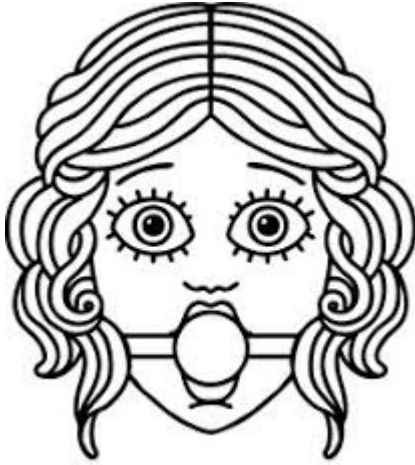


# Abda's Girls

Category: Text Stories

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## By Thndrshark

### Part 1

I rang out the sponge and stopped to check the kitchen. I had just finished cleaning it and wanted to make sure nothing could be found that I had missed. It was at that second that I thought about my last ten years of marriage.

I knew that being married to a blonde hair, blue eyed model-like woman was highly sought after in the Arab world. I will admit it was something I was very aware of, and though I also was attracted to the dark, middle eastern look, I also liked the idea of marrying in to a rich, Arab family.

I had known all the stories about marrying into an Arab culture. I had seen Abda's family friends and known that they believe strongly in a core traditional family value. I had seen the women fully covered in burkas, their darkened eyes the only part of their body allowed to show. As we got closer, Abda insisted I do the same, and I was ok with that. It was somehow glamorous to me, even sexy, to be so covered. I guess he had explained to me enough times how different his group of friends and family were, just how strict the men could be, and how subservient the women were expected to be. At first this just sounded like the staunch Christian families I'd heard

about and I wasn't daunted. But as time went on, I began to wonder what just exactly this sect was all about.

During our entire courtship, I hadn't been invited to any private family gatherings. At first I didn't notice, but slowly became aware of the strange discrepancy. I had attended a few public events, and it was then that Abda told me that I would not only need to wear the full burka, but also would be required not to speak unless directly spoken to, not to look at any people in the eye, and to walk three feet behind him. I'll admit, it was weird, but my kinky side found it erotic as well. I thought it was playful of me to suggest that Abda decide what I wear under the burka, and though he smiled a devilish grin, he didn't seem to act like it was some profound exception that I would do so. The first time we went out together, he laid out only four things: A pair of towering six inch heels, a silky pair of seamed stockings, a lacy garter belt, and a jeweled butt plug. The last I was most surprised about. So far our sex life had been very basic, almost non-existent, something I was hoping would change as we got closer. So the suggestion of an insertable, and an anal model as well, took me by surprise. Yet as I walked out of the bedroom dressed, Abda motioned for me to raise my burka, revealing the heels and stockings. He put a hand on my back pushing me over further, then pressed the plug in firmly. I gasped, but maintained my silence. What I did notice was just how wet I had become.

As our relationship got stronger, he revealed to me that if we would marry, I would essentially become a princess in his family. It was the perfect thing to say to me! I could imagine being rich and glamorous, something I had always dreamed of.

So as Abda introduced more and more unusual elements in to my and our lives, I tried to take them in stride. I caught a glimpse of myself in the hall mirror, remembering how it had all come about. It had all started simply. I think it was I that suggested Botox for my face, and in the process I met Abda's plastic surgeon. It was easy to get carried away with ideas, and just as quickly Abda was joining in, making suggestions as well.

The multiple surgeries to enhance my breasts from my original, respectable 36C to the huge 36DDD started as my idea, but soon became Abda's, as he pushed my size larger and larger. The removal of a rib to decrease my waist size was suggested by

my surgeon, and seemed to make sense at the time. The piercings in my nipples, clit, tongue and septum were Abda's. I should have seen that, from the beginning, his idea of a piercing was more utility than decorative. I remember having my eye on a lovely set of nipple rings in gold, but was told that he had chosen a titanium shackle set already. Each of my piercings were not simply thin holes, but after some time and healing, were holes held open with steel channels. Even my septum soon held a grommet through it, something hidden but just as humiliating.

My eyes had been adjusted to be more round, my nose was shortened slightly, then thinned, my lips enhanced. I barely recognized myself anymore. I looked artificially young, almost pixie-like. I was 35 now, but I still looked about the 22 years old I was when I had first gone to surgery. Almost nothing on my face was real anymore. I touched the long, wavy blonde hair falling across my shoulders, reminiscing to the time when it was real, too.

Six months before our wedding ceremony, Abda was relaxing in the living room. As I brought him his evening drink, he asked me to kneel at his feet, as he often did. I had, by then, not been permitted to use furniture unless specifically told to. Though humiliating at first, I had grown accustomed to it. I dropped to my knees beside him. As my eyes dropped to the floor, as I had also become accustomed to, he began to tell me of one further modification that was required of the women in his particular belief. I was nervous, wondering what further could be done to me. My breasts were so large that I could not see the floor in front of me, and the cold steel of the piercings still reminded me of their humiliating hold.

When Abda told me that all my body hair was to be permanently removed via laser treatment, it didn't dawn on me that he meant my head as well. At first I was excited. I had maintained a closely shaved pussy since I was young, and shaving was always difficult and painful. Yet when he mentioned that I would be allowed elaborate, and very expensive wigs when necessary, I felt the tears fall down my cheeks. I had grown my hair since childhood and it currently reached my waist. I prized it more than almost anything, and would be just as shocked if he had asked me to cut it to shoulder length, much less shave it all off. He asked if I really wanted to get married, and I hesitated, but I knew that this is what I wanted, and couldn't turn back now.

Now, as I looked at myself in the mirror, I found it ironic that the very wig Abda liked me to wear matched my hair before he had it removed. The blonde curls fell down to my waist, and my fingers twirled the bottom strands. I turned to admire my long, lean legs. Even though I was only 5'5", I had been required to wear the highest heels possible since those early days, making my legs look impossibly long. Even now, as I cleaned the kitchen, I was perched on my toes, wearing my custom 6 1/2 inch heeled pumps. I wasn't wearing stockings now, but Abda required me to wear the sluttiest outfits he could find around the house. Today, I was wearing a mini skirt that barely covered my ass, and a bikini top that covered only part of my breasts. Often I would wear a tiny baby-doll, transparent and silky but fully revealing. I was wearing full makeup, as was required, including drawn on eyebrows and full red lips. I was always dressed like this, or something similar, whenever at home. Outside, dressed in my burka, was something different.

If only some of my friends I had invited to my wedding knew the truth. The ceremony was very strange, mostly involving me jingling a bell to answer pointed questions. Abda was only asked if he wished to take this unworthy creature under his control and guidance. I know that caused some murmurs in the non-Arabic crowd.

But under my burka was a whole different story. I was essentially naked, my arms bound behind me severely so that my elbows touched firmly, my wrists strapped together as well. I was gagged fully, my mouth stretched wide with foam that had been forced in until I cried in pain. My ears had been filled first with small, white noise generating ear plugs, then soft wax to seal out all sound. A leather hood had then been stretched over my bald head, locking the gag in further and cutting out all light. My breasts had been strapped at the base with thin cord until they ached in pain and turned a soft purple. The only other item I wore was a metal butt plug connected to a small receiver. The bell I was to ring was held in my bound hands. I had been trained that when I received a shock in my ass, I was to ring the bell briefly.

I had been hooded and bound for 24 hours prior to the ceremony, and kept in a small wood box, folded in to a tight ball. I learned later that the ceremony was inspired by the ancient slave trading of western women to the Sheiks in Abda's transitional land.

The idea was that I was to travel across the land in bondage, at which time I was to be given to my new owner. Though very ceremonial, I knew in Abda's world it was very serious. I was not told what my vows would be, not what the ceremony was to be like. I was allowed to invite a few people, but I would never see them. It was this way that I accepted my life as a wife and as property to Abda.

After the ceremony, I was led in to a back room where my burka was removed and I was put in a kneeling position. My hood was removed and my arms unbound. I kept my eyes down. The final ceremony started with my husband handing me a thick, wide collar. It was custom made to mold directly to my neck. It was nearly three inches tall, made of titanium, and was designed not to come off except with the use of a special tool that only my husband kept. The collar was humiliating, as it marked me more a slave than as a wife, but I knew its symbolism was important to Abda. I opened the collar wide, then set my neck into one side before slowly closing the collar. It was in-credibly snug, and for a moment I panicked that it would strangle me. But as I pushed it closed and heard the firm click of the pins as it locked on, I swallowed carefully and relaxed. My husband then added similar wrist and ankle cuffs, symbolizing my life as property. Short five inch chains were welded to the cuffs, limiting my mobility. I knew that it was unlikely that the collar and cuffs would ever leave my body, that I would need to learn to live with them for the rest of my life.

As the ceremony ended, Abda attached a leash to my septum shackle then told me to stand. He then led me around to meet the other men. I was not allowed to look at them, nor to speak, but they were allowed to touch me. Many a hand felt my still-strapped breasts or my hairless pussy.

I could just see the other women, who like me were mostly naked and hairless. I felt a rush of camaraderie for the first time, seeing other women living the life I had just started. From what I could see, there was a wide variety of looks, from the elegant women with long see-through gowns, to others more heavily pierced or modified than me. Some wore chastity belts, which I knew was part of the beliefs. Those women most likely were never allowed to take them off, and were used only anally and orally. Abda hadn't put me in such a belt, but he did suggest that it might be in my future. I shuddered at the thought.

Almost all of them stood demurely 3 feet behind the men, with a leash connected to their septum rings, the other end clasped in the men's hands. Some had their arms bound, some were hooded. I was desperate to talk to all of them, but knew that would never happen. Not only were we not allowed to speak in public, but we weren't allowed to socialize. Our role as wives was to serve our husbands as they saw fit.

I was then led into an empty room and I was lifted up on to a padded platform, placed on my back. My arms were pulled over my head and toward the floor. My wrists were pulled down hard and strapped into place, My head was hanging off the end of the table, and soon a strap circled my bald head and was pulled back so I faced the wall. a blindfold was tied over my eyes. My ankles were pulled up high, then spread as wide as my ankle chains would allow. A strap compressed my waist, holding my hips down. I could just feel the edge of the platform I was laying on ending at the base of my spine. I was left alone, but soon I heard men's voices entering. I heard Abda's voice in my ear.

"Now my brothers wish to welcome you to the family. You are my wife, but belong to all of us if I so choose. You will be anally penetrated by all my brothers, and they will deposit their seed only in your mouth. I expect you to swallow obediently, and please my brothers." I gulped, tears welling in my eyes. I had only been used anally a few times by Abda, and it wasn't my favorite thing. One of the reasons I was so terrified of being put in the chastity belt is that I would be used anally all the time. I didn't look forward to it. Now, however, I was going to be more than I bargained for. Abda had 65 "brothers" in his sect, and I was certain they were all at the wedding.

Abda left the room, and for a moment I was left alone. Even though it was warm, I felt myself shudder in fear. I subtly tried my bonds and quickly realized I couldn't move. The door opening made me jump, and soon I heard the sound of a zipper opening and pants dropping. I felt some fumbling, and soon the pressure of something against my anus. Whomever it was had not used any lube, and I fought back a scream as he forced his hard cock in to my ass. He pumped me twice, and luckily, came quickly. I realized he hadn't come in my mouth, but I wasn't going to say anything. I obediently opened my mouth and the boy put his cock in. I sucked it clean, tasting my own anal juices along with his jism. He didn't stay long, pulling out

of my mouth before yanking his pants up and running out of the room.

The next customer was much older. He also didn't offer lube, but the younger man's come was lubricant enough for now. This man's cock was also much larger, and I stifled a scream as his head pressed past my anal ring. Soon he was pumping my ass furiously. It was painful. But soon he pulled out and moved around, pushing his cock in to my mouth. Unlike the boy, this man wanted to enjoy my oral ability. He pushed his cock in deep, letting it slide down my throat. I was careful to avoid a gag reaction, swirling my pierced tongue around the shaft as he slowly fucked my throat. I realized though I could not appear rushed, I should make the men come as quickly as possible. I focused on my technique, and soon felt him tense. He shot a huge load into my throat, his balls pressed against my nose.

The night seemed endless. I tried to be obedient, to suck cocks well, to swallow all the come I was offered. Soon it was a blur. My asshole felt torn and gaping, with come dripping out of it. Come had also dripped out of my mouth, coating my cheeks and my bald head. I was delirious, half awake, simply focusing on my tongue technique, hoping it would be over. In the end, Abda told me I had serviced 73 men over a period of 8 hours... and I had made him proud.

I had to realize she wasn't my daughter anymore. She had been married off to another man, and was expected that her loyalty was only to her husband. I tried to keep my attention on her husband's cock as I sucked it, but the sound of the sharp canning behind me made it difficult.

Sarah was dangling from the ceiling in the middle of the room, the chain between her wrists pulled up by another attached chain. Her legs were held wide open and off the ground by chains that reached from rings mounted in the floor to the side. Her husband was a particularly cruel man, a fact that made me cry when she was given to him by my husband last year. As with all of us, her body was permanently hairless as well. She also wore a skin tight leather hood. I knew that her husband often kept her in the hood, accompanied by a heavy gag and noise canceling ear plugs, plunging her in silent darkness for weeks, and sometimes months on end. I couldn't imagine being kept in silence and darkness like she was, but I had no say in the matter.

Other than the hood, she was naked except for the chastity belt she had worn for a year now. I was sad that her husband had chosen to forbid her vaginal penetration or clitoral stimulation. I understood that he wanted his wife to focus on his pleasure only, but she had only been allowed three orgasms before she had been locked away for, what I assumed, would be the rest of her life. And those orgasms had come via a machine and vibrator, forced from her while in bondage over a short 30 minutes, before she was locked away. She had not had the pleasure of a man's cock inside of her, nor it would seem would she ever. But in his cruelty, her husband allowed her to experience the pleasure for a brief moment, then take it from her.

"Should I focus on her tits again, Uncle," the young man wielding the cane asked my daughter's husband? If I could look, I know I would see hundreds of harsh red welts criss crossing Sarah's body from neck to feet. Calla had been caning her for about two hours now. I had seen her body before she had been suspended, and before I was told to suck the huge cock I now ran my tongue over. Her body had been used for pain before; her soft white skin was covered with old welts and bruises from many other sessions under the cane or whip.

"Focus on her inner thighs, boy," Mehnal suggested before pressing his hand on the back of my head, pushing his cock in to my throat. I used to struggle after losing breath, but had learned that if he wanted to suffocate me, it was his right. He would only have to pay my husband a small amount of money in compensation. So as I felt my consciousness sliding away, I tried not to hear the hard strokes of the wood as they landed on Sarah's sensitive inner thighs.

Finally, Mehnal let go, and I tried not to gasp openly, but rather return immediately to running my pierced tongue up his long shaft. Abruptly he stood up.

"Lower her down, Calla," his uncle ordered. I turned obediently, staying on my knees, my head bowed and shackled wrists on my thighs. I spread my legs as I was trained, exposing my hairless pussy. But I could still see enough to have to fight back tears.

Sarah's body was bloody and bruised. It was difficult to see an individual cane mark, there were so many. I could see her chest heaving, her huge breasts quivering. Mehnal had increased her breasts from the lovely 34C that seemed to perfectly fit

her 5' 1" frame, to a massive 34DDD. on top of that, he had banded her breasts, putting metal cuffs at the base that squeezed them enough to make them stand out. The diminished blood also made them sensitive. Calla had spent extra time on her breasts, bounding them harshly with the cane. I couldn't see Sarah's face beneath the hood but I'm sure she was in eternal anguish.

Calla lowered her down so that her feet touched the floor, then more to allow her to bend at the waist. Her arms, weak from the hours of suspension, were pulled over her head and back, her featureless head dangling down between them. Menhal motioned to me.

"Come here, pet," he commanded. I crawled over obediently, stopping so I was behind Sarah. I could see the chastity belt that fit snugly on her body. The belt was designed to remain firmly attached at all times. As I understood it, a stainless steel, hollow dildo filled her pussy, locked in place and held motionless. A fitting at the end, protruding slightly from the belt, allowed for an attachment so her pussy could be flushed. The band split just past her vagina, forming an oval that pushed her ass cheeks apart, then rejoined beyond her anus. A thick band of rubber attached to the metal then, stretching up between her ass cheeks until it split in to a Y and joined the back of her metal belt. The belt was held firmly against her, unmovable, and unremoved. Her entire crotch was covered now, the large anal plug, with its own fitting, was mounted on the belt, filling her anus.

"Your daughter hasn't had the luxury of this plug out for three months now," he said. Menhal reached forward and with a twist, released the butt plug, pulling it out. The base was thin, as I might hope for a young girl's anal ring, but as he pulled, I could see the plug widening quickly until it was stretching her ring harshly. Even through the gag and hood I could hear Sarah's muffled scream before the plug came loose. He pushed it toward my lips. "Clean this," he commanded. I lifted my shackled hands, taking the thick plug from him. It was damp, with some streaks on it. I tried not to show my revulsion, licking up the length of the huge plug. The balls mounted in my tongue clanged against the stainless steel plug. It was all I could do not to gag. I finally slipped it in to my mouth, stretching my jaw wide as I sucked it clean. I handed it to Menhal. He pointed to Sarah's anus.

“Why don’t you tongue her and get her wet for me,” he said with a chuckle. My face flushed red and both Menhal and Calla laughed. I’m sure the thought of a mother tonguing her own daughter’s asshole was amusing to them. I knew I had no choice. I had once refused an order from one of Abda’s “family”. It was six weeks after my marriage, and Abda had invited a friend of his to stay the weekend. I had been offered to the guest as a gift for the first night, and when the guest told me to clean his ass, I had refused. Abda was furious, hooding me for two weeks, save my mouth. I was required to not only clean the bathroom floor and toilet with my tongue constantly, but also serve as toilet paper. I was punished severely for even the slightest hesitation. It was 2 weeks that lasted a life time, and is something I hope to never experience again.

I move forward, sticking my tongue deep in to Sarah’s reddened anus, flicking it to burrow deep-er. I could taste her feces, and I wanted to gag, but I forced myself forward, sucking and licking firmly despite my revulsion. After a few minutes, Menhal pulled me back, then pushed his cock into my mouth. I dutifully licked it, making it damp, then pulled away. I lifted my shackled hand and grasped his cock carefully, guiding it toward my daughter’s anus. Menhal pushed my face close, so my cheek was pressing against Sarah’s butt cheek, giving me a closeup of my daughter’s penetration.

Menhal took his time, penetrating Sarah slowly and deeply. He would pull out slowly, then put his cock in to my waiting mouth. I sucked it clean, dampening it again, before helping him push back in to Sarah’s ass. After some of this, he held his cock in deep, and began moving Sarah for-ward and back.

“Suck my balls and asshole,” he ordered. I moved behind him and ran my tongue from his balls to his anus, licking eagerly, as I had been taught. I hated the taste of anal excretions, especially those of a man, but I knew better than to show anything other than excitement. I pressed my face in deep, holding it there, licking and sucking as if it were my sole job in life. The added stimulation made Menhal come, and once spent he pulled out. I moved around again, taking his cum and feces stained cock in my mouth again, licking it clean eagerly. “Suck the cum from your daughter’s ass,” he then ordered.

I pressed my face against Sarah’s punished anus, licking and sucking the white and

brown liquid that was escaping. I fought back the tears as I realized once again what my life had become. I had never imagined being used so vilely, nor being ordered to sexually interact with my own daughter. I was glad Menhal couldn't see my face as I buried it further in to Sarah's crotch.

Soon I finished, only to be greeted by Calla's cock, ready to repeat the process.

**End of Part 1**