

Olivia's nightly conditioning now concentrated on finalizing her transformation from a firebrand feminist into a submissive harem girl. Olivia immediately accepted each new suggestion with a serene smile on her face.

Your only desire is to be your Master's harem girl.

You want to submit to your Master completely.

You want to serve your Master.

You need to serve your Master.



It was early in the afternoon of Olivia's seventh day in the harem, and Olivia was doing what had become her normal routine in the downtime between training sessions. She was sitting on the floor of the training room looking up at the portrait of her Master as she fucked herself with an artificial replica of his cock (The other harem girls were only allowed to fuck themselves during the training sessions, but Fatima allowed Olivia to do it because it would reinforce her conditioning). She was so preoccupied with what she was doing that she didn't notice Fatima was standing next to her until she spoke.

I have good news for you. The Master is back from his trip, and he desires to see you tonight.

Has it been an entire week already?

Yes, but you stopped me before I could tell you the good news. The Master has heard about how good a dancer you have become, and he wishes to see you perform.

Yes. Come now. We have a lot of work to do to get you ready.

The Master wants me to dance for him?

As Olivia jumped to her feet, her heart was beating so fast that she thought it would burst. Her Master wanted her to dance for him. He wanted her to serve him. After all those wasted years, she would finally be allowed to fulfill her true purpose as a woman.

As Fatima had said, it took several hours to prepare Olivia to dance for her Master. First, she bathed. Next, her entire body was shaved, leaving only the hair on her head. Then her body was covered with aromatic oils that gave her skin a glossy sheen.

The old Olivia would never have allowed her nipples to be pierced and bells attached to rings forced through the piercings, but the new Olivia loved her new adornments, knowing that they would make her appearance more exciting for her Master.



With her body prepared, it was time to work on Olivia's hair and makeup. Fatima took a good hour applying Olivia's makeup. Then, when she was satisfied, she topped everything off with a long wig that extended past Olivia's shoulders. "The Master likes long hair," Fatima told Olivia.





Finally, Olivia was dressed in full harem girl garb, complete with a veil and a jewel in her navel.

When the time was right, Fatima led Olivia across the pool area to the door of the room where the harem girls did their sexual training. Then, after making one last check of Olivia's appearance, she motioned for her to enter the room alone.



Olivia entered the room to find Sheik Nour seated in a chair that had been placed near the back of the room. The mere sight of her Master in the flesh drove Olivia to heights of excitement and arousal that made the levels she had experienced when looking at his portrait pale in comparison. As she presented herself to her Master, she made sure to stand extra straight and to arch her back to give him an excellent view of her breasts.

Nour looked Olivia appreciatively up and down for a few seconds before he finally spoke to her.

Hello again, Ms. Marshall. It's nice to see you again. I'm anxious to find out about your experiences during your week in my harem, but first, Fatima has told me that you have shown yourself to be quite the dancer. Would you mind doing a little dancing for me ?

That is why I am here, Master.

Wonderful. Let's supply you with some music.



Nour motioned with his hand, and music began to stream into the room. Olivia started her dance, always being sure to keep her eyes fixed on Nour as her body gyrated sexily, moving in all the ways that she had learned in her dancing training.





As she danced, Olivia gradually divested herself of her clothing, slowly revealing her body to her Master.

The end of the dance found her totally naked lying on her back in front of her Master her knees spread obscenely wide, her newly hairless pussy, dripping wet and ready for her Master's use.

You danced well, Ms. Marshall.

Thank you, Master. I live to serve you.

The dance seems to have left you in rather a state, though. Maybe there's something I can do about that.

Oh, yes, Master. Please fuck me.

Nour needed no further invitation. He quickly removed his clothing and then plunged his already erect cock into Olivia's dripping wet vagina, immediately causing her to have the first in a string of orgasms.

Nour prided himself on his stamina and self control. His fucking of Olivia went on and on, as he made her experience one orgasm after another. Olivia actively participated in her fucking and again and again cried out her total submission to her Master.



Oh yes, Master.
<moan> Fuck me, Master.
<moan> I belong to you,
Master. <moan>

Finally, when he could hold out no longer he pulled out of her and came all over her face and body (He didn't know if she was on birth control, and he didn't want to deal with any pregnancy issues right now). Olivia eagerly lapped up all of her Master's semen that she could.



As she recovered from her orgasms, her Master graciously allowed Olivia to kneel between his legs and play with his wonderful cock. As Olivia looked up at her Master with a look of total devotion in her eyes, Nour began to speak to her.

So, Ms. Marshall,
it's been a week. Have you
changed your mind about the
way I treat women.

And you no
longer believe that women
are the same as men?

And you now
desire to surrender and
serve, don't you?

Oh, yes, Master. I understand
now that you were only treating women the
way that nature intended. I know now that it is
society that is mistreating women by trying to
force them to be the same as men.

No, Master. I now know
the truth. Men exist to conquer
and dominate. Women exist to
surrender and serve.

Yes, Master.
I live only to serve you.

Nour smiled down on his new pleasure slave, knowing that her conversion was complete. All that remained were the formalities.

**Very well, Ms. Marshall.
I'm very happy with the way that things have turned out here. You can be assured that I will not press any libel charges against you for your remarks.**

If you step outside, Fatima will help you to get ready for your departure. Your original clothes have been washed, and once you are ready, my driver will take you to a hotel where you can stay at my expense until you can arrange your trip home.

Home? You mean to my old life?

Of course. What else could I mean?

But, I don't want to go back to my old life. I want to stay here and serve you. Please let me stay, Master.

Nour paused for a few seconds as if he was thinking it over. When he thought he had let Olivia wait long enough he continued.

I don't know, Ms. Marshall. If you want to stay here, it can only be as my slave.

Yes, that's what I want.

You would have to sign a legal document giving up all your rights as a person. You would belong completely to me, like a piece of furniture.

I want to belong to you. Please, Master.

Well, if you really are ready to go through with it, there is a document ready for you to sign on the table over there.

Olivia jumped to her feet and rushed over to the nearby table where she found the contract waiting for her. Anxious to seal the deal before her Master changed his mind, she didn't even bother to read the contract. She immediately went to the last page and signed her name on the signature line.



As Olivia joyfully signed her freedom away, it never occurred to her to question the fact that the contract had already been prepared and was laid out on the table before she entered the room.

After she was done signing the contract, Olivia rushed back over to kneel in front of her Master.

I am your slave, Master.

Olivia is not a good name for a slave like you. I think I shall call you Shalimar.

Yes, Master. My name is Shalimar.

You please me, Shalimar. I think I shall give you a reward. You may give me a blow job.

The newly-minted Shallmar was overjoyed. Her Master was allowing her to suck his magnificent cock. Trying to remember the things she had learned in her sexual training, she started by kissing the tip of Nour's cock, which was already becoming erect again. Then, she spent some time playing with Nour's cock and balls, before she finally took his cock in her mouth.

Olivia had only given head a few times in her life, and she was worried that she lacked the skills to give her Master a truly satisfactory blow job, but when she heard her Master start to moan, and she realized that she was pleasing him. This sent her spiraling on the way to another orgasm.





In one final step to officially mark Shalimar as his slave, Nour pulled his penis out of her mouth just before he was ready to come and then sprayed his load all over her face, effectively marking her as his property. Shalimar tried her best to catch all the cum she could before she succumbed to yet another orgasm.

Shalimar would become one of her Master's favorite slaves. Her Master graciously allowed Shalimar to make many improvements to her body so that her appearance would be more pleasing to him. Eventually, when her Master sold off Fatima to another man, Shalimar even became first girl in her Master's harem.

The story of the militant feminist transformed into a submissive pleasure slave made big news for a while. There was even a police investigation launched at the behest of Olivia's feminist colleagues, but after Shalimar testified again and again that she had become a slave of her own free will, nothing ever came of it. Eventually, the public moved on to other fancies, and the whole affair was forgotten, but after what happened to Olivia, no feminist ever dared to say anything insulting about Omar Nour ever again.



THE END

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