

ARABIAN REVENGE

IN THE POWER OF THE PRINCE



ALLAN ALDISS

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BOOK ONE

IN THE POWER OF THE PRINCE

By COMANDER ALLAN ALDISS

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BOOK ONE – IN THE POWER OF THE PRINCE

By COMMANDER ALLAN ALDISS

Barbarian 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 for downloading to our clients all over the world under a less confusing title.

This is the story of what happened to Amanda Aston, a television interviewer, after she publicly denigrated on television two rival, but 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 Prince Rashid his unusual and sumptuous harem. Horrified by what is in store for her, she escapes. But has she?

PART I - MERCHANDISE

1 - ENTER PRINCE RASHID

The nubile young woman awoke naked and terrified, gagged and blindfolded.

All around her a ship creaked and groaned and the engines vibrated beneath her.

She quickly discovered that her hands were tied together and confined in thick mittens which denied her the use of her fingers. There was dread in her heart as she lay there trembling, wondering what had happened to her and where she was being taken.

She had no way of knowing that they were steaming into a modern version of the days when the Barbary corsairs carried so many women away to slavery in Arabia -

His Excellency Prince Rashid bin Murad al Salia sat back on a long sofa in the private office of his large palace, sipping his sherbet, triumph lighting his thoughts. Outside, in the grounds of his palace, the sun shone down upon fountains and date palms and beyond that, heat shimmered on the endless sand dunes.

He smiled as he studied the photographs of Amanda Aston, together with her passport which had been furnished as proof of identity, and contemplated Hassan Atala, the slave dealer, who stood diffidently before him on the priceless rugs.

‘Yes! That is the one that brought shame upon me! You have done well!’

Hassan bowed respectfully, rubbing his hands in anticipation of profitable business. He coughed, keeping a wary eye on the Prince. ‘Your Highness will, I trust, bear in mind that the abduction of this particular woman was extremely difficult and expensive. I had to wait until she was on holiday in the Mediterranean by herself - and then move fast and bribe many people

to turn a blind eye, so that she just disappeared and cannot now be traced.’ He paused and coughed again, even more significantly.

‘Your Highness will be aware that several other leading Arab personalities have also been insulted on her television show and have expressed a desire to get their hands on her.’

‘Very well, Hassan,’ the Prince replied at last. ‘You are a trader and your price will be high. Name it!’

‘But Your Highness!’ protested Hassan. ‘It is a little early yet for that! I just thought that Your Highness would be interested to know that she will shortly be on the market - but not yet! Indeed, she is still on her way. Then I shall make a video -’

‘We need not wait for that. I wish to buy her now.’

‘Oh, Your Highness!’ exclaimed Hassan with a gesture of despair. ‘Of course, there is nothing I would like to do more than to oblige you, but that would cause grave offence to some of my oldest and most influential clients. I have had to promise them that she will be sold by auction to the highest bidder.’

Prince Rashid’s lips tightened and he frowned ominously as Hassan rushed into nervous speech.

‘Sheikh Turki, for example, has expressed interest -’

‘That - that upstart!’

The Prince jumped to his feet and strode up and down, mastering the inner rage which it would be demeaning to show before this mercenary rogue who dared argue with him.

‘I am sorry, Your Highness. Truly, I had no choice.’

‘Very well, Hassan. I am not pleased, but I shall be

“Yes!” said Prince Rashid, as he examined the photo that Hassan, the leading Egyptian slave dealer was showing him. “That’s the woman I want for my revenge - after she so insulted me in a television interview. How much do you want for her ”

He was being fanned by two sisters, his white Lebanese Christian slavegirls, Mauve and Scarlet. He did not mind Hassan seeing them as he had originally bought them from him. Scarlet’s belly was now beautifully curved, much to the delight of her supervisory black eunuch.

“I’m afraid, Your Highness, you will have to bid for her at the auction of my stock of women, for Sheikh Turki is also after her.”

“Sheikh Turki! That upstart! I’ll out-bid him alright.”



there. What do you think she will fetch?’

‘Your Highness, I will do all that I can to help you acquire her, but I must warn you that bidding is likely to start perhaps as high as a quarter of a million dollars.’

Prince Rashid nodded nonchalantly. ‘I shall be there, Hassan. The higher the price the sweeter the revenge!’

Hassan bowed deeply, hiding his inner delight.

‘There will be several other white women, Highness, including a most attractive and unusual couple - an aristocratic English mother and daughter and couple of beautiful blonde Norwegian nurses.’

There was no reply. The Prince was no longer interested. He had turned away. The interview was over.

At the door Hassan salaamed again. The matter was going well, but there remained much to see to.

Prince Rashid was very rich and extremely influential. He was a leading member, some people said the leading member, of the ruling family of Shamur, a geographically small but very rich Sheikhdome that had in recent years become one of the largest oil producers in the world.

He was a tall, well built and very good looking man in his early forties. His face was long and thin, with a small black beard, pointed and carefully trimmed. His dark eyes were alert and kindly, intelligent and observant, but they also portrayed the natural dominant and commanding aspect of his character. His voice was pleasant but nevertheless firm, typical of a man who was very sure of his position and his views. His charming manners and courtly smile, combined with his striking appearance, made him a popular and attractive figure - not least in the eyes of the women he met on his frequent visits to Europe.

He had been partly educated in Europe and had travelled widely in the West as a trusted Minister of the Government of Shamur and had conducted several discreet affairs with European and American women.

Back in Shamur, his large and luxurious palace near the capital contained a spacious harem wing which housed his three wives, half a dozen odalisques or se-

nior concubines and some thirty junior concubines. His wives were all Princesses from the ruling families of Shamur or of the neighbouring states, though he usually kept the position of fourth wife vacant in order to encourage his concubines into greater efforts in pleasing him.

The concubines were all beautiful young women from Egypt, the Lebanon, Turkey, Morocco, Iran or Pakistan. To be considered for promotion to the much sought after position of odalisque, a concubine must first have borne the Prince a son for, despite his Western veneer, he still had the traditional urge of the desert leader to father many sons from carefully chosen women.

Some of the concubines had been bought from dealers. Some had been given to him as presents by other visiting Arab leaders or business associates. Some were women who had caught his eye on his travels and who had willingly entered his harem, thinking that they would enjoy a life of ease.

Although he was a well travelled, cultured and sophisticated man of the world, the Prince’s attitude to women was basically the traditional Arab one of regarding them with compassion as inferior creatures who must be protected from their own passionate natures and whose purpose in life is simply to give pleasure to men - and to be the mothers of their sons.

Until now, the Prince had not seriously considered permanently acquiring a European concubine, despite the many attractive offers that Hassan had made in recent years.

Amanda Aston, however, was a quite different matter.

She had called him a ruthless despot. A despot he was, but a benign one who saw to the welfare of his people, poured money into schools and hospitals and roads.

She had called him a despicable womaniser and an abuser of women, which in his eyes he was not. He saw nothing strange in denying his women the right to leave the harem, or to write or talk to other men or even see another man at close quarters. He considered it quite normal for the women immured in a rich man’s harem to adore and worship their Master and love only one man, whilst a man could be interested

in, and even love, quite a large number of women at the same time.

She had said other scornful things and had used her television program to humiliate him - unfairly and in public.

She deserved to be punished. She also needed to be silenced, for her words were poison.

Oh yes, it was unquestionably his duty to acquire, humiliate and punish this young woman for what she had said about him and, worse, about Islam: he would acquire much merit.

The fact that she was very beautiful would, admittedly, add to the pleasure!

2 - A LONG LINE OF SLAVE DEALERS!

Hassan Atala was pleased. His forbears would have approved of the way he had handled the Prince.

The fortunes of the House of Atala had started during the revival of the white slave trade by the Barbary pirates of North Africa during the long French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. Suddenly large quantities of Christian women had flooded onto the slave markets of the Middle East.

Many were simple peasant girls, snatched from their homes and coastal villages by the raiding Barbary corsairs. But amongst them were some well educated, and even aristocratic Italian and Spanish women, captured whilst they were summering in their family villas by the sea; or blond Northern women, the wives of German and Scandinavian sea captains, captured when their husband's ships were boarded by the Barbary pirates.

It was by handling these desirable and highly valuable women that the House of Atala had originally made its name - both with the buyers, chief black eunuchs who knew that they could return a woman whom their Masters spurned and with the Reis, or Captains, of the corsair ships who knew that they would get an extra good price from the agents of the House of Atala for a special woman.

Then, in the nineteenth century, when the Barbary corsairs had been suppressed and the Khedives, Beys and Pashas of Egypt became yet more wealthy, the attention of the House of Atala had switched to Constantinople, the capital of the cruel Ottoman Empire. Here the slave markets were often well-stocked with women from the Balkans - the wives and daughters of unsuccessful Christian rebels. Once again, some

were well-educated women, condemned to slavery as part of the punishment of their men folk and to set a terrifying example.

Like the old Barbary Corsairs, the dealers who followed the rapacious Turkish Army knew that they could sell such women on at a handsome profit to the Constantinople agents of the House of Atala.

So it was that after yet another revolt, a steady stream of good-looking young European women would be driven up onto the sales block in Cairo: beautiful Hungarian countesses who had married angry young Macedonian chieftains; tall blond women educated in the best schools in Vienna who had been caught up in the confusion of a Balkan war; or striking-looking upper class Greek and Romanian girls whose men folk had been caught out plotting against the Ottoman rule.

Most of the women had become the pampered concubines, or even wives, of the wealthy Egyptian Beys and Pashas and had enjoyed a life of ease and luxury. But there had always been some wealthy Levantine gentlemen who really enjoyed having a recalcitrant white woman forced to labour on his estate under the whip of a black overseer as part of a chain gang of otherwise dusky skinned maidens - as an enjoyable and erotic alternative to forcing her to share his bed.

The fall of the Ottoman Empire at the end of the First World War made little difference, for now large numbers of beautiful but destitute White Russian refugees, often well educated and aristocratic, were flooding into Istanbul, as it was now called.

Sometimes by trickery and sometimes out of sheer despair, some of the more attractive of these women came into the discreet hands of the House of Atala.

This had been a very profitable business whilst supplies lasted, for the demand from the Egyptian Beys and Pashas for these outstandingly beautiful women, with their pure white skins, their passionate natures and hot tempers, seemed unlimited - as did the enjoyment of their eunuchs in disciplining them.

The Second World War had seen Cairo and Alexandria full of attractive young refugees from many countries. Penniless and without protection, some were an easy prey for the well organised House of Atala.

The war had also seen the introduction of a growing number of British service women in Egypt. Hassan's father had specialised in a more limited, but lucrative market: pretty young British naval Wrens, often from good English families. In the chaotic circumstances of the war the occasional disappearance of a pretty young nubile Wren could always be staged as a swimming or car accident.

It was all highly profitable, for the British were little liked by the Egyptians and the idea of actually owning a pretty woman member of the hated occupying forces was particularly piquant for a wealthy but somewhat jaded Pasha - especially if the young woman was actually an officer.

Indeed, Hassan's father had found that his wealthier clients were particularly ready to part with their money if a furious but frightened Wren officer was paraded for their inspection, naked except for her well pressed uniform jacket, embroidered with the correct number of blue stripes for her rank and wearing her distinctive tricorn hat.

It had even been rumoured in certain circles that a member of the Egyptian royal family kept a royal barge on his estates, bordering on the Nile, that was manned exclusively by young abducted British Wrens, supplied by Hassan's father and kept, wearing only their naval caps, chained to their oars. It was said that it was the sight of these naked English girls, sweating at their oars under the whip of a black overseer, that would compensate him for the many humiliations that he suffered from the British, as a member of what they regarded as a mere puppet ruling family.

When, after the war, Nasser had overthrown the King and the old ruling class, Hassan had to seek further afield for his clientele. Fortunately for him, it was just

at this time that the huge oil revenues had started to pour into the pockets of the ruling Arabian families.

As this vast wealth spread among a growing number of Arab Princes and Sheikhs, so too did a new demand for many things Western: cars, yachts, modern palaces, racing cars, private jets and white women - especially white women.

These newly rich Princelings, however, soon tired of semi-professional European courtesans, dancers and call-girls. What they wanted and what they were willing and able to pay high prices for, were beautiful but respectable and unwilling white women, who could be broken by their eunuchs.

This was the demand that Hassan was now specialised in fulfilling.

From his new headquarters in the Red Sea, an establishment discreetly disguised as a private nursing home for women, Hassan supplied a small but steady stream of reluctant and horrified white women to the harems of many of the wealthiest men in the Arab world.

It was, of course, a business that had to be carried on with great circumspection and discretion, for Arab men never discuss their women or their harems, nor do members of the Ruling Families wish to become involved in some scandal regarding the disappearance of a white woman. But once such a woman was locked up in their harems, they would make sure she never escaped to tell her story.

It was a business that earned Hassan considerable profits, for most of the women fetched high prices, being strikingly beautiful, well educated and of good families - even if they were appalled at the life that lay ahead of them. Indeed it was their very unwillingness that made them worth so much more in the eyes of their cruel Masters.

Part of this new business was to arrange, for a considerable fee, for the disappearance and abduction of a particular European woman who had caught the eye, or, in the case of Amanda, the wrath of several wealthy Arabs.

Much of his success depended on effective agents in Europe, able to advise him on the potential availability of suitable women or on the movements of

a woman who had already caught the eye of a rich client. Equally important was the discreet liaison he maintained with his clients, or potential clients, in the Middle East, or more usually with the black eunuchs in charge of their harems - sending them detailed information and, if possible, videos, of women coming onto the market.

Hassan had no qualms of conscience about his trade. On the contrary, he felt, like his forebears before him, that he was providing an essential service. For centuries in the Moslem world, middle-aged rich men

had been buying young women for their pleasure and keeping them locked up in their harems. Moreover, it was a tradition that was being given a new boost by the fundamentalist drive sweeping the Arab world, one of whose tenets was to put women back into the veil, the chador - and the harem. Another tenet was to regard the freedom enjoyed by Western women with horror.

Hassan liked to regard himself as the Sotheby's of the white slave trade, selling a relatively small number of really top quality goods to a limited clientele.

3 - HASSAN ATALA MAKES HIS PLANS

Hassan inserted the video cassette that had been made for his approval and switched on the player.

The screen showed two very pretty tall young women on a little stage. There was a background of Arab music. The women were dressed in long nurse's uniforms that buttoned down the front. Their hair was hidden by their nurses' caps.

Hassan smiled approvingly. He liked his clients to be first shown white women as if being auctioned but dressed as they would normally have been if they had still been free. Not only did this serve to show the client the background of the woman being displayed, but also accentuated the fact that a once free Western woman could now be bought as a mere concubine.

The women were smiling nervously at the video camera.

'My name is Ingrid,' said one of the young women in a charming Scandinavian accent.

'And my name is Brigit,' said the other in a similar accent.

Their lips had been painted scarlet and their eyes carefully made-up and outlined with kohl in the Eastern fashion. They seemed unnaturally large - thanks to drops of belladonna.

Again Hassan smiled approvingly. The sight of respectable European women erotically made up like Arab dancing girls never failed to arouse interest.

But even more erotic was the sight of each tall woman now being led round the stage by a small black boy holding a dog lead fastened to a collar round her neck. The boys were dressed in red baggy trousers, embroi-

dered waistcoats and big silken turbans. The Eastern opulence of their dress acted as a further erotic contrast to the simple Western uniforms of the women - and so did their small size and the little dog whips with which they were tapping the buttocks of their tall charges.

The women were in fact a couple of Norwegian nurses who had been working for an aid organisation in Eritrea. They had been captured by guerrillas when the isolated village in which they had been working was overrun. Being very short of money, the guerrillas had sold them to Hassan's local agents.

Now being sold as a matched pair, Hassan was confident that they would reach a good price at his next auction - provided the video showed them off well. Copies of the video would be discreetly sent to the chief black eunuchs in charge of the harems of certain wealthy Arab clients whom Hassan thought might well be interested. At the auction telephone bids would be taken as well as bids from those present in the auction room.

The video continued to show the two young women being walked up and down by their small keepers, their high heel shoes showing off their carriage. The video zoomed in to show each of the young women's breasts wobbling entrancingly under the thin nurse's uniforms and on their excitingly swaying buttocks.

Then a larger and stronger-looking boy entered, carrying a pair of shiny metal handcuffs. He gripped the wrists of one of the young women and pulled them behind her back, making her grimace.

'No! No!' she shouted. She started to struggle but there was a clicking noise and her hands were helplessly fastened behind her.

Before holding an auction, Hassan liked to arouse the interest of his clients, or their chief black eunuchs by sending them videos of his stock of white women, showing them first in their European dress and then half naked, having had their breasts enlarged and their nipples elongated. Some were circumcised.

This video showed two young Norwegian nurses who had been captured in the Middle East by guerrillas and sold to Hassan. He will be selling them on as a matched pair...



Hassan nodded approvingly. It was important that the video showed the woman off as if she was being auctioned.

The boy, still standing behind her, gently removed her nurse's cap, letting her long blonde hair tumble down. Then he expertly arranged it so that it hung entrancingly over one shoulder.

The sight of this silken cascade of honey-coloured hair made even the jaded Hassan catch his breath. Blonde hair always had an electrifying effect in the Arab world and this would really make the rich viewers sit up!

Then her small keeper, still holding her lead in one hand, slowly began to unbutton the front of her uniform. The larger boy, still standing behind her, jerked the top of the uniform down over her shoulders, baring her breasts. The young woman wriggled with delightful embarrassment as she vainly tried to cover them with her hands.

'Be still!' the boy shouted, giving her a hard tap across her buttocks with his dog whip. 'Head up! Shoulders back!'

The terrified woman's firm breasts were now thrust forward. They were surprisingly large. Her nipples were also surprisingly prominent - and painted the same shade of scarlet as her lips.

Again Hassan smiled. Arab men liked large breasts and nipples. Clearly, the breast enlargement and nipple stretching treatment that he had ordered for these women had been a great success. The latest American breast injection equipment had been expensive and so had been sending one of his black assistants to learn how to use it. But it had been worthwhile and a little breast enlargement and shaping was now standard for most of the white women who passed through his hands.

It was a more difficult decision to decide whether or not a particular woman should have another certain little operation - one that greatly increased the value of a woman in the eyes of some men. It would much reduce the pleasure felt by a woman, but without reducing her ability to give pleasure.

Indeed it made the girl concentrate more on the pleasure she was giving to her Master. It also largely removed the temptation to deceive her Master with

another woman, or even with another a man or by herself. Above all, it greatly increased the feeling of power felt by the Master and although it was cruel and sadistic, it had been considered perfectly normal in Egypt and in much of Africa and Arabia for centuries - and still was.

In its simplest form, it was such a simple operation - just a little snip and a woman's main source of pleasure was removed. Many African women had the operation done when they were children, but the idea of it being done to a grown white woman was one that greatly appealed to some of Hassan's clients - but not to all. Some men still preferred the feeling of making a woman respond, even against her wishes.

Hassan often liked to offer in each sale at least one white woman who had been cut and to offer to cut another free of charge if bought by the same customer, either before delivery or if she was subsequently brought back for it to be done.

Hassan rubbed his nose. Should he have had these Norwegian girls cut? Probably not. He turned back to the screen.

The small boy was continuing to undo the buttons. Soon a narrow waist and flat belly were displayed. Hassan had ordered both of the young women to be put on a strict diet and kept well exercised. He was delighted with the result, for the contrast between the prominent but firm breasts, the slender waist and the hint of the swelling but still hidden hips was very arousing.

Doubtless many potential buyers would be thinking about what that belly would look like if it were well curved. In the Arab world a curved belly is regarded as something that enhances a girl's beauty and desirability. Many a rich Arab would be hesitant about a white slave girl bearing his own child, but would enjoy mating her to one of his black slaves.

Hassan had often thought about having a white girl mated with one of his black guards and then keeping her back from the auction for several months so that she would indeed display a well curved belly to the buyers. It was a difficult decision.

The larger boy now went over to the other young woman.

Despite her protests, she too was handcuffed and her equally lovely blonde hair carefully arranged. Then the top of her uniform was undone and jerked back over her shoulders to display her big firm breasts, stretched nipples and slender waist.

They really were a matched pair, thought Hassan, and as such would sell very well indeed. Would they have sold even better if they were both identically expectant? Perhaps.

The two boys delicately finished unbuttoning the uniforms and then dramatically pulled them back to disclose long white legs and hairless mounds, under which their equally hairless but scarlet painted beauty glistened provocatively.

Then, not giving the viewers more than a glimpse of these delights, the camera came behind the two young women, displaying their long backs, slender waists and voluptuous buttocks.

Hassan leaned forward and switched off the video. It would do very nicely and copies should be sent out immediately to the eunuchs in charge of the harems of a dozen or more potential buyers. By working through these influential personages he was able to ensure a steady flow of continuing business with his clients, since the eunuch was able to take the credit for finding these new acquisitions for his Master and would be keen to arrange for a repeat order!

By keeping in touch with these eunuchs he was also able to keep himself better informed of the individual desires, disappointments and new requirements of his clients. Arab gentlemen do not discuss their harems with other men, but their eunuchs do!

Hassan mentally patted himself on the back for having acquired this delightful matched pair here in Africa. It was a trend that was increasing. On the one hand, the increasing famine in the black African states meant that more young white women were going there under the auspices of various small aid organisations. And, on the other hand, the increasing chaos and fighting was throwing up more opportunities for these women to disappear and end up in the hands of an agent of a white slave dealer.

It was really a continuation of the centuries-old slave trade that had brought women from all parts of black

Africa to the Red Sea and on to Arabia - a trade with which he maintained close links despite his family tradition of dealing only in top grade white women. He was able to offer the trade's dealers a ready market for the more exotic of the black women they had captured.

He had, for instance, recently handled an English-educated black Princess from Uganda, a pretty young university graduate from Sierra Leone and even a younger member of the Ethiopian royal family who had escaped from the prison in which her family were incarcerated, only to find herself destined to be imprisoned in a harem.

He also maintained a useful link with a certain terrorist organisation which periodically raided the outlying settlements of Israel. They often had nubile young Israeli women on their hands, whom they were anxious to dispose of for a good price, or pretty girls from many countries who had strayed one evening a little too far from the carefully guarded walls of the kibbutz.

Hassan chuckled to himself as he remembered how after one Arab-Israeli war he had even been able to sell to a certain black potentate a complete captured platoon of young Israeli girl soldiers, together with their young woman officer. The potentate had enjoyed putting the entire platoon into a chain gang to work half-naked under the whip of a black overseer on his private estate.

It had been spectacle that was also much enjoyed by visiting Arab dignitaries, smarting from the humiliation of Arab defeats.

All this would so impress the influential Arab visitors from rich oil states that they would recommend, on their return, that further funds be sent to the African potentate for the further development of a country whose anti-Israeli sentiments were so strikingly displayed.

But, of course, the mainstay of his business remained his chain of agents in Europe.

These were expert in spotting, abducting, holding and dispatching suitable women. His previous sale had included a young French model, the brilliant but errant daughter of a penniless Irish peer and a promising

One of Hassan's best coups had been to sell to a black African potentate a complete platoon of Israeli girl soldiers captured by Palestinian insurgents. They were put to work on his private estate under the whips of black overseers and mated to produce, each autumn, a gaggle of half black progeny. "All due to drop their black progeny next month," explained the potentate proudly to two visiting Arabs from rich oil states. They were delighted to see their sworn enemies being so degraded and humiliated. He, will be rewarded, they decided, with financial grants and loans.



young ballet dancer from Denmark. It was their background, as well as their beauty, that had attracted the attention of his clients and had resulted in all of them reaching a high price in his auction ring.

He chuckled again at the thought that his next sale would include not only the controversial young journalist Amanda Aston, but also, as a special pair, the niece of an English peer and her pretty teenage daughter.

Partly by judicious bribery, he had been able to keep his operations highly secret and out of the public eye. They were based on a remote island in the Red Sea. A simple code enabled details of what was required in the female line and what was available to be passed by telephone in an apparently innocuous conversation regarding equestrian matters. Virgins, for instance, were referred to as unbroken fillies, young married women were mares, women who had already had a child were brood mares, pregnant women were mares in-foal, harems were stables and chief black eunuchs were trainers, and so on. Hassan himself was a blood-stock dealer.

As a separate sideline Hassan would occasionally take advantage of the efficiency of his network of agents to accept a private and confidential commission to arrange for the abduction of a particular woman who had caught the eye, or perhaps the wrath, of a wealthy Arab Sheikh or prince. He chuckled at the thought of the well-known young French show jumper whose pretty thighs had recently caught the eye of a visiting Arab ruler. Arranging for her secret disappearance had been a complex matter, but now she was devoting her talents to satisfying a cruel master in the strict seclusion of his stables.

Gerda von Brahm, a young girl who had been aboard the coaster that had recently delivered the infamous Amanda Aston and the mother and daughter, was another such case. At a gymnastic competition at Munich she had caught the eye of an elderly but wealthy Sheikh. Fascinated by the young girl's extraordinarily

agile body, he had commissioned Hassan to acquire her for his harem, for a very large fee, in order to enliven his old age - a choice young fruit for an elderly degenerate.

Such commissions were not necessarily confined to the fair sex. He had been asked to deliver, neatly emasculated, a very good looking young ballet dancer a rich Sheikh had admired at a gala performance. He had joined the Sheikh's male harem of similarly castrated young men and youths - colts who had been gelded, as Hassan euphemistically described them.

Hassan was a great believer in the efficacy of cattle goads as a way of controlling white women. Once they were in the harem of their future Masters, then they would have to face the cane, the whip and even bastinado. But meanwhile he preferred to keep them unmarked and for this the goad was ideal.

His thoughts were interrupted by a servant boy announcing that the coaster was in sight.

Hassan strode onto a balcony. Yes, there she was. She would be anchoring soon and her secret cargo transferred to his 'nursing home'.

This was potentially a tricky operation, for he did not want a valuable young woman throwing herself into the shark infested Red Sea. Nor did he want any women being seen by prying eyes.

More importantly, he did not want any of the women to see where they were, or even what the coaster looked like. It was essential that, even if a woman later escaped to freedom, she could not tell a tale that might incriminate Hassan and his organisation.

The crew would have drugged the women and put them into small innocuous wooden crates which the ship's cranes would lower into his launch, apparently as stores for his Nursing Home.

Half an hour later all four women would be safely locked up and recovering from their drugs - having no idea where they were or how they got there.

4 - HASSAN'S SECRET WHITE SLAVE ESTABLISHMENT

Amanda lay on the bed in her locked room. She was naked, except for her gloved hands and the leather collar round her neck by which she was chained to a ring at the head of the bed, terrified, helpless and totally bewildered.

The gloves were really mittens, thick and fingerless, and made it impossible for her to grip anything. Indeed everything, even her most intimate toilet, was being done for her by two little black boys who spoke no English.

The room was attractively furnished and air conditioned - all part of Hassan's policy of allaying the natural fears and anxieties of the mainly white women he handled. There was chintz on the comfortable armchair and an attractive silk cover on the bed. The dressing table and curtains made a pretty sight. In an annex off the bedroom was a modern bathroom.

It might have been the guest-room of a country house bedroom were it not for the carefully locked door, the bars across the window and the high wall that completely shut off the view. There was also the noticeable absence of anything made of glass, of anything sharp, of picture cord, or indeed of anything which a person under stress might use to harm themselves.

It was two days since she had been taken off the Arab registered coaster from Sicily which had crossed the Mediterranean and made a rendezvous off Crete with the caique bringing the unfortunate young Gerda von Brahm. Nor had she realised that they had traversed the Suez Canal, for all the time they had been kept gagged and confined to a secret compartment. Then the ship had gone down to the Red Sea to Hassan's private island.

Drugged, Amanda and her companions had not felt

the ship slowing down, nor the shaking as the anchor cable ran out, nor the sudden vibration as the engines were put astern. Shortly afterwards they were put into little wooden crates that were nailed down before being lowered into Hassan's boat. None of them would ever be able to pinpoint the location of this strange Nursing Home.

It had therefore been an astonished Amanda who, naked and with her hands still encased in the thick gloves, had slowly regained consciousness in the room in which she was now chained. She had no idea where she was, nor why and only a vague idea about what had happened to her companions. She was also mystified by the presence of two grinning young black boys with electric cattle goads.

Hassan's so-called nursing home was situated in a discreet and half hidden position between two hills in a little island some miles off a small port on the mainland. The port gave the coaster an excellent excuse to call in periodically to unload its genuine cargo of European goods: refrigerators, clothes, electric light bulbs and so forth.

A helicopter landing pad had been built on the island near the nursing home and near the port was a convenient landing strip. Not only did Hassan sometimes receive his merchandise by air, but also his clients, or their eunuchs, often came by private aircraft or helicopter to view the merchandise for themselves or to attend an auction.

No questions were ever asked about the silent and heavily veiled figures who sometimes embarked in, or disembarked from, the helicopters or aircraft, nor about the coffin-shaped trunks that often formed part of the luggage of departing Arab dignitaries.

The first day Amanda had been left lying chained to the bed with her hands still helpless in the gloves. The boys had fed and potted her like a baby. It had only needed one of them to raise his goad menacingly, whilst simultaneously putting his finger to his lips, to make her stop protesting and asking questions. But she could not help noticing how they had grinned at each other as they constantly felt her relatively small breasts.

The second morning, after they had washed and bathed her, they dressed her in a pretty negligee that made her feel more like a pampered woman and a lead was fastened to her collar.

They unlocked the door and the first boy led her down the corridor. The second boy followed close behind her, his goad raised. Nervously she followed close behind the first boy.

She saw to her consternation that the thick glass windows looking into her room bedroom and bathroom were one way. She must have been under constant but unseen observation.

At last they came to a door. One of the boys opened it and led her inside - into a modern beauty parlour.

A pretty young black girl dressed in a white house coat walked across and took Amanda's arm reassuringly. She led her towards a hairdresser's chair.

'Now we make you beautiful!' she said in broken English.

'You speak English!' cried Amanda. 'At last! What is happening?'

'No questions!' the young girl said. 'I am not allowed to answer questions. You will learn all in time.' She pointed to the goad held by one of the boys. 'No more questions!'

At the sight of the goad, Amanda instantly became silent. One of the boys went out, leaving his companion standing by the door, arms crossed on his chest, goad at the ready.

The young Negress started to wash Amanda's hair.

Half an hour later, as she sat under the drier, the girl took off one of Amanda's gloves and started to give her a manicure. Amanda was thrilled to feel her hand free again. But instantly the boy came up and stood by

her, waving his goad, as if warning her not to try and take advantage of her hand being released. Minutes later the girl strapped the glove back onto Amanda's right hand and took off her left one.

Amanda was now made to stand up and the girl, helped by the boy, took off her negligee - making her feel very naked and ashamed. She was told to lie down on a couch. Her legs were waxed. Her toe-nails were painted. Then the girl bent over her and started to work on her face, using a variety of creams, foundations, rouge, eye-brow pencils and eye shadows, mascara and kohl and lipsticks.

She caught a brief glimpse of herself in a mirror. She certainly looked superb in a heavily made-up Eastern way, her long blonde hair glistening like spun gold, her eyes huge and sparkling, outlined in black, her high cheekbones set off by clever shadowing, her lips painted scarlet.

The second boy came back. Before Amanda realised what had happened her wrists had been strapped to the side of the couch and a strap fastened across her naked belly and another across her throat. She was held helpless on the couch. She could not even raise her head to see what they were doing to her.

The girl pulled down a strap from a metal arm that hung over the couch. One the boys raised Amanda's ankle and the other boy fastened the strap round it. Then they repeated the process with her other ankle.

Her knees were held raised and wide apart. She saw the young beautician coming towards her with something in her hand and heard a humming noise. An electric razor ...

'No! No! Please not there!' Amanda shouted as she suddenly realised what was going to be done to her.

'Oh yes! We make you smooth like little girl! Arab man like that!' The girl bent over Amanda's body and carefully began her task, first with the electric razor and then with special burning creams.

Just as she was finishing, a black man dressed like a surgeon came into the room. To Amanda's horror, she saw that he was holding a syringe and was followed by two white robed Arabs wheeling a trolley.

The man exchanged words with the girl, nodded and

Hassan knew well how carefully enlarged and shaped breasts, and prominently elongated nipples, can greatly increase the value of a white woman. Here, Amanda is starting her treatment at the hands of Hassan black assistants. She is blindfolded to keep her ignorant of just what was being done to her and gagged to prevent her from crying out. She will soon find her breasts mysteriously heavy and her nipples strangely elongated...



then came towards the couch, his epidemic syringe raised. Amanda started to scream as she felt a little prick in her arm, but her scream died on her lips as she collapsed into unconsciousness.

Once again Amanda had slowly regained consciousness lying naked on the bed in her room. Once again she was chained by the neck to the head of the bed and those awful gloves were still on her hands. Once again the two boys stood grinning by her bedside.

As her head cleared, she felt a slight pain in her breasts. They felt somehow heavier, larger. She glanced down. Her normally small nipples seemed huge.

She felt strange between the legs and raised her head to look down properly. She was as smooth as a baby girl! Horrified, she remembered what the girl had been doing to her when the surgeon had come in. She remembered the girl's strange remark about Arab men. But what had Arab men got to do with her?

To her embarrassment one of the boys started to stroke her now smooth beauty lips whilst the other, equally admiringly, felt her apparently heavier breasts and stretched nipples. They were talking excitedly to each other.

She longed to question the boys but knew that it was a waste of time. There was no one she could speak to.

For two whole days the boys kept her lying on her back, silent and helpless, periodically feeding her with fruits and milk.

Then, without a word of explanation, she was taken out of her room again and taken on a lead back along the passage and once again led on into the beauty parlour where the girl was waiting to do her hair. Once again she was strapped down on the couch and any little hairs that might have re-grown were carefully removed.

The two boys came over to her as she lay with her legs raised. Chattering to each other in some strange language, one of them carrying a little notebook, they started to examine her intimately.

As her head held back by the strap across her throat, she could see nothing but felt the cold of a probing instrument being inserted and her body stretched. She felt hands and fingers.

It was too awful being treated in this way by mere boys, even if they did seem to know what they were doing. They were conferring and writing notes - notes about her, about her body!

It was as if someone wanted a full and intimate report on her. And this indeed was the case, for Hassan never sent a video of a woman to a rich client's chief black eunuch without also supplying her full details - the sort of intimate details that an efficient eunuch would want to have before recommending the purchase of a white woman to his Master.

Once again the terrifying surgeon-like figure came in and once again she passed out as she felt a little prick in her arm. She regained consciousness in her room and again there was a dull pain in her breasts which once again seemed even heavier and her nipples seemed even longer.

She was kept resting on her bed silent and helpless for a couple of days.

Then the whole process had been repeated again. But this time she was only left to recover for a couple of hours and then the boys unchained her neck and gestured to her to get up.

Immediately she felt the strange extra weight of her breasts. She put her hands to them, but her gloves prevented her from feeling them properly. The boys gestured to her to look at herself in the full length mirror. Her face and hair were beautiful and her now longer nipples had been painted to match her lips.

But she was embarrassed when she looked down at her shorn mound. It was quite hairless and had been rouged to match her cheeks, whilst her beauty lips had been painted to match her nipples and lips.

Suddenly she blushed prettily. Her body now looked strange, new, fuller, powdered, polished and painted. It was exciting but shaming. It was shocking and embarrassing. But she began to feel a curious pride in her new erotic look. She would be less proud and even more embarrassed had she known that the large fleshy figure of Hassan Atala the slave dealer stood looking through the one way mirror from the corridor side. He was rubbing his hands with delight as he admired his latest acquisition, his latest investment. Bearing in mind that originally he had simply acquired Amanda,

without thinking of her potential beauty, simply to satisfy the need for revenge of certain leading Arab dignitaries, he had wondered whether to bother to have her breasts enlarged.

Seeing the effect, however, he was glad that he had done so.

It was the next day that the boys showed her the row of beautiful dresses hanging in a cupboard in her room, together with stockings, shoes and hats.

They helped her with first one dress and then another, chattering excitedly like children playing with a doll.

Despite her anxiety, Amanda felt herself being drawn to these immaculately cut and very feminine dresses. It was all part of the routine that Hassan had used for years with many white women. He knew only too well that after nearly two weeks of being kept cooped up in the ship and in her room, wearing only a night dress, many white women would find the sight of these beautiful but suggestive dresses irresistibly appealing and somehow reassuring.

She would feel a woman again, an attractive and well dressed one at that.

So it was that the next day found Amanda walking up and down her locked room, not so much like a caged and bewildered animal as like a proud and self confident woman.

She was wearing a simple well cut black cocktail dress with a swirling skirt split up one side that disclosed to perfection her long shapely legs, slim figure, large and firm breasts and her now very white and soft skin.

Amanda looked into the mirror. She saw a very beautiful and desirable woman. Certainly the dress made her feel very feminine. It was also one that had been chosen for her to wear when later that day the video tape was to be made. Under it the dress was allowed only an expensive looking satin slip that had been specially chosen for the erotic effective it would have when the dress was removed.

Under the slip she was wearing only black stockings and suspender belt, both which matched her big black hat and long black gloves - for once quite normal gloves.

Only the leather collar fastened round her neck showed

that anything untoward was planned.

The door opened and in came the two boys. With them was an older boy she had not seen before. Snapping a lead onto her collar, they led down the corridor, but this time on past the beauty parlour. A door was opened. Amanda found herself standing on a little floodlit stage around which she was invited to parade.

At this stage Hassan wanted to catch the attention of certain clients by showing them a video of Amanda, a beautiful and intelligent young woman, unaware of her fate, of just what had been done to her breasts, that she was in the hands of a white slave dealer and of the retribution that was about to fall on her.

At an actual auction, or at private presentations, he liked the women to be paraded under the duress of the whip, in a highly embarrassed and terrified state which he knew of old was guaranteed to arouse potential buyers and persuade them to bid far more highly than they had intended.

For the English mother and daughter, to be offered at the same time, he decided that a similar scene should be shown. It would be aimed at making a rich client determined to own these attractive upper class English women and to have them broken in for his personal use. They would be shown being forcibly stripped, just like the video of the two Norwegian nurses.

But in Amanda's case the video was to be different. It would show the woman who had so insulted Arab manhood in a more subtle and relaxed way. He felt his clients would respond best if she were shown as an apparently free woman, wearing pretty if suggestive European clothes, and undressing in apparent privacy - for, of course, it would still be important to show her naked.

Hassan felt that Amanda and her two companions, for unknown to them their other companion, Gerda, had already been despatched to the elderly Sheikh who had commissioned her abduction, were now ready to be filmed. Enhanced by powder and lack of direct sun, their bodies were now dead white and their muscles soft. They had all put on a few pounds as a result of their mainly milk diet and whilst in no way fat or plump, their bodies had a slightly more rounded look - just the soft and sensuous effect that a Middle

Amanda and the English mother and daughter are being examined by black eunuchs on behalf of their Masters. They have greased their fingers to allow easier access up the women they are inspecting. Although she does not know it, the black giant examining Amanda is Sheikh Turki's chief black eunuch. He is masturbating Amanda to bring her to a climax. The daughter is having her enlarged breasts and elongated nipples cupped and weighed, whilst her mother is having her specially stretched rear entrance checked...



Eastern gentleman usually likes to see in a woman destined for his harem.

So it was that, confused as to why the boys wanted her to do it but scared stiff of their goads, Amanda played along with them, walking up and down in front of the hidden cameras, smiling when they laughed and letting herself be undressed, first down to her satin slip and then down to her stockings and suspender belt, gloves and hat.

Encouraged by the basic English of the beautician, Amanda made a little speech giving her name. Then she almost wept when she said how she missed her friends and her boyfriend - something which brought

a smile of contentment to the watching Hassan, for he knew that this would greatly increase her attractions in the eyes of the cruel men who might buy her. For them the idea of using in their harem the woman of another man was deeply satisfying. This was something that went back to days of Bedouin tribes raiding each other for their women.

The final edited video recording of Amanda was highly successful. Hassan arranged for copies to be taken to certain clients he did not need to speak to personally.

5 - SHEIKH TURKI MAKES HIS PLANS

Sheikh Turki was the opposite of Prince Rashid in almost every way: in appearance, in manners and in his attitude to European women.

Sheikh Turki was short and fat - a repulsive-looking man, with a hook nose and a full beard. Behind the dark glasses which he invariably wore, his eyes were cold and expressionless. His voice was soft and somehow chilling.

He had deliberately stocked his harem with reluctant white women. And whereas, for the busy Prince Rashid, his harem was an amusing little sideline, for the under-employed Sheikh Turki it was the centre of his life.

He too was a member of a ruling family - of the nearby state of Sadek, which was almost as rich in oil revenues as Shamur. Ever since he was a young man he had been a frivolous playboy, interested only in his own pleasure.

He had schemed and plotted to become the Crown Prince and eventually the Ruler of Sadek but, after numerous unsavoury scandals involving white women, his reputation, both at home and abroad, had alarmed both his own family and other ruling families as well.

Prince Rashid in Shamur had been largely responsible for organising a counter coup to oust Turki from the succession. To keep him quiet, Turki had been granted a very large pension. He now lived in a neighbouring Sheikhdome where he had bought himself a large estate in the interior centred on a fertile oasis in the desert. Here he had built himself a well-guarded, luxurious and spacious palace, which he liked to think surpassed in splendour even that of his arch enemy

and rival Prince Rashid.

The harem of Sheikh Turki was ruled over by his cunning and repulsive chief black eunuch, Mansour, a huge Negro, six foot six inches tall. Mansour was a man of great physical strength, capable of picking up a recalcitrant woman and carrying her off under his arm for punishment.

Mansour spoke in the high pitched falsetto voice of a eunuch. It sometimes made a newly arrived white woman regard him as a pathetic figure of fun. But she soon learnt that there was nothing pathetic about his huge frame, nor about his brutal-looking face disfigured with tribal scars, nor about the cruel way he dealt with the women in his care, terrorising them into cringe fawning over Sheikh Turki in their eagerness to provide him with pleasure and so earn Mansour a steady stream of bonus payments.

Beautiful bodies had no physical attraction for Mansour, but he had great pleasure in controlling a woman's every thought, word and deed, as well as from punishing them if they were impertinent or lazy and training them to be his Master's most obsequious possessions.

Mansour shielded Sheikh Turki from his women's tantrums, emotions, jealousies, female ailments and occasional rebelliousness - problems which largely stemmed from being kept cooped up, under constant supervision, in the sensual atmosphere of a harem and from being forced to look to their repulsive and hated Master, Sheikh Turki, for any hope of sexual relief.

Mansour bowed to his Master and handed him a video tape that Hassan had given him that morning.

'This is Amanda Aston?' Turki enquired eagerly.

‘Yes indeed, Your Highness!’

Mansour disconnected the large television screen from the internal television cameras in the harem to which it was normally connected. The video tape started to play.

Sheikh Turki lay back on the comfortable chair in his study, gloating. Mansour stood behind him. At the Sheikh’s feet, the naked back of a young white woman served as his footstool. The Sheikh’s eyes glistened wildly as he watched entranced. The young woman did not dare to move or make a sound as she knelt on all fours, her back beautifully straight, her palms flat on the floor, whilst hatred of her Master dominated her thoughts.

The video ended.

‘I want her! I want her here. That little bitch! I’ll teach her a lesson all right! She’ll soon rue the day she ever tried to make a fool of me on her damn television show!’

Mansour coughed discreetly.

‘I understand that Prince Rashid is also interested in acquiring her, Highness.’

‘Rashid?’

‘Indeed Your Highness. She criticised him also. I understand that he is willing to pay a very large sum to acquire her.’

There was a long silence. Mansour knew that his Master longed to revenge himself on Prince Rashid. Nevertheless he was getting a little overspent on his pension, having just bought a couple of lovely young French girls from Hassan.

‘Perhaps, Your Highness, it might be possible to extract this young lady from the palace of Prince Rashid at a later date - and at little cost!’

‘Kidnap her?’

Mansour spread his hands and smiled.

‘Yes, indeed, Mansour! Kidnap her from Rashid! Just what I was thinking! We already have spies in Prince Rashid’s palace. Let’s give them something to do! And it will humiliate him greatly to be deprived of his enjoyment of this bitch! Ah yes!’

In his excitement, Sheikh Turki kicked down at the naked woman kneeling at his feet. But she was too well trained and too frightened of Mansour’s cane to do more than gasp and straighten her back.

‘And if Your Highness were to allow Prince Rashid to outbid you for this particular young lady,’ said Mansour, ‘then, pending the completion of your other arrangements, I think Hassan would be able to offer you something else that might amuse you meanwhile.’

Mansour replaced the video tape of Amanda with another. He knew his Master well.

‘A pretty aristocratic English lady and her teenage daughter,’ he explained suavely. ‘Both being sold together as one lot in the same auction as the other English woman. They will go for a high price, of course, a white mother and daughter is a rare event indeed and these are aristocrats! But think what you will be saving on the Amanda Aston bitch!’

He switched on the new tape. Sheikh Turki watched in silence as the two women were paraded and then stripped. His eyes gleamed at the size of the mother’s breasts - just as they had earlier at the sight of Amanda’s. They gleamed again when Mansour whispered that the daughter was still a virgin.

The tape ended. There was another long pause.

‘Mansour, I want you to go to the sale. Have a good look at the famous Amanda Aston, so that you can give me full report on her physical attributes. I want you to bid for her, until there is only you and Prince Rashid bidding. Then I want you to drop out, as if you had reached your limit, and let Prince Rashid buy her. In this way, when she disappears, he will go through the torment of suspecting that I am enjoying her, but will not be able to prove anything! And be sure you come back with the mother and daughter.’

He rubbed his hands with delight.

‘Yes, it will be a double revenge! Revenge on Prince Rashid and revenge on that bitch! I’ve got some special plans for her! Very special! The high and mighty Amanda Aston! She’s really going to suffer for her insults!’

The Sheikh leaned forward and started to whisper into the eunuch’s ear. Mansour’s eyes became larger

and larger.

‘Excellent, Your Highness, excellent!’ he laughed.
‘Life in the Prince’s harem would be child’s play by comparison!’

6 - AMANDA LEARNS THE BITTER TRUTH

It was time to start rehearsals for the auction, time to confront the women with the truth about what was going to happen to them. In that way they would be suitably shamed and horrified by the auction - something that would make it all the more the more exciting for the buyers and so push up their bids.

Hassan lifted his house phone. A few minutes later Amanda, wearing only her negligee and the mitten gloves, was led in by her two young black keepers. They led her up to a large desk and then unfastened her lead and stood back.

Amanda started when she saw the large flabby figure of Hassan sitting smiling behind his desk like a successful businessman - which of course he was.

‘Who are you?’ she cried out.

‘That is not important, Miss Aston.’

‘You speak English! Oh, thank God! Are you a policeman come to release me?’

‘No, Miss Aston, I not a policeman. I have captured you.’

‘Captured me!’

‘Yes, Miss Aston! You are now my property. And you are now in the Middle East!’

‘What!’

‘Yes! Cast your mind back a few months. Surely you must realise that the rich Arabs you so scathingly treated in your programme would pay almost anything to get their hands on you!’

‘Bah! Arabs! How I despise those rich womanising bastards! Anyway I’m a free Englishwoman! They

can’t do anything to me!’

‘Unfortunately for you, Miss Aston, they certainly can under Arab law - once they’ve bought you from me!’

‘Arab Law! Who cares a hoot about some bloody wog Arab Law!’

‘You will, my dear Miss Aston! For you are now in an Arab country and you’re going to be sold to a wealthy Arab.’

‘But - but why -’

Hassan laughed, not a pleasant sound. ‘To put you into his harem, of course.’

‘His harem! But this is the twentieth century, for Heaven’s sake.’

‘Yes and in Arabia the harem system is still very alive. Many harems have attractive European women in them - and the more unwilling they are, the more desirable they become.’

‘Oh no!’ sobbed Amanda. ‘But I’m British and surely the British Ambassador ...’

‘Will never even know of your presence here. And as for being British, just remember that for so long the British were the hated ruling power in many Arab countries. The idea of having an Englishwoman, especially a well-known feminist, locked up in one’s harem would be particularly piquant. Of course, in your case it is really more a question of seeking revenge on an outspoken, I would say a very rashly outspoken, Englishwoman!’

‘Oh no!’

‘Oh yes! You are a very valuable investment. So you

are now going to start rehearsing and practising for your sale. I want to get the best possible price for you.'

'No! No! It can't be true, it simply can't,' cried Amanda. Then she shook her head and pulled herself together. No one was going to treat her like this! 'Well I certainly won't do anything to help you. I won't! You horrible creep! You can go and jump in the lake for all I care. So there! I'm off.'

She turned towards the door.

'Miss Aston!' The voice was commanding. Amanda stopped. 'On the contrary, you will do exactly what I say'.

Then things seemed to move very fast. Hassan gave an order in Arabic to one of the boys. The boy raised his electric cattle goad and touched her with it - and she screamed.

Hassan gave another order in Arabic. The second boy seized Amanda's wrists and held them firmly behind her back. Hassan rose from his desks and came over to Amanda. He raised his hand and slowly slapped her across the face, hard, twice.

'Oh! No, please!' cried the now struggling Amanda.

'Silence!' shouted Hassan, raising his voice for the first time. Then he bent forward and expertly and quickly unbuttoned her negligee. He threw it back, baring her body from her neck to her ankles. Then he also gripped her wrists and nodded at the first boy, the one holding the dreadful goad.

The boy pressed the switch and, touching Amanda's skin, slowly drew it across Amanda's heaving breasts.

Amanda was screaming and wriggling at the pain of the shocks. She tried to jump back away from the terrible thing, but she was held tightly. Slowly they pushed her, screaming, towards the goad.

But the boy had maliciously switched it off. He slowly began to draw it down across her belly. Relieved, she

felt nothing except the touch of the cold metal. Then he switched it on again, making her scream and jump. The goad was now drawn down slowly to the most sensitive part of her body. Her screams and wriggles became those of a maniac.

Then the goad was withdrawn and her wrists released. Sobbing, she covered her face with her hands.

'You must do everything I tell you to do,' came Hassan's quiet voice. 'At once! You have no choice in the matter. Do you understand, Miss Aston?'

Amanda nodded dumbly, her head still buried in her hands. Never again, she resolved, would she ever be so silly. She would do whatever this awful man wanted her to do.

'Now listen carefully. I'm going to have you trained to show yourself off properly at your auction - to the crack of my whip. But that will be merely for effect. You will know and I will know, that if you do not perform properly, if you make the slightest mistake, if you do show off your body as you will be taught, if you do not smile, if you are bad tempered or if you simply slouch about, then you will feel the goad, down between your legs again - but this time for longer, much longer.'

'Oh God!'

'Do you understand, Miss Aston?' Momentarily he touched her intimately. 'Just remember the goad will be placed here - and held here.'

'No!'

'Very well, but just remember!'

A few minutes later, Amanda was back in her room with the door locked again from the outside. Her training would begin in half an hour, Hassan had told her. Helpless and overcome with the emotion engendered by her interview with Hassan, she flung herself, weeping, onto the bed. Her life in England, her family, her friends, her feminist writing, her broadcasts, all now seemed very distant and hazy. What was real, terrifyingly real, was the dreadful goad!

7 - INSPECTED!

Another week had gone by, a week of shame-making rehearsals.

She was standing naked on a table on the stage of the display room with her wrists fastened above her head to either end of a bar hanging from the ceiling, so that her belly would be at eye level. In this way it would be easy to reach down to inspect her intimacies or up to feel her now firmer and enlarged breasts and longer nipples, or to examine her teeth, or to walk round behind her to judge her back and waist and to assess the firmness of her buttocks.

Her knees were slightly bent and her ankles fastened wide apart to provide easy access to her beauty lips.

A pot of slippery oil was placed between her outstretched legs to make it easier to feel up her from both in front and behind - something to which these experienced judges of soft female flesh attached great importance if they were to advise their Masters properly.

And she was blindfolded.

Standing helpless on the table, unable to see what was going on, she was horrified to hear heavy footsteps approaching and then to feel hands, many hands, touching and probing, probing deeply inside her. Ashamed and humiliated, she was astonished to hear the high falsetto voices as the eunuchs laughingly exchanged views on the body they were so intimately examining on behalf of their Masters.

But then, as if that was not enough, she felt herself being deliberately aroused by experienced fingers playing with her beauty bud, rubbing her nipples and stroking her body lips. Her body began to respond. She could feel frantic twinges of fire leaping from her

breasts down to her womb and back. Her breasts felt larger than ever. There were approving comments as her blushes spread from her cheeks to her neck and breasts.

Tied as she, was there was nothing she could do to prevent nature from taking its course, something that the watching eunuchs wanted to see so as to be sure that she could be made to be highly responsive in her Master's bed.

As she began to approach her inevitable climax she felt, to her horror, additional fingers probing to feel her wetness and so satisfy themselves about the genuineness of her arousal.

Then there was silence as all the fingers except one were removed. Writhing, crying out, tugging frantically at the straps that held her, she was expertly brought to a frantic climax.

Then her blindfold was removed and, overcome with shame, she screamed as she saw that she was surrounded by a group of very black Negroes, many of whom were busy scribbling in notebooks. One of them, a huge brute of man, was still stroking her intimately. He must be the one who had brought her so unwillingly to that devastating climax. He lifted up her chin to look in her eyes, and she gasped as she saw his brutal-looking face with the distinctive tribal scars and cold calculating eyes.

The party of eunuchs left her and started to gather round another table on which was standing the blindfolded and naked figure of the young English daughter. She watched in horror as each eunuch checked for himself her undoubted virginity, before they methodically proceeded to do to her what they had just done to her - and then moved on to her mother.

8 - SOLD!

Ten white women, all beautifully dressed and made-up, stood nervously and silently in a line under the eyes of boys, in the preparation room next to the auction and display room.

Each woman was mentally running through the routines they had been taught. Their hands were at last free of the restricting gloves. Amanda gripped the hand of the English mother standing next to her and felt her squeeze back.

In her other hand she held a white card with an Arabic number written prominently on it. This would be used to help identification during the forthcoming parade.

Amanda had been told that a dozen or more Arabs had come, or sent their eunuchs, to bid specifically for her. A similar number, frightened off by her likely price, were more interested in the other women. She knew that her opening price would be much higher than that of the other women, higher even than that for the two English women who were being sold for that rare and much sought after commodity: a beautiful mother and daughter.

She realised now that all this was due to her notoriety in the Arab world and was terrified at the thought of the revenge that her future Master might take on her.

Through the open door of the preparation room they could hear voices coming from the big room next door. Amanda shivered as she realised that they were the voices of the men to whom she was about to be displayed. She could hear the falsetto voices of the eunuchs and the deeper voices of members of Arabian ruling families and other wealthy Middle Eastern gentlemen.

A bell tinkled. The voices died away. Amanda shiv-

ered and clutched the hand of her friend more tightly. She knew from the rehearsals that the curtains of the little stage next door would now be drawn back and the lights in the small auditorium would be dimmed, leaving only the catwalk leading out from the stage brilliantly lit, together with a spot light trained on the entrance onto the stage from the preparation room.

The bell tinkled for a second time. One of the small boys nodded at Amanda. How she hated being ordered about by them! He raised his goad. It was enough. Amanda let go of the Englishwoman's hand and straightened herself. Then, as she had rehearsed so many times, she, the most valuable piece of merchandise at the sale, proudly led the women out onto the stage and down onto the catwalk, one hand nonchalantly placed on her hip, the other displaying the numbered card, her rear and shoulders swinging in the exaggerated walk of a top class model.

As she did so she was acutely aware of the way her now enlarged breasts, unrestrained by any bra, bounced under the silken material of her well cut Parisian cocktail party dress and her newly elongated nipples pressed against it.

The line of lovely women slowly walked down the catwalk, pirouetting periodically. Hassan, in an auctioneer's rostrum on one side, described them one by one in Arabic. But all this was all merely a preliminary warming up exercise to arouse the interest of the buyers and to show them what was shortly going to be on offer.

Because of the way the bright lights were trained on the catwalk, Amanda could scarcely make out the faces of the watching audience. She turned and walked back up the catwalk, continuing to pirouette, smiling

Amanda is being led round and auctioned like a prize animal and has previously had to rehearse it all repeatedly. It is just too degrading for words! Many of the potential buyers are black eunuchs sent by their Masters to buy a new white woman for their harems. Startled Amanda recognises one of the bidders as the rich Prince Rashid, one of the men she had interviewed so scathingly. She saw him raise a finger to make a bid. My God, she thought, was he going to buy her? Was this why Hassan had had her abducted?



at the other young women as they passed and towards the invisible watchers, before turning back down the catwalk again.

After a couple of minutes the bell tinkled again and the women all left the catwalk.

Amanda was breathing heavily under the emotional strain of what she had just been through. She hastened to change out of her cocktail party dress and into a beautiful copy of a long Edwardian taffeta dress with a little bustle, long black gloves and a big black picture hat, for Hassan had decided to have her dressed for her sale as an English lady of the turn of the century.

She was greatly relieved to see the two boys smiling at her as they helped her dress. She knew that if she had made the slightest mistake on the catwalk, or if Hassan had felt that she had not done her utmost to look pleasing, their goads would be brought into action again.

The bell rang again and one of the women she did not know was sent onto the stage. She could hear Hassan's voice extolling the virtues of the unfortunate creature. She heard the woman's footsteps on the catwalk. Then she heard the rustle of her dress as it dropped to her feet.

Amanda shivered as she heard the crack of a whip. Again she heard Hassan's voice and heard the bidding start and gradually, punctuated by more cracks of the whip, become more eager and urgent.

Then the hammer fell and a moment later the sobbing and now naked woman was hustled through the preparation room to the despatch room next door.

Then it was Amanda's turn. As her auction would be the high spot of the sale, it was important to dispose of her early on, so that unsuccessful bidders could make up for their disappointment (and use their money) by buying one or more of the other women on display.

Her knees felt weak, but the frequent practices proved their worth as she went through her performance in a daze. Once again she started to strut up and down the catwalk. She heard Hassan describing her and calling for opening bids. Then the two boys ran in and unfastened her dress. The bids were just starting when, blushing with shame, she stepped carefully

out of it. Wearing only her long cotton under skirt, stockings, high heel shoes and the gloves and hat, she set off down the catwalk again, bare breasts bouncing more than ever and painted nipples gleaming under the spotlights.

Hassan put her through an erotic display intended to show how this once proud feminist could be trained to perform to please her Master. As she reached the end of the catwalk, Amanda heard what she was expecting - the crack of Hassan's whip. Instantly, just as she had been taught, she froze with her head up and her hands clasped behind her neck, her firm breasts thrust out.

Then, after a full minute of taking bids, Hassan cracked his whip again. Keeping her back straight and her hands still clasped behind her neck, she parted her legs and bent forward so that her breasts hung down, tipped by long nipples. It was a pretty and revealing sight and having to hold this awkward posture showed off well her state of training and her fear of the whip.

At last it cracked again, flicking her cheeks. She straightened up and swung her arms high, keeping her fingers straight and raising her knees level with her hips as she marched back towards the stage. As she did so, the bidding rose to a crescendo.

Now the lights were turned up to help Hassan control the bidding and out of the corner of her eye Amanda saw the terrifying face of the eunuch who had so shamed her that morning. He was actively bidding for her! Dear God, she prayed fervently, don't let that swine buy me!

Then she noticed a familiar figure sitting splendidly alone on a sofa dressed in a spotless white Arab robe and white keffiyah headdress. He calmly raised one finger and Hassan quickly acknowledged his bid. As he did so, Amanda recognised him: Prince Rashid, one of the men she had interviewed so scathingly!

Prince Rashid! My God! Her racing thoughts were cut short as she reached the stage and was grabbed by the young boys. They turned her round to face the bidders. Then slowly they lowered her under skirt, baring her slim waist, her flat belly, her powdered and hairless but rouged mound and the painted beauty lips. She was now a highly erotic sight and stark naked from her knees to her neck. The gloves, hat and

shoes merely heightened the effect.

Hassan nodded with approval as the boys held her hands behind her back.

Then the whip cracked once again. The boys let her go and one raised his goad. It was enough. She started down the catwalk again, this time very slowly turning round so that all the bidders could see every aspect of her body, every soft line and curve.

Again the whip cracked, flicking her cheeks, this time meeting bare flesh. She dropped to her knees, facing the bidders on one side of the catwalk and clasped her hands behind her neck. The whip cracked again and she parted her legs wide and raised herself up so that her body was now in a straight vertical line from her widely parted knees on the floor up to her neck.

Again she blushed as she realised what the bidders could see.

The whip cracked once more. She lowered her head to the floor, hair flung forward, arms stretched out straight before her as if in supplication, legs still parted and her scarlet painted intimacies displayed to the men sitting behind her.

The bidding rose. Blushing she repeated the whole process, this time facing the other way.

The young boys ran up, put a collar round her neck and snapped on a lead. Then they led her, crawling on all fours, slowly along the catwalk and back again.

She was being auctioned like a prize animal.

PART II - CONCUBINE!

9 - THE GOLDEN CAGE

On the boat, days went past like a dream. Never had Amanda felt so happy, so relaxed, so fulfilled. And so in love! It was so unexpected! She was in love, madly in love, in love as she had never been before, with the most romantic, most exciting, most satisfying, most courteous and most charming man she had ever met: Prince Rashid.

She felt strangely excited as she lay on the comfortable deck mattress, almost touching his strong hard muscular body. She touched his hands. Once again she expressed her gratitude for what she saw as a rescue. Once again he dismissed it as nothing, a little money, of no consequence.

‘The company of such a beautiful Englishwoman is all the reward that I need.’ He handed her a glass of deliciously ice-cold champagne. ‘To England - and your return to civilisation!’

England! Civilisation! She too longed for them again, of course, but somehow she had been thinking about London less and less. The relaxing life on the yacht was already pushing it out of her thoughts. Instead she was feeling more and more attracted to the strong and influential man who had saved her from some horrible fate. How could she ever repay him? She began to long for his touch, for his hands, but he kept his distance, treating her with great respect - disappointingly so.

Not until the third day did he seduce her, did she eagerly surrender to him, finding him a dream, experienced and expert but at the same time commanding and dominant. He raised her to peaks of arousal and pleasure that she had not previously experienced, so that she hoped it would be a long long time before he

returned her to England.

Indeed, the cruise was like a honeymoon; a honeymoon that she came to pray would never end.

But end it did, as all things do. Now Amanda sat alone in the back of one of the large cars that had met the yacht early that morning.

The windows were tinted black. No one would be able to see who was in the car. Even the window between the back of the car and the silent chauffeur was tinted black.

Her car followed that of the Prince. Escorted by police outriders on motor cycles, they drove from the private jetty on the outskirts of the capital to the palace, sitting proudly on a promontory jutting out into the sparkling blue sea.

The windows of the Prince’s car were not tinted and people waved in a friendly fashion to the well-liked member of the Ruling Family. They never gave a second glance to the following car with its opaque windows. Such cars, used to transport the women of the rich and powerful, were commonplace.

They drove through an imposing gateway guarded by armed sentries. The beautifully proportioned palace was suddenly revealed, gleaming white. Marble steps led up to an imposing entrance with, on either side, a covered passageway sheltered from the sun by high Moorish style arches. Above, the windows were protected from the sun and from the eyes of strangers by Arabesque stone tracery that made it impossible even to guess what lay beyond.

It was a secret world she was entering and Amanda shivered with apprehension as the gates closed behind her. But she quickly dismissed her concern as absurd.

She was the honoured guest of her adored Prince and no harm could come to her.

The Prince's car swept up to the entrance step and uniformed guards and numerous attendants ran down to bow him from the car and welcome him back. Then, to her surprise, her own car drove past the main entrance, turned a corner and stopped before a small door. The car door was opened by the chauffeur and a veiled woman beckoned her through the small door into the building.

Amanda followed up some narrow stairs that led to a passage which in turn led to a large iron-studded door, in front of which armed guards kept watch. They challenged the woman and then, apparently satisfied, unlocked the door. Amanda followed and the door was slammed shut behind her.

A few yards beyond the door, Amanda and her guide were confronted by a beautifully worked gold painted grille which was also locked. It was decorated with a star and two scimitars - the same crest of the Prince that she had seen embroidered on the gorgeous underwear in the yacht - some of which she was still wearing.

The woman pressed a bell and a large black man waddled up to the grille. He was naked to the waist, his large belly hanging over brightly coloured red baggy trousers, gathered in at the ankle. On his head was a large white turban. He held a short embroidered leather dog whip like a badge of office and tucked into a voluminous silk cummerbund round his waist was another whip, black and short-handled with a rolled up leather thong some six feet long - the sort used to crack when training animals.

Could this be the kennel of the Prince's hunting dogs? And was this fat ogre the kennel man in charge?

The woman said something and pointed at Amanda. The big man laughed and unlocked the grille. They were now on the upper floor of a beautiful modern interior courtyard, rather like the covered inside atrium of some departmental stores. The courtyard was not open to the sky but roofed over in an attractive arched Arab style. It felt wonderfully cool after the heat outside - evidently it was all air-conditioned.

Near her, on this upper floor, were four beautiful pa-

vilions or suites of rooms, each with its own balcony looking down into the courtyard. In the centre, looking down onto the ground and first floors and across at the adjoining four pavilions, was a single imposing balcony decorated with a large crest - once again the star and two scimitars of the Prince's arms.

A handsome winding staircase led down to the beautiful marble floor of the courtyard. Half-way down, the curving staircase linked into a mezzanine floor with a dozen or so rather smaller suites, still very attractive. Each was different and each had its own balcony looking down onto the ground floor - again rather like the lower boxes at an opera house.

Over the ground floor of the courtyard was a gold painted iron work tracery, rather like the grille door. It was like the roof of an aviary, a golden aviary designed to hold a variety of beautiful birds.

The only way out was up the winding staircase. But access to this staircase was barred at the bottom by another gold painted grille. This again was decorated with a large star and two scimitars, as if to remind anyone on the ground floor of the omnipotent power of the Prince.

But in this was no aviary, for under the gold painted iron tracery were sofas and cushions and amongst them fountains, green shrubs and pools with goldfish darting among the shadows of water lilies.

Amanda gave an excited little shiver. The ground floor seemed more like a golden cage.

The suites and their balconies took up three sides of the courtyard, again like the boxes that surrounded the stalls in an old fashioned theatre. The fourth side was made of glass and beyond the glass was more thick arabesque stone tracery that kept the hot sun off the glass and gave the courtyard a light and airy aspect whilst enabling people inside to see out easily - but they could not be seen from the outside.

She was surprised to see, beyond the arabesque stone tracery, an intricate design of iron bars - to keep people out, or to keep people in?

And just beyond the bars, Amanda could see the brilliantly blue sea.

Looking down, she saw another gold painted grille,

this time in the glass wall of the ground floor golden cage. It led out into a small but well kept tropical garden that sloped down towards the sea - and towards an enveloping wall that would guard the garden from the eyes of anyone approaching the palace from the seaward side.

There were iron spikes on the top of the wall, curved over towards the garden as if to prevent anyone trying to get out over the wall.

The woman led Amanda down the twisting staircase towards the ground floor. Still gazing around her in astonishment, Amanda felt that this strangely built courtyard, with its spectacular views, was one of the most beautiful things she had ever seen.

In the front of the garden, just beyond the gold painted grille in the glass wall, was a large swimming pool surrounded by a high gold painted iron fence, again surmounted by spikes.

Now she saw that thirty or more young white and olive skinned women lay around the pool on reclining couches!

As Amanda watched, two of them got into the pool and started to splash each other like little girls. There were no men amongst them - which was just as well, she thought, for the women all seemed to be naked.

Then she was shocked to see that watching the women was a black youth, naked to the waist, dressed like the fat Negro whom she had seen earlier - bright red flowing trousers, gathered at the ankles and a white turban.

The two girls started to splash each other more violently and she saw the youth pull the short handled black whip from his cummerbund and crack it in the air. The two girls instantly stopped splashing and nervously lowered their heads.

Amanda could hardly take her eyes off this extraordinary example of strict discipline.

Then, still open mouthed with amazement, she came to the bottom of the winding stair and was suddenly confronted by the closed golden grille, this one guarded by two more black youths in red Turkish trousers and white turbans. They too were holding beautifully embroidered leather dog whips and had short handled

black leather whips tucked into their silken cummerbund.

Once again the woman said something to the two young Negroes. They looked at Amanda, grinned broadly and unlocked the grille, locking it again carefully behind her.

It all seemed like a Hollywood set for a film about the Arabian Nights. But it was real. These rather frightening guards were certainly very real - and so were the women out by the pool. A sudden feeling of jealousy swept over Amanda. Surely they were not anything to do with the Prince, her Prince? He had never mentioned other women to her and she had never questioned him.

With a sudden shock Amanda saw a very pretty and obviously Levantine girl coming towards her across the marble floor. The shock was caused by her dress, for she simply wore a pair of mauve transparent harem trousers gathered at the ankles and held up by a wide and beautifully embroidered belt that left her navel bare. She had little embroidered Turkish slippers with the pointed toes curled up. Over her shoulders was a short bolero made of stiff mauve material, too small to do up in front and only half covering her otherwise naked breasts.

She also wore a little embroidered Turkish cap and her beautiful long dark hair hung down her back in two braids threaded with pearls. Her sparkling eyes were made up with mauve eye shadow that matched the colour of her clothing. She was very beautiful, with a perfect if slightly voluptuous figure. She looked at Amanda, with a kind if rather sad smile.

‘Welcome! I have been told by Princess Naima to look after you and show you around,’ she said. ‘Please excuse my English - I have not been able to use it very much for several years.’ She laughed prettily. ‘It is a little, how do you say, a little rusty!’

‘Nonsense!’ Amanda smiled patronisingly. ‘It is very good. Where did you learn it?’

‘I am Christian girl from the Lebanon. My parents were rich and sent me to school in London for a year. I was eighteen. That was before His Highness chose me to become one of his concubines.’ She paused. ‘Just like you!’

Amanda caught her breath as she saw two naked young women splashing innocently, like little girls, in a shallow pool under the watchful eye of a young black eunuch.

Other girls were sitting around the pool, wearing their belled slippers which would alert the eunuch to their every movement.

Above them was a golden metal tracery, like the ceiling of an aviary. But this aviary held women, not birds.

Through an Arabesque covered windowed she could see the sea and, through another, a little well tended garden surrounded by a high wall topped prominently with spikes and an electrified fence.

Clearly, no one could get in or out. It's like a Gilded Cage, she thought.



Amanda looked at her in open-mouthed astonishment.

‘What!’

‘Like you,’ she repeated. ‘You are now a concubine too.’

‘Oh no I am not!’ replied Amanda angrily. ‘The Prince is my lover!’

The girl smiled pityingly.

‘Do not deceive yourself! You are a concubine like the rest of us. Just one of the Prince’s many concubines, locked up in his harem. Like me. I don’t even have a name now. Here I’m just ‘Mauve’ and I always have to wear mauve harem dress so that he doesn’t have to bother to remember my real name. I even have to wear a mauve ribbon round my neck in his bed so that he can identify me more easily!’

‘Oh no, that can’t be true!’ Amanda cried out.

‘It is,’ replied the girl called Mauve. ‘And you’re going to be just Sky Blue. He chose the colour and hence your name, himself.’

‘You’re mad! The Prince loves me, he rescued me. He’s sending me back to London. He’s just invited me to stay in his palace for a few days before I go back to England.’

‘Then he has deceived you!’

‘Rubbish! There’s some mistake, some misunderstanding. I’ll go and see the Prince straight away. He’ll soon put a stop to this silly nonsense.’

‘Please, please be sensible. You can’t get to the Prince, you can’t even go up the staircase without permission.’

‘What are you talking about?’ cried Amanda in a fury. ‘I’ve never heard such nonsense! I tell you I’m a guest here and free to come and go as I like. Look!’

She strode to the bottom of the winding staircase and tried to fling open the grille. It didn’t move. Angrily she turned to the young Negroes guarding it.

‘Unlock this grille at once!’ she demanded imperiously.

They just laughed. Furious, Amanda tried to snatch the key hanging from one of their waists.

Instantly there was a flash of steel. Her way was barred by two scimitars, held by the now menacing looking young Negroes.

Amanda gasped and stepped back. She remembered her previous thoughts about the Arabian Nights. It all seemed to be coming horribly true.

The girl in mauve put her hand comfortingly on Amanda’s shoulder.

‘You see! There is no escape from the Prince’s harem. You must simply accept that you are now just one of Prince Rashid’s concubines.’

‘My God! What a cruel deceiving bastard he is! And I thought he was such a kind and loving man.’

‘Well, he is - by his own lights. And the silly thing is that my sister and I - well, we both still love him. I think we learnt to love him more than ever as our Master.’

‘Your Master?’

‘Yes, and now your Master too, your beloved Master.’

‘Beloved Master! That swine who tricked me? I hate him!’

‘And so did my sister and I - at first. But then you’ll find yourself more in love with him than ever.’

‘Never!’

‘Oh yes, you will! You will never see another man again - except these eunuchs and they don’t count. But look out for their whips - they can really sting, I can tell you! You’ll never see another man!’ she repeated. ‘So all the time you’ll find yourself thinking more and more about our handsome Master, about his strong hands, his voice, his body, his ...’

‘Oh!’

‘You’ll soon become so jealous of the other women in the harem that you’ll happily scratch their eyes out - as they would yours!’ The girl gave a sob. ‘We are even locked up in the dormitory when the gardeners come to do the harem garden, or clean the swimming pool. And the harem is cleaned every day by women servants and they bring us our food, under the supervision of the eunuchs - so we don’t even see the harem cooks! We are not even allowed to see a male animal

Still wearing the clothes she had worn on the Prince's yacht, in vain Amanda shook the locked gilded gates that kept the concubines down on the ground floor of the harem.

"Unlock this grille at once, she demanded. But the two black eunuchs merely laughed at her.

"You see," said Mauve comfortingly, "there is no escape from the Prince's harem. You are now just one of your Master's concubines under the orders of his black eunuchs." She pointed up at the grille at the top of the stairs. "That's from where the Master can secretly enjoy watching us, all identically dressed and locked up in his harem - and not normally allowed to see any man, or even a photo of any man, except our Master."



- no dogs or tom cats! And the eunuchs make sure we only see special harem magazines and books that don't show any photographs of men or even mention men.'

'What about television?' Amanda pointed to a big television set in the corner of the room.

'They only allow us to watch specially made children's programmes and videos which never show a man - and which have been specially approved by the Mullahs for showing to women.'

'Oh God!'

'The eunuchs also keep us ignorant of what is going on in the outside world. We're never allowed to see a newspaper, or see or hear a news programme, or talk about politics, or read a serious book. They think these might distract us from just thinking about the Prince all day. So they treat us like children. I suppose it's a little like being a nun, sublimating all her thoughts and desires towards God. For us, the Prince is God!'

Amanda had listened with mounting astonishment. 'For us, the Prince is God!' she found herself repeating slowly.

'Yes! And don't forget that here you must always call him Master or Your Highness, no matter what you may have called him on the yacht. In his presence you will always be half naked. Never sit, never speak unless he speaks to you first, never ask him to release you from his harem, always tell him how happy you are here and that all you want to do is to please and serve him, always ... oh, there are so many rules, but you'll learn them all in time. The slightest mistake and you'll get a whipping!'

Amanda's head was reeling from the emotional shock. Was this the Prince's revenge, she suddenly wondered? To pretend to free her and then to lock her

up in his harem? To make her fall in love with him and then use her as a concubine? To seduce her like a moon struck school girl and then turn her over to his cruel eunuchs?

Mauve's hand shook Amanda out of her reverie.

'Come on! Cheer up! You must get changed quickly into your harem clothes.'

'Harem clothes?'

'Yes, we are not allowed to wear European clothes. The eunuchs say it would give us ideas above our station! We're only allowed to wear this skimpy harem dress. The odalisques are allowed to wear caftans - the lucky things. But only the Prince's wives are allowed to wear European clothes - they can order all their clothes straight from Paris!

'Goodness!' exclaimed Amanda.

'And they can wear a bra! We can't - our breasts have to be on display all the time.'

Amanda glanced at Mauve's open bolero and at the bare nipples peeping round their edge. How humiliating to be kept like that. How unfair that the wives were excused it.

'Well,' said Mauve as if reading her thoughts, 'you must remember that all three of the wives were very grand Princesses in their own right before they married the Prince.'

'Three! He has three wives? And all these other women too?'

'Yes, of course. He's a rich man. And as for wives, every Moslem is allowed four. We all dream of becoming the fourth!'

She looked around anxiously.

'We must stop gossiping, or they'll be angry. I'm only supposed to be briefing you on harem life. Come on, I'll show you round.'

10 - CONCUBINES AND ODALISQUES

Mauve led Amanda through an open archway at the side of the courtyard into another large room containing some thirty little couches. There were cupboards all round the walls.

‘This is the dormitory.’

Amanda’s head was already reeling. It all seemed unbelievable - a nightmare from which she would soon wake up.

At least, she kept telling herself, perhaps she hadn’t been quite such a fool in falling in love with the Prince. After all, he had taken great trouble to get her into his harem and in the yacht had behaved with what she still felt was genuine passion. Perhaps he was not just seeking his revenge but was genuinely attracted to her as well.

Should she even look on it as compliment that this rich and powerful man had decided to put her into his harem? Might she even find it exciting - surely it would not really be for very long ...

Her thoughts were interrupted by Mauve.

‘This is your bed - next to me and my sister. And here she is!’

A very pretty girl came into the dormitory, dressed like Mauve but in scarlet - bright scarlet trousers through which her long white legs gleamed in the half light, a scarlet bolero that scarcely reached her nipples. On her head she wore a little red Turkish cap below which hung her long straight hair, black and braided. She was slightly taller than Mauve, with larger breasts and looked slightly older, but the family resemblance was strong.

On her feet were scarlet slippers with turned-up tips to which were attached tiny bells that rang with her every movement, making it impossible for her to move about quietly. Amanda had noticed that Mauve wore a similar pair of mauve slippers. Would she have to wear blue ones?

The newcomer walked towards them, smiling, her feet tinkling. Amanda suddenly realised that she was pregnant, her bare tummy curving up prettily above the embroidered belt slung across her hips.

‘Sky Blue, this is my sister, Scarlet. She only speaks a little English. She was studying chemistry at the University at Beirut. Now perhaps she is carrying a little son for the Prince!’

‘What!’ exclaimed Amanda jealously. And then, finding herself feeling rather sorry for her, added: ‘How awful for you.’

The tall girl smiled and shook her head.

‘No! Not awful!’ She spoke rather broken English with a pretty accent. ‘I not poor thing. Great privilege to present Master with son! I hope have son and be odalisque, no longer be concubine. Then I will teach this Mauve, my sister, her place!’

Amanda looked blank.

‘We concubines,’ explained Mauve, ‘all long to become odalisques. Odalisques each have their own small suite of rooms on the first floor. And they have a much easier life - nearly as easy as the Prince’s wives. And although they’re not allowed to wear European clothes like the wives, they can wear caftans and high heeled shoes - and a bra! And no slippers with bells, like us.’

‘Why do concubines have bells on their slippers?’

‘So that the eunuchs can always hear us, of course! We are not allowed any privacy for fear we ...’ Mauve giggled in an embarrassed way. ‘Lest we are naughty!’

Amanda still looked blank.

‘And the Master decides which of the concubines are to be promoted to odalisque,’ she continued. ‘It’s a great honour, for he visits his wives and odalisques in their rooms, in their little pavilions at night - and sleeps each night with one of them. He only uses concubines for his siestas and evening recreation. So to become an odalisque you must be very beautiful and very pleasing in bed. But before you can even be chosen as an odalisque you must first be chosen to try and bear the Prince a boy. That’s why my sister hopes her baby will be a boy.’

‘And if it is a daughter?’

‘Then my sister will not be eligible to become an odalisque.’

‘Oh!’ cried Amanda, shocked.

‘You see, the Princess Naima, the Master’s first wife, she is also the harem Mistress, she sees that the eunuchs keep us on the pill.’

‘Princess Naima? What has it got to do with her?’

‘Everything!’ replied Mauve. ‘She is the Mistress of the Harem. In some harems there is a eunuch in charge but here the Prince prefers to leave it to his first wife. The various Trainers, senior eunuchs in charge of groups of girls, are responsible to her.’

‘Goodness!’ said Amanda, amazed at how the harem was apparently so well organised.

‘Anyway,’ went on Mauve, ‘two years ago, Princess Naima decided to allow me to try and bear the Prince a son. Then one afternoon he chose me. It was the right time of the month. I conceived. The Prince was pleased. He likes one or two girls in the harem to be in what you call an Interesting Condition. Every day, the eunuchs would parade me naked in front of him. He would feel me. It was very exciting - and wonderful to see him every day ... especially when they gave me special pills to bring on my milk. Many Arab men also like that - and so does the Prince!’

Amanda was listening open mouthed, not certain whether to be shocked or intrigued.

Mauve looked suddenly sad.

‘But the baby was a girl. And I will not be allowed another chance.’

A tear ran down her cheek. ‘She’s such a pretty little girl. What a waste! But if my sister now succeeds in becoming an odalisque, then I’ll be able to go and visit her in her room. The Prince likes the idea of having sisters in his bed!’

‘Oh!’ gasped Amanda, both mystified and shocked. And this was the man she thought she loved!

‘Do not be shocked. He never sends for one concubine anyway. Always two. Or three. And he only sleeps with us when he has his siesta in the afternoon. You’ll never spend the night with him again and you’ll never again be alone in his bed - not unless you become an odalisque.’

‘My God!’ said Amanda. It was all too much. She sat down on the bed and sobbed.

‘Stop!’ said Scarlet firmly. ‘You stop crying. This is a happy harem. We are all well treated. We not often punished. We all love our Master.’

‘Yes,’ added Mauve. ‘You are lucky you were bought by him. He’s handsome and virile. He’s kind. Not like some. There are such stories about a certain Sheikh, for example, Turki he is called ... well, anyway, just think what it would have been like if you had been bought by one of the other Arabs you insulted on your programme. He might have been really cruel!’

‘My programme? How do you know about that?’

‘Oh, the wives are allowed television and radio in their rooms and they saw the programmes. They were very angry when they saw you ridicule their husband. Especially Princess Leisha, the second wife. She, too, went to school for a time in England. But the other girls there teased her about being an Arab and now she resents white women. Watch out for her. She can have you thrashed by her personal eunuch, Faithful. He can really hurt with the cane!’

‘A cane? You mean they cane grown women?’

‘Oh yes!’ Mauve nodded, rather ruefully. ‘It’s an old

harem custom. Here the eunuchs in charge of the concubines carry whips - and use them! But the Prince's wives can order the concubines to be caned - caned by their own eunuchs!'

'My God! It's all too awful!'

'No, not really. We don't get the cane all that often in this harem. You'll soon be happy here ... now you must hurry and change, or my sister and I will get into trouble. Please hurry! I don't want to be beaten. And you don't want to be responsible for getting her caned. So please help us get these clothes off you. Then I have to take them up to Princess Naima - and take you too. She'll want to see that you're now properly dressed as a concubine before the Prince makes his midday choice later this morning - his first for a fortnight, thanks to you and your lovely cruise with him on his yacht.'

Amanda sat up. She dried her tears. She took control of herself.

'What do you mean, midday choice?'

'After the midday prayer call, the Prince comes on to the latticed balcony in the centre of the top floor, outside his bedroom and looks down at us. We all have to stand there whilst he looks us over, but we can't see him behind the lattice. Sometimes, he tells the eunuchs to make us walk about or even run round the courtyard. But first you must salaam to him.'

'Salaam?'' queried Amanda.

'Yes, you know, prostrate yourself to him. Just stand next to me and my sister and copy us. It will be a pretty sight: Scarlet, Sky Blue and Mauve. Then, he will tell his pages which women he wants for his siesta later in the day and meanwhile return to his office in the male part of the palace. He'll have lunch with his male friends and assistants, while the women he has chosen are being prepared for his bed - and not allowed any lunch! Now come on, Sky Blue, take off your dress, or the Princess will have me flogged!'

Appalled at all she had heard, Amanda let the two young women undress her. They fingered the superb material of her smartly cut dress lovingly and with regret. They admired Amanda's white body. Scarlet said something in Arabic to Mauve who laughed.

'She says you've got child bearing hips,' Mauve explained.

By now, they had dressed Amanda in her Sky Blue trousers, humiliating tinkling slippers, bolero and cap. They had let her hair down and they made up her eyes with blue eye-shadow before taking her to a long mirror. Amanda caught her breath, half in horror, half in admiration. The figure looking back at her in the mirror was an astonishingly provoking and attractive looking Eastern houri.

The transparent trousers suited her long legs admirably, though she was horrified at how much her beauty lips were revealed - hairless, since her time with the slave dealer. Her enlarged breasts and nipples peeped round her stiff but scanty bolero. Her hair hung down her back in two bejewelled braids. Her eyes seemed huge and dazzling. She looked dramatically different now, but very like the other concubines, except for her very fair skin and blonde hair.

It was indeed a new Amanda who was standing there, dressed as an Arab Prince's concubine, dressed to provoke and please her Master. She felt embarrassed at the display of her blatant nudity, of her blatant sexuality. But she could not also help feeling how exciting it would be to stand half naked in her harem dress alongside the white robed Prince.

She turned to Mauve. 'What's the point of it all if he sees so little of us?'

'Don't you see? It's the feeling that he owns us all that is so exciting for him. We all belong to him. We are his possessions and are not allowed to see any other man. He may only enjoy each of us sexually occasionally. But, they say, he enjoys coming secretly into that latticed balcony several times a day and seeing us half naked and locked up in his harem. It's something that Arab men feel very strongly about. We never know when he's behind the screen watching us.'

Mauve laughed.

'These rich Arab Sheikhs get more pleasure from the feeling of owning a harem of beautiful identically dressed women than from anything else.'

Back in the main downstairs room, Amanda, or Sky Blue as she now was, found herself looking up at the balcony with its large crest. She could not help smiling

up at it eagerly. Was she already trying to attract the Prince's attention? Despite everything, was her body longing to be in his arms again? Even if her head told her he was a cruel and cunning man who had quite outmanoeuvred her? Did that not make him all the

more exciting?

Was it imagination, or was there a vague shadow moving behind the screen in the centre of the balcony? She could not help tossing her head coquettishly.

11 - THE PRINCE'S TERRIFYING FIRST WIFE

Mauve took Amanda by the hand to the young eunuch guarding the foot of the stairs and said something to him. He had a special intercom connected to each of the wives and odalisque's pavilions. He dialled the pavilion of the Prince's first wife and spoke briefly.

Two other young eunuchs, also wearing only trousers and a turban, came out onto the Princess's balcony carrying silver tipped canes. They looked down at Mauve and Sky Blue, then ran down the staircase and said something to the eunuch at the foot of the stairs. The golden grille was unlocked. Gripping Mauve and Sky Blue by the arm, they led them up the staircase.

They were hustled into the pretty pavilion of the Princess Naima. The waiting room was beautifully decorated like a French drawing room with French prints on the wall, French wallpaper, some very valuable Louis XVI furniture, French satin curtains, chairs covered in velvet and gold leaf and a huge chandelier.

Amanda went as if to sit down, but Mauve gestured to her desperately not to do so. Concubines did not sit down in the rooms of a wife, particularly those of the all-powerful first wife!

The other eunuch came back, but the two women were left standing awkwardly in the waiting room in silence for over five minutes, watched by the Princess's two personal eunuchs who were whispering together. Amanda was to learn later that their names were Harmony and Melody and that they were much feared by the concubines.

The Princess knew well the psychological importance of keeping young women waiting when she sent for them, but finally a bell tinkled and Harmony waved

the two women into the Princess's drawing room.

This room was decorated like a typical English country house with flowered chintz on the comfortable sofas and armchairs with matching chintz curtains. Amanda had no time to look around, for Mauve had dropped to her knees in front of a large desk behind which was sitting a very attractive and well-groomed woman in her forties.

She was wearing a well-cut French lightweight suit, with a matching scarf tied at the side of her neck. She looked brisk, efficient and very self confident, in glowering contrast to the two half naked and nervous young women now kneeling in front of her, their heads modestly bowed - for Amanda had had the good sense to copy Mauve's actions.

There was silence in the room. Through the open window that looked down into the courtyard below, Amanda could hear the gentle tinkling of the fountains.

'Stand up, Sky Blue!' The voice of Princess Naima was soft but firm. She spoke English fluently but with an Arab accent. Awkwardly Amanda rose to her feet. Mauve remained kneeling, her head still bowed.

Amanda stood there awkwardly, ashamed of her half nakedness in front of this elegantly dressed and self-possessed woman. She put her hands over her breasts.

'Hands to your sides!' ordered the Princess harshly. 'Now turn round and go and stand in the corner, facing the wall!'

Amanda did as she was told, acutely conscious of the transparency of her new silken harem trousers.

‘Now, hands behind your neck. Keep your head up and your eyes fixed on the wall.’

Amanda was humiliated at being treated like this by another woman, a woman who had made her stand in the corner like a naughty child. But, she realised, the fact that she was not facing the Princess made her listen all the more carefully.

‘Now, listen to this. You are now merely one of the many concubines of His Highness Prince Rashid. I am his first wife and the ruler of his harem. You will address me as Your Highness and do the same to the Prince’s other two wives. You will address the odalisques as Miss. You will address all the eunuchs as Sir, even if they are young boys. You are not to speak to me, or to the other wives, unless you are first spoken to. If you wish to speak to us then you must do so through our personal eunuchs, not forgetting to call them Sir. The same rules apply when you are in the presence of your Master. Remember your only name in the harem is Sky Blue. You left behind all other names when you entered it. If you remember these simple rules and the others which Mauve will teach you, then you will be happy here, happy loving your Master and happy knowing that he is fond of you as one of his concubines and that, one day you hope, you may be allowed to show him a swelling little belly.’

Amanda waited for her further words, afraid to move.

‘In a moment, I shall ask if you understand. You will then turn to my personal eunuch, Harmony, and say to him: ‘Please, Sir, tell Her Highness that Sky Blue understands’ Do you understand?’

There was a silent pause.

Then, embarrassed and awkward, Amanda turned towards the Princess’s eunuch.

‘Please, Sir,’ she murmured hesitantly, ‘tell Her Highness that Sky Blue understands.’

She heard the falsetto voice of Harmony speaking to the Princess in Arabic and the Princess addressed her again.

‘You must speak up properly, girl. I warn you, I don’t like muttering concubines and I don’t like sullen ones. Now face the wall again.’

Somehow Amanda managed to control her anger at being treated like a naughty child.

‘As a concubine you will be expected to satisfy your Master. You will be allocated to one of the eunuchs who will be responsible for your training. If I have reports from your trainer, or from any of the other eunuchs, that you are being lazy and inattentive, then I may have you also punished by my own eunuchs. Don’t expect any mercy from me, after the way you tried to make the Prince look foolish on television. Do you understand? Answer me directly.’

‘Yes, Madame,’ answered Amanda, overcome by this terrifying woman.

‘Good! Well, your Master has told me that he intends to teach you a lesson by making you bear him a black slave, fathered by a one of his Black Guards.’

Amanda’s heart beat faster as she faced the wall. My God, she thought. She wanted to turn round and protest, but she did not dare do so. She felt strangely overawed by this Princess.

‘But not just yet. In the meantime you are to report every day to your trainer and in front of him you are to swallow whatever pills he gives you. He may give you contraceptive pills or he may give you fertility pills. You will not ask him which he is giving you. It is none of your business.’

Still facing the wall, Amanda gasped.

‘You will also report to him three times a day to have your temperature recorded and also your periods. You will be allowed to write a letter once a week to your Master, the Prince. Several different girls write each day and you will write on Mondays. If you are called to his bed during his siesta, you may also write to him immediately afterwards. These letters will normally be the only opportunity to tell him of your secret thoughts and desires, or to confess any mistakes or malpractices, so you should compose your letters with care. Your letters are to be sent unsealed to me in the first place and I will send them to him with my comments.’

Amanda was shocked. She did not know whether to be more shocked about her forthcoming sex lessons, the news that she was to be made pregnant as part of the Prince’s revenge, the embarrassing details of

birth control in the harem, or that her letters to her adored Prince were to be read by this rather terrifying woman.

‘Come on, Sky Blue! Do you understand, speak up!’

‘Yes,’ whispered Amanda.

‘You silly girl!’ shouted the Princess angrily. ‘I’ve already told you not to address me directly unless I give you permission.’

‘Please, Sir, tell Her Highness that Sky Blue understands,’ Amanda found herself saying to the eunuch in a firm voice that did not accurately portray her real nervousness and fear.

‘Now turn round and kneel with Mauve,’ ordered the frightening Princess Naima. Amanda turned. Nervously she started to walk back towards Mauve.

‘Stop! Hold out your left hand!’ The Princess was looking very severe. ‘Who gave you that ring you are wearing? You may speak to me directly. Was it a man?’

‘Yes, Your Highness.’ Amanda looked down at her hand almost proudly. It was a ring that had been given to her by her last boyfriend, Hugh. It was her one link to her previous life in England.

‘Concubines are not allowed to have anything given to them by a man other than their Master,’ said the Princess angrily. ‘You are here to devote yourself only to your Master and to think only of him. Your thoughts must not be diverted by anything that might remind you of your previous life, or of any other man.’

‘But the Prince never said ...’

‘To you he is His Highness and don’t you forget it,’ interrupted the Princess.

‘His Highness never objected to me wearing the ring when I was on the yacht. Indeed, he said he was going to send me back to London,’ said Amanda in a strident tone.

‘Don’t be impertinent to me, young lady, or I’ll have my eunuchs thrash you! What the Prince may say to a guest on his yacht and what happens when the same woman becomes a concubine in his harem, are two quite separate things. You must abandon any idea of leading your former life in Europe again. You must

forget it. You belong to the Prince now. Now take off that ring and give it to me at once!’

‘No, please, Your Highness! It’s all I have left to remind me of my home, of Hugh ...’

‘And that is exactly why you must take it off at once. The only man in your life now is your Master and your home is here in this harem.’

‘Oh please, Your Highness,’ Amanda begged almost in tears.

‘Sky Blue, I have been very patient with you. I have made allowances for the fact that you are new to Arab ways and to this harem, but I will not put up with your disobedience any longer.’

The Princess said something in Arabic to her young eunuchs. They came over and gripped Amanda by the arms. Holding her tightly they took her, struggling, into the Princess’s private punishment room, a room in which she maintained discipline in the harem. The door from the Princess’s room was left open. They led Amanda up to wooden stocks that stood in the middle of the room. They were nearly four feet high. There were holes in it to take a woman’s head as she was made to bend over and, on either side, holes for her wrists. The top of the stocks was hinged at one side and could be locked down into place.

Amanda was horrified when she saw the stocks and started to cry out. But the eunuchs paid no attention, they made her stand close to the stocks and locked her into them, upright but helpless.

Harmony went round and gripped the tips of the fingers of one of her hands, bending it backwards painfully. Melody went to a cupboard and took out a long whippy cane.

They were going to cane her on the palms of her hands, like a naughty schoolgirl! In fact, it was a variation of the old Turkish harem punishment of the bastinado, though this was applied to the soles of the feet of recalcitrant young woman.

Not a word was said, but suddenly the Princess seated at her desk next door and Mauve kneeling in front of her desk, heard the swish of a cane and a scream of pain from Amanda. It was repeated twice. Then there was a pause as her other hand was now stretched

out for the cane. They could hear Amanda begging and imploring them to stop. Then came another three strokes and another three shrieks.

Moments later they brought a tearful Amanda back through the door, her hands gripped tightly under her armpits to help ease the awful pain.

The Princess held out her hand. Quickly Amanda started to pull the ring off her finger and handed it to the Princess.

‘Kneel next to Mauve,’ said the Princess.

Amanda knelt on the floor in front of the Princess’s desk and bowed her head, like Mauve. There was a long silence. The pain in her hands was beginning to ease off. She could hear Mauve breathing hard as if, she too, was in fear of something.

‘Mauve! I blame you for not spotting the ring. You

should have brought it to me. You will have double the number of strokes as Sky Blue. Let that be a lesson to you both.’

The Princess spoke again in Arabic to the two eunuchs. They reached down and lifted up Mauve. Amanda saw that she was white with fear but she did not dare speak. They took her next door, this time leaving Amanda kneeling on the floor. And this time, it was Amanda who heard the whistling of the cane and the cries of poor Mauve. She found herself counting the six strokes.

Then they were both kneeling again side by side in front of the Princess.

‘Dismissed! You may both go back now down to the concubines’ quarters. Remember to behave yourself, Sky Blue! I don’t want to have to send for you again.’

12 - THE MASTER!

It was half an hour later. Mauve, still rubbing her hands under her armpits to ease the pain of her humiliating caning, had been explaining more of the harem rules to Amanda and introducing her to the other concubines. They had all been made to look very alike with identical skimpy harem dresses, identical make-up and bejewelled long braided hair - only the colours of the outfits were different. Most of the Arab girls spoke only a little English, but as the Turkish, Persian and Indian girls only spoke very little Arabic, English was the second language in the harem.

Suddenly a bell rang and immediately there was the noise of whips being cracked by the eunuchs.

‘Hurry! Hurry!’ Hurry!’

There was pandemonium as the girls rushed to the bathroom next to the dormitory.

‘What’s happening?’ asked Amanda, as Mauve pulled her there too.

‘The Prince is coming! He must be so keen to see his harem again that he’s advanced the time for the normal midday inspection. Quick! Brush your hair! Make yourself look as pretty as possible. Hurry! Is my lipstick all right? And my hair? Hurry! We must get back.’

Mauve now rushed back into the main harem room and pulled Amanda so that she was standing between herself and Scarlet in the line of concubines. Some thirty beautiful young women, from various Middle and Far Eastern countries, were being lined up for their Master’s inspection by a young eunuch.

They had to form a perfectly straight row with their toes just touching a red line painted on the floor. Amanda saw that the women were all looking up ea-

gerly at the lattice-work on the central balcony that dominated the harem courtyard.

Two young boys appeared on the balcony in front of the latticed grille. They were dressed identically in long pink robes and wore distinctive tall white conical hats. Their fine long blond hair hung down to their shoulders, set in pageboy style. They carried a long leather covered swagger stick, tucked under their arms like a badge of office. It looked like a riding whip. Their lips were painted scarlet, their chubby cheeks were rouged and their eyes were carefully made up and gleaming as they looked down onto the assembled young women.

‘The Prince’s page-boys, Pleasure and Patience,’ whispered Mauve.

‘But they are white!’ whispered back the astonished Amanda.

‘Yes, white eunuch boys,’ murmured Scarlet.

‘White eunuchs?’

‘Yes! They’re two Dutch boys,’ explained Mauve out of the corner of her mouth, ‘who ran away from home and stowed away in a ship going to the East. They were found and handed over to the ship’s agents in Port Said to be sent home. But instead, he sold them to some slavers who specialise in supplying young black eunuchs to the harems of wealthy Arabs. They were castrated, like black eunuchs and sold to the Prince as page-boys.’

‘What! White boys castrated to be eunuchs!’

‘There’s always a demand for them in this part of the world. I believe that later they will be trained as his private secretaries. White eunuchs have a reputation

among Arabs as being very loyal to their masters - just like neutered dogs stop running away from theirs. But they are also much more vicious. They can really hurt!’

Astonished at what she had just heard, Amanda looked up at the two pretty page-boys, who were now standing facing each other at either end of the balcony. She saw that one of them gave a signal to the beunuch who had been busy lining up the women. Immediately his whip cracked.

‘Silence!’ he ordered, ‘Stand at attention! Hands behind necks and elbows back!’

It was a position that drew the edges of the girls’ boleros back, showing off to perfection the hang of each beautiful breast.

Amanda blushed as she followed the other girls, realising that the Prince must now be looking down at them from behind the grille in the centre of the balcony. How humiliating - but also how exciting!

The Prince smiled as he looked down at his concubines for the first time since his return. Pride of ownership surged through him and stirred his loins.

Quite apart from the pleasures they provided for his bed, watching them unseen from behind his grille provided hours of enjoyment as they went about their highly disciplined life under the control and supervision of their trainers.

They really did look in splendid fettle. All of them seemed to have the fullness and firmness of breast allied to slenderness of waist that he found so arousing.

He noticed Scarlet’s condition was becoming increasingly apparent. Nor was it only her belly that was swelling up prettily, for, as he noticed with delight, her breasts, which before had been too small for his taste, were also showing signs of being well capable of carrying out the future role that he had envisaged for her in his personal service.

Interesting Conditions, as they were always called, formed an essential part of owning a large harem and a very enjoyable part too, as their name implied. In Arabian eyes such a girl was in her natural state and her condition only served to increase her beauty and

desirability.

The Prince’s trainers took as much pride and care over one of their charges in an Interesting Condition, as in the West, or indeed in Arabia, a stud groom might of a valuable mare in foal. He expected his stud groom to report to him, as the mare’s owner, her progress and condition and to invite him to see her. So, too, here in his harem he expected the trainer of a girl in an Interesting Condition to report to him details of the girl’s progress and condition and to parade the blushing young woman daily, naked, for his inspection.

He noticed the blonde Amanda, now dressed in her revealing sky blue harem trousers and open bolero, standing between Mauve and Scarlet. The sight of the famous Amanda Aston, now ranged for his inspection amongst his concubines, greatly pleased him. Revenge was indeed sweet!

He could imagine only too well what she must have gone through in the last two hours: the shock of having to dress herself so revealingly as a concubine and to be now merely called by her colour; the shock of learning about harem life; the pain of her first thrashing by his first wife’s eunuchs; the shock of being told that he intended to use her to bear him a black slave child and that she would not see London again; and the terrible shock of realising that she was now just one of the many women he owned.

Yes, indeed, his revenge for the way that she had insulted him in England was very sweet - and was far from over yet!

Indeed looking at her breasts, he wondered how they, too, might be improved by having her put into an Interesting Condition. Choosing the right stallion from his Black Guards to cover her and then watching her being mounted whilst hooded so that she never saw her mate and then seeing her fears and, doubtless, tears, as her belly grew, would indeed be another delightful form of revenge.

The other white page-boy, Pleasure, now made a signal to the watching black eunuch. Immediately the young Negro’s whip cracked again, making Amanda give a little shiver of sheer fear.

‘Salaam!’ he ordered.

Immediately, like well-drilled dolls, the women all

Hidden behind the screen at the top of the atrium staircase, the Prince looked down at the line of concubines, ordered by his black eunuchs to prostrate themselves humbly at the foot of the marble staircase. Amongst the line of dark haired women was a blond one – Amanda. Ah, revenge! After being treated as a free woman aboard his yacht, how horrified she must now feel to be degradingly disciplined by his black eunuchs, to be humiliatingly called by the colour of her flimsy harem dress and to be deprived of even the sight of another man. Oh, how enjoyable was the feeling of revenge and of keeping her and her fellow concubines locked up and controlled in his Gilded Cage.



fell to their knees and prostrated themselves on their knees before their Master, still in perfect formation with their chins touching the red line, naked breasts pressed to the cold marble floor, hair flung forward and arms stretched out straight in front of them. They made a perfect picture of abject female submissiveness.

Princess Naima now came out onto her balcony alongside that of the Prince, to enjoy the scene and to make sure that all the concubines, especially the new girl, Sky Blue, were behaving with sufficient subservience.

Several of the odalisques, beautifully dressed in long embroidered caftans that flattered their figures, also came out onto their balconies, partly to show themselves off to the Prince after his long absence and partly to enjoy the humiliating scene in which they themselves had had to take part every day until their promotion from being mere concubines.

Mauve had tugged Amanda down when they all prostrated themselves before the Prince and now, putting her head sideways for a moment, she whispered: 'For God's sake get right down on your knees and stretch your arms out straight in front of you. And keep your eyes down! Those awful white eunuch boys are always on the look out for a woman to report for what they call 'lack of respect' - and so are the black eunuchs down here.'

Scared by what Mauve said, with the palms of her hands still burning from the cane, Amanda knelt down humbly before the man she was now being forced to recognise as her Master.

Yet despite her anger she could not help being affected by the sheer sensuousness of the harem and by the presence of thirty other half naked and beautiful women, all kneeling adoringly before one man and watched over by eunuchs. She, an active and sophisticated woman of the West, was beginning to react passively and humbly to the cunning harem system in the same way that other captured white women had done for centuries.

Then, apparently unusually, the Prince stepped from behind the grill onto the balcony. He looked down on his assembled concubines. There was a gasp of admiration from the line of beautiful women as, keeping

their heads lowered, they discreetly peeked up adoringly at their strong and dominant looking Master.

The Prince looked tanned, virile and handsome. He was dressed in a spotless white Arab dress, covered by a black transparent silk cloak, heavily embroidered with gold. On his head he wore a white Keffiyah head-dress with the golden cords of a Prince.

Patience stepped forward and clapped his hands.

'We all love our Master!' the women chorused in Arabic, keeping their heads dutifully down. 'We all love our Master!'

The Prince looked down on the now uniformly prostrate women. It was a delightful and colourful sight, with each woman dressed in a different colour. Each was showing her Master her gleaming white or coffee coloured back, naked from her short bolero to the belt slung low on her hips. Each woman's soft globes showed provocatively through her transparent trousers. Each woman's hair was flung forward onto the marble floor between her outstretched hands.

Only one woman's hair was blonde - that of Amanda, or rather Sky Blue, as he had already mentally begun to call her. Her very white skin contrasted excitingly with the olive or slightly dusky colouring of the other women.

He could see that she was trembling with emotion as she knelt between Mauve and Scarlet. She must, he thought with a smile, be biting her lips to keep herself silent, trying not to protest loudly and clearly at the way in which he was choosing his bed companions for his forthcoming siesta.

He would, in fact, have probably enjoyed taking her to bed that afternoon more than any of the other concubines. But he was determined that she must learn her new place. What better way to make the point than to choose for his siesta Amanda's two new friends, Mauve and Scarlet, the Lebanese sisters he had taken into his harem several years before. They had become very accomplished and loving concubines and performed well together. The fact that Scarlet had finally been allowed the rare privilege of trying to produce a son did not in any way put him off, just as he had not been put off Mauve when she, too, had been allowed to try. On the contrary!

He would not, of course, want to have a half European son by Amanda, but having her, an outspoken feminist, forced to carry a half caste black child, and to provide him with sustenance, would be an amusing part of his revenge - as well as being a good introduction to harem life. Indeed, breeding coloured slaves from the more attractive captured women had been a traditional form of revenge for centuries among the Bedouin tribal chieftains from whom he was closely descended.

The Prince looked down again at the line of silent prostrate women. Mauve and Scarlet would make very satisfactory bed companions for his siesta. He decided, however, to defer a final decision until all his concubines had been put through their paces.

‘Up!’ he murmured to one of his white page boys.

Pleasure clapped his hands twice. The women knelt up, clasping their hands behind their necks to show off their breasts, now pushing past their open boleros.

‘Walk,’ he murmured.

‘Walk!’ called out Pleasure in a half falsetto voice, first in Arabic and then in English.

The women rose to their feet, and, still keeping their hands clasped behind their necks, began to circle round the room in front of the Prince. Each was glancing up silently and imploringly at the masterful and handsome figure of the man who was looking down at them.

Amanda found herself also glancing up at him. He looked so strong and so commanding. She felt herself becoming weak with longing for him, for his arms, for his touch, for his manhood. She caught his eye for a moment and she thought he had smiled at her before turning to the next woman. She saw him say something to the white page boys.

‘Run!’ they shouted out together.

The eunuch cracked his whip and, hands still clasped behind their necks, the women began obediently trotting round the room, raising their knees high in the air in an erotic prancing step.

Each woman was trying to outdo her rivals in showing off her swaying body, her swinging breasts and her undulating hips and each was trying to flutter her

eyelashes up at her master as she ran.

After another minute one of the page boys clapped his hands and the panting women formed up again into a line facing the Prince, their half naked breasts falling and rising quickly with the exertion of running. The Prince slowly cast his eye down the line, resting for a moment on each woman. When he looked sternly at Amanda she found herself blushing proudly - obviously he was going to choose her!

He said something to the white boys standing on either side of him. ‘Mauve and Scarlet,’ they chorused in Arabic. And then in English. ‘Mauve and Scarlet.’

The Prince smiled as he saw Amanda’s face twist with an expression of jealousy and fury.

The women now assembled for a light lunch, sitting subserviently on their heels around a low table. It was a position that would take Amanda some time to get used to.

Mauve and Scarlet had been taken off to make themselves more beautiful for the Prince’s bed. They were not allowed any lunch and would not be allowed to eat anything until after they had pleased their master.

A red light came on outside the Prince’s master bedroom on the upper floor of the courtyard. It was the sign that he was there, awaiting the arrival of the chosen concubines. A similar red light would be switched on each evening outside the bedroom of the wife or odalisque he was honouring with his presence for the night.

Immediately Mauve and Scarlet appeared, dressed in pretty satin night dresses, each of the appropriate colour. They had been beautifully made up. To help their Master distinguish between them when naked each wore an appropriately coloured ribbon in her hair and another round her throat.

The other concubines, all desperately jealous of the two chosen ones, formed up in two lines at the foot of the staircase which was, as ever, guarded by two eunuchs. The girls formed an arcade, each holding up the end of a curved rod bedecked with fresh flowers.

The Prince’s white page-boys, still wearing the tall white hats that marked them as eunuchs, came down the staircase to conduct the chosen concubines to

their Master's bed. Mauve and Scarlet, holding hands, slowly made their way under the flowered arches held up over their heads by their companions who started to sing together the Arabic refrain:

'Please our Master with your bodies,

Make our Master happy,

Tell our Master that we also love him,

Tell him that we wish him joy with you!'

The grille at the foot of the stairs was locked behind the two sisters. Amanda could not help feeling madly frustrated and jealous as she watched the young women being led up the staircase by the white eunuchs to the Prince's bedroom. A pretty Indian girl dressed in yellow came up and touched her hand.

'We are all also feeling jealous,' she said quietly in English. She had had a good education in Bombay before being abducted while on holiday by Baluchi bandits. 'Harems are based on love and jealousy. Love for the Master, jealousy for the other women. The Master has not sent for me to share his siesta for a whole month.' She sighed. 'Now is siesta time for us too. We must go to the dormitory.'

Amanda wanted to talk, but she put her fingers to her lips and pointed to the young eunuch following them into the dormitory.

Now all the women lay down on their couches. The eunuch drew the shutters across the window leaving the dormitory in a half light. Then he drew back the curtains that hid a picture and switched on a spotlight that shone across the dormitory, lighting up a large portrait of the Prince.

Amanda gasped, for it portrayed the Prince standing erect and naked under a long half open Arab robe. The muscles of his hard body glistened. His expression was one of dominance. The eyes were penetrating. In one hand was a riding switch which he seemed to be tapping against the palm of his other hand. At his feet two women knelt. Only their naked backs and bottoms were visible. One had a white skin, the other was coffee coloured, both looking up adoringly.

Amanda shivered. It was one of the most erotic pictures she had ever seen. She could not help but associate herself with the two naked women. The picture

made her shiver, but shiver deliciously with a mixture of dread and delicious anticipation. It also made her think, as it was intended to do, of the two women, Mauve and Scarlet, who were even at this very minute in the Prince's bed. Her imagination ran riot. Why two of them? The idea of two women in a man's bed shocked her deeply, but it seemed to be accepted as normal in the harem.

As Amanda lay on her couch she could not take her eyes off the picture. It seemed to symbolise the dominance of the handsome Prince over his women, a dominance that she had just seen so emphatically and unequivocally demonstrated in the ceremony of choosing his siesta companions.

It was a picture that would haunt her frustrated dreams at night and her fantasies by day - just as it did those of all the other equally frustrated concubines. It would be the last thing she would see before dropping off to sleep and the first thing that she would look for when she woke.

Suddenly, as she lay there, she saw a little red light start to flash slowly below the portrait.

'It is the signal from the Prince's eunuch boys,' whispered the friendly Indian girl, 'that the Master is beginning to approach his climax.'

There were little groans of disappointment from the other women. Then the young eunuch clapped his hands and called out something in Arabic.

'On your backs!' he repeated in English. 'Hands clasped behind your necks, knees together!'

As the red flashes became faster, Amanda, like the other women, could feel herself becoming wet with frustrated arousal, as she wondered what was going on in the Prince's bed. Would he be thrusting deeply down into one of the women? What would the other be doing? Licking him from behind? Or would they both be lying alongside him, each using one of their hands to squeeze his nipples whilst with the other they brought his manhood to a climax?

'Raise bellies!' the eunuch called out as the red light turned from a flashing on to a much stronger bright light - a clear indication Amanda realised that the Prince was reaching his climax.

The Prince ran his hands over the Scarlet's now well-curved belly. He turned to her black eunuch supervisor: "Soon?" he asked. "Just a another month to go, Your Highness."

Having a girl or two in an Interesting Condition was, for the Prince, all part of the enjoyment of owning a large harem – like breeding from his stable of pedigree brood mares. If the girl produced a baby boy then she would be eligible to be promoted to odalisque, but if it were a girl she would have to remain a mere concubine. "And her milk?" "Coming on well, Your Highness." Scarlet blushed, but did not dare to look down. It was so embarrassing being discussed as if she was cattle stock...



Amanda could not take her eyes off the erotic portrait of her former lover and his erect manhood, nor off the flashing light which showed that he was approaching his climax, as he made love to two of his other concubines.

As the flashes became faster she felt increasingly jealous. Just what was he doing to these other concubines.

Why had he not chosen her?

The eunuch's whip cracked. "Keep bellies up!" he ordered. Like the other panting and frustrated women left behind in the harem dormitory, she found herself straining to raise her belly as if offering herself to her Master. She was wet with arousal and longed to touch herself, but the whip cracked again.

"Keep hands behind neck!" How humiliating!



‘Bellies up higher! Knees up! Keep your heads back!’

Like the other panting and frustrated women in the harem dormitory, Amanda found herself straining to raise her belly up, as if offering herself to her Master. Her thighs were wet with excitement. To ease her frustration she longed to touch herself. She just had to!

‘Keep hands clasped behind necks!’ shouted the eunuch as if anticipating Amanda’s now frantic desire for relief and those, of course, of all the other young women, their eyes on the portrait and on the now

steady light below it.

‘Keep hands still clasped behind necks!’ he warned again.

Amanda felt desperately frustrated and humiliated. There was a strong smell of arousal in the harem dormitory. How could her Prince, her wonderful lover, have spurned her so? She resolved to do her utmost to attract his attention and to be chosen to please him.

She may have been a sophisticated Western career girl, but already the sensuous and artificial atmosphere of the harem was having its effect.

13 - SKY BLUE IS ALLOCATED A TRAINER

‘The eunuchs are fighting amongst themselves to have you allocated to them,’ said Mauve the next day. ‘They’re all pressing the Princess Naima to allocate Sky Blue to be trained by them!’

‘You make it sound as if we were valuable racehorses belonging to a rich owner,’ said Amanda.

‘Well, it is rather like that,’ replied Mauve seriously.

‘Oh my God!’

‘The Harem Mistress, Princess Naima, allocates a trainer to each girl. The trainer oversees her lessons in pleasing the Prince in his bed and makes sure that she is always looking beautiful. He is responsible for her health, he keeps the record of her natural functions, of her monthly cycle, of when she was chosen by the Master and of what happened when she was. He even watches over her progress if she’s in an Interesting Condition. A girl can have no secrets from her trainer!’

‘Oh!’ gasped Amanda. ‘And these trainers - they all want me to be given to them?’

‘Oh yes, they think you will do well and the trainer gets a hundred Dhiraams every time she’s chosen and another hundred if the Prince marks her as the best girl. That can soon add up to a tidy sum - especially for an ignorant black from a simple African village - not that they are ignorant when it comes to handling their charges. On the contrary, they know exactly what makes a girl catch the Prince’s eye and just what he likes in bed..’

‘And if I don’t please the Prince?’

‘Then he’ll be the one who gives you the cane - for

losing him money!’

‘Oh!’

‘It’s all part of the harem system. Some of the trainers are terribly cruel. Poor Scarlet is always getting beaten by hers. I hear that you’re going to be allocated to Yunis. He’s that young one over there.’

Amanda recognised a young eunuch who she had seen thrashing one of the girls for some minor fault and trembled.

‘I also hear that he’s already negotiating with the other trainers for an eventual marriage for you - as they call it!’

‘A marriage!’ gasped Amanda

‘Yes! You know how strict all the eunuchs are about not allowing us to play with ourselves or with each other?’

‘Yes, it’s all so embarrassing!’

‘And frustrating?’ asked Mauve with a smile.

‘Yes,’ admitted Amanda, blushing.

‘Don’t worry!’ smiled Mauve. ‘We’re all equally frustrated. It’s part of the harem system to make us all the keener to catch the Prince’s eye - and earn more money for our trainers!’

‘Yes, but what’s that got to do with this marriage business? I thought the Prince was only married to his official wives?’

‘Oh this sort of marriage isn’t to the Prince! It’s a so-called marriage to another concubine - arranged by the two girls’ trainers. Although we aren’t allowed to play with each other in private, the Prince often likes to watch two or more girls putting on a performance

together. And if he's pleased he'll give the eunuchs a generous tip. So two eunuchs may get together, decide that their charges would look good doing it together in front of the Prince, agree to share any tips and start to train their girls together.'

'But how awful!' cried the genuinely shocked Amanda, thinking back to her own lesbian affairs. 'The girls may not be attracted to each other!'

'That has nothing to do with it. They'll just use the whip on your backside until you put on a show of really passionate love! Why, once Scarlet and I were put together. The Prince loved the idea of it being two sisters. We hated the idea, but the whip won in the end, as it always does.'

She looked at Amanda gravely.

'Once the trainers have come to an agreement, then you'll be made to walk hand in hand with your chosen bride in the harem garden - under supervision of course - and even sleep in the same bed as her - but with the hands of both of you kept chastely in view on top of the bedclothes. So you'll be kept doubly frustrated. Your only hope of any sexual release will be if the Prince chooses you to do a show.'

'Oh no!' murmured Amanda.

'I expect Yunis will strike a hard bargain with the other trainers about you,' added Mauve. 'With your blonde hair, you're expected to be in great demand. So Yunis will want at least two thirds of what the two of you earn for himself. I know he's trying to make a deal with my trainer!'

'Oh!' gasped Amanda again, wondering what it would be like to be made to perform a sexual act with the beautiful Mauve in front of the Prince.

'But first he'll want to train you to please the Prince!

So it was that the strict young Yunis now took over full responsibility for Amanda's training and punishment. He was short and rather fat, rarely smiled and clearly had no qualms about dealing with women. Indeed he was already the Trainer of several other concubines and, like them, Amanda soon found herself dreading his quick temper - and his whippy little dog whip.

Above all, she was appalled at this nasty young black having a financial interest in the Prince choosing her -

and in her pleasing the Prince. It was rather like being a tart in the hands of a strict and nasty pimp.

Yunis now dominated every minute of her life.

When the bell rang in the morning she and Yunis's two other girls, one a vivacious Egyptian and the other a lovely little creature from Thailand, all had to run into the main harem room where Yunis would be waiting, dog whip in hand.

There, they had to line up in front of him and hold up the front of their short night dresses and part their legs, so that as they kept their heads up and their eyes fixed on the wall in front of them, Yunis could go through the formality of checking for any signs of misbehaviour during the night. Other groups of girls would be doing the same in front of their trainers.

It was only a formality because with a eunuch patrolling the dormitory all night to check that each girl's hands were above the bedclothes, there was no real opportunity to misbehave. Nevertheless the daily morning check did have a strong psychological effect on the girls, as Amanda soon realised. It was indeed a harem tradition going back hundreds of years.

Then they had to run into the bathroom, hang up their night dresses and, now naked, line up in front of a bowl, marked with Yunis's name and get themselves ready to perform. Once again other small groups of naked girls were similarly lining up in front of other bowls marked with the names of other trainers.

When Yunis came into the bathroom, each of his girls would, in turn, have to step forward, stand astride the bowl and, at a tap of his dog whip, perform quickly and accurately.

Once again, Amanda found that this humiliating health check, carried out in front of a grinning eunuch, who was noting down the results in a notebook, had a strong psychological effect in driving home her new lowly status as a strictly controlled and disciplined concubine of the Prince.

It was Yunis who then bathed, washed and dried each of the girls, for they were not allowed to touch their bodies - their bodies belonged to the Prince. Yunis supervised them as they brushed their hair, made up their faces, painted their nipples and body lips and put on their skimpy harem dress.

The little eunuch boy had humiliatingly parted Amanda and Mauve's beauty lips and checked for any signs of mutual masturbating during the night. Oh the shame! But, anyway, with a black eunuch patrolling the dormitory and checking their hands were kept above the bedclothes, there had been no chance of them being able to relieve the frustration that had been cruelly increased by making them share a bed. Now in the bathroom, the boy cracked his whip and ordered: "Get ready!".

Desperate to avoid a caning, Amanda prepared herself. She did not dare to look down.

The whip cracked again.

"Perform!" Two little jets sprang from between their legs into their bowls. Oh how degrading!



Then it was time for breakfast. Here, as with other meals, each girl's food was chosen and ordered for by her Trainer, depending on whether he felt she should be slimmer or plumper. In Amanda's case she was only allowed yoghurt and fruit. Jealously she watched another girl being made to gobble down huge quantities of fattening food as her trainer stood over her, whip raised. Clearly, he liked to keep her hugely fat - as an occasional change of scenery for the Prince. It was, indeed, one that earned him a generous extra tip from the Prince when, intrigued, he would try out her huge gorgeously soft body.

Every day Amanda had lessons, very explicit lessons, in ways of satisfying and giving pleasure to the Prince. She was never alone for these lessons - sometimes she was with one of Yunis's other girls and sometimes with both of them. Sometimes it was with girls of another Trainer, so that both Trainers, watching their girls closely, could compare notes on whether it might be profitable for them to 'marry' their respective girls.

She was appalled to be told that the Prince invariably used at least two girls at once and would mark each girl's performance out of ten and that the one with the lowest marks would be thrashed afterwards.

Yunis marked her performance every day, caning her at the end of each lesson more or less severely de-

pending on how she had done.

She had to practice techniques and positions that she had never even dreamt about before. A life-size rubber male doll played an important role in these sessions. Using the doll she had to learn such techniques as using her hands and tongue from behind it, or underneath, to give her Master extra pleasure as he took another woman. She also had to learn to recognise Arabic words of command and to obey them instantly in conjunction with whatever girls she was being made to perform with.

It was highly embarrassing to be taught and made to practice all this by a highly critical eunuch. It was even more embarrassing when Pleasure and Patience also came to see and criticise her performance. She was horrified to learn that they were often in attendance on the Prince when his concubines were pleasuring him.

She was even more horrified when she learnt that these boys used their swagger sticks at the slightest sign of recalcitrance by a woman in his bed and to drive her to greater efforts.

These two boys, therefore, had great experience of just what a woman should do to please Prince Rashid in his bed and were not backward in criticising Amanda's performances to Yunis - criticisms that earned her several strokes of the cane from her grinning trainer.

14 - IN HER MASTER'S BED

One morning, after the women had lined up beneath the Prince's balcony, the white page boys had called out: 'Mauve and Sky Blue!'

In a wild, delirious dream, Amanda spent an hour, under Yunis's delighted supervision, making herself look as irresistible as possible.

Then she put on the lovely long blue satin night dress that Yunis gave her. It was the first time that she had been allowed to wear such a garment.

In no time, it seemed, she and Mauve were getting ready to walk hand in hand under the pretty flowered arches held up by her companions as they jealously sang their little song. How many times, driven almost mad with jealousy and frustration, had she held up one of the arches over her companions and sung the words of the song. She looked around contemptuously at the other young women. Now it was her turn! She'd show them how the Prince really adored her!

Then just before they passed under the arches, one of the Prince's page-boys called her over.

In his hands was a leather dog collar with a long chain lead fastened to it. Deftly he locked it round her neck and led her by the lead towards the now open golden grille. She saw that no such collar and lead had been placed round Mauve's neck. Evidently it was considered that she had been too long in the harem to attempt to escape!

She saw that the other young women, holding up the little arches, were now grinning at each other as they pointed at her collar and chain. She was alarmed to notice that Yunis, who had been smiling happily whilst he washed her and supervised her toilet, now looked angry.

The white page-boys led her and Mauve into the anteroom to the Prince's bedroom. Amanda's heart was pounding with excitement and anticipation - especially when she saw the red light come on over the door to the bedroom. It was, she knew, the signal that the Prince was now in his bed and awaiting his chosen concubines.

Amanda had been trained to crawl into the Prince's bed from the bottom, under the bedclothes. But she had not understood the purpose of the collar and chain that the Prince had ordered to be put on her. Mauve was looking at it and smiling in the same rather superior way as the other women had done back in the harem.

The two white eunuch boys led them into that holy of holies, the Prince's bedroom. It was half in darkness, but she saw a huge European four poster bed with curtains drawn around it. A reading light had been switched on inside the curtains. The two women were led to the foot of the bed. The white eunuch boys unfastened the straps of their night dresses and let them fall to the floor.

In the half light, Amanda saw that one of the boys was pointing at the floor. Immediately Mauve knelt down and bowed her head. Amanda followed suit. She could feel the loop of her chain running down her back.

There was a long silence, then a page of a book was turned, followed by a chuckle. It was too much! Here she was, almost mad with desire and anticipation, kneeling at the bed of her lover, her Master - and he was simply amusing himself reading a book!

Five long minutes passed. Still kneeling at the foot of the bed, Amanda was going crazy. Then from within the curtains came a snap of the fingers. Pleasure lifted

Amanda was hating being made by the white eunuch pageboy's whip to reach forward to lick her former lover's testicles, whilst Mauve was sucking his manhood.

It was so different from the tender way the Prince had made love to her in his yacht!

Now she felt his complete slave. How she now hated him and his horrible eunuchs! The Prince looked down and smiled. Yes, his revenge on Amanda was indeed very sweet. She really was now just another of his strictly disciplined and subservient concubines...



up the end of the quilt. His companion gripped both the women by the neck and thrust their heads down underneath the bedclothes.

Amanda was now in the dark. She could smell the male aroma of the Prince. It was something that she had missed badly during the last few weeks. At last she was going to feel his hands again! But nothing happened! Instead, once again there was a long pause.

Then the book was slammed shut and put down on the bedside table. Amanda felt the sharp tap of one of the boy's canes on her naked rear. It was the signal for both women to start crawling slowly and humbly up the bed.

Suddenly she felt the Prince's legs on either side of her. Oh, the excitement! Slowly the two young women inched their way up under the bedclothes. Amanda could hear Mauve kissing the outside of his leg. But she was kissing the inside! Soon she was between his knees.

Again she felt the chain running down her back. It seemed to be getting tighter. Something was wrong. But then it seemed to go slack and soon she was between his thighs.

Her face touched his already erect manhood. How she remembered it from the yacht! Then suddenly she was held back by the chain. She tried to lift her head up higher, to show her gorgeously made-up face and eyes to the Prince and to greet him again as her lover - but to no avail. She was held firmly down with her head still under the bedclothes and level with the Prince's loins.

She felt so frustrated as, meanwhile, Mauve continued to crawl up the bed, making loving noises as her head parted the bedclothes and became level with the Prince's. Amanda heard the Prince embracing Mauve, kissing her violently, stroking her breasts, murmuring the name Mauve. Furiously jealous, she heard Mauve give a gasp of pleasure and excitement. Then she felt Mauve put her hand down to touch the Prince's throbbing manhood - the same manhood she was reaching out for with her tongue.

It was horrible! As the Prince moved about the bed, so the page-boys shortened or lengthened her chain to keep her down - and, more to the point, out of sight.

She did not dare call out, for she knew that to speak to the Prince without permission would bring down dire punishment onto her head. Instead she frantically used her tongue and the tips of her fingers on the Prince's body in the way that she had been taught and made to practice over and over again. It was her tongue and fingers that were giving the Prince most of his thrills, but it was Mauve who was the recipient of his attentions.

Helpless, she had to watch, under the bedclothes, as Mauve slid down the bed again and took the Prince's manhood deep into her mouth.

Disgusted, Amanda took her head away and started to inch her way down the bed again. Let Mauve get on with it! But instantly she felt the Prince's hand gripping her hair and pulling her back. Very well! Eagerly she tried to reach his manhood with her tongue and to use it to push away Mauve's mouth. But once again she was held back by the eunuchs and had to satisfy herself with tonguing him lower down, whilst the Prince, gripping her by the hair, held her firmly in place.

She could feel the Prince's body tensing. She heard him cry out, as she remembered him do just before climaxing. It was too awful. But she could not move. A sharp tap on her cheeks made her strive to use her tongue for its maximum effect.

Minutes passed as the groaning Prince became more and more aroused by the double pleasure that he was receiving. Then suddenly he gripped her head more tightly as he reached an ecstatic climax in the mouth of Mauve.

The Prince's body relaxed, He let go of Amanda's hair, but the chain still held her down - invisible and anonymous. Instead he reached down for Mauve's hair and pulled her up level with himself. He took her into his arms and fell asleep on her breasts.

Mauve, still basically unsatisfied, but proud that she had been allowed to give her beloved Master so much pleasure, did not dare to fall asleep. Her duty was to let her breasts act as a cushion for her Master and to keep quite still, not disturb his dreams.

As for Amanda, she was left, still hidden under the bedclothes, utterly frustrated and disappointed.

The Prince woke half an hour later. Amanda heard him kiss Mauve and murmur his thanks. Then she felt him put his hand down and pat her own head, as if she were a pet dog. Angry though she was, Amanda could not help being grateful for this gesture. Greatly daring she held his hand and kissed it silently and reverently.

Then the Prince got out of bed. Still crouching hidden under the bedclothes, she heard him being washed and dressed by the two pageboys. Then, escorted by them, he returned, not as usual to his office in the male part of the palace, but secretly to the screened part of his balcony looking down into the harem.

Minutes later the two page-boys returned, dressed the women in their night dresses and took them back down to the ground floor of the harem. The other concubines, released from the dormitory, were now crowding around the golden grille as it was temporarily opened to let Mauve and Amanda through.

But standing in front of the women, at the foot of the staircase, was Amanda's black keeper, Yunis, together with Mauve's keeper. They eyed the white boys quizzically. As Patience handed Yunis the chain fastened to her collar, she heard him say something. Yunis looked furious and the other women laughed at Amanda.

Mauve's Keeper, however, was rubbing his hands with delight as he proudly put a tick against her name on the board and put a ring round it to show that the Prince had judged her to have given him the most pleasure. Mauve had earned him a hefty tip!

No such tick, however, was placed against the name of Sky Blue. Her score remained nil. Evidently being chained down out of sight at the bottom of her Master's bed did not count.

Amanda could sense the derision and contempt of her companions. It was so unfair for the Prince to have treated her so cruelly! She burst into tears as Yunis

angrily turned to her.

'No tip for me from Prince! Six strokes! Now! Bend over!'

Moments later the harem rang with the sound of the cane on bare flesh, Amanda's cries - and the laughs of the other concubines.

The same sequence of events happened the next day though this time it was not Mauve who enjoyed her Master's full attention, but Yellow, the pretty Indian girl.

Once again Amanda was held back, held down between her Master's legs by the combination of her chain and the Prince's strong hand. The pleasure she provided was even greater than on the previous day, but it was still given silently and completely anonymously. She never saw her Master's face and he never spoke a word to her as she crouched hidden and frustrated under the bedclothes, held back by her chain, so humiliatingly held by the two white boys.

And so it went on for another five days, with a variety of different companions, each being taken in a different way, whilst Amanda remained held down by her chain and hidden beneath the bedclothes. Her score on the board remained a humiliating Nil and every day, on her return, the harem resounded to her cries as an increasingly angry Yunis gave her an increasing number of strokes from his cane.

Poor Amanda was desperate with frustration, with shame, with the knowledge that every day Yunis would thrash her even harder.

There seemed nothing she could do about it. Thoughts of her Master filled her mind every moment of the day. She longed for one real touch, one loving look, from the man whom she now regarded as her beloved Master.

How he must be enjoying his revenge for the way that she had insulted him!

PART III - A PERSONAL MAID SERVANT

15 - THE PRINCESS LEISHA

One day the Princess, accompanied by her personal young eunuch, Faithful, came down to swim in the pool.

Amanda, forgetting that if a wife appeared the pool must be cleared by everyone else, called out: 'Come on in! The water's lovely!'

The Princess was livid. She screamed with rage and stamped her foot as Mauve came rushing over to the pool and prostrated herself in front of the Princess.

'Sky Blue! Sky Blue!' Mauve called. 'Out, out, immediately! This is Princess Leisha!'

Suddenly realising the enormity of what she had done, Amanda got out of the pool, naked as all the concubines were when they swam. She stood dripping before the Princess, who was wearing an attractive beach coat. The Princess shouted something in Arabic at Mauve. Then suddenly she turned, smacked Amanda's face, threw her beach coat to her black attendant and dived neatly into the now empty pool - an attractive figure in a stunning well cut one piece swimming costume.

Mauve nudged Amanda.

'I've to take you up to her apartment to await her return. I'm awfully afraid she intends to have you beaten.'

'Oh no! But surely the Prince wouldn't allow that!'

'The Prince never interferes with internal harem discipline - nor with his wives' rights. Hurry! I must take you up there now, just as you are.'

A minute later, Amanda found herself kneeling humbly on all fours, naked and wet, on a priceless Persian carpet in the middle of the Princess's drawing room.

The room showed the influence of an English education and might have been in a flat in Belgravia, instead of in a palace in the Arabian desert.

Mauve left Amanda kneeling there, prostrated on the carpet, her forehead touching it, hair flung forward and hands flat on the carpet on either side of her head, trembling with fear.

When the Princess came back, she ignored the prostrated figure of Amanda. She stood in the middle of the room as her eunuch took off her beach coat and then slipped down her bathing dress. The Princess stepped out of it and now stood proudly in front of Amanda.

'Raise your head, Sky Blue!'

Amanda saw that the Princess had a very beautiful body. To her surprise, she also saw that, unlike herself and the other concubines, she had retained a little sliver of her body hair - another privilege of being a wife!

The Princess put on a loose silken housecoat. She nodded to her eunuch, who produced a long thin cane. He handed it to the Princess, who was now sitting in a large chair.

'Get up, Sky Blue!' she said in good English, 'and come and stand in front of me.'

Nervously and embarrassed by her nakedness, Amanda rose to her feet and then ran obediently across the room to the Princess, anxious to get into her good books.

'Head up!' ordered the Princess. 'Hands behind your neck! Look up! Tongue out!'

It was the humiliating first position of Inspection that

Amanda had so often been made to assume in her lessons.

The Princess lifted up the cane. She started to trace the line of Amanda's enlarged breasts, tickling her stretched nipples in turn. Then she thrust the tip painfully into Amanda's throat.

'I told you to get your head up!'

Poor Amanda strained to raise her chin even more. Her eyes were now on the ceiling.

'So this,' she heard the Princess say, 'is the famous Amanda Aston who thought she was so clever that she could get away with trying to make a fool of my husband on the television!'

'Yes, Your Highness!' the trembling Amanda cried out, not daring to move her eyes away from the ceiling. 'I mean, no, Your Highness!'

'You're quite a pretty little girl.'

Amanda hated being called a little girl by a woman of her own age. But she did not dare to say a word. The tip of the cane moved down Amanda's body slowly. Above her knees it stopped and moved from side to side. Ashamed, Amanda recognised the signal - blushing she parted her knees and bent them and thrust forward her belly in the second part of the Inspection position.

'Yes, quite a pretty little girl.'

The cane moved up slowly. Amanda blushed even more.

'Oh!' she gasped.

'And a responsive little girl too!'

The cane moved up to Amanda's chin again. She strained her head back even more.

'I hear His Highness is giving you a hard time, huh? Keeping you nicely frustrated, eh? Well you deserve it, don't you? Don't you!'

'Yes, Your Highness!' whispered Amanda with a sob.

'What do you deserve, girl? Say it!'

'To be kept frustrated by the Master!' Amanda cried.

'Yes! But don't forget that a harem is a world of wom-

en.' The Princess's voice was now soft and alluring. 'You'll find that not everything depends on the Master. I could easily find excuses to have you brought up here frequently to be beaten!'

The voice was even softer and more alluring now. The tip of the cane had returned to between Amanda's legs.

'Would you like that, little girl?'

'No, Your Highness!' The tickling of the tip of the cane was insistent. 'I mean, yes Your Highness.'

'Good, little girl, good! You see I always think that this harem is a little like the girls' school I went to in England. At the top there is the Headmistress, the first wife, Princess Naima. Then there are the Assistant Mistresses, the other wives, Princess Fatima and myself. Then there are the prefects, who have certain privileges, the odalisques. And then there are all the other girls, the concubines - like you. Do you follow me?'

'Yes, Your Highness.'

'And, of course, there is the school governor, the Prince. But he doesn't really concern himself with what goes on behind the scenes. The Governor is not concerned, for example if one of the girls has a crush on one of the mistresses. Did you have a crush on one of your mistresses when you were at school, Sky Blue?'

'Yes, Your Highness,' replied Amanda blushing again.

'Was she as beautiful as I am?'

The Princess stood up, put down the cane, threw her housecoat back over her shoulders and bared herself to Amanda's gaze. Amanda lowered her eyes. The Princess was indeed beautiful.

'Was she as beautiful as me?'

'No, Your Highness. You are a very beautiful woman.'

'More beautiful than you?'

'Yes, Your Highness,' replied Amanda humbly.

'And attractive?'

'Of course, Your Highness.'

‘Attractive to you, Sky Blue?’

‘I - I -’ stammered Amanda, her mind racing.

‘Well, Sky Blue?’ The Princess picked up the cane again. ‘Well?’

‘Yes, Your Highness!’

‘And perhaps here in this harem, deprived of the sight and company of men - who knows, Sky Blue, who knows?’

The Princess put her hand on Amanda’s cheek and smiled.

‘Perhaps a schoolmistress might have a favourite amongst the pupils - a favourite who is allowed to visit the mistress’s room; a favourite who is allowed to wash the mistress in the bath, dress her and become her maid servant; a favourite who is allowed to keep the mistress company at night, sleeping on the floor in the mistress’s bedroom and perhaps even being allowed to creep into the mistress’s bed; a pretty young favourite whom the governor might even be delighted to find in attendance on the mistress when he comes to visit her!’

Amanda’s head was reeling as she took in what the Princess was saying.

‘Would you like to be my favourite, Sky Blue? Or would you rather just have a beating every day from my eunuch? I can always find reasons for that! Which is it to be, Sky Blue?’ She flexed the cane between her two hands. ‘Well?’

Amanda, shocked and yet fascinated at what she had heard and equally terrified by the Princess’s threats, did not know what to say.

‘Well, while you think about it, I think we should let Faithful beat you. You deserve it and he’s going to be so disappointed otherwise! Think of it as a little fore-taste of what might be happening every day, if you don’t become my favourite! Or if you do, and misbehave!’

She tossed the cane to the eunuch and said something to him in Arabic. Amanda could hardly believe what she was hearing. She was going to be beaten so that a eunuch wouldn’t feel disappointed!

‘I like to see a well striped backside! So bend over

that chair on your toes! Put your hands over the top, so that I can hold them tight. Now, Faithful!’

The young black raised his cane and brought it down across Amanda’s naked bottom. Amanda screamed with the pain. The Princess’s eyes were gleaming.

Amanda wriggled and writhed. She longed to rub her bottom to ease the pain, but her hands were held by the Princess. Moments later the eunuch gave her another stroke. Again she screamed and again the Princess held her tight.

‘Now,’ said the Princess, ‘if you ask for it nicely and say you want to be my little girl, then you’ll only be given one more stroke - otherwise it will be a round dozen!’

Never had Amanda felt so humiliated as she forced herself to say the words.

‘Please Your Highness, may I have one more stroke - and may I be your little girl?’

‘And you deserve the stroke, don’t you?’

Amanda sobbed. It was all too much.

‘Say it!’

‘I deserve the stroke!’ Amanda whispered.

‘Good! But first you must thank Faithful for the first two strokes! Now go and kneel down and kiss his feet. Right down! That’s better. Thank him nicely.’

‘Thank you, Sir, for beating me!’

‘Which you richly deserved!’

‘Which I richly deserved.’

‘Good! Now go and bend over again - and this time it’ll be a really hard stroke and then you’re going to thank Faithful again.’

Amanda gave a terrible scream, a scream that was heard almost all over the harem. The Princess was smiling happily as she gripped Amanda’s hands and then kicked her away to crawl, sobbing, to the eunuch’s feet.

The Princess smiled. The Prince might have acquired this girl for his harem that he could have his revenge on her but, by making this educated Englishwoman her servant girl, she too was going to have her revenge - for all the humiliations she had experienced at school

in England.

The Princess held out her arms. The eunuch put down the cane.

‘I can see you’re to be a very good little servant. I shall choose a good moment and then ask the Prince to have you transferred to my service. Now come and kiss me humbly - properly on the mouth!’

Hesitantly Amanda came up to the Princess. She could feel the Princess’s breasts thrusting against her own. The Princess reached forward and holding her head, kissed her violently, thrusting her tongue into Amanda’s mouth.

‘Lick me!’ she ordered in a hoarse whisper.

Amanda reached up and humbly licked her under the

chin.

The Princess thrust her naked leg between Amanda’s. Instinctively Amanda tried to push her away, but then she suddenly felt the eunuch holding her arms behind her back. She was helpless as the Princess, still kissing her, ran one hand slowly down her body. She was held quite unable to move until the Princess’s lowered hand began to feel the distinctive signs of her arousal. Then the Princess pushed the shamed and blushing Amanda away.

‘Yes, I can see that you’ll do very nicely. Now, not a word to anyone for the moment - not until I’ve had a chance to speak to the Prince. Yunis is going to be very disappointed at losing control of you and we don’t want him spoiling things, do we?’

16 - THE PRINCE GIVES A PARTY

At breakfast next morning, all the girls were excited, chattering away to each other more than usual.

‘The Prince is having one of his harem parties!’ explained Mauve. ‘It’s just like a party in London or Paris!’

‘What! Here in this harem?’ exclaimed Amanda incredulously. ‘But what about men - are they invited, too?’

‘No, no,’ replied Mauve sadly, ‘there will be no outside guests, but the normal harem rules will be relaxed. He may even take just one concubine back to bed for the night!’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed Amanda, beginning to become interested.

‘There will be dancing, music, delicious food and drinks ... But I must warn you that concubines aren’t allowed to drink - only the wives and odalisques. The Master says it would be against his religion to allow concubines to start drinking.’

‘And,’ added Scarlet, ‘the wives put on their smartest Parisian evening dresses and the odalisques their most beautiful caftans. And their jewellery! It’s gorgeous!’

‘And what do we wear?’ Amanda asked eagerly. The thought of being wearing civilised clothes again was very exciting. Perhaps one of those lovely evening dresses she had worn in the yacht!

‘We are allowed some rather lovely silk cloaks,’ replied Mauve, ‘but underneath them just our harem dress. But, it’s all so romantic! The Prince will wear a white dinner jacket and a silk turban - just like an

Indian maharaja and dance with us to his favourite romantic tunes.’

‘But he can’t dance with all of us!’ objected Amanda.

‘No,’ replied Mauve, ‘but the wives and odalisques also ask us to dance and so do the Prince’s pageboys, also dressed in dinner jackets and behaving as if they were real men.’

‘What! You mean those awful cruel bastards, Patience and Pleasure!’

‘Shush, Sky Blue,’ warned Mauve. ‘You’d get us all into serious trouble! Just remember that this a harem, where eunuchs reign supreme. Just enjoy the party. I doubt if there’ll be a midday parade today. The Prince will want to have his siesta alone - saving himself for tonight!’

The concubines made a strikingly beautiful and colourful sight as they stood in the spacious ground floor courtyard of the harem, waiting for the party to begin.

The women, Amanda amongst them, her long blonde hair gleaming distinctively, were all beautifully groomed. Their trainers had seen to that! Over their revealing harem dress, they each wore a short little silk cloak of the same colour as their harem trousers. The very shortness of the cloaks only served to set off their look of near nakedness, a look which was further accentuated by little gold caps perched on their heads, below which their hair hung down their backs - for concubines were not allowed to put their hair up or cut it short.

After a time, the odalisques started to come down the staircase to join them, each wearing a lovely long

silken georgette caftan, covered in sequins and which trailed along the ground. They were all beautifully made up, their eyes sparkling, their hair cut and set in a variety of styles.

Then the youngest of the wives, the Princess Fatima, slowly came down attended by her personal eunuch. She made a magnificent sight in a huge crinoline dress and diamond necklace that made her look quite delightful. There was a gasp of envy from the other women - all so long deprived of the right to wear Western dresses - and, in the case of the concubines, forbidden to own any jewellery.

Even Amanda caught her breath when, moments later, Princess Leisha came down the staircase, followed by Faithful. She was wearing a beautiful Dior evening suit - tight black satin trousers that showed off to perfection her almost boyish figure, a frilly white silk shirt, a tight fitting long black silk coat and a bow tie.

It was as if she was trying to distance herself from the other women, all dressed in a soft and ultra-feminine way. The significance of her dress was not lost on Amanda - especially in view of what had happened the previous evening.

The Princess flashed a glance at Amanda from under her heavily painted eyelids and Amanda found herself bowing deeply towards this impressive figure - and blushing as she did so.

Then came the first wife, Princess Naima, wearing a clinging creation in gold lame, made especially for her in Rome during a recent visit, exuding an air of calm but firm authority. Her piercing eyes darted here and there amongst the women, checking that all were suitably dressed and suitably beautiful.

Behind her came Harmony and Melody, wearing robes of gold lam, to match that of their Mistress.

Try as she might, Amanda simply could not bring herself to meet their eyes - nor those of Princess Naima. They were all too frightening, too terrifying. Amanda was reminded of Princess Leisha's description of her as being like the strict Headmistress of a girls school.

There was a sudden silence. The women all looked up expectantly at the Prince's own balcony. His pageboys

came into sight, this time wearing short white shark-skin evening spencers, tight black dinner jacket trousers and big floppy pink bow ties that made Amanda smile - they were so appropriately effeminate for eunuch boys!

The two boys, clearly enjoying the authority their Master gave them, held up their hands for silence.

Then the Prince appeared.

He was looking breathtakingly handsome in a white dinner jacket that showed off his virile figure, with a white silk turban on his head. He smiled as he looked down onto the glamorous sight below him.

Thirty women curtsied to him in perfect unison. They were all his! His to do with, or dispose of, as he liked! He thought of the sensual pleasure that all these women provided - or perhaps, even more excitingly in the case of Sky Blue, could be made to provide, as he came down the stairs.

'Charming, my dears, quite charming!' he said in Arabic and then in English.

Then his pageboys started to introduce him formally, first to his wives, the Princess Naima, the Princess Leisha and the Princess Fatima.

Each stepped forward and again curtsied gracefully, to be greeted by an individual little compliment that made each of them blush with pleasure.

Then it was the turn of the odalisques: the Rose odalisque, the Tulip odalisque, the Hibiscus Odalisque ... for although on promotion to odalisque each was allowed to give up her concubine's name as a mere colour, each had then been given the name of a flower, which she had to have embroidered on all her caftans, her underclothes and her night dresses, so that the Prince still need not have to remember their names.

Soon it was the turn of the concubines: Pink, Orange, Magenta, Emerald Green, Scarlet - her little belly swelling prettily - Mauve, Grey, Sea Green, Chestnut, Beige ... - and finally the newest of them all, Sky Blue.

'Sky Blue! How nice to see you again and how ravishing you're looking this evening.'

Amanda curtsied deeply. Her heart was pounding under her cut away bolero and short revealing cloak as

he reached forward to raise her up. This was the touch of the man she had been so longing for, since her arrival in the harem two weeks before.

Then a wave of anger swept over her, for this was also the man who had so built up her hopes of freedom, of a return to civilisation, to her friends and to her career.

She raised her head to look up at him with a gesture of defiance and disdain. Her eyes flashed with fury. Yunis stepped forward to seize her and indeed she seemed about to throw herself at the Prince, about to start scratching and clawing his eyes out, cursing him for being a sadistic swine, when he gently put his hand under her chin and quickly and effortlessly raised her to her feet.

‘I can see that our delightful holiday together on my yacht and then your stay in my palace, has really transformed you into one of the most desirable women I have ever known.’

The compliment took her breath away, but only for a moment. The sheer impudence and arrogance of the man! Desirable indeed! And yet kept hidden away under the bed clothes as if she was an ugly duckling! She was about to explode with anger and resentment, when once again he anticipated her.

‘I do hope that you are being well looked after whilst you are staying here as my guest.’

A guest! A prisoner more like, Amanda wanted to scream. But, once again before she could say anything, he turned to Princess Leisha.

‘My dear, do please keep an eye on our delightful and highly intelligent guest. I met her in England, you know.’

‘Of course, Your Highness,’ replied Princess Leisha coolly, without so much as batting an eyelid. ‘We are already friends. Leave her to me, I am sure that she will be very happy here!’

The Prince then touched Amanda’s hair caressingly. He touched her cheek gently, the back of his hand running down her neck. It was the first time he had touched her, other than to grip her hair to hold her still under the bedclothes, since she had left the yacht. She gave a sob. But it was not a sob of despair or sadness,

rather it was one of renewed adoration. She raised her own hand and silently gripped his, the tears running down her cheeks.

‘There’s nothing to cry about,’ he murmured softly, resuming the same affectionate tone of voice that he had so often used to her onboard the yacht. ‘Now dry your tears. This is a happy occasion.’

She could not take her eyes off him. The contrast between his well cut evening dress and her own near nudity overwhelmed her. Love and hatred alternatively filled her agitated mind. This charming, well travelled, urbane and civilised man - how could he have subjected her and indeed all these other women, to a life of captivity under the constant and cruel supervision of strict eunuchs?

‘Patience and Pleasure!’ he called out. He had chosen the names of his pageboys personally. Their own Dutch names were now forgotten. ‘A little champagne and caviar for my charming guests!’

They came forward, carrying big silver trays, offering them first to the Prince.

‘No, no! Serve the ladies first!’

Eagerly, Amanda reached for a glass of champagne. It was the first drink since she had left the yacht. So much had happened since then. She needed it!

Suddenly Mauve nudged her. She remembered! The champagne was only for her Master and his wives and odalisques - not for the mere concubines. Biting her lips, she took a glass of orange juice.

The Prince was in excellent form, laughing and joking with his women, mainly in English, for only a minority understood Arabic. He was telling them stories of his last visits to Europe and to Egypt, and about other members of the ruling family here in Shamur.

The women, wives, odalisques and concubines alike, were flirting with him outrageously, each trying to out-do the others in catching his attention, fluttering their eye-lashes at him provocatively, trying to make him laugh, touching his hands momentarily and brushing their breasts accidentally against him.

Amanda found herself madly jealous, even of her friends Mauve and Scarlet. She too began to make herself amusing, attractive, irresistible.

Music filled the harem, soft, romantic love music: Night and Day, Oh Solo Mio, J'attendrai ... The door into the garden was flung open. Coloured lights had been hung from the trees above a little patio. It was a most romantic scene.

The Prince asked his first wife to dance. She smiled happily and they made a perfect picture, dancing cheek to cheek. Some of the odalisques asked their favourites amongst the concubines to dance. The two pageboys each asked a concubine to dance. Suddenly Amanda felt her hands being gripped.

'Come, Sky Blue!' whispered Princess Leisha hoarsely.

She led Amanda to the far corner of the floor. She held her as a man would - something she had learned at her English school. She pushed Amanda gently back as she led her, dancing in the warm night air, down towards the pool. There was hardly any light in that part of the harem garden, except for the stars, which

as usual in the desert were strangely bright.

The Princess did not say a word. Amanda was too embarrassed even to whisper a word of protest. The Princess pushed down Amanda's protesting hands and held them tightly behind her back. Then she danced cheek to cheek with the graceful Englishwoman.

After a few minutes, Amanda tried to break away.

'Keep still and relax,' murmured the Princess, 'or do you want me to call over Faithful and tell him to give you the rest of the ten strokes!'

Horrified, Amanda stopped struggling. The Princess rubbed her breasts against Amanda's and soon Amanda was fighting desperately to keep control of her aroused emotions.

'Now, darling,' whispered the Princess, 'I must go and dance with the Prince.'

She led the silent Amanda back into the harem and slipped into the arms of the Prince.

17 - A NIGHT OF LOVE

‘Sky Blue!’ came the strange falsetto voice. It was Patience. ‘His Highness requests the pleasure of this dance.’

He led her over to where the Prince was laughing and chatting to several of his women. He turned, put down his glass of champagne and led her out onto the dance floor.

She felt his strong arms around her. She looked up at him. She could not help it, but it was, she knew, a look of sheer adoration. It was the same look that she had seen so often on the faces of his other women. Suddenly her feeling of joy and excitement was dashed by the thought that perhaps he had noticed the way the Princess had held her when they had danced together.

The Prince had indeed noticed it all. He had been expecting something like it. It did not worry him particularly. It was a normal part of harem life. It would make both Sky Blue and Princess Leisha more responsive in his bed! Of course he could not countenance any such goings on between concubines and his eunuchs made sure that they did not - except as part of an exhibition they were training two girls to perform before the Prince. But for a wife, or even occasionally an odalisque, to have a favourite amongst the concubines was quite harmless.

Amanda jumped as the Prince turned and snapped his fingers. She remembered how this same imperious snap of his fingers, in his bed, was so often the signal to the waiting boys to lift up the bedclothes and to apply their dog whips to her waiting rear to drive her into applying her tongue yet more zealously.

But this time it was the signal for the boys to come running over to him. He said something to them.

Amanda saw them run out of the room. Moments later they returned and clapped their hands for silence.

‘Your Highness, Your Highnesses, Ladies, Concubines - we have a little entertainment for you.’

The Prince sat down on a low sofa. The women sat down on the floor around him. He beckoned Amanda and Princess Leisha to come and sit at his feet as the lights dimmed.

Amanda felt a hand on her breasts. She gave a quick intake of breath. She saw the Prince’s other hand thrust into Princess Leisha’s jacket. She felt his finger and thumb on one of her nipples, rolling it gently. Automatically she put her hands to her bosom, pressing her Master’s hand to her breast in a sudden ecstasy of delight and love. Then she saw that the Princess had done the same.

The music of a fast Eastern rhythm filled the room. Two of the concubines, well known Egyptian belly dancers until they were acquired by the Prince, came forward, undulating their almost naked bodies in a violent mime of passionate love making.

Two of the watching women, greatly daring, stood up and came behind the sofa. One bent down to tickle the Prince’s ear with her tongue. The other began to kiss and massage his neck. Amanda saw that the Princess had meanwhile reached up with one hand towards the Prince’s groin. Then another young woman came and knelt quietly between his knees, her back to the dancers, her head bowed over the Prince.

It was the first time that Amanda had ever taken part in such an orgy of sensual delight - especially one that was entirely aimed at pleasing one man.

At last the dancing stopped and the lights were turned

up. Delicious food was brought in, and each woman tried to tempt the Prince with morsels held between her lips, or offered him champagne from a glass she held to her own mouth, or teased him with sweetmeats that they held entrancingly between their breasts.

The dancing was repeated and the lights lowered again. The Prince slipped the Princess's coat and blouse off her shoulders, leaving her painted nipples bare. He also slipped Amanda's silken cloak off her shoulders and pulled back her bolero. Other women also bared their breasts for his delight.

Soon almost all the women were virtually naked as they slipped in and out of the Prince's arms in a veritable orgy of pleasure.

Amanda sat to one side, watching open-mouthed and feeling jealous and out of it all. Suddenly one of the pageboys beckoned her. She saw it was Pleasure.

'Sky Blue!' he ordered. 'Go upstairs and wait for the Prince in his bedroom.'

Then he went to the Princess and whispered the same order, but in a more respectful tone.

The Princess stood up, gathering her discarded clothes, looked around proudly and took Amanda by the hand. They went upstairs together followed by the boy. They were no longer a Princess and a mere concubine. They were two beautiful women, thrilled at having been chosen by their Master.

Under the eye of the boy, they both climbed naked into the Prince's huge bed. To Amanda's delight and surprise, nothing was said about crawling up from the bottom, nor were the collar and chain produced.

The page put his fingers to his lips to order silence and the two women lay on opposite sides of the bed, each imagining what was going to happen.

Suddenly, the Prince strode into the room. He glanced at the two now frightened women, flung his clothes at the boy and then, to Amanda's surprise, ordered him from the room. Princess Leisha might put up with a lot of things from her husband but, he knew, having her love-making witnessed by a pageboy was not one of them. Then he threw himself onto the bed, each hand reaching out for one of his favourite women, each of whom was reaching up for him, raising her

body towards him in a gesture of desire ...

It was a satiated and deeply satisfied Amanda who staggered down the stairs the following morning behind her escorting pageboy, Pleasure.

Oh what a night of love it had been! The Prince had repeatedly and alternatively penetrated first the Princess and then herself, raising both of them to a pitch of excitement and then watching them playing with each other and with him as they both reached a series of deeply satisfying climaxes.

Finally the Prince had erupted deep into the Princess, whilst Amanda had licked from below in the way that she had so often been made to when chained down in his bed. But this time, there was no chain and she had found herself enjoying assuming a subservient role.

Now she saw with a strange feeling of pride that, opposite her name on the board, was the figure 1. She was even more proud when she saw Pleasure add after her name the words 'Lent to the Service of the Princess Leisha.'

She expected cross words and scowls from Yunis, but he was all smiles as he helped Pleasure collect her few possessions. He knew that he would soon be collecting a large tip from the Princess, who had effectively bought Amanda from him.

Simultaneously, an equally satiated and satisfied Princess Leisha was being escorted back to her own suite by her personal eunuch, Faithful, who had run a special hot foam bath for his mistress.

Meanwhile an invigorated Prince was lying back in his own hot bath whilst Patience stood waiting with a large towel. He had, he reflected, been quite right: Sky Blue and the Princess Leisha made a very good pair, even if it was rather unorthodox to mix a royal Princess and a white concubine together.

He could imagine what the Princess's family would have to say if they ever heard about it!

It was partly to stifle any such complaints that he had agreed to the Princess's request to have Amanda allocated to her personal service as a maidservant. This would, in any case, heighten his revenge. It would also make his regular visits to the Princess's bed even more interesting - and perhaps more frequent!

Similar thoughts were soon to run through the Princess's brain as she lay in her bath. She was admiring the trim white slim figure of Amanda, dressed in just her scanty blue concubine's harem dress as she stood alongside the black skinned Felicity who was showing her how to hold a large towel in readiness for her Mistress. Through her transparent trousers, the girl's hairless beauty lips and mound gleamed entrancingly, making an exciting contrast to the well trimmed hair that she, as one of the Prince's wives, still retained.

Indeed keeping her Mistress's body hair well trimmed was just one of the many little tasks that Sky Blue would have to learn to do and to do perfectly, in her new role as the Princess's white ladies maid - and personal concubine.

Looking at them both, the Princess toyed with the idea of dressing the girl in the same red baggy trousers and open waistcoat as the eunuch boy. They would after all be doing many of the same tasks. Friends who came to visit her, the wives of other Prince's and Sheikhs, would find it highly amusing to see her two servants both dressed identically, with only the girl's half exposed breasts disclosing her true sex.

But no! Quite apart from giving pleasure to her new Mistress, the other main reason for the English girl being transferred to her own service was to tempt the Prince into visiting her more often. The girl must be kept looking as femininely beautiful and ravishing as possible!

18 - AMANDA GETS HER NEW ORDERS

‘Now, Sky Blue,’ came the incisive voice of the Princess, ‘there are certain rules for you to obey, now that the Prince has agreed that you should become my maid servant. I don’t want last night’s events giving you any ideas above your station.’

‘Oh!’ exclaimed Amanda. It had all been so exciting, but now the harsh reality of being a mere maid servant struck home.

‘Stand up properly! At Attention! I don’t like girls who slouch. Head up! Shoulders back! Hands to your side. Look straight ahead! That’s better. Now just remember in future to stand like that when I send for you - or I’ll have Faithful deal with you, and you know what that means!’

Amanda did indeed. Six strokes of the cane from the Princess’s eunuch!

He was indeed now standing on one side of her. On her other side stood Yunis who had come to hand over responsibility for Amanda to Faithful - and to receive a generous tip from the Princess.

Indeed, the Princess now turned to Yunis and handed him an envelope.

‘Thank you Yunis. You’ve done a good job breaking Sky Blue into harem life. I think you’ll find this more than compensates you for your trouble. Kindly hand over her record book to Faithful.’

Yunis bowed to the Princess and handed a little red book to the other eunuch. Amanda blushed with embarrassment. The book contained, she knew, a record of all her bodily functions, her monthly cycle, her punishments and the dates when she had been sent for by the Prince. Now the Princess’s own personal

eunuch would be responsible for keeping it up to date and showing it to the Princess for her to initial. It was so humiliating!

Yunis left the room. Amanda had now formally left the concubines part of the harem and entered the service of the Princess.

‘For a start you are to continue to wear your sky blue harem dress.’

‘Oh, no!’ wailed Amanda. ‘It’s so humiliating.’

‘Yes, that’s probably one of the reasons why the Prince finds it exciting and arousing. And from now on your sole purpose in life is to excite and arouse the Prince so that the pleasure he gives me is all the greater. I think your English race horse breeders have a word for it - a Teaser, a filly who is used to excite and arouse a stallion before he covers a mare. Well that’s what you are now going to be - my Teaser!’

‘Oh no!’ gasped Amanda, the reality of her new role striking home.

‘Yes, and moreover I shall also use you to excite and arouse me before the Prince arrives - so that I am ready for him.’

‘Oh!’ was all that Amanda could now say.

‘And if you don’t carry out these two tasks with enthusiasm and dedication Faithful’s cane will be waiting for you. Won’t it, Faithful?’

The whites of the youth’s eyes gleamed. His English was not very good, but he had understood the gist of what was being said and especially the word Cane. He nodded eagerly, gripping his long whippy cane, the badge of his office. It would indeed be a pleasure to beat this lovely Englishwoman.

‘Twenty strokes! And if I tire of your attentions, then I shall have you sent back to the concubines’ quarters in disgrace.’

‘No, no, Your Highness!’ sobbed Amanda, realising that this would mean that she would no longer be frequently seeing the Prince, the man she loved. She would do anything for that. And, anyway, twenty strokes! My God!

‘No Mistress, I’ll do as you say.’

‘And a good Teaser for the Prince?’

‘Yes,’ sobbed Amanda.

‘And a nice loving little girl friend for me?’

Scared stiff, Amanda nodded eagerly.

‘Now the second rule is that you will be under the orders of Faithful, as my personal eunuch. You will call him Sir and treat him with the same respect that you learnt to treat your trainer in the concubine’s quarters. I have told him that he may punish you with up to three strokes a day for any sign of laziness, or dumb insolence. Understand?’

‘Yes,’ murmured Amanda feeling utterly crushed.

‘Speak up!’ screamed the Princess. ‘I’m not going to have you muttering to yourself!’

‘Yes, Your Highness,’ Amanda almost shouted.

‘That’s better! Faithful will be responsible for ensuring that you keep yourself pure and don’t try and misbehave. He’s been told to tell me if he even suspects that you have been trying to be naughty. You’re going to concentrate on keeping yourself pure for me - and for the Prince. So don’t think that being taken out of the concubines’ quarters means that you’ll be able to start playing with yourself. Do you know what we do in this part of the world with girls who misbehave?’

Amanda shook her head.

‘They have their little beauty buds snipped off, so that they can’t give themselves any pleasure! You wouldn’t like that, Sky Blue, would you?’

Horried, Amanda fell on her knees in front of the Princess and, clasping her round the ankles, abjectly looked up at her beseechingly.

‘Oh, no, please don’t ever do that to me, please!’

‘Then just make sure that Faithful doesn’t ever catch you at it behind my back! And he will also be responsible for keeping your monthly cycle recorded in the book that Yunis handed over to him, together with your daily weight - I’m not going to have you tucking into food at my expense and becoming a fat slob! He’ll decide what you will be given to eat each day.

‘And I’ll have him thrash the living daylight out of you if I ever find you trying to look out of my secret little window that looks down into the male part of the Prince’s palace, or if I ever catch you reading one of my novels or looking at my television set. Just remember that you are not allowed to see, hear or read about other men!’

Amanda’s heart fell.

‘And as for your duties, you will sleep on the floor in my bedroom, ready to come and please me if I snap my fingers at any time of the night, or to please the Prince if he stays the night with me. You will accompany me to the bathroom and the loo - and the Prince, too, if he is present.’

The Prince! Amanda’s heart leapt. She would adore to perform the most intimate task for him! She must be a masochist. Certainly she was happier now than ever before. Being in the complete power of the strong minded Prince and of his equally strong minded second wife seemed to satisfy some deep seated need.

“Do you know, you little slut, what we do in this part of the world with slavegirls who play with themselves, or each other, behind their Mistress’s or Master’s back?” screamed the Princess. “They have their little beauty buds snipped off so that they can’t give themselves any pleasure.”

“Oh, no, please don’t ever do that to me!” beseeched Amanda.

“Very well, but only if, as my maid, when the Prince visits me, you first excite and arouse me ready for the Prince - and then him, too, so that my pleasure is all the greater. Meanwhile, you will be given ten strokes of the cane by my personal black eunuch, Faithful. You can see how he is looking forward to beating an arrogant young Englishwoman.”



19 - THE PRINCE AND HIS VISITORS

ENJOY A LITTLE LIGHT SUSTENANCE

It was several days after the party and the Prince was about to start his regular Majlis which he held in the cool of the evening. He went over to a low sofa surrounded by several other similar ones and sat down. He rang a bell and his page boys began to usher in half a dozen grave faced, bearded men, dressed in long white immaculate robes and head-dresses, just like the Prince himself.

They greeted the Prince with respect and waited until he graciously gestured to them to sit down on other sofas, keeping the spare seat on his own sofa free. After some minutes of general conversation, the Prince beckoned one of his visitors to come and join him on his sofa and explain his request or complaint.

The Majlis had commenced in the age-old Arab way.

Whilst the other men chatted discreetly to each other, the Prince and the Arab sitting on his sofa would join in quiet earnest conversation whilst the Prince's male secretary, standing behind him, took notes of any required action.

The Secretary would discreetly cough when each man's time was up and he would rise and bow to the Prince. The Secretary would then discreetly beckon another of the men to come and join the Prince on his sofa.

Often, in exchange for the Prince's support, a favourite daughter might be offered for his harem. It was a useful and traditional way of binding a man to his service. For the family of the girl, it would be a great honour and something the father would boast about to his friends.

Few such offers would be accepted.

First, one of the Prince's eunuchs would make a discreet visit to see the girl. He would then report back to the Princess Naima.

If the report was favourable, then she herself would go and see the girl, to judge if she was sufficiently beautiful and intelligent to attract the Prince and sufficiently docile to fit into harem life as a concubine, or if high spirited, which the Prince liked, whether she would eventually settle down to the discipline imposed by the eunuchs.

Usually the girl had no idea that her father had offered her to the Prince. Often she herself might have her eye on a young man of her own age, or being well educated had set her heart on taking up one of the few careers open to a woman in the Arab world: perhaps teaching or nursing.

However, none of this was judged to be an impediment to her entering the Prince's harem. As a woman her views were of no account by comparison to the great honour that would accrue to her family - and the Prince would enjoy her all the more.

The page boys periodically offered tiny fresh cups of Turkish coffee, murmuring in their high pitched falsetto voices. They played a key part in the discreet, but impressive, display of power and wealth.

But there was more to come.

Traditionally a Bedouin tribal chieftain would, at the end of his Majlis, offer his visitors milk from his prize camels. But camel milk, whilst still being highly appreciated, was rarely served in these days of large limousines and private aircraft.

After his last private conversation was over, the Prince nodded to his Secretary who left the room. Conversa-

tion became more general and the Prince gestured to one of the page boys.

Silently, the pretty youth went to a curious looking large wooden cabinet, standing to one side against the wall on the other side of which was the harem.

The Prince's visitors were too well mannered to turn and watch and instead carried on talking.

The cabinet had had a false front added, with several beautiful carved doors and slides. It had been strengthened with ornamental iron bars on the front and sides as if to prevent anything from trying to break out of the cabinet.

On each of the sides of the cabinet was a small lattice-work grille, as if intended to provide air and ventilation.

The eunuch boy unlocked two little doors half way down the front of the cabinet and opened them, revealing a small almost open space with, at the back, the original plain front to the cabinet.

Two little silver cups hung down on chains from the top of the small open space.

It was the original front of the cabinet, at the back of the open space, that would have caught the eye of one of the visitors if he had bothered to turn his head. But he would not have been surprised, for the Prince's wealth and hospitality were legendary - as were the number of his women.

There, just above the two little hanging silver cups and thrust through two circles in the wood at the back of the otherwise space, were two breasts, surmounted by a prominent dark red nipple!

Only a regular small rise and fall of the quivering breasts showed that the breasts were not plastic or cleverly carved ivory, but belonged to a living woman.

Above and below the two holes, through which the breasts were thrust, were two strong looking brass buckles. These were attached to soft leather straps which passed through the back of the open space.

The upper strap was obviously designed to go round the neck of the woman hidden behind the solid wood at the back of the open space and the other round her waist, both combining to hold her upper body pressed

tight up against the holes.

A faint moan came from the upper part of the cabinet as the page boy began to stroke the nipples to bring on the milk. Soon they were firmly erect.

The Prince's visitors were, of course, too well mannered to show that they had heard a female trying to cry out. Arab men did not discuss or pay any attention to each other's women. What a man did with his women in the privacy of his home was his business, no matter how he might be envied for the number of his women, or admired for the strict discipline he maintained. The visitors simply carried on their discussions as if nothing had happened.

The page boy closed the upper doors of the cabinet, shutting the two breasts off from view.

He pulled out a little stool and sat down in front of the strange cabinet. He slid back a small shutter in the cabinet, a foot or so below the open space containing a woman's breasts.

This disclosed another small open space. Lying on the wooden bottom of this space was long soft ostrich feather.

At the wooden back of the space, covering another hole cut in the real front of the cabinet, was a curtain.

The page boy reached into this second open space and gently pulled back the little curtain.

Again the visitors would not have been surprised to see that on display was a hairless female mound surmounting two pretty beauty lips, beautifully decorated in henna and outlined in black kohl.

Below the curtain on either side of the wooden back to the space were two solid looking brass buckles, each also attached to soft leather straps, like the ones above and below the exposed breasts, higher up in the cabinet.

This time the straps were clearly intended to keep a hidden woman's thighs closely pressed against the front of the cabinet as, still mainly hidden, she knelt up against it.

The effect was to hold her steady with her beauty lips well and truly exposed.

Unseen at the back of the cabinet was a large door which opened into the harem where it was locked.

Every evening, before the start of the Majlis, the eunuchs would thrust a folded handkerchief into the mouth of a woman in a suitable state and then seal her mouth tightly shut with a wide strip of sticking plaster.

Now very effectively gagged, she was made to climb up into the cabinet and then kneel down with her legs apart, facing the false front of the cabinet with her breast pushed through the cut away holes. The straps would then be fastened and her hands would be tied behind her neck so that with her elbows kept back by the false front of the cabinet, her breasts and beauty lips were thrust forward.

The bars across the false front and sides of the cabinet were to prevent this ingenious piece of furniture being used as a way of escaping from the harem.

The eunuch boy now picked up the ostrich feather. Carefully parting the exposed hairless beauty lips he slowly drew the feather several times through the lips. After a time he was rewarded by the sight of the white lower belly beginning to quiver with induced excitement.

He then put down the moist feather and, parting the beauty lips with one hand, with the middle finger of the other he found the beauty bud. It was nicely swollen!

The experienced page boy now judged that the woman would let down her milk easily. Taking his hands away he closed the little curtain at the back of the space, then closed the shutter at the front of the cabinet.

It had all been delicately and fastidiously done - this parody of the way in the old days a difficult she-camel was induced to let down her milk.

Now the page boy stood up again and re-opened the two little doors. The two breasts seemed to be even more swollen and the nipples even more prominently erect.

He unhooked one silver cup and expertly squeezed milk from one breast into it. As he increased the pressure, so the milk began to jet into it.

When the cup was full, he turned, went over to the Prince and offered it to him. The Prince with a courteous gesture told him to offer it first to his guests, each of whom took a sip of the deliciously sweet liquid.

One of them complimented the Prince on his substitute for camel's milk - a compliment which the Prince acknowledged with a proud smile. Both of them knew exactly from where the milk had come, but both were too polite to mention it.

Then the page boy went back and filled the silver cup from the other breast. This time the Prince himself took a sip. Indeed it was delicious. He must remember to see for himself which of his women was the source.

Twice more the boy went back and refilled the cups. By now the breasts were empty and, hanging up the cups again, he closed the small twin doors of the cabinet.

It was the signal for the end of the Majlis.

The visitors rose and bowed to the Prince and were ushered out, each well satisfied with the way that he had been received and listened to by the popular Prince - even if he had not quite got all that he wanted. Each felt highly complimented by having been offered milk from the Prince's very private harem. It would indeed be something to talk about in future!

The Prince walked over to the cabinet.

He opened the twin doors. The shape of the quivering breasts seemed faintly familiar, but he wasn't sure.

He switched on a light switch at the side of the cabinet and then slid open another shutter on its front - this time several inches higher than the twin doors.

There blinking in the sudden blindingly bright light shining in her eyes, which prevented her from seeing the Prince standing outside the cabinet, was the very prettily made up face of Scarlet.

Surprised, the Prince remembered that he had asked the Princess Naima to arrange to have Scarlet's milk brought on early. The miracles of modern medicine! Even Scarlet herself had not known the purpose of the pills that her trainer had made her take.

She had, it was true, felt her breasts become increasingly heavy but she had thought that this was merely

part of her pregnancy.

Smiling, the Prince switched off the bright light and slid the shutter closed. Yes, Scarlet had proved a very good milk slave. He would send for her more often

- for his own use.

His thoughts returned to Amanda. How amusing it would be to have her in the cabinet. The milk of his tormenter offered to his Majlis!

20 - AMANDA IS JUDGED TO BE READY

The Princess had kept Amanda run off her feet for some time now, fetching and carrying, ironing her many clothes, attending on her when she went to the bath, to the loo or to the harem swimming pool and sleeping on the floor of her bedroom at night and during her siesta.

Several times each night, as well as during her siesta, Amanda would be awoken by a sudden flick of her Mistress's fingers. That would be the signal for her to crawl to the foot of her bed, gently lift up the covers and carefully insinuate her way up between the Princess's legs, just as she had earlier been made to do in the Prince's bed and apply her tongue and fingers to her Mistress's pleasure.

The Prince, during his afternoon siestas had often summoned his page boys to lift up the bottom of the bed clothes and apply their swagger sticks to her now exposed bare bottom to drive her to greater efforts. Now, during her siestas, the Princess would call upon her young eunuch, Faithful, in the same way.

The Princess's nipples were still almost virginally small and she felt that as a contrast it would be amusing, for the Prince, for Amanda's to be drawn out again and made yet more prominent. The Princess therefore carefully supervised Faithful, as several times a day, having tied Amanda's hands behind her back so that she could not interfere, he fastened two little spring grips onto Amanda's nipples.

Then, for some ten minutes he would gently pull and pull on them, whilst poor Amanda clenched her teeth and tried not to cry out in protest. Then to prevent the now enlarged nipples from becoming small again, he would oil them and bind them with cotton twine.

The Princess was also the secret possessor of some-

thing that was strictly forbidden in the harem: a modern vibrator. She taught Amanda how to use it to raise her Mistress to even greater heights of lust and excitement, whilst swearing her to secrecy.

As Faithful stood over Amanda, his cane ready, not only did she have to learn to keep the vibrator moving over her Mistress's most sensitive parts, but also to hold it in her own mouth and move it in and out buried deep inside the Princess's beauty lips. She was thus able to give the Princess further pleasure with her hands - either on her nipples or her beauty bud.

As well as this double physical satisfaction, the Princess also had the occasional additional pleasure of feeling the girl's mouth against her beauty lips every time she gently thrust the little vibrator in again.

Then one day the Princess told Amanda that she was to attend on her when she came to the balcony of her apartment when the Prince carried out his daily mid-day inspection of his women. This would be the signal to the Prince that Sky Blue was now sufficiently trained and disciplined.

Amanda had to dress the Princess in a lovely and exciting dress in orange organza that had just arrived from Paris. It showed off to perfection her long legs, her small waist and her voluptuous bosom.

She herself, half naked in her simple harem dress, her humiliatingly enlarged nipples thrusting the edges of her bolero apart, made a perfect foil for the Princess as she stepped onto her balcony.

Standing humbly behind her Mistress, Amanda discreetly surveyed a scene that previously she had only seen from below. She now saw that the Prince's balcony with its trellis-work screen on the front, allow-

ing him to look down into the harem without being seen, was in fact open at the sides so that he could be seen by his wives, each standing proudly in her own adjoining balcony.

Amanda suddenly caught her breath, for just then the Prince, as always looking unbelievably slim, virile and handsome, stepped onto his balcony.

Still hidden from his odalisques and concubines by the trellis screen, he ceremoniously bowed to his first wife, standing in her balcony to the right.

Then he turned to his second wife standing, for the first time for several days, in her balcony to the left of his. Her presence was a clear signal of her availability and his eyes gleamed as he took in the gorgeous figure of the Princess, who was making a little Eastern gesture of obeisance with the palms of her hands pressed together just beneath her lowered brow.

His eyes gleamed further as he saw her half naked figure, partly dressed in blue, standing discreetly behind, her distinctive long blonde hair half covering her bowed face as she too made the same gesture of obeisance.

The Prince turned to survey his odalisques, the mothers of his sons, as each prettily displayed herself in a variety of beautiful caftans on their much smaller balconies.

Amanda saw the Princess gasp jealously as the Prince pointed out one of the odalisques to his pageboys, one of whom made a note on a little pad he carried.

Then the pageboys stepped to the side of the Prince's balcony and clapped their hands. It was the start of the ceremony that Amanda remembered so well with a mixture of shame and excitement. She saw Mauve look up at her with an amused look. Had she noticed her newly enlarged nipples?

She saw that the eunuch on duty was her former trainer, Yunis. He now had several large rings on his fingers.

In obedience to the crack of Yunis's whip, the girls clasped their hands behind the necks, pulling back their open boleros and displaying their naked breasts.

The whip cracked again and the girls fell kneeling with their heads to the marble floor and called out in

unison their love for their Master.

The whip cracked again, this time repeatedly and the girls started to prance round the room, clasping their hands behind their necks, their well displayed breasts bouncing prettily in time and their knees rising high in the air.

Scarcely had the Princess, still accompanied by Amanda, returned to her apartment when there was a knock on the door. Faithful opened it. There stood one of the Prince's pageboys. He handed Faithful a letter, whispered something with a smile and left.

Excitedly, as if expecting it, the Princess snatched the letter and opened it.

'He's coming! After his dinner tomorrow night! He's spending tonight with that odalisque, the one he pointed out to his pageboy, damn her! But to be in good form for me, he's cancelling tomorrow's harem inspection parade and will not be taking any concubines to bed for his siesta in the afternoon - just one of the milk girls, Scarlet, for a little light refreshment. Oh, how lovely!'

Amanda found herself becoming as excited as the Princess.

'And he's sending me some of his supper tonight,' added the Princess proudly. Local custom decreed that a man did not eat with his women. Moreover for him and his male guests, the cooks provided delicious food, whereas the women in the harem, even wives, were largely kept on fruit and yoghurt. Not only was it much cheaper but the Prince liked his women to be slender.

So the despatch to a particular woman of a little food from the Prince's plate was not only a great honour, but also a special treat.

Amanda could not help licking her lips. How she longed to taste real food again! But she knew that it would never occur to the Princess to share with her.

'Now listen, Sky Blue, if you collaborate fully with me in making this a night for the Prince to remember and if he goes away swearing to return again shortly, then the next day I'll allow you to reach a climax. But if he is disappointed, then it will be twenty strokes of Faithful's cane!'

21 - THE TEASER

When the Prince, immaculately dressed as ever in white robes, was ushered into the Princess's apartments the following evening, he was obsequiously welcomed at the doorstep by a bowing Amanda whose harem dress was even more erotic than ever.

Amanda felt overwhelmed. The anticipation and build up had driven both women almost mad with excitement. Oh how she had been longing for this moment!

Her little cap, her bolero and her tinkling shoes were unchanged, but her sky blue trousers had been completely cut away in front, displaying beauty lips that had been carefully painted blue. From the edges of her bolero peeked blue nipples.

Then when she turned, she showed that her trousers had also been cut away over the cheeks of her pert little bottom, displaying the clear red marks of three separate and recent strokes of the cane. She felt ashamed at the contrast between her own revealing dress and this gorgeously robed man. And yet she also felt wildly excited in the presence of the man she adored, the only man she had seen for so long.

The Prince appeared to ignore Amanda, but in reality he had taken everything about her in. It was a sight that, combined with her beautifully brushed honey coloured hair, made the Prince feel instantly aroused. Amanda's role as her Mistress's teaser had indeed started!

Not daring to say a word, she ushered the Prince into the Princess's drawing room.

The Princess was dressed in a severe long black evening dress that only hinted at the delights of her body. Under it, Amanda knew, she wore just a black satin

waspie corselet that left her breasts and beauty lips bare.

Her eyes sparkled and she exuded a sense of sensuousness - brought on not only by anticipation of her tryst with the Prince, but also by Amanda's now well-trained tongue. When the Prince had knocked on the door, she had been standing with her feet apart, whilst Amanda had been kneeling under her billowing skirt, her mouth clamped to the imperious Princess's beauty lips and her naked little bottom protruding prettily from beneath the Princess's dress.

Standing behind Amanda had been the grinning figure of Faithful, his long whippy cane raised, ready to be applied to Amanda's soft cheeks whenever the Princess, with a wave of her fingers, indicated that Amanda's tongue was tiring.

It was a scene that had lasted for a little time, before being interrupted by the knocking on the door. The three stripes now showing on Amanda's little bottom had been inflicted during it.

Although the Princess had been careful not to reach a climax she was now thoroughly aroused. As the Prince's eunuch attendants knocked on the door she just had time to remind Amanda that she was merely a teaser, not permitted to climax herself ...

Faithful discreetly left the room and Amanda stood silently in the corner, head raised, hands clasped behind her neck and eyes fixed on the wall in front of her, whilst the Prince and Princess greeted each other affectionately. How she, too, longed to be greeted affectionately by the Prince. She could hear them kissing. The Princess was determined not to waste time in idle talk. If only, thought Amanda, if only ...

A snap of the Princess's fingers woke her out of reverie.

The Prince and Princess were now sitting down happily alongside one another on a sofa. Hastily Amanda picked up a plate of caviar and biscuits and took them across to the sofa.

As she did so she was acutely aware of her exposed and painted beauty lips. Then in accordance with Arab custom, she offered the plate first to the Prince and then to the Princess.

Then, as she had been carefully rehearsed to do, she returned with a little cushion in her hand. She placed it at the feet of the seated Prince, who was busily flirting with the Princess.

She knelt down on the cushion and lifted up the Prince's robe slightly and pulled it over her head. She recognised his masculine smell. Oh how she adored him! For a moment she hesitated, but if she did not please the Prince, then the Princess would indeed have her thrashed to within an inch of her life.

She raised her head and hands under the Prince's robe and found his manhood. It was already erect. She lowered her mouth in a servile gesture and, also exciting the Prince with her hands, began to suck.

Soon she heard the sound of the Princess's silken dress being slipped down over her shoulders... Of course she was jealous, but what could she do? It was still quite early in the game that she had rehearsed with the Princess.

She felt the hand of the Princess gripping the Prince's manhood through his robe.

'Darling,' she heard her say, speaking in English, 'the girl doesn't seem to be very good. Perhaps I ought to punish her?'

Fearful of what was now to happen and yet, despite herself, madly excited at the prospect of it, Amanda withdrew from under the Prince's robe and stood up facing him.

Once again her hands were clasped behind her neck and her eyes fixed on the wall behind the sofa. Her belly was level with the Prince's eyes.

She could hardly restrain herself as she felt the Prince's hands touch her henna decorated mound. Then he

reached up and felt her enlarged nipples. How suitable she would be, he was thinking, in the milking cabinet - and carrying a large black child would firm up her breasts splendidly!

'Kneel!' ordered the Princess. 'Head to the floor! Buttocks up!'

She was now kneeling sideways onto the Prince. She heard the Princess hand him a little dog whip.

'Beat her!' she urged.

Amanda screamed as the whip caught her across the lower cheeks.

She heard a rustle as the Princess again reached to feel the Prince's manhood through his robe.

'That's better!' she heard her say. 'Now beat her properly! Get up, girl and bend over that chair!'

With a sob, Amanda jumped up and ran over to the chair. She bent over one of the arms as they followed her slowly across the room. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that the Prince was still gripping the dog whip.

'Up on your toes!' ordered the Prince.

Three times the whip came down and three times Amanda screamed in genuine pain.

'Now let's see if she's any better,' said the Princess.

As the Prince stood proudly over her, Amanda knelt at his feet and put her head under his robe once more. Yes, his manhood was even more erect! She resumed her duties. She heard the Princess come up to the Prince and kiss him passionately. They both ignored the girl hidden under his robes. She had served her purpose!

'Oh, darling! You're so strong!' murmured the Princess. 'Come to bed ...'

Half an hour later, Amanda, now naked, was kneeling behind the equally naked Prince, who in turn was kneeling between the outstretched legs of the Princess who was lying on a couple of bolsters.

Once again Amanda's tongue was active - giving intense extra pleasure to the man she loved whilst he enjoyed her Mistress who was moaning with the pleasure of feeling him inside her.

She had to grip her Master's muscular thighs to keep her tongue in place as he thrust in and out.

She kept asking herself why she was demeaning herself in this way, whilst getting no physical pleasure herself. It was not only fear of the whip, though her Mistress's threats were never far from her thoughts. No, there was, she knew, another reason. She really enjoyed contributing to the overall pleasure her Master was receiving. Such a situation might perhaps be inconceivable in the West, but she was in the East - and shut up in the highly sensual and artificial atmosphere of a large harem.

Earlier on, as her Master lay on his side facing the Princess, she had, as she had been taught to do, reached round to squeeze alternatively his and her nipples, giving them both intense pleasure. Then as they had played and aroused each other further, she had dropped down in the bed, to apply her tongue to where it was now rooted.

Then the Princess had encouraged him to turn towards Amanda, to arouse himself by holding her enlarged nipples and playing with her beauty lips.

Then, excited beyond all bounds, she had felt his manhood pressing against her beauty lips. Amanda was now at the very pinnacle of excitement. Eagerly she had found herself parting her legs for her Master.

Then suddenly she had been brought down to earth by a warning cough from the Princess. Aghast at the extent to which she had allowed herself to be carried away, she remembered the Princess's warning. Hastily she had slid away from the Prince who had turned back to the welcoming soft arms of the now rested Princess.

Finally, when her tongue felt utterly exhausted she felt the Prince reach his climax. She felt his manhood jetting into her Mistress, an action that triggered the Princess's own violent climax.

'Lick us clean!' the Princess called out after she came

to her senses again. 'Both of us!'

Starting with the Prince she did just that - finding a strange mental pleasure in humbling herself before him and then before her.

It was a scene that was repeated in the early hours of the night ...

It was not until next morning, long after the Prince had left them, that the Princess remembered her promise.

'Very well, Sky Blue, you may now play with yourself.' Still lying in bed, she tossed the little vibrator to Amanda who stood by the side of the bed in her abbreviated harem dress, looking groomed and ready to help her Mistress with her bath.

'Go on, girl, excite yourself!' the Princess ordered. 'And don't pretend you don't know how to.'

'No, please Your Highness, not, not ...' Amanda stammered embarrassed beyond belief.

'Not what, girl? You just do as you're told - or I'll call in Faithful to do it to you. Go on! I want to watch it!'

Shamefacedly Amanda picked up the vibrator. She turned it on and slowly placed it between her legs. Soon she felt it achieving its inevitable result. The Princess's eyes gleamed and her hand slipped below the bedclothes.

'Go on!' she called out hoarsely. 'I want to see you wriggle! And stand up properly while you do it. Head up and eyes fixed straight ahead.'

Amanda was soon indeed wriggling wildly. She tried to think of the Prince, that the vibrator was his hand, his manhood.

Kept frustrated ever since she had been tricked into the harem, she was soon ready.

With a sudden shriek of excitement and shame she collapsed onto the floor, whilst the Princess also reached yet another climax.

22 - A SHOCK FOR AMANDA

It was whilst the Prince was away on one of his trips that the Princess disclosed a plan that really horrified Amanda and made her desperate to get away from the harem, even though it meant leaving her beloved Prince.

‘His Highness wants you in milk,’ the Princess said casually, as if it were a minor matter. ‘He plans to have you covered by one of his black servants when he gets back.’

Now Amanda stood in the cool of the evening by the side of the swimming pool in which Princess Leisha was enjoying a cooling swim.

She looked across the harem garden and down into the dip which permitted a glimpse over the wall of the calm sea that was lit up by sunset, dark red but brilliant - the sunset of the desert.

At the bottom of the garden, near the sea, there was a wall with an electrified fence, so that even if by some miracle a woman did manage to get out of the harem she still could not get out of the palace grounds - and anyway even if she did where would she go?

The port and airport of Shamur were closely controlled. No woman was ever allowed to leave the country without her husband or father’s written permission and a passport. No foreign embassy would ever dare risk having oil supplies to their parent country cut off by shielding a runaway concubine from a royal harem. No foreign company would risk its very

profitable local operations closed down.

Suddenly a slight dark figure, probably one of the Arab serving women, appeared from nowhere. Without a word she thrust a tiny piece of paper into Amanda’s hand and ran off into the gathering darkness that surrounded the pool.

There was writing on the paper. It must be something secret, but there was nowhere to hide it in her scanty harem dress.

The Princess was still swimming up and down the well lit pool. Amanda screwed the piece of paper up in her hand and then, walking slowly and nonchalantly, went towards one of the harem garden lanterns.

No one seemed to be looking at her, not even the ubiquitous black eunuchs. She smoothed the paper and glanced down. She gasped at what was written in a strange handwriting:

Dear miss amanda aston

If you ever want to be free again, be by the third lantern in the garden on the left of the swimming pool as soon as it is dark tomorrow night. Don’t tell anyone. Just do as you are told. Meanwhile destroy this note

A friend

“Oh. by the way, Sky Blue,” Princess Leisha casually called out from the pool, “His Highness wants you in milk. He plans to have you covered, in front of him, by one of his black servants. when he gets back. But you’ll be blindfolded so that you can’t see your black lover-boy. But he’s got a record of throwing twins - and so won’t that be exciting for you!”

“Oh, my God, no!” cried Amanda, shivering with fright at the very thought. She looked at the high wall surrounding the harem garden and at its electrified fence and, then, at the gilded bars and guarded gates that confined the concubines to the bottom of the harem atrium.

How could she escape from her cruel Master and avoid her terrible fate?



23 - ESCAPE?

Each passing hour seemed to last for ever. Was she really going to escape? But how? And which of her friends had organised it? And how had they discovered where she was?

Amanda was now terrified lest the Princess might at the last moment tell Faithful to give her some task that would prevent her from attending on her when she took her evening swim - or that she might change her mind and not swim that evening.

And might it all be a trap? Her thoughts became more and more agitated as the evening began.

Trying to look normal, she ran along behind the Princess to the now deserted swimming pool. Her heart was beating fast under her open bolero as she helped the Princess to undress.

It was already beginning to get dark as the Princess started to swim vigorously up and down. The pool was now lit up by bright lights, whilst the garden was only partly lit by colourful lanterns.

Soon the trees and shrubs were looking indistinct. The quick twilight of the tropics was over. Amanda sauntered over to the third lantern on the left.

She saw a Negress come down a path, sweeping away the leaves.

Suddenly all the lights went out. Amanda's heart leapt. Power cuts were almost unknown in the palace.

Her arm was suddenly gripped. She almost jumped out her skin. It was the woman who had been sweeping. Without a word, she pulled Amanda at a run across the lawn, down the garden, down towards the harem garden wall, down towards the sea. As she ran, Amanda heard the Princess calling her from the

swimming pool and ran even faster.

Vaguely she made out a small heavily barred door in the wall that she had never noticed before. It must be the one used by the gardeners when they came to do the garden in the early morning before the women awoke.

The Negress knocked on the door. A peculiar knock. The door opened gently and softly. The woman pushed Amanda through the doorway and then quickly closed it behind her.

For a moment Amanda thought she was alone. Then she heard the noise of keys in locks. A man's figure loomed up out of the darkness and, again without a word, gripped her arm.

He ran with her along a little path by the sea. She was out of breath, but he kept pulling her along. He pointed up at the watch towers on the palace wall and at the lights that normally lit up the approaches to the wall. Clearly he was saying that if the lights came on whilst they were still there, then they would be seen.

He hustled her across a piece of wasteland. Soon she made out a car. She could hear its engine running, but it showed no lights. A door was opened and she was pushed in. The car drove off.

Not until the car was well clear did the driver switch on the headlights. As he did so she saw other lights coming on again. The power failure had been corrected. Clearly it had been artificially induced for her escape.

The car drove fast, away from the town, away from the palace, away from the sea and out into the desert. After ten minutes they stopped. The door was opened and a man flung a long all-enveloping black tcherchaf

over her. She now looked just like any Arab woman. She was led out. The tcherchaf was adjusted over her. She could see through a small lace grille in front of her eyes.

She was led across the sand. In the darkness she heard the car driving off.

Suddenly she saw the outline of a helicopter ...

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