

# Strange Harem



# Susan Strange



A "New Woman" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright ©) 2015

Published by Reluctant Press  
in association with Mags, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.reluctantpress.com](http://www.reluctantpress.com)

# Strange Harem

**By Susan Strange**

This story is set in the latter half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century and in the Middle East.

## **ABDUCTION**

The mature Arabian woman slinked in the shadows of the dimly-lit street, two strong men on either side of her. “This is him,” she hissed, pointing. “You know what your fate is if you fail in this mission,” she said with a cutting motion with her fingers across her throat.

“Yes Mistress,” both replied knowing of the threat their Master would have no hesitation carrying out on the trusted word of the woman beside them.

“Good, then I shall leave you for now. I expect to see you within the hour where our yacht is berthed.” The conversation was carried out in Arabic, a language their intended victim would not at present un-

derstand. Then the two Arabs made their way to the dockside tavern their victim had entered, a well-known drinking place in the harbour of Marseilles

\*\*\*

For young James Lambert, the sea had been his life ever since as a twelve-year-old boy he had run away from home. He had seen the world and sailed in many ships. Tonight James was out on his own, looking for a woman and not for the first time either. Now nineteen, James had had a few women since turning he reached his majority. At first the older shipmates took him in hand and encouraged Jim. They had a few laughs and old Sally in Plymouth soon showed Jim the ropes to guffaws from the older shipmates watching.

“She likes the young ones,” said one old salt.

“Aye, I do, Jack Hawkins. Young Jim here is built like a stallion and can keep me satisfied all night,” replied the aforementioned naked lady.

Howls of laughter came from the assembled watching crowd. “She put you in your place,” commented one shipmate.

Sally paid no attention to those present and carried on encouraging her young lover to greater heights of sexual delight.

James’ ship “Jennie Deans,” a three-mast schooner, was in the port of Marseilles for repair and would be there for the next two weeks. The thought of having a woman was uppermost in his mind at present. It wouldn’t be hard to find one, thought he in this tavern where the wine flowed as free as the women.

He was holding a large jug of beer in his hand looking round the crowded tavern when he heard a voice whisper in his ear. "Want woman? Lovely woman? Nice big breasts, all for you, mister."

Then another voice in his ear. "Yes, his sister. Big breasts. You like, mister. Very cheap, come see."

It was as if somebody had read James Lambert's mind. Jim looked at the two on either side of him; both Arabs in long white flowing robes.

"Come, Zahra ready, waiting to give you wonderful jig-jig. You like," said the first man who had spoken to him, pulling Jim by the arm.

"She only charges five dinars for all night with her. She make breakfast in morning too," said the second Arab, also pulling Jim by the arm.

The offer seemed most tempting to young Jim. It was not the first time Jim had been approached in these harbour taverns, usually by women plying their trade. So he thought nothing of these Arabs pimping for some woman.

"Where is this sister of yours?" he asked.

"She not far away. We show you. Come quickly," said the first man.

Jim followed the two Arabs along the dimly-lit streets and alleys of dockside Marseilles. One of the Arabs lagged behind and withdrew a heavy wooden club from his robe. Jim in earnest conversation with the other Arab failed to notice this.

"My sister Zahra has the most exquisite breasts you see, mister. You like and you be in heaven." These were the last words Jim Lambert heard as a

wooden club descended on his head. The two Arabs quickly took Jim between them and made for the yacht.

“You have done well. The Sultan shall hear of this. Put him in the cabin prepared, then we sail.”

\*\*\*

Jim Lambert’s eyes slowly opened; he knew from the motion he was on board a ship of some sort. The woman named Fatima had been watching him all the time he was on board the yacht. She nodded to the man standing beside her who, with a syringe in his hand, injected clear liquid into the arm of Jim who once again was in Dreamland.

“How long will he be unconscious, Doctor?”

“For as long as is necessary, Fatima, till after the operation at least,” answered the man in English with a heavy German accent.

“And how long will it be till I can start her training, Doctor?”

“He is a fit man and should recover within days Fatima. Why?”

“Good, her training shall start within hours of the operation. She will of course be whipped to submission and know her place under my command,” all said in perfect English by the woman called Fatima.

“Why have you selected this man out of the many you could have, Fatima?”

“Simple, Dr. Weiss, she was watched previously and we knew her ship was coming in for repair. But

more important, she has everything to which many things of a female nature can be done. A few whippings will soon drive the maleness out of her. She will be docile and domesticated under me, then I can mould her into the beauty that our Master desires.”

“But you know, Fatima, he has many such women who were once male. He is obsessed with them.”

“That is not true, Dr. Weiss. I am female and one of the Sultans wives and there are others as you very well know.”

“Yes Fatima, but he has a preference for men made into women. I know having done many castrations as I will on this man as soon as Algiers is reached. I don't need to tell the ‘Mother of the harem’ that, do I?”

“No, Doctor. I am not only as you say ‘Mother of the Harem,’ I am also the Sultana. As such I wield power over all in my Sultan's Harem. My husband Hussein the Magnificent is a brave and wise ruler and it is not beneath him to listen to a woman. Has he not beaten the enemies of our people who try to take our lands? He has not only defeated them but put their people into servitude and made them become his slaves. That was one of the reasons I became his Sultana. There were others perhaps more beautiful than I who slept with Hussein and became a wife but they did not become Sultana for my husband realised I was not only pretty but had brains.

“I know within his harem there are some who would plot my downfall. I am most cautious of them and will deal with them when the time is right. I may not sleep that often with my husband for others can supply his sexual needs but I do love Hussein and if it pleases him to make a man into a woman, so be it.

Those men who become women can never be his wife, only a concubine as will the man you will castrate become. For her services she will no doubt receive riches beyond anything she may have had as a man. For that she should be grateful. The loss of her male member will take her into a life she could not have imagined. Femininity and womanhood awaits Selma.”

“Ah so you already given her an Arabic name, Fatima.”

“Yes, that was all decided when my husband expressed a desire to have an English woman in his harem. There and then he gave the unknown woman that name. My mission was to find a suitable person but it had to be the right type of man and Selma is perfect.”

\*\*\*

Jim Lambert woke to find himself in a room with a strange woman looking at him. She was dressed in a Niqab, not unusual to Jim, having seen many such women when his ship had docked in ports in the Middle East. From within the black Niqab, the eyes of Fatima were focused on him.

“How is she, Doctor?” asked Fatima in Arabic of the man standing beside her. “Strong enough to stand?”

“Possibly, Fatima, after he has had something substantial to eat,” replied Dr. Martin Weiss also in Arabic.

Fatima clapped her hands and a woman dressed in Burqa appeared. “Prepare dinner for five, Lamis.”



“Yes Mistress,” answered the woman. Lamis was handpicked by Sultana Fatima to be her personal handmaiden. Not one of these six had seen the outside world since they had entered the Royal Harem. It had been ten years since Lamis had been confined within the Royal Harem at the age of eighteen, the black woman having been taken from her tribe in deepest Africa. One would not know of her colour or that of any of the other women as all were in Burqa and had been ever since leaving the Royal Harem. The only part of their body that could be seen were their eyes and even they were covered by a veil.

Jim Lambert felt weak and had a pain in his groin. He looked at himself; it came as a surprise to find he was in a long woman’s nightgown of the finest pink silk. He attempted to rise out of bed only to find his companions of the previous night preventing him from doing so. Both with a menacing look on their faces and a scimitar in their hands.

Jim realised that the story told by them last night was but a ploy to take him away from the harbour tavern...but why? Who was this Arabian woman in the black Niqab who seemed to be studying him most closely? While thinking these matters over in his mind, he suddenly found himself out of bed and dragged to a dining room by two large men.

“Eat!” was said by one. Before Jim was food, maybe not the kind he was used to but food nevertheless.

The woman in the Niqab asked Dr. Weiss in Arabic, “When can her dressings be removed?”

“In a few days the bleeding should have ceased, then I shall leave, Fatima.”

“You will only leave for the Royal Palace when I think it is necessary and not before, Dr. Weiss. The Sultan left me in complete control until I come back to the Royal Palace. Is that clearly understood?”

Dr. Martin Weiss knew his position for Sultana Fatima was second in order to Sultan Hussein the Magnificent although in some eyes she was but a mere and insufficient woman. Not in the Sultan’s however.

By now Jim Lambert had finished the food given to him. Fatima watched and now spoke again in Arabic to the two men that had brought Jim to the dining room.

“Ali, Kasim, take her and prepare her to be whipped. I shall shortly come with Dr. Weiss to observe.”

With these words Jim found himself once more being dragged from the dining room. He was taken down into the depths of the house to a room which had been prepared for such whippings. He was not be the first to taste the leather thongs on his back. Fatima in the past had abducted many men and women to this house of the Sultan in the Kasbah to be subjected to lashings and whippings. They all eventually became part of Sultan Hussein’s Royal Harem.

Once within the whipping room, Ali and Kasim went to work. There was no finesse; the fine silk nightgown was ripped off the body of Jim and there he stood completely naked.

For the first time Jim Lambert saw that between his legs he was bandaged where his male member should be. It was gone. At the present moment he had no time to dwell on such thoughts. His hands

were stretched high above his head and attached to chains from the ceiling. Stiff leg irons were put on his ankles and a ball gag inserted in his mouth.

Jim was completely helpless, at the mercy of the two men before him. From where he was chained he could see many types of whips, canes, and other instruments of chastisement and torture hanging from the walls. Both men stood there waiting for instructions from someone.

After a while, Fatima along with Dr. Weiss entered the whipping room.

“She is tightly secured, Ali?”

“Yes Mistress,” answered one man.

“Good. What would you suggest for a good whipping, Kasim?”

“The cat, Mistress. It always works. It stings on the back and will make her very submissive for you, Fatima.”

“Yes, of course. Kasim, you use that. Ali, you take the long leather single thong whip,” said Fatima, taking the said whip off the wall and handing it to Ali. “Whip her till I tell you to stop. Dr. Weiss, you know what you have to do.”

“Yes Fatima, I have attended these whippings many times.”

Fatima sat comfortably on a chair to watch proceedings. “You may begin,” her order came.

Kasim started with the cat o’ nine tails on Jim’s back. As he drew it back, Ali’s long leather whip hit Jim’s back. So it went, each man giving alternate

strokes. It was non-stop; as one whip left his back, the other descended on it. With the constant whipping, Jim Lambert eventually slumped, unconscious.

“How is she?” enquired Fatima.

Dr. Martin Weiss, stethoscope in hand, took the pulse. “He is all right,” came the reply.

“Good. When she becomes conscious again, another round of lashings. Understand?” said Fatima.

“Yes Mistress, we shall be only too happy to obey your command” replied one of the men.

Jim Lambert had to endure more lashings while the Arab woman looked on.

“That is enough for the present. I want her brought here every four hours and whipped, even during the night. Take her to her room!” ordered Fatima.

\*\*\*

“Lamis, one of the reasons you have come with me is your excellence in teaching others our language although it is not your native tongue. Therefore I have assigned you to teach Selma Arabic. I expect her to be proficient and fluent by the time we arrive at the Royal Harem. For such I will see you are well-rewarded by the Sultan.”

“Yes, Mistress Fatima.” Lamis was more than pleased by the words of her Mistress for this meant promotion within the inner circle of the Royal Harem. Selma would be beaten by her if she did not learn quickly.

For three days, Jim Lambert had been beaten whipped and caned by his captives. His back and rear end had been subjected to the lashings of a long leather whip and a small rattan cane. The woman in the black Niqab selected each whip or cane. She was not present all the time but gave orders as to what should be used on the back or nether regions when she was not in attendance.

Why? Why? Jim asked himself. What was it they wanted from him? Surely by now he would be missing from ship. Someone must be looking for him. True but he was hundreds of miles away across the Mediterranean Sea.

Fatima sat sedately on the large Ottoman within her luxurious chambers. "Today you will remove her dressings, Doctor?"

"Yes, she has survived the whippings better than I would have anticipated, Fatima."

"Good, then I shall have her brought here and she will be told exactly what will be expected of her. I will of course cane her for I am the 'Mother of the Harem' who has to be obeyed at all times"

"Of course, Fatima. I am sure all within the Royal Harem respect and obey your every wish," said Dr. Martin Weiss.

Sultana Fatima clapped her hands and Lamis came to her.

"Yes Mistress, what is your desire?"

"Inform Ali and Kasim to bring the concubine Selma to my quarters and assemble the rest of the women here."

Jim Lambert was once again being led by the two Arabs, not this time to the whipping room but to where the Arabian woman sat on an Ottoman.

For the first time since coming to this house he was spoken to in English.

“Selma, for that is now your given name, you may forget any others forever. You have been chosen by the great Sultan Hussein the Magnificent to be a concubine in his Royal Harem. For that you should be thankful and praise him. I am his Sultana Fatima and the ‘Mother of the Harem.’ You will obey me at all times without question or hesitation. I hope that is clearly understood. I shall shortly cane you so that you realise your lowly position of servitude to me and the Sultan. However, if you remain docile and obedient, these beatings will cease. Always remember, though, that I as ‘Mother of the Harem’ may beat you any time I wish as others may also do with my permission.

“There is much you have to learn, Selma, before we return to the Royal Harem. Once there you will remain for the rest of your life within the walls of the harem and Royal Palace. It is only my husband the Sultan who may grant you or any of your sisters permission to leave. You will regard every woman within the walls of the Royal Harem as a sister, no matter how old or young they may be or whatever colour they may be. Remember, you and they now belong to the Sultan forever. You are about to learn you have been castrated as have others in the Royal Harem. The sooner you become used to a female way of life, the better. What is required of you will be explained as the days pass,” finished Fatima.

The naked Selma was approached by Dr. Weiss who removed the dressings between her legs. “Excel-

lent! See, all has healed nicely, Fatima. So smooth there down between her legs.”

“So I perceive, Doctor. Selma, you realise you can no longer procreate children and that your days of a man are ended forever. It is therefore from now onwards that you must devote yourself to being a woman. There are many here who will help you achieve this aim. If you put yourself willingly into their hands then all will be well. If not, I’m afraid it is an life of whippings and beatings, do you understand?”

The woman now called Selma was subdued and silent. Her male member was gone; she was helpless and in the power of the woman sitting on the Ottoman. As Jim Lambert, she had heard of abductions before, usually of white women. The stories usually ended with the women ending up in the harem of some Sultan for his pleasure but he had never heard of this happening to a man. Was he to become a plaything of this Sultan Hussein the Magnificent? He had vaguely heard of such a man from shipmates and of his strange desires, never dreaming that he might become part of the fable. His body was nothing like a woman’s. How was it possible to be one? While all of this was going through the mind of a man about to become a woman called Selma, the Sultana had lifted a rattan cane lying beside her on the Ottoman.

“Selma, I am about to cane you. You will not be bound or chained as in the past for I expect obedience. Kneel and with straight back prepare to receive your caning.”

Selma had learnt by now it was best to obey what the ‘Mistress of the Harem’ said. It would be the first time she had received a caning from the woman in the Niqab. She knelt, submissive and humbled. to receive her punishment.

Fatima rose from the Ottoman, cane in hand, to where Selma knelt, walked behind her, surveyed her back. The cane was raised and quickly put to Selma's back. Then again and again. All within the room watched the severity of the Mistress' caning. She showed no mercy.

The beating was more ferocious than any Selma had received from the hands of Ali and Kasim. Tears fell from her eyes. Finally it was all over and Fatima, with a triumphant smile, bent down and kissed the forehead of Selma.

"You have been a brave woman, Selma. I love you as I do all the women in the Royal Harem. It may seem a severe way of showing my love but one has to experience pain to love the one who gives it."

Fatima looked at Dr. Weiss. "Take her to her room and attend to her. I shall shortly visit Selma." The doctor having left, Fatima dismissed all except one woman. "Yasmin, I have a special job for you. I want you to teach Selma womanly matters. Her hair will become longer and it will be styled by yourself. You will also teach her the art of makeup and her ears will be pierced tomorrow. All of these things are natural for a woman. Dr. Weiss has given me a cream which you will apply to her breast area morning, noon, and night. It is your assignment to see this is done every day till I am satisfied with the proportions of her breasts. You have permission to beat her if necessary, however I think Selma knows her fate and will comply with whatever you tell her. I also expect you to sleep in the same room as her till such time as we leave to go back to the Royal Harem."

Yasmin spoke. "I shall carry out that which you wish with faithfulness to you and my Master Hussein. May I be so bold as to ask when we return to the Royal Harem?"

“Yes, my trusted and faithful Yasmin. I have sent word to my husband to send six of his best soldiers to this house to guard his new concubine. We make ready to assemble a caravan for the long journey across the desert to our beloved homeland.”

Yasmin knew it would take many weeks for the guards to arrive and go back to the Royal Harem in the caravan train.

The following morning Selma was woken by a woman in a Burqa. “It is time to get dressed, Selma. Your training is to begin as a woman for our Master Sultan Hussein. I shall teach all the skills of a woman. Lamis will teach you Arabic. My name is Yasmin. Firstly you will be suitably dressed as a woman.”

Selma was put in long harem Pants made of the finest white silk. What would eventually become her breasts were draped with matching white silk.

“This will be your Burqa, Selma. No man is allowed to look on that what belongs to our Royal Master the Sultan without his permission. That is instant death to any man.”

The white silk Burqa was put on Selma and completely covered her body. The only part seen were her eyes which were covered by a veil.

“Permit me if I may to ask you, Yasmin. You said no man may look on a woman of the Sultan. What of the two men who whipped me and the doctor? My Burqa is white while all the women here are in black. Why?” asked Selma.

”That is easily explained. The doctor, of course, has permission to attend to the medical needs of the Sultan’s women. As for Ali and Kasim, they are eu-

nuchs of the Royal Harem and have seen many a woman without her Burqa. Once you have entered the Royal Harem, there is no need to wear the Burqa for only women live within it. Men are not allowed. The only man you will see within is our Royal Master Hussein. As for your Burqa being white, it is a symbol of innocence and purity. Once you have lain with your Royal Master and have had sex with him, a black Burqa will be worn.”

“How many women does Hussein have in his harem?”

“The exact number is hard to determine but Lamis tells me it is around 500 women as you will see once in the harem.”

Once in the harem, Selma would be a woman among women only. Therefore it would be advisable to learn all she could of being a woman. Thoughts of escape were gone for the

person once called Jim Lambert.

The room Selma occupied was now entered by Dr. Weiss and Fatima.

“She has been attended to, Doctor?” asked Fatima.

“Yes, I attended to the markings left from the caning received from your hands last night. They will eventually fade from the skin as they heal.”

“Let me see.” The white Burqa was lifted and Fatima fingered the raised welts on Selma’s back of which there were many. Selma winced at each touch of the woman’s fingers. Fatima smiled. The woman would submit to her orders. She then kissed Selma on the forehead as she had done the previous night.

To those who obeyed her, she could be a kind woman.

“Selma my precious, to make you more of a woman, the doctor will pierce your ears. The Sultan has already lavished you with gifts of golden earrings, ankle bracelets, and toe rings. See how much he loves you as one of his harem women.

Fatima proceeded to fit the earrings and bracelets to each ankle, then a toe ring to each big toe of Selma. Fatima remained in the room as Yasmin proceeded to massage her breasts with the cream till she was satisfied. Fatima spoke. “In time you will develop breasts. Yasmin will massage you with the cream till I am satisfied. You are also in her hands to learn the skill of beatifying yourself for the Sultan’s pleasure. Give her all your attention.”

Selma was to find herself in a rigorous routine of learning makeup and Arabic, Lamis not afraid to use the stick from time to time on her. During this time Selma never saw what lay under the Burqa of her teachers.

Fatima enquired each day as to the progress of Selma.

“She is making excellent progress in Arabic, Mistress and should converse in the language by the time we come back to the Royal harem,” finished Lamis.

“And how is her makeup skill coming, Yasmin?” was asked by Fatima.

“Excellent, Mistress. I think she realises she has now to lead the life of a woman and is the property of our Master the Sultan.”

“Two good reports. Remove her breast coverings that I may inspect her there.” This was done “I am most disappointed, Yasmin. I expected to behold better. I hold you personally responsible for an improvement. I want to see a plumper pair of breasts by the time we arrive at the Royal Harem, otherwise I shall beat you, Yasmin.” With that, Fatima turned her heel and left. Yasmin knew from past experience this was no idle threat and yet she loved her mistress dearly.

Lamis who had heard all took Yasmin’s hand in her. “Never fear, Yasmin. I shall help you.”

“How can that be, Lamis?”

“Every minute Selma is awake, her breasts will be constantly massaged. When I give her lessons in Arabic you will be massaging her and when you are teaching her beautifying skills, I will massage her breasts. She will have the breasts that Fatima desires by the time we arrive at the harem.”

”How can I ever thank you, Lamis?” The women entwined fingers. A pair of black lips descended on the Arabian woman’s through their black veils.

## **CARAVAN OF THE DESERT**

Preparations to depart from the Kasbah were well in hand. Fatima had visited many markets in the land to purchase silk satin and the finest lace. These would be made into dresses and underthings for the women in the harem. She was accompanied by Lamis and Yasmin, two of her favourites. She battered and haggled with the stall holders for the best bargains.

“What do you think of how these bales of silk feel, Lamis?”

“It is the softest finest silk I have ever seen, Mistress.”

“That may very well be true, however Abdul charges too much. I shall look elsewhere.”

“Sultana Fatima, if I charge any less you make me a poor man,” answered Abdul.

“I don’t think so. Have I not seen your magnificent mansion and wives dressed in the finest of silks, all nine of them?”

“I take five dinar off each bale of silk for you.”

“No,” replied Fatima, “we look elsewhere.” She turned her heels and left with Abdul offering 10 dinar less. Fatima knew very well she would come back and get more than the 10 dinar off he was at present offering to a smart businesswoman.

The caravan was beginning to be assembled. At least three camels would carry all the silk, satin, and lace purchased. Because of her superior position, one camel was reserved for Fatima while the six who came with her shared three among them. The prize that the Sultan soldiers had to guard, Selma, would be mounted on a solitary camel in the middle of the

caravan surrounded by them.

Selma needed to be guarded for if known that such a woman was desired by Sultan Hussein, many hostile tribes would raid the caravan to have this woman to be given to their chief

“She is a virgin?” remarked one of the Sultan’s soldiers observing Selma in her white Burqa.

“Yes Rafiq, but you know Hussein has unusual tastes and desires in his women. You have heard the tales of men dressed in women’s clothes within the Royal Harem, have you not?”

“True, Asad, but I desire a woman. Knowing Fatima, even if she is male, the road to womanhood will already have started. I will have her before we reach the Royal Palace whether you help me or not.”

“It is much you ask of me, friend. You know the penalties we would face if caught. Death would surely be the fate for any man who defiles one of the Sultan precious women, whether she be female or male. I fancy this Selma myself but we must plan carefully as to when to take this woman.”

It seemed Selma was not only desired by the Sultan’s soldiers but also the “Mother of the Harem.” No one would dare oppose her wishes. Fatima had seen many women and men taken into the harem in the past. Selma had fascinated her ever since she laid eyes on her many months ago. Before the Royal Harem was reached, Selma would be inducted to Fatima’s inner circle of women which already contained Lamis and Yasmin as well as others whom Selma would meet in the harem.

“Selma, I wish to see you in my chambers at eight.”

“Yes Mistress,” replied the docile Selma. Any resistance she had in the past had been beaten out of her.

Fatima opened the door of her bed chamber to admit a frightened Selma fearing the worst from her mistress.

Fatima was glad to see the fear in her eyes for she knew she now had complete control over Selma.

“Come, little one, there will be no whippings this night. It is time you learned something of your new Master Hussein, my husband. In time you will occupy his bed. I will in no way be jealous of that for you will not be the first or last. I have seen many and even assisted them. Make no mistake I love Hussein and wish to see him happy. I want to describe his sexual organ. His penis is bigger than most men’s. For most women this is of no worry for their vagina can expand to accommodate such. However there is a difference when it comes to your type of woman. The only opening his penis will enter is the anus; for many of your kind this is extremely painful. I have heard screams. I wish to eliminate this for you so that you may enjoy your first experience with the Sultan. Come, little Selma, remove your Burqa and prepare yourself as I will instruct.”

Fatima had put a protective arm round Selma shoulders. Selma wasn’t sure where this speech was heading but did as she was told. There she stood naked before her Mistress, then watched Fatima divest her own clothes. Then she too was naked except for a large dildo strapped round her waist.

“This was taken from a mould of the Sultan’s erect penis cast in hard rubber. You will feel exactly what will be entered in your body by your Master when the time comes. This will be painful at first, then your anus will expand to accept it. Thereafter you will receive nothing but the greatest of pleasure. Place yourself on the bed on all fours.”

Fatima proceeded to rub sweet scented oil on Selma’s anus which would aid the large phallus to enter Selma’s tight anus. Fatima placed herself behind Selma and put the tip of the dildo against the

small opening and her hands on her shoulders. "Brace yourself, little one," Fatima said.

A gasp came from Selma as she felt this thing being forced all the way within her anus by Fatima.

"That wasn't so bad, was it, sweet one?" Selma's back received a multitude of kisses from Fatima. It somehow eased the pain which was quickly subsiding.

Fatima waited patiently for signs of relaxation of Selma before resuming. Fatima slowly drew the dildo back, then pushed forward at a gentle pace. Selma responded with a sigh. After a time Fatima quickened the pace. The response was better than she expected.

Selma was going to explode in ecstasy. Fatima withdrew the dildo much to the disappointment of Selma. That but was in Fatima's plans for Selma. Selma was to find that dildos of many types were a common instrument of sex within the Royal Harem. That was all before her for Fatima had secured her in her inner circle of favourites, a step ahead of the others.

Selma's Mistress told her she would occupy her bed during the long journey they were about to embark on over the hot desert sands.

"The Mistress had her in her bedchambers last night, Lamis"

"Has she indeed, Yasmin? Most interesting. You know what that means?"

"Yes, it looks like Selma is in our inner circle and will be passed around in the harem. She is indeed a lucky one to reach such heights so soon."

“Fatima acted quickly before Franci and her lot clapped eyes on her.”

“But you know what Franci has under her skirts has attracted many in the harem to her bed.”

“True but I think the Mistress has plans for Franci. You know they are sworn enemies, Lamis.”

“Another one who hates the Mistress. I think we may soon see a Night of the Long Knives. I’m glad we love each other.” Lamis and Yasmin again exchanged kisses through their veils.

\*\*\*

The day had come to depart; the caravan assembled in the courtyard of the house. The captain of the guards was on the lead camel. With a few words in Arabic he set the beast in motion. In the middle of the train were Fatima and her women with the soldiers on their camels on either side of them protecting the women.

The camel that Selma was on had a sort of box on the top in which she was seated. The box had windows on either side of her seat. One could not see what was within as red velvet curtain had been drawn over the windows. The camel was attached to one of the soldier’s camel which was leading it.

The destination of this ship of the desert was the Arabian Desert, a vast wilderness of over 1300 miles at the far end of which was the kingdom that Sultan Hussein the Magnificent ruled. Progress of over 50 miles per day was expected.

Overnight stops found Selma within Fatima's tent on her bed each night; her fears of the Sultana began to recede and she came to love Fatima.

Selma's movements were closely watched by Rafiq and Asad for an opportunity to rape her. The time was not ripe yet. Both were keen to lead the camel that Selma was on during the day.

The Arabian Desert was reached; the sun beat down relentlessly each day. Night was a blessing when tents would be pitched and all could sleep in the cool desert night air. Each night Selma would occupy the bed of Fatima who possessed her anus with the dildo. But there were other delights awaiting Selma in the harem, Fatima knew and other women to share her with. Fatima was pleased at the progress Yasmin was making with Selma's breasts.

Food and water were beginning to run low, however in four days time the oasis of Saudi-El-Barany would be reached where supplies could be replaced and water taken on. The camel train would stop there for a few days before they continued their journey. Within the oasis was a very large pool of cool clear water. There, those in the caravan would bathe and relax in the water each day.

Rafiq and Asad watched closely every day for an opportunity to seize Selma and have their evil way with her. Such a chance came one morning as Selma made for the pool. With no one near, she discarded her Burqa to reveal to Rafiq and Asad her nakedness. It became clear to both of the voyeurs that she had once been male but that she had been castrated. That in no way deterred their eagerness to possess her body.

Selma waded out to the centre of the pool and completely immersed herself. Then she slowly made her

way back to the dry sand where she had placed a towel. With water dripping from her body and hair, she towelled herself down.

This was when the two villains struck, Selma being occupied drying her hair and body. While Asad held her to the ground, Rafiq pulled his trousers down. Selma let out a scream quickly stifled by Asad with a hand over her mouth.

“Hold the virgin tight!” said Rafiq who had deposed of his trousers. He stood naked from the waist downwards with an erection ready for action.

Selma, her body pressed against the hot sand, could not see her attackers. Then a body pressed on her backside. She felt the erect penis about to enter her anus. Suddenly there was a bloodcurdling scream from Rafiq followed by the sight of his decapitated head on the sand beside Selma.

“Bind the other one, Ali. Hussein will decide his fate.” Fatima stood above Selma.

“Your scream was heard, little one, by the ever-alert Ali and Kasim. It is death for any who dare defile that which belongs to your Master Hussein.”

Selma threw up at the sight of the decapitated head and all the blood around where she lay.

“Help her up, Kasim.” He did. Selma cried and immediately flung herself into the outstretched arms of Fatima who hugged her to her bosoms.

“There there, little one. You are safe in my arms, no harm will come to you. Dry your tears and be comforted by my women.”

Selma was led to Fatima's tent and the six women who had accompanied Fatima all hugged, kissed and comforted her. She was loved and that was all that mattered.

As for Asad, he was spat on and called derogatory names by all the women for the rest of the journey for daring to defile one of the Sultan's women.

The caravan continued its journey without further incident. After a few weeks, the Royal Palace and harem were but two days away. On the night before the harem would be reached, all gathered before the great tent which housed Fatima. There in the flickering fire light their meal was taken. Afterwards, Fatima stood supreme.

"Selma, you are now one of my women. You see how highly you are prized as such by the vicious attack on your person by the two vile creatures. They would dare to possess that which rightly belongs to your Master, the Sultan. To show your loyalty to him and me, you will once again be subjected to a whipping. Remember, you do this for your love to your Master and me."

Fatima bent down and kissed the forehead of Selma. "Lamis, within my tent is the sacred whip in its jewelled case. Only those who really love me and their Master receive it upon their back as you yourself have done in the past."

Lamis turned without saying a word and returned with the magnificent jewelled case encrusted with diamonds, rubies and emeralds on top. Fatima took out the long highly-polished leather whip. "Kneel!" commanded Fatima..

The solitary kneeling figure of Selma was highlighted by the flickering flames of the fire. Fatima

stepped forward, whip in hand, and ripped the back of the white Burqa that Selma wore. It exposed her white flesh and the ample breasts on her body.

Fatima knew this was one woman who would dearly love her after the severe whipping she was about to receive. Her arm drew back to release the stinging force of the leather whip on Selma's back. Again and again, the polished leather struck Selma's back. Multiple red stripes appeared and yet not a word escaped from the luscious red painted lips of Fatima's victim.

Selma had not been tied, chained, or gagged and willingly let her body be subjected to the whip of her Mistress. No better love had one woman for another, thought Fatima as the whipping stopped and Selma rose and kissed the hem of her Niqab.

## **THE ROYAL HAREM**

From the hot desert sands, the shimmering outlines of the city which contained the Royal Palace were

seen. The nearer the caravan came, the more the mosaic and marble of the buildings glittered in the sunlight. This city ruled by the Sultan contained many rich merchants more than willing to show their wealth on the exterior of their homes.

But the greatest of jewels was the Royal Palace. The train now entered the courtyard.

"Yasmin, Lamis, take Selma to her quarters for I have much to attend to. Afterwards you shall prepare

her to be bathed in sight of all her new sisters,” commanded Fatima. The camel that contained Selma was ordered to kneel and she dismounted.

Yasmin and Lamis to either side of her led Selma to the vast Royal Harem, a truly spectacular building. Sultan Hussein the Magnificent spared no expense for his women.

As Yasmin and Lamis entered the harem, the two eunuchs on either side the entrance lowered their crossed scimitars to let them enter.

Strains of delightful music reached the ears of Selma as she saw many women within lying on large soft cushions or Ottomans, some on their own, occasionally two or three together lying in sweet repose. Some had hands and fingers entwined as they lovingly looked into each other’s eyes. But Yasmin and Lamis had no time to dally as they quickly took Selma to her assigned boudoir.

“Selma, rest for a few hours for soon you will be cleansed before your new sisters. Yasmin and I will return and prepare you for this ceremony.” Lamis and Yasmin left.

\*\*\*

Fatima had gone to her spacious boudoir with many rooms. On entering, the sounds of a sitar were heard. There before an Ottoman sat a young woman cross-legged, playing the musical instrument. On the Ottoman sprawled a mature woman listening.

Fatima clapped her hands. “Be gone, Mitra. Your Mistress has important matters to discuss.”

“I welcome your safe return, Fatima. Had I known, I would have been there to welcome you and receive the caravan.”

“I have no doubt you would, sweet Zita but I am more interested as to what happened when I was gone.”

The woman named Zita rose from the Ottoman and kissed Fatima on the cheek. “As you may have suspected, Franci and Maysa have occupied your husband’s bed most of the time you were away.”

“That of course is his right as all in the harem are his women. Franci does not worry me for she can never be his wife as she has been castrated and is but a concubine. Maysa is a different matter for she is a wife of Hussein and would seek to take my place as the Sultana.”

“What do you intend to do, Fatima?” asked Zita.

“I shall sleep with my husband for Maysa dare not interfere with what is the right of the Sultana and I shall talk with Hussein. What of Alma and Ulima, Zita?”

“As you ordered, they have been confined to their boudoir since you left.”

“Good, you have done well. I shall see them now.”

The two women set off to the said women’s boudoirs. As they approached the boudoir of Alma, two women stood at the doorway to stop any unauthorised entry. On seeing Fatima, they stepped aside to allow her entry.

A pretty woman was inside at a table, eating.

“I hope you hunger for more than food, Alma,” addressed Fatima to the woman.

The woman looked up to Fatima. “I do, I do, Mother of the Harem. Please forgive me for my sin of not making love to my sisters or allowing them to make love to me.”

“That depends on how much you repent, Alma. You rejected a sister’s longing for you and said it was beneath you to make love to your own sex. What are your thoughts now?”

“Oh, Mother of the Harem, I have indeed repented. Please give me the opportunity to show how much I love my sisters.”

“We shall see, Alma. You may get that chance soon.” So saying, Fatima left the woman.

“What do you intend doing with her, Fatima?” asked Zita.

“I shall leave her for a few weeks. She is an active woman and her type needs sex. A few more weeks and she will be begging for it and it will matter not whither her partner be male or female.”

Fatima and Zita were now inside the boudoir of Ulima, a woman in her thirties. Fatima watched the woman who laid on her bed with two women massaging her breasts.

Fatima addressed the women. “You have done as I ordered?”

“Yes, Mistress,” both replied. “The only time we stopped was when Ulima sleeps. Even during her meals we still massage her breasts.”

“How long has that been?”

“You and your retinue have been 10 weeks gone Mistress and it was for another eight before you left.”

“Let me see the results so far.”

The two women stopped massaging and removed the coverings of Ulima’s breasts. The breasts were massive and drooped in front of her.

“Stand, Ulima, and come here.” The woman did as Fatima asked. Fatima took each breast in her hand.

“You know why this is being done to increase the size of your breasts, Ulima?”

“Yes, Mistress, to please my Master the Sultan.”

“Yes. You will be well rewarded for such. I shall see to it.”

After leaving Ulima’s boudoir, Fatima remarked to Zita, “You know why she was picked for this assignment?”

“Of course, Fatima, did she not have the largest breasts of any in the harem. I have to say what she now possesses are enormous, the likes of which I have never seen in my life. When do you intend to expose them to the Sultan?”

“He can wait a few weeks yet and they can only get bigger.” A large smile spread on Fatima’s face.

\*\*\*

Selma had rested. “Tonight you will meet all your sisters who will greet you into their midst as a sister.

You must look your best,” Yasmin said as she perfumed and oiled Selma body.

“She does look presentable,” Lamis responded as she dressed Selma and proceeded to put a new white Burqa over her body.

Both women, satisfied as to the appearance of their charge, took one of Selma’s hand and led her to the communal bathing pool. All the women in the harem were within the vicinity of the pool to view their new sister.

Selma was astounded to see the vast number of women there, none wearing a Burqa. There was all colour of women there; black, brown, yellow and white in an age range of eighteen to over 60 years old.

Fatima stood up. “Women, today we welcome Selma to our numbers. She will be cleansed by Lamis and Yasmin. Then, my sisters may welcome her in your own intimate way.”

Selma was led to the edge of the pool where Yasmin and Lamis removed her white Burqa and a naked Selma was on view to all. Both of her teachers had stripped, then led Selma into the pool where, with scented soap, sponge, and loofah, they proceeded to wash the woman. All this was done with the accomplishment of the same soothing music heard when Selma first entered into the harem. The musicians were all women of the harem. Once washed, the wet Selma was led out the pool, towelled off and her hair was dried and combed.

The naked Selma was welcomed by her sisters. Fatima led the way with a motherly kiss on the forehead. Selma was kissed in many ways and many places.

“Lamis and Yasmin, you may share the delights of your pupil this night. You deserve her for the hard work you have put in teaching her Arabic and beauty skills. I shall share my husband’s bed. For now be gone,” Fatima finished. The crowd dispersed to go about their business. Selma, hands entwined with Yasmin’s and Lamis’, was taken to the boudoir they shared.

“Selma, you can be seated for Lamis and I have much to catch up on our desires for each other’s bodies,” said Yasmin. Selma sat cross-legged on the adjacent Ottoman within their boudoir. The beautiful women were about to sport with each other on the large bed they shared.

Selma now had the time to admire the naked bodies of her teachers, and what truly magnificent specimens of womanhood they were. From the ebony black gleaming body of Lamis to the faint yellow-tinged shining body of Yasmin.

Selma saw both indulge in the delights of each other’s body. Yasmin’s small hands caressed the large swollen black breasts of Lamis while the latter trolled her fingers through the black pubic hair on Yasmin’s pussy. Sighs and expressions of endearment escaped the lips of both women.

The naked bodies of the women formed a 69 position. Tongues lapped pussies, too busy to care who saw them. The black hands of Lamis pulled the pussy lips of Yasmin wider as her tongue lapped at the delicious secretions coming from within her. Not to be outdone, Yasmin small hands went to the black anus of Lamis that she could lick that sacred entrance. No resistance came from either woman. The kissing became more and more intense; the tightening of fingers on orifices became harder as they made them wider that tongues could explore further. Their cli-

max was fast approaching, something both had longed for as their lovemaking had been curtailed because of the serious nature of their mission.

Then it came in a shuddering, an unstoppable climax the likes of which neither had experienced before.

One would have thought that both would have been exhausted by their sexual exertions. Not one bit of it; there was a pupil who had more lessons to learn.

Yasmin beckoned Selma towards the bed while Lamis rose and left her lover. "You look so pretty, little one. Let me feast on your breasts. It was me who brought them to fullness. Should I not have the delight of tasting that which I brought into being?"

Selma, on the bed beside Yasmin, was offered the lips of her teacher which she willingly accepted. She had always been in awe of Yasmin although she had never seen the full beauty of her teacher till today.

Their lips met in an explosively sensual kiss "I love you, Yasmin, so much!" exclaimed Selma.

"Do you really, Selma? Will you serve Lamis and all women we tell you to love including Fatima, the Mother of the Harem?"

"Yes, yes, whoever you tell me to. I will love them all."

"Would you really, little one? If so, you will go far in this harem. Now offer me your delightful breasts."

Selma took Yasmin's hand and placed it on a breast. Yasmin could feel the nipple rise as her hand touched it. Her red lipstick descended on the hard-

ened nub several times to leave the outline of her lips on it. Yasmin had taken the other nipple in her hand, ready to make an assault on the delightful object.

At the same time Selma felt something hard pressed against her anus. From past experience with Fatima it could only be one thing: a dildo. It was Lamis at her back and a flesh-coloured strap-on dildo about to invade her anus. This was going to be much more than she could hope for. She was going to be in Heaven in the arms of her teachers.

As Yasmin fastened onto her breasts, Lamis entered Selma's anus. How her little heart fluttered. She was indeed in heaven. How she loved Lamis and Yasmin that night; they could do anything they wished to her and they did. Selma managed to kiss Yasmin's nipples at the same Yasmin was kissing hers. Her back was being kissed by Lamis and a hand had come to fondle the breast of Selma that Yasmin was not at present occupying.

The lovemaking was so scrumptious, the delights Selma had never felt before even as a fully functional man. Her teachers had converted her to womanly love and she would easily pass through her grades in that form of love.

Selma was putty in the hands of these more mature women. They watched as their pupil wriggled and squirmed in ecstasy to their sexual ministrations to her willing body. As disciples of Sappho, they knew there was another converted to the cause.

Finally it was over and Selma lay on the bed exhausted from her sexual exertions between her two teachers.

“Rest, sweet Selma, for tomorrow you shall be told as to what work Fatima has assigned you,” said Yasmin.

“I am most willing to work for my Mistress in whatever capacity she wishes. Do you have any idea what it may be, Yasmin?”

Yasmin looked at Lamis who shook her head. “Yes, Lamis and I know but it must come from the lips of your Mistress.” Selma hung her head in disappointment for she did so want to know.

“Cheer up, Selma, you only have to wait a mere eight hours for your fate. However Yasmin and I are more than willing to answer any of your other questions,” said Lamis.

“Yes, why do so many women within the harem wear Western-type clothes?”

“That is easily explained. There are many white women here, Europeans and Americans, so their style of clothes was copied, besides the Sultan likes them wearing such. We have women here making them who belong to the harem.”

“But how did these white women come here?”

“Same way as you, Selma, abducted. No white woman is safe once she enters the lands that belong to Hussein the Magnificent.”

So the tales that Selma had heard of white women mysteriously disappearing in the hot desert sands of Arabia were true and now she was one of them.

## THE ROYAL BEDCHAMBER

While Yasmin and Lamis were sporting with their new bedmate, Fatima had other things on her mind. She was now in the presence of her husband, the Sultan Hussein the Magnificent.

“Ah, jewel of my heart, at last I see you once again. How my happy heart rejoices to see your beautiful body again,” came from the lips of the Sultan.

Fatima laughed vigorously. “You always were a sweet talker, Hussein. That is why so many women have fallen for your charms and willingly come to your bed.”

“But, apple of my eye, my heart beats so at the pretty sight before me.”

“I hear that did not stop you from taking Franci and Maysa into bed with you. No doubt Maysa enticed you with her body, which of course is your right as her Master.”

Hussein looked somewhat crestfallen from the superior attitude his wife had taken.

“I have returned with a succulent treat that you wished for, an English woman who will in time be between the sheets of this very bed. Before then it is I, your wife the Sultana, who rightly claims her reward of being the dutiful wife. Not Maysa the viper who would no doubt bite and poison me if she could.”

“You have inflamed me, Fatima. I desire your body.”

“That I am glad to hear, my husband, however you must earn that right the hard way,” said Fatima seeing the bulge in Hussein’s baggy pants.

“Fatima my love, how do you mean, hard way?”

“You must catch me before you have your pleasure.” So saying, Fatima disposed of her clothes. This enticed Hussein to make a lunge for her body. Fatima swerved and was now running round the Royal bed-chamber, Hussein in hot pursuit. This in the past had played a large part in their sexual games. Fatima was making good progress in keeping her husband’s hands off her as she ran round the bed. She tripped on a loose bit of the carpet and landed face down on the bed, feet still on the floor. Hussein’s penis zoomed right up her pussy and he was enjoying the delights of his wife. Like a steam hammer, his member went faster and faster within that sacred opening.

Fatima resigned herself to her fate, not that she was disappointed at the result but she had thought it would take longer to entice him. Fatima lay there on the bed, motionless, letting her husband push his penis in and out of her sexual aperture to his heart’s content. She could feel he was about to come. She raised her body and let his member slip even further inside her sacred opening.

An expression of “Oh” came from above the position she was in and she felt the warm juices release from her husband’s member into her cavern of love.

“You are a sly one, Fatima. It is only you that my loins hunger for and it is only you that make my juices boil.”

“Is it, my husband? There is no one else, not even Maysa whom you dallied with while I was away?”

“No, she could never raise my passions as you do, my beloved wife.”

“Indeed, Hussein, but she too is a wife of yours, is she not?”

“True but a minor wife who I do desire at times for pleasure as you well know, Fatima. But you have what she has not, brains. My enemies have been defeated with your help.”

Fatima was glad to hear such words but even so, Maysa must be taken care of. While Maysa was here in the harem, Fatima felt uncomfortable.

“What do you intend to do with Asad, my husband?” asked Fatima.

“He shall be hung in the public square at noon tomorrow. The people will be summoned to see what happens to those who dare defile that which belongs to me. I shall see this woman Selma tomorrow and have her.”

“That you will not, my husband. You shall only have her when I say so; she has much to learn. You may inspect her in the harem should you wish,” sternly said Fatima.

Hussein never interfered in what Fatima advised him about for she had been proven right so many times.

“Furthermore I shall be occupying our bed till such times that I may leave it. That does not mean to say that you cannot enjoy those in the harem that you may wish to indulge in. You are free to do so,” finished Fatima.

## **THE PRICE TO PAY FOR DEFILING A WOMAN OF THE HAREM**

Selma was woken up by Yasmin; she was still in the boudoir that Yasmin and Lamis shared. Yasmin, dressed in a black Burqa, handed a white silk Burqa to Selma.

“I thought there was no need to wear a Burqa in the harem, Yasmin.”

“True, Selma, but you and all in the Royal Harem have been ordered by your Master the Sultan to attend an execution in the public square.”

“Who?” asked Selma?

“Need you ask, Selma? None other than the man who would have raped you, Asad.”

“Has he been tried?”

“Selma, there is but one judge and jury here, your lord and Master Hussein and what he says is law. You would do well to remember that.”

The public square was crowded with people milling about to see this hanging. There was one stand empty at present. The doors of the Royal Place opened and a large gathering of the Sultan’s women emerged, 500 strong dressed in their black Burqa except for Selma in white. Fatima headed the flock of women to the empty stand where they were seated.

A party of trumpeters came from within the palace to the centre of the square and played a fanfare. The

Sultan in all his finery sat in a chair held high by four sturdy men came to the centre. The chair lowered and Sultan Hussein alighted. He held his hand up for silence.

“My people, today you are gathered to witness what will befall any person who dares to defile any woman of my Royal Harem. I am their protector and as such I must hand out punishment fitting the crime. You see before you one named Asad who dared attempt to rape one of my women. His companion Rafiq was decapitated which he rightly deserved. As for Asad, he will be hung as a warning to all who would attempt to follow in his footsteps. I advise you all to heed this warning. Hangman, you may proceed.”

The hangman led Asad to the platform above all watching and placed a rope from the gallows high above around his neck. A lever was pulled, a trapdoor opened and Asad hung for all to see. Selma shut her eyes at the sight. Fatima said, “I had to be done for we, the Sultan’s women, are his and his only. You cannot lay with any other man, Selma.”

Fatima had taken Selma’s hand as both made their way back to the harem. “Pretty yourself up, my dear, and quickly come to my chambers where your Lord and Master will be there to inspect his latest acquisition.”

Selma was alone in her boudoir, her heart strongly beating. How she wished that Yasmin was here to support her as she nervously applied her makeup. Finally she stood before the door of Fatima’s boudoir. One of Fatima selected women brought her into the bedroom.



“Come here, my pretty one, and sit beside me for soon your Master will arrive. Why does your heart beat so fast?”

“I am afraid of my Lord and Master, Mistress.”

“And that is how it should be, Selma, for he has the power to do as he will with you and you must submit to whatever he desires.”

The Sultan entered the boudoir without knocking. No woman in his Royal Harem had the right to forbid his entry.

“Keep your eyes to the carpet for you may not look at the Sultan unless he gives his permission,” said Fatima.

“What do you think of her, Hussein? Fatima asked.

“Remove your clothes, woman!” the Sultan demanded.

“Do as your Master asks,” the voice of Fatima came.

Selma began to remove her clothes only to find Fatima assisting her.

“You must not keep your Master waiting. He is impatient to see your body.”

Selma finally stood nude before the gazing eyes of Hussein. “Is she not all you desired in an English woman, my husband? See how her ripe breasts are ready for your desires?” said Fatima, fingering them till the nipples hardened. “However these delights must wait for she has not been properly prepared for

your yearnings yet. You will have to control yourself, Hussein. Everything comes to those who wait.”

Fatima could see that the Sultan had a bulge in his baggy pants. She liked enticing her husband; when he did have Selma, it would all the more enjoyable.

“You have seen, Hussein. Now you may leave for I have much to discuss with Selma. Selma, prostrate yourself on the ground before your Master. Do not look upon his face unless he tells you to do so. Always remember you belong to him and no other. It is his privilege to possess your body whenever he wishes.”

Fatima dismissed her husband. She was one woman he could not control and she knew it.

The Sultan now gone, the naked Selma was beckoned to sit beside Fatima.

“I have a number of things I want you to do, Selma. Firstly, no woman in this harem is idle so I have destined you to be a belly dancer.”

Selma opened her mouth to reply. “I know, Selma, you are about to say you know nothing of belly dancing but you will have a teacher and a most excellent one in Nadira. She will teach you all that you need know of that art.”

Selma had hardly time to draw her breath when Fatima put her hands round her shoulders in a motherly way.

“You do love me, Selma, don’t you?”

“Yes of course, Fatima,” answered Selma. She had taken all the beatings, whippings, and such Fatima administered on her back.

Fatima smiled. It had always paid to beat her charges for they gave loyalty back. Selma would be rewarded for playing her part in the downfall of Maysa.

“Now this is what I want you to do for me, Selma.” The woman looked up to Fatima above, mesmerised by her presence.

“As you know, one cannot refuse to lie with any woman in this harem if she so desires you. I want you to become friendly with Maysa.”

“Why, Mother of the Harem?”

“I have my reasons which will become clearer as time goes on. Just make yourself available to her.”

“I am most curious, Fatima. Why do so many women here have sexual relationships with each other?”

“You are indeed innocent and naïve, Selma. How many women do you think live in this harem?”

“Hundreds. Yasmin tells me 500.”

“523. Since you came, I keep count of all who enter the Royal Harem. While the Sultan has a large sexual appetite, he cannot keep 500 women happy in one day or even months. Some have not seen the Royal bed in years. Some here would never worry if they never shared a bed with a man or woman. To some it is a dream to indulge themselves with someone of their own. Many having seen you in the white Burqa will target you. In their eyes you are a virgin, never yet having lain with the Sultan. As far as your Master Hussein is concerned, I am sure you will be his plaything for many a night till he tires of you. Then like many within the harem, you may seek your sex with

the women here.” Fatima remembered she would have to tell Yasmin and Lamis that Selma was out of bounds for present. Selma, now in Fatima’s inner circle of favourites, was to be sucked into the political workings of the harem.

Fatima, having finished her lecture, had a desire to have her pretty little acquisition for the delight of her husband, not as in the past with a dildo. Her hands were now caressing Selma’s breasts, much to her delight. Selma’s hands went to a place she had not dared to put them before, between the thighs of the Mother of the Harem. With no objections her little fingers explored deeper within that cavern. A stiff clitoris was the reward for Selma’s action. It looked like Selma was going to be a busy little girl.

Fatima had exhausted herself with the playful Selma. Selma had work to do for her Mistress. Although she may not have known it at the time, Selma was being used as a pawn in the internal politics of the harem.

“Be gone, little one, and rest for there is much to do on the morrow.” With that, Selma received a playful slap on her bottom from Fatima as she left the Mother Of The Harem.

## **SELMA THE BELLY DANCER**

“Get up, you lazy bitch!” Selma opened her eyes to see Fatima standing above her as she lay in bed.

“What time is it?”

“Time you were up. Nadira does not stand laziness in her girls. You will find she is a hard taskmistress.”

Selma was now standing in a large auditorium. Fatima was talking to a tall woman and occasionally pointed to Selma.

“I am not one bit happy, Fatima, about this. As you know it is I who pick whatever women I want to become dancers. It is hard for many here know nothing about belly dancing. Why should they for they were never taught as I was from the age of three.”

“But I trust you, Nadira, to do your best.” Fatima said as Nadira was about to complain further. “I would remind you that I am the Mother of the Harem and you are not above a whipping from me.”

That threat cooled Nadira down.

“Let me see this Selma.” Nadira looked her up and down. She was young; that was a plus but a lot of hard work would have to be done on the girl.

“Take your clothes off, girl!” Selma was ordered by the tall woman. Nadira inspected her.

“Move your hands in a gentle fashion, wave them through the air.” Selma did as told.

“Oh dear, that will never do. Remove all your belongings and move into my boudoir. There you will live till such time that I think you are adequate in the art that Fatima seems to think you will be employed in,” Nadira sarcastically said. Fatima said nothing for she knew Nadira was in a foul mood.

Nadira was going to work the butt off this girl night and day. That was why she would be in her boudoir.

“Today just sit there and watch all that takes place with the girls. Tomorrow you going to sweat blood for me.”

To Selma, it seemed she had got off in the wrong foot she sat there subdued for the rest of the long day.

Nadira was in a vile mood all day. It was going to be hell living with this woman, thought Selma. She found that, like some of her other teachers, Nadira was not afraid to use a stick to beat her.

Among other things, Selma found that she was making meals for both. This morning she was pouring out coffee for her new Mistress.

“Don’t just stand there, exercise your stomach muscles while I have breakfast.” Nadira watched her charge as she sipped coffee. Selma was beginning to develop the undulating movements of her abdomen.

Nadira put her cup down in disgust. “Watch, girl, watch.” Nadira went into her routine and her belly was undulating at a very fast pace. She held her hands straight out in front of her, seductively bringing them in slowly towards her body as if enticing the viewer to have her body. Nadira had spent a lifetime doing the artistic sexual dance. “That is how it

should be done, girl. Today you will do nothing but undulate your stomach muscles till I am satisfied.”

“Nadira can be a bitch but once you please her, the rewards are so nice,” remarked one of the girls in the belly dancing troupe.

When Selma looked at her new Mistress, whatever age she may be she was beautiful and in good shape. Her profession kept her body that way. She also learned that the Sultan had added her to his harem. She had been lavished with jewels and told to form a group of belly dancers for the delight of the Sultan, no expense spared. To a poor village girl this was wealth she could never imagine. How honoured she was to share the bed of the great Sultan Hussein the Magnificent.

It should be noted that while Nadira and her troupe of belly dancers practised their movements, they were accompanied by music to fit the sensuous erotic movements of their body. It would not be the first time that some woman in the troupe had enticed the Sultan so much with her erotic display he had to have her there and then on the floor of the harem in sight of all present. Nadira put this down to her skill in teaching those under her control the sensuous sexual movements of the dance. As a voyeur it excited Nadira to see one of her girls been taken by her Master. Whatever girl Hussein had taken that day, Nadira would have her in her bed that night.

Selma had not as yet performed before the Sultan and neither would she till Nadira thought she was fit and Fatima gave her permission to do so.

Fatima came to rehearsal every so often to see how things were going with Selma. Nadira informed her that the progress was slow. “But she will be a belly dancer, Nadira, won’t she?”

“Of course she will be, Fatima. It is a challenge to me and I’ve never failed.”

“Tomorrow while your troupe performs I shall have her seated beside me for I want to speak with her. After your dance, I have something of interest that should please my husband.”

“And what would that be, Fatima?” Nadira asked, curious to know.

“Wait and see tomorrow.”

Before the entrance of the Sultan the following day, Selma was seated beside Fatima, in earnest conversation with her. “Today will be a good time to become friendly with Maysa for she will shortly be here. Listen carefully. I shall give you a strap-on dildo which you must use on her. Drive her crazy with it so that she longs for it every time you are near her. Use no other means of sexual satisfaction when you are with Maysa.”

“But Mother of the Harem, how do you know that she will like that means of gratifying her sexual needs?”

“I am keeping her from filling the bed of Hussein and will do so till I have my revenge on her. Secondly and more important, it is men she is more interested in. The tension in her body for them has slowly been building up over the years she has been in this harem. That tension is released when my husband takes her to bed which is often. I am trying to build up that tension so that she will have to take risks for her cravings for men and you can help.”

“How?” asked Selma.

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head. That is my problem. Just do as I ask. Now take your seat for I don’t want Maysa to see you anywhere near me.”

The large auditorium was the entertainment centre of the Sultan within his harem. At one end were two thrones where he and the Sultana sat. Hussein entered robed in ermine and a crown of gold encrusted with many rare jewels on his head. Fatima, by now equally robed, sat at his side.

“Let the entertainment begin for the Sultan,” said Fatima as she clapped her hands. First two young women acrobats balanced each other on their shoulders. Then they jumped on each other’s shoulders to shouts of “Bravo” from the Sultan. “I must have that raven haired beauty in bed tonight,” he thought.

A firm ‘no’ came from Fatima. Sultan Hussein looked a dejected man but Fatima had always been right.

Hussein’s spirits rose as Nadira led her troupe of belly dancers into his view. He would surely have one of the pretty dancers, maybe here right in front of all his women. Nadira was beckoned by Sultana Fatima to come and sit at her feet, which she did cross-legged on the large cushion.

The dance began with a constant beat on large tom-toms and castanets on the dancers fingers began. The rhythm quickened, the undulations of their abdomens became faster as did the gyrations of the dancers bodies. The slow hand movements were designed to entice the watcher towards their bodies and it was working. For Fatima noticed that her husband had an erection by the bulge in his baggy pants.

“I must have her,” was said by the Sultan.

“That you may not, Hussein,” answered Fatima.

Hussein was clearly disappointed by the look on his face. “I am so worked up. I need a woman and now.”

“It would be better if that which is between your legs was cut off, my husband for what you have done to many women who are now in your Royal Harem. However, seeing that your sexual drive is so high I have something that will excite your desires beyond your expectations. Lie back while I bring in a woman who has something you’ve always wanted.” Fatima clapped her hands as she finished.

Between Fatima’s two favourites, Lamis and Yasmin, was Ulima. She was at present wrapped in many layers of the finest black silk.

“You may reveal yourself for your Master’s eye,” said Fatima.

A gasp came from all there as the silk robes fell from Ulima’s body. Her enormous breasts were exposed to all. Fatima was proud to show off those gargantuan tits. None of her rivals who would like to be the Sultana could ever dream of such to please her husband.

Ulima’s breasts were large and they hung down in front of her and swayed with each movement of her body.

The eyes of Hussein were fixated on their every movement and Fatima saw the enormous bulge in his baggy pants. She put her hand in them and pulled his member out. “Do you know what this penis is for, my husband?”

“I have no idea, Fatima.”

“Then I shall show you.” Fatima beckoned the naked Ulima to come to where she and the Sultan sat.

“Come closer to your Master, Ulima, that he may caress your wonderful breasts. Take one in your hands, Hussein, and kiss the delightful object. You know you wanted to do such a thing ever since your eyes beheld them.”

The red-tipped nipple of Ulima breasts being sucked in her Masters mouth tasted like succulent cherries. Fruit never tasted so sweet.

Fatima watched all being enacted in front of her. The plan had gone well so far.

It was time now. “Ulima, kneel before the Sultan.” This she did as Hussein sat on his throne Fatima rose from hers and took Ulima’s breasts in her hands and parted them. “Come, my husband and place your penis between the wonderful breasts of Ulima. You are about to taste what no woman in this harem has ever given you before.”

Hussein pressed his member into the deep valley of Ulima’s breasts. As he did so, Fatima squeezed Ulima breasts together. “You hold them there tight while my husband takes his pleasure.”

Fatima went back to her throne to watch this marvellous sight. And marvellous it was.

With Hussein’s penis held there, Ulima bent her downwards to kiss the purple-headed dome of her Master’s member. The Sultan welcomed this turn of affairs and the little eye of his member was leaking a white liquid.

Ulima slightly released the hold she had on her breasts which allowed the Sultan’s erection to move

between her breasts. He vigourously rubbed the erection between them. Sometimes Ulima would tighten her grip on the breasts which only added to the excitement and thrill of

both of the participants.

This intercourse between women's breasts was a new experience for Hussein the Magnificent. Fatima could always find new sexual delights for him. She was indeed invaluable to the Sultan.

Matters were coming to a head. That could only mean one thing: Hussein was about to climax. He did as white creamy liquid splashed over the face of Ulima. This received a round of applause from all there watching.

A smile of triumph spread across the face of Fatima as she looked at her rival Maysa.

The fun and excitement being over, Selma sought out Maysa who was at that moment leaving the auditorium. Selma didn't hesitate for one minute and came straight out with it. "Maysa, do you think we could get together soon and make love?"

Maysa looked at the young woman, thought for a moment, then answered. "Well, why not sweetheart? Come to my boudoir this very night. I shall be expecting your pretty body in my arms."

With that, Maysa left with a superior smile on her face, this little titbit somewhat taking the taste of the bitter pill of the devious Fatima away.

For Selma, the meeting with Maysa had been easier than she thought but then the crafty Fatima had set everything up for her. Maysa had been caught at her most vulnerable point as she watched the display

between the Sultan and Ulima. She needed something to relieve the tension within her and this Selma would provide it.

## **STRAP-ON DILDO TIME AGAIN**

Selma watched intently in the mirror as she pulled the dildo up her thighs and strapped the sexual instrument tightly to her. This would be the first time she would actually be using such a thing instead of when Fatima or Lamis has pushed it up her anus. As Yasmin had once said it was a handy thing to have in the harem and no woman here was without one.

But it reminded Selma that at one time she would not have needed to resort to this artificial penis. Selma had no regrets as to what she was now, a plaything of the women in the Royal Harem. She had a serious job to do for her Mistress but it had a pleasurable side to it. Selma pulled her harem pants up to conceal her man-like sexual silhouette beneath them.

Selma was now in Maysa boudoir and both were sipping wine from silver goblets.

“Please allow me to taste your luscious lips, my goddess Maysa.”

“Surely such a request cannot be denied, pretty little one,” said Maysa as she lowered herself to descend on Selma red-coloured lips with her own plum-coloured ones. Their mouths met and Selma opened hers to let the tongue of Maysa explore



within. This little Selma was what Maysa needed at this time, something she could play with till such time when she could once again lay in some man's arms.

Their lips passionately locked, Selma tongue exploring the inside of Mace's mouth. Maysa's and Selma's breasts pushed against each other's so that the hardened nipples could be felt through the material of their dresses.

Selma transferred her hands to between the thighs of Maysa which willingly opened to be explored by her little plaything. To Maysa it seemed Selma just knew how to pleasure her. Maysa's clitoris was now standing stiff from the attention it was being given from Selma.

"You deserve more than hands there, Maysa."

"Do I? Then what would you recommend, little Selma?" said Maysa, curious to know what her little plaything would do.

"Why don't you take my harem pants off, my idol?"

Soon the hands of Maysa were pulling down the white harem pants to reveal the black dildo strapped between the legs of Selma. At the sight of such a thing, Maysa's heart missed a beat. True, it was not the real live throbbing member of a man but it was the nearest she would get at this moment and by God she needed that at present.

"You give the sweetest of surprises, darling, just what I need to gratify my lust."

"Then lust no more, just lie there and let it happen to your delight. I would like nothing better than to see

my love wriggle and squirm to the ministrations of this instrument of sexual delight.”

To Selma, the notion of putting the dildo in Maysa anus had never entered her mind. No doubt the Sultan had reserved that entrance for his own pleasures.

It was in and Maysa’s hands were now holding Selma tightly to her, not letting her go, not that Selma wanted to let go. Maysa rose to receive the wonderful invader that was putting her in heaven. She just couldn’t get enough of it. She bucked, wriggled, and jerked at each thrust Selma made into her pussy. Finally she fell exhausted on the bed.

Selma was tired but she knew she mustn’t stop. This woman on the bed had a need for her. This was where she took command of Maysa.

“Roll over on your tummy for I haven’t finished with you by any means.”

The exhausted Maysa was pushed by Selma into position with her backdoor uppermost. Selma wasted no time and the dildo was quickly pushed up that entrance by the agile Selma.

“You like that, don’t you, Maysa. Just think how better it could be if a real man was actually doing it and how much more pleasurable that would be to you.”

At last Selma pulled the dildo out from between the bottom cheeks of Maysa and left her there, exhausted and falling asleep. Selma knew she would be in Maysa’s bed again ...often.

Selma reported to Fatima what had transpired between the sheets with Maysa.

“You have done well, my precious one. I will see you are not forgotten for your services to your Mistress. Now is the time to set a trap for that viper Maysa. She hungers for a man between her legs? Then she shall have one. Not my husband but that will not matter to her. We will procure such a man for her which will be her downfall.”

“Mistress, but how, as no man is allowed within these walls of the Royal Harem?”

“Precisely, Selma. As for how, that is my worry. Yours is to persuade her, not a hard task I should think for a man-mad Maysa.”

Selma did not realise that to any man caught within the harem, it meant death. Any woman caught with a man other than the Sultan would suffer a public whipping and stoning. Selma was now caught up in the internal politics of the harem.

It was one night after their sexual coming together and resting that Selma made a suggestion to Maysa.

“While I love you, Maysa, I am not blind that I am but a substitute to that which you really want in your bedchamber, a man. I cannot give that pleasure. It hurts me to say so but seeing you happy makes me happy too.”

“What you say is correct, my Selma, but you are an innocent one. The person who can provide such is the Sultan. His bed is occupied by Fatima the slut and she is deliberately sleeping there with Hussein so that I cannot be in the Royal bed.”

“That is perfectly true, Maysa, however there are other men, are there not?”

Maysa looked curiously at Selma. “Millions of them in this world but just how do you think I would be allowed near them, Selma?”

“I am not so stupid as you may think, Maysa. I have my connections. If I did procure such a man and brought him to your boudoir, I take it you would not reject him?”

“No indeed and I should forever be in your debt.”

Conversation ended, Selma wondered how Fatima would get her out of this promise to Maysa?

\*\*\*

Although no man was allowed in the harem, Fatima had her connections with the outside world. At present she was within the quarters of Amal, Grand Treasurer to the Sultan.

“Amal, I wish a great favour from you for which I will reward you well.”

Amal knew from past experience with Fatima that meant riches beyond compare.

“But of course. If I can be of any service to the Sultana, I surely will. I am as always the faithful servant to you and the Sultan.”

“I am so glad to see that you are loyal to me, Amal. You always keep your ear close to the ground. Tell me for there is no need for secrecy between us, who within these Royal walls desire those whom the Sultan keeps in his harem?”

“That is dangerous knowledge, Fatima however I can confide in you, can't I?”

“But of course, Amal. Have I ever betrayed you in the past.”

Amal smiled at this reassurance. “There are a number of men within the Royal Palace who desire those in the Sultan’s Royal Harem. As they say, forbidden fruit tastes the best. Some would risk their very live to taste that fruit.”

“That is interesting information, Amal. Would it matter which of the women they had in a sexual way?”

“To most I don’t think it would matter but what you suggest is but a dream. As a matter of interest, what have you in mind?”

“This is no dream. It will happen. Just tell me the man most likely to risk all.”

Amal knew the devious way Fatima’s mind worked. “I know you, Fatima. Whoever this woman may be, that man will have his dream come true.”

“Maysa is the woman he will have.”

“Maysa!” said Amal in complete surprise. “Many men here would be first in line for that privilege. But as you very well know, any man who does is dicing with death.”

“His life is expendable, that matters little.”

“If you are not worried about him, Maysa is the one you are targeting. She has always been a thorn in your side.”

“Yes but that need not concern you, Amal. Just supply the man and I will get him in the harem past the eunuchs.”

“Dr. Weiss, I need you to examine me in the harem for I am ill.”

“Are you, Fatima? Why go to all that trouble when you are here in front of me?”

Fatima smiled. “Then just give me your white coat and stethoscope and ask no questions. Oh, I think I have accidentally lost a diamond and ruby ring,” said Fatima, taking said ring from her finger and placing it on the table beside Dr. Weiss.

“Oh, so you have,” the doctor said, taking the ring and placing it in his pocket.

Fatima congratulated herself. Everything was set up nicely to trap that snake in the grass. Fatima could now convey to Selma that she had procured a man for Maysa.

\*\*\*

“Mistress, I have done what I said I would. I have a man for you tomorrow night. I will escort him to your bed chamber. All you have to do is lie there in bed naked, looking sexy for him,” finished Selma.

Selma received a big passionate kiss from Maysa. “You have done well and I will reward you after.”

The following night Selma was beside the two eunuchs Ali and Kasim at the entrance to the harem.

“Ah, here he comes. I shall escort Dr. Weiss to the Sultana for she is very ill. Come quickly, doctor.”

A man in a white coat with the collar turned up and a stethoscope round his neck was seen hurriedly

coming towards the eunuchs. Their scimitars quickly lowered to allow him to enter the harem.

“This way, Doctor.” Selma said, taking the man’s arm and going towards Maysa’s boudoir. Maysa lay naked seductively on her bed, holding her hands out to seduce the man.

“I shall leave you, Mistress,” said Selma and was gone. It was always part of Fatima plan to let Maysa and Zaid—for that was the man’s name—enjoy a false sense of security for a few nights, then strike when they were least expecting it. Fatima was going to revel in the glory of Maysa’s downfall. Selma was to play a large part in that.

It had become common knowledge that Fatima was ill, in the harem but also in the palace. She no longer occupied the Sultan’s bed and he visited her within the harem.

“It is my duty to be among my women in the harem, Hussein, even if I am ill for I so love them. Dr. Weiss visits me every day and I am sure I am slowly getting better,” was the story Fatima spun to her husband. It was now time to dispose of Maysa from the Royal Harem.

Selma, as usual, had met Zaid at the harem entrance and taken him to Maysa’s boudoir.

When leaving the door to Maysa’s boudoir, Selma let out a piercing scream. “Help! Help! There is a man in the harem. What will I do?”

Selma’s screaming attracted the attention of the eunuchs who rushed into Maysa’s boudoir, seized Zaid and killed him. Maysa was taken out the room and brought before Hussein the Magnificent. No

woman in his harem may be harmed without his permission.

“Throw her in jail till I think about her punishment.”

Fatima made a remarkable recovery and was now beside the Sultan.

“What do you intend to do with this woman, Hussein. An example must be made of her.”

“I do not know, Fatima. What would you suggest?”

“Well, among your people, an unfaithful wife is beaten and stoned. Being a Royal wife is no excuse. Out there in the public square is the whipping post where all unfaithful wives are put and whipped. She is no different from the rest. She cannot remain in the harem lest she taint the others. The slave market is where she should be placed after her whipping.”

“Wise words, my Sultana. It shall be done in front of all my people and especially in front of those in the Royal Harem lest they get ideas, then she shall be sold as you recommend.”

Fatima was greatly pleased at the outcome for it showed what would happen to any within the Royal Harem who would dare to try to oust her as Sultana.

As at the execution of Asad, all within the harem were now seated in the grandstand, awaiting the flogging of Maysa. Selma was seated in the favoured position beside Fatima. “You have done well, little one. It is fitting that I have chosen you beside me to see this snake in the grass Maysa flogged.”

Just then, Hussein emerged from the Royal Place and stood at the flogging post.

“Bring this woman Maysa from the prison and tie her to the post.”

Soon a struggling Maysa was between two muscular guards. There was no chance of her freeing herself. Despite her protests, she was soon blindfolded and tied, naked, to the whipping post for the crowd to watch.

Maysa’s back was on display to all as she faced the whipping post. The two muscular guards had long whips in their hand, waiting for orders from their Master Hussein.

Then he spoke. “Is it the wish of my people that this unfaithful wife should receive what she justly deserves?”

“Yes, yes, beat the unfaithful wife as all husbands should do!”

“Then if that is the will of my people, it shall be done. Jailers, whip this vile unfaithful wife till I am satisfied that she will repent. After that, she will be taken to the slave market and sold. You may begin.”

The men pulled their large leather whips back to start the whipping. The thongs of each whip landed on the back of Maysa, leaving red stripe marks on her skin. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Selma looked at Fatima taking delight at each stroke on Maysa’s white flesh. And yet she was not satisfied. How she itched to take a whip from one of the men and furiously whip Maysa for her insolence in daring to take her place as the Sultana and Mother of the Harem. For that, she could never be forgiven. All Fatima could do was watch.

Eventually it was over. An unconscious Maysa was released from the whipping post and taken back to jail.

When it was known that Maysa was to be sold in the slave market, it aroused much interest for a woman from Hussein the Magnificent's harem was never known to have been sold before.

Buyers came from all parts of the Middle East on the day when Maysa came up to be sold.

There she stood in her white diaphanous harem pants and bra in front of a multitude of people.

The slave auctioneer stood before her. "Who would like to feel the softness of Maysa's skin before we start the bidding for this luscious specimen of womanhood? She will wash and clean your home, then at night she will wait to give you delicious delight in your bed. This is one woman you must have."

Many people took up the offer of the auctioneer and Maysa's body was felt all over. Then the auction started. Thousands upon thousands of dinar were bidden. Finally the auctioneer stopped. "Sold to the highest bidder."

Maysa taken from the slave market; she didn't know who had bought her. The person who bought Maysa was not there; someone else had done the bidding on their behalf.

It was a long ride on a camel over the hot desert sands. Weeks later, Maysa found herself before her new owner. She was told to prostrate herself before this new owner.

Then the sound of a woman's voice came to her. "She will make a welcome addition to my harem."

Maysa realised she had been sold to a woman, a Sultana who kept a harem of women for her own sexual purposes. There was no chance of Maysa seeing a man or being near one. The only sex Maysa would ever have was with a woman, then more women, which she would have to get used to.

## **THE DANCE OF SEX**

“Selma will dance for the Sultan when he visits his harem tomorrow, Nadira.” Nadira knew it was useless to argue with Fatima; what she said was law in the Royal Harem. Selma had improved much since she first came into her hands but Nadira would have liked a little longer before releasing Selma on the Sultan.

“As you wish, Fatima. She will be dressed in the finest of silk, satin, and lace and will be rehearsed night and day. Then in a most enticing sexual dance, she will perform before our Master Hussein.

“I do hope so, Nadira, for I want to see an erection from my husband. For that you will be well rewarded.”

It was not a happy Nadira who put Selma through her paces that day and night. Selma found she was being shouted at again; that hadn't happened since she first came to Nadira all those months ago.

It was actually Fatima who calmed Selma down. “You will do well, little one. Dance as you have never danced before for riches beyond compare will be showered on you by my husband. If you can fool Maysa, then you have the ability to dance to perfec-

tion,” Fatima ended, kissing Selma in a motherly way on the cheek.

\*\*\*

Nadira brought her troupe of belly dancers to perform for the Sultan. When they finished, she clapped her hands. “If it pleases you, my Master Hussein the Magnificent, I have kept the best of my dancers till last. I give you Selma.”

With a build-up like that, how could Selma let her dance teacher down?

There was silence as Selma appeared and walked to the centre of auditorium. The silence was broken as a jingle jangle was heard from the many bells that were on her body. Dressed in a two-piece belly dancer costume, Selma took up her pose to begin the dance.

The costume in chiffon turquoise was truly fantastic and the likes of which Selma had never worn before. At the top was an Arabesque metal head piece with coins and precious jewels hanging from her forehead. Below she wore a turquoise yashmak covering the face except for her sparkling eyes of blue. On her pierced ears dangled silver bell-type earrings which tinkled with every movement of her head. Round the slim neck of Selma was a Victorian teardrop choker with loops and precious beads. Below that was the turquoise brassiere embellished with jewels of ruby and diamonds. At her belly button a turquoise jewel was tightly fitted that it would never come loose as she performed her erotic dance.

At the top of her harem pants was a velvet hip scarf of turquoise with coins fringe and tassels of many colours. Then there was the beauty of the turquoise chiffon diaphanous harem pants sprinkled with

sparkling sequins of all colours. The harem pants were taut above the ankle and stopped there. On each ankle was a leather strap to which was attached four bells equally spaced apart, from which ringing sounds were heard as she moved.

Selma was barefooted with bells attached to each toe. Selma used finger cymbals to highlight certain passages of her dance.

Selma stood perfectly still, waiting for the all-woman band to start the music. Selma was nervous for she was about to perform for her Master the Sultan. This was her big moment. She must dance as she has never done before for her teacher Nadira but also for the Mother of the Harem.

The music started at a medium pace. Selma's abdomen muscles undulated like ripples on water while she stood on the spot. This lasted for some considerable time. Hussein was hypnotised by her movements and Fatima could see there was an erection growing in his baggy trousers. Being the dutiful wife, Fatima unloosened her husband's trousers to let his erection come free. To add to the Sultan's growing excitement at this sexual dance being performed by Selma, the Sultana helped matters along by masturbating her husband.

Now came slower beats on the drums as Selma's movements slowed in response. Her hands were held out towards Hussein, slowly coming back to her body as if inviting him to come closer. Hussein the Magnificent wanted her, of that there is no doubt. Fatima whispered, "Not yet. I will tell you when," for Fatima liked to be in control at all times.

All Hussein could do was watch as Selma went into slow gyrations with her abdomen while she stood still

The erotic belly dance had taken some considerable time; its climax was about to come. Once again the pace quickened and the sound of finger cymbals and ankle bells became louder as Selma moved her feet faster over the carpeted floor. Selma was in a frenzy, whirling round the carpeted floor finally the exhausted belly dancer fell to the floor head downward, not daring to look at her Master the Sultan.

Fatima released her hold on her husband's penis. "Now."

Hussein wasted no time making for the kneeling Selma. Her harem pants were quickly removed by Hussein. She felt something hard against the entrance to her anus. Hussein wasted no time and forced his penis all the way up that small tight cavern. Thanks to Fatima, Selma felt no pain. She was enjoying the pleasure her Master was providing for her. She moaned in pure ecstasy.

Fatima keenly watched all before her. Lamis and Yasmin would occupy her bed that night. There was no use thinking of Selma as the Sultan will no doubt have her in the Royal bed for some considerable time. But Selma was a delight Fatima could look forward to in the future.

Hussein had Selma's delicious breasts in his hands while everyone watched in silence. Then someone cheered the pair to greater heights of sexual desire and all joined in. It reminded Selma of when she was Jim Lambert and his shipmates watched on as he fucked old Sally. Now she was the one that was being fucked, by a Sultan no less.

Finally Hussein the Magnificent came and the anus of Selma was flooded by the semen of her Master. She had been laid by a man and not for the last

time for Hussein had taken a fancy of this castrated woman.

\*\*\*

Selma enjoyed the fact that she had been taken by a man and hungered for more. The Sultan installed her in an adjoining room to the Royal bedchamber. However while Hussein took his delights with her, Hussein also dallied with Ulima, she of the big breasts. His sexual appetite was enormous. Selma many times had to endure watching Hussein play with Ulima's breasts. Then he would tire of them and it was her turn to be buggered.

Fatima said to Selma, "Enjoy yourself with my husband while you can for he will soon find another plaything. All that is left is to come back to the harem and have your pleasure with the women."

It was not an unpleasant thought to imagine lying with Yasmin or Lamis or even the Mother of the Harem. However there were things that she just *had* to experience with a man. While a natural woman had three opening in her body a man could penetrate his member, she had but two. One had already been penetrated; that left her mouth. What would it be like to take the Sultan's member in her own mouth. This would be her only opportunity for there was no chance Selma would ever be permitted that with another man. Maysa was proof of that.

Fatima listened to her and made a suggestion.

"I shall shortly be leaving on a mission to procure another woman for the Royal Harem. I would suggest that you leave this act of fellatio till I am gone. It will hold Hussein's interest in you all the longer. I would rather that he is preoccupied with you than some of

my rivals for the position of Sultana. I confess that concern has somewhat diminished since you helped me get rid of Maysa.”

It would not be hard for Selma to seduce the Sultan with one of her belly dance routines. Her body swayed and gyrated seductively; the undulation of Selma’s abdomen was a sight to behold for Hussein. Selma noticed an erection was beginning to appear on her master. As Fatima was gone, Selma wasted no time in freeing Hussein’s erection from where it was confined in his baggy pants.

Selma admired the long, fat, and stiff member in her hands; this was what she wanted between her soft lips. At the same time was a little bit apprehensive lest she would choke on it. However her desire conquered all her fears and, gingerly, it entered between her red lipstick lips. Hussein had his hands behind her head and she couldn’t pull back. Selma set about licking along the surface of the stiff member of her Master. From the heavy breathing above her as she knelt before the Sultan, she knew he was in heaven. In time Hussein would explode in her mouth. Was she prepared for such? It mattered not for there was nothing Selma could do.

So this was how it was for a woman, thought Selma. She had not been forced; she had done it willingly. It felt pleasant, maybe it was different for some woman who had a penis forced down her throat. Again she remembered old Sally who had taken her cock when she was Jim Lambert. If it was good enough for her, it was good enough for Selma.

Selma looked upwards from where she knelt at the Sultan’s feet. He had shut his eyes as if mesmerised by what she was doing to him. This acted as a warning to Selma that her Master would soon cum and ex-

plode in her mouth. There was nothing she could do but let it all happen.

Happen it did and in retrospect it wasn't as bad as she thought; in fact she rather liked it. She may as well make the most of it for as Fatima said, Hussein may have another in his bed at any time.

\*\*\*

In time, Fatima returned with her prize for Hussein that signalled the end of Selma in the Royal bedchamber, at least for the time being. So it was back to her boudoir for Selma.

Nadira was always proud when a member of her belly dancing troupe had enticed the Sultan which resulted in sex. She always took the girl to her boudoir and bed.

The fact that Selma had occupied the Sultan's bed till now did not mean she was excused from rehearsals with Nadira and the rest of the troupe. It was there that Nadira told her one day that she was going to visit her that night in her boudoir. Selma, no longer the innocent she once was, knew all about Nadira and her going on with the girls in the troupe.

Later that night Selma was admitted to Nadira's boudoir, Selma dressed in the finest silk and satin. Nadira reclined on her chaise lounge equally dressed in the finest of silks and satin.

"Sit beside me, my dear. How delightfully you are attired tonight. I am more than pleased with how much the Sultan was attracted to you with that dance. You may kiss my cheek."



“I’ll do more than that, Nadira,” said the bold Selma, pulling aside the split dress she wore to reveal a strapped dildo.

“Now get on your hands and knees at once on that chaise lounge. You are about to get fucked by a no-longer-innocent novice like I was when I first entered this boudoir. It is me who will be the aggressor. Remember that morning you lost your temper with me and went into the routine of the dance I was to learn? Then how is this?”

Selma went into her own erotic interpretation of the belly dance. Nadira was enticed and reached out to grab Selma.

“I said on your hands and knees. All you are permitted to do is watch!” came from the highly painted lips of Selma.

Selma’s interpretation of the erotic dance involved an imitation of the male member strapped in front of her. It was usually Nadira that did all the enticing but now the tables were turned. It was she who would have to prostrate her body and grovel, even plead to her once-pupil.

Selma would of course have sex with her once teacher but there was a lesson to be learned by Nadira. Selma had not forgot the stinging cane of Nadira on her backside. Nadira was about to have a taste of her own medicine. After her erotic dance, Selma made for the cupboard where she knew Nadira kept her cane.

“Keep your head well down and do not move. You are about to receive that which many of the troupe have received from your hands, Nadira.”

Oh, the shame of it, thought Nadira. At her age, one of her younger pupils was about to cane her. And she was worried about the Mother of the Harem doing such. Nadira had not any time to think further as the first lash descended on her backside. "Ow, that was sore," came from her sweet lips.

"You should have thought of that when I received such from you, Nadira," said Selma, unconcerned as she relentlessly continued the chastisement of her once-teacher. Eventually Selma stopped as she watched a sobbing Nadira.

"Don't you dare move a muscle!" said as Selma, now on the chaise lounge behind Nadira, prepared to enter the dildo within her backdoor. The nether region which Selma hoped had never been entered before.

As luck would have it, she was right.

"That hurts!"

"Not me, Nadira. I'm loving every minute of this ride. We must do it again!" Not that Selma was about to stop just yet. She had had a dildo many times in her anus, it was great to be able to do it to someone else. She even kissed the backside of her old teacher to let her know it was she who was in control.

"Come on!" urged Selma, "raise that derriere higher. I want every inch of this strap-on inside you." By the time Selma finished with her plaything, Nadira was exhausted, humiliated, and humbled. Selma has taught her a lesson.

Selma finished adjusted her dress, concealing the dildo once more.

“I’ll be back, never fear. There are plenty of dildo games to explore. We’ve only begun.” So saying, Selma left the exhausted Nadira.

## **FRANCI THE UNUSUAL**

The arrival of Selma had not gone unnoticed by one Franci, a European originally born male. She had kept a keen eye on the petite Selma. Franci had been castrated like others who entered the Royal Harem and dressed in women’s clothes. She had always been a favourite of the Sultan and was seen regularly in the Royal bedchamber. Franci was a sort of cult figure among some of the women within the harem. Within the harem, Franci had a faithful band of followers who would do anything she commanded.

“Suzette my beloved, I think it is time that young Selma is initiated into our circle, don’t you?”

“Yes Franci, whatever you say.” Suzette, Number One lover of Franci and devoted to her, would do whatever she was told. “What is it you wish should be done with Selma?”

“First, we should devise a plan to bring her within our circle for I do desire her.”

Suzette was a bit disappointed that another would find herself in Franci’s bed but then there were so many. Franci had something that no other in the harem possessed. Suzanne couldn’t blame the women once they discovered the secret that concealed behind her skirts.

“What do you suggest that would lure Selma for as you know, she cannot refuse any woman here? Fatima has Alma locked in her room. When will she be let out?”

“That matters not to me, Suzette. I am sure Fatima has some ingenious plan in her mind. I think a woman like Alma who has said she won’t have sex with her own kind may have had a change of mind by now. What do you think is going to happen once she is set loose in the harem with only women present?”

“Fatima is a devious woman indeed, Franci.”

“Of course she is but that gets me no nearer to her little pet Selma. I do desire the little darling. Think hard, Suzette.”

Suzette did think hard for she wanted to remain a favourite with Franci. She knew what Franci had under her skirts and, like so many others, wanted it.

Selma had just finished a performance of the belly dance for her master Sultan Hussein who rewarded her with a set of silver earrings. He ordered her to give a private performance that night in the Royal bed-chamber. Selma knew she could not refuse.

Suzette approached her. “Selma, could I have a word in private?”

Suzette was a woman Selma had not much to do with. She had seen her many times in the harem, usually with Franci, someone else she knew nothing about.

“Of course, Suzette. Why don’t you come to my boudoir later tonight? We could share a meal together.”

Later that night the two were talking and laughing together as they sipped wine. Selma considered Suzette good company. They seemed to get on well.

“Tell me, Suzette, what did you wish to see me about?”

“Selma, you have now been in the Royal Harem for some time and have seen many things.”

“This is true. My Mistress has overthrown Maysa the viper. If I am honest, I played a part in her downfall. Those that would have raped me have been dealt with by our Master the Sultan. Why do you ask, my friend?”

“Do you know anything of Franci?”

“No, I can’t say I do except that many women here in the harem hang around her and that includes you, Suzette.”

“Have you ever wondered why so many of us here in the harem do? If so, wonder no more for I am here to extend an invitation on her behalf for a personal meeting with her.”

“A personal meeting, Suzette?”

“Let us not beat about the bush, Selma. We are all women of the world in the harem. I am sure you have witnessed many intimacies or taken part in such. It is common knowledge what takes place in the harem and we all turn a blind eye to who sleeps with whom. With Franci, if you are curious, you could receive a surprise. No more will I say.”

Selma considered this offer and why not? She had had sex with Fatima, Lamis, Yasmin, Maysa, and

Nadira her belly dancing teacher. Suzette met no resistance to her offer and all was arranged.

Selma confided with the Mother of the Harem about what Suzette had suggested.

“Do as you please, Selma. At one time I did consider Franci a danger to me. Not now however for she can never be the Sultana. Nor can you, my dear. You are both just concubines of Hussein. Favourites but nothing else. Being with Franci will be an experience, Selma.”

“Everybody says that, Fatima, but nobody tells me why.”

“And neither will I,” Fatima said with a laugh and twinkle in her eye.

Incense filled the air within Franci’s boudoir as Selma entered.

“Sit, my precious and partake of wine that we may make merry. I must declare that your beautiful body is uppermost of my desires.”

“There’s no drawing back with this one,” thought Selma, “she gets straight to the point.” There seemed no better time than now to find what the secret could be.

“I shall be most delighted to drink wine with you, Franci, but where is Suzette?”

“I have sent her away tonight for she is of no importance to that in which we will engage later.” Franci rose and poured two goblets out of the flagon containing the wine. She handed one to Selma and sat with the other one, sipping as they conversed.

“Tell me, Selma, what do you know of me?”

“Nothing. I find it curious as to why so many women here in the harem seem to follow you.”

“Let me tell you of how I came to be in the Royal Harem. I was abducted like you were many years ago. Believe it or not I was a sergeant in the French Foreign Legion. It was a most daring raid and well-planned I must admit. Fatima wanted me for she had seen me before and considered me suitable for the Royal Harem. The raid was successful and I landed in the harem. I was not as yet castrated; that would happen here in the harem. The doctor then was not Dr. Weiss. If it had been, the castration would have been a success. The man was a butcher. Instead of completely removing my penis, a stump was left. Enough to have intercourse with those women within the harem. As you know, many women here are neglected by our master for months, years. On finding out that what I possessed was barely enough to satisfy their needs, I became very popular. So, Selma, I am happy with those who follow me for I am never without a woman.”

The story of Franci had fired the imagination of Selma. She must see for herself that which the skirts of Franci had hidden beneath.

Selma put a probing hand underneath Franci's skirt to no resistance. This was what Franci wanted. Selma found a projection pushing out from her knickers. Selma realised why so many women in the harem hung around Franci.

Franci's mind was going in the same direction as the castrated woman beside her. It didn't take long for both to become naked and lie on Franci's bed. Although Franci had but a stump she knew how to use

that to perfection better than the Sultan did with what he had between his legs.

Selma was to offer her anus many times that night to receive that stump. It would be no lie to say Selma was in pure ecstasy receiving that stump time after time in her nether regions and she encouraged it with hands and mouth to an erection. For her part, Franci was more than satisfied with the pleasures Selma provided her.

Morning saw both at it again as Franci had little Selma on all fours and she up Selma's backdoor again. This was to be the first of many times Selma came to Franci to receive her backdoor filled.

Selma was beginning to share many beds in the Royal Harem. She was in great demand but her heart was always with the Mother of the Harem and Fatima knew it. She would spoil her little pet, giving her precious jewels and clothes made of the finest silks satins and lace.

## **HOKKAH PARTIES**

One day Fatima asked Selma, "Have you ever smoked a hookah?"

"No, Mother of the Harem, I have heard of such but it remains a mystery to me."

"Tonight it will remain a mystery no more for you will be at a hookah party in my quarters where you will be instructed in the delights of such."

Selma entered the magnificent quarters of Fatima where servants of her mistress took her by the hand to the room that had been prepared for this hookah party.

“Ah, there you are, my sweet.” There, sitting cross-legged on the carpeted floor, were Lamis, Yasmin, and her belly dancing teacher Nadira.

“Sit beside them and make yourself comfortable, my pet.” Fatima clapped her hands and two of her servants entered with a large hookah between them. This was placed in the centre of the floor and the servants retired.

“Gather round in a circle, my women” Fatima said. This was done with the large hookah in the centre.

“Observe, Selma, the hookah has five hoses leading from it, one of which each of us will take. I will now place this fruit-flavoured tobacco at the top in this bowl. Put charcoal there and I shall light it.” This Fatima did. “It will take a little while till all gets going. Once it does, smoke will pass through the water below. This will cool it, then we can inhale the smoke.”

It seemed everyone had done this many times in the past and were experts at it. After a while, Selma became lightheaded with the inhaling of so much smoke. The others there laughed at her inexperience.

“Don’t worry, pet, you’ll get used to it in time,” said Sultana Fatima. Selma found herself a regular at her Mistress’ hookah parties. The tobacco was apple-flavoured and tasted nice however Selma was to find out that there were other substances that would be smoked in a hookah within the harem.

After a session of hookah smoking, there seemed to be a lot of sex, not that Selma minded. All there had had sexual encounters with Selma at some time.

Fatima had decided now was the time that Alma would be released from the confinement of her room after months of imprisonment. She had decided from the daily reports that the women who were assigned to guard her had given Fatima.

Alma had tried to entice them into her bed but Fatima had given strict instructions this was never to be encouraged under threats of a public whipping.

A “special” hookah party would be held at the release of Alma, within Fatima’s quarters. Lamis and Yasmin were informed as to how the form of this party would be. Both were to comply with their Mistress’ plans.

Fatima decided that apart from Lamis and Yasmin, only Selma and Franci would be present; although she knew Franci could never be the Sultana, it did no harm to be on friendly terms with her.

Only Fatima, Lamis and Yasmin were aware that it would not be tobacco but marihuana in the hookah.

Fatima personally informed Alma of her release and that she would partake in a hookah party. Alma was only too glad to agree to this having been shut up for months. It had crossed her mind that she must perform some sort of sex act for the benefit of those who would be watching her movements when she was let loose, particularly Fatima.

“Alma you are on trial. If you fail, you will be condemned to a life on your own in your room without men or women for company,” finished Fatima.

The night arrived and Alma, suitably dressed, was taken to the Sultana's magnificent living quarters. Fatima greeted the woman with a kiss on the lips. Alma eagerly accepted the offer and passionately returned it, having been starved of any such familiarity with anyone, male or female. This was followed by the same from all present within the dining room; Lamis, Yasmin, Franci, and Selma. That was but an appetiser for the events which would follow.

Food was served before the hookah party. Wine flowed freely to prepare all for the sexual activities to come.

"My ladies, come," said Fatima, taking the hand of Alma and leading her into the room that had been set aside for the party. There in the middle stood the hookah on top of the colourful Persian carpet floor.

"Be seated, ladies. Alma, you shall sit at my side." All sat cross-legged on the carpet floor. Fatima placed hashish in the bowl at the top of the hookah and lit the charcoal burner.

Selma of course did not know this was hash and placed her hose in her mouth inhaled as she had done in the past.

"Come on, my little darling, deeper breaths. Is that not a nice feeling?" said Selma's Mistress with encouragement. Selma's eyes were reddening and her heart was pumping faster. Selma was feeling as if she could walk on air. Everything was so wonderful.

Everyone had been smoking for about half an hour. Fatima suggested that it was time to dispose of their clothes and liven things up. No resistance to that suggestion was forthcoming.

“About time! I’m going to feast myself on your delicious tits, Mother of the Harem. All turned their eyes to the person this suggestion came from. It was none other than the woman who said she would never have sex with her own kind, Alma.

“Help yourself, my friend. My breasts wait for your luscious lips on them.” Fatima offered her right breast to be greedily and noisily sucked by Alma, much to Fatima’s satisfaction. Fatima was not the only person there in that room receiving satisfaction; by now everyone was as high as a kite.

Lamis and Yasmin were indulging noisily in a 69. Franci lost no time in putting her stump once more in Selma’s backdoor.

Fatima, who was more in control of herself than the others, whispered in Alma ear,

“You will encourage all in this room to have sex in any way they may wish with your body. Understand?”

Alma was too far gone to speak but understood what the Mother of the Harem desired her to do.

Fatima knew she had succeeded as she found her pussy being vigorously rubbed by the unstoppable fingers of Alma. This she could enjoy for hours on end. However there were other things on her mind while everyone was in this hypnotic state of hallucinations. Let Alma enjoy herself with everybody here, then everyone would enjoy the body of Alma at the same time that she would be absolutely immersed in sex. Lovely.

Fatima saw Alma in a variety of sexual positions with her favourites. Franci found herself up the rear end of Alma. In her present drug-filled state, she was

not aware of whom her little stump was in. That didn't matter; all she knew was that she was being sexually fulfilled. Alma turned her attention to Lamis. Lamis didn't disappoint as she sucked out Alma's pussy. Lamis' bed partner Alma felt something in her backdoor; she wasn't worried who or what it was, only that she had a good feeling inside her down there.

Fatima looked on the lovely bawdy scene being played out before her and smiled. Alma had almost passed her test, however there was one more hurdle to jump before she received her first class certificate. Selma was more than willing to sport with the Sultana and already had a hand in her willing pussy. Fatima had opened her legs to let her little pet do as she will. Selma needed no encouragement for having been in the Royal Harem for a considerable time, she was no stranger as to what her Mistress desired best.

Fatima decided she must she must stop her little pet as she trolled her fingers through her black pubic hair for she was on the edge of coming.

In their drug-induced state, Fatima could control those in the room. With a clap of her hands, the servants waiting outside entered. Mattresses were laid on the floor around the group and the hookah. A small stool was also placed there.

The hoses that led from the hookah had long been discarded; the hash had served its purpose. All within the room were doped to the eyeballs and knew not what they were doing, except Fatima. Fatima was operating through a haze, barely able to see but some inner conception of what she wanted was guiding her onward. Her voice sounded abnormal to her servants as orders were given to them. Nevertheless Fatima got what she wanted.

Alma found herself being held upside-down by the servants of the Mother of the Harem. She thought she was flying through the air, so far gone was she. The small stool placed in front of her, Lamis was now lying on the carpeted floor. Her legs were wide open as a tempting morsel for Alma to eat. On the stool sat Yasmin at the height of Alma's breasts, ready to suck on them greedily, judging by the expression on her face. Behind Alma was Franci about to put her stump in the anus of the upside-down Alma. At her side was Fatima with a tongue ready to taste the delights of Alma's reversed pussy.

Selma was not left out of the orgy. She would keep her Mistress happy with the strap-on dildo inside the anus of Fatima.

All those complicated sexual positions were happening simultaneously to an upside-down Alma. Every opening in her body was be in action at the same time, filled or used by those of her own sex. What Fatima wanted was that this would give Alma a need for woman and she would never want a man again.

Alma was completely stoned out of her mind. All she knew was that a great happiness was filling her body, the likes of which she had never experienced before. It mattered not who or where it came from. Her breasts began to swell to the delight of Yasmin and Lamis' pussy was receiving a delicious licking from the active tongue of Alma. Franci buried her stump into Alma as far as it would go and felt Alma push her rear end to meet each thrust Franci gave her.

Fatima had the best return of all as her tongue entered the upside-down pussy of Alma and licked the stiff clitoris of the woman. The gang bang of Alma was having wonderful repercussions all over the place. While Alma eventually became exhausted, the users,

or abusers, of her body weren't; they relentlessly carried on their exertions. Franci removed her stump to place it in Fatima's rear end so Selma could have her turn in the backdoor of Alma with the strap-on.

Fatima smiled happily. Alma was being taught a lesson that she would never forget or want to forget. Sex with her own gender was best.

This sex-filled orgy was to last for hours on end. Alma was barely conscious as the perpetrators of her body relentlessly carried on in their sexual enjoyment of her person.

Morning came to see six women splayed all over that drug-filled den of iniquity. Fatima grabbed the sleeping form of Alma, woke the others up, and the whole thing started once more. The only thing that changed was who was doing what to which part of Alma. Lamis transferred her attention to the breast, Yasmin wanted her pussy sucked out and Fatima had a strap-on which she quickly entered in the rear passage of the one she wanted debauched.

Franci had entered the Sultana's backdoor; this left Alma's pussy free for Selma to

arouse her clit and take pleasure in licking Alma out. Every opening in Alma's body was experienced by one of the Sultana's favourites. As the days and months went on, Alma was to fill the beds of Fatima and her favourites.

Fatima had triumphed once more and Alma became a plaything for the Mother of the Harem. Franci, instead of being an adversary, was now a staunch ally. The snake in the grass Maysa was exiled forever.

Fatima was feeling happy. She had other things up her sleeve that would strengthen her position as Sultana and Mother of the Harem.

Fatima had always said Lamis and Yasmin were destined for higher things ever since Selma was abducted. Both were to become wives of the Sultan; Fatima arranged that. It would suit her plans to have them occupying the Royal bed and keeping others away who may have plans to usurp her.

Yasmin and Lamis would combine forces and Sultan Hussein the Magnificent would find both in his Royal bed at the same time, encouraging his lust. Hussein had never had two of his women at the same time in his bed. As he finished with one, the other would be coaxing his member to hardness once more. It was all driving him crazy with lust and desire for these women. This was exactly what Fatima wanted; spies in the Royal bed keeping her would-be rivals at bay. She knew both Lamis and Yasmin were loyal to her.

\*\*\*

The years passed on for Selma. This had become her life, Jim Lambert completely forgotten. She would never want to go back to that life again. It was a hard life onboard ship, while here in the harem she was pampered with precious jewels and soft clothes of the finest satin, silk, and lace. True, she had to work as a belly dancer but she liked to please her Master the Sultan who showered her with diamonds and rubies.

One day the Mother of the Harem requested Selma to come to her quarters.

“Yes Fatima, what is it you desire of me, your humble servant?”

“It is many years since you first arrived at the Royal Harem as a frightened young woman not knowing what your fate would be. You took your lashings and whippings and never complained. You were a great help in the downfall of Maysa for which I shall be ever grateful.”

“Yes, Fatima.”

“I may be a strict woman at times and have whipped you. Whatever I may be, I am always loyal to those who are loyal to me as Lamis and Yasmin can testify. They now reap the rewards as the Sultan lavishes gifts galore on them for their sexual favours as his wife.

“Unfortunately, as a concubine you can never be the wife of your Master the Sultan. However

I do think that you should be rewarded not just as a faithful loyal servant to me but for your skills in the belly dance. I have persuaded Nadira that it is time she retired and let a younger woman take over the belly dancing troupe and train the younger girls in that art. Your expertise in that form of dancing is surpassed by none in this Royal Harem. What is the answer, Selma?”

“Fatima, I am overwhelmed that I should even be considered as Nadira’s replacement. Her shoes will be hard to fill but I will try my best.”

“You will move into a better boudoir with more rooms befitting your status as teacher of the belly dancing troupe. As to what methods you use in training your girls, that is up to you . Move into your new quarters as of now.”

\*\*\*

The status of teacher to the belly dancing troupe put Selma on the same level as her once-teachers Lamis and Yasmin. She was now highly regarded in the harem as one of high rank. Like her previous teachers, Selma was not afraid to beat her pupils and frequently would if she was displeased with some girl.

One day Fatima sent a new girl to her. This girl, Tabina, the Arabic name given to her, was English.

“I had been told to come to you by our Mother of the Harem that I may play the sitar for your delight, Mistress, also because, like you, I was born in England.”

Selma eyed the young fair-headed girl. She was young, maybe even younger than Selma when she first entered the Royal Harem.

“You are pretty. What do they call you?”

The girl blushed. “I have taken the name Tabina, Mistress. Our Mother of the Harem says that I may please you in whatever way you wish and that I have to obey your commands.”

“Indeed, Fatima must always be obeyed for she rules the harem. Has she whipped you, Tabina?”

“Yes Mistress, many times I have felt her lashings on my back.”

“I see and of what gender do you belong, male or female?”

“I was male, however like all males in the Royal Harem, I have been castrated.”

“Has our Master Hussein the Magnificent enjoyed the pleasures of your body?”

“No, I have yet to feel his erection enter within my anus although Fatima has prepared me for such with her dildo, Mistress.”

“Apart from the Sultana have your teachers Lamis and Yasmin already sported with you?”

“Yes Mistress, that is correct.”

“It is my turn now. How is it you play the sitar, a strange instrument for an English person?”

“I learned that skill when my ship visited many ports here in the Middle East. I purchased one such and practised till I was perfect.”

“Then this night during my evening meal, you shall play for me. Then we shall retire to my bedchamber to share in the same delights you experienced with the Mother of the Harem.

As Selma’s servants served the meal that night, she lay back on the Ottoman and relaxed, listening attentively to music coming from the sitar Tabina was playing.

Selma clapped when Tabina completed her performance. “Excellent, Tabina. Have you played for our Master the Sultan yet?”

“No Mistress, I have not had that pleasure.”

“Then I shall inform Fatima of your excellence on the sitar. I am sure your Mistress will arrange a recital with the Sultan.”

“Does that mean I will lay with Sultan, Mistress?”

“I have no doubt after the excellent performance I have heard that you will.”

Selma looked at the frightened girl. “No doubt Fatima has filled your ears with the dimensions of the Sultan’s member. I wouldn’t worry too much about that for the number of times you may visit the Royal bedchamber is limited. You will be received with welcoming arms to your sisters here in the harem for a softer kind of love. I speak from many years of experience within the Royal Harem. Come, it is time we retired to my bedchamber.”

\*\*\*

Selma was to find that the young Tabina’s breasts were well-developed thanks to the manipulations of Yasmin who made no mistakes this time with the cream Dr. Martin Weiss supplied. Tabina responded to the nimble fingers of her Mistress with excitement as her breasts and nipples swelled at Selma’s touch. As far as Selma was concerned, Tabina was going to become a permanent fixture in her quarters and occupy her bed every night. They had so much in common. They were both English and both had been abducted in Marseilles.

Both could no longer say they were male for their members were gone forever. As concubines of Sultan Hussein the Magnificent, they were pampered objects in his Royal Harem. From time to time, they would share his bed as was expected but there were also the ladies in the harem for other sexual delights.

\*\*\*

If anyone asked Selma if she would change her life and start again, the answer would be a resounding no. It was not what she had ever envisioned her life would become when she was a male sailor but as things had turned out, it was everything she could have dreamed of.

The End