

Obey Him

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Amelia Stark



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Obey Him: Part Two

Season Two of ‘The Prince’s Thrall’

By Amelia Stark

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graph TD; A[Obey Him] --- B[Trained to Obey]; B --- C[Trained to Race]; C --- D[Introducing:- Salim Husni Masumi, Frisky Cala & Tara.]
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Obey Him

**The Second Series of:-
The Prince's Thrall - Season 2
This is book Two**

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 & Tara.**

Introduction to Part Two.

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

Prince Emidi is building a Pony-girl squad from scratch. He has planned it for a long time but is having to wait until his stables and racecourse are finished. He needs a ‘face’ for his Pony girl team, so he targeted Nadia who is stunningly beautiful, intelligent and has a daredevil nature. She is therefore perfect to lead the squad and drive the number one rig.

The Prince’s head trainers, Sohail and Beta are training one part of the squad, which includes three Pony-girls, Nadia and Masumi. They too are put into Pony tack, so the brutal ex-soldiers can work on their fitness and give their modifications time to heal.

The final squad will consist of 4 Pony-girls, 4 drivers and a dairy Pony-girl. Because Masumi has large breasts, she looks a shoo-in for the role and is terrified that it may happen.

Kashif, the Prince’s henchman, oversees the other part of the squad – the 3 thralls he purchased from the Razit salt mine. He has placed Frisky, Tara and Ruby on a palm oil farm. Tara and Ruby, who will be drivers, are put into Pony tack and tasked with hauling cart loads of palm oil fruit to improve their fitness.

Meanwhile, Hiba is invited to breakfast with Salim. She is met by Ismah who takes her to see the Husni Pony-girl stables, then persuades her to try out one of the rigs. Hiba finds the lure of riding a 6-inch stout prong, and driving a Pony-girl, too tempting. The fun turns sour when Salim arrives on the scene.

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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2.1 ~ Sadaf: One

I was woken by someone shaking my shoulder. 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 Talar arrives with the squad. 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...

2.2 ~ Sadaf: Two.

I was getting bored sucking the man's knob and massaging his balls while Soreen rubbed her cunt up and down the head groundsman's tubby tummy. I was also envious that he had turned the girl's collar off so that she could bombard him with platitudes.

"Master, the other thrall is going to drink all your precious jiz. There won't be any left for me," she said.

He was mauling her tits while she wiggled her ass suggestively. "Patience, Girl. Ayad is doing a good job back there."

When Soreen lifted her cute little ass, right in front of my face, I was tempted to start lapping it – a far more pleasant job than I was engrossed in. She was cute at both ends. The thrall hadn't been trimmed but her clitoral ridge hardly peeped from between her plump labia lips, even though her thighs were widely spread. I guessed that her cunt had been modified but not as extensively as mine.

A minute later, I got the order. "Ayad, steer my cock into Soreen's snatch, then massage my legs."

It was an easy task to guide his knob into the girl's succulent entrance while she pushed back. Her entire nether region was crusty with dried jiz but her wet spot was moist and gaping. She wasted no time in impaling herself on his stout prong. So, as soon as she eased into a steady thudding motion with her ass, I backed away and started to massage his thighs.

The groundsman lapped up the girl's ego boosting compliments. "Girl, I'm going to try and get you permanently on my staff. Usama owes me a favour," he eventually said. I guessed that she was a manipulator and didn't have any scruples to get what she wanted.

"Thank you, Master. It would be an honour to be your thrall and obey your orders..." She increased the pace. "Oooo, your cock is tunnelling deeper and deeper." She tried to gain some extra depth. "Ohhh, now it's reached the end... Oh, oh, oh, it's toooo big..."

"Slow down, girl. I want to switch to your back door..."

"It's a bit dry, Master." The girl was trying to influence him again.

"Ayad, prime the girl's pucker for me. I want a smooth entry into her fox hole."

Memories flooded back from when I worked at the Dubai Correctional Institute for young women. The chief warden of the wing where I worked, dominated me during my first rookie year. If she wasn't sitting on the face of a female inmate, she was riding my face until I had a mouthful of her juices. She never lifted her ass until my tongue had also paid a long visit to her tight pucker.

There was no comparison between the warden's fat ass and Soreen's cute bubble-like ass cheeks. I would have preferred to be sucking her pussy, but I wasn't too fussed to give her tighter orifice some attention. It was crusty with jiz, so I had to lick that off first, then I began the battle with the obstinate ring of muscles.

She wiggled her ass in appreciation as my squirming tongue penetrated the barrier and expanded it while I dove deeper.

“Ooooo, Master, the new thrall is very good at it...” She was laying on the big man’s stomach and milking the situation.

“That’s enough, Ayad, you know what to do.”

They were both impatient, but I didn’t mind. As soon as the youngster rocked forward, releasing his long glistening shaft, I caught the slippery eel and guided it into the youngster’s primed and ready fox hole. Once she had resumed her powerful ass thrusts, I returned to massaging his thighs for a couple of minutes. That’s all it took for the youngster to trigger his climax and bring a halt to her energetic ride.

“Clean Soreen first, Ayad, then clean me.”

Because the girl had moved forward, I had to rest my chest on his flaccid cock while I docked my mouth with her cunt. She raised her ass so I could clean her labia and thrust my tongue into her succulent entrance, I made a quick visit to the gaping hole above, then backed away to clean the lazy man’s dick.

He suddenly pushed the girl off him, whereupon she returned to her spot by his side. “Ayad, work harder. When I’m ready, squat your snatch on it.”

He was blunt and to the point. His libido hardly needed revving up for his cock had already begun to stiffen the moment I started licking it. I removed the youngster's cunt cream from his shaft and lolly-popped his crown while he played, one handed, with the youngster's small, perky tits. She squirmed and moved her body so that his fingers could reach her cute cunt.

"All right, get on with it, Ayad."

Would he instruct Soreen to lap my holes after I had bounced on his cock? I wondered. I straddled his large body and steered his cock into my quim. I was juicy from the earlier fuck, so my vagina gobbled up his cock quite easily, although the last couple of inches were slow going.

"Amazingly, Ayad, your snatch is as tight as Soreen's."

"It's your magnificent cock, Master," I responded with a smile.

"Go for it Ayad!" he commanded.

I stepped up the pace and made the bedsprings complain in the process. He reached up with his left hand and felt the weight of my bouncing full hand tits, while using his other hand to play with Soreen's petite body.

"Master, I am humbled by your attentions," the girl said while writhing about beside him.

Bizarrely, I was as turned on by the sight of Soreen's pulchritudinous young body as I was by the cock pistoning up and down in my quim. While he slowly built to his peak, I sizzled through an intense orgasm and found it difficult to appear calm. It was a relief when he finally spurted a second load into my depository and then called a halt to the 'massage' session.

I was pleased when Shah told Soreen to clean me. I slipped off the end of the bed and knelt on the floor while the thrall pressed her face against my thrusting cunt. Without urging, the girl managed to poke her tongue in a couple of inches in an energetic fashion.

I was disappointed when Shah told Soreen to take me to Hashir. It meant the end of a delightful but brief experience. We found the lad in the bedroom fitting Hariam's cunt strap. Ziab had already had hers fitted and was sitting on her heels.

"On the bed, Ayad," Hashir ordered, "Show me your ass."

Once I was in position, he inspected my holes, then told Soreen to fetch the freshly washed dildo and cunt strap from the bucket. He took great delight in shoving the dildo in my rectum himself. It was an awfully shameful experience to have the youngsters organizing the dildo, then fit the cunt strap and pull it tight.

With us all sitting on our heels, we put clean tunics on, then Soreen and Hashir fitted out chain belts. They left the leather cuffs hanging so we could empty and clean our buckets, along with washing our spare tunics, Hashir then took us to breakfast and to a table well away from the other staff.

I sat with Hariam, Zia and Hashir for the meal. After we had finished, the lad took us outside, chained our belts together, instead of our collars, and handed out sun hats and sandals. He led us to a huge flowerbed and put us to work digging and weeding the vast area.

I was mortified working with a bare ass and having a lad able to flick my cheeks or labia lips whenever he thought I was slacking. The cunt strap should have spared our blushes, but it was narrow which meant it pulled into our clefts, creating a lewd visage. That meant the lad had something to aim at and twice landed the tip of his crop on my bulging lips.

The estate was enormous so I was grateful that I was only working in the garden on a temporary basis, otherwise it wouldn't have been long before I went nuts. We began hoeing the flower beds at 7 AM under the watchful eye of Hashir; and occasionally Master Shah himself. We didn't work particularly hard, but the unrelenting oven-like conditions soon took their toll.

it was the monotony that deeply depressed me. We worked a two-hour shift before we were given a break, then Hashir led us to a line of low benches in the grounds compound and told us to sit down.

“Soreen is doing the meals today and seeing as the Master has given her privileges, you do what she says.” Hashir looked down at my legs, then went down the line flicking our thighs. “Keep your knees well apart, girls. I want to see your grubby cunts. Remember, your holes belong to me.” He looked at me when he spoke which I thought was odd because I was older than the other two.

There wasn't much to see when we parted our knees because of the cunt strap. It

was 'Y' shape and was attached to the front of the corset in two places. Hashir's ability to dominate us had gone to his head. When he wasn't whacking us with his stick, he wanted to subjugate and humiliate us at every opportunity. Unfortunately, chained the way we were and wearing shock collars, there wasn't a thing we could do about it...

2.3 ~ Sadaf: Three.

We were tired, filthy and smelt awful from the sweat and muck that had dried on our bodies, so didn't care less who fed us. The compound became busier when three teams of ground thralls were led in by their young supervisors and seated on the benches. Soreen, cock sure and full of herself, brought us all water and a bowl of chicken fried rice, which we had to eat with our fingers.

It was a severe shock to swap from being the jailer in charge of prisoners, to having the tables turned and have to eat my food like a criminal. Remarkably, the pretty youngster appeared to be enjoying herself as she shuffled back and forth with the food. She was wearing a fawn tunic, a hobbling chain and a belt/cuff restraint, but like us her hands were free. She made sure all four teams had their food, then returned to the kitchen.

The other three teams consisted of four thralls and were the regular ground staff. I wasn't surprised to see their glum faces and slumped shoulders. They truly had a miserable life and no future to look forward to.

One by one the teams finished their meal and were led away by their handlers, probably to all corners of the massive estate. Five minutes had passed when Soreen came to collect our bowls. The youngster was lucky to have privileges which meant her hands were free and her collar was switched off. When she took my bowl, I had a question for her.

“Are we getting a longer break?”

She studied me with her big brown eyes, “Ayad isn't it?”

“Sadaf Ayad... Uhhhhh!” My collar punished me for speaking again.

Soreen’s eyes lit up and she couldn’t suppress a laugh. “That trick gets the dumb ones every time.”

I was seething and wanted to put the cheeky girl over my knee and spank her cute ass. Those same thoughts had been going through my mind while I lapped away at her cute cunt earlier in the morning. I needed to recover from the nasty shock and calm down first though.

“Sadaf isn’t dumb,” Hariam said in my defence.

“We should look out for each other,” Ziab said quickly.

The girl looked at each one of us and shook her head. “You aint in the grounds department.”

Soreen turned and hurried away with the bowls, but she wasn’t gone long. She emerged from the kitchen carrying a bucket and hurried over to us. After placing the bucket of water at the end of the bench, she came to me first.

She puffed her little tits out and tried to look important. “I’ve got to put your wrists in your cuffs.”

I held my hands away from my body. “Why? Aren’t we going back to work?”

“Ayad, I’m privileged and if I tell the Master you’re acting like a cunt, he’ll whack you a couple of times.”

I sighed, then let her buckle the cuffs on both my wrists. I had taken too much punishment and guessed she didn’t know why she was disabling our hands. I was wrong.

“Just tell us what’s going on,” Hariam said.

Soreen replied as soon as she had buckled all six cuffs. “You’re getting a longer break because Master Shah picked you three for the morning rut. The chauffeurs always come by at this time to use the holes of one team or another. I’m joining in!”

“That’s outrageous!” I exclaimed.

“We’re not in the grounds department...” Hariam pointed out.

“You said so yourself,” Ziab added her two pennies-worth.

Soreen’s eyes sparkled and her face had mischief written all over it. “Your holes aint nothing special.” She stepped forward and stroked Hariam’s thrall number.

“We’re all thralls and belong to the Prince. At least I’ve got privileges. Now stand up and step back over the bench. That way, when you kneel on the bench, you won’t tangle your chain.”

We looked at each other while Soreen stood with her arms folded. “Soreen, can’t we just go back to work?” I asked.

She came over and stood in front of me. “No. If I have to get Master Shah, he’ll thrash all three of you and your asses will be raw for the rest of the day!” She didn’t like my glare. “Ayad, do you want to spend the night in a cage the size of a coffin?”

I shook my head and softened my attitude. “No one wants that, Soreen.”

We were all in despair, but understood the consequences of disobeying an order, even if it came from a cocky little teenage thrall. One by one we stepped back over the bench and knelt on it. I knew what the girl was about to do because I spotted the static metal buckle fittings on the back of the bench, just before I knelt on it.

She picked up the bucket of water and moved behind me. “Lean forward, Ayad, and put your hands on the ground.”

After bending forward, I placed my hands on the ground in front of me and waited for the inevitable. She had a strap key in the bucket, which she used to release my cunt strap at the back. She had to prise the leather strip out of my ass crack, then my labia cleft, before she could tether me to the bench. Holding the catch on the end, she fed it through the static buckle, then pulled most of the

strap through.

“Ayad, part your Knees,” she ordered.

The further I parted them, the more strap she could pull through the buckle. The front edge of the corset/harness drew nearer to the bench as she tugged on the strap. It was a technique we used at Kiashakan when preparing thralls for punishments. My legs were folded and immovable, my ass was left sticking out, while my belly was almost touching the bench. Most importantly, both my holes were presented and ready for use

The cocky youngster then went down the line preparing Hariam, then our young friend, Ziab.

“This is terrible,” the youngster said.

“What can we do?” I replied.

Soreen returned to her bucket and pulled out a wet scrubbing brush. “Gotta get your holes all shiny and clean,” she said.

When the vindictive girl started scrubbing my thrusting labia and the area around my anus I couldn’t hold back. “Fuck! Soreeeeeeeen, that hurrrr...” “Zzzzzzzzzz!” “Uhhhhhhh,” I moaned when the collar punished me again.

Splayed the way my pussy was, and having received a second powerful jolt, I lost control of my bladder. It emptied with a stream of yellow piss shooting backward.

“Hah! Ya missed me.” Slap! “That’s for trying.” Soreen laughed, then moved on down the line.

Once Soreen had scrubbed all three of us, she hurried away to the admin cabin. I had just about recovered from the jolt when four guys dressed in grey pants and white shirts emerged from the cabin and headed toward us. They were chatting together, laughing and joking. Behind them strode the diminutive figure of Soreen. Ominously, she was carrying a crop.

They skirted the end of the bench and gathered behind us. “Which one did you say was being a cunt, Soreen?”

Slap! “This one, Sir.” Of course, she had picked on me.

“Give me the crop.” I scrunched my eyes shut. Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt!

“Neeeeeeeeeeeeeeei!” I screamed when the chauffeur lashed my defenceless ass at the behest of the young thrall.

I was left with a fire raging in my ass while the men started a game of rock, paper, scissors to see which one fucked each thrall. I noticed through my tears that Soreen had adopted the same pose as us, on the end of the bench, thus

making up the team of four.

I was still sobbing when I felt a blunt knob prodding my sore labia. I didn't know about the others, but my quim was still juicy from the early morning fucks. The Chauffeur's cock was substantial and bludgeoned its way into my sore quim.

"Uhhhhh," I grunted miserably, while he held the loops on my corset and drilled me until he bottomed out. "Ahhhh..."

"Soreen, how long has Shah got these thralls?" he asked the youngster.

She turned her jerking head. "A couple... of days, I... think, uh, uh," she replied.

"Pity. Your boss needs to get some fresh holes in his squad. Tell him to swap these thralls for three of his old ones." Having spouted a pointless comment, he picked up speed.

Even though my body was wracked with misery from the thrashing and the awful treatment, the chauffeur triggered a familiar sparkling sensation in the pit of my stomach. I tried to suppress a moan because I didn't want to show my body's reaction. Slowly but surely my senses were consumed by a powerful orgasm. "Urrrrrrrr," I eventually moaned softly.

"Sweet fuuuuuuuck," he moaned when he thudded his cock into me more powerfully, while spurting jiz as deep as his dick could reach.

He wasted no time in withdrawing and moving round to face me. With my hands on the ground and my head bent back, my eyes were level with his nads. He grabbed my ponytail and lifted my head, forcing me to arch my back. My hands left the ground as he lifted, then he was able to steer his knob into my mouth using his free hand.

“That’s it, thrall. Clean up your mess...”

Soon the four young men were standing in a line while we were brutally forced to bend our backs and suck their dicks. My chauffeur wasn’t satisfied with a clean, he wanted to feel the tightness of my throat once I had rejuvenated his cock.

“Ughhhhhh,” I complained while he thrust his hips, spearing my throat to a depth of six inches.

Squatting on and tethered to the bench, I had no option but to suffer the most energetic throat fuck I had ever experienced; and I had given a few blow jobs. Once the men had put their tackle away and set off for the cabin, Soreen jumped off the bench and fetched the bucket.

“That was better than digging flowerbeds, eh?” She looked at me, but I was too pissed to reply.

She shrugged and went behind me. “The Master said I’ve got to clean all of your snatches. Then, I’ll fetch Hashir.”

She dipped her hand in the bucket then pushed a couple of wet fingers into my quim. No maybe three... I suddenly realized what she was doing. "No, Soreen," I cried as she kept pushing until her whole hand had forced its way into my soft fleshy entrance. "Pleazzzzzzzz," I cried Zzzzzzz! "Uhhhhhh," I groaned when I received the third shock from my collar.

The pain took my mind off what Soreen was doing for a second but as her hand pushed on, both sources of pain became of equal concern. As soon as my quim had swallowed her whole hand to the wrist, she pulled it out and dipped it in the bucket.

"I'll just give it a quick rinse," she said gleefully, then thrust it back into my poor vagina. "I can clean mine, but you three have got to go back to work."

"Uggggg," I complained, when she made a fist and began to slowly drive it back and forth, "Soreen, no more," I pleaded.

The only consolation was that she had a small hand and her fist wasn't much bigger than the knob of the largest cock imaginable.

"Feels good, heh?"

"Oh, Soreen, oh noooo..." She slowly withdrew it. "All done..." She moved the bucket along until she was standing behind Hariam.

Quivering from the effects of her gobsmacking actions, I had to squat and listen to Hariam and Ziab's cries and complaints while Soreen used her little hand to fist-clean their tender orifices. I wasn't to know it then, but we would have to suffer similar treatment every morning until someone arrived on Monday to sort the team out.

2.4 ~ Tara: One.

I was connected to one girl ahead of me and two behind with 8 feet lengths of heavy chains, which were padlocked to our metal shock collars. They removed them when we were working underground in the salt mine, then chained us to a wagon until we had filled it to the brim. If we were working above ground, we worked in pairs chained together.

It was a Sunday and my team's day off, so we were above ground getting some fresh air. Once the fourth girl in our string had received her food, we were on our way, taking care not to trip over our hobbling chains. Kess led the way and found a patch of ground for us to sit and eat our food.

We were allowed one hand for meals, the other remained locked in the cuff on the chain belt. The chain was pulled tight around my waist so that when I collapsed into a folded leg, sitting position, the short tunic bunched on my tummy.

After nearly two years of working at the mine, I didn't care that my cunt or the other girl's sex were on display. We had all been fully trimmed for hygiene purposes. All the miners saw was our filthy mons, a pair of lips and a hole. If we were bending over, they saw a hole and the plugs screwed in our anal collars.

We hacked each other's hair off until it was less than an inch long and shaved our own cunts, purely for hygiene reasons. We were lucky if we got to wash once a week because of the shortage of water at the mine. If we were caught wasting it, the punishment was swift and brutal. Consequently, we were all filthy despite it being our rest day.

We worked, slept and ate while we were grimy. The miners fucked us while we

were filthy and if we got shit on our hands when emptying our bowels, we cleaned them with our piss.

I knew we smelt like toilets, even in the fresh air, but we were beyond noticing. We lived like rats and most of the time the men treated us like the furry rodents who often visited our tent. They even called us rats because they couldn't be bothered to remember our names. The only things I possessed in the whole world were the stinking tunic I was wearing and a pair of shoes.

I scooped up some rice with the three fingers of my right hand and munched my food gratefully. Most of the girls at the mine were born slaves, but I wasn't. I had known hardships and experienced the finest lifestyle in the world.

I was at the mine because I attempted to kill Sheik Salim Husni. Unfortunately, I failed when I had the opportunity. I sank a dagger into his body, but I missed the target – his heart! After the dust settled, he cut my little fingers off and branded the back of my hands with Vs. Sheik Husni wanted the details of his near death kept quiet so they had to make me disappear.

So, after being squeezed into a tiny stainless-steel cage, I was shipped off to the Razit salt mine in Southern Oman. I was to learn later that Salim Husni had a stake in the Omani mine, so at the time, he was confident that I would spend the rest of my days underground, shovelling salt.

My motivation to kill Salim Husni was simple. He left me at his gold mine in Mexico, in the hands of Carlos, a cruel manager who brutalized me for nearly two weeks. Every night I suffered nightmares of those awful days. I thanked God I got out of there alive to make my attempt on Salim Husni's life. Those two weeks being brutalized by Carlos prepared me for life in Razit, which by comparison was just about tolerable.

The other rats wouldn't agree though.

I was the last to finish my food. I licked the plate clean and placed it on the ground. A kitchen rat was watching us keenly. She rushed across, gathered up the four plates and was licking them again on the way back to the kitchen tent. There were no washing facilities, so saliva had to do.

"Anyone heard any rumours?" That was my five seconds allowed by the collar.

"Six, Kalib knows fuck all," Sasha said.

"Last night was fucking terrible," Lisha said miserably.

The girl had a bloodshot eye which was half closed. When the men went over the top, they were reprimanded but never punished. Sasha lifted her hand and pointed. I looked over my shoulder to see our foreman, crop in hand, threading his way through the groups of girls sitting on the ground. My shoulders slumped when he caught my eye and kept coming, until he was standing over me.

"Six, Mr. Nawaz wants to see you." He leant over me and unlocked the padlock on my collar. Once the chains were free, he padlocked them together, then closed the open belt cuff on my free wrist. "Get moving."

I stood up. "It's my day off, Mr. Javid." Switt! "Ow," I complained when he

whacked the outside of my thigh.

“I don’t fucking care if you’re on fucking holiday, Six. Get a move on.”

I was okay with the girls calling me ‘Six’. I was missing two fingers, so what? However, I hated the supervisors having a dig at me. As soon as I set off, Khata grabbed my ass and copped a feel as I hobbled toward our ride. A pair of black Pony-boys, tethered to a four-seater rig, were waiting at the kerb for us.

Once we were on our way, Khata, dropped his right hand onto my thigh and stroked my featureless cunt with his fingertips.

“Tonight, Six, I want you in my cabin, so behave yourself in the Master’s presence. You won’t get privileges like I give you if he moves you off my squad...”

I wanted to laugh but I had forgotten how. “Sir, my name is Tara.”

“Who the fuck cares? Just behave yourself. Understand?”

He wanted me, which was what I wanted because the alternative was major grief. He liked the smaller girls and I was more petite than most.

The Pony-boys pulled to a halt at our destination, so we climbed from the rig.

Interestingly there was a smart black Range Rover parked outside the Boss's cabin. Mr Nawaz's cabin was the largest in the more civilized outside camp. The man was a violent bully and demanded total respect from all the rats, wherever we worked.

The door opened as we mounted the steps. One of the girls, dressed in a fawn tunic, signalled to us. "Come in and sit down..." She backed away because of my smell. "...over there." The Arab girl's dark hair was hacked off like mine, for there were no hairdressers in Razit...

We hadn't been waiting long before the door opened. "The Master is ready to see you," the thrall said looking at me.

"What, in there?" Khata exclaimed.

"Not you, Sir. He wants to see the thrall. He also wants her controller."

"Me?" I was shocked but stood up. Khata looked bamboozled as I passed him on the way to Nawaz's office. Filthy, smelly rats were never allowed in the boss's office.

"Hurry, Six. We mustn't keep him waiting."

It was alright for her being privileged. I had to contend with a short hobbling chain. The moment I passed through into the cold room I began to feel dizzy.

“Oh!” I gasped as I tried to cope with my new, bizarre surroundings. Apart from the large Persian rug, the room was filled with clutter, the like I had never seen before.

Knowing what was expected of me, I focussed on the two men who were sitting on large cushions at the far end of the rug and bowed my head. For the life of me, I didn’t have a clue why I was there.

“Tara, kneel on the towel...” The Boss pointed at a pink bath towel that had been laid out on the carpet in front of them.

My body was filthy and Nawaz didn’t want me fouling his carpet. My escort followed me, then handed the small remote to our Master. I dropped to my knees obediently.

Nawaz switched my collar off then dropped the remote. “Tara, my guest, Mr. Kashif has some questions for you.”

I blinked at the stranger. My eyes were misty from the change of climate. It was the first time in over two years that I had been in an airconditioned room. The deep mines were cold and damp, but Nawaz’s office was completely different.

I bowed at the stern looking stranger. The bearded Arab was a stocky man like the Boss, but he was younger and his cheeks weren’t pitted and marked. He was wearing grey pants and a white short sleeve shirt. Beside him sat one of the mine thralls, a pretty girl I had spoken to, but I couldn’t remember her name.

It was the first time in ages that my collar had been switched off, but I was too confused and overwhelmed to say anything. A crazy thought entered my head. Had he come to rescue me? He looked at me kindly and didn't appear to be shocked by my restraints and my filthy, dishevelled appearance.

“Tara, I understand you know a thing or two about the Pony-girls working in the caverns,” the stranger said.

The hope that had been growing suddenly sunk like a lead balloon. “Um, er, yes, Sir. I do...”

“Tell me if there's a filly down there called Frisky...”

The mention of Frisky's name caused me to draw my breath in. She was my one contact with the old world and my link to maintaining my sanity. I had been dreaming for a year of clinging to a rig, while we escaped from the hellish salt mine. It was a fantasy but along with the dream of smashing Salim's head, I needed something to occupy my mind and keep hope burning brightly.

“Have you come to take her away, Sir?” I blurted out.

“That depends, girl,” Nawaz growled. “What sort of condition is she in?”

“She's one of the stronger ones, Master. They need some fresh air. Couldn't they

come to the surface for a day...?”

Nawaz raised his hand. “Vermin, don’t tell me how to run my fucking mine!” he screamed at me, then picked up the collar remote.

“Ali, wait,” the stranger said firmly. “Please arrange for the animal to be brought to the surface while I chat with this thrall.”

“She’s got too much to say for herself, Javid. It’s not the first time this little cunt has backchatted me. If you weren’t here, I’d kick the little rat back to the mine.”

I was in no doubt that the monster sitting next to the visitor was capable of such a feat. “Ali, you have a promise of eighteen K for one thrall and a proposal to double that amount if the filly is in good condition. Let me talk to the girl and I’ll raise that to twenty K.”

“You’ll double twenty, if the animal is fit?”

“I will.”

He stared at his guest for a moment, then as he got to his feet, he scowled and pointed at me. “Don’t think for a minute that you’ve got away with that remark.”

“Give me twenty minutes, Ali.”

The Mine owner strutted out of the office leaving us alone. I wondered what on earth the stranger wanted to know that could take twenty minutes.

He waited for the door to close. “You can sit, Tara.” He turned to the other thrall. “Go fetch Tara a bottle of water.” She didn’t hesitate which surprised me. Then I twigged that the visitor had just bought the thrall from Nawaz.

She handed me the bottle once I was comfortable. I had it open in a split second but paused with it close to my lips. “Are you taking Frisky, Sir?”

“What’s more important, Tara. Knowing Frisky’s fate or drinking that bottle of water?”

I started sobbing and felt a solitary tear roll down each of my cheeks. It was a while since my defences had dropped so far. I offered him the water, but he rejected it.

“Tara, drink the water. Then tell me about Frisky and I’ll tell you my hopes for her.”

I drank a little. “Sir, I trained Frisky in Mexico before Sheik Husni bought her at a Pony-girl meet from my parents. I drove her in several races and I loved her...” The stranger sat forward on his cushion. I continued. “Er... I spent some time with her at Sheik Husni’s gold mine in Mexico. He eventually brought me to Dubai, after two weeks of being brutally mistreated by the Mine owner – a more violent version of Mr. Nawaz if you can imagine that... I was supposed to

drive for Sheik Husni in the Premier League..." I paused to consider the best way to explain what happened.

"Go on. Tell me what happened. Losing your fingers. Does that have anything to do with Husni?"

I placed the cold bottle against my raw cunt, then showed him the palms of my hands. "He cut my little fingers off with a pair of surgical clippers himself." I turned my hands over to show him the 'V's "He also held the branding iron on the back of my hands, despite his condition..."

The stranger's face darkened. "Why, what happened?"

"Of course, you wouldn't know because he hushed it all up..." I drank some more water. "We were just a few days away from the beginning of the season. It was his wedding day. I didn't know Rasha or Ismah, but I knew his third wife, Masumi. She was a driver in his squad, but of course, when he married her, he needed a replacement driver, so he chose me. Being a member of the squad, I was there at the reception. I used the knife he used to cut the cake. I thought that was ironic. I found a hoodie in the cloakroom. It was dark and I had the element of surprise. I missed his heart because he turned as I drove the knife in. So, here I am..."

"How did Frisky end up in here?"

"I'm assuming she was surplus to requirements. Once he married Rasha, he wouldn't want the Bazzi squad threatening his."

He nodded knowingly. “Tara, I have three questions for you and I want you to answer them truthfully.” He raised his finger and pointed at me. “Tara, don’t lie to me because if you thought Salim was a monster, you’ll think he’s a pussy cat after I’ve finished with you. Do you understand?”

“I do, Sir. What do you want to know?”

“If I take you away from here, can you channel all the hatred that you’ve bottled in the last two years into beating Salim Husni on the racing track?”

“Definitely, Sir. Two years is more than enough time to learn the errors of my ways.”

“Okay. Question two. “Are your hands strong enough to control two unruly Ponies on the track.”

“Sir, my hands are stronger than they have ever been. I can swing the heaviest pickaxe and smash a salt rock as large as your head into smithereens.”

“Mmm, impressive. “Okay, finally, where can we get a shower around here...?”

2.5 ~ Tara: Two.

After two years in the mine, I would have accepted any role or job to escape from the hellish conditions underground. So, when Mr. Kashif asked me if I could focus on driving Pony-girls, I couldn't believe my ears. The dream I had been having, where I clung onto Frisky while we made our escape from the mine was coming true.

Mr. Kashif didn't say whose team I would be driving for, but it didn't matter, so long as I had a chance to pit my wits against other competitors on a racecourse. I still hated Sheik Husni's guts, but the fire had left my belly during the two years at the mine. Imagining smashing his skull had been my motivation to keep me alive and thankfully it had worked.

Mr. Kashif gave the impression that he was a hard taskmaster, but that was only to be expected if he trained Pony-girls. Having completed the deal, he made sure that Ruby and I were strapped in, sitting on the back seat of his Range Rover. He then checked that Frisky was comfortable in the box wagon that arrived to take her away.

Ruby and I had earlier showered and donned a clean tunic before our belt/cuff restraints were fitted. Mr. Kashif explained while our hobbling chains were being fitted that we thralls had to wear full restraints whenever we were transported. A lot had changed in the two years I had been working in the mine.

The journey took several hours, during which time I chatted with Ruby, a bright Emirati youngster who had a good education before falling foul of the law. Working as a maid in a wealthy businessman's house, Ruby was accused of being the inside person when thieves stole diamonds and money from the house during the night.

Her boss was shafting her on a regular basis. The fact that she was with him at a restaurant raised suspicions. It turned out she had said something to another student without realizing what she was saying. The thief implicated her to get a reduced sentence. The path from convict to thrall and then the auction was swift and before she knew it, she was shackled and filling wagons with salt, deep underground.

It was almost dark when we arrived at the farm where we were going to be staying. We were led into the stables where there were about twenty stalls for the farm's working Pony-girls. Mr. Kashif's Sister, Fatima and her farm manager guided us to a preparation bench, then the manager led Frisky into her stall.

"They're both on the scrawny side, Javid. Pity they haven't got Frisky's physique," his sister said.

"Ha," he laughed. "These two have been working down the mines for a couple of years. You'll be surprised by their strength."

"Well, we'll soon see. We move the palm seeds at night. The other four teams left for the warehouse half an hour ago. I'll arrange for a couple of lads to prepare these two. One of them will drive them to the warehouse before they go and load the wagon."

"How many fit fillies do you have?"

"I have ten, but two are on their rest day. So, I have four pairs working tonight. Five with these two."

Mr. Kashif stayed with us while his sister went to fetch the lads. “Tara, Ruby, I’m leaving shortly. You’re going to be part of a new Pony-girl racing squad. You’ll find out more in two weeks’ time when I take you to your new home.”

Footsteps behind us signalled the lads had arrived.

“Good evening Mr. Kashif.”

“Evening boys.”

“The Mistress said we’ve got this pair for a couple of weeks.” A hand settled on my naked ass cheek then stroked my peach. “What happened to their skin?”

He was referring to the mild salt burns that made our skin patchy. I feared I was permanently scarred.

“They’ve been working underground in a salt mine.” I heard the lads gasp. “Time will heal them. No hoods, cunt straps or cracker-plugs for these two, boys. They are important to me so take good care of them.”

The lad squeezed my bruised cheeks. “It looks like they’ve taken some punishment recently, Sir. Without cracker-plugs, we’ll have to use the snap whip while they’re hauling loads. Our fillies usually need a rocket up their asses to get up the hills.”

“That’s okay. Remember though, they are temporary Ponies and not your Mistress’s property.”

“Yes, Sir,” they replied.

Kashif patted my shoulder. “Girls, I’ll be back in a couple of weeks to fetch you.”

The lads, who were both wearing white thawbs, waited for Kashif to leave before examining us “Wow, it makes a change to get young pussy,” one lad said. “Feel how firm this thrall’s ass is.”

“This one’s the same. Should we try them out before we fit their tack?”

The hand that had been stroking my ass slid down so his fingers could dip into my ass crack, then search for the point of least resistance.

After he found my entrance, he dipped a finger into the third knuckle. “This one’s as dry as the old well out back. We’d better wait until we get down to the grove. I’ll crack open a nut and grease their bunny holes.”

Ruby and I were used to being mauled and have our holes used by the male miners who were detailed to supervise us. Pulling wagons in the fresh air was going to be a complete contrast to our work in the mine.

The preparation bench was shaped to the curve of a Pony-girl's body shape, so I was already feeling the discomfort I was soon to experience when hauling a wagon. The chatty lads worked quickly to remove our old restraints and tunic which they threw in the bin.

We were then fitted with new brown leather harness/corsets that laced down our backs with strong wire. I had fitted many similar corsets on Ponies when I worked for my father in Mexico. I was taught by my father, from an early age, that the girl within the corset had changed into an animal and that she would remain that way for the rest of her life.

I still felt that way, but I had more empathy for the creatures than most. It was difficult to accept that I was going through that change, but I was, and the lads would soon be treating me like all the other animals that worked on the farm.

While the lads worked, they informed us that they would be looking after us during our stay. Tahir stood hard up against me, pressing his erect cock in my ass crack, while he tightened the harness/corset. He stroked the tattoo on my lower back. "Tara, you are the thinnest thrall I've ever put into tack," he said while securing my arms to the back of the corset.

"This one is almost as thin as yours," Hakim pointed out while stroking Ruby's ass.

The lads were bursting to shaft us but there was pressure on them to get us tethered to the wagon and then to the warehouse. Initially I was pleased that Kashif had saved us from having to wear leather Pony hoods. However, the bridle was more uncomfortable without one, so it was a toss-up as to which

method was better.

I hated the plastic bit that pulled my mouth out of shape and the straps, buckled tightly around my head and under my chin. Even worse was the posture collar that Tahir fastened around my neck. Curiously, it had a metal bracket on the front. After they had fitted our special knee-length boots, they helped us off the bench and led us out into the night where a strange skeleton rig was waiting.

It was a modern vehicle with a lightweight tubular chassis, while the flat back was designed to have loads fastened to it. The 18" wheels had 4" wide rubber thick tyres for all-terrain use. As soon as we were connected to the triple shafts, Tahir, who was the senior of the lads, stood in front of us, trying to look officious.

He reached out and fondled my left tit and Ruby's right. "Girls, I'll go easy on you during the first trip. After that, I'll expect you to work hard until six in the morning." He saw disappointment in my eyes. "Your shift will start at eight in the evening and end at six, then you'll have plenty of time to rest."

It was an unnecessary speech. The lad was full of himself and only wanted an excuse to squeeze and maul our tits. He then climbed into the empty cart, gave our reins a shake and we were off, heading, I assumed, for the main warehouse. Solar lights had been stuck in the ground, at twelve-foot intervals, making it easy to keep on the road in the darkness.

Being fastened to Ruby, who had a larger stature than mine, enabled me to work out how to walk and jog while wearing Pony tack. She was strong and seemed to master the awkward gate faster than I did.

The thing that struck me to begin with was being naked outdoors. Memories of the two weeks I suffered in Mexico at the hands of the sadistic Carlos flooded back. It was an uncomfortable experience, so I was grateful it was dark. I was used to having a bare ass, but as we trotted along the road, I couldn't forget that the lads behind us had an unobstructed view of our bobbing rear ends.

We hauled the wagon between two sets of buildings. The main house and stables were about 800 yards from the warehouse, which was a huge building next to what looked like a factory. Everything was silent and dark but there was one open entrance which was dimly illuminated from a light inside. Tahir steered us into the opening and alongside a low loading bay.

A bell rang as we entered to signal our arrival. A brawny Arab wearing a thawb emerged from an office on the far side and walked over to the edge of the loading bay, at the end. He was carrying two small silver boxes which, when we got closer, turned out to be lights. By the time we had trotted to the end, I calculated that five Pony/rigs could park, end to end, and have their loads dealt with inside the warehouse.

The middle-aged Arab stood on the edge and studied us as we approached. "Tahir, I see you've brought me some young pussy. Go, get your skip while I take a gander at these thralls."

"Sir, Mr. Kashif says that we must treat them kindly while they're with us."

"I know, I know, boy," he said as though the message irritated him.

He picked up the lights and jumped down. After connecting them to the brackets

on the front of our posture collars, he studied first my tits, then Ruby's.

"Boys, get the skip and a drink for these animals."

While the lads hurried away toward a hand operated electric palette lifter, the older man continued fondling my thrusting tits. "You're a funny colour," he muttered as he gave my nipples a twist.

He checked out Ruby's slightly larger orbs, then moved behind her. "Urrrrr!" she complained when he put his hand on her sex. Slap!

"Shut it, girl, or I'll give you a thrashing."

Behind us, Hakim guided a square plastic skip onto the flatbed of the wagon. When it was in position, he withdrew the lifter and fastened the skip to the flat bed. Meanwhile, Tahir brought a teated bottle of energy drink and pushed it into my mouth.

"This filly needs lubricating, lads," the older man said from behind the agitated figure of Ruby.

"So does the other one, Sir. They'll be juicy by the time we return with the first load."

The older man fell silent while he switched the lights on, then climbed back onto the stage. After we had finished our drinks, the lads returned to their seats in the rig. "I'll see you in an hour, lads." The manager squatted and slapped my ass.

I felt the reins flick and we were off. After leaving the building, we were plunged into darkness. Thankfully, the two bright lights fastened to our posture collars lit up the road ahead. Instead of solar lamps, circular reflectors had been fastened to posts, showing us the way to the orchard.

"Girls, get a move on!" Swatt! Swatt!

He whacked us with the whip instead of cracking it, which was enough warning for us to get a move on. I was impressed with Ruby's ability to cope with being wrapped in tight Pony-girl tack. She was handling it much better than I was. But, because of our experiences in the mine, we weren't bothered when he struck us with the folded whip.

The road was wide enough for two vehicles and by the time we reached our destination we had passed the other four wagons travelling in the opposite direction. I found by lifting my shoulders I could direct my beam, so I was able to see that the pairs of Pony-girls were hauling skips that were full to the brim with palm fruit.

When we pulled up at the open-air stage, which was illuminated using a generator, they parked us and left us standing while they went to fetch something. Both lads returned with a cup of oil and after climbing in the gap between the front of the rig and our asses, started to massage it onto our labia, then in our quims.

I had spent what seemed like a lifetime suffering mostly dry sex in the mine. 99% of the time I couldn't get excited when the miners shafted us. So, I was bowled over by the sensations created by the young man's fingers slipping back and forth in my vagina. The farm harvested and bottled palm oil and I couldn't think of a better use for it.

When Tahir finally lifted his thawb and eased his stout cock into my quim, I couldn't believe the difference from what I had been experiencing at the mine. I would rather I knew the young man and that we were on a comfortable bed, but his energetic thrusts excited my libido and made me forget for a few minutes that I was still a thrall and wrapped tightly in Pony-girl tack!

2.6 ~ Nadia: One.

When I heard Talar say that the Prince was coming in an hour, I started to have a panic attack. I suddenly found it difficult to breathe and I felt dizzy. The last time I met Prince Emidi we had sex, then he let me drive another man's car before getting Javid Kashif to frame me for multiple crimes. I was furious at the man for using his powerful position to ruin my life.

Beta wasn't aware of my lightheaded condition while he fitted the bridle onto my head, over the leather hood. I don't know why, but I was disappointed that Prince Emidi wouldn't be seeing my face. It was important to me for him to see the face of the girl whose life he had ruined.

My ability to speak disappeared when the ex-soldier connected the plastic bit and eased it into my mouth. We were all wearing dark blue leather harness/corsets and hoods that had decent sized holes for our eyes and mouth. However, mine and Masumi's bridles and bits were different.

The three permanent fillies had heavier strapping and a leather tubular bit that fitted comfortably in their mouths because their back teeth had been removed. I thanked God that Talar and the Prince wanted me to be a driver and not a Pony-girl.

The ex-soldier had prepared Masumi first and led her out into the early morning sunshine where a singles rig awaited her. Talar and Hamza, working together, tethered the Jap's corset to the shafts of the lightweight four-wheel vehicle. Then, the trainer climbed aboard and drove her off to the circuit where he urged her to jog at a sedate pace.

I felt sorry for Masumi who clearly wasn't as fit as the rest of us were. I assumed

that her lifestyle, as a sheik's wife, must have been far removed from athletic pursuits like running around a circuit. Her tits and ass were larger and softer, so there was much more movement for her to contend with as she jogged, pulling the rig.

She had obviously upset her husband in some way and had promptly been rejected by him. In Emirati society, the husband held all the cards and a girl like Masumi was as disposable as one of his old cars. And, so it was with Prince Emidi. He saw something he wanted and had to have it no matter the pain and distress his actions caused.

I was pleased that Talar had decided to partner me with Noor. We befriended each other while we were incarcerated in Kiashakan. In the short space of time I knew Noor, I became smitten with the youngster, so I was looking forward to keeping an eye on her when I started driving the rigs. After Beta had fitted my strange knee-length boots he moved onto Noor.

Watching Masumi trotting around the circuit and thinking about the future team the Prince was assembling, made sense of the training at the special forces base. They had what they wanted – five fit young women in one location and several others somewhere else – but were we capable of becoming a successful team? I wondered.

As soon as Beta had finished with Noor, Hamza came over to me and eased me off the dais. Together with Noor we were led out into the brilliant sunshine and positioned side by side. I copied Noor's stance and found I was fairly comfortable due to the shape of the tiptoe boots. They gripped and supported my heels and calves, provided my knees were bent. The curved corset made sure my shoulders were high, my tits thrust forward and my ass projecting back.

The Arab pair positioned the shaft and yoke on our backs, then quickly tethered us to them. Once our hands had been steered to handles rising from the crossmember we were ready to go. However, we had to wait until they had prepared Yasin and Reza to the other doubles rig.

I calculated that Talar made Masumi do fifteen laps of the track at a slow jog before he veered off the circuit and returned to the warehouse. As she passed me, I noticed her body was slick with sweat and she was breathing heavily. Our eyes met for a split second, but it was enough to see she was bitter about her change of circumstances.

A minute later, Talar approached the lad who was standing by our rig. “Hamza, give Sumi a hose down. After you’ve given her a bottle of drink, massage her legs.”

“Yes, Master...”

As soon as the lad had hurried off to deal with Masumi, Talar climbed up and seated himself in our rig. “Slow jog, girls...,” he shouted. “...And see if you can match each other’s stride patterns.”

Before falling foul of UAE law, I lived my life on the edge, tackling one daredevil challenge after another. I was probably one of the youngest girls at my school to have a long and challenging bucket list. Sky diving, mountain climbing, white water rafting, were all on it, but becoming a Pony-girl wasn’t! I had heard kinky fantasy stories about girls being turned into Ponies, but I never thought it was a real phenomenon.

Well, I was living the experience and hating it. The large soles of the strange boots clip-clopped on the concrete surface as we jogged toward the oval marked with plastic, red cones. It was early, but the sun was already beating down on our semi-naked bodies. The tight hood and posture collar created a strong claustrophobic sensation, so I was finding it difficult to concentrate on the simple act of running.

The yoke across our shoulders, which had four padded hooks that fitted over our shoulders, kept Noor and me in line and quite close, almost rubbing shoulders. The rig we were pulling was also narrow, but about a foot wider on either side of us to give it some stability.

Our thrusting tits were similar in size and jiggled in time whenever we synchronized our strides. Our statures were also similar so like the other pair, we were well matched.

“Very good, girls,” Talar bellowed, soon after we began to hug the line of cones, jogging in a counter clockwise direction. “I want you to jog faster and keep in step.”

I tried to follow Noor’s lead, by looking down at her hoofed legs striding across the concrete surface Thwatt! “Neeeee!” I yelped when the trainer whacked my ass.

“Head up, Nadia. Relax and lengthen your stride.” Thwatt! “Concentrate!”

Smarting from a blow on each cheek, it dawned on me that I had to run slightly faster than Noor because I was on the outside as we went round the curve of the

track. As soon as we found a rhythm while jogging fast, I began to relax but I had to concentrate hard to avoid another painful blow on my ass. We had both had some practice at the special forces training base, but Noor had more and it showed.

We had just started a third lap when Yasin and Reza joined us on the circuit. I couldn't see them for a while, then, all of a sudden, I heard their hooves thudding on the concrete. When we entered the back straight, they were right behind us.

"Hold this pace, Girls," shouted Talar. "This isn't a race."

When the other pair gradually passed us, it wasn't easy to hold back our speed to stop them passing. We became ragged. Thwatt! Thwatt! Talar lashed us both, harder than the first blows.

"I said hold your pace and concentrate on your stride pattern."

Beta came level with my head but didn't even glance sideways. His full attention was on the fillies pulling his rig. "That's good girls," he yelled while the rig slowly passed me.

Moments later I was watching the back of their cart as they slowly increased the distance between us. We had been running for about 20 minutes and were just entering the final bend, when I spotted a line of three black and silver cars approaching along the only road into the warehouse complex. They were still some distance so gave Beta, then Talar time to steer us off the track and into the shade of the warehouse loading bay. We had only run four and a half laps, but

the sweat was dripping off me.

“I want you facing out girls, so do a U turn.”

That was an easy manoeuvre and we ended up parking next to Masumi who was dripping wet. Hamza turned the hose on Noor and me, which given the circumstances, was a heavenly experience. There was only one hose, so the lad didn't have much time to hose down four sweating Pony-girls and the trainers before the line of cars pulled up right outside the warehouse.

Having been strutting around in just their shorts, Talar and Beta donned light blue singlets with the El Ruktoum blue lion crest over their left breasts and went to meet Prince Emidi. They had to wait while four bodyguards alighted from the black Range Rovers and fanned out on the concrete parking lot. It was hard to comprehend that I was about to meet a member of the ruling family.

The security men were wearing grey pants and white shirts, along with black shoulder holsters which held automatic pistols. I held my breath when the uniformed driver opened the back door of the silver Rolls Royce and held it while the Prince stepped out into the sunshine. I was expecting him to be wearing black robes with gold trim, like he did during the one and only time I had been in his company, but that wasn't the case.

He was wearing dark blue pants and a light blue silk shirt. The crest on his shirt pocket was the same as on the ex-soldier's singlets. He pulled a huge smile and watched while the pair bowed and then shook his hand. The young man was obscenely handsome, a fact I had forgotten in the ten or so days since I last saw him. It was easy to see how I was drawn to the web of his powerful presence like an unsuspecting fly on the hunt for a tasty morsel.

Behind him, a beautiful young woman dressed in a shimmering, gossamer thin knee-length dress, again in the Al Ruktoum colours, climbed out of the car and looked around. The Arab thrall then joined her Master to listen to what the men were saying. I was envious of her for she had been given the opportunity to serve the Prince intimately, while I hadn't. I then admonished myself for having such silly thoughts but couldn't take my eyes off the young Arab girl.

The men had an animated chat for a few minutes. When the trainers turned, the group approached Yasin and Reza. "These two have just been out on the course, your highness," Talar explained. "We are both impressed with their fitness levels. They are well matched and run well together but we've yet to push them hard."

"They look impressive," Prince Emidi said, then wandered around the pair. He patted Yasin's ass then gave her nether region a cursory inspection. "Are they ready to stretch their legs?"

"I think so, your highness. We could use Noor and Nadia as pace setters."

"Noor and Nadia?" Yes..." He wandered over until he was facing us, within touching distance. I held my breath wondering what he was going to do or say to us. The thrall and the trainers followed him and waited for his pronouncement. "Have these two been out on the circuit, Talar?"

"Yes, your highness. Noor is a strong runner, but Nadia had trouble keeping in step with her. I wasn't surprised considering Noor's potential."

“What’s your opinion of Noor, Talar? Is she strong enough to be our number one?”

“She’s going to be a strong singles runner. I have high hopes for her, and yes your highness, after two weeks training, I think she’ll be able to mix it with the best.”

For the first time, the Prince reached out and touched one of us. Noor stood proud while he cupped her firm, half-hand breast. “She’s in good shape and looks the part. She’s lean and strong but is she hungry?”

“Neeeeee!” Noor exclaimed while nodding her head eagerly.

The Prince released her tit and touched the side of her bridle. “That’s the spirit, Noor. Win big for me and the team will be rewarded.”

He turned his attention to me. “Ahh, Nadia, I’ve received good reports from Mr. Kashif about you. He thinks you would make a good team leader. Are you ready to lead my team from the front?”

“Neeeeei,” I retorted in a similar fashion to Noor.

I thrust my chest out and was rewarded when he gently felt my left tit. Mine weren’t as firm as Noor’s but not far off. He wandered around me and laid a hand on my lower back, below the bottom of the corset. He stroked the tattoo which bore my name, then followed the curve of my firm ass before stroking my

puffy convex labia lips.

After gently feeling in my shallow cleft, he fingered the soft flesh around my entrance, then withdrew his hand. His intimate inspection sent my libido into orbit and as a result I was quivering with expectation when he returned to face me.

“Nadia, fitness training in Pony tack is a temporary situation. In three or four-days’ time, Talar and Beta are going to bring you to your new home. You may have to travel in tack but on arrival it will be removed, then you’ll be able to concentrate on your driving skills.”

He turned to look at Masumi who looked lonely standing on her own. As soon as they moved away to look at the shapely Jap, I was able to breathe again. It was a mystery why he had such a powerful effect on me. He was the one who targeted and enslaved me and yet there I was excited at the prospect of driving Pony-girls for the man.

I stood there turning various scenarios over in my head. If I was the team leader, would I get to talk to him face to face? Telling Noor that he would reward us, was there a possibility of some intimacy with the Prince? Well, it was highly unlikely, but it gave me something to dream about...

2.7 ~ Hiba: One

I had taken my eye off the ball and allowed Ismah to lead me astray. Salim had the perfect bait, a stunning wife to lure me to the racecourse and then challenge me to drive a Pony rig. The one lap race was fun while it lasted, but I was a player in their game and had to be patient to find out what the prize was for competing in it.

Like a gentleman, which Salim wasn't, he turned his back while I struggled to free myself from the fat dildo fastened to the seat. I was embarrassed when there was a plopping sound the moment the tip slipped from my quim. Salim immediately turned and caught a glimpse of a strand of my juices hanging onto my entrance before falling to join the coating I had left behind.

Salim reached in his pocket and showed me a tissue. "I think your body enjoyed the experience....," he said as if he thought he could assist me.

I snatched it from his hand. "I can do that for myself, thanks." I turned to face him, reached down and dabbed the juices off my labia and from my leaking entrance. While I was doing it, I was imagining Salim naked, shackled to my pole. I knew it was never going to happen, but it took my mind off my naked state.

I was just about to back out of the rig when Salim withdrew his other hand from his pocket. "Would you like these?" He held up a pair of tan panties, identical to the pair his wife had been wearing.

I held my hand out. "I was planning on changing."

“That Husni tunic suits you, Hiba...” He walked around before I had a chance to step down. “Let me help you on with them.”

I had stupidly paused, bending forward with my ass leading the way. I wanted the underwear though, so I lifted my right foot. It took an age for him to locate my left foot, probably because he wasn't paying attention. With my sex just inches from his face, I remained still until he had drawn the beautiful item of lingerie up my legs and onto my posterior.

After stepping down onto the track, he stayed uncomfortably close. Being barefoot, he towered over me. “Hiba, walk with me and Ismah. I told your father we would meet him in the rose garden for breakfast.”

I glanced up at the stand where he and Salim watched me arrive at the start of the practice lap. “That sounds very civilised.”

I was pleased to be leaving the racecourse behind and be able to turn my mind to other matters. So, the billionaire sheik had the company of two young women, dressed identically, walking either side of him.

“Your father has been telling me about your sterling work on the VLD committee, Hiba.”

“Um, he can't have told you much because I don't discuss my committee work with him. We are an independent body answerable to the government, not the courts.”

“Exactly so, Hiba, your work is very secretive by its very nature. We are all very grateful to you and the committee for valuing thralls and keeping them moving through the system. It benefits no one if they remain languishing in jail.”

“Salim, what have you done with Masumi? I wanted to thank her for taking the time to visit the training camps. We are very grateful for your philanthropic interest in the development of the incarcerated young women.” I was curious to find out what had happened to the young Jap and enjoyed putting the oil tycoon on the spot.

“Well, Hiba, Masumi is no longer by my side...”

“Ismah was telling me.” The youngster on the other side of Salim looked slightly uncomfortable.

“It was a difficult decision, Hiba. Rasha and I, with Ismah’s support, decided she needed a break from the limelight. Sheik Emidi El Ruktoum agreed to take her on loan and work on her fitness.”

That only meant one thing. “Did you register her on the thrall database?”

“If you check, you’ll find her there and details of our financial arrangement.”

Only the VLD committee and government officials in the home office were allowed access to such sensitive information. Of course, men like Salim would love to have an ally who would share such information, instead of having to pay

heavy bribes. I had to tread carefully until I found out what he wanted.

“How long have you given him to get her fit. A year? Two? He will have tired of her by then and she’ll end up at an auction in a seedy district of Al Ain.”

“Actually, Hiba, Masumi is a talented driver and she will be added to the team Prince Emidi is building.”

“Huh, if she was any good, you wouldn’t have sent her packing.”

“Hiba, I’m not used to being spoken to in such a blunt manner. However, I’ll make an exception in your case because I know you’re passionate about upholding the laws of the land pertaining to thralls. I understand you have one yourself.”

“Salim, you are right. Girls that come through the criminal justice system and choose a path of servitude, rather than rot in jail for ten or more years, rightfully lose their rights. The prisons are full of prostitutes, thieves and worse. We have a good system for processing them. However, I’m against unregulated auctions, sales and loans of newly registered thralls, like Masumi.”

“What’s the alternative, Hiba?”

“You would have to give her a choice. Either the loan to Prince Emidi or attend an assimilation training camp that focuses on fitness, say for twelve months. The conditions would be gruelling, but she would have a chance to achieve her

marriage fitness. If she achieved the targets, then she would be a free woman. If she failed, then she would be valued and auctioned. You would receive 90% of the sale.”

“Huh! There are no such camps, Hiba.”

“There will be. I would like to see a body like the VLD committee set up to clean up the practice. The job is half done now that we are getting on top of the prison population. That’s why I’m supporting a bill...” I stopped and clasped Salim’s arm. “That’s why I’m here, isn’t it?”

He put a hand on my back and urged me to continue with our walk. The breakfast table in the centre of an open summer house was in sight so we walked the rest of the way in silence. I climbed the steps and kissed my father on the cheek.

“Good morning father.” He was sitting alone, studying an iPad.

“Good morning sweetheart.” Sixty years old, he looked very distinguished with a grey beard and full head of hair. He had slowed down in the last couple of years and worked far less than he used to. “Sit on my right, Hiba.”

I glided around and sat down on the armless, upholstered chair. Salim’s servants had set out the finest furniture, cutlery and crockery but there was no sign of them. The table was set for five so there was an empty chair between me and Salim. “Who are we waiting for?” I asked.

“Cala will join us once I call for the food,” Salim explained. First though, let me propose a toast to a civil, calm discussion.” He picked up a fluted glass that contained orange juice. “Freshly squeezed after the fruit were picked earlier this morning.”

I took a sip of mine and nodded. “Very nice, Salim.” Ismah and my father followed suit.

Salim picked up a cigarette and lit it himself. “I’m a plain speaker, Hiba and I have already explained my motives to your father.” He drew a puff of smoke in.

My father put his glass down. “Darling, Salim would like some information and if he doesn’t get it, he will revoke the lease you have signed for the 25th floor of the Al Ghafi Building.

I stood up, outraged. “You can’t do that!” I exclaimed. “It’s taken us six months to get the company organized.” He had waited until the threat would be at its most effective.

Salim just puffed away on his cigarette. Ismah looked nonplussed. My father replied. “Darling sit down. Salim owns Sunrise Eastern Enterprises. You don’t know how difficult it was to secure that lease for you. There are several clauses, any one of which Salim could use.”

I slowly sat down. My legal company had only been in the building for six months. I thought through the documents I had signed and realized his assessment was accurate. Not knowing Salim owned the building meant I didn’t suspect a problem. I was desperate to put the company on a higher footing, so I

was careless.

“This is blackmail, father and you’re a witness.”

“Darling, you’re operating in a man’s world. You may despise our kind, but that’s the reality in the UAE.” He was having a dig at my sexuality. “Salim doesn’t want much. He’s assured me that none of the information he’s asking for is to gain an advantage on the future sale of a thrall or Pony-girl.”

Salim put his cigarette down. “That’s correct, Hiba. Before we get to the main course, I would like a truthful answer to a simple question.”

“I can’t promise an answer.”

Salim shook his head. “Hiba, I need your cooperation and if you won’t provide it, I have another tenant desperate to move into the twenty-fifth floor.”

I made fists under the table and wanted to punch him. “What do you want to know?”

“How do my two fillies, Zabya and Mishel, compare with the three you valued at the special army base a couple of nights ago?”

They were sponsored by Javid Kashif, Prince Emidi’s agent. It was all beginning

to make sense. “This is about the rivalry between you two men, isn’t it? Getting rid of Masumi and telling the Prince she can drive Pony-girls. Spying on each other to get an edge. You’re like two schoolboys fighting over a ball in a playground.”

When I saw both men wince, I knew I had gone too far. Salim nodded at my father. He touched the screen on the iPad and swiped it a couple of times. “Salim has only shown me stills and clips of videos. Your intimate parts were fuzzed out...”

He handed over the computer. My eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. The screen showed a collage of photographs taken in my apartment. Most were taken in my bedroom, of activities on the pole. There were none where I was naked, but there were two of my bed and several of a naked young man tethered to the pole. Ali Aftar got the Emad treatment about a week earlier.

“For god’s sake, Salim, are there no depths you will go to get dirt on people you want to blackmail?” He remained stony-faced.

“Hiba,” my father said. “Salim came to me with this. If he went to another judge, you would lose your licence. Your activities are illegal and downright perverted. I know judges who would send you to Kiashakan after seeing some of the footage I’ve seen.”

My father didn’t approve of my sexuality and had sided with Salim against me. The billionaire must have promised him something to keep him onside. I picked up the glass of orange juice, gulped it down and returned the glass to the table.

“The three fillies at the Al Qoua army base were young, lean and fit. I would say that he has bought well but they have some way before they are as fit as yours.”

“Thank you, Hiba.” Salim puffed on his cigarette. “The second favour I need is the transactional information on the sale of a Pony-girl named Frisky. Where did Prince Emidi buy her and were there other thralls involved in the purchase?”

“Where and when did this occur?” I asked him.

“In Oman. I know we have a treaty that covers the sharing of information.”

“I’ll have to make a few phone calls.”

“Yes, do that. When are you visiting Prince Emidi again?”

He even knew that Prince Emidi put some work through my firm, but none that involved thralls. “Tuesday, to oversee the sign-off of the building work that was completed recently. I was going to send Emad Marwan now that he’s a partner. It’s just a formal handover from the contactors.”

“Good. I want you to go with Jena, but I’ll explain more when I call at your apartment, tomorrow morning at nine o’clock.”

“You... You’re coming to my apartment?”

“Yes, and I expect Jena to answer the door and you to be waiting in your bedroom. I like the idea of discussing our business while you’re in the same position as that young man.” He leant over and tapped one of the pictures of Ali. “That way you’ll be able to focus on what I have to say. Lock it in your memory and don’t disappoint me.”

“Salim...” I started, then fell silent.

“Our business is over for now, let’s enjoy our breakfast in the sunshine.

The billionaire raised his hand and clicked his fingers. As if by magic a line of thralls dressed in shimmering white tunics appeared carrying our breakfasts. Leading them was a stunning thrall dressed in a purple Husni tunic. It had to be Cala, for as soon as she had bowed to her master, she took her seat without a word.

I was thankful that I wasn’t in Salim’s crosshairs to be his third wife, but I wouldn’t have been surprised to find out that Cala was...

2.8 ~ Masumi: One.

Trotting around the temporary track brought back anxious memories. I had worn Pony tack a couple of times. Once, just after I had been chosen by Salim to drive. I made a stupid mistake, so as a punishment, he made me race against another girl in Pony tack. The other time was on Folito Island when I was fooling around with my sister. In both cases I was only wearing the leather restraints for a couple of hours but I found it scary.

I was going to have to suffer three days of training in Pony tack, at least, before I would be freed from it. I didn't sleep well during the second night tethered to the dais, so I was grumpy when Talar arrived to fit a bridle on my head and boots on my dangling feet. My thighs were lifted and resting in padded 'U' rests, making me look like a frog about to leap off the dais.

After lacing up my knee-length boots, the ex-soldier placed his hands on the top of my thighs and gently stroked my labia lips. "These are healing nicely, Sumi, and they're a better shape."

I wanted to see what the doctor had done but I knew I had to wait for a few days

"Neeee!" He surprised me when he slid his thumbs lower and teased my fleshy entrance. I was relieved when he didn't push on and enter or decide to shaft me.

He seemed to be satisfied with the healing progress so released me from the dais and tethered me to a singles rig. He climbed in and urged me to pull out into the sunshine. A minute later I was jogging around the temporary racetrack trying to become acclimatized to a new form of strenuous exercise. I attended the fitness centre at the Husni palace as little as I could get away with, so I was out of shape.

“Lift your knees, Sumi!” Talar bellowed before I had jogged a lap.

I was fed up with being called Sumi which the doctor had tattooed on my back. Salim didn't want any attention on me or for me to be identified, so he decided to shorten my name. I thought it was because he was embarrassed about loaning me to the Prince. He just wanted me to disappear.

After his recent rejection I no longer had any feelings for the man. My love affair with him was over. If and when I got my freedom back, I would make sure I got as far away from Salim and his influence as I could.

It was still early, maybe 8 o'clock, but the sun was hot and blazing down on my bare shoulders, jiggling tits and my bobbing ass. The leather equipment forced me to find a comfortable jogging/running style but the ex-soldier's constant flicks of the whip and annoying commands, didn't help.

“Get your toes out. Think about your stride pattern. Keep your head up, Sumi!” Flick, snap!

“Rrrrrrruuu!” I exclaimed when the tip of the whip snapped on the centre of my ass cheek.

Round and round we went. The pain in my sore labia didn't decrease, but the aches and pains in my body started to dissipate. However, after fourteen laps running slowly, while hauling the singles rig with a heavy driver, the effort began to take its toll. I could feel sweat running down my tits and then see it

flicking off my nipples when my full hand tits bounced up.

“This is the last lap, Sumi,” Talar said as we came into what I assumed was the final straight.

I was so relieved when he steered me in the direction of the warehouse loading bay. Earlier, as I passed the building on each lap, I saw that Beta and Hamza were tethering the other four girls to the pair of doubles rigs. I had tried not to show that I was exhausted and out of shape, but I feared that the ex-soldier had spotted the signs.

After Talar had steered me around so I was facing out, he climbed down and approached the lad who was standing beside Nadia. The attractive young Brit, who was also going to drive Pony rigs when we moved to our new home, was tethered to a doubles rig, partnering Noor.

“Hamza, give Sumi a hose down. After you’ve given her a bottle of drink, massage her legs.”

“Yes, Master...”

The lad hurried over to the hose reel, turned the tap on and unwound about 20 feet of pipe so he could jet it on my body at close range. I closed my eyes and revelled in the sudden cold dousing. I was thankful that the Prince had enough Pony-girls for his team and that I was completely out of the reckoning. The three about to pull the doubles rigs, and Frisky, were enough for a Champion’s league team.

As soon as the other two rigs were on their way to the circuit, the lad came closer and started massaging my tits. I opened my eyes to see a huge grin on his face as he squeezed and kneaded my orbs with one hand and directed the water onto my body with the other.

“Pretty cool tits for a Jap,” he said, then crushed my nipple with his thumb and forefinger. “I bet that hurts.” He chuckled to himself, then disappeared behind me.

He must have climbed over the shaft because when his hands settled on my ass cheeks, he was standing foursquare behind me. After pushing the hose into my ass crack, so there was a flow of water across the anal stopper, then my labia, he reached down and prodded a finger into my exposed entrance.

“Stand still girl. The water will help me drill this dry hole.” His wet fingers slid in easily then met resistance. “I need something a bit longer.”

He chuckled to himself, then lifted the hem of his thawb onto my back before docking his cock with my soft, unresisting entrance. I felt his knob burrow about three inches, then struggle to penetrate any further. After about a dozen thrusts, he gained another couple of inches, then began to piston his cock frantically.

“Oh, yes. The doc has made you tighter than a virgin. I’d better not overdo it...”

I was sure the lad didn’t know what he was talking about. He was excitable and young, so consequently shot his load quickly. However, my quim was unusually

tight which began to worry me. Had the doctor done further enhancements to my sex without telling me? As soon as the lad had dropped his thawb, he poked the end of the hose in my quim and destroyed the evidence of his illicit activities.

He timed his dirty deed to perfection, for he had just stepped out from behind me when Talar steered his pair and rig off the circuit and headed for the warehouse. A minute later the two carts pulled to a stop in line with me so that we were all facing the concrete parking area. Then, my eye was drawn to a bright flash of light in the distance.

It was the reflexion of the sun off a car windshield, signalling the Prince had arrived. As soon as Talar pulled to a stop, he directed the lad to hose the sweating Ponies down. Three cars pulled up and as expected the bodyguards jumped out first, then formed a defensive ring at distance.

Only then did Prince Emidi and his companion step out into the stifling oppressive heat. Neither of them seemed to notice though, as they looked over toward us, tethered to our rigs. Both Talar and Beta welcomed them with a bow, then began chatting with the Prince.

I naturally focused on the pretty young Arab to begin with. Her thrall registration numbers peeped out from the short sleeves of her gauze tunic dress which was knee length and was gathered at the waist with a gold chain. She was wearing a dark blue thong beneath the frock and nothing else. Instead of a ring through her nipples she had bars with dark blue gemstones on the ends. The blue stones on her earrings and on her ring matched her nipple adornments and looked amazing.

Then, my attention turned to the prince who was also wearing his team's colours – dark blue slacks and light blue shirt. He went to the far doubles team first and spent a few minutes discussing their potential with Talar and Beta. He then

moved onto Noor and Nadia. He spent ten minutes examining the English thrall and then explaining to her that he planned to make her the team leader.

My heart was in my mouth when he finally approached me. I knew the man quite well. I had been in his company a dozen times, always by Salim's side. He was very similar to Salim, which was why the pair hit it off. They were always betting on ridiculous things, like which naked thrall could crawl the length of the room and back, in the quickest time. Salim told me to join in some times but let me keep my underwear on.

I noticed the Prince studying me on several occasions and he was always attentive when we were together. Thinking back, Salim acted quite cold toward me sometimes, especially on the last time I saw the Prince at one of their card games.

I wondered if he discussed a possible loan then, Did they strike a bargain soon after they watched me crawl in a silly race? I was only wearing a thong at the time which enabled him to size up my rear end. I was used to the attention, but not when the man looking had the chance to own me.

After appraising my appearance, Prince Emidi turned to Talar. "I think you're right..." He immediately reached out and felt the weight of my tits. "Talar, as soon as she arrives at the palace, fit the next size ledges on the harness." He thumbed my nipples back and forth. "These are perfect. Let me know when you see the first signs of them leaking. I'm hoping she'll be producing before the final week of training."

"That will only gives us a week, your highness."

“I know but the hormone treatment the doctor prescribed is powerful and should produce quick results.”

I was left speechless and numb when it became obvious that the Prince intended to turn me into a dairy Pony-girl. I didn't have much time to think about it before he added insult to injury.

He stroked my taut ass flesh. “Her laden breasts will add a little weight but this is the easiest part of her body to pump up. When the arbitrator comes in a couple of weeks' time, I'm hoping I'll get permission to close the deal with Sheik Husni. In any case, I want her prepared.”

“I understand. The doc's coming later. He can do her teeth, and now that her labia lips have filled, he can do the lace holes as well. I'll have a chat about her diet and see what we can add.”

Mortified at being turned into a dairy Pony-girl and fattened up so the arbitrator can witness my larger state, I stamped my hoof in anger. “Neeeeee!” Slap!

“Sumi, behave yourself!” Talar growled at me.

“Sohail, don't be afraid to thrash the animal if she misbehaves. The girl had all sorts of issues according to some of my friends. That's why Husni was keen to get rid of her and into my team. He thought she would have a detrimental effect on my team.”

“Well, you’ve found a role that suits her. Sheik Husni will get a surprise.”

“There’s no need for him to know. I won’t show her until she’s a permanent member of the squad.”

Those were the last words I heard as the men headed back toward the other end of the warehouse. However, the pretty Emirati youngster stayed to cast her eye over me. Seeing her dressed and adorned in such finery, only increased my miserable state.

Having already scarred me with tattoos, the Prince was going to go the whole hog and transform me into a dairy Pony-girl. Rejected, restrained and subjugated in less than 48 hours, I was utterly devastated and desolate.

2.9 ~ Hiba: Two.

If it wasn't for the incriminating photographs in my apartment, I might have moved out of Salim Husni's building and taken the hit. I could use my savings to rent a modest suite of offices or buy a small building to house my law firm. My business would suffer but the move wouldn't be fatal.

There was much more though. Sheik Husni held all the aces and probably had a few up his sleeve. Because of his ruthless character, I didn't doubt that the demands would continue to flow until he tired of using me. I should have been more careful. Pure and simple.

Salim had discovered that the Prince was using my legal services. From that moment on, he planned to take control of me, once he had enough dirt and needed a favour. The problem was, it wasn't just a few pieces of information he was after. The man wanted to own my ass for the long term.

Once Cala was sitting between us, at the breakfast table, Salim never mentioned the subject again. I was in the company of two exceptionally beautiful young women. If Ismah would fetch three million at auction, then Cala's value was over four.

That was my train of thought while the men chatted about oil production levels and other business matters. The Jordanian thrall sitting beside me, was absolutely stunning and her presence was the only reason why I stayed and spent half an hour chatting and drinking coffee.

The first task that Salim had set me was to find out the details of the transaction involving the Pony-girl Frisky and any other thralls the Prince may have bought at the same time.

Once I got back to the office, I darkened the windows and called in Jena. I slipped out of my dress just before she arrived, then she followed me into the bathroom.

“Nice lingerie, Ma’am,” she said.

I leant in and turned the shower on while Jena knelt behind me and pulled the panties off my hips. “They belong to Sheik Husni,” I informed her.

As soon as I was able, I turned around. She was examining the panty’s gusset. “Your meeting must have been exciting.”

There was heavy exudation. “I’ll tell you about it while you help me get that man’s grinning face out of my head. The rougher the better.”

The moment I opened my stance, Jena dropped to her knees and pushed her face against my smooth cunt. I grabbed two handfuls of her hair and tried to pull her closer while she attacked my clit like only Jena could. The girl had a strong tongue action, due to her constant oral activities, at work and at home.

She probed, lapped, sucked, chewed and penetrated my tender folds, until she had me rocking through an awesome orgasm. I eventually gave her the signal to decelerate, which enabled me to slowly come down to earth.

“God, Jena, how I needed that.”

She climbed to her feet and we kissed, briefly. “What happened?” she asked.

“Come and join me. I’ll tell you while we wash.”

Jena slipped out of her navy pleated skirt, white blouse and matching set of white lingerie, then joined me in the cubicle. While we showered, I gave her a blow-by-blow account of what happened at the Husni estate’s racing track. She gasped when I told her about the single lap race.

“What was it like riding a cock and being pulled by a Pony-girl?” she asked while sponging my body.

“Well, I loved it, Jen!” I slapped her ass, playfully. “The only problem was that Ismah was setting me up for Salim to witness the race and be at the finishing line before I set off.”

“What did he do? What did he say?”

“He’s blackmailing me, Jena.” I explained what happened at the breakfast table and broke the news about the hidden cameras. She listened in shocked silence.

“My god, what a devious bastard. He said all that in front of your father?”

“Huh. My father thinks I embarrass him every day of the week with my campaigns for better women’s marriage rights. We were sitting with a man who disposes of his wives like we throw out an old pair of boots.”

While we talked, we dried each other’s hair and got dressed. I told her I was going to think over my options overnight, then sent the worried thrall back to work. If anything was to happen to me, like be imprisoned for depravity, she could lose her probationary status and be sent back to an assimilation camp.

I spent about an hour tracing the Frisky transaction through the channels the VLD committee use for background checks on thralls originating from Oman. The sale of Frisky and two other thralls occurred at an auction in Razit, West Oman, a place I had never heard of.

I had seen hundreds of similar dodgy locations written in, just to complete the thrall’s paperwork. I hadn’t got a clue why Salim wanted the information. I was breaking the code I worked by, but I didn’t think I had stepped too far over the line. No, whatever Salim was going to ask me to do next was probably the real reason for the blackmail. The Frisky request was just a test.

* * *

Because we weren’t going into work early, we slept in till eight. Jena fetched me a cup of coffee and sat on the side of the bed. “What have you decided, Ma’am?”

“Jena, I’m going to do it.”

“I could try and persuade him to shaft me instead of you.”

“You can try, but Salim wants what money can’t buy and that’s me. Then, when he gets it, he enjoys the damage and fallout his actions cause. He has just disposed of his third wife in the cruellest manner possible and she was a good woman. I am going to have to grin and bear having the man paw and fuck me. Then he’ll tell me what he really wants. Set up the pole while I go and take a shower.”

I knew I would be taking more showers before I removed the imaginary scent of Salim Husni and the memory of him fucking me. The minutes were ticking away and by the time I had dried my body, I only had ten left before he was due to arrive. Jena had finished fitting the BDSM items on the pole so all I had to do was back up to it and reach up. When I pushed my wrists into the solid stainless-steel cuffs they snapped shut.

It wasn’t the first time I had voluntarily disabled my hands and arms in the cuffs. I loved being restrained while Jena orally served me or used a range of dildos while I was blindfolded. I gave her some latitude and she never stepped over the mark. A click of the fingers – my finish signal – was enough to call a halt to the fun.

Jena had to go up onto tiptoe to fit the forehead grip and the gag fitting. Quite why Salim wanted me gagged was a mystery. Finally, Jena steered my feet into the foot cuff fitment, which was fastened behind the pole. From that moment on I was uncomfortable because my ass was forced against the pole, restricting my movement.

Jena stood before me naked. “I’m going to try and deflect his attention away from you, but it’s going to be difficult. You have such a beautiful body, Ma’am.” I truly loved the girl and couldn’t bear to think that she would lose the rights that I had returned to her.

The doorbell rang so she hurried away to answer the door. I heard voices, then Jena led Salim into the room as well as the stunning young thrall, Cala! She was dressed in a purple dress and Hijab while Salim was wearing a grey suit and red checked keffieh headdress. He came over to me and looked me in the eye.

“Hiba, you are a beautiful woman and because of your sexual leaning, I have no desire to have sex with you, so I bought Cala along as my way of bonding with you. She’s seen the video where Jena climbs the pole and expressed a desire to try out the activity.” He turned to Jena. “Do you think your Mistress would enjoy that?”

Jena approached me. “Ma’am, one click for yes and two for no.”

I clicked my fingers once.

“Okay...” Salim turned to his thrall. “Cala, get undressed then go and have a shower with Jena while I talk to her Mistress.”

The girls disappeared into the bathroom while Salim came closer. He maintained eye contact. “Hiba, you were right when you said my rivalry with Prince Emidi is petty. What you need to understand though, is that my love of beautiful, feminine women, transcends all else. Young thralls like Cala and Jena...” I saw a sparkle in his eyes. “...are as rare as red diamonds, so having two in the same

room is quite an occasion. Pony-girl racing comes a close second to collecting beautiful young women.”

Both girls were truly stunning and whereas I hated to compare myself to Salim, I too was driven by a desire to be in the company of girls in the Jena/Cala mould. He reached inside his pocket and pulled out a small red velvet box. I wanted to laugh because it looked as though he was going to propose to me. The box contained a gold necklace. The pendant was a cluster of three diamond. It was absolutely stunning.

“I have seen the racecourse and new grandstand, but the Prince didn’t let me anywhere near the other facilities. So, I want you to wear this when you visit the new stables and fitness centre. There’s a tiny miniature camera in it. It doesn’t transmit, just records so will go unnoticed even if security put a detector anywhere near you. I’ll leave it on the side and collect it on Wednesday. Don’t disappoint me, Hiba, for yours and Jena’s sake.”

I didn’t have time to think about the ramifications of spying for Salim, because my attention was caught by the two beautiful creatures emerging from the bathroom. Salim went to meet them and despite them both being wet, gave each one a kiss. Then, the girls split up. Jena stayed with Salim while Cala, wearing only a gold thrall collar, came over to me.

The other two stood and watched while Cala went behind me and climbed the pole. The agile thrall swung her delightful ass around and lowering herself onto the prong, attached to the gag. My sight was then blocked by the Jordanian youngster’s tummy as she began a slow, steady thrusting motion on the fake cock.

Cala had been trimmed so gained no extra pleasure from rubbing her cleft on my

nose, but I enjoyed the show and the contact with her labia which enabled me to breathe in the youngster's delicate fragrance.

I could hear Jena moaning in the throes of an orgasm, but I had to use my imagination as to what Salim was doing to her...

2.10 ~ Nadia: Two.

The first thing I thought when I woke was that it was Monday morning. If what I had heard was true, then it would be my last day in Pony tack. I overheard Talar chatting with Beta. He said that the transport would arrive at about 11 AM. However, I didn't, get my hopes too high because of the many awful experiences that had befallen me since being arrested in Dubai.

It was Hamza who appeared early that morning to wake us up. He always started by massaging our asses and rubbing salve onto our cunts. The lad was always super-thorough and made sure that our quims were well oiled. I noticed that the lad was allowed to shaft the three regular Pony-girls, but my quim was out of bounds as far as his cock was concerned.

Having been modified and trimmed at the kennels, my labia lips, according to Hamza, weren't quite as fat and puffy as Masumi's or the other three filly's. I bitterly regretted having lost my clitoral flesh and it was no consolation to learn that all the other drivers in the squad had been trimmed.

Hamza's finger fucks were the highlight of my day, so I was disappointed when he withdrew his oily digits. His fingertips were just long enough to rub my 'G' spot, but he didn't know of its existence. It was therefore hit and miss whether he triggered the elusive orgasm he thought he was providing. It was very frustrating to be penetrated and not feel anything.

"Nadia, you've got the cutest ass of the bunch," the lad said just before inserting the pump device into my anal collar.

"You say that to everyone," I muttered.

It wasn't lost on me that the three Pony-girls, Noor, Yasin and Reza had smaller and tighter asses than I did. There's were athletic, while mine was normal, in my opinion. Then, unfortunately, Masumi, or Sumi as everyone called her, had a larger ass.

The poor girl was unhappy to be chosen as the team Dairy Pony. Her world had obviously come crashing down around her ears at home. It appeared as though her husband had handed her over to the Prince and suggested he turn her into a Dairy Pony. Talar usually tethered her to a single rig and took her out on the course where he could keep an eye on the doubles pair's practicing their timing, So, she spent a lot of time jogging around the circuit.

Once Hamza had finished filling our bowels and sucking the slurry out via our anal collars, he started to bottle feed us. He began with Masumi on my right, then walked past me and fed the three Pony-girls. I was left wondering what was happening. until the lad returned to my dais.

"Nadia," I've got to take you to the tack room." He released the straps pinning me to the rest station, eased my legs out of the side supports, then helped me down.

I wasn't wearing a bridle or bit, so I was able to speak for five seconds. "What's happening, Hamza?"

"Master Talar has ordered me to get you ready."

I hoped for more information, but he wasn't forthcoming. He held my upper arm, for I had to walk in the enforced Pony-girl stance which was awkward when I wasn't tethered to a rig.

Compared to the other four, I had experienced a relatively easy three and a half days after being put into Pony tack. Yasin and Reza had spent many hours on the temporary racecourse, either concentrating on their movement and fitness, or racing against Noor and me. I ran two races on each day beside Noor, who was much better than I was at running while wearing a tight leather harness and all the other parts of the racing tack.

Apart from those four races, I remained on my dais. Talar and Beta took Noor out along with one of the other two for singles practice and races. Noor was a real athlete and appeared to sustain her energy levels throughout the four lap races she ran. The pair of fitness trainers even set up a relay with Noor racing against the other two, relay style, and they still couldn't beat her.

I hated being strapped to the dais and having nothing to do, so I was pleased to be on my feet/hooves as Hamza led me down the corridor. It turned out to be the same room where they fitted the tack on me. Hamza helped me lie down across the bench, then proceeded to release my arms from the corset. He then snipped the wire laces to free me from its tight embrace.

"Thank you, Hamza," I gasped as soon as I was able to lie flat.

"Up Nadia." He helped me up, removed the corset from the bench and then lowered me back down.

The boots were next, which had been reasonably comfortable when I was running; but it was a huge relief to have them removed. When he came around and picked up the snippers, I was over the moon. The leather hood had also been fastened at the back with wire laces, but it only took him a minute to cut the wire and remove the hood altogether. I was free but for how long?

“Nadia, get up and lie lengthwise on the bench, on your front. I will go and tell Master Talar that you are ready for him.”

I wanted to ask him questions, but no sooner had I climbed on the bench. he hurried away to get the fitness instructor. Before I laid down, I checked out my labia while sitting on my heels. It was a shock to see and touch my plumper lips and feel the fake cleft dividing them. Both trainers and Hamza made a point of saying they liked the look of my cunt, but that didn't make up for the loss of the most intimate part of my body.

When Talar arrived, he was on his own and was only wearing a pair of dark blue shorts. The tall Emirati fitness instructor's face was rugged and serious, which was his normal demeanour whenever he was dealing with thralls. He came to the side of the bench and ran his hand down the centre of my back from my neck to the high swell of my peach.

“Any, pain in your back, Nadia?”

“Yes, Master, a little.”

“That's perfectly normal after wearing Pony tack for a few days. By the way, I've switched your collar off, but I don't want you running off at the mouth. Got

that?”

“Yes, Master.”

He lowered the padded bench about six inches then started to massage my back. His hands were huge and both almost covered the whole of my back. He then fetched a bottle of oil and poured some on my back and legs. His technique was brutal as he rubbed, kneaded, squeezed and thumbed by muscles.

“Ohhhhh,” I groaned softly from the pressure he was putting on my body.

“Nadia, Price Emidi has decided to make you his squad leader.”

“I will try my best to please him, Master.”

“If you please me, then you’ll please him.”

I guessed that meant lots of sex. “I understand, Master.”

“You will have privileges, but your position will be fragile...”

“What does that mean, Master?”

“It means that if you displease me or Mr. Kashif in any way, you will be demoted and one of the other drivers will take your place.”

He moved to the end of the bench, grasped my ankles and pulled them until they were either side of his hips. That meant my thighs were spread at an angle of about 30 degrees. I guessed he was studying my modified cunt, but I didn't care because it was Talar who had saved me from becoming a permanent Puppy-girl. He began massaging the back of my legs with his oily hands.

“Master, I will not disappoint you.”

“We shall see...” He intensified his strokes then slapped the side of my thigh.
“Roll over, girl.”

As soon as I was lying on my back, he started massaging the front of my thighs.
“Are we going to the palace today, Master?”

When his thumbs reached the top of my thighs, he steered them up my labia lips before returning to repeat the stroke. I was enjoying his brusque technique and I could feel my muscles responding in a good way. But he was impatient to move on.

He reached out and patted my flat stomach. “Knees up and hold your legs down and wide.”

I did as I was told and was once again shocked by the size of my labia majora lips. The dark pink convex flesh stood proud of my taut thighs, making it an easy target for Talar if he wanted to punish me. He reached out and pinged my rubbery lips from side to side.

“These are perfect, Nadia and ready to be pierced.”

“Oh, is that necessary?”

“It’s mandatory. The doc will fit a gold bar across the top of your lips and fit gold balls on the end, the same goes for your nipples. You will wear adornments in your septum, nose, navel and ears in three places. If you give him any trouble, we’ll strap you to the bench.”

I hated the idea of being pierced but I wouldn’t cause any trouble lest he gave one of the other thralls my position. “I’ll try and be brave, Master.”

He grabbed my hips and pulled me to the edge so that my ass was a couple of inches shy of his shorts. He poured more oil on his fingers, then after placing his left hand on the back of my right thigh, he eased a couple of digits into my quim.

“Oh, Master, that feels so good,” I muttered while his fingers jagged back and forth in my tight orifice. The man knew what he was doing and his fatter fingers were much more effective than Hamza’s.

“Nadia, while you are squad leader, you will be a magnet for every man who

works in and visits the palace. You have not only got to get used to having sex on demand with your superiors, but with strangers as well.”

There it was. He was laying my future out before me. I was going to have to perform two roles. One, driving chariots and the other, a fuck toy for all asunder...

2.11 ~ Nadia: Three.

I was taken aback by his bold statement. “Won’t I spend most of my time in the stables, Master?”

“Most but not all. Your presence will be required at receptions, where your collar will be switched to silent. You will have your own dress tunics to wear and sapphires in your piercings. Your attendance is required to help the Prince promote his new Pony-girl squad. You may even get to stand by his side. He told me his plans when he visited, after speaking to you on the dais.”

“I’m excited by his plans for me, Master, and I will try my best to please him.” I was up for attending receptions but was worried about what would happen after them.

“Before you attend any functions, you will be trained in concubine duties so that you know how to react when the Prince tells you to sit with a guest.”

“Oh, does that happen very often?”

“Yes, it does, Nadia. Remember, you will be representing your Master and he will expect you to flaunt your sexuality while sitting beside his guest. Powerful sheiks often expect to be given two concubines at the gatherings and it might mean sex in one form or another. A beautiful thrall like you will boost the Prince’s standing among his friends. A word of warning though, if you were to reject the guest, then you would be severely punished later.”

He pushed the waistband of his shorts down to reveal his enormous upstanding

cock. “Emma, the device that the doctor inserted in your vagina during your check-ups, is the latest in microwave technology. The treatment shrinks muscles, so it is ideal for tightening thrall’s quims. The muscles become tougher and can stand up to more use, do you understand what I’m saying?”

I eyed his huge knob which was pressing against my entrance. “Um, I think so...” He eased the blunt end in and put some pressure on his long shaft. “Oh, that feels different, Master.”

Without the oil it would never have slipped in. As it was, his weight provided enough force to gain four or five inches which was about the length of his fingers.

“That feel’s nice and tight, Nadia.” He grasped my thighs with his huge mitts and began rocking his hips back and forth.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh,” I gasped with each piledriver thrust. “Masterrrrrr,” I groaned when each gain of another half an inch increased the discomfort, until his thrusts were hurting me.

“Grit your teeth girl. Once I’ve broken you in and your virgin tightness has been stretched, you’ll be able to provide pleasure whenever the demand arises.” As he talked, he continued to increase the depth of penetration until his cock had bludgeoned its way to my extremity. “Grip me girl. Try and stop me from withdrawing.”

Of course, I couldn’t but I tried to anyway, Talar was happier once he had achieved a smooth piston-like stroke, while I almost immediately started to lose

the plot.

“Oh, Master, I hope there aren’t any cocks bigger than yours.”

With his thrusts getting smoother, because my juices had begun to flow, he was able to release my legs and reach forward to fondle my tits. I laid my head back while waves of pleasure washed over me, and tendrils of energy raced around my nervous system. It was without doubt the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced and because it came early, it lasted longer than usual.

When Talar hit the highs he released a loud series of grunts and added a few slamming piledrivers when he finally emptied his balls into the depths of my tight quim.

He rubbed the back of my thighs while still anchored deep inside me. “You’re the real deal kid. Our Master has high expectations of you so don’t fuck it up.”

“I will do my best, Master...” He slowly withdrew his stout shaft and tucked it away in his shorts.

“You may have to try harder than that... I’ll be back in a minute. Stay in that position.”

Arab men demanded total obedience from their thralls. I had only been a slave for a week and I was already getting used to a life where I had no rights and no say in my future. Thralls were expected to exist like an empty shell and have a

head empty of thoughts. We had to do as we're told and never question a command, even if it involved considerable pain and discomfort. I had the chance to impress the Prince, but before I could do that, I had a lot to learn.

I was a realist and considered my chances of escaping from my new thrall status as virtually nil. That wasn't to say that I wouldn't run if the opportunity arose, but the Emirati method of shackling thralls when transporting them made escape impossible.

Talar returned with the doctor who immediately set his instruments down beside me on the bench. I spotted the piercing tool and wondered if I could hold my shit together while he drove it through the tenderest part of my body. I was a brave person but not that brave.

I had to show willingness. "Master, I need to be strapped down while the doctor performs the routine."

"All right, I'll get the strap."

While the doctor examined my labia, Talar wrapped a strap under the bench and over the back of my thighs. A couple of days earlier, I had seen the Prince's thrall wearing a stunning outfit. Beneath, she wore sapphire adornments on her labia and nipples, so I knew what was possible once I had suffered the piercings. Having tightened the long strap, Talar pushed a short leather bite strap between my teeth and stood back to let the doctor do his dirty deeds.

The ears, nose and nipple piercing were relatively straight forward. The doctor used a small piercing machine. But he used a red-hot needle to do the holes

through my navel and labia. There was a lot of pain, but the shock and inability to cope with the pain was mainly psychological. Tears were rolling down my face when Talar released my legs and helped me off the bench.

Three and a half days wearing strange tiptoe boots and a curved harness had affected my balance, but by the time I had paced up and down the room a couple of times, I was back to normal.

Talar handed me a fawn Tunic. “You’ll get your squad tunic when we arrive at the Master’s estate.”

The men watched me drop the tunic over my head. “Talar, I think our Master has found the right thrall for the job,” the doctor said.

I rubbed my short tufty hair. “I’m a mess, Master.”

“It’ll grow. Come on, it’s breakfast time.”

I followed him down the corridor toward the side of the huge warehouse. We entered a sizable disused canteen. There was a long counter and some cooking facilities, but the tables and chairs hadn’t arrived. However, two temporary plastic sets of tables and chairs were standing near the counter. Hamza was cooking the food. He was frying while a huge rice pot was standing on the counter beside a pile of plates.

“I’ve eaten,” the doctor informed us. “I’ll go and track down Beta, then check on

the Pony-girls.”

After we had collected our breakfasts – fried chicken, eggs and rice, along with a slice of sourdough brown bread. – we sat down opposite each other and ate silently. Hamza brought us coffee, just like in a restaurant, then returned to his cooking. Talar finished his meal first and sat studying me.

“Nadia, after your crime spree in Dubai, you could end up with a decent life on the Prince’s estate. A life sentence in Kiashakan would have destroyed you if you weren’t sponsored by Mr. Kashif. I hope you let him know how much you appreciate his help in rehabilitating you.”

Talar was ex-army and hadn’t got a clue about the underhand things that went on in Dubai. He didn’t know that Prince Emidi targeted me at an illegal party. Then, after I had met the Prince, Kashif framed me for crimes I hadn’t committed. When Talar looked at me, he saw a prostitute and a thief. I wouldn’t have been able to convince him otherwise.

I swallowed the last mouthful of food, then wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. “Master, I have put the past behind me. I am now the Prince’s thrall and I am hungry to impress his royal highness. I want to prove my worth and lead the squad to some great victories on the racetrack. Victories that will be remembered for all time...”

It was a bold statement, but I had challenged myself all my life. All that had gone before paled into incognisance, compared to leading the Prince’s Pony-girl team to victory in the Champion’s league; but if anyone could do it, I could.

That was why Prince Emidi had gone to the lengths he had to secure my ownership. Knowing that gave me the confidence to rise to the occasion and make myself indispensable. That way, I had a chance to survive in the cruel world of slavery in the UAE...

THE END of Part Two.

Sample of Part Three.

3.1 ~ Nadia: One.

The driver had parked close to the racecourse at Talar's request. The muscular fitness instructor had just helped me down the steps of the mini-bus and together we stood staring at the most amazing sight. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Fuck, doesn't that look awesome?" Talar mused.

Spread out in front of us, in a slight dip in the landscape, was a brand-new racecourse. The four wide lanes were clearly marked for Pony-girl racing. The compacted earth was reddish in colour and contrasted starkly with the lush green of the surrounding grass. The centre was also grass but two circular helicopter landing areas had been concreted, ready for the arrival of the aircraft.

"Master, it is amazing!"

The sight of the racecourse was impressive but the long grandstand, which was as long as the finishing straight, was even more amazing. To think that someone would shell out millions of dollars to construct such a building, so people could sit and watch Pony-girl racing, blew me away. For the first time, I was getting an insight into how much the sport meant to men like Prince Emidi and Sheik Husni.

Those men were obviously bored billionaires who needed a hobby to keep their minds occupied. Never mind how many lives were ruined in the process, like my

own. I could easily have felt bitter toward them for framing and then enslaving me, so they could indulge in their sport, but a part of me was drawn to the challenge the Prince was setting me.

Talar unbuckled my wrist cuffs, then hunkered down and unlocked the ankle cuffs. He lifted his eyes to my mons and labia which were just visible because the tunic was cinched in my waist by the chain belt. The man could be brutal at times, but we were going to have to work together if we wanted to mould a Pony-girl team in the short space of time before the Premier League began.

The moment his eyes rested on my sex, I opened my stance to let him have a glimpse of my lips and the gold barbell adornment pierced through both plump lips. My submissive move was what his expression demanded and probably a signal that he was ready to shaft me for the second time that day.

He stood up, turned and pointed at a large modern shed, which had just been built. "Those are the new stables."

Our guide, who was the head of security, had climbed on the bus when we entered the estate. He stepped forward and joined us. His name was Ali Yousuf and he was armed with a machine gun slung over his shoulder. There were more armed guards on the entrance gate showing that the Prince took security seriously.

"Mr. Kashif is waiting for you in the main office, Sir." He was addressing Talar, but his eyes kept flicking toward me.

I subconsciously tugged the tunic material from beneath the chain belt, then set

off beside the long striding ex-soldier once he had picked up my hobbling chain off the ground.

“Is everything complete, Ali?” Talar asked.

“Yes, but the official handing over ceremony is tomorrow at midday.”

It was about midday when we entered the stables through one of two open, roller shutter doorways. The other one was closed enabling me to appreciate the dark blue paintwork, a colour I was going to have to get used to. The interior was a simple design with a line of stalls on the left, offices at the far end, multiple rigs in the centre and on the right, a line of tack benches, before four more stalls at the far end.

We walked along beside the stalls, there were ten on the left, and approached the offices. I could see through the window, Mr. Kashif talking to a thrall dressed in a pink gauze crop top and pantaloon set. Her back was to us, but I guessed she was the thrall the Prince brought with him to the disused warehouse.

Kashif, who was sitting at the middle desk of three, signalled to us to enter. The men ushered me in first, so I came face to face with the beautiful thrall who had just turned toward us. The security chief hurried away after closing the door.

“Talar, what do you think?” Kashif asked after leaning back in his swivel chair.

The ex-soldier walked over to the long window and stared out into the stables.

“Sir, this is beyond my wildest dreams. I don’t know what I was expecting, but not this.”

I stood in the middle of the room feeling uncomfortable while the thrall studied my appearance. She turned to Kashif. “Sir, is this the thrall you were telling me about?” she asked in a disparaging tone.

Talar came over and unlocked the chain belt. Being free of restraints gave my confidence a massive lift.

“Of course, Rukan. Nadia might look a little rough around the edges but she’s our squad leader. Give her a tour of the facilities, then you can give her a couple of hours palace training. The vans will soon be arriving with the fillies and drivers, so we should have the animals sorted out by then. We’ll have a team meeting while we eat and then get the fillies on the track for an evening training session. Oh, don’t forget to track down the assistant trainers. I want Nadia to understand what failure looks like.”

“Yes, Sir.” She nodded her head toward the door. “Let’s go, Nadia.”

I followed the youngster out into the stables. We turned left and walked along the front of the office, past the entrance to a passageway before arriving at the door of another office. The blinds were down so I couldn’t see the interior.

“I’ll show you in my office when I take you through to the palace. The Prince has put me in charge of statistics. I have studied Pony-girl racing for two years and know every stat there is. Prince Emidi thinks that the fountain of knowledge in my head will help him win the Champion’s League. Come, follow me.

“That’s great,” I said enthusiastically after we stopped at the first stall in the line, “Do you think it will?”

She opened the shoulder-height door and ushered me inside. “Ah, I detect a bold character. That’s good, Nadia. I’ve heard that you’re a daredevil and highly educated. I’m told that you were a prostitute and a thief. You stole a Ferrari no less. You like flaunting your body on the hood of cars and that you accosted a dignitary at the assimilation training camp. That’s quite a catalogue of crimes. I’m not sure that you can be trusted.”

She had stopped just inside the stall to confront me. “Rukan, I am fully committed to leading the Prince’s team to victory and I can assure you that I can be trusted.”

She held my stare for a moment. “Mmmm, we’ll see. I’m only twenty, so three years younger than you. However, Prince Emidi has given me probationary privileges which means that I am equal in authority to the assistant trainers. All will be explained at the meeting. You need to know that our Master has targets and will not accept failure.”

“Rukan, I will give one hundred and ten percent.”

“Effort and ambition are good traits, but results are what matters. If we are not winning matches within five match days, that’s ten weeks from the start of the season, you’ll be history. That means a one-way trip, in a small cage, to our Master’s African rubber plantation in the DRC. If you think you’ve experienced slavery here in the UAE, wait until you’re working on a chain gang in the sweltering rainforests of equatorial Africa...

THE END of the Sample.

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

you enjoyed this second part of 'Obey Him'.

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

Part Three will be published shortly.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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