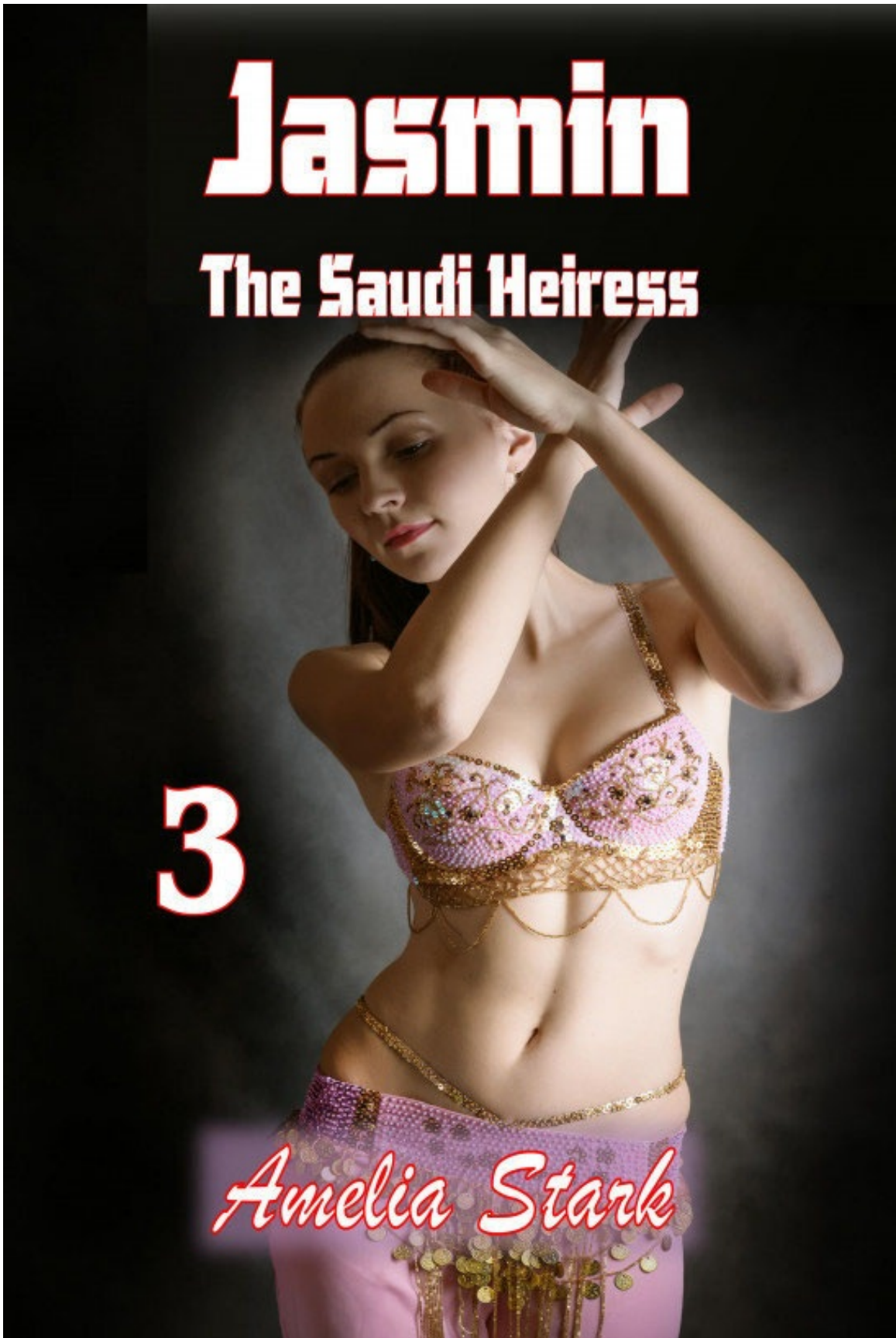


# Jasmin

## The Saudi Heiress

3

*Amelia Stark*

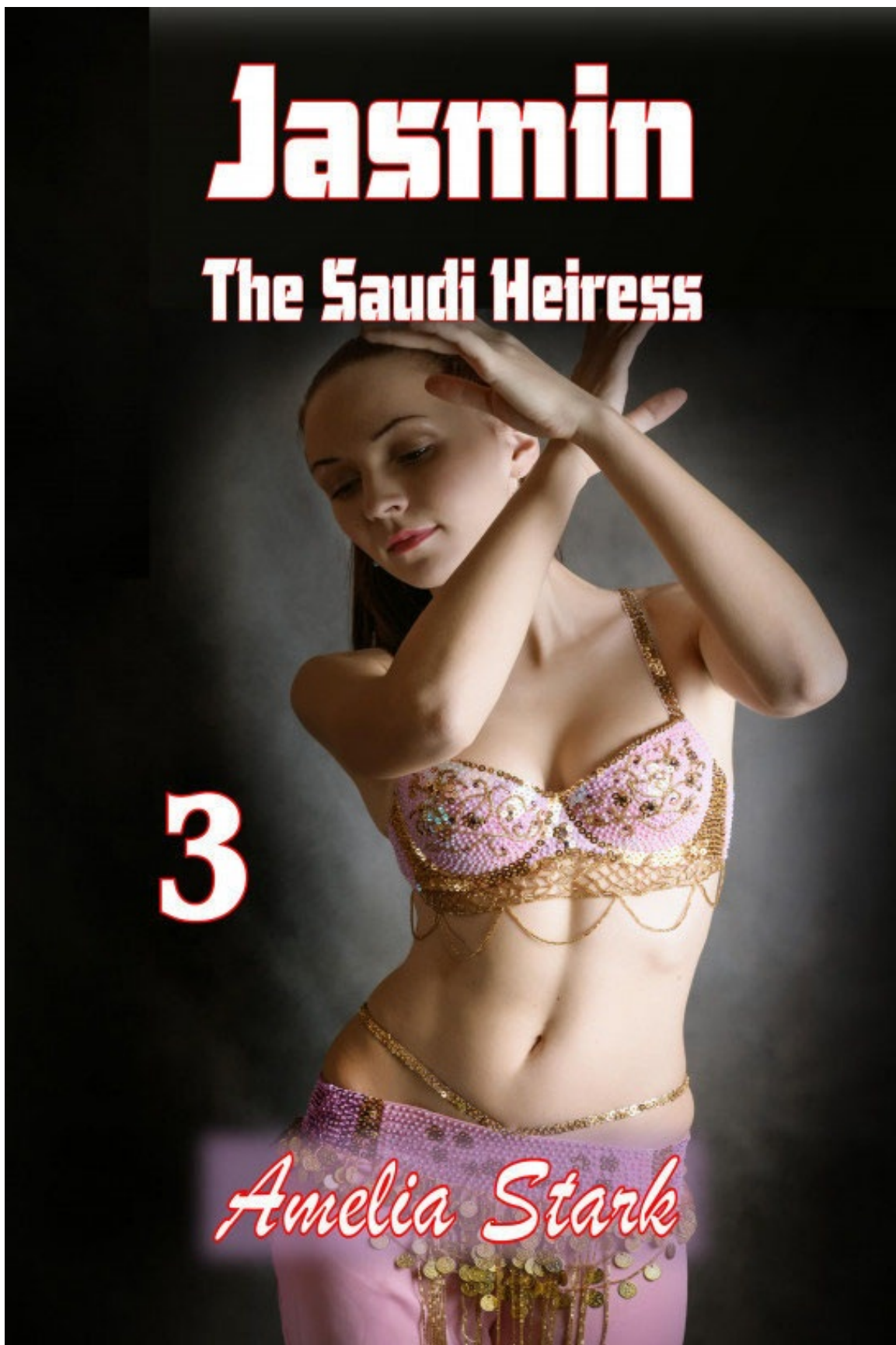


# Jasmin

## The Saudi Heiress

3

*Amelia Stark*



# **JASMIN**

## **The Saudi Heiress: Part Three**

**By Amelia Stark**

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## **Introduction.**

Jasmin's life was turned upside down when the people she trusted turned out to have another agenda. She was expecting to fly out to a training camp in Saudi Arabia, to develop her running prowess. However, when she woke up, she found herself in a cell, on Sheik Bashar's estate.

Naked, collared and cuffed, Jasmin is briefed by her cellmate, Zena, who tells her that she has been added to the thrall workforce on the Sheik's Country Estate, where he cultivates date palms. Zena, warns Jasmin that complaining would be punished by a beating and then a spell of solitary confinement in a searing hot cell.

Deciding to wait, Jasmin discovers that she is expected to be a part-time Pony-girl and pull wagons beside Zena for 12 hours a day. Part Two ended with Jasmin, naked and working hard in blistering heat.

In part three Jasmin knuckles down to her new life in the North Yard, unaware of what her new Master has in store for her. Events lead her to suspect that Ibrahim Khalid and Sheik Bashar have ambitious plans to add her to the Sheik's stables and transform her into a racing Pony-girl.

Meanwhile Tom and Karen also wake in Saudi Arabia. Tom, is horrified to discover that he's been transformed into a Puppy-boy. Karen's fate is similar to Jasmin's in that she finds herself in Pony tack and being trained to haul wagons around the date plantation.

Then there's Adam, the lad Jasmin befriended and jogged with. He had an agenda that Jasmin was unaware of. Read on to discover how the character's stories evolve and influence Jasmin's uncertain future.

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## **Chapter 3.1 ~ Jasmin's first race.**

When the officer put her arm out to stop us, the Puppy-boy dropped onto his 'paws' and stood there, looking up at the naked parts of mine and Zena's bodies.

"Mohsin, I hear you're still top dog," the guard said.

"Of course. There's no competition."

"What are you hauling this morning?"

"Fertilizer to the roundhouse, then spreading on plantation four."

"You should be back by twelve then?"

"Probably."

The guard's attention turned to me. "Who's the raw bitch you've got there?"

"Came in last night as a replacement for Farah. Name is Jaz."

She pointed at the Puppy-boy. "Look, Javid's caught her scent..." She was having trouble holding him back. "Can he have a taste?"

“Feeha, maybe later. I must plough on. You know the gangmasters are on my back. It’s going to be a busy day.”

“All right...”

She didn’t seem happy when Mohsin flicked the reins to urge us forward. I felt that the guard fancied Mohsin and he was trying to evade her attentions. I was also perturbed that he might let the creature ‘taste’ my sex later in the day. For once I was grateful for the dildo plug buried deep within my quim.

There were several sections to the old building. It had been built, maybe a century earlier, to serve as a warehouse complex. The builders made it look like a residence from a distance by adding fancy brickwork around the roofline. We passed three openings with loading bays where several wagons had been steered backward to be loaded. However, we were heading beyond the main building to an open-ended shed.

Inside were huge stacks of bagged goods on pallets, sitting on a concrete floor. The metal studs on our boots click-clacked as we walked onto the solid surface.

“To the right,” Mohsin shouted and tugged on the reins. “Park behind the South wagon.”

We pulled up leaving about a yard of space in front of us. The six-foot-high stack of fertilizer bags was on our left and about six feet away. A lad dressed in a thawb was loading bags into the bed of the wagon in front, having lowered one

of the sides. He dropped one in the wagon and jumped down.

“Mohsin, you’re still in the hot seat, I hear...”

The two lads met beside me. “Yes, and I’m going to make sure we win this week.”

The lad patted Mohsin’s upper arm. “Ha, you stand no chance. I hear you’ve got two raw bitches over the weekend. Mine are bedding in nicely. Your days are numbered pal.”

There was obviously a lot of kudos attached to being the head lad of each yard.

The South lad turned and placed his hand on my shoulder. “I see you’re giving this raw bitch a runout...” He dropped his hand to my left tit and gave it a squeeze. “She looks fit...”

“Since when were you an expert on fitness?”

“Since I beat your ass two weeks running. I’ve got good teams and my raw bitches have settled in nicely.” He hunkered down and wrapped his hands around my left thigh.

I almost moved with the shock of having hands laid on me. then being examined

roughly by the lad as if I was an animal. He ran his hands up and down my thigh, then up again and pushed two fingers into my furrow.

“Lafiz, are you deliberately slowing me down?”

“Huuu,” I complained when he mashed my ridge with a hard forward stroke.

“The bitch is jittery, mate, and look...” He stood up and showed his glistening fingers to Mohsin. “...she’s loving the dildo and the leather she’s wrapped in. Give me a dry bitch every day of the week. Their concentration levels are so much better.”

Mohsin looked at him doubtfully. “Bullshit. So far, I’m impressed with the bitch.”

“I see you’ve got Zena working with her. If you’ve been impressed by the raw bitch, then...” He casually reached for my tit again but gripped my nipple first. “...you must be confident that you can give my two a run for their money.”

“Who have you got pulling your wagon?”

“Maha and Nadia. I’ve rotated my girls this week, so these two are not my strongest pair.”

“Give me three-to-one and you’ve got a race,” Mohsin responded.

“I’ll offer Fifty Riyal at two-to-one. First team to the roundhouse.”

“Okay, you’re on.” They shook on it and then split up to load their respective wagons.

Each time Mohsin dropped a bag into the load space, I felt the downward pressure on the wagon’s suspension. When Mohsin had placed 18 bags in our wagon, the lads checked each other’s loads

The pair walked away out of sight for a few minutes. When Mohsin appeared, he was carrying a cooler box, which he placed in the wagon. After opening it, he arrived in front of us carrying a bottle of orange.

He faced me first and released the bit fastening on the side of my bridal, then withdrew the bit. “Ahhhh,” I gasped in relief.

“Thrall, there will be plenty of energy drink during the day. You can have half a bottle now.” He offered the bottle up to my lips and waited patiently for me to drink my half.

Unfortunately, he refitted the bit, returning me to an uncomfortable state. As soon as he had quenched Zena’s thirst, he fetched a gauze hood and pulled it over my head, then tied it off around my neck.

“This will protect you from dust and give your face some shade.” Because the sun was so bright, the loose gauze hood was most welcome. I could see without difficulty and get the protection I needed. Once Mohsin had fitted Zena’s gauze hood, he climbed into the driver’s seat and picked up the reins.

“Girls, back up, slowly.” Pulling on the handles, we gradually backed out of the cul-de-sac between the stacks.

I felt pullback on the reins but wasn’t sure what it meant because Zena was still moving. Switt! “Ugh,” I grunted when he stung my left ass cheek with a diagonal slash, using the flexi end of the riding cane.

“Jaz, stand still,” Mohsin shouted. I understood when Zena’s efforts caused the wagon to start turning. “Okay, both together now.”

With the front wheels at an angle, we were able to walk back and get the wagon in the correct position before moving forward. We turned, then after initially struggling to get the heavy load rolling, we broke into a jog and retraced our footsteps to the main gate. The ‘S’ wagon wasn’t far behind us.

The guard waved us through, while the Puppy-boy sat beside her legs watching Zena’s and my legs trot by. Mohsin flicked the reins urging us forward, but not faster. We didn’t slow or stop at the crossroads, just jogged straight on toward the rows of date palms.

“Girls keep to the right. The race will begin when the South thralls are level with



you.”

I heard the Pony-girls boots pounding on the hard compacted sandy soil when they were level with our wagon, then gradually, they caught up until they were level. With our upper bodies leaning slightly forwards, four pairs of tits, jiggling in time with our strides were our most eye-catching feature.

“Are you ready?” Lafiz shouted from the other cart.

“Yes! GO!” Mohsin barked.

We both instantly responded to his command and the shaking reins. I had no idea of the distance that we were being expected to run, but I had spotted a building in the distance that could be the roundhouse. Basing my experience of jogging to the warehouse, I guessed it was a mile and a half away.

Zena and I increased our pace to a fast jog, the maximum sensible speed for that distance. We hadn't gone far when three factors came into play. The blazing sun was a constant enemy, the dildo was once again moving, and the load behind us was beginning to make its presence felt.

Then, an odd thing happened, the ‘S’ girls beside me slowly began to lean further forward. Switt! Switt! I heard the lad land the whip on his girl's bobbing asses. I flinched even though the whip was nowhere near me. Lafiz got the response he wanted when his girls upped their pace and began to pull past us.

“You’re toast, Mohsin,” Lafiz shouted over his shoulder.

I feared our driver was going to start using the whip as well, but he held off. He began shaking the reins. “Put your backs into it. I’m adjusting the running angle.”

My natural instinct was to lean forward to pull against the chains, so when Mohsin adjusted their lengths, we transitioned into a bent running stance. To compensate, I had to stick my buttocks back and bend my legs more. The new stance definitely enabled us to put more effort into push/pulling the wagon and increase our speed.

It was a bizarre experience to be on the open road, with a running partner, racing against another pair. I was just about comfortable pulling the load at a normal jog. The weight provided momentum and so long as the track remained flat, I was confident I could keep going for at least 20 minutes.

But, despite our increased speed, we weren’t catching the ‘S’ wagon which was almost a length ahead. My breathing was becoming laboured and the heat and effort were causing me to perspire; but my legs felt strong. Was I up to it or was I going to lose my first race in Saudi Arabia?

## **Chapter 3.2 ~ Tom's new life.**

A sound caught Tom's attention. He leant forward and peered out into the bright enclosure. A man in a long white thawb and a girl wearing a light blue tunic that shimmered in the bright daylight, had entered. When the man turned, after closing the gate behind them, Tom was shocked to see that the tall figure was none other than Ibrahim Khalid.

With anger burning in his chest, Tom stumbled out of the hutch and crawled a few yards towards the pair. He was immediately struck by the attractiveness of the young Arab girl. Maybe nineteen or twenty, she looked strong and well-proportioned, like Jasmin.

In fact, her figure was similar with the exception of her tits, which were bigger. The girl had shoulder-length dark hair, musky brown skin and cute features, including full, naturally pink lips. She was holding a stick in her left hand, while she was wearing a black glove on her right. She was also wearing a gold collar and cuffs on her wrists and ankles.

Without thinking, he began to imagine having sex with the girl. Moments later, he became aware that his cock was hardening and straining against its rubber prison; but even worse, his knob felt as if it was going to explode. The pair stopped and regarded him with serious expressions on their faces.

Nothing he had done warranted turning him into a creature who had to crawl around on the ground. Tom wondered what was to become of him and whether they intended to keep him caged like a wild animal for an indefinite period.

"Tom, sit and I will try and fill in the blanks for you," Ibrahim said.

“Urrrrrrr.” He released a throaty groan which was meant to show his displeasure. Aching all over, hungry and thirsty, but unable to articulate his discomfort, Tom crawled forward.

“Tom, sit, or you will be punished,” the young woman said.

He stopped, surprised by the firmness of the girl’s command. “Arrrrrrr,” he tried again.

“Tom, I’ve already told you I will explain what’s happened to you, so sit, otherwise Vida will hurt you and that’s not what I want,” Ibrahim said in an assertive tone.

The disgruntled athletics coach decided to listen to what they had to say, so he sat back on the heels of his feet which were tucked and held against the top of his thighs by the latex suit. It meant his stiff, upright cock was on display. Tom, ordinarily wouldn’t have minded showing it to an attractive young woman, but he was embarrassed by the rubber clad eyesore his cock had become. He placed his paws on his thighs, blocking the girl’s view.

“That’s a good boy,” Vida said, then approached him with Ibrahim. She showed him a wristwatch. “Tom, if you misbehave, I will punish you by pushing this button.” The wristwatch sized device had four buttons on it and a digital readout. “I can adjust the level of pain you will feel in your balls, depending on your crime.”

He caught the first glimpse of the girl's tongue piercing – a stainless-steel ball in the centre, near the tip. He also noted that she too was marked with her owner's crest on her upper arms.

Ibrahim stood with his arms folded, listening to the girl. "Tom, I am the manager of Sheik Bashar's estate and Vida is my new assistant. Ordinarily, you will be cared for by the kennel assistants, young women who require your respect and obedience. This enclosure..." He waved his arm around the small cage. "...is your new home which you are sharing with another Male Puppy-boy. His name is Meerab and he's one of our most trusted Puppies on the estate. He enjoys his role as indeed you will one day."

"Urrrrr!" Ibrahim must have seen the displeasure on Tom's face but ignored it.

"Tom, as promised, I have brought you to Saudi Arabia. You will get used to being a Puppy-boy. We'll keep you busy, but there will be no more coaching teenagers in athletics or educating them in sexual matters for you. You have been added to Sheik Bashar's estate and if you behave and perform well, you will have a comfortable life. Like Meerab and a dozen other Puppy-boys on Sheik Bashir's estate, you will be taught security duties."

Tom touched the rubber ball gag with his paw. "Urrrrrr!" he growled aggressively.

"Don't take that tone with anyone in the kennel Tom," Vida said. She raised her wrist and pushed a button.

The result was devastating. "Ahhhhhhh!"

He keeled forward and started writhing about on the floor, on his side. The pain from the base of his cock was excruciating and unlike anything he had experienced before. The sharp, stinging sensation subsided quickly, but he was furious with the girl for zapping his nads, that was until he looked up.

Vida was virtually standing over his head, so he could see up, under her tunic. Because she wasn't wearing any panties and she was standing with her legs apart, he had a clear view of the youngster's tight sex lips.

Surprisingly, he spotted the circular end of a dildo peeping from her vaginal entrance. It had a ring pull and a slot for a key. The girl was clearly as much a prisoner as he was. Still, for a moment, he forgot his predicament. Only for a moment...

"Get up and sit, Tom, then Vida will explain why you are gagged..."

Climbing to his paws, Tom wondered if the girl's duties included having sex with him. If not, letting him gaze up at her sex was cruel and mean, he thought. Reluctantly, he scrambled up and settled back into a seated pose. He looked at the young Arab girl with renewed interest.

She lowered the end of her stick and pushed it between his knees. "First, Tom, you need to learn the correct pose for when I enter your cage. You sit in the centre, spread your hind paws by six inches and raise your front paws to your shoulders. Do it!"

He reluctantly adopted the silly pose. “You’re learning, Tom,” Ibrahim said. “Discipline is the most important factor in your new life. For example, if you so much as harm or shock Vida, or any of the kennel assistants, you will be removed from here and be put in a different kennel where you will be gelded.”

“Urrrrr,” Tom exclaimed softly.

“Yes, we don’t give second chances when it comes to aggression or violence in the kennels. Is that understood?”

He understood the threat only too well, but was Ibrahim bluffing? Tom wondered. He nodded his head. “Urrrrr.”

“Good, I think you will get along with Vida. Tell him, Vida, why he’s wearing the gag.”

“Tom, during your transit day, the doctor made an adjustment to your teeth. They have been replaced with a set of soft teeth. You’ll be able to eat the food we give you, but you won’t be able to bite hard objects. The gag is designed to fit your gums to give them a chance to heal. The doctor also made an adjustment to your vocal cords. When you try to speak your cords will make a different sound.”

“Urrrrrrr!” The sound from his throat voiced his shock and displeasure.

She raised her stick to his face so that he could see the electrodes on the end. “Careful boy. You can be punished three ways. You had a taste of your cock



collar. Then, there's this Puppy prod, and finally, the security guards can zap you through the collar."

Tom sat there stunned. What kind of hellish existence was he going to have to endure, living in a cage with another poor creature, constantly under the threat of being punished?

Ibrahim hunkered down in front of Tom. "You're probably wondering what has happened to Karen?" He waited for Tom to nod. "Well, she too has been added to Sheik Bashar's staff, but she's in the transport department rather than security. You're bound to see her from time to time, pulling rigs around the estate. Then, there's Jasmin. She's the reason why my attention fell on you and Karen in the first place. Well, she's here but she doesn't have a future on the Bashar estate."

"Urrrrrrr," Tom whined because he wanted to know more about the fate of his special prodigy.

Ibrahim shook his head. "Tom, it would be best if you forgot all about Jasmin. You must focus on your new persona. You're no longer human. We will train you to become a useful animal."

Tom shook his head. "Agggh!" He was horrified by Ibrahim's language.

"Look around you, Tom. You're a caged animal. If you don't accept your new life and become an asset to our Master, in the security section of his estate, your fate will be very dark."

“Urrrrrrrr,” he whined.

“Cheer up, boy. I’m going to leave you with Vida who will demonstrate how you gain sexual relief...” He turned to the young woman. “Vida. I want the wagon, Puppy-girls and the caged thrall ready to leave by midday.”

“I will hurry the girls along, Master, and pick up the wagon.” she responded then lifted her hands together and bowed her head, but he was already on his way out.

### **Chapter 3.3 ~ Tom's painful pleasure.**

Tom hated Ibrahim. He was the man who lured him, Karen and Jasmin to London with the aim of abducting all three of them. If the Arab was the manager of Sheik Bashar estate, then everything he told him about Jasmin's background was probably fake.

Having watched Ibrahim leave the enclosure, close the gate, then strut off down the openair corridor, Tom experienced a moment of intense hatred. Either dressed in the Arab garb or in a smart suit, the man was a criminal and if it was the last thing he did, Tom intended to gain his revenge on him.

"Tom!" He was brought back down to earth. Vida pointed at his imprisoned cock. "Part of your training, Tom, is to accept your own failings. Devouring your own exudation is not a physically painful punishment, but a mental one. Master Ibrahim and I will decide when you've learnt your lesson and can move on to having normal sex with an assistant or a Puppy-girl."

The attractive Arab youngster was pointing at the strange box in the corner. "In the meanwhile, you need to be trained. I'm going to show you how the 'Collector' works." Tom followed her over to the plastic box in the corner and waited. "Place your front paws on the black disks on top. The sensors will open the hole on this end, then you will be able to insert your cock. The box simulates intercourse."

Tom looked up at the young woman. He was shocked by the concept of fucking a picknick box! "Urrrrrr," he exclaimed angrily.

"Tom, as this is your first day, I will make allowances. I'm not asking you to use it, I'm telling you to." She waved the wand menacingly near his shoulder. "It's

perfectly safe and efficient. Put your paws on the discs. Just pretend you've graduated to having a Puppy-girl visit your enclosure."

He thought about it. Maybe if he closed his eyes, he might get some enjoyment out of it. There certainly wasn't any other entertainment available.

"Last warning Tom." Her finger hovered near the wrist controller. "I've got an hour so you can do it the painful way or the easy way. Which is it to be?"

Tom would have loved to knock the girl down and escape from the cage, but unfortunately, he knew that he wouldn't get far. He hated being bossed around by a girl, but what alternative was there?

Tom moved forward, lifted his front paws and placed them onto the discs. They stuck fast. "Urrr," he exclaimed in surprise.

"Tom, the machine will hold you there until you have ejaculated."

He could hardly believe what was happening to him. It was obvious that he could no longer back out of fucking the device. He feared that it wouldn't feel like having sex with a girl, but there was only one way to find out...

He eased his cock into the hole. "Urrrr!" he bellowed when it was sucked into the device, through a tube that his nob only just managed to penetrate. Panicking, he looked up at the Arab girl, who he suspected was up to no good.

“Calm down, Tom. The machine is measuring your crown and adjusting the device’s vagina for optimum effectiveness. It’s also coating your crown with a solution to make it hypersensitive.”

It felt as though his knob was glowing with heat and about to burst. He had been desperate for relief ever since he woke up and saw the state his cock was in. Then, without warning, the device released some of its grip. His first instinct was to withdraw his dick. As he did so, his knob was gripped with something that felt like the texture of a vagina.

“Urrrrr,” he groaned when a primitive, intense sensation travelled down his cock, the like of which he had never felt before. “Ugggggggh,” he grunted as he drove his cock back into the hole as fast as he could. “Ahhhh!” he cried in triumph as soon as he had struck up a rapid piston stroke.

However, it felt as though the synthetic vagina was getting tighter with each thrust. Sweat started to drip from his forehead, down his face. He had no intention of stopping though, for the energy sizzling around his nervous system was building to a crescendo.

“Uh, uh, uh,” he grunted when he realized he was in the final straight.

The young Arab woman moved behind him, reached between his thighs and massaged his latex clad balls to add to the pressure he could feel mounting deep down at the base of his cock.

His climax was coming to the boil and the lid was about to fly off the pan. “Ugggggggggggh!” he grunted one long painful exclamation as the fuck came to a mind-blowing final explosion.

Tom could feel a small hand squeezing his nads and his jiz ejaculating in a dozen or so short bursts into the machine. Then it was over. His shoulders slumped and he dipped forward, but the machine didn’t release his cock. In fact, he could feel it being sucked.

Vida came around and patted him on the head. “The device is collecting the last drops, then it will clean your crown.”

She waited beside the ‘Collector’ box until Tom was able to withdraw his cock from the restrictive tube. His helmet came free with a ‘plop’. He knew from the familiar sensation that he was still hard, but he wasn’t prepared for the appearance of his crown which had turned bright maroon, like the tube his shaft was imprisoned in.

“Tom, sit!” She waited for him to adopt the correct pose. “A kennel assistant will be along in a while to feed you. The assistants have the same authority over you that I have. They will punish you if you misbehave. Assault a maid and you will be taken away and gelded. Do you understand?”

Tom glumly nodded. He had paid attention, but his main concern was his cock which was still aching terribly. He decided that he needed to reduce the arousal factor. That was tough with such a hot young woman, in a semi naked state, hovering close to him.

Vida seemed happy with him and let herself out of the enclosure. Interestingly, she took the glove and wrist controller off and placed them in a box, high, on the outside of the fence. When she lifted her arms, the shimmering tunic rose and gave him the briefest glimpse of her sex again. She then set off in the same direction as her boss.

Desperate for some relief from the incessant heat, Tom crawled back to the 'hutch' and collapsed on to the mattress. He was in a terrible state. His jaw and mouth ached, his leg joints and hands were complaining, and his cock was red raw. The hard, thin mattress wasn't comfortable, while lying on his back, so he doubted if he would get a decent night's sleep.

The climate didn't suit him. He never liked visiting hot countries. The circulating fan attached to the ceiling was small, but the brief spell of cooler air, when it pointed in his direction, was welcome. His stomach was empty and he was thirsty. There really wasn't a single aspect of his captivity that could be called a saving grace. Then, he thought of Vida, which was a mistake, for becoming aroused caused him the most pain.

Without a pillow, he had to lift his head to examine the latex, half body suit that covered his legs and lower torso. The semi-transparent material clung to his body like a second skin. Like his hands, it looked as though it had been moulded onto his body.

Tom was frustrated by his useless hands, which had become his front paws. He wouldn't be able to bite a hole in the latex because they had done something to his teeth. He had put the terrible ache in his jaw down to the gag, but after reflecting on the odd sensations, he realized the discomfort was partially caused by the loss of his teeth.



Tom had been dwelling on his predicament and having dark thoughts for about an hour when he heard a sound from outside.

“Tom!” a girl was calling his name.

He rolled off the mattress, climbed to his paws and looked out of the doorway. A different girl was standing outside the gate to his cage. She was donning the wrist controller, then spotted him emerging from the hutch.

“Tom, sit and wait while I prepare your food,” she said.

The girl was dressed in a tan pleated skirt and matching crop top. He guessed that the material was dowdier than Vida’s to signify her lower status. Like Vida, the new girl was wearing a gold collar and cuffs and had her owner’s crest printed on her upper arms.

She was another attractive Arab girl, similar in age and stature to Vida. Her hair though, was tied into a ponytail, so was pulled away from her pretty face. Compared to Vida, she had a rounder face and her eyes were more oval – almost almond shaped. Her most striking feature was her large breasts, which pushed the lower edge of her top away from her body. In fact, when she moved, Tom realized the girl’s nipples were doing most of the pushing.

Being an athletics coach, specializing in female middle-distance runners, Tom always focussed on the girl’s legs, especially their thighs. Both Vida and the new girl looked like suitable material for middle distance running.

Sheik Bashar obviously selected young, strong and attractive girls to work on his estate. The slave concept was foreign to him, but it was obviously a real thing in Saudi Arabia. All the scare stories and tales he had heard were in fact true. Tom was a proud man and didn't like to admit he made mistakes, but not investigating Ibrahim and his claims had to be the most monumental mistake he had made in his life...

## **Chapter 3.4 ~ Tom's one pleasure.**

The girl had pushed a trolley down the passageway then parked it beyond the gate. Tom moved to the centre of the enclosure and seated himself to watch her work. The first thing she did was to open the 'Collector' unit from the rear and take out a dish, which she placed on the trolley. She replaced it with an empty dish and closed the door.

Tom was aghast when the girl poured the contents of the dish – his jiz – onto the food she had brought for him. She then entered the enclosure carrying the large metal bowl. Unexpectedly, she sat down on the end of the 'Collector', then after parting her thighs, she placed the bowl on the ground.

"Tom, my name is Rifa..."

He was listening but staring at the girl's splayed sex. Unable to resist, he dropped to his paws and move closer to get a better look. Rifa's skirt was so short that the filtered sunlight lit up her smooth sex. Her labia was divided by a line of clitoral flesh which sported a chunky, well-defined clitoris, standing proud of its protective hood. Even the end of the girl's dildo was visible lower, beneath her plump lips.

"Tom, pay attention. Once you've eaten your food, you'll get five minutes on one of my breasts..." His eyes popped when she lifted the crop top and revealed her huge tits, topped with the largest dark nipples he had ever seen. "Come closer and I'll release your gag..."

Eager to be near the girl's sex, he shuffled forward until his head was between her knees, then lifted it. "Ruuuuuuu," he whined softly.

She patted his head as though he was a real dog. “The first day is always a pain. Your gums will hurt for a while, that’s why I must put the protector back in after you’ve eaten your food. Your food will be soft for a few days, until you get used to your new teeth.”

She released a catch on one side of the gag, then eased, with his help, the rubber ball section out of his mouth. “Ruff! Urrrrrr!” he exclaimed in surprise. He meant to say thank you to the girl, but it sounded like a weak dog’s bark.

“Your first bark. Well done, boy. Now eat your food.” When he ran his tongue over his teeth, he discovered that the new ones were softer and that two of his canines, one each side, were longer like a real dog’s!

Miserable as hell, Tom looked down at the unappetising mess on the plate. Rice, vegetables and meat, possibly chicken, had been chopped up and piled on the plate. Then, Rifa had poured his jiz over it, meaning that he had to eat it to get to the food. Hopefully, it was all his.

It was Monday, so he hadn’t eaten for forty-eight hours. Knowing that he would be hungry, Ibrahim was giving him no choice but to perform a demeaning act. He decided to close his eyes and bite the bullet. The plate was large and had an inch high raised edge, like a wall, to stop the food from falling off the plate.

After the first mouthful, he abandoned his dark thoughts and made a right pig of himself. Amazingly, the food was delicious! As a result of being ravenous, he was licking the plate clean within a couple of minutes.

“Good boy, Tom. Now sit. I’ll fetch some water and a cloth to clean your face.”

He was embarrassed by his greedy, animalistic behaviour in front of such a nice, pretty girl. However, he consoled himself with the thought that she probably witnessed all the other Puppies behaving in a similar manner. While watching Rifa return to her trolley, he wondered how long it would be before he was allowed to have sex with a Puppy-girl.

On reflexion, he doubted if Rifa would be the one, due to the presence of the dildo filling her quim, but that didn’t stop him from fantasizing about fucking the youngster.

The busy Arab girl returned with a bowl of water and a wet cloth. She placed the dish on a small wooden platform beside the fence. There was a similar length of wood on the other side of the cage, presumably for his cellmate’s food and water.

After Rifa dropped to her knees, she signalled to him, so he trotted over to her. “You’ve been a good boy and I reward good behaviour,” she said while she wiped his face clean of food particles. “Have a drink of water, then you can suckle on my breast.”

With so much to depress Tom, he was excited at the thought of sucking one of Rifa’s huge nipples. So, he dipped his head and began lapping up the water with gusto. He wished his tongue was longer because it was a laborious task. Still, he quenched his thirst and managed to drink the contents of the bowl.

“Good boy. Come and have your afters.”

When Tom looked up, Rifa had removed her top and was sitting on her heels. Her knees were parted, and she was lifting her right breast so that her huge nipple was pointing at him. He moved forward and latched on. Her large chunky nipple was so suckable that he temporarily forgot that his captors had replaced his teeth with soft replicas.

But, as her warm milk began to flow down Tom's throat, he kind of understood why they did it. He wondered if providing their Puppy-boys with breast milk, fresh from the assistant's tits was a daily occurrence. He was able to drink greedily at first, while the liquid flowed freely, but he had to suck harder when her breast became depleted.

When a buzzer sounded from her wrist controller, Rifa pushed his head back, breaking his connection. "Enough. Sit boy."

Disappointed and licking his lips, Tom assumed the passive position while she picked up her top and pulled it on.

Rifa then stood up and lifted the front of her skirt. "Tom, your last task, before I leave your compound, is to show your gratitude by lapping my sex..."

He nodded. "Ruff, ruff..." He was getting the hang of his new voice.

Rifa moved forward and as he tilted his head back, the attractive Arab youngster pressed her labia against his lips. Totally up for munching the youngster's cunt, Tom lapped away furiously. Unfortunately, his cock was aching badly as he

became more and more aroused, so the delightful act was tinged with a huge disadvantage.

The girl grabbed the head harness straps, at the sides, so that she could urge him to go deeper into her furrow. “Good boy. In there... Yes, that’s it. Suck on my clit, Tom. Make me happy and I’ll put a good word in for you.”

He did everything she asked and more, until she was writhing with pleasure above him. When Rifa was satisfied, she simply stepped back and allowed her skirt to fall back into place. While he stared up at her, she refastened the rubber gag/protector.

“I’ll get you some more water, Tom,” she said.

Rifa returned with a bottle of mineral water and poured some in his dish, then came over and pushed a stainless-steel tube through the airhole in his gag.

“There, you can suck up water, if you’re thirsty,” she informed him. “One more thing, Tom. Your tail will be removed when you are served supper and reinstalled at breakfast time. Obviously, night-time is the best time to use your toilet tray.”

Unable to communicate, Tom had to sit like a dumb animal and listen to the young woman hammer home his animal-like existence. Of course, he was listening, but his mind had wandered to creating images of him having sex with the young woman.



Try as he might, he couldn't get control of his sexual urges. Even as she left his cage, and put the wrist controller away, his cock was trying to escape from its prison. His knob was throbbing, and all his thoughts involved sex. It took a massive effort not to crawl over to the 'Collector' and relieve his urge to fuck something.

The temperature was climbing causing sweat to drip down his face and chest. It felt as though the wire meshing was closing in on him. For the first time in his life, Tom feared that he was experiencing a panic attack. What was to become of him and was his future as bleak as he feared? Only time would tell...

## **Chapter 3.5 ~ Adam's assignment.**

Adam let himself into his flat, closed the door and threw his keys on the small dining table. Reflecting on the weekend's events, Adam wondered what Rafiya's reaction was going to be when, after reading his latest report, he disclosed that he had achieved the main goal of his mission. Would that end their relationship, or would she have another job for him?

Huh, he thought, that was a joke. He wasn't a secret agent, just a guy who needed to earn a few quid to get by. In fact, he was beginning to feel like a cunt whenever he thought about his actions. Still, he had persevered and after weeks of boring surveillance, he finally had some tangible results.

The teenage running star, who was the subject of Rafiya's interest, had unwittingly played right into his hands. He had purloined a pink toothbrush and a pair of the teenager's soiled panties when he was in the flat on Saturday morning. They were still lying on the table in plastic bags, ready to hand over to Rafiya.

While he stripped his clothes off, Adam wondered what their value was to the young Arab and her friends. The £200 a week she was paying him, to keep an eye on Jasmin Swan, was easy money. To get a 100% guaranteed sample of her DNA, well that was a different matter. They obviously wanted to know who she was, so he held all the aces.

To begin with, Adam had satisfied himself that what he was doing wasn't putting Jasmin in danger. But, once Rafiya's friends had her DNA, did that change the complexion of the shady game they were playing?

The money came in handy and enabled him to extend his club membership at a

time when he was considering jacking his training in. Adam had been in a lot of trouble with the police, earlier in his teens, but had cleaned up his act and got a half decent job working at a night club. He had the days to himself and that gave him the opportunity to train and keep an eye on Jasmin.

Being black was a disadvantage in some professions but Bedford was a multicultural town and the work suited his physical attributes. He settled into the job and managed to stump up the money for a membership deal at 'The Old Bedfordian Athletics Club', and still pay his rent, food and service bills. The £200 a week was too tempting to refuse, for it meant he could live a little with some of his old friends.

Adam checked the time. It was 08:30. He had half an hour before Rafiya arrived for their weekly Monday morning briefing and a helping of black cock. For a 25-year-old Arabic girl, she was hot, and experienced. He met her at a nightclub in Bedford. When she propositioned him that night in bed, she admitted that she had targeted him because of his link to the athletics club.

He was tired after an early morning fitness session at the club. When he asked the receptionist where Tom was, she told him that he and Karen were no longer coaching there. So, he assumed that they had moved clubs. It had to have something to do with the sponsorship deal he was working on. Having got Jasmin's DNA sample, Adam guessed that his services were no longer required.

Before the teenager invited him up to her flat on Saturday morning, Adam had fantasized, many times about fucking her. He had gently suggested having a coffee on a previous occasion, when he dropped her off, but she had gently rebuffed his suggestion.

He wasn't pushy when he was sober and didn't have a stalker mentality. Jasmin

read him right though, when she suggested, in a roundabout way, that he was the 'fuck them and forget them' type.

It was true. He had shafted so many girls and completely forgotten about them. Jasmin though was a babe and was as near to a perfect 'A' star as any girl he had shafted. And Boy, she didn't disappoint. She was also as unpredictable as any girl he had laid, for she was the first girl to let him spear all three of her holes on the first date.

Having stripped and gathered his clothes together, he walked through to the bedroom and dumped the bundle and his bag in the corner. He wasn't going to tidy his flat, for he liked living in a mess. However, if he managed to entice Jasmin around, he would make an effort for her.

He showered, dried himself and slipped a bathrobe on, then returned to the lounge. After tucking the evidence that he had gathered in a drawer, he fired up his laptop, then opened a file labelled 007-10. After studying what he had written the day before, he read the last few paragraphs.

They detailed what happened on Saturday night, when he followed the white limo from Tom's house to the address in London. After no one emerged, Adam assumed they were staying the night, so he left at 02:00 and drove home.

He hadn't included the details of his visit to Jasmin's flat or of him getting the DNA sample. It was probably going to be his final pay day so he thought he would try and milk her for a larger final sum. He added a couple of paragraphs about Tom and Karen leaving the athletics club and his assessment that Jasmin would move with them, then closed the file.

He pushed a dongle into a USB port, copied the file, then closed the laptop. He had a few minutes to kill so he chilled and played with a few ideas he had been mulling over. The DNA was the worrying part, so he decided that he should get some more information out of Rafiya before he handed over the evidence.

A minute later, the bell rang. He opened the door and let her in. The confident, business-like, young woman stepped in and waited for him to close the door. The 5'9" Arab beauty was wearing a knee-length black coat, and grey, suede, thigh-length boots. They brought her up to his height. Over her shoulder was hanging a large satchel style black leather bag.

"Adam, how are you today?" She asked in a confident manner.

Rafiya had an assertive nature and liked to dominate when they were in bed. That made for spirited sex and gave him something to look forward to. There was no emotion though, almost like Jasmin's MO. He wondered if all Arab women liked it hard and quick.

He pulled the bow on the towelling belt and let his robe fall open. "What do you think?"

A brief smile flickered on her lips. "I'd say that you are a man on top form."

After he had helped her with her coat, Adam followed her into the lounge. She always acted as though she owned the place, which irked him somewhat. Beneath the coat, she was wearing a grey knitted, bodycon jumper dress. It was tight, short and showcased her slim figure. Her long black hair tumbled around the shoulders of the grey dress and framed her pretty features and clear honey

brown skin. She was seriously desirable.

“When are you going to tidy your flat, Adam?”

“I’ll get round to it before Christmas. You must be boiling in that dress.”

“Adam, I’m going to read your report first.”

She pulled a chair out from the small dining table and placed her shoulder bag on the surface. Without saying a word, she opened her bag and withdrew her notebook computer. It was an HP Z Book worth about three and a half grand. She and her associates were seriously loaded.

“Is that the file?” she asked pointing at the red memory stick Adam had left on the table.

“Yep. It covers the week up to this morning when there was a no show at the club. By the way, I accompanied her on another jog on Sunday morning.

She smiled at him. “Good boy. What’s that, four now?”

“Yes. Four. Do you want your usual?”

She pushed the dongle in a port. “Of course.”

He didn’t have a big kitchen, so it was also in a mess. He boiled the kettle, then made two instant coffees. Both black. He took the mugs through, then stood behind her and sipped his coffee.

She was scrolling through the boring report, scanning the details. When she got to the last page, where everything happened, she took a swig of her coffee and read it again, then sat silently sipping her coffee.

“What do you think?” he asked to break the silence.

She pointed at the screen. “Friday morning. You say that Tom Eastman met a foreign man during Jasmin’s morning training session.” She read his words verbatim. “Tom seemed unhappy after his conversation...” She looked away from the screen. “Where did the conversation take place and where were you at the time?”

“I was upstairs in the gym and Tom was chatting to the guy in the stands. It was early. There was no one around, apart from Jasmin and Karen.”

“Any idea what he was doing there? Have you got a name?”

“Rafiya, I’m not watching Tom, am I? At the time I didn’t think that it had anything to do with Jasmin. He could have been a friend of Tom’s for all I knew.”



“I told you to report anything unusual. That means taking pictures of any strangers showing up at the club.”

“If he had talked to Jasmin, I would have taken a picture of him,” Adam retorted.

“Have you ever seen him at the club before?”

“No, I’m sure of that.”

“Alright. When you say foreign, could he have been an Arab?”

“Maybe. Yes, I think so. Um, if he’s a member I could find out, but I doubt it...”

“Why do you doubt it?”

“He might have been discussing...” Adam stopped after realizing he had almost disclosed the information he was holding back.

He couldn’t explain it, but Rafiya intimidated him. He was just a small cog in the intriguing world of private investigators. By contrast, she behaved like a female version of James Bond, with his gadgets and international intrigue. Adam wanted to find out more about her world and become involved in it...

## **Chapter 3.6 ~ Adam's new role.**

Rafiya pushed the chair back. “Adam, do you know something about their discussion?”

“Maybe. Jasmin mentioned that Tom was working on a sponsorship deal...”

“I see. Why didn’t you write that in your report?”

“Oh, yes, I forgot until now... I remember it now because you’re interested in that Arab guy.”

She turned back to her computer and brought up another file. It was a picture of an Arab man. “Is this the man you saw at the club?”

Adam studied the picture and shrugged. “No, er, no. The man had a beard. Look, Rafiya, I doubt if I will be able to identify the man. He was too far away. I might give you the wrong information...”

“Just look at the pictures.” She scrolled to a second, then a third.

The fourth picture triggered a memory. “Wait. Um, that might be the guy.”

“Because he has a beard?”

“No, it’s the eyes. He had a cold stare like that guy...”

“Okay, now tell me if he might have been in the limo.”

“You can see from the picture that it had blacked out windows. I only saw the chauffeur. The house in Portman Square had an underground carpark.”

She closed the lid of the laptop and stood up. “Anything else you haven’t told me?”

“Maybe. Let’s get cosy on the bed first...”

Adam couldn’t suppress his randy behaviour. He tried to take charge but his suggestions, due to her dominant nature, were usually met with a counter command.

She responded true to her MO. “Adam, on your knees and lift the hem of my dress.

Without a second thought, he threw the bathrobe off his shoulders and dropped to his knees. He held his breath while pushing the knitted material up her thighs until he revealed her grey satin underwear. She always wore expensive gusset-less panties and usually told him to avoid soiling them while he performed oral. This time, she remained silent.

She made him wait a few seconds before she parted her thighs, then watched his reaction like a hawk. “Do you want to be my slave boy, Adam?”

He would do anything for her behind closed doors and beyond if he paid her enough. “Rafiya, I’ll be your slave in bed any day.”

“It’s Mistress. I want you to call me Mistress when we are alone.”

“Yes, Mistress. Can I show you how keen I am to shag you?”

He had a decent sight of Rafiya’s smooth cunt lips bulging through the slot, as well as enough room to dock his mouth onto her spicy sex.

“You must use your tongue first”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Before he had a chance to move forward, Rafiya moved. “Adam, follow me to the bedroom on all fours,” she said over her shoulder.

She was testing him, Adam decided. He clocked the beautiful Arab girl’s sashaying ass and long legs, sheathed in grey suede boots. He was up for playing

another of Rafiya's kinky games. Naked and hungry for sex, Adam dropped to his hands and knees and followed her to the bedroom. He had cleared the bed, but she had stopped short and turned.

She formed an 'A' with her legs and pointed at the floor in front of her. "Sit boy." He followed the order and once again studied her sex. "Why should I continue to employ you, Adam, now that the bird has flown the nest?"

"Um, what do you mean?"

"Tom and Karen leaving the club after the Arab man turned up there, suggests that Jasmin is no longer in the country. Tom and the Arab man were making the arrangements for the limo to pick up the trio from Tom's house. They had bags with them which can only mean one thing. They were ready to fly. The property in Portman Square is owned by a prominent Saudi billionaire. The trio will be in Saudi Arabia by now, which means I must also leave the country."

"So, you think that this billionaire is behind the sponsorship deal?"

"Or, some other kind of deal." Rafiya replied. "That's not important now. I want to know if you're prepared to continue working for me."

"What is there to do if Jasmin has left the country?"

"I need a bodyguard. It's a job you're ideally suited for. I will pay you five thousand pounds a month and cover your travelling expenses."

Adam was flabbergasted. “Er, you want me to accompany you to Saudi Arabia?”

“Yes. My work is done here.”

“Are you going to tell me why you’re watching her?”

Rafiya shook her head. “No. You will find out in due course, but I will reiterate that her life is not in danger. Do you want to be my bodyguard?”

It was a no brainer, but he wanted to know something. “Will we carry on as normal, like we are now?”

“You’re asking if you’ll still be able to fuck me?”

“Yes, Mistress, I am. After the amazing sex we’ve enjoyed, it would be difficult to do the job if I was denied those pleasures again.”

“The answer to that question is yes, you will be rewarded with sex, provided you deserve it. Have you done anything that will please me?”

“I have Mistress. I have a confirmed sample of Jasmin’s DNA.”

“In what form?”

“A toothbrush, but even better, the pair of panties she was wearing beneath her running shorts on Saturday morning.”

“How did you get them?”

“She invited me up to her flat. I did my secret agent stuff.”

“You fucked her?”

“Um, yes. She asked me to, and I obliged.”

“Do you expect me to believe that?”

“Yes, Mistress. Sometimes, fact is stranger than fiction. I’m not lying. Can I claim my prize?”

She looked down at him sternly. “Pull my panties down, boy, then I want you to take me from behind, after you’ve livened up my holes with your tongue.”

“Yes, Mistress. Nothing would give me greater pleasure.” He reached up and drew the delicate grey satin item down her legs and waited for his Mistress to



step out of them. Still wearing the grey knitted dress and thigh-length suede boots, Rafiya elegantly lowered herself to the floor and adopted the submissive 'bitch' position. She dipped her back, parted her knees and pushed her buttocks back so that her cunt was easily accessible.

Without hesitation, Adam hungrily moved forward and wrapped his lips around her plump labia. Her cunt was as warm and tasty as it usually was. With his nose between her cheeks, he lapped and probed up and down, outside in her furrow and inside her contrasting orifices.

"Yes, there, boy... More, deeper," came her insistent commands, as he pushed his face and she her ass, to get more satisfaction from the limited length of his thrusting tongue.

Rafiya was like a bitch on heat and came easily. After a short period of writhing and sighing, she gave him the command to mount her. Never had he been so hard and desperate to fuck a woman, as he was when he finally lifted his head and mounted her. Her references to dogs and her acting like a bitch had sparked his libido to new heights.

Rafina, who normally liked to bounce on his cock while he lay on the bed, on his back, liked it hard and fast so he tried to replicate the speed with which she fucked herself on his upright shaft.

"Good boy... Fuck me harder, like it's the last fuck of your life...."

"Shit, fuck, Mistress, you're the hottest woman on the planet," he managed to grunt out just before his climax came to its explosive peak. "Urrrrrr!" he

grunted like an animal while he pumped his young Mistress full of jiz.

There was silence for a few seconds while he got his breath back. He was just withdrawing when she looked over her shoulder. “Adam, prove you’re ready to serve me and follow my commands. Clean me out with your tongue. Hoover every last drop of your jiz out of my quim.”

It wasn’t a dreadful task when the glistening cunt he was staring at belonged to such a beautiful woman. He was taken with the idea of being her bodyguard, so he dipped his head again and set about performing a task that he never imagined he would ever do. He probed with his tongue and sucked with as much power as he could summons.

“Enough,” she called out just before she climbed to her feet.

He sat back on his heels to drink in Rafiya’s sexy appearance. She didn’t tug her dress down to cover her smooth mons with the strange tattoo of a QR code. She just stared down at him for a moment.

“The DNA samples. Where are they, Adam?”

He climbed to his feet. “I’ll get them.” She followed him back into the lounge and while he retrieved them from the drawer, she pulled her panties on and sorted her dress out. It was a shame, he thought, that the fun was over.

He handed over the plastic bags. “Rafiya, when do you want me to start guarding

you?”

“From the moment we arrive in Saudi Arabia. Get me your passport.”

Adam opened another drawer and fished it out. “It’s only a year old,” he said after he handed it to her.

“I need to take a photo of it so that I can organize a visa for you.”

She sat down at the table, took her cell phone out and photographed the main page, then handed the passport back. “We leave on Wednesday. Remember, Riyadh is only two hours ahead of London, so you’ll easily adjust. Cancel your rental agreement for this flat and hand your notice in at the nightclub. I’ll give you an address in London for you to drive to on Wednesday morning. It’ll be where you’ll live when we return to England.”

“Will you be living there as well?”

“Yes, I own the property.”

“What about my car?”

“There’s plenty of room in the garages attached to the property.

Adam couldn't believe his luck. He had obviously impressed Rafiya with his detective work so she was rewarding him with the plumb job of being her bodyguard.

From guarding a nightclub to guarding a beautiful young woman had to be easier and much more enjoyable. He couldn't think of a single drawback to the new lifechanging opportunity Rafiya was offering him.

He was right about one thing; the opportunity was going to be lifechanging...

## **Chapter 3.7 ~ Jasmin's hard slog.**

The building that I assumed we were racing toward, was close enough for me to see that it looked like a roundhouse. Zena and I had managed to match each other's efforts stride for stride. When we started the race, I knew my capabilities but not hers. Well, it turned out that she was as strong as me, possibly stronger.

"Girls, I hope you've been saving something. Switt Switt! "Ugggh!" I grunted when Mohsin slashed his whip across my rounded cheeks – an easy target from where he was sitting. Switt! Switt! "Ugggggggh!" we cried in unison.

My legs responded so there was an injection of pace. Zena, beside me, was also feeling the pressure, but the blows from Mohsin's whip spurred her on too. We gradually drew alongside the 'S' wagon and then came level with the driver. He glared down at us, then whipped his girls again. Switt! Switt!

"Move you lazy bitches!" he yelled. His girls emitted a gargled scream as if he had landed blows on a sensitive part of their bodies.

With my head down and my body bent, I strained every muscle that I could, to increase the speed. Switt! "Ahhhhhhhh!" I cried when Mohsin managed to land the tip of the whip on the lips of my thrusting sex.

The cruel blow injected the vital spark he needed. My fear of him doing it again was the driving factor. Tears rolled down my face as the stabbing pain in my labia sparkled intensely.

"Go, girls, go!" Mohsin cried excitedly, as I drew alongside our opponent's

panting Pony-girls.

We were flagging but the 'S' team were clearly hurting. Their lack of stamina was showing as we gradually edged past them.

"Girl's, harder, try harder," Lafiz shouted at his pair of tired runners, but he had gotten the best out of them and thankfully had the sense not to beat them anymore.

The building wasn't far and because Mohsin knew that we had won the race, avoided whipping us again. The gates to the building's compound were open so we didn't have to slow as we approached the opening. I can honestly say that I had never been so relieved as I was when we thundered through, between the brick pillars, a length ahead of the 'S' wagon. Then, the bit pressed down on my tongue...

"Ugggggh" I grunted

"Pull into the bay, dead ahead, girls," Mohsin called out as we pulled back on the handles to slow the wagon's momentum.

The roundhouse was basically a round roof on stout wooden posts with the building in the centre. The outer ring was divided into eight triangular sections, bays, to unload goods and provide protection from the sun's intense rays. In the centre was an 8-sided, octagon shaped office building. Standing in the doorway were two young men dressed in white thawb, ready I assumed to assist with the delivery.

I had won my first race in Saudi Arabia, but a victory was no consolation for the dire situation I found myself in. I had never put so much effort into a training session or race, so the only saving grace was that I was keeping my fitness up.

After we pulled to a stop and stood erect, Mohsin left the chains long. Lafiz steered his pair of girls into the next bay beside Zena. Their level of exhaustion was higher than ours but all four of us were sweating profusely and panting to get our breath back. It would have been a lot easier to recover if Mohsin removed the uncomfortable bit.

Then, unexpectedly, the lads from the office came around to face us. One had a bucket of water while the other had a hose and pipe. The lad put the pump in the water, while the other aimed the hose at us.

The water came out as a fine spray and was just what the doctor ordered. It didn't take long to drench us. Thankfully, they didn't stop until the bucket was empty. I managed to catch enough water in my mouth to quench my thirst.

While the lads chatted together as they unloaded the wagon, we, the four Pony-girls got our breath back. Mohsin left us for ten minutes, while he emptied the wagon, before bringing us our energy drink. He removed our bits and held the bottle for us while we guzzled down half a bottle each.

He dealt with Zena first, then while I was drinking, he gave me an inkling of what we would be doing in the coming hours.



“In a minute, we’re going to attach a spray unit to the back of our empty wagon. It’s full and ready to operate between the palms.” While he talked, he played with my tits and nipples which I didn’t mind. I pretended Tom was massaging me after a race.

When the bottle was empty, he threw it into a bin, then went inside the office. The other three followed him inside. We could see them chatting together while drinking cans of soda.

I turned toward Zena. “How big is the plantation?”

“It’s divided into eight sections. We are at the centre like a hub of a square wheel.”

“How long will it take?”

“We’ll be doing this all day. I’ll warn you now, the lads are about to fuck us. Here they come.”

“Shit...”

Mohsin emerged from the office and waited for the others to join him. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but it was clear that the two lads were being told which Pony-girl they could fuck. Lafiz had chosen one of his own girls while Mohsin had decided to fuck me.

“Oh, you got the short straw,” Zena whispered.

Mohsin was carrying a white tub when he came alongside me. “It’s massage time, girls. Lean as far forward as the chains will allow.”

I noticed that Zena was doing it without being told, so I followed suit until my back was about 45 degrees off horizontal. One of the lads climbed over Zena’s side shaft and chain while Mohsin climbed over on my side. There was just enough room for the young men to stand and shaft us, if that’s what they wanted to do.

I heard the tub being opened, then felt a dollop of the jell rubbed onto my lower back. Not putting the bits into our mouths was inviting us to complain about what they were doing. However, I doubted if there was anything I could say that would deter the Arab lad from relieving his sexual urges in my tightest orifice.

He handed the tub to the lad standing beside him. “Go easy on Zena. She’s one of the best thralls on this estate.”

It sounded as though he had a soft spot for the girl. When he turned his attention to me, he dropped his hands to the lower slopes of my buttocks. I wiggled my ass when a greasy thumb rubbed some of the solution on my tight pucker. Surprisingly, he was patient while he applied pressure with his slippery digit until the tight muscles relented and allowed him to delve deeper.

“Ohhhhh,” I said softly when he moved his thumb in a circular motion to

slacken the entrance and apply more lubricant.

His preparations only lasted a minute before he withdrew his thumb. Moments later, he eased his knob into my obstinate entrance, causing me considerable discomfort for a few seconds.

“Ugggggggh,” I groaned softly while he dove in as deep as my rounded ass cheeks would allow.

“Jaz, you and Zena make a good pair...” He moved his hands to my hips to get a firm grip of my body, then began to pound his cock into my back passage, with animalistic ferocity. “...I think my luck has changed,” he muttered.

“Uh, uh, uh,” I grunted softly each time the well-endowed lad thrust his rock-hard cock into my youthful rectum.

My grunts and groans were joined by the other three girls who were suffering the same rear-end experience that I was. If it was a race, then I wished that Mohsin would win it, but I had the misfortune to be shafted by the lad with the longest staying power. The other three lads had retired to the cooler office to finish their drinks by the time Mohsin approached his big moment.

“This contribution, Jaz, will put a rocket up your asssssssss! Yes!” he exclaimed, then emptied his balls during the final dozen or so most powerful thrusts in the fuck. Each one was accompanied with another ‘Yes!’, then all I got by way of a thanks was a slap on my taut ass cheek.

Lafiz emerged from the office with a four pack of soda in his hand. “Get a move-on, Mohsin. The drones will be buzzing around soon,” the lad said as they passed on the boardwalk.

Lafiz had already fitted his team’s bits and gauze head coverings, by the time Mohsin came to do ours. Our driver had also fetched a pack of four cans to quench his thirst, I assumed, during the morning.

“Right, we’re going to back out so we can link up with the spreader,” he informed us. “Then, we’ll be ready to go.”

We handled the manoeuvre with ease for I had learnt my lesson from the previous hash I made of the last one. We reversed 20 yards to where the tanks were filled with the liquid fertilizer. Lafiz and his Pony-girls had already pulled away from the loading dock, so I was able to see the size of the tank-trailer that was about to be coupled to our wagon.

The girls were struggling at first, which wasn’t surprising considering the size of the tanker. Also, one of the lads had seated himself in the empty wagon, facing backward. I wondered if he was there to control the distribution of the fertilizer.

Mohsin jumped down and assisted the last lad with the connection. He was in a hurry to get going because the ‘S’ team were already on their way to the section they were spraying. Satisfied with the connection, he returned to the driver’s seat.

“Okay, girls, we’re taking the east quadrant. Let’s get going.”

Like the other team, Zena and I had to make a real effort to get the wagons moving, but once we were underway, momentum came into play. Mohsin steered us out of the compound and onto the east quadrant, which consisted of multiple straight rows of date palms. The task was to spread liquid fertilizer on the ground as we passed the date palms at a slow jog.

The lad sitting in the bed of our wagon had a remote controller that he used to spray a short burst at the base of each tree. It was a bizarre combination of using eighteenth and twenty-first century technology in tandem. I thought that as the load diminished, our job, maintaining the right speed, would get easier, but it didn't.

The temperature climbed and as the morning wore on, we became fatigued. So, despite the load getting lighter, we were having to work hard until we had to return for another load. Thankfully, we were allowed to rest in the roundhouse while the lads filled the empty tank.

Mohsin was in a good mood because he had won the bet; and, because we were the first team back for a refill. However, he explained that there were other factors involved in assessing the performances of the North and South teams throughout the day. On the first run, I constantly spotted the drones buzzing around. Someone was keeping a close eye on us.

It took about 20 minutes to fill the tank from a large hopper, which according to Mohsin, converted the sacks of fertilizer we hauled to the roundhouse, into liquid form. Lafiz had to wait his turn to fill his tank and took the opportunity to check me out.

“So, the North finally got a decent raw bitch, heh?” he said while fondling my tits.

“Ow, that fucking hurts,” I complained when he twisted my nipples. “Ahhhhhh!” I screamed when he increased the strength of his pinch.

“Thrall, you will address me as ‘SIR’. Do you understand?”

Tears formed in my eyes. “Yes, sorry, Sir... Ahhhhhh!”

“Swearing at your superior gets you three stripes...” He turned and went into the office.

“Jaz, that was stupid,” Zena said.

“He’s not my boss,” was all I could think of saying.

The lad emerged with a flexible stick and came over to me. “First, I’ve heard enough from you...” He pushed the bit into my mouth and fastened it at the side of my bridle. “Lean forward, thrall, and be grateful that I don’t take this matter any further.”

When he moved to the side, I closed my eyes and gripped the bit with my teeth. Switt! Switt! Switt! “Urrrrrrrrrr,” I cried when my buttocks exploded in a ball of

fiery pain.

The vindictive Arab delivered the three strokes with brutal force and concentrated the blows on one spot to increase the pain. For a brief moment, I was back in the basement of the convent, strapped to a barrel in the winery. The blows were from the side, but the pain was just as intense.

Through tear flooded eyes, I spotted Mohsin approaching. “What’s going on?” he asked.

“This thrall swore at me. I’ve dealt with her.”

Mohsin tapped my head. “Stand up.” He looked at me with a stern expression. “Is this true?” Deciding to tell the truth, I nodded. “Then you got what you deserve.” He turned and put his hand on Lafiz’s shoulder. “We’ve finished. Better get moving.”

I was disappointed in Mohsin’s reaction, but I had learnt an important lesson. I had to respect every lad because they could do no wrong. Thankfully, Mohsin appeared to forget about the incident. He gave us another drink, then we were on our way again. We were going to get our lunch after our second run, so I had that to look forward to.

I was able to use the sparkling pain as a focal point to take my mind off the awful things that were happening to me; but as soon as my legs became weary again, the reality of my situation came crashing back...

## **Chapter 3.8 ~ Vida's new world.**



It was a very important day for the young Kuwaiti thrall. It was her first day working as an assistant to the much feared, Ibrahim Khalid. Just mentioning his name struck fear into the lads and her fellow thralls. Vida had caught her Master's attention while working as an assistant in the kennels. It was difficult not to, when he was so hands-on around the estate. However, she would have rather been spotted by Sheik Bashar himself and been promoted to the household staff.

She had only been on the Bashar estate for eight months. Her previous owners, in Kuwait, owned a penthouse suite on the top of a skyscraper. She didn't know her father so was brought up by her mother who was herself a thrall. For 18 years, Vida's life consisted of cleaning duties within the tiny world of the penthouse.

Her Mistress hated having such a young thrall in the apartment and was the one who organized her eventual sale at auction. Vida's mother was devastated but there was nothing she could do to stop her daughter from being sold.

Finding herself, naked and in chains, on a podium, being inspected by dozens of prospective buyers shocked Vida to the core. Living in a tiny bubble and then being cast into the harsh world took some adjusting. But, she coped and became good at her job – assistant in the Pony-girl stables, then assistant in the Puppy kennels.

After locking the gate to cage 4, the new Puppy-boy's enclosure, Vida removed the wrist controller and latex glove, placed them in the small cupboard, then slowly strolled down the openair corridor, tapping the wire mesh with the Puppy-prod. Vida couldn't help casting a critical eye over the corner boxes in the final three enclosures. She noticed that one of the girls had missed a turd in cage 2 so made a mental note to mention it to Saba.

Vida wondered if she was going to miss the constant adoration the Puppy-boys showed her, once they had settled in. Yes, she had punished them, but she gave them rewards when they behaved themselves. Vida would still be spending some of her time visiting the boy's and girl's kennels, checking the assistant's work and examining all the new arrivals.

It usually took the new boys two weeks, working in security, before they finally accepted their new station in life. There were many more Puppy-girls, but they were easier to deal with, despite the nature of their duties. The Master made sure the Kennels were staffed with dedicated female staff.

The young girls were under no illusion. One fuck-up would get a girl 48 hours in the kennels. Two and the girl would spend a week in temporary Puppy wear. Three times and that was it. The girl would either be transformed permanently or be sold on. It was an almost fool proof system. The girls followed the rules to the letter.

The door at the end of the corridor opened into the Puppy's exercise yard. Of course, there were no PBs exercising at eleven in the morning. The boys who were on the eight till eight nightshift were sleeping, while the others were out patrolling the estate with the guards.

There was some activity though. Two of the estate's Puppy-girls were being prepared for an assignment. Master Ibrahim had chosen the two most attractive Puppies in the Kennels, Rahima and Nura. The Master had told her to prepare the pair for escort duties but hadn't given Vida any details of their destination.

Vida strolled over to the group to see how they were getting on. Rifa was

standing behind Aya and Saba, while they washed the first Puppy's hair. The attractive Saudi thrall looked up. "Hello, Miss..."

"Rifa, for Allah's sake, use my name." She casually waved the prod in the air.

When the girls watched the tip of the weapon with wide eyes, Vida quickly tucked it under her arm. Rifa shook her head. "We'd better not, Miss, just in case we say it in front of the Master."

"Mmmm, Okay. The new boy, Tom, needs a meal."

"What's he like?"

"He seems more cultured than most of the animals the Master buys. Not sure if he'll make a good guard dog. Not much aggression..."

"That makes a change," Rifa said. "I'll deal with him."

Aya turned the tap off and rolled the hose up while Saba started to dry the first girl's hair with a towel. She looked up. "Is something going on up at the Palace, Miss?"

"Saba, when I rolled out of bed this morning, I was shitting myself knowing that I was reporting to Master Ibrahim at seven. I'm feeling a lot better now, but I've

already forgotten half of what he told me. I do know that Sheik Bashar has an important visitor.”

Vida cast her eye over the Puppy-girls. Their bodies were clad in breathable pink latex up to their gold collars. Their large tits bulged from reinforced holes in the latex suit, as did their modified cunts from a slot in the gusset. She had gotten used to caring for them but lived in constant fear of being transformed into one.

The girls were going to put the Puppy’s hair in bunches using pink ribbon, add an anal tail and apply makeup. “Saba, I’ll be back in twenty minutes to collect them. Make sure they’re ready.” She tried to sound assertive to girls who considered her to be a friend.

Aya winked at her, just before she set off for the stables. Earlier, Master Ibrahim told her to check out the progress of the new Pony-girl who had arrived in the same batch as the Puppy-boy, Tom. The fact that they arrived together interested her. One of Vida’s weaknesses was her inquisitiveness. It had gotten her into trouble on countless occasions.

Consequently, she had learnt, at an early age to keep things to herself. While all the thralls and lads around her, on the estate, lacked basic skills like reading and writing, Vida was able to do both. Her previous owners tried to dumb her life down, but she listened and learnt while others watched TV and discussed sensitive topics.

The Country Estate and the Home Estate were separated by a barrier that restricted the movement of staff and goods between the pair of vast estates. In fact, the security on the Country Estate wasn’t as strong as the other, more important one. The date palm plantation was protected from the outside world by a ten-foot-high wire fence. It was electrified and topped with coiled razor wire.

The Home estate had an extra internal fence, creating a corridor which was constantly patrolled by armed security officers. Puppy-boys were used as an extra level of security. They patrolled the grounds and the date palm plantations. At night, each boy wore a helmet that was equipped with internal headphones and a camera for commands, plus a torch on one side and a dart gun on the other.

As far as Vida knew there hadn't been any incursions through the outer fences while she had been living on the estate. But, the Puppy-boys had proved effective twice when thralls had been caught trying to contact people through the Country Estate's fence.

Bare footed, the Kuwaiti youngster walked along the boundry road, which circulated the entire Country Estate. She winced at the memory of running the ten-mile circuit as a punishment for an untidy stall in the Pony-girl stables. Vida was put into temporary Pony-girl tack and made to pull Master Rizwan in one of the lightweight inspection rigs.

After leaving the kennels, she had to walk a few hundred yards before she reached the Estate's administration building. It was a small, traditional, single-story structure which had been erected over a hundred years earlier.

Master Ibrahim's residence was attached to the back of the building. He was the manager of the Country Estate and had a mix of over 60 individuals to manage, whether they be security officers, Puppies, thralls, Pony-girls or lads.

After another hundred yards, beyond the admin building, Vida approached a crossroads. To her left, 50 yards away, stood a massive set of electronically operated gates. Security operated them from within the Home Estate, which to

all intents and purposes was in another world. Vida had entered the Home Estate many times but had never been in the palace. Most of the occasions involved accompanying Master Rizwan with the delivery of Puppy-girls to the security centre.

Vida stayed on the main track which had a reasonably smooth surface of compacted sandy soil. After another one hundred yards, she arrived at the Country Estate stables, an old wooden building, which was apparently small by comparison to the Sheik's racing stables.

According to Master Rizwan, Sheik Bashar had a strong Pony-girl team that would one day win a competition called the Champion's league. While she worked in the stables, Vida spent a lot of time with Master Rizwan who had managed to cling onto the stable manager's job through some unsettled times.

It wasn't a difficult one. He had to keep his compliment of five or six Pony-girls fit and smartly turned out for Master Ibrahim, who often required a pair to tour the estate. But in the main, they hauled goods around the estate, working out of the main warehouse. All the farm vehicles were pulled by multitasking thralls who were accommodated on the North and South Camps.

Her new job would involve driving Master Ibrahim around the estate he managed, and also taking him to locations in the Home Estate. Vida's heart beat faster when she thought about the possibility of visiting the palace and meeting Sheik Bashar and his wife Maira in person. Everyone said she was the most beautiful girl in the world, but the Kuwaiti teenager disagreed. She had lived in the real world and seen beauty for herself.

Vida stopped at the first of three sets of double doors which had been swung open to improve air circulation in the old building. Two thralls were preparing

the medium wagon for her. One of the Pony-girls was already tethered between the shafts. She approached the pair and recognized the nearest thrall.

“Layan, where is Master Rizwan?”

The teenage Saudi looked surprised to see Vida dressed in the light blue tunic, of a head thrall. The Puppy-prod confirmed her new status. Layan stood upright and wiped her hands down her fawn tunic. “Oh, Vida, I didn’t know... er... Miss.”

“You are forgiven, Layan. Your Master?”

“He’s out the back with the new filly...”

“Thanks.” Vida studied the pair of Pony-girls and liked what she saw. They were calm and looked well rested.

Vida decided to take the outside route, so returned to the front of the stables and skirted the building until she arrived at the side gate. It had been at least a week since she had seen Master Rizwan, so she wondered what his reaction was going to be when he clapped eyes on her.

### **Chapter 3.9 ~ Vida's new responsibilities.**



Vida pulled the bolt and let herself into the side passageway. She slowed when she arrived in the training yards. There were two training posts which during her time in the stables were hardly used. Master Rizwan was using the furthest one to train the new filly. Another lad was standing watching the Pony-girl trot around the post.

The filly was wearing full tack, with the addition of short chains connecting 'D' rings on the top of her thigh-length boots to the lower, outer edge of her corset/harness. The chains ensured that she remained in the Pony stance while she trotted around the post, or most commonly, when she was moved from her stall to the wagon she was going to be tethered to.

As he turned, Master Rizwan spotted Vida approaching. He handed the whip to his assistant and put his hands on his hips. Having the status of a gangmaster, he wore a leather baldric belt. Normally used to hang a sword on, the gangmasters used them to hold their whips, radios and other paraphernalia.

"Is that my Vida impersonating a head thrall?" He opened his arms expecting her to go to him.

She smiled but stopped short. "Sir, Master Ibrahim told me to check on the new arrival."

He didn't move. "Not even a hug for the man who put a good word in for you. When Master Ibrahim returned from his trip and discovered that Kate had fucked up yet again, he came asking for my advice. I told him, you need Vida! She's as smart as any European bitch."

Vida didn't believe a word of it, but she smiled diplomatically and went to him. Rizwan grabbed her butt cheeks and lifted her in the air.

"Give me a kiss, thrall..." She wrapped her legs around his body but had to wriggle to get comfortable.

"Your radio's sticking in me, Sir."

"That's not all that'll be sticking in you when I get you back to my office. Kiss me, girl."

"Sir, Master Ibrahim will send me back to the kennels if I fuck up on my first day..." He maintained his powerful grip, so she kissed him – a lingering sweet kiss, then leant back.

"Just remember, I have the Master's ear," he said.

It was true, Rizwan could make her tenure of head thrall a short one with the right complaint. "I'll come back later, Sir... Is this new white filly up to scratch?" she asked, trying to take his mind of shafting her.

He turned so that they could both see the white Pony-girl. She was standing perfectly still and looked resigned to her captivity.

“She’s an untrained thrall with no history. She’s in good nick though. We got her because she’s twenty-seven. Can you feel that? I’m hard for you, girl.”

“Please let me down, Sir.” He reluctantly lowered her to the floor. “What’s her name?”

“Karen. I’ll be interested to see how she copes when I eventually put her through her paces.”

“Let me check her out. She doesn’t look that old.”

Vida ran her hands over the filly’s firm buttocks, then up and down her legs. When Vida parted her labia, the girl moved for the first time. The metal eyelet punched in her clitoral ridge was new, indicating that in all probability, the girl had been snatched off the street.

Vida backed away from the filly. “She seems to be settling in nicely.” There were about a dozen marks where Rizwan had snapped the whip on her flesh but in the scheme of breaking a filly in, he had hardly punished her at all. “I think she’ll knuckle down, Sir, and prove to be a reliable performer.”

She said it loud enough for the animal to hear, then waited for the Pony training to resume before heading back to the main building. Her ride was ready and waiting but she had to take care of a small matter first. Vida fetched pads from the desk and sat down for a moment to change the pads in her lightweight cotton bra, a necessity when she wasn’t feeding Puppy-boys.

She had briefly expressed both breasts using a mechanical pump when she woke, but had to rush for the meeting with her new Master. Vida was yet to find out what her Master wanted her to do about her lactating. Her predecessor, Kate, continued producing milk but stopped feeding the Puppy-boys.

The girls were patiently waiting for her beside the wagon. “Thanks, girls,” she said after climbing up and seating herself on the bench seat.

She checked that the cool box was loaded as requested, then flicked the reins. “Girls, we’re picking up a couple of Puppies from the exercise yard.”

The pair pulled away eagerly, walked out into the bright sunshine, then broke into a jog as they set off along the perimeter road. Vida, with her feet up on the front bar, looked around her and felt freer than she had in her entire life. There was nothing to stop her from taking the girls for a run but if she did that, her new status would be short lived.

With her knees slightly bent and higher than her feet, her thighs were about 30 degrees off horizontal. The light blue material of her tunic had bunched but was still hiding her sex. She pulled the material back for a second to examine her labia and fleshy clitoral ridge. She had worn a dildo for so long, it had made her entrance more visible. She felt far more vulnerable without it and knew many of the powerful men on the estate would take advantage of her in the coming months.

Midday was a quiet time on the border between the estates. There wasn’t a sole to be seen as her wagon trundled along on wheels that were equipped with wide, rubber tyres. She was on a mission to impress her Masters and gain whatever

promotion she could. Having their trust was vital if she was ever going to find her way onto the palace staff.

They passed the estate's office and approached the gates to the kennel compound. A sensor attached to the front of the centre shafts triggered the electronics and the modern metal gates swung open for her.

Vida steered the team over to the platform in front of the dispatch warehouse. Saba was waiting with the Puppy-girls, but there was no sign of the cage she had to pick up. The wooden stage was at the same height as the bed of the wagon. As soon as she stopped, Saba lowered the wagon's side while Vida jumped down to the ground.

She skirted the wagon, climbed the steps and walked to the warehouse entrance. Her eyes slowly adjusted to the gloom as she approached the huge figure of Valeed, the man who ran the kennel's warehouse singlehandedly. Generally, a friendly man, he demanded that we girls called him Val.

"Val..."

He turned slowly. "Is that my favourite thrall, Vida?"

"Sure is, Val. What's the hold up with the cage?"

His eyes sparkled with devilment. "The white bitch wasn't very cooperative," he chuckled. "Just writing her label."

Vida looked past him where the cage was sitting on the bench. The white thrall had been squeezed into the small cage and appeared to be ready to go.

Vida had already spoken to Valeed about the thrall collection. She joined the big man beside the cage. Kate was emitting muffled complaints, but she couldn't move a muscle. The standard transport method was to secure the thrall to a base, in the crouched position with her knees tucked under her, then slide the girl into the cage. There were holes in the end for her toes and a larger, circular hole for the centre of her cheeks and sex to project through.

"This won't take a minute, Vida."

Valeed had already installed dildo plugs in her twin orifices. She watched him write the girl's name on a plastic label with a permanent marker. He then threaded a cable tie through the eyelet in her clitoral flesh and the label, then zipped it closed. He clipped the end with a pair of pliers, then moved around to the side.

"Is the wagon ready?"

"Yes, Sir. Do you need a hand."

"Huh! From a little squirt like you?" He bent over, wrapped his huge arms around the cage and picked it up as though it was made of balsa wood.

Vida, hurried back to the wagon to make sure there was room for the cage. Thankfully, the bitches had settled in the front corners, enabling the colossal figure to lower the cage onto the back half of the wagon's bed.

"Thanks Val," she said with a smile.

He put his hands on his hips. "Vida, you look too good in that tunic. Watch out for the vultures..."

"I will. Thanks Val." She climbed over the back of the seat and settled her bare butt on the wooden bench. Next stop was the estate office and her second meeting with Master Ibrahim.

Vida parked the wagon under the awning at the side of the office and jumped down. The bitches were happy, in the shade, while the caged thrall would be inconsolable until she was released when she reached her destination. Beyond the awning, about 50 yards away, were the gates to the Home Estate. The CCTV cameras on top of the brick pillars were probably trained on the wagon she had just parked.

Through the metal gates, Vida could see the rolling fairway and palm trees that were part of the nine-hole golf course and little else. She walked back to the front of the building, then along to the main entrance. The exterior looked hundreds of years old, but the automatic doors and the office within belonged to the twenty-first century.

There were no guards in the small lobby, only facial recognition cameras. After the door locked behind her, Vida stood nervously waiting, watching the screen

below the cameras. Only the time, 12:04, glowed on the screen in huge figures. Then it changed to an arrow pointing to the left.

“Enter,” the robotic voice said.

The righthand door led to the main office while the left led directly into the Manager’s office. She pushed the door open and stepped inside the airconditioned room for the second time that day. Master Ibrahim was sitting behind his desk, with his elbows on the desk and his fingers linked under his chin. He had changed from a thawb into a light blue silk shirt and tan pants. The man was seriously handsome, Vida thought. The trouble was that the man was as ruthless as he was cruel.

While he studied her appearance, she lifted her hands together and bowed. “Master, I am your servant.”

On the first visit to his office, at 08:00, Master Ibrahim was in a hurry, for it was his first day back in his office. He showed her the room that came with the job and gave her five minutes to change into a tunic that was the uniform of a head thrall. When she returned to his office, he then filled her head with the rules and explained the standards he expected from her.

He also gave her an outline of her duties while standing over a map of the estate. He was interrupted half a dozen times before he eventually took her down to the Puppy-boy section of the Kennels to check out the new arrival.

That was the first time that she had spent more than half an hour in his company. She had witnessed Ibrahim’s callous and aggressive side many times, from a



distance, but he treated her, that morning, in a business-like manner. He had been furious the previous day. Vida wondered if she was witnessing the calm before yet another storm...

## **Chapter 3.10 ~ Vida's final decision.**

Ibrahim had been away for a few days and was furious with everyone when he arrived back on Sunday morning. As a result, none of the kennel staff were included in the weekly trip to the racecourse to watch the Pony-girl races. The races were in fact the practice day for the fillies in Sheik Bashar stables. The real racing happened on Saturdays and only a select few attended from the Country Estate.

The blinds were tilted to keep the sun's rays out, so the cool office was gloomy. Ibrahim was sitting to her right, when she entered, while her smaller desk was straight ahead. Vida could see the wagon under the awning through the window behind her desk. The map of the Country Estate, which Ibrahim had spread out on the surface of her desk, during her first visit, was still there.

"Vida, I've been watching you..." He pointed up at the block of eight screens, on the wall, to the right of her desk. "So far, so good. At nineteen, you are the youngest thrall to step up as my assistant. Tell me now. Are you going to be able to cope, or is the job too much for you?"

Vida approached the desk as he talked to her. She had no intention of passing up the opportunity to climb the ladder. "Master, it is an honour to serve as your assistant. I will work diligently, day in day out to help you with the smooth running of the Country Estate."

He nodded but had a serious expression on his face. "Vida, Kate bit off more than she could chew. If the job is too daunting, then I'll put you back in the kennels and I'll never mention it again..." He picked up a small gold pendant and held it up for her to lean forward and see. "Once you're wearing this, there's no going back. If you fail me..." He pointed out of the window at the cage, which was just visible above the side of the wagon. "...that's what will happen to you. We do not tolerate failures on this estate. What do you say?"

The pendant was not only a status symbol, but it was also an electronic gadget. It would open doors to her that before had remained firmly locked. Plus, if it was programmed, it could protect her from being mounted by certain Puppy-boys. Every head thrall wore one but had different perks that had to be earned.

“Master, you won’t regret putting your trust in me.”

“I’d better not. Tell me what you thought of the new filly that Rizwan was training.”

“I think she’ll make a good Estate Pony-girl. Her temperament appears stable and her legs are lean and strong. We’ll need more animals if we should have a drought.”

“Yes, I think she’ll prove to be a good acquisition. Come here and let me fit your pendant.” He patted the desk in front of him and pushed his chair back.

Vida hurried around the desk and while facing her Master, hoisted herself up onto the edge of the desk. The surface was clear behind her, so she was able to lean back and support herself with her elbows. She parted her thighs and lifted her heels onto the edge of the desk so that her Master had easy access to her grinning cunt.

He trundled his chair forward until he could lean in and attach the small pendant to her clitoral eyelet. It was the shape of an open padlock. All he needed to do was close it to secure it to her eyelet.

“Vida, the only way to remove this is to cut it off. Now let’s deal with your dildo.” He pulled open a desk drawer and removed a small bunch of keys and a long narrow plastic box like a fat pencil case. “Open that, Vida.”

She snapped the dildo holder open and placed it on the desk beside her butt, then returned to her position. “Master, when will I have to wear a dildo?”

He pushed the key into the lock. “When I say so. You’re going to meet a few people during the afternoon. I can’t impress them if your holes aren’t available, can I?” He turned the key, relieving Vida of an annoying presence deep within her belly.

She held her breath while he withdrew the dildo. “No, of course not, Master. Where are we going this afternoon?”

Master Ibrahim laid the glistening dildo in the container then unzipped his fly. “First, we’ll deliver the thrall to security. While we’re there, I’ll get them to update your security files and reprogram your collar. Then, we’ll take the Puppy-girls to the racecourse. Our Master is entertaining some guests while they watch a training session for his team of racing Pony-girls. From there, we’ll return to the Country Estate and visit the roundhouse then the main warehouse.

While he spoke, her Master eased his cock out of his pants, then docked his impressive knob with her hungry entrance. “Oh, Master, my wish has come true...”

While giving Vida a warning, Ibrahim put his weight behind his cock and thrust it into her in an aggressive manner. “Vida, be careful what you wish for. The slave markets are rife with ambitious thralls. You will please me more if you apply yourself and spot any trouble before I discover it myself. You no longer have any friends among the other thralls. Kate gave favours and it cost her. The thralls fear your link to me and so they should...”

He gripped her hips and edged her forward, thus spreading her thighs further so that he could attain the deepest thrust possible. “Master, I will also fear your displeasure. That is why I will be diligent and thorough in my new role...”

Vida wanted to lie back and enjoy her Master’s domination, but her duty was to stroke his ego and not to show her feelings. It was difficult because strong, sparkling sensations were welling in her nether region. “Master, a girl couldn’t wish for a more powerful and virulent man to serve. Your masterful manhood must be the topic of every woman’s conversation on Sheik Bashar’s staff.”

That brought a smile to his face. The first since she arrived in his office that morning. “Vida, I knew you had potential when I put a bid in for you...” He upped the pace as he cantered toward his big moment. “I like to be right when others tell me I’m wrong. Prove me right girl and we’ll get along...”

He fell silent as the climax of his powerful, subjugating performance came to a violent end. His method of pounding his cock into her slight body while pulling it onto him made her gasp with each of his final thrusts. When he stilled, he paused, placed his hands on her stomach and felt her muscles, then examined her thighs.

“Tomorrow, I’ll take you to the fitness centre for a check-up. I want to know what condition you’re in. You look fit, but I don’t want to be embarrassed if one

of the other managers challenges you to run against one of their girls.”

He was talking about a Pony-girl challenge. The important men in the household were constantly challenging each other. It was an aspect of the job that she hadn't even considered. Master Ibrahim was just one of four managers. The other three managed the Home Estate, the Palace and the Pony stables.

Ibrahim was the Junior of the four managers so she would have to kowtow to the head thralls of the other three. Then, there was the Sheik's personal staff. His thralls and concubines were all senior to her, for they had been promoted several times to attain their privileged position.

Once Ibrahim had slipped out of her juiciness, he stepped back, giving her room to slip off the desk and drop to her knees. Cleaning her cunt cream from her Master's cock gave her the opportunity to demonstrate her thorough nature. Using her tongue and lips, Vida lavished his dick with long strokes, then lip-fucked his knob and shaft back to life.

However, he stopped her from performing a full blowjob with a tap on the head. “Enough. Sit on the edge of the desk again and lift your tunic above your breasts.”

She nimbly re-seated herself and pulled her tunic up. Hooking her fingers under the lower hem of the elasticated bra, she lifted that up as well, taking the pads with it. Her tits performed a double bounce then stilled. He studied them for a second. Her chunky nipples were damp and there were beads of milk forming on their tips.

“Vida, I want you to stop taking the treatment. In the meanwhile, I’ll use them until you’re dry. It will help you take your fitness to a higher level which is important if you continue in your new role.”

“Thank you, Master. Nothing will give me more pleasure than when you are drinking my warm nourishing milk.”

“Good, girl. I’ll take a little from each...” He clasped Vida’s right breast and latched on.

The Kuwaiti teenager leant back and arched her back so that her Master didn’t have to lean too far forward. He gorged himself on her free-flowing elixir for a couple of minutes on her right tit, then a similar amount on her left. He was kinder to her nipples than the Puppy-boys, whose soft teeth could still leave her buds red raw.

When he had satisfied his thirst, he allowed her to use the office toilet which was in the corridor leading to her room. Keeping that area clean was one of her duties, but thankfully only three people would be using the bathroom on a regular basis. The third being an accountant who occupied a small office off the short corridor. Apparently, he spent three days a week on each estate.

When she returned to the office, Ibrahim was on his feet. He handed her a pair of sandals which she donned before following him out to the wagon. The Pony-girls were standing patiently and kept the wagon still while she and her Master climbed up and seated themselves.

“Straight ahead, toward the gates, girls,” she shouted at the fillies just after she



had jerked the reins.

They were about 20 yards from the tall iron gates, when they started to open. By the time the wagon trundled through, they were fully open. If they followed the main, straight track to its end, they would eventually arrive at the palace.

However, Vida was going to have to wait at least another day before she got to tread the marble corridors of Sheik Bashar's magnificent residence...

## **Chapter 3.11 ~ Vida's eye-opening day.**

Vida guided her team of Pony-girls along the main avenue, through the golf course, for a quarter of a mile. The track was flat, but the course had been heavily landscaped to provide undulating fairways. According to Master Rizwan, a million tons of soil had been brought to the estate for the golf course construction.

Beyond the golf course was an even more eye-catching feature – the Master’s athletics/Pony-girl stadium. There was only one stand, but the track’s perimeter had been landscaped and banked, so spectators could sit and watch the races at their leisure.

The new security centre was attached to the main grandstand. Vida steered Sarim and Burak to the centre’s loading bay and pulled alongside it. Moments after the double doors opened, a security officer appeared pushing a pallet trolley. Vida followed her Master onto the platform.

“Good afternoon, Sir,” the officer said cheerfully and then studied Vida carefully.

“Good day, Officer. Do you know if the Master’s guests arrived on time?”

“Yes, Sir. They are currently dining at the palace.”

“Excellent.” Because Ibrahim paused to watch the officer push the forks under the cage, Vida waited by his side.

Having been through the process of registration once, when she had her collar fitted and her tattoos printed on her skin, she hoped the update was going to be less invasive. While they watched the officer reverse back with the cage on the fork-lift and manoeuvre it through a turn, Vida couldn't help noticing the distress of the imprisoned young woman.

Ibrahim pointed at the cage. "Tell me what you're thinking, Vida," he said as they followed the security officer into the processing section of the centre.

"I'm thinking that it's a harsh way to transport a thrall, Master."

"I appreciate an honest answer. On the other hand, do you understand why we use this method?"

Ibrahim opened a security door with his handprint and led her into a brightly lit corridor that led to the various departments within the building.

"I understand, Sir. Discipline and order are what this country's wealth was founded on. Maintaining the hierarchy of the estate can only be achieved if those at the bottom understand how the greatest structures need the strongest foundations."

"Very impressive. Did your previous Master teach you that?"

“Master, I lived at the top of one of the highest buildings in Kuwait and when the top swayed in the wind, I was grateful for strong foundations.”

“Excellent analogy.” Ibrahim stopped at the registration office and pointed at a line of 3 chairs in the corridor. “Wait out here, Vida. I’ll find Officer Salah to process you. I want you two to get off on the right foot. Make him happy and he’ll keep the rest of the pack off your back.”

“Yes, Master, I understand.” She sat down and studied the notice board opposite her.

Nothing held her attention, so her thoughts drifted back to the last time she was sitting in the same seat 8 months earlier. On that occasion she was naked and accompanied by Master Rizwan. She was wearing a set of chain restraints which were fitted on her wrists and ankles after being sold at the auction.

Numb with shock, throughout the whole process, it took Vida a good month to get her head sorted out. It took longer for her to accept that her situation would only get worse if she didn’t knuckle down and accept her position at the bottom of the stinking pile; where she had less rights than Sheik Bashar’s pets. However, she wasn’t bitter, just determined to climb the social ladder as quickly as she could.

The door opened and an officer stepped out into the corridor. Her Master had been successful in finding Officer Salah, who was the head of security. He was powerful man and completely separate from the hierarchy on the estate. He could make anyone’s life a misery – anyone beneath the four managers.

She jumped to her feet put her hands together and bowed her head. “Good afternoon, Master Salah,”

The burly officer pointed at a door on the other side of the corridor. “Vida, I’ll take care of you.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He crossed the corridor and pushed open the door to the image room. It was a small, sparsely furnished room that was filled with photographic equipment and monitors. Apparently, enough photographs were taken of her, on that first occasion, to produce a hologram in her likeness. It had become a legal requirement, just before she moved to the estate, for all thralls to have a virtual double.

Apparently, according to Rizwan, if she was ever sold, her virtual image would be viewed by potential buyers in the UAE or even by buyers from elsewhere on the African continent.

“Vida, we’re updating your profile, so we need to take a new set of images. Remove your tunic and sandals, then stand on the podium in the required position.” He pointed at a large picture of a naked thrall, hanging on the wall. “Face the picture and stand still. You know the drill.”

Officer Sala was holding a comb in his hand which was an unexpected nicety. He, like Ibrahim was from the younger generation. Probably in his mid-thirties and like her Master, Officer Sala was wearing a closely cropped beard. However, he was nowhere near as handsome as Ibrahim.

Vida quickly disrobed and removed her sandals, then combed her hair. She stepped onto the stand which had two red footprints painted on it, about twelve inches apart. Once in position, with her hands behind her head, Salah switched on the circular light that was attached to the circular podium. The fixed cameras, in multiple locations, then captured her image.

The young man walked around the podium studying her body. "Ibrahim mentioned that you're still lactating."

"I am, Master, and my breasts are quite full. I would be honoured if you had the time to drink my milk."

Standing on the podium meant she was at the perfect height for Ibrahim to feed from her tits. She maintained her stance with her hands behind her head but pulled her shoulders back and pushed her chest forward.

He studied her chunky nipples and licked his lips. "I will, Vida, while I can..." He leant forward, cupped her right tit in his hands and latched onto her nipple.

Thankfully, he didn't overdo it. In total, he spent about five minutes, quenching his thirst, then backed away from the podium. "Right, Vida, seat yourself in the chair over there."

She stepped down and followed his order. The vinyl covered, high back chair, was reasonably comfortable. The officer waited for Vida to lean forward, then plugged a jack into a socket in the back of her collar

“Place your hand on the pad.” On the right arm was a pad with the imprint of a hand. Her small hand only partially covered the imprint. “Stay still while your handprint is updated.”

Vida wondered if the computer that was about to upgrade her collar and handprint was somewhere else in the building. Her details were already on the screen of the monitor sitting on the countertop. All the guard had to do was click on the green button, on the touchscreen, then the download began.

Salah turned and hunkered down in front of Vida. “This will take a couple of minutes. How do you feel about being Mr. Khalid ‘s assistant, Vida?” He laid a hand on her left thigh and moved it so that his little finger pushed down between her thighs. Vida gave him a little more room.

She had often spotted Officer Salah with his Puppy-boy, nosing around the Country Estate but she had never spoken to the man. “I’m excited about the opportunity, Sir.” When more of his hand disappeared between her thighs, she parted them even wider.

She judged that she had made a good impression with Ibrahim. He was the most important person on the country estate, while Officer Salah came a close second...



## **Chapter 3.12 ~ Vida gains protection.**

With her thighs parted, Officer Salah was able to grip the pendant hanging from her clit eyelet with his thumb and forefinger, then lift it forward. “Well, your predecessor, Kate, was a very cooperative thrall. Too bad she fucked up the rotas. I hope you’re as accommodating as she was in finding time to discuss my security concerns, Vida.”

His middle finger found her entrance and began teasing her tender, slippery flesh.

“I will try and be as willing as she was, Master.”

“Excellent, the update is finished, we have just enough time for you to make a contribution in exchange for my protection from my staff and their Puppies.”

Vida wasn’t expecting the Chief Officer to promise her anything. She was glad he had and presumed that she had Master Ibrahim to thank for that.

“I will be your willing servant, Master, in exchange for your protection.”

She slipped off the chair, turned, then after kneeling on the edge of the seat, dipped her head as low as she could and raised her ass, thus offering him the choice of her holes. Almost immediately, she heard his zip being lowered.

“Vida, you have an excellent attitude and an impressive body.”

“Ah, Master, the tales of your prowess are all true,” she exclaimed in an enthusiastic manner, while he drove his stout cock into her youthful quim. Using a staccato rhythm, he dove deep until his groin was thudding against her buttocks.

“Nineteen, tight and eager to please. Vida, you tick every box. If you work hard for Ibrahim, he’s bound to keep you in post for a while.”

While the heavily set officer talked, he gripped her hips and slowly increased the speed of his thrusts until he was pistoning his cock into her tight but juicy quim at a rapid rate.

“Thank you, Master. Your pleasure is all that matters to me.” It was hard to concentrate while a fierce orgasm rippled through her senses.

Salah had fallen silent while absorbing the pleasurable sensations, but the moment he sensed his climax was approaching, he began to grunt and apply more power behind the final series of jackhammer thrusts. Thankfully, he was in a hurry and tucked his cock away before Vida had dismounted from the chair.

Ten minutes later, Vida had dressed, toileted and been reunited with her Master. Ibrahim led the way out of the building and around to where Vida parked the team and wagon beside the loading bay. The Puppy-girls were sitting, waiting patiently for them to return. Her Master was pleased with the account she gave him of her interaction with Officer Salah.

“Take me to the preparation ground, Vida,” Ibrahim ordered.

The ground was only a short distance from the security centre. The teenager drove the wagon past the spectator’s stand, then parallel with a wooden fence, before turning right and approaching a set of automatic security gates. Vida slowed the girls as the gates opened slowly, then maintained a slow walk, between the marquees.

They emerged into the preparation ground which was essentially a huge parking area for visiting racing Pony-girl teams. The lush, green meadow was surrounded on three sides by six huge marquees. Rails to tie Ponies to had been erected in two lines across the meadow, each with its green canopy to protect the animals from direct sunlight.

They were all vacant, while the main activity was happening at two marquees on the lefthand side of the ground.

The furthest one, closest to the course, belonged to Vida’s Master, Sheik Bashar. His light blue and tan flag was fluttering atop the marquee, leaving no one in any doubt where his Pony team resided during practices and races. She counted six fillies tied to the rail on one side of the doorway and four rigs parked close by.

The visiting team’s Pony-girls also numbered six on the rail, but there might be more inside, being prepared to run, Vida thought.

“Skirt the Master’s marquee, then park undercover, Vida.”

“Yes, Master.” Vida flicked the reins. “You heard the Master, down to the rails, girls.” She gave each of them a light flick of the whip just to keep them on their toes.

They crossed the meadow at a trot. It was downhill toward the racetrack, then they turned and jogged beside the rail. After turning left, behind the marquee, they skirted it and stopped between the tents under a sheet of canvas, spanning the ten-foot gap. On the way down the meadow, Vida kept an eye out for the sheik and his guests, but there was no sign of them.

Ibrahim was the first to jump down onto the grass. “Vida, unload the Puppies and let them get some exercise. Tell them to stay close to the Master’s tent, then find me.”

“Yes, Master.”

She jumped down, walked around to the back of the wagon, lowered the flap and pulled out the extension to form a ramp. The bitches were standing on the edge, waiting, eager to slide down the ramp. She gave them the signal and waited for them to tumble down onto the ground and then right themselves.

“You heard Ibrahim, get some exercise before the Master arrives with his guests.”

“Ruff! Ruff!” they replied, then gambolled off toward the lush, grassy, preparation ground.

Vida followed them until she emerged into bright sunshine, then turned left and walked between the marquee and the string of six Pony-girls. She avoided making eye contact, for she felt sorry for them. They were gifted athletes who had ended up being transformed into animals. They hadn't committed crimes like the Puppy-girls, they just happened to be strong runners.

Facing her, they all tossed their heads to acknowledge her presence. She paused to glance along the line. Each girl's head was gripped by a human bridle that included a leather bit and square blinkers. Their most distinctive item of tack was their plain tan corset-harnesses that curved their spine and lifted their tits on quarter cups.

Whereas their tits were similar in size, the filly's skin colours varied wildly, from white to brown to black. The black girl was simply named 'Black' and was the Sheik's fastest sprinter. Vida had seen her run once at a practice session and was amazed by the girl's athletic prowess. Pulling a single rig, she was unbeaten over four laps, in the present calendar year.

Vida found Ibrahim in the marquee talking to Faisal Nabih, the Home Estate Manager. She spotted, Gadiah, Faisal's assistant, talking to Master Malik, a gangmaster from the North Yard, beside one of the large wooden prep benches.

"Vida, come here," Ibrahim called out.

As she walked over to her Master, both men studied her form. She raised her hands together and bowed her head. "Master, Sir, how can I be of service to you?"

“So, this is your new assistant, Ibrahim?” Faisal said before stepping forward and lifting her chin with the tips of his fingers. “She’s a pretty little thing, but will she last longer than the last one?”

He was having a dig at Vida’s new Master.

“I’m quietly confident that she has the skills I require...” Ibrahim’s eyes held Vida’s and took on an intense quality. “...and I’m convinced that she’ll prove to be an asset to the estate.”

Vida understood that if she let him down, there would be a cage waiting for her. His previous assistant’s dismal performance had cost him some of his kudos among his peers.

“That’s what you said about Kate. How long did she last? Was it four months, heh?” He lowered his hand and tried to lift her left tit through the double layer of material. “Are you going to keep this one lactating?”

“No, we can do without the distraction.” Ibrahim turned and suddenly called out. “Malik!” The young man immediately hurried over. “Yes, Master?”

Ibrahim turned to Faisal. “Give me a minute while I have a chat with my staff...”

The clean-shaven manager shrugged. “I’ll buzz the palace to get an ETA.” When he set off for the makeshift office area, in the back corner of the marquee, his

assistant tagged along with him.

Vida stood facing the two powerful men. Ibrahim, who was bearded, and wearing beige pants with a white shirt, and Malik, who was wearing a white thawb and the distinctive leather diagonal belt.

“As I mentioned earlier, Malik, Vida has taken over from Kate...” The lad studied her for a second.

“A good choice, Master. She has always responded with energy whenever I’ve given her an order.”

Being one of the North Yard’s gangmasters, Vida had countless interactions with the young man, most of which were fractious. In particular during her spell in the estate’s Pony-girl stables. Whenever he needed an emergency thrall for one of his teams, he always chose Vida. She avoided him in the Puppy-boy kennels, but it looked as though they were going to have to work together again.

The cocky gangmaster was Ibrahim’s favourite, although Malik had no authority over the other Two gangmasters. The trio of young men who co-managed the farmland, with a similar trio from the South Yard, were experts in agriculture and spent a lot of their time taking care of Sheik Bashar’s precious date palm plantation. Vida and some of the others noticed that Malik received far more favours from Ibrahim than the other five gangmasters.

“That’s good to hear.” Ibrahim turned to Vida. “There’s been a change of plan. I’m staying here for the rest of the afternoon. Malik needs transport, so this is a good opportunity for him to show you how he monitors his teams working on



the plantation. We have drones up checking on their progress during the day, but I want to know whether we have the right people doing the right job. I also need to know whether morale is good in the North Yard and if the lads are getting the best out of the thralls.”

“Master, we will check in with all five teams, either before they stop for supper or when they stop,” Malik assured his boss.

“Who did you put the new girl with?” Ibrahim asked.

“Mohsin is driving Zena and Jasmin, Master.”

“I want to hear Vida’s assessment of Jasmin when you return here this evening. I’m telling you two in confidence, that the light skinned thrall has been earmarked for the racing stables by our Master himself. As you know, we believe in using talent from our ranks instead of buying fillies that have been trained elsewhere.”

“That girl did impress me, Master. I’ll make sure Vida gets a chance to examine her.”

“Who decides if she’s suitable for racing, Master?” Vida asked.

“Ah, that will be down to her performance on the track, which we may have to wait a while for. If the North Yard wins this week’s challenge, then I will get the gangmasters together and we’ll decide who will run in the Sunday challenge

event. The Master has changed the format to the best three fillies from the winning yard. There'll be two singles races and one doubles race."

"That should inspire the teams."

"That's the Master's opinion as well. Now, there's a pile of empty crates to be returned to the warehouse. You'd better get them loaded and be on your way."

Vida was left standing with Malik, one of the toughest young men on the estate. Working with him was going to be a challenge, but Vida knew that if she was ever going to achieve her goal, then she would have to survive many Master Maliks along the way...

### **The End of Part Three**

## **Sample of Part Four**

## **Chapter 4.1 ~ Jasmin's harsh treatment.**

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

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

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

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

A jerk on the reins brought my attention back to the present. "Jaz, look lively,

we'll probably only manage a couple of more rows..." Crack!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

us onto the approach road to the entrance gates.

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

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

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

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

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

"Ahhhhh, thank you," I gasped.

Mohsin frowned at me. “Speak again and I’ll add three stripes to the ones Lafiz gave you. I’ve removed your bit so you can eat, not talk.” He pointed at a cane hanging on one of the marquee support poles. “That’s there if you disappoint your driver...”

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

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

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

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

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

“My god, is he allowed to do that?”



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

“Shit, Zena, we’re not animals.”

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

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

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

“Because I’m new?”

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

“Just me?”

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

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

“No, Mohsin knows that another bad week will see him demoted, that’ll mean less money and hardly any perks. All the lads are corrupt and we’re the ones that suffer. They are all dreadful gamblers. You’ll see when we get back to the yard tonight...”

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

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

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

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

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

“She’s whiter than you!” Mohsin said.

Once again, I had to suffer the same awful inspection which culminated in the lad running his thumb up and down my slick furrow. “This bitch can’t wait, Mohsin. What about letting us have early access?” I found it difficult to stand still while he mashed my tender folds.

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

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

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

She looked fed up. “Yes, Master.”

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

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

lunch...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

I doubted if I was ever going to get an orgasm while having my rectum shafted,

but I discovered that I enjoyed the experience of being utterly dominated by a powerful man. Then there was the bondage aspect of being transformed into a Pony-girl. One of the lads had discovered my sex was slick with my juices. There was no doubt that the experience was driving my libido sky-high.

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

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

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

I hope you enjoyed the Third Part of this series

and continue to read each part as it is published.

Below is a list of my other books.

Thanks, Amelia.

This book has been published by Stark Books

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