

BARBARY SLAVEDRIVER

Allan Aldiss



Adults

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Book One – The Plans of the Emir

By ALLAN ALDISS

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BARBARY SLAVEDRIVER

Book One – The Plans of the Emir

By ALLAN ALDISS

Barbary Slaveship is perhaps Allan Aldiss's most popular book in the Barbary saga about the erotic adventures of Rory Fitzgerald, a young British officer in the service of the Turkish Sultan in North Africa during the Napoleonic Wars. However it is now almost unobtainable and we are therefore now offering it to our clients for downloading.

But the original printed version had to be consensual, greatly handicapping Allan Aldiss's ability to tell the story as he wished. But there is nothing consensual in this version of a story in which Rory is dragged away from the delights of his harem to explore the possibility of sending his Janissaries to keep some tribes in the interior whilst their Emir goes on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Unknown to Rory, the Emir has bought a former Mistress of his in London, who together her daughter and maid servant, had been captured by the Barbary pirates. Unknowingly he has sex with his former girl friend and her daughter and then has to witness their mating. Later trying to get them back for himself, Rory finds himself taking a boat load of white slaves to Egypt ...

This is another of Allan Aldiss adventure stories featuring harems, black eunuchs, forced breeding, female galley slaves, the effects of female circumcision, Egyptian cotton plantations employing white women slaves and above all, white slave dealers and their breeding establishments.

CONTENTS

Book One – The Plans of the Emir

PART I - THE SCENE IS SET

- 1 - The Emir
- 2 - The Bey
- 3 - The Spy
- 4 - Captured

PART II - A SLAVEGIRL IS SENTENCED

- 5 - The Mating of Carmen
- 6 - Henrietta
- 7 - Matrak implements his Plan
- 8 - Henrietta's Punishment

PART III - HASSAN THE SLAVEDEALER

- 9 - A slave is displayed
- 10 -The rosebud treatment
- 11 - I'll take all three!'
- 12 - Beautiful British women on their way to slavery

PART IV - THE BEY RECEIVES A LETTER

- 13 - The galley slaves
- 14 - A certain white galley slave
- 15 - Rory is pleased and reads some extraordinary news
- 16 - Rory is sent on a special trip

PART V - IN THE HAREM OF THE EMIR

- 17 - Waiting in the wings
- 18 - The Emir inspects his new slaves
- 19 - Diana loses her virginity

PART ONE - THE SCENE IS SET

1 - THE EMIR

The Emir of Gondah sat cross-legged on a large cushion, under the shade of a date palm, in the middle of a highly fertile oasis.

He wore a colourful embroidered robe and a large tulip shaped blue turban, as befitted the wealthy and despotic Arab ruler of many Berber tribes - tribes that he and his forbears had subjugated.

His local annual Majlis, or public court, was well under way. It formed a key part of his visit to the area - an event which loomed large in the life of the tribesmen.

He was a rather small, fat faced, cruel looking, bearded man of perhaps fifty. He had an aura of wealth and power and his eyes were penetrating and hard, those of a man who had extended his fief by ruthlessly subduing yet more proud Berber tribes - and who had then successfully kept them subdued through fear.

His local Khalifa, or lieutenant, who was his tax or grain harvest collector, stood proudly at his side. It was the Khalifas who were responsible for enriching the Emir - and this one had done well.

Surrounding the Emir were his stony faced Black Guard, composed of black slaves specially chosen for their strength and loyalty to their Master. They were armed with razor sharp scimitars and simple muskets.

Behind the Emir was a small tent, guarded by his large chief black eunuch, Makumo, together with two younger eunuchs. All three were dressed in sumptuous red robes and the strange high white cylindrical shaped hats that, together with the black short handled whips tucked into their belts, were the mark of their craft. Makumo himself also proudly carried the thin silver tipped bamboo cane that publicly marked him

as a chief black eunuch in charge of a harem.

Theirs was a craft that was based on controlling the pleasure that a harem of women can provide for a wealthy man. It was a skilled craft whose practitioners enjoyed a high status and rich rewards - even though technically they, like the women in their charge, might be slaves.

The Emir's chief black eunuch was the only person who could disturb the Emir in his harem. He was the only man with whom the Emir discussed his women and the pleasure that they each provided - or might be forced to provide. He was a man of influence and clearly not someone to be trifled with.

Already there were two pretty young Berber women in the tent, kneeling on the ground, terrified, their necks chained to different tent poles. They were naked except for thin cloak-like shawls that they were nervously clasping to their bodies.

Outside the tent, watching the scene nervously under the guns of the Black Guard, were members of local Berber tribes, men, women and children, all subjects of the Emir. It was they who tilled the fertile land around this oasis and several surrounding ones.

There was a stir as the Amgah, the leader of his tribe, came forward, urging before him a very pretty slender Berber girl. Unlike the women of their Arab conquerors, Berber women were relatively free. They did not go veiled, nor were they confined to a harem. They were well known not only for their independence but also for their beauty, being tall and slim with fine features and a slightly olive complexion.

The Amgah nervously fell to his knees in front of the Emir and prostrated himself three times, his forehead

touching the ground. The girl did the same. Then the Amgah reached forward and humbly kissed the hem of the Emir's robe.

'In the name of Allah the Merciful and of his prophet Mohammed, I welcome you, our Mighty Lord, to our humble tribe,' he began. 'And as a sign of our obedience and subservience, I beg you to accept this gift of the most beautiful of my daughters.'

He gestured towards the girl, who was now kneeling up and smiling enticingly. This could be the chance of a lifetime for her. Perhaps to become the favourite concubine of the Emir. Even the mother of one of his sons, and to live in the sheer pampered luxury of his harem.

But still she shivered with fear. She knew that he was a cruel man and would be able to abuse her as much as he wished and his penetrating look had convinced her that that he would enjoy hurting her, but she had no choice in the matter of her disposal.

The heart of the Amgah was in his mouth as he spoke. Would the Emir judge his daughter to be sufficiently beautiful to be accepted? He was a hard man to please.

The Amgah remembered the story that had gone the rounds of all the tribes of another headman who had tried to fob off an ugly duckling of a daughter. The Emir had contemptuously given her to his Black Guards for their pleasure before handing back the now dishonoured girl to her equally dishonoured father - and imposing a huge fine on his tribe.

The Emir looked down at the kneeling girl. The gift from a tribal leader of a daughter for his harem was quite normal. This one had an attractive and lively look about her that amused him. He gestured to Makumo, who came ponderously forward.

There were gasps from the watching crowd, particularly the women, as they recognised the Keeper of the Emir's Women, his jet black skin contrasting with his tall white hat. He put down his silver tipped cane. His small red-shot eyes gleamed as, reaching down and holding the girl's hands behind her back, he lifted her up off her knees and deftly pulled open the front of her robe, baring her breasts and belly to the sight of

the Emir.

The girl's father remained kneeling at the Emir's feet, head to the ground. This was, he knew, the moment of truth. Would he and his tribe be honoured or disgraced?

Whilst the Emir was looking nonchalantly at the girl's firm full breasts, Makumo was also feeling her body, running his hand over her breasts and body, and down between her legs, smelling her breath, examining her teeth, the flawlessness of her complexion and the soft texture of her long black hair. But he was also testing the responsiveness of her nipples and beauty bud.

He turned to the Emir.

'Your Highness, I could train this one well,' he reported. 'She could be made to give you great pleasure.'

The Emir nodded, and gestured to the large figure standing behind him. The blacksmith was naked to the waist and his muscular torso was oiled and gleaming.

There were gasps from the watchers as he stepped forward. This time Makumo handed him a shiny brass collar on which some Arabic writing and numerals had been engraved. There was a ring on the front of the collar and another at the back.

As the crowd watched breathlessly, he pushed the girl down onto her knees and, pulling the collar open, fastened it round her slender neck. His muscular arms swelled as he strained to close it again so that two flanged rings at the ends of the collar were overlapping.

Then he pulled a lead pellet out of pocket and slipped it into the rings. Again the muscles on his arms bulged as, with his huge pliers, he flattened the lead pellet so that it held the rings closed and yet could not be removed. Moments later he fastened the manacles, linked by a short length of shiny chain, to her wrists.

The crowd saw that the girl had been fitted with the Emir's symbolic emblems of female subservience, as worn by all his concubines: the brass collar beautifully engraved with his crest, the girl's harem number, and the manacles.

'I thank you for your gift,' the Emir said to the still kneeling Amgah. 'It will serve to remind of your obe-

dience and devotion - and that of your entire tribe.'

Overwhelmed with relief, the Amgah again kissed the hem of the Emir's robe and withdrew, walking backwards with his head still bowed as Makumo lead the girl into the tent.

The girl was now the Emir's property, to do with as he wished.

There was a chinking sound and the Black Guards led forward another Amgah. He was in chains and followed by his attractive wife and two pretty teenage daughters, also in chains. Being Berbers all three of the women were unveiled. They looked terrified.

'His tribe tried to avoid giving up half their grain harvest,' reported the Khalifa to the frowning Emir, as the chained man and his women fell to their knees in front of him. 'I recommend Your Excellency to make an example of them.'

'Indeed, I shall certainly not tolerate such disobedience!' said the Emir angrily. The apparently insatiable demand for grain and fresh vegetables from the warring fleets and armies of Europe would keep him rich - provided his Berber subjects were forced to produce them at no cost to him!

He looked the trembling women up and down. 'I sentence you all to hard labour until ten Haratin offspring have been produced as compensation,' he announced.

'Ten!' gasped the mother in dismay. 'Not ten!'

'Eleven then!' said the Emir, waving them away contemptuously. 'Eleven between the three of you. It is a light sentence. Have a care I do not increase it further.'

A huge blacksmith followed the women into the tent, the huge pair of pliers in his hand. Soon the horrified crowd outside heard the ringing of blows of his hammer onto his anvil. They shivered as they realised that he was heating and shaping the collars, this time made of simple black iron, for this was what the Emir's Haratin breeding women all had to wear.

The Emir smiled as he heard the blows on the anvil. He smiled even more with satisfaction at the thought that riveting the iron collars round the women's necks

was not all that the blacksmith would be doing. In preparation of what would shortly follow, certain other instruments would even now be being heated up in the blacksmith's brazier ...

There came a scream from the tent, a woman's scream. There were murmurs from the crowd but the Emir raised his hand for silence, smiling in the knowledge his orders were being carried out. The cowed crowd of Berbers fell silent. Half a minute later came another scream - this time that of a girl and half a minute another.

The terrified crowd knew only too well that the screams had announced that the well-heated branding irons had now been applied by the blacksmith to naked female flesh. The wife and two teenage daughters of the disgraced Amgah now bore their future breeding numbers, discreetly branded for ever onto their left buttocks - just as the brood mares in his stables had their numbers discreetly branded onto their near-side hindquarters.

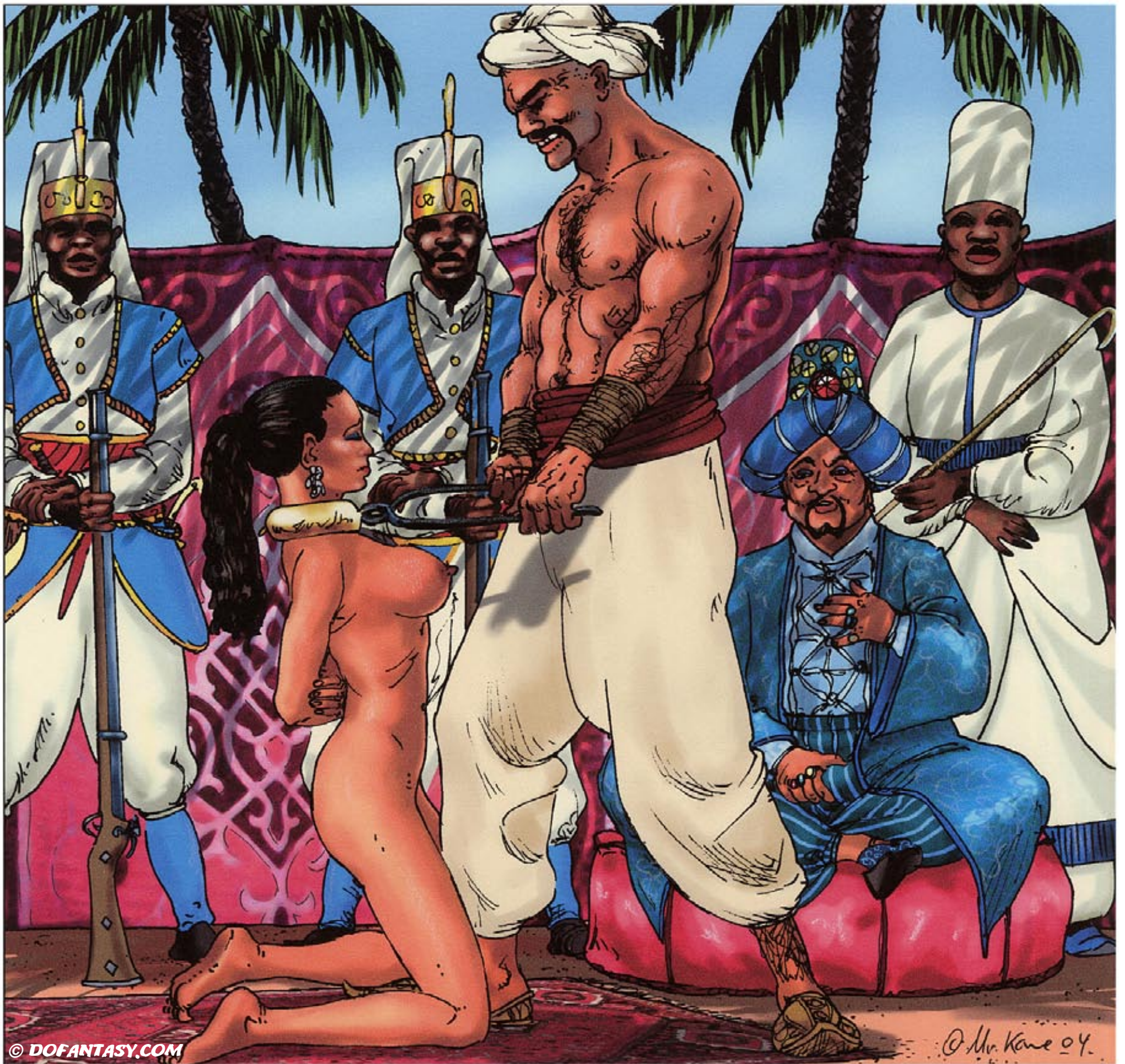
It was well known that the Emir insisted on accurate breeding records being kept and that all his dams, both two legged and four legged, were branded with their individual breeding numbers.

Just as mothers of recalcitrant children all over the world quieten them by threatening them with a local devil or a witch, so Berber women would threaten their disobedient little daughters with the Emir's much feared Haratin breeding farm.

And yet, ironically, such was the natural pride and rebellious nature of his oppressed Berber subjects and their resentment of his rapacious rule, that his Khalifas never failed to produce a stream of women and girls to be sentenced to replace vacancies in the pens of his dreaded Haratin breeding farm. Each would be sentenced to produce a certain number of Haratin and would not be released until she had completed her task.

Even then, as a way of continuously impressing fear of the Emir on the woman's tribe, she would still have to wear the dreaded iron collar and the disc showing her breeding number - and would have to show at the Emir's annual Majlis that it was still in place.

Haratin, of course, had formed the main labour



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The huge blacksmith pushes the Berber girl down onto her knees and fits a big shiny brass collar, with rings hanging down from the front and back, round her slender neck...

force of North Africa for many years. Traditionally they were the natural progeny of black slave women, brought across the Sahara from their natural homelands and sired by their Arab Master himself or his Arab servants.

But the Emir had gone further.

He had effectively turned the traditional method of breeding Haratin on its head. He had found that he could obtain a much superior crop by using strong giant Dinka black sires rather than Arab ones - and then using these black sires to cover fair skinned Berber dams rather than black women.

The resulting progeny were stronger, more intelligent and, in the case of females, much more comely than Haratin bred in the old traditional haphazard way. His eunuch overseers had been concerned lest the slender narrow-hipped Berber women might have difficulty delivering the progeny of their giant Dinka sires, but in fact thanks to the small heads of the Dinkas few problems had arisen.

A chained young man was brought forward by Black Guards. With him was a young woman of striking beauty - also chained. Both were thrown to the Emir's feet.

'To avoid paying their taxes,' reported the Khalifa, 'this couple planned, once they had gathered in their harvest, to sell it secretly to their neighbours and then run away with all the proceeds to another part of the country - out of your jurisdiction.'

A look of anger crossed the Emir's face.

Then the Khalifa smiled slyly, for he knew the Emir's tastes.

'They are a newly married couple and reputed to be much in love.'

The Emir's frown changed to a smile. This news would make their punishment all the more piquant. It was always interesting to have a pretty woman in his harem who was pining for her husband - and yet who was also forced, by fear of the eunuchs' canes, to serve the Emir.

'Makumo!' he called out. 'Prepare this young woman for examination.'

There was a gasp from the crowd as she was taken away into the tent. The Emir turned to his Khalifa and congratulated him on his thoroughness. The Khalifa blushed with pleasure. Perhaps the Emir would later send him one of the women from the harem, as a special token of his pleasure. It was a normal gesture for a ruler to make to a henchman who had performed his duty well and whom he wished to bind closer to him.

It was also one that the Khalifa would much appreciate, for one of the Emir's concubines, bearing the Emir's crest tattooed on her belly as a sign that she had been trained to give pleasure by the Emir's experienced eunuchs, would indeed make a much prized new wife. He had only two at present ...

A few minutes later, leaving the young husband still grovelling on the ground, the Emir rose and entered the tent.

He saw that the first Amgah's daughter was now chained by the neck to the tent pole for women intended for his harem, her manacled hands coyly trying to hide her nakedness. The equally naked wife and daughters of the second Amgah were chained to the tent pole for women destined for either Haratin or vegetable production.

The women gasped and one of the young eunuchs raised his cane warningly and barked an order. They all fell to their knees and prostrated themselves in front of the man who was now their Master.

But the Emir only had eyes for the beautiful young wife who was standing there still in her chains - naked and sobbing with shame in her newly fastened brass collar. A grinning Makumo held her by a light chain fastened to the ring at the back of this new collar. Her robes lay around her on the ground.

Makumo gripped the young woman by the hair and pulled her head back so that the Emir could get a better look at her slim tautly bent back body.

The Emir looked her up and down carefully. He felt a surge through his loins. Her only blemish, in his eyes, was the hair that, in accordance with Berber custom, hid her beauty lips. But, he knew, that was something that his eunuchs would soon remove.

Yes, he thought, she will do very well and, having her husband locked up down below in one of the dungeons of his Kasbah, his castellated castle, would make his enjoyment of the woman all the greater.

He would order his eunuchs to parade the woman every time he selected her for his pleasure. She would be marched up and down in front of the bars of the dungeon so that the husband could see his wife. As they looked at each other, both would know that the wife was about to be made to satisfy the Emir against whom the husband had tried to rebel. Both would also know that if she failed to please the Emir, then both would be beaten in front of him, and in front of each other, by his eunuchs.

His revenge would indeed be sweet!

Perhaps after he had enjoyed her several times, he would have her put to his Black Guards in his presence. His revenge would then be even greater as she was paraded with a nicely swollen belly.

By allowing the story to leak out discreetly to the tribesmen, his reputation as an overlord with whom it was dangerous to tangle would be even further enhanced.

The Emir put his hand to one of her breasts, feeling its firmness and the responsiveness of the nipple.

Alternatively, he could not help thinking, this leading tribal couple might make a suitable subject for his system of Enforced Inheritance whereby the young wife of a rebellious tribal leader was taken into his harem and the husband locked up as usual in a dungeon. He then used the wife to breed a son of his own who would, when grown up, take the leadership of the tribe from his disgraced step-father.

The Emir nodded his approval and returned to the Majlis, ordering his Black Guards to drag the chained young man away and put him into the travelling iron cage reserved for male prisoners. A second iron cage, this time shrouded with a canvas cover, was for women intended for his harem, whilst the women destined to be mothers of his prize Haratin would be crammed into a third one.

The sight of these cages, each drawn by a team of

mules, was itself enough to instil fear into the Berber subjects of the Emir.

Tribesmen were now bringing him petitions and outlining disputes for him to settle.

But the Emir's mind kept slipping away to thoughts of the Hajj, the pilgrimage to Mecca that all good Moslems were called upon to make at least once in their lifetime. He was planning to go next year, before he became too old.

He would, of course, take several chosen slave girls of outstanding beauty to sell on the journey so as to keep in funds - they would serve as a useful form of currency for the journey.

However he was also concerned about the stories of men being struck down during the crowded Hajj with water-borne diseases. He had therefore, decided to take his own supply milk with him - milk from selected concubines whom he would previously have had covered by his Black Guards. Besides, they would sell even better, if in milk.

Makumo was always urging him to try out some of the European slave girls now being brought back to the North African slave markets in increasing numbers by the Barbary corsairs. With so many attractive Berber women in his harem, he had not hitherto been particularly interested. But the Hajj made it all seem rather different. Certainly European women would be ideal as currency for they would, of course, sell particularly well.

And he had heard that their milk was singularly sweet tasting.

Yes, he decided, he would send Makumo to the coast with sufficient funds to bring back some white women for his harem. After he had used them for his pleasure he would see about having them put into an interesting condition ready for the Hajj. In any case, he enjoyed having a few women in this state in his harem - it was indeed the natural state for a girl and one that brought out her beauty. He could never understand what he had heard about Christians - that they regarded women in such a state with distaste.

The Emir glanced at his Black Guards. Could they be

trusted to put down the slightest sign of revolt? Or, in his absence, might they be persuaded or bribed to rally to the side of a would-be usurper?

He had heard that the effectiveness and discipline of the Turkish Janissaries of his friend, the Pasha of Marsa, had been transformed by their new Agha - an Inglez, he had heard, now in the pay of the Sultan.

Why not write to the Pasha and ask him to send a detachment of his Janissaries to keep the peace whilst he was away on the Hajj? A tribal revolt would certainly not suit the Turks - it might even give the French an excuse to intervene.

Yes, he would suggest to the Pasha that the Inglez Agha should come and visit him so that arrangements could be settled. ■

2- THE BEY

A crack of Bashir Agha's whip and a little cry interrupted the thoughts of the former Captain Rory Fitzgerald of His Majesty's Foot Guards, now Hussein Bey, Commander in Marsa of the Janissaries of His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan of Turkey.

He saw that the big negro was standing over a girl half way up on the starboard side. On the forehead of the mask that hid her face was written the Arabic numerals 16.

'Put your back into it, Number 16!' Bashir Agha shouted, curling up his whip again.

The girl had been trying her best, Rory knew. Bashir Agha was just trying to impress him with his efficiency. He saw, through the eye holes of her mask, dark brown eyes, Italian perhaps, full of despair, silently and piteously begging him to save her, maybe even take her into his harem. She had a nice figure and looked a likely wench. But no! He must teach himself to be ruthless; he must not undermine the authority of his whipmaster.

The unfortunate girl was now straining at her oar as if her very life depended on it. A little red line creeping out from under her armpit and across her breast showed where the tip of the whip, mainly applied across her back, had caught her breast.

Bashir Agha was indeed a master with the whip - applying with just the amount of force to terrify the women into abandoning any idea of slackness whilst not really harming or marking them.

Yes, thought Rory, looking down onto the rowing deck with pride, they were indeed a well-trained and well-disciplined team. They were a real credit to Bashir Agha - and to his whip. He certainly kept them fit and well muscled up, with the stamina needed both for fast sharp spells at the oars when he was in hurry

to cross the harbour, and for longer ones when he had to visit estates of the rich landowners and merchants along the coast, or wanted to inspect his more outlying units.

He glanced up towards the bows where two naked young women, 'spare oars' as they were called, were gripping the bars of their cages with their manacled hands. Doubtless their turn at the oars would come later, for Bashir Agha liked to change the galley slaves round, resting for a time any that were showing undue signs of distress or exhaustion.

The young women were used to long hours at their oars, and even to sleeping at their oars when lying off the villa of a certain rich Turkish widow who enjoyed entertaining their Master for the night!

Yes, Rory ruminated, he was as well served by Bashir Agha, in charge of his galley slaves, as he was by Matrak, his chief black eunuch, the overseer in charge of the his harem - his concubines.

Both took all the responsibility for the women, for their health, their discipline, their training, and their emotions, completely off his shoulders so that he could concentrate on training his Janissaries.

The pair of them produced both his white galley slaves, and his concubines, well groomed, slim, smiling and eager to serve their Master whenever he required their services. What more could a man want? Not for him all their minor feminine problems, moods or jealousies. Let his whipmaster and his harem overseer sort all that out!

Moreover, the rowing deck itself, like the individual slave pens in which the women were kept chained up when not at their oars, was always kept immaculately clean and ready for his inspection - as were the rooms and patios of the harem.

He did not like to enquire too much into the methods each of his senior eunuchs used - Bashir Agha had his whip and Matrak had his cane. Fear of both seemed equally effective.

Moreover, Bashir Agha seemed to have a sixth sense that detected the slightest slackness in a galley slave. And as for his concubines, he only had to mention to Matrak that a particular girl was perhaps getting a little too familiar, or slack in giving him pleasure and next day he would see a dozen stripes showing across her cheeks through her silken transparent trousers. Nothing would be said but the girl would be a model of eager submissiveness and obedience.

At first, he had been appalled by the cruelty of using pretty white women as personal galley slaves - just as he had been shocked by the idea of shutting up a group of vivacious young white women in a harem and keeping them there, pure and chaste, under the strict supervision and control of black eunuchs, for the exclusive sight and pleasure of one man.

Such ideas would certainly have been abhorrent back in London. But the cultures of the Turkish and British Empires were very different. Gradually what at first had seemed unacceptable to him, soon became more and more normal and acceptable - especially when it directly affected his own pleasure and convenience. Indeed, it soon seemed only natural for a virile and important man to have women in his power who were dedicated to his service.

As for using young women as galley slaves, the spread out nature of the town, and its surrounding villas, estates, forts and islands around a large sheltered bay, made a fast boat essential. He was now on his way to inspect an outlying detachment of his force who manned one of the forts on an island that guarded the entrance to the bay and to the inner harbour, and this method of transport by fast galliot was ideal. And pretty young women, like a pack of bitch hounds, were so much more biddable than their male equivalents - and easier on the eye.

Moreover, strange though it seemed, the women clearly took pride in being in the service of their handsome young Master, the Agha of the Janissaries. They were proud of the speed with which they propelled his galley across the harbour and along the coast, proud of

the way they kept in perfect stroke, and proud of being allowed to wear the distinctive zarcola helmets and plumes of the Janissaries.

At first he had been dismayed by the expense of acquiring sufficient galley slaves to man his official galley. But the sight of the galley of the Agha of Janissaries, being slowly propelled by only half a crew, had quickly resulted in official funds being made available to buy enough women. Now, keeping the crew up to strength was no problem, for Bashir Agha was active in wheeling and dealing with his opposite numbers among the whipmasters of the rich merchants of Marsa.

There was always a demand for white women who had been broken to the oar by an experienced whipmaster. Indeed there was no shortage of buyers for white women galley slaves with the Bey's crest branded on their bellies and with the proceeds of their sale Bashir Agha was always able to buy more promising replacements to start breaking in.

Certainly Rory now positively enjoyed the erotic sight - and the feeling of pride of ownership and power that flowed through his loins as he watched twenty naked and beautiful young women being put through their paces at the oar by the threat of his whipmaster's whip.

Yes, he thought, as he looked down at the women rowing in perfect time to a fast stroke, this is the life!

Rory felt the same pride of ownership of his white concubines when, hidden behind a lattice screen, he watched them laughing happily as they innocently walked round the garden patio of the well guarded harem, or splashed each other like children as they played with a large ball under the harem fountain.

Matrak, his chief black eunuch or Abdul, his young assistant, would always be there discreetly supervising them, cane in hand. Matrak would smile approvingly as he watched the grown up young women in his charge playing happily, for he liked them to behave like little girls. 'The minds of innocent children and the bodies of sensuous women,'; that, he used to say, was his aim.

Rory's feeling of ownership and power was height-

ened by the knowledge that, at any time, he only had to ring a certain little bell for the women in his harem to all abandon everything and rush to beauty themselves before lining up eagerly in front of the screen for his private inspection.

Then Matrak, cane in hand, would call each one forward in turn to show off nervously and shyly her charms in a well rehearsed, but still humiliating, little erotic display. Alternatively, if he rang the other bell and then went down to the galley slave pens, he would find each girl kneeling silently on all fours on the straw of the stall in which she was chained, only too eager to show herself off to her Master under the watchful eye of Bashir Agha.

Yes, decided Rory, there were indeed compensations for missing the coming season in London!

Rory knew that owning a harem of white concubines, like owning a team of white galley slaves, had been widely regarded in Marsa as a test of himself, a Roumi or foreigner, and of the genuineness of his conversion to the only True Faith. It was also an outward sign of his masculinity.

Indeed, it had been the Pasha himself who had insisted that the hesitant Rory should earn the respect of both his troops and of the populace by being both seen to own and use both - like all the important men in Marsa.

Officially the Sultan, in far away Constantinople, might distance himself from the activities of the corsairs based in Marsa, but he was delighted with the revenue that Marsa provided for the Ottoman Empire – and this in turn depended on its success as a secure base for the corsairs. Indeed, whilst Marsa's whole economy might depend on the corsairs, they in turn depended on detachments of Rory's well trained Janissaries for their boarding and raiding parties.

So, on the return of a ship from a successful Corso, it was by no means unusual for Rory to be presented with another pretty young thing for his harem or for his galliot.

However, as Rory well knew, there was more to the presents than mere generosity and self-interest.

It was well known that Napoleon would dearly love to seize North Africa. Quite apart from effectively turning the Mediterranean into French lake, closed to the hated British Navy, it would also solve his problem of how to feed his huge armies - for North Africa was a vast and fertile granary.

The Janissaries played an important protective role, not only in garrisoning Marsa itself, but also in acting as a deterrent to any French plans to occupy other parts of North Africa.

So the stakes were high.

Indeed, this was one of the reasons why Rory had been specially sent by the Sultan to Marsa, the only port in North Africa still under direct Turkish rule. His task was to improve the state of training of the local Janissaries - and thereby also bolster the position of the Pasha, who was the Vali or Governor. But to achieve this, the Janissaries had to respect him. Not only had he to show courage, which he soon did, but also devotion to his newly adopted religion and to its ways - including keeping a harem of white women.

It was thanks to the Pasha's generosity that Rory's harem included Henrietta Hamilton, the well-born wife of a British Army officer.

Henrietta bore the brand of the Pasha on her belly. When the Pasha had passed her on to Rory, as a reward for his services, she had expected the latter to release her back to her husband - not realising that for Rory to do so would be a grave insult to the Pasha. In any case Rory found her far too attractive to let her go. What a ridiculous idea! Indeed, urged on by a few strokes of Matrak's cane, she had soon come to adore him.

Nor was the cultured background of his harem confined to Henrietta. It now included two highly intelligent former governesses.

First there was the fiery young Irish woman, Barbary Kennedy, who bore his own brand on her belly. To cool her temper he had deliberately let her serve her time as serving wench in a brothel and as a galley slave in this very galliot, before finally promoting her to his harem.

Then there was the delightful Marie de St. Sevres, the French émigré governess, who bore the brand of the Emir of Zanda, having at one time been one of the girls who pulled his son's racing chariots, before being passed onto him by the Pasha – with a well curved belly, the result of being subjected to forced breeding whilst a slave in Zanda.

But he also now owned several other well-educated European women with who he regularly took his pleasure. They all adored their handsome young Master, whom they erroneously told each other can have had no idea of the strict discipline to which his chief black eunuch, the dreaded Matrak, subjected them.

Indeed Rory had to admit that when it came to handling women, the Middle Eastern ethic beat the European one hollow! ■

3 - THE SPY

The Mediterranean sky was a clear blue that spring and a gentle warm Levanta wind was blowing over Gibraltar.

Standing at the rail of the Sicilian trading brig, the three women passengers watched the cargo of muskets, bayonets, cartridges and gunpowder being embarked. High above them towered the Rock and nestling at its feet was the bustling, but well fortified, little town.

Because of the now long drawn out war, Gibraltar was indeed a busy place. Not only was it the rear base of the Royal Navy's Mediterranean Fleet but also that of the small British army in Sicily.

The ship's manifest showed that the passengers, who had recently arrived in Gibraltar from England, were a Mrs Amanda Forsyth, a thirty five year old widow, her sixteen year old daughter, Diana, and her twenty five year old Scottish lady's maid, Jeannie Campbell. They were on their way to join Amanda's betrothed, Colonel Fortescue of the 38th.

Amanda was a strikingly attractive woman, tall and buxom with a slim waist and dancing blue eyes. Her blond hair peeked out from under a large bonnet. She was dressed in a fashionable travelling dress of that age - a long loose gown gathered in below the bust. Everyone in the drawing rooms of Gibraltar had agreed that Colonel Fortescue was a lucky man.

Everyone had also agreed that it would not be long before her pretty and vivacious young daughter was off her hands, even though she was still scarcely more than a schoolgirl. The family likeness between mother and daughter was strong, though Diana's figure was not yet so well developed.

Young though she was, already she had had a great success with the young officers during her short stay

in Gibraltar. Clearly her huge soft eyes and her long, cascading, honey coloured hair would melt the hearts of many a young British subaltern in Sicily - and indeed those of many a Sicilian aristocrat too.

Their maidservant, Jeannie, was a pretty red-haired down to earth Scots girl from Amanda's family estate in Scotland. She had a ready wit and held all foreigners, especially dark eyed Mediterranean men, with contempt.

Amanda looked across the bay to the white painted houses of Algeciras and beyond it the hills of Andalusia. What a beautiful picture they made with the sun sparkling on the calm blue water.

She turned slightly and looked out across the Straits, out towards North Africa. She gave a little shiver of fear - fear of the unknown. Coming from England she had seen the mountains of Morocco as the ship beat her way up the Straits to Gibraltar. Here she realised was the very edge of civilisation. On the one hand Europe and on the other the mysterious, rarely visited and almost unexplored Barbary States.

The Barbary States! What a strange and terrifying name. Wasn't that where Rory Fitzgerald had been sent after entering the service of the Sultan of Turkey, following his disgrace? All London had laughed at the story of the glamorous young Guards Officer being discovered by the Queen herself, having it off with one of her own Maids of Honour.

She had good reason to think of Rory. She, newly widowed at the time, had had a tempestuous affair with that handsome and amusing young Officer. It had all been exciting, but secretly she had known that nothing would come of it for Rory did not have the means to support her and daughter - and finally her father,

the fierce Scots Baronet, had come down and put a stop to it all.

But she had loved Rory deeply. Perhaps she still did. But she must put such thoughts out of her mind, for she was on her way now to marry the kind Colonel Fortescue. Ah well ...

Her thoughts were interrupted by her maid.

‘Oh look, Ma’am!’ cried Jeannie to her Mistress, pointing to a young itinerant peddler coming along the jetty, a roll of oriental silks and satins thrown over his shoulder. He looked scarcely more than a youth. ‘What lovely materials!’

‘Oh yes, Mamma, do let’s invite him onboard!’ enthused Diana.

The peddler looked up at the ship and seeing the interest in his wares smiled. But he strangely showed no hurry in coming onboard to show his wares to the British women. Instead he seemed more interested in watching the field cannon and cases of cannon balls that were now being swung up.

Speaking in a mixture of Italian, Spanish and Arabic, the Lingua Franca of the Mediterranean ports, he began discreetly to question one of the sailors on the jetty. He nodded eagerly as the sailor pointed to all the arms still waiting to be loaded. It was a very valuable cargo - one that would be much sought after in certain hands.

Luigi, for that was his name, again nodded eagerly as the sailor told him that the ship would not be sailing for another two days. That would give time enough. And the sailor added that the ship would at first sail close along the North African coast to avoid any French privateers and then northwards to avoid any lurking Barbary Corsairs.

As if in answer to a question from the peddler, he pointed up at the waiting women. Passengers! Well, well!

Now the peddler came to spread his wares on the quarterdeck in front of the delighted women. Because of the war it had been difficult to get good silk in London.

Both Amanda and her daughter knew a little Italian - they had been studying it in London before leav-

ing for Sicily. So they found they understood what the peddler was saying as they bargained for his wares.

Again, the youthful peddler seemed strangely interested in the women and, flattering them on their beauty, asked a whole string of questions in his surprisingly high pitched voice.

Where did they come from? Were they married? Was the mother really a widow? Why were they going to Palermo? Were they really mother, daughter and maidservant? Were the daughter and the maid also engaged to be married? What! They had never been allowed suitors? So they had little to do with men? Well!

Whilst he was bargaining and laughing with the women, his eyes were also taking in the small number of defensive guns and the rigging of the well designed and maintained ship. Heavily laden as she was, she would be easy to catch - and with her quite small crew, easy to board.

An hour later Diana was surprised to see the peddler setting off to sea in a small felucca with a Moorish lanteen sail, apparently on his way to ply his wares across the bay in Algeciras. He waved cheerfully as she leant against the taffrail.

But once clear of Gibraltar Roads, the felucca turned towards the mountains of Africa.

Luigi smiled as he thought of his reception when he reported back to his Master, Mehmet Effendi, the Rais or Captain, of the fast Corsair ship that was lying hidden behind a promontory on the African coast. His Master would be delighted with his report.

They should have no difficulty in intercepting the wallowing Neapolitan brig, for the corsair ship was a Polacca-Chebec, designed for speed and retaining the huge traditional Arab lanteen sails, the pollacone, on the fore and mizzen masts. For greater flexibility in the often rough seas and changing winds of the Mediterranean, however, the main mast was square rigged.

As the Corsairs relied on capturing a ship by boarding it, so as to capture its cargo and passengers intact, the gun armament of their ships was light - thus adding

further to their speed.

Luigi was one of several well educated white eunuch boys that Mehmet Effendi owned and used for both his pleasure and for spying out potential captures in Christian ports. The boy had come from a small but proud landowning family in Sardinia and had been captured in a Corsair raid when he was twelve. When it was clear that his family could not pay the high ransom demanded, he had been castrated by the slave dealer and offered for sale in the slave market.

Now that the Barbary Corsairs used fast sailing ships, rather than big galleys rowed by large teams of captured Christian slaves with as many as four chained to one oar, the demand for large numbers of strong white male slaves had almost disappeared. They had always tended to be fractious and unruly, and constantly trying to escape back to Europe. The security precautions needed to prevent this scarcely made them worthwhile buying - and, anyway, as labourers half caste Haratin were more resilient to the heat and more obedient.

There was still, of course, a limited demand for skilled artisans in the shipyards, foundries, and mills of the Barbary Ports and on private estates, but most of the crew of a captured ship would simply be thrown overboard or put in a boat and left to make their way back to Christendom.

However, there was also still a good demand for another type of male white slaves: good looking boys and youths, like Luigi. Once they had been castrated they made ideal page boys, house boys, or personal attendants. Good looking and well educated European youths from good backgrounds and with good manners were particularly sought after by the Rulers and rich merchants of the Barbary States.

White eunuchs were naturally docile. Like neutered dogs, they soon formed a loyal attachment to their Masters and were no longer interested in escaping. In any case, a young white eunuch knew that once back in Europe he would be a figure of fun and derision, whereas here the very fact that he had been castrated could enable him to rise in his Master's service to a position of great authority and even richness, serving as his Master's confidential clerk or as steward on one of his estates.

Wealthy Arabs and Turks enjoyed showing off their good-looking young white Christian page boys, with their piping voices, beardless chins and tight little buttocks, as they humbly served coffee to their Master's guests.

Moreover, being eunuchs they could safely accompany their Masters even when they were visiting their harems - and remain present, fanning them, even when they being pleased by their women.

The mutilation of Moslems was forbidden by the Koran. But the castration of black pagans or of young white Christians was another matter - as Luigi had learnt to his cost. In the Barbary States, both were as usual as the castration of young colts or bull calves.

Attracted by the Luigi's obvious good manners and good looks, Mehmet Effendi had bought him and used him not only as his attendant, but also for his pleasure, for he was one who preferred boys to women.

Luigi had soon become reconciled to the fact that his manhood would now never become erect and that this was something that that he would never now enjoy. Indeed he even became proud of the silver phallus he had to wear up his backside to ensure that it was kept stretched and ready for his virile Master's manhood.

Yes, Luigi told himself, his Master, the Rais, would indeed be delighted with his report. A cargo of arms and ammunition would be worth a fortune back in the Barbary Ports. Moreover the Brig itself was in excellent condition and could well be converted into a fine Corsair ship.

The Rais would also be delighted with his news of the three beautiful, Christian, female passengers, especially since the two blond and blue eyed ones were mother and daughter and the third one was a green eyed redhead - all rare items in North African slave markets. And it seemed that the daughter was still a virgin.

The Barbary States did a lucrative business keeping the various busy Royal Navy squadrons in the Mediterranean well supplied with bullocks and corn, as well as the fresh fruit and vegetables that, it was now known, were needed to keep scurvy at bay. It was, therefore, important that the Corsairs did nothing

to upset this trade. The various Barbary Ports had, therefore, signed treaties with Britain agreeing not to attack British ships or enslave British subjects. There was therefore no question of British women being ransomed, for they should not have been captured in the first place.

Nevertheless, Luigi knew, pretty British women could still be discreetly, but very profitably, enslaved.

In this case, for instance, the women could be taken onboard the corsair's own ship so that when the captured ship was taken by her prize crew to Tunis they would not be onboard.

Instead, when the corsair ship returned with them onboard, the officials of the Bey of Tunis would simply be told, with many a nod and a wink and a suitable present for the Bey himself, that they had been captured during a raid on a coastal village and that they were Bavarian women, visiting friends in Italy. Bavaria, of course, being a landlocked country had no seaborne commerce to protect and, therefore, no treaty with the Barbary States prohibiting the enslavement of its subjects.

Any subsequent enquiries from the British authorities regarding the disappearance of the women would simply be met with bland assurances of sympathy - and total ignorance of the matter.

Merchandise as valuable as these women would, in any case, be disposed of discreetly and privately through Hassan Effendi, the leading slave dealer in Tunis. He had invested in this Corso in return for having first refusal on all captured women.

He would, Luigi thought, keep the women hidden away for a couple of months whilst they underwent training in his 'school'. This would increase their value and by then any hue and cry about the missing British women would have died down. This would, perhaps, also give time for them to undergo certain little operations which would yet further greatly increase their value.

Moreover, Hassan had many wealthy clients with carefully guarded harems into which the women would disappear for ever.

And who would want to tell the truth?

Nobody!

Luigi smiled as he thought of how his news would reinstate him in the eyes of his Master. His main rival for his affections had been Juan, an eighteen year old Spanish eunuch page boy, who had earlier been sent to spy out the coast north of Malaga.

Juan had returned with news of a convent school for girls which had rented a remote farmhouse near the coast for the summer. The Rais had quickly organised a night raid on the convent and now half a dozen nubile young Spanish girls and a couple of young novice nuns were lying naked and caged in the hold of the corsair ship.

Back in Tunis, they would sell well and the Rais had made much of Juan. But now Luigi's own news of the brig sailing from Gibraltar with its valuable cargo and passengers would eclipse even Juan's - and put his nose well and truly out of joint!

Of course, he would not be in charge of the captured women. That was Samba's job. White eunuchs like himself, he knew, were traditionally regarded as being too susceptible to the wiles of white slavegirls to be used in harems or by slave dealers. Instead, for centuries wealthy Turks and Arabs had always used black eunuchs to supervise and discipline the women in their harems - and the same applied to slave dealers. Black eunuchs had a reputation for standing no nonsense from white women in their charge.

Moreover, Luigi also reflected a little ruefully, his report of the valuable cargo and women passengers, was not all that would please his Master, the Rais. He had also noticed a good looking young cabin boy amongst the crew and a well-dressed handsome young Neapolitan Midshipman amongst the ship's officers. He doubted if they would remain entire males for much longer.

Oh, yes, again Luigi thought, with the brig carrying three beautiful white women passengers, a couple of handsome youths in the crew and a very valuable cargo of arms and ammunition, his Master would surely be well pleased with the news he was bringing to him.

Surely he would now prefer him for his bed, over his rival white pageboy! ■

4 - CAPTURED

It was just getting light and Samba joined in the excitement that ran through the crew as they saw the line of smoke rising from the signal pyre on the point. Luigi, had had seen and recognised the heavily laden Neapolitan brig as it ponderously made its way along the coast towards them.

Hastily the Rais gave the order to raise anchor and set sail. Soon the ship was underway - prominently flying the misleading yellow and red flag of Spain.

Samba was rubbing his hands at the thought of taking charge of the three British women. All was ready. A spare stack of three cages, one above the other, had been scrubbed out and the securing chains for the women checked. This stack was next to similar cages in which the young Spanish girls and the novice nuns were already chained. Another stack was available for the two boys destined for gelding.

The fast corsair hung back behind the point until the second signal and then, letting all sails draw, rushed round the point, ready to fall upon the helpless and unsuspecting brig.

The boarding party of Janissaries remained hidden below as the corsair ship closed. The corsair crew, dressed to look like Spanish seamen, exchanged waves with the unsuspecting watch on deck of the brig.

Suddenly the corsair ship put up her helm and ran alongside the brig. It was all over in a minute as the Janissaries, swords and pistols in hand, swung on-board and forced the terrified crew up onto the fore-castle.

Members of the watch below were sleepily coming up the main companionway to see what was happening - only to find themselves also forced at gun-point up onto the raised fore-castle. Meanwhile some of the corsairs had seized control of the wheel aft. They swung

the ship into the wind, whilst others lowered her sails. She was now drifting helplessly, the corsair ship secured alongside by grappling irons.

Horried, the Captain of the brig stepped onto his quarterdeck, his Letter of Protection and Indemnity, issued by King Ferdinand of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in his hand. The Rais took it, glanced at it and tore it to shreds. Who was afraid now of a King who had lost his capital, Naples, to the French invaders and with it, the territory on the mainland of Italy that made up half his kingdom?

Other members of the boarding party came running up from below, confirming that the cargo did indeed consist of valuable arms and ammunition.

Meanwhile, whip in hand, Samba, the ship's head black eunuch and his young assistant, Napu, both on loan from Hassan Effendi the slave dealer, also swung aboard and made their way down to the cabins of the still sleeping passengers.

Moments later three tousled and frightened female figures in white nightclothes were being bundled across to the corsair ship and hustled down into the hold used for captives. Here they were joined by the equally terrified figures of the young Neapolitan Mid-shipman and the cabin boy.

Samba looked at the scared captives. The young girl was sobbing in her mother's arms. He cracked his whip.

'Attenzione!' he shouted in the partly Italian and partly Arabic Lingua Franca that was used to address white slaves in the Barbary States. His meaning was clear even to the British women, as cracking his whip again, he shouted in his high pitched voice. 'Nudo! Immediatamente! Tutto nudo!'

There were horrified gasps from the women. Samba cracked his whip again and Napu moved towards the cowering women.

‘All right! But don’t touch me!’ cried Amanda, her hands going to the buttons of her dressing gown. Her eyes kept darting to Samba’s jet black skin and then to that of his young assistant. It was the first time she has seen a black man close up and certainly the first time that a black man had ever seen her in a state of half undress.

‘Silencio!’ cried the young Napu, also cracking his whip. ‘Nudo!’

Then he and Samba stood back expectantly, the whips raised menacingly.

Terrified, taking their lead from Amanda, the blushing Diana and Jeannie also began to unbutton their dressing gowns. There was a series of rustling noises as the women dropped them to the deck of the hold.

‘Tutto nudo!’ repeated Samba angrily.

A moment later their nightdresses lay around their bare ankles.

Samba looked the naked women up and down with an experienced eye. They were a valuable set and would sell very well - particularly if they were sold as one lot.

Amanda was trying to hide her body with hands. Angrily Samba knocked them away with his whip. She had well formed, firm, breasts and a delightfully slim waist. The contrast would greatly excite an Arab Master - and she would be excellent material for training by an experienced chief black eunuch. What a pity, he thought, he was employed by Hassan on the Corso and not in his training school – or, even better, in his slave breeding farm.

His only regret was that the Englishwoman was not, obviously, in an interesting condition. A swollen belly would have yet further increased her value when displayed running naked round his master’s private auction ring or displayed in privacy to a special client - or his chief black eunuch. ‘Two for the price of one!’ was a well known auctioneer’s cry.

Diana, Samba saw, was a younger version of the mother, with breasts that were already prominent. A

beautiful white mother and daughter - and British to boot! The mere idea would drive many a wealthy Arab mad with desire. Certainly training them to perform together would be a fascinating task for their future Master’s chief black eunuch.

Moreover, the red haired Jeannie had a lush and voluptuous young body that would contrast delightfully with the other two.

The beauty lips of all three were hidden by golden or red curls, but he could soon remove them as soon as he got them into his master’s establishment and off this gently heaving vessel. Hassan would, he knew, want to keep a thin little line of hair across the mound: the Slave Dealer’s Moustache as it was called, to show buyers that two of the women really were genuine blonds and the other a redhead.

Their new master’s eunuch could later quickly remove the moustache once they were locked up in their new owner’s harem, so as to achieve the totally smooth look that Arab men found so arousing.

One by one the three women were put into a long low cages, stacked one above the other. Soon all three were lying naked on their backs on the barred base of their cage, hands chained helplessly to the bars above their head and ankles chained apart to the bars at the bottom of the cage.

There were several stacks of cages for women and one for boys. Below the naked bottom cheeks of each woman and each boy was a piece of flat metal on top of the bars. It was shaped so that their liquids would flow harmlessly away into a container screwed down onto the deck.

Samba looked at his helpless charges and waved away the members of the crew who had been helping him. He locked the cover to the companionway leading down to this hold. From now on the security of these valuable women and boys was his responsibility. His Master would not be pleased if their potential sales value had been reduced by either the either the women or the boys being raped by lusty members of the crew. ■



The now naked Amanda, her daughter Diana and her maid Jeanne, are put into long low cages stacked one above the other, lying on their backs with their hands chained helplessly above their heads and their ankles chained apart to the bars at the end of each cage...

PART TWO - A SLAVEGIRL IS SENTENCED

5 - THE MATING OF CARMEN

Peering down through the screen that concealed him, Matrak took a look at the tall Spanish aristocrat Carmen. She was becoming nicely ripe, as the eunuchs liked to call it.

She was now happily standing in the pool and innocently playing at throwing a ball to the other girls, under the watchful eye of Abdul. Matrak nodded approvingly - the exercise would help strengthen the muscles of her swelling belly and breasts.

He looked down more carefully. Yes, the leather laces that neatly bound her beauty lips together were in place and the water splashing up from the pool would serve to tighten them further and make it quite impossible for her to interfere with nature, or to get at her little progeny - and what a special one it was to be!

Having a girl or two on a ripe condition and subsequently keeping them in milk for a year or two was a normal part of harem life - and was a field that Matrak, like all chief black eunuchs, was well experienced.

In Europe men might keep away from a woman in such a state, but not in a harem. Here the eunuchs would take complete charge of the whole operation and relieve the Master of any involvement - other than of enjoying the sight of the girl's changing body as she was paraded daily in front of him, with her overseer delicately drawing back the unhappy girl's robe to disclose her beautifully curved belly for him to run his hands over.

Moreover many eunuchs recommended an enforced maternity to their Masters as an excellent way of achieving the much larger breasts that were so prized here. The progeny would not, of course, be fathered by the Master, but by a slave, for no respectable man would want a son by a bitch of an unbelieving Christian. The resulting progeny would immediately be

taken away to be raised as a, but the girl would be kept in milk by the eunuchs for the delight of her Master.

But in the case of Carmen there was a further reason...

Like Henrietta, she had been given to the Bey as a present by the old Pasha and, like her, bore the Pasha's brand, marked in green, on her belly.

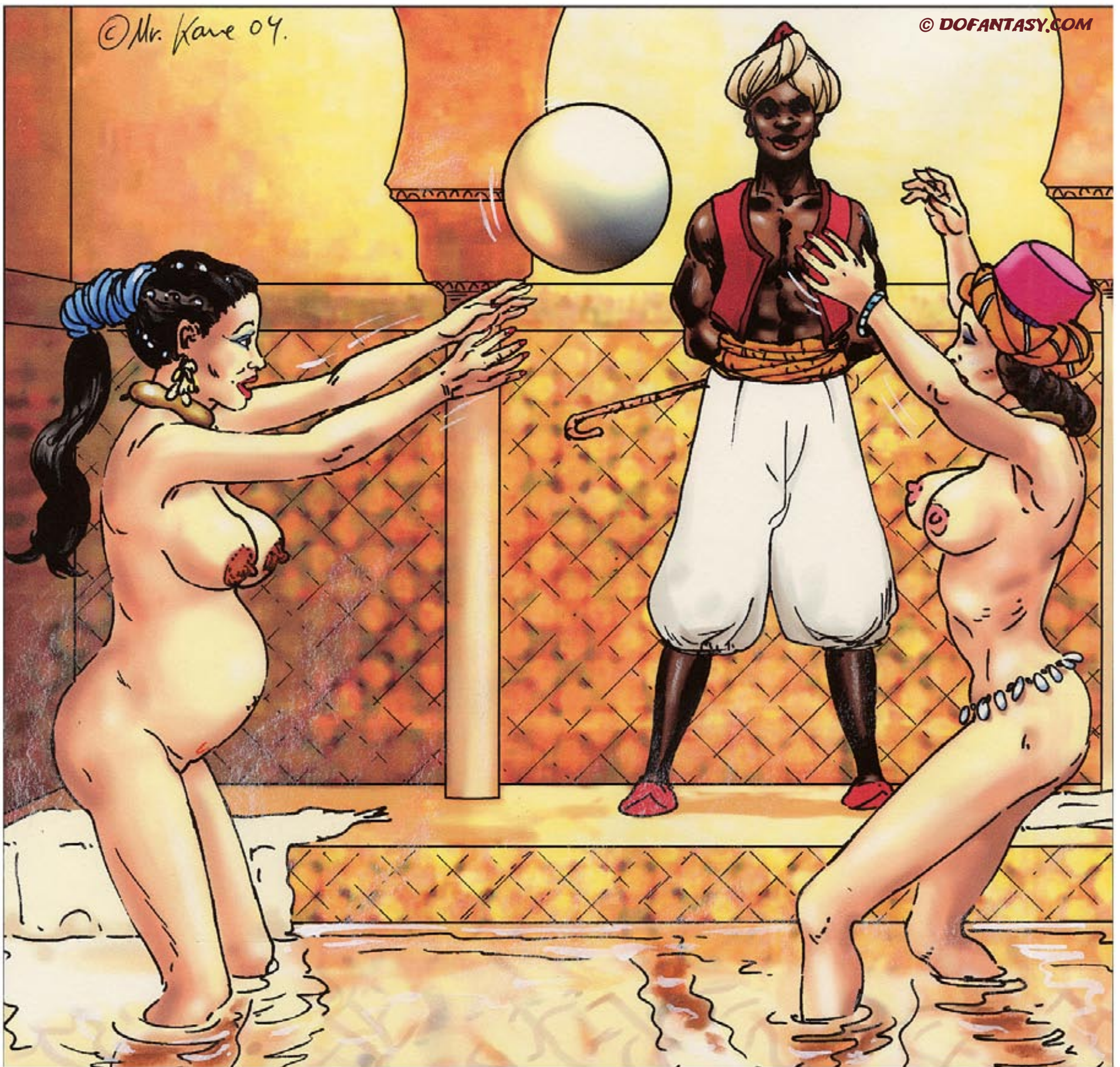
The Bey had still been a relatively junior officer, a Colonel and only Second-in-Command of the Pasha's Janissaries. But already he had caught the Pasha's eye. Dissatisfied with the then Turkish Commander of his Janissaries, the Pasha had been planning to bring on Rory as his replacement.

An essential part of the Pasha's plan was to portray Rory, or Colonel Hussein Effendi as he was now known, as someone who was not soft on his former fellow Christians - male or female. For this he needed his subordinate to do something rather spectacular that would be the talk of the port. The Pasha had thought long and hard and then, secretly summoning Matrak, he disclosed his plan ...

The use of captured Christian women for the breeding of loyal followers of the true faith had long been considered in the Ottoman Empire to be a fine revenge for the humiliations that the Christian unbelievers had for centuries imposed on it.

Traditionally, the Janissaries themselves were the children of the Sultan's Christian subjects, taken away as children. What finer revenge could there be than to use Christian women enslaved by the Barbary Pirates for the breeding of the next generation of Janissaries in North Africa - fathered by present ones?

This was indeed an idea that had been discussed by Matrak and his friend and opposite number, the Pa-



With her well curved belly showing how “ripe” she was getting , Carmen is standing naked in a shallow pool in the Bey’s harem and having to throw a ball to another girl under the watchful eye of Abdul, the young assistant black eunuch, who knows that this exercise will strengthen the muscles of her swelling belly and breasts...

sha's own chief black eunuch, who had mentioned it to the Pasha. It would have been very popular with the Janissaries themselves, but the Pasha wanted something even more dramatic, something that might also seal the acceptance of Rory among the merchant community, something which would demonstrate that his attitude to captured Christian women was as cruel and ruthless as that of any Turk or Arab.

So it was that when Carmen had arrived as a present from the Pasha to help start his harem, she had come with a certain recommendation: that she should be covered by the male pygmies, that had recently been brought back across the Sahara by one of Marsa's leading slave dealers.

The slave dealer himself was now looking for a spectacular occasion on which to launch his new service. It was a service that, he was convinced, would be popular with many of the chief black eunuchs in charge of the harems of captured white women owned by the richer merchants.

A recommendation from the Pasha was, of course, as good as an order. Matrak had consulted his friend, the Pasha's chief black eunuch, to obtain details of Carmen's past monthly cycles and had calculated the day when a mating would be the most likely to be successful. He had also put her on a course of strange little pills that, unknown to Carmen, had a reputation amongst eunuchs of greatly increasing the chances of obtaining a multiple conception.

Then when all was ready, he had advised Rory to invite some of the leading Arab merchants in Marsa, together with several of Rory's fellow officers, to witness an interesting spectacle.

Colonel Hussein Effendi and his guests had been seated, in Turkish fashion, on comfortable little divans and served Turkish coffee in exquisite little cups, by Tulip, Rory's young Italian white eunuch personal attendant - another sign that he had indeed adopted Moslem ways.

Matrak had, of course, hooded and muzzled Carmen before leading her by a heavy chain attached to her collar and dressed in just a simple robe, into the room where the guests were seated. In this way the Colonel's honour would be safeguarded for the guests would not see his white concubine's face and she would not be

able to see them.

Moreover, she would not be able to see, or even try to talk to, the fathers of her future progeny. Her hands were also chained behind her back to prevent from trying to interfere with the proceedings.

Matrak had pulled back the girl's robe to display to the astonished guests the Pasha's brand mark on her naked belly - a sign of the high regard that the all-powerful Pasha had for this young English officer.

Several possible pygmy mates had then been lined up naked in front of the guests. Then, naked but still hooded, Carmen had been made to stand alongside each of them in turn, whilst the seated guests, sipping their coffee, had discussed at length which of the pygmies would make the best mates. Finally they had agreed on two particularly well endowed ones. Their manhoods might naturally be small, to match the size of these pygmies, but their testicles were large and heavy.

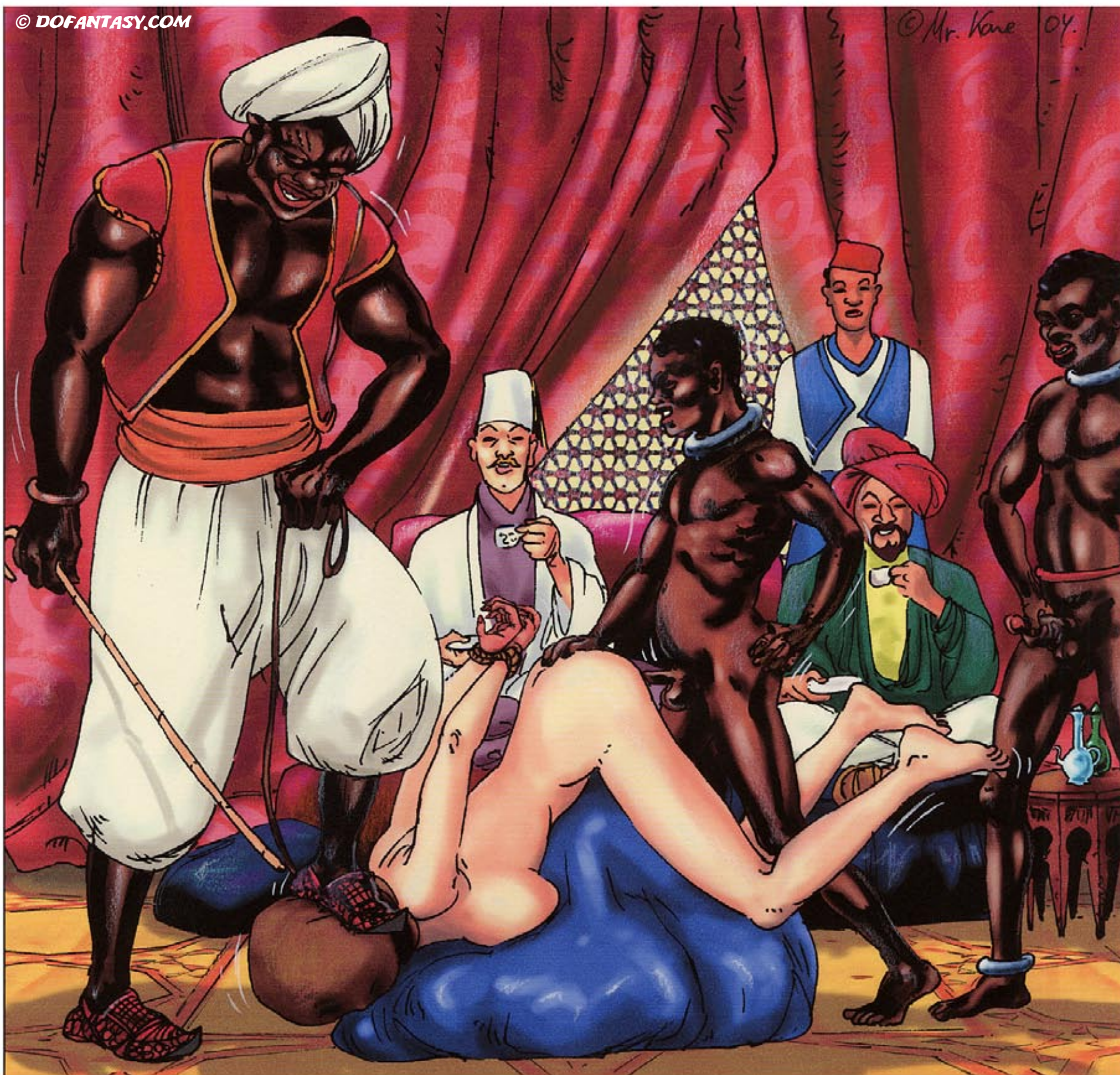
Muffled grunts of horror came from under the hood as Carmen felt the little naked bodies of the pygmies pressing up against her own body and as she heard the laughter of the guests.

First, she had been made to kneel down over a cushion on a carpet in front of the guests, so that her hips were raised.

Then, Matrak, holding her quite still by the chain attached to her collar and pressing his left leg down on her neck, had used his right hand to administer the usual warming-up thrashing with his cane. It was a procedure that experienced eunuchs believed greatly increased the chances of a successful conception, by getting the blood racing through the girl's loins.

At the same time he had deftly loosened her muzzle so that the delighted guests could enjoy hearing her cries of pain.

Matrak also knew of old that a not too violent thrashing nearly always also resulted in a girl becoming aroused and ready for penetration. After several strokes, therefore, he stopped and went behind her to feel between her depilated beauty lips. Finding to his delight that she was indeed aroused, he had nodded to the first of the waiting, and similarly aroused, pygmies to proceed whilst he again held the girl steady.



Muffled grunts of horror came from under the hood over the kneeling Carmen's head, as the big strong chief eunuch, Matrak, holding her collar lead in one hand and a cane in the other pressed his left leg down on her neck to hold her steady as the first of the pygmies penetrated her before shooting his inseminating semen up into her, whilst the other pygmy stood waiting his turn...

Carmen still had no idea what was going to happen and despite the now only slightly muffling effect of the hood, her screams of horror and protest as she was slowly penetrated filled the room. Soon, however, the screams died down and the amused guests saw that despite the girl's initial horror, nature had taken over and that her hips were now beginning to react in time to the thrusts of the little pygmy.

Then a final scream of horror announced that the pygmy's seed had jetted well and truly up inside her.

But she was given no respite, for within moments of the first pygmy withdrawing from the now sobbing girl, the second one had thrust up inside her, producing a new series of screams from under the hood. This time there seemed to be little response from her body, until the same final scream as she again felt the fertilising seed jetting into her.

Now, as the guests continued to sip their coffee and argued amongst themselves as to which of the matings was likely to prove the successful one, Matrak turned Carmen onto her back. Raising her legs high into the air, he had fastened her ankles to chains hanging from the ceiling, so that her hips were raised off the carpet.

The guests laughed as they saw the girl's body lips twitch as, with a sob of despair, she vainly tried to expel the seed which was now slipping deeper and deeper into her.

Then, picking up his cane, Matrak gave her the customary post-mating thrashing on the exposed cheeks of her bottom. Once again it was a procedure that he felt decreased the remote possibility of the girl not now conceiving. Moreover, like the first thrashing, it would ensure that she did not look back on her mating as a moment of pleasure, but of pain - for the only source of pleasure allowed to a slave girl is, of course, her Master.

Then, to prevent her from interfering with what nature intended to happen to her body and accompanied by little muffled screams and cries from under her hood, Matrak had slowly and carefully sewn up the girl's beauty lips. He sealed the ends of the laces together with a wax seal, leaving a tiny gap low down through which she could pass her wastes. The laces would remain in place until her moment of deliver-

ance arrived - an event to which the guests would also be warmly invited.

Matrak had kept Carmen lying on her back for several hours to ensure a good conception - long after the laughing guests had left. They had been most impressed with the spectacle, congratulating the Rory on treating a hated Christian in a proper way, making tentative bookings with the beaming slave dealer for the hire of his pygmies for use in their own harems or on their estates and promising to return for the delivery of the progeny. They had also generously tipped Matrak for having arranged such a splendid exhibition.

The story of how the new foreign Colonel of the Janissaries had treated his Christian slave girl with the same callousness and cruelty as a man born into the True Faith had quickly gone the rounds of both the bazaar and the barracks. So, too, had the story that he was held in such esteem by the Pasha that he had been given one the Pasha's own white slavegirls, branded with his own crest.

Muttering against the formerly 'Roumi', Christian, Colonel had died away and Rory's reputation had been greatly enhanced. This well publicised event had indeed played a significant part in Rory's subsequent promotion to the command of the local Janissaries and of the award of the title of Bey.

Quite apart from helping Rory to overcome the suspicions of his troops and of the merchant community in Marsa, it had also greatly increased Matrak's own standing in Marsa. He now stood proudly among the leading eunuchs in the town. Using the money that had been pressed into his hand by the much impressed spectators of the mating, he now wore golden robes which, for sheer sumptuousness, matched those of the chief black eunuch of the Pasha himself.

His young Master had thoroughly enjoyed having a pretty girl in an interesting condition in his harem. Encouraged by Matrak he had taken a close interest in the growing curve of her belly, enjoying having her paraded naked in front of him and selecting her frequently for his bed - but using her, as Matrak suggested, like a boy in accordance with Turkish custom.

Matrak had told the Pasha's chief black eunuch of all this and the Pasha himself had been secretly delighted to hear of the increasing adoption of Turkish ways by his young protégé.

When Carmen's day of deliverance arrived, her tiny mulatto progeny would be sold to be raised as an exotic on a slave farm, whilst Carmen herself would become Rory's milk slave - a prospect to which he was clearly looking forward.

Looking down into the harem patio, Matrak counted the women. Ten! Yes, they were all there and everything seemed to be in order.

You had to be so careful with these cunning white women - the little minxes were always seeking to outwit their eunuch overseers and slip away, out of sight, so as to give themselves, or, worse, each other, a little relief. That, of course, was strictly forbidden in the harem and Matrak regarded it not only as being unfaithful to the Master and an outrage, but also a direct threat to his own authority.

But the women were all now present and correct in the patio, chatting away happily or splashing in the shallow pool, under the supervision of young Abdul, who was tapping his cane against the palm of his hand. How humiliating it must be for these formerly free European women to be constantly supervised by a young negro. They could not even go and spend a penny without his permission and then would have to do so, again humiliatingly, to his order and into a little brass bowl which he held with one hand whilst he held his raised cane in the other hand.

Having a white woman's natural functions degradingly controlled by a black eunuch, was Matrak knew, an excellent way of enforcing discipline and instilling a feeling of subservience.

Yes, Matrak was thinking, Abdul had the makings of a good overseer. The women treated him with almost as much respect as they did Matrak himself - and, as Matrak well knew, a white woman only respected her eunuch supervisors if she feared them.

He pulled out of the pocket of his richly embroidered robe the note book in which he recorded everything about each of the women: the dates of their monthly

cycles, their weight, their latest breast, waist and hip measurements, the length of their beauty lips, the state of their natural functions, their offences and punishments, details of the training they had been given in pleasing their Master, the dates of when they had been chosen by the Master and, most important of all, how and in what way they had performed and whether they had been allowed to climax.

Knowledge that all this was degradingly recorded in their overseer's book, made the women feel more slave-like than ever. They would have felt even more slave-like had they known the meaning the mysterious red star against some of their names, for this showed that they were being considered for possible disposal to a slave dealer.

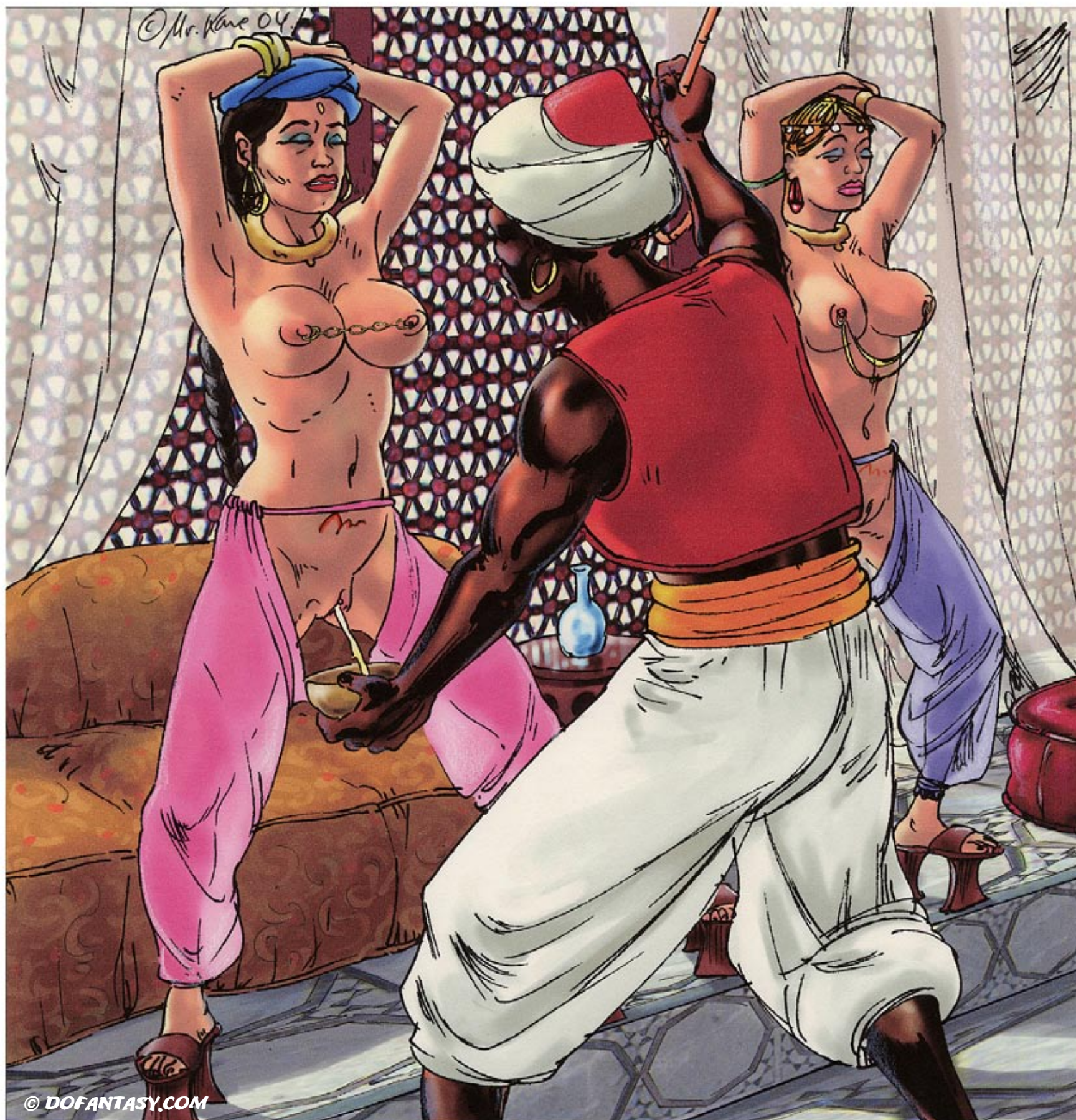
The slave dealer, in turn, would be able to sell them on well, for there was always a good market for a girl bearing the brand of a well known man, known to have been trained and disciplined in a well run harem. They would then be replaced by fresh blood from the bulging white slave markets of Marsa.

Perhaps even more terrifying would have been knowing the meaning of the blue stars against other names, for this showed that they were being considered for mating either with a selected Dinka giant, or, once again, with the little pygmies.

Naturally the Bey, like most other Masters, did not want to be bothered with having children of his own from a mere slave girl. Soon the Bey would be looking to marry into some well known Turkish families, and have sons by his wives - but not, Matrak kept on telling him, by from a mere Christian slave girl, not even if she was a very pretty Englishwoman.

It was these thoughts that had made Matrak consider suggesting to the Bey that Henrietta should be the next girl to be covered by the pygmies. But in his heart he had known that the young Englishman would never agree to humiliate the Englishwoman in this way - particularly one of whom he was fond.

But he, Matrak, had a plan which would overcome that problem and yet would humiliate the stuck-up Henrietta in a different, but still very effective, way. Oh yes, it was a very cunning plan! The punishment would be terrible and would certainly teach Henrietta a lesson she would not forget in a hurry. ■



These formerly free young women are under the constant and humiliating supervision of a young black eunuch. They cannot even spend a penny without his permission, which they have to do to his order and into a little brass bowl which he holds with one hand whilst holding his raised cane with the other....

6 - HENRIETTA

Henrietta was kneeling up on the beautiful large carpet that had been laid on the tiles of the enclosed harem patio. She wished she was allowed to sit cross legged, but she knew that slavegirls were not allowed to sit cross legged like their Masters.

It was a position that showed her half naked figure off well. She was an attractive sight. A little tasselled gold embroidered cap was perched on her head and riveted round her slim neck was the heavy brass slave collar that she had to keep well polished. Being wide it was designed to keep her chin up and hence her shoulders back and her breasts well thrust out – in the approved Marsa slavegirl style.

Her specially elongated, and crimson painted, nipples peaked round the edges of a stiff embroidered green bolero that did not meet in the front. Her similarly painted beauty lips gleamed under her thin silken harem pantaloons – and on her feet were pretty little embroidered slippers with turned-up points.

On her forehead was painted the Arabic numeral four, for she was Concubine Number Four, the Bey's young English concubine whom the Pasha had given to him partly as a reward for his services, and partly to help relieve the loneliness of his exile.

She wondered whether Rory, as she dared to think of him, had returned from his tour of inspection. The eunuchs, of course, would not say. They liked to keep the women on tenterhooks. Oh when, oh when, would she see him again?

Oh, how she longed to be in his arms again. But then so did all his other women. But she could whisper little words of love in English, which they couldn't - except for the Irish girl, Barbara.

But, oh, how her nipples longed for his touch. How her body screamed for relief in his bed - even if it did

often result in her so unfairly getting the cane from Matrak, for having climaxed without her Master's express permission.

No, she had shared so many adventures with him. She was very special and far superior to them. She had been his harem for a year now. It had been a year in which she had never been allowed to see beyond the high walls surrounding the harem garden - except for a distant view of the sea when, in the evenings, the women were taken by Matrak to the flat roof of the harem to enjoy the cool breeze. But even then, lest they might inadvertently be seen by another man, they had to don veils and wear long shapeless black Burquas, as well as ugly black boots and gloves to hide their delicate wrists and ankles.

It had also been a year in which she had never, not even when sleeping or passing her wastes or in other intimate moments, been out of sight of a eunuch - except, of course, in those rare and precious moments when she was alone with Rory. Matrak and Abdul had humiliatingly supervised and recorded her monthly cycle and had seen to it that Rory was the only man she ever saw or heard - other than the beardless eunuchs with their falsetto piping voices.

But, it had been a year in which the eunuchs had made sure that she was kept pure. All her life she had secretly played with herself, and it was so frustrating and humiliating now being constantly watched to make sure she, and the other women, did not. But, she realised, it was a cunning system that made her, and the others, all the more desperate to be chosen by him for his pleasure.

It was also a year in which, to her jealous fury, he had acquired more European concubines - as befitted his new position as a Bey. He was, Henrietta realised, a

busy and important man, largely preoccupied with his Janissaries and with his relations with the Pasha and the merchants of the town.

His harem, she knew, was only a part of his life. But he was the entire life of the women in his harem. He dominated her thoughts and those of the other beautiful women shut up in it. By day she found herself constantly having erotic day-dreams thoughts about him, about his virile manhood and of pleasing him. By night she dreamt of nothing else.

So it was that like the other women in the harem, she had become jealously obsessed with her young Master. Just as the other women seemed to have forgotten about their husbands, betrothed or lovers and had settled down to harem life under the supervision of a strict chief black eunuch, so she too hardly ever now thought about her handsome, but now lost, young husband, Captain James Hamilton of the 56th.

She had been on her way to join him with the troops protecting Sicily from a French invasion, when the ship in which she had taken passage from Malta was captured by Barbary pirates and she had been brought to Marsa and sold as a helpless slave – to the Pasha, who had much enjoyed owning her, before passing her on to his subordinate as a reward for his loyalty.

So much seemed to have happened since she last saw her husband that her former life seemed like another world ...

Henrietta picked up a hand mirror and looked at herself. Yes, Matrak's exercises had kept her naked breasts, with their scarlet painted and specially elongated nipples, surprisingly firm.

She looked down at the cutaway in the front of her pantaloons that humiliatingly disclosed the prominent green coloured brand on her belly - the brand of the immensely rich Pasha of Marsa who had bought her for his harem.

She would never forget her branding, being hooded so that she could not see what was happening, the heat of the blacksmith's forge, the sudden terrible pain, the smell of burning flesh and the sharp sting as the special pigment was rubbed into the wound so that the scar would be a brilliant green colour.

It was in the harem of the Pasha that she had first been trained as a concubine, taught to use her mouth and tongue, as well as proffer her washed out rear entrance, to gratify the lusts of the elderly but still virile Pasha.

The Pasha's harem was much larger than Rory's with many more white concubines, as well as his Turkish wives who were the mothers of his sons. Nevertheless, life there had not been all that different from Rory's harem. Like Matrak, the Pasha's chief black eunuch had been a firm believer in making the white women in his charge humiliatingly behave like little girls.

Matrak, she knew, enjoyed keeping her in this half naked state, whereas some of the other concubines were allowed to wear lovely caftans and Turkish robes. Certainly, being kept half naked, like her neat brand mark and her heavy, carefully polished, brass slave collar, constantly reminded her of her present status as merely one of the Bey's women slaves. It also prevented her from assuming, on the basis that she too was English, that she was the Bey's favourite.

She knew that Matrak deliberately kept her down, hating, even fearing, the idea of a Favourite who might flaunt her authority in the harem as a rival to that of his own. She knew that the fact that she came from the same country and the same background and class as the young Bey, made Matrak even more suspicious of her - and even more determined to allow her no privileges or special treatment. He was determined that she should be just another beautiful concubine in the service of his Master and nothing more.

But Matrak was still proud of her English beauty and her honey coloured hair, so unusual in North Africa, even amongst the European slave women and would proudly show it off to other visiting chief black eunuchs. He made sure she always kept it beautifully brushed and hanging down her back, like that of a teenage girl, from under her pert little sequined cap, with its long black tassel.

Indeed, that very morning he had sent her to have her hair carefully groomed and dressed by Rosebud, the young Italian white eunuch harem hairdresser. Rosebud had also made up her beautiful little elfin face in the oriental fashion that Matrak required.

Although she hated being made-up to look like an

Eastern houri, it was pointless to complain, for Matrak decided just how each of the women in the harem was to look like and what they were to wear and even how they were to please their Master in his bed. He would not hesitate to thrash any woman who queried his decisions.

Rosebud had also outlined her soft and alluring blue eyes. It was these that, with her golden hair, both rare in the North African slave markets and the fact that she was the wife of an British army officer, that had resulted in the Pasha having to pay a very high price for her from Achmet, one of the leading slave dealers in Marsa. It had been a price, she remembered, well out of the reach of Rory Fitzgerald who was then only a Colonel in the Turkish employ and whom the Pasha had summoned to act as his interpreter in Achmet's establishment when he came to inspect her.

Rosebud had put drops into her eyes, as he did with all the harem women, that made them seem huge. This was something that Matrak had done to all the concubines, even though it made them see everything as blur. He was only concerned with what they looked like - not with how much they could see.

Then, as he did every day, on Matrak's orders, to all the concubines, Rosebud had bound silken threads around her nipples and had spent several minutes alternatively massaging them and pulling them out. After a year of this treatment they were now very much longer and prominent than normal - more like those of a bitch in whelp. It was humiliating, but as she now looked down at them, she could not help feeling proud of them and of the way they thrust the bolero aside.

It was a treatment that had also made her nipples far more sensitive - just as had been intended by Matrak. Indeed they were now almost as sensitive as her beauty bud itself. It was one of the reasons why she, like her fellow concubines, now longed to feel her Master's fingers rolling her nipples gently between his fingers. It was a feeling that would drive her almost mad with frantic desire.

The fact that the Bey was away for a few days did not seem to have altered the strict harem routine. They still had to look beautiful and groomed the whole time, never knowing whether their young Master had returned and was secretly watching them, hidden be-

hind the grille on the balcony that looked down from his private quarters.

So, the concubines were kept on their toes all the time, never knowing when their Master might suddenly order his women to be paraded in front the inspection grille, behind which he would be sitting hidden as he discussed each woman in turn with Matrak. And woe betide any woman whose appearance was not perfect or whose smiling submissiveness was not judged to be sufficiently subservient.

Henrietta gave a little shiver of fear as she remembered how even innocent mistakes made during a harem selection parade were judged to be Insolence - an offence on a par with Arguing with a Eunuch or worse still Answering Back.

And although their beloved young Master seemed blissfully unaware of it, Matrak's standard punishment for Insolence, Arguing or Answering Back, was ten strokes of the cane, five on the bottom and five across the front of the thighs and belly. Alternatively a girl could choose to have six strokes across the breasts.

Either way, it was a fearful punishment, carried in front of all the other girls. It was also one that not even being ripe, as the eunuchs horribly described it, stopped Matrak from carrying out.

It was not so much the actual pain, for Matrak did not apply the strokes as hard as he might have, but rather the long drawn out waiting to be summoned for punishment, the humiliation of having to undress and bend over in front of the other women and then again the long drawn out process of the actual beating, with as much as two minutes between each stroke.

Even the lesser crimes of Slackness and Lack of Respect carried an automatic punishment of six strokes and could be given to a girl even by Abdul on the spot - and Abdul took offence very easily, as she had learned to her cost.

But despite the constant threat of being caned or, perhaps she wondered, because of it, there was a happy atmosphere in the harem. The girls would be constantly teasing each other and laughing, under the eye of a supervising eunuch, just as, when they had been when little schoolgirls back in Europe, they had

laughingly played in their nurseries or school rooms under the eye of a nanny or school teacher.

Indeed three of the concubines were now innocently playing with a skipping rope, counting out aloud the number of jumps - it just the sort of childish pastime she hated.

She turned to the little pool with a beautiful fountain playing in the centre. It was only a few feet deep, but several concubines were splashing each other, like little girls in a paddling pool. One of them called to her to join them, but she angrily waved her hand in refusal. She was different from them. She was English - like the Master. She might now be only a collared and branded slave girl, but once she had been an English lady.

She saw that Carmen, now with a well curved belly, was also happily splashing naked in the pool.

Poor girl! She remembered how the Pasha had been a great believer in the medicinal powers of the milk of young white slavegirls. Moreover, like many Turks, the Pasha felt that a swollen belly was the natural condition for a slavegirl and one that enhanced her beauty and attractiveness. His chief black eunuch had therefore insisted that the Pasha's harem should always include one or two girls expecting a happy event, as he cruelly called it..

Recently Henrietta had seen Matrak talking to Abdul and pointing at her own belly ...

Oh God! No!

Watching the playing girls approvingly and unobtrusively from a corner of the patio and at the same time keeping an eye on Henrietta, stood the youthful figure of Abdul, Matrak's equally strict assistant eunuch.

Henrietta looked at Abdul nervously. Was her hair still all right? Was her make-up smudged? Were her hands well away from her beauty lips?

The concubines always had to be supervised by a eunuch, even in the bathroom. It was a serious offence ever to be found alone, or alone with other girls. If you were caught, then it was assumed that you were being Unfaithful, as they called it, for only the Bey was allowed to give pleasure to his women and Matrak in-

sisted on his women being kept completely pure, like little girls.

To make sure that nothing untoward happened at night or during the siesta time, Matrak had persuaded the Bey that with more women in his harem a third eunuch was now needed to patrol the dormitory when the women were supposed to be sleeping. Accordingly Matrak had recruited a now elderly former colleague of his, Nadu.

The girls slept three to a bed, on their backs and woe betide any girls ever found by Nadu not to have their hands displayed innocently above the bed clothes.

Henrietta shivered as she eyed the boy's cane and remembered that the punishment even for what the eunuchs called Attempted Unfaithfulness, whether with other girls or alone, was a terrifying ten strokes of the cane, twice a day, for five days. And for second offence, Matrak had warned them, the Master might order their beauty buds to be cut off. Cut off! And Abdul's eye was on her now! Quickly she moved her hands up above her waist.

Henrietta still could not get used to the way the eunuchs dominated every facet of harem life and intimately controlled the women in their charge.

In Malta, before being captured, she had heard stories about the use of eunuchs in the harems of North Africa, but had assumed that they were just used to guard the women.

How wrong she had been.

She had no idea that these frightening creatures had the authority to control and punish the women in their charge - nor to monitor and record the most intimate aspects of a woman's life.

She had never, for instance, got used to having to parade naked every morning with all the other white concubines, first in front of the Pasha's chief black eunuch and now in front of Matrak.

Each girl in turn would have to step up onto a stool in front of the seated chief black eunuch. At a word of command she had to clasp her hands behind her neck. Then looking straight ahead, she would have to part her legs and bend her knees. In the Pasha's harem, a young eunuch boy, and here, Abdul, would then part

her hairless beauty lips for the chief black eunuch's embarrassingly intimate inspection, after which he would make little notes in his harem notebook.

Similarly, she could never get used to being instructed by these monsters in the most intimate ways of pleasing the Master. It was, for instance, the Pasha's chief black eunuch who had first taught her to arouse the elderly Pasha by squeezing his nipples, or by reaching up, and degradingly licking him, as he sat, or knelt, over her face.

Even worse was the way that they would check with the girl, after she had left the Master's bed, just what form the Master's love-making had taken and whether she had carried out properly her previous instructions and training.

Nor could she ever get used to the way the eunuchs controlled their natural functions. Used to performing them in private in Europe, they were appalled to find that in the harem it had always to be done in front of a eunuch and then held up, like those of a child, to be recorded and inspected by the chief eunuch himself.

Did her beloved Rory have any idea of the discipline and control to which Matrak and Abdul subjected his women? Or did he just ignore it, despite his upbringing as an English gentleman, revelling in the pleasure given to him by his submissive women?

Once, in his bed, and greatly daring, she had raised the question. Furious, he had sent her straight back to the harem with a note to Matrak instructing him to thrash her for Impudence. She had never dared to ask him again. Perhaps Rory was not so unaware of what went on in his harem as he made out.

But, oh how she longed for his return! ■

7 - MATRAK IMPLEMENTS HIS PLAN

The blond woman kneeling on the rug spread out over the tiled floor jumped at the sudden noise. She saw that it came from the whip in the hand of Abdul, the young assistant eunuch, who stood in the corner of the patio from where he had been keeping a close eye on the women.

Crack!

The women who had been splashing naked in the shallow pool or dancing in and out of the little fountain, stood quite still, waiting for the next order. Two of them were blushing, but that was not all, for their breasts were swollen and their nipples erect - telltale signs, as Abdul well knew, of a forbidden mutual arousal.

Abdul had noticed that two of the concubines in the pool, driven reckless by the frustration to which they were constantly subjected, had discreetly dropped their hands down under the water towards each other's exposed and hairless beauty lips. Kissing was allowed, and even encouraged in the harem, for the eunuchs liked the idea of the women forming innocent girlish crushes on each other - provided it went no further. However, touching, licking, sucking or even merely kissing nipples or beauty lips were all strictly forbidden.

Abdul pointed to the two offending girls, now red with embarrassment. Nervously they stood up, one, the Irish girl, Barbara, displaying the Bey's red crest on her belly and the other, the French girl Marie, the green brand of the Emir of Zanda from whom Rory had acquired her.

Whilst the women watched open mouthed, Abdul slowly pulled out a small notebook from his voluminous red trousers. He started to write.

'Numbers Nine and Ten,' he called out pompously,

'to be reported for Attempted Unfaithfulness to the Master, Hussein Bey, in the service of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, the Padishah and the Shadow of Allah on Earth.'

This was greeted with sobs of dismay by the two young women concerned and gasps of horror by the others. They all knew what the punishment for Attempted Unfaithfulness was! And if two girls were involved and they had actually obtained relief, then they might be charged with Adultery - the official punishment for which was stoning to death, at the discretion of the Master.

Tearfully the girl or girls would plead for mercy, swearing that they would never do it again and would keep themselves utterly pure for their Master. Naturally, he might hesitate to have two of his pretty concubines killed, but might well not hesitate in ordering the removal of the tip of the girls' beauty buds, to remove the cause of future temptations.

Abdul smiled to himself. How he enjoyed disciplining these white women! How he enjoyed the feeling of having authority over them! How he enjoyed keeping them pure and frustrated for the Master.

One day he would be a chief eunuch in sole charge of a harem. Meanwhile life here was far more comfortable and rewarding than in his primitive village beyond the Sahara - even if it had meant being castrated by the slavers who had captured him as a young boy.

He looked down at his dress. Instead of the simple loincloth that was all that he would have been wearing back in his village, here he was dressed in gorgeous white pantaloons, a red waistcoat and a pointed turbans which contrasted with the nakedness of the white women in his charge.

Moreover, instead of a dull and meatless diet of wheat

cakes, here he banqueted three times a day on delicious kebabs and couscous, with lamb and rice - all of which once again contrasted with the simple diet of fruit and yoghurt which was all that Matrak would allow the women.

He had heard terrifying stories in his village of other black people being carried off to labour as slaves under the whip for the hated white people across the sea. Well, he might be a slave here, but he was in charge of white women - and instead of being whipped by cruel white people, he had the authority to whip white women. Instead of being scared of white people, he had white women scared of him. Instead of having to obey white people, he had white women running to obey his slightest orders.

He might not be able to enjoy a woman physically, but the feeling of having power over these beautiful creatures made up for that. He could feel and examine their bodies whenever he wished. He could humiliate them in ways that he could never have dreamt of being able to do to the girls back in his village. Above all, he, a black boy, could make these so-called superior white women treat him with respect and fear.

Oh yes, life was very good, very good indeed!

From behind his screen Matrak had witnessed this scene and was pleased to see the way it had been handled by Abdul. The boy was coming on and had the making of top class eunuch.

But what had particularly caught Matrak's eye was that the girls concerned, Number Nine and Number Ten, both former governesses, were great favourites of the Bey - much to the jealous anger of Henrietta. Moreover one of them, the quick tempered Barbara, being Irish had no love for a rival Englishwoman any more than did Marie, who was French. Could use them in his search for a way of bringing down Henrietta?

Yes, why not? They would now do anything to avoid that terrible punishment of ten strokes twice a day for five days - and perhaps being reported to the Bey.

Matrak turned and went down the stairs to a large door, strengthened with iron bars - the door into the harem. He unlocked it and then carefully locking it again, stepped into the patio.

'Attenzione!' called out Abdul using the Italian word from the Lingua Franca that was widely used in the harems of Marsa.

Hastily the woman who had been kneeling on the carpet rose to her feet and now stood, now like the women in the pool, with her arms to her sides and heels together. None of them wanted to risk being accused of Disobedience by young Abdul or, even, mere Slackness. They were remembering that he had the authority to give them three strokes of the cane without reference to Matrak. They eyed him nervously.

They all knew from bitter experience that young Abdul was always looking for chances to use the special punishment cane that was hung up so prominently on the wall of the main harem room for all to see - and that when he did it really hurt.

The young eunuch now slowly drew his black leather short handled whip out from his cummerbund. He let the end of the lash lie on the floor. The women could not take their eyes off it. Suddenly he raised the handle of the whip and cracked in the air.

'Show Respect!'

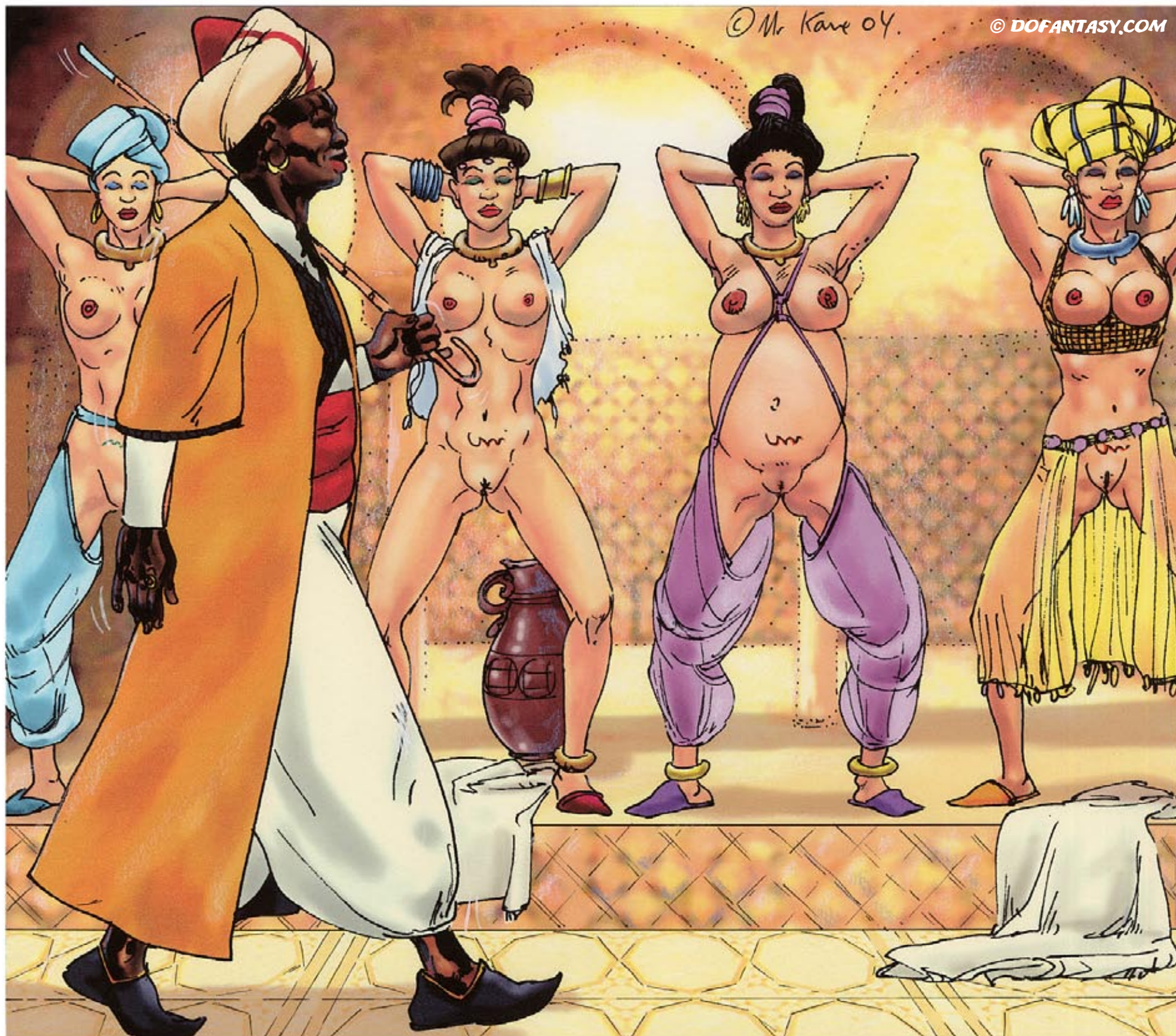
Hastily the naked women in the pool now clasped their hands behind their necks and looked straight ahead, neither up nor down. As a sign of respect, they also bent and parted their knees, showing off, just below the brands on their bellies, their smooth hairless mounds and their equally hairless and scarlet painted beauty lips, all identically outlined in black kohl.

Below the pouting belly of Carmen, the beauty lips as well as being prettily outlined were also, of course, tightly sewn up.

In the case of Henrietta, her black outlined beauty lips had already, to her embarrassment, been well displayed in the cutaway in the front of her silken harem trousers.

There was a long pause and then, slowly and ponderously, Matrak walked into the patio. He was tall, burly and very black and the tribal scars on his cheeks gave him a frightening and almost grotesque appearance. An amused smile hovered around his eyes, giving a deceptively friendly appearance.

He was strikingly dressed in a gold coloured silken



Cracking his black leather short handled whip Abdul orders 'Show Respect'. The naked women who had been innocently splashing women in the shallow harem pool, now clasp their hands behind their necks and looked straight ahead, neither up nor down...

robe with a long black, red fringed, cloak over his shoulders. His head was covered in a cream covered turban with the red stripe of a chief black eunuch. The sumptuousness of his dress reflected the esteem with which he was regarded by the Master.

Just as Abdul carried a little whip as a sign of his authority, so Matrak carried a long whippy cane with a silver tip and an ornate curved handle. At the mere sight of it, out of the corners of their eyes, there was an intake of breath from the women and they bent their knees a little more to expose their beauty lips better as a sign of respect.

Matrak was glad to see the way women all jumped up at his entrance and stood stock-still, at Attention. It was a sign of a well disciplined harem. He looked around silently, enjoying the obvious fear in the eyes of the naked trembling women as they stood in the humiliating position of Showing Respect - a position that was reserved for himself and the Master.

His eyes took in each one, one at a time, as he counted them. Ten! Yes, they were all still there and everything seemed to be in order.

‘Carry on!’ he ordered with a nod to Abdul. The young women nervously resumed their playing in the pool.

The women seemed happy and contented, he thought and indeed he was not surprised that his strict regime resulted in no sour faces in the Master’s harem and no truculence or even sulkiness. Indeed fear, and the constant threat of his cane, ensured that even the most resentful or bad tempered young concubine did her utmost to act the role of a happy young girl - just as he liked to see them all behaving.

And as for giving their Master the utmost pleasure in his bed, he had two very effective answers.

First, if the Master had his concubines paraded in front of him for him to choose from, then those not chosen automatically were awarded three strokes of the cane.

Second, as he lifted up the bed covers at the bottom of the bed for the girl or girls to crawl under, he would whisper a reminder that his cane would be waiting for them when they returned to the harem from their Master’s bed. This invariably was enough to ensure an excellent performance by the terrified young wom-

en - for he did not approve of the Master choosing only one woman for his bed, saying that it gave the girl ideas above her station.

The girls concerned knew that each would be given a sealed note by their Master marking out of five their performance: the pleasure that they had given and their show of loving obedience.

Matrak would then open the notes, brought to him by the trembling women and read out each girl’s score in front of all the assembled concubines. To avoid the cane completely, a girl had to earn five marks of out of five. Even a girl awarded a ‘satisfactory’ mark of three, would still had to bend over to receive two strokes of the cane.

In this way, Matrak ensured that each girl would be thinking all night of little else but of ways of reducing her forthcoming thrashing by giving her Master the greatest pleasure, in ways that she had been taught to do by Matrak and without seeking any for herself.

And the Master would left wondering at the delightful ways in which his concubines behaved, licking, sucking and kissing him in a uninhibited way that not even his married concubines would have dreamt of doing to their husbands back in Europe before they were captured.

Indeed, Master and Chief Black Eunuch had the usual clear understanding: provided the white women in his harem continued to perform well in the Master’s bed, then he would not enquire too closely into the methods employed by his chief black eunuch to achieve this result - and would smilingly turn a deaf ear to any complaints whispered into his ear by any concubines trying to take advantage of their Master’s kind nature.

So it was that Matrak cunningly ensured that a mixture of fear of the cane and the sheer sexual frustration of the harem, made each girl try desperately to be as alluring as possible at the daily selection parades in front of the grille and then, once selected for the Bey’s pleasure, more fear of the cane ensured they did their utmost to please their delighted young Master.

‘Nine and Ten!’ he called out.

Immediately Barbara and Marie climbed out of the pool and ran over and obediently stood naked in front

of him, their hands clasped behind their necks, their heads up and their eyes fixed straight ahead.

‘Come!’

He led the way out of the patio into an alcove where they would be out of earshot of the other women. The two young women dutifully and silently followed him, keeping their hands still clasped behind their necks.

There he gave both women brief and clear instructions, making it clear that if they carried out their instructions properly then he would forget their recent Attempted Unfaithfulness. Satisfied, he then went back up behind the screen that looked down into the patio and awaited events. ■

8 - HENRIETTA'S PUNISHMENT

Henrietta saw two of her worst enemies coming towards her laughing and pointing at her. They were allowed to wear beautiful caftans, she was dressed like a harem slut. They, and not her, had been chosen by the Bey for his bed on his last night before leaving on his tour - and had both been given five marks, something that had enabled them to lord it over the others.

‘The Bey doesn’t want you,’ they said to Henrietta scornfully. ‘He’s sent word that he wants us to be got ready for him for when he gets back tomorrow. You’re just too old and ugly, you stuck-up pig!’

They went on for several minutes in the same denigrating vein. Henrietta tried to ignore them, but first one of them and then the other gave her a contemptuous kick.

‘You’re just an old has-been,’ Barbara cried in her strong Irish brogue, knowing that Matrak would not mind this time and giving her another kick. ‘The Bey’s going to sell you to a brothel and it’ll be good riddance to you, you horrible old hag.’

‘Sale cochon, anglaise,’ screamed Marie, breaking into her native French.

‘You think you’re that because you’re English you’re superior to the rest of us,’ shouted Barbara. ‘But you’re just an ugly old cow who ...’

Henrietta’s normal English self control suddenly snapped. Overcome with sexual jealousy, she flung herself on them, trying if not to scratch their eyes out, then certainly to disfigure them with her long sharp finger nails.

Within seconds the quiet patio filled with screams as the three women fought like cats, blood dripping down their faces, whilst the other women looked on

in a mixture of horror and sympathetic understanding - the atmosphere in the harem of constant jealousy inevitably kept them all on the brink of fighting.

Young Abdul rushed over, his whip raised. Furious that such a scene should take place whilst he was in charge of the women, he laid about indiscriminately. Like beaten curs the three women stopped fighting and knelt on all fours, panting and out of breath.

Henrietta was overwhelmed at the enormity of the offence she had committed: she had scratched the faces of two of women belonging to the Master. How could she have let her feelings run away with her? Now what would happen?

Her thoughts were interrupted by Abdul loudly cracking his whip - the usual signal for the approach of Matrak. Hastily all the women stood up respectfully, including those still standing naked in the pool.

Henrietta and the other two women who had been fighting remained kneeling humbly on all fours, only their heads to the ground.

Matrak looked slowly down at the trembling women, his beady eyes taking in each one, one at a time.

His eye finally rested on Henrietta. Dare he do it? Yes! Surely the Bey would have to confirm his decision, however much he would hate doing so? And, thought Matrak, it is in the Bey’s best interests that I am doing this – and at some risk to myself. Yes, it is no less than my duty!

‘You!’ he shouted in his high pitched falsetto voice. He brought his cane down across her back. ‘You try to harm the Master’s other women! For that you are sentenced -’ He hesitated, but only for an instant - ‘sentenced to three months at the oars.’

Oars? What oars? Oh what a fool she had been!

‘Go, you Christian slut! Go with Matrak!’ shouted Abdul, raising his whip menacingly. ‘Now!’

Terrified, Henrietta ran behind the large figure of Matrak down some steps to the large solid door that led out of the harem - a door she had not been allowed to go through for over a year.

Now what was going to happen to her? Oh, why was Rory not here to save her?

Still wearing her torn harem dress, her hair tousled and her make up a mess from that awful fight, Henrietta was led down by a now strangely smiling Matrak towards the slave pens in the basement of the palace. She had never seen them before. She knew nothing of Rory’s galliot.

She could hear the noise of waves. Shut up in the Bey’s harem, she had seen practically nothing of Marsa beyond the harem walls, and had scarcely known they were near the sea.

They were met by another eunuch. Matrak always carried a thin silver tipped cane, but this eunuch carried as his badge of office a beautifully worked short handled whip of plaited black leather.

He seemed to be old colleague of Matrak and was addressed by him as Bashir Agha, or Master of the Oars. He was accompanied by a younger eunuch of the same age as Abdul.

Matrak was smiling even more smugly as he handed Henrietta over to the tender mercies of this other older eunuch, whilst in exchange he received a lead fastened to the collar of a very pretty naked young Italian girl.

Several months previously, this young woman had been the proud new wife of the mayor of a village on the Italian coast. Then it had been raided by the Barbary corsairs. Whilst her elderly husband stood impotently watching with a sword held to his throat, she had been taken by the grinning pirates back to their ship, to join a score of other terrified young women chained up in the hold.

When the ship arrived back at Marsa, she had been presented as a galley slave to the Bey by a group of merchants, in grateful recognition of the part that a well-trained detachment of his Janissaries had played in successfully raiding the Italian coastline.

With her strong young body she had proved an excellent galley slave. Now she seemed delighted, Henrietta jealously noticed, to have apparently earned promotion to her Master’s harem whilst in her place one of his concubines was being suddenly downgraded from white concubine to ... what?

This second eunuch held Henrietta whilst his boy assistant stripped off her meagre and tattered clothes. Meanwhile, with a special liquid, Matrak was scrubbing off the Arabic numerals 16 that were painted on the back of the other girl’s right shoulder. Using a special permanent waterproof paint, the boy now painted the same numbers on Henrietta’s shoulder.

Never would Henrietta forget her shame as the two burly eunuchs led her and the girl she was replacing, both naked, to the forge of a huge Negro blacksmith. Grinning, he first struck off the other girl’s wrist manacles and their short connecting chain with a strangely enlarged link in the middle, riveting them, instead, round Henrietta’s slender wrists.

The two girls were strapped down helplessly side by side on a bench with their legs embarrassingly apart. One by one five little silver rings were removed from each side of the Italian girl’s beauty lips which were as smooth and hairless as those of Henrietta. As each of the ten little silver rings was delicately removed it was carefully, but a little painfully, replaced in the appropriate beauty lip of Henrietta.

Then came the removal of two large silver rings from the Italian girl’s nipples. From each ring hung a little bell. Henrietta screamed and writhed as the rings were inserted through her own enlarged nipples, but, strapped down as she was, there was nothing she could do to prevent the completion of the little operation.

Even worse was when black leather laces were threaded through the rings in her beauty lips and drawn tight, so that the lips were now tightly compressed and held with a neat little bow, as on a shoe. But whereas, with a shoe, the wearer can readily reach down and untie the bow, here, Henrietta was to learn, she would never be allowed to do so - that was the prerogative of Bashir Agha or his young assistant.

Finally the girl’s iron collar, with its prominent rings hanging from the front and back, was struck off and riveted round Henrietta’s little neck to be replaced the

big brass collar which was now riveted round the neck of the Italian girl. The two young women were now released.

Then, proudly tossing her head back and giving Henrietta a contemptuous sniff, the other girl was led away to start her new life as a concubine, leaving Henrietta to contemplate her now tightly bound up beauty lips, her newly ringed and belled nipples and her manacles with the enlarged single ring in the middle of the chain that linked them.

The eunuch snapped a leather lead, like a dog lead, onto the ring at the back of her collar. He made her kneel down on all fours and, goaded on by his assistant's whip, he drove her on, crawling on all fours along the corridor. She was driven through a metal grilled gateway that the eunuch had unlocked and then, once they were through, had carefully locked again.

Henrietta saw that the grille guarded the entrance to a long cobbled passageway with a little drain running down either side. There was a smell that reminded Henrietta of stables. She saw that that raised on either side of the passageway was a line of narrow stalls.

She gasped as she saw that in each stall stood a naked young white woman, chained by the neck to a ring at the back of the stall. They were all striking looking with made up eyes and long hair hanging down the back of their necks. Like Henrietta, their wrists had been manacled with a short chain. She saw that the ring in the middle of the chain had been fastened to the ring at the front of their black iron collars, preventing them from lowering her hands below their breasts.

Each stall was numbered with the same Arabic number as was painted on the girl's shoulder. Hanging from a hook by the side of stall was a black leather mask with little holes for the eyes. On the forehead of each mask were the same Arabic numerals, prettily written with silver studs.

The stalls were raised up above the level of the passageway. Henrietta saw that this would enable the eunuch in charge to reach and have access to the bodies of the women in the stalls.

Henrietta saw that the breasts of all the women

seemed surprisingly firm, especially considering that that their nipples had been ringed, just like Henrietta's and that small bells of different sizes, which tinkled with their movement, hung from these rings.

She also noticed that, just like most of the concubines in the harem, they bore on their bellies they bore the brand of the Bey. Moreover, their smooth and hairless beauty lips, like hers now, were closed by black leather laces fastened by a neat bow.

They were indeed a striking looking team of sleek naked young women with similarly painted eyes and long black hair hanging down their necks that contrasted with Henrietta's own long honey coloured hair. As Bashir Agha passed each stall, its occupant would silently come to attention, thrusting out her belly and laced up beauty lips towards him, in a gesture of servile respect.

They looked inquisitively at the similarly naked Henrietta as she was led up to an empty stall marked with the Arabic numerals 16.

She was made to climb up into the stall and then she, too, was secured by a heavy chain fixed to a large iron ring at the back of her stall. The end of the chain was attached to the ring at the back of her collar.

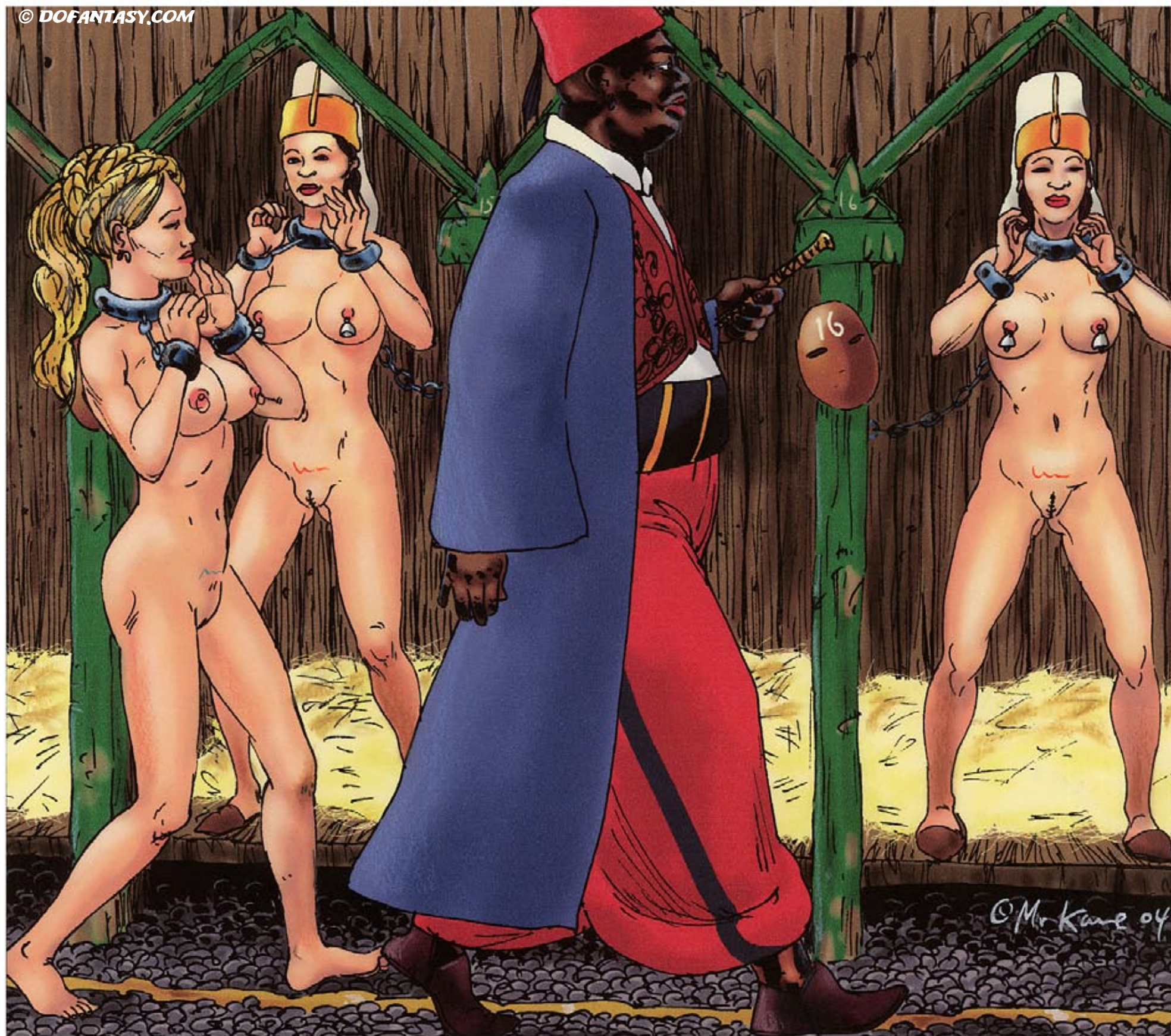
Her manacles were locked to her collar. She found that she too could not lower her hands below her breasts. Was this, she wondered, to stop her from playing with herself? A way of enforcing purity and of stopping her from dissipating her energies? Why? Certainly, after all the sensual frustration imposed by the eunuchs in the harem, it was too awful to find that she was similarly kept frustrated here.

Only now, when she had been properly secured in her stall, was the lead removed.

She was made to stand up. She could feel the weight of the heavy chain. Was supporting its weight intended to strengthen her muscles?

Leaving her standing there, chained and naked, the big eunuch turned and went down the passageway. But there was still silence in the slave pens - talking was obviously not allowed.

Moments later, Henrietta heard the eunuch's sudden warning cry, in the Italian based Lingua Franca.



As, holding his whip of office, the black and powerful-looking Bashir Agha took the now naked Henrietta past each raised and numbered stall, the naked white girl in it comes silently to attention, thrusting out her belly and laced-up beauty lips towards him in a gesture of servile respect...

‘Faccia fontane!’

Make fountains?

This was followed by the crack of his whip. Nervously, Henrietta followed the other women in quickly moving to the front of her stall with her collar chain taut behind her. She saw that they quickly kicked the straw aside so that they were now standing on the bare cobblestones.

Seconds later had come another crack of the whip and again Henrietta nervously followed the other women in parting her legs and bending her knees, whilst looking straight ahead with her head up and with her wrists still manacled to her collar, stretching her elbows out sideways.

The eunuch came down the passageway to check her position. He made her thrust her belly right forward. It was a strange and humiliating position for a woman to have to assume in front of a man, even if he was a eunuch.

Henrietta was suddenly horrified as she realised what was going to happen. It was even worse than spending a penny in the harem.

She was horrified when Bashir Agha’s young assistant now came down the passageway and, whilst each woman continued to look straight ahead and to keep her elbows stretched out sideways, quickly untied the bow that kept the laces tightly drawn across her beauty lips. Then he slightly eased them through the little silver rings, allowing the lips to open slightly.

She was mortified when she felt the boy’s podgy hands opening her beauty lips, but she did not dare to look down or say a word. Then when he had completed his task, he nodded to Bashir Agha standing at the end of the passageway.

‘Number 16!’ called out Bashir Agha. ‘Prepare!’

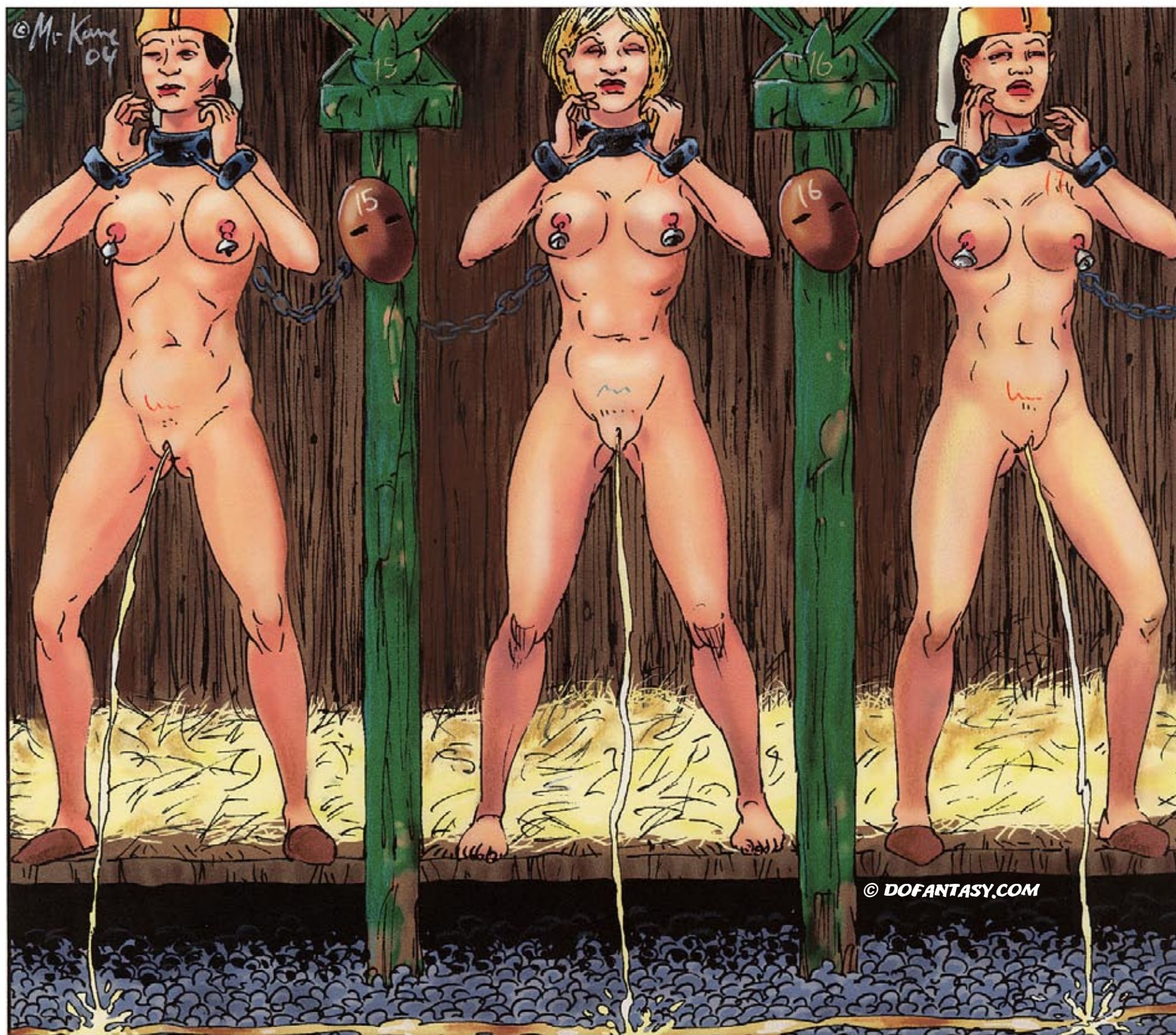
Henrietta bit her lip and tried to relax her muscles, as she knew she must. Bashir Agha seemed to be waiting for her, giving her, as a new girl, extra time ...

The whip cracked again. There was the trickling noise of a score of little fountains dropping musically down onto the cobblestones in the passageway and then running away along the little drains at each side. Bashir Agha grunted with satisfaction as he saw that

the new girl, Number 16, after a slow start, was performing just like the others.

The boy came up the line again, a little sponge in his hand. He pulled each young woman’s beauty lips apart, sponged them and then tugged the laces tight again and retied them with a bow.

That night it was a mystified and contrite Henrietta who lay chained in the still silent slave pens, lying in her stall on the straw. Her wrists were chained to her collar. She could feel but not touch her beauty lips held tightly laced together over her throbbing but helpless beauty bud. ■



Standing in the front of her stall with her bell thrust forward, Henrietta relaxes her muscles ready to perform with the other slave girls. This is worse than spending a penny in the harem! The whip cracks and she joins the others in making the noise of little fountains dropping musically onto the cobblestones in the passageway...

PART THREE - HASSAN THE SLAVE DEALER

9 - A SLAVE IS DISPLAYED

‘I think this one might suit the Emir,’ said Hassan, the well-regarded slave dealer, gesturing to an overseer to draw back the curtain of an alcove.

There, standing on a small raised platform in the alcove, so that her body would be easily accessible to a potential buyer, was a beautiful white woman with long blond hair and blue eyes. She was half naked, her body covered by a simple silken shawl.

She was held tightly up against the back wall of the small alcove by a short chain fastened to a ring at the back of her collar and her wrists were held up level with her head by two metal clamps. A heavy chain linking her manacled wrists hung down above her breasts. Her ankles were chained wide apart to rings in the side of the alcove.

She was muzzled by a black leather gag strapped across her mouth. Her eyes were fixed straight ahead, looking over the heads of the men slightly below her.

The overseer slipped the shawl off one shoulder, displaying one large but firm breast.

‘Feel free to examine the goods,’ leered Hassan. He had a reputation being jovial and for taking his job in a fairly light-hearted fashion and yet of being very professional in his dealings with wealthy potential clients and, of course, their chief black eunuchs.

His listener raised a podgy black hand and lifted up the tethered woman’s breast, weighing it knowingly. He was a large negro dressed in a long red robe. He wore a eunuch’s tall white conical hat and proudly carried the usual chief black eunuch’s silver tipped bamboo cane wand of office with a curved handle - the symbol of his authority over his Master’s women.

He looked a man of importance, unusual for a black man in North Africa. Indeed he was, for he was none

other than Makumo, the chief black eunuch of His Excellency the Emir of Gondah.

Amanda gasped as she felt her exposed nipple respond embarrassingly, as it was now expertly rubbed by the terrifying and richly dressed African. She longed to brush his hands away from her shrinking body, but was quite unable to do so.

She knew she must not look down and, nervously, she tried to keep her head up and go on looking straight ahead. She felt like an animal being examined in a market - which, of course, was exactly what she was.

The overseer slipped the shawl down over her other shoulder, uncovering Amanda’s other breast. Makumo stood back for a moment, looking at them both, gave a grunt of approval and began to feel the newly exposed breast.

She tried to cry out in protest, but all that came out from under her muzzle was a little moan that made the men laugh cruelly. Anyway no one spoke English and she could not understand Arabic.

The big African seemed so self-confident and experienced in handling women’s bodies. Was he some sort of doctor?

‘I can see these have already been in milk,’ said Makumo, ‘but not recently.’

‘Yes indeed.’ Hassan nodded to the overseer, who slipped the shawl down to her feet, leaving her standing stark naked. Her overseer gave her a tap on the thigh with his dogwhip and, blushing over her leather muzzle, she obediently slightly bent her knees and thrust her belly forward for inspection.

Makumo noted her narrow blond ‘Sales Moustache’ running across the top of her otherwise hairless mound. Yes she was a genuine blond all right!

The overseer now reached forward and, separating Amanda's fleshy beauty lips with both hands, held them apart.

'You see,' said Hassan with a smile, 'there's nothing there!'

Makumo peered down. Where there should have been a pouting little beauty bud there was just a tiny scar.

'Oh!' cried Makumo with delight. 'She's been doctored!'

'Yes,' replied the slave dealer. 'She's a perfect example of a widow from House of Hassan.'

Makumo reached down and felt for himself the little scar nestling between the outstretched legs of the helpless and blushing Amanda.

'Of course,' the slave dealer added, 'She can still give great pleasure to her Master - that will be all the greater for knowing that the pleasure of the woman herself will be greatly reduced.'

'Excellent!' cried Makumo, 'Just what my Master is always looking for. Alas, the Berbers have no tradition of doctoring their girls whilst they are still small and we have no barber surgeons sufficiently skilled to do it to older ones.'

'Well, I can certainly you meet your Master's desires,' said Hassan, adding with a cruel laugh. 'And you, too, for of course a girl who had been doctored would be much less of a nuisance in the harem!'

'Of course!' agreed Makumo with an equally cruel laugh.

'But you'll find,' warned the slave dealer, 'that removal of the little bud that can cause so much trouble in the harem, results in the nipples becoming extra sensitive. The women just long for someone to play with them - whether it's a man or woman. So provided the eunuchs make sure that it's never another woman, she'll still be desperate to catch her Master's eye.'

'Ah!' grunted Makumo.

'Moreover you'll find that she can still get pleasure from inside herself. Indeed, it is the only way that she can get relief. So, provided you don't leave any candles, cucumbers or bananas lying around the harem, she will become increasingly desperate for the feel of

her Master's manhood. Indeed, she'll soon find herself with an overwhelming desire to feel her Master's manhood rubbing up and down inside her - provided, of course, you don't allow her any alternative.'

'Oh, don't worry,' laughed Makumo once again, 'I already insist on fruit and vegetables being sliced before they are sent to the harem - and make sure that there is nothing else that even our uncut girls might use to try and ease their frustration.'

'I should think not,' said Hassan.

'But as for candles, I must admit we do occasionally leave one lying about deliberately - but as a trap to see if any woman dares to pick it up. We watch to see where she hides it - and then pounce. The subsequent thrashing is not one that she will forget in a hurry!'

'Good!' laughed Hassan. 'Well, certainly, other chief black eunuchs have told me that our doctoring soon makes even the shyest young slavegirl dream all day about her Master's manhood and, almost against her will, become desperate to catch his eye.'

'And become all the more jealous of the other concubines,' added Makumo.

'Indeed!' said Hassan. 'But, changing the subject, there's another point about our women: they've all been trained in our School of Love.'

'Trained?' queried Makumo, looking again at the naked blushing woman and imagining her in the Emir's harem, under his control. 'Surely that's our job?'

'Oh,' protested Hassan, 'please don't think that I am decrying the ability of experienced chief black eunuchs like yourself to break in and train any white women in their care. But, remember, these are educated European are often both prudish and proud - and used to having men at their feet. Thus, breaking them into their new duties can be a time consuming business.'

'Yes, so I have heard,' agreed Makumo.

'Moreover, many Christians believe that love making is intended primarily for procreation rather than for men's enjoyment. These Christian infidels have simply no idea of the refinements in love-making.'

Hassan then looked Makumo in the eye. It was important not offend him.

'I find that chief black eunuchs, who buy upper class European women, like this one, from me for their Masters, have so many other responsibilities that it is a great relief for them to find that a new white concubine is already trained. She will only need an introductory thrashing to establish his authority over her - and she will be ready for the Master's bed.'

'Excellent!' murmured Makumo.

'In this way,' the slave dealer went on, 'a chief black eunuch, buying a European woman from us, can be sure that his Master will be delighted with the result whether she's a virgin or a widow. Moreover he will also know that his Master will certainly be even more delighted when he finds that there is no language problem in taking his pleasure from a woman who has been trained in the House of Hassan.'

'You mean you teach your women Arabic or Turkish?' asked Makumo, surprised. 'But doesn't this take a very long time?'

'Indeed it would! No, the new Arab Master of one of our women will be intrigued when his chief black eunuch simply hands him a list of Arabic words of command that the woman has been carefully trained to obey, instantly and without hesitation. These words of command cover the giving of pleasure in every possible kind of way - and thus greatly reducing the language problem.'

'Brilliant!' exclaimed Makumo. All this would be particularly useful with European women, speaking some outlandish language and far too full of their own importance. Clearly Hassan was a slave dealer who knew what he was doing.

'What a relief for His Excellency to have such an effective chief black eunuch in charge of his harem,' said Hassan ingratiatingly. These chief black eunuchs were always getting too big for their boots and this one did not even detect the mockery in his tone. 'But I hear His Excellency already has many women in his harem, so why has he sent you here?'

'Because, my brother, before he dies, he wishes, in obedience to the commandments of the holy Koran, to go on a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Mecca - the Hajj.'

'A long and dangerous journey,' murmured the slave

dealer, beginning to scent where this conversation might lead, 'and one which can be dangerous for an older man - with the risk of picking up strange diseases from unusual drinking water.'

'Exactly!' cried the eunuch. 'And that's why I am here. His Highness is planning to take with him several women for their milk, and whom he can sell on the journey, as necessary, to raise funds.'

'Why not simply take some of his many Berber women?' asked the slave dealer.

'Because,' came the reply, 'like negresses or Italian peasant girls, they would not be sufficiently unusual to be sold for a high price. Blue eyed European women, like this one, would be far better, and he has heard their milk is exceptionally sweet and pure.'

'And moreover he can enjoy their charms on the journey and sell them, as required to replenish his purse,' laughed Hassan rubbing his hands.

'And also initially enjoy their charms in his harem, for he will not be departing until next year. Meanwhile, I shall have to arrange that they are in the right state before his departure!' added the black eunuch rather pompously. So, what I now need are several beautiful European women, initially for his harem, but also suitable soon to be mated so that they are ready to supply him with milk when he starts out for Mecca. And I would preferably like blond ones, partly to contrast with his existing Berbers and partly because, as you say, they would sell for a much higher price.'

'And, give more milk' added the slave dealer, stroking the cringing Amanda's breasts, 'especially if they are the bigger boned type of women from Northern Europe, like this one. She'd milk very well and her good firm breasts, still in milk, would arouse great interest in the slave markets of Cairo or Jeddah. But they're still going to be pretty expensive here.'

'Oh, I can assure you that His Highness has authorised me to pay well for he wants,' said the black eunuch putting his finger along his nose in a well-known gesture.

'Ah,' replied the dealer, also touching his nose, and smiling. He hesitated. 'I ... er ... I presume, he will have no objection to the usual commissions?'

‘There is no need to draw to his attention to that aspect,’ replied the big negro, with a similar conspiratorial smile. ‘He will not be concerned, provided the merchandise proves to be of a quality that merits the price he has paid.’

It was well understood in the slave dealing world that the chief black eunuchs of wealthy and important men received back-handers from the slave dealers with whom they did business - just as, for instance, their Masters’ head grooms and falcon-masters received similar back-handers from horse-dealers and breeders of birds of prey.

This was, however, something that Makumo had hitherto missed out on, with the Emir getting his women free of charge by accepting as gifts the prettiest daughters of his subordinate Berber tribal leaders - or by seizing the wives and daughters of recalcitrant ones. He was therefore all the more eager to make sure that he did well out of this particular deal.

‘And, of course,’ the slave dealer went on with a smile, as he patted Amanda’s soft little white belly, ‘as well as enjoying having Christian women forced to pleasure them in humiliating ways, many Masters like watching European women belly dancing for his amusement - and so we train them to do this as well.’

Better and better, thought Makumo, imagining this woman being made to dance in front of the Emir, with a gently swollen belly.

‘Yes,’ said Hassan, ‘we found her an excellent pupil. Thanks to her overseer’s whip she’s become very quick to obey the standard words of command. And being doctored has made her only too anxious to feel a man inside her. Yes, she’ll make a first class concubine for your Master - and will also perform well for him with her teenage daughter.’

‘What!’ exclaimed an astonished Makumo. ‘You mean you’re offering this woman for sale with her daughter?’

‘Oh yes!’ laughed Hassan. ‘But for a very high price! Come and look at her...’ ■

10 - THE ROSEBUD TREATMENT

Hassan stepped back and drew the curtain covering the next alcove, disclosing again a slight shrouded figure fastened to the wall at the back of the alcove, though this time her ankles were left free.

He nodded to the girl's overseer, who reached forward and removed the shroud, disclosing a very pretty, slim, teenage girl, a thin robe thrown over her shoulders.

The girl moaned under her gag - a moan that sounded like a little whinny and which was answered by another from the cubicle next door.

'The mare recognises her filly,' laughed Hassan. 'We have kept them apart here whilst being trained to obey some special additional words of command. For example, in response to the command 'Offer Daughter', the mother has been taught to drop immediately to her knees and say: 'Master please use my daughter for your pleasure.'"

'But does she understand what she is saying?'

'Oh yes, judging by the number of thrashings it took to get her to say it!'

The Emir's chief black eunuch smiled and then nodded in approval as he saw the long honey coloured blond hair hanging down Diana's back. He nodded again as he saw her clear blue eyes. Both hair and eyes matched in colouring those of her mother, as did her beauty.

'Yes, you can see the family resemblance,' said Makumo. 'This pair could be of great interest to my Master, especially if they have not yet been trained to work together so that he will be able to see their shame. He always likes it when a Berber tribal leader offers a wife and daughter.'

'And how much more so, if they are both genuinely blond Christian women!' urged the slave dealer.

'Look for yourself!'

Hassan snapped his fingers and Diana's overseer delicately drew back his charge's robe to disclose a little blond tuft on one side of an otherwise smooth and hairless mound. Yes, there could be no doubt; both mother and daughter were genuine blondes. The Emir would be fascinated by them - and would reward his chief black eunuch accordingly.

Then Makumo gasped in admiration as the overseer lifted the girl's robe to disclose more of her mound. Emblazoned there was a beautifully tattooed, flowering, bright red rose.

The overseer slightly lowered the girl's robe to show that the rose was supported by a green tattooed stalk that disappeared between the desperately embarrassed girl's tightly clamped legs. Moreover the graceful green stalk was surrounded by beautifully tattooed rose leaves.

Then he pulled the robe right back and gave the girl a sharp tap on the belly with his dog whip. Blushing, she slightly bent her knees and parted her legs. Makumo was fascinated to see that there was a bright little rosebud at the end of the green stalk.

Hassan paused to give Makumo time to appreciate the sight and to imagine how it might stimulate his Master.

'This is our standard treatment for young virgins,' he explained. 'After the girl has been depilated, a rose is tattooed on her mound, and her inner lips are trimmed back to avoid any protruding parts showing. Then our barber surgeon ensures her continuing purity, first by our usual doctoring and then by carefully sewing up the inside of the lips. When he's finished all that shows from the outside is just a narrow fading line running down, where before were the pouting lips of

a nubile young woman.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Makumo appreciatively.

'Then,' went on Hassan, 'as you can see, our tattoo artist makes this line look just like the green stem of a rose with a few little green leaves sprouting out on either side. The final effect really is charming, is it not? The traditional operation requires cutting off the lips and then allowing what's left to heal together, but we think that is unnecessarily complicated. We consider our way is just as good and just as effective.' He paused and glanced at Makumo. 'It does, of course, call for a considerable skill - and that costs money!'

'Of course!' agreed Makumo enthusiastically. 'How very clever!' He had heard of this technique, but had never come across it before.

'And then,' went on Hassan, 'our barber surgeon and the tattoo artist work together to leave a little orifice, tattooed to look like a small rose bud, at the bottom end of the stalk, between the legs, for the passing of fluids - and, of course, for the entry of the Master's manhood.'

'But surely it's far too small for that?' said Makumo. 'My Master is quite big ...'

'No problem!' laughed Hassan. 'Our little rosebud can expand and flower just like a real rose whilst providing both the tight feeling and the erotic sight that a discerning Master demands.'

'Not to mention,' added the now convinced Makumo, 'the all-important feeling of power that comes from having the girl well and truly sewn up!'

'Precisely!' Hassan smacked his lips. 'We call this the Rose Treatment - or Planting a Rose.'

'The Rose Treatment! Planting a Rose!' echoed Makumo. 'What lovely expressions!'

'And if you ever want to use the girl for breeding, then all you have to do is to cut the stitches on the day of deliverance and sew her up again afterwards to restore the high degree of control over her - to Re-plant the Rose!'

'Re-planting the Rose! Even better,' laughed Makumo cruelly. 'Oh, what a pity our barber surgeons and tattoo artists are not sufficiently expert to treat the Emir's Berber virgins in this way.'

'All the more reason why he will be extra pleased with my merchandise,' smiled Hassan.

'His Excellency will indeed be very interested in possessing such a girl,' murmured the eunuch, 'and in plucking her rosebud!'

Hassan smiled. Better and better, he thought.

'But there's one thing I don't quite understand,' said Makumo. 'If the girl cannot get at her precious beauty bud, what is the point of removing it?'

'Ah,' replied Hassan, 'we find that unless you also snip off the sensitive tip of the bud, you don't get the new extra sensitivity of the nipples and you don't get the girl's new acute longing to feel something rubbing up and down inside her. These are Nature's way of making up for the loss of that precious bud.'

'Yes, I see,' murmured Makumo. 'It is all very clever!'

'Well, the House of Hassan has been delighting its customers for a long time now,' said the slave dealer.

'So I can imagine,' murmured Makumo, running his hand down the rose stalk of the helpless wriggling girl and finding that it was firm and tight - thanks to the hidden stitching underneath.

Then he touched the little red rosebud between the girl's legs.

'Yes, she's a perfect example of a well doctored white virgin from the House of Hassan,' said the slave dealer, rubbing his hands in anticipation of highly profitable sale. 'And now have a closer look at what will fascinate your Master, her crowning beauty, her little rosebud. Feel up inside the little rose bud itself and see how she can still be aroused there. Feel how soft the rose petals are, and satisfy yourself about the girl's virginity.'

Putting his upturned hand between the girl's now well spread thighs, Makumo accepted the invitation. A protesting moan came from under the gag, and again she wriggled in revulsion. Makumo felt carefully and deeply whilst the overseer held her still. Yes, the hymen was intact.

'Now feel,' added Hassan, 'how this tight rose bud will expand like a rose coming into bloom to accommodate even the largest Master.'

Gently Makumo inserted another finger. He heard another moan, and felt the velvety soft sides of the rose bud slowly expanding.

Then with an experienced hand he began gently to tickle a certain spot up inside her ...

Moments later Makumo stood back from Diana, wiping his hands as he looked at the girl's now glistening beauty lips. The doctoring had worked beautifully. His Master would be delighted.

'I must congratulate you and your barber surgeon on your skills,' he said. 'This is indeed a rose that my Master will enjoy plucking.'

'Indeed,' laughed Hassan rubbing his hands. 'Just imagine showing her off to His Excellency alongside her mother. He will certainly get an exceptionally good price for them on the Hajj.'

Makumo felt a sweat breaking out on his forehead. What an opportunity! The Emir would, indeed, be overwhelmed with delight and reward him handsomely.

'But you're largely interested in these women for their breasts,' said the slave dealer. 'You liked the mother's, now have a closer look at the daughter's.' He reached forward and pulled back the girl's robe to bare her right breast. 'Imagine this swelling and firming up as her belly swells.'

Makumo stroked it carefully. It was not quite as full as the mother's and the nipple was both pinker and less prominent, but the breast was rather firmer. Certainly it was a very provocative sight. It was, he decided, the right shape for being coaxed into milking well.'

'Now let's have another look at the mother,' said Hassan, guessing what was going through the man's mind.

Amanda's overseer gave her the same order as had been given to Diana and obediently she, too, parted her knees.

Standing back so as to look simultaneously into both alcoves, Makumo compared the voluptuous figure of the mother and the slim figure of the daughter. They certainly made a delightfully erotic pair as they stood stark naked in their separate adjoining alcoves, unable to see each other, their knees parted, both women

blushing with embarrassment, their robes now lying at their feet, their eyes lowered in shame. He imagined the effect this white mother and daughter would have on his Master, both being similarly displayed to him naked and alongside each other. He would indeed be aroused and delighted and undoubtedly would show his pleasure in the customary way – a handsome tip to his clever chief black eunuch!

The contrast between the woman's natural and voluptuously full beauty lips and the virginal little tattooed rose of the girl, was quite delightful. They were, Makumo decided, splendid specimens of womanhood, both of breeding age.

He had already felt both their bellies. The flat little belly of the daughter, he thought, seemed to be almost crying out to be filled. And she had inherited her mother's good child-bearing hips. They would both be able to deliver large Haratin progeny - something that was sometimes a problem with slim-hipped Berber women.

His Master would be fascinated to have mother and daughter both covered at the same time, then to watch as, with their beauty lips prudently sewn up, they were made by the eunuchs to carry their growing and kicking giant progeny.

Again guessing what was in the eunuch's mind, Hassan gave an order to the overseers. In response to each of their overseer's dogwhip both Amanda and Diana were now thrusting their bellies and hips right forward. Yes, thought Makumo, they would indeed make a fascinating pair of mothers-to-be.

But all that was for later, in the short term they must please the Emir.

'I shall have to slim the mother down,' Makumo said, stroking Amanda's voluptuous waist and hips. 'His Highness is used to the slim Berber woman. The trick will be to get both the mother and daughter's bodies almost identical.'

'Like their almost identical honey-coloured hair and blue eyes,' said the slave dealer, rubbing his hands enthusiastically and sensing a certain sale.

'Indeed!' agreed Makumo.

'But I recommend that you do not try and slim the



Standing back to look at both stalls, the large figure of Makumo, the Emir's chief black eunuch, compares the naked figure of Amanda with that of her daughter, Diana. The contrast between the mother's full beauty lips, under which her clitoris has been snipped off, and the total circumcision, the Rose Treatment, of the daughter, is marked. But, he sees, both had good child-bearing hips for slave breeding...

mother down too much or you will also slim down the breasts. You don't want to reduce the amount of milk she can give.'

'Oh no, I'll have each of them put to Dinka giants. The size of Dinka progeny ensures that Nature arranges for the breasts to grow to give the extra large amount of milk that it will need - especially as we often get twins. I think I will put each of them to three Dinkas.'

'Oh? Why three?'

'Oh, partly to ensure conception and partly to prevent the mother from knowing which is the father of her growing progeny and so forming a annoying attachment.'

'Isn't it easier just to hood the girl, like we do here?' asked the dealer.

'Oh no,' replied the eunuch, 'His Highness likes to attend the mating of a woman selected for Haratin breeding and to put on a proper show of it all. Having to submit to the assaults of three giant Dinkas makes it all a much better spectacle for the Emir and his guests.'

'Yes, of course,' agreed the slave dealer. 'What an excellent idea!' ■

11 - 'I'LL TAKE ALL THREE!'

‘And now for the third of our little British party,’ laughed the slave dealer, nodding to another overseer.

‘What!’ cried Makumo in astonishment.

This time the drawn back curtain of the alcove revealed the red-haired Jeannie, stark naked except for a little row of beads that modestly hid her intimacies. Her eyes were looking around in horror above her gag. Like Amanda’s, her ankles were also chained wide apart.

She realised that she now a slave, but kept separate from her former Mistress and her daughter and with no common language with the other girls in her class, she had little idea what was going on. It had been horrible, when the bandages were removed, to find that she had lost the source of her secret pleasures.

But what had also mystified her was the trimming to which her beauty lips had been subjected in the treatment wing. She was rather proud of the way they now looked - and had been astonished to see that all the other girls had also been trimmed in the same way.

She wondered, however, what her simple tough Highlander lover-boys, back in Scotland, would make of it all. She had always been such a jolly girl and a loyal maidservant, who had enjoyed playing with her body or offering it to a laughing kilted Highlander to play with. But of course she would never see them again...

‘This is the mother’s young red-haired maidservant. Alas, she’s not a virgin - but, as you can see she’s very pretty. And she’s large breasted and would make an exceptional milk slave.’

‘Well,’ cried Makumo, thinking how delighted the Emir would be if he brought back all three. ‘And what nationality are these interesting items?’ he asked.

‘British! The mother and daughter come from an Eng-

lish aristocratic family - just the type of merchandise I like to handle. And the maid, I think, comes from a strange province of England called Scotland, where, they say, the men wear skirts.’

‘But I thought our corsairs were not allowed to attack British ships?’

‘Indeed not, nor enslave British subjects. And we cannot ransom them either. But,’ Hassan added with a sly grin, ‘these women were captured by our brave corsairs whilst travelling aboard a Sicilian ship. Officially in accordance with our treaty with the British, they should have been released. However, it seems that our busy corsairs may have muddled the word ‘British’ with ‘Bavarian’ - and, of course, we have no treaty with Bavaria, wherever that may be!’

‘Anyway, they’d never escape from the Emir’s harem,’ said Makumo with a grim laugh. ‘And it’s a long way from the sea.’

‘Precisely!’ laughed Hassan, rubbing his hands at the thought of getting rid of three potentially awkward women at a considerable profit. Although outwardly he made light of the fact that they were British, nevertheless he would secretly be greatly relieved if they were to disappear for next year into the far away harem of the Emir of Gondah.

Jeannie was now subjected to a close examination by Makumo, concentrating on her full breasts and on her ginger haired ‘moustache’.

The cord round her hips was untied and the line of beads fell to the floor. Makumo gave a gasp of delight at what he now saw in what he had previously only glimpsed – hairless, tight, pink beauty lips that looked like those of a little girl. He ran the tip of his finger down the line of the lips. They were smooth and firm, with no sign of any protruding inner lips.

‘Yes,’ grinned Hassan, ‘my barber surgeon achieved a perfect look!’

The girl’s overseer gave her a curt order. Blushing over her gag, Jeannie bent her knees and Hassan reached forward to part her tight little beauty lips. Where there should have been the excited pleasure bud of a rather wanton young woman there was just a tiny scar.

‘A perfect example of a young widow from House of Hassan,’ murmured the slave dealer. ‘We found her an excellent pupil. She’ll make an interesting contrast for your Master if you take all three.’

Makumo was delighted with all three women and in particular with their doctoring. Quite apart from the physical and mental pleasure it would give to the Emir, it would also greatly increase their value when he came to sell them on the pilgrimage.

Like many Arab rulers, it was something that the Emir had often spoken about having done to his Berber concubines. It was after all usual amongst black women and many Arab ones. But they had been treated whilst still little girls, and the Emir’s barber surgeons had never been sufficiently skilled and experienced to carry out the treatment on grown up women.

He went back into each cubicle and again felt up inside each woman. He wanted to be quite sure. Each of them in turn went red with embarrassment. He smiled as he found that Jeannie, like Diana, was still nicely tight - even if she was no longer a virgin. Tightness was something that the Emir appreciated.

He was delighted to find that, despite their different treatments, all three showed clear signs of responding to a little internal stimulation. They would soon be longing desperately for the only relief that they were now allowed in the harem - the feel of their Master’s manhood as it penetrated them.

He gestured for all of them to be released and turned round, so that he could feel carefully up their tight rear orifices - something which would also serve the Emir’s virile manhood. Satisfied, he stood back and admired their soft, full bottoms, slim waists and long backs. They really were a very fine matched trio of white womanhood.

The slave dealer’s white eunuch pageboy held out a towel and a bowl of rose water in which to wash his

hands. Meanwhile Hassan, shrewd dealer that he was, had ordered the women’s gags to be removed and for all three of them to be released by their overseers and, each held on a lead attached to the backs of their collars, led out of their alcoves.

‘Let’s have a look at them prancing round the room,’ Hassan suggested and gave an order to one of the overseers. There was a crack of a whip, a barked order and the three women started to prance, manacled hands clasped behind their necks and knees raised high in the air, whilst the overseer’s long whip gently touched each of their bottoms in turn to encourage them to prance properly.

Makumo laughed at Amanda’s look of horror as she saw properly, for the first time, the brilliantly coloured rose plant into which her daughter’s intimacies had been transformed.

‘My darling, what have these beasts done to you?’ she cried out in English. She tried to run over to her daughter, to take her in her arms but her overseer was still holding her tightly by her lead.

‘Mamma! Oh Mamma!’ Diana wanted to throw herself into her mother’s arms, but she, too, was tightly held.

‘Madam! Oh Madam! Oh Miss Diana!’ Jeannie cried. ‘And look at me!’

Amanda’s horrified gaze took in Jeannie’s neatly trimmed back beauty lips. Again she opened her mouth to cry out in protest, but this time a sharp tap from her overseer’s whip made her think again.

‘A charming picture of family concern,’ laughed Hassan, rubbing his hands like a keen salesman scenting a sale, ‘and one that would repeatedly delight your Master, if all three were in his harem.’

Makumo nodded.

The whip of one of the overseers cracked dangerously near Amanda’s bottom, making her strain to raise her knees yet higher. At least, she thought, I’m not like the women she had seen in the School of Love - having to prance despite their obvious state of expectancy. But could she be sure that Diana and Jeannie were not also now expecting? It seemed so normal in this terrible place - and they had all been deliberately kept

separate and unable to talk.

She had been appalled to see what had been done to Jeannie's beauty lips as well as the transformation to which poor Diana had been subjected. Had they also, like her, lost their beauty buds? She remembered her own horror when the bandages had finally been removed just to find a little scar. She had also been so ashamed during the lessons in love with the virile Negro teachers, to find that her operation had heightened her longing to feel a manhood up inside her. Had the other two been put through similar lessons?

My God! What dreadful fate lay ahead of them as white slaves in the Barbary States? And to think that only a short time ago she had been a blushing bride on her way to join her future husband and Diana was half engaged to the handsome Dominic Edelston - the Hon. Mr Dominic, no less, a future peer of the realm.

Indeed, similar thoughts were running through Diana's mind as she too strained to raise her knees. She too remembered the shock of seeing what had been done when the bandages were removed. But it was shock mixed with fascination for she had to admit that the effect was very pretty. But could she ever now face Dominic? Indeed would she ever see him again? Who now would be taking her precious maidenhead?

She too remembered her shame during the lessons when the Negress instructor, feeling gently up inside her so as to harm her precious hymen, had raised her to fever pitch despite the absence of her beauty bud. But equally shame making was the constant supervision of her awful overseer and the constant fear of his cane. She had always been such a vivacious girl - now she felt like a cowed puppy.

Jeannie's horror, too, when her bandages were taken off, had been mixed with fascination at the way her beauty lips now looked like those of a child - and she realised the effect had been enhanced by the removal of her precious beauty bud. But, like Amanda, she too, had been shocked and surprised during the enforced lessons in love-making Arab at the intensity of her feelings when one of the large black manhoods of their instructors had so shamefully penetrated her.

At a sign from the slave dealer, three women, each now panting from her exertions and her lead again held tautly by her overseer standing proudly behind

her, was made to grip her manacled hands behind her head, and to kneel up before the strangely dressed black man. Then with each being given a warning tap to keep silence, her overseer held her mouth open for inspection, whilst Makumo inspected their teeth, felt the softness of their mouths and smelt the sweetness of their breath.

Again satisfied, Makumo stood back admiring the line of naked and already well-disciplined women. How amusing the Master would find them. With three of them, he would be able, as Hassan had said, to ring the changes in very interesting ways to suit the Master's mood.

Nothing, for instance, would be more humiliating than for both the blushing mother and daughter to be made to please him in front of each other. He could imagine his Master's delight as the mother was made to stimulate her daughter in front of him, so that she was ready to receive his manhood and lose her virginity, or for the daughter to be made to stimulate the mother so that she was ready for the Master's manhood.

Alternatively, he could imagine the daughter and the young servant girl both pleasuring the Master in the much less inhibited ways of young girls together. Or, he could enjoy the mutual embarrassment of the mother and her former maidservant at being made to please him, each in turn and with the active participation of the other.

Or all three, carefully trained by him beforehand, could be brought into action together. And, of course, all three of them had been trained to belly dance naked in front of their Master. The possibilities seemed endless.

'Yes, I'll take all three,' he said in a business like tone of voice. 'But I shall expect a discount for numbers.'

'But this is a unique package, I am offering you,' exclaimed Hassan.

The serious business of bargaining over the price had begun. It continued for some time, with the three embarrassed women being occasionally led round to show off their charms, or brought up to Makumo for him to inspect again, whilst Hassan's white pageboy served innumerable little cups of Turkish coffee ... ■

12 - BEAUTIFUL BRITISH WOMEN ON THEIR WAY TO SLAVERY

The next morning, a small well-guarded wagon drawn by mules left the slave dealer's establishment. Under the canvas covers was an iron barred cage. Inside the cage were three half naked figures, gagged and still manacled. The cage was low, forcing the women to crawl around on all fours.

Each was chained by the neck to a different corner of the cage. Their gags would only be removed, and then momentarily, when, unable to feed themselves because of their thick fingerless gloves, they were fed and watered, and even then strict silence was enforced.

They could not see out, except through the little metal grilles in the floor of each corner of the swaying cage, through which they had to drop their wastes. Peering through these grilles, they had seen the cobblestones of the town streets replaced by interminable sandy tracks.

Each woman was terrifyingly aware that they had been bought as slaves by the strangely dressed black man, but they had no idea where they were being taken, nor of their fate. But at least they were still together.

Before leaving the House of Hassan, a small red diamond and some Arabic numerals had been delicately and neatly tattooed onto their left inner thighs. The iron collars of the slave dealer had also been removed and replaced by wider brass ones, supplied by Maku-mo, with curved edges for greater comfort. But being much wider these collars held the women's heads up artificially high with their chins raised in the way that appealed to the Emir.

Hanging from the ring at the front of each collar was a brass disc with strange Arabic writing on it. If the women had been able to read the writing they would have learnt to their horror that they were now the private property of the Emir of Gondah. ■

PART FOUR - THE BEY RECEIVES A LETTER

13 - THE GALLEY SLAVES

How beautiful she looked, thought Rory as, followed by Tulip, his white eunuch secretary and page boy, he strode down to the jetty below his palace. His official galliot was moored stern-on as is the fashion in the tideless Mediterranean.

He admired the slender, lightly built and brilliantly varnished craft, with its raised sharp bows and delicate stern curving up high above the calm clear water. Between these, down on the rowing deck, were ten rowing benches, each bisected by the narrow catwalk that ran up the centre of the craft. So as to give the rowers better leverage, long beautifully carved side strakes, or false bulwarks, ran a foot outboard either side of the side of the rowing deck. Through these the oars, ten on each side, were thrust. These side strakes also served to hide the naked galley slaves from prying eyes.

Brightly coloured silken banners fluttered from the prow and stern, on which were emblazoned eulogies to Allah.

He glanced up at the small poop deck protected from the sun by canvas awning lined with pale green silk.

The Arab coxswain, standing by the helm at the after end of the raised poop, broke the strict silence enforced onboard and which was one of the three hallmarks of Turkish custom: silence, magnificence and deference to authority.

‘Master coming onboard!’

Immediately the young boy up in the bows of the galliot gave a brief roll on his drum. Down on the well scrubbed rowing deck, the black eunuch whipmaster, holding his coiled whip in one hand, resplendent in a red fez and matching red breeches with a golden stripe running down the side that signalled the position of his Master, slowly raised his free hand. Then,

without speaking a word, he cracked his whip twice.

The first crack was a preliminary warning that made the silent galley slaves sit up straight. At the second crack the twenty carefully chosen naked young galley slaves, all slim but with breasts that varied intriguingly in shape and weight, lowered their stretched-out arms to a horizontal position, so that their oars were now clear of the water.

Each now turned the loom of her oar, to which her wrist manacles were fastened by a polished metal hasp fitted to the oar by a small padlock. The brightly painted blades of the oars were facing upwards and formed a perfect beautifully spaced line.

Bashir Agha, Master of Women Galley Slaves, made his way aft slowly and majestically, down the catwalk, to greet the Master. His quick eyes, beady and blood-shot, checked that each pretty young white galley slave was sitting up straight, with her belly sucked in and her shoulders back so that her identically painted scarlet nipples were thrust forward, chin raised and eyes fixed on the small of the back of the woman seated ahead of her.

Uncertain as to whether the Bey was alone, he also checked that each woman’s face was properly veiled by her leather mask. Wealthy men in Marsa did not mind another man seeing their female galley slaves’ naked bodies, but their faces must be hidden from outside the galliot and from any male passengers. Only if the Master was alone could the masks could be removed - once the slender little galley was clear of the busy port.

The design of the masks depended on the whim of the Master. Some used pretty little whiskered masks in the form of a cat’s face; others a simple silken yashmak resting on the nose. The Bey had copied the Pa-



Bashir Agha, the black Master of the Bey's women galley slaves, makes his way aft slowly and ponderously down the catwalk to greet the Master. His quick eyes, beady and bloodshot, checks that each young pretty white galley slave is sitting up straight, with her belly sucked in and her shoulders back so that her identically painted scarlet nipples are thrust forward, her chin raised and her eyes fixed on the back of the woman seated in front of her...

sha in using stiff leather masks that would not be affected by the sweat running down the women's faces when he ordered a fast stroke.

The masks covered the entire face, except for two little eyeholes. This had the additional advantage of also acting as an effective muzzle, both preventing the women from talking to each other and from secretly snatching any available sweet food – which might disturb the balance of the special, but meagre diet that they were given to keep them fit and slim.

The masks were black to contrast with their white skins. They were set off by a pretty little leather fringe below the chin. This in turn half hid the simple black iron collars riveted round each woman's neck and the large ring on the front of each collar that was used to chain them at night in the slave pens below the Bey's palace.

This was a well-trained team, Bashir Agha told himself, obedient to the whip and capable of rowing for long periods. They were a credit to him as their whipmaster, responsible for every moment of their lives. It was he who decided which oar they pulled, what they ate and when they slept. It was he who supervised their intimate and natural functions. They were indeed entirely his responsibility.

He gave a last look around at his naked silent charges, each holding out her oar in the position of Salute. Then, satisfied that all was correct, he turned to bow to the Bey he served.

Rory stepped up the gangway that led up to the raised poop. Instead of the tight red coat and black bearskin of His Majesty's Foot Guards, Rory wore an even more striking uniform of blue voluminous trousers, yellow boots and a long yellow spotted robe, edged with a wide golden stripe. It denoted him as the Agha or Commander of the Orta, the Regiment of the Sultan's Corps of Janissaries stationed here in Marsa. On his head he wore the zarcola, the strange brass helmet of the Janissaries with its high white plumes in the front and behind it the distinctive Janissaries' raised wide strip of white felt that curved up over the head and then hung down over the back.

Originally the Janissaries had been formed from

young Christian youths from the Balkans who were the personal slaves of the Sultan. Every few years the Devsirme, a human tax on the Sultan's Christian subjects, was levied and youths of between eight and sixteen were taken from their families and trained to be Janissaries.

Originally, they had been celibate. But now, especially in North Africa, the Janissaries had married and the Corps had become a self-perpetuating corps of fathers and sons. In Constantinople they had become the Praetorian Guard of the Ottomans, threatening and overthrowing Sultans. Here in North Africa, however, they were still a loyal elite force and Rory had been sent to make sure they remained one. Now ennobled as Hussein Bey, he had become the right hand man of the Pasha of Marsa, an elderly but still shrewd and vigorous Turk.

The Bey sat down in the shade of the awning on a sofa over which was stretched a beautiful shawl of pale green silk. On either side of him were brightly coloured cushions, each beautifully embroidered.

Everything about the galley and its crew was intended to reflect the magnificence, power and ruthlessness of its real owner, the far away Sultan, the Shadow of God on Earth.

Rory nodded to his Coxswain, who silently cast off the stern lines to the jetty. The drum boy up in the bows hauled in the anchor and there was another double crack, like pistol shots, from the whipmaster's whip - the first was a warning and the second the executive order.

Instantly the twenty naked women swayed forward in unison, the little bells hanging from their nipple rings tinkling provocatively. They reached right forward until the looms of their oars were touching the back of the woman seated in front of them. Then they turned the looms so that the blades of each oar was vertical.

They were now sitting quite still, waiting anxiously for the next order - a picture of well disciplined white womanhood.

There was a double roll on the drum. The women caught their breath. Their fingers tightened onto the looms of their oars.

Again, like a pistol shot, came another crack of the

whip.

There was a slight pause and then the second crack. Instantly, twenty oars dipped into the water and twenty slim backs strained back in perfect time. First came six short strokes, each marked by a tap on the drum, to get the light galliot moving. Then, as she slipped fast through the calm sea out into the bay, the intervals between each beat of the drum lengthened. As it did so, so did the stroke.

Soon each young woman was straining under the watchful eyes of the cruel whipmaster, who stalked up and down the catwalk. He was proud of his well-drilled charges, proud of the way each strained to bring the loom of her oar right back to the little bells hanging from her painted nipples. As she did so she would automatically raise her belly towards the figure of her Master, seated comfortably on the poop.

Below each distinctive brand mark was the smooth mound from which all signs of hair had been carefully removed. Below that could be seen the line of silver infibulation rings through which were threaded, like the laces of a shoe, the black polished laces that held the hairless beauty lips tightly shut.

Like the laces of a shoe, these were tied in a pretty little bow at the top of the beauty lips. Since great care was taken to ensure that the girls were never allowed to untie these bows, they made certain that the young women were all kept pure – and at all times, especially at night when chained up in their stalls. All their energies had to be kept for pulling their oars.

Indeed, the laces were only loosened by the terrifying whipmaster, or his young assistant and then only for three purposes.

The first was when the women were periodically all simultaneously made to Make a Fountain, as it was euphemistically called.

The second was at Bashir Agha's regular morning inspection before embarking in the galley for the day. This was the moment when he decided whether to leave a particular girl behind in her stall - for he usually had several spares.

The third was when, once a week, with the woman's manacled hands fastened above her head, he applied the burning depilatory lotion to her mound and beau-

ty lips and then, as she started to wriggle with the pain, he would take advantage of the loosened laces to part her hairless beauty lips and rub a little of the lotion along the inside of the lips to make sure that no unsightly hairs were growing there. This always brought on a even more violent spasm of wriggling that the cruel Bashir Agha and his young boy assistant enjoyed watching.

The effect of this lacing was very striking when the women were rowing. As they leaned back on completing each stroke, it looked as if each young woman, reduced to anonymity by her mask, was silently and desperately thrusting up her prettily laced up beauty lips and using them to try and catch the eye of the Bey and so end her life as a galley slave by earning promotion to his harem.

Then, in perfect time, they would all thrust the looms of their oars right forward again to start the next stroke, the little bells suspended from their breasts tinkling together. Some the women would occasionally give their breasts a little extra shake to make her bells ring louder and so attract the Master's attention.

It was the boast of Bashir Agha that by matching the size of each girl's bells to that of her breasts, a distinctive note came from each pair of bells. They had also enabled him to dispense with the taut chains linking the women's collars that he now only used with a new girl being broken to the oar, as it was called. With her collar tightly linked to those of the women seated immediately in front of her and behind her, a new girl was made to pull at her oar in perfect time with the others.

Provided they were all pulling in perfect unison, then, as they commenced and finished each stroke with a little jerk of their breasts, a harmonious musical chord would be heard.

Woe betide any girl whose bells tinkled even slightly earlier or later than the rest - or who thought she could get away with only going through the motions of pulling at her oar.

As Rory looked down at his naked galley slaves, he noticed, as usual, the fascinating way that no two pairs of breasts were alike in shape, firmness or texture, with each pair supporting different sized bells.

It was also fascinating to note how the painted nipples, each infibulated with a golden ring from which hung the bell, also varied in size and in provocativeness. Vive la difference!

Moreover, just as the servants of a distinguished man in Europe might be dressed in his livery so, as we have seen, his galley slaves also wore on their heads, above their black leather masks, as their sole article of clothing in the hot sun, a specially made version of the zarcola - clearly denoting that they were the galley slaves of the Agha of the Janissaries.

It was normal in Marsa for the owner of a galliot to mark his team of women galley slaves in a distinctive fashion. Some instructed their whipmasters to keep their women's heads shaved and polished, or shaved at the sides with a starched narrow mane sticking up from the head forehead to the neck, in Red Indian style.

Other owners liked to see a large well-polished brass ring hanging from each woman's nose. Some liked to see them wearing little embroidered harem caps.

But there was no doubting the galliot of the Commander of the Janissaries with the white plumes of the women's zarcoli visibly swaying to and fro in perfect time above the side strakes of the rowing deck.

The number of pairs of oars was strictly regulated: fourteen for the Sultan should he ever visit Marsa, twelve for the Pasha his Governor, ten for Commander of the Janissaries and other leading officials and eight for the leading merchants, slave dealers and landowners on whom the wealth of the port depended.

Some of the rich merchants of Marsa still preferred to man their galliots with the traditional black slavegirls, brought up to Marsa from across the Sahara. However, with the greatly improved supply of captured Christian women and the consequent drop in their price, more and more were using white women galley slaves - or perhaps achieving a pretty domino effect on the rowing benches by alternating white with black.

Some preferred to use slightly older women, saying that they stood up to the harsh life of a galley slave better than young ones and had more stamina at the oar. Moreover, these galley owners would maintain, their slaves were just as pleasing to look down on from the

comfort of their poop-deck, since the flab, often associated with older European girls, quickly disappeared after a few weeks at the oar - just as straining at an oar under the supervision of a cruel whipmaster did wonders for a previously slightly drooping breast.

Others liked to have an exactly matched team, taking as much trouble over acquiring just the right match, as a proud owner of a delicate phaeton in London might take over acquiring a beautifully matched team of chestnut horses, to show off to his friends.

Others, like Rory, preferred to look down on a variety of shapes and sizes - and ages.

One area of general agreement, however, was that it was important to keep them frustrated and not allow them to dissipate the energies that should be devoted to pulling their Master's oar, by playing with themselves in the slave pens at night.

All in all, these light inshore galleys were both a very useful means of transport for their owners and an absorbing hobby, as well as providing a picturesque sight for visitors to Marsa. ■

14 - A CERTAIN WHITE FEMALE GALLEY SLAVE

Galley slave Number 16 jumped as the black whipmaster standing behind her expertly brought his whip down across her naked shoulder, only slightly tanned by exposure to the sun and up under her outstretched right arm to her right breast.

Henrietta screamed under the leather mask that covered her mouth.

She desperately longed to rub her painted nipple, with its hanging bell, to ease the pain. But with her wrists chained to her oar she could only touch it momentarily at the end of each stroke. In any case, with the terrifying whipmaster standing over her, she did not dare to try to touch her breasts, never mind not keep perfect time with the drum hammering out the fast stroke that the Bey had ordered.

Indeed, it was the sheer physical strain of keeping up with this fast stroke that had made her try to ease her aching muscles by going through the movements of rowing without really pulling hard. She had not realised that he had come up the catwalk from the bows and had been standing right behind her, nor that he would so quickly spot that she was slacking.

‘Put your back into it, Number 16!’

He raised his whip for another stroke.

Henrietta knew that she had to keep her eyes fixed on the back of the girl in front of her, but she still could not help flashing a quick glance up at the handsome young Englishman sitting majestically up on the poop-deck, the cruel man who owned her, the man she loved and adored, but equally the man she hated and despised for allowing her, a sensitive and beautiful Englishwoman, to be sentenced by his chief black eunuch to the horror of a stint as one of his galley slaves.

Early every morning, with their faces hidden by their numbered leather masks and the plumes of their zarcoli waving above their heads, the women were released from the heavy collar chain in their stalls and lined up in two lines in the passageway. It was a moment of apparent freedom, but it was false freedom, for Bashir Agha had first closed and locked the stout iron barred grille across the end of the passageway.

Then each line would be chained up in a slave coffle, with the rings of their collars linked by short chains. One coffle consisted of the ten women who would be chained to the oars on the starboard side, with a spare girl destined for the tiny cage in the bows. The other coffle was made up of the women who pulled the oars on the port side, again together with a spare.

The smallest girls, who would man the bow oars, were in the front and the largest, who would pull the sternmost oars, were in the back, with the more experienced and specially selected stroke oars last of all.

Then, watched by the few girls being left behind still chained in their stalls and obedient to a crack of Bashir Agha’s whip, the two coffles would prance out into the sunlight, clasping their manacled hands behind their necks and raising their knees high in the air. Accompanied by the cracking of their overseer’s whip, and taking care to keep in step, they pranced along the quayside to where the their Master’s graceful galliot was moored stern-on in front of the Bey’s palace.

Then, one coffle at a time, they would embark and be chained to their oars. Only then were the chains linking their collars removed – but not those of any girls still being broken into the oar.

Now chained to their oars, with their faces covered by their stiff leather masks, they had to sit silent and



Linked by their collar chains the two naked coffles, one of white girls destined for the oars on the port side and the other for the starboard side, prance in step out into the sunlight, running along the quay to the galley driven on by the crack of Bashir Agha's whip...

patient in the warm morning sun, waiting in case their Master might need his galley.

If the Bey went then ashore somewhere the galley would have to lie off, the Arab coxswain occasionally calling for a few strokes of the oars to keep the craft in position.

Sometimes the coxswain and Bashir Agha would make the women practice holding water or backing watering with the oars on one side, whilst pulling with those on the other to spin the light craft round, or quickly back-watering with both sets of oars to moor the craft stern on to a jetty, holding water at the last moment to break momentum.

Henrietta soon found herself taking a pride in the way the long galley was so expertly manoeuvred.

Sometimes she would catch a glimpse of other galleys, also mainly manned by naked white women under the orders of a well dressed whipmaster. It was all clearly intended as an outward sign of the wealth of their owners, just as in England the possession of a beautiful carriage with its smartly dressed postilions and drivers and matching teams of horses, was also a sign of wealth. But there was more to it here, for the possession of a team of naked white women galley slaves was clearly also a sign of the cruel masculinity of their owner and of revenge on the hated Christians.

The slaves were even taught by Bashir Agha to sing together in girlish voices. Often at night, when the Bey was visiting the luxurious water's edge villa of a rich widow, he and his lady love would be serenaded by the slave girls chained to the oars of the galley lying off in the calm moonlit waters. It was an old Marsa custom.

Sometimes Rory might invite his Turkish lady for a moonlight cruise around the bay. Then, just as Henrietta had been driven mad by jealousy in the harem, she was now again driven equally mad as, chained impotently to her oar, she had to sing an Arab or Turkish love song whilst Rory seduced the object of his desires up on the poop deck, with the woman's little cries of ecstasy punctuating the girlish chorus.

Oh, how she hated him for allowing Matrak to condemn her to this terrible life. But as she looked up

at him sitting masterfully on the poop, she could not help admiring his commanding ways and his virile and handsome looks.

She thought about the way he would, whenever the mood took him, order one of the women to be replaced by one of the spare girls and then be brought by Bashir Agha on a lead, crawling along the catwalk and up to the poop. There her lead would be handed to the Bey's pageboy and her mask removed. Still on her knees, with her manacled hands flat on the deck, she would put her head down under the Bey's robes or onto his voluminous blue Turkish trousers ...

The other jealously watching women, still straining at their oars under Bashir Agha's whip, would secretly watch through the little eyeholes of their masks. They would see their Master's white pageboy standing to one side, holding the girl's lead taut. They would see how their Master, now holding a dogwhip in one hand and perhaps using the other to and fondle the girl's breasts with their rings and dangling bells, would carefully direct her mouth and tongue to his manhood to give himself the greatest pleasure.

They would see her head obediently rising and falling. But they would also see, between her cheeks as she knelt on the poop-deck facing away from them, that her tightly laced beauty lips were glistening with the signs of frustrated excitement.

How Henrietta would be wishing that it was she who had been selected. She would have given the Master such pleasure - such pleasure that he would have relented and ordered her to be sent back to the harem. But over and over again she had been ignored and some other chit of a girl had been tried out instead. As she raised her body invitingly up towards him at the end of each stroke, she could feel herself becoming aroused beneath her tightly laced up beauty lips.

But, above all, she had learned to fear Bashir Agha's whip as he quietly walked up and down the catwalk, his pig-like eyes eagerly on the lookout for the slightest slackening off by any of his charges. ■

15 - RORY IS PLEASURED AND READS SOME EXTRAORDINARY NEWS

Rory looked around and saw that the craft was now skimming fast over the calm waters of the bay, well clear of the shore and of other vessels.

The sight of the naked women straining at their oars on the rowing deck had been stimulating and arousing. It would be some time before they arrived at the fort he was due to inspect. Perhaps he would enjoy himself with one of them.

Bashir Agha and his young assistant, now beating out the time on the drum up in the bows, would take it as a compliment to them and to the way they kept the galley slaves looking beautiful and attractive whilst still controlling them so strictly. As for Tulip, his white eunuch pageboy, he was used to attending on his Master in such moments.

Which one? He looked down on the twenty sleek female bodies all rowing in perfect time. Now that they were out of the port area, perhaps he should order their masks to be removed. Then he remembered Bashir Agha's anger at Number 16. Henrietta! He did not need her mask to be removed to be reminded of her beauty.

He turned and gestured to the coxswain, who in turn signalled to the boy up in the bows. Seconds later the galley slaves heard a staccato roll of the drum. They recognised the signal warning them to prepare to raise their oars from the water. This usually meant that a woman was to be rapidly substituted by one of the spares from the little cages up in the bows.

As the drum gave a beat that was the executive signal for the order to be carried out, each woman was desperately hoping that she would be rested.

But they saw their whipmaster coming down the catwalk with the decorated leather lead that was used to hold a woman who was to give pleasure to the Master.

Nineteen pairs of eyes filled with jealous hate as they saw that it was the new woman that Bashir Agha was releasing from her oar, whilst the boy led down her replacement. Quickly they exchanged places and then the stroke continued again whilst the still masked Henrietta was led, naked and crawling on all fours, up the catwalk towards the poop, head lowered humbly.

Despite the humiliation, she could not help being thrilled at having been chosen. Already she could even feel herself becoming aroused under the laces. As she crawled up the steps to the poop she remembered seeing how the glistening moisture between the other chosen women's tight lashings had betrayed their excitement and arousal. She blushed under her mask as she realised that hers, too, was now being displayed. How weak and helpless the female sex were in the presence of a strong and virile male.

Keeping her head dutifully lowered, she caught a glimpse of her awful whipmaster handing the decorated lead to Tulip. Nervously, she eyed the tip of the pretty little dogwhip now dangling in front of her from the boy's wrist. Before her eyes were the decorated slippers of her Master, and above them the yellow robe that covered his blue baggy trousers.

'Under,' ordered Tulip in high falsetto voice, giving her a sharp tap on her naked rear.

Quickly, she put her head under the robe. Keeping her manacled hands dutifully on the well scrubbed deck and urged on by another tap, she sought out the manhood that she knew would await her attention.

Satisfied that Henrietta was satisfactorily pleasuring his Master, Tulip coughed discreetly.

It was quite usual for important men to be pleased by a kneeling woman when, as now, they dealt with correspondence brought to their attention by their

white eunuch pages.

‘Your Excellency,’ Tulip respectfully murmured in his piping falsetto voice - he had been castrated just before his voice broke. ‘This letter has been forwarded for you from the British Ambassador in Constantinople through the Sublime Porte.’

Surprised, Rory took the envelope. It still bore the seal of the British Embassy - though doubtless, he thought, it would have been secretly read in Constantinople - and also here by the Pasha.

There was another crack of Bashir Agha’s whip and another little cry from down on the rowing deck. But this time Rory did not bother to look up. Instead he tore open the envelope whilst, to ensure that Henrietta continued her attentions, Tulip gave another tap to her bare curves, gleaming white and exposed at the foot of her seated Master’s robe.

The envelope contained another letter which he unfolded. It was written in English, brief and to the point:-

‘My dear Fitzgerald,

I understand that following your unfortunate disgrace in London over the Queen’s Maid of the Bed Chamber - for which you have my sincere commiserations, for being caught out was indeed bad luck - you have taken service with Sultan of Turkey. I hear that you have reached high rank and are now stationed in North Africa.

‘You were at one time close to my daughter, Amanda, after her husband’s early death, though I am afraid that I had to put a stop to your attentions in view of your lack of financial and worldly expectations - and clear inability to provide for her and her young daughter, Diana.

‘I hope you have forgiven me, for I now write to ask your help and to give you some melancholy news. The Neapolitan ship in which she was travelling from Gibraltar to join her betrothed, Colonel Fortescue, stationed with the British Army in Sicily, was captured by Barbary Pirates. She has disappeared, together with the daughter. Diana is now seventeen and was due to be Presented at Court next year - and we had hoped she would eventually marry her cousin, the son of Lord Poundland. We have also no news of her

young ladies maid, Jeannie Campbell, who comes from my estate here in Scotland.

‘Colonel Fortescue has been unable to find out from which Barbary port the corsairs came.

‘We must assume that the women have all been enslaved by those cruel pirates.

‘But can you, in God’s name, and for the sake of the love you once bore her, find her and obtain her release, together with that of my granddaughter and the maidservant?

‘You are the only hope of a lonely old man.

‘I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Thomas Forsyth.’

Rory read the letter through twice and then put it down with a sigh. The beautiful Amanda was indeed an old flame. She had been a voluptuous young widow in London. It was true that he had, in a mad moment, proposed marriage and had been heartbroken when her father, knowing his lack of means, had forbidden their marriage.

He was distressed to learn what had happened to her, but to find a white female slave in North Africa would be like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack - especially as she was British.

The fact that the Barbary States had signed treaties with Great Britain, agreeing not to attack British ships or enslave British subjects, made it even more impossible. Officially there could be no British slaves - for ransom or otherwise.

Turkish and Arab gentlemen did not discuss their womenfolk with anyone other than their chief black eunuchs and, once locked up in a harem, they would never be seen again.

Nor, in any case, would the Ruler of the Barbary port to which they had been taken want to give any help to find them. He certainly would not want any scandal or problems with the British. Supplying the British Fleet, endlessly blockading Toulon, with fresh food was a highly profitable business for all the Barbary States. If the missing British women had been cap-

tured and enslaved by corsairs based on his port, but were now safely locked up in a harem, then so much the better.

Moments later these thoughts were brushed aside when, with Henrietta's soft little tongue still working hard to please him, Tulip handed him another note from the Pasha asking him to come and discuss some urgent business the following day.

Giving this note back to Tulip, Rory put his hand down onto his lap and, through his robe, gripped Henrietta's hair. The beautiful little slut was doing her work so well that he felt a rising tension and the approach to a climax.

'Stop!' he ordered. He wanted to save himself for his harem later on. Obediently the little tongue was still.

She really was well trained in using her tongue and mouth to give pleasure, Rory reflected - a credit to both the Pasha's chief black eunuch, who initially broke her in and later to Matrak, in charge of his own harem. And to think that she was once a respectable young English lady, married to a British Army officer! It really was extraordinary how the competitive atmosphere of a harem and fear of the eunuchs' whip, could turn a strictly brought up young woman into such an uninhibited and sensuous creature.

He had missed her: missed talking to an educated Englishwoman of his own background; missed laughing with her over what was probably happening in the season in London; missed just talking English again.

Would she not have learned her lesson by now? Surely her whispered stories of what she had suffered would scare the other girls into obeying the harem rules even more closely. Even Matrak might agree that she was now ready to be returned to his care.

Yes, he had made his decision. He would order Bashir Agha to arrange for Henrietta's immediate return to the harem. ■

16 - RORY IS SENT ON A SPECIAL TRIP

‘My son,’ said the big bearded Pasha, resplendent, as befitted the representative of the Sultan, Allah’s Shadow on Earth, in a huge turban and a silken robe edged with fur, ‘I have had a special request for your services from a loyal servant of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan - The Emir of Gondah.’

‘Gondah!’ exclaimed Rory angrily. ‘But he’s a cruel and despicable tyrant!’

‘A true follower of His Imperial Majesty,’ interjected the Pasha coolly. ‘We owe him much, my son, for he has steadfastly refused to have anything to do with French spies or their bribes.’

‘He knows that the French would soon put a stop to his cruelty.’

‘Not necessarily,’ said the Pasha. ‘He could make himself as invaluable to them as he has been to us - and that’s where you come in, my son.’

‘Oh?’

‘Yes! The Emir has decided to go on the Hajj – to Mecca.’

Rory began to see daylight. ‘And as soon he goes, the tribes will rise against him! And I must be there to stop them!’

The Pasha nodded. ‘I want you to leave as soon as possible! Will two days give you time to say goodbye to the lovely women in your harem?’

Rory blushed. Many of his women had come directly or indirectly from the Pasha and several even bore his brand on their bellies as a permanent reminder to him of how much he owed to the Pasha’s kindness and interest.

Then, almost as if the Pasha was reading his thoughts, he added: ‘And, of course, my son, if your Janissar-

ies ensure that the Emir can return from the Hajj and take up again the burden of ruling his territory on behalf of our Master, the Sultan, then I’m sure that both he and I would want to show our gratitude in the accustomed manner.’

Again Rory blushed, though this time with pleasure, knowing that ‘accustomed manner’ meant further gifts of women. He would never, of course, accept bribes or cash, but the gift of a charming and pretty young woman could hardly be refused - certainly not by a lusty young individual like himself.

‘It’s about time you tasted the delights of slender Berber women as a change from your European ones - and doubtless the Emir could spare one or two his own well stocked harem... Incidentally, how is my little Carmen? Still the little spitfire? I hear you followed my advice and had covered by a pair of pygmies. Did she take?’

‘Yes, yes, she’s doing well,’ stammered a now embarrassed Rory. But the wily old man, having made his point, was not listening.

‘Now let’s get down to plans ...’

It was the night before Rory’s departure and Matrak had all his concubines ready, under the supervision of young Abdul. They were lined up, out of sight, to the side of the viewing screen that looked into the main harem room.

There was an air of excitement. They had been allowed to dress up like European women of fashion in the latest Parisian style: long waist-less transparent muslin dresses, gathered in below an almost totally exposed bosom. The women were whispering and giggling to each other. It was thrilling to be allowed

such clothes again. Indeed, they might have been at a society ball in Naples, London or Paris, were it not for the total absence of men - other than the ever watchful presence of Abdul, his cane in his right hand.

The dresses themselves had been brought back by Barbary corsairs for copying and sale to the harems of men who, like Rory, liked to see their European slave women dressed for a change.

But the excitement was also mixed with sadness, for they knew that this would be their handsome young Master's last night in his harem before leaving for a long journey into the interior. And he had only just come back from another trip.

Matrak formally drew back a chair in front of the screen for his Master. The scene before Rory was of an apparently empty harem, but through the screen came the excited murmuring of women. Then, standing at Rory's shoulder, Matrak rang a bell as a signal to Abdul.

Instantly the women fell silent. Glancing in a large wall mirror they quickly touched up their carefully arranged hair and rearranged their dresses so that their painted nipples were just hidden by the layer of transparent muslin.

Abdul pointed to the latest arrival in the harem, Martina, the pretty young Italian girl whom Henrietta had earlier replaced in the Master's team of young female galley slaves.

Tossing her head proudly, the girl walked along the wall of the harem, pirouetted in front in front of the screen and then curtseyed deeply to her hidden Master. She had certainly made an exciting and intriguing new acquisition for Rory's harem. Much to the jealous fury of his other concubines, he had chosen her for his enjoyment on the first night after his recent return. The pleasure he had had in taking this Italian mayor's wife had made up for the unexpected absence of Henrietta.

Martina rose to her feet and gracefully walked off out of sight, to be followed one by one by the other ten women, each looking radiant in their new dresses and each smiling invitingly at the opaque screen, whilst Matrak whispered a running commentary about the their physical and emotional states.

Finally it was the turn of Henrietta.

Matrak had made it clear that he disapproved of the speed that with which Rory had had her released from her galley oar. He still regarded Henrietta as a wilful young woman who had behaved disgracefully and had got off too lightly, conveniently forgetting his own role in provoking her to attack Barbara and Marie.

Matrak was clearly giving Henrietta a hard time in the harem and Rory was not surprised to see that the reason why she was last was that young Abdul was humiliatingly holding her by a lead fastened to a leather collar round her neck. But Rory could not help his heart beating faster as he saw her, now dressed again as the respectable and fashionable Englishwoman she once was, make her deep curtsey, whilst Abdul held her again like a fractious dog on a taut lead.

At last, she was back in the harem - his for asking. But he would have to be careful not upset Matrak.

'I think it would pleasant if, for a change, I came into the harem myself to have a closer look at them,' Rory said to Matrak, tactfully saying nothing about Henrietta as she disappeared from view.

'Of course, Your Excellency,' Matrak murmured obsequiously. 'I will arrange everything.'

A quarter of an hour later Rory was sitting on a large oriental sofa in the harem. His breeches were open, his shirt undone.

Barbara and Marie were sitting on his knees, their hands round his neck. Their nipples were now exposed to his gaze as they impatiently fought with their tongues for his lips.

Two other girls were jealously waiting to take their place and several others were standing behind him, leaning forward to tickle his ears with their hot little tongues. Two others were kneeling on the sofa by his side, playing with his nipples, as Matrak had taught them to do and sending thrilling little shoots of pain and desire through his body.

Down between his outstretched legs knelt two girls. Martina was slowly sucking his manhood, her head rising and falling rhythmically. Henrietta, her lead still held by Abdul, had been driven by his cane to

thrust her head lower down and tickle her Master's testicles with her tongue.

It was all sheer delight, thought Rory, as he played first with one half-naked breast and then another. Then, obeying an order from Matrak, the two girls on his knees, those standing behind him and those kneeling on the sofa alongside him changed round, giving the opportunity to play with and compare half a dozen new sets of breasts.

Only the two girls kneeling on the floor between his feet were not changed.

Suddenly Rory rose to his feet, the girls around him falling back in alarm.

'Barbara and Marie,' he called out to Matrak. 'And Henrietta as a foot girl.'

Matrak smiled at the choice. The first two would soon be kneeling on all fours on their Master's bed, jealously thrusting their little bottoms back to try and retain their Master's attention as, like a good Moslem, he thrust into the rear entrances of first one and then the other of these debased Christians. And behind the kneeling Master would be Henrietta, her lead fastened to the ring at the foot of the bed, her tongue and fingers active as she strained to double the pleasure that he was taking from her hated rivals.

And all three would know that the slightest failure to earn their Master's delight would result in them being sent for by Matrak in the morning ... ■



It is all a sheer delight, thinks Rory, as he plays first with one half naked breast and then another. Then, obeying an order from Matrak, the two girls on his knees, those standing behind him and those kneeling on the sofa alongside him, all changed round giving him the opportunity to play with and compare half a dozen new sets of breasts...

PART FIVE - IN THE HAREM OF THE EMIR

17 - WAITING IN THE WINGS

Gagged and crawling on all fours and pulling like eager dogs against the lead fastened to the ring at the back of their collars, Amanda, Diana and Jeannie all anxiously tried to peer between the folds of the heavy brocade curtains.

Their hands were encased in the leather fingerless mittens that they still had to wear to prevent them, in despair, from harming themselves. Not only did these mittens make it impossible for them to hold anything, like a knife, but they also made it impossible for them to unfasten their gags - and so even to whisper to each other.

There was a sweet smell of incense through the curtains separating the beautifully tiled main harem display room in the Emir's castle from the alcove in which they were being held by their trainer. Their wrists were joined by a highly polished foot long manacle chain, and they were kneeling on all fours - waiting silently and nervously to be summoned to belly dance before the Emir.

They were to belly dance simultaneously, whilst chained together by the neck. Diana was in the middle, her mother on her right and Jeannie on her left.

To make certain that their bellies gyrated properly in the lascivious and abandoned fashion that they had been taught, miming the female arousal and climax, their young eunuch trainer, Batra, would be standing right behind them. In one hand he would hold the leads fastened to the ring at the back of their brass collars and in the other the short whip with which he would drive the panting women to even greater efforts.

Whilst actually dancing, with their manacled hands above their heads in the oriental fashion, their leather mittens would be removed, to allow them to use their fingers to gesticulate like well trained Eastern dancers.

But they would still be kept gagged to prevent them spoiling their forthcoming performance with any senseless protests.

How humiliating it all was to be trained so intimately by a mere boy, thought Amanda, as she glanced back at the whip. But it was not only the training that was so humiliating. Thanks to their fingerless gloves, which they wore at all times, they were also dependent on him for everything. He washed and fed them and stood over them when they performed their natural functions.

At this moment they were like dancers in a ballet waiting in the wings of a theatre to start a 'Pas de Trois'. But ballet dancers waiting to perform were not held kneeling on all fours like a line of dogs with their leads held by a strict young eunuch armed with a whip.

Nor were ballet dancers dressed as revealingly as they were. Hanging down from the nipples of their naked breasts were large slender gold rings. And the nipples themselves had, like their eyelids and mouths, been carefully painted a brilliant light blue - the colour of the harem team to which they now belonged - for the harem was divided into four rival teams, each with its own colour: red, green, orange and blue. Each team had its own supervising eunuchs. Young Batra was one of the assistant overseers for the Blue Team.

The three kneeling women made an erotic sight, but it would be even more erotic when they stood up to dance, for their blue painted nipples would then peak tantalisingly round the edges of their stiff little identical boleros of blue silken brocade, open at the front and buttoned up the back. Over the right breast was embroidered the name of the Emir in bold Arabic letters. Little blue embroidered caps and blue turned-up



Gagged and crawling on all fours and pulling like eager dogs against the leads held by young Batra and fastened to the rings at the back of their collars, Amanda, Diana and Jeanne all anxiously tried to peer between the folds of the heavy brocade curtains. When called for they are to belly dance before the Emir, their Master, chained together by the neck...

Turkish slippers completed their dress.

Slung round their hips were blue transparent harem silken trousers through which gleamed their soft white little bottoms. But once again the effect would be even more erotic when they stood up and disclosed the Emir's crest now prominently branded on their naked bellies – with the brands permanently coloured with blue pigment.

However, even that was not all. Amanda blushed at the thought that, as she danced, her beauty lips, also painted the same blue, would be pouting interestingly under her hairless and powdered mound and now branded belly. Oh, the pain and humiliation of them all being branded on the day of their arrival in the Emir's palace was something she would certainly never forget.

Moreover, as was intended, it made her realise more than ever that that she was now a slave and that there could be no escape, no release. How could she ever now marry her betrothed, branded on the belly, as she was, with an Arab Emir's crest? How could Diana now ever marry Lord Poundland's son?

But the beauty lips of Jeannie, also painted blue, would have a charming aspect - a simple tight little slit with no sign of the normally protruding inner lips. It gave her a strangely innocent look. Amanda wondered if Jeannie's beauty bud, like hers, had been snipped off in the hospital wing of Hassan, the slave dealer.

How that little operation had changed her life! No longer could she play with herself, enjoying the thrills that shot through her body. Instead, although her nipples seemed to have become far more sensitive, she would be utterly reliant for any relief on a hard virile manhood rubbing up and down inside her.

But what had been done to herself and to Jeannie by that terrible slave dealer paled into insignificance by comparison to what seemed to have been done to her precious Diana. How often had she longed to take her beautiful daughter into her arms and console her.

But of course it was not allowed ...

Belly dancing! Oh how humiliating it had been to have to learn the difficult muscular control in the slave dealer's School of Love. Only the constant fear of the whip had driven her on and on, until at last she could

give a fair imitation of what was required.

Diana and Jeannie, with their younger bodies, seemed to have learned it all much better. But of course it was not the degree of expertise that would please her Master, but the sight of an educated European woman being made to demean herself in this way.

Never had she been made to feel so helpless, doctored and trained simply to give mental and physical pleasure to her Master. Never had she imagined that she could be made to practice, several times a day, her part in the forthcoming taking of Diana's virginity by her Arab Master. Or that Diana would have to practice assisting at the rape of her mother by this same sinister Master.

Her Master! So far she had not even seen the man whose property she now was. Now they were going to have to dance erotically in front of him in the way that she had been taught to do in the slave dealer's establishment. They had been judged to be ready to be presented to the Emir for the first time, ready to belly dance in front of their Master, ready to offer themselves to him.

Still peering between the curtains, Amanda had a glimpse of four groups of half-naked Berber concubines, dressed just like her.

Each group consisted of a dozen beautiful young Berber women arranged in two rows. They were all facing a raised dais on which was placed a large empty Turkish sofa, two groups to the left of the dais and two to the right. Each group was dressed in the colours of their team.

Lined up as they were in silent rows and identically dressed, they reminded Amanda of well groomed dogs lined up for the judges at a dog show.

They all wore highly polished brass collars and their wrists were manacled with a short length of carefully polished chain. Were these chains, Amanda wondered, simply intended to give more erotic pleasure to her unknown Master? Surely there was no chance of escape, chained or not?

Later she would learn that the women were kept manacled not merely for the greater gratification of their Master, but also to make it more difficult for them to harm him. They were not, she would soon learn,

mere slave girls delighted to find themselves enjoying a life of ease, but the wives, betrothed and daughters of fiercely independent Berber tribesmen - cruelly taken away by the Emir and kept in his harem, not merely for his pleasure but also as hostages for the good behaviour of their rebellious men folk. So, it was prudent to take extra precautions.

For the same reason it was standard harem practice when a girl was put into the Emir's bed for her hands to be encased in the same fingerless mittens that Amanda was now wearing. Not only could the girl not scratch the Emir's face as he took his pleasure from her body, but also she could not use a dagger that she might have tried to smuggle in or even draw one from the Emir's own belt.

Moreover, just as Amanda's soft leather mittens ensured that she could not now unfasten her gag, so too theirs would ensure that girls in the Emir's bed could not unfasten their gags without permission - for the Emir did not like his pleasure being interrupted by any disagreeable importuning.

To the side of each group of half-naked women, dressed in a sumptuous robe that matched the colour of the women's skimpy dress, stood their eunuch Team Overseers. Each was holding a dogwhip, raised like the baton of a conductor. Tucked prominently into the sashes round their waists was a short handled whip with a coiled lash. Each was watching his team carefully, on the lookout for the slightest sign of giggling or truculence.

Standing next to each Team Overseer was his assistant overseer. Some of these eunuchs, like Batra, were only boys, others much older and fatter.

Other eunuchs, not apparently tied to specific teams, stood around the room ready with their whips to enforce silence and decorum. Discipline and security were very tight in the Emir's harem and the Emir could afford to use sufficient eunuch overseers to ensure that they were. After all, he was giving them useful training and experience before sending them onto to act as overseers in his money making Haratin breeding farm.

Amanda saw a young woman in the middle of the rear line of the Green Team jump up. She was wearing red and, as if suddenly realising that she was with the

wrong team, she ran across to the rear rank of the Red Team. Hastily she fell to her knees, but not before her Team Overseer had noticed. Glaring at her he held up four finger of one hand and with the other gave a little wave of his dogwhip.

Was he telling her that she would get four strokes of his whip as a punishment for her inattention? Amanda's heart went out to the poor girl. Oh, these awful eunuchs!

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the Master, each team was being put through its paces by its overseers. It put the women, Makumo used to say, in a suitably abject frame of mind.

Amanda saw that the Blue Team, to the right of the empty throne-like sofa, were kneeling on their ankles, wrist manacles lying across their laps, heads lowered, in a position of rest. She eyed them nervously, thinking that before long she, too, like Diana and Jeannie, would have to take her place in that particular team.

Their Team Overseer called out an order. 'Blue Team - Display!'

Amanda saw that the women did not move. Then the Team Overseer cracked his whip and, moving as one, the women all obediently rose up onto their widely parted knees, put their manacled hands behind their necks, lifted up their heads and, looking straight ahead, thrust out their tongues. Their long silken black hair now hung down their almost naked backs.

It was a position that beautifully displayed their thrust out breasts, bellies, mouths and beauty lips - and a fine display of disciplined womanhood.

The Team Overseer slowly walked down behind the two lines of women, tapping one with his whip to make her pull her shoulders back more, another to part her knees more, and another to raise her chin.

Many of the girls had quite plump little tummies with, of course, the Emir's crest neatly branded in blue across them. Then she noticed that the brands on the bellies of the women, on the right hand end of the front row of the Blue Team, seemed to be slightly distorted as if they had become plumper since being branded.

Put on weight? Become plumper? Yes, their bellies

did seem to be thrust out more prominently than those of the others. She looked again. Surely they could not be in ... what the eunuchs cruelly and laughingly termed a Happy State? By whom? Surely not by the Master, for these were his concubines not his wives.

Anxiously, she looked across at the other teams which were also being put through their paces. There, too, the women at the right hand end of the front row of each group also seemed to be in the same Happy State with the girl at the end of the line a good deal more advanced than those on her immediate left, whose brand seemed only slightly distended.

My God, Amanda thought, these awful eunuchs actually seem to grade the women who are expecting a Happy Event by the size of their swelling tummies and the extent to which their tattoos were stretched. She saw that the Blue Team Overseer, now patrolling up and down in front of his team, was proudly eying the bellies of the women concerned in a proprietary way, as if he had recommended the girl for fertilisation, had supervised her when it was carried out and was now closely overseeing her progress.

As Amanda watched, she saw him give a smart tap to the swollen belly of one of the half naked expectant women, making her arch her head and shoulders back so that she thrust herself out even more prominently.

Amanda gasped in horror. For a woman to be under the orders of these awful negroes was bad enough, but to be so when in a certain state, was even worse. Was she, too, destined to be put into that state? Would Jeannie? Even worse, would Diana? My God!

But that was not all, for Amanda noticed that the breasts of the girls at the opposite end of the lines to those in a Happy State seemed unnaturally heavy. She also saw the signs of recent stretch marks on their bellies. She saw that the Team Overseers were proudly eying those with the largest breasts.

Goodness, she thought, the eunuch Team Overseers are deliberately vying with each other to keep their most buxom girls in milk! But with no sign of any little children in the harem, she realised that they must be being kept in milk for the Emir.

'Down!' ordered the Blue Team Overseer.

Moving as one and keeping their backs beautifully straight, the two rows of women in the Blue Team lowered their foreheads to the floor, their outstretched tongues now licking it and their hips raised. Their manacled hands were placed palm down on either side of their heads with the chains flung forward, like their long gleaming black hair, over their heads.

Again their Team Overseer strode along the two rows of prostrate women, tapping some with his cane to make them strain to raise their bottoms higher and others to push their heads down more abjectly.

Then came the order: 'All fours!'

Obediently the women straightened their arms so that they were kneeling on all fours like Amanda, but with their heads raised looking straight ahead.

More than ever, thought Amanda, they looked like a line of well trained dogs. Oh, she thought, the shame of being so humiliatingly controlled by these ignorant but very strict blacks.

The only black men she had previously come across had been nice respectful servants in England, usually former slaves in the West Indies brought back to England by their owners. They had, of course, been in a much inferior position to herself. Now the boot was on the other foot, and in no mean way.

Batra looked possessively at the three soft white bottoms in front of him. They really were lovely.

He gave their leads a little jerk. 'Heads up!' he ordered. Instantly all three of them raised their heads and looked straight ahead, like obedient little dogs.

Batra smiled. They were the first European women he had come across and he felt immeasurably proud that he had been chosen by Makumo to be their trainer. The Emir would doubtless take great pleasure from them and this could earn him a fortune, for when the Emir was pleased with a particular woman's performance, it was her team overseers, and Makumo himself, who shared the customary reward - not the woman. These women would perform well, not from anticipation of financial reward, but from fear of the whip if she did not please their Master.

Young Batra had been delighted to find that they had

all been doctored. It would make his task of keeping them pure that much easier.

He glanced down at the printed list of Arabic commands tucked into his waistband that these women had been taught by the slave dealer to obey. He, too, had learnt them by heart - just as he had also learnt the whole routine that Makumo had devised for the deflowering of the young virgin, the rape of the mother and then, unknown to them, their sodomising.

Yes, he thought, he could certainly take pride in his role in the harem. And one day he would be a chief black eunuch in sole charge of a harem, just like Makumo himself. ■

18 - THE EMIR INSPECTS HIS NEW SLAVES

Everyone seemed to be waiting for something to happen - the three European women, anxiously peering through the curtains of the alcove in which they were held kneeling, gagged and chained and the lines of kneeling concubines watched over by their eunuch overseers.

Both, Amanda thought, were rather like a well trained and flimsily dressed corps de ballet waiting, under the watchful eye of strict ballet masters, for the curtain to go up.

Suddenly one of the watching eunuchs gave a warning crack of his whip.

At a curt word of command from their Team Overseer, each line of women took up the submissive attitude they had been practising: lowering their heads humbly, keeping their backs straight, until their foreheads touch the tiled floor between the outstretched fingers of each hand. Each overseer was checking that his team were moving as one, taking their time from their team leader on the right of the line.

As each woman's forehead touched the floor she jerked her hands and head forward so that her manacle chain and her long hair were both spread out in front of her.

The groups of now prostrate women made a pretty picture with their straight naked backs and their raised curves gleaming through their filmy coloured trousers - a fine display of well disciplined womanhood.

Amanda gasped as she now saw a small, Arabic-looking, fat faced man stride into the silent harem room. He had short beard and piercing eyes. He looked cruel and ruthless. He wore a brightly coloured robe and a large blue turban. He was the first man, other than the eunuchs, that Amanda had seen since she arrived in the harem. So this was her Master!

She felt sick at the thought that she was going to be one of his concubines. She felt even worse at the thought that it was he who would take her daughter's virginity. All her high hopes for Diana making a brilliant marriage to the eldest son of a rich peer of the realm were about to end in the harem of this brutal man.

Behind the Emir came Makumo, the Emir's chief black eunuch, the ruler of the harem, dressed in white, his long, slender, silver tipped cane in his hand. He was proudly looking at the lines of silent women and exchanging glances with his Team Overseers, his chief subordinate eunuchs.

The Emir went up to the sofa and sat down on it cross-legged, surveying the lines of humbly prostrated women. They were all beautiful and they were all his, his to play with, his to enjoy, his to have beaten, his to have covered ...

Makumo stood behind him. The Emir nodded his approval and Makumo snapped his fingers. In turn, the front row of women in each group, obeying a curt word of command from their eunuch Team Overseer, simultaneously raised their heads so that they were again squatting back on their heels, their hands now humbly folded in their laps and their eyes lowered.

The Emir looked along the line of women and nodded.

At another word of command from each of their Team Overseers, the entire line of each team in turn raised themselves up on their parted knees, clasped their manacles hands behind their necks and, looking straight ahead, thrust out their tongues, breasts, bellies and beauty lips.

This was the Display Position.

Then, on command, the front row of each team flung

themselves abjectly down in the submissive position again and the second row now assumed the Display Position, offering themselves to their Master over their prostrated sisters in the front row.

After allowing time for the Master to take in the erotic scene and perhaps note a particular girl, Makumo again snapped his fingers. At another curt of command, all the women in the right hand team rose to their feet, turned and marched smartly to the side. Their Team Overseer then strode up towards the seated Emir and bowed.

With his raised dog whip, he gestured to the line of waiting women. Immediately, one by one, they began to prance past the Emir in perfect time, all raising their knees high in the air, hands clasped behind their necks, breasts bouncing and heads turned towards the Emir.

Suddenly the Emir raised a finger.

‘Halt!’ the Team Overseer shouted.

A beautiful Berber woman, looking highly embarrassed, stopped and stood quite still, sideways onto the Emir, her head turned him, her eyes dutifully fixed on the wall above his head.

‘Red Team, Number Nine,’ reported her Team Overseer, delighted that one of his women had caught the Master’s eye. ‘Sent to harem three months ago after she and her husband tried to steal Your Excellency’s share of their crop and run away.’

‘Ah yes, I remember,’ mused the Emir. ‘And the husband is below in a dungeon.’

He snapped his finger. The Team Overseer gestured with his whip and the woman, looking more and more terrified, fell to her knees. Her Team Overseer snapped a lead onto the ring at the back of her collar and led her forward to crawl on all fours to where the Emir was sitting.

Then, with the Team overseer holding her lead taut and the woman keeping quite still in the hushed harem, the Emir reached down and lifted up one of her breasts. He turned to Makumo. ‘I want this larger,’ he said. ‘See to it.’

The woman gasped in horror. The Team Overseer smiled and Makumo bowed his acknowledgement, a

cruel smile hovering about his mouth. There was only one recognised way of ensuring larger breasts, one that the eunuchs took a great professional delight in arranging, and that was a trip to the breeding farm.

‘I will send her to be prepared for covering at once, Your Excellency,’ he said. It was always interesting to work with his colleague there to ensure a successful conception.

‘Yes,’ nodded the Emir. ‘But make sure that she is taken to see her husband in his dungeon first and that he knows what is going to happen. Then, when her belly is swollen, make sure that it is displayed to him. I want him to know what happens to the wives of men who try to evade paying their taxes.’

‘Of course, Your Excellency, of course,’ replied Makumo with another humble bow. Then he gestured to the woman’s Team Overseer to take her away.

Minutes later, whilst another line was prancing past the Emir, the order to halt came again. This time it was a slender young teenage Berber girl, with a white bow fastened to her collar, who was led crawling to the Emir’s side. She, too, kept quite still as her breast was felt.

‘If your European virgin doesn’t appeal to me,’ the Emir said, turning to Makumo, ‘Then I’ll have this one.’

‘Oh, Your Excellency,’ murmured Makumo confidently, ‘I am sure that will not be necessary.’

The Emir smiled and the girl was led away.

Finally all the women had been paraded and were back in their lines, heads again abjectly lowered to the floor.

There was a pause whilst the Emir nibbled at a plate of sweetmeats. Then Makumo nodded in the direction of a curtained off alcove on the opposite side of the room from the alcove in which the three British women were waiting.

The harem was now filled with the familiar noise of Arabic music coming from a curtained alcove in which the Emir’s musicians had struck up the tunes to which the white women had been made to practice the belly dancing they had learned in Hassan’s School of Love.

All three caught their breath. Now was the moment of truth. Now, for the first time, their Master would see the merchandise that his chief black eunuch had spent so much on buying for him. In turn, they would get a better look at the alarming man they had glimpsed through the curtains of the alcove - the man who owned them, the man whose name was written on the discs hanging from their collars, the man whose brand they bore on their bellies, the man in whose bed they would soon be performing.

The music paused. The young eunuch boy pulled back the curtain of the alcove and used his whip to drive the three white women forward, crawling on all fours into the presence of their Master.

Amanda had a glimpse of the harem women surreptitiously looking up at her through their fingers as they knelt with their heads to the floor. Then, pulled forward by her front collar chain attached to the other two and held back by the chain gripped by the boy, she found herself kneeling half naked, sideways on to the unknown man who was her Master.

Still holding the leads taut with one hand, Batra bowed deeply to the Emir, his other hand respectfully crossed on his chest.

The Emir nodded his approval.

‘Up!’ the boy ordered and, as they had rehearsed, the three European women sprang up. They remained in a line alongside each other, hands now clasped behind their necks.

‘Prance!’

Driven on by Batra, who still held their leads from behind, the three women, like the horses of a Russian troika, began to prance round and round the area in front of the Emir, raising their knees high in the air, breasts bouncing with each step.

Amanda could feel herself getting breathless with the strain. Only Batra’s whip kept her going. At last he halted them in front of the Emir.

The boy deftly unfastened their leather mittens and gave an order. All three women raised their arms so that their backs of their hands were touching above their heads in the traditional belly dancing posture.

Amanda felt his whip touch the small of her back.

Hastily she thrust her belly forward. She felt that her whole body and even her beauty lips were on display - as indeed it they were.

The music started up again and the three women started to gyrate and suck in and then release their bellies in the way that they had been made to practice over and over again.

Fascinated, the Emir looked at the three chained Europeans writhing in front of him. He could feel his manhood reacting. Until recently these infidel Christian women had been living the life of a free woman in Europe. Now they belonged to him ...

The Emir looked at Amanda’s voluptuous gyrating body, with her large but firm breasts, her unusual blond hair and blue eyes, and her intelligent air. Yes, she would make a good concubine. But he also fancied himself as a fine judge of womanhood. With her good hips, she would also breed well ...

He turned to the similarly gyrating body of Jeannie. He took in her red hair, green eyes, tall slender body, delightfully trimmed beauty lips and rebellious look. Perhaps, as a former maidservant, he might put her into his own team of pretty mute body girls. Each coloured team in the harem was responsible for providing one or two such girls who were then trained by their own elderly eunuch.

The duties of these body girls were to attend him in the privacy of his closet and bath, adjoining his bedroom. Two were always chained down to rings between the raised footholds of the Turkish style closet that was set into the tiled floor. Between the rings gleamed a silver grate over a lowered drain.

There the two young women would silently kneel, waiting naked for him with bowls of scented rose water, ready to assist their Master, even to act as human receptacles and then, dipping their tongues into the rose water, to lick their Master spotlessly clean - for the Emir was a fastidious man.

Later, under the watchful eye of their eunuch overseer, they would be responsible for licking equally clean not only the entire porcelain closet but also the silver grate between the two raised foot holds - licking until both gleamed, for, as we have said, the Emir was a fastidious man.

The Emir would visit his closet immediately before going into his bedroom where one or more concubines might nervously be awaiting him. He would therefore also use the tongues of his pretty body slaves to bring his manhood to a suitable state of arousal.

Body girls were traditionally kept temporarily mute by having a large thin golden ring passed through the tip of their tongues and then brazed closed. This kept the tip of the tongue pulled forward through the lips.

As well as drawing attention to their status in the harem and to the special role of their tongues, both for ensuring the personal hygiene of the Emir and in arousing him ready for his other women, the rings also prevented the girls from speaking properly - so that they could not gossip about the Master's body to each other, or to the other harem women. Body girls knew their Master's most intimate bodily secrets and it was therefore appropriate that they should be kept mute.

Yes, the Emir was thinking, as the girl had already been trained in Europe as a lady's maid, she should make an ideal muted body girl - though her duties would now be very different. He would enjoy the little cold tickling from her tongue ring as she cleaned whilst he knelt over her upturned face, or as she brought him to arousal ready for her former mistress and her daughter. And being kept mute would prevent her from talking to her former Mistress and her daughter.

He looked again at her neatly trimmed body lips - a body girl who could also give him much pleasure ...

Makumo was delighted to see, the Emir's eyes kept turning to Diana. He took in the white ribbon fastened to her collar, her soft faultless complexion, demurely lowered big blue eyes, honey coloured silky hair and slender young body.

What clearly fascinated him was the absence of beauty lips - just a rose branded on her mound, mounted on a green stalk with rose leaves on either side and down below a little rosebud. Hassan, the slave dealer, must indeed have an expert doctor and tattoo artist to have made such a success of the girl's treatment - he was fascinated by it.

The Emir looked at the three gyrating bellies. They were all prettily plump and soft - just the effect that he liked. He imagined what they would be like in an increasingly expectant state, with the crests branded across their bellies being gradually stretched by nature.

He looked at their painted ringed nipples and wondered what how they would look swollen with milk for his delight. These women would indeed make a fine source of funds as he sold them as he journeyed on the Hajj - and the fact that they bore on their bellies the tattooed crest of an Emir would enhance their value.

Overcome by the sheer eroticism of the scene, the Emir could feel his manhood stirring urgently. He could wait no longer to inspect his new property at close quarters.

He clapped his hands and the music died away, leaving the three women standing awkwardly in front of their terrifying Master. He turned and murmured something to the clearly delighted Makumo. Two eunuchs came forward with a bench and placed it immediately in front of the Emir.

The three women, still chained together, were made by their young trainer to stand up on the bench, hands once again clasped behind their necks, intimacies level with the Emir's gleaming eyes.

Makumo came and stood between the Emir and the bench and salaamed deeply. Batra, standing behind the bench, held Amanda by her hair and pulled her head back sharply, making her thrust her belly forward. Makumo bent down slightly and, with both hands, carefully parted the startled Amanda's beauty lips, displaying to the Emir the tiny scar where there should have been a beauty bud. The Emir nodded in satisfaction.

Amanda blushed with embarrassment and tried to cry out from behind her gag as Makumo put a finger up inside her and expertly began to stroke a certain place. Soon he was rewarded by little gasps.

Finally he took his wet hand away, satisfied that he had demonstrated that, despite her doctoring, or perhaps aided by it, the woman would give every satisfaction, once penetrated.



Seated on a sofa with Makumo proudly standing behind him holding his long, slender silver tipped bamboo cane, the small fat faced Emir watches fascinated as the three chained European women writhe in front of him to the Arabic music. Until recently they had been living the life of free British women. Now they were his property, with his crest branded on their bellies – and as a fine judge of womanhood he knew that they would breed and milk well...

Makumo went to the blushing Jeannie and repeated the process, except that as well as displaying the hidden scar, he also showed the Emir the neatly trimmed inner lips. Then he showed how she, too, whilst being kept pure by the removal of her little bud, would nevertheless still respond and indeed would soon be longing to respond, to a man inside her.

Then at a gesture from the Emir, Makumo unfastened her gag.

‘Silence!’ he ordered, followed by: ‘Tongue Out!’

Encouraged by a sharp tap of Batra’s whip across her cheeks, Jeannie nervously strained to thrust out her little pointed tongue.

The Emir held the palm of his hand out to her and smiled contentedly as he felt the soft little tongue on his hand. It would feel even more delightful licking elsewhere. He looked across the room to where the elderly eunuch in charge of his body slaves was standing expectantly. Unlike the overseers of the various coloured teams, he was dressed entirely in black and was holding the long pair of callipers fitted with a needle that he used for quickly threading a ring through the tip of a girl’s tongue.

The Emir gestured and the eunuch nodded and waddled over, unfastened Jeannie and, taking her lead from Batra, led her away.

Then came the highlight, as Makumo invited the Emir to reach forward and feel for himself the innocent stem on the blushing Diana’s lower belly and then to feel up between the tightly closed petals of the red rose ... to feel the rose bud opening wider ... to feel her virginity for himself ... and then to feel the stitches underneath the tattooed rose stalk - stitches which, Makumo explained, could readily be cut at the last moment when the girl’s day of deliverance arrived. The girl could then be re-stitched again to restore the pretty effect of the stalk - and to enforce strict purity again.

‘Offer daughter!’ ordered Batra, temporarily loosening Amanda’s gag.

‘No! No!’ Amanda cried out.

The Emir smiled. The mother’s obvious distress would make the deflowering of the daughter all the

more enjoyable.

Horried by the apparent insult that this mere slave was giving to the Master, the boy eunuch brought his cane down across her backside. ‘Offer daughter!’ he screamed once more, bringing the cane down again. ‘Offer daughter!’

Unable to resist any more, Amanda sobbed out in the Arabic she had been taught: ‘Please take my daughter’s virginity.’ At least, she thought, Diana would probably be unaware of the meaning of what her Mother was saying.

‘Again!’ said Batra.

Amanda repeated her humiliating little speech.

The effect of all this on the Emir was dramatic. ‘I want her and her daughter now,’ he almost shouted. He had been saving himself for several days for this moment. ‘Put the mother into the cage in my bedroom - and have their trainer in attendance. Hurry! Make sure you keep the leather mittens on the mother’s hands - I don’t want her scratching my eyes out in her fury!’

Makumo salaamed, a delighted smile on his face. ■

19 - DIANA LOSES HER VIRGINITY

The Emir stood silently, long resplendent robes parted, feet planted well apart on the raised footholds above the gleaming wet porcelain of the Turkish closet. The room was heavily scented to disguise its true purpose.

The fat-faced Emir looked down over his large stomach at the two very pretty naked young women kneeling at his feet on the porcelain. Like all the Emir's women, their wrists were joined by well polished heavy iron manacles that rattled as they moved. But what made them different was that their tongues protruded unnaturally through their lips, thanks to a silver ring through the tips.

One of the girls was a dark haired Berber girl and the other a fairer skinned redheaded European girl. A heavy chain linked each girl's collar to a ring at the side of the gleaming closet. One girl was holding up a long vase with her manacled hands, whilst the other was using hers to direct his manhood into it, whilst he relieved himself.

As he did so, he glanced down at the open silver grille that lay over the drain between the two footholds. It too gleamed. Clearly the tongues of the two girls had been busy. The whip of the elderly eunuch who was standing quietly back in a corner of the room, who was in charge of his body girls, would have seen to that - even if the redhead was new to her task.

Then when the Emir had finished, the eunuch snapped his fingers. With a little gasp of protest, the redhead lay down on the porcelain so that her head was between the two footholds on which the Emir's feet were still firmly planted. The Emir's robes came down on either side of her head. Her naked body lay stretched out in front of him, manacled arms straight down her side, mouth open and eyes staring up in horror at the

large male rear protruding above her.

The Berber girl put down the jar and picked up a jar of a special ointment. It was time to start arousing the Emir ready for his bed in the next door room.

The Emir was indeed a fastidious man, but the girl was not now merely ensuring his spotless cleanliness, for the feel of the silver ring and the girl's pointed little tongue licking his orifice was also sending shoots of pleasure surging through his loins.

This was the signal for the Berber girl to start massaging the ointment into the Emir's manhood. Soon the combined effect of Jeannie's straining tongue, the Berber girl's soft little hands and the sight of the slim bodies of the two girls.

The Emir bent his knees and lowered himself down over Jeannie's contorted face. His robes shut out the light so that she was in darkness.

The eunuch brought his whip down across her belly.

'Lick!'

Terrified of being given another stroke, Jeannie found herself reaching up with her newly ringed tongue, reaching up in the darkness for her Master's body. Never had she imagined that she would be made to do this to any man.

especially Jeannie's neatly trimmed and delightfully young looking beauty lips, all began to have the desired effect.

The Emir flung his robes back over his stomach and, raising himself slightly, looked down on the two young women, each striving to arouse him and to prepare him for pleasure. He saw the red-haired girl blinking in the sudden light and then looking up horrified at his belly and manhood protruding over her.



Knéeing up between the two footholds of the Turkish style toilet, Jeanne looked up with horror at the large male rear of her Master poised over her face. The elderly black eunuch brought his cane down across her belly. 'Lick,' he ordered. Terrified Jeanne reached up with her tongue. Never had she imagined that she would ever have to do this to any man...

Mental pleasure now augmented physical pleasure. Each girl, he knew, could not help being affected by the sight and nearness of her Master's erect manhood and, perhaps, would be bitterly regretting that she was arousing him for another woman. But it was this very fact and the feeling of power that came from it, that never failed to arouse him - the power that came from knowing that the role of these two very attractive and naked young women was merely a preparative one.

The Emir stood up, his manhood now proudly erect in front of him, between his parted robes.

Jeannie, still lying prone on her back on the smooth porcelain, could not help looking up at the jutting manhood and sumptuous robes. The contrast with her helpless nakedness was acute. She felt utterly ashamed at what she had been made to do and was at first repelled by the sight of his large stomach. But the size and nearness of his manhood was having its inevitable effect.

No longer could her beauty bud react, but she could feel herself becoming moist with excitement inside. As she looked up, helpless and ashamed, she could not help a feeling of pride sweeping over her at having been selected to serve this well dressed superior man in such an intimate way. He was indeed her Master and she his intimate body slave.

Then the Emir, carefully lifting up his robes, stepped off the raised footholds and onto the tiled floor that surrounded the porcelain.

Batra ushered the Emir into the harem bedroom. His was the only bedroom in the harem for, in the traditional style, women not chosen for his bed slept on mats on the floor of their team dormitories.

The Emir nodded approvingly at the sight of a still gagged Amanda crouching in a little cage hanging on one wall. Her eyes were staring in horror over her gag-like muzzle and the leather mittens of her manacled hands were thrust helplessly through the bars of the cage as it slowly swung to and fro.

Earlier, she and Diana had earlier been taken to a bathroom, washed, douched, dried and made up by Batra and the eunuch overseer of the Blue Team, under the supervision of Makumo himself. Diana's rosebud and

her own beauty lips had been carefully oiled.

Finally Makumo had personally applied his own special sweet smelling cream to prevent conception - a cream based on a old recipe much used in the village he had been brought up in below the Sahara.

According to his calculations, neither Amanda nor Diana were in the dangerous part of their monthly cycles. However, it was a strict harem rule for the cream to be applied to all women selected for the Emir's bed, for the Master had to be able to enjoy his concubines without being concerned lest they might conceive and thus cause a problem with the sons of his official wives - for the Emir's sons had, like himself, to be true descendents of the Prophet through both their mother and their father.

Thus, although the mothers of the Emir's sons, all daughters of other Emirs and Caid, might have to live in his harem under the supervision of his eunuchs, they were not part of one of the coloured teams and lived apart from the concubines, enjoying certain relaxations from the strict harem discipline that was imposed on the others.

Finally, this mysterious cream having been duly applied, Amanda had been made to crawl through a trap door and had then found herself in this little swaying cage.

The Emir nodded in approval as he saw that the large bed had been lit up and that lying on it was the half naked body of Diana. She was on her back with her ankles held raised and parted by two little chains hanging down over the bed, so that her knees were bent. Her hips, half way up the huge bed, were thrust up by a large bolster, displaying, below the branded crest on her belly, the tattooed green rose stalk, where her beauty lips should have been.

He saw that the manacles linking her leather-mittened hands and wrists were fastened to the bed head, above her own head. She would not be able to interfere with his pleasure. He also saw that she was no longer gagged. He would enjoy hearing her helpless cries of protest and pain that would despite herself gradually change, once he had made a woman of her, into moans of pleasure.

But what really caught the Emir's eye was the glistening red rosebud which had evidently been well oiled to ease penetration.

'Wriggle!' ordered Batra raising his cane. The girl gave a little cry of protest and then, like a well trained performing animal, she began to move her hips from side to side, accentuating the rosebud.

She was of course both terrified and horrified and still suffering from the humiliation of being made to dance half naked in front of the Emir. Now she had to offer herself to him even more intimately. She could see her mother's appalled gaze as she looked down through the bars of her cage, not daring to call out.

Fascinated by all this, the Emir knelt on the bed. He flung back his heavy robe and eased his manhood towards this little rosebud. He felt no embarrassment at doing so in front of the boy. Batra was just a eunuch - his only purpose in life was to ensure that the women in his charge gave the utmost pleasure to the Master.

The girl gave a another little cry of horror as she felt, for the first time, a manhood touching her most secret place. Desperately she tried to wriggle away, but her chained and raised ankles and the large cushion under her hips, held her firmly in position.

She longed to scratch his horrible gloating face, but her wrist manacles were firmly fastened to a ring in the bed above her head. She could not even push him away, there was nothing she could do to defend her precious virginity.

To the Emir's delight, the petals parted easily. The slave dealer's barber surgeon had done his job well and the eunuchs had prepared the girl very satisfactorily.

He resisted an urge to thrust on down into the girl. No, the taking of a virgin was something that should be done slowly and with refinement - especially now that the girl's mother's was present to assist.

The Emir moved gently in and out of the outer petals. The pleasure was intense. The girl could not help herself making little moaning noises.

After some time the Emir withdrew slightly and nodded to Batra who ran across to the cage and opened the front.

He raised his cane. 'Out!' he ordered in his falsetto voice. He spoke in Arabic, using the words of command that she had been taught.

Nervously, but obediently, Amanda jumped out of the cage. She still did not dare to utter a word of protest.

'On all fours!' the boy ordered. Amanda dropped to her knees, her manacled leather mittens on the heavily carpeted floor.

Batra bent down and snapped a lead onto the ring at the front of her brass collar.

'Come!' he ordered, giving her curves a sharp tap as he led her over to the bed.

'Up!' he ordered. 'On your back!'

With a sob of despair, Amanda assumed the position she knew was required, the prone position that she had had to practice to these strange words of command: it meant lying on her back, with her arms straight down her sides and her wrist manacles lying across her thighs.

'Wriggle up below Master!' the boy ordered, giving her warning tap across her belly.

Closing her eyes in disgust and fear she wriggled up between the Emir's outstretched knees. She could smell his body, his maleness and his arousal.

'Eyes open!' screamed the boy angrily, bringing his whip again down across her belly.

Amanda looked up. Horrified, she saw that immediately above her eyes was her daughter's little glistening rosebud and, only an inch away from it, the Emir's proud manhood with the large testicles hanging down above her. Above these she glimpsed with disgust, just as Jeannie had earlier, the Emir's huge belly protruding between his magnificent robes.

'No! No!' she cried out, repelled and revolted.

Delighted, the Emir gave a laugh and looked down at the tear stained face between his legs and at the horrified eyes. Yes, whether she liked it or not, this beautiful woman was going to take part in the taking of her daughter's virginity. Her mental anguish made his manhood rise up even more strongly.

'Reach up and lick!' she heard Batra order. It was also an order she had to practice so often. The order she



Reach up and lick.' Amanda heard Batra order. Immediately above her was her daughter's little glistening rosebud and an only an inch away from it was the Emir's proud manhood with his large testicles hanging down above her. She was disgusted but she reached up with her tongue and as she did so the manhood thrust into the little virgin rosebud...

had so dreaded having to do for real. She hesitated and then heard herself scream as Batra brought his whip down across the unprotected soles of her feet. The Bastinado! It was she knew a favourite way for eunuchs to punish the women in their charge and to make them obey any order instantly.

Hastily she reached up with her tongue. It touched his body ...

The Emir cried out in ecstasy as he felt her tongue under his testicles. In no hurry to complete matters, he let her continue for a time, closing his eyes in sheer delight.

Then he moved slowly forward and again thrust into the entrance of the little rosebud. He reached out to hold Diana's quivering body. As he did so, his manhood pushed further into the rosebud and then, to his delight, came across a delicate little obstruction.

He could hear Batra using his whip to urge Amanda to even greater efforts. He felt the tip of her tongue now licking the base of his manhood as it gently plunged in and out of her daughter. Oh the pleasure! Oh, the training that this once proud European woman must have been given by his eunuchs. Oh, the feeling of debasement she must now be suffering. But, oh, for him the feeling of power!

He looked down at Diana now lying helplessly under him, looking up at him piteously.

'Say it, girl!' ordered Batra.

There was pause and then the Emir heard the girl whisper the words she had been made to learn by heart.

'Please take me, Master. I give myself to my Master!'

'Say it, woman!' then cried Batra, this time touching the sensitive soles of Amanda's feet with his whip.

'Please take my daughter, Master!' came a half-throttled moan from beneath the Emir's belly.

It was enough. With a delighted cry of triumph, the Emir thrust forward, his firm manhood breaking through and then suddenly he was properly inside the screaming girl. Oh, the excitement! Oh, the thought that it was he, an Arab Emir and not some English milord who had made her into a woman! And who

owned her - and her mother - body and soul!

Amanda heard her daughter's scream. She had seen the surge forward of the Emir's manhood and knew what it meant. She was about to cry out again in protest when suddenly there was another burst of flame across the soles of her feet. She fell silent and instead found herself straining to give her Master more pleasure with her tongue as, grunting with joy, he now drove in and out of her daughter's tight little rosebud.

She was horrified to find herself becoming aroused. She realised that she was not now responding to the Bastinado, but to some deeper, primeval, feeling connected with very closeness of her Master's manhood and her own utter helplessness.

The Emir lowered his face and, with his bearded lips, found the girl's delicate ones. Oh how sweet they tasted! She twisted her head from side to side as if trying to avoid him. Then, in a masterful manner, he thrust his tongue into her mouth as he began to withdraw a little, only to thrust again ever more deeply into the girl.

Already he was aware that of Amanda's increasingly eager tongue. To his delight he found that the girl was also responding to his thrusts, wriggling with excitement and responding to his probing tongue.

Suddenly he felt the climax approaching. It was time! With a sudden shock, Amanda felt the Emir's manhood pause and then his testicles discharge. Oh, my God! My daughter!

Simultaneously Diana felt herself being excitingly drenched. She wrenched her mouth free and gave a terrible cry - a cry of horror mixed with unbelievable delight as she too climaxed, for the first time since she had been doctored.

The Emir collapsed onto Diana's body. Oh, yes, Makumo was right, so right, these British women could indeed be trained to provide him with an infinite variety of delightful pleasures - as well as both soon being put into an interesting state, ready for the Hajj. ■

CONTINUED IN BOOK TWO...

BARBARY SLAVEDRIVER

Book Two – The Rescue

By ALLAN ALDISS

THE STORY SO FAR

PART VI – HASSAN’S WHITE SLAVE BREEDING FARM

- 20 - The success of the house of Hassan
- 21 - Hassan’s School of Motherhood
- 22 - A visit to the House of Conception
- 23 - Makumo sees more of the breeding process

PART VII - THE SCHOOL OF LOVE

- 24 - The Pool
- 25 - Class 1 – Expecting a Happy Event
- 26 - Class 2 – Young “Widows”
- 27 - Class 3 – Rather older girls
- 28 - White women trained as dancing girls

PART VIII - THE EMIR IS WELL SERVED

- 29 - The black eunuchs make their plans
- 30 - A mistress and her maid perform together
- 31 - Mother and daughter entertain the Emir

PART IX - THE BEY VISITS THE EMIR

- 32 - Rory is offered two strange women
- 33 - The Emir shows Rory his Haratin breeding farm
- 34 - The Emir puts on an entertainment for the Bey
- 35 - The Emir receives some good news

PART X –THE BEY’S NEW MISSION

- 36 - Rory gets an unexpected order
- 37 - Rory buys some milkmaids
- 38 - The cattle boat

PART XI - EGYPT

- 39 - Arrival
- 40 - Rory learns of a certain experimental plantation
- 41 - The white slave plantation
- 42 - Found and released

EPILOGUE



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