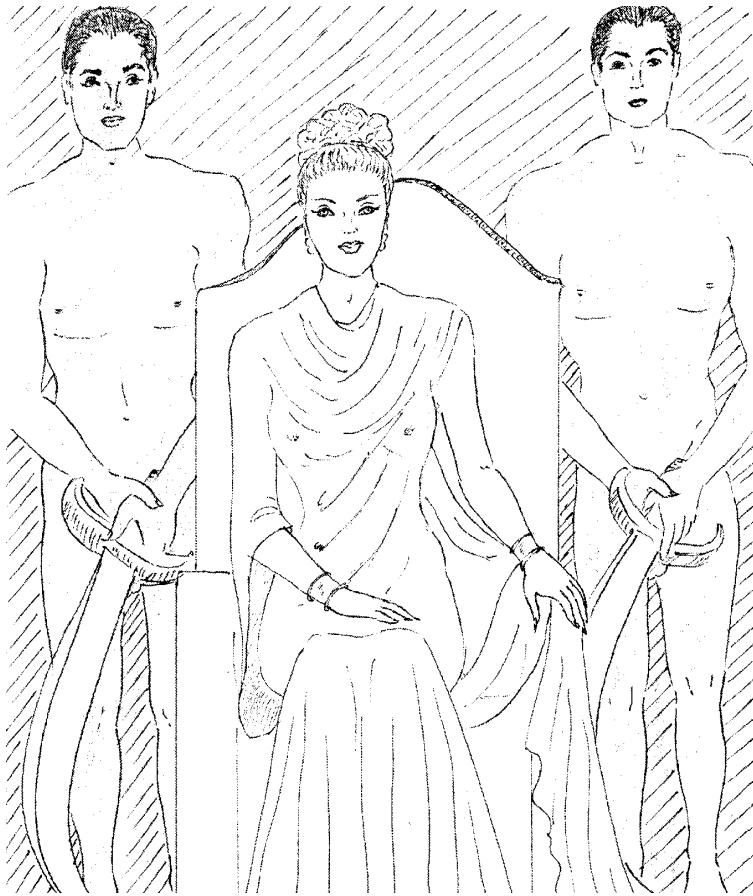


ARABIAN TALES

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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DANCING CLASS

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

The LaBerge family was the first family of French Colons in Algiers. When Algeria was under the crescent moon of the Turks the LaBerge family built a vast trading empire throughout North Africa using western ships and the northern caravan routes to harvest the wealth that was Africa from slaves to guns. Of course as Africa became tamed the LaBerge family became respected business men seeking to help civilize their less fortunate brethren.

But these very same brethren had the unfortunate view that exploitation was not civilization. Who, was right? We cannot say. But, the end result was revolution with Frenchman against Frenchman, as one side viewed it. And Algerian against French Imperialism, as the others saw.

Now the LaBerge family viewed Algeria as being their home. They had lived there for centuries and their family wealth was deep in the roots of Algerian life. For this reason Jan Pierre Laberge loaned all his support to his mother country, France. And some believed that he was the secret leader of the Colons who terrorized Algerians in order to keep her French When France herself was all but ready to give her up.

Whatever we may say for Jan Pierre's efforts we must remember his beautiful wife. She, like many others of gentle birth remembering the horrors of the last great war, wanted to forget war, revolts, and death.

She clung to the fiction that Algiers was not a battleground, except as an item of interesting social intellectual conversation. She preferred to think of *that Algiers* as being someplace where the unclean slum people were rioting against order; or, where the *confused intellectuals* were arguing for communism, which, of course, nobody understood, and was completely impractical!

To her the revolt was a terrible intrusion upon the social season. And social life must go on because war was foolish and polite society was the only way to be civilized.

Why she had known most of the men that her husband now so angrily denounced, and they were perhaps misguided, but really very nice. Of course, she visited the charity hospitals and performed her charity obligations for those unfortunate people.

Her husband was completely helpless before no man, but when he heard of her protesting against the treatment of prisoners, his efforts to argue with her about family honor and the necessity of crushing the revolt met head on with her Corsican temper leaving him in a helpless bewilderment.

All he could say was that he never argued with his wife because she was bigger than he by at least a foot. Which was at least a part of the truth, for she was six inches taller than her 'petite lion', as she called him, and she would use the height in good advantage when arguing with him by standing as close to him as she could and shouting downward.

And so she lived in one world and he in the real world, *perhaps*.

It is at this very point that we start our strange tale.

Consider now a young boy of twelve with the temper of his mother, the height and nobility of his father, and the all too feminine beauty that came from both families to focus on him. His father filled his ears with the legends of LaBerge courage and the need to fight for France, while his mother thought of making him a social being with the social refinements his birth entitled him to.

It was over this last item that little Jan Maria-Therese LeFarge LeBerge came in open conflict with his mother. In short, he refused to go to Dancing School!

The fact that his mother's maid had to force him into the velvet suit that his mother had bought especially for this proud occasion added nothing to the scene that he made ripping the suit and screaming he was a man not a sissy. Nor did it help his cause for him to shout that a LaBerge was a killer and he owed it to France to fight instead of going to dancing school!

But what really hurt his argument was his mother's determination to have him go to dancing school combined with her recent completion of reading a novel about the court life of Louis XIV.

Their tempers exploded in her bedroom as he insisted that he would never, never go. Dancing school was for little girls.

While her maid watched transfixed with terror Madame shouted that one lion in the family was enough and he was still too young not to obey his mother's commands.

He retorted that he would run away and join the army where he would be treated as a man, not a girl.

She stopped cold to look at him as her poor maid all but crossed herself thinking that Madame would kill her boy. But instead Madame LaBerge suddenly smiled muttering something about Cardinal Mazarin's cure for bloodthirsty little boys, and how she had a perfect solution. She smiled and suggested that perhaps he would like to go out and play leaving Jan to believe that he had won a battle his father could not.

But, an hour later the maid with Madame LaBerge took him from his play to march him back to Madame's room. And he learned exactly how the good cardinal quite effectively made Louis' brother forget all interest in wars and the masculine world.

They scrubbed him in a tub full of perfumed bubbles, curled his already curly brown hair, forced him through a young girl's toilette, and dressed him in white silken lace ruffled petti-pants, slip, white cotton stockings, a pair of black patent leather dancing slippers, to crown his shame with a pure white ruffled silk dancing dress sashed with a wide pink satin bow that matched the large bow they adorned his hair with.

Madame announced that he was now Maria-Therese, a girl, and `she' was going to dancing class!

Completely humiliated and subdued he accepted from Madame a pair of white gloves, a purse, and an adoring kiss, with an explanation that she had called Madame Monnet, who was instructed to enforce the same discipline that she would on any girl on her new `girl' so that Maria-Therese would learn not to be disobedient towards `her' mother's wishes.

With this he was pushed into the amused hands of the chauffeur and a valet, who were instructed to watch over Madame's petite jeune fille!

A moment later the car pulled out from the family gate past armed guards to move down a narrow street towards an appointment with Fate, while the poor boy worried about how he would explain this effeminate change to his buddies.

As the care swung up another narrow street a peddler's cart rolled out of an alley causing the driver to hit the brakes running the car into the cart with its pile of fruit!

A moment later the windows on either side of the car were smashed by the butts of pistols as blue veiled men in desert clothes pulled the struggling passengers from the car to knock out the driver and valet before hauling all three into the back of a truck parked in the alley which moved quickly away from the car that now burned in the deserted street.

As Jan struggled against the strong arms of his abductor another man deftly lowered the shame of lace pettipants to confirm what their leader had told them. With profuse apologies he replaced the panties begging that `demoiselle' forgive his rudeness.

Unable to break free to hit his tormentor Jan spat into the man's veil only to hear the man's laughter as the man bent forward and kissed him!

Poor Jan burst into tears losing all reserve and feeling every bit as helpless as any child, skirted or not, as the man continued to fondle him.

The truck turned unto a farm road past a security check point while the men held Jan silently behind the pile of melons that obscured a view of the inside of the truck bed from the guards, who laughingly accepted a couple of melons and waved the truck on. An hour later the truck pulled into a courtyard and the awakened chauffeur and valet were dragged from the truck. With them Jan was taken to a farm shack where they were locked in the dark.

Jan hardly grew used to the dark of the shack when he was taken from it to be led into the farmhouse living room where he was held between two guards before an old woman dressed in black whose eyes were almost as black as her dress and filled with a cold deadliness that seemed more alive than her dark face, which showed no sign of emotion except a grimace that was no doubt a smile.

Her voice was younger than her form and face but it had a sinister lack of warmth or femininity. She began by complimenting the pretty dress and apologizing for interrupting `Therese' attending dancing class, but she was certain that `Therese' would

have plenty of time to learn how to dance, expecially now that she was to arrange `Therese's social schedule'.

Ignoring Jan's protests that he wasn't a girl, and was in fact a scion of the LaBerge family, whose father would certainly punish them all for kidnapping his son, she suggested that as a young girl, perhaps Therese might like to see a new baby calf.

She took his slender wrist into her steel-like finger and towed him to the barn where she showed him a little calf attending an old cow trying to find milk. She gently had him pet the calf and spoke of how truly happy she was to have such a pretty little girl visit her humble farm, and observed futher that Therese resembled in many ways her own unfortunate daughter, who had recently died at the hands of French para-troops seeking information by gently sticking electric wires beneath her panties. But, the death of a poor thirteen year old farm girl was of no interest to a wealthy little girl like Therese, and really she was very rude to mention such an awful thing to a child.

Perhaps Therese would prefer to take the calf out into the courtyard where they could search for another milk cow that might feed the poor creature, who was indeed very anxious to nurse?

With a chuckle she helped Therese place a rope about the calf's neck and had him lead the calf back into the courtyard.

Tugging on the rope he led the calf across the courtyard towards the chauffeur and valet who were now both naked. Each was face down, spreadeagle between four stakes each so that leather thongs held them semi-tautly about three feet above the ground. Their necks rested on opposite sides of a feeding trough containing meal easily within reach of their mouths. Both men began to scream when Jan and the old woman appeared causing poor Jan to wonder what they were so afraid of since the veiled guards were not doing anything except standing around. And they were looking at the calf in wide eyed fear!

The old woman said something to two of the guards after examining each of the frightened prisoners in almost minute detail.

One guard placed a box under the valet and on top this box he rested a flour sack over which he spread a blanket.

While Jan watched in horror the other guard took the calf and led it to between the chauffeur's legs and the calf spying what looked like a dangling teat tried to seize it with eager lips only to be pulled from the crying man.

The old woman laughed with hideous pleasure sending a cold shiver up the boy's spine for he couldn't believe the bizarre scene before his eyes. She then looked at Jan and suggested a milking contest between two little babies.

As the terrifying truth dawned upon poor Jan the other guard grabbed his struggling form and placed him face up under the valet tying his little legs together at the ankles so that they pressed about the sobbing valet's body while Jan's back rested on the blanket covered flour sack. The guard then fastened a leather band about Jan's neck.

Jan's head and neck were unsupported by the flour sack and while he looked back across the courtyard the guard adjusted a thin strand of wire about his neck band to tie it into a tight knot with two long loose ends while the old woman took a tiny metal tube and inserted it deftly into the valet where it caused him to scream more in fear than pain.

She then told Jan that he and the calf would both suckle their respective mothers to see which could obtain milk first. She arose from talking to Jan and announced to the two `cows' that the first to lactate would not lose `her' teat and udder and for this reason they must urge their little hungry calves to nurse eagerly!

The frightened valet, knowing full well what she meant by lactation, listened as she told him in mock tenderness that his little heifer calf's name was Therese and `she' seemed reluctant to nurse, but perhaps `her' mother could make `her' understand how important it was for `her' to suckle from such a sensitive tit so that the abundant udder will please `her' insatiable thirst for its sweet milk; adding that as a worried `mother' the valet must address Therese properly so that he calf would know who `her' mother was talking to.

The valet's sobs suddenly ended from sheer terror as he pleaded with Therese to nurse, the urgency of his panic stricken voice increasing while the thin wire was passed about his organs in a loose slip knot that was tightened slightly as the boy's head was lifted until his mouth enfolded the soft warm `teat'.

In this shameful position the `little calf' was told to wait by the old woman, who taunted `her' eagerness, as she deftly tied the fine wire in place letting Therese know that `she' must hold `her' head up so that `her' eager lips can fully hold the tit just as the other calf would, for if Therese tried to pull away the wire would hurt `her' poor little mother's udder and cut off `her' milk supply.

As the completely frightened boy listened she released his head causing him to see the wire tighten slightly more as he quickly almost bit the teat to prevent his head from falling back more, knowing now that the wire could cut right through the soft skin.

With the valet's pleading urging echoing in his ears he knew full well how important it was that he do as the man wanted no matter how much he didn't want to undergo such a dishonor.

“Are you ready, little babies? Go!”

Poor Jan seized the teat with his trembling lips and began to massage it with a frenzy only equal to that of the calf. Slowly the warm vibrant tit began to respond to his suckling urging to pulse into fullness as the valet's impassioned pleas begged Therese to nurse faster and the growing sighs of the chauffeur reached the boy's ears.

The swollen teat grew taunt in his moist mouth with each demanding caress until suddenly the valet shuddered from the fire of his loins releasing into the teat great spurting mouthfuls of liquid forcing his nurseling to swallow again and again.

“Stop!” the old woman laughed completely enjoying her awful game. “I’m afraid that poor Therese hasn’t learned how to nurse yet. Perhaps we should give our little calves a rest and give their poor mother’s another chance?”

As Jan held his humiliating position she suggested that mothers should eat a bit to refresh themselves and replenish their milk supplies.

The minutes ticked by as poor Jan’s neck began to ache from the weight of his head as his lips clung tightly to the teat while tears coursed down his cheeks.

While the valet consumed the meal she knelt by Jan and told him that her daughter had cried too, for hours, but she didn’t believe that Therese was as brave a little ‘girl’ as her daughter proved to be. Farm girls were stronger than pampered French girls.

With this she restarted her terrifying game!

In a few minutes Jan was again gulping down the warm saline fluid that burst into his mouth in pumping spasms.

But this time there was no signal to stop as the whining sighs of the two men kept pace with the insistent demands upon their inflamed passions.

In time the liquid became a small damp trickle to stop as passions died to slowly regain in strength until she whispered that Therese could rest since ‘her’ mother had lost.

The valet’s body grew limp except for his sobbing while Jan could hear the renewed cries of the chauffeur, whose fearful begging and ecstasy filled sighs let Jan know that the calf was still urging him on and on to satisfy its undying hunger. It seemed like hours until a high pitched scream reached Jan’s ears to be followed by a whisper and then only the sound of the valet’s moaning.

“Poor thing,” the old woman announced walking away leaving Jan to think of what must have happened as he saw from the corner of his eye the guard drag the profusely bleeding dead chauffeur across the courtyard.

The old woman stopped about ten feet away and told the valet that he could talk to the little ‘calf’ as long as he used the proper words to encourage ‘her’ to stay by the little ‘teat’. she then turned and left.

The valet cautiously told Therese to stay still and that as long as ‘baby’ did they both stood a chance to live, for help would surely come. But, if Therese gave up, it would all be over and then both of them would suffer a worse fate.

Jan sobbed, but promised to do as asked.

The old woman returned again after what seemed like an eternity to poor Jan. She walked about them commenting on what a pretty sight they made, mother and babe. Moving closer she urged the valet to encourage Therese to nurse again touching the taunt wires to make her point to both.

Jan could feel the hot sun beating down on the warm silk of his dress and he was almost thankful for the nursing and the shadow cast by the valet’s warm body. He could cry no longer from his pains and the shame he had placed on his family name

by this debasing act. He knew nothing that he had done to deserve such a cruel fate. He thought of the poor chauffeur and how he had brought the calf to him. Shuddering the boy fought the urge to move his head, for he knew that she planned for him to kill this poor man also. He wanted to be brave, but he was so very afraid. Automatically his soft lips caressed the soft flesh feeling a desire for moisture to quench his parched throat. He almost imagined himself to be the calf in his growing desires to fulfill his thirst suckling with growing urgency feeling the tit growing in throbbing response to his insistent prompting until its timidness palpitated in recurring jets in pumping rhythm to insatiable lips that continued to drain until suddenly the supply ceased and the tit went quite limp only to stiffen as a mighty gush of liquid poured into Jan's startled mouth causing him to react by pulling sharply away from the unending torrent to hear a high piercing scream followed with anguished whimpers and spattering blood!

“Poor mommy,” the woman laughed motioning for her guards and saying in French, “there was little loss of blood. He will survive. Too bad he urinated then. It spoiled our little game. Check to be sure the tube is safely in place, bandage him after the wound has been cauterized, and when he has recovered enough put him in a dress and dump him in front of the LaBerge estate. Tell him to tell `her' mother that Therese will soon be a very good dancer and will please many men.”

With these instructions she removed the leather strap from about the crying boy's neck, untied his legs, and half dragged his sobbing form into the house where she removed the urine and blood stained clothes.

Poor Jan was in shock and began to scream almost as loud as the valet outside until she slapped him again and again and Jan went numb terror only to faint to the floor.

“He is more like a girl than a girl,” one of the men whispered looking at his lovely paled form. “What shall be done with him?”

“Cover his milk-sop skin with this oil,” she ordered handing him a brown bottle. “Every inch of it. And then spread a white sheet out in the sun. Place him on the sheet and keep the bugs away from his lovely flawless skin.”

She picked up two clear patches of medical tape which she used to tape Jan's eyes tightly closed.

“You may tie him if need be, but not so that his wrists or ankles will be marred. Have him slowly be turned, using the oil so that his skin may never become dry to the rays of the sun. In two hours bring him gently back to the house placing him in my bed and nurse his tenderness until tomorrow.

“Dip his body in warm water in the morning, recover his body with oil, and return him to rest in the sun for a few more hours. Don't feed him anything except water. Allow him to rest in the shade for most of the day and then place his oiled form back into the sun once again. If his skin shows any sign of blistering take him at once from the sun and make sure that he stays covered with this oil.”

She accepted his nod of understanding and left as the guard began to wipe the thin clear oil over Jan's soft skin.

Jan awoke to the heat of the sun trying to open his eyes and move to discover himself held gently in place by strong warm hands on his extended palms and the soles of his feet. His body felt aflame under some kind of sweet smelling oil. Knowing that it was useless to struggle he relaxed to feel the firm hands removed as a soft masculine voice told him to lie still and not try to remove his eye bandages, because if he did the sun would certainly blind him.

He certainly was no judge of time and he could not remember how many times that they took him from the sun and returned him to its searing rays to slowly turn his body from one position to another making sure that the sun reached every inch of his body.

They refused to feed him but whenever he begged for water he quickly received it. As he rested in the sun one of his guards very patiently spoke to him and answered any of his questions that the guard felt the boy should deserve an answer to. He learned that his captors were not from Algiers, in fact they were Berbers from the desert country miles from Algiers.

Their mistress was a woman who once owned a brothel in the Casbah and the French wanted her very badly because of her work in the resistance. She actually was not as old as she looked, it was a disguise that she used because she was too well known. Her daughter had died after twenty hours of slow torture and several sexual attacks, but really died in vain because she was a school girl and knew nothing.

Her mother swore revenge and decided that the man most feared and respected by the Colons was his father. Her several attempts on his life had failed and then she decided to get her revenge another way, through his son. Very patiently she awaited her chance and her patience was rewarded when a servant girl told her of Jan's going to dancing class as a girl.

The guard knew nothing, or more than likely, would say nothing of her plans for Jan. The guard would only sigh at further questions along this line and suggested that the boy might prefer not to learn right away. Perhaps he would prefer to learn how to speak Berber, instead?

When the boy gave up his questions he began to learn the guard's tongue. This helped him forget the burning pain and kept his mind off of his memories.

The woman's voice interrupted these lessons briefly as a syringe was plunged into his arm and then into the nipples.

He was fed and then led still unseeing into the blazing sun where he rested as the voice teaching him the Berber tongue became that of a woman rather than a man. The words were somehow different, but he continued to repeat, memorize, and respond to her teaching in the soft feminine voice that she insisted upon.

Time lost all pattern, for when he was not asleep, he was learning, eating, going to the toilet, or being bathed in oil or water. Again he received the syringe only this time they also stuck it into the soft skin below his organs. A woman's hands played with them for a moment until it responded and then she left silently.

The someone else came and wrapped his sex organs up into a tight cloth to place what felt like a thin wire about the bundle. A small catheter was slipped into his penis

and he was left to the teaching of the Berber woman, who refused to answer any of his questions about the growing numbness between his legs.

Jan tried to dismiss the fears he felt no longer really caring what they did just as long as he wasn't in pain. He knew that the hot sun no longer seemed to burn his tender skin in its caressing warmth.

He awoke once to the feeling of the needle only this time the needle was different because it was being very gently inserted into the soft tissue of his lips again and again as they became numb and felt no pain. A similar needle was used on his eyelids through the tape and then his language lessons continued. In time his lips seemed to burn almost as bad as the sun once had and when his delicate fingers touched them they seemed thicker somehow.

From time to time he was allowed to walk back and forth across the soft cloth mat that had so long been his resting place and then the woman who was teaching him began to have him perform various exercises. Much like calisthenics he practiced at school.

Jan knew that his body was somehow changing. It seemed smoother and softer to the touch of his sensitive fingers. The exercises seemed to give it a certain suppleness while he learned how to bend completely over backward and place his head through the arch of his legs until it touched his organ which seemed insensitive to anything as if it were dead!

Another thing he knew was that his nipples were very sensitive to the slightest touch and there seemed to be a considerable swelling about each of them, larger than the cups of his hands and quite as firm as his muscles under supple flesh.

From time to time they would bathe him in sweet smelling water and would wash his hair separately and very carefully as if making sure that each hair was thoroughly soaked in the oily water. And then they would tighten the wire about his organ and return him to his exercises and language training.

One day the woman who had humiliated him so came to him and led him outside to his sheeted area. She then had him sit on a high stool where his legs were secured in place as someone removed the bandages from his organs to tighten the wire about the base of his organs a bit, but he felt no pain so he waited knowing fearfully that the time had come for what he knew she had in mind.

He remembered all too vividly another piece of wire!

A wide band of cloth was tied about him so that his upper arms were firmly held to his sides. And then she handed him a large heavy doll dressed in what felt like satin which he held in his arms as she requested in Berber. The eye bandages were then removed causing him to very slowly open his eyes that were all but sealed shut by their hardened secretion.

It was a star filled night and as his eyes adjusted to this bright light he could see the glow of a rising moon. In growing disbelief he looked down away from the shadowy figures of men and women dressed in Berber robes that surrounded his naked form to watch this new torment. What he saw caused his heart to all but stop for the white satin dressed doll was as black as the gleaming coal blackness of his soft body!