HAREM CAPTIVE (Book Two)

by

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BOOK TWO - PENELOPE IN THE HAREM

A wealthy, gross and repulsive Arab Prince, living in a luxurious palace in North Africa, places an order for another matched pair of European women for his harem. It is a harem where black eunuch boy overseers control the rival teams of women and masturbation is punished by female circumcision.

Meanwhile, Penelope, a pretty young English actress, breaks off her engagement and secretly goes alone to Tangier for a long holiday, to get over it all. No one knows where she has gone.

Little did she imagine that meeting there a charming young Frenchman would lead to her being tricked into the harem of the cruel and repulsive Prince, together with a pretty married Frenchwoman. Branded, ringed and infibulated by the Prince's black eunuchs, they find themselves, like a pretty mother and daughter, another of the Prince's carefully chosen Matched Pairs of helpless indentured servants.

But this is a harem with a difference, for the cruel swine of a Master not only enjoys degrading the white women in his harem, but also has a rather special hobby: making them submit to a certain traditional form of revenge on despised Westerners - Forced Breeding.

PART V - A TERRIFYING INITIATION TO HAREM LIFE

22 - PENELOPE'S AWAKENING

Penelope stirred in her half-drugged sleep and slowly began to wake up.

A faint light was coming in through a strangely barred window in what she presumed must be the Prince's guest house. It must be dawn, she thought. Dawn? Then she must have slept for over twelve hours. Goodness!

How odd it all seemed. She remembered the journey to the Palace and meeting the very intimidating Prince. She remembered how Pierre had urged her sign her contract. She remembered drinking a couple of gin and tonics and being offered some rather delicious cakes - then nothing more.

My God, she must have passed out! How awful! What must the Prince have thought of her!

Then, vaguely, she remembered being half woken up the previous evening by voices. Male voices. She thought she recognised the deep voice of the Prince and the falsetto one of the Negro who had so embarrassed her by the swimming pool. And, as if in a dream, she had an equally vague impression of a man in a white coat like a doctor who raised her legs and examined her - intimately, as if she was lying on a gynaecological couch.

She thought she heard him say: 'Yes I think they'll both be very suitable.'

Suitable for what, she had thought. Was the Prince having her medically examined before countersigning her contract to make the tourist films?

Then, again as if in if in a dream, had come the Prince's slow deep voice, heavily accentuated. 'Yes, they're a beautifully matched pair. Just what I wanted. Tell Nadu to tattoo them. And, Burka! Make sure you start getting their monthly cycles properly synchronized.'

'Yes, Your Highness, of course,' had come the voice of the little black boy. What did a little boy like him know about women's cycles? she remembered sleepily thinking

Had it all been a dream? And what a strange expression - a Matched Pair. She remembered it was one that the awful Negro had used to Pierre by the pool. And what was all that about tattooing? No one was going to tattoo her!

Again she dozed off again and then finally awoke, feeling strangely refreshed.

The first thing she saw, hanging from the ceiling, were two pairs of stirrups, like on gynaecological couch. With a start she remembered her dream of being intimately examined apparently in the presence of the Prince. Good God, she thought, had it been more than a dream? She saw that she was indeed lying, covered by a sheet, on what seemed to be a double size gynaecological couch.

She reached out and touched someone. Oh lovely! Here was Pierre - in her bed at last, she laughed. But what was he doing on gynaecological couch?

But it was not Pierre that she touched, but the soft body of a woman!

Startled, she half sat up. There was a jingle of a chain from the back of her neck. She put her hand up and felt a metal collar. Fastened to the back of it was a chain. Good God!

She looked down. An attractive young woman was lying fast asleep on the couch alongside her. There was a shiny metal collar round her neck, too. It was flexible, being made of interlocking metal links like a much wider expensive wrist-watch strap.

She saw that a chain was also fastened to a ring at the back of the young woman's collar. It was the same chain as her own. They were chained together! Moreover, as the chain went through a ring at the head of the couch, they were both also chained to the couch!

She saw that a blue ribbon was fastened to the side of the girl's collar. She put her hand up to her own neck. She felt a similar ribbon fastened to her collar, too.

My God! thought Penelope. Who is this girl? Why are we chained together? And why the collars? And why the blue ribbons? Oh, where was Pierre?

'Pierre! Pierre!' she cried out.

But there was no reply from the empty bare room.

She looked again at the sleeping woman to whom she was chained. She was a very pretty blond girl.

Goodness! It was the girl she had seen at the hotel in Tangier, going off to the Pool changing rooms just as she had arrived. She was the girl whom, she had thought, looked rather like herself. She remembered she had wondered whether she was also being auditioned by the horrible Negro for the same tourist promotion project.

The girl was in a frilly nightdress with a crest of two green scimitars within a black circle embroidered on the right breast. She remembered seeing the same crest painted on the nose of the private jet in which she and Pierre had travelled here, an aircraft which presumably had belonged to the mysterious Prince. She had also seen the same crest emblazoned on the livery of the black servants.

Shocked, she saw that on a flat plate on the front of the girl's collar was engraved the same crest and alongside it some Arabic numerals. Below the crest, prominently engraved on the front of the collar, and equally prominently embroidered in blue on her nightdress, was a larger Arabic numeral. She had learnt to recognise Arabic numerals when in Tangier and she saw that the number was 7.

She looked down at herself. She was wearing an identical nightdress, also with the same crest embroidered over her right breast. But below it, in her case, was the Arabic numerals 14, also in blue. How all very odd.

Suddenly she also noticed a black ring tattooed on the back of the girl's left hand. Inside the ring was tattooed a bright blue Arabic figure 7. There was also a line of Arabic numerals tattooed prominently across the back of the girl's right hand.

She looked down at her own hands and gasped. On the back of her left hand a black ring had been freshly tattooed and inside was a bright blue tattooed 14. She looked down at her right hand. Sure enough a long line of Arabic numerals had also been tattooed on the back of it.

She remembered hearing in her dream the Prince ordering something about tattooing. My God, she thought, has young Miss Penelope Lyndsey-Baker disappeared? Was she now just some Arabic number? But why? And why the longer line of numbers. What were they for?

With a start she realised that someone must have undressed her and put her into this nightdress. Who? Surely not that awful little black boy? How embarrassing!

She looked around the barely furnished room. It reminded her of the sick bay in her girls' school with a medicine cupboard and a table with metal trays containing surgical instruments. She recognised some of them as being ones used for examining women.

There was a window, arched in the Arab style. She saw there were curved wrought iron bars beyond the windows - - but this bare room didn't measure up to the Pierre's talk of a luxurious Guest House.

Was she still in the Prince's palace and not in the Guest House at all? And anyway where was this palace? She realised she had no idea. Having been driven to it in the car with those strange opaque windows, she did not even know whether it was in a town, or out in the countryside.

Penelope looked around for her smart Gucci leather bag with her money, her cheque book, her credit cards, her pen, her ... It also held a secret and very private picture of a naked Charles. How embarrassing if that were to be seen by someone. And it also held her all important contraception pills. Oh Lord! Pierre, she then remembered, still had her passport. But where was he?

There was no sign of the clothes she had been wearing, nor of her jewellery or luggage. But Charles engagement ring was still on her finger.

Again she wondered where she was.

She tried to get out of bed, but, of course, being chained to the other girl stopped her.

The sheet, however, had now dropped down and she saw that the girl's night dress had slipped up her thighs. She was rather surprised to see that all the girl's body hair had been removed - she had been completely depilated! It gave her a strange "little girl" look. She had heard that Arab women did this, but this girl was European. Any way, at least she didn't go in for such shocking ideas!

Then suddenly she felt a strange feeling between her legs. She reached down and pulled up her night dress. She gasped. She, too, had been depilated!

Wonderingly she ran her hand over her now smooth, hairless mound and beauty lips. They, too, looked almost childlike - rather beautiful really. She was not quite sure whether to be thrilled or ashamed.

Meanwhile, shaken by the jerks from the chain onto her collar, the other girl was stirring. Suddenly she opened her eyes. She looked up at Penelope in alarm and said something in French

'So you're French!' cried Penelope. 'Do you speak English?'

'Just a leetle, ' she replied in a delightful French accent. 'But who are you?'

'I'm Penelope. What's your name?'

'Chantalle.' She sat up in bed. There was rattle from the chain fastened to her collar.

'Mon Dieu! I have been chained! So have you! We're chained together!'

'Yes I know,' replied Penelope. 'But I don't understand why. I've also just woken up - to find myself here. How did you come to be here?'

'I come to Tangier secretly,' whispered Chantalle, 'to get away from my husband. But no one knows! Then after a few days I begin to miss him! Maybe I love him after all! But the hotel manager, he very nice and sympathique. He introduce me to nice young Frenchman.'

Penelope's felt her blood go cold. 'Was his name ... Pierre?' she asked nervously.

'Why yes! Pierre! So you meet him, too? Oh!'

'Yes, he got me a job as a the star in a big tourist project - a TV and magazine advertising project.'

'But me too!' said the French girl. 'He said I was to be the star. He never mention you.'

'Nor you to me,' cried Penelope angrily. 'The slimy toad!'

'Then he introduce me to a horrible black man.'

'And me! I saw you going off after your interview!'

'Oh!' gasped Chantalle. 'And then next day he take me in aircraft to sign contract.'

Penelope remembered how Pierre had told her he was going to be busy the day after the audition - or rather the day after that humiliating inspection. He must have brought Chantalle to the Prince's palace the next day and then come back to bring her separately. In that way they wouldn't see each other and smell a rat - until they woke up chained together! But why?

'Then I meet horrible and terrifying Prince, who is financing tourist project,' said Chantalle. 'I eat some little cakes and I wake up now, here!'

'Me too,' said Penelope.

'Oh!' cried Chantalle. 'But why, if we are to work together on the film and advertisements are we chained together?'

'Perhaps,' said Penelope slowly, 'perhaps the story of the tourist project was just ... all made up ... to trick us into coming here ... to get us into the power of the Prince.'

'Oh, Mon Dieu!' cried Chantalle. 'But my husband ... he will get us out ... Oh, but he doesn't know where I am! It was all such a secret!'

'Nor does my boyfriend know where I am,' added Penelope in a horrified voice. 'No one knows where I am. Not even the hotel. Pierre made very sure of that.'

'And I thought that at last I was going to have a romantic ... how you say it? ... naughty weekend with Pierre.'

'Me too,' murmured Penelope. 'He tricked us both into coming here.'

'Yes, into coming to the Prince's palace. But I did not like at all. He is revolting - and looks so cruel.'

'Yes,' agreed Penelope. 'Frightening!'

'Look!' said Chantalle pointing to a portrait hanging on the wall facing them. It was of a stern looking man in Arab dress. The Prince!

Penelope found she could hardly take her eyes off it. Did it mean that she was still in his palace? As a prisoner? In his harem? Oh, no!

Just then the curtain into the Blue Team's gynaecological inspection room, for that is what it was, was pulled aside.

Both women gasped - for there in the doorway stood the same Negro who had so embarrassingly inspected them by the swimming pool back in Tangier.

But there was change. Instead of a simple red robe, now he was gorgeously dressed in gold silken pantaloons, a golden sash, a gold embroidered waistcoat and a gold silken turban. And in his hand was a long whippy silver tipped cane.

The two women cowed back on the bed, terrified.

'So little birds now nicely caged for Master's delight,' he cried in broken English and in a menacing tone. He swept into the room and brought the cane down with a crack onto the couch making the women jump. They clasped each other in fear.

Behind the huge Negro was the diminutive figure of the small black boy with a blue stripe in his turban. A short dog whip was tucked into the broad sash round his waist.

But in his hand was a small short handled whip with a long black leather thong. He cracked it in the

air. It may have been small, but the boy expertly made it crack like a revolver shot. The two women cowered back even more.

'Raise hands to shoulders.' the boy ordered.

Hesitantly both women did so. Quickly the boy fastened their wrists to straps wide apart at the head of the bed. They were now effectively fastened down on their backs.

The boy now pulled back the sheets.

'Legs up in the air!' he ordered, cracking his whip again. 'Both of you! Legs right up!'

The women just looked at him, terrified. He brought his whip down across their tummies. Both young women screamed.

'Legs up, I said!' cried the boy raising his whip again and bringing it down again across both the women's tummies.

With a gasp of both pain and shame, the two women raised their legs.

The boy now placed the women's ankles in the two pairs of stirrups hanging down over the couch. Just as in the dream, thought Penelope with a shiver. But this time, straps were fastened round her ankles holding them firmly in place.

With her ankles fastened in the stirrups and her wrists strapped to the top of the bed, Penelope found she was now held even more helplessly - as was, she saw, Chantalle. The two women exchanged a look of horror.

'Get their night dresses up,' said the black man.

The boy put his hand under their half raised buttocks and pulled their night dresses up to their necks, leaving their bodies bare. Both women were blushing with embarrassment at the thought of what they were displaying to this awful young boy - and to the dreadful fat man now standing behind him.

'I want their legs wider apart, Burka,' said the black man impatiently.

The boy cracked his whip again. 'Legs wide apart!' he screamed. 'And keep them like that - or you get whip again.'

The black man now reached forward. Penelope felt his hands on her beauty lips.

'No!' she screamed, closing her knees.

But the boy was ready for her. Three times his whip came down across her writhing body. With her wrists and ankles tied she could not protect herself with her hands, nor even roll over. ‘All right,' she gasped, 'I'll do it. I'll do it!'

But the boy wasn't satisfied. 'Woman! You call me Sir!’

Again his whip came down. Again she screamed. 'Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir!'

Oh the shame of she, a grown woman, having to call this mere boy, Sir. But in no time she was once again dutifully holding her knees well apart, exposing herself to the gaze of the fat black man.

This time with the boy's whip raised menacingly above her, she just bit her lips as the man parted her sex lips as if searching for something. Not for a little show of blood, surely? Although she knew she was not yet due for a week or so, nevertheless she felt herself blushing. How awful that this ghastly Negro wanted to know her most private secrets

She heard him say something to the boy in Arabic. Then she felt the boy's fingers there as well. The black man was started to feel up inside her. Again he was talking to the boy in Arabic. It was as if he was instructing the boy, inviting him to feel her too. Oh the shame!

It was as if they were assessing her breeding possibilities. She remembered how the black man had knowingly cupped her belly back in Tangier. Oh my God!

Then apparently satisfied, the man began to stroke her clitoris, apparently pointing out its degree of arousal to the boy. She could feel herself becoming more and more wet. The man laughed and so did the boy. Oh the shame!

Then it was the turn of Chantalle.

Penelope had to lie there, her still holding her knees apart, as the man examined the French woman, apparently again giving the boy a running commentary in Arabic and occasionally inviting him to feel for himself.

Then she blushed as she saw that the boy was now holding two vases. She recognised their shape as she had seen them in women's wards in hospitals. But there they had been in the hands of sympathetic female nurses, not of a young Negro boy.

Watched by the man, the boy went over to a basin and turn on the tap. This, too, she recognised as an

old hospital trick, but again one used by female nurses, not by an awful little boy with a whip who should have been too young to know any thing about women's bodies.

To her embarrassment, the noise of the running water from the tap was having its inevitable effect. She began to feel a familiar feeling. She tried to stop it, but it was no use.

The boy was now looking down at the two women's tummies. He ran his hand expertly over their bladders. Then he slid a sheet of rubber under their bottoms.

He glanced up at the ceiling and grinned. Penelope looked up and saw that pointing down at the couch was a small lens. Horrified she recognised it as a remotely controlled internal television camera. It was turning down towards her tummy. Who was controlling it and from where? Had the Prince been idly amusing himself by watching their humiliation?

The boy now held the two bottles against their beauty lips. With their arms and legs strapped there was nothing they could do to prevent him.

Overcome with shame, Penelope closed her eyes and turned her head.

'Head up!' came the boy's instant response. 'Look at camera.'

As if in response, the camera swung momentarily up towards her face. The unseen watcher clearly wanted to see the expression of shame on her face.

The loathsome little boy began to whistle. He was, she realised, encouraging them, just as a groom whistles to encourage a reluctant horse to stable. Penelope felt she simply could not hold back any more.

Suddenly the boy screamed: 'Wait! You both wait for my order! You both perform together to my order!'

Oh no! Perform! They were women, not performing animals! But both women remembered how earlier this little boy had not hesitated to use his whip to enforce his orders.

Both women, the boy saw, were biting their lips as they now strained to hold back. A lovely feeling of power shot through the boy. He was imposing discipline on the women. He was going to make them perform together in a most servile way.

'Ready?'

Both women nodded desperately. The camera swung back to their bellies.

'Wait for my order! Ready! Ready! ... Perform!'

Oh the relief!

Only her urgent need had overcome the shame of obeying the young boy's order, whilst the fat man looked on smiling. She did not think she would ever be able to look either of them in the face again.

Little did she know that never again would she be allowed to perform any of her natural functions in private. Not only would she and Chantalle, kept chained together, have to perform them together, but also always do so under the eye of their little Team Overseer.

It was, like constant fear of the cane or whip, a humiliating and traditional way in which black eunuchs disciplined the women under their control ...

Two minutes later it was all over. The boy emptied each vase into a glass jar with measurements up the side. He looked carefully and noted down the amounts. Then he removed the rubber sheet. It had not been needed.

He carefully dried each woman with cotton wool. The camera was still watching their bellies. He powdered them both just like a baby. Oh the ignominy, once again, of this being done by a mere boy! Moreover, the fact that their beauty lips were quite hairless, like those of baby, must have highlighted the comparison to whoever was watching on a remote monitoring screen.

23 - RINGED!

Penelope now heard the boy say something in English to the fat Negro. He seemed to be asking if the women could now be given the standard Blue Team treatment, as was used back in his own native village. What on earth, she wondered, was he talking about? What Blue Team? And what standard treatment? But mention of the boy's native village gave her a fright.

She was given a even nastier fright when the boy proceeded to gag both her and Chantalle with leather gags that went over their mouths and fitted tightly below their chins. The gags were held in place by a strap that was fastened behind their necks.

The young boy now also produced two blindfolds. The girls tried to cry out in fear as they were firmly tied in place over their eyes. But all that was heard from the women were little moans coming from beneath their gags.

There were more little suppressed moans as each young woman felt her beauty lips being again parted and again their clitorises being tickled and aroused. Soon, there were more moans as each now swollen clitoris was firmly bound with cotton thread, making it extend outwards between the beauty lips.

Then it was the turn of the helpless women's nipples to be aroused and similarly bound with cotton threat. Penelope could feel her nipples were now greatly extended. But why she asked herself, unable to move to touch them.

She heard the fat man and the boy saying something about leaving them to get nicely swollen, and then she heard their footsteps going away.

Gagged, chained and blindfolded, Penelope just lay helpless on her back, wondering what on earth was happening.

Where was Pierre? What was being done to her and why? Where was she? Intimidating as the Prince had seemed, surely he would not allow women to be treated like this in his palace. Perhaps he did not know what was going on. Then she remembered the little television camera. Had the Prince been watching them? Had he been controlling the cameras? Oh my God! How shame-making!

After a time, she heard footsteps coming into the room and several voices - high pitched voices. They seem to surround the couch and were laughing. It was as if several friends of the young boy had come to see what was going to happen, like students watching an operation.

An operation! She heard a noise like a hospital trolley being wheeled across the room. As it was being brought up to the couch, she heard a rattling noise like surgical instruments on a metal tray. Oh my God!

Penelope heard bottles being opened. There was a sudden smell of antiseptic - as in an operating theatre or a doctor's surgery. She heard a liquid being poured and the distinctive high voice of the fat man, speaking in Arabic, as if he was describing what was happening to the others.

She felt the shoulder straps of her night dress being unfastened. She was lifted up and one by one her ankles were momentarily unstrapped from the stirrups to allow the night dress to be drawn down over her legs.

She was now stark naked - and, of course, with her ankles fastened in the stirrups and her wrists chained to the head of the couch, quite helpless.

Penelope gasped as she then felt the breath of the fat man as he apparently bent over her naked body. She gasped again as he wiped a cloth, soaked in a strange freezing liquid, over her beauty lips. They seemed to lose feeling. She hardly felt it when he then parted her lips again and applied the cloth to her bound and swollen beauty bud. She felt her beauty lips being clipped back leaving her swollen and bound clitoris projecting and on display.

Then there was noise as if a little lamp was being lit. She could feel the heat of the flame. Something seemed to be being heated in the flame.

She felt her swollen clitoris being pulled out. Then she felt a prick as if something sharp and hot had been gently pushed through the cotton thread binding her clitoris and was now touching it. She raised her head to see what horror was being done to her, but her blindfold prevented her from seeing anything. Then she screamed under her gag as, unknown to her, a red-hot needle was expertly thrust right through her clitoris.

It was held there momentarily and she then she could feel it being alternatively turned left and right. Then it was withdrawn. Penelope gasped with relief.

Then to her horror, she felt something else being pushed through. It seemed to be covered in some sort of creamy grease. She felt whatever it was being pulled to and fro.

Next she felt a flame being brought right up to her beauty lips making her tremble with fear. She had the impression that the flame was being used to braze something together, brazed permanently. But what? And why?

She heard laughter and high pitched voices. She felt the cotton threads round her beauty bud being undone. She could feel some of the swelling subsiding, but now there was a strange feeling, as if her clitoris was being held permanently extended outwards - and permanently aroused.

She felt something metallic between her outstretched legs. She felt hands admiringly touching something that seemed to be attached to her. There was more laughter. What had they done to her? She moved slightly in her embarrassment and again felt the metal object. Oh my God! Oh the shame!

Then it was the turn of her nipples.

Again she felt a cloth soaked in a freezing liquid. Then she felt something sharp being pressed against one of her bound and extended nipples. Again she screamed under her gag as it was driven right through and again turned left and right, and then withdrawn.

Then once again something else was pushed through this new hole. It too was moved to and fro, and was greased. Again she felt the heat of the flame as if something was being carefully brazed together.

Then it was the turn of her other nipple.

She felt the cotton threads around each swollen nipple being removed. As with her beauty bud, she felt some of the swelling subsiding, but there was a new feeling of it being held permanently erect.

But this time there a difference. There was a weight on each breast and with every little quiver of her breasts she heard the tinkling of a little bell. What was it? She longed to snatch off the blindfold to see what dreadful thing had been done to her but, with her hands still strapped to the top of the couch, there was nothing, absolutely nothing she could do.

Next she heard the sounds of what ever had been done to her, apparently also being done to Chantalle. It took a long time and she heard little muffled moans and more high pitched laughter.

Suddenly her blindfold was removed.

Blinking in the sudden light, she saw that the fat man and the boy were looking down at her, smiling, as if very proud of their work.

She raised her head and looked down at herself, Her legs were still fastened to the stirrups. She saw large-sized thin golden rings had been inserted into her nipples! And to each ring a small bell was attached. Oh God!

She looked down at her parted legs. From between her now hairless beauty lips hung another golden ring. It had been put through her precious beauty bud and seemed to be making her constantly aroused! She saw that it had been inserted so that it hung neatly parallel to, and between, her beauty lips and not awkwardly at right angles across them.

She could not believe it. Why had this been done? And without her permission! She wanted to scream but was still gagged. Surely this could not be anything to do with the tourist project for which she had signed a contract?

She looked at Chantalle, lying chained by her side with her legs raised, too. She saw similar rings and similar bells.

The French woman's blindfold was now also removed and she too, looked down at herself with horror. From beneath her gag came a muffled scream of protest.

Whilst the fat man looked on approvingly, the boy now rubbed a little antiseptic ointment onto each of the rings and gently slid them to and fro in their nipples and beauty buds.

Then, apparently satisfied, they both left the room without a word.

The two women, still gagged, and chained together by the neck, their hands strapped to the top of the couch and their ankles to the raised stirrups, exchanged glances of horror.

24 - INITIAL DISCIPLINING

Penelope heard a bell ring. It was followed by girlish voices. A number of young women seemed to be rushing into an adjoining room, separated from the gynaecological inspection room by a curtain.

She heard the crack of a whip and the voices fell silent. Moments later she heard a splashing noise.

Then a curtain was drawn back and the boy again stepped into the room. He was still carrying his little whip. Behind came the short squat older man. As before, he was carrying his silver tipped cane and seemed to be watching the boy as if supervising him.

The boy cracked his whip as if trying to impress the older man.

'Me Burka!' he suddenly shouted in broken English. "Me your overseer. You now in my Blue Team. Me Blue Team overseer!"

Both women looked completely blank. What did he mean?

'You now in harem of His Highness. You worship His Highness. You indentured servants of His Highness - like slaves. You both signed indenture contracts. You stupid! You think signing film contract!'

Penelope gave a gasp of horror. So it was true! She had been tricked. Tricked by Pierre. She heard Chantalle give a similar gasp. They had both been tricked by him.

'Your names now Blue 7 and Blue 14. Christian names not allowed in harem of strict of strict Moslem like His Highness. You use Christian name, you get beaten for insulting Islam. You call and refer to His Highness as Master. Even Arab concubines not know his name. Not your business. He just your Master.'

Not to know the name of the ghastly man in whose harem she was! My God, thought Penelope. No wonder Pierre had been so secretive. She knew neither where she was, nor the name of her repulsive and terrifying captor. How awful!

The boy now respectfully pointed to the horrible fat man who had so humiliatingly examined Penelope in Tangier - and Chantalle, too.

'This Malaka Effendi. He chief black eunuch to His Highness. He very important man. You always call him Mr Malaka, Sir.'

To give more emphasis to his words the boy again cracked his whip, making Penelope shiver with fear. The Prince's chief black eunuch! This horrible strong little man was a eunuch! Was that why his voice was so strange? She had never come across a eunuch before. Surely they were supposed to be weak, despicable creatures? But there was nothing weak or despicable about this desperately frightening figure.

'Yes' he repeated, 'you always show great respect for Malaka Effendi - or you get cane! Just like you not show respect for me, Burka - and you get whip!'

Again he cracked his whip to make his point to the cowering women.

Was the boy also a eunuch, Penelope wondered, one of the chief black eunuch's assistants, in charge of some of the Prince's women? How awful!

Malaka then stepped forward, a frightening looking figure, his whip raised menacingly.

'Yes,' he said with a sneer of contempt inn his high pitched voice, 'both you women already registered with police as indentured servants. Your police numbers already tattooed on back of right hand. You no longer fine English and French ladies. Now you just indentured servants in harem of His Highness. You just slaves now - numbered slaves of His Highness. His to do with, as he likes!'

Slaves! Oh my God, thought Penelope.

'You try run away,' went on Malaka with a grim laugh, 'you not get far. Your tattooed numbers on hand tell everyone you just escaped indentured servant. Big reward for recapture. You taken to police. Police bring you back here for punishment! And police watching at airports and seaports, too. So, you no escape - never! And anyway you not get over high harem wall!'

Malaka paused to let his words sink in to the horrified minds of the two young women. Then he raised his silver tipped whippy cane with its curved handle.

'You make me angry, you not show respect to me at all times - and you get cane. And I also have special rattan cane for insolent women. Hurt even more than this one! Hurt even more than Team Overseer's whip!'

Both women were gasping with horror behind their gags. By now they were terrified almost out of their wits.

Malaka paused for a moment as if to make sure that his words were understood by the two cringing women.

'You both now just concubines of His Highness. A rare Matched Pair!'

Concubines! Women used for sexual gratification! It was a word that sounded even more final and terrible than indentured servants or slaves.

And a rare Matched Pair! Again she remembered that was the expression she had heard Malaka use in Tangier.

Malaka then stepped back, as if having achieved his object of terrorising the two women, he was now happy to hand over to Burka again.

'And now,' repeated Burka, 'you both belong my Blue Team here in harem. Blue Team best team in harem. My women best in harem. My whip make them so. They fear my whip. You not try hard to please

me and to please his Highness - and you get whip from me, like rest of Blue Team. Like you get cane from Mr Malaka.'

As if copying Malaka, he paused to let his words sink into the minds of the two increasingly horrified women.

'Now time for you to learn to fear whip. I break you in - like cowboy break in wild horse. You already feel long whip now you feel short whip - my lovely dog whip.'

Penelope watched fearfully as the boy carefully coiled up his whip and thrust it into his sash, from which he slowly and almost lovingly pulled out his little dog whip. It was rather less than three feet long. Penelope could not take her eyes off it.

Still holding the dog whip, he now reached forward and unstrapped the ankles of first Chantalle and then Penelope from the hanging stirrups. Gratefully they both lowered their ankles to the couch. They modestly closed their raised knees. Now what, they wondered.

Then suddenly he shouted: 'Raise bellies for dog whip! Get them up!' He raised the whip menacingly. 'Up! Up!'

Terrified and with her wrist still chained to the head of the bed, Penelope strained to raise her tummy, taking her weight on her shoulders and pressing down on the couch with her feet. She saw that Chantalle was doing the same.

'More! Get bellies higher!' screamed the boy they now knew as Burka.

Desperately both women strained to raise their tummies yet higher. How quite awful, Penelope was thinking. How utterly humiliating! It was made even worse by this mere boy using the coarse word "belly", for her tummy.

'That better! Now you hold bellies like that!'

Like rabbits hypnotised by a stoat, both women kept quite still as he slowly raised his whip and then, expertly, brought it down across first Penelope's and then Chantalle's tummies. Both women screamed behind their gags and doubled up to ease the pain.

'Bellies up again!' the boy shouted.

Penelope saw that Malaka was nodding approvingly.

'Higher! Or you get two extra strokes!'

Again the two women strained to raise their now aching tummies even higher.

Oh my God, Penelope was thinking, these awful, terrifying and ignorant eunuchs. The Prince may also be a frightening figure, but he was an educated and travelled man. Surely he would not approve of them treating white women like this? Then she remembered the television camera. Was he watching it all? The swine!

Suddenly down came the whip across again - right across her tummy. Again she screamed behind her gag. Again she doubled up with the pain. Seconds later it was Chantalle's turn again.

Horrified, Penelope heard Malaka speak to the boy eunuch.

'One more!'

'Bellies up!' shouted the boy. 'Right up!'

Again the dog whip came down across each of their tummies.

As they writhed in agony, both women were swearing to themselves that they would do anything, absolutely anything, that their boy overseer might order, rather than risk another stroke of his dog whip across their tummies.

'So now you know! You slaves! Me your overseer!' laughed Burka horribly. 'Now you do what I say. You broken-in, like wild horses? Well?'

Both women nodded, terrified.

'So, when I take off gags, you each call me, Sir? Well?'

Again both women nodded, their eyes on his still raised whip.

He pointed at Chantalle with his whip. She cowered back in alarm.

'You now just Number Seven. You understand? Here in harem you just Number Seven.'

Terrified and appalled, Chantalle again nodded.

Then he pointed at Penelope.

'And you just Number Fourteen. Yes, just Number Fourteen.'

Penelope did not think she had ever been so humiliated - or so frightened. And by a mere boy!

Burka untied Chantalle's gag.

'What your name?' he shouted.

There was a brief pause. Burka raised his whip to bring it down again across her still exposed belly.

'Number Seven! Mister Burka, Sir,' she screamed in English with her strong French accent. 'Number Seven, Sir!'

Burka now unfastened Penelope's gag. Her wrists were still tied to the head of the bed.

'And what you name, little girl?' he asked mockingly.

Momentarily enraged at being addressed like that by this boy, for a brief moment Penelope was about to scream out a protest; to demand her freedom; to say that she was not merely Number Fourteen, but Miss Penelope Lyndsey-Baker, the daughter of the late Colonel Lyndsey-Baker of the British Army; that she demanded to see the British Ambassador immediately; to curse Pierre as a

treacherous swine and the Prince as an even greater one, that ...

She opened her mouth. The words were about to pour out.

Then, at the sight of Burka's raised whip she fell silent.

'Well, English woman, what your name now?'

'Number Fourteen, Mr Burka, Sir. Number Fourteen, Sir,' she sobbed.

Yes, she realised, she had now been well and truly broken-in: broken in like a wild horse; broken in by fear of a little boy's whip; broken in, apparently, for the Prince's use. Oh what a fool she had been, falling into Pierre's trap. And now no one, but no one knew she was in the Prince's harem!

'Good!' said Burka exchanging a look of victory with Malaka. 'Now time you join my other ladies! They also frightened of my whip. They also call me, Sir! They also know not talk without permission.' Again he paused to let his words sink in.

His other ladies? What other ladies, both women were thinking. The rest of the Blue Team?

'Now when I untie hands, you clasp them behind neck - and you keep them there - or you feel whip again.'

Moments later the two women felt the chains on their wrists being unfastened. Their hands were now completely free. Oh the relief! But both women were too scared to even think of doing anything else but obey this awful little boy. Hastily, as they still lay on their backs, they clasped their hands dutifully behind their necks.

The boy overseer now bent over them again and fastened a lead onto the chain linking their collars. Then tucking his dog whip back into his sash, he pulled out his long whip again. Penelope did not know which she found more frightening.

'Now, you listen carefully. I not repeat. When I crack whip you both jump out of bed and kneel down. You both crawl on all fours, side by side, facing away from me. You not look round. You understand?'

The whip cracked. With a little tinkling noise from the bells now hanging from their nipples, the two naked women jumped up from the bed and knelt down side by side on all fours. They felt the whip menacingly caress their naked bottoms. They did not dare to look round.

'You keep shoulders up!' shouted Burka. 'You not let bells touch floor, or you get whip. I want hear bells tinkle - like cow bells.'

Ashamed, Penelope could feel her breasts hanging down below her. She could also now feel the extra weight of the rings and bells hanging from her nipples. As both women knelt there trembling, she could hear the bells responding to her quivering breasts.

'Now,' came the boys voice from behind them, 'when whip crack again, you crawl forward.'

There was a long pause. The boy was clearly and very effectively establishing his authority over the two women.

Suddenly they heard the whip crack behind them.

Immediately, like a pair of eager greyhounds on a leash the two women started to crawl forward. Again there came a little tinkling noise from their nipple bells.

Penelope noticed what seemed to be a miniature internal television camera half hidden in the corner of the room. She saw that Chantalle had noticed it too. It seemed to be under someone's remote control for it followed them as they crawled forward. It was very embarrassing being watched by a television camera when you were crawling stark naked on your hands and knees.

Who, Penelope wondered, was controlling it and watching them. The Prince himself? Had he been watching them as they had been disciplined and ringed? My God!

Just then Penelope felt her collar being jerked back by their boy overseer, standing behind them. Then, with a flick of his whip, he drove them forward again, this time through the curtained doorway into the other room, the room from which they had heard girlish voices and a splashing noise.

25 - THE BLUE TEAM

Still crawling on all fours, both girls' heads brushed the separating curtain aside. They both then gasped.

In front of them was a large tiled room in the centre of which was a huge communal bath.

But what had made the two girls gasp was the sight of nearly ten stark naked and beautiful women standing up in the bath, facing them. Some were clearly Arab or Asian, but, equally clearly, two were white European women.

All, had a flexible shiny metal collar fastened round their necks, just their own. On the side of each collar was also engraved the Prince's crest and some Arabic numerals. A blue ribbon was fastened to one side of the collars - again, just like on Penelope and Chantalle's collars.

The women's eyes were fixed on the wall in front of them. Their hands were dutifully clasped behind their collared necks, just as Chantalle and Penelope had to clasp theirs. Hanging from their nipples were large golden rings, just like own ones, with a bell hanging from each ring.

This was not all, for these women's legs were parted and their knees bent. Penelope saw that their mounds and beauty lips were as smooth and hairless as her own. And jutting out between the lips was another golden ring - again just like herself.

Even this was not all, for neatly and prominently branded on their naked bellies was the same green crest of two scimitars, surrounded by a vivid black circle, that Penelope had seen on the tail of the Prince's aircraft - and embroidered on the right breast of her and Chantalle's night dresses.

To complete the horror, above each woman's navel was another brand: a small black ring, inside this were also branded one or two Arabic numerals - this time in bright blue - the colour of Burka's team. It was just like the mark tattooed on the back of her left hand!

Horrified, Penelope wondered if she and Chantalle were going to be similarly branded. Oh how awful! She could not also help wondering how the three different colours of the brands had been achieved.

But more to the point ,how could she ever go back to Charles if the Prince had had his crest marked so prominently and permanently on her body? Indeed how could she ever even go back to England with such a mark, she thought with a shiver?

Perhaps that was the whole idea. Perhaps all these women had husbands, boyfriends and families to whom they now knew they could never return, now that they permanently bore the crest of the Prince. Again she shivered.

Then Penelope's eye was caught by the two blonde European women standing at the end of the line. They were chained together by the neck, just like herself and Chantalle!

But their tummies! They were both curved. Clearly they were both approaching the final stages of an apparently identical motherhood,

They were strikingly alike and very beautiful. One seemed almost to be a vivacious looking teenager and the other, perhaps more resigned to her fate, seemed to be in her thirties. They were tied together by the neck with a six foot chain, just like herself and Chantalle.

Penelope saw that below their swollen bellies, a chain mail belt was fastened round their hips and down between their legs, completely covering their beauty lips.

Were they, too, a Matched Pair? Like herself and Chantalle? She gave a little shiver of fear as she remembered what Malaka had said in Tangier about a Matched Pair and how he had added something about how the Master would be pleased when both bellies started to swell nicely together. She had not then understood what he had meant. But now ... My God!

Standing facing the line of women was another black boy, dressed like Burka, but with a green stripe in his turban instead of a blue one. He too was carrying a whip. He seemed even smaller than Burka. Could he be a pygmy boy, Penelope wondered.

The little creature nodded to Burka and left the room, as if he had been simply keeping an eye on his colleague's women whilst Burka was dealing with Penelope and Chantalle.

Penelope noticed that some of the girls were glancing down at her and Chantalle out of the corner of their eyes. They seemed to be smiling a welcoming but none dared to say a word.

She saw that several of the girls were also apparently flashing their eyes warningly towards a corner of the room. She saw another tiny television camera there swing from pointing at the bath to pointing directly at her and Chantalle and the lens zoom out for a closer look. She could feel herself blushing.

Burka pointed at the line of women with his whip and then at the large bath. He gave an order in Arabic and then repeated it in English.

'Down!' he said, cracking his whip.

Instantly the line of women all sat down in the bath, their hands still gripped behind their necks, as if it was forbidden to put their hands down into the bath. Then they kept quite still and silent.

Then the boy turned to Penelope and Chantalle.

'You two! When I crack whip you both get into bath.'

There was a long pause. Then suddenly the whip cracked.

The two young women, still loosely chained together by the neck, scuttled across the floor on their hands and knees to the bath.

'Sit next to girls with big bellies!' the boy cried out.

'But you don't understand ... ' began Chantalle, very daringly.

'Yes, we are guests of the Prince ...' Penelope continued.

'Silence!' screamed the boy, cracking his whip. 'Sit!' he ordered. 'Remember, you now just slaves in His Highness's harem - members of Blue Team. You obey me! You keep silence in bathroom

- like my other girls.'

Watched by the camera, both girls blushed and hesitantly climbed into the large bath. They sat down next to the similarly chained pregnant couple of women. The water was quite warm and came up to their chins.

Then the boy went across the room, unlocked a little cupboard and took something out. What was it, Penelope wondered, that had to be kept away from the hands of the girls in the Blue Team. She saw that he was now carrying a large bar of soap. Soap? Why keep soap locked up?

Suddenly she remembered how, at school she had found slippery soap to be very exciting in the bath. My God, she thought, these grown up women were being treated by this young boy like naughty schoolgirls!

The boy now brought up a little stool and put it down by the side of the bath. He tucked his whip again into his sash and sat down on the stool. Then he pointed to one of the women and beckoned her forward.

Penelope saw a very pretty girl, perhaps Siamese or Malayan, climb out of the bath and stand in front of the boy with her hands clasped behind her neck. She parted her legs and bent her knees. The ring between her legs hung down prettily drawing her swollen clitoris forward.

The boy began to soap the girl all over, kneading the lather into the skin. He parted her beauty lips and rubbed the lather up inside her, before making her turn round and present her rear orifice to be cleaned as well. The girl kept her eyes on the wall but Penelope could see she was biting her lips as the boy washed her inside from behind with his finger.

How awful, Penelope was thinking, for this to be done by a little boy.

She noticed the blue coloured Arabic numerals branded on her belly and recognised the figures 19.

A moment later, the boy snapped his fingers. The Siamese girl resumed her place in the bath and allowed the water to slowly rinse the soap off her. She still did not dare to lower her hands from behind her neck.

A beautiful Arab-looking woman took her place. The number branded on her belly was 34. If this woman was number 34 and she herself was only number 14 and Chantalle only number 7, then there must have been a previous number 14 and a previous number 7. What had happened to them, she wondered anxiously.

Soon it was the turn of two European women who were chained together.

As, chained together, they both stepped out of the bath to be washed, Penelope saw that the seemed to be a strong family resemblance between them. My God, she thought, surely they could not be a mother and daughter! She saw that that their brand numbers were the same: 20. But each was followed by a

different Arabic letter. My God!

Might the dreadful Prince get a kick out of having a mother and daughter in his harem? But why were they pregnant? Surely not by the Prince? Might it just amuse him to have a mother and daughter mated? By the same sire? How awful!

Were they a sort of Matched Pair - like Chantalle and herself? Were they, too, destined for the same fate? My God!

She saw that both women had red lines on their bottoms. Weals! They had been whipped! These heavily pregnant women had been whipped on the bottom just as, earlier on, she herself and Chantalle had been whipped on the belly - presumably also by this awful young boy. How awful!

She wondered what the two women could have done to have earned a beating. She remembered how sensitive the boy was to being treated with respect and called Sir. Had they perhaps forgotten?

She saw the boy check that the chain mail belts fitted tightly over their beauty lips.Then the boy ordered them to turn round and bend over. To her surprise she saw that a white rubber cord went up between the cheeks of each of their buttocks. One end was fastened to the end of the chain mail pouch between each of their legs and the other to padlocks in the small of their backs to which was attached the chains, round their hips, that held the chain mail pouch in place.

Evidently, Penelope thought, they could always spend a penny through the chain mail links, but what about more solid wastes? 'Present backsides!' she heard the boy order.

Then she saw the two women stretch and pull the white rubber cords away from their rear orifices. How shame-making for them, she thought. The cords were, she saw, spotlessly clean. Did the two women have to strain to hold the cord to one side when they relieved themselves?

Horrified, she saw that the boy was now washing up inside them as feeling the tightness.

Apparently satisfied he ordered both women into the large bath. As they struggled, with their swollen tummies, to sit down, the younger of the women, greatly daring, whispered to Penelope in a Dutch accent: 'Welcome to the harem! I'm Dolly and that's my mother, Martha. But you mustn't use our names.'

So, they are a mother and daughter, thought Penelope. How quite dreadful. She was about to whisper back her own name when she saw that Burka was looking at her. She kept silent.

Then it was the turn of a dark eyed girl who looked almost European. Penelope saw that she had stretch marks on her tummy. Had she, too, recently been pregnant - like the mother and daughter?

Penelope noticed that the girl's breasts seemed unusually large and swollen with several prominent blue veins showing. Goodness, she thought, was she in milk? Had she been pregnant and then kept in milk? But why? For the Prince? Oh no!

Then she saw that the number branded in blue on the girl's belly was 11. But she was too young to be the first Number 11. What had happened to this girl's predecessor?

But what really caught her eye was the sight of two red stars, branded next to the number 11. Was there a connection between this girl's stretch marks and her red stars?

She must get away from this harem. She must escape and publicly denounce it and the Prince and Pierre. And rescue Martha and Dolly, and the other women. But how? How? Surely there must be a way?

Then the sight of the chain linking her collar to Chantalle, of the little watching television camera, of the bars on the opaque window and of the numbers tattooed on the back her hand, all made her made her remember Malaka's words: 'So, you no escape - never!'

They were to be words that would soon be engraved on her heart.

Soon it was the turn of herself and Chantalle to step out of the bath and submit to being washed all over by their little black overseer.

Oh, the embarrassment as the rings through her clitoris and nipples were carefully inspected and as the boy carefully felt up inside her - first from the front and then from the rear.

And to make it worse, all the time the little television camera was trained straight at her throughout!

26 - A TEAM OVERSEER MAKES HIS PLANS

Young Burka looked proudly at his team, now sitting silently in the bath again.

The arrival of Numbers 7 and 14 had brought his team up to full strength again - indeed over strength in terms of Christian women, but one of these was Lebanese. He went over his team again. He had two Arab belly dancers, two slender little Siamese dancing girls, a rather voluptuous Indian girl and a rather whiter skinned Moslem Pakistani girl, the Lebanese Christian girl and, of course, now two European Matched Pairs - very beautiful!

Acquiring these two very expensive and valuable Matched Pairs for his team had meant his budget being specially topped up with a loan from the Master. He would still have to pay interest on the loan. Could he ever pay it back?

Clearly there would be no further new acquisitions of white women for the Blue Team for a long time! But he felt, this new pair would prove top be as fine an investment as the prize winning first pair.

Just then the short squat figure of Malaka came into the team bathroom. At the sight of his silver tipped cane, several of the women sitting quietly in the large bath caught their breath. It reminded them horribly of the rattan cane that hung in the main harem room on the front of the podium.

He looked at the women sitting silently and in particular at Penelope and Chantalle.

'New women behaving properly?' he asked in Swahili, the lingua franca of the African villages from where the black eunuchs all came. It was the language the eunuchs used amongst themselves, for not even the Arab girls could understand it properly, never mind the European ones.

'Yes,' answered Burka cheerfully. Indeed, he thought, they should soon be earning him extra tips from the Prince. How the Prince would love it when, terrified of being punished by their young overseer's whip, this beautiful pair would humbly serve him, in his bed - and in his private Turkish style toilet and bath, and in carrying him in his palanquin - or licking him in it.

'I've made a date with the blacksmith from the stables to come and brand them both shortly,' said Malaka grimly. 'He's also got to put a Red Star onto one of the Yellow Team.'

'Thank you,' replied Burka with a smile. The sooner they were branded, he less trouble they would be.

'It'll be the usual full harem parade,' went Malaka, 'with His Highness present. I expect the two new women will be screaming their heads off. But you'd better make sure they've been properly washed out - we don't want them disgracing themselves in front of His Highness when they feel the branding iron. It'll be a good excuse to start House Training them!'

'Good!' replied the boy. Humiliatingly controlling his Team's wastes was an essential part of keeping them well disciplined. So, the sooner he started on these two new women, the better.

'His Highness is likely to want to use these two for his pleasure as soon as they've been branded,' went on Malaka. 'And you know what means - for a Christian girl!'

'Don't worry,' replied Burka. 'I've already started to stretch them.'

'Good,' said Malaka. 'But after that he'll expect them to be well trained. Remember that he also likes to degrade a pretty white woman by having her lick his backside.'

'Of course,' laughed Burka.

'Like all our white women here, they're going to be horribly shocked at first - and you must be ready to use your whip to get them to comply with their Master's orders.'

'They'll be keen, I promise you that,' said the boy, running the lash of his whip through his fingers.

'Well, don't forget it won't only be in his bed or in the palanquin. They would also have to serve him in his Turkish toilet. That's something these white women really tend to revolt over.'

'All the more excuse for using my whip,' grinned Burka. 'Oh don't worry, I won't forget.'

What an old fusspot Malaka was, he was thinking. The Master would probably enjoy breaking in these women himself. Despite being so gross, he still sometimes liked to take a more active role.

He thought of the various Blue Team techniques he had taught his reluctant girls to do and which had earned him substantial amounts in extra tips from the delighted Master. He remembered how he had trained Number 20A and 20 B, the Dutch mother and daughter, to give the Master great satisfaction in these ways, even when their bellies were showing well.

The feel of the daughter's little tongue as he drove into the mother, or vice-versa, had never failed to arouse the Prince to the very heights of ecstasy - and to reward their overseer accordingly.

It had been hard work using his whip to make the shocked and embarrassed white women eager to comply, and undoubtedly the same would apply to these two new white women ... But the rewards would make it all worth while ...

Malaka's voice woke him out of his reverie.

'And,' Malaka was saying, 'don't forget that I shall soon expect them to be trained also to put on a proper performance together for the Prince's amusement - or, suitably masked, for his guests as well. They'll enjoy watching two well educated European women grovelling naked on a rug at their feet, with their collar chains held by you in one hand, while with the other you use your whip to drive them onto kissing and licking each other all over.'

'And pulling them back if they look like climaxing!' laughed Burka.

'Of course, ' said Malaka grimly. He was thinking back to young Mizzi being found masturbating and what had happened to her.

'You'll have to be constantly be on your guard here that they don't secretly try to repeat in private what they're made to do in front of His Highness. They'll definitely try to do it,' he added, 'and so you'll have to watch them like a hawk. His Highness will be relying on you to stop any misbehaviour. You'll have to warn them that, if they were ever caught, then the punishment would be circumcision - as well as a severe thrashing.'

Burka nodded. Making women play frustrating lesbian games with each other for the amusement of the Prince or his guests, always increased the risk of forbidden lesbian activity in the harem - something that he and his fellow eunuchs regarded with horror - akin to adultery.

'And,' the chief black eunuch again added, 'don't forget to teach them, above all, that they will not automatically be allowed to climax themselves, merely because their Master has used them to achieve a climax for himself. It's something that European concubines have to learn the hard way with a good thrashing - if they ever try to come without the Master's express permission.'

Again Burka nodded.

Yes, he was thinking, their reward would normally just be the much coveted Silver Ribbon that a girl was allowed to tie to her collar as a sign that the Master had recently honoured her Team by climaxing in her mouth, in her hand or in her body. It was a sign that had to be removed as soon as two other girls could claim the same honour - for only two girls were allowed to wear the ribbon at a time.

Of course, if the Master, in an uncharacteristic fit of indulgence, did allow a girl to climax in his presence, then she was allowed to preen around the harem with the Golden Ribbon tied to her collar. Not only did this again honour her team, but it also gave her the status of Reigning Favourite, giving her immunity to being whipped or caned, except for very serious offences.

The Reigning Favourite could also order another woman to be given up to three strokes of the whip for impertinence - the same as a junior black eunuch.

The other women in her Team would be proud of her elevation to Reigning Favourite. But, being themselves still frustrated and longing for sexual relief, they would also be secretly jealous of her. What else was there to think about in the harem? But at least she would be unlikely to order a woman from her own Team to be whipped.

The women in the other Teams, of course, could have no such confidence. In their case, jealousy would also be mixed with fear. How they would hate seeing a girl from another Team wearing the Golden Ribbon and lording it over them in the harem.

But the reign of the Favourite was only temporary. It lasted only until the Master allowed another woman to climax in his bed. Then, the following morning a tearful ex-Favourite had to hand over the Golden Ribbon to her successor - fearful lest the new Favourite might immediately seek her revenge for any slights or whippings, by ordering her to be now whipped on the spot.

Indeed, the beating of a hated dethroned Reigning Favourite had become normal - much to the delight of the Prince secretly watching the hand-over ceremony on his large monitoring screen. However, fear of being beaten at the end of her reign did serve to limit the number of punishments that a Reigning Favourite might order during her brief period in power.

Malaka pointed to the locked cupboard. 'Show me the two books you're starting for these new women.'

Burka unlocked the cupboard. On the inside of the door were pinned the graphs showing the current twice daily temperatures of all the women in the Blue Team, together with the record of the passing of their wastes and of the regular enemas and douches that the Team Overseer had given to each girl.

The graphs also showed the progress of the women's current monthly cycle and whether they were all in step. If not it was Burka's responsibility to give the laggard the right pills to ensure she came into season right on the date stipulated for the Blue Team by Malaka.

The women were not allowed to see these - or any other information about their bodies and what was happening to them.

On a shelf was a row of books - the secret medical and intimate records of all the women in the Blue Team. Two new-looking books were marked 7 and 14 and these Burka handed to Malaka.

There was space in each book for filing graphs of monthly cycles and passing of wastes. Other pages were for recording offences and punishments. There were also spaces for photographs of her clitoris and nipples rings and of her future brands.

Each book also recorded the dates on which she won the coveted Silver or Golden Ribbons so that the exact number of times she had been allowed to climax since entering the harem was instantly available. This was a useful way for Malaka to prove to the Prince that he was being unduly kind to a particular woman.

But, perhaps, even more importantly, there were special sections for recording when a girl was selected for forced fertilisation, by what method and with what semen. It would also show the dates when her contraception pills were stopped and her course of high fertility pills was started.

Other pages would show the date on which artificial fertilisation or real mating was carried out; whether Malaka's scan showed that conception had been achieved, if so whether it was multiple; her progress during her enforced pregnancy; when she was first told, or realised, what was happening to her; her anticipated date of delivery; whether any artificial delays were to be imposed; and finally the number and weight of her progeny and the date of her being additionally branded with a Red Star. Malaka handed back the two still blank books for Number 7 and 14, and asked instead for those of Blue 20A and 20B, the Dutch mother and daughter.

As Malaka was checking these and deciding whether to recommend delaying their Day of Deliverance, Burka was looking at the identically swollen bellies of the mother and daughter,

He laughed to himself as he thought how he had won with them at the last six monthly competitive Parade of Christian Brood Mares in Foal, often simply called the Belly Competition.

Here each Team Overseer would bring and display his best white belly. Only if he had a matched pair was he allowed to show two. And he had had the only Christian matched pair in the harem - and now had another!

No wonder the other Team Overseers were so jealous, for the prize money was considerable. Competition between the Team Overseers was intense. But it was the Prince who awarded the prize to the overseer showing the human Brood Mare he judged to have the prettiest and most arousing belly.

Some of the bellies each Team Overseers chose to display would only be showing a mere hint of pregnancy. Others would be showing well.

He smiled as he remembered the routine: each Team Overseer in turn would lead in his entry for the competition, with the naked woman crawling past the Prince's chair. Then the women would be led back past him, this time prancing to show off their bellies. Next, they would be made to kneel on a row of cushions in front of the Prince and each overseer, in turn, would order his entry to kneel up to show off her belly, and swelling breasts - with her hands clasped behind her neck to tighten the muscles. Finally Arab music would fill the room and the row of women would have to stand up on their cushions and belly dance, their swollen bellies cavorting in time to the sensuous music.

Not until then would the Master announce the winner - the one he had found the most arousing.

Burka had won the last competition a few months ago with his mother and daughter. But it was not merely the similarly swelling bellies that had aroused the Prince, for they had been the first European matched pair in the harem - and what a mind blowing pair they were. A real live mother and daughter!

Not surprisingly when they first arrived in the harem, he just could not wait for them to be mated and then for their bellies to start showing, so that he could enter them in the next Belly Competition.

Burka thought back to the last annual competition, only a month ago. Competition had been as fierce as ever. Rafta, the 18 year old overseer of the Red Team, had been sure of winning with his beautiful dark eyed, blonde, Spanish former school teacher. The thought of how different her former life had been to her present fate as one of the Prince's brood mares had certainly been mentally arousing. Equally, physically arousing had been her voluptuous figure and her artificially enlarged, but still firm, breasts over her prettily and now very distended brand marks.

There were rumours that he had persuaded Nadu and Malaka to allow him to have her foaling delayed so that he could enter her, knowing that her now hugely curved belly would certainly catch the Prince's eye.

Another strong competitor had been Yoka, the overseer of the Yellow Team and his great rival, with his very tall Polish girl. With her shaved shiny head and big brass nose ring, the sign of the Yellow Team,

above her swollen belly, she too made a strangely erotic sight.

Gorka, the young little pygmy overseer of the Green Team, had entered a lovely Italian girl with a beautifully curved belly.

However, even all this strong competition had been swept aside at the first appearance in a Belly Competition of young Burka's mother and daughter. Nothing, the Prince had clearly felt, could beat the sheer mental excitement of forcing a mother and daughter into carrying the unwanted child of the same stud!

How he had laughed when he saw the delightful way the girl had nervously held her mother's hand as she felt her progeny kicking inside her!

To the anger of his rival Team Overseers, not only had Burka won the competition but had even been awarded a specially large extra prize, by the delighted Prince. More money!

But what would happen, Burka worried, after the mother and daughter had safely delivered their progeny and he had no white woman in his team in-foal?

The mother and daughter were due to foal just about at the time of the next competition. If Malaka and Nadu would agree to impose a delay, then surely the sight of their bellies would gain sweep aside the opposition.

Then, of course, he would enter the other and daughter in the inter-team milking competition. Indeed, he had high hopes of the mother and daughter for these competitions for the milkmaid giving most milk. They did not know each was carrying twin giant Dinkas and nature would ensure that their milk glands grew to feed them.

But could he trust his rival Team Overseers not to cheat by keeping a girl un-milked for a whole day before entering her in the competition?

But what about the Belly Competition?

He glanced at the flat bellies of 7 and 14.

The Prince was clearly delighted with having acquired them - an unusual matched pair made up of an Englishwoman and a Frenchwoman. Doubtless he would find the sight of their nicely swollen bellies equally erotic.

But how long would the Prince want to keep their bellies flat before authorising their insemination or mating?

'If you like,' said Malaka, as if guessing his young colleague's concerns, 'in order to get things moving, I'll suggest to the Prince that instead of having them secretly artificially fertilised, which had been his plan, he should make the mating of this unusual couple form the highlight of a banquet for some of his friends.'

'Oh, what a good idea,' agreed Burka. 'And instead of the usual Black Guards, how about using a couple of those visiting muscular Turkish wrestlers.'

'Yes, indeed,' agreed Malaka. This young boy was coming up with some good ideas.

'Or perhaps we could borrow two pygmy stallions from the breeding pens of his friend, the Caid? I hear that they have proved to be highly fertile and the Caid might well be delighted to cross them with white women.'

Both eunuchs laughed cruelly.

Malaka held up a bottle of pills.

'It's important that you use these pills immediately to delay the two new women coming into season. The emotional shock of finding themselves in a harem often brings it on early. It's important that they come into season with the rest of your Blue Team in three weeks' time.'

Burka laughed. How shocked these two white women would be as they gradually discovered the full extent to which they were controlled by the Prince's eunuchs.

And,' went on Malaka, 'you must put them on the standard harem course of contraceptive pills to prevent them from conceiving by mistake when the Prince takes them - something which I think will be happening before very long!'

Burka agreed. Yes, he was looking forward, with Rosebud, to holding them down, still untrained, to be taken by the Prince. Their training as expert concubines could come later. The Prince always enjoyed taking a new girl, or matched pair, by force, the first time.

Should he muzzle them, he wondered, for this first time? Which would the Prince find more arousing - their screams of protest or the sight of their muzzles? Perhaps he should have them muzzled initially

and then whisperingly suggest that their muzzle be unfastened to allow their cries to be heard ...

'And be ready,' Malaka was now saying,' to switch, without the girls realising what's happening, from the contraceptive pills to a course of the high power fertility ones. Don't forget that when the Prince decides to breed from them, he'll expect a multiple conception whether he's using the seed of his Black Guards, or your Turkish wrestlers or pygmies.'

Burka nodded. He remembered with a shiver the Prince's anger when one of the girls of his colleague, Rafta, in charge of the Red Team, had inadvertently only conceived a single child.

'It's also time you started House Training these two new girls,' said Malaka, 'just as you would two new puppies. There's nothing so good for imposing discipline on these white women, who think they're so superior to us blacks, as controlling their natural functions! And remember we don't want any unpleasantness at the branding ceremony!'

Burka nodded and took out a little box of suppositories from the locked cupboard.

Malaka pointed to the little television camera in the corner of the room. 'His Highness will be watching this!'

PART VI - TAKEN INTO THE HAREM

27 - HOUSE TRAINED!

Penelope was longing to speak to the other silent girls in the bath, her companions it seemed in the Blue Team. But like them the sight of Malaka's cane, as well as now of Burka's dog whip, kept her silent.

Suddenly the boy clapped his hands. The women all stood up and, keeping their hands clasped behind their neck, got out of the huge bath. Quickly they lined up in front of a row of identical brass bowls. Each bowl had a red line half way up on the inside and was filled with scented rose-water up this line.

'And you, two!' ordered the boy angrily and cracking his whip. 'Line up at the end!'

Hastily Penelope and Chantalle joined the others. Penelope saw that the bowls were all numbered and the one in front of her was marked "14" - her harem number.

The boy cracked and whip and gave an order in Arabic, repeating it in English.

'Present buttocks!'

Penelope and Chantalle did not, at first, know just what to do. But they soon did as the boy, standing right behind them with his whip raised, barked out a series of humiliating orders.

'Legs apart! ... Knees bend! ... Bend over! ... Tighter! ... Head up!'

Penelope blushed as she followed the other women into bending over tightly, straining her neck back to keep her head up. But worse was to follow.

'Raise buttocks! ... Look straight ahead! ... Now hold buttocks open with both hands! ... Wider apart! ... Wider!'

Oh. the shame! Penelope saw that Malaka was watching them, his cane still in his hand.

Scared, Penelope found herself bending over like the rest of the women, looking straight ahead and with her hands holding the cheeks of her buttocks wide apart.

She found herself swaying. She bent her knees more to keep her balance. Oh the humiliation of being made to take up this degrading position by a mere boy!

Out of the corner of her eye she saw that the television camera was being remotely controlled to train slowly up and down the line of women. Oh how awful!

She heard the boy come behind them. He began to come slowly down the line behind her, doing something to each woman.

Suddenly she felt his hands on her bottom. She felt her rear passage being greased. Oh no!

'Hold cheeks apart!' came a warning. It was accompanied by a sharp tap of the dog whip on her bottom. Then she felt something being pushed up inside her, like a suppository - and by a boy! Oh the shame!

She longed to look round to see what was being done to her, but seeing that the other women were keeping their eyes fixed on he wall in front of them, did not dare to do so.

She heard the boy move onto Chantalle. She heard her gasp as the suppository was pushed up her too.

'Up!' ordered the boy, coming round to the front of the line.

The women jumped up and stood at silently at Attention, still looking straight ahead, and now again clasping their hands behind their necks. Clearly, thought Penelope, this was all a well practised routine. But what was it all about?

But there was yet more to this routine, for while the suppositories were quietly doing their work, the boy now came down the line of women again, another box of pills in his hand - this time, although the women did not know it, they were contraceptive ones. As he passed each woman, she had to bend down and open her mouth so that the boy could reach up and pop in one of the pills. Then he stroked the woman's throat to make sure that she swallowed the pill.

What, Penelope wondered anxiously, was this pill for? She longed to ask; to protest at being made to swallow a pill without knowing what it was. But, like her companions, she was too scared to do so. Having her throat stroked by the boy to make sure that she, too, swallowed it, made her feel like an animal being dosed.

There was now a long pause.

The women remained silent as the boy now walked up and down behind them, watching with experienced eyes the alternating twitching of the women's buttocks and bellies. Occasionally he paused to reach round and feel a naked belly with an expert hand. He was determined to show Malaka that he kept his team sufficiently well disciplined to all perform together - even the two new arrivals.

Penelope could now feel the suppository melting inside her. Slowly at first and then more and more urgently she felt the need to relieve herself. My God! She had been dosed! Either the pill or the suppository must have been a dose - and a strong dose at that!

Out of the corner of her eye she glanced anxiously around the room. There was no sign of a WC - just those small numbered bowls. Oh no!

As her bowels began to ache, she bit her lips. She was aware of the boy watching her from behind as she clenched her buttocks tight to prevent disgracing herself. There were little groans from the other women. They too were biting their lips and clenching their buttocks and looking down anxiously at the line of bowls.

Finally came the order that evidently they were all eagerly awaiting.

'Blue Team! Prepare to perform together!'

Immediately each woman stepped forward, placed her ankles on either side of her bowl and, still looking straight ahead with her hands clasped dutifully behind her neck, lowered herself so that her bottom was about a foot above her bowl.

Penelope saw that one or two of the women were discreetly using their ankles to move their bowls into exactly the right place, whilst taking care that the rose-water in the half filled bowl did not slop over the edge of the bowl. Blushing, Penelope did the same.

She was now desperately clenching her buttocks and awaiting the next humiliating order. And to watched by the boy and by the chief black eunuch as well! Oh the shame!

'Down!' ordered the boy. Then he added warningly: 'And wait for the order!'

Penelope saw that the women were now balancing themselves awkwardly six inches above their bowls. She followed suit. Oh! Oh! It was almost impossible to hold back for another second! But she saw the boy was running the lash of his whip slowly through his fingers and she did not dare to let go.

At last the boy seemed satisfied that all the women were ready. He sprayed a scent of sweet smelling roses into the room.

'Perform!' he ordered.

Oh the relief! Penelope scarcely noticed how the boy was gesturing to Malaka with the palms of his hands uppermost, as if proudly showing off his team's perfect performance.

'Stand up! Present buttocks!'

This time Penelope and Chantalle knew what to do and now dutifully bent over, holding the cheeks of their buttocks apart.

The boy now again came down the line of women but this time with a sponge and bucket, cleaning them in the traditional Eastern way.

'Present bowls!'

Blushing in disbelief, Penelope and Chantalle followed the other women in picking up their bowls and, standing at attention again with their eyes fixed straight ahead, they held them out for the boy's inspection.

Appalled, Penelope saw out of the corner of her eye that he was now holding a clipboard. Each woman had to call out her number as, still looking straight ahead and holding her scented bowl level with her breasts, the boy examined each woman's wastes. Then he wrote down his assessment of them on the sheet of paper on the clipboard bearing each woman's number. But this was not all, for each bowl was then weighed and again the result noted down on the sheets on clipboard.

Burka was smiling as he came down the line of blushing women. Not only was this routine good for discipline but it was also, as all the eunuchs knew, the ideal way of keeping a constant check on he health of the women in their care.

Then he ordered the women to wash out their bowls in the sluice and put them back in the line

- again half full sweet smelling rose-water. 'Present buttocks!' Oh no! Not again! Now what? Penelope blushed again as she saw that the boy was once again coming down the line, this

time thrusting a thermometer up each woman. Appalled, she saw that he was noting the results down on a graph for each woman. Was this dreadful young boy keeping a record of each woman's monthly cycle?

She saw him take the sheets of paper and the graphs from the his clipboard and attach them to the inside of the cupboard door, discussing them in Swahili with an approving Malaka and writing further comments on the graphs.

Just what, each woman was wondering as she stood in line at attention, were they writing and discussing. They would never know, for the cupboard door was now closed and locked. The state of the bodies of His Highness's concubines was the responsibility of the eunuchs, not of the women themselves!

It was all a slow and drawn out morning harem routine - one that was simultaneously being repeated in the bathrooms of the three other Teams. But then, there was no hurry in the daily life of the Prince's harem!

'Numbers 7 and 14. Present Buttocks!' came the order.

Yet again Penelope and Chantalle humiliating presented their now cleaned out rear orifices to their young overseer. Oh the shame!

'Head up! Look ahead!' Burka warned. 'Hold buttocks open!'

Out of the corner of her eye, Penelope saw that the boy had something strange in his hand. It

was short and stubby and made of carved ivory. It was rather in the shape of a manhood! The bottom end, however, had a strange and quite large indented ring round it. Mystified, Penelope innocently

wondered what it was for.

Then she again felt the boy greasing her orifice. Oh no!

'Keep silent and quite still - or you get dog whip!'

Terrified, Penelope felt something solid and very much larger than a mere suppository being firmly pushed up inside her -- and being rotated. Was it the strange ivory plug? She gave a gasp of pain. She could feel her body stretching to accommodate it. It was smoothly going up further and further. Then it seemed to a stop of its own accord. Desperately she tried to expel it, but in vain - the ivory plug's indented ring was now being gripped by her own sphincter muscles.

The boy now threaded a little chain through a ring at the end of the plug. One end went up tightly through her beauty lips and was in turn threaded through another little chain round her waist. The other end went up between her buttocks to the small of her paddock where it was joined with a tiny padlock to the ends of the chain round her waist.

The plug was now firmly held in place.

Then it was Chantalle's turn.

28 – WELL-DISCIPLINED TEAMS

'Into to the dormitory to get dressed - Go!' ordered the boy eunuch, cracking his whip.

Their nipple bells tinkling, the Blue Team obediently ran out of the bathroom, a bewildered Chantalle and Penelope, still chained together by the neck like the mother and daughter, bringing up the rear.

They were both running awkwardly because of the plugs in their rear orifices. How Penelope longed to pull it out, but when she surreptitiously put her hand down to try and do so, she found that the tight restraining chain it impossible.

She and Chantalle, however, were not the only girls running awkwardly. The other two European women were as well, partly because of their swollen bellies and partly because of their plugs.

Penelope found herself in a small bare dormitory with a line of double bunk beds, each with a thin rubber mattress and a simple neatly folded blanket. Would she and Chantalle share one of them, Penelope wondered, one above the other, with their long neck chain hanging down outside? Was that the other similarly chained matched pair slept?

Facing them along one wall was a row of wooden dressing tables, like in the dressing room of the chorus girls in a theatre, with a fixed mirror, a row of little make-up pots and a hairbrush and comb. As in the inspection room, the dormitory was dominated by another dramatic portrait of the stern Prince, the women's Master. But this time the specially lit up painting was different - very different!

The corpulent Prince was depicted wearing just a loose robe that was parted in front to show, below his prominent belly, his jutting and erect manhood. In his hand was a rattan cane and grovelling on the knees at his feet were two women, one a blonde European, the other an Arab. Fear showed on their faces - one looking up at their Master's manhood and the other at his cane.

Both Penelope and Chantalle gasped as they took in the portrait's symbolism. Here in the bare dormitory, girls lying on their bunks would have nothing else to do but to look at it - and fantasise about their Master's manhood, about being one of the grovelling women and about their fear of the cane.

There were no doors and no privacy - just two curved archways, partly covered by blue curtains that led into the bathroom and inspection room - and another which led into what seemed to be a much larger room.

Once again there were cast iron bars on the windows. Were they, Penelope wondered, to protect the inmates of the harem or to prevent them from escaping?

The line of women halted in front of a line of beautifully embroidered blue harem costumes hanging from a line of numbered hooks. They stood there silently, waiting for further orders. Evidently the women were not encouraged to think for themselves, or to take any action without the prior permission of their little overseer.

Penelope saw that her costume was already prominently marked with the Arabic numerals 14 on the breast of the stiff open bolero and on the front of the right leg of the transparent silken harem leggings. The same numerals were even displayed on the front of the pretty little blue embroidered cap and on the toes of her blue, up-turned,Turkish slippers.

'Leggings,' came the order.

Watched by their boy overseer the naked women quickly slipped into their identical silken blue harem leggings. Shocked, Penelope saw that these only started at the top of their thighs, leaving their bottoms and hairless beauty lips completely bare. Equally on display was her now elongated clitoris held aroused and projecting between her beauty lips by the golden ring prominently threaded through the swollen flesh. Each beautifully embroidered legging was split down the side and gathered in with a ribbon above the knee and again at the ankle.

Penelope blushed at the idea of wearing such revealing garment. She glanced at the other women as they slipped them on. Yes, they indeed made a highly erotic and shameful sight.

'You, Number 14, put on leggings!'

The boy's whip cracked ominously near to her buttocks. Hastily, she too slipped on the silken harem leggings. How sexy they were - leaving her tummy and bottom quite bare.

'Paint yourselves!' came the next order

Penelope saw that the women were brushing special blue henna onto their mounds and onto the tips of their ringed clitorises to give them an attractive and eye-catching bluish tinge that matched their blue leggings.

'And you two!' ordered the boy, handing them a box of the blue power and a soft brush. Penelope glanced in the mirror as she obediently painted her smooth mound and swollen clitoris. They certainly made an even more erotic sight, she decided - as did the golden ring glistening a little lower down.

'Boleros!'

Obediently, she slipped the stiffened blue velvet bolero over her shoulders. It was edged in gold braid. She saw that it did not meet in the front and indeed did not even cover her nipples from which the golden rings hung - supporting the embarrassing little bells.

'Nipples!'

The other women were now painting a ring around their nipples with blue nail varnish that quickly hardened into a shiny blue aureole supporting the erotic-looking golden ring. Blushing, she and Chantalle copied the other women.

'Tassels!'

Each woman now fixed a little blue silken tassel to the ring through her clitoris. It hung excitingly down between her legs, keeping her beauty bud visible and aroused.

'Ropes!'

Like the other women, she now had to pass over her head a beautiful blue rope, exquisitely embroidered with pearls. It clipped onto the sides of the bolero, pushing her breasts closer together. It then hung down in a loop to the tops of her leggings, cleverly framing her white pouting belly and the ring through her clitoris together with little hanging tassel - and in the case of the other women, their brands.

Once again, the effect was highly erotic - especially for the embarrassed mother and daughter with their beautifully curved tummies, the strange chain mail belts between their legs and the now erotically stretched brand marks.

Then Burka ordered the women to brush each other's hair straight down their backs, over their shiny metals collars. Evidently the eunuchs disapproved of modern hair styles - they liked to see their women looking like little girls with long straight hair reaching down to the small of their backs and ending in a big blue ribbon.

It would be some time, of course, before the two new girls' hair reached down so far, but brushed straight down it still had to be. Then the little caps were perched prettily on the top of their heads and their feet slipped into the slippers.

Then began the serious work of making up their eyes in the Eastern way that the Prince liked to see - even on a white woman. Their eyelids had to be painted blue and their eyes outlined with blue shade of kohl.

Whilst all this was going on, Penelope had frequently found herself nervously glancing up at the erotic portrait of the terrifying looking Prince. She also saw that the other women of the Team also kept glancing up at it. It had a strange effect on her. He was her Master now and she was merely one of his concubines - and one whom he had yet to chose for his pleasure. She saw that Burka smiled knowingly whenever he saw her look up the portrait.

A bell rang and the women hastily formed up in line again. They were now all similarly dressed and made up - like a line of chorus girls, thought Penelope.

'Blue Team, into the harem, run!' ordered their boy overseer, emphasising his order with yet another crack of his whip.

Immediately, the women turned to their right and, one behind the other began to run, in step, out of the dormitory and through an arch that led into the main room of the harem.

Instead of clasping their hands behind their necks, Penelope saw, the women, even the heavily pregnant mother and daughter, were running a strange way. It reminded her of the way chorus girls in Hollywood films used to run; keeping their arms out straight, well away from their sides, with their fingers also straight and together and their shoulders back.

They were also running on the tips of their toes and raising their knees high in the air. This all had the effect of making their breasts swing from side to side and hence accentuate the ringing of their nipple rings. It made a entrancing and childlike scene, Penelope decided, as encouraged by a crack of the boy's whip just off their backsides, she and Chantalle tried to copy them. How difficult it was with that awful plug up her rear orifice. She would learn that it was the Blue Team's own way of running their own way of catching the eye and the ear of the Prince.

The women were running towards a fountain playing in the centre of the room, which was overlooked by a podium, like the pulpit in a church. Penelope saw four low tables on each of which were tangerines, bowls of white yoghurt and some fresh dates - the simple and cheap diet, Penelope was to learn, on which the eunuchs kept the women in their charge. Surrounding each table were several similarly coloured large leather cushions. Theirs were blue and the others green, red and yellow.

'Stop!' the boy ordered.

Still keeping their arms outstretched and the knees raised high in the air, the women began to run on the spot, breasts still swaying and their nipple bells tinkling.

'Halt! One ... two!'

The women raised their knees twice more and then stood still, their arms to their sides.

'Into line, right turn!'

With military precision the women turned into line. My God, thought Penelope, this boy drills us as if we were a squad of army recruits

Facing her now was the podium. Penelope gave a little shiver of fear as she saw, sitting in the podium, the sinister figure of Malaka. She gave another shiver of fear as she saw, above the podium, another portrait of the Prince, looking as fearsome and repulsive as ever. But that was not all for she was horrified to see that prominently displayed, immediately below the portrait, was a long knobbly rattan cane.

She was even more shocked when she read the list, in Arabic and in English, of transgressions which would be punished by the rattan cane. Discipline in the Prince's harem was, she thought with stomach trembling nerves, terrifying.

She gave another shiver of fear when she saw to one side of the podium what appeared to be a punishment area. There were several stout posts to which a woman could be fastened, with her wrists chained to manacles above her head and her ankles fastened to rings in the floor. She saw that, for some strange reason, a stout leather pad was fastened to each post some three feet up from the ground. Several leather straps were also fastened to the posts.

There was also a leather covered gymnasium "horse". It was complete with wrist and ankle straps, so that a woman could be held bent over it, either belly up on her back, or bottom up on her tummy.

Facing the punishment posts and the punishment horse was a throne-like armchair. In front of it was an embroidered cushion. Was this, Penelope wondered, where the Prince sat to watch punishments or to be entertained by his women? My God! She could now imagine anything going on here.

'Blue Team present and correct, Sir,' reported Burka to the chief black eunuch. Malaka nodded.

'Sit! ordered Burka.

Again silently, the women men sat down on the large blue cushions. Penelope and Chantalle found themselves sitting next to the beautiful half Arab-looking woman she had seen in the bathroom with two red stars branded on her tummy and another Arab girl.

Penelope started to sit in a comfortable cross-legged position, as she had seen men sit outside their shops in the Souk in Tangier. But Burka wagged an admonishing finger. Evidently in the harem, the Princes' women were only allowed to sit back on their heels - a far more feminine and submissive position.

Penelope looked around her.

She was in a beautiful large room with a high ceiling, elaborately carved in the Arab style. The walls were decorated with huge, beautifully painted, Arabic writing. Later, she would learn that they were holy scripts, enjoining women to be content with a subservient position in life.

Beyond the inevitable barred windows was attractive stone tracery, making it impossible to see in - or to get out. A small barred door led into a patio, containing another fountain and a prettily shaped swimming pool. Beyond it was a pretty garden and then a very high wall - smooth and unscaleable.

With a sinking heart she remembered what Malaka had said: 'So, you no escape - never! And anyway you not get over high harem wall!'

But that was not all, for looking through the stone tracery, towards the wall, Penelope was astonished to see that the whole patio and garden were enclosed within a grid of delicate gilded bars just like a huge and luxurious aviary. Indeed she could see several brightly coloured macaws flying around inside it in the garden. They were caged, she realised, in an aviary, just like the women!

Were these lovely birds there to impress on the women their similar helpless incarceration in the harem of the Prince? Did it amuse the cruel slob of a Prince to keep his collection of beautiful birds caged with his collection of beautiful women? My God!

Feeling rather hungry, Penelope stretched out to help herself to some dates. She felt a slap on her hand. She looked up, hurt. It was young Burka.

'You not eat until Prince finished. You wait.'

Finished what, she wondered. Presumably finished eating his breakfast. She remembered being shocked to read somewhere that in the Middle East women eat when the men have finished and they eat

what the men have left.

There was tinkling noise from behind the green curtain of another archway on the side of the big harem room. Then the curtain was swept aside and into the room marched two lines of young women, in perfect step.

They were swinging their arms in an exaggerated military style and the tinkling sound came from the belled bracelets that they all wore. They were, Penelope saw, dressed identically and similarly to the Blue Team, but in green and instead of leggings, they all wore wide silken transparent pantaloons cut away in front.

Just how each team was dressed, she would later learn, was up to the Team Overseer, using his allowance - provided his women were all dressed identically in the colour of the team and provided their brand marks were prominently displayed.

Round their necks were fastened shiny metal collars - just like those of the Blue Team but with green ribbons fastened to them.

The women were all remarkably slim and fit looking, the green of the harem numbers branded on their bellies matching the green of the Prince's crest.

In charge of them and proudly marching by their side, was the little pygmy boy with a green stripe in his turban, whom Penelope had briefly seen in the bathroom earlier.

They must be another harem team, she realised, the Green Team and the little boy must be their Team Overseer. How awful for them, she thought. It was bad enough having a young black boy in charge of her own team, to be under the orders of a young pygmy must be even worse. But at least they did not suffer the embarrassment of having had their nipples and clitorises ringed and of carrying nipple bells.

She did not think they were as pretty as her own Blue Team, however. Perhaps being ringed and belled was rather exciting! Or perhaps she was already beginning to feel the rivalry between the teams that was the basis of the Prince's harem!

She saw that one of the Green Team, a beautiful European girl, was wearing, like the mother and daughter in her own Blue Team, a chain mail belt trapped round her loins. Was it imagination, or above their belts was the tummy slightly swollen?

She saw that coming up from under the sides of the young woman's chain mail belt and going round her waist were two tiny chains that met at a tiny padlock in the small of her back. Another slim chain disappearing down between her buttocks. They were just like the tiny chains that kept the horrible ivory plug in place, stretching her bottom and that of Chantalle.

Then she saw that similar tiny chains came up on either side of the exposed beauty lips of another European girl - again to meet in a padlock in the small of her back. Goodness, was it only European girls who had to suffer the indignity of having their bottoms stretched by the ivory plugs?

Their pygmy overseer reported his team to Malaka as Present and Correct and then ordered them to sit down on a group of Green cushions, also surrounding a table on which was some fruit and yoghurt. They, too, kept silent.

Seconds later, a slightly older Team Overseer, a black youth, brought in another team, this time dressed in Red. Penelope watched astonished as they strolled casually into the room, smiling and giggling amongst themselves. They made a quite different impression from the well disciplined Blue and Green Teams. Goodness, Penelope thought, almost disdainfully, discipline is certainly much relaxed in the Red Team, even though they, too, all had the standard metal collar fastened round their necks.

Penelope saw that they all had very big, firm breasts. They must have been specially enlarged! They would, she realised, make a highly erotic sight for a jaded Master - particularly a very pretty, dark eyed, Spanish-looking girl. Beneath her artificially enlarged breasts, her swelling belly and chain mail belt proclaimed that she, too, was Expecting a Happy Event.

Hardly had the Red Team sat down on their red cushions when there came another ringing of bells, this time, a deeper note, as if from rather larger bells.

Suddenly, his whip cracking, as if he were driving a herd of cattle, a young black boy drove in another group of young women. Like the girls in a primitive African village, they were stark naked, except for a little piece of yellow painted bark that hung down in front of their hairless beauty lips.

Penelope gasped as she saw that they were all quite bald with shiny bare heads on which the Prince's crest and their harem numbers had been tattooed to match the brands on their exposed bellies. Their bald heads gave them a similar, strangely animal-like look that was heightened by the big brass nose rings that hung from their noses from which in turn hung the bells that gave made the Yellow Team sound, as well

as look, so distinctive.

The Yellow Team, Penelope realised, like the Red Team, might not be subject to same military discipline as the Blue and Green Teams, but they must still make an erotic sight. Clearly the Prince was a man who enjoyed each of his teams of women to look different - but all to wear his collar and to be branded with his crest.

She saw that the tummy of one them, evidently another European woman, was also prettily swollen above a chain mail belt. The breasts of another white woman seemed strangely heavy and blue veined. Was she in milk? And coming up from under the little piece of bark that hid her beauty lips came two tiny chains that, once again, went round her waist and met at a padlock behind her back. Goodness did all the Christian girls have to wear these awful plugs for the amusement of the Prince? But why?

And did the expectant girls and the girls in milk always have to be one of the European women? How awful!

As soon as the strange looking Yellow Team was also reported as Present and Correct, Malaka left the podium.

Moments later a door into the main harem room was flung open. Malaka entered, carrying a large silver tray. On it were the remains of scrambled eggs on toast, chewed bread covered in butter and jam and succulent roast lamb. He put the tray down on the beautifully tiled floor in front of the podium.

Penelope saw that all the women were eyeing it greedily. All mixed up, it looked pretty revolting, but Penelope found herself looking at greedily, too. There were no eggs, bread, butter, jam, or meat on the table in front of her. Was this the remains of the Prince's meal, sent into the harem as gesture of ... of kindness? ... or as a way of asserting his power of over his women?

Malaka kept them waiting.

Finally he announced: 'A present from His Highness for Number ...'

Again he kept the women on tenterhooks.

'... Number 20.'

Penelope watched open mouthed as the mother and daughter dropped to their knees. Burka came round and picked up the middle of the chain that linked their collars. Then, held by their overseer, the two women crawled forward towards the tray. They each had a delighted look on their faces as if they could not wait to eat the remains of their Master's meal.

They put their heads down to the dish and, keeping their hands flat on the floor began, like little dogs, to pick up bits of the food with their teeth, watched jealously by all the other women.

But Penelope noticed it was not only the women who were watching the scene. She saw that in the corner of the room a small television camera had swung round and was trained on them. She saw the lens come out to zoom in for a closer look. Was the Prince enjoying the scene?

'Lick it clean,' ordered Burka standing behind them, his whip raised.

Hastily the two women started to lick the plate. They reminded Penelope of two dogs eagerly licking their Master's plate clean. She was horrified and yet fascinated. Would, one day, she and Chantalle have to do this? It looked pretty unappetising now but, after a few weeks of the meagre harem fare, would she be only too delighted to do so and grateful to the Prince?

Satisfied, Burka pulled the two women back by their collar chains and let them crawl back to their cushion, their swelling breasts and bellies hanging down under them. It was, Penelope thought, a terrifying exhibition of male control over women.

Evidently she not alone in thinking this, for the television camera followed the women as they crawled back.

Malaka now clapped his hands and, watched by their Team Overseers, each woman helped herself to one tangerine, one small bowl of yoghurt and two dates.

Then Malaka clapped his hands again.

'You may talk quietly,' he announced.

At last, thought Penelope. Now I can find out what's going on here.

29 - HAREM TALK

The women were chattering amongst themselves. Meal times were one occasion when the women were allowed to talk to each other. However, Penelope could see that each Team Overseer was carefully listening to what their charges were saying to each other - as was the imposing figure of Malaka as he patrolled quietly round the kneeling women.

No criticism of the Master was allowed - and the women all knew that the rattan cane awaited any of them who did not constantly emphasise her love and adoration for her kind, loving, Master. The same applied to any criticism of the eunuchs.

The women were eating each segment of their tangerines slowly and deliberately, as if trying to make it last a long time. None dared to reach for a second tangerine, Penelope noticed. Clearly the Prince liked his women to be kept slim and hungry.

The two Arab girls, almost as fair skinned as the European women, were sitting near them. Penelope tried to speak to one of them, but she just ignored her. Perhaps thought Penelope, it's like being back at school, senior girls don't speak to new girls. Or perhaps she didn't speak English.

But the other Arab girl, Number 34, the one whom Penelope had noticed in the bathroom as looking as though she was in milk and who had two red stars branded on her tummy, turned to her.

'I speak English!' she said. 'I went to an English school in Beirut before it was closed down by all the fighting. The other girl won't speak to you because you're both despised Christians - like me! You see, I'm a Maronite Christian girl - from the Lebanon.'

'What on earth are you doing here?' Penelope asked.

'My parents were killed in the fighting. Our family was ruined. Then when an Egyptian businessman offered to find me a job in Tangier, I jumped at the chance. Little did I know that he was a white slave dealer - the bastard! And there was now no one back in Beirut interested in my fate. This man introduced me, as I thought, as a potential secretary, to several wealthy Arabs, including ... '

She paused and then, seeing that Burka was standing right behind her, went on in a more respectful tone. 'Including His Highness, our kind and adored Master. He ... very kindly ... invited me to sign a contract of employment and to come and work for him in his palace on a tourist project. Penniless as I was, it was an a wonderful offer I simply could not refuse.'

She saw that, satisfied with her obsequious tone, the boy overseer had moved away to listen to what the other women were saying.

'Of course,' she went on in conspiratorial whisper, 'I never guessed that the contract was a really for indentured serviced for an indefinite time. Nor did I guess that once he had me here he would put me into his harem as a concubine under the control of those black bastards of his. Never had I imagined that, like you both and the other members of the Blue Team, I would have my nipples ringed - and even worse my clitoris as well. They're something that I feel the whole time - arousing me whenever I move.'

Penelope nodded. Me, too, she thought.

'Only later,' the girl went on, 'did I learn that my abduction had all been carefully planned from the start. The Master had told Malaka that he wanted a pretty young Christian Lebanese girl. He and Burka then paid the dealer a large sum for me from the Blue Team budget.'

My God, thought Penelope, had Pierre similarly been paid a large sum for her? 'You mean that little boy has a budget for buying women for the Prince!'

Ruth nodded. 'Oh, yes.'

'But what's your name.' asked Chantalle sympathetically.

'Ruth!' whispered the girl, looking round to make sure that none of the eunuchs were in earshot. 'But you mustn't use that name here. The eunuchs would have a fit. They won't allow any despised Christian names to be used in the harem. They say that they are an insult to Allah and that anyway the Master doesn't want to bother about having to remember our names. For him, I'm simply Number 34 or that "dog of a Christian Lebanese girl in the Blue Team."

'But then why does the Prince ...'

'You mustn't call him Prince', interrupted Ruth anxiously, 'or Burka will thrash us all. For us he is just the Master.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Chantalle.

'Why on earth does he trick Christian women into his harem, if he despises us so?' asked Penelope.

'That's simple to answer,' laughed Ruth. 'It's because they're beautiful and because he enjoys degrading what Arab Moslems regard as arrogant Western women.'

'Degrading us? What do you mean?'

Silently Ruth pointed the little chains round Penelope and Chantalle's waists, the chains that kept their uncomfortable ivory plugs in place.

'You're both being prepared for what the Master likes to do to his Christian concubines. I was prepared like that, too, when I first arrived in the harem.'

Both girls gasped. 'You mean,' whispered a shocked Penelope, ' he likes to ... '

'Use a Christian girl as he would a boy?' interjected Ruth. ‘Yes. He calls it a True Believer’s Revenge. He says it is how we Christian dogs deserve to be treated and is favourite way of using his white concubines.'

Both girls were reduced to a horrified silence. They could feel the ivory plugs stretching them

- stretching them ready for their Master. How awful! 'How long have you been here?' finally Chantalle asked. 'I'm not sure,' came the astonishing reply. 'What!' cried Chantalle. Ruth explained, 'the eunuchs don't allow us to see any newspapers in the harem, nor any live

television programs. They keep us ignorant about what is going on the outside world, so that we just concentrate on worshipping our Master. And here in this harem there is not much difference between the seasons. So we have little idea of the passing of time. Nor do the eunuchs allow us any calendars lest the Christian girls who are being made to Expect a Happy Event, as they so cruelly call it, might start working out when their foals are due.'

'Foals?' queried Penelope.

'Yes, we Christian girls are referred to as brood mares and we aren't allowed to use the word "babies". The eunuchs think that makes them sound too personal and our role in life now is to please our Master, not worry about our babies.'

'But they're his children!' cried Chantalle.

'Oh no they're not! You see, we Christian girls are not considered worthy to bear the Master's sons - and the eunuchs make sure that we don't! No, to degrade us Christian girls and put us in our place, he enjoys using his giant Dinka Black Guards on us - or one of his friend's pet black pygmies. We're never quite sure which. You're usually hooded by your Team Overseer when you're mated,' explained Ruth with a bitter laugh, 'or fastened bending over in the Mating Stocks, in front of the Master with a big plank behind your neck, to stop you seeing who's mounting you.’

'Oh no!' gasped Penelope. Was this to be her fate, too?

'Yes,' went on Ruth, 'the eunuchs say it's to prevent us from forming a crush on the father of our ... foals. But they also want to make sure that our Master's manhood is the only one a girl in the harem is ever allowed to see - or to dream about.'

With a little shudder, Penelope remembered the shockingly erotic, illuminated, picture of the Master with an erect manhood hanging up in the dormitory. She remembered the strange effect it had had on her and how the other girls in the team had kept glancing up at it ...

'And sometimes,' went on Ruth, 'a girl finds herself Expecting a Little Surprise, as they then call it, without ever having been mated at all!'

'But how ...?' began Penelope.

'We don't know. But the eunuchs are always douching us and we suspect that they do it then, with live semen being used on an unsuspecting girl instead of soap and water.'

'Mon Dieu!' cried a horrified Chantalle. 'You can't be serious!'

'Oh yes, I am,' insisted Ruth. 'And the first thing a girl knows about it is when she’s being

mysteriously sick in the morning or feeling her progeny kicking away inside her. It's awful, you never know when or how it's been done. It's like a Sword of Damocles hanging over you the whole time. For all we know we might all three of us be already expecting a Happy Surprise. They might have done it to you when you were drugged.'

'Oh my God!' gasped Penelope remembering her strange half dream, half vague memory when she awoke, of having been inspected intimately.

‘So it all passes as if in a dream. You simply can't believe what's happening to you - until your laughing young Team Overseer locks a chain mail breeding belt over your beauty lips.'

'A breeding belt? Is that what we saw on the pregnant girls in the bathroom?’ asked Chantalle.

'Exactly,' replied Ruth. 'The chain mail pouch allows you to spend a penny but you can't get a little finger, or even a knitting needle, through them. It's a horribly clever way of enforcing a unwanted

maternity.'

'But that's terrible!' cried Chantalle.

'It's so frustrating, feeling the unwanted progeny moving around inside you under the belt and not being able to do anything about it.'

'Is it no use pleading with our Team Overseer to unlock the belt and help you get rid of the ...foal?' asked Chantalle naively.

Ruth laughed bitterly. 'Oh no! That young ... ' she looked around to make sure that Burka was out of earshot, ' ... swine of a boy's got a vested interest in using us to win prizes for him: the annual prize for the swollen belly which the Master Prince finds the most arousing; and the one for the girl giving the most milk - like me!' she added proudly.

'You mean you're ...'

'Being in kept in milk by Burka?' Ruth interrupted. 'Yes. Milk for the Master!'

Again the two girls were shocked into silence.

'But,' Chantalle then asked, 'how do these eunuchs know if a girl has conceived? They're mere boys.'

'Because Nadu, one of the older eunuchs, is a trained midwife and has the latest scanner. But they don't tell us!'

'Oh how awful,' gasped Penelope. 'But surely a girl will guess when she misses ... '

'Not necessarily,' Ruth replied. 'The Team Overseers control the cycles of all their girls so that they all come on heat, to use their denigrating expression, together.'

Then she and Chantalle listened open mouthed in horror as Ruth described the four week cycle of Master's Bed duty, Bathroom duty, Palanquin duty ... and resting.

'Oh how awful,' gasped Penelope.

'And so were you ... ' Chantalle began to ask.

'Yes!' replied Ruth. She pointed to the two red stars branded on her belly. 'Because I'm a Christian girl, our nasty little Team Overseer made me go through my two forced pregnancies, with a breeding belt locked between my legs to prevent me from trying to do anything about the progeny growing inside me.'

She saw that Burka was looking towards her suspiciously and hastily corrected herself. 'I mean was allowed to have two Happy Events for the honour of Blue Team.'

Then she whispered, 'To this day I don't even know how the first one happened, nor who I was mated with for the second time. I don't even know if it was a Dinka. And if I asked Burka he would say it was none of my business.'

'What!' exclaimed Penelope. 'None of your business with whom you had been ...'.

'...mated,' Ruth said completing the sentence. 'And being gagged, so as not to disturb the other girls in the harem, I was never able to ask about my progeny as I foaled, as they call it, dropping my progeny into the birthing chair basket.'

'What!'

'Yes, here Nadu uses the old traditional Turkish harem technique of a birthing chair on which the girl sits. It's cut away so that the girl can drop her ... progeny into a basket under it. '

'But that's terrible!' gasped Chantalle.

'No, it makes it all surprisingly quick and painless. But it also makes easy for the progeny to be taken away before you have a chance of seeing or even touching them.'

'Them?'

'Oh yes, each Team Overseer wants a multiple conception so that he can win the prize when he puts you in as his entry for the annual Belly Show. So they put you on a course of fertility pills.'

'My God!' cried Penelope.

'Drom the excited cries from Burka when they used to run the scanner over my tummy, I must have been carrying more than one. The Master seemed very pleased, too. In the event, Burka was very angry with me for only once winning him the prize for the prettiest belly!'

'Oh!' gasped Penelope and Chantalle in horror. 'And you were really never allowed to see or touch your ... progeny?" asked Chantalle.

'Oh no, we're here only to think about pleasing the Master, not worry about our ... progeny. And anyway after delivery I always had to become one of the Team's milkmaids - producing milk for the Master and competing for our team in the competition to produce the most milk.'

'Oh, how awful, for you,' murmured Penelope.

'Oh don't worry about me,' laughed Ruth, 'think more about yourselves. I expect Burka's got it all planned out for you both - another Christian matched pair in his team both Expecting Happy Events for their Master and then being his milkmaids. He'll be aiming for you both having twins or triplets and all for the honour of the Blue Team and to earn Burka yet more tips from the Master. But I doubt if the Master will have you both secretly fertilised. I expect he'll keep you back for a special occasion! A matched pair being made to conceive simultaneously!'

'Simultaneously mated!' exclaimed Chantalle in horror. 'You mean as a spectacle?'

'Yes, That's what he did with our Dutch mother and daughter, Numbers 20A and 20B,' replied Ruth, pointing to the other chained pair.

'So they really are a mother and daughter,' said Chantalle. 'Poor things!'

'Yes, a young European mother and her daughter are considered to be a rare prize even in a rich man 's harem. Now they're both being made to Expect a Happy Event for the amusement of the Master - his "fascinating hobby", as he calls it.'

The horrified Penelope and Chantalle were hanging on her every word.

'Yes, the swine really enjoys experimenting in mating his Christian girls with various black studs or in the case of our mother and daughter with the same one.

'Oh no!' cried Penelope and Chantalle in unison. 'The same black sire?'

'Yes, they both conceived by the same giant black Dinka and on the same day.'

'But didn't they object?' said Chantalle rather naively.

'Ha!' laughed Ruth. 'They had no more say in the matter than I did.'

'But why?' cried Penelope. 'Why?'

'Because, traditionally, rich Sheikhs and Pashas used despised Christian girls to produce their black mulatto servants.'

'But how awful!' cried Penelope.

'But, anyway, I expect you'll both be safe for a time,' Ruth laugh. 'The Master will first want to use you both for himself a few times first!

'Use us!' gasped Chantalle, thinking of her husband. 'But how can we escape?'

'There is no escape! The eunuchs, the high wall, the television cameras and all the clever electronic alarms, make escape quite impossible. And anyway where would you go with no money or passports?'

'To the French Embassy, of course!' cried Chantalle.

'And how would find it or get there?' asked Ruth bitterly.

'Well ...' Chantalle stammered.

'Don't forget that here in the increasingly fundamentalist North Africa, women are not allowed out of their houses alone. So with your registration number as an indentured servant prominently tattooed on the backs of your hands and the Master's crest engraved on your collars, you'd soon be picked up by the police in the streets - or at any airport or port. And as there's a big reward for detaining an indentured servant, you'd be held by anyone getting suspicious.'

'Oh!' cried Penelope in despair.

'And the punishment in the harem for even trying to escape is to be "cut" as the black eunuchs call it.

'Cut? queried Chantalle. 'What do you mean? What was cut?'

'The sensitive tip of her clitoris!' replied Ruth '

'What!' cried Penelope and Chantalle together.

'Yes and that's a relatively minor form of the full female circumcision that they still carry out on women here in Africa. So be warned!'

'Mon Dieu!' cried Chantalle. 'Mon Dieu!'

'And these awful black men and boys,' asked Penelope, 'are they all eunuchs?'

'Yes! And they hate us women, white and Arab alike.'

There was a long pause whilst Penelope and Chantalle thought about their future life in the Prince's harem.

'And there's another thing I must warn you about. Don't let the eunuchs catch you or even suspect you of ... playing with yourselves. Never even touch yourselves or put your hands below the bedclothes.'

'But that is absurd, we are not little children,' objected Chantalle in her precise French way.

'Oh yes you are here - in the eyes of the eunuchs. Be very careful. Remember that the little television camera in the dormitory is recording your every movement even at night. And there's even a special eunuch, Patak, who patrols the dormitories all night.'

'Goodness!' cried Penelope.

'So you see both the eunuchs and the Master put masturbating, or even being suspected of it, on a par with deceiving the Master. Here a woman must only get pleasure from her Master and anything is regarded as adultery and a slur on his honour.'

'But that's silly,' cried Chantalle.

'May be, but only recently Number 12 in the Green Team was caught masturbating by her overseer whilst he was out of the room. She's a very pretty young Austrian who was married to a handsome young man before she ended up here. There she is, the second girl from the left in the Green Team.'

'Oh yes,' murmured Penelope.

'Well, not only did the Master order her to be thrashed with the rattan cane in front of us, as a lesson to us all, but also he ordered her to be cut.'

'Just for masturbating?' cried Penelope.

'Yes,' answered Ruth, 'just for masturbating.'

30 - MOTHER AND DAUGHTER - BOTH MOTHERS-TO-BE

'Are many of the other girls here Lebanese Christians?' asked Chantalle, hoping to find a French speaking friend.

'No, just me, but in the Green Team there's a Coptic Christian girl. She was working as a secretary for a Japanese firm, and found herself being presented to the Master by her employers as a bribe to help win a contract.'

'Poor girl,' murmured Penelope.

'And she was just about to get married to a young Christian boy of her own age.'

'How awful!' cried Chantalle. 'But would the Prince not let her go?'

'Certainly not! The fact that she was in love with a Christian boy made him all the more determined to keep her in his harem for his own private use.'

'Oh!' cried Penelope shocked, thinking of how the Prince had questioned her about Charles.

'Traditionally, rich Moslems have always liked to keep married or engaged Christian women locked up in their harems. It makes them feel superior - as if they are paying back for all the insults and humiliations that Christians have heaped upon them in the past.

'And in the case of the engaged Coptic girl?' asked Penelope naively.

'The Master also tricked her betrothed into entering his service and then had ... his manhood sewn down, surgically.'

'What!' cried Penelope and Chantalle simultaneously.

'It's an old custom - an alternative to castration,' explained Ruth. 'The boy keeps his testicles and feels like a man - but with his manhood kept harmlessly sewn down between his legs he can't ... have an erection.'

'Oh how cruel!' cried Penelope.

'That's the whole idea,' laughed the Lebanese girl. 'The Master comes of a cruel race and, in his harem, his manhood is the only one that can ever be erect!'

'Oh!' cried Chantalle, blushing.

'The Master comes from a race that in the past believed in killing captured Christian men, in castrating the boys and youths and in enslaving the women. Now there's this modern way, they say, of putting a hatred Christian into his place - and keeping him there with his manhood quite helpless.'

'So the boy was kept ... quite helpless?'

'Yes, the Master even made him help his girl friend's Team Overseer to wash and prepare her for his pleasure, washing her and then escorting her to his bed. He had to stand on guard outside the door whilst

the Master was enjoying himself with his fiancè and then, when he rang, he'd have to take her to the bathroom and wash out the Master's seed!'

'Oh! it must have been so humiliating for him,' murmured Chantalle.'

'And for the poor girl!' murmured Penelope. 'But how about the Moslem girls in the harem?'

'Oh, they feel much superior to us Christian girls. That's why the other Arab girl refused to speak to you.'

'But who are they?' asked Chantalle.

'Well, some of the Arab girls are well known Cairo singers or belly dancers who were tricked like me into becoming the Master's indentured servants. Others are the daughters of men eager to please the Master and proud to have a daughter in the harem of such of rich and important man.'

'And what happened to the women who used to be our numbers before us. What happened to the previous Number 14? Or to your predecessor as Number 34?'

'Shush! It's a very delicate subject. If you ever ask a eunuch you'll be beaten on the spot for Unbecoming Curiosity. All I know is that girls do disappear from the harem, but what happens to them none of us know. It's a very frightening prospect.'

'But just who is this wretched all-powerful Prince ... I mean, Master - and where are we?' cried Penelope.

'Shush!' cried Ruth again, 'or you'll be beaten with the rattan cane if the eunuchs hear you refer to like that. We must always speak about him as "our kind Master" and address him as 'Your Highness'

- even in his bed. As for who he is, none of his us know his real name - nor just where this palace is.

'And remember,' she added, 'never to speak to the Master unless he speaks to you first. You're merely a woman! And never be rude to a eunuch.' She pointed to one of television cameras. 'The Master likes to watch them treating us like naughty little girls. As is usual in a harem, he's given the eunuchs complete control of his concubines. You'll find they're very touchy about their lack of education and the loss of their manhood. So, always remember that they are all powerful and try not to antagonise them.'

Horrified, Penelope and Chantalle nodded.

Just then there was a chinking of a chain as the pretty mother and daughter came over, their swollen bellies and breeding belts framed in their hanging pearl ropes.

'You really sound like an Englishwoman,' the mother exclaimed in surprise. 'English is the second language of the harem.,but we've never had a real English girl here before!'

'And I'm a Frenchwoman,' cut in Chantalle proudly.

'I'm Martha,' said the mother, 'and this is my daughter, Dolly.'

Then, realising her mistake in using her and her daughter's Christian names, looked around in horror anxiously to see if any of the eunuchs might have overheard.

Relieved, she pointed to the brands on her own and her daughter's tummies and went on: 'But as you can see, we're now just Numbers 20A and 20B, kept chained together as a prize matched pair ever since we awoke to find ourselves locked up in the harem - like you two.'

Kept chained together - a mother and daughter! How awful, thought Penelope. She remembered how Ruth had said they had been mated simultaneously. Would they also have to deliver their ... progeny ... still chained together? How dreadful! How wicked for the Prince to treat them like this - and how humiliating it must be for them!'

'Welcome to the Master's harem,' whispered young Dolly with a smile. Like her mother, she spoke fluent English with an educated accent.

'But you look so young to be in the harem and to ...'

'Be expecting a Happy Event,' the daughter completed Penelope's sentence bitterly. 'Yes I'm only sixteen and I was just a schoolgirl when mother and I were unsuspectingly lured here.'

'But that's terrible ... to be shut up here in the harem when you're still so young - and to be made pregnant,' exclaimed Chantalle angrily. 'And to be forced to carry your ... '

'...black foal,' said the girl. She put her hand down to her breeding belt and scratched at it madly in vain. Then she hastily withdrew it when she saw that Burka had quietly come up behind her.

'That's all right, little girl,' he laughed and then added in his strong accent, 'You go on scratching away at belt. You can do nothing to stop little progeny growing nicely. Just like that of mother.'

'You swine, you ... ' cried the girl.

'Shush!' whispered her mother nervously, but luckily Burka had turned away again. 'You little fool,

you nearly got us both beaten with the cane for Impudence to a Eunuch. You know they don't hesitate to thrash us - even in our state!'

'Yes, I'm sorry, Mummy,' murmured Dolly, calming down. She turned to Penelope and Chantalle. 'I can tell you, that cane hurts like hell - and, as Mummy says, being expectant doesn't let you off either.'

But,' added Martha, 'it's not only the pain. It's also the humiliation of having to bend over and then being beaten on your bare bottom in front of all the harem - with the Moslem girls grinning at a Christian woman being punished.'

'And, when the Master comes to watch, having to put your head under his robe to pleasure him as he watches your mother being thrashed. It's the only time when the chain linking us is unfastened. It's so awful feeling his manhood swelling in your mouth every time you hear a stroke of the cane.'

'Oh, how dreadful,' said Chantalle. 'Everything is so terrible here!'

'Yes,' whispered Dolly, looking round to check that Burka was no longer listening, 'but it's not so awful once you get used to it! It's what you're missing that makes it so terrible. I'll never again know the excitement of buying and showing off a new dress, of being taken out by a boy or of going to a party or a dance. Now I'm kept half naked to excite one man, the only man I'm allowed to see, a man who's old enough to be my grandfather.' She blushed. 'This old man took my virginity, in front of my mother. Then, just for his amusement, he had me mated at the same time as my mother - in front of his friends and with the same huge black man. It's all too horrible to think about - and meanwhile I feel that my whole youth is slipping away.'

'Oh, poor thing!' murmured Penelope.

'Like you I'm destined to be kept locked up in this harem until he tires of me or dies and then I'll probably be kept locked up in the harem of one of his dependents. It's an awful prospect and ... '

Just then Burka came quietly padding behind them.

'I was so honoured to be allowed to offer my virginity to my wonderful Master,' the girl suddenly said in a loud voice, 'and so pleased when I was chosen to Expect a Happy Event with my mother. We are so happy being kept chained together, as a Matched Pair of concubines, for our Master's delight'

Satisfied with what he had heard, Burka went off to speak to Malaka.

'Not only haven't I seen or heard a young man since I came here a year ago,' continued the daughter, now again in a whisper, 'but I haven't even been allowed to read about one, or see a photograph of one, in a magazine or video. The eunuchs are nervous lest we start getting a crush on some pop star instead of on our Master.'

'Yes,' added Martha. 'We're just here to satisfy his feeling of power in being pleasured by a white mother and daughter and by both of us being forced to expect ... a Happy Event.'

'But how did you both end up here?' asked Chantalle'

'I was so silly!' replied the mother remorsefully. 'I'm Dutch, you see. My husband died and I was engaged to be married to my new love, a Dutch businessman. He suddenly had to go off abroad and then, skiing in Zermatt, my daughter and I met a charming young Frenchman. He told us he was involved in a Tourist publicity project in Tangier that featured a pretty mother and daughter - and that we would be ideal for the roles. He said we would earn a large sum of money and urged us to come to Tangier to meet his associates.'

Both Penelope's and Chantalle's eyes opened wide.

'And,' added the daughter, 'he told us not to tell any one where we were going or the deal would fall through!'

'Pierre!' cried Penelope and Chantalle together.

'Yes,' answered the mother and daughter together, 'Pierre!'

There was a pause as both matched pairs looked at each with sudden understanding.

'So you, too, were tricked by that swine into entering the Master's harem, just like us!' whispered Martha. 'That explains what he was doing here yesterday, when the Master had Burka parade us in front of him and proudly showed him our tummies.'

'It was so embarrassing, 'added her daughter in a whisper.

'But at least it resulted in the Master choosing us to finish up his breakfast today. It was the first time that either of us had tasted meat or bread since he last chose us to clean his plate - a month ago.'

'You mean we are not allowed any meat or ... ' cried Penelope.

'Shush!' said Dolly in a low voice, 'or the eunuchs will think you are criticising them or the Master -

and that'll mean the terrible cane!

'Yes,' Martha said in a loud voice, 'our kind Master allows us fruit and yoghurt to keep us healthy and slim - and, as we're both Expecting a Happy Event, as Burka calls it, he allows us to have extra amounts to feed our progeny.' Then she lowered her voice. 'It's awful really, almost like being on a liquid diet. It's to keep us clean, for the Master really enjoys humiliating 'his Christian dogs' by taking them from behind as if they were boys - and even, as we both learned, when you're Expecting a Happy Event as well!'

She pointed to the tiny chains that came up either side of her breeding belt and disappeared behind her back.

'All the Christian girls are kept ready and stretched behind for the Master's pleasure.'

'Oh no!' cried Penelope in genuine horror. No one had ever done that to her. 'How disgusting!'

'It makes you feel very submissive and helpless - that's why he does it.'

'Yes,' added Dolly bitterly. 'I hated him at first, but now I just fear him. He has complete power over me.' She pointed down to her protruding bare tummy. 'Look what he's had done to me - a young school girl!'

'And, ' whispered her mother, 'it was so awful being made by Burka's whip to have to lick his manhood from underneath whilst it was taking my daughter's precious virginity.'

'And Burka makes me lick the Master's backside whilst he's taking my mother,' whispered the daughter. 'I expect Burka will teach you both to do that too!'

'But that's ghastly!' cried Penelope.

'It's no worse than what you'll have to do soon, now that the team is about to start duty in the Master's bathroom for a week,' replied the young girl with a shudder. 'The ... facilities are not quite what you'd expect - the loos are Turkish style ones.'

Penelope blinked, not understanding what the girl meant.

'And look at us now,' interrupted Martha quietly, pointing to her daughter's belly and her own. 'And all this just for his amusement! It's too awful for words!'

'And, blindfolded so that I couldn't see it, I had to lick the Dinka's manhood before it was inserted into my mother!' cried Dolly. 'Imagine that!'

'And of me licking it before it was then, again erect and potent, inserted into my daughter! But the terrible truth is that, hate the cruel, gross, and repulsive-looking monster as you may, he's the only man we're ever going to see again. We're branded with his crest. We're his property, his indentured servants, to all intents and purposes his slaves. We'll never be free or escape ... So is it surprising that I find myself longing for his touch and dreaming of him?'

'And I dream about him, too,' admitted Dolly, blushing again. 'It's partly those pictures everywhere on the wall. The last thing you see at night in the dormitory and the first thing you see in the morning.'

'Yes, they really understand women in this part of the world,' added Martha. 'I'm scared stiff of the Master and of his eunuchs, but I also simply can't help secretly admiring him. All the women in the hare do. He's so strong and virile! So ruthless! It makes you jealous, jealous of the other women and especially jealous of the other teams.'

'Oh!' gasped Penelope.

'But why are we all here now?' asked Chantalle, changing the subject. 'What's going to happen?'

'No one seems to know,' answered Dolly tactfully, eyeing Penelope’s still untouched belly.

Martha did not want to scare the new arrivals by telling them the truth. 'When I asked Burka, he just raised his whip menacingly.'

'But parades of all the women are held for special events such as a beating with the cane,' Dolly was clearly nervous. 'We're all wondering if we've done something to merit it. You never know if it's you that's going to be beaten - until you're called forward to bend over. It's very frightening.'

Indeed, how terrifying it all was, thought Penelope. How awful to be so utterly in the power of such a cruel and ruthless man - and of his eunuchs.

Once again she could not stop herself from glancing up at the portrait - and at the rattan cane. She too began to wonder about the touch his hands, about the horrific ways it seemed that she would have to please him with Chantalle.

Was she just repelled at the prospect, or somehow, perhaps, already excited by it?

PART VII - PENELOPE EXPERIENCES THE FULL HORROR OF THE HAREM

31 - BRANDED!

'Silence!' ordered Malaka. 'Kneel up at Attention!'

The women all dutifully knelt up silently on their heels on the coloured leather cushions. As usual, they clasped their hands behind their necks at the back of their collars. It was a pretty position that showed off their breasts, with their painted or ringed nipples peaking round the sides of their open boleros.

There was sudden gasp from the four teams of women as into the main room harem came a huge burly Negro. He was naked to the waist except for a long thick leather apron that hung from his neck and was tied round his waist. His powerful, and well-oiled, shoulder and arm muscles glistened.

He was the blacksmith from the Prince's stables.

Behind him a colleague was wheeling in a portable gas fired furnace. He placed it near the posts in the punishment area that Penelope had noticed earlier. The coals were already red hot and gave out a considerable amount of heat.

There was further gasps from the petrified watching women as the Negro blacksmith now thrust what seemed to be several long handled branding irons into the forge. He started turning them over and inspecting them as they, too, became red hot.

Suddenly Malaka shouted a warning in Arabic and a second later in English.

'His Highness entering the harem! Down!'

The women, kneeling up on their cushions, lowered their heads right down and raised their buttocks, their hands still humiliatingly clasped behind their necks. It was, they knew well, a punishable offence to look uninvited at the Master and not to show abject servility in his presence.

At the same time the four Team Overseers were quickly snapping leads onto the rings at the back of their Christian women's collars, or in the case of Burka's two matched pairs, snapping a lead onto the chain that already linked their collars. It was, of course, a strict harem rule that Christian women must be on a lead in the presence of the Prince.

Within moments all was in order.

There was complete silence as the Prince slowly entered the main harem room, followed by Rosebud.

How convenient it was, the Prince was thinking, to have a young European valet who could accompany his Master into the harem without the risk of the sight of so much erotic nakedness giving him an embarrassing erection.

As usual the Prince was dressed in his full regal Arab dress of a thin black cloak edged with gold trimming, over an immaculate and white silken robe that buttoned up the front with small knoblike buttons. He wore a white Arab head dress held in place by the traditional ropes interlaced with gold. Also as usual, he was wearing sunglasses that hid his cruel eyes, which were darting from side to side as he walked slowly down towards the comfortable chair that awaited him in the punishment area.

Behind the prostrate and motionless women stood their four young Team Overseers. Each was still holding in one hand the leads attached to his Christian women's collars and in the other his dog whip, now raised in salute - and at the ready.

Daringly peering through her fingers, Penelope thought she had never seen such a scene of male domination over women, a scene based on fear and discipline. And to think this large fearsome and repulsive man with his podgy face and a goatee beard was now her Master! And she was his registered indentured servant, the number tattooed on her the back of her hands being registered with the police.

Not was she alone in having such thoughts. She could feel Chantalle trembling alongside her. And on her other side, even the Lebanese girl who, in her several years in the harem, must have seen many scenes, was trembling with the uncertainty of what was going to happen and to whom.

The Prince slowly made his way to the throne-like chair. Rosebud helped the large man to sit down on it. Malaka bowed to him.

'Your Harem, Your Highness, is present and correct.'

Then he turned to the kneeling women.

'Teams Report!'

The women in each team then called out together their team motto.

There was a ringing noise from belled bracelets and then the cry: 'Green Team loves and adores their Master!'

'Red Team enlarge their breasts for their Master's delight.'

'Yellow Team enjoy presenting their shiny heads for their Master's delight.' This was followed by a tinkling of their nose bells as they shook their heads to draw attention to the Prince's crest and their harem numbers, both prettily tattooed on their bald craniums.

Oh how dreadful, Penelope was thinking, but she had little time for further thoughts as, with a tinkling noise, the rest of the Blue Team shook their hanging breasts. Penelope felt Burka's whip touch her bottom. Hastily she, too, shook her breasts. Oh the humiliation! Then came the cry: 'Blue Team only lives to please the Master!'

Oh, what a creed, thought Penelope, but she realised that it would sum up the whole purpose of her life from now on.

There was a pause.

'Kneel up at Attention' ordered Malaka.

Four teams of women raised their heads and shoulders, and knelt up once again, with their hands clasped innocently behind their necks and their breasts thrust out past their open boleros.

'Show respect to the Master!' was the next order.

The women now all raised themselves up on their knees and parted them. Some teams were displaying their hairless, painted beauty lips, or shiny breeding belts through their cut away harem trousers or, in the case of the Blue team, above their leggings. The naked and bald headed Yellow Team, had to lift up the little bark modesty flaps hanging down in front of their bellies.

Penelope felt a warning touch of Burka's dog whip on her bottom and hastened to part her legs too. Oh the shame!

'Silver Ribbon! Do your duty!' ordered Malaka.

There was a slight pause and then a very pretty Siamese girl from the Red Team, a silver ribbon proudly fluttering from her collar, ran towards the Prince, her enlarged breasts bouncing. Penelope looked on in wonder. Later she would learn that Silver Ribbon was the lucky girl, the pride of her team, into whose mouth, backside or beauty lips the Prince had most recently climaxed.

The girl knelt humbly on the cushion in front of the seated Prince. She shook her breasts provocatively as if to arouse him and then slowly, starting at the bottom, began to unbutton the front of his white robe.

Moments later a deeply shocked Penelope saw the girl's head rising and falling. Was she really sucking the Prince's manhood? In front of all the other women and the eunuchs! Would she herself, one day, have to serve the Prince in such a servile way? Could she ever bring herself to do it? Or would fear of Burka's whip drive any hesitation away?

'Prize milkmaid! Do your duty!' now ordered Malaka.

Again there was a slight pause and Ruth got up and ran up to the Prince. The bells hanging from her nipples were tinkling merrily. She now stood by the side of her Master, leaning forward so that her blue veined breasts, with their beautifully painted nipples, were rising and falling only inches away from her Master's mouth.

Evidently, Penelope realised, nipple rings not withstanding, Ruth was ready to provide her Master with refreshing sustenance as he watched whatever was to follow. Would she, one day, be expected to have to offer her milk to the Prince? Oh my God!

'Bring forward Numbers 7 and 14 from the Blue Team!' now ordered the chief black eunuch.

Penelope gasped, but before she could do or say anything, she felt a sharp little stroke of Burka's whip across her buttocks. Immediately he repeated the stroke across Chantalle's buttocks.

'Down!' he ordered. 'On hands and knees!'

Awkwardly, because of the ivory plugs up their backsides, Penelope and Chantalle got off the big cushion and dropped to their knees, alongside each other. Burka pulled taut the lead fastened to the two girls' neck chain.

Then, tapping both their buttocks with his whip, he ordered: 'Crawl forward!'

Driven on by their overseer's whip, both women humbly crawled past their Master's chair to the posts,

their nipple bells ringing happily beneath them. Penelope blushed at the thought that this was the first time that her now naked hanging breasts had been seen by the Prince, her Master. Oh the shame!

Burka now ordered them to stand up in front of the two posts. Their arms were fastened high above their heads so that they had to stand on the tips of their toes. With their arms stretched above them, their little open boleros no longer even partly hid their breasts. They both blushed, for their leggings left their tummies and hairless beauty lips quite bare.

Penelope realised it was the first time that the man who was now her Master and who had presumably paid Pierre a large sum for her, had seen just what he had bought - except on the internal television, of course. She could see he was looking quizzically at her body. She longed to stare him out defiantly. But she was too shy. Instead she found herself blushing once again and lowering her eyes in a gesture of submission.

But worse was to follow, for her ankles were now strapped wide apart. At the same time the restraining chain holding the ivory plug up her rear orifice was removed. But it was still held firmly in place by her sphincter muscles gripping the plug's indented ring. Oh the shame of having to stand in front of the Prince like this!

She was now pushed back against the post. She felt the leather pad pressing against the small of her back. It made her thrust out her bare belly almost obscenely.

But that was not all, for straps were now passed round each of her naked thighs, holding them rigid and wide apart. Another strap from the post was fastened round her chest, just below her breasts. She found that she could hardly move a muscle.

Chantalle was now similarly secured identically to the next door post, their collar chains hanging loosely between them. Why, Penelope wondered, had they both been brought here to be displayed like this before the Prince?

Penelope heard the Prince say something in Arabic to his chief eunuch. Malaka reached forward and parted her beauty lips, pulling out yet further the ring through her clitoris. She cried out in protest and tried to look down to see just what he was doing. But Malaka put his cane under her chin, making her raise her head.

'Look straight ahead,' he admonished. Then he repeated the process with Chantalle. Soon he was standing there between them, facing the Prince, with his cane tucked under his arm, whilst he held Penelope's clitoris ring with his right hand and Chantalle's with his left. Penelope felt so utterly ashamed at being handled in this way - and in front of all the other women.

As she stood there, her clitoris pulled forward and looking straight ahead at the wall, she was horrified to see, out of the corner of her eye, the ponderous figure of the Prince slowly rise. She gasped as she saw that his stiffly erect manhood was proudly poking out of between the folds of his now open robe. She had never, she realised, seen an Arab manhood before. It was dark, short and stubbly - and certainly thicker and firmer than Charles's rather weak and thin one.

She blushed at the thought that it was her nakedness, her clitoris ring and her nipple bells and those of Chantalle, that were responsible for the Prince's evident state of arousal.

She heard gasps from around the room as the women caught a glimpse of their Master's erect manhood - the only manhood that they were ever allowed to see, or touch, or feel!

He came slowly up to the two helpless young women - his latest matched pair. As he did so, Malaka handed him the two women's clitoris rings and then with the fingers of his right hand he held Penelope's beauty lips wide apart and, with the fingers of his left hand, he held Chantalle's equally apart. The Prince felt each woman carefully.

Then he ran his hand over each woman's soft little belly and over her ringed breasts, his manhood become increasing aroused as he did so. As it did so, so too did the excitement of the watching women, their little cries of jealous frustration growing louder and louder.

Both helpless women felt so utterly ashamed and degraded at being handled like this in front of the other women, that they scarcely noticed that the Prince had called out to the blacksmith.

Then he resumed his seat, reaching for the hair of the crouching Silver Ribbon and putting her mouth over his manhood. With a snap of his fingers he indicated to Silver Ribbon to resume her attentions and for the prize milkmaid to offer him her breasts.

Meanwhile the huge Negro blacksmith had turned back to the hot brazier. He now lifted something long and metallic from it. He was holding it with thick heavy gloves, as if it was very hot. Indeed, at the far end it was gleaming red.

Suddenly Penelope realised that the blacksmith was holding a branding iron! It was the sort of old fashioned branding iron that she had seen as a child being used on animals on her uncle's farm.

She and Chantalle had been brought here and secured to the posts to be branded! That was why that swine of a Prince had come! He had to watch the arousing spectacle and was actually being pleasured as he watched - the unutterable bastard! That was why they both so rigidly secured to the posts, with their thighs held well apart and their bellies thrust forward.

'No! No!' she screamed.

'Non! Non!' screamed Chantalle.

'Please Master, No! I'll do anything you like but don't do this to me.' Penelope cried.

'No, Sir, how will I ever be able to face my husband again?' cried Chantalle, making the Prince smile, albeit cruelly, for the first time since he had entered his harem.

The two girls must gone on screaming like this for almost a minute whilst the Prince laughed and held the head of the girl under his robes tighter to his body and played with the overflowing nipples of the prize milkmaid.

Then the two young women felt their arms being raised even higher above their heads, pulling their belly muscles even more taut.

They screamed again as the huge blacksmith again pulled out a branding iron. He pointed to the gleaming red hot end and shook his head. Penelope heard the Prince say something to him in Arabic. He nodded and put it back into the furnace.

Her Master had cancelled her branding! He was a kind man after all. He had responded to her desperate pleadings, had taken pity on her and Chantalle and had changed his mind! Their soft little tummies would remain unmarked.

Then just as these reassuring thoughts were flashing through her mind, Malaka suddenly dropped a thick hood over her head. She was now in utter darkness. But why? Why had she been hooded if she was not now going to be branded?

She heard the watching women again catching their breath; heard the eager falsetto voices of the eunuchs, laughing. She heard the deeper voice of the Prince, the wonderful Prince who had decided to spare her the pain and ignominy of being branded. She relaxed with relief. She could feel her whole body relaxing, even though it was still pulled taut.

Suddenly she felt an indescribable pain across her belly. There was a smell of burning flesh, like burning pork. Wafts of smoke rose up under her hood. She screamed and screamed as the pain continued.

She was being branded after all! The brand was being held pressed against her tummy. Her skin was burning! The gesture of putting the brand back into the furnace had been a little joke to make her relax all the better for the branding iron.

She screamed and screamed.

What must have been only a matter of seconds seemed unbelievable hours.

Suddenly the iron was removed. The pain eased. Oh thank God, she thought. But then suddenly the iron was replaced by another one - this time placed above the navel. Again she screamed. Then it, too, was removed. Penelope sagged against the branding post almost unconscious.

There was a long pause and then suddenly she heard the frantic screams of Chantalle. The same tricks had been played on her to get her tummy muscles relaxed for the branding iron.

Both their blindfolds were removed. They saw the Prince sitting comfortable in front of them. With one hand he was holding a milk laden breast to his mouth. With the other he was still holding the Silver Ribbon girl tight to his open robe. She could see his erect manhood. His face was flushed as he admired the two fresh brands.

My God, thought Penelope, the bastard had actually been enjoying sexual satisfaction from watching them being branded! Oh the swine! The sheer and utter swine!

Penelope saw, as if in a dream, that the blacksmith was standing back, smiling, a still smoking branding iron in his hand - Chantalle's second iron! He and Malaka were nodding to each other in clear admiration for a job well done.

The blacksmith thrust the iron into a bucket of water in which there already another iron - the first one! There was spurt of steam from the bucket. He lifted up the irons. Penelope saw that on the end of one was the Prince's crest of crossed scimitars with in a ring and in the other a slot for Arabic numbers to be inserted - also surrounded by a ring

Still sobbing, she could hardly bear to look at them. Then she saw the Prince hand the blacksmith some money - a tip for successfully branding two new women!

She saw Malaka was now stirring some powders into little pots. The powders were black, blue and green. Apprehensive, she wished she could edge away, but was still held helpless with her belly still thrust forward.

Malaka bent down. He had a brush in one hand and the pots of pigment in the other. Slowly and deliberately he began to brush the pigments into the scars of her brand. It stung and she again cried out with the pain. But Malaka paid no attention, quietly brushing the coloured pigments deep into the brand mark, whilst the Prince watched approvingly.

Greatly daring, she tried to look down at her tummy. She could make a brand mark just below her navel. It was in the shape of the Prince's green crest - within a black circle. Above her navel she could make out the Arabic numbers for 14, in blue - again within a black circle.

Then Malaka repeated the process on Chantalle's brand.

'Your Highness,' minutes later Penelope heard Malaka formally report, 'Numbers 7 and 14, new recruits for the Blue Team, having each now signed contract as one of your indentured servants, and having been marked and registered with the police, have now also been marked for ever as your property and as members of the Blue Team.'

Marked forever as his property! Signed contracts as one of his indentured servants! Registered with the police! The words echoed through Penelope's shocked brain. Oh my God. What fool she had been to ever go to ever Tangier, to have done so without telling anyone and to have ever trusted Pierre.

32 - THE HEALING OF THE BRAND

'Number 27! Step forward!'

Penelope looked up and saw that a strangely beautiful young woman was standing at Attention in front of the Prince, her hands clasped behind her neck. Her head was bald and a big brass ring with a bell was hanging from her nose. She was naked except for a little strip of bark hanging over her beauty lips.

Penelope guessed she must be European, for from under the bark tiny chains led back to the small of her back. She recognised them as the ones that white women had to wear in the harem to keep their horrible ivory plugs in place.

She made an erotic sight - a white version of a Negress from a primitive African village.

The Arabic numerals for two and seven, branded on the girl's belly, were in yellow and Yoka, the strict young overseer of the Yellow Team, was holding her on a lead. Her breasts were heavy and blue veined. Goodness was she also in milk - like poor Ruth?

'Your Highness,' Malaka reported to the Prince, 'Number 27 from Yellow Team having successfully delivered her ordered progeny and now being in milk, begs to bear one Red Star on her belly!'

The Prince nodded. 'Granted!' he replied.

Penelope heard a sharp intake of breath. It had come from her friends in the Blue Team, the mother and daughter. Were they thinking with dread of having to be, before long, the leading participants in a similar scene? How dreadful for them.

'Number 27!' came the Yoka's high pitched voice. 'Crawl forward to branding post!'

The girl burst into tears. She turned towards the Prince, her Master.

'Oh, please spare me, Your Highness,' she begged pitifully. 'Please, not another brand mark!'

The Prince smiled cruelly. It was always more amusing when the women were reluctant and terrified - especially if they were white. Shocked by this display of ill-discipline by one of his team, Yoka brought his dog whip down hard across the girl's naked bottom.

'You keep silent!' he screamed. 'Crawl to branding post!' He led the sobbing and once blonde girl up to another of the posts in front of the Prince's chair. Penelope saw, as she expected, the ring at the end of the ivory plug between the girl's buttocks - held in place by the locked chains.

Despite the girl's tears, she was looking proudly up at the other women, especially at those white women whose bellies were bereft of any red stars - yet!

Penelope watched in horror as the girl was fastened to a post. Her belly was held thrust forward - just like hers. Her bark modesty flap was removed, leaving her hairless mound and beauty lips on display.

Her belly bore the signs of a recent stretch mark, but the surrounding black rings, the green crest and the yellow Arabic numerals for 27, were all well displayed.

The girl held her breath as the blacksmith came up to her with a red gleaming branding iron with just a little star at its tip. It seemed so small, but the girl screamed and screamed as it was applied alongside her harem number.

Once again Malaka painted the brand with pigment, this time bright red. The girl was now marked for ever as having been used once for the Prince's cruel hobby of breeding from his Christian harem women - her first time!

Penelope was feeling faint and week from the pain and shock. She hardly noticed as the Prince left. Together with Chantalle and Number 27, she was kept fastened to the branding posts for another hour. The pain gradually wore off - only to be replaced by a horrid itching feeling. She wanted to scratch like mad, but her arms were still fastened high above her head.

The eunuchs gathered round, laughing and admiring the scars that were beginning to form.

'The colours have taken ... perfectly,' Malaka said to her, as if to encourage her. 'Now I put on special ointment ... to keep colours bright ... and stop brand from healing over too quickly ... Your Master want to see pretty brand!'

He began to rub in the ointment. It also stung madly and Penelope began to sob again.

Malaka patted her head, as if she were a child.

'Good little girl ...you not cry ... you soon have pretty brand like Master's other women ... you soon learn to love your brand ... make you feel proud to belong to Master ... just like other white ladies ... brand make ladies love their Master!'

Penelope shook her head violently. She hated the Prince for what he had had done to her - and in front of him as he watched, with one woman licking him from below and another giving him her milk.

'You hate him now ... ' came the calm voice Malaka. 'But soon you proud he came to watch branding ... you happy to be Master's branded slave ... You masochist ... Just like other white ladies ... branding has extra big effect on white ladies ... so does sight of his manhood ... they now dream of nothing else but of serving Master!'

Was it true, Penelope asked herself? Was she really a masochist? Were the other European concubines masochists, too? Were most women? Did they enjoy being the slaves of a strong and powerful man - with a powerful manhood - once they knew there was no escape, and once they had been branded?

'Now we give you something to make you sleep,' came Malaka's voice. He held a glass to her lips. Soon still fastened to the post she felt very sleepy. She was vaguely aware of being unfastened, together with Chantalle, from the branding and punishment post, of her hands being strapped to her thighs and of being helped by Bursa to another room off the main harem room.

Penelope finally woke up. She had been dreaming of the Prince, now her Master and of his erect manhood. It had been a very vivid dream.

Lying there Penelope remembered what Malaka had said about being branded making her love her Master all the more. It was true, she thought. She would never be same again. Now she was her Master's marked property, like his branded horses and camels.

She and Chantalle were now in the little Sick Bay and Maternity Wing of the harem. They were under the care of the eunuch harem nurse and midwife, Nadu, though young Burka had come to see her as well.

Little did they realise that Nadu's interest in their bodies was more than that of a normal eunuch, for as well being a trained midwife, he had also been trained as an artificial inseminator. Indeed, as the breeding advisor to the Prince and to Malaka, he also kept a close eye on the young Team Overseer's breeding plans, checking on their calculations as to when a woman was ready to conceive and on their use of fertility pills.

It was also Nadu who, using the expensive scanner that bought him, confirmed conception, checked progress throughout the subsequent maternity and advised on the suitability of a woman for delayed delivery. He also supervised the delivery of her progeny.

He played, indeed, a very important role in the harem and in the Prince's fascination with breeding from his women. It would be long, Nadu felt, before the Prince called him in to advise about using these two beautiful creatures, too.

Penelope was once again lying in bed, alongside Chantalle. Both were naked except for little bed

jackets round their shoulders. Once again the chain linking their collars was fastened to a ring at the head of the bed. Their wrists were attached to leather straps running round their thighs, preventing them from getting at the itching brand marks on their bellies. Their ankles were chained wide apart to the foot of the bed so that they were kept lying helplessly on their backs.

She wondered what the scar would look like. Would it be pretty with a dark green crest contrasting with her vivid bright blue harem numbers - and all surrounded by a jet black-coloured circle? Would it attract the attention of her frightening Master? Would it help him remember which of his many girls she was? What a natural slut she was becoming. Was it the artificial atmosphere of the harem?

Her thoughts were interrupted by Nadu lifting up the sheet covering the two young women and looked closely at how their brands were coming on,

'Very nice,' he commented and patted them on the cheek.

It was a comment that Penelope was to hear again later when, first, the fearsome Malaka and then young Burka came to see how the two new arrivals were getting on.

'Good little girls! You soon have pretty brand to show your Master,' said Burka, proudly, as he lifted up the sheet.

Oh, how degrading it was for Penelope to be called a little girl by a little black boy half her age, and then for him to refer to her Master.

For three days Penelope and Chantalle were kept tied down in Nadu's harem sick bay whilst the multi-coloured scar formed and whilst the itching gradually ceased.

For two days Nadu continued to oversee their bodies, supervising their natural functions and spoon feeding them with a variety of mainly liquid foods.

As they lay helpless on their backs, both girls' eyes had constantly been taken by what they realised was the harem birthing chair that Ruth had told them about. It had a high back for the girl to lean against and straps at the top of the chair to which their hands could be fastened whilst they obediently strained to deliver their progeny. The seat had a large cut away and under it, the girls had been appalled to see, was a pretty wickerwork basket, lined with fresh straw.

But what really appalled them was that it was a double chair, with two identical cutaways, side by side and two baskets underneath them. Was this, they were both asking themselves in secret trepidation, to enable the awful eunuchs to foal two girls simultaneously?

On the third day, Malaka announced the brands were sufficiently formed to allow them 'to rejoin the other little girls in the Blue Team.'

They were unfastened from their bed and taken, still naked, over to a large mirror. There, they saw, just above their hairless mounds, the prominently branded black circle and within it the green coloured crest of their Master and above their navels another black ring containing the bright blue brand of Arabic numerals, their harem numbers: 7 and 14.

Each of them found herself putting a hand down to touch it wonderingly. The scar was so deep! No wonder it had hurt so much. The edges of the brand were sharp, making it, especially the Prince's crest, stand out against the whiteness of their soft little bellies.

'It's beautiful, I must admit,' murmured Penelope.

Chantalle nodded in agreement.

As they looked at it, both felt a strong sense of now belonging to the Prince forever. No matter what happened to them they would always bear his crest. Never would they be able to hide from another man that they had indeed belonged to the Prince, their Master. Both even began to feel proud that they had attracted the attention of such a fearsome man, despite his ownership of so many other beautiful women. Similarly, looking at the bright blue colour of their harem numbers, both began to feel proud of belonging to the Blue Team.

Malaka had said that being branded would change their attitude towards the Prince and to being kept in his harem. He was right. Both women could now think of little else but of him, of his sturdy manhood, of his power, his obvious wealth and of his ruthless and dominating personality.

But perhaps their feelings would have been different if they had understood Malaka's added instruction to Burka, this time spoken in Swahili.

'But before they join the team, I think His Highness would want to impose his manhood on them. Have them bitted and bridled for him this evening.'

33 - TAKEN BY THE MASTER

Later that day, Burka took both women to the Blue Team bathroom. He made them perform into their brass bowls. Then he removed their ivory plugs. Evidently pleased with what he regarded as the girls' now nicely stretched rear orifices, he washed, douched and oiled them both until they were spotless, inside and out - and delightfully slippery inside.

He now took them to the well-equipped salon of the harem hairdresser, Hurta, an intelligent youth whom the Prince had had specially trained as a beautician. Except that their hands were strapped to the arms of the chairs, the two young women might have been in a leading hairdressers in Paris or London.

Laughing and chattering away to Burka in Swahili, Hurta, washed, dried and combed the hair of the two silent girls so that it hung beautifully straight down their backs in the accepted harem style.

Then he made them up so that they looked like a pair of Eastern houris.

Malaka entered the salon. He was carrying what seemed to be two bridles, complete with bits and reins. Penelope saw that the bridles also had racing blinkers, to prevent a horse from seeing anything except right in front. But what on earth, she wondered naively, was he doing with these bridles here? There were no horses in the harem!

The answer came suddenly. Gripping her head, Malaka forced the rubber bit into her mouth with his thumb, reducing her to silence. Then he deftly passed the bridle that held the bit in place over her head. She tried to shake it off, but with her hands strapped to the arms of the chair, she could do nothing to stop him, as he locked the bridle in place with a small padlock behind her neck. Pressing down on her tongue and reducing her to silence was what seemed to be a metal tipped rubber flange,

The reins had been led back through little rings on her shoulders.

Now, he pulled on the reins, turning the bit in her mouth. Penelope immediately felt the metal tip of the rubber flange press painfully up against the roof of her mouth. She shook her head in angry dismay, but Malaka, with a laugh, simply pulled a little harder on the reins, making the flange press more painfully.

Beaten, she relaxed and immediately, as if teaching her a lesson, Malaka released the pressure on the reins, easing the pain in her mouth.

Penelope looked in the mirror. Horrified, she saw that the bridle consisted of a strap that went round her forehead. To stop it slipping down it was attached to another that went over the top of her head.

From the strap round her forehead, hung another smaller one that led down to the bridge of her nose where it divided into two with each one running down her cheek to the rings of the bit, giving her an animal-like appearance. Moreover, the two rings were also joined by another short strap that went tightly under her chin, keeping the bit in place and stopping the bridle from slipping up.

Running down from the sides of the strap round her forehead were two more straps to which were attached the blinkers which prevented her seeing anything except right in front of her.

As in a real old fashioned curb bit, long curved metal bars were attached to the ends of the rubber bit. The reins were attached to the rings at the end of these, resulting in the bit being slightly rotated when the reins were pulled, painfully raising the flange that normally lay on her tongue.

How very clever Penelope thought, and how cruel. But why had this awful contraption been put onto her?

But that was not all, for Malaka clipped another rein onto each of her nipple rings and led them up through rings on her shoulders to fasten onto the main rein. Now every time the reins were pulled, not only was the metal tipped flange raised in her mouth but her breasts were also painfully pulled upwards.

She realised she was completely under the control of the reins.

Malaka now fitted the other bridle, bit and nipple reins to Chantalle.

Then, making the girls stand up, Malaka told Burka to shorten their long collar chain that linked them, so that the two women were now held close against each other, with their shoulders touching.

A few minutes later Burka was driving the two women across the now deserted main harem room, towards a tall screen metal screen.

Nothing could be seen through it from the harem side, but on the other side, sitting comfortably, the Prince had a excellent view into the harem as the two prancing women came into sight, their hands again clasped behind their necks and their nipple bells tinkling,

As in the reins of carriages pulled by two horses, both left hand reins had been joined to form one master rein and both right hand reins joined together to form another. A grinning Burka was running behind them and cracking his long whip with one hand, whilst holding both master reins in the other.

Penelope was longing to call out and protest at the degrading way she and Chantalle, both educated European women, were being treated. But the bit and the flange pressing up in her mouth had reduced her to a complete animal-like silence.

'Halt!' cried Burka, pulling back sharply on the reins.

The two women were now standing, panting, right in front of the screen. Burka kept their reins taut, pulling their heads well up. They made an erotic sight.

Malaka now reappeared and bowed to the screen.

'Your Highness', he said in Arabic, 'the brands have taken very well.'

Proudly he pointed to the women's bare bellies above their leggings which as before only started at the top of the thigh, leaving their bellies and buttocks bare.

'Very good!' came a voice speaking slowly in heavily accented English. Penelope recognised it as that of the Prince. She blushed with embarrassment at again being displayed to him. 'Very good, indeed! You have done well, Malaka.'

That swine Malaka had done well! What about her and Chantalle? After all, whose belly was it that had been so cruelly branded? She longed to scream out, to tell that fat slob of a Prince just what she thought of him. But a little warning tug on the reins reminded her that she had now been reduced to silence. She stood there, blushing.

'You are too kind, Your Highness,' murmured Malaka. He would be getting an extra bonus from the Prince.

There was a pause and then Malaka coughed discreetly.

'The Blue Team is not on bedroom duties this week,' he said switching to Arabic so that Penelope and Chantalle would not understand, 'but if Your Highness is pleased with his new acquisitions, then may I respectfully suggest that he may like to consider immediately imposing his authority over them by ... riding them for his pleasure ... this evening?'

'An interesting idea!' came the Prince's idea.

'As Your Highness will see, they are both bitted, bridled and blinkered, ready to be ridden. They have also been specially prepared ... internally.'

'But,' said the Prince, still speaking in Arabic, 'I wouldn't want these sluts to get an exaggerated idea of their station in my harem.'

'No, of course, Your Highness. Any such preliminary breaking-in would not entitle either of them to receive the much coveted Silver Ribbon should Your Highness deign to use one of their bodies for his final pleasure.'

'Very well, then,' came a decisive voice. 'Take them to my bedroom. I feel like a little action!'

An hour later both women were kneeling chained alongside each other on a black satin sheet on the Prince's sumptuous bed.

Its silken luxury contrasted vividly with the harsh simplicity of the bunk beds of the team dormitories - and the contrast was intentional. The Prince liked his women to feel that, in his eyes, they were now little more than animals - no matter how much he may have paid to acquire them

At the head of the bed was a large mirror so that, when taking a Christian girl from behind, he could see the expression on her face. Similarly, a ceiling mirror enabled him, when lying back in his bed, to see the bodies of the women who, urged on by their young overseer's dog whip, were straining to pleasure him.

From the bed there was a spectacular view of mountains and of the sea through the barred windows of the bedroom. Not for him the restraining sight of the high wall that surrounded the harem quarters! But it was also a sight that emphasised to his concubines the helplessness of their incarceration in the harem.

A padded rod had been fastened across the bed behind the knees of the kneeling women, preventing them from moving backwards. Another went across the bed under their thighs to prevent them from making any movement forwards.

Their collars were still closely linked by their shortened chain. To stop them from kneeling up and to prevent them from trying to scratch a man mounting them, their wrists were fastened to straps at the head of the bed. Similarly, to prevent them from kicking out at anyone mounting them, their ankles were also

held down by straps.

Under their bellies was a long stiff leather bolster that served to keep their buttocks well raised. They were, thus, held down helpless, nervously proffering themselves to their Master, like mares in season proffering themselves to a stallion. But whereas as a mare in season may find herself proffering herself willingly, these two young women were having to do so under restraint.

They were still dressed in their blue little embroidered caps and boleros. Their leggings erotically left disclosed the sight of their hairless beauty lips - and carefully prepared and scented rear orifices.

The two women looked into the large mirror across the head of the bed. Two frightened creatures, bitted, bridled and blinkered stared back at them.

Burka was standing behind them at the foot of the bed, holding their reins as he waited.

Waited for what, Penelope was thinking anxiously.

She felt the boy give a slight tug on the reins. She felt the metal tipped bit in her mouth and the upwards tug on her breasts. Both women were made to practice raising their heads and arching their backs, with their bellies pressing against the leather pad underneath them. But why?

Suddenly Penelope heard heavy footsteps.

'So my two new fillies are ready to be broken-in and ridden by their Master for the first time, are they?' came a deep voice, speaking in heavily accented English.

It was the Prince! Her terrifying Master!

She longed to turn and look at him, but the blinkers prevented her from seeing behind without turning her head - something that the pull on her reins stopped her and Chantalle from doing.

The Prince took the proffered reins from Burka who now stood at the side of the bed, his whip raised, ready to enforce the Master's orders. The Prince gave a little squeeze on the reins. It was enough to make the two women realise that they were now under the control of a different person: their Master.

Unseen by the two women, Rosebud now untied the sash around the Prince's only garment, a scarlet brocade robe. The sight of the two helpless naked women, forced to proffer themselves so abjectly, had brought the Prince's manhood into erection - something that was completed by Rosebud discreetly reaching down.

'Slaves!' came the voice of the Prince as he firmly reined in the two women. As a horseman he knew the importance of keeping a reluctant horse on the bit. 'You keep heads up and backs arched downwards with buttocks thrust up. That way you accommodate your Master's manhood better.'

Penelope did not fully understand what he meant by "accommodate manhood better" but the reins were making her assume the required position anyway.

Suddenly she again felt a hand on her breasts hanging down beneath her. She realised it must be the Prince's. Evidently he was still holding the reins in his other hand. The hand moved to her nipples and began alternatively to rub them and then play with her nipple rings. Oh how she hated it, but she could not stop them going hard with arousal.

Oh, the thrill of a man playing with her nipples and then squeezing them! Oh, the shame of it being done by her revolting Master! But she could not help little shooting feelings of pain and pleasure going through her body. Oh the shame, as she felt herself proffering herself even more to her Master

Then she felt the Prince drop the reins. She felt her Master spreading his long arms to encompass the two slim women, one hand playing with each woman's outside nipple. Oh, the excitement! Soon she could hear Chantalle's reluctant moans of delight coming from beneath her companion's bridle and mixing with her own.

Then, with reins held tight again, she could feel her beauty lips becoming more and more moist as her own juices mixed with the oil that Burka had cleverly inserted there earlier on.

Obeying some primeval instinct, she could not prevent herself from wriggling her buttocks, proffering them in competition with those of Chantalle. It was a sight that was greeted by a grunt from the Prince.

She blushed, not so much at the way she was displaying her sensuality to her Master, but rather at having to do so in front of his two eunuch boys. Oh how awful!

She blushed again as she felt more hands, this time Rosebud's hands. They parted her buttocks even more and then held Master's manhood pressing against her well oiled and stretched rear passage. No! No! she tried in vain to scream. No one had ever done this to her. She tried to shake him off, but he now reined her back painfully as his manhood pressed ever more firmly against her.

Suddenly she screamed as she felt it suddenly thrust into her forcing its way up inside her. It was a

new feeling and one that made her feel utterly mastered.

She gasped as she now found herself being made by a tug on the reins to arch her back downwards and to thrust back with her buttocks - just as her Master had told her to do. He was, she realised with horror, indeed accommodating his upward curving manhood.

She found herself moving slightly backwards and forwards in time with the Prince's masterful thrusts. Oh the shame!

Her Master seemed to driving deeper and deeper into her - and as he did so he was reaching down to squeeze her nipples again. Oh the excitement! But never had she felt so owned by a man. She felt like an animal, an animal that had been broken in to serve its Master.

She felt she could never again be able to meet her Master's eye. Like the other white women in the harem, she would keep her eyes lowered in his presence

Then suddenly she felt him slipping out of her. Oh no, please no, she wanted to scream.

Then it was the turn of Chantalle to be similarly treated. But with their reins joined, Penelope could feel, on her bit, every little squeeze and order that the Prince was giving Chantalle. It made her feel frustrated and jealous.

Evidently he was delighted with the slight tightness of Chantalle. Soon raucous cries from behind Chantalle's bit announced that her vigorous Master had pushed his way up her, too. Held kneeling against each other by their now tight collar chains, Penelope could feel Chantalle, too, now meeting the Master's every thrust as he held her tightly back with the reins.

Oh, thought the Prince, the sheer joy of riding these two European women. Oh the excitement of degrading these Christian dogs by using them, as his grandfather proscribed, only like a boy. Oh the feeling of power!

Oh the yet more exciting feeling of power that came from the thought that one was married to a pig of a Christian and the other still half in love with another!

He looked at Penelope kneeling abjectly by Chantalle's sided. Yes they would make a fine matched pair - worth every bit of the price that Pierre had asked.

Soon it was Penelope's turn to feel her Master again thrusting up inside her again. Oh, how she longed and longed for him use her more normally, but he did not do so.

He seemed very pleased but in no hurry. He would pause and withdraw and then suddenly drive in again - and always squeezing her nipples as he did so.

Then he withdrew again. Oh how shame-making was her disappointment

She heard him give an order to Burka. Then, to her chagrin, he remounted Chantalle.

Meanwhile she felt her collar chain being let out again. She was unfastened from her kneeling position on the bed, bridle and nipple rings slipped off. She saw Burka was holding by her collar chain. In his hand was his dog whip.

He made her kneel behind the fat and gross buttocks of the Prince. Rosebud now gripped her hands.

'Tongue!' Burka ordered, giving her a stroke with his dog whip that made her scream.

'No! No!' she cried, trying to break away. 'That's disgusting!'

But Rosebud held her firmly.

'Go on, lick your Master from behind!' Burka ordered, giving her another two stokes.

Again she screamed. But this time she lowered her head.

'Lick him properly, you Christian dog,' shouted Burka, again raising his dog whip.

With a sob of despair and shame, Penelope applied her tongue to her Master.

'Just the tip of your tongue - and move it round and round!' ordered the little boy, giving her a sharp tap.

The Prince gave a little shiver of delight as he felt a soft wet little tongue working away behind to complement the delight he was getting from Chantalle.

Oh how horrible, Penelope was thinking, quite indescribably horrible.

Suddenly she felt him gave a sudden jerk. He thrust forward violently.

'Go on licking!' warned Burka.

Seconds later Chantalle felt herself being inundated by him in the very heart of her body. Both young women felt, more than ever, that they belonged utterly to him, that they were now merely his creatures, his playthings.

Penelope could not help giving a little sigh of disappointment. The Master had chosen Chantalle for his final pleasure - or had he? Had her tongue played the key role in the Prince's pleasure?

Anyway, neither she nor Chantalle had climaxed - nor, clearly, had there been any question of them doing so. Shocked as she was, she could not help also feeling very frustrated. Did the Prince's women, especially the down-trodden Christian ones, always just have to give the Prince pleasure and receive none themselves?

Somehow, however it did not seem to matter. She had given her Master pleasure! Her Master! She was now, she realised, thinking of this callous brute of a man as her Master and no longer as the Prince. Goodness, was the harem atmosphere already brain-washing her into accepting an abject role and into being kept frustrated?

Moments later, as Rosebud re-tied the sash of her Master's robe, she felt her Master pat her bottom like a man might pat the hindquarters of a horse whose has given him a good ride. She even felt him thrust a lump of sugar into her mouth. Oh! Appalled, she could not help also, somehow, feeling proud!

She saw that Burka was also looking at her with a pleased expression. Little did she realise that she had just earned him a fine tip. For him, hard cash. For her, a lump of sugar.

Burka now led both women, crawling and emotionally exhausted from their rape by their Master, to the Blue Team bathroom. There he, embarrassingly, proceeded to wash them out behind. Oh, the shame of having this done by a mere boy, thought Penelope in horror!

Then, he noted down what had been done to them in their record books. Again what shame! Then they were led back, on a lead, into the team dormitory.

The rest of the team was already silently lying in their bunk beds. They were eyeing the two girls with a mixture of jealousy and pity - their eyes darting up to the picture on the wall as if imagining what their Master's manhood had been doing and remembering their own initiation by him.

Penelope noticed that they all had their hands dutifully resting on the bedclothes and recalled Ruth's warning about not putting her hands below them and about the watching television camera.

They were put to bed with Penelope on the top bunk and Chantalle below her. They were still linked by their collar chain, now let out again and hanging down the side of the bunks. But it was also now threaded through a ring at the side of the bunk.

With a warning shake of his fingers, Burka made sure that both women had their hands, too, above the bedclothes. Then the young boy pointed to the little television camera.

'Patak patrolling all night as well,' he added. 'So you not misbehave! And no talking!'

Then he left them in the silent dormitory.

Penelope lay there tossing on her bunk. With every movement she could feel her clitoris ring keeping her aroused. Oh, how she longed to slip her hand below the bedclothes to ease her frustration. She glanced up at the television camera. It seemed to be focused on her. Oh the cruelty!

Her mind was in turmoil.

On the one hand she was in a rage at what her Master had done to her and was wondering, ineffectually, how she could get her revenge. But, watched over as she was by Burka and the other awful eunuchs and kept always on a lead in the presence of the Prince, there seemed little hope of that.

On the other hand, she had to admit the effect of her shattering branding, of the ringing of her nipples and clitoris and of her collar, together with the strange atmosphere of the harem, was making her rather enjoy having to submit to her Master.

She glanced at the picture on the wall with its shameful depiction of the Master's proudly erect manhood. That was the manhood that had just so masterfully penetrated her - twice, and in such a shameful way.

That manhood was the emblem of her Master's power over the helpless women kept locked up in his harem. She hated and despised it - and yet she also loved and admired its erect strength and beauty.

With these conflicting thoughts she finally fell asleep, exhausted.

So deep was her sleep that she was only vaguely aware of Patak's hands gently putting her own back onto the top of the bedclothes. Being an experienced supervisor of women, he realised that the hands of this new white woman in the harem had quite innocently slipped below the sheets in her sleep.

He would overlook her offence - this time.

34 - BATHROOM GIRLS

It was very early the following morning and, whilst the Prince still slept, Blue Team had taken over bathroom duties from the Red Team.

Two Arab girls in the team stood expectantly by the Prince's luxurious black marble bath.

Penelope and Chantalle had been chained to a ring at the rear of the matching and magnificent Turkish style black marble toilet in an alcove off the bathroom. Theirs was to be a task that was kept for despised Christian girls, whilst the Moslem girls had the privilege of attending the Master in his bath.

There were little rubber mats on the floor on which the women could curl up and rest, like little dogs, between the Master's visits to his bathroom. All four women would do a six hour stint and then be relieved by other girls from the same team: Penelope and Chantalle by the Dutch mother and daughter. Six hours later they themselves would be back on duty again and so on for the rest of the week.

'When Master wishes relieve himself, one of you hold up robe and hold manhood. The other holds vase as he stands on footrests. When he finished you both lick him clean with tongues. Understood?'

Penelope and Chantalle gasped in horror as Burka, clasping his whip, continued to describe their duties in embarrassing detail.

'And, if Master wishes further relief, you both hold up robe, one on either side, as again standing on footrests he squats over drain between them. You also turn on tap to wash wastes down drain.'

Horrified, the two young women innocently looked around for a toilet roll. There wasn't one as is usual in a Turkish style toilet.

'Then, when Master finished, you both wash him clean with fingers - Turkish style. Then you finish off with tongues.'

'Oh no!' gasped Chantalle.

'Yes!' came the grim reply. 'This duty a wonderful chance for you to catch Prince's eye - and earn me good tip. Now, you understand properly?'

Even more appalled than ever, the two women reluctantly nodded, as the boy raised his whip.

'You make mistake and Prince not pleased - you get whip!' he warned.

An hour later there was the sudden noise of the dawn call to prayer from a nearby muezzin and a sudden commotion. The Prince had awoken in his bedroom next door and was coming for his morning ablutions.

Penelope and Chantalle watched as the Prince, still wearing his sleeping robe and accompanied by Rosebud went into the bathroom. Eagerly the two chained Moslem girls washed and dried his hands, face and beard.

Then he came over to the alcove. He stood on the black marble footrests. The kneeling women looked up nervously at the man who had so viciously raped them the night before.

He snapped his fingers impatiently and with a start Chantalle lifted up his robe, disclosing the manhood that had taken them both. It was now soft.

Meanwhile, as she had been taught, Penelope turned on the tap that sent water quietly flowing around the large, flat, square of black marble, The bells hanging from her nipple rings gave a little jangle as she moved. Then gently, as she had been taught to do, Penelope took the Prince's manhood in both hands and held it pointing downwards into the vase she was holding.

Both women waited as the Prince, his hands on his hips, proudly looked down on his two new beautiful acquisitions.

Soon, directed by Penelope, the Prince's wastes jetted from his manhood into the vase. Penelope knew she had to control her disgust and keep her eyes adoringly on the manhood she was holding, the manhood that had so cruelly and pervertedly penetrated her the night before.

The jet stopped. The Prince smiled as he saw that the English girl, her eyes lowered, was blushing - and doing nothing. Now was the testing moment for her. He snapped his fingers.

With a little gasp of despair and remembering Burka's warning about being whipped, Penelope put down the vase, lowered her head and, just as she had been taught, sucked the drips off the tip of her Master’s manhood. They tasted salty and horrible, but she knew she must swallow them - or get beaten.

Then she took it into her mouth and cleaned it, looking up, as she knew she must, adoringly at her

revolting Master. The bells hanging from her nipples now tinkled merrily as she raised and lowered her head. Then still holding it carefully, she licked it dry. She raised her head. Chantalle lowered the Prince's robe. Without a word, the Prince stepped off of the toilet.

His ablutions now completed, the Prince was ready for Dawn Prayers.

As the distant muezzin completed his cries, the Prince lowered himself to his knees on a beautifully embroidered prayer mat.

Minutes later he was back in bed with his chosen concubines, whilst Penelope and Chantalle and the other girls in the bathroom, still chained to their rings, curled up on their little rubber mats and waited.

Two hours later, Rosebud came back into the bathroom. He ran the bath and laid out his scissors and tweezers for trimming the Prince's beard. Then, ignoring the two naked young women, he inspected the alcove to make sure that all was spotless - for the Prince was a very fastidious man.

He then slid back the curtain that covered the pointed archway into the Prince's bedroom and stepped through it to awaken the Master, carrying a tray with a glass of iced mango juice

Penelope had a glimpse of two naked girls, yellow ribbons on their collars, shiny bald heads and large brass nose rings, being led crawling out of the bedroom by their overseer. Thank God, she thought, she was not in the Yellow Team. To have to lose your hair, a woman's crowning glory, must be terrible.

Moments later the Master entered his bathroom. Once again he stood up on the footrests. Once again he snapped his fingers. But this time it was Penelope who lifted his robe and held it up and Chantalle who held, sucked and licked his manhood.

Just then Burka slipped quietly into the alcove to check that his two new girls were performing properly. He nodded approvingly at what he saw. But this was only the beginning, for the Prince, still standing on the foot rests, now lowered his bulky frame down towards the covered drain below him.

Burka gave Penelope a sharp on the buttocks with his whip. She jumped and then, remembering what she now had to do, nodded to Chantalle on the far side of the Prince. They each lifted up one side of his robe, whilst she again turned on the tap - oh, the complications of the Turkish toilet - even if was made of black marble!

Moments later she and Chantalle, now kneeling on the edge of the black marble, were taking it in turns to wash the Prince with their fingers with the gently swirling water.

Again Penelope felt Burka's whip on her buttocks. Again she knew what she must now do. Quietly she leaned forward her tongue outstretched ... Moments later it was the turn of Chantalle.

Then the Prince laughed and strode into the adjoining bathroom where the two naked Arab girls were waiting to take off his robe and help him get into the large warm bath.

Penelope looked at the large bloated body of the Prince. Oh, how much more attractive had been Charles's slim body! But equally how much more attractive to a woman was the Prince's powerful and decisive personality than that of the indecisive Charles.

Again she saw his manhood and jealously noticed that, under the guise of washing it, one of the Arab girls was massaging it into erection, whilst flashing her eyes up at her Master. Then she saw that another girl had covered her breasts with soap and was rubbing them up and down against his body, like a human sponge. No wonder that duty in the Prince's bathroom was regarded as an opportunity to catch the Prince's eye.

Twice, later in the day, the Prince came into the alcove and stood imperiously on the footrests with hands on his hips whilst Penelope and Chantalle, scared by threats from Burka, bustled round helping him to relieve himself.

In the intervals they lay silently curled up on their mats. Once again Penelope's mind was in turmoil. Never in the wildest nightmares had she ever thought that she would she would be chained to the private loo of a large Arab, who only the day before had enjoyed sodomising her. Her friends in London would find it quite unbelievable.

But, of course, that was not all. She had always been rather revolted by the American expression, "Kiss my arse". But that was just what she had been made to do - and humbly and adoringly at that, both in his bed and in his loo. How dreadful it all was. No wonder it made her feel the abject slave of the Prince.

Finally Burka brought in another four Blue Team girls to take over bathroom duties. The Dutch mother and daughter took over in the alcove and he unlocked Penelope and Chantalle's collar chain from the ring and replaced it with that of the mother and daughter.

Then he led Penelope and Chantalle and the two Arab girls back to their own bathroom where they had to line up and perform into their brass bowls. After that he gave them a light meal of fruit and yoghurt,

before taking them to the next door team where he locked them back onto their bunks.

Six hours later Penelope and Chantalle were on duty again in the alcove and so it went on for the rest of the week.

35 - BROKEN-IN AND SCHOOLED

'Reach up with tongue ... properly,' ordered Burka, his dog whip raised to punish the slightest sign of slackness. He reached down to check that Penelope's tongue was now in the proper place - just where the Master would find most exciting.

Penelope was lying on her back, in the Blue Team training room, between the legs of a life size blow-up black rubber doll that been arranged kneeling behind the similarly kneeling figure of Chantalle.

Chantalle had been made to proffer abjectly her now nicely stretched rear orifice towards the stiff rubber dildo that formed the doll's manhood. Meanwhile Penelope had to practice reaching up to lick the doll's realistic testicles that were hanging above her face.

Traditionally, white concubines were trained with hooded black slaves, but the availability of these big realistic dolls enabled Malaka to dispense with the potentially disrupting intrusion of real men into the harem training rooms. But, Penelope was thinking, how shame-making and embarrassing this still.

Suddenly she felt a warning tap on her thighs from her young overseer's dog whip, Instantly she redoubled her efforts with her tongue ...

'Up! Both girls quickly jumped up and stood at Attention next to the black doll.

'That better,' said young Burka, running his dog whip through his hands, 'but this time I want see happy eager smiles on faces - or ...' He raised his dog whip. ‘Now, once again ... and this time, we change round ... Number 7!' Quickly Penelope straightened up, her shoulders back. 'You offer buttocks ... Go!'

Penelope remembered the big mirror at the head of the Prince's bed. Hastily putting on her most entrancing smile, she knelt down in the humiliating position and parted her knees. She knew she must press back until she felt the black rubber manhood pressing against her rear orifice.

Oh how awful! Then she suddenly remembered - and again put on a happy smile

'Number 14!' Chantalle straightened up.

'Position for licking upwards ... Go!

Hastily in her turn and trying hard to smile, Chantalle eased her way, on her back, up between the large doll's legs, until her head was right under its realistic manhood.

Still smiling, she too reached up with her tongue....

'Presenting choice of backsides ... Go!'

Having tucked away his dog whip and pulled out his little whip with its black long leather thong, this time Burka accompanied his order with a sudden and frightening crack. He liked the way it made the women jump.

Indeed, like the well-drilled concubines they now were becoming, Penelope and Chantalle ran to the bed, and knelt down, side by side, on all fours.

Then wriggling their bottoms invitingly, they reached behind with their hands and parted their cheeks, invitingly presenting their specially rouged rear orifices

'Up!' came the order.

Looking worried, both girls jumped and stood at Attention. They were looking straight ahead but could not help glancing, out of the corner of their eyes, at the boy's whip.

'That better, but this time I want tongues stuck out - as well as heads lower and buttocks higher. We do it again.'

The whip cracked ...

'Presenting on backs ...Go!

This time, when the girls ran to the bed, they lay on their backs, side by side. Then, parting their bent legs and gripping their knees, they simultaneously raised them up to their breasts.

'Wriggle!' came the warning reminder and hastily both girls started, awkwardly but delightfully, to

wriggle their hips as they disclosed their painted and well oiled little rear orifices.

The two women were once again standing at Attention.

'Crawl to Master's feet ... go!'

Again the order was accompanied by a crack of the whip.

The two women dropped to their knees and, lowering their heads humbly, started to scuttle across the floor to the chair in which the large doll was now seated.

Each choosing a foot, they began to lick humbly.

'Suck!' ordered Burka. 'You suck slowly and well. You learn tease thick liquid out of rubber teat, or you get whip. And swallow every drop!'

Penelope was kneeling down and sucking at a long rubber teat, shaped like a man's manhood, which was fastened to a transparent plastic tube that led down to a similarly transparent plastic bag shaped like a man's testicles. The bag contained a thick jelly-like liquid. There were markings on the side to show how much of the sticky liquid the woman had succeeded in sucking out.

Chantalle was licking the bag, trying to warm it with her tongue so that the jelly became more fluid and so more responsive to Penelope’s sucking.

As was intended, the women were having great difficulty in getting the thick, bitter tasting liquid to slide up the tube and then to ooze out through the rubber teat. Their mouths were getting tired. It was only the periodical sharp taps of Burka's cane on their bare bottoms that kept them at it.

Just then Malaka entered. He looked at the transparent tube, which was showing a slight movement up it, by the sticky liquid. He looked at the markings on the bag to check how much of the liquid the women had succeeded in coaxing out of it.

Then he pulled Penelope's head back away from the rubber teat and put his fingers in her mouth to feel how much of the sticky liquid was still in it, unswallowed. Satisfied, he then thrust her face back onto the teat again.

'Good!' he exclaimed. 'They're learning!

Watching these daily training sessions on his large monitoring screen, the Prince felt that the high cost of acquiring this arousingly beautiful matched pair had been well worthwhile. The joy of owning these well educated women and of watching them being degradingly trained to give him pleasure, was quite something!

But now, he felt, they had been sufficiently broken-in and schooled for him to take his pleasure from them - and frequently!

PART VIII - BREEDING!

36 - A CERTAIN PERFORMANCE IS PLANNED

It was an evening several months later and the Blue Team was performing before its Master in his private audience room off the harem.

Martha and her daughter, Dolly, had recently been brought by a grinning Nadu to foal simultaneously in front of the Prince, hands tied above their heads, as they sat side by side on the high double birthing stool.

Attended by Rosebud, the Prince had sat in front of the birthing stool, eating a delicious dinner, washed down by a vintage Champagne. Two of his milkmaids stood behind him ready to proffer their swollen breasts.

A curtain round the front legs of the stool hid any unpleasantness from his sight as the mother and daughter dropped their little black twins, one by one, into the wicker basket under the stool - and into the waiting hands of Nadu.

To prevent the Prince's supper being spoiled by cries or contorted faces, both the mother and daughter were wearing very life-like rubber masks that made them look like happy smiling women. Underneath these smiling masks they were gagged. The women's sweat covered faces and grimaces of pain were completely hidden. Only their terrified eyes could be seen though the little eye holes in the masks.

Thanks to Nadu's prenatal care, the little black twins that both mother and daughter produced were strong and healthy. However, strapped as they were to the curtained birthing stool, neither Martha nor Dolly ever saw their progeny which were taken away to be raised on his estates. Each had been tattooed on the buttocks with an estate number and these numbers were immediately entered into the Prince's Breeding Register - which was then brought to his supper table for him to sign.

The Prince had checked the details, the names of the Dinka sires from his Black Guard and the harem numbers of the dams, together with a note to say that Dolly's progeny would also be the grandchildren of Martha.

Not until the Prince had finished his supper and signed the Breeding Register were the women unstrapped from the birthing stool and allowed to go back to rest on their bunks.

Nadu had immediately put his little vacuum pump milking machine to both women's breasts to bring on their milk. This was continued by Burka when the women rejoined the Blue Team and soon both mother and daughter were producing an excellent flow. It was not long before they had become the fascinated Prince's favourite milkmaids.

Meanwhile the matched pair of Penelope and Chantalle had reluctantly become an integrated part of the Blue Team - and were in frequent demand by the Prince for his pleasure - often bridled and bitted, as on their first performance in their Master's bed.

The Prince was sitting on a large Moorish cushion. Two delicate and exquisitely beautiful Siamese girls were kneeling on either side of him, their hands thrust through the buttoning of his robe and roaming reverently and excitingly over his body.

Kneeling alongside them, again on either side, were the new Team Milkmaids, the Dutch mother and daughter. Their milk laden breasts and carefully enlarged nipples were on offer. Each now bore the brand of a red star on her belly, the sight of which made the Prince smile with pleasure. To have bred successfully and simultaneously bred from a white mother and daughter was indeed an achievement!

The Prince snapped his fingers, pointed at the pretty young daughter and then at the floor at his feet. With a little gasp, the girl fell to her knees and crawled between his feet. She dropped her head below the hem of his robe and, in the darkness, slowly began to lick her way up his legs - until she reached his erect manhood. Like all the girls in the Blue Team, she had been trained to perform this carefully and exquisitely.

Tickling her Master's testicles she took his manhood into her mouth ... Soon her head was dutifully rising and falling under his robe as her Master watched the display that being put on for his delight.

A beautiful and priceless Persian carpet was laid on the marble floor in front of the Prince. On it two beautiful women, Penelope and Chantalle, were performing together, kneeling facing each other with their knees apart.

Hanging down between them was the chain that permanently linked the rings on the front of their collars. Another chain was fastened, like a dog lead, to the ring on the back of each girl's collar.

Standing behind and between both girls and holding their leads in one hand was the diminutive figure of Burka. In his other hand was his dog whip, which he was using to make both young women go through the detailed Lesbian routine that he had humiliatingly taught them to perform.

Nervously watching their overseer's dog whip out of the corner of their eyes, the girls were putting on a passionate display of Lesbian love-making, kissing and stroking their ringed nipples and clitorises.

Their faces and breasts were flushed. Judging that they were she was about to climax, Burka tucked his dog whip under one arm and, taking a lead in each hand, pulled the gasping girls back. Not for them the relief of lesbianism in the Prince's harem - their task was simply to entertain their Master!

Moments later he relaxed the leads and again holding his dog whip like a conductor conducting an orchestra, ordered the reluctant women to continue their degrading but exciting performance.

Soon, however, he had to pull them back again to stop them from climaxing.

Taking advantage of the pause in the proceedings, Malaka entered.

'Your Highness,' he began obsequiously, speaking in Arabic so that the European girls would not understand. 'Your new matched pair have indeed proved a great success.'

'And a source of much pleasure,' said the Prince. 'You did well to recommend that I should accept

Pierre's recommendation. Having two such socially superior creatures, helpless in my harem, has been a most satisfactory experience.'

Indeed, indeed,' agreed Malaka, 'and little Burka has made a good job of breaking them in and schooling them. But I wonder whether it now time to move onto the next step?'

'Hum,' said the Prince. He had already repeatedly enjoyed either taking this new matched pair of educated European women or having them attend on him as he took some of his other women dominating them gave him such a wonderful feeling of power.

'Well, I am sure,' added the cunning Malaka, seeing that the Prince was hesitating 'that Your Highness would not want to deprive his delightful Matched Pair of the joys of motherhood ...?'

Malaka paused as he saw the Prince smile. The joys indeed!

'Nor,' he went on, 'to deprive himself of the delights of enforcing it on them!'

'Hum,' said the Prince in a decidedly more enthusiastic tone.

'And, of course,' said the wily chief eunuch, 'several interesting actions spring to mind following a successful joint conception ... Your Highness might, for instance, send a photograph of the two white and already curved bellies to His Highness, your uncle, the Ruler, as a sign that you are indeed following the axioms of your revered grandfather.'

'Yes,' said the Prince, 'that'll certainly intrigue him all right. He might even ask himself here on a private visit to come and inspect them - a visit that would well result in my share of our oil revenues being substantially increased!'

'Indeed, Your Highness, indeed. And had Your Highness thought about inviting some of the local dignitaries to an Arab Feast, with dancing girls - but with the mating of your veiled prize Matched Pair being the highlight of the evening?'

The Prince's eyes gleamed. He would enjoy discreetly showing off two of his European women to his friends - and showing them how he followed his grandfather's ancient tenets.

'Of course,' went on Malaka cunningly, 'perhaps before this, again suitably veiled, they might be made to put on a performance like you have just watched this for your guests. It would be amusing if the girls were kept unaware that they were to be the stars of a second performance! Of course,' he continued, seeing that his suggestions had caught the attention of the Prince, 'Your Highness might like to consider such an event also being the occasion for the mating of Red Team's young errant Austrian woman, Number 12. Your Highness will remember she was recently punished for masturbating. A triple bill of her mating and that of our new Matched Pair would be a fine sight.'

'An interesting idea,' commented the Prince.

'And, ' added Malaka cleverly, knowing how his Master enjoyed the feeling of power over his women, 'subsequently Your Highness might much enjoy the sight of three growing white bellies and three tearfully reluctant mothers-to be - all having been made to conceive on the same day.'

'Yes! Yes!', the Prince now enthusiastically agreed. 'Make sure they all complete their course of fertility pills and are all ready to conceive on the chosen date.'

'Oh course, Your Highness, of course,' murmured Malaka with a deep bow and a selfcontented smile.

37 - MATED!

A dozen bearded, grave faced, men were sitting cross legged on a beautiful carpet, talking to each other. Black servants, wearing red fezzes and dressed in the livery of the Prince, had brought in huge silver platters on which was roasted lamb and rice.

Seated in the centre was the large figure of the Prince. He was breaking off succulent parts with his left hand and formally handing them to his guests - all local notables, led by the Caid, the Governor.

Reaching into the platters, the other guests, again only using their left hands, were either breaking off pieces of the delicious lamb or squeezing the rice into little greasy balls.

In an alcove were half a dozen Arab and Berber musicians. Their haunting and repetitious refrains filled the room.

Two girls, their faces hidden behind leather masks with little holes for their eyes, were belly dancing in front of the guests. Their naked bellies were gyrating expertly and the brands on their bellies made it all the more sensual and exciting.

'Egyptian?' asked one the guests admiringly as he looked at the wriggling brands.

'Yes,' replied the Prince nonchalantly, 'they were two of the best in Cairo - before I ... acquired ... them and had them branded for my harem.'

Impressed, the guests exchanged looks.

The music stopped and the girls flung themselves abjectly down onto the marble floor

The Prince waved them away and clapped his hands.

Three beautifully dressed, barefooted, girls swept into the room, their long silken veils swirling behind them. Their outstretched arms weaving to and fro, they began to dance together to the sensuous rhythm. A little tinkling noise came from under their long veils.

Clearly they had been carefully rehearsed. Malaka, holding as always his silver tipped cane, was standing proudly to one side.

'Concubines, Your Highness?' asked the Caid casually.

'Yes, Your Excellency, each one marked with her Police number as a duly registered Indentured Servant,' replied the Prince with a laugh.

The Caid nodded approvingly.

As the girls began to drop a series of silken veils their gleaming white bodies began to appear. Interested, the Caid and the other guests leaned forward. They gasped as they saw first that the women had been nipple ringed and branded on their bellies - and then, as the last veil dropped, that they had been infibulated!

The faces of the girls were hidden behind heavy veils that balanced on their noses. Only their unusual blue eyes could be seen.

Then in response to a double beat of the drum, they reached up and unfastened their little brocade caps. There was an audible intake of breath from the guests as the girls' beautifully silken blond hair fell down their backs.

'European women!' cried the surprised Caid, again highly impressed. He had heard rumours that there were European women in the wealthy Arabian Prince's harem, but he had not been expecting anything like this. European concubines, nipple ringed, branded and infibulated!

'Yes, two of them are the wives of Christian pigs and the other engaged to one. But they'll never see them again and no one knows they are here.'

'And now here as your indentured servants, to do with as you like!' laughed the Caid.

The Prince pointed to strange little leather straps that could be seen running back from the sides of the thick veil to disappear under their hair at the back of their necks.

'Well and truly muzzled under their veils to prevent them calling out to you.'

Indeed, all three women were longing to call out to the Prince's guests and beg to be rescued. But their muzzles kept them quite silent as the music reached a crescendo and finally stopped. Unable to cry out, they had no alternative but, as they had been made to rehearse over and over again, to fling themselves breathlessly down on their knees, hands and foreheads touching the beautiful marble floor, honey coloured hair thrown forward over their heads in a position of abject and silent subjucation.

As the still panting women retired, Prince and his guests continued their feast - now entertained by petty young dancing girls from Thailand,

A quarter of an hour later Burka and the little pygmy boy overseer Gorka entered the room and bowed. They were holding dog whips. Burka was leading in a crawling Penelope and Chantalle. Black leather masks covered their faces, except for their eyes and mouths. Their nipple bells tinkled as they crawled behind their overseer.

Gorka was leading a similarly masked and crawling Mizzi. On her wrists were locked belled bracelets that also tinkled with her every movement.

The Prince's guests gasped as they saw that the three blonde women were naked except for European high heel shoes and stocking and suspender belts - and white gloves. Their nakedness contrasted vividly with the sumptuous satin Turkish trousers and waistcoats of their young black overseers.

Whilst the men continued with their feast, the music became slower and, held by their leads, the three still crawling girls began another much rehearsed programme of kissing and playing with each other,

bringing each other to the very edge of climaxing and then being pulled back by the young eunuchs.

It was indeed a most erotic performance that silenced the previously chattering men. However, like all things it had to end. The girls were now kneeling up - their part in the evening's performance over - or so they thought.

'My brothers in Allah,' began the Prince as the servants cleared away the silver platters and replaced them with bowls of fruit and yoghurt-like milk. He was, of course, speaking in Arabic. 'My brothers, I need your help and advice.'

He nodded to Malaka who pulled aside a curtain on the wall facing them, above and beyond the kneeling women.

There, now displayed in huge and beautiful golden Arabic calligraphy was the old Arab axiom, the one that the Prince's grandfather had been so fond of quoting:

"Revenge yourselves on the hated Christian infidels by enslaving their wives and daughters and by then forcing them to breed good Moslem half black servants for yourself - and for the greater glory of Allah."

There more intakes of breath as the Prince's guests read the huge Arabic calligraphy.

'I am sure,' said the Prince, 'these are sentiments with which you all agree.'

There were murmurs of assent.

'But,' went on the cruel faced Prince, 'you may well be asking yourselves how in this day and age such a traditional axiom could possibly be followed.'

Again there were murmurs of agreement.

'Well, brothers, I will show you how one faithful True Believer can, with your guidance, implement this axiom ... Here are three Christian women, two are married and one is engaged - just what the axiom says we need for our revenge. Moreover my eunuchs have assured me that they are all three now ready to conceive.'

'Splendid!' cried the Caid, 'but what guidance do you want from us?'

The Prince looked at them all and gave a cruel laugh. 'You all can involve yourselves in this revenge on the infidel Christians by helping to choose the Dinka from my personal guards to whom two of these women of mine should be put, and the pygmy with which the third should be mated.'

This was greeted with enthusiastic cries and laughter.

Meanwhile the servants had put up three double sets of partitions in front of the guests. Each partition was open at the front and had a door at the back. Three partitions were put up around the three still prostrate young women. Another, empty, partition was put up next to each of these.

The Prince's guests could still readily see the women, but none of the women could see into the empty partition next to hers. This way, unseen by the girls, several virile Dinka giants stepped into the backs of the empty partitions next to Penelope and Chantalle. They were naked. A number had been painted on each of their foreheads for ease of identification. Their muscular jet-black bodies were oiled and their long manhoods hung down in front of them.

Equally naked and black were the two pygmies who now stepped into the partition next to Mizzi. One pygmy was thin and the other fat.

'Let us start with the pygmies,' announced the Prince.

Malaka now appeared at the far end of the partition holding the two pygmies.

Gorka ran up to the still prostrate Mizzi and snapped a lead on the back of her collar.

'Up!' he ordered, enforcing his command with a crack of his whip. 'Stand at Attention!'

Mizzi was now standing, muzzled and with her face veiled, but otherwise stark naked, facing the Prince and his guests. Her hands were clasped behind her neck.

Oh, how humiliating this was, she thought, little thinking just what was about to happen. Oh, how she longed to call out to one of these men, to say who she was and that she was being kept a prisoner in the Prince's harem. But the muzzle was a very effective gag.

Meanwhile, unseen by Mizzi, Malaka had arranged the two stark naked pygmies on the other side of the partition so that they too, were facing the Prince and his guests.

In no time the guests were comparing the bodies of the pygmies with that of Mizzi, arguing amongst themselves as to which would sire the better progeny when mated with this very pretty white married woman: the slim pygmy or the fat one.

They called out for both the pygmies and for Mizzi to be turned round so that they could compare their

back views - and then compare them side ways on. Finally, the consensus was reached: Mizzi was to be mated with the thin one.

The rejected lover was led out and, to the amusement of the guests, the unsuspecting Mizzi and her pygmy mate were left standing only a few inches apart, but unseen by each other and separated by the partition wall. Mizzi still did not realise who was in the partition next to hers, nor why.

Then it was the turn for Penelope's mate to be chosen - though she, like Mizzi, was still blissfully unaware of what was going on.

As with the pygmies the various giant Dinkas in the partition next to Penelope's were compared with her from the front, the back and sideways on. The relative size of their manhoods was also commented on.

Finally a consensus was reached here, too. Then, unseen by Penelope, the selected Dinka was left standing in his partition.

Then it was the turn of Chantalle to have her mate selected.

Servants now brought strange contraptions into the three partitions holding the women.

'My Mating Stocks,' explained the Prince with a laugh, 'specially devised for use with arrogant Christian ladies.'

They were indeed rather like old-fashioned stocks with holes in a hinged plank for the wrists and neck. There were also straps behind for fastening the ankles wide apart and a padded bar to hold up a woman's belly.

Under Malaka's supervision, each still veiled and muzzled woman was made to bend down and was then strapped into the stocks, sideways onto to the guests. She was held tightly bent over with her knees bent, her head lowered and her bottom raised. Because of the wooden plank behind their necks they could not see behind them.

Their chosen mates were then guided out of their partitions and taken round into the back of those of the waiting women. Burka was now in the partition of Chantalle, Gorka in that of Mizzi and Malaka himself in Penelope's. The two boys were holding their dog whips and Malaka was holding his silver tipped cane.

The guests were laughing to each other cruelly as they watched these preparations. The Prince clapped his hands for silence.

'My brothers,' he said, 'in the old days when we all bred our own black slaves, our forefathers found that conception was more likely to be achieved if the women were suitably warmed up beforehand with a good beating. This always gets a woman nice and ready for a good penetration!'

This was greeted with laughter and applause.

The Prince made a sign and one by one three eunuchs gave each of the women two stinging strokes on her bottom. The guests heard them gasp behind their muzzles.

The Prince held up his hand to stop the punishment.

'Moreover,' he went on with a laugh, 'my women have already danced and performed for you, now I should like you to hear them sing for you.'

He made a sign to the three eunuchs who each unstrapped the muzzle over their woman's mouth. None of the terrified women said a word. However much they might have wanted to call out earlier on, now they cowed into silence.

The Prince gave another sign and Malaka gave Penelope two strokes with his cane, making her cry out with the pain.

'Ow! Ow! Oh, please don't beat me any more. Please!'

Then Burka gave Chantalle two strokes of his dog whip.

'Ow! Ow!' she screamed.

Seconds later the guests laughed as they heard the screams of Mizzi and watched the contortions on her face. For several minutes the mild but still painful beatings went on.

'Ow! Ow! Oh, please stop!'

'Ow! Ow! Please no more!'

'Ow! Ow! What do you want of me!'

Finally the Prince held up his hand again to stop the beatings. Each of the eunuchs put his hand down to feel between the beauty lips of his girl. Each raised moistened fingers. The Prince nodded.

Meanwhile the manhoods of the three naked sires, aroused by the sight of the women squirming under

the cane, had come into erection. Gorka now put a stool behind Mizzi for her pygmy sire to stand on so as to bring for his manhood level with her exposed and glistening beauty lips.

Each of the three eunuchs nodded at the sire in his partition.

Suddenly there were screams from the three women and laughs from the guests as the sires came forward and, standing up, reached down to grip the woman bent over in front of him. They felt a strange manhood thrusting at their beauty lips. Desperately they tried in vain to look behind the plank of the stocks to see their would-be ravisher.

Seconds later they screamed again as the manhoods penetrated them. With the women's heads held low and their bellies held up by the padded belly bar, each sire was able to drive his manhood down into the woman in front of him.

The guests were enjoying watching each woman's face as she was ruthlessly penetrated.

Realising now what was happening, each of the women desperately tried in vain to shake off her mate but she was too firmly held in position by the stocks, the belly bar and her ankle straps .

The room was filled with the cries of the women and the grunts of their mates as they thrust in and out. Then one by one each sire climaxed, depositing his seed deep into the woman - an action that was accompanied by a last scream of protest from the woman.

Then the three sires retired, still unseen by the women.

There was a round of congratulations for the Prince from his guests.

'That's how all those arrogant Western women should be treated,' cried one.

'Yes that's the way to cure of them of their licentious ways,' said another

'Indeed, indeed,' agreed the Caid and others.

'Thank you, my brothers,' replied the Prince. 'But the business of conception is probably not yet over. These women have been on a course of fertility pills for the last couple of months and I want at least twins from each of them - to provide my estates in Arabia with strong and intelligent workers!'

There was a burst of cruel laughter from the guests.

'But, my brothers, see how the Christian women are trying in vain to expel the good Moslem seed that is inexorably, and remorselessly, slipping down deeper and deeper inside them.'

The guests laughed again as they saw that the cheeks of each of the women's bottoms were indeed now opening and closing as they tried desperately to expel their sire's seed.

'Well,' went on the Prince, 'remember, once again, what our forefathers used to do in similar situations in their slave breeding pens: another beating to get the women's blood running faster to help conception to take place. Yes, there's nothing like an old fashioned remedy!'

He nodded again to the eunuchs. Again the room was filled with the cries of the women and the noise of the boys' dog whips and of Malaka's cane swishing through the air and landing on the women's white bottoms.

Then the Prince held up his hand again for the beatings to stop.

'Now, my brothers, my chief black eunuch will make certain that these Christian sluts can do nothing to prevent Nature from taking its course - and, as in the old days, to prevent themselves from producing good Moslem servants for their Master.'

Malaka now came forward. He was carrying three chain mail breeding belts.

Penelope gasped as, still strapped helplessly into the stocks, she felt Malaka's hand reaching down to her belly. Then she felt him fasten a chain mail breeding belt over her beauty lips. He pulled the securing chains taut round her hips and up between the cheeks of her buttocks. He again put his hand down to make sure that the stiff wire edge of the chain mail pouch was pressing tight against her hairless skin.

Horrified, Penelope remembered seeing similar belts locked onto the Dutch mother and daughter below their swollen bellies - and on other Christian girls in the harem who were evidently Expecting a Happy Event.

She remembered what Ruth had told her on her first day in the harem about the Mating Stocks and how the Master enjoyed his Christian concubines being made to have Little Surprises. She had put it out of her mind - but now ... My God!

She began to cry - something that delighted the cruel guests.

Satisfied that Penelope would not able to interfere with what her Master had ordered to be done to her, Malaka repeated the process on Chantalle and Mizzi. They, too, were horrified as they realised the true purpose of the belts locked onto them.

Then Malaka went up to Prince and salaamed as he formally presented the Master with the keys of the breeding belts - each marked with the harem number branded on the woman's belly.

The Prince had been remembering the very satisfying and suitably aesthetic scene when his Dutch matched pair, mother and daughter, had foaled before him. He turned back to his guests.

'My brothers, you have seen only Act One of our play, as they say in the decadent West. May I now invite you back to another banquet in nine months' time to witness Act Two, the delivery by these Western women of my good Moslem future servants?'

This was greeted with enthusiastic cries of acceptance. Delighted by the success of the evening, the Prince added with another cruel smile: 'We will now leave our beautiful Christian women strapped down here for an hour to make sure that a good conception takes place - whilst we have our coffee next door!'

38 - THEIR MASTER'S PRIZE BROOD MARES

An hour later, three sobbing girls were led by their overseers to Nadu's Maternity and Foaling Wing. Their breeding belts were locked filmy in place.

A happily smiling Nadu took possession of the girls' leads from the young black boys and chained to little cot beds. They would hardly be allowed out of bed for a couple of months, for Nadu was making very sure that he did not anger the Prince by allowing any of these three beautiful European women to lose their progeny.

Although careful not to allow the women themselves to have any idea about what was going on, Nadu was delighted when only a few days after their mating all three girls tested Positive.

Also delighted to hear this news was the Master - and of course Malaka and the girls' overseers. Indeed the successful mating of the Prince's latest Matched Pair, and of Mizzi, was the center of conversation amongst the eunuchs - and a cause of much jealousy as well as delight, for they would be a hard couple to defeat in the Belly Competition, and later perhaps in the Milking one as well.

Blissfully unaware of all this, Penelope was looking down despairingly at her glistening breeding belt. Oh how she hated it. Nadu made them carefully polish the hated belts every day. It was, she supposed, a way of impressing on them that there was nothing they could do about their planned expectant state.

She had also found it very humiliating to be taught by this horrid old man how to pull back the chain running between her buttocks when she relieved herself and how then to keep the chain spotlessly clean.

She realised her two Dutch friends, Martha and Dolly, must also have had to learn to do this when they were similarly kept locked into their breeding belts. How awful!

What was so dreadful was that it all seemed merely for their Master's amusement.

Every day the Master came to the Maternity Ward to inspect them. As they lay terrified in their cots with their hands clasped behind their necks, they would have to raise the bellies for his inspection. With a proprietary smile, he would run his hands over their still flat little bellies, whilst he talked to Nadu in Arabic.

What made it all worse was that none of knew with what sort of man they had been mated. Penelope remembered that the unknown manhood that penetrated her had seemed very large. Was it that of some sort of giant? Oh my God! Or was it just that it had seemed so large because the Master had normally used her back passage - as he did with all Christian girls.

Oh, to think that only a couple of months before she had had been a free woman - and now she had been mated for the amusement of a cruel and revolting Arab, mated as a spectacle for the amusement of his friends.

Oh how dreadful it was. And there was no escape from the harem! Certainly no one back in England would ever have suspected where she was. Nor would they ever have dreamt that she was now just another branded, ringed and infibulated concubine of a cruel and wealthy Arab Prince, waiting to see if her forced mating had properly taken.

Seeking comfort she put one hand into Chantalle's, knowing how she hated it too. Then shyly she put the other into Mizzi's.

'Do you think I'm ... we're ... really ... ?' she whispered, for the hundredth time to Mizzi, behind Nadu's

back. It was all that they could think about. 'It all seems so awful - merely for the Master's amusement - merely because we're Christian girls.'

Mizzi gave her a little squeeze back. What was there to say? It was indeed awful. Penelope knew Mizzi was supposed to be a hated rival from another team, but the feeling of her also being another European woman being forcibly made to undergo the mental pangs of an enforced maternity, was a bond that overcame this artificial rivalry.

She also could not help feeling sorry for Mizzi whenever she saw the belled bracelets locked onto her wrists - the bracelets that had led to her terrible circumcision. She could not help remembering the dreadful scene when Mizzi was flogged and then "cut". Poor girl!

A further bond was the hated memory of all three being so degradingly mated simultaneously as a spectacle for the Master's guests - something that none of them could ever forget, or forgive.

An even stronger bond, however, was the breeding belt into which each of them had been locked to prevent them from interfering with the fate that their Master had chosen for them.

But at least, Penelope thought, none of them belonged to the Yellow Team with its awful demeaning bald craniums and large brass nose rings. Oh, what a terrifying place this harem was.

'But how,' Chantalle whispered, 'could we all have conceived at the same time?'

'Well, have you been given red or green coloured pills?' asked Mizzi.

'Yes,' replied Penelope, 'but Burka said they were vitamin pills.'

'Well, I don't think they were,' replied Mizzi. 'I suspect they were for controlling our monthly cycles. Had you noticed that you were both now exactly in line with each other?'

'Yes,' cried Penelope. Then she dropped her voice again. 'I thought it must just be a strange coincidence.'

'Do you mean,' murmured a shocked Chantalle, 'that our awful young Team Overseer arranged it all with those pills? How shame-making for our bodies to be controlled like that by a young black eunuch boy!'

'And Gorka used them on me too,' added Mizzi. 'He must have liaised with Burka and brought me exactly into line with you two - so that all three of us would be ready to conceive on the same day.'

'And in front the Master's guests - like performing animals.'

'Or rather, like hated Christian women,' said Mizzi bitterly.

'And deliver on the same day!' said Chantalle, pointing at the new triple birthing chair that, to her horror, had suddenly replaced the old double one, in the corner of Nadu's ward.

'Oh perhaps you're all exaggerating and none of us has conceived,' laughed Penelope optimistically.

'Not if, like me, you were also given the black pills,' said Mizzi.

'Black pills!' cried Chantalle. 'Yes, we had them every day ... but Burka wouldn't say what they were.'

'Well, they told me they were fertility pills,' said Mizzi.

'What!' cried Penelope and Chantalle together. 'But ... why?'

'Partly, I suspect, to make sure that, for the private satisfaction of the Master, we do conceive,' answered Mizzi. 'It's his hobby - breeding from his white concubines! The swine gets as much pleasure from breeding from us white women as a European millionaire might do from breeding his own thoroughbred racehorses.'

'You mean, we're just his prize brood mares!' said Penelope angrily, 'to be put to a chosen stallion whenever he decides to do so. It hardly seems possible.'

'But it is,' murmured Chantalle.

'Yes,' went on Mizzi, 'I think he also does it because he wants to copy his forefathers and use us Christian girls to produce a steady stream of future workers for his Arabian estates. Certainly I heard him tell Gorka he wanted twins or triplets out of me!'

'Oh my God,' cried Penelope, putting her hand down to her unyielding and impenetrable breeding belt. 'Twins or triplets!'

The Prince was even more delighted when, a little later, Nadu was able to report that all three girls were suffering from morning sickness. It was an event that the Prince had, unbelievably, celebrated by watching each girl being given three strokes of the dog whip on her breasts.

Soon Nadu started to check daily for signs of their progeny on his ultrasound scan. How delighted the Master was when he reported that, unknown to them, Penelope and Chantalle were carrying twins and Mizzi tiny triplets!

Nadu firmly stamped on anything that might bring out their maternal instincts and thus help them to accept what was being done to them. No, he knew the Prince wanted to enjoy the feeling of enforcing an unwanted maternity on these Christian girls. The more they hated and resented it, the greater would be their Master's pleasure.

Later, all three girls had comforted each other again when they felt the first little kicks in their bellies. But how delighted Nadu had been, checking with the scan that all was well.

Oh, how they longed to know what he was looking at. But they were never allowed to see what was on the monitoring screen and it was always discussed in Arabic. As a result neither Penelope nor Chantalle knew they were carrying black twins, nor did Mizzi know that she was carrying half pygmy triplets.

Yes, Nadu assured Burka, the half Dinka twins that Penelope and Chantalle were carrying were doing well - as, he told Gorka, were the much smaller, half pygmy, triplets that Mizzi was carrying.

Their bellies were now beginning to show and their breasts to harden. Every day, Nadu would now lead them, crawling on a leash, into the presence of the Master

'Up!' Nadu would order.

Then, putting aside his papers momentarily, the busy Prince would look at the three half naked women, silently standing trembling at Attention in front of him.

Once again, a splendid feeling of power would run through him as he ran his hands over their beautifully swelling bellies and their tight restraining breeding belts.

Oh how he enjoyed the alternatively pleading and resentful look in their eyes. Yes, this was exactly what the old axiom had meant. Revenge on helpless Christian slave-girls!

Yes, Nadu now reported to Malaka, all three girls could now return to their teams whilst their bellies continued to grow prettily.

PART IX - EPILOGUE

UNDER THEIR MASTER'S CONTROL

Penelope and Chantalle had now been back with rest of their team for several months.

They were sitting on one of the Blue Team's big leather Moorish cushions in the main room of the harem, The rattan cane and the list of offences, together with the portrait of the Master, still dominated the room - and their thoughts. Indeed Burka had warned them that although their state might excuse them being thrashed with the rattan cane on heir bare buttocks, they could still be given it on the soles of their feet - the old traditional harem bastinado!

They still dressed in the Blue Team uniform of blue leggings that left their bottoms and bellies bare - except that they now had a breeding belt locked over their beauty lips. It was only removed once a week when Burka depilated all his tea, and then only for a few minutes with the girls' hands tied behind their back to make sure that they could not get at their unwanted progeny.

Still chained by the neck to Chantalle, Penelope was looking down unbelievingly at her now well curved belly and the cruelly unyielding chain mail breeding belt below it.

She was resting after a strenuous session in the pool with Nadu and the other expectant girls. First, they had had to throw the heavy big rubber ball to each other over the high net. Then, lying on their backs by the side of the pool, Nadu had put them through a whole series of prenatal exercises, using his dog whip to make sure that they did one properly.

It had been a trying time for them. They had both been constantly called for by the Prince, either for him to play with, or for him to sodomise degradingly.

Similarly their duties in the Turkish toilet off the bathroom had resumed.

But perhaps it was now being in yhe place of honour in the front when carrying their Master's palanquin that was now the most taxing and exhausting task. The Master was clearly delighted to have their beautifully curved bellies now prominently on display when he visited the Guest House at the top of the hill behind the Palace. But the strain of holding up the palanquin and of moving at a prancing trot, and of

raising their knees high, despite their state, was exhausting.

What came as an even greater shock was when they overheard their Master discussing his future breeding plans for the Blue Team.

'It is all working out very well, Malaka, and giving me a lot of pleasure. The Dutch mother and daughter have made a fine pair of milkmaids, but it will soon be time to have them mated again to take the place of my lovely English and French Matched Pair. This time I have a rather special sire to try out on them both: a huge Turkish wrestler. Mating them with him will make a splendid sight!'

Hearing this, Penelope heart had gone down into her boots with despair. Was there to be no end to the degradation that the cruel Prince had in store for them?

She would have been even more shocked had she been able to hear what the Prince was then saying to Malaka.

'My new Matched Pair are indeed a delightful couple, but I must begin to think of my old age, Malaka.'

'Oh, Your Highness, I am sure you will retain your vigour for many years,' replied a shocked Malaka. Surely the Prince was not thinking of closing down his harem? He would lose his job!

'Precisely,' said the Prince, 'but it may become increasingly difficult to obtain suitable white women. So I must start breeding my own.'

'Ah!' cried Malaka greatly relieved.

'So for their next maternity I think we might send them to spend a little time in the human stud farm of my Cousin Ali. Their white daughter is to be educated in Europe, before coming to join their mothers here in my harem. Indeed, I think I might do the same with our Dutch mother and daughter, after they've been mated with my Turkish wrestler, so as to have a good number of pretty young women to amuse me in my retiring years.'

The Prince chuckled cruelly to himself.

'And it'll be amusing to visit them in the breeding pens of my Cousin Ali!'