

# **Slaves Of The Desert**

by

**Jack Norman**

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## Chapter One

Amy wrapped her arms about her naked body, hugging herself as she sat on a rug at the side of the slave market. Sweat filmed her flesh and her breathing was still ragged. The sun was dipping below the buildings on the other side of the large market square and it was growing cooler, but it was still daylight and even more people were clamouring around the raised slave block where she had just been sold. Across the way various stall-holders and hawkers were still doing business, and a warm aroma of cooked meat and spices from food vendors pervaded the air. Amy glanced up onto the block and saw that another young woman was already being fucked on the pillows there, squealing with passion as a male slave thrust his large cock into her. The slavers had ensured that all the previously prim and proper young women captives were delivered to the sales block as helpless sluts ravenous for a cock inside them. Amy had been no exception. She looked away from the rutting couple on the block. Watching them only aroused her raging passions even more. Her pierced nipples were tingling and hot liquid seemed to be swirling in her belly. The male slave who had so ardently fucked Amy to demonstrate her worth had simply wandered off when his job was done, leaving her panting and gagging for more as the auctioneer made her shamelessly display her body until her sale was concluded. It was all so very shame-making and yet she had trembled with excitement. Then, sold, she had been led to the side and left there to await collection. She had never felt so debased or so utterly alive in her entire life. Two other sold girls sat on the carpet too. These slaves were identical in every way, their pert apple-like breasts badged with rings through pink nipples, their plump loins locked in shiny steel chastity belts.

“Oh, you were magnificent, Amy,” one of the girls breathed.

“And so lucky,” the other said.

Amy glanced up ruefully. Only weeks before, along with thirty other women, Amy and the twins had been captured by pirates on the high seas. They had all been enslaved and subjected to an ongoing orgy of sex, including the virgins. Virgins? That was a moot point. Over the past few weeks, every one of the women had been fucked several times each day in one way or another. So although the twins’ maidenheads were still intact, their arses and mouths had been well-used by the pirates and their frustrated slave heat had been raised to boiling point.

“At least you two escaped the degradation of a public fucking,” Amy said. “And you are not with child like most of us.”

“I know.”

“Yes,” the other said sadly.

Amy smiled slightly and wiped spent seed from the inside of her thigh. She paused with her own thoughts for a moment, secretly acknowledging the inexplicable and electrifying pleasure she had derived from the exquisite humiliation of it all. Only weeks before, in her own modern world, in another time and place as a self-possessed and prim career-woman, such a thought would have been unthinkable. Sailing the seas off Nassau, on a honeymoon voyage with her young new husband, a massive freak storm had wrecked their small yacht and, somehow, inexplicably, they had slipped through a fissure in time and space. Now, cruelly dragged to a world where tall ships still sailed the seas and pirates marauded for slaves and treasure, she had become an abject and panting sex slave. Her masters had given her no choice in the matter. She was in the early stages of pregnancy too, carrying a pirate’s bastard, and now she had been sold to the highest bidder.

“They don’t even bother to lock us in cages or chain us up,” one of the twins said.

Amy looked across at the throng of white robed, dark skinned people in the market place. “Where would we run to? We are naked, our bodies wear slave rings, and you two are locked in

steel chastity belts.”

Escape was nigh impossible, even if it was desired. In any event, two turbaned black slavers stood nearby, their hands on the hilts of gleaming scimitars.

“What happened to Dan?” Amy asked.

“Pretty Bum? He was sold. A guard took him away.”

Amy bit her lip. Dan, her husband, had also been seized by the pirates. They had contemptuously named him Pretty Bum, and Amy knew that Dan was repeatedly sodomised while on the ship. And, just like Amy, he had been publicly fucked in the slave market prior to his sale. Dan was sold prior to Amy, just after the twins, but now he had gone. Amy doubted whether she would ever see her husband again. From what she had heard about the treatment of male slaves who were spared the galleys, it seemed unlikely that Dan would keep his balls. These barbaric people had a penchant for turning healthy male slaves into mincing eunuchs.

A youth, little more than a boy, came and spoke to the slavers’ men who stood nearby. They examined the docket he produced and nodded, gesturing towards Amy. The boy then approached Amy and she watched wide-eyed as he unwound a thin leather leash that terminated in two short and slender chains. ‘Oh no, surely I haven’t been bought by a boy?’ she thought desperately to herself as he stooped to clip the leash chains to the slave-rings that pierced her nipples.

## Chapter Two

The boy jerked on the leash and Amy gasped as her breasts were distended by the chains. She was appalled at being tethered in such an undignified and humiliating manner. ‘Not like this,’ she thought despairingly. ‘Don’t lead me away like this.’

“Up!” the boy commanded, jerking the leash again.

Amy yelped and scrambled to her feet. Without another word, the boy abruptly turned and strode away with the taut leash grasped in his hand. Amy had to scurry after him to avoid undue pressure on her breasts. She walked closely on his left heel as he led her through the crowds and between the gaily coloured market stalls. Dusk was falling fast and a vibrant atmosphere pervaded the market, with bright lanterns, music, laughter and the bantering shouts of traders. Rude hands frequently groped Amy’s naked body, hefting her breasts and cupping her buttocks, but she dared not protest. Worse, though, it all seemed to raise her simmering slave heat even further.

“Oh no, please!”

A man had pinched the back of her thigh in the crease directly below her buttock, eliciting the yelp and exclamation that made the boy turn his head and break into a broad smile as the fellow sharply slapped Amy’s bare arse.

“Hush, girl,” the man said in accented English as she leapt forward, her bottom stinging.

There were plenty of other slaves in the market place, but few of them were naked. However, two girls were dancing nude on a raised stage as a raucous barker tried to entice customers into his tent.

“Many more pretty girls in private alcoves inside,” the barker called, lasciviously stroking the breasts of one of the dancing women. “Come and take your pleasure, men.”

Amy grimaced as the dancers smiled winsomely at the small group of onlookers who had gathered at the tent. A travelling public brothel! She had heard women speak of such things on the ship. What must it be like to be made to serve in such places? She was conscious that her nipples were hard nubs in their slave rings, and her breathing was becoming heavy again. The boy paused at a stall with an open brazier of glowing coals and he tossed a coin to the trader before carefully choosing two meat rolls from the selection that sizzled on the griddle. The trader used steel tongs to take one of the hot rolls and wrap it in a large olive coloured leaf taken from a wicker basket beside the cart. Amy watched intently, feeling the heat of the coals on her naked flesh. The boy accepted the roll, and he blew on it before taking a bite. The trader prepared the second roll and held it to Amy’s lips. The aroma of the meat made her mouth water and she leaned forward and took a bite. It was hot, savoury and surprisingly good.

The boy gave a harp tug of the leash on her tit rings and moved off. Amy snatched the piquant roll and hastened to follow, eating as she walked, feeling the warm fat running down her chin and dripping onto the upper swell of her right breast. The boy led her to a space at the periphery of the market place where a large wagon with massive wooden wheels and high solid-panelled sides was parked. The tailgate was at the height of Amy’s shoulders. She looked up into the open back of the van and her heart leapt as she saw Dan sitting there. There were two naked women in the wagon too, and Amy recognised one of them as Abigail from the ship. The other, a bird-like yellow skinned woman, was weeping softly, and her slender boy-like hips were locked in a steel belt that threaded between her legs. Unlike Amy and Abigail, the oriental woman’s tiny nipples on her small, perfectly up tilted breasts were not pierced and ringed, and her black pubic bush could clearly be seen beneath the belt, probably indicating very recent enslavement. These slaves were all seated on a long bench, their ankles manacled and chained to a central bar that traversed the length of the wagon. Dan smiled wanly when he saw Amy and his head then dropped again. Unlike the women, his wrists were manacled behind him. The boy

placed the uneaten portion of his meat snack on the wagon bed and Amy waited as he unclipped her nipple leashes.

The boy crouched slightly and made a cup of his hands between his thighs. Amy, understanding his intent, clasped the meat roll in her mouth, and raised her right foot and placed it in the boy's hands, and then sprang up and twisted her body to sit on the flat bed of the wagon. The planking was rough beneath her buttocks. The boy clambered onto the wagon and pulled Amy to the bench seat, pushing her down beside Dan. Dan's magnificent cock was hanging limp and flaccid, drooping from the edge of the bench. Amy took the meat roll from her mouth and sat with her right leg outstretched while the boy fixed a manacle onto her ankle.

The other girl from the pirates' slave consignment, a large-breasted olive-skinned young woman, smiled at the boy. She pointed to the half-eaten meat roll on the wagon bed and said, "Feed Abigail, young Master?"

The boy was at first puzzled but then his face cracked into a smile. He went to retrieve the meat snack and gave it to the girl. Abigail bit into it hungrily, her eyes rolling in delight. Amy knew how she felt. The slaves' food on the ship had been plain gruel, nourishing but disgusting and almost tasteless, and while they had been given fruit in the slave bagnio, no meat had passed their lips for weeks. The boy leapt lightly from the wagon and wandered away. Amy was about to pop the remainder of her own meat roll into her mouth but, as an afterthought, she raised it to Dan's lips. He looked up sadly and shook his head. Amy shrugged and ate it herself. Her husband seemed broken, utterly defeated, but then he had just been so publicly fucked up the arse on the auction block.<sup>1</sup>

The lad brought one more woman and added her to the slave benches in the wagon in the next hour or so. This slave was Mary, a teenage girl also from the pirate ship's booty, and her fair body was flushed and covered in sweat from the slave block. Amy knew that the girl would still be writhing inside from her recent fucking and sale on the block. Amy wasn't surprised for she couldn't imagine quite what it would have been like to have been kept on the edge of orgasm all afternoon behind the curtains at the slave market before being brought to public release on the sales block. At least, Amy's own sale had been early in the auction proceedings, so her period of pent-up frustration had been mercifully brief before its humiliating release.

"They're both in the wagon, Captain," a guard said. "There they are, you see. The stallion is manacled, of course."

Captain? Amy looked sharply towards the tailgate. She saw Captain Henry Smith standing there with the guard. His face, framed by long, wavy blue-black hair and a neatly trimmed beard seemed even more pale than usual. He was resplendent in his blue military jacket decorated with gold braid and gleaming medals.

Henry Smith looked into the wagon, his head barely above the tailgate. He wasn't a tall man, and slight of build. "Excellent," he said, "help me up." The guard knelt on one knee, offering his thigh as a step, and Smith leapt lithely onto the wagon bed. He strode to where Amy and Dan were sitting, a half-smile on his effete features as he surveyed them. "You belong to me now," he said, placing his hands on their heads, as if in benediction, "bought fair and square on the block. I've secured the future!"

Amy blinked. Captain Smith had purchased them both? That was a huge surprise. She had thought that he had already owned them. On the other hand, she knew that pirate democracy dictated that all booty should be shared amongst them, and slaves were prime booty. Even so, the strange and perverted little captain could have his pick of any number of slaves as he and his corsairs plundered and pillaged the coasts.

"Amy, see to your master's cock," Smith ordered.

It took a few seconds for Amy to understand the captain's requirement, and in that short time he had cuffed her ear soundly and made her slightly dizzy. She blinked to clear her head

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<sup>1</sup> For the prequel to this story, see 'Slave of the Bermuda Triangle', published by A1AdultEBooks.

and immediately reached to undo the buttons on Smith's tight white breeches, fishing out his large cock. Captain Smith's cock was the only large thing about him, other than his ego and ambition. She leaned forward to take the limp member into her mouth, but Smith pushed her head back.

"Just your hands, girl," he said. "Fondle him until he stands to attention."

Smith often referred to his penis in that way, as if it had a life and mind of its own, and perhaps it did.

"May I ask a question, Master?" Amy ventured as she stroked the member and cupped the captain's balls. "You bought my husband and me? I don't understand..."

Smith smiled and closed his eyes as his cock gradually came firm in Amy's hands. "My agent bought and paid for you both," he said. "I maintained secrecy from my crew until I had the manifest safely in my hands, but I paid a fair market price, so they have no reason to complain."

"But why, Master?" Amy asked, stroking the now-erect shaft with a feather-light touch.

"I didn't want to alert them to your true value." He pushed Amy's hands away and then moved to stand with his straining cock only inches from Dan's face. He said, "There you are, Pretty Bum, suck the man dry!" Dan inhaled sharply but he immediately leaned forward to manoeuvre the unnaturally large cock into his mouth. "And you, girl, keep rolling my balls in your hand."

Amy glanced at Dan but his eyes were closed, perhaps in shame, as he bobbed his head down on the turgid shaft. Dan was unable to use his hands, of course, but he was taking the large cock deeply into his mouth, and Amy was gently rolling the captain's balls in her palm. Amy had often heard corsairs comment coarsely on Dan's cocksucking capers. There was no shame in it, as far as she was concerned, for both of them had had to suck and fuck to survive. Like Amy, her young husband had been regularly used by the captain and crew of the pirate ship since being captured, and only Dan's abject cooperation had saved his balls from the castrating knife.

"I didn't mean to question your secrecy, Master," Amy dared to persist, expertly handling his balls and stretching a finger to stroke the eye of his anus. "I meant to ask why you had purchased us. There are lots of slaves."

Smith gave a small, purring sigh of pleasure. "I bought you for your strange knowledge, wench," he said. "You are the keys to my fortune and power."

Amy nodded. It all made perfect sense. When first captured, when Dan and Amy had been less inhibited about talking of the strange fold in time that had brought them to this alien place, while other corsairs had dismissed their claims as fanciful, plain mad or worse, Captain Smith had been eager to learn everything he could about their knowledge of engineering science, particularly military and naval technology. He had immediately seen great advantage and power for himself, and he listened in awe as they told him about assault rifles, metal battleships, submarines, aircraft, radar and sonar... In that other time and place, in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, which seemed in another lifetime now, Amy had been a young blue stocking naval historian, and Smith had listened with rapt attention when she described even relatively minor advances in sailing ship design. For days on end, he had made Dan and Amy separately draw detailed diagrams and depictions of the things they described, testing one against the other for consistency. Unlike most of the superstitious pirate crew, he had become convinced of the truth of their stories. One or two others had taken an interest for baser reasons, and the ship's Quartermaster had insisted that Dan and Amy (particularly Amy) be shared with the crew and treated like the rest of the captives in the orgiastic journey to port.

"Ah, that's the way, boy," Smith murmured, stroking Dan's hair. "Take him deep in your throat."

"You have bought all of these slaves?" Amy asked, glancing round the wagon and seeing the other slaves in the wagon were watching and listening with interest.

“What would I need with slaves? This is a slave carrier. These wretches are presumably being transported on the orders of their owners, just like you. I have simply paid for your overland passage to my retreat in the port of Tunis. It isn’t convenient for me to ship you by sea. Despite the fair sale, I still prefer to keep you both below decks. As for myself, I’m about to sail westward again.” Dan drew back, gasping for breath, tears coursing down his cheeks. Amy saw that Dan’s own cock was now strongly erect, jutting upwards. Smith saw the direction of Amy’s glance, and he said, “Aye, wench, come behind me, between my legs. Take the boy’s cock in your mouth. Let him enjoy it, for it’s the most pleasure he’ll get for a while. I intend to cage his cock.”

Amy groaned inwardly. For some reason, it seemed so humiliating to be ordered to suck her husband’s cock, especially when Dan was felating their master. Nevertheless, she slipped from her seat with a clank of the chain that held her ankle, and she knelt down behind the captain and pushed her head between his spread legs, feeling the wide caps of his boots brushing against her pendent breasts as she took Dan’s bulbous cock glans into her mouth. She licked her tongue around the rim and then bobbed her head down, just as Dan’s head, directly above, was bobbing up and down on the captain’s cock.



## Chapter Three

It grew dark and a big pale moon hung high in the deep blue, star-spangled sky. It was getting cold too. Amy huddled against Dan, putting her arms around him. His naked body was surprisingly warm, and both of their skins were still slick with oil. The Captain had left an hour or more ago, leaving them with the guards. However, before he had left, true to his word, he had fitted a cage around Dan's penis. This contraption, curved like a banana, was constructed of delicate filigree metal but it was strong enough and held in place by chains that were the width of a small finger, with a padlock at its base. The cage not only ensured that Dan's had no possibility of becoming erect but it also enclosed his balls too. 'Poor Dan,' Amy thought, 'a male chastity belt!' For some reason, the pirates had been particularly insistent that Dan be prevented from fucking women, and Captain Smith had conferred a great treat on him when ordering Amy to suck his cock.

Amy snuggled up to her husband, trying to convey support and empathy. However, she straightened smartly when a guard looked into the wagon, growling and brandishing his whip. This guard was very different from the eunuchs in the slave bagnio. His body was muscular and masculine, and a beard made his dark features look hard. "Position!" he barked, placing a water skin on a hook in the back of the wagon. Amy responded immediately but the man didn't move until she had adjusted her posture to his liking, sitting bolt upright with shoulders drawn back and her wrists clasped behind her, and he returned on two occasions to check that she hadn't broken position. Quite obviously, slaves weren't normally permitted to consort together. Other guards would occasionally stroll up and glance into the wagon, so Amy sat immobile, chastened. The cold prickled her flesh and forced her pierced nipples into even more stark relief. Eventually, though, she was able to relax when more burly guards threw a heavy canvas over the high-sided wagon, covering the top and draping over the hitherto open back. Amy could hear ropes being cinched to tighten the canvas. Oxen were lowing, and Amy could hear the banter of men at work. It seemed that they were getting ready to leave.

Amy looked around in the darkness. The swathe of canvas cast the interior of the wagon into gloom but shafts of blue moonlight pierced the odd rent here and there. For the most part, the slaves seemed reasonably calm and sanguine about the whole thing, except for the Oriental woman who had begun to sob. They all sat in the darkness. The wooden seat was shaped and indented against Amy's bottom, probably worn that way by the naked buttocks of countless slaves.

The rear flap of canvas was pushed up and two guards leapt into the wagon, each taking a seat on either side. One of them, the one who had been so strict about her posture, sat next to Amy. Her heart sank as she immediately resumed her upright position, placing her hands behind her back, pulling back her shoulders, sucking in her belly and staring straight ahead. The other women were sitting in the same way and, although she couldn't properly see him, she knew Dan was also sitting to attention. From the corner of her eye she saw his cock-and-ball cage glinting in a shaft of dim light. Suddenly the vehicle lurched. Unable to steady herself, Amy found herself thrust against Dan. He still seemed lovely and warm against her cold flesh. She sat upright again, her breasts out-thrust.

From the sounds outside, it seemed they were passing through the town. Amy could hear the grunt of draught animals above the calls of vendors and the general cacophony of gathered people. Soon though, Amy could only hear the creak and rumbling of the wagon and the occasional guttural cry and cracking whip of the driver. Amy found herself secretly glancing down in the gloom at Dan's large cock, caged between his legs. Her eyes glazed a little.

On the other side of the wagon, the guard casually unfastened his pants and reached to grasp the hand of Abigail, seated beside him, and place it on his penis. She smiled, perhaps

relieved to be able to break position, and huddled against the man. The cock quickly became erect under the girl's expert handling. Amy was not shocked in the slightest. After all, she had had her full share of cocks of all shapes and sizes in the past weeks. The bulbous head of the guard's circumcised cock was exposed and glistening in the gloom and its girth was scarcely confined by Abigail's small finely-boned hand. He threw his arm around the girl and cheerfully accepted her artful ministrations. This went on for some time, until the man was moaning softly and a string of viscous cum trailed from Abigail's hand each time her slender fingers released the organ, only to curl around it once more. A warm aroma of sex pervaded the wagon, and Amy knew that some of the scent came from her own moist heat. Abigail, a voluptuous beauty with large rounded breasts had been a prim and proper young wife before her capture by the pirates. Now she was a wanton slut, and she smiled and fluttered her eyes as she bent to place her full lips round the head of the guard's cock. Dan was looking on, grim faced, as he watched the slave's head bob up and down and then dip low into the guard's lap. Amy knew that the cock would be embedded deeply within Abigail's throat.

Amy again glanced down at Dan's cock, and she saw that it was straining to become erect. She could only imagine the pain and frustration the cock-cage would inflict in these circumstances. Dan seemed to catch her thoughts and turned to look at her, his dark brown eyes seeming to burn into her own. On the other side of the wagon, the guard's grunts became louder, more insistent, and Amy could hear liquid sounds as the girl sucked. Familiar, irresistible stirrings of warmth had begun to seep through her belly. Amy continued to look sideways into Dan's face. She saw a small, single tear escape from his eyes and trickle down his cheek.

There was a loud, hissing moan from the fellow on the other side of the wagon. Amy looked across to see that Abigail had twisted to straddle the guard, her body facing him although her right ankle was chained to the central bar, and the erect organ was now obviously buried inside her. Suddenly, almost before Amy realised what was happening, the guard seated beside her leaned across to grasp her by both forearms to pull her up and twist her body so that she had to throw her left leg over his thighs. Preoccupied with Dan, Amy had not noticed that the guard had lowered his pants and released his erect, up-thrusting cock. She gasped as her breasts were clasped against his hard-muscle chest and the cock manoeuvred directly under her cunt. Amy let out a protracted moan as she lowered herself onto the guard's shaft, feeling the tumescent organ slide satisfyingly into her sodden cunt. She heard her husband give a long, slow drawn-out sigh, whether in anger or sadness she did not know. But Amy was a slave, and there was little she could do other than to pleasure the guard. Furthermore, her slave heat was raised to a point where she seemed quite unable to resist any cock. She closed her eyes, throwing her head back, and she felt the guard's loins lifting to fully impale her. As the vehicle lurched the cock moved deliciously inside her. She heard the guard moan slightly and looked hotly into his eyes. When her love cradle ground against his loins, she squirmed and wriggled, using his cock to satiate her lust. Shamelessly, she no longer gave a thought to Dan. She luxuriated in her impalement. Every jolt of the wagon bought more pleasure. She put her arms around the guard's head and pulled it forward between her soft breasts, her fingers tangling in his hair.

The wagon was evidently on soft and uneven ground, for it seemed to yaw this way and that as it trundled on, and every now and again there would be a severe jolt, which lifted Amy violently up on the guard's cock. Each time this happened she gave out an animalistic grunt. The guard's breathing was becoming heavy, fast and ragged, matching her own. She rode the guard in this way for long miles, easing up when he seemed on the verge of release, and eventually sinking back onto his cock with a slow, delicious embrace of her cunt flesh. Eventually, inevitably, the guard was grunting and bucking his arse up from the bench, and Amy found herself wantonly pumping up and down on his hot, granite-like cock until she felt his pulsating orgasm. She panted as he filled her with his cum and as the cock pulsed strongly inside her she gripped it with her pussy muscles, milking him dry. Her own climax was muted,

drawn-out, evocative of slowly simmering milk rising and frothing in a pan. When it was over, the guard held her closely, crushing her to him in a warm embrace as his cock became soft within her sodden pussy. She was once more very conscious of Dan sitting beside her, and suddenly felt shy and ashamed. She pressed her breasts to the guard's chest and closed her eyes in torment and remained thus as the wagon trundled onward for another hour or more. After a while she felt the cock hardening inside her again.

Then though, the wagon stopped. It was still moon-lit outside, judging from the pale light that shafted through holes in the wagon canvas. She could hear men speaking together. The guard sighed and lifted her bodily from his erect cock, thrusting her to her knees between his legs. She understood and grasped his cock in her hand. As she looked up at the guard, she saw that Dan was watching her with undisguised anguish and it made her hesitate slightly. 'I am a slave now though, and Dan surely must understand that?' she thought crossly to herself. She concentrated on the job hand, using the wiles taught by the slaver on the ship, ensuring that she made eye contact with the guard as she licked the head of his cock, working her tongue in lapping movements over, under and across the bulbous, plum-like glans. Then she took the shaft into her mouth, tasting her own juices on it, bobbing her head back and forth to clean it before relaxing her throat muscles and easing fully forward. She gagged slightly as the cock entered her throat but her fingers clutched at the guard's thighs and she made certain that her nose touched his belly before withdrawing. Her eyes watered and she held his cock and rubbed it across her mouth, soaking it with her saliva, slapping it gently against her tongue, tasting a little precum and licking it greedily.

She heard Dan sigh heavily, and it shamed her. However, she fought to ignore it, pushing the thought away as she suckled on the head of the guard's cock, making good suction with her hot mouth and rasping her tongue against the glans. The man moved his hips and Amy bobbed her head down on the cock, moving back and forth in quick tight strokes as she fucked him with her mouth, fondling his balls with one hand and eliciting moans of pleasure. Dan sighed again. 'What else does he expect me to do?' she thought angrily. 'Dan is a slave too, and he should understand.'

Then the guard's hands were grasping her head, pulling her onto him, working her mouth up and down on his cock. She felt the spasm of the shaft and suddenly his cum flooded her mouth. She swallowed as much as she could, but some escaped from her lips and smeared her chin. The man relaxed and stroked her hair, and then he pulled her to sit beside him, next to Dan. Mary, the girl on the other side of the wagon beside Abigail, smiled across at her, but Amy looked away, wiping her mouth. The rear flap of canvas was flung aside. Two other guards stood there, peering into the wagon. Amy gazed out at them, and her hand wiped away cum from her inner thigh.

"You bastards have had a good ride while we've been walking," one of them said to the guards in the wagon.

The man who had fucked Amy laughed and rose to his feet, adjusted his pants, and then rested his hand on Amy's head. "I can recommend this slut," he said.

Amy was shocked to find herself smiling in pleasure at the words, but the smile faded on her lips as she glanced at Dan and saw him glaring in silent recrimination. The guard stooped and grasped her right ankle. Amy stretched out her leg out as the man held her foot and pressed his thumb against the sole of her foot as he unfastened the manacle. "Out of the wagon," he said to her, moving to release the Oriental woman's ankle too. This small, timid creature was still sniffing back tears, but she rose to her feet and went to the end of the wagon bed, as did the large-breasted slave from the other bench who had also been released from the central lock bar. The guards waited below with their arms outstretched to steady the women as they jumped down.

Amy looked round. They appeared to be in a desert with rolling bare dunes, cast blue in

the moonlight. Here though, in a hollow, there were a couple of palm trees, a scrub of desert hawthorn and tufts of cool grass beneath her bare feet. A pool of water glittered nearby, its surface black and glasslike in the night, and four saddled camels were already drinking there. The two oxen in the wagon shafts grunted as they looked towards the water, shifting uneasily as guards unhitched the draft animals. There seemed to be a lot of guards: seven that Amy could count. Four of them were glancing round alertly, their eyes narrow slits as they gazed this way and that in the pale moonlight. These men were heavily armed with cross bows as well as swords, and one of them moved forward to shoo away a thin cur-like dog that was drinking at the pool. One of the other men was making a fire, using tinder and dried dung from the smell of it, and smoke was beginning to curl up in a lazy spiral. Amy realised that the desert was eerily quiet. She could hear the soft crunch of a guard's footsteps as he nervously paced back and forth, and the sound mysteriously disappeared the moment she strained to hear it. But then a strange chattering call of a bird suddenly pierced the night. As if awakened by the bird, a single cricket began to chirp in a nearby hawthorn bush. Then there was a hush and she could hear two guards talking quietly, their deep voices rumbling. A gentle but chill desert breeze wafted across her naked flesh. The night sky was a blanket of deepest blue spangled by bright twinkling stars, and the hollows in the rolling dunes were filled with pale moonlight and shadow, rendering them in shades of ghostly grey. 'It could be very romantic in any other situation,' she thought.

The slaves were all out of the wagon now and they stood shivering together in the cool night air. One of the guards from the wagon grasped two of the girls by their arms and marched them to the pool. Without ceremony he pushed them both into the water, and the girls squealed as they stumbled forward, falling and splashing. Amy's guard - the man who had fucked her - had her wrist in his grasp now and she tried to resist as he pulled her running towards the pool. "No, not in cold water, Master," she pleaded to no avail. He reached to grasp her ankle too and then she found herself whirled like an airplane, rising high and held by hand and foot as he laughed and span round a few times, and when he released her she sailed out and landed with a huge splash in the dark glistening water. Actually, after the initial shock, the water was surprisingly warm, much warmer than the chill air, and she found herself laughing. She eased onto her back and moved to the centre of the pool where the water was deepest. Looking back she saw that Dan was brought to the water's edge too. Without urging, he waded into the water up to his thighs, his wrists still confined behind his back. Evidently, the guards were taking no chances with a strong young man, even though he was naked and unarmed.

"Wash him," a guard called to the women in the pool.

Amy began to swim towards where Dan stood. However, the two other girls were already upon him, their hands splashing water over his body. Amy stopped and watched as the girls giggled together. She knew that slave girls generally delighted in taunting their male counterparts. She wondered what effect their skilled and teasing ministrations would have on poor Dan's enclosed cock. No doubt it would soon be straining painfully against the unyielding confines of its cage. Amy slowly eased her head beneath the water like a submerging crocodile, before rising up and shaking her hair, spraying droplets of water that glistened in the moonlight. The Oriental woman was kneeling in the shallows at the pool's edge, methodically cleansing her small, neat body. Amy swam and then waded towards her, feeling the chill air on her wet flesh as it emerged from the water, and she smiled as the woman's hands worked under the steel between her legs.

"Hello, I am Amy," she offered with a smile. "A belt must be awkward to clean."

The bronze-skinned girl just glanced up at her then looked away. Perhaps she hadn't understood English? However, Amy had also caught the brief look of flashing contempt in the woman's eyes.

## Chapter Four

The guards lit a fire and one of them rustled up some plain food of dried meat and almost tasteless gruel, the fare of desert travellers. It was meagre but adequate, and Amy wasn't hungry anyway. Afterwards, the four guards handed a goatskin around between themselves, and it was evident from their satisfaction that it contained wine, although none was offered to the slaves. As the evening progressed, the men seemed to relax somewhat, no longer forever alert and getting up to check every rustle of a desert hawthorn bush in the evening breeze.

The warmth of the fire was welcome, for it had grown cold, and the guards broke out a pack of blankets. They instructed the nude women to huddle down together and threw a large blanket over them, leaving Dan to shiver for a while, although they eventually took pity and threw him a blanket all to himself. It seemed that, even with the chastity cage on his cock, they didn't trust him with the women slaves.

Amy snuggled between Abigail and Mary, relishing the warmth of their soft flesh as they held each other close, their arms and legs tangled until it was hard for Amy to tell which limb belonged to which of the other women. Even the aloof Oriental woman pressed against them, her steel belt hard and cold against Amy's bottom. Amy moaned softly when a hand slowly and gently parted her sex lips, and caressed her clitoris. She closed her eyes and allowed the hand to please her, and then a mouth clasped onto one of her nipples, teasing behind the ring that pierced the permanently erect and large nubbin. There was a girlish giggle and some movement in the tangle under the blanket, and then Amy found a tongue added to the pleasing fingers that teased her clitoris out of its protective hood. She could smell the warm caramel aroma of female arousal as a pussy was thrust against her face. Smiling, Amy rasped her tongue along the puffy sex lips, parting them and tasting the wet flesh there before licking across the hard nub of the clitoris and coating it with mixture of her saliva and the girl's own juices, whoever she was. The mouth was still clasped at her breast, and she reached to stroke the third girl's pussy, teasing her fingers round the rim of the vaginal opening. She heard a gasp in response, and thought it sounded like Mary, although under the darkness of the blanket she couldn't be sure which of the two girls it was. Amy was beyond caring anyway as the tongue licked long slow swirls that passed over her aching clitoris. In repayment, Amy trailed warm wet kisses up the soft and voluptuous belly, lingering on the dimple of her navel then again descending to her sex. 'It just has to be Abigail,' she thought as the gaping sex pushed forward, eager for Amy's tongue. Slender fingers grasped Amy's nipple, twisting and pulling it outward. Simultaneously, a hand insinuated between her own body and that of the inverted girl, caressing and kneading her breast.

"Oh that feels heavenly," Amy murmured as a finger slid into her cunt, circling the hungry mouth and stimulating the sensitive and wet flesh of the inner wall. At the same time, a thumb pressed against the inner lips pulling and stretching the petals of skin and despatching frissons of delight. Amy knew that her cunt was awash with copious sex juices. She almost screamed out when the centre of her anus was gently dabbed by the point of the almost ethereal, disembodied tongue. She dug her heels into the sands to push her sex against the deliciously skilled mouth. In return she applied her tongue to the girl's sexual delta, from clitoris to arsehole, tasting salty acidic fluids. Amy then inserted her index finger into the anus, teasing it open, causing it to contract, replicating the pleasures wrought on her own body by pirates on more than one occasion. It was all as if they existed on a different plain. Her breasts her being pulled by the nipples, distending them, and another hand was now probing her pussy even as the mouth focused on her anus. She reached with her free hand to probe the spare pussy with her index finger, locating the small patch of sensitive inner flesh that she hadn't even known existed before her capture. She recalled the ship's slaver guiding her fingers into her own cunt to feel that special spot. Later he had shown her how to do the same for other slaves. It was all part of

her sexual awakening and the raising of her slave heat. That heat was now raging inside her. Amy felt a contraction in the wall of the vagina when her nail scraped that special place. The girl moaned and grunted, "Yes!"

'That's Mary,' Amy decided removing her other finger from Abigail's rectum; quickly wetting it in her own mouth, then re-inserting it, pushing past the ring to her first knuckle. She could feel the muscular contractions in Abigail's anal canal. At the same she laved her wet tongue and mouth to the area surrounding Abigail's pebble-hard clitoris. Within seconds Abigail's body convulsed in a slow, rumbling orgasm. It was followed almost immediately by a delicious orgasm that rolled out over Amy's senses, making her shudder and cling to the other two women, and quite different from the sensation she experience with a cock in her cunt. Then both Abigail and Amy applied themselves to Mary's pleasure, quickly bringing her to a moaning climax.

Amy heard the Oriental slave exhale in exasperation and disapproval. Or perhaps it was frustration? Amy had quite forgotten the presence of the girl. In truth, had she have been entwined with them, Amy would not have known, except for the obdurate steel belt the woman wore. It was all wasted conjecture, anyway, for suddenly the blanket was pulled aside and one of the guards looked down at them. He chuckled, seeing the tangle of limbs.

"Hot-arsed sluts, there's no satisfying them," he said to his comrades, one hand stroking his manhood concealed under his robes.

Three more men came to look down on the girls as they huddled together, and Amy eased her head back from Abigail's pussy.

"Looks like they need some upstanding cocks," another said, and they all laughed.

Amy smiled to herself, thinking how little they really knew of such things.

The three guards tore off their robes and came to join the slaves. The men dragged the blanket over them and the oriental woman gave out a small squeak of alarm and crawled away. She saw Dan, lying by the fire, and he raised his blanket to let the small tawny-skinned slave creep under it. The two belted slaves clasped against each other, hearing the moans and grunts emerging from the writhing heap under the communal blanket.

Amy drew a guard into an embrace and pressed her lips against his, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. His tongue met hers and she eagerly worked her soft flesh against his hard, muscular body. Mary embraced them both and the three tongues probed each other's mouths. Abigail, still lying top to tail with the other two girls, took a cock in her hand and dabbed her tongue to its tip and then swirled it around the plum-like glans. One of the men groaned and wriggled his body. Then Amy felt a rough hand on her cunt, much clumsier than the gentle female caresses she had so relished only moments before. However, she couldn't deny the thrill as a hard cock was insinuated into her vagina. There was no replacing that pleasure, she decided. The cock rammed inside her without any finesse or foreplay. She squirmed and scratched at the man's back as he turned her to lie atop of him. Then, to her surprise, another cock pressed against her anus. She grunted in slight alarm but the cock pushed in, and she found herself doubly impaled, sandwiched between the two guards, and surrounded by a press of soft, deliciously yielding feminine flesh. It was as if the two cocks were grinding against the inner curtain of flesh that divided her sex and anus. Then she was aware that Mary was jerking and moaning, and knew that a guard was fucking her. Abigail seemed to be busying herself now with her head between the tangle of legs, licking first one and then another. Presently the cock withdrew from Amy's arse and his weight rolled from her. She found herself disappointed, and reached her hand down to fondle the balls of the man who was still embedded in her cunt, anxious not to let him withdraw too.

Abigail straddled the guard, reaching down to guide his upright cock into her vagina, mindless that it had just been up Amy's arse, and she moaned in pleasure as she lowered her body and drove the cock deep into her cunt. The man reached up to grasp her breasts in his

strong hands, twisting and kneading the soft pliant flesh.

Glancing to the side, Amy saw that Mary's face was contorted with pleasure and desire and there was a salacious smile at the corners of her mouth as the other guard fucked her. Abigail was making guttural grunting sounds as she rode the cock with a vigorous bouncing motion. Amy heard herself groan loudly as the guard thrust his hips upward and his cock jerked in spasm to spurt warm semen into her cunt. It took more violent contortions that shook Amy like a rag doll before the guard had emptied his sac. Her own climax needed more effort on her part, and she reached between their bodies to furiously frig her clitoris until the flood again crashed over her. Mary was screeching out her own pleasure and Abigail hungrily fucked the man under her, milking him dry. It wasn't long before all six of them crumpled together in an untidy sprawl, panting and spent, covered in perspiration. Amy snuggled against the guard's hard chest and fell into a quiet sleep in the quiet desert night. They only slept a few hours before she felt a hand on her ankle...

## Chapter Five

Amy screamed as she was dragged by the ankle. It awoke the five people who lay with her under the large blanket. However, it was too late. The raiders fell on them without warning whatsoever. The outer perimeter of guards must have fallen quietly, for no alarm had been raised. Dan had been sleeping fitfully with one arm around the Oriental slave, and he too was taken by surprise. Even as Amy was dragged towards the fire, the desert night seemed to collapse on the camp. One moment the night was dark and still, and the next moment the raiders were swarming all over the camp, yelling blood-curdling battle cries. The three guards who lay with the slaves under the communal blanket were totally naked and their weapons lay out of reach. They scrambled desperately over the girls, and one launched himself at the raider who had held Amy's ankle. The raider let go of Amy to strike at the guard with a scimitar, taking the top of his head off, spilling blood and gore all over the screeching women. Amy crawled to one side, cowering back as more attackers hurtled out of the stygian blackness, wielding scimitars that flashed in the fire light. The naked guards were cut down before they had a chance to arm themselves, and a great gush of blood spouted from the cut throat of the man who had so recently fucked Mary. Amy managed to crawl backwards, reaching a thicket of sparse prickly bushes and trying to hide there. She felt the spines of the bushes scratching her bare flesh but her only thought was to hide or flee. However, the raiders lit brands and searched the area. Amy was found within a minute. A raider, clad in black, his face a mask with a dark satanic beard, moved forward to seize her. When she drew back, he laughed and set light to the dry bushes. Amy shrieked, facing the prospect of being burned alive, and she dashed out, straight into his arms. The hands on her body instinctively made her struggle but he hit her hard across the face, sending her reeling to the ground. Then he grasped her by the hair and dragged her to where the other slaves were lying beside the wagon, gagged by filthy strips of white cloth. They all seemed inert and numb. Amy was soon to find the reason for that. Her brutal captor locked his hand on her face, his finger and thumb working at the hinge of her jaw, forcing her mouth open, and he then stuffed a wet rag into her mouth and tied it in place with another strip of wet white cloth that covered her mouth and nose. She feebly clawed at the cloth, but acrid fumes made her eyes sting and she felt dizzy. The man held her wrists, and Amy had no recourse but to breathe through the damp cloth, inhaling the pungent vapour deep into her lungs. Within a couple of seconds her head was swimming in a miasma of sharp fumes and her legs seemed to buckle under her. She crumpled to the ground, not unconscious but quite unable to move a muscle. The next couple of hours were a haze for Amy. They didn't need to tie her, or any of the other slaves, for the drug held them immobile. Occasionally the cloth around her mouth and nose was moistened again. She felt as though she was locked into her own body, unable to move, and unable to speak. It was even difficult to blink her eyes. She knew Abigail, Mary and the Oriental woman were similarly paralyzed by the powerful drug.

Then Amy was dragged to one side, a yard or so apart from the others. One of the black robed raiders knelt between her legs and grasped her by the thighs. She could do nothing to stop the man, or anything to even cooperate with him either. She was just a receptacle for his lust and nothing more. Yet she realised that her body still retained its senses. The man's breath smelled of spice, and she could feel his hands roughly mauling her breasts. Then there was a dull pain as his cock drove into her. More raiders were similarly dealing with the other two slaves. She simply lay there under his assault, wondering what pleasure he might be getting from it. She certainly wasn't getting any pleasure herself. It was the first cock that had been inserted into her for weeks that didn't arouse her animal lust. The man finished in short time, pumping his cum into her pussy and then climbing off, and he was immediately replaced by another raider. This was repeated a number of times through the night - Amy didn't know quite how long, for it all



merged into one long unsatisfying fuck. Amy found herself pummelled front and rear, the men roughly turning her paralysed body over at their whim. Dan and the oriental woman seemed immune from the rapine, presumably because of the belts they wore. However, Mary and Abigail fared no better than Amy, and it seemed that there were at least twenty of the raiders, all intent on sating their lust. Then they finally left the zombie-like slaves, discarded like limp rag dolls.

Amy then drifted off into an exhausted sleep. When she awoke, she found that the effects of the drug had partially worn off although she couldn't stand and the mysterious raiders still hadn't bothered to bind any of the slaves. Instead, they just carried them to the wagon and tossed them inside between the two benches, pulling the canvas over them. Their senses gradually returned a little more but it was a mixed blessing, for Amy's bruises and aching joints screamed whenever she stretched a limb.

Amy lay beneath Dan. He had been tossed on top of her, and his inert weight was making her leg numb, but she wasn't able to move him. Dan seemed even more under the influence of the drug than the rest of them. Perhaps the raiders had given him a heavier dose? Only when the wagon lurched forward was she able to push him aside, finding muscular control gradually returning.

"Where are they taking us?" Abigail suddenly asked, and the sound shocked Amy. She tried to answer, but still no words came. She could only shake her head in mute reply.

However, as the journey progressed over the next few hours, the slaves gradually returned to their senses and they were able to move and speak. The water skin was still in place in the wagon, and they were able to quench their raging thirsts and hydrate themselves. The stench in the enclosed wagon was rank in the mid-day desert heat but there was no water to spare to wash the attackers' filth from their bodies.

"Will they drug us again?" Mary asked, bursting into tears and shaking with tremors. "I don't think I could stand it again."

Amy placed an arm around the trembling girl and pulled her to sit on the bench. She glanced at Abigail who bit her lip. It seemed that Mary was speaking on behalf of them all. Even the Oriental girl was weeping quietly, although she had not been violated in the same way as the others. They rode in miserable silence for some time. Presently, though, the wagon halted and they all waited fearfully, scarcely daring to breathe. Voices could be heard outside, and it sounded as if men were arguing. Presently the canvas was thrown back and as they blinked in the bright sunlight they saw a man clad in white looking in at them. He was tall and slender and starkly pale, as if he usually spent his life shaded from the sun's fierce rays.

"Get them out, let me see them," the man said.

Amy squeezed Mary's shoulder and urged her to move to the tailgate of the wagon, whispering, "Be brave."

The raiders in black robes, fearsome as ever, lined the naked slaves up outside. Amy could see the pink walls of a fortified settlement about two hundred yards away, maybe a small town or even a city judging by its size, set in the otherwise empty desert as if it had been dropped there. The haughty man in white was accompanied by a posse of well-armed guards who stood alert and ready.

Amy stood with her eyes downcast as the man inspected her. She flinched when he reached to lay a long, slim finger on a bruise on her right breast and sucked his teeth in exasperation. "She is filthy and her flesh is marred," he said, moving on to inspect Abigail.

"Wash her," the chieftain said with a shrug.

The man in white appraised Abigail and he shook his head, as if saddened. He glanced sharply at the chieftain and then moved to stand in front of Mary. He conducted his inspection of the remaining slaves in silence. Only when he looked at Dan and the oriental woman did he show any significant interest.

“Do you want them or not?” the chieftain asked impatiently.

“How much do you want for the male and the yellow woman?”

“I will trade all or none. We took them from a trader in prime flesh,” the chieftain said. “None of them are permanently damaged.”

They bartered for some minutes. Presently the bandit leader nodded and placed the palms of his hands together, the tips of his fingers touching his chin as he bowed. The white robed man inclined his head imperiously and counted coins into the palm of his hand before passing them to the black bearded man. Amy gulped. She had been sold again, but anything was preferable to another drugged night with the sinister black-robed desert raiders.

The bandit tribesmen left as stealthily as they had arrived, leaving the wagon behind. The just seemed to melt back into the desert and within a couple of minutes there was no sign of them. The white-robed man looked disdainfully at the naked wretches who cringed beside the wagon. He did not speak a word to them, nor did he make a gesture, but instead he turned and walked towards the gate of the fortified settlement. Amy looked at Abigail, confused, but the young woman just shrugged helplessly. Mary was still a nervous wreck and she stood there numbly.

The squad of guards had fallen in behind the white-clad man as he strode forward looking neither left nor right. Soon they were fifty yards away from the wagon, apparently having no further interest in the slaves.

“What now?” Dan asked, glancing around him.

“We must leave quickly,” the Oriental woman said.

Amy considered turning and fleeing. But where would they run to? They were naked and no steel bars or chains were needed to hold them captive. The unforgiving desert was their prison. The same thought seemed to have occurred to Abigail, for she grasped Mary’s wrist and scurried after the group of men. Amy followed, with Dan and the Oriental reluctantly trailing behind.

Inside the massive timber gate, there was a maize of narrow alleys, with high white buildings providing shade from the desert sun. A couple of ragged urchins darted around the slaves as they trooped uncertainly after the guards. There were few people about, although Amy could see shadowy faces peering from behind the wrought iron screens of unglazed windows. There was some activity in a wider space that seemed to be the market, with stalls and carts laden with goods and produce. The market-hawks scarcely spared them a glance as they passed. Amy shuddered. She had no wish to be noticed, but it seemed that she was of very little consequence in the scheme of things there.

They presently found themselves following the guards through a wrought iron filigree gate to a tiled courtyard under the shade of a large olive tree where a fountain tinkled. Amy realised immediately that the fountain was a statement of great wealth, given the scarcity of water in the area. Water is essential to life, of course, so she reasoned that the city must be sited above an underground aquifer.

“What do you think they are going to do with us?” Abigail murmured, crossing her arms about her breasts.

Neither the white-clad man nor the guards seemed interested. They merely went into one of the buildings that surrounded the courtyard and left the naked slaves alone, unguarded, without a word of instruction.

“They will feed us, hopefully,” Dan said. “I’m starving hungry.”

“I can’t take much more of this,” Mary suddenly said. “I’ll go mad.”

Amy pulled Mary close to her and stroked the girl’s hair reassuringly. However, for her own part, Amy felt no reassurance whatsoever. They were left to stand there, afraid to leave the courtyard but not daring to enter any of the buildings. They remained there for over thirty minutes until a cadre of four black guards and a naked white male accompanied a beautiful

woman from an arched doorway. The woman wore a shimmering hijab of iridescent blue, and she fanned herself with a heart-shaped fan of woven reed. The woman stared imperiously at the dishevelled slaves and then took a seat on a shaded veranda.

## Chapter Six

“My darlings, you are in my care now,” the woman’s soft voice said. “I am Lady Soraya, the House Mistress.”

The woman sat in the shade of the veranda and the naked man knelt at her feet. Four fearsome-looking burly black men stood guard, two on either side of her, and they reminded Amy of the eunuchs at the slave bagnio. The woman rose and smiled softly, and as she moved there was a tinkle of a bell. Her eyes glistened and she seemed excited. She was richly dressed in voluminous robes that concealed her from head to toe, except for her hands and her beautiful face.

“Thank God, a woman!” Mary cried, breaking free of Amy’s arms. “We were raped by pirates and then horribly abused by the bandits...”

The House Mistress clapped her hands sharply. She turned to the black guard on her right, pointed to Mary, and said, “Corbaci, whip that whore.”

The captain of the guard nodded to two of his men who marched forward to grab Mary by her arms and drag her to the stout round post set in the terrace a couple of yards from the fountain. Mary, like the other slaves, was well-accustomed to the whip, of course. She shook with fear as the guards clamped manacles around her wrists and strung her up from a hook high on the post. Her arms were stretched taut and she was raised onto the tips of her toes. One of the men reached to push Mary’s tangled hair aside, and the other took a coiled leather whip from his belt and shook it loose, standing a yard or so to the side and behind Mary, raising his arm, ready to strike. He looked to the House Mistress, who still sat in the shade, gently wafting the heart-shaped fan.

“For speaking without permission, twenty lashes,” The House Mistress called.

Amy looked askance. Even the pirates had not been so autocratic or unforgiving. The slaves were all filthy, bruised and exhausted. The woman surely didn’t understand their plight? She called out, “Please, Mistress, Mary meant no harm. She is carrying a child and thought you would take pity on us as another woman.”

“It is true, Mistress, we deserve help,” said Abigail, the voluptuous olive-skinned girl, taking Amy’s lead. “The bandits—”

The House Mistress clapped her hands again, silencing Abigail, and the guard lowered his arm. Soraya then smiled and beckoned Amy, her forefinger like an eagle’s talon. “Come here, darling,” she said, her voice almost gentle.

Amy glanced at Abigail and gulped. She moved forward, standing naked before the woman, who smiled and surveyed her from head to toe.

“Kneel before me. What is your name?” The vice was not unkind.

Amy knelt and lowered her gaze to the woman’s feet. She flinched slightly but steeled herself when the House Mistress reached out to heft her left breast, the painted nail of the thumb scraping across her pierced nipple. “My name is Amy.”

“You stink and your body is bruised and bloody with scratches, my pigeon,” she said.

Amy looked down in shame. She knew that her flesh still carried the stench of the bandits’ rutting.

“You are certified as being with child?”

“Yes... I’m two months or so gone.”

“Who sired the puppy? What colour will it be?”

Amy bit her lip and then whispered, “I don’t know. I was used several times by every pirate aboard the ship, I think.”

Soraya laughed, her voice trilling in the acoustics of the enclosed courtyard. “It is perhaps as it should be. It would be too harsh for you to form an emotional attachment to the

whelp,” she said kindly. “Anyway, we need an injection of virile blood for our breeding stock.” Raising her voice, Soraya called to the guard. “This one also spoke without permission. Twenty lashes for her too. I always think a foetus learns from the womb, and if it’s a female it might be a kindness to give it an early taste for the whip.”

Amy quickly found herself strung up on the post, facing Mary. The second guard uncoiled his whip and took a stance behind Amy. Both guards stood with their right arms upraised, awaiting the House Mistress’s command.

“Now, who was the third slave to speak without permission?” The House Mistress asked disingenuously, and then she pointed to Abigail. “I think it was you, darling! Come here.”

The voluptuous olive-skinned girl ran forward and fell to her knees, clutching the hem of the House Mistress’s. “I beg forgiveness, Mistress.”

“Oh, I’m sure I’ll forgive you, my darling,” the woman said with a sniff, gently pushing Abigail’s hands away with a slipper-shod foot. “You also have the stench of stale sex juices on you. You were one of the pirates’ sluts too?”

“Yes, mistress.”

The House Mistress laughed lightly and clasped her hands to her chest. “Excellent,” she said. “I’m sure you’ll do well here.” She looked to one of the remaining two guards. “Take this one to the post too. Twenty lashes.”

Abigail struggled as the burly black guard dragged her to the whipping post, but resistance was futile. Presently she was secured to the pole along with Amy and Mary, her arms high above her head. The three slaves surrounded the pole, facing it, their naked breasts on either side of the smooth timber and pressing against each other. The third guard uncoiled his whip and snaked it out in front of him with a snap that made all three women wince. He then raised his arm and looked to the House Mistress. She nodded and clapped her hands sharply and all three whips fell with full force, striking down simultaneously on the women’s shoulders with retorts like rifle-cracks.

Amy writhed against the post and she heard Mary and Abigail scream so loudly that their combined sounds almost burst her eardrums. Only then did Amy realise that she had also screamed. Her shoulders seemed to be afire. As she hung there she cast an anguished look across at Dan and saw that he was watching grimly, his jaw set, his cock still encased in the captain’s gilded metal cage. Then the whip slammed her against the post again and she screeched and clasped the wooden post with her thighs, just as Mary wildly wrapped her right leg round both the pole and Amy’s thighs, and Abigail seemed to leap and swing on her shackles for a moment. When the whips again struck in terrible synchrony, the three screaming women seemed to dance a macabre samba on the tips of their toes, with the phallic pole clasped tightly between their writhing naked bodies. Then the guards moved clockwise round the women, their arms rising and falling with terrible precision, not missing a beat, hitting first one woman on the forehead strike and then sweeping on the return stroke to catch the next. The sound of the sickening slaps of leather mingled with the screams of the whipped women with a beat as regular as a fast-tempo metronome.

Dan and the yellow-skinned woman watched in silence as the guards delivered stroke after stroke to the women’s backs, buttocks and thighs. Round and round the guards marched, striking with each stride, beating a dreadful tattoo of pain on the women’s flesh. A new red welt scorched across their skins with each new blow until their flesh was a blaze of fiery red flesh.

By the tenth blow, Mary had stopped issuing separate screams, but instead she maintained a long continuous wail, rising and falling like a klaxon as the whips kissed her agonised flesh again and again. Amy and Abigail, though, screamed and screamed and screamed again, dancing like dervishes on the tips of their toes, as if trying to flee from the hated whips. A tear coursed down Dan’s cheek as he watched his wife writhing under the whip. Mercifully, the lashes were applied so swiftly that the punishment was over within minutes. All

three women slumped in their bonds, hanging on distended arms.

"So you all now know the punishment for speaking without permission, darlings," the House Mistress said, her eyes turning on Dan and the oriental woman. The delicate yellow-skinned slave drew back behind Dan and remained silent. However, the wails of Amy, Abigail and Mary were still loud and pitiful, even though their whipping had ceased. The woman said to the guards, "If they aren't silent within 10 seconds, give them each 20 more lashes."

The three soundly beaten slaves immediately stifled their moans and only issued the occasional gasped sobs. The House Mistress laughed lightly, gesturing for Dan to step aside. He obeyed, moving away from the oriental woman. The bird-like creature blanched under the gaze of the imperious woman.

"You, my little bird," the House Mistress said, beckoning to the cowering woman, "come and let me see you."

The yellow-skinned slave seemed about to protest but then she glanced at the whipping post where Amy and Mary were slumped in their bonds, and she moved to stand in front of the woman. The House Mistress inverted her finger, and the slave reluctantly folded to her knees.

"Your name?"

"Su-Lin," the slave whispered.

"An exotic! Examples such as you are rarely seen in these lands. Are you also with child, darling?"

"No, certainly not. I am a free woman and..." She stopped herself and rephrased her words: "I was a free woman and illegally abducted from the home of my father's friends. Unlike these other shameless sluts, I have never lain with a man."

"So, a virgin," the House Mistress laughed with delight. "Oh, you are *very* special."

"I would rather die than become a whore."

The House Mistress merely smiled serenely and raised a staying palm to the corbaci, who made as if to seize the slave. However, her voice suddenly hardened and she said: "You will learn to obey me, I assure you. If you disobey, you will be punished in progressively more horrible ways until you curse your mother for giving birth to you. Is that clear?"

Su-Lin hesitated, but then said curtly, "Yes, you make yourself very clear."

"I might have your nipples and inner cunt petals pierced, just to prove my point," the House Mistress said sweetly. Then, as if suddenly bored with Su-Lin, she turned to smile at Dan, saying, "You, darling boy, come here."

Dan inhaled sharply but walked forward and was about to kneel alongside Su-Lin. However, the House Mistress raised a hand, ordering him to remain standing. He stood absolutely still, looking straight in front of him, gazing over the House Mistress's head to the wall beyond. The House Mistress reached out and fingered the large banana-shaped filigree cage that encased his cock and balls.

"Is this commensurate with your size, I wonder?"

Dan remained motionless for long moments but then he gave a small, almost imperceptible nod. She laughed lightly.

"We shall see," she said, toying with the small padlock. "Who has the key?"

"The men of the wagon," Dan said helplessly, "but they are dead."

The House Mistress motioned to one of the guards and the brawny man stepped forward and used both hands to seize the slender chains that surrounded Dan's hips. He tugged experimentally but it didn't yield, and then gave a powerful yank, dragging Dan forward and snapping the chains. The cage fell away from Dan's large cock and it clattered to the tiles at the House Mistress's feet. Dan remained utterly still as the women reached to take his cock in her hand.

"Well, perhaps not quite as big as the cage suggested but it is still rather magnificent," the House Mistress said, stroking Dan's flaccid shaft. She glanced at the Oriental woman who was

looking steadfastly ahead, thin-lipped, as she knelt beside Dan. "Suck his cock!" she demanded.

"Never!"

"Superb, Su-Lin, I thought you would require some persuasion. I do so love resistance in my subjects. It's so much more fun." She turned to the naked man beside her and whispered into his ear. The man immediately rose, placed both his hands together as if in prayer, gave a small bow, and then hurried away. He returned within a minute, carrying two long polished batons, one of silver and the other of gold, perhaps an inch in diameter and eighteen inches long. The extreme couple of inches at each end of the batons were constructed of mesh. The House Mistress took the silver tube in both hands on outstretched arms. "Let me introduce you to one of my lovely pets," she said to the trembling Su-Lin. She unscrewed one of the caps and tipped the contents of the tube into her hand. A small large-eared, long-legged rodent dropped onto her palm. She nodded to the naked man. He uncapped the golden tube, and the head of a small snake popped out. "This is another of my pets," she said, offering the bat-eared rodent towards the snake. The small mouse-like creature shot back up into the safety of the silver tube. "Unfortunately the jerboa is terrified of the serpent, and it will go anywhere to escape from it. On the other hand, the snake is sure to follow because I keep it hungry and the jerboa makes such a nice meal." The House Mistress leaned forward and licked Su-Lin's ear, whispering huskily, "Now my darling, can you imagine how these pets of mine might be used to persuade you to...cooperate?"

Su-Lin quaked.

"Suck the slave's cock. Make him hard."

Su-Lin shook her head, clamping her lips together.

"I will give you a clue: the two tubes connect together..." The House Mistress handed the silver tube to a guard. "Insert the open end into her anus," she said.

"No!" Su-Lin screeched as the guard stooped to wrap his arm around her waist and made to obey the House Mistress's instruction. "I'll do it!"

The House Mistress clapped her hands and the guard released his grip on the Oriental slave. Su-Lin reached out with a small faltering hand and grasped Dan's cock. With evident distaste, she leaned forward and took its large bulbous end into her mouth.

"The tube!" the House Mistress snapped. "She is showing no enthusiasm."

Su-Lin immediately began to suck in earnest. The House Mistress laughed and stroked her head as it eased back and forth. Dan grimaced slightly as his cock grew rigid with the girl's increasingly desperate ministrations.

"How many of these slaves have you fucked?" the House Mistress asked, gesturing to the three women who were still slumped at the whipping post.

"Just one... Amy, my wife," he said.

Soraya pushed Su-Lin's head hard forward and Dan's cock slid into her throat. "Man and wife?" she said in delight. "My darlings! The day goes better than I expected. Corbaci, when this yellow slut has drawn the boy off, give her twenty lashes to admonish her to silence. Then have the slaves cleansed and given some appropriate clothing."

The captain of the guard bowed and then went to release the weeping whipped women from the post, presumably to make space for Su-Lin.

"You are now slaves of the House of my Lord and Master Majeed," the House Mistress said, raising her voice and addressing them all. "It is otherwise commonly known as the House of Silence, the finest brothel in the whole of Araby and beyond. I own you body and soul and your sole purpose in life is to work to enrich my coffers. For the bitches, you will all be trained as whores, and until the late stages of your gestation you will work as prostitutes. As for you," she said, prodding Dan in his ribs, "you will be used as a silk boy, and as a male prostitute when I see fit. You are well-accustomed to taking cocks up your arse, I assume? You will answer, Daniel!"

“Yes,” Dan said, clenching his fists at his sides and bunching the muscles of his buttocks as his orgasm exploded in Su-Lin’s throat.

Soraya smiled sweetly and stroked Su-Lin’s jet black hair. “And as for you, my darling,” she said, as the girl spluttered on Dan’s cum, “I shall keep you as my personal slave. You will be my hands. Won’t that be simply lovely?”

Su-Lin blinked and shuddered. The House Mistress’s personal slave and ‘her hands’? What did Soraya mean by that?



## Chapter Seven

The enema had been traumatic for the new captives, certainly for Amy. She had never been used to undertaking such intimate functions under observation, much less under supervision. The guard in the ablution area had been silently obdurate, however, not brooking any whimpered protest as he inserted rubber tubes in the girls' rectums and pumped copious amounts of soapy water into their bowels. He repeated this three times, until the evacuated water ran clear.

The women were then led into a large, airy room with a high, arched roof. Like the ablution area, the walls were lined in multi-coloured tiles decorated with swirling Arab scripts. Amy huddled in the hug of her own arms, weeping softly as a fire of pain seemed to rage on her back and buttocks. She glanced round apprehensively. At least it was cool there, despite the heat of the desert day. The room reminded her of the Topkapi palace in Istanbul, a place she had visited in another time, and there was a huge pool of water that glistened from countless shafts of light that came from the myriad of small, star-shaped apertures set in the vaulted wooden roof. It would all have seemed very reassuring, were it not for the half a dozen large black men who waited for them there. These men were tall and muscular, their ebony skin gleaming, clad in white loincloths.

"What now?" Abigail breathed between her sobs.

A young woman with very black skin and small pointed breasts stood to the side beside a rack of toiletry and bathing materials. She smiled slightly but placed her fingers to her lips, admonishing them to silence. Then four of the men stepped forward, each taking a slave and scooping her up in his arms. Amy squirmed as the man carried her like a child to the pool, but he merely smiled a very white smile. She was amazed by the size of the pool, and saw that it was lined with marble with tiered steps on all four sides. The man stood Amy upright in the pool and she found that the cool water lapped at her bottom and soothed the searing pain there. She reached down with her cupped palm to lave the water over the fiery welts on her back, but the man smiled again, reaching forward and grasping her wrist. Then he deliberately took her two hands and placed them firmly on top of her head. His meaning was clear. Looking round, she saw that the other three slaves were similarly positioned, and Abigail flashed an anguished look as she stood with her fingers laced atop her main of dark hair. The bath girl waded out into the pool carrying a large tray that bore sponges, cloths and cleansing liquids in jars. And she took a station in the centre, within easy reach of each of the men. Then, to Amy's consternation, the man began to wash her thoroughly, scouring every accessible crease and fold of her flesh. He was gentle when dealing with the bruised and inflamed skin on her back but, nevertheless, his handling caused added pain. She closed her eyes against the shame as he parted her sore buttocks and then probed into her anus, pressing up to the first knuckle. Even as he did so, Amy found herself astonished that she could still experience shame after all that had been done to her since slipping into that alien world. However, her cold and impersonal handling by the silent giant somehow seemed to breach Amy's last refuge of self-respect. He placed his arm round her waist and effortlessly tipped her over, holding her under one arm, her legs kicking slightly as he cleaned her with his other hand. He was treating her as a dumb animal to be cleansed and prepared. She somehow kept her hands atop of her head as his fingers cleansed and probed her vagina, thrusting his fingers high and massaging astringent cleansing fluid into internal sleeve, massaging her entire sexual delta with a soapy fluid, palpating her slippery sex lips as if milking a cow.

"No, please," Su-Lin gasped, finding herself similarly upended.

The man who was washing the Oriental slave smiled and ignored her protests, sharply smacking the fiery buttocks of her upraised arse to stop her kicking her legs. Her belt had been removed, cut from her, and she squealed in indignation and pain but then remained still as he

scrupulously cleansed her genitals, taking care as he discovered the intact hymen there.

The man ushered Amy to the steps at the side of the bath, where he made her sit with her legs widely splayed, and he quickly and expertly shaved the stubble from her pubic area. Afterwards, the four cleansed, shaved and well-whipped women lay on their bellies on the cool, bare tiles beside pool, trying to ease the fiery pain that scorched their backs from shoulders to buttocks. The bath girl moved from one to the other, crouching beside each woman, smoothing soothing salve onto the hot skin.

Then, to Amy's surprise, the girl produced filmy, gauze veils and affixed one on each of the new slaves. She also pinned a small droplet emerald jewel pendent in each woman's hair so that it hung against the centre of her forehead. Amy thought that the gemstones, if they were real emeralds, would be worth a fortune in her old world. Here, it seemed, the jewels were considered fit for slaves. So they really were to be dressed! Amy's heart leapt. Hadn't the House Mistress ordered that they be given suitable clothing? She waited in anticipation as the girl dabbed perfume on the slaves. However, the girl then ushered them naked from the bath house. It seemed that a diaphanous face veil and a jewel was the House Mistress's idea of suitable clothing for a slave! She looked in dismay at the other girls. They seemed more naked than ever with just the lower half of their faces semi-concealed.

The guard came and grasped Su-Lin, leading her away by the arm. She smiled slightly. It was the first time Amy had seen her smile. It was a haughty and superior smile, Amy thought. Despite all that had happened, the virginal Su-Lin obviously regarded herself as being of rather better stuff than the other slaves.

After their bath, the black girl led the new veiled slaves in single file into a large hall-like room that was lined dormitory-fashion with long and narrow palliases, laid out with precision, with a yard of space between each of them. Amy suppressed a gasp that breached the otherwise eerie silence there. Most of the padded mats were occupied. On each of these, a beautiful naked but veiled woman lay on her back, straight legs spread with toes precisely pointing to the corners of the rectangular mat, arms by her sides, the palms of her hands on the outside of her thighs. Their positions were so identical that it was immediately obvious that it was a regimented demand. None of the women slept, and they watched with cow-like eyes as the three new slaves were led into the hall. Another large black man in a loin-cloth sat sphinx-like on a stool at the end of the room, stationed precisely between the two rows of mats. Amy judged that there were more than thirty women there, although some mats were unoccupied. Such was the silence and lack of movement in the hall that these young women may have been mistaken for corpses neatly laid out in a morgue, were it not for the steady rise and fall of their chests and the blinking of their eyes.

The black girl halted the line of newly-acquired women at the first unoccupied mat. It was stationed between two delectable, olive-skinned women with manes of black hair that surrounded their heads as they lay looking up at the ceiling. The girl grasped Amy by her wrist and pulled her to the mat, gesturing for her to lie down. Amy obeyed numbly, stretching gingerly onto her back. The girl took some time arranging Amy to her satisfaction, ensuring that she was lying perfectly central on the mat, arranging her hair evenly, making sure that Amy's legs were splayed and outstretched, and placing the flat of her hands on the sides of her thighs.

"What kind of place is this?" Amy whispered.

The girl merely placed her fingers to her lips and shook her head. Then she left. Lying flat on her back, from the bottom line of her vision, Amy saw Abigail and Mary women move away.

She turned her eyeballs to her right, whispering to the girl there: "What kind of place is this?"

"Ssshhh, please," the girl murmured, terrified, not moving a muscle.

When Amy raised her head slightly to look at the girl, she saw abject fear mirrored on her

pretty face. The silence bothered Amy, but she didn't dare break it again, even with a whisper. Sighing, she lay back, looking up at the ceiling. There was an ornate design painted there, and central to this was a large image of the beautiful face of Lady Soraya, the House Mistress, smiling that cool, cruel disdainful smile she had displayed in the courtyard. It was as if the House Mistress was gazing down into Amy's very soul. Amy diverted her gaze from the piercing brown eyes, and saw that all manner of scenes reminiscent of illustrations from the Kama Sutra were represented there. Wherever Amy diverted her gaze she saw a scene of imaginative copulation, featuring large cocks and pliant females. She found herself studying each one, recalling her own varied experiences since her capture by pirates and dragged to that alien time and place.

As she lay there, the black overseer appeared by her mat and he chalked some ciphers on the board behind her pallet, although she could not see what he was writing there. He glanced down at her appraisingly and then moved away, walking back along the aisle.

Amy fell back into her own thoughts, again staring up at the ornate ceiling. In recent weeks she had been used in many of the positions displayed there and the vivid memories made her sex juices ooze, despite the pain from her recent whipping, or perhaps because of it. In the enforced period of reflection, Amy found herself considering the events that had brought her to that place.

Only weeks before she had been looking forward to an exciting new life as a newly-married young woman. Since then, she had been brutally dragged from her comfortable existence in the 21st century by a freak storm at sea while on her honeymoon trip, somehow transported back to a strange time and place, captured and repeatedly ravished by pirates, impregnated, publicly fucked and sold at a bizarre auction, captured by desert raiders, and now it seemed that this mysterious and frightening House Mistress intended to make her into a prostitute. Yet, strangely, she had learned to take pleasure from the raw sex that was inflicted upon her. She even craved it. Looking up at the erotic pictures on the ceiling, she licked her lips in dreamy anticipation and gradually drifted into a slumber. Whatever her new life might bring, it didn't seem too hard or onerous.

## Chapter Eight

Amy woke with a screech as a fiery pain burned across her flank. The overseer stood over her, a cane raised in his hand. He again lashed it down, this time on top of Amy's thighs, and she scrambled to cringe back on the pallet.

"Please—"

"You no break posture until instructed," he screeched, lashing her again. "On your back, lie straight."

"I don't understand," she wept.

The cane rapped with a sting on the side of the calf of Amy's leg. "Silence, no talking!"

Amy realised that she had drifted into a slumber and restlessly turned onto her side in a foetal position. Glancing round, she saw that all of the other women were lying prone, staring at the ceiling, still as statues. Amy whimpered and hastily stretched out on her back, lying to attention with her legs parted and toes pointed, but not before the man had rapped the cane painfully across her belly. She gazed at the ceiling, not daring to even flick her eyes in his direction. The man tapped his cane on the inside of her ankles, making her widen them further. Finally satisfied he flicked the tip painfully against the exposed slit of her shaved sex. Amy lay there, resisting the impulse to shield her pussy as the cane struck painfully again and again, the whippy cane almost a blur. They were not full-blooded blows, just flicks of his wrist, but it was expertly done and her pussy lips stung like hell.

"You no move until told," the man shrieked. "Keep silent at all times. Next time you speak without permission you get twenty lashes."

Amy was about to answer but she stifled her response. Instead she lay tense, willing herself to absolute immobility. Now she understood why all the other women were so silent and compliant. Nobody had bothered to instruct any of the newly-acquired slaves, other than the initial whipping ordained by the strangely-titled House Mistress. Perhaps the slave women were considered too lowly for that. In any event, it was now apparent to Amy that the slaves were required to maintain posture even in their sleep. How would that be possible? Even lying immobile in one position for any length of time causes tension and she soon found it almost intolerable but dared not move.

In the next hour many men visited the hall. Two patrons dressed in long white robes strolled down the centre aisle, accompanied by the overseer, pausing occasionally to gaze on this or that woman. Amy's heard low male voices, and then saw a girl rise gracefully to her feet and stand prettily as the two visitors inspected her at length, making her bend and surrender to their hands. 'Oh no, I would die,' Amy thought in horror as one of the men's fingers probed the slave's pussy. It seemed that the girl was found acceptable for, at a word, she fell to her knees, leaning forward, with her forehead to the tiled floor, her arms folded behind her. One of the men pulled a cord from his robes and leaned to quickly bind her arms. They then moved out of sight but from the sounds she knew they had chosen another woman and that the scene was being repeated. Presently, the two robed men walked out, followed by two naked slaves with their arms folded and bound behind them, forcing their breasts into prominence. A similar thing happened shortly afterwards, when a man in a black robe and headgear sauntered in. He left shortly after with a pale-skinned blonde girl walking a pace behind him. 'What is going on?' Amy thought desperately.

After an hour, the silence was broken by the sharp tinkle of a brass bell. Immediately there was movement all around. The overseer strode back and forth in the centre aisle. The girls were scrambling to their knees. Each knelt at the foot of her pallet. Amy looked to the girl at her right. She was arranging herself with her knees widely-parted and placed on the very edges of the padded pallet, her back straight, chin raised, belly sucked in and shoulders back, with her

hands raised above her head and the wrists crossed. Amy quickly followed suit, not wishing to risk a further stroke from man's accursed cane. The overseer strolled past, stopped for a second, and Amy inhaled sharply and thrust out her breasts, keeping her chin up and staring ahead, exhaling in relief when he walked on. She realised that the postures would be stressful to maintain for long but was a little reassured that there was some rotation of the required positions.

When the next visitor came, Amy was able to get a clear view of him, even though she remained statue-like as he stood in front of her, staring candidly and appraisingly at her body. He was a short, somewhat rotund man, different to most of the Arabs she had seen. He seemed to gaze over her head, presumably looking at the board that hung on the wall there. She could see on the other side of the room that every girl there had such a marked board hanging on the wall behind her. Then the man moved on to the next pallet, gazing at the dark-haired beauty that knelt there with her crossed wrists raised over head.

"This one," the man said.

The girl rose gracefully to her feet and stood with her hip provocatively turned. The man nodded and spoke to the supervisor, exchanging words Amy couldn't understand. After a few moments a deal appeared to have been struck, for the supervisor snapped his fingers at the girl who immediately folded to her knees and placed her head at the man's feet, folding her arms behind her back. When she had been bound, she followed the man from the dormitory, head bowed.

This scene was repeated many more times in the ensuing hours. Each of the chosen girls had returned after a short time, silently taking their places on their pallets and waiting to be chosen again. Amy reasoned that the board behind each pallet detailed the price of the occupant's services, and the nature of that service was becoming all too apparent to Amy. It seemed that the slave women were almost like books on the shelf in a library, to be borrowed, used and returned. That was little different from the way she had been whored on the pirate ship, of course, but the rules, rituals, postures and silence in the desert seraglio unnerved her.

The women's posture on the mats was changed at irregular intervals, as ordained by the chime of the supervisor's small brass bell. The required poses were all of a theme and Amy followed the example of the others: on her belly with head to turned to the right, wrists and ankles crossed; kneeling with breasts pressed to the mat and bottom raised, arms outstretched; variants of the upright open kneeling position, sometimes with hands resting upturned on the thighs, or with wrists crossed behind the small of the back, or raised above the head; lying supine, or with knees flexed... At least the frequent changes gave Amy's limbs some relief.

With each new visitor Amy was almost transfixed by fear that the he might choose her. What would she be expected to do? This strange pace seemed to be bound by peculiar rituals and rules that nobody had bothered to explain to her, and her body already bore the welts for the price of unwitting disobedience.

However, even after her bath and the ministrations of the bath slave, she realised that she must look a fright. Her body had been badly scratched in the desert bushes before the raiders seized her, her back was covered in fiery red welts, and there were also visible lurid bruises on her breasts and thighs. Did the price on her board reflect that? Whether it did or not, she was glad that nobody selected her.

Presently, the brass bell chimed twice and, moving as one, the girls in the dormitory climbed to their feet and stood to attention beside their pallets. The supervisor then led them out in single file to a dormitory in another part of the House.

## Chapter Nine

Soraya, the House Mistress was sitting in her apartments, naked but for a leather belt studded with steel, supporting slender chains that held a shield of steel mesh tightly over her sex. A small silver bell hung from the mesh directly between her legs, signalling her every movement. Soraya's male slave was laying out her apparel for the evening, and she enjoyed watching the ripple of his sleek, oiled muscles as he moved across the room. Moreover she had the prospect of a replacing, or perhaps supplementing him with the newly-arrived handsome slave who had arrived wearing the strange cock-cage.

She was quietly pleased with her day. The five new slaves were reasonable acquisitions, Soraya thought, even though three of the women looked decidedly the worse for wear. As the House Mistress, Soraya knew enough to recognise prime slave flesh beneath surface blemishes. The fact that the wretches had been plundered from a legitimate slaver was a recommendation rather than a concern. Majeed, her Lord and Master, had done well in purchasing the new stock cheaply, but she was somewhat alarmed to think he had almost refused the three sullied slave women. That would have been foolish, although she would never have dared tell him that. Majeed's initial choice had been sound, of course. The pretty male was muscular and well hung, even if the size of his cock cage had flattered somewhat to deceive. And the Oriental female slave was a small and very neat package with an intact maidenhead. Soraya knew for certain that some customers would pay well to pop that rare hymen, if her Lord chose not to take it himself. However, Soraya she had decided to keep her for herself if possible - an exotic personal slave was good for her image. But it would have been such a shame to have missed the other three whores. Although temporarily marred by their captors' harsh abuse, the sluts would soon recover their beauty and they were pregnant to boot, which meant more profits. Moreover, she knew that, if these sluts had indeed been sold on the auction block at the pirate port, they would have been presented there panting for cocks in their cunts with their juices positively dripping. Such women, once first aroused, were always helplessly wanton and insatiable thereafter, no matter how prim and ladylike they might have been before their enslavement.

Anyway, the bruised and battered slaves had been safely ensconced in the brothel hall for a few hours to observe and learn, just to break them in, but Soraya knew they hadn't been worked yet. Specific orders had been given to the overseer of the seraglio on that matter. She had too much respect for her customers to risk inflicting substandard, damaged and ignorant sluts upon them. The House of Silence was not the only brothel in the desert city, but it was well-known for Soraya's stringent discipline over her high quality silent whores. As such, the House Mistress was able to command premium prices.

The male slave reverently laid a freshly-laundered green ensemble and a matching pair of gold embroidered slippers on the couch, smoothing the silken fabric to perfection. A gleaming gold ring pierced the base of his cock with a chain depending from it, a couple inches longer than his magnificent cock. Soraya licked her lips. She would send the newly-acquired boy to the surgeon-barber to be pierced soon, she decided. Soraya briefly considered tormenting pleasure from the male slave again, but she resisted the temptation. It was always less than satisfying, frustrating in fact, given that she was locked in the damned companion belt. Anyway, when surrounded by a surfeit of opportunities, delayed gratification is the sweetest, she well knew that. Besides, there were some delicious duties in prospect, and she loved to play with new slaves.

Soraya looked at the green hijab and shook her head. Like any modest desert woman, she habitually wore a conventional hijab in public, covering her lustrous hair but leaving her rather beautiful face revealed, and otherwise covering her body from neck to ankle. However, in the privacy of her apartment and in the training rooms too, she permitted herself much more latitude. Modesty was neither required nor relevant with slaves, male or female. She often went naked, or

nearly so, discounting the belt. Today, though, demure green didn't seem right. For the induction of the new whores, she would wear red, in a filmy fabric and not too much of it at that. She went to the dressing room herself, brushing the male slave aside, each step accompanied by the tinkle of the tiny bell depending from the mesh that covered her sex. From the abundance of rich clothing hanging in the wardrobe, she selected a swirling skirt of diaphanous red gauze with a matching short red bolero jacket. She gave it to the sycophantic slave who trailed nervously in her wake.

Back in her chamber, she hovered above the chamber pot and relieved her bladder. When she had finished, she remained squatting as the servant pressed a wet sponge against the steel mesh and her anus. She hated that belt, but had become accustomed to it over the years. Like all free women in the citadel, the companion belt had been locked on Soraya by her Lord and Master. It was only removed at her regular ablutions in the Free Women's Baths. So she remained a virgin, and could not even reach under the mesh of her belt with her fingers. Sometimes frustration made her cry out in the night. Soraya knew that the companions of other Lord and Masters felt much the same way, even the older ones. But it was probably worse for young women like Soraya, with healthy but repressed needs and desires that secretly shamed them.

The male slave knelt and held the diaphanous red skirt for Soraya to step into it and he then adjusted its silken sash so that it covered the black belt. The filmy material enhanced her long, shapely legs. She chose ruby red slippers too, for she had no wish to appear barefoot when training slaves. The jewel-encrusted jacket was short, hanging to just above the underbelly of her breasts and it would not close about them. Soraya liked this jacket, which revealed tantalising flashes of protuberant brown nipples with every movement, and she enjoyed the way the unlined inner of the stitched fabric rasped the sensitive teats and kept them permanently erect. Soraya was a highly-sensual and sexual woman, which made the damned chastity belt all the more irritating. She put that thought to one side as she chose sparkling ruby pendent earrings and a matching chain necklace with a natural vivid dark-toned red ruby the size of a small sparrow's egg that snuggled in the perfumed valley of her breasts.

It amused Soraya's Lord and Master that she spent so much of her time with a seemingly worthless slaves, disciplining and tutoring them in every vice imaginable, giving them no opportunity to fail, until their latent talents as a prized whore shone through. However, she knew rather than better than her Lord that there are no such things as bad slaves, just bad owners. In truth, Majeed had little to do with the day-to-day running of the brothel. Like many of the proud males in the desert city, he was content to take the plaudits and leave the actual work to his companion. Besides, Soraya ran the House extremely well, putting her own stamp on the style and delivery of its salacious ware and garnering healthy profits. She provided a valuable service to the free men of the citadel, offering the only legal way for them to indulge their male urges, given that their virginal companions remained belted.

Now she was dressed and ready to start work. She smiled to the male slave, saying, "Tell a guard I require Su-Lin in my training parlour, my darling, and then do lock yourself in your cage."

The naked man bowed deeply and left without a word. Soraya liked to work with a new slave alone, devoid of distractions. She smiled and licked her lips in anticipation and made her way to the training chamber, the red gauze skirt swirling around her tawny, lissom legs and the chastity bell tinkling with each step. There were many aspects in the art of managing slaves that Soraya really enjoyed. Designing the discipline and prescribing the punishments were intensely rewarding activities, of course, for they set the whole tenor of the House. The rule of silence, for example, was her innovation. But she derived her really, really deepest delight in the tactile tutoring of a girl, especially a new slave like Su-Lin, slowly teasing forth her animal lust to dissolve her near frigid self-control forever.

She arrived at the training room before Su-Lin had been delivered there. Glancing round, Soraya satisfied herself that the room was arranged to her satisfaction. She would have no need of the large wheel that day - as she had instructed, the multi-coloured circular wooden platform, 8 feet in diameter, set vertically on a rack with a smooth tilting mechanism, had been pulled back to the wall. Her throne-like chair was set in the centre of the room, alongside the ottoman chest that contained her various toys and devices. The long, knee-high chest also doubled as a padded bench upon which Soraya could examine slaves.

"The slave, as you required, House Mistress," a guard said, ushering Su-Lin into the room.

"Thank you, guard." Soraya smiled a flashing white smile at Su-Lin. "Come in my darling, don't be afraid."

Su-Lin entered diffidently, seemingly not reassured by the House Mistress's welcome. Her slender back still bore the fiery signs of her recent heavy whipping, after all. She was naked save for the veil, of course, and her steel belt had been removed. Her neat pussy had been shaved smooth and oiled, and her long straight black hair hung over her conical up-tilted breasts.

"You learned your lesson that you are not permitted to speak?"

"Yes, House Mistress," Su-Lin whispered, her voice scarcely audible.

The smile froze on Soraya's face and, without warning she smacked the slave's face with the flat of her hand. Su-Lin reeled back, holding her cheek.

"Quite obviously you did not learn your lesson at all," the House Mistress said, her eyes flashing. "Will that be another twenty lashes, do you think?"

Tears spilled from Su-Lin's sloe-eyes. She was about to speak again, to beg perhaps, but she bit on her words and shook her head expressively.

"Still, we shall see how you conduct yourself in your training. Perhaps I can be persuaded to give you a reprieve, just this once, if your cooperation is quite, quite perfect. Let's try, shall we? Do you think you can do that, sweetie?"

Su-Lin nodded, steeling herself as the Task Mistress stroked her left breast, pinching the small nipple. The sight and feel of the girl's vulnerable body made Soraya catch her breath for a second. She pushed aside Su-Lin's hair to expose her slender neck and then suddenly grabbed the pixie-like face between finger and thumb, pressing hard at the jaw hinge and forcing the slave to open her mouth. "Open your mouth and keep still!" Soraya ran her fingers over Su-Lin's small, white teeth, and she then pushed her fingers deep, making Su-Lin retch. "Don't bite my fingers if you value your teeth." After a few moments she removed her fingers from Su-Lin's mouth and said, "Perfect, quite perfect!"

Turning, Soraya sat on her throne-like high-backed chair. She shunned the more luxurious, deeply-upholstered seats that Majeed had imported. This chair, with its plain and sturdy polished brown wood and its straight, high back without the hindrance of any arm-rests was exactly what she required. She delicately arranged her gauze skirt decorously around her knees and legs, and then beckoned Su-Lin with a disarming smile. "Now, my darling, lay across my lap and let me hold you." The small oriental woman hesitated but then she turned, as if to sit on the House Mistress's lap. Soraya laughed, saying, "No, silly, lie face down across my thighs."

Inhaling deeply, Su-Lin did as she was bid. She wriggled slightly as Soraya's cool fingers stroked the hot welts on her back. Soraya smiled and licked her lips, letting her fingers linger on the raised welts and then trailing them down over the slave's smooth curves, over her tense apple-like buttocks and down the backs of her thighs, which had also been seared by the whip.

"It's such a shame to mar this lovely flesh with more whip marks, and I've no doubt that it will hurt twice as much this time," Soraya said. "Still, there is nothing else for it, unless you are a very, very good girl now."



The return stroke of Soraya's fingers came up between Su-Lin's inner thighs, pushing against the tightly clenched flesh until the girl had no option but to relax and part her legs slightly. With a deep chuckle at the slave's obvious reluctance, Soraya pushed the thighs further apart and stroked the neat, tight purse of Su-Lin's newly-depilated sex. Soraya felt Su-Lin's body go rigid as she teased a long, perfectly-manicured fingernail between the outer labia which, when in repose, unlike many women, did not display the inner pink petals of her cunt. As the astute House Mistress's eye had previously observed on cursory inspection, the yellow-skinned girl was a very neat package indeed. "Reach behind and spread your bottom with your hands, my darling," she said.

After a moment's pause which emphasised her reluctance, Su-Lin's small fingers obediently reached behind to clasp each whip-seared buttock and ease the globes apart. She squirmed when the House Mistress's finger nail scraped across the small brown rose that nestled there, and even more so when a finger pad pressed against the dark swirl of muscle.

"I wonder if you have been fucked by a man in this hole," Soraya murmured.

Su-Lin, lying face-down across the House Mistress's lap, shook her head rapidly, glancing wildly over her shoulder as she continued to keep the cheeks of her bottom spread.

"A double virgin, oh that is truly excellent. I have heard that free girls in the East are kept very isolated and innocent. How lovely! That is a rare find in a slave. Even with virgins, the captors will usually fuck their arses."

Soraya pressed her middle finger against the muscle. She kept the nail of that one finger trimmed and smooth, just for this very purpose. The fingertip pushed insistently until the puckered rose opened like a hungry little beast, and she slowly insinuated her finger inside the girl up to the knuckle. Su-Lin gave a small mewling sound and her fingers seemed to prize her buttocks even further apart until the furrow between them was white. "Squeeze my finger, my darling," Soraya said, wriggling the digit while at the same time reaching under with her other hand to gather and squeeze the sex lips in her palm. She smiled in delight when Su-Lin clenched her anus to tightly grip the invading finger, and she also squirmed against the hand on her pussy and mewled again, more a moan than a protest. "Ah, you see, wantonness lurks within every slave, and my pretty yellow bird is no different," Soraya said, pulling her finger back against the tight clasp of the anal sleeve and then working it forwards again. While the finger was again tightly gloved by the funnel, Soraya probed at the very apex of Su-Lin's cunt lips and teased the bud there. She played like this for some time, apparently lost in the pleasure of the taming of this exotic slave. Soon, Su-Lin seemed equally lost, squirming and moaning under the ministrations of those skilled fingers. Presently, Soraya desisted and gently patted the slave's bulging vulva.

"Turn over and lie on your back, my darling." She waited as Su-Lin rearranged herself and the sultry, slanted eyes looked up into the Mistress's face. "Good, now spread your legs widely and open yourself to me."

Su-Lin quickly averted her eyes. However, Soraya's hand grasped her cheek and stroked it, making the slave look directly at her again. The House Mistress gazed into the near-black eyes, murmuring, "You must always comply without question, darling."

Soraya shivered slightly as Su-Lin obeyed. Moreover, without further instruction, the girl spread the lips of her sex with her fingers, which was rather more than Soraya had expected or demanded. She absolutely loved it when a new girl did this voluntarily, even though she had no doubt that Su-Lin had misunderstood her instruction. Su-Lin closed her eyes again but Soraya didn't object this time. Instead, she savoured the moment as the girl lay there pulling her sex lips apart to reveal the bright fuchsia flesh of her pussy. After a few moments, Su-Lin opened her eyes, anxiously looking up at her mistress. Soraya smiled widely and leaned to kiss the hooded eyelids. "Keep looking at me, darling, and push back the fleshy sleeve of your clitoris," she said. Soraya's heart began to thump in her throat as the girl obeyed. She watched

avidly as the small fingers teasing out the nubbin, which was larger than she might have expected, and it was already excited and aroused enough to peep from its hood. The House Mistress was an expert on cunts of all shapes and sizes. She had learned long ago that no two girls are constructed the same, and she prided herself that she could recognise each of her whores with a single glance at her cunt alone. Moreover, Soraya derived deep pools of pleasure from learning every glistening crease and fold between the legs of each slave. She reached with both hands to stroke Su-Lin's deliciously displayed pussy, running the pads of her fingers around the moist flesh and delighting at the taut hymen with its small hole.

"How lovely," Soraya murmured, almost a sigh, gently reaching inside and touching the drum-tight shield of skin. She then placed the tip of a finger a hair's width away from the thrusting bud of Su-Lin's clitoris, and reached under with her other hand to press at the anus again. "Play with your clitoris, my darling. You may squirm the little cock shaft against my finger... but only when my other finger caresses your bottom. Is that clear?"

Su-Lin moaned slightly and nodded, closing her eyes and allowing the lips of her small, dainty mouth to hang lasciviously loose. Soraya smiled and licked her lips. She loved to embarrass a new girl in this way, and it always, but always worked. She eased past the anal muscle to her first knuckle. Su-Lin gave out a small whimper and then pushed her hips forward, writhing slightly against the House Mistress's waiting finger.

"That's it, my sweet. Isn't that nice? Now, you may work yourself against me." She paused and withdrew the finger from the tight anus. "No! Not yet! Only when I caress your bottom, remember?"

Su-Lin whimpered again, this time in frustration, but she desisted and allowed her hips to fall back. Soraya waited for long, precious seconds before pressing her finger into the girl's arsehole once more. Immediately Su-Lin raised her hips again, pressing her clitoris onto the skilled and dexterous digit presented there until, after a few seconds the finger withdrew slowly from her bottom.

"What a good girl!" the House Mistress cooed, leaning to blow on the hot nubbin. She then tickled the rose of Su-Lin's pulsing anus. "Again, my darling..."

Su-Lin moaned and pushed her hips hungrily forward again. This went on for a long time, always controlled by the House Mistress, until the slave was panting and her legs were stretched widely apart. Did the once-proud Oriental young woman realise that the House Mistress was training her like a puppy, rewarding her with hitherto unknown and forbidden sensual pleasure each time she obeyed?

Eventually, Soraya said, "Now, you may bring yourself to a lovely orgasm for me, my darling."

Writhing shamelessly, Su-Lin obeyed, squealing with pleasure. The House Mistress smiled contentedly. She knew she had opened a pleasure box that could never be closed again.

## Chapter Ten

Amy, Mary and Abigail were naked except for their veils - they had not been permitted clothing since their arrival at the House - and their arms were folded and bound tightly behind their backs. They meekly padded along behind their all-powerful and worryingly unpredictable mistress, who that day wore a black all-enveloping hijab, for this was the public area of the House and free men were always to be encountered here. If she had been worried before, what Amy saw as they progressed along the corridors was by no means reassuring to her.

Confirming her impression from the outset when first seeing the House, she saw that the Arabesque building was very large and rambling. Many of the corridors were quite short but most of them were flanked by open narrow archways every 9 feet or so. Beyond each arch was a small, cell-like alcove with mats and cushions on the floor, and sometimes a bench or table. Simple beaded curtains hung in each archway, and often there was an opaque crimson drape too, presumably signalling that the alcove was presently occupied. In one of the alcoves though, the drape had not been drawn across the entrance, and Amy glimpsed a woman who was kneeling and assiduously sucking the cock of a man who stood with his robes gathered up around his waist revealing brown, hairy legs. Amy saw that the woman's wrists were bound behind her back. Soraya didn't seem unduly surprised and walked on without comment. She halted at one of the empty cells and ushered them inside.

Without explanation, Soraya stood in the centre of the alcove and swept her hand around. Amy looked pensively to Abigail and Mary. If the nature of their new existence hadn't already become clear, it was now. They were to be prostitutes, nothing more nor less, and they would work in alcoves such as this. There was an unglazed onion-shaped window in one white adobe wall of the 8 feet square cell. The gaudy colour theme of the alcove was scarlet and gold, with wall hangings, a rug and deep floor cushions, but no bed. Eye bolts had been affixed at certain heights and points on the walls, and some of these had chains and manacles attached. There was a multi-thong whip hanging from a hook, and a narrow, thigh-high padded bench. For the rest, there was just a simple wash-stand with a water jug and bowl, and an enamel lidded pail beneath it.

"Always remember that your rule of silence applies here, unless a patron demands otherwise, which they are discouraged from doing. You must obey the customer in all things, however, instantly and perfectly, or you will face the price of failure. Do you have any questions, my darlings?"

The three slaves shook their heads in mute response. They had learned not to fall into the House Mistress's little traps to make them speak unguardedly. She chuckled and then turned and swept from the alcove, beckoning for them to follow.

They stopped at the wide open archway to a hall similar to the public brothel hall in which the three new slaves had already experienced life in the House of Silence. In this hall a dozen or so naked women were lying identically, close together, on their bellies, stretched on an ornate green carpet, their heads resting on their left forearms, and ankles crossed one above the other. These slaves were supervised by an overseer who sat quietly but watchfully behind some columns as three robed men studied the slaves' forms and discussed the women's merits.

"These whores are without child but ready to conceive," Soraya said as they looked into the hall. "Most of them have already given birth once or twice, and some three times. Their services are obviously more expensive as proven breeders. For a price, a free man may reserve a whore for his exclusive use until she has conceived and he will then have parental rights to take the brat. When you have all whelped, after an appropriate fallow time, you will be offered here."

Amy gulped. She had managed to put the matter of her pregnancy to one side, having been so overwhelmed by other worries since her capture in the desert. Anyway, her pregnancy

was still in its very early stages and she had barely noticed any change in her body. However, it now seemed that, after her child was born, she would be offered up for impregnation again, and perhaps again and again. The thought made her feel faint. She noticed too that the strict rules of silence and regimented positions applied to these women too. Indeed, the only woman's voice she had heard in the House belonged to the House Mistress herself. There was little time to think more of these things, for Soraya was again leading them away.

The next room was little more than a wide corridor set against an external wall. Along the length of the narrow room, ten tall onion-shaped window spaces faced out to the public square beyond. At each of these unglazed windows a girl was posed, naked but for a diaphanous veil over the bottom half of her face. It was growing dark, and there was a large silver moon low in the deep blue sky. A pendent oil lamp positioned near each window illuminated the slaves' bodies. Two of the women were heavily pregnant and their bellies were widely distended. An overseer, perhaps mindful of the House Mistress's presence, held up a small brass cymbal-shaped bell and struck it. At the clear tinkle of the bell, the women at the windows changed their pose in unison, placing their hands behind their backs and standing with eyes downcast like contrite children.

"You can all expect to be displayed here from time to time when your bruises have healed," Soraya said. "We use the Exposition Room to advertise our wares and encourage trade."

'My God, this is the brothel's shop window,' Amy thought.

Outside, she could see an outdoor market thronged with people. The men mainly wore white robes and Arab head dresses, and the women were dressed in voluminous hijabs of various, mostly in drab colours. Passers-by paused to look into the brothel windows. A guard paraded there too, and he moved to good-naturedly chase off a group of small, laughing urchins who were flicking pebbles through the windows at the naked women. "Be gone, you brats, one of these whores might be your mother," he called after them.

"Come!"

Hurrying to follow Soraya and the other girls, scurrying with her arms folded behind her, Amy nearly tripped and stumbled into a robed man walking in the opposite direction. She almost squealed in surprise as the man steadied her. He smiled. He was a tall, young desert warrior with a hook-nose, a trim beard, and dark gimlet eyes. Amy stood helplessly as he ran his hands over her curves. She inhaled deeply and closed her eyes when his palm closed over her breast.

"As you can see from the emerald on her forehead, that one is newly-arrived, Sheik Karim," Soraya said. "She is poor stuff as yet, but I will soon make her beautiful."

The man ran his hand over Amy's belly and stroked the lips of her sex. "She seems comely enough, although she's had some rough handling."

"Yes, indeed, she was seized and harshly used by bandits, as were these other two. They are now in my tender care though. Rest assured, she will soon be available."

"A breeder bitch?"

"Indeed, Karim. But she is with child already. It will be a year before she is put to breed again."

The man grinned as he probed his hands between Amy's pierced labia. "I am a patient man, House Mistress."

Soraya laughed lightly as she turned to walk away. "You could sire twenty or more offspring in that time. I have plenty of other bitches in heat, rest assured."

Karim released Amy and she scurried to Soraya, a blush suffusing her cheeks above the veil and creeping down over her shoulders and breasts. She could still feel the imprint of his hands on her body, but Soraya seemed pleased and Amy was somehow gratified by that. As she padded meekly behind the House Mistress, Amy quietly wondered at her transformation from a

prim and proper blue stocking modern woman working in a naval museum in her previous life and time, turning her into a naked slave submissively yielding to the rude touch of an arrogant young desert sheik.

"This is the salon," Soraya said, leading her new whores into a large, dimly-lit open area that was already teeming with life.

Amy looked round in wonder. An exotic complex smell of sooty oil lamps, heady perfumes of patchouli and light musk, spiced food, and herb-like smoke assailed her nostrils. It was warm there too, with a brightly glowing fire under a massive copper canopy set in the centre of the room tended by a ragged boy. The salon was wide with a low ceiling supported by several large round pillars, and it was surrounded by several open yet shadowy alcoves, each furnished with rugs and cushions, where several men sat, smoking hookah pipes and talking together. Musicians were playing: a drummer, a man with a strangely shaped lute, and another who blew a wind instrument with a bulbous stem. Four naked veiled girls were dancing in a wide circular sand pit, wriggling their bare bottoms and shaking their breasts. On a low dais a beautiful young woman was on her hands and knees, her head drooping between straight arms, breasts swaying beneath her as a male slave energetically fucked her from behind.

"When you are trained, you will all often serve here," Soraya told the three women. She smiled and inclined her head to a man who greeted her as he passed. "Salaam, effendi."

Nude women, quite a few of them, certainly more than a dozen (it was hard to tell, because some were partially hidden in the alcoves) were sashaying back and forth, carrying trays of food and drinks. There were three or four naked male slaves too, their cock glans ostentatiously pierced by gleaming gold rings. At the door, bare-chested overseers stood sentry as more customers arrived. Business was certainly thriving at the brothel.

"Come, my darlings!" the House Mistress said, snapping her fingers and turning to walk regally from the salon.

She then led the small procession up a flight of stone steps into an area directly above the salon. Here, although the strains of music could be heard from the room below, there was a totally different atmosphere. About ten women lay indolently on mattresses scattered around the room. Amy gasped. All of the women there, barring the black attendants, were heavily pregnant, their bellies bulging and distended. They all looked on silently with cow-like eyes as the House Mistress entered. Soraya didn't explain, but no explanation seemed necessary. Quite obviously, this was the pre-natal room. It was equally obvious to Amy that breeding was a major purpose of the House. 'Why, though?' Amy asked herself anxiously. There was no sign of a nursery or crèche, which she assumed must be elsewhere in the House, and she hadn't seen any children in the House at all. Where did they all go after they were born? She found herself anxiously rubbing her own belly, which was still trim although she fancied that it was already becoming slightly more rounded.

Concluding the tour, the House Mistress took them down to a basement area. It was cool and gloomy down there, lit by flaming torches that tinged the air with soot. It seemed dark and foreboding and a sudden piercing scream did nothing to reassure Amy's jangling nerves. It was a cavernous area, probably replicating the full size of the salon directly up above, with a high arched roof set upon stout round supporting pillars that were spread across the entire area. Frighteningly, manacles dangled from chains and eyebolts set high in many of these pillars, as if awaiting victims. And at the sides, perhaps corresponding to the alcoves up above, there were cells fronted by stout iron bars along their frontage. A huge iron brazier burned in the centre, casting a flickering light of orange and yellow. Another wailing scream echoed round the vaults.

"Here you see the price of failure, my darlings," Soraya said sweetly, leading them to peer into one of the cells. "You would do well to try to keep out of this place."

Amy gazed fearfully at the scene behind the bars. Two young women were suspended on chains from the roof, swaying slowly, doubled over, and their faces were only inches above their

exposed sex lips. Each was suspended by her wrists, with legs widely splayed by a metal pole attached to stout leather ankle-cuffs. The ankle cuffs were tied high by chains hanging from the same hook that held the wrists. The girls were effectively doubled, displaying widely gaping cunts as they slowly swung and twisted to and fro, as if in a gentle breeze. Amy was well familiar with this agonising tie, for the pirates who first captured her had delighted in using it.

A bare-chested black overseer approached one of the trussed women carrying a wooden pail. The dangling woman watched helplessly through her widely stretched legs as the man approached and placed the bucket onto the floor in front of her. Then he reached down to take out a round-headed brush, some three inches in diameter. The overseer repeatedly dipped the soft bristles into the bucket until the head was dripping wet. Then he carefully applied the glistening fluid to the girl's cunt, working it back and forth, ensuring that the bristles probed well into her fleshy folds to fully coat her exposed fuchsia-pink flesh with the fluid. The young woman let out a long, deep moan. Amy was shocked, for the slow guttural sighs were undoubtedly groans of arousal and rising heat. The girl seemed to be almost trying to strain her body onto the brush. The overseer dipped the bristles into the pale once more, and there was a small whimper of protest until he once again painted the fluid onto her opened sex. Each upward stroke commenced at the velvet mouth of her anus, where the brush dabbed and twisted, and then it coursed along the gaping lips to linger and tremble against the very apex of her slit. The girl's hands and fingers writhed in the bonds as the brush moved. This went on for some minutes. Her moans became louder, more urgent. There was a smell of feminine arousal in the air. Amy glanced at Abigail, who was watching the scene with rapt attention. Amy was uncomfortably aware that her own breathing had quickened. The girl in the cell was crying softly and her face was filmed with perspiration, and her shoulders and breasts were mottled. Then, just as the girl seemed ready to orgasm, the overseer withdrew and she let out an anguished, exasperated cry, hanging limply, breathing heavily. The overseer laughed and moved to stand before the next woman, recharging the brush as he went.

"This is a pre-punishment cell," Soraya said softly, as if reluctant to break the cathedral-like mood. "These girls are to pay the price of failure and they are being prepared as prescribed by the patron who has paid to punish them. The fluid is a mild irritant and it raises their slave heat unbearably. These bad slaves will hang here for hours on end, repeatedly brought to the very point of climax before they are handed simmering to the customer." Soraya beckoned and led them to look into the next cell, whispering, "There is one such girl here..."

Unsurprisingly, there was a naked woman bound there but her plight was shocking to Amy, in spite of all she had seen since her capture. The girl's hands and arms had been bound to her legs, right arm to the inner side of her right leg and left arm to the inner side of her left leg. The rope that tied her thus encircled the limbs three or four times, elbow to knee and wrist to ankle. This position automatically forced her legs cruelly wide, displaying her shaved cunt and the dark pit of her anus. She lay on her back with legs in the air. A robed man was sitting on a chair, lounging, simply watching her as she struggled. Then he rose and approached her, carrying a huge tapered dildo, a huge black penis fully 15 inches long and three inches in girth at its base, veins and glands precisely delineated and two large balls at its end. The man rammed the dildo into the cunt of the bound woman until only the large balls were visible. The woman screamed and then subsided in a long, low groan of agony. He then took a stout lash and began to mercilessly stripe her belly with the broad leather blade, eliciting more anguished screams that echoed around the basement.

"Many men will pay well to punish women," Soraya whispered. "Unfortunately, the slaves are rarely good for anything after their punishments have finished, if they are alive at all."

Amy shuddered and turned away from the scene, trying to close her ears to the screams. She well knew that the false cock embedded in the girl was far too big to be naturally accommodated, and the lash seemed designed to draw blood. She saw that Mary and Abigail

were also watching the scene with shocked, morbid fascination.

“I think you’ve seen enough, my darlings,” Soraya said. “There’s probably no reason why that kind of thing should ever happen to any of you. Come, it’s time for me to examine you.”

## Chapter Eleven

Soraya led the three apprehensive girls into the room which she liked to call her parlour. It was a huge area, in truth, with a massive marble pillar in the centre, embellished with sturdy 5 inch gold rings set in ornamental plates at various heights. It certainly looked nothing like a parlour. In truth, it was a simple, plain, if cavernous room with few accoutrements: a low chest, some shelves laden with various bottles and jars, and a large throne-like chair. On that day, the whole thing was dominated by a large round rotating table, fully 8 feet across, to one side of the pillar. The table top was divided into several different coloured segments, with sets of broad leather broad straps set at strategic points, and around its rim a number of silver objects moulded in the shape of fruit dangled from chains that were some 12 inches long.

Two of the black overseers stood silently waiting, the muscles on their oiled black chests rippling in the light of a number of oil lamps. Mindless of these men (perhaps because they too were slaves, of a kind), the House Mistress shrugged off the black hijab, revealing her sheer red skirt and the short jewel-encrusted jacket that hung open to much reveal her breasts. "There, that's so much nicer, don't you think," she said, tossing the hijab onto the ottoman chest. "Sometimes, I do so envy you sluts your freedom, you know."

Freedom? Amy blinked. She had never felt less free in her life as in that place. Even the pirates had been more tolerant, provided she fucked energetically enough on demand, and she had quickly learned to do that. Here in this desert citadel, she had even been denied her voice, and the supervisors told her when and how she must do every single thing, even her most basic bodily functions. Now she watched Soraya idly spin the top of the table with its strange, multi-coloured segments and dangling heavy ornaments which swayed and bumped together with the rotation. What else did the House Mistress have in store for them, in her strange notion of 'freedom'?

Perhaps Abigail and Mary were thinking the same thoughts. Mary looked positively dejected, and even Abigail, normally so wanton and ready for anything, was pensively staring at the table. Soraya surveyed them each in turn and licked her lips lasciviously.

"You first, I think, sweet Mary," she murmured, tucking her fingers under the quaking girl's chin. "Lie with your back on the table. Choose a colour you like." When Mary hesitated, Soraya snapped, "Now!"

Amy could see that Mary was close to tears. It was true that the terrible whipping had prevented the girl from going into shock, but she was still very fragile. Mary firstly sat on the unsteady table top, choosing a green segment, and then lay back with her bottom at the table edge and her legs dangling.

"That's such a *good* girl," Soraya murmured, stroking Mary's belly as if to reassure her. "Lie still, darling, with your hands by your sides and look up at the ceiling." She then gently turned the table top and stopped it at a certain point. Turning to Amy, she patted the orange segment of the table top and said, "Now you, lovely Amy."

Amy stepped forward and obeyed. The House Mistress positioned her precisely in the orange segment, as if precision was very important. When Amy lay back she was surprised to find that the table top was lightly padded and covered in soft oiled leather that was slightly sticky against her skin. Furthermore, there was a large mirror affixed to the ceiling - she hadn't noticed that before. She lay just as the House Mistress demanded, with her head at the centre, touching Mary's head, and her legs hanging awkwardly towards the floor. The table top was turned again, and Abigail was similarly installed. Now, all three of the girls lay supine, gazing up at the ceiling mirror, positioned equidistant from each other like the spokes of a wheel.

"What a pretty picture," Soraya murmured, her throat husky.

In the mirror directly above, Amy could see that she and the other two slaves were evenly



spaced. She could hear the other two girls breathing raggedly. The table-top wasn't so large that Soraya could not lean over and easily reach its centre, and she fussed to arrange their hair and lay it fan-like around their heads, overlapping one set of tresses against the next.

Amy was imagining all kinds of things that might happen, and it seemed that the House Mistress had decided to start with her. She had taken a small ornate stone bottle from a shelf and placed it on the table between Amy's legs.

"Part your thighs, my darling," Soraya said huskily, leaning forward so that Amy could feel warm breath on her pussy. Amy's thighs were already splayed but she uneasily spread them somewhat wider. "More! You stupid girl, don't you know to obey to your fullest?"

Amy heart leapt in panic at the harsh screech. In a frightened reflex she hastily brought her ankles up onto the table top and splayed her thighs until her knees touched the legs of the girls on either side of her. She could feel the tendons stretching in her inner thighs. The House Mistress stroked Amy's pussy with her beautifully manicured index finger, teasing the fleshy lips apart and finding the nubbin at their apex. She pushed the long painted, pointed finger nail delicately beneath the fleshy hood and eased it back, revealing the hard bud that nestled there.

"This is just the tip of your clitoral bundle," Soraya murmured, her voice deep and husky as she leaned over to dab her tongue, snake-like against the small nubbin. "Its roots are deep in your belly, and they bifurcate on either side of your vaginal sleeve to make it constantly hungry. Did you know that, my darling? Keep the bud pushing out and erect for me."

Soraya, crouched over Amy's pussy like a she-wolf guarding its food, smiling up at Amy as she took the stopper from the small bottle and slowly dripped oil onto Amy's vulva. Amy closed her eyes and shuddered as the first droplets dripped onto the slit of her sex, seeped around her nubbin, and then trickled down between the sex lips to be massaged inside her pussy by the House Mistress's irresistible fingers. The oil immediately generated a feeling of warmth, accompanied by an indescribable sensation that was both incredibly pleasant and maddeningly irritant at the same time. Amy squirmed, afraid to move, as the Soraya steeped the fingers of her left hand into a cone shape and inserted them to the knuckle of her fist into Amy's cunt, spreading the lubricated vaginal mouth wide. Amy gave out little whimpers as the House Mistress fucked her with her fingers. Soraya artfully dripped more spiced lubricant onto the already slick pink inner flesh, and she sighed in contentment as she pumped her fingers in and out of Amy's cunt until the resisting mouth seemed to give somewhat and accommodate the stretch. Then, quite suddenly, the House Mistress's entire fist slid into the warm wet sheath. Amy gasped as the fist filled her. It stretched her more than any cock she had ever known, and she had taken many massive, almost superhuman cocks since her capture. Moreover, the fist was turning, with writhing fingers, alternately flexing and contracting in a rhythm as the House Mistress manoeuvred her hand back and forth. Soraya had put the bottle of oil aside now, and her other hand was manipulating Amy's erect, exposed clitoris.

"Ah, now you feel it, my darling," Soraya said, rasping her tongue around the fleshy pad that surrounded the hyper-sensitive nubbin. "The roots of your clitoral bundle are clasping my hand in your lovely cunt - I can feel it pulsing at its tip."

Amy moaned and nodded wordlessly, swept up in the luscious waves of pleasure that were accompanying each push and expansion of the fist inside her. A shattering orgasm came very quickly, bursting over her, lasting fully twenty seconds, and she vaguely heard the House Mistress gasping, "Yes! Yes!" as if she had climaxed herself. Whether or not that was the case, it was quite the most intense orgasm Amy had ever endured. Directly afterwards, Amy closed her eyes on the point of swooning and her breathing came in small strangled sobs. She only vaguely heard Soraya crooning soothing, almost loving words. Soraya seemed to know her trade, for she allowed her relaxed fist to remain embedded in Amy's cunt for fully half a minute. And, despite her strange predicament on the table, Amy was utterly spent and languid when Soraya withdrew her fist and washed her hands from a bowl held by one of the overseers.

“You are such a good girl, you are,” Soraya said, drying her hands on a towel.

Amy smiled and lay back in strange, sated contentment. The table top rotated slightly, and then Amy heard the House Mistress instruct Mary, “Lie on your belly, sweet Mary. Don’t be so timid.” Mary scrambled to obey, of course. “Lay your cheek on the table and push your bottom up towards me. Can you do that, darling?”

Amy peeked up at the mirror and saw that the House Mistress was sorting in the ottoman chest. When Soraya straightened, she was holding a cord threaded with six large black beads, each fully 1 inch in diameter. She laid the beads on the table and tapped the inside of Mary’s knees to widen their placement. When satisfied, Soraya then took the small stone bottle of oil and leaned in towards Mary’s upturned bottom. “Lovely,” she murmured, dripping the oil into the furrow between the pert buttocks, while stroking Mary’s back with her free hand, pushing her down so that Mary’s breasts lay on the table top. In the ceiling mirror, Amy could even see a small pool of the dark coloured oil in the upturned well of Mary’s anus, and Mary’s sighs indicated the warming affect it was having there. After a few moments, Soraya replaced the stopper on the bottle and set it aside, and she then took the beaded cord and dangled it so the ball at the end settled in the pool of oil. Amy, her own slave heat still simmering, gazed up at the ceiling mirror in rapt fascination, scarcely taking time to breath, as the House Mistress pressed the first bead into Mary’s anus. Amy’s head was spinning with the delicious pleasure of it as she watched Mary’s whole bottom seem to contract and then expand again, accompanied by the girl’s low, growled groan. Soraya sighed in harmony with Mary’s groan. She then pressed the next bead against the pulsating mouth. “Try to open up to take the bauble, my sweet,” Soraya said, her throat husky now, and to encourage Mary she reached under with her other hand to work Mary’s clitoris. Amy held her breath. She could hear Mary’s soft lustful moans. Then Mary’s body seemed to tighten, just as the bead disappeared into the dark anal swirl that glistened with oil. “Oh, you are so good, my sweet,” Soraya murmured as she held the next bead in place. “I shall teach you such strange ways.” Soon, all six beads were inserted up Mary’s arse, leaving only a shaped black T-piece handle visible in the deep cleft of the buttocks. The House Mistress was still working at the slave’s clitoris, with fingers made slippery by the oil. Then, as Mary’s moans began to quicken, Soraya tightened the cord, pulling so that the girl’s anal rim lifted as a black bead slowly emerged, seeming to gradually grow in size to push aside the reluctant flesh. Mary accompanied this with a strange, sensuous rumbling growl that rose to a small squeal when the bead suddenly plopped out, and then Amy too felt a delicious shiver curse through her own body. Amy saw the thumb of Soraya’s free hand push into Mary’s vagina, and the House Mistress’s slender wrist was writhing to indicate that her fingers were manipulating the nubbin beneath, which must surely have been aching hard by now. The next bead burst free with another shriek from Mary. “Steady, my sweet,” Soraya coaxed, pulling steadily on the cord, “do not release until I give you permission.” Mary’s body was wracked with short, nervous spasms and random tremors as Soraya almost lovingly cupped and squeezed the pulsing sexual delta, simultaneously sharply jerking another bead free. Amy gazed up at the mirror, enraptured but slightly light headed, as if intoxicated. She could smell the warm caramel odour of Mary’s sex juices which dripped slowly from Soraya’s fingers and made a dark stain on the fine green leather of the table top. “Now, my darling, wanton Mary, we shall both flood over to our hearts content,” Soraya said throatily. Then she cried, “Now!” and jerked another two beads free from Mary’s anus. Mary instantly reacted, moaning and humping her bottom, grinding her breasts flat on the table top, obviously caught in the throes of a momentous orgasm. Soraya matched Mary’s ardour - mistress and slave moving together as one. Soraya’s breasts swayed as her body moved back and forth, and Mary wriggled her bottom in a circular motion as more pressure was applied to the cord of beads. Soraya’s gulped moans were almost in synchrony with Mary’s squeals of passion. Amy, her own breath ragged again, realised in awe that the House Mistress was also overtaken by an orgasm, even though the erogenous zones of Soraya’s

body hadn't received the slightest physical stimulation. It was an orgasm of the mind, stimulated solely by foreplay of the brain, and apparently no less intense for that. Amy closed her eyes, seeming to wallow in soft wet sounds and gasps of pleasure, enveloped in a heavily-perfumed cloud of female passion, and imagining herself lying on her back in a warm sea of lust. A wrack shook Amy's body, just as Mary let out a long, loud wail that announced the removal of the final bead. Amy trembled in exquisite languor as she wallowed in another delicious orgasm and, for a fleeting moment at least, she understood the nature of the enigmatic remote pleasure that so consumed the House Mistress.

For almost a minute, there was only the sound of heavy panted breaths from the Task Mistress and Mary. Oh, and there were small whimpers of need from Abigail. Abigail had embraced her slutish nature more than most of those who had been captured by the pirates. The girl had positively blossomed under the corsairs' ravishment, as if her true wanton nature, lurking just beneath the surface of her hitherto modest respectability, had been suddenly released by enslavement. Amy glanced up at the mirror again and saw that Abigail's full breasts, their weight taking them slightly to the side of her chest, were rising and falling rapidly with her breathing, and her fists were repeatedly clenching and unclenching by the sides of her thighs. Amy smiled again. She knew that Abigail would be wet with anticipation of whatever lascivious delights the House Mistress might have in store for her.

"Turn over on your back again, sweet Mary," Soraya said at last, straightening and rubbing her hands together. "That was so lovely."

As Mary collapsed heavily and rolled onto her back on the table top, Abigail whimpered again. The House Mistress looked at Abigail in surprise. "Oh," she said, as if she had quite forgotten that a third girl was lying there. Abigail moaned again and licked her lips. "Do you think my purpose is to bring slaves pleasure?" Soraya demanded. Her voice was suddenly harsh. Abigail was about to speak but she caught her error in time and shook her head vigorously. The House Mistress nodded, pursing her lips. "I should hope not, indeed, and your surprise, my girl, is that I shall leave you frustrated."

Soraya smacked Abigail's pussy with her fingers. Abigail moaned again, deflated.

"But perhaps that would be too cruel," Soraya said, her countenance softening and lips brightening into a smile. She suddenly clapped her hands and said, "All of you, part your thighs widely, my darlings. I have a surprise present for each of you."

The House Mistress reached down to collect something and then leaned over the table and stroked Mary's long, blonde hair. Then, though, Amy watched astonished as the House Mistress presented a silver, bulbous object between Abigail's legs. The object was the size and shape of a large apple. She heard Abigail give a small grunt, and then Soraya murmured, "Wider still, my slurping slut, take it all in now. There, that wasn't so difficult, was it?"

Then the table top turned and the House Mistress was standing between Amy's splayed legs, gazing at her pussy. Amy tried to repress a flinch as the woman reached to stroke along the length from anus to clitoris, but then she gave a small mewling sound, despite herself, as the fingers teased inside her cunt. Then the House Mistress stooped and collected another object from beneath the table. When she stood upright, she held another silver object, the size and shape of a large pear, dangling from a chain. Amy gasped when the bulbous, cold metal was pressed against her nether lips.

"Now, lovely Amy, open up that hungry little cunt for me. Can you do that? Widen your legs, darling." Soraya pushed the large pear insistently against the mouth of her vagina and Amy willed her muscles to relax there. Soraya slapped her other hand down on Amy's clitoris, saying briskly, "Come on now, darling, you can accommodate this easily, it's smaller than a baby's head, after all."

The silver pear eased into Amy's vaginal sleeve, stretching the funnel and feeling inordinately cold and heavy. Soraya pushed it up as far as she could, until the cold round metal

nudged against Amy's womb and the tapered end had disappeared inside her too, leaving only the chain trailing from her sex lips. Amy laid back, her fists clenched. The table top turned once more, and Amy listened to Abigail's small moans which accompanied the insertion of a similar silver object. This time Soraya had selected a larger silver weight shaped like a small, smooth pineapple, and as Amy gazed up at the mirror, she saw that the stylised pineapple leaves protruded from the puckered lips of Abigail's cunt when the House Mistress stepped back.

"There!" the House Mistress said with a satisfied sigh. "Now darlings, straighten your legs and keep them widely spread so that you touch the feet of the slut on either side of you. Excellent. Now you must hold hands, like good girls."

Amy was surprised by how hard Mary clenched her hand, as if seeking reassurance, and she kept squeezing as if to offer some. It was remarkable how each girl reacted differently. Then, though, a slave overseer was buckling a strap under Amy's arms and over the upper swell of her breasts, and another strap passed directly beneath the soft orbs, making them bulge outwards. A broader strap was cinched tightly around her waist, and she found that her torso was held immobile. The overseers similarly strapped the other two slaves down too.

"You look simply delicious," Soraya breathed as she stepped back and rubbed her hands, "a veritable living star of lovely tender flesh. How lovely! Don't you dare to move those legs."

Amy gazed up at her reflection in the ceiling mirror, seeing the asymmetric geometric shape of female flesh stretched out on the table. The leather straps were dark against their flesh, and their breasts were protruding strongly. Amy could feel the tension in her taut muscles as she strained to keep her legs straight and spread without support. Soraya leaned to tenderly stroke in the tight skin between Amy's body and upper thigh, tapping it like the taut skin of a drum. Then, at a nod from the House Mistress, one of the black supervisors stooped to release a catch under the table. Smiling artfully, Soraya then pressed on the rim of the table and the girls all squealed in alarm as the table-top slowly tilted until it was vertical. The two supervisors, one on either side, hoisted the frame of the table, manoeuvring the hidden mechanism to raise the circular top, girls and all, and anchoring it on a short axle that protruded from a stout upright. The men pushed the now-vertical table back against the pillar and latched it to one of the golden rings.

"Keep your legs straight!" Soraya warned the women sharply.

This was relatively easy for Amy, for she was upright, albeit with her spread feet hanging a foot or more from the floor, and with the weight of her body hanging in the straps, mainly on her chest and under her arms. However, the other two girls were hoisted in the air, held at oblique angles of 2 o'clock and 10 o'clock, and Amy could hear them grunting slightly. The heavy silver weight hung heavily inside Amy's cunt, threatening to fall out, but she knew the size and bulk of it was enough to hold it inside her.

"Now we can have some fun!" Soraya said, gently turning the table top, rotating it clockwise and allowing it to lazily and slowly spin round.

Amy felt herself rotate until she was upside down and then round again to the upright position. The heavy weight shifted in her belly, seeming to pull and stretch her as she turned. Abigail and Mary squeezed tightly on either of her hands and from their moans she knew they were experiencing the same strange feelings from the weights in their cunts. Taking a long peacock feather, Soraya giggled like a girl and swept the feather down with the merest touch as each girl came to the bottom of the arc. Amy suppressed a frantic squeal as the tickling sensation from breasts to loins made her shudder convulsively in her bonds. However, there was no time to think of that as the wheel continued to turn, and as it did so, the overseer on her left slapped a short strap sharply down on the lips of her pussy. As Amy turned topsy-turvy, the large weight in her pussy moved against the seat of her womb and then shifted again to the side. Then though, the overseer on her right lashed her bulging breasts with a multi-lashed scourge, and the sharp pain made her yelp. Immediately Soraya swept the feather down her body, just as the silver pear moved in her cunt. From the squeals of the other two girls, Amy gathered they

were suffering the same torment.

“Keep your legs straight with feet touching,” Soraya cried as the speed of the wheel increased.

One of the overseers pumped a pedal with his foot to keep the wheel turning at an even speed, and Soraya and the two guards fell into a steady rhythm. The girls strapped to the wheel yelped and screeched as the weights continually moved in the cunt sheaths, pussies and breasts alternately lashed by stinging thongs, and the brush of the Soraya’s peacock feather added shuddering piquancy to the stinging delight. This went on for countless minutes until, one by one, the slaves kicked their heels as each reached a climax. And Soraya the House Mistress again achieved another rumbling orgasm that made her close her eyes dreamily and dance on the tips of her toes.

## Chapter Twelve

Amy looked apprehensively at Mary and Abigail as they knelt before the House Mistress in one of the larger training rooms. The House Mistress had gathered the three newly-acquired novice whores together, along with Dan and five other male slaves who stood back by a wall, as naked as the girls. Soraya carried a short cane and wore a black, filmy gown that betrayed every curve and feature of her body and highlighted the presence of her black chastity belt. Another slave girl stood on a low and narrow raised dais that was little more than eighteen inches high, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide. The girl was a tawny beauty with a mane of glossy, wavy black hair that tumbled about her shoulders, and she was clad in a simple brown hijab. When she pushed back her hair, two small glittering amethysts and one sapphire were revealed studded in the rim of her ear.

“All men here are your masters, except for those who are slaves. It is unlikely that you will meet many free woman, other than me. You must remember above all that no word may be spoken in the presence of your betters, save at their command. Should that rule be broken, you will face immediate correction. Twenty lashes is the punishment for each offence and, on the fourth occasion the transgressor’s tongue will be slit or removed. So you see, my darlings, you must obey me and my supervisors in all things, promptly and properly, or you will be taught the harsh lesson of failure.” Soraya paused to gesture towards the naked male slaves lined up beside the far wall, their hands clasped behind their backs. “Over the next few weeks you will all train here for a few hours each day to become fully accomplished whores. For the rest of the time you will be on display in the seraglio. Are there any questions?”

Soraya chuckled throatily as the three slave women shook their heads. Amy was finding it really difficult not to speak, and she learned to keep the tip of her tongue between her teeth as a constant reminder.

“This is Fatima,” Soraya said, tapping the girl’s her belly with the cane. “She is to be your instructor. Fatima is the top whore in the House and she will school you in the arts of a true, debased pleasure slave.”

Amy gulped. ‘A true, debased, pleasure slave?’ she thought as the dusky, raven-haired beauty slipped the brown hijab from her shoulders, allowing the garment to slither to the floor and display her naked tawny body. Amy gasped. The girl’s labia majora had been completely shorn away, amputated, leaving just a smooth and unguarded entrance to her sex, and her fat clitoris was fully visible like a tiny cock. The other slaves also looked on wide-eyed. Fatima saw them gaping at her cunt and she smiled proudly, flaunting her hips.

“Fatima is one of the few specially-cut whores in the House,” Soraya explained, tapping the cane into the palm of her hand as she spoke. “Perhaps one of you might even progress to the point where my Lord and Master thinks it worth the cost of a surgeon to remove your beauty lips. Now, as a start, get the boys’ cocks erect, my darlings. I’m sure you can do that, can’t you?”

Amy blinked but walked towards Dan. However, Soraya smiled artfully and caught her arm and guided her to one of the other men, stroking the side of the cane on Amy’s bottom. Amy glanced at Dan and shrugged slightly as Abigail sank to her knees in front of him. Like the other five male slaves, Dan stood steadfastly looking ahead, with his hands clasped behind his back. He seemed to flinch a little when Abigail took his cock into her mouth. Amy turned her attention to the man allotted to her. Avoiding the slave’s eyes, she fondled his organ, gazing in wonderment at the gold ring that pierced the helmet of the shaft. Then she reached to softly the grasp the large, fat and flaccid penis. Within seconds the cock began to stiffen in her hands and it quickly grew into impressive girth. She knelt and took the cock head between her lips, running the tip of her tongue round the huge bulbous glans that filled her mouth. It seemed that the

House Mistress chose her male studs for the size of their members, and Amy could now see why their cock rings needed to be so large to accommodate natural expansion. In less than a minute, all three cocks were proudly erect and upstanding. The other three male slaves, those not chosen, stood quietly by, but even their cocks were showing signs of arousal.

"Enough!" Soraya said, clapping her hands and releasing a large roll of canvas affixed high on the adjacent wall.

Amy looked across, still grasping the man's magnificent cock, as if magnetically attracted and mesmerised by the large ring in its glans. The canvas banner hung flat against the wall, and Amy recognised the painting as one of the more fanciful cameos represented on the ceiling of the brothel hall. Three men were simultaneously fucking a single woman, who was inverted on her head, bent double with her legs spread wide.

"Fatima will demonstrate," Soraya said, snapping her fingers.

The tawny beauty immediately stretched on her back on the dais with her head overhanging the front edge. She raised her legs in a graceful balletic movement until her toes pointed to the ceiling, and then doubled her body and balled over so that her knees rested on the dais beside her head. Her vagina, shorn of its protective lips, was a neat dark hole surrounded by smooth flesh, pointing up at the ceiling.

"You three boys, step forward," Soraya ordered the aroused male slaves.

Dan and the two men obeyed, their strongly erect cock's bobbing as they moved. The other three remained by the wall, staring straight ahead, their hands still clasped behind their backs.

"You, Maxim," Soraya ordered, pointing to the man Amy had aroused, "put your cock in Fatima's mouth. Don't choke her until I tell you."

The man smiled slightly and knelt over Fatima's head as it overhung the dais, and he pushed his cock between her invitingly open lips.

"And you, Zaheer, will have at her arse," Soraya said, her hand grasping the other slave's shaft and pulling him onto the dais to stand behind Fatima's bent body.

The House Mistress licked her lips and spat on the brown ring of Fatima's anal well, and she then guided the slave's hard cock against the puckered brown rose. The man flexed his knees and adjusted his stance and pushed his shaft deep into Fatima's rectum.

"And now you, Daniel," Soraya said sweetly, grasping Dan's erect shaft and leading him to stand facing the other man, his legs on either side of Fatima's knees at the edge of the dais. "Let me guide your lovely cock into her cunt."

Dan glanced at Amy as he straddled Fatima and the House Mistress nuzzled the moist glans of his cock against the unguarded vagina. Soraya slapped his arse sharply, and he then sank down, smoothly impaling his cock to the hilt in Fatima's cunt. The man whose cock was embedded into Fatima's arse reached to clasp Dan in an embrace, locking his lips against Dan's mouth.

"Ooh, excellent!" Soraya said, clapping her hands in delight. She looked to the three female slaves who watched as they stood beside the wall with the remaining male slaves. "Gather round, my darlings, and see how it's done. Watch and learn, for you will each have to perform this to an acceptable standard, and it would be such a pity to have to flay the skin from your backs."

The girls stepped forward, surrounding Fatima and the three men.

"Now, boys, fuck Fatima!" Soraya commanded, rapping the cane with sharp snap across Dan's arse.

Amy watched as the three men began to ease their massive cocks into the upturned, contorted slave girl, slowly at first, and then with increasing tempo. She glanced at Abigail and Mary, who were both enthralled. The warm aroma of sex juices permeated the air, and the room was filled with the lascivious grunts of rutting slaves. Dan was as energetic as the other two

men, ramming his cock up and down into Fatima's cunt. Within minutes, he gave a loud moan and his cum began to overflow from the claspings orifice, frothing around his cock as he continued to thrust back and forth. Fatima was gurgling slightly, swallowing the cum spurting into her mouth, while the man sodomising her was pumping hard until his guttural cry announced his ejaculation into her anal canal.

"Excellent! See, that's how it's done," Soraya said, her voice a little ragged. "These boys will rest awhile to regain their vigour."

The three male slaves withdrew their cocks and stepped back beside the wall with their unused colleagues. Fatima smiled, almost shyly, as she climbed to her feet. She stood, panting a little, her ripe breasts rising and falling, staring at the three men who had fucked her so ardently.

"Now it's your turn, my darling," Soraya said, taking Amy by the wrist. Amy gasped. She fleetingly thought to resist but fear ruled that out. So instead she reluctantly allowed herself to be pulled forward and stepped onto the dais. "You girls will get the other thralls ready to serve."

This was not a difficult demand, for the men's cocks were already erect and eager for action. Amy numbly allowed herself to be arranged on her back on the dais, her head overhanging the edge of the platform, unsupported as she gazed up at the House Mistress.

"This can only be done in the early stages of your pregnancy, of course, but it's good to be kept supple. Now, you will double over into position, and you will do it with some grace."

Amy swallowed hard. Mindful of the House Mistress's cane, she raised her legs at right angles to her body, keeping them stiff and straight with pointed toes, trying to emulate Fatima's performance. Then, with Fatima's aid, she rolled her body and struggled to bend double, squealing when Soraya rapped the cane down on her thighs. Try as she may and despite the spiteful stinging cane, Amy was quite unable to get her knees down beside her head. Eventually, Soraya made Amy clasp an arm around each splayed thigh, with her shoulders flat on the edge of the dais.

"That will have to do. You will improve with practice," Soraya sniffed. Then she beckoned the male slaves forward.

One of the men knelt and straddled her head with his legs, and she desperately gulped in air before he angled his large cock and pushed it into her mouth, the cock-ring clinking against her teeth. Her intake of breath was a conditioned reflex, resulting from numerous times when a pirate had blocked her airway with one uncaring thrust of his cock. However, the slave merely inserted the head of his shaft into her mouth and remained still, and she instinctively rasped her tongue under the slick plum-like glans, licking at the gold ring. Even as Amy did this, another of the men moved to stand behind her, his knees claspings her body, and she let out a grunt as a cock pressed down on her anal ring and then pushed inside her. The third man stepped onto the dais, stepping over, insinuating himself between the other two slaves, and he stood with his feet on either side of her shoulders and eased his cock inside her pussy. Amy, no stranger to double penetration, groaned against the cock in her mouth, feeling as if the two shafts and cock-rings that pierced their glans were grinding together through the thin wall separating her arse and cunt.

"Fuck her without mercy," Soraya said.

Amy clasped her arms tightly around her thighs as the cocks began to move inside her. She found herself thinking about her husband Dan was looking on as the three men fucked her helpless body. Dan had seen many men fuck her before, but she knew that he had never got used to it, and this clinical triple fucking, supervised by the coolly beautiful House Mistress, somehow seemed to be more degrading than ever before. Yet the slave heat in her body was rising like an irresistible tide and within seconds her consciousness was subsumed into a melange of pounding cocks, earthy sexual aromas, sliding slick wet flesh, grunts and groans, pain and pleasure, all interlaced with her own shameless squeals of lust. Amy was then mindless of the others in the room and lost in an anarchy of flesh, cocks and copious cum that spilled from all three of her



orifices.

“There are three more positions that we use for triple penetration and you girls will learn them all, and many other positions besides,” the House Mistress said as the three male slaves withdrew from Amy, strings of cum trailing from their cocks.

Amy climbed shakily to her feet, feeling somewhat giddy, but Soraya gestured that she should step from the dais and rejoin Abigail and Mary.

“Now, it seems that these thralls are all quite spent for the moment,” Soraya said cheerfully, glancing at the men’s semi-flaccid cocks. “Until they regain their strength, Fatima will instruct you in the arts of seductive dance and that might help them assist their virility. Won’t that be lovely, darlings?”

A musician was summoned and for the next hour or so the three new whores were taught to cavort lasciviously, working hard to bring full life back into the slaves’ cocks. Amy danced shamelessly in front of Dan, shimmying her breasts and caressing her flanks, rubbing her flesh against him, even sensually trailing her fingers along the shaven haven of her cunt. At a tap of the House Mistress’s cane, she moved to squirm against the next slave, sliding her breasts down his body and trapping his burgeoning cock between them. Presently, all six cocks were erect and straining.

“Enough!” Soraya called. “Abigail, arrange yourself on the dais and prepare your holes to service three fine cocks.”

The wanton Abigail squealed with delight and dashed to the dais.

## Chapter Thirteen

Su-Lin walked behind Lord Majeed and Soraya as they progressed through the streets and passages of the desert citadel. It was a maze of narrow alleys with barely the span of a man's arms between the tall buildings on either side, but this served to shade the inhabitants from the searing desert sun. The House Mistress did not walk alongside her Lord, but stayed a respectful pace behind him, with Su-Lin one step further back. Su-Lin's translucent veil denoted her slave status, but she wore a long voluminous green robe with wide bell sleeves, and her feet were shod in wooden, platform clogs that added 5 inches to her height and required that she walked in small, tripping paces to keep up with her owners.

This was the first time that Su-Lin had been allowed out of the House since arriving there, and her eyes were wide at the sights in the citadel, missing nothing. The narrow streets were mainly flanked by terraced houses but there were also shops and stores of all kinds among them, with sales goods hanging on walls and spilling from doorways, almost obstructing the path. The numerous alleys, which at first glance seemed empty, were actually busy enough, but citizens were sitting back in the shadows and keeping cool in the shade, or standing in the shops where large ceiling fans lazily rotated to move the air. However, occasionally an alley would unexpectedly open onto a plaza or a courtyard, with striped awnings and fountains tinkling beneath trees, where people sat at ease, mainly women in long hijabs, talking lightly, drinking from small glass cups served by black servants in fez-like hats.

"Lady Soraya, do come and join us," a woman invited.

"Come," Majeed told Soraya, sweeping past without acknowledging the woman, "I don't have the time to dally daily here like these idle women."

"I'm heading for the Free Women's Baths," Soraya called to the woman with a wave.

This confused Su-Lin, for the baths of the House of Silence were as good as any she had ever seen, even in her own land. So why would the House Mistress choose to bathe elsewhere? This wasn't the only thing that seemed strange. Su-Lin, accustomed to well-protected cities in her own lands, was surprised at the lack of any military presence in the citadel. She saw the occasional armed guard accompanying free women, and once a small squad of them in the retinue of a merchant whose slaves were hauling heavily-laden carts along a cramped street, but those men seemed to be privately employed and there were no soldiers, even at the city gates. Also, she noted that desert travellers constantly entered and exited these gates, despite the isolation of the citadel, obviously deeming their arduous journey there worthwhile. Be that as it may, they came and went without any checks or hindrance from soldiery.

The Free Women's Baths were fronted by a large square garden shaded by large trees, and surrounded by heavy iron railings. Under the trees, women clad in hijabs sat talking and relaxing. Unlike other areas of the citadel, guards were in ostentatious evidence here, parading back and forth outside the railings. Majeed spoke briefly to the heavily-robed matron who controlled the main gate, and he handed her a small key. She nodded, bowed deeply, and admitted Soraya into the grounds, ignoring Su-Lin completely as she followed her mistress. The gate closed and locked behind them and Majeed turned and strolled off without another word as Soraya followed the robed matron through the garden, acknowledging greetings from others who waited there. Su-Lin saw that her mistress was evidently well-known in the citadel.

The woman led them to the main entrance to the Bath House itself. It was a large, spacious room, and the walls were lined with marble benches. Small piles of neatly folded clothes were stacked on these benches, and atop each pile of garments lay a black and steel chastity belt. There were other clothes stacked neatly on the marble floor beneath some of the piles on the benches.

Only veiled female servants attended here, naked but for fringed white cloths wrapped round their waists. Heady perfume scented the warm, moist air. The robed matron snapped her fingers and a middle-aged woman with heavy, swaying naked breasts stepped forward to take the small key. Soraya stripped off her clothes, and the bare-breasted attendant took each garment and folded it carefully, laying it on a bench. Soon Soraya stood unabashedly naked but for the stark black belt around her waist with the shiny steel mesh closely hugging her crotch. Then, to Su-Lin's amazement, Soraya placed her hands behind her back and the slave woman snapped a pair of soft-lined cuffs on her wrists. Then, and only then, did the woman insert the small key into the lock at Soraya's waist and pull the chastity belt away, laying it on the pile of clothing.

The attendant motioned for Su-Lin to strip. When the Oriental woman had removed her robes and wooden clogs, laying everything on the floor under the bench directly beneath the stack of Soraya's robes, the attendant gave her a fringed white cloth and waited as she wrapped it round her waist and knotted it, impatiently assisting when Su-Lin fumbled uncertainly.

"Come, Su-Lin," Soraya said, walking to an open doorway at the rear. Even when stark naked with her wrists cuffed behind her, Soraya's tone was imperious.

Su-Lin followed her nude mistress, clasping her hands at her waist, keeping her eyes fixed on the globes of Soraya's bottom as she tripped behind in her usual tiny shuffling steps. The Oriental woman couldn't stifle her gasp when she found herself in a large, cavernous bath house, with not one pool, but dozens of them, and water cascaded copiously from numerous spouts in a massive, roof-high pillar in the centre of the room, splashing on the floor all around it. Wisps of steam rose from some of the pools, while exotic flowers and lily pads floated in others, and the water in some of the tubs bubbled and swirled in a maelstrom. Su-Lin was amazed that there should be so much water in one place in the desert. There were marble seats and massage slabs too. And all around the large room, dozens of naked women were bathing, lying in pools, others standing knee-deep and attended by loin-cloth clad female slaves, some standing under the central cascade, while a few stretched on marble massage slabs. The striking thing, however, was that all of the nude women had their wrists cuffed behind them. They were attended by a small army of female attendants, slaves presumably, who all wore veils and white wraps round their waists.

Soraya went to a long, narrow bench and lay back on it, with her legs draped on either side, feet touching the floor. The placement of her cuffed wrists in the small of her back raised her hips, well-presenting the dark-stubbed slit of her cunt. The attendant swiftly lathered Soraya's pudenda and then produced a vicious-looking blade

"Stay very still, please, Lady, I don't want to cut you."

"Cut me, and I will cut your throat," Soraya said in a matter-of-fact voice.

The woman grimaced but stooped to apply the first rasping stroke of the blade along the length of the exposed cunt lips. Su-Lin watched, listening to each succeeding stroke as the lather and stubble was smoothly swept away.

"Turn over, please," the woman said briskly, assisting Soraya to rise.

Soraya switched positions, lying face down on the marble bench but with her feet on the floor on either side, raising her bottom high.

"You are her hands," the attendant said to Su-Lin, "separate her buttocks."

Su-Lin blinked but she hastened to obey, and held Soraya's fleshy globes well apart as the attendant expertly and confidently shaved the skin around the dark eye of the puckered anus.

"You may rinse her," the attendant said to Su-Lin, indicating a row of small bowls nearby.

Taking one of the bowls and dipping it into a nearby pool, Su-Lin slowly and carefully poured water over her mistress's upraised arse, watching it trickle down the divide and over the newly-depilated peach-like sex, washing away any remaining lather. After that, the attendant massaged perfumed oil over Soraya's svelte body and then produced a curved metal strigil to

scrape the sweat and dirt from her flesh. This was followed by a cool shower, standing beneath the giant cascade of water in the centre of the baths, and then the attendant took her leave.

"Come, my sweet," Soraya said to Su-Lin, "you will help me relax in warm scented water."

Su-Lin followed her mistress into a medium-sized pool. Other women were lying there, seemingly mindless of the fact that their wrists were bound behind them, and each was attended by a personal slave.

"Ah, Soraya, I see you have yet another new pair of hands," one of the women said, gesturing with her head towards Su-Lin.

"Yes, darling," Soraya said, lying in the water. "She is quite divine, don't you think?"

"You are so privileged that your Lord owns such a selection for you to choose from," another said with a giggle. "Little wonder that you change your hands so often. However, I am quite content with mine."

Soraya glanced at the large-breasted blonde girl who was attending the woman, and she said sweetly, "Do let me know when you tire of her. I am sure I can arrange a suitable exchange bargain." Then, to Su-Lin, she said, "Pleasure me, my sweet - I must make full use of this fleeting time when the accursed belt is removed."

Su-Lin blinked in astonishment. She glanced round and saw that the slaves were not merely bathing their mistresses. Beneath the clear shimmering water, their fingers were moving sinuously between the unprotected legs of the free women. It suddenly occurred to her why a free woman's personal slave was referred to as her 'hands'. Even when their chastity belts were removed for hygiene and bathing, the free women were not allowed access to their own bodies. In that instant it seemed to Su-Lin that the so-called free women were just as much in bondage as the slaves, despite the fact that, on the face of it, they enjoyed all the trappings of privilege.

"Su-Lin!" Soraya hissed tersely. "Do I need to have the skin lashed from your back?"

Biting her lip, the slender Oriental woman reached to stroke Soraya's inner thigh and then to the smooth sex lips, finding the starved nubbin there and eliciting a deep sigh of pleasure from her mistress.

## Chapter Fourteen

“Remember, the air that we breathe is a gift from our Lord and Master Majeed,” Fatima whispered. “If he orders us to stop breathing, then we must do so.”

Amy looked in astonishment over her veil. ‘How is that possible?’ she thought.

Amy, Abigail and Mary had received continuing training from Fatima over the three weeks since their arrival at the House, in addition to the repeated intensive practical workouts with Soraya, the House Mistress. Interspersed with this training, the girls were taken to the brothel hall and made to lie on the mats as the steady procession of patrons came and went. Amy, Abigail and Mary were never selected, but the other girls were worked incessantly. Amy kept a count, and she found that on average each girl serviced over 20 men in the 8 hour stint. Unsurprisingly, they were always weary when they were taken to their dormitory and allowed to relax. Amy assumed that the brothel was open 24 hours a day, for another troupe of whores was always just leaving when she arrived at the seraglio, and her mat was still warm from the previous girl.

Amy had fallen into the steady pattern of life in the House: it was an endless round of training with the House Mistress, training with Fatima, eating, bathing, the brothel hall... Other than in the dormitory, the sessions with Fatima were the only times when the girls were allowed to speak in the House of silence, and only then in hushed whispers. This permitted communication was necessary, for there was a whole rigmarole of ritual in the House, and woe betides the whore who got it wrong. Fatima taught each girl how to kneel with her forehead and bare breasts touching the ground, how to rise gracefully on demand for inspection, how to display herself in a pretty and acceptable manner, and how to fold her arms behind her back for binding when a patron indicated desire for them.

Fatima seemed to be very anxious that the girls in her charge should learn properly, and she made them practice these basic things over and over again. Amy got the distinct impression that Fatima would be blamed for any transgressions committed by the newly-acquired women, which accounted for the fact that the girl was ever-ready to use her spiteful little dog whip on them.

The lessons with Fatima sometimes took place in the slave dormitory, watched by other whores who were also naked save for their absurd veils. The girls would whisper between themselves as they watched without a vestige of sympathy for the newcomers. Even though the women were allowed to converse here, none spoke unless it was necessary.

Amy surprised herself with the eager way she strove to comply with the humiliating instructions. But what else was she to do? It seemed that, if she didn’t learn well, then her life wouldn’t last very long. Moreover, she was only allowed food after she had demonstrated her newly-learned skills to the cook each day. Even then the new slaves were only given a tasteless mix of sloppy porridge but they were usually ravenous by feeding time.

After the meal, Amy, Abigail and Mary were usually allowed to rest in the near-silent dormitory, and Fatima allowed them to whisper questions.

“Why does the House Mistress wear a chastity belt?” Abigail asked.

“Because she is a free woman, of course,” Fatima replied. “Every free woman is fitted with a belt when she reaches puberty and chosen, and except for closely supervised ablutions, it isn’t even removed when she dies... unless she is subsequently enslaved, of course.”

“They never take the belts off?” Amy asked, puzzled. “How do free women ever have sex then?”

“They never have sex, silly girl. We do that for them, of course.”

“And babies... How do they breed?” Amy paused slightly, but before Fatima could answer, she concluded: “We do that for them!”

Fatima smiled serenely. She fingered the three studs in her right ear. "I have donated three whelps to the tribe," she said proudly, "two girls and one boy. When you give birth, you too will receive a stud - amethyst for a girl, or sapphire for a boy."

"If the free women never give birth," Amy persisted, "then how do the families ever perpetuate their line? And what happens to our babies?"

"So many questions," Fatima smiled. "You sluts seem to know nothing except how to fuck, and barely that. When the mighty Lords and wealthy merchants choose to breed, they select a suitable slave woman and she is retained for their exclusive use and until she has conceived. When conception is confirmed, the slave is usually then made available to the general male populace until the time of her confinement. Then, if she gives birth to a male, the whelp is taken by the patron and the mother is awarded a diamond ear stud. The boy will be educated as a free person by the family and grow naturally into the role. The patron may even decide to take a girl-whelp, but more often she will be sent to the nursery village. A boy will become a Lord or a merchant, and a girl will often be belted at puberty and become eligible to be a mistress, like the House Mistress."

Amy's hands instinctively shielded the slight swell of her belly. "My baby will be reared in a nursery village?" she asked.

"Perhaps, or it may be farmed out to a poorer family in the city. Those are the urchins you see in the streets here. It will be the decision of Lord Majeed, your owner. The whelp will belong to him. He could sell it, which is mostly likely if it's a male. Some of the boys might train as soldiers and guards, others as artisans. If it's a girl, she will be reared in a nursery village until she reaches womanhood and is old enough to serve men in the brothels."

Amy gasped. "She'll be a whore?"

"Yes, if she's pretty enough she'll probably be a whore and a breeder, just like you, which is especially likely in your case as she'll be owned by the House of Silence. Some girls are selected to become belted free women, of course."

"A slave whore and breeder?" Amy blurted, bursting into tears.

"You'd sooner she be kept as a sterile free woman?" Abigail whispered crossly, as if Amy were making a fuss about nothing. "Anyway, you might be carrying a boy."

Fatima smiled and merely said, "It is the way here. Whether boys or girls, decisions about their future are usually made when the whelps are fourteen or fifteen years old and their physiques and mentality can be judged. It's not so bad. I myself was brought up in a communal nursery village until it was time for me to work here."

At that moment, a guard came to summon Fatima to serve in the salon. Fatima smiled, bowed with her forehead and breasts pressed to the tiles, and then rose gracefully and followed the guard without another word.

"Do you think we can ever escape from here?" Amy whispered to the other two girls as they watched Fatima's pert bottom sway as she sashayed after the man.

Mary looked up askance. "Escape?" she said. "Are you mad?"

Abigail looked in alarm at Mary's relatively loud voice, saying, "Shush, you'll get us all sent to the dungeon."

"I don't want to risk falling into the hands of those awful bandits again," Mary said, whispering urgently now.

"Yes, if we must be whores, I suppose this is as good a place as any," Abigail agreed. "Besides, even if we could escape, I'm not sure that I could live as a modest and demure free woman again, without the prospect of several different men's cocks inside me each day. If my husband could see me now as a naked hussy, the shock would kill him."

"My husband sees me as a naked hussy every day," Amy said quietly.

Amy lay down on her side, utterly depressed. She drifted off to sleep and was allowed to remain undisturbed for quite some time before she was awakened by quiet bustle in the room.

Dusk was descending and numerous flickering oil lamps cast a weak flickering yellow light over a number of menial slaves who were moving around, mopping the tiles, polishing and generally tidying the place. Within minutes, half a dozen men clad in loin cloths arrived to escort the women to the baths.

The daily bathing had become a familiar ritual. All the whores were thoroughly cleansed before their stints in the seraglio, and the routine was always the same. Firstly, the dreaded enema, which Amy doubted that she could ever get used to, but she had learned to endure it stoically enough. Then, like all the other women, she removed her veil and forehead jewel and sat unbidden on the side of the large ceramic-tiled pool with widely and spread legs, waiting patiently for her turn for one of the men to run a razor over her already smooth pubic mound, sex lips and anus. Amy had learned that here, she was not allowed to do anything for herself. The attendant slave then lifted her bodily and carried her into the centre of the pool, where he thoroughly and dispassionately washed her every crease, fold and orifice. After that, a bath girl was waiting to brush Amy's long hair until it shone. She then made Amy sit motionless with hands behind her head and breasts out-thrust while a small soft brush was used to apply a deep crimson hue to the halos of Amy's nipples and then to her lips. The girl worked silently, of course, but she occasionally gave smiles of approval and encouragement, indicating that she was pleased with the results of her work. When she had finished, the girl carefully fixed a clean diaphanous veil to 'hide' Amy's lower face and then reached for another forehead jewel. On this day, though, instead of the emerald pendent, it was a red ruby. Amy would have liked to ask the significance of the jewel but she dare not, even in a whisper, for sounds amplified and carried in the large tiled room and the bath overseers carried whips. Anyway, after a couple of dabs of heady perfume, the bath girl's broad smile and nod indicated that Amy was ready for yet another silent night in the brothel hall.

Presently, all the girls were similarly prepared. Amy folded her arms behind her back and stood in line, inspected, and then an overseer led them from the bath house.

## Chapter Fifteen

That evening was no different from any other for Amy, Abigail and Mary as they walked in procession to the brothel hall. They marched in the single file of veiled, naked whores, their arms folded precisely behind their backs. For a whole month, the three newcomers had been subjected to this daily routine in addition to their training. As they entered the brothel hall, another file of women was just leaving, having finished their eight hour stint.

Amy lay on her prescribed mat, feeling the warmth of the previous occupant still upon it. As required, she stretched on her back, straightened her legs with toes precisely pointing to the corners of the rectangular mat, arms by her sides, the palms of her hands on the outside of her thighs. She settled to stare at the ceiling, still as a statue, seeking out a particularly erotic cameo amongst the paintings on the vaulted roof to occupy her mind. As usual, the hall overseer, also just starting his shift, moved from mat to mat, chalking ciphers on each of the writing boards on the wall, candidly eying each girl as he went. Amy lay stoically under the man's appraisal and then settled for another long and boring stint in the brothel.

The start of the shift always seemed to be busiest there. Perhaps patrons waited for the time when they knew fresh girls would be in the hall? In any event, the first half a dozen customers entered within minutes. As usual, it was a motley assortment, with some in obviously rich raiment and others in crude work clothes. The men moved slowly along the aisle between the lines of prone women, stopping at each and glancing firstly up at the board and then down at the prone slave. Amy was well-accustomed to this regular ritual by then, and when a patron halted at the foot of her mat, she simply lay there, calm and relatively unconcerned by the eyes on her naked body, waiting until the men looked at her board and then moved on. As usual, she heard other girls ordered to stand, and she watched from the corners of her eyes as they shamelessly displayed their charms to the customers. Some of the inspections were cursory and brief, perhaps because the men already had experience of their chosen whore. Others though, were thorough and took time, with a patron turning the girl this way and that before making his choice. To Amy's shock, she saw Abigail standing brazenly and licking her lips seductively under the assessing eye of a man in flowing white desert robes. Abigail sank to her knees, pressing her forehead and breasts to the tiles and folding her arms behind her back, waiting motionless while the patron bound her arms with cord.

Abigail had been chosen! None of the three newcomers had ever been chosen before. Amy's mind was in turmoil. She strained to listen as the patron quietly bargained with the seraglio overseer but she was unable to hear. In any event, when the man left, Abigail padded behind him with her arms folded high behind her back, her large breasts proudly out-thrust. A small smile played at the corner of Abigail's mouth as she passed the mat where Amy was lying.

Amy's heart was in her mouth. She realised that this could only mean that the House Mistress had ordered that Abigail be required to serve the brothel's patrons along with the other whores. And if the order applied to Abigail, it probably also included Amy herself... That made sense, for their daily training had reached a stage where it seemed that Soraya had been finding it increasingly difficult to find new things to add to the curriculum. Amy's mind was in turmoil. Since arriving at the desert citadel, she had been fucked several times a day in the training parlour by male slaves and guards, but somehow this was different. When the next man paused at her mat, Amy went rigid, scarcely daring to breathe until he had moved on. However, her suspicions were confirmed when, a few minutes later, Mary meekly followed the patron from the brothel hall, clasping her arms behind her. Amy then knew for sure that she too would now be expected to serve the visitors to the House, and her heart was pounding.

She didn't have to wait long, either. A couple of the chosen whores had already returned to retake their places on the mats, but all the women in the seraglio were still lying on their backs



in the first posture of the shift when three young men in black hunting robes, stopped and ordered Amy to her knees. Amy's eyes were wide and frightened. These men were probably much younger than her, judging from their faces. Amy hesitated as if frozen to the mat, suddenly forgetting everything Fatima had taught her. One of the youngsters snapped his fingers irritably and pointed to the ground at his feet. The imperious gesture seemed to galvanise Amy, and she scrambled awkwardly to her knees.

"She is new to the citadel," the overseer said, gesturing up at the board on the wall behind Amy's mat. "I will have her whipped."

Desperately trying to remember her lessons, Amy knelt in front of the men with her arms outstretched in supplication and her forehead and breasts touching the cool tiles. However, almost immediately, she was abruptly ordered to stand with a nudge of a heavy sandal against her shoulder. Amy hurriedly rose awkwardly to her feet, and then tried to present herself well, but she failed dismally to repeat the sinuous move she had practiced countless times under Fatima's tutelage.

"Why are new whores always so clumsy?" the young man said, reaching to cup her left breast.

Amy recognised him as the man who had spoken to Lady Soraya when they had toured the House of Silence.

"She will soon learn, Karim," another laughed.

The man, Karim, hefted Amy's breast, fingering the large gold ring that pierced the protuberant nipple. His hands were surprisingly soft and silky as they lifted the weight of the soft flesh before letting it fall. Amy, utterly embarrassed, shuddered slightly as her breast bounced fluidly and she knew that a blush suffused her face and shoulders. "Ah, I see we have a shy flower," Karim said with a chuckle.

"A shy whore, whatever next?" his companion laughed.

Karim hefted Amy's other breast and then raised both together, stroking the undersides and pressing the nipples with his thumbs. "Hard cherries, each with a stone," he said to nobody in particular, pressing the palms of his hands against her breasts and rotating them very slowly against her nipples. Amy dared a peek at the man's face. He was very handsome, the skin a light honey tan, and the black stubble on his face was not coarse, with a noticeable absence of growth on the front of his chin. His hands slid from Amy's breasts to her ribs, touching her as though he owned her. She felt a wave of shame mixed with illicit passion wash over her. Karim touched her sensuously with slow stroking caresses that gently pressed and assessed the flesh, methodically working down her flanks to the swell of her belly. He then moved down to her thighs, each of which he half-encircled with both hands to test their tone. Amy stood motionless, feeling like an animal at market. She was conscious of Karim's two friends standing watching, and they had come closer and were watching intently, perhaps to see how she endured the intimate inspection. She remained shamefully acquiescent as Karim's hands seemed to burn on her flesh. Also, undeniably, delicious warmth was seeping through her belly. She closed her eyes helplessly. The tide of treacherous desire was irresistible, she knew, even though she still only vaguely understood the way the pirate slaver had somehow bewitched her body to burn with lust at the smallest provocation. She felt a strange compulsion to get closer to this man who was coolly examining her like a beast for sale, needing much more than the cool assessing touches he allowed her. Amy knew that she needed to surrender to the growing fire inside her. That fire was spreading, forcing her to squirm in its heat. Her breathing had grown so heavy that her breasts were rising and falling swiftly, but she caught her breath when his fingers brushed lightly against her nether lips as he tested the tone of her upper thigh. A small whimper of need mewled in her throat. Karim looked up, as if surprised, and he straightened to place his hands on her flanks, holding her and looking into her eyes intently. Like a frightened doe caught in the gaze of a panther, she felt compelled to hold his gaze as he moved his right hand across her

belly, searching back and forth until it found her navel, fitting his thumb into the hollow while his fingers stretched downward. "Arch your back and push your belly out," he said, his black-flecked brown eyes unblinking. "Present yourself for my touching."

Caught in the glare of his gaze, Amy obeyed and eased her belly forward until his thumb pressed deeply into the dimpled well of her navel. He nodded, almost imperceptibly, but maintained his piercing stare as his middle finger touched her just above the fleshy lips of her cunt and then stretched further to pull back the skin, pressing slowly from side to side. She mewled the smallest moan again.

"You have aroused the whore, Karim," one of the men said with slight chuckle.

"It seems I have found her measure. Not such a shy flower, after all."

"Are you going to select her or not?" the other asked impatiently. "We don't have all night to waste."

"Be silent, oaf. I might be seeking a breeder before long," Karim replied, suddenly straightening to take Amy's breasts again.

"What, you are contemplating family commitments?" the third man scoffed. He then pointed to the board on the wall behind Amy. "You're a little late. She is already in whelp."

Karim abruptly smacked Amy's breasts with both hands simultaneously, and she fought to stifle a yelp as his whipping finger ends stung her flesh. He then stroked his soft hands over the reddened flesh, saying, "When she has delivered her whelp, she will be a proven breeder."

The other two young men laughed and shook their heads in disbelief but Amy blinked in dismay. She had not long ago conceived the pirate's bastard and it was scarcely rounding her belly yet, yet here they were calmly discussing her next child. It seemed that she would have as little say in that as she had had when the pirates impregnated her. Yet this young man, Sheik Karim, seemed a better prospect as a sire than any of the pirates had been... She found herself astonished that she had begun to think of herself as a brood mare. Such was the relentless conditioning of that place.

"Do take your time, Karim," one of the other men was saying sarcastically. "I shall make my own selection and be rather quicker about it. But then I'm only looking for a whore to please me for a while, rather than guarantee my immortality. I shall leave you to court the slut."

As both of the other men moved away to inspect other women, Karim walked behind Amy and reached round to cruelly pinch the underbelly of her right breast. "Spread your legs and bend over to rest the palms of your hands on the floor," he said.

The brothel overseer, obviously noting the Karim's interest in Amy, came to stand a couple of feet away, watching intently. Inhaling sharply in humiliation, Amy obeyed Karim's instruction, spreading her feet widely apart and then raising her hands high towards the ceiling before doubling over with her hands flat on the tiles. She hated herself for her abject compliance, but what else could she do? 'Courting!' she thought bitterly. 'This is what passes for courting in this strange place? Examined like a brood mare!'

"This whore is new but she has progressed well in her training, as you see, effendi," the overseer offered. "She is well-worth the bargain rental price."

Amy almost melted when she felt Karim's soft fingers trail slowly down the curve of her back until they found the point of her spine and tickled in a circle. Bent so sharply that her hair dangled to the floor in a curtain, she looked through her legs and saw his bronzed feet, shod in heavy leather-strap sandals. His fingers traced a line downwards, from the small of her back, very slowly, with brush-like strokes, softly, back-brushing the skin hairs after each forward caress, advancing very gradually along the groove of her bottom. The so-familiar pool of hot wishful desire welled in her belly.

"Examine her fully," the overseer suggested.

'Fully? What more can he expect to see?' Amy thought desperately, her heart pounding as if to break her ribs. However, Karim did indeed seem intent on examining her fully, for he

spread the cheeks of her bottom and twirled his fingertip round and round against the fleshy rim of her anus. She fought to stop the small ring of muscle pulsing against his touch. However, he then withdrew his finger and Amy waited with bated breath for long, long seconds. Perhaps he had mercifully finished with her? Just as she was about to relax somewhat, his hand brushed between her legs and closed round her cunt, holding it in his palm, his fingers round her puffy lips, with the second finger pressing between them until it found the tight engorged bud that nestled uneasily there. Amy gasped. When she moved her hips against his hand, he withdrew it a little, saying. "Hmmm, a rose bud, firm and swollen, and very hungry."

Although the man was young, he was certainly skilled in handling women. She couldn't resist squirming. Amy could hear her own ragged breathing. He touched her clitoris again, a slight friction scraped exactly at its tip, before pressing together the puffy lips and moulding them around the nubbin, squeezing them in steady rhythmic pulses. She mewled and moved her hips in synchrony with his hand as he massaged her ripe sex as if milking a cow.

He then pulled back and abruptly smacked her arse. She yelped, more in surprise than pain, although she could certainly feel the stinging imprint of his hand on her buttock. "Enough," he said. "Kneel for binding."

Amy didn't take the palms of her hands from the floor until she had sunk to her knees and pressed her forehead and breasts to the tiles in the prescribed manner. She then folded her arms behind her, struggling to grasp her forearms below the elbows as he wound a leather strap round her clasped arms.

The other two men had chosen whores who were already well-broken in. Having paid the overseer, the three youngsters led the women from the hall. The overseer's bell tinkled and all the women on the mats changed their position, kneeling with arms crossed above their heads. As Amy was leaving the hall, Abigail was already returning with a satisfied smile on her face as she headed back to her mat. 'So quick?' Amy thought, glancing at Abigail, whose out-thrust breasts moving fluidly with each springy step.

Karim and his colleagues were obviously no strangers to the House of Silence, for they walked confidently through the maze of corridors, exchanging good-natured banter as they went, mostly at Karim's expense. For his part, Karim was less affable, railing at the ribbing from his friends. Amy found herself smiling slightly as he defended his thoughts of breeding, claiming pressure from his father. Amy expected to be taken to one of the small alcoves, and indeed, she saw some women serving patrons in the cell-like rooms as she passed, glimpsed through archways shielded only with simple beaded curtains. Then, to Amy's surprise and excitement, she found herself being led towards the sounds of music and a cacophony of conversation and laughter.

The three young men swept into salon and paused to look around for suitable seating. The place was already teeming with activity. Amy again smelled the exotic aromas of heady perfumes, spiced food and herb-like smoke, overlaid with the sooty smell of lamp oil. The brightly glowing fire under a massive copper canopy cast flicking orange light on the body of the nude whore who danced and writhed lasciviously on a low table where a group of men sat on floor cushions. When the dancer turned, Amy saw that her body was shorn of sex lips, and she realised with a start that it was Fatima. A male slave approached Karim and pointed to a circular rug surrounded by floor cushions.

"Is no recess available?" one of the others asked.

"They are all occupied, effendi. It is very busy tonight."

There were some forty tables in the open area of the room, most of which accommodated by three or four men, and although the recesses were dark they all seemed to be fully occupied with girls moving back and forth between them. Some men were sitting on benches beside the walls, their backs against the stone. Others stood talking and laughing together.

Karim sighed and walked to settle cross-legged on a cushion on the circular rug. "It

seems we are open to public view,” he said, snapping his fingers and pointing to the floor directly in front of him. “I am not one for starring in exhibitions for the common folk.”

His colleagues laughed as they joined him. Amy hurried to kneel on the spot indicated by Karim, folding to her knees as gracefully as possible with her arms still folded and bound behind her. She glanced around, eyes wide and her flesh tingling with strange excitement. Several men were smoking hookah pipes and talking. Musicians were playing: a drummer thudded a relentless rhythm, accompanying a wailing flute. Besides Fatima, other women danced sinuously and lasciviously, wriggling their bodies suggestively. Other slaves were sashaying back and forth carrying trays of food and drinks. Then, as Amy’s eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, she saw Dan, her husband, standing with his hands clasped behind his back, his large cock flaccid and limp beside a bare-chested guard who held a slender chain in his hand. She had not seen him for 3 weeks or more. She gasped. A ring was threaded through his cock glans, with one small one ball sitting on the lower side of the penis and the other at the eye, and the chain held by the guard terminated at the cock ring. Dan’s cock had been pierced! Amy found herself wondering wistfully how long it takes a cock to heal after such a piercing.

Serving slaves brought trays of food, silver bowls of steaming drinks, and a charger of fresh fruit. The other two slaves knelt beside Karim’s friends.

“Show how you can please me,” Karim ordered Amy, reaching to tug the gold ring that pierced her right nipple.

Amy, nonplussed, eased forward to lessen the tension on her protuberant teat. She glanced uneasily at Dan but saw that he was staring steadfastly ahead, as if he had not seen her there, although she was quite certain that he had noticed her entry into the salon. Karim tugged on her nipple ring again, sharper this time. She looked at him blankly, uncertain as what he expected of her.

“Use your imagination,” Karim said, obviously noting her confusion. “You are a whore - so prostitute yourself. Yes, serve me here!”

Amy gasped and looked round desperately. Fatima and other nude girls were still dancing and the music seemed to be growing wilder. Amy’s blood pulsed with the increasing beat of the drums. All around her, girls were tending the patrons in one way another. It was hard to see in the gloom of the recesses, but no slaves that she could see were openly carousing there. She shook her head desperately, her eyes pleading.

“Ah, the shy flower again,” Karim said, chuckling throatily and lifting the hem of his robe, his intentions perfectly clear now. “You will be shamed to do such a thing?”

Shamed? Amy was herself somewhat surprised by her sudden attack of modesty. After all, she had been comprehensively fucked on the public auction block at the port prior to her sale, and the pirates had dragged her into many an orgy. But being ordered by the House Mistress to fuck in the training room was one thing, this was quite another. However, there was nothing else for it. Sighing inwardly, she lowered her head and crept beneath the skirt of Karim’s robe. When he lowered the cloth over her, it was pitch black in there. Amy was conscious that her bare bottom, and no doubt the peach of her sex, was presented protruding from Karim’s robes, and directly facing Dan. She put that thought to one side. She could smell male musk as she wriggled her head over Karim’s cock, nuzzling her cheek against it to ascertain its precise position. The veil was a hindrance, and her hands were still bound behind her of course. She realised that the House Mistress and Fatima had omitted to train her in the technique of sucking the cock of a robed man while a veil covered her face and her arms were bound in that way. She made a number of failed fumbled attempts until Karim grew impatient, and she stiffened with pain, shock and humiliation when he suddenly spanked her arse half a dozen times with the flat of his hand. It encouraged her frantic efforts to reach his cock with her mouth, and she managed to work the veil aside. It was hard to tell, but his cock seemed relatively normal in size as she ran her tongue along its limp length. She then licked his balls and sucked one into her mouth,

rolling it gently on her tongue, and was gratified to hear him grunt slightly. Then she heard his continuing banter with his two companions. He was making her suck his cock while he enjoyed a pleasant conversation, as if out for a pleasant night in a tavern! She wondered angrily if the other two whores were similarly serving his friends. However, his hand was idly stroking her sore bottom and she was afraid he might spank her again. She suckled on the thickening shaft, making good suction with her hot mouth and wriggling her tongue against it. Within a very short time it was hard and erect in her mouth and, when he tapped her bottom again, she bobbed her head down on his cock with purpose, moving back and forth in quick tight strokes. Despite his ongoing conversation, she soon had Karim tensing with pleasure, and his cock became rock hard. Remembering her lessons, Amy relaxed her throat and pushed forward, taking the cock deeply into her throat. To her alarm, he placed a hand on her head, keeping her firmly in place. His cock blocked her airway and she resisted the temptation to panic in the stygian blackness beneath the robes. She willed herself to remain still as she heard him continuing to speak calmly with his friends. After a minute though, her lungs were beginning to hurt. In desperation, her feet beat a tattoo on the ground behind her. However, Karim continued to chat and his hand remained firmly atop her head. Soon, Amy was becoming light-headed with lack of oxygen, and she was seeing psychedelic lights too. He kept his cock in place for so long, that she thought that she might die there. Another agonised minute passed, and she vaguely heard the men laughing, and the muffled music pounded with the blood in her ears. Then, as if careless, he casually removed his hand from her head. She gratefully pulled back and gasped in lungs full of the fetid air beneath the cloak, resting her cheek against his hairy thigh. He allowed her to remain like that for a full minute, and then softly smacked her buttocks again. Amy took in a couple of long, deep breaths and then returned to the task in hand. She had no intention of taking him into her throat again, and rasped her tongue along the length of the shaft, and sucked hotly on its plum-like head. However, he smacked her bottom again and she felt his hand on her head, pushing down. After pausing to take another deep pull of air, she reluctantly eased forward until his cock fully filled her throat. Another minute or so passed before he allowed her to breathe again. She then returned to more relaxed cocksucking for a short time before he forced the shaft down her throat again. Karim used her like that for the next half hour as he ate, drank and chatted amiably with his friends, generally playing her like the musical instruments she could vaguely hear, with the tempo, crescendos and rests orchestrated by him alone. Finally, his body tensed and she felt the cock pulse in her mouth, and she nearly choked as it spurted wads of cum. Amy swallowed and swallowed, trying not to spill a drop to despoil his robes. Finally, she eased back and licked his softening shaft clean. Throughout all of this, Karim had maintained his casual conversation, as if nothing remarkable was happening.

When Amy finally emerged from under Karim's robes, she knelt shyly. One of Karim's friends had his whore straddling his lap, facing him, bouncing up and down on his cock and smothering his face with her breasts. The other youngster had his chosen girl kneeling quietly beside him.

"How will you ever know if this breeding whore is good for fucking if you don't try her?" the friend asked.

Karim smiled. "In my experience, all whores are good for fucking if it's done right," he said. "Breeding is another thing altogether."

"Your experience!" the other scoffed. "She might be like wood when on the mat, for all you know, and it would be shameful to breed a line of cold sluts. Try her out now."

"You may, if you've a mind to. I've already told you, I'm not about to make a public exhibition of myself. Besides, at this moment I am... spent."

"Spent?" the other laughed. Then he added: "As am I, comrade... completely dry."

Amy saw the other girl smile slightly at these words. From the dishevelled appearance of the slave's hair and her slightly smeared make-up, it was apparent that she too had been used in

some way.

“We need a stud to test her,” the other fellow went on. He turned and looked around, his eyes alighting on Dan, who was still standing with his cock leash in the guard’s hand. “That one will do admirably.”

Amy gasped. In her enforced ardour, she had quite forgotten that Dan was present. She looked down in embarrassment as Dan was led forward by his recently-pierced cock. This was all too shame-making! Could they know that they had once been man and wife in another place and time? Surely, they didn’t intend to make Dan fuck her there and then? That would be the supreme irony! For Dan had not been allowed to get his cock inside his young wife ever since their capture. On the pirate ship, he had been forced to witness Amy being used by others on numerous occasions, he had even been made to assist in her ravishment by guiding pirates’ cocks into her cunt and anus, and on a couple of occasions he had had his own arse fucked in tandem, but he had never been permitted to fuck Amy himself. Now he padded forward, his face grim.

Karim sighed and nodded to Amy. “Kneel forward, over there,” he said with a dismissive wave of his hand, as if disinterested.

Amy swallowed hard, her recently-fucked throat somewhat sore. She recalled that on her only previous visit to the salon she had seen a nude slave on her hands and knees, being taken from behind by a male slave. It seemed that this fate now awaited her too. She obeyed, crawling a few feet away from Karim, kneeling forward and raising her bottom.

“You,” the other man said to his whore, “ready the stud for action.”

Amy saw the whore kneel in front of Dan’s limp cock, waiting patiently for the guard to unclip the leash attached to the gleaming ring in the large glans. Then she leaned forward and moved her veil with a toss of her head, and sucked the flaccid flesh into her mouth.

‘Will poor Dan’s cock be healed enough for fucking?’ Amy wondered desperately ‘And will he be able to perform like this, anyway?’

The girl was an expert cocksucker - that much was obvious. Dan’s inordinately large member was soon upstanding and straining to attention. Amy looked at her husband’s cock, the magnificence of which had been the sole reason that Dan had not been parted from his balls and made a eunuch, and she saw that the barbaric ring in the helm only enhanced its mighty presence.

“Fuck this whore,” the man said. “Let us see how well she responds.”

How many men might refuse in such a situation? Some might rail and rebel, but Dan was not a strong man in that sense. His biddable and compliant nature had probably saved his life, and certainly his manhood, up to that point. So Amy wasn’t surprised when he obediently knelt behind her and nudged his cock against the purse of her cunt. His metal ring fascinated her. It was cold against her flesh as he nudged his cock glans between the lips of her sex. His hands were on her hips, wrenching her back onto him, and she heard him sigh as his cock slid fully inside her. Amy sighed too. Indeed, Dan’s giant cock made her squirm her hips and grunt with lust, despite the awful public circumstances. She had known the sensation of a cock ring inside her before of course, in her many training sessions with other well-endowed male slaves under Soraya’s supervision, and they always added to her pleasure. Her head and breasts were low on the rug, and Dan transferred his grip to her arms, folded and bound high behind her, with his other arm reaching beneath to mash her breast in his hand, using the purchase to yank her back and forth. Dan was fucking her like a typical male captor, brutally ramming his cock in and out of her cunt, giving her no quarter. But Amy’s slave heat had been ignited, never to be quenched, and she was helpless to resist it. She embraced rather than endured the lustful frenzy, humping her arse high, yelling and groaning, mindless of the people around her.

“Ah, it seems the little whore is indeed hot enough with a cock inside her,” she heard one of Karim’s companions say with a laugh.

Later, when Dan had pumped his cum inside her for the first time in months, Amy had

only a brief glimpse of her husband before the guard led her away to the baths. Another guard was clipping a chain tether to Dan's cock ring. He glanced back at Amy, his face blank, and it was as if he didn't really know her.

The bath guard didn't remove the strap that bound Amy arms until he had administered an icy, scented douche to sluice out and constrict the flesh of her cunt. Only when the leather was untied did she fully realise the numb ache that had built in her limbs. After an icy douche, a quick dunk in the bath and a massage by the bath attendant, Amy was led back to the brothel hall. She served 13 more men before the shift finished, but always in the alcoves along the corridors and not in the salon again that night. But, even as she was roundly fucked each time, her mind was occupied by conflicting thoughts of Karim and Dan.

## Chapter Sixteen

The House Mistress wore a black hijab of standard cut and style, covering her from neck to ground, but yet it was made of the finest gossamer silk that concealed not a single crease, curve or feature of her body. It well-revealed the companion belt locked around her waist and loins. She looked up and smiled like a vamp as Su-Lin was ushered into her parlour.

“Ah, my darling, what pleasures shall I teach you today?” Soraya purred.

It was a rhetorical question, of course, for the House Mistress had already decided what she would do with her personal pet. Su-Lin, clad in a voluminous yellow robe emblazoned with a scarlet dragon, averted her eyes shyly. She suppressed a shudder. It was as if a warm feather had been slowly drawn down the furrow of her spine. At a gesture from her mistress, her fingers fluttered to the hooks of the robe, and she shrugged it from her shoulders, leaving her naked. Quite suddenly, without warning, Soraya lashed a short broad strap across Su-Lin’s belly. The crack of leather resounded in the room and Su-Lin yelped, more in surprise than pain.

“Lovely! You will learn to yearn the lash. There are lots of lessons you must learn, and there are many lovely associations to be made in the seat of your lust. It all takes time, but I shall proceed stage by stage until you are...ready.” Soraya paused and caressed the broad marble pillar in the centre of the room. “Press yourself against the pillar, my sweet.”

Su-Lin looked uncertainly, but she stepped forward to face the pillar, which was fully 2 feet round. Soraya placed the flat of her hand in the small of the slave’s back, pushing her naked flesh against the cool marble. Four heavy golden rings were set at equidistant points round the pillar a couple of feet above Su-Lin’s head, and there were four more similar rings about 18 inches from the marble tiles, and two more at shoulder height.

“Hug the pillar and grasp the ring on the opposite side,” Soraya instructed huskily, her head barely inches from Su-Lin’s ear. She waited until the small slave had wrapped her arms round the wide column and saw the honey-toned back straining and the small breasts pressing flat against the marble as Su-Lin struggled to encompass the wide girth and clasp one of the heavy, shoulder-height rings. Then Soraya’s foot tapped against Su-Lin’s ankles, saying, “Now spread your feet widely, my darling.”

Su-Lin obeyed, shuffling her feet apart, but not far enough for the House Mistress’s satisfaction. Soraya sighed and knelt behind her, lifting the girl’s right ankle and bending the foot so that the sole arched. Su-Lin shivered when Soraya’s fingertips trailed lightly along the sole of her foot and as her tongue simultaneously licked in the well behind her knee. Then the foot was straightened and lifted, forcing the leg to bend, raised high until the knee was almost at the height of Su-Lin’s waist, and the foot was lowered with toes pointed down, guided through the ring on the right of the pillar. When Su-Lin’s toes touched the floor, the calf of her leg was encircled by the stout golden ring. Ignoring the slave’s small gasps, Soraya then repeated this with the left foot. When the House Mistress stepped back, Su-Lin was clasping the massive pillar, with her legs spread so widely by the massive girth that she was required to stand on her toes.

Soraya reached forward to press a finger in the stretched divide of Su-Lin’s buttocks, touching the small eye precisely in the dark centre, no more than a feather-light touch but enough to make the girl squeak in surprise or alarm, and then the fingertip move back and forth in small, light strokes. When Soraya withdrew her hand, Su-Lin was trembling and her arms were straining round the pillar. She remained thus as the House Mistress went to take a small ceramic jar from a shelf. Also, from the ottoman chest, Soraya produced a black phallus, only 4 inches long, and perhaps an inch in girth...not overly large but with big bulbous balls at the base.

“This is a facsimile of a man’s cock, my darling,” Soraya said unnecessarily, stroking it against Su-Lin’s face. “We are fortunate that we are not required to service the real thing, you



because of my patronage and me because of my station. We shall both remain virgins, my precious. Or would you like to take a large throbbing live cock in your cunt, I wonder?"

Su-Lin, one cheek against the marble, shook her head vehemently. Soraya chuckled huskily.

"We are so lucky to be protected against such ravishment, Su-Lin," the House Mistress said, but perhaps there was a touch of wistful frustration in her voice. "Still, we can make our own pleasure, can't we." As she spoke, the House Mistress removed the cap from the jar and dipped her finger inside. She then placed a large glob of salve into the well of the Su-Lin's anus, massaging it into the brown swirl of muscle. She also reached under to spread the slick unguent around Su-Lin's clitoris. "This is cool now, but I will soon warm you up, my sweet," Soraya said, taking the phallus and pressing it against the ring of muscle. "This small cock is made from a dried root, and it reacts deliciously against the salve. Push back onto the cock head." Soraya pressed insistently until the small puckered mouth opened and the head of the dildo slipped inside. Su-Lin gasped and squirmed, raising even higher on her toes as the small shaft was pushed up inside her rectum, but she doggedly hung onto the ring that was set into the pillar. Only the bulbous black balls were visible between the cheeks of the slave's arse. "There!" Soraya said, stepping back and taking a cloth to wipe the salve from her hands. "Isn't that lovely?" Su-Lin closed her eyes and gave out a small mewling moan.

Soraya chuckled to herself, replacing the jar on the shelf. She knew that the insidious salve would already be burning and, once it began, it would build steadily until Su-Lin felt as though her arse was on fire. The House Mistress carefully washed her hands in a bowl of water, not wishing to risk touching her eyes or mouth with the salve on her hands. Then she sat on the throne-like chair and made herself comfortable, enjoying the show as the salve worked its fiendish magic. Su-Lin was grinding her bottom in circles and moaning and there is no doubt that, had she been allowed to speak, she would have become very vocal.

Soraya was delighted. She recalled with a shudder the one occasion when she had foolishly allowed a male slave to use the potent salve and dildo on her own anus, her only unguarded nether orifice, but she had lasted barely a minute before tearfully demanding that the phallus be withdrawn. The male slave had obeyed instantly, of course, withdrawing the small phallus, but there was still a small corner of regret in Soraya's mind that she had not experienced the full exquisite torment. Nevertheless, she had never quite dared try the salve on herself again. Instead, she had inflicted it upon a number of different slaves, male and female. Depending on the fortitude of the slave, their reactions varied. This girl, Su-Lin, seemed to be bearing the agony with typical oriental stoicism. Soraya rose from her throne and stepped forward to pinch Su-Lin's buttocks together and hold them for a minute or two. She knew that this would boost the intense burning sensation and keep the slave honest.

"There, my darling. You can feel that, can you? This salve has a property that causes incredible lust. The reaction is tenfold when it comes in contact with your clitoris."

Soraya then selected a long, slender cane. This would be more appropriate for the circumstances than a multi-lashed whip, she decided. She slashed the cane experimentally, causing a hiss of displaced air. She nodded to herself. A slave would always take a longer and harder beating just to gain some relief from the burn of the dildo up her arse. This, of course, had been the part that Soraya herself had not endured. However, she would not spare Su-Lin this sublime, perverse pleasure. Already, small beads of sweat were showing on the girl's forehead, and her face was contorted in torment. The House Mistress would be failing in her duty if she failed to cane the slave to an orgasm.

"Do not release your grip in the ring," Soraya warned, and the first slash of the cane struck the jutting nates of the girl's squirming arse. "Arch your back more."

Su-Lin, writhing in pain from the cut of the cane, tried to obey, straining her back to distend her buttocks even more. The next stripe was laid calculatedly across the first and the

oriental girl rolled her bottom ineffectually as if trying to escape the bite of agony that seared across her arse. However, there was no escape, and the caning proceeded with ever more fierce intent, laying a fiery crimson hatching over the pale bronze cheeks and thighs. Su-Lin howled with each stroke. After a while, Soraya began to wield the cane with both hands, not because she was tiring, far from it, but because she too was caught in the delicious frenzy of Su-Lin's pain. The House Mistress delighted in the way that the slave's girlish bottom shuddered with every slashing stroke, each of which appeared as firstly a fine white line on the flesh, and then quickly coloured into a crimson blazing welt. Su-Lin's arse cheeks glowed, and the flesh at the back of her upper thighs burned equally bright with a fiery blush. Soraya's breathing was becoming ragged. With each powerful slash of the cane, as Su-Lin screeched and writhed against the fresh splash of agony, Soraya's grunt of exertion faded into a long, lustful sigh. The louder sobbing squeals of pain and agony, then the more excited and urgent the House Mistress became. The more Su-Lin animatedly wriggled her hips and bottom in suffering, the more the hot lava in Soraya's loins boiled white-red to match the hot splashes of crimson on the girl's jutting buttocks.

The House Mistress knew that they were crossing the borders of punishment and discipline. They were about to embark on a wild roller-coaster ride in their darkest emotional hinterlands. Did Su-Lin understand that too? Certainly, whether she understood it or not, a slick sheen of fragrant sex juices shone wetly on the slave's neat but swollen cunt lips. Just as Soraya intended, Su-Lin's pain and humiliation had unleashed a deep-seated but irresistible sexual response in both mistress and slave. Although the slave still screeched under the cutting cane, her excitement was only too evident in the wetness that seeped over her shaved pussy, which had lost some of its customary tight neatness and was gaping to reveal the glistening pink petals of her inner lips. When Soraya saw the unmistakable signs of Su-Lin's sexual arousal, she increased the rhythm and tempo of her strokes until the cane became a blur. The House Mistress repeatedly shrieked her own desire until Su-Lin let out a loud groan that was quite different from her previous shrill screams of pain. Soraya paused slightly and watched with bated breath as Su-Lin shuddered beneath the avalanche of a massive orgasm, and then, to help the girl on her way, she administered a final, searing stripe precisely on the line of soft tender flesh where thighs and buttocks crease together. As Su-Lin screamed in the throes of the mighty, painful climax, Soraya groaned throatily and staggered a little, dropping the cane and leaning on the pillar, her head close to Su-Lin's tear-soaked cheek. Then a long, slow and all-engulfing orgasm rolled over Soraya's senses, making her legs go weak at the knees.

## Chapter Seventeen

Over the next weeks, Soraya ensured that Amy, Abigail and Mary honed their whoring skills to near perfection. Whenever they weren't training, they were taken to the brothel hall where they waited to be selected and practice their skills. As word of the novice whores' proficiency spread, their usage gradually increased until they were each serving 20 or more men in a session, and Amy assumed that their price now reflected their growing proficiency.

The House Mistress had been relentless in training them. The three novice whores were taught erotic dances and they learned the arts of pleasing a man's cock with their mouths, their breasts, their feet, their cunts, their arses... Amy already knew that the pirate slavers had transformed her into an insatiable slut hungry for sex. The same went for the other two girls. Now though, sublime expertise had been added to their rapacious appetites for fucking in all its forms.

There was no predictability to the training schedules. Sometimes the girls would be worked in the mornings, at other times in the afternoons, and sometimes in the evenings too. The never knew when they might be ordered to the brothel hall. Amy suspected that the variability might have had something to do with Fatima's own duties as a whore, but it served to keep the girls on tenterhooks.

It even became a disappointment when they weren't taken to the brothel hall, with the prospect of copious and comprehensive fucking. However, even in the training room, male slaves often joined the captives, while at other times Soraya made the girls use their skills to please visiting guards. Fatima could easily perform each of the positions portrayed on the frescos on the walls and ceilings, and Soraya made sure that each of the girls worked hard to try to achieve them too. After the exhausted guards had departed, Fatima instructed the girls how to please her or had them practice on one another. It was a life of almost continuous excess sex, and Amy was amazed to find herself enthralled by it all. With a controlled diet and daily exercise, her flesh soon healed and she became vibrant, radiant even. Amy had emerged as a mesmerizing belly dancer, and the muscle-control gave her cunt added control when she was being fucked. Abigail surpassed the others with her sluttish voracity, while Mary learned to love squeezing a man's cock with her anal muscles until he groaned in pain and couldn't withdraw.

Karim was a frequent visitor to the brothel, and he usually chose Amy to serve him, but sometimes not. She had been ordered to his feet countless times, pressing her forehead and breasts to the tiles, folding her arms behind her back, ready for binding. But unlike the other men who used her, often for just a functional and straightforward fuck, she never knew quite why Karim had selected her, and the uncertainty always turned her muscles to water.

After that first night, he had always taken her to the comparative seclusion of an alcove, sometimes making her perform fully and abjectly, while at other times he just cruelly whipped or paddled her arse so hard that she found her feet scrambling on the tiles as if to try to run away. On other occasions, he didn't touch her at all and just sat there looking at her, his eyes drinking in every contour of her naked body. One time, he had brought a ragged, frail fellow with him, and Karim made Amy adopt various humiliating and revealing poses as the man rapidly drew sketches of her with charcoal on paper. Another time, Karim had spent more than two hours measuring almost every contour and fold of her body, making copious notes. It was all very confusing. She wished that she could ask him what he required of her, but that was forbidden of course. So she always fearfully complied. What else could she do? On the other hand, she found herself inordinately jealous if Karim chose another woman in the brothel hall. Also, despite his stern dominance and the frequent beatings, he was utterly kind and gentle with her... it would be fanciful to say loving, but he certainly seemed to care for her.

Then, one night, all was explained. He led her away down the labyrinth of corridors to an

alcove and turned to face her as she stepped diffidently through the beaded doorway.

“Kneel before me,” Karim ordered.

Amy dropped to her knees, maintaining grace even though her arms were folded high behind her. It was an art she had only recently acquired.

“You are trembling,” he said, and he stroked her hair gently. “You are very lovely when you tremble - nearly as lovely as when you writhe impaled by my cock. I suppose you writhe like that on any man’s cock.” Amy blushed and looked down. Karim went on, “I have decided to honour you with my progeny. There is little point in my retaining you for my exclusive use in your present condition but, as soon as you are whelped, I shall insist that you be sequestered away so that I am certain that it is my seed that next impregnates you. Majeeb has agreed, of course, and the House Mistress has been suitably instructed. Is that clear?”

Amy blinked in astonishment and horror, but she nodded her head. So that’s what it had all been about. He had chosen her as a brood mare to breed his future heir! Was that an honour or an outrage? Without reference to her own wishes, plans had been made for her second pregnancy, even while her first was little more than a small foetus. There was little more time to think of this, though, for Karim threw her to her back, and she was soon crying out and writhing as he took his time in seeing to her pleasure. Again, it was quite unlike the rapacious demands she experienced with other patrons. When he entered her, it was a smooth, tender gliding penetration, rather than a ramming thrust. Amy responded in kind, almost crying at his tenderness, and the slow, deliciously rolling orgasm that tumbled through her senses was quite unlike the crashing climaxes usually wrenched from her. After satisfying Amy to the fullest, when her flesh was soft and languid, he took a strap from the wall and beat her soundly until she wept copious tears. It was like a ceremony, a ritual, even though not witnessed by anyone else. After it was finished and when Karim had left her quivering, Amy knew that she had sunk even deeper into abject slavery.

## Chapter Eighteen

Majeed strode into the House Mistress's chambers, a harassed look on his usually haughty features. He found Su-Lin, nude but for a steel chastity belt, fastidiously arranging Soraya's hundreds of slippers in colour-coded fashion.

"Where is your Mistress?"

Su-Lin glanced up mutely, spreading her hands, fear etched in her wide eyes.

"Speak, girl!"

The small Oriental woman seemed to hesitate, as if to find her voice. Then she said, "Lady Soraya is in the training parlour, Lord."

Majeed sighed irritably. "Go to her, and tell her to meet me without delay at the North Gate. She must leave everything. There is a large attack force heading towards us and they'll be here within the hour. The Council has decreed that we retreat from the citadel."

Su-Lin looked askance at Majeed. "There's to be no defence? You are abandoning the citadel, Lord?" she asked, nonplussed.

"You dare to ask?" Majeed snapped, as if astonished. However, he then said, "Of course we're not abandoning the city, you stupid girl. We are simply withdrawing for a short time. Tell the House Mistress I shall wait at the North Gate for as long as I can, but she must hurry."

With that, Majeed left the apartments. Su-Lin quickly headed for the door, and she sped along the corridors towards the training parlour. There were no sentries at the door of the training room. The guards who were usually posted were obviously working in the parlour with the House Mistress and the girls. Su-Lin had often accompanied Soraya and watched disdainfully as the whores were taught their trade, and she knew that guards were frequently used to fuck the women. She pressed her ear to the timbers of the door, and could just hear the House Mistress giving curt orders, followed by low male responses. So-Lin smiled to herself, deciding that the guards were otherwise occupied. Su-Lin's hand rested on the door knob but then she paused and withdrew it. And, without further ado, Su-Lin turned on her heels and ran back to the House Mistress's apartment.

Word of the impending attack seemed to have somehow already reached some of the slaves, for many were wandering the corridors in confusion, perhaps at a loss without the usually omnipresent overseers. When Su-Lin reached the apartment, she quickly donned one of Soraya's demure dark hijabs and a pair of stout sandals, and then she hurriedly found a silk sheet and threw some of her mistress's clothing, jewellery and valuables onto it. Bundling the sheet up and hitching it over her shoulder, Su-Lin hurried from the House, to the courtyard and then out into the streets. The guards all seemed to have left, but the streets were busy with anxiously scurrying people, some also carrying bundles of possessions and a few pushing heavily-laden carts. So it was really true, the free citizens were indeed leaving the citadel. Glancing around, she saw that very few slaves were among the fleeing inhabitants. It was evident that the bulk of the slaves were to be left to the mercies of the invaders.

Su-Lin merged with the stream of people. Because of her frequent trips into the streets with her Mistress, she had a reasonable knowledge of the citadel and after half an hour or so she found herself in a milling crowd. She knew that she had reached the North Gate. Guards were urging people out onto the desert road, and a group of lords were standing together to one side. Majeed was talking with two senior black-robed figures, and a number of saddled horses were impatiently pawing the ground nearby. Su-Lin pushed towards Majeed but a guard barred her way.

"Quickly, out through the gate, lady," the guard said, obviously taking her for a free woman.

"I must speak to Lord Majeed," Su-Lin said. "I have urgent news of Lady Soraya."

The guard hesitated but then stepped aside, allowing Su-Lin to approach the lords. “Lord Majeed,” she said, panting dramatically. “Lady Soraya was nowhere to be found. I searched the House but it seems that she had already left.”

Majeed’s eyebrows knitted together. He was about to reply when the sound of a gunshot was heard, followed by a cry of panic and a surge of the crowd towards the gate. There were more shots, this time a cascade of them, and a bright red ball exploded high in the sky and slowly descended towards the citadel, bringing gasps of fright from the onlookers. It was evident that the invaders had arrived and their attack had begun.

“We must leave!” Majeed said tersely, turning on his heel and heading for the horses. “Follow the crowd, girl, and save yourself. You will be reunited with your Mistress later.”

## Chapter Nineteen

“Attack, men! Wealth beyond your dreams is in sight! There’s gold and whores for every man jack this night. Advance!”

Captain Henry Smith, although diminutive and slight of stature, was a decisive and compelling figure. He led the frontal assault on the citadel like a talisman, clad in a blue uniform coat resplendent with gold braid and medals, his wavy blue-black curly mane swaying about his shoulders, both arms raised aloft, brandishing a pearl-handled flintlock pistol in one hand and a snub-nosed Smith and Wesson handgun in the other. He fired a flare into the sky, and a red fiery ball that exploded in the midnight blue sky and slowly descended. The accompanying tribesmen gasped in awe, but this was the signal for a smaller group of brigands, ruthless assassins to the last man, whose task it was to slash and knife their way into a rear entrance of the desert fortress.

“Attack!” Smith yelled, leading the way to the citadel gates, striding forward fearlessly as if on a shopping jaunt in a city market.

A man with violin walked behind Captain Smith, scraping out a manic march on his fiddle. And behind the fiddler, a youth strode along, one arm swinging in an exaggerated march, and his other hand gripping the fiddler’s trouser belt, as if to guide him.

“Play, Blind Fiddler, blast your eyes,” Smith yelled. “And keep him behind me, and don’t let him fall, Sunny Jack.”<sup>2</sup>

The pirates, 250 of them, supplemented by a horde of desert tribesmen, responded to the captain’s lead and the wailing discord of the fiddle with curses and wild war whoops, dashing forward in a horde. The odd musket shot was fired from the fortress, but it was as nothing compared to the hail of shot pouring from musketeers who were dug in on a nearby towering dune.

It was a mismatch. Each and every day, the pirates had to rely upon their savage fighting skills, even when settling disputes amongst themselves. The desert tribesmen were experts in the nefarious arts of ambush, and less accustomed to direct assaults, but they were rallied by the boldness of the corsairs’ frontal attack and joined in with gusto. On the other hand, although the proud lords of the citadel favoured the image of imperious desert warriors, their very isolation had made them lazy and decadent. They did not deign to fight. For centuries, they had considered the desert as their main means of defence. The citadel dwellers relied upon the merciless shifting sands, the relentlessly searing heat, and rapier-like marauding strikes by loosely allied but freelance desert bandit tribes. If any effective attacking force somehow managed to arrive at the fortress walls, then the citadel was virtually open for the taking. The secondary battle strategy of the citizens was to melt away, draw back to the surrounding villages, desert wadis and nomadic camps, where much of their wealth was secretly stashed for just this eventuality. They retreated, sacrificing a cadre of slave guards to delay the attackers and clumsily defend the desert fortress and its remaining slave population.

So the battle was short-lived, despite the huge disparity in numbers between the attackers and citadel inhabitants, most of which fled before the fighting began. The remaining guards had neither organisation nor military training. The pirates, though out of their natural nautical environment, were practiced and ruthless killers, accustomed to working together, instinctively reliant on each other, fighting with discipline and cohesion. Under a covering hail of musket fire, they move relentlessly forward, wielding gleaming cutlasses with grim precision, and with razor-sharp daggers clenched between their teeth ready for the closer melees. Soon the guards lay dead or dying, and some cowered and pleaded for their lives.

Captain Henry Smith walked through the narrow streets, a small group of alert men at his

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<sup>2</sup> See the prequel to this story, ‘Slave of the Bermuda Triangle’, published by A1AdultEBooks.

heels. They moved carefully now, wary of ambush, but the citadel was eerily quiet except for some anxious slaves who peered out of the windows, terrified.

"They've all fled, Cap'n," a large man said.

"Aye, Slaver Scobie, but never fear, they will have left their goods and chattels by and large. There'll be work and profit a plenty for you. Didn't I promise ye?"

"Aye, you did, Cap'n, I'll grant you that," Scobie said grudgingly. "Crazy as a coot, but you have an eye for the main chance the like of which I've never seen."

Indeed, Smith had planned his strategy well. In reality, the expansive and unforgiving desert is not so different from the high seas. The hardest part had been persuading his men to follow him. After that, as usual, it was just a matter of working with the elements, bribing potential opponents and preserving the advantage of surprise... these were the very skills that Henry Smith had been reared on. His tightly-knit band of sea-faring brigands, promised wealth beyond their dreams, had travelled the desert at night and sheltered by day, preserving their strength. Smith had enlisted the help of the very same desert tribes that the citadel hitherto regarded as its own allies - it had not been difficult to buy their support, given the shoddy treatment they habitually received from the arrogant lords. Many of these bandits were outcasts from the citadel, and they knew the lay of the land, the entrances and gates, the strengths and weaknesses of the defences. Also, of course, Smith had no doubt that there were spies amongst them and they would send word of the approaching marauders. He had counted on that!

A large man in a bandanna came at a trot, panting slightly, saying, "The city is nigh empty, sir. Them buggers have all gone."

"Aye, they've deserted the place, the lot of them, Mister Morney," Smith said, peering into an empty window. "I expected that. They'll have taken all they can carry but there'll still be treasure enough. Search the citadel, building by building. Find the slaves, men and women, take them all."

"Tell the men I want them all alive and undamaged," Slaver Scobie warned.

Morney cast a belligerent glance at the slaver. "Them be entitled to their fun, mister," he said heavily, squaring up. "They fought for it, after all."

Captain Smith stepped between the two men, saying: "Aye, they have a right to their pleasures, right enough, Morney. Keep some men sober and alert for any counter attack from the craven cowards, but allow the others to enjoy the booty. I want all the slaves fit for sale when the men have done with them, mind."



## Chapter Twenty

“My Lord and Master will have you castrated cock and balls for this outrage,” Soraya screeched. “You’ll have to piss through a straw for the rest of your miserable life.”

Captain Smith grinned evilly and leaned forward to spit on the brown anal well of Soraya’s arse. Slaver Scobie laughed, well-knowing the captain’s predilection for arses. Smith slowly three fingers up to the second knuckle inside the screaming House Mistress’s anus, working and stretching the hole for almost half a minute until she was gasping.

“You have a tight arse, my lady, and a tighter cunt no doubt, but we’ll soon loosen them both a tad. Come forward, men. Give your opinion of this proud lady’s arsehole.”

Smith suddenly withdrew his hand, dragging the soft funnel so that the sphincter protruded outwards for a brief second before settling back into a pucker. Soraya howled in response. Leering pirates, half a dozen of them, stepped up and took turns to insert several fingers in the wailing woman’s anus. Soraya screeched and squirmed, sobbing uncontrollably, utterly humiliated and enraged. She was used to being shown the utmost deference in the House of Silence.

“My Lord Majeed will come with a great army and enslave the lot of you,” screamed an outraged Soraya. “I shall personally supervise your induction as a eunuch slave, Captain.”

“Your lord will no longer have you. By the time we have finished, you will be ruined as a free woman in this God-forsaken city. Each of your orifices will have accommodated numerous rampant corsair cocks, believe me. No proud desert lord will want you after that, other than as a slave whore. Metal-worker, remove the lady’s belt.”

“No, you cannot remove the belt!” Soraya gasped, trying to scramble from the bench, but Slaver Scobie, standing with Smith, cuffed her head.

A small but stocky pirate stepped forward, his body was almost cube-like but with brawny arms and a bull-neck. He reached to examine the contraption that encircled and guarded Soraya’s loins. To test its strength, the metalworker inserted his finger into the belt at the small of Soraya’s back, almost lifting her from the bench with the unconscious strength of his tug. “The leather is reinforced with metal chain, Cap’n,” the man said. “Scoggins can pick the lock...”

“Cut it off her!”

“It would be a shame to ruin such a fine piece.”

“I’m more intent on ruining the fine piece that’s wearing it,” Smith replied. “Cut it off!”

“The belt must stay on by law, you fools,” Soraya screamed.

The metalworker sighed and reached into his satchel, taking out a pair of snub-nosed croppers. “Keep very still, woman,” he said, inserting the jaws of the croppers in the furrow of Soraya’s spine and closing them around the belt. Without appearing to exert himself, he cropped through the leather and its metal inner core, stepping back with the belt dangling in his hand, glancing admiringly at the curved cunt guard of fine steel mesh. “It was such a fine piece of work,” he said mournfully.

Soraya lay face down, horrified, her fists clenched by the side of her head. From 14 years of age, since the Ceremony of Freedom, that chastity belt had been a part of her very existence. The dastardly device had come to define her, as with all free women in the citadel. Hitherto, the belt had only been removed in the carefully controlled seclusion of the Free Women’s Baths, and never when any male had been present. Slaver Scobie roughly turned her cringing body, keeping one hand pressed between her full breasts to hold her there. She moaned and squirmed as Scobie ran his skilled hand over her newly-liberated cunt, spreading her labia and examining her vaginal hole and clitoris. He pushed forward carefully, feeling the drum-tight barrier of skin there.

“She’s a virgin right enough, Cap’n,” Scobie said, casually sucking his fingers clean and

then tracing a swirl around Soraya's clitoris. "She'll fetch a pretty penny as such on an auction block."

"I want her turned into a wanton whore and knocked up with child," Smith said emphatically.

Soraya gasped, either because of the slaver's hand arousing her clitoris, or at Smith's words...it was hard to say which.

"I am not a whore," begged Soraya.

"Her voice says one thing, but her cunt says another," Scobie replied genially, testing her seepage and then pinching the pebble-hard clitoris. "Never fear, Cap'n, I'll take great pleasure in turning this one into a pathetic slut panting for any man's cock."

"I want to see her well-whipped first, Scobie," Smith said quietly, fingering the scrape on his cheek where Soraya had raked her fingernail when first apprehended. She had fought like a wild-cat, but the pirates had easily overpowered and stripped her.

Scobie nodded and took the coil of braided leather from his waist, and then he roughly turned Soraya back on her belly again. Three corsairs grabbed Soraya's limbs, one holding her wrists and pulling her arms taut above her head and the others taking an ankle each and spreading her legs.

Soraya squirmed and struggled ineffectually in their strong grasp, and she yelled desperately: "No-one but my Lord may have me whipped, you dolt."

Smith signalled for Scobie to begin. The first blow of the whip landed squarely on Soraya's buttocks causing her eyes to bulge in astonishment as she screamed in pain. It left a vivid red stripe that contrasted sharply with Soraya's white arse. Scobie was an expert with the whip, of course. Ever the professional, he well knew how to inflict maximum pain to woman with minimum lasting damage. Now, he slowly and methodically applied his whip skills, pausing between each strike to leave Soraya sufficient time to recover her breath for another loud scream.

Captain Smith looked round to his men. He could easily see from the state of their cocks bulging in their pants that they were excited beyond denial. "Me and Slaver Scobie will attend to the lady," he announced as another splatter of leather and a shrill scream announced a fresh splash of pain on Soraya's arse.

"I want to fuck her, Cap'n," the metalworker objected, brandishing the cut chastity belt.

"Aye, me too," said another.

"And so ye shall, lads. She's woman enough for all of you. First though, the slaver and me must firmly set her on her way as a whore. It's essential to my plan." He clapped his hands loudly, and a long procession of captured slaves was led into the salon. "Why, here are the other doxies to assuage your immediate lust, lads."

The naked girls, a full hundred or more of them, the entire stock of the House of Silence, trooped into the salon. There were males there too, equally naked, most with cocks pierced through the glans. As the slaves walked into the salon, their eyes opened in fear and wonder at the steady thrashing of leather on their mistress's backside, and Soraya was screaming as if to burst her lungs. There was a communal exhalation of breath from the pirates as they gaped at the nude women, and the moment was accentuated by the next slap of leather on Soraya's arse.

As Dan entered the room, Captain Smith stepped forward and grasped him by the cock, tugging him from the line of slaves. "Ah, Pretty Bum," he said. "So we meet again. I see the desert gentry have enhanced your shaft for me."

Dan looked down, standing meekly as the captain grasped the pierced penis and examined it, and he then followed abjectly, still held, as Smith reached out to grasp Amy by her upper forearm and also pull her from the line of slaves.

"Your former wife is still a beauty, Pretty Bum," Smith said, watching Amy flinch at the sound of the whip cracking on Soraya's arse and thighs. He then ran his hand over Amy's

swelling belly, saying, "She's well on the way to whelping, I see."

"You intending to take your first pick every time, Cap'n?" one of the men called belligerently. "That's against the Ship's Articles."

"These two slaves belong to me, remember. My agents purchased them at auction before they were spirited away by the bandits. Help yourselves with the rest of the whores, lads," Smith cried. "After you're through with them there's nigh on a thousand more of them in the citadel."

The lustful pirates cheered and whooped, leaping forward to grab the whores, dragging them off, some into the dimly-lit recessed alcoves of the salon, and others arranging themselves into small groups.

"Please Captain, I was wrong to attack and abuse you," Soraya pleaded when Scobie paused the whipping for a moment.

"You are willing to become a whore?"

"I cannot."

After another 10 strokes, Soraya was promising over and over again to become the best whore they had ever seen, eager and willing to serve men with all her orifices. Slaver Scobie ignored her pleas, of course, and continued her awesome beating.

"The lady ordered you whipped?" Smith asked Amy, using his free hand to massage her full breasts, pulling and twisting the rings in her long nipples, while all the time softly tugging on Dan's cock. Noticing that Dan pulled back slightly, he said sharply, "Don't you resist me, boy. Put your hands behind you and think about getting your cock hard."

Dan immediately placed his hands behind him, standing to attention as the diminutive man slowly wanked his cock into an erection.

"I asked a question, girl," Smith said, twisting Amy's nipple ring with his other hand. "Did this woman have you whipped?"

"Yes, she did, often," Amy said.

The captain nodded and looked up, calling, "Mister Scobie, this wench will lay on the last few strokes of the lady's punishment."

Amy looked at Captain Smith in astonishment. However, the slaver immediately approached, turning the handle of the whip and placing it in Amy's trembling hands.

"Have you ever used a whip before?" Scobie asked.

Amy shook her head. Speech still didn't come naturally after all the months of enforced silence. Recovering a little, she mumbled, "No, sir."

Soraya's body was wracked by convulsive sobs as she lay on the bench, her limbs still stretched taut by the three corsairs. Her back, arse and thighs were fiery red, criss-crossed by angry stripes of colours grading from palest pink through blue to purple.

"Not the whip, you dolt," Smith rasped. "She'd cut the woman's back to ribbons. Find a cane."

Scobie took back the whip and glanced round. One of the slave overseers was lying dead by the door, and Slaver Scobie walked across with his rolling gate and stooped to retrieve the cane from the man's waist sash. Swishing the cane back and forth experimentally and nodding his approval, he returned and handed it to Amy.

"Lay it on her arse and thighs only," he instructed. "As hard as you can, mind."

Suddenly Soraya seemed galvanised into renewed rebellion. She was quite obviously aware enough to know what was now planned for her. "I am to be beaten by a slave whore?" she snarled, bucking her body and fighting the grip on her arms and legs.

Smith led Amy forward by her nipple ring, and Dan walked with them, his now erect cock held in the captain's grasp. "Cane the lady's arse, slave," he ordered, emphasising the last word.

"Don't dare, you whore. I am your House Mistress. Touch me with that cane and I shall have you impaled when they are gone."

Amy hesitated when Captain Smith let go of her nipple ring.

“Now!”

Amy raised the cane and tapped it down on the swell of Soraya’s buttocks. It was a weak and reluctant stroke, but Soraya reacted as if it had been a full-blooded blow, screaming and writhing like an exorcised demon. Captain Smith nodded to Scobie and suddenly Amy screeched and leapt high, dancing on her toes as the slaver’s whip left an agonizing line of fire over her back.

“I ordered you to cane the woman, not tickle her,” Smith said tersely. “Now, unless you want your own back scorched, do as I command.”

A signal whip wielded by an expert is very persuasive. Almost before Smith had even finished his threat, Amy swung the cane with all her might and brought it down with a hiss on the globes of Soraya’s arse. The once haughty House Mistress seemed to bounce under the hard stroke of the rod, and she then slumped, weeping and sobbing, no longer fighting against the hands on her limbs. Amy continued to swing the cane, and after the first few strokes, she was overtaken by frenzy. Over the next few minutes, she laid the flexing rod on her mistress’s quivering buttocks time and again, heedless of the screams and wails. It was pay-back time for all the pain and humiliation she had suffered, not just in the desert citadel, but on the pirate ship and in the slave bagnio. Then, before she truly knew what was happening, Scobie had grasped her wrist, staying the next blow in mid-arc. “It is enough,” the slaver said gently, prizing the cane from Amy’s white knuckled grip.

Amy stood back, her eyes wide with astonishment. She had not hitherto known herself capable of inflicting such pain. Now, Soraya was reduced to a sobbing, quivering wreck and her arse had assumed a bright raspberry glow in two round patches striped with purple welts. Blue-red stripes also covered the House Mistress’s twitching thighs, as if a lurid ladder had been painted on her flesh. Such had been Amy’s frenzy, she wasn’t even sure how long she had been beating Soraya, but it must have been for many minutes. Now, as her head cleared, she saw that that her husband Dan was on his knees and Captain Smith was fucking his arse with gusto.

## Chapter Twenty-One

Amy shrugged to the whore as she peeked through the beaded curtain and saw the usual gathering of men sitting in the salon. The two girls were standing with Soraya in an ante-room, adjacent to the kitchens.

Out in the salon, near the doorway, a naked girl reeled back at a sharp slap from the flat of a man's hand. The girl yelped but she was simply grasped by the hair and dragged from the salon towards the alcoves in the corridors on the far side of the room. Amy had already learned that many of the pirates liked to physically demonstrate their dominance. It was the corsairs' way. Amy and every other slave in the House had good reason to be afraid of them.

Hearing the girl's cry of pain, Soraya merely sniffed, as if disdaining to look into the salon. The young woman was aloof as ever, all the more so in fact, particularly as she wore a demure yellow silk hijab that concealed her from neck to floor. Her jet black hair was gathered high, away from her ears, and held in place by an ornate tortoiseshell clasp. Her face was dusted with white translucent powder but her high cheek bones were dabbed with a cherry blush, and her lips were painted vivid red. Amy and Abigail, of course, were stark naked and even their veils were now discarded.

"Tokens for sale," Sunny Jack, the young cabin boy, called in the room as he moved from table to table. "Only 2 coppers each!"

"Get your tokens," another man called. "All have an equal chance to win."

Casting a wary glance at the two pirate ruffians who stood nearby, Amy peered through the curtain again. In the past days, the victorious invaders, particularly the allied tribesmen, had begun to spread themselves round the citadel, carousing in other brothels and brawling in formerly demure cafes. The House of Silence had become Captain Smith's headquarters, however, and most of the pirates favoured that place. The salon was certainly full that evening. Pirates were sitting on floor cushions; some were standing; and still more were in the gloom of the recessed alcoves. Blind Fiddler was playing a barbaric melody, and beneath that was the constant murmur of conversation with the occasional loud raucous laugh. Naked girls were dancing lasciviously in a wide circular sand pit.

"Tokens here, get your tokens," Sunny Jack cried.

Standing in an ante-room in the salon, Amy glanced at the other whore and shrugged again. Why were they selling tokens, and of what use were they? Neither of the slave whores knew what was expected of them. Soraya snorted her annoyance as a nude girl pushed past carrying steaming platters from the kitchen.

"Do you want to be whipped again?" a pirate asked.

Soraya merely glowered at the man, apparently too proud to answer.

"Be sure to buy your fucking tokens," Sunny Jack was yelling in the salon.

The other whore shrugged her shoulders to Amy. To them, Soraya, although recently stripped and humiliated, was still a free woman, the House Mistress. After her whipping, Soraya had been taken away to be bathed and tended, apparently to protect her from the crude lusts of the pirates. Soraya's superiority seemed confirmed by the fact that she was now demurely dressed as if to attend a tea party with her lady friends in the citadel, and Amy and the other whore had been ordered to attend her, like naked handmaids. However, although Soraya maintained an air of prim superiority, her kohl-lined eyes bore a hunted cast. .

The two pirates went to stand in the salon itself, standing on either side of the archway to the ante-room. Another girl pushed her way through the curtain on her way to the kitchens. She was naked, except for some beads. The girl glanced at Amy and then at Soraya. Amy smiled to the girl, recognising her from the brothel, but Soraya regarded her venomously. It made the girl's eyes flash in anger. She glanced at the guards just beyond the curtain, and saw that their

attention seemed occupied with buying tokens. Then she leaned close to Soraya's ear and hissed "Tonight you will learn what it is to be a slave whore!"

"When this is over, I shall have your tongue plucked out," Soraya replied sweetly, not attempting to keep her voice low.

One of the pirate guards looked up sharply, and one of them pushed his way back through the curtain. "You!" he said, delivering a harsh slap to the girl's left breast. "Get on with your work." As the girl scurried away to the kitchens, the guard turned to Soraya and said, "You will do well to remain civil, or it will be your tongue that will be removed."

Soraya seemed about to respond but thought better of it. Anyway, just then, Slaver Scobie salon pushed through the curtain.

"It is almost time," Scobie said, glancing briefly at Soraya and then going back to the salon floor.

Amy and Abigail looked up nonplussed. Time for what? Soraya remained impassively hostile. Then the boom of a large gong resounded in the low-ceilinged room. Blind Fiddler ceased playing abruptly.

"Your attention, the time is nigh!" Slaver Scobie cried and the gong reverberated once more. "I urge you to buy your tokens while there is still time."

"Why should we pay for our pleasures?" a pirate called belligerently. "We won the women fair and square."

This was greeted with applause and some raucous shouts. A third boom of the gong did nothing to silence them.

"The proceeds all go into the communal pot, lads. It's a fair way of sharing, you unruly bastards."

Indeed, the corsairs were unruly. Amy listened to the clamour with some apprehension. The pirate crew comprised of men from all works of life, but they were mainly the rudest sort, thieves and cut-throats. Their behaviour was always rough, and often on the cusp of riotous.

"Bring out the virgin!" a man cried.

Soraya looked up sharply. She then looked back at the two pirate guards, who had moved close to her. Her lips moved, as if to speak, but no words emerged.

"Stand on either side of the virgin and grasp her wrists," one of the men growled to Amy and the whore.

The two naked slaves obeyed. Amy held the Soraya's slender left wrist and she could feel the pulse racing. Soraya was trembling now.

"Patience, lads," Scobie called. "There are still more tokens to be sold."

"Let's see the doxie," someone called.

Amy glanced across at the other whore and grimaced. The corsairs were on the verge of turning ugly.

"You'll all have ample opportunity to see her."

"Not me," Blind Fiddler called, to renewed raucous laughter.

"I'll describer her then. She has an interesting face and body," Scobie said.

"Interesting?" someone yelled. "That's of no interest to me. Will she be good to fuck?"

"You will have the opportunity to tell me that ... if you win," called Scobie and he paused as the jeers increased.

"Stop your vacillating, man," Smith's cultured voice demanded irritably. "Bring her out, Mister Scobie, before we have a mutiny on our hands."

Scobie, however, was not to be hurried. He shouted, "Remember, this is only a tight virgin. If she is a good fuck, that will be a bonus. She is a true exotic. She is the former mistress of this House and companion of a fine lord, but never yet fucked."

"I will buy a token!" called a fellow.

"Aye, and me too."

There was a general clamour as more men purchased tokens, some of them buying three or four at a time.

"The Captain didn't fuck her?"

"No," Smith yelled.

"Her hymen is certified intact," Scobie called with a laugh. "You know that the Cap'n has a different bent."

"Bring her out!" called another, and this was greeted with the rhythmic thud of fists on tables. "Bring her out!"

Scobie gave a signal, and the gong boomed again.

One of the pirate guards looked through the beaded curtain. "Take her out to the dance pit," he told Amy and the whore.

Soraya did not resist when the two naked slaves pulled her forward. She walked with small, reluctant steps, with Amy on her left and the other whore on her right. The cacophony in the salon rose, as did the thumping of fists on the tables, the whistles and sex calls.

"Don't embarrass the shy virgin!" Scobie cried.

Soraya was guided to the sand pit. The vendors were still selling tokens right left and centre.

"I will buy 6 tokens!" yelled a man.

"And I!" called another.

"Two more over here!" said another.

"Parade her round the pit," Scobie ordered quietly, quite obviously greatly enjoying the occasion.

The two slaves led Soraya around the perimeter of the dance circle. She moved woodenly, her head high and features impassive. Amy grudgingly admired the House Mistress's stoicism.

"She's a cold bitch," someone yelled.

"What do you expect? She is trained to hide her feelings," Scobie said. "I'm reliably assured that the winner will be pleasantly surprised by her heat."

There was more laughter.

Soraya seemed numb to the noise and laughter around her. However, as she passed the captain on the slow circuit of the pit, she gave him an anguished glance. Captain Smith merely smiled and gave a mock salute.

"Ten tokens!" a man called

"Two here!"

Amy kept a strong grip on Soraya's wrist. She shuddered. How powerful and fierce the corsairs were, and yet they were perhaps little different from men in her own place and time. Here, though, they were able to frankly look upon slaves with eagerness and open interest. Here, sexual relationships between men and women were reduced to their basics.

"Who will warm her up?" Scobie called.

Sunny Jack, the captain's cabin boy, came stumbling forward, obviously pushed by pirates' hands. He scowled and made to return to his place, but Scobie grasped the lad's arm before he could move away. "Ah, we have an intrepid young volunteer! But I wonder if this task might need a more experienced touch."

Corsairs in the salon jeered, making the youngster glower even more than his customary morose scowl. "I can match anyone for experience," he declared to renewed laughter.

Scobie released the youngster's arm and bowed theatrically, sweeping his arm towards Soraya. "Be my guest, Sunny Jack," he said. "Warm her in readiness for the raffle."

Jack hesitated a moment but then, as the jeers grew, he straightened his shoulders and swaggered forward, moving to stand in front of Soraya, pushing back the sleeves of his jacket.

"Kneel and kiss my boot," Jack said loudly, grinning and glancing round at the crowd

and putting his right forward. In a lower voice, a hiss, he added, "Kiss it, or I'll cut your tits off, so help me, I will."

Soraya remained standing, not offering to move. The crowd bayed and hooted.

"Shuck her down, Jack," someone yelled.

Soraya looked up defiantly. Then, in a clear voice, she said, "You are the scum of the earth. I am the companion of a man who is greatly honoured and respected, and I will not be treated in this way. Kill me now, and have done with it!"

Amy blinked in astonishment as the House Mistress proudly raised her chin to offer her throat. There were gasps from all of the girls in the room. Sunny Jack seemed taken aback and he looked uncertainly to Slaver Scobie.

"Hold her firmly," Scobie said, reaching into his leather jacket, and Amy feared that he was reaching for a dagger. However, he merely produced a small ball gag, which he thrust into Soraya's mouth before she had chance to realise what was happening. "Never fear, lads, the gag will be removed before she is handed over to the winner. Now, continue, Sunny Jack. Soften her up a bit."

"Strip her!" Jack said, licking his lips.

Soraya exhaled in a hiss and clenched her fists, making no effort to resist as Amy undid the numerous loops that held the cross-over style hijab dress but there were tears in her eyes as Amy drew the dress away. However, she slipped her arms free of the wide bell-like sleeves and then stood naked. Her back was still inflamed and sore from her beating.

The corsairs' crude shouts reached a new level. Even more tokens were being sold in the salon.

"Take her wrists again and parade her," Scobie murmured, twirling his finger to indicate the circumference of the dance pit.

Amy and the whore obeyed. Soraya, both wrists grasped and held away from her body, walked slowly round the large dance pit as if in a trance, her full breasts moving fluidly with each step. Amy, although stark naked herself, began to feel pity for her mistress. The clamour was growing in the crowd and it would not be assuaged. Amy and the whore forced Soraya down, pulling on her wrists and placing their other hands behind her knees until her legs folded. Soraya did not resist them, but nor did she assist either. She was drooling on the ball gag, and having to suck on her saliva to control it.

"The gag prevents her from kissing my boot now," Jack complained, but he put his right foot forward again. "Place your forehead on it in obeisance. That won't be too much of an imposition, will it?"

Soraya shook her head vehemently.

"Ah, you see the power of my dominance, she agrees it's no imposition," Jack said loudly, and he made a small gesture intended for Amy and the whore.

The whore placed her hand on Soraya's head and pushed it forward and down until the forehead was resting on Jack's heavy boot. When Soraya was allowed to straighten, she was shaking with anger.

"She trembles with desire for me, look," Jack mocked.

Soraya's eyes blazed, all the more so when the young cabin boy reached to tweak her long brown nipple. The crowd were yelling for more action now, edging forward to surround the dance pit.

"You will cooperate now? You wouldn't wish to be thought rebellious still?" Rather than shake her head, Soraya stared with hate at him in her eyes. Sunny Jack scowled, perhaps disappointed at her refusal to cooperate in his naive game. "Very well, the two slaves will help you."

When Jack pointed downwards with both forefingers, Amy and the whore knelt to either side Soraya. Soraya tried to pull back but they still held her easily, each with both hands on her



arms.

“Hold her arms behind her!”

This was not so easy, for Soraya was now bent on resistance, but by twisting the limbs they persuaded her to place her arms behind her back, and then they held them high until Jack had expertly wrapped a leather strap around her wrists and then her elbows. As Amy well knew from her time on the pirate ship, Jack was experienced beyond his years in handling slaves, through the hours spent helping Scobie. Soraya writhed, her breasts jutting awkwardly. She tested the bond, flailing her head from side to side as a ripple of applause broke out from the cruel crowd. After a few seconds, she closed her eyes and tried to hunch her shoulders forward towards her tightly-clenched knees, but Amy and the whore refused to allow it.

“Ah, see what a slave trainer I am,” Sunny Jack declared, a broad grin breaking the graveyard look of on his face. “I’ll be having Scobie’s job next.”

Sunny Jack’s ink-stained fingers touched Soraya’s right breast, kneading the silky flesh, causing her to squirm as her eyes flew open. Amy and the whore pressed their hands between her shoulder blades, forcing her upper torso forward toward the black-robed young man, offering her breasts to his touch. Sunny Jack seemed fascinated by Soraya’s large, melon-like breasts and their thick, protuberant nipples. He squeezed and plucked at her long, maroon teats, pulling them away from her body and distending the shape of the orbs. Then, as the crowd yelled encouragement, Jack ran his hands methodically over her body. On Scobie’s curt command, Amy and the whore placed their hands on Soraya’s knees, drawing her thighs widely apart. Jack nodded in approval, and he reached to toy with the slit of her Soraya’s sex, ignoring the grunted, drooling protests emerging from behind her ball gag.

It was then that Amy sensed that Soraya’s body softened, perhaps in sudden resignation, or maybe it was in response to needs growing inside her. Amy herself only dimly understood the barbaric but irresistible desires that the slavers had awakened in her own body, but she assumed that Soraya well-knew what was involved.. In any event, Soraya was no longer fighting the hands and leather that held her.

Slaver Scobie’s practiced eyes had also noticed the softening flesh, for he said: “Ah, she is becoming aroused, Jack. Test her virginity for the gentlemen. Carefully does it now, and remember how I taught you.”

At Scobie’s command, Amy and the whore thrust Soraya to her side and then onto her back, and the woman squirmed as Jack’s fingers gently probed between her legs, pushing upwards slightly.

“Her flesh is sodden,” Jack announced, displaying his glistening fingers, “but she’s a virgin alright.”

“Very well,” Scobie said with a smile, stepping forward and placing a restraining hand on the cabin boy’s shoulder. “Let’s dispense with Sunny Jack’s service now, before he loses self-control. She is a virgin! Behold her, laying with legs akimbo, this proud woman of a desert lord no less, eagerly awaiting her first cock. Let the lottery commence!”

Soraya trembled as the crowd roared, but she no longer fought the hands that kept her legs widely apart as she lay stretched in the sand of the dance pit. A large urn was being carried into the salon by two pirates who pushed their way through the press of bodies. They stopped at a random table and placed the urn upon it. One of the men there stood and pushed his hand deep into the urn, and he then withdrew it holding a token. “Number 265,” he declared.

“Number 265!” Scobie repeated to a chorus of groans.

“Here!” A large man in a rough, leather waistcoat said, stepped forward, grinning broadly as he held the matching token aloft.

“Ah, Jenks, you were always lucky. Come and claim your prize.” Slaver Scobie waved aside the increased groans from the audience. “Never fear, you can still win! Her first use will go to Jenks, God help her, but we shall now draw 15 more for the men who will follow him.”

Amy felt Soraya flinch at Scobie's words. Sympathetic now, Amy smiled down reassuringly and placed a hand on Soraya's pounding heart. Being made to serve sixteen men in a single night was by no means unusual in the House, but it seemed a trifle excessive for a virgin.

Be that as it may, by the time that morning came, Soraya, the once proud and cruel House Mistress of the House of Silence was truly broken into her whoredom, and as helplessly servile as the rest of whores.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

“Blind Fiddler, scrape a tune,” First Mate Morney demanded.

The tempo of the drums increased, and Blind Fiddler stood by the dance pit in the salon, tapping his bow against the strings of his battered violin. Scobie dragged Amy forward by her forearm, saying, “Dance, girl.”

Amy smiled a little. She enjoyed dancing and, anyway, it was an opportunity for a rest from fucking. The previous few days had seen a return to a familiar routine for Amy. It was not the routine of the House of Silence, however, but more like the orgiastic days and weeks she had endured on the pirate xebec. The House of Silence now rang with the sounds of female voices, even laughter, and sometimes shrill screams. The brothel had quickly become more like a bawdy house in some squalid port. The slave whores were kept incredibly busy. Often, Amy would lose count of the number of pirates and tribesmen who climbed between her legs.

Captain Smith called to Blind Fiddler: “My doxy will dance in the Eastern style rather than prance to your wild reels.”

Captain Henry Smith and his corsairs were in no hurry to leave the desert city. Perhaps they felt safer there? They were certainly taking their time, systematically searching the empty houses and taking anything of value. It wasn't clear how they intended to get their ill-gotten gains and a thousand slaves across the desert. Unlike the citadel lords, the pirates were ever-watchful for attack and they constantly manned the gates and walls. As for the rest of the pirates and the desert tribesmen who were their erstwhile allies, they enjoyed the full fruits of their endeavour, carousing in the brothels of the citadel.

“I've got no eastern tunes,” Blind Fiddler protested.

“Then play one of your barbaric gypsy dances, damn your eyes,” Slaver Scobie said.

Slaver Scobie, the gnarled old salt with the rolling gate, had taken charge of the women captives, insisting on some semblance of care to maintain their worth on the sales block when they were eventually moved out. This was a necessary precaution, for the corsairs were a brutal lot and the tribesmen were even worse. Left to their rampant lusts, they would easily and carelessly inflict enough damage to ruin a valuable woman. The whores of the House, previously accustomed to silently providing surrogate nuptial services for the free men of the citadel, were at first shocked by their excesses which sometimes resulted in bruises to the face, loose teeth, and even broken bones. However, Slaver Scobie had special authority as the ship's quartermaster. He administered the sharing of booty, and none of the brigands wished to get on his wrong side. So, after the first riotous night when the brigands were still drunk with victory and nigh impossible to control, Scobie had laid down rules on the whores' usage. Nothing was really prohibited, of course, but he just didn't want them permanently marred.

Blind Fiddler launched into an authentic rendition of a rhythmic gypsy dance tune, and the drums adapted to the beat. Amy stood ready, arms raised above her head, as she had been taught in long painful hours in Soraya's training room. She was naked, of course, as were the other women serving in the salon, many of them writhing under pirates in the alcoves.

All of the women were required to fuck on demand. This included Soraya, for the captain had turned her over to Slaver Scobie for safekeeping, as he termed it. Under the slaver's tutelage, the proud House Mistress quickly learned to service twenty men each night. Moreover, she seemed to be serving with relish, despite her protests. At that very moment, Soraya was kneeling by the side of Captain Smith, although he wasn't much interested in her.

Amy caught the beat of the drums and began to roll her hips. She kept her eyes on Dan, but he was studiously avoiding looking at her as the captain stroked his cock, and Smith wasn't bothering to watch her either. Captain Smith, had no real appetite for women. He would fuck a girl if there was a purpose in it, and then usually up her arse, but his real sexual inclinations were

towards men. Dan seemed to be sequestered in Captain Smith's quarters as his personal body slave, and he sometimes appeared at the captain's heel, as on that evening, his body gleaming with oil and his face painted like woman. On this night, for no apparent reason, Dan was wearing a small scrap of red silk tied around his erect, pierced cock. Amy saw Dan cast a furtive glance at her. Amy, standing in the dance pit, her hips and belly undulating to Blind Fiddler's rhythm, gave her husband a small wry smile in return, but he looked away. She sighed inwardly as the captain casually fondled Dan's cock, but comforted herself that at least Dan's arse, unlike those of the other captured male slaves, was at least protected from the coarse attentions of the other corsairs.

As the tempo of the music increased, Amy increased the pace of her footwork. Scobie, standing behind her, rapped a strap against her arse.

"Dance out into the lads company," he said, and the watching pirates cheered.

Amy swallowed hard but did as the slaver commanded. Fatima had taught her well. There was something beyond mere grace and skill in the way that she moved. Over the past months, since being rudely dragged from her mundane and prim existence in her own time and place, the embers of her slave heat had been irreversibly fanned and ever ready to burst into flames of lustful need. This showed in her dance. Her belly, beginning to get noticeably rounded now, undulated as if her pussy was begging use. As she danced out into the salon, moving between the tables, dozens of hands reached out to touch her. She cupped her hands under her breasts, leaning towards a pirate as if offering her pierced and ringed nipples for him to suckle. The drunken men were beginning to bay for more, and Amy's breasts quivered fluidly as she danced up to each pirate, thrusting her belly and her cunt toward outstretched hands before swerving away with the music.

"Onto the tables!" Scobie ordered.

That night the brothel was crowded and in the crush it was impossible to dance around the men. Amy leapt onto one of the low tables, and the men quickly removed their goblets and tankards as her bare feet skipped with the wild gypsy dance. A hand reached to fleetingly grasp her thigh and then brush against the moist lips of her pussy before she twisted away and leapt to the next table. The pirates were yelling and whistling. The music was reaching a crescendo. Amy's body writhed sensually, lost in the rhythm and the cacophony as she wantonly undulated her cunt toward each pirate seated around the table. Then, quite suddenly, as if on some secret signal, four pairs of hands grabbed her and pulled her roughly down onto the table top. Blind Fiddler played on, unaware that he had lost his dancer. One of the pirates leapt on top of Amy and mounted her, and Scobie did nothing to stop him. Amy, panting with lust now, responded by wrapping her legs round the corsair whose cock was pounding into her pussy. Another, though, yanked at her hair and pulled her head back, twisting her face so that her cheek brushed against his moist cock head. Amy opened her lips and took the hard cock between her lips. The cock was thrust deep into her gullet, and she felt a hand massaging her bulging throat as her head lay back off the table top. Someone grabbed her right wrist and a cock was slapped into her hand and, even as she instinctively closed her fingers round the shaft, the same happened with her other hand. Amy humped and bucked under the rammed assault on her cunt, taking the other shaft deeply into her throat and wanking off two more cocks with each hand.

It was the cue for a frenzy of fucking in the salon. Soraya was dragged to a table and bent double with her arse toward the ceiling, and she shrieked as two cocks simultaneously entered both her holes. Abigail, ever the insatiable slut, eagerly ran to lie on a table, spreading her legs and fingering her cunt, offering herself to any of the pirates who sat there. Mary, who had been fucking in an alcove, came back to find a melee of wild sex in the salon, and she was immediately grabbed and fell screeching under a tangle of scrambling limbs and cocks.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

A further week passed. Captain Smith stood on the city wall with First Mate Morney, Slaver Scobie and the cabin boy Sunny Jack. They were watching as the last desert tribe left the citadel, taking their share of the pillage with them. A long cofile of slaves, chained neck to neck, trailed out over the ill-defined desert road, and tribesmen rode alongside on their Arab steeds.

"That's the last of them gone, Cap'n," Morney said. "I can't say I'm sorry, either...never did trust the blighters."

"You're right to mistrust them, Morney. They'd as likely turn on us if it suited them. Still, they served a purpose in helping us to take this place."

"Aye," Morney said, "but now we must hold it on our own. A city this size is hard to defend with 250 men. Perhaps we should leave ourselves."

"It's high time we left," Slaver Scobie agreed. "The men are already getting restless, and it's a long way back to the port with nigh on a thousand slaves."

"Aye, and we'll have to constantly watch our flanks from the bandit tribes that are supposed to be our friends," Morney said.

"They were our allies, Morney, but never our friends," Captain Smith said with a grim smile, turning and walking towards the steps descending the city wall. "You think I haven't thought about how we get back to the coast? We've not been waiting here just so the crew can indulge their lust."

"The Captain has thought about that," Sunny Jack said with sarcasm beyond his years, scowling back at the two other men. "You don't think he'd risk getting us all killed, do you?"

Scobie cast a grim smile at Morney, but neither of them replied. Henry Smith had always led them shrewdly and to great reward, but then any leader is only as successful as his current project. It had already been whispered that on this occasion he may have been reckless for his own mysterious ends. It might have been a novel adventure in the beginning, but now the men were growing uneasy away from the sea.

"Just what are we waiting for then, Captain?" Jack asked, and he received a sharp clout round his ear from Henry Smith.

The answer to Sunny Jack's insolent question came that very evening. A deputation of three unarmed, desert-robed men arrived at the gates of the citadel bearing a white flag of truce. They were immediately taken to the House of Silence, where Captain Smith had established his headquarters. The men sat cross-legged with Smith, Morney and Scobie around a low table.

The leader of the deputation spoke haughtily, firstly indicating the young black robed man to his right: "This is Sheik Karim, son of the Sultan. I am Omar, Vizier of the High Council, and this is Majeeb, another member of the Council."

Majeeb, clad in a white robe and looking very pale, smiled thinly and said, "These are my quarters. I trust you are comfortable here?"

"State your business," Henry Smith said, not bothering to introduce himself or engage in small talk.

"We come to parley on behalf of my father," Karim said, his dark eyes fixing Smith with a penetrating gaze.

"Parley?"

"Quite simply, we offer to buy the release of our citadel," Omar interjected.

"And our slaves too," Majeeb added.

"*Our* slaves," Scobie pointed out.

"Aye, and *our* citadel too, if I'm not mistaken," Captain Smith said with a small smile.

Karim maintained his hard, unblinking stare on the Captain. "They are only yours as long

as you are able to keep them, Captain,” he said. “You can either trade them now or wait until they are taken from you. You must decide if it’s worth the blood. Also, of course, we know there is little food left in the citadel...”

There was a moment of tension and Morney’s hand went to his cutlass, but Smith reached across and stayed his arm. “Steady, Mister Morney.”

“What is your offer?” Scobie asked, ever the Quartermaster with an eagle eye for coin.

“You would find it difficult to march the slaves back to the coast with desert marauders harrying your lines,” Karim pointed out, not deigning to answer Scobie’s question. “There are many bleached bones in the desert from invaders who came before you.”

“I say cut their throats now and have done with it,” Morney said angrily.

“We came under a flag of truce,” Majeeb pointed out.

“We are pirates,” Morney said simply.

“What is your offer?” Scobie asked again.

“In return for gold and precious stones, we wish you to leave the citadel and the slaves. You may keep the other booty you have gathered from the citadel, and in return we will guarantee you safe passage to the edge of our lands.”

Captain Smith considered the matter. “Many of the slaves have already gone, taken by the tribesmen who were our allies.”

“They will eventually sell most of them back to us,” Majeeb said. “We merely expect you to return all of the slaves you are holding.”

“I intend to keep two slaves who were stolen from me,” Smith declared

Omar said: “We want the bulk returned to us, particularly those who are pregnant. They carry the future generation of our people, free and slave. Why would you not sell them to us? Our compensation might not compare with the prices you could get at a coastal slave market, but then you will not have the costs or the danger of transportation either.”

“Let us talk about the pot of gold,” Scobie suggested equably.

The haggling went on for some time, but eventually a bargain was struck. Scobie was a clever negotiator, and Smith was content to leave the bartering to him. It was agreed that all of the slaves would be sold to the citadel leaders, except for the two that Smith insisted on keeping for himself, which was still a point of contention.

“Which are the two you place such great store by?” Majeeb asked irritably.

“Bring Pretty Bum and Amy to me, and Soraya too,” Smith whispered behind his hand to Morney. Then, to Majeeb, he said, “They are all poor stuff, but two of them were bought by myself at market, all above board. They’re my personal property.”

Within a few minutes, Dan, Amy and Soraya were escorted into the room. They stood naked and diffident as the men eyed them. Soraya blushed crimson as Majeeb gazed at her.

“My Lord...” Soraya began, crossing her arms over her breasts.

“Silence!” Majeeb spat tersely. Then, looking at Smith, he indicated Dan and Amy and said, “These are the two slaves you wish to keep?”

“Aye, they belong to me. And perhaps I’ll keep the dark-haired whore too. We will sell the rest.”

“No!” Karim suddenly cut in. “That is impossible.”

The other two citadel leaders glanced at Karim in surprise. He had sat quietly and said little during the negotiations. Now though, his features were set like stone.

“You wish these slaves, Karim?” Majeeb asked.

“I have no interest in the catamite, but the girl must stay,” Karim said. “She is the very one I have chosen to bear my first child.”

Looking at Majeeb, Smith said slyly, “I am prepared to give you back your woman, however.”

Majeeb glanced coldly at Soraya but he made no comment.

Smith looked to Karim. "I shall take my two slaves. I paid for them."

"The woman is chosen to bear my child," Karim said again. "I have already paid Lord Majeed."

"Choose another. The girl comes with me."

"Then the bargain is off," Karim said abruptly, rising to his feet.

Scobie looked at the young sheik incredulously. "You would break the deal for 1000 slaves over a disagreement about this one very ordinary girl?"

"She's anything but ordinary," Smith hissed to Scobie.

There was a silence in the room for a few moments as Karim stood waiting by the door. However, eventually, Omar and Majeed also rose reluctantly to their feet.

"Karim speaks for the Sultan," Omar said with a sad shrug, turning to leave. "Matters must take their course. There will be many deaths."

"Wait!" Scobie said decisively. "You have a deal, gentlemen. The Captain takes the boy, and you keep the girl."

"No!" Smith growled, rising to his feet and reaching for his flintlock pistol.

Scobie stepped between the captain and the black-robed Karim. He said quietly, "I am the Quartermaster, Cap'n. I have struck a bargain in the best interests of the crew." Then, turning to Majeed, he said, "As a gesture of goodwill, we will give you back your woman too."

"As you wish," Majeed said dismissively. "But of what possible interest is she to me? My informants tell me that she has become a whore begging for the cock of any corsair who will stick it into her. I have already replaced her with another virgin."

Soraya gasped.

"The gold will be delivered this very day," Omar said. "You will please leave the citadel at first light in the morning."

This time it was First Mate Morney's turn to place a restraining hand on the angry Captain's arm. Amy glanced at Dan in dismay, but she blanched under Sheik Karim's triumphant hawk-like stare.

Henry Smith led his band of corsairs into the desert at dawn on the very next day. They travelled laden with gold and precious stones, under a guarantee of safe conduct that probably didn't mean too much, given the volatility of the bandit tribes. The pirates were pleased with the riches gained from their adventure, and relieved that they didn't have to defend a long slave column marching slowly back to the coast. On the other hand, Captain Smith was furious that he'd had to surrender Amy to the young and arrogant sheik. Smith had lured the corsairs to the desert with promises of vast wealth, but for him the real object of his escapade had been to reclaim the two strange slaves from the 21st century and regain access to their technical knowledge. It was true that he at least now had Dan back in his thrall, but Dan was less knowledgeable than Amy in the historical naval things that really interested him. Still, pirate democracy dictated that he had to accept the situation... at least for the time being.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

No announcement had been made to the citadel slaves as to their fate, and only Amy and Soraya were aware of the recent developments. However, the sudden reappearance of the overseers in the House heralded a return to the old, familiar routine of the House of Silence. In the dormitories, it was whispered that the House had a new House Mistress, for Soraya was now in the ranks of whores. The rule of silence had been reimposed, so there was little opportunity to make more enquiries. The slaves from other parts of the citadel were returned to their former owners and the bath attendants of the House worked hard to prepare the whores for a resumption of their work. The pirates had not been fastidious in their supervision of the slaves. Most of the girls, Amy and Soraya included, had coarse stubble on their pudenda, and they were summoned in batches to the baths to be properly prepared.

When Amy arrived at the baths with Abigail and Mary - the three tended to stick together whenever possible - they found a strange, aged Chinese man there, his hair braided in a single pig-tail and wearing a long but wispy moustache. He superintended the bath attendants as they applied warm water and lather to the slaves' pubic mounds.

Amy lay back on the marble bench, legs akimbo, as the razor scraped over her delicate folds. The bath attendants were skilled in this procedure, of course. Then, Amy's newly-shaven pussy had been rinsed and dried, the old Chinese man came to examine it. He gently gripped both of her sex lips between thumb and forefinger, and pulled them apart to reveal the pink inner flesh. He appeared to be short-sighted, judging by the way he stooped to examine her closely, and he then kept the labia spread with one hand while he used a soft brush to lave a thin salve onto her exposed flesh. There was an immediate burning sensation on the tender flesh but this was mixed with a familiar glow of inner heat. Allowing her sex lips to close, the Chinese man then brushed the salve on the external skin of Amy's cunt and anus, and the sensitive skin around her anus felt as if boiling oil had been dropped there. After he had finished, he wandered on to deal similarly with Abigail, leaving Amy to squirm with tears running down her face. The burning sensation eventually subsided somewhat but it left a persistent warmth of tingling desire, and a bath attendant returned to rub soothing balm onto Amy's pussy and pea-hard clitoris, expertly frigging Amy until she quivered with an orgasm.

After an enema and a bath, a girl brushed the slaves' hair until it gleamed. The girls were then returned to the dormitory, with scarcely a trace of their time with the pirates remaining except for the odd bruise here and there. As they walked in single file with their hands folded high behind their backs, another line of girls was heading for the bath house. Amy noted that Soraya was among them, padding along in line, her arms folded high behind her, just like any other whore.

When they reached the dormitory, the guards left them, and they went to their mats to rest.

"Who was the strange man?" Abigail whispered, fingering her pussy.

Amy glanced around warily. The rule of silence was relaxed in the dormitory, but only within reason. "In my time and place we would call him a Chinese man," she whispered, rubbing her tingling clitoris.

"My pussy is still driving me mad," Abigail said, sitting on a mat with her legs apart pulling her sex lips apart. "Look, it's all inflamed, and so am I!"

Amy smiled as Abigail masturbated without a shred of embarrassment. Inhibitions and modesty had long been discarded. "You are such a slut," Amy whispered with a small laugh, glancing over her shoulder to see what the overseer was doing. However, the strange unguent was still working its fiendish magic on her pussy and within a minute she too was unashamedly strumming her fingers against her clitoris. Afterwards, they drifted into a restless slumber



broken by lascivious dreams. Their cunts were still burning for action when they were awoken later by an overseer.

Amy, Abigail and Soraya were summoned to the House Mistress's training room. The parlour was empty when they arrived there.

"Keep your arms folded behind your backs," the guard commanded, and he then left the parlour.

Soraya bit back her tears as she looked round at her former domain. Here had been few changes since she had been deposed. Her large round table was in a horizontal position and still taking pride of place, although her ottoman had been removed. In its place, there was a large dome-lidded black lacquered chest, its shining surface inlaid with mother-of-pearl and inset with golden images of dramatic dragons.

None of the women dared to speak, even Soraya, for they weren't entirely certain that nobody was there to listen. They all stood silently and apprehensively for some minutes, waiting to meet the new House Mistress. Eventually, there was a movement in the chamber behind the training parlour, a curtain was pushed aside, and the aged Chinese man, the man they had seen in the bath house, shuffled forward to stand with his hands buried in the opposing bell-sleeves of his floor-length robe, peering at the naked women without a glimmer of emotion. Amy flashed a surprised glance to Abigail before remembering her station and lowering her eyes. This strange old man was to take charge of the House?

Then, though, the curtains moved again and a small female figure moved backwards into the room. She was clad in a long voluminous yellow gown and walked with tiny paces. When she turned, the three slaves gasped in unison as Su-Lin's immaculately painted oriental features were revealed.

"You!" Soraya blurted, removing her arms from behind her back. "You have taken my place? I should have had you fucked by every guard and male slave in the House..."

"That will be 20 lashes for daring to break the rule of silence," Su-Lin said, her face an impassive mask. "Your thrashing will be delivered later with me in attendance and all the whores will be assembled to witness it, leaving nobody in any doubt who is the House Mistress now."

Soraya hesitated and seemed about to speak again but then, defeated, she folded her arms high behind her back again, her eyes blazing.

Su-Lin laughed lightly. "Sensible girl. If you break the rule of silence again, I shall have Mister Yao remove your tongue and cauterise its root with a red hot iron." She paused to gesture a delicate finger towards the old Chinese man. "Mister Yao has been engaged by my Lord and Master Majeed to assist and teach me as I learn the arts of the House Mistress. You all belong to me now. I shall be strict, very strict."

Soraya's shoulders slumped, her prominent breasts falling as she hunched forward. Even Amy and Abigail showed some dismay at the development.

"I understand that Mister Yao has already begun his work, and that his unguent is already tormenting you." She suddenly clapped her hands sharply. "On the table, all three of you! Hold your feet and pull them back to your breasts."

Mindless of the other two women, Amy leapt to obey, scrambling onto the large table top, and reaching to grab her ankles and hoist them up, lying with her cunt exposed. She was aware that Abigail had also hurriedly arranged herself in a similar fashion, and even Soraya had complied after a moment's hesitation. Soraya was the first to come under Su-Lin's inspection, and the formerly haughty woman lay with her cunt gaping as the oriental woman carefully pulled the inner and outer labia apart, stroking the red, moist flesh.

"I am well-familiar with this morsel," Su-Lin told Mister Yao, spitefully pinching Soraya's engorged clitoris between finger and thumb. "It was so often my task to pleasure it when she went to the Free Women's Baths. The next time she visits those baths, our roles will

be reversed, and she will go as my hands. That should delight her former friends.” Su-Lin pinched the clitoris again and leaned forward to look into Soraya’s face, saying, “I wear Lord Majeed’s companion belt now. You are a whore and belong to me. Is that clear, *my darling*?” The latter two words dripped with heavy irony, but Soraya remained silent. Su-Lin merely smiled. “Mister Yao assures me that his ointment will ensure that no hairs will grow back on your sex and anus.” Su-Lin pushed her fingers past Soraya’s anal ring and was gratified by a small, anguished gasp. “I am told you have been well used here in the past weeks and in your cunt too. Is that correct?” She paused as Soraya nodded, tears brimming in her eyes. “You are a slave whore, available to be fucked by any man who orders it. Say it! You have my permission to speak this once.”

Soraya hesitated for a few moments, and then she said clearly, “I am a slave whore, available to be fucked by any man who orders it.” Then, though, as Su-Lin smiled in triumph, she added: “What is more, I’ve quickly learned that I yearn for nothing more than a cock rammed inside me. I am glad that I can now live as a true woman. You are the real slave, Su-Lin, not me. You are welcome to wear the accursed companion belt and will soon weary of your sterile life.”

Su-Lin’s smile froze on her face. Mister Yao leaned to whisper in her ear and, when she looked up at him in surprise, he nodded and smiled slightly. She unbuttoned her robe and slipped it from her shoulders. Beneath the voluminous wrap, Su-Lin was naked save for the new black companionship belt that was locked about her loins. She waited as Mister Yao opened the lacquered chest and pulled out a contraption that seemed rather like the companion belt, although affixed to the curved sex guard there was a realistic dull red appendage that equated to a 9 inch long, wide-girthed cock. Su-Lin waited, her face impassive, as Mister Yao fastened the harness in place around her loins.

Amy, lying on the table and clutching their ankles, could see in the ceiling mirror what was happening, and she had no doubt that Soraya was watching too, for she could hear the new whore breathing heavily. Mister Yao had produced another jar of salve, perhaps it was the same gloopy substance he had used on the women in the baths, and he smeared it liberally along the length of the false phallus. When Su-Lin finally walked towards the table, the flexible cock gleamed with the viscous coating and it bobbed with each step.

Su-Lin placed a knee onto the table top and climbed up between Soraya’s upturned thighs. She then placed the tip of the large, bulbous head into Soraya’s gaping vagina before carefully stretching forward, supporting herself on stiffened arms, and her gaze fixed on Soraya’s limpid brown eyes as she remained thus for long seconds.

“We will now see who the real slave is now,” Su-Lin said, and she suddenly thrust her hips forward, triumphantly ramming the dildo deep into Soraya’s cunt. “No longer the aloof virgin, I see.”

Amy felt her own heat churning as the table-top shuddered under Su-Lin’s assault. She was amazed that the small, bird-like creature could generate such power. Soraya was grunting with each hammered thrust of the large dildo. It was clear that the Oriental girl would not be an easy House Mistress to serve under. However, it appeared that much of Su-Lin’s venom would be reserved for her predecessor, who seemed destined for a hard and abject slavery.

As for Amy herself, she wondered what might now become of her, now that Captain Smith had been forced to abandon her. Already, her belly was beginning to show evidence of her pregnancy, yet she knew that she would be required to whore with 20 or more men each day for the foreseeable future. That was her purpose now, after all. That, and breeding. Her thoughts were interrupted as Soraya emitted a throaty gurgle and bucked her hips under Su-Lin.

“Who is the House Mistress?” Su-Lin demanded. “Speak, all of you!”

“You are the House Mistress!” Amy and Abigail chimed together.

“Yes, you are my Mistress,” Soraya screeched in the throes of an orgasm, wrapping her

legs around Su-Lin and hooking her ankles together.

“A thrashing for you tonight, Soraya,” Su-Lin said, “and you will all go to work with a passion tomorrow when the brothel hall reopens. The free men of the citadel are anxious to make up for lost time.”

THE END