

# Jasmin

## The Saudi Heiress

6

*Amelia Stark*



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**JASMIN**

**The Saudi Heiress: Part Six**

**By Amelia Stark**

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## **Introduction to Part Six.**

Jasmin's status on Sheik Bashar's estate is developing rapidly. Galib gets a shock when Sheik Bashir puts a hold on his plan to wed Aria Farsi. The sheik tells his young heir to spend more time at home and build a Pony-girl squad, using an empty section available in the racing stables.

During a visit to the Country Estate, Galib takes the opportunity to look at Jasmin, the new English Pony-girl, With Tia driving, they put her through her paces over a mile on a test road.

Galib, who already has Tia earmarked as a driver, will have half his Pony-girl squad if Jasmin is the real deal. His tells Tia to find two sporty thralls from the fifty or so working on the two estates. Tia's work is cut out because the managers want to hang onto their fittest thralls.

Vida failed her reliability test, so she has been given a new position – kennel maid in charge of Grail, Chief Salah's Puppy-boy. It's a blow to the youngster who is desperate to find a way of escaping from the estate.

How will Vida cope while spending half her time on four paws, playing the role of a Puppy-girl? Because this book contains descriptions of sex acts and punishments, it is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18.

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## **Chapter 6.1 ~ Tia's busy day.**

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

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

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

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

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

Two years later, at the age of twenty-five, the young man had become the most active member of the family at their head office. Sheik Bashar was only too

pleased to let his younger son take the reins so that he could spend more time with his beloved Pony-girls.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, that’s unusual.”

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

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

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

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

‘Okay...’ The line went dead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tia sidestepped Ruba and went to the young man, whereupon he grabbed her head, leant down and kissed her on the lips. Their tongues intertwined and fought for dominance for a minute, then he released her and stepped back.

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

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

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

“In half an hour.”

“Then we have time for a quickie.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The maid, like all elite maids, had an abnormally plump cunt. Tia had investigated it several times during the six months the girl had been Qasim’s kennel maid at the elite kennels. It was a different experience, pushing her mouth between such thick lips to get to the hidden line of clitoral flesh and then her hidden entrance.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

## **Chapter 6.2 ~ Vida, Puppy maid.**

Several things that the young technician did to Vida, while transforming her into a Puppy maid, troubled the young Kuwaiti. The semi-permanent anal/tail fitting was a new experience for her. While working in the Puppy-boy kennels, Vida received a punishment which involved becoming a temporary Puppy-girl for two days.

The anal plug she wore with the temporary outfit was fixed to the tail. Vida was able to grab the tail and pull the plug out, then she was free to have a poo. The new style separate plug and tail was a real pain. The only thing in its favour was that the tail was easier and less painful to remove, and it gave her protection against Puppy-boys when their rutting quota ran out.

She was going to have to get used to being clamped again. The clitoral clamp had a sensor that counted the number of times a Puppy-boy shafted her. The lads were fitted with cock rings at the base of their shafts which also contained a sensor. The system was designed so that both he and the Puppy-girl would get a shock if either of them exceeded their quota.

Her Master would set a limit for a 24-hour timespan, then a computer in the security centre would monitor all the Puppies and lads on both estates. Vida dreaded to think what Chief Sala thought a fair quota for his pet Puppy-boy was. Despite what the technician had told her, she suspected that Chief Salah had more surprises in store for her.

When they arrived at the Home Estate Manager's office, the tech lad knocked and opened the door when he heard a grunt from within. Chief Salah was sitting to the side of the desk while Faisal, the Home Estate manager was standing next to a thrall who Vida didn't know.

Chief Salah and the manager, Faisal, were both heavyweights compared to the slimmer Country Estate manager, Ibrahim. Chief Salah was clean shaven and was in the tan uniform of the security service while Faisal was dressed in a long white thawb and red check keffiyeh headdress.

The thrall was wearing a light blue tunic which was quite possibly the one Vida was wearing an hour earlier. Beneath it, she was wearing a light blue corset which supported her heavy tits and on top, a utility belt, that cinched her waist.

“Ah, Ali, you took your time,” the chief called out once he had clocked my new outfit.

“Sorry, chief, but this thrall needed her collar reprogrammed.”

“Oh, yes. Thanks, Ali. You can go.”

Both men and the thrall studied Vida. From the expression of relief on the girl’s face, Vida assumed that she was Zumena, the girl she was replacing. The chief waited for the lad to leave, then got to his feet.

“Faisal, what do you think?”

“Visually, I’m impressed.”

Vida had stopped about six feet away from the desk. The Home Estate manager strolled over to her and because Grail had seated himself by her legs, the manager had to walk around both of them to get a good look at her outfit. He stroked her tail as he passed behind Vida.

The elite kennels was on the Home Estate, so her ownership had been transferred to Faisal Nabih who managed the estate. He had a reputation as a disciplinarian, rather like the rumours about Ibrahim. Faisal had more power than Ibrahim because the racing stables, the elite kennels and the palace were all based on his patch. He had those sections to worry about and he was responsible for the running of the stadium and for liaising with the security section. That's why he had his own office within the security building. It was generally accepted that Faisal was Sheik Bashar's right-hand man.

Master Faisal stopped in front of Vida. "Hands behind your head, thrall."

She complied and tried to thrust her tits out to impress the man. Her nipples were still distended from having the Puppy-boy gnaw on them. He grasped her right tit and manipulated it just behind the areola. "Are you dry, girl?"

"Yes, Master, Grail has just had a feed."

"You know who I am?" He tried to rotate her chunky nub.

"Yes, Master Faisal."

“Good, then you know that I run the Home Estate and that you now belong to me.”

“Yes, Master. I was told that I would be working...”

“Silence! Did I ask for your opinion?”

“No, Master.”

“Insolence will not be tolerated on my Estate. Bend forward and clasp your ankles. You know the position. Zumena, fetch me the crop.”

Vida knew it only too well. Wearing a corset kept her back straight and accentuated her shapely ass. As soon as she bent forward, her short black latex skirt fell down her back. With her elbows touching her knees and her legs straight, the newly installed kennel maid was ready to be chastised.

Faisal ran a hand across her ass and then played with her proud spongy labia lips, which were divided by the new clamp. “Chief, when will you break the news to Ibrahim that we won’t be sharing this thrall.” He dipped his thumb into Vida’s gaping, fleshy entrance and tested its maximum circumference, by continually rotating his digit.

“At the weekend, I suppose. The situation is a bit tricky. He has the sheik’s ear, but the fuck-up last week cost him and his assistant dearly. Sheik Bashar accepts that this thrall isn’t suitable for promotion. Now that she’s failed the F and P test,

no one will question our decision.”

Vida listened to the manager’s discussion and concluded that the pair had fiddled the test results to get her transferred to the elite kennels. It was payback for the loss of a thrall that had a good rapport with Grail. Plus, she sensed there was bad blood between the men.

Chief Salah took a couple of paces to the door. “I’ll leave her with you, Faisal. I’ve got to go and do my weekly inspection of the country estate. I want the thrall trained and ready to accompany me by the weekend.”

“No problem, Chief. Are you coming to the stadium tonight at eight?”

“I’ll be there. Ibrahim was gutted when I told him that I’ll be bringing my Puppies with me.”

“Will he turn up?”

“Huh, he’ll be there. He’s got plenty of thralls to choose from who can stand in as his assistant.” Both men chuckled. “He will already have chosen her. One thing is for certain, he won’t chicken out.”

As soon as the chief had departed, Faisal removed his hand and stood ready to thrash Vida. “Thrall, Ibrahim might have allowed you to have an opinion, but in your new role you listen and follow orders. Your collar has been reprogrammed so that you communicate with canine sounds when you’re in the elite kennels.

Whether you're on two feet or four..."

Vida spotted the crop being lifted, so she squeezed her eyes shut and gritted her teeth. Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt!

"Neiiiiiiiiiiii!" she squealed when Faisal lashed the crop onto her left butt cheek, ensuring the flapper slapped her bulging labia with unerring precision.

"Stand still, thrall," he barked as he took up a similar position on the other side. Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt!

"Agggh," Vida cried and screamed uncontrollably. "Neeeeeeeeeeei!"

The pain was terrible, both in her cheeks and along the length of her tender folds. Hot, heavy tears rolled down her face and dripped from her cheeks onto the floor. The blows were vicious as he once again targeted her thrusting sex lips.

Somehow, despite her distress and discomfort, Vida managed to maintain a tight grip on her ankles. "Thrall, I want you thinking and speaking with your cunt and not your brain..." He turned to the other girl. "Zumera, show this thrall your cunt."

The girl, who was standing by the desk turned. then after leaning forward, eased herself down onto the desk. She straightened and parted her legs so that her plump cunt was shown off to full effect. Vida blinked in surprise when she saw



that Zumera's glistening labia lips were a deep purple. The girl's curvaceous cheeks were also bruised and battered beyond anything Vida had seen during her time on the estate.

Vida knew that moving from the Country Estate to the Home Estate was a step up in discipline. The tougher managers controlled it which suggested the sheik knew that Ibrahim was more suited to the easier life on the Country Estate.

"Stay down thrall and move forward. I want you to wrap your lips around your new Mistress's cunt and get some practice munching her pussy. Zumera has been freed from her clamp so go easy on her tender cunt flesh."

Vida had to release her ankles so that she could grasp the desk either side of the thrall's hips. Then, while the manager kept his hand on her back, she pushed her face against Zumera's hot, succulent cunt. The thrall moaned softly as Vida began lapping her chubby lips.

The manager removed his hand and lifted the front of his thawb onto her back. Seconds later, Vida felt the manager's domed crown wheedling its way into her hot, juicy entrance. "Ahhhh," she sighed softly as the man's shaft burrowed deeper and deeper into her welcoming quim.

"Yes, it looks like we've found a tighter replacement for Zumera."

"Ugggh," I grunted softly when first, he rammed into the roof of my cervix, then moments later his balls butted against my raw labia. Slap!

“Tell your Master how it feels to have such a powerful cock drill into your worthless body.”

She backed off the thrall’s saturated folds by a couple of inches. “Magnificent, Master, your cock is so dominant and virile, it’s hard and huge...”

Vida returned to her task, lapping and delving deeper making sure that she wasn’t too rough on the thrall’s recently released clitoral flesh. She moaned softly, but Vida guessed that her efforts were providing an equal amount of pain and pleasure. Then, when she delved into Zumera’s quim, Vida discovered that it was abnormally slack, possibly due to her Puppy-boy duties.

Meanwhile, Faisal was hammering his cock into Vida’s much tighter vagina with such powerful thrusts, it was as if he was trying to make a point to both of the thralls at once. Not only was his groin causing her pain as it slammed into her buffering cheeks, his balls sent waves of hurt every time they thudded against her raw labia.

Then, while her orgasm raged and sizzled around her nervous system, her face was catapulted forward into the unmoving thrall’s rear end. She tried to control the movement, but the manager had too much weight in his stocky build.

Finally, his tempo became erratic on the approach to his final, jarring thrusts. They were the brutes attempt to fill her cervix to the brim with his spurting jiz. He then paused, still gripping the top of her thighs and with his cock embedded in her tightness. Vida breathed heavily as both she and he absorbed the after thrills of such an intense fuck. Meanwhile, Zumena turned and smoothed her tunic out.

When Faisal finally withdrew, Vida quickly turned and dropped to her knees, then clasped the manager's softening shaft. As she started to lap and lip clean his shaft, Grail finally moved forward and started to poke his nose between Vida's ass cheeks.

Her sex was too low and her tail was in his face, so Grail couldn't get his tongue in her juicy orifice. "Ruffff," he barked softly.

"Thrall, raise your ass. Your Master wants to get a taste of what's to come later in the day.

Vida managed to lift her ass high enough for the lad to slurp and slobber on her bruised labia, which unfortunately intensified the stinging sensations radiating in her skin.

"Enough," the chief said after a minute and cuffed her latex clad head to drive home his point. "Grail, you too. Back off. Zumena, this thrall will be your responsibility when Mistress is Hyra absent on other business. You've got the knowledge to train her, so there'll be no excuses." He picked up a chain leash from the desk and handed it to Zumena.

She bowed. "I understand, Master."

"I'll be along to inspect the maids at seven and remember that this thrall needs to be at the stadium's filly reception room by seven-thirty."

“Yes, Master.”

She locked one end of the leash to Vida’s right wrist cuff and the other end of the four feet chain to the back of Grail’s collar. ‘Freedom’ obviously wasn’t a word associated with elite kennel maids.

Zumena picked up a bag of clothes and clicked her fingers. “Grail, thrall, follow me.”

Vida, beaten and bowed wondered if she would ever recover from the latest setback...

## **Chapter 6.3 ~ Tia's new Mistress.**

Tia and Jana shared a double bed, on the upper floor of the west wing and were good friends. “Jana!” she called out as she entered the room.

The thrall popped her head out of the bathroom. “Miss? I’ve nearly finished.”

“Get me a clean pair of panties and a tunic.” Tia sat down at the dressing table and began to comb her hair while Jana hurried across the room to the wardrobe containing their tunics.

Ten minutes later, Tia, dressed in a light blue tunic and satin panties, was standing beside Jana by the front door of the palace. Her friend was wearing a similar translucent tunic but hers was fawn and looked dowdier. Common thralls were not allowed underwear, so visually there was no mistaking who was in charge.

“If Ruba doesn’t hurry, she’s going to be in trouble,” Jana said.

Below their necks, Tia and Jana could be twins. They had identical body shapes, and their dusky brown skin was the same tone. They both had decent sized tits, slim waists, firm butts and strong thighs. Like all the Home Estate thralls, their fitness was closely monitored.

They had both plaited their long dark hair before going down to meet their Master. Facially though, they were different. Tia’s face was rounder than Jana’s. Tia had large brown eyes, high cheekbones and a turned-up nose, whereas Jana had a larger nose and hazel orange eyes. The Master joked that she had tiger

eyes, which the teenager took as a compliment and made Tia jealous.

Their Master's car became visible after passing through tall shrubs on the edge of the front garden. The silver Mercedes slowed as it entered the last stretch of the main gravel drive. On hearing a sound behind them, Tia looked over her shoulder to see Ruba had put Qasim on a leash and brought him to meet their Master.

Both Tia and Jana descended the four steps as soon as the car stopped, crunching the gravel dramatically. They waited for the chauffeur to open the door. Tia's heart sank when the first person out was her Master's secretary, Aria Farsi.

Both girls raised their hands and bowed. "Tia, take my bag," she ordered.

"It's lovely to see you, Miss," she responded.

Tia had met the bossy woman on the odd occasion when she came to the palace with Master Galib. Her attendance was required in some of the important meetings his father held in the board room, in the main palace. That was when Tia had rubbed shoulders with the young woman and discovered her true colours.

On one occasion Aria had made a mistake and forgotten to bring a vital file from Galib's palace office. She lied, saying that she had told Tia to bring it. Tia fetched it with a smile but more importantly she learned an important lesson – always double check before a meeting.

As far as she knew it was Aria's first overnight stay, which was going to raise many eyebrows and start the rumour-mill going. Tia thought that the aloof young woman wasn't attractive enough, or suitable to be her Master's wife, but if that was what he wanted, then she would try her hardest to get on with her.

Aria Farsi was still wearing her office clothes – a grey pinstriped skirt suit. Tia thought that the short, pleated skirt was Aria's way of power dressing and keeping Galib interested in her. Coming to the palace where there were dozens of young women wearing revealing outfits was steep competition for the young woman.

Aria looked a little flustered, Tia thought, as she took the heavy briefcase from the secretary. They were the same age – 22 – but she had a more mature face than Tia. The secretary was a couple of inches taller than Tia and probably a stone heavier. Of course, that could be overlooked if your father was wealthy, like Aria's.

Galib Bashar wasn't far behind Aria and handed his bag to Jana. All three thralls welcomed him home with a bow and a smile.

"Tia, take Aria to the spare bedroom and find something for her to wear for the afternoon. She'll be staying until we go into the office in the morning," Galib ordered.

"Master, Malik from the North Yard would like to meet you at the roundhouse at two."

He nodded knowingly having stopped on the top step. "Ah, yes, bother. I spoke



to Malik earlier. My father wants me to check on a thrall's potential. Two o'clock at the roundhouse you say?"

"Yes, Master. Should I arrange for a wagon to pick you up at one forty-five."

"Yes, make it a four-seater. I want to show Aria around the Country Estate. Tia, I want you to drive us. Your racing knowhow could be handy when we get to the roundhouse."

"Yes, Master."

Galib was referring to her spell of driving when she worked in the racing stables for a year. That was where she attracted Sheik Bashar's attention. Tia was disappointed when he brought her into the palace after an accident. However, it worked in her favour when, a year later, the younger son prised her away from his father. It was the best thing that had ever happened to her.

Tia noticed, while she chatted with Galib, that Aria had gone over to pat Qasim on the head and talk to Ruba.

When Aria joined Galib, he clapped his hands. "Go and take care of Aria. I'm going to see my father."

"Yes, Master. As you wish," Tia replied.

“No, girl. As I wish. Lead the way to the spare bedroom,” Aria said firmly.

“Yes, Miss.” Tia turned and strode into the hall.

Tia guessed that her staying was a last-minute decision because she didn’t have an overnight bag. It was unusual for her Master to make spontaneous decisions, so Aria probably imposed her will on her boss and invited herself. Was she making a move to get closer to Galib? Tia suspected she was.

A difficult day had just become a frightfully awkward one. Unfortunately, Aria had a mean streak as wide as the Persian Gulf and it appeared as though the young woman was determined to make the most of the visit.

“Shall I put this bag in the office, Miss?” Tia asked as they strode down the main hall toward the back of the palace.

“No, girl, there are a few of my personal items in there. You can take the bag down to the office later.”

“As you wish, Miss.”

Tall stone pillars stood at fifteen-foot intervals along the main thoroughfare which divided the palace into two. A palace security officer and his Puppy-boy approached but they passed without slowing. The officer, a young man Tia knew well, winked at her and she smiled back.

“Was the office busy this morning, Miss?” Tia asked to try and strike up a rapport with the woman.

“Tia, you will never know what busy means in the real world, where decisions have to be made, because you are a thrall,” she said the final word as though it was a swear word.

The secretary’s off-hand, demeaning attitude went over Tia’s head. She would work for an ‘Aria’ any day when there were so many cruel and vicious men on the estate. They arrived at the security door at the back of the palace. Beyond the tall glass barrier, the pair could see the glass connecting corridor and beyond that, Galib Bashar’s two-story accommodation, referred to as the ‘west wing’.

Tia put her hand on the touch pad and positioned her face in front of the camera. Moments later, the glass door opened outwards enabling them to enter the corridor. Green shrubs and bushes had been planted either side of the tunnel to create the feeling of being in a greenhouse. Airconditioned and light, it made for a pleasant walk between the buildings when it was 90 degrees outside.

“I like the design of this corridor,” Aria said wistfully.

“It’s good isn’t it...” she responded but her companion’s mind was on other things.

“How long have you belonged to your Master’s household, girl?”

“For Master Galib? Two years and two years before that for his father.” The large wooden door into the West wing opened for them. “Is this your first time in the west wing, Miss?”

“No, your Master has entertained me here a couple of times.”

“That’s nice, Miss...” Tia led the way up the wide, carpeted stairs. When they arrived on the landing, Tia paused. “Do you know your way around, Miss, or shall I give you a tour?”

“Tia, which one is the spare bedroom?” She was annoyed by Tia’s question.

The spare bedroom was at the end of the landing. She opened the door and stood aside to let the secretary enter first. Tia followed her in and placed the briefcase on one of two leather armchairs.

“Do you want to shower, Miss?” Tia asked.

Aria had wandered over to the balcony doors which were wide open. She stepped outside, prompting Tia to follow her. As soon as Tia joined the taller woman on the balcony, Aria pointed across the gardens at Sheik Bashar’s pride and joy – the athletics and Pony-girl arena.

“The stadium looks new.”

“Yes, Miss. It was completed five years ago and they are still adding additional facilities to it, like a new gym.”

“I want to see it this afternoon. My father has a string of Pony-girls. Your Master was telling me that you’re an accomplished driver.”

“He’s too kind. I had a year driving before I broke my leg. Sheik Bashar lets me drive on Sundays at the Yards and Estates event.”

“Yards event. What’s that?” She pushed past Tia and returned to the bedroom.

“It’s an internal competition, Miss. Do you help your father with his string of fillies? Have you driven a racing Pony-girl?”

Aria stopped by the bed and turned to face Tia. “Me? Touch those filthy animals? No, but I like to watch the races.”

“What about Puppy-boys, Miss. Do you like them?”

She smiled at Tia for the first time, but Aria’s eyes were cold and calculating. She lifted her hand and touched Tia under the chin. “I like them because they are a useful tool to knock cocky thralls down a peg or two...” She paused to let that sink in. “Help me off with my jacket and skirt, girl.”

Tia wasn't sure what was going on in the secretary's head, but there was nothing Aria could do that could shock her, having lived on the Bashar estate for the whole of her life...

## **Chapter 6.4 ~ Vida's new accommodation.**

The Elite kennels, according to Vida's new mistress, was a ten-minute walk from the stadium. The disgruntled thrall used the journey to reaccustom herself to the restraints that she was once again wearing. She could cope with the corset and hood, but the clitoral clamp was a constant reminder of her short spell of Puppy-girl training.

Her shapely figure was already eye-catching. The addition of the tight corset accentuated her appeal, which meant that she was in for a torrid time. During the short journey Zumera interrogated Vida and summarized the rules that elite kennel maids have to abide by.

"What's your name, thrall, and how old are you?"

They were walking along a gravel track heading west, with the palace on their right and the golf course on their left. Vida's ambition was to work in the palace and be at the very heart of the action. She had been to the stadium and security centre a few times, but she had never ventured anywhere near the palace or the elite kennels.

"It's Vida, Miss, and I'm nineteen."

"The chief said that you've worked in the Country Estate's kennels. Is that right?"

"Yes, Miss, for three months..."



They had to step onto the verge to allow a heavy wagon, pulled by four fillies, to pass. The driver had obviously picked up three guests from the parking area and was taking them to the golf course. There were three golf bags lying in the short load space at the back of the wagon. The lad, who Vida knew from her short stay in the stables, gawked at her, for he was startled to see her wearing a black kennel maid outfit.

“Do you know how the elite kennels function and what it’s purpose is?” Zumena asked.

“No, Miss.”

“Playing dumb, heh?” She flicked Vida’s leg with the Puppy prod.

“No. Miss, I’ve never been in the palace or near the elite kennels.”

“Oh, then you’re in for a shock. I’ve been living the nightmare for six months, now it’s your turn...” She let that sink in for a minute. “So, first point. Unless one of your Mistresses or Masters, unlocks your Puppy-boy link...” She tapped a controller on her belt. “You and Grail must stay within thirty meters of each other. There’ll be times like this evening when you’ll get some time on your own but usually, I’ll be locking you in your kennel at nine and letting you out at six in the morning.”

“Can I ask a question, Miss?”

“Better make it quick because when we get to the kennels, you’ll be barking like Grail.”

They were approaching a single-story building at the end of the path which she assumed was the kennels. “Will I get some recreation days, Miss?”

“Huh, are you kidding? You have the same status as a Puppy-girl. You’ll be shared between two Masters, the chief and Master Faisal. They are friends and they’ll keep you busy during the day and into the evenings. Take this evening for example. There’s always a challenge match on a Wednesday because the stadium is free on that night.”

“Will they want me to run in the challenge match?” Vida asked.

“Probably. Take whatever chance is offered to you, girl. It’ll be a fucking relief to be back on two feet. Mark my words. By the way, if you have to report somewhere with a Puppy-boy, our Mistress will let you take him on the short leash, if you behave yourself.”

“Won’t I always be with Grail?”

“Huh! No. Kennel maids are paired with a boy but their Master’s often want one or the other on their own.”

“This short leash isn’t necessary, Miss...” Vida flicked the chain. “I was Ibrahim’s assistant until I came to the security centre today.”

“Yes, I heard that. You had the misfortune to follow Kate. She was a dimwit, but the men and Grail had the hots for her. Most of the managers go for dumb and horny. Both Faisal and the chief are clearly desperate to be dipping into your holes, so they had to give the illusion that you’re a security risk to wrench you from Ibrahim’s grasp.”

“Why me? They could have...”

“Shut it. You remind them of Kate, don’t they boy.” Zumera patted Grail on the head.

“Ruff, ruff!” he responded.

“You’ve been on their radar for a while. I’ve heard your name mentioned a couple of times in the chief’s office. The chief always gets what he wants. One last word of friendly advice before I start treating you like an animal. Hyra Bashar is an absolute disciplinarian and has a serious fetish for latex, hence all the gear we have to wear. I’m getting a new uniform apparently. Keep your head down. Give her a reason and she’ll beat you until your ass and cunt are glowing red.”

Vida felt as though her cunt was already in that condition, but she didn’t say anything because they had arrived at the security gate. Zumera placed her hand on the pad beneath the camera and waited for the screen to give her instructions.

‘Zumena, enter and report to the Manager’s Office with Grail’s new bitch’, was the response on the screen which was followed by a loud click.

The solid metal barred door that was reminiscent of those used in bank vaults or maximum-security prisons, slid aside, into a slot in the wall. A buzzer sounded as they walked through into a corridor that had three doors on each side and another security door at the end.

Zumena paused a yard inside the corridor, dumped her bag against the wall and waited for the door to slide shut. She then turned to Vida. “Is this like the Puppy-girl kennels on the Country Estate?”

Vida shook her head. “Ruff! Urrrrrr,” she gasped having forgotten that the collar would transform her speech into canine sounds the moment she stepped foot in the kennels.

“Good, the collar’s working. Come on, Mistress Hyra wants to see us, so I’d better get you changed.”

“Rufffffff?”

“Ha, you’ll get used to it. I’ll show you the accommodation.”

After walking to the end of the corridor, the metal barred door slid aside. They

entered a second corridor that ran at right angles to the first. Vida found herself facing the middle one of nine cell doors. They were all open.

Her guide pointed toward the end of the corridor. “That door leads to the punishment cells which are sometimes used as an overflow facility. I overheard the chief mention that security is being beefed up. They might be bringing in some more officers and Puppy-boys. That’ll mean more work for us.”

Vida lifted her paw and pointed into the nearest cell. “Ruff, ruff?”

“You’re wondering where everyone is? All the Pairs are out working at this time of the day, except Mistress Hyra’s Puppies...” She pointed at the door in front of them. “That one belongs to Thor and Himeros. Their baskets are more comfortable than the others.” She chuckled. “Hyra came up with their names. Your cell is the one next to theirs, on the right. Come on, we’re going back to the changing room....”

After returning to the first corridor, Zumera opened the first door on the left. The room contained dozens of plastic boxes full of latex gear. “Have you put a temporary Puppy outfit on before?”

Vida nodded. “Ruff!”

“Good.” The kennel maid found a box containing a black set and emptied it out onto the floor.

While Grail sat back to watch, Zumena released the linking chain by unlocking each end with a key she kept in a pouch on the utility belt. Vida made a mental note of each security step just in case she needed to use the knowledge at a later date. However, her hopes were fading fast and any attempt to escape would have to be put on hold until she had gained the chief's confidence.

## **Chapter 6.5 ~ Tia and the secret.**

Tia wasn't sure what was going on in the secretary's head, but there was nothing Aria could do that could shock her, having lived on the Bashar estate for the whole of her life. Tia went behind the taller woman and grabbed the collar so she could lift the jacket off the Aria's shoulders and pull the sleeves off her arms. Beneath, the secretary was wearing a fancy sleeveless white blouse.

"I like your blouse, Miss, um, shall I continue..."

"Yes, take my skirt off while I remove the blouse."

The pleated skirt had a side catch which was easy to release. After pulling the zip down, Tia didn't let it drop but instead guided the skirt down the young woman's slim legs.

The secretary was wearing a pink thong. It was soiled, a detail Tia couldn't miss, for it was right in front of her eyes. As soon as Aria had raised her feet so that Tia could get the skirt out of the way, the secretary tapped her on the head.

"Remove my thong, girl, then use your oral skills to Hoover your Master's sperm from my vagina. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss."

"That's another thing, Tia. You'd better get used to calling me Mistress from



now on. I'm going to be spending much more time here in the future."

Tia, still on her knees, raised her eyes and looked up the young woman's slightly out of shape body. "Um, yes of course, Mistress."

She hauled the thong down, then was just going to lift her head when Aria sat back on the bed. She laid back but supported herself on her elbows. As Tia shuffled forwards her Mistress parted her thighs.

"Get on with it, girl."

As soon as Tia docked her mouth onto Aria's grinning labia, the woman grabbed her ponytail and encouraged her to work hard by pulling on it. "Mumph..." Tia was an accomplished pussy muncher and warmed to her task quickly.

"I'm impressed, girl. You can go deeper than that!" She jerked the ponytail to make her point.

Tia, lapped and sucked with as much effort as she could muster, until the recipient of her lavish cunny lapping released her Ponytail. Tia rose to her feet and helped her naked Mistress to rise as well.

"Shall I start the shower, Mistress?"

“Take your clothes off first.”

The unexpected request pleased Tia. She lifted her tunic off and then slipped her panties down. She had just bent over to pick them up when she felt a hand on her ass. “Stay, girl. These stripes. Who gave them to you?”

Aria was referring to six welts, three across and three down. “Master Galib, Miss.”

“For?”

“Forgetting to phone a solicitor back, Miss.”

She reached lower, but only used one finger to rub Tia’s clitoral ridge. “Your Master has agreed to have you and any other thrall in his household clamped. My thrall, who will move in with me, has already been clamped. Also, I wear panties, my thralls don’t. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss.”

Tia couldn’t lift her spirits during the shower, nor afterwards while she helped her new Mistress select a dress from an assortment of rejected frocks from Maira Bashar’s wardrobe. She chose a double layered organza, short sleeve, knee-length dress that was slightly transparent. So, the dark maroon matching pantie and bra set Aria brought with her was perfect to catch the eye.

On the other hand, Tia had to make do with her light blue tunic dress for the afternoon and a utility belt, both items that head thralls wore around the estate. Having a bare ass only bothered her from an aesthetic point of view. She had spent years without panties and some of that time was spent driving racing rigs.

Jana and Ruba served lunch to Master Galib, his guest and Tia, then sat down to eat with them. Their Master had changed into grey slacks and a blue silk shirt. Tia had never seen him looking so handsome and stylish. There was no mention of the pair getting engaged, instead they talked about the date plantation and then Pony-girl racing. However, the subject entered the conversation as soon as Jana and Ruba had left the table with the dirty dishes.

Aria put her hand on Galib's. "Darling, I mentioned our engagement to Tia."

He had been studying his mobile phone but put it down and looked up at her. "I wish you hadn't, Aria." he looked across the table at Tia. "Just keep it to yourself for now, Tia. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Master, of course," Tia responded.

"What's the problem, darling?"

"My father. I can't explain now but there's something I have to deal with first, then we'll announce the engagement."

“Oh, how long does he want us to wait?”

Galib looked at Tia as though he wished she wasn't there. “In the new year, on January the first.”

Aria fell silent, clearly disappointed that she couldn't tell anyone that she had hooked the son of Sheik Zahir Bashar, one of the richest men in the world. Tia's spirits lifted and she began to look forward to driving the pair to the roundhouse, even though she would have a bare ass.

Jana brought a cup of coffee for Galib and glasses of lemonade for Aria, Tia and herself. Their Master clicked his fingers and pointed at the door. “Jana, drink yours in the kitchen.”

She bowed and hurried out, leaving Tia wondering what he was going to say. “I'm disappointed, darling,” Aria said in an emotional tone. “I thought your father would encourage you to announce our engagement straight away.”

It was Galib's turn to put a hand on Aria's. “Listen, Aria, my father wants me to spend more time conducting business from my office here. That way he can be involved in more of the meetings. He's not keen on having remote discussions on vital business matters. To tell you the truth, I fully understand where he's coming from.”

“Your father should get out more.” Aria said. “He's just been to the UK and back, why not the office?”

“Father hates the office. You know that. He likes to be near the thing closest to his heart, his Pony-girls and athletes.”

“Huh, Pony-girls!”

“Aria, if you want to be my wife then you’re going to have to take an interest in the fillies and athletes. My father has given me the go-ahead to build a four girl Pony squad. I need two fillies and two drivers who have to be super-fit. That’s why I’ve taken the afternoon off. My father wants me to look at a girl with potential. Malik will be at the roundhouse at two o’clock, so that will be our first stop this afternoon.”

“Darling, if you like this thrall, where are you going to get the other three?” Aria asked.

“Well, I’ve had a brilliant idea since I spoke to my father. You can move into the west wing and support me from here and I’ll promote Safee to be my new office secretary.”

Tia was listening to her Master with growing alarm. If Galib was moving Aria into the west wing, then she was no longer required. The consequences of the rearrangement could be devastating for her. Aria recognized Tia’s fears and jumped in with two feet.

“That’s a wonderful solution, darling. I can train Tia to be my lefthand thrall.” She gave Tia a sickly smile. “She’s such a pretty little thing.”

“Sorry darling but I have plans for Tia...” The smile slipped from Aria’s face.  
“...I’m going to put her in the Pony-girl team as my number one driver. She will be the captain of the team which will be expanded in the new year when I’ve got my own facilities...”

“Tia, a common thrall...?”

He shook his head. “Tia is more than a common thrall. She has a year’s experience driving for my father and she also drives for the Home Estate on Sundays.

Tia wanted to crawl across the table and kiss the young man’s clean-shaven face! He had to remain distant from his servants, but Tia had detected some affection from Galib while she performed some sexual acts for him. He had punished her when she deserved it but never brutalized her.

“I need at least three thralls to fill the important roles in my side of the household, darling, if you want me to manage your office and live the life I’m used to.”

“Of course. You’ll be bringing Hettie and we have Jana who is an excellent thrall, isn’t she, Tia?”

It was Tia’s first chance to speak. She put her glass down and nodded enthusiastically. “Jana is terrific, Master, Mistress. Can I remind you that the four-seater wagon is due in five minutes.”

He nodded. “You see, Tia is on the ball.”

“Darling, I’m going to need another thrall if Tia is otherwise disposed.”

“I’ll find another thrall for you, in the coming weeks. Tia may still spend some time in the office with you because we’re only talking about a small team to begin with. You asked me where I was going to get the thralls from. My father has promised me the new thrall if I like her. Tia, of course is an excellent driver and we’ll look at some more estate thralls who I have yet to identify.”

Tia could hardly believe her ears. In the space of two minutes, she had been demoted to a common thrall then promoted to a team captain!

“Darling, surely your father will have already identified any talent lurking in the thrall’s murky accommodation,” Aria said. “You need athletes and they are difficult to find.”

Galib sipped his coffee. “Tia will find me two more thralls for the team, from the fifty plus working on both estates, won’t you, Tia?”

“Yes, Master. Driving in the Yards event on Sundays means that I’ve seen all the promising thralls on both estates. I can think of a few that might make the grade.”

Galib looked chuffed. “There you are, Aria, sorted. Tia, I want you and three more thralls ready to go by this time next week.” He got to his feet. “Are you

both ready?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Grab my bag, Tia, and we’ll be off.”

They followed the tall, handsome young man to the rear entrance and out to the small gravel parking area where Galib’s Limousine and Ferrari were parked. There was just enough room for the lightweight, four-seater medium rig to park in front of the glass entrance door. A pair of strong fillies had been secured between the shafts of the rig which the stables called a lightweight four by two.

For Tia, the journey was going to start a new chapter in her life. She hoped that it would be one of the better and happier ones...



## **Chapter 6.6 ~ Jasmin's day improves.**

It was a strange, stop-start, beginning to the day. One moment I was hauling Malik between destinations, then, in between, I stood around waiting for him to conclude his business. I started just after seven o'clock, from the North Yard where I was kept in a tiny cell with Zena, a thrall who had been on the estate for a long time.

I had only been in the prison camp for two days and three nights, but that was too long for me. Most of the other thralls accepted their life slaving away on the estate, but I never would. For the first two days, I hauled heavy wagons with Zena, but for some reason I wasn't a party to, Malik had decided that I would pull him in a single rig for the day.

That morning, when we began, we were heading for the Country Estate's main admin office. To get there, I had to pull Malik and the single rig, two and a half miles south, to the kennels, then west to the main office. That was where we ran into the energetic thrall, Vida, who took over the reins for a short while from Malik.

During one of the conversations, I overheard Tom's name in connection with Puppy-boys, so when we picked one up from the kennels, it wasn't a huge shock to see that it was Tom. He looked relieved to see me, but we couldn't communicate.

From there Vida drove me to the Country Estate's stables and that's where I saw what they had done to Karen. She had been transformed into a permanent Pony-girl. That was different from the role my captors had chosen for me.

I guessed from my own experience, then seeing Karen tethered to a heavy

wagon, that there were three levels of Pony-girls on Sheik Bashar's estate. I experienced the standard, temporary tack while I pulled the wagon with Zena. The plain leather corset/harness hardly curved our spines and we had to wear normal boots.

The second level of tack was what I was wearing while pulling Malik in the single rig. The corset was more restrictive and curved my spine more than the ones I had worn on day one and two. I couldn't straighten my back, so I had to walk with my back curved. I found it more comfortable to walk when I bent my knees.

The boots were more elaborate but still gave good support. The platform soles raised my height by two inches and were designed for the wearer to run on their toes. Because the front of the boots flared out, the large toe area made solid contact with the ground.

According to Malik, the light blue, suppler corset I was wearing was designed for running, so I was getting a taste of what the racing Pony-girls had to go through. I was also in a fixed position and leaning further forward, which felt comfortable when Malik put me through my paces.

Karen, who was helping to pull the heavy wagon, was wearing a similar corset to mine, but more extreme. Her back was curved more and the whole of her arms were fastened to the back of the corset/harness. In all three cases, we, the fillies had to run with naked asses and tits, which were lifted on the quarter cups of the corsets.

My forearms were free so that I could hold handles on the shafts and push the rig forward. Karen was holding handles on a crossmember behind and above her back. She was pulling the wagon. Her corset was also attached to the shafts and

the chains were dispensed with. Instead, there were yokes fastened across the shoulders of all four girls in the team.

As soon as Vida parked me and the rig inside the stables, a thrall brought a mat out for me to kneel on. From my lowly position, I watched Vida transfer Tom into the bed of the heavy wagon and drive away, to deliver him, according to Vida, to the security office. Earlier, when Vida parked me in the kennel compound, she gave me a drink of water. That's when I overheard her talking to another thrall about Tom's destination.

That's all I had to do while waiting for Malik in the stables – listen and watch what was going on around me. I was on the lookout for ways of escaping. but I had seen nothing that gave me even a glimmer of hope. However, Vida had told me that she also wanted to escape and said that she would keep in touch with me.

I didn't want to end up like Karen, hauling wagons around a date plantation. Sheik Bashar or whoever made the decisions on where new thralls would work, had decided to turn my old trainer into a permanent working Pony-girl. I felt sorry for her because a few months of monotonous work and being treated like a dumb animal would drive me insane.

The racing fillies probably wore similar tack but were involved in an exciting competition. I wanted to break records and run my socks off. I yearned to achieve something. Sheik Bashar knew that, so what was he planning to do with me? Then I wondered if the billionaire was giving me a taste of my future by upgrading my Pony tack.

When Malik arrived, he helped me back to my feet and gave me a drink. "Only another hour of your punishment left," he muttered while I guzzled the water.

His free hand wandered to my right tit which he squeezed and kneaded. “We’re off to the warehouse now but we have a few stops on the way.” He put my bit back and turned. “Layan!”

A young man strolled out of the office. “Malik, Layan’s fetching the bags...”

“How’s the new filly bedding in, Rizwan?” Malik asked.

The lads stood about a yard apart, facing each other. “Surprisingly well. Tell me about this one...” He gestured toward me then came closer. Malik stood beside him.

“This one came in on the same batch. Ibrahim came up with the goods for a change,” Malik said.

“Yes, she looks good...” As he spoke, he grasped my left tit, then homed in on my nipple. “Name?”

“It’s Jasmin.”

“I noticed she’s in dress tack. Who are you picking up?”

“Between you and me, the Master wants Galib to look at her. I haven’t heard when he wants me to pick him up, so I’m going to continue using her until I get

a call from the palace.”

Malik mentioned a visitor at breakfast. Jasmin listened intently to what the lads were saying to try and find out who Galib was. Unfortunately, Rizwan was more interested in me than digging for information. He moved to the side and ran his hand over my ass, which was still sore from the caning I received.

He traced one of the fresh welts with a finger causing me to catch my breath. “I see you’ve landed a few blows. Is she frisky?” Behind him, the thrall appeared and carried two large black bags over to the rig I was pulling and placed them on the small cargo area behind the twin plastic bucket seats.

“She pulls well. Very athletic.”

Rizwan dropped a hand to my labia. When he began to explore my furrow, he used his thumb to tease my entrances. I was surprised and moved slightly, but that didn’t deter the lad’s fingers slipping back and forth when he discovered my sex was slick with my juices.

“She’s ready for Galib,” he chuckled. “Are you coming tonight?”

“Is the challenge on?”

“Yes, Ibrahim took the bait and the bet.”

“Good. What’s the format?”

“Faisal and Hammad have agreed to two lap semi-finals and a one lap final.”

“Which filly will you run?” he asked Rizwan, who I believed was the Country Estate stable manager.

“I was going to use Burak, but I’ve decided to give Karen a run. I’ve seen enough to know that she’s more capable in a sprint than any of my other fillies.”

“Sounds good. I’ll catch up with you later.” Malik returned to the driver’s seat and pulled on the reins. “Back up, Jasmin... Slowly.”

I got the hang of the way Malik pulled on the reins and managed a smooth manoeuvre. “Back to the perimeter road and turn left.”

I was pleased to be back running with the open road ahead of me. I was once again running clockwise around the perimeter road, toward another group of buildings on my left. It wasn’t long before Malik explained that we were just about to pass the South Yard, who were our competition in the Country Estate’s productivity race.

We didn’t stop there, or at the west security office, which was at the halfway point between the North Yard and the main warehouse. I had run that section of the perimeter road on the previous day when we left the plantation to get our lunch, so I knew the lie of the land.

Malik flicked the reins to get my attention. “I want you to put a spurt in Jasmin. Show me what you’ve got under the hood! Crack!”

“Uggggh,” I gasped when Malik lashed his crop onto the centre of my right butt cheek.

I had a good rest at the stables and was jogging at a steady pace during the first part of the journey, so I was warm and happy to up my pace to a medium sprint. Within seconds I had lengthened my stride knowing that I had the energy and strength to keep the pace going for a mile.

“That’s top notch, Jasmin,” Malik shouted in an excited tone. “I can imagine you steaming down the home straight with a packed stand full of sheiks cheering you on.”

He planted a seed in my head which developed into a picture of me running in a stadium full of people. The sun was almost directly above me and there was virtually no wind to help me as I pounded along the compacted sandy soil of the raised road.

The vast date plantation on my right was my worst nightmare. The thought of pulling wagons back and forth along the boring rows filled me with dread. Then there was the estate’s border fence on my left. I doubted if I would ever get the chance to scale it or cut my way through it.

I was staggered when I found out that Arab billionaires entered girls in the multi-



million dollar sport of Pony-girl racing. I had a nasty feeling that by the end of the day, I will be one step nearer to becoming a Pony-girl.

## **Chapter 6.7 ~ Vida's extreme duties.**

While Vida prepared to don the lower half of the temporary Puppy-girl suit, Zumena started to give Grail a feed from her voluminous tits. They were a lot larger than Vida's ever were, which made her worry that Sala's plan was for hers to be huge. The Kuwaiti teenager thought she was going to get a reprieve from breast feeding, only for the chief to rescind Ibrahim's order that morning.

Vida began by removing her boots, latex skirt, crop top and tail. Naked, apart from the hood, collar and cuffs, the teenager pulled the elasticated leg binders on, to keep her legs folded. After positioning the latex lower section on the floor, she placed her knees inside, on the pads that were going to become her rear paws.

Vida noticed straight away that the suit's latex was thicker than on the one she wore in the Country Estate's kennels. 48 hours of crawling around on her hands and knees had been a tortuous experience. Her clamp had been set at five while she spent the day in the exercise yard being mounted by one Puppy-boy after another.

It was tightly regulated by the thralls. There were four Puppy-girls in the yard, so the boys were released four at a time. She remembered them squabbling over her, because she was a temporary girl and a much tighter fuck than the permanent Puppy-girls.

Vida, shook that bad memory from her thoughts and pulled the lower latex section up her folded legs and over her ass. There was a zip under her belly that made the job easier, but it was a struggle to pull the thick latex over her shapely peach and hips. Once she had finished and zipped it up to her slim waist, she had to fiddle with the slot to make her labia lips bulge out obscenely. She winced as she manipulated her bruised flesh and hated having to create a bright pink target for whoever was in charge of her.

Donning the top was a new experience for Vida and she needed Zumena's help to pull it on. It was the shape of a roll-neck sweater with mitts. Zumena held the top, while she pushed her fists into the sleeves until they reached the moulded paws.

Once her fisted hands and arms were comfortable, her Mistress stretched the neck over her head, then pulled the top down and tucked it under the tight waist which was already pulled in by the corset. By pinching the latex over her tits and pulling it away, Zumena guided the reinforced holes over her nipples and then pulled them through.

"Ruff!" Vida exclaimed when Zumena pulled hard on her chunky buds. The young woman's efforts produced a pair of huge rosy-red eye-catching nipples.

"Wow, you are well-endowed..." Zumera pinged Vida's right nipple and then gave it a squeeze. "To think Ibrahim was going to stop you producing. That man is a wimp."

"Ruff, ruff," Vida disagreed.

"React like that in front of Mistress Hydra and she'll heat up your little cunt, with the tawse."

"Ruuuu," Vida replied in a soft, apologetic tone.

“I should thrash you myself, but you’re about to meet the Mistress who’ll have her own welcome waiting for you.”

With the temporary black, latex suit in place, Vida felt imprisoned. To all intents and purposes, the teenager had been turned into a Puppy-girl and would stay that way until she was released. Her suit didn’t have all the trimmings, like a hood with ears, and it wasn’t one piece. However, the tail was the most degrading aspect of the suit. Once Zumena had returned it to her anal plug, it felt like a permanent hinderance.

As soon as she dropped onto all fours, Grail immediately came sniffing around her exposed and thrusting sex. “Back off, grail,” Zumena said firmly and then swatted him lightly with her Puppy prod. “There’ll be plenty of time to shaft the bitch later.” Zumena picked up the chain, connected it to the back of Vida’s collar and gave it a tug. “Come on, bitch, time to meet your Mistress.”

Vida fell in beside her, with Grail bringing up the rear. They didn’t have far to go. Hyra Bashar’s office was one door down on the other side of the corridor. They had to wait until Zumena’s knock was answered, then they were ushered in by a slim thrall dressed in a light blue latex, kennel maid’s outfit. It was identical to the one that Vida was wearing when she arrived at the kennels.

The thrall’s crop top was struggling to contain her huge tits which were fighting against the smooth shiny latex. The quarter cups of her corset kept her breasts high and out of sight, despite the crop top being short. The girl was slim waisted, had wide hips and strong thighs. Vida guessed that she was at least a stone lighter than the girl who showed them into the plush office.

The thirty something woman came out from behind the desk with a swirl of her flouncy blue latex skirts and stopped beside the desk. A Puppy-boy followed her

and sat down beside her dark blue stiletto shoes, to watch the proceedings. Vida couldn't help noticing that he was as well-endowed as Grail and had a particularly large, dark purple plum-like knob.

The woman was wearing a tasteful, dark blue latex dress, although the hemline of the skater skirts was rather short. The dress had a scoop neck to show off her cleavage and short puff sleeves. All the edges and hems were trimmed with a band of white latex. She was also wearing white latex stockings which finished mid-thigh with a dark blue band. It was a stunning outfit.

“Zumera! Where have you been?”

“I'm sorry for the delay, Mistress. The chief and Master Faisal wanted to make sure the thrall understood her new duties.”

“Zoo, you look dowdy in that thrall tunic...” Hyra then turned her attention to Vida for the first time and maintained a stoic expression on her face. “I don't like the thrall's posture. Fit the bridle and wire on her for the afternoon to teach her how to hold her head up and present her cunt when she's in her Mistress's presence. Fetch one, Himeros, and fit it on the bitch.”

“Yes, Mistress.” The maid hurried over to a filing cabinet and pulled open the bottom drawer.

Vida was horrified because she had seen the bridle and wire being used in the Country Estate kennels. “I'll deal with the bitch in a minute, Zoo. Take your top and skirt off, then come over to my desk.”

Hyra turned and picked up a light blue latex item from the desk and lifted it so that it unravelled. It was a dress in the same style as the one Hydra was wearing, but it was light blue with dark blue edges.

“That’s nice, Mistress,” Zumena said while removing her top.

“Look, it has a zip down the front so you can keep feeding.”

While Hyra helped Zumena on with the dress, Himeros had arrived with the wire and bridle. Once again, Vida noticed that the elite kennel was using different restraints to what she was used to. The girl began by fastening the heavy strapping around Vida’s head. One difference was the bit, which the thrall pushed into her mouth as soon as she had tightened the last buckle beneath her chin.

The bridle had a fastening point at the back for the wire. Once she had clipped the wire to it and the other end to the eyelet on the anal plug, she tightened the wire with a slide until it was taut. The pull on the wire ensured she kept her head up and her back dipped slightly, thus ensuring her bright pink labia lips were the focal point of her rear end.

Vida, now completely silenced, had to stand and endure extreme discomfort while Hyra checked that the latex dress fitted her new assistant. “Mmmm, it’s a good fit, Zoo,” the dominatrix said after getting the thrall to spin around. “I want the men to take our section seriously. Where would they be without our maids and Puppies to entertain them whenever they get the urge to play their perverted sex games?”

Zumena nodded her head. “You’re right, Miss. You’re always right.”

Hyra leant back, so that her ass was against the desk, then after parting her thighs, lifted her latex skater skirt. “Zoo, demonstrate to the bitch how my maids show their respect.”

“Yes, Miss...” She dropped to her knees and pressed her face against her Mistress’s vulva and began licking.

“Vida, come closer so you can witness an artist at work.” The teenager did as she was told and crawled to the side of the kneeling girl. “Okay, Zoo, take Vida’s bit out for a minute so she can have a turn.”

There weren’t many mistresses that got involved with the everyday running of the estate, so it made a pleasant change not to be sucking one of the manager’s cocks, Vida thought. The fact that her head was being held erect by the wire, wasn’t a hinderance, for once the bit was removed, she had to push her mouth up to dock with Hyra’s cunt.

“Excellent,” she said while patting Vida’s head. “I expect you to perform like this whenever your services are required in the palace. Rut like a bitch and munch like a minx, that’s our motto here. Enough! Turn and show me your cunt.”

Vida obediently turned and walked forward a couple of paces so the dominatrix could get a good look. “Oh, no, Zoo, this will not do. Fetch the embrocation and



rub some into her lips, then you can take her and the boys to the spinney. That will give you a chance to explain the exercise rules to Vida and for her to get to know Thor.”

Both Puppy-boys, who were sitting on their haunches, watching Vida, perked up when their Mistress mentioned exercise. She suspected that it wasn't good news for her. Zumena returned with a tub of embrocation and smeared a dollop on each of Vida's labia lips.

“Apart from being attractive and having a fit body, Vida, you should have outstanding nipples and an eye-catching cunt. It's what the men are interested in, and the occasional woman. So, when representing the elite kennels, we ensure that our maids and Puppy-girl's assets are as eye-catching as possible. Sheik Bashar wants his estate to be the envy of the UAE, whether it's the quality of his fillies, his thralls or his Puppy-boys.”

Zumena, having smeared the cream onto Vida's lips, waited for Hyra to finish. “Mistress, has the chief contacted you about the challenge match at the stadium tonight at eight?”

“Yes, he has. I want you to get these puppies exercised and then fed at six, so that Vida can learn the routine. Then I want Vida back on two feet. She can take Grail to the stadium as her first duty as an elite maid.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Zumera connected the leash to her collar, while the pair of Puppy-boys were allowed to walk free. The muscular lads studied the diminutive thrall and

obviously only had one thing on their mind. Vida suspected that the walk and exercise was going to end up with her being let off the leash. Yes, she might be able to delay the inevitable, but the lads would soon track her down, then she'd be on the wrong end of an almighty fuck-fest...

## **Chapter 6.8 ~ Tia's elevated position.**

The young man sitting in the driver's seat was wearing a fawn shirt and blue shorts, which were sheik Bashar's colours. He jumped down and bowed.  
"Master, Mistress, your wagon."

"Thank you, boy. Hand the reins to Tia, then help Mistress Aria into her seat."

"Yes, Master."

Because Galib moved around to the front to check on the pair of fillies, the lad was able to wink at Tia as he handed over the reins. He then took Aria's hand while she climbed up into the back of the rig. She settled into one of two rear seats but didn't look comfortable.

"Can I help you, Tia?" the lad asked cheekily.

"No, that will be all, thanks. Run along." Tia was so well established in the palace she could get away with talking to a lad like that.

Tia athletically climbed up onto the rig, giving the lad a flash of her naked ass and possibly more, then settled into the driver's seat. It was an honour to drive Sheik Bashar's son around the estate. Yes, she was disappointed that the young man had chosen a wife, but he was keeping Tia close and would no doubt want to continue fucking her, whether in his bed or at some other location, like the racing stables.

As soon as they were underway, Aria started to moan about the rig. She leant forward to speak to her secret fiancé. “Darling, this seat is uncomfortable, and it’s cramped back here. I don’t like sitting on my own.”

“Aria, concentrate on the journey. There’s so much to see. Look, on the right, we’re approaching the corner of the golf course. That’s where you’ll find my father before ten in the morning.”

They were passing the long straight administration building attached to the stadium, most of which was used by the security service. “When are you going to show me around the stadium?”

“Later. Wednesday night is challenge night. My father allows the managers to have the use of the stadium for a couple of hours so they can let off steam. They normally arrange a Pony-girl race or a sprint race using thralls in temporary Pony tack.”

Aria tapped Tia on the shoulder. “Have you ever run in the new stadium, Tia?”

“Yes, Miss. Running and Pony-girl racing.”

“How did you get on?” Galib asked.

“I’ve never won a race I was running in, Master, but I’ve won hundreds I was driving in.”

“Huh, good answer. You said that you knew some thralls with potential. Are they on this estate or on the Country Estate?”

“The last time I noted their location, Master, one was on the Country Estate. The Country thralls don’t tend to be noticed so easily. Will I get a chance to scout them in the next day or two, Master?”

“Yes, of course. I’m giving you permission to speak to the girl’s Managers. Also speak to Faisal Nabir and book a slot in the stadium for us to give them a trial. Tomorrow afternoon would be good for me.”

“Yes, Master. After I’ve booked a time, can I book a wagon and pick them up.”

“Yes, but let’s not get ahead of ourselves. If this new thrall is useless and you can’t find some decent talent on the estate, I’ll have to scour the auctions. If that’s the case, it will be some time before I’ll be able to form a team.”

“So, I can have Tia while you’re looking?” Aria asked.

“We’ll see... Look, there’s my father with Emad Karim...”

Galib pointed at a pair of sheiks preparing to hit balls along a fairway. It was only a fleeting glimpse before a hillock blocked their view. A couple of minutes later, Tia slowed the fillies progress as they approached the tall iron gates that

provided a barrier between the two estates. Then, once the gates had opened smoothly, Tia urged the pair of strong Pony-girls to quicken their pace.

To drive the medium wagon, Tia had to put her feet up on the fascia panel and be ready to push it forward to trigger the brake. With her legs up, and widely parted, it meant that her Master had a clear view of her grinning sex. When he promoted her, he allowed her to wear panties around the palace and on the odd occasion when she drove him to a location on the estate.

Things had moved on and Aria didn't want her authority and position questioned, so Vida knew that she would have to avoid wearing panties in her Mistress's company. She would also have to leave them off altogether while living and working in the racing stables.

For the time being, Galib was watching the sights – in particular, her strong thighs and the focal point of her nubile body, her smooth, cute cunt. He wasn't complaining about her lack of underwear!

Tia had led a charmed life on the estate and avoided some of the harshest treatment meted out to some of the other girls. Like all the thralls on the estate, she had been schooled to perform every sex act under the sun and more. Her attractiveness was a huge asset, but her cunt was the major resource which first, the sheik coveted, then his son.

Tia became consumed by her own thoughts as her Master and Mistress chatted about the date plantation which was passing by on either side of the trundling wagon. She had to find two athletic thralls and hope the thrall they were going to look at had potential. Finding the girls would retain his interest in her and keep her out of Aria's clutches.

She urged the pair of muscular Pony-girls to maintain their steady pace up the slight gradient, then when they crested the ridge, their destination was in sight.

“Aria, look, the roundhouse,” Galib called out.

“Oh, I can see how it gets its name,” she replied.

“It’s the nerve centre of the Country Estate and the perfect location for manager’s meetings. We’re going to sit in at the two o’clock meeting so that I can introduce you to the guys.”

The team and wagon trundled down the slight incline, so all Tia had to do was let the girls go. “You know where to go, girls. Pick a space in the shade,” she called out to the pair of sweating Pony-girls. After guiding them through the brick pillars, Tia was happy for the girls to pull to the side then make a sharp turn into a space. As soon as they had stopped, she jumped down and waited for her Master to help Aria out of the wagon.

“Tia, I can’t see a single rig and filly...” Galib paused when Malik stepped out onto the boardwalk just in sight of where they were standing. “There you are, Malik.”

The young man strode around the boardwalk, bowed, then shook Galib’s hand. He also managed to give Tia a smile. They communicated by radio most of the time, but their paths had crossed a few times. Tia’s duties in the palace meant that she hardly ever visited the Country Estate, but that was going to change in



the future.

“The meeting is just about to start, Master...” Malik said.

“Where have you parked the rig, Malik?”

“Further around, that way, Master.” He pointed in the direction of the entrance.  
“Do you want to check her out now?”

“No, I’ll come in for twenty minutes with Aria. Tia can water our team and then go and check out the thrall pulling your rig.” He turned to Tia. “I’ll be about twenty minutes.”

She bowed. “Yes, Master.”

Tia wasn’t bothered that she was missing the meeting, even though Aria had pulled a superior expression while Galib was speaking. It was just another example of the gulf between a high-born woman like Aria and Tia’s lowly status. The difference between them was that Tia was happy with her lot while Aria would never be satisfied until she was married to one of the most eligible bachelors in the UAE.

Tia was in a good place and hummed to herself as she went to the small trunk on the back of the wagon and retrieved a litre bottle of water from the cooler. Tia paused when she reached the boardwalk. She watched, for a few moments, through the window, the ring of young men laughing happily while Galib Bashar

chatted to them.

After removing the filly's bits, Tia took her time to water the pair, moving back and forth twice so that they drank plenty of liquid. After they had emptied the bottle and Tia had replaced their bits, she fetched kneeling pads from a large bin filled with them, then returned to the fillies and helped them drop to their knees.

After fetching another cool bottle from the locker and the riding crop from its holder on the wagon, Tia set off around the circular building to find Jasmin, the new thrall from the North Yard. She found her standing next to a pair who had been given kneeling pads, so Tia could see most of the light skinned girl.

Tia suspected that Malik had only just arrived because the girl was still sweating. The gangmaster had tied the reins to the post but forgot to give the girl a pad so she could rest on her knees. However, that gave Tia the chance to study Jasmin while she was on her feet.

Jasmin must have heard Tia's boots on the boardwalk for she turned her head so that she could see past the blinkers attached to her bridle. The thrall wasn't wearing a full hood, so Tia could see some of the girl's facial features and the shape of her head.

Tia was immediately impressed with the thrall's pretty features which were the classic hallmark of having a mixed heritage. Tia stopped four or five feet short of the rig so she could get an overall impression of the girl's body.

The only knowledge Tia had of the thrall was from a brief entry on the palace's database, basically acknowledging the arrival of a 19-year-old girl, three days

earlier. Her thrall name was 'Jasmin' and her origin was Saudi/British mix. She had been allocated to the Country Estate, like most new thralls, and installed in the North Yard.

Tia thought that her legs looked strong and her posture relaxed, not fidgety which could be a bad sign. Tia had driven many novice Pony-girls and had learnt to identify the bad ones who could never be trained. Thankfully, Jasmin was calm and stared back with large, intelligent brown eyes.

Tia approached the tethered thrall and held up the bottle, offering her a drink. "Are you thirsty, Jasmin?"

The girl nodded enthusiastically. Tia cursed Malik silently again for not watering the thirsty young thrall. She placed the bottle and crop on the ground and began unfastening the side of the bit...

## **Chapter 6.9 ~ Jasmin's chance to impress.**

The day dragged on and yet it was only two o'clock when we finally arrived at the roundhouse. After Malik steered me into a parking bay, another gangmaster came out of the circular wooden building to greet him. He arrived before Malik had jumped down to the ground.

The pair were so absorbed discussing an event happening that evening, Malik, after removing the gauze hood and tying my reins to the post, forgot to give me a drink of water. It wasn't a disaster because I had eaten at the warehouse an hour earlier. but I was thirsty.

After leaving the stables, mid-morning, I pulled Malik to the Country Estate's warehouse where I had an hour's rest and a hearty meal. The food that was provided to the thralls and Pony-girls on the estate was the only thing that I couldn't complain about. I was given time to eat it and wasn't bothered by lecherous young men looking to shaft a tethered, defenceless Pony-girl.

On the previous occasion when I rested and ate at the warehouse, I was teamed with Zena and we were pulling a heavier wagon. Mohsin, the head lad of the North camp, was driving us that day. When he parked us in the food marquee, he promptly sold my sex to the highest bidder!

Malik didn't state it as fact, but I got the impression that he told the warehouse staff to stay away from me. I was none the wiser as to who Galib was, for his name didn't come up in the few conversations I overheard. It was great to be left alone to eat a hot meal in peace, but I missed Zena's company.

I had a partial view, through the window of the roundhouse so I wasn't as bored as I had been on some of the other stops. A meeting had just started. The lads

had cleared the centre of the room and made a semi-circle of about ten chairs facing a large wall-mounted TV screen. After he left me, Malik and Saeed joined four others in the room, but it didn't look as though the young men were discussing business while they laughed and joked with each other.

Another man I recognized wandered into the office from an adjoining room. It was Ibrahim, a man I detested vehemently, for he was the one who arranged my abduction. Angry as I was, there was little point in getting worked up over his actions until I found a way to escape from Sheik Bashar's estate.

Left alone, tethered to the post, I was wondering whether to drop to my knees and rest my legs when I heard another wagon approaching. I had to turn my head to see a pair of Pony-girls hauling a four-seater, pull into one of the other parking spaces. They were out of sight, further around the circular roundhouse, beyond the main entrance.

Through the window, I watched Malik leave the group and go outside to meet the new arrivals. Within a minute, Malik led a young man and a young woman into the office, whereupon everyone stepped forward to bow and greet them. They were only quiet for a minute though, for as soon as the tall, handsome young Arab introduced his lady friend to the lads, the mood lightened again.

I concluded that the tall young man, dressed in light grey slacks and blue shirt, was the boss – an important boss, for everyone fell silent when he talked. I was just wondering who he was when I heard someone approaching from the direction of the entrance. It was a thrall dressed in a shimmering light blue tunic. She was carrying a crop in her right hand and a bottle of water in her left, while a black utility belt cinched her slim waist.

In the three days that I had been held captive on the estate, I had seen many

attractive girls, but the girl who stopped short to look me over, was by far the cutest of the bunch. Her jet black hair was tied into a ponytail, so I was able to see the whole of her pretty features. She had a small turned-up nose which was unusual, high cheekbones and stunning almond shaped brown eyes.

Her pink, cupid lips pursed while she studied me. Finally, she took the final two paces and held up the bottle. “Are you thirsty, Jasmin?”

I nodded my head. I wanted a drink, but more importantly, I wanted to have the bit removed and be able to speak. The young woman put the bottle and crop on the boardwalk and reached up to unfasten the side of the bit.

“Ahhhhh,” I gasped as soon as she withdrew the plastic tab. I was also relieved that my collar was no longer restricting my speech. “Thank you,” I said in croaky Arabic.

The girl’s eyebrows raised in surprise. “Can you speak our language?”

“Yes, I can, fluently.” My voice was a little clearer. “Some water would help.”

She dipped, picked up the bottle, removed the top and held the bottle to my lips. “Drink a little.”

I took a few sips and stopped. “Thank you, er...”

“My name is Tia and I belong to Galib Bashar...”

“Oh, yes, I heard his name. Is he that young man who just entered the office?”

The girl turned and watched for a moment, then turned back. “Yes, he’s sitting in on the manager’s meeting. The woman with him is his secretary. He didn’t make the journey from the palace to chat with the lads though, he came down to look at you.”

She lifted the bottle to my lips to stop me responding straight away. “Me?” I finally responded. “Does he want to see me run?”

She nodded as she put the top back on the bottle. “If he thinks you have potential, then he might move you to the racing stables. Conditions are much more comfortable there than in your accommodation in the North Yard barracks.”

“They’re prison cells,” I pointed out. “Ibrahim kidnapped me from London and has now turned me into a slave...”

The girl put her fingers on my lips. “Jasmin, take my advice and move on. We live in a male dominated, cruel world here in Saudi Arabia. There is no way out. We have to accept what we are, thralls, and make the most of it. You’re only going to get one chance to impress Galib Bashar. My question is, are you up for it or do you want to end up hauling estate wagons until you’re worn out?” She removed her fingers.



“No, I want to run, that’s what I’m good at.”

She looked pleased. “That was the correct answer...” She picked up the side of the bit.

“Please wait a minute before you put that awful thing back in my mouth...”

“Alright. Tell me where you learnt Arabic.”

“Tia, I’m an athlete, I’ve been training for years. Eight hundred metres is my distance. I ran for the county and had high hopes for an international career. Then Ibrahim turned up on the scene with a cock and bull story about sponsoring me. My coach, Tom, fell for it hook line and sinker. Oh, he’s a fantastic coach and he’s here too. His name is Tom and he’s been turned into a Puppy-boy...” The story tumbled out of my mouth in the hope that the bright thrall might help him.

“Enough, Jasmin. Put that behind you...” She pushed the bit back into place and fastened it at the side. “I’m going to drive you with Galib Bashir as my passenger. We both have a good eye for spotting potential. You may be a fast runner, but awkward between the shafts of a chariot. Please him and you’ll get your chance to impress him on the track, disappoint him and your chance will be gone...”

We both looked toward the front entrance when we heard the door open. Sure enough, the tall young Arab came striding around the corner. “Is the thrall ready, Tia? He asked.

“Yes, Master. She’s quenched her thirst and told me that she wants to run for you.”

The young Arab man approached me, then lifted my chin. His searching eyes examined my face while tilting my head one way and then the other. “Mmmm, she’s very light skinned. I like what I see...” He dropped his free hand to my left tit and gave it a squeeze. “Firm, half-hand and large areolas, that’s a good start. Have you told the girl that we’re putting her through a speed trial?”

“Yes, Master. She understands what we’re looking for.”

While they talked, the young man moved to my right tit. After three days, Galib was just another Arab man fondling my tits; but then again, for some reason, Galib Bashar’s aggressive fondling was on a different level. Then I realized what the difference was. The young man was examining me as though I was an animal. He was comparing me in his mind to other racing Pony-girls.

Worse was yet to come for he released my tits and went to look at my posterior. I drew in a sharp intake of breath when he placed a hand on my firm right buttock and felt the texture of my skin. He didn’t have any questions about the six ugly welts, three on each cheek. Instead, he searched lower and ran a thumb up and down my slick furrow. It took all my willpower to remain still while his fingers tested the consistency of my cunt flesh, in particular my lips and succulent entrance.

Galib then dropped his hand to the back of my right thigh. Again, I was overcome with the sense that he was examining me as though I was an animal, which in turn made me feel like one. It was the first time that I had that kind of

feeling, which suggested that I was submitting to my captor's desire to turn me into a Pony-girl.

If I fought against them, then I would be harshly punished and still end up tethered to the shafts of a wagon. I hated to submit to their will, but that was the hand I had been dealt. On the other hand, I was a fast runner, so maybe by cards were stronger than I first thought...

## **Chapter 6.10 ~ Jasmin stretches her legs.**

The young man spent an inordinately long time feeling my leg muscles, then my posterior again. He made a lot of encouraging sounds as though he was pleased with what he found, then stood up and unfastened the reins from the post.

He handed them to the attractive thrall. “Tia, my father was right, this thrall looks fit, let’s see if she can run.” The pair seemed to have a good working relationship, something she hadn’t detected too often between thrall and Master.

When the pair climbed up into their small plastic seats on the lightweight rig, I felt pressure on the crossmember, which was sitting on my lower back and fastened to the base of my corset. I was leaning forward and standing at a fixed angle between the twin shafts which my forearms were strapped to. I was provided with handles to grip and there were taut chains between my shoulder straps and the front of the rig, so although I was pushing, most of my effort was put into pulling.

I was wearing oddly shaped, two-inch platform boots. They were designed for the wearer to run on their toes, and I found that they gave my ankles good support. The contact area on the ground was smaller but the sole was studded for better grip.

Every item of the Pony tack was uncomfortable, especially the tight, light blue leather corset and the bushy tail that was attached to a large anal plug. I hadn’t gotten used to the feel of the bizarre appendage flicking and swaying behind me, while I trotted along.

“Tia, as usual, we’re using the North Road for this run,” Galib instructed his driver. “Jasmin, we use the North Road because it’s flat, straight and has a good

surface. It's a mile and a quarter to the perimeter road where you finish. There are six red posts at the side of the road, each a quarter of a mile apart. Jog for a quarter of a mile, then I'm going to time you over the final mile. Tia will not urge you on with the crop. This is a test of your will to run for me."

Tia tugged the reins. "Jasmin, back up and then leave the compound. Turn left onto the circle. The north road is on the far side of the roundhouse."

I carefully backed up, then pulled forward smoothly at a fast walk as I negotiated the brick pillars. The circle was a track around the roundhouse and the North Road was marked with a signpost, which was handy because the 8 roads all looked the same. Once I was on the correct road, I began jogging at my normal training speed.

Tom told me that one of the reasons I was a good trainee, was because of my ability to maintain a steady pace on and off the track. I also had the ability to run a consistent pace during the first lap and a half of an 800 metre race before breaking into a sprint. 'Run your own race, Kid', Tom would say to me, and... 'You're better than the other girls'.

There was no shadow to protect me from the blazing sun as I jogged toward the first red marker pole at a normal jogging pace. It was a good job the distance was marked with red poles because the monotonous scenery either side made it impossible to judge the distance accurately.

The push-pull system that I was using to propel the small four-wheel rig was efficient and very stable because of the multi points of contact with the shafts and rig. Also having two occupants balanced the rig and stopped it from tugging me one way or the other.

Since I left the North Yard, early that morning, with Malik holding the reins, he had encouraged me to complete two short sprints. I didn't think the young gangmaster was very knowledgeable when it came to racing Pony-girls but from his comments, I knew that I impressed him.

So, for the trial, not only was I having to pull two people, but they were also going to be hyper critical if I didn't put in a good performance. That added a lot of pressure on me and meant I was going to have to get my pacing right so that I finished with a strong sprint. I was thankful that the alloy, tubular rig was super light and that the boots provided me with the grip I needed on the hard, compacted sandy soil.

By the time I passed the second red pole, which marked the beginning of the time trial, I had lengthened my stride and upped the pace to a fast jog. I had run many 1500 metre races as an extra event to the 800 during some meets. I ran them for the experience because I thought I might move up to middle distance running in my late twenties.

The advantage of the straight road was more than balanced by the weight I was pulling, although it did provide me with momentum and surefootedness.

My passengers remained quiet at I jogged between the second and third poles, then in the second 400 metres, they made a few whispered comments that I couldn't hear. I had increased my speed slightly to what Tom called a lope. He got me to concentrate on a longer stride while running slowly. It was a less comfortable speed but essential in longer races, particularly for the second lap of a four-lap race.

Then, once I had passed the fourth marker, at the halfway point, I increased my speed to a strong confident running pace. I focused on the distant gap in the otherwise unbroken green horizon and put my head down to prepare for the pain that I was going to suffer during the final part of the race.

For me, it was a race to achieve an important target – to get into a position where I had a chance of escaping from my captors. Failing that, I wanted to achieve something in my life. I wanted to be a runner, but if I had no other choice, racing against other Pony-girls would do, even though my naked ass and tits were on show.

I couldn't help thinking that the physical abuse I suffered in the convent was the warm-up act to what was happening to me on Sheik Bashar's estate. Someone planned my life and knew that I would end up in Saudi Arabia.

Sweat was running down my face and dripping onto my breasts by the time I neared the fifth marker. The corset was doing a good job of keeping my tits still, which wasn't the case with my tail. However, the faster I ran, the less it bothered me, due to my sharp focus on the upcoming sprint.

I treated the last 400 yards as if I was running the final lap of an 800 metre race. It was what I called the wind-up distance. I was in a different posture to the one I used when I was running on the track, so I couldn't run as fast as I would like, especially with the heavy load behind me.

I doubted if the trial I was experiencing was anything like a Pony-girl race. Their rigs were bound to be one seater and extremely light; and the driver would be whipping my butt to get every last drop of effort out of me. However, I was determined to impress Sheik Bashar's son, despite what his father had done to me.



With about a hundred yards to go, I was struggling to get my breathing right in the heat while my body was beginning to tire. I desperately wanted to maintain the sprint, but by the time I reached the finishing line, I was fading.

Tia gently pulled on the reins. “Pull to the right, Jasmin, onto the grass verge,” she shouted.

I was relieved to be stopping because I was exhausted. I normally dropped to the ground after I had run that distance in a race but there was no chance of doing that.

“Well done, Jasmin,” Galib said before he jumped down.

He came around to face me while Tia fetched a bottle of water. “Drop to your knees, Jasmin. Have a rest.”

He steadied the shafts while I dropped onto the dry, tufty grass. Instead of saying anything further to me, he backed away and found a decent patch of grass to sit on, to my right and slightly behind me. I had to turn my head to see him because of the blinker attached to the bridle.

Tia took his place and dropped to her knees, then released one side of the bit.

“Ugh,” I grunted. “Water...”

The adept thrall lifted the 2 litre bottle to my lips and let me guzzle some of it. “You can have some more in a minute...”

“Ahhhh,” I sighed when she poured some over my head. It trickled down my neck, onto my shoulders and then over my perky tits.

“Tia, come over here and sit with me,” her Master ordered.

Tia screwed the top on the bottle and left me alone to mull over my performance. Neither had said a word about the trial and whether they were pleased. I was surprised when Galib took Tia’s hand, just before she sat down and guided her to drop onto his legs, so that she was sitting on his knees and her knees were either side of his thighs.

She was a thrall and wasn’t wearing any underwear. I could tell from the way Galib looked at Tia that he had a thing for her. He laid his hand on her thigh when he began talking. I kept glancing sideways to see what was going on. I couldn’t hear anything because they deliberately spoke quietly. I caught them looking in my direction and got a good vibe from their body language.

The next time I looked, Tia was naked and riding the young man’s cock. I was too embarrassed to look again so I closed my eyes and tried to shut out the sound of them having sex. I could understand Galib being attracted to Tia, for she was cute and sexy and had a superb body. I felt sorry for the thrall though because Galib’s father would expect his son to aim higher than Tia, especially living in the land of billionaires.

On the other hand, I would have gladly swapped places with Tia even though I would have had to stay in the background while my Master went about finding himself a wife...

## **Chapter 6.11 ~ Tia's grand plan.**

Tia was in seventh heaven as she flexed her leg muscles and gently eased her body down until her quim had devoured the entire length of her Master's magnificent cock.

"Remove your belt, then lift your arms, Tia," he ordered.

As soon as her arms were straight, Galib lifted her tunic off, then started to gently massage her tits. She returned her hands to his powerful shoulders and continued with her slow but powerful downward thrusts. She wasn't in a hurry because her Master was allowing her to have a rare moment of pleasure in a wonderfully romantic location.

Tia though, wasn't delusional. She knew the score and didn't push her luck too far. He was studying her with a wistful expression on his face, so she lent forward and kissed him on the cheek. "Master, I will always love you and I will always try my best to serve you. You can always count on me..."

He released her right tit and placed his fingers on her lips. "Tia, it is true. I am going to make Aria my first wife."

"I wish you a lifetime of happiness, Master."

"Thank you, Tia. A week ago, my father was encouraging me, but now he insists that I delay the announcement until the new year. He sighted some kind of security issue, but he wouldn't say what it was. The delay gives me time to establish a Pony-girl team. Maybe that's my father's ulterior motive. He built the

huge stables complex and needs me to fill the vacant space.” He laughed happily.

Tia wished his happiness was due to them being together, but knew it was more about the lithe thrall kneeling 20 yards away. “Do you think the thrall has potential, Master?”

He ran his hands up and down Tia’s back, then settled them on her bobbing ass. “Tia, you don’t have to ask me. We both saw her fluid running style and her time for the mile. I think my father has knowledge of this thrall’s abilities...”

“She has an athletic background, Master, and says that her coach, Tom, is here. She claims that he’s now an estate Puppy-boy.”

Galib nodded. “That’s probably a common occurrence. Coaches often travel with their athletes. Tia, let’s see how she performs on the track, but I suspect that she’s going to be even more impressive pulling a racing rig.”

“I agree, Master... Ahhhhhh... She was a dream to drive...” Tia’s orgasm had been creeping up on her. Her Master’s cock and his massaging hands finally triggered an explosive reaction in her feminine sensibilities. All she could do was dip her head, moan and maintain her powerful downward thrusts until she had taken her master to completion.

He had a good grip of her ass, so when he began urging her to speed up, Tia knew she was in the home stretch and within sight of the finishing line. “Tia, you little sweet fucker... errrrrrr...” His words were followed by a deep sigh of satisfaction.

When he stilled Tia, she fell forward and leant against his silk shirt. Then, while he held her upper arms briefly, she knew that it was the nearest she was ever going to get to receiving affection from her young Master. He eventually pushed her back, whereupon she slid her ass down his legs and leant forward to clean the object that had just provided her with one of the most enjoyable moments of her life.

She had enjoyed sex with him countless times but never in such an intimate setting. He placed a hand on her bobbing head. “When we get back to the roundhouse, we’ll pick up Ibrahim and take him back to his office. It will give me a chance to talk to him about moving Jasmin to the Home stables.”

She lifted her head. “So, it’s happening then?”

“Yes, without delay. Get up and finish watering Jasmin.”

Tia reluctantly picked up her tunic and stood up. Galib watched her dress while she straddled his legs, with his attention particularly drawn to the apex of her thighs. She didn’t have anything that his new fiancée couldn’t provide, except maybe, the utter devotion she had always shown him and total respect.

Five minutes later, they were heading southward on the north road. Jasmin was jogging along at a sedate pace and didn’t appear to be showing any aftereffects of the mile long time trial.

“Master, may I speak to Master Ibrahim about the other thrall who you need to

look at?” Tia asked.

“Yes, what’s her name?”

“Vida, Master. I believe she’s acting as Master Ibrahim’s assistant.”

“Why haven’t I heard her name before?”

“He only promoted her on Monday. I believe she was working in the Country Estate’s kennels after a spell in their stables.”

“Is that when you saw her?”

“She ran in a couple of the Yard challenges, Master. She struck me as being very fit.”

“Okay, Ibrahim isn’t going to be best pleased to lose two of his staff, but replacing thralls isn’t a problem. It’s the quality that matters and that’s what I’ll be looking at tomorrow evening if you can book a time slot in the stadium.”

Tia and Galib spent the rest of the journey discussing the living quarters in the racing stables. Galib had discussed the accommodation for two Pony-girls and two drivers with the racing stable manager, Hammad Izwah, after he had spoken to his father earlier. Galib told Tia to meet Master Hammad and look at what he



had allocated to them.

When they arrived back at the roundhouse, it was a case of all change. Tia made sure Jasmin was comfortable because Malik was spending another hour at the roundhouse. Then she went to check on the pair pulling the four-seater they arrived in. Meanwhile, Galib said his goodbyes to the six gangmasters and emerged with Aria Farsi and Master Ibrahim.

Then, with a full load, Tia steered the wagon onto the south road which led straight to the border gates that separated the two estates. The men sat in the back and chatted about the Country estate. From the conversation, it seemed as though both men were pleased with the previous month's productivity figures.

It was only when they neared the Perimeter Road junction that the men started to discuss Jasmin. "Ibrahim, I've decided to put Jasmin in my new Pony-girl squad," Galib informed the Estate manager.

"I was surprised to hear that your father pointed you in the thrall's direction so quickly, Master." Ibrahim said. "She's only been here a couple of days."

"I know, but my Father and I have been discussing my squad for some time. Telling me about Jasmin is his way of starting me off on the right foot. Of course, until we see her on the track, we can't tell her potential."

"Has your father told you about the thrall's background?"

“No, but from what Tia’s found out, it appears as though she was an athlete in training. That’s all the information I need. It’s what my eyes see and how she performs on the track that matters.”

“So, when do you want her, Master?” Ibrahim asked.

“Tia will drive a wagon down to pick the thrall up from the North Camp at eight in the morning. I informed Malik just before I left the roundhouse. By the way, my thralls will be wearing my colours which will be plum and gold. I’ve had the kit ready to go for a couple of weeks. Tia will bring the thrall’s kit with her.”

Tia steered the team onto the perimeter road and then turned left into the parking bay beside the office building. The fillies pulled up behind a heavy wagon and team of four. A driver was sitting in the wagon, waiting presumably for his passengers.

Ibrahim jumped down to the ground. “The chief is waiting for me, Master, so I had better get back to my office.”

“I also need to be back at the palace for a four o’clock appointment.”

Tia turned so both men could see her face. “Master?”

“What is it?”

“I mentioned the other thrall to you. Master Ibrahim’s assistant?” Tia said.

“Oh, yes. Um, Ibrahim, Tia has advised me that your assistant has a talent for running. I want to take a look at her tomorrow. Give her a trial...”

“My assistant, Master? I think Tia has got her wires crossed.”

“Oh, well you two had better sort it out.” Galib pointed at the other wagon.

“That lad will drive me and Aria back to the palace.” He turned to Tia. “You can drive the chief back to the security centre in the heavy wagon after you’ve had a discussion with Ibrahim. While you’re at the security centre, you can speak to Faisal about booking a time slot at the stadium. Also, go to the racing stables and speak to Hammad about the accommodation.”

“Yes, Master.” It was awkward having to discuss Ibrahim’s assistant with him, especially with him playing dumb. She needed to explain to the estate manager what she knew about Vida.

Tia dismounted slowly from the wagon taking care to show the manager her naked posterior and tight labia. Her master hadn’t given her any adornments, but she had, like every other thrall on the estate, an eyelet inserted through her clitoral ridge.

“Come, Tia. I’m interested in what you know about my new assistant. We should find her in the office, providing the chief hasn’t found something wrong with this girl during his examination.”

Tia thought his comments odd as she followed the manager to the entrance to the admin office. After having their handprints checked, Ibrahim led Tia into his office. She stopped dead in her tracks when she realized that Chief Salah was fucking a thrall who was draped over the back of a chair.

Because they were facing the door, when the girl looked up, Tia immediately realized something was wrong. Ibrahim though, wasn't fazed by finding the security chief shafting a thrall in his office. Salah, who continued thrusting his dick into the young woman, held two fingers up to signal that he had nearly finished. The girl, who was wearing the light blue tunic of a head thrall, wasn't Vida, so somehow Tia had got her wires crossed.

Ibrahim went to his desk, sat down in his leather swivel chair, then gestured to Tia to join him. Meanwhile, chief Salah continued 'examining' the girl with powerful body jarring thrusts.

"Come and stand beside me, Tia." She moved closer to his chair so that he could reach her posterior. He ran his hand up the back of her thighs and began to gently massage her cheeks.

"No panties, Tia. Is that because you're moving from the palace to the stables?"

"Yes, Sir. That's my Master's plan."

"No more protection then..." His fingers became more aggressive. "As you can see, Chief Salah is examining Soha and will tell me in a minute whether she is a suitable replacement for my previous assistant."

“Um, the information on the estate’s database showed that...”

“That Vida was my assistant?”

“Yes, Master. Is she? Was she? Or is the information wrong?”

When his hand moved, his fingers wheedled their way between Tia’s thighs and then into her thigh tunnel. “Tia, I will tell you in a minute...” Two fingers stroked her labia. “...but I haven’t visited this succulent treat in a long while.”

She placed her hand on his shoulder and gave him a sweet smile. “Master, when I return tomorrow, for Jasmin, I will pay you a visit, ummm, so that you can pay me a visit...”

He chuckled and slipped two fingers into her sticky entrance. “Tia, the man who knows the location of Vida, my ex-assistant, is nonother than Chief Salah...”

The stout security chief had a good grip on the thrall’s ponytail while she cleaned his limp cock. When he heard his name mentioned he took notice of what Ibrahim was saying.

“Tia, why are you interested in Vida?” Officer Salah asked.

“Master Galib wants to put her through a trial at the stadium tomorrow.”

Salah looked thunderstruck. “It can’t happen. As we speak, she’s being trained in the elite kennels. She’s now Grail’s kennel maid.” He continued the conversation while the kneeling thrall continued with her energetic oral task.

“Sir, Master Galib wants her because of her running ability. I think it would be a good idea if I spoke to him on the radio when we get to the security centre, Sir.”

“Tia, I answer to Galib’s father. So, if anyone is going to speak to him about that thrall, then it will be me, so that I can explain the situation.”

Tia was crestfallen, for she had pinned her hopes on getting Vida into the team. Apart from Jasmin and herself, Tia didn’t think she was going to find a fitter girl on the estate...

**The End of Part Six.**

**Sample of Part Seven.**

## **Chapter 7.1 ~ Tia's negotiating skills.**

The English thrall, Jasmin. was a real talent. Both Tia and her Master were impressed with her performance on the North Road trial, over the one mile test distance. She was a shoo-in to become their first Pony-girl. With Tia's experience driving racing fillies, Galib had half his team sorted.

Tia was in an awkward position due to her lowly thrall status. Her Master, Galib Bashar, had tasked her with finding another two thralls for his fledgeling Pony-girl squad. She had a clear idea who those other two thralls should be but wasn't sure if she could secure their move to her Master's squad.

Galib was moving Tia from the palace to the racing stables which meant that she would be under the jurisdiction of the RS manager, Hammad Izwah. With the intense security around the stables, Tia was going to have completely different and stricter working conditions to those she was used to in the palace.

Her biometric handprint and facial recognition access ability was the same but there were many more physical checks because of the Sheik's fear that one of his fillies would be given a substance that would contaminate their blood. The man was that paranoid. Tia didn't have to enter the racing stables when she drove for the Country Estate on a Sunday.

Everyone met at the preparation ground which was situated between the stadium and the racing stables yard. It was essentially a huge parking area for home and visiting racing Pony-girl teams. The lush, green meadow was surrounded on three sides by six huge marquees. The racing stables yard backed onto the



preparation ground so that the fillies could be moved to a marquee quickly and easily.

The RS manager, Hammad Izwah, would no doubt assign a lad to supervise Galib Bashar's small squad of four within the racing stables. Tia knew what to expect though. She had spent a year in the stables and after impressing the trainers, became one of Sheik Bashar's squad drivers.

For a while, she was the darling of the squad, winning important races for her Master and then afterwards being shown off at the celebratory dinners. With such a high profile, Tia regularly slept in the sheik's bed, accompanying his concubines as well as occasionally attending him while his wife, Maira, lay beside him.

Tia's career in the hot seat, driving racing rigs, came to an abrupt and painful end when she was involved in a crash on the final bend of a championship race. Tia and her filly, who were on the inside of the track, were neck and neck with another fast pair. At the time, they were well ahead of the third and fourth place teams.

Suddenly, the outside filly stumbled and fell. The wheels of the chariots in that season were lightweight and large and were prone to buckle under impact. There was a horrible coming together and both overturned. The other driver, who was later blamed, escaped with just a few bruises, but Tia broke her leg in three places and was concussed.

Tia spent two weeks in hospital, and when she returned to work on crutches, Sheik Bashar installed her in his office. That was where she was spotted by the eagle-eyed Galib. When his father moved his son into the west wing, she went with him and was promoted to head thrall.

Tia hadn't lost her desire to drive though. Her Sunday drives in the Yard and Estate challenges were often the high point of her week. It was competitive but friendly and there was always a small party afterwards. That was all about to change. The training regime, even when she was one of the drivers, was extremely demanding. However, Tia was ready for the challenge.

The chief had paused after telling Tia that he would speak to Galib and not her, when they arrived at the security centre. He was waiting for Ibrahim's new assistant, Siha, to finish cleaning his dick. The kneeling thrall wasn't the only one experiencing discomfort.

Ibrahim was gripping the under slopes of Tia's ass with his huge left hand while using two fingers to tease her sex. She was having to grip the edge of the desk because two of Ibrahim's fingers were slipping in and out of her wet, molten entrance.

Tia felt awkward continuing the conversation while Chief Salah was enjoying the thrall's oral attentions. "Um, Sir, do you know if Master Faisal will be in his office?" She asked the question in an attempt to get things moving.

It worked, for the chief finally pulled the thrall's ponytail, disengaging her from his cock. "Enough..." He turned to Ibrahim. "Have you got a job for this thrall, Ibrahim?"

"Soha, go and get cleaned up," Ibrahim ordered the girl, who looked alert and in control.

“Yes, Master.” She climbed to her feet and smoothed her tunic into place. “Can I get you a drink, Sir?”

“Not for me,” Chief Salah said.

Ibrahim waved her away, Tia presumed, so they could discuss her appointment. Tia sighed with relief when Ibrahim withdrew his fingers, only for him to hold them up for Tia to suck them clean.

“Well, what’s your verdict, chief?” The Country Estate manager asked.

The stocky security officer tucked his tackle away and started pacing back and forth. “The thrall is sound and suitable for the position, Ibrahim. She’s been on the Bashar estate for four years. She responded well to my instructions and passed the three hole test. You can trust her and she’s bright enough to do paperwork.”

“Good. Changing the subject to Vida, I think you should smooth the way for her to join Galib’s small squad. He and his father are wedded to the sport of Pony-girl racing and they need someone like her...” Ibrahim withdrew his fingers from Vida’s mouth, enabling her to stand upright.

“Huh, you don’t have to tell me that, Ibrahim. Galib’s father has me running around, doubling the security on the racing stables every time there’s an event at the palace. You know he won’t let anyone near the stables.” Ibrahim nodded. “Look, failing that girl on security grounds was nothing personal. The thrall was a recent purchase, and she actually failed the F and P test.

“Salah, Vida will be up to her neck in security in the racing stables. I think you should give the thrall a break. Vida is athletic and intelligent. She’s wasted in the elite kennels.”

“Oh, yes, she’s much more suited to Master Galib’s squad.” Tia blurted out.

Chief Salah frowned. “Tia, I’ve cut you some slack in the past because of your palace connections, but you’re going to have to fall into line now you’re back under Home Estate supervision. I’ll take your messages from Master Galib but you’ve got to keep quiet while we make the big decisions for you. If you question me in any way, I will treat you like any other thrall. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir. I understand.”

“Good. Come on, we’re going.”

Ibrahim patted Tia’s butt cheeks. “Good luck, Tia...”

She squeezed his hand. “Thank you, Master. I will be back tomorrow morning to collect Jasmin.”

Salah allowed Tia to lead the way out of the admin building. He then followed her to the driver’s side of the wagon. As she climbed up, she paused with one leg higher than the other, to give Salah a clear view of her cunt and an opportunity to

examine it.

He placed a hand on her cheeks and his thumb against her labia, then pushed her up. “Tia, your honeypot is leaking. I’ll take care of it when we get back to my office.”

He walked around the back of the wagon and climbed up into the passenger seat. He moved smoothly for a large man in his thirties. He never looked smart, Tia thought. He looked as though he had been wearing the same uniform for days. He had the reputation of being a sex crazed disciplinarian. There was certainly nothing that Vida had seen that disproved the rumours that followed the man everywhere.

The reason why he had the Sheik’s confidence was because he was good at his job. He had a nose for suspicious individuals and a reputation for keeping a tight ship. His Master, Sheik Bashar, obviously thought that Salah was perfectly suited to his job. There were a lot of thralls who hated his guts but that didn’t count for anything. Salah knew exactly how they felt about him.

After lifting her feet to the fascia board, Tia signalled to the team of four Pony-girls, via the reins, to pull away. They walked slowly toward the border gate, then as soon as the gates started to open, the girls increased their speed to a jog. Once they had crossed over onto the Home Estate, Tia encouraged the team to step up to a fast jog.

Trotting along in the brilliant sunshine, through the centre of Sheik Bashar’s golf course, Tia was beginning to worry about working outside the protective walls of the palace. She had discovered that Chief Salah had removed Vida from Ibrahim’s office on security grounds and that Ibrahim wasn’t happy with the decision.

The managers favoured certain thralls, like the way Galib protected Tia. Salah also had a thing for Kate, another of Ibrahim's assistants. When she fucked up bigtime, and had to be transported away from the estate, Salah was probably upset. Had he out of spite wrenched Vida away from Ibrahim? Tia suspected he had.

That suggested that Salah might soften toward her transfer to Galib's Pony-girl squad. That meant she had some leverage...

### **The End of the Sample**

I hope you enjoyed this Sixth Part of this series

and continue to read each part as it is published.

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