

Obey Him

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Amelia Stark



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Obey Him: Part One

Season Two of ‘The Prince’s Thrall’ Series.

By Amelia Stark

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Obey Him

**The NEW 2nd Series of:-
The Prince's Thrall - Season 2
This is book One**

Trained to Obey

**The First Series of:-
The Prince's Thrall - Season 1
9 Books**

Trained to Race

**The Prequel to:--
The Prince's Thrall Saga
7 Books**

**Introducing:-
Salim Husni
Masumi, Frisky
Cala, Ismah.**

Introduction to Part One.

This is Part One of ‘Obey Him’, ‘The Prince’s Thrall Season Two’.

Prince Emidi is building a Pony-girl squad from scratch. He has hired the ex-soldier Sohail Talar and the ruthless official, Javid Kashif to locate and purchase the raw materials – Thralls – and mould them into a team capable of challenging for the Champion’s league.

Frisky has been rescued from an Omani salt mine and will provide some experience for the team. Two trainee drivers, Tara and Ruby, also rescued from the salt mine, join Frisky for some light training on a palm oil farm.

Noor, Yasin and Reza are Talar’s pick for the remaining three Pony-girl vacancies. All three were long term prisoners in Kiashakan and were purchased from the government.

Masumi, rejected by her husband, Salim Husni, joins Nadia. Together, they are transported to the training facilities where they are transformed into thralls so they can drive the Pony-girls for the Prince.

Emad has fallen under Hiba’s spell and immediately finds out the harsh realities of being dominated by a strong-willed woman.

Finally, Sadaf, who will train the Pony-girl squad, arrives at the Prince’s palace to find the stables won’t be ready for three days. Subjugated by the head groundsman and his assistant, Sadaf has to remain in full restraints until the stables are ready.

Because this book contains descriptions of sexual situations and punishments, it is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18.

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1.1 ~ Nadia: One.

I was in a state of shock and remained so while the two men ripped the latex suit from my body. I sat on my haunches while they eased the hood and upper body section off. Then, while I stood on all fours they removed the rest. It was literally like being reborn. Sergeant Talar had rescued me from a fate worse than death.

The moment my hands were free, and the barking collar was removed, I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him rugged features. “Thank you, Master, Thank you, Master.” I was crying tears of joy and only stopped kissing him when he prised my arms off him and pushed me onto my ass.

“Kateb, pull yourself together. Get on your feet.”

With the lady’s help, I climbed to my feet, but I was shaky.

Talar handed me a light blue tunic which the lady helped me put on. Then he fitted a familiar gold collar and a set of belt/cuff restraints. I didn’t care about the chains, or that my hair was a mess; or that my body smelt of sweat and lotion. I was free of the Puppy suit and wouldn’t be entertaining four puppy boys, eight hours a day, for the rest of my life.

The security guard looked disappointed as Talar and the lady led me out of the cabin. We had a long walk around the house to where a small minibus, with blacked out windows, was parked on the gravel lot. As soon as we entered, I saw that another thrall was sitting on the back seat.

I stepped up, but Talar stopped me. “Wait while I fit your leg restraints.”

Again, I wasn't fussed. I would accept anything if it meant that I never wore a Puppy suit again. Having secured my ankles, he guided me to the back seat, sat me down beside the young Arab girl and locked my hobbling chain to the floor bracket. Talar backed away and left the van, then went into the house with the lady.

I turned to the youngster beside me. "Hi, I'm Nadia." She must have wondered why I was in a joyous mood.

She had been crying but put on a brave face. "My name is Ziab..." She touched her collar, so I nodded that I understood.

I took hold of her hand and waited 30 seconds. "We will be friends."

She managed a wan smile. "Good, because I'm afraid."

She was cute and had lovely, large brown eyes. Her Prisoner tattoo on her arm, like mine, showed that she was a category three thrall.

"Where are we going?" I asked her.

She shrugged. "I don't know."

I spotted Talar emerge from the palace, with another thrall, and wave goodbye to the young lady. The dark haired, light skinned thrall was wearing the same light blue tunic with the lion crest. The darkened windows made it difficult to see her face but as soon as she stepped up into the van, I gasped.

“My god it’s Masumi!” I exclaimed

Ziab didn’t know what was going on. Talar fitted Masumi’s leg irons, then led her back and sat her down beside me on my left. He secured her hobbling chain to the floor then lifted his head.

With his arms resting on the backs of the single seats, left and right, he looked at each of our faces in turn. “My god, what a rabble. Somehow, I’ve got to mould you three into ruthless winners on the racetrack. The Master will expect nothing less.”

“Who is our Master, Sir?” Ziab asked.

The Sergeant turned to the transformed wife of Salim Husni. “Sumi, who do you all belong to?”

“Prince Emidi Al Ruktoum, Master.” I couldn’t believe my eyes or ears. In one hour, the beautiful wife of Salim Husni had been transformed into a bedraggled thrall.

Sohail Talar nodded. “Correct, Sumi. You are all Prince Emidi thralls and will

wear his crest with pride.” He tapped the blue lion, with fiery eyes, on his shirt. “Perform like lionesses and I’ll be your friend. The one thing you want to avoid is making an enemy of me. Are you going to be lionesses?”

“Yes, Master,” we said in unison. “I will,” I said on my own and I meant it...

The minibus pulled away and because Sergeant Talar had seated himself in front of us, we remained silent for the journey. In fact, I managed to doze off for a while and only woke when the driver arrived at a security gate and stopped. There was a wait for the automatic gates to open, then 50 yards further on, there was a second check point which was manned by an armed guard.

We were waved through and drove on in the darkness until we arrived at a low single-story building that resembled a hall for low level sports like flat green bowling or shooting. I was surprised to see Sergeant Beta waiting to greet us at the front of the warehouse-like building. There was a line of blue roller shutters, but the fitness instructor had emerged from a normal door near the corner.

As soon as the driver released the catches, holding our hobbling chains. Talar led Masumi and me off the minibus and down onto the gravel pathway. He returned to the minibus to talk to the driver.

“Driver, do you know your itinerary?”

“Yes, Sir. I’m going to the Al Qoua Assimilation training camp to pick up Hariam and Sadaf, then deliver the three thralls to the palace.”

“Correct. Get on with it.” The door closed and the minibus reversed before setting off on its journey. “Come on you two...”

Beta led the way into the building, we followed and Talar took up the rear. I was surprised to find that the shed had been sectioned off into rooms. The muscular soldier led us down the central corridor to a room that contained a padded bench and some medical equipment. The partition walls were only 8 feet high while the room was about 20 feet square.

Both men were wearing dark blue cargo pants and light blue t-shirts with the team’s lion crest embroidered on them. “Girls, lie side by side on the table and I want absolute silence,” Talar growled at us. “Just so you know. Beta and I are no longer in the Army. We are going to manage Prince Emidi’s new Pony-girl stables. I’m in charge and only answer to Mr. Kashif and the Prince himself.”

We glanced at each other but didn’t dare question or anger the soldier. On a bench opposite us lay a crop and tawse. I knew what Talar and Beta were capable of, but did Masumi? We laid down, side by side, knowing that our naked asses were fully exposed to both men. With our hands cuffed at our sides, the fitness instructors could choose which holes to spear.

“Isn’t that a sight for sore eyes, Beta?” Talar asked his pal. I’ll let you choose.”

“Beta laid his hands on Masumi’s cheeks. “This thrall’s white pussy is inviting...”

“Make it snappy, otherwise the doc will get impatient.”

Talar turned his attention to my peach and gave it a cursory feel before releasing his tackle. I didn't begrudge the man the use of my holes because, a couple of hours earlier, he had saved me from a fate worse than death. Dressed in a Puppy-girl suit, I was about to be taken to the rutting kennel and left with one of the guard's Puppy-boys. Nothing could be worse than the existence facing me, living in the Husni Kennels.

Only a week had passed since I was arrested and framed for crimes I didn't commit. I did drink illegally but Mr. Kashif saw to it that I was found guilty of other crimes and sentenced to 20 years in prison. Having spent some dreadful days in a maximum-security prison and then a training camp, I was desperately hoping for the chance to impress Prince Emidi, which was my original intent before I ended up in prison.

By the time Talar steered his cock into my succulent entrance, Beta had established a smooth thrusting stroke in the young Jap's quim. Masumi and I were dressed identically in light blue tunics with dark blue piping, which were the colours of the Prince's stables. The top was so short, neither men had to lift the hem to access our holes.

We were both wearing a full set of thrall restraints. We just had to lie and make the most of the ex-soldier's hunger to satisfy their animalistic desires. It became a race as the men picked up pace and slammed into our posteriors with as much vigour as they could muster.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh," I sighed, while in the midst of a powerful, all-consuming orgasm. Masumi too was in the throes as they approached their big moments.

Talar held me firmly while he jackhammered his cock into my youthful quim during his final explosive moments.

After Beta had straightened his clothing, he stroked Masumi's ass. "Sir, this thrall would be more suited to pulling the rigs rather than driving them."

"We'll see. It all depends on her fitness and her weight."

Beta gripped both of her cheeks and gave them a squeeze. "Talking of fitness, Sir, she is a tad soft for competition."

"Bear in mind that Sumi was Sheik Husni's third wife until he loaned her to the Master. She is an experienced driver. If she doesn't make an effort to lose weight, and it will be checked monthly, her thrall ownership will pass to Prince Emidi."

"Ahhh," Beta responded. "Is that likely?"

"I think she can get to within the one hundred and ten pounds that the league have set this year but she'll never get down to the ninety five pounds she weighed the day she was married. Salim Husni doesn't want her back. He knows what he's doing. Come on, we'll prepare Sumi first."

"That's not true, Sir." Masumi said within her five seconds.

Talar walked around the bench, picked up the crop and squatted down so his eyes were level with Masumi's. "I told you I wanted silence. You get two strokes for this transgression. Next time it will be four."

He stood up, gripped her neck with his left hand and raised his right hand. Switt! Switt!

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Masumi cried when Talar lashed first one buttock, then the other from his position by her head.

I flinched with each stroke and thanked god I had kept quiet. Masumi cried softly while the sergeant placed the crop between us on the bench, stepped back, then leant against the bench behind him.

I wondered what on earth could have happened to cause Masumi's fall from grace. She looked so elegant and powerful when she arrived at the assimilation fitness camp. A nasty thought entered my mind. Did someone complain about her talking to me in the car park? Her billionaire husband might well have thought her actions bordered on bad behaviour.

"Thralls, listen up..." Talar waited for the Japanese young woman to stop sobbing. "This disused warehouse belongs to Prince Emidi, your Master. You are going to be staying here for three days. On Tuesday, we'll take you to the New Pony-girl facilities at the Prince's Palace in Dubai. Noor, Reza and Yasin are already here. You, like the other three are going to be wearing Pony-girl tack while you are here. I, Mr. Kashif and Prince Emidi want to assess your fitness, compared to the other three thralls. There will be races, but I'll explain the schedule tomorrow."

He reached down, opened a cupboard and withdrew a light blue leather harness corset. “Sumi, stand up so Beta can remove your cuffs and belt.”

After she had risen from the bench, Beta unbuckled her wrists and then unlocked the belt. Masumi, of her own accord, lifted her tunic off and handed it to Beta. Meanwhile, Talar had positioned the harness ready for Masumi to lie on it. I lay mesmerized while the young Jap laid down again, roughly in the right position.

When both men, working together, lifted the sides, I noticed that there were three leather cuff-like straps on each side of the back, ready to secure her arms behind her back. The corset was beautiful and the method of restraining our arms was more humane, but that didn’t alter the fact that I was minutes away from being transformed into a Pony-girl...

1.2 ~ Masumi: One.

As soon as Talar started to tighten the steel laces of the corset, the reality of my humiliating fall from grace finally hit home. Earlier that morning, two concubines bathed and dressed me before breakfast. I was living in the lap of luxury and thought my husband, Salim, loved me. Neither Ismah nor Rasha gave any indication of what was going to happen to me later in the day.

My complete subjugation was an illustration of the gulf between powerful and callous men like Salim, and young women like myself and Nadia. We were mere pawns in the games billionaires played. My sister warned me not to leave the safety of Hiroto Tanaka's sphere of influence. Instead, I chased the man who I thought would make me his princess. It lasted two years, then the dream turned to dust.

Once Talar had his hands on me, he humiliated me in front of Salim and his remaining wives. Forced to strip, Talar thrashed me for being insolent to Rasha, then shackled me like a common thrall. Before I was led to the bus, they cut my hair short and dyed it black. Even more shocking was to find that Talar wanted me to wear Pony-girl tack so he could assess my fitness.

From experience, preparing Pony-girls, I knew that there was no escaping from the leather harness and tight strapping. Once the corset was in place and my arms disabled, I was at the mercy of Talar, my new Master.

As soon as the corset began to tighten on my body, I was forced to curve my spine and lift my shoulders as the steel ribs pressed me into shape. "Uhhrrr," I groaned as my tits began to lift off the padded bench.

“Shame we haven’t got a tack bench here, but we’ve got all the equipment we need in the new fitness centre adjoining the stables,” Talar said to Beta who was fitting a Pony boot on my right foot and thigh.

“What’s your assessment of the squad so far, Sir?” Beta asked.

He continued to tighten the corset until only my nipples were in contact with the bench. As soon as he was happy and had fused the wires with a small welding tool, he ran his fingers through my short hair.

“Mmmm, this is okay...” He looked up at Beta. “Um, the squad. Well, we have the numbers. Eight thralls for the team, a spare thrall and two trainers...”

The next item out of the drawer was a dark blue leather hood. It laced down the back and needed to be fully slackened before Talar could push it onto my head. I hated it with a vengeance, but once again, I had performed the same deed on disgruntled Ponies on countless occasions so had to suck it up.

“I know about Sadaf. Who else have you got on the training side?” Beta asked.

“A promising thrall who was a fitness instructor at a gym in Dubai. Her name is Hariam. One of her clients died. Something about medication or steroids. Anyway, she took the wrap and got life.”

Talar tightened the wire laces on the back of the hood and used the small soldering device to fuse the wires. Earlier, he implied that our tack was temporary, but it had all the hallmarks of being permanent. The eyeholes and mouth-hole were generous in size, but I didn't like the tightness of the covering.

Talar continued his assessment of the team members. "I'm undecided about the third thrall, Ziab. We picked her up in the auction. She was on the bus and along with Hariam and Sadaf, will work in the palace grounds until Monday. I think Mr. Kashif is dropping in on Monday to make sure that the stables are ready to receive the eight thralls on Tuesday. We have five here, while the other three are working on Mr. Kashif's sister's farm."

"Do you know much about those three?"

"Only that Mr. Kashif picked them up in Oman. The story is that he purchased them at an auction in Al Ain. One is a Pony-girl called Frisky who ran for the Bazzi team in the Champion's League, two seasons ago."

"That's encouraging. Perhaps she'll inspire the others."

"Let's hope so." Talar withdrew a posture collar from the deep drawer and wrapped it around my neck, then started to buckle it at the back of my neck. "This is designed to go over your shock collar, Sumi. When your bit is fitted it will be switched off."

I heard a sound behind me, then footsteps. "I'm ready for the first one, Talar," a man said.

“Okay, doc.” The fitness instructor came around and helped me to my feet. “At-a-girl, Sumi, get your balance, then I’ll guide you through to the medical room.”

I knew the posture because I had worn the tack on a couple of occasions. With my chest pushed out ahead of me and my ass behind me, I bent my knees until I felt my hooves were flat on the floor.

Beta stood in front of me, reached out and grabbed my thrusting tits. “Out of the five we have here, Sumi would make the best Milk maid.” He squeezed and massaged my globes in his massive hands, then rolled my nubs between his thumbs and forefingers. “Big nipples, too.”

Talar nodded. “I thought the same, but the Master will decide. Whichever thrall he chooses to provide milk for the fillies, will be a Pony maid. He wants a powerful filly who can also carry out general transport duties around the estate when she’s not feeding the Ponies. Apparently, it’s all the rage among the sheiks.

The men were killing time until I had found the right stance. When I took a step, Talar put a hand on my naked ass. “Excellent!” he exclaimed. “Come on, this way.”

I loped along, taking long strides, because the boots added four inches to my height. I was walking on tiptoe, but the footwear were so well designed, my heels and ankles felt well supported. I didn’t have to go far, but the distance was enough for me to adjust to a comfortable gait.

The doctor led us into a room that contained a solid wooden bench about the size of the examination table in the other room. Talar guided me to the end of the bench and helped me to lie down on my stomach with my legs dangling down. There were two holes in the bench and a short leather strap emerging from each one. Their purpose was obvious.

The doctor placed a lump of polystyrene on the table, then lifted my hooded head and guided my chin into a moulded dip. Once he had buckled the leather strap across my neck, my head could no longer move, even a fraction of an inch.

Behind me. Talar lifted my right knee outward and secured my calf in two places on the rear leg using short leather straps. As soon as he had finished doing the same with my left leg, my thighs were spread at an angle of about 90 degrees. The doctor added the finishing touch when he pushed a rubber ball into my mouth and secured it in place with a strap behind my head.

My mind was racing while the doctor prepared his instruments. Again, I had watched various procedures being carried out on Pony-girls, in the stables on Folito Island, so I suspected the worse.

Talar came to the side of the table and leant against it to speak to me. “Masumi, there is a new rule in the league this year. The drivers must be fitted with anal collars so they can drive the new chariots. The lightweight vehicles have anal protrusions fitted to the seats instead of vaginal anchors. The seats in the rigs, in both singles and doubles, will be identical. The rules have been changed because some teams were using drivers with desensitized quims and getting an unfair advantage. The Prince also requires all his thralls to be trimmed, which is encouraged by the organizers, again to create a level playing field. Finally, the doctor is going to ink your name on your lower back and the Prince’s royal crest on the sides of your cheeks so that there is uniformity among the team members.”

“Errrrrrr,” I groaned, which didn’t register with the fitness instructor.

He tapped me on the head. “I’ll be back to take you to your dais when the doc has finished.”

He walked away, leaving me raging inwardly at the barbaric treatment both he and the doctor were about to dish out to me. From being a millionaire in my own right, Talar and the doctor were going to reduce me to animal status and may even turn me into a milking Pony. I was shocked and devastated by the sudden turn of events.

I felt the doctor smearing cold cream on my labia and around my anal whorl, then push a modest object into my anus. “Urrrrrr,” I complained again when the object started to expand.

“Sumi, the cream will eventually deaden the area, so there will be some pain for a short while. By the time I get to your labia and vagina, the local area will be fully anesthetized.”

I screamed and groaned, but what I couldn’t do was stop the doctor from inserting the cotton reel shaped silicone collar into my stretched anus; and later doing something much worse to me. I couldn’t feel the doctor taking my most precious possession, but I could picture Rasha and Ismah celebrating my removal from Salim’s bed with a glass of champagne.

1.3 ~ Sadaf: One.

Somehow, in the space of a few hours, my life had taken a severe turn for the worse. Having accepted the job of training Pony-girls for Prince Emidi Al Ruktoum, I soon discovered that I had fallen into a trap set by his henchman, Javid Kashif. He used Emad Marwan, the handsome young solicitor, who I liked a lot, to guide me through the process of signing the contract.

Emad came up to my room and after we had sex, he went through the documents with me. He warned me that the indenture contract had clauses that could backfire on me, if I did something stupid, like commit a criminal act. Neither of us foresaw the intent behind the clauses and if Emad did, he didn't warn me.

Working for a Royal Prince and training Pony-girls, one of whom was Noor, was a huge draw and blinded me to the dangers of working for someone like Javid Kashif. The speed with which he acted was staggering. Emad had only been gone half an hour, when Sohail Talar arrived.

The army fitness instructor was sent to my room to do Kashif's dirty work and insisted I wear a shock collar and change into a light blue tunic similar to those worn by thralls. He then secured a belt chain around my waist and cuffed my wrists. During the next ten minutes, while strapped in the tuck position, on the bed, he lashed me twice with a tawse. Finally, to increase my discomfort, he inserted a cracker-plug dildo into my rectum and secured it in place with a tight cunt strap.

Placed in a cell for the night, I managed to get a fitful night's sleep. Then, in the morning, the young guard took full advantage of my disabled arms by fooling around with me for half an hour before he fetched my breakfast. He refused to release my hands and instead spoon fed me himself.

With no other prisoners to take care of because the base was between training recruits, I had to suffer more bouts of abuse during the day. The collar kept me quiet during the long day before the minibus turned up to take me away in the evening.

It was an uncomfortably humiliating 24 hours, so it was a huge relief to be finally leaving the army base. Unfortunately, as soon as I approached the transport vehicle, I recognized the driver as being one of the guards from Kiashakan. We had history, so my plight was about to become even more embarrassing.

Officer Farouq had a broad grin on his face. “God, how the mighty have fallen,” he exclaimed as soon as I stepped up into the minibus.

His eyes were like saucers as he glanced down at my thighs. Fortunately, from the driver’s seat, my mons and sex were hidden by the hem of the tunic. Farouq was a junior member of the prison staff and I had to slap him down a couple of times when he made moves on me, something he wouldn’t have forgotten.

He wasn’t normally sent out to collect prisoners, so I guessed he had been given added responsibilities since I left. “Hello, Officer Farouq.”

“Ha, did you hear that?” he asked the guard who followed me up the steps. “That’s the first time she’s ever been polite to me.” He pointed to the single seat by the door, which was vacant. “Sit her over there.”

The soldier handed my file and a small bag to Farouq. “All her controllers and keys are in there,” he said, then pushed me back into the seat. “Keep an eye on

this sprog. She's a fitness instructor."

"Was a fitness instructor, you mean" he chuckled.

"She's entertained us for twenty-four hours." He lifted the hem of my tunic to show the driver the cunt strap disappearing between my labia lips. "If she needs to pee, the key is in the bag. Only one hole if filled..."

While the jailer knelt by my feet to secure my hobbling chain in the catch on the floor of the minibus, the young prison officer pulled the bag open and peered inside. "Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on the sprog. They say, back at Kiash, that she was the brains behind the escape last night."

"What the fuck?" I said, then remembered my collar.

The jailer rose and grabbed my chin. "Shut the fuck up." He turned to the driver. "I thought this bitch was hiding something. Tell me more."

"Yes, Ghalam and two prisoners managed to flee across the border to Oman. They found the abandoned minibus burnt out on the border. She's an embarrassment to the service and the government," Farouq said. "They just want her to disappear, so I guess that's what's happening to her now."

The soldier backed off and took one step down. "Well, the bitch is all yours. I hope she rots in a prison cell for the rest of her life." He looked down at my thighs and the leather cunt restraint. "I'm going to miss her. All the cells are

empty now.”

I sat silently contemplating my miserable future. Unable to clean myself for 24 hours, I was filthy, smelly and miserable. Farouq closed the door remotely, started the bus and drove off the base. It was seven PM on a Thursday night. Darkness had fallen and it was humid and sticky, not the ideal time to go on a journey while trussed up in maximum security restraints.

I was wearing the chain belt and hobbling chain because the law had been changed recently after a spate of escapes. The authorities made it mandatory for maximum restraints to be fitted on thralls, as well as convicts, when being transported around the country. When I worked in the prison, it made sense to me, but being on the receiving end opened my eyes to the barbaric practice. I was neither a thrall nor a convict, but they were treating me like one.

“Farouq, I’m innocent.” I said loudly, then waited a minute. “Please tell me what happened...” The collar only allowed me five seconds of speech in each minute.

He ignored me for about ten minutes, then pulled over and stopped the engine. He picked up my file, opened it and scanned through the details. He turned and climbed out of the driver’s seat.

“I could tell you what’s in the file before we arrive at the training centre...” He unzipped his fly and eased his cock out. “All you need to do is apologize for your behaviour, then give me your best blowjob.”

I desperately wanted to know what was happening to me and who had escaped. He was taking me to the training camp first which was unexpected. To get the

information I wanted, I had no choice but to eat humble pie and his dick!

“Sir... Um, yes okay...” I opened my mouth, only for him to rub the tip of his cock under my nose. “Ayad, smell me, then get the taste of a real man.” I made a point of sniffing his plumb-like crown, then began licking it.

“Lips, Ayad, fuck it with your lips...” I did as I was told, applying plenty of saliva before going a bit further so I could suck and lap it at the same time. “Good, girl,” he muttered then took hold of my pigtails and drew me onto his cock, so I had no choice but to let him spear my throat.

“Uhhhhhh,” I grunted during the initial penetration of my tight oesophagus.

He stood still, so I started to rock, which helped me to take more and more of his shaft, until my nose was almost in his pubes on the forward lunge.

“Sweet fuck, Ayad. Every officer in the prison boasted about your blowing prowess. That’s why they called you ‘Nodding head’ behind your back. I reckon I was the only officer you didn’t go down on. Well, better late than never.”

“Uhhhhh,” I groaned when the young man tightened his grip on my pigtails. He took charge and increased the speed of my head lunges, making me feel dizzy and faint.

“Atta girl. This makes up... urrrrrrr, fuuuuuuck...”

He added considerable power to the last few thrusts, while pumping his load into the depths of my oesophagus. “Ahhhhhh!” I gasped as soon as he withdrew and backed away.

He dropped to his haunches and slapped my face. “Ayad, you were a bitch in Kiashakan, but I didn’t know you were a criminal bitch. The file say’s you’re being fast tracked through the justice system. Three judges at the assimilation training camp have looked at the evidence and given you a life sentence in your absence. Apparently, they wanted you to appear in front of them, but the bus they would have used, was the one that went up in flames. Because you planned the escape, they gave you a life sentence.”

I was horrified. “I want to see my solicitor!”

“Ha, good luck with that. As far as I know, thralls have no rights...” He returned to the driver’s seat.

“Sir, I’ve been framed!” I shouted once we were underway.

“That’s what they all say...”

It wasn’t long before we passed through the main gates of the assimilation training camp. The driver jumped out and lit up a cigarette while leaning against the side of the bus. I was seething with rage as I sat alone in the minibus waiting for something to happen. When Officer Farouq returned, he was accompanied by a soldier.

The stranger entered the minibus but stopped one step down. “Ayad, are you going to give me any trouble?”

“No, Sir, but...”

“There are no buts. The less time you spend at this camp the better.”

He waited for Farouq to release my hobbling chain then led me off the bus.

“Sir, I’m innocent,” I said during our walk along a gravel path.

“Of helping prisoners escape?” I nodded. “Ayad, the money was found in your room, along with a map of the escape route. If Sergeant Talar hadn’t apprehended you when he did, you would have been on that bus with the others. You’re bang to right’s sprog and you deserve everything you get. There’s nothing worse than letting the prison service and your country down.”

Kashif! It had to be Kashif who planted the evidence... He was certainly a person who didn’t look a gift horse in the mouth. Once he found out that the prisoners had escaped, after leaving the army base, he used the incident to his advantage. He had a reputation in prison circles as being a ruthless man and yet I let him fool me. I was gutted and inconsolable.

“What’s happening to me?” I asked miserably, as all hope of returning to my old

life slowly slipped away.

“Ayad, I’m taking you to be registered on the state thrall database, then you need your thrall number tattooed on your arms. With those legal steps out of the way, you’ll be on your way. Like I said, the sooner you’re off our base the better.”

“I want to see Mr. Marwan.”

“The new member of the VLD team?” I nodded. “He’s got better things to do than listen to a thrall claiming she’s innocent. You have no rights. Once they have your file, they will assess your value, rubber stamp it and you’ll be on your way

It was pointless repeating that I was innocent. The soldier didn’t care one way or the other. He had a job to do and I was the poor sod who had to be processed and gotten rid of. My mistake was befriending Sohail Talar, on the army base, a man who was in on the plan to trap me from the beginning.

1.4 ~ Sadaf: Two.

The devastating events of the previous 48 hours kept running through my thoughts on the journey to the registration cabin. Events had happened at such a pace, I was bewildered and disorientated as if I was having an out of body experience. We arrived at a portacabin where a soldier sat me down and typed my details into a computer.

I had to be photographed for the database, so the pair stood me against a white wall, pushed the tunic's shoulder straps off my arms and peeled the top down to reveal my tits. They then stood me on a plastic box to take pictures of my lower body.

For speed, after they removed the cunt strap, they tucked my tunic into the belt so they could photograph my belly, ass, legs and intimate places. Having to bend forward with my wrists cuffed to the chain belt was the most humiliating thing I had ever done, especially as the end of the dildo still protruded slightly from my anus. Once they had refitted the cunt strap, I was ready to move on.

I knew from working with prisoners and looking at their files, what the authorities expected, but that was no consolation. My intimate places and the multicoloured bruises covering my posterior would be recorded for posterity in glorious technicolour, in my permanent thrall digital file. The government were fast tracking me to avoid embarrassment and no one would question their motives.

Kashif could have had me tied to an indentured servitude contract for ten years. Instead, he was providing Prince Emidi with a thrall who would belong to him until he decided to sell me, once I had outgrown my usefulness. I wondered how long it was going to take to value and skirt the bidding step, so that all the legal ends were tied up.

The next stop was an adjoining portacabin, where I was sat on a black examination table. A guy in a white coat arrived and tattooed my prisoner/thrall registration numbers and letters – DX98YF – on my upper arms, which finished with the ominous letters ‘T3’. In the blink of an eye, I had become a third-class thrall! Having my body permanently marked was a huge shock, even though every prisoner under my care bore the numbers.

I was numb and bitter throughout the process. After the tattooist had finished, they took another set of photographs giving them ‘before’ and ‘after’ shots, as if I had been in custody for days instead of hours. After they helped me off the table and led me away, back to the van, the rawness of the tattoos finally hammered my situation home to me. There was no going back and I had to accept that Kashif had won. My status, like Noor, Yasin and Reza’s, had been reduced to that of a thrall. Prince Emidi owned me for as long as he wanted.

I was put on a different minibus that had a different driver, thank God. There was another girl sitting near the front and a second girl with a guard, sitting on the back seat. I was seated across the aisle from the girl who I suspected was, like me, a pick-up from the assimilation training camp. She was sitting on a double seat, while I was perched on a single.

It looked as though she had been a thrall for at least a week because her registration numbers had fully healed. We had to wait an hour until my paperwork was delivered to the driver, who promptly started the bus and drove out of the camp.

We were all obviously going to the same place. Both girls were also wearing identical light blue tunics with a dark blue eagle over their left breasts. The girl across the aisle looked shell-shocked, a condition I could identify with. Her dark hair was in a state and her pretty face was tear stained, probably like mine. She

was taller than me and slimmer.

She was studying me, so I spoke up. “My name is Sadaf,” I said bearing in mind that we were restricted to 5 seconds in 60.

She looked over her shoulder at the guard. “I’m Hariam,” she replied in almost a whisper.

It was a slow conversation, but I learnt that she didn’t know where she was going or who had paid over the odds for her. I told her that we were on our way to Prince Emidi’s estate, which came as a shock to her. She had been working in a private gym in Dubai when one of the wealthy clients was given the wrong steroid, he had a heart attack and died. She was the unlucky fall guy so that her superior could avoid the blame.

I listened to her story which came tumbling out in short bursts. It broke up the tedium of the hour-long journey in almost pitch-black conditions. The girl was distressed as she unloaded her grief, but she brightened when I told her where we were going.

Unlike the prison guard who delivered me to the camp, neither guard on the army bus was interested in what we were doing. The guard in the back had a thrall to play with. She spent most of the journey sitting and bouncing on the young man’s lap.

Finally, when we passed through a pair of security gates of a large estate, I was relieved to be at the end of my journey. The guard at the back got to his feet and brought the thrall forward before the bus stopped.

The parking lot appeared to be almost full of expensive high-end motor cars, but there was a man in a white thobe who stopped the driver and came aboard before he parked.

The man came up the steps and glanced down the bus. “Is this your last job tonight, lads?” the man asked.

“Sure is.” The driver looked out the windscreen.” What’s going on tonight?”

“His Royal Highness is showing the racecourse and the new stand to some of his friends. It’s nearly finished. The builders are starting to clear their plant equipment. A couple more days...”

“Shall we drop the sprogs here?”

“No, drive through the gap over to the right...” He pointed through the windshield. The bus started to move in that direction, skirting a line of cars.

“Keep going.” He waited a few seconds until the bus was crawling slowly along a service road. “The next building is the new fitness centre and accommodation for the training staff. You can’t see much from the back. We’re passing the stables now.”

When we emerged into the open, I got an idea of the vastness of the complex. I spotted a group of dignitaries at the open doors of a curved building which our guide claimed was the stables. I turned to see we were approaching an old wooden building.

“That’s the old pavilion. There used to be a cricket pitch where they’ve constructed the race circuit and main stand,” the guide informed the soldiers. “Park around the back and I’ll fetch the head groundsman.”

As soon as the driver pulled up behind a bunch of machines, including a ride on mower, the guide jumped down. The soldiers came and released us and helped us off the bus and down onto the gravel service road.

A door was open on the back of the building, casting enough light for us to avoid tripping over. A heavily built man wearing a white thobe emerged ahead of the guide and studied us in the half light. The driver gave the stranger our files and the small bags that contained the keys and controllers for our restraints.

“Thanks boys.” He studied us. “I’m not impressed with these thralls...”

“There’s not much quality out there these days...” The driver shrugged and returned to the minibus. The guide followed the soldiers, leaving us with the big guy.

He waited for the van to reverse out of the service road, then rounded on the three of us. “I am the head groundkeeper. My name is Shahzaib Adwan, but to you, I’m Master Shah.” He glared at us. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master Shah,” we chorused.

“Which of you is Sadaf Ayad?”

“I am Master Shah,” I responded.

He scanned my body. “Ex-prison service, I hear.”

“Yes, Master Shah.”

He gestured to all of us. “All right, follow me.”

I was expecting to see an old wooden interior, but modern partitions had been erected, creating a central corridor to divide the area up. When he pushed a door open my spirits sagged. The room smelt of stale urine, it was spartanly furnished and looked like a cell. There were five metal framed beds in a row. The end bed was occupied by a thrall wearing only a brown corset and a black rubber ball gag.

“I’m using this overspill room for stable thralls. I don’t want you three mixing with the ground staff, period. Hopefully, you’ll be able to move into your own accommodation during the weekend. Until then, you’re working in the grounds, under me.” He pointed at the four empty beds, each with a stained mattress. “At night, you will sleep in belt restrains.

He led us along to where the slim girl was lying on her back with her thighs clamped together. One of her ankle cuffs had been released and cuffed to the last metal rod on the bed end. Her eyes were open, but she lay perfectly still.

“Restrained like this...” He shook the chain. “...you’ll have enough chain to sit on your bucket if you need to take a piss during the night. The only plumbing in the pavilion is at the far end of the corridor. The kitchen is on one side and the bathroom on the other. You’ll get a shower in the morning at five-thirty and one when you finish work at six-thirty. I’m assigning Hashir to look after you while you’re with us.” He glared at us. “Get on a bed, on your hands and knees with your feet against the bed end. I’ll be back in a minute.”

He dumped the small bags on the fifth bed and waited while we all clambered on our beds and manoeuvred into position. I had chosen the bed between the stranger from the bus and the empty bed so that I could have a chat with her...

1.5 ~ Sadaf: Three.

I waited until Shah had left the room before talking to the stranger who arrived with us on the bus, wearing an Emidi Light blue tunic. “Hi, I’m Sadaf, she’s Hariam.” I pointed to the next bed beyond her.

“Is this what hell looks like?” she asked bitterly and started sobbing.

“What’s your name?” Hariam asked.

She was still distressed which gave me a chance to study the pretty youngster. She had large doe eyes and a cute turned up nose. She was slim and had small firm tits. “Ziab,” she finally replied.

“Where are you from?” I asked, then touched the collar to remind her about the five second rule.

“This is all a ghastly nightmare...”

“For all of us...”

Voices brought our conversation to an end. Master Shah and a young man, also wearing a white thawb, entered and walked to the end of our beds. With our asses in the air, they were both able to see the effect the tight cunt strap had, especially the way it pulled into my cunt, forcing my lips to spread and bulge either side of the narrow leather strip.

Shah tapped me on the ass with his crop. “Hashir, this is Ayad. You can see from the state of her cheeks that she’s a troublemaker. Keep an eye on her. She, Hariam and Ziab...” He pointed at each of us with his crop. “...are, apparently, joining Sergeant Talar’s fitness team. Ziab might be driving the rigs.”

“This one doesn’t look very fit, Master Shah,” the lad commented. He grabbed my right buttock and gave it a squeeze. “None of our thrall’s arses are this big.”

I felt my face flush after the young man’s comment. Hashir was taller than Shah and slimmer, but the thawb hid his lean body from view. I was used to being dominated by the male staff at Kiashakan prison, but at least I managed to push back sometimes. Restrained and reduced to the status of a thrall, I was totally at both men’s mercy...

The head groundskeeper turned his attention to us. “My boys wear cock collars that render them flaccid during the day, from breakfast time to supper time. But, between supper and breakfast they get their mojo back. If one of them takes a liking to you, when he’s hard, he’ll use one of your holes with my blessing. Any reported dissent will earn you two stokes. I administer all punishments in the evening. Do you understand your place in my workforce?”

“Yes, Master Shah!”

“It’s late, boy. Sort them out, then sleep in the spare bed. I want them to get a good night’s sleep, once you’ve settled them down. In the morning, after they’ve showered, bring Ayad to my room. I want to try out her massaging skills.”

“Yes, Master Shah,” He responded.

As soon as Shah left the room, Hashir went to the spare bed and opened one of the bags. He found what he was looking for, a bunch of keys, then returned to the bottom of my bed.

“Ayad, I’m going to release your cunt strap, so dip your shoulders and spread your knees.”

He waited until my thighs were wide apart and my ass well-spread before using a small key to release the three catches of the leather cunt strap. He had to reach between my thighs to unlock the two on the front of the corset, then release the one on the back. It was a huge relief not to have the narrow strip of leather constantly pulling up into my labia cleft.

He then put his finger in the loop on the end of the cracker-plug dildo and eased it out of my rectum. “Uhhhh,” I groaned as I helped push the solid monstrosity clear of my complaining anal muscles.

“Thrall, there are two buckets under your bed, one for your piss and shit in and the other for your strap and dildo. In the morning you take them both down to the bathroom and showers. After emptying your crap, wash them thoroughly.” He patted my ass. “Keep your ass up where I can see it.”

He dropped the items in the bucket then moved along to Hariam’s bed and removed her cunt strap and dildo. “It looks like the whole fucking army has been shafting you two,” he muttered. I heard Hariam snivelling as he tested her tightness with his fingers. He examined Ziab, then returned to me, whereupon he

slid two fingers into my quim. “Mmmm. That’s a surprise...” After withdrawing them, he went and patted Hariam’s ass. “Get off the bed and clean Ayad’s holes. Do a good job or you’ll get two strokes.”

The poor girl scrambled off the mattress, shuffled to the end of my bed and pushed her face against my ass. Moments later she was lapping up the crusty jiz caking my nether region, then dipping into my holes as though her life depended on it.

The lad had chosen me to fuck, but at least I was treated to a thorough tonguing first, the like of which I had never experienced before. She didn’t trigger my libido, but I thoroughly enjoyed the intimacy after such a dreadful day.

“This is a task you thralls have to do without being told. If you’re caught with manky holes, you’ll all get at least two strokes,” he said while leaning over to see how she was doing. Unfortunately, Hashir didn’t let her linger a moment too long. “Enough thrall. Go to your bed and sit on your heels with a straight back.”

I had to wait with my ass in the air while he removed Hariam’s chain belt and cuffs, then helped her off with her tunic.

“Hands by your side,” he ordered.

He then refitted the belt restraint over her blue corset and fastened her hands in the leather cuffs. As soon as she was lying down, on her back, he released her left ankle cuff and fastened it to the bed post.

Having sorted her, he dealt with Ziab in exactly the same fashion, then returned to examine my posterior. He began by releasing the cuff on my left ankle. “Let’s have your feet further back.”

He pulled them through the bars until the back of my thighs were up against the bed end.

“Hariam has done a good job, Ayad. Make sure you three keep the standard up.”

He ran his hands over my bruised ass cheeks. The fire had been doused, but they were still sensitive to touch.

“Normally, I don’t like fat asses, but yours is firm and a nice shape...” I felt him place the hem of his thobe on my back. “...and more importantly, your cunt is how I like it, tight and hot.”

My pussy was just at the right height, peeping over the top of the bed end for the lad to easily guide his cock into my fleshy entrance. Hariam’s saliva then helped him drive it in about halfway. I knew immediately that the lad had girth and that he would have to work hard to fully penetrate me.

“Push back girl,” he muttered.

I wanted him to finish as quickly as possible, so I helped him with the initial impalement and then with each piledriver thrust thereafter. Thralls weren’t supposed to enjoy being fucked by their Master, so I kept quiet while my orgasm

came to the boil. I had been trimmed but my walls were hypersensitive. A few thrusts triggered my juices, unlocking the way for the young Arab.

“Girl, it’s a pity you’re not on the ground staff... You are a sweet ride.” He sped up as he neared his big moment, while I buried my head in my arms and grunted into the bed covers. “Yesssssssss...” he hissed as he ejaculated the contents of his nads as deep as his cock could reach, which happened to be against my bruised extremity.

I was relieved when he withdrew and then prayed that he was finished, but my luck was out once again. “Ayad, turn. You know the routine.”

It was awkward withdrawing my feet through the bars without tangling the chain. The lad just stood there holding his thawb up until I had sorted myself out and returned to face him.

“Get your act together, Ayad. If you were any kind of fitness instructor, you should be nimbler on your knees.”

Without my hands to help me, I relied on him holding up his semi-hard penis. I got to see his stainless-steel penile restraint, a solid ring fitted snug on the base of his cock, behind his scrotum.

“I doubt if there’s any energy left in the tank, Ayad. You’re the fourth thrall I’ve boned this evening,” he boasted.

Thankfully, he was right, he didn't get the urge to spear my throat. He dropped his thawb, then released my cuffs and belt so I could take the soiled tunic off. I was filthy and smelly, but I knew there was no point asking for a shower.

The lad was obviously used to having sex with grubby thralls like me. It was galling to have a lad maybe six or seven years younger than me, treat me like a sex slave. It was obviously something I was going to have to get used to, not in the short term, but for the rest of my life.

When I finally got to lay my head on the pillow, the lad secured the loose ankle cuff to the bed end and left the room. When I turned my head, I wasn't surprised to find that the other two were either asleep or doing a convincing job of faking it. While I stared at the old pavilion ceiling, trying to doze off, the lad returned, put the light out and laid down on his bed.

The day was over, but my life, living as a thrall, had only just begun...

1.6 ~ Hiba: One.

I closed the door behind Emad, placed my briefcase on the floor and threw the keys on the side table. “Emad, help me off with my shoes, then my jacket.” I gave the order before he got the opportunity to take in his surroundings.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said in a lighthearted eager tone, thinking I was only being half serious.

As he dropped to his knees, Jena stepped into the hall. She was wearing a white frilly apron which effectively covered her lovely body. Well, the front anyway. “Ma’am, is the gentleman staying to dinner?”

Marwan turned his head, so I clipped him round the ear. “Concentrate on what you’re doing.” He was miffed but turned back and unbuckled the strap on my right shoe. “Yes, Jena, we will be dining with Emad.”

Having removed both shoes, Emad stood and eased my jacket off my shoulders. “Where shall I hang this, Ma’am.”

“Remove your shoes, then bring my briefcase and jacket.” He followed me down the hall and into my bedroom. I opened a wardrobe door. “Hang it in there.”

“Your apartment is even more impressive than your description, Ma’am.” He looked around the room and at himself in one of the mirror robes. “Your profession has been good to you.”

“What do you mean by that comment, Emad?” I unbuttoned my skirt and let it fall to the floor. His eyes dropped to the front of my satin panties.

“Nothing, Ma’am. I love the apartment. What’s that for?” He pointed at the ten-foot chrome pole in the corner of the room.

“You really don’t have a very good imagination, do you Emad?”

“Well, I can imagine Jena dancing on it...”

“What about me?”

“Ummm, am I allowed to imagine you?”

“Now you mention it, no. If you behave yourself, I’ll tell Jena to show you her graceful moves. Now, get undressed and use the shower in the bathroom, one door down the hall on this side.” I slipped my blouse off and let it drop to the floor.

“Oh, is it alright to walk around naked with your maid in the apartment?”

“Emad, Jena knows what a man’s cock looks like. You’ll find plenty of towels in the bathroom. You don’t turn into a monster when you’re naked, do you?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“Okay, when you return, there’ll be a thawb on the bed. Put it on then go and see if you can help Jena.”

I left him undressing and turned away. While wearing just a set of white satin underwear, I picked up the briefcase and took it over to my desk which was facing the wall in an alcove. I retrieved my laptop from the case, set it up on the desk and switched it on.

I looked over my shoulder to see if Emad had left, only to find him naked, staring at my ass, while I leant over the computer. He was erect and embarrassed when I caught him staring. We were both distracted when Jena appeared in the doorway.

“Mistress, the dinner will be ready in twenty minutes,” the young Saudi announced.

“Thank you, Jena. That’s perfect. Would you show Mr. Marwan to the bathroom.

She bowed slightly. “Yes, Ma’am. This way, Sir.”

She turned and presented her cute naked ass to our male guest, then set off down the hall. I only had a brief glimpse of her white furry bobtail between her tight,

bronzed cheeks which were criss-crossed with stripes of various colours. The furball was stuck on the end of her anal plug, one of many cute tails, she possessed. I returned my attention to the computer and entered the password to open my business email.

Just before we left the office, I received an email from Sheik Salim Husni. It was an invite to join him for breakfast, at his palace, in the morning. He was one of many obnoxious billionaires who threw their weight around among the upper echelons of UAE society. Having to rub shoulders with such men was one drawback of my profession.

The truth was that no self-respecting, ambitious solicitor would turn down a chance to sit with Sheik Husni to discuss legal matters. He may be the richest man in the UAE, but he wasn't the most influential. He needed the support of men like my father who was a high court judge.

I knew they were friends, but I wasn't sure if they were close. I would have to walk on eggshells during the meeting for I was beholden to my father for supporting my law firm and getting me a place on the VLD team. He didn't approve of my lesbian lifestyle and would prefer that I found a husband and start to produce grandchildren.

Having thought about the meeting and the possible ramifications on the way home from the office, I decided to accept Salim's invite for an 8:30 breakfast. There wasn't a hint of his motives in the email, which suited me fine. It meant I would have an open mind when we came face to face in the morning. I switched the computer off and turned to find Jena picking up my discarded clothes.

She laid the skirt on the bed and dropped the blouse in the laundry basket, then came over and unfastened my bra. "Jena, put a thawb on the bed for Mr. Marwan

and a pair of matching tunics for us. Serve dinner in ten minutes,” I instructed my loyal assistant.

Normally, I would have taken Jena into the shower before I ate, but I had a guest to deal with before I relaxed with the youngster. I enjoyed a slow shower while I ran through the day’s events. Emad moved into my suite of offices after agreeing to join my firm. He was one of only two male solicitors in the company, whereas counting me, there were four females.

We did a lot of contract work, specializing in the legal rights of second-class residents such as female thralls and male bondslaves. Indenture agreements for citizens of the UAE were popular among the wealthy elite and it was my firm’s job to make them watertight.

Some people couldn’t understand my detachment from the perceived plight of thralls, like the ones I examined while working with the VLD team. I had no time for human right’s activists and was thankful the government gave them short shrift. I and one of my colleagues did a lot of work in the divorce sector – a highly lucrative source of income

Emad impressed me with his keen eye for a thrall and I judged that he was going to make a valuable contribution in reducing our ever-increasing workload at the lower end of the scale.

When I emerged from the bathroom, Jena was waiting to towel me down. She had already donned a pink gauze tunic that had an elasticated, gathered, high waist. The style created a flouncy effect as the short hem danced delightfully around the youngster’s upper thighs.

“Where’s Emad,” I asked.

“He’s tidying and cleaning the kitchen, Ma’am.”

Jena did a thorough job, then after drying and combing my hair, helped me on with an identical tunic to hers. I was a very ‘feminine’ lesbian. Apart from adoring beautiful female bodies, I loved ultra-feminine clothes and hated the clothes I had to work in. I particularly enjoyed the bi-monthly sessions sitting on the VLD panel, when for a few days a month I could wallow in examining young female bodies.

The frocks we were wearing were gossamer thin, so Emad was distracted during our meal. My tits, clearly visible through the gauze fabric, were larger than Jena’s. She had a more petite figure and weighed 95 pounds to my 110. We both had dark hair and honey-brown skin which was lighter than our guest’s.

Jena was a free woman but would remain on licence for the rest of her sentence. As her owner, I had the power to grant some of her rights back. She would remain a thrall and couldn’t have a passport, but she could travel throughout the UAE without restraints. She worked at my law firm in the mornings as a file clerk and excelled at the job.

I told Emad before we started that I didn’t approve of talking at the table and he seemed quite happy to eat while listening to classic music and studying two attractive females. Jena teased him whenever she left the table to fetch more food or take the dirty dishes to the kitchen by leaning across him. It was our favourite pastime, but in a male dominated society we had to be careful who we teased and who we didn’t.

As soon as we had finished and Jena had served coffee, I broke the silence.

“Emad, I don’t usually talk shop at home. but I’m interested in your relationship with the last thrall that you defended. What was her name?”

“Nadia Kateb, Ma’am. We didn’t really have a relationship. I was assigned to her and met her for the first time at the Dubai Central Police Station.”

“Were you allowed a private interview?”

“Yes, the police were very accommodating. The evidence of her crimes was damning. There were even pictures of her lying naked on the stolen car’s hood. Her flagrant disregard for the law and her lewd behaviour didn’t sit well with the judge.”

“I’ve read the transcripts. You asked for time to mount a defence. Why?”

“I believed that she was innocent of some of the charges. She admitted the drinking charge but accused one of the royal Princes of setting her up. She had a clean record and didn’t seem like the type to prostitute herself.”

“Did you have time to fuck her?”

The question caught him completely by surprise. “Um, Hiba...”

“So, you did. Listen to me, Emad, there is no ‘type’. You gave your client hope when there was none. If the police lay the evidence before you, accept it and move on. I’ve read the file. The girl and her flatmate were running a brothel. They had confessions and irrefutable evidence of her crimes. She used her body to snag you so that you spent more time on her case.”

“She seemed like a nice girl...”

“Emad, you haven’t got time to drool over the thralls and investigate individual cases. The courts are snowed under with cases like hers. Remember, the more we handle, the more the firm earns.”

He sat and listened. “I’m pretty good at judging characters, Ma’am.”

I turned to Jena who was sipping her coffee. “Did you hear that, Jena? I wonder what our guest thinks of your character.”

She gave me a smile, then got to her feet. After moving to stand beside him, she put her arm around his shoulders. In the process she pushed her tits in front of his face. Her right nipple nudged his cheek.

“Jena was languishing in jail when I sponsored her. Tell me what you think of her character.”

He looked up into her face and got a sweet angelic smile in return. “Um, I think Jena stole something from her Master.”

I chuckled and nodded my head. “Not a bad guess. Jena, tell Mr. Marwan why you were sentenced to life in Kiashakan.”

She turned and leant against the table, so she was facing him. “I was born into slavery. My twin and I, soon after our eighteenth birthday, were sold to a rich sheik in Saudi Arabia. I won’t go into details, but the sheik’s son, sexually assaulted Natasha in the most brutal manner. My sister died of her injuries.

There were no consequences for the young man. I saw him laughing with his friends the day after they took Natasha’s body away. I hid a knife in his bedroom and eventually saw my chance when the young man was drunk. He had brutalized me that night over several hours, but it only took me ten seconds to cut his cock and balls off.”

“Show Mr. Marwan your cute cunt, Jena.” She duly lifted her left foot onto the corner of his chair and swung her knee wide. “Her Master used a red-hot iron to disfigure her sex.”

“It... it looks beautiful.”

“Emad, that was a year ago. I have paid for a dozen operations since then. What do you think? Stroke her sex.”

He lifted his fingers to her lips. “Have you lost the feeling in your labia?” he asked.

“Some, Sir, but not in my vagina. If you feel deep enough you will trigger my juices.”

“Oh...” He looked at me. “Should I, Hiba?”

“Yes. Feel her tightness, as if you are at the training centre. Don’t be shy.” I watched him gently finger fuck Jena for thirty seconds, then assessed he was ready. “Enough.” Emad withdrew his fingers and examined the sticky coating. “We’ll leave the dishes to later. Come on. Time to have some fun.”

Jena and I were going to enjoy ourselves, but I wasn’t sure about our naïve guest...

1.7 ~ Hiba: Two.

I led the way to my bedroom knowing that Emad's eyes were glued to my sashaying ass cheeks beneath the gauze tunic. The young man must have been bursting to spear one of us but would have been torn as to which one of us to choose.

I walked over to the pole and turned. "Emad, remove your thobe. Jena, fetch the pole attachment."

My young assistant went to a cupboard and returned with a piece of stainless-steel BDSM restraint kit. I attached it to the pole, then slid it higher. The block had two cuffs on the front which were open. Emad, naked, stood bedside Jena, who had just removed her tunic. Naturally, he was imagining one of us putting our wrists in the cuffs.

I pushed the restraint higher until I was on tiptoe, then tightened the clamp so it was immovable. I pointed up at the cuffs. "Emad, put your wrists in the cuffs with your back to the pole, then we will treat you to a performance you'll never forget."

He looked up at the cuffs. "Um, this is a bit extreme for me."

"Emad, I'm surprised you're hesitating. You were eager enough to fuck Nadia Kateb in the police station. Why be shy now in front of two naked, attractive women?" I lifted the hem of my tunic and whisked it off.

"What are you going to do?"

Jena stepped forward, placed her right hand on his shoulder and grasped his throbbing 10" shaft near the midpoint. For a mild-mannered guy, he kept himself in shape and hair free, not an unusual choice for young Arab men.

Jenna rubbed her taut tits against his muscular torso which softened him up. "Sir, if we tell you everything, you won't get excited and appreciate our performance..." She helped Emad to lift his left arm while he voluntarily raised his right. When he pushed the back of his wrists into the cuffs, they snapped shut. There were two buttons on the back of the block. One to free it from the pole and the other to release the cuffs.

Leaving Emad, we returned to the cupboard. I removed two footrests and an ankle cuff attachment, while Jenna picked up the heavier head attachment and carried it over and placed it on the floor behind the pole.

Emad twisted his head to try and see what we were doing. "What are they for, Ma'am?" he asked.

I put my finger to my lips, then attached the shorter footrest behind his neck followed by the longer one behind his waist. They clipped to the back of the pole and didn't touch Emad's body unless he twisted around. The third piece of kit was the ankle restraints. Once I secured it to the back of the pole, I pulled his feet back until the cuffs clicked shut on his ankles.

"Hiba, that's uncomfortable," he complained.

His posture had changed once his feet were behind the pole. His ass was forced against the pole reducing his movement. I ignored his question and instead helped Jena secure the heavier piece of equipment behind his head. The parts that projected beyond the pole were curved and padded, so were comfortable if he kept his head still. Unfortunately, Emad was squirming, trying to see what we were doing.

“Please Ma’am, I don’t like this...”

Taking an additional piece of the puzzle from Jena, I moved round to face him and showed it to him. “Emad, keep your head still...”

“Please, this isn’t exciting at all.”

Jena grabbed his cock and started to stroke it. “This disagrees with you, Sir.”

“I’m so uncomfortable. Please...”

The section I was holding was a curved piece of padded stainless-steel, roughly the shape of his forehead. The ends pushed into sockets either side of his head, on the block, attached to the pole. Once I had pushed it into place our luckless visitor couldn’t move his head at all.

“There, Just the gag on this section and we can start the fun.”

“Please, Hiba, I don’t want to be gagged.”

“Shush. Open wide...” He was resistant when he saw that one side of the gag had a 4” dildo and the other, a dildo about the size of his own cock. I had to press the smaller silicone dick against his lips before he reluctantly opened his mouth. Then, as I pushed the mini cock into his mouth, I was able to fit the section in the same manner as the one against his forehead. Once the two ends were secured the projecting, banana shaped silicone cock was ready for use.

Emad’s nose and eyes were free. He looked scared, not knowing what on earth we were doing. I placed my hand on his chest. “Emad, I’m going to climb the pole and try out your new cock, while Jena blows you down below. Once she’s rendered you flaccid, she’s going to fit an electronic cock cage.”

“Urrrrrrr,” he complained vociferously.

“Emad, the cock cage will deter you from shagging the clients. The girls you’ll be visiting in their cells, in the coming days, need to be dealt with quickly. The restraint will help you focus on preparing the girls for their fate. Do you understand?” He couldn’t move his head, but his eyes enlarged. “It will also keep you focused when you’re in the office. Every girl I employ is horny and the last thing I want is you drooling over them.”

I went behind him, lifted a foot onto the first rest, then climbed the pole. As soon as I was above his head, I swivelled, then dropped my ass until the tip of the silicone cock was nudging my soft, succulent entrance. I positioned my feet on the high footrests and gripped the pole just above his hands, then slowly impaled myself on the generous sized dildo.

Emad had a front row seat and a spectacular view of my cunt as it approached his face. I looked down and saw his eyes focus on my clitoral hood until it was rubbing against his nose. I deliberately let my weight apply pressure, then I twisted on the prong for a couple of minutes for an intense session of masturbation. Emad's nose was large and the right shape to ignite my sleeping libido.

By the time I was easing my ass up and down on the silicone spike, Jena was into her stride blowing the young man. He moaned and groaned while I increased my pace until an explosive climax arrived, then I rode his face until I was tired of hanging onto the pole. Emad's nose had come in for brutal treatment which could explain the tears when I finally eased my quim off the dildo.

I climbed up, turned, then clambered down to find that Jena had fitted the cock cage and even inserted the sound in his urethra. His dick looked small and sad in its tight prison. Curved and pointing down, it was attached to a stainless-steel ring that Jena had secured at the base of his cock, behind his scrotum. The device was held in place by two tiny padlocks.

One end of a small plastic tube was plugged into the end of the sound and the other into a plastic container on the floor. I showed Emad a small remote controller. "Emad, I'm going to turn on the stimulator attached to the cage. It will send pulses of energy through your genitals and provide an hour of unique sexual excitement. They tell me that electro male orgasms are similar to what women experience, if the man knows what he's doing."

I switched the device on, then retired to the bed with Jena. I was as horny as fuck having the naked male figure shackled to the pole just a few feet away from where we lay. While my sweet Saudi assistant lavished her attentions on my body, Emad's vocal grunts and groans enhanced the youngster's efforts and intensified my pleasure.

Emad would ejaculate six times while watching two of the horniest young women he had ever seen sating their sapphic desires on each other. What more could a man ask for...?

1.8 ~ Hiba: Three.

Emad was quiet, no doubt mulling over his extraordinary experience while restrained against a pole in my bedroom. The journey to the office wasn't far but gave him time to think about his experience the previous night. The device attached to the cock cage was set to give him six steady build-ups to the intense electro orgasms, while Jena and I enjoyed our own, joyous climaxes.

When we released Emad, he was limp with exhaustion. His eyes had glazed over and he didn't protest when we helped him walk to a guest bedroom and eased him onto the bed. He was quiet and respectful at breakfast and hardly seemed to notice Jena and I moving around the apartment while naked or in underwear.

Emad finally broke the silence. "I'm worried about Iqra, Ma'am."

"Go and see her this afternoon before she goes into surgery tonight. She'll have the best doctors and the operation on her heart is routine."

"Thanks for organizing that, Hiba."

"Emad, you and Iqra are part of my team and I look after those who follow my orders. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." He thought about the next question. "Wh... when will I be allowed my freedom?"

“From the cock collar?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“When Iqra is fit enough to have sex. I would guess in about six months’ time.”

“What!” He saw my expression. “Sorry, Ma’am. I’ll go nuts in six months.”

“No, you won’t. There will be many more sessions like last night.” He didn’t respond. “You did enjoy yourself, didn’t you?”

“Um, yes, but it was so exhausting.”

“That’s the point. You’ll be numb down there for a day or two. Your nads are empty and will need draining two or three times a week. We’ll work out a schedule.” I pulled up outside the office block. “Go and do some work. I may be in before lunch...”

I watched Emad and Jena walking, side by side, toward the glass revolving door on the front of the building. I recently rented the whole 25th floor for my suite of offices in the Al Ghafi Building, one of the most modern buildings in Dubai.

After my driver set the navigation system, the vehicle pulled away from the kerb, heading for Sheik Husni’s estate. I had never been there or talked to Salim,

but I had talked to Ismah, his second wife and Masumi, his third wife.

As a member of the VLD team I had access to a lot of sensitive data pertaining to the valuation and location of thralls. The majority were either languishing in jail, with licenced agents and trainers or living with their owners. There were subsets for Pony-girls and Puppy-girls. I might be naïve, but I trusted the other members of the VLD team to keep the information confidential. Failing to do so was a criminal offence.

After showing my identification at the security gate, we were waved through onto the Husni estate. My driver switched to manual and steered us into a parking spot in among a line of very expensive motor cars. I was pleased to see Ismah Husni standing on the steps presumably waiting for me.

The stunning young woman was wearing golden sandals and a purple tulle tunic with gold filigree edging. It was similar to a concubine outfit, only much more lavish. As the second wife, she had less clout than Rasha, who had once owned the young woman before Salim purchased her. The rumour was that Salim swapped her for a Pony-girl.

“Hiba, how nice to see you again,” she said as I climbed the steps. We both bowed, then kissed each other on the cheek.

I felt overdressed in my fawn jacket, long maroon dress and matching hijab. “Has your husband sent you to fetch me?” I asked in a lighthearted manner.

“Not exactly. He’s on a conference call at the moment, so suggested I show you the stables. Pony-girl racing is his first love.”

“I understand you are hooked on the sport as well.”

“Come, let’s chat while we walk around to the stables.” We skipped down the steps then set off across the grass. “I manage the Husni stables, but we have trainers who take care of the everyday running. I may spend a couple of hours a day with the Ponies.”

“How long have you been married to Salim?”

“Two years. Have you met Rasha, Salim’s other wife?”

“No, I’ve seen pictures of her in Vogue; and Masumi of course.”

Barefooted, Ismah was a couple of inches shorter than me, but I was wearing sandals with two-inch heels. Beneath the tunic she was wearing a tiny pair of tan panties and nothing else. I noticed her bodyguard set off about 50 yards behind us, making sure he could keep an eye on her.

“Just so that you know, Hiba, Masumi is no longer at the palace. Salim has decided to divorce her as soon as the time is right.”

“Oh, I only saw her a couple of nights ago at one of the assimilation training camps.”

“All her engagements have been cancelled and she’s been sent away.”

Drawing up wedding contracts for the sheiks, meant I had a pretty good idea of what went on. We put clauses in the contracts to ensure the husband could demand certain standards of his wife. We rounded a bend and set off across a lavishly stocked garden.

We passed four thralls in short tunics, chained together, hoeing the flowerbeds, while a young man hovered close by holding a cane. As the girls bent forward the thralls revealed the evidence of receiving countless strokes across their posteriors.

I also noted that the Husni estate were observing the new restraint laws introduced during the middle of the previous year. I looked at the faces of the girls just to check if Masumi was among them. She wasn’t but I didn’t doubt that the discarded wife was performing a similar task on the Husni estate or the estate of the man who bought her.

“Was it a difficult decision for Salim to discard her?”

“Yes, it was. Unfortunately, Masumi didn’t understand our culture,” Ismah explained in a hesitant tone. “Tell me Hiba, have you watched any Pony-girl racing?”

“When I can, but I never get involved with the owners. I have to value the creatures usually at the point of sale or before they are auctioned. My job is very

hands on before they reach their new homes.”

“That’s interesting. Will you examine two fillies and tell me what you think of them?”

“Ismah, I don’t usually mix work with pleasure.”

The delightful Saudi nodded knowingly and smiled at me. She was seriously cute when she flashed her brown eyes and wrinkled her cute nose. “I think you’ll appreciate the fillies that I’m going to show you.”

When we reached the end of the huge building, I discovered that we were standing outside the modern stables. We were also positioned at the corner of a vast standing area where three tie rails, forming a ‘C’, were waiting for Ponies to be secured to them. Beyond the standing area, in the middle of the estate was the Husni Pony racecourse with its distinctive white lines marking just four lanes. There was also a massive stand for spectators, one of the largest I had ever seen.

I counted nine Ponies jogging around the track, three pulling singles rigs and four pulling two doubles rigs. Two quad bikes were being used to pace the five rigs.

“It looks like all your ponies are on the track, Ismah.”

“No, not all. Follow me.” She led the way into the gloomy stables. There were what appeared to be 8 stalls on each side and about a dozen assorted rigs

assembled in the centre.

I spotted the pair of Pony-girls at the far end. They were tethered to light alloy singles rigs. A lad was rubbing some cream into the nearest filly's rump. He stopped as we approached and stepped back.

"Thank you, boy, go and clean the stalls." The lad scurried away while I cast my eye over the filly and rig.

I moved to the side of the vehicle, reached out and grasped the six-inch silicone protrusion. "These are old school, aren't they?"

Ismah walked around to the other side and gave me a roguish grin. "These are the rigs we used for the last two seasons."

"Am I right in thinking the new ones have anal protrusions?"

"Yes. The drivers hate having to wear anal collars, but they'll get used to them. I use one of these when I want to mingle with the squad."

"I see you have prepared two. Were you expecting me to join you for a circuit or two?"

"Well, I have a spare tunic in the office. You could slip into it and I doubt if

anyone will notice if we do a couple of laps, then return here.”

I looked around the stables and came to the conclusion that it was a set-up. Salim was going to appear and witness my impalement while wearing a gossamer thin garment. Salim wanted to increase his influence over the movement of thralls and Pony-girls and I was in his crosshairs.

Prince Emidi Al Ruktoum had used his influence to get Emad Marwan onto the VLD team, then got Javid Kashif to put pressure on him to manipulate the sale of Nadia Kateb. That move had failed. I had seen to that. Now I had to contend with Salim Husni. However, I didn’t want to make an enemy of him. That would upset my father just when I had his support for my law firm.

“I’ll do one lap, Ismah. I really don’t want your husband thinking I’m fooling around when he invited me around for a working breakfast.”

“Hiba, believe me, if Salim finishes his call early, he will react in a very favourable way. However, I think we have time for a lap or two. Come, I’ll show you where you can change.”

I loved new challenges, I loved the tunic that Ismah was wearing and I was smitten with the young Saudi. My head said resist, while my heart said enjoy. The latter won. I followed the svelte young Saudi into a passageway, then into an office which had windows looking out into the stables. A smart young man got to his feet.

“Ma’am, is there something I can do for you?”

“Dafiq, this is Hiba Handal, a guest of mine. We would like some privacy please.”

“Of course, Ma’am. I’ll keep an eye on the animals for you.”

As soon as he had left, Ismah pointed at a chair. “You can place your clothes on there.”

While I removed my hijab, dress and panties, the beautiful young woman went to a locker and pulled out a fresh tunic. As she approached me, she removed it from a cellophane bag but didn’t hand it to me. Instead, she laid it on the desk beside where I was standing.

“Hiba, you are beautiful and have a wonderful body,” she said softly, then reached out and gently stroked my right breast.

“Ismah, I’m twelve years older than you and envy your youthful body.”

She moved her hand to my upper arm and closed the distance. I felt that behind the mask, the girl was deeply worried about something. I also thought that she would tell me what was on her mind before I had my meeting with her husband...

1.9 ~ Hiba: Four.

Our nipples where close, hers straining against the purple gauze, while mine were unfettered. I relaxed and moved so they were touching.

“Ismah, are you trying to seduce me?”

She squeezed my arm gently, then reached around with her right hand and laid it on my proud buttocks. “No, but I want us to be friends...”

I glanced out into the stables and saw that Dafiq was looking away. I couldn’t resist kissing her gently on the lips. “I’m honoured to be your friend, Ismah, but tell me what’s on your mind.”

She nodded slightly. “Um, well, Salim disposed of Masumi in brutal fashion. I wanted to defend her, but I had to support Salim and Rasha’s decision. The way they dealt with her though went against my natural instincts...”

“You’re afraid he may dispose of you in a similar fashion, aren’t you?”

She stepped back and picked up the tunic. “I didn’t have a solicitor when I signed the contract and now I have to rely on Salim’s legal advisors standing up for me.”

“That won’t happen, Ismah. Without seeing the contract, I can only guess, but in all probability, Salim would use the ‘maintaining standards’ clause. UAE

marriage law allows for the husband to put rigorous standards into the contract, knowing that their new wife will struggle to maintain their youthful fitness. It's the commonest way to dispose of a wife. Why do you think you might be the next to go?"

Ismah helped me on with the tunic. "I overheard Salim talking with Rasha. Your name was mentioned. Rasha said you have an excellent reputation in the field of marriage contracts. I want to know if Salim is thinking of getting rid of me and if so, why." She reached under her tunic and lowered her panties. After stepping out of them, she handed them to me. "I would be grateful for any information you might find out..."

I examined the panties and then held them to my nose. Her scent was delightful. I placed them on the desk. "What would I get in return?"

She lifted the top off a pot of clear lubricating jell, then lifted her knee and held it with both hands, thus revealing her smooth, tight labia. "Hiba, I need some jell applied before I mount the seat's prong..." She gave me a cheeky grin.

Tongue's wagged in high society, especially among women. I assumed that Ismah knew of my sexual orientation. I certainly knew that Rasha was enraged when her father swapped Ismah for a Pony-girl. I assumed that she was one of the lures Salim used to get Rasha to agree to marry him. He really was one of the most cunning men on the planet.

I couldn't resist the invite, so I scooped some jell and started smearing it on Ismah's cute cunt. Her pudendal cleft was shallow and featureless, like Jena's so I pushed on and slid two fingers into her youthful, tight quim.

“Did Salim have you trimmed?”

She shook her head. “No, Hiba. That happened ten years ago.”

I withdrew my fingers, then raised my knee in a similar fashion. “I think I need some of that.”

Ismah’s well trained fingers provided a moment of raw pleasure as they slid about in my succulent folds, then dipped into my hungry orifice. We both enjoyed her brief visit and she went some way to soften me toward her request for help. However, the reality was that Salim promoted her from thrall to wife and at some point in the future he would dispose of her like he had Masumi.

Ismah had youth and beauty on her side. She would fetch a high price at auction. With my VLD hat on, I would put her in the three million bracket.

“Shall we go for a ride?” she asked as soon as I was ready.

Barefooted, I followed her out of the office and over to the rigs. Once she had dismissed Dafi, I climbed into the small four-wheel vehicle being pulled by a filly named Mishel. Ismah stood and watched, ready to help if I needed any. It was like easing down on the prong attached to Emad’s gag, only I was out in public performing a very intimate and personal act.

Sinking onto the silicone ribbed cock wasn’t a problem, except for the last inch or two where the base was stouter. “Oh, that feels delicious,” I muttered as my

entrance was stretched in a delectable manner. I was tempted to rise and fall a couple of times but resisted the temptation.

“Put your feet in the footrests, Hiba,” my host said.

That meant parting my legs and raising my bare feet. “Ohhh!” I sighed when I sank a little further onto a ridge that divided my labia and squashed my clitoral ridge. “I’m at a disadvantage if we were racing,” I said to the youngster while she strapped my feet into the cunningly positioned cups.

“If you want a one lap race, I can arrange the full experience.”

“I wouldn’t stand a chance.”

“You have the faster filly, Hiba, and you may never get a chance to race a Pony-girl in your life.”

Challenging me to a race was like a red rag to a bull. “One lap for fun?”

“Of course. Did you notice the metal contact strips beneath your labia lips?”

I looked down at my smooth mons. My dipping cleft and lips disappeared where the shiny silver ridges appeared. It was a lewd visage.

“Let me guess. Someone has a controller that can punish me via the strips.” If Ismah knew the games I got up to at home, she wouldn’t be surprised by my knowledge.

“Well, Hiba. These two rigs are linked. I can switch it onto automatic. That way it won’t be a man with the buttons, but a computer.”

Remarkably, sitting impaled on the prong, I was excited. My quim was being deliciously stretched and I was comfortable. What was it going to feel like though when the rig was trundling around the track? I wondered.

“Alright, but I’ll need to practice before we race.”

“Take as long as you like, Hiba. Mishel will stay in the outside lane while you get the feel of the filly and rig...” She patted the Pony on her hooded head. “Go easy on my guest.”

I had a beautiful view of Mishel’s glorious, muscular posterior. She had an erect red tail that emerged from her anal collar as well as red satin laces criss-crossing her labia. She was in good shape and would fetch a high price at auction.

“Neeee!” the filly responded with a toss of her head.

Ismah climbed into the other rig and went through the same routine as I did. She

reached forward and strapped her own shoes, then untied the reins and took the whip from the tube on the front corner of the rig. I followed suit and copied her action when she shook the reins.

“Zabya, off you go.”

We couldn't forget the names of our fillies because they were blazoned across their lower back. “Michel, Follow Zabya. I shook the reins, but the animal knew what she was doing.

We were on the move. I had ridden a horse, so I knew the principal of controlling an animal with reins. I sat perfectly still while the wide rubber tyres rolled across the smooth concrete floor of the stables while the filly's hooves made a pleasing clip clop sound.

“Oh,” I exclaimed when the wheels jumped a little on the metal door runner just as we emerged into bright sunshine.

It felt as if the ribbed dildo had moved but in fact, it was me. The interesting thing was that I wasn't in control. I had to sit while my quim soaked up any vibrations that travelled up from the stone parking lot, via the tyres and tubular structure of the rig.

By the time we had reached the gravel track that led straight to the circuit, my temperature had risen a couple of degrees. I forgot about the silicone cock for a minute when I had to steer onto the track and follow Ismah and Zabya around the outside. Mercifully, the track was smooth. There were some vibrations, but they were low enough so not enough for the dildo to trigger an orgasm.

Some of the rigs had left the circuit by the time we drove onto it. Then, before we had reached the end of the back straight, the track was clear. Ismah pulled in a lane and waved me alongside her.

She waited until I had drawn level in the finishing straight. "I'll wait on the finishing line. Do another lap," she shouted across.

Ismah slowed and when I looked over my shoulder, she was pulling up in lane one, at the start line. As we approached the bend, I flicked the reins. "Faster, Mishel, but not too fast."

The filly started jogging and lengthened her stride. Being so low and impaled on a dildo, the increased speed took my breath away. It was like being on a fairground ride where someone else had the controls. I wanted to stop it and get off, but there was a thrill in the pit of my stomach stopping me. I was drawn to the new dangerous one-off experience and excited at the prospect of racing against the wife of Salim Husni.

By the time we entered the back straight, Mishel was running and had moved into lane two. The vibrations had increased and once again I began to sweat. The increased stimulation was revving up my libido so I decided to call an end to the practice. Up ahead, I spotted a man dressed in tan pants and light purple shirt. It was none other than Sheik Salim Husni.

"Mishel, pull up at the start line," I shouted out.

The well-behaved filly did exactly what I commanded and slowed to a jog, then a walk and finally stopped beside Zabya and Ismah's rig. Salim, standing beside his wife's rig, watched me approach and put his hand on my rig to steady it.

"Hiba Handal, it's a pleasure to finally meet you." He offered me his hand.

His infectious blue eyes didn't drop to my exposed sex, they just gazed into mine. I suddenly saw why so many young women swooned at his feet.

I bowed and grasped his hand, whereupon he pulled it to him and kissed it

"I'm honoured to meet you, Sir."

"Please call me Salim and the honour is all mine."

"I'm sorry we're meeting under such strange circumstances. I came dressed for breakfast and ended up wearing a racing tunic..." I touched his crest positioned over my left breast. "A particularly beautiful racing tunic, I must say."

He gave me his billion-dollar smile. "I understand Ismah has persuaded you to compete against her in a one lap race. Should I put my money on you or my wife?"

I laughed nervously. "You'd lose it if you put it on me."

“Okay, Hiba. I’m going to hold Zabya back for a few seconds. Steer into the inside lane and try and outrun my wife. At the halfway point, the seat will start punishing whoever is at the back. If you stay level, you’ll both be punished. Good luck.”

I flicked the reins and within a few seconds, Mishel was running as fast as her legs could pull me and the rig. When I looked over my shoulder, when we were halfway around the bend, Ismah wasn’t far behind and was catching me.

“Mishel, run faster. Get a move on.”

Was I doing something wrong? I wondered, as each time I glanced back, my opponent was closer. Ismah was shouting at her filly and flicking her with the whip.

I tapped Mishel’s ass with my whip. “They’re catching us!” I cried.

Even as Zabya pulled level with me, I resisted whipping the Pony. I was hoping that she would put a spurt in and stay ahead. We were approaching the final bend and led by about a yard. I had a good view of both fillies as they strained every sinew to win for their driver.

I glanced at Ismah who was slightly behind me. She was gritting her teeth, presumably because her labia was taking some punishment. “Oh!” I exclaimed when I felt a sharp painful sensation at the apex of my thighs. “Faster! Mishel!” I cried.

Beside me, Ismah was doing the same thing – shouting and urging her filly on.
“Go, Zabya, go!”

“Oh! Fuck! Oh, oh!” I cried

Four sharp pains stabbed my most tender spot in quick succession. We were near the end of the bend and neither one of us could get an advantage.

Then, when Ismah lost some ground as we entered the final straight, the stabbing sensations stopped. However, as I found with other forms of electro stimulation, the invasive sensation, coupled with the vibrating dildo, had triggered an orgasm. I was just a quivering passenger at Mishel tore down the final straight and won the race.

Mishel overshot the line and took her time to stop, consequently, I had a few seconds in which to compose myself before Salim arrived. Flushed, breathless and still quivering with excitement, I tried to put on a brave face.

“Hiba, well done. That was exciting to watch,”

“Mishel won the race, Salim. It had nothing to do with me.”

“Hiba, don’t be so modest. You won and I won the gentleman’s bet. I have more faith in you than your father.”

“My father? He’s here?”

He pointed at the private boxes high in the stand. “Yes. He and I were waiting for you. We have an important matter to discuss with you.”

In that moment, my world felt as if it was crumbling around me...

1.10 ~ Masumi: Two.

Strapped to a Pony-girl dais, I soon became bored to tears. The top of the stand was padded well, so I was comfortable resting with my spine curved. I was getting used to the grip of the corset but hated having my legs parted and then strapped into padded hooks at the side of the dais. It meant that the whole of my nether region was totally exposed to the elements. My labia and quim had been throbbing incessantly but being a masochist, I coped and stayed silent during the day.

Beside me, on the next Dais, lay Nadia, who had also been fitted with a silicone anus. She had also had her name tattooed on her back. She had already been trimmed and tattooed with her thrall registration numbers before she arrived, so her visit to the doctor was shorter than mine.

The thrall tattoos and silicone anus were the final proof of my new status, but the loss of my clitoral flesh was the hardest modification to take. Talar explained to me, that I couldn't drive for a week so I would stay in Pony tack until my labia had healed. It needed to stand up to the constant rubbing from the ridge and jolts from the contact strip.

The modern disused warehouse had a line of four deep loading bays where trucks could back-up and be garaged for the night. Talar had decided to set up the temporary stables in the end bay. He and Beta had gotten hold of five Daises and positioned them in a line so that when the roller shutter was raised, we could look out across a massive, empty parking lot.

That was where the ex-soldiers had formed a circuit using about four hundred orange cones. What I learnt from my position, looking out onto the temporary training ground, was that Talar and Beta were taking their job seriously. From the evidence I was seeing, I judged that the Prince must have offered them a fortune to mould Noor, Yasin and Reza into race-tuned fillies.

The trio of fit girls had, I guessed, only recently been fully converted. Their labia had been trimmed and studded but not laced. The modifications would have healed by the time the Champion's league starts so they had gotten the thralls just in time. The men had acquired four tubular light alloy rigs, two of which were singles and two doubles.

From the moment I woke on Friday morning, Talar, Beta and a lad named Hamza, put the three Pony-girls through their paces. With one pulling a singles rig and two pulling a doubles, they were taken out onto the temporary course. They tried different combinations all morning. Not racing but pushing the girls verbally while they ran dozens of laps.

The conditions on the concrete lot were brutal. The blazing sun turned the concrete into a hotbed underfoot. Nadia and I were in shade where it was probably about 90 degrees. I dreaded to think what temperatures the three Emirati fillies were suffering. The pair of trainers, wearing only shorts, sitting in their larger bucket seats (without prongs), gave the girls plenty of breaks.

There was a palette load of water in the warehouse and piles of boxes containing liquid feed available. Mid-morning, at lunch time, and then mid-afternoon, the three fillies were brought into the shade and hosed down, as were Nadia and I but only briefly. At the end of the day, Talar, Beta and the lad, returned the girls to their daises and gave them a thorough massage before feeding them.

Nadia and I hadn't been fitted with a bridle and bit, but we still had to drink from a teated bottle. It was yet another aspect of my new status that I hated. It was only temporary while I healed but I seriously thought I might go nuts before I was released from the Pony tack.

As soon as it started to get dark, the fitness instructors stood before us to make an announcement.

Talar did the talking. “Listen up! Noor, Yasin, Reza, I’m pleased with your efforts today. Tomorrow, Nadia will partner Noor while Yasin and Reza will run together. You will practice doubles all day. Yasin and Reza, you showed this afternoon that you have an understanding. We’re going to build on that. In a minute, Hamza will clean out your bowels, then, Masumi, the doctor will be along to see you. He’ll tell me if you can do some light training tomorrow.”

That was the end of the announcement. We were left staring out at the gathering gloom. It wasn’t long before the lad wheeled in the pump and vacuum cleaner. I was on the end so had the dubious honour to be cleaned first. First, he had to remove my shaped urine bucket from just below my cunt, then after removing my anal stopper, slid the end of the machine’s hose into the collar.

The first phase was pumping a quantity of warm soapy water into my bowels. I felt my belly, below the line of the corset, begin to bulge. The machine was pressure sensitive and switched off just before I was about to complain. The new anal collars had a valve that enabled the lad to pull the hose out without any of the contents escaping. He then moved on to Nadia and filled her belly. I watched the expression on her pretty face turn to concern.

After filling all five of us, he returned to me then reversed the process. It was much slower to avoid damaging our innards.

The lad massaged my ass. “Come on Sumi, expel every drop of crap,” he urged.

When he tired of squeezing my ass, he came around and fondled my tits. The curved top of the dais was shaped so that my orbs would hang free and my chin rest in a shaped, padded extension piece. I could hardly move my head, but I could see the huge lecherous grin on the lad's face as he kneaded my tits.

“These are fucking spectacular, like your ass, but I think they'll slow you down when the Masters take you out on the track.”

I had five seconds. “Hamza, I'm empty.”

“Huh, I'll say when the machine has finished sucking out your crap.”

I peered at him through the eyeholes of the leather hood and gritted my teeth when he pinched my nipples.

“Understand, thrall?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Thankfully, he was bored. He had been told to leave my cunt alone so he had run out of toys to play with. The lad had completed two more extractions when the doctor arrived with Talar.

After examining my cunt and smearing cream on my lips and in my quim, he

came around to face me. “Any pain in your pudenda, Sumi?” he asked, then absentmindedly reached out and cupped my tits while he waited for my reply. His hands were gentler than Hamza’s.

“A little, Doctor. It really aches.”

“That’s only to be expected.” He turned to Talar. “She can do some light training tomorrow. Nothing too strenuous. I’ll drop by tomorrow evening to see how she’s doing.”

The roller door was closed, leaving us in darkness. Only Nadia and I could talk because the other three were still wearing their bridles and bits, to get them used to them. I felt sorry for the girls having to have some of their rear teeth removed. The fact that mine and Nadia’s teeth hadn’t been touched meant they had no intention of transforming me into a permanent Pony-girl.

With that reassuring thought, I drifted off to sleep.

I woke before the others, possibly because I dozed during the day while the other three practiced on the track. In fact, the sound of voices probably woke me, for moments later the ex-soldiers strode into the loading bay. While Beta opened the roller shutter, Talar clapped his hands to get our attention.

“Girls, I have some good news. Prince Emidi is calling by in an hour. We’ll feed you later after he’s been. We’re going to get you kitted up and tethered to rigs so our Master can see you in action for himself.”

Hamza arrived carrying a bunch of leather strapping. It turned out to be two bridles. Talar picked one and came over to me, whereupon he unravelled it and placed it over my head. The bridle was my worst nightmare. I could cope with the leather straps around and over my head, it was the one under my chin and the plastic bit that I hated.

The plastic bit that crossed my mouth and pulled the sides back was flat with an additional piece under it that sat on my tongue.

“Uhhhh,” I complained when he tightened the straps.

“Behave, Sumi. I’ve got to be careful with your labia, but I’ll swat your ass again if you play up. I want you on your best behaviour for the Master’s visit. Understand?”

“Neiiii,” I replied while nodding my head.

He held up a tube of cream. “Okay, let’s have a look at you rear end.” I was mortified when Talar gently rubbed my lips, then tried inserting them in my quim. It was dry and he didn’t get very far. “Excellent. This is nice and dry...” He tried again without pushing too hard, then withdrew his fingers.

The next time he tried, his digits were covered with cream and slid in when he applied the same amount of pressure. When he was happy, he released my legs, and the straps holding my torso to the dais, then helped me down onto my hoof-like boots. The weird footwear and strict corset made it impossible to stand up straight. Instead, I adopted the Pony-girl stance while the muscular trainer led me out into the fresh air.

It must have been around 7 o'clock for the sun was just rising above the horizon. Within a couple of hours, the temperature would rise by as much as 20 degrees. Talar led me over to a singles rig and steered me backwards while Hamza lifted the shaft/yoke arrangement. After lowering it onto my back and shoulders, they secured the shafts to my corset and steered my hands to the handles rising from the crossmember.

The lad helped Talar fasten the reins to my bridle, then the trainer climbed up onto the rig and sat down in the bucket seat. He was nearly twice the weight of some of the drivers, so running fast was out of the question.

"Sumi, let's go for a jog!" When he flicked the reins, I leant forward and set off at a fast walk.

I had been in temporary Pony tack before, but never under duress. Twenty-four hours earlier I was dressed in the finest clothes money could buy. That was a far cry from the tight leather corset, leather hood and knee-length boots, I was decked out in. Having fooled around in the gear a couple of times on Folito Island, I was able to cope with my new posture.

As I trotted toward the oval of orange cones, my tits were thrust forward while my naked ass was within striking distance of the brutal trainer who had already given me a thrashing. I suspected that in the coming days Talar would use brutal methods to get me fitter so that I lose weight and be.

Yes, I was in for a torrid time...

1.11 ~ Frisky: One.

During my two and a half years of captivity, living in leather Pony-girl tack, I had plunged from the dizzy heights of winning Pony-girl singles races, to dragging sleighs in underground mines. I had twice been plunged into as desperate a situation as anyone could imagine but somehow survived and maintained my fitness.

After my awful experiences in the Husni Mexican gold mine, I won myself a reprieve by proving I was the fastest Pony girl at the mine. So, when Sheik Husni bought me to Dubai and then sold me to the Bazzi estate, I thought I had found a home and people who would take care of me.

That all changed when Sheik Husni married. I ran one season while Rasha remained in charge of the Bazzi stables. The team only came fourth, but I had some notable successes, winning several singles races containing three top rated fillies. Unfortunately, the team suffered a lot of injuries and I never found a settled doubles partner.

By the end of the season, Rasha had lost interest in the sport and handed over the reins to her father, Sheik Bazzi. Rasha didn't even get involved in the Husni racing team and couldn't be bothered to attend the Champion League matches. Ismah Husni did though and moulded the Husni team into an unbeatable force.

I may never know why Sheik Bazzi had me whisked away in the dead of night and delivered to the Razit salt mines in West Oman. I guessed it had something to do with Sheik Salim Husni. I had beaten some of his fillies and the mine was part owned by the ruthless sheik. Whatever the reason, I guessed that Sheik Bazzi was beholden to Husni and I was collateral damage.

The last leg of my Pony-girl journey, before I was rescued by Mr. Kashif, took me to a hellish salt mine, where I was forced to work permanently underground. The nightmare conditions were indescribable. There was however, one ray of sunshine in the form of a thrall called Tara.

Her parents were responsible for my original kidnapping which kind of brought their karma down on her. It wasn't a coincidence though that she was slaving away in the same mine as me. She told me how she had tried to kill the blue-eyed billionaire by stabbing him during his wedding reception.

She failed and was imprisoned in the thrall's quarters. Chained and beaten, she was tortured for days until Salim had the strength to administer the punishment himself. He cut her little fingers off with surgical scissors and then branded the back of her hands with large Vs to warn people she had a violent streak.

The guards let us huddle together to keep warm at night. That's when she told me what she did and what Husni did to her. He must have been confident that Tara would remain in the salt mine until she died. I had seen the miners throw bodies down a bottomless pit near where I worked. They had no use for the thralls if they got injured or lost the will to live.

Four Pony-girls and eight thralls worked together in a team. Then, when the thralls went to the surface, we the animals were left in darkness until the girls returned a day later. It was a truly hellish existence and without Tara, who blamed herself for my situation, I would have gone nuts within weeks.

So, when I was woken by the lights being switched on and saw foreman Khata approaching I thought my time was up. However, he led me toward the lift that I often helped haul to the surface when the batteries were low. He was on his own and like most of the miners didn't talk to the Ponies. We needed to take three

different lifts to get to ground level. As we neared the surface, the temperature began to rise.

Khata covered my eyes with a gauze blindfold before he led me out into the transit compound which was lit by bright sunshine. He then removed my shoulder leather protection and the section that covered my ass and thighs. Feeling the sun on my shoulders, posterior and legs was truly wonderful. I had almost given up hope of seeing daylight again.

Tears of relief rolled down my face as the foreman fed me from a bottle of energy drink, then wiped my lips at both ends with a wet cloth. After tethering me to a two-wheel, light alloy chariot, he paused to talk to me.

“Frisky, I’m taking you to see someone. Are you fit enough for a ten-minute trot?”

“Heeeee,” I neighed while nodding my head.

I would have run for an hour if he asked me, maybe more. I was in poor shape mentally, but my fitness wasn’t in question. Despite the awful conditions below ground, the liquid food they fed us kept us strong and on our feet. Then, there was Tara who looked out for me, even giving me some of her food after a long day.

Working for more than a couple of days in the mine discoloured the girl’s skin and tunics. Tara said that illness was common among the surface staff where the conditions were dusty and excessively hot. Conversely, the cool dank conditions in the deep mines were less hazardous to our health.

“Okay...” He climbed in the chariot, then we were off.

As I trotted through the centre of the inner camp, I kept an eye out for the impish American thrall. We passed an area that multi-tasked as parking and seating for the thralls while they ate their food. There were at least a dozen groups of four girls, chained together, but I didn't spot Tara. When we reached the fissure in the rockface, I had to wait for a team of Pony-boys to pass before we were given the signal to travel through.

The horseshoe shaped toes of my boots were fine for the relatively smooth road surface, but the metal soles created a click-clack sound that bounced off the rock faces, warning people we were approaching. It wasn't far to the outside camp and it was downhill all the way to our destination. I doubted if the important people, like the mine owner spent much time in the inner camp which had a strong salty atmosphere.

I noticed the difference straight away as we emerged into the open air. The foreman steered me toward a line of cabins and that's when I spotted Tara. The tears started again because whatever they wanted me for, she was involved too.

Tara was standing beside two Arab men. One was dressed in brown pants and a white shirt and the other was wearing black pants and a white shirt. They were standing close to a black Range Rover.

Khata had just pulled me to a halt when another vehicle approached, a box van, and parked beside the Range-Rover. The door to the office opened and the Boss, Mr Nawaz walked out into the sunshine, leading a mine thrall in full restraints. They normally walked around with long faces, but the thrall looked happy.

“This one’s ready,” the Boss said to the nearest stranger.

“Haneef, put Ruby in the car.”

I guessed the guy that took charge of Ruby was the driver. While he was doing that, the other stranger, gestured to Tara. “Let’s have a look at Frisky.”

He stepped down from the wooden platform and stood in front of me. “Frisky, my name is Javid Kashif. I have purchased you, Tara and Ruby. I’m taking you back to Dubai where you will convalesce for two weeks before you resume your career as a racing Pony-girl...”

What Kashif was saying was music to my ears. I had almost forgotten that I had once been called Emma. My name was Frisky and I was a Pony-girl. The stranger was going to give me another chance to race in a team, hopefully with Tara driving me.

More tears flowed as Kashif walked around me, examining his new acquisition. I was sweating in the heat, but my firm full hand tits jutted forward proudly while I held my hooded head high. My ass and thighs were covered while I worked in the mine. Mr Kashif though was able to run his hands over my solid peach and legs and feel the strength I possessed.

He could look all he liked, I was more than ready to return to the track and pit my wits against the Husni team and any others of equal standing.

* * *

Two weeks had passed since Mr. Kashif had rescued me from the salt mine. True to his word, he took Tara, Ruby and me to a sanctuary where we could recuperate and breathe uncontaminated air. A spell on his sister's farm gave me the chance to acclimatize to the high temperatures and arid air once again.

I was fine, spending my days trotting around the farm, hauling a small cart, delivering feed to animals and workers in the orchards and groves. I was only there on loan, but I was appreciated and fussed over by all the men who loved to play with my tits which were the most sensitive parts of my body after the mine doctor trimmed my pussy for hygiene reasons.

Tara and Ruby weren't so enamoured with their lot though. As soon as they arrived, two farm hands were tasked with putting them into temporary tack and bedded them down with me in the stables. They each had their own dais, and like me, had to put up with the farm hands shafting them on a regular basis, while strapped to the dais.

Both girls had been fitted with anal collars at the mine. The managers decided to collar all the thralls working in the deepest mine so they could collect the sewage and remove it from the mine. Both Tara and Ruby's teams worked in the same location.

It just so happened that the drivers, like the Pony-girls, had to be fitted with anal collars for the coming Champions League season. The new singles and doubles rigs were fitted with anal protrusions instead of vaginal prongs. More discreet screw in plugs made the anal fitting easier on the eye and more comfortable for

the wearer.

Kashif's sister put Tara and Ruby together as a doubles team and kept them busy bringing in crops from the palm tree orchards. The farm produced a massive amount of palm oil and the additional transport for the fruit kernels was most welcome. It was much harder work than I was involved in, for two reasons, Kashif's sister explained to us.

Our new Master wanted me to have as much rest as possible, but it was important that I kept on the move doing light work. Tara and Ruby were strong in their upper bodies from smashing rocks but weaker below the waist. So, the hard work eight hours a day and 12 hours of sunshine for all of us was a sensible way to prepare us for the more intensive training on the horizon.

We had been left on our daises the morning that we were due to be collected and taken to our new homes. We were told it was a Sunday and that the new Pony-girl season was two weeks away. What we didn't expect was Mr Kashif to come himself to supervise the collection.

The first we knew of his arrival was when he strode into the stables with his sister and three farm hands. It was the end of another phase of my life and the beginning of a new chapter.

THE END of Part One

Sample of Part Two

2.1 ~ Sadaf: One.

I was woken by someone shaking my shoulders. It was daylight and another day had begun. It was Friday and a day nearer training Pony-girls. Unfortunately, I had to suffer the discomfort of being treated like a ground-staff thrall, until we leave for the Prince's Palace. I wasn't looking forward to working out in the gardens, during the next couple of days, but I had no choice but to get on with it.

"Ayad, wake up!" It was Hashir. He was naked and leaning over me. I dragged my eyes away from his huge erection. "We must hurry, this cock collar is killing me."

He started to unbuckle my wrist cuffs. "W... what time is it?"

"It's five thirty. Now shut up. You're showering first..."

After releasing my wrists from the chain belt/cuff restraint, he unlocked the padlock on the front of the belt, then released the cuff on my right ankle. Restraint free, he helped me off the bed and frog marched me out of the room and down the corridor. Naked, bar my collar and a dark blue leather corset, I scampered across the ceramic tiles trying to keep up with the athletic young man.

"I'm okay, Sir, I can walk," I said with respect in my voice but not in my heart.

The tight collar I was wearing around my neck, restricted me to five seconds speech in every 60. Having a young lad who looked to be 19 or 20, bossing me, a 28-year-old fitness instructor, was hard to take. He gripped my upper arm almost as tightly as the small metal collar gripped his shaft behind his scrotum. The lad was desperate for some serious relief.

I could hear the showers and a male voice before we arrived at the open doorway. Hashir guided me through and let go of my arm. "Get under the shower and assume the position."

Of the four spaces under a showerhead, one was occupied by a thrall wearing a brown corset. Behind her stood a naked young man. She was leaning forward gripping a low chrome bar, while the young man boned her from behind with animalistic ferocity.

He looked sideways as I walked forward but didn't slow the pace of his pistoning cock. The moment I leant forward and grasped the bar, aping the girl beside me, Hashir turned the shower on. For a moment, the sensation of cold water cascading over my semi-naked body was heavenly.

"That one has seen some miles," the other lad said.

"You wouldn't know it," Hashir replied.

Moments later I felt his blunt crown nubbing against my lower entrance. He exerted enough pressure to force his dick in a few inches.

“How old are you, Ayad?” he asked.

“Twenty-eight, Master.”

“So, she’s nine years older than this one,” the other lad said, before chuckling.
“This little thrall has the tightest cunt on the estate, haven’t you Nisha?”

“Yes, Master,” a tiny voice replied. “Your cock is the largest on the estate.”

“Huh, she tells everyone that,” Hashir responded.

I glanced at the girl again and noticed two things. She had a brand on the right side of her neck – an eagle looking right – and chunky gold rings hanging from piercings through her large nipples.

“She’s only telling the truth when I’m boning her. I bet your thrall has been through the mill a few times.”

“You know what they say about old wine...”

“Uuuu,” I sighed softly as my tender walls were gradually stretched way beyond their normal elasticity.

Hashir was on a mission to relieve his pent-up arousal and had chosen me as his fuck toy. I looked sideways and saw a grimace on the other thrall's face and guessed she was taking the young man in the ass. My minder seemed to be satisfied with the grip he was receiving from my quim, along with the depth, but when he slowed and pulled my cheeks apart, I guessed the pleasure trip was over for the time being.

Sure enough, he withdrew and moved up a hole. My juices and the cold spray from above provided ample lubrication for Hashir's cock to break down my defences and penetrate my tight ring of muscles.

"Yes," he muttered, this sprog has kept herself fit," he said, loud enough for the other lad to hear.

No sooner had Hashir struck up a good rhythm, the other lad interrupted him. "Fancy doubling up on the sprog?" he asked.

"Not this morning, Arif. She's got an appointment with Master Shah." The pair only slowed for a few seconds while they chatted, then they were off again, thrusting their cocks in our rectums at eyewatering speed.

As soon as Hashir reached his climax, he withdrew and slapped my ass. "You've got five minutes to wash, then I'm taking you to the Master."

I picked up a bar of soap and a scrubbing brush from the floor and began to scrub the filth and grime from my body. Left alone for a few precious minutes,

neither of us wasted a moment. When my body was clean, I let my hair down and thoroughly washed it. Finally, having finished, I stood under the cold spray, closed my eyes, and for a while, felt like a free human being...

I had been soaking for five minutes when Hashir brought Ziab to the showers. She then told me to dry myself. I got a better look at the slim youngster and was impressed with her body shape. She was the same height as me, 5'5", but at least a couple of stone lighter. With her small tits and pert ass, she was the right shape to train to drive Pony-girl rigs.

Wearing just a damp corset, I was led down the corridor by Hashir, who thankfully had put his Thobe on. He had visibly calmed down and allowed me to walk under my own steam. After a knock, we were called in to a room which was a complete contrast to the one I slept in.

The Groundsman was lying naked on a double sized bed and was not alone. Beyond him, laying on her front, was a cute semi-naked girl with her hands cuffed to the far post on the bedhead. It looked as though the pair had just woken. The pretty youngster looked up as we approached.

Shah pushed himself up onto his elbows, then placed a hand on the girl's naked ass. It covered both of her pert rounded cheeks, which were in as bad a state as mine. The big man was slightly overweight, but he wasn't in bad shape for a man of his age, in, I guessed, his mid-forties.

"Uh! What a fucking night, Hash..."

The lad ran his eyes over the thrall's body "Do you want me to take Soreen for a

shower, Master?”

He looked down at the girl and pushed his fingers into her tight ass crack. “No. She can stay. I need some tight cunny before breakfast.” The girl responded to her master’s touch by raising her ass and tucking her knees, thus encouraging the heavy man to push his fingers lower between her thighs in search of her holes.

“Ayad won’t disappoint you, Master.”

His eyes dropped to my smooth mons and what was visible of my labia, then at the lad. He patted the prone girl’s ass. “You aren’t getting your dick in this thrall’s holes this morning, Hashir. Now, fuck off and sort out the other thralls I put you in charge of.”

The lad slunk off and closed the door behind him. Shah pushed himself up and worked his body back, so his shoulders were supported by a couple of pillows. The thrall beside him moved with him and parted her knees while her ass was in the air. She squirmed, encouraging his fingers to explore her quim.

He parted his legs and pointed between them. “Warm me up for Soreen, Ayad, and massage my balls while you’re at it.”

“Yes, Master,” I said in a bright manner. It sounded as though the other thrall was going to have to the lion share of the work.

I climbed on the bed and over his left leg, then shuffled forward until my knees

could go no further. He didn't need warming up. His huge cock was rigid, lying flat on his belly. I grasped it and pulled it up, then went to work with my mouth, lips and tongue. I dropped my left hand and gently massaged his huge nads, one at a time because each one filled my hand.

While I sucked and lip fucked his knob, I kept an eye on what he was doing. He took a key from his nightstand, then twisted his upper body so he could unlock one of the girl's handcuffs.

As soon as she was free, she rolled onto her side. "Thank you, Master." The slim thrall had 2" high eagle tattoos on the outside of her thighs, signifying she belonged to the Prince.

She offered her hand so her Master could unlock the other cuff. The girl was even more attractive than I first thought. Her dusky brown skin was flawless, apart from the bruises on her ass and legs, while her large doe eyes sparkled with eagerness. He patted his tummy and, in a flash, she was up and straddling him as if she was riding a horse bareback.

Without a word from Shah, she leant forward and began kissing his face. "You are so handsome, Master, and powerful. My cunt is desperate to devour your magnificent cock again."

I rolled my eyes and couldn't imagine saying such a crass statement. However, given my situation, I would be wise to listen to what the youngster said to Shah, because once I started work in the stables, Talar was probably going to expect me to behave in a similar fashion...

THE END of the sample.

Thank you for reading my work. I really appreciate it. I hope

you enjoyed this first part of 'Obey Him'.

(Season Two of 'The Prince's Thrall' Series)

Part Two will be published shortly.

Thanks, Amelia.

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