

New to the Harem (Arabian Harem Girl RC TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Leonthar

Austin is visiting the lands of the Arabian peninsula, and is interested in visiting old sites and gorgeous vistas that few travellers see. But when he is told of a magnificent villa in the old Arabian style headed by a self-proclaimed 'Sultan', he simply has to visit. Here he finds a sumptuous harem of beautiful women serving this handsome but eccentric noble. But Austin soon discovers after enjoying the sights a bit too much, that the harem women have to come from somewhere . . .

New to the Harem

Most people who travel to other countries identify as 'tourists.' I never do. I'm a *traveller*, thank you very much. A sojourner, perhaps. Definitely an explorer, in many ways. While others are content to only visit the most sanitised, Disneyfied, basic locations that everyone else has already seen, I'll be going off the beaten track. Sure, I'll see the Eiffel Tower, but I'd much prefer winding my way through the south-east of the French countryside, meeting and spending time with the owners of magnificent vineyards that most other tourists would never know existed, let alone visit.

So when I saved up and planned for my next trip, I was excited when I decided upon the Arabian peninsula. Yes, there were risks - there always were in travelling, like when I nearly got stabbed in Ecuador - and local sensitivities to maintain, but this was an ancient part of the world filled with fascinating histories, traditions, clashes of culture and magnificent architecture. I did my best to learn some solidly passing Arabic, including the Gulf variant, but the better part of my research was on the sites beyond the obvious: the remnants of the ancient Islamic world, and even the pre-Islamic, when the Zoroastrian Persians held a great deal of sway over vast swathes of the region. I wanted to experience the ultimate 'off the beaten track' experience, travelling through desert and heat and storm and country to see minarets, mosques, temples and ruins. To witness the splendour of the region's Golden Age.

And, I won't lie, I also wanted to see another local cultural feature, which was the beauty of Arabic women. Not that I planned to take risks there: one had to be judicious in other cultures, and here that could be a risky proposition indeed. But where there is a will, there's a way, and if not a way, then I could appreciate the sights and sounds of a gorgeous lady. You can't blame me: I'm only twenty six years old, and still quite the red-blooded male. Besides, not to toot my own horn, but I'm pretty good looking. Not like a Hollywood actor or male model, but I like to think I

have a ruggedness to my looks, and lots of people across the world like guys with dirty blonde hair, especially since I style mine with equal ruggedness. Besides, all that travelling keeps me in good shape, and I have a daily workout routine, so one could say I score pretty frequently.

So I definitely saw a couple of local beauties staring at me during my travels. Of course, many were covered up on the peninsula, including in the full niqab, while others were in gorgeous flowing abayas in stylish colours, their faces beautiful, their figures temptingly suggested by the loose fabric. Still, there weren't many situations to take advantage of such beauty, and I wasn't an idiot: my main goal was to see the sights, and that was more than women.

Well, it was until a local guide Muhammed told me of a sight deep in the Arabian desert that was both historical, unusual, *and* supposedly contained fabulous women. I wasn't sure to believe him, but he was an older fellow who knew the lay of the land, and he swore by his devotion to Allah that he was speaking the truth: a so-called and self-proclaimed 'Sultan Amir' lived by a magnificent oasis in a veritable palace, cloaked by the surrounding trees and difficult to reach. Visitors were extremely rare, but as I had been such a kind guest of his house, Muhammed was willing to shepherd me there on account of my intense interest.

Well, to say he was right would be an understatement. It was a many-hours journey, and I won't lie, I was initially quite nervous that I was being led to my death. But Muhammed was true to his word and his holy bond, because on the horizon appeared a green verdancy beneath the sizzling, scorching heat of the desert: a true oasis of many pools where life sprung forth amid the sand. It was like something out of an Arabian fairytale, and my imagination was immediately captured, even more so when Muhammed's beaten-up old car took us through the winding track that led to the palace. And what a palace it was! It had the grand domes, those representations of the roof of heaven that marked classical Arabic architecture. They were blue and gold, the central one immense in size, with numerous diamond-shaped windows cut in to reveal the abstract mosaic interior that so defied Western conventions. The rest of the palace was just as ornate and magnificent, with great spiralling columns and incredible gardens. It was a feast for the senses, a paradise somehow summoned from the past.

"This is incredible," I said to my guide in my best Arabic.

He nodded, grinning. "I am one of the few who knows of it, as I supply the Sultan's palace with some of its foods and products. Very lucky! Ah, but not so lucky as the Sultan. Look!"

He pointed to my right as he drove, and I was momentarily struck by an even more entrancing sight than the building itself. Six women were lounging around the garden and beneath a pillared walkway by a great blue-and-white mosaic. Some were reading, another was practicing music on an oud, and two more were lounging on comfortable couches against one another. Each of them were visions of beauty, dressed in clothing that I could only describe as like those belonging to an actual Sultan's harem. Their faces were shawled with fine transparent fabrics, and their outfits contained the jupe-sultane harem pants, or simply the flowing abaya that clung more tightly to their bodies than most. Others were wearing clothing more akin to belly dancing saris, the vibrant greens and blues and red two-pieces showing hints of cleavage, as well as

gorgeously toned midriffs. All of the women appeared to be locals, though they varied in skin tone and appearance. Not in beauty, though: they were each a delight, and I found myself taking a mental snapshot for safekeeping during the brief moments they were in view. Several looked my way and smiled. One even waved.

“The Sultan’s harem,” Muhammed explained. “Very illegal. Not in the true way. But . . . the man pays well, and he takes care of my family with his blessings. Sometimes the will of the Great God can be mysterious. And besides, aren’t they attractive?”

“I’ll say,” I said. “He has six women?”

“Ha! Six for now. Seven will be what he wants though: there are seven heavens, and so seven is a lucky number. She will be a most blessed woman, I’m sure!”

The car passed as I pondered this, moving up to the entrance of the palace and pulling to a final stop. The entrance was magnificent, the doors inlaid with abstract engravings of great complexity.

“I shall introduce,” Muhammed said, getting out of the car. “The Sultan will be most pleased to have a visitor, I am sure. Just remember to be respectful in all manner.”

I nodded, determined to be so, though my mind kept flicking back to those gorgeous women in that open, shaded area. They had been like a snapshot from another time, an image of beauty and resplendence, with a not small dash of the sensuous as well. In fact, I was so lost in thought about them that I almost didn’t notice that the door had opened, and a servant dressed in an older style of Arabic robe and turban began speaking with Muhammed. They conversed too quickly for me to understand, though I got the general sense of it, and then suddenly I was ushered on through.

“You will be taken before the Sultan,” Muhammed said at the threshold. “He enjoys visitors, and will allow you a night’s stay. I will pick you up in the morning.”

I thanked him and gave him a tip, which he refused out of politeness. Then I was led through the astoundingly rich and extravagant interior of the building. To my good fortune, I was actually taken past the shaded area where members of the ‘royal’ harem were lounging though only three girls were still there. I couldn’t help but smile in their direction, and beneath their semi-transparent shawls I could see them smile as well, though there was something playful in those grins too.

“This way to the Sultan,” the servant said, directing me into a large lounging room. It had numerous plush cushions and low tables for feasting, and the pillars holding it up were ornately carved. In the centre sat a man who must have been in his mid-thirties, surprisingly young for someone I had assumed would have taken longer to accumulate such wealth and intrigue. He was, even I could admit it, a very handsome looking man, with dark, lightly oiled black hair and a chiselled jaw. His nose was long and dignified, and his grey eyes gazed up at me with a striking intelligence. Unlike his surroundings, he was not dressed extravagantly so much as smartly,

though his manner of dress indeed seemed to harken back to the Sultans, as his mostly plain white silken robe attested.

“So, I have a visitor!” he declared in his accented voice. “It is not often I see men of the west. What is your name stranger?”

I gave a slight impression of a bow, which seemed to amuse him. “Austin. Austin Sellers. Thank you for welcoming me into your marvellous home. It is truly a wonder.”

He laughed, standing to approach me. “And I am Amir, though here I am known as the Sultan. A little joke about my predilections for a better life. I am told you are a tourist travelling beyond the scope of normal visitation?”

I smiled. He extended a hand and I shook it. “That’s true, yes. I couldn’t believe when I heard of this place, and Muhammed, one of your suppliers-”

“A man of good judgement, hence why you have been allowed in.”

“Yes, well, he told me it would be like nothing else I had ever seen.”

Amir’s eyes twinkled. He had a natural charisma just from his very presence. I could almost believe that this man was indeed a Sultan reborn. “And is it?” he asked. “Like nothing else you have ever seen?”

I took a moment to gaze around the room, take a deep breath, and then I broke into a sudden laugh. “It is,” I confirmed. “It is truly staggering.”

He clasped his hands together happily. “Ah, that is what I like to hear! I am not without pride, you see. Come, I will personally give you a tour. There is much to see, and I always love conferring with educated guests. Fatima, Amina, Samira, you may join us. Where are your other sisters?”

“Relaxing, my dearest love,” one said, who was apparently Fatima. I hadn’t even noticed that they were lounging in the rear corner out of view, but when I turned to see them, I had to be *very* careful not to stare. They were dressed in quite revealing outfits: their midriffs and thighs fairly bared, or at least revealed by transparent coverings and their perfect breasts tantalisingly teased by the shoulderless tops they wore in the old harem style, almost stereotypically so. And such bright colours they wore to contrast their olive-skin!

Amir laughed. “I see you finally notice my beauties. You have heard, no doubt, that I indeed have a harem?”

I swallowed, quickly turning back to face him. “Ah, yes, I have. Six, yes?”

“Six indeed. I have spent time collecting my gorgeous women, my dearest loves. And they enjoy it here, do they not?”

“Of course, dear Sultan,” one who might have been Amina said. “It is a good life.”

She seemed to mean it, but who could tell? Certainly, they were looking at me a little oddly. Perhaps even with a suggestive warning. It wasn't my place to ask further, though.

“Of course, a seventh will be necessary,” Amir sighed, “but I must pick them judiciously, as you would say. Only the finest and boldest women, yet also supplicant at the same time. And loving, of course. There is great love between them all - especially Amina and Samira, yes!”

To my surprise, the pair grinned and kissed one another. Deeply. It was, I won't lie, an incredibly erotic sight to witness, particularly as the two women moaned.

“Indeed,” Samira said.

Amir laughed again. “To the tour! I will introduce you to my lovely wives, and we will talk of many things.”

And with that, he strolled out of the room, me behind him, and his women flanked around us. I felt oddly trapped in a way, particularly as more members of the harem were picked up along the way. Each woman was gorgeous in their own way - Farah had a set of wide hips that shifted from side to side impressively, something Amir himself kept smiling at. Yara was impressively busty, and her low top catered to this. Yara was slim and petite, and moved like a dancer, even more than the others. They laughed and giggled at Amir's jokes, sometimes interjecting when allowed, but otherwise forming a submissively dutiful party to the Sultan's conversation with me. He showed me the grand layout of his palace, the numerous art galleries and structures and statues, the architectural history, and at the same time questioned me of my own interests, my education and lifestyle, my goals in life. I was happy to answer, and he in turn seemed gratified to know I was an educated man who loved to absorb other cultures and live beyond the boundary of expectation.

“You and I are more alike than you think!” he declared.

“I wouldn't say no to your lifestyle,” I joked, and he seemed to find that far more amusing than I would have thought. So did Farah and Samira in particular, who spoke hurriedly to themselves. It was fascinating to see them interact, when I spared a glance. It seemed that a number of the women not only held close to Amir, serving him and kissing him and resting against him when we retired back to the lounge, but also each other as well. It was very clear that this was a place of free love, but it made it hard not to be jealous.

“Ah, but it is getting late,” the Sultan said after we had just experienced a delightful feast. “It is time we retired, and we get you to your room, Austin. I will show you more of the lands outside the palace tomorrow morning before you are picked up. I hope you have enjoyed the splendour of my hospitality.”

“I am more than grateful,” I announced. “I would stay longer if it would not impose - this has truly been a delight. I thank you and your wives.”

There was a small titter of amusement from Fatima. She was always very close to Amir, and pressing her nubile form against him in a manner that was hard not to see as quite sexual. I had clearly made a faux pas of some kind, but Amir didn't seem to indicate as such.

"Good night, Austin," he said. "Layla will take you to your room."

She was the shortest of the harem, with a slim body that was delightful to watch move. Her abaya was tight against her curves as she led me to my chamber.

"Here is your room. Simply ring the bell for anything you need," she said in a gorgeous accent that sounded somewhat Persian. And then, before leaving, she looked around and leaned closer. "And make sure not to intrude. This is a wonderful life, and I do so love it. But you may not. Be respectful."

With that, she left, leaving me confused.

I woke later in the night to the sound of music and laughter. I tried to get back to sleep initially, but soon I recognised that the laughter belonged to Amir and his women, and it was coming from outside. My room had a balcony, so I wandered to it, and in the cool night air I could see that a fire had been lit further down to the oasis, and several shadowy figures were moving among the trees. It had to be Amir and his women, and the sound of the oud and other instruments gave the proceedings an inviting vibe.

I knew what Layla had told me, but my curiosity was too piqued. And to be completely honest, I had been dreaming about the gorgeous spectacle of those sexy harem women, and I couldn't ignore the call to see what they were doing. So, silently as I could, I crept out of my room and out of the palace. There were no guards that I could see, and soon I was outside, treading towards the foliage and trees of the oasis proper. A bonfire was burning, and numerous lamps had been lit. Through the treeline where I hunched I was able to see a most magnificent sight.

The women were *dancing* to Amir's amusement.

He was resting in a deeply comfortable looking litter that had been placed further up the bank, and was in a state of near-undress. Fatima was at his side, stroking his manhood, teasing him with her fingers. She too was practically naked, though she still had her shawl on, as well as her see-through pantaloons. Samira and Amina were dancing together, pressing their near-naked bodies against one another in a highly eroticised manner, slowly stripping one another's clothes off as they caressed and kissed one another. Layla played the oud, and Fatima another instrument I didn't recognise, while Farah and Yara gave sensuous belly dances before their master.

I could barely believe what I was seeing. Their shawls, their abayas, their slowly stripped niqabs and harem outfits. Somehow, the clothing that remained that teased at their luscious forms only enhanced their attraction to me. I couldn't help myself: I became immensely hard at the sight,

and did something I'd never done before, which was begin to stroke myself. More of the women began to dance, getting closer to Amir, and in that moment I wanted to *be* him. Be the man with so many supplicant women surrounding him. They teased him with their lips and hands and breasts, and soon the proceeding was not just a sight of dancing but part lovemaking as well, reaching a crescendo as surely as my own self-pleasure did.

I came. It didn't take long. I came into the bushes nearby, barely suppressing a groan at the same time as the Sultan, who had Fatima riding him, his face nuzzling her breasts. God, I wished I had that experience.

I had no idea how much I soon would, in a way.

"A voyeur!"

I span around, only for a large manservant who seriously could have been a harem eunuch guard - who probably was, knowing Amir - to grab me roughly and drag me out into view. My heart panicked as the music halted altogether, and the women gasped - all except Fatima and Layla, who seemed to expect this outcome. Amir looked at me with astonishment.

"Austin Sellers, I do not believe I invited you to these proceedings."

My mind flailed. "I - I heard music, and got lost. There was a noise in my room, and when I rang the bell no one came. I didn't mean to intrude. I was just-"

"And that small stain of semen upon your pants was just from a lovely dream before arriving, was it?"

I flushed red, humiliated. Several of the girls giggled, but Amir remained serious. And yet he didn't seem to radiate anger so much as a vague intensity. He helped Fatima off of his lap, and without a care of his own modesty he was slow in placing his clothes back on.

"You have been a magnificent guest up until this moment, Austin," he said, drawing closer to me while I was held by the eunuch. "I am disappointed that you would disrespect my home by being a lowly voyeur."

"I wasn't - I didn't mean-"

"And yet, I do feel as if you and I are of very like minds. You and I both appreciate history, culture, living differently. You are educated, and intelligent, and witty when you are not desperately clutching at straws. I sensed a connection between us from the first - it is *why* I allow visitors, to find such connections. As my girls well know."

There was a murmuring of amusement from them at this point.

"And it is why I have decided not to punish you, Austin, but instead *reward* you."

"R-reward me?" I said.

He grinned. "Indeed. If you are to be such an appreciator of the female form as I am, and clearly such a voyeur of the belly dancing and lovemaking of my harem, then it only makes sense that I have finally found my seventh. You will join my harem."

To say I was confused would be an understatement, and that confusion only rose as he gestured for another servant to bring forth a bottle. It arrived a couple of minutes later in its glass chamber.

"Drink," he said.

I wish I could say I struggled and fought. I didn't even consider it would be poison: at that point I was simply afraid of making a further fool of myself. So I gulped it down, assuming it was just some wine or something to make me forget. It tasted sweet and honeyed, and I couldn't help but lap it all up greedily, much to the Amir's delight.

"Yes, yes! Drink it all, my seventh!"

The women nodded, though some were also amused. I noticed that Layla had her arms folded, and was rolling her eyes at me, as if to call me an idiot.

And she was right, because as soon as the drink was taken away and I had swallowed it all, I felt a strange churning in me.

"Are you g-going to kill me?" I asked.

Amir was aghast. "Not at all, my future beauty. I am going to reward you with a longer stay. Isn't that right, my gorgeous wives?"

They nodded, and some looked quite amused at this spectacle, particularly Farah and Samira, who joked to each other. I didn't understand what was going on, but all of a sudden my concerns were elsewhere, because that bubbling in my belly began to grow in intensity, and a series of pressures radiated across my form. The eunuch let go of me as I fell to the sand by the oasis, my body hearted by more than just the fire.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned, writhing embarrassingly. "Wh-what's h-happening to m-me!? What did you d-do?"

"I have made you perfect," Amir said, stepping back. He and his wives formed a loose semi-circle of watchers as I continued to writhe. The tensions were everywhere, and strangest of all, they were not unpleasurable. Quite the opposite: it felt as if my body was suffused with a kind of eroticism that infected the air of this place. In my rear, my manhood, my hips and chest and lips and more, my skin and flesh tingled, making me moan.

"Ahhhh, oh G-God."

“Great God,” the Sultan said. “The one God that has blessed me, and continues to bless. And you too will be blessed, my future love. You will see . . . *Nadia*.”

Nadia. The name sounded so beautiful, so perfect. For just a moment, it felt like *my* name. And so, as if it were a trigger word to initiate a great change, my transformation began. I gasped, still squirming on the sand as my skin noticeably darkened under the lamp light. I had always been a bit pale, if tanned by my travels, but now my skin shifted to become a perfect dark olive, as if I were raised in the deep Arabian desert from birth. All blemishes on my skin disappeared, and the hairs on my arms and legs fell away, disintegrating into nothingness. It felt *wonderful*. Wonderful and wrong.

“Ohhhhhh, s-stop it! I - oh God! Mhhmmm!!”

My voice rose in pitch as my throat reshaped. My Adam’s apple slid back into my neck, leaving it smooth and feminine. The rest of my skin was also becoming much smoother, and the hard muscle borne from my years of travel melted away, turning to fat. That same fat shifted about my form, redirecting to other parts of my body that increasingly gave me a sense of what was truly happening to me. My ass inflated, the flesh expanding rapidly. It made my dick hard just to feel it rise like twin doughs, and I grasped it with hands that were shrinking. My newly demure fingers sank into the flesh beneath my pajama bottoms, and I let loose another moan. How could an ass be so perfectly sensitive? It defied sense! And yet I moaned.

“Remove his clothing,” the Sultan ordered. “The change must occur in full beneath the light of fire and moon.”

I could barely resist as the women moved forward to strip away my garments. My feet shrank, falling out of my slippers which were taken from me. My thighs thickened, my legs became more shapely. My stomach gained a slim yet toned appearance, womanly and perfect. A slight pooch formed - just slight - where something bulged into existence within me. Something that had to be a *womb*.

“Ohhhhhh, it f-feels - it feels -”

“It feels good, doesn’t it?” Farah said to me as she peeled away my top. “Believe me, it was strange for me too.”

“And me. And all of us,” Samira added, though it was hard to understand with her thick accent. “But you will come to love it, you silly, wonderful new woman.”

“N-new woman? But I can’t - I’m a m-man! I’m - NNGHH!!!”

I wasn’t to be a man much longer, however, as the next set of changes became even more dramatic. The women lifted my writhing body as they removed my garments, placing me on a plush carpet that had been rolled out for my ‘honour.’ Several began using oils on my shifting body, cleaning me of sand and grit as if they were accustomed to this. And all the while, I kept changing, my very bone structure altering to remould me into the Sultan’s future wife. I gasped

as my spin and limbs contracted, leaving me perhaps only five-foot-six at best, while my hips flared out, widening to wonderful proportions that would give even Farah a run for her money. My waist slimmed, contracting inwards, and I shivered in pleasure as my shoulders reduced, leaving my figure with a perfect hourglass. My hair poured out from my scalp, and it darkened also. Under the light of the bonfire I could see that it was dark and curly and silky. This was made obvious when a mirror was brought before me by Amina, and I could witness my changes in full

“H-holy shit! I’m - it’s actually - Ohhhhh!!”

My face rearranged, my nose becoming aquiline, my cheekbones refined, my chin rounded and beautiful. My eyes were startlingly green, while my lips were full and natural. A single beauty spot appeared on my left cheek, providing some character. I managed to raise myself up onto my knees to clutch the large mirror, and it was then that the pressure in my chest and groin erupted yet further.

“Ohhhhh, yes! Yes!” I cried, helpless despite my horror. The feelings were too good, too freeing, and that name continued to radiate in my mind again: *Nadia. Nadia. Nadia*. It felt like a new identity was forming within me, a series of compulsions. Already, a fire of arousal was burning within me just *knowing* that the Sultan was watching this. *My Sultan. My Amir*. They should not have been my thoughts, and yet they were, and so it was that I turned to look at him and actually *smiled* as the final changes occurred.

“Yes, my Nadia,” he said. “Embrace your new life as my seventh wife. My final harem member.”

“I - I can’t, I - by the Great God I want it so much! I can’t h-help it! AAAIEEEEE!!”

I cried out as if in orgasm - something I was very close to - as my chest finally surged forth. My breasts blossomed into being, nipples enlarging and turning dark, stiffening with arousal as the flesh plumpened behind them. They grew and grew and grew, defying gravity and reality as they became a bountiful pair, heavy and ripe and perfect. They were larger than any of the other girls, none of whom were particularly small other than slim Yara. Indeed, I must have developed F-cups or larger from their sheer weight, though they were not obscenely big so much as wonderfully pronounced. Perfect cantaloupes which I held in my hands. They were so sensitive that I quickly pulled my fingers away, leaving my chest to wobble.

“Spectacular,” Amir whispered.

Fatima looked a little jealous. Yara just laughed.

“Very big!” she exclaimed. “A good sign, Sultan!”

“Indeed. One final change to go.”

This one came with even more fanfare. My last remaining sign of manhood began to tug back into my body. It was slow and yet implacable, and my last gasp of male pride flared into being as

I tried to hold onto it. But it was for nought: a tunnel formed between my delicious thighs, and my cock withdrew into it, followed by my testicles. With each passage, I felt a surge of pleasure that was unnatural as it was fantastic. I burned with shame, humiliation, and an overwhelming lust as my womanhood then formed, my labial lips coming into being, and a throbbing clitoris as well.

“OHhhhhhhh,” I moaned, doubling over, naked. “Ahhhh . . . oh God. Oh Great God of the heavens. Ohhhhh . . . mhmmm. I am a woman. I am your woman now, Sultan!”

The words were compelled upon me, and yet at the same time fit like a glove. More than that, I realised I wasn't speaking English any more, but a powerfully accented and fluid Arabic. My voice was sweet and sensual, the kind of honeyed voice that was perfect for a harem girl. Despite myself, I felt a strange pride bloom within me at that voice.

“It is done!” my Sultan declared - and something about the change made me truly think of him as *my* Sultan. “Beneath the stars and moon and fire, Austin Sellers is no more. Now, I may claim as my seventh wife this new woman, Nadia. She has been rewarded as the final member of my harem!”

“Glory to Nadia!” the women declared as one. “And glory to the Sultan and his mighty blessings!”

I was overwhelmed. I was confused. I was terrified. And yet I was also incredibly turned on, and the magic that had changed me made me compelled to stand naked before my Sultan, a forearm covering my large tits and a hand cupping my new venus mound. He was so deeply handsome that I could barely believe it: his eyes dashing, his presence commanding. I instantly felt a need to supplicate myself before him, despite every instinct being the opposite. I bowed lower, my breasts overflowing my forearm.

“M-my Sultan. You have . . . made me one of yours.”

“I have,” he declared. “Though not fully. I have punished you, Nadia, but also rewarded you much more greatly. You are to be my seventh wife, and please me the rest of my days, just as I - and my other wives - will happily please you. You shall live in prosperity and joy and comfort all the rest of your days, and you will love it, as all my women have. After all, they have made similar journeys to you - Samira and Farah and Layla were all once men too, and would they leave my harem?”

“Never!” Farah declared, and the other two agreed with her.

“But - but I'm meant to be a man. I have all these new thoughts and feelings, but I'm meant to be-”

Amir held up a hand, and I stopped talking instantly - it felt *wrong* not to submit. Not to *be submissive*..

“Do you feel like a man now, Nadia? Do you feel like Austin?”

I couldn't reply, because he knew the answer. I didn't feel like Austin at all. My body burned with a woman's needs instead. Nadia's needs. I needed the Sultan. My new womanhood was already slick, an alien and wonderful sensation. My nipples were hard, aching to be fondled. I had a deep urge to please this man, and so I instinctively stepped forward.

But again the hand came up.

“Not yet,” my Sultan said, and I accepted his judgement instantly. “You must be prepared, and we will retire to the lounge for your initiation. My wonderful wives, will you prepare her for me?”

They each nodded assent, and Fatima led the charge. She draped me in a large purple cloth and led me back to the palace, and the other women surrounded me, talking excitedly.

“P-prepared?” I stammered.

They giggled, chatting amongst themselves.

“You'll love it,” Yara said. “But what shall we make her wear?”

“And what colours?”

“And what jewellery?”

“And what dance?”

“D-dance?” I said, shocked.

They broke into laughter again as I was led back, my hips rocking from side to side, my chest bouncing. Somehow, despite what had happened, I had never felt more desirable or wanted.

To be 'prepared' was an overwhelming ordeal. The six other women - for I was a woman now too, even as I got used to my new body - were practically all over me. This was a series of rites that they were all excited by, even as Layla scoffed a little and teased me for my mistake.

“I tried to warn you, but now it is too late! But this life is wonderful, and the Sultan is a magnificent lover, isn't he, girls?”

They all sighed in agreement, as if swooning themselves.

“And now we must make you ready to dance for him. A fine belly dance to rouse his cock so that you may please it with mouth and tongue and your new female flower. And then you will be claimed. You must do well.”

"If I don't?"

Layla chuckled. "Nothing. You just don't join the harem."

"And I'll change back?"

"Possibly. None of us ever found out," Samira said, kissing Amina's neck. "None of us found we wanted to when before him."

"Or to leave our new lovers as well," Amina replied, groping her lesbian lover's breasts, causing the other to giggle. "We are *very* free here, after all. We are a sisterhood."

I was starting to realise that quite strongly, as they were all indeed very close, even as they bickered and argued over how to dress me. Farah chose a magnificent yellow abaya for me to wear, but Fatima was insistent that this would be pointless for the coming belly dance, and so after a brief discussion an emerald green harem outfit was chosen to reveal my midriff and lift my breasts, showing them off and allowing them to jiggle as I moved. The classic see-through pants were chosen, and the girls helped me at every stage to wear my new womanly clothes. Amina placed upon me a translucent veil, and a shawl around my hair fitted perfectly, to be removed at the appropriate time. My ears were given immaculate earrings with images of the half-moon upon them, and a belly button stud was placed. Something about the magic of the change allowed my body to accept these alterations with no pain, and even little tingles of pleasure, as if I was becoming exactly the woman I was meant to become.

"Do not fear," Samira said, beginning to apply my makeup. "I know you are nervous. Just let the compulsions guide you. They are not orders, just instincts. I fought for too long, and I think of the time I wasted not loving this life!"

"You were a man too, weren't you?" I asked, trying to not shift my feet as Layla and Fatima applied nail polish to my toenails.

"I was," she said, smiling. "I was my Sultan's great business rival, and a cruel man. I tried to ruin him."

"And I was the private investigator she hired," Farah noted, pleased with herself as she adjusted the polish on my fingernails. "Together, we tried to destroy his reputation. He caught us, and transformed us instead."

"That's - that's horrible!" I said, though it didn't *feel* horrible. God, I was feeling so damn submissive all of a sudden. I had an image of Amir's handsome face. Of his naked body upon mine.

The two looked at each other and laughed.

"Oh, we thought so, for a time," Samira said. "But we came around. And you will too, and much quicker than us since you did not hate our Sultan beforehand. In fact he quite likes you. I think

you'll take to him well, as we all have. The life of a harem woman is one of luxury and beauty and wonder."

"Not to mention we love one another greatly too," Farah said, tickling Yara off to the side. Amina and Samira took a moment to caress one another just to prove her point - the two were clearly inseparable.

"I'm n-nervous," I said. "This shouldn't be."

"Just let your body guide you," they said, adjusting my clothing and jewellery and shawl one final time. "And don't worry, we will be there to guide you too. It is part of the rite."

They helped me to my feet, and I beheld myself in the mirror. I should have been aghast, but I was far more struck by the fact that I was easily the most beautiful and erotically-charged woman I had ever seen in my life. Even among the other six harem girls, I was clearly the standout, with a gorgeous hourglass body and curves to match. I looked fertile, a true harem woman, and my emerald outfit with its veil and shawl and two-piece arrangement teased my forms without fully revealing it.

"You are ready," Amina said, bouncing on the spot. "And we will help you Nadia, our newest sister."

I took a deep breath. I didn't feel ready. So much of my life had changed in just two hours, it would be complete insanity to go ahead with this. To dance for a Sultan, and please him as a woman.

And yet, I was compelled to.

And yet, despite my nervousness, I *wanted* to.

The women guided me into the lounge room, where Amir waited expectantly. I moved with erotic grace, my hips sashaying from side to side. Already, despite not knowing how to dance at all, my body knew the right motions. The women surrounded me in a semicircle, shifting around to sometimes hide me from view and other times to reveal me, teasing my spectacle before the Sultan. There was a build up to this ritual, and as each of the women passed me they whispered encouragement and advice.

"He is going to love you."

"Swing your hips just a little more, Amir loves it!"

"Bounce a bit on your feet, it will make your breasts spectacular!"

"Hands right above your head. Move like a snake. Tempt him to pleasure."

I did so, mimicking their advice. Somehow, my body knew how to behave, but each of their whispered words aided me to improve the show I was putting on. I undulated my belly before him as I approached, and the accompanying music being played by Samira and Amina only increased the libertine nature of the spectacle. My mind raced - was I really doing this? Just several hours ago I had been an ordinary western man, and now I was acting the part of a young, well-endowed, and highly luscious harem girl eager to please her master. It was insanity. It was foreign - literally - to me. I no longer had my cock, and my breasts were heavy teardrops upon my chest. And yet . . . the desire was there. The instinct. The need to please this handsome, dominating man. To become his seventh wife, the newest member of his royal harem. He looked at me with that steely gaze, and I could see that my movements were making him aroused. He shifted a little, just as I had done the previous day upon witnessing his harem, in order to change the position of his manhood and allow it to be comfortably erect. The very notion that I had achieved this effect put a smile to my face: the compulsion to continue was too strong, and I was helpless to resist it.

And so I ramped up my efforts, getting ever closer as I danced. As I moved around my Sultan - yes, *my* Sultan - the other women delighted in aiding me. They continued to whisper.

“You are entrancing him.”

“And us. We will have much fun together in the harem chamber. Fatima quite likes you particularly, and she is good with her tongue.”

“Slide against him with your hip and rear; he delights in it!”

I followed their advice, and soon Amir was hypnotised by snake-like movements, by the way I shook my rear as I passed him, and turned to shake my belly before him so that the jewellery jangled. I was glad not to be wearing an abaya this time, but I already was thinking of how next time - Good God, I was thinking about next time, like this was my life now! - I could start with more layers, perhaps even a full niqab, and slowly remove articles until I was a scantily clad harem woman before him.

Amir acted, able to take not more. He grabbed me by my wide hips with his powerful hands and kissed my stomach. I continued to shake my belly, and he licked my bellybutton playfully, eliciting a laugh from me. I was getting almost as turned on by him as he was by me, and the notion that my gender attraction had switched was quite the bombshell! But still, nervousness pervaded. I wasn't sure I could take the next step.

So my new 'sisters' helped guide me further.

Fatima and Farah worked to remove my shawl, letting my long, curvy black hair unfurl down my back. They removed my veil, and each gave me a kiss on the lips, snaking their tongue into my mouth.

“He will enjoy it like this also,” Farah said, winking at me. Her kiss had been particularly charged, and it made my nipple stiffen.

Samira and Amina stroked my thighs, stripping my see-through harem pants away to leave my olive skin bare. As they did so, they worked sensually, licking said thighs and stroking them, before taking their Sultan's hands and placing them in that same caressing opinion. I moaned in pleasure at this.

Yara and Layla worked to slowly undo my top, but did not remove it entirely - that was my job to remove. But they did help lead me down to my knees before the Sultan's bulge, which by this point was practically *throbbing* in his pants.

"You are most incredibly beautiful, Nadia," he said, and just the mention of my new name made me groan a little in appreciation.

"Th-thank you, my Sultan. My master."

He was my master. I should have been railing against it, but the compulsion to obey was strong, and the desire to even stronger. I wanted to serve this man even more than I was forced to.

"Are you happy with this new life?"

"I - I shouldn't be. I don't want to be. But . . ."

"But . . . ?"

I looked at his bulge, back at his eyes, and then to his bulge again. "But I need to please you, and see if I wish to stay."

"The please me, Nadia. As much as you have pleased me with your dancing."

My nimble hands worked quickly, helping him shift aside part of his robe and undo the tie of his pants. His cock was large - larger than I would have imagined, at least from my new perspective - and very erect. I swallowed, caught on the precipice.

"Trust me, you will like it," Farah whispered. "We all do. Take the plunge."

Two of the girls kissed my back, and another helped free my pants entirely. I let my top fall from my chest, letting my perfect breasts dangle. And then I smiled at the Sultan, who was witnessing me in my full naked beauty.

I took the plunge.

My full lips parted over his cock, and I took it in, head and all. Amir stroked my shoulders, lowered his hands to squeeze my bountiful chest as I began to bob up and down letting him glide into my throat. The taste was manly, full, powerful. I felt utterly submissive to his manhood, and in that submissive came a kind of freedom. A lack of care and worry. A total supplication of the self to my new role as a harem woman. I wanted this man to cum in my throat, and in my pussy, and more than that, for him to be pleased in every way by my form. I began to moan, looking him in the eyes as I sucked his cock, taking in more and more of him.

“Ahhh . . . you are so-so good at this already, my Nadia,” he said, caressing my gorgeous raven-black hair. “Truly this was m-meant to be. Ahhh.”

It was. It had to be, right? It was meant to be. He was close, so close. The girls whispered their encouragement, kissing and caressing me. One of them began stroking my clit, and it made me squirm, redoubling my efforts upon his cock. It was wonderful. It was ecstasy. *This was fate*. I was meant to be here, to become his wife, and to join my new sisters in this pleasurable place in this remote location. I had found the gorgeous Arabian women I was after, and even better, an Arabian master to serve for the rest of my days.

The Amir grunted, seizing up. I was stroking his testicles when I felt them pulse, and seconds later his seed spurt into my mouth and down my throat. It was warm and delicious, and I swallowed every drop, moaning all the while as I came too: partly from the sheer act of pleasing him, partly from the ministrations upon my body by him and my new sisters.

“Mmhmmmm,” I managed, licking my lips. “That was . . . by the Great God.”

“That was incredible,” Amir said, pulling me forward. “You are incredible. Truly I have chosen well, my Nadia.”

I sat upon his lap, savouring the way my soft rondure backside felt upon his lap. My breasts pressed against his chest as he kissed me, his tongue snaking into my mouth and nearly bringing me to climax again. I was a woman, there was no denying it. It was, as I had said before, utter insanity. But I was compelled and called to embrace it. I had never felt so fulfilled.

“I cannot believe all of this,” I uttered in my new language. English seemed too far away now. “But I want more of it. God above help me, but please let me stay, even a little longer, my Sultan. My master.”

Amir laughed, smiling at each of the woman who had gathered around to see my acceptance bloom. “That is exactly what I would desire, my newest love. Your reward has been given. Welcome to my harem. Of course, I would like to enjoy more time with my newest wife, just in case she is not convinced. Shall we instruct her in more of our ways of pleasure, my darling wives?”

There was a chorus of approval from everyone, including Layla, who found the whole thing still amusing. Amir turned to me, stroking my cheek. I was lost in his presence. I would never escape it, I knew, and doubted that I would ever want to.

“What do you say, my newest wife? Would you like me to show you the pleasure I can give you between your legs?”

I whimpered at the mere thought. I had to be demure, though my arousal was already rising. As was his cock, I felt.

“Yes, master,” I pleaded. “Please make me yours. Make me your Nadia.”

And he did, that very night. Several times, in fact. By the end, I never wanted to go back to being Austin at all. I had found my body and place, and my master. I was a harem belly dancer and wife, and for all the connotations such things carried, I was free.

I have been the seventh wife of my Sultan's harem ever since. In the weeks and months that followed, there were times I regretted my actions and decisions, or missed being a man or traveller, or simply having a cock between my legs. Sometimes I wondered what it would be like to be less demure and submissive, or even less dutiful. I had a rebellious streak before, but that is largely gone now.

But always, these thoughts went away. Amir was a kind master, and a deeply loving one. I was in a stretch of paradise, and will be so for the rest of my long life, especially since my new age began at only twenty years old. I have a family now, and though I didn't intend to settle down for a long time, having an array of gorgeous fellow wives who are always willing to experiment and arouse me has certainly helped matters. We are a lusty bunch, and Amir can only see to so many of us in the day, and so I have enjoyed greatly my time with Samira and Amina, and Yara is an exquisite lover. Moreover, I have fully embraced being an Arabian princess, not just in manner and role but in appearance. Fatima in particular has taught me much about dress sense, and the gorgeous abayas I wear in my favourite emerald green colour make me feel utterly beautiful, and quite exotic. And even the niqab is delightful upon me: that first day when my sisters took me on a trip to the village to purchase new clothing, they helped enshroud me in the material. It was soft upon my skin, whispering against me, and the mystery it created left me tingling. And to take it off upon my return beneath my husband's gaze was even more erotic.

Perhaps some from my old life would be horrified by my fate. Perhaps my old self would be too. But truly, I love being an Arabian woman now, particularly a beautiful belly dancing harem wife. I dance often for my husband, and he always pleases me. One day I will bear him a child, I am sure, and that too excites me. But for now, I merely live a life of luxury and lust. And unless it is with my master and husband, my Sultan, I never want to travel anywhere again. I have my new home now, in Arabia.

The End