William, and increasingly appalled at the thought of their forthcoming marriage.

Even Josephine, the Arab-Christian wife of William's assistant, who had only come to act as a chaperone, was shocked at Jane's newfound coldness towards William. She had expected to find a lovelorn young woman who, desperate for her fiancé, had followed him to Turkey. Instead, she found a girl who was strangely cold towards the man she had come to marry.

As she rode alongside Jane, whilst her husband rode ahead with William and the two Arab servants rode behind, she began to suspect the truth and was, to Jane's annoyance, constantly trying to pump her about her experiences as the guest of the Pasha.

So it was a rather unhappy little group that was passed by a wild looking group of armed Kurdish tribesmen going the other way through a narrow gorge. The tribesmen looked boldly at Jane, and at the well-laden pack horses that the servant led.

"I hope they are not bandits," laughed William.

It was the last thing he said, for a few seconds later he fell from his horse, shot through the heart as the Kurds attacked. It all happened very quickly and noisily. They seized the packhorses and slaughtered the Arab servants. They seized Josephine, pulled her off her horse and flung her to the ground to be raped. When her husband tried to save her, he too was shot.

Suddenly in the gathering darkness, they realised that they had allowed Jane, the beautiful foreign woman, the 'feranghi' whom they could sell for a large sum to a slave dealer, to escape. Shouting angrily at each other, they galloped along the tracks looking for her.

But in fact, Jane's horse, frightened by the shooting, had rushed up the side of the gorge. Then it had suddenly turned back, flinging Jane off. Then it had galloped away in the opposite direction to the angry Kurds.

Jane had knocked her head on a rock and lay temporarily stunned, hidden from view behind a rock. The bandits, delighted with their plunder, but scared of being found near the corpses, went on their way. It was an hour later that Jane struggled to her feet, her head slowly clearing.

It was now dark. Terrified by the memory of what she had seen, she stumbled even higher up the mountainside. Driven on by fear, she ran and ran for hours, stumbling over stones, desperately seeking to get as far away from the gorge as possible.

When dawn came up suddenly, as it does in the orient, she saw nothing that she recognised. She was all alone in wild and inhospitable country. There were small rock-covered hills and scrub, nothing else. Below her a simple track wound its way across the plain. As the sun climbed higher and higher she lay hidden in the shade of a large rock. She was too terrified to move lest the bandits reappeared.

She cursed poor William for having refused the offer of an escort. And now he lay dead in some nearby gorge. Her whole life seemed pointless. The man she had come out to marry, making a journey that had used up all her money, was now dead. The only friend she had in the whole of Turkey, the Pasha, was many miles away. The nearest foreign embassies or consulates were even further away. And, she was in bandit-infested country.

All day she lay there, scared and frightened, hungry and thirsty. There was no sign of any life. Then, just as the sun was going down, a country cart came lumbering along the track below her - a four wheeled covered wagon drawn by four horses.

As it came slowly down the track towards her, she saw that the driver was an armed Turk wearing baggy trousers and a short jacket. A rifle was slung over his shoulders. Alongside him was a Negro, a large fat Negro, rather like the black eunuchs in the Pasha's Harem. She wondered if he was indeed a eunuch. But what would a eunuch be doing here?

The wagon was now immediately below her as she lay hidden in the scrub. She was trying to decide whether to run down and halt it when the driver stopped it anyway. Thinking perhaps that she had been seen, she hid deeper in the undergrowth.

Then she saw that the wagon was apparently planning to camp below her for the night. The horses were unharnessed and tethered, then fed from sacks of food hanging from the back of the wagon. She saw the driver and the Negro rig up a comfortable-looking tent and build a fire.

She saw that a large pot of some sort of food was being heated on the flames. She could smell its aroma. It made her feel even more hungry and thirsty. She saw the negro carrying the pot to the back of the wagon and start to ladle its contents into a large number of small bowls, which he preceded to pass into the wagon, through a slit in the cover.

There must be some sort of animals in the wagon.

It was now dark - she began to creep down. She would try to see whether it was safe to ask the driver for some food and to be taken to the next town.

Now she heard voices, coming from the wagon.

Women!

That explained the presence of the eunuch, then - he must be escorting the women of some local potentate. He had hung a small lantern up inside the wagon and now she could see the outline of some figures, female figures illuminated against the canvas cover of the wagon.

Craning to see better, she tripped and fell.

Immediately the driver levelled the rifle in her direction and shouted out. Terrified that she might be shot, she answered. Instantly, the driver and the Negro raced over towards her, grabbed her, and dragged her over towards the light coming from the wagon. Then they held her up to the light - clearly astonished to find it was a white girl.

The Negro thrust back her sleeve. He was looking for the tattooed number of a slave or indentured servant. Then he felt her neck, as if to see whether she was wearing a slave girl’s collar, and started to ask her questions. But of course, she could not understand him.

She started to speak in English, and then in French, but neither the driver nor the Negro could understand a word of what she was saying.

Whilst the driver held her firmly, the Negro began to search her, looking for some sort of identification. But she had nothing. Her bag, her passport, her papers, her money - all had been abandoned during her escape from the bandits.

When they had established that she had no identifying marks and nothing to prove who she was, the two men laughed loud and long together. They slapped each other on the back, clearly either amused or greatly relieved about something, though Jane could make no sense of what it might be.

Then, whilst the driver still held Jane tightly, the black eunuch pulled off her riding boots and with a knife cut away her breeches. She began to scream in protest, but they only laughed. Then he proceeded to cut away her underclothes, leaving her dressed simply in a blouse. He saw her shaved body lips and grunted with satisfaction - apparently that suited him very well.

Then he reached inside the flap of the wagon and pulled out something that clanked in a way that chilled her blood - it was an iron collar hanging from a heavy chain. Unable to move, she was helpless as the collar was fastened round her neck.

She now saw the Negro reach out for a large pair of pincers hanging from the back of the wagon. He picked up a lead pellet from a small bag and squeezed the ends of the collar together. The iron was now riveted round her neck.

The Negro then drew back the cover of the cart and attached the end of her collar chain to a ring. As he did so, the driver thrust her inside.

Jane gave a little cry of astonishment, as she saw, in the light of the little lantern hanging from the top of the roof, a score of young white women!

They sat docilely facing each other in two rows along either side of the wagon. There was little room, for the wagon was small. Each of the girls was holding a bowl of food; the food Jane had seen being thrust into the wagon. Like herself, each girl was half naked except for a blouse, a shawl or a little cloak.

But what really caught Jane's eye was that each girl was collared, just as she was, with a length of chain several feet long running up to an iron bar which ran the length of the wagon just under its roof. Each chain, like hers, was attached to a ring that was free to slide up and down the bar. For as long as

the bar was locked in place in the wagon, the girls were held inside the wagon by their collar and chains.

Although she did not realise it at the time, Jane was now chained inside one of the standard type of wagons that had been used for hundreds of years by slave dealers in the Orient to transport their wares.

The Negro checked Jane's collar and chain. Then he grunted with satisfaction, gave her a little bowl of the same simple gruel that the other girls had, and strapped the covers at the back of the wagon together again. Jane could hear the Negro and driver laughing again as they went back to their fire and their own little tent.

The girls on one of the benches moved up slightly to give her room to sit down, and then they all started to talk to her, to question her. She could not understand them. They started to scream at her. There was a warning cry from the eunuch and they all dropped their voices to nervous little whispers.

Jane tried them out in English and French. One girl whispered that she spoke a little English.

"But who are you all?" whispered Jane. "And why are you all chained like this? Why have they chained me?"

"Quiet!" the girl whispered. "My name is Yaila. I am Armenian. We all are. We're being taken to work in a carpet factory. It belongs to a rich Turk - from what the eunuch and the Negro have been saying, he has twenty girls sent to him every couple of months..."

"My God!"

"Their boss is a slave dealer who got the contract. A good contract, twenty girls every other month and no training necessary! Oh yes, a very good contract - provided he could supply the girls. Suddenly there was a shortage of slave girls. The slave dealer was getting a bit desperate, so he told the local authorities that a revolutionary uprising was being plotted at a particular Armenian convent -the one where the rest of the girls and myself had gone to become novice nuns.

"The Turkish authorities, well bribed by the slave dealer, tipped off a party of Kurdish tribesmen and told them that nothing would be done to prevent them sacking the convent, and carrying off the novice nuns and the treasure of the convent - provided the women were handed over to the slave dealer and here we are - they even took two nuns to make up the twenty."

Indeed, as Jane saw, two of the young women had their heads shorn just like nuns.

"This is dreadful!" said Jane.

"It got worse!"

"It couldn't!"

"Oh, but it did. We were all repeatedly raped by the Kurds, and now we are terrified that we shall become the mothers of half-Kurdish slaves."

"But how could you work as mill girls - "

"You'd be surprised! Anyway, the Kurds didn't care. They only kept us for two days and then they handed us over to the slave dealer. He had us tattooed with his mark and our registered slave numbers and sent us off in one of his slave wagons to the mill owner, and here we all are."

"My God! said Jane again.

"At least," said Yaila, "here are all of us but one. One girl died. So, there are only nineteen of us now. The slave dealer will not be at all pleased with these two, the negro and the eunuch, if they only deliver nineteen."

Jane looked at her. There was a strange compassion in her eyes.

"I think that's why they seem so pleased to get you!" whispered Yaila.

"What? Why?"

"All they need do is tattoo you with the number of the girl who died, and all is well for them again - they must think of you as manna from heaven!"

"Oh no!" Jane gasped. "Oh no! They couldn't! I'm a respectable Englishwoman ... I was with my fiancé on the way to being married at the British Consulate in Damascus when we were attacked..."

"Shush!" Yaila whispered. "An English girl! Oh, I think it would better for me not to know anything about you. I think you are just Mary now..."

"Mary?"

"Mary who died."

"But they can't do this to me," cried Jane. "They can't put me in the place of a girl who died!"

"They will!" whispered Yaila urgently. "Especially as you can't deny it, you can't speak their language, can you? And please keep your voice down, or the eunuch will come back and whip us all. This is Turkey! Surely you realise that they can do anything to a Christian girl, and particularly to a girl who is officially Armenian."

She stopped and looked hard at Jane.

"Look! What you've told me about yourself must remain a secret between us. None of the other girls will want to know about you, and I won't tell them. And when we get to the mill, you mustn't say anything. If they knew the truth about you, they would probably have you killed."

"What!" gasped Jane. "But why?"

"So as prevent any scandal. The Turkish authorities wink at the existence of Christian slave girls, provided there is no scandal, and the girls are kept locked up out of sight. But an English! Well!"

"So you think I'm going to accept becoming a work slave like the rest of you and just disappear?" sobbed Jane.

"Yes! It's that or death - and there is no escape for us. I'll try and teach you a little Turkish, and we'll try and keep together. If anyone asks, I'll say that you are an Armenian girl who has been brought up abroad."

Yaila paused, and looked around at the other girls huddled in the wagon. "I think that you and I are much prettier than the others. Perhaps we can use our looks to get away from the life of a mill girl. Better a Turk's pleasure girl than a mill girl!"

"Oh!" murmured Jane. She could not help thinking that if she was to be a Turk's pleasure slave, then how she would prefer to be the Pasha's! If she was now to simply disappear, could she not have simply disappeared into the Pasha's Harem, like Phileda?

It was with such thoughts going through her mind that she lay down on the floor of the wagon, to try and get some sleep, her collar chain reaching up above her to the ring that slid up and down the iron pole above their heads.

35 - THE INDOCTRINATION OF THE NEW WORK SLAVES

After a week of being kept chained in the wagon, as it trundling slowly across the hilly countryside, Jane began to pick up a smattering of Turkish and the usual words of command that were used by black eunuchs.

Then, one morning, the black eunuch opened their collars with a special tool and held back the flap at the back of the wagon.

"Out!"

They were in a courtyard, surrounded by high buildings.

"The factory!" Yaila whispered.

The eunuch lined them. They were still only wearing their blouses and shawls. Then a Turk with a whip came across and talked to the black eunuch in Turkish. He counted the young women carefully.

Twenty had been ordered. Twenty had been delivered.

Jane looked around wonderingly.

"Don't even think of escaping," Yaila whispered. Indeed, the entrance to the courtyard was closed by a double gateway, through which the wagons had passed. It was now closed, with two armed guards in front of it.

"Legs wide apart!" ordered the Turk with the whip. Then he walked slowly down the line of terrified woman, all naked below the waist, their shaven intimacies prominently on display. But he seemed to be more interested in their arm muscles, feeling each girl carefully. None of them dared to speak.

Jane remembered that Yaila had warned her that she might be shot as an embarrassment if she disclosed that she was English. She kept silent. She was an Armenian girl now. Desperately, she repeated to herself the Turkish phrases that Yaila had taught her. She would explain her bad Turkish by saying that she had been brought up abroad.

However, the Turk with the whip said not a word, as he felt her arm muscles and then put his hand down between her outstretched legs to feel her thighs.

Having gone down the line of trembling women, he went behind them.

"Touch toes!"

Obediently, but blushing, the young women bent over, their legs wide apart. Jane was blushing like the others as she realised what she was now displaying. She bit her lips when she felt his hand between her thighs.

"Stand up!" Greatly relieved they had all done so.

Satisfied, the Turk with the whip turned to the black eunuch and signed a receipt for the women. Then he counted out a large sum of money. Grinning, the black eunuch stuffed it into his waistband. Twenty women had been paid for, praise be to Allah, and life was good! He mounted the now empty wagon and the driver headed for the gateway.

The gates opened and for an instant Jane wondered ... but beyond it the second gate was still shut, and it was also guarded. Not until the first gate closed behind the wagon was the second gate opened. With a labour force of white slave women, security was clearly strict in this factory.

The Turk marched the women into the processing room and made them strip. They were now as naked as when they were born. They did not now even have a collar round their necks. Hidden as they had been under the canvas covers of the wagon, they had no idea where they were, or to whom they had been sold.

The whip cracked menacingly.

"Get into line!" ordered the stern looking Turk. The young women hastily stood one behind the other, naked before the clerk seated at the desk. They moved quickly, not wishing to risk the whip. A pile of abandoned blouses and shawls lay where they had been standing before.

"No talking!"

Jane could feel the tips of Yaila's breasts touching her back as they rose and fell agitatedly, just like her own.

"Hands on heads!"

The Turk cracked his whip, making the line of young women jump. Jane did not understand the order, but she saw that the other women had placed the palms of their hands, one above the other, on top of their heads. She thought it was a silly and humiliating position, but she was quick to follow suit. It was, she realised, one that made women feel submissive and subject to male authority. There was a long pause whilst the line of women kept silent and quite still.

Then they were called forward one at a time.

"Next!"

Again, the whip cracked. The frightened women all moved up one place in the line, each keeping her breasts pressed against the back of the girl ahead of her.

"Next!"

There was only one girl ahead of Jane, and she could now see what was happening. She saw that as the girl stepped forward to the desk, the top of which came to her thighs, she parted her legs. She saw a clerk behind the desk look at the girl's body now being displayed in front of him. She heard him give a contemptuous grunt, and say, "Number?"

She saw the girl lower her left hand from her head and hold it out so that the clerk could read the number. Then she raised it to her head again. The clerk said something that she could not follow and the Turk, now stripped to the waist, his fat glistening body shining with sweat, came up holding something in his hand. She saw it was an iron collar.

She saw the Turk place it round the girl's neck. She saw the sweating Turk put his whip down on the floor and bend the collar so that the little rings fitted into each other. Then, just as the eunuch had done in the wagon, he dropped a lead pellet down into the cylinder formed by the rings, and picking

up a large pair of pincers squeezed the soft lead pellet so that the ends flowed over the rings, thus riveting the collar round the girl's neck.

"Next!" ordered the sweating Turk.

The clerk was a sour-faced young man. She saw him looking expectantly across the table at her thighs, which out of modesty she had kept pressed together.

"Open your legs!" whispered Yaila into her ear. "It's a sign of respect."

Blushing Jane parted her legs, displaying her intimacies to the young clerk. It was a gesture, she would learn, that the factory slave girls would be expected to do whenever a man addressed them. He reached forward and with his pen touched her beauty lips. She gave a little jump. She heard him give a contemptuous laugh. "Number?" he asked harshly.

She understood this and, like the girl in front of her had done, she lowered her left hand from her head and held it out. The clerk turned it so that he could read the Arabic numbers that the eunuch had tattooed on to the inside of her forearm.

She saw the clerk check her number against a list. It was similar to the list that had been signed and returned to the black eunuch as a receipt for the twenty women. It was realised, the Delivery Note. Slave girls were mere merchandise. The clerk made a tick against a number on the list.

Then she saw the clerk turning over the pages of a large book. Was it the factory's register of slave girls? Each page had a number. She saw that the page on which he stopped, several entries had been crossed out. Were they, she wondered, girls who had previously had her factory number, and if so, what had happened to them?

"You factory number 356!" said the clerk. "356! Say it!"

Jane repeated slowly in Turkish, "356."

"My factory number is 356," corrected the clerk. "Say it!"

"My factory number is 356," repeated Jane.

"Sir!" The Turk's whip cracked menacingly close to her skin.

"My factory number is 356, Sir!" she said quickly.

The clerk seemed satisfied. He turned to the huge half naked Turk, who looked among a long line of collars. Finally, he picked one out and brought it over to the clerk. The clerk showed it to her. He pointed to the large Arabic numbers engraved prominently on the front of the collar: 356. Then he pointed to some Arabic writing engraved at the side of the collar.

"I am the property of Azzat Bey," he read out for Jane's benefit. At last, Jane thought, she knew the name of her owner. She wondered what he was like: Azzat Bey! In fact, she would never know, for he scarcely ever bothered to visit this factory, leaving it all to her overseers - requiring only that it was profitable.

The clerk made her repeat it.

"I am the property of Azzat Bey. My factory number is 356, Sir!"

Three times she had to say it, slowly and carefully, like a religious creed. It was a performance that impressed the fact of her slavery onto her mind, as it was intended to do, as it had done for so many other slave girls before her.

The clerk nodded to the Turk. Jane felt the cold iron collar being fitted round her neck and adjusted. Then the lead pellet was dropped in and squeezed tight. The collar was now riveted round her neck.

She remembered what Yaila had whispered earlier about escape. With this collar there would be no escape, she thought. How many other Christian girls had had the identical thought, she wondered, as their collars had been riveted round their necks.

She was going to be a work slave in a factory. It was not all that different, she thought, from being a black work slave on a plantation of the Southern States before the American Civil War - except that she was white, educated and English.

The clerk handed her a little pile of three brass bowls that fitted into each other. Each had a different coloured stripe. The top one, with a red stripe, had a lid.

He pointed to the bottom one with a blue stripe. "For water!"

He pointed at the next one with a green stripe. "For food!"

He pointed at the top one with the red stripe and the lid. "For your wastes!"

Then he handed her two simple cotton tunics. She saw that they were similar to the tunics they had had to wear on board the Pasha's steamer. But instead of being made of silk they were of coarse cotton.

She saw that the numbers 356 had been embroidered in large numbers on the right breast and a sort of sign on the left breast. She guessed it was the emblem of Azzat Bey's factories. The tunics were clean but not new. Again she wondered what had happened to the previous work slaves who had been given the number 356.

The clerk consulted several lists on his desk. Then he wrote her number on one of them and made a note in the large book opposite her number.

"Workshop six!" he said.

She was ordered to go and stand facing the wall in a corner with two other girls who had also previously been allocated to Workshop Six.

She had been separated from her only friend, Yaila. It was a moment of deep and utter despair.

She stood there, naked and ignored, facing the wall, too frightened to speak, to miserable to think. The processing of the twenty new girls was almost completed. The clerk closed his book. There were now several groups of naked girls standing around the room, each facing the wall, and each allocated to a different workshop number, each waiting to be collected by their Workshop Overseer.

And then the last girl to be processed joined her. Thank Heavens, it was Yaila!

36 - WORKSHOP SIX

The new girls for Workshop Six stood disconsolate and naked as the various other overseers came to collect their girls.

The overseers were all fierce looking Turks who clearly would stand no nonsense from their new labourers. It was therefore with some astonishment that Jane and her party saw a young teenage Turkish boy with soft beardless cheeks and silky hair come to collect them.

He collected a list from the clerk and checked it against the numbers on the girl's collars. Boy or not, Jane saw that each girl opened her legs and put her hands on her head, as a sign of respect as her collar was checked by him.

When it was her turn, she was too nervous not to do so as well. It was humiliating to have to do this to a mere boy, even if he was a male, and the humiliation was even greater when he lowered his hand to caress her, in an absent-minded way, as a man might pat a pet dog.

But she was grateful when he told them to put on one of the two tunics that they had been issued. A garment of any kind was better that having to stand around naked. But her delight was cut short when she saw that the Arabic numbers 356 were emblazoned right across the back of the tunic, as well as on the right breast. Clearly her factory number was going to be her principal identification in future. She saw that the tunic was very short, only coming down to her thighs, just like the tunics they had to wear on board the Pasha's steamer.

But they, of course, had been the silken garments of pleasure slaves; these were the coarse cotton ones of work slaves. Like the silken tunics however, these too were open down to their navels and cut short at the back so that as they moved both their breasts and their buttocks were displayed.

Still carrying one tunic and the pile of little bowls, the girls were led by the boy out of the courtyard and into one of the large gloomy looking buildings. They followed him up a stone staircase to a door with the Arabic numeral Six painted on it.

The boy knocked on the door and called out something. There was a noise of keys in locks, and the door was slowly opened. Clearly security was also tight inside the factory, even though the unfortunate girl workers had their owner's collar riveted round their necks.

The huge Turk, their overseer, who stood awaiting them in the hallway, seemed half drunk. Like all Turks, thought Jane, he was large and gross with big moustaches. The thought of being under his orders appalled her.

"And what little sluts have you brought me this time?" he asked the boy with a slurred voice.

"Just the usual Christian bitches, Mushir. Ready to be beaten, raped and made to work!"

At the word rape, all the girls cringed except Jane, who had not understood the word. The overseer, Mushir, went up to her.

"So here's one little bitch that doesn't fear being raped, it seems," he said walking slowly round her. "And a pretty little bitch into the bargain!"

Suddenly he turned to Jane, and smacked her across the face. "Why are your legs not open in the presence of a man?" he screamed, gesturing with his hands.

Jane did not understand his words, but his meaning and anger were clear. Quickly she opened her legs.

"Hands on head!" This order she recognised, and obediently she assumed the same submissive position as in front of the clerk. She wondered what would happen next.

"See if she is still a virgin," screamed Mushir to the boy.

Jane realised she must not move. She felt the boy lift up the front of the tiny skirt of her tunic.

"Bend your knees!" the boy ordered. Terrified she felt his fingers penetrating her, slowly and carefully. Then the boy stood back.

"No!"

"So, were you married, or did one of our brave Kurds take your virginity?" Mushir asked her.

Jane looked blank.

"Well, little slut, lost your tongue?"

"Please Sir, I only speak a little Turkish," Jane came out with the phrases that Yaila had taught her. "I was brought up abroad. My friend here can translate for me."

"Ha, ha! A foreign-born Armenian bitch!" cried the drunken Turk. "A little bird that flew into the Sultan's trap. The Sultan, may Allah pour his blessings upon him, will be pleased to know there is one less Armenian bitch to plot against him from the safety of a foreign country - and to produce more Armenian traitors. And you have a pretty friend to speak for you? I shall have to see how you perform coupled together on a mat for my amusement!"

He turned to Yaila. "Well? Why is she not a virgin? Warn her to tell the truth. I want to know who took her virginity!"

Yaila translated this for Jane.

"Tell him that my virginity was taken, taken..." Jane was thinking wildly what to say. It was essential to hide the fact that she was English. She decided on a half-truth. "Tell him that my virginity was taken by my husband-to-be on the eve of my wedding, just before he was killed by the Kurds."

"Excellent!" cried the Turk. "A Christian dog killed on his wedding day!" He turned to Yaila. "And is the bitch in-whelp?"

"No, I don't think so," murmured Jane blushing, a few seconds later, remembering the care that the Pasha's eunuchs had taken to make sure that she, like real Christian slave girls, did not conceive by the Pasha.

"Good!" exclaimed Mushir, her future overseer. "Another Armenian bitch that, instead of producing Armenian whelps who would plot against our glorious Sultan, will instead soon be producing the offspring of a good healthy Moslem!"

Jane was horrified when Yaila translated this for her. What did he mean? But her thoughts were diverted away to more immediate matters, as Mushir went over to the wall where a sort of tennis racquet was hanging from a hook. But it was a strange looking tennis racquet, with a flexible cane handle and a stiff brown piece of leather where the strings should have been. He picked it up and swished it through the air, before bringing it down with a crash onto a cushion lying on the floor.

"Meet your friend, The Corrector!" He grinned at the terrified girls. "He likes to embrace and feel pretty young Christian girls. I'm sure you'll soon learn to love his little kisses!" He brought The Corrector down again with a crash onto the cushion. "One little mistake at your loom, and you'll get three little kisses from The Corrector."

He brought the paddle down three times onto the cushion, and each time the girls gave a little shudder.

"You will all quickly become expert carpet weavers, just as the other little creatures in Workshop Six have done."

There was a pause as he let his words sink in, and as Yaila whispered a brief translation to Jane.

"Now," he resumed with a rather drunken leer, "all you girls will belong to Mushir's team. You will be proud to belong to his team! You all love your overseer, Mushir!"

There was a dead silence as the girls listened open-mouthed. Yaila did not even bother to translate for Jane. The gist of his words was quite clear.

"Well, well, I see I must loosen your stupid tongues!" He pointed at Yaila. "You're the prettiest except for the girl who does not understand. So we'll let The Corrector give you a few little kisses."

Yaila was made to bend over a chair. Already trembling, she then started to blush, as the boy lifted up her absurdly short skirt, and then went round the front of her to grip her hands.

As the other three girls watched spellbound and shocked, Mushir brought The Corrector down across her bared buttocks. Yaila cried out. A reddish blush began to spread across where The Corrector had, as Mushir put it, kissed her. Mushir paused and then brought it down again. Again Yaila cried out. The reddish hue spread. Again the corrector embraced her...

"Stand up!"

Yaila stood up. There were tears in her eyes. She rubbed her buttocks to ease the pain.

"And now kiss The Corrector and thank him for his kisses - unless of course, you would like another kiss."

"No, please, no!"

Yaila prettily kissed The Corrector. "Thank you for your kisses," she said humbly.

Mushir turned to the other girls. "As I was saying, you are all proud to be in Mushir's team, I think?"

"We are all proud to be in Mr. Mushir's team!" they chorused.

"Again! Louder!" He brought The Corrector down hard on the cushion again.

"We are all proud to be in Mr. Mushir's team!" they screamed. Jane was shouting as loud as any of them.

"And you all love your overseer Mushir?"

"We all love our overseer, Mr. Mushir," they shouted.

"I want to hear each of you say so in turn - and in the proper position we like to see a slave girl in this factory, when she is in the presence of her overseer - or any male - legs apart, knees slightly bent, hands on head and eyes looking straight ahead. And before that whose property you are, and your factory number. You've been taught to say that. Now say it!"

One by one, each of the girls said her degrading ritual. Even Jane managed to stammer it out slowly in bad Turkish.

"I am the property of Azzat Bey. My factory number is 356. I am proud to be in Mr. Mushir's team. I love my overseer, Mr. Mushir."

"Very good! I'm glad to see you Armenian sluts can you use your brains," said their overseer. The effort of giving Yaila her beating had apparently slightly sobered him up.

"Now listen carefully. And you," he pointed at Yaila, "translate for our foreign-born friend."

He came and stood behind Jane, still standing with her legs apart, her knees slightly bent. He put his hand round her body and squeezed one of her nipples. She tried to shrink back away from his hateful hand, but immediately felt his body pressing against hers from behind. She now stood very still as he punctuated each sentence with another squeeze of her nipples.

"You will all work, eat, drink, sleep and relieve yourselves chained by your ankle to your loom, "he said speaking slowly and, despite the slurring of his words, fairly clearly. "Every morning, with the rest of the girls in my team you will be released and marched out into the courtyard for half an hour of military drill..."

He paused.

"Yes, military drill! I was a sergeant in the army, a drill sergeant, and I know how a dose of strict drill every day instils obedience in a girl. My girls are the smartest squad in the factory - thanks to The Corrector. One mistake at drill and you will feel his embraces."

Again, he paused.

"During the rest if the day you will work at your looms. If I, or my assistant," he pointed at the boy, "see the slightest sign of slackness, or the slightest mistake in copying the pattern, then once again you will feel The Corrector's kisses. My girls turn out more perfect carpets per loom than any other Workshop. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir," they chorused. Yaila had translated Mushir's speech sentence by sentence. Jane was as terrified as the others. Mushir now smiled and looked his four new girls up and down.

"But there is more than the mere productivity of your hands. There is also the productivity of your bodies to be taken into consideration. His Excellency Azzat Bay, your owner, has decreed that each of you has to produce a whelp every year. Yes, not only do we sell carpets but also pretty your whelps. You are lucky that it is not once every ten months, as in many other factories, but we have found that a rest of three months gives the best results, taking into account production of both carpets and of whelps."

There was a series of horrified gasps from the girls as he spoke. Yaila could hardly bring herself to translate for Jane. When she did, poor Jane, her nipples still being twisted by the cruel overseer, could hardly stop herself from bursting into tears. O end up like this!

"Some of you," went on Mushir, "may soon find yourselves already in-whelp as a result of the attentions of the Kurds. That is fine. Good Moslem fathers! But, if this little creature," and he gave Jane's nipples an extra twist to emphasise his point, "is in-whelp by her dog of her Armenian future husband, then she will not be allowed to carry it."

As Jane listened to Yaila's translation, she very nearly cried out that if she was carrying a child, it was by a reputable Turkish Pasha. But she bit her lips and kept silent. If she did speak, then the whole story would come out and she knew she would be simply taken out and shot as an embarrassment.

"But I am a kind man! And anyway, first you must learn to make beautiful carpets. Beautiful little whelps can come later. So, unless you are already in-whelp, you will have a two months reprieve. But after two months my young assistant and I will make sure that between us that you are in the natural state that your proprietor has decreed."

Two months! Two months and then she would be put into whelp like an animal!

"But don't think that that will save you from the kisses of The Corrector!" went on Mushir grimly. "No! My girls who are in whelp still have to face his embraces when they deserve it, just as much as those still awaiting the attentions of my assistant or myself.

He laughed cruelly. .

"And, moreover, just as your prettily swelling bellies will be no excuse for not producing the same number of carpets for your proprietor, and perfect ones at that, so they will be no excuse for not performing correctly at military drill. There's nothing like regular military drill to enable a young girl to whelp quickly, still chained to her loom and, of course, still working hard at her carpet."

But that's inhuman, Jane wanted to scream, as an equally horrified Yaila translated Mushir's remarks.

"Yes, each one of you will be meeting my other little toy later - The Deliverer!"

He pointed to a strange looking stool standing in the corner. Jane saw that a circle had been cut away in the centre, and that underneath the circle was a straw-lined basket.

"When each of your time comes, you will be sitting naked in front of your loom as usual. But this time you will be sitting on The Deliverer, as you produce your whelp for your proprietor, and drop it gently into the basket below you."

Again he laughed.

" And just remember that when you whelp, I shall be standing over you with The Corrector in my hand, to make sure that you do it perfectly, without stopping work for a moment, and without even taking your eyes off your work to glance down at the little creature you are delivering for your owner. You will not be allowed to see it or touch it, and it will be taken away to be reared and sold for your Master's further profit..."

There were horrified gasps from the girls.

"So," Mushir continued, "you had better all take a careful look at The Deliverer, and imagine yourselves sitting on it before too long, as you drop your first little whelp!"

He paused to let the full impact of his words sink into the minds of the shocked young women.

"But that is all for the future. Meanwhile I want you all to be quite clear about the rules in Workshop Six." Mushir let go of the trembling Jane and picked up The Corrector. He brought it down with another crash against the cushion.

"You will only sleep with my permission, and when I order you to do so!" Down came The Corrector again.

"You will only eat and drink with my permission and when I order you to do so!" Another crash.

He waited whilst Yaila translated for Jane.

"You will only relieve yourselves with my permission, and when I order you to do so!" Another crash.

"And you will not play with yourself, except with my permission, and when I order you to do so, to amuse my young friend and myself." Yet again The Corrector came down with a crash.

Jane blushed red as Yaila explained what he had meant.

"Is that clear?"

"Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir!" the girls all chorused.

"Now I will chain each of you to her loom, and you will start to learn how to make the most beautiful carpets in all Turkey." With that he opened the door into Workshop six.

A new life had started for Jane.

37 - THE SELECTION

It was nearly two months later, two days after the delivery of a fresh batch of girls, and when the fertilisation of Jane's batch, by Mushir and his assistant, was about to start.

Suddenly a well-dressed young man, wearing a frock coat and a gleaming red fez, came into Workshop Six. An obsequious and proud looking Mushir followed him.

Mushir was clearly keen to show off his charges, his labourers, to the factory owner's favourite young nephew, Azziz Bey. It was the first time for over a year that a member of Azzat Bey's family had actually come to inspect the factory, and its work force, from which so much of their fortune had derived. Mushir was determined to impress this young man with his efficiency, and his domination over the slave girls in his charge.

Each girl was wearing a spotlessly clean tunic, with her factory number freshly embroidered by herself on the right breast and across her back. During the previous two days each had also been made to polish the heavy metal chain that linked her ankle to her loom, until it shone like silver. Moreover, each had been made to polish her metal collar so that every number, and the name of her proprietor, sparkled.

Mushir had been an exacting taskmaster and several of the girls, including Jane, had suffered the embraces of The Corrector to encourage them to greater efforts.

The floor around each girl's loom had been cleaned and polished. The carpets being woven on each girl's loom had been closely inspected for the slightest deviation from the pattern. Little strips of brightly coloured wool had been arranged in a perfect rainbow pattern by the side of the loom. Each girl had had to lick clean and polish her three bowls. They were all now empty and shining.

Each girl had had to brush her hair until it glistened. Jane's honey coloured hair stood out from the rest. Each girl had been washed all over and then had her body hair carefully shaved off. Each girl had been reminded of the required position of submission for slave girls in the presence of a male - legs apart and if standing, knees slightly bent, palms of hands flat on top of the heads, head up with the eyes looking straight ahead.

After two months at her loom, interspersed with Mushir's daily drilling in the courtyard, Jane and the other girls who had joined Workshop six with her were looking sleek and fit.

At first Jane had wept every night when, still shackled to her loom, she unrolled her thin mattress to sleep. The memory of the Pasha was still very vivid, even if that of William and of her life in

England was beginning to fade. England all seemed so irrelevant now that she was a slave, whereas her very slavery made her think more and more about the Pasha. Would she ever see him again, she wondered constantly, each week more desperately as the end of the two months reprieve from forced breeding came closer and closer.

At first, she had found her work at the loom, and the daily strict military drill, most of it carried out at the double, dreadfully exhausting. It had only been the embraces of The Corrector, and the constant terror of another beating that had kept her going.

Soon, however, she began to take pride in her work as she was entrusted with copying more and more intricate designs. She also began to take a pride in the smartness of Workshop Six's drill squad and their superiority of those of other workshops, as Mushir put them through ever more complicated drills.

Each morning, his routine was different. The slightest mistake or hesitation was immediately punished by the dreaded Corrector, which Mushir held in his hand as he put them through their paces in the courtyard, and as he later walked up and down the workshop checking their work.

It was not long before Jane realised that Mushir was one of those Turks whose interests lay more with young boys than with women. She remembered that Phileda had said it was considered quite normal in the Moslem world. His young assistant was clearly the main recipient of his favours. Nevertheless, he often liked a change of scenery, as he put it.

A change of scenery usually meant a girl whom he deemed was ready to conceive being unshackled from her loom and taken into his small private room at the end of the workshop. The door would be left open and the other girls would look at each other in horror as they heard first the slow and regular swishing of The Corrector, and the girl's cries as she was given a thrashing to prepare her for penetration.

Then they would hear more cries as Mushir and his boy assistant both enjoyed her, planting their seed deep inside her. Then would come another set of cries as the poor girl was again embraced by The Corrector, to encourage conception. It was terrifying for the girls still chained to their looms outside. It was appalling for the girl who was being forcibly fertilised.

On other occasions, however, a change of scenery merely meant that a couple of girls would be taken into Mushir's room to entertain him and his boy during their love making, or sometimes to assist them.

In the case of Jane, it simply meant being coupled with Yaila. With their collars linked by a chain several feet long they would have to pretend to be lovers, taking it in turn to be the boy or the girl. As Mushir watched from his bed, threatening them with The Corrector held by the boy, the two of them would have to go through the full gambit of an exhibition of lesbian love, from coy little kisses at first, to what soon became, despite their reluctance and shyness, a full-scale performance.

They would, despite themselves, become so carried away that when Mushir, to prevent them from reaching a climax, ordered them to desist, it was often only by using The Corrector that his orders were obeyed.

The two girls would be left panting, deeply ashamed and of course, unsatisfied. But never mind, Jane would think after one of these degrading experiences, anything rather than being forcibly fertilised. And yet, like a clock that was linked to a time bomb, every day that passed bought her closer to the day she too would be forced to conceive, to bear her owner a little whelp, as they called it, that would be sold for the greater profitability of the factory.

The thought of her forthcoming forced pregnancy really terrified her - as it did the other girls of her batch. They had seen how all bellies of the other girls of Mushir's team were already curved - and showing well, to use his own expression.

They had seen that, just as Mushir had warned them, having well curved belly was indeed no protection from the painful embraces of The Corrector, nor from having to carry out perfectly the intricate military drill that Mushir put them through every day.

They had also watched, horrified, as girl after girl had been made to deliver her little whelp into the basket under The Deliverer, whilst a smiling Mushir stood over her, The Corrector raised.

My God, had thought Jane over and over again, here am I, a respectable English girl, who is going to be raped, inseminated like an animal, bred against my will, forced to continue to work and drill, and

then made to drop my progeny into a basket without even being allowed to see it! Oh, she would weep, if only I were the slave of the Pasha!

And now, in a few moments, she would have the opportunity of seeing the nephew, of crying out who she was and of begging to be released from her slavery. But she knew that she must keep silent. If her English origins became generally know, then almost certainly they would kill her, 'to avoid embarrassing the authorities'.

Then it was the actual moment of the inspection! The air was electric!

Suddenly, as she knelt by her loom, working at the complicated pattern, she felt the eyes of the well-dressed young man, Azziz Bey fall on her. She glanced up at him, appealingly, a little smile on her lips.

"Tell her to stop working and stand up," she heard the young man say to Mushir. Her Turkish was getting quite good now. Obediently she stood up.

"Part your legs, you fool!" came a whisper from Yaila at the adjoining loom. Hastily she assumed the submissive position required from the factory girls in the presence of a male. Hastily she took her eyes away from the young man and looked straight ahead.

She felt his walking stick lifting up the back of her ridiculously short work tunic. She did not dare look round. She wondered why he was not more interested, as Mushir had told them he would be, in her standard of work, in her productivity or in the return his uncle was getting in his investment in purchasing her.

A moment later, she felt the front of her tunic being lifted by the walking stick. Under it she was stark naked. Again, she did not dare look down, but she felt ashamed and degraded.

"Not bad!" came the young man's voice, "not bad at all. Have her sent to the board room."

"But, Your Excellency," came the voice of Mushir suddenly guessing the purpose of this visit and frightened of losing one of his best workers, "this girl is due to conceive very shortly, she is..."

"Oh, one of your little favourites, that you don't want to lose Mushir?" said the young man in a deceptively mild tone.

"Oh no, Your Excellency, I only wanted her to earn more money for your gracious uncle by conceiving, and by continuing to be an excellent worker."

"Are you querying my orders Mushir?" the young man asked in a very different tone, "if so, I shall speak to my uncle..."

"No, certainly not, Your Excellency. Of course, the slave will be sent to the board room to await your orders."

"Very good," and with that he swept on down the corridor.

PART VII - THE SLAVES OF AZZIZ ENTERPRISES

38 - DISPLAYED BEFORE THE INVESTORS

Two hours later, Jane and Yaila were kneeling in a line of some twenty girls on a raised stage. They were behind a curtain drawn across the luxurious boardroom of Azzat Bey's carpet factory.

A huge black eunuch, carrying a long whippy cane, was in charge of them and was walking up and down behind them. He was wearing red baggy trousers and a short red waistcoat with a red fez on his shaven head. Jane had not seen him before.

She and Yaila had joined the other girls who had come from various other workshops in the factory. She thought how pretty and graceful they all were, but to her surprise she saw that the bellies of some were beautifully curved.

All part of the production line of Azzat Bey's factory, she thought bitterly, and one in which she was due to start playing her part in a few days' time - unless, of course, whatever this parade was all about would give her a this a reprieve.

They were still wearing their short factory tunics, emblazoned with their factory numbers. They were told to kneel in line on all fours, and to keep quiet.

After a long wait Jane heard the noise of a door being opened from beyond the curtain. She heard men's voices and much animated conversation and laughter. She heard the clinking of glasses as they enjoyed refreshments. She heard the noise of the door being opened again and the scraping of a chair, as if a latecomer had joined the meeting.

Then she heard the banging of a hammer, and again the scraping of a chair as if someone was rising to address the meeting. She heard a man's voice, the voice of the young man who had ordered her to be sent here for some mysterious reason - the voice of her owner's nephew, Azziz Bey.

As was often the case in upper class circles in Turkey, when financial matters were discussed, he was speaking in French. Anyway, she found that she understood the gist of what he was saying.

"My brothers in Islam," he began, "and my future partners and investors in Azziz Enterprises! Thank you for coming here to finalise our plans. May I first repeat what we are trying to do?"

Jane realised that he was being heard in silence and with respect.

"As we all know," he went on, "with the increasing prosperity of inland Asiatic Turkey, there is an ever-increasing need for entertainment, even in remoter towns such as this one. Merchants, landowners, officers and officials are all willing to spend large sums to celebrate family anniversaries, weddings, the circumcision of their sons, promotion, the award of a decoration from our beloved Sultan, may the Blessings of Allah be upon him, or a simple business success.

"But there is a lack of facilities for such entertainments. What is required is good food, served by beautiful and suitably dressed slave girls, music, dancing girls and the availability of trained slave girls for entertainment of a more private nature. This is what we aim to supply.

"The food, the cooking and the music are no problem, even Egyptian dancing girls and belly dancers can be hired. What has been missing is the essential ingredient - a large number of submissive and pretty white slave girls to serve the food and drink, and to serve the guests in any other way that they may wish."

"Yes, yes," interrupted an impatient voice, "we all know that. But what can you do about it?"

"My friends!" came the voice of the young man again. "You may not have realised that my uncle, the renowned Azzat Bey, has been building up a large stock of slave girls, mainly Armenians, here in his factory. They have enabled him to undercut his rivals who still use traditional expensive labour. He buys the girls wholesale from the slave dealers who in turn acquire these girls cheaply from the Kurdish tribesman, and others involved in helping our Beloved Sultan in reducing the increasing numbers of these disloyal Christian dogs."

"Ah!" came several voices.

"The supply of girls has been excellent and regular. The prices have been low. Now, you may think that only the ugliest, the fattest and the plainest peasant girls would end up as slaves in a carpet factory. But that is not necessarily so, as I have discovered. For instance, have a good look at these!"

He clapped his hands. The curtain was drawn back.

The big black eunuch bowed proudly, like an animal trainer in a circus showing off his trained dogs.

Jane saw that half a dozen well-dressed Turkish gentlemen, presumably all affluent businessmen, were looking her at. She had followed enough of the young man's speech to realise that she was going to be appraised as an investment, and that it was a chance, perhaps a unique chance to get away from the grind of Workshop Six, from Mushir, from the factory itself and above all the awful fate that awaited her in only a few days' time.

She saw the other girls rise up from their knees, displaying their bodies. They parted their knees, they placed their hands on their heads and they looked straight ahead, as befitted a slave girl in the presence of a man.

Hastily Jane followed suit, very conscious now that her tunic scarcely came down to her thighs.

"I have picked out twenty of the prettiest girls, but we will need only a dozen initially, so I'll leave it to you to decide which of these girls to take. They are all well-educated girls from good families."

"But what price does your uncle want for these sluts?" called one of the men.

"Well," answered Azziz Bey, "the supply of Armenian and other slave girls for use as work slaves is very good at present. My uncle is receiving regular consignments from his suppliers - indeed, has opened up new workshops to increase production. He is not, therefore, short of girls for his factory."

There was an interested murmur from the other men.

"However," he went on, "you must remember that each of these girls represents a considerable investment for him. Each has been trained as an expert carpet weaver. Moreover, each has also been carefully conditioned and prepared for breeding in the near future. Indeed, you will see that several of the girls I have picked out are already carrying whelps which the factory had expected to sell very profitably to specialist white slave rearing farms as soon as they were born. I picked a few of these, because their presence among the other girls would make a piquant extra attraction for our enterprise. We all know how erotic the sight of a naked slave girl with a nicely curved belly is considered to be here in Turkey."

"So," interjected a man, "what would we have to pay for them?"

"My uncle has said," replied the young man, "that he would agree to us renting the girls from him for six months, at a nominal fee, until we see if our new enterprise is successful."

"But that's a wonderful offer!" said the man enthusiastically. There were nods and smiles of approval from around the table.

"Yes indeed. It's an offer we cannot refuse! If the whole enterprise has to be abandoned, or if a girl proves to be unsuitable, then we can return her to the factory at any time. Of course, if meanwhile one of the girls in whelp drops a live child, then it is to be handed over, free of charge, back to the factory. I think that's only fair."

There were nods of agreement from around the table.

"However, my uncle also recognises that training these raw girls as pleasure slaves will also represent a considerable investment by us too. He has therefore agreed to give us an option for six months to buy each girl at the price he paid for her. If she is in-whelp then the price will be three times what he paid in order to compensate him for the loss of the offspring - which will of course now belong to us."

"That seems a very fair arrangement," said one of the men.

Jane and the other girls had been listening to all this with a mixture of delight and shock: delight that they might never see the factory again, and shock at the callous way their future was being discussed as if they were mere animals.

"And what happens if, after we have bought a girl, she loses her attractiveness and is of no use to us?" asked one man.

"Well," replied Azziz Bey with a smile, "we must face up to it that once a girl has lost her freshness, we will in any case have to dispose of her. However, don't forget she is still a trained carpet weaver and can still be used for breeding. I am sure that we would still get a fair price for her from my uncle."

He paused.

"Alternatively, of course, many brothels of the lower type might be only too happy to acquire a trained pleasure slave, and so might a white slave breeding farm, particularly if she was a very European looking girl with blonde hair and blue eyes." He pointed to Jane. "That slave, for instance, will have a considerable residual value as a breeding slave until she is forty or more - provided she is not barren, of course."

Jane was horrified. Was this to be her fate? A pleasure slave, working for Azziz Enterprises for a few years, followed by either being returned to the factory or being sold off to a brothel? What had he meant, she wondered, by a white slave breeding farm? Were beautiful girls kept there for several years of intensive breeding and then ... the bullet? Oh God! Was there no end to the cruel and callous way that Turks treated their white slave girls?

"But we won't want them to appear at banquets in those collars," objected a man.

"Don't worry, my uncle has no objection to us re-collaring them with our own prettier collars, provided we give his managers a receipt for each girl showing both her tattooed number and the factory number engraved on her present collar. They will retain her present collar ready to be put back on her, until we decide to buy her ... you might like these collars which I've had specially designed for our use."

He picked up several collars from a bag on the floor and passed them round. They were very wide, made of flexible stainless-steel mesh, with the emblem of Azziz Enterprises prominent of the front and back.

"From a security point of view, you will see that the emblem of Azziz Enterprises is sufficiently prominent to deter a girl from thinking that she can easily escape. You will also see that they are unusually wide. This will force the girl to raise her chin and not slouch. A girl with her chin raised, keeps her shoulders back, her back straight and walks gracefully on her toes."

There was general appreciation of this. Clearly the meeting was going very much in favour of Azziz Bey's plans.

"Now I suggest we have a closer look at these girls, and decide which ones we want. We can always come back for more, now that we've discovered a source of supply!"

The young man was studying a list that he held in his hand. "356," he called out, "would you please step down here."

Jane, rather shyly in the presence of so many men, rose to her feet. The young man's polite tone surprised her. Since she had been enslaved, she had always been treated by men like dirt. She walked across the room toward the table at which the men were sitting. She saw there was a rubber mat on the floor in front of the table.

"Stand on the mat, please," said the young man pleasantly. He turned to his colleagues. "The rubber mat is just in case any of them lose control of themselves under the emotional strain of being inspected!"

Jane stood on the mat in the same position of submission that she had learnt in the factory, making a very pretty picture.

"Have a good look at this pretty little creature," she heard Azziz Bay say. "Surely she is wasted as a work slave? But I must admit that the work at the loom certainly seems to make a girl more graceful. I understand that this girl comes from an overseer who has also given her half an hour's rigorous military drill every day. It certainly seems to have made her very submissive and slim, thus making our task of training her as a pleasure slave all the easier."

"Who's going to train these sluts?" asked another man.

"The Manager of our enterprise previously ran a high-class brothel in Constantinople," replied Azziz Bey. "There they used Greek girls, and provided private banquets. So he's an expert at the service we aim to supply and at training girls."

Then he pointed to the large black eunuch.

"As you can see, he's brought his own black eunuch, Naja. He is an experienced trainer of white women. He will also be in charge of the girls, both when they are performing at a banquet, and when they're locked up again in our storehouse. The store house also has a large area where the girls can be made to practise serving at banquets, and several smaller rooms for more intimate training."

"And can they escape?"

"Certainly not! The storehouse is surrounded by a high wall to keep out thieves, and we have armed guards, with orders to shoot any girl going near the wall - but not to shoot to kill. In addition, I have bought heavy balls and chains that will be locked on to a girl's ankle when she is in the storehouse and when she is travelling to the house where the banquet will be given. The ball is made of heavy iron and the girl would have to carry it with her wherever she goes. It will only be taken off when a girl is actually serving at a banquet, or practising at the warehouse."

Jane heard all this with dismay as she stood submissively in front of the men.

"And what happens if exhibitions of a rather unusual nature are required at a particular banquet?" asked a man.

"Yes, this sort of thing can be very popular here in Anatolia!" said another

"And we intend to make it a speciality of the house!" said Azziz Bey. "There will be a graduated scale of extra charges for Special Entertainments, starting with one or two girls together, up to a daisy chain of half a dozen girls kneeling behind each other in a circle."

"And how about the girls performing with Negroes or dwarfs - fighting to protect their honour with well-oiled Turkish or Mongolian wrestlers? There could be great demand for such displays and you could charge considerably extra," said a man who had hitherto been silent.

"Indeed, the fact that Azziz Enterprises can also offer this, provided it is done in a tasteful and aesthetic way, could be a great sales point," cut in another man.

"Yes, I quite agree," said Azziz Bey. "I have already discussed this with our manager. He plans to have several girls trained up to perform with different men. It takes a little time to train a girl to put on a satisfactory performance. She must, of course, appear highly reluctant to perform - and there is usually no difficulty about that! And yet the act must be brought forcibly to an obvious climax."

Jane gasped. An obvious climax! On my God!

"At the same time," Azziz Bey continued, "the guests must be allowed to choose from several girls the one they wish to see being taken by the negro or dwarf - or wrestler. But, as you say, it must be put on in a tasteful and aesthetic way, with the girl being genuinely reluctant and shy, and the Negro or dwarf eager and fierce."

Jane heard the girls on the stage behind her catch their breath in horror at what they were hearing. She herself couldn't believe it. It was all too dreadful. But was it not better than being incarcerated in this awful factory and being used for breeding? Yes, yes, a thousand times yes, she thought,

"Now, number 356." Azziz Bay turned to the trembling figure of Jane standing uneasily on the rubber mat. "Would you be so kind as to take off your tunic?"

Even after being addressed with such politeness, she could scarcely bring herself to bare her body before all these men. But she did dare to disobey him. How extraordinary was the contrast between his charming politeness, and the appalling and pitiless way he had just spoken of using her and the other girls to put on what he had euphemistically described as Special Entertainments.

Her tunic fell to her ankles and she stepped out of it with a careful and dainty gesture. She must convince these men, these awful men, that she was suitable for their dreadful purpose. She resumed her position of submission, very conscious that her nakedness now made it even more degrading.

"She's very pretty, gentlemen, I think you will agree. Now turn round, please, number 356."

Jane turned and faced the low stage on which the remainder of the girls were kneeling. She had kept her hands flat on her head. Now blushing again, she parted her legs and bent her knees.

"A good shaped back!" came one voice.

"And a bottom and a belly that are crying out for the whip," said another.

"Or the cane!" came another voice.

"What are we going to do if the guests want to whip the girls?" asked yet another

"Let them, of course!" came the voice of Azziz Bay. "But the host will have to pay extra - for the girl may well be out of action for several days."

"Or sight of the whip marks may arouse the guests to spend more on seeing another whipping," laughed one of the men.

"Yes," agreed Azziz Bey, "seeing a girl being whipped will be a standard optional extra. We shall, of course, provide the whips and ensure that they are kept well-oiled and flexible, so that no great harm is done to the girl."

Hearing this Jane could not help giving a quiver of fear - a delightful quiver that, unknown to her, greatly enhanced her chance of being selected.

"Now be so kind as to prance round the room."

Hesitantly Jane began to run round and round, raising her knees and keeping her hands still on her head. She was very conscious of her swinging breasts, and glad of the amount of military drill that Mushir had made her do at the double - always prancing with her knees raised. She knew that she made a graceful and delicious figure as she pranced, apparently effortlessly, round and round.

"Thank you very much," came the same polite voice. "You may go and pick up your tunic and rejoin your friends."

Gratefully, even if she had not yet received permission to put the tunic on again, Jane knelt down beside Yaila.

"You were beautiful!" whispered Yaila. "They are bound to choose you. You are lucky having blonde hair and blue eyes. I don't expect they will pay much attention to me."

"Of course they'll choose you," whispered Jane. "You're much more beautiful than me."

They saw one of the men look up sharply at them as if he had heard them whispering as they knelt looking straight ahead. They did not dare speak again.

"Number 278!" called out Azziz Bay. "Would you be so kind as to step down here?" Again, the strange politeness to girls used only to harsh words of commands.

Jane saw that this girl's belly was heavily curved. She noticed that this made the rather jaded men sitting at the table sit up and take an increased interest in her. When the girl was told to strip off her tunic, and particularly when, awkwardly because of her belly, she started to try and pranced round the room, the men were eyeing her keenly. Several even seemed to be noting down her number. Jane remembered what Phileda had said about Turkish men finding the sight of pregnant girls highly erotic. How different from Europe, she thought.

And so it went on, with each girl being called down in turn to be looked at. Finally, all had been inspected and all were back kneeling in line again, naked. The men conferred amongst themselves, looking at the notes they had made about each girl.

Azziz Bay stood up and called to the girls. "Now, would you please all put on your tunics on again so that we can see your numbers and all run prance round the room again, one behind the other."

A few moments later, they were all running round again, their hands on their heads, making a pretty picture of keen, if anxious, young womanhood. One by one they were eliminated until only thirteen remained, the other seven being sent back, weeping, to their workshop. Clearly the men were having difficulty deciding the final girl to be discarded.

"I'm sure it's going to be me," whispered the girl behind Jane.

"Well, even if it is, you can always be selected next time," replied Jane in a breathless whisper, exhausted by having to run for so long.

"But I'm due to be mated - to be made to conceive - tomorrow!"

Hardly were the words out of her mouth, when her number was called out and she was ordered back to her workshop.

"No! Please take me too, please!" she cried as she flung herself on her knees in front of the table. "I promise I'll give your clients great pleasure. Please don't send me back to be raped in the workshop!"

"Alright!" laughed the young man, "one girl, more or less doesn't matter. You will all start your training tomorrow. And the girl who is bottom of the class will be sent back to the factory. So you must all try very hard and impress the Manager with your keenness and willingness to serve our clients. Remember, one girl will be sent back to the factory."

The smiles on the happy faces of the girls who had been selected suddenly vanished. To be sent back to the factory just when they thought they had escaped from it forever! A terrible Sword of Damocles now hung over all of them.

Each was looking round, judging which was the likeliest not to make the grade, each resolved to strive her utmost during her training to ensure that she was not going to be the girl to be sent back, not to be the unlucky thirteenth girl.

Young Azziz Bey was smiling to himself.

39 - TRAINED AS A PRIZE WHORE

"Now I want to see you all offering fruit to the guest," said the Manager, pointing to his black assistant playing the role of a guest, seated behind a low table.

"Jane! You start."

Now it was Jane, no longer number 356. Her hated ugly factory collar with 356 so prominently engraved on it had gone, and with it that degrading name. Instead, she now wore one of the beautiful stainless steel mesh collars emblazoned with the crest of Azziz Enterprises that Azziz Bey had shown his fellow directors.

All the girls were now called by their Christian names. It was part of the young chairman's way of getting the best out of his white slave girls. He knew that it would later also heighten the excitement for guests - emphasising that the girls so submissively waiting on them were despised hated Christians.

Obediently Jane rose to her feet from the line of kneeling girls. The training she had undergone had been very similar to that that she had seen in Hamid Effendi's training school for slave girls in Malik. However, there was none of the coercion here that was used in Hamid's establishment.

There the girls had been trained with fear of the whip uppermost in their minds. Here, it was fear of being the girl who would be sent back to the dreadful life of a factory slave. Here it was fear of being the thirteenth girl - the girl who would be judged by Azziz Bay and his colleagues, as being the girl who would least strike a client as being excitingly obedient, the least keen to please, and above all the least erotically attractive.

Jane ran forward lightly and gracefully on her toes. How right Azziz Bay had been, she thought, in telling his fellow directors that by making a girl keep her chin up, his specially designed high collars would enhance her posture and her natural grace.

Belled slave bangles jangled on her wrist and ankles. She was carrying a silver tray, pretending it was laden with fruit. Delicious fruit that as a mere serving girl she would not be allowed to touch.

Delicately she knelt down before the table. The Manager was watching her every movement from the side. His black eunuch assistant, Naja, was equally carefully watching her from behind the table. He was, very different from the terrifying black eunuchs who had guarded, supervised and terrorised the Christian girls in the Pasha's Harem.

Naja was really more like a nursemaid in whom the girls all confided their thoughts and secret fears. Why should he bother to threaten them with his whip, if fear of being sent back to the factory was more effective? He was, however, like the black eunuchs in the Pasha's Harem, responsible for the girls' personal hygiene, clothes and appearance.

She raised the try humbly up before him. It was a gesture of submission and servility that she had to practise over and over again in the last two weeks. The training was half over. In two weeks' time, they would have to pass out before Azziz Bey and his fellow directors.

In two weeks' time, one of them would be sent back to the factory. There was no clear indication as to which girl it would be. Some of the girls were better at some things, others at another. The pregnant girls found it more difficult to be so graceful as the slimmer girls, but with their heavier breasts they could be more erotically pleasing. The small petite girls seemed to be much more warm-blooded and cuddlier, but the colder taller girls seemed equally attractive with their natural air of aloofness. Yes, clearly the contest was still wide open, with each girl desperately keen to accept humiliation and degradation in order not to be sent back to their former workshop supervisors.

Jane balanced the tray in one hand. With the other she went through the motions of slipping her loose silken gown down over her shoulders to her waist and holding up her breasts up, one at a time, and placing them alongside the fruit on the tray. She was only pretending to slip down her dress, because in fact the girls were all naked, in order not to spoil their beautiful new transparent silk dresses.

"Fruit, Master?" she asked in a husky voice, full of trembling desire.

"Yes, that looked quite good from here," said the Manager. "You must use your shoulders more to really thrust your breasts forward so that they lie perfectly still amongst the fruit you are offering. They must seem to be just another fruit." He turned to the Negro. "What do you think?"

"She must use her eyes more; the guest will be busy talking to his neighbours. She must gently attract has attention. One moment her eyes should be demurely lowered like those of an innocent little girl, the next she should flash them wildly in his direction like the passionate creature she wants him to believe she is."

"There you are, Jane," said the Manager kindly. "You must try a lot harder if you want to keep your place in the team. This is the most elementary of the tests you will be put through by the Board of Directors of Azziz Enterprises."

"Yes, Sir," said Jane contritely. "I will try harder, Sir, I really will!"

"I'm sure you will," said the Manager. "Now go back to your place."

"Next, Yaila!" he called.

"Would you like to whip me, Master?" whispered the girl in a teasing voice. She lay on her belly across the feet of the Manager. She wriggled her little bottom provocatively.

"Does my big strong Master want to punish his naughty little slave girl?"

Still wriggling, she looked up at the man seductively. Jane wondered how any man could keep his hands off the girl. She wondered if she herself could be so deliciously exciting as this girl, when it was her turn in a few minutes time.

They had been told that only girls who could persuade a guest to whip them, and thereby earn more money for Azziz Enterprises, would be allowed any sweets, little cakes, or even any of the delicious fruits, savouries and sweetmeats that they would have to offer to the guests. As they were normally only fed on cold tasteless porridge, they would soon be desperate to be beaten.

The girl rolled over on to her back, throwing her head back and raising her belly in a beautiful arch.

"Or would my Master like to whip something else?" she asked with a little innocent air, before rolling over again onto her belly.

"Would my Master like me to fetch the whip in my teeth, like a little dog?" she asked temptingly.

He nodded. On all fours, wiggling her buttocks as she went, she crawled over to the wall and picked up a soft little whip of velvet cord with her mouth. She had been careful to turn sideways on so that the Manager could see her pick up the whip with her teeth.

Now she slowly crawled back to him with whip in her mouth, her eyes fixed on him adoringly. Silently, she dropped the whip at his feet. She half turned, still on all fours, and dropped her head to the floor, her back straight and her knees apart.

"Much better, Louise, much better! You're beginning to sound as if though you really would like to be whipped." Louise blushed with pride. She had done well! The other girls looked at her jealously. She gave them a contemptuous toss of her head as if to say 'do better than that if you can!'

"Now, Jane, let's see you do this. I'm sure that begging for a whipping is likely to be one of the tests in two weeks' time!"

The two expensively hired Egyptian belly dancers were performing beautifully. Each was giving a delightful parody of the sexual act. The experienced musicians were slowly increasing the tempo of the music, ready to break into a fast-jerking crescendo as the two plump women approached their climax, their numerous bangles, and the lines of coins sewn onto their revealing belts, jingling in time to the music.

Jane and the other girls were watching them attentively, trying to remember each little gesture and movement. Over the last couple of weeks several of them had become quite adept at this way of rousing a man's baser instincts. Jane herself was now surprisingly good.

They had all been practising hard, ever since the Manager had told them that a girl was much less likely to be sent back to the factory if she could save Azziz Enterprises the cost of a professional dancer.

The music became faster and faster. The watching girls began to move uneasily. The two women reached a crescendo simultaneously and, as the music suddenly stopped, sank exhausted to the floor with a gesture of servile humility that Jane was determined to copy.

The Manager turned to the line of kneeling girls. "Let's see how well you can copy these two experts," he said. "Jane, you start!"

The music started up again, now slow and sinuous.

Jane stepped delicately out into the centre of the room. She raised her arms above her head so that the backs of the palms of her hands were touching. She could feel her breasts being pulled taut. Her feet were apart and her body was on display.

She began to rotate her hips slowly, and as she did so she felt herself suddenly beginning to be aroused. Embarrassed, she turned away from the Manager, but experienced as he was in such matters, he had already noticed her body's reaction.

"Good, Jane! Good Jane! Now don't fight it, let it come slowly and gradually. It's what the guests will want to see. Just remember what you're trying to imitate, and what you're trying to make the guests think about as they watch you. Now turn back towards me."

Blushing with embarrassment, the insides of her thighs now glistening with moisture, her belly still shaking in time to the music which was slowly becoming faster, she turned towards him, as if he was the guest for whom she was dancing.

"Quite good, Jane! Now concentrate on your belly. Keep it moving! Concentrate!"

The music was becoming much faster. "Now start simulating a climax. That's it. Go on! ... Go on!"

Was it simulated or real? Jane hardly knew, as the music suddenly stopped and she dropped exhausted to the floor, just remembering in time to make the same servile gesture with her hands and body towards the guests that she had seen the two Egyptian women make.

"That's better! Next girl!"

The music started again.

The blindfolded youth lay back in the bath. This was a lesson in touching.

"Now put your hands down gently and excitingly under the water, Jane."

Moments later, the youth moaned with delight.

"Good! Now as you lean forward let your nipples just happen to touch his cheeks."

Jane saw to her embarrassment that the boy's manhood had become erect.

"Good! Just remember that bathing a man is a wonderful opportunity for a slave girl to show off her prowess and skill."

Moments later, the blindfolded by stood up. Jane picked up the thick Turkish towel and began to rub him down.

"No! No! He's not got a hide like a hippopotamus. Imagine you are rubbing a peach. Gently and carefully! Make each touch of your hand through the towel an exquisite sensation."

The youth's manhood was becoming erect again.

"That's better."

"Now we will practise the special act we call 'a slave girl dreams of her Master'," said the Manager. Jane's heart fell. She hated this.

"Remember that for this little act you will be dressed as a Harem slave girl in transparent trousers, a revealing bolero, little cap and slippers. You must pretend that your beloved Master is away, leaving you desperately frustrated. You are simply longing for his touch and you have slipped away from the supervision of his black eunuchs. Now let's see each perform."

When it was Jane's turn, she closed her eyes as she'd been taught, and slowly began to run her hands over her body. But in her case, she really was dreaming of an absent Master - the Pasha - and really was longing for his touch.

Perhaps it was for this reason that she performed this particular act so well - even if she did feel humiliated and degraded as she brought herself almost to a climax. Then, as usual, just as she was

about to climax, she was interrupted by Naja playing the part of a Harem black eunuch, running in with his whip and screaming with simulated rage.

"Oh, you naughty little slave girl! Just you wait until the Master hears about this!"

In real life, Jane thought, I can't see Mansour or Ali or any of the other of the Pasha's black eunuchs letting a white slave girl out of their sight long enough to become as aroused as this. But she had to admit, it must be an exciting and erotic spectacle to watch.

"Jane," said the Manager admonishingly, "watch how much better Yaila is at using her cushion than you are."

Yaila was stretching herself back over the big leather cushion as if offering herself to an unseen man, then, following the routine they had all been taught, she curled up on it like a little girl. A few moments later she was kneeling provocatively across it, her hips wriggling entrancingly.

"A good slave girl," the Manager said to the watching class, "must know how best to use a cushion to show off her body to her Master."

Now it was the Manager who was seated on the cushion, playing the part of a guest at a banquet. He clicked his fingers imperiously.

Obediently Jane, who was standing behind him with a silver jug in her hands, came forward. She bent down over him. One breast touched his shoulder, apparently accidentally.

"Sherbet, Sir?" she murmured softly in his ear. "Would the Master like a little sherbet, or something else, Sir?"

"Only fair, Jane," said the Manager. "You must remember that you are offering yourself, your body to the guest, as well as merely sherbet. I want to hear your voice much huskier. I want to hear you trembling with passion and desire. Now, do it again!"

It was lecture time.

The class of girls were sitting on the floor, their backs resting against the wall, listening carefully to what the Manager was saying.

"Now, girls, I don't want you to think that all that matters is for you to behave well whilst serving the guests at the banquet, or to put on a convincing display in one of the Special Acts that the host may have ordered. All that is very important, but there is another matter in which you must also do well if you do not want to be sent back to your factory workshop."

The girls stirred uneasily.

"You must remember that the guests have been roused to a high level of excitement by your little provocative movements and by your near nakedness, as well as by the Special Entertainments. The host will therefore be expected to have arranged for his guests to ease their tensions. So today and tomorrow we will be practising satisfying a man whose libido has been aroused by the previous efforts of your colleagues and yourselves."

The Manager paused. He saw that he had the girl's full attention.

"Basically, there are two alternatives." He paused, thereby making sure he had their full attention.

"First, a man will remain in the banqueting room. He may remain sitting on a chair, or lying back on a cushion deep in discussions with his fellow guests, and merely snap his fingers at you to please him.

"Whatever he happens to be wearing, it will then be your task, to apply, gently and completely unobtrusively, the tip of your tongue and the tips of your fingers to the most sensitive parts of his body. He may pay little or no attention to what you're doing. That is not your concern."

"Remember that your task is not to bring him to a climax. No, your task is to give him prolonged pleasure. He may push you away for a time, and then pull you back by your hair. You are there simply to give him pleasure. He may order you to kneel facing away from him, so that he can penetrate you whilst still sitting, or play with your body whilst still chatting to his neighbours. Depending on the degree of licentiousness that the host allows, he may even order you to lie at his feet and offer yourself to him as a Christian slave girl, offering herself to her Moslem conqueror."

There was a little gasp of shock from the listening young women.

"Alternatively, the host may have provided discreetly curtained alcoves off the banqueting room, to which a guest may take you.

"Or more likely, he may instruct myself, or Naja, to have you sent to one of the alcoves to await him, probably helplessly chained to the wall. We shall be practising shortly, and all tomorrow, what you should then do to please him.

"However, in all cases, whenever you are near a client, you must make him feel that you are crying out for his touch. You must therefore be aroused and be seen by him to be aroused. It is not something that can be simulated, since your state can at any time be instantly checked by the client raising your dress and using his fingers.

"We are therefore going to practise becoming aroused. This must be purely a mental process in this case, for under no circumstances do I ever want to see any of you touching yourselves in the banqueting room. I want complete decorum at all times!"

He looked down the line of blushing young women. "Now, as I say, this is to be a mental process."

Again, he paused. Then he snapped his fingers.

"Now kneel down on all fours, as if you were at the feet of a strong and powerful man. Close your eyes. Thrust back your buttocks, think what a helpless slave you are. Think of yourself as being in the complete power of this dominant and commanding man. Think! ... You fear this man! ... You tremble at his very voice! ... And as you reflect on your enforced submissiveness to him, your juices will begin to flow ... they are now beginning to flow!"

He paused and walked slowly behind the line of kneeling women. He was sniffing, and bending forward occasionally to check the state of heat of one or other of the girls.

"Remember, you are merely a frivolous and helpless young woman. You feel servile towards this forceful and assertive male. You long to be made to serve him ... You fear him ... You are kneeling abjectly at his feet..."

The Manager's almost hypnotic voice continued as he walked up and down, up and down ... until he was satisfied that each of his charges, simply by her own mental processes, had reached the desired state of arousal. He was an expert at controlling women!

The two girls separated reluctantly and stood up, looking highly embarrassed.

"Quite good," said the Manager, "but remember next time that you're supposed to be two innocent and shy young ladies, coyly exploring each other's bodies. That is the charming little sight that the host will have paid extra for you to put on in front of his guests. There is no need to rush things, take your time and you'll find nature will take over quite naturally."

He turned back to the watching class.

"Now Zuki we'll try you this time again with Jane. You two haven't performed together for several days, let's see how you get on together again. Yes, I know that neither of you like doing this - so much the better! That's why you will please the guests, they want to see how a reluctant pair of girls perform under the threat of punishment."

Jane shivered with disgust. She had never liked the sloe-eyed Zuki, and the fact that her belly was well curved did not help matters. She realised that Zuki's long jet-black hair and slightly olive complexion, together with her swollen belly, must make a vivid contrast to her own honey coloured hair, peaches and cream complexion and slim waist. She hated these Exhibitions, as they called them, but at least the Mongolian wrestlers and black dwarfs had not yet arrived.

"Now, remember I want to see you behave like two well brought up and refined young girls, gradually becoming more excited by each other."

He clapped his hands.

The two girls strolled across the room in their long transparent dresses, wearing large hats, long gloves and smart European shoes. Each carried a large sun parasol. Were it not for their transparent dresses, through which the lines of their bodies gleamed entrancingly, they might have been fashionable young European women out for a stroll, with Zuki soon expecting an interesting event.

Passing, they hesitantly recognised each other, and mimed polite conversation. Then one of them bent forward as if to whisper something in the ear of the other. The other looked shocked for a moment, and then bent forward as if to whisper something equally naughty in the others ear. Then they both laughed, and then looked coyly at each other with lowered eyes.

Their hands then somehow seemed to touch for an instant. Then slowly and hesitantly Zuki began to run her fingernails up Jane's arm. Jane gasped with pleasure, throwing her shoulders back and her

breasts forward. Again, Zuki ran her fingernails up Jane's arm but this time took it across to her breast. Jane bent forward and gave Zuki a little kiss on the ear, and then stood quite still as Zuki ran her hand slowly across her breast. She then started to slide Jane's dress down off her shoulders...

The Manager smiled. Nature was taking its course! He knew that once two girls had reached this stage, then no matter how reluctant they might have been initially, nature would soon take over.

He also always left it to nature to decide which of the girls would turn out to be the more active one in a particular pairing, and which the more passive partner, as the girls' emotions became more and more aroused.

It was, indeed, always interesting to see just what would happen with a particular pair of girls who had not recently been coupled together, particularly if, as with this pair, they were both genuinely shy and reluctant. And this was just what the host and his guests would pay well to see!

He clapped his hands to call a halt to stop what the girls were now doing to each other. It would be a pity not to keep the climax for the real exhibition in front of real guests. Just as with the previous couple's exhibition, scarlet with shame, their bosoms rising and falling rapidly with frustrated desire, Jane and Zuki separated.

Goodness, thought Jane, if anyone in Upper Handley had ever imagined that the respectable Miss Jane Dudley would shortly be practising a lesbian exhibition in front of eleven other girls, a Turk and a black eunuch, they would have died of shock!

And if they'd also known that she was still obsessed with the memory of an arrogant Turkish Pasha, that she secretly longed to come under his control and domination again, and that she felt that only as this Pasha's helpless slave would she ever achieve real happiness, then they would have regarded her as stark staring mad.

40 - JANE IS EXAMINED

The examinations were about to begin, the Directors of Azziz Enterprises chatting amongst themselves as the girls waited, tense with dread.

"Suppose a guest at one of their banquets want to buy one of the slave girls," one man enquired.

"We have another dozen slave girls from the factory starting their training tomorrow," the young Azziz Bey replied, "so we could afford to let one or two go, provided the price is right, just as we can afford to send any girl who proves unsuitable back to the factory."

The assembled slave girls, made up, painted, looking beautiful in their new gauzy silk dresses, shivered when they heard these words. Another dozen girls starting tomorrow! Soon, these would be ready to step into the first group's shoes, increasing the risk of them being sent back to the factory.

"Sales of our girls could well become a major contribution to our profitability," continued Azziz Bey. He smiled as he looked across at the frightened looking girls.

"Yes, I think we should authorise our manager to accept offers for girls we think we can spare without reducing the standard of our service - always provided we are well compensated for our lost investment in a trained girl.

He thought for a moment. "Bearing in mind that we shall have to pay the factory the cost price of each girl, we should not sell a girl for less than, say, ten times her original cost to the factory. Fifteen times if she's got a prettily curved belly."

A new thought crossed his mind.

"Of course, for the time being, until several of our in-whelp girls have whelped we shall be short of girls in milk. I think these girls will prove very popular at our banquets and will be a great draw. So I feel that we should not part with one of them for less than twenty times her original cost to the factory."

He looked at Jane and added: "And the same applies to our blonde blue-eyed girls."

Jane listened open mouthed, whispering to Yaila to check that she had understood correctly. The appalling possibility of being bought by another man to be locked up in his Harem, before she had

somehow managed to make contact again with the Pasha, was something she had not anticipated. Indeed, it had come as such a shock that she was scared lest it might reduce the marks she would be awarded for her performance. Dear God, she again murmured to herself, don't let me get the lowest marks and be sent back to the factory!

There was some discussion of Azziz Bey's proposals.

"May I now take it," he finally had asked, "that we authorise our manager to accept offers along the lines I have outlined?"

There were murmurs of approval.

"Very well, now let us get down to business. We are here to test the first class to complete their training course. The Manager will call out the name of each girl. Put yourselves in the shoes of a guest at one of our future banquets, and mark each girl out of ten for your opinion of how pleasing and attractive she is in each test. Now let me describe the particular tests to which our young ladies will be submitted."

This was the first that the girls knew about just how they were going to be tested.

Azziz Bey had selected three different tests: ´Offering Fruit´, ´Begging to be Whipped´, and ´Performing as a Couple´.

The first, he explained, tested the basic skill required by all their slave girls. The other two represented expensive options, which they hoped would be widely chosen by their clients, and thus greatly increase the fees they received. To speed up the test, three girls would be tried out simultaneously for the first two tests, and two pairs would be tried out simultaneously for the third.

But Azziz Bey deliberately introduced certain changes into each of the tests from the way that the girls had been practising them. Only now did the Manager explain these to the anxiously awaiting girls.

The change introduced into the first test was that they also had to assist a director, taking the part of one of the guests at the banquet, to relieve himself by passing water into a special cup.

They had not been instructed in this, and it was intended as a way of checking on intelligence, and initiative in reacting in unexpected requests from guests. The Manager simply told them that having offered the fruit in the way they had practised, they were then to put the tray down and come round the low table in front of the man concerned, their breasts still bare, and deftly loosen his clothes as he continued to talk to his neighbours.

They would then be expected gently to ease his manhood into the special cup and hold it into position until they were waved away.

Jane had never dreamt that she would ever have to do anything like this. Her English prudery nearly overcame her desperate desire to pass the tests with flying colours.

Luckily for her, she was not amongst the two girls called forward first. The real Armenian girls had a more robust attitude to what they regarded as only a natural function! By the time it was her turn, Jane was beginning to get over her initial shock and was planning how she might earn extra points, both from the man concerned and the others judging her.

When she was called, the Manager, much to her delight, pointed to a man of about forty with a pointed beard and penetrating eyes. He was sufficiently like the Pasha for her to be able to pretend to herself it was the Pasha himself that she was now so humbly serving.

She felt that the offering of fruit, and the bearing of her breasts, went off very well - as a result of this pretence. Still making herself believe that she was really serving the Pasha, she very gently opened his clothes as he pretended to be occupied with his discussions with his neighbours...

She nearly committed the unforgivable mistake of choking and retching at the critical moment as she held up the cup, but managed to regain control of herself. Then with a stroke of genius that earned her high marks, she lifted the cup as if adoring it, and placed a little kiss upon the rim.

The change to the second test was rather more painful. When they had practised begging for a whipping, a harmless whip of velvet cord had been used - it only stung mildly and left no mark. Now they were to assume that the host of the banquet had paid extra for his guests to use a real bamboo cane on the girls.

Jane was terrified by the thought of the cane, but she forced herself to beg for it - a very realistic situation, as the Manager had said. As she brought the dreaded cane in her teeth and laid it at the feet of the Director who was going to thrash her, she very nearly got up and ran from the room. A cane!

Mushir, her workshop overseer, had used his milder Corrector. The black eunuch in the wagon had used a relatively mild dog whip. The only time in her whole life that she had been caned had been when Ali had thrashed her in front of the Pasha on board the steamer, and what a terrible experience that had been!

Somehow, she forced herself to beg to be caned, and her request was graciously granted. Somehow, she managed to remain looking as entrancing as she had practised, while the awful man gave her the six strokes, making her offer her buttocks and the front of her soft thighs alternately to his cane.

She could see from the gleam in the man's eye, and in those of the watchers, that she was giving intense pleasure. Surely, she must be earning good marks? Fortunately, as she soon realised, after the first two hard strokes, intended to frighten the girls yet to come, the remainder were quite mild. The Directors saw no point in spoiling their own goods.

The variation to the third test, the coupling, was totally unexpected by all the girls. During their training they had been shown the latest design of rubber manhoods, imported from Europe, something that had certainly shocked Jane. But no explanation had been given about their possible use.

The Manager had also explained to them that half the attraction of a Coupling Exhibition lay in the fact that the girls performing in it were not supposed to have ever performed together, or at least not recently. Therefore no one, not even themselves, could be sure which girl would be taking the male role, and which the passive female role.

The attraction for the guests was to watch the girls sort this basic fact out for themselves as they became increasingly aroused, and for the men to see whether they had been right in their bets as to which girl would take which role. If both girls were equally coy and passively orientated, then the spectacle was all the more interesting!

To add to the interest and uncertainty about this test, and indeed at future banquets, not only had the girls in each selected pair never performed together during their training, but also each girl was to have one to the rubber manhoods strapped round her thighs under her dress.

Jane found the whole thing quite repulsive enough without these little extra touches of eroticism. She was paired with Sarah, a tall striking girl.

As they waited, Jane could feel her own erect rubber manhood pushing against the silk of her dress. Between her legs she also could feel the weight of the swollen artificial testicles, which had been carefully filled with warm milk - it was all a strange feeling indeed.

Soon it was their turn to perform. They started the routine they had learnt so well during their training, beginning with the almost casual touching of hands. Both were still uncertain as to which should play the male role. It was something that had to come out naturally as part of the act. Both girls were intensely feminine and both, if they had to take part in this unnatural display, preferred to play the passive role. Both knew, however, that it was vital that they earned good marks, and therefore one of them must soon take the initiative.

Slowly as they coyly touched each other, then as each shyly stroked the other, Jane began to feel an unusual aggressiveness. Always before she had played the passive role, the softly feminine part, but suddenly faced with an even more feminine and even softer partner, she found herself naturally taking the more active role.

She found herself sliding Sarah's dress off her shoulders and down over her hips. She found herself pressing her artificial manhood against Sarah's soft body. She found herself quite naturally unfastening the panting Sarah's artificial manhood, and letting it drop to the floor. A moment later they were embracing each other tightly, lips against lips, breast against breast, manhood against lower belly. She could feel her own belly pressing against the base of her artificial manhood.

Both girls were now highly aroused.

During their training sessions, the Manager had stopped them before they reached this stage, but now in their test they were to go all the way. Sarah slowly pulled Jane down to the floor. Jane lifted up her dress to bare her artificial manhood, now between Sarah's raised legs. She experienced a feeling of great power. Sarah was ready to receive her, and gently Jane penetrated her. Both girls were giving little cries of ecstasy. Then, as if driven by some strange instinct, Jane lowered her hand and squeezed

the artificial testicles, driving a jet of warm milk deep into Sarah. Sarah gave a series of violent convulsions that in turn set off Jane.

Half a minute later both lay exhausted in each other's arms, before being ordered to make way for the next pair.

At last, the tests were over.

Still shaken by the shattering discovery of her full sensuality during the Coupling test, Jane awaited the results. Would she be the girl who was going to be sent back to the factory? Each girl was anxiously wondering the same. The men were laughing and arguing amongst themselves as the girls humbly knelt awaiting their decision. Never had they felt such helpless slaves, dependant on the decisions of men.

Jane was still scarlet in the face, partly as a result of her strenuous efforts to earn good marks in the various tests, partly from the sheer overwhelming humiliation and deep embarrassment at having to behave in such degrading ways in front of a group of strange men.

She had to admit that the tests had been a fair way of judging how she was likely to react when called upon to perform before a strange host and his party of guests. The totally unexpected changes to the Special Act she had so painstakingly practised had unnerved her. It had, of course, been a way of testing a girl's performance very thoroughly.

Indeed, Jane was really frightened. She felt that she had not performed nearly so well as she had expected, and she feared that the men might well have marked her well down. The possibility of being sent back to the factory as a work slave now seriously worried her. Dear God she murmured, please let me have passed these exams, please let me have at least a chance of seeing my beloved Master, the Pasha, again. Please don't let them send me back to the factory, please, please, please...

At last, the young Chairman rose to his feet. He looked around the table.

"We are pleased, very pleased with what we have seen, and we congratulate our manager on the results achieved by his training. The girls appear eager to please and their performances were aesthetically attractive. We feel that there could be a large market for our services."

He paused. The listening slave girls were hanging on his every word.

"Now we come to the question of which girl we feel to be the least pleasing, therefore to be the one we shall send back to work in the factory."

Again he paused. Each of the young women was holding her breath. Each felt that she was ageing ten years.

"Because of the high standard achieved by all girls we have decided to postpone our decision until we have had reports back from our clients on the performance of our girls during the first two months of operations. With another dozen young women completing their training in a month's time, I am sure that all the girls in this class will be trying desperately to keep their place in our team!"

He sat down.

He saw that the initial smiles of relief on the young woman's faces was giving way to anxious looks as they realised that the Sword of Damocles was still hanging over their heads.

41 - A PLEASURE SLAVE FOR HIRE

Azziz Enterprises had now been functioning for two months.

It had been an instant success, much to the delight of the young chairman, Azziz Bey, and his fellow directors and investors. The demand for its services at banquets and celebrations had grown rapidly. Its reputation had spread, and clients in other towns were now clamouring for a team to be sent to serve and perform at their banquets and feasts.

Two further classes of slave girls from Azzat Bey's large carpet factory had been selected and completed their training. Several girls had been sent back to the factory - more 'pour encourager les autres' than because they had proved to be glaringly unsuitable.

The effect of this on the remaining girls had been electric. Each went to the banquets determined more than ever to please the host and his guests, as well as their own manager and Naja, the black eunuch. They were more than ever willing to comply with every demand, no matter how degrading. Indeed, they all seemed to be a happy little team.

When Azziz Bey or any of his fellow directors came to check up on how they were getting on, each girl tried to out-do her companions with her display of keenness, enthusiasm and submissiveness. Back in the company barracks, each girl was again determined to give no trouble to Naja, or to the other black eunuchs who had been brought in to help him control and supervise the growing number of enslaved young women.

So popular was the enterprise that the number of bookings had to be restricted to keep the slave girls looking fresh and keen. Several of the young women, who had been raped by Kurdish tribesmen when they were enslaved, or who had been married, had now 'whelped' as the directors euphemistically called it. They had been carefully kept in milk by Naja and were now much in demand at banquets. Their progeny had been sold off to various discreet white slave-rearing farms, providing a useful cash windfall.

Even greater windfalls, however, had been received by accepting several offers from wealthy Turks, keen to buy for their Harem a Christian slave girl who had caught their eyes whilst serving at a banquet. With her silken golden hair and blue eyes, Jane had been the object of many such enquiries, but so far, the price asked for her had frightened off the would-be buyers. The Manager had, however, kept her unaware of this so that she would not get any ideas above her station. Azziz Enterprises wanted Jane, like the other young women, to remain terrified of being returned to the factory.

None of the slave girls had escaped, or even seriously tried to escape. They had been told that any girl who escaped and then returned to Azziz Enterprises would have her Achilles tendon cut. This threat had had a powerful affect, as had their stainless-steel collars engraved with the now well-known crest of Azziz Enterprises, and the fact that the slave numbers tattooed on their forearm had been registered with the police, since the girls were now officially whores.

To act as a further deterrent, the heavy iron balls and chains, that Azziz Bey had described, were kept fastened to their ankles, especially when they were taken out of the heavily guarded barracks to be then taken in a closed carriage to the house where a banquet was being given.

Jane had longed to try and escape back to the Pasha, but had found it impossible. Nor had she been able to find out anything about him, except that she was now a long way from Malik. The slaves were not allowed any paper or writing materials in case they attempted to contact their families. Jane was in despair as to how to get a message to him before she was bought by a rich merchant for his Harem, or sent back to the factory.

She had often been chosen by the guests at banquets to perform in the various extra entertainments and guessed that she must have earned them a considerable amount of extra income. However, although the Manager encouraged her with praise, he was always careful to keep her on her toes, by saying that the directors were still considering returning her to the factory.

She had frequently had to serve a guest in a more intimate way, both in an alcove and kneeling at his feet. Each time she felt utterly degraded. But it was this very reaction that kept her looking so fresh and innocent - which in turn resulted in her being chosen to please the guests individually, and to perform in the various Special Acts that accounted for so much of the popularity of Azziz Enterprises among the wealthy men of the district.

These Special Acts had taken on a new lease of life with the arrival of a little black dwarf mute whose repulsive appearance had terrified the slave girls. Indeed, their obvious horror of this creature had made Raped by a Dwarf an exceptionally popular act for which Azziz Enterprises demanded a high extra charge.

As was often the way in the Orient, the tongue of this ugly little brute had been slit so that he could not speak - in order to heighten his animal like aspect, and for this reason his head was also kept shaved. He was kept in a cage, like an animal, and only taken out when exercised on a lead. His one joy was being allowed to rape a white girl.

To heighten the excitement for the guests at a particular banquet, the young women slaves were not told beforehand whether or not this particular act had been commissioned - the dwarf being taken

separately there in his cage. The first that they would know about it was when, halfway through the evening, they were lined up in front of the guests and the dwarf brought in on a lead.

To the delight of the guests, the young women would greet his appearance with gasps of horror and dismay.

Sometimes the guests would choose which girl he was to rape but often the dwarf was allowed to choose for himself. He would make an inspection of the cringing women that was both intimate and erotic for the watching guests as he ran running his tiny hands down over their breasts and bellies.

"Legs apart. Bend your knees" would come the order, allowing the little dwarf to feel between each girl's beauty lips, before finally pointing at one of them.

The selected girl, now genuinely begging for mercy, would be chained on all fours over a special stool. This had the effect of thrusting up her buttocks invitingly, whilst a pillory on either side of the stool immobilised her hands, and made her hold up her head, so that the guests could watch the expression on her face as she was first warmed up, and then penetrated by the black dwarf standing behind her between her outspread knees.

Jane had never previously come across a dwarf. She was repelled and horrified. She remembered with a shudder how, when the Pasha's wife had sent for her, her white boy eunuch had told her that his Mistress had said that if Jane had been her slave she would have had her mated to her favourite black dwarf to see what she would produce.

She also remembered that he had gone on to say that his Mistress had several beautiful young girls, white girls whom she kept like animals in cages and with whom she experimented with her dwarfs. Clearly dwarfs played an important role in the sensual life of rich Turks.

To Jane's dismay she seemed to be one of the dwarfs' favourites, a choice that was also popular with the guests who enjoyed watching the sharp contrast with this very fair-skinned blonde girl and the stunted black dwarf. She had been astonished when she saw that despite his tiny size, his manhood was virtually normal when erect.

On other occasions the public selection of a girl would be dispensed with. The first that Jane would know that the Special Act was going to take place using her was when she was led into the room on all fours, a lead fastened to her collar being held by Naja. She was then strapped down helplessly over the special stool unaware of whether she was being taken by the black dwarf or, as sometimes happened, by one of the host's own Negro slaves.

Another favourite was a hugely fat, and immensely strong Negress that Azziz Enterprises also offered as a Special Act. In her case, before the girl was strapped down, the Negress would pick her up like a doll and carry her struggling helplessly round the room. The fact that the Negress would also be naked, but with a large erect rubber manhood strapped between her thighs, only served to arouse the spectators and terrify the girl even more.

When the girl was strapped down Naja would arouse her, using a long soft feather. Jane found, when she had been selected, that strapped down as she was, she was quite unable to prevent nature from taking its course and before long she would smell the distinctive aroma of her own arousal.

Then when Naja judged that she was ready he would step back for the host's Negro slave, or the huge fat Negress, to thrust into her. If, however, unknown to her, the host had paid for the dwarf to be used on her then it was at this stage that he would be led in on a lead.

Quickly his sensitive nose would pick up the scent of the aroused girl. He would bound forward towards her, pulling his keeper with him. Then he would lick the girl's arousal with his long-split tongue, both eagerly and penetratingly. The more he licked, the more Jane would be aroused, until to the delight of the guests she would find herself unable to stop herself from opening her legs invitingly to her tiny lover - a truly degrading spectacle that never failed to delight the guests.

Some of the slave girls were able to resist the dwarf's tongue, and their own sensuality, longer that Jane. Eventually, however, even the coldest and most disgusted young woman would succumb. Then the dwarf, now standing behind her, would part her buttocks and penetrate her.

There had also been another addition to Azziz Enterprises team of slaves - two young Armenian boys. Like their womenfolk, they had been spared in some massacre and sold to slave dealers. They had then been castrated and bought by Azziz Enterprises where they were treated in an identical fashion to the slave girls: given the same training, dressed and made up identically and sent as an integral part of the team to banquets.

At first, the young Christian women, including Jane, had found the presence of the boys disturbing. Having been castrated after puberty, they tended to have embarrassingly normal masculine reactions in the presence of half-naked young women. However, this reaction was considerably restricted as they had been infibulated, with a brass ring through the foreskin of their uncircumcised manhoods.

This ring had been braised over so that it could not be removed, keeping the boys permanently harmless. As a result, the young women soon came to accept these boys as fellow slaves - equally motivated to serve the clients of Azziz Enterprises.

Jane found, however, that it was, for instance, awkward to perform the lesbian Special Act known as Coupling when her partner in this highly embarrassing and shameful act was in fact a boy dressed up as a woman. But it made it all the more fascinating for the watching guests!

PART VIII - JANE'S AND YAILA'S BELLIES ARE SHOWING NICELY

41 - THE PASHA'S WIFE REAPPEARS

Perhaps as a result of their popularity with these all-male banquets, Azziz Enterprises were also sometimes hired to serve at certain discreet all-female celebrations. These were given by the wives or widows of rich men, for their women friends.

The Christian slave girls hated these occasions. It was bad enough to be degraded in front of men, but to be displayed and raped in front of free Moslem women was too much!

This was a view that Jane shared wholeheartedly, but of course there was nothing that she or her fellow slave girls could do. Any lack of enthusiasm to serve these usually rather plump ladies would result in the Manager reminding them of the prospect of an immediate return to the dreaded factory.

It was at one such small all-female banquet the event occurred that changed the course of Jane's life once again.

Naturally at such functions the slave girls were more modestly dressed, anyway initially, and had to behave with more circumspection, again initially. However, these free Turkish ladies had spent all their lives in the Harem, and this had usually made them highly frustrated, a feeling which they often eased by treating their own female slaves with sadistic cruelty.

Thus, they enjoyed watching pretty young Christian girls being shamed, whipped and degraded as much as their men folk did. They would appraise the performance of the girl from a personal and more expert standpoint - much to the embarrassment of the young women concerned, who soon learnt that whereas a convincing simulation of a climax might often fool men, it seldom fooled women.

At such all-female banquets many of the women would remain veiled, partly to hide their enjoyment and partly because their husbands might also look in to see a particularly piquant act.

To have to serve veiled women, and perform before them, was, Jane found, a strange feeling. To be assessed by men was one thing, but to be judged by a veiled woman as to your suitability to give her pleasure, or to amuse her by putting on a Special Act, was far worse.

Inevitably, these all-female banquets resulted in some of the slave girls being bought as personal pleasure slaves by rich women. The slaves of Azziz Enterprises regarded this with horror. To be bought by a man was a natural and rather exciting affair, but to be bought by older women for her personal use was a dreadful fate. There was, therefore, an uneasy atmosphere on these occasions.

It was at one such banquet that Jane was taken aside by the Manager and told that the guest of honour had selected her to perform in front of the other guests. Jane had noticed her, a veiled, beautifully and expensively dressed woman wearing jewels worth a fortune. All that could be seen of her face were her glittering and heavily painted eyes over her long white veil.

"You will perform with her personal white page boy," continued the Manager.

"You mean flirt with a boy dressed as a woman, like we do with our own boy eunuchs?" asked Jane.

"No! It amuses his Mistress to have him dressed in European clothes as a young man of fashion, so for this he will appear as a respectable young European boy. You will pretend that you love each other, and have at last managed to be alone together. You will shyly and tentatively hold hands. This will slowly lead to kisses being exchanged. You will fondle each other and slowly undress each other. Then still shyly and coyly you will let nature take its course."

"Oh! But surely, if he is a eunuch...?"

The Manager smiled. "He would hardly be his Mistress's body slave if he were unable to satisfy her, if not with his manhood, then with his tongue! But I doubt if his Mistress will allow things to get as far as that! She would be far too jealous!"

He laughed. "In any case that's not what these women want to watch. They want to see a European couple flirting - something you never see in Turkey where young people of opposite sexes are kept well apart. So you must improvise - but make it exciting and realistic, and if you don't, and the hostess complains about you, then you know what will happen to you, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir" answered Jane. She shivered with dread. If the guest of honour was displeased with her performance, then she might be sent back to the factory, or the guest might order her to be thrashed on the spot.

Half an hour later, dressed in a pretty garden party dress with flowers in her hair, Jane sat in front of the guests, in a simulated English garden bower.

She was anxiously looking around, awaiting, it seemed, the arrival of her swain. She did not seem to notice the well-dressed and extraordinary good-looking youth who quietly crept up behind her and playfully put his hands over her eyes.

The guests sighed at this little sign of innocent young love - something that had never happened in their more carefully regulated Turkish lives.

Jane jumped up. "You!" she cried in English.

Jane's real astonishment delighted the guests. They felt that she was acting beautifully. They didn't realise that standing in front of her was Hyacinth - the young English eunuch whom she had last seen as the pageboy of Lalla Zora, the wife of her beloved Pasha.

She almost forgot where she was, and what she was supposed to be doing. She just stood there, her mouth wide open, her heart pounding.

"Darling," said Hyacinth in Turkish. "Moon of my delight! At last, we are alone!" Then, in English, he whispered: "Act, you fool, act! You're supposed to be in love with me."

"Darling! My love!" said Jane in her simple Turkish, reaching out tentatively for the boy's hand. "What are you doing here?" she whispered in English.

The two young things played their parts delightfully. Hands touched hands. Eyes looked at eyes. Sweet nothings were whispered lovingly into each other's ears. Kisses were planted on shoulders. Lips touched lips. Hands were held.

Gradually Jane learnt that Lalla Zora was the veiled guest of honour, and that she was visiting her wealthy widowed sister, the hostess of the banquet. She had thought that she had recognised Jane, and she had told Hyacinth to check and had proposed this particular act so that he could do so.

"Act well, and she might buy you," whispered Hyacinth as he slipped Jane's dress down over her shoulders.

"To be given to the Pasha?" whispered Jane, wildly excited.

"Or she might keep you for herself!"

"Oh!"

"But I think she prefers boys - even if they have been castrated," whispered Hyacinth bitterly. "So I think it more likely that she wants you for her cage of white girls whom she uses for her dwarf breeding enterprise."

"Oh no!" Jane could not help crying out aloud. She remembered how when she had first met the Pasha's wife, she had paid her what had been intended to be a compliment, by saying that if Jane had been her slave girl she would have mated her with her favourite dwarf to see what she produced. "My God! That's awful!"

"Shush!" whispered Hyacinth. "We must concentrate on our act."

42 - A STRANGE CONVERSATION

Jane had seen the veiled figure she now knew to be Lalla Zora in earnest discussions with the Manager. She had been pointing to Jane and had handed the Manager a large sum of money. Had she been bought? Bought by the wife of the man she loved, the ruthless man who had taken her virginity, the powerful man who had treated her as one of his slave girl concubines?

However, she was mystified when, greatly daring, she crept closer. She heard the distinctive and cruel sounding voice of the Pasha's wife. But she could not properly follow what was being said, which was perhaps just as well.

"That's the deposit, then..." the Pasha's wife was in fact saying. "You'll get the rest when I come back to collect the little creature in three months' time - provided you've got it ready for me just as I want."

"Madame," the Manager replied obsequiously, eagerly pocketing the money, "don't worry. I will personally make that the creature is just as you have ordered - both externally and, if I may delicately so describe it, internally as well."

"Well, make sure you keep it in the cage with him for a good month - to make sure it takes. And then keep it as I have instructed you: three month's complete immobilisation, so that internally things get firmly attached, and the belly is showing nicely! That's what I do and as a result my own little creatures rarely miss."

"Oh course, Madam. We do the same, too."

"And so you can safely keep it here for that time? I live too far away to risk the journey until ... the internal part, as you call it ... has settled down and she is showing well, as we breeders say."

The Manager smiled.

"Don't worry, Madam, and as it will be its first, we will be extra careful that it doesn't lose it."

"But you won't let it realise the truth, will you? I find that, with my own girls, what they don't know, they can't fret about! But you must prevent it from getting at itself, in case it does realise what's going on. It would be horrified and want to get rid of the thing."

"Naturally, Madame. We have special cages and a special exercise area just for these difficult first few months, and which ensure that it will be kept completely ignorant. Your instructions are no different from those of many of our other clients and Azziz Enterprises prides itself on carrying out client's instructions fully. Indeed, we are already handling a case whose owner has given us very similar instructions for the ... the internal side."

"Well," laughed the veiled woman, "provided it's really showing well when I come back, and provided the feathers are well fixed, then there will be a substantial bonus you personally, as well as the rest of your asking price."

"Thank you, Madam," the Manager replied with a little bow of gratitude. "I am sure you will be pleased with the end result."

"And does he often throw more than one whelp?"

"Oh yes, Madam. It seems that Nature makes up for their small size by allowing for just that - and Naja has some old tribal potions for this, too."

"Good! I do want to see a really good curved belly. So, there'll be a further bonus for you if it produces more than one whelp."

"Of course, Madame," replied the Manager.

He rubbed his hands with excitement.

"I will ensure that all will go well. I myself have examined it closely, and I'm sure there will be no problems as regards this, nor as regards both carriage and final delivery. I shall be personally inspecting it daily once the internal arrangements are, shall we say, in place?"

"Good!" The woman laughed again. "Oh, and don't forget to pay attention to the teats. I want them really prominent. Remember, they're going to be used a lot later on!"

"Don't worry, Madame! We have special stretching arrangements. Rest assured that you will be delighted with their transformation. Leave it all to us. I'm sure you will be very pleased with their development and extension, when you return."

"And how soon can you start the whole process!"

The Manager took out a notebook. It listed the names of all the women used by Azziz Enterprises. Opposite their names were several columns in which dates had been written in. The Manager prided himself on the detailed intimate information he kept on each woman. He studied it and then looked up.

"Yes," he said, "your creature will be ready to start today. And so, too incidentally will be another creature, a friend of your one, called Yaila."

"Yaila?" repeated the Pasha's wife. "Is she that pretty Armenian one?"

Then he paused cunningly. He was a good salesman.

"Would you be interested in taking it, too - and in having it treated similarly?"

"Oh! ... Well ... Perhaps!"

"We do find that we get the best results if they are not alone - and if other creatures are going through the same process with them. It is less stressful for them."

"Yes, I see."

"They'd certainly make a handsome pair, especially with similarly curved bellies."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Pasha's wife with growing enthusiasm. "But can he cope with two at the same time?"

"Oh yes," laughed the Manager, "he's quite insatiable!"

"But won't they talk to each other?" asked the Pasha's wife anxiously. "Or even worse ... touch ... each other?"

"Oh no, Madam! They are kept gagged and unable to use their hands."

"Well then, why not?" laughed the Pasha's wife. "But how much would two cost?"

"Well, I think that perhaps we could give you a ten percent discount on the second one."

"Ten percent!" cried Lalla Zora, who was experienced at bargaining. "Certainly not! No, I'll just stick to the one creature."

" Well," muttered he Manager, shaking his head, "perhaps I might persuade Azziz Bey to agree to twenty."

"I want a fifty per cent discount," said Lalla Zora firmly, "or else you can keep your second creature."

"Fifty per cent, Madam! I'd lose my job."

"Well, it's not as though she was also a blue-eyed blond creature -"

It was true, thought the Manager. And thanks to the Sultan giving the Kurds a free hand to massacre Armenian men and carry off their women, there was quite a glut of Armenian girls in the market at present.

"I can go as high a one third discount, Madam," he said. " That's my final offer."

"Alright!" said Lalla Zora, smiling. "Two thirds of the price of the first one it is."

The Manager was also now smiling, thinking not only how delighted the Directors of Azziz Enterprisers would be with him for having made a double sale, but also at the prospect of a double set of bonuses from the buyer as well.

Lalla Zora rose to her feet.

"Oh, there's just a final point," the Manager said. "Would you like us, to take advantage of them both being kept immobilised on their backs, to have them cut? It's just a snip, and their buds are gone for good! It would be easy to do it then, and so there would be only a small extra charge. But it will make such a difference to the creatures!"

"Oh! ...Yes, what a good idea!"

"And whilst we are about it, shall we trim off any of their inner lips? They do look much better without it."

"Yes, alright," said Lalla Zora.

"So, it's 'Cut and Trim' for both," said the Manager, making a little note in his book. Then he suddenly noticed Jane standing near them.

"Get away, you slut!" he snarled angrily. "How dare you try to listen to our conversation! You, a mere slave! Get away or you'll get the whip for impudence!"

Scared, Jane reluctantly ran off, wondering what on earth they had been talking about.

What was going to be collected in a few months' time? What creatures? What feathers? What did 'carriage and final delivery' mean? What whelps? What potions? What did all this have to do with Azziz Enterprises? And what was this about Yaila? And what did the Manager mean by 'Cut'. And what was that about 'Trim'?"

Anyway, she thought, it couldn't be anything to do with her, for obviously, as the Pasha's wife had bought her, she would now be taking her away with her back to Malik.

She was so excited! Soon she would see her beloved Pasha again.

43 - CAGED WITH THE DWARF

Jane looked out yet again through the bars of the little cage, which now contained just her and her friend Armenian friend, Yaila.

Like Yaila, kneeling alongside her, she longed to shake the bars, half mad with fury and frustration. But, also like Yaila, she was quite helpless, for her wrists were fastened to straps sewn onto the sides of the belt round her belly.

Moreover, as they were both gagged, they could not even talk to each.

At least, the awful dwarf wasn't in the cage for the time being. Presumably, thought Jane, he had been taken away to perform at one of the banquets. Not that that seemed to make any difference to his sexual appetite on his return!

As soon he was put back into the cage, she knew, he would push both their heads down to the bare bars of the floor of the cage and take them both again, thrusting up one after the other, with the Manager and Naja watched approvingly. Sometimes he would climax in one girl and sometimes in the other.

And next morning, when he woke up, he would repeat the process. With their hands tied to their sides they were quite unable to prevent him.

Here, in his cage, he did not bother to arouse them with his tongue as he used to do at the banquets. Instead, he would just take them and hold them still kneeling down, with their hands tied, whilst his seed slipped up inside them. It was just something he had done on countless occasions since they had been put into the cage on the very day when Jane had thought that Lalla Zora had bought her.

What a terrible disappointment that had been! And she had innocently thought that she would soon be seeing her beloved Pasha again! Instead, together with Yaila, she had been put, gagged and tied, into the repulsive dwarf's cage for him to slake his lusts.

Indeed, with the two girls and the dwarf all kept naked and mute, they were like three animals, perhaps breeding animals. The Manager had even started to charge some of the Azziz Enterprise's more demanding clients for coming to see them perform. The sight of the helpless and beautiful blond blue-eyed girl, and of the dark-eyed Armenian one, being repeatedly mounted by their tiny lover, and in his cage, had been a great draw - and very profitable, too.

Thank God, Jane told herself, that Naja had assured her that he was ensuring that neither of them would conceive - just as he had when the dwarf had raped her and the other girls at the banquets.

But why was then were they here? Why indeed! She had wondered this over and over again. Why, for instance, if the Pasha's wife had not bought her, was she not now being used again at the banquets? And why was Yaila in with her and why were they kept gagged so that they could not talk to each.

With her blond hair and blue eyes, she had seemed to be so popular with the guests. She had hated all the degradation - but that had been better than being pointlessly kept for day after day in this awful cage with this dreadful and apparently insatiable black dwarf.

She supposed that some clients must have complained about her, and about Yaila, and so they were being got out of the way by being given to the dwarf as a reward for the key role that he played at so many of the banquets.

At least, it was better than being sent back to the factory and used for breeding.

Indeed, every day Naja would take her and Yaila out of the dwarf's cage, blindfold them and make them kneel down. She was unable to see what then happened to Yaila, and unable to ask her afterwards. But in her case Naja would push her head down to the floor, before carefully feeling up inside her and apparently inserting something - just as he had done at the banquets when she had been chosen to be mated with the black dwarf.

Presumably the same thing was done to Yaila - to prevent her from conceiving too.

How horrified she would have been if she had known that this time he was, in fact, inserting an old African remedy for infertility and that the pills she was taking daily were in fact a similar old fertility drug.

* * * * *

Jane had by now lost count of the days - and the weeks. She was vaguely aware that it was surely time for her to have come into season and that nothing had happened. But the significance of this had not sunk in. Like many well-bred Victorian young ladies, strictly brought up by a spinster aunt, she was, even now, still a little uncertain of many of the facts of life.

Suddenly she heard the sound a key in the iron door that led into the room.

Naja entered. In his black hands he carried a small bucket and a metal funnel. She longed to call out to him, to ask him why she was here in the dwarf's cage, to ask him how long she had been here and how much longer she would be kept here?

But the clever gag, which she had to wear permanently and which kept her mouth open so that she could be fed, prevented her from talking. It was a most effective muzzle and made her as mute as the dwarf's slit tongue made him. They were both just like animals with her, like a bitch on heat, having to submit, thanks to her strapped wrists, to being painfully and repeatedly covered by him, often several times a day.

The Negro unlocked a small section of the bars in front of the cage and swung them open. "Head out!" he ordered.

With her wrists still strapped to the sides of her belt, Jane shuffled awkwardly on her knees over the bare bars to the front of the cage.

The Negro watched her carefully. He was delighted to see that her fastened wrists made her raise and flap her elbows in a fair imitation of the wings of a bird. That would make things easier later on.

She thrust her head out through the opening.

"Look at ceiling!"

Jane raised her head. In the centre of her gag was a hollow ring through which food could be pushed. The Negro put his funnel into it, and started to spoon dollops of tasteless but highly nourishing gruel into her mouth. It was a gruel specially devised for pregnant animals - to make their progeny grow and to bring on their milk. He gripped her nose, making her suck in air through her gag and so swallow the mixture.

He smiled. She was coming along nicely. He would soon be sharing the reward that the Manager had been promised if the girl became expectant.

He put down the bucket. What was left would do for the next meal. Then he turned and pulled out the tray that lay under the bars of the floor of the cage and which served to collect their wastes. He looked closely at them and then nodded, satisfied. Clearly both the girl and the dwarf were healthy.

Then he suddenly smiled as he noticed clear little signs that the girl had been sick through her gag. This was excellent news that confirmed the other tests. The Manager would indeed be delighted by this new development. They could now move the girl out of the cage. The dwarf had done his duty!

He emptied the tray into a small wooden wheelbarrow that was already half full from previous wastes collections. Then he slid a special bowl under the bars.

"Perform!" he ordered.

Awkwardly, Jane positioned herself immediately above the bowl, as she had had to do, for some mysterious reason, every day.

The Negro began to whistle encouragingly.

Blushing with shame, for she could never get used to this ritual, Jane released her flow.

The Negro watched her carefully and when he was satisfied that she had finished, he withdrew the bowl and took it out through the iron door, which he locked again carefully behind him.

Gagged and with her wrists fastened helplessly to her sides, Jane was again left alone with her thoughts.

Why? She again asked herself. Why?

44 - THE SPECIAL ENFORCED BREEDING CAGES

One day, without a word of explanation, Jane and Yaila were blindfolded and lifted, like a child, out of the black dwarf's cage.

Then they were carried into a different room, and each put into a strange type of long, low cage. Yaila's cage seemed to be immediately below hers and above hers was another one - also, apparently, with a girl in it.

Jane felt her ankles being strapped wide apart to the sides of the cage, keeping her flat on her back with her knees raised.

Then her wrists were fastened above her head to a strap hanging from the top of the cage. She felt the ring at the back of her steel collar being attached to a short little chain. She could only now raise her head a few inches.

She felt some sort of metal strip being fitted tightly across her body just above her breasts. Then her blindfold was removed.

She seemed to be lying on her back in a narrow cage - like a coffin, she thought, with a tremor of fear. She tried to cry out, to ask what they were doing to her, but her gag only allowed her to make little pig like grunts.

Her grunts were answered by grunts from what seemed to be from Yaila in a similar cage immediately below her, and by other little grunts from the cage above her. She thought she recognised these latter as being from a girl who had disappeared from the team about a month earlier. Goodness had she, too, spent a time in the dwarf's cage, immediately before herself and Yaila?

She saw that Naja was standing by her cage, her fingers to his lips. The stack of cages was in a bare room with a heavily barred window and a door reinforced with iron. Even if a girl somehow managed to get out of her cage, there could be no escape.

She was lying on a rubber sheet over what seemed to be a straw filled mattress. But what really astonished and frightened her was the internal dividing bars that had been fitted across the tops of her breasts and which on the far side were covered with a thick opaque material beyond which she could not see anything.

It was as if she was in two separate cages, one containing her head and shoulders with her wrists held up above her face, and the other the rest of her body: her breasts, her belly and her tied legs. She could just touch the dividing bars with her chained wrists, but was quite unable to push aside the heavy material attached to it on the far side.

What were they going to do with her body, she wondered desperately, and why was she not allowed to see it?

Terrified, she heard Naja open what seemed to be a trap door in the bars at the foot of her cage - beyond the dividing bars. Suddenly, she felt his hands on her beauty lips. She felt him stroking them and then holding them apart.

Blushing, she tried to close her legs, but the ankle straps held them apart. She tried to sit up and see what he was doing, but the strap fastened to the back of her collar held her down - and anyway the roof of the cage was too low. She tried to peer down her body but, of course, could see nothing beyond the heavy material attached to the internal dividing bars.

She gave a little groan from behind her muzzle as she felt him probing knowingly up inside her with the fingers of one hand, and kneading her belly with the fingers of the other.

"Just a little indigestion!" he said reassuringly. She heard him close the trap door in the bars at the end of the cage.

Through the bars at the top end of the cage, she saw him turn on the taps of a sluice in the corner of the room. Then he began to whistle like a groom encouraging a horse to stale. Embarrassed, she found the noises brought on her need to pass her liquid wastes.

He turned back towards the cage. He was holding a woman's wastes bottle.

He went to the far end of the cage beyond the dividing bars. She could no longer see him. She heard him lower a section of the bars on the far side of the dividing bar. She felt him again part her beauty lips, and then appear to press the bottle to her body. She felt desperately embarrassed.

She felt him put his other hand under her buttocks and lift her up slightly as if to make it easier for her to pass her liquid wastes into the bottle.

He put his head round the corner of the dividing bars and nodded at her. "Perform, you little slut!" he ordered sharply. "Now!"

Blushing, she did so.

He dried her and then she saw him apparently repeating the process with the girls in the cages immediately above and below hers. As well as Yaila's name, Jane heard him call out the name of a beautiful girl who had mysteriously disappeared a couple of months previously, after appearing to catch the eye of a wealthy elderly client.

Jane had assumed that he had bought her, and taken her off to his Harem. What was she doing here shut up in one of these awful little cages? She could hear her occasionally making little groaning noises. Clearly, she was muzzled like her.

She saw Naja then come round behind her head. He was carrying a jug and a strange looking small funnel. She heard a section of the cage behind her head being lowered.

Naja now reached into the cage and put the little funnel into the hole in of her gag. Then he poured a little sweet tasting liquid into the funnel. She felt it running into her mouth. He stroked her throat to make her swallow it. Then he also poured some of the runny porridge-like food into her mouth, before closing the bars behind her head.

She then heard him watering and feeding the silent girls above and below her. Then he drew a little curtain around the top half of the cage, leaving Jane's head and shoulders in half darkness and the rest of her naked body well lit up and on display. She heard him leave the room, and lock the door behind him.

She heard a little squeak from the girl in the cage below her and made a little squeaking noise in reply. She longed to ask her what she doing there, but conversation was impossible and she just lay there on her back in the half-light, wondering what on earth was going on.

She began to feel drowsy. She could not keep awake. Had that sweet drink been some sort of drug, she wondered as she fell asleep.

45 – CIRCUMCISED, BUT UNAWARE

Two hours later, she awoke to the noise of the heavy door being unlocked. The Manager had come to inspect the girls with Naja.

She felt a strange, rather painful, feeling between her legs. She longed to look down at herself and to feel that all was well but, of course, was quite unable to do so.

Indeed, the curtain round her head and shoulders was left in place. She heard the side section of the cage below the dividing bars being opened. What were they looking at, she wondered anxiously?

She blushed as, beyond the stiff curtain, she felt a hand on her belly.

"Just beginning to show," she heard Naja say with pride.

What was showing, she wondered anxiously? And why the tone of pride? What as he so proud about?

"Good, with luck that'll mean a good bonus for us both", she heard the Manager reply.

Then she felt hands, Naja's hands, on her sore beauty lips. She felt him part them. Again, she blushed. Oh, how awful.

"Look!" she heard Naja say. "Look, just a little scar!"

She wondered what they could be talking about.

"Well done!" she heard the Manager say.

She felt another pair of unseen hands exploring.

"Yes, the client will be very pleased with this," came the Manager's voice. "When are you going to do the other one?"

"Tomorrow," came the reply.

"Good!" commented the Manager, thinking of the bill for 'Extra Services and Attention' that he would be soon be submitting to the Pasha's wife.

What on earth are they talking about, Jane wondered. But all she could really think about at the moment was why she felt so sore and strange between the legs.

Naja again unfastened the bars behind her head. He was holding the same jug and funnel a jug. Again, he poured a little of the sweet tasting liquid into her mouth through the hole in her gag.

Soon she felt sleepy again.

46 - TEATS!

Jane saw the Manager and Naja standing by the side of her cage. Then they lowered a section on the side beyond the screen across the top of her body.

Soon she felt Naja kneading her nipples, watched approvingly by the Manager. Soon, too, she could feel them coming erect. She gave a little groan of protest, but neither of the men paid any attention.

Remembering the instructions of the Pasha's wife, Manger told Naja to bind both of Jane's nipples firmly with silk thread. Then he told him to pass the threads over the bars at the top of the cage and gently begin to pull down on them.

Jane suddenly screamed behind her muzzle as she felt the intense pain in her breasts. Her anguish was increased by the fact that she could not see what they were doing to her, nor understand why.

To ease the pain, she found herself desperately trying to raise her back and breasts, and to try and lift herself up by pulling on the manacles holding her wrists. She had to strain to hold this tiring position, but the moment she relaxed her aching muscles, the threads holding her nipples would tauten again, making her scream with pain under her gag.

The Manager and Naja exchanged smiles as they watched the struggling Jane. One moment she was exercising her thigh and belly muscles in just the way they wanted her to do, and the next she was herself drawing out her nipples in just the way that the Pasha's wife had ordered.

And all without disturbing the little embryos growing inside her, about which Jane still had no inkling!

From now on, several times a day, and for increasingly long periods, the ends of the thread were attached to the bars of the top of the cage, whilst the writhing Jane alternatively struggled to raise her breasts and then, exhausted with the effort, sank back in despair and let her nipples be yet further stretched.

She could hear Yaila's muffled cries as she too had her nipples stretched in anticipation, though like Jane she did not yet know it, of being a milk slave.

Gradually, as Jane's nipples became increasingly stretched, so the threads were replaced by thin cord and the tension increased for longer periods to produce even greater elongation. Soon, unknown to her, her nipples, like those of Yaila, were over an inch long.

For the rest of the time Jane, half drugged, just had to lie in her cage, on her back, in silence in the half darkness, with little idea of the passing of the days.

Naja taught her to raise her thighs and to pass her solid wastes into a flat dish, placed between her legs. Soon, feeding time and wastes time, and nipple stretching time, were the highlights of her existence. They were at least always followed by a period of drugged sleep.

Despite being drugged for much of the day, Jane could feel that something strange was happening to her body, to her insides, and to her breasts as well as her nipples. Quite separately she also felt that something strange had been done to her precious beauty bud.

She simply did not understand it all. She could not, of course, speak to ask anyone about it, nor could she see what was happening to her body behind the thick curtaining on the dividing bars.

It was as if her hidden breasts and belly had a life of their own. She often felt sick and bloated.

However, Naja would just reassuringly pat her belly and murmur "Just a little indigestion!", as under the Manager's supervision he continued to part her beauty lips to make his daily examination.

47 - EXPECTANT!

One day, Jane was suddenly awoken by a double jolt in her belly. She gave a little cry from behind her gag.

Her muffled little doubled cry was answered by similar double cry from the pretty girl in the cage just below her. Jane had often heard her, and the girl above her, give little cries of pain, but it was the first time that she herself had cried out like that.

What on earth could have caused that double jolt?

She could not remember how long she had been kept lying on her back in this horrible cage with her knees raised and her legs apart. She was kept in this position the whole time, even when eating, sleeping or passing her wastes.

She longed to ask why she was being treated in this way, but of course her gag made this impossible.

She was just being kept like animal, chained in its stall.

Suddenly she felt the jolt again. Two little kicks from inside her belly, each from slightly different place. She tried to put her hand down to feel her tummy, but with her wrists chained to the top of the cage she simply could not reach it.

However, she kept remembering Naja's reassuring, whispered, words: "Don't worry it's just a little indigestion."

* * * * *

Another month passed. Still held down on her back, Jane was blissfully unaware that her belly, hidden behind the curtains, was becoming nicely curved, as the strange kicking and movements inside her become stronger and stronger.

She would have been equally astonished, however, to see how her breasts, encouraged by the frequent stretching of her now pronounced nipples, were also becoming much heavier.

Every day Naja, often accompanied by the Manager himself, would come and let down the side of her cage and feel her belly with expert hands, smiling as he felt the what seemed to be two separate little creatures kicking and moving - just like Yaila!

Then he would move to the end of the cage, and let down the access bars so that he could put his hands up between her raised and outstretched knees, and carefully part her body lips, looking for any outward signs of anything being wrong.

Next, he would gently feel up inside her, checking that all was well, and discuss his findings with the Manager, before re-fastening the bars of the cage.

Jane never got used to these humiliating daily examinations by the Negro and the Manager. And to think that only a few months before, back in England, she had been a happy and innocent young woman. How dreadful it was, she would tell herself, for an Englishwoman to be treated in this way. But, of course, secured as she was in her cage there was nothing she could do about it.

At least however the examination always ended with Naja, yet again, whispering to her: "Don't worry it's just a little indigestion."

Now as she felt another series of little kicks, she began to wonder if perhaps she might be expecting. Expectant as a result of all the times the dwarf had taken her? My God! No! No! Had she been deliberately put into his cage to be made pregnant by him - and not, as she assumed, merely to give him pleasure as a reward for his performances at the banquets.

But, in any case, surely those strange pills that Naja had given her daily whilst she was in the dwarf's cage, and the ointments that he had put up inside her, would have prevented her from conceiving? Surely, they could not have been fertility pills and ointments intended to help make conceive?

No, the idea was absurd! No! Naja was right; it was all just a little indigestion. Anyway, who would want her pregnant by a black dwarf!

But then, she wondered, was she in fact, the "creature", the "it", that she had heard the Pasha's wife and the Manager discussing? If so, was she undergoing a forced maternity by order of that terrifying woman? But why? Then Jane gave a shiver as she again remembered what Hyacinth had said to her about his Mistress' interest in breeding dwarfs. Oh no! But surely that was all too far-fetched for words, she thought comfortingly, as she drifted back into a drugged sleep.

If only she wasn't kept gagged and unable to ask about what was happening to her.

If only she wasn't kept on her back with her hands chained above her head so that she could not even feel her belly.

If only there weren't those wretched bars and thick curtain stopping her from at least seeing her breasts and belly.

48 - EXERCISE

For the first potentially dangerous month or so, Jane had just been kept, usually drugged, flat on her back in her cage. But now she was lifted out of her cage every day for a short period to be exercised outside in a sandy arena, with the other girls from the cages above and below her.

But great care was taken to ensure that she never saw her now slightly swollen belly - nor Yaila's and especially not the more swollen belly of the girl from the cage above hers.

This girl, in accordance with the instructions of her new owner, had spent a month in the dwarf's cage immediately before Jane and Yaila. There the dwarf, often watched by the girl's delighted and elderly new owner, had repeatedly mounted her. Then having, to her owner's even greater delight, conceived she had, like Jane and Yaila, been kept flat on her back for a couple of months to avoid any risk of a miscarriage.

This girl's swelling belly had also been hidden from her eyes by a thick curtain, and she had also been muzzled to prevent her from asking what was happening to her. Like the Pasha's wife, her owner wanted her to be kept ignorant of her new state for as long as possible.

Moreover, as with Jane and Yaila, Naja's fertility pills and ointments had worked on this girl, who although she did not realise it, was carrying little black twin dwarfs for her Master.

Thick hoods were strapped over the heads of all three girls before their hands were freed. There were tiny little breathing holes in front of their noses, but they could see nothing at all.

Strict precautions were also taken to make sure that they could never feel their slowly swelling bellies - nor their now cut beauty buds and inner lips. Instead, their wrists were kept chained to a ring at the back of their steel collars.

To reduce the chance of miscarriages, they were never allowed to stand up, but had to remain on all fours - but not in the case of Jane and Yaila on their hands and knees but, strangely on their knees and elbows - for their wrists were curiously strapped back to their upper arms.

Then, the three hooded and muzzled girls, chained to each other by the neck, were made to crawl round and round the sandy arena on their knees and, of course in the case of Jane and Yaila, on their elbows. Always they were under the eye of Naja or one of his Negro assistants.

Standing in the centre of the arena, the Negroes used long carriage whips to ensure that the girls kept going, and thus build up their muscles again after the long period on their backs.

How shocked each girl would have been if she could have seen the way her and Yaila's now increasingly swollen breasts and prettily curved bellies hung down below them, as they scuttled along driven on by the threats and whips of their negro overseer.

A further precaution was taken, now that the girls were being exercised outside their cage. Their hands, forced into the shape of a fist, were permanently sewn into thick rubber fingerless gloves that kept them unable to hold anything, and in particular unable to get at the little creatures growing inside them. Their hands were now as helpless as the paws of a dog.

Like a bitch that has been covered by order of its Master or Mistress, they were quite helpless to prevent Nature from taking its cruel course, and quite ignorant of what was happening to them.

"Their little bellies are both showing very nicely now," confided the manager to Naja.

49 - TARRED AND FEATHERED

At last, the Pasha's wife sent word to say that she was coming to see what they had made of Jane and Yaila and that, if satisfied, to collect them.

The Manager therefore told Naja that it was now time for their feathers to be fixed.

Jane was blindfolded and taken out of her cage. As usual her wrists were chained back to her upper arms forcing her elbows out behind her.

For the first time, she was allowed to stand up. It was a strange feeling with the new weight of her swollen belly as, tottering and mysteriously bloated, she was led along a passage and into what seemed to be a courtyard.

There was a smell of boiling pitch or tar, mixed with rubber. She felt herself being fastened by the neck to a wooden post.

Suddenly she screamed behind her gag as she felt a hot sticky liquid being poured onto her shoulders. At first it seemed to be burning her as it ran down and all over her body.

"Being rubberized, it will stretch where required," she heard the Manager laugh cruelly.

She felt things, long soft things, being carefully stuck into the liquid, particularly on her arms, down her back and legs, on her backside, over her swollen belly, and around her breasts.

The liquid seemed to be gradually cooling and solidifying. Then more of the burning hot liquid was poured all over her body, and more of the long soft things were stuck into it.

Then she felt her rear entrance being greased. She felt some sort of plug being pushed past her sphincter muscles, which then gripped it, holding it in place. Something strange seemed to have attached to the plug, for she could feel something long and soft against her bottom.

Suddenly her blindfold was removed. In front of her was a long mirror. She screamed behind her gag as she looked at what they had done to her body.

She had been tarred and feathered! But that was not all, for behind her buttocks rose, in a half circle, the brilliantly coloured outstretched plumage of feathers of a peacock's full display.

As she recovered from the shock, Jane saw that her body had been coated in thick rubberised jet-black tar. The thick, but slightly flexible black coating covered her entire body, except for her head, her now prominent dark red nipples, and the vividly pink curve of her beauty lips - all of which contrasted startlingly with the blackness of the rest of her body.

But embedded into the tar were the ends of numerous long and brilliantly coloured birds' feathers, covering her from her neck to her toes. The big feathers attached to her arms and folded elbows gave the impression of folded wings.

Spreading out from her backside was a large display of beautiful peacock feathers. Another display of smaller feathers outlined her bare beauty lips. The effect was quite extraordinarily beautiful.

It was the first time that Jane had seen the lower half of her body for months. Desperately she looked at her tummy. It had felt so odd. Would she at last be able to see whether or not she was expecting? But she could see little or nothing under all the mass of feathers and the all-enveloping black tar.

She longed to put her hand down to feel it, but her wrists were still fastened back to her shoulders.

The Manager and Naja were standing back, admiring their handiwork. Never before had Azziz Enterprises taken such trouble to meet the strange whims of a client. But then they were being paid very handsomely indeed.

"This will last some time, and when it does eventually start to peel off, they she can always be put into the specially made elasticised bird suit that we are supplying with the girl," said Naja as he stepped forward.

In his hand he held a feathered bird's head mask. He unfastened her gag, but before she could say anything, he had slipped the mask over poor Jane's head. It had two little peepholes in front of her eyes. A little beak fitted tightly over her mouth, through which, when she opened it, she could be fed. It also fastened tightly round her chin making speech almost impossible.

Through the little eyeholes, Jane saw that the impression of a pretty feathered bird was now complete. She tried to speak through her beak, but she found that after wearing the gag for so long her powers of speech seemed to have gone - and anyway the beak made it so difficult. Naja raised his whip menacingly as she tried to ask what was happening to her, and whether she was expecting.

Terrified, she lapsed into silence again.

"We will now teach you to chirp like a bird," said the Manager, "and to utter certain simple phrases in Turkish. You will learn them like a parrot does - by imitation and constant repetition. You will be beaten if you ever so much as try to even whisper anything else - or if you ask any questions."

Jane gasped in horror behind her beak.

"And," went on the Manager, "you will to be taught to flutter your wings like a real bird and to shake your buttocks to show off your beautiful peacocks feathers."

Then he laughed.

"Oh, incidentally, these will, of course, be removed when you need to use your rear orifice for the purpose for which it was intended."

Jane gave a horrified gasp.

Then she saw the Manager point to a large bird's cage in the corner of the room. It had a little perch in the middle. "And this is your travelling cage," he said.

Then he pointed to a large flat box by the cage. "And when you're travelling, your peacocks' feathers will be put in that to prevent them being harmed."

He laughed. "And now it's time to do your friend Yaila.

PART IX - A NEW SLAVEGIRL IN THE PASHA'S HAREM

50 - THE WHEEL TURNS A COMPLETE CIRCLE

Lalla Zora waited in her boudoir, gloating, like a plump painted spider in its lair.

It was the day following their return from Malik. It had been a terrible journey - several times Lalla Zora had had Jane or Yaila taken out of their travelling cages to give her intimate pleasure in the seclusion of her hotel bedroom or carriage.

Clearly, she found the feel of the soft feathers and of the hard but flexible black tar, coupled with the bareness of the girls' breasts and beauty lips and the sight of their now elongated nipples, all highly stimulating.

But now they were back, and the Pasha, having tactfully kept out of sight long enough to allow his wife time to recover from the journey and make herself beautiful, was on his way to her apartments.

Jane and Yaila sat on their little swinging perches in their new gilded house cages, the curved bellies hidden under their feathers and the rubberised tar that held them in place. Their hands were still immobilised in thick rubber fingerless gloves, making it impossible for them to hold, or even feel, anything on the rare occasions when their hands were free.

Their faces were completely hidden by their remarkably realistic bird masks, just as their bodies were hidden by their feathers. Their beaks allowed them to make only curiously stilted voice sounds - rather like those of a parrot.

The weight of their bellies made them balance carefully, and they felt strange but, unable to talk to each other, they were still delightfully unaware of their true state - nor that they had been circumcised.

The plugs holding their magnificent display of peacocks' tail feathers had been inserted into their rear orifices. Under their feathers, their wrists had been fastened back, loosely, to her upper arms, cleverly giving the appearance of the wings of a songbird.

Suddenly, there was a hush from the chattering ladies who attended on Lalla Zora. The Pasha must have entered the room!

Jane's heart began to race with excitement. Behind her mask her eyes flashed towards him, before quickly being lowered like those of a humble slave girl. She could not resist taking another quick glance. At last! How she had longed for this moment! But never in her wildest dreams had she imagined it like this!

That furtive glance showed him to be as devastatingly attractive as ever. He seemed even more debonair and self-confident than she remembered him.

Now he was being charming to his wife. He listened to her account of her journey attentively. No one would ever have thought that this charming and highly civilised man was the owner of some twenty-five adoring slave girls, most of them Christian, some of them kidnapped European women - and all locked up in his Harem under the strict discipline and constant surveillance of his black eunuchs.

There was a slight pause.

He had turned towards the pretty gilded cages. "And what are these new toys?" he laughed. "Does they sing like a bird as well as look like one?"

They were speaking in Turkish, making it difficult for Jane to follow what they were saying. She longed to call out to him. But she did not dare do so.

Lalla Zora clapped her hands. "Sing, little birds! Sing for your Master!" she cried.

Obediently, Jane and Yaila shook their elbows, like birds fluttering their wings, and shook their bottoms to show off their brightly coloured tail feathers.

Their body feathers lifted and fell again to give delightful glimpses of their now milk swollen breasts, on which pretty little designs had been carefully painted. The elongated nipples stuck out excitingly through the feathers.

They drew in their breaths and then, just as the Manager of Azziz Enterprises had made them practise over and over again, they launched into the warbling of a songbird.

"Delightful!" cried the Pasha. "What a delightful idea. I must talk to Mansour about trying it out in my Harem! What a wonderful sight it would be - twenty-five chirping songbirds each in a little cage hanging from the ceiling!"

Jane and Yaila, embarrassed under their bird masks at the presence of a man, were warbling away.

"And if these ones are half as pretty under the feathers as their voices, they will make a delightful addition to my Harem. What a splendid and unusual present you have brought me, my dear."

"Not so fast, my dear husband," smiled Lalla Zora. "These little slaves are indeed extremely beautiful, and very well trained, but they are my slaves - not yours! I have bought them for myself. I love watching them in their cages, as I lie half asleep. I love being woken in the mornings by their little chirps. They're even going to be perfect partners for my favourite love-birds."

"Bah!" Said the Pasha, disdainfully. "What a waste of two slave girls."

"Not at all!" laughed his wife. "I have had them taught all sorts of tricks to amuse my visiting lady friends. Look!"

She snapped her fingers and pointed at Jane. "I love Zaid Pasha! I love Zaid Pasha! I love Zaid Pasha!" cried Jane and Yaila, sounding just like a parrot imitating a little girl.

"Surely I know one of those voices!" shouted the Pasha with a sudden passion. He pointed to Jane "It can't be her! She's dead! Who is she? Who? Tell her to take off that mask!"

"All in good time," whispered Lalla Zora lovingly. "I thought you had come to pay attention to me, not to some chit of a slave girl whom I've trained to perform little tricks to amuse you!"

"I'm sorry," said the Pasha turning back to Lalla Zora. "It was just that for a moment I thought I recognised her voice."

"Did you really? How extraordinary." The Turkish woman smiled, snapping her fingers again.

"Jane loves her Master! Jane loves her Master! Jane loves her Master!" came the little lisping cries from her cage.

"It is Jane! But it can't be! She was killed by bandits when that damn fool of a future husband of hers refused my offer of an escort."

"This little slave begs to please her Master!" lisped the voice from the cage.

"It is Jane! Let me get that mask off her!" He strode toward the cage. He turned the handle of the little door, but it was padlocked, he turned back towards his wife.

A little key now dangled from her hand. "All in good time, my dear." She dangled the key tantalisingly. "I'm planning to let you have the other bird, and to keep that one for myself. The other one's very pretty. I'm sure you'll like her."

She snapped her fingers and pined at Yaila. "Zaid Pasha will love having this little bird," she chirruped.

"No, damn it, it's Jane I want!" the Pasha roared.

"But you can't!" laughed Lalla Zora, "and certainly not if you go on shouting at me as if I were just one of your slave girls."

There was a long silence as the Pasha slowly realised that he had been outwitted. "My dear," he said affectionately, "you know that your happiness is the main concern in my life."

"Stuff and nonsense," cried his wife. "All you ever think of is your damn Harem."

Again, there was a long pause.

Lalla Zora saw that the Pasha was looking genuinely crestfallen. It was time for her to play her hand.

"I suppose I might be able to make do with the other girl and to let you have Jane. But there will be four conditions."

"Conditions! Damn you conditions! I want to see her face." He tried to put his hand into the cage to pull off the mask. But the bars were too close together.

Lalla Zora laughed again. She waved the key again in front of the madly impatient Pasha, and then jerked it away out of his reach. She snapped her fingers again.

"Would my Master like to see his little slave?" came the voice from behind the mask. Then the little human bird raised herself slightly on her perch, and parted her legs, as if offering herself. The Pasha drew in his breath.

"The first condition," said Lalla Zora in a quiet and unconcerned voice, "is that I keep Hyacinth. You say now you only lent him to me. You know very well you gave him to me and I want to keep him. Alright?"

"Would my Master like to see his little slave?" repeated the girlish voice from the cage, as once again she parted her legs and thrust herself forward.

"If this is Jane, the answer is: Yes!" shouted the impatient Pasha. "Give me that key!"

"The second condition," continued the Pasha's wife apparently unconcerned by the scene that her husband was making, "is that you pay me what I paid Jane plus a hundred per cent mark up."

"Buy Jane off you, off my own wife - and with a hundred per cent mark up! That's ridiculous."

"No, it's not. I got her cheap because they had not realized she was an English girl. They thought she was just another Armenian one."

"But what do you want to do with all that money?"

"I'm going to acquire a little Harem of page boys - just like you keep a Harem of slave girls!"

"What!" cried the Pasha. "That's absurd!"

"My sister, the one I have just been visiting, has four white slave boys. All castrated after puberty so that they can satisfy her, without her running the risk of becoming pregnant. Well, I want four boys too!"

"But she's a widow. She has no husband to restrain her lust!"

"And I will make sure that I, too, become a widow soon, if I don't get my way." Lalla Zora smiled enigmatically.

The Pasha gave her a long look.

There was a sudden silence.

The Pasha's wife went up to the cage. Deftly, she unlocked the little door and reached inside. She slipped the bird mask off Jane's face and then she quickly locked the door again.

"See!" She turned to the Pasha. "It's a fair deal! You get your little English girl as an indentured servant, with a registered number tattooed onto her forearm to prove she's now just a slave girl. I get my little English boy, and sufficient money to acquire several more to keep him company - and to keep me warm at night when you are too busy in your Harem!"

"Jane! My little Jane!" the Pasha was crying aloud with delight. "She's a more delightful little animal than ever. How on earth did you find her?"

"I am a very clever woman - and a devoted wife. I provide you with a pretty little European slave girl for your Harem - so it's only fair that I should have my pretty little European boys for my Harem."

"Bah!" exploded the Pasha. "Certainly not! What an idea!"

"Of course, if you're not interested in this pretty little creature, then I am sure I could get a very good price for her from one of our Arab friends. Indeed, that's just what I'm planning to do. I've sent for Hamid Effendi to come and inspect her this afternoon. I'm sure he'd be only too happy to handle her sale - especially now that she is a trained pleasure slave, ready to be displayed at a discreet private auction. You should see the things she's been trained to do!"

There was a long silence, broken only by the Pasha's heavy breathing.

"Alright! You can have your damn boys. But I want to see that girl locked up in my Harem."

His face began to redden with lust.

"I want to see her branded with my crest. I want to see her wearing my collar. I want to see her wriggling under my black eunuchs' whip and crawling into my bed."

He paused.

"And now I want her to be sent running across the palace garden to report to my black eunuchs. I want her to see, and hear, the Harem door closing behind her forever. I want her to feel that she will never again see another man. I want her to feel the horror of being locked into a Forced Breeding Belt and to be made to deliver the creatures she's now carrying - and others in future. I want her to feel, deep in her soul, that she is now my slave and is in my power forever!"

Listening to this violent outburst, Jane found herself shivering with fear, and yet also shivering with excitement. Yes! Yes! Yes, deep in her soul, she wanted to feel that she was his slave, completely and utterly in his power forever! And whatever he decided to do with her, she must accept.

"Yes, my dear," laughed Lalla Zora, "she will do all this - and much more. She is now highly trained. Your black eunuchs will find that she will find an apt pupil. And I will personally make sure that she runs to your Harem, begging to be admitted!"

"And," went on the Pasha, "I shall want her to present me with two little white slave girls to take over from her in my old age. I'll have her put to my white stallion boy as often as it takes,"

Jane gave a little shiver of fear. 'As often as it takes' My God!"

"Yes, you can certainly use her for that,' laughed Lalla Zora, but there will have to be a slight delay."

"Delay!" cried the Pasha. "What do you mean by delay?"

Lalla Zora went over to the cage. Leaving the main door of the cage still locked, she opened another section on the side of the cage. The bars behind it were set wider apart.

"Put your hand through these bars! Feel her belly carefully. Examine her nipples."

Angrily, the Pasha strode to the cage. He put his hand through the bars, reaching for her feather-hidden belly.

Suddenly he jumped back, as he felt her two little progenies kicking. "Allah! By all that's holy!" he cried. "She is already in whelp."

"Shush," laughed his wife, "she doesn't know it yet."

"But how? And why?"

"That's all part of the third condition," laughed Lalla Zora. "Like the other girl, she is carrying what I hope will be two delightful little black dwarfs. As you know, breeding dwarfs is my hobby. So the third condition is that your black eunuchs tell me when is about to drop her progeny so that I can attend it and take away the little progeny to be put into my dwarf rearing pens. Meanwhile you will be able to enjoy in your Harem the sight of her increasingly curved little belly."

"My God," cried the Pasha. Never had he been so put upon.

Then he thought for a moment. "How long has she...?"

"Nearly five months now"

'Five months! That's the same as Phileda. Well ... Alright," he muttered.

"But don't be so despondent! I'm sure your black eunuchs will be delighted to see how carrying and delivering my dwarfs will make her hips spread nicely so as to carry your little white girls later. Anyway, I've got another nice surprise for you - go on, feel her nipples!"

Looking rather surprised, the Pasha again thrust his hands through the bars. Again he jumped back. "By the beard of the Prophet! She has teats just like a real brood bitch."

"All the better for you to enjoy her milk later on, my dear - once, of course, I have my three new page boys!"

The Pasha again looked as though he was going to explode.

"And there is another condition. The fourth condition."

"Well?" The Pasha's tone was one of suppressed fury.

"It is that ... that..." Lalla Zora waved her women out of the room. "That, you let me please you, now!"

"What! With those two girls watching in their cages!"

"As you always say, my dear, these Christian slave girls are only animals. Surely the presence of a mere animal would not upset the performance of the famous Zaid Pasha?" She laughed prettily. "Alright! I will draw the curtain round the cage so that she cannot see. Look!"

She unlocked the little door, and replaced the bird mask over Jane's face and then she drew a curtain across the sides of the cage. Then she turned to the Pasha, and started to unfasten the top of her sumptuous dress.

"The little birds' chirps will stimulate you even more!" she murmured.

She put her arms around the Pasha's neck. "And as you're being so good, I'll send the other one over to your Harem from time to time to see her friend - and perhaps amuse you."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Pasha, looking rather pleased. "Well ... "

"You can't say I don't look after you," laughed Lalla Zora.

"No. You're a wonderful woman," said the Pasha, taking her into his arms.

"And there's more," she laughed.

"What do you mean?" said the Pasha suspiciously, pulling back from his wife's embrace.

"Simply that when Jane has delivered my little half-breed dwarfs, why don't you make her write the story of how she became your slave. You will find it fascinating reading. The life of a Turkish slave girl - through the eyes of an innocent young English girl!"

She pulled the Pasha down onto her bed, and then snapped her fingers.

Jane and Yaila began to sing, to sing like little songbirds, to sing for their Master, - and, in the case of Jane, to sing to overcome the terrible jealousy that was building up in her mind as she listened to the Pasha's ardent love-making.

But she was also singing of her excitement at soon having to run to her Master's Harem and report to his black eunuchs, to be branded and collared, and to be put amongst his troop of slave girls, all vying amongst themselves to catch his eye and give him pleasure.

And, she suddenly thought, she would soon be seeing Phileda again. She wondered what had happened to her - and to Juliette and Myriam.

51 - JANE LEARNS THE AWFUL TRUTH

Later that day, Mansour, sent his assistant, Ali, and a couple of black eunuch boys, over to the villa of the Pasha's wife, to remove the tar and feathers from Jane's body.

Jane cowered back in fear as she recognized the huge black eunuch who had been in charge of her during the degrading and yet exciting events on board the Pasha's steamer. His hugely fat, but powerful and half naked torso, glistened with oil. His face was stern and grim.

She felt so helpless in his presence.

He brought some chemicals to dissolve the rubberized tar that was stuck to her body, but even so it was a long and pains-taking business that went on until the next day - much to the impatient fury of the Pasha who wanted to see Jane locked up safely in his Harem before his wife changed her mind, or imposed more conditions.

Moreover, completion was further delayed when the Pasha's wife instructed Ali to first remove the tar and feathers from Yaila. Those on Jane, she laughed to herself, had served their purpose - she could now go ahead and start acquiring another three white boys.

So it was that both Jane and Yaila were standing on two little stools with their wrists chained above their heads to rings hanging from the ceiling, whilst Ali and his team methodically removed the tar.

Looking at Yaila, Jane was first astonished to see how Yaila's nipples had been extended. They seemed nearly an inch long. She had noticed them sticking out from between the feathers - but then so had hers too. She remembered those awful sessions in the cage when her own nipples had been stretched for an unknown reason. But surely hers could not be as long as this.

Then as more of the rubberized tar was slowly removed, she saw that Yaila's breasts seemed strangely swollen. Jane gasped as the girl's tummy was gradually revealed. It was prettily and clearly curved!

For a moment she could not believe her eyes. But then she saw how the Ali was stroking and feeling Yaila's belly. He was clearly delighted, as he cupped it with his hands. Poor girl!

But how could this have happened, she wondered? Surely, to prevent her conceiving in the dwarf's cage, she had been given the same pills and lotions as herself?

An awful idea came into her head. Had Yaila been deliberated allowed to conceive when she was mated with the horrible little black dwarf? In her case, had the curious pills and potions been secretly

fertility ones? But why? Then she remembered that the Lalla Zora's hobby was breeding dwarfs. My God, had she ordered the girl to be made to conceive? How terrible! How cruel! To treat a girl as if she were just a brood mare!

But there was something else odd about Yaila, Jane thought. Good heavens, her formerly protruding inner lips seemed to have disappeared, giving her the appearance of a little girl.

"Very nice trimming." She heard Ali exclaim.

But soon Jane was even more astonished, when Ali stripped back the rubberized tar over her own belly and breasts - revealing her to be in the same state as Yaila.

"Oh no!" she cried. Oh, what a fool she had been not to realize it earlier, she thought, despite her tummy being kept hidden from her eyes and hands. And that must have been what the Pasha and Lalla Zora had so mysteriously been discussing.

Ali had now nearly finished removing the tar. "Ah," he cried, "this one's also been trimmed, as well. She look very nice, now. "

Trimmed? thought Jane? Look nice? Not like Yaila, surely. She parted her legs a little and desperately, despite her chained hands, tried to look down at herself. Yes, her inner lips, the source of much pleasure in the past, had completely disappeared! She now had the look of a little girl, too.

But there was something else bothering her, something else that had been also hidden behind the screen in the cage and then behind the feathers. It was something that had also felt very strange, something that her immobilized hands had prevented her from exploring for herself.

Ali had now parted her outer lips. "Ha, ha!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he saw the little scar. "She been cut! She become good girl now, not always trying to play with herself."

He looked at a horrified looking Jane. "Yes, you now circumcised girl!"

"Oh no, not circumcised! Oh no, not that!"

"Oh yes! And Pasha will be very pleased," laughed Ali. "Cut and Trimmed!"

Cut and Trimmed, Jane gasped. Hadn't she heard that expression in the awful Circumcision and Infibulation Wing of Hamid Effendi? My God! And now that had been done to her. How quite ghastly! She burst into tears.

Ali went over to Yaila. He bent down.

"And this one been cut, too!"

"No! No!" cried Yaila in dismay."

52 - BACK IN THE POWER OF THE PASHA.

Finally, Mansour was able to report to the Pasha that Jane was cleaned off and ready to be taken into the Harem - this time as a real white slave.

"And there is something else to report, Your Highness, " he said with a smile.

"Oh?"

"She has been cut!"

" No! Really?"

"Oh, yes, Your Highness, well and truly circumcised - though she did not know it until the tar was removed."

The Pasha laughed.

He had been thinking, since the scene with his wife, how best to use Jane in his Harem now that she was unexpectedly entering it - and as slave girl. Why not, he had thought, have them trained as a Matched Pair. A matched pair of young, well educated, blond blue-eyed Englishwomen, and moreover each with similarly curved bellies.

It would he thought make up for his disappointment at having had to call off, or least delay, mating Phileda with his Scandinavian boy stallion. The boy's reputation as a white stallion had been such that

the Pasha had been suddenly asked to lend him immediately to His Highness the Kizlar Agha, the Master of the Girls, as the chief black eunuch in charge of the Sultan's Harem, in far off Constantinople, was called.

The Kizlar Agha ranked second only to the Grand Vizier in the whole of the Ottoman Empire. Even a Pasha does not refuse a 'request' from the Kizlar Agha.

The boy had still not been sent back to the Pasha's own slave breeding farm. Meanwhile, however, the Pasha in a fit of temper and asperity, had decided to follow Mansour's suggestion and have a local, tame, pygmy stallion mount her.

It had been a fine sight with the hooded English girl chained naked at his feet and her tongue stretching out through the little slit in her hood to lick his boots as the little pygmy had repeatedly thrust into her.

A multiple conception was usual from this pygmy, Mansour had assured the delighted Pasha, with the litter giving an exceptionally well-curved belly. However, when it came to delivery, each little progeny would slip out very easily, causing no problems.

Yes, he now thought, he would now have a Matched Pair of young Englishwomen, each carrying a litter of little creatures - one of pigmies and the other of dwarfs.

An exciting feeling of power swept through him. He doubted if even the His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, the Shadow of Allah on Earth, owned such a pair.

Moreover, over the coming months, he would be able to enjoy their bodies, tongues and mouths, but also the sight of their increasingly curved bellies. He'd tell Mansour to have them paraded before him every day.

Yes, and they would offset his other Matched Pair, the beautiful Frenchwoman, Juliette and her daughter Myriam. He'd certainly be having both pairs put to the Scandinavian boy when the Kizlar Agha returned him.

There had only been one slight problem about having them as a Matched Pair. Phileda had been cut and, he had assumed, Jane had not. However, Mansour had now told him that she had been, too. So they would make an even more matched pair!

"Oh, how very suitable," he laughed cruelly.

* * * * *

The Pasha strode out into the grounds of his palace. He had invited some of the local worthies to come and witness the sight of a young expectant European woman running, her face hidden by a mask-like veil, across the park to beg on her knees to be admittance to the Pasha's Harem.

It was an event that would considerably enhance the Pasha's standing, as a man who stood no nonsense from Christians. He would not however disclose the identity, or nationality of the girl, not she came to be begging to enter his Harem.

"Yes," he said to his guests, "it is not every day that a despised Christian woman, and a European one at that begs to be put into a Turk's Harem. These white women have ideas far above their station."

"Something that doubtless your black eunuchs will enjoy correcting," laughed a guest.

53 - AND BACK IN THE HANDS OF THE PASHA'S BLACK EUNUCHS

"Ah she comes," cried one of the Pasha's guests, pointing to the sight of a large and hugely fat black eunuch coming out of a side door of Lalla Zora's villa. It was Ali and he was carrying a whip. Behind him came a black shrouded figure.

Ali cracked his whip and motioned with it for the woman to stand still. "Kneel down on all fours!" the watchers heard him order.

Jane did so, biting her lip, under the burka.

Ali bent down and slipped the burka off her. She was now naked except for a silken cape fastened round her throat and a leather mask that hid her face, leaving her blond hair exposed. There were two little eyeholes for her to see through.

Ali came round and faced her. Again, he cracked his whip.

"White woman," he said, speaking loudly so that the watching men could hear him, "White woman, do you beg on your knees to enter the Harem of His Excellency, Zaid Pasha, as one of his slave girls?"

"Yes, Sir came a little tearful voice from behind the mask.

"Say it properly and louder," said Ali.

There was a pause.

"Go on woman!" order Ali, cracking his whip angrily.

"I beg ... " shouted a terrified Jane, "to ... enter the Harem of His Excellence, Zaid Pasha, as ... one of his ... slave girls."

"To be manacled and to carry his collar round my neck and his brand on my belly"

Again, there was a pause.

"Say it!" he ordered and again cracked his whip.

"To be manacled and to carry his collar round my neck and his brand on my belly," came the sobbing voice of Jane from under her mask.

"You've got a very good black eunuch there!" said several of the watchers admiringly to the Pasha.

"Yes," replied the Pasha with a smile. "He stands no nonsense from my women."

"Get up!" ordered Ali, cracking a whip.

Blushing as she saw the watching guests looking at her, but too scared not to obey, Jane rose to her feet.

There were gasps of surprise from the guests as her cape opened in front to display her curved belly.

"Nothing like a well curved belly to improve the look of a slave girl," said one guest.

"Especially if she is a white Christian," laughed another.

Ali now pointed to where the equally large and frightening figure of Mansour was standing at small door at the side of the Pasha's palace - the only entrance to the Harem. There were two sentry boxes on either side of the entrance and in each stood one of the Pasha's own armed Black Guards.

Mansour was holding what looked like a chain mail belt.

"Is that a breeding belt your chief black eunuch is holding, ready to put on her?" asked one of the guests."

"Yes," replied the Pasha cruelly, "she's going to be made to carry her progeny whether she likes it or not!"

"Progeny?" queried another guest.

"A couple of little black dwarfs," explained the Pasha.

"Ah!" laughed the guests, admiringly. The Pasha certainly knows how to treat Christian girls, they were thinking.

By Mansour's side were two young black eunuch boys. One held a set of wrist and ankle manacles in one hand and a shiny collar in the other. The other boy held a bag of lead pellets and a tool for closing both the manacles and the collar.

"Why the manacles," meanwhile asked one guest. "There can be little hope of escape from your well-guarded Harem!"

"No. it's partly what they now call psychological," explained the Pasha with a laugh, "and partly to stop them from attacking me. Manacles make a woman feel a real slave. They also inhibit her from attacking her new Master, or a Master whom she hates for subjecting her to Forced Breeding, like this one."

"You can never be too careful with these white women," said another Guest.

"Especially if they are being made carry black progeny," laughed another.

"I agree," said the Pasha. "That's why I always like to see new girls or expectant girls properly manacled."

"Now when I next crack my whip," Ali ordered Jane loudly, "you run as fast as you can to Mansour and then kneel down and beg to be collared and manacled."

There was a long wait. Then suddenly there was the sharp crack of Ali's whip. "Run!" he shouted.

Startled, Jane began to run, as fast as her curved belly would allow, towards where Mansour was waiting. She made a pretty picture for the Pasha's guests as she ran past them, her little cape flying behind her shoulders and her swollen tummy showing well.

It was, she knew, a turning point in her life. She was about to disappear forever into the Harem of a cruel and ruthless Turk - but a man whom she could not help loving.

Now for a brief moment she seemed free - and naked. But she knew, as she fell to her knees in front of the grinning Mansour that there could be no escape from her fate now.

"So, the once arrogant Miss Jane Dudley, she now entering Harem as humble slave," he said disdainfully, speaking in broken French. Then he laughed and put his hand down to feel her belly carefully and with a knowing hand. "Ah, yes very nice."

Then he reached further down and parted her beauty lips, searching for the little scar where once had been her beauty lips. He smiled as he felt it.

"And that very good, too," he laughed, and stood back. "Up!" he ordered. Then he turned to the two boys. "Take her into the Harem."

Seconds later, just as the Pasha had wanted, the still naked Jane heard a thud as the heavy guarded double door to the Harem, closed behind her - forever. She was now back in the hands of the black eunuchs.

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Jane was kneeling on all fours in the centre of the main room of the Harem.

Some twenty-five, half naked, young women, most of whom Jane would have recognised, were standing silently at Attention, in a line facing her. Their hands were dutifully clasped behind their necks. Their eyes, for once, were not fixed on the wall in front of them, but on Jane. Another black eunuch boy was walking up and down, importantly, in front of them, a riding whip in his hand

The women were all dressed identically in blue silken, transparent Harem trousers that were slung round their hips, leaving their bellies bare. A matching open bolero left their breasts prettily exposed. Their nipples were painted to match their lipstick. Little golden caps were perched coquettishly on one side of their heads, leaving their carefully brushed hair to hand down their necks.

To enhance their status as mere slaves, they were barefooted - whilst the black eunuchs all wore comfortable thick soled Arab sandals.

Mansour pointed to a padded bench. "You bend over!" he ordered Jane, picking up what looked like a flexible bamboo carpet beater.

Terrified, Jane tried to wriggle clear. However, the black eunuch boys, now reinforced by the powerful big figure of Ali, held her still.

"You now get Introductory Thrashing," Mansour said, swishing the carpet beater to and fro. "All new girls beaten to teach fear and respect for black eunuchs. You lucky, in view your belly you get carpet beater instead of cane. Ten strokes!"

Seconds later, there was a scream as the first stroked was administered across Jane's little bottom. She felt as if her whole bottom was on fire. Again, she tried to wriggle clear and again she was held in place, ready for the next stroke.

But to emphasise that she being taught to fear and respect all the black eunuchs and not merely Mansour, the Carpet Beater was handed in turn to each of the black boys, each of whom vied with each other to get a louder scream from Jane. Oh, the shame of being beaten by these awful boys. Finally, it was Ali's turn.

Five minutes later it was all over. Jane's bottom felt more on fire than ever, but instead of a neat line of cane marks running down it, it was all now a rosy hue.

"You now fear and respect all black eunuchs?" asked Mansour

"Oh yes, Sir, ... yes, Sir," cried Jane, tears running down her face. She meant it!

"On your knees!" Mansour now ordered Jane. Then he turned to the two eunuch boys who had been outside with him and who were still holding her collar and manacles - and the chain mail breeding belt. "Put them on her!" he ordered.

Jane felt the steel collar being fitted close round her neck. Like that of Azziz Enterprises it was wide and would make her keep her head up. She felt the lead pellet being inserted and then squeezed. The collar was now permanently riveted round her neck. She knew that it proclaimed that she was the property of His Excellency, Zaid Pasha. Was she horrified or secretly rather proud?

Then she tried to protest as she then saw the breeding belt and the wrist and ankle manacles. The length of chain for the former was only some two feet, but for the latter was about three feet - enough to permit a girl to run and prance.

"Why ...?" she began.

"You not argue with black eunuch, or you get twelve strokes," he shouted. Then he laughed. "Master, he always like breeding belt and manacles on girl undergoing forced breeding,"

Forced Breeding, thought Jane! Yes, that was just she had been undergoing since that awful time shut with Yaila in the dwarf's cage.

Moments later, as the other women all watched spell bound, shed had to step into the Forced Breeding belt. The triangular shaped chain mail was fastened over her beauty lips, and over where once had been her beauty bud. It was held up by two flat chains that each came up under one side of the curve of her belly to meet in the small of her back. Here they were locked together by a small padlock.

The bottom end of the triangle was held in place, just clear of her rear orifice, by two other flat chains. These ran up over each buttock and were permanently secured to the other two chains that led back to the small of her back.

One of the boys handed Mansour the key. He reached down and made sure that the breeding belt was securely held in place and that there would be no risk of the girl being able to get at, or harm, the little progeny happily growing inside her.

Then the wrist and ankle manacles were riveted into place.

Mansour clapped his hands and another black eunuch boy came running up with a simple pair of blue silken trousers - just like those of the other concubines. So much, thought Jane sadly, for her hopes of somehow being different.

All of this was the standard procedure for the indoctrination of a new arrived slave girl in front of her future companions. One exception to the routine had, however, been made.

Mansour had told the Pasha that although it was perfectly possible to brand an expectant slave girl on the belly, nevertheless the stretch of the belly would spoil the neatness of the mark when it flattened out again after delivery.

"It would, Your Excellency, give a better long-term result if she was branded when her belly is flat again. A brand imposed on a flat belly can look very nice on a curved one - bit not vice-versa."

Reluctantly the Pasha had agreed.

54 - JANE AND PHILEDA - A MATCHED PAIR

"Phileda!" Mansour called out.

Jane was thrilled to see her old friend step forward. Then, raising her knees and still clasping her hands behind her neck, she pranced over to where Mansour was standing.

Jane saw that Phileda was prancing awkwardly. Seconds later she saw why. Like her own tummy, that of Phileda was prettily curved. Also like her, a three-foot manacle chain linked her ankles. Her clasped wrists were also manacled.

Even worse, Jane could see through her transparent Harem trousers, that she was locked into a shiny chainmail breeding belt - just like her own one.

"Darling Jane," Phileda cried in English, "It's wonderful to see you again but how awful that you've been enslaved. How on earth ... ?"

She was interrupted by a sudden crack of Mansour's whip.

"Silence!" he shouted angrily in French, furious that Phileda had dared to speak during a formal occasion - and in English, which none of the black eunuchs understood. "You not speak during Harem Parade without permission. Three black marks!"

Three Black Marks! Alarmed, Phileda relapsed into silence. She knew only too well that her curved belly would not save her from a severe caning after the Pasha returned from Prayers in the Mosque next Friday - if she were amongst the six girls with the Blackest Marks. It was a terrifying potential prospect at the best of times. And now her excitement at again seeing the only Englishwoman she had spoken to, since being incarcerated in the Harem, had resulted in her being given three Black Marks.

Three Black Marks! They meant, she knew, an almost certain thrashing from Mansour. And her beloved Master, that swine, would be laughing as he watched from behind his screen. And, she knew, another girl would be kneeling at his feet, held on a lead by a black eunuch boy, her head rising and falling under his robe as she alternatively licked and sucked his manhood - a manhood that was being strongly aroused by the sight of the canings.

It was something she knew all about, for the often she had been chosen by the Master to be the girl under his robe at these weekly beatings.

It had been an unenviable task. Not only was she humiliating used as a mere anonymous Pleasure Girl, hidden under the Pasha's robe, but also she could hear through the screen the thwacking noise as each stroke was given to the six girls. She could also hear their cries of pain and their vainly pitiful screams for mercy.

To make it worse, she had felt her Master's manhood throbbing and jerking with pleasure as each stroke was administered. She remembered how her Master's arousal had built up to a crescendo that, often after only four or five of the six girls had been thrashed, had ended with the Pasha tightly holding her head through his robe, as he climaxed into her mouth.

"Swallow it, you slut!" he had cried in ecstasy, "you'll be thrashed too."

Terrified she done so. Then satiated by the visual and tactile arousal, he had thrust her head down to the floor and strode away without a word of acknowledgment.

Oh, it was so humiliating. But it was better than being one of the six girls being thrashed by Mansour.

Meanwhile, Jane was remembering her last tearful farewell from Phileda, when they had never expected to see each other again. It was then that Phileda had said that Mansour had just told that she was to be mated to the Pasha's Scandinavian boy, to produce little girls that would be educated in France and then brought back to Turkey. They would then be put into the Harem to satisfy the Pasha in his old age - alongside their mother.

Jane had been appalled.

But surely, she now thought, in that case Phileda would either have had her valuable progeny or be about to produce them, whereas, in fact, her belly seemed only about as curved as her own. How strange.

"Hands clasped behind neck!" Mansour ordered Jane angrily. "You always stand like that when being examined, or spoken to, by black eunuch. Sign of respect."

Then, watched by the other girls, still standing rigidly at Attention, their hands clasped behind their necks, too, and still under the supervision of their boy black eunuch, Mansour now chained the fronts of Jane and Phileda's collars together by a three-foot length of chain.

"You now Matched Pair, chained together," said Mansour.

A Matched Pair, thought Jane! Like a matched pair of chestnut driving horses, harnessed together. Oh, how humiliating.

Mansour stood back and looked admiringly at the two women he had chained together.

"Yes," he said Ali, "same colour of eyes, same colour of hair, both young Englishwomen. "

Then he reached forward and ran his hands over both their swollen bellies

"And both with same pretty curve on bellies, which we now in charge of."

Then he added in a whisper that the girls did not hear.

"And both now circumcised!"

Mansour now nodded to the black eunuch boy in charge of the other women who were still lined up, standing silently at Attention.

"Fall out!" the boy ordered.

The women began to disperse, talking amongst themselves in little groups spread out in the main Harem room, and coming over to re-introduce themselves to the new arrival.

However, they were all still under the supervision of the black eunuch boy, for he and one of his young colleagues now climbed up into a little pulpit on one side of the room, from where they could watch what every woman was doing.

Jane looked up at him with dismay. Was there no privacy in the Harem?

As if guessing what was in her mind, Phileda pointed up at the pulpit and whispered: "From now on you'll never, ever, be out of sight of one of the black eunuchs. And the second boy is there to take a girl who wants to spend a penny to the Harem bathroom."

"You mean ... ?" a shocked Jane started to ask.

"Yes, we always have to spend a penny or relieve ourselves with a black eunuch standing over us."

"Oh, how horribly humiliating," gasped Jane.

The women now crowded round Jane - and of course Phileda, since they were now chained together.

They all wanted to know what had happened since they had last seen her. Then she had been a free woman, staying as a guest of the Pasha but, as a Christian girl, having to seek his permission to marry and to submit to the cruel Droit de Seigneur Rule. What had happened to her fiancé? Had they got married? Who was the father of her child?

Fortunately, Phileda led her away to a quiet corner of the room.

"Well," she said, holding her hand, "I never thought we'd end up chained together as a Matched Pair in the Pasha's Harem - and both locked into Forced Breeding Belts ... I think I'm about five months gone. And you? You look about the same - hence what Mansour calls our perfect match."

"Yes, it must be about that. I'm not sure. It was only today that I knew for certain that I was expecting. They kept telling me that it was all just indigestion."

"But surely you must have seen your swelling tummy?" said Phileda.

"No, I was never allowed to see or feel it until today", replied Jane, "Nor did I know until today that I had been circumcised."

"Circumcised!" cried Phileda. "You too! You poor thing. It changed my life."

Jane then went on to tell Phileda about the breeding cage, about being exercised hooded, and about how being tarred and feathered had hid her tummy.

"Tarred and feathered!" exclaimed Phileda. "How awful! I hope it doesn't give that swine Mansour any ideas to recommend to the Pasha."

"Well, the Pasha did seem to be terribly taken by the idea when he saw me disguised as a song bird."

"Oh God!" exclaimed Phileda.

"Well," Phileda was saying, "doubtless Mansour and the black eunuchs will know how long you've been expectant."

"Oh?" said Jane.

"Yes, it's usual, when an expectant slave girl changes hands, for full information to be given to her new owner's black eunuchs. But remember that no calendars are allowed in the Harem so we'll have no idea of the passing weeks or months. And don't expect the black eunuchs to tell you when you are due - they'll say it's none of our business!"

"None of our business!" cried Jane

"Yes, and if you press them, you're likely to get Black Marks for Unseemly Curiosity."

"But," Jane burst out angrily. "It's our bodies those bastards are using."

"Shush! You mustn't be heard criticising the black eunuchs in any way - or you know what'll happen."

Scared, Jane relapsed into silence.

Then Phileda pointed up at a screen high up in the wall. "Moreover, remember how we never know when the Pasha is taking a few minutes rest from his official duties to amuse himself by looking down, unseen, at the women he owns.

Jane nodded, remembering her own first glimpse of the Harem when, as a guest of the Pasha, he had invited her to look through that same screen. Little had she then thought that, one day, she would be among the women to be viewed through it.

"Incidentally, did your Introductory Thrashing hurt very much? I as so astonished to see that the new girl was you, that I hardly noticed how much force the awful black eunuchs were using."

"No, it didn't hurt nearly as much as I thought it was going to. But it was so humiliating . . . being beaten by all the awful black eunuch boys . . . and like a naughty schoolgirl in front of the other girls."

"Yes," replied Phileda thoughtfully, "that's just how I felt when I had my Introductory Thrashing. Of course it's meant to have a greater, long-term mental effect on a new girl rather than inflict a lot of short-term pain. The aim is simply to instil fear of the black eunuchs. "

"Well, they've certainly made me even more scared of them than I was before," said Jane ruefully.

"Yes, and never forget that although they may originally have been simple uneducated Negroes from darkest Africa, but they're as cunning as anything."

"Oh, I don't think I'll ever get used to them," said Jane.

"You're not supposed to," laughed Phileda. "That's why they've been so successfully, from the Master's point of view, put in charge of Harems for hundreds of years."

"But what are you carrying?" whispered Phileda. "I think I'm carrying a litter of little black pygmies."

"A litter! Of pygmies!" cried the horrified Jane.

"Well, the Master had me mated to one, kneeling humbly licking his feet, as I felt the seed shooting up into me. And as they are so small and weak Nature apparently ensured that pigmies have multiple births to make that some survived in the wild."

She paused and looked down at her belly in horror.

"And what are you carrying, Jane?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it's a couple of black dwarfs."

"Black dwarfs!" exclaimed Phileda. "I think that's even worse!"

"Well, I was put into a cage with a performing black dwarf for a month."

"Oh, no! How cruel!"

"And I think Lalla Zora must have paid for it - and for my secret circumcising."

"Lalla Zora, the Pasha's wife!" exclaimed Phileda. "You'd better start at the beginning and tell the whole story."

Jane told Phileda all that had happened to her, how she came to end up, like her, in the Pasha's Harem and how she had been circumcised without realising it. Then Phileda told Jane how the Pasha had suddenly had to send the Scandinavian Boy with whom she was going to be mated to the Kizlar Agha, who was in charge of the Imperial Harem in Constantinople.

"It was a great honour for him - for the Sultan to use the Pasha's stallion on some of his own girls" explained Phileda. "But he was furious when the boy was not immediately returned. I heard Mansour say to him that if there was now going to be a long delay before he could get what he wanted from me, then why not meanwhile amuse himself by having me mated with a young pygmy boy."

"Oh!" cried Jane

"Yes, these black eunuchs just love having in their charge a white girl being used for Forced Breeding. He even told the Pasha that he knew of a pygmy, a slave of course, who was being kept as a pet slave here in Malik."

"And so you were..."

"Yes, one day when the black eunuchs had secretly calculated that I was most likely to conceive, I was suddenly told to make myself beautiful and ready to pleasure the Pasha. They even greased and oiled up inside me. I was thrilled, for, as you'll soon learn, a girl who's been 'cut', as the black eunuchs

call it, can only get pleasure for herself when her Master actually penetrates her. That's why the Turks are so keen on circumcision. But it wasn't the Pasha who penetrated me, but the young pygmy boy."

"Oh!"

"Well, as you know, the Turks are very strict about not letting other men see their concubines faces or letting us concubines ever see other men. But apparently this doesn't apply to mere pygmies. Anyway, with my hands tied behind my back to stop me fighting him off, I was formally introduced by Mansour to the little pygmy boy in front of the Pasha, who said I was very lucky in being allowed to meet a lover. A pygmy lover!"

"Anyway, fancy calling him a lover," exclaimed Jane.

"Yes, he only came up to my waist. Anyway, Mansour used his whip to make me kiss the pygmy, and then he undressed me. With my hands tied behind my back, there was nothing I could do to stop the pygmy from caressing and arousing me - much to the Pasha's amusement"

"You mean it was all just an entertainment for the Pasha?"

"Exactly! Then my hands were freed, and I had to kneel down on all fours at the feet of the Pasha. Mansour used his whip to make me lick the Pasha's boots and at the same time to raise my buttocks and offer myself to the little pygmy who was now standing behind me, his little manhood erect and pressing against me."

"Oh, poor you!" cried Jane.

"Then Mansour parted my beauty lips and guided the little manhood into me. It was awful, and every time he thrust into me, I now had to thrust out my tongue and humbly and lovingly lick my Master's hand. And to make it worse, as the black eunuchs must have known, the pygmy's manhood was so small that I was hardly able to get any pleasure."

Phileda paused. Then she bit her lips and went on.

"Soon I felt the pygmy seed shooting up into me. It was horrible feeling, especially as the black eunuchs made me remain there kneeling with my buttocks raised for half an hour, to allow, they cruelly teased, for a good multiple conception. Then they locked me into one of the chainmail Forced Breeding Belts, to stop me, they said, from interfering with my litter. Oh, it's such an awful feeling, knowing that you are being made to carry a litter of black creatures, simply for your Master's amusement."

Again Phileda paused

"Oh, how I tore in vain at my belt and, oh, how the black eunuchs proudly grinned, when I had my first morning sickness and when my tummy began to show and I first felt the little creatures kicking inside me."

"Yes, already I feel like tearing a mine, too," whispered Jane.

"And you'll find it gets worse," replied Phileda sympathetically.

She paused

"Anyway, Mansour loves parading me in front of the Pasha and proudly showing him my little belly. Now I'm sure we'll both be paraded in front of him - and used."

"Used? In our state?" asked Jane astonished.

"Don't forget our Master's little predilection," laughed Phileda. "I don't think somehow that little our curved bellies will affect that!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, I think he'll also be taking us as regularly as he pleases himself with his other European Matched Pair."

"His other European Matched Pair?"

"Yes, your remember, Juliette and Myriam, the French mother and daughter. They're great favourites of his now - and we're all rather jealous - though not of what he had done to them by Hamid Effendi, the slave dealer who "cut" me."

"Oh, yes," murmured Jane in horror as she remembered her own visit to the slave dealer.

"You'll be shocked when you see it. Myriam was given a full circumcision and Juliette what the black eunuchs cruelly call Ring and Cut. But see for yourself, here they come."

Jane saw a very pretty pair of women coming over towards them. There was a strong family likeness. Juliette still looked very young - more like Myriam's older sister than her mother. They were chained together by the neck, just like Phileda and herself.

"Jane! We were so appalled to see you back in the Harem," cried Juliette.

"And with a curved belly," added Myriam. "No wonder the Pasha ordered you to be both a Matched Pair."

"Yes, an English Matched Pair, to rival his French pair - us!" added her beautiful mother.

"Oh, it's all so awful - or would be if it weren't for us both being half in love with our terrifying and cruel Master."

"Just like us," laughed Phileda.

"But least, before you were incarcerated here you had a chance of meeting boys and flirting and dancing," said Myriam bitterly. "I was only a schoolgirl, about to come out into social world. I was so looking forward to my first ball. Now I shall never see another man, never mind a boy of my own age. It's all so sad."

"Which, of course," said Phileda, "made you all the more attractive for the Pasha to buy you, when you were offered to him."

"And all the more attractive for him to have me fully circumcised," the pretty girl sobbed. "Look!"

Jane looked down at her transparent silken trousers. Sure enough, just like the girl in the bed at Hamid's next to Myriam's, where her pouting young beauty lips should have been, there was now just a long line, prettily painted in red to match her lipstick and her nipples.

Jane looked away in a mixture of pity and horror. The Pasha might be a very handsome and magnificently ruthless man, but what a cruel one he was, too.

She looked down at Juliette.

Yes, she recognised the leather laces, threaded through the two lines of little golden rings, that she had so shocked her on the girl at Hamid Effendi's who had been subjected to Cut and Ring. And there was the same little padlock hanging down between the legs that prevented the laces from being eased - except by a black eunuch.

Poor Juliette, she thought. Poor all four of us! For we have all been circumcised in one way or another.

55 - PLEASING THE PASHA

The Pasha was now highly aroused.

The sight of Jane running half naked to beg to be admitted into his Harem and then, through his screen, the sight of her Introductory Thrashing and of her then being manacled and chained to Phileda as a new Matched Pair had left him with an urgent need for instant relief.

He sent for Mansour.

Meanwhile, he looked again through the screen to where Jane and Phileda, their bellies showing nicely above their gleaming Forced Breeding Belts, were chatting to his other Matched Pair, Juliette and Myriam. Another arousing feeling of power shot through his body. Oh, the excitement of owning such creatures - and of keeping them locked up in his Harem for his exclusive private use, under the control of his black eunuchs.

Oh, the feeling of power that came from knowing that they were all circumcised, three of them on his own express orders.

Oh, the feeling of power that came from knowing that that two of them were locked into Forced Breeding Belts, unable to harm the hated little black creatures growing happily inside them.

Mansour knocked respectfully on the door and entered. He was the only person in Malik who had access to the Pasha at all times - something that made him an important local personage as well as

enabling him to earn many bribes, from merchants and landowners seeing the Pasha's approval for some new project.

"Your Excellency?"

"Yes, Mansour, I think you know what I want - and now!"

"Yes, Your Excellency, I have already taken the precaution of having the new Matched Pair washed out and greased - ready for your attention."

"Well done!" laughed the Pasha.

In Turkey, a rich man's chief black eunuch is more than merely in charge of his women, he is also his confidant, someone with whom he can discuss his various women. A good chief black eunuch will be constantly anticipating his Master's desires and be seeking to provide him with new pleasures. He will also keep in touch with slave dealers, particularly those specialising in white women - like Phileda

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The Pasha looked at the two women kneeling before him on their hands and knees on the large bed. They were chained together, their heads down, their buttocks thrust up, their legs parted to display their Forced Breeding belts and their ankles manacled with a gleaming heavy chain.

He admired their delightfully similar long backs, their rounded hips and the glimpse of their shining wrist manacles. It all made a fine and arousing picture of abject white womanhood.

They were both naked - apart from their collars and the similar little tasselled caps perched on their heads below which their equally similar long, well brushed, and glistening blond hair hung down over their shoulders.

Waving prettily to and fro was a long feather that rose from each woman's pretty backside. Each was fastened to a specially shaped rubber plug that was also keeping her rear entrance nicely stretched for their Master. Each rear entrance had also been carefully washed out and scented - for the black eunuchs were fastidious about such things. The two women had clearly been made by Mansour to practice slightly twitching their buttocks, keeping the long feathers waving erotically to and fro.

Once again, a feeling of pride of ownership surged through the Pasha. Yes, there was nothing like owning beautiful women - and a Matched Pair at that.

He remembered with pride that they were both circumcised. The mere thought made another feeling of power surge through him. Two, once free, European woman - and now both circumcised. Oh, it was mind-blowing!

By the side of the plugs that held each feather, and running up over their buttocks, were the chains that held their Forced Breeding Belts firmly in place. He could see, just below each plug, the tip of the shiny chain mail that formed the impenetrable belt. Again, a feeling of power swept through him at the sight.

Yes, for sheer continuing excitement, there was nothing like making a captive woman submit to Forced Breeding. He laughed cruelly at the thought that of one the women kneeling so abjectly before him was being made to carry little pygmies and the other little black dwarfs.

Oh yes, he would alternate them in future with his French Matched Pair, so that one or the other would always being going through the trauma of Forced Breeding - and in future Forced Breeding with a purpose: the production of future white concubines to please him, alongside their mothers, in his old age.

A young black eunuch boy, Babu, held each of them on a lead that he held in one hand; whilst in the other he held a little dog whip. Intimate confidant though he was, the Pasha still did not like Mansour to be present when he was enjoying himself with his women. However, he had no such reservations about a young black boy.

What a magnificent feeling it was to have a pair of Englishwomen in his complete power and under the strict control of his black eunuchs! They would make sure that the women never saw another man. They were his and his alone, dedicated to his service whether they liked it or not. The mere thought of this made his manhood rose in proud erection under his loose bedroom robe.

He nodded to Babu.

The boy reached forward and removed the plugs. Then he used his whip to make them both lower their bellies and raise their heads so that they were now looking straight ahead, with their backs prettily curved up downwards - all the better for their backsides to accommodate their Master's manhood.

The Pasha knelt forward and flung back his robe.

Tucking his whip under his arm, Babu gripped both women by the neck and held them down.

The Pasha thrust into Jane, who gasped as she felt the strong and virile manhood. Oh, the joy of making this pretty Englishwoman submits to him. He remembered when he had taken her virginity onboard his steamer - and now he had her once again at his mercy.

Moments later he changed and thrust into Phileda. Oh, what a lovely pair they made! But he would draw his pleasure out, withdrawing from one before he lost control and then pause before thrusting again into the other.

Both women were panting now. It was curious how circumcision made a woman more sensitive up her lovely tight rear orifice.

Finally with a cry of delight he climaxed - up into Jane.

56 - AND SO DO THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

It was two days later. Two days of intense and painful training for Jane and Phileda, under Mansour's unremitting whip.

The scene was again similar. But the kneeling women were different. Moreover, below their waving feathers, they wore no Forced Breeding belts - not yet anyway, laughed the Pasha to him.

The women were the beautiful but wistful Juliette and kneeling abjectly alongside her was her pretty young daughter, Myriam. She, the Pasha cruelly laughed to himself, would never now know the delights of flirting and dancing with French boys of her own age, just as her widowed mother would never now make another marriage with an ardent and rich Frenchman! No, they were in his power now, and the very thought brought his manhood into proud erection.

As with the English Matched Pair, the day before, the young black eunuch boy, Babu, held them on leads fastened to the rings at the back of their collars. He was carrying a dog whip to enforce instant obedience.

He was now using his whip to make them both part their legs and raise their buttocks - proffering them humbly in the way that the black eunuchs liked to see a white woman do. Oh, the Pasha was thinking, how delightfully humiliating and embarrassing it must be for each of them to have to proffer herself so abjectly, alongside her daughter or her mother!

Ah, yes, the Pasha told himself , ownership of a pretty European mother and daughter was indeed uniquely and magnificently stimulating and rewarding. Just as he had earlier doubted if even the Sultan himself owned a Matched Pair of English girls, so now he wondered if he, the Padishah himself, had ever owned a beautiful French pair like this.

Below the plug that held the mother's feather, the Pasha could see the little gold rings and the laces that Mansour had eased to allow him to penetrate up into her. He could see that the laces were glistening with the mother's arousal - Mansour would have seen to that. Doubtless her simple circumcision had left her desperate to feel his manhood up inside her.

He turned to the daughter. Below the base of her waving feather, he could see the delightfully tight little puckered orifice that was all that had been left by her Full Circumcision. That too showed little signs of moistened arousal. What a clever chief black eunuch Mansour was! The Pasha gestured to the black boy to remove their plugs, but this was not to allow access to their rear orifices as with Jane and Phileda but simply to get the pretty feathers out of the way.

The Pasha now looked across the room to where his other Matched Pair, Jane and Phileda, were now standing naked at Attention. As usual, their manacled hands were clasped behind their collared necks, their eyes were fixed looking straight ahead, and above all their prettily and identically curved

bellies were thrust out and on display. Below the curve of their bellies glistened the chain mail Forced Breeding Belts that ensured that, however reluctant they might be, they remained in this expectant state. At their side stood another young black eunuch boy, holding them both by leads also attached to rings at the back of their collars. It was a sight that once again made a feeling of power shoot through his body, making his manhood almost pulsate with excitement.

Jane trembled as she tried to remember all that Mansour had taught her to do - with the threat that any reluctance, or lack of zeal, would result in a severe thrashing. She did not dare to turn and look at Phileda, standing alongside her, but she could feel her trembling too.

Mansour had indeed warned all four women that, unless the Pasha was exceptionally well-pleased by this special joint performance by both Matched Pairs, then he would thrash them all personally.

Oh, she thought how humiliating it was a for grown-up European women, brought up in a variety of sheltered family backgrounds, to be threatened with corporal punishment by an uneducated black - and for not doing their utmost to please a cruel Turk in the most degrading ways. If her aunt, who had brought her up, could see her now!

Oh, it was too awful! How could she have thought that she loved this entirely selfish and brutal beast? He was, Mansour had told her, only waiting for her to drop her little dwarfs to have her branded on the belly with his crest. Even if she did somehow escape, how could she ever then show her branded belly to some nice kind Englishman who might marry her? No, she would be the Pasha's branded slave girl forever - just like poor Phileda. And even more awful, she knew deep down that, like Phileda, she would still love her Master, the only man she would ever see from now on. Oh God!

She could see his erect manhood, jutting out from between the opening of his robes, the only manhood she would now ever see. She was aware now that having been circumcised, this manhood would also now be her only chance of pleasure or relief. Gone now were the pleasures of playing with herself - even if she were able to hide doing so from the ever-watchful eyes of the black eunuchs!

Glancing shyly at the Pasha's erect manhood she felt her body making a shame-making response - a little secret gush of arousal inside her. Was thus why she loved him?

Suddenly the Pasha snapped his fingers.

Jane watched open mouthed as the other black eunuch boy removed the plugs and feathers from Juliette and Myriam. Then she saw the Pasha gesture to their own black eunuch boy.

"To your positions ... Prance!" the boy ordered with a crack of his whip. Oh, she thought, how degrading it was, here in the Harem, to have to do everything to the terrifying crack of a black eunuch's whip! Even, she had learned, when spending a penny, still chained to Phileda, they had to wait for the crack of the whip before proceeding.

Now, just as they been made to practice by Mansour, she and Phileda stepped off smartly with the left foot, and began to prance round the room, with the black boy running behind them cracking his whip.

They made, the Pasha thought a fine sight, their heads up, their manacled hands clasped behind their necks, their milk-heavy breasts swinging, their ankle manacles clanking, and the curve of the bellies showing well as they ran in time together.

But one thing annoyed him. They seemed to be using their curved bellies as an excuse not to raise their knees properly.

"Again!" he angrily ordered their black boy, "And this time get their knees up properly."

Flushed with anger at being admonished by the Pasha, the boy drove the two girls back to where they had been standing.

"Halt!" he ordered. With a clanking of their ankle manacles, the two young women halted smartly their breasts rising and falling with the exertion, as they caught their breath again.

"You lazy sluts!" the boy whispered, giving each of them a hard stroke of his whip. "This time you strain to raise knees really high up. You already get three Black Marks each for laziness."

Three Black Marks! And from this little chit of a boy! My God, Phileda had already told her about the terrifying Black Mark system. She felt Phileda give a little shudder of fear.

She wanted to protest. It was so unfair! How could they prance properly with their big tummies? But one look at the boy's whip, and she kept quiet.

"And if you not prance properly this time, I report you Mansour"

Reported to Mansour! Jane knew what that would mean. Twelve strokes! Oh God!

"Let's try, for God's sake, try," whispered Phileda.

"Yes, I will," Jane whispered back.

"To your positions ... Prance!" ordered the boy again. This time he brought his whip down repeatedly across their backsides as he drove them round and round the room. Jane was straining to raise her knees. And so was Phileda. Sweat was running down between her breasts. They were both panting hard

"Better!" she heard the Pasha say grudgingly.

The boy drove them up to the bed and then unfastened their leads from their collars.

Quickly, Jane lay down flat on her back and wriggled her head up below the Pasha's robe. In the semi-darkness she put out her tongue. She felt it touch her Master testicles. She would she knew have to move, as he moved taking first one woman and then the other. She must keep her tongue constantly and excitingly tickling her Master.

The chain linking her collar to that of Phileda lay stretched out between her breasts. She felt it become slightly taut as Phileda knelt across her prone body and then, lifting up the backing of the Pasha's loose bed robe, put her head down under it and applied her tongue to her Master's rear orifice.

She, too, would have to move as he moved, but always giving intense pleasure with her tongue - or else!

The Pasha smiled with pleasure as he felt the two soft little tongues under his robe. Mansour had trained them well - clearly fear of his whip was uppermost in the two girls' minds. Good! That was how it should be. White slave girls always gave most pleasure when they were terrified by thoughts of the chief black eunuch's whip and not seeking pleasure for themselves.

Indeed, there would be no pleasure, today, for the circumcised Jane and Phileda, the Pasha laughed to himself. A slave girl's pleasure must come only from pleasuring her Master - that was the whole basis for circumcising them.

He looked down at the two little puckered orifices between the trembling Myriam's parted legs. Recently he had repeatedly used the rear one. Now it was time he again used the one that had been so cleverly left and shaped by Hamid Effendi's surgeon - the one he had used when taking the girl's virginity.

The tickling by Jane and Phileda's tongues was having its effect. His manhood was still firmly erect. Slowly and deliberately, he thrust into Myriam and up inside her. He could feel her bottom contracting and releasing under him as she used her belly muscles to grip and release his manhood - just as Mansour had taught her to do. Oh, this was delicious - and made all the more so by the two little tongues that were so busy under his robe.

Then he felt a shock of delight shooting through his body as Juliette knelt up and, as she too had been taught to do by Mansour, squeezed the Pasha's nipples as he thrust in and out of her daughter. Four women, four European women, all his slaves, were now concentrating on giving him pleasure. The physical pleasure was indeed exquisite - and so, too, was the mental pleasure.

But the Pasha, once again, was in no hurry.

He snapped his fingers and the black boys pushed Juliette's head down onto the bedclothes and held it there. Moments later his once again firm manhood thrust apart the leather lacing of the mother and drove into her. Jane and Phileda had adjusted their positions, and once again, too, their tongues were hard at work. Moments later, again, the nimble fingers of Myriam were sending exquisite shocks through the Pasha's body as she squeezed his nipples, just as her mother had done earlier.

Once again, the Pasha was in no hurry, and it was not until he had penetrated both the mother and the daughter for a second time each that he finally erupted into the daughter, by which time the tongues of poor Jane and Phileda, their heads still hidden under their Master's robe, were exhausted.

But the pleasure for the Master had been great. Mansour, he thought, had certainly found a splendid way of using two his Matched Pairs.

The Pasha gave orders that the whole process was to be rehearsed and repeated shortly, but this time with the English pair proffering their bottoms and the French pair licking from underneath and behind.

57 - TIME FOR DELIVERY

Several months had now gone by.

They had been months in which not only had the Pasha repeatedly used both of his Matched Pairs to give him pleasure, but he had also told Mansour to train his other concubines to work with them as well, to provide him with yet more pleasure.

They had also been months in which Jane and Phileda had been kept chained together as a Matched Pair, with their Forced Breeding belts only removed for Mansour's weekly check-ups.

Equally importantly, they had been months in which Mansour and Ali, aided by the black eunuch boys, had twice a day made Jane and Phileda perform a series of exercises. They were exercises that were used in Black Africa to ensure that delivery was both quick and harmless.

Nor was that all, for the black eunuchs had stretched Phileda's nipples so that they almost matched those of Jane. Their breasts were now also very swollen as Nature prepared each girl for feeding several hungry young creatures - not that in this case, of course they would do so. Their milk would be reserved for the Pasha.

Furthermore, each morning the two girls, now waddling awkwardly, had been paraded before the Pasha whilst Mansour proudly displayed their increasingly curved bellies. Each held on a lead by a young black eunuch boy, they would have to stand silently in front of the Pasha as he sat cross-legged on a Turkish sofa. Their manacled hands would be fastened behind their necks, and they had to learn to lean increasingly back to balance the weight of their rapidly growing bellies.

They would not dare to look down as the delighted Pasha ran his hands over their bodies, commenting on them to Mansour as he did so. They spoke in rapid Turkish which neither Jane nor Phileda could follow.

"Nearly ready to deliver?" the Pasha asked one day.

"Your Excellency, I would like to hold them back until we know they are both quite ready and then have them both perform quickly and simultaneously on a double Harem birthing stool,"

The Pasha stroked his short beard.

"Excellent," he commented, "in which case I should like to invite the Imam of Malik and his accolade mullahs to come and witness how the Vali, the Governor of his Imperial Majesty, treats Christian slave girls."

"The Imam, Your Excellency?" queried Mansour.

"Yes, I think he and colleagues have the impression that the Sultan, under pressure from the hated European governments, has gone soft on keeping the Christians down. However, the sight of Jane and Phileda chained together and being made simultaneously to produce their strange little progeny will greatly reassure him - and probably result them using their own channels to put in a good word for me with the Sultan."

"And in the case of Jane, Your Excellency, we must also invite the Lady Zora, for she will want to take away the progeny to put them with that of her Armenian young slave, Yaila."

"Indeed, indeed," muttered the Pasha, "that was part of our deal."

Then he turned to Mansour.

"And you'll still keep their Forced Breeding belts on them, won't you? I don't want anything going wrong!"

"Of course, Your Excellency, of course."

* * * * *

"Oh, darling Jane, what are those horrible black eunuchs doing to us?" cried Phileda as she and Jane sat, chained together by the neck, on one of the large leather cushions in the main Harem room. She was looking down in despair had her now hugely curved tummy - and that of Jane.

"I wish I knew," answered Jane, taking Phileda's hand. Her tummy certainly made a fine sight for the Pasha, she realised, but she felt terribly awkward and uncomfortable.

"And what are all those nasty tasting pills they are making us take?"

"Perhaps," Jane said, "they're keeping us both back so that we can both produce our strange progeny simultaneously."

"But why?" asked Phileda.

"Yes, why? Oh, if only those horrible black eunuchs would tell us what's going on, instead of treating us like little girls who shouldn't being asking questions."

"And if," whispered Jane, dropping her voice as she saw a black eunuch boy coming their way, "if only there were some good old-fashioned midwives around and not just these awful black eunuchs, who think they know so much about women."

"Oh, I think they know almost too much about us," laughed Phileda.

* * * * *

It was now several days later. Mansour had changed the pills, and now both girls' pains had started.

The Pasha had sent for the Imam and mullahs, and for Lalla Zora. Meanwhile Mansour had prepared a special delivery room with comfortable chairs and refreshments for the spectators. Facing them was the special double birthing stool made of polished wood. Like a double armchair, it had two sets of arms that could be gripped, if required, by the two young ladies who would be sitting in it.

There were however two strange things about it. One was that in the centre of each of the two seats a curiously shaped circular hole had been cut. The second was that under each hole was a little fur-lined basket.

When the Pasha, his suitably veiled wife and the guests were comfortably seated and coffee had been served, the two girls were led, tottering, into the room. Their bellies now seemed hugely and beautifully curved. They were both hooded so that their faces would not be seen, and to prevent them from seeing the Pasha's guests. Under their hoods, each was gagged so that her cries would not disturb the guests.

They were of course naked, except for their little caps, and for capes fastened over their shoulders that allowed glimpses of their milk-laden breasts and elongated nipples - nipples that the Pasha resolved would be brought rapidly into use as soon as this performance was over.

The Imam was most impressed that they were still kept manacled.

"No need, Your Excellency, for false sentimentality of softness with these Christian sluts, " he said approvingly. He was even more impressed to see their Forced Breeding belts, each fastened with a padlock in the small of the girl's back.

"Ah, yes," he said, " that's what I like to see done to a Christian girl - a real forced maternity."

The two girls, still hooded and unaware of what was happening or where they were, were brought up to the birthing stool.

"Kneel down on all fours," ordered Mansour, tapping both girls' bottoms with his dog whip.

Jane now felt her manacled wrists being tightly gripped by a black eunuch boy.

"Buttocks up!"

Now what is happening, wondered a mystified Jane.

Mansour bowed to the Pasha. "Permission to proceed, Your Excellency?"

The Pasha turned politely to the Imam. "May my black eunuchs carry on?"

"Of course, Your Excellency, please tell them to carry on."

Then Ali appeared, his huge fat torso bare and shiny with oil. In his hand he held a bamboo carpet beater - the same one that had been used to give Jane her Introductory thrashing.

The Pasha turned to the Imam. "My black eunuchs find that a gentle beating greatly helps speed up the delivery process," he explained.

The Imam nodded sagely. "The more these Christian girls are beaten the better," he said.

Ali swished the carpet beater through the air several times and then brought it down, first on Jane's buttocks and then on Phileda's. There were little muffled cries from under the hoods. Ali repeated the process several times, slowly and deliberately. The two backsides were now nicely reddened.

Jane could feel her body reacting to the pain. Oh God! What was happening?

Mansour stepped forward, bowed to the Pasha and unlocked the two breeding belts, which fell to the ground. Then first Jane and then Phileda were made to sit on the birthing stool. Their

manacled arms were raised above their heads and to hooks hanging down from the ceiling, and their manacled ankles fastened to the legs of the stool. Jane could still not see anything, but she knew she was held helpless.

Mansour now sat down behind the birthing stool from where he would preside over the whole process. He reached forward to feel first one curved belly and then the other. Very soon, he thought, and put a small surgical bowl below each of the holes in the stool.

Meanwhile the Pasha had clapped his hands and called for more little cups of Turkish coffee. Ignoring the somewhat untidy preliminary scene that was now taking place on the birthing stool, the Pasha, Lalla Zora and the Imam were holding an animated conversation concerning local problems and in particular the effrontery of the priests of the Lebanese Maronite Church, who had applied to build a chapel in the centre of Malik.

Ten minutes later, they turned as Mansour coughed. The surgical bowl had been replaced under each of the women by the fur-lined baskets. The two girls were sweating and swaying on the stool and desperately, but vainly, trying to free their arms. Little muffled grunts could be heard coming from under the hoods.

Suddenly a little black creature slipped down into the basket under Phileda to be joined by two more. There was a round of applause, and Mansour brought the basket up to show the Imam.

"Excellent," he cried, putting an arm round the Pasha, " I shall make certain that Constantinople hears of your piety and devotion to Islam."

Then it was the turn of Jane to drop her two little black dwarfs into her basket - though she never saw them or had any idea what was happening. Again here was a round of applause, and again the basket was presented to the Imam, who nodded approvingly and passed it to the eager hands of Lalla Zora.

"Yes," she cried, "they're a perfect match for the two that Yaila produced last week."

EPILOGUE

(By Jane Dudley)

ONE YEAR LATER

Yes, this is written by me, the Jane you have just been reading about. In fact, although you did not know it, I wrote the entire story.

It is now over two years since I arrived in Malik, planning to marry my fiancé William, and six months since my Master and Owner, Zaid Pasha, instructed me to write down all that had happened to me - an account which I have just finished. I believe he's going to present it to the Sultan - as an illustration of the way he stands no nonsense from Christian girls. You, gentle reader, have now read it - perhaps a hundred years later. It was to be, in the words of my Master's wife, Lalla Zora, 'a story about the life of a present-day Turkish slave girl - through the eyes of an innocent young English girl'.

I hope that this is what I have achieved. Of course, Phileda helped me, and so did my other great friend Yaila - and several of the other girls. Nevertheless, to readers unfamiliar with what goes on in the Ottoman Empire, even in these modern days, almost at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, my story may seem far-fetched and exaggerated. I can only say that it is not and that Phileda is scornful, saying that I have 'not told the half of it.' Well perhaps not, but enough surely, to give the flavour of life as a white slave girl in Turkey?

And what has changed in the last year? Well, let's start with me ...

Shortly after dropping, as the black eunuchs call it, my little black dwarfs, Phileda and I were told by Mansour that our ankles need no longer be kept manacled. Oh, the joy! But our wrists were still kept manacled, and we remained chained together by the neck, as one of our Master's prize Matched Pairs.

However, of course, we lost our awful Forced Breeding belts. Apart from making us carry our progeny right through to delivery, these cruel belts had also prevented us from playing with ourselves - not that there would have been much chance of that with the black eunuchs watching us the whole time. They even watch us at night in the dormitory and accompany us to the bathroom when we ask to spend a penny or go to the loo.

Nevertheless, the full horror of having been circumcised now dawned on me. Occasionally the supervising black eunuch might turn his back for a moment and I would seize the opportunity to feel for my precious and exciting beauty bud. But, of course, there was nothing there. It was an awful feeling. I felt as though my whole life had been changed.

At the same time, I still had a longing to feel my Master's manhood up inside me. Indeed, being circumcised seemed to make this longing far stronger than before. Like Phileda I found myself desperate to attract the attention of my Master and to please him. I was humble; I was loving. I would do anything to feel him inside me, to be penetrated by him. And I told this to the smiling black eunuchs. And Phileda was just the same.

No wonder rich Turks like to have at least some of their slave girls circumcised!

Oh, I felt so jealous when other girls were chosen to please the Master - and it was even worse when they later regaled us with how the Master had so manfully taken them. They were all so beautiful and equally eager to attract the Master. And there were twenty-five of them. Oh, how frustrating it was!

Occasionally, of course, we ourselves were chosen. Oh, the excitement! Oh, the feeling of anticipation! Oh, the joy of then being taken and penetrated! But, equally, oh the disappointment when he used us merely to lick and suck him. Although being taken up my backside was now far more exciting than before I was circumcised, nevertheless it was still not a patch on being properly penetrated by the Master.

As soon as my belly was flat again, Mansour branded the crest of my Master on it. I looked just like Phileda and all the other concubines.

Phileda had warned me that if I had felt helplessly in the power of Zaid Pasha before, then after being branded with his crest I would feel utterly and utterly in his power. How right she was. Being branded on the belly certainly has a strange effect on a formerly free white girl. That's why so many Turkish Masters insist of their white concubines being branded - and not merely to make it more difficult for them to run away!

The pain was awful at the time, and then Mansour painted a green die into the raw wound to colour the eventual scar. Then, to allow the scar to form prettily, I was kept flat on my back for three days, with my hands tied to the head of the bed to stop me from scratching at it and so spoiling it.

I have to admit that the brand of two green crossed scimitars now looks very pretty.

The black eunuchs like to keep us dressed, or rather undressed, with our silken Harem trousers slung round our hips, leaving our bellies, and so our brands, bare and exposed.

So, like my collar, with the Pasha's name and crest also engraved on it, my brand ensures that I am constantly reminded that I am now a slave - and a mere Christian one at that.

Lalla Zora had taken away my little black dwarfs as soon as they were born, and as I had been hooded, I never saw or touched them. Nor had Phileda seen or touched her little black pygmies. However, our natural feelings of sadness and remorse were quickly overtaken by our mixture of delight and shock when Mansour told us we were now to replace Magda as His Excellency's main milk slaves - and indeed we still are.

That means that one or other of us must be in attendance on the Master at all times of the day or night in case he wishes to refresh himself with our milk, or at least when he is in Malik. However, it also meant that whenever our breasts were uncomfortably full, our specially still manacled wrists would be fastened behind our backs to prevent us from seeking to ease the discomfort in our breasts. It's horrible feeling your breasts becoming heavier and heavier and not being able to do anything about it, except just wait and hope that the Master will send for us to proffer our elongated nipples to him.

He does not take us when he is travelling, for we Christian girls are not allowed out of the Harem. The only exception is, as when I first met the Pasha, when he visits remote outlying villages in his steamer. Then with our faces carefully veiled we have to offer our milk to the village elders.

I must confess that it is very exciting having to offer my elongated nipples to the Master. He says that the milk of European blond girls like Phileda and I is the sweetest and richest of all. We have to wear special Nursing Boleros that support our breasts and push them out to be sucked.

But of course, it's all rather embarrassing having to submit to Mansour's attentions and special diet to keep us in milk. And so is having to kneel down and be milked several times a day by one of the young black eunuch boys to keep the milk flowing well - when the Pasha is away or has used another of his milk slaves.

However, when the Pasha goes away on official business and leaves us behind, he often tells his teenage son, the horrible little fat boy, whom I had to serve onboard the steamer, that he can use us. We hate this. He is so cruel. He loves our milk, loves beating us and loves taking us up our rear orifices. He also loves teasing us that when he forms his own Harem next year, he's going to persuade his father to let him have us. Oh, how awful that would be!

And how about my feelings for my Master - one year on? And those of Phileda? Do we still love him? The Monster!

What is love? Is it being obsessed with him and his manhood, of thinking about him all the day and dreaming about him all night, of being madly jealous of the attentions he pays to other concubines, of being ridiculously grateful for the slightest kindness or thanks? If this is love, then I still love him deeply as much as ever. And so, too does Phileda. And this despite the cruel and terrifying way he allows, Phileda says even encourages, his black eunuchs to treat us.

Thanks to the black eunuchs, we live under the constant threat of corporal punishment. There's their cruel system of Black Marks and the knowledge that six of us - which six? - will be thrashed every Friday. That's a terrifying Sword of Damocles hanging over us all.

But also, you never know when one of the little black eunuch boys will decide that you have no shown him sufficient respect, or have answered him back, or have shown dumb insolence to him, or have spoken to him without permission, or ... The list of possible offences, of breaches of the Harem

Rules, seems endless. And each can earn you several strokes of the cane, or more if the boy reports you to Mansour.

I can however see that if you have a Harem of twenty-five women, mainly white ones and all resentful at being kept captive in your Harem and yet all madly jealous of each other, then it must be strictly controlled. And who better to do so than black eunuchs? Like ducks take to water, these black eunuchs seem to take quite naturally to the tasks of controlling, disciplining and punishing white women, and supervising their use for forced breeding, on behalf of a Turkish or Arab Master. Indeed, they have been doing so for centuries.

How, you may ask, can we possibly love a man who, as well as his Turkish wife, keeps twenty young and mainly white slave girls as his concubines, incarcerated in his Harem? And who enjoys having them infibulated, or circumcised, or subjected to Forced Breeding. How can an Englishwoman regard such a man other than with horror and abhorrence?

Yes indeed!

It is something that Phileda and I, and we and Juliette and her daughter Myriam, and indeed all the other white concubines, never cease to discuss - in whispers and when the black eunuchs are not listening. They do not allow any criticism of the Master - nor of themselves, either.

One answer may be that we simply have no alternative - for the black eunuchs make sure that we could never escape from the Harem and that we never see, or are seen by, another man. Thus, all our thoughts and desires are directed towards to one man, our Master, no matter how ruthless, brutal or ugly he may be - and in the case of our Master he is very handsome and can be very charming.

Nor is there any chance of the Master voluntarily releasing any of us. Quite apart of the risk of an ensuing scandal if we told our story, he would laugh at the idea. We each cost him a lot of money to acquire and so does keeping a Harem with all its attendant black eunuchs. Why should he throw it away? Moreover, the possession of a Harem of white women is as part of the natural and accepted way of life for rich Turks as possession of a large country house and estate is for a rich Englishman.

If the Pasha, as the Vali or Governor of the Province of Malik, were not known to maintain a large Harem he would be ridiculed. And if that Harem includes European women or women from the subject Christian provinces, kept there under duress, then all the more power to his elbow.

What is more worrying is what will happen to us later on, if he tires of us. Phileda says that the Pasha has given other girls away as presents to his loyal henchmen. Apparently in Turkey this is quite a common practice. It binds the henchmen to the Pasha to have a well-trained white slave girl who's carrying the Pasha's brand on her belly and yet satisfies the Pasha's fear of a scandal - for the henchman will make very sure that the girl doesn't escape.

However, Phileda and I think that there may also be another quite different reason for us all 'loving our Master' so desperately - and one that has a primeval base. We think that, going back to when mankind lived in caves, women have a natural desire to seek a man who can protect and provide for them. Put this into a modern Turkish context, and you have women accepting being shut up in a Harem by a rich and powerful man. We may be kept ignorant by the black eunuchs of what is going on outside the high walls that surround a Harem, but they also protect us from the harsh realities and financial worries of life beyond them.

Women seem to be attracted by rich, powerful self-confident and decisive men. Well, the Pasha is certainly all those! And if he is also selfish and cruel, obsessed with sex and an advocate of Female Circumcision and Forced Breeding? Well, here in Turkey these seem to be traits that are admired rather than despised.

And how about my French friends in the Harem: the mother and daughter, Juliette and Myriam?

I still cannot get over the appalling mental cruelty involved in a man acquiring an unwilling mother and daughter for his Harem. However, I have to admit that succeeding in doing this, and making them perform together in your bed, seems to be widely accepted in Turkey as being the apogee of power and eroticism. And if, as in this case, they are a well-educated European mother and daughter, then the mental and physical satisfaction is boundless.

Nor can I get over the callous and cruel way the Pasha ordered these women to be subjected to circumcision - the appalling Full Circumcision in the case of the daughter and the degrading Ring and Cut for the mother. Yet, here in Turkey this is regarded as quite normal, and indeed a slave girl

is lucky if she avoids being circumcised in one way or another. Neither Phileda nor I were, for instance, so lucky!

Well, anyway, shortly after Phileda and I presented our Master with our strange progenies, his much-vaunted Scandinavian stallion boy was at last returned to him by the Kizlar Agha, the ruler of the Sultan's Harem in far off Constantinople.

Phileda and I, still chained together as the other of the Master's prize Matched Pairs, were horrified to hear Mansour telling Ali to start getting Henriette and Myriam ready for fertilization. We wondered whether to warn them. However, we decided to keep quiet, since there was nothing any of us could do to thwart the breeding plans of the Pasha and his black eunuch advisers.

Sure enough, one day we saw an alarmed Juliette and her daughter being packed into two small travelling cages. They were, we learned, being sent with Ali to the Pasha's slave breeding farm, where the Scandinavian boy was kept. Ten days later our two French friends returned - with shiny chain mail Forced Breeding belts firmly locked in place and in a very tearful state.

"How could our Master have had this done to us!" cried Juliette. She was only slightly mollified when we told her that we thought the Pasha's aim was for them both to produce pretty little girls to be sent to France to be brought up by nuns in a convent.

"And then, I suppose, as soon as they're old enough, they'll be brought back here to join us, their mothers, in the Harem," said young Myriam angrily.

"And," added Juliette, "to think that as well as joining their mothers here, one girl will also be joining her aunt and the other her grandmother. Oh, it's all too awful to be used to produced little creatures with such a dreadful future before them!"

"But there's nothing we can do about it," added Myriam bitterly, looking down at her Forced Breeding belt, "any more than you two could do anything about your forced maternities."

Indeed, there was nothing they could do, except hope that they were carrying a little girl - for otherwise they would, after their delivery, be sent straight back to the farm to try again.

They were watched eagerly by the black eunuchs, who were thrilled when they both had their first morning sickness on the same day. Mansour rushed off to tell the Pasha the good news.

The black eunuchs were also delighted when they first felt their unwanted babies kicking inside them - and laughed when they scratched in vain at their Forced Breeding belts.

Well, in the event each of them was able to present a healthy little girl to the delighted Pasha. They were allowed to keep and feed their little girls for a month, and then, a month ago, they were sent off to the convent.

The two mothers were, of course, desperately sad at being parted from their offspring. Each in a way was looking forward to seeing her child again in sixteen years' time, but horrified that they would then be starting a new life as slave girls of the Pasha - alongside their mothers.

And what about us, Phileda and I, now?

Are we about to be sent to the breeding farm to be mated with the Scandinavian boy? So as also to produce more European slave girls for the Pasha's old age? I'm terrified because I remember he told Lalla Zora that he wanted two little girls from me - and that, if he didn't get them both first time round, then he'd send me back to be covered by the Scandinavian boy until I had produced them.

Oh my God!