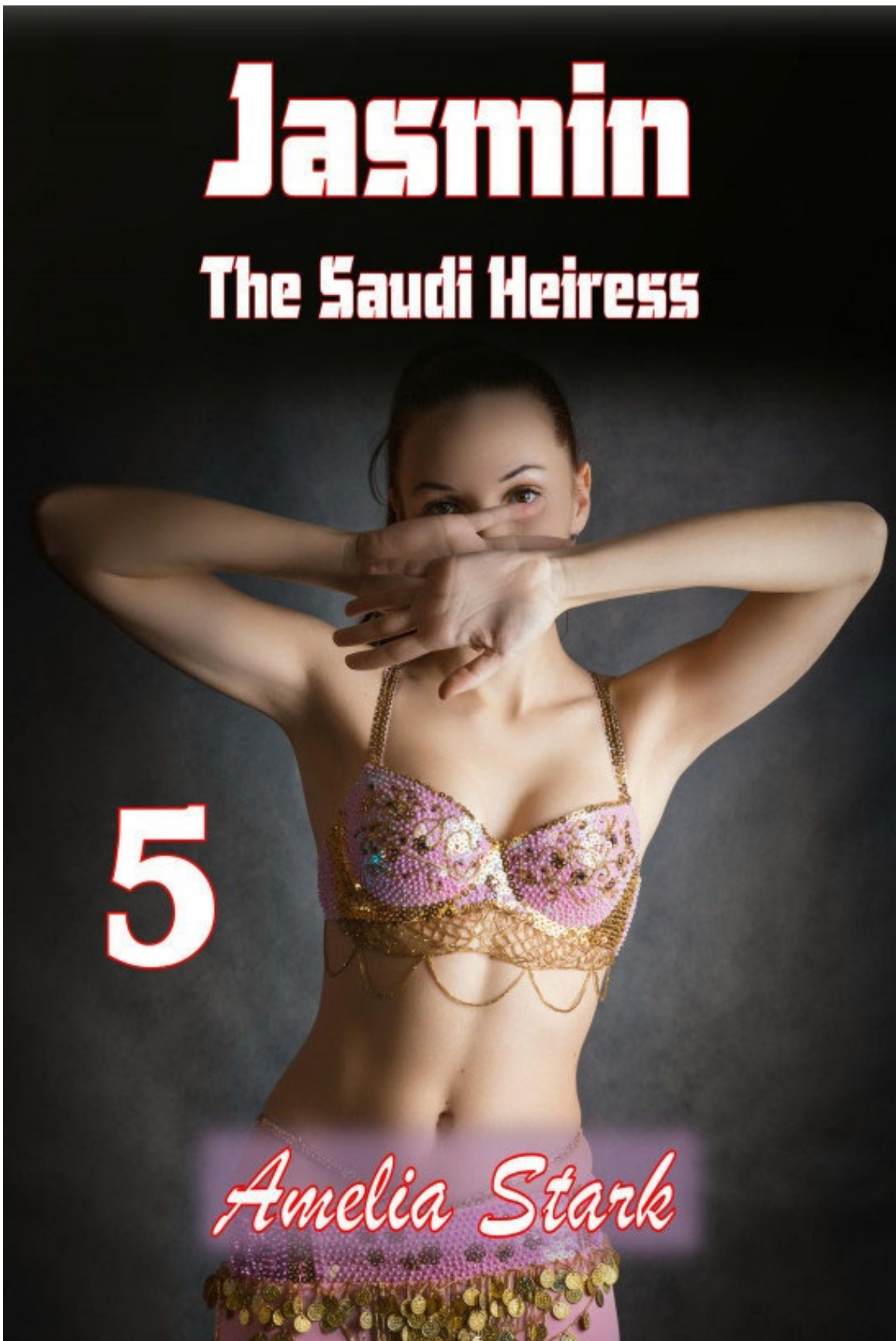


Jasmin

The Saudi Heiress

5

Amelia Stark

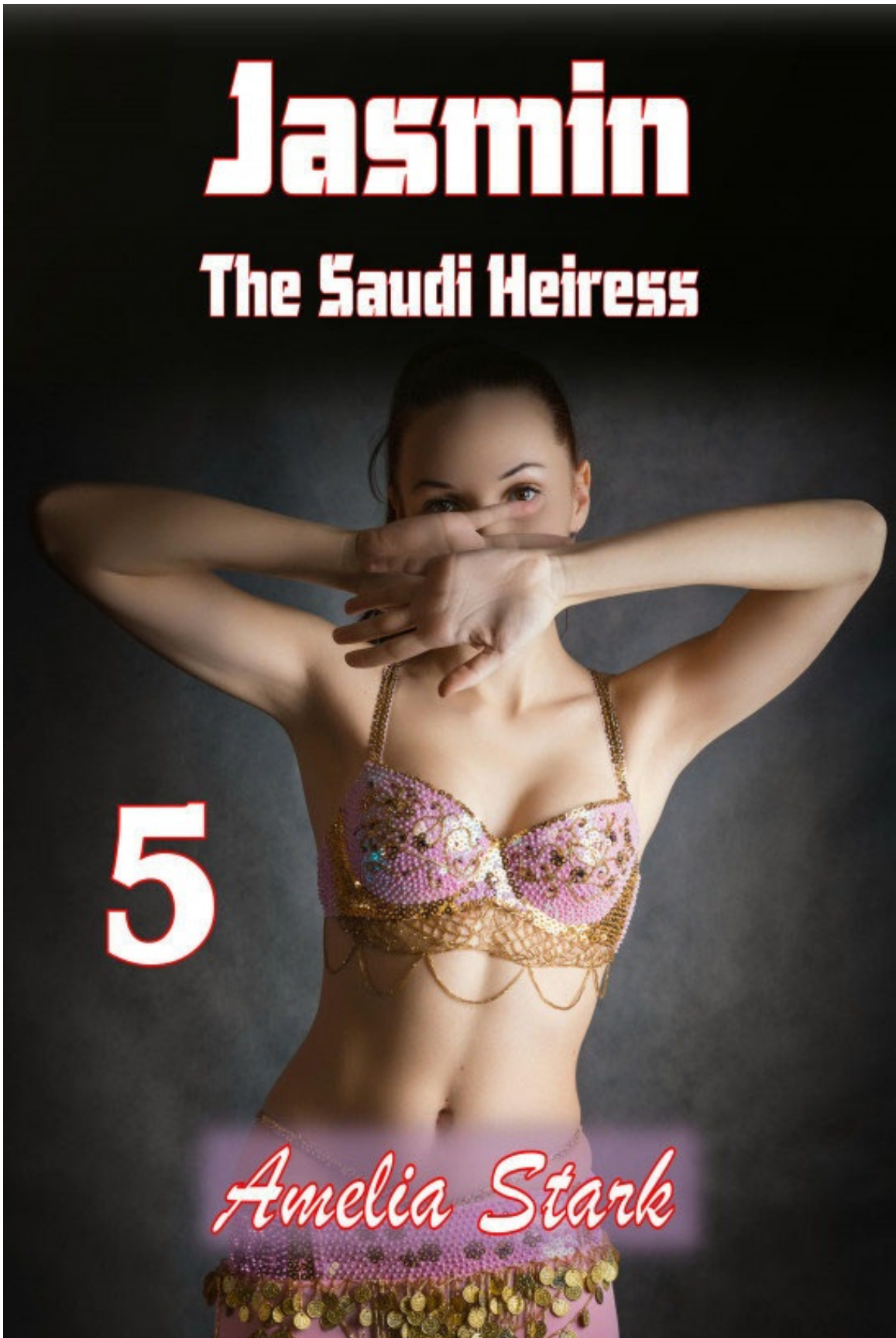


Jasmin

The Saudi Heiress

5

Amelia Stark



JASMIN

The Saudi Heiress: Part Five

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction to Part Five.

After two days hauling wagons with Zena, on Sheik Bashar's date plantation, Jasmin is surprised when Malik collects her early from her cell. He informs the young English girl that she will be pulling a single rig around the estate for the day and that he will be driving her!

Jasmin, a reluctant captive, hated being turned into a temporary Pony-girl. After breakfast Jasmin is secured between the shafts of a light rig, then hauls the gangmaster for most of the long hot day.

Vida, Ibrahim's assistant, is told to drive Jasmin, for a short journey while Malic is in a meeting. Grabbing her chance, Vida takes the opportunity to chat with Jasmin and decides that the lithe athletic Pony-girl could become part of her escape plan.

Then, later in the day, Vida is shattered when she is told that she has a new role. She has been demoted to kennel maid and put in charge of Grail, Chief Salah's pet Puppy-boy.

Meanwhile, Maria and Rafiya are working on a plan to get Adam onto the Bashar estate in an undercover role. Two families want the Saudi Heiress's inheritance, but only one will succeed in getting it!

Contents of Part Five

[5.1~ Tom's gruelling Existence.](#)

[5.2 ~ Jasmin's new role.](#)

[5.3 ~ Jasmin between the shafts.](#)

[5.4 ~ Vida's tough duties.](#)

[5.5 ~ Vida's precarious position.](#)

[5.6 ~ Vida's big test.](#)

[5.7 ~ Vida's new restrictions.](#)

[5.8 ~ Vida's tricky situation.](#)

[5.9 ~ Adam, a mile high.](#)

[5.10 ~ Adam comes down to earth.](#)

[5.11 ~ Adam's secret mission.](#)

[Sample of Part Six.](#)

[Amelia stark eBooks on Smashwords](#)

Chapter 5.1 ~ Tom's gruelling existence.

It was the third morning that Tom had woken in his prison cage. On the first day he woke in the outdoor section which they called the run. Thankfully, he was curled up on his mattress and got a decent night's sleep. His accommodation consisted of a pokey wooden kennel at the end of the outdoor run. He was sharing it with another Puppy-boy who was belligerent and a fucking pain.

They brought Meerab to Tom's cage at eight o'clock on that first evening, after the lad had done 12 hours of day patrol. Tom had hardly got any sleep on the first night but fared better on the second night, even though he was in considerable discomfort and Meerab snored heavily. Their plastic covered mattresses and a plastic covered pillows were just about bearable.

In fact, he had fallen asleep as soon as Meerab had collapsed with exhaustion on his mattress, after a hard day's work. He was a big Arab lad, who seemed to enjoy his Puppy-boy role. He always had a grin on his face, even when he tried to make Tom perform oral on him, just after they met on the first day.

A vicious tussle followed in which they fought for dominance. The fight was a draw, but he made his point. The girl who looked after Tom turned up to watch the kerfuffle but just stood and watched the bizarre sight within the cage. Rifa appeared to enjoy the spectacle of two young men punching each other with latex paws and wrestling until they were too tired to continue.

The upshot was that Meerab used the fucking machine before he went to bed. Tom, was bruised and his ego had taken a hammering with the thrall watching on. It got worse when Rifa entered the cage waving his wand at him.

"Tom, you've been a bad boy," she said, admonishing him. "The 'collector' is

only a temporary facility while you're acclimatizing to your new life. When that's removed, you've got to get along with Meerab. That means you're both going to have to mutually satisfy each other. Remember, the contents of the collector is added to your food, so you're already sharing your roommate's bodily fluids. Remember, your behaviour will dictate whether you're given any privileges in the future."

Rifa hadn't mentioned having sex with Puppy-girls so he had to presume that he wouldn't be offered that option until he had shown willing to accept his new life. The food was okay, but he had to eat it like an animal and slurp up his water as best he could. Because of the stifling heat, he spent some time trying to quench his thirst. That meant more visits to the awful straw toilet in the corner of the cage.

Tom was lying quietly on his mattress and planned to stay there until Meerab's security officer came to pick him up. The problem was that his cock was killing him. He was thirsty and was desperate for a piss. He also needed to shag the 'collector' machine.

His world was restricted to a line of cages filled with lads who seemed satisfied with their lot. Tom was just mulling over his options when he heard footsteps. He leant over and peered through the small arched opening. He spotted a slim Arabic attendant approaching down the aisle between the cages and a tall brick wall.

"Ruff!" Meerab barked softly as he woke from his slumber.

The girls looked similar in their fawn miniskirts and crop tops, but Tom soon recognized the girl as being Rifa, the assistant who looked after him. She was carrying their food and two bottles of water on a tray. She stopped at the end of

his cage and laid the tray on the ground.

“Tom, Meerab, get your lazy asses up,” Rifa shouted.

Tom managed to get through the kennel opening first and quickly crawled to the centre of the run, where he sat back and raised his paws as instructed.

Rifa was reaching up for her wrist controller and glove from the cupboard. Both Puppy-boys watched as the pretty young Arab donned them, then opened the gate. Tom eyed the shapely young thrall and felt his cock fight against its tight latex prison.

“Oh, what good boys,” Rifa said as she hunkered down to pick up the tray.

“Ruff! Ruff!” they both responded.

Tom licked his dry lips while witnessing Rifa flashing her cute sex before she stood up. It was a frequent occurrence when she visited their pen, moments that lightened his otherwise dreadfully dark day. He was certain that she had been trained to do it to cheer them up.

She placed the tray on top of the ‘Collection’ box, took their breakfast and laid the bowls on their planks either side of the cage. She returned with the dirty bowls and placed them on the tray. Finally, she filled their water bowls from a bottle of mineral water. He couldn’t complain about the quality of the food and the breast milk Rifa supplied twice a day, but nothing would compensate for

turning him into a Puppy-boy.

She had to take the tray out of the pen which gave her the opportunity to bend over and show them her cute ass, peeping sex and winking anal whorl. Oh, what he would give to be able to drive his latex encased dick into the young woman's back passage. Of course, having those kinds of thoughts, ramped up the pain emanating from his imprisoned shaft.

Returning to the run, Rifa approached Tom and Meerab. "Which one of you two have been the best behaved?" she asked.

"Ruff, ruff!" they both exclaimed.

"Have you been fighting?"

The boys looked at each other, then shook their heads. "Ruff!"

"Tom, have you gone down on Meerab yet?"

He shook his head and whined.

Rifa wagged her finger at him. "Alright, Tom, go toilet and use the collector while I feed Meerab." She dropped to her knees and patted the Arab lad on the head. "Ali is running late today so you're getting a lie in."

Tom slunk off to the toilet area. He had to clamber over the side and wee onto the straw and wood shavings. Then he padded across to the white plastic box. His cock was permanently stiff and upright because of the knobbly rubber tube that it had been squeezed through. It made it easier to guide his engorged knob through the black rubber opening and into the mechanical vagina.

He put his paws on the black panels, on the top of the device. Magnets instantly locked his paws to the surface, making it impossible to retreat. He pushed his knob into the hole for the fifth time since he had arrived.

“Ugggggh!” he exclaimed when his knob was sucked in as deep as his groin would allow and then coated with a mystery substance.

While the device paused, he looked over his shoulder to see Meerab drinking greedily from Rifa’s fulsome tits. He would get his turn but if the previous day’s experience was repeated, he wouldn’t get as much as his greedy roommate. In a short time, his life had descended to the point where such trivial matters bothered him intensely.

“Uh,” he grunted when the innards of the machine increased its grip on his knob and began to wank it rapidly.

Everything happened too quickly for him to enjoy the experience, but in reality, the machine’s purpose was to suck every last drop of jiz from his balls. Once in a dish, a thrall could then pour the sticky solution over his breakfast. Despite the consequences, Tom made sure that he enjoyed the final moments when he climaxed.

By the time the machine released his cock, Meerab was ready to use it. Tom hurried over to Rifa who had stayed in the kneeling position. “I’ve set my watch for two minutes on each breast, Tom.”

“Ruff,” he barked before latching on to her right tit.

“Because you behaved yourself yesterday, Tom, you’ve been allocated a patrol officer. That means you’ll be getting some exercise today. Vida will collect you soon and take you to the security centre where your collar will be programmed for remote security work...”

He listened while he sucked as much of the girl’s sweet elixir that he could draw in just two minutes.

She patted him on the head. “Go easy boy, don’t chew my nipples...”

The buzzer on her watch went which meant that he had to switch nipples and start again.

“If you behave yourself today and impress the officer you’ve been allocated to, then I’ll take you to a rutting pen. Depending on your performance, you could get up to 30 minutes with a Puppy-girl...” She waited until he had finished. “What do you think, Boy?”

“Ruff, ruff!” He nodded his head eagerly.

She pulled her top down as she got to her feet, then bent forward and placed her hands on her knees. “Show me how much you love me, boy.”

“Ruff, ruff!” he exclaimed, then shuffled around behind her and thrust his mouth against her thrusting labia. The girl’s quim was filled with a stout dildo, but the chance to munch her tender folds and explore her tight anus was not to be missed.

She waited until Meerab arrived on the scene, desperate to take over from him. “Good, Boy. That’s enough, Tom, go and eat your food. I will put the cum on your evening meal when you return from patrol.”

Breakfast was a bizarre sequence of events. It started on a low note and then gave him a few moments of pleasure. He wasn’t looking forward to the rest of the day until he saw a familiar figure walking down the aisle. He had forgotten how beautiful and fit Ibrahim’s assistant was. He had an eye for a perfectly proportioned girl and Vida definitely matched his ideal shape.

Maybe, his day had just gotten a bit brighter...

Chapter 5.2 ~ Jasmin's new role.

I was awake first, even before Mohsin came down the corridor bashing on the cell doors to wake us up. For two days, working beside Zena, I had slaved away until I almost dropped from exhaustion. We worked in the dark for hours with the aid of bright halogen lights attached to the shafts of the wagons. There were also solar lights on the trunks of one in ten date palms.

Under normal circumstances, running was my favourite activity. However, being wrapped in a tight leather corset, coupled with Pony tack and a bit, stripped away most of the pleasure I derived from stretching my legs and feeling the ground beneath my trainers fly by.

By the end of the second day, I was looking for any positives from my awful, enslaved situation. They called us thralls, but I was a slave in a foreign land, the tattoo on my arms, a tight gold collar around my neck and wrist cuffs proved that.

I had spoken out the previous evening and received a beating and a 12-hour silence order. I would have to wait until noon to be able to speak again. That was a joke because my mouth would probably be filled with an invasive bit, attached to a leather bridle for most of the day!

I wasn't work shy, in fact I relished hard work. Back in England, I trained at least five hours a day, six days a week. A lot of that time was running either at the stadium or on the road. I was dedicated to my sport. The positive was that the extreme hard work, hauling sometimes two wagons and two lads was improving my fitness. If I could escape, I could return to my athletic training as if nothing had happened.

The downside was that I didn't think it was possible to escape from Sheik Bashar's estate unless someone helped me. One thrall, Vida, impressed me when she talked to me at the roundhouse, on the first day. She warned me not to speak to anyone about finding help to escape as the consequences for speaking to the wrong person could be devastating.

I discussed it with Zena before I fell asleep at the end of the first day. Unfortunately, the young thrall had no desire to shed the security that she felt from living on Sheik Bashar's estate. I was sad that such an attractive and bright girl was happy living the life of a slave-girl. Uneducated and parentless, she looked upon Sheik Bashar as a god-like figure.

She disclosed that she saw me as an outsider and although she would play no part in helping me escape, she would say nothing about mine or anyone else's desire to escape. However, I didn't trust her and I would need more time to assess the other girl, Vida, before I made up my mind about her.

I sat up on the edge of my bed and studied the lithe Saudi youngster curled up on her mattress. I dragged the bowl out from under my bed and squatted over it, then relieved myself. I had just pushed it back when Zena stirred and lifted her head to see what was happening. I went to the washing bowl, poured some water from the jug, then cleaned my face and pussy.

"Huh, after yesterday, I thought I would have to drag you out of bed. Hand me my water," Zena ordered.

I handed it over and pointed to my collar. "Uh!" I could get away with a sound that wasn't a word.

“Oh, yes, the collar. That’ll teach you for interrupting Mohsin...”

I needed to loosen my muscles, so I started to jog on the spot. Zena rolled out of bed and emptied her bladder into the bowl, I then moved aside so she could wash herself.

She returned to her mattress, laid down then raised her knees to expose her sex to me. “Oh, stop, Jaz, you’re making me feel tired already. Use some of that energy, between my thighs.” She ran her fingers back and forth along her furrow.

I told her about my fitness regime, the previous day but Zena wasn’t interested and thought that I was wasting my energy. I made a massaging gesture with my hands. “Ugh!”

“Alright, you do me first.” Zena twisted and stretched herself out, lying on her front. She then parted her thighs and lifted her feet. “Pleasure me with your fingers, Jaz...” I crawled on, between her thighs, and began massaging her firm, rounded buttocks and lower back. She wiggled her ass. “I need some stimulation, girl.”

I continued rubbing her back with my left hand but used my right to stroke her inner thighs and labia. Like me she had an eyelet punched through her clitoral ridge. I could hardly believe what they had done to me when I discovered the ugly adornment.

“Oh, yes, kid, go deeper,” she said softly when I began to tease her soft fleshy whirlpool. “That is what I need...”

I dipped my fingers in and began to stroke her inner walls. Zena was purring softly when I heard a noise – footsteps in the corridor. “Ugh,” I said softly, then withdrew my fingers and climbed off her bed.

Zena rolled onto her side and looked up at the window. “Mohsin is early. I don’t know why he’s not waking everyone up.”

The sound of the metal bolt on our door being drawn was followed by the creaking of the hinges supporting the heavy wooden door. It was the gangmaster, Master Ali. He pointed at me. “Jasmin, you’ve got an early call. Grab your pan and follow me.” He was carrying a thin whippy ratan cane which he used to make his point.

“Master, do you want me as well?” Zena asked.

“Button it, girl...” He gestured at her, then flicked me with the cane. “Get a move on, thrall.”

I waited while Ali locked the cell door, then set off with him in the direction of the yard. As we approached the archway, Ali nearly bumped into the head lad, Mohsin. He was obviously on the way to wake up the thralls.

Ali stopped him. “Mohsin, who are you putting with Zena?”

“Hana, Sir. They get on well together.”

“I don’t want any slacking today. A five percent lead can be fritted away if the pairs aren’t right.”

Mohsin glanced at me. “I understand, Sir.”

“Okay, carry on...”

We had to pause for me to empty my pan and rinse it out under the tap. Then, we were on the move again. The sun was just rising as we emerged into the open.

“Shower quickly, girl.” Again, he pointed with the stick. I could tell that he was itching to swipe me with it.

I had to pull the cord with one hand and soap my body with the other. While I was enjoying the feel of the cold water falling on my head, Ali was joined by Malik. The pair of gangmasters stood and chatted while watching me wash my body. The lads agreed on something, then Ali departed, heading for the thrall’s cells.

“Enough, thrall. Go and grab a towel,” Malik ordered.

I scampered through to the adjacent yard and pulled a towel off the line. I

noticed that all the garage doors were open and that four large wagons had been moved forward so they could be checked over in daylight. A fifth, smaller rig was standing at the end. All the light alloy vehicles gleamed impressively, obviously the result of many hours of buffing by the lads who worked in the garage.

Fearing what the young man had on his mind, even the delicious smells radiating out of the canteen's open serving hatch didn't distract my focus on the cane Malik was holding.

"Come over here..." Malik stopped halfway to the mobile canteen, next to a table. He tapped the bench with the cane. "Stand on here and give me the towel." I handed it to him and stepped up. "Turn and put your hands on the table." As I bent forward, I braced myself for more pain. The four welts from the previous evening's caning were still making their presence felt.

"Ugh," I said softly, which was meant to sound like 'sorry'.

"I gave you four last night and I'm giving you four this morning for speaking out of turn. Do you understand why you're being punished, thrall?"

"Ugh," I replied with a nod of my head.

"Legs apart, knees bent and shoulders down." I could see him raising the cane through my legs. I squeezed my eyes shut. Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt!

“Neiiiiiiii!” I squealed when my buttocks exploded in a ball of fiery pain that sizzled with an almost unbearable burning heat.

The sadistic gangmaster had slashed the cane down on the diagonal, thus crossing the welts he created before I went to bed. I didn’t collapse or move my hands, even though I was desperate to try and rub the fiery pain away. Seeing my tears pooling on the table’s surface, I wished I could smear some on my sizzling flesh to douse the flames.

“Ugh,” I exclaimed softly when Malik started to towel my legs dry.

It was an unexpected move by the young man who had just thrashed my butt. He went up and down my legs while studying my rear end and sex just inches in front of his eyes.

He stopped after drying my bruised butt cheeks. “Squat, push your ass back and rest your head on your arms.”

He wanted me in the classic doggie shagging pose, on the bench. The previous evening, he punished me in front of the other thralls, then sent me to my cell. For the second half of the punishment, he had chosen to do it privately, with only the chef and the garage hands as possible witnesses.

I bent my knees and rested my head on my arms, knowing that both of my orifices were perfectly positioned to be speared.

“Urrrr,” I sighed softly when I felt the young Arab’s knob pressing against my soft entrance.

When he penetrated me, it dawned on me that my body had reacted to the thrashing by ramping up my arousal levels. My quim had become molten and liquified, so the impalement was swift.

“Urrrr,” I groaned when my extremity halted his bludgeoning knob.

Having found the range, the young man ensured that he butted his knob against the barrier with every powerful thrust of the fuck. As soon as he was in full swing, he grabbed my hips and rocked my ass back to meet his incoming missile-like cock.

For my part, I remained still outwardly, but churned up inside when his jackhammer-like thrusts triggered a powerful, heart stopping orgasm. Being outside in the fresh air, in a foreign land and knowing that I was about to be secured to the shafts of a wagon, increased the aphrodisiac-like nature of my situation. I didn’t want to be a slave, but my body felt as though it was craving the treatment that Malik and my other captors were doling out to me...

Chapter 5.3 ~ Jasmin between the shafts.

When Malik switched holes, he caused me more pain and discomfort which sucked all the energy from my climax and brought me down to earth quickly. I didn't dislike anal sex, but men like Malik used it to brutalize women and drive home their desire to dominate us.

Malik increased the power and speed of his thrusts until I was jaggging back and forth on the table's surface. The lad had staying power which prolonged my discomfort. Then, when his big moment arrived, the lad released a long, animal-like growl while ejaculating deep into my darkest recess. After withdrawing, Malik showed his insensitivity by using the towel to clean his cock, then threw the towel down beside me.

“Sit down thrall and finish drying yourself.”

I gingerly sat down on the polished wooden surface. The pain ramped up for a few moments then settled down to a simmering, fizzing sensation. Although the orgasm culminated when he moved up a hole, my nerve endings were still jangling and my hands trembling.

It was an absurd reaction to the young man's aggressive fuck, but it was real, a fact – it was happening to me and I couldn't control it. Ever since I made up my mind that Tom should be my first, I had been on a rollercoaster ride to achieve higher levels of sexual satisfaction.

Malik walked over to the mobile kitchen while I dried my hair. The two men had a chuckle about something, then the chef placed items on a tray which the young gangmaster then brought back to the table.

He placed the tray between us. “Take your plate and bottle, thrall, and eat your food quickly.” He was acting gruffly toward me, but I could tell he was enjoying my company.

I suspected that he had something awful in store for me which involved putting me into Pony tack for a third time. I hadn’t seen the small single seater rig on the previous two days and as I was on my own, I guessed that I would be pulling it.

Weirdly, I was pleased to be doing something different, but anxious that I was going to suffer a tougher time on my own. I did as I was told and ate the delicious food as quickly as possible. The hot rice was topped with a generous portion of chicken stew and the chef had also placed a folded pita bread on the side.

Another indication that Malik had some feeling for me was that there was as much on my plate as on his and he didn’t hurry me. I washed it down with the mineral water and was the first to finish.

With nothing else to occupy Malik’s mind while he ate, he spent most of the time studying me. With it being the third day of being naked, I was getting used to walking around without a stitch to cover my blushes. All the thralls in the North camp were in the same state in the morning before we donned our Pony-girl corsets and tack.

Malik drank the last drops from his bottle then got to his feet. “Take the tray back, thrall, then meet me over by the single rig.”

After loading the tray, I headed for the mobile kitchen. Behind me, the first two thralls had arrived to get their towels after showering. I felt my chest tighten as I approached Malik and one of the garage lads who were chatting together.

“...and get a dress corset ready,” he said to the lad, who then hurried away into the gloomy wooden structure.

“You’re pulling this one today, Jasmin.” It was the first time that he used my name. “I’m going to fit you into temporary dress tack because we may have to pick up a visitor from the palace today. Come with me.”

I glanced at the single rig as we passed. The minimal light alloy structure was designed to support two plastic bucket seats, and a small platform that was large enough for one decent sized crate. The four, small twelve-inch wheels were widely spread to give the rig stability, as were the pair of long shafts, which Malik was about to steer me between.

The gangmaster led me to the back of the garage, where in the gloom, the young man was working at a weird shaped, low wooden bench. The polished surface had a wavy top which he had laid an open harness on.

“Jasmin, lie forward onto the harness, then I’ll fasten you into it,” Malik ordered.

It was easy to lie on the wide open leather garment but it took me a few seconds to get my position right. “Move forward... to the right an inch...,” came the commands. There was a dip in the bench for my midriff and two dips in the front edge so my tits could hang on the corset’s quarter cups.

When I was in position Malik leant against my ass and pulled the sides of the corset together, then started to connect clips from the base to the top. It wasn't as tight as I feared until he started adjusting the clips which obviously enabled him to draw the two sides together.

I groaned silently when I felt the leather squeezing my torso, but thankfully the gangmaster didn't go too far. I could tell that he was once again excited while he worked because his rock-solid cock was wedged firmly in my ass crack while he gradually tightened the body restraint.

The corset was more restrictive and curved my spine more than the standard estate harnesses I had worn on day one and two. After Malik had fastened my upper arms to the sides of the harness and secured the shoulder straps, he backed away and came around to do my bridle.

"Jasmin, you're probably wondering about the difference between the corsets..." Malik said just before pulling the supple leather hood onto my head.

After making sure it was comfortable, he fetched the bridle. I hated the straps around my head and having my head jerked when the driver pulled on the reins. There were straps to tighten and buckles to secure. Then, he explained the difference styles of working harnesses.

"Well, the single rigs don't have the capability to let you lean forward or back, so you'll be running in the static racing stance. The corset you're wearing is stronger and designed for running. You'll see." He paused while adjusting a strap. "Make the most of the practice today because I doubt if it'll be long before you get the chance to stretch your legs on the racetrack."

I wasn't sure if I liked the sound of racing around a circuit while trussed up in a leather harness. Decisions about my future activities were beyond my control, unless I could impress the right person or not as the case may be. Given the choice, I would rather be trained to race than have to slog for long hours every day, hauling wagons through date plantations.

While Malik finished the bridle and slid the bit into my mouth, the lad pulled on my thigh-length boots. When the last side buckle on the bit was fastened, Malik helped me to stand erect.

"Ugh!" I exclaimed when I discovered the harness was unyielding.

"It's different, Jasmin. Stick your ass out as you walk. I'll help you to the rig."

I couldn't straighten my back, so I had to walk with my back curved. I found it more comfortable to walk when I bent my knees. Even the two-inch platform boots were different. They were designed for the wearer to run on their toes and gave good support. The contact area on the ground was smaller but the sole was studded for better grip.

Malik steered me into the narrow gap between the shafts. I had to wait until the lad held them up so that the gangmaster could steer me under the curved crossmember that fastened to the back of my corset. I had two handles to hold, like the ones on the shafts of the larger estate wagon.

There were also two chains that connected my shoulders to the back of the rig

and straps to secure my lower arms to the shafts. Then, came the shocker, the lad fetched a light blue furry item which turned out to be an anal tail. I groaned when Malik inserted the huge black rubber plug, then wondered if he had shagged me to prepare the hole for the monstrous visitor. The bushy tail pointed upward but curled over at the top.

While Malik checked the tension of the chains and the tyres on the rig, I watched the thralls sitting down to eat their breakfast. The girls weren't interested in what was happening to me, so I assumed Malik often took out a single rig to visit parts of the country estate.

The final item was a gauze hood which fitted over the top and front of the hood. I had to wait while Malik went and had a chat with Ali who was eating his breakfast with two thralls. When he returned, he fetched a riding crop from the garage, then jumped up into the rig and tested the reins.

“Jasmin, head for the compound gates,” Malik ordered then flicked the reins.

I pulled away and was delighted to find that the rig, plus a 15 stone lad, felt as light as a feather. Of course, I had been pulling a heavy load for two long days in the heat of the day. I felt sorry for the other girls and pleased that Malik had chosen me to ferry him around the estate. As I approached the gates at a fast walk, they smoothly opened inward. Ahead of me was the North yard drive, then a 'T' junction with the perimeter road.

I guessed it was about seven o'clock. The sun was up but its rays were weak for the time being. “Jasmin, turn left onto the perimeter road. We're heading for the main office via the kennels,” the gangmaster shouted.

I jogged to the junction, pulled to the left, then performed a smooth turn and set off along the raised main arterial route around the estate. I was running in a southerly direction with the sun rising on my left. It was a beautiful day for a morning jog and I was just beginning to enjoy myself when..." Switt!

"Agh!" I yelped and quickened my pace as a result of a sharp pain on my right butt cheek.

"Show me what you've got, Jasmin..."

Cursing the young Arab lad under my breath, I lengthened my stride and increased my effort until I was running as fast as I would during the first half of an 800-metre race.

"Impressive, girl. Let's see how long you can keep this pace going..."

The lad flicked the reins but thankfully didn't whack me again. The sandy coloured compacted earth of the road surface flew by beneath the soles of my comfortable running boots. Grip was important and the studded soles on the toe end of my boots were perfect for the road surface.

On the first night in the cell, Zena described the sport of Pony-girl racing to me, which explained why a lot of thought had gone into the design of the rig and the kit I was wearing. The push/pull role I was executing was extremely efficient, energy wise, and I was coping well with only one person sitting in the rig.

We flew past row after row of date palms on our right and a wide strip of barren land on our left. If there were CCTV cameras on the high border fence, some 100 yards from the road, it would be impossible to approach the fence in daytime without being spotted.

After about a mile, when I began to tire, Malik sensed my pace dropping. “Enough sprinting for now, Jasmin. That was very impressive. It’s two and a half miles between each corner of the estate. See the cabin up ahead? that’s the East security office which is at the halfway point. I want you to pull off the road and park outside.”

The cabin resembled an old-fashioned railway station. It had been built from wood and even had a platform outside it that ran the length of the building. Of course, it would never see a train. I discovered when I pulled alongside the platform, that the surface was the right height for the load space of the wagon I was pulling.

Malik had just jumped down to the ground when a security officer emerged from the office. He was carrying a large box which he placed on the platform behind the seats. I then had to stand for half an hour while the pair chatted in the office.

It was a relief to have an easier day but by the time Malik returned to the driver’s seat, I was raring to go. He allowed me to jog at a sedate pace for the next mile and a quarter, then I had to wait while he chatted to an Arab in the kennel warehouse, who took charge of the heavy package.

Then, we were off again. “The next leg of our journey is a short one, Jasmin,” Malik informed me as I trotted between the pillars of the compound exit. “Return to the perimeter road and turn left. You can see the estate admin building in the distance.”

I was getting used to pulling the single wagon and had to admit that I was almost enjoying myself, especially as it was once again lighter. As we neared the admin centre, I spotted a thrall dressed in a light blue tunic, jogging towards the same building, from the opposite direction.

I thought that the young woman, whose long black hair flowed behind her, had an elegant running style. As we neared each other, I recognized the girl's eye-catching features.

It was Ibrahim's assistant, Vida, the girl who I hoped would one day help me escape from Sheik Bashar's estate...

Chapter 5.4 ~ Vida's Tough duties.

As Vida jogged along the perimeter road, she spotted a single rig approaching from the opposite direction. It was Malik heading for the office to meet the accountant. The Pony-girl jogged up smoothly and when the lad pulled her to a halt, Vida patted her shoulder.

Despite the gauze hood distorting her pretty features, Vida recognized the girl immediately as the new thrall who was allocated to the North Yard at the beginning of the week. The same thrall that Ibrahim had travelled to London to collect.

She noted that Malik or one of the handlers had fitted a tan dress corset-harness and a light blue anal tail on Jasmin. They were items normally worn when a member of the Bashar family was visiting the estate.

“Vida, is the Master up yet?” Malik jumped down onto the hard compacted sandy soil close to her.

“He’s read the daily reports, but he’s gone back to his apartment to shower. He wasn’t a hundred percent after his trip to the palace last night, Sir.”

“Huh, that’s par for the course.” He eyed her utility belt. “I hope you’re aware that Rayil is against your promotion.”

“Yes, Sir. He made that clear to me.”

He pointed at the plastic gun. “Use that tazer inappropriately and you’ll end up in a cage and be on your way.”

“I understand, Sir.”

“Where are you going?”

“I’m on my way to fetch the Puppy-boy who’s been allocated to a new security officer. Tom needs to be put on the system, so I’ll take him in the heavy wagon to security and return with Officer Salah and the officer who he’s training.”

“What time are you leaving with the wagon?”

“Eight forty-five, Sir.”

“Well, I was going to leave this filly in the stables until about ten. Use her to fetch your Puppy-boy, then transfer him into the heavy wagon and leave this animal there.”

“Yes, that’s a good idea. Thank you, Sir... Um, are you expecting someone from the palace to visit the estate today.”

“Don’t be nosy, Vida. Get on with your work.”

“Yes, Master.”

When she went to climb up, Malik placed his hand on her ass and gave her a push up. The protocol was to pause just in case the trainer or Master wanted to check out the state of a thrall’s sex. Malik didn’t waste the opportunity.

“Vida, you did good yesterday...” He thumbed her labia and then prodded her succulent portal. “Grail is going to go potty when he gets a sniff of this.” He pushed her, enabling her to ease into the moulded plastic single seat.

She took the reins from him. “Thank you, Sir.”

“This is the thrall that arrived Sunday night...” He patted the girl’s bruised butt cheeks.

“I thought I recognized her light skin, Sir.”

“She’s a mouthy bitch. I had to beat her yesterday for talking. Her collar is switched to mute until midday. Her name is Jasmin. Be firm with her.”

“I will. Sir.”

“I’ll catch up with you later.”

Vida waited for the gangmaster to walk past the filly and head for the main entrance before flicking the reins. “Forward, then turn, girl,” she said in English, softly so that Malik didn’t hear.

During the journey from the front of the admin office to the Puppy compound, Vida noticed, with interest, that Jasmin had an effortless running style. In fact, of all the Pony-girls she had driven, and there had been many, Jasmin was by far the silkiest runner she had clapped eyes on.

The Country Estate’s stables had become the dumping ground for rejected fillies from Sheik Bashar’s racing stables. Sarim and Burack were good examples of that policy. They were reliable animals and happy to retire from racing and settle into a less stressful lifestyle. The sheik often sold his racing stock though, before they underperformed which saved them from being relegated to the Country Estate’s stables.

Occasionally, a newly purchased thrall showed that she had natural talent when put into Temporary Pony tack. Usually, the North and South yards received the new thralls because their varied workload enabled the gangmasters to assess their capabilities. Jasmin disclosed that she had trained as an athlete so that was obviously the reason for bringing her to Saudi Arabia.

During the short run to the kennels from the admin building, Vida had the first inkling that Jasmin might be useful to her in the future. In the plan she was formulating, she was going to need a rig and a fast girl to pull it. Jasmin could be the girl she needed, but would she be staying on the Country Estate or did Ibrahim plan to move her to the racing stables in the coming weeks?

Vida feared that by the time she was ready to escape, Jasmin would be wearing permanent Pony Tack and be well on the way to running her first race for the Bashar racing stables. If Jasmin had an inkling of what awaited her in the racing stables, then she would be even more desperate to escape from the estate.

The fact that Malik was using Jasmin to pull a single rig, after only two days, spoke volume of Ibrahim's intent, although it was strange that he didn't mention it earlier. Then, Vida remembered his hangover, so there were probably several things he forgot to tell her. Another curious thing was that Malik hadn't inserted a dildo into Jasmin's quim...

Vida pulled the English girl to a halt in a parking space alongside the staff office just as Aya emerged from the front door.

"Hi, Miss," the pretty thrall called out.

"Aya, go fetch a bottle of water." Malik hadn't placed a drinks pack in the wagon's bed, which was thoughtless of him.

By the time Aya returned with the water, Vida had jumped down and moved around to face the athletic temporary Pony-girl.

"Are you doing the rounds today with this rig, Miss?" the thrall asked.

“No, Aya. I’ve got to deliver the new boy, Tom, to security, then take officer Salah on his rounds, so I’ll be driving the heavy wagon later. Has Rifa fed the boy yet?”

“She’s doing it now, Miss. Ali, Meerab’s officer, will be late today so she left him and Tom till last. Um, what’s it like... Being his assistant?”

Vida unfastened one side of Jasmin’s bit and eased the tab out of her mouth. “It’s tough. Every man in authority wants a piece of me. Hopefully, it’s just a passing fad, but I hate being the novelty thrall on the estate.”

“Ahhh,” Jasmin gasped moments before Vida lifted the bottle to her lips.

While Jasmin was drinking, Vida continued her conversation with the thrall. “Aya, fetch another bottle for me.” As soon as she was alone with Jasmin, Vida withdrew the bottle from the thrall’s lips. “Jasmin, did you know that Ibrahim brought your coaches to Saudi Arabia with you?”

Jasmin, who couldn’t talk without being punished by her collar, nodded. “Tom, uuuggggh,” she groaned.

The girl had taken the hit to be able to say a name which showed she had a backbone. “Is ‘Tom’ your coach’s name?” Her eyes were watery, but she held it together and nodded. Jasmin had heard the name ‘Tom’ come up in conversation so was probably aware of what had happened to her coach.

Vida returned the bottle to the girl's mouth when Aya emerged into the bright sunshine and came over with another full bottle of water. Vida stopped and took the offered bottle, then handed the half empty one back.

“Finish watering this girl, then position the ramp for the boy. I'm going to fetch Tom from the kennels.”

Holding her Puppy prod in one hand and the bottle of water in the other, Vida set off for the Puppy-boy wing. Authority could easily go to her head when she was among the thralls, however there wasn't a lad on the estate who would consider her their superior. Not only that, the lads stuck together and were always believed over the thralls.

When she entered the corridor at the back of the runs, she discovered that most of the pens were empty. The guards normally collected their Puppy-boys before eight, in readiness to start their patrol duties. Another half hour and the boys from the night patrol would be arriving back, then the thralls would have to do another round of feeding.

She spotted Rifa on her knees feeding one of the boys. As she neared, she saw that Tom was eating his breakfast, a plate of mixed food. Rifa hadn't fully transitioned him onto the special Puppy food that the kitchen produced for them. Vida stood beside the gate and waited for Meerab to finish feeding from the teenager's breast.

Finally, Rifa stood and came over to speak to Vida, while the Puppy-boy gambolled over to his breakfast. The girls tried to avoid doubling up in a pen, just in case the pair turned nasty. It had never happened while Vida had worked in the kennels, but there was a nasty incident before she transferred over. Needless to say, both lads were promptly gelded and modified so that they could

perform Bitch Puppy duties and be sent back out on patrol.

“When are you expecting Officer Fadir to collect Meerab, Rifa?” Vida asked.

“Nine-Thirty, Miss. He’s attending a meeting at the security centre.”

“Yes, there’s a lot going on...” Vida mused.

She noted that Tom had finished his breakfast and was lapping his water to wash it down. She reached up, unhooked a leash and opened the gate. After Rifa stepped out, Vida entered and closed the gate.

“Will you be alright, Miss?” Rifa asked.

She tapped her Puppy-boy controller on her belt. “Don’t worry about me.”

As soon as Rifa had picked up the dirty dishes and trudged off down the corridor, Vida pointed at Tom. “Sit and wait, boy.”

“Ruff,” he responded, then sat as instructed.

Vida then went over to Meerab. He was one of the most reliable Puppy-boys on the estate and he had always behaved well whenever she fed or walked him.

Consequently, she had rewarded him several times with hand jobs after he had suckled on her tits.

The Puppy-boy saw her approaching and left his breakfast. “Ruff, ruff.” He barked a greeting but didn’t jump up like some of the other boys did, instead he waited for a pat on the head.

She placed her Puppy prod and bottle of water on the ground. “Good boy,” she said. “Meerab, you can have a double dip, then I want you to go and lie down on your bed.”

She had never seen the lad more excited. His enormous knob was bright purple, bulging from the top of the control tube moulded around his shaft. She wouldn’t have teased him if the collector wasn’t available in his run where he could ultimately relieve his sexual urges once she had left his cage.

Adopting an open leg stance while standing upright, Vida lifted the front of her light blue tunic to show the lad her smooth mons and sex. The lad hadn’t seen her with a clit pendant before, but it wouldn’t hinder his task too much.

Meerab had to lift his head to be able to dock his mouth with her cunt. “Ummmmm,” he moaned when he realized that Vida’s quim wasn’t occupied by a control dildo, like it had on every other occasion she had allowed him to nuzzle her sex. He immediately plunged his tongue into her hot, juicy orifice.

“Good, boy,” she muttered, then allowed him a whole minute slurping and sucking her tender folds.

She tapped him on the head, turned and bent slightly forward. Giving him the second part of the double dip, which was a rare treat. But, it wouldn't happen very often, in the future.

She was using him for an important purpose.

Again, she allowed him a minute to seek out her more obstinate entrance and give it a thorough tonguing. The lad made the most of the opportunity by pressing his face hard against her cheeks and his nose in her crack to help steer his tongue to the right spot.

Happy that Tom was watching intently, she stepped forward. "Enough, Meerab. Go and lie down for a few minutes."

She waited for the lad to shuffle away and retire to the kennel, then went over to Tom. He was sitting in the correct begging position, with his paws up. When she hunkered down and parted her knees, Tom's eyes dropped to study her splayed sex.

"Do you like what you see? Tom?"

He lifted his eyes. "Ruff!"

"Well, you saw how I reward a good boy. Behave today and you have something

to look forward to, maybe more if your behaviour is exemplary.”

He nodded eagerly and barked softly. “Ruff, ruff!”

“Good, I’m going to take you to the security centre where you’re going to meet an officer. If all goes well, he or she will become your handler and Master or Mistress for the foreseeable future.” He reacted to the news well, probably because she was distracting him by flashing her sex. “I’ve also got some good news. I found out that you were an athletics trainer in your old life...”

“Ruuuuuuu,” he whined pitifully.

“I’ve also discovered that you coached Jasmin...”

“Ruff, ruff!” he barked eagerly while his face lit up.

“Are you wondering what’s happening to her?”

He nodded. “Ruff!”

“She’s here and she’s well. She was allocated to the North camp and is at this very moment in the compound. She’s in temporary Pony tack and will take us to the estate’s stables, where we’ll transfer to a heavy wagon.”

Tom looked bamboozled which wasn't surprising, she stood and clipped the leash to the front of his collar. Her sex was just inches away from his nose, but he didn't nudge the light blue material like all the other boys did, given half a chance. It was allowed within the kennels and once Tom sees the other Puppies doing it, he'll follow suit.

"Stay beside me, Tom, or I'll whack you where it hurts," she warned him.

As they set off down the open-air corridor, Tom seemed eager to please her, which made a change from most of the bad-tempered young men who ended up being transformed into Puppy-boys...

Chapter 5.5 ~ Vida's precarious position.

As Vida approached the loading dock, she jerked the leash. “Tom, don’t misbehave or you’ll miss out on your treat when you get back to the kennels.”

“Ruuuuuu,” he whined, as Vida steered him to the bottom of the steps.

The young man wanted to go closer to Jasmin but having contact with her could only destabilize the smooth running of her day. Jasmin’s expression also reflected the shock she felt after seeing her ex-trainer transformed into a Puppy-boy.

Switt! Vida lashed her Puppy-prod across his rear end. “Next time, I’ll prod you, Tom!”

The Puppy-boy, lower, latex body suits were fitted with several metal contact areas on the rear end that a handler could touch with the electrodes on the prod. Metal filaments within the latex transferred the current to their skin. The latex wrapped around the lad’s nads was covered with many metal filaments. Poking the prod on it was by far the most effective way of punishing a Puppy-boy.

Tom pulled himself together and climbed the steps clumsily, then with Aya’s help they steered him onto the small platform on the back of the rig. Once he had hunkered down, Aya connected the safety belt across his back, freeing up Vida to return to the driver’s seat.

“Thanks, Aya...” She tugged on the reins. “Jasmin, turn and head back the way we came.”

Despite a heavier load and seeing her old coach in Puppy garb, Jasmin executed the manoeuvre smoothly and was soon jogging along the perimeter road.

“You two have got to get used to your new lives,” she shouted loud enough for both of them to hear. “I’m assuming that the new arrival in the estate’s Pony-girl stables is another of your coaches. Her name is Karen, she’s white and arrived at the same time as you two...”

“Ughhh!” Jasmin grunted and nodded her head vigorously, confirming Vida’s suspicions.

“Ruff, ruff,” Tom responded behind her.

“Tom, keep your head down. Yours and Karen’s futures have been decided, but Jasmin’s hasn’t. She’s still a thrall so that means that Ibrahim hasn’t decided on her future. I don’t mind telling you that I’m looking for a way to escape. My aim is to find my mother. We were both sold at the same auction, and I think I know which estate bought her. I haven’t got an escape plan yet, so behave and wait for developments that may or may not happen.”

They trundled past the admin centre and continued another 800 yards to the estate’s Pony stables. Layan must have heard Jasmin’s boots on the hard, compacted earth for she came out to see who was approaching.

“Miss, I didn’t expect you to be returning with a rig...”

“It’s Master Malik’s ride. I’ve been giving Jasmin some exercise. I’ve got to leave her here. He’s at the admin office and will come and fetch her soon.”

“Okay, park her beside the heavy wagon and we’ll transfer the animal over.”

Five minutes later, Tom was secured in the back of the heavy wagon and Vida was steering the four fillies out of the stables. Layan walked along beside the front right-hand Pony-girl.

“I put Sarim and Burak on the front to steady the back two. They’ve never pulled a four before. You’ll need to keep an eye on them, especially this white one who joined us this week.” She patted Karen’s ass, then turned to return to the stables.

“Thanks, Layal, I will,” Vida said over her shoulder, then concentrated on clasping the four sets of reins properly. “Girls, steady as you go. Turn right after the admin building. We’re leaving by the main entrance.”

Vida was adept at driving a four, pulling the heavy wagon. Rizwan often sent her out to fetch their supplies from the warehouse, occasionally on her own. When she was transferred to the Puppy kennels, she missed the feeling of freedom she experienced during those journeys. So, she was chuffed to have been promoted and once again spend time in the open spaces of the estate.

Wohhh,” she called out as they approached the tall gates, which remained stubbornly closed.

“Vida...” A man was calling her. She turned to discover Ibrahim striding towards the wagon. “I need a ride.” As he spoke the gates started to open.

He skirted the back, then climbed up and sat on the bench beside her. “Good morning again, Master. You look fully recovered.” Actually, he looked rejuvenated. His hair was neat, his eyes were alert and sparkled with vitality.

He clapped his hands. “Let’s get moving.”

She flicked the reins. “Girls, you heard the master!”

The wagon trundled over the border between the two estates, heading for the security office. “Vida, I hear Malik informed you that a family member may be visiting the Country Estate this morning.”

“He did, Sir, when I bumped into him earlier.”

“Vida, you won’t be involved with that visit, if it happens,” Ibrahim explained. “There’s a lot going on in the coming days and because the Country Estate only has my voice, I have little influence on the committee of managers.”

“Oh, that’s a shame, Master.”

“It certainly is. For reasons I can’t explain, our Master is beefing up security on both estates. The special measures will be in place until the first of January.”

“Will we notice a difference, Master?”

“Yes, we will. There will be more security officers on the perimeter and around the yards. Your position came up in the meeting because of your lack of experience.”

“Master, I’m confident that I can handle the workload.”

“I know. Unfortunately, I’ve taken some flack for appointing you instead of selecting one of the longer serving thralls. Stupid gossip goes around the palace like wildfire. Our Master values his security above all else and when an officer voices doubts about an appointment, my influence is weak. We discussed the situation at length last night and I don’t mind telling you that I didn’t enjoy any aspect of the discussion, let alone the card game...” He placed his hand on Vida’s thigh and slid it down to her plump lips.

The teenager gave Ibrahim a little more room to tease her smooth sex. “Master, I think I understand. I will do what it takes to convince Master Salah that I am as obedient and diligent as any other thrall on the estate.”

“Officer Salah mentioned Grail’s involvement. You’ll soon find out what the chief has on his mind. The most important thing is to put his mind at rest and then we can crack on with the running of the country estate.”

As the wagon trundled through the golf course with its lush green fairways, undulating as far as the eye could see, Vida was feeling anxious about her future. She had the ability to do her job, in fact she was overqualified, but her Masters hated intelligent thralls.

Ibrahim had chosen her because he was attracted to her. He liked having a babe by his side and everyone knew that. She hated being chosen for her looks and body, but she had used them to impress him and they had gotten her the job.

All she had to do was keep the security chiefs happy. However, the mention of Salah's pet Puppy-boy's involvement was a worry and troubled Vida for the rest of the journey. Ibrahim wasn't being straight with her, but Masters never were and she was a fool to think otherwise.

Vida steered the wagon into the drive-through loading bay and pulled the team to a halt, whereupon Ibrahim removed his hand from her thigh. "This is where I leave you, Vida," Ibrahim announced. He raised his fingers to his nose and absentmindedly sniffed them.

"Thank you, Master. I'll be at the roundhouse at two." She turned her attention to Tom. She unfastened the belt and encouraged him to stretch his legs. "This won't take long, Tom. This is the security centre and you have to demonstrate total obedience or they will put you in a training program. Believe me, you want to avoid one of those. Walk beside me and behave yourself." She lifted his chin. "Do you understand?"

"Ruff!" he replied.

“Good, boy.”

She halted at the goods-in desk. She didn't know the officer, but he would know who she was from the face recognition software on his computer. He pointed at Tom. “Vida, they're expecting you and the boy in T and T. I'll call a technician.”

“Oh, I thought he was going to meet his new officer...”

The officer picked up the handset on his desk and pushed a button on it. While he waited for a response, he glared at Vida. “Don't think, thrall. Just do as you're told.”

“Yes, Sir,” she responded and tried to look contrite. “Um, did you mean me as well?”

The T & T department picked up. “Sent someone out to get Vida and the boy.” He glared at Vida again. “Does that answer your question?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Wait by the door.”

Vida didn't have long to wait. A young man wearing a white coat opened the security door and ushered them out of reception. “This way, Vida.”

The young Kuwaiti tried to look confident as she strode along behind the young tech guy, but her stomach was doing somersaults. The 'Test and Training' department had a terrible reputation for causing thralls a lot of grief. Vida had heard several references to the 'F & P' test which she believed stood for faith and personality. It was, she had heard, a test given to the palace staff to test their trustworthiness.

The department was at the back of the building, not far from the goods-in section, so they didn't have far to go. Vida's heart missed a beat when the young man stopped outside a door with the ominous letters 'F & P' painted on it.

He pushed the door open. "Vida, go and wait while I take the boy to have his collar programmed. Get undressed while you're waiting."

Vida wasn't happy but if she wanted to consolidate her position and gain the confidence of security, then she had to take the test. It was a shame though that her Master hadn't warned her. As she started to undress, she decided it was better that she didn't know. The tiny waiting room only contained four chairs standing against one wall, otherwise it was just a corridor between the security centre and the lab.

Vida had just removed her bra and placed it on the folded tunic when the door opened. The tech guy had returned, but to Vida's surprise he was accompanied by Grail, Officer Sala's pet Puppy-boy. The huge black lad was so massive his back was on a level with the lad's waist. He was the most fearsome Puppy-boy on both estates, for he had a cock as stout as Vida's forearm.

She was lucky to escape being mounted by him when she was punished and put

into a temporary Puppy-girl suit. On one visit to the kennels, it was rumoured that he mounted five bitches in a row.

“Vida, the chief wants you to get acquainted with Grail, so I brought him along. He’s just had his collar updated so when I’m finished with you here, I’ll take you to the other lab and do yours.”

While the lad talked, Grail moseyed over to Vida, dipped his latex clad head and pushed his snout against her mons. His tongue snaked out and licked her labia. “Ruff!” he exclaimed, having gotten a taste of her flavours.

Vida didn’t move her body, lest she angered the lad, but she patted his latex clad head. “Hello, Grail. What a handsome boy you are.”

The technician patted the boy’s butt and brushed his black upright tail with his hand. “Plenty of time to play with Vida, boy. Let me get her organized today, then she’s all yours.” He took hold of Vida’s upper arm and led her through into the testing lab. “Vida, has Grail mounted you yet?”

“No, Sir, he hasn’t.”

“I understand Master Ibrahim pulled you out of the Puppy kennels.” he said while leading her over to a piece of equipment that resembled a motorbike.

“That’s right, Sir. I worked on the boy section.”

“Well, Grail and Kate got on like a house on fire. She loved him, didn’t you, boy?”

Vida felt his breath on her ass, so she twisted to see his reaction. “Ruuuu,” he whined.

The pieces of the puzzle were connecting in her head, and Vida didn’t like the result. Chief Salah and Ibrahim must have had a falling out over Kate’s expulsion from her assistant position. Grail had a thing for the girl, making the chief angry when his boning toy was taken from him. Sheik Bashar had sided with Ibrahim but the chief was demanding his pound of flesh in the form of Vida being the replacement fuck toy. She had no idea what was going on.

Unfortunately, no matter which way she looked at it, the outcome was bad for her...

Chapter 5.6 ~ Vida's big test.

The piece of equipment that she was expected to climb on was the shape of a motorbike without the wheels. There was a long narrow black seat, handlebars and footrests, but it was the prong rising from the seat that caught Vida's attention. It was clearly designed to fill the rider's vagina – not a frightening prospect because it was modest in size – but Vida wondered what its real purpose was.

“Jump up, Vida and lower yourself on the phallus, but stop halfway so I can insert a probe into your rectum.”

Grail had seated himself three feet away so that Vida couldn't avoid seeing the lad's massive cock standing bolt upright. She had a sneaky suspicion that the lad didn't need the knobbly rubber tube to give it the rigidity he was displaying. Then, there was his huge knob which Vida was certain would fill her mouth when he demanded she suck him dry.

Vida threw a leg across the seat and carefully wiggled her ass backward to locate the bulbous tip with her soft, fleshy entrance. As soon as she docked her portal, she sank onto the prong.

“Enough,” the technician said. “Hold it there until I've inserted the probe, then you can lower yourself all the way and get comfortable.”

That must have been a joke, Jasmin thought, because she had never felt more uncomfortable. The lad manoeuvred a tall piece of equipment nearer, to the side of the bike, then pulled the probe out of a socket. There was a 'T' handle on the end of the probe and a cable attached to the end of the handle.

He dipped the domed end of the probe in a jar of gel, then pushed it against her tight pucker. “Ugggggh,” she groaned softly as the intruder stretched her teenage muscles and dove on in until it was well planted in her rectum.

“Sit, Vida. Put your feet up and hold the handles. I’ll get the helmet.”

Vida sank gradually onto the fake cock which was slightly curved to allow for the fact that she had to lean forward to hold the handles. The tech guy returned with what looked like a motorcycle helmet.

“Vida, this helmet has a VR screen and electrodes that will press against your head. When coupled with the anal probe, the dildo and the handles you’re holding, the computer will be able to collect enough data to analyse and assess your character.”

“Oh, then will I be finished, Sir?”

“We’ll see. Sit still while I fit it on you. You must follow the instructions on the screen.”

Vida had never donned anything like the headset. It was padded and comfortable. She was completely in the dark for about a minute, then the screen lit up. “Oh,” she gasped when a graphic with bright colours explained what was happening.

She was going to be asked questions on the screen and had to answer them with a yes or no. The handgrips turned. The right was yes and the left no. She had ten seconds to read and answer the questions. If she was slow, then a punishment would accumulate, but it didn't say what kind of punishment.

No sooner had she read the preamble, then the dildo started to ripple and vibrate. They were obviously going to try and distract her during the quiz. It began with 20 personal questions. 'Is your name Vida?' 'Are you from Kuwait?' 'Are you 19', were the first three. During the first series of questions the dildo increased in intensity. By the time the second series of questions began, Vida was gripping the handles tightly and her body was trembling due to the invasive stimulation.

Then, the trick questions began. 'Did you like working in the Pony stables?' She answered yes. 'Do you want to return there?' She answered no. 'Did you like working in the kennels?' She answered yes and soon regretted it. There followed a dozen questions about the duties of a kennel maid and then even more questions on lactating and feeding the Puppy-boys.

The questions were coming thick and fast. There were 20 on ambition. 'Would you like to work in the palace?' was one that she replied yes to. There were questions about security. 'Do you think the Home Estate's security is strong enough?' By the time the questions turned to her own thoughts about living on the estate and if she wanted to leave, Vida was suffering/enjoying a full-blown orgasm.

She gasped with relief when the machine shut down and she was plunged into darkness. "All finished..." The tech guy lifted the helmet off her head, then she raised her ass and left the prong behind. After the technician withdrew the probe, she climbed off the bike.

Having a photographic memory meant that she could recall all 100 questions. It was a curse though to be able to remember some of the stupid answers...

“How are you feeling, Vida?” the young man asked.

She took a deep breath. She was angry with herself for making it sound as though she enjoyed working in the kennels. “Okay thanks. I’m not sure about my answers though.”

“Don’t worry about that, it’s how your body reacted and what your brain was thinking when you were asked the questions. The answers were far less important.”

“Oh, okay.”

“The chief is keen for you to keep lactating so I’m going to give you a booster jab.”

Vida was just getting used to the idea of her milk drying up, even though her breasts were still producing a plentiful supply of the rich elixir. “Um, did he say why, Sir?”

He looked down at Grail. “Isn’t it obvious? Go and sit in the chair and I’ll get the syringe.”

He was pointing at the dreaded gynaecological chair. She hated the sight of it, but regardless of her thoughts she had to do as she was told. Grail, who followed her over, was getting impatient. “Ruuu,” he whined just before Vida seated herself. The back was lowered so she had to recline until her back was about 30 degrees off horizontal.

She was given injections during the first couple of weeks she worked in the kennels, so was used to having boosters. The needle hurt but it was over in a few seconds. The young man returned the needle to the countertop, then returned with a Puppy controller watch.

“Put that on. You have no control over Grail because of his status, but you can time your feeding with it. Let me feel your breasts.” He gently massaged them. “Mmmm, you’ve probably got six or seven minutes in each. While I take the results of your test to the chief, feed Grail on the mat over there. I’ll probably be about twenty minutes.”

The tech guy left the room leaving her alone with the huge black Puppy-boy. Having no control over him was a scary prospect but there was no avoiding the inevitable. Vida slipped off the seat and hurried over to the mat. Naked and vulnerable, she dropped to her knees before he arrived. She expected him to come straight to her tits and latch on, but instead, he slowly walked around her statuesque pose.

The lower half of his torso and folded legs were encased in black latex, as was his head down to his stout leather collar. The hood had a circular hole for his face and there were moulded pointed ears to reinforce the illusion that he was a huge dog. His hands had been reshaped into paws and wrapped in latex to match his rear paws, while his bushy tail rose up at least eighteen inches into the air before it curled over.

With Grail being black, he made an awesome sight with his massive shoulders and arms and solid torso. His huge cock was encased in purple rubber that had a knobbly texture, while his knob, which bulged obscenely from the top of the tube, was almost the same shade of purple.

He sat down in front of Vida and nudged his cock with his front paw. “Ruff! Ruff!” He barked loudly. There was a large bead of pre-cum about to drip off the end of his dick.

Vida dipped her head quickly and had to open her mouth wide to be able to wrap her lips around his knob. She sucked, licked and lip fucked his plum-like crown for several minutes while the lad kept a paw on the back of her head and growled softly.

“Ruff!” he barked and then cuffed her head with a paw, signalling he wanted his bitch to move on.

“Your cock is so masterful, Grail,” Vida said, trying to ingratiate herself with him. “If you take five minutes on each breast, Grail, you can have another feed later.”

His intelligent brown eyes studied her, then he nodded. “Ruff!”

After setting her watch, she raised herself on her knees and pulled her shoulders back, to offer him her jutting nipples, but he was too tall and didn’t want to bend. “Ruff!”

He indicated with his paw that he wanted Vida higher, so she squatted and raised herself up. When he leant forward to latch on, she placed her hands on his muscular shoulders to support herself. He drank greedily from Vida's right breast while she tried to maintain her awkward posture.

The ten minutes ticked away slowly. What she hadn't taken into account, was the huge lad's draw capability. He completely emptied both breasts and was sucking them in the closing seconds for fun. That worried Vida for she had never experienced such a phenomenon since she started feeding Puppy-boys and her Masters. Then, she remembered that she had provided Ibrahim with an early morning drink and he may have taken more than she thought.

Grail licked his lips and signalled to her to turn around. "Ruff, ruff..."

Her moment of reckoning had arrived. She dropped to her hands and knees and positioned herself with her thighs well spread and her back dipped, thus presenting her plump lips and orifice in the manner she was taught during her short stay in the Puppy-girl kennels.

"Please, Grail, be gentle. It's the first tiyy, uggggh," she groaned when his knob found it's aim with his first thrust, then plunged into her youthful quim. "Grail, oh, boy...", she cried when he tried to bludgeon his massive cock into a tunnel that was far too narrow for his girth.

"Ruuuuuu," he cried in triumph, having penetrated his new bitch for the first time.

Vida wanted the ordeal to be over with quickly, so she tried to provide a solid

body for the lad's monster cock to plunge into. He withdrew a couple of inches, then pounded his rigid dick using his 18+ stone bodyweight, over and over again until he had stretched her teenage vagina to bursting point.

The moment he felt his knob prod her extremity, he howled again. "Ruuuuu!" Then, the teenager became the recipient of the fuck to end all fucks.

"Ohhhhh, oh, oh, oh...", she gasped when her body began to be buffeted back and forth every time the lad slammed his groin against her ass.

His huge nads were encased in latex but the shape projected from the base of the cock tube. It therefore slammed against her labia with each deep, body-jarring thrust. The inevitable orgasm was delayed because of the painful beginning, but her vagina amazingly adjusted to the battering it was receiving and compensated by providing oodles of cunt juice just when it was needed.

"Oh, Grailllllll!" she cried when the energy fizzing around her nervous system exploded, sending her into a dizzying spiral beyond anything she had experienced before.

The surge in nerve tingling thrills maintained a high level until the lad reached his own explosive moment.

"Urrrrrrrr!" he howled; a long guttural sound that must have been heard beyond the walls of the room.

Vida felt each spurt of the lad's jiz as it splattered against her sensitive and bruised cervix walls. The thudding against her extremity ceased, but the lad's latex clad shaft continued to stretch her youthful vagina. "Ohhhhhh," Vida groaned as she slowly drifted down to earth.

"Ruff, ruff," came the reply, then he gradually withdrew.

Vida sighed with relief. She had been shafted by the estate's most feared Puppy-boy and was relieved to still be in one piece!

Chapter 5.7 ~ Vida's new restrictions.

The moment she was free, Vida turned to do her duty and clean the lad's latex shaft and knob. She was surprised to find that the technician had returned to the room and was sitting at the countertop on a tall, swivel stool, watching the action. Grail patted her head while she lapped her exudation from his knobbly shaft and bulbous crown.

"Grail, fun's over, go and sit over there. You can watch what I'm doing while you wait for Vida." The lad responded immediately which was good to see. "Vida, get back in the chair. I need to examine your vagina after your first rut with Grail."

"Oh, all right," she said as she climbed to her feet. "Um, how did I do in the test, Sir?"

"Vida, one thing at a time. Get in the chair."

"Yes, Sir."

Once she had climbed back into the scary chair the tech guy leant over her. "While I fit the Velcro straps to your arms, Vida, lift your legs into the stirrups."

The teenager didn't like having her wrists secured to the arms of the padded chair and hated having to lift her legs up and outwards into the stirrups. She had just been roundly shagged by the brutal Puppy-boy, so she was annoyed that the lad wanted her back in the chair. Then, worryingly, he fastened the Velcro straps over her knees.

She expected the lad to thrust a couple of fingers into her quim and then let her go, but he appeared to be preparing a more complicated procedure. Over by the countertop, the technician gathered a few items together in a kidney tray and then wheeled a chair over and placed the tray on the trolley beside the gynaecological chair. She was in the dark to what he was up to because of her reclined position.

She held her breath when he reached for the controls. The electronics steered the stirrups so that Vida's knees came closer to her chest, effectively folding her and making it easier to access both of her holes.

The young man picked up a rubber glove and started to pull it on his right hand. "Vida, the chief and Master Ibrahim have looked at the results and have made a decision..."

"How did I do on the test, Sir?"

"You scored average on reliability and high on inspiration. Unfortunately, you scored below average on honesty..."

"That can't be right, Sir. I tried to answer the questions truthfully... Every one, Sir. I'll do it again..."

He held his hand up. "Silence, girl. I've heard enough and you must listen to me now."

“Sorry, Sir.”

“You are being transferred temporarily to the home estate where you will act as Grail’s kennel maid...”

“Kennel maid?” Vida was bitterly disappointed.

“Be quiet and listen, otherwise I’ll tell the chief that you’ve been uncooperative. Don’t make it worse for yourself. As it is, the chief has agreed that you can work in the Country Estate’s admin office from eight till eight, Monday, Tuesday and Friday. Your duties will be similar but you will have Grail shadowing you while you carry them out.”

“What about Wednesdays and Thursdays, Sir?”

“Those are days that the chief is out of the office. Inspections and meetings often fill those days. He will explain in more detail what your duties are.”

The changes weren’t quite as bad as she feared. “I don’t understand the kennel maid part of the job, Sir. Will Grail be staying in the Country Estate’s kennels?”

“No, Vida. He has a run in the Elite kennels like all the other privileged Puppies. You will be living with him until the chief decides things can go back to the way they were.”

His statement was crushing news. The Elite kennels were on the home estate and had live-in Kennel maids for the pet Puppies that belonged to Sheik Bashar and his family members. Unfortunately, Vida knew very little about the Elite kennels. However, the one thing she knew was that a woman named Hyra was in charge of them.

She was going to lose some of the freedom that she had gained from her promotion. The only upside was that she would be living on the home estate at night. Could the extremely dark cloud have a silver lining? She wondered.

The technician had donned both gloves and was ready to examine her. He picked up a vaginal sponge, a device for cleaning a quim before an examination. Shaped like a dildo, the white, dense nine-inch-long sponge easily slipped into her battered quim.

“That sponge will soak up most of the jiz in your vagina, Vida. It will also show me if there has been any damage to your vaginal walls.”

He left it in while he fiddled with the items in the tray. The first shattering blow was when he used a tool to remove the pendant given to her by Ibrahim. Then, Vida was once again disappointed when the tech guy showed her a clitoral clamp. “This clamp will protect you from the other puppies and from Grail mounting you too many times. It also has a proximity setting so that you or Grail can’t wander away from each other.”

“How... how many times will he be able to mount me a day and what will the distance be?”

“Vida, those details are above my pay grade so don’t ask me any more stupid questions.”

Her clitoral ridge was in a perfect state for the clamp to be fitted, because it had swollen due to the battering it had just taken from the lad’s hard ball sack. She had to wear one when she started working in the Country Estate kennels but they decided to change working practice and instead, fill their quims with a control dildo.

“Aghhhh,” she cried when the tiny teeth gripped the base of her ridge. Horrible memories came flooding back.

“Excellent,” the lad muttered. “Next, I’ll withdraw the sponge...” Once he withdrawn the sodden phallus, he examined it carefully. “It’s clear...”

He crossed the lab and washed the sponge under the tap, then after he had dried it, he smeared it with cream from a tub. He returned with the loaded sponge and proceeded to reinsert it into her vagina.

“What did you put on the sponge, Sir?”

“It’s a hormone balancing solution designed to link with your new lactating medication.”

“New? Aren’t I returning to the same medication I was on before?”

“No, it’s a more aggressive hormone treatment so that you can cope with a higher demand for milk and sex.”

“Oh, does that mean my breasts are going to get bigger than before?”

“Yes, you will notice a difference in a day or two. Like I said, it’s an aggressive treatment. That will reset the balance of your hormones. Now, I’m going to insert your anal plug.” He held the stainless-steel monstrosity up.

“Oh, It’s hollow...”

“Yes, it’s a semi-permanent fitting.”

“You mean it stays in?”

“Exactly. All Elite kennel maids have been fitted with them for the last couple of months. The hole is large enough for your poo to pass through and the large socket enables the maids to wear tails that match their Puppy’s.”

“Oh, I didn’t realize,” Vida gasped.

“Having a tail helps to distinguish them from the normal house maids and removes the possibility of the puppies attempting anal sex. You’ll obviously remove it when you take a dump in the kennels, but you’ll wear it at all other times.”

Vida didn’t think she could do her job properly with a tail annoying her all day. She wished that she knew more about the living conditions in the elite kennels because she had serious concerns that her movements were going to be drastically restricted.

The staff on the two estates were kept completely separate from each other. Country Estate staff were often promoted up, but Home Estate staff were rarely demoted. In fact, Vida couldn’t remember a single thrall being transferred down.

If the thralls displeased their Masters on the Home estate, they were either sold or transformed into Puppy-girls, then they were sent to the country estate. Vida was on a fast-learning curve and would have to tread carefully in the future.

When the technician applied lube to both the pointy end of the plug and her anus it was a mild foretaste to having the fist-sized plug inserted. In the back of her mind, she was thinking about having to remove it at the end of the day, when...

“Ugggggggggh!” she exclaimed when it seemed to take for ever for the bulbous part of the plug to pass through her tight ring and nestle in her rectum.

“All done,” he said smugly. “I’ve pushed a rubber stopper into the hole until I fit your tail.”

“Ohhhh,” she groaned. “It feels as if it hasn’t gone all the way in.”

“It hasn’t. The neck and flange for the tail jack is twenty millimetres in diameter. Your body will get used to it.”

Vida doubted that! “Um, are you sure that the chief wants me to wear a tail during the day, Sir?”

“Of course, you are now Grail’s kennel maid.”

“What happened to the previous maid, Sir?”

“Zumena? She’s going to be the new assistant manager at the elite kennels.”

“I never saw her when Chief Salah visited the estate with Grail,” Vida pointed out.

“No, Grail bonded with Kate, so the chief told Zumera to spend more time in the kennels and help Mistress Hyra while he was visiting the Country Estate. That’s why the events of the last couple of days have prompted this reorganization. Don’t worry, you and the other staff will get used to you working on the home estate three days a week.”

The lad turned his attention to the control panel and returned her knees to the starting position, then released the Velcro fastening.

“Are you finished, Sir?” she asked hopefully.

“No, I’m just getting started. Go and sit on the edge of the examination table while I fetch your kennel maid’s outfit.”

Vida was depressed about losing her position assisting Ibrahim and living next to the office. He wasn’t anywhere near as cruel as all the rumours suggested. He had consigned Vida’s predecessor to the ultimate punishment of being caged and sent to auction, but everyone knew that she was incompetent.

It was just a matter of time before Kate met her demise. Vida suspected that Ibrahim had been putting the decision off for some time. Then, when he returned from England with his three prizes, he thought that he had the clout to rid himself of Kate and replace her with a thrall he drooled over.

Vida’s circumstances bore no resemblance to Kate’s. It was her inexperience and youth that had been her downfall. Her thoughts turned to her new position. She knew that the elite maids wore latex outfits but had never seen one of the girls on the Country Estate or when she visited the Home Estate.

Even though she was getting her wish to work nearer to the palace, becoming a maid in the Elite kennels was the last thing she would have chosen to do...

Chapter 5.8 ~ Vida's tricky situation.

When Vida was a kennel maid on the Country Estate, she had to wear a beige pleated skirt and matching halter top for easy access to her breasts for feeding. Clamped and then plugged, it wasn't a maid's job to provide sex, but it did happen on the odd occasion. The guard's Puppy-boys had access to Puppy-girls for sex, but they clearly had a different working practice in the Elite kennel.

Vida was uncomfortable sitting on the table because of the small metal flange between her butt cheeks. She felt it and discovered that the rubber plug screwed into the flange. There were also eyelets joined to the top and bottom of the metal ring, in line with her ass crack.

The technician returned to the room carrying two large boxes. He set them down on the examination table and lifted the lid off of the top one. The item lying on top was a black corset.

"Oh, do the elite maids wear corsets?" Vida asked.

"Vida, stop asking dumb questions. Of course they do. It negates the need to wear a bra. The corset will provide your breasts with the support that they're going to need. Now kneel on the surface with your back toward me while I lower the table a tad."

The teenager got into position, facing away from the technician. The young man lifted the corset out and wrapped it around her torso. "Position it under your breasts, Vida, while I connect and tighten the back. She sat motionless while the lad clipped the lugs together then started to tighten the adjusting screws. When the corset began to squeeze the air out of her lungs, she raised her hand.

“Sir, that’s very tight!”

He didn’t stop until he had adjusted the top clip. “If you keep complaining, Vida, the chief will think you’re uncooperative. Then, I suspect that he’ll recommend a full Puppy-girl conversion. You’ve lost your position as Ibrahim’s assistant so you must think like a common thrall from now on. However, you can draw inspiration from Zumena who gained the chief’s confidence and now holds a position with some authority.”

Conversion into a Puppy-girl would be the final nail in her coffin, so the teenager reined in her displeasure. “Sorry, sir.”

“Okay, now I’m going to fit your hood. It has speakers, like the elite Puppy-boys, so you’ll hear the orders that Grail hears. First, I’m going to plait your hair.”

Again, her experience wearing temporary Puppy-girl kit prepared her for the mental shock of having her head encased in latex. It didn’t take the tech guy long to weave a long ponytail. He then began the process of pulling the hood onto her face and pulling it back, before feeding the ponytail through a hole, high in the back of the hood, then finally pulling the zip down to her neck.

“Vida, I’ve got to feed a metal strip collar through the hem of the hood and fasten it below your control collar so hold still for a minute.”

The metal band was a new feature which she wasn’t expecting. It had a line of

holes at each end. “How does it fasten, Sir?” she asked politely.

He waited until he had fed the band around her neck before replying. “Once I’ve got the holes lined up with the zip pull...”

He fiddled about, then slotted a bolt in, joining the ends at the back. He used a tiny spanner to tighten it, then checked that the rubber coated neck band sat snugly beneath the control collar.

“Okay, jump down and walk around the room.”

Vida was relieved to be moving on and hoped that the tech guy had no more surprises up his sleeve. As she walked around the room, Vida felt the hood and was surprised that the oval window for her face had a reinforced hard edge.

“This is different from the hoods that we use in the Puppy-girl kennels, Sir.”

“Yes. The one you’re wearing contains internal comms and has a reinforced skeleton. It’s also made of breathable rubber.”

Vida hated the permanent feel of the hood. It was tight and uncomfortable. It even had ‘D’ rings attached on each side, just below her ears, suggesting gags were sometimes fitted. Of worse concern though, was the anal plug. Her anus was complaining with a dull ache because of the continually stretching of her entrance.

“How does the corset feel?” he asked.

She had to change her focus. “Um, it’s tight, Sir...” She didn’t point out that the quarter cups were too large and that the corset restricted her movement, because everything else she had complained about had fallen on death ears.

“The latex will adjust to your shape, Vida. You will grow into it, don’t worry.” He reached in the box and handed her a pair of black ankle boots. “Put these on, then I’ll do your tail.”

Vida sat back on the edge of the examination table and donned the lace-up boots. Like most of the footwear supplied on the Bashar estate, they were comfortable. The technician put the top box on the table and opened the other one. It contained a bushy tail that was curled up. When he lifted it out, it sprung into shape.

“Oh, it’s larger than the Puppy-girl’s...”

“Vida, you belong to the Elite kennels. The kit and working practices are completely different from the Country Estate kit and methods.” He got hold of the socket on the end and showed it to Vida. “Look, it has a jack fitting, so it’s just push in and go. The plug is positioned correctly so you can’t get it wrong. To remove it, you push this button...” He let Vida have a go. “Alright, bend over the table and I’ll insert it and remove the vaginal sponge.”

She had forgotten all about the sponge, probably because it was much smaller

than Grail's huge cock. The tail engaged in the socket without a hitch, then the young man withdrew the sponge.

"The skirt and top are in the box, Vida, put them on."

The teenager eased off the padded table and stood up gingerly. She immediately felt her tail swaying from side to side and immediately felt her credibility had plummeted. Puppy-girls were considered to be on the same level as animals on most estates in Saudi Arabia.

Some sheiks, including Sheik Bashar, treated them as the lowest form of creature on their estates. Puppy-boys were given much more kudos, mainly because they were either working with security, or being shown as symbols of a family's wealth and power, almost like pedigree animals. The rumour was that black Puppies were the latest fad of the wealthy sheiks and their wives. Grail was living proof of that.

The black latex skirt was high waist, short and full, so the hem danced around the tops of Vida's thighs. The black latex top was a short cardigan style crop top with a short zip at the front to make it easy to feed. Both skirt and top were made of a thin gauge of latex, which was apparent when she zipped up the top. Because it was tight, her chunky nipples made twin peaks and were visible through the semi-transparent material.

The technician stood back and nodded his head. "Very smart, Vida. I think the chief is going to be impressed with your appearance. It's your attitude and your honesty that he will be concerned with."

“Sir, I am going to try my best to impress him.”

He pointed at Grail. “Don’t forget your immediate Master. Keep him happy and you’ll be on the right track.”

In response to being brought into the conversation, Grail dropped to his paws and came over. “Ruff, ruff!” he exclaimed.

Vida squatted and put her hand on his shoulder. “We’re going to get on like a palace on fire, aren’t we?”

“Ruff! Ruff.” He started licking her face.

“Enough, you two. I’ve still got to do your collar. Get up and follow me.”

Vida had already had her collar reprogrammed and her handprint updated when she joined Ibrahim. On her way to the second lab, the teenager rued her missed opportunity. With her new role, she had to start from scratch in her search for a way off the estate. Vida waited until she was seated in the lab’s operational chair before firing another question at the technician.

“Sir, do you know what changes are being made to my collar,” she asked while the lad sat tapping instructions into the computer.

“Well, for a start, your voice will change to barks when you are in your run or kennel. The rest is pretty standard stuff, like new boundaries and restrictions.”

Vida’s shoulders slumped on hearing that she was going to lose her ability to communicate with other people. She found that barking was terribly frustrating when she spent 48 hours in Puppy-girl gear.

“All done. Time to let the chief take a look at you.”

What was the chief’s reaction going to be when he sees her? she wondered. He had certainly triumphed over Ibrahim and gotten the lion share of her time. Her new outfit was grotesque compared to the simple, glimmering, light blue tunic she had inherited from Kate.

When Vida passed through the anti-room, on her way out of the lab, she noticed that her tunic had been taken but not her bra and trainers. She guessed that the lucky recipient would be feeling chuffed with themselves.

Meanwhile Vida was being taken along another unexpected route in her life, which had become a series of ‘Y’ junctions. Was she on the road that would lead to her eventual escape or was she hurtling down a steep hill to her eventual demise?

Chapter 5.9 ~ Adam, a mile high.

Adam feared that he would have a sleepless night, crammed into an uncomfortable aircraft seat during their journey to Saudi Arabia. Rafiya and Gammy were tight-lipped about the travel arrangements, despite his constant questioning during dinner. He let slip that he was a poor traveller, whereupon Maria said that she would give him something for his travel sickness before the flight.

“I’ve tried everything, Mistress without success,” he replied to Maria’s suggestion.

“You won’t have tried this Mexican remedy, Adam,” she replied. “I was going to give it to you anyway because I need you alert from the moment we land.”

“Oh, what time are we landing?”

“We’re leaving here at eight.”

Adam studied each woman’s face. Maria’s mature complexion retained the stunning features of the beautiful Mexican teenager who fell in love and married an oil tycoon nearly 40 years earlier. The woman had inherited billions and owned three properties, on three continents. So, Adam wanted to know what really motivated her to track down the Saudi Heiress.

Rafiya, in her mid-thirties, was an enigma. If she was a book, most of the pages would be blank. Notes scribbled on a few of the pages would be lies or half-truths. The story about her being a thrall didn’t ring true to Adam. Yet, he

wanted to believe their story because they were involving him in their quest. They were flying him from London to Dubai in pursuit of a beautiful heiress. It was a story that would grace the plot of a James Bond blockbuster.

Then, there was Gabby, the delightful thrall who voluntarily signed up to serve Maria Conchita as a slave girl. The teenager was a gem. She was confident and could be assertive, which wasn't surprising with teachers like Rafiya and Mrs. Conchita schooling her.

It was Maria's assertive and persuasive personality though, that had swung the deal for him. Her presence reminded him of his upbringing when his mother would swat him with the copper stick for the slightest misdemeanour. He adored and feared his mother in equal measure and suspected that he was going to have the same kind of relationship with Maria Conchita.

As soon as they had finished their dinner, Maria told Adam to change into a suit. He returned to his room with Gabby, who helped him to dress. He spent £150 on a suit to impress his new mistress. It lasted ten minutes before he dumped it in a plastic box. When Gabby took the new suit out of the wardrobe, he didn't feel bad about his old one going in the trash can. The new one would have cost him at least ten times more from Saville Row.

While Gabby dressed, Adam examined his reflexion in the mirror robes. James Bond would have felt comfortable in the dark grey silk shirt and mid grey suit he was wearing.

"Wow, Gabby," he gasped when the Arab teenager came into view.

“Do you like my dress?” she asked.

Gabby, dressed in a figure hugging royal blue satin minidress completed the picture in Adam’s head – a young beauty on the arm of a secret agent. From that moment on, till they filed out into the cold October night and climbed into the car, Adam’s mind was buzzing with thoughts of self-importance. His job was a simple one. He had to protect the three beautiful women he was travelling with and help them find Jasmin Frost.

They set off for the airport at eight o’clock in a Mercedes limousine. Adam and a second bodyguard, Frou, sat with their backs to the driver while a third bodyguard rode shotgun in the passenger seat. The trio of attractive women sat in the back seat and chatted together about clothes from the moment they left.

The journey across London to the City airport was a quick one and ended with a surprise for Adam. He had been to the city airport when he did some courier work while he was studying at university. The limo driver got a wave through at the service section after showing a document at the security barrier. As far as Adam knew, only royalty and diplomats had that level of clearance.

“How did you manage that, Mistress?” Adam asked while trying to see where they were heading.

“Let’s just say, I have friends in high places.” Another evasive answer.

The driver steered the car between two small hangers, then out onto the apron before turning and driving into the lefthand hanger. In the centre of the well-lit garage stood a gleaming, twin-engine, white, private jet.

“Cool, is that yours, Mistress?”

“I have a fifty percent share in it, Adam. It’s my way of reducing my carbon footprint.” She waited until the car stopped before giving an order. “Frou, take Hadi and give the plane a sweep. Rafiya, find the Captain and check the flight plan.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Alone with his Mistress and Gabby, Adam relaxed. “How long does the flight take, Mistress?”

“About seven hours. The Gulfstream cruises at point 8 Mach. When you take into account the four hours that Dubai is ahead, we should be landing at around eight in the morning.”

A few minutes later, Frou returned and gave the all-clear, whereupon they left the car and boarded the luxury jet. Adam was blown away by the opulent interior of the executive jet. Gleaming walnut furniture and the heady scent of the beige leather seats assaulted his senses while he walked back and forth down the aisle.

The plane contained three sections divided by curtains. The back section contained four larger, plusher seats. It was where the ladies were going to sit. In the middle section there was a couch for four people facing a widescreen TV. Then, the front section had six seats. It was arranged with single seats facing each other on one side of the aisle and double seats on the other side. This

section was for security.

Adam seated himself in the single line beside the aisle and made himself comfortable, while the other two heavies sat facing each other on the other side of the plane. Maria had gone to the back of the plane with Rafiya, leaving Gabby to chat with the pilots.

When they started the engines, the teenager moved to the galley in clear sight of where Adam was sitting. She poured two drinks then came through and handed them to the other two bodyguards. The teenager spoke to both men as if she was in charge of them. After a minute, they appeared to agree on something.

Surprising Adam, the teenager then edged across the aisle and sat opposite him. “How are you feeling Adam?”

“Nervous. Like I was saying, I hate flying,” he replied.

“The Mistress thought you should wait until we are a mile high before you take the medication.”

“Oh. A mile high, heh?” He had heard of the mile high club.

“Yes, the Mistress wants you to have a treat, so she’s switched your collar off.”

“When?”

“Just before she got out of the car...” Gabby kicked her shoes off, then lifted her feet up and perched them on the corners of the leather chair. She made a tent with her knees and skirt so as to give him a treat.

The moment his eyes lighted on the youngster’s cute cunt, he felt a twitch – a strong one. “Yes, oh yes, Gabby...” He quickly altered his posture and pulled on the material of his pants.

She pulled a broad smile when the plane began to move. Adam watched out of the window as they left the hanger behind and taxied to the end of the runway. He was constantly pulling and easing the material so that his cock had room to grow in.

“Uhhhhh,” he groaned when it felt as though his cock was about to explode.

Beside him across the aisle, the pair of heavies had donned eye masks. He presumed that Gabby told them what to do when she gave them their drinks.

“Get it out, Adam,” the teenager ordered.

The engines began to roar... While he frantically fiddled with his zip, Gabby left her seat to give him a hand. “What about your safety belt, Gabby?”

The plane began to move. “Don’t worry, I’ll be anchored in a minute...”

His huge black cock suddenly sprang out and then stood bolt upright. “Oh my god...”

She climbed onto the supple leather seat, then pushed a button on the arm. The back of the seat began to recline. As the plane picked up speed, Gabby, with her knees either side of Adams hips, lifted her butt and steered his cock into her teenage quim.

“Oh my goddd,” Adam gasped.

Gabby put her hand over his mouth. “Enjoy the fuck in silence, Master. The rest of the passengers want to doze off.”

She was asking for the impossible because his dick was straining to bursting point. It helped when Gabby’s muscles squeezed it tightly during the first part of the impalement, then she had to retreat and try again. She took six stabs at it... Well, his cock literally took six thrusts before he reached the bottom of the well, then she began to lift and fall, just before the aircraft took off.

“Oooooo,” He gasped softly as he experienced what could only be described as a thrilling sensation while his knob bored up into the youngster’s tight quim. However, his lustful desires were tempered by an excruciating pain. It felt as if his overexcited cock had expanded beyond the diameter of the cock ring seated at the base of his shaft.

The conflicting pain and pleasure consumed him to such a degree he didn't notice the feeling of lightness as their plane lifted into the air and soared into the heavens. Gabby kept her little hand on his mouth to drown his groans while she thudded her little body onto his desperate, rock-hard cock, in a flurry of blue satin and black unruly hair.

The graphic on the screen, high on the bulkhead, showed the airspeed and the height the executive jet was flying at. The latter number was climbing fast in a similar manner to Adam's soaring desire to reach a massive climax. Only then could he fill the teenager's cervix with his manly seed. Instinct was driving him to ignore the pain and soak up the pleasure.

When they passed the mile height, the number flashed, but Adam's journey to an explosive ejaculation didn't finish until the aircraft had been cruising at 40,000 feet for a few minutes. Gabby kept him silent outwardly, but the chaotic mix of sensations that accompanied the eventual release, triggered an explosive emotional ride, like nothing Adam had ever experienced in his short life.

Drilling into beautiful young women's tight cunts was Adam's dream pastime and had been his motivation for living, for some time. He had attained dozens of conquests, some of whom were just curious to find out what it felt like riding a black cock. He never disappointed and always left the girls on good terms. The list of contacts and the picture gallery on his phone contained more girls than he could remember.

That was the past, for the phone was gone and he had lost control of his sex life. Three women were in charge of it, but if every fuck was as mind-blowing as the one he had just experienced then he would gladly accept the authority they had established over him. He couldn't wait to find out what was going to happen next..."

Chapter 5.10 ~ Adam comes down to earth.

The dream was similar to others that Adam had experienced, but the characters were different. The head of MI5 was Maria Conchita and the secret agent who wanted to take his job was Rafiya. For some inexplicable reason, Gabby was the baddie who trapped him in the bedroom by undressing and luring him into having sex with her. The dream was scrambled but he was left with a clear impression of the action.

He woke with a start and was immediately struck with a feeling that something was drastically wrong. He was lying on his side, curled up, in the foetal position. His lower body was wrapped in tight material while his head was encased in a hood. His gums hurt, so he ran his tongue around his teeth. They were different – strange – softer. Adam was shocked and befuddled. What had happened to his lovely teeth?

It was almost dark, but a slither of sunlight was shining onto the floor of the van he was travelling in. “Uggrrrrr,” he grunted as he tried to push himself up.

“Adam, you’re awake... It’s me, Gabby. I’m here, don’t panic.”

“Ruff, rrrrr...”

“It’s your collar, Adam. It’s been adjusted to change your voice...”

Gabby moved into the light, enabling Adam to see the teenager’s pretty features, but she looked different with her hair plated into a Ponytail. She was wearing a white, cropped, short sleeve t-shirt.

“Ruff, ruff!” he barked as he tried to climb onto his hands and knees. He was in panic mode because he couldn’t see what had happened to him. That was when he realized that his legs were folded and his hands were wrapped in what felt like mittens. When he touched the side of his face with his clenched fist, it felt like rubber rubbing against rubber.

Gabby came closer and put her hands on his shoulders. They were bare, so he was able to feel the reassuring touch of her fingers. Then, there was something else. His cock felt strange, as though it was being constantly gripped. He was hard, that he was sure of.

“Ruuuu,” he whined hoping that the teenager would explain what had happened to him.

“Adam, the medication I put in your drink, on the plane, was strong. We had to put you under for eighteen hours because what we had to do to you was almost impossible to explain...”

He sat back on his haunches and rubbed the length of his cock with his clenched fist. “Ruff!” he exclaimed when he got a shock. His balls were encased in latex rubber and he could still feel the ring at the base of his shaft. It was his shaft that shocked him the most though. “Ruuuu...”

Gabby reached down and grabbed it. “You’re no longer restricted to short erections. Now that you’re a Puppy-boy, you’re going to be hard all the time...”

“Rrrrrrrr!” He started to panic, having discovered that he had been misled and tricked by the three women. “Ruff, ruff, ruff, ruff.” he shouted barks at her. What on earth was a Puppy-boy? He tried to ask.

“You’re angry. I understand, Adam, but the stakes are high and we’re running out of time. Disguising you as a Puppy-boy will enable the Mistress to infiltrate the enemy. That’s what you want isn’t it?”

Adam was confused and couldn’t make head nor tail of what Gabby was saying. “Ruuuu,” he whined again. “Ruff, ruff.”

Her hand moved up his long rubber coated shaft and gripped his straining knob. It was swollen and super sensitive. He moaned when she squeezed and manipulated it with insistent fingers.

“I can tell that you are stressed out, Adam. Let me relieve some of that tension.” She leant forward, dipped her head and took his knob into her mouth.

“Ruuuu,” he whined softly when Gabby began to lip-fuck his crown while rapidly bobbing her head.

The combination of the cock ring, the latex coating gripping his shaft and Gabby’s brilliant pseudo fuck technique, took his mind off his bizarre predicament for a while. He found it difficult to be angry at the beautiful thrall, especially as she was so good at giving head. He moaned and squirmed but maintained his sitting position while Gabby expertly took him to yet another stupendous climax.

“Ruuuuuuuu!” he howled loud and clear, releasing some of the pent-up fury he felt on discovering that he had been transformed into a Puppy-boy.

On this occasion Gabby wasn’t able to silence his animalistic cry because her mouth was full of cock.

“Mmmmm,” Gabby moaned softly as she devoured the stream of hot jiz that Adam ejaculated down her throat.

As soon as it petered out, Gabby lifted her head and wiped her mouth. “Do you feel better now, Adam?”

He shook his head, then dropped to his hands and knees so that he could investigate the small van they were travelling in. The slice of light was planned. for the back windows had been taped up bar a strip an inch wide. He held his hand up to see what it looked like. A blue rubber paw had been moulded over his hand, locking his fingers in a fist. The latex coating covered his forearm up to just below his elbow.

After shuffling a bit further, Adam was able to see that the bottom section of the latex Puppy costume he was wearing matched the blue of his front paws. He couldn’t see the hood, but he guessed it was made from the same dark blue latex.

Gabby crawled over to him. “Adam, we’ll be at the Mistresses residence soon, but you have time to have a suck on my nipples. The Mistress started me on a course of lactating treatment a couple of days ago. If you give them a good suck,

it will speed up the production of milk. Stay where you are and I'll guide my nipple to your mouth."

Adam had heard of such a kink but wasn't sure if he was up for drinking Gabby's breast milk. He was however keen to suck her nipples. As soon as he felt one against his lips, he immediately latched on and began sucking it. It dawned on him that his replacement, softer teeth would be kinder on the girl's nipples. They tasted yummy. Perhaps she was already leaking a little, he thought.

Gabby moved him to the other one after a few minutes. It was a comforting experience and he was enjoying the brief interlude from being stressed out and angry. He was disappointed when the teenager gently pushed his head back.

"Enough, I think we have just turned into the gates..."

Sure enough after a few twists and turns, the van stopped and the doors slammed suggesting they had arrived. When the back doors were opened, he was hit with a waft of hot air. Adam then had to shield his eyes from the light even though it was fading.

Gabby picked up a leash, stood up and clipped the length of chain onto the back of Adam's collar. Gabby's crop top was actually light grey and her high waist miniskirt, dark grey. Her midriff was bare and because her top was pushed forward by her nipples, Adam could see her shapely tits from his lowly position.

A man wearing a white thawb, approached wheeling a wooden ramp. He butted it up against the back of the van and signalled to Gabby. "Everything okay, Gabby?"

“Yes, Sir, Adam has behaved himself.”

“Good. Take him to the kennels and settle him in. Run five has been prepared for him. Hurry, because it will soon be seven o’clock.”

Before he crawled down the ramp, Adam had a quick look around. The van had backed up at the end of a gravel road. The large house was on the right and gardens on the left. Ahead was a path that disappeared among the bushes. So, dressed in a Puppy costume, this was his welcome to Dubai after a long journey from the cold, damp conditions in London, he thought ruefully.

Gabby jumped down first and held the chain leash while Adam crawled/slid down the plywood ramp. “Well done,” she said, as soon as he had righted himself. “This way...”

Gabby’s short skirt couldn’t hide her cute ass as she turned, then the Arab youngster walked slowly to allow for his inability to crawl very fast. He was actually walking like a dog, in that he had four paws, but his folded hind legs slowed him down. The gravel path split several times before their route ended in a gravel parking area. A single-story cinder block building stood ahead of them which he guessed was the kennels that Gabby referred to.

On the right were a line of four small lightweight wagons standing in front of a wooden building that he guessed was the stables. The vehicles looked odd, but Adam’s mind was on what was happening to him as they approached the more modern building of the two.

As soon as they entered at one end, Gabby stopped him. “Adam, at one time, the previous owners had eight Puppy-boys and eight Puppy-girls. The Mistress only has four of each. You will be staying in run five for now.” It was a depressing site for the double row of cages reminded him of a zoo. “Each Puppy has their own kennel and an outdoor run on the other side,” Gabby informed him.

When they set off down the aisle between the cages, Adam spotted movement in the second cage on the right. A Puppy-boy wearing dark red latex was lying on the ground near the gate that opened out into the corridor. He lifted his head then climbed to his paws. When he sat back on his haunches, Adam cringed on seeing the lad’s latex sheathed cock standing bolt upright.

“Ruff, ruff,” the lad barked at Gabby. He dropped to his paws and came to the mesh barrier.

“Shush, boy, it’s not dinner time yet.” She pointed up at the digital clock above the door through which they had just entered. It read 18:55.

After passing the Puppy boy’s enclosure, Adam got his first sight of a Puppy-girl. She was standing in cage four on the left. She was wearing a full body, pink latex suit. However, her pretty face was visible through an oval hole in the hood. When she came closer, Adam could see that the large breasted girl was slim and white. When she came to the fence and rose up, Adam saw that her huge nipples projected through reinforced holes in the latex suit.

Gabby steered Adam to the wire fence beside the gate. “Daisy, say hello to Adam.”

“Ruff, ruff,” the girl retorted and pushed her face and chest against the fence. Her cute nose fitted through a large hole as did each of her nipples.

“Suck on one of her nipples, Adam, to introduce yourself. Daisy will enjoy that and she might be available this evening, after dinner, if you behave yourself.”

He eyed her lithe body and became aware of the insistent ache at the base of his cock intensifying. His eyes lighted on the girl’s plump labia lips bulging from a slot beneath the slope of her mons, which only made matters worse. He was beginning to wish that his mistress would take control of his erection and give him a breather by switching it off.

The ends of the Puppy’s nipples were wet but that didn’t put him off lowering his head and latching onto one of the girl’s dice size nipples. As soon as he started to suck, sweet, warm liquid began to ooze into his mouth.

Gabby tugged on the leash, pulling him away from the fence. “Later, boy, after dinner if you behave yourself. Come, Adam, let me show you your enclosure.”

Adam didn’t want to be locked away in a cage, like Daisy, while on the other hand, he didn’t want to rebel until he had heard what Maria Conchita had to say for herself. So, he reluctantly followed the slightly built thrall toward his demeaning accommodation...

Chapter 5.11 ~ Adam's secret mission.

The thrall, for that's what she was to the other women, led him past a couple of more enclosures to number six on the righthand side.

She pulled the gate open. "In you go, boy. Your kennel has been cleaned ready for you. Incidentally, your toilet is in the corner at the back of the outside run."

Adam was in a depressed state when he trotted through the opening, into the cage. He turned in time to see Gabby bolt the gate on the outside, effectively imprisoning him until someone came to release him. "Rufffff..." He wasn't happy that he couldn't communicate with Gabby, but he had to give her some credit for trying to guess what he had on his mind.

She squatted down on the other side of the mesh fence and gripped it to steady herself. He was grateful to her on one level for giving him a flash of her cute cunt, but annoyed that she was party to trapping him in the Puppy-boy suit.

"Adam, the mistress will come and see you after dinner," she assured him. "I'll bring your dinner after the Mistress has provided you with more details of the plan she's worked out. Trust her, Adam. If her plan is a success, she and Jasmin will reward you handsomely."

Adam sat by the fence for five minutes after Gabby had departed. He watched to see if he could catch sight of another Puppy-girl appearing in one of the cages opposite, but none of them showed themselves. Gabby had mentioned Jasmin for the first time in a while. It was easy to forget that he was in Dubai to track her down and free her from her captors.

He mulled over the sequence of events that had brought him to Dubai as he wandered around the indoor run. A low wooden bench about three feet long was standing against the solid partition that divided his enclosure from the next. The Kennels were designed so that he couldn't see the other Puppy-boys.

The concrete floor was covered with cushioned vinyl that had a ceramic tile design. The vinyl ran through into the kennel which he discovered was quite large. It was about fifteen feet long – the width of the run – and eight feet wide.

Adam was amazed to see that he was going to have to sleep in one of two large, round dog baskets. It drove home the power that Maria Conchita had over him. With his hands formed into fists and then encased in rubber he was totally incapacitated and at the woman's mercy.

The only other item of interest in the kennel was a flatscreen TV mounted on the wall. There wasn't a controller, which was a moot point because he wouldn't be able to use one if there was. Adam's mood was darker than the twilight sky that cast a shadow over the outdoor part of his domain.

He peered out at the uninspiring dirt yard which was surrounded by ten-foot-high chain link fences. At the far end, about 50 feet away, was another gate while in one corner stood a square, flat container made of wood, which he suspected was his toilet. Ever since the back doors of the van opened, he had been worrying about going to the toilet.

When he stepped outside to investigate the facility, a light came on above the door. Being in the spotlight while he relieved himself into a tray of pellets was the least of his worries, but it did increase the sense of ignominy he felt while being treated like an animal.

He had just emptied his bladder when he heard a sound coming from his kennel. It was music, an instrumental that he didn't recognize. When he poked his head in the opening, he saw that the TV was switched on. 'Get comfortable and pay attention to the contents of the video', the message on the screen said.

Because he had nothing better to do, he went to one of the baskets and sat down on the large cushion in the base. Adam wondered if he was being watched when the program began within seconds of him settling in the basket. There wasn't a title or any sound, just a film of someone visiting a large house which Adam guessed was a palace somewhere in Saudi Arabia.

The movie must have been filmed in secret because the camerawork was poor. The person with the camera didn't go in the house but wandered around the gardens and across a lawn with three young woman and two Arab men, possibly sheiks, dressed in white thawb and keffiyeh headdresses.

They walked close to a high fence that was topped with razor wire. Then, briefly, a uniformed Arab, walking a Puppy-boy on a chain leash, was visible near the fence. On their way back, nearer the house, the camera caught sight of a girl in a leather harness, bending forward and pulling a small cart along a gravel road beside the palace. A young man was holding the reins and was urging the girl to maintain a steady jog.

It was one of the most bizarre sights he had ever seen. Adam thought it was even stranger turning a girl into a Pony than turning them into Puppies. The video continued for another ten minutes. The women were guided to a veranda and served drinks by thralls in extreme colourful maid's outfits.

One of the girls wore a dark orange corset, a matching latex crop top over her large tits and a short skater skirt with a split in the back to enable her bushy tail to stand erect! The thrall left and came back with a Puppy-boy wearing a latex hood, front paws and lower body covering that matched the colour of her outfit. Adam found the whole video scary and yet arousing in the extreme.

When the video finished, Adam was disappointed. However, he had seen sights that gave him a lot to mull over while he waited for someone to appear with his food or some information that could help him make sense of what was happening.

More than anything, Adam hoped that his Mistress would come to the kennels and explain to him her masterplan for tracking down and helping Jasmin escape the clutches of her ruthless abductors. It wasn't long before Adam got his wish.

The sound of the gate unlocking raised his hopes, so he hurried out of the front opening into the indoor run. "Ruff!" He barked softly when he discovered that Maria Conchita and Rafiya had entered the cage.

The older woman was wearing a light purple, long satin robe that had colourful flowers printed on it. Rafiya was dressed in a blue gauze minidress that shimmered in the artificial light. Beneath, she was wearing a pair of blue satin panties.

"Adam, sit and make yourself comfortable," Maria said as the pair approached him.

He sat back on his haunches. "Ruff, ruff," he barked respectfully at the women

who remained standing.

Maria patted him on the head. “Adam, Rafiya will explain how I became the owner of this small estate...”

He turned his attention to the stunning young woman who had lured him into her version of a secret service. “Adam, this property was my father’s. He overreached himself financially before he died of a heart attack, brought on by stress and overindulgence in wine and women. I inherited his debt, then Mrs Conchita came to my rescue and bailed me out. She lives here and owns the property but as far as the outside world is concerned it is still mine.”

“One day it will be Rafiya’s again,” Maria said. “Anyway, the idea of disguising you as a Puppy-boy only materialized a few days ago. I received a tip-off from a friend of mine who works for Bashar Industries at their head office. At the end of a meeting, Sheik Bashar instructed his son, Galib, to organize more security staff for his estate. By implications, that means more Puppy-boys as well. My friend took a huge risk on Monday and told Galib that Rafiya has several Puppy-boys that she hires out for security at events.”

Rafiya squatted so that their eyes were level. “It wasn’t really a risk because that was one of my father’s schemes before things began to slide. It was a useful trade because it enabled him to rub shoulders with some of the richest men in the UAE. Galib dropped me an email on Tuesday with an inquiry. I replied saying that I could spare two Puppy-boys and a kennel maid, if he was interested. He came back to me and agreed to look at you and Wasim tomorrow afternoon.”

“So, Rafiya will take you two and Gabby to the Bashar estate in Dammam, tomorrow, after lunch,” Maria explained. “If we can get all three of you on the estate for a few days, we stand a good chance of confirming Jasmin’s presence

there. The beauty of the plan is that you'll be able to study their security and work out the best way to get Jasmin off the estate. It may involve a break-in which was why I showed you the only footage that we have of the interior of the estate. I'll put it on a couple of more times after you've had your meal."

He looked from one woman to the other. "Ruuuu," he whined softly.

The pair looked at each other. "I think Gabby must have mentioned a companion, to Adam, Mistress," Rafiya said.

Maria wasn't wearing a belt and appeared to encourage her gown to part when she moved, thus enabling Adam to get a glimpse of her black satin and lace shorts and matching bra. "Tell me Adam, are you capable of performing this difficult task for me. A few days on a strange estate, getting the important intelligence we need?"

Adam was bright enough to know that she was pushing his buttons to gain his acquiescence in what was a horrible, difficult and dangerous task. His Mistress's scent radiating from her sex, just inches from his nose was like no other aphrodisiac he had ever encountered.

However, her presence and aura didn't cloud his judgement. It inspired him to reply yes to her question but there was a stronger motivation for his agreement. His mission had to be more difficult than any secret agent had ever attempted in fiction or real life. He was up for it and would try his best to return with the intelligence his mistress required.

"Ruff!" Was followed by a nod of the head.

He got another pat on the head and a longer look at his Mistress's underwear.

“Good boy, Adam, I had a good feeling about you the moment you entered my conservatory in London. Gabby will bring you your dinner in a minute and afterwards she will Put Daisy in your enclosure for an hour. You have my permission to nuzzle my sex...”

He leant forward and pushed his face against her black satin shorts, ensuring his nose pressed against her sex. He had time to draw her womanly fragrance into his nasal passageways before she stepped back and turned to leave.

Adam, putting his trust in Maria Conchita, had just received the first down payment of his reward. The naïve young athlete and amateur secret agent couldn't wait to receive the rest of it...

The End of Part Five.

Sample of Part Six.

Chapter 6.1 ~ Tia's busy day.

As head thrall, working under Galib Bashar, Tia had to keep her finger on the pulse of the palace. She also had to ensure her Master's appointment diary matched the one in his secretary's office, in the head office building in Dammam. Her position carried a lot of responsibility because her young Master conducted some of his business in his suite of rooms he occupied in the palace.

Tia worked in tandem with his secretary, Aria Farsi, who was the daughter of a wealthy sheik. Spoilt, rich and attractive, Tia thought that Aria was more interested in marrying Galib than dealing with his business affairs. However, her lack of ability strengthened Tia's position as Galib's assistant.

The office, where she was sitting, was one of four rooms on the ground floor of the west wing. The two-story extension was separated from the old, original building, by a long, glass walled walkway which gave Master Galib some independence from his father.

Because Master Galib ran a tight ship, with a small staff, Tia felt constant pressure to keep on top of things. She was fortunate to have been on Sheik Bashar's staff since she was 18. While working as a common thrall, she had attracted the attention of Master Galib, the youngest son of the billionaire. He was 21 at the time and fresh from university.

When he eventually showed a desire to join the family business, his father let his youngest son move into the newly constructed west wing. A year later as Galib's workload increased, Tia became his thrall/concubine.

Two years later, at the age of twenty-five, the young man had become the most active member of the family at their head office. Sheik Bashar was only too pleased to let his younger son take the reins so that he could spend more time with his beloved Pony-girls.

It was a given that Galib would one day become the head of Bashar industries. The young man spent long hours wheeling and dealing and often spent days away travelling around the UAE. When he was at home, entertaining other businessmen, Tia was run off her feet in more ways than one.

Because of her close relationship with the sheik's son, her position carried weight among the female staff in Galib's household but meant hardly anything to the men. Saying that she was doing a task for her Master though, often enabled her to escape other demands on her person.

The handset lying on the desk buzzed, so she picked it up and accepted the call. It was Malik, one of the North Yard's gangmasters. "Hello, Sir, what can I do for you?"

'I'm leaving the estate office for the main warehouse. Will Master Galib require the rig the sheik requested in the next hour or two?'

Tia slid the diary across in front of her and scanned the pages. "Um, rig? Did the sheik give you an inkling of what he wanted it for?"

'Tia, your Master has a good eye for a racing filly. His father wants him to look

at the new girl.'

"Oh, that's unusual."

'Not really, Tia. Galib has been interested in his father's favourite sport for some time. This girl has real potential.'

Tia glanced at the clock. It was 11:30 and she wasn't expecting her Master back until midday. "Leave it with me, Sir. I'll buzz you at the warehouse when Master Galib arrives in half an hour."

'Okay, Tia. I suggest meeting him at the roundhouse at two o'clock. I'll be there for the estate's midweek meeting.'

"That's good. He has a visitor at four o'clock, so it looks like he has a window after lunch."

'Okay...' The line went dead.

Tia sighed and wondered why her Master hadn't mentioned the appointment. Maybe he didn't know about it? Her Master was a keen admirer of his father's racing fillies. From time to time, he took time off to dabble in the sport, mainly joining his father in his box at the stadium. He didn't own any Pony-girls, so Tia wondered if the new girl would impress her Master.

Tia rose from her chair and decided she ought to check that lunch was on schedule for twelve-thirty. Qasim lifted his head a little as she approached the door.

She patted the Puppy-boy on the head. “Stay, or get some fresh air, Qasim...” Tia pointed at the open patio doors. “I’m going to the kitchen so don’t follow me.”

Tia liked his company when she was working but hated him following her around. The lad had a serious crush on her which was a pain, but unfortunately, her Master’s pet Puppy-boy came with the territory. Galib occasionally gave Qasim permission to mount her as a punishment for disappointing him; but otherwise, he never undermined her authority over him.

Then, there were the occasions when she was side-lined by one of her Master’s lady friends. The Puppy-boy could provide a turbocharged orgasm that would blow all the anger and disappointment away and put her in a good mood.

The kitchen was only a short distance, across the hall. She found Haldar mixing some ingredients in a bowl, while Ruba, the kennel maid, was cleaning the floor. Haldar had connected Ruba’s boots to the base of the girl’s corset so that she had to stay on her hands and knees until released.

On seeing Tia enter the kitchen, Haldar put the bowl down and wiped his hands on his apron. He had a salacious look on his face. “Thrall, come here.”

Tia sidestepped Ruba and went to the young man, whereupon he grabbed her head, leant down and kissed her on the lips. Their tongues intertwined and

fought for dominance for a minute, then he released her and stepped back.

“Don’t forget lunch is at twelve-thirty, Hal,” she said breathlessly.

He touched her on the nose. “What time are you expecting him?”

Halder slipped his right hand down her back. When it reached her ass, he gathered up the flimsy material of her tunic and cupped her ass through the fabric of her satin panties.

“In half an hour.”

“Then we have time for a quickie.”

Tia glanced down at the kennel maid’s naked bobbing ass, which was crisscrossed with welts of every colour and hue. Beneath the base of her tail and above her glowing, red raw labia lips, her fleshy entrance revealed that it had recently had a visitor. A white milky substance was leaking and dribbling down the girl’s tight cleft.

“Hal, is that Qasim’s jiz or yours, dribbling from Ruba’s cunt?”

He had a devilish look in his eyes. “We can kill two birds with one stone by you getting down and tasting it.”

“Why should I demean myself in such a manner?”

“Because you’re a dirty little bitch and want me to ram my cock into your holes. Also, because Jana told me about the perverted little games you play together. The Master forbids girl on girl when he’s not in attendance.”

Jana was her Master’s second thrall/concubine and talked too much. Tia and Jana provided their Master with company in bed, maybe twice a week, depending on whether he was home. If he brought home a lady friend, she and Jana were usually sent to their beds when the sex games were over.

She nodded toward the girl’s bobbing ass. “If that’s the case, then I’ll be breaking the rules.”

“Cleaning another thrall is part of your duties. Get on with it. Ruba, stop what you’re doing and dip your back.”

Tia liked Haldar a lot, but unfortunately, he was just like all the other men in the palace, dominant and officious. He was her Master’s head lad and it was crucial that she got on with him. Haldar put pressure on Tia’s shoulders, but she voluntarily dropped to her knees and crawled in behind the kennel maid’s rear end.

The maid, like all elite maids, had an abnormally plump cunt. Tia had investigated it several times during the six months the girl had been Qasim’s kennel maid at the elite kennels. It was a different experience, pushing her mouth

between such thick lips to get to the hidden line of clitoral flesh and then her hidden entrance.

Tia pushed her forehead against the thrall's bushy tail and began to lap up and down her hot, bruised lips to remove the sticky jiz. Some managers believed that if they kept their thrall's cunts throbbing, then they would respond to orders quicker. That was the case in the elite kennels where discipline was said to be the strictest on the estate.

Haldar dropped to his knees behind her. After drawing Tia's satin panties off her buttocks, he guided his knob into her succulent entrance. He wasn't to know that it hadn't been breached that morning due to her Master going into the office early. The lad's stout shaft bludgeoned its way in, almost to her extremity, but came up short.

That was one of the reasons why she enjoyed Haldar's fucks. He had the girth to stretch her walls, and quickly trigger her orgasm, but not the bruising length like Quasim or her Master had. The drawback was that when he switched holes, his thicker shaft caused her more discomfort.

Haldar gripped Tia's hips to steady her. "Are you enjoying this, Tia?" he asked once he had struck up a punishing pace.

Tia had cleaned the thrall's labia and was delving into her quim to try and remove any traces of Halder's jiz. "Yes. Ruba's cunt is delicious." Slap! "Ow, that hurt!" she cried, annoyed that she was going to have to explain the bruise to her Master.

Haldar withdrew and moved up a hole. His slippery knob battered its way through her defences.

“Uhhhhh,” she groaned softly having returned to suck and lick the thrall’s delightful tender folds again. She stilled while Haldar had his big moment, then lifted her head. “Hal, let me go, I’ve got to get ready...” Slap! “Ow! Please stop hitting me.”

After leaning forward to disengage from Hal’s cock, she stood up and pulled her panties up as she turned.

Still on his knees in the middle of the kitchen, Haldar looked down at his glistening cock. “Tia, I’m disappointed...”

Tia nudged the maid’s butt with her shoe. “Ruba, clean Master Haldar’s cock for the second time this morning.” The girl began to manoeuvre through 180 degrees. “Haldar, please have lunch ready by twelve-thirty,” Tia added.

He gave her one of his boyish grins just before she turned and left the room. She took the stairs two at a time and jogged along the corridor, heading for the thrall’s room. It had been a pleasure to serve her Master during the previous two years, but if he became more active in the sport of Pony-girl racing, that was bound to alter their working relationship.

The end of the Sample.

I hope you enjoyed this Fifth Part of this Series

and continue to read each part as it is published.

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