



Training in hair and makeup ...



And then there was the sexual training where the girls practiced with replicas of their Master's cock.

That night, after Olivia fell asleep, the insidious programming with the subliminal messages continued.

The life of a harem girl is not so bad.

Your life is so stressful.


A harem girl's life has no stress.

All they need to do is look pretty and please their master.

You want to be a harem girl.



The next day after the dancing training was over, Fatima decided to see if she could move Olivia along to the next stage.



I think they're very good.

No, I'm not much of a dancer.

Yes, but ...

What do you think of their dancing?

Why don't you try it yourself? I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

You're probably better than you think, and you did promise my Master that you would experience how he treats women, and this is part of it. You want to keep your promise don't you?


Come on. It's just us girls here. Give it a try.

Fatima continued her attempts to coax Olivia into participating in the dancing training. Finally, after Fatima sent the other girls away, Olivia reluctantly agreed. Fatima would demonstrate a dancing move, and then Olivia would reproduce it. Olivia found that she was good at it, and she actually began to enjoy herself.



From that point on Olivia began to participate in all of the training with the other girls. The one type of training that she refused to take part in was the sexual training. The prospect of sucking or fucking a replica of her host's cock was still more than she could take.

There was still ample time for lounging around between training sessions, and Olivia used these periods to get to know the other girls in the harem better. She found out that they came from all over the United States. Fatima was formerly Maggie Powers from Georgia. Another girl, Sephora, had been named Susan Reilly and had come from Illinois. When they had joined the harem, all the girls had signed legal documents that surrendered all their rights as an individual and quite literally made them the property of the sheik. She would often bring this up in her conversations with the other harem girls.




How could you just sell your life away like that?

But don't you want be more than just some man's sex toy? You seem like a very smart woman. Don't you want to go out and make your mark on society.

I wasn't selling a life. I was gaining a life. My old life was meaningless. I lived my life the way that society and my family said I should, and I achieved what society and my family considered success, but I was never happy. Now, I am finally happy. I have a purpose and a role in life that gives me fulfillment.

You have allowed yourself to be brainwashed by society just like I did. In our modern society, men and women are equal, but that does not mean that they are the same. Men are different from women. They have different drives, different things that make them happy.



Men exist to dominate, to conquer, to make their mark, as you just said. Women exist to serve, to submit. Only when they are doing this will they be really happy, but society wants women to act like men. Some women may be able to succeed in this environment, but none of them are really happy.

By enslaving me, My Master has freed me from the limitations put on me by society. By removing me from society, he has allowed me to find true happiness in a way that society would never have allowed me to.

You're really happy being a slave?

Yes, I am happy. I'm happier than I've ever been before in my life. Can you say that about your life?

As the days passed, Olivia had a harder and harder time answering that question.

That night, new suggestions were added to the existing ones to try and break through the last blocks standing in the way of Olivia's total submission.

You need your Master's cock inside you.

You crave your Master's cock.

The longer you are without your Master's cock inside you, the more empty you feel.

Your body exists only as a receptacle for your Master's cock.

Your pussy is only a receptacle for your Master's cock.

Your mouth only exists a receptacle for your Master's cock.

Your ass is only a receptacle for your Master's cock.



The next day, Olivia found her mind becoming more and more preoccupied with thoughts of the sheik. She found herself drawn to the portraits of the sheik that were hung in almost every room of the harem. At first, she had thought the clearly exaggerated representation of the sheik in the portraits to be almost laughable, but now it was as if the portraits threw out waves of masculine power that made her feel weak, and submissive and more and more horny.

Around noon, when Fatima came to fetch Olivia to lunch, she found her gazing intently at the portrait. The look on her face was a combination of adoration and arousal.

He's quite handsome, isn't he?

Yes ... I mean no ... I mean ... what do you want?



An embarrassed Olivia turned to face Fatima

There's nothing to be ashamed about. All us girls in the Harem are in love with the master.

I'm not in love with the Mas ... with the sheik.

I just find the portrait ... interesting. That's all.

Oh come now. I see the way that you were looking at the portrait. You couldn't take your eyes off it.

Is that so? I must be mistaken then. I apologize. It's time for lunch. Come on. Let's not keep the other girls waiting.

Happy to get out of her embarrassing position, Olivia practically ran out of the room. Fatima followed more slowly, a wide grin on her face.



Later that day, as she watched the sexual training, Olivia couldn't take her eyes of the didos that she knew were exact replicas of the sheik's cock that were being alternately sucked and fucked by the harem girls. Her arousal had continued to grow all day, and she had reached the point where she felt that she would explode if she did not get some relief.



That night, while the harem girls were watching a movie, Olivia excused herself "to take care of some business". She quickly made her way to the training room and retrieved one of the special dildos. She needed to relieve her sexual tensions or she would go crazy. Olivia had some experience with dildos, and she was confident that she could do what she had to to relieve herself and then get back to the other girls before she was even missed. She sat down and inserted the dildo into her vagina that was already sopping wet with arousal.

As she fucked herself with the dildo, Olivia found her eyes focusing on the portrait of the sheik hanging on the wall in front of her. She started to imagine that it was the sheik's cock penetrating her and not artificial replica. When she did so her rate of sexual excitement increased many times.




She soon came with a titanic orgasm.



Olivia lay on the floor for some time recovering from her orgasm and trying to understand what had just happened. She had just had the most incredible orgasm of her life while being impaled by an artificial cock. What was happening to her? She became so preoccupied with her thoughts that she did not notice that Fatima had entered the room and was now was kneeling on the floor beside her.

There you are !
Everyone was wondering where
you had gone. Sneaking away for
a little fun, huh?





I don't understand what just happened. I've never come like that before with a real man. Why did it happen with an artificial cock.

That wasn't just any cock. It was a replica of the Master's cock, and the Master arouses you more than any other man ever has.

No, that's not right. I like nice men. Men who respect the women in their lives.

You don't want a man to respect you. You want a man to take you, to dominate you, to put you in your natural place in nature. You want a man like the Master.

Olivia tried to Marshall her counter arguments to what Fatima was saying . She tried to call upon her years and years of feminist training, but all those arguments suddenly seemed shallow and unsubstantial. She tried her best anyway.

A woman's place in nature is ... at the side of a man ... as his equal.

You don't really believe that anymore, do you? You're starting to see the truth, that the only path to fulfillment for a woman is to serve men.

No ... that's ... not ... right.

Look up at the painting of the Master. Look how powerful he is. Doesn't he make you feel small and weak and submissive. Women were created to serve men like him. You were created to serve men like him.

No ... No ...

Despite her denials, Olivia found herself feeling exactly as Fatima had described: small and weak and submissive, and her arousal, which had been temporarily sated by her orgasm, had started to return.

Fatima saw how close she was to a breakthrough with Olivia, so she decided to force things. She picked up the dildo that Olivia had dropped in the throes of her orgasm and began to piston it in and out of Olivia's still wet vagina.

Whaa ...
What are you doing?

I want you to imagine
that this is the Master's cock inside you.
He's holding you down so you can't escape. He's
thrown open your legs, and now he's fucking
you. He's fucking you, and there's
nothing you can do about it.

But as you lie there,
passively accepting the
Master's cock inside you, you
start to realize that you don't want
to resist. You realize that you are
exactly where you want to be:
surrendering yourself completely to
a man. Letting him use your body
as an instrument to provide
him pleasure.

No ... No ...

Olivia tried her best to fight the simultaneous waves of submission and arousal that were sweeping over her, but whenever she tried to think, she was overwhelmed by visions of the sheik pinning her down, helpless, as he fucked her. Fatima, seeing that she had nearly achieved her goal. Went in for the kill.

It's time to admit the truth. You want to submit to the Master.

You want to submit to the Master.

You want to submit to the Master.

No.

N ... Oh, God.

Y ... yes.



Fatima couldn't help but smile. She had achieved her goal. She had finally broken Olivia. The Master would be so proud of her. She realized though that she needed to widen the newly created break in Olivia's psyche while she had the chance. If she gave Olivia time to recover, she might revert to her old beliefs.

Yes what?

Very good.
And who is your
Master?

Of course he
is, and how do you feel
about the Master?

I want ... to
submit to the Master.

The sheik ...
is my Master.

I ...

Still a little bit of resistance left, thought Fatima. Well, she would deal with that. She started angling her thrusts upward so that the dildo came into contact with Olivia's g-spot. She noticed an immediate increase in the volume of Olivia's moans. Olivia also began to actively push back against the dildo as it was inserted into her. It was time for final push.

You love the Master, don't you?

You love the Master.

Of course it's right. Women exist for love and service. You are a woman, therefore you exist to love and serve your Master. You love the Master, don't you?

Love ...
no <moan> I.

I can't ...
<moan> not right.

I ... oh yes
<moan> I love the Master.

At that moment, Olivia's aroused state combined with days of conditioning worked together to sweep away the last shreds of her resistance. The old Olivia vanished to be replaced by a new Olivia who lived only to serve her Master. She began to repeat "I love the Master" each time Fatima thrust the dildo into her. Fatima decided that time had come to reward Olivia for her successful conversion.

In a few seconds, this dildo is going to ejaculate into your pussy. When it does, I want you to imagine it is the real Master coming inside you.

The Master coming inside you will make you so happy. You have fulfilled your purpose. You have served your Master. The moment you feel him come you will have the most spectacular orgasm you have ever had in your life. Do you understand?

Yes, Master, come inside me.



Fatima pressed the balls that were attached to the dildo which caused artificial semen to enter Olivia's vagina. The moment she felt the ejaculate inside her, Olivia had an orgasm that made the one she had had earlier seem tame. As she came, Olivia thanked her imaginary Master for coming inside her.

Thank you, Master.

Thank you, Master.

Thank you, Master.



From that point on, Olivia became an eager participant in all the sexual training sessions. She had never cared too much about her sexual skills before, and she knew she had a lot to learn if she was to please her Master properly.

