

LADIES IN WAITING

January 2003

As Soraya was the senior member of the harem, it was her dubious privilege to be the first to enter the Sheikh's private chamber. Despite the fact that her mature buttocks had taken some degree of punishment over the years, she was still emitting ear-piercing shrieks. The other half dozen female members of the household peered avidly through a metal grille into the adjoining room, which was decorated with rich tapestries and hung with expensive silks.

Their Lord and Master, Sheikh Ali bin Sultan presided over the beating taking place before him. The dark-haired and olive-skinned Soraya was kneeling on silk cushions with her bottom raised high in a position perfect for the thrashing that she was receiving. Three burly, male servants, naked to the waist and wearing snow-white, baggy trousers stood by the handsome ruler, their arms folded and their faces expressionless. A fourth was stoically administering the chastisement. Six pairs of hands tightly held the metal bars dividing the two rooms as the tall, muscular servant raised the thick leather implement, its long tails waving in the air.

Before it landed again, a pretty, blonde-haired girl had turned away from the scene and stifling a yell from her mouth. Zoë had once been a till check-out operator in a Home Counties supermarket, until her fateful holiday in North Africa. There she had met 'this super bloke called Ali - dead handsome and all that.'

Mesmerised by his handsome features - and his not inconsiderable wealth, she

had allowed herself to become one of his 'wives.' As Zoë had said to the friends who had tried to talk her out of it - 'harems aren't what they used to be, are they? Besides, you can clap your hands three times and get divorced, or something like that, can't you? Anyway, it will be a darned sight better than sitting behind that cash register all day.' Just think of all that sunshine! It had not turned out at all like that. She was a virtual prisoner and was only allowed out of the palace with the other wives - and under escort. Her nubile body had sported a better tan after a day out at Brighton!

Zoë was the only blonde girl in the waiting chamber. All were completely naked as they awaited their turn. Sheikh Ali did not seem to mind his servants seeing their feminine features.

'Oh!' Zoë flinched as an arm came around her shoulder. She then relaxed when she realised it belonged to an English speaking Belgian girl, who was the only friend that she had. She told Monique that she was very scared.

'Me, too,' admitted the dark-haired young woman, who was several years older than Zoë. She was sturdily-breasted and very attractive. 'Leila upset the Master in the bedroom this morning, so we all must suffer for her quick tongue.'

Zoë reflected that **she** had shared Ali's bed for several hours the previous night, so the locally-born 'wife' must have been summoned directly after she had left it. What a voracious sexual appetite that man had!

'It's so unfair!' Zoë shuddered as another piercing scream was emitted by Soraya.

Three screams later, a thirty five year old Iranian beauty was brought in, supported by two servants. They let her slump to the tiled floor and motioned towards Leila. Tall, slim, dark-eyed Leila, the cause of the trouble, moistened her lips with the blade of her tongue and allowed herself to be led away into the adjoining chamber. Soraya was fussed over and helped to her feet and led to one of the numerous couches. Moaning and sobbing, she was laid on her stomach.

The utterly despondent Zoë screwed up her eyes as she surveyed the ravages wrought on the olive-skinned backside by the fearsome whip. The entire area of her ample, yet shapely behind was covered in angry red stripes. Stray thongs had also strayed around the tops of her sturdy thighs. Had some strayed between her legs to the soft flesh, Zoë wondered?

'Yeeeeooocchh!' On the other side of the grille, Leila reacted violently to the first swish of the horrific whip, while the British girl shuddered at the sounds. In the waiting chamber, Soraya was receiving sympathy. Her pain-racked body shook as she sobbed her heart out. Some said that she was the Sheikh's favourite. If so, she was received preferential treatment; what was in store for the lesser wives? The cries remained unabated as the flogging continued under the watchful eyes of the ruler.

One of the harem produced an alabaster jar and began to spread the soothing balm it contained over Soraya's ravaged cheeks. Both Zoë and Monique forced themselves to return to the grille. Horrified they watched, as just a few feet away from them, the thick, hide strips were raised. The implement fell with a frightening 'swish' to explode upon Leila's raised

nates. The recipient gave out a shrill yell. Zoë gripped the metal bars until her knuckles showed white under the skin. She turned away in grim dread of what lay in store for her. If only she had listened to her friends back home. Screwing with Alan after a day on the beach in Tunisia had been a different world.

Eventually, Leila was brought back into the waiting chamber, tears coursing down her cheeks. She had to be supported as her knees were sagging. Zoë stared in horror at the girl's bottom. Not one part of it had been untouched by the leather thongs. Like Soraya, her thighs had come in for a deal of attention as well. The tormentor had performed his job well. He had had to, of course; the Quality of mercy appeared to be unknown in the sheikhdom. The guards pointed at another girl of Middle-Eastern origin. Khalina, tall and languid-eyed, posed proudly, thrusting out the polished globes of her breasts. She stood her ground and made the servants go to her, rather than she to them.

As she departed, Zoë's gaze lingered on Khalina's bottom cheeks, which were round and full. Before very long, they would be desecrated by the vicious wheals. The squeals started immediately, sounding for the entire world like a call to prayer sounding from a minaret. The squeals turned to yells and the yells became screams.

It was Monique who set about the task of attending to Khalina's wounded rear. The alabaster jar had been full to begin with. Zoë wondered if there would be any left by the time her turn came. Protocol demanded that as the newest 'wife,' then she would be the last. The other two females of the harem, dark-haired and honey-skinned, walked disconsolately

around the large, airy room, awaiting their turn. Zoë sat down on one of the sofas and put her hands over her ears, wishing she was back behind the till in the supermarket. She did not look up until Monique was taken. She croaked 'Good luck' to her. It sounded so silly, but she could not think of anything else to say.

Zoë took a deep breath and forced herself to return to the grille. Soraya, wincing, joined her. She was, however, smiling. She pinched the blonde girl's right bum cheek and said something which all the other women clearly understood. They laughed; Zoë turned her face away. Apart from Monique, the other 'wives' did not really care for her. They would delight in seeing her thrashed.

In the adjoining, luxurious quarters, Monique was in the process of kneeling down to present her magnificent, creamy orbs to the unmerciful whip.

Swasshhh! Thwacckkk! The leather tails swept around the swelling, plump buttocks of the Belgian girl. Monique gasped, but did not cry out. Zoë looked on with large, frightened eyes. Her stomach was churning with dread. She was joined now also by Leila and Khalina. They watched as stroke after stroke was delivered with painful regularity to the scored and scorched pads of the European girl's behind.

The stoical Belgian 'wife' squirmed, puffed and yelped her way throughout the punishment until, at last, the Sheikh raised his hand for it to cease. Zoë now felt like she had done when she had had to pay visits to the dentist when she had been a young girl. She shivered with fear. The

rest of the harem females were grinning wickedly at her, despite their obviously extremely sore derrieres. There was no love lost. They were probably jealous of her natural blonde hair!

Panting and groaning, Monique was unceremoniously dumped on the ceramic-tiled floor. Her friend's scarlet-whipped behind began to receive its tender and soothing ministrations.

The servants beckoned. Zoë took a big, bosom-heaving breath and went with them. Shivery sparks of something she could not diagnose ran throughout her nubile young body as she entered the private chamber of her Lord and Master. Just a short while earlier, the ruler had been her lover during a night of blazing passion. His deep, dark eyes bore into her. There was no mercy in them. Zoë swallowed hard as she watched the semi-naked servant who was to administer her thrashing, give the wicked-looking, leather implement one turn around his wrist.

Rough hands spun the high-breasted and long-limbed girl round and forced her to kneel in the humble punishment position.

In the adjoining chamber, Monique's bottom was left unattended as the other members of the harem peered through the bars of the grille. Each of them eagerly waited to see how the English girl would behave under the horrific whip.

The servant responsible took a deep breath, eyeing up his shapely, light-skinned target before raising the wooden-handled, long-tailed implement.

Zoë tensed and waited.