THE THOUSAND AND SECOND TALE OF SCHEHERAZADE REVISITED

A Revisiting of Classic Tales From Antiquity
From a Female Dominant Perspective

By
Sandrine Bessancort

An SFPG Publication

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Introduction

Looking back to my time as a little girl, growing up in a tiny village in the foothills leading to the Mont St Victoire, I realise that the darkness keeping me such imaginative company in the present was no less vibrant in my unformed past; a *darkness*, I firmly believe, brought about by the advanced reading age that led me (when I could access them at such an age) to those titles of a more adult nature.

Not pornographic, I hasten to add as, without being judgmental, such material is of little or no interest to me.

No, my adolescent interest was piqued by titles from writers as diverse as Dumas and Hugo to Rachilde and Pierre Louys; each of whom could be guaranteed – if only in miniature in the case of the former duo – to populate their tales with a strong female character – characters such as "Milady" in the case of Dumas Pere and his Three Musketeers, together with La Marquise de Sade from the pen of the precocious Rachilde.

Thus was my interest in reading stories with a strong commanding heroine born and, those stories being few and far between, my re-imagining of many such tales from a female-led, so to speak, perspective. A tinkering for my own pleasure that has led to the pleasure of friends (yes, I do have them and this darkness I give air to is but a necessary correlative to the decency I find imperative in my day-to-day life) and, now, and hopefully, to the pleasure of a wider range of readers with a passion for stories of strong, commanding and dominating, women who enjoy nothing more than to rule the lives of those men who fall into their toils.

Hence my revisiting of these classic tales from the masters of antiquity.

When we domesticate the imagination we lose the joy of life.

But, sometimes, our more private thoughts should *not* be acted upon and should remain either written or perceived.

But *always* as *imagination.*

Sandrine Bessancort
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I

Having had occasion in the course of some Oriental investigations, to consult the Tellmenow Isitsoornot, a very remarkable work, I was not a little astonished to discover that the literary world has hitherto been strangely in error respecting the story of the king and the vizier's daughter, Scheherazade, as is depicted in the "Arabian Nights"; and that the progress and denouement there given, if not *altogether* inaccurate, as far as it goes, is at least to be criticised not just for those large parts that are inaccurate but for not having taken the story to the conclusion designed for the express purpose of supplying it a greater resonance.

For full information on this interesting topic, I must refer the inquisitive reader to the "Isitsoornot" itself, a work which (like the Zohar of Simeon Jochaides) is scarcely known at all, even in Europe; and which has never been quoted, to my knowledge, by any American—if we except, perhaps, the author of the "Curiosities of American Literature".

But, as is my way I am told, I digress and will now press on in the hope of not taxing either good humour or patience.

It will be remembered, that, in the usual version of the Scheherazade tales, a certain monarch with good cause to be jealous of his queen, not only puts her to death, but makes a vow, by his beard and the prophet himself, to marry and de-flower the most beautiful maiden in his dominions, and the next morning to deliver her up to the executioner if he should tire of her.

A duration of one-thousand–and-one-nights being the exact time a wife must keep the good monarch’s interest before his most solemn vow can be relaxed in her regard and she might sleep secure in the marital bed with no fear of the morrow.

Having fulfilled this vow for many years to the letter, and with a religious punctuality and method that conferred great credit upon him as a man of devout feeling and excellent sense, he was interrupted one afternoon (no doubt at his prayers) by a visit from his grand vizier, to whose daughter, it appeared, there had occurred an idea.

Her name was Scheherazade, and her idea was, that she would either redeem the land from the depopulating tax upon its beauty, or perish, after the approved fashion of all heroines, in the attempt.

She was not, you will have surmised, the first of her sex to attempt the task but was made no less bold by knowledge of these failures and the full-stop signifying their end.

Accordingly, and although we do not find it to be leap-year (which, of course, would make the sacrifice more meritorious), she deputed her father, the grand vizier, to make an offer to the king of her hand.

This hand the king eagerly accepted - he had intended to take it at all events, and has put off the matter from day to day only from fear of the vizier - but, in accepting it now, he gives all parties very distinctly to understand, that, grand vizier or no grand vizier, he has not the slightest design of giving up one iota of his vow or of his privileges.

When, therefore, the fair Scheherazade insists upon marrying the king - and does actually marry him despite her father's excellent advice not to do anything of the kind - those beautiful black eyes were as thoroughly open and all-seeing as the nature of the case and its principals would allow.

For Scheherazade's confidence in her ability to dissuade the king from the single-minded cause that had been shaped by his own jealously of his former queen and given the dimensions of a religious crusade was unshakable.

So unshakable that not even the admonitions of the vizier – the most feared since written word was kept of such beings - could prevent her from entering into a union with the king her father assured her even he, for all his power, would be impotent to prevent ending in her demise.

But this strong-willed and politic damsel (who had been reading Machiavelli, beyond doubt), had a very ingenious little plot in her mind.

On the night of the wedding, she contrived, upon I forget what specious pretence guaranteed to ensure the king acceded to such an intrusive demand, to have her sister occupy a couch sufficiently near that of the royal pair to admit of easy conversation from bed to bed; and, a little before cock-crowing, she took care to raise her voice that it would awaken the good monarch, her husband - who bore her none the worse will because he intended to wring her neck on the morrow and on account of a capital conscience and an easy digestion, slept well – and prompting his profound interest in a story (about a cheating husband and the wife who intended to cure him, if not of his predilection for others of her sex, then his avenues of opportunity in their regard) which she was narrating (all in an undertone, of course) to her sister.

It was a long, *exceedingly long*, story and, when the day broke, it so happened that this history was not altogether finished and that Scheherazade, in the nature of things, could not finish it just then, since it was high time for her to get up and be bowstrung—a thing very little more pleasant than hanging, only a trifle more genteel.

The king's curiosity, however, prevailing, I am sorry to say, even over his sound religious principles (born of self-interest and vanity piqued as they were), induced him for this once to postpone the fulfilment of his vow until next morning. Solely for the purpose and with the hope of hearing that night how it fared in the end with the poor husband who wished nothing more than to experience women whose delights were of a fresher variety to him than the shrill and nagging hag attempting to prevent his righteous pleasures and his dalliance with the latest filly to have taken his libidinous eye.

The night having arrived, however, the lady Scheherazade not only put the finishing stroke to the filly du jour (the latest insurgent into the married life of the wife – a wife the king, unjustly and without evidence, pictured as a hag - was, as most loose women were, fair of both hair and complexion) but before she well knew what she was about, found herself deep in the intricacies of a narration on the subject of the husband's latest fixation.

It was a narration that made reference to yet another filly to have captured the husband's over-active imagination (this one with breasts the size of over-ripe melons whose nipples oscillated when their owner found herself aroused – this is a *story*, remember) and for whom the husband was ready to go to that very night.

Unless he could be persuaded otherwise.

With this history – in tandem with images of these wondrous breasts and their vibrating nipples and the attempts of the wife, who Scheherazade explained to her sister, disabusing the king of his prejudice on behalf of the wife's looks as he listened, was something of a Siren herself; even if her husband was of a mind inclined to fresh produce - the king was even more profoundly interested than with the other.

And, not once throughout the night and her recounting of each part of her tale, did either Scheherazade or her nubile sister deign the king so much as a glance but allowed him to react – seemingly – unobserved to the events being conjured into being for his own benefit. As well as for the benefit of Scheherazade, it must be mentioned. It was as if he were no more than an audience before a lighted theatre stage, his darkened form out front invisible to those performing for his gratification.

An exclusion the king, for reasons not apparent to him, found highly… *titillating*.

Consequently, as the day broke before the tale's conclusion (notwithstanding all the queen's endeavours to get through with it in time for the bowstringing – this last, you may be assured, is irony), there was again no resource but to postpone the recounting as before.

For another twenty-four hours.

II

The next night there happened a similar accident with a similar result.

And then the next and…

Without his even being aware of the manipulation – well, perhaps slightly; so remarkable was Scheherazade's ability to weave a story and, more importantly, to capture, keep and bend the king's imagination in ways of her own choosing, that the resolve of the keeper of the kingdom in respect of his queen was, if not forgotten precisely, made less pressing as the tales she told and the character she weaved in and around them became both more sexual and, striking a nerve the king had not suspected to reside in him, perverse and decadent.

Gradually, so gradually he was allowing the abomination and, worse, loving it, this all-powerful monarch who was both deeply hypocritical and deeply religious – neither trait, as those of you with knowledge of such fanatics will avow, being mutually exclusive to the other - found himself listening to words that were at once shocking *and* blasphemous fall from his queens mouth as she recounted the kind of congress between the sexes that was all but unheard of to him and opened his eyes to relations between man and woman that were a direct violation of the relations prescribed by the holy words and exhortations to righteous living passed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, the flouting of which remained punishable by flogging and, if repentance were not forthcoming, a death of the most excruciating and drawn out kind.

And yet, here was his queen, the dark-eyed and lithe of body girl who had yet to reach the age of two and twenty, speaking of such things he would have had the skin flayed from others were he to believe they even thought to such things – and done the flaying of their hides himself.

It was an oddity this flawed, if most devout of rulers, could not reconcile to himself, no matter the harshness of his own self-castigation. A self-castigation that stopped short, as you might expect, of castigation of a physical kind. The king had been responsible for far too much chastisement of that kind to wish to correct his own behaviour with its use.

As we have mentioned above: *"deeply hypocritical"*.

His days now were spent in an agony of impatience as he contemplated the night; delegating to minor officials the minutiae of kingship he had once so prided himself upon. The attention to detail for which he had once been so famed had been replaced by distraction and a vast irritation towards any who interrupted his contemplation of the unspeakable acts his queen had described for him before being compelled to leave her story unfinished and insisting she would continue it that night.

Now the king was not a stupid man – self-righteous and self-regarding certainly, but not stupid; at least not entirely – and he was aware of the game his queen played with him. But, so great was his desire to hear more of the players in his queens fiction, however – and especially of the wife he had once considered both a nag and a hag, the knowledge he was being led became of little moment to him.

He was also aware that, while he repaired to their chamber of an evening hollow-eyed and bereft of sleep after another unavoidable day at court – for though he delegated much of his responsibility his presence was nonetheless required at certain times – Scheherazade and her sister slept most of the day away and were, unlike him, refreshed and at their imaginative best at that time when all others were preparing themselves for their slumbers.

Neither awareness nor annoyance at the way he was being played impacted upon his need for the ploy of the queen and her equally as alluring sister to continue.

The king was becoming addicted to Scheherazade's tale of married life, such… *things*… had the cheating husband experienced at the hands of his controlling wife since those days of his pre-eminence. Those days when he could covet women with oscillating nipples. The king, of course, had naturally felt a deep sympathy for this loss of the husband's masculinity to the woman who had borne his children and kept his home the way a wife should. It was a sympathy however, and much to the chagrin and amazement of this deeply religious ruler whose views upon the male female enterprise were slanted unequivocally towards the rights of the man, that fast saw itself becoming envy as, in spite of himself and his resolve not to be drawn into such unholy and perverse imaginings, he found it was his own regal presence he often pictured on the receiving end of the wife's growing command and control.

Also – though here, perhaps, it would be only the king himself who would profess surprise at such a development – the wife had been joined by her sister in the torment of the ever more cowed and docile husband and it was to his own queen and her younger sibling that he turned in order to put a face to the victim's tormentors.

And how they tormented him!

As Scheherazade's fictitious wife had led her husband so had Scheherazade led him The king. And with great skill and even greater powers of seduction. Powers so great that even the gentlest of perversions to the way he perceived a man and a woman interacting - gentler perversions he would nonetheless have punished severely - were allowed to go without the correction of either tongue or lash and paved the way for the next branch of the queen's tale to progress.

And progress in a more… *unsettling*… manner.

III

As Scheherazade's wife had made herself unavailable to her licentious spouse so that spouse had found his former feelings of lust for her returned. The more she denied him the more Hassam found himself helpless before her scorn. The more powerful his desire for the woman he had become weary of became, the more… *needy*... he found himself.

It was not long before evenings at the baths and time spent in the wooing of the woman of the moment his unfaithful cock had spied with its one good eye - (Scheherazade's first use of the word before the king had a galvanic effect and the fact he did not upbraid her, despite his obvious outrage, had only bolstered her confidence and ensured she became… *bolder*) – were spent instead at home, seeking out her company as she either shunned him completely or spoke in terse words she uttered with a coldness that chilled his ardour accordingly.

In the time honoured way of guilty husbands, the man, whose name was Hassam, bought her gifts and she acted as if they were nothing, the poor manipulated fool becoming more desperate for the return of her affections by the second as she continued to acknowledge his existence the way she acknowledge the presence of a lizard or a fly.

Within weeks he was feeling sickened by a powerful and utterly unrequited love.

Or, as the king told himself…

Lust.

Love or lust, as Scheherazade's story had it, the husband and former master of his own hearth and home found himself diminished in that very place where he was entitled to expect his standing as a man would be at its highest.

So great was his need and misery that, not thirty nights into the young queen's tale, and with the children sleeping, the wretched husband stepped to his wife as she sat in the chair that had once been his and he had insisted she take that he might prove the sincerity of his returned affection - this as her sister stood at her side and looked on impassively, as cold towards him as the wife herself.

"I… I have been a bad husband, Talima."

"Bad husband's we understand, Hassam. You have been a pig of the worst…"

A hand on the sister's arm curtailed what was about to become a venomous litany of his failings, though his wife remained as silent as she had been since her course of action in his regard had become clear to her.

Never either the most poetic or even articulate he decided to press his renewed suit in just such a way:

"You are the jewel of my life."

A snort of derision from the sister cut into his attempt at lyricism.

“Let him speak, Tasmina. Even the snorting of pigs is meant by nature to be heard.”

These were the first words he had heard his wife utter in respect of him for some time and – as disrespectful as they were - he immediately felt empowered.

An attractive man, he was, however, not of the brightest when it came to matters of the mind and the imperatives of his sexual longing reduced his intelligence proportionate to the heat of his need.

“In their all-seeing wisdom, the rulers of the heavens, who look after the affairs of those for whom they truly care, afflicted me with lustful needs for women other than the only one who means anything to me. I am convinced they did this that I might see the treasure with which I have been blessed and to make our union all the stronger and more enduring.”

For him, at least, it was an impressive outpouring of sentiment – self-serving as it was – and even Tasmina remained silent.

For her part, Talima was looking at him expectantly.

“Please, my wonderful Talima. I wish for us to be as we once were.”

“You want me then?”

Her eyes met his own for almost the first time since she had decided upon the way to deal with him and how she would ensure both his future fidelity and obedience.

“More than anything!”

“To the exclusion of all others?”

“I swear before our guardians.”

He accompanied his words with a look towards the ceiling, as if he could see right through it to implore the heavens.

“You wish to put your cock in my cunny and mine alone?”

Shock prevented him from replying, having yet to hear such language escape the lips of his wife.

“Talima, I… I do not think we should speak of such things before another.”

“Tasmina is my sister and I do not recall you being so bashful before her when you first described the woman with the magical nipples.”

“Yes, but…”

“I will ask again…”

His wife had spoken over him. Something that would have once been unheard of and a development that would make him a figure of ridicule were it to get out. There was an air of authority to her he had neither expected nor suspected and it made him uneasy.

"…and it will be the last time I shall do so."

Falling silent, aware of the sister's eyes mocking his unaccustomed indecision, he waited for his wife to repeat her inquiry.

Finally:

"Do you wish to put your cock in my cunny and mine alone?"

Swallowing heavily he forced himself to answer, the fresh kohl she had applied to her eyes both darkening them and adding somehow to her new air of authority, not to mention the still full breasts he could see through the diaphanous folds in which she had draped the body she had kept, and could still, aloof from him.

"Yes, my dearest Talima. Yours and yours alone."

"And how am I to know you are sincere about wishing to become my husband once again and committing your cock-meat solely to me?"

"By my actions, sweet Talima! They will tell you all you need know of my commitment and my devotion."

His words had sounded bold but, in truth, her language and the fact a wife of his could use words in such a way both shocked and belittled him – though his imploring of the wife who had suddenly become the reason for his continued existence continued:

"Test me in any way you choose and you will not find me wanting. I wish nothing more in this life or the next than to spend my time at your side."

Talima seemed to be thinking about this when her sister leaned down and whispered into her ear for what to the husband seemed an eternity; the message inspiring a little giggle from both as it finished and inspiring a flash of anger he felt unable to show but, nonetheless, made itself evident by dint of the high colour at his temple.

"If you wish to be tested then test you I will."

"It is all I ask for."

She jeered at him:.

"You will not last. I have seen you for who you truly are these last months and it is not the man I *thought* I had married."

"Then I will be that man again."

His assertion had the effect of making her lip curl:

"How can you possibly be that which you were not in the first place and only my love-struck and credulous nature allowed you to be at all? You will give up before I have even began to test this… *"love"*… for me you profess. I am as certain of the fact as I have ever been certain of anything."

"And I tell you I will prove you wrong."

The sisters exchanged a glance, the import of which he could not guess at with certainty; though he was convinced that his wife would not be making his return to her good graces easy for him.

A suspicion she bore out for him almost as swiftly as he gave it thought.

Finally:

"As a beginning of your atonement, you may kneel before me and kiss my feet as a sign of your intent."

For long seconds, as she held his eyes expectantly, the husband waited for her to tell him she had been making fun of him and explain how she would truly go about the testing of the devotion he asserted.

No such explanation was forthcoming and, after what seemed forever, and with the sister-in-law looking on with smugness and no small arousal, Hassam realised the sincerity of his wife's demand and, before he was aware of acceding to it, felt the floor moving closer to him as he slipped to his knees and…

The crowing of a cock that did *not* belong to the king cut Scheherazade off in mid-sentence and the king, who was by now in an extremis of lust and curiosity, sighed with disappointment that was becoming all too familiar to him.

And so it was that the good monarch found himself thwarted once again as the morning arrived and Scheherazade's story had still not reached a conclusion and, having been unavoidably deprived of all opportunity to keep his vow to despatch her - a period already stretching to thirty nights - the king admitted himself so intrigued by the… *unnatural*… story she was unfolding before him that to cut off its source before both the queen and her tale's prime would be a loss he was unprepared to bear.

He also knew that, Scheherazade, being lineally descended from Eve, had fallen heir to the whole seven baskets of talk, which the latter lady, we all know, picked up from under the trees in the garden of Eden – much to the cost of her partner.

It was a tribute to Scheherazade's ability to paint pictures with but her voice alone – and *such* pictures they were – that even the warning implicit in the above allegory failed to move the king to act upon his original intent.

IIII

From kneeling before his wife and placing his lips upon her toes as a sign of his regret for his treatment of her the outmatched husband was soon finding wife and sister had other uses for the ring they had inserted through his nose upon that first night of... *tests*.

As the nights went by and still the king could not find it within himself to bowstring the wife who had found an open door into his psyche and stepped straight through it to pick and choose which of the heretofore unsuspected weaknesses she found on display there she would utilise in the bringing of him to her heel.

The man of strength and authority in possession of these unsuspected defects was about to be made aware of just how much power could reside in weakness.

Especially when utilised by a woman.

He especially loved Scheherazade's descriptions of the manipulative wife who, having travelled a considerable distance in the king's mind from those early days of hag-hood, had become nothing less than an idee fixe for the obsessed sovereign and for whose exploits he spent the day in an agitation of anticipation as he waited to learn what she had in mind for the unfortunate Hassam next.

They were descriptions that always varied but never, not once, did they fail to inspire the cock of the great king as the wife went about the destruction of her husband and her remaking of him as something more… *useful*…

"Despite being younger than Hassam she was a strong woman- stronger, perhaps, even than him. She was tall, and powerfully built, though her shape was hour-glass and womanly and, when revealed in apposite clothing or in its entirety could be guaranteed to inspire the animal within even the mildest of male-beasts…

"Talima was breathing heavily and, in one hand, held the strip of bamboo with which she was correcting him tightly gripped, the breasts Hassam so longed to wrap either hands or lips about heaving from their exertions as he cowered on the floor before her, hands reaching out to clutch her ankles in supplication…

"She was dark-haired and dark-eyed. Muscular and strong but with a figure that was striking and made all the more desirable, as well as terrifying, to the husband she was in the process of taming for being clad in a leather halter and leggings made from the same black hide. Her midriff was strikingly smooth and flat and her arms and legs were bare…

"There was a golden armlet on her left arm and her hair was held back by a leather band. At her waist? A heavy studded belt, tightly buckled, added to the effect of an imposing and somewhat exotic gaoler. Thin sandals, strapped to the pronounced curve of glorious calf muscles belonging to legs that were certainly not thin but lost nothing of either their shapeliness or their allure for being of the powerful variety…

"The crisp and clean smell of her perspiration after dispensing discipline to him and the arousal resulting from it carried down to the beaten man at her feet as he could do no more than suffer in silence and worship as his new master gazed down upon him…

"On the floor below her, where he seemed to spend most of his time these days, the once all-powerful husband and philanderer wondered how such a goddess had escaped his notice and he cursed himself for the inattention that had led him to the beds of so many inferior examples of Talima's sex…

In the nightly presence of the seductive Scheherazade and her equally as voluptuous and erotic younger sister, the king found himself immersed in a deluge of degenerate passions he found as addictive as they were repulsive. Night after night he listened as Talima took Hassam's need for her and twisted it into an all-enveloping obsession that made her his queen as much as the good monarch and recipient of the couple's tale was Scheherazade's king.

His queen's descriptions of the wife's sister, Tasmina, no less intoxicating to his inflamed imagination:

"Not once, in all the time since he had agreed to Talima's testing of him that he may inveigle himself once more into her good graces and feel his hungry cock surrounded by the warmth of the desire he was certain she still felt for him, had her sister Tasmina been absent at those times when his 'testing' took on a more humiliating aspect for him…

"Shorter and of a build that was more slender than her older sister, the girl was no less desirable in her own way and eyes that forever gave the impression of being tired and disinterested increased, in some perverse way, the thrill men received from simply gazing upon her…

"For one so slender, Tasmina's breasts were no less womanly and full and on many an occasion she would catch the husband in an unguarded moment as he looked up from the position upon the floor that was now expected of him to drink in their ripeness while – he remained a man after all, despite Talima's treatment of him – imagining, perhaps the feel of his lips about her nipples prior to placing the treacherous lust stick that had already been responsible for his current lowly position between her legs and thrusting at her with such power the smug smile he hated so much would never find itself turned in his direction again…

"Within the sanctity of thoughts that were more and more focused upon the woman he had betrayed and now desired so badly, Hassam, being a man still, would sometimes imagine Tasmina's straight and lustrous brown hair spread across his thighs as her head bobbed between them and the moist warmth of her mouth kept his cock imprisoned as her eyes, no longer smug but adoring, stared up and along his stomach and past his chest to make contact with his eyes as his crisis arrived and…

Under such a descriptive verbal onslaught, the king, understandably, for he was but a male after all, was unable to prevent himself from fondling the royal penis as his queen described Hassam's experiences with a forensic completeness. The tedium normal with descriptions of such a comprehensive kind was made utterly non-existent by such gifted word-painting and even Scheherazade's description of Talima's humble foot and its beauty as she insisted Hassam kneel in worship as her sister looked on and kiss and lick the high-arched perfection of the feet he had neglected to notice – even in the early days of their courtship – moved the king to heights of arousal amazing to him.

Even breathing became difficult as Scheherazade described Hassam's growing submission and the way Talima bound him to her by the giving of a little and the withdrawing of a lot.

Should the husband attempt a kiss upon the full lips she made sure to keep vivid, her kohl rimmed eyes would darken further and she would decline and ask him to kiss her breasts.

This, of course, was no hardship to the freshly smitten Hassam and the next time he wished to have contact with her (we may believe this was a frequent desire) he would lower his head to her wondrous chest.

Only to be berated for his presumption and be ordered to kneel behind her and raise her sari in order to place his lips upon the pillows of her naked buttocks that were both, and in terms contradicting their description, soft and firm at one and the same time.

Then, when this humiliation too became a delight for him, and the next time he knelt behind his wife to perform the demeaning act as a means of contact when she would allow no other, she would tell him he was not fit for her divine arse and that he should, in future, devote his attentions to her feet until such a time as she considered him worthy to rise higher.

Until, one day, with Hassam sprawled flat on his stomach before her as she sat at table and spoke with Tasmina, the lips that had once desired the flesh of other women pressed to her feet, dusty from the market:

"You really are no more than a dog to me."

From his position on the bed as Scheherazade described the wife's words, ignored by both his queen and the sister who seemed as fascinated by the story as him, the king started, the royal penis that was never less than at full mast during the evening story time more urgent than at any time our good monarch could remember.

Scheherazade, of course, and with the antennae the god's saw fit to gift most women, immediately – and despite what appeared to be her ignoring of her lord and master – sensed the change in him and acted upon it.

Suddenly, it was Hassam she was describing and thoughts – strange and wildly exciting thoughts – broke across the sea wall of his mind with such force he was unable to do nothing but accept the old Hassam they submerged and accede to the new version his wife had conjured from the depths – even if it was not her intention to allow the re-invented man to rise higher than a level of her own choosing.

A level the husband suspected would not be of a particularly lofty elevation.

Strange and disturbingly delicious sensations of weakness and a need to place her foot upon his throat were vying with a diminishing sense of foreboding for the future before him if he were to give himself up to the domination of the wife whose appeal for him had multiplied ten-fold since she had taken a… *firmer*… approach with him.

From being a man in control of his own destiny – such as it was – who, if he wished to woo a woman other than his betrothed, would take what he desired without thought to the feelings of others, he had become a pale shadow of that former incarnation and lived in fear of incurring his wife's displeasure and the prospect of being deprived contact – be it contact of a type he could no more than admit to be both demeaning and unmanning. Something crucial at the heart of him had been modified somehow and it seemed that only by bending his neck to the woman he had once ruled – and, in a lesser way, to her young sister also – could he find the sexual pleasure he had once found in the mastery of both his wife and those with whom he cheated.

The more he gave the more he wished to give and, worryingly for the husband travelling a path the route of which was unknown to him and from which he found himself powerless to veer, the suddenly cruel and sadistic Talima seemed disinclined to stop taking.

"You have behaved as an animal towards me and it is only right and meet that I treat you after the same fashion until such time as I feel such bestial instincts have been tamed and you are more respectful towards me."

"He should be made to wear a collar about his neck to proclaim your ownership. So all that see him know he is no longer a man but your possession."

"I will think about it, Tasmina."

"It will be good for him, Talima. He will finally know his true place in respect of you."

"You may well be right sister and perhaps I should insist he…"

At that point, the usual time for the curtailment of her tale arrived and Scheherazade pointed this out to the king who, after a night without sleep and a number of emissions prompted by his own hand – for, as part of the promise she had forced from him, as witnessed by her father the vizier, and as a part of their… *wager*… he had not taken her yet - it would only be when he decided she was for the bowstring that she would succumb to him.

To this point he yet to even kiss his bride's lips.

And still the husband's fall into slavery of the worst kind at the hands of his unforgetting and unforgiving wife continued:

"Do you enjoy licking the soles of the feet belonging to a woman you once deemed beneath your greatness as her husband and ruler?…

"Does it not shame you to wait upon her as if you were no more than a lowly street urchin she had plucked from the alleys to do her bidding in exchange for whatever scraps she saw fit to throw his way?...

"She tells you not to speak and you remain silent. Sends you to a corner to consider your lowliness, and watches you crawl to it. Orders you across her thighs that she may administer her sandal to your disobedient arse, and you kiss the toes of her foot after as a way of thanking her for the correction…

“What would your friends at the baths – the other great men with whom you shared your tales of conquest and male accomplishment – think were they to be told that the reason they no longer see their friend Hassam, the great womaniser, is because his wife forces him to remain at home to do his domestic chores in the hope she will take pleasure in his subservience and allow him to place his unworthy tongue upon that place where her waste makes exit and lick it in the way of the devoted dog he has become…”

Having convinced himself he was unobserved, for so long had the stories been ongoing without the two women paying the devout ruler a scrap of attention, it was easy for the king to satisfy the altogether uncharacteristic nature of the sexual euphoria his queen’s degenerate words instilled within him and many times, with the guilt natural to the man whose self-satisfaction had reached a completion, he steeled himself to bring his unsatisfactory and demeaning marital situation to an end and submit Scheherazade to the bowstring.

And each time he girded his loins to do just that, the devious young woman with the perverse imagination left her tale hanging on yet another precipice of strange and undreamt of sexual experience the king found he could not resist.

As the nights stretched into the hundreds, Scheherazade’s descriptions became more daring and even her sister – long used to her older sibling’s dark imagination – seemed shocked by the content being described.

“Shock”, however, would not even begin to describe the king’s reaction.

The whippings and the scourging – even the description of Hassam as he spent his day upon all fours and ate only the scraps his wife and his sister threw from the table for him (the children she had mentioned earlier in her story had vanished and Scheherazade had not bothered to explain their absence) - did not surprise the younger sister.

When the wife asked her dog to place his open mouth upon her cunny before performing the same service for her sister, however, both king and sister-in-law aimed askance looks in Scheherazade’s direction.

Askance looks that became jaw-dropping astonishment when the queen described how first Talima and then Tasmina passed their waters into the dog’s mouth.

Despite the shock of both monarch and sister-in-law, they both managed to pass certain fluids of their own at this point before, yet again, Scheherazade took advantage of the king’s satiation – in tandem with the curiosity that remained undiminished no matter how many times her words and his own hand brought him to completion - to bring the storytelling proceedings to an end.

And, thus, another day in the royal household drew to what was both a close and a beginning.

V

Now, the usual conclusion to this tale (which is that of the story as we have it upon record) is, no doubt, excessively proper and pleasant, but, alas, and like a great many pleasant things, is more pleasant than true. For this correction I am indebted altogether to the "Isitsoornot" for the means of correcting the error.

It was upon the thousand-and-second night, with Scheherazade secure as wife and queen and the king true to his word, that our good monarch entered his chamber to find no sister and no story forthcoming – this despite the fact Scheherazade herself was seated at her vanity running a brush through her lustrous hair, desirable young body revealed to the king in all its erotic magnificence.

“So,” he began. “You have won your wager and tonight marks the start of our true union.”

Full and pert breasts turned in his direction, nipples *not* oscillating exactly but certainly accusing, as if he were responsible for all the ills ever to have befallen woman at the hands of the sex her own kind had tempted and seduced into the first bite of that fateful apple..

“Why husband, whatever do you mean?”

The king looked at her with puzzlement.

“What do you think I mean? There will be no need for stories tonight. That is behind us and we are man and wife. Through the, peculiar, gift that is your facility with tales of the depraved and unwholesome, you have ensured that my vow has been recanted. But the tales are at an end and the love you describe tomorrow will be what is real to you now.”

Scheherazade’s laughter was not of a kind a proud king should ever have to hear.

Less so her words.

“You are right in one respect,” she told him, mirth still present in her tone. “There will be no stories tonight.”

“But Scheherazade, my sweet,” he began, the use of such an endearment unheard of from his lips, “I do not intend that your stories should stop completely. I think you know the effect of them upon me and, as disturbing as they are, I cannot deny the… *excitement…* I have taken from them. As long as the import of your fantasies remain with the four walls of our marital chambers I see no reason why they should not continue.”

Scheherazade’s hooded and dark eyes had not left his face as he spoke and there was no slight amusement in the curl of her lip as she considered his delusion of having power over her still.

As she had long been unimpressed with the power of her father, the great vizier, so she had been unimpressed with that of her husband – even though he be a king.

Both, after all, were but men.

“You mistook my meaning,” the king went on, mistaking the amusement curling her lip for an invite of the most sensual kind. “When I said there will be no stories tonight, I meant only to assure you that such will not be required for now.”

Not receiving a response and believing his desirable young queen disappointed, he added:

“Not that you cannot continue expressing what is such an obvious talent and one that gives your king much, he has to confess, pleasure. However, the true import of my words was that the time has finally arrived for king and queen to know each other in the natural and biblical way. *That* is the *real* love I intend your thought to describe to yourself tomorrow.”

Scheherazade watched as the fool held his arms open and waited for her to rush headlong into them.

King or not, he was no better or intelligent than the husband whose gradual enslavement to his wife she had been describing these past thousand-and-one-nights.

“I mistake no meaning,” she told him, rising from her stool to stand before him, the full glory of her firm and shapely body and the breasts that pointed towards his chest as if magnetised ensuring the breath caught in his throat as he painted himself a mental picture of the night of lust that was before them.

As you may already have divined by this point, the mental picture conjured up by the king was *not* to prove a match to that scenario long held in the mind of his queen.

“As I have already agreed, there will be no stories tonight.”

The king was puzzled:

“Is that not what I have explained to you already?”

“Or any other night,” she finished.

The look of disappointment the king was unable to hide at her pronouncement that only served to make his expression yet more quizzical was not about to be improved by what she had to say next:

“Neither will there be any of the… *“love”*… you seem to expect.”

“But…”

A slender hand was held up to forestall him and, just like the beaten husband in the stories with which she had enthralled him, a part of him professed amazement at the instant way he fell silent before it.

“The agreement was that I should be your queen if I could last the one-thousand-and-one-nights with requiring you to commit me to the tender mercies of the drawstring. Not, once having done so, that I should submit my body to your lechery.”

“My… *lechery?*”

“There will be no sexual relations between us,” she said with a conviction he could hardly fail to notice, the king knowing also that, as a man renowned for his word, he could not go back upon their original agreement.

“Unless…” she went on with a smile that was no smile at all but a means of asserting the authority she knew she had gained over him during their nights together.

“Unless, what?” he urged, hating his weakness but knowing he wanted this… *siren*… more than he had ever wanted anything.

“For a start,” she began, smile fading and voice hardening, “you can adopt a more civil tone when addressing your queen.

The king wondered why he was allowing himself to be treated in such a way. The agreement be damned! He was still the king and his wishes were paramount.

The swelling at his groin that was almost painful was so urgent as to be an answer in itself and the delicious weakness he felt unmanning him beneath her assurance of authority over his royal person only lessened any inclination the will – the same will that had once been so renowned throughout his dominions - might have been inclined to summon up as a means of resistance in the face of her assertion of female supremacy.

“Also,” she continued, “you might want to think of ways you can be pleasing to both my sister as well as your queen.”

His knees buckled as he realised she was voicing his innermost thoughts, the same thoughts that had been growing in strength with each perverse strand she had added to her story of the hapless husband and the siblings who had joined forces to… *enslave*… him.

With that suddenness of clarity so common to men in their dealings with women, at just that point when understanding of the aims motivating the actions of the fairer sex became useless to them and they had had already been delivered, bound and helpless, into the clutches of the superior force intending to own them, the king’s eyes open wide and the whole purpose of Scheherazade’s one-thousand-and-one-nights of storytelling became apparent to him.

Not for the purpose of lifting a kingly vow that had seen so many of her more beauteous sisters consigned to the bowstring and to save herself at one and the same time.

No.

Her intent – and only now did he take into account that she was the daughter of a powerful and exceptionally devious grand vizier – being to catch herself a king.

And, in the catching, ensuring he became no more than a sexual slave.

A sexual slave so obsessed with the wife who had, through his own credulity and the belief in his own male and royal potency, he would be unable to resist the wishes and commands of the new master who led him and shaped him until this point had been reached.

Almost in a daze, as the clouds lifted to reveal both her intent and what it would mean for him, he watched as the naked siren swiveled away from him and placed a foot on the stool before her vanity, his fixated gaze following her glorious leg down from smooth and flawless thigh, over shapely calf until it rested upon the perfection of her slender foot, the nails of its toes painted a deep and evil red.

Breath whooshed into his lungs and made no attempt to exit as she raised the hem of a flimsy gossamer gown to present him with most perfect buttocks the imagination of man was capable of envisaging.

“You know what it is you have to do if you wish the attentions of your queen and her sister.”

Her words were a hum in his head as his eyes followed the slight oscillation of her plump and perfect buttocks and took in the view of her womanhood presented, as intended, by the foot she had raised to the stool.

Within a matter of moments, the desire that was already at a fever pitch became…

“Yes. That is as it should be my lovely obedient husband,” Scheherazade praised him.

As his lips adhered themselves to *that* place from which she made waste and slobbered at her as if she were offering him culinary delights from the world’s most renowned kitchen, Scheherazade congratulated herself on having needed only a thousand-and-two-nights to subjugate the most powerful man in the land.

With the help of her sister, it was a situation she fully intended to continue…

END

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