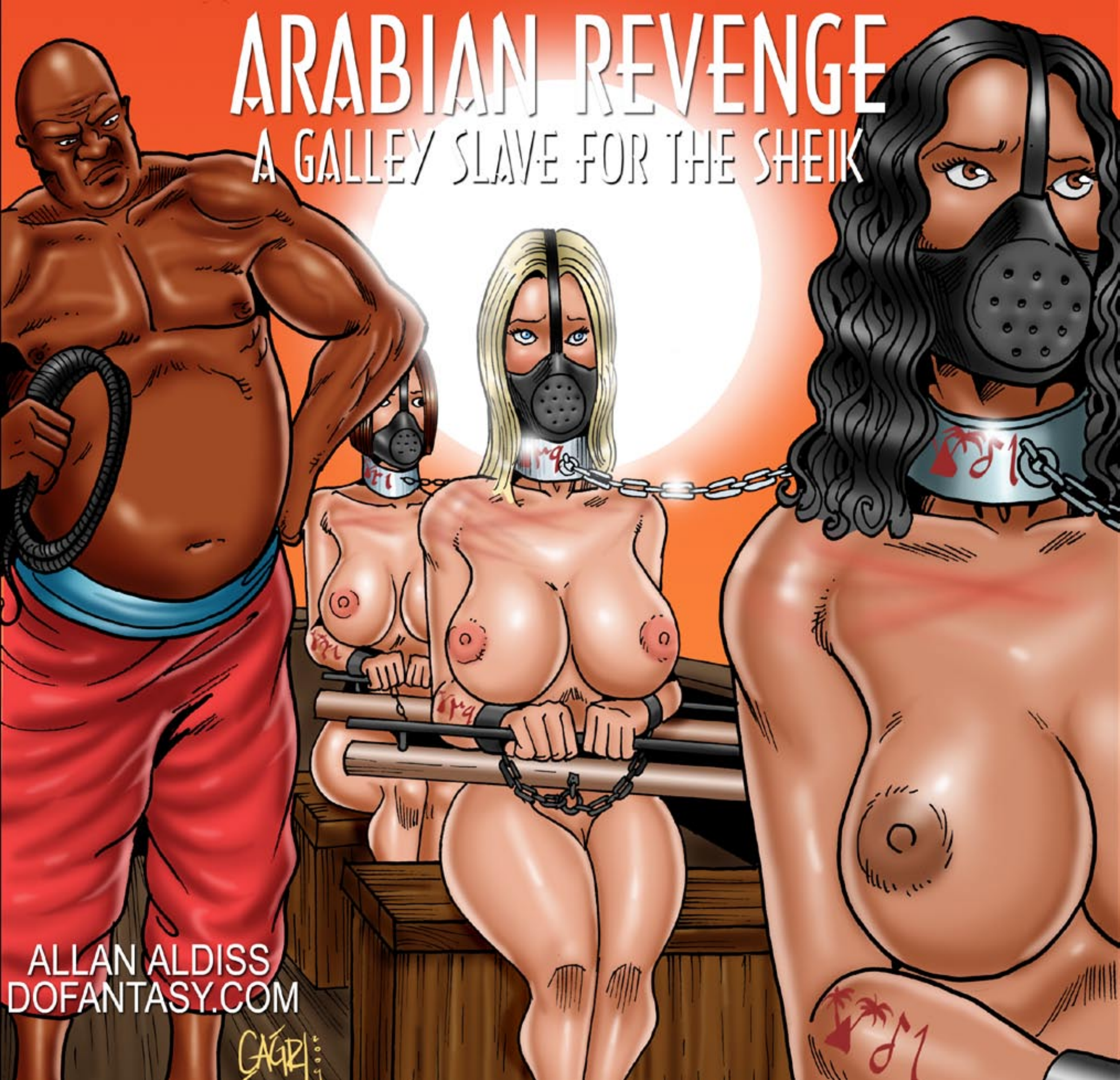
ARABIAN REVENGE

A GALLEY SLAVE FOR THE SHEIK



ALLAN ALDISS
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ARABIAN REVENGE

BOOK TWO

A GALLEY SLAVE FOR THE SHEIK

By COMANDER ALLAN ALDISS

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ARABIAN REVENGE

BOOK TWO – A GALLEY SLAVE FOR THE SHEIK

By COMMANDER ALLAN ALDISS

Barbary Revenge was for many years one of Allan Aldiss's most popular and best selling erotic books. However it is now virtually unobtainable and we are therefore now offering to our clients all from all over the world.

This is the story of what happened to Amanda Aston, a television interviewer, after she publicly denigrated on television two rival, but both leading, Middle Eastern dignitaries: the wealthy Prince Rashid and the important Sheik Turki.

Both separately swore to get their revenge on someone they regarded as a mere upstart of a woman, and an infidel at that. The fact that she was very attractive would make their revenge all the sweeter.

In Book one, knowing the strong feelings of the insulted but wealthy Arabs concerned, a modern Egyptian slave dealer has Amanda abducted. She is then bought by the Prince for his unusual and sumptuous harem. Horrified by what is in store for her, she escapes. But has she?

Here in Book Two, she finds herself a galley slave of the Sheik she had also insulted – and being subjected to forced breeding. Here in Book Two, she finds herself a galley slave of the Sheik she had also insulted – and being subjected to forced breeding.

PART IV - THE ISLAND

24 - A FRIGHTENING ARRIVAL

The helicopter had flown over trackless desert and scrub and a brilliant blue shark infested sea. Now it hovered over a small flat island that was only a few miles across.

To a casual observer this island looked dull and uninteresting. However, on the far side, away from the shipping lanes and up a long creek, was a modern white building. It looked rather like a yacht club with flagpoles and a jetty with fast speed boats moored to it. Painted over the entrance of the building was a rather distinctively designed crest of two palm trees.

Behind this was a helicopter landing pad marked with the same crest of two palm trees. A dozen smart looking helicopters were parked near the landing pad. There was also a long quay to which some twenty strange craft were moored stern on. Long and slender and lightly built, they were open except for a raised poop, which was covered to give protection from the hot sun and had a low pointed bow.

Also scattered around the island were some twenty well separated sets of white painted stone buildings, the sort of stables used to house horses in a hot climate. Next to them were bungalows for grooms.

Some way behind the white painted club house with its green well watered lawns, shaded tables and chairs and large blue swimming pool, was what might be taken for a cattle or horse market: rows of neatly painted pens surrounding an auction ring, and facing it were living quarters for servants and the barracks of the inevitable guards.

There was activity: several cattle trucks and horse boxes were bumping their way across the island on the rough tracks that converged on this market from the various sets of buildings to the creek.

Amanda was in a state of great excitement as the helicopter descended.

Its engine died away. She was about to taste freedom at last!

Then her nightmare began.

Almost before she had time to realise what was going on, she was gripped by strong black hands, her enveloping shroud was ripped off and with it her blue harem dress. She found herself crouching naked on her knees in a small cage, gripping the bars. A blanket was thrown over the entire thing, blotting everything out. She could see through the bars at the bottom of her cage that it was being placed on a trolley.

Her cries for help were greeted with laughter as the trolley was pushed across the landing pad and into a shed. The cage was lifted up and put down onto the sandy ground and the blanket removed. She had a momentary vision of other similar cages, other caged and naked women and of burly laughing Negroes naked to the waist and wearing a sort of uniform of baggy red trousers and a red turban.

The mere sight of the black men made her tremble.

In England she had been proud of saying that she had no racist feelings. Indeed many of her journalist colleagues had been coloured. They had been intelligent and educated men.

But here in Arabia it was different, very different, and so were the ignorant and brutal black men employed by the wealthy Arabs to take charge of their women. Now, after all the humiliation of being intimately controlled and constantly supervised by the eunuchs in charge of Prince Rashid's harem, she was scared of black men. Indeed, as she had learned in the harem, it


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When the helicopter lands on the island, instead of being released, Amanda is, to her horror, mysteriously stripped naked by burly negro servants, and bundle into a small iron cage on a trolley which is taken to a shed. Other cages also contain a chained and manacled woman, some slim and some big breasted. A wide metal collar engraved with Arabic numerals is fastened round Amanda's neck. Then whilst she held quite still by the negroes and by her new collar chains, an Arab tattoos the same numbers in large Arabic numerals onto her forearm, together with two large palm trees – the crest of the Montah Island Sporting Club.

was a natural deep-felt fear in white and Arab women that rich Middle Eastern men had taken advantage of for centuries - by employing black eunuchs to supervise and subjugate their women.

Two burly Negroes came up to the cage, grinning at her. The fact that these men, with their deep voices, didn't seem to be eunuchs, frightened her even more.

With them was an Arab, holding a piece of paper on which some Arabic numerals had been written. He looked at the paper and at some numbers prominently engraved on the front of a metal collar handed to him by an assistant. She saw that the collar had strong looking rings welded onto the front and back and that a length of stout chain hung down from the back ring. Then he nodded to the Negroes, who reached down and unlocked the top of her cage.

One of the men put his boot down on her neck to hold her down while the other one gripped her hair to hold her head still. The Arab reached down and closed the collar round her neck. It was hinged and the Negro keeping her down with his boot held the ends together. The Arab inserted a lead pellet into these two rings and, using an instrument that looked like a large pair of pliers; he squeezed the lead pellet until the ends were riveted together.

One of the Negroes fastened her collar chain to the bars at the bottom of the cage and pulled her right arm through the bars of the cage, whilst the other held her still with his boot.

"No!" she screamed.

The second Negro reached down and smacked her sharply across the cheek, shouting out a word of command in Arabic. Obviously it was an order to keep silence. Smarting from the shock of having her face smacked, she obeyed.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the Arab bend down and pick up another instrument. She felt it touch her forearm. Nervously she tried to pull her arm away, but it was firmly held.

She could not see her arm, but she felt it being wiped with something wet. The Arab picked up another instrument and there was a buzzing noise followed by a pricking sensation as if a little needle was being repeatedly jabbed into her skin...

Suddenly the instrument was withdrawn. The Arab took a last look at the numbers he had tattooed onto her skin and the number engraved on her new collar. Satisfied they were the same, he left.

The Negro standing over her lifted up his boot and slammed shut the top of her cage before carefully locking it. The other threw the blanket over her cage.

Once again she was in darkness. She heard the sound of a woman weeping.

She realised that it was herself.

25 - IN THE PENS

An hour later the blanket over Amanda's cage was again pulled off by the two burly Negroes. This time one of them unlocked her collar chain from the bottom of the cage, whilst the second unlocked the top of the cage itself. Then, gripping her tightly, they fastened her hands behind her back.

The second Negro lifted her up right out of the cage and set her down, still holding her up for a moment as she tottered unsteadily on her feet after being confined to the small cage.

They led her by the chain fastened to her collar to a door decorated with a crest of two palm trees. They opened the door and took her out into the open.

To her horror, Amanda saw that half a dozen naked women were standing in two lines of straw lined pens. Some looked Chinese or Filipino, others Indian, but they looked strangely inhuman as their mouths were held wide open by a chain fastened behind their necks. They also had shiny metal collars like hers, with Arabic numbers engraved on the front on either side of a central ring, together with the emblem of two palm trees.

She was brutally pushed into a pen and a strap passed round her waist to hold her belly against the bars. Then the ring on the front of her collar was clipped to one of the bars, holding her up even more tightly.

The pens were like the cattle pens in a market, though the gaps between the bars were too small for a woman to slip out between them, and wire netting over the top of each pen would prevent her from climbing out.

However, there was little chance of that, for not only were their arms fastened behind their backs, but they too were held up against the front bars of their pens by a clip onto the ring at the front of their collars and by a strap round their waists.

On the front of each pen was a white plastic shield decorated with the same crest of two palm trees, underneath which Arabic writing and numerals had been written with a marker pen.

A light chain was pushed through her mouth and round her cheeks, holding her mouth wide open like the other women. It was fastened behind her neck, gagging her very effectively.

The Negroes stood back and looked at her. She had the impression that they were taking particular pleasure in humiliating her as a white woman - and perhaps as a hated Christian.

They now started to measure her bosom and waist, seeming delighted with the way her breasts had been enlarged and her nipples elongated. They kept pointing to the difference between her full bosom and small waist, which had been kept trim by her regime with Prince Rashid.

They wrote the figures on the white plastic shield hanging from the front of her pen and then went off, leaving her standing there unable to move or speak.

After some minutes the two Negroes returned with an Arab-looking man dressed like a doctor in a white robe with a stethoscope round his neck. He was holding a writing pad with a long form printed in Arabic. One of the Negroes was wheeling a trolley containing medical equipment and a printer to which several wire leads were attached. It also held a portable weighing machine.

They stopped at Amanda's pen. She tried to back away but, of course, she couldn't move. The doctor reached

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Women of various shapes, colours and ages are being displayed as potential galley slaves to the members of the Montah Island Sporting Club and their negro whipmasters. Hidden behind sun-glasses, the bearded Sheikh Turki enjoys seeing Amanda being humiliated and shamed, particularly when his own whipmaster, Osman, checks on her potential as both a galley slave and milk slave – as well as the tightness of her rear passage. "She's also got good child bearing hips," he reports. Then he points to the figures written on the front of her pen. "With such a big difference between her breast and waist measurements, she'll nicely increase our handicap." The Sheikh smiles. Revenge will be indeed sweet.

through the bars with his stethoscope and started to sound out her heart, making notes on the printed form as he did so. Then he took her blood pressure and again made notes.

He ran his hands over her body, feeling first her arm and shoulder muscles carefully, then her breasts and finally her stomach and thighs.

He turned to one of the Negroes and pointed at her intimacies. The Negro gestured roughly to Amanda to part her legs and bend her knees. When she hesitated he picked up something that looked like an electric cattle goad and touched the inside of her thighs. Amanda saw him flick a switch in the handle and immediately she felt a sharp shock. The pain made her jump, but the strap round her waist and the clip on her collar held her tight.

The Negro repeated his gesture. This time she parted her legs and bent her knees immediately. Anything rather than be given another shock!

She felt the doctor separating her beauty lips, as if searching for her beauty bud. She gave a sudden jerk as he found it. She saw him nod and note something down on the form. My God, thought Amanda, was he checking whether she had been circumcised? She had heard about that cruel Middle Eastern custom - indeed she had broadcast about it.

She tried to call out in protest when he began to feel up inside her, but her gag kept her quite quiet.

The doctor said something in Arabic and the Negro produced a bottle. He gestured menacingly with the electric goad. His meaning was only too clear and, highly embarrassed, Amanda was made to give a specimen which the doctor started to test immediately. He was testing whether she was pregnant. Again the doctor made a note on the form.

He stuck the ends of the wire leads onto different parts of Amanda's body and switched on the printer. She realised that a cardiograph of her heart was being taken.

The doctor looked closely at the print out and wrote something on the form whilst the Negroes removed the wires.

Then the other Negro lifted the portable weighing machine off the trolley and put it on the ground by Amanda's feet and gestured to her to stand on it. Quickly she did so, her eyes on the terrifying goad. The doctor bent down and read off her weight, making her step on and off the weighing machine several times so as to be sure. Finally he wrote down a number on his form and signed it. He handed the form to one of the Negroes, who stuck it onto the white plastic shield hanging from the front of Amanda's pen.

A few minutes later a younger Negro, holding a comb and hairbrush, came to Amanda's pen and started to brush her hair and smarten her up.

The young man left her and started to work on the woman in the next pen. Amanda looked at her companions in misery. One was a pretty, slender, Italian-looking girl; next to her was a strongly built Indian girl and then a Scandinavian-looking blonde. Further along on the opposite side the passageway were the pens of two very pretty Siamese-looking girls who were gazing around with a terrified air.

All had been shorn and their beauty lips were well displayed - like her own, for she had been kept carefully depilated in Prince Rashid's harem.

Three other young women were marched in. Two were Chinese and the other European. They were put into pens right opposite Amanda's and she saw that they had not yet been shorn.

Amanda watched as they were strapped to the bars at the front of their pens and put into shiny metal collars whose side chains held them rigidly still. The gagging chains were fastened round their necks. As the chain was pushed between the lips of the European woman, Amanda heard her cry out.

The young Negro who had brushed Amanda's hair came back along the passageway, carrying a stool and some electric clippers and sat down on the little stool so that his face was now level with the intimacies of the blushing Englishwoman.

Amanda watched as he ran his clippers over the woman's mound, removing all the hair. Then, using a goad to make her part her legs, he carefully removed all the hair around her beauty lips. Soon both she and the Chinese girls had the same little girl look as Amanda

and all the other women - as the doctor noted as he proceeded to examine them and sign their certificates.

A few minutes later two other new arrivals were brought in and subjected to the same treatment and examination. The Negroes seemed particularly pleased by their already muscular bodies. Although Amanda had no way of knowing it, they were Israeli girls who had been working in a Kibbutz, from which they had recently been kidnapped by Arab terrorists who had earned themselves a nice sum from the despised but fit Jewish girls.

Down between the two lines of pens came some twenty immaculately dressed Arab gentlemen. They were wearing long white spotless and freshly starched Arab dress and headgear. Some also wore the gold embroidered black transparent over-robe of the wealthy ruling families. Many had short pointed beards and were wearing large opaque sun glasses that hid their eyes and the expression of cruelty and lust in their faces as they eyed the trembling women chained in the pens.

Walking deferentially behind each of these ruthless and powerful men were their whipmasters, cruel looking men, each proud to be in charge of his master's women on this strange island.

Some of the whipmasters only wore a cotton sarong around their shining black muscular bodies - black because in Arabia, as Amanda had learned in the harem, Negroes were traditionally used to supervise and discipline the women of the rich.

Amanda shuddered as she saw that all the whipmasters carried, like a badge of office, a short handled whip with a leather thong curled up in their hands. The tips of the thongs were knotted.

Some of these whipmasters were eagerly reaching through the bars of the pens to feel shoulder muscles and thighs, as well as breasts and waists, before whispering into the ears of their masters who were busy looking at the details of the women written on the plastic shields hanging from the front of each pen. They were, Amanda thought, rather like stud grooms at a horse sale, some interested in buying, others in selling.

The black whipmaster in charge of the Italian-looking girl unfastened her gagging chain and the strap round her waist and the clip on her collar. Then, leaving her hands fastened behind her back, he proceeded to show off her agility by throwing lumps of sugar into the air, making the poor girl jump up to catch them in her mouth, like a performing dog. Clearly it was a trick that she had been trained to do.

Impressed, another of the whipmasters, a huge fat bald headed man, felt her muscles, carefully weighed her breasts with his hands and made her turn round so that he could feel her hindquarters and up her backside.

Then, cleaning his hands on the straw of her pen, he turned her round again and, bending down, parted her beauty lips.

When he was satisfied, the big Negro went back to where his master, immaculate in white and black Arab robes, was standing, unrecognised by Amanda, eyes hidden by dark glasses.

Sheik Turki was really more interested in watching the humiliation of Amanda. She had attracted considerable attention - not only for her English nationality and her beauty, but also for her large bosom and small waist.

Numerous Arab and Negro whipmasters had felt her all over - and up inside her. She was blushing with shame. She felt that she had never been so humiliated. Sheik Turki's eyes glinted with pleasure behind his sun glasses as he watched her evident feeling of shame.

Selling her and then buying her back might cost him a little, but he didn't mind that - it was merely the beginning of his revenge!

26 - SOLD!

An hour later, one by one, the women were taken by the Negroes and tied by their collar chains to a line of rings set in the wall outside the auction ring.

By this time the wealthy Arabs and their whipmaster advisers had finished their inspection. They sat on comfortable chairs looking down into the ring itself and it was these men, laughing and talking amongst themselves, that Amanda first saw when she was taken into the auction ring - the first woman to be sold.

Amanda could feel sand on the floor of the ring under her naked feet- so that if a woman disgraced herself under the stress of being sold, it could all be quickly raked over.

In the middle of the ring was a post with a long horizontal arm attached to it. Naked in front of all these well-dressed men, Amanda allowed herself to be led up to it. The arm was neck height and on the end was a ring to which a woman's collar chain could be attached.

She stood trembling in the pit-like area, surrounded by a high round wooden wall, above which were seated staring men. Her hands were still chained behind her back and her collar chain was fastened to the bar. She longed to cry out, to protest, to beg for her release, but the chain was still fastened tightly between her teeth, gagging her.

The auctioneer, standing in his rostrum to the side of the ring, pressed a switch and the arm started to revolve round the post, making Amanda break into a run. Soon her breasts were bouncing prettily.

But what the immaculately dressed Arabs and their mainly black whipmasters really wanted to judge was the stamina of a young woman and how she would stand up to physical stress.

The auctioneer pressed another button and the rotating arm increased its speed, making Amanda strain to keep up. Soon she was sweating freely and her breasts were flapping wildly from side to side, as she was made to run faster and faster.

Sheikh Turki enjoyed the spectacle whilst he sat comfortably, sipping a cool refreshing drink, his whipmaster, Osman, seated behind him.

The auctioneer began.

"Number 731. A new girl. European. Weight 56 kilos. Well breasted and slim. May I have an opening bid?"

The bidding started briskly. Christian women were quite rare in the auction ring.

Unable to understand Arabic and forced to concentrate on her footing as she raced round behind the rotating arm, Amanda had little idea of what was going on. But suddenly the awful arm stopped going round and her collar chains were unfastened.

One of the whipmasters came into the room in which women who had been sold were kept chained up by their collar chains. He was a large frightening looking man. She learned his name was Osman.

He looked carefully at the numbers on Amanda's arm and then signed a receipt for her which he handed to an official looking Arab.

The Arab went and collected a pair of manacles, connected by a heavy chain about a foot long. He weighed the manacles in front of Osman and looked at him enquiringly. Osman nodded his agreement: they were of the regulation weight.

Then the Arab motioned to Osman to unfasten Aman-

da's wrists from behind her back. Amanda sighed with relief as her arms were freed and rubbed her wrists. Astonished, she now saw for the first time the mark of two palm trees that had been tattooed in black onto her very white forearm. They were followed by Arabic numerals.

Before she could think more about it, Osman gripped her wrists again, holding them in front of her body this time, and the Arab slipped a manacle onto each: she was appalled at the weight of the short chain now linking her wrists.

Now the Arab inserted a wire containing a special seal into the flanges holding the manacles closed and drove a lead pellet down into them with a special tool like a pair of pliers. Not only were the manacles now locked round her wrists but they were officially sealed as well - as a precaution against a keen whipmaster from seeking an advantage over his rivals by replacing them with a lighter pair of manacles.

Amanda longed to cover her intimacies with her now half free hands, but Osman made her hold her arms up with the chain over her neck and behind her head. Because of the weight of the chain, Amanda found that that it was a strain holding this position but, eyeing Osman's whip, did not dare to try and move her hands. It was a position that she would be frequently ordered to assume in future.

Then Osman unfastened the chain gag and handed it back to the official-looking Arab. Delighted, Amanda eased her mouth. But her feeling of relief was short lived for the chain was quickly replaced by a muzzle of Osman's own design - a leather cup that went under her chin and over her mouth where it fitted tightly over her upper lips. It had two little holes over the mouth, partly to help breathing and also, as she would soon discover, to enable her to suck up water, or the fruit juices and special soups that would form a large part of her diet.

Osman produced a hood and put it over the head of the frightened Amanda. It had a little wire mesh at the side to allow for breathing, but she could see nothing. She felt the hood being strapped round her neck and her heavy manacle chains being fastened to the buckle.

After what seemed hours, her collar chain was unfastened. Holding her collar chain in one hand, Osman drove her forward with the whip in his other hand. At first she felt sand under her feet and then wood. She seemed to being driven up a wooden ramp, like that of a cattle truck. She felt her collar chain being fastened behind her. She was chained, standing with her back to the side of the truck.

Soon she heard the sounds of other women being driven up the ramp and chained just like her. She tried to call out to them, but thanks to her muzzle all that came out were little grunts, answered by other muffled grunts.

She heard the engine start and then with a jolt the truck set off along a bumpy track.

She had been sold again!

PART V - BROKEN IN

27 - DISCIPLINE - A TERRIFYING START

The truck containing Amanda and some other purchases came to a halt alongside a long white painted building. Although the hooded Amanda could not see it, next to this building was an attractive air conditioned bungalow surrounded by flowers and next to that a small air conditioned barracks. The contrast between the comfortable looking bungalow and barracks and the bleak looking windowless farm-like building, with no sign of air conditioning, was marked.

The bungalow was for the whipmaster, Osman, and his wife. The little barracks was for his young Negro assistants.

Beyond these buildings was just sand and scrub and beyond that the brilliant blue sea. Only a pile of dirty straw, on a concrete pad and surrounded on three sides by a white painted wall, showed that the farm building was in use. Behind the bungalow was a well laid out vegetable and fruit garden that, like the flower beds, seemed surprisingly fertile for this bleak landscape - until one realised the evident role of the pile of straw and manure!

The ramp at the back of the truck was lowered. Although light now streamed into the truck, the women were still in darkness, under their hoods. There was the menacing crack of a whip and the sound of excited voices, boys' voices. Amanda heard the deep voice of Osman laughing as the boys climbed into the truck. She tried to shrink back as she felt eager young hands on her breasts, on her belly and parting her hairless beauty lips, but she was stopped by the side of the truck pressing against her naked back and bottom.

Then she heard Osman give an order and the unseen hands fell back except for one rather pudgy pair which went on examining her and then unfastened her collar chain from the ring in the side of the truck. She felt a sharp tap on her rear as if from a cane and found herself being driven down the ramp - apparently by a small boy!

Still hooded and muzzled, Amanda was urged on by the cane through an end door of the windowless building, her heavy wrist chain clinking as she nervously held her hands out in front of her. She now felt cobble stones beneath her naked feet. There was an animal-like smell and she heard the clinking of more of chains and whimpers that seemed to be coming from all around her.

She felt the boy's hands pushing her up a step and then turning her round. There was a noise behind her as her collar chain was again fastened to something. She was left alone, standing there nervously and unable to see.

Then suddenly there were small hands unfastening the strap of the hood round her neck and it was lifted off. She blinked in the unaccustomed light, looked around her and then gasped in horror, only her tight muzzle preventing her from crying out.

She was standing in small white washed open stall, in a large airy and well lit building. There were ventilation slits below the roof through which sunlight also streamed. Overhead, large fans slowly rotated.

The stall was deep enough to allow her to lie down, but only a few feet wide. In the back of the stall was a vertical bar with a sliding ring to which her collar chain had been fastened. To one side of the vertical bar was a small shelf and on it a simple metal comb, a lipstick and some eye make up. Above it a small mirror was fastened to the wall.


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Amanda was horrified to find herself chained in a stall and surrounded by other similarly naked and chained women. It was like being in a stables. But why were the women being kept so well disciplined - and muzzled so that they could not talk to each other? Even more shocking was the evident purpose of the central gutters in the stalls leading to the rubber lips overhanging the drop into the gutter at the sided of the passageway – and the little piles of straw. The women, she realised, were being treated like animals. But there was worse to follow.

Down on the floor of the stall, along one wall, was a feeding trough and along the other a water trough. Fresh straw had been pushed back to the sides and in one of the back corners was a small pile of it.

Standing next to her was a small black boy of perhaps ten, wearing a simple sarong. He was proudly holding a small whippy cane with a curved handle with which he pointed to a gutter which ran down the centre of the cobbled stall to an open gutter which ran down the side of the passageway.

Like the stall, the passageway was cobbled - with the open drain running down each side. Several other young black boys, also carrying canes, were striding importantly up and down the passageway.

But it was none of this that had made Amanda gasp in horror. It was the sight of other young women, naked like herself, standing in the stalls facing her across the passageway. Like her, they were muzzled and their wrists were joined by a heavy chain. They also had the sign of two palm trees tattooed onto their right forearms, followed by some Arabic numerals. Their mounds and beauty lips had also been completely depilated.

In front of each stall was a blackboard on which a number had been painted. Below it was a lot of Arabic written in chalk and various tick marks.

The boy pointed to the Arabic numbers painted on the blackboard outside her stall and then at her own forearm. She saw that they were identical. The boy then again pointed to the numbers and called out something in Arabic. He repeated it twice and pointed to her. He was teaching her the allocated number.

Suddenly she heard the deep voice of Osman, shouting something in Arabic from the far end of the passageway and the women opposite began to comb their hair, put on lipstick and make up their eyes.

They were all very attractive. Some looked Indian, some Chinese, some Siamese or Filipino - and some clearly were European.

There was another shouted command from Osman and the frightening crack of his whip. The boy gave Amanda a sharp tap with his cane and held up one finger. He pointed to the stall opposite, where a very pretty Chinese girl was now straddling the central gutter that ran down the centre of her stall.

There was another crack of the whip. The boy held up two fingers and again pointed to the Chinese girl who now bent her knees, put her chained hands up behind her neck, thrust her belly forward and looked straight ahead. Amanda saw that all the other girls had done the same and that the other boys were walking up and down the passageway, using their canes to make some of the women part their legs more, some bend their knees more and others hold themselves up straighter.

There was yet another crack of the whip and the boy now held up three fingers.

Immediately the Chinese girl, still standing rigidly upright with her legs apart, started to pass water into the gutter of her stall and all the other young women were doing likewise.

Then came another shouted word of command. The women opposite stepped forward right to the edge of their stalls - their collar chains taut behind them. They knelt down on all fours on the cobble stones, their knees and the palms of their hands on either side of the gutter, heads lowered so that muzzles were touching it. Their long hair was flung forward over the edge of their stalls. They made a perfect picture of abject submission.

The large figure of Osman now came slowly down the passageway, looking at the women on the opposite side. Again the boy gave Amanda a sharp tap with his cane and pointed to what was going on.

Amanda saw that as Osman came up to each stall the boy overseer would call out her number and the girl would jump up and stand at attention, with her right forearm held out in front of her, showing off her tattooed number. Then, still holding out her right arm, she would bend her knees and part her beauty lips with the fingers of her left hand, displaying her womanly charms to the burly great Negro.

After Osman had passed each girl would smartly resume her former humble position on all fours.

The huge figure of Osman slowly passed down in front of her, looking at the girls on the opposite side of the passageway. Amanda eyed him with fear and respect as he passed.

Show Respect! Yes, that must be the purpose of this degrading position!

When Osman reached the end of the passageway, he turned back towards the stalls on Amanda's side. The boy left Amanda and stood in the passageway.

Again came a shouted order which Amanda recognised. She hesitated, as if pretending she did not know what she was supposed to do. But she did! And when the boy raised his cane warningly, she too started to comb her hair, put on lipstick and paint her eyes.

Then, after some minutes, came another familiar shouted order, and the crack of Osman's whip. For the benefit of Amanda, the boy raised one finger. Oh no, thought Amanda, not that! But when the boy again raised his cane, she found herself standing astride the shallow gutter of her stall.

The whip cracked again. The boy held up two fingers.

Very nervously Amanda bent her knees slightly and put her chained hands behind her head as she had seen the Chinese girl do. The Negro boy was striding up and down the passageway looking at his several charges. When he came back to Amanda, he gave her an angry look and hit her hard with his cane, pointing to her knees. Biting her lips with shame, Amanda bent her knees more.

There was now a long pause. Amanda knew that she must get herself ready to perform the next time the whip cracked.

Suddenly she heard it. At first she was too shy and embarrassed to do anything, but then nature took over and she too performed into the shallow gutter between her widely spread feet.

It took several strokes of the boy's cane before Amanda could bring herself to assume the humiliating position on all fours kneeling in her stall, forehead touching the gutter and long air flung forward over the edge of the stall.

She could hear Osman slowly coming down the passageway. She heard the piping voices of the boys calling out the numbers of the women as Osman passed and the rattle of chains as each woman in turn jumped up and assumed the humiliating position of Show Respect. She heard the deep resonant voice of Osman as he commented on each woman to her boy overseer.

Finally Osman reached her stall. The boy put his foot on her neck to make her keep her head down into the gutter. Out of the corner of her eye she could just make out the black feet of Osman as he stood in front of her. She heard him say something to the boy and the boy replied. Both laughed.

Then she heard the boy call out something. She recognised her number and knew what she had to do, but she simply couldn't bring herself to do it.

Suddenly there was a line of fire across her naked behind as the boy brought his cane down across them. She screamed behind her muzzle but immediately jumped up and stood at attention, head raised and eyes looking straight ahead above the huge Osman, as he stood below her in the passageway. She held out her right forearm across her body, showing off the tattooed numbers.

But she knew that this was not enough, but she just couldn't do the rest of it, she just couldn't...

The boy brought his cane down again. With a little yelp, Amanda put the fingers of her left hand down onto her beauty lips. Still not satisfied, the boy again raised his cane. With a sob of shame and despair, Amanda parted her beauty lips and displayed her womanly charms.

28 - DRILLED AND DISCIPLINED

Osman passed on down the passageway and the blushing Amanda relaxed from the humiliating position of Show Respect and renewed the humble position of Submission, kneeling on all fours astride the shallow gutter, head lowered, muzzle in the gutter, hair thrown forward over the edge of the stall's raised floor.

Then she heard the boy who seemed to be her particular overseer step into her stall. His name, she had learnt, was Batu. He reached down and, holding her hair with one hand, raised her head. She felt him release her muzzle momentarily, but before she could cry out he thrust several large pills into her mouth and then quickly refastened the muzzle. She choked and the boy patted her back and stroked her throat to make her swallow the pills.

She saw that he was carrying a small flesh coloured plastic plug. It was several inches long and curiously shaped with a long softly pointed nose, like a bullet and a cut-in narrower waist. At the bottom it opened out into a flat flange.

He pushed her head down again and went behind her. She gave a jump as she felt his hands on her cheeks, but remembering his vicious little cane she kept her position. She was horrified as she felt him slowly part the cheeks. He put something greasy onto her rear orifice and rubbed it in with his finger.

Then she gave a gasp as he pushed in the plastic plug. She felt it going deeper and deeper inside her, until it was stopped by the flange pressing against her bottom. She tried to push it out with her muscles, but near the flange it was narrower - shaped to be gripped by her sphincter muscles, making it impossible for her to eject it.

She had been plugged! Plugged and dosed! Plugged, presumably, so that she would not disgrace herself in her stall until Batu had time to instruct her in how to do it to his orders.

But she had little time to reflect more on the uncomfortable plug, for there came a shout of what she would later learn meant 'Exercise!'

The women all jumped up and stood standing in their stalls, their manacled hands raised with the heavy manacle chain behind their necks. The boys came down each line of stalls, each carrying a long whip, like a boy's riding crop.

One by one they unlocked the women's collar chains from the sliding bar at the back of each stall and, at a word of command, each woman stepped forward into the passageway. It was a brief moment of freedom, but the young overseers made their charges keep their hands clasped behind their necks before fastening the end of their collar chains to the ring on the front of the collar of the woman behind.

When Amanda felt her chain being released, she rushed into the passageway and ran up to the end, seeking to escape from this awful place. But to her horror a steel gate barred the way out. Crying out beneath her muzzle with disappointment and frustration, she ineffectually tugged at the closed gate and hammered at it with her manacled hands.

She heard Osman laughing behind her. She turned and saw him standing half up the passageway, grinning, feet apart and whip raised. Slowly he beckoned her back. She gave the closed gate a final shake and then turned back towards Osman.

He was pointing to the cobbled floor of the passage-

way. His meaning was unmistakable. With a sob she fell onto all fours and started to crawl back to her stall, her collar chain dragging behind her. As she passed Osman, he brought his whip down across her back. She screamed and scuttled back to her stall like a whipped cur.

Moments later, she too, was standing on one side of the passageway, one of a line of a dozen silent women being chained up to form a coffle, with a similar number forming a chained coffle on the other side of the passageway.

She heard a creaking noise as the barred steel gate at the end of the passageway was opened. Then there was a crack of a whip. Amanda saw that the women straightened up as if expecting another order. Another whip crack and the two lines of women broke into a high-stepping trot, raising their knees high in the air and keeping their hands clasped behind their necks.

Amanda felt a sudden jerk forward on her collar as the woman in front of her, a young Indian-looking girl who was kept in the stall next to hers, broke into a prancing run. Then her collar was jerked backwards as the woman behind her, who was also new to all this, was pulled forward. Both women were encouraged by Batu's whip to keep up a steady prancing pace as they ran down the passageway, past the now open gate and out into the warm evening sun.

Amanda saw that the two chained coffles of prancing naked women were now running onto a small concrete parade ground on which various white lines had been painted.

The two women leading the coffles, big strong-looking women, now separated. One, a coffee coloured Indian girl, led her coffle round the outside of the small parade ground in a clockwise direction. The other, a Scandinavian-looking European woman who was the leader of Amanda's coffle, led hers round the opposite way, so that they kept passing each other.

Amanda saw that everyone was running in step and she tried to follow the step of the Indian girl in front of her. But she was also becoming increasingly conscious of the cleverly shaped plug and, moreover, she could feel her belly beginning to respond to the pills.

In the centre of the parade ground stood Osman, cracking his whip menacingly and calling out the pace.

"One, two! Left, right!"

At each corner of the parade ground stood one of the boys, also cracking his whip, shouting orders to individual women as they pranced past him and applying his whip to the bottom of any woman he felt was not straining to raise her knees properly.

The boys were grinning and shouting to each other, obviously thoroughly enjoying the opportunity to use their whips.

Amanda recognised her own number being shouted out by one of the boys, but did not understand what he was saying. Seconds later his whip fell, making her stumble with the pain.

"731! Knees up! Up! Up! Up!" she realised he must be shouting in Arabic.

Moments later she passed another lboy and his whip, this time, caught her across the shoulders. Again came the shouted order.

"731! Up! Up! Up!"

Desperately Amanda tried to raise her knees higher. Every time that she did so, she could feel the plug. She was now passing another boy. She saw that he was looking at her, his whip raised. But this time he was pointing at her head and elbows.

"Head up! Elbows back!" he seemed to be shouting.

Terrified of the boy's raised whip, Amanda strained to obey. Soon she was out of breath with the effort and could feel the sweat beginning to run down her body.

There was no respite for the straining women as they pranced round, each coffle keeping perfect time, all raising their knees to the same height whilst keeping their heads up, their elbows and shoulders back and their eyes fixed on the head of the woman in front.

Suddenly the panting Amanda heard a blast from Osman's whistle. The women halted smartly and caught their breath. What a relief! Then a minute later there was another blast of the whistle and, raising their knees high, in military fashion, the well drilled women turned smartly into line. Only the new girls were slow in reacting to the whistle.

Amanda was terrified of getting the whip again, for not having turned properly.

“Please,” she tried to call out from under her muzzle, “please don’t beat me. I’ll do it properly next time.”

But one of the boys had noticed her awkwardness. Shouting with anger, he came over to her and raised his whip. He held up an admonishing finger and brought the whip down - this time across her belly.

Amanda screamed behind her muzzle, but she did not dare to break position. Never again, she swore, would she fail to turn in the smart military way that was evidently expected on this parade ground. Indeed driven by her fear of the whip, Amanda was learning fast!

Just off the parade ground stood a luxurious looking four wheel drive vehicle, its windows tinted to hide its occupant. The engine was running to keep the air conditioning going.

Sitting comfortably within, Sheikh Turki watched his women being drilled. In particular he watched Amanda, gloating as he did so.

This was revenge indeed!

Her slim shapely body was straining with the effort of keeping up the prancing step and he saw her eye the boys’ whips with fear. How frightened and mystified the once arrogant and condescending television interviewer must feel now! Now it was she who was humiliated - a mere naked, prancing, muzzled, plugged and manacled creature.

And she still had no idea of the fate that awaited her...

He turned to his driver and told him to drive back to the club house and his waiting helicopter.

The two coffles faced each other across the small parade ground, with the women in each one spaced, by their collar chains, exactly three feet apart.

Again the whistle blew. This time the women dropped to their knees, their manacled hands touching the ground. Amanda was slow in following them and was rewarded with a smart crack of a whip across her rear. With a gasp of pain, she quickly assumed the same position as the others.

There was a long pause whilst the boys strolled up and down the coffles, whips at the ready, the women quite still and silent behind their muzzles, their eyes looking straight ahead as each one prayed that she had not done anything to attract the attention of these demanding little monsters.

Satisfied at last, Osman blew another blast on his whistle. The women quickly straightened their legs out behind them and took their weight on the palms of their manacled hands and on the tips of their toes, as they strained to keep their bodies quite straight, a few inches above the concrete ground.

Again the boys walked up and down, giving a stroke of their whip to any woman whose body was not quite straight. This time it was the other Englishwoman who received the whip. She strained to try and obey, but it took several strokes before the boy was satisfied.

Again Osman blew his whistle: six short blasts, followed by a longer one. Immediately the women bent their elbows and, keeping their bodies quite straight, performed a perfect press-up, lowering their bodies until their nipples just touched the concrete. Then Osman cracked his whip and in unison the women slowly straightened their arms again, before repeating the exercise slowly, six times.

Poor Amanda got the whip when she allowed her exhausted body to collapse onto the concrete and again when she failed to keep her body in a straight line. But by the end of the exercise, although she was panting with the exertion, she was doing it quite well.

There was a short pause and then the whistle blew eight times, again followed by a long blast as the signal for the women to perform again - this time eight times.

The exercise was repeated several times and each time the number of short blasts varied. Amanda, like the other women, found herself counting the number of short blasts so as not to make a mistake and get the whip across her backside.

29 - MORE HUMILIATION FOR AMANDA

Half an hour later the women, sweating and exhausted from their exercises, stood chained up in the coffles outside the building. Two showers were running and Osman sat between them on a small stool. At a word of command the lead woman of the coffle containing Amanda stepped under the first shower.

Moments later Amanda found herself being dragged by her collar chain under the shower. Her manacled hands were still clasped behind her neck. But it was gloriously refreshing.

Seconds later she was dragged on to stand in front of Osman, who had a bar of soap in his hand. Still sitting on his stool, he ran his hands over her dripping wet shoulders, breasts, belly and thighs, feeling her muscles as he did so. Then, kicking her ankles apart, he ran his hands on down between her legs, feeling her in a knowing way as he did so.

Amanda longed to brush his probing hands away but one warning glance from his stern eyes was sufficient to make sure she kept her hands gripped tightly together behind her neck.

Seconds later she was pulled under the second shower - to wash away the soap. Then the whole coffle was marched up the passageway and one by one the women were released and their collar chains secured again to the sliding bar at the back of their stalls.

The dose had now taken effect and, with the plug preventing her from relieving herself, Amanda felt very uncomfortable. She saw Batu come along the passageway with a wheelbarrow and a pitchfork. He stopped at her stall and with his whip pointed to the stall opposite her in which the pretty Chinese girl was chained.

Batu gave an order and then repeated it so that Amanda would recognise it. The Chinese girl had turned so that she was standing facing the corner of her stall where, as in Amanda's stall, there was a small pile of fresh straw. Her pretty little back was to the passageway.

The boy cracked his whip and turning to Amanda held up one finger. She was going to have to learn another sequence of orders.

She saw that the Chinese girl had bent down and placed a small pile of the straw behind her legs. The boy blew a second blast and held up two fingers to Amanda. The Chinese girl, still facing into the corner of her stall, now dropped onto all fours astride the small pile of straw.

"Oh no!" gasped Amanda behind her muzzle as, shocked, she realised what the Chinese girl was being made to demonstrate. Then Batu cracked his whip a second time and held up three fingers and, horrified, Amanda saw the Chinese girl straining to perform.

Then, making sure that Amanda was paying attention, he made the Chinese girl repeat the whole drill again.

The boy turned back to Amanda and, raising his whip menacingly, twice put her through a practice run of the same drill. Then he reached down and removed the plug. This time, a greatly relieved but highly embarrassed, Amanda had to perform for real.

The boy cleaned Amanda with some fresh straw and then wrote something in Arabic on the board hanging in front of her stall. Then he picked up the pitchfork and deftly tossed the now dirty straw into the wheel-

barrow, which he pushed down the passageway and out to the pile of dirty straw hidden behind its surrounding white walls. Meanwhile, a shocked Amanda still knelt on all fours facing the far corner of her stall.

A delicious smell of cooking began to spread over the lines of stalls, coming from the big feed boiler at the end of the passageway and soon the boys started to trundle a trolley up the passageway. It contained a large bowl of steaming hot, porridge-looking food: boiled oats and barley, with lumps of meat, nuts, rice, raisins and bran. As they passed each stall, one boy would unfasten the woman's muzzle and read out the feeding instructions written on the board. Another would then dollop one or more scoopfuls of the mixture into the woman's feeding trough. When they came to Amanda, they just gave her half a scoopful - she was to be slimmed down.

Amanda was thrilled to feel the muzzle being slipped off. She wanted to ask so many questions. But the boys put their fingers to their lips and raised their whips warningly.

She looked down into the trough. The food did not look exactly appetising. She put a finger down towards it to get a taste, but immediately the boys angrily pushed her back and pointed to the stalls opposite. She saw that as each woman's trough received some of the feed, the woman would immediately stand at attention, facing the trough with their manacled hands clasped behind their necks. My God, she thought, there was even a routine for feeding!

Not until all the troughs had been filled was there a crack of the whip and the women fell to their knees in front of their troughs, their hands still clasped behind their necks, their heads up, their eyes fixed on the wall of the stall above the trough.

There was a long pause whilst the boys checked that each woman was kneeling in just the correct position. Then with the second blast of the whistle each woman lowered her head over the trough, her hands still clasped behind her neck and her mouth immediately over the food, but still not yet touching it.

Again there was a pause, whilst the officious little boys strolled up and down the passageway, angrily seizing the hair of some women to raise or lower their heads slightly. They were deliberately stopping the women thinking for themselves and instead making them only obey their whips.

The whip cracked again and each woman lowered her head into the trough and quickly started to guzzle up the food. Amanda hesitated and immediately felt her head being thrust down into the food and held there.

"Eat!" shouted Batu. It was one of the few Arabic words she had learned in Prince Rashid's harem. "Eat!"

She heard his whip being cracked behind her bent-over bottom and began to feed.

It was hardly a minute later when she heard another crack of the whip. Her head was lifted up and pulled back from the trough. She saw that the women were all kneeling up again, their hands still clasped behind their necks. Several were looking scared. The reason for this became clear as the boys inspected each trough and gave any woman who had not finished her allocated food two strokes of the whip across their naked backs before thrusting their heads back down.

Amanda was trembling all over when her boy keeper contemptuously looked into her own trough and saw the pile of uneaten porridge. She screamed with pain as she received the ritual two strokes. But when her head was thrust back into the trough, she started to eat in a frenzy, making sure that there was not the slightest sign of anything left in the now gleaming metal trough.

Then the muzzles were replaced and water was poured into the drinking trough. After her exertions on the parade ground, Amanda was desperately thirsty. But the boys enforced the same drill for drinking as they had for eating. It was unbelievably frustrating having to keep her mouth poised over the enticing cool water, waiting for the whistle.

It was getting dark - and chilly. Batu and the other boys came down the passageway. This time they fastened a ring in the centre of each woman's manacles to the ring at the front of her collar, preventing them from touching their bodies below their breasts. Then

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Osman, the whipmaster, has pulled a lever pulling Amanda by neck down onto the floor of her stall. Her ankles had been strapped wide apart to the sides of her stall, holding her in place with her exposed beauty lips immediately above the gutter for her liquid wastes. With her grinning little ten year-old supervisor, Batu, watching she could not help, blushingly, having to spend a penny into the gutter. Oh, it was so humiliating having to do in front of a mere boy – and a black one at that. She could hear her liquid wastes trickling into the passageway gutter. Oh the degradation of being treated like an animal!

they threw a heavy jute cloak, like a stable rug, over each woman's shoulders and fastened it with a strap around the throat. It came down to the navel, leaving each woman's bottom, belly and depilated intimacies exposed and was open down the front. On the right breast was emblazoned the crest of a green circle and two bright red zig-zag lines.

Amanda found herself holding the edges closed over her breasts. She longed to be able to try and pull it down, but with her hands now fastened to her collar she could not reach down far enough. She must be an erotic sight, but she was thrilled not to be stark naked for once.

There were no windows in the building and the women could not see out. The only light came from the wide gap between the top of the side walls and the eaves of the sloping roof. Soon, with the suddenness of the short tropical twilight, the building was almost in darkness.

Osman pulled a big lever at the end of each line of stalls and Amanda suddenly felt herself being pulled down to the floor by her collar chain. The sliding bar to which it was attached at the back of her stall had been moved right down to the floor. She found herself lying on her back on the paving stones.

Across the passageway she could make out the other women on the floors of their stalls reaching out with their manacled hands for handfuls of straw and trying to tuck it under their backs to make a little bed to lie on. Amanda copied them, but remembering the humiliating use to which the straw had been put earlier, did not dare to use more than just a little of it, so as to have enough left next morning.

With her head kept chained to the back of the stall and her wrists chained to her collar, Amanda now lay on her back, her legs towards the passageway.

She was horrified when Batu came to her stall, several straps in his hand. Silently, he parted her ankles and strapped each one to a ring bolt in the front corner of the stall. Angrily he smacked her face and pulled out the straw that Amanda had put under her and tossed it back into the corner, leaving the straw only under her back and shoulders.

Amanda had learned another lesson. She must not risk dirtying her straw except when ordered.

Then he checked the straps and then left her.

Amanda could now feel the bare sides of the gutter beneath her buttocks. The gutter itself, she realised, ran up between her outstretched legs and was immediately beneath her beauty lips. She blushed as she realised why Batu had chained her down like this, especially as she had drunk so much water earlier on.

30 - AMANDA IS PUT TO WORK

At dawn next morning, a sleepy Amanda was vaguely aware of her ankle straps being unfastened by Batu.

Then she was rudely awakened, as she lay asleep again on the meagre straw of her stall, by her collar chain jerking her upwards as Osman pulled the lever at the end of the passageway. With her manacled wrists still fastened to her collar, she stumbled awkwardly to her feet.

She recognised a shouted order. Oh no! She remembered having relieved herself once during the night. The liquid had splashed down into the little gutter between her legs. She remembered the noise of it running down to the edge of her stall and then falling into the drain at the side of the passageway. It had seemed so awful. But, she realised, although the women were apparently allowed to perform in private at night, tied down over the little gutter, by day they must only do it to order, together - and this was even more humiliating.

But she was now ready to do so, she knew, as she stood straddling the little gutter.

"Two!" came the shouted order.

There was a cracking of whips from the boys in the passageway. She saw the women in the stalls opposite positioning themselves. Like Amanda they were still wearing their short little jute cloaks with the straps fastened round their throats, under which their wrist manacles were still fastened to their collars which, in turn, were still chained to the vertical bar at the back of their stalls.

Blushing, Amanda, like the other women, clasped her hands behind her neck, bent her knees, thrust out her belly and looked straight ahead. This was something she would never get used to, something which she could never learn to do voluntarily. Presumably the other women felt the same - hence the cracking of whips.

Again there was a long pause as Batu and the other boys proudly strutted up and down making sure that each woman was in exactly the right position.

"Three!"

Amanda could hardly bring herself to do it. But there was more cracking of whips. She relaxed and let the water fall into the gutter.

Soon there came the familiar noise of the feeding trolley being wheeled down the passageway. Once again Batu slipped off Amanda's muzzle. Once again, like the other women, she turned and stood silently at attention, facing her feeding trough and waiting for the whip crack that was the signal for them to fall to their knees in front of their troughs.

When the whip cracked, she hesitated. Why should she be ordered about like a performing animal? She'd show these awful boys! But when Batu's whip cracked just behind her bottom, she found herself hastily kneeling down, hands dutifully clasped behind her neck and eyes fixed on the wall above the trough. She shivered with fear as a boy drew his whip across her soft little bottom.

When the whip cracked again, she remembered that she had to lower her head over the trough without touching the food.

Then came the crack of the whip that was the order to feed. She started to swallow it all up in a desperate rush.

Then the boys came into each stall, replaced the muzzles and unfastened each woman's manacles from her collar. Amanda stretched out her arms with relief. She brushed some of the remains of her feed off her jute cloak. She saw that the women in the stalls opposite her were now combing their hair and making up their faces and eyes and she followed suit.

Osman shouted another order. The other women had turned and were now standing facing the far corner of their stalls. Again the whip cracked and Amanda, like the other women, bent down and put a tight little pile of fresh straw between her legs.

At the second crack she knelt down on all fours astride the straw, her head up, her eyes fixed on the wall, her cheeks left bare by the short cloak and thrust back towards the passageway. Desperately she tried to get ready... Yes, she realised with relief, it would be all right!

The whip cracked yet again. There was more cracking of the boys' small whips and a trembling Amanda performed.

Still kneeling on all fours, she heard Batu enter her stall. Not daring to look round, she felt him clean her with fresh straw and then heard him lift up the soiled straw and put it aside, put a tick on her board and then go onto the next stall.

Still Amanda did not dare move. Not until the offerings of each woman had been removed did the whistle blow again as the signal to stand up and face the passageway for the morning inspection.

Amanda, like the women facing her across the passageway, was now standing at the front of her stall, looking straight ahead, her collar chain drawn taut.

"Position of Submission!"

This time Amanda knelt down on all fours like the other women, knees and the palms of her hands on either side of the little gutter, head lowered so that her muzzle was touching it and her hair flung forward over the edge of her stall.

Unable to see anything except the gutter, she was trembling again as she heard Osman make his way slowly down towards her stall. She heard the noise of the wheelbarrow being trundled down the passageway after him.

"731! Show Respect!"

It was the shrill young voice of her overseer, Batu.

Amanda jumped up and held her right arm across her body, displaying her tattooed number. Then, blushing again, she shyly parted her beauty lips with her left hand.

Osman was standing in front of her. Because the stalls were raised above the passageway, his head was level with her navel. She looked straight ahead above his head, whilst he discussed her in Arabic with Batu.

Batu was holding out the neat little pile of straw onto which she had just performed. Oh how awful! Was there no end to the humiliating control these people had over her body?

Finally Osman moved off to the next stall and Amanda dropped back onto all fours to the Position of Submission.

The young overseers now unfastened the collar chain of the dark skinned coffle leader of the stalls opposite and took off her short jute cloak, before leading her up the passageway.

Amanda saw that Osman had a list in his hand. He called out a number and the boys quickly released another woman opposite and removed her cloak. Then, holding her by her collar chain, they brought her to stand behind the coffle leader. They fastened the coffle leader's collar chain to the ring on the front of the second woman's collar.

Meanwhile the number of a third woman had been called out and now she too was released, her cloak removed and her collar fastened to the chain of the second woman.

They certainly took great care to limit the number of women who were not properly chained at any one time. It reminded Amanda of stories about the way white galley slaves had been treated two hundred years ago in the Barbary States.

It did not take long before twelve women had been selected and chained together.

They were left standing in a line on the far side of

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Amanda is straddling the little circle of straw onto she knew she would have to release her solid wastes for inspection. She had heard the crack of the whip and the two blasts of the boy's whistle. This was the signal for her and the women in the nearby stalls to get ready to perform - as soon the boy cracked his whip and blew three blasts on his whistle. Oh, she thought, how humiliating having to do this in front of the boy and to his order in time with the other women. And then to be cleaned by him with more straw. Why, she wondered, were they all being disciplined like this? She would soon learn.

the passageway and Amanda was surprised to see that several women had been left still chained in their stalls.

Then the Scandinavian-looking coffle leader from Amanda's side was released and brought along the passageway. Although her little overseer was holding her collar chain, she held up her head with pride, tossing her head arrogantly as she passed the other women. It seemed that being a coffle leader was a source of pride.

Amanda noticed that both coffle leaders had been allowed to grow a little carefully trimmed moustache on her mound in the shape of a lance-corporal's stripe. But her beauty lips and the rest of her mound were as hairless as those of the other women.

As she passed Amanda's stall, she turned and looked Amanda up and down, making Amanda give a little shiver of repulsion and fear. She saw the boy leading the woman laugh at the woman's evident interest in Amanda.

A dozen women were now selected from her side of the passageway and chained up one by one behind their coffle leader. The other new European woman was selected, but Amanda herself was not. Standing there chained in her stall, she did not know whether to be relieved or disappointed.

There was a sudden crack of a whip and the women in the two coffles started to prance on the spot, raising their knees high in the air, whilst the boys walked up and down between the two lines, cracking their whips to make the women raise their knees even higher.

After several minutes there came the creaking noise of the iron barred gates at the end of the passageway being opened. Osman shouted an order and the two lines of women pranced down the passageway and out of the building in perfect step.

Moments later Amanda recognised the noise of the ramp of the cattle truck being raised and closed with a bang and then the truck drove off.

Time passed slowly for Amanda and the half dozen women who had been left behind. They just had to stand in their stalls with nothing to do.

Amanda could feel the heavy weight of both her collar chain and the chain linking her wrist manacles. She longed to lie down to ease the strain of their weight - but this was forbidden. She found herself walking to and fro in her stall, like a caged animal, trying to change the weight of the chains from one set of muscles to another. Was this why the collar chains were so heavy? To help get the women muscled up?

Her thoughts were interrupted by Batu coming down the passageway, shouting in his boyish voice and cracking his whip. He seemed to be in charge in the absence of Osman. His whip might only be a small one, but how it could hurt!

"Position of Submission!"

Amanda saw that the few women who had been left behind were again abjectly kneeling on all fours in the front of their stalls, muzzles touching the gutter, so that their collar chains were taut and hair flung forward over the edge of the stall. She did the same.

Not daring to look up, she heard Batu enter her stall. She gave a little tremble of fear as he went behind her to unfasten her collar chain. Then she heard him step down into the passageway.

Suddenly she felt a sharp tug on her collar. She started to stand up so that she could follow Batu out onto the corridor, but he shouted at her angrily and brought his whip down across her back so that she screamed under her muzzle.

Then, still tugging her collar chain, Batu pressed his foot hard down on her neck. Keeping her head down, she crawled forward and was led crawling along the passageway to where she saw that four other women were kneeling alongside each other in pairs, their heads down, one pair behind the other.

The collar chains of each woman had been fastened to the ring in the front of the collar of the woman kneeling alongside her. In this way each woman was secured to her partner's neck by two chains. The women in each pair were kneeling a little apart so that the two chains were almost taut.

Batu half led and half drove Amanda right up to them, until her lowered head was between the outstretched ankles of a white skinned girl. Another boy took her collar chain from Batu and waited whilst he went back

down the passage and brought up another crawling girl, who was made to kneel alongside Amanda. Then the other boy bent down and fastened Amanda's collar chain to this other girl's collar and then fastened her collar chain to Amanda's collar.

There was a long silence as the muzzled women knelt there humbly, their foreheads touching the cobbled floor.

As she knelt behind the woman in front of her, Amanda wondered whether this degrading way of forming a coffle of crawling women was just a cruel whim. Were they just enjoying humiliating some of their charges whilst Osman was away with most of them? Or was it a deliberate piece of extra security, to make sure that they could not escape in the absence of Osman?

Then, out of the corner of her eye, Amanda saw Batu and the other boy bringing up what looked like several thick planks. They seemed to be hinged at one end and to have holes cut out in the middle. The boys did something with the planks to the two pairs of women in front of her, but she did not dare to raise her head to see properly.

She felt something wooden being fitted round her neck above her collar and saw it was one of the planks, now held open at the hinge. The other hole in the plank was being fitted round the neck of the girl kneeling next to her. The two halves were swung together and bolted closed. She and the other girl were yoked together by the neck, heads some three feet apart, collar chains still taut.

Fastened to the front of the yoke was a length of stout chain hanging from a ring in the centre of it. Batu bent down and fastened this to the ring in the yoke of the two women in front. The half dozen women were all now safely coffled together in pairs. Then, and not until then, was the barred gateway at the end of the passage opened.

Batu shouted an order and cracked his whip over the women's naked backs. Amanda felt her neck being jerked upwards as the other girl, a French or Italian looking young woman, jumped up. Like the other women, now yoked in pairs like herself, she was standing rigidly at attention, her head held up above the plank and, half hidden below it, her arms straight down her sides, her hands on her thighs, her fingers stretched down and her manacle chains taut across her legs. Batu flicked his whip across Amanda's naked backside and hastily she assumed the same position of attention.

Batu shouted another order and cracked his whip. Then her wooden yoke was jerked forward as the first two pairs broke into the usual high prancing run. Amanda heard another shout from Batu and felt another painful little flick of his whip as he called out what was evidently the step. Hastily Amanda tried to fall into step with the other women, though it was awkward because the plank round her neck prevented her from seeing her own legs. But with the whip cracking terrifyingly behind her, she just had to concentrate.

At least Amanda was spared having to prance along with her manacled hands clasped behind her neck, for the plank prevented the women from reaching up above their shoulders. Instead she was able to run with her hands naturally raised.

The line of prancing pairs, encouraged by the cracking of the boys' whips, ran down the passage, passed the barred gates and into the bright sun light. However, instead of going onto the parade ground they were driven round to what seemed to be a well. On top was an old-fashioned water pump for pumping the water up into a tank on top of the building in which the women were housed. It was worked by a long bar that projected out on either side of the well.

At a shouted word of command from Batu, the line of prancing women halted smartly - in military fashion which Amanda, scared of Batu's whip, tried to copy. The heavy chain attached to the centre of the first pair's yoke was unfastened and instead fastened to a ring some way along the bar. Then each of the women's manacles was fastened to other rings on either side of the first one.

Then two remaining pairs of women were made to prance round to the other side of the well. Batu's whip was raised, but this time Amanda not only managed to keep in step, but also to halt in perfect time with the others, raising her right foot high in the air and bringing it down smartly alongside her left one. Batu smiled to himself and lowered his whip. This woman was learning fast!

The chain linking them to the second pair of women


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was now unfastened, and the other women, still yoked together, were led off to be attached to the other end of the bar. There was now one pair on either side of the pump, each pair attached to a different end of the pumping bar.

Batu cracked his whip. Immediately one pair of yoked women strained to pull their end of the bar back towards them, whilst the other pair pushed their end hard away, taking a step forward as they did so. A moment later, encouraged by another terrifying crack of Batu's whip, their roles were reversed and the first pair were pushing their end of the bar away and the second pair were pulling their end back again, in a perfect push-pull pumping action. There was a little tinkling noise as a cupful of water was pumped up from the well and into the tank.

Amanda watched spellbound as, driven on the by the boys' whips, the women strained and strained as the water was slowly pumped up.

Her thoughts were interrupted by another boy who picked up the chain now hanging from her yoke and gave a sharp order. Obediently Amanda and her yoked colleague broke into a prancing run, as they were now led off towards a large upright stone wheel standing in a narrow circular cement channel full of oats and barley. It was held upright by a simple wooden axle which, in turn, was fastened to a pole in the middle of the circular channel. The axle protruded some way beyond the wheel and here it too was fitted with iron rings like those she had seen on the bar attached to the water pump.

The heavy chain attached to her yoke was attached to the axle. Then like the other women, their wrist manacles were fastened to other rings on either side of the one to which their yoke chain was attached.

There was a crack of a whip and the two yoked women leaned forward to start pushing the axle and so move the heavy wheel round and round the narrow channel containing the oats and barley. The whip cracked frighteningly behind them, but there was no question of running. It was all they could do to inch the heavy wheel forward over the corn in the channel. Amanda was soon sweating as, driven on and on by the boy's whip, she and her muzzled companion silently strained to push the wheel round. Periodically the boy would pour fresh corn into the channel, to be crushed into porridge by the heavy wheel.

And all the time Amanda wondered why? There was electric power available. Why do it this way? Why, why why?

31 - AMANDA IS MADE TO PERFORM A NEW TRICK

Several hours later the cattle truck returned. There was the noise of the ramp being dropped, shouting and the crack of whips. Then the showers at the end of the passageway being switched on and moments later the women of one of the coffles, naked and dripping wet from the shower, still chained one behind the other by the neck, half ran and half stumbled down the passageway.

At a word of command they halted and one by one were detached from the coffle and chained up again in their stalls. They were allowed to drink from their water troughs and lie down on the cobbled floor.

As the new European woman passed her, Amanda was horrified not only by her state of exhaustion but also by the fresh marks of a whip across her back. Several of the others had been whipped too!

After the women of the second coffle had been put into their stalls, Osman came down the passageway, smiling and rubbing his hands as he looked at the women on Amanda's side of the passageway but looking angrily at the women on the other side. She saw the women on her side, those who had been taken out in the coffle, were now smirking with pleasure, whereas those on the other side and those on both sides who had been left behind, were all looking angry and jealous.

The reason for this soon became evident, for Osman started to throw bits of chocolate into the stalls of the former, whilst ignoring the latter.

This chocolate was evidently a rare reward and the delighted women hastily picked up the pieces in their manacled hands and bowed their heads gratefully to Osman. Then the boy keepers came and momentarily loosened their muzzles. Quickly they popped the bits of chocolate into their mouths and then started to chew them slowly, behind their now refastened muzzles, as if wishing to draw out the unusual sensation of being allowed something sweet.

They now looked full of pride and much less exhausted. How easy it was for Osman to get the best out his women! He merely had to chuck them a few bits of chocolate!

Osman now clapped his hands. The women opposite came shyly to the front of their stalls. Oh no, thought Amanda, not another inspection! But she saw that this time the Indian-looking coffle leader opposite had been unfastened from her stall and was being led up the passageway by her little overseer.

Osman gestured to the women in the stalls opposite as if inviting her to choose. The coffle leader looked delighted. Above her muzzle, her eyes sparkled with anticipation. She hesitated for a moment and then pointed to the slender and very pretty Chinese girl in the stall opposite Amanda.

Amanda saw the Chinese girl give a little jump of fright and back away in her stall. But Batu jumped into her stall, unfastened her collar chain and, with his whip, drove the wretched girl forward to the edge of her stall and then made her turn so that she was sideways to the passageway. Standing behind her and gripping her collar chain in one hand, his whip raised in the other, he made her kneel and clasp her manacled hands behind her neck.

Amanda was astonished to see that he then reached forward and unfastened her muzzle. He jerked her collar chain and gave an order. She straightened up and raised her head, but Batu was not satisfied. He repeated the order. The Chinese girl shook her head

and looked up at Batu imploringly

Again the same short order was repeated, this time accompanied by a stroke of the whip across the slender back. She gave a little cry and then, to Amanda's astonishment, thrust out her tongue.

The other young overseer, holding the coffle leader's chain, looked enquiringly at Osman, who nodded. Her small overseer then motioned her with his whip to step up into the Chinese girl's stall, so that she too was sideways on to the passageway. She was now standing facing the kneeling diminutive Chinese girl, her strong thighs level with the girl's face. Her hands, like those of the Chinese girl, were clasped behind her neck.

The Indian woman started to look gloatingly down at the Chinese girl, but instantly the other boy used his whip to raise her chin so that she was looking straight ahead over the head of the Chinese girl. Then he made her bend her knees and part her legs. Reaching down with one had, and still holding the whip raised behind the coffle leader with the other, the boy parted the Indian woman's prominent and hairless beauty lips.

The Chinese girl's thrust-out tongue was now only an inch away from the coffle leaders proffered beauty lips, which were now glistening with desire. But her young overseer now gave her a sharp tap on her belly, making her frustratingly pull in her stomach, away from the Chinese girl's tongue. She was trembling with desire and arousal as she was made to stand still, looking straight ahead, head raised, belly sucked in, knowing that a deliciously soft little tongue was almost touching her aroused beauty bud. What an illustration of Osman's discipline, Amanda thought - and of the power of the whip.

There was a long pause, whilst Osman and his grinning young assistants silently watched the two young women. Above her muzzle, Amanda's eyes were wide with amazement as she took in the astonishing and erotic scene.

Then on a sign from Osman, the other boy, still holding the woman's beauty lips apart with one hand, tapped her with his whip. She moved her hips an inch towards the kneeling Chinese girl, who was looking at the approaching beauty lips as if hypnotised. She started to move her head back, but a sharp tap of the whip from Batu, still holding her collar chain, stopped her. Her tongue was now just touching the woman's beauty bud.

Again there was a pause as the coffle leader desperately tried to control her instinctive desire to thrust forward against the soft little tongue and the Chinese girl tried not to pull back.

Then Osman clapped his hands.

The boys pulled both women back by their collar chains, whilst Osman shouted angrily at the now wretchedly frustrated woman, smacked her face twice and pointed back at her stall. Clearly, Amanda realised as the now sobbing woman was led away, by being led to believe that she would be allowed satisfaction and then being deprived of it at the last moment, she was being cruelly and ruthlessly punished for some lack of effort by her, or by her coffle.

Moments later, indeed, the Scandinavian-looking coffle leader, a smug smile on her face, was led down the passageway. Amanda saw that below the neat chevron of hair on her mound, her moist beauty lips were glistening as she passed the other women on Amanda's side - all standing nervously at the front of their stalls as if offering themselves.

The woman did not hesitate. Unable to speak because of her muzzle, she pointed at Amanda.

Horrified at the implication of the woman's gesture, Amanda shrank back against the back wall of her stall - just as the Chinese girl had done. Grinning, just as he had when handling the Chinese girl, Batu jumped into Amanda's stall, unfastened her collar chain and drove her forward with his whip.

Batu removed her muzzle and shouted an order in his boyish voice. Amanda may not have understood the words, but their meaning, accompanied as they were by a sharp tap from Batu's whip, was quite clear.

She reached out with her tongue. The tip was just touching the Scandinavian woman's own parted beauty lips. She could taste the woman's juices. Appalled, she started to turn away but a tap of the whip stopped her.

Now Amanda's natural masochism began to take over. Even as she remained shocked at her own sensu-


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The Scandinavian coffle leader has chosen Amanda as her reward. Amanda is horrified as Osman uses his cane to make her occasionally touch, with just the tip of her tongue, the woman's moist beauty lips, which Batu is holding apart. Meanwhile the woman is being driven mad by Amanda's hot little tongue alternatively touching her parted beauty lips and then being tantalisingly withdrawn by order of Osman. She longs to seize Amanda's head and hold her mouth to her, but she does not dare to do so. Finally Osman orders "Wriggle tongue!" and she explodes with a muffled scream coming from behind her muzzle, as Batu holds her tight by her collar chain.

ality, she felt her own beauty lips begin to moisten in sympathy with those of the Scandinavian woman. She began to want to lick. What a natural slut she was!

Then, even more aghast, she felt Batu reach down between her legs as if testing her state of arousal. Was there nothing these awful boys did not know about white women?

Meanwhile Ursula, the Scandinavian coffle leader, was being driven almost mad by being kept at the height of excitement with the tip of Amanda's hot little tongue tantalisingly bringing her to a high pitch of arousal. She could hardly restrain herself from bringing her manacled hands down from behind her own head and seizing Amanda by the hair and then pulling her head violently towards her beauty lips. But with her overseer standing behind her and tapping her warningly with his whip she did not dare to do so.

Only her muzzle stopped her from screaming out aloud in her prolonged frustration and growing arousal.

The two women were kept like that for what seemed hours, too terrified to move, as their arousal was cunningly brought on. Amanda could hear the increasingly heavy breathing of the Scandinavian woman from behind her muzzle. It was all too awful! Too humiliating!

"Wriggle tongue!" at last came the order as the watching Osman judged that Ursula was now ready. It was an order that Amanda recognised. The Princess had used it in Prince Rashid's harem. She started to arouse the proffered beauty lips.

The effect on the highly aroused Ursula was almost immediate. Her overseer had to hold her back by her collar chain as she almost doubled up and thrust against the penetrating tongue. Moments later a muffled scream came from behind the muzzle and her whole body shook with climatic ecstasy, leaving poor Amanda frustrated but overwhelmed with her masochistic feelings.

Osman clapped his hands. The performance was over.

PART VI - GALLEY SLAVE!

32 - AMANDA LEARNS THE TRUTH ABOUT HER FATE

Amanda recognised her number... "731!" suddenly called out by Osman. She hated being called by a number. She was Miss Amanda Aston! At least in Prince Rashid's harem she had been called Sky Blue. That was humiliating enough, but being just a number was even worse.

"731!"

This time she jumped to attention.

Amanda's heart was in her mouth as Batu came into her stall and unfastened her collar chain from the sliding bar on the wall at the back of the stall and took off her short cloak. Then he led her down to Osman, standing by a weighing machine. Astonished, she was made to step on it and Osman seemed to be carefully comparing the weight showed on the machine with that in his notebook.

Still not satisfied, he noted the result and said something to Batu who produced a tape measure and began to measure Amanda's breasts and hips and then her waist, calling out the figures in Arabic to Osman, who seemed to be doing some sort of calculation in his notebook.

Now Amanda was led back to the end of the coffle and chained up, sixth in line behind the Scandinavian coffle leader. Her long hair, and that of the other women, was now pulled back and fastened with an elastic band into a pony tail hanging down her back.

The selection of the two coffles continued and when a dozen naked women had been chained in each coffle, there was the sudden crack of a whip, the signal for them to start warming up their muscles by prancing on the spot, their hands as usual clasped behind their necks.

Amanda screamed behind her muzzle as Batu brought his little whip down, but she also now strained to raise her knees high enough. Batu stood alongside her, using his whip to drive her on and on. Soon she was beginning to sweat freely and it was a relief to hear the iron gates at the end of the passageway swing open. Seconds later Amanda's collar was painfully jerked forward and her coffle pranced onto the parade ground, accompanied by the inevitable cracking of whips.

Amanda, like the other women, was concentrating not only on raising her knees up high, but also on keeping in perfect step with the women ahead of her and on keeping perfectly spaced so as to avoid jerks on her collar.

She was expecting the two coffles to start running round the parade ground in opposite directions, but this time a large cattle truck with its ramp down was parked in the middle of the parade ground.

The two coffles were led up to the ramp. There was a shouted order and the crack of a whip, the signal for both coffles to start prancing on the spot at the foot of the ramp. There was another crack of the whip and Amanda saw the other coffle ran up into the cattle truck, like well trained circus animals. When they were all in, standing pressed tightly one behind the other, there was another crack of the whip and the women all raised their manacled wrists high above their heads and one of the boys passed a long light metal bar under their manacles and fastened it to the front of the truck and to a metal support hanging from the roof near the ramp.

Then it was the turn of Amanda's coffle. She could feel the breasts of the woman behind her pressing into

her back as she was pushed into the woman in front of her. Then, when the whip cracked, she too had to raise her arms. She found herself standing almost on tiptoe as the bar was passed under her manacles.

The two coffles were facing forward in the truck as the ramp behind them was raised, plunging the truck into half-darkness. A little light and air came from slits in the side, but they were too high up to see out of. Amanda heard Osman and one of the boys climbing up into the cab, then they moved off.

After a short bumpy drive, the truck stopped and Osman and the boy climbed down. There was the sound of voices - many voices, laughing and talking in Arabic. She heard other trucks arriving and ramps being lowered, more shouts and the cracking of whips.

The women were kept shut up in their truck for perhaps ten minutes - desperately anxious minutes for Amanda. She longed to ask what was going on, but her muzzle kept her silent.

The ramp of her truck was lowered with a crash and sunlight flooded in. There was a clinking of chains as the two coffles of women shuffled nervously. Then the support hanging from the ceiling that held the bar over the first coffle was taken down. Gratefully they dropped their hands behind their necks. There was shouted order and the crack of a whip and the women all started to move carefully backwards down the ramp.

Then it was the turn of Amanda's coffle.

As she stepped into the bright sunlight, she blinked in sheer terror.

Facing the coffles were several tough-looking armed Arab guards in camouflage uniforms carrying submachine guns which were aimed at them!

Her truck and a dozen others were parked on what seemed to be a quay, to which several dhow-like craft were moored stern on. Each truck was brilliantly painted with a different crest and so were the sterns of the vessels. Beyond the craft she could see the brilliant blue sea glistening in the sun.

Several small vessels were under way, but before she could take them in properly her attention was caught by the sight of another two coffles of naked women. They were not muzzled, but their heads had been shaved. Dear God! Was it so that their hair would not interfere with whatever it was that women were used for in this terrible place? Was that why her own hair had been fastened back into a ponytail? To keep it out of her eyes? But at least it had not been shaved off!

She saw that these others were chained by the neck like her own coffle, but were marching along the quay in a very strange way, keeping their legs straight and raising them high in the air, whilst a large Negro walked alongside them cracking a whip. They were goose-stepping!

She saw that several guards were keeping their submachine guns pointed at the other two coffles, as if ready to open fire at the slightest sign of revolt or mutiny. A slave revolt! Yes, she could see that with several coffles on the quay at any one time, this was the moment when the desperate women might make a mass break for freedom - even if they were still chained by the neck and wrists.

The two coffles of bald-headed women had now reached what seemed to be a special strip of sand marked out in white. At a word of command, they halted smartly and then, raising their manacled hands straight out in front of them, until they were level with their shoulders, squatted down on their parted ankles.

Dominating the scene was a raised terrace, shaded from the sun, on which a small crowd of men dressed in pristine white Arab robes were looking down, their faces half masked by sun glasses. Blushing at her nakedness, she saw that the men were looking at her companions and that one man was even pointing, it seemed, at her.

Her mysterious owner?

The other two coffles now rose up on the marked off stretch of sand and, goose-stepping again, marched off under the orders of their whipmaster. Immediately, Osman cracked his whip and gave an order. The two leaders led the two coffles prancing past the watching Arabs up on their balcony to the same stretch of sand. It was slightly damp under foot. Osman gave an order and the two coffles began prancing on the spot on the sand. Another order and they halted and, keeping


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Amanda shivered with fear as the whipmaster, Osman, cracked his whip and gave the dreaded order: “Bellies out!” Like the other terrified women, she thrust out her tummy and bent her knees. “Perform!” In time with the other women galley slaves, she blushingly released her liquids in a pretty curve onto the sandy quayside. The women always had to empty themselves before embarking and being chained to an oar. Oh, how she longed to run away and escape from this dreadful fate. But, a glance at the machine-gun-toting guards put that idea out of her head. At least, she thought, looking at another coffle of women on the quayside, our Master does not have our heads shaved or make us goosestep.

their hands clasped behind their necks, parted their legs.

Suddenly Amanda realised what she and other women were supposed to be preparing their bodies to do - and what the other two coffles had been doing when so curiously had squatted down. This must be a last chance to relieve themselves. But why? And to have to do it in perfect time, altogether and in front of the watching Arab men! How awful! But when Osman's whip cracked as the order to perform, perform she did.

Osman's two coffles now pranced off towards the edge of the quay, towards a vessel prominently marked on the stern with a large green circle and in it two bright red vertical zig-zag lines.

The coffles halted. Amanda saw that she was looking down into a strange but beautifully made, highly varnished, lightly built vessel. It was long and thin with a raised deck aft which was covered with an awning and on which was a steering wheel, like the helm of a yacht. Forward of the raised poop deck, and down almost level with the water, were several rows of benches, with a raised catwalk running along amidships from the foot of the poop up to the pointed bows, where to her surprise she saw a native drum.

Amanda's coffle was made to climb up from the quay onto the raised poop, then step down a companionway to the catwalk. Their leader marched up to the bows and then turned and, seeing that the end of the coffle had stepped down the companionway, marched back towards the poop again, passing Amanda.

Now the coffle was spread out along the catwalk, facing aft, the strong coffle leader nearest the poop with several other strong-looking European and Indian women immediately behind her and the more delicate Chinese, Siamese and Filipino women towards the bows. Amanda was half way down.

She looked up to the raised poop deck and saw that one of the armed guards was now standing there, his sub-machine gun at the ready. Another guard was pointing his gun at the other coffle still standing on the quay side.

Osman appeared on the poop and gave an order. Taking their time from the coffle leader, the women in turn sat down on the benches on the starboard side of the craft. Being very light, it listed slightly under their weight.

Whilst the guard kept the women covered with his gun, Osman and his boy stepped down onto the rowing deck and lifted up oars from below the catwalk. They thrust each one through the small port in the side of the vessel by each woman's left side. As they did so there was a rattle of the women's manacles which Amanda could not understand at first.

Then when it was her turn to be given an oar, she saw that each had been fitted with a locking metal clasp. Deftly Osman closed the clasp with a click over her manacles. She was now chained to her oar - as well still being chained by the neck to the women sitting on the benches immediately in front of and behind her.

Chained to an oar!

The expression reverberated round her feverish brain. Like the galley slaves of yore! But they had been men, not women. And anyway this was the twentieth century, almost the twenty-first.

Nevertheless, this must be a sport. The galley was built for speed - it must be a racing galley.

This then was why she had been brought here. To be a galley slave for the amusement of some rich Arab, Osman's Master.

Everything fitted into place: the emphasis on everything being done as a team, working together, eating together, relieving themselves together; the emphasis on doing everything to the whip; on blind and instant collective obedience rather than each woman thinking for herself; and being kept cowed - and muzzled.

This also explained the emphasis on fitness, on prancing, on exercising, on the careful individual feeding, on the examination of waste and on the prevention of any self abuse.

Now she began to understand the emphasis on security to keep the women controlled and docile, manacles, collar chains, barred gate at the end of the passageway, whips of the young overseers, armed guards, the importance of the coffle leaders who were also the key stroke oars of the galley and the spare women

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Glad to be resting, Amanda is exhausted after her first spell chained to an oar. Her collar chains had made sure that she kept in time with the other women. Her back is on fire from the strokes of Osman's whip as he drove her on to put her weight properly behind her oar. Her muzzle had prevented her from crying out. She is longing to stroke her back to ease the pain, but with her hands locked to her oar, she is quite helpless. Looking down approvingly at her, Osman thinks that she has the makings of a good galley slave.

left behind, ready to be step into the place of a sick or unfit woman.

All this, and so much else, was now beginning to make sense.

Desperately she rattled her manacles as if seeking to be free. But they were firmly attached to the oar and the oar was strong and had been firmly pushed through the little port in the side of the vessel. Quite apart from her collar chains, which were now nearly taut and which, she realised, would help ensure that the women all rowed in perfect time together, there was no way that she could get away from her oar, or pull her oar inboard again.

She was secured to her oar as firmly as the male galley slaves of olden times that she had read about. But they had pulled huge war galleys or galleys used for trade, she was going to be used just for sport.

Whilst these thoughts had been racing through Amanda's brain, the other coffle had come onboard and had been chained to oars on the other side of the catwalk: the port side. The armed guards now left. Osman, the galley's whipmaster, was walking up and down the catwalk, a short black whip in his hand. His boy assistant sat in the bows holding the drum expectantly. Up on the poop stood the Arab coxswain who took charge of the vessel on practice runs, in the absence of the Master.

There was silence in the craft as the muzzled women sat silently at their oars, each with her eyes nervously fixed on the back of the woman chained ahead of her.

Suddenly there was a roll on the drum. It was bad enough having to do everything to the crack of a whip in the building and to the whistle on the parade ground, but now, it seemed, she would have to learn a new set of routines to the beat of the drum.

Amanda would learn that this particular drum beat signified that the Master was on the island and was about to come onboard. Immediately the women straightened up, their manacled forearms straight and holding the looms of their oars out in front of them, with the blades horizontal and clear of the water in a perfect line. They also parted their legs and thrust their bellies out up towards the poop in a humiliating sign of respect.

Osman brought his whip down across the back of a woman who had been slow to assume the required position. She gave a little moan from under her muzzle and, like a whipped cur, quickly assumed the correct position. Osman grunted angrily. He insisted on instant and unthinking obedience.

Amanda had been terrified when she heard the whip cracking across the woman's back. Now Osman was coming towards her. Desperately looking at the other women, she tried to copy them. She looked pleadingly at Osman as if to say that she was trying to do the right thing, she really was.

Osman smiled as he looked down at her. Yes, this buxom but slight European woman had the makings of a good docile and yet strong galley slave. Clearly she was terrified of the whip. Already she was holding her oar correctly and had thrust out her belly in the proper way for showing respect to the Master. But he motioned with his whip to part her legs properly so as to complete the sign of respect by also proffering her beauty lips. He saw Amanda blush as she obeyed. Then he pointed to the back of the woman in front of her, to remind her to keep her eyes down and not to look up at the poop until she was ordered.

There was another roll of the drums and although Amanda did not dare raise her eyes, she was aware of a short, plump, bearded figure in a white robe, taking his seat in a chair up on the poop. His cold expressionless eyes and face were hidden behind large sun glasses and she did not recognise him.

Osman bowed to the Master and then straightened up and looked down at Amanda's hairless beauty lips. He smiled as he saw the telltale signs of her womanly masochistic instincts taking over in the presence of her Master. He had seen it so often before: the more strictly the women were controlled and humiliated in the name of their Master, the more they came to respect and worship him!

Indeed, despite herself, Amanda could feel her body becoming aroused at the thought of being naked and chained in front of the cruel and powerful man who now owned her, body and soul, to whom she was now having to thrust up her exposed and parted beauty lips as a sign of respect.

Sheikh Turki stirred on the comfortable chair on the

small poop deck. His face was hidden behind his sunglasses as he looked down onto the rowing deck with pleasure - the pleasure of ownership. He looked suave and relaxed in his spotless robes. But he also looked the epitome of cruelty, as with a dominating air he tapped a short cutting whip against the palm of his hand.

He surveyed the naked women cringing at their oars below him with a contemptuous and yet possessive smile. The contrast between his elegance and their animal-like nakedness was particularly gratifying.

Two dozen naked, collared and muzzled women were sitting expectantly at their rowing benches, chained to their oars and to each other, heads up with eyes looking straight ahead, breasts quivering and arms held straight out in front of them. Each was gripping the oar to which she was chained, holding it so that the blades were in the horizontal saluting position just above the water. None had dared to raise their eyes to him. Each was thrusting forward her belly and below that had parted her legs wide to display hairless beauty lips.

Yes, he thought, Osman was an excellent disciplinarian as well as an efficient whipmaster, keeping the women at a peak of fitness. It had been with pride that he pointed out to his fellow members the way all the women of both coffles had simultaneously performed to Osman's order onto the sandy strip, before going onboard the galley.

He looked up and down the rows of silent women. Each had been personally purchased by him. Each knew she only existed to pull his oars, to provide him with the excitement of driving his racing galley faster and yet faster, to win him races, to win him prizes and bets. Yes, they were fine looking lot. Every single one of them was a beauty - and all relatively buxom for their different races. Certainly being made to row did wonders for the firmness of their upthrust breasts.

Their hair was well groomed and gleamed - a tribute to Osman's care in the stalls in which they were kept. Some of his fellow members preferred to keep the heads of their galley slaves shaved, but he liked to see long hair hanging down a galley slave's back - just as he also liked them to be kept muzzled.

He felt his manhood stir strongly under his robes. It was a pity that he had to return so quickly to his palace and only had time to take the galley out for a couple of hours. But he would return in a week's time, and meanwhile the women of his harem could well satisfy the physical arousal that the sight of his straining, sweating, galley slaves always provoked.

They were available any time he wished to use them, of course.

And there half way up the starboard side was the blond figure of Amanda.

She was in his complete power at last!

Slowly and ponderously Sheikh Turki stood up and gripped the rail of the poop. There was another roll on the drums. Osman tapped Amanda on the shoulder and pointed up at her Master. She saw that the other women were now all openly looking up at him. She did the same.

She heard little moans coming from the muzzled women all around her, as if they were excitedly greeting their Master and Amanda found herself joining in. Osman turned and smiled contentedly at the women, his obedient little creatures! The Master would be pleased.

Slowly Sheikh Turki removed his sunglasses. The moans increased in intensity.

Amanda gasped. There were the unmistakable features of the man she had last seen when she had interviewed him on television.

More and more was now falling into place!

Sheikh Turki gave a cruel laugh as he saw the horror on Amanda's face. He felt his manhood stirring again. Well, she could keep until his return. Meanwhile she wouldn't be going anywhere!

33 - THE MONTAH ISLAND SPORTING CLUB

The ancient sport of racing galleys pulled by teams of female galley slaves had recently been revived in secret by some twenty Arab Princes and Sheikhs. They were all immensely rich, bored by their life in Arabia, and looking for a stimulating way to use their wealth.

The isolated island of Montah, previously uninhabited, had been chosen as the base for the new sport. Not only was it well away from the normal shipping routes, but it was within easy helicopter or speed boat range of several of the oil rich Sheikhdoms and of a little known airstrip where those coming from further away could readily leave their private planes and aircrews.

Thus the exclusive Montah Sporting Club had been established. In addition to the accommodation for the women there were luxurious villas for members and guests situated in the clubhouse complex near the quay to which their galleys were moored.

To ensure secrecy and fairness, the galleys were built on the island to a standard design.

The traditional design of a rather high sided galley, with an awning covering the rowing benches, when required, had been retained to prevent any casual observer from seeing that the rowers were women.

The rules of the Montah Sporting Club were almost as complicated as those governing certain well-known yacht races in the West. But whereas the latter referred to inanimate sailing craft and their various sail measurements, the racing rules of the Montah Sporting Club referred to the bodies and measurements live women.

The basic rule, of course, was that the twelve oars on each side a galley were be pulled only by women and that to ensure that this rule was strictly observed the women were to be naked. Each member was responsible for the training and security of his team of women, but to ensure secrecy all women were to be registered by the club on arrival in the island, their registration numbers prominently marked on their forearms. Once registered no woman could ever leave the island without the express permission of the club, who would want to know what steps would be taken to ensure that she could never speak about her experiences.

Races were held twice a week during the racing season that ran from October to December and again from March to June. Races were not held during the height of the hot summer, since so many of the wealthy members went to Europe at this time to avoid the heat, nor during the worst of the winter weather. There was also, of course, a break during Ramadan.

However, even during these off periods, the teams of galley slaves had to be regularly exercised and kept fit, new techniques tried out and new slaves acquired and broken in to the oar. So there was always something going on - which, quite apart from the excitements of the actual races, partly accounted for the popularity of this absorbing sport. But perhaps it was more the feeling of power that came from owning and controlling two dozen young women.

The light galleys were fast and manoeuvrable. Handling both the craft and the women called for a high degree of skill and ruthless cruelty, as did feeding and exercising them to keep the women racing fit.

Owners normally steered their own galleys around the zig-zag courses. Rounding the marker buoys, steering

between the buoy and another vessel and training the crews to spin round by holding water with the oars on one side and pulling hard with the oars on the other, called for skill, perfect timing and a well trained crew.

But success in the races also depended on the owner knowing the stamina of his crew: when to conserve their energies and when to order his whipmaster to flog them into a desperate effort to overtake a rival or to maintain a lead. If the owner was away then his galley could be steered by his Arab coxswain who was in charge of the maintenance of the galley.

For centuries in the Middle East, uneducated but cunning eunuch Sudanese slaves had been used to supervise and control the women in the harems of rich Beys and Pashas. It had been found that whereas the predominantly white Balkan or Circassian slave girls were able to get their own way with delicate white eunuchs, they were terrified of the hugely fat and grotesque black ones. These eunuchs had therefore been able to maintain a high level of discipline and obedience in the harems and could be largely left to run their busy masters' harems for them - attributes that were now needed here by the owners of teams of female galley slaves.

Beys and Pashas did not discuss their women with other Turks or Arabs. Instead, the owners of harems of nubile young women found it easier to discuss them with an experienced overseer. They would enjoy discussing their women's progress in the harem, their level of training and obedience and the state of their bodies. They found it less inhibiting discussing with an uneducated black man the acquisition of new women and the disposal of women whom they no longer found attractive. Indeed, the close relationship between a rich owner and his chief eunuch had been in many ways similar to that of a rich Western man and his stud groom, in charge of a large stable of high spirited carriage horses, hunters and hacks.

What was more natural, therefore, when rich Arab Sheikhs had replaced rich Turkish Pashas, than to employ Negroes as whipmasters for their female galley slaves? But the role was very different from that of a harem supervisor. They combined the roles of an old fashioned overseer of slave labourers with that of a modern athletic coach. They were not eunuchs.

However, to prevent whipmasters being tempted to treat women of their own race with special kindness and partly to make the acquisition of suitable women more interesting, the use of black women on the rowing benches was banned.

Similarly to make it all more interesting and to prevent an owner merely filling his rowing benches with the biggest women he could find, there was a strictly enforced but variable upper weight limit for the twenty four galley slaves used in a particular race. Thus owners were encouraged to also train slim women to the oar.

It was recognised that whereas it was relatively easy to acquire Indian, Ceylonese or Filipino women as galley slaves, it would be far more difficult and expensive to acquire the erotically more satisfying white women. However, the use of white women would be penalised because they were usually heavier than their Eastern sisters. Therefore, to reward owners who acquired white women, their official weight was reduced.

It was also recognised that there was a need to reward the acquisition of women with more opulent womanly charms, or else an owner who merely used dull, but strong, flat chested women with a boyish figures would have an unfair advantage. Thus the weight of a woman could also be reduced by a formula that compared the measurements of a woman's breast, waist and hip measurements. This had the effect of making it well worthwhile using an erotically more satisfying buxom woman and owners were always talking to each other and to their whipmasters about the bosom-to-waist ratio of a particularly valuable galley slave, or of the average ratio for all their galley slaves. The greater the ratio, the more flexibility an owner would have in selecting a crew for a particular race, whilst remaining within the overall weight limit.

The effect of these rules was that the occasional buxom European girl, provided she was fit and strong, could be an invaluable asset to any team, of which an owner would boast to other owners.

Indeed, whereas rich Arabs did not discuss, or show off to other men, the inmates of their harems, they felt quite differently about their galley slaves - and

would proudly invite each other to come and inspect them both in practice rows and in their stables. Such visits would often result in exchanges - which would, of course, be registered with the club.

Different owners and different whipmasters often had their differing views on the stamina of different races and on age. Some, for instance, swore that Chinese and European women were excellent for longer races, as were older women, but that Indian women and girls were better for short ones. Others insisted on the reverse.

They also held differing views on the best way to house, feed and exercise their galley slaves. Some, like Sheikh Turki, liked to keep them in individual stalls, fed individually, with their wastes individually inspected and recorded. Moreover they could then be prevented from wasting their energies in self or mutual abuse.

Others swore that this was an unnecessarily complicated and expensive system. Instead, they maintained large cages with communal feeding and drinking troughs and another water filled trough, which the women could straddle, for their wastes.

The twice weekly races varied, not only in the permitted overall weight of the rowers, but also in their length. Some were over 30 miles in length, with many laps over the same course. Such races, of course, tested not only stamina, but also the owner's skill in varying the striking rate so that the women did not become totally exhausted before the end of the race.

Other races might be only five miles long and here the women could be kept at full stretch for longer periods. The aim in both cases was to exhaust the crew totally just as they passed the finishing line. But many a losing owner would feel that he would have done better if only he had had the whip applied harder earlier in the race!

Once a month there was a special 24 hour race, with the women being kept rowing all through the night. These races were greatly feared by the women, though most whipmasters deliberately kept their women ignorant about when the next race would be and what sort of race it would be. Indeed, it was partly to help keep them ignorant, that Sheikh Turki kept his women muzzled.

Because of the need for secrecy, great care was taken to prevent the galley slaves from escaping or staging a revolt. The basic rule was the galley slaves must be kept chained to each other whenever they were outside their slave pens, as the buildings in which they were housed were called. Whenever the women of several galley owners were present in one place, such as on the quay before races and or practices, armed guards were to be present with orders to shoot at the slightest sign of trouble.

The women were also to have a metal collar, marked with the crest of the club, riveted round their necks and their wrists were to be kept manacled. This latter was also to assist in ensuring that they were properly chained to their oars. To ensure fairness, these collars and manacle chains were to be of a standard weight. They did, of course, form part of the weight of each woman when the crews were officially weighed before each race on the special weighbridge on the quay.

To further ensure secrecy owners were not allowed to bring women from their harems to the island, unless they were destined to stay there as galley slaves. It was therefore appreciated that owners staying the night at their luxurious villas would want to have galley slaves brought to them for their overnight enjoyment. Indeed the galley slaves also formed for many owners the functions of a second, highly disciplined, harem.

So, these villas had to be within the security perimeter of the clubhouse and to be provided with secure cages or pens in which galley slaves could be held until they were called to their Master's bed.

Once a week a sale of surplus and new galley slaves was held and there was a considerable turnover of women as owners and whipmasters adjusted the mix of their crews. A trained galley slave might be bought for a high price by another owner seeking to improve the stamina of his own crew or to reduce their overall weight - especially if she had a good bosom-to-waist measurement ratio.

34 - ROW, GIRL, ROW!

Sheikh Turki looked past the lines of chained galley slaves to the young boy crouching in the bows by the drum. He called out an order and gripped the wheel of the galley. There was a long and distinctive roll on the drums and an air of excitement ran through the galley slaves.

Osman went down the catwalk, whip in hand, correcting the position of individual women. He put a cushion under Amanda's still soft bottom to stop it blistering until it had been hardened properly and also slipped a pair of gloves onto her hands. Then he made her turn her oar so that the blade was vertical again, reach right forward until the loom of her oar was almost pressing against the back of the girl in front of her, straighten her back and press her feet against her foot bar.

The boy gave a sudden bang on the drum and immediately twenty four oars stuck the water. Amanda felt a sudden jerk on her collar chain from behind her as twenty four arched backs swayed back in perfect time, twenty four female bottom cheeks were lifted off the benches, twenty four pairs of arms were pulled back to each woman's shoulders so that the looms of the oars touched their breasts just below their nipples and twenty four bellies were pointing up at the sky.

Then Amanda was jerked forward by her collar chain as the women immediately swayed forward again, their hands slightly lowered to raise their oars out of the water and their arms out straight again as they reached forward, ready for the next stroke.

There was another beat on the drum and the whole process was repeated, this time to the accompaniment of the crack of Osman's whip across the naked back of a young Chinese girl.

The drum beat again and again.

The crack of the whip against naked flesh terrified Amanda and had made her strain to reach out forward at the end of each stroke. Perhaps if she did that, then Osman would not notice if she did not pull the heavy oar back very hard.

Crack! Amanda screamed under her muzzle as the whip caught her under her arms and across her breasts. The pain was awful. But for the next few strokes she strained as never before to pull the oar right back.

She soon learnt to avoid the awful jerks on her collar by keeping in perfect time with the swaying back of the woman in front of her and with those of the two coffle leaders seated on stroke's benches from where they gave the time to the entire crew.

The drum beats alternatively increased in tempo or slowed, as the galley slid away from the quay and as Sheikh Turki exercised his women.

He liked to work at a steady slow stroke for a few minutes, then put on a sudden spurt at high speed with the stroke increasing rapidly as the galley surged ahead.

He knew from experience with horses that such changes in pace were the best way of attaining fitness. It also realistically practised what the women would have to do in a race as the various galley owners jockeyed for position.

Soon Amanda was dripping with sweat. Four times Osman's whip came down across her back when, feeling exhausted, she tried once again to go through the motions of rowing in time with the other women without really putting her back into it. Putting her back into it! Was this where that expression came from? But anyway Osman was far too experienced a whip-

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master for her to get away with it.

Four times he had silently come up behind her. Four times his whip had slashed across her back with the knotted tip flicking round under her arms to catch her breasts as well. Four times, driven by fear and pain, she had forced herself to really pull her oar for several minutes, until exhaustion and the hope that this time Osman would not notice her, had persuaded her to slacken off again - only to be driven on again by the whip.

Amanda was astonished to see two smartly dressed women appear on the poop from the little cabin below. One, a hard-faced German looking woman in her early fifties, was dressed in a cool well-cut cotton dress with high heels and a wide hat to keep off the sun. The other, a Chinese woman, was dressed in a simple long cheongsam Chinese dress, slit at the side to show off her slim legs.

Amanda could hear the other women gasping with humiliation under their muzzles. It was bad enough to be seen naked and chained to an oar by their cruel owner and his terrifying whipmaster, but to be seen as galley slaves by two elegantly dressed women was somehow far worse.

The two women were courteously welcomed by the Sheikh, who handed over the wheel to his Arab coxswain and invited them to sit down on the comfortable chairs on the cool poop deck under a striped awning. The boy temporarily abandoned his drum and ran down the catwalk and up to the poop deck where he offered the women iced drinks as, fascinated, they looked down at the straining women below.

The German, Frau Smitt, was a society woman, well known in both England and Germany. For some years she had built up a lucrative business supplying discreet young women companions to visiting wealthy Arabs. For this she received a substantial fee and a percentage of the large ‘salary’ paid to the attractive ‘private secretaries’.

More recently she had found her services being requested by wealthy European women who wanted a pretty young woman, in whom their husbands were showing an embarrassing interest, removed from the scene - completely removed to somewhere where their husbands would never find them. She had found that several of her former visiting Arab clients had been only too happy to receive a beautiful young European woman for their harems!

However, Frau Smitt was always worried lest a girl might escape back to Europe and expose her. But now, as she looked down on the two lines of chained and manacled women and saw the registration numbers tattooed onto their forearms, she felt she had found the ideal outlet - the chance of escape was minimal.

Mrs Lee, the Chinese lady, specialised in the Far East in getting rid of young women, often European ones, who had become an embarrassment to their wealthy Chinese lovers. Sometimes such women had overplayed their cards by becoming too demanding or possessive. Sometimes their millionaire friend had simply tired of them.

Looking down on the straining naked women, she too smiled as she too thought of how she could reassure her clients that the women who had annoyed them would be used in future to strain at an oar, driven on by the cruel whip of a Negro.

The Sheikh now had his women practised at ‘racing starts’ - a dozen very quick short strokes of the oar intended to get the galley moving as fast as possible, followed by another dozen gradually lengthening strokes. As the Sheikh and his guests watched, the galley slaves had to pay close attention to the drum and to the stroke oars, the coffle leaders, or else there would be disaster as oars became entangled - followed by terrible retribution as the offenders knelt on their benches, still gripping their oars, and presented their bottoms for Osman’s whip.

Amanda felt like a naughty puppy when she too had to kneel up and offer herself to the whip. It was bad enough having to do so in front of Osman, the drum boy and her fellow galley slaves, but to do it in front of the Sheikh himself and his sophisticated women guests was too much. It was made even worse when Osman, before applying his whip, pulled her head up by her hair and pointing to the Sheikh, made it clear that she was to look at him throughout her punishment.

She saw the Sheikh pointing her out to his guests.

“Yes, she’s an Englishwoman,” she heard him call out

in his strongly accented English. “She had the effrontery to criticise me in public - on television! - and now she’s paying for it. But I think she has the makings of an excellent galley slave!”

The two women laughed and then laughed again as Osman brought his whip down across Amanda’s bottom. But being formally beaten in front of her Master had a strange effect on her. With the first stroke she felt herself becoming moist. By the time Osman had applied the regulation four strokes she was dripping wet. How utterly shame-making it was. But as she screamed with pain under her muzzle, she also resolved not to make any more mistakes when they next had to practice ‘racing starts’.

The Sheikh took the helm again and for the next half hour showed off his galley slaves to his guests, putting them through different speeds from the gentle ‘Paddle’ or Slow Ahead, to the dreaded Full Ahead, when every woman was driven by Osman’s whip into putting her back into pulling her oar as if her very life depended on it.

“Up two!” he would order and the drum beat would increase slightly.

“Up four!” he would cry and the stroke would appreciably increase, as would the sweat running down between each woman’s breasts.

“Down six!” and the gasping women would give little sighs of relief under their muzzles - but for how long?

Then he made them practice suddenly holding water with the Port or Starboard oars as if rounding a buoy at high speed, with the oars on the other side still keeping up a high rate of stroke. Amanda’s arm and shoulder muscles were repeatedly almost at breaking point as she strained to hold her oar in the water.

At last the Sheikh was satisfied. The drum gave a long roll similar to the one that earlier had greeted his arrival onboard. Once again, as a sign of respect, the women had to hold their oars still above the calm sea with arms outstretched, heads up, bellies raised and legs parted.

Then the Sheikh escorted his guests down onto the catwalk.

“I need good well breasted women,” Amanda heard him say as they came down towards her. They stopped at the white woman in front of her. Osman gave a word of command and the woman, awkwardly because of her manacled wrists being chained to her oar, knelt up on her bench.

“This one has been in training for a year now. Look at her thigh muscles and see how firm her breasts are! And not an ounce of fat on her anywhere.”

They moved towards Amanda. Terrified, she heard Osman tell her to display herself. No! She couldn’t do it! The whip cracked. She forced herself to assume the kneeling position. Osman thrust her head down. Her bottom was now raised and he gave her a sharp tap with his whip to make her part her legs. Horrified, she realised that not only was she on display but she was again becoming wet!

“Just in case you feel that using a woman as a galley slave is unnecessarily cruel,” Amanda heard the Sheikh say behind her, “just look how this new girl is enjoying being trained!”

Amanda blushed with shame, but blushed even more when she felt hands feeling her from behind.

“Yes, she’s soaking!” she heard the German woman exclaim. “What a little slut!”

She heard the Sheikh laugh. “You’d be surprised how nearly all the women react like this to the whip. They just can’t help it. Despite themselves, they really love being my galley slaves - even if they hate me at the same time! They long to serve and please their Master, but they’re terrified as well.”

“I’m not surprised,” the German woman chuckled, looking at Osman’s whip.

It was then that something occurred to her. Sometimes when she was asked to get rid of an attractive young woman, the situation was more complicated in that in order to get her lover away from his wife, the girl had deliberately allowed herself to become pregnant. Often she kept this fact hidden until it as too late for anything to be done about it. It was of course the oldest ruse in the world and a very effective one. A young woman in this state was much more difficult to

dispose of - even to white slave dealers in the Middle East. But here?

She turned to the Sheikh. “Would you be interested in taking a woman in an Interesting Condition?”

The Sheikh’s eyes suddenly gleamed as the implication of the question struck home.

“Another Secret Weapon!” he laughed.

“Secret Weapon?” queried Frau Smitt. “What do you mean?”

“It’s too long to explain now, but certainly if I send you a telegram saying ‘Secret Weapons now acceptable’, please go ahead and send me details of any such young woman.”

35 - THE SHEIKH APPLIES A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY

Two hours later Amanda tottered back into her stall and allowed herself to be chained up again by the neck. She was physically exhausted. She was also emotionally exhausted by the realisation that she was now the helpless galley slave of Sheikh Turki - and overcome with shame at the memory of how her body had reacted to being whipped in front of her awful new Master.

Listlessly she watched as one by one the remaining women were unfastened from the coffle and chained up in their stalls.

Then suddenly something caught her eye in her own stall. A large photograph of Sheikh Turki had been fixed to the back wall! Whenever she was tethered facing the wall, as she so often was, she would have to look at the cruel, sneering expression of her dreaded owner.

Then, as she was looking at the picture, Osman came and silently placed two other even larger photographs on each wall of her stall. She saw that the first one showed Sheikh Turki wearing his long Arab robes, standing proudly with his raised foot on the neck of a frightened-looking naked white woman and looking straight at the camera. Meanwhile another younger looking white girl was kneeling and kissing his other foot in a gesture of utter obeisance. In his raised hand was the same short cutting whip that she had seen him carrying onboard the galley. It was a most striking photograph, symbolising the Sheikh's utter domination of his women. She could not help identifying with the women in the photograph and as she did so she could not help feeling a little tremble of excitement.

Ashamed, she turned to the other photograph. This time the Sheikh was sitting on a sofa, his legs open. The same two white women were kneeling naked on the floor, tongues outstretched towards the edge of his robe. His hand was raised over them and in it he again held the same short cutting whip.

Having securely fastened both photographs, Osman left Amanda trying not to look at the scenes of female subjugation. But no matter how she might turn her head, the cold eyes of Sheikh Turki seemed to be on her, as if ordering her too to kneel at his feet. Her thoughts were dominated by the idea and by thoughts of the erect manhood hidden under the long robes and of his raised whip.

36 - THE SHEIKH'S TOUR OF INSPECTION

Amanda had now been subjected to the life of a galley slave for a week. Sheikh Turki had not reappeared in person, but the terrifying photograph hanging in her stall ensured he was never absent from her thoughts. Every day she been exercised at her oar. Her hands and bottom cheeks had become hardened, thanks to Osman's daily applications of alcohol, and he had removed her gloves and the mat. She was becoming a good galley slave, pulling well up to her weight - especially when the official reduction given for her large breasts was taken into account.

She had also been frequently exercised at the water wheel and the corn crusher. These not only helped develop her muscles but also her sense of dumb obedience - so essential for a galley slave in a racing galley.

But it should not be imagined that she was becoming an ugly muscular giant. On the contrary, the importance of keeping her weight down and her breasts well developed ensured that Osman kept her slim and attractive.

Except for little slices of meat, she had been largely fed on the special high protein porridge. The exact composition was Osman's closely guarded secret - and one that his rival whipmasters would have been only too anxious to know.

Amanda had learnt how to keep her stall spotless whilst performing her natural functions to order, for checking by Batu and recording on the blackboard at the front of her stall.

A new development had been that as well as the embarrassing daily intimate inspections of her body by Osman himself, his young assistants would now amuse themselves by starting to arouse her sexually whilst she stood stiffly at attention, chained up in her stall. Batu would order 'Inspection!' and she would raise her manacled hands and clasp them behind her neck, whilst moving her legs apart, bending her knees and thrusting forward with her belly.

In this humiliating position, she had to look straight ahead whilst one of the boys played with her beauty bud and Batu watched her, whip raised, ready to punish her for the slightest movement - even of her eyes.

They never let her climax, but the effect, coupled with the erotic photographs of Sheikh Turki hanging in her stall, had the inevitable effect of keeping her secret thoughts turn more and more towards to her powerful and ruthless Master. Previously she had always regarded him with repulsion, now he seemed her only chance of sexual relief.

Twice, not daring to actually touch herself, she had been caught by one of the boys secretly rubbing herself on a little ball of straw in her stall. Twice she had had to stand at attention whilst Osman was fetched - and angrily ordered her to be whipped.

One day the women were woken before dawn and taken down to the galley for an exceptionally early exercise. When they returned to their stalls they were all exceptionally carefully brushed and groomed by the young boys. Electric trimmers were run over their mounds and down between their legs. They were made to make up their eyes and faces and their beauty lips were outlined with black kohl. Then each woman had to scrub the floor of her stall with a nail brush until it was spotless.

Amanda heard the noise of a helicopter. Minutes lat-



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Amanda blushed with shame as she felt the horrible little boy use his cane to make her thrust her belly forward and then part her beauty lips for her Master's inspection. She did not dare to look down and being muzzled she felt like a dumb animal. Suddenly she felt the Sheikh's hands running over her tummy and hips, and then felt his finger penetrate inquiringly up inside her. Oh, the humiliation! "Yes, she'll do nicely," she heard him say.

er Osman called the women to attention and walked slowly down the spotless passageway past the lines of beautiful young women. Each stood at attention at the front of her stall, her collar chain to the wall at the back of her stall taut behind her and her blackboard carefully showing her physical state and record.

There was the noise of a car outside, followed by the unlocking of the barred gate at the end of the passageway. Amanda longed to look and see what was going on, but with Batu quietly patrolling his section of the passageway she did not dare to move her eyes away from the stall in front of her across the passageway.

There were voices and then the boy responsible for the section at the end of the passageway gave his women the order for 'Inspection'.

Amanda shivered with fear as she realised that Sheikh Turki was slowly making his way down the passageway, pointing to each woman's body with his short cutting whip as he discussed her in Arabic with Osman and with the woman's own boy overseer.

Each woman stood stock still as her body was felt and as the Sheikh barked out his instructions to Osman who was carefully noting them down. It was all desperately humiliating for an intelligent and educated woman - as Sheikh Turki clearly intended it to be. He was impressed by the degree of discipline that Osman and his boy assistants exerted over the women in their charge. It was clear that the women were suitably scared of the boys even though they were only half their size. He grunted in approval.

Amanda was called to attention and, out of the corner of her eye, she saw Batu go up to the Sheikh, salute smartly and report his women ready for inspection. Moments later, the Sheikh arrived in front of her stall. She longed to cringe back against the far wall, but she knew she must remain right at the front and keep her collar chain taut.

Osman began a brief description of her progress, inviting the Sheikh to feel the muscles of her arms, shoulders and thighs and to read the strange Arabic notations on her blackboard.

The Sheikh touched first one of Amanda's nipples and then the other with the tip of his whip. She felt them harden and found it hard not to look at him. Still talking to Osman, he lifted her breasts with his whip, evidently pleased with their increased firmness.

Then Batu said something to the Sheikh and reached forward to part her beauty lips for the Sheikh's inspection. Amanda gave a little jump backwards, but Batu's whip caught her across her rear cheeks. Then, still parting her beauty lips with one hand, he used his whip to make her thrust her hips right forward towards the Sheikh, standing in the lowered passageway. Her head was now raised again and her eyes looking straight ahead above the Sheikh's head. Amanda felt she could have died of shame as she felt the tip of her Master's whip between her parted lips.

The Sheikh gave an order and Batu ran up with a little stool which he placed in the passageway in front of Amanda. Batu sat down and began to play with her, demonstrating to the Sheikh, as she stood trembling all over but stock still, both her level of fear-induced discipline and her sensuality. Soon Osman was pointing out the changing colour of her cheeks and breasts, as her breath became shorter and shorter.

Never in all her life had Amanda been more ashamed as, despite her efforts at self control, she felt herself being brought to a climax in front of her Master by the horrible boy. Was this why he had so often played with her? So that he could give the Sheikh a demonstration of her sensuality - and of his control over her?

Apparently satisfied with the demonstration, the Sheikh gave some more orders in Arabic and turned to the woman in the next stall, then the next section and Batu ordered his women to relax from the position of Inspection. Gratefully she lowered her arms, closed her legs and straightened her knees.

A little later, still standing nervously at attention, Amanda heard her Master slowly coming back down the passageway. The stables resounded with youthful shouted orders as each boy ordered his women back into the position of Inspection as the Sheikh passed. Just as a sentry presents arms as an officer passes, so each section had to show their servile respect for their all-powerful owner by presenting their intimacies for his gaze as he strode by.

37 - TAKEN BY HER MASTER

That afternoon, Amanda saw Batu pushing a trolley containing several large bottles down the passageway to her stall.

He made her kneel down on all fours at the edge of her stall and face the wall, thrusting her hips up towards the trolley and keeping her head down on the floor. Then he fastened the chain linking her wrists to the ring at the back of her collar. She realised that this was so that she could not interfere with whatever he was going to do to her and moaned in fear.

She felt Batu tapping the inside of her thighs with his dog whip to make her part her legs. She felt him pull her cheeks further apart and then touch her with something greasy and firm. She gave a little shudder as the substance was inserted into her.

Then he tied a strap over her and round her waist. As he fastened the strap, she felt it being pushed a little more into her. It was firmly attached to her and, although she tried to use her muscles to expel it, to her dismay she found that the straps were holding it firmly in place.

To her surprise she was made to stand up again and face the passageway and the tall trolley. Batu used a second strap to fasten the first one to a ring on the trolley. She was now tightly strapped to it as well as held to the ring at the back of her stall by her neck collar. She could hardly move.

Horrified, she saw a long rubber tube coming up from between her legs. Even more horrified, she saw that the tube led up to a large open bottle in a metal holder high up on the trolley level with the top of her head.

The bottle contained a thick green liquid. It seemed to be fizzy and slightly bubbling, like a freshly opened soda water bottle. As she watched, Batu poured a small bottle of soda water into the large bottle, making the liquid fizz even more and bringing it exactly level with one of the numbered graduations engraved on the side. He stirred it with a wooden spoon until it looked like a sort of green sparkling wine.

Then he added a large handful of what seemed to be soap powder and stirred again. Soon there were large soap bubbles on the surface of the liquid, with little bubbles making their way up to them.

As she gazed at the bottle she saw that there was a tap where the tube joined it. Batu put down the wooden spoon and went off, leaving a petrified Amanda gazing in horror at the bubbling bottle to which she was attached by the tube.

Osman came and inspected the bottle, nodding in approval. He checked the strap round her waist that held the nozzle of the tube up inside her. Then he patted Batu on the head and stood back.

Batu now felt Amanda's belly. She nearly fainted with shame. But worse was to follow for with his other hand he slightly turned the tap leading out from the bottle. Seconds later, Amanda gasped behind her muzzle as she felt the liquid squirt under pressure deep up inside her.

Above her muzzle her eyes started from her head. Batu nodded at Osman as, with both hands, he felt her belly begin to swell and he heard the bubbling liquid begin its cleansing task. Then he reached up and turned off the tap. It relieved the pressure but the horrible liquid still bubbled away inside her.

Osman came up and also felt her belly, nodded with approval and put a red mark on one of the graduations

some way below the already lower level of the liquid. Then, with an experienced hand, he opened the tap just a shade and led Batu off to work on another of the women in his charge.

Amanda could feel the liquid trickling into her, still under pressure. Her eyes were fixed on the bottle and on the red mark .The top of the green liquid was very, very, slowly dropping toward it. Her belly felt huge and uncomfortable. She simply could not absorb any more! She tried to cry out, but her muzzle muffled her cries.

Desperately she tried to expel the nozzle, but the strap held it tightly in place. She tried to edge away from the trolley but the strap linking her belly strap held her tightly in place. Standing there on display at the front of her stall, she was helpless to prevent the liquid from continuing to enter her drop by drop.

There was a commotion at the end of the passageway. Amanda heard the distinctive rattle of the barred gate being unlocked and opened and then Sheikh Turki came striding down the passageway.

He stopped in front of her stall. Once again Amanda felt that she could faint with shame at being seen like this by him.

Osman came running up. The Sheikh barked several questions at him in Arabic. As he answered, Osman was pointing to the red mark on the bottle and feeling Amanda's swelling belly.

The Sheikh slowly walked round Amanda, his eyes taking in the strap that held the nozzle inside her, her terrified eyes and, of course, her swollen belly - something which seemed to fascinate him. Revenge! Then, turning on his heel, he strode away down the passageway and out of the building.

Five minutes later the top of the liquid had dropped to the red mark. Batu came and turned off the tap. But there was no relief yet for Amanda. For another ten minutes she was left standing there whilst the liquid completed its task.

Only then was she unstrapped from the trolley, the nozzle removed and, under the watchful gaze of Batu, allowed to empty herself onto the straw in the corner.

Later that evening Batu came back to Amanda's stall, washed her all over and powdered her body. Then he began to paint her eyelids. He dropped something into her eyes that made them seem huge and soft. He put her into short white gloves, long white stockings, an abbreviated white suspender belt and white high heel shoes.

He wrapped a very short white frilly skirt round her waist. It stuck out like a ballerina's tutu, leaving her shorn and powdered beauty lips on display.

A big white satin bow was tied around each of her upper arms and round her neck. A little white bridal hat and veil completed her outfit. Her breasts were still bare and she was still muzzled.

Amanda looked at herself in the mirror in her stall. She gasped at the sight of the beautiful and erotically dressed girl who stared back at her with huge eyes, a girl dressed to pander to the lusts of a man, once again feeling a mixture of pride and shame - and mounting excitement.

Osman arrived and, having looked her up and down with evident approval, he unfastened her collar chain from ring on the rear wall of her stall, and led her down the passageway.

Amanda noticed how the other women turned in their stalls and looked jealously at the beautiful and exciting creature into which Amanda had been transformed. She tossed her head proudly, though she also blushed at her scanty clothing, which somehow seemed more revealing than when she was naked.

The barred gateway at the end of the passageway was unlocked and she was taken out to the otherwise empty cattle truck. Her collar chain was fastened to a ring in the side of the truck and her hands fastened behind her neck. The ramp was raised and she was left in darkness.

The truck moved off down the bumpy road. Then it stopped and the ramp was lowered. Osman came in to the back of the truck and unfastened her collar chain. Then, holding her chain in one hand and the inevitable dog whip in the other, he led down her down the ramp.

Amanda looked around in the darkness. She was back on the quay. The high stern of the galley loomed up

above her.

Osman led her up the gangplank that led to the poop of the galley and then down to the rowing deck. But instead of being led to her rowing bench, they went to the door of the small cabin under the poop.

Light was coming from under the door and through a curtained small porthole. She heard the sound of someone moving about inside the cabin. Osman fastened her collar chain up to a hook above the door that was out of her reach. He gestured with his whip for her to kneel down on all fours. Then he knocked on the door and went in, leaving Amanda kneeling outside, in the warm evening air, like a dog chained up by its lead outside its owner's front door.

She heard the Sheikh's strong voice, speaking in Arabic. Her Master! Suddenly Osman came out. The door remained open, lighting up the erotically dressed and kneeling figure of Amanda. She saw that Osman was now carrying a beautifully decorated and distinctive short whip. She trembled as she recognised the Sheikh's own cutting whip.

Osman gestured with the whip for her to raise her hips. Then he put his foot on her neck and pressed her head down onto the deck, tapping her underneath on her belly with his whip to make her push herself up, then used the whip to lift up her absurd little white skirt and bare her bottom.

Osman coughed, as if seeking permission to proceed. Nothing happened. Amanda tried to scream, but only a little gurgle came out from behind her muzzle - a gurgle that was greeted by a sardonic laugh from behind the door.

Again Osman coughed. She heard the noise of pages being turned. The Sheikh was reading a book! Reading whilst she was being kept waiting for a beating - a beating which was purely for the Sheikh's amusement.

Amanda heard the Sheikh say something in Arabic. Osman raised the whip. Then he brought it down slowly and methodically, across Amanda's bottom. A muffled scream came from her. The pain was awful, but so too was the humiliation and, she realised, the excitement of knowing that the Sheikh would have heard the crack of his own whip across her skin.

There was a long pause and the sound of more pages being turned. Then the curtain across the porthole was drawn back. Another page was turned. Would the Sheikh now be able to look up from his book and see his insignificant new galley slave being beaten for his amusement as well as listen to it? My God! She felt utterly dominated. To her shame, she also felt herself becoming more aroused at the thought. She remembered the Sheikh callously telling his guests how his women galley slaves could not help themselves from becoming aroused when they got the whip. It was true!

She heard the Sheikh snap his fingers as he read and the tap of the whip signalling her to raise herself high in the air again. As she strained nervously to do so, she felt Osman's boot pressing hard down on her neck. The whip came down again and there was the noise of a muffled scream.

Osman kept his boot on her neck as she tried to reach back behind her with her manacled hands to ease the pain.

She realised that the casual snap of the Sheikh's fingers was the signal for the administration for each stroke and found herself desperately listening for the next click of his fingers.

Suddenly she heard a double snap. Terrified, she raised her bottom for the whip and nervously clenched her muscles. But nothing happened. What now? She felt Osman lift his boot from her neck. Then, holding her by her hair, he raised her up.

Osman gestured to her to hold up her short little skirt. Ashamed, she did so and then he tapped her forearms with his whip, making her strain to keep her elbows right back. He went on to tap her globes until she was also straining to thrust out her belly under her raised skirt. He looked her up and down, still not satisfied. She felt him tap her under the chin, making her lift it and so thrust her head right back until she was looking up at the stars.

She knew that Osman and, presumably, the Sheikh had no more compunction about beating a girl across the belly than he had of beating her across her bottom. And, she realised, her soft little belly was now perfectly positioned for the whip. She bit her lips nervously.

Osman coughed as if signalling to the Sheikh that the girl was ready. Amanda glimpsed a shadow behind the porthole. There was a long pause. Osman tapped her elbows, then her bottom cheeks and her chin, keeping her straining to hold position.

She heard the snap of fingers from behind the door. With a splattering noise the whip came down across her beautifully presented belly. A line of fire seemed to cross her and she doubled up with the pain.

Osman let her writhe and then pulled her up again by the hair and used the whip to reposition her. Once again she stood there, belly thrust out, straining to hold position, ears cocked for the dreaded snap of the cruel Sheikh's fingers.

At last the stroke came - was it imagination or was it less hard? Did Osman feel that he had achieved his aim of making her realise that she was nothing more than an obedient slave?

Osman pointed to the deck with the whip. Obediently Amanda fell to her knees and he unhooked her collar chain before thrusting the Sheikh's cutting whip into her mouth and picking up his own dog whip. He gave a sharp pull on her collar chain, just as an impatient dog owner might give a tug on a lead.

The Sheikh was lying back on a comfortable sofa, dressed in a long caftan. Osman handed over Amanda's chain and, bowing deeply, left the cabin. For the first time, Amanda was alone with Sheikh Turki.

"Ah! My latest new bride," came the harshly accented voice. "And quite a pretty one too." He laughed and tugged at the chain. "Give me my whip!"

With a sob of despair, Amanda crawled up to him. Like a well trained dog, she dropped the whip into his hand.

"Now, up onto the couch on all fours! Move! And stop snivelling or I'll call in Osman to give you another four strokes."

Furious at being ordered about like this, but too terrified to disobey, Amanda climbed up onto the big sofa, still on all fours. Holding her collar chain in one hand and his whip in the other, the Sheikh pulled her up alongside him. Then he put down his whip.

"Keep your eyes on my whip, 731," he ordered. "The slightest sign of disobedience or any lack of respect and you'll feel it again. So just remember and keep your eyes on it."

As if hypnotised by his words, Amanda's eyes were fixed fearfully on the object as he reached forward and began to rub her nipples. Excitement flowed through her body like electric shocks. She began to moan under her muzzle. Sheikh Turki smiled and then moved his hand down between her legs and slowly began to stroke.

Amanda found herself opening her legs to his touch, as if silently asking for more. He put down the collar chain. She was now too hooked on the pleasure he was giving her to try and run away. With one hand rubbing first one nipple and then the other, he began to use the fingers of the other hand to feel round and round her beauty lips. The moaning increased. How sensible Osman was to keep his galley slaves muzzled.

Now he began to tickle her beauty bud. She was trembling all over. Slowly and tantalisingly he began to feel up between the now well moistened lips. He smiled again. First terrify a woman, have her beaten and then play with her. It never failed.

Indeed, Amanda felt herself responding more and more deeply. The Sheikh might be repulsive and cruel, but she was his! His to do with as he liked. She was just his slave. It was all too animal-like, but she just could not help it.

The Sheikh saw that her eyes were becoming glazed and her breathing heavy. Little gurgling noises of pleasure came from behind her muzzle. Her whole face, neck and breasts became flushed. It was time she was made to show her sluttishness.

He removed his fingers and, keeping both hands quite still, with one he cupped a hanging breast and with the other her intimacies. There was a little moan of disappointment from behind the muzzle.

She started to press both her breast and her intimacies down against his hands as she desperately sought to renew the earlier excitements. Soon she felt herself melting again, melting into the cups of his hands.

Suddenly he removed his hands. She moaned again in disappointment and tried to rub her beauty bud

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against him but this time he picked up his whip and made her raise her hips and keep quite still.

Then, unbelievably, she saw him reach for a book, open it and start to read, leaving her aroused, shamed, frustrated and muzzled. How she hated him!

Idly he reached up with one hand, turned the page and stroked her breast. She sighed with pleasure. He rolled a nipple between finger and thumb. She moaned in ecstasy. She gave her breasts a little shake as if inviting him to hold them and wriggled her hips as if inviting him to feel her again.

But he took his hand away to hold his book. What should she do, she wondered, as she knelt, panting, on all fours. She looked at him as he read his book and ignored her. What a repulsive creature he was. How could she have been turned on by such an evil and horrible creature? She must have been mad. Anyway, he would not arouse her again!

Two minutes later, the Sheikh casually reached down between her legs... another two minutes and, despite her resolve, she was fully aroused and panting with desire. Then again he took his hand away and concentrated on his book, leaving her feeling both dismayed and degraded.

From time to time he would absent-mindedly play with her body as he read. She began to plunge wildly, but he held her tightly by her collar chain, keeping her firmly kneeling. Sometimes he would allow her to rub herself desperately against his palm and then take his hand away again to turn over a page, leaving her wondering if he would deign to bring his hand back again.

Slowly he brought her again and again towards a climax, paying no more attention to her than he would when casually fondling a favourite dog.

Amanda felt that she was being driven mad by desire for a man she hated and despised. How he must be enjoying his revenge!

Suddenly she plunged wildly as he touched her beauty bud with an idle finger. Overcome with desire and shame, she half climaxed. Now she needed to feel his touch more than ever. But again he took his hand away, leaving her appalled at her own behaviour.

Soon his hand returned, arousing her to yet greater heights. Slowly and intermittently he aroused her again and again. She felt utterly dependent on him, on his touch. Finally, feeling that she had now sufficiently demonstrated her sluttishness, he did allow her to climax - on all fours in front of him.

“You disgusting little creature,” he commented as he gave her several gentle taps with his whip to bring on her climax. “Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?”

But there was no respite, for he soon had her panting with desire again. This brute of a man was playing on her body against her will, as if it was a musical instrument. She became exhausted and collapsed onto the couch, but he quickly pulled her up by her collar back onto her knees again, back to his terrible fingers and their casual stroking, tickling and probing.

She wanted more. She wanted to feel him inside her. Yes, she wanted this awful man inside her. Oh how ashamed she felt.

Suddenly he put down his book and came behind her. She was wet and ready for him. Half-heartedly obeying some primeval instinct, she tried to wriggle away, but he gripped her by the neck and held her down.

Then slowly he penetrated her, enjoying the feeling of tightness and of her attempted resistance, enjoying both the physical pain and the mental anguish he was inflicting on her. Ah, revenge is indeed sweet but will be sweeter yet.

Amanda dropped her head in shame, but he gripped her hair and pulled her head back so that her back was nicely arched - all the better to take his manhood.

He kept her still in that position for several moments and then he thrust forward in an ecstasy of power over a beautiful white woman reduced to the status of a mere galley slave, knowing that she, in turn, would be experiencing a deep feeling of utter humiliation and excitement. Was this not what her own lust had made her secretly long for?

Slowly he forced his way up inside her. Never had she felt so stretched. He was so big. The pain was exquisite.

Then slowly he withdrew, leaving her feeling used and rejected. She felt him apply a little grease. But

in the wrong place! Immediately he pressed his manhood against her. No! No! She had not realised the significance of the preparations in her stall. Now she did! She tried to wriggle away but again he held her still by her hair, tighter than ever, making her arch her back even more so as to make her accommodate his thrusting manhood even better.

He was inside her, deep inside her. No! No! But she still tightly held and the more she wriggled and writhed, the more pleasure, physical and especially mental, she was giving to him. Exhausted, she began to relax. But that was the signal be was waiting for and thrust violently in and out of her weakening body, taking her and dominating her in a way that she had never felt before.

Amanda felt him grow bigger and firmer and a jet of something warm shot deep inside, inundating her. She felt so helpless. So ashamed. So degraded. So much his slave. A slave who had been used to arouse and satisfy her Master, after previously being made to perform so humiliatingly on all fours. A slave who would now be ashamed to look her Master in the face.

Contentedly he clapped his hands for Osman to come in and take her away.

His revenge was coming on nicely.

38 - FINAL TRAINING AND THEN THE CREWS ARE PARADED

A few weeks after the Sheikh had enjoyed Amanda, the Spring racing season began.

Twice a year, in the winter and summer off-seasons, the galley owners had the absorbing task of bringing their female galley slaves up to strength: the sheer fascination, skill and expense of selecting and acquiring suitable young women and of watching their whipmasters overcome their initial reluctance to obey.

Then, as the spring and autumn racing seasons approached, there was the art of whipping the women into a winning team. And in the actual racing seasons there was, of course, the racing itself.

Sheikh Turki started attending more practice sessions. Impressed by the stamina and level of training reached by his own women and confident of his own skill as a coxswain and helmsman, he had already placed large bets on their future performance.

Chained to her oar, Amanda could not bear to meet her Master's eye as he stood imperiously on the raised poop deck gripping the rail as he looked down on the straining women below, or as he spun the steering wheel, barking his orders to the boy at the drum and to the women at the stroke oars.

She no longer despised him as she had done when she interviewed him back in London. Now she feared him. She hated him, certainly, but she also respected him. She dreaded him and yet she longed for him.

She watched breathlessly as he chose other women to be sent down to the galley, or to his villa, for his evening pleasure. Was she being deliberately ignored? Was she relieved or secretly jealous of the other women?

Although Amanda did not know it, the first race was to be four laps of a two mile zig-zag course intended to test the stamina and state of training of the various crews and the expertise of their Owners and whipmasters.

The course would also test the skill of the Owners and their whipmasters in controlling both their galleys and rowers as they rounded the various buoys whilst surrounded by other galleys, each pushing and shoving to steal a lead.

Overtaking galleys did not have the right of way and must therefore keep clear of galleys being overtaken and if an overtaking galley struck the one it was overtaking, or if their oars touched, then the former would be disqualified. However in the muddle and melee that often took place as several galleys rounded a mark, it was not always very clear just which vessel was the overtaking one and which the overtaken. A craft whose rowers were tiring and whose lead was being challenged by another galley with a fresher crew might quite legitimately steer a zig-zag course to try and block the other galley, or to force him to touch oars inadvertently.

Such tactics made the races more exciting especially since, as the women were chained to their oars, the chaos and physical damage to them could be considerable. Not only could the oars be smashed or broken off, but the unfortunate women could well be injured.

If this happened then, by the Rowing Club rules, the Owner of the galley with the right of way could pick replacement women from the crew of the offending galley. This might result in the galley being out of action for the rest of the racing season whilst replacements were acquired and trained. However the perfor-

mance of the galley that had been struck might also be affected as the new members of the crew settled down and learnt the ways of their new whipmaster.

This rule was intended to deter dangerous manoeuvres. However, not only were the galleys competing against each other during a particular race, but they were also desperate, as in the British Football League, to earn points towards each racing season Championship. So great were the sums involved in the betting and so large was the Championship prize money, that it was not unknown for a leading Owner to bribe another Owner, who was out of the running for the Championship, to ram the galley of his closest rival in an attempt to disable as many of the crew as possible.

Another effect of this rule was that an Owner of an inferior crew might deliberately seek to be struck by a galley higher up the League table, so as to be able to replace his injured women with better trained ones. It was therefore important for the Owner of a successful galley to keep a sharp lookout for unscrupulous Owners seeking to collide with his galley, irrespective of who had the right of way.

As with a successful football team, it was also important to have reserve rowers, kept trained like the rest, ready to step into the place of any injured women.

Just as in horse-racing the runners are paraded around the paddock by their trainers before cantering off to the start, so on Montah Island the crew of each galley was paraded by its whipmaster on the rowing club lawn before being run off to their galley.

Not only did this enable the Club Members and their guests to judge the strengths and weaknesses of each crew before placing their bets, but also to get an idea of its state of discipline. A crew that, for instance, pranced eagerly onto the lawn in perfect time, bodies gleaming and showing no surplus fat, might be expected to outperform a crew that had to be whipped onto the lawn and in which the bodies of the individual women showed various states of fitness.

Each crew was watched carefully as it was paraded in front of the shaded terrace on which the Members and their guests enjoyed cooling refreshments before embarking in their own galleys, or in the boats provided for spectators and judges. The watching men would be looking for an impression of stamina in the crew as a whole and also seeing if a crew gave the impression of moving and thinking as one.

Just as in horse racing there is often a prize for the best turned out horse in the paddock, so here there was a prize for the best parade.

Sheikh Turki's women's wrists were chained with the Club's standard weight manacles that prevented individual crews getting an advantage over the others. They were also tattooed on the right forearm with the club insignia of two palm trees followed by their registered number in Arabic numerals. But they differed from the others by the well cut chevron of hair, like a Lance-Corporal's stripe, on the mound of the otherwise hairless mounds of the two coffle leaders, the stroke oars.

They also, of course, differed by being muzzled and by having the Sheikh's own design of standard weight flexible stainless steel collars riveted round their necks rather than the more normal simple black iron ring or brass studded dog collars. The Sheikh preferred his type as it enabled his name to be prominently engraved on the collar, as well as the insignia of the club. This, he felt, drove home to the women that they all belonged to him and formed part of his team.

Sheikh Turki also liked to see his crew wearing a distinctive gold edged, short red cloak on their way to their galley before a race.

There was therefore no mistaking Sheikh Turki's crew as, chained by the neck into two coffles and raising their knees up high, they pranced towards the club house, red cloaks streaming behind them

Each Owner, of course, had his own ideas about how best to mark his women and give them a sense of identity. Amanda was shocked to see that the women lined up next to them all had a distinctive brown and white chequered pattern, a foot wide, tattooed right round their waist and over their bellies. The brown women in the team had white squares tattooed onto their bodies and the white women brown squares. Each square was about two inches across. The effect of this pattern was most distinctive and bizarre looking.

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In another crew, a distinctive partial circle of short hair had been allowed to grow on their otherwise hairless mounds. The two ends of the circle led down to the shorn beauty lips enhanced with a brass infibulation ring.

Another crew had yellow plastic collars round their necks, like those worn by cows in a modern cattle feeding system, so that their feed could be individually pre-set and automatically controlled.

Amanda recognised the crew that had had their heads completely shaved. Was this so that there would be no hair to get into their eyes during strenuous sessions at the oars? Or was it just a cruel way of making the women all feel part of one team?

One team had a bell hanging from their collars. They rang with their every movement. Would the bell of one woman, tinkling a split second later than the rest, bring down the wrath of her whipmaster?

Some of the teams had been branded on the shoulder or breast with an insignia, presumably that of their Owners. One had their Owner's insignia tattooed in bright green and scarlet on their naked bellies. At least, thought Amanda, Sheikh Turki, cruel though he was, hadn't yet introduced that idea.

In some crews the women seemed to have had their hairless beauty lips sewn up. How awful! Was this so that they could not waste their energies by playing with themselves? Had they also had their beauty buds removed, to make sure? Then she saw that in one team the entire beauty lips seemed to have disappeared altogether. There was a long scar where the beauty lips should have been. My God! Amanda remembered reading about total circumcision being quite common in parts of the world - the removal of not only the beauty bud but also the sensitive lips which were then made to heal over to form a solid scar except for a small orifice low down. At least Sheikh Turki did not do that.

Indeed the more she looked around her, the more Amanda felt that her Master, whom she had previously regarded as the most appalling swine, was not perhaps so bad as a Master after all.

Suddenly there was the crack of a whip and the team of shaven headed women started to goose-step round the lawn in perfect military formation, their straight legs raised high in the air. Every twenty paces they halted, performed a smart military about-turn, then goose stepped ten paces back in the direction they had come from, before turning about again and marching forward again another twenty paces.

Amanda realised that this was all more than a mere desire by the Owner to show off how well disciplined his women were. Thigh and stomach muscles all played an important part in pulling an oar and just as the prancing step of Sheikh Turki's crew provided an excellent way of exercising these muscles, so too did this team's goose-stepping.

A few minutes later it was the turn of a nose ringed crew. Their Owner must have been struck, on a visit to England, with the very fast march of the British Light Infantry and on his return had introduced it as the normal marching pace for his galley slaves. The sight of two dozen naked women, marching smartly at the exaggerated Quick Step of 140 paces to the minute, their breasts swinging in time, was indeed an impressive sight.

At last, Osman gave a warning crack with his whip. Amanda and the other women straightened up and clasped their hands behind their necks, waiting for the next crack of the whip. At last it came and Amanda found herself prancing onto the lawn in perfect step with the other women, breasts swinging wildly under her cloak and the chains that linked her collar to that of the women in front and behind her bar taut.

As she followed her coffle leader round the lawn, she had a glimpse of the white robed men sitting nonchalantly on the shaded clubhouse terrace. The immaculate dress of these all-powerful individuals made her more conscious than ever of her nudity and helplessness, especially when she saw in the middle Sheikh Turki, smiling as he received numerous congratulations on the appearance of his team.

Obeying a crack of Osman's whip, they halted. Several of Osman's boy assistants ran onto the lawn and quickly removed the red cloaks. Again Sheikh Turki's young women pranced round the lawn, this time with their breasts on display. Many experienced Owners swore that they could tell the state of fitness of a team

of galley slaves by the pertness of their breasts and would place their bets accordingly. They would explain that nothing made a woman's breasts more firm, with the nipples pointing up, than rowing.

Finally, obedient to another crack of Osman's whip, they all pranced off the lawn and towards the jetty where their galley was lying.

39 - AMANDA'S FIRST RACE

Amanda and the other women were marched to their galley. They embarked, as usual under the guns of the guards, and were chained to their oars.

The Club Inspector came on board and, with Osman, went down the central catwalk of the galley. He checked the number tattooed on each girl's forearm with a list that Osman had handed him and with his own handicap book that listed each girl's true weight and her official handicap weight.

Then, using his calculator, he added up the total handicap weights. Satisfied that the total was within the maximum allowed in this particular race, he stamped Osman's paper, handed it back to him and went off to repeat the process in the next galley.

This was the one in which all the girls had their heads shaved. A few minutes later there was a furious scene there as the Inspector discovered that the crew was slightly overweight. The embarrassed whipmaster had to unchain a large muscular girl and replace her with a delicate Thai girl whom he had brought down to the quay in his cattle truck as a reserve.

The naked women in Sheikh Turki's galley sat waiting, silent under their muzzles, manacled hands gripping their oars. With each of the galleys festooned with its Owner's personal racing pendants, the scene was one of beauty and exhilaration.

Amanda tried to peer through the small port in the side of the galley, through which her oar passed. She glimpsed a group of white robed Owners approached from the direction of the club house, laughing amongst themselves as they strode along the jetty to their respective galleys.

Osman's whip cracked and hastily she turned her head. She knew very well that the galley slaves had to keep their eyes in the boat at all times, looking only at the back of the girl in front and at the stroke oars.

As she sat there, wondering what was going to happen, she remembered the last time Sheikh Turki had taken the galley out on a practice row. They had barely started out when two diminutive figures, dressed in immaculate white Arab robes and head dresses, appeared from the cabin under the poop. The Sheikh's young nephews.

For them this was an exciting day out. They were laughing and giggling as they climbed up to join their uncle on the poop deck and then watched, open mouthed, as the naked muzzled galley slaves were put through their paces.

Amanda felt embarrassed at being shown off in this way to young Arab boys and even more so when she saw one of them point to her and then, laughing, whisper something to his brother.

Their uncle said something to them and they scampered down onto the central catwalk. As the women continued to row in perfect unison to the beat of the drum, they started to run up and down, looking at the numbers tattooed on each woman's forearm.

Suddenly there was a scream of excitement as one of the boys found what they must have been looking for - the number on Amanda. Both boys moved close to her. She saw Osman looking at her, his whip ready. One boy put a pudgy hand on one of her naked breasts. He said something to his brother and soon there were two little hands kneading and squeezing her breasts as she swayed to and fro in time with the drum. It was a horrible and humiliating feeling but, with her hands chained to her oar and Osman watching her, there was

nothing she could do.

Then they ran back up to the poop to join their uncle. One of them pointed to the steering wheel and, with a smile, the Sheikh let him take over. The boy gripped the spokes of the wheel and proudly began to turn the galley first one way and then the other. Imitating his uncle's voice, he called for greater speed and laughed as the drum beat increased and Osman cracked his whip menacingly.

Amanda was even more humiliated when the other boy pointed at the proud figure of Osman strutting up and down the catwalk his whip raised. The Sheikh nodded indulgently and called out to him. The little boy ran eagerly down to the catwalk and Osman handed over his whip.

The boy practised cracking it several times and then brought it down across the back of a straining young woman. Laughing with delight he began to run up and down the cat -walk, whip raised in imitation of Osman. He paused by Amanda and then, with a cruel little smile, brought the whip down across her back, making her scream with a mixture of pain and shame.

Finally the Sheikh called the boy back to the poop and took over the helm again so that he could get down to the serious work of exercising his crew. But the memory of the shame of being made to perform as a galley slave by these two horrible rich young Arab boys was still in her mind as she now waited... and waited.

Suddenly there was the drum roll signalling that their Master was about to come onboard. Hurriedly Amanda straightened up and, with her manacled arms straight out in front of her, turned her oar so that it was horizontal and in a perfect line with the other oars just above the water. Then she parted her legs and thrust her belly up towards the raised poop. Would she ever get used to this humiliating gesture of respect?

There was another drum roll and out of the corner of her eye she saw the Sheikh stride up the gangway onto the poop. As usual, to her utter shame, she felt her displayed beauty lips responding to his presence and her own helpless nakedness.

The Arab coxswain and the Negro drum boy cast off and the women slowly paddled the galley out to the start of the race, off the club house. There was a long pause whilst each galley moored itself by the stern to its starting buoy.

There was the roar of the starting gun, fired from the club house lawn. The coxswain, standing on the poop deck, deftly slipped the starting rope. Sheikh Turki shouted an order and spun the steering wheel. The black boy began the quick drum beat of the racing start that the women had so often practised and Osman's whip cracked.

Twenty four female backs swayed back in the first of the initial short strokes and then forty eight naked nipples jerked as the women quickly reached forward again for the next stroke. The light galley shot forward, as did twenty other galleys, all racing for the first marking buoy half a mile ahead.

The dozen quick strokes were completed and the women were lengthening their stroke as the drumbeat eased. The galley was moving fast.

"Full Ahead!" screamed the Sheikh in Arabic as he lined the galley's bow up with the distant marking buoy. It was an order that the women had all learnt to recognise and obey.

Osman walked slowly back along the central catwalk towards the poop, looking for any signs of slackness. Amanda sensed that he was coming down towards her and strained hard at her oar. The fact that he was behind her spurred her to even greater efforts for she could not see when his whip might suddenly slash down across her naked back. No wonder the women were made to row naked - naked for the whip, she thought.

She saw the whip slash down across the back of the girl seated opposite her as she reached forward. Osman had judged his stroke cleverly and the knotted tip of the whip whistled round under the unfortunate woman's armpits to catch her breast where it curved down just under the nipple - the most sensitive spot. Amanda saw the woman judder and strained even harder at the next stroke, as Osman stood behind her his whip raised.

But Amanda had made the mistake of slightly turning her head towards the other woman, instead of keeping

her eyes on the woman ahead and on the stroke oars. As she pushed her oar back to the starting position for the next stroke, she too felt the whip crack across her soft back, the tip catching her, too, on the soft under-breast. The pain was excruciating, but her muzzle muffled her cry.

The Sheikh kept them at Full Ahead for a whole minute. He was now in the leading group of galleys. He must conserve energies.

"Half Ahead! Twenty six strokes!" he ordered. The drum beat eased perceptively and the women slowed down to the less exhausting stroke.

Soon the galley was approaching the rounding mark. Another galley was challenging them from behind.

"Up four strokes!" ordered the Sheikh grimly and the galley began to surge ahead of its rival as the striking rate increased to thirty.

"Hold water starboard two strokes!" shouted the Sheikh and spun the wheel. Obediently Amanda and the women on her side of the galley strained to hold the loom of their oars in the water, as they had so often been made to practice. The galley spun found the mark ahead of the other galley which began to slow down.

"Give way together!"

Amanda and the women on her side resumed the stroke and the galley steadied on the new course for the next marker buoy.

The Sheikh looked back with a smile. But he did not want to exhaust his women too quickly.

"Down six strokes."

The relieved women slowed down again to an easier stroke, but Osman still continued to patrol up and down, looking for any woman who might be using the excuse of a slower stroke to ease off too much.

And so the race continued with the stroke being altered up and down at frequent intervals, but with only the very occasional Full Ahead.

Amanda suddenly heard a terrible crash of breaking oars from astern of the galley. Daring to raise her eyes slightly she saw that a galley behind them had slowed down just in front of another galley which had run into it.

Amanda, of course, had no idea of the significance of the collision, nor of its cunningly planned result, but from the noise of the crash and the shouting she realised that it was serious. Indeed it did not need much imagination to realise the awful effect the collision might have had on the wretched women chained to the smashed oars as they had been wrenched out of their manacled hands.

After half an hour the leading galleys began to drop back, their women exhausted by the over-fast stroke that their misguided owners had insisted on. Now the furious owners were screaming at their whipmasters to get more effort from them, but it was in vain. The whips cracked and weals appeared across the backs and breasts of the naked women, but the galleys slipped further and further back.

Sheikh Turki's tactics of conserving his women's energies were now paying off handsomely. Soon there was only one more buoy to round and then a straight one mile to the finishing line off the club house. He looked down at his team. They were still rowing steadily in time with little sign of distress other than the sweat which ran down over their breasts and bellies. Osman was keeping an eye out for any woman who was pretending to be more exhausted than she really was. He knew the stamina of each of the women he had so painstakingly trained.

"Full Ahead!" ordered Sheikh Turki in a cruel and decisive voice when there was still half a mile to go and two galleys ahead.

Amanda could not believe it as the drum beat increased. She had no way of knowing that the finishing line was near, but she did know that she was nearing exhaustion.

The whip cracked across her back, making her forget everything except pulling her oar. She could hear other women being whipped also as Osman strode up and down, driving them on. He now had a shorter whip in his hand, one he called his Finishing Whip, with a short thick leather tip. As he stood behind Amanda, he waited until she was leaning right back, her legs parted and her oar held back to her breasts. Then he brought the short whip expertly down over her shoulder and over her oar. The flat leather tip caught her

lower belly between her open legs. The pain was terrible but it made her realise that, tired as she was, she simply must keep up with the new fast stroke and put her back into it. Such was the power of the whip.

The galley surged ahead, passing one of the other galleys still ahead. A quarter of a mile to go! Dare the Sheikh risk keeping the women at Full Ahead? Or would they suddenly collapse under the strain before reaching the finishing line? He looked down at his women, ignoring their pleading eyes and desperate faces. He saw that they were still pulling in time and that, thanks to Osman's Finishing Whip, only a few were showing signs of real distress.

He gestured to Osman to redouble the whip. The galley resounded to the thwack of leather hitting flesh.

Fifty yards from the finishing line, Sheikh Turki caught up with the only galley ahead of him and won by a nose.

The drum beat ceased and Amanda collapsed over her oar like a dead woman, gasping for air. All around her the others sprawled on their rowing benches, muscles aching, hearts pounding, sweat pouring down onto the wooden benches.

Osman came round and forced a slice of bitter lemon into each woman's mouth, reviving them slightly. But how Amanda and the other women found the energy to paddle the galley slowly back to the quayside was something she would never know. For Osman and his terrible whip were no longer on the rowing deck. No! He was now up on the poop deck with the Sheikh and the Coxswain, a bottle of Champagne in his hand, as he gestured obscenely to the whipmasters of the galleys they had just passed.

Through half closed eyes Amanda saw the delighted Sheikh congratulate Osman and present him with a miniature gold bar.

PART VII - AMANDA'S SPECIAL CONDITION

40 - THE MONTAH RACING CLUB INTRODUCES SOME INTERESTING NEW RULES

That evening, after the prize giving in the club house, there was a full meeting of the members of the Montah Racing Club.

An elderly grey bearded Sheikh rose to his feet. His eyes gleamed and his voice was vibrant.

"My Sons and Brothers," he began, "let us not forget that we are all here because of one simple thing: we, like our fathers, our grandfathers and for generations before them, enjoy the supreme thrill of acquiring young women. Our ancestors relied upon slave markets, wars, or raids on rival tribes. We acquire ours, thanks to the new wealth provided by our black gold, oil, from all over the world."

His listeners were nodding.

"We, like our ancestors, all enjoy the thrill of running our hands over the tremulous young bodies of a slave girl, having her crawl naked to our feet, having her look up at us with fearful eyes, having her sitting like a little girl on our knees and of watching her being thrashed by our black servants and feeling her trembling body under us as, terrified by the threat of the whip, she desperately tries to please us.

"But our ancestors also enjoyed something else: the feeling of power that comes from having a pretty young slave girl put into a special condition. I do not necessarily mean that they themselves were the father. A man might sometimes have enjoyed getting his revenge on a hated rival tribal leader, whose wives, concubines and daughters he had captured, by making the women carry his own child. But more usually he enjoyed the cruel revenge of having them mated with a black slave to produce mulatto slaves for his service. The same fate awaited captured Christian women. My forebears enjoyed the feeling of complete power over a young slave woman that came first from an enforced mating and then from making the woman carry a child that, like its mother, was destined for slavery. They enjoyed watching the slave girl ineffectively tearing at the chain mesh pouch locked tightly around her loins as she desperately tried to get rid of what her Master had ordered she was to deliver to him - and which, thanks to her maternal instinct, she would eventually find herself proud to deliver. Meanwhile he would enjoy feeling the reluctant and frightened slave's slowly swelling belly and breasts and he later enjoyed drinking her milk, or having it made into yoghurt for the delight of himself and his guests."

He had the attention of all his listeners.

"But my brothers," he continued, "here we are depriving ourselves of the most basic ways of exerting our power over our galley slaves and of the natural enjoyment that springs from it, by making no provision for the natural fate of a slave girl: enforced maternity.

"Let us also remember what the holy Prophet, may he be blessed forever, taught us: that Allah has put women into the world for two reasons. The first was for the greater enjoyment of men, the second was to propagate the human race, by which he meant not only breeding sons from our wives and concubines, but also the traditional and fascinating art of breeding more slaves from our slave women. We should be following his teaching here!"

There was a roar of agreement as the elderly Sheikh sat down and a buzz of conversation as the men turned to each other, agreeing with every word that he had said.

One owner particularly caught the attention of his fellow members when he described how it had now been

disclosed that the Russian communists had discovered that there was a link between maternity and the improved strength and stamina of young female athletes, due to male hormones entering the blood stream. This had been the secret of the often astonishing success of the Eastern Bloc countries in the world Olympics.

But, he continued, all this was directly relevant to their own female galley slaves. It would be just another way of getting better stamina and fitness from them, like enforcing regular exercise and controlled feeding. All the more reason, he demanded amidst general applause, for the club rules to be amended to encourage owners to use this form of fitness training, and to stop owners using it from being penalised.

Other members also argued that the rules should be amended to reward owners who went to the extra expense and trouble of acquiring beautiful, but naturally heavier, white European women for their galleys and so enriching the whole sport. European women, particularly women from Northern Europe, naturally made better galley slaves, because of their build and physique, than small delicate girls India or the Far East but, being heavier, they were penalised by the present handicap rules.

Although the present rules, based entirely on the difference between breast and waist measurements, gave some advantage to the owners of European women, it was not enough.

Amending the rules, they added, was now urgent, because the chaos that had ensued after the break-up of the Soviet Empire had made it easier to acquire suitable white women from Eastern Europe. This was an opportunity not to be missed and a mixture of women of different weights and physique from different parts of Europe would make building up a suitable team all the more interesting - but the present weight rules mitigated unfairly against having many white women in a team.

The easiest way of changing this gradually, without upsetting the present predominance of Far Eastern women in most owners' teams, or changing the overall weight limits for a team, would be simply to give a greater handicap to galley slaves who were in a special condition. Most young white women were naturally heavier and stronger than Far Eastern ones but if they were mated, then their official handicap weight should be reduced to that of a smaller boned Eastern girl.

Sheikh Turki, the respected winner of that day's race, now rose to his feet. The murmur of conversation died down.

"My brothers," he said, "I also agree with every word that has been said. Why indeed should breeding not form an essential part of our operation - especially as it will strengthen the bodies of our galley slaves for their very arduous work? Why indeed should we not alter the handicap rules to encourage this?"

There were murmurs of agreement and, turning to the grey bearded Sheikh, he went on.

"Our Brother here reminded us of what the Prophet, may he rest in peace forever, taught us: that women were put into the world for the enjoyment of men. We all know the joy of looking down from the poop deck as our captive young women are forced by our whipmaster's whip to strain at their oars, or of inspecting them chained up in their slave pens."

Again he turned to the elderly Sheikh.

"But our Brother also reminded us of the traditional fate of slave girls in the days of our fathers and grandfathers and before them. He also reminded us of the exciting feeling of power that can come from deciding and controlling the mating of our young slave girls. Others of you have emphasised the need to allow for a growing number of heavier and stronger European white women in our teams. But there is a further important matter related to both these points. That is, that these European women are Christians. For centuries, ever since the Crusades, we Arabs and the Turks as well, have enjoyed humiliating Christian women. We revenged ourselves on such women for all the humiliations that the Christians have heaped on us True Believers."

Murmurs of agreement went round the room. These were strong words, but clearly Sheikh Turki had a receptive audience as he continued.

"Think of how for years these uncircumcised and godless Westerners have humiliated us. Now it is our turn to humiliate their arrogant and shameless women. Let us acquire more of these haughty and supercilious

Christian bitches and bring them here to be trained against their will as galley slaves - and let us breed from them without spoiling the racing!"

Sheikh Turki's speech was greeted with shouts of approval and the President of the Montah Sporting Club, an impressive elderly man wearing a black gold edged over-cloak, rose to speak. Immediately there was silence. He had the tall stature, prominent hook nose and small pointed beard that so often were the distinguishing marks of a member of an Arabian ruling family.

"My brother owners, we are all agreed then on the desirability of altering the rules to encourage breeding among our women?... Then let us see how this might be done. I propose that the club Medical Officer be authorised to issue Certificates of Special Condition - which is the expression that, for security reasons, I feel we should use amongst ourselves... That the existing authorised handicap weight for a woman for whom such a certificate has been issued should be immediately reduced by a quarter - or a half for twins. This will also allow for the fact that a woman in the special condition might well not be able to pull an oar up to her now increasing weight. Is that agreed?"

There were murmurs of approval.

"I also propose," the President continued, "that if she is still in the same condition after six months, then the Medical Officer can issue a Certificate of Advanced Condition, reducing her official weight by another quarter. If, however, she is then no longer in a special condition, she will lose her handicap. This will discourage owners from having a girl put into the special condition merely to get the increased handicap and then simply having her aborted. It will encourage owners to make sure that women they have had put into a special condition are made, perhaps reluctantly, to carry their progeny through to the advanced condition and then to delivery - and to go on using her in his galley right up to the last moment - something which will make our races all the more interesting and unpredictable."

Many heads were now nodding in agreement as the President continued.

"I believe that pulling an oar will prove to be an excellent prenatal exercise and that moderate use of the whip can do no harm!"

This was greeted with cruel laughter.

"So," the President went on, "this fifty percent handicap allowance will continue until the galley slave delivers her progeny. It will make it more attractive to include more of the heavier European women in your teams. But we should also agree further new rules to make the ownership of a team of galley slaves yet more interesting. We need large quantities of milk here in our club house, not only for use as a refreshing and invigorating drink, but also for the production of our traditional yoghurts and whey. And we all know, as our ancestors also knew, that there is nothing to compare with the milk of a young and preferably white slave girl."

There were many nods as he continued.

"So to further encourage owners to use larger breasted white women and to keep them in milk, a Milking Certificate will be awarded reducing the official weight of a woman producing a certain level of milk and an Extra Milking Certificate if a really high level of milk is being produced. Her milk production will be officially checked and recorded by our Inspectors once a month and handicap allowances altered if necessary. These Milking and Extra Milking Certificates will be valid until a year after progeny has been delivered."

"And then?" asked one of the members.

"Then, of course, an owner will then be able to continue a high level of handicap by simply having her put into the special condition again and getting a new certificate!"

The elderly President paused to let the implications of his words sink into the minds of his listeners. Then, stroking his beard in a knowing way, he took a sip of orange juice.

"Now, I come to the difficult question of mating. I think that many members will simply have their whipmasters cover a selected girl. This will also be a suitable way of rewarding a whipmaster. What we do not want is to have big strong male studs roaming this island, causing security problems, challenging the authority of our whipmasters or making them jealous. That would be a disaster. We must also be careful not

to allow the new rules to upset our present very satisfactory arrangements here. So I must ask owners to be very discreet in implementing them. They might also like to consider the modern techniques of artificial insemination. I am told that whipmasters could quickly be trained in its use... I think that concludes our meeting. Thank you."

41 - AMANDA IS PREPARED

Sheikh Turki had been quietly lobbying for the introduction of the new rule for some time and had made certain preparations.

It so happened that on a recent visit to Europe his eye had been caught by a handsome young refugee Romanian boy. He had persuaded the youth to enter his service and had taken him back to Arabia.

The Sheikh liked to have a couple of intelligent and good looking white European page boys in attendance on him. It was a good way of showing off his wealth. He had them trained to act not only as his personal valets but also in pleasing him sexually, for he enjoyed both women and boys. In particular he enjoyed taking both from behind. But he had also found that there was little to choose between their tongues provided both had first been made sufficiently scared of the cane.

The young page boys were particularly useful when travelling for, unlike a young woman, they did not need the constant supervision of a eunuch. There was, however, one little problem with a white page boy. In order to ensure his complete loyalty, and to prevent him from being distracted by the sight of many beautiful and half naked women, he had to be castrated. As the operation was often carried out after puberty, Sheikh Turki insisted on infibulation with a large brass ring, the ends of which were brazed together to prevent removal, to stop any accidental erection.

The Romanian youth had no idea of the fate that awaited him when he so eagerly entered the Sheikh's apparently well paid service. On arrival in Arabia he was sent to a nursing home to have what he was told was merely a minor operation on his nose. However in this case the operation was delayed 'for tests' whilst in fact a good stock of the boy's semen was built up.

Then the potency of the semen was checked by having two young black girls in the Sheikh's service artificially inseminated. To the delight of the Sheikh the young women conceived, later producing two mulattos who were being raised on his estate as future workers.

Having ensured that he now had sufficient semen to fertilise numerous women, he gave orders for the boy to be castrated and infibulated.

However all this was to some extent merely a blind - something he could boast about when talking to rival galley owners, to throw them off the scent of what he was really planning do. Indeed, Sheikh Turki also had other plans, which he called his Secret Weapons and which he felt would be decisive in his battle to win and retain the galley racing championship.

Supposing that a galley slave was only carrying an exceptionally small child? So small that they would hardly notice it? Then, of course, their true weight would be only slightly increased and their rowing stamina would only slightly affected. Yet they would still receive the full handicap.

But how might this be achieved? By mating his white galley slaves with a dwarf? Perhaps. But would he breed true? Would the progeny really be smaller and lighter?

It was on a trip to Africa that he had stumbled on the first of his Secret Weapons: he had acquired two virile but very small pygmies. He wanted two partly so that they could keep each other company, for no one else spoke their incomprehensible language and partly as a precaution in case one of them proved not

to be potent when crossed with a white woman.

He also had other two other Secret Weapons. Firstly, Frau Smitt. If she could regularly produce one or two young women already expecting a happy event, then they would be certified as being in the special condition to be given a much reduced official weight.

And he had read that doctors could now bring on a woman's milk well in advance of her giving birth. This also offered very interesting handicap possibilities. He had accordingly sent emissaries to obtain the new drugs.

Yes, one way or another, he would steal a march on his rivals by taking advantage of the new handicap rules. Indeed, he would soon have a team straining at his oars that included more of the stronger and heavier type of white female galley slaves - many more than his rival owners could have without exceeding the maximum permitted weight. The true overall weight of his team would, of course, be greater than theirs but its official racing weight would be no more.

And as for Amanda, the scene had been set. Soon, as soon as Osman reported that her body was ready for mating, it would be time for action.

Ten days later, as Amanda lay chained in her stall dozing in the heat of the afternoon, Batu suddenly cracked his whip. Hastily the women all scrambled to their feet and stood at attention at the front of their stalls, collar chains taut behind them and their right forearms held out across their bodies displaying their tattooed registration numbers, eyes on the wall on the other side of the passageway.

She realised Osman was wheeling a trolley towards her. On the trolley was a large strange looking trunk. He stopped at an empty stall almost opposite her, stood the trunk on its end and unlocked it.

In the trunk was the naked body of a young white woman. She was unconscious and strapped in a sitting position. Amanda remembered reading about Arabs kidnapping people in Europe, drugging them and then flying them back to the Middle East in just such a trunk.

There was something strange about the girl, Amanda thought. Her breasts seemed strangely firm and her belly... yes, it was slightly swollen.

There was a second crack of a whip, much nearer, and Amanda screamed in pain behind her muzzle. Batu was standing by her side, his whip raised ready for another stroke as he shook his finger admonishingly and pointed at the wall opposite. Terrified, Amanda hastily raised her head again and looked straight ahead.

She did not dare to look down as the unconscious young woman was lifted out of the trunk and a regulation muzzle fastened over her mouth, a regulation collar riveted round her neck and manacles fixed round her wrists. Then she was laid down on the floor of her stall, chained to the wall at the back.

An Arab came down the passageway. Amanda knew his face - the Arab who had tattooed her registration number onto her forearm before she was sold. Sure enough, he tattooed the club's crest and registration number on this girl's right forearm.

Another Arab, in a white coat with a stethoscope round his neck, came to the stall. He bent over the unconscious girl and examined her carefully before parting her legs and feeling carefully inside her.

Meanwhile, a trolley carrying some electronic equipment and a monitor rather like a television screen had been wheeled down the passageway. The doctor switched it on and began to run something over the unconscious girl's swollen belly. A series of bright images were shown on the screen. Evidently satisfied, the doctor switched off the screen and wrote out what seemed to be some sort of certificate which he handed to Osman. He and his strange instrument departed.

Amanda still did not dare to look down, but could not help noticing, out of the corner of her eye, that Osman had produced a strange looking rather stiff triangular pouch made of silver filigree chain-mail. Astonished, she saw him place it over the girl's intimacies and turn her unconscious body over to lock it tightly into place. It was held in position on the front by two slender silver chains attached to each upper corner and joined by a tiny padlock in the small of her back. The pouch was also held down tightly over her beauty lips by a third chain, attached to the bottom of the chain mail pouch, which came up between her cheeks and was joined to the other two chains by the padlock.

Osman gave the girl an injection which roused her from her deep sleep. Slowly she sat up. Amanda saw that she was a very pretty young woman, rather Slav or Polish looking. Amanda watched sympathetically as the muzzled girl stared around her in sheer disbelief, gazing in horror at Amanda's naked, muzzled, manacled, collared, chained and tattooed body standing rigidly at attention just across the passageway.

She looked down in disbelief at her own manacled wrists, at the number tattooed on her forearms and at the crest tattooed on her belly. Horrified, she reached up and felt the silencing muzzle and the tight stainless steel collar.

Seemingly even more horrified, she reached down and felt the tight chain mail that denied access to her intimacies by even a little finger. Desperately she tried to reach under the tight sides of the tautly fastened chain mail pouch.

Amanda watched sympathetically as the girl silently looked around her and then at her own body. In vain the girl tore angrily at her chain mail belt and than at her muzzle, clearly longing to be able to cry out in horror or to ask a wild flow of questions - just as Amanda herself had longed to do on her arrival in the pens of Sheikh Turki's galley slaves.

During the succeeding days, Amanda continued to watch sympathetically as the Polish looking girl was introduced to the harsh life and discipline of a galley slave, as she learned to obey the crack of a whip and the blasts on a whistle. Soon her muscles began to harden and her breasts often showed the marks of Osman's whip as she pranced back to her stall after exercise.

Amanda longed to whisper words of encouragement to the girl at night, or when Osman and the boy overseers were not looking. She also longed to ask her for news of the outside world. But, of course, both of them were kept tightly muzzled - even when their muzzles were removed at feeding time, Batu seemed to take extra precautions to make sure that neither of them uttered a word.

Unable to question the girl, Amanda was nevertheless now convinced that there was something different about the girl. Her naked belly did seem unusually large for a galley slave - and her breasts seemed strangely swollen.

She was pregnant. She must be. She couldn't be!

Unaware of the intricacies of the racing handicap system, unable to talk to anyone, Amanda decided that she was just letting her imagination run wild.

The girl was just naturally a little plump, that must be it.

Amanda was already used to her monthly cycle being closely monitored and even delayed or brought on early to ensure her optimum performance on a race day. Batu seemed to enjoy degrading her when he inspected her for tell-tale signs.

Now Batu started to take and record her temperature twice a day. She never knew when it was going to be done. She just had to wait for a distinctive double crack of the boy's whip, as he strolled down the passageway towards her stall. Then, abandoning anything she might be doing, feeding, grooming herself, or even relieving herself into the central gutter of her stall, she had to kneel very quickly on all fours facing the back of her stall. Woe betide her if she was not properly in position, with her forehead to the floor of her stall, her backside raised and proffered to the boy's well greased thermometer, by the time he reached her stall.

She did not know what was happening when, having calculated that this was just the right moment in her monthly cycle, Osman came to her stall and supervised her being especially well washed and groomed by the young Batu. He watched as the boy made her kneel on all fours, facing the wall at the back of the stall and again raise her hindquarters - this time to be douched.

Having performed to the satisfaction of her young keeper, there was the crack of a whip and the shouted order for her to turn round and stand at attention. She made a perfect picture of young disciplined womanhood as she stood at the edge of the stall, overlooking the sharp step down to the passageway, hands clasped behind her neck, head raised and eyes fixed straight ahead.

“Legs apart! Knees bent!” came the order from the young boy, standing down in the passageway, his head level with her belly.

As usual, Amanda could not help blushing as she obeyed the orders. How she longed to hide her intimacies with her hand, but she did not dare to unclasp her hands, nor indeed did she dare look down.

“Thrust belly forward!”

Shamefacedly she obeyed, wondering what was going to happen. She felt something sticky being applied over her mound and down over her beauty lips. She was, she realised. going to be depilated again. Thank Heavens, she thought, very little hair had grown back since she had last been done. As the mixture set, Batu and Osman stood back. She did not dare to move, for out of the corner of her eye she could see their whips. She also thought she saw something else - a strange looking bottle and a little applicator brush.

As she stood there, not daring to move and keeping her head up and her eyes fixed straight ahead, whilst the burning depilatory mixture hardened, she became aware of voices coming down the passageway and stopping in front of her. She could have died of shame as she recognised the voices as those of Sheikh Turki and his two little nephews. To be seen like this!

She longed to back away, to hide in the corner of her stall. But Batu raised his whip and she knew she must keep quite still as the mixture set. But how awful! And to make it worse her very feeling of humiliation, coupled with the presence of her all-powerful Master, made her body betray her. She could feel herself becoming aroused.

“731!” came the order. She had long since learnt to recognise the Arab words for her registration number. Taking care to keep her body still so as not to disturb the slowly hardening depilatory paste, she lowered her right arm from behind her neck and held it out to display her number to her Master.

Batu now stepped forward and, with a sudden gesture, ripped off the now solidified mixture. Amanda jumped with the pain and screamed out aloud behind her muzzle.

Then Osman himself stepped forward and drew his hand over her perfectly smooth mound and along her beauty lips. He turned to the Sheikh.

“Your Highness, the galley slave is quite smooth,” he reported.

The Sheikh stepped forward. His beard was level with Amanda’s hairless mound. Amanda gave a little shiver of anticipation and, at a gesture from Batu, thrust her aroused intimacies forward towards her Master. Still not daring to look down, she felt his hand running over her mound and down her beauty lips. Then she gave a little start as she felt him touch her beauty bud itself and began to stroke it gently. She heard herself moaning from behind her muzzle. Oh how she loved his touch, even if she hated him.

She heard the Sheikh say something and then the two boys reached up and she felt their podgy little hands stroking her as well. It as if the Sheikh was teaching them about women slaves, about how helpless they were, how when threatened with the whip they could not help responding to their Master’s touch, how by playing carefully with a young woman’s nipples and beauty bud they can arouse her despite herself and how they can check the state of her arousal by parting her now moist beauty lips lower down.

Oh the shame of it - a shame made worse by the realisation that the Sheikh was enjoying humiliating the woman who had dared to make him look a fool on television.

At last the lesson was over. Satisfied with the boys’ progress, the Sheikh dropped his hands and stepped back. Reluctantly, the fascinated little boys followed suit.

Osman now opened the strange looking bottle. There was a pungent smell. He dipped the brush into the bottle and began to paint the liquid along Amanda’s bare beauty lips. It felt oily and she longed to look down to see what it was.

She saw Osman gesture to Batu. She felt her lips being parted again and held like that for the Sheikh and the two boys to see. But worse was to follow, for she felt the oil covered brush inside her, deep inside her. It was being swivelled about so that the oil was well spread. She was now well lubricated for a deep penetration, but unknown to her she also now smelled just like a pygmy woman prepared for mating.

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The Sheikh and his two young nephews went off down the passageway, pausing as the Sheikh pointed out to the boys the key features of some of his other women, all standing at attention, chained and muzzled in their stalls, hands clasped behind their raised heads as they kept their eyes rigidly fixed ahead.

Whenever he stopped in front of a stall, the woman would quickly part her legs, bend her knees and thrust her belly out towards her Master, as he stood standing slightly below her in the passageway.

To make the forthcoming scene even more piquant, Osman fastened a short wasp waisted corset round Amanda's slender body. It was boned and covered in pink satin and black lace. Over her full breasts were two thin lace cups that could be pulled down. At the bottom of the corset hung a fringe of short black silk tassels that hid her body lips tantalisingly.

Amanda was thrilled to be wearing such a garment after being kept naked for so long. Looking in the mirror in her stall, however, she could not help being a little shocked by the erotic picture that stared back at her.

Osman also stood back and looked at her. With her long carefully brushed honey coloured hair hanging down her back, her eyes made up and sparkling with arousal and the tight corset showing off her slim waist, voluptuous bosom and good child bearing hips, she was ready to meet her new little lovers.

42 - WELL AND TRULY MATED

Amanda was driven prancing down the passageway by Batu - prancing because the boy overseer wanted to show off to Sheikh Turki just how well disciplined Amanda had become.

Gripping her collar chain in one hand, whilst tapping her under the fringe of the corset with his dog whip, he forced her to move slowly in front of him. She made a fine sight as she raised her knees high into the air, still muzzled, but dressed in her pink and black fringed corset, hands clasped behind her neck.

She was driven into the darkness beyond the screen that had been put up at the end of the passageway and held there by her collar chain, lit up by two blindingly bright spotlights. She was so surprised at what she saw that she almost forgot to go on prancing on the spot. There in front of her, lit up by other bright spotlights, was a high cage with straw on the floor.

Straining to keep on raising her knees sufficiently high in the air to satisfy Batu, she saw something beyond the lit up cage - a table laden with drinks and cakes. Her mouth watered. How long was it since she had been allowed to drink anything but tepid water or eat anything sweet?

Beyond the table she made out three comfortable chairs. Standing at attention in front of the chairs, muzzled and naked, were three pretty Far Eastern girls, their backs to the cage. As she watched, she was tapped on her bottom by Batu's whip, making her going on prancing .Osman cracked his whip.

The three girls immediately dropped to their knees in a gesture of humble obeisance. Sheikh Turki and his two horrible little nephews came and sat down on the chairs. The boys excitedly reached forward and started to play with the naked breasts of the girls kneeling at their feet.

The boys then started to laugh, pointing across to herself and to the way her fringed corset fluttered tantalising up and down over her bald mound and hairless beauty lips, as she strained at her prancing. The Sheikh was also looking intently at the erotic sight and, as he did so, Amanda saw him reach down and thrust the head and shoulders of the delicate young creature at his feet under his long white robe. Soon she saw the girl's head going up and down.

Finally the Sheikh nodded, Osman opened a gate into the cage and thrust Amanda into it. He led her up to what looked like a gallows to one side of the cage. Hanging from a beam that projected out from the gallows was a noose running over a pulley. Amanda screamed in terror behind her muzzle as Osman brought the noose over towards her.

But it was not round her neck that the noose was fastened but to the manacle joining her raised arms. Osman pulled the noose tight and fastened the end of the rope to a catch on the side of the gallows. Then, with a little bow to the Sheikh, he left the cage, carefully locking the gate behind him.

Amanda was now alone in the cage, lit up by the spotlights and held standing up on her toes, helpless, under the gallows. She heard dogs barking from beyond the metal door. My God! Oh no! She screamed behind her muzzle as she saw the Sheikh nod to Osman. But it was not a dog that came bounding into the cage, but two small black naked figures - not boys but miniature men, fully developed, muscles gleaming in the bright spot lights and surprisingly large manhoods hanging between their legs.

The little men uttered whoops of excitement and

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Helpless and unable to use her hands or kick out, Amanda screamed under her muzzle as she felt the surprisingly large penis of the first miniature pygmy penetrating deep up inside her. She was wide open and had been well oiled to receive him. All she could do was to wriggle but this further excited him and made him explode inside her. Moments later the other miniature pygmy took later his place and his seed was also implanted deep inside her – to the delight of the watching Sheikh and his young nephews. “Now, boys, Osman will give her a good thrashing with his paddle to get her blood racing and ensure a good conception.”

rushed up to Amanda, standing on tiptoe, hanging by her manacles from the gallows-like wooden post. They were only half her size. They gazed at her chained-up figure in amazement and awe, as if they had never seen a white woman before at close quarters - and certainly not one just wearing a satin and black lace corset.

Indeed it seemed they had never even seen a corset. But the erotic sight, coupled with a pungent scent that had been painted onto Amanda's intimacies, was clearly having its effect as their long manhoods slowly came into erection.

One of the pygmies ran his hand wonderingly over the skimpy cover that half hid her breasts and then jerked it down, baring one entirely. Amanda tried to back away, but almost hanging by her arms as she was, she was quite unable to do so. The second pygmy seized a prominent nipple. He began to suck excitedly as, with his free hand, he bared her other breast.

Then, disappointed at not finding Amanda in milk, unlike so many of their own pygmy females, they abandoned her breasts. The first pygmy smacked Amanda's face.

They stood back and one pointed to the fringe on the bottom of Amanda's corset. The second pygmy lifted it up, grinning happily as he disclosed her smooth and hairless body lips, onto which had been painted the scent he associated with his own females when they wanted a male. He knelt down and began to apply his tongue, happily licking up the painted-on liquid.

The first pygmy watched, laughing as Amanda's reddening cheeks and neck disclosed her arousal which, thanks to the expert and persistent licking, she found she was quite unable to subdue. It was even worse when the first pygmy began to suck her breasts again.

They both stood back, chattering again to each other in their strange-sounding tongue. They were looking at the straw bales that seemed to make a rough bed and to the manacles hanging above it from the bars that formed the roof of the cage. One of them unfastened Amanda's manacles from the noose above her head and together they marched her across to the bales of straw. She tried to wriggle out of their grasp, but in vain. They were surprisingly strong for such little men.

They threw her onto her back across the bales and fastened her wrist manacles to the wooden post. Then they pulled her body forward and raised her legs. Holding them wide apart, they fastened her ankles to the manacles hanging down from the roof of the cage, so that her globes were partly raised off the straw.

Amanda lay helplessly on her back. She could not use her hands nor kick out with her feet. She was wide open. All she could do was wriggle - which excited them even more.

They stood on either side of Amanda's writhing body, their manhoods in their hands. She watched in silent horror as they rubbed their erections against her equally erect nipples - a traditional form of pygmy foreplay.

Then they came round and stood between her outstretched legs as she lay on the line of straw bales and started to rub their manhoods between her raised and proffered body lips. With her legs held high above her, Amanda could not stop herself becoming increasingly aroused.

Then one of the pygmies thrust his manhood up inside Amanda. She tried to resist but her body had been well oiled to receive him and she felt him penetrate deeply. She tried to scream but her muzzle muffled her cries. Desperately she began to wriggle, but the more she did so, the more excited he became. She felt him explode inside her.

Moments later, she was even more horrified when his place was taken by the other pygmy and his seed also was implanted deep inside her.

Well pleased with their enjoyment, the two naked pygmies left the cage. The metal door dropped behind them.

Amanda was horrified to see Osman come into the cage carrying a stiff rubber paddle mounted on a short handle.

"Now you boys," the Sheikh was saying, "our ancestors learned that when breeding from a reluctant slave woman, conception is helped if she is given a good thrashing after the seed had been implanted, so as to get the blood racing. And a good thrashing is what Osman is going to give her. But note how he uses this paddle now, rather than his dog whip or a cane, so as

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Sheikh Turki smiled cruelly as he watched Amanda trying in vain to pull off the silver filigree breeding belt locked over her beauty lips, or even get her fingers underneath it. He smiled again as he saw the reddened backs of her thighs. “Now boys, he said, “you’ve seen how, after the seed had been well implanted, Osman gave this reluctant mother-to-be a thrashing with his rubber paddle to get the blood flowing to ensure conception. Now, the tightly fitting breeding belt, locked over her beauty lips, ensures that, no matter how she tries, she cannot get at her growing little pigmy progeny and will be made to carry it through to delivery – though she can still pass her liquid wastes through the filigree belt.”

to spread the pain better."

The boys watched, fascinated, as Osman slowly went up to the prone Amanda. He reached up with a hand to hold her raised ankles steady and then with the other brought the rubber paddle hard down across her proffered cheeks and upper thighs.

Amanda screamed with the pain, but her muzzle made it sound like a little moan. Six times Osman brought the paddle down, until he was satisfied that the increasing reddening of her skin showed that indeed the blood was racing round.

Amanda saw her terrifying Master and his nephews rise from their seats. The Sheikh congratulated Osman on what looked like a satisfactory conception and a spectacle that had been a useful lesson for his nephews and above all had well served to satisfy his desire for revenge.

Amanda lay back, exhausted. Soon, she knew, Batu would come and douche her. The horrible seed would be washed out.

She was therefore astonished when Batu came into her cage to find he was not carrying the rubber douche but something made of filigree silver. He held it up with a grin and handed it to Osman. It was a triangular chain mail pouch, just like the one she had seen being locked onto the girl who had arrived in the trunk - a belt that, she realised, would prevent the insertion of any douche, or for that matter, anything else.

Deftly they lifted her up and locked the chain mail belt around her loins. Then they left her, left her lying there stretched out and helpless, legs raised high in the air. She gave a little moan from behind her muzzle, but they paid no attention and, turning off the bright lights that lit up the cage, left her in the darkness. She could feel the pygmies' oily seed slipping deeper and deeper inside her.

An hour later, the lights were switched on again. Sheikh Turki and his nephews had returned. There was a cruel expression on the Sheikh's face as he watched Batu go into the cage and unfasten Amanda's wrist manacles from the post behind her head. Eagerly she tried to sit up, but with her ankles still manacled above her, she could only raise her head.

Quickly she put her hand down to the chain mail belt. She heard the Sheikh and his young nephews laugh as she tried in vain to pull it off. Then they laughed again as she tried to put her fingers underneath it, only to find that the edges of the pouch had been stiffened with a flexible bar that kept each edge tightly pressed against her skin. There was no way in.

Again she was left in the darkness, still alternatively trying in vain to pull off the awful belt or to get her fingers underneath it.

And all the time she could feel the pygmy seed still slipping up inside her.

43 - SHEIKH TURKI ENTERTAINS

Sheikh Turki raised his head and looked round the room. A dozen white robed guests were sitting cross-legged on the priceless carpet, around a huge silver dish. They were discussing Arab politics as they helped themselves with one hand, in Arab style, to delicious morsels of well spiced cooked lamb.

Several months had passed. Thanks to being able to take advantage of the new handicap rules, he had done well in the spring racing season and had won a lot of prize money. He had also won a lot of money in bets with his fellow galley owners, for none of them had quite realised how much stronger many of the white women he had introduced into his team really were, bearing in mind that their official all-up weight was no more than that of their teams.

Then, for Sheikh Turki's female galley slaves, had come the relief of the three months' hot-weather gap in the racing calendar. Their wealthy owner had sought refuge from the heat in his air conditioned harem or in Europe. He had left his galley slaves to swelter it out, chained up in their pens or, under the eagle eye of their whipmaster, chained to their oars in the darkness of a pre-dawn practice training session in the galley before the heat of the day - for he had told Osman not to let his women's bodies get slack, but to keep them fit and ready to resume racing again in the autumn.

It was going to be a tricky winter racing season for Osman, for Amanda and several of the first women to be impregnated with the pygmy seed would soon be due to deliver their little progeny.

Indeed the Polish-looking woman and another young woman sent to the Sheikh by Frau Smitt already in the required Special Condition, had already done so. Under the eye of their experienced whipmaster, they had delivered their progeny in a special stall, their muzzles tightened to ensure that they did not disturb the other women.

Thanks to all the hard exercise they had been subjected to the deliveries had been quick and simple - seated on Osman's special birthing chair with their manacled wrists chained above their heads.

Delivery in a seated position in a special cut-away chair, into a straw filled basket below the chair, was an old local and Turkish tradition for slave girls. Apart from its efficiency, it was also ideal for preventing the still muzzled and manacled young woman, also blindfolded, from having any contact with her progeny before it was taken away.

"What the eye does not see, the hand does not touch and the nose does not smell," Osman would say as he ordered the infants to be removed, "the heart will not grieve for."

Except for their still regularly milked large breasts, the women's well muscled bodies were now slim again and, with their extra milking handicaps, they remained valuable members of the crew, trained, fit and disciplined.

But care still had to be taken with Amanda and the other Advanced Condition women. On the one hand Osman and the Sheikh wanted to make full use of their official handicaps to help win races. On the other hand, they preferred not to have a woman deliver in the middle of a race. However, the club had ordered that a special prize should be given to the first galley that completed a race in which one of its crew had given birth without missing a stroke. And the Sheikh had been half tempted to try and win it.


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Accordingly, Osman had taken the precaution of having one of the rowing benches on each side of the galley cut away and fitted with a basket underneath - just in case.

Osman had moved Amanda and the other women now well into their Advanced Condition into adjoining stalls. Here he could keep a close eye on them as they lay chained down on their backs, hands secured behind their heads and ankles chained on either side of the little central gutter, pointing towards the front of their stalls.

A few were girls who had arrived mysteriously from Europe already in the desired condition, but most, like Amanda, came from the existing team who had been selected to be inseminated from his stock of pygmy seed. Even without moving from the passageway he could see the varying swell of each young woman's belly and could check that the silver filigree belts were still in place, tightly locked over their body lips.

The women were, of course, kept muzzled to prevent them from accentuating their worries by talking to each other.

It was a position from which they were released only to be chained up in their coffles, either to be marched out onto the parade ground for a spell of drill and exercise, or marched out to the waiting cattle truck, chained with their manacled wrists fastened to rings high up on the walls of the truck, and taken down to the galley.

The Sheikh was back, ready for the start of the next series of races. To celebrate this he was giving a dinner in his new sumptuous villa near the club house.

To decorate the dining room and to show off his power and wealth, he had ordered Osman to have one of his Advanced Condition women chained standing up in front of each of the marble columns that decorated the four raised alcoves in the corners of the room. Two of the women had been procured already in an interesting condition some months previously. Like Amanda, the other young woman had been put to the pygmies.

The centre ring of each woman's wrist manacles had been dropped over a hook high up on the wall above her head, so that they were standing up on their toes, breasts raised.

For once the chain-mail belts had been removed. Then, each of the four women had been spread-eagled on her back on the floor of her stall.

Amanda was terrified as she felt Osman first wash her beauty lips and then paint them a brilliant scarlet. Next he rubbed a strange liquid along them. It felt ice cold. With a special punch he had painlessly pierced the temporarily anaesthetised lips four times - making two little holes on each side.

Through the two front holes, which guarded her beauty bud, he threaded a pretty black ribbon which he tied in a large bow. But through the two back holes, which guarded the entrance into her body, he threaded the hasp of a strong padlock which closed with a firm click, before repeating the entire process on the other three young women.

Looking down contentedly on the four wriggling and hugely embarrassed young women, Osman had wondered whether in future this simple treatment might suffice to replace the rather more cumbersome chain-mail belts. It seemed just as effective and was much prettier to look at.

To preserve a semblance of modesty the four chained women were dressed in long dark blue velvet cloaks, edged with gold, that covered their bodies from their necks to their ankles. But the front of the cloaks were open and were gently thrust aside by the women's contrastingly white swollen bellies.

To give an appearance of equal swelling, the bellies of Amanda and the other girl who had been fertilised by the pygmies had been thrust forward by a cushion discreetly fastened to their columns, level with the small of their backs.

To maintain the Islamic proprieties, Osman had put each of the women into a black chador that covered their heads, hiding their hair. He also had them heavily veiled with a leather mask over their muzzles, so that their features were completely hidden. Even the little slits over the eyes were masked with a tiny strip of black gauze, through which they could only just see. The same masks were used when Sheikh Turki

Osman is keeping his pregnant white women galley-slaves nice and fit to pull their oars, by making them prance round and round the exercise area. Several are older women, each carrying, like Amanda, the progeny of the miniature pygmies. He knows that making them prance is an excellent pre-natal exercise. Pulled forwards by the pair of women in front and pulled back by the women behind, and scared of Osman's long whip, Amanda feels her littler progeny kicking inside her as she strains to raise her knees. Oh, how she hates her Master for having had her, a successful Western career girl, mated like an animal, and now infibulated to stop her getting at her unwanted progeny.

invited male guests to come out on the galley to see his fine team of galley slaves.

The Sheikh smiled cruelly as he reflected that one of the masks hid the features of Amanda. He looked across to the corner in which she was standing stock still, her swollen belly prominent, her beribboned and padlocked beauty lips well displayed, a perfect picture of subjugated and well disciplined womanhood.

A feeling of power surged through him. Power and revenge were a satisfying combination.

But even more satisfying was the thought that one of the immaculately dressed men sitting cross legged on the carpet was none other than his arch enemy, Prince Rashid!

The busy Prince had come to the island for a brief visit as the guest of a fellow member who, not realising the enmity between the two men, had brought him to Sheikh Turki's feast.

When the meal was nearly over, Sheikh Turki gestured to one of the Negro servants standing back against the well. Immediately each guest was handed a little engraved silver cup. Then a door was flung open. The Sheikh's guests looked up.

Batu and three other small keepers entered the room carrying little dog whips. They were followed by Osman carrying his dreaded short whip. They all bowed to the guests.

Each boy went to one of the chained women and drew back the dark blue velvet cloak to disclose the firm breasts that were the typical of galley slaves. Each nipple had been painted scarlet to match the painted body lips.

But, the guests noticed, the breasts were heavily veined - the sure sign of being in milk. Mystified, they glanced down to the swollen bellies that showed that their progeny had indeed not yet been delivered.

The boys slowly unfastened the women's big black satin bows, leaving the long ribbons hanging down their thighs from their beauty lips, disclosing the padlocks that guarded their special condition.

There was a gasp of admiration from the guests at the way these beautiful white women were being so exquisitely humiliated and humbled.

Osman went to where Amanda was standing, stretched up on her toes and blushing with embarrassment behind her mask. He reached up and unhooked her manacled wrists from the hook high up on the wall. He gave an order and Amanda quickly clasped her hands behind her neck. Batu snapped a short chain onto the ring at the back of her collar and, tapping her swollen belly with his dog whip, drove her forward towards the seated guests.

Osman repeated the process with the other three women. Soon there was a line of four women standing at attention, heads raised, hands clasped behind their necks. Each woman's collar chain was held in one hand by her boy keeper, standing behind her, whilst with the other he held back her cloak to display her white swollen body and her full breasts.

The room filled with the strains of Arab music. There was a pause and then Osman cracked his whip. Immediately all four women began to sway in time to the music and to rotate their swollen bellies and padlocked beauty lips in a parody Arab belly dancing, with the boys using their little dog whips to make sure that each woman kept up the tiring movements. The guests murmured their appreciation of the erotic sight.

At last the music died away. There was a pause as the women again stood at attention. Osman again cracked his whip and obediently the four women fell to their knees, still clasping their hands behind their necks.

Each boy now stepped forward and unfastened the strap of his woman's cloak from her neck. He drew the cloak off her, leaving her kneeling up on her ankles, stark naked except for her mask and chador, head humbly bowed.

It was a pretty scene, one that showed off how well disciplined the women were. There was a buzz of appreciation from the guests.

Osman cracked his whip yet again and the women dropped onto all fours like dogs, heads raised, collar chains still held by their boy keepers.

Again there was a pause to allow the guests time to appreciate the erotic scene, then there was another crack of the whip and the women, pulling on their col-

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Although Amanda is still pregnant, Sheikh Turki has ordered her milk to be brought on and is offering it to his guests, one of whom is the unsuspecting. She is thrilled to recognise the Prince, her former Master, but being muzzled is unable to say a word as he squeezes her milk into his cup. Oh the relief, for her, at last of having her milk swollen breasts milked. Although her face is completely hidden by her muzzle and leather mask, the Prince is astonished to see Amanda's unusually elongated nipples. Could this pregnant woman, with her progeny guarded by a large, strong-looking, infibulating padlock, be the missing Amanda? Yes it is! Secretly he makes his plans.

lar chains like eager little dogs pulling on their leads, crawled forward a little towards where the men were sitting.

Then came the final, well rehearsed, crack of the whip and the women crawled forward again so that each was kneeling between two men.

The man on her right was - amazement overcame her - it was her very own Prince Rashid!

Sheikh Turki gestured expansively to his guests.

“Help yourselves, my friends, to a little refreshing sustenance. These women, all from my team of galley slaves, have been giving delicious milk for several months now.”

There were murmurs of appreciation and astonishment from the guests as they each reached up and began to squeeze a heavy and trembling breast. Soon jets of milk were squirting into their small silver cups.

Amanda, like the others, remained kneeling silently on all fours between two men, head raised, as she looked straight ahead. She was trembling all over with excitement as each of her breasts was milked by the men seated on either side of her. Oh, the relief of being milked. Oh, the unbelievable sheer thrill of her former Master’s touch on her right breast as he deftly pulled, stroked her breast to bring on the milk and then gently pulled and released her nipple. She gave a little appreciative moan.

Prince Rashid had been fascinated by the breast that was offered to him. There was something about the nipple that was familiar. He remembered how Amanda’s nipples had been artificially elongated before he bought her from the slave dealer. This nipple also seemed a little unusually long. He looked down at the raised head of the woman. Might this really be his long lost Amanda?

He could not make out any of her features under the chador and mask. Anyway, he thought, it seemed most unlikely that Amanda could have ended up here as one of Sheikh Turki’s galley slaves. But then he remembered that she had also insulted the Sheikh on her television show, and how the Sheikh’s chief black eunuch had unsuccessfully tried to outbid him at the auction. Well!

Yes, this was Amanda! He was sure of it. A rage against Turki rose in him, but he did not show it.

44 - SHEIK TURK! ENJOYS A LI1TLE LIGHT DISTRACTION

The dinner was over. Amanda and the other three women now stood at attention in a line in front of Sheik Turki's huge bed.

Amanda was the right hand girl. How many times had she been lined

Up like this? How many times had the Sheik taken his revenge on her body? She had lost count.

She should be dreading what was going to happen, but as always, to her

shame, she could not help feeling increasingly excited. Was it the long wait and the anticipation? Was it the feeling of helplessness and the strict discipline? Or was it simply the primeval reaction of a helpless woman who knew that she was going to taken by a cruel and powerful Master?

As usual the women's hands were clasped behind their backs. They held their shoulders back and their swollen bellies thrust forward. Their eyes were fixed straight ahead. They were wearing their blue velvet cloaks and their ugly chadors and leather masks. Under their masks they were still muzzled.

Amanda could feel the way her beauty lips were being held compressed

tightly together by the padlock and by the black satin bow, which Batu had re-tied.

Batu was walking up and down in front of them, holding his whippy cane in one podgy hand and menacingly tapping the end of it against the palm of the other hand. He paused in front of Amanda. She held her breath. What had she done wrong, she wondered anxiously, as she peered nervously through her mask at the boy's cane?

He then tucked his cane under his shoulder and took out a bag of delicious chocolate creams, into he would periodically dip. The smell and sight of the chocolates was over-powering for the women. How they longed for such a chocolate. How long was it since they had been allowed anything sweet? Their feeds had been increased since they came into the Advanced Condition, but nothing sweet was permitted – they still had to remain fit to pull an oar and Osman was determined to minimize the extra weight their condition might cause.

And yet each girl knew that the reason why the boy was showing off the chocolates was to remind them that the prize of the what was left of the chocolates would be given to the woman who gave most pleasure to the Sheik and who would then be rewarded by receiving his offering deep up inside her . Naturally in view of their Advanced Condition, the Sheik would be taking them like a boy for, in his lust, he did not want to harm their precious progenies – and ordered that they should be washed out ready for his use.

Batu smiled to himself, the women were reacting to the sight of the chocolates like little girls, helpless little galley slaves, displaying their swollen bellies, and too terrified of his cane to dare to move an inch as they waited to their Master pleasure.

He smiled again as he put his hand down to start feeling the moisture between each woman's beauty lips. Yes, each was glistening prettily around her infibulating padlock. The anticipation and excitement, coupled with the threat of the cane never failed to arouse them, even against their will, despite being faced with being sodomised by their Master. What sluts these white women were!

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Batu looked at his watch. It was time to get the women ready for Sheik Turki.

"731!" he called out.

Amanda straightened up. How she still hated being called by a number - and by a number that was humiliatingly and conspicuously tattooed on her forearm and engraved on her collar.

"731" Batu repeated impatiently, his cane raised.

Amanda stepped forward to the end of the extra wide bed and knelt on it.

She felt her ankles being fastened to the foot of the bed – evidently Sheik Turki did not want to run the risk of being kicked by his women.

Then she was pushed forward over a padded bar that had been specially placed across the bed. It came just below her breasts, and above her swollen belly. Batu now fastened the manacles, that linked her wrists, to a ring at the top of the bed.

Soon all four women were secured kneeling on all fours on the huge bed with their shoulders down and their bottoms raised.

Amanda trembled as she heard Batu coming down the line of women, pulling back the velvet cloaks from their now proffered bottoms. But that was not all. He now held a pot of grease in his hand. She trembled eve more as she felt him carefully insert a little greased up inside her.

"Oh no!" she tried to scream from behind her muzzle. But only a muffled cry came out.

Batu stood back admiring the line of pretty and well prepared bottoms. 'Heads up!' he ordered. 'And look straight ahead!'

It was an order that made the girls' backs curve attractively downwards – a position that Batu knew would enable them to accommodate better their virile Master's upward-curving manhood.

For several minutes they knelt there in enforced silence, each a prisoner of her own fearful thoughts. The only noise was of Batu walking up and down behind them, frighteningly tapping his cane against his hand.

"Wriggle bottoms" he suddenly ordered, making them degradingly practice wriggling their bottoms to attract their Master.

Suddenly Amanda heard the door being flung open. The Master had arrived! Batu's whip cracked. Amanda did not dare to look back and instead, like her equally well-trained companions, she again started to wriggle her bottom to and fro. Her beauty lips, she knew, would be well displayed as she strained to attract the attention of her Master in he only way now left to her. She felt utterly humiliated, like a female animal displaying itself before the male, but she was too scared of Batu's cane not to go on wriggling.

But was it really only fear of the cane that made her do so, or was it also an exciting feeling of utter helplessness and servitude?

It was by no means the first time she had been made to offer herself like this to her Master, together with the other expectant galley slaves. It was all very humiliating, like being made to pull an oar in her Master's galley with an increasingly curved belly. And this time it was all the more degrading, for she would now have to compete against her companions, all also made by their cruel Master to endure an unwanted and forced maternity to help him win his wretched galley races. And yet more shameful was that they would all be desperate to earn the prize of a bag of chocolate creams!

The very thought of the chocolate creams made her mouth water. He knew that her longing for something sweet, so long denied her, would make her do almost anything to earn a few chocolates. Oh yes, how she desperately longed for some. She was, she knew, willing to debase herself merely to earn a few of them.

So it was that their cunningly young boy black overseer had ensured that it was not merely fear of his cane that made the women wriggle their bottoms so engagingly. Indeed, shamefully putting out of her mind her recent encounter with her much loved and feared former Master, Amanda now found herself concentrating on attracting the attention of her equally feared, but this time hated, present Master. Deprived of the use of her beautiful eyes and pretty face, her voice, and even her soft arms, she fell back on the only weapon left to her: her well-rounded, soft, bottom and the excit-

ing, now well washed-out and scented orifice that lay between its cheeks.

Sheik Turki slipped out of his dressing gown and handed it to Batu. He looked along the line of anonymous little white wriggling and inviting posteriors. What a lovely line of excellent child-bearing hips and nicely-curved bellies!

He looked approvingly at the infibulating padlocks that hung down between the cheeks of each posterior and below the swelling belly – a padlock that ensured that they would be made to carry their unwanted progeny through to delivery. The erotic sight and feeling of power made his manhood surge. It was a feeling that that was even more enhanced by the thought that the right-hand woman, kneeling before him and shamefully wriggling her bottom towards him so invitingly, was Amanda.

He had really enjoyed a feeling of revenge when parading this upstart infidel woman her before her former unsuspecting Master, Prince Rashid: naked, masked, and muzzled – and having been successfully mated to a pygmy. He licked his lips as he thought how he would now be taking a further delicious revenge.

The women had all been secured on the low bed so that he could drive down into them from a standing position. He moved up behind Amanda and reached down and untied the satin bow that guarded her beauty bud and started to play with it – something that was greeted by a muffled moan. Deeply ashamed Amanda found herself thrusting her buttocks back more back towards him.

What splendid slave girls, Sheik Turki was thinking, these galley slaves made. Galley training certainly made a slave girl obedient and submissive – even a sophisticated former English career girl, like Amanda. He felt the little silver rings threaded through the lips on either side of her now prominent, but frustrated, little bud – and smiled cruelly.

Then he reached up and pulled off Amanda's chador, disclosing her long blonde hair. It was a sight that further aroused him. He could feel his manhood give a new surge. He flung her cloak back, up towards her shoulders, delighting in the contrast between her flowing hips and her still quite slender waist, and then flung it further back, over her head and shoulders, leaving her in darkness, whilst he enjoyed the sight of her of her long white back. With her head hidden under the velvet cloak he was now dealing with a mere anonymous white body.

This was a thought that again made an exciting feeling of power surge through him. It was feeling that as yet further accentuated by the sight of the girl raising her head to arch her back down to receive his manhood up inside her – something that he had told Batu to train them to do.

He drove down into her. She gave an exciting buck, as if trying to throw him off, and screamed under her muzzle. But he held her tight and started to drive in and out of her. He could feel her giving way to him as she thought of the bag of sweets. Suddenly he realized he was approaching the point of no return. Quite apart from the sheer physical thrill, the mental excitement and the feeling of power was getting too strong. Quickly he withdrew from her before he lost control.

Amanda moaned with a strange mixture of disappointment and relief. It was, the Sheik knew from numerous previous experiences, typical of what could happen when you sodomised a shocked white woman. She would be appalled and humiliated, yet she could secretly learn to like it.

Moments later Amanda heard the woman next to her being mounted. She was overcome with jealousy and frustration. For a moment she forgot to keep he eyes looking straight ahead, and turned to look angrily at her neighbour, trying to peer through the tiny half covered slits in her mask under the cloak that had been flung over head. Instantly there was a whistling noise and Batu's cane caught her painfully across the bottom. She did not dare to look round again.

Sheik Turki went on down the line, trying out each woman in turn. Then he stood back. There was no hurry to decide which was best.

But Amanda could not now help herself. She could feel her bottom and beauty lips again wriggling to try and catch her Master's attention. Oh, what a slut she was – and behaving in this way within hours of seeing the man she had so loved, Prince Rashid. But the fact was that, after Sheik Turki had so aroused her by


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“Heads down. Look straight ahead! Bottoms thrust back!” ordered little Batu, emphasising each order with his cane, until he had each woman positioned just right for the Sheikh to drive his penis down into her. A feeling of power swept through the Sheikh as he surveyed the trembling women each carefully infibulated to make sure she carried her pygmy progeny through to delivery. “Wriggle bottoms!” Came the next order, making an already humiliated Amanda feel utterly degraded as, driven on by Batu’s cane she shook her bottom to attract the Master to her well prepared and painted rear entrance, in preference to those of her companions.

playing wit her beauty bud, she could no longer control her desires – especially as whilst the Sheik had been enjoying penetrating the backsides of the other women, Batu had come and tickled her bud to keep her aroused for the Master.

Moments later Sheik Turki was again riding a bucking little an anonymous white creature kneeling before him at the end of the line. And the more she bucked to throw him off, the tighter he held her and the deeper he thrust down into her, until the final inevitable explosion came.

Ten minutes later the women, now chained together by the neck, were being driven by Batu up the ramp of the cattle truck to be taken back to Sheik Turki's slave pens. There was nothing unusual in this – except that proudly clutched in Amanda's manacled hand was a precious little bag of chocolate creams.

Equally proudly she could still feel deep up inside her backside, the oily seed of her Master.

45 - ESCAPE!

After she had given birth, the Sheikh continued to summon the still muzzled Amanda to his couch, together with others of his galley slaves. However, he felt that he now needed some new humiliation to inflict on Amanda to satisfy his desire for revenge.

He thought of just the thing: his young nephews. They were approaching the age when, traditionally in rich Arab households, it had been the custom to provide a boy with his first slave girl - usually a white girl whom he could use both for his pleasure and to beat, depending on his whim.

Now that it was the winter off-season, the Sheikh would be going abroad for a few weeks. But meanwhile, whilst he was away, his nephews could visit the island and be given Amanda to play with.

So it was that Amanda found herself at the Sheikh's villa one evening dressed in her long blue velvet cloak. But instead of the Sheikh waiting to torment her, she was horrified to find the two nephews.

Eagerly they took her over from Batu - and borrowed his cane, whilst he returned to his comfortable bed near the pens.

Thrilled with having a real woman at their mercy, the boys removed her cloak and, fastening her wrist manacles to the ring at the back of her collar, began to play with her slim body.

Soon, a game of Doctors and Patient was under way with Amanda as the patient. The only redeeming feature of this humiliating game was that they removed her muzzle so as to be able to give her some 'medicine'. But if Amanda thought that this would lead to a general conversation she was very disappointed, for the young boys' English scarcely went beyond: 'We boys. You just a girl!'

It was at this stage when a strange looking Arab servant brought in a tray of delicious cakes. Delighted, the boys started to eat them, flinging a couple onto the ground for Amanda, still with her hands chained behind her neck, to eat up like a dog, whilst they stood over her, Batu's cane raised.

Suddenly Amanda saw them tottering. They went and sat down on a couch, ignoring her. Within seconds they were asleep.

Then Amanda, too, began to feel unbelievably drowsy. She lay down and was soon was lying unconscious on the floor.

Moments later the strange-looking servant entered the room again. He looked around and smiled as he saw the deeply sleeping boys.

He beckoned in another strong-looking Arab carrying a sack. They picked up the sleeping Amanda and put her in it. Then they slipped out of the house and, carrying the sack, made their way down to a nearby jetty where a boat was moored. Quietly they slipped its moorings and rowed gently out to sea. Not until they were well clear of the land did they start the outboard motor.

Half an hour later they flashed a signal. There was an answering light from ahead. It had all gone off very well.

It was light when Amanda slowly recovered consciousness. She was lying in the small cabin of a motorised dhow, dressed in the long all-enveloping

black dress of an Arab woman. To her astonishment, her wrists were free. She put her hand up to her neck – there was no collar. And no sign of her muzzle. She pulled back the wide sleeve of her right arm to look at the number tattooed on it - it was hidden with a large strip of sticking plaster.

Still half drowsy, she staggered to the door and found it locked. Through a little porthole she saw land. Had she been rescued - or abducted again?

Her mind in a confused torment, she fell asleep again.

She was woken by the rattle of a key in the door and realised that the dhow was no longer under way.

In came a large smiling Arab. She sat up in the small bed and began to question him, eagerly asking where she was and what had happened to her. But he merely put his fingers to his mouth and shook his head. Clearly he did not understand English.

He gestured to her to cover her face properly and then beckoned her to follow him onto the deck.

Peering through the slit in the veil in the bright sunlight, she saw that they were moored to what seemed to be an abandoned jetty. On the jetty a taxi was waiting.

The Arab led her up a gangway to the taxi and opened the door for her to get in. She had just about sat down when she heard the motors of the dhow being started up. The taxi drove off down the jetty and onto a track that led across the desert. Looking back, Amanda saw that the dhow had cast off and was heading back to sea.

Soon they came to a town and were driving through a newly built area with large hotels and office blocks. Behind them was just the sand of the desert. They stopped at a small building. A Union Jack hung limply from a short flagpole stuck out into the dusty street. Over the door was a metal crest - with her heart in her mouth, she recognised the Lion and the Unicorn. This must be the British Consulate.

The driver got out and rang the bell and an Arab servant came to the door. The driver spoke to him, pointing at Amanda sitting in the back of the taxi. The servant nodded. The driver opened the door and gestured to Amanda to get out. This she did and followed the servant into the house.

She was safe.

"Now let me get it straight," said the consul. He was an elderly man nearing retirement who did not want any trouble. "You were brought here by a taxi, whose driver says he knows nothing except he was told to go to a remote jetty, pick up a woman being landed from an unknown dhow and bring you here. And you say you have been kept a prisoner - and also put into a harem?"

"Yes, yes," cried Amanda, "by Prince..."

"No, please!" interrupted the worried looking man. "It's best if I don't know. You must understand the primary role of this Consulate is to protect our highly sensitive and very important business interests here. Any scandal affecting members of the ruling class anywhere in Arabia could have repercussions that could seriously affect our oil supplies and our trade. It could allow in our rivals. You are an intelligent woman, you must understand that."

Amanda opened her mouth in astonishment.

"Yes, I see," she murmured. "Well, I don't want to make trouble. I just want to get back to London."

"Then the sooner we get you out of here the better. You have no money and no passport? Very well. I can issue a temporary travel document and get you some clothes. We can probably get you back on the flight later this morning. But only if you sign the Official Secrets Act."

"What!" exclaimed Amanda.

"You must agree not to disclose to anyone just what happened to you. You are not the first Englishwoman to escape from a rich Arab's harem and in nearly all cases it has been successfully hushed up - in the interests of the unfortunate woman herself."

"What do you mean?"

"You must understand that the arm of these wealthy and powerful men is very long and certainly reaches back to England. They would be supported by the

various extreme fundamentalist terrorists who also have their agents in Europe. They are bitterly opposed to anything that smacks of feminism: women's rights, lesbianism, liberalism, or merely equal opportunities. They are also fervent opponents of journalists and writers, especially if they are female and hated Western women, writing critically about the Middle East."

He paused to let his words sink in.

"So let me make it quite clear, if you start opening your mouth when you get back about what happened to you out here, or even if rumours start circulating, then your very life would be in serious danger. Sooner or later they would silence you."

"My God!" gasped Amanda. "You can't be serious!"

"My dear," he replied. "We are dealing with immensely rich and ruthless men who are determined to maintain their lifestyles whilst avoiding any scandal. They also have an attitude towards women that is... well, quite different from that of our own - as you must know only too well. It is, moreover, an attitude that they feel is sanctioned by their religion. A woman who enters their harems or service does so for life. They boast that their women only go out of the house when they get married and when they die. Here even a wife cannot travel abroad without her husband's written authority. For it to be known that one of their women, particularly a white woman, had escaped abroad would be a slur on their honour."

"My God!" murmured Amanda.

"My dear," he continued, "you said I can't be serious. Let me assure you I am deadly serious. Unless you want to be found with your throat cut, I must advise you, that when you get back to London, you should start a new life, using a different name, with a different career and a new address - and above all do not say a word to anyone about what happened to you out here."

46 - EPILOGUE

It was several months later, back in London, that Amanda saw Prince Rashid across the room at a crowded diplomatic cocktail party to which she had unexpectedly been asked.

Yes, there was the tall, handsome figure of Prince Rashid himself.

She could feel her heart pounding with the sudden excitement. Had he seen her? Was he deliberately ignoring her?

A feeling of jealousy surged through her as she watched him flirting with some girl. She felt like going up to her and telling her some home truths about the way the Prince liked to treat women. Equally she wanted to slip away unseen.

He was coming towards her. Her heart jumped.

"Miss Amanda Aston? It's a long time since we last met. But how well you look! And, may I say, how beautiful."

His voice. His attractive accent. His smooth manner as he bent over and kissed her hand. And yet, she reminded herself, this was the man who had so cruelly tricked her into entering his harem. This was the swine of a man who had thought nothing of having her beaten for his amusement, nor of giving her to his second wife as a maid servant. And yet... and yet this was also the strong and powerful man with whom she had fallen in love and who in humbly serving she had satisfied some primeval need.

She stood there, staring, unable to say a word.

He thrust a card into her hand.

"Don't say a word now," he said with a commanding air. "But come round to this address tomorrow at five o'clock. You'll be interested in meeting an old friend."

With that he smiled, nodded his head graciously and turned to go back to the pretty young girl he was with. Damn that girl! Damn that Prince! Who did he think he was, ordering her to appear at five the next day as if she were his servant. Well, she certainly would do no such thing!

She turned angrily to leave.

When she got home she found she had put his card into her bag. Perhaps she might go there after all...

Amanda pressed the bell of the smart Mayfair flat. All day she had been telling herself not to go, but here she was and it was spot on five o'clock. She was deliberately not wearing a pretty dress, but instead a smart business suit.

An Arab servant opened the door.

"Miss Aston?"

She nodded. Silently he led her across the expensively decorated hall and opened a door into what looked like a sumptuous drawing room. Would she collapse into the arms of Prince Rashid and thank him for apparently rescuing her?

The Arab ushered her through the door and then closed it. Amanda looked round the room which was empty. She turned back to the door. It was locked.

Then another door slowly opened. This would surely be the Prince. Her heart was beating fast.

But into the room came a tall young woman with a boyish figure, huge eyes outlined with black kohl,

dressed in a beautifully cut silk cocktail dress.

Princess Leisha held out her arms.

“Darling!” she cried in her fluent and attractively accented English. “Darling Sky Blue!”

Speechless with astonishment, Amanda drew back for a moment. Then with a sudden sob of happiness she fell into the Arab Princess’s arms.

“Oh, Your Highness!” she cried. “Oh Mistress!”

“Well, Sky Blue!” laughed the Princess. “I hear you’ve been having all sorts of little excitements.”

“Little excitements!” Amanda cried. “You’ve no idea what was done to me!”

“Oh, but I have! But it won’t make any difference. You’re going to be in my personal service again - as well as being a concubine.”

“But...” stammered Amanda, thinking of the number tattooed on her forearm. “The Prince may not like...”

“His Highness to you!” corrected the Princess. “And if you’re worried about your tattoo, he’s decided to leave it. You’re going to be a living trophy, a permanent reminder to him of the way he got his own back on Sheikh Turki. So you see, it’s all arranged. Getting you secretly out of England will be child’s play compared with getting you secretly away from the island. You’ll be leaving with us to go back to Shamur tomorrow.”

“What! But I haven’t agreed and anyway I shall need a passport and visas, and time to arrange things and...”

“Here is your new Shamur passport,” said the Princess, “showing that you are a servant in my employment - and as such you don’t need a visa. And as for your personal affairs, everything has been taken care of - even the rest of the rent on your flat has been paid.”

“Oh!” gasped Amanda. “But I haven’t got any clothes for travelling.”

“You will travel with my other servants, veiled, covered in a long black robe and sitting in the back of His Highness’s private plane.”

“But I shall need hot weather clothes over there...”

“I think not,” said the Princess sharply, as she rang a bell.

In came a Negro servant. It was Faithful, the Princess’s young personal eunuch. He was carrying one of her old harem costumes - the harem dress of the Prince’s concubines: cut-away transparent trousers, a bolero, turned-up slippers and a little tasselled cap, all in the same sky blue colour - and under his arm was his cane.

“But the Prince...” Amanda began to stammer.

“His Highness,” corrected the Princess. “His Highness planned all this - and he will be very angry if on his return he finds you still dressed as a business woman.”

“Oh!” It was all so sudden. And yet so exciting, so very much what she wanted - to be the plaything of the handsome and powerful man she loved, Prince Rashid. But it was absurd. This was London and she was a free woman again. There was no way she was going to return to the Prince’s harem.

Her mind made up, she turned and ran to the door, determined never to set foot in this house again. But she had forgotten - the door was locked.

“Let me out!” she screamed. “Let me go!”

“No,” smiled the Princess, gesturing to Faithful who, putting down the pile of clothes, came towards Amanda, his cane raised.

“Please!” Amanda begged. “Please!”

“No Sky Blue! No!” laughed the Princess. “I’m not letting you escape again! And, anyway, you know very well that you don’t want to stay here in boring London. You want to come back with us, don’t you?”

“YES!” she shouted. “OH YES!”

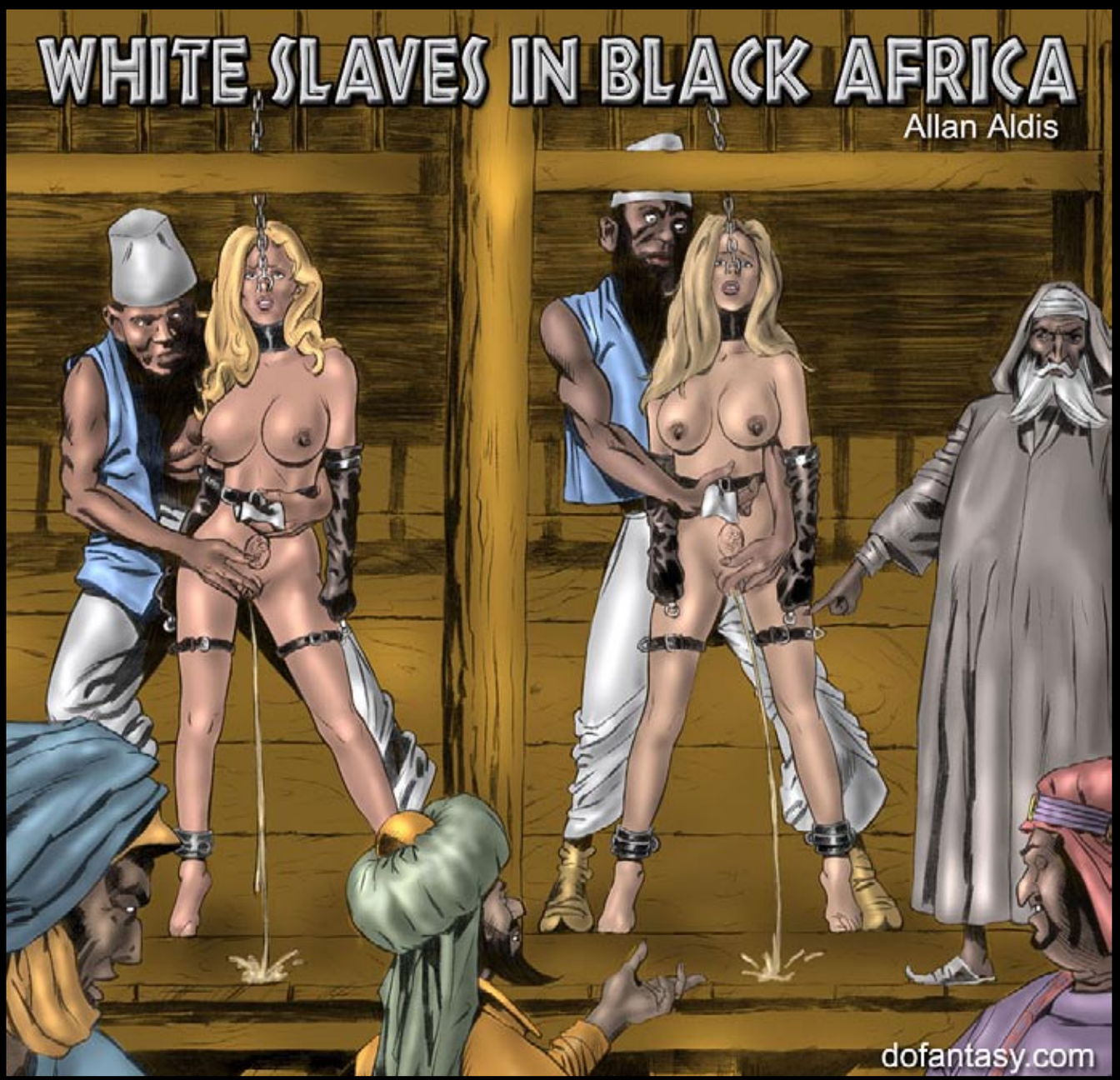
Then she added, in a small voice: “Has he got a fourth wife yet?”

THE END

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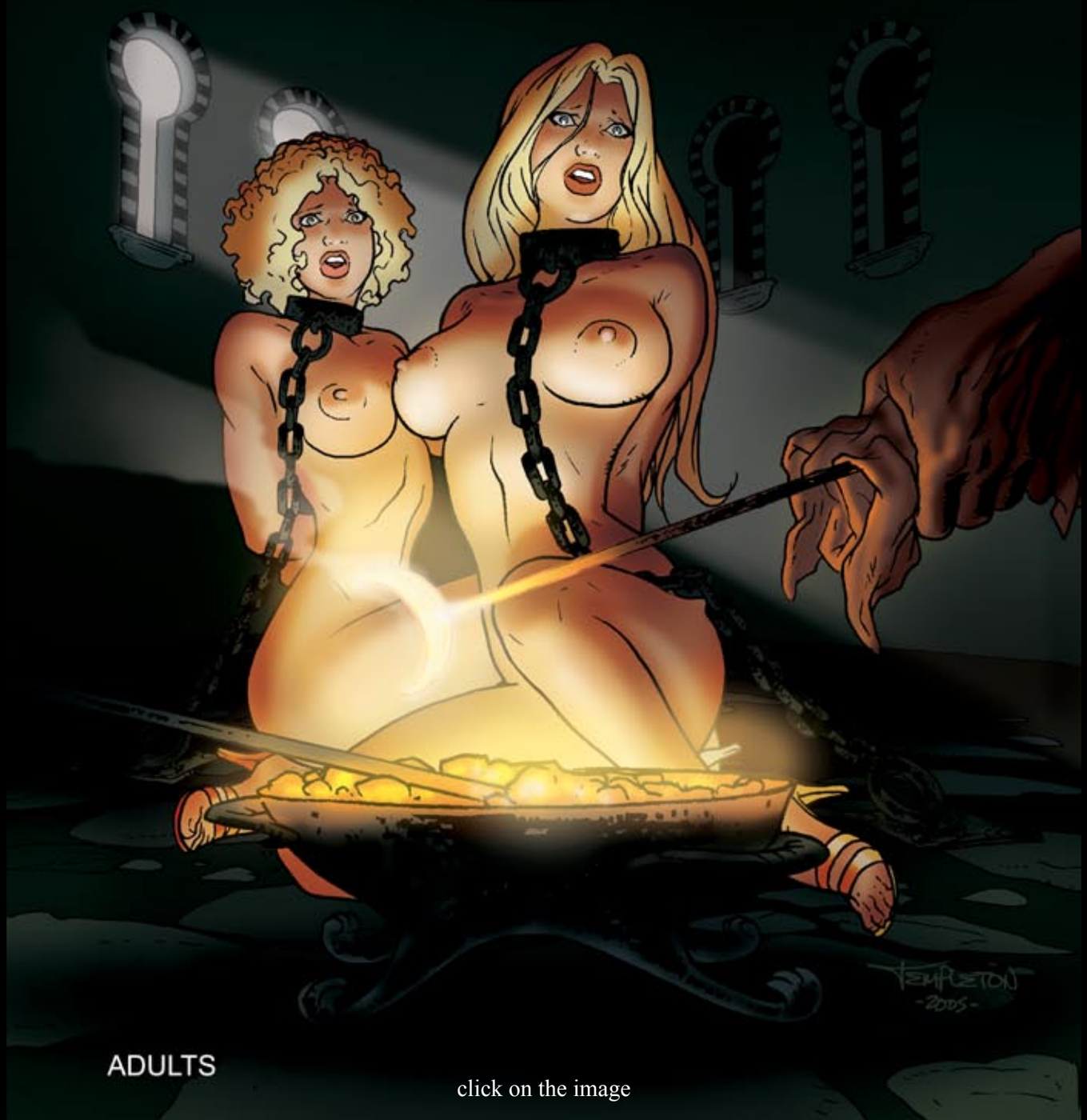


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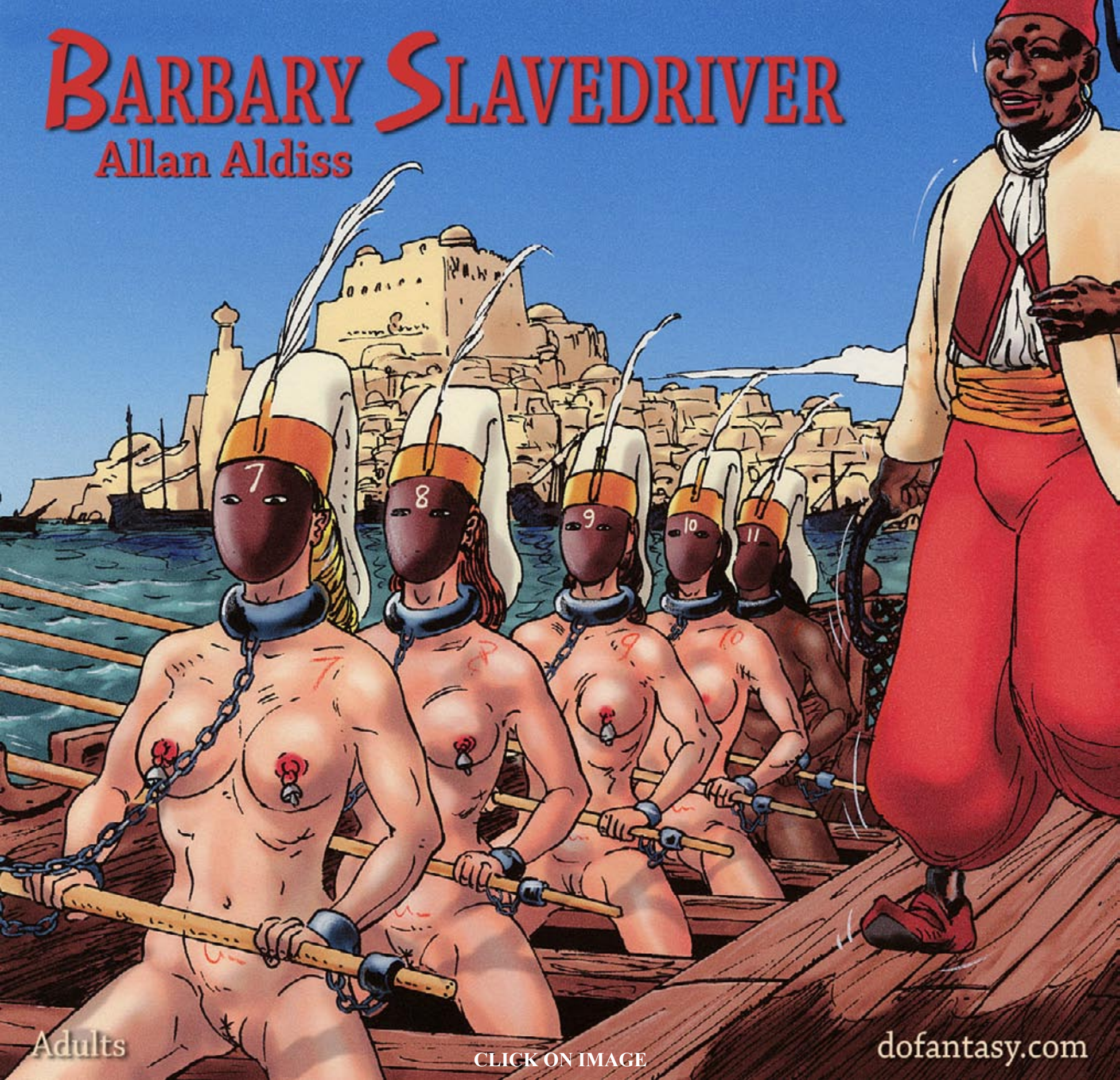
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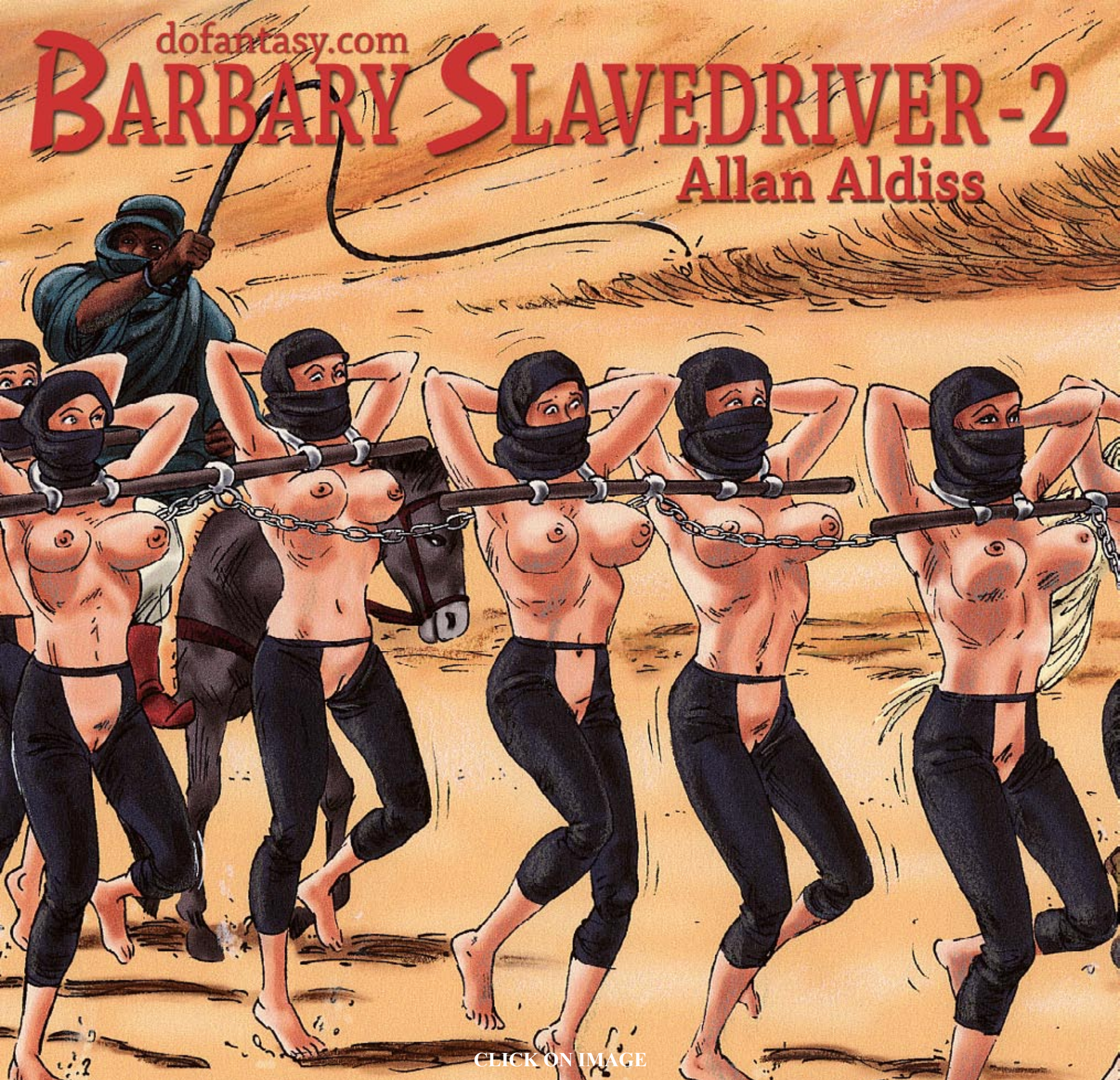
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