

DEATH IN THE HAREM



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CONSTANTINOPLE WAS THE LAST BASTION OF CHRISTENDOM IN THE EAST. A PROUD, FORMIDABLE CITY WITH SEEMINGLY UNASSAILABLE DEFENSES.

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IT HELD FAST AGAINST THE HUNS, THE BARBARIAN HORDES, THE PERSIAN AND ARAB ARMIES FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. THOUGH IT WAS IN CONFLICT WITH ROME, IT WAS THE SHIELD THAT PROTECTED THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST AND THE HEART OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE.

WHEN IT FINALLY FELL AT THE HANDS OF THE OTTOMAN TURKS THE WEST TREMBLED. THE MIGHTY OTTOMAN EMPIRE COULD NOW SWEEP INTO EUROPE FROM THE EAST UNCHECKED.

BY THE TIME THE LAST OF THE CITY'S DEFENSES COLLAPSED, IT WAS BUT A SHADOW OF ITS FORMER GLORY. A CITY, EXHAUSTED BY CENTURIES OF STRIFE, UNAIDED BY THE WESTERN POWERS, FINALLY GAVE UP THE FIGHT. ITS WALLS IN TATTERS, ITS TOWERS BROKEN, ITS EMPEROR SLAIN, AND ITS POPULACE ENSLAVED. ALL THAT WAS LEFT FOR THE TURKS WAS THE ACCOUNTING OF THE SPOILS AND THERE WERE MANY.

AN ORGY OF RAPE AND PILLAGING BESET THE CITY. NONE WERE SPARED THE CRUEL HANDS OF THE VENGEFUL TURKS. TOO LONG THE BYZANTINE WALLS HAVE HELD THEM BACK, BUT NO MORE. IT WAS TIME TO SETTLE OLD SCORES UPON A DEFEATED PEOPLE.

BLOOD FLOWED FREELY IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



DAWN AT THE HOUSE OF
VIZIER AL MAHMOUD,
TRUSTED FRIEND AND WAR
CHIEF OF SULTAN MEHMED.

HE IS BACK IN HIS LUXURIOUS HAREM
FOR A MUCH NEEDED REST. HE HAD
JUST RETURNED FROM HIS CAMPAIGNS
IN THE WEST, EXPANDING THE BORDERS
OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

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HE IS AN IMPOSING FIGURE
WITH A QUICK TEMPER AND
A FIERY DISPOSITION. THE
KADIN IS CAUTIOUS IN HER
APPROACH.

GREAT CALIPH.
GOOD NEWS. THE
PROPHET SMILES
UPON YOU.

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OUT WITH IT,
KADIN. DO YOU
HAVE IT?

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YES, CALIPH. IT ARRIVED
THIS MORNING. I DID NOT
WISH TO DISTURB YOUR
REST, SO I WAITED TO
INFORM YOU.

VERY WELL.
IS IT WORTH
MY WHILE?

VERY MUCH SO,
GREAT CALIPH.

SHOW ME
THEN, KADIN!

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THE WHIP FALLS AGAIN
AND AGAIN UPON THE
EXPOSED VULNERABLE
BODY OF THE YOUNG
WOMAN.

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NO CORNER, CREVICE,
MOUND NOR PEAK IS
SPARED FORM THE
STING OF THE LASH.

AAAGH!

FOR HOURS HER PAINED
SCREAMS ECHOED IN THE
HAREM HALLS.

UNTIL...

SHE HAS
WITHSTOOD THE
LASH AND HAS NOT
FAINTED BUT ONCE,
GREAT CALIPH.

SHE CRIES,
PLEAD AND WEEP LIKE ALL
CHRISTIAN WHORES. YET HER
BODY DOES NOT YIELD. SHE IS
STRONG. IF SHE WERE NOT AN
INFIDEL SHE WOULD MAKE A
GOOD FIRST WIFE. SHE WILL
DO, KADIN.

AAAIIYEEH!

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NOW LEAVE US
AND ATTEND TO
YOUR OTHER
DUTIES. BRING
WINE WHEN YOU
ARE DONE.

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I WISH TO BE
ALONE WITH
THIS WOMAN.

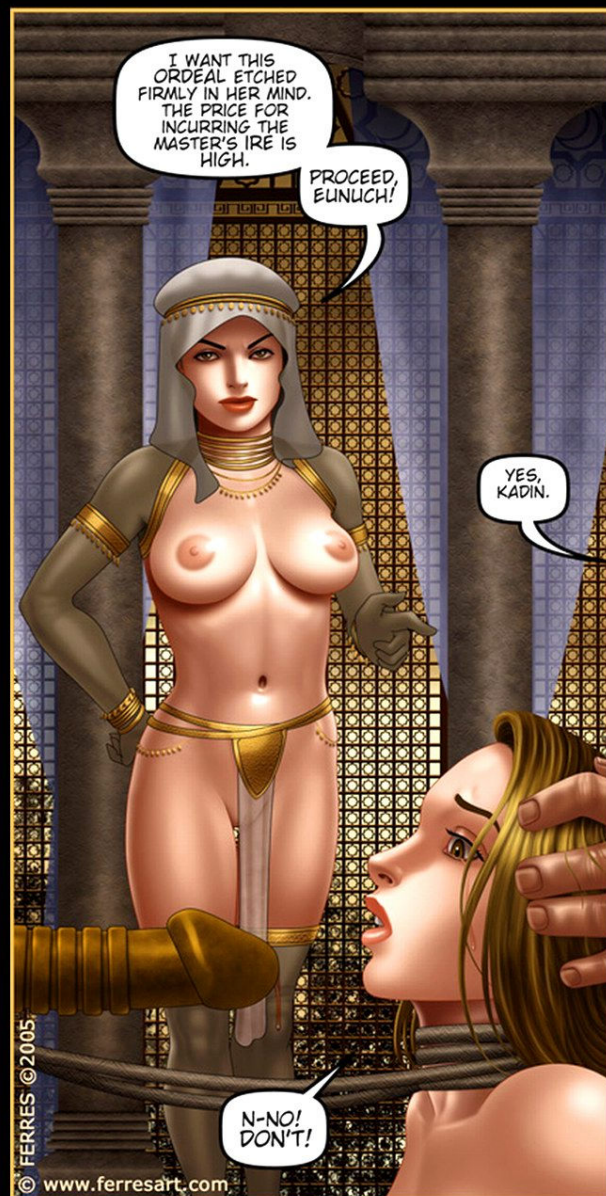
HHH-
HHH!

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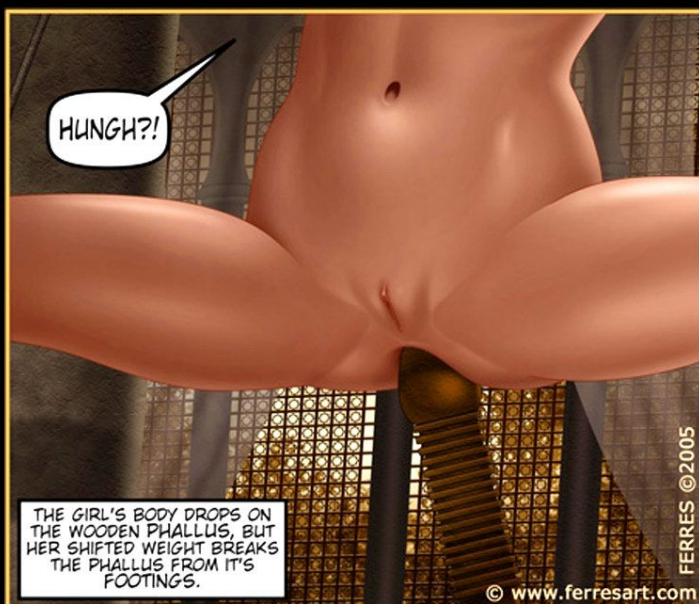
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AS YOU
WISH, GREAT
CALIPH.











AT A PRIVATE VILLA, JUST OUTSIDE TOPKAPI, A TIRED AND BATTLE WORN RIDER HANDS IN HIS HORSE REINS TO THE EUNUCH GUARD.



GREETINGS. I COME FROM THE KOSOVAR SIEGES. I AM MURAD BEY PASHA I COME UNDER ORDERS FROM KADIN KOSEM.

GREETINGS, GREAT PASHA. THE SULTANA AWAITS YOU IN HER BOUDOIR.

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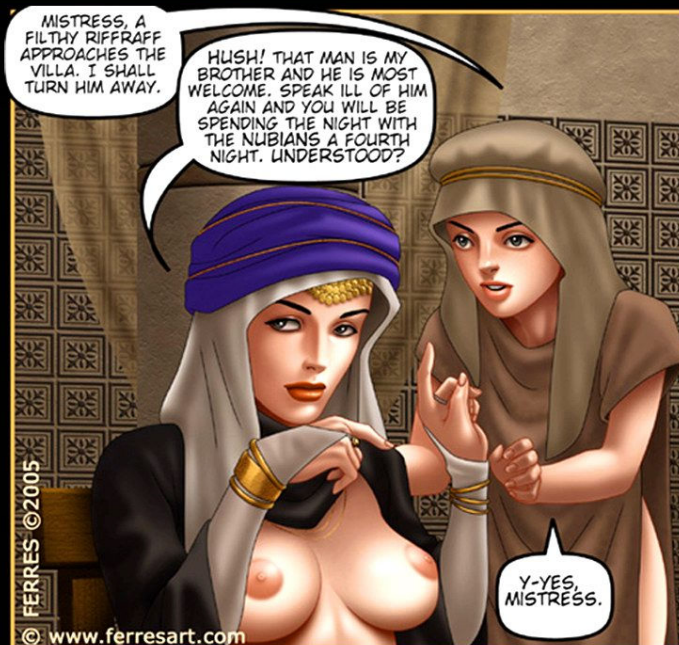
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SULTANA? THE MOST FAVORED OF SULTAN MEHMED'S CONCUBINES. INDEED, MY SISTER HAS COME UP IN THE WORLD.

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MISTRESS, A FILTHY RIFFRAFF APPROACHES THE VILLA. I SHALL TURN HIM AWAY.

HUSH! THAT MAN IS MY BROTHER AND HE IS MOST WELCOME. SPEAK ILL OF HIM AGAIN AND YOU WILL BE SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH THE NUBIANS A FOURTH NIGHT. UNDERSTOOD?

Y-YES, MISTRESS.

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WHY WAS I SUMMONED SULTANA?

OUR DEAR UNCLE IS DEAD. KILLED BY AN ODALISQUE, THEY SAY. A DUBIOUS ALLEGATION. YOU SHOULD LOOK INTO IT.

UNFORTUNATE. BUT WHY DOES THIS CONCERN US? WE HAVE BEEN DISINHERITED BY THE MAN. WE ARE BASTARDS TO HIS EYES.

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THAT IS WHY WE PLY OUR SERVICES TO THE SULTAN. I AS SWORD MASTER AND PASHA TO HIS JANISSARIES AND YOU AS HIS HASEKI KADIN, MOST FAVORED WHORE.

HE HAS NO HEIR. BY RIGHT, THE SULTAN MAY TAKE ALL HIS POSSESSIONS. BUT IF THE SULTAN DECREES THAT WE ARE LEGITIMATE HEIRS...



WHY SHOULD WE CARE. I FIGHT THE CHRISTIANS AND TAKE THEIR LANDS AS MY OWN.

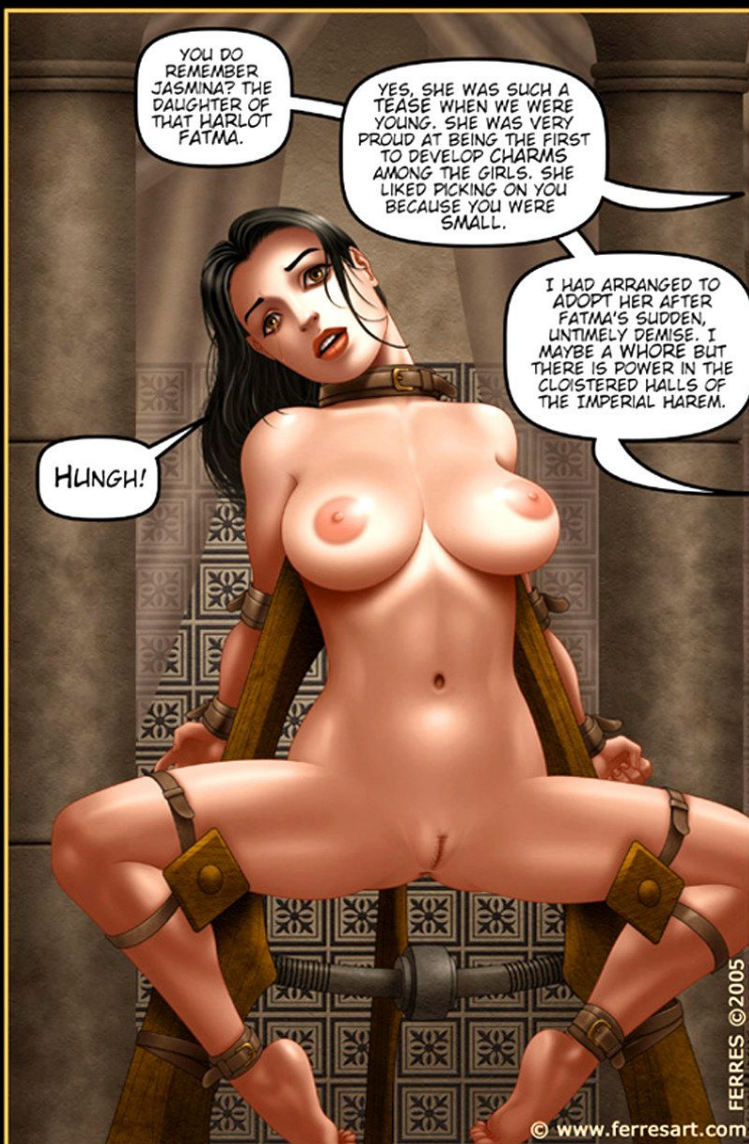
YOU MAY BE PASHA BUT YOU ARE NOT AMONG THE FAVORED. TITLES COULD EASILY GO OVER YOU. THE LANDS YOU SPEAK OFF HAVE ALREADY BEEN ALLOTTED TO OTHERS, EVEN THOSE YET TO BE CONQUERED.

ON THE OTHER HAND, OUR CLAIM TO OUR UNCLE'S ESTATE HAS LEGITIMACY AS LONG AS NO OTHERS FOLLOW.



UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SULTAN. GO TO OUR UNCLE'S HAREM.

TAKE STOCK OF OUR UNCLE'S PROPERTY. FIND THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS DEATH. WEED OUT OUR ENEMIES AND DESTROY THEM.



YOU DO REMEMBER JASMINA? THE DAUGHTER OF THAT HARLOT FATMA.

YES, SHE WAS SUCH A TEASE WHEN WE WERE YOUNG. SHE WAS VERY PROUD AT BEING THE FIRST TO DEVELOP CHARMS AMONG THE GIRLS. SHE LIKED PICKING ON YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE SMALL.

I HAD ARRANGED TO ADOPT HER AFTER FATMA'S SUDDEN, UNTIMELY DEMISE. I MAYBE A WHORE BUT THERE IS POWER IN THE CLOISTERED HALLS OF THE IMPERIAL HAREM.

HUNG!

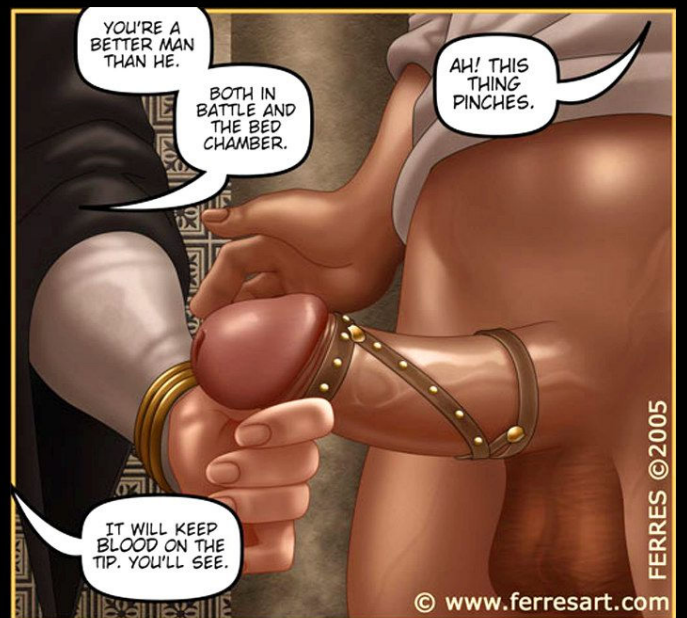


IF THERE ARE HEIRS YET TO BE BORN, DEAL WITH THEM.

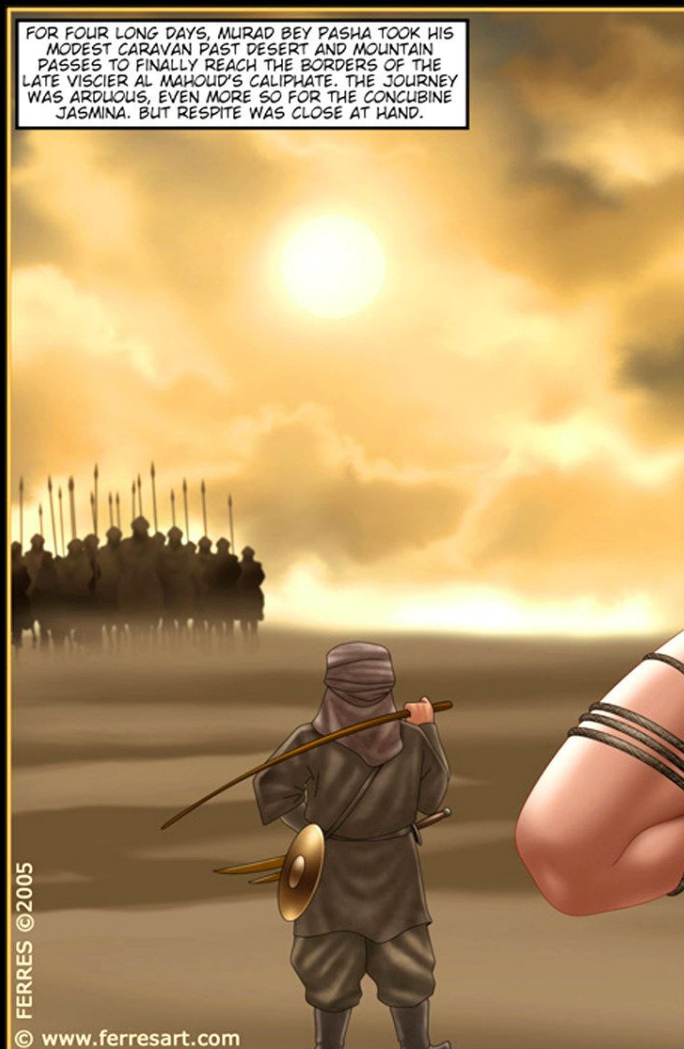
I SEE.

BUT, PLEASE. REST A WHILE. IT HAS BEEN YEARS.











IT WAS LATE IN THE DAY WHEN THEY REACHED THE ISOLATED HAREEM. A VAST COMPOUND WITH BOTH WALLS AND DESERT TO KEEP IT'S CAPTIVES.

HERE WE ARE. WE CAN FINALLY GET OUT OF THESE DUSTY SHROUDS.

OPEN THE GATES. IT IS MURAD BEY PASHA AND HIS PARTY.

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QUICKLY KNOW! PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT YOU LAZY EUNUCHS!

YES, PASHA.

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GREETINGS, MURAD BEY PASHA. THE HAREEM OF CALIPH AL MAHMOUD IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

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INDEED, A SUITABLE WELCOMING PARTY. YOU ARE THE HEAD KADIN?

YES, MURAD PASHA.

YOU MAY ACCOMPANY ME.

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IT IS CUSTOMARY THAT NO MAN MAY LAY EYES ON ANOTHER'S HAREEM. BUT THIS HAREEM IS YET TO BE REACQUIRED, EITHER IN WHOLE OR IN PART. AT THIS MOMENT, YOU ARE ALL BUT MARKET SLAVES UNTIL A SAY OTHERWISE. UNDERSTOOD?

Y-YES, PASHA.

KADIN, I WILL LET YOU RETAIN YOUR TITLE ASSUMING YOU PROVE YOUR WORTH. SHOW ME THE DELIGHTS KEPT HIDDEN WITHIN THESE WALLS.

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HOLD YOUR TONGUE! TEEGAR IS THE PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF MY SISTER. HE IS ALLOWED FULL ACCESS TO ANY PLACE OR ANY BED CHAMBER FOR THAT MATTER IN THIS HAREEM.

AAGH!



WITH MY PERMISSION, HE IS ALLOWED FULL REIGN TO ANY WOMAN HE CHOOSES. EVEN YOU, KADIN. THE LATE VISCIER AL MAHOUD WAS FAR TOO KIND AND GENEROUS TO THE SLAVES OF THIS HAREEM. THAT IS TO CHANGE. UNDERSTOOD?



Y-YES, LORD PASHA.



SO THIS IS MY ABODE. COZY.



WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SEND IN A FEW OF THE GIRLS TO HELP YOU RELAX?

NO NEED. YOU'LL DO FOR NOW. TIME TO PROVE YOUR QUALITY. TAKE THOSE ROBES OFF!

TEE-HEE!





I NEED TO TAKE CARE OF OTHER MATTERS PERTAINING TO A CERTAIN BYZANTINE HARLOT. TRY NOT TO DO PERMANENT HARM. I FEAR LOSING TOO MUCH RESALE VALUE WITH DAMAGED GOODS.

I SHALL TREAT HER AS IF SHE WERE A VIRGIN, LORD PASHA.



I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR OWN DEVICES KADIN. IT WILL BE UP TO THEM TO DECIDE WHETHER YOUR TITLE IS DESERVED OR NOT.

LORD PASHA, WAIT...

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SHE DOES HAVE THE LUXURIOUS FEATURES OF A KADIN.

BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN PHYSICAL ASSETS TO BE CALLED KADIN IN THE HOUSE OF HIS LORD MURAD BEY PASHA.

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NO!

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HAH! ALREADY HER JUICES FLOW IN ANTICIPATION.

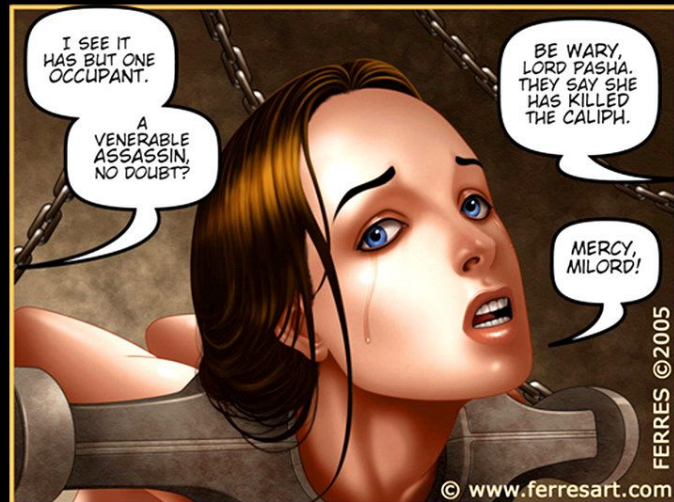
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OVER HERE, LORD PASHA. CAREFUL WITH YOUR STEPS, THE DUNGEONS ARE NOT WELL KEPT.

APPALLING! A HAREM WITH AN UNUSED DUNGEON. THE ODALISQUE WILL NEED TO BE REMINDED OF IT'S USES.

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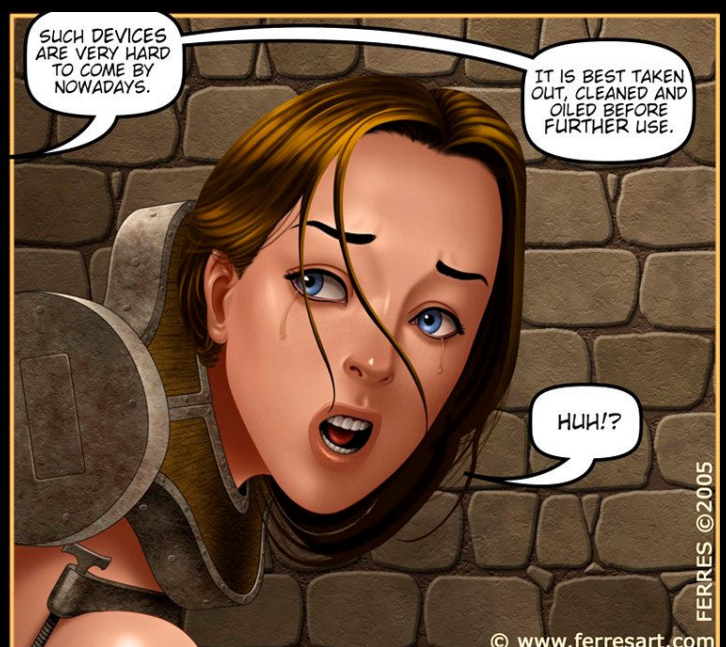
I SEE IT HAS BUT ONE OCCUPANT.

A VENERABLE ASSASSIN, NO DOUBT?

BE WARY, LORD PASHA. THEY SAY SHE HAS KILLED THE CALIPH.

MERCY, MILORD!

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MY SISTER SPOKE THE TRUTH. THERE IS MUCH HIDDEN IN THIS FALSE PARADISE WHERE VEILED SERPENTS DWELL.

HAVE SOMEONE FIND OUT THE NATURE OF THIS WOMAN. BE DISCREET. LET NO ONE OF THE HAREM KNOW OF THIS. THE MERCHANTS AND SLAVE TRADERS ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.

RUMORS ARE RIFE WHENEVER FOREIGN SLAVES ARRIVE IN A HAREM.

SHE BORE A CHILD. PERHAPS TO TERM. PERHAPS STILLBORN. WE MUST KNOW THE FATE OF THE CREATURE.

I'LL PUT HER TO THE QUESTION, LORD PASHA.

CHILD...?

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TELL US THE TRUTH, INFIDEL. WHERE IS YOUR BASTARD OFFSPRING?

I'LL LOOSEN THAT LYING TONGUE WITH HOT PINCERS IF YOU ANSWER FALSELY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. PLEASE STOP!

YOU SUMMONED, LORD PASHA?

CHIEF EUNUCH, I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS WOMAN'S CHILD. IS IT ALIVE? IF SO, IS IT MY UNCLE'S?

CHILD? I DO NOT KNOW THIS, LORD PASHA.

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SHE MAY HAVE BEEN TOO INTOXICATED WITH OPIATES TO KNOW OF HER CONDITION. GIRLS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY ARE USUALLY DRUGGED WHEN BEING BRED TO ENSURE THEY DO NOT HARM THEMSELVES.

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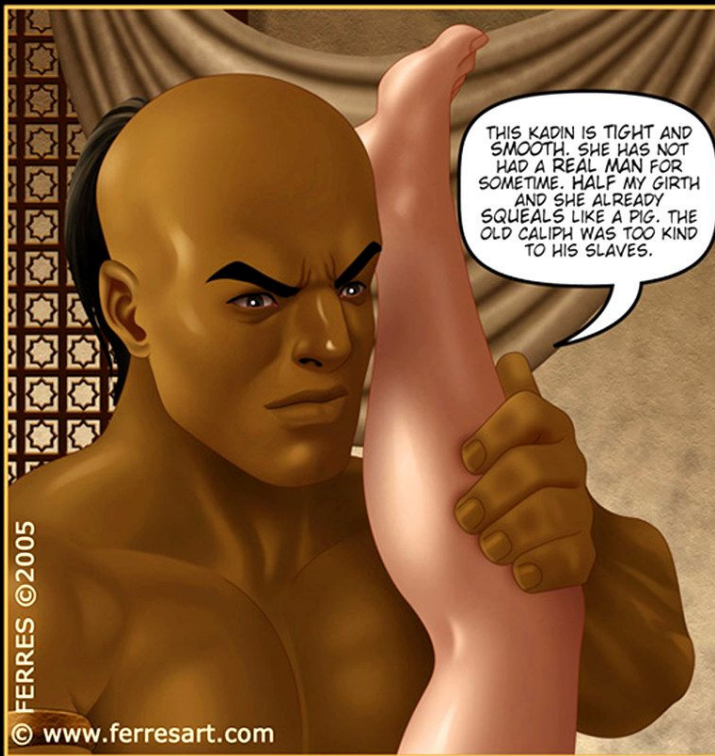
THIS HARLOT NEVER BORE THE CALIPH'S SEED. SHE IS BARREN AND USELESS. KILL HER NOW FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR DEAD UNCLE.

IS THAT SO?

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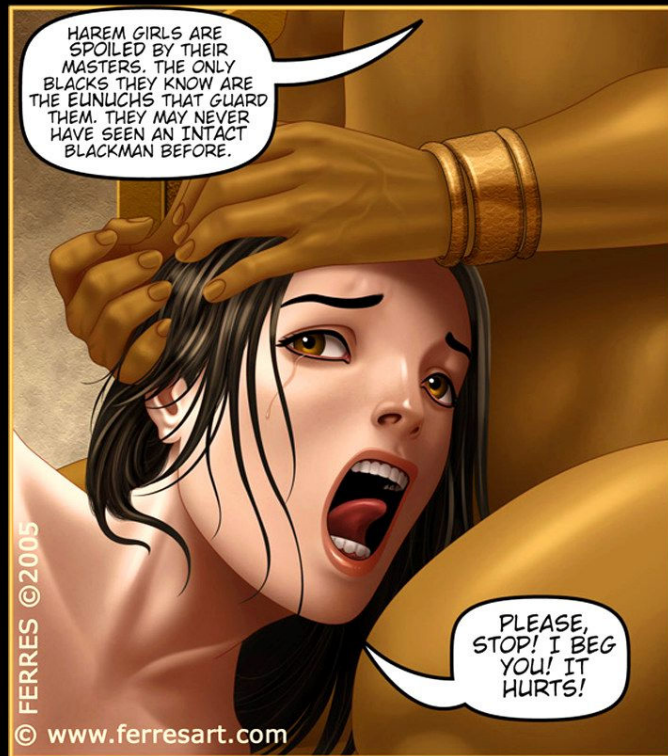




THIS KADIN IS TIGHT AND SMOOTH. SHE HAS NOT HAD A REAL MAN FOR SOMETIME. HALF MY GIRTH AND SHE ALREADY SQUEALS LIKE A PIG. THE OLD CALIPH WAS TOO KIND TO HIS SLAVES.

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HAREM GIRLS ARE SPOILED BY THEIR MASTERS. THE ONLY BLACKS THEY KNOW ARE THE EUNUCHS THAT GUARD THEM. THEY MAY NEVER HAVE SEEN AN INTACT BLACKMAN BEFORE.

PLEASE, STOP! I BEG YOU! IT HURTS!

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IF THE LORD PASHA WISHES, I WILL GIVE HER THE FULL LENGTH UP TO HER BOWELS. THEN YOU'LL KNOW REAL PAIN.

CAREFUL, TEEGAR. TAKE ANY OF THE LESSER ODALISQUES TO SATISFY YOUR LUSTFUL CRAVINGS. THE LORD PASHA DOES NOT DESIRE THE KADIN SO RUINED.

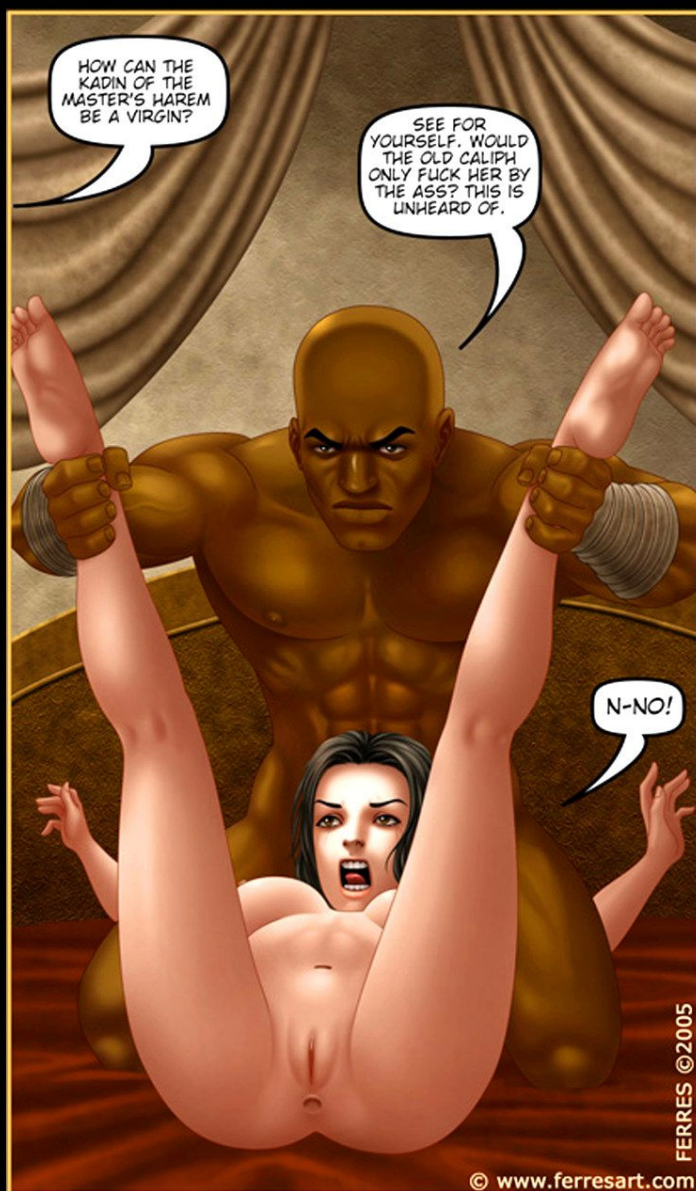
HMM... SHE'S NOT AS VOLUPTUOUS AS THE JASMINA HARLOT. BUT STILL HAS A FINE PAIR. PLENTY FOR BREAST WHIPPING.

AAAIEEH!!!

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AAAIEEH!
NO! PLEASE!

SPEAK OR I
WILL HAVE THE
WHIP TAKE YOUR
PRECIOUS
CHASTITY MANY
TIME OVER.

IT WAS
THE GREAT
CALIPH'S
WISH THAT I
AM SO!

YOU ARE
UNTouched BY
THE LATE
CALIPH. WHY IS
THAT?

THWACK!!

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WHY IS
THAT?

IT WAS A SAD DAY
WHEN I ENTERED THE
CALIPH'S SERVICE. OUR
MASTER HAD JUST
LOST HIS REMAINING
SONS TO THE WALLS OF
CONSTANTINOPLE.

THWACK!!

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GO ON!

HE WAS TERRIBLY
DISTRAUGHT AND MOURNED
FOR WEEKS. FROM THEN ON,
HE REFUSED TO BED ANY
WOMAN IN THE NORMAL
FASHION. HE WOULD ONLY
USE OUR MOUTH AND ARSE
AND WOULD WHIP US
INCESSANTLY. I-I THINK HE
BECAME MAD.

AAAIEEH!

THWACK!!

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THE BOUND KADIN GASPS AS HER NEW MASTER PRESENTS THE SEVERED HEAD OF THE TRUSTED CHIEF EUNUCH.





TAKE IT OUT!
PLEASE,
MASTER! TAKE
IT OUT!

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ALLOW HER A SHORT
PERIOD FOR CONTEMPLATION
THEN RELEASE HER FROM
HER BONDS. HAVE THE
HEAD PROPPED AT THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
SANCTUM. MAKE IT VERY
VISIBLE TO ALL.

YES, LORD
PASHA.

HAVE THIS ROOM
CLEANED AND
SCENTED. IT'S FILTHY.
I WILL BE SLEEPING
IN JASMINA'S BOWER
TONIGHT.

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"I LET THE MEN TAKE A BOYISH
LOOKING ARMENIAN GIRL FOR
RECREATIONAL PURPOSES,
CHECK ON HER FROM TIME TO
TIME. MAKE SURE THEY DON'T
OVER INDULGE AND MAIM THE
POOR CREATURE. IT WOULD BE A
SHAME IF SHE CAN NO LONGER
PERFORM HER SEXUAL DUTIES."

"SEND A MESSAGE TO THE
SULTANA, HAVE HER APPRAISED
OF OUR SITUATION. AFTER YOU
ARE DONE WITH YOUR OTHER
DUTIES, YOU MAY TURN IN. YOU
CAN TAKE ANY OF THE HAREM
GIRLS FOR YOUR OWN
PLEASURE."

"OH, AND BEFORE I FORGET,
HAVE THE GIRLS READY FOR A
THOROUGH INSPECTION
TOMORROW. AND GET THE
WORKMEN TO START BUILDING
THE TRAINING FACILITY AT
THE COURTYARD AREA MOST
EXPOSED TO THE SUN."

HNNNH!



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IT WAS NEAR MIDNIGHT WHEN MURAD BEY PASHA HAPPENED UPON JASMINA'S CHAMBERS. HE HAD TAKEN A LITTLE DETOUR INTO HIS UNCLE'S FORBIDDEN WINES. HE WAS QUITE INTOXICATED.

WELL, HOW IS MY DEAR JASMINA?

SHE FALLS IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS, LORD BEY PASHA. IS IT YOUR WISH THAT SHE STAYS THIS WAY ALL NIGHT?

MMNNNH!

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YES, THAT IS MY WISH. THE BINDS NEED TIGHTENING.

IF THE KADIN WAS NOT SO DISTRAUGHT OF LATE, I WOULD HAVE HER FLOG JASMINA'S BOSOMS AS SHE STRUGGLES FROM HER SILKEN BONDS.

HUH-HUH!

IT SHOULD BE VERY EXCITING, WATCHING YOU SUFFER IN CANDLE LIGHT. SWEATING, PLEADING WITH EVERY STROKE OF THE CANE.

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SHALL I LEAVE, LORD PASHA?

STAY, FREYIA!

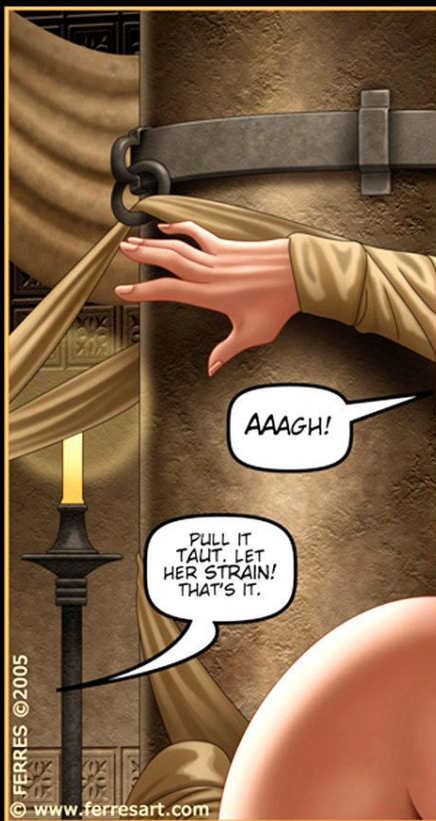
DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD NOT REMEMBER YOU AND THESE RIPE BOSOMS, MY GOLDEN HAired BEAUTY?

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WE CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT. PLENTY OF CANDLES TO GO AROUND.

I SHOULD HAVE YOU TRUSSED UP TIGHT AND SENT AS A GIFT TO SULTANA KOSEM. SHE'LL LOVE SEEING HER BLONDE PET AGAIN.

CHANGE THAT, SHE SHOULD COME HERE INSTEAD.

PLEASE STOP. NO MORE. PLEASE!

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I'D LIKE TO SEE HER WORK YOU OVER. SHE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE THE MOST STUBBORN GIRLS SQUIRM.

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HAH! A SLIGHT TENSION OF THE MUSCLES BY JUST HEARING HER NAME? KOSEM DOES HAVE THAT REPUTATION. NOT HARD TO SEE WHY THE SULTAN FAVORS HER. SHE KNOWS HOW TO ENTERTAIN THE MOST JADED OF MEN.

IT BURNS!

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IT'S A KIND OF GUILTY PLEASURE WATCHING A STERN MISTRESS PUNISH HER WAYWARD, YET COWERING SLAVE GIRL.

TURN OVER, HARLOT. YOU WANT SOMETHING DIFFERENT, YOU GOT IT.

HAI! NO!

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LET'S LOOSEN THAT ASS UP FOR A PROPER BUGGERING, SHALL WE. I GET HARD BY JUST LOOKING AT THAT FINE SHINNY BUM OF YOURS, FREYIA.

HUH-HUH!

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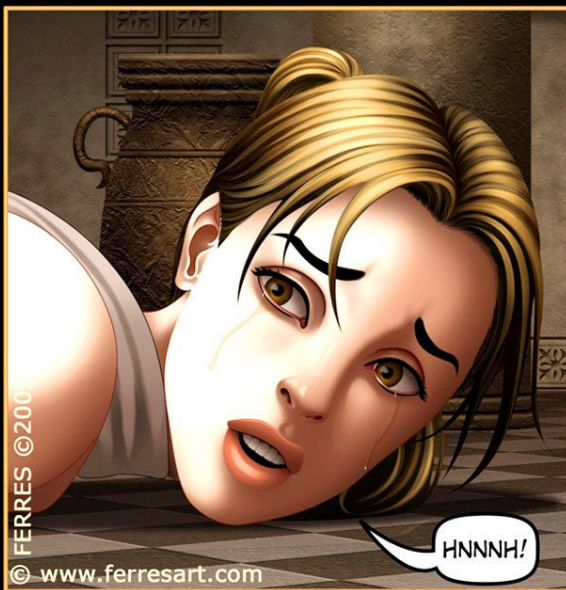


FIRST THE OILS WITH A HINT OF CAPSICIAN. NOT TOO MUCH OR I'LL GET BURNED AS WELL.

UNGH!

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HNNNH!

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SQUISH IT ABOUT.

NO TURNING OVER! STAY AS YOU ARE AND KEEP THAT ASS HIGH!

HUNGH!

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NOW FOR THE HEAT. THIS FRESHLY LIT CANDLE IS THICK AND LONG. IT WILL DO THE TRICK.

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BITCH! DON'T EVEN THINK OF PUSHING IT OUT OR BELIEVE ME, YOU WILL BE RECEIVING THE LIT CANDLE FROM IT'S OTHER END.

AAAGH!

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YOU ARE NEAR THE EDGE, FREYA. I CAN FEEL YOUR CONTRACTIONS.

UNGH!

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DON'T HOLD BACK NOW. I WANT TO SEE THAT LEGENDARY ORGASM OF YOURS.

HNNNH!

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MMNNNH!
HNNNH!

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WHAT DID I TELL YOU? KEEP AWAY FROM THE NEW MASTER. HE DOES NOT LIKE TO BE DISTURBED WHEN HE'S INDULGING HIMSELF.

HE WAS MEAN.

THEY ALWAYS ARE.

LIFE OF AN ODALISQUE IS HARD AND OFTEN CRUEL; BUT WE ARE RESILIENT AND WE LEARN TO LIVE WITH OUR LOT.

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COME, LET'S PLAY.

REMEMBER, DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE AND STAY IN THE SHADOWS. KEEP CLEAR OF THE NUBIANS, THEY ARE THE WORST. THEY HAVE LITTLE PITY.

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