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# BARBARY SLAVEDRIVER-2

Allan Aldiss





# BARBARY SLAVEDRIVER

Book Two – The Rescue

By ALLAN ALDISS

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**B**arbary Slavedriver is Allan Aldiss's fourth, and perhaps 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.

In this well researched story, Rory is dragged away from the delights of his harem to explore the possibility of sending his Janissaries to keep order amongst some tribes in the interior whilst their Emir goes on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

But the Emir has bought a former Mistress of Rory's 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 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

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## 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

## THE STORY SO FAR

**I**t is 1809 and the Napoleonic Wars have been raging for some fifteen years and will continue for another six.

Rory Fitzgerald, late of His Britannic Majesty's Foot Guards, is now Hussein Bey and Commander of the Turkish Janissaries in Marsa, the only port in North Africa still under direct Turkish rule. He is enjoying the delights of his harem and of his inshore galliot that is pulled by captured European female galley slaves.

Meanwhile, an old flame of Rory's from London, the widowed Mrs Amanda Forsyth, had been captured off Gibraltar by Barbary Corsairs, financed by Hassan, the leading slave dealer in Tunis. She had been on her way to Sicily to join her betrothed, Colonel Forsyth of the 38th Foot, part of the British Army in Sicily.

Amanda was a strikingly attractive blond woman of thirty five, tall and buxom with a slender waist and dancing eyes.

Travelling with her was her pretty and vivacious daughter, Diana, scarcely more than a schoolgirl, whom Amanda was hoping to marry off soon. The family likeness between mother and daughter was strong, though Diana's figure was not yet so well developed. However, Amanda had thought that with her huge soft eyes and her long, honey coloured hair, she would soon melt the heart of many a young British

subaltern in Sicily – and indeed of many a Sicilian aristocrat, too. But, she had been captured with her mother.

Also captured by the Corsairs was Amanda's pretty, red-haired, Scottish maidservant, Jeannie.

Although British citizens were supposed to be exempt from being enslaved the Barbary Corsairs, the three women were such a valuable catch that such mere technicalities were swept aside. They were, therefore, all taken to Hassan's school of love and slave breeding farm in Tunis.

The long established House of Hassan was proud of its tradition that all the white slave-girls it sold had been at least partially circumcised to increase their value – and, Amada, Diana and Jeannie were no exception.

The cruel Emir of Gondah had decided go on the Hajj in a year's time and had sent his chief black eunuch to Tunis to buy European slavegirls for his harem whom he would also take with him to sell on the journey to keep in funds. To avoid being struck down by water-borne diseases during the crowded Hajj, he had also decided to take his own supply of milk – milk from these white slavegirls whom he would previously have had covered by his Black Guards.

Makumo bought all three British women for his Master

NOW READ ON!

## PART VI - HASSAN'S WHITE SLAVE BREEDING FARM

### 20 - THE SUCCESS OF THE HOUSE OF HASSAN

‘Would you like to see round my humble slave breeding establishment?’

Hassan was speaking to Makumo who, shortly after purchasing the three British women, had returned to see more of the leading white slave dealer's large establishment.

Makumo nodded. It was always interesting, professionally, to see the methods of another professional controller of women – and, what he had not previously realised, one who also, it seemed, a slave breeder. Slave dealers, slave breeders, and chief black eunuchs, all shared a common interest: dominating and disciplining women, especially white ones.

‘Or, as I more euphemistically call it, my School of Motherhood,’ added Hassan with a laugh.

‘School of Motherhood!’ repeated Makumo. He could not see the Emir bothering to give his own breeding establishment such an anodyne name.

‘Well,’ said the slave dealer, ‘you must remember that I come from a long line of Ottoman slave dealers. For generations the House of Hassan has specialised in handling only well-educated women. Often they have been beautiful and aristocratic Europeans. Usually they were the wives and daughters of the hated leaders of vanquished European Christians who fell into the hands of the Ottoman army during the centuries of warring and of putting down revolts in Serbia, Croatia, Romania or Bulgaria.

‘Others have been captured by slave raiding parties often penetrating deep into Hungary and Austria. Wedding feasts of aristocratic or landowning families are what often attracts these raiding parties. Not only is security relaxed by the carousing of these Christian pigs, but the raiders are sure to find many

well-educated beautiful young women there - as well as the bride herself! Similar slave raiding parties still penetrate deep into Russia, the Ukraine and even Poland, bringing back beautiful young blond captives.’

‘And how about the famous Circassian beauties?’

‘Ah, well, we aim to provide an alternative to the simple Circassian, Georgian and Armenian slavegirls that make up the bulk of the harems of the rich and powerful in the Ottoman Empire. They are usually sold as little girls by their parents, keen for their daughters to live a life of ease and luxury in a Turkish harem, or they come from the special white slave breeding farms in Anatolia. Either way, they are uneducated and know little of the outside world.’

He waved his hand contemptuously and then held up his finger.

‘Our slavegirls, however, are different. They are European women, grown up, from respectable families. It is the idea of confining and enjoying such formerly free women in a well disciplined harem that attracts so many wealthy Beys and Pashas - and Emirs. We even pride ourselves in regularly having supplied the harems of successive Sultans, the Commanders of the Faithful, the all powerful Padishahs, the very Shadows of God on Earth - may Allah the Almighty provide them with houris in Paradise.’

The slave dealer was almost carried away with his own rhetoric.

‘Moreover,’ he went on with a wink, ‘we like to think that we are serving the will of Allah.’

‘Oh?’ said Makumo.

‘You must remember that a true Moslem will above all want to show his contempt for conquered Christians

and to humiliate him where he is most susceptible - the honour of the women of his family. For a Moslem therefore the enslavement of a Christian woman and her forced submission to his brutal will, is most obvious and symbolic sign of victory of the Crescent over the Cross.'

'Of course,' murmured Makumo.

'And, of course,' Hassan went on with a cruel smile, 'the higher the status of the woman, the greater the victory - and the enjoyment. It is precisely in providing such women to wealthy men throughout the Ottoman Empire that my family has made its name.

'Well,' he said, 'it's a strange fact of life that very often the higher the status of a woman, the more she is in fact a natural slave. The more she may apparently treat men with arrogance and contempt, the more she is secretly and yet hopelessly longing to be dominated by one. In their own Western cultures they can rarely experience such treatment. But here in the closed and well disciplined atmosphere of a harem, they are forced into the submission that they have all along sought and, ironically, become contented and loving slaves of the Master they are being forced to serve in ways that previously they had only dreamt about!

'But,' he went on, 'there's another reason for the popularity of our merchandise, quite apart from its guaranteed beauty, social standing and submissiveness. It's what distinguishes our goods from those of the more general slave dealers: as you saw, we give a special treatment to all the women who pass through our hands. Women from the House of Hassan are unique in that they have all been circumcised - though in a variety of ways!'

'All of them?' asked Makumo.

'Yes,' replied Hassan. 'Most wealthy Masters, whilst feeling that they are only carrying out the wishes of Allah in subjugating Christian women and incarcerating them in their harems for their personal pleasure, nevertheless feel it would also be an affront to Allah if the girl herself were to obtain pleasure from being her Master's concubine. Therefore, as you saw, before going onto our School of Love, all European women sold by us undergo a little doctoring, just a simple little snip, or a series of snips, which allows our experienced barber to much increase their market

value.'

'Do the girls feel much pain during these operations?' asked Makumo, out of curiosity.

'Not really. It's just a simple snip, a little off the tip of the pleasure bud and we give them a large dose of hashish before the operation. They usually sleep right through it, waking up to find a bandage over the more intimate part of their bodies and with their hands bound to the head of the bed so that they can't get at themselves. They simply don't realise for a time what has been done to them, for we keep them lying on their backs for several days so that it all quickly heals.'

'And this,' laughed Makumo, 'must make your merchandise all the more sought after!'

'Yes, wealthy Moslems will pay a huge sum for a respectable European woman or girl who has been doctored so that she will never again now experience the full sensual pleasure of a normal woman. It panders to their natural male desire for power - power over women, and especially over Christian infidels.'

'Yes indeed,' agreed Makumo, thinking how the Emir would enjoy having the three British women in his power.

'And how long has the House of Hassan been operating here in the Barbary States?'

'For several years now,' Hassan said proudly, 'ever since, with the navies of the European powers distracted by their interminable war, the Barbary corsairs have been able to provide a steady stream of beautiful and well-educated young women.'

The slave dealer rubbed his hands. 'These sea-borne raids of our Barbary corsairs often produce surprisingly high quality merchandise. The corsairs may not often manage to surprise a society wedding but they do, for instance, often raid convents on or near the coast. These Christian convents not only act as schools for older girls from richer families, but also contain well-educated and virtuous young women training to be nuns and also lively young married women sent there by their suspicious husbands for safe keeping whilst they were away - all, of course, ideal for my purpose.



‘But, not only do I help finance a Corso that will include raids on convents, I also buy other top quality merchandise from other slave dealers. They, too, are brought here for doctoring before starting their training in my School for Love - whether they are virgins or widows.’

‘Widows?’ queried Makumo.

‘We call all European girls widows if they are not virgins. She might not be one officially but, even if her husband or boyfriend wasn’t killed when she was captured by the corsairs, she’ll never see him again – unless he’s very rich and can pay a hefty ransom!’

‘All very interesting,’ murmured Makumo.

‘So, you can see,’ the slave dealer said, ‘that, like my cousins still operating in Istanbul, I prefer to deal with a relatively small number of high quality European women. I prefer to leave to other slave dealers the handling of the mass of peasant girls that our corsairs tend to bring back from their raids on the coasts of Europe. They may make fine labourers for the estates of the rich and excellent servants for their households - but I prefer to continue my family tradition of providing high quality concubines, well trained and suitably doctored.’

‘The Masters of our girls will enjoy owning our women. The fact they will be well-educated ones, missing their former freedom and often their former husbands or betrothed, will make them all more delightful to own. Indeed, we like to think that here in the Barbary States, as for many years throughout the Ottoman Empire, the sign of a top quality Christian slavegirl will be a little red diamond tattooed on the inside of her left thigh. This is the mark of the House of Hassan - for we like to think that women sold by us are like diamonds: rare, valuable and scintillating... And each one will also be discreetly marked below the diamond with our registered number.’

The slave dealer turned to Makumo with a sly smile. ‘Of course, once these women are out of our hands, it is up to their Masters’ chief black eunuchs to keep them up to the mark.’

‘Indeed,’ laughed Makumo, ‘and it is here that the eunuch’s cane plays an essential part of keeping all a Master’s concubines keen and eager to please him...

but why do you bother to number the women you sell?’

‘Because just as a good horse dealer will take back a horse he has sold, so we have always offered to take back a woman whom her Master wants to trade back in for another one - and our records help in her retraining. We have often sold a white slavegirl for a higher sum the second time round!’

‘Especially if she has been well disciplined in the harem of her first Master,’ commented Makumo.

‘But there is one big difference between the way we operate in Istanbul and here in the Barbary States. Here the rich relations or distraught husbands of some of the women captured by the corsairs may be willing to pay a large ransom for their release. In which case she is a potentially very valuable investment.’

‘An investment?’

‘Yes. You see, if the corsairs who capture a woman think that she has very rich relations back in Europe, then they alert myself and my partner. He’s a rich merchant who specialises in such investments. He enjoys speculating on the ransom that such a woman might fetch and can afford to wait for his money - particularly as, meanwhile, I can put the women to work in a very profitable way!’

‘Oh?’ exclaimed Makumo.

‘Yes, that’s where my School of Motherhood comes in!’

‘You mean you actually breed from the women waiting to be ransomed?’

‘Exactly! The school is really a white slave breeding farm that we’ve specially set up for these women. It is next to my own slave dealing establishment. It works very well. My partner provides the finance and I provide the black overseers on whose supervision and expertise so much of the success of the enterprise depends.’

‘A slave breeding farm like my Master’s Haratin breeding farm?’ queried Makumo.

‘Not quite! We specialise in breeding little blond children. Whilst we’re waiting for the ransoms, we cross our well-born white women with specially chosen young blond slave boys, usually from Northern

Europe. When the progeny are born we send them straight off to be raised on another special farm. Then when they are about six, the little girls are sold and the little boys gelded. So we make a double profit, one from the woman's ransom and the other from her child - or children if we keep her back to have a second happy event.'

'But surely the young captive's family or husband would protest at what you've done to their precious wives or daughters,' objected Makumo.

'Who's to tell them?' laughed Hassan. 'Certainly not the young woman herself. She will want to keep her shame secret forever when she gets back to Europe. Look, if you like I'll take round my School of Motherhood, before we visit the School of Love, where I train the slave women I'm going to sell. It'll give you a chance to compare our methods with those of your Haratin breeding farm - though I think you'll find ours is quite gentle and civilised by comparison to what I hear about yours!'

'Well,' said Makumo, 'you must remember that my Master's Haratin breeding farm is different in that it is an essential part of stamping his rule over some very independent minded and rebellious Berbers. But all the same it would be very interesting to see your farm. And,' he added with a cruel laugh, 'I like the names: School of Motherhood and School of Love. I don't expect your pupils have much choice about which they end up in!'

'Not much!' agreed Hassan. 'But even my partner's funds are not inexhaustible and many 'ransomable' women still their way straight into my School of Love. The eventual buyer of such a woman may also get back in ransom much more than he paid me for

her. And meanwhile he will also have the pleasure of spinning out the ransom process whilst he enjoys the girl in his harem. Some Masters enjoy making a well educated concubine write letters to their families or husband, describing, in embarrassing detail, just what he has done to her - and what he now plans to have done to her unless, perhaps, the formerly agreed ransom is now doubled and arrives by return.'

'And what sort of fate might he threaten her with, if her family don't pay up?'

'Oh he might, for instance, threaten to have her thrashed daily, or put to work in a chain gang of naked black slave women on his estate, or to have her covered by one of his black slaves. Indeed, even when the family or husband have paid a huge sum and finally get their precious daughter or wife back, it is a quite common for them to find that she has been returned expecting a happy event by a black slave.'

'Or, I expect, if she's been prepared for slavery by the House of Hassan, without the tip of her little beauty bud!' added Makumo with a cruel laugh.

'Yes indeed, for alternatively the woman's Master may decide after all that she is too beautiful and desirable to be released at all.'

Or,' added Makumo with another cruel laugh, 'that she should not be released until, like those bought by your rich merchant friend, she has been crossed with a suitable young white boy and has left behind a pretty young daughter for her Master's pleasure in his old age.'

Hassan laughed. 'Yes, indeed. I can see that you are a man after my own heart ... So come along and look at my School of Motherhood.' ■

## 21 - HASSAN'S SCHOOL OF MOTHERHOOD

‘Here we are,’ said Hassan as the well-guarded heavy wooden gate between the high walls was opened for him and Makumo to pass. ‘Welcome to our School of Motherhood, our white slave breeding farm.’

Makumo saw that the walls were exceptionally high with curved iron spikes on the inside.

‘We don’t want any of our reluctant mothers-to-be to escape their fate.’

‘Nor to be stolen,’ laughed Makumo.

‘Certainly not before they have produced the required progeny,’ agreed Hassan with a cruel smile, as he gazed about a small park-like garden. Six small buildings with barred windows were arranged in a semi-circle around a circular path surrounded by flowers.

‘The exercise area,’ he explained. ‘I like my young future mothers to be kept in pretty surroundings. It soothes them and makes them more amenable and resigned to their fate.’

‘And the buildings?’ asked Makumo

‘They’re arranged in a logical sequence.’ He pointed to a building at the end of the semicircle. ‘New arrivals, who are considered likely to have families or husbands who’d pay handsome ransoms, are first put into the House of Innocence. We call it that because the virgins and young married women we keep in it, still don’t know why they’re here. They just think they’re going to be quickly ransomed and sent back home - so we don’t let them see the other women.’

‘I see.’

‘Then, before they start the maternity process, we need to find about their families or husbands back in Europe. And, of course, to establish their monthly

cycles so that they can be sent onto the House of Conception at the right time and then go on round until they find themselves in the end one: the House of Delivery.’

‘But what happens if you find that a girl’s family is not willing or able to pay a worthwhile ransom?’ asked Makumo.

‘Then she’s immediately sent to my School of Love to be prepared for sale. But usually she’ll still first have paid a little visit to the House of Conception. There’s always a good demand for pretty white slavegirls expecting a Happy Event and carrying a white child - two for the price of one!’

‘Good thinking!’ laughed Makumo. ‘And if her family is rich?’

‘Then,’ replied Hassan, ‘she will also go to the House of Conception - so that she can earn her keep whilst the long drawn out ransom negotiations take place.’

‘But how do you carry out the ransom negotiations?’ asked Makumo, ‘and how do you actually get the money?’

‘Through that gentleman over there!’ Hassan pointed to a large portly European looking figure, who was coming through the guarded gateway. He was dressed in a long black cassock, like a Christian monk. ‘Stay here a moment, whilst I speak to him.’

Hassan and the strange figure entered into a deep conversation, pointing occasionally to a list of names, figures and dates. The strange man in black then bowed courteously to Hassan and made his way back to the gateway. Clearly, Makumo realised, he knew his way around the School of Motherhood and was well known to the guards at the gate.

‘That was Father Franco,’ said Hassan when he rejoined



Makumo. 'He's the representative of the Order of Redemptionists, a Christian order of friars whose role is to arrange the ransom of Christian slaves. They act as our go-betweens.'

'Christian monks!' cried Makumo. 'You work with infidel priests!'

'Oh yes,' answered Hassan, 'we all get on very well together. We wouldn't be able to negotiate the ransoms without them acting as intermediaries - and they, in turn, would have no purpose in life if we didn't enslave Christian women.'

'But how can you trust them?' said a still astonished Makumo

'Very simply,' laughed Hassan, 'because their order gets a share of each ransom they arrange. The bigger it is, the bigger their share! Oh, yes we trust them all right and we let Father Franco see how each woman is progressing here in this School of Motherhood, so that ransoms can arrive at the same time as the birth.'

'How clever!' commented Makumo.

'Yes,' went on Hassan, 'and Father Franco has brought some good news. He said that the families of two of our more advanced little mothers are now desperately anxious to get them back and he thinks that we should be able to get really good ransoms for them by the time they both produce their little progeny in a couple of months' time.'

Just then half a dozen naked young women ran out of the House of Innocence. Their wrists were manacled and they were chained together by the neck. All had well curved bellies.

'As I said,' explained Hassan with a laugh, 'it takes some time to negotiate a satisfactory ransom for a woman and mean while they must earn their keep - and what better way than a spell in my slave breeding farm.'

'And kept naked, I see.'

'Yes,' replied Hassan, 'we find it best to keep all the women in the School of Motherhood naked and unveiled,' explained Hassan. 'It helps the eunuchs to keep a better eye on the progress of each girl's maternity - and after all they're not the concubines of a jealous owner, to be hidden away from the sight

of other men! They're just slaves who are being bred from like animals. You don't dress a brood mare - so why dress these women?'

'And in winter?'

'Then, just as a blanket is thrown over a brood mare, we give our brood girls a simple blanket that fastens round the neck but is open down the front. They keep the girls warm whilst still letting my eunuchs keep an eye on their bellies.'

Makumo nodded; it was what they did with their Berber brood girls in their Haratin breeding farm. Then he saw that they all been depilated and their beauty lips sewn to prevent them from getting at the progeny they were being made to carry.

'We keep them all like that here,' said Hassan. 'Once again it helps their supervising eunuchs.'

The women were followed by a black eunuch carrying a long carriage whip who went and stood in the centre of the circular path, cracking his whip to keep the women alternatively running and walking, round and round - but always with their knees raised high in the air with their manacled hands clasped behind their necks.

'He's the exercise overseer. It's an important post, for we find that a regular daily session of prancing tautens up the belly and breast muscles and greatly helps ensure a successful delivery. But he must know just how much exercise each group of women, in their different states of expectation, as we call it, should be given to keep them fit and well without risking a miscarriage.'

Hassan gestured to the black eunuch who cracked his whip twice in rapid succession and barked out an order, whereupon the line of still prancing women ran back panting to their quarters. They were, however, followed by another line of women, this time with flat bellies.

'They're awaiting their turn to visit the House of Conception,' explained Hassan, 'and here again regular exercising helps a successful conception.'

He pointed to a very pretty, tall young woman at the end of the line. 'Father Franco also said that the husband of that young woman would never be able to





Exercising mothers-to-be in Hassan's Slave Breeding Farm. It takes a year to arrange the ransoming of even rich women captured by the Barbary Pirates and meanwhile they have to earn their keep. What better way, reasoned Hassan, than to put them through a forced maternity? Unknown, of course, to their husbands, fathers or betrothed. They might even also be circumcised. Here they are being made by their overseer to prance round - the traditional way of ensuring that a slavegirl subjected to forced breeding has a satisfactory maternity and an easy delivery.



raise a worthwhile ransom, despite what she told us about him. But never mind, she'll train very well in the School of Love and with looks like hers, she'll sell for a high price. I think we'll now send her on to the House of Conception.'

Makumo saw that whilst most the girls seemed quite young, one rather distinguished looking woman seemed older. She was obviously particularly embarrassed at being seen by strangers being exercised, naked and under the whip.

'Do you successfully breed from older women?' he asked.

'Oh, yes,' answered Hassan. 'And the older the woman, the more she is likely to respond well to the secret fertility pills that the overseer of the Mating kiosk gives them. He says they're an old African tribal remedy for barren women. Anyway, they seem to work well and we've even had women in their forties, Christian nuns, still virgins, successfully producing twins. It as if nature intended them to catch up with the motherhood that they've been missing.'

Moments later a eunuch boy came running over to Hassan, salaamed and whispered in his ear and then went over to his colleague supervising the exercise parade.

There was a crack of the whip.

'Run to the House of Inspection,' ordered the older eunuch to the two leading women in the line running round the exercise garden. He was speaking in the half Italian, half Arabic, Lingua Franca that was the language used to address white slave women in Hassan's establishments. He was pointing to the next building in the semi-circle. 'And you, too,' he added to the tall girl.

'All three have now been checked out,' said Hassan, 'and it's time they moved on to the next stage. But, first, these ones are going to visit House of Inspection - to be shown to the wife of a rich elderly merchant. We also provide a service for rich women who want a child, but who either can't or who can't be bothered to go through nine months of discomfort themselves. Instead they can use one of our girls, and choose which boy stallion to put her to.'

'A choice of boy stallions?'

'Yes, we normally have half a dozen blond boys - mainly German and Scandinavian cabin boys who have been captured at sea. But, of course, our rich Arab ladies usually want a dark haired Italian one rather than one of our blond ones, and so we've started keeping two Italian boys specially for them.'

'But how does the lady arrange all this?'

'Oh she'll probably pretend to be expecting a happy event herself and then take delivery of the child as if it were her own as soon as it is born. It's a profitable little sideline for us - and one that saves us the time and expense of having to raise the child for years before it is ready for sale.'

The astonished Makumo followed Hassan into the building, where a veiled figure stood waiting. Hassan greeted her with respect and led her to an inside room where the three naked young women were lined up, standing on a bench, under the supervision of another black overseer.

The overseer salaamed to the veiled woman, and then escorted her to the three rather frightened looking women.

'The girls don't, of course, know what they're being inspected for,' laughed Hassan, rubbing his hands at the prospect of a highly profitable deal.

The veiled woman turned and said something in Arabic to the eunuch.

'Attenzione!' he ordered and cracked his whip. Terrified, and obviously deeply embarrassed, the women clasped their hands behind their necks and, looking straight ahead, thrust out their bellies. Clearly they had already been well disciplined in their short time in the House of Innocence. Makumo could see the distinctive marks of the cane on their bottoms.

Again the veiled woman walked slowly round the three women. She stopped in front of the prettiest one and pointed at her.

'An excellent choice,' murmured Hassan to Makumo. 'She's a newly married young Italian Contessa with a very rich husband, who is going to go out of his mind with worry.' He laughed. 'Just imagine how much more worried he'd be if he guessed what we're now going to do with his precious new wife! But I



expect we'll have no difficulty in stringing him along for nine months before sending her back. If necessary we can always delay matters by demanding an even more exorbitant ransom!'

'And so increase your profit anyway,' laughed Makumo, 'with him never guessing that's she left a valuable little white slave behind for this lady to rear!'

The overseer now told the other two girls to run back and join their companions who were still being exercised outside.

The selected girl was hooded and blindfolded and her hands tied behind her back.

Moments later two naked masked white boys, both with dark hair, were brought into the room by two large Negresses. Each had one of the boys straining on a lead like a dog brought up to a bitch on heat. They were slim and muscular, but Makumo was intrigued to see that a strange looking padlock, like a brooch, had been thrust through each youth's foreskin, preventing his manhood from coming into erection.

Seeing that the girl had been safely hooded, the Negresses removed the boys' masks so that the veiled woman could see their faces. They were both handsome in a rather saturnine way.

'I prefer to use youths in their late teens,' Hassan explained. 'It's when they are at their most potent. The mere sight of a naked woman and they're instantly aroused and ready. They have a pleasant life here, under the control of these two large Negresses - although, as you can see, we keep their manhoods under lock and key when they're not actually performing in the mating arena - to maintain their fertility. But they have to wear masks at all times when outside their own quarters, for the women are always trying to catch a glimpse of them.'

'So they never see the father of their child?' asked Makumo, with professional interest.

'Never! As I said earlier, they never see their progeny either - they're kept hooded and bent over to be taken from behind whilst being mated and also hooded for the delivery with their hands chained above their heads. The child is immediately taken away and so they never see or touch them. In this way they don't

form a bond with them. Indeed, they can pretend, when they get sent back home again, that their sojourn here in our school was just a bad dream.'

'Except that the virgins will have lost their virginity!' laughed Makumo.

One of the young stallions was now standing back to back against the girl. They were both naked, shoulders and buttocks touching, with the girl's overseer holding her still.

The veiled woman walked slowly round them, judging how suitable they were for each other. She said something and the Negress holding the boy jerked his lead and made him stand facing the hooded girl. The girl's naked breasts touched the boy's chest. His manhood was now straining against the brooch but was held soft and helpless.

The veiled woman shook her head and the other Negress brought up the second boy stallion. This time the woman nodded.

'She'll attend each mating,' explained Hassan. 'I like to have three on successive days when the eunuchs reckon that the girl is ready to conceive. We'll encourage the woman to stand astride the girl as she kneels, blindfolded, on all fours. She can then hold the girl still, whilst she watches the boy's manhood being inserted. We always tie his hands behind his back to prevent him touching the girl and both the girl and the boy will be gagged to prevent them talking.'

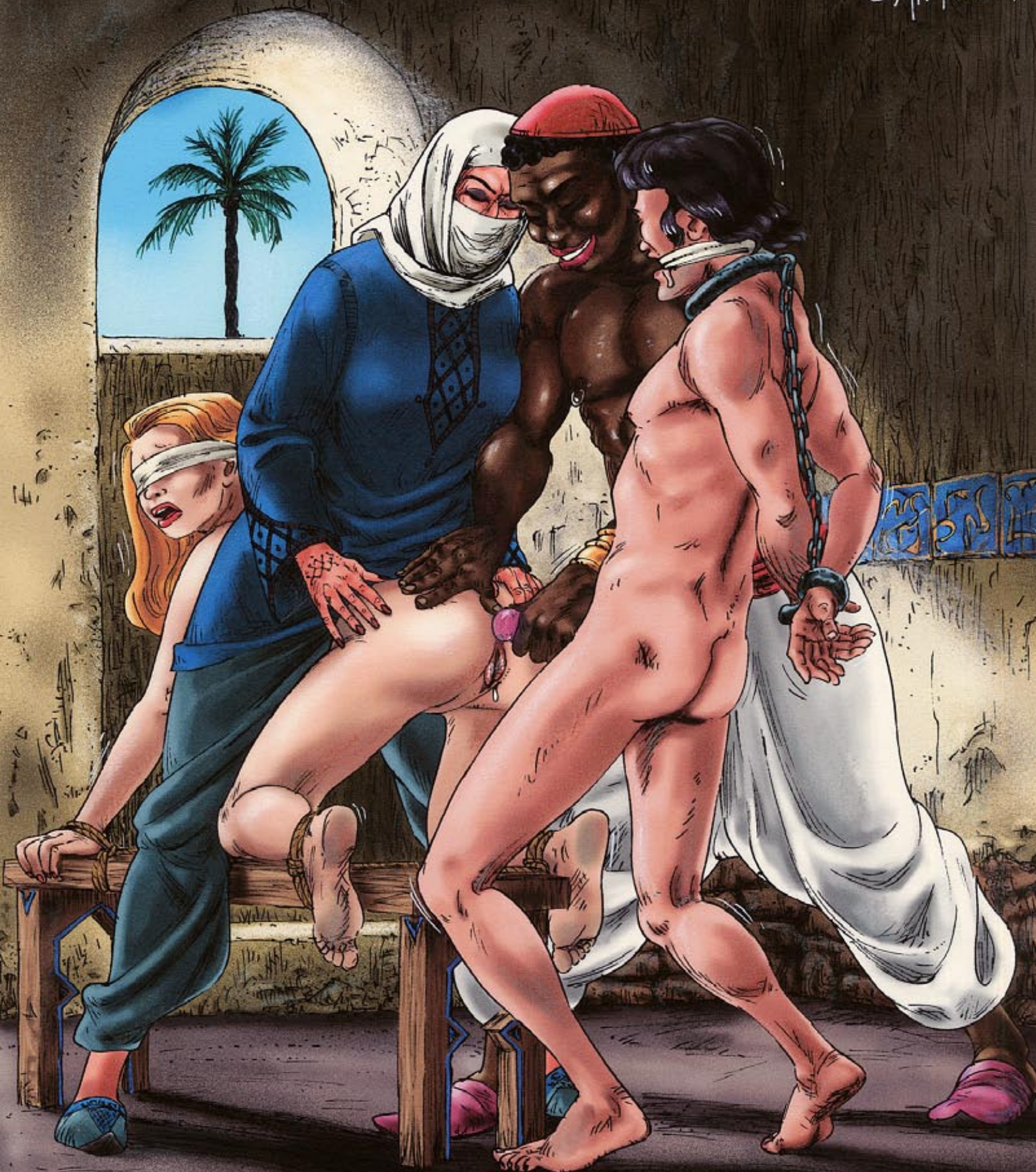
'But the sight of the naked girl will arouse his manhood,' laughed Makumo.'

'Indeed! And the woman can imagine that it is she who is being inseminated and imagine that the child is growing inside her. To heighten the feeling she'll regularly come and inspect the girl's belly - with the girl hooded and gagged so as not to spoil the illusion. She'll pretend that her belly is swelling too. But quite often there's no need to pretend - she's so carried away by it all, that she has a real false pregnancy.'

'And when the moment of deliverance comes?' asked Makumo.

'Ah! Then the woman, dressed as if she, too, was in the last stages, will come and attend the delivery with her friends. She'll be sitting on a double Turkish birthing





Unknown to her husband, a rich but barren Moslem wife has chosen a blindfolded white slave woman, awaiting ransom, to bear her a surrogate child fathered by a chosen young Italian slave boy, who is muzzled. As she watches the boy's manhood being inserted into the white woman, she fantasises that it is herself who is being fertilised. She will have a false pregnancy and delivery with the white woman delivering "her" child in the room next door and then acting as its wet nurse – all unknown to her unsuspecting husband.



stool alongside the real hooded mother, copying her every little cry and movement. Her women friends will be fussing around her, massaging her belly, and encouraging her to push - just like the girl. The bottom of the stool is curtained from the front so that only the eunuch midwife, standing behind them, sees that it's the girl and not the woman, who's dropped the child.'

'Very clever!' commented Makumo. 'So she really feels it's hers.'

'Oh, yes, and the woman is then put to bed in a special luxurious room and the child is immediately given to her to hold. It lies in a special cot alongside her.'

'But doesn't the new born child need its mother's milk?'

'Initially, yes, and so the girl is kept in a bare little

alcove next door. At feeding times she is brought in and made to sit up on the bed. Then the woman, with one arm round the girl and the other holding the child, puts it to the girl's breasts just as if she was nursing it herself. Of course the girl is still hooded and has her hands chained behind her back prevent her from seeing it or trying to hold it. Then after a day or two, the woman takes it home and gives it to a black wet nurse.'

'And the girl?'

'If her ransom has arrived, then she's prepared for release, forgetting, in all the excitement of being released, about her recent maternity. But if the money hasn't arrived, or we don't feel that it's enough, then we get her ready for another mating!' ■



## 22 – A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF CONCEPTION

‘This pretty building,’ said Hassan proudly as he unlocked the door, ‘is where they stay until they have conceived.’

Several Spanish or Italian looking young women with aristocratic features were kneeling silently on a carpet on the floor. He noticed that, once again, one of them was rather older looking. They were all naked and muzzled.

In the corner of the room stood a silent eunuch, holding a dog whip. The women looked up, scared, as Hassan entered. Makumo was astonished to see that each of the women was holding a little black baby.

‘Giving them each a real little baby to play with is a wonderful way of bringing on the maternal instinct,’ explained Hassan, ‘and, it seems, helps conception.’

Hassan led the way to a small door. He unlocked it and led the way into a lobby and locked it behind him. Then he opened another door and led the way into a large room, locking the second door behind him.

‘We don’t want any of our young innocents walking into this room,’ he explained, ‘for this is our mating arena.’

He pointed to something in the centre of the room. It resembled a cock fighting pit with a lowered sandy floor.

Makumo saw that there were rails round the top of the cockpit for watchers to lean against as they looked down. The tops of the rails were some eight feet above the floor of the cockpit. At the top they were curved inward with sharp spikes.

‘We don’t want any girl escaping her mating, before she’s been properly secured down in the mating stocks,’ Hassan explained with a dry laugh, this time pointing to something resembling an old fashioned

stocks in centre of the cockpit. ‘We call that the mounting block. It holds the kneeling girl’s neck and wrists and, even if she’s not hooded, she still can’t see what’s going on behind her or who’s she’s being mounted by!’

Behind the stocks was a padded bar that could be raised or lowered.

‘That keeps the girl’s belly raised,’ explained Hassan, ‘so that the stallion’s precious seed runs down into her.’

He pointed to a large wheel on the side of the mounting block. ‘That enables us to adjust the height of the girl’s beauty lips so that the manhood of the muzzled boy stallion standing behind her can be easily inserted - for, of course, his hands would be tied behind his back to prevent any touching.’

‘So it’s all very clinical with no love-making allowed.’

‘Certainly not!’ laughed Hassan. ‘Indeed, the virgins often don’t seem to realise that they’ve lost their virginity!’

Hassan led the way back to the room in which the muzzled women waiting to conceive were silently kneeling, playing with their babies, under the eye of their eunuch overseer.

‘Do these girls realise why they’re here?’ asked Makumo.

‘Some yes, and some no,’ replied Hassan. ‘You’d be surprised how many of these European girls, from rich and protected backgrounds, are still ignorant of the real facts of life - and not only the virgins. That’s why we keep them muzzled, so that they can’t talk to each other.’

‘Very clever!’ laughed Makumo.

‘Of course, they can all see the other girls being taken through the double door to have something done to them. They see them often returning in an emotional state and may wonder what happened. But as they’re all kept muzzled, they can’t talk about it.’

‘And,’ said Makumo, ‘I suppose that as they never see the stallions, not even whilst being mated, many of them simply do not realise that they’re going to be made to expect a happy event.’

‘Indeed.’

Just then a large Negress entered the room and started to discuss a list with the eunuch overseer. They were pointing to some of the kneeling women, and ticking the list as they did so.

‘They’re agreeing the mating list for the next few days,’ explained Hassan. ‘It shows which women are ready to be covered, and which are to be covered by which stallions and on which days. I like each woman to be covered three times. Moreover, unless we’re dealing with a girl whose mating with a specified stallion has been paid for by a woman, as you saw earlier, then to improve the chances of conception we use a different stallion on the girl each time.’

‘And presumably they don’t show the list to the women and so they never know when it’s going to be their turn to be taken through the double doors, either for a first mating or for successive ones,’ observed Makumo.

‘Yes,’ agreed Hassan, ‘they’re kept in a state of permanent curiosity and trepidation. And, as I said, keeping them muzzled stops them satisfying their curiosity. We find if each girl is left alone with own thoughts, playing with a baby, it makes her more submissive and willing to accept her fate - when she realises, to her horror, just what that is.’

Raising his whip in a warning fashion, the overseer now ordered the naked women to line up in front of him, and part their legs. They were obviously highly embarrassed at having to do this in front of the visitors.

The overseer pulled a notebook and pencil out of his pocket.

‘He’s the mating overseer and,’ Hassan explained as

the eunuch went down the line of women, checking each one. ‘He has to keep very exact records of each woman’s monthly cycle so that she can be put to the chosen stallions at just the right time. Then he records each time she is covered.’

Makumo saw that the mating overseer was also making each woman swallow some pills.

‘They’re that old African concoction, I was telling you about, that’s supposed to make the women more fertile,’ said Hassan with a laugh. ‘But it does seem to work, for we get a surprisingly large number of twins.’

The mating overseer picked up what seemed to be a specially curved needle and some strong cord. He came over to Hassan, bowed and pointed to a very pretty young woman.

‘Good news about Number 63, Master. She was put to the stallion three times and hey presto, she’s been sick every morning for a week. Now it’s also clear that she has missed. So I’m just about to sew her up and send her on to the Growing House.’

‘Excellent!’ Hassan turned to Makumo. ‘She’s another newly married young woman with a very rich husband. But, as usual, he’ll say that he can’t possibly pay the ransom we’re demanding and negotiations will drag on. We’ll assure him that his precious wife hasn’t yet been sold as a slave, but will be if he doesn’t pay up. He really would be upset if he knew what we were already using her for. But I don’t expect his money will arrive until another nine months ... but now come and see what we’re doing to her.’

‘Number 63!’ the mating overseer called out.

Nervously the young woman stepped forward. The overseer gripped her by the arm and led her over to an alcove, followed by Hassan and Makumo.

The overseer fastened the girl down onto a bench. Special straps held her wrists above her head, and others held her ankles wide apart. Her belly was held quite still by a strap round her still slender waist and by two straps round her thighs.

A hard cushion under her rear ensured that her belly and beauty lips were well raised, showing off the Arabic numbers 63, written indelibly on her belly.

They matched the numbers similarly written on her forehead.

Her muzzle would prevent her from crying out and disturbing the women in the main room.

The overseer, still holding the strange needle and thread, leaned over the girl. A little moan came from behind the leather muzzle each time the needle was threaded through the beauty lips.

‘As you’ll see in the Growing House, we think it best to sew up a girl once we are sure she’s taken,’ explained Hassan, adding with a little laugh. ‘It doesn’t really hurt very much.’

‘And if any little problems arise?’ asked Makumo, admiring the deft and neat needlework of the overseer as he sewed the beauty lips close together. This, he was thinking, might well be a useful technique to introduce into the Emir’s breeding operation.

‘Then it’s very easy for the girl’s overseer to cut the stitches, check that all is correct and then sew her up again, just as he does when her moment of deliverance arrives - until it is either time to have her mounted again by a stallion if her ransom has not yet arrived, or to release her if it has.’

The stitches inserted, the overseer used indelible ink to write some Arabic figures on the girl’s belly below her number.

‘The expected date of deliverance,’ explained Hassan. ‘Though, of course, she’s probably no clear idea of what’s been done to her, nor understand the Arabic numerals and date.’

The overseer straightened up and handed Hassan a sheet of paper. It was the girl’s mating certificate, showing her number and that of the stallions and the dates they covered her. He smiled, the girl had conceived and another task had now been completed. It was now time for her to move onto the care of other overseers in this School of Motherhood.

He unfastened the girl, took her over to the next door building and handed her over to his colleague, the overseer in charge there.

‘As you can see, he doesn’t waste time,’ Hassan laughed as he studied the latest mating list. ‘It’s one woman after another, and the quicker they take, the

greater is the mating overseer’s bonus.’

A few moments later the overseer returned and whispered something to Hassan, pointing to the mating list.

‘You’re in luck again,’ Hassan said, turning to Makumo. ‘That older woman you noticed earlier is about to have her first mating - and she’s a virgin. It’s a sweet story really. Apparently she was a nun and then gave up her calling to get married to her rich childhood sweetheart whose own wife had died. But our corsairs surprised her marriage feast and took her away before the marriage could be consummated. Naturally her husband is desperate to get her back - but he’ll have to pay through the nose - and meanwhile we’ll consummate her marriage for him here!’

Moments later Makumo watched as the woman, now weeping, was led down into the arena.

Hassan nodded and the naked woman was taken up towards the mating stocks. Her neck was thrust down into a cutaway half circle and her two hands into two smaller ones. Then the top half of the stocks was brought down holding her imprisoned by her neck and wrists. Then the adjustable padded bar was brought up under her belly.

Desperately the woman looked around her. She could see Hassan and Makumo looking down at her, but nothing behind her, because of the high top of the stocks behind her neck. With her feet still on the ground and her neck and wrists held down in the low stocks, and her belly raised, she was bent over invitingly.

The overseer strapped the woman’s ankles wide apart. She was now held helpless with her head down, her bottom raised and her parted knees slightly bent. Her feelings, as a bride and as an older woman, had not even been considered. She was, in Arab eyes, just a Christian slave woman - something to be used as required, and now for breeding.

Then she was blindfolded and could see nothing.

This was the signal for a door into the cockpit to be opened. A white youth eagerly bounded into the room, his eyes fixed on the naked female in front of him. He was held on a lead by a large Negress and was stark naked. He was muzzled and his hands were tied



behind his back. The restraining brooch was firmly in place and his straining manhood was still soft.

The Negress holding his lead held a little whip in her hand, and used it give him a sharp tap. Immediately he came up to the woman and started to rub himself against the soft cheeks.

The Negress pointed with her whip to the woman's hanging breasts. Obediently he came round to the side and, kneeling down, thrust his tongue out to her nipple, sucking and licking - something that no man had ever done to her before.

The woman groaned with horror under her hood. Oh, how she had been looking forward to her husband doing this on her wedding night - the night that the corsairs had so cruelly interrupted. Now she was being put to someone else like an animal used for breeding. Soon the woman could feel her body reacting - oh, the shame!

But worse was to follow, for the Negress gave the boy's lead a jerk and pulled him back. She heard her give an order and heard him kneel down behind her. She felt his tongue on her freshly depilated beauty lips and could not help a thrill running through her body. She was wriggling excitedly behind the stocks. Oh, but also the shame!

Then she felt a hand on her beauty lips and heard a grunt of satisfaction. She blushed under her hood as she realised that it was her overseer, checking her state.

The overseer clapped his hands and called out something. It was the signal that she was ready. There was a metallic noise as the Negress unlocked the brooch holding back the boy's manhood and then quickly massaged it into a full erection.

The woman again felt her overseer's hand on her beauty lips. She nearly died of shame as she felt a little ball of grease being pushed gently up inside her, up to her tightly stretched hymen - to make her even

more ready to take the thrusting manhood.

Something probed at her beauty lips. She could smell her own arousal. Bent over as she was, she could feel the grease, now melted by her own heat, running up inside her and, although she did not know it, preparing the way.

She felt the overseer part her beauty lips and something strange thrust into her and then seemed to be stopped.

'He's reached her hymen,' whispered Hassan.

Makumo saw the Negress raise her whip and bring it down across the boy's rear, making him jerk forward. He was through!

The woman felt herself being stretched where she had never been stretched before. She gave a cry of horror and pain.

She could hear laboured breathing from behind her as, whatever it was, moved in and out of her. Against her will, her own arousal soon made her reach back to meet these thrusts- much to the amusement of the watching Hassan and Makumo.

'This older filly of yours is certainly responding well now,' laughed Makumo.

The woman heard his cruel laughter, but was too carried away by own excitement to care. She could now feel her own climax building up.

Suddenly she felt something warm and slippery shooting up into her. It was enough to trigger her climax. She gave a little cry of horror.

'Sometimes it's best to let the woman reach a climax for the first mating,' said Hassan as he led the way out.

'Another couple of performances like that and you'll soon be able to have her sewn up too!' said Makumo admiringly, as he and Hassan left for the next building. ■

## 23 – MAKUMO SEES MORE OF THE BREEDING PROCESS

‘This is the House of the Dawning of the Truth.’ Hassan led the way into a small building. ‘Here we keep our girls, our valuable investments, for the first three or four critical months, until their bellies really begin to show and they realise the truth about what’s been done to them.’

They entered a long room with a line of cages down one side. The cages were raised on a platform and were only about three feet high. Wooden partitions between the cages prevented the occupants from seeing into the next door cage.

Inside each girl was a naked young woman, crawling around. Each was chained by the neck to a ring set in the floor.

An overseer, armed with a dog whip, was patrolling up and down the line, pausing sometimes to shout at its occupant or apply his whip through the bars.

‘This is an exercise period and he’s making sure that they all keep crawling round their cages. I don’t let them stand up at all during these critical first months - we don’t want them to lose our valuable investment! But it’s important that they don’t just sit idly in their cages.’

Makumo noticed that once again the girls were muzzled.

‘Some of the girls,’ explained Hassan with another cruel laugh, ‘just have no idea about what’s been done to them and are happy to accept their overseer’s explanation of “indigestion” to explain their morning sickness and later even the kicking of the little progeny in their bellies. Others may perhaps know only too well. So it’s important to keep them muzzled to prevent them talking to the girls in the next door cage about their states. The less they know the better!’

Strapped onto each girl’s wrists was a pair of large fingerless gloves, like boxing gloves.

‘When some girls realise the truth, they become desperate to get rid of the unwanted progeny that they are being made to carry,’ said Hassan. ‘Of course, their beauty lips have been sewn up as a precaution, but just to make sure we also keep these gloves on them as well. Then they can’t use their hands at all, they can’t even hold anything.’

He pointed to a circular gap in the bars in the front of each cage. ‘As they can’t now feed themselves, when it’s feed time, they each in turn stick their heads out. Their muzzles are then removed and they are fed the special nourishing food that will ensure their progeny gets off to a good start. This also allows the overseer to make sure that each girl actually eats up her feed.’

Hassan looked proudly down the line of cages.

‘This regime works very well,’ he said, ‘and we don’t have to send many of our little mothers back to the House of Conception to start again.’

‘This is the Growing House,’ said Hassan as he led the way to the largest of the buildings. ‘This is where we keep the women who’ve been successfully mated and have successfully been made, in the House of the Dawning of the Truth, to hold their progeny for several months. Then they come here until it’s time to move them on to the House of Deliverance.’

Makumo found himself in a large room, warm but airy.

‘We keep this Growing House well heated,’ said Hassan, ‘for we don’t want these precious creatures catching a cold!’

The room had a pretty tiled floor, on which several mattresses had been laid out. Lying silently on each





After being mated a captured Italian Contessa has conceived and unknown to her rich husband will be used for slave breeding whilst the long drawn-out negotiations for her ransom take place. To prevent her from interfering with her unwanted progeny, she is being sewn up.



mattress was a naked woman. Each woman's blue robes were neatly folded up at the head of her mattress and at the head was a wooden stool and a well polished brass feeding bowl. They were no longer muzzled.

'They're taken outside for a little fresh air and exercise twice a day,' said Hassan, 'and allowed to sit up on their stools to eat, but the rest of the time I like to keep them flat on their backs with their overseer periodically making them do their birthing exercises.'

The mattresses were laid out neatly in half a dozen lines running across the large room and arranged in half a dozen rows, so as not to be in touching distance of each other - or even whispering distance. This allowed a black eunuchs, carrying a long slender dogwhip, to patrol constantly up and down the rows and the lines, checking that there was no talking and that each woman's hands were kept innocently at her side. But that was not all, for another black eunuch overseer was also watching from a raised platform in the centre of the room.

'The women are even watched at night,' said Hassan. 'We don't want them forming emotional attachments with each other or discussing what's happening to them. They should just be concentrating on successfully carrying the little progeny they can feel kicking away in their bellies inside their sewn up beauty lips.'

'Sewn up like we saw Number 63 being done?' queried Makumo.

'Exactly! We like to keep a girl sewn up, once she's been successfully mated. Not only does it stop her from getting at her beauty bud, but, more important, it also prevents her from trying to harm the valuable little creature she's being made to carry. Sewing up young girls to protect their virginity is an old Arab custom. We've simply adapted it to protect our progeny!'

Each woman was lying on her back, her hands to her side, with the Arabic writing painted on her belly showing prominently - on her swollen belly. Makumo noticed that the bare bellies of the women to right of the room were large than the others.

'As you can see,' explained Hassan, 'the women are gradually promoted to lines more to the right of the room as their bellies swell. The more to the right they are the more food they get! And the more they take a

pride in their state!'

'How clever,' laughed Makumo, thinking how very different were the arrangements in the Emir's much simpler Haratin slave breeding farm. But, of course, this was for breeding white slaves.

Hassan pointed to the rows of neatly sewn up little pink beauty lips being displayed beneath the numbers painted on the naked bellies, and then up at the stern looking black eunuch up on the platform. 'Keeping them naked and depilated helps their overseer keep a check on each woman's progress. And now you can see why each woman's number and expected date of deliverance is painted on her belly!'

Hassan paused and then continued: 'And to encourage the overseers here to watch over them carefully, they gets a bonus on each woman who is successfully passed on the House of Deliverance!'

Then he pointed to the wooden bowls. 'Watching from his platform an overseer can make sure that each girl eats up her ration of the special food that is really intended to feed her little growing progeny. But enough talk, I expect you'd like to have a closer look at these women?'

Without waiting for a reply he turned and gave an order to the senior of the black eunuchs.

'Inspection!' the overseer called out in his falsetto voice.

The women all jumped up from their mattress, rather awkwardly climbed up onto their stools and stood at attention, once again with hands clasped behind their necks. Those to the right of the room were leaning back slightly to balance their swollen bellies. They were all looking straight ahead, their chins raised.

'I like my investments to be well disciplined,' laughed Hassan.

Makumo saw that several of the women had the marks of the cane across their buttocks. 'We use the cane throughout pregnancies,' said Hassan, pointing to a long whippy cane hanging prominently on the wall, 'it never seems to do them any harm.'

Like a drill sergeant inspecting a squad of troops, Hassan, followed by the overseer and by Makumo, walked slowly up and down the lines of naked young

women standing up motionlessly on their stools.

As Hassan came up to each woman, she nervously sucked in her breath, keeping her eyes still rigidly looking above his head. Then he would put a question about her to the overseer, or invite Makumo to feel a swollen breast or a well curved belly or to admire the neat stitching on a particular pair of prominent beauty lips, before moving on.

The House of Deliverance was different. Several young women were lying strapped down naked on two tiers of bunks, able only to raise their heads. Their hands were chained to a ring above their heads. A stiff leather curtain over their bodies prevented them from seeing their now greatly swollen breasts and bellies.

‘These women are due for their day of deliverance,’ said Hassan, ‘but I find that white progeny tend to be rather delicate when they’re born, so here the delivery overseer uses a special remedy of his own that can delay deliverance if he thinks it necessary. Even a week or two’s delay can make all the difference. Meanwhile we keep them on their backs, with the curtain stopping them being alarmed by seeing their

much more swollen bellies.’

He led the way the round to the foot of the bunks. ‘As you can see with the hands kept chained above the heads, we feel it’s now safe to cut the stitches - though in principal the overseer here believes in keeping the stitches intact until the last possible moment.’

In an annex off the main room, a burly black eunuch was standing, holding a long whippy bamboo cane, his arms akimbo as if waiting for his next patient. ‘Our specially trained midwife,’ explained Hassan.

‘And the cane’ asked Makumo.

‘Oh, it may sound a little cruel, but the fact is that the cane is an excellent way of getting things moving!’

‘Yes,’ agreed Makumo. ‘We use a cane for that, too.’

Hassan now led the way to the door.

‘Now that you’ve seen our methods here in this School of Motherhood,’ he said, ‘I think it’s time I took you back to what you’ve really come to see to see the equally numerous inmates of my other school for slave women: my School of Love!’ ■



## PART VII - THE SCHOOL OF LOVE

### 24 – THE POOL

An armed guard unlocked the massive looking door. Hassan led the way in and pointed down at a large pool surrounded by tiles. Light flooded in through opaque glass windows.

A score of European women and girls were standing up to their breasts in the water, splashing or swimming up and down. Their dark, or occasionally blond, hair was untied. Generally in the Moslem world the women's bath is a scene of laughs and jests - and even of lascivious caresses. But here in the Love School of Hassan, the slave dealer, there was absolute silence.

A couple of fat and elderly black eunuchs, dressed in a long white gowns and white conical hats, patrolled up down the side of the large pool, each watching a group of women. They were armed with carriage whips with thongs several yards long, and at the slightest sign of any suspect behaviour, the delinquent was rewarded with a stroke across her naked shoulders.

'I mainly use retired chief black eunuchs as the supervisors in the school,' said Hassan. 'Each has his own class for which he's responsible for training and preparing for sale,' he explained. Then he added with a grin, 'Perhaps I'll take you on one day!'

Makumo gave a little chuckle. He was also amused to see that one of the overseers was also carrying a large net, like an outsize version of the nets that anglers use to land a fish they have caught. It had a long handle and, as they watched, he neatly dropped it over the head of a woman who was whispering to another girl and not paying attention to her overseer.

The girl gave a little cry as the net settled down over her shoulders and she found herself being drawn to the steps of the pool.

'These nets are useful for catching disobedient young

pupils,' explained the slave dealer with a smile.

As they watched the overseer deftly swished the net up off the woman with one hand and then with his other brought his whip down across her shoulders. Then he gestured to her to rejoin her group. It was very noticeable, however, that she now kept silent and diligently watched her overseer.

The women were naked except for a black iron collar and a cord round their waists from which hung, in front, a little line of beads that half hid their beauty lips.

'I like to save my slave's modesty,' explained Hassan with a laugh.

Makumo saw that shackled to their wrists were black iron manacles, similar to the collars, and connected by a short length of heavy chain.

'The collars and manacles are all part of the breaking-in routine,' explained the slave dealer, 'but I keep them on later because I find that many clients are only too willing to pay higher prices for top quality European women, paraded in front of them, if they are collared and manacled.'

He laughed. 'Indeed,' he said, 'often the mere sight of a beautiful Christian woman in manacles has made a client really keen to get the girl home and locked up in his harem before another client snaps her up. So much so, they often cut short the normal bargaining process and tell their chief black eunuchs to pay any price, provided they get the girl – and with her manacles still on.'

Makumo gave a laugh. 'Our Masters!'

'But, don't forget,' remonstrated Hassan, 'that by wanting to take and discipline a Christian bitch, a True Believer is showing himself worthy of the rewards

that Allah may bestow up on him.'

'Indeed, indeed, my brother,' agreed Makumo. 'And he is giving employment to such as I!'

The sight of Hassan and his black companion startled some of the women, who stood up in the pool and covered their naked breasts with their manacled hands - much to the anger of their supervising black eunuchs.

'Bare your breasts to Hassan Effendi and his guest,' they shouted, using their whips to make them drop their hands again.

Both Hassan and Makumo laughed at the women's coyness.

'You see how, despite everything, these European women remain delightfully bashful,' remarked Hassan. 'My overseers like to bring their classes to this pool to exercise them. Making them try to swim in their heavy manacles does wonders for firming up their breast and belly muscles. The overseers get a small share of the profit I'll make on each of their pupil's sale. So they have a direct interest in her progress.'

'Over there is my special Number One Class,' said Hassan proudly, pointing to a group of women. A huge eunuch was making them do swimming exercises in one corner of the bath.

'A special Class?' queried Makumo. 'In what way special?'

'You'll soon see,' laughed the slave dealer. 'The other classes are divided between our virgins and our widows - and, just as we did in Turkey, here we use two different types of instructors for the different types of classes.'

'Instructors?' asked Makumo. 'What do you mean?'

'Well, to preserve the innocence of the virgins I use, as instructors, negresses specially chosen for their knowledge of female voluptuousness. Under the eye of the girls' overseer, they whisper advice to them, embrace them and may even spend whole nights with them. The girls may have been doctored, but they can still learn to give pleasure and to obey the words of command.'

Hassan looked Makumo in the eye.

'So when a chief black eunuch buys a virgin from me, he is buying for his Master a girl trained to please - even if she knows nothing of men. My school produces virgins with a wonderful mixture of shy prudishness and chasteness in front of her Master and the underlying skill of a courtesan.'

Just what I want, Makumo was privately thinking, remembering the English virgin daughter he had just bought for the Emir. Then, aloud, he asked, 'And who are the instructors for your classes of widows?'

'Ah, they're very different. For them I keep a team of uncut virile negroes from the Sudan - like the Black Guards of your Master. I call them my Black Stallions as they are so inexhaustible. With them the widows, again under the supervision of their overseers, learn just what it is to be a woman. To these giants, nothing is unusual or forbidden, and there is a word of command that the women have to learn by heart for each of the stallions' wildest whims. So the women bring to their Masters all the little tricks they have been forced to learn - together with the appropriate standard Arabic word of command.'

'And are the widows always willing accept their Black Stallion teachers?' asked Makumo with a cruel smile.

'No! But their resistance only serves to excite my stallions further - and my overseers have the authority to enforce the stallions' desires with the whip - provided, of course, they do not leave any permanent marks. It always surprises me how after only a few lessons, the white pupils always seem only too eager to jump to obey even the most humiliating of the standard words of command.'

Hassan laughed cynically.

'Indeed, in no time,' he went on, 'these highly respectable young women are eagerly serving their teachers in ways that they would never have dreamed of doing for their husbands back in Europe - and not merely out of fear of their whips ...'

Makumo pointed enquiringly at the little brass tags, prominently engraved with an Arabic number, hanging from each woman's right ear.

'That's their school number,' explained Hassan. 'All the women here are tagged with their number. It helps

us to keep a proper record of their progress here and stops them being muddled up with each other. These are valuable creatures and I like to treat them as

individuals. Of course when they're sold then they're tattooed with our house emblem of diamond and their school numbers.' ■



## 25 - CLASS 1 – EXPECTING A HAPPY EVENT

Suddenly one of the overseers cracked his whip. Half a dozen naked young women stood up obediently and looked at him enquiringly.

‘Class One, Out!’ ordered the hugely fat black eunuch in a high falsetto voice.

Six naked young women, the special Class that Hassan pointed out earlier, now clasping their manacled wrists behind their necks, made their way towards the steps that lead out of the bathroom. Looking highly embarrassed at being seen naked by Hassan and his strangely dressed black guest, they formed a line in an evidently predetermined order.

Then, in response to another crack of their overseer’s whip, the women ran up the steps, still keeping their manacled hands clasped behind their necks. Their overseer called out an order and raised his whip. Immediately, and keeping carefully in step, they began to prance round the pool, one behind the other, their rows of beads swaying and tinkling as they strained to raise their knees high in the air.

‘The order ‘Prance!’ is one of the words of command they have to learn,’ explained Hassan, clearly rather proud at the way the class of young women were prancing in step.

The women pranced right round the pool towards an alcove where a large black eunuch stood waiting with large towels. Any woman who failed to keep step or to raise her knees high enough got a crack across her back from the long carriage whip of her overseer.

But what had caught the eye of Makumo was that every woman in Class One was clearly expecting a happy event, with her little belly prettily curved above the cord holding her row of beads. The young woman with the most swollen belly was leading the way.

‘Yes,’ explained Hassan, ‘the third category of slaves we sell, as well virgins and widows, are our young mothers-to-be, our special Class One.’

‘Mothers-to-be?’ repeated Makumo with surprise. ‘You mean the ones passed on from your School of Motherhood whose families can’t pay a ransom?’

‘Yes, one or two of them as well, but several of the girls in this class came from a specially planned raid on a convent.’

‘Pregnant girls in a convent!’ exclaimed Makumo.

‘Yes, it was one where the disgraced daughters of rich Neapolitan families were secretly sent to have an illegitimate child, as the accursed Christian unbelievers term it. These girls’ parents never thought, however, that their precious daughter would be delivering her child whilst she was locked up in the harem of a rich Moslem!’

‘And you say that there is a good demand for young Christian women in this state?’ asked Makumo.

‘Oh yes - and it’s not merely a case of two for the price of one,’ Hassan said. ‘Unlike those stupid Christian men, we Moslems feel that it is a natural and desirable state for a young woman. Most wealthy Moslems like to have a slave girl or two expecting a happy event in their harems. We Turks have a saying: ‘A harem is not a harem without a few little swelling bellies.’

Hassan again laughed.

‘A few swelling bellies certainly add a little spice to a Master’s pleasure and entertainment! But, as he himself would be horrified at the thought of fathering a child from an infidel Christian girl, he prefers, periodically, to buy in a pretty well educated, and already pregnant, young widow like these ones. So I always like to have a good sized Class One, under the

supervision of an experienced overseer.’

‘And do you ever supplement your stock by having a young widow or two covered by a Dinka giant?’

‘Oh no!’ protested the slave dealer. ‘The House of Hassan would never sell a girl expecting mulatto progeny. Our clients must be sure that a mother-to-be they buy from us soon be producing a little white creature - preferably a little girl who can be brought up and trained in the harem and then in the fullness of time join her mother in the Master’s bed.’

‘And if the mother produces a boy?’

Hassan looked embarrassed. ‘Ah, then in that case ... please forgive me if I am upsetting your susceptibilities ... then he can be castrated young and enter his Master’s service as a page boy.’

‘Oh, don’t worry,’ laughed Makumo in his high pitched voice. ‘We despise white eunuchs. They fulfil no essential role in life. But we black eunuchs do! We are proud of our position. We control our Master’s harems. Without us there would be chaos!’

‘Indeed, indeed,’ cried the slave dealer, ‘and where would the House of Hassan be without them? Rich men do not send their white eunuchs to look at our merchandise! ... But to return to your question, yes if I find we are short of Class One girls then I do make up the numbers by having a couple of young widows covered by a captured white youth - especially if they’re rather flat-chested. There’s nothing like motherhood to bring on a girl’s breasts.’

He pointed at the last girl in the line. ‘She was covered only a couple of months ago and her breasts are just beginning to swell nicely. I had her covered by a young Neapolitan Midshipman, who was captured

at the same time as the British family you have just bought. I had thought of using him on their red haired maidservant, but she was already fairly buxom and so I decided on this girl instead.’

‘And the young Midshipman?’ asked Makumo.

‘Well, as he was both good-looking and of good birth I had acquired him for castration. Naturally I prefer to sell a boy who’s never had any sexual experience before being castrated, but in the case of this boy my barber surgeon delayed the operation slightly!’

‘Slightly?’ queried Makumo.

Hassan smiled. ‘Yes, the boy was gagged and hooded, like the girl, so that neither of them had much idea what was going on. The barber surgeon held the castrating pincers ready and as soon as the boy’s seed shot into the girl, he closed them shut - removing for ever the boy’s chance of ever reaching manhood. I sold him last month to a wealthy Merchant, and I don’t think I really lied in saying that the boy had never enjoyed sexual relations!’

Hassan burst out laughing and even Makumo, looking slightly askance, joined in the joke.

‘If you want another overseer with considerable experience in breeding,’ he laughed, ‘just let the Emir know.’

‘Ah, yes,’ agreed Hassan, ‘the reputation of His Excellency’s Haratin breeding farm is well known. And, of course there’s nothing like a forthcoming maternity to bring on a rather flat chested girl’s breasts.’

‘Especially if she’s been covered by a Dinka giant,’ interrupted Makumo with a sinister laugh. ■

## 26 - CLASS 2 – YOUNG “WIDOWS”

‘Class Two, Out!’ came an order, accompanied by a crack of a whip.

Another group of young women was soon running up the steps and then prancing round the pool under the eye of an overseer with a long carriage whip.

‘These are a class of young widows,’ explained Hassan, ‘as we call captured young women who are not virgins.’

They made a very pretty sight with their swaying rows of beads disclosing glimpses of their hairless beauty lips. But there seemed to be something unusual-looking about the lips. They seemed more like the simple slit of a baby girl. There seemed to be no sign of the normal protruding inner lips as is normal with a grown-up woman who’s had a little sexual experience.

‘Now you can see,’ laughed Hassan, ‘how we trim back the inner lips of young widows so as to allow the outer lips to close more tightly - just as we did with the red haired maid-servant you bought. We call it giving a girl a trim. It gives the delightfully innocent little-girl effect that is so sought after by discerning Masters. It’s also an outward sign of our superior merchandise - and one that enables us to charge considerable more than the ordinary run of slave dealers.

Makumo saw that the beauty lips of these young women looked strangely young and innocent - just like that of Jeannie. What an effective little technique Hassan had developed!

‘But you do also remove the pleasure bud itself - as you do with virgins?’ asked Makumo.

‘Of course, all our women are doctored,’ replied Hassan with a smile. ‘It’s the least we can do to make life easier for busy black eunuchs like you!’

Makumo saw that in the case of a blond girl, a narrow little strip of red hair had been left along the top of her otherwise smooth and hairless mound.

‘Yes,’ explained Hassan, that’s the Slave Dealer’s Moustache’ that you saw earlier on. We leave it on specially, so that buyers can check that a girl, described by us as a blond or redhead, really is one.’

Makumo gave an appreciative little laugh as he saw that this girl’s ‘moustache’ certainly matched the long locks flowing down her back, as she pranced round the pool.

‘Of course,’ Hassan was explaining, ‘we don’t give all our widows a trim. We find that men buying more mature European women as concubines, like the mother you bought, prefer us to leave them as they are.’

He pointed to a group of slightly older women prancing round the pool. One was a strikingly beautiful woman with blond and blue eyes and a voluptuous figure. Makumo saw that her beauty lips had indeed not been trimmed.

‘Just like the mother you bought earlier,’ Hassan said.

‘But she has she been doctored, too?’ asked Makumo.

‘Of course,’ laughed Hassan. ■



## 27 - CLASS 3 – RATHER OLDER GIRLS

‘This might interest you,’ said Hassan pointing down into a room in the centre of which was a bench on which a naked European woman was held down on her back by straps round her ankles, her belly, and her neck. She was blond and strikingly pretty.

Next to the bench were two wooden stocks, each holding a kneeling woman by the neck and wrists.

An overseer was standing in a corner of the room, a short dog whip in his hand. Round the room were several cages. The doors of three of them, apparently those of the women fastened in the centre of the room, were open, but in the remaining ones were three naked women, collared and manacled like those in the pool.

They were all slightly older women, perhaps in their thirties, but still very beautiful, several with voluptuous figures.

‘Display yourselves!’ shouted their overseer.

He women quickly crawled forward in their cages, and knelt up, gripping the bars through which their breasts were thrust, and parting their knees.

Makumo noticed that their beauty lips had not been trimmed.

‘This is a class of older widows ...’

The slave dealer broke off as suddenly three huge Negroes strode into the room, laughing and talking amongst themselves.

They too were naked, except for loincloths. They had the bodies of wrestlers with wide shoulders and slim waists. Their muscular arms and bodies glistened as if they had just been oiled. They seemed to be comparing the women’s bodies, reaching down and playing with them.

The overseer made a gesture to one of the giant Negroes

and pointed to the blond woman strapped down on her back. The big man flung off his loincloth, disclosing tight muscular buttocks and a long manhood that was slowly coming into a huge erection.

‘One of my Black Stallions,’ explained Hassan proudly.

The three women still in the cages and the two in the stocks were watching silently, their eyes wide open, in a mixture of horror, fascination and, even, jealousy.

The naked Negro straddled the bench and, facing the blond woman’s feet, lowered his bottom cheeks down towards her face.

‘Lick Buttocks!’ cried the overseer. The words were apparently one of the standard orders the women had been taught to obey. Makumo saw a little tongue hesitantly begin to reach upwards. Then the overseer called what seemed to be another standard command. ‘Right up!’

The woman began to strain to raise her head and then with a horrified look she half turned her face away. The big Negro, keeping himself slightly raised above her face, shook his head.

Immediately the overseer came over to her and, raising his short whip, gave her three strokes across her naked belly and the front of her thighs.

‘Lick Buttocks! Right Up!’ he repeated angrily with each stroke.

The woman gave a little sob of despair and moments later the giant, feeling a soft little tongue, nodded to the overseer. Then he lowered himself down onto her face and nodded again.

‘You see the power of the whip,’ said the slave dealer with a smile. ‘This woman will soon be ready to

practice these orders not tied down at all, but just eagerly lying on her back. So you can see how my merchandise gets a perfect training.'

Smiling, the overseer lowered his whip. The threat by this infidel white woman to his authority was over. Instant obedience had been imposed.

'As I told you,' laughed Hassan, with a touch of pride in his voice, 'these widows soon learn to enjoy giving pleasure in ways that they would never have dreamt of giving to their husbands.'

Meanwhile, the other two giants had also thrown off their loincloths and were standing in front of the faces of the two women whose heads and hands were held in the stocks.

'Tongue!' ordered the overseer, giving each of the kneeling women a sharp tap on her exposed body.

Without a moment of hesitation each of them thrust out her tongue.

'Tongue. On tip!'

Each woman now reached forward with her tongue and placed it on the tip of the now swollen manhood in front of her.

'Lick Sideways!'

Each woman wiggled her tongue sideways across the top of the manhood. Raising his whip over the women's buttocks, the overseer looked quizzically at each of the negroes in turn. Each nodded. The women's performance was satisfactory.

'Up and Down!'

Each woman was now slowly and carefully licking up and down the underside of her Negro's manhood.

'Suck!'

Each woman now took a huge erect manhood into her mouth. The overseer came and stood behind each of them in turn, his whip raised, making sure that each was performing perfectly.

'Look how avidly they are sucking,' said Hassan proudly. 'Look how their heads are rising and falling. Like the woman strapped down on her back, they'll soon be ready to practice obeying the commands without having to be put in the stock - just kneeling at

the Negro's feet.'

'Did you have any difficulty with them at first?' asked Makumo, interested to compare notes professionally.

'Oh yes!' replied Hassan. 'They seem willing to obey now, but they didn't at first! They are mainly rather poor Neapolitan aristocrats who were fleeing to Sicily when their ship was captured, and they thought that being made to please these black giants was beneath their dignity - especially having to do so in front of one another!'

'And so?' queried Makumo.

'So, their overseer had to use his whip constantly to get them to obey these simple words of command!' replied the smiling Hassan. 'But they're now learning their lessons well and I'm confident that they'll all fetch a good price - and prove satisfactory concubines for their Masters.'

The overseer went over to the remaining women, who were still gripping the bars of their cages; eyes fixed on the scene going on in front of them.

'These have reached a more advanced level of obedience,' explained the slave dealer.

One by one the overseer unlocked the barred doors to their cages and flung them open.

'Out!' he cried, using another apparent standard word of command.

Each of the other three women crawled out of her cage and, still on all fours, scuttled across the room to where the three giants were standing in a line, legs apart and massive arms folded across their chests. Each of the women lowered her head humbly at the feet of one of them.

Suddenly the overseer called out another standard word of command.

'Breasts!'

Instantly, the three women, their eyes apparently sparkling with desire, knelt up and then lowered the tops of their naked bodies to take the Negro's manhood between their opulent breasts, and rubbed their erect nipples against it ...

'Oh, by the way,' said Hassan as he led the further along the corridor, 'I forget to say that the mother you





Lick his bottom, shouted the woman's trainer in Hassan's School of Love, bringing his whip down across her bottom. With a shudder of disgust the woman thrusts out her tongue. 'Right up!' orders her implacable trainer. His companion felt her soft and now eager little tongue. He nodded to signify that she was obeying properly. 'The power of the whip!' said her trainer with a smile.



bought has been trained in that class you've just been watching.'

Makumo looked very pleased. ■

## 28 – WHITE WOMEN TRAINED AS DANCING GIRLS

‘I told you I also like to train all my well-educated European women to perform as humble dancing girls for the greater amusement of their future Masters,’ said Hassan, pointing to another screen in the corridor.

The sound of Arab music came wafting up from it. ‘Look through the screen and you’ll see that this is something that not even the girls in my special Class One are excused. Indeed, with their curved bellies, they make a particularly erotic sight - and they’ve been joined by the young widows of the Class Two that you saw earlier on.’

Makumo looked through the screen and looked down into a room in which in a corner three Arab musicians were playing traditional Arab instruments.

The girls of Class One, their rows of beads now discarded, were now wearing just a long transparent skirt which was cut away in front to show off their prominently swollen bellies. They were standing in a line, gyrating their swollen tummies in time with the music and following the motions of a Arab woman, dressed as a dancing girl, who was facing them.

Class One’s black overseer was walking up and down behind the line, a little dog whip in his hand, which he used to tap the backside of any girl he suspected was not putting her utmost into keeping her belly muscles moving.

Next to the girls of Class One were the girls of Class Two, also wearing long skirts that had been cut away in front, this time to display their neatly trimmed beauty lips, also gyrating to the music.

At the end of the line a pretty, buxom, dark haired girl gave a little cry, and erotically thrust her prettily trimmed beauty lips yet further forward as if offering

them to a watcher, as her overseer brought his dog whip down across her curves.

‘It’s surprising how even the most respectable European woman can be trained to put on a lascivious and highly erotic display of belly dancing,’ laughed Hassan. ‘We make them do it to show off their bellies if they are expecting a happy event, or their beauty lips if they have been neatly trimmed - or if indeed, as in the case of virgins, they can also, as we say, show off their “newly planted roses”.’

He pointed to the grating women.

‘Yes,’ he said with smile, ‘belly dancing goes very well with a woman who’s been treated in the traditional ways of the House of Hassan.’

Makumo nodded. Hassan certainly gave an excellent training to the European women who passed through his hands - as well as making some highly erotic little changes to their bodies.

‘Come!’ said Hassan, taking Makumo by the arm and now leading him back along the corridor towards the room in which the British women had been displayed for examination.

‘Well,’ said the slave dealer as she showed Makumo to a comfortable Turkish style sofa, ‘you’ve now had a look round my two schools, Love and Motherhood. What do you think of them?’

‘I’m very impressed,’ admitted Makumo, ‘very impressed indeed. I shall certainly be returning if the Emir decides that he wants more European women in his harem.’

‘Good,’ exclaimed Hassan, Then he clapped his hands and in came three attractive looking girls carrying trays of sherbets, rose water, jams, sweetmeats and rakkat loukoum or Turkish Delight. They were





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Class One are being made to practice belly dancing – whose eroticism is considered by many cruel Masters to be enhanced when performed by pregnant slavegirls with real well curved bellies, like these women. ‘It is surprising,’ said Hassan, ‘how even the most respectable European women can be made by fear of the cane to put on a most lascivious display of belly dancing – and all the better if they are clearly expecting a Happy Event.’



dressed as European maidservants with little white pinafores and caps and seemed highly embarrassed to be dressed in this way.

However, they offered their trays with deference, their eyes lowered submissively.

‘They all come from aristocratic families,’ explained the slave dealer proudly. ‘But they’ve now had to learn to be good servant girls as well as concubines. Although the House of Hassan specialises in providing European concubines for the harems of the rich, in fact some of our clients are women.’

‘Women!’ exclaimed Makumo. ‘You mean like that rich woman we saw looking at the girls in the School of Motherhood.’

‘Not exactly,’ replied Hassan. ‘She wanted a child. But these other rich wives or widows want white girls in their service. They send their eunuchs here

to my School of Love to see my wares, just like your Master has sent you. They like to have virgins who have never known a man and they especially like the way we doctor and sew them up as part of our Rose Treatment. They also like the way we use Negresses to train them to give pleasure to a women.’

‘You mean they want a girl for their own secret use?’

‘Exactly!’ laughed Hassan. ‘But apart from young girls they will also pay handsomely for an aristocratic European woman to be their personal servant or maidservant: someone they can show off to their women friends and relations - or perhaps give away as a present to a favourite brother or nephew. So I like my merchandise to include trained maids as well as concubines - though I dare say some of the rich widows may use them as both.’

The slave dealer and his black visitor laughed and the so-called servant girls blushed. ■

## PART VIII - THE EMIR IS WELL SERVED

### 29 - THE BLACK EUNUCHS MAKE THEIR PLANS

**I**t was a few days later and the Harem Blue Team were having their siesta in the team dormitory. Earlier they had laid out their sleeping mats and pillows under the eye of their tall and, for a eunuch, surprisingly slim, Team Overseer, Tanga.

For four nights running now, the Emir had used only his two English slaves. After Diana had lost her virginity, it had been Amanda's turn to be taken, with Diana's delicate little tongue licking up from below as, horrified, she had had to witness the raping of her mother.

Both roles had been repeated on successive nights.

But then, before taking them into the Emir, Tanga had cleverly started something new.

Back in London, Amada had been a highly sensuous woman, who had much enjoyed sex with her lovers, like Rory. She had therefore been appalled by the loss of her clitoris and inability to masturbate. Now she was to learn, as Hassan and the black eunuchs well knew, that this loss had, however, made her all the more sensitive elsewhere – even though she still could not masturbate. But she was to learn, she could still be aroused by someone else: her Master or her black eunuchs overseers.

With Julia looking on horrified, Tanga would make Amanda kneel up on stool, looking straight ahead with, of course, her manacled hands clasped behind her neck. Then he had told his young assistant black eunuch, Batra, to play with her nipples whilst he felt down between her beauty lips. At first, like all circumcised women, she was dry. But then, as Batra rubbed and squeezed her nipples, he gradually felt her becoming moist..

He smiled – it was a good sign. He then inserted his

middle finger and began to stroke her. She began to moan and soon his finger was soaking wet. He then produced a life-size ivory dildo and slowly inserted it up her. There more moans of pleasure as he slowly began to slide it in and out. Soon it too was covered with the signs of her arousal.

Satisfied with her reaction, he withdrew the dildo and made her, feeling thoroughly frustrated and ashamed, exchange places with her daughter.

He then repeated the same process with Diana – gently up her little rosebud – and with the same effect.

The Emir had been delighted with the effect of this treatment but then decided to use and humiliate his English slaves in a more traditional way.

So it was that they had found, to their increasing horror, that the object of their Master's desires was now their rear orifices.

Still manacled and collared, and kneeling on all fours alongside each other on the Emir's bed, they were made to proffer their now washed out and well oiled rear orifices to the manhood of their cruel smiling, portly Master. A black eunuch boy would stand stood by the side of the bed holding a long whippy bamboo cane with a curved handle, ready to correct the slightest sign of hesitation. Oh, how ashamed they felt.

The other girls of the Blue Team were overcome with jealousy and yet were also proud that their Master was taking so much pleasure with other members of the Blue Team. Their team was well ahead on the board in the harem that showed the marks of each team in the monthly competition for the Master's favours. Every month there would be a special prize to the overseer of the winning team. At least Tanga would not now be thrashing them for not having earned more points and

so more cash for him and his assistants.

Each girl was covered by a pretty silken bed spread with the crest of the Emir emblazoned across it as a constant reminder to the girls of their owner, just as the saddle clothes of his horses were similarly emblazoned to show his proprietorship.

By the side of each mat, the girls' blue silken harem trousers, stiff matching bolero and little tasselled cap, all lay folded up neatly. Tanga liked to instil tidiness into the girls in his team.

Each girl was naked under the silken bed spread - but was careful to keep her manacled hands visible above it so that they could be seen by the eunuch always on duty in the small raised pulpit on one side of the room. The punishment for a girl caught trying to put her hand below her bed clothes, or those of another girl, was an immediate six strokes of the cane.

To help the duty eunuch keep a proper eye on his charges, a light was kept burning throughout the night from the front of the pulpit, alongside the steps that led down to the dormitory floor.

Amanda and Diana lay on mats on opposite sides of the dormitory. Tanga had deliberately kept them apart, since the first time they had been brought back into the harem from their Master's bedroom, staggering, weeping and wild-eyed. They had longed to comfort each other, but the cunning Tanga, advised by Makumo, had prevented this and indeed was still ensuring that they were kept apart and not allowed even to speak to each other.

Instead, each was going over in her mind, as Tanga knew they would, the shame-making scenes in which they had participated.

But, equally shame-making for both of them, was the memory of the strangely mixed feeling they experienced when their Master penetrated them. The loss of their beauty buds had left them feeling apparently sexless, but their Master's manhood had changed all that. Now both of them were only too well aware of the pleasure that they felt, when aroused internally by their Master's manhood – but only when penetrated.

As a result both were horrified to find that thoughts of their Master's manhood now dominated their minds

by day and their dreams by night. Unable to arouse themselves by masturbating and carefully denied by the black eunuchs anything that might be used as a surrogate dildo such as a banana or cucumber, which were always sliced up before being allowed into the harem, they were increasingly aware that their Master's manhood was indeed now their only source of pleasure – even, shamefully, up their rear entrances.

This was, of course, the reason why the House of Hassan always circumcised a white woman before selling her. It was also the reason why Hassan girls, discreetly marked on the thigh with their distinctive small diamond tattoo, sold so well and had such a reputation amongst discerning harem owners ...

Now, like the other women, both Amanda and Diana could not help looking up nervously at Naka, the older eunuch who was sitting in the pulpit, his whip in his hand. His shrewd old eyes were constantly looking down to make sure that nothing untoward was going on. He was normally on duty during the night, but had apparently been called in to provide cover for a special meeting of the team's eunuchs.

Behind him was an open passageway that led back into the comfortable quarters of the team's overseers. It was a clever arrangement that allowed the eunuchs to come quickly and silently back into the pulpit and so surprise any girl who might have taken advantage of the temporary absence of the duty eunuch to misbehave whilst he was refreshing himself in the next door black eunuch's rest room.

Through the open passageway could be heard high pitched voices.

Tanga was having this meeting with his assistant eunuchs to discuss the new European slaves in the Blue Team. Much to the fore was Batra, the young eunuch he had put into direct charge of the mother and daughter, Amanda and Diana. Also present was Tuka, the elderly eunuch in charge of the Emir's body slaves, amongst whom Jeannie now figured. Naka was on duty in the pulpit but could hear what was being said.

Pluma, the hugely fat and rather unsmiling deputy to Tanga, sat listening to all that was said but somehow he seemed to be rather waiting to be more closely



involved with these white slave women at a later date. This was not surprising for Pluma was in charge of the girls in the Blue Team who had been chosen to amuse the Emir by expecting a Happy Event and who were later kept in milk for his delight.

Pluma's own secret brand of African fertility pills never seemed to fail - provided it was left to him to decide on the day when the girl was to be mounted. Indeed, the eunuchs of the other teams were always trying to learn his secrets, for he was also an expert both bringing out the latent maternal instincts of the girls he was in charge of and of ensuring that once a distraught young mother-to-be had been covered she was given no opportunity to get rid of what she was now carrying.

But that was not all, for Pluma also had other secret pills for increasing the size of an expectant young mother's breasts before her Day of Deliverance, as it was called in the harem, so that, her half caste offspring removed, she would be ready to produce a record amount of milk for her Master's sustenance. Other pills ensured that she remained in milk for a long time. Indeed, it was rare that he did not earn the Emir's special monthly prize for the girl giving the most milk.

Pluma liked to stretch the nipples of his girls in milk. An acknowledged expert in controlling young women's bodies, he would maintain that there were several reasons for this: partly to make it easier both to milk them and for the Master to take his daily sustenance from them; partly as a highly visible sign of their status as the Master's milk maids; and partly because he felt that girls with unnaturally long nipples gave more milk.

Every day he would expertly pull and stretch his girls' teats, as he preferred to call them, and then bind them with silken thread to keep them in their unnaturally long and animal-like shape. Like his pills for ensuring a good first conception and a good flow of milk, elongating a young mother's nipples was a technique of which he was particularly proud.

Pluma played a key role in keeping the Blue Team's marks ahead of those of the other teams. Indeed the Emir never seemed to be tired of his daily inspections of Pluma's young Blue Team girls with their prettily

curved bellies or swollen breasts and fascinatingly stretched teats.

Pluma might not have the drive to oversee the full team, but he was certainly regarded as highly expert in his chosen field.

'My brothers,' Tanga was saying, rubbing his hands, 'the arrival of these European women is a great opportunity for us and one that we must not let slip. Obviously they are delighting the Master, may Allah enable him, with our assistance, to continue to enjoy his women forever!'

He glanced towards the corner of the room where Makumo, his superior as the Emir's chief black eunuch, was sitting, nodding. Tanga was Makumo's best Team Supervisor, but he still wanted to listen in to the meeting to make sure that Tanga had everything under control.

'Already the Master has rewarded us all,' again he nodded ingratiatingly towards the now smiling Makumo. 'It was, of course, our superior's judgement in first buying the women that has provided this opportunity. And we are most grateful to him for then allocating them to our Blue Team. We must, however, now make proper plans for exploiting their presence in our team.'

His listeners all nodded, for greed was a common characteristic of eunuchs.

'I need hardly remind you that every night and every siesta that our illustrious Master, may Allah ensure that his interest in his harem never fades, spends in the arms of a slut from another team, as he is doing in this very moment, hurts our pockets!'

There were angry looks at being reminded that for today's siesta the Emir's choice had fallen on women of the Orange team. It was an anger that would be taken out on the backsides of the girls in the Blue Team.

'Obviously we can't expect him to choose Blue Team women for his pleasure every time, but whether through fear of our whips, or through our better training, we must ensure that, every time he chooses Blue Team women, he is better satisfied. We all certainly want him to choose our women more often than those of other teams - and this includes our new white slaves.'

Indeed, we must use them to make sure of winning next month's prize - or they're certainly going to feel my cane!'

Makumo smiled. His technique of having jealously competing eunuch team overseers, as well as competing women, was paying off well. Fear of the inevitable thrashings that overseers, keen to win the prize, gave to the women in their teams, to spur them on, played a key part in ensuring that every woman constantly did her utmost to try and catch the eye of the Master – and strove to please him, now matter how degradingly, when she did.

'I think we can agree that the mother and daughter's first two summons to our Master's bed went off very well - thanks to young Batra's discreet supervision. And so did their subsequent appearances!'

This last remark was greeted with cruel laughter by the assembled eunuchs.

'Yes, my brothers,' went on Tanga, 'this first sodomising of the mother and daughter by our illustrious Master, may the blessings of Allah never cease to flow down onto him, was truly a great success - and an event that has enriched us all ...'

'But, my brothers,' interrupted the elderly Tuka, 'you may have been very clever in arranging these two highly erotic scenes for the Master. Certainly having two beautiful, blond European women chained down for his pleasure very satisfactorily aroused our sometimes jaded Master's manhood and I congratulate you on your astuteness. But do not underestimate the role that was played, unwittingly, by the innocent white servant girl in also arousing, night after night, our Master's manhood.'

The others nodded.

'Yes,' Tuka went on, 'being intimately serviced by a frightened and very pretty white girl had a considerable effect on our Master's manhood - as I discreetly saw for myself.'

'Of course, Tuka, you are quite right,' agreed Tanga. 'She is a delightful young woman, with good big breasts - she's been taught by you to give great pleasure with her now ringed tongue.'

'And,' went on Tuka proudly, 'with the periodical help

of my whip, our little redhead has now overcome her natural repugnance to her more intimate duties as a personal body slave. She has learnt that although the ring through her tongue has rendered her mute, nevertheless it also enables her to give great pleasure.'

There were smiles all round at the thought of how Tuka's cane must have played a key role in the girl's eagerness.

'Moreover, my brothers, she has now moved on to the more delicate and, for our Master, yet more arousing technique of using first one well soaped breast and nipple and then the other, to supplement her tongue in a carefully rehearsed routine when cleaning her Master from behind.'

There was round of laughter. Old Tuka certainly knew how to humiliate an accursed Christian - and make her give the Master greater pleasure.

'Yes, she is turning out to be both a good little receptacle and an excellent body cleaner, providing services of an intimacy that she never dreamed that she would ever have to provide a man - before she was captured, enslaved and brought here.'

'And the sight of his erect manhood?' asked Makumo with a twisted and perhaps jealous smile, thinking of his own emasculation.

'She can't take her eyes off it!'

'So,' said Tanga, 'I think it's time we involved her in other ways. We must plan new ways of amusing the Emir with this European mother and daughter - involving the maidservant as well.'

'We must remember that these Christian dogs are different from our Master's Berber concubines: they have all lost their little beauty buds. And they are beginning to realise that, in future, penetration by their Master's manhood is to be their only way of achieving any relief or pleasure – and a much intensified pleasure, too. We will ensure that they never get their eager little hands on any substitute for the Master's manhood.'

'Indeed not!' came a chuckle from Naka, standing in the doorway that led back to the pulpit. 'Certainly not when I'm on duty!'





After the English mother and daughter had each been taken by the Emir, they were horrified to find that now the object of his desires was their rear orifices. Oh the shame! But with young Batra standing by, ready to use his cane again to correct the slightest sign of recalcitrance, they did not dare to do otherwise than to offer their backsides to their Arab Master.



‘Your devotion to preserving the honour of the Master, does you proud,’ laughed Tanga. ‘But as I was saying, we must devise new ways for them to amuse the Master. He is not a young man and half the pleasure he gets from his harem is simply the feeling of power that comes owning and collecting beautiful woman - and what could be more satisfying than owning these British ones?’

‘And,’ added Pluma, ‘the satisfaction that an older Master takes in having a young woman mated for his amusement, in making her carry her half-caste progeny, in having her paraded for him to inspect her swelling belly. That, too, can give an older Master a very satisfactory sense of ownership and power.’

‘As can the sight of a delicately swollen naked belly on a girl who is busily cleaning him.’ Tuka commented.

‘Yes,’ interjected Makumo, ‘and you must not forget why I was sent by our Master to buy these women: for them to be covered and put into whelp so that their milk can sustain our Master next year on the Hajj and provide him with a highly saleable source of funds on his journey. European slavegirls in milk will sell particularly well in the slave markets of Cairo and Arabia.’

The other eunuchs smiled.

‘And,’ continued Makumo, remembering his position as overseer of all the Emir’s slave women, both in his harem and in the breeding farm, ‘if in achieving this we can also establish a new and improved strain of Haratin, with European blood, then, of course so much the better ... So, it will soon be time to hand them over to the tender mercies of your efficient colleague Pluma!’

‘Right!’ muttered the huge Pluma. ‘Then you, Batra, must immediately start keeping accurate records of their monthly cycles, so that my little pills can enable a successful fertilisation to take place on their first mounting by the Master’s chosen stallions.’

Batra nodded. He was used to keeping such records and to making the close daily and intimate inspections that they required.

‘And Pluma,’ said Makumo, ‘I think you also have certain pills that delay, or bring on, a woman’s cycle? Clearly it will be more amusing for the Master if

all three women can be successfully covered at one special spectacle. So you must get them all coming ready for conception on the same day! Think of the handsome rewards we will all share, when I report that all three have simultaneously been suffering from a strange little morning sickness!’

Pluma nodded enthusiastically. ‘And I think I should now start elongating the nipples of the young daughter so that she has really good looking teats by the time she comes into milk for the Master. You can’t start too early when it comes to stretching the nipples of young girls.’

‘Meanwhile,’ said Tanga, ‘we should remember that although the Master greatly enjoyed taking an active role in deflowering these two women from the front and behind, nevertheless he does usually does usually prefer to lie back and let his concubines do all the work.’

The other eunuchs nodded in agreement.

‘We must not forget that the two key features of a successful harem are frustration and jealousy. Clearly the redhead’s sense of frustration is being stimulated by being made to prepare her Master’s manhood for use on other women. Now we must stimulate that of the mother and daughter - and the natural mutual jealousy of a mother and daughter. It will be a touching sight - and, as we all know, competition, punishment and the cane can play an effective role here.’

There was another round of laughter, for they all knew what Tanga had in mind: a desperate struggle between mother and daughter to give the greatest pleasure and thus ward off the thrashing that awaits the one who, the Master says, gave the least gave the least. Such competition, driven by fear of the cane, may sometimes be unfair, but as they all knew could be very effective in driving the women from the other teams away from the Master’s bed – and therefore their own greater financial reward.

‘Oh yes,’ said Batra, speaking for the first time in the presence of these older and more experienced eunuchs, ‘I’ll see to it that they are so well trained and so jealous of each other that the women of the other teams will scarcely get a look in.’

‘Or even remember what the Master’s bedroom looks

like,' added Tanga, rubbing his hands. 'I think we are all agreed. The long-term plan is clear and meanwhile, before they are due to covered, we must press on with

using them to further arouse the Master. Listen, I have several plans ...' ■

## 30 – A MISTRESS AND HER MAID PERFORM TOGETHER

The Emir looked at the two manacled white women wriggling and cavorting in front of him in time to the music. As usual, standing proudly behind the Emir with an approving smile, stood Makumo.

Batra, whip in hand, held Amanda by a chain fastened to the ring at the back of her collar. Jeannie was similarly held by Tanga, the overseer in charge of the Blue Team. In their free hands, the two eunuchs held short little dog whips which they were using to drive their charges onto greater efforts and to punish the slightest sign of hesitation.

As the women danced they would nervously give each other passionate kisses and stroke each other's breasts through their long silken caftans - as they had been made to practice.

Because Jeannie had been kept chained to the Master's private Turkish-style closet or bath, Amanda not seen her former maid until they were brought together by Batra and Tanga to rehearse their present performance. Amanda knew nothing of the girl's degrading duties as one of the Emir's private body slaves and had been horrified to see the large slender ring that kept the girl's tongue well presented, giving her an strangely erotic look and rendering her mute.

Initially, they had both been shocked when they realised the lesbian nature of the performance that the eunuchs were making them practice. But the sensuous atmosphere of the harem and the absence of men soon made it seem quite natural.

It was, the Emir thought, a highly erotic scene and one that was further heightened by knowing that the redhead had been the blond woman's maidservant.

Tanga nodded at Batra and the two eunuchs pulled the two women back by their collars. The music stopped.

'Stand still!' ordered Tanga. It was one of the Arabic orders that the women had had to learn by heart. They stood erect, their eyes fixed straight ahead, their manacled hands to their sides. Their faces were flushed with arousal that they had mutually been made to induce.

The eunuchs quickly unbuttoned their charges' caftans at the shoulder and slipped them down over their manacles to gather them at the waist. The breasts and painted nipples, now erect, were exposed. The music started up again.

'Dance!' ordered Tanga.

The bouncing breasts made an erotic sight for the Emir, as their nipples occasionally touched. But it was even more erotic when, again at a signal from Tanga, the music stopped, the caftans were dropped to the floor and the women resumed their dancing, now stark naked except for their little blue tasselled caps, shiny collars and manacles.

Now the fleshy beauty lips of the blond woman contrasted excitingly with the neatly trimmed, babyish ones of the redhead.

But perhaps what aroused the Emir even more was the sight of his crest beautifully branded across the white bellies of these new slaves - coloured in blue to show that they permanently belonged to the Blue Team.

It all made up a sight that stimulated his sense of ownership and power over his women, over the Berber women in his Haratin Breeding pens, the women here in his harem and now also over these three hated Christians. The eunuchs well knew what a wonderful aphrodisiac this feeling was. They knew how to stimulate it with scenes such as this.

'Caress breasts!' came the order and the women





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A manda and her daughter are again brought to be enjoyed by the Emir. Never had they ever thought back in England that they one day they would be crawling abjectly side by side to the feet of an Arab, each with a bunch of feathers up her backside. It was only fear of the black eunuchs' canes that drove them on.



clasped each other, alternatively rubbing each other's nipples between their fingers and bending down to take a nipple into their mouths, in a clearly well rehearsed routine. Try as she might to avoid it, Amanda could not help being aroused by Jeannie's permanently prominent tongue and by the cold tickling sensation that came from her ring. Meanwhile Jeannie could not help being aroused by the pleasure that her tongue and ring were clearly giving to her former Mistress.

Soon their faces and necks were reddened with mutual arousal. There was little risk of their nipples triggering a climax, but the eunuchs could not run even so slight a risk. So it was that the two women both gave little gasps of frustration as the carefully watching eunuchs pulled them back by their leads for a moment to allow their excited bodies to calm down.

The leads were slackened and, urged on by sharp taps of the dog whips, the two embarrassed women resumed their play for several minutes under the fascinated gaze of the Emir.

'Kneel!'

The two women fell to their knees, the better to get each other's bodies. Once again the carefully watching eunuchs intervened occasionally, quickly pulling the women back by the chains.

Suddenly there came an order that had not been rehearsed.

'Down on all fours!'

Surprised, the two women, still facing each other, placed their hands on the ground.

'Buttocks up! Legs apart!'

The two eunuchs smeared a little grease between the lower part of the women's beauty lips. Horrified and yet mystified, the two women could only silently wonder what was going to happen next.

They both gave a sudden gasp as two hugely fat naked black women entered the room. strapped between the thighs of these two women coming towards them were two white ivory carved manhoods.

'No!' screamed Amanda, starting to rise to her feet. But half a dozen hard slashes of Batra's whip forced her back onto her knees.

'Buttocks up! Legs apart!' came the order - this time accompanied by two more strokes across Amanda's backside.

'Yes! Yes! But don't beat me any more!' Amanda screamed. Her cries were in English, but their meaning was clear. Smiling, Batra glanced across the two kneeling bodies at Tanga and lowered his whip.

Meanwhile Jeannie, overcome with terror at the beating that her beloved Mistress was receiving, did not dare to move. But her eyes were on the well oiled white manhoods that stuck out incongruously below the black women's bloated bellies.

The two Negresses knelt down behind the two white women. Amanda gave a little jump as she felt one of the women's hands reach forward and start to squeeze her nipples expertly and carefully. At the same time she could feel the slippery ivory manhood probing at her beauty lips.

'Keep still!' ordered Batra warningly, jerking Amanda's lead and giving her a sharp tap across her shoulders with his dog whip. Terrified of a further beating, Amanda bit her lips.

Seconds later the same thing happened to Jeannie.

Overcome with shame, both women, increasingly aroused, began to feel their hips wriggling back towards the artificial, but very realistic, manhoods probing between their beauty lips. Clearly, deprived of their beauty buds, they were both seeking to obtain pleasure by degradingly inviting these artificial manhoods to penetrate their most secret and intimate parts.

But the women, well briefed by Tanga, were in no hurry, cleverly forcing these two sensually experienced Christians to make the running, like bitches on heat rubbing themselves against the males who were trying to mount them - much to the amusement of the closely watching Emir.

Suddenly, when both of the women seemed to have been driven half out of their minds by frustrated desire, Tanga nodded.

Both women uttered a cry of pain and pleasure as the two ivory carved manhoods finally slowly thrust deeply into them.

Soon the black women had the white women crying out with delight as they alternatively almost completely withdrew the manhoods and then thrust them in again deep into the women's bodies.

Makumo smiled. If the women had had any doubt before that the only real pleasure they could enjoy in future would have to come from penetration by a manhood, then they would have none now. But it must also be made clear that the only manhood available to them, if they could earn it, was their Master's. He raised a finger.

The two women withdrew from the gasping slave girls, who uttered little cries of despair as the two black women stood up, bowed to the Emir and withdrew - leaving Amanda and Jeannie utterly frustrated and eagerly looking up at their Master - their only hope of relief.

But the Emir turned and whispered something to Makumo. He had remembered that his eye had been caught that very morning by two very pretty girls of the Red Team.

Angrily the disappointed Batra and Tanga drove the crawling Amanda and Jeannie out of the room. Tanga could hardly wait to get them back into the team dormitory and thrash them for not having put on an even more uninhibited show of lesbian love. They certainly would next time!

Tanga was still angry when later he strode over to the cane hanging on the wall of the Blue Team dormitory. It was time his girls, including the three Christian ones, were given the ritual punishment for when the Emir chose girls from another team for his pleasure.

His anger was tempered, however, by the thought that even if the Emir had not, for once, chosen any of the European slaves for his pleasure, nevertheless the

performance that Amanda and Jeannie had been made to put on would have left a very definite impression on the Emir - as would have the realisation by Amanda and Jeannie that they had merely been used to excite the Emir for his other women.

But his team must be kept up to the mark and made to realise that each and every failure to catch the Emir's eye would always result in all fifteen of them being beaten.

The team, including Pluma's two who were expecting a Happy Event and his two prize milkmaids, were kneeling on all fours in the team dormitory. Their foreheads were pressed humbly to the floor and their hips raised. They bit their lips hard, for it was forbidden to cry out.

Tanga walked slowly down the line of humbly proffered female bottoms. He was followed by his assistant, Batra.

As he passed each one, he raised his cane and brought it down sharply. There was a muffled gasp and he went on to the next little bottom. Each woman was desperately asking herself how many times Tanga would go up and down the line. It was something that they had been desperately whispering to each other about before the parade. Once, twice, three times? More? Tanga had been known to stride up and down the line twenty times – twenty strokes!

But on this occasion he let them off lightly with just three strokes each before returning the cane to its prominent position on the harem wall.

The three painful strokes were each, however, bitterly resented by Diana. Why could not her mother have put on an even better show for the Emir and so saved her from being beaten? ■



## 31 - MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ENTERTAIN THE EMIR

The Emir was sitting cross legged on a sofa in his private room in the harem.

Two pretty creatures were crawling slowly across the floor towards him, heads dutifully lowered, manacled hands sliding along the floor and soft little bottoms raised high. From between their cheeks rose long feathered plumes - fastened to a silver plunger that had been carefully inserted into their rear orifices.

The women were white: Amanda and her daughter.

The same thought was running through both their minds. Never had they ever thought back in England that they would, one day, be crawling abjectly and side by side to the feet of an Arab, each with a bunch of long feathers up her backside. And yet it was not only fear of Tanga's cane that drove them on, though that undoubtedly played a part – and, like their Master's manhood, was never out of their minds for long.

The truth was that both of them found a secret satisfaction in having to crawl on their knees to their Master, ugly, cruel and fat though he might be. Locked up in the harem, isolated from all the cares and worries of the world outside and never seeing or hearing another man, it seemed only right and proper that they should worship the very ground on which their Master, their only source of pleasure, walked.

Oh yes, he is our God, both were thinking, as having reached his feet they raised their heads and looked imploringly up at him, their manacled hands joined in supplication.

'Master take me. I worship you. I am your unworthy slave!' each cried out in turn. And such is the power of the harem system that each meant every word.

The Emir lay back on his bed and looked up at the two pairs of lovely breasts hanging down over him, one

on each side. One pair was small and firm with little nipples that were beginning to respond well to their daily stretching routine. They were of a delicate pink shade - as befitted a young Christian girl like Diana.

The breasts of the other were heavy and the nipples were scarlet and strangely elongated - the sign of one of Pluma's Berber milkmaids.

Diana looked down at the face of her terrifying Master and then at the stretched nipples of her companion. Would he punish her for not being able to provide the sustenance that the other girl was clearly able to do? Was it imagination or was she too wishing that her breasts could provide her Master with the same refreshing drink? Was she succumbing to the sensual atmosphere of the harem where everything was devoted to the pleasure of one man - her Master, the man who had taken her virginity?

She reached down, as she knew she must, and began to stroke her Master's half erect manhood - the manhood that had broken through her virginity. She could not help glancing down at it, admiringly. She found herself shamefully longing to receive it up inside her again.

The Emir reached up and pulled one of the long teat-like nipples of the other girl down into his mouth. He sucked and soon was rewarded by little jets of warm of sweet milk. He looked up at the small firm little breasts of Diana and smiled. It would not be too long before her nipples were well and truly elongated, too. And then would come the day when she would be offering them for him to suck milk from - the much prized milk of a blond European woman, the milk that was going to sustain him on the Hajj.

His thirst satisfied, the Emir snapped his fingers. The watching Batra crept forward discreetly and, snapping

a lead onto the ring at the milkmaid's brass collar, pulled her back and led her crawling across the room to a little one way flap. Obedient to a sharp tap, the pretty milkmaid crept through the flap and back into the harem, her duty done.

Batra now unfastened the cage holding Amanda and led her to the Emir's bed. Soon she too was leaning over the Emir, her full breasts hanging down enticingly over him, alongside those of her daughter.

The Emir sucked first one and then the other. How delightful it would be when both were full of milk and both sets of nipples had been elongated into proper teats for him. He could feel his manhood coming into a hard erection under the stimulus of both these thoughts and the hesitant massage of the young daughter.

Soon he felt another, more experienced, hand. The mother, too, unable to resist the sight of her Master's proud manhood, was playing her part, too.

Moments later the Emir called out a short order and Batra gently pulled back the surprised young girl and made her kneel across her Master facing his feet. He pushed her head down. Her little red rosebud was now poised immediately above her Master's manhood.

Amanda gave a gasp of protest as she saw what was going to happen, but a stroke across her shoulders from Batra's whip silenced her and she lowered her breasts to her Master's mouth.

Batra now peeled back the well oiled petals of Diana's rose bud and guided the Master's manhood into them. The excited Emir gave a sudden jerk and a little cry from Diana announced that his manhood had penetrated deep into her.

Diana knew what she had to do. She also knew that Tanga's cane would be waiting for her if she did not do it. She rose gently up onto her knees and then down again, feeling the manhood slip up and down thrillingly as she did so.

Amanda, too, knew what she had to do - and the punishment that awaited her if she did not do it.

Letting the Emir continue to suck first one and then the other of her breasts, she reached down and gently pinched his nipples, making him thrust yet harder into her daughter.

A feeling of jealousy swept over her as she realised the pleasure that her daughter would be receiving from their Master's manhood, whilst she received none. It was unfair of the Emir to prefer her daughter to herself just because she was younger and tighter. She could give him greater pleasure! She wanted to push her daughter away and take her place, but a warning tap from Batra stopped her and she resumed pinching the Emir's nipples - arousing him to get further heights. But she jealously realised she was thereby giving her daughter yet further pleasure.

Meanwhile Diana, facing her Master's feet, was in ecstasy as his manhood stroked up and down inside her. Never had she had such pleasure. From now on she would do anything and everything to try and catch her Master's eye and hope to enjoy his manhood again!

She could feel herself approaching a climax and then suddenly she felt herself being drenched by her Master's seed and she too erupted ...

It was a delighted Tanga who, a little later, received Batra's report. Mother and daughter had performed well and doubtless the Emir would be showing Tanga his appreciation in the usual financially rewarding manner.

He glanced up at the cane hanging on the wall. He did not want the two women to relax their future efforts. They did not deserve a proper thrashing, on the contrary, but perhaps a mild one, just two strokes each, would ensure that the next time they were chosen by the Emir, they would again strain their utmost to please him.

And beating them both in front of each other would help stimulate the mutual jealousy and recrimination that was to play a leading part in their future performances! ■

## PART IX - THE BEY VISITS THE EMIR

### 32 - RORY IS OFFERED TWO STRANGE WOMEN

‘It is indeed an honour to have an Imperial Bey in my house,’ said the Emir over little cups of Turkish coffee, served by handsome young Haratin eunuchs. ‘We have much to discuss, but that wait until tomorrow. You have had a long and tiring journey to reach my domains and the very least I can offer such a senior officer of the Sultan is the usual form of relief for honoured guests.’

Rory smiled. The usual form of relief for honoured guests. He knew well what that meant here in North Africa: a girl in his bed, hooded so that she never saw him, nor he her. Better than nothing. It seemed a long time since he had had a woman - not since that last splendid night in his harem before he left. That wonderful threesome with Barbara, Marie and Henrietta, each jealously trying to outdo the other two in giving him pleasure! It was a night he had repeatedly thought about on this trip.

‘I am fortunate in being able to offer you, a former European officer, two European women for your pleasure - but alas with the normal restrictions. I trust that you will find them enjoyable - my chief black eunuch has told them a thrashing awaits them if you not fully satisfied with their performance.’

Two European women! Here in the Emir’s harem! My God, poor things, Rory was thinking. But how interesting!

‘Oh, one thing, Your Excellency,’ added the Emir, ‘to save you being annoyingly importuned by these Christian slaves, who are always begging to be freed, I have had them gagged under their hoods.’

Makumo ushered Rory into a sumptuous bedroom. Batra was on duty outside the door.

‘If you have any problems with the women, just call

for my assistant,’ said Makumo with an ingratiating smile that hid his anger at having to provide women for the use of this foreigner, even if he was a Bey and a senior Turkish official.

Rory saw two naked figures stretched out on the large bed, with space for himself between them. They were wriggling their hips invitingly - as they had evidently been taught to do.

Their bodies were both beautiful and exciting. One was slighter and apparently younger than the other. The manacles linking their hands had been slung over hooks at the head of the bed. He would, Rory realised, be able to unhook the manacles when he wanted to bring their hands into play.

Each head was covered with a leather hood, with several small air holes below where the nose would be. As the younger girl tossed her head, Rory saw that the hood was fastened at the back of the neck with a small padlock.

But that was not all, for he saw that there was another small padlock below the one locking the hood in place. It seemed to be fastened to a strap that went under the hood. Rory remembered what the Emir had said about having the women gagged so that their importuning for their freedom did not disturb him. More likely, he thought with a cynical laugh, it was to prevent him from learning their nationality and identity.

Stripping off his clothes, he climbed up onto the bed, kneeling between the two beautiful bodies. The younger woman gave a little moan from under her hood. Glancing down at her, Rory was fascinated to see the way that her pink young nipples had been elongated. It really would be delightful to suck them. What a pity that she was not in milk.



Then he gave a gasp as he saw, below the Emir's green crest, neatly branded on her belly, the extraordinary way in which the girl's beauty lips had been transformed into just a pretty rose stem, with a tempting little rosebud below.

It might be shocking, but the effect was certainly dramatic. He could not help admiring the skill with which it had all been done, as he ran his hand down the little scar, tattooed green to form the rose stem, with the small tattooed leaves on either side, and on down to the petals of the tight little rosebud, tattooed a realistic red. But of the beauty bud there was no sign at all.

Intrigued, he turned to the other woman lying next to her. He stroked her full breasts and was rewarded by a muffled moan from under the hood. He ran his hand down to her belly, admiring the beautifully branded Emir's crest.

He smiled as he saw that the beauty lips were normal. But again there seemed no beauty bud. He parted the woman lips and saw, to his astonishment, that where the beauty bud should have been, there was just a little scar. She had been cut! Presumably since her enslavement, for, he knew, many rich Arabs liked their slavegirls cut - it increased their feeling of power, without diminishing their own pleasure.

What an extraordinary pair these two women made. He doubted if they could have been treated in this way here in the interior.

Suddenly he noticed a little red diamond tattooed discreetly on the inside of the left thigh of the older woman. Below the diamond were tattooed some tiny Arabic numerals. He looked at the younger one. The diamond and the numerals, different ones this time, were there too. They were, he knew, the mark of Hassan, the well know slave dealer in Tunis, Marsa's nearest rival corsair port. He had heard that Hassan specialised in handling, and in doctoring, educated European women. But these were the first ones he had seen.

During his early days in Marsa, he had himself had often thought of going to Tunis to buy a beautiful European slavegirl or two from Hassan. However, he had soon realised that with only his meagre Turkish pay to live on, he simply could possibly afford Hassan's

prices. In any case, before long, thanks to the generosity of the Pasha in passing on his surplus concubines and of the merchants of Marsa, his small harem and his small galley had soon been exceptionally well stocked with some quite delightful European women.

But fancy the Emir, living so far away in the interior, being a client of Hassan!

No wonder he was so proud of his European women that he wanted to show them off to the visiting Bey from the relatively civilised port of Marsa. Clearly he wanted to show that he was not just some uneducated war lord, but someone who understood and shared the extreme feeling of power, and of pride of ownership, that came from possessing beautiful European women.

And no wonder that the Emir had taken precautions to ensure that he, also a European, if officially no longer a Christian, could not see or talk to them.

He wondered if he might learn more from the Emir's chief black eunuch, then he remembered the surly look this creature had given him - obviously resenting his precious prize charges being used to pleasure a visitor. Presumably the same would apply to the young eunuch at the door of his bedroom, especially if he was their direct overseer. How humiliating it must be for these European women, presumably well educated ones since they had been sold by Hassan, to be supervised by a mere boy.

But these helpless women, laid out for his pleasure, had beautiful and exciting bodies and he had not had a woman since he left Marsa. He felt his loins stir at the erotic sight. He lifted the women's manacles off the hooks and lay down between them.

Immediately both women, as if scared not to please him, started to arouse him, squeezing his nipples, tickling him between the legs and eagerly stroking his now erect manhood. They worked as a well trained team. He noticed the slight marks of the cane on their globes - clearly the eunuchs had trained them well.

He was surprised at the intensity of the younger girl's reaction as he sucked her elongated nipples. Soon she was moaning under her hood as if in ecstasy. The same reaction occurred when he shifted his attention to the older woman. Clearly the loss of their beauty

buds had made their nipples all the more sensitive.

He put a hand down to part the petals of the younger girl's little rosebud. Immediately he felt his finger being gripped and released. The same applied he found with the older woman. Loss of their beauty buds made them all the more eager to be stimulated internally.

For the next few minutes, Rory rode first one and then the other, enjoying the tightness of the younger one and the greater wriggling of the older one. As did so he heard them breathing hard and uttering incoherent little cries of pleasure and excitement.

Finally unable to hold out any longer he climaxed into

the older one, feeling her, too, climaxing under him. She really was delightful.

He lay back and, half asleep, was aware of the young eunuch taking both women away - presumably to douche them to ensure so that they did not conceive.

Later that night, his virility restored, he was aware that they were both back again on either side of him. This time it was the younger girl who ended up receiving his tribute to their ability to arouse him.

How lucky the Emir is to have such a delicious and well trained pair, he thought, as he again fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning he was alone. ■

### 33 - THE EMIR SHOWS RORY HIS HARATIN BREEDING FARM

Followed by their guards, the Emir and Rory rode slowly up to the former fort that housed the Emir's extensive breeding facilities behind its castellated walls. They had ridden up from the Emir's own rambling Kasbah further down the Weid, the valley whose fertile land was the origin of the Emir's wealth.

They passed groups of patrolling Black Guards.

'I have to take special precautions against my four and two legged brood mares, my precious breeding dams, being stolen or escaping - or, in the case of the human brood mares, of them being rescued by their distraught families or husbands. Too much is at stake financially in breeding from them for any risks to be run.'

As they approached the farm, they passed on one side small paddocks in which real brood mares and their young foals were placidly grazing.

'These are my prize brood mares,' explained the Emir to his guest. 'We keep the stallions in the farm itself together with the mares about to come into season or about to foal.'

It was not the mares and foals that had really caught the eye of the Rory. A large area of fertile land had been divided up into numerous vegetable plots in which rows of tomatoes, melons and potatoes were growing. It appeared to be a highly successful operation.

Similarly vegetables did not really interest the Emir's guest, but the chain gangs of half naked and manacled young Berber women, working in the plots, certainly did. They were picking, hoeing, watering and digging in manure. Each chain gang consisted of about a dozen women, linked by a light chains fastened to their iron collars. Each gang was supervised by an overseer,

a eunuch, carrying a whip with which he drove the women along the rows, keeping them working hard and in line with each other.

Rory saw that most of the chain gangs consisted of women who were clearly expecting.

'Each gang consists of women with similar days of deliverance,' explained the Emir to his guests. 'Normally the women are kept crawling on all fours in individual pens, feeding their latest progeny. Then at dawn, except for those approaching their day of deliverance, they are let out and formed up by their overseers into chain gangs to work here on our important vegetable enterprise, until the heat of mid-day. Then they are put back into their pens to feed their hungry little progeny again.'

'But don't you find that keeping them in milk makes it more difficult to get them to conceive?' asked the now fascinated Rory.

'No, our overseers have a special potion that solves that problem. It's in common use back in their villages and works very well. Both the four and two legged brood mares feed one progeny whilst carry the next one. Shortly before each new progeny is delivered, we take the previous one away for rearing and dry off the mare, or the woman, so that she will be ready again to feed the new arrival.'

'All very efficient,' said Rory admiringly, 'but surely there's a risk, when the women are brought out here to work, that they might take the opportunity to interfere with the valuable progeny they are being made to carry?'

'Ah, but you're forgetting,' said the Emir with a cunning smile, 'that the women are not sentenced to hard labour here for a definite period but rather until



they have successfully produced a specific number of healthy Haratin. Each dam is branded with a little star on the left cheek of her buttocks every time she produces a healthy Haratin and she'll be only too anxious to earn her stipulated number of stars and so be allowed to return to her home.'

'Very clever,' commented Rory.

Glancing up, the cruel looking Emir checked to see that the look out towers on each corner of the square shaped building were properly manned with armed lookouts from his Black Guards.

As the Emir's party approached, the iron barred gate was flung open. A party of Black Guards, all exceptionally tall Dinkas from the Soudan, hastily formed up and presented arms as the Emir rode through the gateway. It was these stalwart giants who served as human stallions for the Berber women in the Haratin breeding pens, something which made a posting to guard this establishment particularly popular - though only the tallest and strongest were selected.

The Emir introduced Rory to his head stud groom, a tall Arab, in a spotless white robe and carrying a riding whip, who salaamed profoundly. Then he introduced the Arab's colleague, the chief overseer in charge of the Haratin breeding. He was dressed like the chief stud groom in a spotless white Arab dress, but his jet black skin and the tribal scars on his cheeks showed his Negro origin. He, too, was an important personage, ranking second only to Makumo.

'One of them,' the Emir said to the astonished Rory, 'is responsible for meeting my stipulated annual quota of a hundred healthy young four legged colts and fillies and the other for meeting my similar quota for a hundred healthy young two legged Haratin. Both like their progeny to be born in the cool of early spring or autumn, but with different gestation periods, they have different mating seasons.

'They make a good team with many common problems and run very successful enterprises. And their charges also both provide the excellent mixed manure you saw being spread by the chain gangs. That's the secret behind my equally successful vegetable enterprise.'

The Emir and Rory dismounted in the large central

square and looked around. Everything seemed spotlessly clean.

Followed by the head stud groom, the Emir led Rory over to the large building built along one wall of the old fort that provided shade for the double lines of loose boxes housing his prized brood mares and their foals.

A nearby smaller building shaded the precious stallions, and the mating box with its strong collar and hind fetlock straps, linked by a chain to prevent a fractious mare from lashing out at, and perhaps harming, the valuable stallion about to mount her.

The Emir pointed to the blackboards fastened to each loose box and on which was written in Arabic the brood mare's breeding number, a number that matched with the Arabic numbers branded on her near side hindquarters, her age, her own breeding, the number of foals she had borne, the name of the stallion to whom she had last been put and the date she was covered.

There was also a note on her health and how much of the specially nourishing breeding food she should be given to ensure the proper growth of both the foal she was carrying and the one she was still suckling.

'Accurate records are essential for a successful breeding enterprise,' the Emir said.

He pointed to a young colt eagerly suckling from his dam. A decision would soon have to be made as to whether to have him gelded or kept entire as a stallion. Nearly all of the Emir's valuable colts and young male Haratin were gelded, for he did not want other breeders to use stallions reared by him.

It was, of course, a sensible precaution that applied to both parts of his breeding operation and, moreover, just as a gelded horse would later give less trouble in the stables, so too a gelded Haratin would give less trouble as a labourer when grown up.

Gelded Haratin, however, like white eunuchs, were not used in harems - experience had shown that genuine blacks, and the blacker the better, made the most effective eunuchs - they were feared more by the women they supervised.

It would soon, the Emir explained, be time to wean the

colt away from his mother and to put him in with the yearlings being reared for sale in another year's time. No longer having to produce milk for this colt would also enable her stud groom to feed her up specially to give maximum growth and strength to the foal she was carrying. She would pine for the colt when he was first taken away, but would soon forget him with the arrival of the next one.

Accompanied by the Haratin breeding overseer, the Emir strode over to the other side of the courtyard towards a similar large open sided shaded building.

Whereas the building he had just left had provided shade to lines of wooden loose boxes, this one shaded lines of white painted pens. The pens were some three feet high and solidly made of brick and stone. Were it not for the strict rule forbidding Moslems to eat pork, a casual visitor might have taken them for pig pens.

Each pen was covered in a wide mesh metal grille level with the top of the low walls. In the centre of the grille was a small circular gap.

A similar blackboard to that fastened to the boxes of the four legged brood mares, and also covered in Arabic writing, was attached to a post sticking up from the front of each pen.

Suddenly the overseer cracked his whip noisily. 'Heads!' he shouted in his falsetto voice.

There was rattling of chains and then, at one end of the line of pens twenty heads appeared through the holes in the grilles - rather like a flock of swimming penguins suddenly poking their heads up above the surface of the sea.

'These are mainly the dams who are soon due to deliver and so have been kept back from the work gangs,' explained the Emir. He pointed out how the women's hair was sleek and shining as it hung down their backs - a clear sign of good health. Their eyes were also sparkling and carefully outlined with black kohl.

The Emir liked his dams to be kept well groomed by their overseers. Not only was it important for reasons of hygiene, but it also gave them a sense of pride, pride in being his selected brood mares, the dams of his top selling Haratin.

The women did not speak. They all looked around eagerly for they were not normally allowed to raise their heads above the grille except to have their hair combed and their eyes made up. Clearly the head of any woman who did so without permission would be immediately noticed by a patrolling overseer.

Then, seeing the Emir they looked at him fearfully.

Again the overseer cracked his whip loudly. 'Greet your Master!' he shouted.

'We love our Master!' came a chorus of girlish voices.

'What do you most want?'

'To deliver prize Haratin for our Master!'

The Emir smiled. The voices sounded almost fervent. It was a good way of checking morale in the breeding pens. Clearly the chief overseer was keeping the women well disciplined. He nodded his approval.

'Heads down!' the overseer shouted. The heads all disappeared below the grilles.

'Carry on!' he shouted to two young overseers each leading a donkey cart down the passageway between the lines of pens.

One of them was throwing food from a forage cart through the gap in each grille onto the bare cobble stones that formed the floor of each pen. It was a nourishing porridge made of boiled barley with chopped up carrots. Eager slurping noises came from within the pen.

The other boy was leading a dung cart. As he passed each pen he would unlock a small wooden door in the wall of the pen facing the passageway and rake out the small pile of soiled straw that each woman had carefully placed by the door to her pen, ready to be taken away.

Berber women were naturally clean and fastidious, but part of the discipline of the breeding pens was to make each one of them think carefully how best to ration their daily use of the small pile of straw kept neatly in the far left hand corner of each pen - for it was only replenished once a week.

This small amount of straw had to serve not only as bedding to cover the hard cobblestones but also as a

receptacles for their solid wastes - and, of course, for keeping themselves clean.

The Emir walked down the passageway. He stopped at random and invited Rory to look down into a pen. Crawling round it on all fours under the grille, was a pretty, young, almost white skinned, Berber girl. Crawling clumsily on either side of her and reaching up for the nipple of one of her swollen breasts were two little naked coffee coloured Haratin colts.

The girl was also naked except for a black iron collar to which was attached a length of chain that was fastened to a ring in the wall of the pen. These breeding dams, the Emir said, are always kept on a collar and chain even when taken out of their pens for mating, for work or for the delivery of their progeny.

The Emir glanced at the blackboard and checked that the number neatly branded on her right buttock matched that on the board. He saw that she had been sentenced to five Haratin. Having twins would have got her off to a good start and the board showed that she now carrying her third Haratin. He checked that on her left buttock two little stars had also been neatly branded.

She had been covered nearly eight months earlier and looking down at her, Rory noticed her prettily swollen belly.

‘This one had been a young girl when she was sent here,’ said the Emir. ‘It’s always a problem to know just how young to start breeding from a potentially prolific young dam. Often the younger they are when first covered, the better the brood mare they made - as if they had not known any other life.’

Looking down at the crawling girl the Emir congratulated himself on having introduced the metal grilles over each pen to prevent the dams from standing up. It had been a highly successful experiment and experience had shown the dams, forced by the grilles down into crawling on all fours, were far less likely to lose their potentially valuable progeny than if they were allowed to stand or walk about.

Moreover, the grilles kept each dam isolated from her companions and this had resulted in a marked reduction in infection being passed from one dam to another. Furthermore, the flow of milk was also better with the dams now kept with their breasts hanging down below them - and it assisted the little progeny crawling in the same pen to reach up for a teat.

The grilles had also stopped much of the idle gossip that had previously gone on. The dams now had nothing else to do except to feed and care for their last progeny and think about the next one, already kicking away in their bellies.

The Emir led the way down the line of pens. ■



## 34 - THE EMIR PUTS ON AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE BEY

Hussein Bey, Commander of the Marsa Detachment of the Imperial Ottoman Corps of Janissaries, was in a strange mood.

He had spent the last ten days visiting the domains of the Emir that his troops would have to police in the absence of their Ruler. After several years in the Turkish service, he was used to subjugating his natural British sense of fair play and natural justice to the realities of the Orient. But even so what he had seen had shocked him, especially the cruel way that the Emir and his Khalifas used the threat of the Haratin breeding farm to keep down his Berber tribesmen and to force them to contribute so much of their produce to his own granaries.

He had begun to wonder whether it was really right to support the Emir - or rather to prevent his down trodden tribesmen from rising up in his absence and throwing off the Emir's harsh rule for good.

But on the other hand, he had to admit that the Emir's rule was probably no worse than other Emirs - or even that of the Turks themselves over their subject Christian provinces. Moreover, if the Emir suspected that he could not rely on his Turkish suzerain for support, then he might well go over to the pro-French party who were always plotting to invite Napoleon to invade and take over their country.

No, Rory decided, he had no choice. He had been ordered by the Pasha to send a detachment of his Janissaries to police the Emir's lands. As an officer in the employ of the Turkish Sultan, and one who had renounced his Christianity, anyway officially, he must do just that - whatever his personal feelings might be.

And now, having completed his reconnaissance, he was back in the Emir's palace to finalise plans. As

the representative of the Pasha, he was an honoured guest.

'We shall be having a special feast in your honour tonight,' said the Emir with a smile, as he greeted Rory in the palace courtyard. 'My various Khalifas will be attending and I have arranged a little light entertainment, featuring the European women who entertained you when you were last here.'

Those two strange European women again!

'Yes, they will dance for us, together with another of their race, and then ... well wait and see!' laughed the Emir cruelly.

Wearing his Janissary uniform, Rory was sitting cross legged on a large well padded ottoman alongside the Emir. Around them were the Emir's guests: fawning Khalifas and some neighbouring Emirs. Young Haratin eunuch pageboys were handing round delicious sweetmeats and glasses of sherbet. In a corner musicians were playing Arabic music.

Suddenly the music stopped and Makumo ushered in three figures. They were chained together by the neck and their heads were hidden by veils. Their manacled hands were clasped humbly in front of their identical long blue diaphanous silken skirts that were held up by sequined belts slung round their hips, leaving their bellies bare and showing off the prominently branded crest of the Emir.

Stiff blue boleros only half hid their breasts and painted nipples. A young black eunuch boy, Batra, held in one hand the three leads that led to the rings at the back of their wide brass collars.

The music struck up again and Batra gestured with his whip. Immediately all three women, keeping perfect time with each other, started, as they had so

often been made to do in the privacy of the harem, to prance round the room with their boy overseer driving them on. Their bouncing breasts, tipped in the case of Diana by her elongated nipples, made a delightful sight as they slipped in and out of view behind their blue brocade boleros. Rows of little bells, fastened to their ankles, tinkled as they raised their feet high in the air between the slits in their skirts.

There was a gasp from the guests as, obeying an order from Makumo, the women raised their manacles hands and slipped off their veils, disclosing a mask that covered their faces except for their eyes. Rory saw that once again a strap fastened at the back of their necks showed that, under their veils, they were gagged.

But what had really made Rory gasp was that under their little blue embroidered caps, their long hair hung down - and instead of the usual Berber black hair, two had honey coloured blond and one red hair. They were obviously European women! These two blondes must indeed be the same two that the Emir had offered him ten days earlier and whom he had enjoyed.

The music started up again and the women began to dance in front of the Emir and his guests, their naked bellies quivering in the age old way ...

Amanda saw that the strangely dressed man sitting in the place of honour next to the Emir was a European! How she longed to be able to call out to him, to tell him her name and to beg him to send back news of her and her daughter and of Jeannie, to Colonel Fortescue in Sicily. But, of course, she had been gagged to prevent her from doing any such thing.

As she danced she shot another glance at the strangely dressed guest. He turned to look at her - and her heart jumped. It couldn't be! Surely not! But it was! It was Rory! Rory Fitzgerald, her former lover!

Had he been that strange visitor she had to please ten days before? My God! He had also taken her daughter!

With her face covered by her mask he would have no idea who the half naked figure dancing in front of him was. And yet he was the one person in the world who might be able to rescue them from the hands of their Master and his terrible eunuchs.

Never had Amanda felt so helpless!

The exhilarating Arab music came to a stop and the three women flung themselves to the floor in a symbolic gesture of abject obedience.

The Emir turned to his guest of honour.

'Your Excellency. My eunuchs tell me that they have arranged that all three of these Christian bitches are today ready and ripe to be put to a good strong stallion. For a week they have also been fed his secret fertility pills. If you agree we will now proceed.'

Having seen the Emir's Haratin breeding farm, Rory felt immune from being further shocks. Moreover as a good Moslem he must now disguise his natural repulsion. Gravely he nodded.

'Of course, Your Highness. It will be an honour to be allowed to see these Christian dogs being treated as they so well deserve.'

The Emir clapped his hands and Makumo gestured to a curtained off alcove. Batra and half a dozen other young eunuchs entered the room, carrying a heavy circular iron turntable, like a large wheel. The deputy head overseer of the Blue Team, the huge fat Pluma, followed them in and directed them to lay it on the floor in front of the Emir. This was to be his moment.

Supported by short bars, two to three feet above the wheel and therefore now above the floor, was another circular iron bar. Rory saw that in the centre of the turntable, down at floor level, were several iron rings, were several iron rings with leather securing straps attached to them.

Rory turned to ask the Emir the purpose of this strange wheel, but the Emir simply put his finger to his lips.

'Wait and see!'

The group of eunuchs ran over to the still prostrate and masked women and, leaving Diana and Jeannie, unfastened Amanda's collar chain and carried her to the wheel. There they put her belly down over the raised wheel and attached her wrists to two of the straps down at floor level inside the wheel. Her lead, still attached to the ring at the back of her collar was arranged so that it hung down her back, between her curves and down over her beauty lips to her knees.





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A multiple mating. The women are feeling quite dizzy as the turntable spins round. Pointing to the naked black giant, the Emir says, 'Now you can bet on which woman will be opposite my first black stallion when the turntable stops. She will be the first to be mated with my Black Guards – and these matings will be for real, for thanks to my black eunuchs' pills, all three of them are now ready to conceive.'



Then they went back to pick up another woman, leaving Amanda tied bent over the rim of the wheel, head downcast with shame, bottom up and knees bent with her feet placed, at floor level again, on the iron lower rim of the apparatus. She struggled helplessly, but found that all she could do, much to the laughter of the watching guests, was to use her feet to slide her belly around the circular bar.

Moments later she was joined by Diana and then Jeannie. All three women were now fastened down, spread around the wheel and bent over the circular bar, heads close to each other, legs free and knees bent.

Pluma nodded to Batra, who unfastened the dancing skirts of each woman, leaving her soft white bottom raised up invitingly over the bar. Pluma went round fussily inserting a little lubricating cream between the now well displayed beauty lips of Amanda and Jeannie and between the petals of Diana's little rosebud.

Then he stood back and nodded to Batra, who gave the circular iron bar a push, making it spin round, together with the rim on which the women were standing and the central floor to which their wrists were fastened. The guests applauded the scene and again laughed as they heard scared moans coming from under the masks of the three victims.

As each woman passed the guests, they had a glimpses of first Amanda's fleshy beauty lips, then of Jeannie's neatly trimmed back ones and then of Diana's amazing little rosebud. Rory recognised the first and the last ones, but was fascinated Jeannie's strangely girlish look.

The turntable was revolved faster, making the women almost dizzy. Meanwhile a cushion had been placed on the floor to one side of the revolving turntable.

A huge muscular Black Guard, nearly seven feet tall, marched into the room wearing simply his red uniform fez cap and his military boots. His long manhood hung down in front. His eyes gleamed as Pluma led him up to the cushion. As he saw the women's bare intimacies spinning past him, the guests were amused to see that his manhood slowly grew into a huge erection.

The wheel began to slow down. The helpless women screamed under their gags as they saw the huge erect

manhood that awaited them.

'Which of the women is going to be first to be presented to my Black Guards?' cried the Emir. Bets were placed as the wheel spun more and more slowly until finally it stopped.

It was Jeannie who was nearest to the Black Guard's manhood. Batra adjusted the turntable so she was exactly placed in front of it. Jeannie's masked head turned anxiously round to see behind her and the other women looked on in horror, unable to help her.

The guests laughed as Jeannie began to drum her feet in impotent rage on the iron rim of the turntable. Pluma picked up a long whippy cane.

'This multiple mating is for real,' said the Emir. 'My eunuchs have used special pills to regulate their monthly cycles and I am assured that all three women are ready to conceive and I intend to make sure that each will do so before our entertainment is finished this evening. But to get the blood really racing and so make conception easier, first comes a little pain.'

He nodded to Pluma who, six times, slowly and deliberately brought his cane down across Jeannie's plump little bottom. She screamed under her gag and then she screamed even louder as she felt one of the giant's hands reaching forward for her breasts whilst with the other he picked up her collar chain and jerked back her head so that, still kneeling on all fours with her head raised, her back was now arched back to help receive his huge curved-up manhood.

With the girl and the giant positioned sideways-on to them, the Emir and his guests had an ideal view as, accompanied by another scream, the huge manhood started to probe at the girl's trimmed-back beauty lips. They laughed as they saw the giant thrust forward. There was another muffled scream as Jeannie felt herself penetrated by a manhood much larger than even those of her tough Highland former lovers ...

Then came another scream as she felt the fertilising seed shooting up inside her.

As the huge Black Guard marched proudly out of the room, his manhood now limp, Pluma gain picked up the cane.

'Another six strokes to help the seed get well and truly

planted,' said the Emir and seconds later a repeated whistling noise announced that Pluma was giving the girl her second dose. 'But so as to make sure we'll let another of my Black Guards enjoy the girl.'

Another Black Guard giant marched expectantly into the room to stand proudly on the cushion, his manhood also coming into a huge erection. But this time there was to be a slight change.

'I think,' the Emir called out to Pluma, 'that my guests would like to see the faces as they receive the second dose of good Dinka seed. Because the gags are large, I think we shall still be conforming with the normal rules about women's faces.'

Jeannie's freckled face was then disclosed. Rory longed to ask the Emir where she came from, but of course Eastern men did not discuss their women with other men - and certainly not when they were mere slavegirls being put to a black stallion.

Moments later the guests heard another muffled scream as this giant's manhood probed at the girl's trimmed beauty lips ... Nor was it long before another muffled scream announced that his seed, too, had been planted deep into her ...

Again the turntable slowed down and finally stopped.

It was to be Diana's turn.

Rory watched in fascination as, accompanied by little muffled screams, the red rosebud was stretched to absorb a giant black manhood.

He was even more fascinated when her mask was removed before her second mating. Even with her face half covered and distorted by her gag, she was, he saw, a beautiful and desirable white girl. She had certainly been delightful to take ten days earlier, even though she had been hooded and gagged. The Emir must have paid a huge sum for her and for the redhead.

Yes, he thought, what a remarkably pretty girl. He'd give anything, he thought, to have her locked up in his harem.

Meanwhile Amanda had watching in horror the mating of her daughter with a couple of randy giants. Was she to be next? And in front of Rory?

Again the turntable spun and this time Batra made sure it stopped so that Amanda was offered to another highly aroused Black Guard - and to Pluma's cane.

Amanda was horrified to feel the seed jetting up into her, knowing that there was nothing she could do to stop it and also knowing that she must be at her most receptive point of her monthly cycle. She suspected that the pills that Pluma had been mysteriously feeding her were also intended to make her more receptive.

Then, after her first covering, she was appalled when her mask was removed. Would Rory recognise her? Would he see who she was? He would have seen what was being done to her. He would certainly not now be interested in saving her. In any case what he could do? Far better if he had never known of her fate - and of her shame.

At first he was only mildly interested in the prospect of Amanda's mask being removed. Doubtless she, too, was beautiful. Certainly she, too, had been a delightful, if unseen, bed companion.

But then when the mask taken off, he could not believe his eyes. Was she? It couldn't be! With her face still half covered by the gag, he wasn't sure. But when she silently looked appealing up at him with her soft blue eyes, he knew.

He knew that she was Amanda, once his Mistress and great love.

God! And he had to sit there smiling whilst she was covered once again by a huge Black Guard. Whilst she was being fertilised for her Master the Emir. He could hardly stop himself from jumping up and releasing her, from rescuing her and taking her off, from ...

But he had to put such thoughts out of his mind. He was unarmed in a palace swarming with the Emir's armed Black Guards. He would be killed instantly. And for what? And even if he were not actually killed, he would be returned in disgrace to the Pasha of Marsa, having achieved nothing.

He looked at the half uncovered face of the young girl and saw the family resemblance. So the daughter was here too, sharing her mother's fate - and he had taken her, too, enjoyed with her mother. And, presumably, the pretty redhead was their Scots former maidservant - as described in the letter from Amanda's father.

He felt sick at heart, but he knew deep down that he must never tell anyone of his discovery, certainly not Amanda's father, nor her betrothed. Nor must he ever tell anyone what had happened - not even the Pasha to whom he would have to report on his return.

No, he must put the lovely Amanda and her ravishingly beautiful daughter, right out of his mind - for ever. And the pretty maidservant, too.

It was with these thoughts racing through his mind that he followed the Emir out into the next door banqueting

room. He turned to where the three women were still strapped down to the turntable - to make sure that the fertilising Dinka seed did not run out.

He saw Amanda's eyes looking at him, pleading for help - for help that he simply could not possibly give.

He had to bury his face in a handkerchief to hide his distress from the Emir, his host.

Then pulling himself together, he turned and, looking her straight in the eye, he sadly shook his head. ■



## 35 - THE EMIR RECEIVES SOME GOOD NEWS

The Emir again sat cross legged on an ottoman, in the throne room of his palace, receiving reports from his Khalifas. He was pleased. It was clear that the fear engendered by his last journey through his domains was still present. However resentful the tribes might be of having to give up half of their harvests to their Ruler, their headmen made certain they complied.

The Emir smiled as he listened to the catalogue of produce that was on its way to the grain merchants on the coast. The long drawn out war in Europe, with its need to feed armies and fleets, still ensured that there was a steady market for North African grain. Moreover there was an increasing demand for fresh vegetables from the British fleet interminably blockading their French adversaries in Toulon. Here, largely thanks to the manure produced by his two and four legged breeding farms, his production costs were very low and profit margin high.

The Emir stroked his beard in a shrewd calculating gesture. Yes, even whilst he was away on the Hajj, he could now be sure that his Khalifas, backed by the detachment of Janissaries that would soon be arriving, would be able to control everything. Providing their Commander with a little sexual satisfaction had certainly paid off.

Makumo entered and whispered something into the Emir's ear. As his chief black eunuch, Makumo was the only person who had the right to approach the Emir at any time.

The Emir nodded and Tanga, the overseer of the Blue Team, entered with his deputy, Pluma.

'Your Excellency,' began Tanga coming quickly to the point, 'we have good news for your plans for your Hajj.'

He gestured to Pluma, who now stepped forward. 'Yes, Your Excellency,' he said with a smile, 'I can report that all three of the new slave women have successfully conceived. I have kept them caged flat on their backs ever since they were covered and all three have now missed their monthly cycles. All three have now also suffered morning sickness. You may be certain that all three are now expecting a Happy Event.'

He smiled cruelly and added. 'Indeed, Your Highness, soon they will have the horror of feeling feel their little unwanted progeny kicking away inside them.'

'Ah! And they cannot interfere with what Nature now intends?

'Oh no, Your Highness, I have locked silver filigree breeding belt over their beauty lips and, in the case of the younger girl, over her rosebud. You can be certain that their Haratin progeny will be produced, and that they will be in milk, before you leave for the Hajj – together with the two Berber concubines whom you had also planned to take with you.'

'Excellent!' said the Emir. Then his eyes clouded over. 'But are you sure that it is Haratin they are carrying and not the progeny of myself or of the Commander of the Janissaries who also enjoyed them?'

'Oh, yes, Your Excellency,' replied Pluma reassuringly. 'It was a quite safe time when Your Excellency last took them and also when you offered them to your illustrious guest. But all three were nicely ripe when they were repeatedly taken by your selected Black Guards. You can be quite certain that their progeny will be prize black Haratin.'

'And so all three will have recovered and be in milk, together with the two Berber girls by the spring?'

‘There should be no problems,’ replied Pluma. ‘All three should be producing a good flow and their nipples will by then be nicely stretched for the purpose. Your Excellency will have seen that I have already made a good start on the nipples of the daughter.’

Again the Emir nodded.

‘The mother seemed to be particularly upset over something that happened at her mating,’ Pluma went on, ‘but she seems to have accepted her fate now. I would like to keep them all caged on their backs for another month, but after that they will again be able to take their places in the Blue Team - and for the maidservant her place in your private closet.’

The Emir smiled. He would find it especially fascinating to watch the growing bellies and breasts of the mother and daughter over the winter, as they approached their day of deliverance - and the maidservant’s as well.

‘And the daughter’s little rose stem?’

‘We will slit it open when the time comes and then replace it identically. Meanwhile I shall be able to feel, how she is progressing through the rosebud.’

It was now two months later and Amanda and her daughter were silently holding hands and looking down their naked and slightly curved bellies.

‘Is there really nothing we can do, Mummy?’ murmured Diana anxiously.

‘No, darling, not with these wretched breeding belts locked onto us,’ replied her mother, bitterly. ‘These awful black eunuchs are going to make us go through a full maternity.’

‘But why?’ asked Diana.

‘God knows,’ came the reply. ‘Just for the amusement of our Master, it seems,

It was now several months later and Makumo was proudly displaying all three British women to the Emir who, wearing a green robe and a red turban, was sitting cross-legged on a Turkish sofa.

The women wore little blue embroidered turned-up

Turkish slippers and caps of the Blue Team which were perched coquettishly on the side of their heads. Over their shoulders were similarly embroidered stiff blue boleros that left bare their now swollen breasts and carefully extended nipples. Otherwise they were naked – except, of course, except for their high wide collars. Their manacled hands were clasped behind their necks.

Behind them stood their young overseer, Batra, holding in one hand three leads attached to the slave collars of the women. In his other hand he was holding, as usual, his long whippy bamboo cane with its distinctive curved handle.

‘Heads up!’ he ordered. ‘Look straight ahead! Thrust out bellies!’

Nervously the women obeyed, glancing out of the corner of their eyes at the raised cane. How humiliating it was, each of them was thinking, to be at the beck and call of this young black eunuch boy.

With his own cane, Makumo was pointing to the women’s now prominently curved bellies below which could be seen their silver filigree breeding belts.

‘Perhaps, Your Excellency,’ he suggested ingratiatingly, ‘you might like to feel their bellies and the little unwanted progeny wriggling inside them.’

Recognising the degrading invitation, the women looked horrified as the Emir reached forward and felt first one and then the other swollen tummies and then with a satisfied look felt their tightly fastened and locked breeding belts secured by little padlocks in the small of their backs which held the securing chains running back over their hips and the one that one that ran up between the cheeks of their bottoms.

But none of the women dared to move or utter a word of protest at this humiliating inspection.

‘Soon,’ Makumo added, ‘we’ll have the mother and her former maid servant both secured to the harem twin birthing stool, ready to drop their progeny into the waiting basket below the stool, and with their hands secured above their heads to prevent them from interfering, whilst their young overseer uses his cane to make them rise up slightly and then drop back again until the delivery process is complete.’





**M**akumo proudly shows off the three now heavily pregnant British women to the Emir. 'Soon we'll have the mother and her former maidservant performing together on the harem double birthing stool.' 'And how about her?' asked the Emir pointing the daughter's smooth strip of skin with a long thin faint scar running down where once were the now fully circumcised daughter's pouting beauty lips.



‘And what about her?’ asked the Emir pointing to young Julia and to the scar running down below her bell to a little puckered orifice – all that remained of where was once her prominent and pouting beauty lips.

‘Oh. When the time comes, Your Excellency, it will

be a simple matter to slit her open again.’

‘And the sew her up and allow the sides to heal over again, as at present?’

‘Exactly, Your Excellency, a perfect example of the traditional way of handling a fully circumcised slave girl.’ ■

## **PART X - THE BEY'S NEW MISSION**

### **36 - RORY GETS AN UNEXPECTED ORDER**

**I**t was a year later. It had been a busy year for Rory. There had again been alarms over a possible French invasion and he and his Janissaries had been busy on the Pasha's behalf, patrolling the coast, improving the defences and persuading the various Caid and Emirs in the interior to hold to the pro-Turkish alliance.

It had also been a year when he had really enjoyed his harem - perhaps it was his frequent absences that made him appreciate it more and made his concubines all the more loving and adoring. He had particularly enjoyed Henrietta. Her sojourn in his galley seemed to have made her settle down more to enjoy life as just one of his concubines - and even Matrak now reported favourably on her conduct.

But her presence in his harem reminded him constantly of Amanda and Diana. Frequently he asked himself if he could have done more to help them when staying with the Emir. Was there anything he could have done later? But always he came up with the same answer: No! Indeed no such ruler would tolerate any interference with, or even discussion about, the women in his harem.

Had they conceived on that shameful night when each, as a spectacle in his honour, they had been repeatedly put to the Emir's Black Guards? Had they now borne their prize Haratin progeny for their Master? Presumably.

But had that spectacle really been any more shameful than the similar one he had arranged, having his concubine Carmen covered by pigmies, as a spectacle for his own guests here in Marsa? The fact was that planning the mating white slave women with blacks was an enjoyable part of being a slave owner, an acceptable part of the local culture. The real cause of his anguish, he realised, was jealousy that Amanda

and Diana belonged to the Emir and not himself.

Rory had found it too painful to remain in Marsa as the pilgrims going on the Hajj assembled to take ship for Egypt. Would the Emir be leaving from Marsa? Probably. He decided not to be around until after the Hajj had parted.

So he had gone away on an extended tour of inspection of his Janissaries.

And now he was back - to be greeted by the news that the Pasha urgently wanted to discuss something with him.

'My son,' said the Pasha to Rory with an enigmatic smile, 'during your recent absence, I have had some worrying news regarding our loyal friend and ally, the Emir of Gondah.'

Loyal friend and ally indeed! The world would be well rid of that cruel and tyrannical swine! But, of course, the constant threat of a French invasion and the weakness of the Sultan's position away in Constantinople made the Pasha embrace strange friends and allies.

'Indeed, Your Excellency?' replied Rory tactfully. 'And he was a man who made me very welcome in his house.'

'So I have heard,' said the Pasha dryly.

Rory blushed. Was there anything that this wily old man did not know? The Pasha tapped Rory's knee in a friendly way. 'Do not worry, I am sure you only responded as a guest should do when offered the usual hospitality by your host - or when invited to witness certain performances, involving certain young ladies!'

Again Rory blushed. How on earth had the Pasha

heard about that?

‘I ... I ...’ he stammered.

‘... saw an old friend?’ the Pasha suggested.

My God, thought Rory. Does he know about Amanda?

The Pasha laughed.

‘Chief black eunuchs constantly gossip amongst each other about their Master’s women and that of the Emir is no exception. He has, moreover, recently taken advantage of accompanying his Master on the Hajj to come and visit my own chief black eunuch.’

The Pasha gave Rory a long look.

‘Apparently,’ he went on, ‘he spoke about certain of the Emir’s women being used as milk slaves, women who apparently had come from Bavaria of all strange places. They had passed through my friend Hassan Effendi’s much renowned School of Love in Tunis, and, before being sold, had been had been doctored in his usual way.’

Rory sat up on the edge of his chair, not daring to say a word.

‘I always find a pretty young mother and her nearly grown up daughter make a delightful source of pleasure for an old man like myself,’ the Pasha said with a twinkle in his eyes. ‘Particularly if the daughter, as well as being doctored, has also been subjected to a certain, quite delightful treatment, one that is unique to young women provided by Hassan – the Rosebud Treatment I think he calls it.’

The wily old Pasha was certainly well informed, Rory was thinking, when it came to slave dealers and white slave girls - but then with a large harem of his own, that was not very surprising.

‘However,’ the Pasha mused, ‘I must admit that I approved when I heard that the Emir had taken the precaution of having some of his concubines in milk by the time of his departure, so that he could take them with him to provide him with sustenance on the Hajj. The local water can be lethal. Normally a man leaves his women behind when he goes on the Hajj, but the Emir had a perfect excuse for taking some.’

Again the Pasha paused and this time when he

continued there was a more serious look in his eyes. ‘However, I was most concerned that it was these so-called Bavarian women, now in milk, who he had chosen to take. I was even more concerned to hear that he was planning to sell them in Egypt on his way to Mecca.’

‘What!’ exclaimed Rory.

‘Yes. I can see your concern. Let us not beat about the bush any more. It is one thing for these British women to be discreetly sold to an Emir to disappear into his harem in the interior. But it is quite another thing for upper class British women to be sold in the slave markets of Cairo.

‘If leaks out that they were captured by our Barbary corsairs with whom the British have treaties protecting their subjects from capture and slavery, then there could be the devil of a row. The British will complain to the Sultan and he, looking for a scapegoat, could well make me responsible - especially as the Emir is my ally and left for the Hajj from Marsa.’

‘My God!’ murmured Rory, his mind in a turmoil.

‘I understand that the mother, on her way to embark for Egypt, kept asking for news of a certain - let me see if I can remember the name - ah yes, a certain Rory Fitzgerald.’

Rory blushed. ‘Your Excellency, please let me explain...’

‘But,’ went on the Pasha, unperturbed, ‘of course she was told that there was no such man. In any case, although it sounds rather cruel, one of the delights of having captured European women in one’s harem is the way they pine for their now lost husbands - or, er, lovers - whilst being made to please their new Master.’

Rory controlled himself with difficulty. Never had he imagined that his adorable former Mistress would be the topic of a conversation with the Pasha, his superior and the man to whom owed so much.

‘However, from her description, her lover did seem rather to resemble the man I know as my subordinate, Hussein Bey, the Commander of my Janissaries - though I would have thought that he would have realised that such a valuable white slave, trained to



perform with a beautiful daughter, was rather beyond the reach of his modest purse.'

'Please, Your Excellency, you must let me explain,' Rory again interrupted. 'You see -'

'No!' laughed the Pasha, 'it is you who will see!'

He turned and clapped his hands. A veiled figure was brought in by a eunuch, who looked enquiringly at the Pasha who nodded approvingly. The eunuch removed the veil.

There stood Jeannie, unbelievably beautiful and dressed as one of the Pasha's concubines. She was looking particularly buxom, her milk-heavy breasts thrusting against her silken bolero.

Rory jumped up, overcome with joy and astonishment. The Pasha smiled at his reaction.

'Oh, Sir,' Jeannie cried and flung herself at his feet and looked up him beseechingly. 'Madam so longs to see you again - and the young Mistress too! Can't you arrange it?'

Rory stepped back, horrified at being greeted in front of the Pasha by, it seemed, one of his concubines.

'Don't worry about me,' Jeannie added, with a coy look over her shoulder at the impassive Pasha as she was led out again. 'I'm very happy to be the slave of His Excellency.'

Nonplussed, Rory did not know what to say.

'It is all right, my son,' said the Pasha, 'she has told me everything. It seems the Emir's funds were getting a little low before he even embarked and he was thinking of selling this little creature. His own chief black eunuch mentioned it to mine, who, knowing my propensity for redheads, acquired her for me. She has proved to be a very satisfactory concubine and a very well trained personal attendant. Her milk is quite deliciously sweet - and, of course, she told me about your so-called Bavarian Amanda and her daughter.'

'Mine?' cried Rory. 'Hardly mine!'

'Well perhaps they might yet be!' said the Pasha, with a mischievous smile. Then he turned serious. 'Now listen carefully. I cannot risk those women being sold by the Emir in Egypt. It could cost me my head. They must be taken away from the Emir, but there must

be no scandal. So I am entrusting this matter to you, since you know them.'

'Yes indeed, Your Excellency!' enthused Rory. 'Shall I kill the Emir?'

'Certainly not, you simply offer to swop them for something better. Four beautiful white women, all in milk and do not allow him to refuse.'

'And where do I get these four beautiful white women in milk?'

'I can probably let you have one from my own harem: a pretty French girl, Marguerite, whom I had covered by my Black Guards. I shall miss her, but' - he glanced significantly at Rory - 'duty calls! And I think you may have one too?'

Carmen! The quick-tempered Spanish girl who had been given to him by the Pasha. The girl whose mating to the pygmies had so helped establish his reputation in Marsa. He would be sorry to see her go but a hint from the Pasha was an order!

'And the other two?' he asked.

'I am astonished that a lusty young man like you is not familiar with the more specialised sections of our own slave markets here in Marsa!'

Then, turning more serious, the Pasha added: 'This is an important matter of state. I can let you have enough money to buy the other two from my secret funds. But only you must know. Officially you will be buying for yourself for your forthcoming liaison visit to Egypt.'

'Liaison visit to Egypt?'

'Well, where else do you think you're now going to contact the Emir? And if anyone queries how you can afford these women, you will say that a consortium of merchants had a very profitable Corso, thanks to your lending them a detachment of Janissaries - and they wished to express their gratitude.'

'Very well, Sir.'

'You must be ready to leave in four days if you are to catch up with the Emir. I have arranged for you to travel with an Egyptian who is taking a party of black and white slavegirls he bought in Marsa back to sell in Cairo. Officially you will be his assistant. You will travel in a cattle boat.'

‘A cattle boat?’ queried Rory.

‘Yes, to hide the women in case you run across a patrolling British warship. They’ll see the cattle in pens on the upper deck, and never guess that there are slave women down below. He will help you find the Emir and then when you have arranged the exchange of slaves, you can come back on the same vessel, this time bringing a cargo of cotton plantation slaves for sale in Marsa.’

The Pasha paused for a moment. ‘Ah yes,’ he said, ‘you’d better take your own chief black eunuch - what’s his name? Matrak! He can guard the women on the way out and back again. We don’t want them being covered by the randy crew - or anyone else ...’

Rory wriggled uneasily.

‘Oh,’ continued the Pasha, ‘I forgot to say that, to prevent any accusations of misuse of public funds, the British women must be handed over to me when you get back.’

‘Oh!’

‘However,’ smiled the Pasha, ‘I may perhaps let you have them later, when things have quietened down.’

Or when you have thoroughly enjoyed them to your fill, thought Rory bitterly. The old Pasha was well known for his amorous virility.

‘But,’ the Pasha went on, ‘they will, of course, officially have to be on loan.’

Then seeing Rory’s frown, the Pasha became very serious.

‘Listen! I do not want any difficulties with the British over these women and this seems a good way of solving an awkward problem. As you will not own them, you will be able to resist their inevitable pleadings for release. But you will have the satisfaction of having rescued them.’

Rory nodded, reduced to silence by this astonishing development, and yet overwhelmed at the thought of eventually having Amanda and Diana in his harem. ■

## 37 - RORY BUYS SOME MILKMAIDS

The white slave market in Marsa was in a large colonnaded square. In the centre of the square buyers tethered their horses and donkeys - and any slaves they, or their eunuchs, might have brought to sell, or to exchange for new ones.

Slave dealers also used this area to exercise their wares, a good way of showing them off and attracting the attention of the numerous buyers who would stroll through the market, or stop to gossip and drink tiny cups of Turkish coffee.

The slave market, like the horse market, was also a meeting place for the rich merchants of Marsa, who also, of course, formed the main clientele for the dealers. Here they would discuss the latest news of the current Corso and also form plans and partnerships for future Corsos, to raid the Christian coasts and shipping in the Mediterranean and bring back both booty and captive beauty.

It was also a meeting place for the chief black eunuchs in charge of the harems of the rich. Here they would meet to discuss their mutual problems, new ways of using their women to satisfy their jaded Masters, and the latest techniques for disciplining and training white women.

Each slave dealer also had his own platform in the colonnades. When the market was closed the wares were housed in cages at the back. Many dealers had their establishments conveniently sited behind the square, with a private access to their platforms. In this way women could be both displayed in public and more privately in the dealers own display rooms.

In the next door horse market, a horse dealer might show off the paces of a horse by lunging him round and round on a long lunging rein, before taking him back, blowing and sweating, to the horse lines.

Here, similarly, a slave dealer might show off the figure and obedience of a woman by making her prance round, naked, on a long lead, with manacled hands clasped behind her neck and his long lunging whip never far behind her soft little bottom. To prevent them from escaping, the Pasha had made it a rule that white women being exhibited for sale in the slave market or in the adjoining establishments of the slave dealers must be kept manacled and their slave registration numbers displayed.

Soon a small crowd would come to watch and comment on the woman being lunged. The more interested ones would then follow the dealer back to his platform where he would chain the blowing and sweating woman up again alongside the other women kneeling on the raised platform. Here he would throw a cloak over her shoulders, for it was normal to keep the women's bodies covered and then to pull back the cloak enticingly for a possible purchaser to view the merchandise further.

But Rory ignored all this as he made his way to a corner of the square where dealers specialising in more valuable women had their stands.

Some might specialise in selling sisters, or more rarely twins or mothers and daughters, other might specialise in very young girls or older ones. Others specialised in buying and selling pregnant women.

A few of the latter also specialised in handling women who, having delivered their progeny, were being kept in milk. There was a steady demand for these milkmaids, as they were called, not only from rich men, but also from their wives who wanted a white girl as a wet-nurse.

'Of, course, Effendi,' said one of these dealers to Rory, 'I'm sure I have just what you want. We specialise in



getting a really good flow from our milkmaids - and the development of prominent nipples - whilst keeping the breasts still firm. Come and see my production line.'

He led the way into a little courtyard behind his platform. There was the usual line of small iron cages with a supervising eunuch walking up and down outside them. The cages were too low for a girl to stand up in and in each was a naked white woman - naked that is except for the regulation manacles linking her wrists. Some were kneeling on all fours gripping the bars of their cages and looking at Rory. Hanging from their noses was a large brass ring from which hung a disc, with the girl's Marsa slave registration number engraved on it.

'It's a very convenient way of displaying the registration number,' the dealer said.

Rory noticed that the women were of different ages, from young girls upwards.

'I like to keep a choice of different types of women coming along to fill my display platform,' the dealer explained. 'Here they wait for nature to take its course.'

Nature taking its course? Rory took a closer at the crouching girls. Yes, they were all definitely expecting - and soon!

'I aim to buy them in, a few months before they are due,' explained the dealer. 'This still gives us time to bring on their breasts to ensure a really good milk flow after delivery - and also gradually get the nipples well stretched.'

He pointed to several cages where the girls were kneeling at the front of their cages, arms fastened above their heads to the bars at the top of their cages, bellies pressing against the bars and breasts thrusting through them.

Below their swollen bellies, Rory saw that their hairless beauty lips had been pierced, as was normal for white slave girls being used for breeding, with two lines of little silver rings. The rings had been tightly laced together and fastened with a small padlock that hung down between their legs.

'Most of the girls,' said the dealer, 'come ringed so

that they cannot interfere with what they are carrying - and if they aren't then we do it here.'

One of the girls was kneeling with her knees wider apart and a black overseer, with his hands through the bars, was loosening her laces so that he could feel up inside her.

'Of course,' the dealer added, 'some breeders prefer simply to sew the girl up once she's taken and just cut the threads when she delivers. But, as you can see, I like my overseers to check each girl's progress daily and you can't do that if they're sewn up.'

Rory nodded. Matrak had similarly had had Carmen ringed and laced up after her mating. He remembered smiling as, hidden behind his screen, he had seen her ineffectually tearing at the laces when she thought that no one was looking.

The dealer pointed to the other girls fastened kneeling up at the bars of their cages. 'I like to keep them like this for several hours a day, to help develop the muscles of their growing breasts and so prevent any sagging.'

Indeed Rory could not help admiring the firmness of the girls' full breasts.

'We buy in naturally buxom girls, with good child bearing hips to avoid any problems at delivery and who have already been put, preferably to Black Guards, or to other extra large Negroes. In this way, Nature, thinking that the girl's breasts will have to cope with a large hungry mulatto child, does half our work for us. But just as our farming friends 'steam up' their young heifers in the last couple of months, so we do with our milkmaids, feeding them a special nourishing diet to swell their breasts and get them producing as much milk as possible.'

Rory nodded. Obviously this dealer really knew his job.

'But their feed must not be fattening,' continued the dealer. 'Getting the diet right is vital, too little and the milk flow will be disappointing, too much and the girl remains fat after delivery. You see, with pretty milkmaids, it's the contrast between their large milk laden breasts, and their slender waists that really attracts the richer buyers.'

Rory saw metal clips had been fixed around the base of the girls' nipples with silken threads bound round and round the strangely long protruding nipples itself.

'Masters like to drink from good well developed nipples,' said the dealer nonchalantly, 'and we aim to get them nice and long by the time the girl delivers and the milk starts.'

The dealer pointed to where a young black boy was busy sucking and pulling out the strangely long nipples of a helplessly tied girl, massaging them and then tying the silken threads round them. 'And, of course,' went on the dealer with a laugh, 'having them kneel up that bars, gives us a good opportunity to work on their nipples.'

The girls had all apparently been carefully graded, with those clearly most imminent in the cages on the right and the others on the left. 'Yes,' explained the dealer, 'as each girl delivers her progeny and moves onto the display platform, so we move the remaining girls up a cage.'

'A real production line,' mused Rory.

The overseer called out an order and the girls at the right hand end of the line started to crawl round their cages, swollen breasts and elongated nipples hanging down beneath them. 'I like to keep them exercised as their delivery approaches.'

Other girls were brushing and combing their long silky hair, looking into small mirrors on the side of the cage.

'We encourage them to take a pride in their appearance,' remarked the dealer with a sly grin. 'We can get a better price for a milkmaid if she's also pretty!'

He pointed to the extreme right hand cage where a very young looking girl was crawling round her cage.

'Have a look at this young teenager. She's a lovely little creature - Italian and having her first progeny. She'll make a really delightful milkmaid.'

The eunuch unlocked her cage door. He cracked his whip.

'Out!' he ordered. The girl crawled out, her dark eyes flashing coquettishly at Rory. 'Up!' he ordered with another crack of his whip. 'Inspection!'

The girl rather awkwardly jumped up, put her manacled hands behind her neck and, looking straight ahead, stuck out her tongue. Her long nipples and swollen breasts and belly were well displayed and so too was the tight lacing of her hairless beauty lips.

The dealer saw that Rory was impressed by the girl.

'If you come back in a couple of weeks, she'll be ready for sale,' he said. 'She's due any day now and although she'll be kept blindfolded and so will never see, or touch, her progeny, it'll be put to her breasts regularly for the first three or four days so that the milk really comes on. Then she can be yours to take away! You can pay a deposit on her now to reserve her.'

'I'd like to,' said Rory regretfully. 'But I'm afraid I can't wait. I need two milkmaids now, today!'

'Ah!' said the dealer, leading the way back to his display platform under the colonnades. 'Then in that case, I think you'll find what you want on display outside.'

Back in the square, he pointed to a line of pretty young women kneeling on the edge of the raised platform and all loosely chained together by the neck. Their naked bodies were modestly half covered by little cloaks thrown over their shoulders. On their foreheads was painted an Arabic number. To one side was a large poster, giving each girl's number, her guaranteed milk yield, her age, her breast and waist measurement, and her price.

'We keep them milked four times a day until they are sold, to keep the milk flow up,' murmured the dealer.

Another overseer, also carrying a whip, was walking up and down in front of the platform. Hanging from his belt were several little silver cups. He was drawing the poster to the attention of passers-by.

'Thank you, Mafu,' said the dealer, looking at the poster. 'Please show Numbers Three and Four to the Effendi. I think you'll like these ones: pretty, slender and excellent milkers.'

The overseer gave an order and two very pretty women dropped their hands to the floor of the platform. They were now on all fours, their heads up.

'I like a buyer to have a first look at my women's breasts hanging down,' said the dealer as the slipped

the two women's cloaks back to reveal, hanging down between their arms, two large breasts tipped by long elongated nipples. It was an erotic sight.

One was a very young girl and the other was slightly older. Perhaps, Rory thought, the Emir might think that they were a mother and daughter - to replace Amanda and Diana.

'Up' ordered the black overseer and the two women jumped to their feet, clasping their manacled hands behind their necks. Their breasts were delightfully firm and full, their waists beautifully slender. A large crowd had by now gathered to see the sight.

'Kneel!' the black overseer ordered. They knelt sideways on to the edge of the platform. The overseer reached forward and started to massage the younger girl's breasts. Then, holding one of his little silver cups

in one hand, he expertly began to milk her elongated nipple, directing little jets of creamy white milk into the silver cup. Then he turned and respectfully presented the cup to Rory.

'Try it,' said the dealer, 'you'll find it nice and sweet.'

Rory sipped it, swilling it round his mouth to savour the taste, like a wine expert tasting wine. He nodded approvingly. It had a delightful taste, one that surely would please the Emir - before he sold the girl to raise money.

Meanwhile the overseer had repeated the process with the older girl, and again offered him a little silver cup. It too was delicious.

'I can make a discount if you take them both,' said the dealer.

The bargaining had begun ... ■



## 38 - THE CATTLE BOAT

Now dressed as an Arab merchant, Rory accompanied Mohammed, the Egyptian slave dealer, down to the jetty. The women had already been embarked in a small caique that would take them along the coast to the creek where the cattle pens were situated.

Waiting for them was Matrak and Mohammed's chief black eunuch.

Rory followed Mohammed down into the caique's hold. The caique was also used to bring cargoes of captured white women to the slave markets of Marsa from ships returning from a Corso. Many dealers would take the opportunity of the short journey to have a preliminary look at the women before they were auctioned.

Perhaps having been commissioned by a rich client to find him a particular type of slavegirl, a dealer would want to place a deposit on a girl he wished to have reserved for him. Similarly dealers specialising in certain types of slaves, pregnant ones, exceptionally buxom ones, mature ones, very young ones, mothers and daughters or sisters, or plain but intelligent ones who would make diligent workers in Marsa's carpet factories or cotton mills, would like to note suitable slaves at this early stage.

The caique was therefore fitted with benches, running athwartships, on which the women could be secured naked, held open for a detailed examination.

Now it was being used on its return journey to take women to the brig in which they, like the cattle, were to be embarked for the journey to Egypt. The export of both cattle and women slaves from its markets played an important part in the prosperity of Marsa.

In the half light of the hold, Rory heard the chink of

chains. It was a strict rule that slavegirls were always to have both their wrists and ankles manacled onboard ship, as well as being collared.

Rory recognised Carmen and Marguerite and the two other milk maids he had bought in the slave market, all seated on the raised front bench. Except for their shiny brass collars, they were naked.

Their necks and manacled wrists were held in small holes in a wide wooden plank that, like a long stocks, was cut in half and hinged at the side of the bench. The two sides had now been fastened together, holding the women helpless.

Another similar stocks held their manacled ankles wide apart so that they sitting on the edge of the bench. He nodded approvingly as he saw how this all resulted in their breasts and elongated nipples being thrust well forward - and their now flat bellies, two of which were decorated with the brand of the Pasha.

Thanks to the raised bench their breasts were level with Rory's eyes as Matrak took him down the line of silent women - a silence that was enforced, as was also usual on board ship, by a light chain that went between each girl's lips and was tightly fastened at the back of her neck.

Matrak was stroking each girl's blue veined breasts. They were clearly heavy with milk and their strangely long nipples seemed to be crying out to be relieved. He placed a little metal pail on the deck between each girl's outstretched ankles and started to milk them in turn, squirting jets of milk into the pail.

Finishing the first girl, he handed the pail to Rory to try. It was delicious.

'They'll need milking four times a day onboard the ship,' said Matrak. 'So you and the ship's officers can

be sure of having something interesting to drink with every meal.'

'And me, too,' laughed Mohammed who had been checking his own girls.

Satisfied that all was well, the two men went up on deck for the journey to the creek where the brig, having loaded the cattle, was waiting for the caique to arrive so that the remainder of the cargo could be loaded.

'They're now bedded down on straw,' later reported Matrak. 'The heifers are also down below, so they're in good company. But I have a surprise for you.'

Intrigued, Rory followed Matrak down from the poop, below which was his cabin, onto the main deck on which two lines of bullocks were penned in the open air. They were confined, chained by the neck, in narrow stalls that held them against the pitching and rolling of the vessel as the brig made its way out of the Bay of Marsa.

The deck was strewn with straw to prevent them from slipping and to absorb their wastes. There were also piles of fresh straw, for bedding and feed during the journey. Clearly this crew were well used to carrying cattle.

Rory followed Matrak down the main companionway into the darkened lower deck. At first all he could make out were similar lines of stalls, this time holding heifers in milk, some of whom still had their calves with them. He smiled, for this was what would be seen by a busy boarding party checking on the cargo. From the steps of the companionway there was no sign of any slaves.

There was a strong smell of milk and Rory noticed that at the forrard end of the lower deck, several of the cattle dealer's men were busy milking the heifers without calves.

Then he caught his breath as he made his way along the deck. Here and there, discreetly interspersed and hidden amongst the stalls of the heifers with calves, were some smaller stalls. In each of them, naked, was one of the beautiful slavegirls being taken to Egypt by Mohammed.

They, too, were chained down by the neck. But their

wrists were also manacled and fastened to a ring on the deck. Their similarly manacled ankles were fastened to another ring. These, Rory saw with approval, made it impossible for a girl to make a dash for the upper deck and then throw herself overboard. These women were too valuable to be allowed to kill themselves!

He saw that wooden bars, thrust through the sides of these small stalls, one below their bellies and another below their necks, with another two above their backs, would ensure that the girls remained kneeling on all fours. Prevented from lying down or standing up, their muscles were kept exercised as they swayed with the motion of the ship.

Only at night would the lower bars be removed, allowing them to lie down and sleep - but their wrist and ankle manacles, fastened as they were to two widely separated deck rings, would still prevent them playing with themselves. In this part of the world such behaviour by a mere slavegirl was, of course, anathema unless performed to the order of her eventual Master.

At the forrard end of the lower deck, also hidden amongst the heifers in milk, were the much smaller stalls of his own four girls in milk. They were held on all fours on straw like Mohammed's girls, but with their much larger breasts and longer nipples, more prominently hanging down below them. It was with mixed feelings that he saw that one of them was Carmen.

Matrak pointed to one of the black boys milking a heifer. Rory laughed as he saw the boy finish milking the beast and then move on, taking his little milking stool and his half full pail milk pail, to milk one the girls he had bought. Sitting on his low stool, the boy, clearly already an expert milker, gently squeezed and pulled the girl's two elongated nipples and soon induced a steady flow of little jets.

He then rewarded the girl, just as he had the heifer, with a little titbit which he threw into her feeding trough. Unable to pick it up with her manacled hands fastened to a deck ring, she half lowered her head into her feeding trough. The boy man eased the strap at the back of her neck that kept the light chain taut between her lips. Eagerly she now ate it all up, before raising her head again to have her muzzle refastened.

'For just a small tip, the boys are very willing to take

on the chore of milking our women as well,' said Matrak with a smile. 'So at least we can be sure it'll be done - even if I'm feeling sea-sick!'

'Excellent!' laughed Rory. Well done Matrak, yet again! Indeed, it would not only be the officers who'd be getting free milk, but the entire crew! He looked again at the four girls. It would be fun to enjoy them all in turn during the trip.

However, as if sensing what was in his Master's mind, Matrak coughed discreetly.

'Forgive me, your Excellency,' he said, obsequiously. Matrak was proud to be in the service of a Bey and always gave Rory his full Ottoman title. 'I am concerned about your well being during this voyage, short though it may be. I fear that it not be thought seemly for you to enjoy the girl that the Pasha has given us to offer to the Emir. Similarly the Emir's chief black eunuch might object strongly if he learned

that you had taken your pleasure with the other two girls you bought to offer him.'

The big eunuch paused. He saw the look of disappointment on Rory's face. He might treat the young white women in his charge in a tyrannical fashion, but this was quite normal in Marsa. However his concern for his young Master was quite genuine.

'I have, therefore,' he went on, 'taken the liberty of arranging to bring the girl Carmen to your cabin after dinner tonight. She may bear the brand of the Pasha on her belly, but he has given her to you. She is still your property to do with as you will, even if you have brought her here to offer to the Emir. There can be no objection to you using her during the journey.'

Rory smiled, not only with anticipation of enjoying Carmen's luscious body, but also at the thought that how could anyone get along without a good chief black eunuch to look after that side of a man's needs. ■



## PART XI - EGYPT

### 39 – ARRIVAL

‘Disembarking cattle in Alexandria is a tricky business,’ explained the cattle dealer to Rory, as the brig closed an apparently deserted part of the coast line well to the east of the town. ‘You’re always likely to have some stolen in the chaos of the port or whilst driving them through the city.’

‘And the same applies to slave women,’ said Mohammed, the slave dealer to whom Rory was officially attached. ‘It’s much safer here, but the water’s shallow and there’s no jetty for the ship to come alongside. However once we get them ashore, it’s easy to drive them across the desert to my friend’s cattle pens. He’s agreed that our women, as well as his own cattle, can be fattened up again for the markets in Cairo - and recover from the stress of the journey.’

‘Or in my case, I suppose,’ said Rory, in his now fluent Arabic, ‘taken on to the camp on the Red Sea for pilgrims on their way to Mecca for the Hajj. I believe it’s huge.’

‘Don’t worry,’ said Mohammed, ‘I promised the Pasha that I’d send on spies to the camp to locate the Emir and then go with you and your women to negotiate with the Emir.’

The brig anchored a cable off the shore. Several feluccas came out and one by one the bullocks were hoisted up by wide canvas straps passed under their shoulders and hindquarters. The straps were fastened to a tackle suspended from a yardarm and the cattle were swayed over the side and down into the boats to be taken to the shore.

Both the crew and the boatmen were adept at their jobs and soon there was a steady stream of laden boats going to and from the shore, disembarking the cattle and returning to the brig. Before long all the bullocks were ashore and being tethered by the cattle

dealer’s men.

Then it was the turn of the heifers. One by one, with their calves, with they were driven with sticks up to the main deck and swayed down, one by one, into the waiting boats.

But interspersed with the heifers and their calves were Mohammed’s pretty white slavegirls. One by one Mohammed’s large fat eunuchs unfastened their manacles from the deck rings down below. Then, with much cracking of their whips, they would drive the naked girls up onto the deck, blinking in the unaccustomed sun light. The sumptuous dress and sheer size of the eunuchs contrasted bizarrely with the nakedness and slim bodies of the women.

Rory saw that each was still muzzled by a light chain passed between her lips and fastened behind her neck. Still surrounded by several eunuchs with whips raised, each woman, on reaching the deck, was made to bend down and step over her wrist manacles, so that their hands were now chained behind their backs.

But that was not all, for the wrist manacles were now linked by a strap, running down their backs, to a ring at the back of their collars. As well as rendering them even more helpless, this had the effect of pulling back their shoulders and thrusting out their breasts - more so than if their wrists had just been loosely fastened behind them.

‘Good for the pectoral muscles when we run them across the desert,’ said Mohammed. ‘Buyers always look for firm breasts.’

Then one by one the naked women were made to lean forward and a eunuch passed a broad canvas strap under her armpits and below her breasts and another one round her lower belly. Then just as the cattle





Unloading the women. Each naked and muzzled young woman gave a little cry of fright as, wriggling quite helplessly, she felt herself being lifted up off the cattle boat's deck and swayed up over the sea and down into the crowded boat just as earlier the cattle had been similarly swayed down into cattle boats. 'It's best this way for the women, too,' said Mohammed, I paid a lot for both women and cattle and I don't want any of them jumping overboard.



dealer's men had done with the cattle, he attached the straps to the tackle hanging from the yardarm.

Each young woman gave a little cry of fright as she felt herself being lifted up and swayed out over the sea, before being lowered down into the waiting cattle boat below.

'It's better this way for the women too,' explained Mohammed, when he saw Rory's surprise at the slave dealer's pretty slave girls being treated just like the cattle. 'I paid lot of money for them and I don't want them being tempted to jump overboard. Every one of them has got to get to the Cairo slave market alive! Nor do I want them damaging themselves. No wealthy Egyptian will buy a girl without seeing her naked, so their bodies have got to look good.'

Finally Matrak brought up Rory's four women. Two bore the Pasha's brand mark on their bellies and, on all four, their very full blue veined breasts and elongated nipples stood out prominently, as did their smooth and hairless mounds and beauty lips. Rory was pleased to see that they had been milked regularly during the journey - and Matrak had kept them well depilated.

Unable to speak, Carmen gave a little moan and flashed her eyes piteously at Rory. He was going to miss her. He looked at the two young women he had bought and the girl that the Pasha had sent from his own harem. Yes, they made up a delightful team - one that the Emir should be only too happy to accept in lieu of Amanda and Diana.

After stepping over their wrists manacles and having them fastened high up the small of their backs by the strap to their collars, they, too, were swayed, one at a time, down into a waiting felucca. Here they were made to sit, silent and helpless, alongside each other. Gripping their whips between their teeth, Mohammed's eunuchs and Matrak climbed down into the boat to keep order.

Moments later Rory and Mohammed said their farewells to the Captain and climbed down into a more comfortable boat and also set off for the shore.

Here Rory saw that the cattle had already been driven off by the cattle dealer and his men, leaving just the slave girls standing on the shore. The eunuchs had formed the naked women in a line. Mohammed

climbed onto a rock and looked down at the silent, helpless and nervous women.

'Now you lazy sluts,' he cried in the Lingua Franca, 'no more idling about as on the ship! We've got a journey to make. But you're lucky, first you're going to be dressed to protect your modesty.'

The eunuchs then proceeded to fasten black gauze veils over each girl's face. They came down tightly from the bridges of their noses, over their muzzled mouths and down under their chins, just leaving their eyes visible. Like the chains in their mouths these veils were tied tightly at the back of their necks.

Then the black eunuchs made each girl step into a pair of tight fitting black cotton trousers which they fastened round their waist. The trousers were cut away in the front, leaving the beauty lips bare so that they could relieve themselves on the march. Their breasts were also left bare.

With their wrists still fastened high up behind their backs, the helpless young women were formed up two by two. A hinged wooden portable stocks, with two neck holes, was then closed round their necks.

Each set of stocks was fastened by a short chain from the ring on the front, to the ring on back of the stocks of the pair of girls in front. Rory's four milk maids made up the two front couples. It was, Rory saw, a traditional slave coffle, such as was widely used when bringing captured black slaves across the Sahara to Marsa.

Mohammed and Rory mounted Arab horses. Matrak and the other black eunuchs mounted donkeys, on either side of the coffles of women, their whips in their hands.

Mohammed made the women all practice running in step in their manacles. He made them run in a circle, on the sandy scrub, the whips of the eunuchs punishing any girl who missed her step or stumbled. Then, satisfied, he set off at a trot, the panting coffle running along behind him, encouraged by the whips of the black eunuchs. The women's naked thrust-out breasts swayed but did not bounce too much - thanks to the way their wrists were fastened behind them.

Every hour the coffle would be halted and a little water thrust down between the lips of the sweating





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Coffled for the march across the desert, the white women are helpless - chained into a coffle like that traditionally used to bring black slaves across the Sahara or to Zanzibar. The black eunuch overseers use their whips to keep them running - and in step. Their manacled hands, fastened behind their necks, ensured that although their breasts swayed time together, they did not bounce too much. Every hour the coffle was halted and a little water thrust down the lips of the sweating women. Their trousers have been cut away in front to allow them to relieve themselves on the march.



women.

After several hours, the scrub-like desert ceased and signs of civilisation appeared: farms, irrigation canals, and primitive mud huts. The cattle had already all arrived at the pens where they and the girls were to be rested and fattened up for the market.

The lines of the cattle dealer's wooden pens were shaded from the hot sun by palm thatch - much to the relief of Mohammed who of course wanted to exhibit his European slavegirls as white as possible in the slave market.

Each of the bullocks and heifers had been put into a separate pen so as to ensure that a check could be made on their feeding. Now, too, for the same reason, Mohammed insisted on each of the women also being put into a separate pen. To allow them to stand up, their wrist manacles were secured to a vertical post.

However, Matrak wanted to keep the milk maids kneeling on all fours, so that their milk laden breasts would hang down below them. Their manacles were therefore fastened to the bottom horizontal railing of their pens.

Mohammed gave orders for his slave girls to be fed fattening semolina puddings. They would be fed these for a month and then taken to the slave market to be sold.

However, Matrak was anxious for the milk maids to remain slim so as to highlight their buxom breasts. They were to be fed mainly on the milk of the heifers in the adjoining pens. It was, Rory had to admit, a simple and cheap way of keeping them.

Rory turned away to join Mohammed in the cattle dealer's comfortable farm house. He was looking forward to a long rest - punctuated no doubt by regular visits of Matrak, bringing the chained Carmen for his pleasure.

Matrak coughed. 'Excuse me for mentioning it, your Excellency, but I think we must think of getting Carmen nice and tight again for the Emir. I have an excellent new unguent which I have already used very successfully on the other three girls - you almost think they were virgins. But it does, I'm afraid mean that you will have abstain.' ■

## 40 - RORY LEARNS OF A CERTAIN EXPERIMENTAL PLANTATION

‘Bad news, I’m afraid,’ said Mohammed. ‘What do you mean?’ cried Rory anxiously.

It was two days later. The women were now looking sleek and well again and the flow from Rory’s milk maids was as good as ever. But it had been a worrying time for Rory, waiting for Mohammed’s spy to come back.

‘The Emir has already sold the mother and daughter,’ said Mohammed.

‘My God!’ exclaimed Rory. ‘What can we do?’

‘My friend, all is not necessarily lost,’ replied Mohammed comfortingly. ‘At least the Emir did not sell them to a slave dealer to be exhibited in the Cairo slave market. Like other traders, slave dealers are not allowed near the Hajj. Instead he sold them to the steward of Adan Pasha, a wealthy Egyptian. He might not have got as much for them, but it saved him the trouble of taking them to the slave market in Cairo.’

‘So they’ll be already locked up in this Pasha’s harem!’ cried Rory in despair

‘No, that’s the whole point. Everyone in Egypt knows that Adan Pasha is not interested in women. He keeps a harem of castrated white youths. I’ve even sold several of them to him myself.’

‘Then why -’

‘The two women were bought for his experimental estate and the Emir was unexpectedly offered such a good price for them that he decided to sell them on the spot.’

‘What? An experimental estate?’

‘Yes, the Pasha is an innovator. His wealth comes from his vast cotton and sugar plantations in the Nile valley. But, as a young man, he went out to the

Americas to see how they were grown there and apparently returned very impressed with the yields they were getting. He said this was partly due to their much superior strains of plants, but also thanks to the superior strain of black slaves they use - it was the duty of the white overseers to get each of the women in their charge regularly into pup. Their mulatto or quadroon off-spring were much more intelligent and submissive and their productivity in the fields much greater.’

‘That’s why in the Barbary States they breed mulatto Haratin,’ said Rory.

‘May be,’ replied the slave dealer, ‘but here, Adan Pasha’s ideas were pretty revolutionary, especially as he reckoned he could produce an even better strain than they use in the Americas.’

‘A better strain! What do you mean?’

‘Well, although there are plenty of black slaves here in Egypt, traditionally they’ve always been largely used in domestic service, in the household of the rich, or as guards, and hardly ever labouring under harsh overseers in a controlled fashion on the land, as in the Americas. Indeed there would be a risk of a slave rebellion if they were - for remember they came from just higher up the Nile. There’s not the broad Atlantic separating them from their homelands, as there is with the black slaves in the Americas.’

‘I can see that,’ agreed Rory. At least in Marsa and elsewhere in the Barbary States there was the Sahara acting as a barrier between the slaves and their homes. Once a slave had survived the terrible journey across the desert, he would not to risk a return journey. But here, as Mohammed had said, it was different: the Nile would be there as a constant reminder to any harshly treated black labourers that higher up the huge river



was Black Africa - and freedom.

Here, black slavery depended on a large degree of willingness to accept a relatively mild form of slavery in return for a much better way of life.

‘So, what did this Pasha come up with?’

‘The very reverse of what he saw being used in the Americas.’

‘The reverse of white overseers and black slaves? Goodness!’

‘Indeed. That’s why his steward has been secretly experimenting, on one of the Pasha’s estates, near here on an island in the Nile, with white female slaves and black overseers.’

‘Secretly experimenting?’

‘Yes, trying to get an ideal mix of intelligence and resilience, of submissiveness and mutual competitiveness.’

‘But where did he get the white women from?’ Rory asked naively.

The slave dealer laughed. ‘Well I’ve certainly sold his steward quite a few over the years - mainly from Marsa. But I was never able to offer him what the Emir offered him: the sudden chance to buy a healthy British mother and daughter. For years he has wanted to introduce the blood of the most successful country in the world.’

‘But in that case, why didn’t he just get hold of a British sailor and turn him loose on his black slave women?’

‘My friend, I can see that you’ve never been involved in selective breeding! The Pasha is a firm believer in the predominance of the female line - like many successful breeders of horses.’

Yes, of course, thought Rory, that’s why the Emir had used Berber women to produce a superior strain of Haratin.

‘Moreover, Adan Pasha really wanted British women and not just any British women either, but women from the British ruling class. He had given up hope but his steward is now about to offer him two such creatures, a mother and a daughter - and both being in milk means that they have recently demonstrated their fertility.’

‘My God, cried Rory, ‘then how on earth are we ever going to get them back? The steward will never part with them now!’

Mohammed smiled. ‘I have a plan,’ he said, ‘but you mustn’t say a word. Remember, I shall have to go on living and earning my livelihood here in Egypt long after you have returned to Marsa.’

‘What’s this plan of yours?’ asked Rory sceptically. He had little hope of saving his mission.

‘You shall see!’ replied the slave dealer with enigmatic smile.■

## 41 - THE WHITE SLAVE PLANTATION

Mohammed and Rory rode along the dusty road to Cairo at the head of the little cortege.

Behind them were several long four wheeled carts pulled at a smart trot by mules. The contents of the carts were hidden by tightly fitting canvas covers and, to a casual observer, they looked just the usual country carts that were used to carry merchandise to and from the city.

Inside each cart, however, were two benches facing each other, and on each was a row of half naked, silent, women.

A chain had been passed between the legs of each row of women, above their ankle manacles and locked to rings at either end of the cart. Another chain had similarly been passed above their heads and this had been threaded through their wrist manacles, thus keeping their hands well raised, 'out of harm's way', as Mohammed described it.

A leather muzzle had been fastened over their mouths and locked behind their necks. It was wider over their mouths and on the inside was a leather projection that pressed down on the tongue and also served to keep the gag in place.

Unable to see out or call out, they just sat helplessly looking at each other, swaying with the movements of their cart. Carmen and Marguerite, however, were alone in the rear cart, Rory's other two milkmaids among Mohammed's own slave girls in the leading cart.

The cortege passed numerous rather unkempt farms and plantations tended by Arabs in long and usually rather dirty robes and simple turbans, or by black clad Arab women.

It was flat delta country, the delta of the mighty Nile

as it split into a myriad of different channels and islands. Mohammed turned off the dusty road and led the way to a bridge that led to one such island. It was guarded by smartly uniformed black guards armed with muskets.

'Just act as if you were my assistant,' murmured Mohammed to Rory, 'and don't say a word.'

With hardly a glance at Rory, the guards smilingly waved the cortege on, as if they knew what was under the canvas covers of the carts. Clearly Mohammed was recognised as welcome visitor.

As they rode over the well constructed bridge, Rory looked down into the muddy and slowly moving waters of the river. Astonished, he saw several crocodiles lazing on the muddy banks, waiting with widely opened mouths for the food that was being thrown to them by the guards.

'It would,' laughed Mohammed, 'be a brave girl who, having somehow managed to escape from her chain gang, tried to swim across the river. They all know what the river contains.'

As he spoke, Rory saw a gang of a dozen white women running in step towards the bridge. They were all chained by the neck. Both hands were balancing large tubs on their heads. They were naked except for a little strip of blue cotton hanging down over their intimacies like in drawings of negresses in Black Africa. Their heads were shaved, giving them a strangely similar and anonymous look.

But what was even more striking was that their naked bellies were all identically curved.

'All inseminated by their overseer within days of each other by their overseer,' explained Mohammed, pointing to a pygmy, wearing a white robe and a blue





The chain-gang of white women are carrying refuse to be thrown to the waiting crocodiles. All the women have been covered by their pygmy overseer, as part of Adan Pasha's scheme of scientific breeding - comparing the progeny of different gangs, each of whom have been covered by a different type of overseer. By crossing white women with a pygmy he plans to get a more robust strain of slaves. After they have all delivered this progeny, he will have them all put to a giant Nubian to get a progeny with increased strength. .



turban whose colour matched that of the blue strips of cotton hanging down below the women's swollen bellies. He was riding a donkey, which he occasionally beat with a stick to keep it trotting and was leading the gang by a chain leading back to the collar of the first girl.

'To increase the competitive spirit, each chain gang wears a distinctive colour and so does its overseer,' again explained Mohammed.

Seeing Rory's interest in the chain gang, Mohammed motioned his cortege to stop. The pygmy overseer barked out an order. Obediently, the chain gang halted with a precision that, Rory felt, even his former Drill Sergeant in His Britannic Majesty's Foot Guards would have been proud of. Then they turned into line, facing the river. Rory saw looks of horror and fright on the women's face as they looked down onto the crocodiles.

The overseer called out another order and the women took three paces forward to the edge of the riverbank. The crocodiles stopped fighting over their food and looked up at them.

The pygmy dismounted. He had a long whip in his hand. He gave another order and the women carefully lowered the large tubs from their heads, nervous lest they lost their foothold and slipped over the edge of the river, down to the waiting crocodiles.

The overseer cracked his whip and, moving as one, the women all threw the contents, rubbish and human and animal wastes, into the river. The crocodiles made a rush.

The overseer gave another order and the women put the empty tubs onto their heads, took three paces backward and turned again into line. Another order and they ran to an adjoining irrigation wheel, worked by a long horizontal bar.

They put the empty tubs under where the water would spout out and, at another work of command, stripped off their blue cotton skirts.

Rory saw that each of the women had been branded on the cheek of one buttock with the mark of Adan Pasha and a number, 'her breeding number,' explained Mohammed. But when, obeying another order from their pygmy overseer, they turned round, he saw that

they all had identically swollen bellies.

'As you'll see,' said Mohammed, signalling the cortege to continue its journey onto the island, 'Adan Pasha's system for scientific breeding is based on rival chain gangs of women each due at the same time, each chain gang having been impregnated by their chosen overseer, so that the progeny of the whole chain gang can be compared with that of other chain gangs with different types of overseer.'

'You mean that that little pygmy covered all his chain gang?' asked the astonished Rory.

'Oh, yes, these pygmies are very virile,' laughed the slave dealer.

'Indeed!' Rory remembered the scene not so long ago when Carmen had been also put to a pygmy.

'In fact, Adan Pasha is now experimenting,' went on the slave dealer with a detached professional air, 'in first crossing his white women with pygmies, saying that he gets a smaller, but still robust, strain that's cheaper to feed, but has the intelligence of the mother. It's also an easier first birth. Then, for a second cross, they'd now be fit for being put to giant Nubian overseers to provide progeny with increased strength.'

Rory found himself in a well laid out and evidently prosperous plantation. He saw other chain gangs of white women, again each naked to the waist. They, too, were just wearing abbreviated skirts wrapped round their waists, each chain gang of a different colour.

Two of the chain gangs were quite different, however. Instead of white women they were composed of what seemed to be very young brown coloured girls. The girls of one of these chain gangs seemed tiny, but obviously still very strong. The girls in the other seemed exceptionally tall, almost like giants. Were they all some of Adan Pasha's experimental progeny?

Some of the chain gangs were picking cotton, others hoeing lines of plants, others cutting sugar cane and others building roads. All the chain gangs, however, were under the strict supervision of a black overseer armed with a long whip. Some of the overseers were pygmies, others were giants.

The general impression was of quiet efficiency, based on desperate female effort. It all rather reminded Rory of his visit to the Haratin breeding farm of the Emir and its surrounding vegetable gardens. But this was something on a far more scientific basis.

Eventually they came to a set of well laid out white-washed buildings. The cortege halted. Mohammed and Rory dismounted and went into a courtyard. In the centre of the square was a line of frightened looking women, wrists and ankles manacled in the usual way. They were standing at attention as if on parade with their wrists clasped behind their necks. An overseer was slowly walking up and down in front of them with a short dog whip tucked under his arm.

They were naked except for their short wrap-around skirts, but their heads not yet been shorn. They all looked sleek and fit, he noticed, with their bare breasts

standing out firmly. They all looked like a distinctive type of womanhood.

An immaculately dressed Egyptian gentleman was seated on a chair in the middle of the square. In front of him was a small stool. A half-naked white woman was holding an umbrella over him to shield him from the sun. To one side of him was an Arab scribe with a large ledger in which he was busy writing.

‘That’s Arouf Effendi, the steward,’ murmured Mohammed. ‘I expect he’s sorting out some new purchases and having them entered in the estate’s register of livestock. Can you see your British mother and daughter amongst them?’

My God, thought Rory, as he anxiously looked up and down the line of motionless women. His heart was beating fast. Was the woman he had so loved really here? ■

## 42 - FOUND AND RELEASED!

There, in the middle of the line, was a beautiful blond woman and alongside her a young girl, wrists and ankles manacled like the rest of them. Amanda and Diana!

They were looking as beautiful as ever and seemingly unaffected by the year spent in the Emir's harem and by the recent birth of their half-caste babies. The sheer luxury and carefree indolence of harem life was always said to keep women looking young and beautiful. Certainly it had for them.

Rory felt his manhood stirring as he looked at their heavy breasts, each with nipples elongated in the accepted fashion for a milkmaid. They both looked scared stiff.

'Over there, in the middle,' muttered Rory. 'The two blond ones.'

He half hid his face in his burnous. It could ruin everything if they were to recognise him and call out.

'Well at least they haven't been branded yet!' whispered Mohammed with a little laugh, pointing to a blacksmith's forge, slightly to one side of where Arouf Effendi was sitting. A small boy was busy with a pair of bellows blasting the coals to greater heat. A huge man with a leather apron round his waist, evidently the blacksmith, took a branding iron out of the fire. It glowed red, but he shook his head and thrust it back into the coals.

Rory saw that another line of women, this time chained together by the neck to form two separate but clearly incomplete chain gangs, were standing with their naked white bottom cheeks thrust back towards the forge. Their ankles were held in a long wooden stocks that kept them bending over a wooden rail with

their wrists in more wooden stocks on the far side of the rail. All were sobbing.

Strutting proudly up and down behind one chain gang was a smartly dressed pygmy, carrying a whip. He was eying the naked rears of the women in his charge with interest, pausing every now and again to feel one of them between her legs.

'It'll be his job to get them all quickly into pup,' Mohammed explained. He pointed to a giant Nubian similarly walking up and down behind the other partly formed chain gang. 'His gang will be composed of girls who've either already pupped, or who Arouf Effendi thinks will take a giant progeny first time round.'

Two young boys, one with a bucket of bucket of shaving soap and a large brush and the other with a cutthroat razor, were going down the line of helpless women. They were seizing each woman in turn by the head and then shaving off all her hair before rubbing a lotion into their now bald scalps, presumably to impede re-growth.

They also shaved off the women's eyebrows and it was this, he saw, that gave them the inhuman animal-like look that he had noticed earlier.

'They think they can get more work out of a woman if she knows she has lost her looks,' explained Mohammed. He laughed. 'Even it is only temporary!'

Thank God, thought Rory that they had arrived before Amanda and Diana had been shorn. He could imagine the face of the Pasha of Marsa if he'd been presented with two bald headed women, looking more like animals.

Then one of the young white women was called out from the line. Terrified, she stepped forward, her



manacled hands still clasped behind her neck. She looked Italian. The overseer cracked his whip again and she ran over to stand nervously on the stool in front of the seated man.

One overseer pulled back her manacled hands, making her arch her body. To avoid falling over she thrust her belly forward, parted her legs and bent her knees. Another overseer untied her skirt and threw it to the ground. She was now nicely exposed for inspection.

Leisurely the steward reached forward and ran his hands expertly over muscles and breasts and then felt her belly and the curve of her hips. Then he looked up and nodded to the overseer behind her, who pulled her wrist manacles yet further back, making her thrust her belly even further forward and bend her knees more.

Arouf Effendi inserted a finger and began to feel up her. Delighted, he found she was a virgin - which again was noted down in the ledger.

‘In this part of the world, we like to start breeding when a girl is still young,’ murmured Mohammed, ‘and if she’s still a virgin, then so much the better.’

The scribe called out a number. The blacksmith started to make up a new brand, slipping metal numbers into a small iron frame, which he then thrust into the fire. His boy assistant was working the bellows hard.

Meanwhile the two overseers had dragged the terrified young girl over to the first chain gang. Clearly delighted with his new recruit, the pygmy overseer began to attach her to his chain, fastening her bent over the rail like the other girls. Her bottom was similarly thrust back towards the forge.

‘He must get them all into pup this month,’ whispered Mohammed, ‘and he’ll then be responsible for them as their bellies grow nicely and evenly.’

Suddenly there was dreadful scream. The girl had been branded with Adan Pasha’s mark on her right buttock. She was writhing in agony and desperately trying to free her hands.

The blacksmith returned to his forge and picked up the small glowing metal frame. Slowly he went over to the young girl. There was a shriek as he approached, then another agonised scream as he branded her on

the other cheek with her breeding number.

Taking advantage of a pause in the proceedings, Mohammed coughed. Arouf Effendi turned, his eyes lighting up at the sight of Mohammed.

‘Welcome, my brother! What do you think of my recent purchases? I got them quite cheaply from the Hajj pilgrimage camp. Quite a few pilgrims were only too keen to sell their slavegirls on the spot, without all the bother of having to send them to the slave market in Cairo. And, of course, a pilgrim isn’t supposed to undertake any business deals whilst on the Hajj. The Mullahs would have a fit if a slave dealer went to the camp. But such restrictions don’t apply to me, however, as simply the steward of a Pasha!’

‘That’s unfair competition!’ laughed Mohammed. ‘I shall to report you to the Guild of Slave Dealers!’

‘Oh well, I dare say I’ll make it up by buying one or two of your girls! Have you brought any likely ones with you? You ought to know my Master’s requirements by now.’

‘Oh, I expect so. But wait. I think I recognise those two in the centre, the blond haired ones.’ Mohammed pointed a nervous finger at Amanda and Diana and put on a fine display of blanching, even stepping back as he was afraid of catching something from the women. ‘In the name of Allah! Don’t tell me they’re the former concubines of the Emir of Gondah, a mother and daughter? Oh no!’

‘Oh, yes, my brother,’ laughed Arouf Effendi, ‘but what’s so upsetting you? I was delighted when the Emir’s chief black eunuch offered them to me. A mother and daughter, just what we need here. He tried to drive a hard bargain for them, I can tell you, but I got them quite cheap in the end. I think Adan Pasha will be very pleased when he hears about my acquisition for him.’

‘Oh, my brother, oh dear oh dear! You’ve been tricked!’

‘What nonsense! Anyway what do you know about these women?’

‘Because,’ cried Mohammed, his voiced shaking convincingly, ‘I nearly bought them myself when I was offered them in Marsa, before the Emir left for

the Hajj.'

Arouf was growing uneasy. 'And why didn't you buy them?' he asked.

'Allah protected me! He alone saved me!' cried the slave dealer fervently. 'Just as I was finalising the bargain, one of my staff came running in with the terrible news - news that made me want leave on the spot and have nothing more to do with them, or the Emir or his chief black eunuch and even to leave Marsa immediately.'

'What! 'gasped Arouf Effendi his face going white. 'What news?'

'That the former maidservant of these women, captured with them, had been sold to the Pasha of Marsa for his harem.'

'And what is so terrible about that?'

'That's just what makes it all so terrible for you ... You see she'd suddenly developed ... I can hardly bring myself to say it ...'

'What?' shouted Arouf Effendi. 'She developed what?'

Rory was laughing to himself as he listened open mouthed to this to the slave dealer's fanciful story. But his next words caught even him off his guard.

'The plague! She'd developed the plague!'

'The plague! Oh Allah preserver us!' cried the steward.

What a clever idea of Mohammed's, thought Rory. The plague had been the curse of the Mediterranean for so long and was now almost stamped out. Almost!

'Yes,' went on the slave dealer, 'She must have caught it on the journey to Marsa. It takes a month to come out. But she'll have infected these two! She'll have given it to all harem of the Pasha of Marsa by now, just as these two will give it to all your women here.'

'May the gracious Allah save me!' cried the now distraught Arouf Effendi. 'Adan Pasha will never forgive me! So that's why that rogue of a chief black eunuch sold them so cheaply!'

'Indeed, my brother, indeed,' said Mohammed comfortingly.

'But why was the Emir allowed to sail from Marsa with them?' demanded Arouf Effendi angrily. 'Why were they all not put into quarantine?'

'Because,' said the slave dealer glibly, without a moment's hesitation, 'he sailed before he could be told. I sailed on the next boat, desperate to get away before the plague broke out and before all sailing from Marsa was stopped.'

'Oh my God! What am I to do!' cried Arouf Effendi. He shouted to the overseer in charge of the line of waiting women. 'Get those blond women away from the others. Hurry!'

'The women themselves, of course, don't yet know anything about the plague,' murmured Mohammed, 'so there's no risk of anyone else here knowing about it. Just you and me - and my assistant here. All that the women know is that their former maid servant, with whom they'd been shut up in the Emir's harem, was sold to the Pasha of Marsa.'

'But I can't just have them shot or strangled! Adan Pasha would want to see them, the next time he comes on a tour of inspection. What shall I tell him? Their purchase, the purchase of two white women in milk has been entered in the accounts that were sent to him yesterday. Oh what am I to do, Mohammed. Can you save me?'

'Yes,' replied the slave dealer tantalisingly slowly, his eyes gleaming, 'yes, I think so. But I shall need your co-operation.'

'Oh I'll do anything. But how? What?'

'Well, for a start, my assistant could take them both away in one of our carts, take them back to the coast where our ship is loading up with a cargo of cotton to take to Marsa. He can discreetly put them onboard.'

'Yes, yes, good!' said a still worried Arouf Effendi, 'but how about the entry in the accounts of having 'bought two women in milk'?''

'Well, it so happens that amongst the white women I've brought with me are two in milk - and very suitable ones for breeding, too. We can just swap them over for the mother and daughter.'

'But have they been infected too?' asked Arouf Effendi anxiously. 'Are they safe?'

‘Quite safe!’ replied the slave dealer. ‘They’ve never met the infected maidservant, nor the mother and daughter or any of the women of the Emir, or of the Pasha of Marsa. And, of course, they left Marsa before the epidemic started. So, like all my girls, they’re quite safe.’

‘Wonderful!’ cried Arouf Effendi. He could hardly believe his luck. Then a sudden thought crossed his mind. ‘But how can I pay you for them? The accounts for the mother and daughter have been closed. I can’t enter another amount for what are supposed to be the same women. Oh my God, Adan Pasha will find out and have me crucified!’

The slave dealer laughed and rubbed his hands. ‘Don’t worry, my friend. Everything will be all right. All you’ll have to do is to buy, say, ten of my other girls at a very slightly increased price and that will pay for the extra two.’

Thank God, Rory was thinking, that the Pasha had put into the hands of such a clever and innovative man as this Mohammed. Arouf Effendi would have no idea that Mohammed would be doing well out of it too: selling half the girls he brought from Marsa in one go and at an inflated price. Brilliant!

‘Brilliant!’ was also how the delighted Arouf Effendi described it all.

The slave dealer turned to Rory. ‘Go and tell my eunuch first to bring the two white milk maids here and then the others too, so that my friend here can pick out which ones he wants.’

Then, pointing to Amanda and Diana, he added: ‘And tell Matrak to hurry and put that mother and daughter into the empty rear cart - but don’t let them near any of my girls! Then be off with you - at once! Get a move on, or you’ll miss the ship.’

‘Yes, Sir,’ replied the delighted Rory, for he knew that sitting chained and muzzled in the so called empty rear cart were his precious Carmen and the Pasha’s pretty French girl, Marguerite. They were going to get them both back, after all! And Amanda and Diana. And without paying a penny for them!

Minutes later he watched, hidden behind a palm tree, as Matrak muzzled the shrinking and uncomprehending Amanda and Diana. He saw their looks of astonishment, over their muzzles, when Matrak had pulled back the cover to the cart and they saw, sitting silently on a bench, the similarly manacled and muzzled figures of two other women: Carmen and Marguerite.

Then, passing the securing chains through their manacles, Matrak chained them to the facing bench, closed the cover again and climbed up into the driving seat.

Meanwhile two of Mohammed’s own eunuchs had pulled the two milkmaids that Rory had bought in Marsa out of their cart and was marching them, still muzzled and manacled, over to be inspected by Arouf Effendi. Each woman was held in front of him whilst he ran his hands expertly over her. Meanwhile Mohammed extolled her proven breeding potential.

Arouf Effendi was clearly pleased with them and they were marched over to the pigmy’s chain gang to be branded and shorn.

Then it was the turn of Mohammed’s own white slave women to be inspected one at time. Some were then put to one side and others sent back to the carts. The bargaining was about to begin.

As he mounted his horse to follow the cart that Matrak was driving off, Rory felt his manhood stir at the thought of the four helpless women now chained in it - and three of them were, or would eventually be, his - his women, in his power. ■



## EPILOGUE

Two months later, Rory was looking through the screen that gave a view into the enclosed patio of his harem. By his side stood Matrak.

Down in the patio, half a dozen beautiful, naked, dark haired white women were splashing in the pool like little girls, or innocently playing with a large ball, their long hair hanging down their backs in the traditional harem fashion, imposed by black eunuchs. Indeed, as usual, standing in the corner of the patio, watching them, was young Abdul, whip in hand.

The women's wrists were loosely manacled and all wore a prominent swell polished brass, high, slave collar. All had been depilated and their prominent beauty lips had been painted with water proof paint to match their prominent t nipples. They looked remarkably alike – which was the intention.

Two other women, distinguished from the others by their long blond hair and older looks, were sitting up on a carpet by the side of the pool, talking rather sadly to each other – mutually commiserating at being kept as helpless slaves and concubines whose only aim in life was now to please their cruel, but admittedly handsome, Master. Both bore the brand of the Pasha on their bellies but one the prominent nipples and blue veined breasts of a woman being kept in milk for her Master.

‘The two English slaves, Henrietta and Amanda, seem to have become friends,’ Rory was saying to Matrak. ‘It was a brilliant idea of yours to start training them to give me pleasure together, as an alternative to Amanda and her daughter - not that I’ve any complaints about the training that mother and daughter had already evidently had in the harems of the Emir and the Pasha. On the contrary! But a slight change is always interesting!’

Matrak gave a little bow of acknowledgement. It was nice to have Master who was so appreciative of his efforts.

Then, with a frown, he pointed to a very pretty blond girl with a striking resemblance to Amanda, sitting by herself on a carpet away from the others. Like her mother she, too, had the prominent nipples and large blue veined breasts of a girl being kept in milk. She was looking with a sneering and superior expression at the happily playing women and ignoring their invitations to come and join them in the pool.

‘That’s what Henrietta used to do, keeping herself to herself and, you used to say, being generally disruptive in the harem,’ said Rory, ‘before you sent her to do a spell at the oars.’

‘And now look at her,’ said Matrak. ‘Changed into just another happy and innocent little concubine, devoted to her Master with the mind of a child and the body of a mature woman.’

‘An ideal combination,’ laughed Rory, ‘anyway, in a harem. All right, you can send Diana down to the pens of the galley slaves for three months. I’m sure the Pasha would approve.’

Matrak smiled happily. He was already thinking of a terrified Diana straining at her oar under the whip of his colleague Bashir Agha and, with each stroke, thrusting her belly, with the brand of the Pasha and the line of the rosebud, up towards where her Master would be sitting. She would certainly return a reformed character!

Yes, Rory was thinking, Diana would make a perfect of a well disciplined white girl as, chained by neck to the women in front and behind her, and with her breasts and nipples still milk laden, she strained at

her oars under the recent less whip of the whipmaster. With every stroke she would be forced to raise her belly up towards as he sat comfortably on the raised poop, displaying to him the brand of the Pasha on her smooth belly and below it the slight scar and puckered entrance that marked her Rosebud Treatment.

It would even be amusing, he thought, to order a pause in the rowing. Then, ordering Diana to sit up straight, still chained to her oar, the black whipmaster, his well-oiled naked torso gleaming, would bend down. With his whip tucked under his arm and he would squeeze her milk into a bowl, ready to be brought up to her Master.

Oh, how delightful it would be to see her eyes flashing a mixture of hate and love up towards him. She would

certainly return to the harem a reformed character – just as Henrietta had done.

‘All right,’ he said, ‘but on two conditions.’

‘Oh?’ said Matrak.

‘Yes. That you take advantage of her absence to train Amanda and Henrietta to perform even more new tricks in my bed - to make up for the temporary loss of enjoying those of a mother and daughter!’

‘And the other condition?’ Matrak enquired obsequiously.

‘That, like her mother, the daughter is kept in milk, even if she is being used as a galley slave. There’s nothing like the milk of a young girl!’ ■

**THE END**



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