HAREM CAPTIVE (Book Three)

by

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MORE HAREM CAPTIVES

A new Batch of White Women
(A sequel to Harem Captive Book Two)

Harem Captive described how a beautiful young English actress, thinking she was being offered a well paid role in a local tourist film, was secretly inveigled into the harem of a wealthy Arabian Prince. He had moved to North Africa, where he had built himself a luxurious palace. She found herself, like the other European women in the harem, a helpless indentured servant, a modern form of slavery, and branded to denote her status. This book describes the events in the Prince's Harem when a group of young white businesswomen are recruited as the latest additions.

This is dedicated to the keen fan from Down Under who specially commissioned the story.

PROLOGUE NEW POTENTIAL VICTIMS

It was a fine early morning. In the palace in North Africa, the fat, unattractive-looking Prince was looking at his harem, unseen behind a lattice-work grille set in the wall of his office.

He was staring into the covered courtyard that formed the central room of his harem, watching his fine collection of beautiful women, kept secretly locked up under the constant supervision of his black eunuchs. The vision of them being disciplined and admiring their beauty was something he could happily do for hours.

Huge golden cursive Arabic scripts and blue and green tiles festooned the walls of this large room. In the centre a fountain played, creating a relaxing tinkling sound. On the elaborately tiled floor were groups of leather cushions, each group in the colour of one of the harem teams.

From this air-conditioned room, beautiful Arabesque archways led off to the dormitories and bathrooms of the rival harem teams. However, there were no doors in the harem - to prevent the women from having any privacy and ensure that they were constantly under the eyes of the supervising black eunuchs and the evervigilant security cameras.

Large French windows at the end of the room showed a round shaded swimming pool and shaded patio leading onto a beautiful garden with walks that were also shaded – for there must be no risk of the hot sun spoiling the pure white skins of the of the European concubines.

High walls surrounded the garden, too high and too smooth to be climbed. They served to emphasise to the Prince's reluctant concubines that, once incarcerated in his harem, there was no escape. Indeed, iron spikes at the top of the walls acted as a further deterrent to any woman trying to get out if the harem and to any brave man trying to get into it.

High above the garden were iron bars that made the garden seem like an aviary – except that it was not birds that were being kept in it, but women, the Prince's precious concubines. As if to underline the women's helplessness, birds were free to fly into and out of the garden, through the bars.

The gross-looking Prince was dressed, as befitted a member of one of the main Ruling Families of Arabia, in an immaculate long white thobe robe, covered in a light black lace cloak embroidered with gold. The usual Arab igaal round his white headdress was also interspersed with gold. Occasionally he would turn to the large monitoring screen of the security television system that covered, for his benefit and that of his black eunuchs, every corner of the harem by day and night. Not only could he switch to the scene that a particular camera was recording, but could also remotely control it to turn left and right and zoom in for a close up view of what a particular woman was doing – or more usually what was being done to her by her overseer, or by the other black eunuchs.

It was, he thought, all very satisfying, and he smiled as he looked at the cruel change he had recently made to his harem. He had been visiting Istanbul and had gone round the large 19th Century Dolmabahce Palace, in front of which was marble terrace that ran for nearly a quarter of a mile along the side of the busy waterway of the Bosphorus. Half the Palace was taken up by the Turkish Sultan's Harem and this, too, looked out onto the Bosphorus, through large, but discreetly barred, windows.

He had thought how delightfully satisfying it must have been for the Sultan, less than a hundred years ago, seeing the women secretly incarcerated in his harem and especially the European ones, longingly eyeing the foreign steamships and warships, ferries and local boats passing up and down the Bosphorus. Nor were they all, for a stream of European Ambassadors, Admirals, bankers and entrepreneurs, accompanied by the their handsome young attachès, Flag Lieutenants, aides and secretaries and often their wives and daughters, arrived by boat at the palace steps below them, to call on the Sultan. All this would have been a constant reminder to the women of their lost freedom. Tantalising but barred windows from the harem looking out onto the free world outside.

The thought of this had made the Prince decide to make his own barred window for his harem, looking onto the free world outside. He had ordered a line of large one-way mirrors, made of armoured plate glass and protected by bars, inserted low down into the high wall surrounding the garden. No one outside could see through it into the harem but, like the women of the Sultan, his incarcerated women would have a constant, but tantalising view of freedom: in their case a distant view of the bare rocky High Atlas Mountains and below them, whitewashed villages. Even more frustrating was the sight of a distant busy road with passing cars and the buses of European tourists. All of this had made the Prince's women, like those of the Sultan, constantly sigh all the more for their lost freedom.

There was a knock on the door.

'Your Highness?' came a rather high-pitched voice.

'Yes what is it, Malaka?' said the Prince with an impatience that belied the reliance he placed on his chief black eunuch to run his harem for him – and to arrange for the acquisition of new recruits for it. Malaka was not due to make his daily report on the state of the women in the harem for another hour – after his Head Groom had reported on his stud of pedigree Arab stallions and brood mares and after his head Camel Driver had reported on his prize team of racing camels.

Reluctantly he turned his plump face, with its hook-nose, short goatee beard and cruel-looking, pig-like eyes, away from watching a particularly fascinating sight: the exercising of the Christian women in his harem whom he had selected for his favourite hobby: forced breeding. The sight of their nicely curved bare bellies never failed to arouse him – as did the sight of the chainmail breeding-belts locked over their beauty lips to prevent them from interfering with the unwanted black progeny growing inside them. Like it or not, for their Master's amusement, they would be made to carry their unwanted progeny, right through to final delivery.

'Good news, from Pierre, Your Highness!' came the high-pitched voice of Malaka, the Prince's chief black eunuch. 'I thought you should know immediately.'

Malaka was a short but powerful-looking figure, dressed in voluminous red Turkish trousers and a short brocade waistcoat over his muscular, jet-black torso. Over his shaven head was a gleaming white turban. With his cunning-looking eyes, he had the reputation of a man who could not be easily trifled with by the woman in his care – and especially not by a despised white Christian one.

'What do you mean, Malaka?' queried the Prince, half turning to look again into his harem.

Malaka coughed discreetly. 'Well, Your Highness, you will remember that our friend Pierre asked if you would be interested in acquiring a group of half a dozen clever and unattached young English business women. They were seeking financial backing to set up their own international Asset Management Company and Pierre felt that this might offer a fine opportunity for Your Highness to recruit an attractive and intelligent batch of white women for your harem. They had all been formerly employed by a London Merchant Bank, which recently failed through no fault of theirs and they had decided to set up as a team and look for a new backer.'

'Yes, indeed, I said that in principle I would be very interested – though not quite in the way that they are looking for!' The Prince gave a cruel laugh. 'And only provided that no one could connect their disappearance with their incarceration here in my harem.'

'Well, Your Highness, Pierre now reports that he can meet your requirements as regards secrecy and that the women are willing and keen to travel or even work abroad.'

'Work abroad!' The Prince stroked his short beard and again laughed.

'Yes. He has checked and confirmed that they are all definitely unattached so that their disappearance would not immediately cause any concern.'

'Better and better, Malaka!'

'Your Highness, he has now sent me the brochure that lists the women together with several photographs of each one.'

With a respectful bow he handed a glossy brochure to the Prince. The cover was headed "Your Team" and showed half a dozen attractive-looking young women, wearing well cut business suits and smiling as they looked up from their office desks or computers. A good-looking young boy was evidently a rather superior office boy.

The Prince looked carefully at the cover and with a grunt of approval turned to look inside the brochure. Glancing quickly through the blurb, he read:

> "We offer you an experienced and successful International Asset Management Team that covers the whole Investment field. It is a team that is used to working together and comes complete with their own "Back Room" administrators:
>
> *Patricia Kirk. 37. Single. British. She is the leader of the team. Was previously a highly successful Fund Manager in the City, specialising in International Stocks.

*Kelly Caruthers. 25. Single. British. Patricia's Personal Assistant. *Jill Saunders. 29. Single. American. Before coming to work in London had experience as a Fund Manager in Wall Street. Specialises in the international Technology and Pharmaceutical sectors.

* Candice Sanders. 25. Single. American. Jill's sister who, having left University with a degree in Business Studies, has been working with her sister in London looking after Administration.

*Amanda Wethers. 37. Widowed. British. A senior Financial Analyst, specialising in the International Bond Market. Her 17-year-old daughter, Diana, and her sixteen-year-old son, John, both skilled in computer work. have been working in a busy Back Office with Candice Saunders and are thoroughly familiar with the administrative side of Asset Management."

The brochure not only showed individual photos of each of the women and of the boy, but also showed them standing up and working.

Yes, the Prince thought, they were all clearly well educated and, from their photographs, sophisticated and attractive too. Pierre knew his taste in women and he could rely on him to produce the type of arrogant and independent white women that he liked to humble by adding them to his collection of beautiful creatures, kept helplessly locked up in his harem.

However, he thought with a cruel smile, he was not too concerned about their attractiveness, for he could always dispose of one or two of them, if necessary, to his cousin's very profitable stud farm out in the desert in Arabia, in which he had invested. There, discarded white concubines, culled from the harems of the rich, were discreetly kept out of sight in the breeding pens of a long farm building. They were crossed with one of several blond Scandinavian boys and used to produce blond children who, if not required by their mother's former Master, could be disposed of very profitably to certain adoption societies in the West, where childless couples would pay large sums to adopt genuine white babies.

The Prince turned the brochure over. There, written in Pierre's handwriting, was the US Dollar sign, followed by a very large figure. Yes, acquiring these women was going to be expensive – but what a wonderful buy they would make. Fortunately he was rich man, thanks to his share of the substantial oil revenues of his native Arabian state and could easily afford to pay Pierre's high price for such a major acquisition.

He began to fantasise about how they might fit into his harem and what he might do with them. Perhaps the answer, once he had seen them and Malaka had closely examined them, might be to let the young Team Overseers bid for them as in an old–fashioned slave market.

Yes, the Prince thought, the possibilities were endless. Malaka again coughed discreetly.

'You will see, Your Highness, that they include not only a pair of pretty sisters, but also an attractive English widowed mother and her teenage daughter.'

'That does make it more interesting,' commented the Prince. Nothing was so enjoyable as taking a European daughter in front of her horrified mother or a younger sister in front of the older one – or of later having a white mother and daughter, or two sisters in his bed – after they had been trained by his black eunuchs to provide him with exquisite pleasure. If, their apparent eagerness to please was really brought about by their fear of their young black overseer's cane, then so much the better.

Pierre had discreetly provided him with some of his most beautiful white women, ranging from the English Penelope and her French double, Chantalle, to the deliciously resentful Dutch mother and daughter and the young Austrian married woman, Mizzi, whom he had recently had partially circumcised as a punishment for masturbating. Pierre had cleverly arranged for all of them to disappear into his harem – and had been well paid for doing so. And if Malaka had taken a cut of the considerable price he had paid – well why not?

'Yes, Your Highness. Pierre says that, as the photographs show, both the mother and daughter and the sisters are very alike, most attractive.'

'They are very alike,' agreed the Prince.

Like many rich owners of harems he was particularly interested in acquiring beautiful white sisters and mothers and daughters – especially if they were sufficiently alike to be what was known as a Matched Pair.

"May I just mention, Your Highness, that Pierre says the sisters are Jewish."

"Young Jewish women?" exclaimed the Prince, his eyes gleaming.

'American Jews from New York, Your Highness. Pierre says that there are many Jews in the financial world there.'

'And that's where much of the financial support for Israel comes from,' added the Prince, knowingly stroking the side of his nose. 'Well, what an opportunity to get a get a little personal revenge for the way the Jews are treating our Arab friends in Palestine. Yes, quite apart from making them submit to my will, I can think of a couple of delightful ways of employing them here: ways that our local fundamentalist Mullahs will greatly approve.'

'Indeed, Your Highness!' said Malaka with a cruel smile. Then, changing the subject, he added: 'but that is not all, I understand from Pierre that the woman Patricia, the leader of the team, is a dominant lesbian who loathes men and in private treats her Personal Assistant like a slave. '

‘Does she indeed,’ said the Prince with a knowing smile. ‘Well, doubtless you and her future team oversee will quickly disabuse her of both these tendencies.’

‘Yes indeed, Your Highness, yes indeed. It will be pleasure to do so.’ Malaka again coughed discreetly. ‘There is, however, a slight complication. Pierre tells me that the mother also has a good-looking sixteen yearold son, who is listed in the brochure as the office boy. Pierre feels that it would be unwise to leave him behind in England. He might know too much about the disappearance of his mother and sister. He also says that he looks younger than his age with no sign yet of a beard on his still soft skin.’

‘Ah, that sounds interesting,’ said the Prince with a sinister laugh. ‘As soon as they’re gelded, these white boys stop ageing and from then on look just as soft-skinned as they were when castrated. The trick is to catch them before their beard starts to grow.’

It was an old Arab custom, going back to the days of the Crusades, to castrate young captured Christian boys and then to use them as pageboy attendants. Moreover, just as neutered dogs seemed to attach themselves more closely to their Masters, so too did gelded white boys. ‘From his photographs, he certainly looks goodlooking - and intelligent.’

‘Yes, Your Highness, I took the liberty of telling Pierre that you could always use a good-looking young white boy as a pageboy and therefore, to ensure better security, to bring him out with his mother and sister.’

‘Good thinking! This boy could well supplement Rosebud. Once castrated, he’ll be quite harmless and can even accompany me into the harem – like Rosebud.’

‘But, Your Highness, Rosebud was only eleven twelve when we had him gelded – before puberty, so the sight of half naked women in the harem has no effect on him. But this boy is already sixteen and the sight and nearness of Your Highness’s women will probably arouse his manhood even if he has been castrated.’

‘I agree,’ said the Prince thoughtfully. ‘It is a point well-made, Malaka. So … be sure to tell the surgeon to infibulate the tip of his manhood, so that it can be kept curved innocently down and kept locked to a ring where his testicles had been.’

‘Yes, of course, Your Highness.’ But there was a further matter concerning this boy that he wanted settled – for black eunuchs were traditionally always jealous of their often better educated, but usually more effete, white colleagues. Moreover, this boy was much the same age as the boy black eunuchs whom the Master employed as Team Overseers in the harem. ‘I presume,’ he murmured, ‘that you won’t start using him to help take charge of the women?’

‘Oh no,’ the Prince reassured him. It was a firm harem rule that although white eunuchs might accompany their Master when he visited his harem and even be present when he took his pleasure, they must never touch, talk or punish the women – that was the job of the black eunuchs. ‘My ancestors and the Turks learnt centuries ago that white concubines can twist a white eunuch round their little fingers – and then harem discipline can evaporate almost overnight. No, white eunuchs make good personal attendants but are useless at running a harem. So, Malaka, rest assured that I shall continue to rely on you and on your efficient team of black eunuchs to control my harem. The women are scared stiff of you all – as they should be!’

‘Thank you, Your Highness. We all aim to please.’

‘Well, the boy should quickly recover from a simple castration – and be able to start work here within a few days. Of course, he’ll be shocked at being castrated but I presume he’ll be told that it’s the only way he can save his life. Castration or death!’

‘Yes indeed, Your Highness.

‘I wonder what we should call him? These white eunuchs are usually given the name of a flower to make sure they don’t get ideas above their station.’

‘How about Lilac, Your Highness?’

‘Excellent! Rosebud and Lilac! Good, that’s settled then … but, there’s one other very important matter, which I want to be sure about. Can Pierre really arrange for a whole group of women and this boy to disappear without trace? My family will never forgive me if there is any scandal in the Western Press involving me.’

‘Don’t concern yourself, Your Highness. I understand that Pierre has simply told them that he has a client, a wealthy international financier, who might well be interested in backing them, but initially only on a secret and anonymous basis. Without disclosing his identity, Pierre has told them that his client would first want to meet them all and to hear in secret their possible investment ideas. Then, if he likes what he hears, he will immediately set them up with an office abroad to handle his own substantial investments and would also introduce them to several large foreign clients.’

The Prince nodded approvingly.

‘Well, Your Highness, Pierre says they were overwhelmed by this offer, but he had warned them that they must not at this stage tell anyone of this possibility - or the potential backer would back off. He told them that his client is a well-known figure who insists on complete secrecy and confidentiality when it comes to his financial affairs.’

‘Good!’

‘Your Highness, he has not even told them where this potential financial backer lives. He has said that they must first fly to Zurich and would then be taken to meet you.’

‘That sounds clever. So neither they, nor anyone else in England, will know that they will in fact be going to Morocco?’

‘Exactly, Your Highness. Only on arrival at Zurich will they be told that you are waiting to meet them in Morocco and they are to will fly onto Tangier, using false Palestinian passports, which Pierre has arranged with his contacts in the Middle East. For better security they will also fly to Tangier looking like a party of Arab women tourists, half hidden in black chadors. The immigration officials in Tangier will be bribed to wave this party through. And, to allay any fears that the women might have, Pierre will hand them envelopes containing sufficient dollars to buy a ticket back to London. Of course, they’ll have no opportunity to use the money and we’ll take it back off them when they arrive here - together with their passports, cheque books and credit cards.’

‘Excellent! I assume my private plane will fly them direct to my landing field here?’

‘Yes, Your Highness and, being a private internal flight, there will be no embarkation controls in Tangier. With the plane being in a hanger in a remote area of the airport, no one would see the women embark in it, or even know that they had done so. Furthermore, they themselves don’t know whom they are meeting or where they are being taken. So no one would know what had happened to them, or where they were and there would be no record under their true names of having left Zurich or arrived in Tangier. They will have disappeared without trace.’

‘Straight into my harem!’

‘Not quite, Your Highness. As a further security precaution, on arrival in your airstrip, Pierre will put them into another waiting minibus of ours to go and meet you, whilst he goes on ahead “to brief his client”. I will then arrange for your Black Guards, playing the part of a gang of thugs, to stop the minibus and seize the women. They will handcuff, gag and blindfold them and say that they will be held for ransom - but in fact, unknown to anyone else, they will be brought straight here to your harem and handed over me to me – except for the boy, John, who will be separately taken off to be castrated and infibulated.’

The Prince grunted with approval.

‘I thought that perhaps the Yellow Team might be suitable for the lesbians.’

‘Yes,’ replied the Prince thoughtfully. ‘Bringing them down to the level of a White Negress, as their Team Overseer calls them, might be a very suitable introduction for them to my harem. I’ll tolerate no lesbianism here – except perhaps as a spectacle for my enjoyment and that of my guests!’

‘Indeed, Your Highness, putting them into the Yellow Team will also reduce the present resentment of their young overseer, Yorka, that he has not had sufficient funds to be able to afford to buy a pair of white women for his team, whereas his rival Borka has been able to buy two Matched Pairs for his Blue Team: the Dutch mother and daughter and English actress and her French look-alike. So, I may have to ask Your Highness for a little extra funding for Yorka – nominal funding, of course, as he will be “buying” the new women from me and so it will come back to you.

‘Yes, of course,’ agreed the Prince.

‘And, Your Highness, I think we will have Rafta and Gorka fighting over the two Matched Pairs for their Red and Green Teams, if we gave them also a little more funding.’

‘Agreed,’ said the Prince with a cruel laugh. ‘Yes, the two new Matched Pairs being fought over by Rafta and Gorka will be a scene that I shall enjoy watching from up here.’

‘So, may I tell Pierre to go ahead, Your Highness?’

‘Yes, tell him to get them all here as soon as possible – I can t wait to see them all helpless and in my power.’

‘Yes, of course, Your Highness,’ replied Malaka with a bow and turned to return to the harem. As he did so he was inwardly rubbing his hands at the thought of getting his hands on these obviously independent-minded Western women. It would a delightful challenge to break them into the ways of the East. He would immediately sent Pierre an apparently innocuous e-mail telling him that go ahead with the shipment of goods and that his terms were agreed.

Meanwhile, elated by the prospect acquiring a new whole new batch of white women for his harem, the Prince turned back to the lattice screen.

PART I - A JOURNEY INTO SLAVERY

1 – THE TRAP IS BAITED

It was two days later and Pierre, having received the go-ahead from Malaka, had assembled the team of young businesswomen in a country hotel near Gatwick airport. He had advised them to bring travelling clothes and make preparations for a long stay abroad.

‘Good news!’ he began. ‘My client has studied your brochure. He is interested in your ideas and is impressed by the calibre of your team. I think there is every likelihood that he will be ready to provide you with the financial backing you need and introduce you to some worthwhile international clients – once he has met you, for like many successful men he likes to back people he likes the look of – and I’m sure that there’ll be no problem there!’

The women all exchanged looks of delight.

‘But,’ went on Pierre, ‘are you really sure that you really want to start up your own business?’

‘Yes. We’re all fed up with working for other people, in large companies run by men and for men. We want to run our own show – and we have the skills and experience to do so.’ The speaker was a tall, rather angular dark haired woman, Patricia Kirk. She was dressed in a well-cut black business suit and there was a self-possessed and efficient air about her. Alongside her was a pretty buxom young blond girl with big blue eyes, Kelly Caruthers. She seemed very much beholden to the older Patricia.

‘Well,’ said Pierre, ‘if it all goes well, then my client will want you to start immediately – setting up an office near him to handle his own substantial international investments and those of his rich friends. Although he would want to keep an eye on matters, he will leave you, as experienced asset managers, to deal with all dayto-day matters.’

‘Ah!’ cried another woman, Amanda Wethers, the former experienced Financial Analyst. She was a sophisticated looking and well-groomed blond. ‘That’s just how we prefer to work.

‘And what’s he going to pay us?’ asked Jill Sanders, the older of the two American sisters.

‘That is something you will have discuss with my client,’ replied Pierre, ‘but I think you can take it that it would be sufficient to ensure that you are all living in a lifestyle that reflects success and thus attracts clients – and at the same time will ensure that you are not tempted back to the City or to Wall Street. And if you want a ‘golden handshake’ paid in advance to enable you to establish yourselves locally, I am sure that he would agree.’

The women looked at each other and smiled. It was indeed a very attractive fly that Pierre was now casting over the group of women. However, he also had to make sure that they were free to take it – before disappearing into the Prince’s harem.

‘Are you sure that this is what you want?’ Pierre asked. ‘And are you sure you’re all free to live abroad and don’t have any domestic ties here in England? Will you all be free, if he agrees to hire you all, as I am sure he will, to stay abroad perhaps for up to a year? My client would want one hundred percent dedication to your new business from the moment he takes you on.’

With his attractive French accent and Gallic charm he was very attractive to women, just the sort of man that a woman felt that she could trust – even a lesbian like Patricia. She normally guarded young Kelly very jealously but had not really minded when Pierre teasingly flirted with her pretty young “protégée”.

‘Don’t worry,’ came the husky voice of Amanda Wethers. ‘We’re all appalled by the prospect of more years in the London rat race. There’s nothing to keep any of us here now. It would be much more exciting to work abroad – and perhaps in a warmer and sunnier climate – and I know I speak for my children as well. They’re just longing to use their talents abroad – and to show them off to your client.’

Yes indeed, laughed Pierre inwardly, yes indeed.

‘And that applies to us both, too,’ said Jill Sanders. Her younger sister, Candice, nodded.

Pierre looked at them. What a lovely Matched Pair they would make, he thought, chained together in the Prince’s harem, with their long honey-coloured hair, fresh complexions, good figures and flashing eyes. Many a Sheikh would pay a fortune for them alone.

‘Well then, that’s settled,’ said Pierre with an engaging smile. He handed them return open tickets. ‘You will see that your tickets are return ones in case you or my client decide not to proceed with the project. But I’m sure you’ll be staying. We’ll fly out to Zurich this morning and from there . . . well I’m not yet at liberty to tell you what country we’ll be flying on to. But I shall again be giving you open return tickets back to Zurich in case you change your minds.’

There were gasps of excitement. The country they would be flying on to! That sounded interesting. They had assumed they would be flying to boring old Zurich or Frankfurt. And they would have open return tickets in case they didn’t like Pierre’s client. What more could they ask for?

‘Wonderful!’ enthused Candice.

‘We’ll all go straight to the airport from here,’ said Pierre. ‘My client is anxious to meet you and finalise matters without delay. But I must warn you,’ he lied, ‘he is also in touch with another firm Asset Managers and so I want you to see him and conclude the deal as soon as possible. Just remember that he and his friends have large amounts of money waiting to be professionally and expertly invested. They are anxious to take advantage of the present turn-down in the world stock-markets – provided they have confidence in you, as I am sure he will have once he has met you in person.’

Here were gasps. Large sum to invest! It was all sounding better and better – the chance of a lifetime! But another firm was also after the job. Time was clearly of the essence.

Pierre went on quickly. ‘When we arrive at our final destination, two special limousines will take us to my client’s private aircraft, which will be waiting to fly us to meet him. Just how long we spend there will depend on how you impress him and the plans you make with him. I know he is keen to start you all working without delay, based in his large villa.’

‘But will we have the right clothes?‘ cried Candice.

Again Pierre could not help laughing to himself. Little did they know that soon the Prince’s black eunuchs would only allow them to wear scanty harem dress. ‘Oh don’t worry about that,’ he replied. ‘My client will be much more impressed if he sees you in your present business suits – anyway, you can always get other clothes out there, cheaper and more suitable than what you’d buy here.’

‘But can’t you now tell us who this mysterious client of your is - and where he lives?’ asked Patricia.

‘No, I’m sorry, not yet – not until the deal is finalised. Like many really wealthy men, he likes to keep himself strictly to himself – and well out of sight of the media. As I said before, it is essential that you keep this project entirely to yourselves or he will withdraw his interest entirely. He has been particularly attracted to you because you are a self-contained group. So don’t say anything about it to anyone. No one must even know that first of all you’re going out to Zurich – or other rival fund managers will get to hear about it and the whole project will collapse.’

The women were nodding their agreement.

‘But what shall I tell our housekeeper?’ asked Amanda, the mother of the seventeen year old Diana and the sixteen year old John, both of whom would be employed in the administrative side of the enterprise.

‘Tell her that you’ve all been invited for a long skiing holiday and are not quite sure when you’ll be back. Tell her meanwhile to take a month’s holiday. I repeat, secrecy is vital if you are to pull off this wonderful opportunity.’

‘Don’t worry,’ said Patricia. ‘We’ve all already agreed amongst ourselves not to say a word to anyone – and I’ve checked with everyone that they haven’t. None of us want to risk losing this wonderful chance. None of us have husbands or near relatives or partners we’d have to tell. So you can tell your client that his confidence will be quite safe with us.’

‘Excellent!’ said Pierre with a little smile.

‘And will you be coming with us?’ asked Jill.

‘Of course – and staying with you until everything is settled,’ Pierre replied.

‘Oh good!’ The young woman smiled, reassured.

‘Oh!’ added Pierre, ‘and please don’t bring mobile phones or cameras – or my client may think your spies sent by the Press and send you all packing!’

2 – A DAILY HAREM INSPECTION

It was a typical early morning scene in the harem.

Malaka was making his morning inspection of the women in his charge; some thirty-five Arab, Indian, Siamese, Pakistani and white European women – each wearing a wide shiny metal collar made of flexible links like a metal watch. Engraved in Arabic numerals, on a plate on the front of each collar, were the woman’s harem number and her number, registered with the Morals Police, as an indentured servant.

Malaka knew that the Prince liked to see his women collared in this way. It made them, he used to say, really feel that they were his helpless property.

He was standing in the central courtyard of the luxurious, air-conditioned, harem. In his hand was the emblem of his authority – a long, slender, silver-tipped cane with a curved handle. With him was Nadu, an experienced, older black eunuch who was responsible for supervising the state of all the European women in the harem who, willingly or not, had been selected by the Prince to take part in his forced breeding programme. By Nadu’s side was a trolley holding the monitoring screen of an ultra-sound scanner – the latest model.

Four young black eunuch boys, the rival overseers in charge of the four differently coloured teams of women, took it in turn on different days proudly to bring their team of women to stand on the long raised bench in front of Malaka. They were competitors, for each young overseer sought to train his team to out-do those of his rivals in attracting the Master’s attention and so earn for himself a large tip. Each boy was dressed like Malaka, but with a ribbon of the colour of his team in his turban and, instead of a cane, each carried a dogwhip. Each also had a short black handled proper whip tucked into his cummerbund, ready to be drawn and cracked alarmingly to emphasise orders to his team of women.

Each overseer had his own budget and it was largely up to him how it was spent: so much on acquiring exciting new blood for his team to enable it to compete for the Master’s attentions; so much on expensive beauty treatments, such as breast enlargements or re-shaping; and so much on silks and embroidery for the team’s skimpy dress, which always had to be in the team colour.

It amused the Prince to see his women humiliated by being in the charge of black boys often little more than half their age. Furthermore, by allowing each Team Overseer a high degree of freedom, under the overall supervision of Malaka, as to the appearance, discipline and training of his team, the Prince further encouraged the rivalry between the young black eunuchs. Thus each team was very different and reflected to some extent the idiosyncrasies of its young overseer – a diversity, which made the harem all the more

intriguing for its owner …

Today Malaka, his cane tucked under arm, was inspecting the Blue Team.

Borka, the team's young black overseer, had introduced some customs from his native village. He would bind the nipples and beauty buds of his blushing young women with cotton thread so that they became greatly swollen and extended. He then pierced them and degradingly fitted them with gold rings, an inch or so in diameter, and brazed them over to prevent their removal.

Humiliatingly, a little bell hung from each of the nipple rings which tinkled with each girl's slightest movement, whilst from the ring through each of their clitorises hung a pretty jewel that glittered with every step. Because of the movement of this last ring, Borka's women were kept in a state of constant, if frustrated, arousal. This had the effect of making them desperate to catch the eye of their repulsively unattractive Master – their only permitted source of pleasure. It was cunning ploy by Borka for, of course, every time they were chosen to please the Master, Borka could be fairly certain of getting a nice round tip.

Nor could they hide their glistening and constantly moist beauty lips, for Borka did not dress his team in harem pantaloons, but rather in transparent loose silk leggings that only started at the thigh, leaving their bellies and intimacies on display. Stiff, blue embroidered, open boleros showed off their firm breasts, stretched nipples and little bells.

To complete the charming sight of eager young womanhood that Borka, who seemed surprisingly experienced for his years, used to catch the eye of the Master, they also each wore curly blue Turkish slippers and pretty little blue caps perched on the side of their heads from which a line of pearls ran across their foreheads. Their half-nakedness contrasted with the sumptuousness of the dress of their overseer and of Malaka himself.

The Prince was likely to be particularly attracted by, and indeed critical of, the size and shape of each of his woman's breasts and nipples, as well as that of their intimacies and, in the case of women chosen for forced breeding, the growing curve of their bellies. These were matters that he particularly that he himself liked to keep a close eye on.

'Blue Team, Sir, present and correct!' announced Borka.

Malaka cast his eye up and down the line of nervously trembling women, standing there with their heads up and looking straight ahead, quivering breasts and soft bellies thrust forward for his inspection.

He started to move down the line, occasionally using his cane to lift a breast to check its size and continuing firmness, especially if had been specially brought into milk. He was also judging whether the blue painted nipples, each carefully painted to match the colour of their lipsticks, was sufficiently prominent to please the Prince.

Borka, who had coiled up his black short and replaced it in his cummerbund, now used his dogwhip to point out, proudly, the full breasts of two white women, marked 7 and 14 on their hairless mounds, whose bellies were well curved and who were chained together by the neck as a Matched Pair. Their breasts were already showing, under the skin, the distinctive tracery of blue veins that marked a woman shortly due to come into milk.

Malaka now felt both sets of breasts. Yes, they were swelling nicely and these beautiful young women would make a fine and erotic pair of milkmaids for their Master - as soon as they had delivered their black progeny, who would immediately be taken away to be reared on the Prince's estate.

As the Prince's chief black eunuch, he was often tempted to use the latest hormone pills to bring on a woman's milk artificially. Indeed he condoned Rafta's use of them for his Red Team, all of whom had erotically been brought into milk and their nipples greatly extended. But with the other teams, he felt that the best results were obtained when only women who had been used for the Prince's hobby of forced breeding were later kept in milk, with Nature bringing on their milk naturally.

Moreover, in the case of those girls producing extra large twin half-giant Dinka progenies, or those chosen to produce a litter of pygmies, Mother Nature would automatically prepare the women's bodies to meet the extra demand for milk. Thus their milk yields would often be substantial.

Borka now pointed with his dogwhip to another two sets of full white breasts, both also showing prominently the tracery of blue veins under the skin– in this case because the women had recently dropped their progeny and were now being kept in milk to serve as milkmaids for the Master. These breasts belonged to the Dutch Matched Pair of mother and daughter and the Prince was finding almost as pleasure in having them reluctantly brought to offer him their milk, as previously he had had in watching their bellies swell.

3 – THE BAIT IS TAKEN

Meanwhile far to the North, a journey was passing off extremely well and just as Pierre had planned. The women, still excited by Pierre's enthusiastic pep talk, did not suspect anything untoward. On the contrary, when they learned at Zurich airport that they were to fly onto Tangier by Air Morocco, with Palestinian passports and wearing chadors over their hair, there was an atmosphere of intrigued excitement and conjecture as to what sort of man they were being flown to meet.

Tangier was well known as a haven for wealthy men expatriates and especially eccentric ones. This, probably, they reckoned as they talked amongst themselves, accounted for the insistence on complete secrecy by Pierre's client. Thus their suspicions were not aroused when, for "reasons of confidentiality" they were told that their seats had previously been reserved as a special group in Pierre's name –something that, together with their Palestinian passports, resulted in no names being on the manifest and only Pierre having to show his passport.

This demand for complete confidentiality was something that the more experienced of the women, notably Patricia Kirk and Amanda Weathers, had come across before when dealing with the investments of the very rich.

'It all adds up,' said Patricia. 'I've come across very rich people living in outlandish places to avoid the media and who want their investments kept completely secret."

'Yes,' added Amanda, 'and to avoid the taxman of their native countries.'

'Yea, I guess it all makes sense,' said Jill Sanders in her educated Bostonian accent.

'Well it certainly will be exciting to meet this guy, 'said her sister Candice with a laugh. 'Ten to one he'll turn out to be a fellow American who likes to keep some of investments abroad.'

Listening to this chatter, Pierre laughed to himself. What innocents they were!

4 – THE RESULTS OF A LITTLE FORCED BREEDING

Satisfied with the first part of his inspection of the Blue Team, Malaka stood back whilst Borka ordered the women to move along the bench to the higher end, so that it was their bellies that were level with Malaka's eyes.

'Thrust bellies out!' he ordered and then added. 'Out properly! Now legs apart! Knees bend!"

Malaka encouraged the boy overseers to talk harshly to the harem women, especially the European ones. There must be no fraternisation between the women and the black eunuchs in charge of them, or else discipline in the harem would be affected. Indeed he felt that the women would soon take advantage of any kindness that might be shown them to them.

The team overseers were responsible for ensuring that their women were properly depilated – something Malaka felt very strongly about. Each eunuch knew that if their superior found the slightest sign of a pubic hair then they would get the rough end of his tongue. Fortunately they were able to use the latest depilatory creams and techniques, including lasers and radiation, to ensure that their women remained as smooth as a little girl – just as the Price liked it.

The women of the Blue Team, still looking straight ahead, were now straining to thrust out their bellies and to display their smooth intimacies to the critical gaze of the chief black eunuch.

Branded low on each of their bellies was a black circle containing, in blue, the Arabic numerals of their harem number. Above this, also within a black circle were branded two green coloured crossed scimitars, the crest of the Prince's ruling family. The blue, green and black colours of the brands had been achieved by rubbing the appropriate pigment into marks immediately after the branding iron had been withdrawn.

'Remember,' Malaka was never tired of telling his young assistants, 'these women are all kept here in the Prince's harem for one purpose only: to please their Master with the sight or use of their bodies.'

Therefore Malaka specially checked during his inspections that each woman's beauty lips were indeed a beautiful and entrancing sight, ready to attract the attention of their Master and to receive his manhood – paying particular attention to those of women who had been subjected to a partial or fully circumcision. Furthermore, in Borka's team, to emphasise their importance, the blue painted beauty lips were further outlined in black in a prettily drawn heart-shaped oval.

Slowly he made his way along the line of proffered bellies, examining each one for perfect smoothness and complete lack of a hair, stroking the outer lips of one woman, the inner lips of another and then feeling up to check on the tightness of a third one.

But Malaka was also concerned to check the slimness of each woman's waist and standing back, he used his long cane to point out to young Borka, both points that needed attention and those which were satisfactory. Borka was similarly using his dogwhip to show changes in each woman's body that he had brought about and of which he was particularly proud.

The chief black eunuch paused at the end of the line in front of the identically curved bellies of Numbers 7 and 14, Caroline and Chantalle. He ran his hand appreciatively and knowingly over their bare swollen bellies.

In their case, the Prince's crest, branded on their bellies, was beginning to look erotically stretched and the very curve of their bellies made an erotic comparison with the flat tummies and slim waists of the other women.

Malaka smiled grimly as he remembered how this pair of intelligent and sophisticated Western women, like the Dutch mother and daughter before them, had been tricked by Pierre into entering the Prince's harem – and then broken by Borka into their new life as the Prince's concubines and a Matched Pair at that - trained by fear of the cane to please their Master together. Only a few months ago, as free and independent young women in London and Paris, neither of them would ever guessed in their the worst nightmares that soon, collared and manacled, they would be presenting a bare and swollen belly for inspection by the chief black eunuch of an Arabian Prince.

He smiled again as he glanced up at one of the large calligraphic Arabic scripts on the harem wall, beautifully executed in gold leaf: "A harem is not a harem without a few nicely curved bellies on display". Indeed, indeed!

He turned back to the bellies of the two beautiful tall blond women and ran his hand down over them. Here there was a difference. Instead of their bare intimacies and ringed clitorises being on display, a tightly fitting and carefully shaped triangular chainmail breeding belt was locked over their beauty lips to ensure that they could not interfere with the black progeny growing happily inside them.

From each the two top corners of the triangular chainmail breeding belt two little chains led up to another chain that went tightly round their waist. This was closed by a little padlock in the small of the women's backs and spare links enabled it to be let out as the belly swelled.

Similarly, from the third corner down between their legs, two other little chains ran up across their bottoms to the same chain around the waist, keeping the belt tightly drawn down over their beauty lips whilst still leaving their rear orifices available for a humiliating use by their cruel Master.

Not only could the women not even push a knitting needle through the chainmail itself, they were unable to get even a little finger underneath. Indeed, to their horror, they had slowly realised that, thanks to these belts, they would have to carry their unwanted progeny right through to delivery.

As the two women held their positions and remained looking straight ahead over his head, Malaka again ran an experienced hand down over her their bellies and their well-rounded childbearing hips. Then he checked the fit of the breeding belts. Yes, they were still nice and tight.

Then he nodded to Nadu, who wheeled his trolley up to where the two reluctant mothers-to-be were standing. Keeping the screen so that the women could not see it, Nadu slowly ran the scanner's "mouse" over each of the two curved bellies, enabling the monitor to show Malaka the satisfactory state of the twin half-black embryos that each girl was carrying. Malaka and Nadu were now animatedly discussing the state of their progeny as displayed on the screen. But as they were talking in Swahili, the women had no idea what was being said.

Much as the two women longed to look down to see what the monitor was displaying, they did not dare to do so
– for Borka's dreaded cane was tapping each of them under the chin as a reminder to keep their heads up and look straight ahead. Caroline and Chantalle did now realise that they were expecting and could feel their progeny moving and kicking. But as they, too, had not been able to see their chosen mate, they were not only blissfully ignorant of the fact they were both carrying half-giant Dinkas for their Master, but also that they were both carrying twins – for any questions on the matter to Borka, had only resulted in them being threatened with a caning for "Undue inquisitiveness".

Indeed the black eunuchs and the Prince himself considered that what the women lucky enough to be selected for forced breeding were actually being made to carry was none of the women's business. They were merely the Prince's indentured servants – virtually slaves to be made to do their Master's bidding and to give him pleasure as he indulged in his favourite hobby.

But there was, in truth, much more to it than a mere hobby. It was indeed the traditional fate of captured Christian women going back to the days of the Crusades. "Seek your revenge on the infidels by enslaving their captured women and by mating them with your black servants" ran another script on the wall. The Prince used to take the opportunity to display his piety at a dinner he had given to the local leading Imams and Caids by showing how he was updating the ancient tenet by using his modern white Christian slavegirls, so-called liberated Western women, to breed good future Moslem mulatto servants.

Malaka smiled to himself as he remembered how this second Matched Pair of blond women in the Blue Team had certainly caught the Prince's eye. So much so that, as with the first pair, the Dutch mother and daughter before them, he could hardly wait to subject them to his hobby of Forced Breeding. This did not mean that he had to stop enjoying them. On the contrary, he normally enjoyed taking his women as if they were boys
– and, even if they were "Expecting a Happy Event", as his black eunuchs cruelly and euphemistically termed it, their rear orifices were still kept available.

Malaka again smiled as he remembered the horror of this beautiful pair of white women at being told that their mating, with their faces veiled to safeguard their hated Master's honour, was to be the highlight of a special feast being given by him to the Mullahs and other local and influential dignitaries. Being blindfolded they had no idea that they were both being crossed with the same virile giant Dinka from their Master's Black Guards.

It had been a fine display with the two women greatly amusing the guests by screaming out aloud their horror and ineffectual protests, as each in turn felt an unknown seed jetting up inside them. It was a sight made all the more poignant for the guests as they had been told that the women did not know that their normal contraceptive pills, used by the black eunuchs to prevent the harem women from conceiving by their Master, had been replaced by a course of innocuous looking fertility ones.

Thus unknown to them, the proven potent seed that they had felt jetting into them was indeed carrying out an enhanced fertilising role – for the Prince liked to experiment with half Dinka twins, or even triplets, to be produced as future labourers for his estates, thereby seeking to combine the strength and resilience of the giant Dinkas sires with the cleverness of their white dams.

Malaka smiled yet again as he remembered the jealous rage of the other team overseers who felt that, with these two pairs of women, young Borka had been allowed to acquire for his team more then his fair share of the much sought after European Christian women – an imbalance would shortly be rectified.

On several bellies, as young Borka was also now keen to display, one or more red stars had also been branded: one for each already successfully completed maternity. In particular he pointed to the red stars recently branded onto the bellies marked 20a and 20b. Malaka smiled, for these were the bellies of the beautiful Dutch mother, Martha, and her young daughter Dolly, who had also been tricked by Pierre into becoming the Prince's concubines.

Again a satisfied Malaka stood back.

'Attention!' barked young Borka. The women all straightened up, their hands still clasped behind their necks.

'About turn!' Moving as one, the team of women turned round. Their long slender backs and swelling behinds were now beautifully on display to the Prince's chief eunuch.

'Legs apart, present buttocks!' came the next order.

The women now bent over and pulled the cheeks of their bottoms apart to present their much prized rear orifices to Malaka. Knowing his Master's preference for taking a woman as if she were a boy, this was an important part of Malaka's daily inspection. Each must be tight, but not too tight, so as to accommodate their Master's manhood. Stretching and keeping stretched each woman's rear orifice with a specially designed ivory phallus was an important part of each overseer's duty, as was keeping them clean and scented – and so was something that Malaka liked to check up on.

Malaka's morning inspection of the Blue Team was now complete.

Whilst all this had been going on, Malaka's mind had kept going back to the message he had sent Pierre, to go ahead and bring his team of unsuspecting young women to the Prince's palace. They should be arriving very soon. The young Frenchman had in the past discreetly produced some delightfully unwilling European women for the Prince's harem. Now he seemed to have excelled himself with a whole team of them.

It would not, he chuckled to himself, be long now before these new recruits for the harem would, too, be blushingly displaying themselves to his humiliatingly intimate daily inspections

5 – CAUGHT!

The arrival at Tangier airport was fine. Pierre had told the women to say that they were coming on a group holiday. Half-hidden under black robes and waving their false Palestinian passports, they had been quickly waved through immigration. Thus, just as Pierre had planned, there was no individual record of them ever having arrived in Tangier under their real names. Outside the terminal, two large cars were waiting to take them to a quiet hanger where the Prince's private aircraft was waiting to take them to … well, Pierre never did tell them just where. In fact it was not very far by air, but unbeknown to them, the plane made a few large circles to make the women think that they were being taken a long way away – much to their excitement.

It was still not dark when the aircraft landed on what was the Prince's private airstrip and taxied to a stop. It was warm and all the women could see were a few palm trees and in the distance some mountains.

Waiting for the six women and the boy was a minibus and a smart Mercedes car. Pierre spoke in Arabic to a strange looking black man with an oddly high-pitched voice. He then introduced him to the women as his client's major-domo. He seemed particularly interested in meeting them, looking each woman and the boy up and down as he shook hands.

Pierre then explained that as it was a little late and as the women must be tired after their long flight, his client had arranged to put them up in his guesthouse where they could rest, and make their presentation to him in the morning. He himself, he explained, would go on ahead with the major-domo in the Mercedes to make sure that all was ready for them. Everything, he assured them, was looking just fine.

Unsuspectingly the women boarded the minibus, which then drove off. They waved to Pierre.

'See you later,' he called out. But they never did see him again.

Suddenly a roadblock, apparently manned by armed soldiers, halted their minibus.

'They bandits!' cried the driver in broken English, in simulated alarm. 'You be very careful or they kill you.'

One by one the women were ordered off the minibus, leaving their luggage behind them. Unseen by those still in the bus, each was quickly handcuffed with her hands behind her back, blindfolded and gagged and then led into special truck, like those used to transport prisoners, with small individual cells. Only the boy was left in the minibus – to be taken to a special clinic where he would be castrated before being sent onto the Prince.

The truck was then driven off with the frantic women each locked into a separate cell.

PART II - INTO THE HAREM

6 – THE PRINCE KILLS TIME

The Prince was smiling happily. He had just heard the news that his new acquisitions had innocently walked into the trap that Pierre had set and were now on their way to his palace.

He could hardly wait to get his hands on them. Already Malaka had allocated them Harem Numbers and had registered them, under these numbers, with the Morals Police as indentured servants. They had, in turn, allocated them Registered Numbers. Provided each woman was clearly marked with her Harem Number, they did not require their real names.

Collars with their Registered Numbers engraved on the side had been prepared and Huda, the black eunuch, the trained harem male nurse and tattooist, was also ready to tattoo the new women's Registered Numbers onto the back of their hands – like those of all the Prince's women.

To kill time and to steady his nerves, the Prince was again watching his collection of beautiful women, either from behind the wooden screen in his office, or on the large television screen. He was particularly pleased with his new security system whose cameras displayed to the Prince and to the supervising black eunuch on duty, exactly what was going on in every corner of the harem. The small cameras even covered and recorded the walled garden team, dormitories and bathrooms and, thanks to infra-red working, both by day and night.

The Prince found it all utterly absorbing and arousing – they were his women, in his power. His virility might now not be what it had been when he was a young man but, he felt, climaxing was not everything. Merely watching his women gave him great pleasure.

In the West, a collector of, say, beautiful pictures could only admire them hanging on a wall. But, as the Prince was fond of saying, in the Moslem world, a collector of beautiful young women could use them in so many more ways. He could touch and feel them. He could hear them as they chattered to each other or screamed out under the whip. He could use them for forced breeding. He could cage and fatten them up until they could only waddle like ducks. And, of course, above all he could use them for his sexual pleasure.

By registering them with the local Morals Police as Indentured Servants he could virtually enslave them. By depriving them of the sight of another man he could make them long for his touch, even they had been first repelled by him. No matter how free and independent his white women had been, locked up in his harem, under the control of his black eunuchs, they were conditioned to be little more than household pets, to be groomed, displayed and used for his pleasure.

Even just looking at these live creatures was much more diverting than merely looking at a picture. He thoroughly enjoyed watching them, unseen, being exercised by their young black team overseers; being made to practice performing before him, like show animals in a circus, in giving degrading "exhibitions" with each other, as they were called in the Arab world; being made to perform even more degradingly in their team bathrooms; resting on their cushions or on carpets in the patio by the side of the pool; straining to carry his palanquin; attending on him in his own bathroom; or even just walking hand in hand along the winding paths of the garden – but, in all these cases, always under the watchful eye of a black eunuch.

Furthermore the sight of his crest and of the women's harem numbers, prominently branded on their bellies, never failed to arouse him – and if some of these brands were strangely stretched across well curved bellies then so much the better. Equally arousing in these cases were the carefully polished chainmail breedingbelts that ensured that these bellies became increasing curved whether their owners liked it or not.

On this occasion he had been quietly watching the Blue and Red Teams of his women being exercised, each under their rival black eunuch overseers. It had been a stimulating sight with each team of some eight or nine beautiful women, including a few well-educated European ones, jumping to obey their young overseer's orders - and his whip. The white women, in particular, had cost him a fortune to acquire, but he consoled himself with the thought that he was a wealthy man and his harem was his main distraction – and, of course, one that enabled him to obey the Arabic scripts on the wall of the harem

Yes, he had been thinking, a little Forced Breeding was indeed a fascinating pastime. Fortunately, here in North Africa he could indulge in it to his heart's content, for women had the legal status of minors and the fundamentalist mullahs encouraged the registration of concubines with their Morals Police as numbered indentured servants, marked as such and legally with no more rights than an animal,. Indeed Forced Breeding, especially from his white slavegirls, had become his favourite hobby. Naturally, however, he would not be the sire – for his sons must be of pure Bedouin blood and not contaminated by that of any Christian dog of a concubine.

But it was not only the sight of white women being made to carry black progeny that he found so stimulating, but also the choosing the most suitable black mate for a particular white woman and then seeing her being covered. He would often invite his friends to come and help choose the right mate for a woman and then watch her subsequent mating. These matings of despised Western women also provided a useful opportunity for him to show off his piety to the local Mullahs.

Every day at lunchtime, with Malaka standing at his side, Nadu would specially parade the European women who had been mated in front of him. Proudly he would display their beautiful and increasingly curved bellies. Each made an arousing sight and one that never failed to produce in the Prince a further satisfying feeling of power and pride of ownership – ownership of these beautiful, but now helpless, white women. Until recently his beautiful Matched Pair of a Dutch mother and daughter had particularly fascinated him.

However, they had now delivered their progeny and it was his more recently acquired and mated Matched Pair of a young Englishwoman, the actress Penelope Lyndsey-Baker and French young married woman Chantalle de Mieury, who now fascinated him, together with his also married pretty Austrian concubine, Mizzi, who he had mated at the same time as Penelope and Chantalle. But whereas they had been mated with the same one of his giant Dinka Black Guards, Mizzi had been mated with a black pygmy.

Watching their swelling bellies, each guarded by a chainmail breeding-belt, gave him a great feeling of power. Indeed, whilst he often chose them to pleasure him as he took his post luncheon siesta.

His only regret had been that he did not own a pair of Christian sisters whom he could degrade and enjoy. But now Pierre was producing, amongst others, a pair of Jewish American sisters as well as an English mother and daughter and a couple of Lesbians. Perhaps by mating each pair of American or English women to the same sire he could establish, as he had with his recently acquired two valuable American palomino and English Thoroughbred mares now in his stables, a new half American breeding line of two legged mulattos and a new line of pure European women.

Yes, these women would all be his, his to do with as he liked.

As always he had particularly enjoyed the sight of Nadu making his young white mothers-to-be, naked except for their shiny breeding-belts, play in the shallow end of the swimming pool, throwing a large heavy ball to each other over a net. Keeping the belly and breast muscles of these mothers-to-be firm and strong was a key part of Nadu's pre-natal training and he was watching them carefully from the side of the pool, a long carriage whip in his hand, ready to correct any woman not exercising her belly properly.

But it was not only secretly watching his women that the Prince so enjoyed – as well as, of course, taking them. He also enjoyed playing with their bodies, playing with one of the teams as they, half naked and apparently lovingly, crowded round him, passionately kissing him and murmuring endearments – under the watchful eye, of course, of their young black overseer. He would cup their breasts, put his arms round their waists and run his hands down over their long backs and over their soft bottoms and bellies, especially over bellies that were showing a nice curve.

Although the embarrassing presence of an older black eunuch might have put him off and affected his virility, he felt no such qualms over taking a woman in the presence of a young black boy eunuch. The boy would be using his dogwhip to ensure that the woman or women, whatever they may have felt privately, all fully participated in the orgy of pleasing their Master and tried their utmost to give him great pleasure whilst not getting very much, or indeed any, themselves.

As a precaution against the Christian girls in the team trying to attack their hated fat Master, their young black overseer would always hold them by leads fastened to their collars, so that he could at any moment jerk them backwards. As a further precaution, all the Christian women's wrists were kept manacled fastened behind their backs in the presence of their loathsome Master, whilst white Matched Pairs were also kept chained together by the neck.

Like the fundamentalist mullahs, the Prince fervently believed in the basic inferiority of women. By law they ranked only as minors. "Allah has put helpless women into the world for the enjoyment of men," ran another Arabic script on the walls of the main harem room, "go ye and enjoy them, as many as ye can afford – but make sure ye rule them well." Not unnaturally, therefore, he was a firm believer in a large harem and in his women being kept under strict discipline by his black eunuchs – with fear of the cane constantly hanging over them.

Indeed he particularly enjoyed keeping his women, especially his well-educated white ones, in constant fear of corporal punishment. He had therefore recently introduced a new and particularly painful cane into the harem and, as a further psychological way of instilling fear into the women, this knobbly rattan cane was kept prominently hanging up in the main harem courtyard. Here it served as a humiliating reminder to his concubines of their status as mere indentured servants. It also acted a clear deterrent to any

woman, especially a white one, tempted to get too big for her boots or to start demanding her freedom.

Quite apart from the occasional admonishing strokes of his dogwhip, each of the young black team overseers had the authority to award up to ten strokes of this rattan cane to the women in his charge for minor misdeeds, such as lack of respect towards themselves, failing to make themselves look beautiful, or failing to perform their natural functions in time with the rest of the team.

But the young overseers well knew that the actual pain of the caning constituted only part of the punishment. Each overseer had his own comfortable quarters, attached to the dormitory of his team. Thus, rather than immediately thrashing a girl when she committed an offence, they would often keep the woman nervously waiting for days. Then, whilst the women were, for instance, taking their siesta in the team dormitory, he would suddenly call a woman he had previously sentenced to come into his adjoining room.

Then, through the open door way, the other women in the dormitory would hear him first order the culprit to go and fetch the dreaded cane. Then, lying on their simple mattresses on the floor, they would imagine the scene, as the trembling woman would then have to kiss the cane and offer it to their young overseer him on her knees.

Now the women in the adjoining dormitory would hear, and count, the thwack of the rattan cane on bare flesh through the open door – and thank their lucky stars that it was not being applied to their own bottoms. Psychologically this was thus even more effective than caning a girl in front of her team.

The Prince would watch these scenes on the harem's very clear internal television system, often, whilst being pleasured by other nervous concubines.

It was a technique that was also used by Malaka himself when he caned a woman in his quarters, off the main harm room. Then the whole harem would be sitting outside, sitting on their cushions under the supervision of their overseers and scared stiff - again hearing the application of the special rattan cane and the cries of pain that it produced.

Malaka had the authority to order up to twenty strokes of the rattan cane for more serious offences such as disobedience, referring to the Master in disrespectful terms, or hesitation in pleasing him in some degrading manner. Only for major offences such as impertinence to the Master, or being caught trying to masturbate, whether alone or with another woman, was a woman caned in front of the whole harem – and in the presence of the Master himself.

The Prince also enjoyed watching his women being subjected by their young overseers to the degrading control of their natural functions. He liked to watch a whole team being made by their young overseer, carrying his dogwhip, to perform simultaneously to his orders. It was excellent for discipline.

Moreover, apart from this, if a girl wished to spend a penny, as his English girls used to say, then they had to ask their boy overseer to take them to the team bathroom where he would humiliatingly stand over them as they performed. It was something that the women, particularly the white ones, never got used to.

Oh yes, the Prince ruminated, nothing could match the joy of owning a harem of well-disciplined and helpless young women of different nationalities and races.

Suddenly there was an urgent knock on the door. Malaka entered and salaamed deeply. 'Your Highness!' he announced excitedly, 'the new women have arrived.'

7 – THE PRINCE SEES HIS NEW ACQUISITIONS

It only took the truck half an hour to take the women to the Prince's palace. They heard the truck stop apparently at a guarded gate at the gates and then again outside the harem wing. They heard voices - strangely high pitched ones. Then, one by one, the handcuffed, gagged and blindfolded women were led out and down a passageway to a cellar, where the Prince, accompanied by Pierre, was waiting to approve his new acquisitions from behind a wooden lattice screen.

When all were present, they were lined up with their hands still strapped behind their backs. These were fastened to a line of rings set in the wall. They were now helpless. Their blindfolds were removed but they remained gagged.

They looked around with a mixture of astonishment and fear. They were, they saw, in a well-lit dungeon. In the corner was a small internal television camera that seemed to be pointing at them. For whose benefit, they wondered?

However, they were more concerned by the sight of a small but powerful-looking black man walking up and down in front of them. He was the same man whom Pierre had introduced to them earlier on as the client's major-domo. He was dressed in Eastern clothes and was wearing a turban and looked both intelligent and cruel. In his hand was long, whippy, silver–tipped bamboo cane with as curved handle. He was tapping it impatiently against the palm of his other hand. With him was another similarly dressed black man, who would later be taking a keen interest in some of their bodies: Nadu.

Despite their muscular appearance, they were talking to each other in what seemed Arabic – and in the same high-pitched voices that they had heard earlier on. Goodness, each woman was thinking, could they be eunuchs? They had heard of black eunuch being charge, in olden times, of Moslem harems. But, surely, they did not exist these days?

Several of the women tried to get free but found that they were securely fastened to the rings in the brick wall.

The two black men now started to brush and rearrange the helpless women's rather dishevelled hair and clothes as if getting them ready for a display. But why, each woman wanted to know? And, in any case, where were they? But, gagged as they were, they were quite unable to ask.

Soon the burly little black man carrying the silver tipped cane seemed satisfied with the women's appearance. He picked up a house phone and said something. Moments later the women saw a shadowy figure behind a wooden lattice grille set in the wall facing them.

The women could just hear voices speaking behind the grille. One was a rather deep masculine voice, quite different from those of the big black men. The other seemed vaguely familiar – surely, each woman was thinking, it could not be that of Pierre? How strange! No, it can't be! But they would have been even more astonished if they had overheard and understood the conversation between the Prince and Pierre.

'Here they are they are, Your Highness, six young English and American business women delivered to your harem some – and no one, outside your Palace staff, knows where they are.'

'Good, Pierre, you've have done well – and they are an attractive batch of women.' The gross Prince picked up the brochure describing the women, which Pierre had sent to him. 'Now which is which?'

'On the left, Your Highness,' Pierre indicated, 'are the English mother and daughter, Amanda and Diana. As you can see they both have similar long blond hair and blue eyes. And there is a strong family resemblance and the mother scarcely looks 37 years old. I think they will make a fine Matched Pair for Your Highness.'

'Yes, Pierre, yes indeed, but I think I'd like to check that the beauty of their bodies matches that of their faces.'

The Prince picked up the house phone and gave an order to a grinning Malaka. 'They won't need their business suits here,' he remarked to Pierre, as Malaka took a large pair of scissors and said something to Nadu. Amanda and Diana watched their approach with frightened eyes.

Little moans of protest came from under their gags as Nadu deftly unlocked the mother's handcuffs, releasing one arm, and pulled it free from her coat. Then, whilst Malaka held her in a strong grip, he did the same with her other arm and then refastened them both behind her back. Her coat now lay on the floor by her feet. They repeated the process with Diana.

Then Malaka slowly and methodically cut the straps of both their petticoats and bras and pulled them down to their waists. He knew that the Master would enjoy seeing them being stripped – the slower the better.

There were gasps of horror and protest from behind the other women's gags as both mother and daughter blushed with shame at being naked to the waist before these two black men – and before the men hidden behind the screen.

'Good firm breasts and slim waists,' commented the Prince to Pierre, as Malaka lifted up the full globes of first the mother and then the smaller ones of her daughter. 'That's what I like to see on a concubine.'

Clearly they were both appalled at being handled in this way, but Malaka had not finished. Deftly he unfastened Amanda's skirt and pulled it down. Her petticoat followed. Meanwhile, Nadu had been doing the same to Diana. Both skirts and petticoats were now lying round their ankles.

'No! No!' they both screamed behind the gags as their panties were also removed, baring their tummies and a line of pubic hair. Now all that they were wearing were black suspender belts and stockings that showed off their long slim legs.

'They've both got good legs and nice child-bearing hips,' commented the Prince with a cruel laugh. 'But I hate the sight of pubic hair,' he muttered. 'Malaka won't let them keep that for long.'

As if Malaka had heard his Master's comment, the chief black eunuch then handed a pot of depilating cream to Nadu who, using a wooden spatula, began to smear the burning paste over their mounds and beauty lips. Within moments both were writhing with pain as the paste began to do its work.

'We'll leave them for a few minutes,' said Malaka, turning to the next two women in the line; Jill and Caroline Saunders.

He stood right in front of them, staring them right in the eye and impatiently tapping his cane against the palm of his left hand. The two women could not meet his gaze and looked down, cringing with fear. Nadu then went behind them and, seizing their arms, momentarily unlocked their handcuffs and slipped off their coats. Tucking his cane under his arm, Malaka then slowly cut the shoulder straps of their petticoats and bras and pulled them down to the waists. They, too, were now naked to the waist.

Behind the screen, Pierre point to the two women. ‘These two beauties,’ he said, ‘are the American sisters. Again, with their strong family resemblance, they could, Your Highness, make another delightful Matched Pair for your harem - though I doubt if they will enjoy that!’

‘These women will not be here to enjoy themselves,’ exclaimed the Prince with great glee, ‘but to give pleasure to me – and, if they don’t perform properly, they’ll get the cane from their black eunuch overseers. There’s nothing like the cane, wielded by a black eunuch, to bring a recalcitrant woman to heel – especially a previously independent white woman.’

‘Indeed, Your Highness.’ murmured Pierre.

Soon the rest of the beautifully slim bodies of Jill and Candice were displayed, making the Prince highly delighted at having acquired them. Soon they too were squirming as the depilatory cream did its work, whilst Malaka and Nadu turned to the last two remaining women.

‘The next two, Your Highness,’ said Pierre, ‘are Patricia and the younger Kelly, the lesbian couple I mentioned to you. Kelly is a natural masochist and in thrall to the older Patricia, her Mistress. She’s been her so-called slave and as you can see her Mistress has even kept her depilated – like your own women slaves.’

‘Well,’ laughed the Prince, ‘I can’t see Malaka allowing that relationship to go on any longer in a harem supervised by him. Indeed just as it will be amusing for me to take one of the women in the Matched Pairs in front of the other, so I shall enjoy taking Patricia’s own slave girl in front of her. That’ll teach her - as will now being depilated by Malaka, in front of her hitherto humble slave. They’ll soon learn that their duty is to me, their Master. They’re both my slaves now.’

‘Yes, Your Highness,’ agreed Pierre. ‘I can see I was right in thinking that having a lesbian couple, interned in your harem, might appeal to you.’

‘Quite apart from natural lesbians, when you keep a large group of women shut up in a harem and prevent them from seeing any man other than their Master, then they’ll soon start getting crushes, as the English call it, on each other. But it’s the task of my eunuchs to make sure that they never have the opportunity to consummate their forbidden love. If they caught together, then they are thrashed, just as a girl is if caught playing with herself. For a second offence they circumcised.’

‘Quite right, Your Highness, quite right!’

Nadu was now using his wooden spatula to remove the mixture of depilating cream and hair from the women’s mounds and beauty lips. As he did so, the true beauty of the women was revealed to the watching Prince, whilst Malaka was able to check more easily on the sensuousness of each woman by tickling her now revealed beauty bud.

‘Yes that’s better,’ chortled the Prince, his double chin quivering with excitement. ‘You have done very well. Are you sure no one could ever trace them back to here?’

‘Quite sure, Your Highness. I live in Europe and make my living from inveigling white women into the harems of rich Arabs. It will be my head that will be on the block if these women were ever found – I have made sure that they never will be.’

‘Excellent!’ said the Prince. ‘They’re all so attractive that I hardly which to take first. Remind me to tell Malaka to make sure that they’re all on the pill. I don’t want any half-infidel sons,’ he laughed. ‘Oh yes, I hear that the boy has arrived at the nearby clinic and is being emasculated even now. So I can settle your bill.’

He handed Pierre a banker’s draft for a very large sum of U.S. dollars.

It was a very satisfied Pierre who later slept that night in the Prince guest house, imagining what next might happen to the six women he had tricked into disappearing into the Prince’s harem. That didn’t really concern him. Safe under his pillow was the banker’s draft which, being drawn on a reputable international bank, was as good as cash. And that was what mattered to Pierre!

8 – PATRICIA IS BROKEN IN

The six women were still fastened to the line of rings in the wall behind where they were now standing naked and hideously ashamed at not being even partly able to hide their nakedness with their hands. Malaka thought it was time their gags were removed and he invited the young team overseers to come and inspect the captives. But first he must instil in the women a real fear of the cane.

Swishing it alarmingly through the air, he now walked up and down the line of women, occasionally bringing it down on a cushion in front of them or using its tip to raise their breasts. He could see that they were petrified. For the first time he spoke to them in his broken English.

‘Heads up! You all look straight ahead. Any woman, she look down, she get cane. Ten strokes!’

He then strode down the line, raising their chins with his cane. He paused in front of Patricia, formerly their leader.

‘You not raise chin properly,’ he shouted and brought the cane down across her bottom.

Patricia gave a gasp under her gag and hastily strained to raise her chin. It was enough to make the other women all nervously do so, too. They were quivering with fear, bared breasts trembling. How awful to be treated like this – and by a frightening-looking black man at that.

Malaka looked up and down the line of naked women, all now nervously looking straight ahead.

'Now we take off your gags. But you not say one word or you get cane – like this.' He brought his cane down across the full breasts of Amanda who, unable to get her hands up to ease the pain, doubled up.

'Head up!' screamed Malaka, giving Amanda another sharp tap of his cane across her lowered shoulders. 'Look straight ahead!'

With a sob she obeyed. Anything was better than another stroke of that cane. But who was this terrifying black man with a high-pitched voice?

Nadu now went down the line, unfastening their gags, whilst Malaka stood in front of them, again menacingly tapping his cane against the palm of his hand.

'So,' he said mockingly, 'any woman dare say a word?'

There was at first a stony silence, but then it was broken, very daringly, by Patricia.

'How dare you treat us like this!' she cried. 'Who are you? Where are we? I demand you …'

Malaka smiled with pleasure and interrupted her: 'Right, you get cane, twenty strokes. You turn round and you bend over. Other women you look straight ahead - or you get cane too.'

He nodded to Nadu who seized her and turned her round. Quickly he unlocked one wrist and handcuffed her again with her hands held in front of her. Then he gripped her and made her bend over, holding her in position for the cane.

The other women, not daring to break their position, were still looking straight ahead. But they heard two whistling noise and a scream from Patricia who, released by Nadu, jumped up screaming and trying in vain to reach back behind her to ease rub her bottom: with: 'No! No more! Stop it, I'm an Englishwoman and I'll report you to the British Ambassador!'

But Malaka simply laughed and nodded to Nadu, who seized her again and held her bent over. Again there were two more whistling noises, each followed again by a scream from Patricia: 'No! Stop it! You've no right to …'

But again Malaka merely laughed and again Nadu held her bent over. Again there were two whistling noises. This time a sobbing Patricia contritely screamed out: 'No! Please stop it. I'm sorry I spoke.'

'Yes,' said Malaka, 'you soon be very sorry you disobey me.' He turned to the other women: 'And you all listen to flogging. You get flogged too, if you disobey me.'

There was an intake of breath from the other women, but none dared to speak. Malaka turned back to the weeping Patricia: 'Twelve more strokes – and this time each to be a single stroke.'

'Oh my God!' cried Patricia

'Your Christian God he not help you,' laughed Malaka. 'I good Moslem – like Master.'

Again she was bent over by Nadu and the flogging continued until the full twenty strokes had been delivered to the sobbing woman, whilst the other women trembled with fear in silence and remained looking straight ahead.

Then Nadu turned Patricia round so that she was back in the line of scared women. Again he handcuffed her with her hands behind her back.

'No more trouble from her,' said Malaka in Arabic to Nadu, 'and her flogging will have served to break in the other women. Now,' he said to helpless and frightened women, 'overseers of Master's women come and inspect you, before buying you for their teams.'

None of the women understood what he meant, but they were all horrified when, moments later, four young black boys entered the dungeon. They were carrying short dogwhips and were dressed rather like Malaka but with a varying coloured stripe in his turban. Each was carrying a list describing the women.

9 - AUCTIONED!

Laughing and chattering amongst themselves, the young eunuchs started to examine the line of frightened women. Nadu had put a card with a number on it in front of each woman and the boys were eagerly checking these numbers against their lists.

Each was calculating how much he could bid for these women. Although their funds, except for the Blue Team, had recently been topped up, each knew that competition to acquire some of these exotic creatures would almost use up all his money again. All were, therefore, judging how each pair of women would catch the eye of the Master and could be trained to please him - and hence perhaps earn them large financial rewards with which to top up their team funds again, so that they could buy further women for their teams.

Only young Borka seemed a little uninterested. His Blue Team already included two sets of white Christian Matched Pairs: the Dutch mother and daughter and Penelope and Chantalle and their acquisition had pretty well exhausted his team funds – though the Master had so enjoyed degrading them that he had given Borka substantial tips. However, he knew that he could not outbid his rival team leaders who, having no white Matched Pairs in their teams, would be willing to pay large sums to acquire one.

Rafta, the eighteen-year-old overseer of the Red Team, was feeling the chained women's breasts, wondering how they would look if, like the rest of his team, they had their breasts enlarged and their nipples stretched. It was an expensive treatment that he had to pay to be carried out by a local surgeon, but it was also one that greatly helped his women to catch the eye of the Master. However, he would have to keep back sufficient funds for this treatment and was wondering if he would have enough for it in his team's fund after buying them.

Gorka, the diminutive pygmy boy overseer of the Green Team, was feeling the muscles of their arms and thighs, as well as between their now exposed beauty lips and wondering how they would fit in with his team of tall girls trained to march and manoeuvre like toy soldiers – something that also greatly appealed to the Master.

Yorka, the overseer of the Yellow Team, was similarly thinking how erotic each would look after being transformed, like all the women in his team, into a white version of the young women in his native village – with a big brass ring through her nose, a shiny and completely bald cranium on which would be tattooed the Master's crest and her harem number and wearing just a piece of bark hanging from a string round her waist. It was a highly degrading transformation for a white woman and, because of that, was one that had earned him large tips from a delighted Master.

All of them were assessing how good a Matched Pair the English mother and daughter, Amanda and Diana, would prove to be and similarly the American Jewish sisters, Jill and Candice. For apart from their similar looks, each pair would also have to be trained to perform together before the Master and in his bed. The more reluctant and horrified they were to do so and the more they had to be driven on by their overseer's whip, the greater would be the Master's enjoyment - thus the bigger their own tip.

The same considerations applied to the lesbian pair, with the added erotic excitement of making the older dominant woman partake against her will in the rape of her young protégée.

In all three cases, there was also the possibility of further catching the Master's eye by proposing that a pair should later be made to submit to one of his pet hobbies: what the Prince jokingly called "A little Forced Breeding". Undoubtedly he would be delighted to impose a maternity, using the same stud, on both the mother and daughter, on the two Jewish sisters and on the lesbians – and particularly on the dominant older lesbian, with her natural hatred of all things male.

After giving the young overseers time to examine the women, Malaka clapped his hands for silence. It was time to start the auction – with the English mother and daughter.

'Here, ' he said in Arabic, 'we have a beautiful mother and daughter, fit to rival that of Blue Team, which has proved so popular with the Master and whom he chose to carry progeny fathered by the same Black Guard. Here is your chance to make your team as popular with the Master as undoubtedly the Blue Team has been … how much am I bid?'

The bidding was sharp, though Borka was soon forced to drop out. Yorka was saving his money for the Lesbian couple and also dropped out, leaving Rafta and Gorka to battle it out. Amanda and Diana were both tall and it was this made Gorka particularly keen to get them for his team. Finally Rafta dropped out and they were knocked down to Gorka, who unfastened them and led them off to the dormitory of his Green Team.

Then it was the turn of the Jewish sisters. Despite Rafta's disappointment at not being able to buy the mother and daughter, he felt that enlarging the breasts of both rather slim sisters would make them into a highly erotic Matched Pair that would surely catch the eye of the Master. He was, therefore, now determined to outbid his remaining rivals. It was not long before he was leading them off to join the rest of his team.

From the very start Yorka had had his eye on Patricia and her younger and submissive partner, Kelly. He was soon able to outbid Borka and led the horrified pair off to start their transformation into a pair of "white negresses".

'A very satisfactory outcome,' commented Malaka to Nadu. 'And doubtless you will soon be having your hands full with several more pairs of nicely curved bellies.'

Then he turned to a rather despondent Borka. 'Cheer up,' he laughed, 'you've got two Matched Pairs of white women in your team – and that's still more than the others!'

PART III - IN THE HANDS OF A PYGMY BOY EUNUCH

10 – ANOTHER MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ENTER THE HAREM

Amanda Wethers' mind had been in turmoil ever since the bandits had stopped the mini-bus. Quite apart from the worry of being parted from her young son, she had been appalled by what had then happened to her daughter and herself – and terrified by what had happened to Patricia when she had tried to protest. Like her daughter, she was also highly embarrassed at being seen naked by all these black men and boys – especially since her protecting pubic hair had been removed.

She was therefore, at first, delighted when the young pygmy Gorka thrust some green coloured clothes at her and at Diana. 'You put on these clothes now!' he ordered.

She and Diana were therefore shocked when they found that the so-called clothes were nothing more than bulbous harem pantaloons and short boleros. They were even more shocked when they found that the pantaloons were of transparent silk. But that was not all, for the pantaloons were cut away in front to disclose their now shorn intimacies. Moreover, to further emphasise the purpose of the cutaway, it was edged with pearls.

They then found that the boleros did not meet in the front and so scarcely hid their breasts and nipples. Oh how embarrassing and especially front of these black men and boys.

However, Gorka then handed them two black robes. Gratefully they pulled them on over their heads and were pleased that they came down to their ankles, but were then dismayed to find that they covered their faces as well, like the all-enveloping Burkhas they had seen Arab women wearing in the streets of London. In front of their eyes was just a lace grille.

'Mummy, what's happening to us? What are they going to do with us?' Diana whispered under her black shroud. Where are we, why can't we have our clothes back, why are we being kept half-naked?'

'I don't know, darling, it's all very mysterious. But I think that perhaps we're being taken to the harem of a rich Arab.'

'A harem! Oh, no!' Diana gasped. 'But this is the 21st Century. Surely harems don't really exist in this day and age!'

'Silence!' ordered Gorka, raising his dogwhip. 'You not talk without permission.'

Then, gripping them by the arm, the young pygmy led them up out of the dungeon. Peering through the small grilles of their burkhas they saw that they were being taken down a long corridor.

Moments later, they came to a large door strengthened with iron bars. In front of it were two large armed black guards wearing smart looking red uniforms with crossed green scimitars embroidered over the left hand of the chest. They smiled at the sight of Gorka leading two tall female figures and waved him on.

The door had a modern electronic lock as well as a normal lock. Without letting the two women see what he was doing, Gorka first pressed as succession of buttons and then opened the door with a key. What, Amanda wondered, could be kept so securely locked up?

Gorka beckoned them through and then slammed the door and locked it. He looked at the two women: 'You now in harem. You slaves of Master. You no escape!'

Oh my God, thought Amanda, so they really were in a harem! And the awful thing is that no one, absolutely no one, even knew that they we were in North Africa, never mind locked up in a harem. Was this what Pierre had planned all along? Was his story of the rich investor just a cock and bull story to get us out here without any one knowing?

'Take off Burkhas!' ordered the boy, raising his dogwhip warningly. 'No men see you in harem.'

Nervously they did as ordered.

There was a murmur of female voices as Gorka beckoned them into a large room in the form of a beautiful covered courtyard. The floor was marble and the walls were bright tiles covered with gold Arabic script. The pair were so embarrassed at being half naked with their pubic hair totally removed, leaving their mounds and beauty lips on display.

They gasped as they saw some thirty or forty young women of different races, skimpily dressed like themselves, sitting on their heels in four well separated groups of large leather cushions of different colours: blue, green, red and yellow. They were laughing and whispering to each other. All of them seemed to have a shiny metal collar, made of flexible links, locked round their slim necks. A chain fastened to their collars linked some of the women and a short length of chain similarly linked the wrists of the European–looking women. On the side of each collar was plate on which something was engraved. Were these the women of the harem – their future companions?

Walking up and down between the groups of women was a large black man who was also carrying a dogwhip, like that of Gorka. He seemed to be supervising them, his eyes constantly darting from side to side. Later they would learn that this was Patak, a retired Chief Black Eunuch who was mainly used to patrol the team dormitories at night whilst the team overseers slept or to stand in for them when as now, they were all busy elsewhere.

The quick-eyed Diana noticed that two little cameras, like security cameras, were slowly training left and right across the groups of women. It was something that they were to see later repeated in every room in the harem.

Gorka led them over to a group of half a dozen young women dressed, like them, in green transparent pantaloons and green embroidered open boleros. One or two seemed European and the others more Arab or Indian looking. On their heads were little green embroidered caps and on their feet pretty little matching Turkish slippers with the points turned up. They were sitting in on green cushions. It was Diana realised the same colour as the ribbon in the turban of the pygmy overseer. She saw that their eyelids had been painted the same shiny green and that their lips glistened again with a matching green lipstick – both fetchingly outlined in black.

Hastily the women in this group all stood up respectfully at the approach of their overseer. As they did so, Diana and her mother were appalled to see that branded on their bellies was a green crest of two crossed scimitars within a black ring and below that that another branded black ring surrounding what seemed to be a green Arabic numeral. They, too, had all been depilated and their totally hairless beauty lips painted green and again outlined in black.

Astonished they saw that above the transparent pantaloons of one white woman was a well-curved belly. Clearly she was pregnant.

The women then all raised their hands and clasped their hands behind their necks. As they did so, their green embroidered open boleros slipped back, displaying their green painted and black outlined nipples. There was a distinctive tinkling noise from the belled bracelets locked round their wrists.

It was a noise that made Patak turn and look immediately towards the Green Team and then relax when he saw that Gorka was taking charge of them. Clearly, Amanda and her daughter realised, the slightest movement of their wrists would result in this tinkling noise.

'This Green Team,' said the pygmy boy proudly in a high falsetto voice, as he pointed to the women with his dogwhip. 'Me Gorka. Me black eunuch in charge of Green Team for Master, under Malaka He chief black eunuch. You already see him. All women in harem, especially white Christian, women fear us black eunuchs. You soon learn too.'

Black eunuchs, Amanda was thinking, in this day and age! No wonder they had these strange falsetto voices. But how cruelly they treat us women. She had always imagined the eunuchs would be weak creatures, but there was nothing weak about this boy, nor about that black brute Malaka.

'I team overseer,' went on Gorka. 'Here women just indentured servants like slaves. You too. All under us black eunuchs. All women in my team, they obey me. You obey me, too, or you get my whip' He pointed with his dogwhip to a long knobbly rattan cane hanging prominently on the wall of the courtyard. 'Or maybe you get rattan cane. It hurt very much. All Master's concubines frightened of rattan cane.'

Looking at it, Amanda and Diana both could not help giving a little shiver of fear. Indeed she could see that several of the women were nervously glancing at the rattan cane. What a terrible place this was.

They were even more shocked to read the big notice in Arabic on one side of the rattan cane and in English on the other:

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"Women take heed! This cane will be used to thrash any woman:

1. Who fails to show proper subservience to the Master at any time, stands in his presence, looks directly at him or speaks to him, without permission.
2. Who, when selected by the Master for his pleasure, does not do her utmost to give him pleasure, without seeking any for herself.
3. Who tries secretly to climax without the express permission of the Master, when pleasuring him, or during training sessions, of a eunuch.
4. Who is caught masturbating, or is suspected of masturbating whether alone or with another woman.

一. Who is impertinent, answers back or shows dumb insolence to a black eunuch.
一. Tries to see another man.
一. Allows her face to be seen by another man.

'My God!' murmured Amanda

'How awful!' cried Diana.

Gorka turned back to the team of women. 'Fall in!' he ordered in Arabic and then in English. As Amanda and Diana would soon discover, these were the only languages allowed in the harem – for the eunuchs did not want any of the women hatching any little plots in a language that they did not understand.

Quickly the women lined up as if they were soldiers on parade. How humiliating, thought Amanda, to be ordered about by a little black boy of less than half own age.

'Right turn!'

Amanda and Diana watched in astonishment as the women obediently raised their right knees and turned with military precision to their right – and waited.

Gorka now tucked his dogwhip under his arm and pulled his short handled black whip out from where it was tucked into his cummerbund.

It gave a loud crack that made the women jump. 'Blue Team - march to dormitory!' he ordered.

But the women kept quite still until he cracked the whip again – then they all stepped off like automatons, all together leading with the right foot. The girl with the big belly led them, swinging their arms and looking straight ahead, marching across the courtyard towards an alcove.

My awful, thought Amanda, grown-up women being made to obey the crack of a whip - and by such a tiny boy.

'My Green Team, best drilled team in harem,' said the boy as if reading her thoughts. Then pointing to the leading girl, he said: 'That Number 12. She Austrian. She married.'

Then he laughed aloud and added: 'Husband, he not know wife now just Master's concubine Number 12.

He turned to Amanda: 'Master like locking up Christian women in Harem – especially if married like you. He like make them carry black progeny. Number 12, she not know what she carrying. I not tell her. Maybe several pygmies, maybe giant Dinkas. She never know, for she blindfolded when she deliver for Master. Maybe Master soon like see you and daughter with pretty curved bellies, too.'

The mother and daughter both gave little shivers of fear.

'Follow me,' the boy ordered.

Watched by all the women of the other teams and feeling so ashamed at being half naked, they meekly followed their overseer through a typical Eastern open curved doorway into a large alcove.

The floor was tiled and the white walls bare of ornament, except for a well lit up, huge, enlarged photograph of a fat, repulsive and bad tempered-looking, bearded, middle aged man, wearing Arab dress.

Oh my God, thought Amanda, is that the mysterious Master that Gorka had been talking about? Were she and her daughter destined to be the helpless concubines of this repellent-looking man? She had been hoping to find a new husband and her daughter lots of boyfriends – not to be locked up as the playthings of a debauched-looking Arab.

Gorka saw her looking at the photograph and smiled cruelly. 'Concubines have nothing else to look at,' he explained, 'so they dream of Master all day – and Master can watch them.' He pointed to a little television camera high up in the corner of the room. It was training to and fro and then stopped, pointing straight at Diana. My God, Amanda thought, is this hideous Master looking at my daughter?

The rest of his team were now busy unrolling sleeping mats and placing them well apart from each other on the tiled floor. At the head of each mattress was a metal ring set in the floor.

'This Green Team dormitory,' said Gorka. Then he added something in Arabic to two rather olive skinned girls who quickly ran over to the corner of the room, picked two more mats and unrolled them so that they were touching each in the middle of the others.

'They for you,' he announced.

Meanwhile the other women were taking off their leggings and boleros, caps and slippers. They carefully folded them before putting the items in a cupboard together with their little caps and slippers. Gorka gestured to Amanda and Diana with his dogwhip to do the same. Meanwhile, the other women, now naked like Amanda and Diana, had lined up, this time standing one behind the other, looking straight ahead, with their hands clasped behind their necks.

'You two!' ordered the little pygmy, raising his black whip, 'you go to end of line. Run!'

Nervously Amanda and Diana ran to the end of the line.

'Heads up!' order the boy pygmy. 'You look straight ahead! Clasp hands behind head.'

He then came up to them. In his hand were two shiny collars, like those worn by all the women. They saw the Arabic numerals prominently engraved on a plate in the front of the collars and wondered what they were. A short length of chain connected them. He was also carrying two belled bracelets and two sets of leather wrist manacles linked by another short length of chain.

Gorka first fastened the collars round each of their necks. There was a click as he did so.

'You both now wearing Master's collar,' he said. 'You cannot take off. Make you feel you belong to him.'

Indeed, thought both women, as they felt the broad collar pushing up their chins.

Then he picked up the short hanging length of chain.

'You Matched Pair. Valuable English mother and daughter. Matched Pairs always kept chained together to please Master.'

Then he locked each of the leather manacles to their wrists. He picked up the short lengths of shiny chain that linked these two.

'Christian girls also kept manacled so that they no harm Master.' Then he locked the little belled bracelets round each of their wrists. The bells rang with the slightest movement of their wrists. 'Now you try masturbate and I hear bells. You get rattan cane. You understand?'

Oh, how shame-making, thought Amanda, a grown woman like her being controlled by belled bracelets and a little pygmy boy.

He then stood back and slowly out drew the leash of his whip. Again tucking his dogwhip under his arm, he cracked his whip.

Then he ordered: ‘Into bathroom, prance!’

But again the women kept quite still until there was a second crack of the whip and then, like the well drilled team that they were, stepped off whilst Gorka quickly coiled up his black whip and tucked it again into his cummerbund.

11 – A HUMILIATINGLY CONTROLLED AROUSAL

From the end of the line, Diana and her mother saw that the other women were raising their knees high in the air, as they slowly pranced their way right round the beds lying on the floor of the dormitory and then on to another open curved doorway off the dormitory. As they pranced past Gorka, he would give any of them he considered were not raising their knees high enough, including poor Mitzi with her protruding belly, a sharp tap on the buttock with his dogwhip as he screamed: ‘Up! Up!’

Both Diana and her mother also got a good stroke across their bottoms, which made them humiliatingly strain to raise their knees ever higher as they pranced into what was evidently the Green Team bathroom. The floor was tiled like the dormitory but so, too, were the walls. In the centre of the room was what looked like a large communal bath. In front of it was a row of bowls with Arabic numbers painted in green on them.

The line of women ran up to the bowls. ‘Halt!’ ordered the pygmy boy and the women halted with military precision alongside this row of bowls. ‘Face bowls!’ he ordered and the women turned smartly to face the bowls. Then after a short pause there was a shuffling noise each woman adjusted her place in the line until she was exactly facing her own bowl. Then the women stood quite still, looking straight ahead with their hands still clasped behind their necks.

Gorka went to a cupboard and pulled out two fresh bowls on which he wrote in bold Arabic and Roman numerals and letters “40a” and “40b”.

‘These your new Harem numbers,’ he said, placing the bowls at the end of the line in front of Amanda and Diana. ‘You no longer Mrs Amanda Wethers and Miss Diana Wethers; you now just Master’s new concubines; Number 40a for mother and Number 40b for daughter. You understand?’ he added raising yet again his dogwhip. Hastily mother and daughter nodded.

‘You call me Sir,’ he shouted angrily, bringing his dogwhip down across each of their shoulders in turn. ‘I your overseer. I superior to you. Here in Moslem world, all men superior to mere women. You understand?’

This time there was a chorus from the petrified mother and daughter of: ‘Yes, Sir. Yes Sir.’

Then the small boy turned to Amanda. ‘What your name now?’ he demanded.

Hesitantly Amanda blurted out: ‘I think Number 40a, Sir. ’ The small black eunuch turned to Diana.

‘And what your name?’

‘Number 40b, Sir!’

‘Good and you not forget them! Serious offence use despised Christian names in Master’s harem. He strict Moslem. You understand?’

Again came the chorus of ‘Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir.’

Gorka then went and stood to one side of the line of women and took out his black whip again. It was as if he were subjecting the women to another well-known drill. He cracked it loudly

‘Sluts - squat!’ he ordered. He enjoyed calling his terrified women sluts.

But well drilled as they were, none of the women moved until, once again, he cracked his whip for the second time. Then taking a pace forward and looking down momentarily, each woman adjusted her bowl with her ankles until it was exactly placed. Then again looking straight ahead and keeping their hands clasped behind their necks, they all bent their knees slightly.

‘Numbers 40a and 40b! You squat over numbered bowls, too. From now on you only release solid or liquid wastes in my presence and to my command. I now in complete charge of your bodies – including monthly cycle. You understand?

‘Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir,’

‘And you make sure all wastes go into bowl – or you get whip.’

Blushing with embarrassment the English mother and daughter now copied the other women. Soon, they too were squatting over their bowls, in a humble posture, looking straight ahead, feeling their bowls with their ankles and, as they would be constantly doing in future, clasping their manacled hands behind their necks. Horrified, they saw that the inevitable television camera, up in the corner of the bathroom, was pointing straight at them.

My God, each was thinking, how much more can they do to degrade us?’

‘Green Team! Get ready to perform. Numbers 40a and 40b you release liquids wastes exactly when ordered – or get whip. Understand?’

‘Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir.’

‘Ready! …’

Again there was a loud crack of his whip. ‘Go!’

Again nothing happened.

Then came the second crack of the whip, this time from behind them and instantly the room was filled with a little trickling noise, as if from a fountain. Gorka, who meanwhile had gone behind the line of women as they faced away from him, was checking that indeed a little steady flow was tinkling into each bowl, even from the new women. They were learning fast!

Each woman then had to hold up her bowl for his inspection before emptying it in the sluice in the corner of the bathroom.

'Into bath - go!' came the order and the women ran to the large, refreshing warm bath and sat down in it, the water coming over their shoulders. They still were taking care, however, to keep their hands clasped behind their necks, lest their overseer might think they were touching themselves or each other.

'Wash breasts!' Each woman picked up a little bar of soap at the side of the bath and began to soap herself. It was a lovely feeling.

'Stand up!' came the order. 'Wash between legs.'

Highly embarrassed at having to do such an intimate thing in front of the boy, Amanda and Diana did so. Again it was a lovely feeling made all the more so by the fact that their beauty lips were now devoid of hair.

'Rub soap between lips!' came the even more embarrassing order. The boy was now watching each woman carefully. Some were making little moans of delight and moving their hips. Their faces were becoming reddened with arousal. He must, the boy knew, be careful not to allow any of his frustrated women to climax.

'Put soap down!' he ordered, raising his dogwhip. There were little moans of despair.

'Sit down in bath!'

The boy knew that this was the moment when then the women, perhaps frantic with arousal, would try and sneak a hand down under the water to touch her now turgid beauty bud.

'Clasp behind neck – and keep them there!' he ordered cruelly.

12 – MIZZI TELLS THEM THE TERRIBLE TRUTH

The women were now allowed to soak in the warm relaxing water, but keeping their hands always clasped behind their necks. Provided they did so, Gorka allowed them to talk to each other.

Amanda and Diana found themselves sitting next to the young expectant Austrian woman, Number 12, whom Gorka had pointed out to them earlier. Her long blond hair hung down her neck and under the water they could see her curved tummy. Like them her wrists were manacled – the sign of a girl being a Christian or a Jew.

'Welcome to the Master's harem,' she said in fluent English with an Austrian accent. Then for a moment she lowered her voice. 'I'm Mizzi,' she whispered. 'But it's forbidden to use Christian names in the harem. The Master and his black eunuchs despise Christianity and really enjoy degrading us Christian girls. You must call me Number 12. And I can see from your collars that you're Numbers 40a and 40b – so don't let the black eunuchs hear you using your real names – or you'll get a caning. '

'It must be so humiliating, being caned by a young boy,' said Amanda.

'Yes it is – and it's very painful. Our pygmy overseer may be very small but he certainly knows how to lay it on - he enjoys doing so, for the slightest reason. He's always looking for an excuse to do beat us, especially the Christian and Jewish girls. And whatever you do, don't answer him back, or argue with him or sulk or treat him with contempt - or he may report you to Malaka so as to have him beat you with the rattan cane in front of the whole harem and that's a beating that really hurts. You'll feel as though you don't want to sit down for days after it. Yes, the black eunuchs run the harem in the Arab traditional way: by constant fear of corporal punishment.'

'But we're grown women,' objected Amanda.

'That doesn't make any difference for the black eunuchs. They regard all women, especially white ones, as contriving little beasts who must be controlled by the cane. You saw a moment ago the degrading and contemptuous way he teased us with the bars of soap. They think that by especially degrading us white and Arab girls they are getting their own back for the centuries of the black slave trade.'

'Arab girls, too?' queried Amanda.

'Yes, you know, black slaves taken by us whites from West Africa to the Americas and by Arabs from East Africa to Arabia.'

'Oh!' gasped Amanda and Diana together.

'And as you're an English mother and daughter – the Master will be delighted to make you both pleasure him and I expect he'll have you both mated before long. He loves experimenting with white women and various black stallion boys. And likes the sight of a few naked curved bellies, as the black eunuchs calls them.'

'But we all came out here to set up an asset management service,' protested Amanda.

'Well, that's a new one,' laughed Number 12. 'I fell for spending an exciting and romantic secret weekend with a good-looking young Frenchman, whilst my husband was away on a business trip to the

Far East. He said some fabulously rich Arab Prince or Sheik had lent him a palace in North Africa … Well, I've

been kept here ever since – wherever here is!'

'You mean you don't where we are?'

'No, it's somewhere in North Africa, probably in Morocco. But just where it is and even who the Master is remains a mystery to us, his white concubines.'

'Oh my God!' murmured Amanda. Then she asked 'Was the young Frenchman you fell for by any chance called Pierre?'

'Yes! So Pierre tricked you all too, did he? Well he must have made a lot of money out of it: six new women for the rich Master's harem!'

'Oh we'll soon find a way out,' said Diana confidently.

'You won't! I tried hard enough. I expect you've seen the Master's Black Guards on the barred harem door and the electronic lock on it. There are even bars over the harem garden and no one has even tried to climb the very high wall that surrounds it. And, anyway, even if you did, by some miracle, manage get out, you'd not have any money or a passport and, as a lone woman unaccompanied by a man, you'd soon be picked up by the Morals Policed and returned to the Master for punishment.'

She pointed to the distended brands on her well-curved swollen belly. 'And what other man is ever going to take you on when he sees the Master's brand on your tummies?'

'But we haven't got any brands on our tummies,' interjected Diana.

'Don't worry, you soon will have. The master enjoys watching a new acquisition being branded as his property.'

'Property?' repeated a horrified Amanda.

'Yes, you're both now his concubines – like the rest of us'

'Oh!' cried Diana. 'But surely it must hurt being branded.'

'Yes, terribly' replied Mizzi, 'but anyone seeing these on your tummies will know that you've escaped from the Master.'

'But they'll be easy to hide,' said Diana.

'Well, maybe, but don't forget the Arabic writing and numerals already on the collar locked round your neck. And you won't get that off easily - nor your manacles.'

She pointed to her own manacled hands, where the same Arabic numerals that were engraved onto a plate set in her collar, were prominently tattooed. 'Like all the Master's women, you'll both soon also have your number as a registered indentured servant tattooed onto the back of your hands.'

'An indentured servant? What's that?' asked Diana.

'No different than a slave really, except slavery has been officially abolished. An Indentured Servant is someone registered by her Master with the all powerful Morals Police as having been taken into his household for an indefinite period and who have been marked with their registered number. I can see from the numbers on your collars that Malaka has already had you both registered – before you even arrived here. They'll soon be tattooed onto the back of your hands, too.'

She went on, 'All the Master's women are registered as indentured servants – and marked with their registered number. So anyone one outside the harem and seeing your collar or the tattoos on your hand would know immediately that you were an escaped indentured servant and would instantly hand you over to the Morals Policed and claim a big reward.'

'Oh my God!' cried Amanda. 'Whatever has happened to us?'

'What's happened,' replied Mizzi bitterly, 'is that like me you've both become the Indentured Servants and concubines of a cruel and repulsive, but very rich, Arab Master, with no more rights than an animal. The Master can use you as he likes and for his amusement, he can even breed from you against your will.'

She pointed to her well-curved belly. 'I was mated at the same time as Penelope and Chantalle of the Blue Team, at a feast given by the Master to local worthies.'

That was not at all, she explained, for she had been partially circumcised by order of her furious Master when Malaka had brought her up before him on a charge of being caught masturbating. Not only had the tip of her beauty bud been cut off, but her inner lips had been trimmed back so that they no longer projected through the outer lips. This is, of course, fairly common in Africa – including the pygmy women of Gorka's own tribe who also took some special precautions when it came to young mothers-to-be.

So it was that, when the blushing Mitzi thrust her belly forward for the shocked Diana to see better, it was not a chainmail breeding-belt that confronted them but the girl's own beauty lips. However, something rather unusual had been done to them. Ten Barbells had been inserted down the line of each lip, between half an inch and an inch back from the edge. Each of the barbells on display was linked with a very short shank to another barbell on the inside of the lip, which could not normally be seen.

A pretty silver coloured lacing, strengthened with shiny wire, had been drawn round the two top barbells on each lip and then taken across to go round the second barbells on the other side and then on down, crisscrossing across the full length of the lips – just like the laces of a pair of shoes. The two outer lips were thus kept tightly closed together and held shut by a little padlock that hung down between her legs and was fastened to the end of the silver coloured laces.

‘My liquid wastes can through the lacing,’ Mizzi went on, ‘but there is no way that I can interfere with my growing half pygmy progeny. But Nadu, the harem midwife, can still feel up me to assure himself that all is well by simply unlocking the padlock that hold the laces taut over my beauty lips and then undoing the laces.

‘So, you can see what our awful Master had done to me – and the gossip in the harem is that the black eunuch’s scanner shows that I’m carrying twin pygmies.’

‘What? You mean you don’t know?’ asked a horrified Amanda in astonishment, remembering what Yorka had said.

‘No, the black eunuchs say it’s none of my business and I’m never allowed to see the scanner’s screen. And, of course, as the only man we ever allowed to see is the Master, the black eunuchs made sure I was properly blindfolded when I was mated in front of the Master’s guests. So I never saw them, nor my mate.’

‘Oh how dreadful,’ cried Amanda, hoping that Diana would not quite understand what they were talking about.

‘Yes, and just as, when he breeds from his pedigree Arab horses, the foals are his to do with as he likes, so our progeny will automatically be indentured servants, too – not that we’re ever allowed to see them. It’s all very clever.’

‘And don’t the women ever have the … the Master’s children?’

‘Oh no, the black eunuchs make sure that that never happens. The mothers of his sons are only his wives
– not mere indentured servants - and especially not despised Christians or Jews. And his wives live separately, each in her own villa in the palace grounds.

‘Oh, it all sounds so awful,’ cried Diana. ‘I was looking forward, as a young girl who’s just left a boarding school, to having lots of boyfriends and then eventually finding the man of my dreams. I thought I thought I might find him working abroad.’

‘And all I wanted was to find a new husband,’ added her still very attractive mother.

‘Well, you can forget all that,’ said Mitzi, ‘No boyfriends or husbands for you now - just the ghastly, repulsive Master. And you’ll never escape from this harem. I’ve tried in vain. We’re all in the same boat – just concubines of a cruel middle-aged Arab who gets his kicks from owning a collection of beautiful women whom he do with as he likes – and that usually means taking you from up behind.’

‘What?’ cried Amanda. ‘You mean he …’

‘Yes, it’s an old Arab custom – especially when it comes to us despised Christian girls.’

‘Oh how awful’ said Amanda. ‘But what about her?’ She pointed at the mystified Diana. ‘She’s still a virgin.’

‘Oh yes her too – once he’s taken her virginity and had her stretched behind by the eunuchs. You too, I expect.’

‘Oh my God!’ murmured Amanda. ‘Arabs!’

‘Yes, I can’t tell you how I miss my adoring and caring young husband. He was so handsome. But I know I’ll never see him again now.’

‘Oh how awful,’ cried Diana, looking almost resentfully at her mother and at Mizzi. ‘It’s not too bad for you two - at least you had a normal life as a young girl. But I’m only 17. Am I now going to be shut up as some horrible old man’s darling without ever really had the chance to flirt with boyfriends … and go dancing … and clubbing … and enjoying life. It’s terrible.’

She burst into tears.

Amanda put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

‘Cheer up, darling. No matter how awful it’s going to be, at least we’ll be together.’

‘Very much so,’ commented Mizzi bitterly, ‘if I know anything about our dreaded Master, but not in the way that you think. That’s why you’ve both been put into the same team and not separated.’

But then, noticing Diana’s puzzled look she quickly said: ‘Changing the subject, did you see the big warning notice in the main harem room by the side of that terrifying rattan cane?’

Both mother and daughter nodded.

‘Well be very careful about item 4, the one about … playing with yourself. I was caught, thanks to these damn bracelets and not only was I thrashed by’ - she lowered her voice so that Gorka would not hear- ‘that big burly brute Malaka, but I was also circumcised to stop me doing it again.’

‘Circumcised? Boys, yes, but how can a girl … ’ queried Amanda. ‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean that those swine cut off my clitoris. So be warned. The black eunuchs take any masturbation as a personal affront, because they’re supposed to make sure that none us ever do it.’

‘Oh!’ cried Diana, blushing at such an intimate thing being talked about.

‘Yes, by keeping us frustrated, they think we’ll be keener than ever to be chosen by the Master for his bed. And the awful thing is that it’s partly true, for being locked up in this harem and never allowed even to see another real man, makes even our repulsive Master seem attractive.’

‘Really?’ asked Amanda

‘You may not believe it now, but just you wait and see how you feel after you’ve been locked up here for several months in the sensuous atmosphere of a harem, seeing only other beautiful women and horrible black eunuchs. That’s what the harem system is all about: a crowd of jealous and madly frustrated women all desperate for the only man they are ever allowed to see: their horrible fat Master, whilst being kept under the constant surveillance of their black eunuch overseer or one of his colleagues.’

‘Oh!’ gasped Amanda.

‘Oh yes, we’re never left alone. Even if several of us are lying innocently chatting and laughing by a fountain in the patio, there’ll always be a black eunuch watching us from a corner of the patio with a dogwhip in his hand to make sure we don’t misbehave, as they call touching ourselves or each other.’

‘How awful,’ murmured Diana.

‘Yes,’ replied Mizzi. ‘We’re just never out of their sight – or of the security cameras that cover and record everything that goes on in the whole harem. And if the Master wants us, then we’re always taken into his presence by our overseer, crawling like a dog, and on a lead. And, if you’re a Christian girl, like us him then not only do you always have to wear manacles but you also have your hands tied behind your back to make it more difficult to attack him, before he starts to take his pleasure with your body. And even then you’re held on a lead by our young overseer, with him ready to drive you on with his dogwhip.

‘Oh how awful,’ repeated Diana. ‘But is the black boy present the whole time?’

‘Oh yes, the Master is not embarrassed by these eunuch boys being present and Gorka wants to be sure that you please the Master in whatever horrible way he orders, so that he can earn a good tip from him. So, if you hesitate even for a moment to obey one of the Master’s more degrading orders, then down comes the dogwhip. The Master doesn’t seem find it all embarrassing having a young black eunuch present, with your lead in one hand and his dogwhip in the other, when he’s taking his pleasure with you.’

‘Oh!’ cried Amanda. ‘You make it sound as though we are treated like animals.’

‘Yes,’ replied Mizzi. ‘That’s all that we are: the Master’s pet animals - with the black eunuchs being our Keepers … And in a few minutes’ time you’ll soon see how it’s all made worse by what our little swine of an overseer calls our goodnight performance – part of his plan to make his girls try harder to catch the Master’s eye, rather than the girls of another team. That way he’ll get more tips from the Master – though we get nothing, except the little bastard’s dogwhip if the tip isn’t big enough - so as to make us try harder to please the Master next time he chooses us.’

‘It’s all so awful,’ murmured Amanda. ‘But there’s another thing that’s worrying me. You see, my sixteen-year-old son travelled out with us, but was parted from us when we arrived. What on earth can have happened to him?

‘Did you say sixteen?’ asked Mizzi.

‘Yes but he looks younger.’

‘Oh Lord! In that case, I fear he’s been castrated.’

‘Castrated! Oh no!’

‘Yes, white eunuch boys are very popular here as page-boys. The Master’s already got one and probably wants your son, too.’

‘Oh, how awful! Poor Charles!’

‘I’m afraid he won’t be Charles for very much longer. Apparently the Arabs have copied the old Turkish custom of giving their white eunuchs the names of flowers. The Italian boy is called Rosebud and often accompanies the Master on his visits to the harem – not that we’re allowed to talk to him. So perhaps you’ll see your son again quite soon – I understand the operation is only a minor one these days.’

Before Amanda could ask any more questions, the little pygmy boy clapped his hands.

13 – THE TEAM’S GOODNIGHT PERFORMANCE.

‘Out!’ Gorka ordered.

Amanda and her daughter followed the other women to a line of big numbered towels. Two were marked “40a” and “40b”.

‘Hurry!’ the eunuch boy ordered. Was he, Amanda wondered, remembering what Mizzi had said, making sure that the women did not get a chance to arouse themselves? How awful for grown women to be under the intimate control of a mere boy.

‘Line up!’ was the next order, followed by ‘Prance to your beds!’

Nervously watching the boy’s dogwhip out of the corner of their eye, Amanda and Diana nervously followed the other women in raising their knees high in the air whilst, once again, clasping their hands behind their collared necks. Oh how humiliating, each was thinking. It was even worse when they saw that the little television camera was again trained on them.

Each woman was now facing her mattress, her hands still clasped dutifully behind her neck. Startled, Amanda saw that the little security camera was again pointing straight at her and Diana and then moved on to look at Mizzi and her well-curved belly, as if it was being remotely controlled. But by whom? By the mysterious Master? How embarrassing.

'You two new girls, bend over!' ordered Gorka. Hesitantly Amanda and her daughter obeyed. Now what?

Gorka went to a cupboard and unlocked it. He took out two sets of little chains and two white ivory imitation phalluses. Each had a little ring at the back. He oiled the ivory phalluses. Then he went back to the women.

'Bend knees!' he ordered and parted the cheeks of Amanda's bottom. Their little rear entrances were now on display. He picked up one of the now slippery phalluses and slowly inserted it up her bottom.

'Keep quite still,' he ordered and pushed it further up. Then he threaded one of the chains through the end ring which was all that could now be seen of the phallus. The chain divided in two just below the ring. He pulled the two ends up on either side of her beauty lips and round over her hips to the small of her back. With a small padlock he fastened them both to the other end of the chain that now ran up between her buttocks from her rear entrance. The ivory phallus was now firmly held in place, stretching her rear entrance for her Master. She would not now be able or pull it our or even ease it.

Then it was the turn of a frightened Diana to have a well oiled, stretching ivory phallus inserted up her bottom, too.

'Stand up!' he ordered. Both women gave a little moan as they felt the phallus move slightly inside them.

'You now being stretched there for Master. He like take white women there.'

Horrified, Amanda remembered what Mizzi had said about the Master and the old Arab custom.

Gorka turned to the whole team. 'Put on nightdresses,' he ordered

The women picked up short little green nightdresses. Amanda was embarrassed to see that the silken nightdress only came down to her tummy, leaving her hairless intimacies on display. 'Lie down on mattresses,' ordered Gorka. 'Hands up above heads.'

He then went down the line of mattresses, securely fastening each woman's wrists with a silken cord to the ring above their heads. 'Now you not touch yourself during night,' he explained to Amanda and Diana as he fastened their wrists, too.

Then he stood up. 'Time for good night performance,' he laughed. 'You all get ready! I want find you each nice and wet.'

He went across to the large photograph of the Master and turned it round. Now instead of a photo was a painting of the Master – and, Amanda and Diana gasped as they saw that this time his robes were parted over his ugly big belly and protruding proudly was a large erect manhood.

'Look at Master, 'ordered the boy in a hypnotic voice. 'You all long for Master, don't you? Look at his proud manhood. That the only erect manhood you now ever allowed see. You love it, don't you? You long to suck it, to lick it.'

Then, carrying on in his vein, he knelt down between two of the women and, putting a hand between each of their beauty lips, he began to tickle their beauty buds. Soon both women were moaning with arousal. He went over to another two women and did the same, whilst his hypnotic voice went on and on.

'You all now getting wet and eager. Raise beauty lips up to Master! You long to feel his strong manhood up inside you. Maybe up rear entrance. You his humble slave! Look at it! Wriggle!'

Even Amanda and Diana could not take their eyes the picture. Soon, to their horror, each could feel that she was becoming aroused as, despite the discomfort of the ivory phalluses, they found themselves responding to the boy's words. Soon they were welcoming his hands on their beauty buds and despite themselves were wriggling with delight. Oh yes, oh yes! What a sluts we are, both were thinking. Oh how shaming, but also how exciting was the sight of their still unknown Master's great big manhood. Oh yes! Oh yes. Don't stop!

But then just as they felt they were approaching a climax he moved on, leaving them, like the other women, desperate and frustrated- just as Mizzi had said he would.

Finally he stood up, looked down at the women in his team lying helpless on their backs and still wriggling in vain. He laughed and switching on a spotlight trained on the portrait of the Master, switched off the light in the room.

'Good night, my girls,' he said. 'You all dream of Master!'

Indeed it was of their ugly great Master and his manhood that Amanda and Diana found themselves dreaming – but with dread rather than desire.

PART IV - MORE INDOCRINATION

14 – INSPECTED BY THEIR MASTER

It was several days later - days in which Gorka had further introduced Amanda and Diana to the discipline of the Green Team whilst allowing them time to rest and recover from their eventful journey to the Prince's palace
– and to their entry into life in the very well- disciplined Green Team.

It was also two days in which, unknown to them, the Prince had been watching them constantly through his lattice screens or on his large internal television screens. He had watched them dozing on their backs in the team dormitory, washing and performing in the team bathroom, being drilled relentlessly with the rest of the Green Team by their diminutive overseer and having their registered numbers as indentured servants tattooed onto the back of their hands.

He had also seen how protective the mother was towards her daughter and how embarrassed the daughter was to see her mother being treated as a virtual slave. He had also seen how they could scarcely take their eyes off his blown up photograph in the harem courtyard, or off his portrait in the dormitory.

Only that very morning the Prince had impatiently waved aside Malaka's plea for another week in which to train the new mother and daughter to perform together.

'No, Malaka,' he had insisted, 'it will be all the more invigorating to enjoy them before they have had the benefit of a full training – whilst they are still in a state of, shall we say, relative innocence.'

So it was that that evening Malaka brought before the Prince a beautifully and identically made-up Amanda and her daughter. Their long blond hair had been washed and also brushed identically. They had both been washed out and their beauty lips and rear entrances well oiled. Their wrists were manacled, they were wearing the skimpy harem dress of the Green Team and were loosely chained together by the neck, as always. They were crawling on all fours and, behind them, Gorka was holding, in one small black hand, short dog leads fastened to rings at the back of the women's collars. With his other hand he was driving them forward with his dogwhip.

The Prince was seated cross-legged at the foot of his sumptuous bed, wearing a simple silken robe and no turban over his shaven head.

Standing in attendance by the side of the bed was his white eunuch pageboy, Rosebud. The soft skin of his beardless face was powered and rouged like that of a woman, his eyes were painted and bright lipstick had been applied to his lips. He was holding the end of a silken cord that went up over a pulley high up in the ceiling and down to where it was divided to hold the ends of a long bar that hung over the end of the bed. Leather straps were dangling from the bar. The pulley could be moved along a track in the ceiling, moving the bar over the bed.

As the Prince looked down at the crawling women, his lovely new Matched Pair, a feeling of power went through him and he could feel his manhood stirring. .

'Heads to the floor,' ordered Gorka, backing up his order with a sharp tap on each of their buttocks with his dogwhip. Their bare buttocks were now nicely raised, visible through their green transparent harem pantaloons. It was all something that Gorka had made the women rehearse, earlier in the day. But he could see that were they were both trembling with fear at being in the presence of their dreaded Master about whom they had heard so much from Mizzi and the other women in the Green Team.

Diana was trembling even more than her mother and indeed were it not for being chained to her mother and held by Gorka on a dog lead, she might well have bolted from the room - for she suspected that she was about to lose her precious virginity – and not to an eager young English husband or lover, but to this terrifying and horrid old man.

Noticing this, the Prince's arousal, under his robe, became even firmer.

'Stand up!' ordered the Prince in English, giving a nod of approval to Malaka. Gorka emphasised the Master's order with a further stroke of his dogwhip to Amanda who jumped to her feet, pulling her daughter after her. They both lowered their eyes in shame and covered their bare intimacies with their clasped hands.

They stood there for a minute, blushing like slave girls exhibited for sale. They could feel their Master's eye on their bodies, but were too ashamed to meet his look. Suddenly the Prince broke the silence, speaking now in Arabic. 'I should like to see a little more of these
– with the mother first.' 'Number 40a!' shouted little Gorka in a high-pitched squeak. 'Position for Inspection by Master!' She should, he knew, have learnt this by now, but to make sure he whispered reminders, emphasising each order with a tap of his dogwhip: 'Legs apart! Head up! Look straight ahead! Hands clasped behind neck! Up on toes! Bend knees! Thrust belly forward!' 'Very nice. Very nice indeed,' murmured the Prince to Malaka in Arabic. The Englishwoman might not have understood his words, but from his tone of voice, their sense was quite clear. She blushed yet more. Then the Prince turned to Gorka: 'Bring her closer.' He turned to Rosebud and pointed to the long bar hanging on a cord from the ceiling. 'And lower it for attaching,' he ordered. 'Two paces, forward march!' ordered the pygmy checking that the chain linking the two women's collars was still slack. Then he fastened each manacled wrist to a strap hanging from the now slightly lowered
bar, so that they were held wide apart high above her head. He now nodded to Rosebud who pulled the cord slightly, making Amanda rise up onto her toes.

Amanda was now standing helpless right in front of the Prince, now her Master. Again the little eunuch boy tapped her bottom warningly. Obediently she tried desperately to keep quite still and to keep her eyes fixed on the wall behind the bed, as she felt the Master's podgy hands running over her hair, her cheeks, and then, parting her open bolero, over her breasts and nipples … then over her tummy and her slim waist and then down between the cut-out in her pantaloons, beautifully outlined with pearls. Instinctively she then pulled in belly and clasped her legs tightly together. She was rewarded by a hard stroke from her small overseer and a falsetto cry of: 'Relax belly muscles for Master!'

Gorka gestured to Rosebud and the bar above Amanda's head was very slightly lowered. 'Keep legs apart and knees bent! Thrust belly forward for Master.' She was biting her lips as she felt her horrible Master running his hands over her now smooth mound and then on down along her beauty lips. 'Part them,' he told Gorka, who coming round to Amanda's front, raised his whip warningly and then tucking it under his arm, used both his hands to hold Amanda's beauty lips apart.' Oh, the shame, Amanda was thinking, but she did not dare to move. But worse was to follow, for the Prince inserted his hands through the parted lips and felt up inside her. Again he turned to Malaka. 'Nice and tight.' He paused a moment and again ran his hand over her belly, as if assessing her possibilities. Then he asked: 'And what does Nadu have to say about her?'

'Very suitable for forced breeding, Your Highness,' Malaka replied.

Now it was Diana's turn to be brought forward for inspection by her Master. Gorka had to use his dogwhip as she revolted against his orders, but soon she was standing helpless beside her mother, her manacled wrists also strapped well separated to the bar high above her head.

Then, as the Matched Pair were both of the same height, Rosebud checked their helplessness by slightly raising and lowering the bar above their heads, making them both alternatively rise up on the tips of their toes and then relax again onto their heels. Yes, he decided, they were quite helpless and well displayed.

The Prince reached forward to feel Diana, who tried to shrink back. 'Don't fight him, darling,' whispered her mother. 'It'll only be the worse for you.'

Finally, Rosebud held the bar so that like her mother, Diana was standing quite still with Gorka's dogwhip tapping her buttocks warning and her legs wide apart for the Prince to feel up inside her - until he was touching her hymen. She felt she was going to die of shame.

'Yes,' said the Prince delightedly to Malaka, 'she really is a virgin.'

He now stood up and turned to Rosebud. 'Lower them to their knees,' he said.

15 – TAKEN!

Moments later Amanda and Diana were kneeling helplessly in front of their Master, with their heads level with his huge stomach. Their manacled arms were still stretched out above their heads and strapped to the bar which Rosebud had lowered to allow them to drop to their knees.

Gorka, now the same height as his two kneeling charges, was standing behind them, as ever his dogwhip in one hand and, in the other, the leads fastened to the back of their collars.

Satisfied that all was going well, Malaka salaamed and, bowing backwards, left the room. He knew the Master did not like older eunuchs to be present when he took his pleasure.

The Prince then parted the front of his robe, displaying his erect manhood that now projected out in front of him.

'Lick!' he ordered Amanda. There was a pause. 'Go on. Lick!' he repeated. At the same time the watching Gorka brought his dogwhip down across Amanda's bottom.

Amanda gasped with pain. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Gorka had raised his whip as if to be about to give her another stroke. 'All right!' she screamed and reached forward with her tongue.

Diana was looking on in horror. Apart from the painting in the dormitory this was the first time she had actually seen an erect manhood. She was repelled and yet somehow fascinated as she watched her mother first lick it and then, when the Master ordered: 'Suck!" take it into her mouth as the Master, gripping her by the hair pulled her head to and fro.

The Prince then nodded to Gorka, his eyes indicating Diana. The boy pulled Amanda back by her long blond hair. He gave Diana's buttocks a sharp tap with his braided dogwhip. 'You now!' he said.

'No! No! I couldn't …' she started to scream when the dogwhip came down across her bottom with Gorka's full force behind it.

'You not dare speak in presence of Master!' he admonished loudly. 'And you obey all orders instantly! Understand?'

Again the dogwhip came down, this time across her shoulders. Diana screamed. Her lips were now touching the smiling Prince's manhood.

Gorka was now standing alongside Diana his eyes on her mouth. 'Go on! Open your mouth,' he ordered and raised his dogwhip.

With a little cry of despair, Diana did so. The Prince thrust forward and his manhood was immersed in the girl's pretty painted mouth. The Prince how reached forward and, with one hand, held her in place by her hair.

'Suck!' ordered the boy, yet again emphasising his order with his cane.

'Good girl,' murmured the Prince encouragingly and stroked her cheek with his free hand. Then he

moved down and, as the girl continued to suck, he stroked first one breast and then the other, squeezing her nipples with an experienced hand. Little shock waves ran through the girl's body and she found herself alternatively sucking and licking almost eagerly. But out of the corner of her eye she could still see the dreaded dogwhip raised ready to drive her on if she faltered.

Moments later the fat Prince sat down. He nodded to Gorka who released Diana's manacled hands from the bar and fastened them together behind her back. Ever since a Christian girl had tried to scratch her ugly Master's face as he took her virginity, it had been a strict harem rule that, before the Master took a Christian girl, her hands must be tied behind her back to prevent her from attacking him.

The Prince pulled Diana up off her knees. 'Come and sit on my knee,' he said. Nervously the girl obeyed. She was hideously embarrassed at being half naked so close to this horrible old man with her breasts and nipples exposed, as well as her hairless mound and beauty lips. But at least, she thought, she didn't have to use her mouth in that degrading way.

The Prince put one arm round her, fondling her and stroking her body. She longed to push him away, but with her hands tied behind her back, there was nothing she could do. Amanda had to watch in horror as her Master played with her precious daughter.

Then the Prince nodded at Gorka again, gesturing towards the still kneeling Amanda. She too was freed from the bar only to have her hands tied behind her back. Holding Diana with one hand round her waist, with his free hand he beckoned Amanda to his sit on his other knee. Nervously she too obeyed.

Yes, he thought, this Matched Pair made a fine sight, a beautiful mother and daughter sitting on his knees with the chain that linked their collars hanging down in front of him. They were looking at each other in silence, both clearly highly embarrassed. He raised his chin. 'Lick me,' he ordered.

Mother and daughter, from either side of his short pointed beard and driven on by Gorka's dogwhip, were soon licking his fat chin, like little dogs licking their Master.

'Well, Number 40a,' he said in cruel slow voice. 'I think you may have something you wish to offer me?'

Amanda's mind was in turmoil.

On the one hand she was trying to remember the shameful words that she had been made to learn by heart, thanks to Gorka's dogwhip, and had had to repeat over and over again whilst her daughter was kept out of earshot.

On the other hand could she really now bring herself to say them. Would her daughter ever forgive her?

'Please … Your Highness … please …' the words were coming out slowly and Gorka was waving his dogwhip in front of her like a conductor using his baton to encourage a nervous soloist. 'I wish to …offer you … my daughter's … virginity. Please, Your Highness … Please deign … to honour us … by being … her first man.'

'Very well, if you insist,' replied the Prince with a cruel laugh. 'But first I have other business to conclude.' He turned to Gorka. 'When I come back, I want to see them ready for me on their knees.'

With that he went into his adjoining bathroom to relieve himself into a jar held by a very pretty slim Thai girl, leaving Rosebud to assist Gorka with the new arrangements.

Moments later the Prince had the view of two pretty bottoms thrust up for his inspection, side by side, on his bed, whilst Gorka standing to one side of the bed, still held their leads. Rosebud was waiting for his Master, in attendance on the other side. The women's ankles had been fastened to the bar which had now been lowered to the bed and hidden under cushions, so that their legs were well spread. Their manacled wrists had been fastened to rings at the head of the bed. They were held deliciously helpless and their heads were hidden under bedclothes. The Prince could see that both entrances on both women were well oiled and ready. He felt his arousal returning again.

Ponderously, the fat Prince climbed up onto the bed. Yes, he decided, first things first. Accordingly he placed himself behind Amanda's rear entrance. It had, he knew, been well stretched. He lunged forward. There was a little moan of pain and shame from under the bedclothes, which made his pleasure even greater. Ah, this is delicious, he thought and the mental satisfaction of taking a beautiful Western woman in this degrading way made it all the more so – so much so that he had to withdraw quickly to avoid climaxing. Now for the virginal young daughter, he decided, but first she must undergo the same degradation as her mother. She, too, he knew had been well stretched. There was sudden cry from under the bedclothes of: 'No! Not there!' that made him thrust up down even more. Ah yes, he was suddenly inside her and the girl was wriggling delightfully as he held her to him by her hips. Oh, the feeling of power!

But again he had to withdraw to avoid the overture spoiling the opera.

He placed his now well-oiled manhood a little lower and then nodded to Gorka who quickly pulled the surprised Amanda back by her hair until she was kneeling just behind the Prince.

'Push tongue forward,' ordered the young boy.

Amanda was revolted. No! No! To have to participate in this awful way in the deflowering of her precious daughter. No! No! But once again the whip broke her resolve and seconds later the kneeling Prince felt a hot little tongue delightfully licking his own rear and running down, as indicated by the boy's whip, to the back of his testicles. He felt his manhood responding. The sheer ecstasy bliss of being licked by the mother

as he prepared to take the daughter's virginity. What a wonderful feeling of power!

The Prince leant forward. His throbbing manhood was pressed against the girl's well-oiled beauty lips. Gorka reached forward and parted them and in an instant he thrust through them. Oh how deliciously tight she was. Then he eased back as he felt his manhood coming up against the girl's hymen. This was indeed a moment to relish.

'Lick!' shouted the boy, applying his dogwhip to the kneeling Amanda's buttocks with one hand whilst with the other he gripped her neck to keep her still. The resumed tickling of the mother's tongue was enough. The bulky Prince lunged further forward again and with a roar of delight drove his manhood through the little virginal membrane and on up inside her …

Ten minutes later a very satisfied Prince lay back on his bed. He pointed to the two cowering women standing against the wall of his bedroom and clasping each other in horror.

'Tomorrow,' he said to their young overseer, 'I shall do it the other way round. I wish to feel the daughter's tongue as I take the mother. Make sure the daughter is sufficiently broken in to obey – and then perhaps a little forced breeding might be in order. Tell Malaka to choose the date when they will be ready to conceive and invite the Mullahs and several of the local Caids to come and see how I treat Christian women – Oh, I nearly forgot, tell him to make sure that by then they are branded and that the brands have healed.'

16 – THE HUMILIATION OF THE SISTERS

Whilst Amanda and Diana were experiencing their dramatic introduction to their new life in the harem, Rafta was breaking-in the two Jewish American sisters rather differently. They were still wearing their muzzles.

In the small but well equipped harem hospital, he was showing their breasts to a friendly local cosmetic surgeon, whom the Prince had paid to be trained in the latest Western techniques.

'What do you think?' asked the young black eunuch in Arabic, pointing to the perky little breasts of the two sisters standing naked and helpless in front of him with their arms above their heads, attached to rings hanging from the ceiling. 'Can you use your latest silicon-type injections to get them really big?'

'Of course,' replied the Arab surgeon, 'and, because they are now relatively small, they will feel the change all the more. I'll give them their first injections now and repeat them over the next few days until we've got the right size. And meanwhile you can start stretching their nipples.'

The surgeon made his preparations whilst Rafta checked the two women's muzzles, so that their cries of protest would not disturb him. First the surgeon injected a painkilling local anaesthetic into all four breasts and then, carefully lifting one of the breasts of the older of the sisters, Jill, he gave her several silicon-type injections, making the breast noticeably fuller and firmer. Then he treated Jill's other breast similarly, before moving on to those of Candice, the younger sister. Then, satisfied with his work, he left, promising to return later that day to repeat the process.

Leaving the girls still fastened to the rings hanging from the ceiling, Rafta accompanied the surgeon out of the harem.

Although their fastened hands prevented them from feeling their already larger breasts, the girls were already aware of the extra weight. They looked with dismay at a wall mirror facing them. Hitherto they had always been so proud of their pert little globes. Now they were already beginning to look like the really large breasts of the rest of the Red Team. It was so humiliating having this done to them because of the whim of a young eunuch boy.

Finally Rafta returned. He ran his hands over the swollen globes of the blushing girls. 'That better, for a start,' he said. 'Soon we get breasts really big. Master like that.'

How even more humiliating, each girl was thinking, having this done to please the mysterious Master whose photos and paintings, they like Amanda and her daughter, had seen in the harem and in their team dormitory.

But perhaps worse was to follow, for although they had not yet had an opportunity to talk to the other girls in the Red Team, they had seen that they seemed to be in milk and had also seen their greatly extended nipples – and wondered how this was achieved.

They were now to learn the answer, for Rafta rubbed and tickled their nipples to make them erect. How degrading, both muzzled girls were thinking, having this done by a young black boy. Then having rubbed with them with a tissue soaked in a freezing anaesthetic, he pushed a needle through the tip of each nipple. The shank of a barbell was then pushed through the little hole and the ball-like ends of the barbell screwed onto the projecting shank.

These were not ordinary barbells, for they, in turn, were attached by little metal bars to a metal circle that went round the base of the nipples, holding the breasts back whilst the shank of the barbell pulled the nipples out. Thus the barbells stretched the nipples very effectively – and, after a time, permanently, too.

Laughing, Rafta then showed them other barbells with longer bars running back to the circle. 'Every day I fit new barbells that make nipples long and longer. Soon you like my other girls. Master also like see extra long teats on girls – and easier to milk, almost like cows. And all my girl-cows in milk.'

He produced some distinctive coloured pills and, momentarily loosening each of the girls' muzzles in turn, he thrust a pill down each of their throats.

The girls' eyes opened in horror when he went on, 'these hormone pills. They quickly bring on milk and keep you in milk, too. So your breasts become even bigger. Soon Master have four new extra large breasts to choose from. He very pleased - and he give me good tip. But soon I think Master also have other plans for you Jewish girls.'

He laughed cruelly. Then he unfastened the girls and buckled leather manacles round their wrists which, like those of Amanda and Diana, were now linked by a short length of chain'.

'All Jewish girls kept manacled in harem like Christian girls, 'he muttered. 'Make them feel slaves and make it more difficult to attack Master.'

My God, both sisters were thinking, the Master really must be pretty awful if the black eunuchs were frightened the girls might go for him.

Rafta then led them over to two beds in the small harem hospital. As they followed, they could feel the weight of their already much heavier breasts as they swung from side to side. Oh, how they missed their former smaller ones.

Each girl was fastened by to her bed by a chain fastened to an ankle. They were now under the control of another black eunuch, Huda, who, having been trained as a male nurse, was in charge of the harem hospital.

He took advantage of the opportunity to tattoo their registered numbers as indentured servants onto the back of their hands. Their permanent marking as the Master's property had commenced. He laughed at the way the girls kept looking down in despair at their hands. Already, like the manacles, they were playing their psychological role in making them feel their Master's helpless slaves.

Soon he had finished tattooing. He laughed at how shocked they had been when he explained what he was doing. But they had been far too frightened of the dogwhips of their closely watching young overseer to dare to object or to snatch their hands away from his needles.

Huda also subjected Jill and Candice's mounds and beauty lips to his laser treatment, permanently killing off their pubic hairs.

Twice a day for the next three days, the cosmetic surgeon came and injected yet more of the silicon-like liquid into their breasts, making them yet heavier. They really were huge.

Similarly Rafta came and replaced the barbells on their nipples with ones that stretched them even more – and kept them stretched.

Little drops of fluid were now appearing at the tips of their nipples, sure signs that they were rapidly coming into milk. The new extra weight of their breasts was now not only due to the silicone but also the increasing amount of milk that was now naturally forming in each one.

Rafta now judged that they were now ready to join their equally big-breasted companions in the Red Team.

First he fastened shiny new collars, carefully engraved with their harem and registration numbers, round their necks and linked them by a chain, as befitted a prize Matched Pair - and to draw their Master's attention to them.

'Collars keep up chins,' he said, 'and make you feel Master's property – like manacles.'

They then had to don the red transparent harem pantaloons of the Red Team, through which glistened their red painted and hairless beauty lips. They also wore the little red harem caps and slippers of the Red Team as well as the stiff red embroidered open boleros, which their now huge breasts pushed aside to disclose their long stretched nipples.

They also had to submit to Rafta's thrice daily milking sessions for it was the Red Team that provided the bulk of the Prince's considerable daily intake of girl's milk – and which he kept ready to offer to guests. The whole team would each have to kneel down on all fours on raised benches in their team bathroom. To prevent them from interfering with the milking process, their wrists were chained to a bar low down in front of them, leaving their heavy breasts hanging down below them.

Rafta would then come down the line and reach forward between each girl's outstretched and helpless hands. He was holding two rubber-lined clear plastic tubes to which two smaller tubes were attached. One, also of rubber, was for the vacuum that provided the pulsating milking action. The other, of transparent plastic, led the milk away to a bottle hanging from the bar in front of each girl and into which, driven by the pulsating milking action, little jets of milk would fall.

As he placed each plastic tube over an elongated nipple, there was a sucking noise as the vacuum quickly built up, holding the tube in place. Then the pulsating action would take over, sucking out the milk in powerful jets.

Rafta had to be careful and not milk the girls dry, for he never knew when the Prince might call for his milkmaids to present their nipples to him for him to suck.

The Red Team was on bathroom duty when Jill and Candice joined them. Their Master had been watching with increasing interest, from behind his lattice screens, the enhancement of their breasts and nipples and their coming into milk. But the first time that they saw their fat and repulsive Master was when, chained down on their knees they had to watch as he entered the bathroom. Rafta had made them step over their manacles so that their hands were now helpless behind their backs.

Two girls quickly came forward to help him out of his robe, before he strode over to where two

Indianlooking girls of the Red Team were chained kneeling on either side of a flat, open, Turkish toilet. He stood on the raised footholds as water swirled around them.

'You watch carefully, Jewish girls,' Rafta had told them. 'Next time you do it. This all that Jewish girls are fit for.'

The two American sisters watched with mounting horror and repulsion as they saw one girl directing the flow from her Master's manhood into a jar held by the other. They were even more appalled when, after their Master had further relieved himself, the two girls eagerly applied themselves to licking spotlessly clean not only the gleaming white porcelain of the Turkish toilet, but also the Prince himself.

The thought that soon they would have to perform these degrading tasks appalled them. They would have been even more appalled had the known that the Prince, looking at his new two pretty American Jewish girls, was toying with the idea of further degrading them by having Rafta make them use their mouths as receptacles for his wastes. What a splendid way of showing his contempt for the hated Jews with their arrogant ways. Yes, he decided, he would have a word with Rafta about it.

But meanwhile he strode over to the two cowering girls. With their hands still tied behind their backs and their necks chained together, they were helpless to prevent him from running his hands over their newly swollen breasts. As he looked down at them, a feeling of power surged through him. He felt his manhood coming into erection.

He grabbed both Candice and Jill by the hair and pulled them down onto either side of his half-erect manhood.

'You both lick,' he ordered.

Horrified they hesitated, but only for a moment for Rafta brought his dogwhip down across each of their bottoms.

'Jewish licking girls,' he said contemptuously.

Then the Prince made them each in turn suck his manhood whist the other licked it. The feeling of power over these two Jewish girls was almost overwhelming. But then he suddenly stopped them both, remembering that Amanda and Diana were again waiting next door in his bedroom, chained down on all fours, their rear entrances well stretched and oiled. He did not want to spoil that.

Furthermore, although the Prince had thoroughly enjoyed watching the denigration of these two Jewish girls, he had no desire to use them for his own private pleasures, even though he had paid a high price for them. No, Jewish girls were in his harem for him to enjoy denigrating – which was all that hated Jews were fit for. It was as if they were unclean.

His attitude towards his Christian women was rather different. They, too, should be denigrated, but by also using them for his personal pleasure, he was also taking revenge for the West's arrogant assumption of superiority.

17 - THE LESBIANS ARE SHORN AND RINGED

Amanda and Diana had both been appalled when taken by their overseer, young Yorka, into what was euphemistically called the Yellow Team dormitory

Round the room, instead of beds or mattresses, were small cages raised up on legs so that Yorka could readily see into each one. Inside each cage was a woman. But they were scarcely recognisable as human beings, for they had no hair and no eyebrows. Moreover, hanging from their noses were large brass rings that came down to their chins. Below their chins and attached to each ring hung a bell which tinkled with their every movement. A wooden screen on the sides of each cage prevented the women from touching, or even seeing, each other.

Fastened to the bars in the front of each cage were two shiny metal bowls, one for water and the other, with a wooden spoon chained to it, was clearly for food.

Fastened round their necks were shiny metal collars and they had little yellow painted modesty flaps made of bark that hung down from a string round their hips. Apart from that they were stark naked.

'My Yellow Team,' announced Yorka proudly. 'They look like animals – like women in my village in Africa. They what Master likes to call his White Negresses. But I like to think they more like animals.' He pointed to two empty cages. 'Those for you later.'

'Oh my God,' gasped Patricia.

'Oh no!' murmured Kelly

Yorka turned to the line of cages. 'Kneel up!' he ordered.

The animal-like women, now crawling on all fours, came to the front of their cages and knelt up, gripping the bars.

Patricia and Kelly were even more shocked when they saw that tattooed onto the women's smooth, shiny, bald heads was the same crest and the same Arabic numerals that were branded onto their bellies.

Yorka fastened round their necks collars similar to those worn by the caged women. Then he buckled manacles, linked by a short length of chain, round their wrists.

'All Master's Christian women kept manacled,' he explained, 'in case they try to attack Master.'

Then he went down the line of cages, unlocking and opening the barred entrance gate on the front of

each one. The women, however, remained kneeling up. Yorka pulled his short handled whip out of his cummerbund and cracked it.

"Out!" he ordered.

The women then crawled out of their cages and, still on all fours, lined up. Yorka pointed to the two new recruits to his team.

'You two, form up on end of line,' he ordered. Hesitantly they joined the line of women. Yorka cracked his whip angrily. 'Get down on all fours, like rest of team. Remember you just animals now.'

Oh, Patricia thought, how embarrassing being ordered about like this in front of Kelly, whom she had formerly treated as her own slave girl. Now they were both being treated as slaves – and by a mere boy.

The Yellow Team were now ordered into their bathroom and had to perform into a line of bowls just as, unknown to Patricia and Kelly, Gorka was making the Green Team perform. But whereas Gorka had made the Green Team all get into a large bath, Yorka made his team crawl through one behind the other through what seemed to be a sheep dip. As each woman came up level to where he was standing, he reached forward and thrust her shiny bald head under the water.

Oh how humiliating, thought Kelly, we really are being treated like animals.

Then whereas the Green Team had been fastened down over their mattresses, the Yellow Team, now including the two new women, were locked back into their cages.

'Remember you now just animals. Animals not talk.' He pointed, high up, to the little wireless camera facing the line of cages and clearly sweeping up and down them. 'Camera have built-in microphone. You try talk, I hear and you get whip. So not one word!'

Whereas Amanda and her daughter had been able to learn from Mizzi about the harem they were now in, Patricia and Kelly remained ignorant.

Yorka then switched off the light in the dormitory. 'And you remember,' he told Patricia and Kelly, 'camera see in dark, too. You being watched all the time, day and night, everywhere in harem, by cameras as well as by black eunuchs.'

Patricia saw that, lit up in the darkened room, was a painting of a fat and repulsive-looking man dressed in Arab robes which were parted to disclose, under his big stomach, an erect manhood. She turned away in disgust – ugh, men!

It was a gesture that, thanks to the infra-red capability of the watching camera, was seen by the Prince on his big screen. Excellent, he thought, so she really does hate men, Well! All the better.

It was now late and, exhausted by the events of the day and unable to see each other, both Patricia and Kelly curled up on the rubber mats in their cages and fell asleep.

Next morning, Yorka dolloped a helping of a muesli-like food into the feeding bowls of all the women. Then, as on the previous night, they were all made to crawl into the bathroom to relieve themselves, humiliatingly, to Yorka's orders. Then once again they had to crawl through the sheep dip.

The other women were then put back into their cages, but Yorka beckoned Patricia and Kelly to crawl over to him. He fastened a lead to each of their collars and led them out into the still empty main harem courtyard. Using his dogwhip he then drove them over towards the double birthing chair.

It was a chair that the eunuch overseers found useful for purposes other than what it was designed for. Indeed there were no little baskets underneath it this time when Yorka fastened one of the chair's restraining straps round their tummies and then fastened their wrists to straps on the arms of the double chair. But that was not all, for other straps went round their necks and foreheads, keeping their heads quite still.

The Prince was watching it all on his large television screen whilst Mizzi knelt at his feet, her head between his parted robes as she sucked his manhood with feigned eagerness. Gorka stood behind her, holding her lead in one hand and using his other to tap her bare bottom warningly with his dogwhip.

The Prince looked down at the kneeling girl with her hugely curved belly showing nicely and ran his hand over her already milk-laden full breasts. Gorka was making her suck very well and indeed the combination of her tongue and the sight of her swollen belly and breasts were certainly arousing his manhood – as was the sight on his screen of Patricia and Kelly strapped helpless alongside each other in the birthing chair.

But what the screen and its built-in loudspeaker next showed aroused him even more – for the two women suddenly started to scream their heads off, as they saw Yorka coming back towards them holding a large pair of scissors and electric clippers.

They were still screaming when, standing behind them so that they could not bite him in their desperation, he started to cut off their lovely long hair. Then, accompanied by cries of protest, it was the turn of the clippers – not only on the heads but their eyebrows as well. Soon all they had left was short stubble. But he had not finished for he now picked up a can of shaving foam and squirted it over the tops of their heads and over their eyebrows before very carefully shaving them with a razor until their craniums were smooth and bare
– and until their eyebrows had completely disappeared.

The hidden watching Prince grunted in pleasure and, gripping Mizzi by her hair, held her with his manhood thrust deep down her throat as Huda now approached the two women strapped to the double birthing chair. He was wheeling a trolley containing a strange apparatus and a small gas burner. He switched on the apparatus and ran something that looked like a computer mouse over their now bald heads and non-existent eyebrows.

'Laser stop hair re-growing,' he explained to the two horrified women. 'Keep you Christian pigs nice and smooth.' Then, like a barber showing his client what he had done, he proudly held up a mirror in front of each of the women in turn. The Prince smiled as he heard them gasp in horror as they saw the way they had been transformed into an anonymous and animal-like White Negress. Each was sobbing.

Huda left them to sob for a few minutes and then rubbed anaesthetising cream into both women's noses. He lit the small gas burner and bent over it apparently holding something in the flame. Then he stood up and turned to Patricia. She screamed again as she saw that he was holding a long needle with a wooden handle. The end of the needle was glowing red-hot.

Holding her nose quite still, he drove the needle through the septum, rubbed a little antiseptic cream into the holes and picked up a large brass ring. Where the ring closed was a tiny thin short steel bar which protruded from one of the end of the brass ring. On the other end was a little hole into which the little bar could fit. Once the bar was inserted into the hole, however, it could not be removed.

Holding one of the brass rings, Huda carefully threaded the tiny metal bar through Patricia's septum. Then, as the Prince watched appreciatively on his screen, he pressed the two ends of the ring together. There was a click as the bar entered the other end of the brass ring. The ring was now permanently fastened through Patricia's nose.

Huda let go of the ring and stood back and to admire his handiwork. Yes, hanging from the woman's nose and apparently going right through it was a large closed brass ring that went round the sides of her mouth and down to the point of her chin. It made the woman look even more animal-like. He chucked as he thought that, short of filing through the thick brass ring, there was no way that the woman would ever be able to get rid of it.

'Well done, Huda,' cried an appreciative Yorka, patting him encouragingly on the back. 'She really now look like the women back in my village.'

Huda smiled, turned back to the burner and picked up the needle again. Soon it was glowing red-hot again. Moments later it was penetrating Kelly's septum and soon a large brass ring was hanging permanently from her nose, too.

The women looked each other in horror.

Huda now turned back to his trolley, busying himself with a series of needles and a pot of black paintlike substance into which he was dipping the needles. Then, checking that the women were still held helpless, gripping the arms of the double birthing chair, he carefully tattooed the Arabic numerals of each woman's registered number as an indentured servant onto the backs of their hands.

'These numbers registered with Morals Police,' he explained to the shocked women. 'You ever escape from harem, you quickly handed over to police and returned here for punishment.' Then he turned to their smooth and shiny craniums. On each one he tattooed the woman's harem number and the crest of the Master.

‘Now,’ he said holding up a mirror to show them what he had done, ‘when you kneel before sitting Master to lick and suck his manhood, he can see which white woman you are from harem number tattooed on cranium – for all women look alike without hair or eyebrows. Also sight of crest make him even more aroused.’

Once again there was a gasp of horror from the two new women of the Yellow Team,

‘Now,’ said Yorka, ‘you look like animals, like rest of team. You now ready to be put into cage like them. And soon you branded like them.’

A few minutes later Patricia and Kelly, still naked except for the yellow-painted modesty flaps hanging down below their bellies, were taken back into the Yellow Team’s so-called dormitory and thrust into their cages.

The iron bars that formed the floor of the raised cages were covered with rubber matting. There were no facilities for relieving themselves for, as the two new women were soon to learn, they had to do this, like the Red Team, simultaneously with the rest of the team.

Patricia and Kelly were appalled, as they looked into the large mirror that faced the cages, to see that with their shiny bald heads and big brass nose rings they looked just like the other caged women. Like them they looked almost inhuman and rather like some strange animal.

18 – THE LESBIANS MEET THEIR MASTER

Two days later, the Prince told Malaka, when the latter was making his regular morning report on the state of the Prince’s women, that that very evening he wanted to take Kelly, in front of her former Mistress Patricia.

‘But, Your Highness,’ objected Malaka, ‘young Yorka has only just begun to break them in.’

‘Then you’ll have to finish it rather quickly,’ replied the Prince with a short laugh. ‘And that’ll be something I shall enjoy watching.’

He dismissed Malaka who hurried off to warn Yorka and to tell him not to forget to wash out and oil the women’s orifices – just in case. He also warned young Borka, of the Blue Team, to be ready to accompany Yorka that evening. Unlike Gorka and Rasta, Borka was not currently involved in breaking-in new women. Although the young overseers’ teams were trained to be rivals for the Master’s attention, the overseers were still friends and each knew that at any moment he might well be dependent on help from the others.

Later that morning, in the harem gymnasium, Yorka told the two kneeling and bald headed women just what was in store for them.

‘I won’t do it, ‘said an angry and horrified Patricia, the bell hanging from her big brass nose-ring tinkling. She seemed to have forgotten the lesson she had learnt when she was caned when they all arrived at the palace of their Master.

‘Nor will I,’ added Kelly, supporting her erstwhile Mistress.

‘I hate men,’ added Patricia.

‘Really?’ laughed Malaka who, anticipating trouble, had just arrived to help his young assistant – and had brought the dreaded knobbled rattan cane from its normal place on display in the covered harem courtyard. ‘Well, we’ll soon see how a few strokes of bastinado will change the Jewesses’ mind,’ he laughed as he produced the dreaded rattan cane from behind his back. There were horrified gasps from both women. They had already seen the rattan cane in the courtyard. Both had been scared by the sight of it. They could hardly believe that intelligent, well educated and formerly free women were now living under the constant threat of corporal punishment from their horrible young black supervisors.

Then Malaka pointed to a strange-looking device in the corner of the room. It was like an old-fashioned stocks, with two hinged halves that could be fastened together with a simple catch. But instead of two large semicircles cut in each half to take a woman’s neck, there were two smaller ones to take their ankles. Moreover, instead of being fixed to the floor at waist height, the stocks were attached to a rope going over a pulley up near the ceiling. In front of it on the floor was a mat.

‘I think we’ll start with the younger Christian girl,’ said Malaka with a cruel smile. Leaving the boy holding Patricia by her lead, Malaka took Kelly in his strong arms over to the corner. He pushed her down on the mat and fastened the stocks round her ankles. Then he quickly pulled on the cord until her feet were well placed for his whip, whilst she lay helpless on her back. He then secured the end of the rope to a cleat on the wall.

‘What are you doing to her?’ cried Patricia anxiously.

‘She now get bastinado,’ replied Malaka grimly.

If the word Bastinado had not at first meant anything to the two women it soon did, for Malaka now raised the rattan cane and brought it down smartly across the soles of Kelly’s feet. There was a scream of pain from Kelly and her nose bell tinkled violently as she writhed on her back, trying in vain to get at her burning soles.

‘Stop it!’ cried Patricia. ‘You’ve no right to …’

But the chief black eunuch cut her short: ‘You get next to get bastinado and meanwhile you raise friend’s feet for next stroke.’

He beckoned Yorka to bring her forward. Then unfastened the rope and handed it to Patricia and raised his cane ready fir the next stroke. ‘Go on, pull rope!’

‘No! No!’

Then there was a sudden scream as Yorka brought his dogwhip down hard on Patricia’s bare buttocks.

‘You raise friend’s feet for next stroke,’ repeated Malaka impatiently.

Again Yorka brought his dogwhip down.

‘All right!’ screamed Patricia as she jerked the rope.

‘A little higher,’ murmured Malaka.

‘Oh God!’ whispered Patricia, momentarily hesitating. ‘Darling … I can’t help it.’

Again down came Yorka’s dogwhip and seconds later down, too, came Malaka’s rattan cane. The screams from the women mingled, making the Prince smile with delight behind his lattice-work screen.

Kelly’s ankles were once again on the mat for Patricia had dropped the rope to rub her bottom.

‘Pick up rope!’ ordered Malaka. It was an order that was enforced by another stroke from Yorka’s dogwhip.

‘But, please, she’s had enough!’ cried Patricia, hastily picking up the rope again. Behind her Yorka raised his dogwhip.

‘Oh no,’ laughed Malaka, ‘she go on getting bastinado until you agree watch her pleasuring Master. Now higher! … Higher!’

Once again the screams of the two women mingled.

‘All right!’ screamed Patricia.

‘And you?’ said Malaka speaking to the writhing Kelly, ‘you agree suck Master’s manhood?’

Malaka raised his cane.

‘Yes! Yes!’ sobbed Kelly.

‘Good,’ said Malaka. ‘But to make certain you keep promise, you now change places with friend and raise her feet for same number of strokes of bastinado.’

‘But I can’t do that to her - I love her!’

‘You now only love Master,’ replied Malaka grimly and brought the rattan cane down again on Kelly’s burning soles. ‘That mean one more bastinado stroke for friend … and you get same number of strokes from overseer’s dogwhip on bottom.’

A few moments later the smiling fat Prince heard both women’s screams again mixing discordantly – and repeatedly …

That evening, followed by Borka, Yorka led the two women, crawling, both on a dog lead, into their Master’s presence. After their encounter with the bastinado they could, in any case, hardly stand. Both were acutely conscious that they were about to see their mysterious Master for the first time, but both knew they must keep their eyes down in his presence or else risk a further encounter with the rattan cane – and they were too terrified to do that.

So it was that, driven on by Yorka’s dogwhip, they made a fine picture for the Prince of humbled womanhood as they crawled across a priceless Persian carpet with heads down, buttocks raised, not daring to look up. The big belled rings that hung from their noses were touching the carpet, making an occasional tinkling noise. In front of them they could see, sticking out from a white robe, two feet and a pair of shiny white barbooshes, the heel-less slippers used by many men in North Africa.

Suddenly the barbooshes were raised so that their soles were facing the crawling women at his feet - a deliberate insult in the Arab world.

‘Christian pigs, lick soles of shoes!’ ordered Yorka, tapping both bare buttocks with his dogwhip. But the very idea was horrible for both women. What had these barbooshes trodden into? Then down, hard down, came the dogwhip - twice across each already tender bottom.

Out came two little tongues and each began to lick one of the soles, keeping their eyes down on their work. But still they had not dared to raise their eyes to see their Master.

Yorka now handed the two leads to the Master, who held one in each hand. The Prince smiled cruelly as, holding the leads taut, he looked down at the women avidly licking the soles of his barbooshes. The sight of the crest freshly tattooed onto the shiny shaven scalps of these two already degraded Christian women made his mind race – and so, too, did the brass nose rings and the reddened weals on their bare buttocks. Yes, he would enjoy showing off what he had done to them to the fundamentalist Mullahs to whom all Jews and Christians were hated unbelievers – and there was further degradation yet to come.

He leaned down and pushed their heads back so that he could see their faces.

‘Keep eyes down!’ warned Yorka.

Desperately they both tried to look down as they continued to lick the soles of their Master’s shoe. Was their Master young and handsome? They could not help trying to get a glimpse of him out of the corner of their eyes as they licked. Both recoiled in horror at the sight of a huge horrible-looking, fat, middle aged Arab, looking down gloatingly at them. Their Master was a monster! For a moment both women stopped licking – but only for a moment for Yorka, yet again, quickly brought his dogwhip down across their bottoms. Both could feel their Master’s eyes watching them as they resumed their licking.

The Prince then beckoned Borka, who had been quietly watching from the doorway. Handing over Patricia’s lead to him, he gestured that he should pull her back. Borka now fastened her lead tightly behind

her neck to a ring in the wall. Seeing that she was now helpless, the Prince parted his robe, displaying to a shocked Kelly his already partially aroused manhood. Then he nodded to Yorka.

'Worship your Master's manhood,' Yorka ordered Kelly. 'You kiss it adoringly.'

'Don't do it,' cried Patricia. 'You know how you hate all men. Don't do …'

But a slash across her back from Borka 's dogwhip reduced her to an appalled silence. .

Yorka then tapped Kelly's bottom with his dogwhip. 'Go on, do as you're told!'

Hesitantly, hiding her disgust, Kelly lowered her head and, holding the Prince's manhood with her manacled hands, brought it to her lips.

The Prince looked down at the shiny head. 'Go on, take it into your mouth and suck!' he said in good English in his deep masculine voice, 'And don't pretend you don't know what to do. That bitch of a Mistress of yours must have made you suck her many a time.'

Yorka saw that Kelly was hesitating and quickly gave her another stroke with his dogwhip, and then another … It took another four hard strokes to make Kelly, with a gasp of despair, finally take her Master's manhood into her mouth.

Patricia watched the scene with a mixture of repulsion and jealousy as her former submissive partner's head bobbed up and down over the Master's manhood: repulsion because she abhorred the sight of anything male and jealousy because what Kelly was doing was something that she formerly only allowed her to do to herself, as the girl's Mistress.

Sensing what Patricia must be going through as he enjoyed her former lover and savouring the moment, the Prince raised his eyes and looked straight at her. 'And how do you like the sight your former slave now being used by the Master of you both?' he jeered.

Only her lead being firmly tied to the wall prevented her from rushing forward to rescue "her girl" and scratching the Prince's eyes out.

The Prince watched with amusement her desperate attempts to free herself and waved away Borka's raised dogwhip.

'Or perhaps you would prefer to see her being used rather differently?' he called out. Then turning to Yorka he said: 'Turn her round and make her bend over – and hold her tight.'

Kelly was now standing, or rather crouching, helplessly in front of the Prince with her knees bent and her neck held between young Yorka's muscular thighs. Her well-oiled beauty lips and rear entrance were now only inches away from the now rampant manhood of the still seated Prince.

'No! No!' she cried out –and so did her erstwhile Mistress.

'You're now the plaything of a man,' exulted the Prince as he thrust his manhood up between her beauty lips.

As he gripped her neck tightly with his thighs, Yorka was moving moved his hips to and fro which in turn made the girls hips also move to and fro – giving intense delight to her Master. Indeed, such was the delight caused partly by the wriggling of the girl, partly by the contrast between her now well-spread hips and her slim waist and partly by the screams of protest of the writhing Patricia, that before long the Prince felt himself reaching a climax.

Grabbing Kelly by her hips, he pulled her back and down onto his manhood. Ah, the excitement! Moments later, his seed was harmlessly jetting up into her, making her scream out in horror.

'Tomorrow,' he said, 'we'll do it the other way round.'

19 – THE BRANDING

The branding of a new concubine was always an event. Not only was it carried out in front of the entire harem, as a lesson in their continuing forced submission, but it was also one which the Prince attended personally.

But this was going to be the branding of six women and so was even more spectacular. All six were standing naked, blindfolded and gagged, fastened to posts in the main courtyard.

Cushions had been attached to the small of their backs so as keep their bare bellies well thrust out for the branding irons. To keep their muscles taut for the branding iron, the central ring in the middle of their wrist manacles had been had been fastened to a ring in the post, high above their heads. Even if they should faint from the pain of one branding iron, they would still be held in position for the next one – for this was to be a multiple iron branding, as it was known in the trade.

In front of them was a brazier into which several branding irons had been thrust and which were being turned over and kept glowing red-hot by Huda.

The actual application of each iron was, however, going to be made by Malaka. It was a field in which, like so many others when it came to women, he had had considerable experience. He well knew that a light application of the iron would not give a satisfactory and lasting brand, whilst pressing too hard on a woman's skin, particularly on a white woman's more delicate skin, would leave a ragged brand scar, not the clear distinctive mark that he was aiming for.

Nadu, the retired former chief eunuch who now patrolled the dormitories by night and was in general

charge of the expectant women, was standing at a nearby table on which were several pots of coloured pigment, each with its own set of brushes. It was his duty to give each brand mark its distinctive colour.

Deliberately the women to be branded had not seen the brazier, the branding irons or the pots of pigment, before being blindfolded and did not realise what they were about to undergo.

Each harem team was sitting silently on their separate coloured cushions under the eye of their overseer.

There was an air of nervous expectation in the harem.

Suddenly, warned of the imminent arrival of the Master, Malaka brought his cane of office down into a cushion. The women all sat up.

'Teams! Form-up!

The women jumped up and hastily lined up in their separate teams, expectant women whose bellies were showing on the right of each team – each overseer being keen to show the Master how the objects of his pet hobby were progressing.

Each young overseer was walking up and down in front of his team, making sure that they were perfectly aligned and that each woman was looking her best – for each had been beautifully made up by their team overseer. This was a chance for one of their women to catch the Master's eye – and thereby, provided the Master was pleased with her performance, to earn her overseer a substantial tip.

Malaka went over to the high grilled gate that led to the Master's quarters. He unlocked the gate, flung it open and stood respectfully to one side. There was a long pause and then the large figure of the Prince appeared. He was, as usual, wearing Arab dress: a long golden edged black cape over a slightly starched white thobe and a golden igaal round his white headdress. His cruel eyes were hidden by sunglasses.

'Attention!' Malaka barked.

Except for the Yellow Team, each woman clasped her hands behind her neck and thrust out her breasts. The wrist manacle chains of the Christian women were hanging down their backs. The Yellow Team were using their hands to hold up their small bark modesty flaps.

'Show respect to Master!'

Looking straight ahead, each woman was now parted her legs and bent her knees slightly to show off her depilated beauty lips and mound – each carefully painted, like her nipples and her mouth, with the colour of her team. It was a picture of well-disciplined womanhood.

Following the Prince were his personal pageboys, young white eunuch boys dressed in high white silk turbans and baggy Turkish trousers made of white silk, leaving their hairless torsos bare. Their faces were soft like those of a woman. They were the Italian boy, Rosebud, and Amanda's newly castrated and infibulated son, now called Lilac.

Whereas the Prince's black eunuch boys carried dogwhips with which to control the Prince's women, to emphasise that his pageboys had no authority over the women, they just carried flywhisks with which to protect their Master from the occasional fly in the air-conditioned palace.

This was the first time that Lilac had accompanied his Master into the harem, though he had heard all about it, as well as his own new duties, from Rosebud. Shocked, he had been told that his mother and his sister, like the rest of the women that Pierre had brought out, were now in his Master's harem. Sad as he was to have been castrated, nevertheless it was better than being killed to ensure his silence and so protect his new Master from scandal. He knew that, as a eunuch, he would be a laughing stock back in England. Being an intelligent boy, he realised only too well that his only future was, like his mother and sister, in the service of the Master who had ordered his castration. And that was the situation, whether he liked it or not.

Astonished, he looked around at the erotic scene of so many half-naked women all branded on the belly with the Master's crest –just as Rosebud had told him. But he knew, however, that it was more than his life was worth to show any interest in these women – they were the Master's, not his. Nevertheless, to his embarrassment, he could feel his manhood stirring against the way it was held helplessly down.

Cautiously he looked around for his mother and sister, but could not see them, nor indeed any of the others with whom he had so unsuspectingly travelled out. Then he saw the six blindfolded women tied to the posts with their bellies bare, amongst whom he thought he recognised his mother and sister. Oh God, he realised, they were all going to branded! Evidently Rosebud had not warned him, so as to spare his feelings. But now he must try and not show any emotion.

Followed by his two white pageboys and by the overseer of the team of women he was inspecting, the Prince slowly and ponderously made his way down past the lines of silent women, feeling the breast of one and stroking the lustrous hair, or raising the chin, of another.

Meanwhile Lilac was becoming almost overcome with embarrassment and suppressed desire. He had hardly ever seen a bare breast in the flesh before and now here he was surrounded by them. His castration after puberty had only diminished his ability to become aroused but had not extinguished it. But being also infibulated made any such arousal very painful. He had accepted that, as Rosebud had told him, he had to learn to put erotic ideas out of his head and realise that these beautiful creatures belonged to his Master and were not for him

Walking ponderously down past the line of women, the Prince never failed to stroke a well-curved belly and smiled cruelly as he did so. Yes, forced breeding was indeed a fascinating and rewarding hobby. He paused in front of the trembling Caroline and Chantalle. Breeding from a Matched Pair of white women was always well worthwhile – though for sheer satisfying cruelty nothing could touch making a horrified

European mother and daughter simultaneously pregnant by the same Sire.

As the Prince paused before this beautiful pair with their identically very well-curved bellies, Borka was almost bursting with pride whilst the other overseers tried to contain their jealousy – but each was hoping to out-do him with the newly arrived women.

The women, even those whose breasts or bellies were stroked by the Master, all remained looking straight ahead for following behind their Master was each team's overseer, anxiously and yet proudly tapping his dogwhip against the palm of his hand.

Rosebud had warned Lilac about their Master's pet hobby. But Lilac had certainly never seen a bare well-curved belly - and there seemed to be quite a few in the harem. Was this hobby of the Master's something that his mother and sister might also have to submit to? How awful!

The Prince quickly took in each team's principal characteristics:

The belled nipples of the Blue Team tinkling as their breasts quivered and the jewels hanging from their clitorises glittering below their moistly glistening beauty lips, kept almost permanently aroused by the infibulating rings and below them their blue silk leggings that only started at their thighs.

The belled bracelets of the Green Team and their athletic figures – the result of hours spent in the harem gymnasium under the orders of their relentless little overseer.

The hugely augmented breasts and grossly extended nipples of the Red Team, all artificially kept in milk.

Finally, perhaps his favourite sight, the White Negresses of the Yellow Team with their bald shiny heads, big brass nose rings and now, all being humiliatingly held up, their little bark modesty flaps.

Yes, it was very satisfying, owning all these women and keeping them under the humiliating discipline of their young black eunuch overseers. And now, he told himself, six new white women were to be branded as his property - women with whom he could do as he liked.

Rosebud and Lilac helped him settle into his armchair, facing the six bare bellies. They made a delightful sight but, he felt, it would be even more enjoyable if a pretty girl was made to put her head under his thobe to pleasure him as he watched the branding – and even better if it was a white woman with well swollen belly. He beckoned to the little pygmy boy, Gorka, and pointed to Mizzi.

Gorka bowed, smiling with pleasure at the honour that the Master was showing to him. Quickly he snapped a lead onto the ring at the back of Mizzi's collar and, giving her a sharp tap on her buttocks, drove her forward to kneel before the Prince.

'Take off slippers,' he ordered. If Mizzi had been mystified by this order, she soon realised the truth when he next ordered: 'Kneel and get under Master's robe, but leave feet showing.'

Terrified, she hastened to obey, realising that any hesitation, or failure to give pleasure, would result in her getting the boy's dogwhip across the soles of her feet – as in the bastinado.

In the half light under her Master's thobe, her fingers found his already half erect manhood. She felt him put a hand down onto her head to press it towards it. At the same time she felt Gorka give her a warning stroke on her tender soles. Submissively she let her head be lowered and took her Master's manhood into her mouth. Then, as young Gorka, had so often taught her, she took it into the back of her throat. She knew that her duty was now alternatively to suck his manhood and then to lick slowly up and down its full length, before again taking it deep into her throat.

'Stand up straight!' ordered Malaka to the four teams of women.

They all now stood at attention, their ankles together and their hands still clasped behind their necks.

Meanwhile Malaka, accompanied by Nadu, had taken the red hot iron of the Prince's crest out of the brazier. He approached the bald headed woman on the right of the blindfolded line. Below her blindfold a large brass ring hung down over her gag and down to her chin. Suspended from the brass ring was a little bell. The number tattooed on her shiny cranium showed she was Patricia.

Malaka let Nadu go ahead and raise her breasts to make her think that something was going to be done to them and so not suck in her belly.

Then, judging the right spot carefully, he pressed the red hot iron against her abdomen and held it there for several seconds. There was a smell of burning flesh and a desperate scream muffled by her gag.

Then he took away the iron and thrust it back into the brazier to be reheated for the next woman, whilst Nadu started to paint the still steaming wound with a bright green pigment – the colour of the Prince's family crest of crossed scimitars above a lone star.

Malaka now picked up an iron in the shape of a circle. To emphasise the green crest on her belly, it was to be outlined by a ring that would be coloured black.

Again, Nadu lifted one of her breasts as if the next branding iron was going to be applied there. Then, accompanied by more suppressed screams, he pressed the red-hot iron against Patricia's skin. Again Nadu bushed in his pigment – this time black.

Then it was time for the numerals of her harem number, coloured in bright yellow, the colour of her team, to be branded below the crest on her now hairless mound and again outlined with a black ring. By now she had half collapsed with pain, but her wrist manacles, fastened high above her head and the cushion in the small of her back and pushing out her belly, held her in position.

But even this was not all, for like the crest on her belly, the numerals on her mound were to be highlighted by a black circle.

Finally, Malaka and Nadu stood back. Yes, the brands seemed perfect and perfectly coloured. Malaka bowed to the Prince who nodded his satisfaction. Then Malaka gestured to Huda who came forward and, keeping Patricia blindfolded, unfastened her manacles from above her head, refastening them to the ring at the back of her collar to make sure she did not try to touch the brand marks to ease the pain.

Then Huda unfastened her from the post and removed her blindfold so that she could see where she was going. He left her gagged so that she could not cry out to her companions and warn of what lay ahead for them.

Instead she looked with horror at the smiling, grossly corpulent figure of her Master, whose brand she now bore, sitting looking at her. She was so appalled that she never noticed their erstwhile office boy, now dressed as an Eastern pageboy and standing behind the Master.

Then, watched by all the women still standing at attention in their lines, Huda led a weeping and horribly humiliated Patricia out of the harem courtyard and into his small hospital. Here he made her lie down on a couch and fastened her ankles to the foot of her bed and her wrist manacles to the head. He checked that she was quite unable to interfere with the slow healing of her brands and went back to the courtyard to bring up the next woman.

Shortly after he arrived back, Malaka and Nadu had finished branding Kelly and began branding Amanda, whilst Huda took Kelly back to the little hospital and fastened her down onto a couch next to her former Mistress. However, he left both their gags in place so that they could not commiserate with each other. Indeed, silently raising their heads and glancing down at their brand marks and then at each other, they both realised only too well that their former relationship was completely over and that they were both now just slaves of their cruel and obese Master

Then it was the turn of Amanda and then Diana. They were fastened to adjacent posts and were still linked, as a Matched Pair, by their collar chains. Although still blindfolded, Amanda at least had realised what was in store for her and the fact that, on the Prince's cruel instructions, it was Diana who felt the first brand, made it all the more poignant for the mother. However to speed matters up, Malaka now changed his system. Having two of each of the branding irons he was able to place of the brands quickly on their bellies quickly, one after the other. The only difference was when it came to branding them with their harem numbers: 40a and 40b.

Thus it was that a few minutes later Huda was able to take off the blindfolds of this now sobbing, but well branded, pair of beautiful women. Amanda was appalled to see the green slippers of their team companion, Mizzi, lying neatly by the side of two bare, but now well striped, soles appearing below the bottom of their Master's ample robe. Diana may yet have been still too innocent to have realised what was going, but like Patricia, her mother was even more shocked to see a nodding bulge which showed that Mizzi had been made to pleasure her Master whilst he watched their branding. How dreadful!

When the blindfolds were removed, Lilac was horrified to see that his suspicions were correct and the two women whom the Master had just enjoyed watching being branded, were in fact his mother and sister. How awful! But again, he knew he must not show any emotion. He turned his head away.

Amanda's attention had been so taken up by the sight of what Mizzi was being made to do that it was only when she was being led away on a lead, together with Diana, that she realised one of the pageboys standing dutifully behind the Prince and looking away was her precious son. Diana saw him at the same time. They saw that he was looking at them with equal horror. But gagged as they were, their manacled wrists fastened to the back of their collars and with a lead fastened to the chain that linked their collars, there was nothing they could do. Their gags even hid their smiles of recognition.

Both mother and daughter were now taken to the harem hospital. Like the pair of former lesbians, Amanda and Diana were left gagged as they lay helpless on their adjacent couches, raising their heads to look unbelievingly at their brand marks and then to look at each other. If there had been any doubts in their minds about their status, there were certainly none now.

For the branding of the two sisters, Jill and Candice, the prince had decided to introduce a change. As well their harem numbers being branded on their mounds, he had ordered that, as they were despised hated Jewesses, the Star of David should be branded there as well.

This caused quite a stir amongst the watching women when Huda led them, weeping, past them. My God, several of them were thinking, might they too later be additionally branded with the sign of their nationalities or faiths – perhaps on their buttock or breasts? Luckily for them, however, the Prince felt that distinguishing his Jewish indentured servants in this way was sufficient …

After spending several days strapped down in the harem hospital, unable to touch their itching and slowly healing brands, the brands of all six of the Prince's new batch of women were judged to have been successful. Huda accordingly released them back to their team overseers.

20 – SHOWN TO THE MULLAHS

It was a week later, in the Prince's large reception room in the male part of his palace.

'You will remember,' the Prince was saying to a group of local fundamentalist Mullahs whose continuing support he felt it was important to have, 'that I invited you to see the mating of two Christian girls with one of my giant Dinka Black Guards.'

The Prince's white eunuch, Christian, pageboys were standing dutifully behind their Master. Their beardless presence added almost as much kudos to the Prince's reputation as did the young Christian women whom they knew they would shortly be seeing.

'Yes,' replied the senior Mullah, his glance encompassing the Prince's pageboys as well as the barred door led to his host's harem. 'And you have done nothing more than what these infidel pigs deserve, my son.'

'Well, I thought you would like to see how they are getting on.'

The Prince nodded to Malaka who was standing by the door that led straight to the harem. Malaka unlocked the door and, tucking his cane under his arm, clapped his hands. Instantly there was a sudden noise like a pistol shot from the corridor. Borka, anxious to show that his women were as well drilled and disciplined as those of his particular rival, Gorka, had pulled out his whip and had cracked it, making the two waiting members of the Blue Team flinch nervously.

'Numbers 7 and 14 - Prance!' he ordered, with another crack of his whip.

Keeping in step, two women, their faces hidden by veils and chained together as a Matched Pair, pranced into the room side by side, their manacled hands clasped behind their necks. Instead of harem pantaloons, they wore the Blue Team's silken transparent blue leggings that left their bellies and bottoms bare. Stiff, blue embroidered, open boleros showed off their firm breasts and stretched nipples.

Their breasts were shaking in time, making the little bells, hanging from their ringed nipples, tinkle merrily. They were the beautiful English actress, Penelope Lyndsey-Baker, Harem Number 7 and her young married French double, Chantalle de Mieury, Harem Number 14.

However, they were clearly having difficulty, because of their well-curved bellies, in raising their knees high in the air. But young Borka was standing no nonsense.

The fact that they were both shortly expecting a Happy Little Event was no excuse for not raising their knees until they almost touched their protruding bellies. Prancing in this way was, Borka knew, an excellent prenatal exercise – and none of his girls had ever had any problems when delivering their progeny.

'Get them up!' he ordered with another crack of his whip – this time just behind the expectant girls' bottoms.

Biting their lips, the wretched women strained to obey, their long blond hair falling down over their shoulders. Each was telling herself that anything was better than a couple of strokes from that awful black leather dogwhip.

'To the Inspection Bench - Forward!'

Keeping in perfect time, the two women wheeled, turned to their left and pranced up to the bench, their nipples ringing. Again the whip cracked.

'Halt! One, one-two!'

Both women came to a smart military halt.

'Step-up!'

The women stepped up onto the bench and again clasped their hands behind their necks, looking straight ahead, their eyes fixed on the wall behind and above the Mullahs. Their bellies were now level with the Mullahs' eyes.

They had been beautifully made up: their lips, eyelids and nipples painted with the colour of their team; their sparkling eyes made huge by drops of belladonna which made it difficult for them to see properly; their hair brushed and washed until it shone and their shoulders powdered and scented with the team's expensive French scent.

'Numbers 7 and 14, Sir, present and correct!' announced Borka proudly to the senior Mullah. Borka now coiled up his black whip and replaced it in his cummerbund.

'Present bellies,' he ordered and used his dogwhip to point out, even more proudly, the two white women's identically swollen bellies.

The senior Mullahs rose and ran his hand down over the two bare and identically curved bellies and then over their chainmail breeding belts, before lifting a shortly to be milk-laden breast. Meanwhile the women stood stock still with their heads up, looking straight ahead, their quivering breasts and soft bellies thrust forward for his inspection.

He turned to the Prince. 'Very good my son, it is pleasing see how these infidels are still kept well disciplined despite their expectant state – and,' he pointed to the breeding belts, 'it is gratifying to see that they cannot interfere with what Allah has ordained.'

The Prince smiled and then waved Borka and the women away.

'I have recently acquired two very attractive American girls,' said the Prince as the door closed behind Penelope and Chantalle.

'Daughters of the Great Satan, my son,' said the grey-bearded senior Mullah, 'and infidel propagators of the falsehood of the equality of women with men – contrary to the real teaching of the prophet, may his name live forever. However, doubtless your very devout chief black eunuch, Malaka, will ensure that no such unholy propaganda is spread in your harem.'

'Yes, Your Reverence,' said Malaka with a bow, 'I think I can assure you that His Highness's new women will be far too frightened of the cane to ever dare breathe a word about female liberation. The cane makes all his women realise that they now live for one purpose only – to please their Master.'

The senior Mullah turned to the Prince. ‘That is as it should be, my son. And the ownership of a pair of properly disciplined white Christian sisters can give a True Believer, like yourself, great pleasure.’

‘Thank you, Your Reverence, for your reassurance. However, the reason why I mentioned these two sisters to you is that they are American Jews.’

‘Jewish women!’ all the bearded Mullahs cried out in shocked tones.

‘Yes, Your Reverends, two American Jewish women. I would not want you to think that I am secretly harbouring Jews in my palace.’

‘You are quite right to tell us about them, my son,’ said the senior Mullah. ‘How are you planning to treat them, now that they are in your care?’

‘This is what I was hoping that you will advise me about,’ replied the Prince shrewdly. ‘I did not want stories of over-soft treatment reaching your ears – or that of our much respected Caid.’

‘The Caid will certainly agree with us that no Jewish pigs can be treated too harshly in this day and age when Jews are riding roughshod over our brother Moslems,’ replied the senior Mullah firmly. ‘No humiliation and no degradation would be too strong.’

‘They were very proud of their skim figures and small breasts …’ began the Prince cunningly.

‘Then,’ cried one of the Mullahs, ‘in the name of our Holy Prophet, turn these pigs into fat beasts.’

‘That was just what I was thinking of doing,’ replied the Prince suavely.’ May I have Your Reverends’ approval for what I have done so far? Would you like to see them? They’re just outside - with their faces suitably veiled, of course.’

The Mullahs all nodded.

The Prince turned to Malaka who was standing expectantly behind him. ‘Bring them in,’ he said.

Malaka bowed and went to the door and beckoned in the waiting Rafta who, dogwhip in hand, led in two veiled, half-naked figures by a lead attached to the chain linking their collars. They were now standing nervously right in front of the seated Mullahs. He then bowed respectfully.

The two sisters were horrified to be seen by so many strange men - particularly since their enlarged and quivering breasts were scarcely hidden by their open boleros and their silken harem pantaloons were so transparent. Under their veils their eyes were downcast with shame and, to make it worse, Rafta now made them stand over their manacles, so that they could not use their hands to cover their breasts or intimacies.

‘Have they been circumcised yet?’ asked another of the Mullahs, looking at their green painted beauty lips glistening through their transparent silken pantaloons.

‘See for yourself,’ replied the Prince smiling. He turned and spoke briefly to young Gorka

‘Drop harem trousers!’ ordered Gorka raising dogwhip. Two sets of pantaloons dropped to their ankles.

‘Position of respect!’ the boy then ordered. Clasping their manacled hands behind their backs, the two sisters hesitantly parted their legs slightly, bent their knees and thrust their hips forward.
The Mullahs were pointing at the way their inner lips protruded through their outer one and murmuring amongst themselves. ‘That should be cut back for a start,’ aid the senior Mullah decisively. ‘Removing that sensitive strip of skin will make it harder for them to masturbate behind the backs of your black eunuchs and, being be very humiliating, will really put these infidel Jews in their place.’

‘Thank you, ’said the Prince. ‘I had though of asking my black eunuch trained nurse to do that. It is such a minor operation and he has done it very well on other women of my harem. However I decided to wait for your approval.’

This was greeted with murmurs of agreement.

‘My son,’ said the senior Mullah, ‘we can see that you are a true son of the faith and that even if you do have Western women in your harem you are determined to prevent it becoming a hotbed of sacrilegious Western ideas about women.’

‘Thank you.’

‘But,’ asked another of the Mullahs, ‘why not, at the same time, ask your eunuch to snip off the tips of their clitorises? That would further protect your personal honour against deceiving you by masturbating behind your back – and at the same time further degrade the despised Jewesses.’

‘And,’ added another, ‘if they are so proud of their slim figures why not cage them and submit them to a little forced feeding until they reach the degree of plumpness that we Arabs so appreciate? Not only would that increase their desirability but also further degrade them.’

‘But,’ objected another Mullah, ‘I do not think we have gone far enough in suggesting ways of really denigrating these Jewesses. Surely, it would be prudent to further display your piety to us and to the Caid and other local authorities by letting them perform in front of them with, say, two of your best racing camels. The story of your showing your enlightenment in making two Jewesses submit to such treatment would greatly increase your standing in the bazaars and with the Government.’

‘Your Reverends, please take it as read that your suggestions will be implemented,’ said a smiling Prince. Yes indeed!

It was then the turn of the pygmy Gorka to parade before the Mullahs a hugely embarrassed Amanda and Diana, dressed in the skimpy harem dress of the Green Team.

‘These are another lovely Christian mother and daughter, English this time. Making them please me together in my bed, has been quite delightful – as was using my similar Dutch mother and daughter before

them. You will remember recently seeing them performing together on the harem birthing chair with their hands strapped to a bar above their heads.'

He pointed to the twin raised armchair normally kept on display in the main harem room where the white Christian concubines regarded it with horror. They all knew that sooner or later they were likely to be performing on it in front of their grinning Master.

Below the cut-outs in the twin seats of the chair were the two baskets into which, in accordance with harem traditions, the Dutch mother and daughter had simultaneously dropped their twin progenies before their Master and his guests. Little curtains round the front of the bottom of the chair had protected the guests and the fastidious Prince from the sight of any unpleasantness during the delivery process and ensured the delicacy and propriety of the scene whilst giving Nadu, the harem black eunuch midwife, access to the women from behind the chair.

To hide their grimaces of pain, each woman's face had been be covered with the mask of a happy smiling woman and underneath these they had been gagged so that their cries did not upset the festive scene.

Nadu prided himself on his ability, using his pills and potions, as well the judicious use of the young overseer's dogwhip, so that a perfect simultaneous double delivery was achieved – to the applause of the Prince's guests. It was something that had earned him several large tips, not only from the Prince himself but also from his delighted guests.

'Well,' the Prince now went on, 'the Dutch pair are ready for another round of forced breeding and the English pair ready for their first one. I must admit finding the idea of seeing all four of them, two mothers and two daughters, with identically curved bellies and carrying progeny by the sire, to be quite irresistible - as would be seeing them later all performing on a new double size birthing chair.'

'A proper way of degrading these Christian dogs,' commented one of the Mullahs.

'Especially if crossed with a black servant,' added another.

'But, Your Reverences, that 's why I want your approval. This time they would not be mated with a Negro.'

'Well, a pygmy would be equally degrading,' interjected another Mullah.

'But I want to use all four of them to breed a set of blond indentured servant girls, to be sent off to Europe to be secretly brought and then brought back here to my harem for my old age – an amusing set of sisters, half sisters, aunts and nieces – and all being made to perform with their still young mothers and grandmothers. The idea is mind blowing.'

There was a silence.

'But my son,' said the senior Mullah, 'where would you find a suitable white blond boy with whom to mate them?'

'I wouldn't!'

'What!'

'No, Your Reverence, you have heard me mention my investment in a white slave breeding farm in Arabia where white superannuated concubines of my family are fertilised with the seed of Scandinavian boys to provide a valuable source for the decadent West of white blond babies for adoption. Well, I shall simply invite the breeding manager to come here and bring with him a supply of seed.'

'Ah!' cried the Mullahs, approvingly

'Now,' said the Prince, 'we come to a pair about whom I am sure you will have strong views.'

'Oh?' murmured several of the Mullahs, wondering what the Prince next had in store for them.

'Yes,' said the Prince, 'again they're both English and both beautiful - but rather different from the mother and daughter you saw earlier. This time it's a dominating woman and her submissive younger girl.'

'Lesbians!' cried the mullahs in horror.

'Yes, but you can rest assured that neither I, nor my black eunuchs, will allow any lesbianism in my harem.'

'I should think not, my son,' said the senior Mullah, his face becoming red with righteous indignation. 'Such women should be forcibly taken by a succession of black men, so that they learn better. The harsher the treatment, the better.'

'Ah!' said the Prince smiling. 'That's what's I thought too, for clearly I did not want you to think that my harem had become a nest of such vipers.'

'After you've enjoyed them, keep them in a cage with three of your biggest Black Guards – that'll teach them. They've each got three orifices, including their mouth – and, if I know anything about Negroes, they'll use all three and it won't belong before they're expectant – something they'll hate!'

'Thank you,' said the Prince. This was exactly what Malaka had also recommended too. But he had wanted the Mullahs to think that he was following their advice. 'An excellent idea!'

PART V EPILOGUE A FEW MONTHS LATER THE PRINCE REVIEWS THE RESULTS OF A LITTLE HAREM DISCIPLINE

Accompanied by Malaka, the Prince was making one of his regular visits to the new line of cages that he

had had erected near, but separate from, the harem garden.

He smiled cruelly as he looked through the bars of the first one, a large straw covered edifice. In it were three huge, stark naked giant Dinka Black Guards. Their shaven heads and oiled muscular bodies gleamed – as did their long manhoods hanging down over their large testicles. Each held a short cane like a military swagger stick. They looked the very embodiment of virile black masculinity.

The Dinka guards on this special Cage Duty were changed every day. It was a popular duty, for on either side of this cage were two smaller ones, each holding a white woman.

The women were looking at the huge Dinkas in horror through the bars that separated them. Except for their white skins the women resembled Negresses of certain African tribes, with their heads shaved and big brass rings hanging down from their nostrils to their chins. Apart from their shiny metal collars and wrist manacles, their only article of dress was a simple piece of bark hanging over their intimacies from a string round their waists.

They were Patricia and Kelly – deliberately kept separated so that they could not touch each other, but each could see the other's regular humiliation in the central cage.

Attached to rings at the front of their collars were long chains leading to the central cage. This allowed one of the Dinkas, at any time, to pull one of the white women over and make her stand, pressing her face and body against the iron bars that separated them. Holding the woman's neck chain tightly in one hand, he could use the other to arouse the woman, against her will, by squeezing her nipples or, brushing aside the little bark modesty flap, by parting her hairless beauty lips and playing with her beauty bud.

Being used like this by a great brute of a man was, of course, deeply repulsive and being watched by her lesbian lover was equally offensive and hugely embarrassing. It was even worse when, calling to his companions to assist, he would further arouse the woman and bring her reluctantly to a shattering climax.

Quite apart from these frequent but minor excitements, there were also the more formal Morning, Midday, Afternoon and Evening Ceremonies at which the women were penetrated by all three of the Dinkas on duty.

Report Sheets on the outside of each of the women's cages recorded the number and nature of their penetrations.

'Ready for Morning Penetrations,' reported the women's overseer, the black eunuch boy Yorka. Hearing his voice the three black men looked at him eagerly and reached down for their manhoods, which were now rapidly becoming erect. They knew they would be able to have one of the white women now at Morning Penetrations and the other at Midday Penetrations, with the same sequence repeated at the Afternoon and Evening ceremonies.

'With which woman would Your Highness like to start?' asked Yorka. On this would depend the sequence for the day's remaining Penetrations.

'With the older woman,' replied the Prince, knowing that he could watch the penetration of the younger one at the midday ceremony on his large security television screen.

Yorka salaamed and, from outside the cages, pulled a lever that raised a small barred gateway between the cages of the Dinkas and that of the cowering Patricia.

With roars of eager anticipation the three black giants pulled the crawling woman through into their own cage, pushing each other aside in their animal-like keenness to get at her, thrusting their erect manhoods into her mouth and playing with her body. Then Patricia was made to kneel, straddling one of the Dinkas, lying on his back with his huge manhood standing up straight like a spear aimed at her beauty lips. She was then lowered, screaming, onto this and her head pulled down to take the manhood of a second Dinka in her mouth whilst the third Dinka took her from behind.

'This now tenth day,' reported Yorka to the Prince in Arabic, 'with a different team of Black Guards every day and each woman penetrated by each Guard twice a day. They are all delighted to have white women and especially ones that, except for their colour, look so like their own women back in African villages.'

The Dinkas then all changed round before all proudly erupted simultaneously into her.

'I think, Your Highness,' sad Malaka, 'it will not now be long before they are begging to be allowed back into the harem to pleasure you with the rest of the Yellow Team.'

The Prince smiled. Yes, it would be delightful have these two women back in his harem knowing that at the least sign of any reluctance to please him would mean them being sent back to these cages – and to the Black Guards.

Then, when he had enjoyed himself with them, it might be rather amusing to send them both back to the cages and this time to tell Malaka to change their contraception pills for fertilising ones … two man-hating lesbians with nicely swollen bellies … and they would know that they were carrying half Dinka black giants. Oh yes, that would be their just desserts.

The Prince now moved onto another set of cages, this time off the main harem room. Here they acted as a terrible warning to the other women, whose relative freedom in turn drove home their own plight to the caged women.

The Prince laughed aloud as he saw two hugely fat, naked and very similar-looking young women, gripping the bars in front of him. They were chained together by the neck as a Matched Pair. Their overseer, Rafta, was forcibly feeding them through the bars with a special fattening mixture of

cream and sugar. Their already artificially extended breasts and nipples, made yet larger by being brought into milk, were now almost grotesque.

'Fat Jewesses,' he taunted the women. But privately he was thinking how exciting it would be to use a pair of such splendidly large creatures. He envisaged burying his face between the two lovely soft cushions that now formed their breasts. He imagined them straining to carry his palanquin or kneeling to serve him in his bathroom. He would, of course, have to penetrate them only with them kneeling on all fours in front of him but, even so, they would make a fascinating change from all his other slim women. And the idea of forcibly fattening up a pair of pretty white sisters was almost as fascinating as submitting them to forced breeding.

'I think,' he said to Malaka, 'these two are now ready to rejoin the Red Team. I shall shortly be choosing them for my pleasure. And as they are Jews, I shall probably be requiring you to circumcise them – removal of their protruding inner lips and the tips of their clitorises. Then we'll parade them again, before the doubtless delighted Mullahs – as proof of what they call my piety.'

Still accompanied by Malaka, the Prince went into the harem hospital where an unusual sight awaited him. Facing him were the four pretty bottoms of four women who were kneeling up on white-covered couches. Each woman's manacled hands had been rendered helpless by being fastened to the head of her couch. Written in lipstick on each bottom were Harem Numbers: 20a and 20b, the numbers of the Dutch mother and daughter who were now ready for forced breeding again and 40a and 40b, the numbers of Amanda and her daughter who were about to experience their first forced maternities.

They were all hooded to prevent them seeing just what had been done to them. Their exposed beauty lips were glistening. Standing by the couches was Nadu and a man dressed in a white doctor's coat holding a syringe. On a table by his side were several medical phials.

'It has all gone very well, Your Highness,' reported Nadu in Arabic. 'My colleague here, the Breeding Manager from the white slave breeding farm, has fertilised them all with the same seed.'

'Will they take?' asked the Prince.

'Well, we are very confident, as the Scandinavian seed he has used has already proved very potent when used on other women in the breeding farm. And I also made doubly sure that the monthly cycles of all four women were been properly synchronised and that we have chosen a day when they were all ready to conceive.'

'When will you know for sure?'

'Within forty eight hours, Your Highness,' replied the Breeding Manager, 'and I will remain here with a fresh supply of seed, until we are sure.'

'Meanwhile …?' asked the Prince pointing to a pile of shiny chainmail breeding belts.

'Yes, we are just going to lock them onto the women,' answered Nadu.

'Did you put all the women, unknown to them, on a course of breeding pills?'

'Oh yes, Your Highness, my colleague is confident that we will get a high proportion of twins from them

– perhaps from all of them.' 'And a high proportion of girls?' 'The seed from this particular Swedish has a very good record of throwing girls, Your Highness.' 'Good, for I am setting great store not only for getting several blond girls to be my future concubines, but also for breaking our resent record of three white women simultaneously performing

on the birthing chairs before my guests. This time we'll have four!'

'Indeed, Your Highness,' murmured Malaka.

'And, this time, I want the women all to know right from the start that they are being made to carry a future set of blond girls for my harem - their daughters and granddaughters. I want them to know that on birth their little progeny will be registered and marked as my indentured servants, but will be sent away to Europe to be raised and educated in a discreet convent where the unsuspecting nuns will be paid by me to raise them as perfect young ladies. Then, when ready, they will be brought back here to join their mothers in my harem.'

Turning away from this fascinating sight, the Prince smiled as he remembered how only a month before, Penelope and Chantalle, from the Blue Team who were carrying half Dinka twins, and Mizzi from the Green Team, who was carrying pygmies, had been paraded, standing up straight front of him, as he sat cross-legged on a Turkish sofa. The women, as usual, had to stand looking straight ahead with their hands clasped behind their necks and their swollen bellies thrust out for their Master to feel. He had run his hands delightedly over their bellies and then turned to Malaka and Nadu.

'Yes,' he had said laughingly in Arabic, so that the embarrassed women could not under stand, 'these bellies are coming nicely, very nicely. But,' he had then added, ' I want to see them really prominent – and if necessary you must give them pills to delay their Day of Deliverance – deliverance in two senses of the word!'

'Well … yes, Your Highness,' Nadu had replied hesitantly.

'I want my guests to see how we humiliate these young Christian women by

making them simultaneously drop little half black giant Dinka or pygmy servants of Islam.'

Nadu had given a little cough. He was a trained midwife and would be responsible, under Malaka's overall supervision, for the actual deliveries. Below the cut-outs in the twin seats of the chair would be the two baskets into which, in accordance with harem traditions, they would finally drop their progeny in front of their Master and his guests.

Of course, Nadu had prided himself on his ability, using his pills and potions as well as the judicious use a young overseer's dogwhip, to achieve a perfect simultaneous double delivery – to the applause of the Prince's guests. It was something that had earned him many a large tip, not only from the Prince himself but also from his delighted guests.

But arranging simultaneous double deliveries was one thing. Now the birthing-stool was going to be extended to accommodate three women, all of whom had been mated on the same day: Amanda and her daughter, and Mizzi. It was going to be difficult enough to produce the spectacle of a simultaneous triple birth without the further complications and possible dangers of delaying it all.

He had therefore been grateful when his friend Malaka had diplomatically intervened.

'Perhaps, Your Highness,' Malaka had said, recognising Nadu's doubts, 'we could compromise by delaying all three deliveries by just a few days. At that stage even a day's delay will result in an even greater and spectacular curve to the belly.'

'Very well,' the Prince had reluctantly agreed. 'But remember that I must give my guests a few days' notice of being invited to the spectacle – and I don't want anything untoward happening in the meantime.'

In the event, the Prince's triple delivery feast had been an even greater success than the one for their triple mating. The feast had opened with the three veiled white women being paraded up and down to show off their bare bellies to the fundamentalist guests who, nine months before, had seen them all being mated. They may have been veiled, but their white skins and blond hair hanging down their backs, made clear their despised Christian origins.

Then had come an interlude provided first by some of the Prince's prize Arab belly dancers and then, as a contrast, a parade of the two hugely fat Jewish sisters who had then been made by their overseer to satisfy two of the Prince's racing camels.

Meanwhile the new triple birthing-stool had been brought in and the three, now highly expectant women, strapped to it, with their arms raised above their heads. To hide their grimaces of pain, each woman's face had, as usual, been covered with the mask of a happy smiling woman. Underneath these masks they were gagged so that their cries did not upset the festive scene.

Suffice to say that the Prince was delighted with the enthusiastic applause had greeted the simultaneous appearance in the baskets under curtained triple birthing stool of the half Dinka and half pygmy litters. Bowing like the smiling presenters of a successful theatrical performance, both Nadu and Malaka had then again received generous tips from the Prince's guests and later from the delighted Prince himself.

Now, the Prince told himself, how even more astonished and delighted his guests would be, in nine months' time, to see a quadruple simultaneous delivery from two sets of Christian mothers and daughters. They would really feel that he was living up to the traditional instructions of their mutual ancestors.

Moreover, this time, it would be a delivery of little blond blue eyed creatures – yet more future Harem Captives!