

Obey Him

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Amelia Stark



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Obey Him: Part Three

Season Two of ‘The Prince’s Thrall’

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction to Part Three.

This is Part Three 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 Pony-girls and drivers start to arrive at their new home. Nadia meets Rukan for the first time. She is a grade 3 thrall who will assist the trainers, Talar and Beta, to mould the girls into a team. Rukan gives Nadia a tour of the stables and shows her the stall/room she will be occupying with Sumi, the dairy pony-girl.

There are two daises, one for Sumi and the other for Nadia, who will also be expected to contribute bodily fluids to add to the milky elixir that will boost the Pony-girl's performances. Rukan helps Nadia onto the dais and demonstrates how the automatic thrusting motion works. Before long, Nadia provides a sample of cream for analysis.

Having given Nadia a tour of the facilities, Rukan takes Nadia into the palace to meet Sheik Usama Faizan. The aim is to get Nadia some concubine training, so she behaves properly when she is in the company of dignitaries and royalty. The training turns out to be far more intimate than she could have thought possible.

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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3.1 ~ Nadia Kateb: 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 the length of 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. Of course, I 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 from the ground.

"Is everything complete, Ali?" Talar asked.

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

It was about noon 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 right, offices at the far end, multiple rigs in the centre and on the left, a line of tack benches, before four more stalls at the far end.

We walked along beside the stalls, there were ten in a line, and approached the offices. I could see through the window, Mr. Kashif talking to a thrall dressed in a pink gauze crop top and pantaloons set. Her back was to us, but I guessed she was the thrall that 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 of the facilities?” 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 completely 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 sort out 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 the time she returns. 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 right 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 my office when I take you through to the palace.”

“What’s your job, Rukan?”

“Prince Emidi has put me in charge of statistics. I have studied Pony-girl racing for two years and know every stat there is. The Prince 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 help?"

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."

"Someone might be exaggerating."

"Modest as well, heh? 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, but I had heard it all before. "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 I have equal status to Hamza, the head stable lad. We are grade three and you are grade two, the same as the other stable hands. Because they are male, you have to follow their orders, but they cannot punish you like Hamza and I can."

“I’m not head of much then,” I responded.

“You will get more responsibility. I am only focusing on you and the stables for a few days until our Royal Master is happy with your work. An important thing for you to know is 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.”

Apart from being a beautiful thrall, Rukan had a unique skill that made her invaluable to Prince Emidi. She obviously had a high IQ and had a memory like a sponge that helped her to analyse the sport of Pony-girl racing. I suspected that the Prince originally targeted me because he thought I also had a unique skill. Did he know about my adventurous nature and my dare-devil character? My love of driving fast cars and motorbikes? If that was the case, maybe I too was indispensable.

If I wasn’t, I had to try and make it the case so that he would think twice about demoting or sending me away. There was bound to be tough moments ahead and some failures before the team had any success.

I didn't think that I was more attractive than Rukan, but I was slightly slimmer and probably lighter. The Prince's pick for squad leader had to be tough and practical and not necessarily a brainbox like Rukan. I too had a high IQ but the Prince was more interested in my other attributes, like my attractiveness.

I had an unusual countenance that was obviously a mix of heritages, whereas Rukan had strong Arabic features. I was English but my grandfather was a Saudi. My skin was honey coloured and if I applied the right makeup, I could blend in with my Emirati friends.

I accepted an invite to an illegal card game in which the Prince was a guest. I then stupidly agreed to change into a gossamer thin tunic and pantie set, then crawl in a race while the sheiks watched mine and the other girl's naked asses. It was a huge mistake and one that I would regret for the rest of my life.

Once in the trap and after being framed for crimes I didn't commit, I was rushed through the judicial system. After a brief trial, I was sentenced to 20 years and sent to Kiashakan, a notorious high security prison. The route from prison to the auction was an arduous one and I very nearly ended up living the life of a Puppy-girl in the kennels on the Husni estate.

Thankfully, Talar came to my rescue and added me to Prince Emidi's Pony-girl squad. My situation was marginally better than living life in a Puppy-girl suit, but I was still a thrall without any human rights. Being property, I was marked, tattooed and modified so that no one would be in any doubt that I belonged to Prince Emidi.

I bore my thrall registration numbers on my upper arm and the Prince's insignia – a dark blue eagle with red eyes - on the outside, at the top of my thighs. The doctor had also tattooed my name on my lower back in bold dark blue letters.

My sex had been modified while I was at the Assimilation camp as they prepared me for living the life of a Puppy-girl.

Talar said that they did a better job there than normal, but I was devastated to lose my clitoral flesh. They also trimmed my minor lips and enlarged my major lips. On arrival at the temporary training centre, The Prince's doctor used a microwave technique to tighten my quim, then pierced my labia lips so that a bar could be fitted across them.

Apparently, the small screw-on gold balls at each end might be swapped for dark blue sapphires if I attended events. The same applied to the piercings through my navel, nose and ears. The possibility of dressing in beautiful clothes and mixing with wealthy people gave me a glimmer of hope in what could become a dreary existence if I wasn't careful...

3.2 ~ Nadia Kateb: Two.

I looked around the small room we had just entered. It was an ultra-modern stall, designed to house two Pony-girls. The 12' x 15' floor was covered with beige marble tiles while the walls were clad with wood to make it seem more stable-like. Correctional instruments hung from pegs on the wall, the most fearsome of which was a wide leather, three fingered tawse.

The daises were similar but more complex than the one I slept on for three days at the temporary training centre. There were small monitors on the back of the chunkier body of the daises, along with a small cupboard just beneath where the resting thrall's sex would be gaping.

Rukan followed me over to it and placed her hand on the padded top of the nearest one. I went to the front and peered up through the holes designed to cater for the filly's breasts. Beneath, I noted another longer cupboard at the front.

"Nadia, this is yours, not to sleep on, but for other uses like nipple development, cream collection and punishments..."

"Cream collection? Isn't that Sumi's role?"

"She'll be providing milk and cream, I'll explain later." She pointed at the other Dais. "That one is for Sumi, the team's Dairy Pony-girl. The best way to show you what will be happening to you and the creature beside you, is for you to climb up and lay on your dais so I can adjust the settings. Take your tunic off first."

I was miffed to hear that my nipples were going to come in for some unwanted attention. However, I was relaxed about the punishment aspect and didn't expect anything unforeseen happening to me. I grabbed the hem of my tunic and drew the garment up my body and off over my head. She held her hand out, so I gave it to her.

Because I wasn't wearing a corset, she was able to study every part of my body, which she did for a full minute. "Shame about the hair, but your body comes up to the basic standard, so with a wig, you won't look out of place among the palace thralls during your training."

I wasn't sure if she was complimenting me or putting me down, but I wanted her friendship badly. "Thank you, Rukan."

"You can call me Rukan when we are alone, otherwise it's Miss. Now get up on the dais and I'll show you the ropes."

There was a step either side for me to use so that I could gain the height and then lie down in the dipping, padded top. Once I had settled, I was once again experiencing the curved shape of a Pony-girl. I wasn't sure whether Rukan clearly wanted me to go the whole hog, so I lifted my knee into the 'U' shape, knee rest on the right. I then found it difficult to lift my other knee in.

"Here, let me help you, Nadia." With her help she lifted my left knee up into the high rest. "You've got to be able to do it on your own in the future. By the way, grip the handles."

I reached down onto the sides and grabbed the handles. I noted that there were

Velcro straps to secure my wrists if required.

“Yes, I’ll manage in the future,” I assured her.

“So, are you comfortable, Nadia?”

I wiggled about and gripped the handles. My chin and forehead rested against moulded pads, but it was my exposed rear end that I was worried about. “I am, Rukan.”

“Okay, I’m going to set the automatic dildo manually, so that it will find your entrance when it swivels out of the stand.”

“Oh... Er, Dildo?”

“Nadia, keep quiet while I apply some lube to the dildo. It’s not a very big one at this stage of your development but it is heavily ribbed. The sole purpose of this piece of equipment is to collect your cream...”

While she was speaking, I heard a mechanism begin to operate, then the blunt tip of the dildo press against my perinium. I held my breath while Rukan made the necessary adjustments, until it was pressing in the right place. With my thighs spread wide, the entrance to my quim was an easy, soft, unresisting target. As soon as the bulbous knob found its target, the mechanism exerted enough pressure to drive the dildo into me.

“Ohhh!” I gasped when it kept tunnelling and stretching my virgin-like internal walls. “It’s going deeper,” I gasped.

“Don’t worry, Nadia, it’s a brilliant bit of kit and very sensitive. It won’t hurt you and will stop when it’s collected the right amount of cunt cream.”

“Ahhhhh,” I sighed when it stopped and began to withdraw. “Oh my god. How long will that take?”

Rukan came around to face me, leaving the mechanism thrusting the dildo into my tight quim about once every two seconds.

“We’ll see.”

She pulled a shutter down on the front of the dais, then swivelled out a contraption that had two rubber sockets on it. The sockets had tubes attached and were clearly designed to fit over my nipples. Again, Rukan had to adjust the device so that when it automatically swivelled out, the rubber sockets would fit over my nipples. Once they were lined up and she had pressed a button, they latched on and began sucking.

I wasn’t too bothered about my tits. It was the other device behind me that was having a powerful effect on sensibilities. “Oh, Rukan, the dildo it’s going to…” I could feel a thrilling sensation welling in the pit of my stomach.

“Yes, it is, Nadia. This dais is now linked to your collar. The computer will learn every aspect of your body’s reactions and feed them back to me in my office. That goes for all of the drivers...” She touched my tit. “The machine is set to suck on your nipples but will obviously get no milk. Sumi on the other hand will eventually provide a plentiful supply for the team. Yours and Sumi’s special diet is designed to enrich your exudation. Her milk will be mixed with yours and her own cunt cream which will provide special nutrients to the elixir.”

I heard what she was saying but my attention was elsewhere, because my body was responding to the incessant attack from the thrusting dildo. “Ohhhhhh, that’s unbelievable,” I muttered as I became overwhelmed by an intense, thrilling sensation. “Ahhhhhh, Rukan, ahhh...”

The bossy thrall went behind me to check everything was running smoothly. She patted my ass. “Nadia, this session is to provide a sample for the lab to analyse. Your juices are being sucked through microscopic holes in the dildo while it continues to excite you.”

My temperature had risen while I was in the grip of an intense orgasm that seemed to last an eternity and reach peaks I had never experienced before. The suction on my nipples, timed with each dildo thrust contributed to my body’s reaction.

So, when the dildo stilled, while deep inside me, I felt a pang of disappointment. I could feel the fake cock hoovering up all of my cream before it finally withdrew at the same time as the nipple device.

“Excellent, Nadia. Catch your breath, then climb down.”

I waited for my heart rate to settle then managed to lift my legs out of the leg-rests and clamber down. I stood looking at the glistening dildo that had just swung down and tucked itself away in the body of the stand.

“You’ll need to open the shutters before you mount the dais and clean the dildo after you dismount.” Rukan showed me how to pull up the shutters front and back. There was a sink in the corner of the room and cupboards, presumably containing cleaning equipment.

She held up a small sample bottle. “Not a bad result from your first effort, Nadia.”

I looked at the milky liquid and wondered if it would meet with their requirements. I knew how tasty cunt cream was but there was a huge variation in flavours. “How many times a day will I have to do that, Rukan?”

“Once, maybe twice. It depends on your commitments. Come, let me show you your room.”

I was still quivering from the climatic experience as I followed my guide through an arched opening into a small room about 10 feet square. There was a single bed with a metal frame, complete with leather cuffs hanging on chains, on all four corners. The bed wouldn’t have looked out of place in a prison cell.

There was an unusual toilet next to the shower area. A stainless-steel skeleton had been placed on the pan, in the centre of which was an upright prong. The hollow prong was a socket for my anal collar. After I eased on it, the valve would open, then allow my shit to flow. It was designed in such a way not to

interrupt the flow of urine. I wasn't looking forward to using it, but I was going to have to get used to it.

Next to it in the corner, was the shower – a fixed head over a small drain. In the other corner was a solid wooden door. Rukan pointed at it. That is the entrance to my office. As squad leader that is a privilege to have access to me. I may enter your room at any time, but you must knock before entering my office. Your other privilege is unlimited speech. If you abuse that freedom, your ability to converse will be restricted at certain times. There is nothing worse than a thrall speaking when not spoken to.”

“Rukan, I will be careful what I say.”

“You had better. A word of warning, all of your conversations will be recorded and analysed by a computer. Even the one we are having now. Understand?”

“Yes, Rukan.”

She pointed at the other object in the room, a five-drawer chest with a mirror on top. You have three uniforms. Training tunics are in the top drawer. Racing in the second and dress in the third. You'll find corsets and towels in the fourth and footwear in the bottom drawer. There's a drawer under your bed which contains restraints.”

“Oh, er, what for?”

She gave me a strange look. “Nadia, we are thralls. Our primary role is to provide our Masters with pleasure. You should know that.”

“Oh, yes. I do.” I didn’t like what I was hearing but I had to suck it up. Obviously, sleeping wasn’t going to be the only activity in my cell-like bedroom.

“You may have your own room, but you’ll have no privacy. The stable lads will pop in from time to time, especially Hamza. I’ll introduce you to them later.”

“I know Hamza. He was at the temporary training location.”

“He’s highly thought of by the manager, Mr Kashif. I think he’s related in some way. He isn’t collared like the other two so he may demand sex during the day.”

“Collared?”

“All the male grade two lads have been fitted with cock collars. It’s a metal device that fits on their shafts behind their scrotum. It emits a chemical that keeps them flaccid for most of the day. They get hard after work and early morning, But, because you’re also a grade two they cannot demand sex from you. Hamza can because he’s a grade three.”

“What, anywhere, anytime?”

“No, it has to be inside yours or his accommodation. Okay, after you’ve showered, dress in a training tunic and a pair of sneakers. I will be in my office when you’ve finished. Hurry. I’ll leave the door open.”

At last, I had a moment to myself. Naked, I walked across to the chest and fetched a towel, then went to the other corner to shower. I noticed that after I turned the water on and turned, Rukan had a direct sight of me while sitting at her desk. She had picked up the phone but was watching me intently.

The basic items I needed were on a shelf to the side, so it didn’t take me long to wash my body and hair using a scrubbing brush and soap. I had a brief examination of my sex, which was something that I couldn’t do before. My lips were plumper than before I got into trouble and the operation had left me with a shallow, featureless cleft.

It looked as though the repair had healed nicely which was a great relief because it meant I could drive the chariots from the get-go. I no longer had any minor flaps to protect my tight entrance, then beyond that was the uncomfortable silicone collar and stopper that replaced the function of my anus. One way or another, my nether region had been completely redesigned by the man that owned me.

After drying myself, I fetched a light blue training tunic from the top drawer and a pair of dark blue sneakers from the bottom, then went and sat down. Even before I had slipped my tunic on, I spotted a pair of pull-up handles hanging from above the door. They had long wrist cuffs attached to them and had been tied to the side to keep them out of the way of the arched opening.

There was a small monitor mounted above the arch, then I spotted a high chrome bar on the only blank piece of wall, which also had long cuffs attached to it.

After tying my sneakers, I skipped over to the doorway and stood with my hands behind my back.

Rukan looked up and studied my body through the semi-transparent fabric. Did I notice a hint of interest in her expression? Her eyes were certainly glued to me while I washed my body under the shower. She held a powerful position within the Palace so the closer I could get to her, the better...

3.3 ~ Nadia Kateb: Three.

I was only wearing a training tunic and sneakers. The garment was made of a delicate tulle-like fabric that shimmered in the light and gave me a sense of self-respect which had been lacking since I was arrested on trumped up charges. There wasn't any fancy trimming like on the race tunics, but it bore the dark blue eagle with fiery red eyes over my left breast.

With the tattoos on the outside of my thighs, just below the hem of the tunic, there could be no doubt in anyone's mind which Royal Master I belonged to.

Rukan stood up and came out from behind her desk. She pointed across the room to an identical chest of drawers to mine. "Nadia, fetch me a tunic and panties from the second drawer down."

After opening it, I discovered her tunics were the same as mine. The dress tunic and panties that I handed to her had the extra dark blue trim which was going to make her look like my superior. Also, the dark blue panties spoke volumes for her position in the squad. She was favoured by the Prince and I was determined to achieve what Rukan had managed.

She placed the items on the desk and slipped her crop top off. "Nadia, help me with my pants and panties."

I knelt before her and pulled the flimsy pantaloons down, then after she had stepped out of them, drew her panties off her firm peach and then down her shapely legs. As soon as she was free from the underwear, she opened her stance. The beautiful naked girl, wearing just a gold collar and bar-ball adornments looked amazing.

“Freshen my cunt, Nadia, before we go for a walk.”

I didn't need telling twice. I eagerly pushed my mouth against her plump lips which were separated by a firm line of clitoral flesh. Because she belonged to the Prince, like me, I was expecting her to be trimmed, but that wasn't the case. I was jealous that she had been allowed to keep the most precious part of her femininity. My nose instantly came in contact with the bar through her labia piercings, but it didn't bother me.

After I gripped her hips, she placed her hands on my damp hair. “Very good, Nadia. You will note that my cunt is whole. You and the other drivers have been trimmed because of your role in the squad. Don't be lazy, use your tongue...” She arched her back to make it easier for me to lap every part of her sex and penetrate her soft fleshy entrance. “Maybe I misjudged you...,” she mused.

I sucked, lapped penetrated and even nibbled her flesh. She was clearly enjoying my efforts and even tried to pull my head against her vulva while grinding it against my mouth. I sensed she was approaching a climax so when her body started to tremble, I knew I had succeeded.

She tapped my head and handed me the panties. “Enough...”

While I helped her on with them, she slipped the tunic on. The Prince was a lucky man to have found such a beautiful girl with a brilliant mind. I surmised that she had no intention of driving the rigs and would spend most of her time in her office.

She pointed at a bank of monitors each of which was showing four views from a CCTV camera. “I keep an eye on the stalls and the racecourse. Talar has the same coverage as me but he also watches over the fitness centre. I’ve got lots to show you, so we had better get going.”

I followed Rukan back through my room, then the stall and out into the main stables. She took me into the next stall which was empty. There was only one dais and the accommodation for the driver was smaller than my room. The room had the same amenities and restraints, only they were packed into a smaller space.

“This is a standard driver/filly stall. For the first part of the Pony-girl season, Prince Emidi is sticking with four drivers and four racing Pony-girls, but he will increase the numbers depending on the success of the squad or lack thereof,” Rukan explained.

Standing by the bed, I turned and pointed up at the small screen. “Does that show any programs?”

“Huh, are you kidding? Maybe some playbacks of Pony-girl races. It’s for announcements and commands. It will wake you and the others and give you your instructions. Sensors on the stall door ensure that you and the other drivers don’t wander out into the main building until you are given permission to leave. It’s a simple system which I operate from my office.”

We returned to the main building, then wandered over to the rigs. “These look the same as the ones we had at the temporary training centre,” I talked while studying the prong attached to the seat. “They didn’t have these though.” I gripped the penis-like protrusion.

“Yes. Those rigs will be returned to us now that the team is coming to their new home. Everyone will get a first practice with them later.” Rukan pointed across at the four stalls on the other side of the building. “Those stalls are for the Pony-boys that work on the estate. The Master has no intention of racing the boys, but they will be useful to pit against our fillies in some practice races. There will be two assistant trainers, one of whom will be in working with the boys.”

We threaded our way through the vehicles over to a line of shaped wooden benches. “Are these for preparing the fillies?” I asked.

“Yes. They also double up as rutting benches. You and the other drivers will not be involved with the rut unless you have been reprimanded for a violation. This section will have two grade one thralls to assist the boy team in those duties.”

I felt sorry for whoever was going to be saddled with looking after four Pony-boys. The thought of being strapped to a rutting bench during the rut made me feel queasy. There was a lot going on in the stables and to begin with, everyone was going to find it tough to cope with.

“Look...” Rukan pointed at the standing area outside. “The box wagon has arrived with some of the Ponies.”

We strolled out into the sunshine and watched Beta and Hamza lead the four fillies I trained with, toward the main stables. With the exception of Sumi, the trio looked sprightly and on their toes, as they entered their new home. Again, I felt sorry for the ex-wife of Sheik Salim Husni. She didn’t deserve to be transformed into a dairy Pony-girl which I thought was a tougher assignment than anyone’s.

“You’ll meet up with the squad after I’ve shown you around.” Rukan led me across the concreted parking area and over toward a large wooden building that looked like an English pavilion.

“This looks old. What’s it used for?”

“Apparently, there used to be a cricket pitch where the racetrack is now. This is the old pavilion. It’s now the grounds manager and staff’s accommodation. Master Shah is in charge and I’m hoping we’ll find him in his office, probably eating his lunch.”

We climbed the steps at the front and because the double doors were wide open, we were able to walk straight in. The interior had been modernized with new partitions that didn’t reach as high as the wooden rafters. The building was silent, until we neared an open door to an office. The sound of heavy breathing and panting became louder and was soon explained when we arrived outside the doorway, looking in.

A heavy-set Arab, dressed in a white thawb, was standing behind a thrall who was balanced on her hands and knees, on a square stool. The man stilled and smiled. “Rukan, I’m just giving Soreen her lunch.” Their chuckles told me that he was on good terms with my guide.

We both placed our praying hands between our tits and bowed. “Sorry to disturb you, Sir.”

“Hello, Rukan,” the Emirati youngster tottering on the stool said with an impish grin on her face.

Rukan ignored her. “Master Shah, I’m hoping that the three thralls belonging to the stables are still on their lunch break.”

The groundsman slapped the thrall’s hip while still deeply imbedded in one of her orifices. “Are they Soreen?”

“Yes, Master. Another twenty minutes, then it’s their turn for the rut.”

While the conversation continued, Shah returned to a steady thrusting motion. “Is this one of your new squad, Rukan?” His eyes were beginning to glaze over as they settled on me.

“It is. Her name is Nadia and she’s the Pony-girl squad leader, so a second grader.”

“Let me take a look at her...”

Rukan turned to me. “Lift your tunic and go a bit closer to Master Shah.”

The grounds manager was in the throes of his climax, while surrounded by three pulchritudinous young women. He reached out and grabbed my ass while he

pumped jiz into the petite youngster balancing on the stool. There was a delay while he withdrew and waited for Soreen to turn 180 degrees so she could clean his cock.

“Where have you been hiding, this half breed thrall, Rukan?”

“She’s new, Master.”

The grounds manager pushed the girl’s head back then dropped his thobe, hiding his limp cock. “Soreen dip your shoulders so this thrall can clean your cunt.”

It was an indirect command that I had no option but to obey. So, within the space of fifteen minutes, I found myself lapping yet another girl’s untrimmed cunt. My role was to Hoover out as much jiz as possible from her orifice. I concentrated on delving as deep as I could thrust my tongue and sucking as hard as was possible. However, I took the opportunity to also lap her modest clit ridge, deep within her lips, for a few seconds.

“Master, is there any chance you can let us have our thralls before six?” Rukan asked.

A hand settled on my ass which was naked because of the shortness of the tunic. “Rukan, you can’t have them until the end of the day. My crews are really stretched to return the gardens to their former glory after all the building work on the new stables. I could really do with them for a few more days.”

While he chatted with Rukan, his hand slipped down my ass crack so that he could stroke my thrusting lips. A finger prodded my tight entrance and finding some moisture, slipped inside.

“That’s not possible, Master. The number one priority is to have the squad together by eight o’clock this evening.”

“This thrall’s tight little cunt has sparked my dick back to life. Rukan, let me shaft the thrall and you can have your trio at five o’clock.”

“Pull them from the rut, Master. Pick another team.” I was amazed that the manager was negotiating with a thrall. She was obviously highly regarded by Master Shah’s superiors.

Soreen sat back on her heels, puffed her little tits out and tried to look important. “The chauffeurs, Master, like those thrall’s tight holes. This will be their last chance to use them.”

I remained bending forward because Master Shah’s finger remained planted in my quim.

“Soreen, sort it out. Pick another team. If there isn’t one, the chauffeurs will have to wait until tomorrow!”

“Hashir might have already sorted them out, Master,” she responded.

“Soreen, off the stool and go and see!” he commanded.

The girl stumbled off the solid stool, enabling me to take her place, urged on by a hand on my peach and a middle finger in my quim.

“I will deal with it, Master,” the impish girl replied.

“Thank you, Master,” Rukan said. “Nadia will be pleased if you speared her virgin tight quim, won’t you, Nadia?”

“Yes, Master. It would be an honour.” I dipped my back and tucked my knees to present my sex in the best light.

Rukan and Soreen left me alone with Master Shah who started by running his hands over my firm cheeks. “Nadia. Nice name,” he muttered while running his fingers over my tattoo. Then, he lifting his thawb onto my back and steered his knob to my soft unresisting entrance.

“Fuck, Rukan was right. You are virgin tight, girl,” he said when he failed to penetrate me by more than three inches with his initial thrust. “I have the very thing though. He withdrew and was back within seconds. Before he lifted his thawb again, he inserted an oily finger in my quim ladened with lube, then pushed two digits in. “That should do it!”

“Ahhh, I groaned when he once again steered his knob into my tight entrance and bored my quim mercilessly.

Even then he only gained five or six inches. “That’s better,” he said in a determined growl.

“Uh, uh, uh,” I grunted with each impatient thrust, the grounds manager made.

Thankfully, he grasped my hips and steadied me, otherwise I would have toppled off the stool. It didn’t take his cock long to burrow its way to my extremity, but thankfully, my tightened vaginal muscles stopped him from hammering against it.

“Thrall, you are, without doubt, the fuck of the year. If you foul up over there, you might well fall in my lap, cos this is where all the rejects end up.”

The power the man wielded behind his rock-hard shaft was staggering. His forceful attack triggered my orgasm within a minute, so although the act was brutal, I was riding a wave of energy that almost blotted everything out. Unfortunately, once he had shot his bolt, he expected me to do my duty and clean my juices from his softened shaft.

While I balanced on the stool lapping his cock, I made a mental note of staying well clear of the Master Shah’s sphere of influence in the future...

3.4 ~ Sadaf Ayad: One.

It may not have been the profession I wanted, but I was at least holding my own at Kiashakan. As sports mistress and an honorary rank of Lieutenant, I had some status. Most of the male wardens were mean to me and to begin with, ignored my orders. But, when they discovered my willingness to have sex with them, their attitude changed.

I knew the way things were and I was relatively happy working on the inmate's fitness. I was making a difference – in a small way – and getting job satisfaction. To have thrown it all away, when told there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, was a blunder that would define the rest of my life.

It was Monday, lunchtime, and we were once again seated in the grounds compound, eating our food from bowls with our fingers. The sun was blazing down on our wide brimmed sun hats. It was humid and the temperature was in the 90s. It was supposed to be the day we were handed over to the stables, but Hashir informed us, when he woke us, that we were staying with the grounds department for one more day.

A fourth member had been added to our team, a thrall named, Cassia. To begin with, she hardly spoke to us. We were all in a state of shock, but she was chronically depressed after being punished and put to work in the grounds department. We found out from Soreen, who sometimes couldn't stop talking, that she was dismissed from the household for breaking a valuable vase while cleaning it.

From cleaning vases to shovelling earth was an extreme change of circumstances for the youngster. Cassia, like the rest of us, sat hunched over her bowl waiting for Soreen to appear and tether us to the bench yet again.

The girl was driving me nuts. Every time we arrived for a meal, three times a day, she picked on me. Her minor privileges had gone to her head and from the first day, she used her authority by urging the chauffeurs to thrash me before the rut. It was a double whammy of embarrassment that chipped away at my mental state.

I had met Soreen's type in Kiashakan. They were survivors who came from the poorest backgrounds. They would do anything to survive and usually came out on top if there was a fight or a race. If I was still at the prison and put in charge of her, I would have enjoyed taming her and then training her. Alas, in my new upside-down world, she was in charge of me!

We started work at eight, then food was served at 12 o'clock, 4 o'clock and 7 o'clock. We had an hour in the games room, then we went to bed where we were chained to await the lad's attentions. It was an awful existence and knowing that hardened my resolve to be a passive, submissive thrall and hopefully prove my worth to Mr. Kashif and Talar, once I was working in the stables.

Kashif was the one who framed me, making it look as though I had helped prisoners to escape. It was enough to get me a life sentence and be reduced to thrall status. That meant I immediately lost my human rights and the ability to find a legal way out of my awful situation.

The familiar figure of Hashir, carrying a bucket and a crop, emerged from the kitchen cabin and came over to us. The lad had a sadistic streak and was tapping the weapon against his leg. Our ass cheeks were evidence of his total disregard for fairness.

"Thralls, put your bowls down and get ready for the rut."

Filthy, tired and depressed, we stood up, stepped back over the bench, then knelt on it. “You don’t need to tether me,” I said quickly as I dropped forward and placed my hands on the ground.

“Nor me,” the other three said in unison.

Having walked around to stand behind me, he tapped my ass with the crop. “Ayad, the rules are the rules.”

He laid the crop on the end of the bench, then unfastened the cunt strap from the back of my corset. He had to pull it through the eyelet on the end of the cracker-plug dildo and simultaneously pull it from between my plump labia lips. After pulling it tight in the clasp, thus successfully anchoring my rear end to the bench, he went down the line fastening the other three girl’s straps.

Both Hashir and Soreen had targeted me. I was heavier than the other three and older than them. Hashir was only 19, nine years my junior and clearly had a MILF complex. It was my bed he came to at night and first thing in the morning. He used my holes mercilessly in the showers and later in the evening after securing me to the bed.

I could cope with the interest from the lad and was pleased I deflected some of the attention away from the other three. However, there were plenty of other lads who fucked us in the showers and came later at night when Hashir turned a blind eye to what was going on. We were new and a novelty to the lads. Three days and three nights was more than enough to endure.

When we heard that we wouldn't be moving to the stables until later that evening, we were all despondent. A massive new flowerbed was being created where the builders had parked all their equipment. The soil had been removed from the site earlier, so it had to be returned. The work didn't faze me, nor Hariam, but the more petite Ziab and Cassia struggled to shovel the earth.

Shah had split us into two teams that morning. I was paired with Ziab, while Hariam was with Cassia. Each team worked with a pair of Pony-boys, who were pulling carts to transport the soil. The mound of earth had been moved about half a mile so that it was out of sight from the palace. It was the first time I had seen or worked with Pony-boys and found it quite intimidating.

Our Pony-boy team, Saad and Zahir, were huge muscular lads. They wore brown leather harnesses that curved their spine just like the fillies and wore all the same tack, including leather hoods. The most noticeable part of their powerful physiques was their huge nads and flaccid sausage-like penis dangling between their legs.

Like the grounds staff lads, they were wearing cock rings to stop them from getting excited during working hours. It clearly worked for the boys maintained their concentration despite us constantly flashing our asses every time we bent over to get a shovel full of soil.

I glanced across to where they were resting on shaped benches, having been fed their liquid lunches. I wondered who took care of them and catered for their sexual needs.

My attention returned to my predicament when Hashir arrived and picked up the crop. "Ayad, I've warned you about speaking out of turn. You know the rules. I'm going to give you three strokes for insolence."

“Sir, I apologize.” The lad didn’t waste any time. Thwatt, thwatt, thwatt!
“Ahhhhh!”

I cried out in utter anguish the moment the blows landed in quick succession. I could have coped with the blows under normal circumstances, but my ass was covered in multiple tender bruises. Hashir deliberately targeted the areas that would cause me the most discomfort. The pain was so intense, tears began rolling down my cheeks. It didn’t bother him though for he enjoyed riding roughshod over all the thralls.

Hashir then inflicted more pain when he scrubbed my nether region clean. I wailed but resisted verballing complaining lest I triggered my tight-fitting shock collar. He was even rougher than the cheeky young Saudi, Soreen, who delighted in causing me considerable pain.

I lifted my head when the door to the main building opened. To my surprise it wasn’t the chauffeurs that emerged, it was Soreen and Rukan, the thrall who was part of the leader team at the stables. During our first day, she came out into the gardens with Master Shah to watch the four of us digging one of the flowerbeds.

She introduced herself to the four of us while we sat cross-legged on the lawn. She didn’t say what her position was, but she did say that we would be moved to the stables on Monday morning. She struck me as a beautiful and intelligent young woman and, unusually for a thrall, acted with authority. She certainly had the respect of Master Shah.

Hashir put down the crop and waited for the smartly dressed young woman to arrive. “Um, Rukan, we’ve got these thralls till this evening,” he said

uncertainly.

“There’s been a slight change of plan,” Rukan said confidently. She turned to Soreen. “Release the thralls, Soreen. I want them sitting on the bench so I can talk to them.”

“What about the rut, Miss? The chauffeurs will be here in a minute.”

“I intercepted them. I told them to come back tomorrow.”

I liked the girl even more. Soreen scampered around and released my cunt strap, then rethreaded it through the cracker-plug dildo and fastened it on the back of my corset.

I climbed to my feet and bowed. Thank you, Miss Rukan.”

“Sit down, Sadaf,” she said firmly.

The others thanked her, then sat down on the bench. Rukan looked stunning in the light blue tunic she was wearing. She had a high enough status to be wearing panties and gold balls on all her piercings. Every cloud had a silver lining and working under Rukan was that lining with bells on.

Her shoulder-length dark hair was tucked behind her ears. She had a small,

straight nose, naturally pink full lips and huge smouldering brown eyes that seemed to bore into mine when she made eye contact. She strolled back and forth studying us with a non-plus expression on her face.

Hashir and Soreen stood back, waiting to see what the beautifully turned-out thrall had to say.

“The good news is girls that someone will come over from the stables at five o’clock to collect you. Only one more session of hard labour, then you’ll see your living accommodation and meet the rest of the squad. Initially, you four and one other thrall will be taking care of the four Pony-boys and when they’re out at work, helping on the girl’s side. We have a few minutes for questions before I want you to meet the Pony-girl team leader. Fire away...”

We had lots of questions but only had five seconds of speech within a minute to avoid having our collars punish us. We asked about our clothes, the fitness centre, our living accommodation, will we see the Prince? When do the races start and other silly questions. When Hariam asked who the fifth thrall on the Pony-boy team would be, Rukan said she hadn’t chosen one yet.

“Can we have Soreen?” I asked in response.

Rukan and Hashir looked surprised by the question while Soreen frowned. “I’ve just been transferred to the grounds department...”

Rukan held her hand up. “Silence, Soreen.” Her eyes hadn’t left mine. “Why do you ask, Sadaf?”

“I think she’d make a good driver.” I blurted out within the five seconds.

“We have four already.”

I waited, counting down the minute in my head. “Pick four from five.”

Rukan turned and studied the cheeky youngster who looked uncomfortable under the influential thrall’s gaze. She didn’t look very impressive in her dowdy fawn tunic. Her short hair was a bird’s nest, while her cheeks and small turned-up nose were grubby, but her face oozed character and cheekiness and her eyes sparkled with mischief.

“Have you seen something in the girl’s character that singles her out from others?”

“Yes, I have, Miss.”

“Would you say that your experience at Kiashakan has taught you to recognise talent?”

“Yes Miss...”

Behind her, on the far side of the yard, Master Shah had just emerged from the main building. Alongside him, walked another beautiful thrall dressed in a light blue tunic. It was no other than Nadia Kateb the girl who had left the special forces training camp before the rest of the girls, obviously cherry picked by Javid Kashif.

So, the beautiful young English woman was going to be the squad leader with Rukan in overall charge of us. My gloomy grey world just became a little brighter...

3.5 ~ Nadia Kateb: Four.

As we approached a line of benches, I saw that only one was occupied. Four grubby thralls, connected with chains, attached to their chain belts, were sitting, listening to Rukan speak. As I neared them, I identified the slightly larger young woman on the end as being Sadaf Ayad. A look of recognition crossed her face just before I arrived.

Rukan moved to stand beside her to introduce me. “Girls, this is Nadia Kateb. She is the Pony-girl squad leader.” I nodded at each of the girls as Rukan told me their names. “Some of you thralls will be taking care of the Pony-boy squad for the first week while we get the stables functioning properly. Talar will pick a leader who will also work with Nadia some of the time.”

It was impossible to judge the other three under the circumstances. They were all in a dishevelled state having been working since early morning. Sadaf Ayad though was going to be an asset having worked on thrall’s fitness in Kiashakan.

“Enough chit-chat, Rukan,” Master Shah said. “These thralls have got to get back to work.” He turned to Hashir and clapped his hands. “Get a move on, lad.”

Hashir gestured to the four girls with the crop. “Get your asses in gear.”

The quartet got to their feet and trudged off toward two wagons and Pony-boy teams tethered to a rail near the exit.

The grounds manager pointed at the dishes and cups littering the floor. “Soreen, clear this mess up, then report to my office.”

“Yes, Master.” She instantly responded to the command.

Shah turned to Rukan. “Good luck with the squad. I don’t envy your task. Let’s hope his highness’s interest in Pony racing doesn’t fade, like most of the other hobbies he’s fixated on. If it does, my little beauty...” He stepped forward and touched her under the chin. “...I’ll be first in line to have you and Nadia transferred to my team. Then, my little number cruncher, you’ll actually get to do a day’s work. You can see your way out.”

He turned and set off for the main building, leaving us with the chirpy thrall who was gathering a dozen or more dishes together. I noted that every single one she picked up from in front of the four benches had been licked clean.

“Soreen, put the dishes down and stand on this bench,” Rukan ordered.

The girl turned and frowned. “What for, Miss?”

“Soreen, do as you’re told. I want Nadia to take a look at your body.”

She put the dishes down but didn’t look very happy when she climbed up onto the bench. “I don’t want to work in the stables, Miss.”

“Lift your tunic, Soreen, then turn around so we can see your ass. I want to see your cunt as well.”

The disgruntled youngster lifted her tunic to reveal her smooth mons, flat stomach and small, perky tits. She then turned, bent forward and stuck her ass out, to show us her bubble-like cheeks which were criss-crossed with dozens of stripes left by a cane or crop. She also gave us a good view of her cute, thrusting cunt. Her tight plump lips hid her secret inner flesh. I knew she hadn't been trimmed but Rukan stepped forward and parted them with her thumbs to show me what lay within.

The girl had a modest line of clitoral flesh and a small hood hiding her nub which I had lapped eagerly half an hour earlier. "What do you think of this girl, Nadia?"

She was very slim and yet had shapely legs and square shoulders. I couldn't assess her though in the limited time I had interacted with her. "If you were thinking of her as a driver, we should put her through some tests alongside the other four."

"That's just what I was thinking. You can get down, Soreen."

The girl jumped down from the bench and looked a little red faced. "Miss, I don't want one of those plastic things put in my ass hole." I couldn't agree more with the girl, but I was getting used to it.

"Soreen, Mr Kashif will decide on your future, not you or Master Shah. Now run along before he gets angry." Rukan turned to me. "We'll leave by the gate."

The second wagon, drawn by a pair of muscular Pony-boys was just leaving the compound. Sadaf and Ziab, chained together and chained to the wagon for added security, were sitting in the filthy bed of the vehicle. We waited for them to pass the security guard before we followed.

The young lad was wearing dark blue pants, a crisp white shirt and a dark blue tie. Beside him sat a Puppy-boy, bringing back memories of my short stay in the kennels at the assimilation camp. Unlike the lads and the Pony-boys, the boy was unfettered. His cock slowly stood bolt upright as he studied me. He then dropped to his paws and started to growl.

“Hello, Miss, Ben has caught the scent of the new girl.” He was having trouble holding the massive lad back as he pulled on the chain leash.

Rukan turned to me, “Ben needs to know you, otherwise he’ll always consider you an intruder. Open your stance and let him get your scent.”

“Thank you, Miss. It won’t take a minute,” the guard said.

The Puppy-boy was scary, but I had been mounted by one, less than a week earlier, so when he shoved his nose up against my labia lips, I managed to stand still. I was expecting him to have a good sniff, but he went further,

“Oh,” I gasped when he stuck his tongue out and penetrated my tight entrance. “He’s trying to...”

“That’s unusual,” the officer mused. “He must have found some jiz. Ben is trained to Hoover the Puppy-girls who have just been mounted by other Puppy-boys. He is supposed to be able to tell the difference between humans and bitches.”

“Sssssssss.” The boy’s sucking sound rang out loudly. His rapidly flicking tongue was unusually long.

“Interesting...,” Rukan said thoughtfully. “Nadia started a canine hormone treatment at the assimilation canine clinic. It was cancelled a couple of days later,” Rukan explained.

“You can’t reverse the process Miss,” the guard claimed. “The estate’s Puppy-boys know their bitch’s distinctive scents, so they are always going to be interested in this thrall. She had better take care when she’s around them.”

Rukan looked down at the slobbering creature and my quivering body. “That will do, officer. We have a lot to do this afternoon.”

The guard dragged the boy back, but he wasn’t happy. His enormous throbbing cock and the glint in his eyes told me that he was desperate to mount me. What was even more worrying was the graphic picture I conjured up in my mind. He was in position, thrusting his massive shaft into me from behind while I was standing submissively on my hands and knees, shoulders down and back dipped.

It took me a couple of minutes to shake the fantasy from my head.

Rukan wanted to show me the gardens, so we had a brief walk around them before returning to the main stables building. It was a hive of activity, a complete contrast to when I first arrived, a couple of hours earlier. I became excited by the idea of leading a group of girls on an almost impossible venture.

Talar spotted us as we walked toward Rukan's office. He sped up and arrived at the same time as we did. "Everything in order, Rukan?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir. I've shown Nadia around the grounds and visited Master Shah's domain.

"What's he like? Easy to get on with?" Talar asked. I was forgetting that he was as new to the Prince's estate as I was.

"Not really," Rukan responded. "The man let's his cock rule his head. We need to do a trade with the man and I'm not sure how we should go about it."

"Trade? What do you mean?"

"He has a thrall by the name of Soreen. She would be a much better fit for us than Cassia. She was added to our staff when she fucked up in the palace. She's too quiet and withdrawn for our kind of work. Soreen on the other hand has an outgoing character. Mouthy, but I think she would make a good driver. Sadaf thought so too."

"She impressed me too," I added.

Talar looked from me to Rukan. “Soreen for Cassia, you say?” We both nodded. “I’m glad you’ve talked to Sadaf. She knows a thing or two about training female criminals like Nadia here.” He gestured toward me.

Rukan nodded. “Well, Nadia now knows where she’ll end up if she fucks up in any way.”

“While you take Nadia into the palace, I’ll take the other drivers down to the gardens to show them how the grounds staff operate. I’ll have a chat with Mr. Kashif and see if he’ll drop in on the grounds manager to discuss Soreen.”

We left it at that. I followed Rukan into her office, where she picked up a remote. “Nadia, you’ll only have five seconds of speech in sixty during this trip to the palace.”

“I understand, Miss.”

“Just do as you’re told, Nadia. I’ve got to take you to the house manager and introduce you as you’re going to spend some time in his domain. This visit is to observe and not participate.”

“What about the rest of the squad?”

She shook her head. “No, they’re unlikely to visit the palace until I’ve chosen a

deputy for you.”

She opened another door, almost behind her desk. Beyond it was a small anteroom. She waited for me to join her. “This is out of bounds to all grade one and two thralls unless you are accompanied by a superior.” She pointed up at a CCTV camera. “Security is red hot all over the palace. Punishment would be swift if the rules are broken.”

The room on the other side of the vestibule was a large dressing room and full of clothes hanging on rails. “Oh,” I gasped. “So many items to choose from.”

“We are not changing today but we will apply some makeup and find a wig for you.” She steered me to a line of dressing tables and sat me down. “You have five minutes to apply dark foundation, eyeliner and lipstick. I’ll get you a wig.”

There was everything I needed to completely do my face, but I followed Rukan’s instructions, then pulled on the wig that she had laid on the table surface. The shortish wig, which almost reached my shoulders, had a fringe and bangs. It was a style I had avoided in my previous life, but looking in the mirror, I decided I liked it. In fact, it suited me and along with the dark foundation complimented my Emirati features.

Rukan looked over my shoulder. “Mmmm, you’re going to attract a lot of attention. First stop is the house manager’s office. Sheik Usama Faizan will want to take a look at you so don’t be shy. When he puts you on a pedestal, place your hands behind your head and show him all your assets. He’s a very powerful man, like Mr. Kashif. They both sit on the Prince’s inner cabinet and help him make decisions, like, how much funding goes to the stables.”

“Rukan, what will the men and sheiks on the other side of that door see when they look at me walking through the Prince’s palace?”

“They will see two thralls, one they know and one they don’t. The difference in our status will mean little to the male staff, all of whom have used my holes at one time or another.

“How long have you been here?”

“Since I turned eighteen, nearly three years.”

“Are all thralls at the mercy of every man in the palace?”

“Yes, unless you are in Prince Emidi’s harem or his companion. The men have to be discrete though. If you are moving around the palace without an assignment, one of the men might tell you to help them in their office. A thrall knows what follows next.”

While she talked, she removed two white thongs from a drawer and handed one to me. There is a dress code in the corridors and some function rooms. You will learn over time what’s expected of you. Put the thong on. Oh, and no footwear. We leave our sneakers here.”

Rukan removed her blue panties and replaced them with a thong. We looked similar, but Rukan’s tunic had dark blue trim signalling that she was my superior. We were similar in age and height, but I was slightly slimmer, even though my

legs were stronger than hers.

I was nervous when Rukan opened the door and revealed a cavernous corridor with stone pillars supporting a high arched ceiling. The floor was laid with multicoloured mosaic tiles, while the walls were constructed from huge blocks of granite. It felt as though we were inside a pyramid or a similar ancient structure.

The moment I lifted my foot and stepped into the palace, I felt as though I had stepped back in time, maybe a thousand years...

3.6 ~ Nadia Kateb: Five.

I was struck by the cool temperature within the huge stone building. The mosaic tiles were pleasantly cool and the corridor was remarkably empty.

“Where is everyone?” I asked in a hushed tone.

“It’s three o’clock. Everyone will be in their offices working.”

We walked to the end of the corridor and entered a small office through a stone arch doorway. The young woman sitting behind the desk was wearing a white blouse. She and her office were the first signs of normality I had seen in the building. Three of the five chairs rowed up in a line were occupied by young dark-haired thralls dressed in gold gauze tunics. They were all pretty and yet very different in appearance.

When the girl looked up from her laptop we bowed. “Rukan, what a surprise. Is Sheik Faizan expecting you?”

“No, Shula, but I want to introduce Nadia to him. She’s raw and needs training.”

Her eyes flickered over my body. “Is this thrall one of your animal trainers?” she said with a distasteful tone to her voice.

“We are not running a circus, Shula, we are going to train Pony-girls to race. Nadia has been selected as the squad leader.”

“You’ve given her the position without palace training? What were you thinking?”

“Shula, her selection goes right to the top. It had nothing to do with me.”

The secretary frowned, then touched her intercom. Bzzzzz.

‘I can see the thralls, Shula. Send them in’, came the rich voice from her desktop box.

“You’d better go in.”

“Thank you, Shula.”

I was getting the sense that some of the staff resented the Prince spending so much time and money on his Pony-girl hobby. That meant I was among people, even the women, who might resent the attention I and the rest of the stables staff were getting.

There was plush and then there was extravagant. Neither word was strong enough to describe Sheik Faizan’s office. A huge Bokhara rug was spread out before us, all the way to the antique oak desk. The chairs, sofas, floor cushions, bookcases and tables, all looked as though they belonged in a museum; and yet were in pristine condition. I had seen interior pictures of the Taj Mahal. That’s

what the furnishings in his office reminded me of.

After taking one step inside the door, which closed automatically, we lifted our hands between our breasts and bowed. Faizan was young and handsome which was a massive relief. I was fully committed to having old Arabs pawing and molesting me, so it was a bonus to find the house manager was an attractive guy.

We didn't move and he didn't say anything as he studied us. He slowly got to his feet, then placed his hands on the desk as he leant forward. "I'm impressed, Rukan. Come, let me take a closer look at your charge." He was wearing a white robe with dark blue edging. It hung open revealing a white silk shirt and dark pants beneath.

"We are both your humble servants, Master," Rukan said, then bowed again.

We walked together, then split up when he gestured to me. "Nadia. I want to examine you while you stand on those blocks." He pointed at two 12" cubes of polished oak, joined together by an iron rod about eighteen inches long. It looked as though the stand/object had been in use for many years for the centre of each block was slightly worn.

He hadn't told me to undress, but I knew I had to, so I lifted my tunic off and after the slightest hesitation, after a glance at Rukan, I pushed the thong down, then stepped up onto the blocks. I remembered to put my hands behind my head, then pulled my elbows back and pushed my tits out.

Sheik Faizan walked slowly around me and when Rukan urged me to bend while the manager's back was turned, I dutifully leant right forward so that he could

examine my thrusting sex. Looking through my legs, I saw him reach out just before he touched the small stopper screwed into my anal collar.

“These caps are getting more discreet, but they are still an eyesore,” he opined. “Still, when a thrall has firm, tight cheeks, like this one, it is hardly noticeable.”

“It’s very hygienic and a minor handicap for the thrall, Master, but if it has to be removed, there’s usually no lasting effect.”

“Well, I don’t intend to introduce it for house thralls for obvious reasons.” Moments later he tried to thumb my labia apart.

“Someone’s recently done a nice job on the trim, Rukan. It’s deeper than the standard op our clinic carries out. Is this one of the thralls Mr. Kashif got from the Omani mine?”

“No Master. Nadia is from the Al Qora simulation training camp. She was modified in their surgical and modification clinic.”

“That’s a canine clinic. I’ve sent a couple of thralls there to be transformed. Who wanted her on all fours?”

“She was bought on behalf of Sheik Salim Husni. There was a huge misunderstanding at the camp, but the problem was soon resolved.”

“How long did she spend in a suit?”

“Just a day or two. I think the lesson was good for her.”

“Lucky the Prince and Salim are best friends. I have to say the smooth, simple result is pleasing on the eye...” His hands remained on the backs of my thighs while he penetrated me with both thumbs. “Tight and moist. Very nice,” he muttered.

“She’s been tightened, Master.”

“Unusual for a Puppy-girl.”

“Our medics dealt with it on arrival.”

He withdrew his thumbs and moved to the side, so I stood erect. He was about six feet tall, so he didn’t have to reach up when he grasped my right half-hand tit. He gave it a squeeze and found it firm and bounce free. He rubbed his other hand across my flat stomach and then gripped my thigh.

“Any violence in her history? You know the rules on palace thralls.”

“Not really, Master. Her record states an assault on a dignitary at the camp. I looked into it and it turned out she was pleading for the woman to get her out of

the camp. Her original crimes were auto theft, drug trafficking and prostitution. She was running a brothel.”

He placed one hand on my mons and the other on my ass. “I imagine she had a list of clients as long as my arm.”

I was stuck with the lie about my background history. It seemed that every time my list of crimes was recounted, it became longer and more serious. However, I was grateful that Rukan had checked into my attempt to chat with Sheik Husni’s wife.

“She needs some experience in attending social gatherings, Master.”

Having thoroughly examined me, Sheik Faizan backed away and leant his ass against the end of his desk. “The palace is quiet this afternoon, Rukan. Being a Monday, nothing comes to mind. I wish I had more time to deal with her myself, but I have a meeting with a prospective agent...” He paused to think for a moment. “Look, leave her with me for an hour. I’ll bring her back to your office when I’ve finished with her.”

“Thank you, Master. Mr. Kashif has arranged a squad meeting at six.”

“It’s only three-thirty, Rukan. Maybe, I’ll keep her till five. What’s her collar setting?”

“Five seconds, Master.”

“Good. Tell Javid I’ll pop my head in and have a chat with him when I bring the thrall back. Oh, fetch me a house tunic from the dressing room and take her blue one back.”

“I’ll do that, Master.”

He remained leaning against the desk studying my naked form. Two weeks earlier, I would have been horrified standing naked in front of the Arab Manager, like a statue decorating his office. The gold collar gripping my neck, was a constant reminder that I was a slave and the property of Sheik Faizan and my Royal Master. I hoped he wasn’t going to make me stay in the same position while he went about his business, for I would die of embarrassment.

Moments after Rukan had departed, his intercom buzzed. He moved around, stood beside his chair and studied the small screen on his intercom. “Shula, tell Mr. Hashim I’ll be about ten minutes. Rukan will return with a tunic. Bring it with you when you show Mr. Hashim in.” He took his finger off the button and turned to look at me. “Are you fit, Nadia?”

The question surprised me. “Yes, I am, Master.”

He came over and stood in front of me and grasped my tits so that my nipples peeped between his thumbs and forefingers. “Mr. Kashif has given you the leader’s position, Nadia. What are the chances of you and the others making a success of his highness’s bold venture?” He squeezed my nipples, then began to roll them.

The blocks I was standing on meant I was a couple of inches taller than him, “Ahhh. The team will be strong, Master.”

“I like your confident nature, Nadia, but our Master is attempting something that’s never been done before. Do you really think it’s possible to train a team of four Pony-girls to compete against the likes of the Husni and Bazzi teams, in such a short space of time? The first race day is in less than two weeks away.”

He was digging and obviously trying to find out some inside information. “We have strong fillies, Master.”

“Well, that’s good. What about the two ex-soldiers Mr Kashif has brought in. What’s your impression of them?”

I finished the count to sixty. “They are very thorough, Master.”

He moved his face closer to mine and squeezed my nipples. “If the team is a disappointment, then your head will be on the block. Are you tough enough to cope with the pressure and pain that’s coming your way?”

He was right. Everything was stacked against me and I had been given a poisonous chalice, but I was someone who lived for the moment. “Master, the team will win.”

He released my right tit, reached down and unzipped. I interested him and he wanted to fuck me, but I didn’t expect him to do it before he had seen the man

waiting patiently in his secretary's office...

3.7 ~ Nadia Kateb: Six.

Sheik Faizan had his pick of dozens of house thralls. He bought and sold them like I would have bought a new piece of furniture for my flat. He and his kind had no attachment to the thralls that he and the other sheiks surrounded themselves with. They were inanimate object and that's how I tried to feel, without success. I was awfully embarrassed to be standing naked before a strange Arab man; and yet, I knew I had to impress him if I wanted to get on and survive.

He started rubbing the tip of his crown back and forth along my shallow pudendal cleft. "Nadia, can you feel that?"

"Yes, Master, I can."

The blocks of wood I was standing on were the perfect height for him to make contact, but I was too high for him to penetrate me.

"Nadia, bend your knees. You are going to be in control. Your cunt must devour the whole of my cock and not release it until you have received a full load. Understand?"

"Yes, Master."

He stood with his legs together, so as I lowered my body, my knees could go wide, either side of his legs. The first couple of inches were difficult because I had to lean back with my hands still behind my head. Once I had the right line, I was able to feel and grip the end of his cock with each mini thrust. Then with

each downward movement, my quim was able to devour a little more each time.

Thankfully, I was still juicy from the earlier sex. The Puppy-boy's attentions also contributed to there being more lubrication than on other occasions. Sheik Faizan held his cock until I was riding about two thirds of his impressively rigid boner. The fact that it was so rigid, gave me more confidence to thrust harder and eventually devour every one of his ten, solid inches.

“You’ve accomplished your first mission, girl, now comes the hard part, First, though, kiss your Master.”

With my knees bent, my belly tight against his muscular body, my hands behind my head and his cock pleasantly stretching my vaginal walls, I kissed him on the lips with a fervour that I would normally have reserved for a lover. He released my tits and reached around to grasp my firm peach so he could hold my belly tight against his.

He responded like a lover, which surprised me, then after he broke the snog, I started kissing his bearded face. He was happy to let me shower him with manufactured adoration for a minute or two. I was breathless and elated and became impatient to be fucked. When he lifted my cheeks, I began to straighten my legs and draw my quim up his stout shaft.

“Can I move my hands, Master?”

“No, concentrate on your task.”

He made it sound so impersonal, but I felt strongly that he was enjoying my company and had interrupted his schedule because he was interested in me. My belly slid up and down his silk shirt as I continued to straighten and bend my knees. My tight, internal muscles complained about being stretched to begin with, but as soon as my juices were ignited, it became easier to devour his cock and speed up the fuck.

He maintained eye contact and a grip on my ass as I trembled and sighed, while in the throes of an orgasm. He had no way of telling how much I was enjoying the sensational ride. His fingers dug into my cheeks and tried to increase the ‘slam-dunk’ effect I was performing repeatedly.

“Your cock is so hard, Master,” I whispered.

The increased power was enough to trigger his climax and the first signs of loss of control. When the spark arrived, his eyes lost focus and his hands squeezed my butt cheeks tightly. He tried to but couldn’t hold back a low guttural sigh while he spurted jiz up into my most intimate place.

Having satisfied himself, he lifted my ass until my legs were straight. My quim reluctantly released his soft knob, then he was able to step back and leant against his desk. “You may get down, Nadia.”

I knew what was expected of me. In one fluid movement, I stepped down and knelt before him. I gripped his slippery cock and steadied it so I could lick my juices from his shaft, then polish his knob with my lips. When he dropped his hands to my wig, I knew he wanted me to go further.

However, his pending appointment must have been playing on his mind because he suddenly called a halt while I was lip fucking his crown. “Later, Nadia. Go have a douche in the bathroom. Take your time.” He indicated a solid oak door. “When you return to the room, take your place on the fourth cushion. We will be seated on cushions, so sit cross-legged with your hands on your knees. I will be offering Mr. Hashim, brandy, his favourite tippie, which is on the tray on the cabinet over there...” He pointed across the room. “I will be watching you carefully while you follow my instructions.”

“I will do my best, Master.” I got to my feet and hurried to the bathroom.

Once inside, I used the toilet, then the spray attachment to thoroughly clean my quim. I then lathered my fingers and made sure my vaginal walls were coated with soap for future lubrication if needed. He didn’t want me to rush out. In fact, he wanted me to perform the task slowly and then, when I appeared, convey a confident attitude. I examined my reflexion and decided I looked good considering the day I had just experienced; and it was only four o’clock!

I had my first session of mechanical sex with the dais dildo in the stall, beside my bedroom, which took me to a crashing climax. Then, after performing fellatio on Rukan, she offered me to Master Shah, who thoroughly shafted me while I knelt on a stool. The third session with Sheik Faizan was much more enjoyable. Was I about to experience my fourth session in one day? I wondered, as I opened the bathroom door.

Sheik Faizan and his guest were sitting amongst a pile of huge cushions, facing in my direction. The three thralls I had seen in the secretary’s office had removed their tunics and were sitting with their backs to me. They were perched on single large cushions, facing the two men, and had adopted the pose Sheik Faizan had described to me.

I was surprised to see that the thralls all had their names tattooed on their backs, but I wasn't surprised to see the royal crests tattooed on the outside of their thighs. I walked to the vacant cushion, bowed politely, then, because it was very firm, I was able to easily climb on it and assume a cross-legged pose with my hands resting on my knees.

Being naked and exposing my sex in such a lewd manner was a shock to my system but being one of four, helped me cope with the shameful exhibitionism involved. The other thralls were used to living a life where nudity was the norm. I, on the other hand, was highly embarrassed sitting naked in the company of the two Arab men we were facing.

The sheik's guest was, I guessed in his mid-twenties. He looked overweight, sitting among the cushions. However, in mitigation, he was wearing an unflattering white thawb and a red check keffieh headdress which blurred the lines of his physicality. In contrast to Sheik Faizan's neatly trimmed beard, he was clean shaven.

There was about six feet between the short arc our cushions formed and where the two men lounged. Mr. Hashim's eyes were glued to me from the moment I entered the room, to the moment I sat down. That didn't surprise me considering I was late.

"Are you feeling better, Nadia?" Sheik Faizan asked me.

I twigged straight away. "Much better, Master. Thank you."

Mr. Hashim raised an eyebrow, probably because of my English accent. "Sheik

Faizan, I commend you on your choice of house thralls. I cannot remember when I have been in the company of four such fine specimens.”

“Well, I hope this test isn’t too up market for you, Hashim.”

“Oh, no, Sheik. I have traded thralls across the spectrum from the Quarie salt mines to providing thralls for the Saudi royal family.”

“Hashim, I’m letting you value these thralls because you come highly recommended. The vacant scouting agent position requires an expert eye and the ability to value a thrall accurately. The four examples before you represent a spectrum that should provide a good test of your abilities.”

“Sheik Faizan, the four thralls you are presenting are all pleasing on the eye. I will need to examine them more closely to determine the nuances between each one.”

“Of course. While we chat, I will give them each a task. That will give you a chance to see them on their feet. I am going to have a cigarette. Would you care to join me?”

“Yes, that’s a good idea. Thank you, Sheik.”

Osama clapped his hands. “Randa, fetch the small table from over there.” He pointed, whereupon the youngster responded immediately by jumping to her feet.

She hurried over to the side of the desk, picked up the small 3' x 2' oak occasional table and set it down between the pair. Hashim watched the thrall intently as she went about her task. I noted that she deliberately bent over right in front of him and made a point of flashing her cunt at him. When she stood up in the 'at ease' pose, Sheik Faizan gave the agent a minute to study the youngster.

"Randa, turn and back up so Mr. Hashim can examine your posterior."

The young Emirati thrall moved back until her heels were against the cushion he was sitting on. She then bent forward and thrust her ass toward his face. He reached up and although I couldn't see what he was doing, I knew what he was examining. He was so close that he could have licked her lips, but I didn't think for a moment that he had.

As soon as Hashim patted her ass, Sheik Osama sent her back to her cushion with a flick of the hand. Sitting nervously on my cushion, I was dreading the moment when my turn came around...

3.8 ~ Nadia Kateb: Seven.

The second thrall, Cassia, was sent to fetch the ashtray and cigarettes. Having placed the items on the table, she went through the same rigmarole and waited nervously while the agent examined her intimate parts.

The third thrall, Afra, was dispatched to get the lighter from Sheik Faizan's desk. Then, when she returned, she lit their cigarettes. Hashim spent a little more time feeling her musculature, in particular the back of her thighs and gluteus maximus on her particularly well-rounded posterior.

The relief on the thrall's faces when they returned to their cushions said it all about the discomfort they felt while being examined by the agent. Pain and discomfort was something we all knew about. We all bore the bruises and marks of countless thrashings on our buttocks and upper thighs. Mine had been concentrated within the previous two weeks, while the other thralls had probably been suffering for years.

Then it was my turn. "Nadia, fetch the tray and brandy," came the command.

I was on my feet in a trice and hurried over to the drink's cabinet/bar. The tray had been prepared with a decanter of Brandy and two crystal whisky glasses. I walked back carefully and placed the tray on the table, ensuring Mr. Hashim had a good look at my body and in particular the shape and detail of my firm peach and its intimate features.

After pouring the amber liquid into two glasses, I stood in front of the young man so that he could examine my body. His eyes roved over my nakedness. Then I got the signal to turn. It was like being in an auction and examined like an animal would be. He ran his hands over the back of my thighs, then moved up to

my pert ass.

He muttered something to himself moments after pulling my cheeks apart, then moved his hands down onto the backs of my thighs so he could examine my labia with his thumbs. He used them to penetrate me, just long enough to see if my quim was slack or tight. I sighed with relief when I was dismissed with a pat on my ass.

As soon as I returned to my cushion, I could feel my face burning with shame and my heart thumping in my chest. It wasn't nice to be treated like an animal and I would never get used to it, even if I remained a thrall for ten years.

Sheik Faizan, puffing on a cigarette, picked up a tablet computer and started tapping on the screen. Once he was satisfied, he handed it to Hashim. "Four thralls. Write a summery against each name, then grade them from one to four in each of four categories. Finally, value them at catalogue price."

Hashim looked up from the screen and studied us. "Can I examine them at close quarters once more, Sir?"

He nodded. "Have another brief look. Girls, stand up with your feet either side of the cushion. You know the stance," the sheik ordered.

We all stood up and opened our stance so that we could stand with the cushions between our feet. Once in position, we placed our hands behind our heads to show our tits off in the best light. Mine were particularly solid compared to the others. They weren't the largest, but I thought mine would score highly.

The prospective scout/agent would have already spotted that I was different from the other three in that I had a silicone anal collar fitted. Would that increase my value or make me more difficult to sell? I wondered. I was comforted when I heard Rukan say that when it was removed it didn't cause any lasting damage, but I still had my doubts.

In any case, Hashim didn't comment when he came to me first. He gave my right breast a squeeze then made a note on the tablet. "Open your mouth, Nadia," he ordered. After a look at my teeth, he made more notes, then moved on to Afra.

While the agent was examining the thrall's tits, the sheik signalled to me to sit down, an order I promptly responded to. It didn't take long for the agent to examine the other three thralls. He returned to the cushions and continued to enter data and add comments on the iPad he had been given.

It was a dreadful way to treat girls like me and the others. However, I had to admit that Sheik Faizan's method of testing someone ability to spot a good thrall among many others was effective. The agent would have to visit places like the fences and auction halls attached to the assimilation camps and have the ability to spot value for money.

The agents only got a brief glimpse of the girl at the viewing fence. They could put their hands through the chain links and feel the thrall's body but it was a real skill to identify the best girls among those that were on display. Sheik Faizan sat sipping Brandy while Hashim entered the data and comments that he hoped would impress his prospective employer.

I was the first to spot our Master point at the cigarettes, suggesting he wanted

one. I made it to the table ahead of Afra who was sitting beside me.

“One of you give me the cigarette. The other light it,” he ordered.

After lighting it for him, I returned to my seat in an excited state. I couldn’t understand why such a mundane task had taken on so much significance, but I was pleased to get there first. The sheik kept an eye on all four of us, but I thought that his eyes lingered on me more than the others.

Finally, Mr. Hashim finished his deliberations and handed the iPad back to our Master. While he sat and read the results, we had to wait in our naked state, sitting on the cushions.

Our Master appeared to come to a decision. He laid the iPad down and turned to the agent. “Chakir, I’m impressed and will recommend to the inner cabinet that we offer you a contract.”

The young Arab bowed his head. “Thank you, Sheik Faizan.”

“The contract will be in line with our scouting policy which you will find very generous.”

“Thank you Master.”

“You may not know, but we train our thralls in Greco-Roman wrestling. To celebrate your success, my thralls will give you a demonstration. Randa, Cassia, you two will contest the first bout. The loser will receive three strokes on their breasts.”

I had never heard of Greco-Roman wrestling, so I was horrified to hear that I was going to have to fight Afra who was sitting beside me. I could handle myself, but not against trained fighters. And, the punishment was unfair considering I was bound to lose!

The girls got to their feet and stood facing one another with their hands out ready to grab each other. “Girls this is a demonstration bout for Mr. Hashim’s enjoyment. When I call an end, my guest will choose a winner. Show him your skills.”

Under threat of having their tits thrashed, they rushed at each other and tried to grab each other’s arms. Their little hands reached out trying to get a grip, or any kind of hold on their squirming opponent. Once they were locked together, the bout really started. The darker skinned girl, Randa, was slightly taller and heavier, an advantage that she used, coupled with a more aggressive attitude.

The aim of each girl was obviously to throw their opponent onto the floor and then pin her down until she submitted. After a titanic struggle, Randa overbalanced Cassia, but the smaller girl somehow turned the fall to her advantage and rolled her body so that she came out on top. Their legs were all over the place as they clutched each other and tried to gain an advantage.

While the girls struggled on the floor, the men sipped their whisky and feasted their eyes on the thrall’s naked bodies, especially their asses and cunts which were constantly on display as they rolled first one way and then the other. Randa

put up a good defensive performance by squirming onto her stomach, making it more difficult for her opponent to lift her and get her on her back.

“Enough, girls,” the Master finally ordered when the girls appeared tired.

Both girls promptly scrambled to their feet, stood side by side and bowed. Sheik Faizan turned to his guest. “Which thrall was the most impressive, Chakir?”

“Well, I thought they both fought well, but I’m going to go with Cassia.” They both bowed without showing any emotion.

“Return to your cushions so that Afra and Nadia can take up their positions.”

I climbed off the cushion and stepped forward to face Afra. She didn’t look happy, probably because she didn’t know me. It was a bizarre situation because I had no idea of the rules. When I was half my age, my father took me to a judo club for a few months, but I stopped going in favour of gymnastics.

I didn’t know it, but I was about to get some help. “Afra, Nadia, you will contest the second demonstration bout,” Sheik Faizan announced. “Nadia is a novice, so I must warn her not to use her legs to gain an advantage. The combat aspect of this sport is upper body and arms. Do you understand, Nadia?”

I needed to ask a question. “Yes, Master. May I remove my wig?”

That surprised everybody and brought a smile to Sheik Faizan's face. "Yes, hand it to me."

I removed the wig to reveal my inch long haircut. Again, everyone was surprised. "What were you punished for, girl?" Hashim asked.

"She spent a couple of days in a Puppy-girl suit," The sheik explained.

"Ahhh, that explains the distinctive trim..."

"Exactly. Let's get on with the bout. Afra, Nadia, fight!"

I decided while I watched the other fight that I would go for broke from the start. I was about the same size as Afra, but I thought I had stronger legs. For about a minute, we fought with our hands trying to get a grip of each other, I pushed her back, but she was a wily competitor and got a grip of my right arm first. That brought us together and the wrestling bout started.

She was a tigress and immediately tried to lift me off my feet. I countered by leaning in and pushing her sideways, then she threw me off balance and I started to fall. I didn't have the skill to come out on top, but I rolled onto my stomach before she dropped onto my back. We grunted and growled at each other while she tried to lift my hips and spin me over.

I wasn't thinking about the lewd spectacle we were providing the men, but they must have been enjoying it because they let us fight for ages. I found my face

and tits rubbing on the floor as I tried to avoid being rolled over. Then, Afra eased the pressure to try and trick me, enabling me to get my knees under my body. With all my lower body strength, I suddenly lifted her into the air and threw her over my head.

Both men started clapping. “Well, done, Nadia. Finish now,” Sheik Faizan ordered.

We both stood, bowed and waited for the verdict. To my surprise, Hashim chose me, then the sheik sent us back to the cushions. “Cassia, fetch me the light cane.”

She left her cushion and hurried over to a long cupboard standing in the corner. When she returned, she went to hand the cane to Sheik Faizan.

“No, you were the victor so you will deliver the three strokes to Randa’s breasts.”

I sat and watched poor Randa come forward, drop to her knees and place her hands behind her head. “Cassia, you know the rules. If you skimp on the power, then I will deliver three to your breasts with the heavy cane.”

There was clearly a code that the thralls fully understood. When I was wrestling with Afra, I noticed several faint tram lines on her full hand tits, so they were used to the punishment. I didn’t know what to expect when Cassia lifted the short cane, so I was surprised when she delivered three searing blows.

Randa's cries were gut wrenching, but the thrall didn't move during the punishment. There were tears while the men savoured the cruelty happening before them. They waited until she had stopped crying then sent Cassia and Randa back to their cushions.

Then it was my turn. I was under pressure to show Sheik Faizan the steel that was going to lead the Prince's Pony team to success. Afra dropped to her knees and placed her hands behind her head. She increased the target area by pulling her shoulders back.

Afra's tits were larger than Randa's, making my task a little easier, however, I hated delivering the blows and hurting the young Emirati thrall. To her credit, she didn't look up at me. Instead, she stared straight ahead and scrunched her face up.

I laid the short cane on her tits, then raised it in the air. Switt! Switt! Switt! Her semi-hard breasts depressed with each stroke and red lines instantly appeared. I may have overdone it in my eagerness to impress. The girl yelped with each powerful strike and tears flowed down her pretty face, but she didn't turn her head toward me nor move back.

More importantly, the men leaning back among the cushions enjoyed the show and were satisfied by my efforts. I was in no doubt that Sheik Faizan would have thrashed my tits if I had gone easy on the girl.

"Nadia, put the cane away, put your wig on and then return to your cushion," Sheik Faizan commanded.

While I crossed the room, he issued instructions to the other three thralls. On my way back, I passed them as they were putting their gold tunics and thongs on. I picked up the wig, then sat down on my cushion as instructed. While I put the wig on, I caught the end of the conversation the men were having while they stood beside me.

“...next time we might have time for a final. You are more than welcome to visit the gym where the thralls train between six and seven most evenings. In the meantime, Cassia will show you to the hospitality suite and cater for your wishes in a private booth.”

“I’m very grateful for everything, Sheik Faizan.”

He saw the agent and the thralls to the door, then returned to where I was sitting. “Nadia, I’m going to change. I’ll be back in about five minutes.”

I was gobsmacked that such a powerful member of the Prince’s inner cabinet was finding the time to include me in his schedule. Yes, he appeared to be treating me differently to the other thralls, but I wasn’t letting it go to my head. There were many Emirati slave girls that he employed in the palace who would fall over themselves to be where I was. It would be a different thrall the next time and I would be a distant memory.

3.9 ~ Nadia Kateb: Eight.

When the sheik emerged, he had changed into a long white thawb and red check keffieh headdress. He was still wearing his long, open robe over it, which made him look far more casual and more like the sheiks I conjured up in my imagination. As he neared, I saw that he had a chain leash wrapped around his right hand.

“Nadia, I want you on all fours standing here.” He pointed at a spot on the carpet near his feet.

I slipped off the cushion and dopped to my hands and knees, then crawled forward. The leash meant that he was about to take me for a walk or make me perform for him during a bout of kinky sex. Both options horrified me but I was in no position to disobey him. He leant down and clipped the leash to the back of my collar, then patted my naked ass.

“From now until I return you to the dressing room, you will behave like the Puppy-girl you almost became. You will crawl like one and bark like one. Understand?”

I looked up at him. “Ruff, ruff!” I didn’t like it, but I could cope because there was less than an hour to go before I had to return to the stables.

“That’s good. I and my department managers often punish thralls in this manner, so take heed.” He pulled on the leash. “Follow me. He picked up my tunic and thong, then led me to the office door and out into his secretary’s office.

The neatly turned-out girl stood and bowed. She glanced in my direction but didn't show any surprise to see a naked thrall crawling on her hands and knees.

He jerked the leash. "Sit, girl." I remembered the brief Puppy-girl training I received so I parted my thighs, after sitting back on my heels. The sheik looked down at me and nodded his approval. He placed the tunic and thong on the desk. "Shula, Ring Hiba Handal and tell her that the meeting has been brought forward to this evening. Five-thirty here in my office."

"That's short notice, Master."

"She will be here, Shula." He placed the tunic and thong on the secretary's desk. "When you've made the phone call, take these items back to the thrall's dressing room."

After pulling me onto all fours again, the sheik led me out into the vast corridor and headed toward the end where there were two elevator doors facing us. When we arrived, he pushed the call button and because the lift was up on the fourth floor, I sat down to wait.

Moments later, two men, wearing white thawbs approached from a corridor at right angles to the lift. "Sir, is the game still on tonight?" one asked as they neared.

"Of course, Wassim. We start at ten in the orange room, don't be late. You too Shafiq."

“We’ll be there, Sir.” Both men then looked down at me and must have read the tattoo on my back. “Nadia... I haven’t seen this thrall around the palace.”

“Is she new, Sir?” the other stranger asked. “Are you going to bring her to the game?”

“She is new, but I have to take her back to the stables within an hour, so no, she won’t be at the game. I’m giving her a snapshot of life in the palace.”

The pair had moved around to face me and thereby get a look at my sex, which was visible at the apex of my parted thighs. My tits which were within touching distance, but they didn’t reach out. “The stables you say...?”

“Is she a general thrall or a driver?” Shafiq asked.

“Nadia, up!” The Sheik jerked the leash again bringing me up onto all fours.

“She’s a driver. The team leader actually. Check out her rear end and the anal collar.” Another jerk on the leash. “Dip your back bitch and present your cunt for inspection.”

One of the men touched the stopper, then stroked my labia lips, before nudging the soft flesh around the entrance to my quim. Thankfully, the lift doors opened giving me an escape route. Then, as I crawled forward into the lift, beside my Master, I saw the frowns on their faces in the mirror wall of the lift.

“I wouldn’t recommend that modification for the house thralls, Sir, but I’m impressed with the clitoral trim. She’s as clean as that last pair of Puppy-girls we added to the kennels last week.”

“Well spotted. The thrall was being prepared for the buyer’s Kennels. Not many get a reprieve from that situation. If she and the Pony-girl team fail to please his highness, she may well join the other two before long.”

The pair were still staring at my sex when the doors closed with a thump. We exited the lift on the third floor. I had never witnessed such sumptuous furnishings and decorations. Thankfully, I was crawling on plush carpet instead of hard ceramic tiles.

The sheik stopped at a door and waved a card over the lock, then pushed open the door. “In, Nadia.”

I hurried past him, crawling onto the wood-strip hard floor, then waited for him to pass me and lead me into his apartment. A door opened at the end of the hall and a thrall emerged. She quickly closed the door behind her, hurried to the halfway point and then bowed. She was wearing a gold collar, gold cuffs, a white apron and nothing else that I could see.

“Welcome home, Master,” she said in a little voice.

Her cute little face was flushed and although her dark hair was in bunches, many strands had come free, making her look a little bedraggled.

“Where’s Hadi, Ferida?”

“He’s in the lounge, Master. He’s been a bad boy all afternoon, so I closed the door.”

“Ruff, ruff, ruff!” came a familiar sound from behind one of the doors.

“You know I don’t like you shutting him in.”

“You’re home early, Master and I was trying to do the food.”

“He is your Master when I am not at home. I expect you to look after him and keep him happy.”

“He very demanding, Master. He won’t leave me alone when I’m cleaning and preparing the food. I’ve sucked his cock three times today”

“That’s why you wear the cunt strap and dildos when you’re on your own. As you can see, I’ve brought a thrall for him to play with for half an hour. That should calm him down a little. Now go and let him out.”

He opened a door and led me inside. I had been praying for Rukan or someone

else from the Stables to come and get me but that wasn't going to happen. The powerful house manager had his own plans for me.

"This is the playroom, Nadia." It was a small square, carpeted room. There was a large sofa, some plastic toys, including a ball, on the floor. There was also a TV on the wall, but not much else.

Sheik Faizan sat down on the sofa, so I sat down on my heels just shy of it. He pointed over my shoulder. "Nadia, meet, Hadi, my pet Puppy-boy."

I turned, but the lad was too quick and nearly pushed me over in his haste to greet his Master. "Ruff, ruff, ruff!" he barked excitedly

He was wearing a full, black, short-haired Puppy-boy suit. The only part of his body that could be identified as being human was his enormous cock and balls that hung close by my face. They were as black as his pelt apart from his pink crown bursting forth from his human foreskin. His hind legs were short which meant that he had been fully modified, making him look as sleek as a real dog.

"Down, boy. Now behave or I won't introduce you to the new Puppy-girl." He instantly sat down facing me.

I could see his brown eyes staring at me through some strands of fur hanging over his eyes. They dropped to my tits and then my cunt, which was grinning at him from its lowly position. "Ruff, ruff!" he exclaimed.

Farida stood beside him, patting his head, as though she was trying to calm him.

Sheik Faizan reached out and patted my head. “Nadia, you had a couple of days in the kennels, so you know how to behave when you meet a new Puppy-boy. Am I right?”

I gulped and then nodded. “Ruff, ruff.”

“Be a good bitch and show Hadi how friendly you are, then he’ll reciprocate.”

Yes, I bet he will, I thought as I dipped my head and moved forward. His black cock was so long, I hardly needed to bend to dock my mouth on his pink knob. The moment I did, I felt a paw settle on my head to encourage me to keep my head down. I had never sucked a black lad’s cock before, so I closed my eyes and got on with the job.

After a couple of minutes of furious sucking and licking I went a bit further so that the lad would feel the tightness of my throat. I had perfected my own technique within the short hectic period of my incarceration. So, I was able to confidently devour about six inches of the lad’s dick and begin a strong thrusting motion with my head.

“Very good, Nadia, but I want you to stop,” Sheik Faizan said. I withdrew from the lad’s cock and lifted my head to see what my Master had in mind. “Get up on all fours so that Hadi can get your scent before he mounts you. First though, come and finish the job you started earlier.”

Sheik Faizan lifted his thawb to reveal his own massive erection. I had to start all over again with a fresh cock. Behind me, Hadi snuffled away, licking my labia and plunging his tongue into the entrance to my tight quim. I tried to concentrate on my oral work but had to go into auto pilot because the Puppy-boy had a wickedly long tongue and knew how to use it.

He had me squirming and sighing with pleasure for a much longer period of time than I expected. He was applying oodles of saliva while he slobbered and licked, showing that he knew how to prepare a trimmed bitch who most probably would be dry.

Then the moment arrived. I held my breath but continued to devour several inches of my Master's shaft. Heavy paws on my shoulder blades and a bludgeoning knob prodding my nether region.

"Ruuuu," he whined when he couldn't find the entrance he desperately sought.

"Patience, Hadi, let me give you a hand," Farida said. "The bitch's entrance is tight..." She steered his blunt crown to the right spot, whereupon he exerted the power needed to drive his stout shaft in a couple of inches.

"Uhhhhhh," I groaned softly, as the lad started to use his hips to piston his cock in short stabbing motions to gradually gain more depth.

"Ruffffff!" he exclaimed when he felt my body respond with some deep lubrication.

“Tight, isn’t she, boy?”

“Ruff, ruff, he responded.

I had been shafted by a Puppy-boy at the assimilation clinic, but Hadi was in a different class. He was more powerful, he had a larger dick and knew how to use it, He had me rocking through an orgasm soon after the first couple of thrusts reached my extremity. The intense animalistic approach the lad used made my head spin and my body quiver with wave after wave of nerve-jangling raw pleasure.

It was exhausting and all-consuming so trying to blow Sheik Faizan at the same time was a difficult ask. He had penetrated half my throat with about half of his dick, until he grabbed my head and took over. My head was already spinning from what was happening behind me, so the additional aggression from above took me close to a delirious state.

Master and Puppy-boy seemed to have an understanding for, bar a few seconds, they both ejaculated at the same time. Sheik Faizan held my head still for ages while he dumped his load, then allowed me to rise. It was only for a moment, for when I realized that Hadi had withdrawn, I collapsed in a heap on the carpet.

Sheik Faizan stood up. “Ferida, I’ve got to take the thrall back to the stables. Take her to the shower in your room. When she’s finished, give her a house thrall tunic. Hurry, my time is valuable.”

Ferida helped me to my feet. “Thank you, Master,” I said in a weak voice, then followed the young thrall out of the room, across the corridor and into her

bedroom.

“I guess your Puppy-girl experience is over for today,” she said with a smile.

Those words were music to my ears, but I couldn't enjoy the shower because the fear of being turned back into a Puppy-girl was uppermost in my mind and would remain there for some time...

3.10 ~ Frisky: One.

The journey from the farm to my new home reminded me of the fateful day when I woke in the back of a truck, having just been kidnapped in Mexico City. It was the beginning of a nightmare existence that would take me halfway across the world to an equally hot country, in the Middle East. Having been transformed into a Pony-girl I was trained to race at the highest level of competition and had some success.

That was the high point of my Pony-girl career. The low points were several days working down a gold mine in Mexico and a whole year in an Omani salt mine where I hardly ever saw the light of day. Rescued by Mr. Kashif and his employer, Prince Emidi, I was taken to a farm for two weeks convalescence.

Thankfully, when it was time to go to my new home near Dubai, the travel arrangements were completely different from the first trip after being snatched in Mexico City. The kidnappers had fitted the Pony tack to my naked unconscious body, then dumped me on a bed of smelly hay. For my trip to Prince Emidi's palace, I was tethered to a cushioned, low dais.

The contrast couldn't have been starker.

I would have given anything to return to my human form, but I knew that wasn't going to happen. Given two weeks to convalesce, I hoped that I had been rescued by a kinder, more considerate owner. The owner of the farm, Mr Kashif's sister, treated me kindly and fed me well. Tara and Ruby, two young, slim, attractive thralls who were in temporary Pony tack, deflected the lad's attention away from me, so I had a real holiday.

Two weeks in the sun with light duties was just what the doctor ordered. I pulled

a cart at the farm, during the day, but it was only ever loaded with light goods. As I lay tethered to the dais, in the back of the truck, I couldn't wait to get back on the racetrack and see if the spark I had, still burnt bright. My human persona – Emma – still existed, but it was a distant memory that rarely surfaced anymore.

When the truck finally stopped, the back door was lowered and I got my first glimpse of the brand new building which would be my new home, hopefully for the foreseeable future. Three lads, wearing white thobes, came up into the truck and walked along behind us.

A hand rested on my ass. "Frisky, my name is Saad. I'm going to be working closely with you during the season. The plan is to win the Champion's League, this year or next."

They were reassuring words from the lad, for I wanted to hear that my new owners were ambitious. I didn't want to find myself being discarded again. Knowing there was permanency, was a massive way to inspire myself to perform even better than I did before. The lad unfastened the straps pinning me to the dais and helped me to get my balance standing in the bent Pony-girl stance.

We had to wait while Tara and Ruby were steadied on their hoof/boots, then we followed them out of the vehicle and down the ramp. The clip-clop of our hooves on the concrete parking area resounded around the open space. It was mid to late afternoon and the sun's rays were still scorching hot. I would have been happy to stay out all day and let them beat down on my bare shoulders, ass and thighs, but I had no say.

Bizarrely, I felt a thrill in the pit of my stomach as we approached the new building. Gaining my freedom, after spending a year underground, had definitely given me a new lease of life. We moved into shade as we entered the huge shed

by the left-hand opening. The other two thralls were led away to the right where I could see the doors to a long line of stalls.

I was led to the nearest tack bench, a low, contoured slab of solid wood that meant I was lying almost in a horizontal position. As soon as I was settled. Saad reached under the bench for some tools then laid them beside me.

“I’m going to remove your old harness, Frisky, then after I’ve washed you, I’ll fit your new team harness. I’m also going to fit a new set of tack and boots.”

He seemed very confident and knowledgeable about Pony-girls as he went about his task. He had to release my arms from the side of sides of the corset. They were strapped at three points, so that my hands were close at the base of my spine. Once my arms were free, he released the cunt strap and withdrew the dildo that had been parked in my quim for the journey.

After cutting the wires that held the corset together, Saad lifted my torso and removed the corset. I had become so used to the supportive leather harness that I was uncomfortable without it. After removing my bridle and boots, Saad left me lying on the bench while he went to a faucet on the side wall and started filling a bucket with water.

A back operation meant I couldn’t lift myself off the bench, if I wanted to; and an operation on my throat had taken my voice, leaving me only able to grunt and groan. The muscles in my arms would no longer respond, so they hung down the side of the bench, limp and useless. However, my hands were strong from gripping handles positioned on the crossmembers to help pull whatever rig or load was behind me.

I was lying lengthways on the bench, facing down the shed, toward offices at the far end. There were three more benches, then about four more stalls. The three benches were occupied by three Pony-girls who had already had their harnesses fitted. The lad who was working on Noor (I spotted her tattoo on her lower back), had nearly finished fitting her tack. The dark blue leather harness looked magnificent, along with all the blue strapping on the bridle.

While Saad sponged down my back, ass and legs I luxuriated in having cold water wiped and splashing on my body. He thoroughly washed my ass, then used his fingers to clean my labia and a few inches within my quim. I was used to having fingers, dildos or cocks pushed into my vagina on a regular basis.

The other lad left Noor and came over. "So, this is the famous Frisky," the lad said.

"I knew she had raced before, but I didn't know she was famous."

"Yes, she was part of the Bazzi team in twenty-nineteen. Won a couple of races, I think." It was three, but I couldn't contribute to the conversation. "Let me give you a hand washing her front."

"Thanks, Wazir." While he lifted my upper body, Saad sponged down my front, paying particular attention to my breasts. "Her tits are larger than the other three," Saad pointed out.

Wazir reached out and gave one a squeeze. "Very firm though. The harness will stop them from bouncing too much."

Wazir pulled out a corset from under the bench and laid it on the shaped surface, then together the lads lowered me into position. The moment the wire laces began to tighten, I started to feel more comfortable. My backbone was permanently curved and the strong leather harness/corset ensured it stayed that way.

“I’ll position the rigs while you finish her off, Saad,” Wazir said in an authoritative tone which led me to believe that he was in charge. “I’ll call Mr Kashif and Talar over as soon as they are both tethered to their rigs.”

While Saad worked, he filled me in on a few things about the new Champion’s League season.

“I think the Master is hoping that you and Noor will be our main singles runners. I heard someone say that Yasin and Reza run well together. This year, each tie will be decided over six races. Four singles and two doubles. Three different fillies have to run in the singles and doubles, so one of you two will have to run a doubles race instead of a singles. There’s only going to be one point for the winners of each race. If the score is three all after six races, then there will be a time trial between the number one fillies.”

It sounded like a slimmed down format from the year I competed. The points system didn’t matter to me. I was a singles runner, so I hoped that they chose Noor to drop one singles and run one doubles. One of the other girls would have to run a singles race. However, if Noor was lightning-fast then I would have to run doubles.

By the time Wazir had secured Noor to the shafts of a singles rig, Saad had

finished fitting the last items on me – a brand new pair of black knee-length hoof/boots. One welcome change was the absence of a hood, something carried over from my two weeks on the farm.

I was ready to step out onto the track, but first, Saad had to tether me to the rig. Wazir helped him, so together they completed the task within a couple of minutes. Wazir left Saad to position us standing together while he fetched Mr. Kashif, who I knew and Talar who I had never heard of.

The two men approached, Mr. Kashif looking well-dressed in dark blue slacks and a light blue shirt, while Talar was wearing dark blue sports shorts and a light blue singlet. The latter was a huge muscular Arab who looked as though he was into bodybuilding. The pair approached and took a good look at us.

They walked around to look at our rear ends, pulled on the straps and examined our tits. Mr Kashif lifted one to examine the ledges on the harness that supported my breast. “Talar, Frisky needs another inch on the support.”

“I’ll speak to the saddlers, Master.”

Mr. Kashif then addressed us. “Frisky, Noor, I’m more than impressed. You both look like beautiful champion Pony-girls.” Hearing those words made me feel good so I puffed my tits out a little bit more. “For the first week you’re going to concentrate on singles races. Today though there will be no training or races. I want you two and the others to get to know your drivers, trainers and stable lads...” He paused to look past our rigs. Here come two of the drivers.”

It was Tara and Ruby. They had discarded their Pony tack and been given light

blue shimmering racing tunics. Both girls were slim and small breasted. Both were dark-haired and attractive. Both had relieved smiles on their faces.

They bowed politely. “We are your humble servants, Master.”

“Welcome to the team and your new home, Tara and Ruby.” Kashif said. “These two Pony-girls are waiting to be taken out for a trot. They are not to be raced or put under any stress. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” they said in unison.

“There’s a locker at the back of the rigs which contains three seats. A plain blue one for a man, a plain pink one for a thrall and a red one with an anal prong for racing. Fit the pink one, then climb into your rig. Your stable lads are here to help you. Remember, they are in charge and you must obey their orders. I’ll tell you now, they are wearing cock rings which makes it impossible for them to get hard during working hours. That’s seven till seven. If you or they commit any infractions during working hours, you will be severely punished.”

Mr. Kashif gave the two lads and drivers, who were standing together, the hard stare treatment.

They bowed. “We understand, Master.”

“Discipline is the friend of excellence. That is the moto of the Ruktoum Pony-girl team.”

He waved them away and then stood and watched with Talar while the lads fitted the correct seats. Once they were secured, the thralls climbing up into the rigs. Tara was so light I hardly noticed her weight. We went first, with Saad holding my bridle walking beside me. Beyond the concrete parking area was a gravel track that led down to the racecourse which was situated in a slight dip in the ground.

With the new grandstand, it was the most magnificent racecourse I had ever seen and I saw a few during the single season I raced. I felt butterflies in my stomach as Saad led me onto the track.

“Go Frisky, stretch your legs but take it easy,” he shouted.

I trotted off, conscious of the reins slightly tugging on the side of the bridle. The bit moved slightly in my mouth, but Tara didn't have to steer me while I followed the inside track around the first bend, then down the long back straight. I was loose by the time I reached the final bend and increased my speed to a fast jog. The main stand looked huge as I came out of the bend and headed for the finishing line.

The stand was empty, but I could imagine my name being shouted by the spectators. ‘Frisky, Frisky, Frisky, you’re going to win the race, Frisky!’ It was only a dream, but it was within my power to make it happen and that’s what I intended to do...

3.11 ~ Sadaf Ayad: Two.

Time seemed to stand still while we slaved away in the late afternoon sunshine. Hashir was prowling around watching the four of us shovelling soil onto the back of the low bedded truck. He swished the short cane in the air when Cassia paused to mop her brow but he didn't step forward and strike her leg. The poor girl's upper thighs and the lower slopes of her buttocks were covered with stripes of every colour and hue.

The cane that Hashir wielded was thin and whippy so stung us in the most annoying fashion possible. It reached the point when I considered punching him after he had whacked me when I was working hard. When the tip stung my labia, I screamed into the air, but thankfully, I held my temper. My reaction was the right one, for it made the lad think twice before he hit me again.

Hashir obviously loved inflicting pain and didn't let up on the younger ones, in particular, the young Omani, Cassia. Oddly, the brutal treatment brought her out of her shell. She saw how we were all suffering and became more animated.

I grew to admire her fighting spirit as she became stronger and more resilient over the three days, she was with us. Hard labour and adversity was helping her get over her disappointments, having worked in the palace for a year. She had been punished and discarded for one single mistake, which was an example of the brutal world thralls had to live in.

The 20 year-old Omani looked as though she belonged in the palace, for when she was clean, she was absolutely beautiful. However, with her black hair in a ponytail and her face covered in grime, she looked like the rest of us – tawdry and a mess!

I threw another shovelful of soil in the wagon and decided it was full, even though the other three were still shovelling earth onto the pile. “Hashir, it’s full,” I shouted.

He turned, having been watching Zoe bending over to push her shovel into the pile of earth. The youngster probably had the best figure of our team and the cutest bubble-like ass cheeks. Even I was distracted when she was working ahead of me.

Hashir came over to the wagon and shrugged. “Okay. Down shovels. Girls, get in line.”

It was a real pain to be chained together. None of us could escape while wearing hi-tech security collars unless there was an insider to help; and that was extremely unlikely. It was the end of the day and we were down to using one wagon.

Hashir went down the line connecting the eight-foot-long chains to our chain belts. I was at the back of the line and Zoe was at the front, so it was her chain that was padlocked to the back of the wagon. Hashir then jumped up into the driver’s seat and got the Pony-boy team underway.

It was a long haul for the pair of lads pulling a wagon laden with heavy soil. Earlier in the day, they would have trotted off without any problem, but we had all become weary. We stayed in line as the wagon descended a long incline into a dip in the landscape, then moved forward and helped push the wagon up the slight gradient until we reached the summit; then it was all downhill to where we were delivering the soil.

The back of the wagon had a tipping mechanism, so once we had manoeuvred the back into position, the soil was tipped onto the flowerbed where another team of thralls were levelling and planting shrubs. It was then just a case of following the empty wagon back to the compound and be released from our chains.

Knowing that I was about to be set free, my mood was improving as we filed past the security guard and his Puppy-boy. I spotted Soreen standing by the kitchen door with a glum look on her face. As soon as the gate was closed, she jogged over to help Hashir park the wagon and separate the Pony-boys from the shafts.

They ignored us until they had secured the lads on the two vacant resting benches in the compound. Thralls were lower on the pecking order than the Pony-boys which saddened me deeply. Once I was in charge of the grade one thralls, I resolved to go easier on them.

Soreen, holding the key, unlocked my chain first. "Master Shah wants you all sitting on the bench until someone comes to collect you from the stables," she announced to all of us. "There's been a change of plan."

"What's going on, Soreen?" Hashir asked.

She continued unlocking the chains while she replied. "Mr. Kashif and Master Shah had a fiery meeting."

"Were you listening at the door?" She pulled a cheeky grin and nodded. "What were they discussing?"

“Me! Mr. Kashif wants me at the stables and the Master eventually gave in to his request. They were arguing over me for about ten minutes.”

Her wide-eyed expression suggested she was exaggerating. “That’s great, Soreen,” I said.

She turned, came closer and glared at me. “Huh! You’re not going to like the deal my Master made with Mr. Kashif.”

Hashir pushed between us and looked down at the youngster. “Why, what happened?”

“They wanted me in exchange for her...” She pointed at Cassia. “...but Master Shah haggled. In the end, Mr. Kashif agreed to leave Ayad here until the refurbishment is complete. I’m a grad two and so is she!” She pointed at me.

“That could take weeks,” I blurted out.

Hashir rounded on me. “Shut your mouth, thrall. It sounds like a fucking good deal to me. The length of the refurbishment is none of your concern. We all work for the same royal Master and you will do as you’re told, or I will thrash you.”

I was enraged and forgot about the restraint around my neck. “Hashir, I want to talk to Talar. There’s summmm...” Zzzzzzzzzz. “Uhhhhhhhhhh,” I groaned and

dropped to my knees, while clawing at the collar.

My muscles froze for a few seconds, then started to spasm. I was vaguely aware of urine trickling down my thighs but the dull thumping shock that remained in my system wiped most other thoughts away.

“Uhhhhhhh,” I groaned loudly.

“You two, take her to a bench and wait there until someone comes to collect you,” I heard Hashir say. “Soreen will bring you each a plate of food while you’re waiting.”

Hariam helped me to my feet, then Cassia took my other arm and together we walked across the yard and sat down on the bench. I was kicking myself for recommending Soreen to Rukan. Why did I have to open my big mouth? I could have waited until I had settled in at the stables before saying anything.

I was as depressed as I had ever been and the other three knew not to say anything until I had gotten my shit together. Finally, I lifted my head and looked into Cassia’s huge brown eyes. “You’ll do fine in the stables, Cassia.”

Hariam was shaking her head. “It doesn’t make sense.”

“Soreen is a loose cannon,” Ziab said.

“She loves conflict,” Cassia added.

They were both right. Soreen had qualities that split opinion. She possessed undoubted beauty and bristled with character. I was in no doubt that the trainers and Kashif would give her a job that would make the most of her talents. That was no consolation to me though. I wondered what Rukan was going to make of the decision to leave me in the grounds department and whether she had any clout to change it.

Soreen and Hashir appeared, each carrying two dishes of food. They handed them out, then stood watching us eating the rice and chicken with our fingers. It was a bittersweet moment, for the food was delicious but the circumstances were deplorable.

We hadn’t quite finished when the security guard opened the gate. Nadia and Rukan had returned with a lad wearing a long white thawb. The other three, scooped what was left of their meals and then licked the plates clean.

“Hello, Rukan,” Hashir said, greeting the influential thrall. “Your four thralls are ready.” He signalled to three of them, whereupon they got to their feet and stood around me.

Hariam looked down at me and laid a hand on my shoulder. “It’ll only be a day or two.”

Ziab looked sad. “It won’t be long.”

Cassia leant down and kissed me on the forehead. “See you soon.”

They joined Soreen and the contingent from the stables. Rukan and Nadia didn’t know what to say to me so kept quiet, but Nadia was the last to give me a long sympathetic look. The seven figures turned and headed back toward the security gate, leaving me alone with Hashir.

“Ayad, put your plate down and kneel on the bench. You know the stance.”

I was gobsmacked. “What... Why?”

He raised the cane. “Fucking do as I say!”

I placed the plate on the bench beside me, stepped back over the bench and knelt on it. As soon as I had dropped forward to support my upper body with my arms, Hashir went behind me and unfastened the cunt strap from the back of my corset. A minute later, he had secured me to the bench so that I was trapped with my legs folded, my belly almost touching the bench and my naked ass and sex projecting back and totally exposed.

I looked over my shoulder to see his grinning face. He was studying my buttocks which were covered with dozens of red, purple and blue stripes. The freshest, from earlier in the day, still stung incessantly.

He came around to face me. “Ayad, I reported your insolence to Master Shah and he’s given me permission to give you six lashes parallel with your ass crack.

Two on each cheek and two down the centre. Then, I'll send the chauffeurs across, one at a time, to compensate them for missing out at lunch time. Finally, Master Shah said that you'll be taking Soreen's place in his bed. With your hands chained to the headboard, you won't be getting much sleep." He chuckled. "Welcome to the grounds department."

Having delivered his bad news, he moved forward to straddle my head, then raised his arm. Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt!

"Naaaaaaaaaaaaa!" I cried.

The fire that burst forth and raged across my nether region paled into insignificance to the utter feeling of anguish that racked my body, mind and soul. I had reached the very depths of misery. No matter how much I wailed and cried, I couldn't see a way out; or a flicker of light at the end of the tunnel.

I was bereft of hope and prayed for one chance, one piece of luck to present itself. If it didn't then I was lost – forever...

THE END of Part Three.

Sample of Part Four

4.1 ~ Nadia: One.

My trip to the palace had been an eventful one, but I didn't enjoy it. Wearing just my light blue tunic, a white thong and a gold shock collar, Rukan took me to meet the house manager, Sheik Faizan. He was one of five men who sat on Prince Emidi's inner cabinet. That committee consisted of the Prince himself, Sheik Faizan, Mr. Kashif, and two other anonymous individuals who dealt with the estate's financial and legal matters.

I thought I was going to get some training on how to behave in the Prince's company, but after Rukan left me with Sheik Faizan, he wanted to have sex with me. He then used me during an interview in which he was looking to hire a prospective agent. After the sheik allowed the interviewee to intimately examine me and the other three thralls, he waited to see what value the young man would put on our heads.

It was like being sold all over again for me and the other three naked thralls. Once the Sheik had offered the young man a contract, he dismissed the other three thralls and I once again found myself alone with the sheik.

I thought he wanted to fuck me again, but he had other ideas. After making me crawl on all fours, on the end of a leash, he took me to his apartment and introduced me to his pet Puppy-boy, Hadi. My role, briefly, was that of a fuck toy for Hadi. After he had mounted me, I was allowed to shower before Sheik Faizan escorted me back to the dressing room where I was able to change back into my light blue tunic.

The sheik then took me to the trainer's office to speak to Mr Kashif. After Talar had switched my collar off, I went to find Rukan, to let her know that I had returned.

I found the attractive thrall in the stables. She was standing by one of the tack benches. Two Pony-girls were having their tack changed from dowdy brown leather harnesses to brand new dark blue ones.

“You're late, Nadia. What kept you?”

“Sheik Faizan wanted to introduce me to his pet Puppy-boy.”

“So, did you enjoy being shafted by Hadi?”

“You've met him?”

“Sure. Probably every thrall in the palace has been mounted by him at one time or another. He wanders the corridors at night, so look out if you're on your own in the late hours.”

“Crikey, I'll watch out.” I pointed at the Pony-girls. “Where are Frisky and Noor?”

“On the track, already stretching their legs. There'll be no training or racing

today, just the team members getting to know each other. Talking of the team, we've got to go down to the grounds compound and fetch four of our squad."

"Did Master Shah agree to swap Cassia for Soreen?"

"No, he didn't. Soreen is a grade two thrall so he would only swap like for like. Mr. Kashif agreed to let the grounds manager have Sadaf for Soreen."

"What! She's one of our trainers. I can't believe Mr. Kashif agreed to that."

"We had a chat before he went to negotiate, and we decided the driver situation was the most important factor to get right. The assistant trainers are a luxury we can do without for a couple of days. As soon as Master Shah has found a young thrall, he'll be pleased to send Sadaf over to us, I'm sure."

"So, what's the plan with Soreen?" I asked.

"We'll fetch her back here. I want you to keep an eye on her, so I've had a larger bed put in your bedroom. We'll put her on the same diet as you and she can help with the generation of cunt cream. Get her showered and into a tunic, then bring her down to the track and we'll let her get her first taste of driving. At the end of the week, we'll assess her qualities and decide on her future."

"Couldn't we give her a stall so she could look after one of the Pony-girls?"

“Nadia, for now, I’m putting Tara with Frisky. Ruby with Noor. Ziab with Yasin and Cassia with Reza. One of those thralls will go over to the Pony-boy side and the other will be our reserve driver. I know Soreen. She’s a handful and an attention seeker. Training her will also be a test of your management. Delegate work to Soreen, she’s a grade two so has authority over the other four drivers.

“What about Sumi?”

“She’s on her dais and is resting. Prince Emidi wants the Pony-girls feeding on Sumi’s milk by the end of the week. Come on, I’ll grab Zahir and well go fetch the rest of the team.”

Zahir was one of the stable lads and was fitting Reza’s tack. Rukan pulled him off that job and we set off across the concrete parking area toward the grounds compound.

Rukan put her hand on my shoulder. “Nadia, I’m with you. I’m sorry that Sadaf won’t be joining us yet. I’m going to use all my influence to get her out of Master Shah’s dirty mitts as soon as possible.”

“Thanks, Rukan. That poor woman doesn’t deserve to spend many more days digging the flowerbeds.”

“Listen Nadia, we all may end up shovelling earth, so we need the best people to help us succeed. There’s something about Soreen that could make the difference. That’s why I supported the decision.”

“We haven’t got much time.”

“Befriend her. Make her happy to be with us. I’m sure that she’ll see things differently once she’s driven a rig on the racetrack.”

The guard opened the gate ahead of us, so I stayed well away from his Puppy-boy. The creature, sitting beside the guard, made my heart race and my temperature rise. The thralls were sitting on the bench eating while Soreen and a lad stood watching. As we neared, they scooped what was left of their meals with their fingers and then licked the plates clean.

“Hello, Rukan,” Hashir said. “Your four thralls are ready.” He signalled to them, whereupon they got to their feet.

Hariam looked down at Sadaf and laid a hand on her shoulder. “It’ll only be a day or two.”

Ziab looked sad. “It won’t be long.”

Cassia leant down and kissed her on the forehead. “See you soon.”

They, along with Soreen, joined us and together, we headed toward the stables. I took one long, last look over my shoulder at the sad figure of Sadaf, sitting with her head down, then joined the others and left the compound.

As we approached the stables, I moved in beside Soreen and looked her in the eye. “Soreen, you’re going to sleep with me for a few nights until you’ve settled in.”

“Oh, I was expecting one of the male trainers to claim me,” she said in a matter-of-fact tone.

“No, we’ve got to focus on building a team. You’re going to help me and you’re going to enjoy it.”

We started to wander away from the rest of the group who were heading for the tack benches and Pony-boy stalls. I pointed at the line of stalls. “This is the Pony-girl side. My room is at the end. I’m the squad leader so I’ve got a slightly bigger room.”

She looked over the doors as we passed the empty stalls, then followed me into my stall/room. Confronted with two daises, I had forgotten that Sumi was tethered to one.

“Oh, there’s room for two Pony-girls and who’s this?” She went over and stroked Sumi’s tattoo. “Sumi. Is she the fastest one of the team?”

I laughed. “No, she’s going to be our Dairy Pony. She’ll soon be supplying milk to the team.”

Soreen’s already huge eyes enlarged. “What about the drivers?”

“No. We don’t need milk.”

The young Jap was wearing a blue leather hood and full tack. As Soreen was talking, she moved around to face Sumi. I followed her but wasn’t quick enough to stop her from closing her lips on Sumi’s right nipple.

“Soreen, stop. She’s only just started her treatment.”

The cheeky youngster lifted her head and smacked her lips. “No milk yet, but she’s got nice suckable nipples. Do you like having yours sucked?”

I could see Masumi/Sumi’s mirthless eyes staring at me. She was going to have to come to terms with her new role and get used to being the centre of attention for a while, until the novelty of her role wore off.

I grabbed Soreen’s arm and led her into the bedroom. “I do like my nipples being sucked. Let’s have a shower together, then I’ll give you one of these.” I pulled the neckline of my light blue tunic.

Her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. I didn’t doubt that my nipples weren’t going to be the only thing she sucked before the day was out...

THE END of the Sample.

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

I hope you enjoyed this third part of 'Obey Him'.

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

Part Four will be published shortly.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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