

Exacting Standards

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Sultan of Rûm

1

Suleiman woke up to the clink of coins drifting down the hall. Immediately, his cock grew hard with anticipation as he listened to the whisper of bare feet against the marble floor and the swish of cloth. Back in the days when the harem was filled, they would send a random slave to service him in the morning. Now, there was only Juliana left alive, but that didn't stop that brief moment of anticipation.

Outside the window, the sounds of his city, Alanya, rose up and blended with the endless waves from the Black. The tall stone walls of the palace blocked most of the sounds, but the faint din was a soothing indication of a successful sultanate.

Saffron and rose perfume drifted past him and his smile quirked his lips. He could imagine her standing at the foot of her bed, head bowed as she prepared her daily duties. Her long brown hair would be loose and flowing down her back, reaching halfway down to her well-rounded ass.

Juliana shifted slightly and her bracelets clinked together. She earned all three of them for years of service, both on the dance floor and in his bed. "Good morning, my sultan."

Suleiman opened his eyes and looked down at her. The thin sheet covering his body was tented by his hardness and he loved how she licked her lips as she glanced at it.

She was wearing her rose outfit that day: an elegantly embroidered brassiere with hints of gold and green, a wrap-around skirt that showed off tantalizing glimpses of her naked thigh, and matching earrings and rings. She would be bare-footed and he could

imagine her standing with feet perfectly straight as she waited for his command.

He gave a single nod. With Juliana, that was all that she needed.

With a smile, she crawled up on the edge of the mattress. It shifted under her weight. Her dark brown eyes were smoldering as she straddled his feet and crawled up. As she moved, her skirt split open to reveal a flash of the dark hairs guarding her pussy. the sight of her sex between the large swells of her breasts brought a quickening to his heartbeats.

Suleiman's breath grew deeper as he enjoyed the sway of her ass. Even when bowed, her hips rocked back and forth as if she was dancing for him. She was, in a way, and he appreciated the sensual movements of her body and the curves of her thighs against his own as she crawled up him.

Soon, she was straddling his knees. Reaching out like a cat, she grabbed the sheet and drew it down his body. He shivered at the tickle of fabric against his chest and held his breath. His cock surged with his thoughts and she had to drag it over the rounded head before the sheet slipped off.

Like most men, he wore a sleeping robe but that didn't stop her for long. Soon, her hand was sliding up his thigh, through the short dark hairs, and up to his shaft. The warm touch of her fingers caused his length jerk and bob. Suleiman hissed softly as she wrapped her fingers around his thick base and slid her hand up to explore it.

Juliana knew his cock intimately. He bought her five years ago from the slave auctions and she had been his concubine since that first night. After so many years, there was a look of wonder on her face as familiar as she was to his cock. She reached over and kissed his lips, worshiping it with her lips.

Suleiman was proud of his manhood. It was long and thick, with a large bulbous head. It stretched out the pussies he owned and marked them as her own. Both of his large balls were covered in dark hairs and clung close to his body. Above his root, there was a scar where an assassin almost ended his line and disemboweled him, but otherwise he was at the peak of his physical fitness.

"I praise," whispered Juliana as she tilted his cock toward her rose-painted lips, "the morning light." She smiled as she mouthed

the side of his length. The wet heat against his shaft invoked a moan from his throat and he savored it. She kissed the side and then flipped her head over to kiss the other side. Her brown hair clung to his shaft and her face as she kissed further down before alternating the side. The teasing caresses of her lips brought a tingling hardness to his length.

Soon, her cheeks and lips glistened with his precum. It oozed down his shaft and she lapped at it as she worked her tongue around the ridge of his glans. "Where does the sultan wish to spill his seed?" Her whisper was seductive and hungry.

Suleiman smiled as he considered the look she gave him. She was beautiful but ambitious. As the only one left his harem, she was his favorite but she was growing lax. The sex was fantastic, but there was no more excitement beyond physical pleasure. They were too intimate.

It was time to get a new woman for the harem.

A decision made, he crooked his finger to summon her closer.

Juliana moaned softly and let his cock slip from her mouth. The wet heat quickly cooled, but she was crawling up his body. Her skillful hands peeled open her skirt to reveal her thick bush and trim thighs. With a flip, she let the skirt slide off the bed and it rustled as it pooled on the floor.

The smell of her pussy, rich and spicy, surrounded him as she straddled his hips. She reached down to spread open her glistening lips with one hand as she fisted his cock and aimed it for her sex. With a soft gasp, she sank down onto his cock.

As the wet heat wrapped around his cock, Suleiman reached up for her breasts. Juliana lowered her own and rocked her hips as she worked her way down with a languished, sultry pace.

He caressed the embroidery of her brassiere before pushing the cups up to palm her large, full breasts. Her nipples, large and hard, caressed his fingers as he gripped down.

She obeyed the silent command and drove down, taking his cock deep into her body. At the base, she rocked her hips in a silent dance. She was a belly dancer, one of his best, and he loved how her taut stomach flexed and shifted as she expertly swirled his cock deep inside her cunt.

As she danced silently for him, his cock grew harder with every passing second. He felt the shift of her weight back and forth. His cock slid back and forth, enveloped by the hot folds of her pussy. He drank in the sight of her body and the warmth of her breasts against his palms.

He thought about his plans for the day and his cock grew harder and hotter. A moment later, he was spurting inside her, soaking her insides with his cum.

"Oh," Juliana moaned, "my sultan." She continued to dance but with tiny movements as not to disturb his sensitive cock. Her stomach flexed and relaxed with every surge and he could imagine her feeling every burst of cum he gave her.

When he finished, he kept her place with his hands on her breasts. "After lunch," he started, "we are going into town."

Juliana smiled and remained silent. It wasn't her turn to ask questions unless he wanted.

His cock surged at the thought. "We are going to the slavers. I'm looking to get two more women for my harem."

She gasped and looked up. "Sultan? Am I not good enough for..." Her voice trailed off as she realized she spoke out of turn. Blushing hotly, she lowered her head. "Please forgive me, my sultan."

Suleiman stared at for a long moment. Juliana was getting too complacent with her position in the harem and he wanted to see what she did. His cock grew to full height inside her, pushing aside the cum filling her pussy. She was already trembling and there were tears clinging to her eyelashes.

He took a deep breath. "I was going to bring you so you had some say, but..." he said. When her pussy clenched with fear, his cock almost exploded again. "I have no intent to show off a disobedient slave to the public."

Juliana peeked up through her hair. She knew better. Suleiman was precise in the behavior he expected from his harem slaves. Speaking out of turn was one of the things he didn't tolerate.

"Clean me off and return to the harem."

"Yes, my sultan."

"And don't let any of it drip on the bed."

A tear ran down her cheeks. She reached down and spread her fingers around his cock. Easing up, she cupped her palm over her

pussy before crawling down. When her mouth was even with his slimy cock, she willingly opened her mouth and took it clear to the base.

His length rose to fill her mouth. It tickled the back of the throat. She lapped at it, cleaning the base and working her way up the entire tip of his hardness. By the time she reached his head, there were fresh tears glistening on her cheeks. She sucked on the tip, caressing it gently, and he realized she was trying to make him cum again.

Suleiman reached down and grabbed her by her hair. She whimpered as he pulled her up and forced her to look at him. “Go back to the harem now.”

His cock ached, but he wanted to be ready to try out the new slaves.

Juliana opened her mouth to say something. His cum glistened on her lips.

He stopped her with a shake. “It’s too late. Go back. Now.” The last was an order.

Juliana didn’t hesitate. She bowed her head, as much as he would let her with him gripping her hair. “Yes, my sultan.”

Moving with the same grace as she got on the bed, Juliana slid off and retrieved her skirt. Pulling it back around her hips, she walked down the hall toward the harem. He could tell she was trying to put on a brave face, but there was a tension in her back and ass that told him everything he needed to know.

She would do anything to remain his favorite.

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Paying Debts

2

Suleiman strolled down the dirt aisle between the closely packed stalls. On both sides of him, slavers hawked acres of naked flesh. It was almost a roar as they called out to Suleiman and the others looking to trade. Promises of warm holes for fucking, strong backs for labor, and even screams for torture battered him from all directions.

He wasn't interested in the common flesh near the entrance. The slaves being sold there were plain and ordinary; those who were sold into slavery to pay for debts or family honor. He knew that he wouldn't find anyone beautiful or skilled in the first half of the market. If they were there, someone would have snatched them up in the first minutes of the market opening that morning.

Behind him, his guards marched in step. They were not trying to be subtle or even discrete. Instead, they were to remind everyone that he was the sultan and, therefore, the most important person in existence. The message was clear and Suleiman walked in an empty space about six feet in all directions. But even that clearing didn't shield him from being called out from every slavers and merchant as he passed.

"I have what you are looking for, my sultan."

He stopped at the quiet voice that somehow cut through the din. Turning around with a frown, Suleiman looked around for the source. His eyes focused on an unkempt man watching him as he leaned against a fence penning in a large crowd of slaves.

The slaver smiled and gestured for Suleiman. "Come, come. I have what you need."

Curious, Suleiman stepped forward. There were two buyers milling around near the stall, but as Suleiman's guards stepped up, they fled.

"And," Suleiman started, "how do you know what I want?"

"You," the slaver bowed, "are looking for a pretty girl. One who has large breasts, wide hips, and dances pretty, right?"

Suleiman shrugged and folded his hands in front of him. "Maybe."

"A new slave girl. You also want someone who will give you pleasure whenever you want and scream nicely when you are tired of her, yes?"

With a nod, Suleiman walked closer.

"Bayan," he pointed to himself, "has that girl."

Suleiman looked over the slaves penned in Bayan's stall. They were a sorry lot, mostly fat or older folks with haunted eyes and bruises on their bodies. He guessed they were middle-class debtors, not good for labor or fucking. Some of them may have skills in accounting or finer arts, but Suleiman was looking for a girl for his harem, not an old woman with sagging tits. He shook his head and stepped back.

"No, please, my sultan. I promise, I know what you want." Bayan reached back and snapped his fingers. When no one responded, he gave Suleiman a sigh. "Please, wait, just three seconds." Turning on his heels, he dove into the press of naked bodies.

Suleiman considered walking away, but there was something about the way the slaver spoke that caught his attention. He turned and looked out at the press of crowds and the guards surrounding him. So far, he hadn't seen what he was looking for: a woman with large breasts, a smoldering sexuality, and skilled at dancing. He had no desire for less than perfection in his harem. There was no place for sagging breasts, backtalk, or imperfect skill. He wanted his women beautiful, silent, and sexy. And dancing was his passion, he loved to watch them sway to the music and then to bring that skill to bed.

Juliana was almost his ideal harem slave, but she spoke when she wasn't suppose to. He would have ended her life, the fate of all women who didn't meet his standards, but her talents were enough to keep her alive. He hoped that he would find the perfect woman in

the market, one who was just as beautiful as Juliana but also respectful.

And then he would kill Juliana.

His lips curled with his thoughts. He looked forward to ending Juliana's life. Unlike many other sultans, he didn't cast off his former harem members to treasured followers or as political favors. Once he took on a woman, she served him until the end of her days, which usually meant a bloody end on the floor of his palace.

"My sultan," gasped Bayan as he came back through the crowds.

Suleiman turned to watch him dragging two people behind him. One was a fat man wearing nothing but a loin cloth. His belly hung over the front of the cloth and there was a look of complete misery on his face. The other was a young woman, maybe in her early twenties, with a high-cut top and another loincloth covering her sex. Her breasts pushed up the thin fabric of her top and he could see two nipples peeking through the fabric.

His mouth opened in surprise as he took in the sight of her. She had long dark hair, covered in dust and cobwebs, but shimmering even in the dim light of the stall. Her body wasn't smooth and trim, there was no doubt she was no longer a teenager, but he could see a grace in how she kept her feet as Bayan dragged from the slaves. She had a slight pouch to her belly, but it only empathized her wide hips and large breasts.

"Here they are," announced Bayan. "This is Lydia," he pushed the girl up to the fence that penned in the slaves.

She hit the wood and grabbed it with her hands. Her body bent over the edge, giving Suleiman a flash of a deep cleavage and a whiff of faint perfume. Standing up, she glanced at Suleiman. Seeing him, her eyes grew wide and he saw that she had brown eyes with green flecks. She stepped back and lowered her gaze.

"And this is her father, Murhaf. They are debtors I purchased at great expense. She is pretty and I can give you both for a good price." Bayan licked his lips as he looked beseechingly at Suleiman.

Suleiman tore his eyes away from Lydia. "I have no need for the father."

"I must sell them together. It will be a good deal, two for one. He is a weaver of great skill. And she is trained to serve men."

Suleiman held up his hand to silence Bayan. He addressed Lydia. "Can you dance?"

Lydia, still looking at the ground, nodded. "Yes, my sultan. I'm trained in a number of styles."

"Dance for me."

She peeked up and around. Her mouth opened to say something and he felt annoyance prickling. She was beautiful, but like Juliana, she didn't know when to shut up.

But, to his surprise, she nodded. Standing straight, she closed her eyes and began to sway. At first, it was a rough movement, but then she began to move smoothly as she rocked her hip back and forth. The point of her hip swirled around as she drew her hands up her body, trailing fingernails along the swell of her breasts and through her knotted, greasy hair. Letting the strands trail from her finger, she began to move her upper body in counterpoint to her hips.

Around Suleiman, the crowds grew silent as Lydia moved to hidden music. Her bare feet, streaked with mud, lifted and joined the rest of her dance.

Suleiman was impressed in how she brought each part of her body into the movement separately, it demonstrated a mastery of her own body, something that couldn't be easily taught. His cock twitched at the sight of her dancing in ragged clothes in the press of slaves and filth. Once she was cleaned up, she would be an appropriate challenge for Juliana.

Bayan slithered up to Suleiman. "Two for one. A very good deal for such a fine woman."

Suleiman glanced at him before returning his attention to Lydia. She was spinning on one foot, moving her hip and breasts in little jerks that drew his attention and engorged his cock. He wanted to feel her breasts in his hands as she was riding his cock.

"A very fine dancer too, my sultan."

"I don't need her father."

"He is useless without her. I can give you a discount for him. He has skills and is very respectful. He would do anything for her."

Suleiman sighed. "How much?"

He didn't need to look at Bayan to know the smile stretching across the slaver's face. Bayan listed a price twice as much as Suleiman was willing to pay, but then negotiations began as Lydia

danced in silence. It only took a few minutes before they settled on a price.

Gesturing for one of his guards, Suleiman stepped back. The guard pulled out a purse and counted out the coins, setting each one down on a wide part of the fence used for purchasing.

Bayan rubbed his palms together as he watched the money, then swept it off. "A pleasure doing business with you, my sultan."

Suleiman waited until both Lydia and her father were standing before him. He looked over the older man with surprise that anything like him could ever produce a beauty like Lydia. With a sigh, he gestured to Lydia and spoke to one of his guards. "Take her back to the harem and have her cleaned up. I want her presentable and," he sniffed, "smelling better by the time I get back."

The guard acknowledged the order and stepped forward. He rested one hand on her shoulder and turned her toward the palace.

Another guard spoke up. "And the father?"

Suleiman looked over the man for a long moment. "I have no need for him. Kill him and get rid of the body."

"No," screamed Lydia. She tore her body away from the guard and rushed over to her father. She stood in front of him and spread out her arms as if to protect him. There were tears in her eyes as she gave Suleiman a pleading look. "No, please, sultan, don't kill my papa!"

Suleiman took two sharp steps forward. He jammed two fingers underneath her chin and shoved her head up to expose her throat. "Listen, you have two choices right now, cunt."

Lydia whimpered and he could feel her body trembling through his fingers.

"Either you shut up and go back to the harem, or you and your father will be sent to my dungeon. And, since I just paid a pretty coin for your body, I will make sure I get my money's worth out of both of your bodies, one drop of blood at a time."

Her eyes flashed before she closed her eyes, sobbing.

"You may have heard about my reputation when it comes to women. But, trust me, you will not," he jammed his fingers into her chin, forcing her head up, "enjoy it."

He lowered his hand until she was looking into his eyes with tear-filled eyes. "Now, make a choice right now. Either you go to my harem or both of you go to my dungeon."

The father rested his hand on Lydia's shoulder. "It's okay, baby. Just," his voice cracked, "go."

Lydia spun around and hugged her father. "Papa! Please, don't."

Suleiman sighed and turned to his guard. "Take them both—"

"Sultan!" snapped the father.

Turning around, Suleiman watched as the father shoved his daughter forward. "I won't go. Please, take my daughter."

"Papa?"

Suleiman felt a prickle of annoyance. "You have ten seconds to decide, cunt. I don't have patience for drama from slaves. And less tolerance for it in public."

Lydia stared at her father for a few seconds. He waved his hand and closed his eyes. Shuddering, she turned around and bowed her head. "I'm sorry, my sultan."

Suleiman's cock stood up hard in his pants. The look of terror and grief in her eyes had brought a lust burning in his loins. "What's your choice."

"P-Please take me to the harem."

"Very well." Suleiman nodded to the guards and then walked between the daughter and father. He didn't look at either as he continued down between the stalls. His footsteps were slow and measured, not because he was in a hurry, but to listen to the inevitable execution. His guards were effective at their task and none of them had the compassion for a slave.

He reached the end of the aisle when he heard Lydia's let out a loud cry brimming with pain and horror. His cock twitched at the noise.

And then there was a loud thunk and Lydia's scream rose to a high-pitch scream.

Smiling, Suleiman turned the corner.

Submitting Proudly

3

In the quietest part of the slaver's area, nestled in the darkness of the outer wall of Alanya, was a tent of bright yellow. With the sand piled around the entrance, it gave the impression of being a lone tent in the wastes of the desert instead of crowded between one slaver selling slaves from Egypt and another selling unpleasant-looking, pale-skinned women.

On either side of the opening were two women wearing nothing but skirts. In one hand, they held the fabric shielding the tent and the other was resting on their hips. Neither moved, but Suleiman knew they weren't statues. They were the highly-trained and personal slaves of Mubarak, a slaver with a good eye for feminine beauty and a cunning mind. Mubarak was also more expensive than half the slaver's market combined.

Five years ago, Suleiman had purchased Juliana and two others from Mubarak. The cost was high but the years of pleasure he wrung out of Juliana's body had more than paid for it. The other two, while the highest quality flesh money could buy, ended up lacking when it came to Suleiman's tastes. He had one killed by cutting her from throat to clitoris. The other was executed in his front garden, impaled on the stone cock of a horse statue.

Suleiman smiled at the memories. Juliana had proven herself the best in those days, sucking him off as he watched both women dying.

He walked through the entrance to the slaver's tent. As he approached, the two slaves pulled back the opening and he stepped through without even a hint of fabric scraping against his clothes.

He only waited a few seconds before the slaver stepped out from behind one of the curtains leading deeper into his quarters. "The greatest sultan in the world, how good to see you again!"

They clasped hands as old friends.

"May I offer you something? Arak? Something stronger?"

Suleiman nodded and followed Mubarak into one of the private rooms. Like the front, it was draped in fabric as if it was in a tent, but he knew there was good solid wood behind the canvas. It would take a great deal of bribes to sneak an assassin into Mubarak's place and both men knew that Mubarak would be the first to suffer if anyone attacked Suleiman.

Sinking down on the soft pillows by a circular table, Suleiman leaned back and nodded. "Arak is fine."

A comely women with small breasts scurried in with a clay pot and two glasses of ice balanced on top. Moving gracefully, she set down the glasses and poured the contents of the pot into each one. As the clear liquid swirled around the ice, it grew milky. With a bow, she stepped back.

The slaver started after they drank. "How may this humble man serve the greatest of sultans?"

Suleiman chuckled. "I'm in the market to expand my harem."

The slaver smiled with perfectly white teeth. "I was deeply regretful that you purchased your last bunch from down the lane. They didn't last long, did they?"

"No," Suleiman pulled a face, "they were not the quality I hoped they would be."

"I would not have sold you such spoiled meat."

Suleiman leaned forward and picked up the glass. "You would have bankrupted my palace to purchase one. I wasn't in the mood for such an expense that year."

"Some days," Mubarak raised his glass, "all you wish for is for petals to cover the floors instead of a single, perfect flower."

With a chuckle, Suleiman nodded. "But, today, I'm looking for a beautiful flower."

"I have many flowers for you to choose from, some that you would enjoy plucking their petals more than cherishing them, though."

"I have no doubt about that."

“Shall I show you, my most esteemed sultan?”

Suleiman nodded and leaned back to enjoy the presentation.

Mubarak brought in the first girl, a dark haired beauty. She was slender and firm, her belly a smooth line and her breasts the size of jugs. But, when Suleiman asked for her to dance, she stumbled and the sultan quickly dismissed her.

More girls were brought in for him, to show off their bodies and dance, but Suleiman found something wrong with each one of them. More drink flowed and both men talked as the slaves presented themselves before being dismissed.

One of Mubarak's personal slaves came in and knelt between Suleiman's legs. Without saying a word, she fished out his cock and brought it into her hot mouth.

Suleiman sighed softly but didn't look down. She was nothing more than furniture in the slaver's place, a negotiating tactic and a way of placating him. He narrowed his eyes and rested his hand on her head.

She obeyed and took more of his hardening length into her mouth. The tip of his cock slid along the top of her mouth and then to the back of her throat.

Digging his fingers into her soft hair, he shoved her down until his cock speared her throat and her lips pressed against the base of his length. “I'm disappointed with your selections, Murbarak,” he said as he felt her body twitching on his shaft. “You know my tastes and none of those women come even close.”

Murbarak's eyes glittered for a moment. “I'm saving the best for last, of course. I just needed you to get in the mood.” He gestured down to the women trembling between Suleiman's legs. Her hands were resting on the cushion below him and he could feel her efforts not to scrape his cock with her teeth or to touch him.

Suleiman relaxed his grip and let her slid up. As soon as he heard her inhale, he shoved her back down. A thick dribble of saliva and pre-cum poured out from the side of her mouth, coating his balls and her throat. He relaxed and jammed her down until he was fully seated in her throat.

He brought his other hand to her head and held her tight against his crotch. He could feel how his cock was stuffed into her throat,

blocking off her breath. She was gulping at the girth suffocating her and the thought of her dying swelled his length.

Across from him, Murbarak looked worried for a moment.

"Show me your best girl, Murbarak." His fingers dug into the soft hair with a silent promise. He wasn't going to let the slave breath until Suleiman saw a woman worthy of his attention. And if she tried to escape herself, there was no doubt that both her and Mubarak would suffer from an "attack" against the sultan.

Murbarak stood up and held his hands together. "Please wait. I'll get Celeste." He glanced down and then rushed out of the room.

Suleiman leaned back and watched the slave struggling on his cock. Tears ran down her cheeks as she struggled to remain in place. Just as her face was turning bright red, he relaxed her grip enough to give her a few sips of air before jamming her down. The feel of her struggling against him, swallowing at his cock and her naked body trembling, felt good and the excitement bubbled up from his balls.

He fucked her face, using her mouth as a wet hole. Well-trained, she managed to keep her lips sealed around his cock and her teeth of his skin. He watched thick sheets of saliva coating his length. He jammed her down harder until her nose was crushed against his belly.

Mubarak came back with a women in tow.

With a quiet grunt, Suleiman jammed his cock deep into the slave's throat and held it there.

The new woman, Celeste, was slender with long dark hair that reached her shoulder blades. She almost pranced as she came into the room. As soon as she passed through the curtain, she stepped away from the slaver and spun into the center of the room.

Musicians started a bright, cheerful melody and she quickly moved in time with the flowing beat.

Her bare feet, adorned with rings, tapped as she stepped up on a small platform in the center of the room. With a grin, she vibrated her hips as she continued to spin around, bouncing from one foot to another as she continued to move in a shimmy.

Long seconds pass as he watched her dance. She never stopped shaking her hips and body. Suleiman grew more excited. She had a stamina that he had never seen before and a rhythm that

encouraged him to fuck the woman between his legs faster. He drove into the wet mouth, never letting his cock leave the tight confines of her throat.

Celeste continued to dance. Her eyes caught his own and she smiled broadly. With a swirl, she spun around and shook her ass for him, shaking it in all directions and then stopping with a jerk. A heartbeat later, she was shimmying for him once again.

No one looked at the slave choking on his cock. Her skin grew slick with sweat and she pawed at the cushions between his legs. Tears splashed down on his thighs and he could feel her reflexively gulping at his cock, trying to force him to cum so she could breathe again.

The music grew into a crescendo and the dancer moved even faster, sliding around dancing. His eyes slid along her body, mind spinning with a thousand fantasies as he watched her dance.

Celeste stopped at the same time of the music, on her knees with her arms spread apart. Her sweat-slicked breasts rose and felt with her pants. There was a smile on her lips and he wanted to grab her face and shove his cock into it.

His fantasy drove him into an orgasm. Grabbing the girl between his legs, he shoved his cock as deep as he could and came. The hot jets of cum splattered her throat and she shuddered under his fingers. He came hard twice three times and then pushed her away.

The slave fell back, her eyes rolled up in the back of her head. Her face was covered in cum and saliva before she slumped to the ground. A weak cough shook her frame as she settled back, unseeing. A shudder ran through her body.

Mubarak looked down with a sad look on her face. He snapped his fingers and stood up, stepping over the twitching girl and held out his hand in a silent question.

Suleiman looked up at him and smiled. "Yes."

It was all he needed. Any price was worth it.

t'Sade

Back at the Palace

4

Suleiman yawned as he stood up from his desk. A neat stack of papers and scrolls were on the left side of his desk, ready to be delivered by courier across the town. Next to it was a smaller pile destined for outside of the city, mostly to his allies to the north and some merchants across the sea.

Stretching, he padded over to his window. Outside, the setting sun clutched the city in red fingers. The stone glowed with the last of the fading light and the sounds of the city had quieted down into a low din. In a few short hours, the streets would be nearly empty except for the impromptu festivities that always filled Alanya's streets at night.

He leaned against a stone railing and peered down. Below his bedroom was his harem, which consisted of a bathing area, gardens, and sleeping quarters. He used to visit it frequently, back in the days when the harem was filled with beautiful women. But, as his slaves died, he found the empty rooms depressing. Now, he was content to summon Juliana to his room instead of coming to her.

Suleiman chuckled and wondered if he was going to get Lydia or Celeste in his room that night. Juliana, as the longest living slave, was responsible for managing the women. He wanted to focus on each one individually, not only to learn the pleasures of their body but also to remind Juliana of her place by making her wait. If she came up, he would simply send her back.

Soft sobbing rose up from the garden. Curious, he leaned over the railing and peered down. It was Lydia. She had been dressed in a diaphanous gown that did nothing to hide the curves of her body, even from the floor above. She had selected a dark purple outfit and

he enjoyed the tantalizing sight of her bared thigh or the way her brown hair shimmered in the red sunlight.

Lydia had curled up on the end of a bench, with her knees to her chest, as she held her face in her hands. With each sob, her shoulders shook and she clutched herself tighter.

Suleiman's lips pressed into a thin line as he watched her. Juliana should have warned her about crying outside of her room. If Suleiman had guests, which he did frequently, seeing a sobbing harem girl would be a slap on his face and his honor.

Shaking his head, he stood up. Juliana should have known better. She was there when he had killed another woman for the very same thing. His eyes lifted to the statue in the center of the garden, of a horse rearing up with a massive cock. They had cleaned up the blood years ago, but he could still see its latest victim screaming as she slid down the stone cock.

He turned and headed to the door. Opening it, he addressed one of the guards outside. "Bring Juliana up here," his voice was sharp.

The guard rushed off and Suleiman returned to his desk. Sitting down, he pulled out another letter, a request from a local merchant for a new license to sell smoking herbs. He thought about it for a moment and began to pen a response.

The clink of jewelry and the whiff of saffron alerted him to Juliana's presence. He glanced up.

Juliana stood in the doorway of the room, head bowed respectfully and her body held tightly in place. Her muscles clenched and she inhaled deeply, pushing her breasts against her brassiere. She had arranged her hair along the curve of her breasts and one hand rested on the small of her back as she rocked her hips.

Suleiman had to fight the rising lust for her. With a grunt, he pointed to the window. "Stand there," he ordered before returning to his notes.

As she crossed the he watched with the corner of her eye. Her hips rocked back and forth, giving tantalizing flashes of her furred slit through the translucent fabric of her skirt. The little pieces of metal clinked together, adding to the sway of her body. He wanted her and she knew it.

But, he could still hear Lydia crying from below. The pitiful cries were an irritation and he didn't have the patience to handle her

emotions. Harem girls were for fucking and showing off, not listening to them sob.

Juliana stopped by the balcony. She started to turn back to Suleiman, but then stopped. A flicker of confusion crossed her face and she peered down into the garden.

Suleiman lifted his head and watched.

For a long moment, Juliana peered down, but then her face grew pale. Gulping, she peeked over her shoulder and caught him looking at her. With a gasp, she spun around and stood up. There was fear in her eyes.

Suleiman stood up and picked up a curved knife from the corner of his desk. As the hilt scraped along his table, Juliana let out a whimper. He strolled toward her, watching her carefully.

Juliana glanced around her but Suleiman stood between her and the door. The only way she could escape was jumping off the balcony and he knew she wouldn't do that. The look of fear in her eyes sent a thrill through his veins, bringing his thoughts to all the other women who died because they failed in him in some manner.

He toyed with the knife as he said, "Do you hear that?"

Juliana's face was pale. She stared down at the blade only inches away from her belly. Judging from the sweat that prickled her brow, she was no doubt thinking of the dozen of harem women she saw killed over the years. None of their deaths were pretty, or peaceful. Gulping, she clutched the stony balcony. "Y-Yes, my sultan."

Suleiman shifted forward and pressed the tip of the knife to her taut belly.

She whimpered and her body trembled. "Please don't."

He pressed the blade forward, just enough to dimple the skin.

Juliana sobbed, her breasts and shoulders shaking, and she ground against the stone railing. Her stomach caved in as she sucked in her gut.

He followed her movement, keeping the light pressure of the knife right above her belly button.

Her stomach trembled as she struggled to keep her belly pulled in, away from the knife poised to gut her. "I-I'm," she croaked, "I'm going to stop her... right away, my sultan."

With a chuckle, Suleiman leaned into her until their lips were almost touching. "Don't fail me, Juliana. You know what happens."

He increased the pressure on the knife, dimpling the flesh. He could feel the resistance of her skin and knew that if he kept driving it forward, it would soon break and the knife would bury to the hilt.

Tears ran down her face. "My sultan," she sobbed.

Satisfied, Suleiman pulled the blade away. He held it to his side. Part of his mind was swimming with the rush of power. He could have killed her and they both knew it. His cock was hard with the same excitement and he heard the faint drip of blood on the tile floor. He glanced down to see a thin trickle of blood rolling down her belly from where the tip of the knife pricked her skin.

"You better hope that doesn't scar, Juliana." He lifted his eyes to her and almost moaned at the terror in her eyes.

She pressed her hand to her belly, covering the wound with her palm. "It won't, my sultan," she whispered as she trembled. Sweat dripped down her face, joining with tears that curved along her cheek.

Suleiman chuckled and stepped back. His cock tented his pants and swayed with his movement.

Juliana stepped forward, preparing to kneel down, but he stopped her.

"No, you don't deserve that now."

The devastated look almost pushed him into an orgasm.

Suleiman gestured to the door. "Send up Celeste."

Celeste

5

Suleiman strolled into the tiled bathing area. He moved without looking around, familiar with both the layout of the rooms and still distracted by his duties to run the palace and sultanate. His slippers scuffed along the tile floor, echoing off the walls as he stepped out of the short hallway leading from his sleeping quarters.

Two slave women looked up from a stone bench where they were waiting. He caught sight of their eyes, both brown, before they lowered their gaze and rose to their feet. Droplets of water clung to their dark skin and rivulets traced the lines of their naked bodies before splashing down.

Months ago, both slaves were standing in front of him with hopes of being elevated from palace slaves to his harem. He looked over them and remembered how the sweat clung to their small breasts and wide hips. They were pleasant to look at, almost sexy, but neither could dance or sing. He was sure they could fuck, but Suleiman always sought the ideal woman and neither were close to his needs.

On most days, he would have ordered their execution for even trying, but something stayed his hand. Now, they served him as his slaves in the bathroom though he didn't fuck them or even acknowledge their existence. They were there to serve and nothing else.

Neither realized how close they were to death until a few weeks later when another woman offered her body to become his harem. His cock twitched as he remembered how he had the bathtub drained just so he could cut her throat. He came in her as the arterial spray splattered the walls and ceiling. It was the first and

last time he fucked that poor woman and the memory still brought his cock to full hardness.

One slave, the younger one, sank to her knees in front of him. Her knees made a soft thud noise as she settled into place. She kept her eyes down as she ran her thumb along his robe and opened it up. His cock, half hard, continued to grow in front of her, but she made no effort to take it in her mouth or touch the swollen member rising in front of her. She knew as well as he did, that the only time his cock would enter her was the day she died.

The other slave circled around him and used her soft hands to push his robe off his shoulders. It slipped down his arms and she caught it before it hit the ground. Her breasts brushed against his back, the nipples hard, and she lowered herself to fold the robe over her arm before stepping back.

Suleiman stepped around the kneeling slave and headed for the water. The tub was large enough for six women and himself. The white tiles were bright and glistening, without even a hint of the countless women who ended their lives inside it. His cock grew to full mast as he sank into the tub.

Leaning back on a padded pillow, he let his body float in the water and closed his eyes. Celeste would be coming up soon and he was anxious to try out his new slave. He brought up the memory of her large breasts and the way she danced in the slaver's room. He couldn't wait to grab her breasts and sink his cock deep into her cunt to claim his purchase.

Normally, she would already be there and waiting. But, he knew that Juliana would still be telling her and Lydia about their new life in the harem. About Suleiman's preferences for deep blow jobs, or the obedience he demanded. He could live with an hour of not fucking Celeste if it made the rest of her life pleasant.

He reached down and grabbed his hardness. It was hot in his hand. He stroked it slowly, tilting it back and forth just to enjoy the sensations. Around him, the perfumed water rippled from his movements and he let his mind relax from a day of frustrating politics.

Lydia was going to be a problem. The crying in the garden was an insult to him and he saw her fighting back the tears more than once.

Sooner or later, she was going to humiliate him in front of guests and he would have to do something.

A smile curled the corner of his lip. Suleiman let his legs float in the water, stretching out. With one hand, he stroked his cock with his thumb. It pulsed in his palm, the thick veins pressing against his palm and fingertips as he ran from base to tip.

She would be the first girl to die. His cock grew harder in his palm as he thought about the thousand ways he could end her life. Each one was bloodier than the one before it and each brought a fresh surge of heat from his length. He thought about cutting off her breasts or legs, just to watch the horror on her face. He could hang her by a hook in her pussy and let her weight rip open her womb. Suleiman imagined the look on her face, the horror and pain, and his body grew more excited with every passing second.

The clink of a coin scarf caught his attention. He drew his thoughts away from Lydia's execution to focus on the sound. A moment later, her perfume drifted past him and he smiled with approval. It was a flowery scent that used to belong to a slave who met her end at the bottom of the pond, with rocks shoved into every orifice to hold her underwater.

"Evening, my sultan." Celeste's voice was soft and demure.

His cock pulsed in his hand at the sound.

Suleiman tilted back and looked at her. Celeste had chosen a bright yellow outfit. She had a long, sheer skirt with coins sewn along her hips and thighs. Her top cradled her large breasts and invited his gaze to drown in the deep cleavage. Her brown hair was loose down her back in a thick mane with a few strands that hung artfully over her shoulder.

He smiled as he tilted further up to admire her taut belly and trim legs. Her left slid out of the seam of her skirt, revealing the dark shadows between her legs and the swell of her sex.

Celeste smiled and rocked her hips to the side, causing the skirt to spread open further. He could see the thin mat of pubic hair covering her nether lips; it looked like she was already damp with excitement. "Do I meet your expectations?"

"So far."

She lowered her head but her eyes never left him. There was something heated in her gaze and he ached to drive his cock into her pouting lips. "How may I serve my sultan?"

He sat up and slapped the water in front of him.

Like a well-trained slave, she moved at his wordless command. He watched as she stepped over to the step into the bathtub. For a moment, she hesitated as she tugged on her skirt, but Suleiman pointed to the water. Without a second hesitation, she stepped into the water and sank down.

Her skirt fluttered out along the water in a yellow cloud. He watched as her legs were revealed in the swirling fabric. With a playful hike of her hip, she sank down. The clinking coins silenced as they were submerged.

She lowered herself until the water lapped at her belly button. She was on her knees in the water. With a soft giggle, she crawled over to him and straddled his hips. As she moved, her skirt pulled open and he lowered his gaze down to the junction of her legs.

At the sight of the dark patch of hair between her legs, his cock surged to full height. It aimed straight for her sex and he could feel his pulse aching long his length. Suleiman wanted to drive up into her, burying in the wet heat of her cunt, but he forced himself to remain still.

"My sultan," Celeste whispered. With one delicate hand, she wrapped her fingers around his cock and brought it to her labia. Rocking the tip back and forth, she guided him past her hot folds and to the wet opening. "How do you want to take me?"

Suleiman smiled broadly. Celeste knew her place in the harem. He pointed down.

Celeste tightened her belly and lowered herself down. The tip of his cock delved into the tight channel. Leaning to the side, she swirled his length inside her pussy. "You're large," she gasped. With a moan, she sank down further, taking more of him into her.

Suleiman stretched his arms along the side of the tub and concentrated on his slave. The newness of her sex was intoxicating and he wanted to remember every inch of the first time he entered her.

She drew her fingers up her side to catch the bottom of her top. Her body continued to slid down his cock, the heat squeezing down,

but she kept her bra in place as it looked like she was falling out of it. The large breasts swelled from the bottom, heavy and soft. And then, just as her pubic hair caressed his balls, her tits slipped out and slapped against her chest.

Her breasts were as beautiful as he hoped. Large and heavy, tipped with thick nipples that begged to be sucked. The aureole around the tips were wrinkled with her excitement.

Suleiman reached out and wrapped one arm around the small of her back. Breathing deeply, he pulled her close until he could wrap his lips around one hard nipple and suck on it.

Her pussy clamped down on his cock as she tossed her top to the side. With a smile on her lips, she draped her arm around his neck and held him close as she rocked her hips. Her trim thighs flexed with her movements and he felt his cock levering around the wet, clenching depths of her cunt.

He rested his other hand on her hip, holding her down as he pushed up. His teeth caught the ridge of her nipple and he bit down, but not enough to break flesh.

Celeste's body tightened suddenly and a soft cry almost escaped her throat. He glanced up to see a look of fear in her eyes. Juliana had obviously told her the consequences of crying out too loudly during sex.

Suleiman released her breast and moved to the other. The water splashed around them and he mouthed the soft skin. At the same time, he began to thrust up into her, burying his length into her sex before drawing out. The contrast of hot water and her searing insides was intoxicating. He thrust harder, driving into her.

Celeste was caught in his grip, both helpless and seductive at the same time. She writhed in his grip, smothering him with her breasts and tightening the channel of her sex until he struggled to drive into her liquid heat.

The bathroom was filled with the slurps of water and their moans. With every thrust, the smell of sex and perfume surrounded them. As he relaxed, she slid back down his cock until he was fully seated into her sex.

"You're mine," he grunted with a thrust that lifted her completely off the bottom of the tub. The tip of his cock bumped against the entrance of her womanhood and a sudden realization

slammed into him. He allowed no bastard children in the harem; any woman who made a mistake of being burden with child was executed. But, neither Celeste or Lydia had been in the harem long enough for the drugs in their food to prevent pregnancy. If he came inside her right then, there was a chance it would take hold and he would be forced to kill her.

He bit his lip as he drove in harder, striving to ram his cock against her entrance. The idea of killing her brought a surge of heat and excitement through his veins. He drove up in rhythm with his heartbeat, frantic and pounding. His imagination fueled his intensity as he imagined holding her down as he cut her womb from her body.

With a loud groan, he came. It was hot and hard, a day of anticipation exploding from his body. Jets of cum shot against her womb, putting her life in further danger with every pulse of excitement.

Celeste cried out a few seconds later. Her pussy clamped down around his cock, milking it and pulling more of his cum from his length. The idea that she was killing herself kept him hard and he gave a few, brutal thrusts before slumping down into the water.

Panting softly, Celeste pushed her long hair from her face. Droplets of sweat and humidity ran down her face. A droplet clung to her nipple where the dent from his teeth was still visible. She gave him a seductive smile as her weight settled down on his cock. "Do I please my sultan?"

Suleiman looked up into her eyes and saw confidence and poise. She was a well-trained slave and knew how to please a man. There was also arrogance in her gaze, just like Juliana. He knew that she was hoping that her life would consisted of nothing other than dancing, looking pretty, and dancing.

He had higher expectations than that. He let a smile cross his face. "So far," he said simply.

There was a brief moment as her confidence cracked. And then she bowed her head and squeezed down on his cock. "How may I continue to serve my sultan?"

"Clean me off."

Celeste slipped off his member. The rush of hot liquid around his shaft felt like being dipped in ice. She slipped down, her knees

caressing his knees and then his shins. Her eyes scanned the bathing room, no doubt looking for a wash cloth.

“With your mouth.”

“Of course.” Her lips curled into a smile. She backed up further as if she was giving him room to stand up.

Suleiman had no intent of doing either. His smile grew wider as he pointed to his cock. “Clean me, now,” he ordered.

“If my sultan—”

He reached over and grabbed her nipple between the side of his finger and his thumb. Twisting it hard, he pulled and she stumbled as she crawled forward. “I didn’t say tell me what to do.” He kept his voice low and in a growl.

Fear flashed across her face as she stared at him. Her lower lip trembled and he could feel her body vibrating as she realized what he was saying.

“Lick my cock clean, slave. Or I will kill you right here and now.”

She glanced down. His hips were a foot and a half under water. There was no way she could clean him without the risk of drowning. When she looked up again, her eyes were wide with fright.

Suleiman’s impatience grew quickly. When she didn’t respond fast enough, he reached out and grabbed her hair with his other hand. She was trained enough not to flinch, but he dragged her closer.

Celeste had to crawl forward until her thighs brushed his knees.

“I said: clean me off. Now!”

Without waiting for her response, he grabbed her head with both hands and shoved her face-first into the water. Celeste kicked out as she slipped along the bottom, but a heartbeat later, her breasts were grinding against his thighs and her chin bumped against his belly.

Grunting, he aimed her head over his cock. Bubbles streamed out through the fan of her hair, popping gently as she kicked out in desperation. He felt her lips near his aching cock and shoved down. Her teeth scraped his head, but then she opened her mouth with a surge of bubbles rising to the surface.

Suleiman shoved her head down on his cock, forcing her lips clear to the base. His cock squeezed into the tight confines of her throat but he kept shoving down until it slipped further back and the bubbles stopped rising through her hair.

He grunted and shoved her down again, fucking her face while watching her legs kick out and her ass surface and submerge.

Celeste suddenly gripped his hips and bobbed down. Her tongue lapped at his cock, working in the small space between his cock and the bottom of her mouth. Her body stopped thrashing as she started to lap harder, lifting her head and pushing down.

He relaxed his grip and gave her a little more room to bob up and down on his length. His cock, aching hard, continued to block her throat. He enjoyed the heated pressure and the caresses of her breasts and stomach against his legs.

Celeste's hair fanned out in the water, spreading out in a cloak of dark brown. Her skirt, laden by the coins sewn into it, spread out along the bottom of the tub, giving a contrast of brown and yellow.

Knowing that she was suffocating on his cock brought a fresh excitement burning inside his balls. Suleiman gripped her head tighter as he fucked her face. Tiny bubbles rose up from the impact and her body spasmed when water poured into her lungs, but he kept driving forward.

It only took a few seconds, but soon he was coming again. He rammed himself deep into her mouth, scraping his length on her teeth before pumping a few hard jets of cum directly into her belly. He groaned with each thrust, gasping with the intensity of fucking a drowning woman.

A large bubble surfaced.

Suleiman released her body and watched as she rose to the surface. One hand brushed against his chest before she planted it on the bottom of the tub. Her head crested and she let in a desperate gasp of air. And then began to cough violently to the side.

He watched for a moment, then pushed her aside. Standing up, he looked down at his cock for any signs of her pussy or his cum still on it. It was glistening and clean from balls to tip. The only sign that he had just cum was the dark angry length that still bobbed in time with his pulse.

Pleased, he stepped out of the tub and looked down at Celeste who was struggling to eject the water from her lungs. "When you finish, come to the bedroom. You obviously need more training."

An Unexpected Acquisition

6

Suleiman stretched out on his bed with a smile. The smell of sex and woman surrounded him, reminding him of the endless day of enjoying a new slave. Across the room, the first light of morning reflected against the tile walls. In a few short hours, the city would be fully awake, but at the moment there was only the sounds of Celeste's soft breathing and the bustle of the palace waking up.

He lifted his head to admire Celeste. She was on her belly, one leg hooked up over a pillow. The rounded curve of her ass lead into the smooth line of her spine. Her hair was spread out across her shoulders and back, giving just a hint of her delicate neck. Underneath her, the side of her breast swelled out except for a soft nipple barely visible in the shadows.

With a grin, Suleiman pushed the blanket off his body. His cock was already hard with anticipation. He reached over as he prepared to nestle his cock against the cleavage of her buttocks.

A soft knock stopped him. He sighed and sank back down on his blanket. "Enter."

Celeste jerked at the sound of his voice but didn't wake. He made a note to remind her that her role was to serve, and she couldn't do it while sleeping. Pretending to sleep was fine, but she should be awake in case he demanded her services.

A young man entered the room, his robe rustling against the tile floor. He was a clerk who dealt with recording the various proclamations that Suleiman made during the day.

"Good morning, Falah," Suleiman said as he kept an eye on Celeste. The slave still didn't wake.

“My sultan, I’m sorry to interrupt your morning activities.” Falah’s eyes drifted over to Celeste and then back to him, “but there is something that requires your attention.”

Suleiman narrowed his eyes and then nodded. Falah would never come into the room unless it was something serious. He slipped out of bed.

Two slave girls, twins, stepped out from the bathing area. They were a different pair from the night before but they were just as obedient as the other bathing girls. All of them knew the price for speaking: one last fuck and a brutal, screaming death. They gathered up his formal robes and dressed him in a short period of time.

Celeste still slumbered by the time he was ready to leave the room. Suleiman looked her over one last time and shook his head. He turned to one of the guards outside of the door. “Wake her up and send her back to the harem. I’ll punish her later.”

“Yes, my sultan,” came the dead-panned response. The man had seen more than a few deaths since he first became one of Suleiman’s guards.

Suleiman followed Falah down the hall and into his court. For early in the morning, the room was packed with arguing people. In the center, surrounded by three guards, was a young man with a black eye and a fresh cut on his arm.

As he entered the room, the crowd focused on Suleiman. As one, they knelt down or bowed as appropriate. Silence filled the room as everyone watched him walk down the length of the hall to the low table he sat behind. With all the grace he could muster, he settled into place and spoke to the room. “Why is there a mob this early in the morning?”

The room exploded into noise as everyone tried to speak at once.

Suleiman waited a few moments for silence, but everyone seemed insistent on trying to speak louder. Already irritated at Celeste’s sleeping, he gave it a minute before gesturing for a guard.

The guard pulled his sword out, the scrape of metal on the scabbard barely audible over the din.

Many people around him realized the danger and stepped back, but there were others that were fixated on Suleiman.

The guard pulled back the sword in a two-handed grip. Stepping forward, he swung his blade in a low cut that whistled loudly before ending in a meaty thunk as the length of the blade buried itself into a large man's stomach.

Silence draped over the room as the man clutched his belly and sank to the ground with a groan. Blood poured out from his fingers as he sobbed before collapsing to the ground.

Suleiman no longer had to raise his voice. He steepled his fingers and addressed the crowd, "What I meant was for one person to explain this. Now, why is there a mob in my palace and who is this man?" He gestured to the injured man in the center of the room.

Two men stepped forward, but after a short look, one backed up. The remaining one spoke quietly. "I'm sorry, sultan, but this bastard stole from us."

The accused snapped back. "We had a deal and it was a fair purchase."

"My wife is sick because of your so-called magical potion!"

"Then you didn't follow the directions."

"If it was so good, why were you fleeing town?"

Suleiman held up his hand. He looked at the young man accused of theft. "If you speak out of turn again, you'll be dead before the sentence leaves your mouth."

To make his point, the guard jerked his sword out of the dead man's stomach and wiped the blade. Splatters of blood dripped on the ground in the uncomfortable silence.

Suleiman returned his attention to the leader of mob. "Your wife is sick?"

Gulping, the man nodded. "Yes, sultan. As are a number—"

"What did you paid for this man's potion?"

Blushing, the man gave a large amount. From Suleiman's estimate, it was about a quarter what he made in an entire year.

Suleiman sighed and shook his head. "Why?"

"My wife was sick. And I bought into this man's lies that it would cure her."

The thief opened his mouth, then glanced at Suleiman. With a sigh, he snapped his mouth shut. He lowered his gaze, but not after glancing around toward the doors leading out.

Suleiman fought the quirk in his lip. As much as he had to protect his people, the con man obviously had a good line. He turned to Falah. "This man was leaving town? I assume he had his gains?"

Falah nodded.

"Bring it in."

"It is a wagon," before Suleiman could glare, Falah continued, "I'll need some space to bring it in."

Suleiman chuckled and nodded to the guard to obey. In a flurry of movement, a wagon was brought into the court hall. Suleiman wasn't surprised to see it piled high with gold and valuables, but he was surprised to see three women chained to the back. One of them, a young-looking woman with long dark hair, leaned against the back. The other were also attractive women with large breasts and wide hips, but they didn't have the familiar tone of a skilled dancer and pleasure slave.

The first slave had small, high breasts but they tented the fabric of her dress nicely. She had smooth skin and long, graceful fingers. Her bare feet were visible underneath her gray dress and he spotted a gold ring around one toe.

Suleiman felt a smile crossing his face. She had potential.

As if feeling his look, she glanced up and caught his eyes. Her eyes grew wide with fright and she bowed her head quickly. Her shoulders sank down and she ducked behind the wagon; her chain rattled with her movement.

Tearing his attention away from her, he looked over the wagon again. "Where is this potion he sold?"

The guard dug in the wagon for a moment, then pulled out a leather bag filled with bottles. Carefully, he knelt down and plucked out the contents.

Suleiman picked up the nearest bottle and opened it. A foul stench rose out. It smelled of sewage and left a bitter burn in the back of Suleiman's throat. Frowning, the sultan closed the bottle up and set it down. He turned to the con man. "Did you steal from these people?"

"No, I did not. I sold them my potion and they gave me their possessions willingly. It was a fair trade."

"And what was it suppose to cure?"

“Everything.” The man’s voice grew softer and Suleiman saw fear in his eyes. “It is a miracle potion.”

“Well, I’d like to see it work.”

“Just get me a sick person and I shall cure them.” The man stood up straighter.

Suleiman chuckled. “How about yourself?”

“I’m not sick.”

“No, but you’re going to be. I want to see this potion work and you seem like the best person to demonstrate it.”

“It is,” the man’s eyes flickered to the side toward one of the windows, “dangerous to use on a healthy being such as myself. Years of using this has made me nearly immune to almost all diseases.”

Suleiman’s smile grew. “Well then, if that is true, if you get sick, you are lying.”

“Well, there isn’t—”

Suleiman turned to the guard next to him. “I want this man cleaning out the city garbage for a month. Naked. Give him all the potion he needs. If, in one month, he is sick, then have him executed and his belongings returned to their owners. If he remains as healthy as he claims, he keeps everything including any potion he sold.”

He turned back to the room. “Anyone wish to disagree?”

No one said anything but the con man looked sick to his stomach.

“Then report to Falah what you used to purchase the magic potion and bring the bottles back, even empty or partially used. For those who claim they are ill, bring them to the palace healer and we’ll see what we can do.”

Suleiman stood up in the silence. No one would look at him and he smiled. Leaning over, he whispered into Falah’s ear. “Bring that girl to my room and send the other two down to the kitchens.”

Falah nodded.

Suleiman strode out of the room. Instead of returning directly to his room, he headed out through the gardens. He ordered breakfast in one of his dining halls to a passing slave and then slowed down to enjoy the smells of flowers and scented waters.

He reached the southern part of one garden when he heard Marie speaking over a stone wall. On the other side was the harem garden,

a place of privacy for them where only Suleiman could see them from his room.

"I thought he was done with me." It was Celeste.

"No, he wasn't," snapped Juliana, "that was a dismissal. You failed him."

"Doing what?"

"You said it yourself, the guard woke you up. You should have been awake when he woke up."

"Why?"

"To fuck him, to blow him, it doesn't matter. When he opens his eyes, you better be willing to impale whatever hole he wants on his cock." Juliana sounded impatient and frustrated.

"When were you going to tell us that?" Celeste cried out. "You said he'll kill us if we screw up."

Juliana said nothing for a moment. "I didn't think you were going to spend the night."

"H-How," rose Lydia's voice, "do you know when he wakes up?"

"I'm not sure. I used to stay up all night, but if he noticed the dark shadows under your eyes, he'll punish you. I guess, you'll just have to wake up before him."

"Just like that?" asked Celeste. "He could have killed me!"

"I-I know," said Juliana in a frustrated voice, "I guess... I know! I'll wake you up before sunrise every morning. He gets up with the light and if we can train you, then you'll be up when he does."

Suleiman smiled and continued along the stone path. Juliana was growing more frustrated with her duties and she would start to make a mistake. And mistakes were fatal in his harem. He enjoyed planning out her death, when she failed to meet his expectations.

At breakfast, Falah brought the slave woman to him.

"My sultan, I present you the slave Victoria."

Victoria stood at the end of the table, her head bowed and her arms resting on her hips. She had a narrower waist than most of the women in his harem, but her youthful appearance continued to draw his attention.

Suleiman set down his fork. "You look like a dancer."

"Yes, my sultan." Her accent wasn't what he expected, it was soft but clipped.

"Where you from?"

“My father is the Count of Aversa,” she had named a kingdom to the west.

“And how did you end up in that thief’s possession?”

“My previous owner, Zayd, sold me for a potion that would increase his manhood.”

“And before that?”

Her shoulders tensed. “I was captured by a band of corsairs and brought to the city. I was purchased a year ago.”

“The Count doesn’t have a daughter.”

Her eyes flashed as she looked up. “The true,” she spat out the word, “count had a daughter. The back-stabbing bastard that sits there now is my uncle, may he die in a bed of ten thousand fleas!”

She continued to rant for a few minutes and Suleiman let her finish.

When she calmed down, he held up his hand. “You just saw how I handle court. Was there anything there that would suggest I’m interesting in long tirades?”

She blanched. “Oh, I’m sorry, sultan. I didn’t mean to offend.”

“Obviously, I can’t keep you locked in the storage room for a month. So, I’m giving you one chance to be free of both this thief and your current master. I sense some potential in you. I have high expectations, but if you fail them, you won’t live to find out if the thief died. Do you want to join my harem?”

Her eyes lit up. “To be the mistress to the sultan of all sultans? I would be honored.”

He chuckled. “Without knowing what I expect.”

“I’m better than any woman...” her voice trailed off as she realized what she was saying.

“Then, show me. I love dancers, so dance for me. If my manhood responds, you will become one of my harem.”

“If I fail?” Her face was still pale.

“Then, this man right here,” he pointed to a guard who unsheathed his sword, “is going to rape and then kill you right on my breakfast table. And I will have to send for food that isn’t splattered with your blood.” Suleiman let his voice end in a growl.

Victoria gulped loudly.

Suleiman clapped his hands. A pair of musicians came rushing and set up their instruments. Less than a minute later, music filled the hall.

She hesitated, but then began to dance. Her style was different than the others. She stretched out one hand and moved in a flowing movement as she brought up her other hand. Bonelessly, she sent a ripple from one hand to the other and back. As the wave rose, so did her breasts.

He watched with attention as she lifted and dropped her breasts, moving with sharp movements that brought attention to the firm mounds straining under her dress.

Most of her movements were in her torso and breasts, but she had incredible control over them. Each position flowed into the next one, drawing attention to her hips, her breasts, and arms with elegant ripples of trained muscles.

With a shimmy, she brought her hips into the dance. Little pops of movement and a shake. If she was wearing fringe or a coin scarf, they would flare out with each twirl, but her dress was a poor imitation of the traditional dancing garb.

She flexed her stomach with the same popping movement, moving in long swirls of movement and ending with a sharp stop. Her body jerked and bumped in time with the music, catching his attention.

Suleiman could see her young body press against the dress. Like the other women in his harem, she wasn't classically beautiful but the enthusiasm and elegance of her dance drew his attention and lust.

Soon, his cock was tenting his robe and he stroked it.

She caught sight of it and smiled, but continued to dance. She shook her hips, almost rattling with the sharp jerking movements that never seemed to stop. He could see the flex of her legs and stomach, keeping her body almost vibrating with the sharp movements.

The song ended just as precum began to darken the fabric of his robe.

Victoria came to a swirling stop and stood there, panting. Her breasts rose and felt with each movement and he could see sweat sparkling along her throat.

“Come here,” he growled.

Sweeping along the ground, Victoria stepped along the table and knelt down from before him. Her eyes stared down at his cock as her smile quirked the corner of her lips.

“Go ahead,” he said.

Her fingers trembled as she opened his robe. Peeling the fabric back, she revealed his large cock to the morning light. A soft gasp escaped her lips as she stared at it. But, she needed no order to know what to do. Inching forward, she wrapped her fingers around his base and brought her lips to his head.

Kissing his head, she worked her lips down around the thick head. Her mouth was hot and slick. She darted her tongue out to explore the opening of his shaft and then down along the sensitive ridge of his glans.

Suleiman leaned back and watched.

Her hair draped down in a curtain of shimmering darkness as she leaned forward, but she used one hand to keep it from blocking his view of her lips stretching around his cock. Sliding down, she took more of his length into her mouth until she was straining near the center.

He could feel the back of her throat with only half his cock inside her mouth. It was tight and wet. He clutched the side of the chair as he waited to see if she would take it further.

Victoria lifted herself up on her knees and then pushed down. The pressure at his tip increased for a moment before he felt a wet release. And then her lips drove all the way down to his base as she buried her nose into his pubic hair.

The heat and pressure was almost too much for him. He shoved up with his mouth as he felt his balls beginning to boil.

She pressed one finger against his base, stopping the flow. His balls twitched from an aborted orgasm and the pleasure increased with the small hints of agony.

Rocking her head back and forth, she slowly drew herself up. His shaft was glistening from her saliva as she reached his tip. Swirling it around her mouth, she bobbed up and down in imitation of her dance. As she moved, her breasts rose and fell and he could feel the soft mounds pressing against his thigh with every shift of her body.

Her skill pushed him over the edge. With a groan, he came inside her mouth.

She didn't jerk or even halt, but continued to flow from one movement to the other. He could feel her gulping as he jetted inside her mouth. Not a single droplet escaped her stretched lips.

Victoria remained in place until he slumped back. She lifted her mouth and smiled. Her lips glistened with his precum but there wasn't another hint that she had just swallowed his seed.

He waited for her to ask a question, but she remained silent. When it was obvious that she knew her place, he gave a nod.

The guard sheathed his sword.

There was a brief flash of triumph in her eyes, but it was quickly hidden with a skill that surprised Suleiman. Victoria could be dangerous, but she obviously knew that being in the sultan's harem was far better than her other options.

"Come," he said as he stood up, "time to meet the others."

Impatience



As he delivered Victoria to the harem, he ordered Lydia to join him that evening after dinner. Even as he gave the command, he could see the fear and terror in her eyes.

The look on her face kept him hard through dinner. He knew that Lydia would break first and fail him. Every time she struggled with her emotions, she drew closer to her screaming, agonizing death. Over dessert, he came up with the way he was going to kill her, by cutting out her sex and watching her bleed to death on the floor. He wondered if he could fuck her ass as she perished and his cock soaked the inside of his robes with anticipation.

That evening, he sat on his balcony and watched as Victoria, Juliana, and Celeste danced in the garden. All three of them were trading tips and helping each other. There were smiles as they brushed against each other. He enjoyed how they trailed their fingers along each other's breasts, hips, and inner thighs. It was for his entertainment, there was no way to avoid the shadow of his presence that loomed over the garden, but that didn't diminish the casual sexuality the three women presented for his entertainment.

He heard Lydia approaching. She wasn't wearing a coin scarf, but her bare feet smacked against the ground.

"H-He's expecting me."

The door creaked as it opened. He didn't look at her, but he listened to her footsteps as she crossed the room.

"My sultan?"

Suleiman smiled as he watched Celeste kissing Victoria. It was a teasing touch and their lips lingered before they broke apart.

He looked over his shoulder at her. Lydia had found a purple and red outfit. The bottom consisted of long strips of sheer purple fabric attached to a band around her waist. Her sex was bare and visible through the sheer fabric and he noticed that she had very little pubic hair shielding her womanhood. Her top was almost as sheer, with sequins sewn into the fabric. Her nipples pressed against the fabric, two large peaks that drew his attention.

Noticing his gaze, she straightened her back and lifted her breasts, showing off her ability to move her ribs smoothly and exposing her belly to his admiration.

He said, "You were chosen because you managed to appeal to me in the dirt of the slave market. Now that you are cleaned up, perfumed, and dressed, I want to see what you are truly capable of."

Lydia took a long, deep breath. She looked around the room, curious and wide-eyed.

In the corner, a small group of musicians started to play. It was a rhythmic song, one that he thought would fit well with what she demonstrated in the slave market.

She continue to look around, then her eyes grew wide. Her head snapped around and her hair fanned around her as she looked at the musicians. With a start, she started to dance and it took a few seconds of fumbling before she got into the rhythm of the song.

As she danced, Suleiman turned to watch her. She twirled around in the center of the room and moved with the beat. Each jerk of her hip or shift of her shoulder brought attention to her bared belly and exposed legs.

His eyes trailed along her ass as she spun and up to her belly when she came around. She swirled closer to him and pulled back. Her bare feet tapped against the ground. She moved with closed eyes, somehow narrowly avoiding the bed and furniture despite her spinning. He could see her lose herself in the music. As the seconds passed by, she moved freer and more elegantly until she was gliding across the floor and swirling back around.

Suleiman rose to his feet. He stepped forward just as she swirled toward him. He knew she would draw back as a tease, but he was ready to get his hands on her body. He opened his arms up as she came around and braced himself.

Lydia spun into him, her shoulder striking his arm.

He folded his arms around her and pulled her close. Her soft body ground into him. His cock, hard and pressing against his robe, scraped against her thigh and he shivered at the touch.

She jerked at his touch and tried to step back, but he clamped his arm around her waist and pulled her tight to his body. A whimper rose up as her eyes fluttered open. He felt her fingers gripping his hand as she tried to lever his grip away.

“You just don’t get it, do you?” Suleiman held her tight.

Her breasts ground into his chest and he could feel her trembling. He had power over her, to kill her and to fuck her. It brought a heady spin to his head as he realized he could do anything he wanted to this woman, no matter how much she screamed or resisted.

Lydia’s chest rose and fell as her breathing grew in rapid gasps. She stared into his eyes and tears swirled at the bottom.

Suleiman gripped her tighter, crushing her wrist. “I own you. If I want you to dance, you dance. If I want you to fuck, you are going,” he jerked her tight to him, “to fuck. Do you understand?”

Her lower lip trembled but she nodded.

“And, I have no time for you crying or sobbing. You are to smile and obey, nothing more. Do you understand?”

The tears started to well in her eyes. “Y-Yes, sultan.”

He could see the glistening of her tears and felt the impatience growing. curve as they threatened to pull down. Fear flashed across her face and she trembled.

Suleiman relaxed his grip to see if she would try to escape again.

As soon as the pressure lessened, Lydia tugged at her arm. Her slender wrist slipped out of his grip and she pressed against the arm holding her tight to his chest.

Anger rose up and Suleiman released her. He stepped back and back-handed Lydia with all her might. The crack of his knuckles against her cheek was loud in the room.

Lydia spun around twice before she collapsed to the ground. The thud rang out loudly against the tiles. She clutched her cheek and bent over, a sob shaking her entire body.

“I don’t accept anything less than perfection from my slaves.” Suleiman strode over and grabbed her hair. When she tried to pull away, he grabbed her hair with both hands and dragged her across

the floor. "I bought you, slave, and somehow all of my warnings haven't sunk into your head. I'm not asking you to submit, I'm telling you to." His voice was tense with anger but he didn't raise his voice.

Her feet and hands slapped against the floor as she cried out pitifully. Her shoulders brushed against his thigh and she cringed.

Reaching the edge of the bed, he pulled her up by her hair and threw against the edge.

The mattress caught her hips and she folded over the edge. He heard the muted smack of her face against the blankets. Her right foot slipped on the tile and her thighs spread apart for balance.

He could see the ragged line of her sex, with puffy folds clenching tightly to her sex. Above it, the tiny opening of her asshole squeezed tight with fear.

Lydia tried to push herself up, but he stepped up behind her. His cock ground against the curve of her ass, achingly hard with power and anger. With both hands, he bent over her firm ass and grabbed her head to shove her back down. "Don't move. You don't pull back, you push into me. You don't fight, you show me you want it. These are the actions of a slave. And you," he shoved her face into the blankets, "are my slave."

Her buttocks clenched against his thighs. Her feet skittered against the tiles as she tried to find purchase. Bent over the bed, she couldn't get leverage, but her movements stroked his cock with her ass and he could feel himself growing harder with every attempt to flee.

Lydia continued to struggle. Her fingers clenched the blanks, pulling them into tangles around her arms. Her toenails scraped the tiles until he lodged his groin into the curve of her ass and pinned her against the side of the bed.

"Guard!" he bellowed.

She panicked, thrashing back and forth.

Suleiman gripped her head tighter, squeezing down as he held her in place.

The tap of the guard's boots filled the room. "Yes, my sultan?"

"Knife."

Lydia froze, her body shaking violently. Her feet slipped on the floor as her ass lowered against the bed. He could feel her struggling

against her fear, but her sobs were muffled by the blanket pressed against her face.

When the guard held the knife in front of him, Suleiman took it while keeping one hand holding her head to the bed "That is all," he said to the man.

Without looking away from Lydia, he slid his one hand to her shoulders so he could give himself some room. With his other, he flipped the blade over and lowered it to her sweat-slicked skin. He rested the sharp tip right at the apex along the small of her back, right above one kidney.

Lydia jerked at the touch and another sob ripped from her throat.

"Do you know what I do to slaves?" His cock surged with his thoughts. "I don't give them away. I don't let them go. You are here until the end of your life and I promise you, if you don't learn to submit, it will be a very short and painful life."

It took all his willpower not to shove the blade into her, to feel the flesh break underneath the tip and watch the blood pour out. Shaking with effort, he drew the blade down toward her ass, increasing the pressure until it left a thin line that immediately began to well with blood.

Lydia screamed out but she somehow managed to avoid jerking. Suleiman knew that if she pulled away, he would have killed her right then and there.

His cock ached against his robes as he watched trickles of blood running down her side. The tip of his weapon reached the band of her skirt and he tilted it to bring the edge under the fabric. With a little jerk, he cut the skirt and it peeled away to reveal one of the most beautiful asses he had seen.

She wasn't thin but her ass didn't hang low. Instead, it was firm and tight like a dancers, but large enough that he would have spent hours gripping it as he fucked her.

Suleiman increased the pressure on her shoulder and drew the knife along the curve of her ass to the line between her buttocks. Pressing down to cut flesh, he slowly pulled the tip down toward her winking asshole. Dribbles of blood ran down her ass, dripping off the wrinkled opening and along both sides of her pussy. The shock of red against pale flesh brought a smile to his lips.

"Maybe this will help you learn."

She tensed, no doubt preparing for him to jam the blade into her tight ass.

Suleiman had something else in mind for her ass. He pulled open his robe and freed his aching cock. The blade flashed as he aimed it for the tiny opening coated in blood. With a shift, he pressed the bulbous tip against it and Lydia jerked.

He smacked her back. "Be thankful it isn't the blade that's about to impale you. This will hurt, but it won't kill."

Swirling the tip in the blood for lubrication, just enough to prevent his discomfort but not her own, he leaned into her.

Lydia cried out into the blankets, bunching them against her mouth to muffle the noise.

He held out his knife, knowing the guard was still there. The blade was plucked from his palm, but the guard didn't step away.

Suleiman ran his hands down her bleeding back to grip her buttocks with each hand. He spread her ass cheeks apart with his thumbs and stared down at the crimson-stained hole he was about to rip into.

His eyes rose up to her head, waiting for her to lift her head and cry out. When she didn't, he smiled.

"I will give you one night to scream, but if your voice isn't muffled, you'll die tonight. Do you understand?"

Lydia nodded, her face still hidden by the blankets. She clutched at the fabric and pulled it tighter. He saw her bite down on a thick roll. There were tears on her cheeks.

Returning his attention to her ass, he held her tight and shoved forward.

He didn't know if she was a virgin, but he doubt anyone had ever fucked her ass. It was tight and resisted with all her might, but Suleiman had no patience for her reluctance in any form. With a grunt, he shoved himself forward. The blood-slicked cock ground into her ass.

Her shrill scream rose up, barely muffled by the blanket. He could see her knuckles growing white as she struggled to remain in place.

Her ass continued to refuse him but Suleiman bore down. He panted hard as he continued to increase the pressure. It hurt his cock, to be used as a spike, but he would teach the slave her place one way or the other.

The ring of her ass began to give. He felt the moist heat of her most private of openings give and his cock surged hotly. Precum mixed with blood as he forced his cock head deeper into the tight opening. He felt her anal ring tearing and the spasms that shook her body.

Suleiman stopped as he gasped. Pulling back an inch, he watched her wrinkled opening clenching tightly. Blood welled up from the opening, dripping down to add to the blood from the knife cut.

He grinned and gripped her tighter. She was his.

Taking a deep breath, he pulled back and slammed it home with all his might. The cock pierced the ring and tore it open. Half of his length ripped into her.

Her scream echoed against the walls, loud and shrill. For a moment, he thought she had pulled away from the blankets, but she had buried her head completely in the pillows. She shook violently as her thighs clenched and her entire body spasmed in agony.

Fueled by her suffering, Suleiman pulled completely out of her ass. The bloodied opening started to close, but he wasn't done. He slammed it home, driving over half of his cock into the tight hole. He yanked it out and did it again, each time driving a few more inches into her body.

Lydia screamed with every thrust, but she kept her head down. The sight of her writhing body against the blankets drove him to drive into her harder.

Soon, the room was filled with the sounds of her violated ass. Lubricated by blood and precum, he quickly reached the hilt into her ass. With every stroke, her rectum loosened and he could drive deeper. He dug his fingernails into her inner cheeks and held tight as he fucked her.

The heat and pressure were intense. He could feel her desperate attempts to push him out, the clench of the ruined anal ring and her inner walls. His cock slurped as it drew out, but despite her efforts, he returned to slide deep into her body.

Somehow, Lydia began to quiet down. Her body shook with every thrust, but her shoulders no longer shook violently as he buried his length into her tunnel. Her knuckles were still white but the screams were no longer shrill.

Encouraged, Suleiman threw everything he could into fucking her ass. His entire body shook with each blood and the bed sway with the impact of her hips driving into the mattress. He felt the sweat prickling his back and chest with the effort, but he wanted to break her resistance, not only for tonight but forever. She was his.

With a groan, he came. He shoved his cock deep between the spurts and held it tight into her ass as he coated her insides. Every pulse of his cock was matched by the pulse of her body. Her asshole clung to his cock, squeezing down at the base, but there was no more fight left in her.

Knowing that he had broken her forced another few spurts but soon he was drained completely. The intensity of his rape left him trembling with exhaustion and contentment.

With a groan, he pulled out and a flood of cum and blood poured out of her gaping hole. Suleiman pulled her back from the bed.

Lydia fell from the bed, her fingernails leaving long lines in the blankets as she dropped to her knees. Her shoulders shook with sobs as the blood and cum began to pool underneath her.

Suleiman grabbed her by the head and turned her around. There were tears on her face but she was struggling to contain her sorrow. Tremors shook her body, setting off the sequins of her top. He knelt down in front of her, his cock heavy and wet.

Holding her head with both hands, he forced her to look at him. "This is the last night you cry. It doesn't matter if you are in the garden, in your room, or servicing me. If you resist me, I will torture and kill you. Do you understand?"

Hot tears streaming down her cheeks, Lydia nodded. She clutched her chest tightly, as if it would protect her from him.

"No more, Lydia. You are my slave and you will smile until the day I kill you. Do you understand?"

She nodded again.

Suleiman let out his breath. It felt good to rip her open, but he wasn't sure she was smart enough to realize her position. Standing up, he looked down at her trembling form and then to his blood-streaked cock.

His length twitched at his thoughts. "Clean me."

Lydia's head jerked up as she stared at him with shock.

"With your mouth."

Her lower lip trembled as she lowered her gaze to his stained shaft.

Suleiman shook his head. "You really are that stupid, aren't you? Knife." He held out his hand.

She gasped and shook her head.

The guard set the blade down in his palm.

Lydia glanced up and let out a whimper at the sight of the blade. Gasping, she reached out and grabbed Suleiman's cock. It was slick with her blood and his cum. With a look of disgust, she forced her mouth down on the tip and swallowed his head.

Suleiman wrapped his fingers around the hilt but didn't move as Lydia gagged on his length. Her lips were stained crimson, but she managed to force herself down his length. When she pulled back, his shaft glistened with her saliva.

Her body jerked as she fought nausea, but she forced his length back into her mouth. The tip of slid along the back of her throat and she gagged again.

"All the way down, slave."

There was pleading in her eyes, but Lydia sucked further down. He could feel her struggling to burying his entire length into her mouth. The pressure grew until she gagged.

Deciding to help, he lowered his hand to the back of her head. The knife in his palm pressed against her skull as he pulled her onto his length. Between the pressure of his hand and the reminder that he had a blade, pushed Lydia enough to impale her throat with his cock.

With a rush, she took in his entire length and buried her face into his pubic hair. The heat of her throat and mouth was intense and he felt himself growing harder with the sensations.

She sucked and licked, struggling with every second. It left her lips stained with crimson and a thin sheen of cum and saliva down her cheek and along her cheeks. But, when she pulled off his cock, it was cleaned.

"My balls," he ordered.

She took each one in her mouth, sucking and cleaning them off. It felt good and he gripped her head tighter for balance. His cock grew to full length, aching hard as she sucked him clean.

When she finished sucking each testicle clean, she leaned back. Her breasts, coated with the slurry that stained her throat, rose and fell. She looked up at his cock, towering over her.

To Suleiman's surprise, she took it with both hands and brought the tip to her mouth. Pumping her fingers, she sucked on the end until the cum rose up again. This time, he didn't need to do anything but stand there until the orgasm took him and he exploded inside her mouth.

Lydia dutifully sucked on his cock until the last of his seed flooded her mouth. Swallowing, she cleaned him off before releasing his shaft.

When Suleiman stepped back, he was sated. "Good girl. He looked at the blood-stained mattress and the puddle underneath her. "Go back to the harem and get cleaned up. When I call for you again in three days, you will be smiling, do you understand?"

She used the back of her wrist to wipe the tears from her face. "Yes," she whispered, "my sultan."

Choices

8

Suleiman sat at the dining table. To his side were two local merchants trying earn his favor by showering him with gifts and gold. On the other, a visiting dignitary from a nearby monarchy was doing his best to drink himself into oblivion. All of his guests were happy as they swapped playful barbs and veiled negotiations over the pile of empty dishes and bottles.

He remained sober while giving the impression of drinking heavily. But, even as he listened to the drunken slurs of his guests, his attention was focused at the far end of the table where Juliana and Victoria danced in the background.

Juliana had picked her favorite outfit, a green dress with a coin scarf and sequins on her top. Her caught Suleiman's eyes as she spun around, moving in time with the musicians and the woman dancing next to her.

Victoria, though she was new, was just as skilled Juliana. She wore a golden dress that kept her belly covered but had long flowing streams around her. Even though her body wasn't bared to his eyes, he could see how she twisted and writhed with exquisite skill.

The two dancers moved in time with each other. At first, it looked like they were dancing two different patterns but then their movements would come in sync and Suleiman would feel his breath quickening as he watched them shimmying in perfect synchronization and rotate counterpoint to each other.

The delegate shifted closer. "Sultan?"

Suleiman tore his eyes away from the two dancers. The delegate was a heavyset man with a thick beard and an easy smile.

"You have very beautiful dancers." It was a subtle way of asking to fuck one of his harem. Suleiman had heard it a thousand times before but rarely gave in. His harem were his possessions and Suleiman loathed to loan one out.

Suleiman smiled. "They are, but very busy women."

"You can't keep both of them busy tonight, surely?"

He smiled and looked over the two women. They were spinning at the end of the table, fingers intertwined as they rocked hips in time with each other. He remembered how they touched and caressed each other while practicing. There was a growing familiarity between the two dancers in front of him. The delegate's words pushed him to find out how well the two would dance together. "Actually, I do plan on keeping both of them quite busy until early morning."

The delegate sighed and sat up. "You are a greater man than me."

"Yes," Suleiman said and then laughed. "Come, drink and be merry. I have no doubt you will all find something warm in your beds tonight."

There was a brief stunned silence and then the table erupted into cheers for the sultan. Suleiman joined in, finishing his second glass of drink to the others tenth. In the back of his mind, he was already planning which of the castle servants would be used to curry favor: all of them would come from his bathroom servants, beautiful in their own right but none of his guest appreciated the perfection of his own harem.

An hour later, Suleiman headed to his bedroom. He walked in silence despite two guards following discretely behind him. Even in his own palace, he made sure his men watched over him when he had more than a drink. One would never know when an assassin would show up.

At his door, the two men stood on each side. Suleiman leaned on the doors and threw them open. He already knew that Juliana and Angelica would be waiting for him, but he wasn't sure what they would be doing.

Juliana was dancing in the middle of the room, her bare feet whispering on the tiles as she spun around. There were no musicians to dance to, but she moved with the practiced skill that required no beat to keep up with the shakes of her hips or the

seductive shaking of her stomach and breasts. She had switched her outfit, but still wore green. The sheer fabric that bound her breasts was nearly transparent and Suleiman could see the heavy breasts swaying with her movements and the dark pools of her nipples. Her bottom was also transparent, giving flashes of her sex and dark patch of hair with every spin. Along the back, her taut buttocks flexed as she prance for him.

It looked like he caught her in an innocent demonstration of dancing techniques, but he knew it was carefully crafted to inflame his lust. Juliana knew him, probably better than any other woman alive, and the sway of her hips told him that she had timed his entrance perfectly.

Victoria, on the other hand, was sitting on the edge of the bed and still changing her outfit. Her top was off and her small breasts stood firmly on her chest. Little rings circled her tiny nipples, glinting as she unfolded a sheer yellow top that matched Juliana's. She wore a fringed bottom that was short and barely covered her sex. He could see the curls of her hair peeking out from shadows and the long lines of her trim legs.

He smiled as he stepped inside and closed the door.

At the sound of the latch catching, Victoria looked up. Her eyes grew wide and she stared helplessly down at her top. Gulping, she sank to the ground. "Sultan!"

Juliana spun and gave the impression of being surprised. She lowered herself to her knee. "My sultan, I didn't hear you come in."

Suleiman shook his head but let the lie stand. There were many skills needed to please him, and the illusion of innocence was part of it. Just like learning to wake before him, it didn't matter to him how they please him, just that they did. He gestured for Victoria. "Go and finish preparing. I'm going to take a bath."

Victoria peeked up from her position. "Your bathing girls were already summoned."

Juliana shot her a glare, but Victoria continued. "Do you wish for us to bathe you?"

Suleiman caught Juliana trying to calm her expression. There was a friction between the two of them and he smiled. He hoped that he would have found someone to push Juliana to her limits, but where

he thought Celeste would do it, Victoria seemed to have the natural arrogance to crack Juliana's veneer.

He shook his head and headed for the bath. "I can bathe myself, at least at first. I'm expecting to see you two dancing together for me when I return."

Slipping his robe off his shoulders, he let it slump to the ground behind him. One of the women would pick it up before he returned. Naked, he continued into the bathing area where the water was already steaming and perfumed. He sank into it and relaxed, enjoying himself as he gave the two women a chance to stew and push each other.

He wanted to push Juliana at the same time he was looking forward to enjoying both that night. The evening entertainment had gotten him hard. Seeing them both in sheer outfits, naked yet dressed, had brought life to his manhood. The only way to quell his excitement was to bury his cock into their bodies, repeatedly if he had the chance.

By the time he finished, he was aching hard and ready. He dried off and then headed back to his room. The air washed over his naked body, but he didn't care. There was only two other people who would see him.

He entered his bedroom. Juliana was stretched up against one post of his bed and Victoria up the other. He stopped with a smile. They were beautiful. With both of them reaching up, their nearly bare breasts were lifted for his view. They both had one leg hooked up on the edge of the mattress and the sheer fabric fluttered to draw his attention to their sexes.

Suleiman gave an approving nod.

As one, the two women pushed themselves off the bed and came toward him. They moved in time with each other, hips making little popping movement. He could almost hear the beat of the hidden music as they swirled around him. Juliana stroked her fingers along his shoulders as Victoria caressed his hips.

Swirling around, the fabric of their skirts brushed against his thighs as they came closer. Juliana ran her breasts, barely contained by the fabric, along his arm before spinning back.

Victoria stroked his ass with her thigh, blowing him a kiss, before she continued her own dance.

They passed each other and shimmied for him.

Suleiman smiled and reached out for him. There was no hesitation as the two women pressed their breasts to his palm, letting him toy with their hard nipples and the soft mounds of their body. Only when did he release them did they swirl around and present another part of their body.

His cock was at full height as he grabbed Juliana's ass, shoving his thumb along the crack of her buttocks. She bent over for him, giving him completely access, but he was content to swirl his thumb along her wet slit before releasing her.

Leaning to the side, he presented his glistening fingers to Victoria. The younger dancer smiled and shimmied closer, opening her mouth and obediently sucking on his fingers as he held them for her. Her tongue was light and hot, caressing and teasing as she cleaned off his digits.

With his other hand, Suleiman shoved his hand down between her legs and then jammed two fingers into her sex. It was wet and hot, already ready for his cock. He pumped hard and watched as her dance falter with a moan rising in her throat.

Juliana ran her thigh along his cock, sopping up the precum and leaving a smear along her skirt. She ran her fingertips along his length, which brought a surge of precum, and then brought her own fingers to her mouth.

Suleiman chuckled and reached out for her, pulling her close as he shoved the fingers soaked by Victoria's cunt to Juliana's mouth.

Just like Victoria, Juliana accepted the command without hesitation and sucked both fingers into her mouth. She ground her breasts against his side as she laved his fingers, catching every hint of Victoria's juices from his digits.

He released her and enjoyed as they returned to swirling around him, touching and teasing. He was hard and aching, but every time the precum threatened to drip to the ground, one of them would catch it and bring the slick fingers to their mouths.

Suleiman caught both of them, but instead of pulling them close to him, he brought them together. Seeing their breasts, bound in sheer fabric, grind into each other brought a fresh heat through his body.

If either women had a problem kissing each other, it wasn't evident as they embraced each other while still dancing. Victoria cupped Juliana's breasts as the older woman lifted and dropped it, moving her clavicle with the sharp movements that stole Suleiman's breath away.

As they kissed each other, he stepped up and tugged on both of their tops. The fabric, though tied so it wouldn't fall off, gave in easily and he pulled the sheer material away. Juliana's breasts ground against Victoria's, their nipples circling as they kissed and rocked into each other.

He was painfully erect as he stroked and touched them. Their bodies were hot and slick and utterly hits. He grabbed them by their breasts, squeezing the soft mounds and gently pushed them to the bed.

Without losing their beat, they shifted to the bed. Juliana turned so she was backing up and then laid back. As she did, she pulled Victoria down on her. A moment later, their crotches were presented for his enjoyment.

Victoria tugged at her skirt and pulled it aside. Juliana did the same and the two sexes, damp with excitement, pressed against each other as they fitted their bodies together.

Suleiman looked at the two pink holes waiting for him, each one only inches from each other. Above, the two women were kissing and stroking each other, still moving in a silence dance. Juliana drew up her leg, hooking it over Victoria's just as Victoria did the same.

There was nothing to stop him from penetrating either women. He fisted his aching cock and stepped into position. Breathing heavily, he ran the tip of his cock along Juliana's slit and then up to Victoria's. Both were soaked and he admired the droplets of pearl liquid that clung to his tip.

He started with Juliana. Pushing down, he sank into the familiar pussy. She took him easily, clear to the hilt, but he didn't pump. Instead, he pulled out, lifted his cock, and pushed it into Victoria. It was hotter and tighter in the younger girl's sex, but he encountered resistance sooner and an inch of his cock remained outside.

It wouldn't stop him for long, but Suleiman was content to pull out and burying it back in Juliana. He alternated pussies with long, deep strokes.

Little moans, both Juliana's and Victoria's, rose up from the bed, punctuated by wet kisses and little tremors. The little noises pushed him to thrust faster, moving from pussy to pussy and back again.

Even Suleiman didn't know which cunt he would come in, but he was sure that it wouldn't be the last that night. He didn't bother with his fist anymore, just pulled back and shoved forward. The tip of his cock sank easily into one of their soaked holes and he stopped only when his balls slapped against flesh.

He closed his eyes as he thrust, sliding in and out. He didn't care which hole he fucked, only that he was pounding into their bodies. Each moan drove him faster until he was straining to bury his length.

He was deep inside Victoria when he came. It was a sudden explosion and he dug his hands into her hips and let out a guttural grunt. Each pulse of his shaft left him drained and reeling. He leaned into her body, crushing Victoria between himself and Juliana with the effort to drive his cock as deep as possible.

After long moments of pumping his seed into her, he withdrew and looked down at his shaft. It bobbed with his pulse and long tendrils of cum dripped from both the tip and Victoria's pussy, pouring as a river down along Juliana's pussy.

"I win," whispered Victoria.

Suleiman chuckled.

Both women peeled themselves apart and sat up on the bed. Victoria cupped her pussy, pressing her palm against her dripping hole. They looked at Suleiman for a long moment.

Victoria moved first, shifting so she was on her hands and knees. She reached out for Suleiman.

Curious, he stepped forward.

She took his cock into her mouth, even though it was dripping with the juices from all three of them. The cum smeared across her face as she swallowed him down to his root. Against his sensitive length, her mouth was an inferno but she was skilled and gentle with her cleaning.

Juliana crawled along the bed until she was positioned behind Victoria. She looked up over Victoria's ass at Suleiman and then smiled. Opening her mouth, she lowered herself.

He knew that her tongue was pressed against Victoria's slimy pussy when the younger woman jerked forward, almost taking his balls into her mouth. Her lips ground against him and her moan vibrated him from tip to balls.

Suleiman grabbed her by the head, holding her in place as he gave her long strokes of his cock. The sight of her lips clinging to his shaft, tracing out the veins along his length and bulging as his glans threatened to leave.

Wet slurps met with Juliana's movements as she lapped Victoria's pussy from clitoris to asshole.

As he watched her head bobbing from behind Victoria, Suleiman's cock grew harder and hotter. He groaned and started to thrust faster into Victoria's willing mouth. He was going to exhaust himself that night, but it was going to be one of the most enjoyable nights he had ever had.

A Simple Request



Suleiman woke up to a wet mouth wrapped around his cock. He smiled and kept his eyes closed, enjoying the sensation of his slave sliding up and down with long, slow strokes. It was almost the perfect blow job, wet and sloppy but skilled. He moaned softly and leaned back into his pillow.

He wasn't sure who was blowing him. It was part of the excitement, not knowing. The only thing he was sure, it wasn't Juliana. He knew her mouth intimately and while she had improved with the competition with Victoria and Celeste, there was no questioning her talents.

In the wet confines of a mouth, his cock quickly grew to full height and he began to thrust into her mouth. The woman shifted her position so her breasts caressed his thighs with every stroke. Her fingers trailed up and down his hips before she cupped his balls, rolling his testicles between her fingers as the pleasure grew.

Suleiman thrust up into her mouth as his orgasm approached. It was a fast and quick one, leaving his heart pounding with pleasure as he jammed his cock deep into her mouth. A few strokes and he began to flood her mouth.

Lydia coughed from his sudden orgasm and Suleiman froze. He had never gotten an amazing blow job from the reluctant slave, but there was no question who was wrapped around his pulsating shaft. She coughed once more and then gulped loudly to swallow his seed.

He opened his eyes and looked down at her. Her brown hair was fanned out across the bed and her naked ass stuck up high in the air. She was looking at him, her eyes locked on his face, and he was struck by the intensity of her gaze.

It was completely unlike Lydia. In the month since he had purchase her, she had never thrown herself into pleasing him. Yes, she accepted his cock and obeyed his commands, but there was a reluctance in her actions, a hesitation that he couldn't quite punish her for. That didn't stop him from raping her ass or smacking her face, but never had she thrown herself into sucking his cock like that morning.

He smiled and reached down. "Good girl," he said.

She let his cock slip out of her mouth with a pop. It slapped down against his belly, hard and swollen. She used the back of her wrist to wipe the saliva and precum from her lips and lifted her body. Her large breasts swung with her movement, rolling over his thighs and sending little pulses of pleasure along his nerves.

He slid his hand down along the side of her face to cup her breasts. The hard nipples teased his palms as he pulled her up.

Lydia crawled up his body, the warmth of her sex working its way along her leg until she settled into place. The curls of her pubic hair pressed against his shaft and he knew it would only take the slightest effort to aim his cock into her sex.

Suleiman looked into her eyes and held her head as he kissed her. Her soft lips were a balm against his own. He ran his hands down her side, caressing her breasts and hips and flanks. She was soft and perfumed. She felt sexy against his skin and his cock grew with anticipation of burying into her body.

She broke the kiss and looked into his eyes. Even through the intensity, he saw her building up courage to speak. He could see it in the way her lips moved and she tensed and relaxed. She wanted to beg for a favor and it was only a matter of moments before she requested it.

The joy he felt dissolved in a surge of impatience. He thought about how he would kill her. It was just a matter of finding the right time to pin her down. His mind began to drift through his scheduling, looking for the perfect opportunity.

"I'm sorry," she said in a broken whisper, "my sultan."

He pushed her away with disgust. "You just don't get it, do you. This isn't about you. You are property, a slave. You don't make requests, you don't ask for things. You serve. Silently. Obediently."

Her legs flashed as she rolled over from his blow. She stopped with her ass toward him and then pushed herself up into a kneeling position. Turning around, she settled down on the blankets. With a sigh, she clasped her hands between her legs and bowed her head. "Please, I only request one thing."

Suleiman glared as he sat up, scooting toward his pillows until his shoulder blades hit the wooden headboard. She was moments away from ending her life in the most painful way he could imagine. "I'm not a tolerant man, Lydia. If you don't obey, I'm going to make sure your life—"

"Please, kill me."

The flare of anger stopped in an instant. He shook his head as he wondered if he somehow misheard her.

She peeked up through her dark hair. "Please, my sultan. I want you to kill me. Today, tonight, this morning. Please?"

He opened his mouth but the words wouldn't come. Closing it with a snap, he looked at the naked woman for a long moment before he could find the words to speak. "Why?"

A tear ran down her cheek, an offense that he punished her brutally from before. "I don't want to be your slave. I don't want to be anyone's slave."

"You have a good—"

"I don't want to be here." She lifted her chin to look at him. "I can't serve you and it is just a matter of time before you kill me anyways. All I ask, beg actually, is that you do it today. End my agony and let... let me return to my father."

Suleiman finally regained control of his senses. He shook his head for a moment, then took a long breath. "You don't have a choice."

"I know, which is why I'm begging."

"I purchased you."

"I'm sorry."

"You know I don't have to kill you. I can—"

"You will torture me for even asking. I know."

Suleiman pressed his lips into a thin line. "If you interrupt again, I will torture you."

She bowed her head but said nothing.

It was a matter of weeks before he was going to kill her anyways. She wasn't what he wanted in a woman, thought she was an

excellent dancer. Her attitude, the very thing that pushed her to ask him for such a boon, marred her physical beauty and ruined his enjoyment.

Suleiman considered his options. His cock grew against the blanket as he realized what he would do.

Lydia remained in her position, obedient and respectful. It was everything he wanted for her, but she was only doing it to die.

"You are stealing from me."

She looked up. "My sultan."

"I bought you. I own your life. Your request is stealing hours of me using your body for my own desires. In effect, you are asking to steal what I rightfully purchased."

More tears ran down her cheeks. She nodded. "I'm sorry."

"How badly do you want this?"

She gasped and looked up. "Sultan?"

"How desperate are you to end your life? Are you willing to do anything?"

"Yes!" Lydia lurched forward, then realized her action. She sat back down. "Yes," she said in a softer voice. "I'll do anything."

"We cut the hands off thieves."

Her body jerked at his words. "Y-Yes, my sultan."

"And I will demand two more things for your life."

The tears rolled down her cheek and clung to her chin. It dripped down to her breasts and gathered at her nipples before sliding down her belly. He watched as tremors shook her. Her knuckles were white as she clutched her hands together. "A-Anything."

"Your breasts and your head."

Lydia tightly closed her eyes and gave a ragged nod. "I will pay that price."

"You will cut off your own breasts and hand them to me, right before you're punished for stealing from me."

Another nod and a muffled sob.

"And then, you will give me one last blow job of your life. And when I come, you will have your head cut off. But," he held up his finger, "if you resist once. If you bite down. If you scrape my manhood with your teeth or pull back even the slightest, I will have my guards cut off your arms and legs and turn you into the whore of every man in the city. I will make sure you won't die, but you will

become nothing more than fuck holes for anyone who wishes to ram their cock into you.”

Lydia sniffed. “Thank you, my sultan. Thank you. I will not resist. Thank you, so much.” She sobbed with relief.

Suleiman stroked his cock and pulled back a dripping hand. Wiping it on his blankets, he pulled himself out of bed and walked to the door. Outside, he addressed one of the guards. “Summon Falah. Tell him to bring an executioner’s ax and the most accurate ax man we have.”

“That would be me, sultan.”

“Fine,” he said with annoyance. “Also bring two of the sharpest knives we have. And a rug we are willing to have stained with blood.”

The guard bowed with response.

Suleiman shut the door and turned to Lydia. “Stand up. You don’t deserve to be in my bed.”

She crawled off the blankets and stood up, her head bowed and her hands in front of her.

“Strip,” he ordered as he headed to his desk. It was a hard wood surface, right at the height she could place her breasts. He smiled with growing excitement. It was something he had never done before and he looked forward to seeing something new. Gathering up the papers, he placed them in the drawers.

By the time he cleared off the desk, Falah and the guard came back. The guard stripped down to black trousers and a heavy ax. Falah carried a box with two knives underneath his arm as he directed slaves to lay out a rug in the center of the room. He also brought in rounded pillows and set them down one side.

Neither man asked what was happening, but the naked woman trembling at the foot of the sultan’s bed spoke volumes.

The air was electric. Suleiman’s cock stood at full mast as he circled around the desk and the bed, waiting impatiently. He set down one knife down on the desk, right at the center. With a second thought, he ordered Falah to bring a pillow to where he wanted Lydia to kneel. It would be right where he normally sat, so he could caress the wood where her breasts were severed for years to come.

It wasn’t even noon when everything was ready. He gestured for Lydia to kneel at her desk.

Lydia trembled as she knelt down on the pillow. With shaking hands, she lifted one breast and set it down on the wooden surface. The other joined and she shifted until the edge of the desk dug into her ribs below the large, heavy mounds splayed out. Her nipples were hard and her body glistened with a thin sheen of sweat.

He rested his hand on the knife. "I demand three things from you to exit this world. Do you consent?"

There were no tears as she nodded. "Yes, my sultan."

He pushed the knife to her. As she picked it up, he walked around the desk and sat down on his chair. His cock stood at full attention and dribbled precum, but he didn't dare touch it. He was going to fuck her soon and he wanted to enjoy every aching need to orgasm.

Suleiman admired her body. The way her tits rested on the table and the way she picked up the knife with trepidation. But, she didn't hesitate as she took a deep breath and rested the edge of the knife against the top of her right tit. It looked sharp and long, perfect for her to use two hands to push it down.

A single tear splashed down on her mound. It rolled along the soft skin until it hit the blade. It spread out before dribbling both sides of the blade.

"S-Sultan," she gasped.

Suleiman lifted his eyes to her.

"Thank you." She closed her eyes and took another long, deep breath. Gripping the blade with both hands, which threatened to pull the mound from the table, she began to pant.

One breath.

Two breaths.

On the third, she shoved down. The blade sliced into the skin and blood poured out from the cuts. She let out a scream of agony as she forced the blade down, splitting it open until he could see blood and the fatty tissue from the wound.

Her body shook violently as she pushed harder, straining even as she sobbed in agony. The blade sank down, cutting through the skin and driving deep. More blood poured down.

And then, it struck the table. She jerked away and he saw how her finger had been caught underneath the tip. With her movement, the luscious swell of her femininity peeled away from her body and was left behind.

Sheets of crimson ran down her stomach as she stared at the thick mound resting on the table.

Gulping, Lydia set down the knife and picked it up with both hands. She shook violently as she leaned over the desk and held it out for him. “F-For,” she gasped, “my sultan.”

He reached over and took it. It was still warm and soft, dripping crimson on the tile below. He rolled it in his palm, almost coming from the sight of her body in his palm. He caught the nipple between two fingers. It was still hard as he toyed with it. “Now, the other.”

Sobbing louder, she pulled herself up to the table once again. It took her three tries to get her breast on the edge. It splashed in the blood forming in a puddle. She picked up the knife once again but it slipped from her hands. She wiped her palms on her thigh, leaving a bloody streak, before grabbing the knife again.

This time, she hesitated less. Aiming the blade tight to her chest, she took a deep breath and shoved down. The knife sliced through skin, flesh, and fat with a long slurp. She grunted with the effort and blood poured down both sides of her breasts. The blade hit the desk with a thud and the tit rolled forward.

Body shaking, Lydia released the knife and left it embedded in the desk. She reached over to grab her severed breast and held it out for Suleiman.

Panting hard himself, Suleiman took it and rolled it in his hand. He smiled as he played with it, the rush almost too much for him. He nodded to Falah to continue to the next step and returned his attention. He loved Lydia’s body, but her breasts always drew him. Now, they were in his palm and he realized they were just as perfect even separated from her body.

Falah came around. He spoke for a few minutes, giving Lydia a chance to stop since it was her right by law. When she refused to give up, he wrapped a cloth tightly around her upper arms and another just below the wrist. The white fabric dug into her skin and soon her digits were growing purple with the lack of circulation.

Suleiman always forgot how fast hands were removed. The guard did the cutting. It was just three cuts with the blade, one along the top of her wrist and one below. Then, he jammed the knife into the joint and with a wet sucking noise, her hand was sliced off.

She said nothing as the guard started on the other wrist. Suleiman could tell she was struggling with her emotions and not to cry out. Her body remained tense and tears shimmered in her eyes, but she bit down on her tongue and refused to cry out.

In a matter of seconds, she held up her two severed arms. The shocking white of bone was surrounded by red flesh oozing blood. She was helpless for anything now and he felt the need to fuck her rising inside his balls.

Falah set down her hands, palm down on the desk. With a bow, he took the breasts from Suleiman's fingers and set them down with the others. There was a space for one more thing: her head.

Suleiman stood up as the guard and Falah pulled Lydia to her feet. They guided her to the run. Behind her, droplets of blood were bright red against the white tile. It was surreal as they guided her to lie down on her back with her neck resting on the pillow. Falah spread out her brown hair, leaving room for Suleiman to kneel before her head.

"My sultan," said his attention, "we are ready."

Cock aching painfully, Suleiman knelt down on the edge of the rug. His cock smacked her in the face.

Lydia leaned back, straightening her neck, and opened her mouth. He could feel the heat of her breath against his balls. His cock looked huge next to her throat, as if he could reach into her belly with his length.

He looked up at the guard. "If you miss, not only will you suffer a thousand agonies, but your family will suffer too."

The guard gulped and fingered the haft of his ax. "I will not miss."

"When I cum, I will snap my fingers."

"Yes, my sultan."

Suleiman looked down at her open mouth. She was shaking. The ruined holes where her breasts were continued to pour blood on the carpet, staining it. She as brought her wrists, now the ends of her arms, to the pillow and kept them there as if she was pinned to it. He could see the tension in her arms, the desperation not to pull back in fear of not gaining the release of death.

He didn't bother speaking. Grabbing her head with both hands, he pulled back and aimed his dripping cock to her mouth.

She strained to open her mouth as wide as possible.

With a groan, Suleiman drove it home. There was no scrape of teeth, only the wet confines of her throat. He watched as her throat bulged from the girth of his length. It turned him on to feel her gagging on the brutality of his blow, but he knew he wouldn't last long.

Spreading his legs for balance, he began to fuck her. Not gentle strokes of a loved one. Not the pounding of raping a disobedient slave's ass. He slammed into her, trying to break her neck and jaw with the force of his thrusts. Her body jerked with every stroke and he relished the smooth sensation of her throat straining to contain him.

As he pulled out, she gagged for breath, but he didn't care. He pounded into her face, fucking her with all his might. His eyes kept watch of her wrists, for any sign that she was flinching.

But the severed arms never moved.

Her chest rose and fell in spasms, moving in the elegance sway of a dancer. She was giving him pleasure, the only bit she could. Her stomach clenched and relaxed, faster than he was thrust, and it vibrated her length. She kept her legs close to the ground but there was no question she was giving him her everything she had.

Suleiman drove hard, screaming out as he buried his length deep into her mouth. Her face grew purple with his thrusts, as he refused to give her a chance to inhale around his cock. Streamers of saliva and precum poured out and coated her face, adding to her discomfort.

But she never moved from the pillow.

He felt his orgasm boiling in his balls. Leaning back, he prepared for the flash of the blade. Each thrust became an agony as he held back his orgasm. It was only a matter of seconds before he came, but he wanted to torture as long as he could before he couldn't make it.

With a bellow, he drove hard into her throat and came. A single hot jet of cum burst out of his shaft, splattering her throat. He gasped and yanked back, barely able to snap his fingers.

The ax slammed past him, punching throat her exposed neck and the pillow. Shards of the tile burst out from the impact. The guard yanked the blade back up before Suleiman even considered thrusting back in.

The time it took for the blow was less than single frantic thrust.

As blood burst out from her throat, he shoved hard and saw his cock head through the severed open of her neck. Still gripping her head, he leaned back and began to fuck her mouth even harder. The head separated and more jets of cum burst out of the gaping hole to splatter against her spasming body.

Suleiman's world centered down on her head. He fucked it hard and fast, pumping the skull as much as his hips. More cum spurted out of his shaft, painting her dying body as the arterial spray died down. He continued to drive into her, using her skull for his own pleasure until another orgasm slammed into him.

But he wasn't done. As he pulled his aching cock from her head, he dropped it to the side. Inching forward, he aimed his swollen length to the gaping hole of her neck. He had never done it before, but he sank easily down her ruined throat. With his length, he almost reached her stomach, but it was still hot and slick.

Groaning, he slammed into the stub of her neck, fucking her body with the same intense fervor as her skull. He would get his pleasure out of her for as long as he could. He came but kept on thrusting. He could feel the bone of her spine against his balls, but he didn't care. Crouched over her head, he gripped her armpits and slammed home. Each thrust shook her body and she jerked and writhed in her death throes.

Finally, after too many orgasms to count, Suleiman withdrew his aching cock. It hurts from too much pleasure and he was shaking. Blood dripped down from his chest and squelched the rug underneath him.

He looked down at his cock. It was limp, sated completely. He felt drained and empty. His cum was splattered on the rug, her body, and her head. Streamers of it crisscrossed the ragged wounds of her breasts and more of it had collected in the pit of her belly button.

With a smile, he slumped back.

Eavesdropping

10

Suleiman strolled along the first floor of the palace. He headed for the harem gardens, but he wasn't in any hurry. It was barely sundown and the palace was still preparing for dinner and the evening festivities.

He ordered one of the women to serve him over dinner. He was in the mood for a dancer to distract him from his growing political problems from the south. He hoped it would be Victoria or Juliana, but he would be happy with Celeste just as well.

He stopped and smiled. Lydia's death was still bright in his mind despite being over a week ago. The look on her face as she was cutting off her own tits warmed his heart and groin every time he caressed the scratches on his desk. His servants couldn't quite remove all the blood and the streaks of darkness reminded him of the blood dripping down her beautiful mounds.

"What are you doing here?" Victoria's sharp whisper stopped Suleiman.

He frowned. There was no reason any of the harem was outside of their rooms, not until they served him. And then the others would get food delivered from the kitchen. For the most part, they were left alone because no one was stupid enough to touch the sultan's property.

A strange man spoke up. "I'm here to claim what's mine."

Cocking his head, Suleiman padded down the hall and peeked around a statue toward the sound of voices.

Victoria stood near the entrance to the library. She wore a long gray dress that clung to her young breasts and accented her hips. It

hung off one shoulder, which she had pressed against the door to keep it open.

She spoke to an older man with a frown. He stood in formal robes dyed a rich red and black. He looked familiar to Suleiman, but he couldn't quite place the man.

Victoria shook her head. "I'm the sultan's now, not yours, Zayd."

He reached out to stroke her hair. "You'll always be mine, Victoria."

Suleiman tensed as he watched. Touching his property inside his own home was a death sentence. He considered barging down the hall, to order Zayd's death, but the name was familiar. With a start, he recalled it. Zayd had sold Victoria to the thief for a potion to make his cock larger.

Unfortunately, the so-called potion was poisonous and the thief had died. Only a few hours earlier, Suleiman had ordered the return of the thief's ill-gotten goods, except for the three slaves which would remain the palace and Suleiman's property for the rest of their lives.

"No." She jerked away from her former master. "I like being here. It is a better life than you could ever give me."

Zayd pulled his hand back. "You're a fool. He kills the bitches in his harem. I heard about the one girl. Only a week ago and he ordered her to cut off her own breasts! And that is just the latest in decades of his perversions."

Victoria folded her arms over her chest. She said, "That won't happen to me."

"He's a brutal and bloody man, Victoria, no matter your aspirations, you risk your life every time he enters the room."

Suleiman's eyes narrowed with annoyance. He knew his reputation but lesser man had died for saying it out-loud.

"Not me," announced the slave.

"And," Zayd said with a chuckle, "what makes you immune to the sultan's blood lust?"

"I'm better than any girls he's got there. Better dancer, better fuck, and younger than the rest. He would be a fool not to cherish me."

"These are dangerous games you play. Ask for him to give you back and I will give you a solid life where you don't fear death. He

owes me a favor and you're life will become much safer. Please, for your safety. I will give you a good life."

She narrowed his eyes and looked him over. "And you're a smaller man with a tiny house and a tenth of the sultan's wealth. No, Zayd, leave before the sultan's spies catch you here. I have no interest in ever going back."

He sighed. "I cannot leave quite yet, not without dishonoring me. I have an appointment with the sultan in a few short hours. I will ask, I have to."

With a snort, Victoria shook her head. "Good luck with that. The pig, Juliana, will be serving him and you'll see why I'm in no danger."

Head low, Zayd turned and headed away from both Victoria and the concealed sultan. He walked a few feet before stopping. "He isn't going to marry you. No matter how much you fuck or weasel your way, the sultan isn't the man to marry his harem. If you stay, you will never be more than a pleasure slave."

"Don't be sure of that," she said in a low, sultry voice. "A lot can happen and sooner or later, it's going to be just him and me. And then, he won't have a choice."

"Dangerous games, Victoria. Very dangerous games."

t'Sade

Sleeping In

11

It was early in the morning, before the sun would rise above the horizon but long after the streets grew quiet for everyone but thieves. A damp wind blew from the east, filling his room with hot eddies of moisture and scents. The fresh smells brought the hint of flowers and spices.

Suleiman took a deep breath and leaned against the headboard of his bed. In one hand, he cradled a book and flipped the page with his thumb. His other hand rested on his crotch, idly teasing it as he read through an erotic scene.

“Sultan?” Suleiman looked up to see Falah standing in the door.

“Yes?” he asked.

The young man yawned and leaned against the frame. “I’m sorry, but I was up late filing papers. Is there anything you need before I sleep?”

Suleiman looked over the young man. There were dark shadows underneath Falah’s eyes and his hand clutched the side of the door to remain standing. It had been a while since Suleiman had rewarded the young man; a good clerk was worth more than his weight in gold.

He set down the book on his lap. “No, I’m satisfied. Do I have anything scheduled for tomorrow?”

“Not until the evening festival.”

“Good job, Falah.”

“Thank you, sultan.”

Suleiman held up a finger. “Do you,” he emphasized the word, “have anything scheduled for tomorrow?”

Falah stood up straighter. "Some minor audiences. Permits, requests, the usual. Nothing I can't handle."

"Reschedule."

"Sultan?"

Suleiman smiled. "I want you to reschedule everything and take the day off until the festival."

"But, what about—"

Suleiman stopped him with a glare. "Don't question me, Falah."

"I'm sorry, my sultan."

"For questioning me, I want you to go down to the harem and send one of them up here."

"Yes."

"And then pick another one for you, until the festival that is."

Falah shook his head and stared in shock.

Suleiman grinned. "I gave an order, Falah."

"S-Sultan?"

"Go on. Pick one out and enjoy her. I know you're tired, so I'm giving you the rest of the day to enjoy yourself. Go on," he waved his hand, "enjoy."

"I-I don't know what to say."

"Nothing. Just send up one up for me first. The sultan," he said with a grin, "always gets first choice."

With a second wind, Falah bowed deeply and sprinted for the room.

Suleiman smiled and returned to his book and his shaft. Stroking his length with his thumb, he smiled and waited. He knew that Falah would pick Juliana, he had been fascinated with her for years. Which meant that either Celeste or Victoria would be sent up. It didn't matter, all of them were beautiful.

When he heard the whisper of fringes and the clink of coins, he smiled. Without looking up, he tried to identify the woman walking down the hallway.

In his palm, his cock grew harder with anticipation. He squeezed down and smiled, pretending to focus on his book. His senses were focused on the door, trying to catch a whiff of perfume or some other sound that would tell him before hot lips wrapped around his cock.

"Good evening," purred Celeste, "my sultan."

Suleiman smiled broadly and set his book to the side.

Celeste was in a pastel yellow outfit. The top was heavily embroidered with fringes hanging along her ribs and at her arms. Tiny sequins sparkled among the intricate threading. She wore a matching bottom with a coin scarf wrapped around her waist so her right hip held it up and the left side dangled along her thigh.

Her eyes drifted down to his crotch, where his manhood stood at attention underneath his robe. She put on a sultry smile and drew her gaze back up. "It looks like you started already without me."

He chuckled. "It was a good book."

She stepped over to the bed and crawled on it. One hand reached down to pull her scarf up and away from her sex. "Do you want to finish it, my sultan?"

He admired her body, his cock straining underneath his robes. As she moved, her thighs brushed against his shins. She worked her way up until the ridge of his cock pressed against her naked sex.

Willing to try something new, he nodded and picked up the book. He brought it between him and her and focused on the words.

Celeste eased his robe open. His cock jumped once it was freed and he tensed in anticipation of her sucking on him. But, she surprised him by shifting her hips forward until his cock ran along the matted curls of her sex and his head slipped between the slick folds of her body.

Letting out a moan, Celeste lifted her body and aimed his shaft for her sex. Sinking down, she enveloped him and he shook with the intensity of his cock plunging into her hot depths. She settled down with her thighs pressing against his hip.

Her breasts bumped his book twice before she settled into place. He glanced up to see her holding her arms behind her back, which kept her angled back to avoid disrupting his reading.

Suleiman returned to his book and concentrated on the words. It was difficult with the wet heat wrapped around his shaft, but he managed to keep focusing on the words until it became just another way of imagining the women inside the story.

Celeste rose and fell slowly, never moving fast enough to be more than a pleasurable distraction but she never stopped moving. He knew that she had endurance from her dancing, but the torturous

strokes of her wet sex kept him hard as he read through the next few chapters.

Reading, he rested his free hand on her hip. The softness of her skin and the feel of her rocking added to his imagination. It was a torrid story filled with sex and having his cock sliding in and out of a beautiful woman added to the depth. He stroked her body as he read, enjoying every moment though he frequently had to read the same paragraph twice.

Celeste's breasts occasionally bumped against his hand as he read. He caught her nipple between his two fingers and pinched down. She whimpered but continued to ride his cock with deep, heated strokes. The angle of her movement changed as she tugged on her nipple, never enough to free it but to keep her moving.

Finally, it got too much for him. Suleiman let the book slid from his fingers and grabbed her hips with both hands. He thrust up into her with a hard stroke that lifted her from the bed.

She clutched his chest for balance and rode him faster, jamming her body down. He body heat was a brand against his skin as she pumped her body. With every stroke, a squelch filled the room.

Suleiman moaned loudly. With a grunt, he flipped her over and began to pound into her pussy. Her body jerked with every thrust, but the scenes in the book flashed across his mind and he quickly reached an orgasm. He slammed deep into her body and came, flooding her insides with hard jets of cum.

Panting, he pulled out and slumped to the bed. "That was good."

Celeste smiled and shifted to the side. She got on her knees and lowered her head to his crotch. Her hair tickled his thigh as she licked him clean, sucking him from tip to balls and back again.

Suleiman stroked her back and closed his eyes. "You can stay until evening."

Celeste lifted her head and wiped her lips clean. "Thank you, my sultan."

"Be awake when I wake." He started to fall asleep.

"Yes, my sultan," came her whisper, "I'll be waiting for you."

He woke up with the afternoon sun on his face. The heat felt good against his skin and he rolled over. Stretching out on his belly, he pushed his arms underneath his pillows and pressed his palms

against the warm wood. He pulled his knees underneath him and sat back so the sun baked along his shoulders and back.

From his crotch, his cock stood up straight with the hardness that came every morning. He considered heading straight for the bathroom but then realized he was interested in another blow job.

He tapped his cock.

He heard a soft snore.

A flare of annoyance prickled his thoughts. He looked down to where Celeste slept next to him. She had lost the waist scarf as she slept and her bare ass rested right in the center of the sunlight. It glowed with a halo, shadowed only by the cleft of her ass and the brown curls of her pubic hair that stuck out from between her legs. He leaned back enough to look at the line of her slit where some of her hairs were still dusted by the dried cum of their fucking.

She slept in her top. The embroidered yellow cups held one breast but the other had slipped out and pressed against the side of her pillow. He could see her soft nipple shadowing the mattress.

Celeste had been told about sleeping when he was awake. One reason he kept multiple women in his harem was so they could rest during the nights he didn't want them.

Hissing with annoyance, he reached down and tweaked her nipple.

She groaned and rolled away, curling up underneath the sheets. Her eyes fluttered for a second before she settled back down to sleep.

Suleiman considered slapping her to wake her up. He pulled the sheet away from her body. Her trim body brought a smile to his lips and he relented. Crawling off the bed, he headed for the bathroom to relieve the pressure and clean up.

To his surprise, when he returned, she was still sleeping. With a sigh, he headed back for the bed. It had only been a few hours, he could forgive her once.

There was a knock on the door. Suleiman turned and headed for it, pulling it open. On the other side, the guard looked nervous.

"Sorry for waking you—"

"I wasn't sleeping."

"But, Falah is currently unavailable. One of his appointments, Mubarak, did not get the message about rescheduling and is

currently looking for an audience with you.” The guard gestured down the hall.

Suleiman looked to where the slaver leaned against the door. He was pouring wine from a skin into a glass. Shrugging, he nodded. “Bring him in.”

As the guard brought in Mubarak, Suleiman pulled on his robes. He smacked Celeste’s ass but the girl remained sleeping. Shaking his head, he pull two chairs into the center of the room and sat down.

Mubarak bowed deeply as he entered. “A thousand pardons for interrupting your day of rest, my sultan, but I request a favor.” His eyes flickered to the bed; when he saw Celeste sleeping, they grew wide with surprise.

Suleiman gestured to the seat. “I always have time for a good friend. Come, sit down and tell me what bothers you.”

Moving quickly, Mubarak sat down. “This won’t take a moment.” At Suleiman’s gesture, he continued. “For this festival, I have acquired a larger number of slaves to sell. Larger than usual,” he gave a sheepish grin, “when a large village is desperate for money and had many, many beautiful women, what could I do?”

With a chuckle, Suleiman nodded. “Of course. But, what is the problem?”

“According to your decree, no slaver is allow to bring in more than thirty slaves. And I have fifty-three to sell before I travel back across the wastelands. If the sultan allow, I would humble request an exemption to your decree just for this evening. I have no doubt I can sell enough to bring it below your esteemed rulings.”

Suleiman glanced back to the bed just as Celeste rolled over. Her shoulders caught on a pillow and she slumped back, her large breasts sticking high in the air as a snore filled the room.

When he turned back, he was glaring. “Are there any women that would appeal to me? A replacement, perhaps?”

Mubarak gulped. “I’m sorry. The sultan’s standards are very high and I would never offer any slave that didn’t match your requirements.”

“You haven’t done well with her,” grumbled Suleiman. Even if Celeste was beautiful and skilled, he could not accept her sleeping through a conversation. She had signed her own death sentence by slumbering.

“A thousand pardons, my sultan. I was not aware she was flawed. If there is anything I can do, please just ask your humble servant.” Mubarak bowed his head.

Suleiman thought for a moment. “Donate three of your most beautiful slaves to the palace. I will have Falah come down and pick them out as soon as he is available. While I may not have enjoyment of them, there are those in this building who would appreciate fresh cunts.”

“Of course. Thank you.”

Standing up, Suleiman gestured for Mubarak to stand.

The slaver stood and bowed. “Thank you again.” He glanced over at Celeste. “And this humble servant is humiliated that I have sold you something less than perfect. If it pleases the sultan, I would honored to refund your purchase.”

Suleiman cocked his head for a moment, then bowed in return. “I will return her before the festivals.”

“No, please, keep her.” Mubarak held up his hands. “I know the sultan’s desires and I have no interest in taking away even the smallest pleasure for him. Thank you, again, my sultan.” The slaver bowed as he left the room.

Suleiman sighed and looked at the naked body of his harem slave. She was beautiful, with brown hair cascading over the blankets and her body poised to accept him. She would wake up if he fingered her or pressed his body against her, but it was too late.

Shaking his head, he returned to the door and stuck his head out. “Your knife, please.”

The guard handed the long curved blade without question.

“And when Falah is done with Juliana, send her up. She needs to see the consequences. She failed to instruct and lead.”

The man bowed quietly.

Suleiman shut the door behind him. He didn’t bother locking it. Circling around the bed, he hefted the blade as he admired her from all angles. She was beautiful and obedient, but she didn’t know her place. She humiliated him by sleeping while the slaver was there. Thankfully, it was the man he bought her from, but Suleiman didn’t have patience for women who didn’t serve him with all their skill.

His cock grew to full height as he stripped off his robes. It bobbed with his pulse. Carefully, he crawled up on the bed and over to Celeste.

Her chest rose and fell with her sleeping. A soft snore escaped her throat as she rested against the pillow. It left her exposed from throat to pussy.

Setting down the knife, he reached out and stroked her nipple. It hardened underneath his touch, the aureole wrinkling as the nipple stood up. A soft moan escaped her lips, but she remained sleeping.

He spread his hands and stroked her belly and chest. Her skin was soft and perfumed, everything he was looking for. He would miss the way her hips rocked while dance or the smile on her face as she served him. Her lips, her pussy, her ass. Her body was all his, but she still didn't understand what was required of her.

Using his left hand, he stroked his fingernails along her perk breasts up to her throat. Not trying to be gentle, he stretched his fingers and wrapped it around her neck. As he moved, he wished she would wake up and realize her predicament. There was always a chance he would just punish her.

But Celeste remained sleeping.

He picked up the knife with his right hand and drew the tip up to her pussy. His knuckles stroked her inner thighs and spread them apart. He looked down at her furred sex, the lips beginning to grow rosy with his touching.

Suleiman aimed the tip of the blade to her pussy, working the edge between her hairs until it rested against the pink opening of her sex. His breath came faster as he saw the curved blade poised to punch into her most private of spaces.

He took a long deep breath, calming himself as he readied to strike. Reversing the grip, he brought the curved blade up high above his head. The sharp point glittered in the light. With his other hand, he clamped down on her neck and squeezed down.

Celeste's eyes fluttered.

He drove the knife down. The tip punched into her belly, right above her belly button. The broad-blade pierced flesh as he punched it down, forcing it through the tight resistance of her stomach and organs until the hilt slammed into her belly. The tip of the blade

scraped against her spine before it was buried into the mattress below her.

Her eyes snapped open as she screamed shrilly. Blood splattered along the sheets as she kicked out blindly.

Suleiman threw his weight to hold her down. His knuckles grew white around her neck from the effort to subdue her now thrashing form. He withdrew the knife with a splash of blood and slammed it home again, punching into her flesh. He pounded the blade into her stomach, piercing it with hard, brutal strokes that pierced the blankets. Bloody feathers flew everywhere.

Celeste was in a blind panic as she flailed around. Her arm struck his shoulder and face as she tried to crawl away.

With her struggles, the stabs of his knife caught her hips, her stomach, and legs. Blood splattered in all directions as he methodically pierced her with hard, angry strikes.

She kicked out violently, trying to free herself, until one slash of the knife caught her tendon. With a wet snap, her leg went limp.

Her scream echoed shrilly off the wall. There were no words except for a panicked babble.

He shoved her into the pillows and continued to ram the knife into her stomach and hips. Blood poured out from her wounds, soaking the mattress and pooling underneath her. His fist was soaked with her gore but he didn't care. The knife flashed as he punched it deeper, his fist slid into the holes and the blade carved deeper into her organs.

Yanking the knife out, he threw it aside. It clattered on the ground, spinning in a spiral of blood before stopping by the wall.

He shoved down with his hands as she writhed on the bed, flailing her one good leg as she tried to escape.

Sobbing, Celeste clutched her belly, desperately trying to cover the hundred holes that perforated her stomach and hips. Blood poured out between her fingers and she sobbed shrilly, her eyes unfocused through the agony that tore through her. Her body had been ruined by his knife. Blood poured out over her labia and coated her thighs in a sheen of crimson.

Suleiman succumbed to a surge of lust. Grabbing her limp leg, he pulled her to him and buried his cock into the dripping hole. It was hot, hotter than anything else, but very little friction. With a grunt,

he fucked her hard with his fingers digging into her hips for balance.

He didn't care about her pleasure or even her actions. He was going to pound the remains of her body until she stopped moving. Blood splashed everywhere as he drove into her, fucking her with all his might.

Marie continued to scream, her chest rising and falling with every shrill sound. She tried to push him off, but he batted her arms away before resuming his frantic rutting.

Pillows and blankets slid off the bed, splashing down in the blood and gore that streamed off the edges. The mattress couldn't soak in any more and it gathered underneath him in a sticky puddle.

He groaned as he came, but he didn't stop pounding. His cock tore through her shredded organs, ripping them further apart. He knew he was coming directly into her stomach but the heat that poured around him pushed him harder. He drove hard, ramming his cock far enough he could swear he was ramming his lungs.

By the time Suleiman came again, her screams were dying down. They still filled the room with shrill desperation, but her fingers no longer clawed at his chest and her head lolled back.

He gave a few, frantic thrusts before coming a third time. His body shook from the intensity of his orgasm, but he held it deep in her body as the hot cum soaked her insides. It didn't matter if he was fucking her vagina, womb, or ass. All that matter was that he fucked her until the life fled her body.

Panting, he withdrew and crawled back. Blood and cum dripped from his cock. Everything on the bed with soaked in crimson. Her legs, splayed out and no longer moving, drew his attention to the gaping hole of her sex.

He continued back until he was off the bed and standing in front of her. Panting, he stepped back again and then looked around. He had killed one of his favorite slaves because she failed him.

He smiled to himself and looked down at his cock. It wasn't only Celeste that failed him, but Juliana for not teaching the women their rightful places. It was two slaves now that died because they weren't up to his standards.

Suleiman headed for the bathroom to clean up and plan the death of his next slave. He had no tolerance for mistakes.

Apologies

12

Four hours later, Suleiman sat at his desk. He was clean but Celeste's corpse remained on the bed. Her blood had soaked all the pillows and blankets. The bittersweet smell filled the room, sharp and pungent. Her head had been removed, though, and sent to Mubarak as a silent notice of his return. It would be a lesson the slaver would not forget for a long time.

He had replacement bedding already waiting. The slaves were in the bathroom just waiting for his discussion with Juliana before they clean up the mess and do something about the smell.

Outside the window, the celebrations were already starting. Cheers and calls echoed up across the walls. Torches lit up the streets and cast everything in flickering glow. He smiled. He needed to be out there soon, but he didn't think Juliana would take long.

The door creaked open. Juliana's scarf clinked together as she sway into the room with a smile on her face. She wore a bright red and white outfit, with a few coins along her hips and matching silver embroidery on her top and bottom. A little jewel clung to her belly button, the ruby glinting with her footsteps. She made it two steps before stopping and wrinkled her nose. She turned to look at the room, a frown crossing her face.

Suleiman watched her carefully as she caught sight of the corpse on the bed.

With a gasp, Juliana pressed a hand to her mouth. "Gods!"

Suleiman stood up and walked toward her.

Juliana looked at him, her eyes wide. "W-What happened?"

"She didn't know what was expected of her, Juliana."

"I-I told her! I told her everything."

"Apparently, not enough. She decided that sleep was more important than serving me."

Tears glistened in Juliana's eyes. She shook her head. "No, no, I told her. I said it was very important." Her voice had risen in volume and shrillness. He could almost taste the fear around her as she backed away from him. "I know the rules."

He reached her. He reached up to stroke her cheek and she flinched, but kept her head steady as he stroked her face. "Juliana."

A tear ran down her cheek. "Y-Yes, my sultan?"

"You failed me."

Her eyes softened and she sobbed. More tears ran down her cheeks. "P-Please, I didn't mean to. I did what I was suppose to do."

"If you did, she would still be alive."

"I-I..." her voice trailed off as she realized what he was saying. She sniffed and wiped the tears from her face. He watched the struggle to control her emotions and it brought a heat to his body.

Gulping, Juliana glanced back to the corpse and then to her master. She bowed her head. He saw her will breaking. "How... how may this slave..." she took a deep breath. "How may this slave serve you?"

Her soft whimpers brought a rush to him. He smiled and stroked her cheek again, and then let his hand lower to her shoulder before he caressed the curve of her breast.

"I want you to dance for me."

Her eyes lifted but she said nothing.

"I have always loved your dancing. It is your best asset and I want to see it one last time."

"As you wish, my sultan," came the broken whisper. "Anything you want."

He stepped into her and wrapped his arm around her waist. With a kiss on her shoulder, he guided her to the door.

Tears ran down her cheeks, but Juliana said nothing as he lead her to the great hall, where he had ordered the punishment of the thief. His guards were already arranged, twenty men stood in a large circle in front of his table. All of them were bared down to the chest, but it was the long curved blades they held to their sides that drew his attention.

Juliana tensed when she saw it. She turned to say something, her lips parted in a question that never left her throat. With a shuddering breath, she closed her mouth and looked away.

Suleiman brought her to the center of the ring. He released her and aimed her for the his table.

She stood there, trembling and the tears rolling down her cheeks.

With a soft smile, he stroked her cheek. "You have served me well for five years."

Closing her eyes tightly, she nodded twice before opening them.

"This is an honorable death and one you deserve. You have brought honor to me," he realized he was about to cry himself and sniffed, "and my family. So, I will give you the choice of when you die."

Suleiman stepped back and gestured to his chair. "When you can't dance anymore, come to me and I will end it."

Juliana sobbed and nodded again. "Y-Yes, my sultan."

Snapping his fingers for the musicians, he walked over to his chair and sat down.

Music filled the great hall, echoing against the empty walls and floor. There was no other observers for Juliana's death. Only herself, Suleiman, and the twenty men who would kill her.

She started slow, jerking her hip as she settled into the beat. Her coin scarf clinked with the little jerks. She spun around and swayed her ass, giving him a view of her rounded buttocks as she moved like a snake. She turned around again, her fingers trailing through the air.

Her brown eyes caught his as she flexed her belly, moving in time with the building pace of the music. It was everything he loved about her dancing. The sensual movements, the delicate way she pranced around in a circle.

She remained near the center as she swayed in a growing circle. He could see the fear on her face, but she was smiling. Her eyes remained locked on his except for when she turned away and even then, she moved faster as if she couldn't live without his look.

Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as she swirled out. Her skirt billowed out. She stepped forward one of the guards, but then stopped as the man pulled back the sword. She gulped and spun to the other side, stopping when the next guard prepared to strike.

Juliana turned back to Suleiman, shaking her breasts and belly with sharp movements. Her face was pale but he knew she would stepped toward the guards soon. She was a good slave and knew what would happen if she didn't.

A few minutes of dancing and she finally built up the courage. With a gasp, she spun around, flaring her skirt up in a billow of red, and came close to the guard.

The man slashed forward with his sword. The blade sliced across her hip and cut open a deep gash into her skin.

Juliana sobbed and stumbled. She lost her beat and staggered.

Another guard's blade flashed and a cut ran along her cheek. Strands of her hair fluttered to the ground.

Sobbing louder, Juliana pulled away. Blood ran down her thigh and she left bloody footprints behind her as she spun around. Crimson flecks splattered out as she returned to the center, moving her hips in little pops despite the pain painted on her face.

Suleiman stroked his cock as he watched her. She swayed her hips, giving him a view before spinning out in the opposite direction. She came close to the range of the swords, but the flashing blades barely missed her before she worked her way around. It was a tease and he was growing heated with anticipation of her being struck again.

Juliana stepped into the next blade just as she lifted her arm. The side of her top fluttered down and a long red line appeared right above the swell of her breast. She cried out but clamped her mouth shut as she staggered away.

More blood splattered on the ground. She almost tripped before she regained control of her body. As the blood smeared her sides, she stared into her eyes as she flexed her belly, letting waves run down from ribs to hips in slow, languished movements.

With a pained smile, she drifted to the side. Before she reached it, she tapped along her hip right where the scarf clung to her hip. It was an invitation and she raised her hand as she got in range of the warrior.

The blade flashed out and sliced through the fabric and dug into her hip. There was a jerk as the guard pulled out. A spurt of blood splattered loudly on the ground. The skirt followed with it, the

sheer fabric sodden with her blood; it hit the ground with a wet smack.

Juliana spun around and presented her ass, the ass he fucked many times over the years. With a smile on her lips, she shook it before swaying it. The movements grew into a shimmy and then a spin. She turned to look at him, her lips opened invitingly.

Bloody footsteps trailed behind her as she tapped her uninjured breast and stepped in range of the guards. Two of them responded with fast strokes. One caught her back and sliced a line from spine to her underarm. The other slammed into her breast and cut into the soft flesh before it drew down.

Her top splatted as it hit the ground.

Suleiman groaned with lust and watched as she shimmied her breasts for him. One was cut deep and he could see the flesh parting, but the other was the same perfected mound that he was stroking only days before.

Juliana continued to dance, sliding in range of swords and jerking as the blades cut deep. Soon, blood streaked down her sides and puddled on the ground below her, but she danced over the crimson puddles with elegant skill. Her breasts were slashed into, with one deep cut that sliced her nipple in half.

Swords flashed and she was cut along her shoulder, her head, and thighs. Each one dug deep into her body and she began to stumble.

He watched as she struggled to serve him. Her footsteps slipped but she continued to dance erratically. Her breasts swayed with every movement and blood poured down from her. She swirled and leave a curtain of blood behind her as she stepped into the path of one blade and then another.

And her eyes never left his. He could see the pain and agony but she kept dancing for him. Even when her leg collapsed, she managed to use the movement to dip to the ground and then back up again.

Suleiman was harder than he ever had been before in his life. It felt like his cock would burst into flames as he watched his favorite slave killing herself for him. He had to pull his hand to avoid stroking the dripping shaft.

And then it happened. She spiraled across the dance floor and stepped toward the blades. The guard swung his sword low and the

blade caught her across her belly. A red line appeared from hip bone to hip bone. It was startling as it began to bulge out.

Juliana gasped and clamped her hands against the wound. Suleiman could see her organs threatening to spill out. She looked at him with horror and pain. Her body trembled as she came to a halt, dangerously close to the guard's swords.

Two of his men drew back their swords to strike but both hesitated. They looked at him with a silent question.

Suleiman held up his hand.

Juliana gasped and stumbled toward him. Her hands clutched to belly, holding herself in. Her feet slipped on the blood and she dropped to her knee with a crunch. Sobbing, she crawled the last few feet until she was kneeling before him.

"M-My sul... sultan."

She lowered herself until she was staring at him with his back between them.

Suleiman almost came at the look of pain and acceptance in her eyes. He nodded.

"One last time."

With a shuddering gasp, she brought up her hands to his cock. There was a wet slopping noise below them, but he was fixed on his cock as she angled it toward her mouth and took him in past her lips and into the hot slickness of her mouth.

Her fingers left bloody smears along his shaft, but she bobbed down and sucked them off. Her mouth drove down until his cock slid down her throat. Pulling up, she gasped and plunged to the balls again. She took him into her with long, deep strokes that ran his entire length.

Juliana clutched to him tighter, her ruined breasts grinding against his thighs. He could feel the heat of her life's fluids dripping down. It added to the heated pleasure as she bobbed down further, taking him to the base. She moved with frantic speed, no doubt knowing she was close to death.

After watching her dance, he was close to an orgasm. Suleiman fought the urge to grab her and just leaned into her mouth, letting her fuck him with the last of her breath. Each stroke was deep and perfectly executed. No teeth, no resistance. She impaled her throat on his cock repeatedly until he swelled inside her mouth and came.

She stopped at his base. Her throat milked his length, drawing out the cum as it flooded into her stomach. Her eyes were focused on him.

Shuddering from his orgasm, he reached out and pushed the bloody strands of her hair from his face. She looked more beautiful than he had ever seen, with her lips tightly stretched around his cock and the streaks of crimson on her face.

Tears ran down her face, but he didn't think she could stop them. Her face was growing red from suffocating on his cock. She continued to gulp along his length even after his cock emptied itself, but then she surprised him by resuming her bobbing. Each stroke went from tip to balls. It was wet and sloppy, just the way he licked it.

He started to cum again when he saw the light fading from her eyes. Her strokes grew ragged but just as intense. Her body shook as she clutched to him, impaling herself again and again with brutal speed. Even if she wasn't dying, she would be hard pressed to speak after raping her own throat on his cock.

Juliana's strokes grew more ragged, as if she was having trouble remaining conscious. One of her eyes rolled up and then the other. She whimpered, the vibrations sending his cock to surge deep in her mouth, and brought her eyes back into focus. She was dying.

Suleiman whispered to her. "Die for me."

She tried to smile, difficult with his cock forcing her jaws open, and she bobbed down. Her eyes were blurry and unfocused, but she kept moving with slower and weaker movements.

Between one stroke and another, he saw the light fade and her eyes rolled up. Her body continued to slid down to his cock, but stopped when she reached his base. Tremors ran up his cock as he waited for her to move, but she didn't.

Realizing she had died on his cock pushed him once again over the edge. With a groan, he leaned back and thrust into her mouth, letting the cum splatter down her throat. There was no gulping, no stroking. There was nothing left in her gaze except the dead eyes of a slave.

t'Sade

One Misspoken Word

Two months had passed since Celeste died on the hall floor, but Suleiman still found his eyes focusing on the circle where she bled out. It brought a smile to his lips. She had almost been the perfect pleasure slave, except that she failed him.

Once again, he was down to a single woman in his harem. Victoria knew her place, at least most of the time, and pleased him every time he called her up. He had enjoyed every hole in her body and she cried out for more. Her skill with the finer arts made her a prize worthy to keep.

But, he had a nagging feeling that she wasn't as obedient as he hoped. The stolen conversation with Zayd continued to haunt him. Victoria wanted more than he would ever give her. Not that he couldn't, but Suleiman refused to elevate one of his slaves to a wife.

He glanced over to where she danced to the side. Her young body twirled and swirled in her bright green skirt. Her breasts, barely bound by her top, flexed and swayed with her movement.

Turning back, he noticed that almost everyone was watching her instead of himself. He chuckled and looked down at the proclamations. Some he had already signed while others were brought before him during the audience. Before him, two hundred men stood in the hall, waiting for an answer to their queries.

He flipped through the page until a name caught his attention: the Count of Aversa. Curious, he pulled out the page and read through it. A slow smile crossed his lips. The current count, Victoria's uncle, had submitted a formal request for Victoria to be his personal slave.

Suleiman continued to read down. The reasons were strong. The count's lands were rife with unrest and as long as Victoria was alive, there was hope that he would be overthrown. Victoria's father had been killed along with every other member of her bloodline. She was the last of the original count's seed.

Curious, Suleiman gestured for Falah and handed him the request.

Falah stepped forward. "The sultan will now hear the request of Count Richard of Aversa."

Next to him, the sounds of Victoria's dancing stopped. Suleiman sighed but didn't look over there. He counted the seconds until the clinking of her dance resumed.

She started dancing again after six seconds. It was a short moment in time, but it sealed her punishment that night. He thought about it for a moment, then made a note to bring a whip to the room. Two strokes for every second she stopped dancing.

The count was a young man, only a few years older than him. He had three men with him, but he stepped forward and bowed. "Sultan Suleiman, I request a favor that I do not deserve."

Suleiman continued.

"I request one of your most prized possessions, the harem slave behind you."

Victoria came to a spinning stop and her gasp ripped through the sudden silence in the room.

Suleiman began to count the seconds again. "Why?"

"My land is poisoned by rebels who still hold a torch for the old count." Richard spat to the side, "Even after his and his son's deaths, they still fight in hopes that your pleasure slave will take charge. I wish to ensure that she will never be in line for the county."

"By making her your pleasure slave?"

"Yes. I know I'm not worthy, but I'm willing to honor anything the sultan requests if it brings peace to my land." He gestured to the other man. "I bring gold and spices. I'm willing to increase my taxes, but I can't let rebels tear apart the lands loyal to you."

Suleiman smiled broadly.

"No!"

He jerked at Victoria's sharp words. Looking to the side, he was surprised as she stood there, both hands clamped over her mouth.

Her face was pale as she stood there. Then, with a gasp, she turned and fled the great hall.

Glancing back, he saw ripples of shock in the gathered people. Interspersed with the others were people who shook their heads sadly.

Suleiman's cheeks burned with humiliation. His slave had spoke out in front of hundreds. She knew better, even without anyone telling her. He tightened his grip on his chair arm as he struggled with his emotions.

Falah stepped forward, working as a good clerk for the sultan. "Today's audience is now over. Please, return to your inn rooms and residences. We will resume tomorrow."

With murmurs and whispers, the crowds began to filter out.

Suleiman clenched his teeth together, but he gestured for the count to remain.

It only took a few moments for the great hall to empty. Two guards shut the door.

Richard dropped to his knee and bowed. "I'm sorry, my sultan. I did not—"

"All you care about is ensuring that there is no doubt who I am favoring?"

The count nodded. "Yes, my sultan."

"Then, you will have her head when you return to your home."

The younger man tensed and he bowed deeper. "Thank you."

Suleiman waited until the count left before he stood up. "Falah."

"I will take care of your schedule, my sultan. Do you need more than one guard to accompany you?"

Suleiman glared at him for a moment, then shook his head. He took a deep breath to calm his breathing. "No. You did a good job. Thank you."

"I serve you, my sultan, until I die."

With a smile, Suleiman patted him on the shoulder. And then he turned on his heels and stormed after Victoria.

It didn't take him long to find her. She was cowering behind the bed in her harem room. Suleiman found her by following the soft sobs that echoed against the walls. He stood in the doorway and watched as her head bobbed in times with the sobs that tore through her body.

"You embarrassed me."

Victoria sobbed and shook her head. She looked up with tears streaming down her face. "You can't give me to him. He killed my father!"

Suleiman toyed with the rope in his pocket. He had a knife in the other one, hidden from sight. He sighed and leaned against the door, giving the impression that he wasn't furious beyond description. "I wasn't going to."

She inhaled sharply. "Y-You weren't?"

"You're my pleasure slave. Why would I give you away? I don't give away possessions."

"You gave Juliana to Falah that night." She pressed her lips together.

He fought the glare that threatened to ghost across his face. "Yes, I did. But, you aren't in a position to question that, are you?"

"I-I'm sorry."

Suleiman fought the urge to jump over the bed for her. He patted the door. "Come, let's walk in the garden."

Hesitantly, she stood up.

"Come on," Suleiman said encouragingly. Inside, he was seething but he wasn't in the mood for her fighting him. He would wait his time.

She walked around the bed and came to him. The tears were glistening on her cheeks.

Suleiman wiped her cheeks clean and then wrapped his arms around her waist. "Just walk with me."

She let him guide her to the garden. It was a sunny day, filled with the soft buzz of insects and the heady scents of flowers. He picked a random path and followed it, walking slowly as he spoke.

"You are a beautiful woman, Victoria."

She tensed briefly but relaxed. Her bare feet walked along the soft flowering plants that lined the path.

"And I would never give you up. You are beautiful, talented, and the envy of any man in this town."

"T-Thank you, my sultan."

He came up to a fork in the path and picked the one that would lead them to the horse statue. His shoes scuffed the path. As he walked, he drank in the smell of her body, the flowery perfume and

the natural scent of her body. "You have given me hours of pleasure, but I also enjoy your companionship."

Victoria's eyes flickered toward him and then away. "W-What are you saying?"

Her chest rose with her quickening breath. He knew that she hoped he would marry her, to make her his wife. He smiled and kept along the vein, lifting her hopes as he whispered nothings in her ear while leading her to the horse statue.

They were just reaching the shadows of the massive statue when he reached his end. "And I would love to have you as my companion for the rest of your life."

There were happy tears in her eyes. "T-Thank you, sultan." She peeked away and then back. "Does that mean you want... me...?"

He stopped her right underneath the head of the statue. "As what?"

"D-Do you," she blushed, "do you want me as your wife?"

He smiled and stepped into her. She backed up, but she could only move a foot before she was pressed against the statue. He brought his lips to hers and kissed her hard.

Victoria let out a guttural moan. She ground her body against him, lifting one hip to hook along his leg. "Oh, sultan."

Suleiman dropped his hand between her legs, forcing his fingers past the fabric to plunge his fingers into her sex. It was damp and tight, but quickly warmed up as he fucked her hard.

Victoria clutched to his shoulders as she gasped. Throwing her head back, her hair flared out as she gasped. "Suleiman!"

He felt her cum on his fingers. The tightness of her pussy clamped around his digits, but he continued to drive up into them as her entire body shook from the pleasure coursing through her veins. She cried out and dug her fingers into him.

Pulling out, he looked down at the dripping digits. When he looked up, she shivered at his look. "I want to fuck your ass."

She smiled and nibbled on her lip. Turning around, she planted one hand against the statue and pressed out with her ass. With her other, she tugged up the skirt until her bare buttocks were exposed. "Yes, my sultan," she whispered in a sultry tone.

He fished his cock out. It was hard and hot in his palm. Inching forward, he ran the tip up and down her crack until it was

lubricated with his precum. He found the opening of her ass and pressed down on it.

Victoria moaned and pushed back. The tiny wrinkled opening spread open for his girth. Her body had long since adjusted to his size. Pushing forward, he watched as the opening spread open and then swallowed his cock.

Panting, Suleiman continued to ease his cock into her ass until he was full encased inside the tight, clenching confines of her rear.

"Oh, sultan. It feels good." She rocked her hips back and forth, angling his length inside her. Her muscles tightened and relaxed around him.

Suleiman panted and reached up to grab her hair with one hand. Pulling back, he arched her back and thrust deep into her.

Victoria moaned and jerked. Her breasts thrust out and he crushed them against the statue as he pulled back and slammed home. The firm curves of her ass ground into his hips, and he almost came from anticipation. Moans of need rose up, filling the garden. "Yes, I'm yours!"

He drove into her, hard and strong. He was almost cumming, but he held it back as long as he could. His cock felt huge as it slid in and out of her tight entrance. He could almost picture it pushing out against her tight, young belly.

Suleiman planned on shoving something else into her belly before the sun dipped below the horizon. He grunted as he felt a surge of heat from anticipation. As he pounded into her ass, reminding her who owned her body, he dug into his pocket. He pulled out a coil of cord. It was long with one loop already formed in the end.

Struggling to keep up the pace, he worked his thumb along the knot until the loop was large enough to slip over her head. As he prepared to throw it over her head, he almost came. With a grunt, he stopped and ground her against the statue, fighting the surges of heat that threatened to explode inside her.

"Sultan?"

Suleiman grunted. He released her hair as he brought the cord over her head. There was only a moment of freedom and then it was around her throat.

She gasped, her entire body tightened painfully around his cock. The pressure held back his orgasm and he jammed it hard inside her, no longer caring for her pleasure.

Yanking it tight, he pulled her head back. Her buttocks ground against his hips and her breasts where thrust out as he brought his lips to her ear. "You embarrassed me."

She tried to gasp, but the cord was too tight around her neck.

He wrapped the cord twice around his hand and yanked back harder. The cord dug into her throat, digging into the soft flesh. He slammed into her ass. "You humiliated me in front of my guests." He grunted as he drew back to drive it deep into her tight, hot hole again.

Victoria's mouth opened and her eyes bulged out. She clawed at the cord, trying to pull it free. Suleiman pulled on it tighter, cutting off her breath as he pounded her ass with all his might. Each thrust slammed her body against the statue, crushing her breasts and bruising her elbows from the impact.

"You are my slave." He slammed her into the statue, his cock exploding inside her.

"You do not speak."

He punctuated the surge of seed with another powerful blow.

"You do not question."

Another slam left a bruise on her breasts.

"You do not ask for anything."

He came again inside her, flooding her bowels with his seed. "And you will never humiliate me again."

Victoria twisted and continued to claw at the cord. Her entire body was tight and writhing, but he was fully seated inside her and she would not be able to escape.

Panting, Suleiman loosed the cord.

She gasped for breath, the darkness in her face almost purple. "S-Sultan."

He held still, his panting coming out as a growl. He wasn't giving her a chance to breathe, just a chance for his cock to stop throbbing in the tight sheath of her ass.

"I won't do it again, I promise." Her breath was raspy. Each shudder of breath send pleasurable vibrations through her body.

She clenched her ass and he felt his cock being milked by her tight muscles.

Trembling from the effort, he swung the cord up over the horse's head. It caught on the ears and the end of the cord came down next to him. He panted for a moment and then grabbed the rope. He pulled the knife out of his pocket and shrugged off his robes. The fabric pooled beneath his feet. It would be ruined by her death, but he didn't care.

Yanking down on the rope, she was pulled up. The cord dug into her neck, leaving a second line, and the knot came up behind her ear.

He strained to keep her weight, but anger drove him to slam into her ass again. Each thrust shook her body. He could feel her trying to scream but only a faint gurgle escaped her slack mouth.

Bringing the knife around, he lowered the blade until it was between her legs. He thrust hard but carefully to avoid cutting himself. He stroked the side of the blade until he nestled it between her labia.

Victoria was thrashing violently and he had to slam her against the statue to pin her long enough to bring the knife edge to her clitoris.

With a jerk, he sliced through the flesh. It gave almost no resistance, but the response was immediately.

Her entire body tightened into rock hardness. Her mouth opened widely but no noise came out. He couldn't even drive his cock into her ass, the pressure was too much. He continued to drag the knife up, pressing down as it parted flesh. It sliced along her pubic mound and he sliced to the bone.

She tried to kick out, but he yanked the blade up into the softness of her belly. Hard muscles from hours of dancing, parted underneath the sharp edge and he felt her intestines slip out onto the ground.

His thrusting finally drove home. He tore through her sphincter, violating her as he cut up into her ribs. With a grunt, he brought the knife across her breasts and down the other side. The deep gash splattered blood against the statue. Jamming the knife into her belly to slice a large "X" across her stomach, he tossed the knife aside to grab her hips.

Victoria thrashed violently as she tried to scream. Her face was turning purple from the lack of air and circulation, but he just held on tight to the cord as he ripped into her, slamming his cock deep into her body until she jerked in agony.

Strong hands grabbed the rope from his grip.

Surprised, Suleiman stopped and Victoria managed to force him out of her sphincter.

Falah needed both hands to keep tension on the rope. He pulled it to the back leg of the horse and wrapped it around three times before tying it off. Without a word, he bowed once and stepped away.

Suleiman grinned and grabbed Victoria with both hands. He reared back and slammed his cock home once again, tearing through her ass. Blood sluiced down his shaft and he used it as lubricant to ram her ass.

He drove in as hard as he could, tearing her open and shoving his cock in as far as he could. He could feel her choking to death and the realization drove him harder.

Suleiman came again and again, filling her until it poured of her ruined ass. He continued to rape her body until she stopped twitching. The last few strokes were her swinging back and forth, her body thudding against the statue as he vented the last of his pleasure and anger into her body.

Gasping, he stumbled back. His cock ached from fucking her. He looked up at her body.

She swung back and forth, with her intestines hanging out of her belly and cum dripping down her legs.

Suleiman looked around, but he was alone once again in the garden. Turning back to Victoria, he stepped forward. He wasn't done.

t'Sade

Epilogue

14

Three guards followed Suleiman as he strolled down the lane of the slaver's market in Alanya. Around him, everyone stepped out of the way and bowed their heads. He didn't acknowledge them as he drifted from stall to stall.

He realized that he needed to look in the odd chance that he would find another Lydia. The woman had been skilled, though she didn't understand the life she was given. He sighed and moved to the next one, peering in at the half-naked women who looked pitifully back at him. The ones that knew his preferences ducked their heads, but no one escaped his attention.

It took him almost an hour to reach Mubarak's place. There were two different slave women standing at the entrance, but they knew their place. As he approached, Mubarak stepped out.

"My sultan, how wonderful to see you again."

"Good morning, Mubarak. How are you doing?"

"Never better. Money flows today and I am blessed with your presence. How could I not be in glorious heaven?"

Suleiman took a deep breath. "You know what I'm looking for?"

"Of course, my sultan. And I have two fine women who I promise you will meet with your exacting standards. And I will give you both for the grievous insult I inflicted on you by giving you a woman that was less than perfect."

He looked at the slaver for a moment and then nodded. He could use another pair of slaves. One way or the other, he would get his pleasure out of them.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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