# I am 69

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*It was the summer of travel and mystery. It was the summer of 69*

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This story starts on day three of my summer adventure abroad. I was visiting my favourite uncle and aunt who live in Dubai. My uncle took me shopping to The Mall of the Emirates; we spent all day chatting, shopping and browsing the fabulously expensive and extravagant stores. I had a funny feeling all day, deep inside me. that someone had been following us throughout the mall, but I had been putting it out of my mind.

We made our way back to my uncle's white Mercedes Jeep that was parked on level six of the multi-story car park and packed it full with all the wonderful purchases he had bought for me. As we closed the trunk, a black Mercedes with black tinted windows passed us by very slowly before speeding off once it had passed. Another strange occurrence, on an already bizarre day that was about to get a lot more weird.

We left the multi-story car park and got onto the main stretch of road, just before the major intersection where the four roads joined into one; we heard a loud BANG come from the engine compartment. Smoke gushed from the engine as we both got out of the car to check it.

All the cars around us blasted their horns at us, and there I spotted the black Mercedes again, it slowed to a gentle stop in front of us. The driver went around and opened the back passenger door. Out stepped an older Arab man dressed in a very fine dishdasha with a keffiyeh; he emerged and walked towards us as he waved his driver away.

"Oh my, you seem to be having some car trouble, yes?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

I looked at my uncle, then to the older man, as I frowned "Yes we are, it was fine then a loud Bang! We don't know what's wrong...yet." I sighed as I put my hand in the engine and carried on looking for the problem.

The man looked at me quizzically. I had forgotten women are not meant to speak, let alone know anything about cars. He and my uncle wandered off and continued to speak in English and Arabic, I could understand a little of the conversation but was not entirely sure as they walked further away.

"My driver is at your disposal...he shall take you anywhere you would like. And I shall have your car repaired." he smiled as he nodded to my uncle and shook hands.

The police arrived just as I found the problem, the radiator pipe had been damaged, either accidently or on purpose, who knows. The radiator had lost all water, making it explode.

"Come Claire, I'll get the bags and we can get a lift home from this nice gentleman." my uncle pulled my arm.

I did not trust this man in the black Mercedes, but he was kind and helpful. I could not be disrespectful to him as he offered us a lift home and to fix my uncle's car. There was something I could not put my finger on about him, but it was there, that little piece of doubt.

"Okay, uncle." I lifted some of the bags from the jeep and placed them in the trunk of the black Mercedes as the driver closed it.

We got into the car with the older man who offered us a cool beverage after being out in the blistering heat, which I graciously accepted. An ice cold bottle of water to quench my thirst. My uncle conversed with the man as I sat across from them both and watched. The man then introduced himself as Alaa Al Haddad, Sultan of Abu Dhabi. My uncle's face dropped and all the colour drained from it. I could not help but smile at him, unsure what to do or how to react.

We, my uncle and I, were in the Sultan of Abu Dhabi's car; in the presence of the Sultan! This had turned out to be a most adventurous day indeed.

My uncle was completely flabbergasted by the revelations; I was left to resume the conversational flow.

"So...you're the Sultan...Do you have a palace?" I could have slapped myself across the face, asking such a stupid question.

"Yes my dear, of course I do." He chuckled a deep loud laugh."Would you like to see it?" He raised an eyebrow.

"I would LOVE to." I smiled and nodded as my face flushed a deep crimson colour with my overly

eager answer.

My uncle was still in shock, nodding along with the plans as the Sultan and I continued to talk about general things, the weather and such, until I asked about seeing him earlier.

"It was you earlier, wasn’t it? That drove passed us so slowly then sped off?" I asked as I narrowed my eyes quizzically.

"You do not hold anything back my dear, do you?" he looked at me solemnly.

A few awkward moments passed before he resumed to answer me, once he had realized I was not about to pass the subject over.

"Yes, it was I. I saw you in The Mall and wanted to make sure you got to your car safely..." he trailed off.

"We are almost home, Sultan." The driver interrupted our conversation.

I took a sip of my water, the condensation dripped off the bottom of the bottle, running down my bare chest between my ample bosom and down the deep valley of my cleavage. The Sultan sat across from me, watched my every move and traced the line of the water droplet with his eyes.

The black Mercedes drove up to the palace entrance: black steel gates with the solid gold royal seal on it, the Royal Khanjar's crossing one another in a circle as the gates effortlessly opened for us.

"Ah, come my dear. I shall show you my home. David? Will you come inside?" he paused for my uncle.

"...Yes...yes Sultan." my uncle opened the car door, stepped out and held it open for The Sultan.

"After you my dear..." he smiled.

"My name is Claire..... Sultan." I shot him a half smile as I went to get out.

"I know, call me Al...Claire," he touched my hand as I clambered out the car like I was drunk.

"Okay...Al," I smiled as I stood looking at him as he gracefully emerged from the car.

We walked up the cascading mountain of marble that was the stairs, passed the identical water

features on either side of the grand and lavish staircase. We strolled along a long solid marble hallway and into the entrance room which was more marble, floor to ceiling, with the most magnificent chandelier hanging in the middle of the room. It had ornate carvings in the marble walls and a huge self portrait of the Sultan on a twenty foot wall. Plush silk sofas with matching curtains and throw cushions big enough to seat 40 comfortably.

We stopped at a double doorway that opened to reveal a huge solid wooden table; it could have been 100 feet long with at least 60 chairs. It was overflowing with fresh fruit, water, coffee, tea, confectionary, everything you could ever want and more.

"Please, help yourselves," the Sultan motioned to us.

"Thank you, Sultan," my uncle Dave stammered.

"Thank you...Al," I replied.

"You know, it feels very strange calling you Al," I said quietly.

"Well...what would you rather call me, Claire?" he enquired.

"Oh no...I wasn't meaning I should get to call you anything else, I just mean everyone else is calling you Sultan and I'm calling you Al." I scrambled to explain, blushing again.

"You are very cute when you’re flustered Claire..." he laughed.

My uncle intervened by coughing to let us know he was still there.

"Well...I think it's time myself and Claire was getting home. My wife will be worried about us," he announced.

"Oh, okay. Well my driver can take you home." He snapped his fingers.

"Ramey, take Mr. Bale and Claire home."

"Yes Sultan!" he replied from nowhere.

The Sultan walked us out to the car where we said our goodbyes, thanked him for rescuing us and for a lovely afternoon at the palace. We figured that would be the last we would be seeing him.

A week later...

A phone call from the Mercedes dealership to say the car was ready to be picked up worked out to be the chance meeting with the Sultan again.

My uncle was at work when we received the phone call, so my aunt drove me to the dealership to pick the car up; as we approached I spotted the black Mercedes again. Butterflies fluttered deep down in the pit of my stomach.

He was here, I smiled inside.

I went inside to get the keys when I saw the Sultan, our eyes met as he was speaking to the owner of the dealership. Everything seemed to slow down; everyone seemed to be watching my every move towards the Sultan and the owner.

"Salaam aleikum, Sultan." I nodded.

"Wa aleikum as-salaam, my dear." He smirked at me and walked passed grazing my hand with his index finger.

I did not turn to follow him, I continued over to the owner to get the keys and paperwork for the car. He stopped as he realized I was not following him outside, and the owner looked at me with a worried look on his face.

"Go to him..." he whispered as he handed me the keys and documentation.

I shook my head as I turned on my heels and walked out of the dealership, passing the Sultan on my way out. As I stood by his Mercedes outside, he emerged from the garage looking angry and amused.

"No one has ever disobeyed me...EVER..." he growled and smiled.

"I am not yours to control and you didn't give me any orders or ask me to follow you." I looked into his eyes as I spoke to him with a deadpan face.

He stared at me in shock; it was as if I had taken all the air from his lungs.

"Well...we'll see..." he cackled as he got into his car.

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My uncle and aunt had been summoned to the palace for a business meeting; it lasted all of 15 minutes if you included the security at the gate. When they returned home my aunt was so unhappy and distressed, no one would tell me what had happened or what was going on. I was kept in the dark about the whole situation that was about to erupt.

The following day I woke up early and saw my aunt sitting on the foot of my bed, watching me sleep.

"What's wrong Liz?" I asked sleepily.

"He wants you! He wants to..." My aunt burst into tears as she flopped onto bed at my legs, hugging them tightly.

I eventually got her to calm down after a good crying session, hugs and a cup of tea I finally got it out of her.

I was to become his number 69.

His newest Odalisque in the Imperial harem.

I was to be sold and trained in skills he found attractive in a lover, wife and potential mother of his children. If I was a well-rounded, skilled Odalisque I would make my way up the harem hierarchy quickly, with the potential to become a Kadin, a favoured one, a wife.

The Sultan's plan and mine were two very different things altogether.

My escape plan...

He would not take no for an answer, so my only hope was to run. I would take my aunt's car, drive to the next country to try to escape his clutches. I had three choices: Saudi Arabia, Qatar or Oman, but which to choose...

As I rushed around trying to pack things into bags, there was loud banging at the front door.

"Don't answer it!!" I screamed to my little cousin, but it was too late.

He opened the door to reveal four army officials, there on behalf of the Sultan, there for me. As I stood at the top of the three story marble staircase, I stared down at them as ascended the stairs

towards me in a hurried fashion.

I backed away from them towards my bedroom but before I could get to my door they were right in front me, they grabbed my arms and held me where I stood.

"Going somewhere, Claire?" one of the men asked.

"We shall pack the rest, sit there and do not move or speak," the same man demanded.

I was sat on the edge of my bed, I was in shock; I watched the men pack all my belongings. I was not sure what was happening.

'Where was my aunt?' I thought to myself.

Then it hit me, they sold me! ... ...No, my uncle sold me!! That is why my aunt was so upset.

That bastard!!!

Taken by the Guards...

I was taken to the palace in the back of a white Rolls Royce, with a two army vehicle entourage that carried all my belongings. We arrived at those same black steel gates that opened seamlessly again, but this time I was not excited. I was fucking terrified.

The car door was opened quickly as I was grabbed by the arm, dragged from the car, then practically bodily lifted up the mountainous marble stairs. I tried to fight them but it was useless and pointless, I was a woman in an Arab country; I was worth less than a goat here.

I was sat in the same lounge as I saw the first time I had visited with my uncle, the doors were locked and I was alone for the first time in my life. I was scared shitless.

Hours passed before I heard any movement; a side door opened and a woman appeared wearing a black burqa that covered her completely from head to toe. All I could make out was her pale white hands that carried in the silver tray with tea and food on it.

"Shukran..." I whispered to her.

"You're welcome Claire ...I'm Natalya..." she said before she scurried back out the door.

I drank the tea and ate most of the food, I was famished as I was taken a little before breakfast and it was now almost dinner. I heard raised voices outside the main doorway before hearing keys jingled in the lock, I sat as far back on the sofa as I could and placed a cushion on my lap as I tried to blend in with it. The Sultan stormed in as he was still yelling at the men outside the room in Arabic.

"My dear, Claire...I'm sorry you were treated in such a way..."

I could not speak, I sat staring at him as I blinked furiously with my mouth open, a little unsure of what to do or say.

"Claire...speak!" He demanded as he sat next to me, he searched my face for an answer or sign of life.

"I... I don't know what you expect me to say. You either bought me or had me kidnapped! What am I supposed to say to that?" I blurted out in a rage as I threw the pillow down beside me.

"You have been grossly misinformed, my dear. Your uncle GAVE you to me, as a gift for investing in his company. I would never try to buy you, let alone kidnap you! He told me you agreed with him about the arrangement..." he informed me.

"I was not informed at all! Your men came barging in, grabbed me and threw me around like a piece of meat! And no I am NOT in agreement with it!" I screamed at him forgetting he was the Sultan, the ruler of the land that I am a visitor in.

"I will have my driver take you home..." he said with a sad, grim look upon his face.

"Wait... If I stay, I don't want to be your whore. I want to be your wife, or like your wife." I suggested.

"Well... No one is ever that direct with me, my dear. I think that is why I like you so much. Stay, while I think it over, please?" He raised his eyebrows at my suggestion as he rubbed his chin in contemplation.

I nodded in acceptance to his offer.

A week passed...

I was treated like a princess all week, anything I wanted I was given with no questions asked; it was like a dream come true. I knew it would all come to an end eventually and it came one night that week before dinner. I received a note from the Sultan asking me to dress in formal wear for dinner that

evening.

I chose to wear the blue and gold sari the Sultan had bought for me the previous day; it fit my curves perfectly and showcased my flat stomach, wide hips and heaving chest. I had my amber tresses pinned up high as I was going to wear the sapphire earrings he had given me that matched my deep blue eyes. My eye makeup was done in the style of the Egyptians, and my pale skin made somewhat paler with the hue of the blue from the sari.

As I walked into the dining room I could see the look in his eyes and on his face, he liked my outfit. It was the first time he had seen the sari on my body, and the first time he had really seen my body. He stood up, walked to my chair and pulled it out for me before sitting back down. We were alone at the table for 60 and I wondered why I had to dress formally for just the two of us.

"Claire...I have taken time to think our situation over...I have discussed it with my advisors and I have made my decision." he reached for his gold cup of water.

I sat looking at him as he paused for a drink of water to wet his pallet before he went on to tell me his decision, the decision that could change my life forever.

"As I said I've thought long and hard and I want to ask you a serious question. I want you to be my wife..." he paused seeking my reaction.

"Really...?" I squeaked.

"Of course." he said sternly.

I squealed excitedly as I bounced up and down in my chair.

"We must go through the proper courtship rituals, you must have a chaperone with you always and you must be examined by my private physician to make sure you are a virgin and that you're well." he smiled wickedly as he walked towards me, kissing my head, before he walked away, waving his hands at the servants as he gave out orders.

The Sultan's private physician was called to the palace that night to check that my womanhood was still intact before anything was arranged or announced. After a thorough examination I was given a certificate of purity and a clean bill of health.

The engagement was announced to the city and within a matter of hours it had become worldwide news. I telephoned my parents first to tell them beforehand so they knew all about it before it went

global.

The wedding was planned for six weeks, the invites were sent out to all the dignitaries and political allies of the Sultan from all across the world. My family and friends were being flown in from across the Atlantic a week before the wedding to be shown around and to be fitted with the proper attire for the wedding. I was having a red and gold hand stitched silk sari custom made to match the Sultan's attire for the ceremonies. He also had my jewellery specially made as a surprise for me; which I had to wait 'til the day of the wedding to see.

I spent all my time with my chaperone and the Sultans' mother Tahirah, going over details for the henna night, the ceremony, wedding party, my dress, the rings and the first time being alone with the Sultan.

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The day of the wedding was fast approaching. The night before was the Henna night where I would get my palms and feet decorated with Mehendi while all my female family and friends got to meet the Sultans' female family. There we would see each other for the last time before the wedding ceremony, the Sultan would come so we could be Mehendi'd together and he would offer me my mahr, my gold.

Everyone was sat around me; everyone watched and chatted as my Mehendi was being applied, enjoying the music and the company. I looked up and saw the Sultan stood in the doorway watching me as I smiled and chatted with the women. I beamed a huge smile at him as I bowed my head towards him and winked, everyone turned to see what had made me smile so much.

"Sultan..." an echo from everyone.

"As you were ladies, it is good to see you all so relaxed. I think I shall sit next to my bride to get my Mehendi if you do not mind..." he suggested as he walked towards where I sat on the floor, before sitting next to me and touching my chin.

Everyone watched with bated breath, no one had ever seen the Sultan in this light before, he looked almost smitten.

"Come now, I do not have all day. Let's get to going." he held his hands out to the woman; she started applying the henna to his hands scrolling my initials on his palms.

I watched with a tiny smile on my face as he looked completely innocent and so peaceful, sat there

surrounded by our family and friends on the eve of our wedding.

"Well...I shall see you all tomorrow. Especially you, my dear..." he said as he kissed my head, taking a deep breath; inhaling my scent.

"Tomorrow...Al." I shot him a big smile as I stared directly into his deep brown eyes.

We continued the Mehendi party until my hands and feet were complete then I was sent off to bed to get as much rest as possible; for tomorrow would be a long day, and I would not be getting any sleep tomorrow night.

The Day of the Wedding...

I was woken at 6am to be bathed in rose water; I was washed by two women in a marble bathtub that was a little bigger than the size of a hot tub. They left no patch of skin unwashed, my hair also washed with rose water and left to dry naturally. The two women thoroughly dried me off before they applied sweet scent to my body. They then took me to Tahirah; she would dress me today, my mother-in-law.

"Good morning Claire, how are we?" she asked gently as she stroked my head.

Tahirah was in her mid-70's, a mother of eight sons and six daughters, most of which were married to or were other rulers across the middle east, her oldest son was the Sultan. She was very small in stature with long wavy grey hair down to her backside; the years had been good to her, unlike her late husband. He used to beat her for giving birth to female heirs. What she lacked in height she made up for in wisdom and kindness. She was everything you could ask for in a mother.

"I'm well, Tahirah. How are you?" I smiled putting on a brave front.

"You are nervous child; it is only to be expected. Do not worry, he will treat you well." she hugged me and took me over to a chair and sat me down.

Tahirah started to pin my long red hair up in preparation for the ceremony, I watched her lovingly pin it up so carefully for me. She then went on to my makeup, black Egyptian cat eye makeup, a little lip tint and I was done.

"Thank you Tahirah! You mean the world to me; I promise I will always take care of Alaa; and you. I swear." I said as I stood up to hug her tightly.

"...Oh child...I was not expecting you to say that." she cried happily.

She continued to help me to dress, she fixed my red and gold sari into the correct positions and the Sultan had entrusted his mother with my jewellery.

"Come child." she waved.

I followed her, intrigued.

"This is for you my child, this is my gift to you." she handed me a small tattered black box.

I looked at her and smiled as I opened the box to reveal a gold diamond encrusted hair ornament. My mouth dropped open; I was stunned and unable to speak.

"Do you not like it, my child?" she paused with a saddened look on her face.

"I...I LOVE it. It is so beautiful...I don't know what to say..." I hugged her.

"That's all you had to say...it was given to me on my wedding day by my husband’s mother" Tahirah told me as she hugged me back.

"This is from your Husband." she handed me a big red velvet box.

"Eeeee....I'm excited." I squealed.

I took the box and placed it on the bed as I knelt on the floor to open it while Tahirah stood behind me watching on; I opened the box to reveal a ruby encrusted necklace with matching earrings and bracelets.

"OH...MY...GOD!! Tahirah look..." I said in a high pitched voice.

"They are very beautiful, like you my child." Tahirah smiled down at me, kissing my head with such sadness in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" I frowned.

"Remembering my wedding day... Anyway this is your day and we need to finish getting you ready and something to eat."

She helped put the necklace, bracelets and hair ornament on me as I put the earrings on. I stood up in front of her with my outfit complete, my sari with my jewellery and makeup done. Tahirah smiled at me and opened the door leading me out to the ceremony room.

All our families and friends where sat around with all the dignitaries and political allies of the Sultans', the Imam was waiting to perform the ceremony with the Sultan. I walked over to them and the Imam started. He said a short speech then asked my father to sign a contract with the Sultan.

"You look very beautiful." the Sultan whispered to me as my father signed me away.

We were officially married.

The Sultan placed a four carat diamond platinum ring on my right hand ring finger, and then I placed a platinum band on his right hand ring finger.

We went out to the gardens of the palace for the wedding reception where we sat on the kosha, where we reigned as king and queen of the reception. The drinks were then passed around to wish us happiness and health in our marriage before we switched the rings from the right hand to the left; that led into our first dance.

He took my hand leading me to the dance floor; he spun me around before he kissed my hand as we danced. The dj then invited everyone else up to join us in our first dance.

"I love you..." I whispered in his ear.

"I have loved you since the first moment I saw you in the mall. I will always love you Claire," he smiled.

The Sultan took the microphone from the dj.

"I wish to thank you all for being here to share this special event with me and my beautiful wife today. It has been a wonderful day but I must retire now with my wife. Please stay and enjoy the festivities," he announced to everyone.
The Wedding Night.

I was taken to the Sultan's bed chamber by Tahirah, where Al was waiting for us; he was wearing only a pair of trousers.

"Thank you Mother." he pecked her cheek.

"Be kind to her son, she is a good girl." Tahirah smiled as she left.

"Hi...husband." I smiled at Al as he sat on the edge of the bed.

"Hi wife..." he held out his hand, beckoning me to him.

I walked towards Al and placed my hand in his; he had the softest skin to touch for a man in his late 40's. He gasped my hand and pulled me onto his lap, he lovingly stroked my cheek as I placed my legs across his. I ran my left hand through his salt and pepper coloured hair; I turned to him, our noses touched with our lips only a few millimetres away from one another.

I could feel his breathing become ragged and sharp.

"Thank you for my gifts." I whispered onto his lips as I stared into his chocolate eyes.

"Anything for you...anything." His hand reached up to my neck, holding me in place as he kissed my lips for the first time.

My arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him to me and me to him as he kissed me with more passion and lust. He lay back onto the bed, pulling me with him, making me be on top of him as we kissed. His hands roamed my body, pulling the sari wrap off my head and shoulders. Pulling on the zipper of my blouse, he revealed my bare back; his hands ran down my warm new exposed skin to my ass. He grabbed it as I moved my legs to either side of his hips, straddling him; we were still locked in our first passionate kiss. I pulled away from him, breaking our kiss, gasping for air as I held my top over my heaving milky white breasts.

"Let it fall..." Al asked me.

I looked down at him as I removed my hand and placed it on his chest with my other hand. The blouse slid down my pale freckled arms and onto his chest. Revealing to him my hard rose coloured nipples and heavy breasts that swayed as I took a deep nervous breaths, I stared down into his dark brown eyes as I bit my bottom lip.

His hands worked their way up my legs slowly, caressing every inch of them, from my ankles to my calves to my knees then my thighs where he stopped. He looked up into my emerald eyes looking for a sign to continue or to stop. I smiled an anxious half smile at him were he continued on to my untouched womanhood, his skilled fingers finding my clit almost instantly. It was he who was now smiling a half smile at me, almost wickedly. He rubbed over my little nub so gently in circles then back

and forth. My breath heightened; making my breasts move faster and more rapid, I watched Al watching me and my breasts as his fingers worked their magic on my body.

"You are ready my princess..." he smiled eagerly.

"I'm scared Al..." I sighed and put my head down in shame.

"I'll be gentle, I promise." he told me as he lifted my chin up with his index finger.

He pulled me down onto his chest wrapping his arms around my back as he rolled us over, pinning me under him. He knelt up on the bed pushed up away from me; he took my leg in his hands, starting at my toes he kissed up both my legs until he reached the top of my thighs, where he undid my skirt and pulled it out from under me.

I was splayed out naked on his huge white linen bed.

He slid off the bed and stood at the bottom of it as he looked up at me. He undressed, revealing his already throbbing and rock hard manhood, before clambering up the bed to lie between my legs.

"You see my penis, Claire? This is what you do to me all the time," he sighed in frustration.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and back, pulling him onto my chest; I kissed him hard, opening my mouth and pushing my tongue into his mouth to show him my wanting and my lust.

"I am yours, take me." I whispered in his ear as I kissed up his cheek.

Al reached between my legs. He held his firm cock in his hand; he rubbed the head against my clit then up and down my slit. He looked into my eyes and asked again if I was ready; I nodded and he kissed me as he pushed the head of his rock hard cock into my pussy. I let out a moan that was muffled by Al's kiss. Still holding his cock he slid back and forth before he pushed against my hymen, tearing it; he was inside me, I was no longer a virgin and I was his now and forever. I screamed out only to have it silenced by the Sultan's lips and tongue, tears fell from my tightly closed eyes. He stopped inside me, breaking our kiss.

"Are you okay...?" he asked as he wiped my tears away, replacing them with kisses.

"I'm okay..." I smiled a sad smile.

He continued to making love to me as he kissed my neck and breasts, working his way towards my

highly sensitive nipples, he was slowly thrusting in and out of my pussy. I held on to his neck and back as he was thrusting, our breathing both ragged as I start to feel something building deep in my belly. I started to make noises I had never made before, I was starting to climax. He kissed my areolas before nibbling gently on my nipples, making me gasp and grab his hair.

We kissed furiously as we were both reaching the penultimate point of climax; he grabbed my legs pushing them on his shoulders as he plunged into me again, deeper. I was going to explode soon. Sooner than I imagined as Al started to cum inside me; his body spasmed and slammed against mine. He was balls deep in me as I exploded, my body shaking and shuddering as I came on his wilting member.

That was the last thing I remembered of that night.

I woke up in Al's arm's; it was the safest, most wonderful place I had ever been and ever cared to be. I lay there in his embrace as I watched him sleep; he looked so peaceful, content and calm. I could not help but stretch up to kiss him, to kiss my husband.

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Three Months Later
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I had been sick for the last week or week and a half when the Sultan had the physician called in to see me, he arrived at our bed chambers. He announced his arrival with a loud knock on the door.

"Come in. I'm in here." I called out from the bathroom as I was throwing up. The physician helped me to my feet and into bed as my servant fetched me a glass of water.

"Tell me what is wrong. The Sultan is extremely worried about you, your highness," he confessed to me.

"Nothing, I feel fine. I just keeping throwing up." I told him innocently.

"And when was you last period, your highness?" he asked bluntly.

"Emm...I don't know. Now that you mention it, it has been a while." I told him as the penny dropped in my head.

After an examination and a blood test I was told I was with child, potentially the next heir to the throne. The Sultan was called to our bed chambers immediately to be informed of my 'illness'.

''Al, come.'' I patted the bed beside me.

''What is wrong my dear...'' he asked as he sat down with a grim look on his face.

''Everything is fine. I am well.'' I smiled at him as I took his hand placing it on my stomach.

''I am with child. You are to be a daddy.'' I beamed at him.

''Oh you wonderful, wonderful girl!!'' he grabbed my head as he kissed me all over, and then kissed my belly.

''Praise Allah! Notify everyone I am to be a father again.'' he shouted to his servants.

*****
Six Months Later
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I gave birth to a baby boy, giving the Sultan his first male heir after having 12 daughters; Allah had finally blessed him with a son. He had always thought that Allah had cursed him by only giving him female children until I gave birth to our son.

He loved me more than he did before and worshipped the ground I walked on; for I had given him our son Caleb, his heir to the throne. The one thing the other 68 could not.

I am 69.