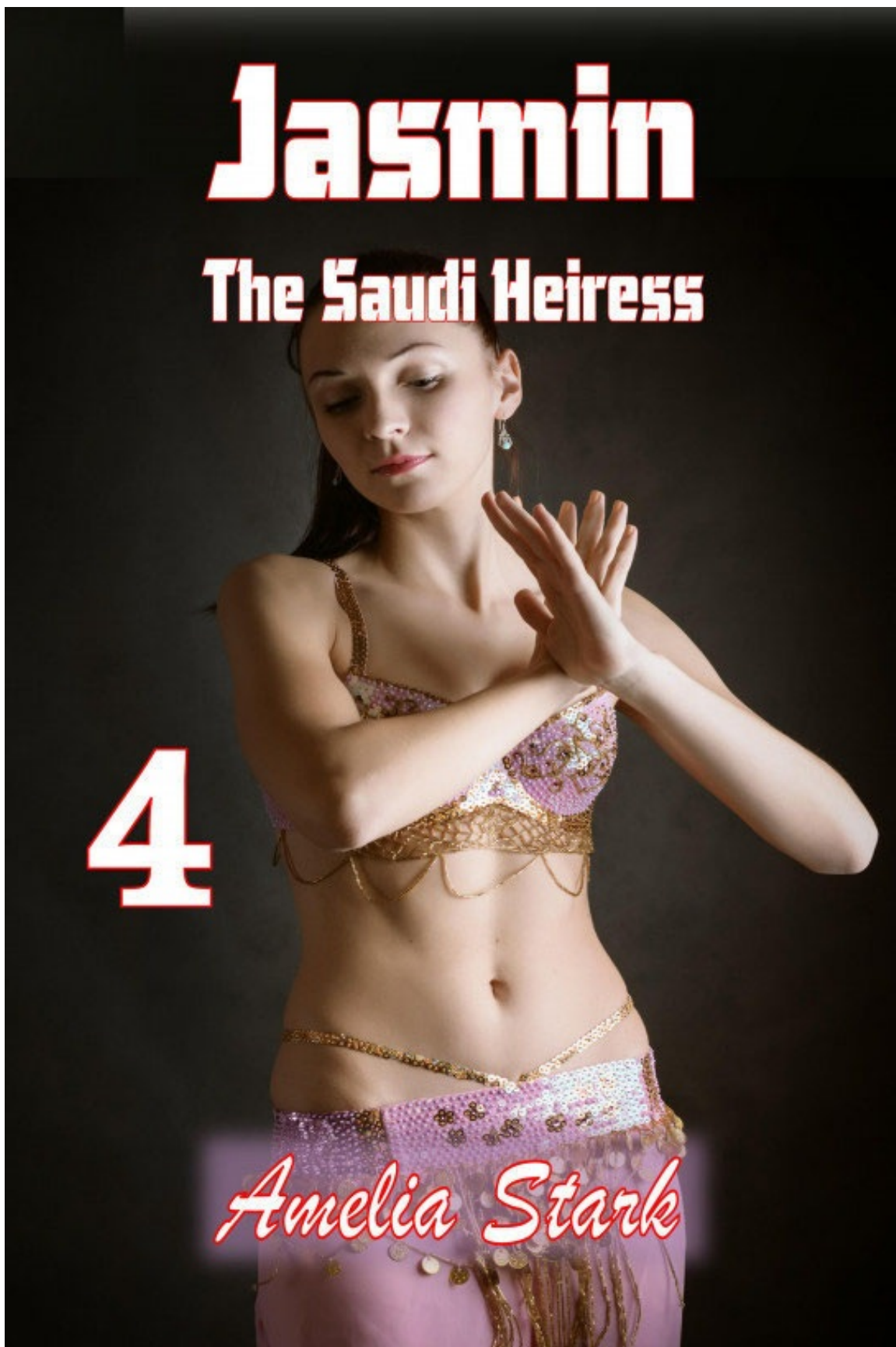


Jasmin

The Saudi Heiress

4

Amelia Stark

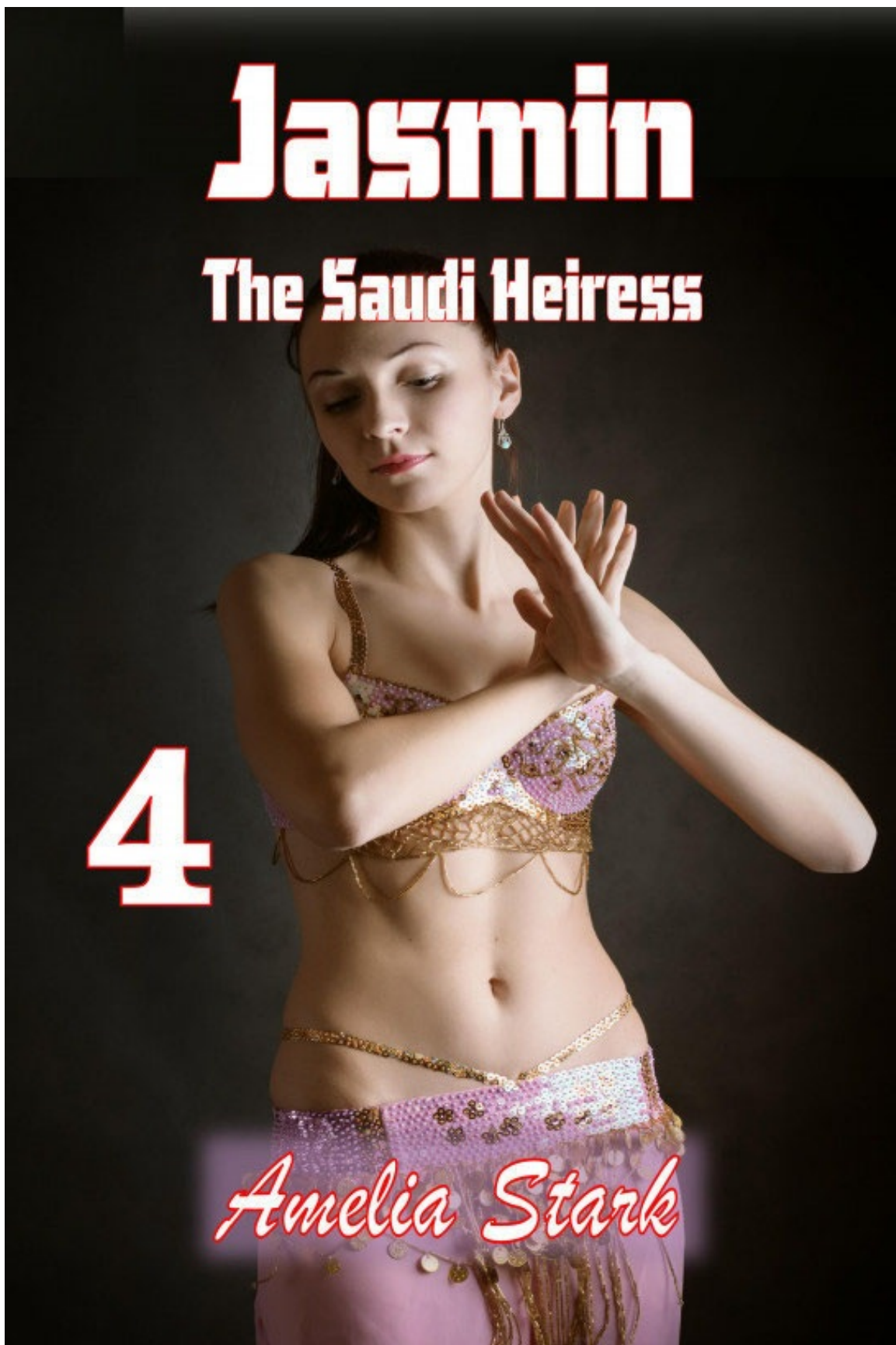


Jasmin

The Saudi Heiress

4

Amelia Stark



JASMIN

The Saudi Heiress: Part Four

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction to Part Four.

Jasmin's life was thrown into confusion when the people she trusted turned out to have another agenda. Having woken and found herself in a cell, in Saudi Arabia, the young woman quickly came to terms with her new thrall and Pony-girl status.

Unbeknownst to the 19-year-old athlete, two competing families have an interest in her future. On the one hand, the Bashar family had managed to track her down in England. They are Sheik Zahid Bashar and Ibrahim Khalid, his henchman.

The second family, of which she is part of, need to locate her and help her unlock the wealth that she will inherit from her grandfather. Unfortunately, there is a time limit – the end of the year. That gives Rafiya only two months to locate the beautiful young Saudi Heiress.

Rafiya enlists the help of Adam who is attracted to the idea of working alongside the dominatrix. When he arrives at her London home, the black athlete is in for a huge surprise... James Bond was never treated the way Rafiya handles him...

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Chapter 4.1 ~ Jasmin's harsh treatment.

The heat and tough conditions began to take their toll on me halfway through the second run. Hauling two wagons alongside Zena was difficult enough, but we also had to pull two strapping lads and a tank of liquid fertilizer. The lad at the back had the job of spraying each date palm tree as we passed. The tank was slowly emptying while Zena and I hauled the wagons, between the rows of date palms, but we hardly noticed it.

I learnt from snatches of conversation that the manager of the Country Estate was Ibrahim Khalid. I suspected that he was the man who was responsible for entrapping me and bringing me to Saudi Arabia. I only met him once, in London, at the home of the rich Saudi, Sheik Bashar.

The sheik owned the estate where I was working; and according to Zena, the crest burned on my arms indicated that he owned me. Between them, the two men had hoodwinked my coach, Tom Eastman, into thinking that they were offering me a sponsorship deal. Tom and his assistant Karen were at the London meeting, so I wondered if they were suffering a similar fate to me.

Again, from the lad's conversations, I knew that the fertilizer teams were expected to complete two runs before lunch, then another two after lunch and a final two after a break for dinner. Knowing we were going to get a rest when the tank was empty was as much an inducement to work hard as the fear of the whip. I was no stranger to hunger. The nuns in the convent used it as a punishment for certain offences.

A jerk on the reins brought my attention back to the present. "Jaz, look lively, we'll probably only manage a couple of more rows..." Crack!"

“Uggggh!” I exclaimed when Mohsin cracked the tip of his whip on the upper slope of my right butt cheek.

It was the eighth time that he had stung my unprotected flesh with the light whip, whereas he had only snapped it on Zena’s ass four times. She was hardened to the task and obviously knew how to pace herself between drink stops. Mohsin gave us plenty of energy drink, having picked up a plentiful supply when we stopped at the roundhouse after our first run.

We had just turned into a new row when the lad on the back shouted a warning. “We’re down to fifteen percent, Mohsin.”

The head lad grunted, then flicked the reins again. “Nearly dinner time, girls,” he called out. “Keep this pace up.”

Once we were among the palm trees, Mohsin lengthened the chains so that we could lean forward about 20 degrees off vertical, to handle the load. Straps over our shoulders, attached to the top of our corset/harness, were linked to the chains we pulled on. With our forearms strapped to the shafts and our fists gripping the upright handles, none of our energy was wasted. Our boots had metal studs which gave us a good footing on the looser earth on the plantation.

We had been jogging between the weird looking trees for about another ten minutes when the fertilizer ran out. Both lads jumped down and detached the tanker from the back of our wagon. Having lightened our load, they both climbed up onto the bench seat.

“Go, girls. The perimeter road isn’t far,” Mohsin shouted. “Stop at the end of the

row.”

I was amazed that he knew where we were. The perfectly straight lines of date palms stretched into the distance in all directions, like soldiers waiting to go into battle. Without a driver, I wouldn't have had a clue if I was heading in the right direction. However, we hadn't gone far when the end of the lines became visible. The perimeter road was raised above the level of the plantation making it easy to spot.

When we stopped at the end, I noticed that each line was marked with a numbered post. The lads jumped down. “Girls, we'll help you up the embankment. Go! Put your back into it.”

With the lads at the side of the wagon, pushing, the four of us hauled it up onto the road. Zena and I made a huge effort, but it was the lads who made it possible.

Mohsin patted my bruised ass. “Not bad for a raw bitch...”

After the lads had returned to the wagon, Mohsin urged us to hurry. The surface was harder, the load was lighter and I imagined that I could smell food. We were back on the same section of the perimeter road that we ran on some four hours earlier when Mohsin drove us from the North Yard to the main warehouse.

As we trotted along at a fast jog, the large building and its protective fence was a welcome sight. “I think we beat Lafiz back,” Mohsin said to the lad as he steered us onto the approach road to the entrance gates.

The male guard on the gates didn't stop us. I found the sight of another Puppy-boy disconcerting. It was almost unbelievable that people could treat another human being in such a manner. Mohsin steered us to the right, and down the side of the main building until we reached a line of three marquees.

Their canvas fronts were rolled up to reveal benches inside. There were two teams of Pony-girls, still tethered to their wagons, using the righthand marquee. The girls had simply been driven up to the bench and they were eating their dinner.

"Pull in to the lefthand tent, girls," Mohsin said.

We walked in slowly to the sheltered interior, where I discovered the bench was at a good height for us – Pony-girls – to rest and eat on. As soon as I was up against the front of the bench and the shafts were resting on it, Mohsin released the chains so that I would be able to lean forward. However, I was hampered by my forearms being attached to the shafts. The head lad put that right by releasing the buckles which meant I could let go of the handles and use my hands to eat.

My upper arms were still attached to the corset, so I had limited movement, but enough to feed myself when the food arrived. The final and most important act was to remove the bit from my mouth which he did after moving around the bench to face me.

"Ahhhhh, thank you," I gasped.

Mohsin frowned at me. "Speak again and I'll add three stripes to the ones Lafiz gave you. I've removed your bit so you can eat, not talk." He pointed at a cane

hanging on one of the marquee support poles. “That’s there if you disappoint your driver...”

I nodded that I understood. I could still feel sparkling pain from the line of bruising left by the cane. The other lad had released Zena’s arms and while standing beside Mohsin, was releasing her bit.

“Ashar will fetch your food...” Mohsin waited for him to finish, then together they left the marquee through an opening in the back.

I copied Zena who was leaning right forward and resting her upper body and head on the padded surface. She also placed her hands down flat beside her shoulders.

Facing Zena, I could see that she was tired. “I hope the food is nourishing,” I said to start the conversation.

“It is and there’ll be plenty on our plate. I’ll warn you now, Jaz, Mohsin is more than likely selling our holes.”

“My god, is he allowed to do that?”

“He’s head lad, so yes. Master Ibrahim turns a blind eye to the head lad’s behaviour when it involves animals.”

“Shit, Zena, we’re not animals.”

“We are when we’re wearing Pony tack. It’s in their psyche, Jaz. We have very few rights and none of them involve being respected.”

“Huh, even when were not in Pony tack they treat us like animals. You said holes. Did you mean hole?”

“The head lad has access to the keys, so he can remove your dildo. Jaz, for a few weeks, your holes will be more valuable than mine.”

“Because I’m new?”

“Raw, yes. He’ll show you to a few of his mates from the warehouse...”

“Just me?”

“Jaz, you’re a raw bitch. Every lad who has worked in the warehouse complex has shafted both of my holes at one time or another.”

“It’s my first day. Surely he’ll wait until I’ve settled in.”

“No, Mohsin knows that another bad week will see him demoted, that’ll mean

less money and hardly any perks. All the lads are corrupt and we're the ones that suffer. They are all dreadful gamblers. You'll see when we get back to the yard tonight..."

She fell silent because Mohsin entered the marquee through the same opening as he left. Two lads, both wearing thawb followed him in.

"Here she is," he said pointing across the three feet wide bench. "Raw, white and fit. "Check her out." Mohsin placed his hand on the leather cap protecting my head. "Lay still, girl or you'll feel the bite of the cane."

The lads stood side by side, beside me as they studied my rear end. A hand stroked the curve of my left buttock, then gave my right cheek a squeeze. "I've got to say, she's got a firm body and looks good..." He slid his hand down my ass crack and stroked my thrusting labia lips, before delving into my furrow and mashing my clit flesh.

"Ugggh," I grunted when his finger ran over the eyelet that had been punched through my clitoral ridge during the previous 48 hours.

"She's not white, is she?" the second lad commented as soon as he could get his hands on my posterior.

"She's whiter than you!" Mohsin said.

Once again, I had to suffer the same awful inspection which culminated in the

lad running his thumb up and down my slick furrow. “This bitch can’t wait, Mohsin. What about letting us have early access?” I found it difficult to stand still while he mashed my tender folds.

“No, we’re just ahead of the South Yard, so I’m looking for a fast turnaround... and the deal will be for one hole each, after dinner...” He was interrupted by Ashar, entering the marquee, carrying a tray with our food on. “Come on, we’ll leave them to eat.” Both lads followed Mohsin out, leaving Ashar to give us our food.

The darkhaired young man looked a bit younger than most of the other lads she had met since arriving. He was good looking, fresh-faced and had wide, intelligent eyes. However, like the other lads, he couldn’t seem to take his eyes off me.

Both Zena and I stood up straight while Ashar placed the large bowls of food in front of us. The rice, vegetables and meat were covered with a gravy sauce. As I bent forward to pick up the spoon that he had placed on the bench beside the bowl, the lad placed his hand on mine.

“Jaz, Zena will confirm that I get a favour for serving you your food. Isn’t that right, Zena?”

She looked fed up. “Yes, Master.”

“Wh... what sort of favour?” It was a stupid question.

“I’ll take the favour while you eat. Bend forward and take your time eating your lunch...”

Zena rolled her eyes at me, as if to say, ‘This is what I’ve had to put up with for years’.

While the lad climbed over the shaft and chain, I leant forward and started to eat. I felt Ashar lift his thawb and place it on my back. The lad then surprised me when he started to rub the blunt end of his knob up and down my already juicy labia. There was a sharp pain when it nudged the eyelet, but otherwise the masturbating effect created a warm fuzzy feeling in my nether region that spread out from my thrusting sex.

“This is what all you girl’s like, isn’t it?” he said.

“Ugggh,” I grunted with my mouth full of food. It wasn’t meant to be interpreted as a ‘yes’ but the lad did.

“I thought so. You have a spectacular ass...” He ceased collecting lubrication and concentrated on attacking my tight pucker.

It didn’t stand a chance when the invader was a slippery fucker and had a twelve stone lad applying the pressure. Before having sex with Tom, my coach, I feared anal sex, thinking that I would deride little pleasure from it. Tom and then Adam proved that theory wrong.

I doubted if I was ever going to get an orgasm while having my rectum shafted, but I discovered that I enjoyed the experience of being utterly dominated by a powerful man. Then there was the bondage aspect of being transformed into a Pony-girl. One of the lads had discovered my sex was slick with my juices. There was no doubt that the experience was driving my libido sky-high.

“Uhhhhhh,” I groaned as Ashar dove in until his naked groin was hard up against my peachy butt cheeks.

The food was good, but unfortunately, I had to eat it under the most bizarre circumstances imaginable...

Chapter 4.2 ~ Vida learns the ropes.

Malik sat and watched Vida carry the empty wooden crates to the wagon and slide them onto the flat bed. Vida had seen the young man work hard when he needed to, but if he could delegate work, he always did. She had backed up her team of Pony-girls to the back of the marquees to shorten the carrying distance.

Once the last box was loaded, she raised the side and climbed up onto the wagon. “Oh!” she exclaimed, when instead of sitting her bare butt down onto the polished wooden bench seat, she sat on Malik’s hand.

He moved closer to her. “Vida, I think we should celebrate your promotion, don’t you?”

“Master, I’m uncomfortable sitting on your hand.”

“Oh, maybe you would like me to use it for something else, like slapping your ass?”

“No. Master, I wouldn’t like that at all.”

He leant even nearer. “Vida, I don’t give a fuck about what you like. Your only concern should be what I like.”

“Yes, Master, I understand. Do you want to continue fingering my cunt or shall I begin our journey?”

Unlike a normal thrall, Vida was able to initiate a conversation, but she had to be careful what she said.

“Raise your ass and let me see your status symbol,” he responded with a trace of annoyance in his voice.

The gold pendant looked pretty but was in fact an electronic gadget that would unlock doors for her and protect her from being mounted by Puppy-boys. She did as she was told and leant far enough forward for the young man to examine the teardrop pendant.

Yes, he grabbed it and gave it a tug, but he was really after a close-up view of her cunt. She held her position while he thumbed her tender folds, mashing and rubbing them until they were slippery with her juices. He was intentionally firing up her libido so that she was more cooperative when he got the opportunity to shaft her.

He suddenly removed his fingers and pointed at the gap between the Marquees. “Drive us to the roundhouse, Vida, where we’ll stop for lunch and check out the teams’ progress. Mohsin and his team are spreading fertilizer today so with a bit of luck they’ll arrive for a refill while we’re there.”

Relieved to receive the order, Vida returned her butt to the bench. To drive the goods wagon, she had to lift her feet to the front bar, just above the brake pedals and only then flick the reins to get the pair of fillies to pull away. She didn’t need to guide the team between the marquees and beyond, onto the preparation ground, but took up the slack on the reins when they emerged into the open.

“Vida, there’s a speed limit on this ground and you broke it when you arrived. I was surprised Master Ibrahim didn’t admonish you.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’ll be careful in future.” Vida didn’t urge them to increase their speed until they reached the main drive and were heading for the internal border gate.

“Girls, let’s see some effort!” Vida shouted. Crack! Crack!

“Neeeeeei!” Sarim and Burak responded, letting their driver know that the whip had stung their exposed butt flesh.

The fast jog was a comfortable speed for the pair running on the compacted surface of the main drive. Malik put his hand on Vida’s left thigh and slid it down to her mons, pushing her tunic back in the process.

“Did you know that these two fillies were in Sheik Bashar’s first team for three seasons, Vida?” Her thighs were parted enough for him to stroke her labia and play with the pendant and her clit flesh.

“Yes, Master. Rizwan told me that Sarim often ran the first singles at her peak.”

“That’s true, I’ve seen her win some terrific races. That was five years ago though…”

The gangmaster was determined to make the journey an uncomfortable one for Vida. He teased her cunt flesh and prodded her succulent entrance until a tell-tale quiver began to spread and intensify in her nether region. She had to slow the team as they approached the automatic gates, but Malik didn't let up until they had crossed the perimeter road.

Once they were travelling along the Central drive, they were in among the date palm plantations. Row upon straight row of date palm trees was all that was visible as far as the eye could see ahead of them.

“Are we going to have a good crop this year, Master?” Vida enquired.

“The signs are good...” He moved his hand and slapped her thigh in a brusque manner. “Let's see if these old girls have got any life left in their legs.

Vida raised the whip and snapped the tip on their flesh. Crack! Crack! The girls had already increased their pace, hoping to avoid the painful blows.

Their increased speed coupled with a slight breeze was welcome with the temperature in the nineties. “This is a good team, don't you think, Vida?”

“Yes, Sir.”

When the road began to climb the Pony-girls' pace slowed until they arrived at

the summit of the hill. There were very few natural climbs on the flat and vast estate. From the top of the rise, Vida was able to see the roundhouse in the valley, about a mile ahead, at the junction of 8 roads. She had seen a picture of what they were seeing – a scene resembling the hub and spokes of an old-fashioned cartwheel.

The surefooted Pony-girls picked up speed again as gravity came to their assistance. The faster they ran the louder their studded soles click-clacked on the hard compacted surface. Then, to make matters worse, the boxes rattled about in the back whenever the wide tyres hit a bump in the road. Malik didn't seem to notice. He pointed at two dust clouds beyond the roundhouse on one of the minor tracks.

“See the pair of teams spreading fertilizer near the roundhouse? That'll be Mohsin and his South counterpart.”

“Do you think they're on the way in or heading out?”

“We'll find out in a minute.”

When the road levelled out, they lost sight of the plantation teams among the rows of date palms. They continued for another two hundred yards before passing through the brick pillars of the roundhouse's north entrance. The gates were always open, for security used the roundhouse as their second base.

“Park beside the goods loading bay, Vida.” She knew where to go but remained silent for she was used to being bossed around.

The goods depot was built against the surrounding wall, across the yard from the roundhouse. The loading bay was on Malik's side, so he was the first one to step onto the wooden platform. Before Vida had clambered across the wagon, Malik was walking toward the steps.

“Unload the boxes quickly, Vida, and then park the team in a bay.”

Again, she knew the procedure. The cocky lad wasn't going to let her use her initiative. She stood up and watched him walk over to the office complex at the centre of the roundhouse, then lowered the side of the wagon. It only took a couple of minutes to hump the boxes across and to the back of the platform.

Once she had led the team to a bay and given them a drink, she entered the front office. Vida had visited the roundhouse several times with Rizwan when she was working with the Pony-girls but had only ever ventured into the canteen.

The roundhouse was the nerve centre of the Country Estate. The large wooden structure was divided into four equal sized segments – the front office, the management office, the security office and the canteen. Glass windows and doors gave it an open plan feel. The six gangmasters spent a lot of time directing the teams from the management office.

The door to the canteen was on the left while the management office door was on the right. Beyond that was the security office which was only accessible from the management office. There appeared to be two security officers manning the surveillance equipment. Malik who was standing in his office, signalled to her, so she hurried over to the door.

The moment she stepped into the room, Malik pointed at a map of the Country Estate, on a large video screen. It had been fixed above a line of shoulder height filing cabinets.

Malik pointed with the remote controller. “The joint border is at the top.”

Vida’s eye’s opened wide as she moved closer and studied the map to get her bearings. “Yes, I see the North and South Yards...” She pointed. “...and we spotted the teams working about where these two lights are.” Again, she pointed, but at the spot corresponding to what she had seen from the road.

“The lights are the teams, Vida. Blue for North and Red for south. This afternoon, we have four teams watering...” Malik pointed them out on the screen. “Four teams transporting and two teams spreading fertilizer.” I’ve just spoken to Mohsin, and he estimates that he’ll be back for a refill in thirty minutes.”

“Oh, okay. Shall I make some food for us?”

“I’ll come and help,” Malik said.

Vida knew why he wanted to accompany her to the canteen. “Do we have any figures on efficiency yet, Master?” she asked while they walked through the front office.

As soon as they entered the canteen, Malik closed the door behind him.
“According to the latest data, the teams are running neck and neck...”

“Oh, that’s good. Perhaps there’ll be a different winner this week.” Vida was about to turn and go to organize the food when Malik grasped her right forearm.

“Vida, before you fetch the main course, I want you to serve me a starter.”

“Oh, Master, do we have time?”

Malik wrapped his right arm around her waist. “We’re going to make time.” Releasing her wrist, he reached around and clasped her buttocks with both hands, then lifted her body. “Up...”

When he hoisted her up, her natural reaction was to wrap her legs around his waist. “Um, Master, what are you doing?” His hands were gripping her butt cheeks and pulling them apart.

He didn’t reply but backed up to one of the tables, then sat back on the edge. “Vida, put your feet on the table and your hands around my neck. I expect you to do all the work.”

She understood what he wanted. Malik was definitely having a lazy day, she thought, but for a change, didn’t mind flexing her muscles.

Chapter 4.3 ~ Vida harsh lesson.

After making sure her sandals had a solid footing on the table, Vida linked her fingers behind his neck, then raised her butt in the air.

“Good, girl,” he muttered. With a space opening up between their bellies, Malik was able to pull his thawb up and free his cock. “Kate was very good at this,” he said out of the blue just before grabbing her butt cheeks again.

Huh, she thought, the lad has no tact! She wiggled her ass until she could feel his knob prodding her sex. A slight adjustment and she docked her hot, juicy entrance with his blunt protrusion and impaled herself to a depth of about six inches. The lad’s shaft was fat, so she had to use all her 8 stone to devour his monster dick, using several short thrusts.

“Oh, Master, your cock is huge and the perfect size for upright sex,” she said softly, almost in a whisper, then began to rise and fall on the lad’s rock-solid stalagmite-like shaft. “How am I doing?” she whispered.

“So far, so good. I’d forgotten that you are a tight little fucker.”

“Any girl is going to struggle to devour your monster cock, Sir...”

Malik’s earlier teasing of her sex before they had set off for the roundhouse and his fumbings during the journey, had lighted the touchpaper of her libido.

“That’s true, girl...”

Her sex had simmered and glowed on the way to the roundhouse and finally gotten the chance to explode in the mother of all orgasms. It then continued until Malik joined her. He immediately demanded more aggression by gripping her ass cheeks, painfully, and encouraging her to use her body weight to increase the downward thrust.

“Uh, uh, uh,” she grunted while enjoying the rapid thrusts of the young man’s dick.

“Ahhhhh, Vida, you have a sweet, sweet cunt.” He came with a flourish, then slowed to a halt. “Thrall, that was very satisfying...” He muttered once they had stilled. He then lifted her by her ass until his cock slipped from her juicy portal. “Clean me, girl.”

“Yes, Master.” Vida dropped her feet to the floor, then fell to her knees where she immediately started licking her juices from the gangmaster’s saturated shaft.

“Enough...” He dropped the front of this thawb. “I’m hungry. Make lunch and bring it to the office.”

It was a curt order to a thrall who had just provided him with a good time, but she was used to being dismissed out of hand. There was plenty of rice in the cooker and portions of meat and vegetables in the fridge.

Sheik Bashar was proud of his green credentials. The roundhouse and most of the buildings on the Country Estate were off grid and self-sufficient. That didn't stop him from making billions of dollars from the sale of crude oil from his wells.

Sheik Bashar's estate sat on a plentiful water table, so there were wells at every location on the estate. There were wind turbines on each corner of the property, but it was the massive fields of solar panels that supplied most of the electricity for both estates. Rizwan told her that there were colossal storage batteries in the palace with a week's worth of supply.

It was ironic that Sheik Bashar didn't use any of the millions of barrels of oil that his oilfields produced to energize his own estate. Vida was interested in such matters without knowing why. She had spent the first 18 years of her life living in the penthouse flat of a wealthy Kuwaiti man and had picked up all sorts of information that would probably prove useless to her. Sometimes though, she couldn't help herself from prying where she shouldn't.

Having put the food onto two plates, she placed them on a tray, added two bottles of mineral water and took them through to Malik via the front office. She found him sitting on a stool in front of a monitor.

"We'll eat over there," Malik said, pointing at a spare desk where three more stools had been arranged around it.

The three gangmasters of each estate often sat around the desk discussing tactics or planning the work rota. When Vida was attached to the estate's Pony-girl stables she accompanied Rizwan to the roundhouse but never entered the gangmaster's office. She did as she was told and then returned to Malik's side.

He looked up at Vida. “I agreed with Officer Rayil’s request that you put in an appearance, also that Khan can prepare you.”

She noticed that one of the security officers left their office while she was preparing the food. That left just the senior man watching the monitors. “Oh, what about my food?” she asked half-heartedly, knowing full well that the men had decided her fate. She looked through the separating window wistfully and felt a pang of excitement rise in her chest.

Malik ran his hand up the back of her legs and squeezed her ass. “This is your first day out of the kennels. Get it over with and then you can eat your lunch.”

“Oh, all right, Sir.”

Officer Rayil was in charge of the Country Estate’s security. Malik could have said no and saved her from a session with the officer and his Puppy-boy but in all probability, Officer Rayil put pressure on him. She was irked that her promotion made little difference but getting to look around the security office was high on her ‘to do’ list.

Vida went to the security door and pushed the button. The door and window between the offices was plate glass and soundproof but she could see the officer turn and check to see who was knocking. Khan, the Puppy-boy was sitting and staring at her with an eager expression on his face.

Rayil pushed the button to release the lock. As soon as she heard the click, Vida

pushed the door open. Khan immediately rushed forward eagerly. “Ruff! Ruff!” he barked at her.

She stood still with her thighs slightly parted so that the lad could push his snout against her vulva. She patted the top of his latex hood. “Good boy, Khan...” His tongue snaked out and licked her cunt. “Are you hungry, boy?”

Officer Rayil had swivelled his chair, thus turning his back on the desk and the wall of monitors. “Vida, the boy is hungry. Come here and let me take a look at you.”

“Hello, Sir,” she said as she approached the officer with Khan following closely behind. Rayil was wearing tan pants and matching shirt – the uniform of the estate’s security officers.

He parted his thighs and patted them. “Come closer and put your knees up here. You know the drill, Vida.”

He wanted the classic inspection pose. She moved forward so that he could grab her waist and lift her. She lifted her feet up behind her and as the officer lowered her, she settled her calves on his thighs. Upright, she raised her arms so that he could lift her tunic off. She then removed her bra and leant back.

Once she was supported herself by gripping her ankles, behind her back, Rayil began the inspection by running his hands over her body. His eyes examined every square inch of her musky brown skin, then dipped his fingertips into her moist cunt.

“Master Ibrahim didn’t waste any time giving you this,” he said in a tetchy tone. Looking down, Vida could see Khan waiting for permission to lap her cunt. Rayil stroked her belly, then arrived at her tits. “Vida, it’s a shame that you’re going to dry up...” He squeezed both breasts at the same time to get beads of milk forming on the tips.

“Ruff,” Khan barked softly.

“Clean her out for me, boy,” the officer ordered. “Both holes. I want to welcome Vida to her new job properly, hey, girl?”

Instantly, the Puppy-boy, sitting between his master’s feet, tilted his head until his lips were against Vida’s labia, then went to work thrusting his tongue into her juicy entrance.

Although she was distracted, she nodded. “Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

She didn’t fancy upsetting the officer who wouldn’t think twice about putting her over his knee, thrashing her, then using all three of her holes. She had lost count of the times that the officers had gotten their boys to prepare her for anal sex. Well, her Master had removed the dildo, probably so that she got a taste of what her new role entailed.

Officer Rayil leant forward and while gripping her left tit with both hands closed his lips around her nipple. He slurped and slobbered as he sucked the milk from her breast. After a couple of minutes, he paused for a second, then attacked her

right breast.

She closed her eyes and gripped her ankles tightly as the puppy-boy switched to lapping back and forth along her gaping furrow. Then, with the sensations from the officer's gnawing on her nipples, they tipped her over the edge. It didn't last long though for her milk was running dry.

Officer Rayil lifted his head and studied her body for a few seconds. "I've got to say, girl, when Master Ibrahim mentioned that he was thinking of promoting you, I was doubtful..." He reached between his legs and pushed the snout of his Puppy-boy back. "Enough, she's ready..."

"I hope I can prove that I'm worthy of the position, Sir."

He unzipped and eased his huge cock out of his pants. "Maybe. I still think eight months isn't enough experience on the estate."

The last thing she wanted was security keeping an eye on her. She dropped her left hand to grasp his dick and steadied herself by placing her right hand on his shoulder, then eased forward so that she could steer his knob to her succulent entrance.

"Sir, I will prove to you that I am trustworthy and diligent," she said as she lowered herself until her quim had devoured the officer's entire shaft.

"We'll see, girl. Ride me as if the devil is trying to bite your ass..."

She was already rising and falling. “Sir, this estate is lucky to have such strong and assertive security. I feel safe with you in charge.”

While she bobbed up and down, he cupped her bubble-like cheeks and gave them a squeeze while she studied the monitors. “You say all the right things, girl, but it’s actions that will determine your future. Put some effort into it, girl.”

Vida flexed her leg muscles while pounding her body down onto the man’s rock-solid erection. “Uh... yes, uh... Sir...” she replied as she was once again consumed by a powerful orgasm.

The officer wasn’t far behind. “Good, girrrrrrrl,” he muttered while shooting his load up into her darkest recesses.

Rayil lifted her off his thighs so that she could drop her feet to the floor, turn and bend forward to clean his softening dick. She held his shaft low and licked her juices off it, then lolly-popped his domed crown.

“Good girl.” A tap on the head told her that the security man wanted to get back to watching the screens.

Vida hunkered down to collect her bra and tunic from the floor. She found herself staring at Khan’s rubber clad erection. His knob was so large and purple, it looked as though it was going to fly off his shaft. The lad was whimpering from the pain the rubber tube encasing his cock was causing.

“He did you a favour, girl. What’s it to be?”

Vida glanced up at the officer. “Um, I’m wearing the Master’s pendant, Sir.”

“Well, girl, you’ll be pleased to know that Khan and Grail are the only two Puppy-boys on the estate who can mount you. I think Master Ibrahim wants you to sample the extremes of your job today, don’t you?”

Her Master had found a way for her to meet both of the estate’s senior security officers before she got stuck into the job. “Yes, Sir.” She dropped to her hands and knees and dipped her head.

The lad’s knob was huge and only just fitted in her mouth. It was much larger than his Master’s. The Puppy-boys were forbidden to fuck the thrall’s throats after several fatal accidents, so he had to be content with Vida lip fucking his knob until he decided to mount her. Another tap on the head was the signal for her to switch, so she turned and offered the lad a choice of her rear holes.

“Ruff!” Khan exclaimed excitedly, then had his front paws on her back in a flash. Her ravished entrance was the target of the young man’s thrusting, monstrous, rubber clad, cock. “Ruff!” he exclaimed when his knob engaged with the opening he was desperately searching for.

Vida had to suppress a groan when the tender walls of her vagina were stretched abnormally as the lad hammered his dick home until he bottomed out. She swallowed another groan and had to keep doing so as the lad began to piston

fuck her as rapidly as she had ever been fucked in her life.

It was a salutary lesson for the teenager, for Ibrahim was making sure that she didn't let the promotion go to her head. On the other hand, she had gotten a good look at the internal workings of the security office. She had noticed many things, all of which were stored in her remarkable, photographic memory.

Chapter 4.4 ~ Vida meets Jasmin.

When Vida returned to the gangmaster's office, she found that Malik had finished his meal and had returned to the computer on the main desk. She had to report to him before eating.

He looked up at her. "Hurry, Vida, Mohsin will be back in five minutes for a refill."

"Do we know who he's working with, Master?"

"Yes, Ashar was assigned to Mohsin's team for the day. Go eat your food."

Hearing that Ashar was aboard one of the wagons they were expecting put a spring in the teenager's step. One of the perks of her new job would be that she would get to spend more time with Ashar, the young man she had fallen in love with. By far the most attractive lad on the estate, they had hit it off when they worked together in the estate's stables. She wasn't sure what his reaction was going to be to her promotion.

Vida was used to bolting her food. Malik, Ali and Saeed, the three North Yard gangmasters, were always putting pressure on the thralls to shorten meal breaks so there was time for yet another task. She paced herself though, scooping up a spoonful at a time, but chewing it before swallowing. She was just scraping the remnants up when the sound of a team entering the yard filtered through to the office.

Malik was out of his seat. He opened the door. "Come on, Vida. I want a fast

turnaround with the teams. You can water the fillies and check out the raw bitch while you're doing that. I'll help the lads with the battery."

Vida followed the gangmaster, through the front office and out onto the boardwalk, where they were hit with the glare from the bright, late afternoon sunshine. She had to shield her eyes as she looked across the yard at the activity by the refilling depot. Mohsin had pulled his team of Pony-girls to a halt, so the tanker wagon was level with the huge static storage tank.

Mohsin and Ashar had jumped down from the front wagon and were connecting the refill pipe. Vida, needing to provide the refreshments to the girls, retreated to the front office and fetched a large bottle of energy drink from the fridge, in the kitchen. By the time she reached the tanker wagon, the pipe was connected and Ashar was monitoring the flow.

Malik and Mohsin were chatting on the other side of the wagon. Vida and Ashar exchanged smiles and winks as she approached the other two lads.

"...teams are neck and neck..." Vida heard Malik telling his head lad as she passed.

Malik reached out and grabbed Vida's arm. "I want Ashar to hose them down here, then ten minutes rest and away," he said, then let her arm go.

"Yes, Master." According to the screen, Malik had a ten-minute lead over the South team. They would arrive soon but it was wise to let the girls catch their breath between runs. "We'll move them when the South team arrive, Sir."

Mohsin gave her a wave and a knowing look before she hurried around to the front of the team. They had bad history, for he was another young man who hated bright thralls. The two days she suffered in the Puppy-girl compound were the catalyst of her new, focused mindset. Things had gone well for her since then, but her luck wouldn't hold out for long.

The fillies had dropped to their knees and sat back on their heels. Vida noticed that the shoulder chains were slack, suggesting that Mohsin had been pushing them hard to gain an advantage over the South yard. Their bodies were caked in a soft brown crust, a mixture of sweat and sandy soil.

When she passed the light-skinned girl, Jasmin, she noticed that the whip had left its mark multiple times on the upper slopes of her well-rounded butt cheeks. The ends of the shafts which projected about a foot past where the girls were gripping the handle rested on the ground.

After placing the bottle on the ground, Vida moved in between shaft one and two and hunkered down. She released Jasmin's gauze hood and lifted it off her head. The Kuwaiti teenager was taken aback as soon as she revealed the girl's features.

Despite the bridle, blinkers and bit, Vida could see that Jasmin was very pretty. She had light honey toned skin, bright, large brown eyes and high cheekbones.

She unfastened the catch and eased the bit out of the girl's mouth, whereupon the thrall let out a loud gasp. "Oh, my god," she said softly in English.

Vida didn't respond even though she could speak and understand the language, having picked it up from watching TV and listening to conversations for most of her life.

She moved sideways and dealt with Zena, a thrall she really respected. If two thralls could be called friends, then they would qualify. Unfortunately, when Zena was transferred from the stables to the kennels, they hardly saw each other and hadn't talked for at least four months.

"Veeeeda," she said and let her breath out. "Oh, I need a drink."

Vida picked up the bottle, opened it and held it up to her lips. "Enough..." She removed it. "I'll give you some more in a minute." Before turning to Jasmin, she looked down the side of the wagon where Asher was still holding the fertilizer hose. The South wagon had pulled up behind the North's tank. Lafiz, who was the South's head lad spotted Vida.

"Vida, water our girls when you've finished," he shouted.

"Okay, Sir," she replied.

Unable to communicate with Asher, Vida moved sideways to give Jasmin a drink. The English speaking girl had waited patiently and was trying to get some moisture in her dry lips. She gave her a quarter of the bottle then paused.

"Are you English?"

The girl nodded. "I am. You speak good English," she replied in near perfect Arabic.

"Vida is an egghead and now she's Ibrahim's right-hand girl," Zena replied.

"How long have you been a thrall?" Vida asked.

"Vida, I was kidnapped a couple of days ago. I need help to contact someone at the British embassy."

Vida placed her fingertips on the girl's lips. "Jasmin, this is not the time or place to speak of such things. Tell me how you are coping while working with Zena."

The girl appeared to have a backbone for she wasn't tearful, despite the nature of her plight. She had heard several similar stories from thralls who were absolutely distraught when they related their story. There was something about Jasmin that piqued Vida's interest.

"I'm managing okay. I have an athletic background and I'm just about keeping up with my great partner."

"You're doing alright. I can tell Mohsin is pleased," Zena said.

Ashar appeared on Zena's side of the wagon and held the end of the water hose up. The water was already flowing onto the ground. "Are you ready?"

"One minute, Ashar..." She held the bottle up to Jasmin's lips, allowed her to drink another quarter, then gave the rest to Zena. She waited for both girls to stand, then gave him the nod. "Okay..." Ashar put his thumb over the end of the pipe and directed the jet at Vida first. "Oh!" she cried and then backed away out of range.

"Sorry," he said laughingly, then concentrated on spraying the Pony-girls from head to foot.

Vida edged closer to him as he moved around to face the girls. "How are you, Ash?"

He studied her light blue fancy tunic – the uniform of a head thrall. "Alright. Working out of the warehouse suits me. You caught the sly one's eye then?"

"It seems so. I'm not enjoying my day though. The vultures can't keep their grubby paws off me..." Vida spotted Lafiz approaching down the outside of the wagon. "I think that will do Ashar." Lafiz stopped and stood with his hands on his hips. "They're ready to move, Sir," she said.

She grabbed Jasmin's bridle and encouraged them to pull the double load clear of the fertilizer bay then make a wide turn. Dripping wet and clean, the pair hauled the heavy load into the bright sunshine where they would quickly dry. Vida had a closer look at the new girl's body.

“Has anyone ever escaped from this estate?” Jasmin whispered.

“Trying, will get you branded, caged and dispatched to the auction in a cage no bigger than a coffin,” Zena said.

Vida looked her in the eye. “Jasmin, you’re lucky that Zena and I can keep our mouths shut, but we’re the only two. Never say anything like that to anyone else if you want to avoid something more terrible happening to you.”

“Is that possible?” Jasmin said in an ironic tone.

“Yes. You’d better believe it. I’ve just delivered my predecessor in a cage to the security centre. By this time tomorrow she’ll be up for sale and in all probability be on display at an auction by the end of the week. If you want to avoid a trip to central Africa, which is where most branded thralls end up, then be careful what you say.”

Vida’s warning clearly shook the English thrall to the core, which was what she intended to do. She hunkered down and ran her hands up and down Jasmin’s impressive muscular left leg. Vida stood up and spotted the lads emerging from the office. “I’ve got to go and water the other team...”

She brushed past Ashar... “See you soon,” she said and managed to squeeze his hand before jogging off toward the approaching lads.

Lafiz handed her a bottle of energy drink. “Get on with it girl.” When Vida turned, he slapped her ass. “Too much jawing...” the South’s head lad said.

Vida rushed off to sort his pair of Pony-girls, who were waiting to be hosed down by the lad holding the fertilizer pipe. She picked up the water hose and sprayed the girls while watching Mohsin urge his team to pull away and start their second afternoon run.

Having never taken sides before, Vida found herself rooting for the North Yard to win the week’s challenge...

Chapter 4.5 ~ Adam's interview.

Adam, glancing at his sat nav every few miles, was more nervous than he had ever been in his life. When the car passed into the congestion charge zone, the cameras no doubt registered his car on their computer and deducted £15 from his credit balance. The change in that part of West London, from smaller houses and high-rise blocks of flats to larger individual houses was rapid.

As he approached the Kensington address Rafiya had texted him, he had to grip the steering wheel more tightly. Outwardly, Adam was a tough confident character. Some thought he was vain, even cocky. He guessed that Jasmin had that opinion of him from their brief meeting in her flat. She was a babe. An 'A'+ on his rating scale and there weren't too many girls that impressed him to that degree.

Rafiya was one of the few in the same category. He had never sought to bed a girl from the Middle East, so it was hard to believe that he had laid two in a matter of days. His affair with Rafiya had lasted nearly three months while he watched the young athlete. All he had to do was watch and follow Jasmin and fantasize about being the first black James Bond.

He took the job after she assured him that she meant the girl no harm. Rafiya paid him £200 a week and let him shag her every Monday morning. What was there not to like about a deal like that? Shagging Rafiya became the highlight of his week.

Then, when Jasmin invited him up to her flat for sex, he thought that would be the end of his association with the gorgeous Arab young woman. He had completed his mission by getting a 100% guaranteed sample of her DNA – a soiled pair of her panties and a toothbrush. Then, Rafiya surprised him again with the offer of a job – being her bodyguard for a trip she was making to Saudi Arabia.

Even as he turned into the road the house was located on, Adam wasn't quite sure if he was doing the right thing. Rafiya had left him in the dark about why she wanted Jasmin watched and why she needed the girl's DNA. She hadn't even explained why she needed a bodyguard.

The huge houses with gated entrances that stood back from the road only confirmed Adam's belief that Rafiya was involved with very rich people – possibly billionaires. Spotting the number, he turned into the short drive and pulled up at a set of tall iron gates, then lowered his window.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, so he was on time. Adam was surprised to see a camera lens on the panel facing him instead of buttons. Glancing up, he spotted more cameras atop the tall wall that surrounded the property.

“Adam, proceed to the back of the house,” a man's voice said clearly from the speaker.

The one car width gravel drive, between the house and a ten foot wall, led to a large gravel yard and a line of garages, rather than a lawn or garden. A bulky Arab man dressed in a grey suit emerged from a conservatory door and pointed toward the open garage.

He used the button to open the passenger side window. “Shall I park it in there?”

“Is all your luggage in the trunk?”

“Yes, I can get at it from the back.”

“Okay. Pull into the garage.”

Adam steered his pride and joy, a black Mini Cooper, into the brick-built garage and climbed out, only just making it in the narrow space. By the time he had lifted the tailgate, the Arab had joined him.

“My name is Sol. I’ll transfer all your luggage to the car that’s taking you to the airport.”

Adam pointed at an overnight bag sitting atop two large suitcases. “What about tonight?”

“Adam, everything you need is in the house. Please report to the conservatory where Mrs. Conchita is waiting to meet you.”

“Mrs. Conchita?” The man nodded. “Okay.”

It was Tuesday the 19th of October. Winter was approaching but the cold weather was holding off. He fiddled with the buttons on the jacket of his suit, wondering whether to do them up or leave the jacket open. The gravel crunched under foot as he strode the 50 yards to the twin conservatory doors which were wide open.

The moment he stepped up and over the threshold, he spotted two Stout Arab, suited men standing in the wings. The furniture had been arranged so that a four-seater sofa faced him and the four easy chairs were positioned, two either side. There was a square, colourful Persian rug in the open spaced before him.

A middle-aged woman wearing a long red dress was seated on the right while Rafiya was seated on the left. Her outfit was eye-opening to put it mildly. She was wearing a blue minidress made from a semi-transparent gauze material. Bright, sparkling lights to counteract the gloomy whether outside gave Adam an excellent view of the stunning girl who wanted to employ him.

“Hello, Rafiya, er, Mrs. Conchita I presume...”

“Close the doors, Adam,” the older woman said.

“Oh, yes, sorry, it is a bit chilly.” He turned and made sure he closed the right one first, so that the doors closed properly.

After turning, he walked forward to stand in the centre of the rug. “You’ve got a nice house here, Mrs. Conchita,” he said with a fair degree of nervousness.

“Relax, Adam,” the Latin American lady said. “Remove all your clothes and place them in that box...” She pointed at an empty plastic box sitting on the floor between the two chairs on his right.

“Are you serious, Ma’am?”

“Yes, I am.”

“This is a new suit. Could I hang it up?”

“No, this is a test of your obedience. Rafiya said that you want to be her bodyguard. If that’s true, we expect you to follow orders without question.”

Adam looked for Rafiya’s reaction, but her expression didn’t change. He wasn’t a tidy person, but he had just shelled out £150 on the new suit. It seemed a shame to get it creased. “Alright. What will I wear?”

“We will provide you with something.”

That didn’t sound very encouraging to Adam, but with the door closed, the room had warmed and put him in a better frame of mind. After kicking off his shoes, the jacket was followed by the pants. He tried to fold them as he dropped them in the container, but he made a hash of it. The shirt, boxershorts and socks went on top.

The lady pointed at the shoes. “Put those on top, Adam.”

Her commands were crisp and precise without any ‘please’ or ‘thank yous’. He

held his arms out and tried not to think of Rafiya, for his cock was stiffening.
“Well?”

Adam thought he saw the twitch of a smile on the older woman’s lips. She raised her hand and clicked her fingers. The heavy standing behind the chairs on his right, took a couple of steps forward, picked up the box of clothes, then backed up before walking around behind the sofa and leaving the room.

No sooner had the man disappeared through the doorway, a girl appeared carrying what looked like a dressing gown over her arm. She was dressed in a similar outfit to Rafiya’s. The translucent, short tunic dress was purple while beneath it she was wearing a set of matching minimalistic underwear. The bra had quarter cups, so it was her nipples that pushed the fabric forward.

The pretty Arab girl bowed and handed him the bottle green satin robe. It was heavy and the sort of item that suited his personality – brash, flash and gawdy. When Adam lifted it and turned the gown, he discovered it had a huge tiger embroidered on the back.

“Ma’am, I admire your taste,” he said while pushing his arms into the sleeves of the robe.

“Rafiya thought you would like it. It is yours now. Gabby will tie the belt for you, then join you when you sit down near me.” She indicated the wide armed chair close to her end of the sofa.

“It’s a lovely gift, thank you very much, Ma’am.”

The slim young woman stepped forward and as he pulled the sides of the gown together, covering his proud erect cock, she collected the ends of the belt and tied a neat bow. He noticed that the girl bore a similar crest on her upper arms to the ones on Rafiya's. "Oh, I wasn't expecting that..."

"Sit down. Gabby will help you get comfortable."

Adam was taken aback by the presence of such an attractive young servant. The young athlete was facing the most bizarre situation he had ever faced in his life, and unusually, wasn't sure if he was capable of living up to someone's expectations...

Chapter 4.6 ~ Adam gets comfortable.

The moment he settled into the sumptuous low chair, the nimble girl climbed onto the lefthand arm and perched her butt on it. After wiggling her ass to get comfortable, she folded her right leg onto his lap and dangled her left leg, down beside his legs. It was a very provocative pose because the girl was wearing gusset-less panties, just like Rafiya when she visited him.

He dragged his eyes away from the girl's cute lips and fleshy entrance, framed by purple satin. What he couldn't do was control his raging erection which was pushing against the front of his robe. He entwined his fingers in front of his tummy, lest he accidentally touched the girl's smooth bronze thigh.

Mrs. Conchita was smiling as though she was enjoying his discomfort. "Adam, you are probably confused by your reception so I'm going to explain why you're here."

"Thank you, Ma'am. I appreciate that."

"I like politeness and respect from the men I employ and so far, you score highly in that department."

"Um, thank you..."

"The first thing you need to understand is that Rafiya and Gabby are thralls and belong to me."

“Thralls? Belong to you? What do you mean?”

“The word slave has left Arabic language and been replaced with ‘thrall’. Now do you understand?”

“You’re telling me that Rafiya is your slave?”

“Yes, until I release her from her contract of indenture. I must ask you to use ‘thrall’ as the descriptive word for their status.”

“Oh, yes, of course, sorry. “Um, you’re not an Arab, are you?”

“No. I was born in Mexico but I’m also a British citizen and a citizen of Dubai. I am fluent in English and Arabic, as are all the girls here.”

Adam felt himself frowning as he tried to get his head around the fact that Rafiya and the beautiful young woman, half sitting on his lap with her thighs widely parted, were in fact slave-girls.

“Is something bothering you, Adam?” Mrs. Conchita asked.

“Modern slavery is frowned upon in this country. I can understand you owning slaves in Dubai but here in London? Couldn’t they just walk out the door and leave you?”

“It’s a fair question. Gabby, do you want to escape from this house and run away?”

“No, Mistress. I enjoy being part of your household and want for nothing more.”

“What do you think of being Adam’s companion if he joins my household?”

The young Arab lifted her right hand and stroked his left cheek. “It would be an honour to accompany such a handsome and powerful young man, Mistress.” The girl’s voice was sweet and lyrical.

Her little warm hand dropped to his neck where it stayed while her bent knee nudged his aching cock through the robe.

“You want me to join your household. Become a thrall?” Adam asked.

“Thrall is a female pronoun. Lads are just male servants. And, yes, I want you to become my servant. That is a requirement if you want to help Rafiya to track down the elusive young woman you were monitoring for us.”

“That’s a nice way of putting it.”

“Would you prefer spying. I noticed you numbered the latest file ‘007’.”

“Huh, yes... Um, Mrs. Conchita, I need to know who Jasmin really is and why so many people are interested in her.”

“What if I was to say that the information is irrelevant to my offer of you becoming part of my household. That when you’re in my employ I will provide you with plenty of work protecting me and Rafiya while we travel to various parts of the world?”

“I’d say that I would want to know more about my job. Whether a girl is in danger and who is threatening her life.”

“Adam, Jasmin isn’t in danger from any party that I know of. I can confirm, thanks to the DNA sample you supplied, that Jasmin is indeed the person I’m searching for. That means that the matter has become more urgent.”

“How so?”

Gabby was gently moving her knee back and forth, against his rock-solid shaft, keeping him aroused and making it difficult to concentrate on the conversation.

“Isn’t it obvious? The people who have kept her identity hidden for more than nineteen years, realized that the only way to continue the deception was to whisk her overseas to Saudi Arabia. I suspect that they didn’t like the way she was being coached by Tom Eastman.”

“He’s left his job at the athletics stadium,” Adam said.

“Yes, I know. Because Tom and Karen are linked to Jasmin’s past, they would have been kidnapped as well. If anyone is in danger, then they are.”

“Oh, my god, that’s awful. It sounds as though Jasmin could be anywhere in the world then...”

“No, they will want her close. Trust me, I’m fairly confident of her location. Our task is to confirm her whereabouts and then work out how we’re going to free her. Are you prepared to join my household?”

“Tell me who Jasmin is and why you want to find her, then I’ll decide.”

The elegant lady placed her hand on a softly glowing pad that sat on a small table beside the sofa. “Would you like a cup of coffee, Adam?” she asked.

“I would, thank you, Ma’am. Black with one sugar please.”

“A splash of cognac?”

“Um, yes. I could do with something to settle my nerves.”

“The coffee will be here in a minute.” She removed her hand from the pad.
“Gabby, Adam would like you to relieve the stress of his long car journey.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The young woman threw her left leg across his, so that she was sitting on his thighs, facing him.

“Oh, um, what are you doing, Gabby?” he gasped, fearing she was about to reach down and release his cock.

Instead, she reached up and started to gently rub his temples. “Is that nice, Master?”

“Oh, um, very nice. Thank you.” Adam had at some time or another had almost every part of his body massaged, but never his temples. “Oh, Gabby, that’s wonderful.”

“I’m pleased to be able to provide you with a modicum of relief, Master.”

He glanced down to take another peek at the girl’s sex. Her thighs were widely parted but the slot in the panties was ensuring her labia remained tight lipped. Behind them and ripe for investigation was the girl’s unprotected portal. Higher, beneath the semi-transparent material, her twin peaks appeared to be trying to

escape.

He had never been sexually teased so mercilessly by a girl, in a situation where two other women were sitting, watching his every move.

“Master, you can touch me if it helps to relieve the stress.”

“Oh, no... Er..” Embarrassed, he glanced at Mrs. Conchita.

“Adam, Gabby will wonder about her attractiveness, if you refrain from enjoying her unique desirability.”

“Oh, well , actually, I find her beauty overpowering...”

“Oh, thank you, Master...” She fell forward and started kissing his face.

“Gabby, Adam needs a massage. There will be plenty of time for passion later.”

Adam raised his hands between their bodies until he was cupping her tits through the diaphanous material. As soon as he could feel her hard nubs pressing into the palms of his hands, he gently pushed her back.

“Sorry, Master, I liked your words and... and love your touch.”

“Not a problem, Gabby.”

When she raised her fingers again to his temples, he began to gently feel the shape of her nipples and the contours of the tops of her tits. He removed his hands when another thrall entered the room, pushing a trolley. She parked it beside his chair, placed her hands together and bowed. The servant was wearing an identical outfit to Gabby except hers was pink

“Your coffee, Sir.”

“Thank you.”

The thrall retreated and retraced her footsteps out of the room. The coffee was in a large cup, on a saucer, and just what he needed. When he reached for the cup, Gabby slid off his lap and returned to her earlier posture.

“Thank you, Gabby, for the massage.”

“You are welcome, Master.”

While the thrall was sitting on Adam’s thighs, the second heavy left the room. From his experience of working as a bouncer, at a nightclub in Bedford, he recognized the type of men Mrs. Conchita was employing to protect her. Having taken his clothes, they had clearly decided that he was no threat to their Mistress.

Why then, did she need him? Adam wondered.

The trio of beautiful women sat quietly studying him while he drank half of the delicious coffee laced with cognac. “That is truly delicious, Mrs. Conchita. Thank you.”

She gave him a brief smile. In that moment, he saw a brief glimpse of a younger version of the woman sitting on the sofa. He surmised that thirty years earlier, she was stunningly beautiful. Her long black hair was greying, her brow was furrowed and her lips had lost their shape, but her eyes – her stunning hazel green eyes shone with vitality.

“Adam, to answer your earlier question, let me tell you a story.”

He absentmindedly dropped his hand on to Gabby’s thigh. “I’m all ears, Ma’am.”

“I was Gabby’s age, nineteen, when I fell in love with the man who enslaved me. I was a poor girl who went to work for an oil tycoon who had struck oil in Mexico. This was about forty years ago. He was married to a beautiful woman and together, they had a son when I was about twenty-one. Unfortunately, his wife fell ill and died when the little boy was five.

I was twenty-six and had already spent a lot of time with the boy, so when his mother died, I became a pseudo mother to him. That suited the tycoon who set about looking for another wife. I like to think that it took him fifteen years to remarry because he loved me.

In any case, he fell in love with an English girl, who was in his Harem when I was forty. The tycoon's son was twenty and no longer needed me, so I agreed to manage the family's Mexico operation. Having moved there, I was distant when a year after marrying the young woman, disaster struck the tycoon yet again. The exact details of what happened have only just come to light with the death of the tycoon's son, a man who looked upon me as his mother."

"I'm sorry to hear of your loss," Adam muttered.

She continued. Everyone was told, nineteen years ago, that the tycoon's second wife died giving birth. We were told that the mother and baby died. The tycoon passed away soon after from cancer, but the son continued building the empire and I continued managing the Mexico operation for him. but I recently discovered when I read documents from the son's will, that the tycoon sent the baby to England and arranged to have it adopted into an English family. That child is Jasmin, the DNA sample you secured confirms that."

"Okay, so the tycoon had a son and a daughter about twenty years apart," Adam said softly as he stroked the thrall's thigh. "I can understand you wanting to track her down, but what's the story with the party who have taken her abroad?"

Gabby dropped her hand onto his, the moment his little finger was close to her sex. She then encouraged him to touch her lips. His action would be in clear sight of his host and although he was desperate to stroke her baby smooth lips, he left his fingers a few millimetres short.

"This is a story about money, Adam. More money than you can imagine. The Tycoon's wealth passed on to his son, but some of it was tied up in trust funds.

His death unlocked his father's earlier provisions in his will. We are talking billions of pounds that Jasmin can claim as her inheritance. There's a time limit on it though."

"How much time do we have to find her?" Adam asked.

"If she fails to appear before a UAE high court before the end of the year, that money, by default can be claimed by the tycoon's first wife's family. The time is running out and should we fail to secure her freedom by December thirty-first, the girl could well remain a penniless thrall for the rest of her life."

"So, they found her before you did. Why not just kill her? That family will then inherit the money. Job done."

"It's not as simple as that, Adam. The legal system in the UAE is extremely complicated..." Maria Conchita hesitated. "Okay, we believe that she will be married to one of the sons of the family who are holding her. She will only inherit the money if she is married."

"Oh, wow! I get it. Who's the lucky guy you want to marry her to?" Adam asked.

"Adam, one step at a time. We've got to find her first, then free her so that we can help her inherit the fortune, the tycoon wanted her to enjoy..."

Chapter 4.7 ~ Adam's contract.

Adam was so engrossed in the Mexican woman's story he was unaware that his finger was nudging Gabby's labia lips until she squirmed a little to encourage his attentions.

Adam looked down at the contact he was making with Gabby's warm sex. "Oh, I..."

"You have soft fingers, Master."

"Adam, Gabby is letting you see and touch the very thing that you most desire," Mrs. Conchita said. "If you like what you see then you may touch it..."

He let his hand relax and his fingers stroke her smooth, convex lips. The girl was almost purring like a kitten. Strangely, not having to worry about the improprieties of stroking the girl's sex, enabled him to focus on Jasmin's story.

"Um, so are you working with the tycoon's family. Did the son have any children? He must have married. Are you working with them?"

"It's very complicated because the wives have nothing to gain or lose in monetary terms..."

"Wives? Oh, I suppose that's legal in the UAE?"

“Very much so, but I was pleased that the tycoon I fell in love with didn’t practice polygamy. His son was a different kettle of fish. He was generous to me in his will, so when we fly to Dubai we will be staying at my modest palace. That is, provided you agree to my terms of indenture...”

“Mrs. Conchita, I was wondering...”

She held her hand up. “Enough history, Adam. Are you going to join my household?”

Outwardly, Adam was a man’s man, but inwardly, he had a weakness for assertive women. He had lived with a concurring fantasy of being dominated by strong women. He was no psychologist, but his weakness had something to do with him being raised as an only child by his mother, a giant, bull of a woman who took the stick to him whenever he disappointed her.

He stroked the teenager’s labia lips gently and teased her dry entrance. If the youngster was the bait to catch a big fish, then she was worth devouring...

“Ma’am if these beautiful women trust you, then I will, so long as my job is to protect you and your thralls.”

“Yes, you will be a bodyguard and work with Rafiya. Adam, I’m pleased you’ve decided to join my household. The contract is ready for you to sign...” She placed her hand on the pad again. “Kells will bring the contract through in a minute, Adam. Would you like another cup of coffee?”

“Yes, I would, thank you, Ma’am.”

“Good, once the formalities have been dealt with, I would like you to address me and Rafiya as Mistress.”

Adam regarded the elegant, silent figure sitting at the end of the sofa. “Oh, so Rafiya has a higher status than Gabby?”

“Adam, you need to know that when I was forty and went to live in Mexico, I realized that I didn’t want a man in my bed. Rafiya is my latest companion, so yes, she needs your respect.”

“Of course, yes of course...”

“By the way, I made her tone down her dominant nature in her dealings with you...”

“So, you know...”

“Adam, thanks to Rafiya, I know everything about you and your tough life.” She turned to the beautiful thrall. “Raf, tell Adam what you think of him.”

She sat up and came to life as though she was a robot that had just been switched on. “Adam, I have greatly enjoyed working with you and look forward to our future association. As my bodyguard, you will be able to accompany me in our quest to find Jasmin.”

Her reply was almost robotic, but he couldn’t think of a question to ask her. “Oh, that’s good...”

When the thrall in the pink gauze tunic appeared pushing a larger trolley, Gabby slipped from the chair, leaving his hand with nothing to touch. “Master, I must help Kells.”

“Yes, of course,” he responded, then sat up to watch the girls manoeuvre the trolleys so that the larger one replaced the smaller one.

Beside the fresh cup of coffee was a clipboard, along with a small white box on top of a larger flat one. Kells bowed and departed with the small trolley while Gabby handed the clipboard to Adam.

“Your contract, Master.”

Mrs. Conchita got to her feet. “Adam, when you’ve read it, you need to sign all five pages. I need to go and make a few phone calls. The girls will take care of you until I return. Oh, by the way, this is a once in a lifetime offer. Reject it and we’ll have dinner together before you head home.”

“Oh, okay, Mistress.” As she departed, Rafiya got to her feet and moved closer, to the end of the sofa.

“You didn’t have much to say, Rafiya. I wasn’t expecting this reception.”! He glanced at Gabby who was climbing back on the arm of his chair.

“Reception? Oh, do you mean Gabby?”

“Um, yes and the whole ‘take your clothes off’, move.”

“Ah, security is paramount in everything we do. It’s one of the reasons for wanting you to join the Mistresses household. Sit back and read the contract while Gabby gives you a sample of her girlish skills.”

Adam looked from Rafiya’s face to Gabby’s. The former was deadly serious while the later was wide-eyed and eager to please him. “Um, if you say so, Mistress.” That brought the trace of a smile to her lips.

He settled back in the plush velour cushion, lifted the clipboard and started reading. “Oh,” he exclaimed and lifted the board higher, just in time to see Gabby’s hand slip into his gown, whereupon it gripped his shaft. “Are you trying to distract me?”

“No, Master...,” Gabby replied. “...but stop me if you can’t concentrate.”

“Huh!” He glanced at Rafiya who had a twinkle in her eye. “You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?”

A smile formed on her lips and then she nodded which was her way of saying, ‘get on with it’. He started to read the five page document while sipping his coffee. It was hard to concentrate with the teenager gently stroking his rock-solid cock. Her little hand felt wonderful and was moving at just the right rate to keep him in a state of limbo where the level of arousal neither grew or declined. The girl truly had some silky skills.

He read the document from front to back. The £5000 a month would be increased by 5% every year, which he reckoned, by the end of the ten years, would get around three quarters of a million pounds in a lump sum. The terms suggested that he would live a rent-free life while he was in Mrs. Conchita’s employ.

He flipped back to the part about restrictions and commitments. He was required to wear two collars and be stamped with Mrs. Conchita’s crest on his upper arms. Having to wear a collar bothered him and wondered what they meant by two collars.

He caught Rafina’s eye. “Is this ten-year agreement legal in the whole of the UAE, Mistress?”

“Yes, it is. It’s a powerful document which strips you of a lot of the rights you enjoy in England.”

He wondered if she was trying to put him off signing the contract. “Such as?”

“Someone else will be making all your decisions for you. For instance, the hours you work, what you eat, which thrall you will sleep with...”

“Wohhhhh. I thought Mrs. Conchita said that Gabby would stay with me.”

“She will, for now, but the mistress’s household is constantly renewing and revolving its staff. Gabby knows the score, which is why she will try her hardest to please you.” Her grip on his cock remained constant while they discussed her position.

“Um, okay, but it doesn’t mention having a thrall as part of the job.”

“It’s not. Our Mistress has the right to give you a thrall and to take her away, like many other extra benefits that aren’t in the contract. You will have your own room in the palace in Dubai, her house in Mexico or here in London. You will be fed, clothed and provided with company and entertainment.”

“Where will I spend most of my time?”

“In Dubai. Maybe eighty percent. The Mistress has recently relinquished her position as the head of Mexico operations for the tycoon’s family, but she likes the climate in South America.”

“If I displease her, it says that I will be punished, but doesn’t give any details,”

Adam pointed out.

“Yes, that is true. You will learn the boundaries as you go along.”

“It mentions collars. Why do I have to wear a collar?”

“Two collars, Adam. One around your neck and the other around the base of your cock.”

“You’re joking?”

“No, Adam, I’ve never been more serious. All male servants in the mistress’s household wear them. You wore a cock ring during our games in the bedroom, so you know what’s involved.”

The hinged cock ring she fastened around the base of his cock while he was handcuffed to the bed, drove him crazy but the sex was incredible. Wearing one beyond the bedroom was the last thing he wanted to do.

“Rafiya, a cock ring will be uncomfortable during the day. I won’t be able to do my job.”

“No, trust me, the ring you’ll be wearing will be comfortable.”

“How can you possibly know that?”

“Adam, let’s be serious. You saw two of the Mistress’s security staff. They manage perfectly well and understand the need to be able to focus on their work,”

“Surely, it’s going to be a distraction.”

“Again, you have to trust me, Adam. You know that I have considerable knowledge when it comes to restraining men for the maximum sexual pleasure. It wouldn’t be in our interest to keep you distracted while expecting you to watch out for one of us, would it?”

“No... You’ve got a point.”

“Adam, I need you to sign each page, then I’ll witness them.” She handed him the pen.

It wasn’t a difficult decision. His ambitions had been fading in recent months. He had a spell in his late teens when he believed that he would become a successful sprinter, but the failure to find a good job that paid well had caused his ambitions to slide. He was on the verge of ditching his athletics training when Rafiya appeared on the scene.

Adam took the pen and signed all five pages. Rafiya then took the clipboard back to her seat and witnessed his signatures with hers. She placed her hand on the small glowing pad. “Kells will return to collect the contract. Would you like another drink?”

He needed a stiff one. “Could I have a whisky please.”

“Malt? We have Glenfiddich.”

“Yes, thanks...”

Throughout the conversation, Gabby had continued stroking his dick which was more than ready to visit the youngster’s inviting honeypot.

Rafiya got to her feet and returned the clipboard to the trolley. “Adam, it’s time to fit your collars.”

The young athlete could hardly believe his ears, but knowing Rafiya and her humourless nature, he knew that she was dead serious...

Chapter 4.8 ~ Adam's restraints.

Rafiya picked up the small box containing the cock collar and handed it to Adam. “This one is a little thicker than the one’s we played with, but it’s made of a lighter alloy...”

She made it sound like a game. It was the last thing he expected to be given and wondered what the teenage thrall, who was still caressing his dick, thought about it.

“Rafiya, I don’t want the discomfort. At the moment, I’m as hard as a lump of mahogany.”

“Adam, don’t be a baby. You know what it feels like when you’re wearing one during sex. Gabby is going to perform oral on you and then she’ll fit it while your stem has less girth.

“Supposing it’s too small?”

“I measured your shaft, so it will fit you perfectly.”

Adam wasn’t keen at all about having his shaft imprisoned by a collar. He knew the benefits but feared the drawbacks. Then, there was the other collar.

“Why do I have to wear a collar around my neck?”

“It’s only for a short while. You’ll be going through a training phase for a few days. You’ll have to attend several courses. Firearms, hand to hand combat. All trainees have to wear collars. Afterwards, you’ll be given implants in place of the collar.”

“What are they for?”

“GPS and receivers for comms. Very important in your job. I’ll fit the collar first...”

“Do I really need to wear it before we arrive in Dubai?”

“Yes, so that we can test it out and avoid problems over there.”

When Rafiya reached for the box containing the collar, Gabby twisted and ended up between Adam’s legs, facing him. He watched the teenager while turning the cube-like box over in his hands.

“Check it out, Adam. It’s made of a tungsten alloy...” Rafiya lifted the top of the flat box sitting on the trolley. It contained a matt black metal collar. In fact, the colour was similar to the colour of his skin – a rich mahogany tone. “The Mistress selected this with you in mind...”

Meanwhile, Gabby had parted his robe, pulled his cock down and begun licking

and sucking his crown.

When Rafiya held the collar up, he saw that it was hinged at the front. It was also taller at the back where the ends connected together. The elegant thrall went behind him and closed the black collar around his neck. The ominous clicking sound rang warning bells in his head, but Gabby's skilful fellatio skills were distracting him.

Another click and the collar was snug against his neck. "That's tight enough," he muttered while watching the teenager's head bobbing while she lip fucked his knob.

He felt the snug fitting collar and wasn't as worried about it as he thought he would be. Rafiya returned to her seat where she had a good view of Gabby's performance. Adam opened the box and was surprised to find that the cock collar was gold and chunky.

"Oh, Gabby," he muttered. "That feels wonderful..."

She managed to gaze up at him with her stunning brown eyes while gripping his shaft with both hands and devouring the top few inches of his solid black cock. He held the collar and was going to examine it, but the teenager was taking him to the edge.

Gabby's earlier caressing hand must have aroused him more than he thought because he felt the storm gathering deep in his groin. Once his climax was triggered there was no going back.

He placed a hand on her head, as explosive sensations pulsed through his body. “Oh, Gabbbbbbbbbb,” he groaned while he delivered pulse after pulse of hot jiz down the thrall’s throat. She lifted her head, reached in his hand and picked up the chunky gold collar. “Oh, do you know...”

She knew exactly what she was doing. Somehow the collar came open in her right hand. She lifted his balls up and gripped the base of his softening shaft with her left. She had the collar in position under the base of his shaft in a second. ‘Click’. Adam stared disbelievingly at the closed collar encircling his shaft where Gabby had been squeezing it.

“Oh, how did you open it so easily, Gabby?”

She sat back on her heels looking as pleased as punch. His tired sausage-like dick hung down limply between his legs while the collar shone brightly almost against his groin.

He gripped the collar and tried to turn it. “Ow!” he said when he felt a sharp pain, like a pin prick stick in his shaft. “Something hurt me and it’s tight, Rafiya.”

She pulled a wicked smile. “Once closed, the collar has a defensive mechanism. Try and tamper with it and it defends itself.”

“You must be joking?”

She shook her head. “Adam, I don’t joke about something as serious as a control collar. Your tone was disrespectful. Apologize.”

He reined in his temper. “I’m sorry, Mistress. In what way does the collar control anything? Can I touch it?”

“Of course, you can. You need to wash and rub your genitals, but if you grab and twist it, then it will cause you some discomfort. The collar controls your arousal levels...”

“Pardon, er, Mistress.”

“I don’t like being interrupted, Adam. You now belong to Mrs. Conchita’s household which, apart from security, is all female. You are going to have to get used to your sexual activities controlled by women for they will all have authority over you.” She smiled.

“Even Gabby?” The teenager was sitting on her heels and was studying him with an innocent expression on her face.

“Yes, she has been trained to make decisions regarding sex with you. I’m sure that if you treat her well, she will respond in kind. In all other matters, you are her Master.

When Gabby glanced down at his dick, he followed her gaze. His black cock had shrunk from a proud ten-inch erection to its sleeping size, about half that length. What surprised him was that it wasn't stiffening like it usually did when he thought about fucking someone incredibly sexy like Gabby.

"What are you thinking?" He asked in a bemused manner.

"It's not getting harder, is it?" Rafina pointed out.

"Um, are you saying that the collar has got something to do with my cock staying limp and not the fact that I'm embarrassed as hell with two such beautiful young women putting me on the spot?"

"That's exactly what I am saying, Adam, but the only way to prove it is for Gabby to take you to your room. Drink your whisky. I must join the Mistress but we'll both be at dinner at six o'clock, in two hours' time."

Adam was flabbergasted when Rafiya set off for the doorway. "Raf... Mistress, I've got another question..."

"We'll answer all your concerns at dinner. Go with Gabby and enjoy her company for an hour or two..."

Adam picked up his glass and took a swig of the silky smooth liquor. He was more concerned about his limp dick than anything else. "Gabby, it might be because I'm thick, but I can't understand why my cock isn't hard again. Stroke it

for me...”

“Yes, Master.” She rose to her knees and gently picked up his limp dick. “This won’t work, Master.”

He drank the rest of the whisky and began to regret signing the paper. Had they laced his coffee with a substance? He wondered. Gabby stroked and massaged his flaccid cock, but it didn’t twitch once. He felt as right as rain. His head was as clear as a bell, for the whisky had heightened his senses, not dulled them. Another couple then he would suffer.

“Gabby, I think your Mistress has drugged me.”

She laughed. The Arab youngster had such a sweet giggle, Adam thought. The girl was undoubtedly an ‘A’ ++.

“Master, that is ridiculous. Let me take you to our room. When we get there, I’ll demonstrate the amazing properties of your cock collar.”

“All right...” As he got to his feet, she rose with him and immediately straightened his robe and tied the belt into a bow.

She pointed at the door. “This way...”

The house was typical of the huge Edwardian properties built all over London in the early part of the 20th century. Gabby led Adam through the long entrance hall, to the bottom of a wide flight of stairs. One of the guards he had seen when he entered the conservatory was sitting behind a small desk like those Adam had seen in bed and breakfast hotels.

“Frou, I’m taking Adam up to our room, D4...” She held out her hand across the narrow desk.

The heavy, who was sitting on a tall stool in the narrow space he occupied, pulled open a drawer, and picked out a bracelet. He then fitted the gold adornment to Gabby’s wrist, clicking it shut in a similar fashion to the way his collar closed.

She thanked him but he didn’t reply. “Come on, Adam. Our room is on the third floor.”

Adam was content to follow the nimble teenager as they climbed a wide flight of stairs. The view of her delightfully shaped ass and peeping labia lips, sashaying with each step, should have given him a raging boner but there wasn’t the slightest tremor in his faithful tool. It was the same when they climbed a narrower staircase to the top landing where there were doors on either side of the corridor.

“There are four floors in this house, Adam, including an extensive basement,” his nubile guide explained while she lingered near a door marked ‘D4’. Each door had a faintly glowing pad beside it, about the size of Adam’s hand. “All eight rooms on this floor are bedrooms which are mainly used by staff.”

“Having doors with numbers on and security in the hall makes it look like a hotel,” he opined.

“The Mistress has many visitors.” She responded. “You don’t need to know much about the house’s layout and function today because we’re leaving in the early hours of tomorrow. She lifted her right hand and showed him her palm. “All the doors in the house are operated by electronic pads.”

“They look like the one on the table in the conservatory,” Adam responded.

“They are. The entire house is intelligent and will respond to commands by the residents who wear one of these...” She showed him the watch/bracelet. “...or when a recognized hand is on the pad.”

“Does the house have eyes as well as ears?” he asked in a light-hearted manner.

“Yes, it does. Security is very tight.” She placed her hand flat on the pad. Adam heard a click, just before she opened the door with a normal handle. “You’re going to have to get used to this system because it’s the same in all three of the Mistress’s houses.”

“In this house the name for the virtual assistant technology is ‘Texas’. Because I am wearing the controller, Texas will follow my commands.”

‘Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Gabby?’, a man’s voice said from everywhere in the room.

“In a minute, Texas,” she replied. Adam’s guide was clearly enjoying her authoritative role while he was slightly in awe of the confident young woman. What on earth was going to happen next? he wondered...

Chapter 4.9 ~ Adam learns a lesson.

The delightfully fit Arab teenager walked into the centre of the large room and spread her arms out. “What do you think, Adam?”

The room was light and airy and designed with Mexico in mind. The room was open plan, with the exception of the bathroom, which took out a chunk of the long narrow room, beside the bed area. Colourful stripes on the bedlinen and curtains, along with pictures of cactus strewn landscapes caught his eye.

“It’s a nice room, Gabby. What am I going to do for clothes? The security guy said that my cases would be transferred to another car.”

“That’s true...” She walked over to a tall cupboard and opened it. Hanging on a rail were three long white cloaks or gowns and two grey suits. She pulled the edge of one of the white gowns. “These are thawb which Arab men wear for everyday use. The Mistress would like you to wear one to dinner along with a pair of sandals...” She pointed to a pair that had been placed in the base of the cupboard.

“Is that all? No underwear?”

“No, you don’t need underwear.”

“What about... um, the ring, you said...”

“Yes, okay, I’ll sort it out.” She looked up unnecessarily. “Texas... Is my guest, Adam, active on the motherboard yet?”

‘Yes, Miss Gabby. Both CCs are active on the motherboard.’

The teenager gave Adam a big grin. “Cool, isn’t it?”

“I’ve got one of those damn devices in my flat. What are CCs?”

“Control collars. Unfortunately, I’ve got to tell Texas to test them.”

“What do you mean?”

“Come with me.” She crossed the room, walked down beside the bed, then turned into the bathroom.

“Oh, wow,” Adam said when he arrived in the sumptuously designed bathroom. Marble tiles on the floor and walls were the backdrop to a huge shower and a square bath. “This is cool.”

“It is, isn’t it. Give me your gown, then get on your knees.”

“What for?”

“Because it will save you from hurting yourself. Let’s get this over and done with.”

He slowly took off his robe, but paused, standing naked in the middle of the bathroom. “Tell me what’s going on, Gabby.”

“Okay, kneel and I’ll explain.”

Adam begrudgingly dropped to his knees, then sat back on his heels. The petite teenager looked as pleased as punch. He, a grown man who was twice the size as the young woman, felt mildly ridiculous.

She looked up again. “Texas, test Adam’s penis collar.”

‘Yes, Miss Gabby’.

Adam had just looked down to see if he would notice a difference when, Ummmmmmph. “Ahhhhhhhhhhh!” he cried when a dull bomb exploded in his groin. He doubled up and clutched his genitals, knowing it was the source of the dull pain. “Fuuuuuuuuuck!” he raged.

He knew that he had been hit with a single pulse of pain, like taking a boot in the nads. Unfortunately, the pain took time to subside. When it had faded enough, he lifted his shoulders and head, to find that Gabby had removed her tunic, bra and

panties. She was standing in exactly the same position, but she was naked.

“Wh... what the fuck just happened, Gabby?”

“Adam, it’s a control collar with many functions. Punishing you is just one function. Your tone was too aggressive and you swore. If that happens again, it won’t be me that triggers the punishment function...” She pointed up at the ceiling as though there was a god above their heads. “Texas will do it to remind you to respect me at all times.”

He blinked at the beautiful, young girl who had subtly changed the dynamics of their relationship. He tried not to look angry, but he couldn’t help himself.

“Gabby, I’m sorry if my tone was aggressive, but please don’t do that again.”

“I accept your apology. Unfortunately, I can’t promise you that. You’ve used up your one life. If you’re aggressive again, Texas will punish you. I live under the same rules...” She moved forward until her vulva was just inches from his face. “Part my labia.” She lifted a knee and parted her thighs to help him.

Having almost forgotten the awful discomfort he suffered, he reached up and thumbed her plump lips apart. He had already spotted a gold dome, perforated with holes, covering her clitoris when she raised her knee. He hadn’t seen it earlier because the slot in her panties squeezed her lips together.

“So, you’ve been clamped...” he muttered while rubbing his thumb over the gold adornment.

“It’s more than a clamp. I cannot access my clit, so I have to rely on being penetrated before I feel any pleasure from sex. There are implants in my labia lips that can punish me if I have sex with a member of the household when I shouldn’t.” He stroked them with his thumbs but couldn’t feel anything.

“How do they work?”

“Male cock rings can trigger them. Texas could punish me if I’m disrespectful to my Mistress, or if I’m trying to go somewhere I shouldn’t.”

“I’m surprised that your Mistress does stuff like that to you, what with her being a strong female.”

“In the UAE, denial of pleasure is one of the conditions that a lot of household thralls live under. We are trained to give pleasure and not expect it in return. The clitoral shield is the minimum my Mistress could get away with without us being ringed.”

“Ringed? What does that mean.”

“Common thralls have to have an eyelet punched through their clitoral flesh for attaching labels and other things, once they are put on the market. An eyelet could be a sign that the thrall has had a previous owner. If the mistress decided to sell me then I would have to suffer that practice. When we’re in the UAE, we have to mix with other thralls, so the rules apply to us.”

“So, clamping thrall’s clits is the normal practice in the UAE?”

“Some sheiks do and some don’t. A lot of sheiks have their thralls trimmed, then clamps or shields are not necessary. Some Sheiks simply enforce the wearing of control dildos for common thralls”

“That’s awful, Gabby.” He continued massaging her lips and clitoral ridge in front of the dome. “Doesn’t this excite you?”

“It feels nice, but what I want is for you to pleasure me with your tongue. Follow me to the bed.”

When Gabby turned and left the bathroom, Adam got to his feet and followed her out. Gabby had gone to the bed and sat on the end. “Adam, come and stand here...”

From imagining himself being able to demand sex from Rafiya, he had been neutralized and turned into the servant of a nineteen-year-old girl. He presented himself, standing between her parted legs, then she leant back and supported herself on her elbows.

Gabby stared at his limp dick. “Adam, I’ll demonstrate how the ring works after you make me cum...”

“Supposing I fail?”

“Now don’t be belligerent, Adam. Rafiya told me that you’re an excellent practitioner of cunnilingus.”

He dropped to his knees and lifted her calves. “That’s it, fold your legs…”

With her knees on her chest, Adam was able to grip the back of her thighs and attack her thrusting labia and twin holes more easily. The girl had a strong but flexible body so that when he pushed her knees out and downward to bring her sex higher, she didn’t complain.

He paused with his mouth just inches from her thrusting cunt. “What else did Rafiya tell you about me?”

“She said that you could be trusted and that I should reward you if you live up to your reputation.”

“Oh, I see, and my reward is?”

“The tightest fuck imaginable.”

He looked down at her fleshy entrance. He dipped his head and licked the soft, unresisting whirlpool of flesh, gave it a poke, then lifted his head. “Mmmm, yummy. I hope you mean this one?”

“I do. Get my juices flowing and you’ll be able to enjoy the tunnel of your dreams.”

That was enough incentive to give the glib youngster the tongue lapping of her life. He had never munched a girl’s sex with such baby smooth skin. It was if hair had never grown on the delicate skin of her vulva or between her ass cheeks. It added immensely to the enjoyment of lapping the valley between her thighs and both holes as deep as was humanly possible.

“Adam, Raf was right, you are a Master cunny licker...” The girl purred like a cat and moaned as though she was constantly climaxing, but he sensed that she wanted more when she threaded her fingers into his short curly hair.

“More, more,” she sighed. “Oh, yes, that’s it.” When her body began to quiver, her juices oozed into his mouth. “That’s wonderful, Adam... Wonderful,” she whispered, several times. Moments later, she pushed his head back. “Enough...” she sighed. Then, as he settled back onto his heels, she unfurled and sat up. “Thank you, Master, that was thrilling. Rafiya understated your skills.”

He wiped her juices from around his mouth with the back of his hand. “So, are you going to do something about my...” He looked down.

“Oh, yes, of course.” She looked up. “Texas, switch Adam’s arousal mode on.”

‘Yes, Miss Gabby’, came the response.

He stared down at his sad cock. “Well? What happens now. I was expecting to feel something.”

“You’re going to have to be patient. Are you any good at massaging girls?”

“Mmmm, yes, lie on your front....”

He waited for the teenager to lay down in the middle of the king size bed, then crawled on. After parting her legs, he pulled her nearer him and began massaging her cute, firm buttocks and strong thighs.

“Do you do any fitness training, Gabby?”

“Yes, Master. We have a fitness room in the basement here and there are also large gyms at the Mistress’s other two homes. I like the feel of your huge hands on my body.”

He spent a couple of minutes kneading her cheeks and had just moved up to her back when he felt his cock twitch. He didn’t say anything while the lifeblood of his erection began to give his cock some shape.

“Is anything happening, Master?”

He slapped her ass gently. "I suppose I must thank this infernal gadget wrapped around my cock for what's happening."

"What is happening?"

"Life is returning and soon you are going to feel what it's like to have a real man shaft you."

"Oh, Master, I can't wait."

He continued massaging her back for a couple of minutes, then he felt the ring constricting his cock for the first time. He let his erection lie in the girl's ass for a few seconds, thinking that his cock had reached its normal size, but it kept growing and hardening and hurting...

"Oh, my god. Fuck, fuck."

The ring was too small, or his cock had bulged at the base. He grabbed Gabby's hips and lifted her light ass into the air. Without making a comment, the youngster tucked her knees under her body, giving him the perfect angle to spear her succulent quim.

"Gabby, the ring is too tight..." He guided his aching knob into her teenage honeypot and drove it in a couple of inches. "Ohhhh," he groaned when he met some resistance. However, because she was so juicy, he was able to make some progress by hammering his cock in using short jabbing thrusts.

“Oh, Master, your weapon is going to split me in half,” she said softly without any urgency in her voice.

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” he cried. “You weren’t kidding...”

Adam was grateful for a plentiful supply of lubrication, which enabled him to start a slow piston motion to gain more depth. He could feel her young muscles literally squeezing his aching shaft as it slid back and forth within the teenager’s slight body. Then, when he was satisfied his shaft didn’t need guiding, he gripped her hips and began to thrust his cock into her quim with all his might.

“Oh, oh, oh, yes Master,” the girl began to cry. “Your cock is magnificent. It is easily the most impressive monster that has ever visited my tight, young vagina.”

Adam was oblivious to the girl’s mutterings. The pain at the base of his cock was driving him to greater heights and there was only going to be one outcome. He continued to slam his dick into the girl with as much power and at a rapid rate, but still there was no release.

“Oh my god, oh, my god,” Adam repeated over and over again, as the pressure grew and grew.

It was as if the ring was stopping him from climaxing. Up and up the scale of desperation, Adam climbed. He was just beginning to think he needed more speed when he crested the ridge of anticipation – the moment when he knew the mother of all climaxes was about to explode in his body and mind.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh!” He cried when the moment arrived.

It was the moment his body claimed the girl he was fucking as a prize. The moment, he filled her tight vagina with spurt after spurt of his finest, hot jiz. It was the moment the girl became his conquest. And, it was like no other moment he had experienced in his life. The pain and the discomfort were well worth those few golden moments when he was the most powerful man in the world.

Then, as the ripples of ecstatic sensations began to fade, so did the illusion of grandeur. He came down to earth gently. After his cock slipped from her body, the thrall curled up beneath him. It seemed that she too had experienced a powerful orgasm, so he lay beside her and cuddled her to him.

He had a lot to think about, but he would never forget that the ring had provided him with the fuck of the century...

Chapter 4.10 ~ Vida's third day.

A sound from the hall alerted Vida. She glanced at the clock, 07:25. She was on her feet before her Master entered the office. To the teenager's surprise, Ibrahim was wearing just a pair of khaki shorts. His hair was mussed and his face look tired. The teenager had never seen him in such a dishevelled state.

"What's the state of play, Vida?" Ibrahim asked in a gravelly voice. "...and get your ass over here."

"Yes, Master."

Her boss had left early the previous evening to attend a gathering at the palace. Unfortunately, he didn't take her with him and hadn't returned until she had gone to bed and fallen asleep. She grabbed the sheet of paper her notes were scribbled on and hurried around the desk to stand beside Ibrahim's chair. He was shifting papers around, looking for something.

"Where's the haulage and goods on order reports I asked for yesterday?"

She pointed at a folder on his right. "I put them in new folders, Master."

He picked the top one up and opened it. "Girl, give me some percentages for productivity."

"All one hundred percent, Master. In the final analysis we had a good evening

with the North yard edging ahead of the South by five percentage points. I made sure the teams worked late to complete the fertilizer rotation. All four teams were back in their yards by eleven. I worked with Master Ali to make up an additional tanker team to complete the watering. Again, all the teams were back by eleven.”

He pushed his seat away from the desk and studied her. “You and Ali took an extra team out?”

“Yes, Master. He was not too happy about using one of the estate teams for farm use. Also, Master Rizwan wasn’t exactly ecstatic when I asked him to put a team together, but he gave me Burak and the new girl, Karen. They worked well together. As a reward, I told both teams to start an hour later this morning.”

Ibrahim sat forward in his chair. “I’m impressed, Vida, with your effort, but there’s no need to cast aspersions on the lads who helped you with the extra team. They must have had good reason to temper your enthusiasm”

Vida was on a learning curve, testing her Master’s reactions to various situations. “I’m sorry, Master. I realize that the physical plantation work isn’t their only priority.”

“Correct. No doubt I’ll hear their version later at the meeting at two o’clock at the roundhouse...” He dropped his hand behind her and reached up under her tunic, whereupon he started to fondle her ass. “I’m feeling rough this morning, Vida. The card game dragged on...”

His fingers slipped further down, into her thigh tunnel and touched the end of the

dildo. It was as though he was checking if it was still there. She widened her stance to give his fingers more room. As his fingers brushed the pendant and rubbed her clit, Vida could feel her labia begin to tingle.

“Girl, I’m thirsty.”

“Let me fetch you a strong cup of coffee, Master.”

“Yes, do that while I read your reports.”

She hurried away to the small private galley which she, her Master and the accountant shared. She had switched the coffee maker on when she started work at six o’clock, so as to have the haulage report ready for Ibrahim. It was vital that he knew exactly what had arrived at the warehouse and what had been distributed around the estate.

Having been free of a dildo on Monday and most of Tuesday. Vida was disappointed that her Master inserted one before he left for the palace the previous evening. The coffee poured slowly, but the cup was small, so she didn’t have to wait long.

When she arrived at his desk, Vida discovered that Ibrahim had turned the chair to face her, but he was sitting back, reading a document. She placed the cup on the desk and waited for his command. His hand came first. He snagged the hem of her tunic, so she moved to the side of his chair, thus enabling him to return his hand to her ass.

He dropped the document on the desk and turned his attention to his assistant. “Vida, Officer Salah has requested that you accompany him on his rounds this morning, then the plan is to meet up at the roundhouse for the meeting at two o’clock.”

The head of security usually visited the Country Estate once a week, on Officer Rayil’s day off. When Vida was working in the estate’s stables, she often had to prepare a pair of Pony-girls and a medium wagon to collect Salah from the security centre. Sometimes, the stables would provide a driver. Later, Vida’s predecessor, Kate, drove him.

“Um, shall I choose a team, Master?”

“You’ll need a four and the heavy wagon because Salah’s bringing a rookie officer who he’s training. The kennels should have prepared the new boy for him. The pair are accompanying Sala for the day as part of his training.”

“Will officer Salah be bringing his Puppy-boy, Master?”

Ibrahim squeezed her ass. “He will, so the dildo is staying out after I’ve stoked your delightful little furnace.”

She tried not to show her disappointment. “What time do I have to collect him, Master?”

“Be there at nine o’clock. The boy has to be put on the system.”

“Is there anything you particularly want him to see during his tour, Master?”

“Put your foot up on the chair.” He moved his leg to give her room, then she lifted her tunic to give him a sighter of her sex. “Salah’s not as thorough as Rayil. Take him where he wants to go. He’ll be showing the new officer around. Go early and check on the new boy first. I think Rifa is the assistant on his case.” He opened a desk drawer and withdrew the dildo holder and a bunch of keys.

“Yes, Rifa is training Tom.” Ibrahim slid the key into the dildo lock and turned it. Vida immediately felt the bulbous head retract and ease the pressure on her internal walls.

“You were good with the Puppy-boys, Vida. Check the new boy out before you fetch the officers.”

“Two days isn’t long to acclimatise, Master, but I got the impression, when I saw him on Monday morning, that he had the makings of a well-behaved animal.”

“Mmmm. I would give the girls in the kennels more time with new arrivals but we’re short of security officers and Puppy-boys. I want him on his best behaviour. Make sure he understands the consequences of disappointing me.”

“I will, Sir.” Ibrahim slowly withdrew the dildo.

It didn't have the girth of her Master's cock but the expanding end made it impossible to withdraw without unlocking it. "Master I'm relieved you've removed the fake cock so that I can enjoy the real thing."

Ibrahim placed the saturated phallus in the plastic box. "I'll have you the other way today, Vida. Clear the desk and lie face down."

He scooted his chair back, so he could watch her undress. She stood, moving his paperwork out of the way while he stroked her ass. Then, she turned and lifted her tunic off. He had seen hundreds of naked thralls but there was something in the way he looked at her that made her feel he was particularly impressed.

He signalled to her to remove her bra as well. "What's the supply like, Vida?"

"It's okay. So far, I haven't noticed a difference." She had expressed a small amount from each tit before she had her breakfast, then drank the milk.

"Good, then sit on the edge..."

It was the third morning in a row that Ibrahim had suckled on her tits. She leant back and supported herself with her arms behind her. Her Master then leant forward, and after gripping each tit with both hands, helped himself to a couple of minutes on each breast.

When she was full, her tits weren't enormous, for she started off with modest, half-hand tits in the first place. With the addition of a support, sports bra, no one

would guess that she was capable of supplying enough to quench several men's thirst.

Apart from the size of her tits, the other major change was that her nipples had become much larger and far more sensitive. It was part of her remit, when she moved to the kennels, that she supplied the Puppy-boys with milk. Most of the boys had been transformed because of their past crimes and were avoiding long prison terms.

Ibrahim was rougher on her nipples than the Puppy-boys, for when they were transformed, their normal teeth were replaced with softer ones.

"Oh, Master, it's such a pleasure to provide you with my milk."

He released her nipple and lifted his head, then studied her body. "I'm giving you an easy day today, Vida, because I've been challenged to a Pony race tonight..." He ran his hands down her sides and as he stepped back, continued to feel her thighs.

"A Pony race, Master, involving me?" Ibrahim continued to rub and squeeze her thighs which were widely parted.

"Yes. I warned you that Faisal would challenge me now that I've got a new assistant." Ibrahim wouldn't be the one hauling a heavy chariot around the racecourse and yet it was all about him. "Hammad has already got an outstanding bet with Rizwan, so when we arrive at eight this evening, lots will be drawn for two semi-finals."

Ibrahim had forgotten that he wanted to take her from behind. While he talked, he had pushed his shorts down and readied his cock.

“How many laps, Master?”

“Two in the semi and one in the final. If you make the final, I’ll reward you later with a visit to the palace.”

Vida’s ears pricked up. The race was a concern, but the possibility of visiting the palace focused her mind like nothing else would...

Chapter 4.11 ~ Vida's difficult duties.

Offering her a trip to the palace was one thing, but would she be able to defeat any of the other three girls she would have to run against in a head-to-head race? Vida decided that she had to lower her Master's expectations even though she had worked hard on her fitness since the first time Rizwan punished her by putting her in temporary Pony tack.

"Master, everything depends on which filly Master Hamad chooses from his string of racing Pony-girls and whether I have to race against her in the semi-final."

"It won't be a squad filly. He has two novice Pony-girls and will choose one of them." Ibrahim guided his cock into Vida's salivating orifice, using his right hand, then pushed her down onto her back with the other.

"I still won't stand a chance, Master..." She raised her knees into the tuck position. "Oh, that feels wonderful, Master..."

After getting a good grip on her thighs, he struck up an aggressive beat, hammering his cock home with considerable force. "That's not what I want to hear from my assistant – defeatist talk. Rizwan spoke highly of your athletic prowess. A lot of money hinges on you getting to the final."

"Master, I can assure you that I will try my hardest to win both races. I'm not a defeatist, but I know that Master Bashar has one of the strongest Pony-girl teams in the UAE."

Folded with her knees almost touching her shoulders, Vida felt silent, while her Master pounded his groin against her upturned ass. Then, as expected, he slowed and withdrew so that he could move down to her tighter orifice.

“Master, you are harder than a marble pestle. Oh, Master...,” she groaned when he forced his way past her tight defences. “Oh, Master...”

Vida had almost achieved an orgasm during the first part of the fuck but as her Master’s cock began to piston back and forth in her rectum, it began to fade. However, Ibrahim’s experience was on the rise, for after only a minute or two, her tight anal muscles provided him with the climax he was striving so hard to achieve.

“Vidaaaaaaaaa...,” he muttered under his breath as he ejaculated his load, deep into her back passage.

“Master, every time you use one of my holes, you prove that you’re the most powerful man on this estate.”

He delayed withdrawing his cock while he calmed down. He took a couple of gulps of the coffee that Vida prepared for him while stroking her body with his free hand. Having caught his breath, Ibrahim visibly relaxed but he was suffering. The normally impeccably turned-out manager looked as though he had been dragged through a hedge backwards.

“Vida, I’m still groggy from last night, so I’m going to take a long hot shower.”

“Do you want me to help you, Master?”

“No, Vida, I have a thrall for that. I want you to follow the orders I’ve given you. Tell Rizwan to prepare a team of four and the heavy wagon for nine forty-five, then go to the kennels and check out the new boy. Malik should be here soon to discuss the new farm equipment with the accountant. He’s going to need the outstanding order file and these...” He tapped the files that Vida had prepared earlier, then withdrew his cock.

Vida slowly sat up and donned her sports bra while Ibrahim straightened his shorts, then drank the rest of his coffee. He stood and watched Vida slip from the desk and put her tunic on.

“I’ll put those files with the outstanding order file which is on my desk, Master,” Vida said.

“Good, I’ll see you at two o’clock, at the roundhouse. Don’t be late.”

“Yes, Master. I hope your head feels better after your shower...” He didn’t reply as he headed for the hall doorway.

Vida took the dildo to the sink and washed it, then placed it back in the box and tucked it away in the drawer her Master kept it in. A document, pushed to the back of the drawer behind another dildo box caught her eye.

Vida had already glanced through a lot of paperwork while she tidied the office

on two occasions. Up to that point, she hadn't discovered anything that would help her to escape from Sheik Bashar's estate. It was a vague ambition, but because she understood the science of mathematical probabilities, she believed the opportunity would arise if she kept her focus and her eyes open.

The document was a photocopy of an email from Sheik Bashar's secretary. Vida placed it on the desk and quickly read it. It was dated 10th October.

'Ibrahim, the window to extract Jasmin and her coaches is a small one, so we have booked a first-class seat on an outbound flight on the 14th. Saudi Airlines Flight SA623 at 08:45 to Heathrow, London. You will be on your own until we rendezvous in Portman Square. After collecting the documents, I want you to proceed with option one and keep me posted on your progress. You will return on the 17th using our private jet'.

Having read the document, Vida didn't believe that any of the information contained within it was of use to her. Everyone knew that Ibrahim had taken a break. Perhaps he mixed business with pleasure during a trip to London. A new filly named Jasmin had arrived over the weekend so she must be the one he brought back from London.

Vida wasn't surprised to find that Ibrahim was responsible for the girl's kidnapping. Her own experience of being sold after living in relative comfort for 18 years was on a par with Jasmin's. She also wasn't surprised that the girl

wanted to escape. However, Ibrahim had brought her coaches – yes, the message was plural. That suggested that they had something special in mind, like training her to be a racing Pony-girl.

It was all conjecture. Apart from her being yet another girl wanting to escape from their Masters, they didn't have anything in common. Vida put the document back where she found it, then went to her own desk to fetch her Puppy-prod and utility belt.

Operating on her own, she had more authority than if she was accompanying Master Ibrahim around the estate. He had given her a new utility belt the previous evening, signifying he had increasing confidence in her abilities. She fastened the narrow belt around her waist and checked the items. Everything was new to her, the radio, the Puppy controller and tazer gun. She had the status of a gangmaster but not the authority.

Before she left the office at 08:05, she donned a pair of trainers and then jogged the 200 yards to the estate's Pony stables. On the way, Vida spotted a team and medium rig leaving the stables with two guards and their boys in the wagon's bed. They turned onto the perimeter road and headed in the direction of the South yard, in a clockwise direction. It was just after eight and the estate was coming to life.

All of the front doors of the stables were wide open to let the air circulate in the old building, but at first glance there was no one around. Then, Vida spotted a head bobbing around in one of the stalls. It was Layan, washing down one of the fillies.

When she peered over the door, she saw that the animal was still perched atop a low triangular podium. With her legs hooked up either side she resembled a frog

about to leap. Layan was holding a bucket while the filly pissed in it.

“Are you looking for Rizwan, Miss?”

Vida frowned at the girl. “We’re alone, Layan. I’m still Vida. And, yes, I’m looking for the miserable sod.”

She put the bucket on the floor and wiped her hands with a cloth. “After you returned with the team last night, he took a rig to the roundhouse and returned late.”

“Okay, I need a team of four and the heavy wagon for eight forty-five. Salah is bringing a rookie with him. Unfortunately, I’ve got to drive them.”

“Shit. You can’t keep your head down in your new job, Vida. I’ll have the rig ready for you.”

Vida thanked her friend and jogged back along the perimeter road, towards the estate’s admin office. As she approached the building, 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.

The kennels weren’t far but using Vida to run her around would be better than the girl standing around in the stables. The single rig was extremely light. The

four, 12” wheels probably weighed as much as the framework and the plastic seat. She knew that she weighed more than the entire rig.

Jasmin’s ass was crisscrossed with red welts, the result of upsetting a strict gangmaster like Malik. As the filly trotted toward the kennels, Vida noticed, with interest, that the girl had an effortless running style. In fact, of all the Pony-girls she had driven, Jasmin was by far the silkiest runner she had clapped eyes on.

It was during that short run to the kennels that 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 was Ibrahim’s plan to move her to the racing stables?

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...

The End of Part Four.

Sample of Part Five.

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. His accommodation consisted of a wooden kennel at the end of the run which he had to share 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 fight 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 watching 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 but his ego had taken a hammering and it had gotten 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, all 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.

“Oh, what good boys,” she 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 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 got 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 circular panels, on the top of the device. Magnets instantly locked his paws onto 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 the 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. You can have your 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...

The End of the Sample.

I hope you enjoyed the fourth part of this series

and continue to read each part as it is published.

Below is a list of my other books.

Thanks, Amelia.

This book has been published by Stark Books

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