

# AN OUT OF COURT SETTLEMENT

Dear Ms. Marshall,

*It was with much sadness that I heard about the comments you made about me during your radio show last Thursday. I have no idea what I could possibly have done to cause such a negative reaction on your part. I understand that you are entitled to your opinion, but your remarks have caused terrible and possibly irreparable damage to my reputation and financial fortunes.*

*My lawyers are urging me to take you to court and sue you for libel and defamation of character, but I feel that while this might give me some relief, it will not solve the underlying problem, which is the view that you and many others have of me. Therefore, I have decided to invite you to my estate so that we can have a private meeting. I am sure that once we have talked personally, any differences that exist between us can be worked out. Then, it is my hope that you will help in rehabilitating my image with all of your listeners.*

*You do not have to accept my offer, of course, but the alternative is the lawsuit, which I have no doubt will be concluded in my favor, and have many negative consequences for you.*

*I await your response.*

*I remain your humble servant,*

OMAR NOUR

By  
PRIME MOVER



Olivia Marshall was one of the most important feminist voices in the world. Her radio show, "Woman's Voice", was listened to by millions of people each week, and her books, all of which expressed extreme feminist views, were immediate bestsellers. Therefore, it was only natural that she would cross paths with Sheik Omar Nour. Nour, whose real name was Richard Brown, was born in Detroit and had no Arab blood, but he had made a fortune in the auto industry and now had rechristened himself Sheik Omar Nour. He lived on a huge estate, complete with a fully stocked harem. It was this that had first drawn Olivia's attention to him. The more she had looked into the sheik, the more she had begun to hate him. Finally one day, she had snapped. She had called him a "misogynist" and a "flesh peddler". She knew the moment she had said these things that she had gone too far. She fully expected to be sued for libel, so she was very surprised when instead of a note from a lawyer, she received a very politely worded note from Nour himself. The note invited her to the sheik's "estate" for a private talk. "He was sure," the note said "that once they had talked personally any differences that existed between them could be worked out." Olivia didn't want to be anywhere near the sheik, but since the alternative was a libel suit that she would probably lose, she reluctantly agreed.

When she arrived at the airport, Olivia found a limousine waiting for her, complete with a uniformed driver. Olivia got in the limo and settled in for the 2 hour drive to Nour's estate.







**When the limousine finally arrived at Nour's estate, Olivia couldn't help but be impressed. The architecture and landscaping seemed more at home in the Mediterranean than in suburban Detroit, and the estate itself was large enough that it could practically apply for its own zip code.**



As she waited for the driver to open the limousine door, Olivia checked her appearance one last time. She had tried to dress as professionally as possible. She wore her best outfit with minimal makeup and her hair tied back in a bun. She had even resorted to wearing her glasses. She didn't need to wear them, but she thought they made her appearance more serious and threatening, and serious and threatening is how she wanted to be. She wasn't going to let Nour and the implied threat of his libel suit intimidate her.





Olivia walked up to the front door and rang the bell, which was almost immediately opened by a man wearing a turban who introduced himself as Nour's personal assistant. The man then escorted her across the foyer and into a room that must have been larger than her entire apartment. Omar Nour was waiting for her there, seated in the center of the room dressed impeccably in an expensive suit. As Olivia entered the room, he stood up to greet her.

It is very nice to meet you, Ms. Marshall. Please have a seat. You may go, Ahmad.

Master, may I present Ms. Olivia Marshall.



The Butler bowed and left the room. Olivia walked over and took the offered seat near Nour, who then sat back down himself.

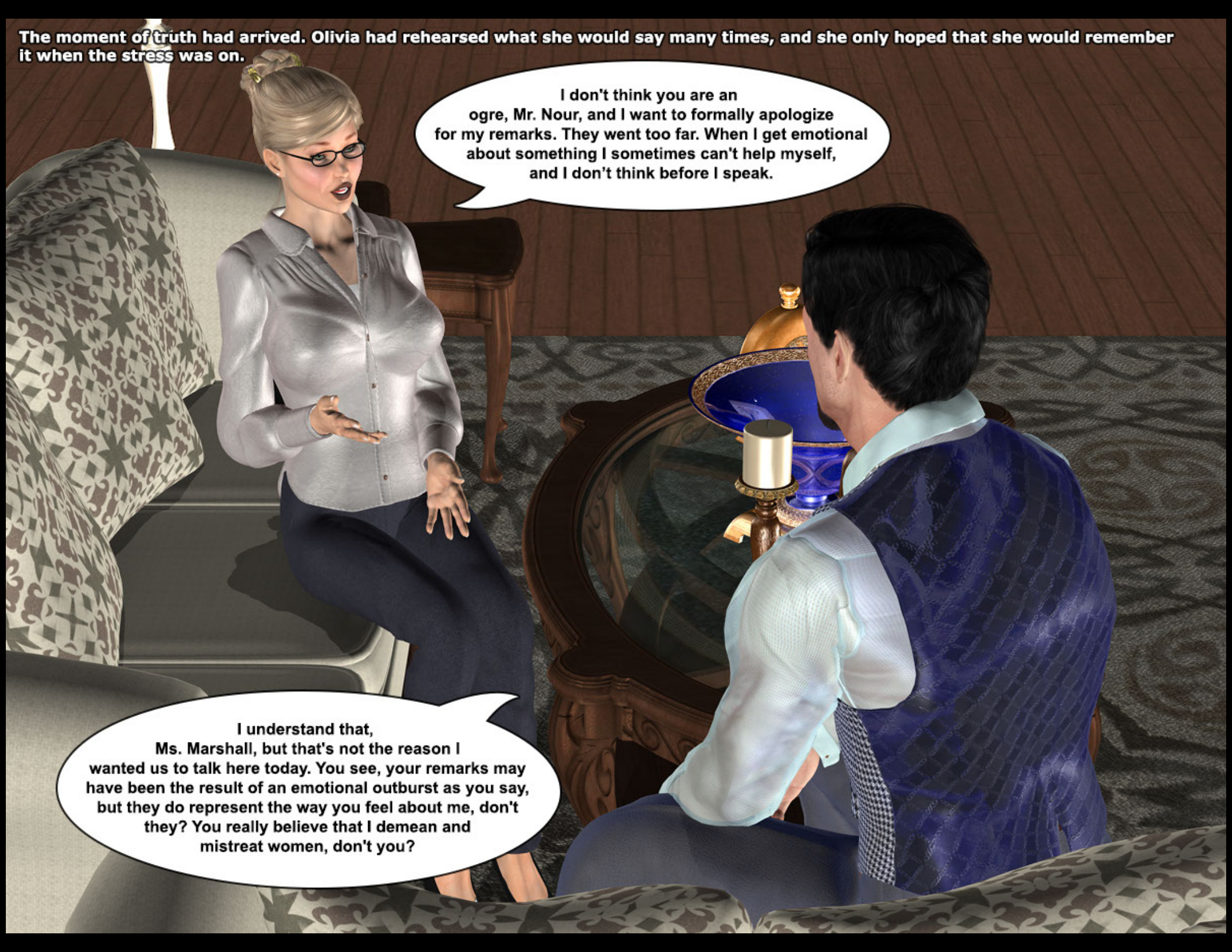
How was the trip here? I trust you found the limo convenient?

Yes, it was most kind of you to send it.

It was the least I could do. I wanted our meeting here to start off as pleasantly as possible. I wanted to show you that I am not the ogre that you seem to think I am.



The moment of truth had arrived. Olivia had rehearsed what she would say many times, and she only hoped that she would remember it when the stress was on.



I don't think you are an ogre, Mr. Nour, and I want to formally apologize for my remarks. They went too far. When I get emotional about something I sometimes can't help myself, and I don't think before I speak.

I understand that, Ms. Marshall, but that's not the reason I wanted us to talk here today. You see, your remarks may have been the result of an emotional outburst as you say, but they do represent the way you feel about me, don't they? You really believe that I demean and mistreat women, don't you?



Olivia struggled with how she should reply. She didn't want to insult Nour again and get herself into even more trouble, but she couldn't make herself lie either. She finally came up with an answer that was a compromise between the two positions.

Yes, I did say that, but I don't believe that I demean women. I, in fact, have deep respect for women. I want them to be able to achieve their potential and fulfill the role that god and nature defined for them.

Correct.

Well that opinion is wrong, which is what I brought you here to show you.

I wouldn't say mistreat. There's no evidence that you have ever hurt a woman, but I would agree that I think you demean women. Aren't you on record as saying that you think a woman's only purpose is to serve men?

Which is to serve men?

Well. In my opinion, and in the opinion of most other people, a statement like that is considered demeaning to women.



Olivia was mulling over the implications of Nour's last statement when she was distracted by a soft tinkling of bells coming from behind her. She turned to see that an extraordinarily dressed woman had entered the room. She was heavily made up and dressed in an exotic harem girl outfit. She carried a tray which held a pot and two cups.





The woman walked over to Nour and lowered the tray to him so he could take one of the cups.

Your tea, Master.

Ah, Fatima,  
right on schedule.





After Nour took his cup, the girl, who Olivia now knew was named Fatima, walked over to Olivia and lowered the tray in front of her so that she could take the other cup.

No, thank you.

Please don't insult my hospitality, Ms. Marshall. My tea is a special blend. I think you'll enjoy it.

Olivia weighed her options. She didn't want to insult her host so soon after her apology had been accepted, but something about the whole situation made her uneasy. She finally decided that she would placate her host by taking one sip of the tea and then not drink any more.





Olivia lifted the cup to her mouth and took a small sip. When the liquid hit her taste buds, it was as if there was an explosion of taste in her mouth. This was the best thing she had ever tasted. She immediately downed the rest of the cup in one gulp.



**Olivia began to feel a slight buzz, like she was starting to get drunk.**

Yes, it's very good.

See, I told you you'd like it.

Why not have another cup.

One cup was fine, thank you. Let's get back to the matter at hand. As I said before, I'm sorry I insulted you, but if you think you can convince me that your behavior is not demeaning to women, you're out of luck. Look at this woman here for example. She's a walking example of feminine servitude. She represents everything that I have been trying to fight against my entire life.





I assure you that Fatima, is not being demeaned in any way. She is happy and fulfilled in her role, are you not Fatima?

Yes, Master. I am very happy.

See. Now why don't you have another cup of tea. Fatima, fill her cup for her.






Fatima walked over and filled Olivia's cup. Olivia knew she shouldn't drink any more, but the first cup had tasted so good. She struggled for several seconds, but then she finally drank down the tea. The second cup tasted just as good as the first had.



The slight buzz that Olivia had felt before increased many times. A wonderful feeling of relaxation swept over her. She tried to stop it, but she was unable to stop a slight smile from coming to her face.



Very good. We're almost there I think. One more cup should do it.

I don't ... need another cup. We need to ... talk. Men like you are ... setting back women's rights ... I mean you are ... you are ... what was I saying?

You were saying that you wanted another cup of my wonderful tea. Fatima.





Fatima filled Olivia's cup again. Olivia remembered that she had been worried about drinking the tea before, but now all she could remember was how great it had tasted, and with almost no hesitation, she drank down the delicious tea. A feeling of wonderful intoxication swept over her. Her head fell back. When she brought it back forward, she tried to hold it upright, but it fell to the side where it remained with her eyes half closed and a silly grin on her face.





You feel good, don't you?

But you are very tired, aren't you?

You journey here has been very tiring. You need to rest.

Fatima will take you to someplace where you can get the rest you need.

Yes ... good.

Yes ... tired.

Yes ... rest.



The small portion of her higher brain functions that Olivia still had access to sent warning impulses through her brain.

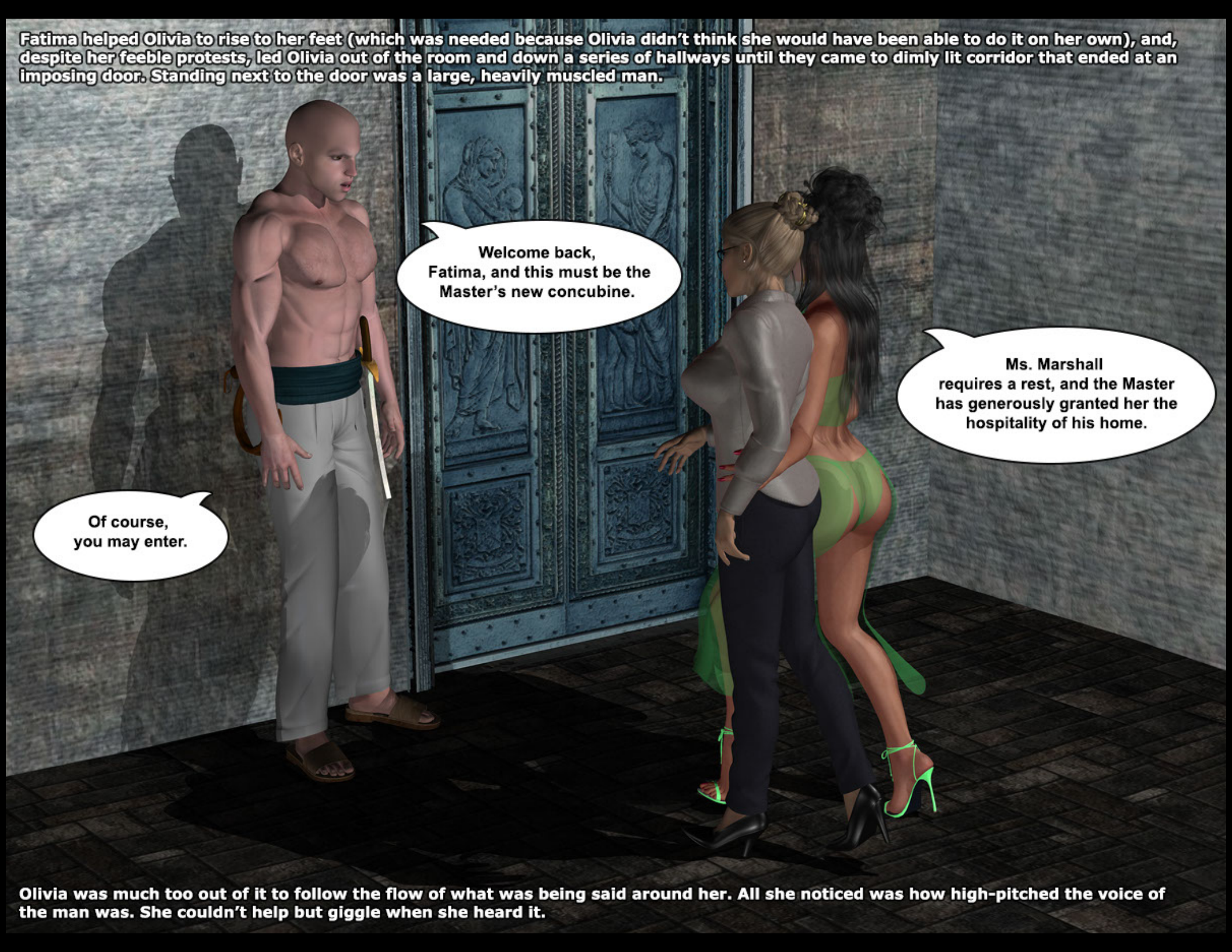
No ...  
go to ... hotel.

Nonsense, the  
hotel is far away. You should  
stay here. Fatima, take her to  
the harem.

Yes, Master.



Fatima helped Olivia to rise to her feet (which was needed because Olivia didn't think she would have been able to do it on her own), and, despite her feeble protests, led Olivia out of the room and down a series of hallways until they came to dimly lit corridor that ended at an imposing door. Standing next to the door was a large, heavily muscled man.



Of course, you may enter.

Welcome back, Fatima, and this must be the Master's new concubine.

Ms. Marshall requires a rest, and the Master has generously granted her the hospitality of his home.

Olivia was much too out of it to follow the flow of what was being said around her. All she noticed was how high-pitched the voice of the man was. She couldn't help but giggle when she heard it.





One the other side of the door was a wide open space with a large pool in the middle. Several scantily clad women swam in the pool or lounged around it. The air was filled with the sound of soft music and female laughter.



**Fatima led Olivia across the open area and into a large room. The room was dominated by a huge bed which occupied nearly half the room.**





Fatima removed her veil and then began to undress Olivia. This shook Olivia slightly out of her drug-induced stupor, and she began to feebly struggle again.

We need to undress you. You won't be able to sleep well in all those confining clothes, will you?

Now, be quiet. Fatima knows what's best for you.

Wha ... What are you doing?

But I ...

Olivia thought about protesting again, but she was finding it so hard to think, and Fatima was only trying to help her, so she let Fatima finish undressing her.



When Olivia was completely naked, Fatima led her over to stand by the bed. She then left Olivia alone for a few seconds as she walked over to a small table in one corner of the room. When she returned, she was holding what looked like a small muffin in her hand.

Yes ... Feel better.

No.

There, now that you are no longer wearing those confining clothes, you feel so much better, don't you?

But you can't sleep on an empty stomach, can you ?

That's right. Here. Eat this. Then you can sleep.

The muffin contained additional drugs to ensure the Olivia would fall asleep quickly and then stay asleep for the entire night.



Fatima helped the barely conscious Olivia into the bed and then left the room. She returned 30 minutes later, and after insuring that Olivia was in a deep sleep, she placed a pair of wireless headphones on her head.

