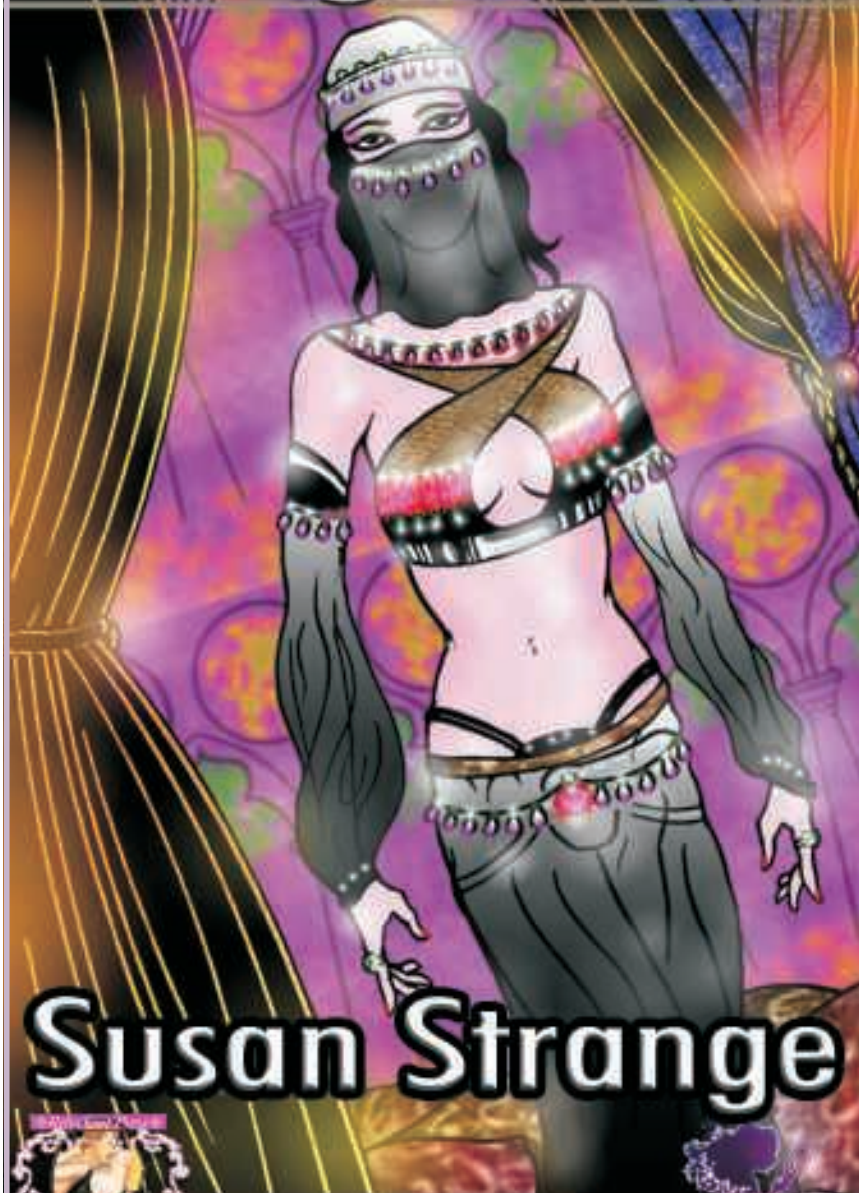


Strange Harem



Susan Strange



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Strange Harem

By Susan Strange

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

ABDUCTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“How long will he be unconscious, Doctor?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“She is tightly secured, Ali?”

“Yes Mistress,” answered one man.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“How is she?” enquired Fatima.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sultana Fatima clapped her hands and Lamis came to her.

"Yes Mistress, what is your desire?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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