

The headphones then began to broadcast a series of statements that easily found their way into Olivia's mind, which was rendered open to suggestion due to the drugs in her system.

A woman finds joy in submission to men.

A woman's only fulfillment comes from giving men pleasure.

You are a woman.

Your only fulfillment comes from giving men pleasure.



At first, it seemed like Olivia was accepting the suggestions, but as time went on, she began to appear more and more agitated. She began to toss and turn. She was much too heavily drugged to come completely awake, but she did succeed in dislodging the headphones from her ears.

The sheik is the most handsome man you have ever seen.

You are incredibly attracted to him.

You want to please the sheik.

NO .. NO ...



As Olivia continued to toss and turn, Fatima, who had been observing her, knelt down by the bed and removed the headphones. She then began to talk to Olivia in a soft, soothing voice.

Calm down. Calm down. Everything is fine. You are completely safe.

The voice is nothing to be afraid of. The voice is your friend.

I hear a voice.

The voice is telling me things, bad things, wrong things



Fatima had been well prepared, and she was ready to deal with Olivia's protests.

The voice would never tell you anything bad. The voice only wants to help you.

Repeat after me:
The voice is my friend The voice only wants to help me.

But ...

The voice is ... I don't.



Fatima realized that Olivia's resistance to the voice's suggestions was very strong, and that she would have to resort to extreme measures. She began to massage Olivia's clitoris, causing Olivia to gasp out in amazement, as the expression on her face changed from one of fear to one of surprise tinged with arousal.

I am trying to make you feel better. You want to feel better, don't you?

Just relax. Let Fatima help you.

whaaa... what are you doing?

Yes, but ...



Fatima continued to massage Olivia's sex until she saw all traces of anxiety leave Olivia's face.

There. You feel better now, don't you?

I am the one that made you feel better, aren't I?

You know that I only want to help you, don't you?

You trust me, don't you?


Yes ... Better.

Yes

Yes

Yes ... Trust you.





If you trust me
then you will believe me when I say
that the voice is your friend. The
voice is trying to help you.

Repeat after me:
The voice is my friend. The voice
only wants to help me.

Good. Again.

One more time.

My friend ... I don't ...

The voice...
is my friend. The voice...
only wants to help me.

The voice is
my friend. The voice only
wants to help me.

**THE VOICE IS
MY FRIEND. THE VOICE ONLY
WANTS TO HELP ME.**



After Olivia repeated her mantra for a third time, Fatima gave her clitoris one final squeeze which sent a powerful wave of arousal through Olivia which helped to cement all of Fatima's suggestions in her mind.

Fatima placed the headphones back on Olivia's head and stepped back to watch as the voice started up again.

A woman finds joy in submission to men.

A woman's only fulfillment comes from giving men pleasure.

You are a woman.

Your only fulfillment comes from giving men pleasure.





Fatima observed Olivia for some time. When it became clear that Olivia was accepting the suggestions, she smiled. The process was far from over. She knew that it would take many sessions for the suggestions to stick, but they had gotten over a major hurdle. She turned to leave. Her Master was waiting for news on Olivia's progress. She knew he would be pleased with her report. As she walked, she felt her sex grow moist at the thought of pleasing her Master.

For the next few hours, Olivia's mind was bombarded by one suggestion after another.

You are only of value when you are attractive.

Your appearance must always be perfect.

Your clothing must always be perfect.

Your makeup must always be perfect.

Your hair must always be perfect.

Your entire appearance must be crafted to give maximum pleasure to men.



Each repetition of the suggestions ended with the same sequence of suggestions.

When you wake up, you will not consciously remember any of these suggestions.

But your sub-conscious mind will remember them, and each time you hear them, they will grow stronger.

Each time you hear them, they will grow stronger.



The next morning, Olivia woke to see Fatima standing naked at the side of the bed (She had been there since before dawn when she had removed the headphones). All the drugs in Olivia's system had worn off, and she was herself again, but she found that she could only remember bits and pieces of what had happened to her since she had arrived at Nour's estate.

What's going on?
Where am I, and why
am I naked?

Yes, I remember
that, but how did I
end up here?

I do remember
something like that, but,
it's all so hazy.

You are in the estate
of Sheik Omar Nour. You
came here at the request of my
Master to try to settle the
differences between you.

You were tired
after your journey. My Master
offered you the hospitality of his
home, and you accepted.

Now that you
are well rested, my Master has
invited you to breakfast so you can
continue your conversation. Follow
me, and we'll get you ready.

Olivia followed Fatima out into the main pool area.

First you need to take your bath.

You mean here, out in the open like this? Don't you have a bathroom with a tub?

Come on. There's no one but us girls here, and the eunuchs of course, but they are used to the sight of a naked girl. My Master is expecting you for breakfast. You don't want to disappoint him, do you?

For some reason, Olivia found that she was very uncomfortable at the thought of disappointing the sheik, so she stepped into the pool.



Fatima stepped in to the water and moved behind Olivia. She began to splash water all over the parts of Olivia's body that were above the waterline. She knew that the water contained a different version of the drug that had been in the tea that Olivia had drunk the previous day. This version of the drug was designed to keep the harem girls happy and compliant. It was designed to be absorbed through the skin and was much less potent than the version in the tea but was more long lasting.

When Fatima saw that Olivia's eyes had started to glaze over, she knew that the drug in the water had done its work.

That's enough bathing for you. It's time to get you dressed.

Fatima carefully helped the drugged Olivia out of the pool. While Olivia appeared heavily affected by the drug in the water, Fatima seemed completely normal. As a long-time member of the sheik's harem, Fatima had developed a tolerance to the drug, so she felt nothing more than a slight buzz.

Olivia was feeling wonderful. All the confusion and anxiety she had been feeling since she had got up that morning had vanished to be replaced by a strong feeling of peace and contentment. She allowed herself to be posed like a doll as Fatima first dried her off and then led her back into the room where she had stayed the night. She only reacted when Fatima walked toward her carrying a flimsy pair of thong panties in her hands.

**Stop ... wait ...
I don't wear panties
... like that.**

**You don't. That's
a shame. Maybe it's about time
you started wearing them. I think
they would look very beautiful
on you. You want to look beautiful,
don't you?**

Olivia suddenly realized that she did very much want to be beautiful, so she stopped resisting and allowed Fatima to put the panties on her.

The panties were quickly followed by a tight-fitting dress which ended well above her knees and a pair of shoes with 4 inch heels.

There, doesn't that dress look great on you. Now, let's do something about your hair and makeup.



Fatima sat Olivia down at a vanity and proceeded to quickly but expertly apply makeup to her face. Olivia was no stranger to makeup, but she never in her life had worn as much makeup as Fatima was now using on her. All her objections were shot down, though, when Fatima mentioned how beautiful Olivia was becoming. Olivia didn't know where this newfound compulsion to look beautiful came from, but she couldn't deny it any more than she could deny her need to breathe.

When Fatima was done with Olivia's face, she quickly applied polish to her fingernails and toenails, and then, while the polish dried, she combed out Olivia's hair and teased it out for maximum effect.

There, all done. You are ready for your meeting with my Master.

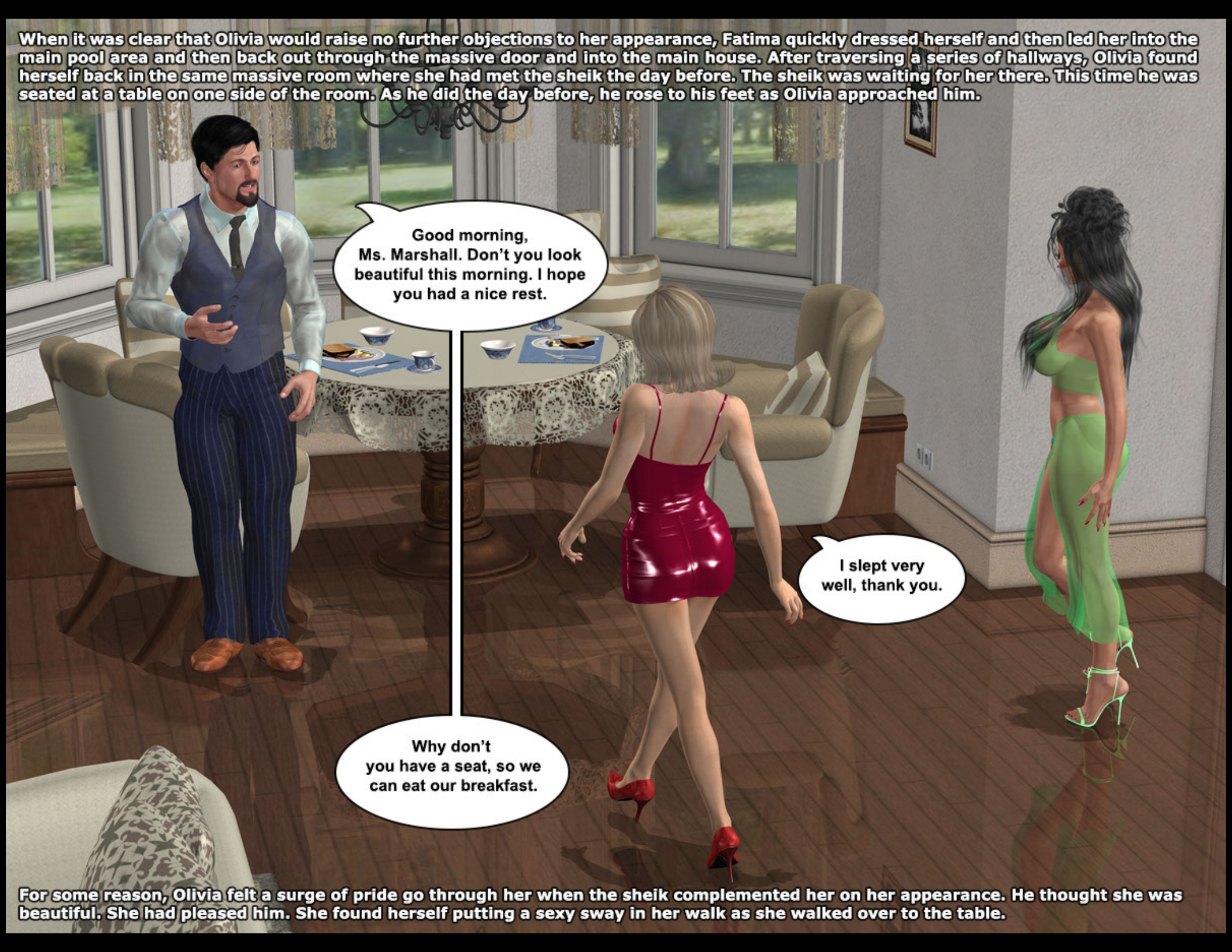
What ... Can't go out like this ... Must look professional.

Women don't ... I mean, I don't ... exist to please ...

You look fine the way you are. Besides, my Master will like it if you are dressed this way. You want to please my Master, don't you?

Olivia tried to get the words out, but she kept getting tongue-tied. Somewhere deep inside her she realized that she did very much want to please the sheik.

When it was clear that Olivia would raise no further objections to her appearance, Fatima quickly dressed herself and then led her into the main pool area and then back out through the massive door and into the main house. After traversing a series of hallways, Olivia found herself back in the same massive room where she had met the sheik the day before. The sheik was waiting for her there. This time he was seated at a table on one side of the room. As he did the day before, he rose to his feet as Olivia approached him.



Good morning, Ms. Marshall. Don't you look beautiful this morning. I hope you had a nice rest.

I slept very well, thank you.

Why don't you have a seat, so we can eat our breakfast.

For some reason, Olivia felt a surge of pride go through her when the sheik complemented her on her appearance. He thought she was beautiful. She had pleased him. She found herself putting a sexy sway in her walk as she walked over to the table.

Olivia sat down across the table from Nour. As she ate her breakfast, she couldn't get over how attractive the sheik was. She couldn't understand why she hadn't noticed it before. He seemed to be surrounded by some kind of masculine aura that attracted Olivia to him like a moth to a flame. The entire time as they ate their breakfast, Olivia made sure she posed herself in the most attractive fashion possible, always trying to present her ample but not great cleavage (For the first time in her life, she wished that she had larger breasts) to maximum effect.



Over the course of the breakfast, the sheik had limited himself to small talk, but when they finished eating and the dishes were taken away, he got to the point.

I think I've come up with an idea about how I can prove to you that I don't demean women. I have to leave later today on a business trip. I will be back in a week. Why don't you stay here for that week. Meet the women who live here, talk to them, see how they live. Then when I get back, we can talk again, and I'm sure you'll see that I don't demean women.

A week? I don't know. I was only supposed to be here for a day.

Please. Won't you do this for me? It will make me very happy.

Olivia's objections fell away as she looked into the sheik's pleading face, and she found that she could not disappoint him.

**All right, I guess
I can stay a week, but it won't
change my mind.**

**That's great.
You have made me
very happy.**

Olivia practically purred, so great was her satisfaction at having made the sheik happy. The thought "You have pleased your Master. That us what you are for" briefly ran through her head before she pushed it back down.

Nour announced that he had to leave and got up to shake Olivia's hand. As Olivia took Nour's hand, she felt a powerful urge to kiss him. She was able to stop herself, but not before her lips had come dangerously close to Nour's.



After Nour left, Olivia followed Fatima back to the harem and soon found herself getting an in-depth introduction into the life of a harem girl.

Olivia had thought that all harem girls did was lounge around all day and wait for their Master to fuck them. She found that the reality was rather different. The girls spent a lot of their time in training, always under the close observation of Fatima.



There was dancing training ...