

# The Sultan and The Seductress

(By: Dimitri)

Part 1 - The Sultan and The Seductress.

Chicago.

The Art Museum guard paced nervously along the floor, his searchlight probing into the deeper, darker crevices. Something had unnerved him tonight, his eighteen year old daughter was here tonight as well, having expressed an interest in what he did, and for some reason (parent's intuition?) he had a feeling whatever was wrong would have something to do with her. He swept his flashlight over the big exhibit, the new statue by acclaimed Sculptor Nembao Masufo was on display.

The statue was a beautiful piece of work, carved in marble it showed a young girl of unearthly beauty being lifted into the air by ribbons held by birds, and the beginnings of wings sprouting from her back. It was a little symbolic for Chuck's taste, but then he was paid to guard it, now appreciate it.

As he walked away he heard a loud clink, whirling back he stared over the side of the railing and saw two men dressed in blue and red uniforms and large hats with masks picking up a metal sculpture.

"Hold it!" he yelled. They twisted around and stared, then took off at a run, he flew down the steps after them, they had already disappeared into the shadows, and he rushed along behind them. As soon as he was gone one of the shadows moved, and the tall form of Carmen Sandiego became apparent. She was dressed as always in a red overcoat with red hat and scarf, and her high heels click clacked the way across to the statue. Pushing a button on a small device in her hand, the skylight opened up and two other henchmen threw down rope and harness, she slipped the harness around Masufo's sculpture, secured it and then tugged on the rope, the sculpture began to lift.

"Hey, what's going on here?" cried a voice, Carmen whirled and peered across at a red headed teenager of about eighteen, dressed in jeans, a white shirt and denim jacket, she glared at Carmen angrily.

"Well well, who are we?" laughed Carmen.

"My Dad's security here," the girl hissed, "And you're toast."

Carmen eyed the young beauty up and down, taking in her shapely legs, skinny waist and swelling breasts, she smiled lightly behind her scarf.

"Is that so my dear? because you're just the icing on the cake."

## Acme Detective Agency

Zak skateboarded into the lab, his bubblegum bursting all over his face, as he leaped off the skateboard, the doors slipped shut behind him, locking shut, which they usually never did. He didn't seem to notice. Peeling the gum off his face and throwing it in the bin, Zak hopped into his favorite swivel chair and punched a few keys on the large console before him, the Chief's face appeared before him on the huge monitor.

"Zak, Zakky, the Zak-Meister!" laughed the Chief, "What's up, what's happening, what's going on, what's down, what left....."

"Chief, Chief," said Zak with a smile, "Calm down."

"Sorry Zakeroo, whatchoo doing?.....hey, that nearly rhymed...."

"You tell me what I'm doing Chief," Zak replied as he sat back in the chair and put his feet up on the console.

"Hey pal, keep your feet down, I'm a computer not a foot rest....and the answer is nothing, I have nothing for you to do."

"Where's Ivy?"

"Aha, not a thing, nada, zip, zilch, numero zero....."

"Chief.....Chief.....CHIEF!" yelled Zak as the computer rambled on, "Where's Ivy."

"Don't know sorry, wish I did."

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"What do you mean what do you mean I don't know," Chief said cryptically, "You're her brother, you should know."

"Hey, I don't have a worldwide satellite network that can pin down at any precise point exactly where any ACME Detective is, you do!"

"Sorry pal, can't tell ya."

"Can't tell me? she's my sister....what? is she getting me a Birthday present?" Chief laughed, "Ha, that's a good one on Zakeroo, not a bad joke, speaking of jokes, did you hear the one about the Zebra, the Rabbi and Jonah Lomu?"

"Stop sidetracking and tell me where she is!"

Chief sighed, "I was hoping it wouldn't come to this, I'm not allowed to tell you where Ivy is."

"WHAT!"

"Sorry pal, it's top secret, confidential, no tello Zako!"

"But me and Ivy are partners!" exclaimed Zak, "She wouldn't just go off on a mission without me!"

"Sorry bud, but the order came in from the top, from the numero uno himself."

"Player?"

"Naaooooee! Higher even than Player."

"Who can be higher than Player, he or she runs Acme."

"Yep, but ACME is owned by a private citizen, this I can tell you, whom even I only know as Mr. Broderbund." Zak sat thinking for a few seconds, "You do know where she is?"

"Aha."

"Then the information is in your memory banks?"

".....yeah...hey bud, I don't like where you're going here!"

"Sorry Chief," laughed Zak as he leaned forward and began to punch in commands, hacking into ACME's mainframe. He squealed in agony as a sudden electrical feedback rocked through his body, pushing him away from the console.

"No means no!" yelled Chief, "You can't have the information!"

"Why not!" yelled Zak, his hands already recovering from the initial shock. The Chief was quiet for a few seconds, then he finally said, "Quite simply... because you're not old enough."

Cairo.

Ivy closed the door as tightly as she could and collapsed onto the bed, exhausted. Her clothes were soaked with sweat, her jacket lay in a heap on the floor, her nipples visible against the stretched material of her now transparent white t-shirt. She slowly pulled herself to her feet, staggering into the bathroom where a small ivory tub lay, she turned the faucets and water, mercifully clean, began running into the tub. Shutting that door, she peeled her white shirt off, her breasts bouncing free of the restrictive material, beads of sweat dripped from her erect nipples.

She had been walking in the oppressive heat of Cairo all day, searching for clues to Carmen's whereabouts, but nothing had come up all day. She slipped her tan pants down her long shapely legs, luxuriating in the cool feeling as air from the fan in the room brushed past them. Her panties were also wet from sweat, and the red pubic hair over her vagina was clearly visible, the underwear had seemingly molded to her firm buttocks, which made it difficult to get them off. But she did, the material skimming down, revealing her firm white asscheeks.

The water had reached mid level, and she turned it off, sliding into the bath, the water rushing around her body, cooling her off. She allowed her muscles to relax, laying in the soothing water for a few minutes before reaching for the soap. She began sliding the bar down her body, the small object cleaning away the accumulated grime from a day spent walking the dusty streets of Egypt's capital. She scrubbed the bar over her tits, the plump breasts giving way to the soap, spending a little extra time cleaning her nipples, sliding one end of the cake across them, then went on to clean her waist, then down one shapely leg and then the next. Finally she came to her vagina, her body leaping slightly as contact was made.

Her body seemed to be incredibly sensitive for some reason, she began sliding it over her pubes in an attempt to keep it clean, but found that she was continually rubbing, making small circles over her crotch with the bar of soap, occasionally sliding it down between her pussy lips. On one such occasion, she twisted it around in her hands and slid it in between, pushing the cake of soap into herself... she paused, shocked at what she had done.

She hesitated for a few seconds before giving in to her desires and continuing, pushing the soap into her, then sliding it out, she fucked herself with the soap for nearly five minutes, her breathing growing faster, the extended middle finger of her free hand rubbing small circles into her clit like there was no tomorrow, the other hand slid the soap into her cunt, until finally she screamed in pleasure, an orgasm rocking her body.

She lay gasping for air, in an ecstasy of pleasure like none she had felt before. She moved the soap up and slowly began massaging her tits, using the soap to lubricate her hands, she lathered them, leaving a trail of soap suds all over her tits and nipples before pushing slightly under water and continuing to feel herself up until they were clean. It was during one of the former when the Chief showed up unexpectedly.

ACME Detective Agency

"Not old enough?" gasped Zak, "What kind of excuse is that?"

"All I can say," said the Chief, looking decidedly embarrassed, "Is that the nature of this case is such that it would be illegal to divulge the information to you."

"What?" yelled the 15 year old detective, "But that's crazy!"

"No pal, that's the law!"

Zak stood quietly for a few minutes, thinking this new admission over, then looked angrily up at the Chief, "Do you know where Ivy is?"

"Of course," laughed the Chief uneasily, "She's totally safe!"

"Chiiiiieeeeefffff....." started Zak.

"Okay okay, she was supposed to check in an hour ago, but she hasn't, I know where she is, but not if she's all right."

"Can you check it out for me?" he asked, looking forlorn.

"Oh geez, how can I say no to such a cute face!" the computer laughed, "Okay," his face faded for a second, then reappeared looking very suspicious, "You won't try and hack the file will you?"

"Would I do that," said the very innocent looking young boy.

The Chief frowned for a few seconds then smiled, "Of course you won't!" he disappeared again and Zak started straight for the computer banks, metallic arms suddenly appeared from the floor, locking around his arms and legs and gagging his mouth. Zak could swear that he could hear the Chief laughing.

Cairo.

"Chief!" spluttered Ivy, her hand grabbing wildly for a towel and the other tried desperately to cover both her breasts and pussy.

"Wha.....wha.....wha.....wha...what...I.....um oh wow I don't.....oh no!" cried the Chief, a blindfold instantly appearing over his eyes.

Ivy leaped out of the bath wrapping the towel around her body, it barely covered her, her cleavage enticing, her buttocks clearly visible underneath the thin, worn material.

"Okay Chief, next time...KNOCK!"

"Sure sure.....oh man I can't believe I did.....oh no!"

"What do you want?"

"Well I....." he paused in confusion as a bar of soap slipped from beneath the towel and clattered to the ground, "What the.....?"

"Never mind! what do you want!"

"Not me, Zak wanted to know if you were all right?"

"I'm fine, absolutely fine - I didn't find anything today, but I've gotta a few more leads to follow through."

"Okay I.....hang on," he said, disappearing for a second, he reappeared, " Dang nab it, Zak's slipped out of his restraints, be back soon."

"Restraints?" queried Ivy, but the Chief had already disappeared. She moaned to herself, and turning around, bent over to pick up the soap, the Chief reappeared behind her, stared in surprise and shock at her exposed ass and cunt lips, and disappeared again.

ACME

Zak reached the computer banks, reached out to grab them and felt a metallic arm grab his collar, it lifted him up, shoved him onto his stomach and began spanking him roughly.

"What?" The Chief face appeared on the monitors, he was wearing lipstick and a wig.

"You naughty boy Zachary, whatever would your father say if he saw you doing this kind of thing?"

"Okay okay, let me down." As he dropped to the ground, he noticed the Chief appeared to be sweating.

"Are you sweating Chief?"

"Ahhhhh.....yeah, that's the trouble with being the most advanced computer system in the world, they program you with emotions and feelings they want you to feel, but add in some others that you shouldn't really need."

"?"

"Yeah, I feel the same way.....Ivy's fine, just calm down, I do have a case for you involving one of Carmen's henchmen."

"Is it big?"

"Weeeeell, not the case, but the henchmen.....well you could say she is."

Somewhere in the Middle East.

Carmen looked in distaste as the girl was slowly forced to give the man head, moaning as his cock was slid into her mouth.

"You do not approve of this kind of sight?" came a guttural voice behind her, she turned and stared at the Prince with a slight smile on her face.

"Oh, I approve, but not of the methods?"

"Hmmm? And you know a better way?"

"I do indeed, give me any girl - un-brainwashed and I'll turn them into a willing sex slave." The Prince smiled, eyeing her up and down appreciatively, he did this more and more often nowadays, it was beginning to annoy Carmen.

"Go on then, take any pick of the harem."

"Un-brainwashed I said," Carmen replied, she smiled briefly, "And preferably a red head."

Cairo

Ivy suffered the man eyes crawling over her body in silence, she needed information and meant to get it.

"You are very lovely, a beautiful girl like you would be popular in my establishment....."

"Forget it Akbar," she said with a lovely smile, "I just want....."

"Incredible, such a smile, pure white teeth, the American look is in you know..." Akbar was fat. He wasn't portly, stout or well rounded. He was grotesquely, unimaginably fat. He wore a small red hat on his head, had a thin goatee and wore a white suit. Akbar was also a stereotype.

"Listen," she said, "I'm looking for Carmen, where is she?"

"Why would a humble businessman such as myself....." Zak was a master of nearly every language and culture in the world - he knew how to deal appropriately in situations like this, Ivy couldn't be bothered. She lept forward across the desk, her knee drove into Akbar's chest and she grabbed his tie, pulling it tight around his neck.

"Akkkk.....can't.....bre.....ath.....akkkk...guar.....guards."

"Shut up," she said and slapped him across the face, more from anger at the way he had looked at her when she had first entered his office, "Where's Carmen?"

"Brunsei!" he gasped, "Please.....I.....can't....."

She released him and he collapsed to the floor, gasping for breath, "You'll have to see Mr. Chips....."

Ivy walked out of the room, disinterested in anything further he had to say.

The girl was naked and handcuffed. There were four poles, her arms were handcuffed to two, her legs to the other so that her body formed an X.

"Is this right?" asked the Prince, "I am looking forward to this display." Carmen looked over the naked girl. She was a red head, her haircut similiar - but slightly longer - than the ACME Detective Ivy's. She had large breasts, but not as large as Ivy's thought Carmen a little sadly.

"Is she a natural red head?" asked Carmen. The girl, like all girls bought by the Sultan, had had her cunt shaven completely.

The Prince held up a small envelope, he turned it upside down and small red hairs fluttered out, "Yes Seductress, she is."

"What did you call me?" asked Carmen sharply.

"Seductress, because you are the only woman here none of the men can have, you could seduce any of us."

Carmen frowned slightly, then turned her attention back to the naked girl, she was looking at the male guards with visible fear, they in turn showed visible lust.

"Watch closely Prince," Carmen said with a slight smile, "And learn." She slipped her long overcoat off and several jaws dropped, underneath the overcoat she wore only a tiny white tank top, and her giant breasts could be seen clearly through them. She was also wearing a red mini skirt, she slipped it off and revealed black thong bikini panties underneath.

The Prince paled visibly and struggled to swallow as her incredibly firm, smooth asscheeks came into view. Carmen stepped forward and got down on all fours in front of the girl.

"Hello darling, remember me?"

"You're that bitch from the museum," cried out the girl, "Let me go!"

Carmen simply smiled, standing up, she stood right over the girls body, staring down at her, then she slowly lowered herself down till her body hovered over the eighteen year old.



"What are...?" started the girl, then gasped in shock as Carmen's tongue darted out and flicked her nipple, "Hey, get the fuck away you dyke bitch....."

Carmen ignored her protests, her hand reaching up and clasping the girls tit in her hand, she began to slowly knead the mam-meat, while her mouth suckled on the other breast. Despite herself, the young girl - Hallie Brownsmith - felt her nipples go erect. Carmen raised a knee slightly, pressing it against Hallie's bare pussy lips, she slowly raised and lowered the knee, barely separating the fertile crescent between her legs. Carmen began to lower herself down, Hallie was crying, but her breathing had also become quicker, faster. The master thief found her face over Hallie's hairless pussy, her clit was not yet showing, so Carmen buried her face between the girls legs, forcing her tongue deep into the young girl. She was unsurprised to discover the girl was not a virgin, in this day and age she was surprised that Zak - the ACME Detective - was still one. Hallie gasped out in pleasure, and felt an incredible guilt and shame at being turned on by what was happening to her. Carmen's tongue was making a trail from the base of her cunt to the clit, and the shy little love button was emerging from it's hood, to see what was going on. Carmen attacked the wet little knob quickly, her mouth surrounding it and beginning to suck on it, Hallie felt a wave of pleasure ripple through her body, her neck snapped back and she let out a little groan of pleasure.

The Prince felt his cock straining against his pants, how he longed to step forward and rip Carmen's underwear away, to hold her down and smash his throbbing member into her. He wanted to use her cunt, her mouth and her ass, to denigrate her to fuckmeat. He disliked the way she made him feel so small and insignificant - she was always nice to his brother the Sultan, she had in fact once given him a handjob as thanks for some gift he had given her - but just looking at her near naked ass bobbing up and down as she ate out this eighteen year old girl had him fit to burst. He couldn't even leave the room and fuck the brains out of a new recruit because the Sultan had instructed him to watch Carmen's treatment of the new girl.

He looked over at some of the other men, they too looked uncomfortable, some longed to use their meat, arms were straying towards pockets. A quick glance at him quickly stayed their drifting - if he could not enjoy himself, neither would they.

Carmen rubbed the bridge of her nose against Hallie's clit while her tongue slid up and down her slit, the eighteen year old was going wild now, coming closer and closer to an orgasm with each lick. The worlds most wanted criminal smiled to herself and placed her hands on the girls hips, making her tongue straight and as hard as possible, she began to tongue fuck the young slave. Hallie went crazy, screaming out for Carmen to stop as her body began tensing up, preparing itself for orgasm. One second she begged the beautiful crim to stop, then would scream at her not to stop....finally Carmen could sense the orgasm was about to begin.....and she stopped.

Hallie lay still for awhile, then gasped, "What?"

Carmen stood up and walked over to the Prince, Hallie stared at her with wide eyes. Carmen sat on a chair next to the Prince, picked up a book and began to read it, as she did she slipped a finger beneath her thong and began making slow circles over her cunt.

"What are you doing," cried Hallie, "I was going to cum!"

"Bring yourself off then dear," replied Carmen simply, slipping a dripping finger out of her panties so she could turn the page on her book.

"I can't screamed Hallie," shaking her handcuffed wrists.

Carmen smiled to herself, "Give me five minutes darling.....then we'll begin again.

Cairo

"Sorry Ivy, I still haven't found anything on Brunsei."

"How is that possible Chief?"

The Chief paused for a few seconds, "You sure it wasn't Brunei?"

"No, he distinctly said Brunsei."

The Chief shut his eyes and murmured a few words under his breath, then smiled, "Found it!"

"Okay, what have you got?"

"Brunsei is a small country in the middle east, it lies near Brunei and until several weeks ago was a part of it."

"So your files have only just been updated?"

"You got it, and who says Zak's the smart one?"

"He does, get on with it." "Brunsei is what Winston Churchill called a mystery of an enigma wrapped in a riddle, it doesn't import or export anything, they have no oil reserves yet the Sultan is an extremely rich man and rules extremely fairly."

"White Slavery is the answer Chief, and Carmen's the key.....open a C5 corridor for me, I'm going to Brunsei."

The Chief smiled....then frowned, "Um, sorry Ivy.....but...I can't."

"What!"

The Chief smiled, "We don't have a C5 satellite over Brunsei, the closest place I could teleport you is Brunei."

"Wait a second," cried Ivy, "Player, cross-reference all information on White Slavery and Mr. Chips." As always, the mysterious Player was listening to their conversation, and immediately performed a cross reference - the Chief presented the information.

"One link found, Mr. Chips is a criminal with links to the Russian Mafia, strongly suspected of connections to White Slavery, he was forced out of Saint Petersburg when a former comrade usurped his position, his last known location was here in Cairo."

"Then it's up to me," replied Ivy with a grin, "To find him."

"And how do you intend on doing that?"

"I'm going to pay Akbar another visit," Ivy replied, her grin growing.

End Part 1.