Distributed

By Brent Clark Palmer

1.

Kendall Gains hadn’t paid the slightest attention to what Bree and Tessa were carrying when the three of them cut across the brick courtyard behind the student union. All through their iced-coffee run, Bree had kept a heavy brown paper sack braced against her hip, its top rolled down twice like an oversized lunch bag, while Tessa swung two fat, tightly knotted white plastic grocery bags from her wrists. Kendall had vaguely assumed they were hauling laundry back to the apartments or dropping off snacks for Tessa’s study group. It was a warm, bright afternoon, and Kendall was simply drifting along in the middle of their chatter, enjoying the easy momentum of letting her friends pick the route.

That only changed when they rounded the corner into the shaded breezeway beside the parking structure, where a folding banner reading **CAMPUS OUTREACH: CLOTHING FOR THE UNHOUSED** hung between two concrete pillars, and a twenty-something volunteer in a faded canvas vest stepped straight into their path with a wide, grateful smile.

"You three are absolute lifesavers," the guy said, dragging a large rolling collection bin toward them across the concrete. "We’ve been running low on women’s sizes all afternoon. You all brought bags?"

Bree didn’t miss a beat. She stepped forward and dropped the brown paper sack into the bin, the top unrolling just enough to reveal neatly folded sweaters and denim inside. Right behind her, Tessa hefted the two bloated, tied-off white plastic grocery bags—stuffed so full of fabric that the thin white plastic stretched taut over the knots—and thumped them down beside the sack.

Then both of them—along with the volunteer—turned and looked expectantly at Kendall.

Kendall blinked, glancing down at her own empty hands, then back at the bin filled with the brown paper sack and the knotted white grocery bags.

Bree tilted her head, her eyes wide with theatrical innocence. "Where’s your donation?"

Kendall gave a small, helpless shrug, a confused laugh catching in her throat as she looked between her friends. She hadn’t even known they were stopping here.

Tessa’s mouth curved into a quick, bright grin, as if a lightbulb had just snapped on over her head. "I know! You can just donate what you’re wearing."

Kendall opened her mouth to laugh it off as a joke, to say she’d bring a bag by tomorrow, but neither Bree nor Tessa waited for an answer. They had already decided for her. With the seamless, steamrolling efficiency of two girls who had known Kendall since freshman year—and knew down to the second how slow she was to push back once the group made up its mind—they crowded in on either side of her.

"Wait, guys—" Kendall started, her voice barely above a murmur, before Bree’s fingers caught the bottom hem of her cropped knit top and tugged upward with brisk, unbothered force.

They weren’t particularly cautious about it. The knit caught briefly on Kendall’s chin and mussed her blonde hair as Bree yanked it straight up over her head, forcing Kendall to lift her arms on pure reflex so the seams wouldn’t rip. Before her vision even cleared, Tessa was already behind her, pinching the clasp of her front-hook lace bra and snapping it open with a sharp flick of her thumb.

A hot, prickly flush surged from the base of Kendall's throat all the way to the tips of her ears. The volunteer stood three feet away, his clipboard frozen against his chest, his mouth slightly parted as the lace straps were peeled roughly down Kendall's toned shoulders and her breasts spilled free into the cool draft of the breezeway. Yet underneath the sudden dizzying shock of being stripped in public, a heavy, unmistakable throb of heat pooled low in Kendall's belly. The sheer abruptness of having the choice taken out of her hands—of two pairs of familiar fingers pulling at her while a stranger watched—sent a shiver straight down her spine, her nipples tightening instantly in the afternoon air.

"There we go, almost got the top half," Bree said brightly, tossing the shirt and bra onto the pile as if she were unpacking a suitcase.

"I guess..." Kendall breathed, her voice small and shaky as she instinctively started to cross her forearms over her chest, only for Tessa to catch her wrists and tug them gently but firmly back down to her sides while Bree went straight for the button of her low-rise jeans.

The brass button popped free with a sharp tug, and then the zipper rasped downward. Four hands hooked simultaneously into the waistband of her denim—catching the thin elastic straps of her panties right along with it—and yanked downward in one determined, impatient pull. The rough denim scraped down the smooth skin of her hips and thighs, making Kendall sway forward and catch herself with a trembling hand on Bree's shoulder as her sneakers were kicked off her heels and the jeans and panties were dragged completely clear of her ankles.

"Look how good this stuff is," Tessa said to the stunned volunteer, straightening up with Kendall's jeans and panties balled in one fist while Kendall stood frozen between them. "Practically brand new."

"If it helps..." Kendall whispered, her cheeks burning a deep, humid rose as she stood barefoot on the smooth concrete, unable to hide the way her breathing had gone shallow and quick, or the damp, unmistakable heat radiating between her thighs. Her body—fit, sun-toned, and curves gilded by the angled afternoon light spilling into the breezeway—felt impossibly exposed beside her fully dressed friends.

The volunteer swallowed hard, his eyes darting once over the length of Kendall's bare, golden frame—the loose blonde waves tumbling over her naked shoulders, the rapid rise and fall of her chest, the pale tan line across her hips—before he hastily nodded and took the bundled jeans, panties, and sneakers from Tessa's outstretched hand. He stacked Kendall's still-warm clothes right on top of the brown paper sack and the tied white plastic grocery bags, gripped the handles of the rolling bin, and hurried off down the service ramp toward the sorting van before anyone could change their mind.

The rattle of the plastic wheels faded down the concrete corridor, leaving Bree and Tessa standing casually in their jackets and jeans—and Kendall standing completely nude between them in the middle of the empty donation drop-off spot.

2.

Before the rattle of the volunteer's collection bin had even faded down the concrete ramp, Bree hooked a casual arm around Kendall's bare elbow and gave a light tug.

"Come on," Bree said, as easily as if they were just heading to their next class.

Kendall blinked, her bare feet cool against the shaded concrete, her fingers still reflexively clutching the only two things that hadn't been peeled off her body: her phone and the small brass ring of her apartment keys. Flanked closely by Bree on her left and Tessa on her right, she let herself be guided out of the quiet breezeway and straight through the wide glass doors of the student union.

The afternoon hum of the college food court hit her skin like a physical wave—the smell of espresso and warm pretzels, the scrape of chairs across polished terrazzo tile, the low murmur of dozens of students scattered across the tables. Kendall's breath caught as a guy in a university hoodie looked up from his laptop mid-sip and froze, his eyes widening as they tracked the fit, golden-haired blonde walking past the taco stand without a stitch of clothing on. A girl waiting in line for smoothies nudged her friend, both of them staring in disbelief at the pale tan line across Kendall's hips and the soft, rhythmic sway of her bare breasts.

Yet Bree and Tessa walked at an unhurried, unbothered clip, their shoulders brushing Kendall's naked arms, steering her straight past the stares toward a quiet, recessed alcove at the far corner of the dining hall where tall planters screened a single leather booth from the main crowd.

A man in his late thirties sat waiting in the corner booth, dressed in a bespoke charcoal suit with a crisp white collar and no tie. He didn't look startled by Kendall's nudity when the three of them stopped at the edge of his table. In fact, his dark, assessing gaze moved from Bree and Tessa straight down the length of Kendall's bare frame with the calm familiarity of someone checking a scheduled delivery against a manifest.

"She's eager and ready," Bree said smoothly, gesturing toward the deep, humid rose still staining Kendall's cheeks and the rapid rise and fall of her ribs.

Kendall parted her lips, her head spinning as she looked from the stranger's tailored lapels to her two closest friends. Before she could form a single question, Bree reached down and casually pried Kendall's fingers open, slipping the phone and the brass key ring straight out of her damp palm and dropping both into her own crossbody bag.

"We're sorry, Kenny," Bree said, her voice almost conversational, carrying the mild, practical sympathy of a roommate taking the last carton of milk, "but this is how they wanted you delivered."

Kendall stared at the zipped bag where her phone and keys had just vanished, her bare thighs pressing instinctively together as the draft from the overhead vents cooled the heat between her legs. "Delivered?" she whispered.

"We're splitting a finder's fee," Bree explained, resting a hand briefly on Kendall's bare shoulder as if to steady her. "A huge one, actually—for delivering a volunteer to a private academic program overseas. You'll be taken to Dubai, and we're not sure what will happen to you after that." She gave a small, honest shrug, meeting Kendall's dazed blue eyes without flinching. "We just wanted the money."

Tessa nodded beside her, her gaze flicking briefly to the man in the charcoal suit before returning to Kendall. "It's a lot of money, Kenny."

The sheer, casual finality of it—that her clothes were already in a charity van across campus, her phone and keys were in Bree's purse, and her two best friends had simply traded her away over an afternoon coffee run—left Kendall's mind feeling strangely weightless, as if the floor had dropped an inch beneath her bare soles. There was no argument to grab onto, no scene to make when everyone at the table was speaking at a polite indoor volume.

The man in the charcoal suit slid out of the booth, fastened the single button of his jacket, and gave Bree and Tessa a brief, professional nod—an acknowledgment that their part of the transaction was already settled on a wire transfer somewhere. Then he stepped in beside Kendall and placed a warm, steady hand squarely against the small of her bare back.

"This way, Kendall," he said, his voice low and unhurried.

Confused, her pulse still fluttering with that strange, traitorous warmth that had started back in the breezeway, Kendall didn't pull away. With her hands empty and every layer of her old life stripped off in the span of ten minutes, her body simply followed the calm certainty of the palm

pressed against her spine. She didn't even look back at Bree and Tessa as he guided her through a heavy service door beside the planters and out into the bright glare of the reserved parking lot just behind the union.
A sleek black town car sat idling in the shade of a eucalyptus tree, its tinted windows dark against the afternoon sun. He clicked the passenger door open, the rich scent of cool leather drifting out into the warm air, and turned Kendall toward the open frame.
Before he guided her inside, however, he paused, keeping her standing barefoot on the warm asphalt right between his body and the open door. With the unhurried, thorough touch of an appraiser verifying every line of an acquisition before signing the receipt, he slid both hands up from her waist to cup the full, warm weight of her breasts. His thumbs brushed deliberately across her stiffened nipples before he lifted her slightly, testing the firm, youthful bounce of her flesh as it settled back into his palms.
A soft, involuntary breath slipped past Kendall’s parted lips, her face burning as she stood completely still for the inspection. His hands glided down over her ribcage, spanning the trim curve of her waist before gripping the smooth, sun-toned muscle of her hips and the round swell of her ass—squeezing firmly to test the tone and give of her skin, then sliding a palm briefly between the warm, damp inner curve of her thighs.
Satisfied, he gave her hip a light, guiding tap and eased her down into the deep, cool leather of the passenger seat. He lifted her bare legs one at a time to tuck her feet neatly inside the footwell, leaned across her naked torso to pull the seatbelt snug between her breasts—his knuckles brushing her skin one more time as the buckle clicked home—and shut the heavy door, sealing her inside the quiet, tinted cabin.

3.

The town car bypassed the main highway toward the commercial airport entirely, turning instead through a pair of automatic security gates at the edge of a private executive airfield. Without slowing for a checkpoint, the driver glided straight across the sun-baked tarmac and pulled to a gentle stop beside the carpeted airstairs of a sleek, long-range Gulfstream jet waiting with its engines humming softly.
The man in the charcoal suit stepped out first, walked around the hood, and opened Kendall’s door. With the same calm, proprietary steadiness he had used in the campus lot, he unbuckled her seatbelt and guided her barefoot across the warm concrete and up the steps into the hushed, climate-controlled cabin.
Once the cabin door sealed shut and the jet began its smooth taxi toward the runway, he removed his suit jacket, draped it neatly over a mahogany credenza, and settled into the wide cream-leather club chair opposite hers.
"My name is Dale Carter, Kendall," he said, his tone warm and entirely conversational as the plane lifted effortlessly into the afternoon sky. "We have about fourteen hours in the air before we touch down in Dubai. Make yourself comfortable—if you’re hungry, or if you need to use the restroom at any point, all you have to do is ask."
True to his word, the flight unfolded not like an abduction, but like an impossibly surreal VIP charter. An hour after takeoff, a quiet attendant set a white linen cloth across the folding mahogany table between them and served a multi-course dinner—seared sea bass, saffron risotto, warm artisan rolls, and chilled sparkling water. Kendall ate sitting completely nude against the butter-soft leather, her initial daze gradually giving way to a strange, docile equilibrium. When she finished her second glass of water and murmured, cheeks flushing softly, "Mr. Carter, may I use the bathroom?" Dale simply offered an approving nod and gestured

toward the aft cabin, watching calmly as her bare hips swayed down the carpeted aisle toward the spacious marble-trimmed lavatory.
When she returned to her seat, however, Dale had opened a slim leather portfolio on the table between them—and inside were copies of her university transcripts and seminar papers.
"Your professors speak very highly of you," Dale said, tapping a finger against her file. "Top of your class in political science. Before we land in the Gulf, I want to hear how your mind works off the page. Walk me through the current state of the civil war in Yemen—specifically how you read the Houthi movement's transition from a local insurgency into a regional power broker."
Kendall blinked in surprise. It really *was* an academic program. Sitting bare-chested under the warm cabin lights, she instinctively straightened her posture, her training kicking in even as the cool leather pressed against her naked skin.
"Well," she began, her voice steadying as she found her footing, "you can't look at the Houthis—formally Ansar Allah—purely through the lens of domestic Yemeni grievance anymore. What started in the northern Saada governorate as a Zaidi revivalist pushback against central government marginalization evolved after 2014, once they took Sanaa, into a de facto state apparatus."
Dale leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table, his dark eyes moving deliberately between her face and the gentle rise and fall of her bare breasts as she spoke. "And their leverage outside Yemen's borders?"
"Asymmetric projection," Kendall answered, feeling a bizarre, heady rush at how seriously he was listening to her analysis while she didn't have a thread of clothing on. "By aligning with Iranian supply networks for long-range drones and anti-ship ballistic missiles, they turned geography into leverage over the Bab el-Mandeb strait. They don't need a traditional navy to disrupt global maritime trade through the Red Sea—which forces both Riyadh and Western coalitions to treat them as a permanent strategic fixture rather than a temporary rebel faction."
A slow, genuine smile spread across Dale's face. He closed the folder, stood up from his chair, and stepped into the narrow space right in front of her seat, reaching down to draw Kendall to her feet.
As soon as she stood before him, Dale slid both palms straight under the warm, full weight of her breasts, cupping them firmly and lifting them just as he had in the parking lot, his thumbs brushing slowly across her stiffening peaks.
"I knew you'd be perfect," Dale murmured.
Before Kendall could even catch her breath, he drew her forward, wrapping his arms around her bare frame and pulling her flush against his crisp white dress shirt in a tight, enveloping hug. Her naked breasts flattened warmly against his chest as he squeezed her close, and what began as a congratulatory embrace immediately deepened into a slow, thorough grope. One of his hands slid down the bare arch of her spine to cup the firm curve of her ass, kneading the smooth flesh and pressing her pelvis tightly against his thigh, while his other hand slipped back between their bodies to cup and squeeze her breast, rolling the nipple between his fingers until a soft, involuntary sigh escaped against his collar.

4.

The Gulfstream touched down after dark at a private VIP terminal on the edge of Dubai, taxiing straight to a secluded marble pavilion walled off from the main airport. When the cabin door opened, a sudden rush of heavy, spiced desert heat brushed across Kendall's bare skin before Dale guided her down the carpeted steps and through a pair of towering bronze doors into the chilled, cedar-scented air of a private reception salon.

Four men were waiting for them across the polished onyx floor. Each of them was dressed in a flowing, gold-trimmed black *bisht* layered over dark robes, their heads draped in matching black *ghutra* cloths secured by heavy, double-coiled black *agal* cords. The contrast could not have been more absolute: four powerful men wrapped head to toe in formal, billowy black fabric, and one golden-haired American blonde walking across the gleaming stone without a single thread to cover her.

Dale didn't offer her a robe or slow his pace. He walked her straight into the center of the group with his palm resting squarely between her shoulder blades.

"Gentlemen," Dale said smoothly, coming to a stop as the four sheikhs rose from their low velvet sofas. "May I present Kendall Gains. Top of her class in political science, just as promised."

None of the men asked about her transcripts. Instead, they stepped in around her with the unhurried, arrogant ease of collectors inspecting a newly landed thoroughbred. Kendall stood frozen on the cool marble, her breath catching as four pairs of dark eyes swept down the length of her naked body at once.

The tallest of the men stepped forward first, reaching out without a word to cup the heavy, warm curve of her right breast in his palm. He weighed it slowly, his thumb rubbing firmly across her stiffened nipple while another sheikh stepped in behind her, sliding both hands over the bare, sun-toned flare of her hips to give the round swell of her ass a slow, possessive squeeze.

Kendall's cheeks flamed a deep crimson, a soft gasp slipping past her lips as she was turned slightly by the shoulders so the third man could run his knuckles down her flat stomach and slip two fingers casually between her thighs, testing the damp heat gathering there. They talked over and around her in rapid, amused Arabic before switching back to heavily accented English, trading observations about the firmness of her thighs and the pale bikini line across her hips as if she were a sculpture they had just uncrated.

"You see how quickly they adapt?" one of the sheikhs remarked with a low, satisfied chuckle, his fingers lingering on Kendall's chin to tilt her blushing face toward the light while his other hand squeezed her breast. "Western women do not mind serving uncovered. Give them half an excuse to drop their modesty, and look—she is already warm for us."

Kendall couldn't even summon the voice to correct him. Her pulse was hammering in her ears, her body trapped in that dizzying, traitorous feedback loop where the sheer shamelessness of their hands—and the realization that she was completely at their mercy thousands of miles from home—only made her nipples ache and her knees go weak.

Dale stepped beside the fourth man—the youngest and most commanding of the group, whose black robe was edged in thicker spun gold and who had watched the inspection with a calm, proprietary half-smile before stepping in to slide a warm palm around the back of Kendall's bare neck.

"Kendall, this is Sheikh Rashid," Dale said, his tone as pleasant and administrative as an academic advisor making a campus introduction. "He has generously agreed to host you at his private estate for the duration of your fellowship—which actually occupies the top three penthouse floors of the Burj Al-Marjan hotel overlooking the Gulf."

Rashid's fingers drifted down from Kendall's nape, tracing her collarbone before cupping her left breast and giving it a slow, claiming squeeze that made her shiver right in front of the group.

"You will have plenty of room to stretch your legs upstairs, little scholar," Rashid murmured. "And plenty of company."

Kendall turned her wide blue eyes back toward Dale, silently expecting him to walk out to the car with them. Instead, Dale kept his hands loosely clasped in front of his suit jacket and took a polite step back.

"My work ends at the tarmac, Kendall," Dale said with a warm, final nod. "You're in very capable

hands from here."
Before she could say a word, two of Rashid's men took her by her bare elbows, steering her away from Dale and out through a second set of glass doors where a stretched black Maybach sat idling beneath the palms. As the heavy rear door shut behind her and the car glided out toward the glittering skyline of the coast, Kendall sat sandwiched naked on the wide leather bench between the flowing black robes of the sheikhs, her thighs pressed tight together while Rashid's hand rested casually, unmistakably, between her legs for the entire ride to the hotel.

5.

The private elevator rose eighty stories in near-total silence, its polished brass doors finally sliding open onto the lower level of Sheikh Rashid's three-story penthouse. Instead of leading Kendall toward a private guest room, a pair of stone-faced security guards in tailored dark suits guided her by the elbows down a wide travertine hallway and through a set of carved cedar archways into a sprawling sunken lounge.
The room looked like a cross between a high-end spa and a sultan's conservatory, framed by twenty-foot glass walls overlooking the glittering coast of Dubai. Plump silk daybeds, low brass tables laden with figs and mint tea, and a steaming mosaic plunge pool filled the center of the floor. Gathered across the cushions were nearly a dozen extraordinarily beautiful Arabic women. They shared a lush, unmistakable kinship of features—glossy, raven-black hair tumbling past their shoulders, heavy-lashed dark eyes rimmed in kohl, and warm, honey-olive skin draped in sheer jewel-toned caftans and delicate gold body chains.
As soon as the guards stepped back and left Kendall standing barefoot and completely naked at the top of the three marble steps, the rapid, musical murmur of Arabic across the lounge rippled to a stop.
For a long moment, twelve pairs of dark eyes took in the sight of the flushed, golden-haired American blonde standing alone on the marble without a single thread of fabric to cover her. Kendall parted her lips, instinctively about to offer a nervous *"Hi"* or explain the absurd chain of events that had started at the campus donation bin, when two of the women nearest the steps spoke to each other in quick, delighted Arabic and burst into bright, infectious laughter.
They didn't speak a word of English.
Within seconds, half the room had risen from the daybeds and glided over to surround her at the base of the steps, chattering in warm, musical voices Kendall couldn't understand at all. Stripped of her language just as completely as she had been stripped of her clothes, Kendall could only stand there blushing from her throat to her hairline while slender, ringed fingers reached out to touch her. They were openly fascinated by her coloring—lifting thick strands of her blonde hair against their own dark wrists, tracing the pale bikini line across her hips, and murmuring appreciatively as they cupped the full, pink-tipped curve of her breasts.
Two of the most stunning women in the group—both with hourglass waists, full hips, and playful, knowing smiles—exchanged a teasing phrase in Arabic that made the whole circle giggle. Without a shred of hesitation, the first woman untied the gold cord at her waist and let her sheer crimson caftan pool at her ankles. Right beside her, the second woman slipped her emerald silk wrap off her shoulders, stepping out of it completely nude.
Their bodies were breathtaking—lush, golden-brown curves, dark, heavy-peaked breasts, and smooth thighs that gleamed in the warm light of the conservatory. Laughing, they caught Kendall gently by the wrists and drew her over to the massive, floor-to-ceiling gilded mirror wall, stepping in close on either side of her to pose.
The contrast in the glass was mesmerizing: Kendall's fair, sun-toned frame and tumbling blonde

waves sandwiched tightly between two sultry, raven-haired beauties. The woman on her left hooked an arm around Kendall's bare waist, arching her back in an exaggerated, playful pose that pressed the warm swell of her breast flush against Kendall's ribs, while the woman on her right stepped halfway behind her, resting her chin on Kendall's bare shoulder and sliding both hands boldly up Kendall's ribcage to cup and lift her breasts toward the mirror.

The whole room erupted into musical laughter, and caught in the warm, perfumed crush of their skin, Kendall couldn't help laughing right along with them. Even without sharing a language, the atmosphere among the women was unmistakably charged—playful, shameless, and deeply tactile. When the girl behind her slid a warm thigh right between Kendall's bare legs and brushed her lips across the sensitive hollow of Kendall's neck, while the other girl leaned in to brush her own dark nipple slowly across Kendall's stiffened peak as she posed, a hot, liquid shiver ran straight down Kendall's spine. Her laughter softened into a shaky, breathless gasp, her eyes fluttering half-shut in the mirror as the four warm hands glided over her hips and breasts.

Up on the gallery landing above them, the heavy double doors swung open, and Sheikh Rashid stepped out in a loose, midnight-black silk robe, flanked by two broad-shouldered security guards.

The impromptu display and the peals of laughter echoing off the marble didn't bother him in the slightest. In Rashid's eyes, women were inherently capricious, sensual creatures whose moods shifted like wind over the dunes; expecting them to sit quietly in straight lines was a fool's errand. More than that, he actively cultivated the open eroticism of the lounge. He expected the women of his household to become sexually involved with one another during the long, idle hours between his visits. A woman who spent her afternoons tangling on silk cushions with other women—learning how to coax a sigh from another female body and keeping her own skin in a continuous, simmering state of arousal—was always softer, wetter, and infinitely more imaginative when summoned to his bed.

Watching from the top of the steps as the two dark-haired women giggled and arched their backs against the flushed, breathless American blonde, running their palms possessively down her stomach and thighs for his benefit, a slow, satisfied smile curved Rashid's mouth. The time had come to choose his consort for the night, and the sight of Kendall catching her breath between their hands made the decision effortless.

He descended the marble steps at an unhurried pace, the chatter in the lounge softening into a warm, expectant hush as the women parted for him. The two beauties flanking Kendall kept their hands on her bare waist, offering her up toward him in the mirror with bright, eager smiles. Rashid stopped in front of them, let his dark gaze linger on the damp heat shining on Kendall's skin where the other girls had touched her, and raised a single hand toward the center of the glass. He spoke a brief command in Arabic over his shoulder—and then repeated it in English for Kendall's benefit alone.

"Bring her to my bed."

Before Kendall could even steady her breathing, the two dark-suited security guards stepped between the laughing women, took a firm, professional grip on each of her bare upper arms, and turned her away from the mirror—escorting her naked up the floating marble staircase toward the heavy double doors of the top-floor master suite.

6.

The two security guards marched Kendall through the tall, carved doors of the third-floor master suite and guided her straight across the plush carpet to the center of the room. There, facing a

sweeping panoramic window high above the dark waters of the Persian Gulf, stood a massive, low-platform bed draped in midnight-blue silk.
Without a word, the guards eased her down onto the edge of the mattress, stepped back in unison, and pulled the heavy double doors shut behind them.
Kendall sat perched on the cool silk, her heart thudding against her ribs and her skin still humming with the warm, perfumed linger of the two women who had pressed against her in the mirror downstairs. The air in the master suite was noticeably cooler than the conservatory below, immediately drawing her nipples into tight, aching peaks. When her hand drifted instinctively toward the folded corner of the silk coverlet to pull it across her lap, Sheikh Rashid’s calm voice stopped her from across the room.
"Leave the sheet where it is, Kendall."
Her fingers froze, then slowly withdrew to rest on her bare thighs. Rashid hadn't even untied the sash of his black silk robe. Instead, he walked unhurriedly over to a low inlaid table beside the bed, poured two small glass cups of steaming cardamom tea, and carried a slim leather folio under his arm. Rather than climbing onto the mattress over her the way she was bracing for, he settled into a wide velvet armchair pulled right up to the side of the bed—positioning himself barely two feet from her naked knees—and gestured toward the pile of thick bolsters against the headboard.
"Lean back," he said smoothly. "We have a great deal to cover tonight."
Blinking in disbelief, Kendall shifted backward across the smooth silk until her bare spine rested against the pillows, leaving her entire front—her flushed chest, her flat stomach, the pale tan line across her hips, and her bare legs—completely exposed under the warm amber glow of the bedside lamps. She waited for him to reach for her, her breath still shallow and quick, a damp heat lingering stubbornly between her thighs from the lounge downstairs.
Instead, Rashid opened the leather folio across his knee, unfolded a detailed maritime chart of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, and looked straight into her eyes.
"Dale tells me you wrote your senior thesis on asymmetric maritime chokepoints," Rashid said, his tone entirely earnest, as if they were sitting across a mahogany desk in a diplomat's office rather than a bedroom eighty stories in the air. "I don't want the State Department consensus I can read in the morning cable. Tell me how you assess the divergence between Riyadh’s current posture in Yemen and our own interests along the southern coast."
For three full seconds, Kendall could only stare at him, her mind struggling to bridge the sheer absurdity of the moment. She had been stripped naked at a campus charity drive, groped in a parking lot, fondled at thirty thousand feet, passed around a VIP airport salon, and worked into a breathless state by two naked women in a harem mirror—all to be brought to a sheikh’s bed so he could quiz her on Gulf foreign policy without letting her wear a stitch of clothing.
"I... well," Kendall began, her voice catching slightly before her academic muscle memory took over. She resisted the urge to cross her arms over her bare breasts, keeping her hands resting obediently on the silk beside her hips as she spoke. "Riyadh’s primary vulnerability is terrestrial. They share a massive, porous border with northern Yemen, which means their priority since the truce has been de-escalation with the Houthis in Sanaa so they can protect their domestic infrastructure projects from drone and missile strikes."
Rashid took a slow sip of his tea, his dark eyes steady on her face, though they drifted down for a brief, appreciative second to the rhythmic rise and fall of her bare chest before lifting back to her eyes. "And how does that complicate the south?"
"It leaves the southern port strategy exposed," Kendall said, warming to the subject despite the cool air raising goosebumps along her naked thighs. "While Saudi Arabia wants a unified exit agreement, the Emirati strategy has focused on backing the Southern Transitional

Council—securing Aden, Mukalla, and the island of Socotra to control the maritime approaches to the Bab el-Mandeb strait. If the Houthis are legitimized in the north without their missile stockpiles being dismantled, holding the southern ports doesn't guarantee safe shipping lanes. They can still project force right over the STC's head into the Red Sea."

A slow, genuinely pleased nod came from Rashid. He leaned forward and rested one warm palm casually on Kendall's bare knee—not groping her the way he had in the car, just letting the heavy, proprietary weight of his hand sit against her skin like a paperweight while he tapped the map with his other hand.

"Go further," he murmured, his thumb idly tracing a slow circle against the inside of her knee while his voice stayed completely focused on the map. "If the Western naval coalition grows fatigued with intercepting forty-thousand-dollar drones using two-million-dollar missiles, what happens to insurance rates through the Suez corridor over the next eighteen months, and which secondary ports in the Horn of Africa absorb the spillover?"

That was how the entire night unfolded. For over three hours, Kendall lay propped naked against the silk bolsters of the sheikh's bed—completely uncovered, her bare skin glowing in the amber light, her body left in a suspended, unaddressed hum of arousal—while Rashid treated her like a private intelligence cabinet. Whenever she made a particularly sharp point about Iranian supply chains through Oman or the tribal fractures around Marib, his hand would slide a few inches higher up her bare thigh, giving the warm flesh an approving squeeze the way another man might offer a handshake, before going right back to his next question on Yemeni port logistics.

By two in the morning, when her voice had finally grown hoarse from debating Red Sea shipping corridors without so much as a sheet over her hips, Rashid closed the folio, stood up, and finally pulled the silk coverlet only as high as her ankles before turning off the bedside lamp—sliding into the far side of the massive bed to go straight to sleep without laying another finger on her.

7.

Bright morning sunlight was already pouring off the turquoise waters of the Persian Gulf when the two dark-suited security guards returned to the master suite. Sheikh Rashid had departed before dawn, leaving Kendall asleep on top of the midnight-blue silk with the coverlet still resting across her ankles. Without a word, the guards waited for her to swing her bare legs off the mattress, took her lightly by the elbows, and escorted her naked back down the floating marble staircase into the sunken conservatory.

Downstairs, a lavish breakfast had been laid out across low mother-of-pearl tables—platters of warm flatbread, glistening honeycomb, figs, whipped labneh, and brass pots of cardamom coffee. What stopped Kendall short at the bottom of the steps, however, was that she was now the only naked person in the room. Every single one of the Arabic women who had giggled and stripped in the mirror the night before was now modestly covered for the morning, draped in flowing, high-necked silk caftans and embroidered linen robes that reached their ankles.

Standing just at the edge of the carpet, looking thoroughly out of place among the statuesque women of the harem, was a short, mousy American woman in her late twenties with dishwater-brown hair pulled into a tight bun, thick tortoiseshell glasses, and a plain, buttoned-up beige blouse paired with a long linen skirt.

As the guards released Kendall's bare arms and stepped back, the mousy woman hurried forward, her gaze flicking once—briefly and apologetically—over Kendall's uncovered breasts and the pale tan line across her hips before fixing politely on her face.

"Hi, Kendall," she said in a quiet, flat Midwestern accent. "I'm Claire. His Excellency had me brought up from the translation secretariat an hour ago. Since none of the girls speak English and you don't speak Arabic, he assigned me to stay in the lounge and act as your translator."
"Oh—thank God," Kendall breathed, resisting the urge to cover herself with her hands as Claire guided her toward an empty silk cushion at the center of the breakfast table. Sitting down completely bare while thirteen other women sat around her in full morning dress made Kendall's skin prickle with a fresh wave of warm, self-conscious heat.
Across the table, the chatter among the harem women was electric. They leaned in close to one another, their kohl-rimmed eyes sparkling with curiosity as they scanned Kendall's bare neck, shoulders, and thighs—clearly looking for the flushed marks of a long, passionate night in the master suite. Finally, the lush, raven-haired beauty who had pressed against Kendall in the mirror the night before—a woman with full lips and a commanding, graceful poise—leaned forward over the brass coffee service and addressed Kendall in warm, melodic Arabic.
Claire adjusted her glasses and translated evenly. "That's Soraya. The others elected her as their spokesperson this morning. She says they are all dying of curiosity and wants to know how your first night went—specifically, how did it feel to be taken by the Sheikh, and how many times did he wake you before dawn?"
Kendall paused with a small porcelain cup halfway to her mouth, a deep crimson blush creeping from her bare collarbone up to her cheeks as twelve pairs of dark, expectant eyes waited on her answer.
"Tell her... nothing really happened," Kendall said, offering a helpless, awkward smile. "He didn't touch me like that. We just talked."
Claire blinked behind her lenses, as if checking to make sure she'd heard correctly, before turning and translating the sentence into Arabic.
The reaction around the breakfast table was instantaneous—and catastrophic.
Two silver spoons clattered against porcelain saucers. A chorus of sharp, horrified gasps echoed across the marble conservatory, and the playful, conspiratorial warmth that had filled the table vanished in a heartbeat. Several of the women pressed their palms to their cheeks in genuine distress, looking at Kendall's naked body not with envy or amusement anymore, but with profound, aching pity.
Soraya spoke rapidly, her dark brows drawn together in deep alarm as she gestured urgently toward Kendall's bare chest and thighs while the other women murmured fervent agreement around her.
"Wait, why are they looking at me like someone died?" Kendall asked, her heart skipping a beat as she looked at Claire. "Tell them we talked about Yemen! He wanted a strategic briefing on the Bab el-Mandeb strait!"
Claire translated, and the uproar around the table only grew more distressed. Soraya shook her glossy dark head, leaning across the low table to take Kendall's hand in both of hers as she spoke in a low, urgent stream of Arabic.
"They don't believe a man brings a naked blonde to his bed for five hours to talk about shipping lanes," Claire translated, a faint pink flush rising on her own mousy cheeks as she relayed the consensus of the room. "They are deeply disturbed, Kendall. In their eyes, if you spent an entire night uncovered in His Excellency's bed and came back down the stairs untouched, it means you froze up or didn't know how to move for him. They're terrified for you—they think if you disappoint him a second night, you'll be sent away in disgrace."
"I didn't disappoint him!" Kendall protested weakly, shifting on the silk cushion as the cool morning draft brushed her bare nipples. "He told me to stay on the bolsters and asked about insurance rates in the Red Sea!"

Soraya said something else, her tone shifting from shock to warm, maternal determination as the women on either side of her nodded solemnly and began gesturing for the attendants to clear the breakfast platters away.
"Soraya says you don't need to make excuses to hide your shame," Claire said quietly, keeping her eyes on her notepad. "She says they understand that American colleges only teach girls how to read books, not how to awaken a man's blood. They talked it over, and they aren't going to let you fail again tonight. After breakfast is cleared, Soraya is going to show you herself what the Sheikh likes—and how you are supposed to please him."
Before Kendall could tell Claire that no lesson was necessary, the last of the brass trays were lifted from the tables. The other women shifted back onto the surrounding daybeds in an attentive, encouraging circle, while Soraya rose smoothly to her feet—her dark eyes locked onto Kendall's flushed, naked frame as her fingers reached up to unfasten the gold clasp at the throat of her crimson robe.

8.

Soraya's crimson robe fell open and then away, pooling at her feet in a soft cascade of silk. Beneath it she wore nothing. The morning light from the high conservatory windows caught on the smooth olive of her skin, the dark weight of her hair sliding forward over one shoulder as she stepped free of the fabric. She did not hurry. An attendant—one of the younger women who had been clearing the tables—appeared at her elbow with a small lacquered box. Soraya opened it, lifted out a realistic flesh-toned strap-on already fitted to a simple leather harness, and stepped into the straps with practiced ease, buckling them snug at her hips. The length settled heavy and solid against her thigh.
Claire's voice stayed level, though a faint pink had already risen along her throat. "She says the harness is part of the teaching kit. His Excellency prefers certain angles. They practice them here so no one has to guess."
Kendall remained on the silk cushion, one arm crossed instinctively over her breasts. "This really isn't—"
Soraya crossed the short distance between them and sank gracefully to her knees. Her palms settled on Kendall's bare shoulders, warm and firm, and guided her upright so they faced each other. One hand slid down Kendall's arm, lifting it away from her chest; the other settled at the small of her back and pressed until Kendall's spine arched. The motion was unhurried, corrective.
"She says keep your shoulders open," Claire translated. "He likes to see your throat when you are on your back. And do not cover yourself. He will think you are ashamed of what he has already seen."
Soraya's fingers traced the line of Kendall's collarbone, then lower, cupping one breast with deliberate care, thumb brushing the nipple until it tightened. She spoke again, low and instructive.
"Lift your chin. When he is above you, look at his mouth, not at the ceiling. It tells him you are present."
Kendall tried once more. "Claire, tell her I don't need—"
The protest died when Soraya's hands moved to her hips and turned her, pressing until Kendall was on hands and knees on the broad cushion. The cool marble air touched every newly exposed curve. Soraya's palm smoothed down the length of Kendall's spine, stopping at the base, then guided her knees wider. The strap-on brushed the inside of Kendall's thigh, heavy and unmistakably present.

Claire's pen had stopped moving. She cleared her throat. "She says this is the first position he will want after he has looked at you. Arch more. He likes the line from your shoulders to your hips unbroken."
Soraya's hand stayed on Kendall's lower back, holding the arch. The other hand reached between Kendall's legs, two fingers sliding through already-slick heat with clinical thoroughness, parting her, testing. Kendall's breath caught; her arms trembled. Soraya murmured something approving.
"She says you are already wet. That is good. He will notice. Do not try to hide it. When he enters you, push back to meet him—do not wait for him to pull you onto him."
The head of the strap-on nudged against Kendall, not yet pressing in. Soraya rocked her hips once, letting Kendall feel the blunt pressure and the exact angle. Kendall's fingers curled into the silk. Whatever academic objection had been forming dissolved under the steady, knowledgeable hands arranging her body and the low, continuous translation of what those hands meant.
"She is going to show you the depth he prefers," Claire said, voice thinner now. "Breathe out when she pushes in. Do not hold your breath."
Soraya pushed forward in one smooth, controlled stroke. The stretch was immediate and thorough; Kendall's mouth opened on a sound she did not recognize as her own. Soraya held still, fully seated, one hand braced on Kendall's hip, the other sliding up to cup her breast again, rolling the nipple in time with the small, experimental rocks of her hips. The other women watched in attentive silence, silk robes rustling only when one of them shifted for a better view.
Claire's glasses had slipped; she pushed them up with an unsteady finger. "She says tell him, when he is inside you like this, that you can feel how deep he is. Say it in your own language—since he was educated at Oxford, he understands every word of English, and it pleases him to hear a foreign woman lose her composure in her native tongue. And move with him—small circles, not thrusts. Let him feel you working."
Soraya began to move in earnest then, long, measured strokes that dragged the length almost all the way out before filling Kendall again. Each inward drive rocked Kendall forward onto her elbows; each withdrawal left her chasing the fullness. The wet sound of it was unmistakable in the quiet conservatory. Soraya's free hand slipped beneath Kendall, finding her clit and circling with the same unhurried precision she used for everything else, never quite enough, then exactly enough.
Kendall's thighs shook. The first orgasm built without warning and then refused to crest cleanly; it rolled through her in long, shuddering waves while Soraya kept the rhythm steady, murmuring instructions that Claire struggled to render.
"She says… she says stay open. Do not clench yet. Let him feel you come around him. Tell him—tell him you are his. Say it while it is happening."
Kendall heard herself obey, the words broken and breathless against the cushion. The orgasm stretched, deepening rather than ending, until her arms gave out and her cheek pressed to the silk. Soraya followed her down, still moving, the harness straps creaking softly, one arm hooked under Kendall's hips to keep the angle perfect. Only when the tremors finally began to ease did Soraya slow, then still, buried deep, her palm smoothing slow circles over Kendall's sweat-damp back.
Claire's voice was barely above a whisper, and the flush had reached her hairline. "She says… that is how long he will want you to last for him. And when he finishes, stay exactly where you are. Do not pull away. Let him feel you still fluttering."
Soraya eased free at last. The sudden emptiness made Kendall whimper. Before she could fold in on herself, Soraya turned her, gathered her close, and settled Kendall against her chest, the

strap-on resting warm and slick between them. Kendall's arms went around Soraya's waist of their own accord; her face tucked into the curve of Soraya's throat. The scent of cardamom and clean skin and sex filled her next breath. She did not want to move.
Soraya stroked her hair and spoke quietly. Claire translated, professional to the last even as her pen trembled against the page.
"She says you did well. Tonight, when he takes you, you will remember this. And you will not be sent away."
Kendall nodded against Soraya's skin, already aching for the weight and the rhythm again, the academic part of her mind gone entirely quiet.

9.

When the guards escorted Kendall back up the floating marble staircase that evening, she promised herself she would stay completely in control. She knew the secret now: whatever the women in the conservatory believed, Sheikh Rashid actually wanted her mind.
Yet the moment the double doors of the master suite clicked shut and she took her place against the midnight-blue silk bolsters, she realized her body had retained every single adjustment Soraya's hands had drilled into her that morning.
Rashid settled into the velvet armchair beside the mattress, wearing an unfastened charcoal linen robe that left the muscular line of his chest and stomach bare. He opened a fresh leather folio across his knee—intelligence cables on port leases in the Horn of Africa—and handed her a satellite printout of Berbera.
"Pick up where we left off last night, Kendall," he said smoothly. "If commercial shipping reroutes around the southern tip of the Red Sea, how much container volume can Somaliland realistically absorb before their inland road corridors bottleneck?"
"The... the port capacity at Berbera was expanded by DP World," Kendall began, trying to keep her eyes on the satellite image even as the cool draft of the bedroom tightened her nipples into hard, aching buds. Without her conscious mind giving the order, her shoulders rolled back against the bolsters the exact way Soraya had corrected her, opening the pale line of her throat to the amber light. "They can handle up to five hundred thousand TEUs annually, which means—"
Her voice hitched. Rashid had shifted in his chair, leaning closer to trace the highway route toward Addis Ababa with his forefinger, and the warm scent of cedar and skin drifting off his open robe went straight to her belly. Instead of looking at his finger on the map, Kendall's chin lifted of its own accord, her wide blue eyes locking onto his mouth just as Soraya had instructed.
"Which means what, Kendall?" Rashid asked, not looking up from the page yet.
"The customs corridor at Tog Wajaale," she breathed, her voice dropping half an octave, thinner and huskier than a moment before. Unconsciously, her spine arched forward off the silk pillows, creating the unbroken line from shoulder to hip that she had practiced on the cushions downstairs. Her thighs, which she had pressed dutifully together when she first sat down, parted an inch at a time against the dark silk until the cool air touched the slick, unmistakable dampness already gathering between her legs. "It... it wasn't built for that kind of depth. The pressure builds up too fast at the entry point, and once it pushes all the way in—"
She stopped dead, a hot crimson flush surging from between her breasts all the way to her hairline as she heard the words leaving her own mouth. Her chest was rising and falling in shallow, uneven breaths, and when Rashid's dark gaze lifted from the map, he didn't look at her face first. His eyes traveled slowly down her arched torso, lingering on her flushed ribs, the trembling muscles of her stomach, and the faint, wet shine catching the bedside light between

her parted thighs.
When he reached out and rested his warm palm against the inside of her knee—the exact same proprietary gesture he had used the night before—Kendall couldn't suppress a sharp, shuddering intake of breath. Her hips gave a tiny, involuntary rock forward against the silk, her thighs opening wider to invite his hand higher.
Rashid held still for a long moment, watching the tremor run through her bare legs. Then, very slowly, he closed the leather folio and set it on the table beside the tea service.
He wasn't annoyed. A slow, deeply indulgent smile curved his mouth—the expression of a man watching a natural law prove itself right on schedule.
"We will leave the Horn of Africa for another evening," Rashid said, his Oxford-polished voice warm with effortless, patriarchal certainty. "It is hardly fair of me to expect a young woman's intellect to hold together at this distance. Even the sharpest female mind was never designed to remain analytical when she is kept this close to a sovereign man—breathing his air, feeling the weight of his authority and the heat of his virility just inches from her skin."
His thumb brushed a slow, deliberate arc across the sensitive skin of her inner thigh, making Kendall's breath catch on a soft whimper as her hands curled into the silk sheet.
"Nature always reclaims its priority," he continued softly, his dark eyes holding hers as she trembled under his touch. "And after all, we keep you nude at all times. Walking these halls without a single thread to hide behind, feeling every draft and every pair of eyes on your skin—it's almost as though we are inviting you to lose your mind."
Kendall parted her lips, half-ready to surrender right there and slip onto her hands and knees across the mattress the way Soraya had taught her. Instead, Rashid withdrew his hand from her knee, leaned slightly toward the inlaid nightstand, and pressed a single brushed-brass key on the house intercom.
"Send them in," he said into the speaker.
Before the flush on Kendall's chest could even begin to fade, the heavy double doors at the far end of the master suite swung open. Four men stepped quietly onto the thick carpet—the same four dark-robed sheikhs who had inspected and handled her in the airport reception salon the night she landed, their gold-trimmed black *bishts* and black *ghutras* framing the bed as they walked over and arranged themselves in a slow semicircle at the foot of the mattress.
Kendall froze against the bolsters, completely bare under five pairs of dark, assessing eyes, her knees still parted on the midnight-blue silk.
Rashid gestured smoothly toward the men standing around the bed.
"These are my other advisors," Rashid said, his tone returning to that calm, administrative cadence as the four men stepped closer to the edge of the mattress, "who will help me evaluate you—and your mental state."

10.

Rashid's hand returned to Kendall's inner thigh, thumb stroking once, proprietary and unhurried, while the four advisors stepped fully into the lamplight. Their black *bishts* parted as they moved; none of them sat. They simply formed the semicircle closer, gold trim catching the amber glow, dark eyes moving over her arched throat, her tightened nipples, the wet shine already visible between her parted knees.
One of them—older, silver at the temples—spoke first in Arabic. Rashid translated without looking away from her.
"He asks what tonnage the new Djibouti terminal can clear in a single tide window if the Bab el-Mandeb remains contested."

Kendall's mouth opened. The answer was there—container drafts, crane cycles, the exact bottleneck at the railhead—but Rashid's palm slid higher, two fingers resting against the slick heat of her, not entering, only holding. Her hips rolled once, involuntary. The words came out thinner than she intended.
"Eighty… eighty thousand deadweight if the pilots hold the channel. But the road to Galafi—"
Another advisor's hand settled on her ankle, warm and heavy, and drew her leg wider across the silk. The motion pulled her open under all five gazes. Claire was not here; no translation buffered the low murmur of Arabic as the third man asked something else. Rashid's voice stayed calm, instructional.
"Container dwell times at Berbera if the Ethiopian trucks arrive in convoy. Answer while you stay exactly as you are."
Soraya's lesson lived in her muscles. Kendall's shoulders stayed rolled back; her chin stayed lifted; her spine kept the arch even as the silver-templed advisor's fingers traced the same corrective path down her ribs that Soraya's had that morning. When those fingers reached the underside of her breast and pinched the nipple into a harder peak, the geopolitical sentence fractured.
"Dwell times… twelve hours if—if customs doesn't—"
Rashid's fingers finally pushed inside her, two of them, slow and assessing, curling once. Kendall's breath broke on a sound that was not an answer. The third advisor moved onto the mattress behind her, hands closing on her hips, tilting them the precise degree Soraya had drilled. The head of his cock—already bare, already hard—nudged against her, not yet entering, simply aligning with the angle the teaching kit had shown her.
"Volume through the Addis corridor," Rashid said, thumb circling her clit in the same measured rhythm Soraya had used. "Continue."
She tried. The numbers blurred as the man behind her pushed in a single controlled stroke, filling her exactly the way the strap-on had, the stretch familiar and devastating. Her hands fisted in the midnight-blue silk. Another advisor took her wrist, guided her fingers around his cock, and closed her grip for her. The fourth advisor stepped close to the edge of the mattress, his hand tangling gently in her blonde hair to tilt her lifted chin toward him as Rashid's thumb stayed on her clit, never letting the stimulation drop.
They moved her like the lesson. One palm on her throat kept her chin lifted so she had to meet their eyes. Another hand in her hair arched her further. The man in her hand used her fist in steady strokes timed to the thrusts filling her; the one behind her kept the long, dragging pace Soraya had demonstrated, murmuring the same Arabic corrections Claire had translated that morning. Kendall heard herself answering—port capacity, road weight limits, insurance riders—each clause thinner, wetter, interrupted by the soft slap of skin and the low sounds she could not swallow.
When the first orgasm hit it did not crest and fade. It rolled through her the way it had on the cushions downstairs, prolonged by the unrelenting rhythm and by Rashid's thumb never leaving her clit. Her voice cracked on a half-finished sentence about TEU throughput. The man behind her pushed deeper, held, and came with a low grunt while her body was still clenching around him. They did not pause. He withdrew, and the fourth advisor immediately stepped between her opened thighs to take his place, the wet sound of the exchange loud in the quiet suite. Hands turned her, arranged her on her side, then onto her back with her knees drawn high—the exact position Soraya had said the Sheikh preferred so her throat stayed open and her eyes stayed on his mouth.
Rashid watched, still in the armchair, robe open, one hand resting on his own thigh. He asked the next question while two of them were inside her at once—one in her cunt, one working

carefully into her ass with the same clinical patience the teaching kit had used—and a third fed the head of his cock between her parted lips.
“If the southern reroute holds for six months, what percentage of Europe-bound volume shifts to the Cape? Speak clearly.”
She tried. The answer dissolved around the thick weight on her tongue. Her body remembered every adjustment: the arch, the open throat, the small circles of her hips, the way she was supposed to stay and flutter when they finished. They used all of her in steady rotation, never rough, always precise, voices low and administrative between the wet sounds and her broken attempts at analysis. Each time she came—and she came for a long time, shuddering, leaking, unable to close her thighs—the questions continued. Rashid’s indulgent smile never left his face.
When the last of the advisors eased free, Kendall lay trembling against the bolsters, skin flushed and slick, thighs still parted. The air felt cool where she was open and wet. Her gaze found Rashid. The words left her before she could weigh them, soft and unsteady.
“Please… may I suck you?”
He studied her for a long moment, the closed folio still resting beside the tea service. Then he rose, the charcoal robe falling open, and stepped to the edge of the mattress. Kendall pushed herself up on shaking arms, the arch Soraya had taught her holding as she leaned forward and took him into her mouth, the taste of him mixing with everything the others had left. His hand settled in her hair, not forcing, simply resting, while the four advisors watched in silence. She stayed there, working him with the same careful rhythm the morning lesson had drilled into her, until he finished across her tongue and she swallowed without being told.
By the time he eased her back against the bolsters, the only thing that remained sharp was the memory of Soraya’s hands and the certainty, low and warm in her belly, that she would be arranged exactly this way again tomorrow.

11.

The following morning, Kendall was not taken back down the marble stairs to the conservatory. Instead, Rashid had a low, ivory-lacquered table wheeled into the sunlit center of the master suite, where a curved projection screen floated above a set of diagnostic sensors that hummed without a single visible wire.
Kendall sat naked against the midnight-blue bolsters, her thighs still carrying the pleasant, heavy ache of the night before, watching in quiet awe as Rashid traced a finger across the translucent display.
"In America, your universities still treat the human body as if it were locked inside the eighteenth century," Rashid said, his Oxford-polished voice conversational and warm as the screen resolved into a three-dimensional map of Kendall’s own central nervous system, glowing in delicate threads of gold. "You have no idea what our laboratories here in the Gulf—working alongside neuro-architects in Shenzhen and Singapore—have already perfected for the sovereign class. While Western regulators argue over ethics committees, we solved the problem of distance. We merged high-bandwidth wireless telemetry directly with the human neural mesh."
Kendall looked at the golden diagram of her spine and nerves, a strange flutter of fear and wonder tightening her chest. Her bare breasts rose and fell as Rashid walked to the edge of the mattress and rested a warm, reassuring palm against her cheek.
"My four advisors were deeply impressed with your evaluation last night," he murmured, his thumb brushing her lower lip. "Each of them wished to keep a part of you with him in his private

quarters. In the old days, a ruler had to choose whether to keep a prized acquisition whole or deny his cabinet. Now, modular biostasis makes that compromise obsolete."
A soft gasp slipped past Kendall's lips, her blue eyes widening as the meaning settled in. Yet before panic could even begin to form, Rashid leaned down, holding her gaze with calm, hypnotic certainty.
"Listen to me carefully, Kendall. You will not lose a single fraction of who you are. The silk-gold collars that seal each section circulate oxygenated plasma and warm nutrient suspension while maintaining a zero-latency wireless bridge across every nerve ending in your body. When you are arranged across our five estates, your proprioception remains completely intact. To your own mind, you will still feel whole—you will still feel **exactly like yourself**. The only difference is that you will never have to walk a hallway, dress yourself, or carry the weight of your limbs again, and you will feel the continuous physical appreciation of five men at the same time."
She didn't object. Just as in the campus breezeway and on the cushions with Soraya, the sheer technological inevitability of it quieted her tongue. When the attendants wheeled in the warm, cedar-scented biostasis cradle that afternoon, Kendall lay back into the contoured silk of her own accord and let the golden light close over her eyes.

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Six months later, Kendall Gains was no longer confined to a single point in space; she spanned twenty square miles of Dubai at once like a living constellation.
None of the men who shared her thought of her as diminished. To Sheikh Rashid and his cabinet, keeping a woman trapped inside a single, heavy skeleton—where she could only be in one room at a time, and where eighty percent of her energy was wasted on gravity, locomotion, and social small talk—now seemed almost touchingly primitive. Through the miracle of the neural-wireless mesh, Kendall had been elevated into pure, continuous presence across five sanctuaries of warm gold, breathable light, and living silk.
In a high-floor ministry office overlooking the giant cranes of Jebel Ali port, the silver-templed advisor kept her **left breast** mounted in a sculpted bowl of warm translucent alabaster on the corner of his mahogany desk. The sun-toned curve of her flesh rose gently against the polished gold rim at ninety-eight point six degrees, her pink nipple tightening instantly whenever the air conditioning shifted. While reviewing container tariffs on the phone, his free hand rested proprietarily over her skin, kneading the full weight of her breast and rolling her peak between his thumb and forefinger until a faint bead of moisture glistened on the skin—touching her like a living talisman that connected his desk directly to the pulse of the emirate.
Three miles inland, inside a private financial suite lined with cedar humidors, the second advisor kept her **right breast** cushioned in an angled crystal cradle beside his leather reading chair. He preferred to use his lips and tongue between afternoon cables, leaning over the crystal rim to draw her nipple deep into his warm mouth while his fingers pressed into the soft swell of her chest, feeling the immediate, living shiver that answered him across the network.
Across the creek, in a shaded waterfront *majlis* scented with oud and mint, the third advisor had placed the curved module housing her **ass** onto a low, velvet-lined pedestal beside his daybed. The golden stasis collar held her hips at the exact unbroken arch Soraya had drilled into her muscles, the smooth, sun-kissed globes parted slightly and gleaming with warm oil so he could run his palms over her satin skin or slide slowly into her from behind while watching the dhows cross the harbor.
And in the private bedroom of the fourth advisor's penthouse on the Palm, the pale tan line of her hips and her **vulva** rested inside a heated black-onyx frame at the foot of his bed—kept

perpetually open, flushed, and slick. Whenever he locked his doors for the afternoon hour, he stepped directly between the smooth gold mounts and pushed straight into her welcoming heat, feeling her inner walls flutter and clench around him in continuous, helpless waves.
Every single one of those touches converged, without a millisecond of lag, inside the high, sunlit sanctuary of Sheikh Rashid's top-floor study.
There, on a low marble-and-brass console positioned within arm's reach of Rashid's velvet armchair, rested Kendall's **head** and bare throat. A collar of spun gold melted seamlessly into the base of her neck, housing a whisper-quiet air diffuser that supplied warm, rose-scented oxygen across her vocal cords while her golden hair spilled in glossy waves over the brass rim. Her collarbones stayed open to the amber light; her blue eyes looked out over the turquoise expanse of the Persian Gulf in a state of luminous, unblinking rapture.
Inside her mind, the old exhausting noise of being a twenty-two-year-old student had vanished forever. In its place flowed a vast, crystalline ocean. Through a direct neural feed linked to the console, curated intelligence cables, satellite shipping manifests, Arabic and Mandarin trade journals, and real-time maritime data poured silently into her awareness—millions of words and shifting variables absorbed effortlessly, the way a vast language model drinks in the world without strain.
And woven directly through that cool, frictionless sea of knowledge were four continuous, overlapping ribbons of warm physical pleasure. Far from feeling separated, she felt magnified—as if the twenty miles between the port ministry, the creek, the Palm, and the penthouse were her own luminous nervous system. She could feel the rough thumb rolling her left nipple at the port, the wet heat of a tongue circling her right breast across town, the heavy palms spreading her oiled ass by the harbor, and the slow, rhythmic thrusts filling her slick cunt on the Palm—all registering simultaneously as a permanent, unbroken tide of ecstasy that never let her drift fully to sleep and never demanded that she move a muscle.
When Dale Carter visited the study that afternoon, he didn't look at the console with shock. He stood before it with a teacup balanced in his hand and the hushed, breathless wonder of an American gazing at a piece of the future his own country wasn't yet brave enough to imagine.
"Your technology people weren't exaggerating," Dale murmured, watching the luminous rose flush across Kendall's cheeks and the subtle flutter of her eyelashes as a distant advisor on the Palm pushed deeper inside her. "In Washington, they're still trying to build silicon supercomputers in freezing basements. You turned intelligence into something warm."
"Silicon only calculates, Dale," Rashid replied with quiet pride, resting his fingers lightly along the bare slope of Kendall's collarbone and smiling as her parted lips trembled with pleasure. "A sovereign doesn't want a cold machine. He wants wisdom that shudders when he touches it. Every morning at six, the secretariat dumps the entire Red Sea and Indian Ocean intelligence stream straight into her cortex. Right now, she is holding the maritime logistics model of half the hemisphere in her head, while feeling four of the most powerful men in the Gulf worship her skin."
Rashid's index finger moved down to rest on a single heavy, brushed-brass telegraph key set into the marble base just below Kendall's bare throat.
"And whenever I require her synthesis," Rashid said softly, "her advice is available the moment I press **this button**."
Rashid pressed the brass key down.
Instantly, the vocal circuit opened like a flower in the sun. Kendall's blue eyes focused warmly on Rashid's mouth, just as Soraya had taught her, and a soft, wet hitch of breath slipped past her lips first—carrying the unmistakable, honeyed tremor of an orgasm rolling through her lower half five miles away—before her voice flowed out, hushed, velvety, and razor-sharp:

"—and if the Houthi coastal radar installations north of Hodeidah are resupplied via the Chabahar maritime corridor before the monsoon window closes," Kendall breathed, her eyelids fluttering as a distant thumb pinched her left nipple harder during the clause, *"container insurance premiums through the Bab el-Mandeb will rise by fourteen point two percent by Tuesday... oh... forcing Maersk and CMA CGM to divert thirty-eight percent of European tonnage around the Cape of Good Hope—"*

Rashid lifted his finger off the brass key.

Kendall's voice stopped mid-breath, without the slightest jar to her peace. Her lips remained softly parted, her flushed throat open to the sunlit room, her eyes returning immediately to the sparkling water of the Gulf as the shipping numbers settled back into the silent ocean of her mind.

Yet in the quiet that followed, Rashid did not immediately pull his hand back to his armchair. His fingertips lingered lightly against the warm gold collar at the base of her throat—just as, across twenty square miles of Dubai at that exact second, the port minister's palm stayed resting over her left breast, the financier's lips lingered against her right, the third advisor's hand slowed on the satin curve of her hip, and the fourth lay still inside her on the Palm. None of the five men realized that their breathing had subtly synchronized across the city, slowed and steadied by the rhythm of the woman connecting them. They believed they had divided her among themselves to possess her; inside the luminous quiet of the network, Kendall felt all five of them tethered to her warmth, leaving her with nothing to do until the next time the button was pressed except float in the data and hold the men who owned her in the palm of her distributed body.