

Billie's Story



The man behind Billie speaks. "The new girl for the prince has arrived, sir."

The other man looks Billie up and down, critically. Billie blushes as he openly assesses her nude body.

"She smells like an alley cat. Get her washed and properly dressed and bring her back to me."

Billie could not believe how her life had suddenly changed. She had been kidnapped, taken to that horrible warehouse, stripped in front of more than a dozen men and gang-raped, along with two other girls. She had been a

virgin, but no more. Then she had been given an injection which made her fall asleep and she had awoken here, wherever “here” was. It was a hot climate, and she feared she had been transported abroad.

Wherever it was, her prospects were not looking good.



Billie was washed in a luxurious bathing pool with and treated soaps and scents to die for. She gathered that the two girls cleaning her were part of the Prince’s harem.

“We exist to serve the Prince, but he is a generous man and he also lets some of his men use us,” the one girl told her. “He owns us, so that is his right. He owns you as well, now.”

“Nobody can own another person!” Billie exclaimed, but her voice sounded hollow and lacked conviction.

“Don’t argue with them,” the other girl told her. “Above all, do not disobey.”

“Just do everything you are told and life won’t be too bad,” the first girl said. “If you disobey, it will be the whip.”

Billie was a sheltered girl who had no experience of chastisement.

“T-the whip?” she asked.

The other girl nodded. “Very bad. But if you obey, you only get minor punishments for not being good enough or small errors.”



“Minor punishments? Billie exclaimed, horrified.

The other girl nodded, pulled herself out of the pool and bent over. Billie’s jaw dropped in shock at the wicked weals on the poor girl’s bottom. She counted half a dozen.

“The bamboo cane,” the girl said calmly. “Six strokes. It stings like wasps.”

”Wh-what was it for?” was all Billie could ask.

"I was required to suck my attendant's cock. I was insufficiently attentive and pleasing. I will do better next time."

"Oh my God," Billie said. During the warehouse gang-rape, she had seen both Linda and Karen being made to suck cocks. It looked disgusting. One had been pushed into her mouth, but its owner abandoned that when he saw she had no idea how to pleasure it. The taste had been disgusting.

She was trapped in an awful nightmare!

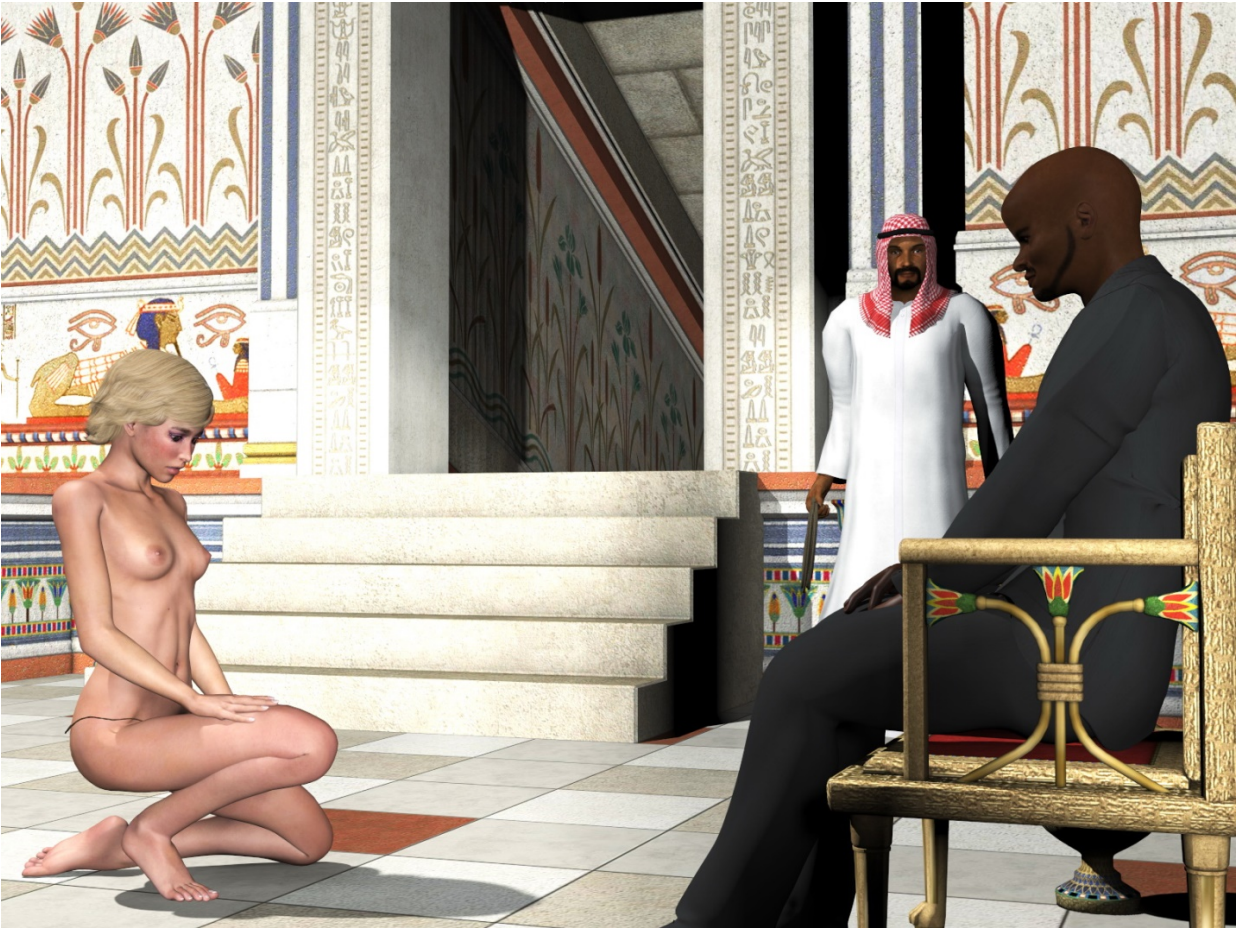


The outfit they had given her exposed her breasts and made her feel very vulnerable, and the cloth over her privates was tiny and didn't cover much. The perfume she now wore was divine, but she was worried about why she was scented like that. Her feet were bare, and they had cut her hair to make it more tidy.

"Listen to me carefully, girl," the man said in a harsh, heavily accented voice. "You have been bought by Prince Abdul al-Arim for his personal use. You now only exist to provide pleasure for him. Serve him well, and you will be fine. Refuse to obey, or serve poorly, and you will feel the kiss of my whip, this is the rope whip, there are others much worse than this one.."

Billie fought back tears. This would be like the warehouse all over again, maybe worse in some ways. She looked fearfully at the whip and decided she had no choice but to do what they said.

“I will now take you to the Prince,” the man said. He uncoiled the whip at his hip and cracked it once in the air. Billie flinched: the sound was awful. She decided there and then that she would do anything, whatever was asked of her, however bad, to avoid him using it on her.



Billie was led into the room and saw the prince. He had a regal air about him, was around thirty years old, she guessed, and actually quite good-looking. His blue eyes studied her intently and she was very aware that her breasts were now exposed, but she didn't dare cover them up, much though she wanted to.

With an autocratic manner, the Prince snapped his fingers and pointed fleetingly to the ground in front of him. Billie hesitated, not knowing what to do.

“My apologies, sire,” the man who had brought her in said in a servile manner to the Prince. “She is ill-educated and there has been no time to

train her. Girl, go and kneel before your master.”

“Do not worry, Ahmed,” the Prince said, his voice deep and melodious and that of a man used to being in total control. “There will be plenty of time for that.”

Billie hesitantly moved forward until she was a couple of steps from the Prince, and then knelt down on one knee, flattening her feet behind her. Her head was down, as much from embarrassment as anything else. She could feel his eyes on her young breasts, but again she did not dare cover them.



“In any case,” the Prince said, addressing his manservant as if Billie was not there, “I did not purchase her for her education. “Stand up, girl, and remove the rest of your clothing.”

Oh God! Billie stood up and with trembling fingers removed her garments to stand naked before him. Unwanted memories of having to strip at the warehouse came flooding back. Once again, she felt his eyes, this time on her entire body as he stood up and walked around here, taking in every inch of her naked body. It was awful.



“She is satisfactory,” the Prince pronounced airily. Billie’s already red face went a shade more crimson with humiliation at his assessment of her. “Prepare her for first use.”

She was allowed to put her clothes on once more. Clothes? They covered next to nothing. Surely she would be given something more suitable to wear? She was conscious of the Prince’s eyes on her bare bottom as she was led from the room.

What was ‘first use’, she wondered? Nothing pleasant, that would be sure. But she thought of the whip and told herself she had to obey. And she

thought of that poor girl in the baths with those dreadful cane marks just from being 'insufficiently pleasing'. What sort of a nightmare had she ended up in?

Billie was led to a bedchamber. She could not help but notice the chains and wrist and ankle cuffs at each corner of the Steel bed that was positioned in front of the main bed.

"Remove your clothes and lie spread-eagled on the steel bed frame, face upwards," Ahmed said in a tone clearly expecting obedience.

Remember the whip, Billie told herself, or the sight of those awful cane marks on that poor girl's bottom. Do as they say, no matter what.



While she was undressing, he placed a mattress of sorts on the frame, at least that would make it less uncomfortable...

She disrobed and positioned herself as instructed, and tried not to tremble as the servant secured her wrists and ankles into the chains and tightened them so she could barely move. It was not difficult to work out where this was leading, and memories of the warehouse gang-rape came flooding back to her. Had it only been a few days ago when she had been an innocent virgin?

Billie had been left alone for some hours. There was nothing to do but wait. Her nerves jangled and she jumped with every sound outside, in case it was the Prince coming. She knew he would, sooner or later.

She had received one visitor, an older woman who had fed her a pill and supplied a glass of water to wash it down with. Because of her tied arms, the woman had had to put the pill into her mouth and the glass to her lips to allow her to drink. A contraceptive pill, she assumed. She had been given a morning after pill following the gang-rape. They evidently had no intention of allowing her to become pregnant. At least that was one tiny solace.



Eventually the Prince had arrived. Billie was conflicted between dread of what was about to happen and relief that the terrible waiting was over. He surveyed her for a while and then undressed. His body was fit and lean. His manhood stood out, already erect. Billie stared at it in fear, although her view was a bit restricted by how much she could bend her head. During the gang-rape, things had been so chaotic that she had never really seen much, and she had often been taken from behind anyway. Now she could see the thing that was about to push itself inside her. Until a few days ago, she had never seen one in real life. But she had been a different girl then ...



He had smeared some lubricant on his cock, climbed up onto the bed and rammed it into her. Billie was far too terrified to protest. Soon he was humping up and down. Grunts and other sounds came from his mouth as he worked her. There were other sounds that she could hear and she realised they were her own gasps and moans.

As the fucking continued, Billie started to experience the rush of emotions and feelings she had once or twice during the gang-rape and realised that her body was responding and that, like it or not, she was coming to an orgasm. When he finally came, she did too, involuntarily but with plenty of intensity.



After the sex, the Prince had left without a word. Ahmed had appeared, released her from her chains, allowed her to pick up her tiny outfit.

Then one of the other two girls had appeared once more and insisted on cleaning her. She was embarrassed because it was so clear that she had sex.

"You'll get plenty of attention in your first few weeks as the new girl," one told her evenly. "After that, you just become one of the girls in the harem."

"How many girls are there?" Billie asked, her spirits low.

"Six at the moment," the girl replied. "The Prince likes variety. New ones like yourself come along from time to time, and every so often he sells off a few who he has lost interest in."

"What happens to them?" Billie asked nervously.

The girl shrugged. "Other masters, other harems."

Was there no way out of this nightmare?

Billie sat on the chair by her bed, in what was now her room, reflecting on her experiences since awakening here. The sex had been less brutal and rushed compared to the gang-bang but much more intense. She had orgasmed a couple of times during the gang-bang from the stimulus and probably sheer shock, but this orgasm had been much more intense. She had no control over it.

When would he take her again? Would she be tied up again? Would it be as intense? Was there any way out?

Exhausted physically and mentally, she sat there for a while, and when the other girl had gone, she got into bed, but couldn't sleep.



A beautiful breakfast spread was laid out for them the next morning, and Billie was very hungry, having not been fed for several days.

The main language here was English, although some of the girls were not very fluent. It seemed that the Prince had been educated at Oxford and so had decreed that English be the default language. Billie met a friendly girl called Wei-Lin, whose English was accented but perfect. She learnt that they were indeed in one of the Arab countries and the palace and nearby town were areas where foreigners were not allowed, unless captives. Nobody knew they were here, there would be no rescue, and escape, according to Wei-Lin, was impossible. She herself had been here for over a year, captured when she thought she was going abroad to study at university.

“Our sole purpose here is to pleasure the Prince,” she said. “Best advice I can give you is try to make him like you. Then you won’t be sold on. It’s actually quite pleasant here most of the time.”

Billie thought about last night and how the Prince had ravaged her as she writhed in her chains. Would that happen again soon?



After a day of recovery and gentle relaxation, Billie found that she was in demand again that evening!

This time the Prince took her from the rear. She was helpless to stop him, and helpless to stop her body's natural reactions. She came again!



She had indeed been summoned again tonight, but this time she had not been placed in bondage. She waited, nervously, for the Prince to arrive. She knew she had to be co-operative, but could she do it?

She hadn't been able to stop herself. When the Prince had started to caress her and his hands had gone to her private areas, she had pushed him away, instinctively. He had angrily grabbed her and hauled her over his lap, and now stinging slaps rained down on her bottom. The sheltered Billie had never experienced corporal punishment before. Protests turned to wails of anguish and then to pleas for him to stop. Nothing worked. He spanked her until her bottom was fiery red.



In the breakfast room the next morning, Ahmed glared at her and said brusquely, “new girl! Stand up!”

Billie did so, hesitantly. She sensed she was in trouble.

“His Highness The Prince has decided on your new name,” Ahmed announced to both her and everybody else. “From now on, you will be known as Belle.”

Billie tried to process this. Her very name was being taken away from her! But worse was to come as Ahmed went on.

“However, he was not satisfied with your behaviour last night. He has however decided to be merciful as you are new and ignorant. You will receive twelve strokes of the strap.”

Billie went dizzy. She could see the wicked looking thick leather strap hanging from his waistband. Never in her sheltered life had she experienced

corporal punishment. She could not imagine how this would feel.

“Turn around and bend over that table,” Ahmed instructed her.

“You will remain in position for your punishment,” Ahmed said. “Should you break position, the punishment will be doubled and will start again from the beginning.”

Oh God, Billie thought. No way could she survive twenty-four strokes, more if he started from the beginning. Her hands gripped the edge of the table feverishly.

Swish!

Slappp!

Billie squealed as the leather impacted on the bare skin of her young bottom. The pain was worse than she had imagined!

Swish!

Slappp!

“Yeeeowwww!”

Swish!

Slappp!

“Owwwww!”

Oh God, she told herself, hang on! Don’t let go of the table! Keep your knees locked straight.

Swish!

Slappp!

“Aieeoowwww!”



"He'll summon you tonight again for sure," Wei-Lin said. "This time you've really got to behave, otherwise it will be the cane tomorrow."

"Uhhhhh" was all that Billie could manage.

"You can do it Belle," Wei-Lin said encouragingly.

"Billie ... my name's Billie," came the moan from the bed.

"Not any more," Wei-Lin said gently but firmly. "And Belle's quite a nice name."

"You don't have a slave name," said Billie between sobs.

"Wei-Lin is my slave name. It was a joke, because she's a girl in a James Bond movie, feisty and determined, whilst I caved in pretty quickly."

"I hate my life," came the wretched sob from the girl on the bed.

“You’ll get used to it,” Wei-Lin encouraged her. “Once you learn to behave, punishments are rare. I haven’t been punished for ages. Learn to please the master, make that your only aim in life, and you’ll be OK.”

“Uhhhhh” came another moan from on the bed.



Billie, or Belle, had spent all day telling herself how she had to not only co-operate but even take the initiative in sex with him. Her bottom hurt as she went up and down on his man-pole, but less than it would if she had been lying down under him.

And she came, again ...



"Word reaches me that the Prince was satisfied with you last night, Belle," Wei-Lin said. "I told you that you could do it."

"I suppose," said Belle grudgingly.

"Listen," Wei-Lin said, "keep The Master happy and life will be OK for you, or even good. I'm still here after a year, he hasn't sold me on. You follow my lead and you'll be the same."

"Maybe I might be sold to somebody better," Belle said, pouting.

"Or maybe somebody a lot worse. Did you know that some harem owners have their girls' clitorises removed? And you're just finding out what yours is for, aren't you?" Belle didn't answer. "And some owners are much more keen on using the whip. If you thought that light stroking with the strap was a real punishment, you're going to have a big shock soon. But if you really, really co-operate, you might avoid it."

"I suppose," Belle repeated, as unenthusiastic as before."

"It's market day in the town tomorrow," Wei-Lin said thoughtfully. "I'm going to ask Ahmed if we can take you on an educational trip."



Belle felt so embarrassed being led through the town like this. So many men were admiring her breasts, her bottom and most of the rest of her body.

There was no possibility of making a run for it. The ankle manacles allowed to walk, in a sort of shuffle, but running would be out of the question. Besides, she suspected, quite correctly, that the passers-by would only stop her and hold her until the guard took her. And she didn't want to think what her punishment for such an attempt might be.

The Prince had not summoned her to his bed-chamber last night. He had chosen another girl instead. But Wei-Lin said she would be chosen again soon. Belle was not keen on that, but it was what it was.

If she had been on holiday, the market would have been a real treat, but as it was, she was extremely conscious of her near-nude state. And then she saw what Wei-Lin had brought her to see.



“You want to be up there with them one of the days?” Wei-Lin asked her friend.

Belle took a long look at the miserable, shamed girls, and then said quietly, “No”.



The Prince had discovered that Belle and Wei-Lin made a good team. Having lived in England for many years, he has bestowed the nickname "Fish and Chips" on them because of their respective skin tones. Belle orgasms each time the Prince takes her and she is discovering that sex with him is not so bad, either with or without Wei-Lin as a partner. Life in the harem, she has found, is not so bad. Wei-Lin had been right.