

## **Sex Slave: The Harem of Women –Market Day**

By Alice Sinclair

I awoke from my cryogenic vault after 10,000 years, to find the world had suffered an apocalypse.

The Green-eyed brunette straddled me, her nude body warm. She pressed against me, carefully rubbing her nipples across my chest. I grabbed a breast – the nipple was hard between my fingers. She cried out as I squeezed. With my other hand I gripped her by her iron collar and pulled her head down. I tasted her tongue, eager, probing, exploring. I felt her long, blonde-brown hair against my chest. Finally, I pulled her head back. Her pale eyes stared, anxious.

"Master?" she asked. "Am I displeasing?"

"On your hands and knees, Slave."

"Yes, Master."

The tavern pleasure slave got into position, creasing the sheets. She was pale, slender, tall, on her thigh was a branding scar – a large 'x'. She shook her hair to the side, framing an uncertain, oval, face.

I took a coiled chain from beside me, and fitted it to her collar. The catch snapped as it closed over, I wound the chain around my wrist. As it wound I pulled her head down. I gripped the chain, sat up on my knees, and yanked her to me.

She opened her mouth and took in my penis, pushing till the tip touched the back of her throat. She did not gag: tavern slaves quickly lose the reflex. I felt the warmth of her mouth around it, the stroking of her tongue. She pulled her head free and rubbed her face with my penis, her cheeks, her nose, her eyes. One pale hand closed around the shaft and began gently pumping. She opened her palm, spat on it, and then resumed pumping. She licked the tip like a lollipop, looking up at me.

"Continue, Slave."

She kissed my testicles and took them into her mouth, fondling them with her tongue. I coiled the chain till she had just six inches of leeway, and cupped her jaw in my palm. She stroked the tip of my penis with her thumb, it glistened with semen.

She took my penis into her mouth again. She moved in closer, put her hand on my thigh, and began pumping with her head. Up and down, her hair tossed like brown silk. It was a delightful feeling. She continued for several minutes then pulled her head up, lips open, semen hanging from in thick strings. She carefully spat the saliva-mix, it ran down the head and shaft of my penis and pooled on her fingers. She licked it back up with care, and her head begun pumping again.

It did not take much longer: I grabbed her by her hair with both hands, and ejaculated. She kept still as it entered her. When I was done I pulled her head back. She opened her mouth for me: it could see it filled with thick white and spit.

"Swallow."

She closed her mouth and her throat bobbed. She opened it again and her mouth was empty.

"Good Slave," I stroked her head as if she was a dog. "Good Slave."

"Thank you, Master."

I undid the chain. "Go now."

"You are leaving the tavern, Master?" she wiped semen from her lips and licked her fingers.

"Yes. I came to this town to buy girls, not to rent them."

"Slave girls, fresh to the collar. Slave girls for your chains!"

I walk through the town market of the year 12,067 AD. The street was a narrow path of cracked cobblestones jellied together with mud. Potholes filled it with stagnant rainwater, spilled wine, and draft animal urine. Naked children ran about, chasing scrawny birds that looked like bald chickens. They splashed out of the way of wobbling wooden carts: brimming with green vegetables, firewood, and caged pigs.

"Slave girls, good farm and village stock, hard-working, obedient, lovely!"

Stalls and tents elbowed each other for frontage, their sellers declaring loudly the value of their goods. Buyers squeezed past each other in the street, grinning pickpockets and red-faced guards battled in the slips.

"Get out of the way!"

I turned and looked behind me.

Coming up quickly was a palanquin, carried by four guards. They wore chain mail and had black cloaks. They had large shields over the backs and carried spears in their free hands. Walking ahead of them were two more guards, one was quite fat, and his robe was trimmed in red. He wore a seal of a golden dragon on his chest - a noble or commercial house.

"Out of the way, you scum!"

The fat guard shooed away a group of street children, waving a heavy stick at them. One, a small child with a dirty face and rags for clothes, dropped a hunk of bread in the dirt as he ran. He turned when he saw and tried to run back to the food - I caught him by his arm and shook my head. He looked at me, eyes wide, and back at the bread.

The fat guard sneered at him, and made a point of grinding the bread into the ground with his boot. The boy howled. The palanquin guards looked at him, at me, and then quickly away. From inside the curtained palanquin, I heard a woman laugh - it was a cruel sound.

"You did good to hold him," said the man in the street. "The guard would have beaten him. If you tried to help the boy, the other guards would've joined and beaten you, as well."

"Who was that?"

"Young Lady Deidre, of House Kand."

"The rice barons?"

"Those are the ones. She is betrothed to the mining prince, Jansar of Iron Hill."

"What is she doing here, away from the city?"

"I do not know. Perhaps she has come to buy slaves for their farms. They are a cruel family, and work their slaves to the bone, for profits. They are doing well out of the grain shortage in the North."

Before I could ask him another question, the man left.

"Come on," I said to the boy after the noblewoman had passed. "Let's get you and your friends something to eat."

After buying some bread and cakes, my good deed for the day done, I continued on my way to the edge of the market. There were no more vegetable sellers there, no more tethered goats, or incense-and-idol vendors. Instead there was a white wall with two guards standing by an opening. They wore leather armor, and clubs at their sides. Sitting at a trestle table before them, was a bald, sharp nosed man wearing black robes. Beside him was a wooden strong box.

"How much?" I asked.

"One silver piece," he replied.

"That is expensive."

"Yes, but there is no charge to examine the stock."

I gave him a silver coin which he dropped into the strong box. One of the guards nodded, and I walked through the entrance.

Inside, was the slave market.

"Exotic beasts from the eastern desert!" Said a man to my left. Beside him were tall, slender, bronze-skinned girls with black hair, standing in cages too tight to sit or bend inside. "Own a Haqqran woman, wild as a sand panther: tame her to purr you at your feet!" They had been stripped naked, their prices painted in white on their left shoulders.

"Peasant-bred girls," said a tout on my right. "Young, healthy, hard-working!" Behind him was a freestanding wooden wall from which iron cuffs hung on chains. Standing with their backs to the wall, wrists shackled and pulled up over their heads, was a row of naked brunettes. "Set them to work in your field, your kitchen, or your bed!" One tugged at her chains and tried to twist away as a prospective buyer ran his hand up her belly.

I walked down the street. At one stall, six, beautiful girls knelt in a row, their wrists and ankles chained to poles behind their backs. Copper cups had been fitted over their breasts with tubes running from them to a small metal trough before them. A small wood burner heated the milk that collected, crushed cinnamon and cloves were sprinkled on top. I had a clay cup full, for a copper coin.

I stopped at a small, open tent. At the entrance was a long table covered in chains and shackles of every kind. In the back inside the tent, a naked slave girl knelt in the dirt, wrists bound behind her back, her head down on a large anvil. One man stood over her, holding her head down. Another man wearing a blacksmith's apron was hammering iron pins into her metal collar. Once hammered in, in this way, the collar could not be removed.

At the table was a small, smiling man. He too wore a blacksmith's apron.

"Please, examine our wares."

I nodded and picked up a shackle. The metal was dark - impure iron. One did not waste workmanship and time on slave irons. They were needed in large amounts in this world, Smiths made up for lower quality with larger and heavier pieces.

"Do they meet the approval of a Warrior?"

"They do. How did you know I was a Warrior? I bear no weapons today."

"You seem much accustomed to the sight of beautiful women, kept captive. Village and town freemen are always quite excited by the sight."

I smiled. "It is because they live in polite society, and must keep their slave girls quiet, clothed, and out of sight."

Harem Lord warriors lived alone on their farms - except for their slave girls. Away from the frowns and headshaking of others, many harem lords kept their slave girls naked, and under cruel, and often arbitrary, discipline. On a harem farm, a slave girl was as much a plaything as she was livestock. Her life was split between hard, rough work, and hard, rough sex.

More than a few men left the safety of the cities, for the violent life of the Empire's warrior gentry.

"Show me that one," I pointed.

"Ah, a choke collar," he handed me the device. It was a metal collar made from two, joined, iron bands. Between the bands were metal plates, linked by chain. "You have a troublesome girl you need to instruct?"

I pulled on the chain and the plates pushed inwards.

"No, but I would like to see how this affects a slave's manner. How much for it?"

"Five silver."

I bought the choke collar, and three complete chain sets, for a total of eight silver.

I walked up and down the slave market, taking it all in. It is important when buying a new girl not to jump at the first kneeling beauty that takes your eye. There are many. Look at them all. See how they look at you, when they notice that you are studying them. Do they seem excited? Are they fearful? Do they seem to be both? Let them understand that you may be leaving with them. Let them realize that before the day ends, they may be on their hands and feet, while you stand over them with a whip.

The heart of the slave market, was a large, fenced off area. At each entrance in the iron fence was the symbol of the star with a sword through it: the Imperial seal. Inside, were rows of cages stacked four-high, like stacked shelves in a library. Crouching naked inside each cage, was a slave girl.

They looked up at me as I passed, long-haired, eyes wide, their bodies smooth and unmarked. Each would've been 20 or 21 years old. Once they reach that age, the breeding estates sell them. The best of course were kept back to breed new slaves and to work the estate's fields: slave girls and grain are the wealth of all empires in this time of under-population and unclaimed wilds.

One girl caught my eye.

She was at one of the further stacks, almost pushed to a corner. Her skin was darker: her oldest ancestors would've been Asians of the subcontinent. She looked up at me with large, deep brown eyes. Her face was a perfect oval, I admired her strong cheekbones. She peered at me from between the bars with intelligence, fearful but more fascinated. Her body was petite and slender. I studied the curve of her back, the definition of her lovely ankles. Her breasts were large and well-developed for a girl of her dimensions - the work of careful breeding.

"How many generations?" I put my hand between the bars and stroked her arm. It was smooth, hairless. The Imperial estate breeds grow no body hair, below the chin.

"41, I am South Utta."

South Utta - the breeds were named for the conquered cities they had come from. This often became the only legacy of those places. At 41 generations, her line had been bred, tested, culled, and bred again, on imperial breeding estates, for 820 years.

I opened the catch to the cage door and swung it open.

"Out, Slave."

She climbed out, graceful as a cat. For most of her life, a cage like this would have been her only sleeping place. She knelt before me, sitting back on her heels, thighs apart, her hands planted on them. Her hair was done up in a severe bun. She looked up at me, I admired the long lines of her bare neck. I imagined the new choke collar around it.

At the end of the aisle was a stone examination block.

"To the block," I pointed.

Crawling on her hands and knees, she went to the block. I studied her ample behind as she moved, the sheen of the light on her chocolate skin. She climbed up the block and took up position on her hands and knees, presenting her side to me.

It is how a slave girl is taught to present herself, for examination.

I put one hand on her back, feeling her shoulder blade. I massaged it gently, moving my fingers down her spine and resting at the small of her back. With my other hand, I undid the tight bun of her hair. She shook it loose and tossed it to one side, then looked up at me with those large eyes. I stroked her hair - it was like black silk.

My hand on her back moved to her large, well-shaped buttocks. I felt their curvature, tracing under them with my fingers. Unbidden, she parted her legs. With my thumb and fingers I parted the soft cheeks and looked closely at her anus, and the fleshy lips of her labia.

I reached under her and stroked her belly. It was smooth, flat. I squeezed and felt the underlying muscle. I moved upwards and cupped a large, heavy breast. She closed her eyes at that and drew a deep breath.

Gently, I fondled her warm breast and stroked the dark nipple between my thumb and forefinger: it was hard. She flashed a look at me, a hunger in her eyes. My hand moved up from her breasts and gripped firmly around her throat.

I stroked the labia with my forefinger. She gasped and curled her toes, her back went rigid. She twisted her head to the side and licked my arm like a dog.

She made a small cry, mouth open in a round 'O' as I slipped one finger inside her. I felt around inside, checking for any cysts or growths. Nothing: she was completely healthy. A beautiful, 20-year-old, bred and raised for slavery.

I look back down the aisle - there was no one. She looked up at me, perhaps reading my mind. She made a delightful, mischievous smile.

I grabbed her by her waist and turned her, roughly. She squealed, her behind now facing me, her legs parted. She lowered her back but pushed up her behind, offering herself.

I pulled out my erect penis and shoved it inside her. She cried out, I felt the tight warmth of her vaginal muscles. She clenched them around me.

I thrust again, hard.

"Oh!" She cried out, pawing at the block. I could not have her drawing attention: closely examining a slave girl was allowed, but using her without buying her, was not.

I clamped my hand over her mouth. She moaned into it as I continued thrusting, her whole body jerking forward with each pound.

Moments later, I held her against me with my hands on her waist as I came. When I was done, I wiped myself with my hand. She turned around, semen dripping from her vagina, and sucked on my fingers.

"And now, you must buy her."

Standing behind me at the start of the aisle, was a gray-haired man in the blue and purple robes of the imperial office. He wore around his neck the golden pendant of a master breeder.

"You would not be the first man who could not help himself at the examination block," he smiled.

"You little bitch," I grabbed her by her throat with both hands and yanked her up on to her knees, forcing her to face me. Her eyes were wide with sudden terror. "Did you plan that?"

Even as I said it, I realize how ridiculous it was. Here was a beautiful young woman bred to give pleasure to men. All she had done was delight in what she had been subjected to.

I let go of her neck and put my hand around her waist, instead. With the other, I reached into my money pouch.

"How much?"

"Five gold." Said the master breeder.

"Five? She is easily worth Ten."

"Indeed, but the Emperor has begun subsidizing the sale of his bred slaves in this province."

"Why?"

"To grow the province. In twenty years, we would see larger towns and greater levies in this region, of both grain and warriors. That will happen if we empty these cages, and see these slaves kneeling for men who will work and seed them."

Growing towns fueled war; war led to slaves; and slaves enabled growing towns. This was how Humanity was reclaiming its emptied and now alien world.

He came collected the gold coins for me.

"You are a warrior, yes?"

"So apparently it seems to all."

"Then you have a farm and a harem. I am pleased you bought her; she would be wasted in some city man's kitchen parlor, or children's nursery."

The breeder and the creature he helped create, regarded each other.

"This breed is more animal than human. Do not be soft with it or dress it up as something it is not."

We bowed to each other, and he turned and left.

I beheld the woman I just bought. She smiled at me, her expression both hopeful and anxious.

"You are an animal breed, he says."

"Yes, Master."

The 'animal breeds' were held as the lowest of the low. They are used for rutting and the most menial labors, and fed on refuse. When they become too weak or old, they are put down.

I stroked her cheek. "Poor little slave. Do not worry, I am your Master, now."

I picked her up, threw her over my shoulder, and left the Imperial cages.

I did not think anything of it at the time, but as I left the cages, I saw a surprising sight. Near the entrance, was tall, beautiful, blonde woman with cruel, sharp features. She wore dark blue silks that were heavily inlaid with gold string and blue sapphires. She had a haughty, powerful stance to her - like someone not used to ever hearing that she could not have something she wanted. I could not help but wonder, what she would look like with my new choke chain around her throat.

There were black-cloaked guard standing near her while she opened a small wooden chest before several master breeders. They pulled out a pair of scales and one by one, they began to count what seemed an endless number of gold coins.

"What have we here?"

Before me, chained by her wrists suspended above her head, was a tanned, tall, brunette girl with some of the longest legs I had ever seen. She had not a scrap of fat on her toned body. She had long, brown, straight hair that fell to the small of her back.

I could not take my eyes off her legs - I reached down and touched her thigh: she stiffened immediately and tried to move away. My other hand reached out and held her by her other hip. Slowly, gently



squeezing the muscle, I moved my hand down her thigh, to her calf. Then, I put my hand under her knee, lifted her leg up, and stepped into her space.

She looked down and away, her expression seemed pained. I was surprised to see such reticence in such a beautiful girl at the market. Had she not been trained?

"This is the tax from the North," said the short, chewing man with missing teeth. "The hunger tax."

"What's that?"

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