

Obey Him

The
Penultimate
Part

4.

Amelia Stark



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Obey Him: Part Four

The Penultimate Part

Season Two of ‘The Prince’s Thrall’

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction to Part Four.

This is Part Four of 'Obey Him', 'The Prince's Thrall: Season Two'.

Prince Emidi is building a Pony-girl squad from scratch and has gathered the whole squad together at his newly build stable complex. Nadia and Rukan managed to add Soreen to the squad but at the expense of Sadaf Ayad who was originally chosen by Mr. Kashif to help train the Pony-girl team.

Nadia finally gets her chance to drive the Pony-girls to determine which ones will be the best singles runner. The Prince is watching when Noor decides to run a fast lap. Everyone is taken by surprise, including Nadia, who is then chastised in front of the squad for losing control.

Hiba Handel, a solicitor handling the Prince's building contract, is blackmailed by Sheik Husni into wearing a hidden camera when she visits the palace on business. Unfortunately for Hiba, the camera is discovered. The Prince is furious and demands that the solicitor accept a cruel punishment or be prosecuted.

The solicitor has no option but to accept the punishment and experience the life of a thrall for three days. Have Sheik Husni and The Prince picked on the wrong woman and if so, how will she be able to get her revenge on both of the powerful billionaires?

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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4.1 ~ Nadia Kateb: 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...

4.2 ~ Hiba Handal: One.

As we neared the Prince's palace I started to get cold feet. I hated arrangements being changed but when someone like Sheik Faizan's secretary called, I had no option but to drop everything and hot foot it to the palace. It was lucky that I wasn't with a client and it was convenient that my office is only five miles from the palace. Shula explained that the contract paperwork was ready early and that I was to meet the sheik at the Palace at 5:30.

Jena and I changed at the office into sombre long dresses and Hijabs then set off. Jena wore a combination of light and dark mauve while I had chosen blues which I knew was the Prince's favourite colour. I didn't expect to meet his royal highness, but I had to be prepared for that eventuality.

"Do you think this will take long, Miss?" Jena asked as we approached the palace.

I shook my head slowly. "There's no way of telling with people like Sheik Faizan and Prince Emidi. You will think that they are two of the handsomest men on the planet, but in reality they are cold, cruel individuals who like to watch thralls suffer. I attended a meeting one evening to discuss the issuing of building regulations pertaining to the contract. There were six men, plus me, seated in a circle, on cushions and it took an hour before we got down to business."

"What happened?"

"The Prince had two naked thralls wrestle each for three gruelling rounds. The poor girls were battered and bruised by the end of the bout. They were beautiful girls and superb athletes. I enjoyed it to a point but not when they began to

suffer.”

“What was it like to be on your own with so many men?”

“Well, the Prince surprised me. From a few things and hints he said during the meeting, my father must have confided in him that I am a lesbian. He was gracious and made sure the others toned down their misogynist speech. Despite his sadistic nature, he treated me well, which is why I hate doing the dirty on him.”

“You could leave the necklace in the car and tell Sheik Husni that you didn’t go to see the facilities.”

“That won’t fly. Husni knows that the Prince will be dying to show the stables and training centre to his guests and maybe other parties who will be present. If I thought there was any danger of him discovering the camera...” I gripped the diamond pendant. “...I would chicken out and face Salim’s wrath.”

When the vehicle pulled up at the security gate, the driver took over the car’s controls and waited for the gate to open. A guard with a machine gun slung over his shoulder came out of the hut and studied the IDs the driver handed to him.

We got the all-clear and were waved through a second barrier. I had butterflies in my stomach instead of the thrill I should have been feeling at the completion of a deal I had helped negotiate. I tried to steer clear of controversy so that my firm could thrive and my influence on the VLD committee would stay strong.

There was no doubt that I was between a rock and a hard place. Salim threatened both of those ambitions, but if I could take some stupid video of the Ruktoum stables and get him off my back for a while, the risk was worth it.

The driver parked at the front, near the main entrance, then came around to open my door. The driver waited until I had collected my briefcase before returning to the driver's seat. A young male servant dressed in a white thobe, and a thrall dressed in a shimmering gold tunic were standing on the front steps to greet us.

The pair bowed the moment Jena and I climbed the first step. "My name is Abdul," The young man said. "Please follow us."

We climbed the steps and entered the vestibule through an arched opening that could be closed off with two massive wooden doors. I saw Jena look around in wonderment as we passed through another arched opening and approached the security barriers. The two guards were more passive than those on the gate. They were only wearing sidearms on their utility belts.

There were two x-ray barriers to walk through. When I passed through the one on my side, a buzzer sounded for a moment. My heart skipped a beat when the guard held out his hand to stop me.

He slid a grey tray toward me. "Please place anything metal you are wearing in here and place your briefcase beside the tray, Ma'am."

They were using a similar technique to the way airport security dealt with travellers. I placed the briefcase on the platform, beside the tray, and opened it, then took my watch, ring and bracelet off. The guard was going to send me back

through the metal detectors, so I had to take the necklace off and place it with the other items.

The guard examined the exterior of the case. He then looked in the pockets and lifted the papers and contracts. He placed my mobile phone in the tray, then having satisfied the case was clean he looked at the contents of the tray.

“Is that everything, Ma’am.” I nodded. “Please walk through the scanner again.” I complied by backing up, then walked forward. The alarm stayed silent. I reached out for my valuables, but he withdrew the tray. “We’ll put these items in a safe place until you leave, Ma’am.”

My brain froze. “Um, the necklace is valuable,” I blurted out.

He frowned. “Ma’am, the items will be safe in the security office.”

“Oh, okay...” I probably looked shocked because I felt awful having to leave the necklace behind.

Abdul and the thrall were waiting for us. “This way, Ma’am.”

“Do security normally keep visitor’s valuables, Abdul?” I asked as we set off along the corridor.

“At the moment, yes, Ma’am. We have a new security system on trial and some metal items have been tripping it.”

“Every thrall has a metal collar and some have cuffs and chain belts. Don’t they trip the alarm?”

“Ma’am, the system had a problem with collars to begin with but that has now been fixed. Hopefully, we’ll be back to normal in a couple of days.”

I cursed my luck at having to give the neckless up, but as the seconds ticked by, I began to feel relief that I wasn’t abusing the Prince’s trust. I could relax a little more and get on with the job I was being paid to do.

The lad led me into the Sheik Faizan secretary’s office. “Hello Shula, Is your Master in?”

“Hello, Miss Handal. Sheik Farzan will be about five minutes.” She studied Jena who stood quietly by my side. “Am I to assume that you’ve brought a thrall with you, Ma’am?”

“Yes, her name is Jena.”

“Afra will take the thrall to the changing room and return with her in the correct attire.”

I nodded. “Of course.”

The pair of thralls left the room, closely followed by the lad. I sat down on the end chair of a row of six and placed my briefcase on my lap. Shula got on with her work while I mulled over the latest twist in Sheik Husni’s attempt to use me as a spy. It was a pathetic game that he and Prince Emidi were playing. I was unlucky to be caught up in the middle of it.

I had been seated about five minutes when Sheik Faizan and Mr. Kashif strolled into the office together. They were without doubt two of the most devious and duplicitous men I knew, but I had to show my respect, so I stood, then lifted my hands and bowed. Kashif was wearing dark blue slacks and a light blue shirt, while the sheik had donned a white thawb and a red check Keffieh headdress.

“Sheik, Mr. Kashif...”

“Hiba, thanks for coming at such short notice. Prince Emidi has had to change his schedule. After tonight, he won’t be available for two days.”

“I was available and ready to come, Sir.”

“Good to see you, Hiba,” Kashif said with a smile. I knew he didn’t like me, but I suspected he appreciated my legal mind.

“I am honoured to be involved with his highness’s legal matters.”

“Come, let’s go in and get comfortable,” the sheik said.

I was just about to join the men when Afra returned with Jena. Both men stopped to see what was happening. The thralls bowed. “Master, I’m returning this thrall to her Mistress.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you own a thrall, Hiba,” the sheik said rubbing the short black hairs on his chin while he cast his eyes over my precious companion.

“It’s one of the perks I get with my VLD committee position, Sir.” I glanced at Kashif who knew about my privileges. His interested expression worried me.

“I like the look of her. What’s her name?” the sheik asked.

“Jena, Sir. She’s been with me a year and been granted a probationary licence.”

“Excellent. Both of you...” He signalled to the thralls. “Come and join us.”

Both girls, dressed in shimmering gold tunics, fell in beside me as we followed the men into the Sheik’s lavishly furnished office. The centrepiece, from near where we entered, to his desk, was a huge Persian rug. There were four cushions already set out in an arc facing the main pile of cushions, probably, I thought, from an earlier meeting.

“Afra, arrange six of the larger cushions around the low table.” He pointed to the corner where they were piled. “Jena will help you with the table.”

They rushed over to the corner and as they bent to pick up cushions, all three of us studied their cute posteriors. Both were covered with stripes, but Afra’s was more severely bruised. Both displayed thrusting, plump labia, the lips of which were tightly squeezed together. I noted that each of Afra’s convex lips bore a bright red stripe, more evidence of a recent thrashing.

“I see you believe in discipline, Hiba,” Kashif said in a jovial tone.

“Of course, Sir. I might be a defender of women’s marriage rights, but I have no quibbles with the thrall system since the reforms were introduced last year.”

A new registration system came into effect so that thralls were properly registered and valued before new owners could buy them. Regulation will be the saviour of our culture, my father once said. There were still many illegal sales and auctions in north Africa, but it was getting more difficult for men like Sheik Husni to cheat the system.

“Well, so long as it’s not the thin end of the wedge.”

While we were talking, the thralls had carried the heavy three-foot square cushions into position, one at each end and two along each side of the long narrow table.

“Hiba, you can sit beside Mr. Kashif and opposite Sheik Kashah. We’re going to need you to perform witness protocols on all the signatures.”

“Of course, Sir.”

I folded my legs gracefully and sat on the cushion, side-saddle and left my case standing next to the cushion. Kashif sat beside me, as did Sheik Fiazan, at the end of the table.

Like good thralls, Afra stood beside the sheik and Jena stood between me and Kashif. The hems of their shimmering, diaphanous tunics just hid their peeping pudendal clefts and covered the swell of their buttocks, but the moment they moved or bent forward, they revealed all their girlish charms.

“Afra, organize the brandy and cigarettes.” The more the thralls were on the move, the more the men enjoyed their company.

While we chatted for about ten minutes, Sheik Faizan appeared to become restless. Jena was doing her best to impress the sheik and Mr. Kashif. When pouring their drinks she put her knees against the table, leant forward and lifted her stunning peach in the air. I wouldn’t have brought her if Husni hadn’t suggested it. I didn’t like the way the men studied her body.

She had just left our side to fetch some napkins when the door opened. It was the Prince. He was accompanied by the director of the building contractor, Sheik Rahan and his head accountant, Sheik Moeen. Both were older men in their

fifties, while the Prince was young and in his late twenties. He looked regal in his black and gold open over robe. Behind them walked three thralls/concubines all dressed in shimmering tunics, one pink, one white and one baby blue.

We got to our feet and bowed politely. “No, sit and make yourselves comfortable,” Prince Emidi said. “We’re going to deal with the paperwork first. Then we can relax.”

So started an intense discussion on the quality of the works. I had already prepared a reparations contract for the builder to sign. It included fixing a list of items that didn’t meet with Mr. Kashif’s expectations. He had happily taken on the responsibility of finding all the snags and then emailed the details to me.

We were discussing a building contract worth tens of millions of dollars, so it wasn’t unusual to put builders under pressure before paying them most of his money. The discussions went well, and we finally arrived at a figure that the Prince’s estate would hold back until the final completion date. With all the contracts signed and copies of the paperwork tucked away in my briefcase, I expected the Prince to order the thralls to pour the drinks for a toast.

Instead, he reached in his pocket. He then held his fist over the table and dropped the gold and diamond neckless, Sheik Husni had given me, onto the table. I could hear my heart thumping in my chest in the sudden silence. Most of the men stared at the beautiful piece of jewellery, except the Prince who was staring directly at me...

4.3 ~ Hiba Handal: Two.

The game was up, but what should I say? “Your Highness, I can explain...”

“Explain what?” Kashif asked, picking up the neckless. He turned the diamond pendant over in his hand then looked at it more closely.

“Javid, it’s a state-of-the-art camera and transmitting device,” the prince explained.

“What’s Hiba got to do with this necklace, your highness?”

I was utterly flabbergasted and in deep shock. My mind had turned to mush and I couldn’t think of a rational thought or thing to say.

“Hiba was wearing this when she arrived but had to give it up at security. If the system was working properly, she would at this very moment be transmitting a video stream live to whoever put her up to it. I have a brilliant head of security who’s suspicious of his own mother. He was admiring it when he spotted the tell-tale signs of a transmitter.”

“We’re not exactly doing top secret work here, are we?” Sheik Faizan said. He turned to me. “Why risk your business and reputation to do a stupid thing like this?”

I put my hands up to my face and tried to put together a coherent answer. “Your

Highness, gentlemen, my business was the reason I wore the neckless. Sheik Husni...”

Prince Emidi put his hand up. “Salim put you up to this?”

“Yes, your highness. He owns the new office block where my company rents a floor.”

The Prince frowned. “Are you saying he threatened you with eviction?”

“What reason did he give you for spying on Prince Emidi?” Javid Kashif asked before I could answer.

“He wanted to see the interior of the new stables and fitness centre, your highness.”

“Huh! I showed him around the facilities last week!” he exclaimed.

Salim had lied about the camera’s ability to transmit and lied about not having seen the facilities. Like a naive fool I had swallowed his story, hook line and sinker.

“Your highness, I can only apologize for being so stupid. I was in fear of being evicted from the building, having just spent six months settling in.”

Kashif turned the necklace over in his hand. “We know what he told you, but we don’t know his real motive.”

“What do you think, Javid?” the Prince asked.

“Well, he may have wanted to test our security system. He might have been planning to send Hiba in again to try and get some more sensitive information.”

“I know Salim and I think that’s unlikely,” the Prince said slowly.

“He may have been training Hiba for a more daring spying mission during her next VLD sitting.”

“That’s much more likely. Anything else you can think of?”

He may be trying to discredit Hiba, expecting us to catch her.” He finished by putting the necklace down.

“We will probably never know the motive...,” the Prince said. “...but we do know that Hiba was prepared to spy on me, instead of coming to me and explained the situation. I could have easily sorted it out one way or another and I think you know that, Hiba. In the worst scenario you could have moved premises to avoid him having any influence over you. There has to be more, or you are the stupidest lawyer in Dubai.”

I took a deep breath. “There is more, your royal highness. It’s personal. Should we discuss it in private?”

“No, your spying mission involved everyone here. Tell us the real reason you did such a foolish thing.”

“Sheik Husni has CCTV of me doing depraved acts in y flat and if I were to go to court...” I turned to look up into Jena’s tearful face. “...Jena would lose her privileges and likely be returned to the assimilation training camp.”

The anger that gripped my senses saved me from bursting into tears. Salim had used and abused me in the most devious manner possible. After the shameful episode was all over, I would have nothing more to do with the man. If I had to move premises I would; and if I had to face indecency charges I would fight Husni to my last breath. It was a pity I hadn’t come to that decision earlier.

Everyone waited for the Prince’s response. “So, the thrall is more important than your business?” he finally asked.

“Yes, your highness.”

“Some would say that you have your priorities all wrong, but I value loyalty over greed. I will talk to Salim Husni and strike a peace deal on your behalf and continue to do business with your firm, provided you’re prepared to accept a suitable punishment.”

I bowed my head. “Your highness, I will comply with whatever punishment you think is warranted.”

“Mr. Kashif was complaining to me earlier that he is a thrall short in the stables, on the Pony-boy side. I couldn’t weaken the ground staff, so I had to leave one of the thralls there until more become available. You will fill that vacancy.”

I was aghast. “Your highness, I have a law firm to run and besides I’m a thirty-eight-year-old woman.”

“Hiba, if you want to clear the slate, you will accept the punishment. I’m away Tuesday and Wednesday and will return on Thursday morning. That will be the length of your punishment. Your thrall will have to return home and ring your office in the morning to explain you’re taking a holiday for health reasons. Can you handle that, Jena?” He looked up at her.

“Yes, I can, your highness,” Jena responded.

“But... but what do you want me to do?” I blurted out incoherently, due to my bemused state. “I’m not a thrall...”

“Hiba, I can register you if you like. That means a lot of paperwork and tattoos, or you can wear the collar and restraints and get on with your work until Thursday morning. However, you can always depart with your thrall and lose the friendship of my estate. I assume that you will also make an enemy of the Husni estate.”

The first option was the only course of action that gave me a chance of saving Jena and myself from an ignominious fall from grace. “Your Highness, I will wear the collar and restraints. Then, I will work as hard as I can to mitigate my incredibly stupid mistake until you return.”

Javid Kashif stood up. “I will deal with Hiba, your highness. I will return once I have put her to work.”

I stood up beside Jena and together we bowed.

“Excellent, thank you, Javid. Afra will assist you. Jena can stay, then later, after our meeting is adjourned, Abdul and Afra will escort her back to her Mistress’s car.

Instant justice had been passed down on me and I had no choice but to accept my fate. I followed Kashif and Afra out of the office and along the corridor to the thrall’s dressing room. All the outfits on the racks were made from gauze fabrics, like tulle and organza. Most were short tunics like the one that Jena changed into. Some were pantaloons and crop top sets. They were all designed to showcase a thrall’s beautiful body.

I wore a tunic when Husni’s wife, Ismah, talked me into driving a Pony-girl rig. That was the start of the awful chain of events that would haunt me for the rest of my life.

Kashif didn’t say anything until we were inside the cluttered room. He spotted

the young thrall searching the rails. “Afra, the stable girl’s tunics are at the end of the far rail.”

“May I shower first, Mr. Kashif?” I asked.

“No. You will get a shower after you’ve finished work tonight.”

I had to remove my clothes in the full gaze of Mr. Kashif, a man I despised intensely. The fact that he was able to stand and watch until I was naked, then don the tunic, right in front of him, rubbed salt into the wounds.

Kashif couldn’t miss the marks on my ass where Jena had lashed me six times with a cane a few days earlier. There were also faint bruises from the session before. We played BDSM games together and the pain helped the intensity of the final climax.

Once the embarrassing episode was over, Kashif dismissed Afra and led me through an antechamber into an office which was unoccupied. There was an excellent view of the stables through the blinds covering the windows. Bar a couple of lads, the stables looked deserted.

“Hiba, this is Rukan’s office. She is a third-grade thrall and a statistician. She closely watches and examines all the thralls in the Ruktoum stables, you included. His highness has given Rukan extraordinary responsibilities and authority for a thrall, something I doubt you’ve ever come across.”

“She must be an extraordinary young woman.”

“She is. This way.”

The door opened directly into the main shed. It was the first time I had seen it in its completed state. I should have been accompanying Prince Emidi around it, but my fuck-up had put paid to that. Instead, I was following a man I loathed towards the huge double entrances at the far end.

We were walking along the side that had been fitted with a long line of Pony-girl stalls. I had examined the plans of the building, so I knew the layout like the back of my hand. Kashif pointed to a gap between the rigs rowed up through the centre of the building, so I followed him across to the other side. The four shiny solid oak tack benches were my worst nightmare because I was fully aware of their purpose.

“This one will do.” He turned and looked toward the offices. “Harith!” Two lads dressed in white thobes, were standing at one of four stalls on our side of the stables. One turned and immediately started walking toward us. Kashif waited until he arrived.

The lad bowed and then cast his eye over me. “Yes, Master?”

“We’ve got this thrall until Thursday morning. I’m adding her to the boy team. I’m hoping that we’ll get Sadaf Ayad back on that day and she can take her place. Fit a full training kit and put her to work. After Beta has checked your handiwork, the first job is to fetch two Pony-boys from the grounds compound and bring them back here. I want them tethered to a twin-seat training rig. Take

them out onto the parking area and tether them to a rail. Then repeat that with the second pair.”

“Yes, Master.”

Weirdly, I hoped he was staying. His presence might have made the lad behave himself. With him gone, I was just another thrall.

“Take your tunic off, girl, and put your hands behind your head so I can judge your size.”

I lifted it off and adopted the stance he requested. He reached out and grasped my left tit. “Heh, you don’t need to do that.”

Harith didn’t let go. “Thrall, don’t gob off at me or I’ll put two lashes on your slate.” I buttoned my lip while he gave it a squeeze. “How old are you?”

Thankfully the building was almost deserted so there was no one to witness a lad half my age squeezing my breast. “Aren’t you supposed to be estimating my size?”

He glared at me. “Don’t avoid the question. Age?”

“Thirty-eight, if you must know.”

“Not bad for thirty-eight. Not bad at all. I can see why you haven’t been sold to a brothel yet.” He ran his hand down to my stomach and tried to grab some flesh. It was softer than the rest of my body but flat. “Had many kids?”

“No.” When I didn’t elaborate, he lost interest in grilling me.

“I think you’re a ten.” He reached under the bench and found a corset the size he was looking for. He unwrapped it and unrolled it onto the bench. “You know the drill.”

“I don’t actually, but I can guess.”

Harith waited for me to lie down on a bench that was contoured into the shape of a Pony-girl’s body. It wouldn’t be long before I was collared and suited. Virtually silenced and restrained I would be at the mercy of every horny male in the stables.

4.4 ~ Hiba Handal: Three.

Thankfully, the corset he chose was similar to ones I had worn many times before. The big difference was the way the corset was fastened. It was a boned one piece and was fastened at the back with wire laces. It took the lad a couple of minutes to take up the slack and tighten the wire strands before joining them with a small soldering tool.

Then, unexpectedly Harith reached down one side and pulled the end of a strap out, ready to cross the back of my waist. It was obviously on a reel, under automatic tension, for when he fastened it on the other side, the strap tightened until it firmly pinned me to the bench.

“That’s very tight, Master,” I pointed out politely.

Harith slapped my ass. “Stop complaining, girl. No one likes a mouthy thrall.” He knelt down beside me and guided my right wrist into a cuff fastened to the side of the bench, then went round to the other side and repeated the task with my other wrist. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

He left me strapped to the bench in a terribly exposed state. Thankfully, the shed was virtually deserted so there was no one to spot my naked ass. I could see some activity in the office at the end but that turned out to be Harith fetching some items he needed to prepare me for work.

On his return journey he stopped to talk to another lad in one of the doorways. He then joined Harith, presumably to check me out. “What do you think, Salah?” Harith asked when they arrived.

The new lad went behind me and squeezed both of my cheeks. I bit my tongue while he slid his hands down and thumbed my labia apart. “Sticky as fuck,” Salah said. “I hear these old thralls shag like bitches on heat, That’s why they make the best whores. You wait and see when we ride this veteran bitch later.”

“Lads’ please get on with it.”

“Disrespect. That’s two strokes,”

Harith, who was facing me, lifted his thawb to show me he was erect. “I’m in charge of the stable lads and thralls. That includes the drivers. I have the authority to screw you in yours or my accommodation, at any time.” He grabbed his cock and steered his knob to my lips. “Kiss it, then suck it, so you know the flavour of your Master.”

“Haaaauuuugh...” I tried to complain but got a mouthful of dick.

“Do you want me to add more strokes?” he asked when I didn’t move my lips or tongue.

Knowing that I couldn’t avoid responding in a positive manner, I made a fist of sucking and licking his knob. The disgust and revulsion I felt was my punishment for being so stupid.

Finally, he withdrew and dropped his thawb, then clicked his fingers. “Sala, show the thrall your dick.”

The young man duly obliged by lifting his thawb. A wide, shiny stainless-steel cock restraint at the base of his cock gleamed in the bright sunlight which was streaming in through the huge open doors.

“The other lad’s restraints are on timers. They have to wait until after seven to shaft you.” When the lad dropped his thawb Harith gave the signal. “Come on, Salah, let’s get her collar sorted and shut the bitch up.”

The gold collar and its controller were packed in a box. The lad seemed to know what he was doing as he prepared to fit the device. It came with a special key that Harith used once he had closed the hinged collar and adjusted the catch at the back until it was snug on my neck.

He handed the set of keys and a tag to Salah. “Take those to Beta and tell him to arm the collar. The code is on the tag.”

“Like logging onto the internet,” the lad muttered, then hurried away.

The next box contained a dark blue leather hood. “No, Harith, surely that’s not necessary?” I pleaded.

“Hiba, shut up. All the thralls on the Pony-boy side have to wear hoods.”

I had meekly let him strap my body to the bench and secure my hands to the

sides. I was in no position to do or say anything that would make him stop. He unzipped the hood and showed it to me.

“It zips at the back so I’m going to pull it onto your face from the front.” The lad was clumsy, possibly because the hood was an odd design, but he eventually managed to squeeze the supple leather hood over my face and tuck my hair into the sides while he pulled them together. Then, finally, he pulled the zip all the way down to my neck.

I didn’t mind having my head hooded in a BDSM game but doing it in public was awful. The only upside was that I could maintain my anonymity, which considering my profession, was a bonus.

Salah returned and handed the controller to Harith. “All done.”

Harith showed me the controller as he pushed the button. “From now on, you can speak five seconds in any sixty. I’m going to test it, so part your legs and Salah will pull the bucket drawer out to catch your piss.”

“No, wait, please don’t...”

Sala was already behind me. Slap! “Part your thighs, thrall.”

He forced me to comply by pushing his hand between my thighs and pulling the six-inch-wide plastic drawer out. Zzzzzzzzzzz!

“Uhhhhhhh,” I groaned when a dull bomb exploded in my neck and spread like a wildfire down my back.

The aftershock raced through my body, dulling my senses and scrambled my thoughts. My muscles froze during the initial shockwave, then went into a frenzy.

I lost control but I sussed out what was happening beyond my tortured body. The lads waited for my piss to stop, then released the belt and my wrists. They swiftly turned me over onto my back, slipped a chain around my waist and padlocked it at the front. I then realized that there were cuffs at the side of the chain belt, which they fastened to my wrists, disabling my hands once again.

After hauling me to the front of the bench, they lifted my legs and pushed my knees down onto my chest. With my calves and feet pointing upward, they pulled out a different strap which crossed the back of my thighs, pinning my legs in the folded position and me to the bench. My senses gradually cleared, but I wish they hadn't when I realized what the lads had done to me while I was incapacitated.

Harith placed his fingers on my plump labia which stood proud from the back of my thighs. When he started strumming it from side to side, my vast experience told me that he couldn't have known it was one of my favourite methods of masturbating.

“Salah, fetch the cunt strap and dildo.” He looked down at his busy fingers. “She should be nice and juicy by now...”

He took the dildo and held it up. I instantly noticed the tell-tale contact nodules along its length. “This is a cracker-plug dildo and is essentially a timing device. One of the trainers may give you a time limit on a task. The plug reminds you that the time is nearing the end. If you haven’t finished in the allotted time, it will punish you.”

He prodded the realistically shaped domed end against my succulent entrance, then drove the dildo in with some force. “Uhhh,” I moaned soulfully. My miserable enforced ‘holiday’ was getting off to a brutal beginning.

“Oh yes, this mother thrall is going to be a sweet fuck, Salah...”

The other lad was nodding eagerly. They were acting as though I was the only thrall on the Pony-boy side of the stables. I hadn’t seen another one, so I was beginning to get worried. Once Harith had eased it back and forth a couple of times, he withdrew it and prodded it against my pucker. The tight ring of muscle didn’t stand a chance of resisting the slimy, bulbous intruder and almost immediately capitulated.

“Ata girl,” he muttered while once again applying force and impaling me with the silicone cock.

I noticed it had timing controls on the end and a finger pull to help get a grip of it when it had to be removed. The final item was the cunt strap, a restraint I had often seen thralls wearing at the assimilation training camps. Never in a million years did I imagine that I would one day be wearing one.

Harith fed the end of the strap through the ring on the end of the dildo, then fastened it to the back of the corset by pushing the catch into a locking clip. He then fastened the twin ends of the 'Y' to the front of the corset. The three pieces of leather joined over my pudendal dimple. There was a wider, perforated section behind it which covered my clitoral flesh and nub. The back catch allowed for adjustment, I soon discovered, when Harith pulled and tightened it until there was no slack.

“See how the cunt strap makes these an easier target, Hiba?” he said after strumming my plump lips again. He looked up. “Sala, go get Beta to check our work.”

The lad hurried off to the far end of the shed while Harith occupied himself with packing up the empty boxes. A couple of minutes later, Salah returned with a muscular man mountain. He was taller and wider than both lads. He was huge and he was imposing. He was the type of man I most disliked.

“So, this is Hiba,” he said when he arrived by my side. He pointed at my ass. “As you can see lads, this thrall has escaped any serious punishment so knows very little about discipline. Before we send her out to work, she needs a reminder of her position in the pecking order. What should I use, Harith? Tawse or cane?”

“The Tawse, Master. The effects last longer.”

“I agree. Salah fetch a tawse off the rack,” Beta ordered.

I lay in stunned silence while the trainer checked the lad's handywork. He pulled on the gold collar and then tried to slide a finger under the cunt strap, without

success.

“Excellent, lads. There’s nothing like training on the job.” He took the tawse from Salah and slapped it down into the palm of his hand. “Stand back. Six with the tawse is enough to make the entire area buzz for a few hours. Stand back.” Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt!

“Waaaaaaaaaaa!” An anguished cry rolled up from the bottom of my lungs.

BDSM games at home were pat-a-cake compared to the thrashing Beta dished out to me. His aim was unerring. He came in low with the first stroke which landed on the upper slopes of my ass. The second was slightly higher so the splatter effect on my taut cheeks overlapped. The next four were higher until the final blow landed across the back of my thighs and labia.

I was already in a frenzy by the time the final blow landed. Tears rolled down my face and misery racked my body. I had never experienced pain like the fire that raged across my posterior. My screams morphed into long moans as I tried to deal with the pain.

I judged that I was a masochist, but I couldn’t cope with the intense pain the tawse caused. The brute of a man had used enough force to ensure my ass would be smarting for days, long after I returned to the office.

When my eyes were able to focus, I saw that Beta and his younger cohorts were standing, staring down at my glowing red swath of butt flesh,

Terrific aim, Master,” Salah said.

“She’ll remember that for a while, Master,” Harith added.

He laid the tawse onto the mark of the final blow. “Remember that this is a thrall’s Achille’s heel. Keeping it raw ensures total obedience.”

“We will remember, Master.”

“I understand Mr. Kashif has explained what you need to do with the Pony-boys?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I’ll send Hariam down to join you, then the four of you can get on with it.”

Beta handed the tawse back to Salah and marched off in the direction of the office.

Harith grinned at me. “That’s it.” he released the strap pinning my thighs and body, then after I lowered my legs, he helped me to sit up. He then unbuckled the cuffs, freeing my hands. I was relieved when Salah handed me the tunic. He waited until I put it on, then fed the leather cuffs through slots in the side of the tunic.

Hariam, who was dressed and restrained in an identical manner to me arrived, then the four of us set off for the grounds compound. The young woman who had a grim expression on her face softened when she came closer to me. Being in the company of another thrall, who I was going to work with during the next two and a half days, eased my anger, but only a fraction...

4.5 ~ Nadia Kateb: Two.

As showers go, it was one of the most enjoyable I had ever had. I let Soreen wash my body with a bar of soap and her hands. She massaged every part of my body, including delving into my quim with her soapy fingers. It was a deliciously erotic experience and lifted my spirits after my difficult journey to the Ruktoum Pony-girl stables earlier in the day.

My hopes and ambitions had been snatched away by Prince Emidi and been replaced with a unique challenge – mould a Pony-girl team to one day win the Champion's league.

Lively thinkers like Soreen could provide the spark the team was going to need in the months ahead, or she could be a disaster and fuck the whole thing up. The young Saudi was rough around the edges, but she had been taught how to look after a mistress and showed me some of her skills.

“Now, you do me,” the youngster said, handing the bar of soap to me.

“Not now, Soreen. Quickly clean your body and dry it. I'll dry myself.” The girl was disappointed, but she did as she was told.

Ten minutes later, we emerged from our stall into the main building. Dressed in identical, shimmering light blue training tunics and gold collars, we were a similar height, 5'5". Soreen though was slimmer and maybe a stone lighter than me. I tied her short black hair into bunches, but I couldn't do anything with mine because it was only an inch long.

“Come on, Soreen, I’ve got to show you to Talar.”

We had just set off for the main office when I spotted Beta striding toward the office from the tack benches. I quickened our pace and we made it to the door before he did. We bowed and waited for his reaction to our appearance.

“Well Nadia, I think you’d better take this thrall into see Talar and introduce her.”

He pushed the door open and hurried us inside with a wave of his arm. Talar was sitting behind his desk and immediately stopped what he was doing. Beta put his hands in our backs and pushed us toward Talar’s desk.

We bowed. “Master, this is Soreen, the thrall transferred from the grounds department,” I explained.

He picked up a file from the desk. “I know who she is, god damn it.” He glared at Soreen. “This file reads like a horror story.” He glared at the youngster. “Three owners in a year before the Ruktoum estate purchased you at auction. Then, after six months, Sheik Faizan hands you over to Abdul Shah in the grounds department, forty-eight hours ago. Now, Rukan brings you to the stables. What’s the problem, Soreen? Why does everyone want to get rid of you?”

She kept a straight face. “They don’t, Master. Everyone wants me. I listened at the door when Sheik Faizan came to the pavilion to discuss me with Master Shah. He didn’t want to let me go, but Master Shah agreed to let him have his best thrall in exchange for me.”

“You listened at the door?!” he exclaimed.

“Master, I like to know what’s going on.”

I stood amazed at the youngster’s brazen attitude when faced with her new Masters. “Well, there will be none of that kind of behaviour here. You step out of line once and you’ll lose your grade two status. Nadia is also a grade two, but she is your superior. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master. I want to please all of you and show what I am capable of.” She reached down and lifted the hem of the tunic, then gathered it until it was bunched above her small, firm tits. “Before we came in here, Nadia suggested that we should ride your wonderful manhood to give you a treat on this special day for the Ruktoum stables. We have prepared our holes especially for you.”

Talar glanced at Beta who was standing by the window, then at me. “Nadia, is this true?”

I was gobsmacked yet again. “Um, yes, Master. We want to get the show off on the right foot.”

“All right but make it quick.”

Soreen, who had already lifted her tunic, whisked it off and was halfway around

Talar's desk before I had moved. The muscular ex-soldier pushed his chair back in readiness to receive the eager thrall, while Beta moved forward, pushed his shorts down and leant his ass against the desk.

"Nadia, I prefer you to ride mine with your feet on the desk. Tunic off first."

I lifted it off and approached him. I had to show as much willing as Soreen, otherwise she was going to upstage me.

I closed my hand around his solid shaft. "Master, I think this is ready to impale me." I gave it a squeeze.

"Too true, Nadia." He placed his hands under my armpits and lifted me.

He hoisted me in the air as though I was made of polystyrene. My tits brushed up his chest while my belly rubbed up the length of his boner. By the time his crown found my shallow cleft, I had my sneakers on the edge of the desk and my hands behind his stout neck. With his hands free he was able to guide his knob to its succulent target.

Soreen had done an excellent job of priming my quim with oodles of soap lather, so as I lowered my ass, I wasn't surprised when my quim easily devoured the first three or four inches of his stout shaft, then my progress slowed.

"I had forgotten that you've been trimmed and tightened, Nadia."

“Master, I hope my body pleases you,” I replied, then lifted my ass and hammered it down with more force. It was enough to gain an inch, then another, until finally my quim was gobbling the entire length of his 10” shaft. “Wow, that feels amazing...” Without thinking, I was voicing genuine thoughts which appeared to please him.

His hands grabbed my ass cheeks and accompanied my peach as I slammed it down time and time again onto his rock-solid prong. The speed of my thrusts and the deep burrowing sensation quickly triggered my orgasm. It wasn’t long before the very same causations brought Beta to completion. His grip on my buttocks increased as he ejaculated copious amounts of Jiz deep inside me.

At the next desk, Soreen had just finished and was lying against Talar’s body. I could see from his expression that her performance had pleased him. That didn’t stop him from slapping her ass. “Off, Soreen, and get to work.”

She pushed herself off him and picked up her tunic. Meanwhile, Beta was lowering me to the ground.

Talar got to his feet and pulled his shorts up, then pointed out of the window. “It looks like Harith and Salah have finished tethering the Pony-boys to the two-seater training rigs. Have you ever driven rigs, Soreen?”

We were back together standing with our hands behind our back, looking like a pair of sweet pulchritudinous thralls. “Yes, Master,” Soreen replied.

“Good. I want you two to drive the rigs down to the course and take the hooded thralls with you. Rukan will take it from there. I’m going to tether Sumi to a rig and take her down to the track. Once we are all there, I’ll address the squad. Then, Prince Emidi is going to take a look at the squad before he goes away for a couple of days. Mr. Kashif said their meeting should be finished within an hour.”

“The Prince is coming to see us?” Soreen asked as though the man was a god or had superpowers.

I was surprised by the sudden announcement, but I was no longer starstruck like Soreen appeared to be.

“He is,” Talar confirmed. He pointed at me. “That’s why I want you to go and change into a dress-tunic and panties. Nadia, I need you and Rukan to look the part when he shows up.” He picked up a small cardboard box from his desk and handed it to me. “Rukan left this for you.”

It contained a wig and a tube of lip gloss. We bowed and returned to my room where we douched before I changed my tunic and donned the panties. We didn’t have a dressing table but the mirror behind the basin sufficed. After I donned the wig and glossed my lips. I turned to face Soreen.

Her eyes sparkled with glee. “Nadia if I was the Prince, I would make you my princess. You don’t need diamonds or pearls cos you’re beautiful.”

My moral was boosted by her comment, then I remembered she was full of bullshit. “Yer, right. Come on.”

We found Harith and Salah out on the parking lot. They were standing side by side, watching the thralls polish the chariot's light alloy framework. Two of the larger rigs were standing side by side and both were ready to go, bar having the seats fitted.

One thrall, Hariam, had her name tattooed on her back and the other hadn't. In fact, she didn't have any tattoos, not even her registration numbers on her upper arms. The poor woman, for she looked older than the normal thralls, displayed the aftermath of a thorough thrashing. Her ass cheeks were a dark maroon hue as though the blows had just been administered.

"What's the story on this thrall, Harith?" I asked pointing at the nameless thrall.

I was introduced to Harith earlier. He wasn't a particularly aggressive lad, but he was outspoken. "Nadia, you might look high and mighty in your flash tunic but it's Sir when you address me. You know we have the same status and I'm a male."

I folded my arms and lifted my tits. "Sorry, Sir. Please answer my question."

"Master Beta didn't say. Her name is Hiba and we've got to treat her like the others. Why are you and Rukan wearing dress tunics this evening?"

"The Prince is going to visit the racetrack to inspect the squad," Soreen blurted out.

“Yes, that’s true,” I added hastily. “You had better go and get your orders from Talar. You both look scruffy. Please fit pink thrall seats in each chariot. Soreen will take Hariam and I’ll take Hiba.”

“Watch how you throw the orders around, thrall!” he said with more than a trace of irritation in his voice; but he walked away to do as I requested.

The lads organized the seats for us, then stood beside the Pony-boys while we climbed into the rigs. It was difficult to tell Hiba’s mood because of the leather hood, but her sad eyes gave me a clue to her mental state. Harith, with his eyes glued to the apex of my thighs and the narrow gusset of the panties, tapped the small cup-like footrests. I lifted my feet into them and watched him wrap a strip of Velcro over my sneakers.

He patted my bare thigh. With the footrests two feet apart, they were spread wide. “Nadia, you won’t be wearing panties next time.” He slid his hand higher and stroked the swell caused by my plump sex.

“Unfortunately for you, you’re not on the Pony-girl side so I’m out of bounds to you and Salah. Besides Rukan would frown upon such moronic behaviour. We’ve got to concentrate on training a winning team.”

He came closer. “You might be thinking about racing pony-girls, but every male in these stables is thinking about boning your cute twat.”

I removed his hand. “My leg and pussy are out of bounds, Sir. Give me the

reins.”

He handed them to me without comment. When the Pony-boys responded to encouragement through the reins and pulled away, I didn’t doubt that Harith would try again...

4.6 ~ Nadia Kateb: Three.

The Pony-boys pulling the rig I was driving were bought for general haulage work around the Ruktoum estate, not for racing. Both lads were young, muscular and fit, but not lithe and athletic. They could probably run as fast as the Pony-girls, but could they keep a pace up for any length of time? I wondered.

The sun was going down and near the horizon as the time approached six o'clock. Not being a native of the Middle East, I was grateful for a drop in the temperature. I missed the unpredictability of the English weather and its temperate climate.

It was the first time I had driven Pony-boys and was surprised to find they were disciplined and had synchronized footwork. Of course, my eyes kept wandering to the lad's huge nads which swayed back and forth between their thighs, as they jogged along the gravel track.

The stainless-steel cock ring at the base of their cocks was the controlling factor that kept the lads focused on doing their work. It passed through my mind that they were going to need to rut later. I guessed that my companion was probably having the same thoughts.

I turned to her and found that she was quietly studying me. "Hiba, are you being punished by Mr. Kashif and the Prince?"

"Yes, I am Nadia."

She spoke well and sounded highly educated. “Unfortunately, I’ve no authority over the lads so I can’t stop them from making your life a misery. Be tough though because your nightmare will end on Thursday.”

“What about you, Nadia?”

“This isn’t my world, Hiba. I should be in England now, enjoying a rainy day or maybe watching snow drift down out of a grey sky. The same men who are punishing you, targeted me, then framed me for crimes I didn’t commit. I am a victim of Prince Emidi’s ambition to have a champion Pony-girl team. He wants me to be the face of his team and here I am. He achieved his ambition. I will try my best to succeed because I love a challenge, but my heart will always be in England.”

I didn’t know why I was telling a complete, hooded stranger about the woes that had befallen me, but I felt better getting it off my chest.

“Nadia, you are truly a beautiful person-uggggggh...”

She leant forward to absorb the shock her collar had just delivered. I got the impression she took the punishment in order to tell me what she thought, because she said it slowly and with feeling.

We were approaching the racetrack which was buzzing with activity. The gravel track we were on ran parallel with the racetrack in front of the main stand. When we arrived at a gap in the rail, I steered the team onto the compacted sandy

surface.

Rukan, resplendent in her shimmering light blue tunic, spotted me and waved her crop in the air. She was standing level with the start line, just off the track. “Nadia, stop,” she called out.

I pulled the pair to a halt, on the line, in the outside lane and Soreen parked her team behind me. I jumped down, smoothed my tunic out and gave Rukan a smile. I looked around and counted four Pony-girls pulling singles rigs around the track.

“It looks like we have everyone here, Miss.”

She studied my appearance and my body through the diaphanous material. “You look the part, Nadia. The Prince is going to be impressed.

I tugged a few strands of hair. “Thanks for the wig and lip-gloss.” She was wearing a similar shade to me.

“We’ve got to look our best for his highness. You never know what’s on his mind.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, nothing...”

Her attention was drawn to two approaching teams. Ahead was Reza, pulling Ruby’s rig. They trotted by on the inside lane, followed closely by Yasin pulling Ziab’s rig.

Rukan pointed at Noor as she approached. “My expertise is stats and not fitness, but that filly looks like a natural born runner.”

Soreen moved closer, beside me, to watch Noor trot by. It was true, the new filly had a fluidity that was lacking in the first two that passed. Her languid strides looked effortless and there was a confidence about her poise and attitude. She also had the perfect physique, with her strong thighs, slim waist and taut, modest tits pointing the way forward.

“I met Noor in Kiashakan. She is a tryer and will give her all. I won’t be surprised if she proves to be our fastest filly.”

I was desperate to talk to Noor for I hadn’t seen her since I left the assimilation training camp. We had a brief friendship in prison which helped me to cope with my sudden fall from grace. Soreen reminded me of Noor’s bubbly and bold character which was one of the reasons I supported her transfer from the grounds department.

“The stats will tell you what you need to know. Now, tell me what you think of Frisky.”

She too had a graceful style, but it wasn't as fluid as Noor's. "She may not be as elegant, but she's stronger and more experienced. Look at the muscles in her thighs. I think we should keep Tara and Frisky together if we want to get the best out of her."

"That's your decision, Nadia. I will analyse every practice race with the latest software..." She pointed up at the CCTV cameras that were positioned around the course on top of tall stanchions. "...and provide you and the trainers with information that will help you make training and tactical decisions."

"Is your contribution unique to the Ruktoum team or are other teams using computer analysis as well?" Soreen asked.

"Good question," I said.

"Mr. Kashif would kill to know if that was the case." She turned to Soreen and pointed to a delivery rig that had been loaded with goods. Hamza and Saad were unpacking boxes and filling drinks bottles. "Soreen, take Hariam and Hiba over to the food wagon and help the lads organize the feed for the ponies. I know that was one of your responsibilities in the grounds department"

"Yes, Miss," she replied. "Will I get a chance to drive a Pony-girl this evening?"

Rukan pulled a serious expression. "Yes, later, after the Prince has visited us. In the meanwhile, I want to see more maturity from you. For now, I'm putting you in charge of two thralls and it's your responsibility to make sure the animals are well fed."

“Thank you, Miss.” Soreen bowed, then went to organize the hooded thralls. Rukan looked concerned.

“She’ll be fine, Miss...”

The statistician put her arm around me. “Nadia, I’ll keep an eye on her but I’m not going to be around all the time. The Prince and Mr. Kashif have other uses of my time.”

“So, you’re not exclusively in the stables squad.”

She shook her head. “I’ll be working in the office and will be available most of the time, but I’ll be working on other matters. My focus for the next couple of days will be to help you. By the time the Prince returns on Thursday, you should be well set.”

“Where do we start?”

“I want you to drive all four ponies and tell me what you think. I especially want to know which one of Yasin and Reza will make the best third singles runner. We’re extremely lucky to find two girls who have clicked for the doubles, but that third single choice is the trickiest decision of all. We have to make an early decision and get it right. Tomorrow, we’ll make an early start. Practice in the morning and racing in the afternoon. The trainers and I need to know by the end of tomorrow evening your decision.

“Won’t Talar or you be helping me with that?”

“No, the Prince has put the onus on you. It’s going to be tough, Nadia. You’ll have my analysis to help you and Talar’s advice; but you’re the one holding the reins.”

“Will you be having a drive, Rukan?”

She pulled a face. “Huh, I loathe smelly animals, so no. I won’t be sitting behind one of those creatures while they sweat their way around the course.”

“Oh, okay. Shall we flag Cassia down. I’d like to start with Noor.”

“Okay.” Rukan waited for the Pony and rig to approach, then waved it down.

I walked onto the track and looked up at Cassia. “Go and get a drink for yourself and Noor.” I pointed over toward the food wagon.

“Yes, Miss,” she responded, then jumped down and jogged away. I was impressed with her attitude, but she was the bottom name on my first attempt at producing a driver list.

I moved around to face Noor. The fillies were hood free for the evening, so I was able to see her vibrantly healthy face. Her mouth was pulled out of shape by the bit, but it hardly diminished her cute features. Even the leather straps of the bridle over her forehead and down the sides of her face didn't detract from her beauty.

"Hi, Noor. Are you feeling good?"

"Urrrrr," she replied and nodded her head. Her eyes sparkled with excitement. I thought she was pleased to see me.

My eyes dropped to her firm, half-hard tits, one of her best features and an asset because they wouldn't impact on her running. "Cassia is getting you a drink, then I'm going to drive you for a lap or two. Are you up for some more exercise?" I stroked her cheek gently

"Urrrrr," she nodded again eagerly.

She seemed happy with her new persona which was vital if she was to perform at the highest level. I settled in the shaped seat, and despite it being a stretch, fastened my own feet into the cups. I had to wait a few minutes while Noor drank her energy drink.

Before she finished, Hamza, who had just arrived, came over to chat. He was the head assistant and had clout. "Nadia, I was surprised to see Soreen in the squad."

“Have you two clashed, or otherwise, in the past?”

“You could say that. She’s a cat with nine lives. So many of her mistakes have been overlooked by our Masters. She was saying that she’s sleeping with you.”

“That’s right. I’m going to keep an eye on her for a few days.”

“Mmmm. How does three in a bed sound to you?”

He was a good-looking guy, but I didn’t want to encourage him. “Hamza, we’re going to be back on the track early in the morning, so no fooling around tonight, besides, aren’t you looking after the Pony-boys?”

He put his hand on my thigh, like Harith had. “I’m covering both sides of the stables and I don’t fool around. I fuck around and as soon as we get together inside, you and I are going to have a management meeting and Soreen can join in.”

“Let’s see what Rukan has to say about you disrupting our sleep.”

“Nadia, I’m the one who’s going to keep the other wolves at bay. Don’t make an enemy of me.”

“Hamza, we’ll chat later, Noor has finished her drink. I must go.”

He gave my thigh a squeeze, then let go. “Rukan respects the chain of command so I wouldn’t bother her, nor Master Talar. The stables are no different to the household or grounds departments.”

I flicked the reins and gave him a wave as Noor pulled away. He wasn’t best pleased, but I thought he would cut me some slack at such an early stage of the stables’ development...

4.7 ~ Nadia Kateb: Four.

Watching the teenage filly stretching her legs, soon consigned Hamza's comments to the back of my mind. After all the hurdles and hoops, I was finally driving a Pony-girl. We had the track to ourselves, but I wasn't keen to push Noor until the time was right.

Noor kept her pace steady around the first, long bend. I had to squirm a little on the seat as my labia spread slightly on the ridge positioned to divide the driver's lips. The satin panties weren't a help either on the slippery surface. On the racing seats there were metal strips so that drivers could be zapped by the computer monitoring the race. Thankfully, I didn't have to worry about them for the time being.

"Are you comfortable, Noor," I shouted out.

"Urrrrr!" she replied then nodded her head.

There was a single dial on the dashboard – a speedometer. We were travelling at about six miles per hour, Noor was going to have to average nearer twelve miles per hour in a real race and run the laps in less than 100 seconds to compete at the highest level.

Noor maintained her speed along the back straight and around the long final bend. I was trying to decide which filly to drive next when Noor caught me by surprise. The moment we entered the finishing straight, she started to increase her speed. Up ahead, a group had gathered by the finishing line and were watching us approach.

Talar had arrived and was still sitting in the seat of a rig pulled my Sumi. It was stationary off the track, on the gravel road. Beta and Rukan were standing together while the four lads and drivers were Feeding the three pony-girls who were parked in a line behind the Pony-boy rigs. Soreen, who was standing by the food wagon was also watching us approach.

“Noor, take it easy!” I cried at the eager runner.

The inside lane was clear as Noor continued to increase the length of her stride. Talar jumped down from his rig on the track side and started waving his arms. I saw him glance at his watch as we approached.

“Urrrrrrrr!” Noor cried, as she crossed the start line, flying past the fitness instructor who looked nonplussed.

Talar’s reaction could have been interpreted either way. I couldn’t believe how quickly things had gotten out of hand. I had no whip and the satin panties meant I didn’t have a grip of the seat. However, with my feet strapped into the footrests, high on the front rail, I managed to maintain some control.

The time trial was on and Noor was more than up for it. She had the perfect running start, so it made sense to have a go. Noor, had a smooth running style. She wasn’t carrying any excess weight in her cute ass or upper body. She was sleek and powerful. Once she reached maximum effort, I noticed she had adjusted her running stance by leaning a little further forward against the curved ends of the shafts hooked over her shoulders.

I noted that her arms weren’t quite extended as she gripped the upright handles

on the crossmember joining the shafts. That would be the first adjustment needed once the lap was over.

I shook the reins. “Very impressive, Noor. Next time I’ll have a crop,” I shouted.

“Urrrrr!” she retorted as her hooves pounded on the track while eating up the yards down the back straight.

Her pace was twice as fast as it was on the first lap – 12 mph. Even though the rig was constructed from light alloy tubes, it had four stout tyres on the 12” wheels and me in the driver’s seat. So, she was having to work hard to maintain the pace.

I shook the reins to urge her on as we entered the final bend. “Go, Noor, you’re going to set a fast time for the others to chase. Go, go goooooo.”

She maintained her speed throughout the bend and into the final straight, but with about 50 metres to go, I noticed she began to tire. If I had been holding a crop, I would have given her some encouragement which would have provided the teenager with the oomph she needed. Her cute, bubble-like ass cheeks were begging to be thrashed and they would be when the serious training began.

Movement high in the stand, in the centre, larger box, caught my eye. It was the Prince standing and watching us. Kashif stood on his right and Sheik Faizan on his left. I returned my attention to the track in time to see Talar raise his arm as we passed him.

“That will do, Noor. Warm down with a slow jog,” I shouted while pulling on the reins

Thankfully, she obeyed my order and slowly jogged the rest of the way around the track. As soon as we came out of the final bend, I saw that Talar was gathering everyone together, off the track. So, there was no one to meet us when I pulled Noor to a stop. I jumped down and walked over to see what was happening.

“Drivers,” Talar shouted, position your Pony and rigs on the start line, then stand by your Filly. Leave room for Sumi. Soreen, you position Sumi at the end of the line.”

Five minutes later the line of five Pony-girls was formed. The lads stood behind the drivers while Rukan and I joined Beta and Talar, facing the rest of the squad. The young statistician, curiously, was carrying a short cane, possibly to advertise her superiority over me and the other thralls.

Talar held his arms out. “This is an important occasion,” he began. “You are all part of a special, rare event. I’m referring to the birth of a new Pony-girl team. There hasn’t been one for ten years. We are going to break the mould when we take to the track and start winning matches. First though, we’ve got to get the fillies fit in the coming days. The matches, for the first time, are going to include a time trial, if required, just like we witnessed Noor complete. Beta, explain the match format to the team.”

The muscular fitness instructor stepped forward. “All right. Each match will be between two teams and is made up of four singles and two doubles. One singles race must be run by a third filly. The two doubles match-ups must include three fillies. If the score is three a piece, then there will be a time trial for an additional

point. All I know about the first fixture is that we will be at home a week on Saturday.”

Talar took over. “Thank you, Beta. Apart from telling you that there is a buffet dinner being laid out for you in the stables at this very moment, I want to remind you of the chain of command. Beta and I are your Masters, but you go to Rukan first. If she isn’t around, then speak to Nadia or Hamza. They have equal authority in the stables. On the Pony-boy side, Harith is in charge. Finally, Rukan has the last word.”

Standing beside me, the statistician lifted the cane. “We’ve only been up and running for an hour or two and there has already been an infraction.” Everyone looked at each other. “I forbade racing tonight and Nadia decided to drive Noor against the clock.”

“I... I didn’t...” I saw the guilty expression on Noor’s face and fell silent. I couldn’t blame her, so I had to take it on the chin.

“Nadia, you did. So, I will administer four strokes now. Step forward, push your panties down and touch your toes. I want you side-on to the ponies and your posterior level with Noor, so she witnesses what happens when her driver breaks the rules.”

What better way to show that no one is excluded from being punished? Thankfully, it was the cane and not the tawse. I had seen the damage that the leather strap left behind, so I wanted to avoid it at all costs...

4.8 ~ Nadia Kateb: Five.

I stepped forward and turned 90 degrees. My heart missed a beat when I saw the prince, Mr. Kashif and Sheik Faizan approaching. I pushed my panties down as I bent forward, facing them.

“No, Nadia, turn around. Our Masters will want to see all the action.

“Rukan!” Mr. Kashif shouted from about 20 feet away. “What’s going on?”

Luckily, I had just straightened, so was able to bow with the others, still with my panties around my knees. I decided to stand still until Rukan had answered Mr. Kashif’s question.

“Master, as you observed, Nadia drove a full circuit with Noor simulating a time trial, after being told not to push the fillies this evening.”

Mr. Kashif stepped forward and took the cane out of Rukan’s hand. “I believe the circumstances are unusual this afternoon. Nadia clearly wanted to impress his royal highness, which she duly did. Noor has just shown us what she is capable of; and as Prince Emidi is leaving on a trip tonight, he was pleased to have witnessed the lap while sitting in the stand. As to the punishment, I think it’s important to impress upon the squad that no one is above being chastised. Therefore, you and Nadia will each receive three strokes.” He handed the cane back to Rukan. “Proceed.”

Rukan’s face didn’t display any anger or surprise. She was obviously hardened to receiving her fair share of punishments. “I understand, Master. Your wish is

my command.”

Kashif retreated to where the Prince and Sheik Faizan were standing, leaving an area clear for the swinging cane. Talar and Beta joined the trio, which meant I had an audience of five after I turned and bent forward. The line of Pony-girls, Drivers and stable lads were on my right, so Rukan, on my left, wasn't blocking their view as she raised the cane.

Resting my hands on my knees, I squeezed my eyes shut and gritted my teeth. Switt! Switt” Switt!

“Uhhhhh!” I groaned as three lines of white-hot fire sliced across the centre of my taut ass flesh.

I couldn't stop the tears, but I managed to stand still until Rukan lowered the cane and held it with two hands like a soldier offering a sword to a colleague. As I stood up, I drew the panties up until they were back in place. I took the cane and stood back to give Rukan space to bend over in the same spot as I had.

Like me, she pushed her panties down and offered up her beautiful rear end for thrashing. I rested the thin ratan cane on her cheeks, then glanced around the faces of the squad. I saw hungry expressions on the stable lad's faces and pensive looks from the drivers. Rukan had delivered her blows across the meat of my ass, so I decided to reciprocate.

I lifted the cane and delivered the blows with the same force I used earlier on Afra in Sheik Faizan's office. Switt! Switt! Switt!

Rukan stifled a cry and remained stock still with her thighs clamped together and her ass in the air. I turned to see if my efforts met with my Master's approval and got the nod from Mr. Kashif. Rukan pulled her panties up, turned and whispered, 'bow', which we did together. I noticed that the trio were chatting together. The Prince signalled to us with his forefinger, so we walked forward and stopped in front of the five men.

"Nadia, Sheik Faizan has informed me that you showed him some of your wrestling skills earlier and defeated Afra. I've decided that you and Rukan will provide some of the entertainment for this evening. You two will join the wrestling contest in front of my guests. Mr. Kashif will give you your timetable for the evening."

Of all the things I imagined he might say, asking me to wrestle wasn't one of them. Rukan bowed and I followed. The Prince's visit was over and we were left to stare at his retreating figure, alongside Sheik Faizan.

I cursed under my breath. I should have lost the bout and taken the blows, but my competitive spirit came to the fore. Hindsight was a wonderful thing, I mused.

Mr. Kashif joined us. "Nadia, wrestling comes a close second behind his highness's passion for Pony-girl racing, so he'll expect a competitive performance from both of you. You will remain here at the track until seven, then you'll have half hour to eat with the squad before you report to Rukan in her office at seven forty-five. Rukan has other matters to deal with but will be recording this evening's session."

“Thank you, Master,” I responded. “I’ll organize some light work for the fillies and make sure that every driver gets a drive of each one, so we can compare notes while we’re eating our food.”

“Excellent. I’ll get the lads to take the Pony-boys back to the stables, so you’ll be in charge until seven.”

After being caned for purely motivational reasons, it was a huge relief to see the fitness trainers and Mr. Kashif leave the racetrack just ahead of the lads and the Pony-boys, hauling the rigs. Mr. Kashif was using a carrot and stick technique to get the best out of the team. If it all went tits-up, then those tactics would be thrown out of the window and I would be replaced without hesitation.

I brought the group together and explained what I planned to do. I managed to give every driver a chance to drive each filly for two laps before Harith came down to the circuit to call us in.

I walked back to the stables with the lad, behind the procession of rigs. “Harith, have you left some food for us?” I asked to make conversation.

“We haven’t been allowed to touch it, Nadia. There’s plenty for everyone. I saw you talking to the Prince. What did he say to you?”

“I’ve got to go to the palace with Rukan after we’ve eaten. We’re going to be part of the entertainment at the Prince’s party,” I said in a desultory tone.

“You don’t sound very happy,” Harith said.

“You wouldn’t be if you were me.”

“Oh, did he give you any details?”

“Um, he said he wanted us to compete in a three-round wrestling contest.”

“You and Rukan? I’d love to see that.”

“Huh, if we have to fight each other she’ll probably murder me. Wrestling isn’t something I’ve ever tried before.”

Harith grabbed my arm and stopped me. “Did you tell him you’ve never wrestled?”

“Unfortunately, Sheik Faizan made Afra and me wrestle when I visited his office earlier today and by a fluke move, I managed to throw her onto her back.”

“Ahhhhh. “He looked at me thoughtfully. “I haven’t seen Rukan wrestle. She’s more of a swot than a physical fighter. She’ll be nowhere as good as Afra.”

“There’s more to Rukan than you think.”

“You don’t need to tell me that. Prince Emidi has a thing for her and no one is allowed to boss her around. That’s why all the lads were surprised when he made you thrash her sweet little ass. Come, we’ll have a quick bite, then we’ll have a meeting before you go to the palace.” We set off again.

“Harith, I have to be in Rukan’s office at seven forty-five.”

“That gives me half an hour to show you some moves.”

I argued for a few minutes, then we had to help with the Pony-girls and rigs. Once we had returned the fillies to their stalls, we went to the food table and tucked in. The cold buffet included sliced beef, chicken, lamb and salmon. I certainly hadn’t been treated to such a lavish meal since I fell afoul of the law; and I doubted if the others had either.

The girls were on one side of the table and the lads on the other. Tara, in particular, looked overawed by the food. I suspected it was a one-off and we would have to wait a while for another treat.

Soreen came and stood beside me while I filled my plate. “What’s going on, Nadia?”

“With you? Nothing...” She followed me to the nearest tack bench and sat beside me on the solid wooden surface. Unfortunately, Hamza, also carrying a plate of food, wasn’t far behind. “What did the Prince say?” the impish girl asked.

I waited for Hamza to arrive so I could tell them both what was happening, but I wasn't sure what to say. He stood and stared at me. "Nadia, when you've finished your food, I want a word with you."

"Hamza, I'm having a squad meeting with Harith as soon as I've finished."

Soreen laughed and pointed a plastic fork in Hamza's direction. "He beat you to it!"

That angered him. "Shut up, Soreen. Even better, fuck off!"

"Nadia is the boss of the girl's side," she said and didn't move.

I put my hand up. "Stop! I've got to go into the palace at seven forty-five with Rukan, so I need to have a meeting with Harith to work out the schedule while I'm away. I want to talk to Soreen too, so please leave us alone this evening."

He glanced around and spotted Harith watching us like a hawk. He then turned his attention back to me. "Nadia, I'll see you later, when you get back." To hide his frustration, he turned and took his food to the next bench where Tara and Cassia were sitting.

Soreen elbowed me. "You put him in his place..."

“I don’t want conflict, Soreen. This is supposed to be a fun evening.”

“When you’re gone, Hamza will choose one of the other girls or me, but Harith is going to be the winner.”

“Winner, what are you talking about?”

“Those two will have placed a bet on who screws you first after the meal.” She filled her mouth with a spoon full of food and opened her eyes wide to signal her enjoyment.

“Can the lads wrestle?” I asked.

“Our Masters don’t pit them against each other like they do the thralls. Why do you ask?”

“Mmm, eat-up. I have an idea.”

Soreen was like a cat. She wanted to know everything that was happening, but I wanted to keep her guessing. As soon as we had devoured our food, I led her back to the table to speak to Harith, who was chatting to Salah. He broke away as we approached.

“Are you ready?”

“Soreen is coming too,” I announced.

“Um, we haven’t got much time...”

I was already on my way, heading toward the offices. Soreen was like a leach when she wanted to know something. “Are we both going to fuck him?” she asked.

“Not if I can help it...”

“What’s that, Nadia? Harith asked.”

He came alongside me as we cut across the centre of the shed, between the parked rigs. Interestingly, I could see the fitness instructors, Mr. Kashif and two other Arab men having their own party in the main office, probably drinking alcoholic drinks. Beta was standing at the window watching us.

“I said, I need your help.”

“I need your help as well, Nadia. The cock ring has triggered my libido.”

We entered the stall attached to my room where I stopped and grabbed hold of Soreen. I turned to the lad. “We have ten minutes for you to show me some wrestling moves. Then, you can fuck Soreen.”

Soreen pulled her arm free. “Huh, I’ll show you the moves, Nadia. This knucklehead wouldn’t know the difference between a double leg takedown and a sweep single.”

“Soreen, Nadia doesn’t need to know the fucking names of the moves...”

I had to break them up. “You can both help me. Harith, get the covers off the bed while we undress. I’ve got ten minutes and then I’ve got to go.”

There was a space about six feet wide and fifteen feet long behind the Daises. We were naked when Harith emerged with a ball of blankets. We spread them out on the ceramic tiles and stood facing each other with our ‘coach’ standing between the daises. Soreen with her short dark hair and slim frame looked lithe and aggressive after adopting a low squatting pose.

After the day I had suffered, I would have been happy to grab her and take her to bed, rather than practice wrestling holds.

“Copy my stance, Nadia,” Soreen said. She crouched, bending her knees as she went lower. “Keep your ass low and your elbows in so your opponent has less to grab hold of. Prince Emidi has his own rulebook when it comes to his idea of wrestling, but the basic rules are easy to remember. There’s no kicking, biting, punching, or pulling hair. You fight with your arms and upper body.”

“Nadia, try and throw Soreen onto the floor,” Harith Suggested.

Crouching, we attacked each other and tried to get a grip of anything we could. I immediately discovered that her small hands were incredibly strong. She managed to get a grip on my right forearm and became the aggressor. I was heavier though and stopped her from throwing me off balance. However, I didn't expect her to suddenly release my left hand, then drop her hand to my calf. Once she had a grip, she yanked my leg in the air and I was on my way down.

I considered myself to be surefooted, but she easily took me down and pounced on top of me. I used my strength to grip her body and roll us onto our sides, but I couldn't turn her over. We became a tangle of legs and arms as we searched for a better, stronger hold on each other.

After we had struggled for a minute, Harith called a halt. “Stop. Nadia, you've practiced the standard start, now Soreen will show you the top and bottom start. That's when the referee stops the fight, then chooses which one starts on the bottom. Soreen, you get into position.”

The impish youngster got onto all fours. “Crouch down, Nadia, and grab her around the waist, from behind,” Harith said. “When the ref re-starts the fight, try and turn her over. If you pin her shoulder blades to the mat for a second, you'll get a point.

I had just gotten into position and started to wrestle again, when Harith intervened by stepping to the side of us. I only realized that he had removed his thawb when I glanced around.

“Wha... what are you doing?”

He grabbed my body and pushed me forward, above Soreen’s back. “Try and get a better grip. Push her forward. You’ll be in a circular ring and if you can push her out, you’ll get a point. You’re heavier... Try and get off your knees...”

Harith straddled Soreen’s squirming legs behind me, then gripped my hips and lifted me to my knees. My ass came up and pushed against his solid cock which nestled in my ass crack for a few seconds. That was the moment when I accepted the inevitable consequences of letting him show me his wrestling moves. Under me, Soreen twisted over onto her back to see what was happening.

“Harith, please wait until later,” I pleaded.

“She’s got to go soon,” Soreen exclaimed beneath me.

Harith hooked his left arm beneath my belly and steered his knob to my defenceless entrance. “This won’t take long. It’s the first fuck after regeneration so my balls are bursting.”

“Ahhhh,” I sighed when he penetrated me forcefully.

“My god, Nadia. You are tight. It feels like you’ve never been shagged before.”

“Do you like shagging virgins?” Soreen asked.

With only half his cock imbedded in me, he slowly withdrew it, then drove it back with more force. “If you’re a thrall, you aint a virgin. That’s a fact...” he muttered as he increased his piston-like thrusts to gain greater depth.

“Harith, take it easy,” I cried out.

I focused on Soreen as I placed my hands on the floor to steady myself, whereupon she lifted her head and kissed me on the lips.

“Wha..., Soreen,” I gasped after lifting my head out of range.

“I couldn’t resist it, cos you’re gorgeous.”

How could anyone get angry at such a happy-go-lucky kid like Soreen. After about a dozen thrusts, Harith found his range. Once he had successfully triggered my juices, he struck up a steady, powerful stroke, spearing me in a downward direction. Each time he pounded my raised ass and stretched my tight orifice, my face came closer to Soreen’s.

“Baby, baby, are we going to make a great team,” he cried out as his excitement levels rose to fever pitch.

“Ahhhhhh,” I sighed as intense ripples of pleasure incessantly raced through my crouching body until Harith could no longer contain his ejaculation.

“Fuccccccccccccccck,” he groaned in one long exclamation of delight.

“I think Harith has just seen the next life,” Soreen said, then chuckled.

I laughed and remained in position while the lad withdrew and went to collect his thawb. Then, I slowly stood up and helped Soreen to her feet.

She wrapped an arm around my waist and kissed me again. “Harith is right. We’re going to make a great team...”

4.9 ~ Nadia Kateb: Six.

Once again, having discarded my blue tunic, I was naked and inside the thrall changing room with Rukan. We went to the rail where the gold house tunics were hanging and selected one to wear.

Rukan frowned at me as I put mine on. “You’re very quiet, Nadia. Are you alright?”

I nodded my head. “Are you a good wrestler. Rukan?”

“You’ll find out later. I probably won’t have to fight you. By the way, wrestling isn’t the only contest that we’ll have to compete in.”

“Oh, what else are we going to have to do?”

“Puppy-girl racing is one of Sheik Faizan’s favourite events. They have enough suits for a dozen thralls so don’t be surprised if we’re turned into bitches for an hour or two. The important thing is that we entertain. If we disappoint, we will be punished and that will provide the Prince and his guests with the fun they are seeking. We will have to work hard on the former to avoid the later.”

“Is punishment avoidable?”

“Probably not, but we can try our best. A lot of Prince Emidi’s friends will be in attendance, and he will want to impress them.”

“Is this our purpose in life, Rukan, entertaining our Masters?”

She came closer until our nipples were rubbing against each other’s tits. “When we’re not working, of course. That’s all I’ve ever known. I know you had a life before you became a thrall, but you threw that all away when you prostituted yourself and stole a Ferrari.” She wrapped an arm around me and placed a hand on my ass. “None of that matters now, Nadia. Prince Emidi has chosen you to lead the squad and entertain his guests. That is a rare treat for a thrall in his household. We will be the only thralls representing him tonight.” She let me go. “Come on, we’ve got to hurry. We’re going to the new fitness centre and gym because that’s where the wrestling bouts will be held.”

I followed Rukan back into her office and out into the corridor. She opened the door to the trainer’s office to tell Talar that we were on our way, then set off again on a route that took us along a corridor and up a flight of stairs. At the top we came across a thrall standing with a sheik who was giving her a talking to. We bowed, then continued on our way to a pair of double doors with the sign, ‘GYM’ above them.

Once inside, we were met by a lad wearing grey slacks, a white shirt and blue striped tie. “Rukan, you two are almost the last to get changed. Go through.”

He held the door open, “Puppy-girls?” Rukan asked the lad.

“Sure. It’s going to be quite an evening,” he replied.

We passed through a small anteroom and then into the main ladies changing room. Benches and racks had been moved aside to leave a large area of floorspace clear. Two lads were busy putting the finishing touches to a thrall's Puppy costume. We stayed back to watch the lad's work.

The half-hood left the thrall's face free, but she had a pair of floppy ears to create a better doggie effect. Otherwise, the furry suit was all-over, bar a small canoe shape open section at the apex of her thighs. I noted that the girl's anus was covered which was unusual, I thought.

The paws looked realistic, as did the stubby tail, but the suit looked tight which could have explained why the thrall appeared anxious when the zip was pulled up to her neck. After she sat up, I saw that the costume had one inch diameter holes for the girl's nipples and areolas. Once the lads had pulled them through, they added a collar and stuck a large number nine on the thrall's forehead.

One of the lads clipped a leash to the back of her collar, then led her away. The other lad turned to us. "Rukan, Nadia, who's first?"

"Abdul, Nadia is keen to get back into a Puppy-girl suit." Rukan put a hand in my back and pushed me forward. "Go and get changed."

Rukan was being ironic because it was the last thing I wanted to do. There were plenty of costumes in a box, The lad chose a jet black one and laid it out on the floor while I removed my tunic and thong. I knew the procedure. After I had knelt and placed my knees on the hind paws. Abdul started to pull the suit up my folded legs. He didn't bother with bands, presumable because I was only going to wear the suit for a couple of hours.

The lad had just tucked my feet into the suit, beside my ass, when he left to fetch something – a cracker-plug dildo. “Nadia, I have a special dildo for your collar,” he said, then unscrewed my anal collar stopper. “I’ve just got to lube this...”

He eased the weaponized dildo into my quim and easily achieved his aim because of the presence of Harith’s jiz and my juices. So, he had no trouble in pushing it through my anal collar and then screwing it in place.

“Right, I can fit the rest of the suit now.” It took Abdul about five minutes to work the main body of the suit over my ass and lower back, then help me to push my fisted hands into the arm sleeves. Once the hood was in place, Abdul was able to zip the suit up, make my nipples more impressive, fit my collar and stick the number ten on my forehead.

The other lad had returned to sort Rukan out, so Abdul clipped a leash on my collar and led me out of the changing room. I was shocked to see so many people in the gym. A few of the sheiks had brought their wives or companions with them and were milling around chatting with each other.

I was in a daze during the journey to the far side of the gym. A buffet had been provided, along similar lines to the one in the stables for the Pony-girl team, only the dignitaries were getting something far more lavish. One smartly dressed lad was handing out champagne and another carving a huge slab of meat.

We passed the buffet tables and approached the area designated to the Puppy-girls. There were two lads dressed in grey slacks and white shirts keeping an eye on them. However, they had an easy job because the girls had been lined up in numerical order and were sitting perfectly still on their heels with their knees/back paws parted and their front paws lifted in a begging pose.

“You stand next to number nine, girl, and wait until you are told what to do. Stay silent and still, otherwise you’ll be dispatched directly to the Puppy-boy compound.”

That threat was enough to keep most thralls silent, but I guessed that it was an empty threat after they had gone to the trouble of preparing us to race. As soon as I was in position, Abdul disconnected the leash and retraced his footsteps to the other side of the gym.

I glanced at the Puppy-girl beside me and thought I saw fear in her eyes. That surprised me because I thought that all the house and grounds thralls would be used to the games that their Masters played, wherever they lived.

While I waited for Rukan to join me, two older attendants shepherded the guests to seating arranged along the long side of the gym, opposite the buffet. In the centre were five plush armless, dark blue, tall-back chairs, presumably for the Prince and his inner cabinet. Once the floor was clear the lads left and returned with an enormous TV on wheels. It was positioned in the centre of the gym ready for the assembled audience to watch the race in the comfort of plush seats.

Moments later, Rukan was led in by Abdul. She was wearing a pure white Puppy-girl costume, in complete contrast to mine. I hated wearing one, but I understood the raw sexual excitement our lewd appearance generated in the men around us. Rukan looked amazing, the way she trotted along with her ass sashaying and her tail flicking from side to side as she approached.

“You’re the queen bitch, Rukan,” I whispered, just before Abdul released the leash from her collar.

“We’re all hot in their eyes,” she said nodding toward the line of spectators.

“Are we going to run around the gym?”

“No, we’re going to be taken down to the track for a one lap race to sort the wheat from the chaff.”

“They’re going to make us crawl four hundred meters?” I asked in a loud whisper.

One of the lads came along the line and flicked my shoulder with the crop. “Silence, bitch.” His eyes wandered down my body, obviously interested in my lewd presentation. My nipples looked huge and my plump labia lips bulged from the narrow slot in the suit. “Hi Rukan,” he said with a huge smile on his face.

“Hi, Jamal. Are you taking us down to the course?” I noticed the way she held her head up high and spread her thighs wider than mine.

“Me and Abdul. I hope you all behave.”

He managed to drag his eyes away from Rukan’s sex and wandered back down the line to chastise another thrall. A couple of minutes later, we were joined by number twelve wearing a ginger-coloured suit. All 12 Puppy-girls were different, obviously to make the event more interesting while watching it on the big

screen.

“I bet millions of dollars are going to change hands on the outcome of this race,”
I said to Rukan

“And, then some,” she muttered back.

Our attention was drawn to a group of sheiks and royalty who had just entered the gym from outside, near where we were lined up. Prince Emidi was at the centre, with his male minions gathered around him. He seemed taller than the others and was definitely more handsome. Mr. Kashif was on his right and Sheik Faizan on his left.

The group came toward us but stayed back so they could get an overall impression of us all. No one came close. Instead, they wandered back and forth, tapping in notes on small handsets, similar to what I experienced at the assimilation camp. The handheld devices probably contained all our vital information so that the men could make judgements on our form.

One by one the Arabs made their minds up and left the group to claim a seat facing the TV set. Only a maximum of eleven Arabs could have owned a Puppy-girl so the other twenty-five or so men were betting on the information provided after a quick scan of our furry bodies. The Prince and Mr. Kashif were the last ones to leave, but before they did, they stared at both of us intently, as if to say, ‘Don’t let us down’.

“Is Prince Emidi the only one with two Puppies?” I asked Rukan.

“Yes, it’s his game so he gets an extra player. Whatever you do, don’t come in the last four.”

That was the last thing we said to each other because Abdul clapped his hands to get our attention. “Bitches, follow me.” We were on our way to the racetrack and a race that I would probably come last in...

4.10 ~ Nadia Kateb: Seven,

Being number ten, I was in the outside lane of the track. I had to run the whole race with Rukan and number twelve in lane four. However, the stagger system meant the three of us started well ahead of the other nine Puppies.

From my lowly position, the racetrack, the long stand and two huge helicopters parked on the concrete circles in the centre of the circuit, looked awesome. The whole scene was lit by banks of bright lights on tall pylons, positioned on the four corners of the course.

Before we were led onto the track, the lads gathered us together so Mr. Kashif could explain the rules to us. He waited until the lads had clamped our nipples before making his statement. Curiously, each metal clip had a small shiny blue ball attached to it.

“Puppies,” he began. “Many of you will have competed under similar circumstances, while a few haven’t. But, you have all been chosen by your Masters because he thought you had the best chance of winning the contest. After running one lap, the first eight thralls will be going back to the gym. The final four will be taken to the kennels for a brief stay before your Masters collect you and take you home. The balls attached to your nipples are sensors so the computer can work out who’s at the back during the race. If you’re lagging behind, your cracker-plugs will hopefully spur you on.”

I thought that every girl would have been terrified by the enormity of the race, but Rukan and some of the others appeared unperturbed by events as we were shepherded into position. Our staggered start was at the beginning of the bend, so we were close to Mr. Kashif who was about to fire the starting pistol from outside the circuit.

“On your marks, get set,” BANG! I jumped, then set off around the long bend.

My heart was thumping in my chest and I was sweating inside the uncomfortable suit. We had only crawled 20 metres and Rukan was already a body length ahead of both me and number twelve. She was trotting along on the extreme outside of the track and didn't seem too concerned by Rukan's fast start. By the time we were halfway around the bend, Rukan was two lengths ahead of us. I wrenched my eyes away from her sashaying cute ass and peeping sex to look over my shoulder.

That glance told me that I was up against it. All nine Puppy-girls had their heads down and were trotting along at least as fast as I was. I had just entered the back straight when I felt the first spark of pain in my rectum.

“Fuck!” I cried and immediately put more effort in. I calculated I had run 100 metres, a quarter of the race. “Fuck!” After a few more metres I cried again when a sharper pain pierced my belly. “This is not fair!” I cried out. “I'm not a fucking Puppy-girl.”

Somehow though, the cobwebs seem to fall away and my movement became more rhythmic. The fact that the track was straight, and I had received a wake-up call warning me that I was falling behind, helped me work out a proper crawling style. The suit was too tight on my shoulders, but the paws were well padded, so they were a help rather than a hinderance.

Twelve looked worried when I gradually edged past her, then when I was halfway around the final bend, I heard her begin to scream. On my left, several girls were gaining on me while one was a few yards ahead of me. She was going after Rukan who had maintained a three-length lead over me. As the bend unwound, I counted four girls ahead of me. Then when we entered the finishing

straight, that became five.

That was when I noticed the small drones. There were three flying slightly behind and above the leading girls. I was suddenly thankful that I wasn't winning the race because they were awfully close to the girl's rear ends. I will never know how I managed it, but after the hugest effort I had ever summoned, I staggered across the finishing line with just four girls ahead of me.

I collapsed beside the panting figure of Rukan who like me was gasping for air. There was a commotion to our left, on the inside of the track, as the lads sorted out the four girls who had finished at the back of the field. They were pleading with the lads not to be taken to the kennels. I didn't care though, for I had survived and would be returning to the gym.

Twelve was the first to sit up. "Phew, that was close, Rukan" she gasped.

Rukan pushed herself up and sat on her heels, while I remained in a crouching position. "You made it, that's the main thing."

Abdul interrupted the conversation. "Form a line, bitches, in numerical order."

It took a minute because four of the numbers were missing. Once we were sorted, eight tired Puppy-girls set off for the gym. When we arrived, I got a shock. The gym had been prepared for wrestling. A huge, cushioned mat had been laid in the centre, ready for the bouts. The fighting area was circular with two large rings marked out on it. The inner ring looked about 20 feet in diameter while the second outer ring was another three feet beyond the first one.

Abdul urged the line of Puppies to keep crawling after we entered the gym. He led us around the mat and beyond to the far end of the hall, to the changing room. I was surprised that the Puppy-girl part of the games was over. I wasn't looking forward to wrestling with any of the girls, especially Rukan, but it was a relief to get back on my feet.

Rukan was obviously good at everything she tried. Having a high IQ was a huge asset in some sports and I suspected wrestling was one of them. There were four lads to help us 8 girls remove our suits. The process was a lot quicker than putting them on and within ten minutes we were all standing under the showers.

The smartly dressed lads stood and watched while the hot water cascaded down our naked bodies, easing some of our aches and pains. Our bodies were obviously off limits because the lads were responsible for quickly returning us to the gym. As soon as we had finished, they handed out armbands with our original numbers on them, then waited while all the girls, apart from me, tied their hair into buns.

Finally, the lads handed out small cellophane packets tied with a bow. It would have reminded me of Christmas if I wasn't naked and being watched by four young men.

"Open them and put them on," Abdul ordered.

The packets contained shimmering white gauze kimono-style short jackets. Instead of belts there was a single satin ribbon sewn on each side. The garment wasn't quite long enough to hide our peeping pudendal clefts, or the lower slopes of our asses; but it was clothing of sorts and better than nothing. Once we

had all donned our jackets and tied our bows, Abdul led us back to the fighting arena.

About 60 chairs had been placed in a circle around the mat and every single one appeared to be occupied. The Prince and his cabinet had the centre seats on one side. About ten seats away from the Prince sat the one man I recognised – Sheik Husni, while the rest were strangers to me. Sheik Husni was present at the original event – a card game - where I stepped over the line and entered Prince Emidi's world of slavery and corruption. I was sucked in and didn't stand a chance once he decided he wanted to own me.

There was a smattering of young women around the large circle, maybe ten, wearing traditional, sombre coloured long dresses, but no head coverings. The choice of suits or thawbs was even among the men which gave the gathering a more informal appearance.

On the opposite side to the Prince was a gap in the chairs through which we were about to enter. We all filed past the huge TV set, positioned on a six-foot-high stand, so it could easily be seen over the guest's heads.

Abdul stopped number One in the gap and pointed in a clockwise direction. "Walk around slowly so that each of Prince Emidi's guests can cast their eyes over your bodies. Don't be shy."

So, started an embarrassing parade past about 50 Arab men, some young like the prince, some middle-aged like Mr. Kashif and others white haired and older. Talar was present but not seated. He was standing behind and between the Prince and Mr. Kashif. He was still wearing his light blue singlet but had donned a pair of dark blue tracksuit bottoms. Ominously, he was holding a short whippy cane.

I had to wait a minute before I was on the move, parading in front of the guests. It wasn't quite like the fence at the assimilation camp where we were mauled mercilessly. The girls at the front set the tone by bowing, then undoing their tie and showing the guests their naked form. They turned their bodies back and forth while they walked slowly around the large circle.

The Prince's guests touched our bodies with great care, gently squeezing our tits and ass cheeks. One sheik stopped me and slipped a finger lower to determine if I had been trimmed but he was the only one. Every man studied me carefully as I walked sideways around the circle. Were they trying to guess my ability to wrestle? I wondered, or just wanted a glimpse of one of the Prince's thralls.

In any case, after gently fondling my intimate parts, they entered data on their handsets, maybe showing that they were interested in my wrestling skills. The Prince held eye contact with me as I passed him while Sheik Husni used his right hand to gently squeeze my tits before studying the rest of me carefully. He too made notes on his handset after I moved on.

As soon as number Twelve had been viewed by the last person in the circle, we were lined up across the mat facing the Prince. Talar stepped forward and pointed the cane at the screen behind us. "Thralls turn and look at the screen."

We turned as directed and saw that the playing order had been decided. It was labelled quarter finals, signifying a thrall would have to win three bouts to win the first prize.

7 v 1

2 v 8

4 v 10

Knowing how draws usually work, I guessed that the fastest Puppy-girl, Rukan, was fighting the slowest. That wasn't an indication of their wrestling skills, but it said a lot about their fitness levels. Having come fifth, I had given myself the opportunity to watch and learn from three bouts before mine. Would that be enough though to give me a chance of at least get through one round??

4.11 ~ Nadia Kateb

Beside our numbers on the screen were the odds for winning the bout. Rukan was the favourite, four to one on, to win her fight. Her opponent was three to one to overcome the Prince's thrall. Looking down, my opponent, number four, was the favourite while my odds were also three to one.

"Thralls, turn and face me." Talar waited until he had our attention. "Eleven and Twelve take the standard position on the mat. The rest, go and stand by your Masters."

There was just enough room between The Prince and Mr. Kashif for my slim body. I bowed first, then took up my position beside his chair with my left upper arm touching his black and gold robe. We focused on Talar who was about to make an announcement.

"Welcome to combat night. His royal highness is pleased to stage this special event on this great day for the Ruktoum Estate. As you saw earlier, the Ruktoum Pony-girl squad is in training and will be ready to compete a week Saturday. The match will be held here but before that, next Sunday, Sheik Bazzi..." He gestured toward a middle-aged sheik, who bowed slightly. "...has agreed to stage a friendly match on his estate. Invites will be sent out tomorrow."

There was a round of applause from the assembled group and I got a genuine feeling that everyone was excited to have another team in the league.

"As you can see from the screen, the thrall who won the Puppy-girl race is up against the thrall who came eighth. We have in-fight betting on your tablets so keep your eyes on the odds." He placed the tip of the cane on the centre dot of the mat. "Thralls, this is a three-round contest. When I say break, immediately

part or I will swipe you. Now, come together and shake hands.” The pair shook hands, then returned to their crouched stance, about a yard apart. “Fight when the hooter sounds.”

The screen showed the seconds ticking down to zero. Hoooot!

Twelve was slightly larger than Rukan and more aggressive. She went on the offensive from the outset. For two minutes, they were locked together trying to force each other back or throw their opponent off balance. I was fascinated by the contest and wasn’t surprised when Twelve scored the first point by throwing Rukan to the floor and forcing her beyond the ring.

Worryingly, I was wrong to assume that Rukan’s intelligence would help her get the better of her opponent. Twelve scored a second point in the second round by pinning Rukan’s shoulder blades to the mat. That was the moment the Prince slipped his arm behind me, located the back of my right thigh and slid his hand up until it was gripping my ass cheek. I opened my stance, but his fingers didn’t search out my soft, unresisting portal.

“Rukan is in danger of losing this bout,” the Prince said to me.

I turned my head and gazed down into his handsome face. I didn’t feel the devotion that the other thralls felt for their Masters, but I did feel something. He had targeted me, then trapped me and ruined my life. Was he offering me the chance to be by his side on a frequent basis? I had to admit that I was excited by the close contact and the way he fondled my ass flesh.

“I think your highness is right,” I responded.

Every man was sitting on the edge of their seat urging the naked girls on. When the pair fell to the ground and grappled with each other, the men were treated to one lewd sight after another as first one girl's legs flailed in the air and then the other. There was no cheering, just intense concentration in case they missed one of the girls flashing their sex.

The bout got worse for Rukan, who was finally overwhelmed by the stronger girl in the third round. Talar stopped the bout when Twelve pinned her to the mat for a second time. She shakily got to her feet, bowed, and after retrieving her jacket, was taken outside the circle by Abdul and seated on a bench.

The next bout was between number One, Sheik Husni's thrall, and number Seven. Like the first bout, one girl was heavier than the other. However, Husni's thrall, a sunning svelte beauty, showed how to turn her opponent's weight advantage against her. No one took their eyes off Husni's beautiful thrall.

Her amazing flexibility, on a number of occasions, got her out of trouble and easily provided the best entertainment of the three bouts. It was fast, brutal and neither girl eased the pressure on their opponent. Twice the bout was restarted with One on the bottom, and twice she escaped. Eventually, she won the bout two points to one.

Just after the third round of the third bout started, Prince Emidi's hand returned to my ass. He leant toward me. "Nadia, have you seen enough to make your bout a good contest?"

He was aware that I had no wrestling training, for Sheik Faizan would have told him. "I think so, your highness," I responded. "I have no skills like the thralls in

the first three bouts, but I will do my best to entertain your guests.”

“Nadia, forget everyone else in this room and remember that I am your Master. I judge a person on the effort they make, rather than the result of a contest. I expect you to win all three of your bouts. However, I won’t be disappointed if you lose while giving every ounce of effort you have in your body and mind. I will be able to judge just by watching you wrestle. Don’t let me down, it took me a whole year to find you.”

His final sentence staggered me, for it was a reference to my entrapment. At the same time, his wise words were inspiring. Was that enough I wondered, to give me an edge when I wrestled number four?

In the end, number Eight won the third bout, but it was close. The men especially enjoyed the lengthy grappling as the two girls fought for dominance. Talar then called me into the ring and I was sent on my way with a firm pat on my ass.

My opponent was a similar size to me and from the outset I could see doubt in her eyes. She had seen me leave the Prince’s side and probably assumed I was his number one fighter. I had a plan to wear her down by staying on my feet for as long as possible. As soon as the bout started, we both got a good grip on each other’s arms. I kept my ass down to lower my centre of gravity and wrestled her around the ring.

She tried everything but couldn’t take me down. Eventually, in the second round, I managed to force her out of the ring and scored a point. Then toward the end of that round, she managed to lift my leg and take me down. I couldn’t turn over, but the time ran out and I was saved by the buzzer.

During the break I sipped my drink and got my breath back. Four was a canny opponent but wasn't strong enough to throw me again. She was persistent, but when Talar restarted, with me on the bottom, she was unable to turn me onto my back. Talar declared me the winner. Four went to the bench while I returned to the Prince.

He was still clapping when I turned to face him. His proud expression made the effort worthwhile. He put his arm around my waist when I stood by his side.

"Nadia, that was a brilliant performance. I hope you watched eight's quarter final against Two. That thrall has some weaknesses."

"I think I know what you mean, your highness..." The bout between Sheik Husni's thrall, number One and number Twelve had just started. "...but the winner of this semi-final is going to be a tougher opponent."

"Nadia, one fight at a time. Don't get ahead of yourself."

"I won't, Master." The hand once again dropped to my ass and had a grope during the first round of the first semi-final.

The match was a titanic struggle. Number One won by three points to one, after completely outclassing her opponent. Sheik Husni looked chuffed with his thrall when she slowly walked across the mat and stood by his side. I had watched the bout carefully and spotted a weakness. I thought she had hurt her right knee and was trying to hide the pain and a limp on the way back to her Master.

I put those thoughts aside though and took up my position to fight number Eight. The first round was even. We both scored a point by wrestling each other out of the ring. I thought I edged it though when I got a good hold on the girl and nearly rolled her onto her back. I felt she was visibly tiring as we struggled back and forth. However, it was stalemate in the second as we grappled with each other on the floor and failed to turn each other over.

I received a stinging blow from the cane across my ass at the beginning of the third round, after putting my knee in, so I had to take the bottom position on the restart. I was once again defending as the girl tried to turn me over. I was seriously worried when she got a good grip around my neck and under my right armpit.

She had the time to work on the hold, then I remembered my move against Afra in Sheik Farzan's office. With the thrall hunched over my back, I concentrated on gathering my strength. I needed her to change her stance, so I relaxed for a split second. She sensed that I had capitulated and moved her left foot. Suddenly, I pushed my ass up and lifted her into the air.

"Nooooo," she cried as she went over my head, slid down my back and crumpled at my feet. I was on her in a flash, pinning her shoulder blades to the mat.

The audience came alive, applauding loudly and cheering vociferously. I stood up and puffed my firm tits out. I felt exhilarated while every set of eyes examined my tired naked body. Talar sent me back to the Prince and dispatched Eight to the bench to join the other five girls.

Prince Emidi's hand slipped around my waist. "Nadia, you have excelled and whatever happens in the final, I intend to reward you. Think carefully and decide on one thing that will improve our chances of moulding a winning team."

"Your highness, I could do with a rest." My arms felt like they were dropping off and my back ached.

"There is going to be a ten-minute break..." Our attention was drawn to Sheik Husni and Talar who were discussing something.

Talar broke off and came over to speak to the Prince. "Your highness, Sheik Husni has decided to withdraw Cala because of a knee injury. He concedes the contest."

"Fair enough..." The two men lifted their hands politely with Sheik Husni bowing his head slightly. "Nadia, put your jacket on and go and stand beside Talar while he makes the announcement," the Prince ordered.

I think everyone guessed what was happening before Talar spoke. "Gentlemen, ladies, the final has been decided because of the withdrawal of Sheik Husni's thrall, due to a knee injury. Nadia Kateb is therefore declared the winner of the contest." When Talar held my hand up, I received polite applause from the disappointed spectators.

Talar led me back to the Prince. "Well, Nadia, have you thought of something that will help you develop the squad into a winning machine?"

“Yes, your highness, I need Sadaf Ayad by my side first thing in the morning. I saw her operating in Kiashakan and know that she will boost our chances.”

“Then, you shall have her. Who will you give up?”

He was serious. “Cassia, if we have to swap. I have Soreen who is a real prospect.”

He turned to Mr. Kashif, who was sitting on my right. “Javid, deal with it tonight.”

“Yes, your highness.”

“Thank you, your highness,” I responded. “Can I ask for one more favour?”

He frowned at me. “What is it?”

“I would like the same authority as Rukan while working in the stables.”

He shook his head. “That’s too much to ask, Nadia. Rukan holds a unique position in my household. Why do you ask?”

“I need to control Harith and Hamza’s distracting desires, your highness.”

Talar laughed. The Prince maintained a serious expression though. “Mmmm, if that’s the only reason, then Talar will deal with it. I’m putting you on the same footing as Hamza so that he and the other lads can’t order you around. I’ll review the arrangement on Thursday when I get back.”

I bowed. “Thank you, your highness.”

“Talar will take you back to the stables now so that you can get some rest before a very important day of training. Focus on singles tomorrow. Yasin or Reza for the third spot. Then we can move forward with a clear idea of our first team selection for the Bazzi friendly match.”

Everyone was on their feet and chatting among themselves. The night had probably just begun for the Prince’s wealthy guests, but once Talar had collected Rukan from the bench, I was relieved that my day had almost finished...

4.12 ~ Emad Marwan: One.

All good things come to an end, I mused, after returning to the bedroom and placing a cup of coffee on the nightstand, on Jena's side of the bed. Naked, she was lying face down and breathing softly. I walked around the bed and pulled the covers off, then went to the end and climbed on. She stirred, lifted her head and looked around. On seeing me, she rolled over onto her back and parted her legs.

She glanced at the cup on the nightstand. "Coffee in bed? What did I do to deserve that?" She eyed my erect cock with a grin on her face.

"It's what you're about to do that earned you a coffee."

"Master, I am your slave, so my body belongs to you. Command me and I will obey."

"Lift your legs, thrall, and ready yourself for another pounding."

I crawled forward and steered my cock to dock with her soft, succulent entrance. Jena may have been brutally punished by her previous owner, but her damaged body had been repaired at great expense. Thankfully, her libido had survived through the traumatic experience, a fact that I could happily testify to.

We hit it off from the moment Hiba brought me to the flat. Jena's Mistress, who was now my boss, had plans for me and I was perfectly happy to go along with them. Moving my office to her firm suited me down to the ground, especially when Hiba agreed to help me with Iqra's illness.

Then, disaster struck Hiba's firm when Sheik Husni revealed he had incriminating evidence of her BDSM night-time activities in her flat. He also threatened to evict her from the office building and let the floor space to another company. Hiba was wrong to agree to spy on Prince Emidi and duly got found out when she tried to enter the palace with a necklace that contained a camera.

That was on Monday, late afternoon. Jena contacted me later that evening, so I hurried over to the flat and listened incredulously to her story. There was nothing we could do to ease her situation bar deflect enquiries from Sheik Husni's secretary of Hiba's whereabouts. We kept the business ticking over for two days and enjoyed ourselves in Hiba's flat at night, knowing that she would approve of me taking care of Jena.

Having eased my cock into Jena's snug nest, I placed my hands on the back of her thighs. I then began to sway my hips back and forth, luxuriating in the way Jena was able to grip my shaft. She had control of her body and knew how to satisfy a Master. She was no more my thrall, than I was her Master, but she liked to play the game with bondage and without.

Hiba was her Mistress and could remain so forever if they wanted to stay together. Hiba was determined to release Jena from the legal bondage as soon as the law permitted.

"Emad, Hiba made a wise choice to bring you into the firm." She was trying to make it more difficult for me to cum by distracting me. She was enjoying being screwed.

"Mmmm, why do you say that?" I focused on the rapid pump action of my dick

in her tight quim.

“Because of your mind and your cock. You know how to use both of them to further your ambition.”

“So, you think I’m ambitious?” I murmured as I neared my climax.

“Sure. Look at your meteoric rise through the legal world. From court appointed solicitor to the VLD committee, to a partner in a law firm. In what, a month? How did you do it?”

“Jenaaaa... you... talk... too... much...” I only wanted a quickie because I had to go into the office. She needed longer for me to trigger her orgasm, but she wasn’t disappointed. I slipped from her and went to the dressing table for some tissues. I wiped me first, then Jena. “Nice try, kid, but I’ve got to go soon. The answer to your question though, was a girl named Nadia Kateb...” I picked up my underpants and stepped into them.

I was surprised when she dropped her legs and sat up with a serious expression on her face. “Nadia Kateb?” she exclaimed.

“Yes. It was the last pro bono case I took. Why do you sound surprised?” I sat down beside Jena and started to pull my socks on.

“We had a solicitor on the phone yesterday asking about her. It was an international call from England.”

“When was this?” I stood up and reached for my shirt.

“About four o’clock. You were with Sheik Hamzar. I told him that he had to contact the justice department. He knew that you represented her in court, but I didn’t answer any of his questions.”

“Did you take his name and phone number?”

“Um, I think I scribbled them on my pad. I think his name was Huggins or Higgins.”

“Okay, I’ll look into it.” I finished getting dressed, took a swig of Jena’s coffee and kissed her softly on the lips, knowing that our brief three night fling was over. “I’ll be back at One, then we’ll go and pick up Hiba.”

I was in a sombre mood on my way to the office that morning. I became besotted with girls far too easily. Nadia, then Iqra and finally, Jena. Nadia’s name popping up brought back the whole messy saga involving the delightful young English girl. She claimed that Prince Emidi had framed her and sure enough, she ended up in his clutches. I still had the photograph of her lying naked on the hood of a Ferrari, although I didn’t need it because the image was seared in my memory banks.

Her case had affected me so much, the first thing I wanted to do when I arrived at the office was see if Jena had left a note on her pad. Sure enough, she had scribbled the details on the top sheet of her desk pad. It read, ‘Steven Higgins of

Higgins and Wise' Beneath that was a London phone number. I tore the sheet off and tucked it into my pocket. I then went through to Hiba's office, which I was using temporarily to keep my finger on the pulse.

Jena and I decided to keep the truth of Hiba's whereabouts from the partners and the rest of the staff. The story was that she had to leave for Jeddah to meet the CO of a huge oil company. No one questioned it because she often flew around the region touting for business.

I had two meetings, the first with the staff and the second with a client who wanted a contract drawn up. Both were lengthy affairs, but I managed to leave at 12:30 and pick Jena up on time. She was wearing a long orange dress and a maroon headscarf. She was carrying a bag of clothes just in case Hiba needed to change.

"You never told me about the conditions Hiba was having to endure during her stay at the Palace, Jena," I said, once we were on the move.

"Emad, it's not for me to say. I will leave her to tell you if she wants to disclose them. Prince Emidi was determined to make an example of her and she reluctantly accepted the punishment."

The journey didn't take very long. The armed guards directed us to the front entrance where we were greeted by a young man on the doorstep. We were shown to a small reception room and asked to make ourselves comfortable. Five minutes later Mr. Kashif arrived with Hiba but it was a very different solicitor to the one I last saw on Monday morning.

Barefooted and miserable, Hiba was wearing one item of clothing – a light blue gauze tunic which had the Ruktoum blue lion crest over her left breast. She was in full thrall restraints. A chain belt was secured around her waist and her wrists were buckled into leather cuffs at the side. She shuffled along because of the 18-inch hobbling chain between metal ankle cuffs.

Her shoulder length dark hair had been tied into a ponytail, which enabled us to see several bruises on her stoic face. The collar had been removed, leaving behind a red mark that would take some time to disappear. The rest of her body was covered with bruises of every colour and hue.

I stood up and opened my arms. “Mr. Kashif, is this necessary?”

“Mr Marwan...” He pulled a key from his pocket and handed it to me. “...she’s clean and ready to go, that was the agreement. Hiba will cease to be a thrall the moment she leaves the estate.”

“Can I release her so Jena can help her get changed?”

“No, but you may take her home now. You can keep the restraints. I believe Hiba likes BDSM and roleplaying. It’s handy to have the correct gear.”

I was flabbergasted and hadn’t quite realized what Hiba had let herself in for. I wanted to get out of the palace as much as Hiba did. “Mr. Kashif, will you show us out?”

He nodded. “Of course. Follow me.”

That was the end of the trip to Prince Emidi’s palace. Jena and I helped our boss down the steps and into the car. Jena sat in the back with Hiba while I headed straight for the main gate.

“It’s a despicable way to treat a lady,” Jena said while unlocking the padlocks on Hiba’s restraints. “We’ll get you home and you can rest for a couple of days.”

“Jena, that’s the last thing I want to do. We need to find some new premises for the firm. The quicker we move, the less likely I’ll ever run into Sheik Husni again.”

I listened while Hiba explained how Husni had fooled her and landed her in deep shit. The Prince stated that after the punishment, he might do some business with our firm, but Hiba wanted nothing to do with him or his henchman Mr. Kashif.

There was plenty of room in the back for Hiba to get changed and it was a relief to see a wry smile on her face when she wrapped the hijab around her head. She briefly explained that she had been working in the Ruktoum stables during her absence.

“Is the Prince going to achieve his aim and have a successful Pony-girl team?” I asked Hiba, once she was sitting back and relaxing with a glass of whisky.

“As long as he has Nadia Kateb managing the team...”

“Nadia Kateb,” I repeated.

“Yes, the remarkable girl who Prince Emidi framed so that he could get his hands on her.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. “That’s what I tried to tell you. You said move on, because all the girls have stories like hers. What made you change your opinion?”

“I’ve been working with her. She unloaded her heartfelt story, not knowing who I was. The girl is an innocent victim of Prince Emidi’s greed.”

Her words were music to my ears but they were too late. “We had an inquiry about her from an English solicitor yesterday,” Jena explained. “He questioned me, but I directed him to the Justice department.”

I held the slip of paper up. “I have his details.”

Hiba took it and read the note. “Very interesting. Get us home, Emad. Hopefully, Mr. Higgins will still be in his London office when I call.”

We were ten minutes away. The first thing Hiba did, as soon as we entered the flat, was to go to her study. I followed her in and watched her pick the phone up. “What are you going to say?”

She dialled the number and held her hand up when someone answered. “Could I speak to Mr. Higgins. My name is Hiba Handel of Handel Associates, in Dubai. I’m returning his call.” She put it on speaker, enabling us to hear the piped music.

Hiba stood silently waiting patiently. Finally, there was a response. ‘Higgins, here.’

“I’m Hiba Handel of Handel associates. You phoned yesterday and spoke to my PA, Jena.”

‘Yes, thanks for getting back to me, Hiba. Are you able to give me any information on the whereabouts of Nadia Kateb?’

“Who’s your client?”

There was a pause. ‘Are you sympathetic toward my client tracking Nadia down and maybe rescuing her?’

“Yes, I am. I can provide vital information that would prove useful to your client.”

‘Then, I’ll put you in touch. My client’s name is Toni with a I. Take this number and have a chat.’

“Thank you, Mr. Higgins. You just made my day...”

Hiba scribbled Toni’s number down, then returned the handset to its stand. She turned to us. “I’m not going to involve either of you with the actions I’m about to take. Suffice to say, Prince Emidi is going to regret ever framing Nadia Kateb and pinning his hopes on her to win a stupid Pony-girl contest. I’m going to help her get her freedom if it’s the last thing I do...”

THE END of part Four.

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

I hope you enjoyed this fourth part of ‘Obey Him’.

(Season Two of ‘The Prince’s Thrall’ Series)

Part Five will be published shortly.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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