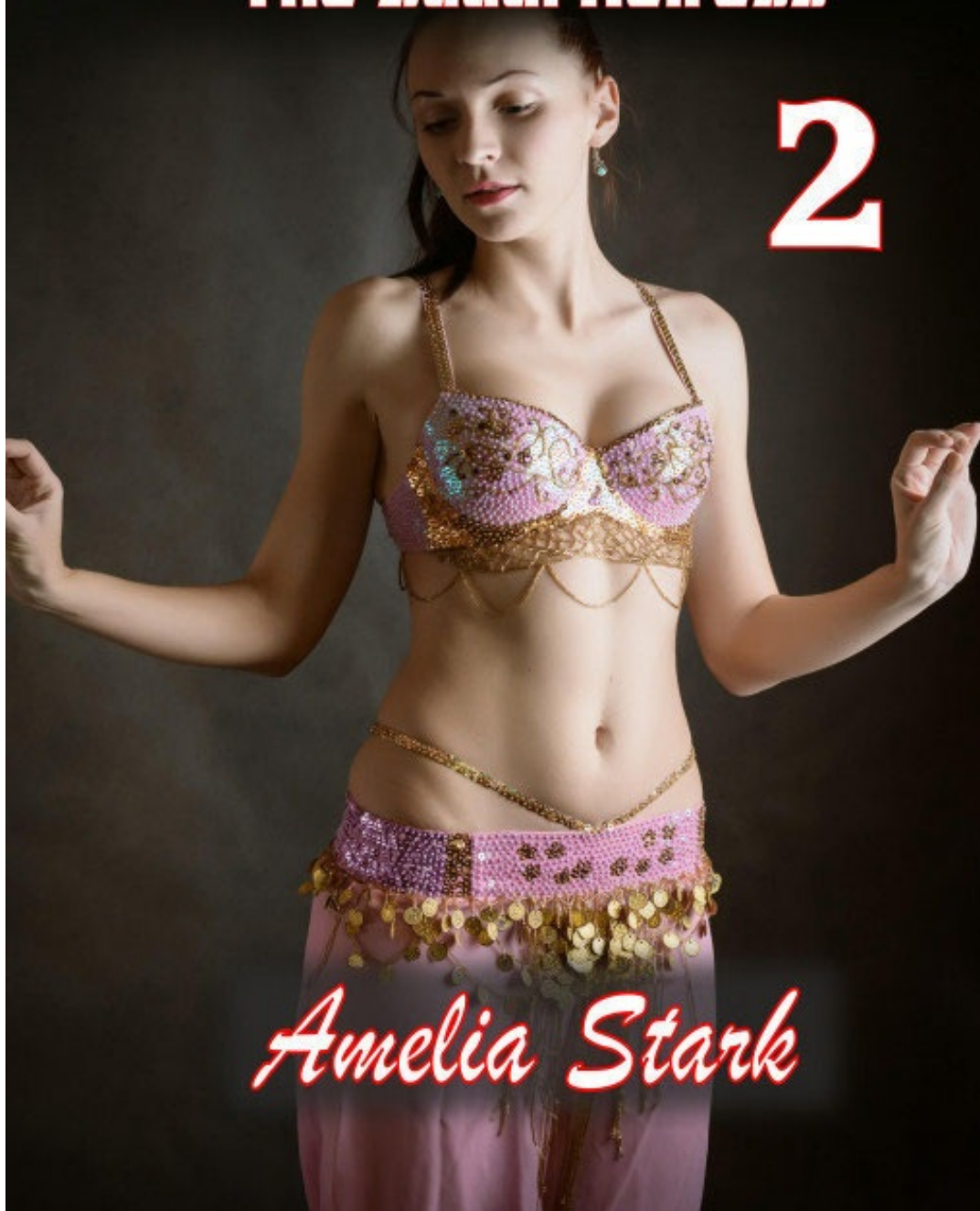


Jasmin

The Saudi Heiress

2



Amelia Stark

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JASMIN

The Saudi Heiress: Part Two

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction to Part Two.

Jasmin is finding her feet in a world that was mostly denied to her while she grew up in a strict convent. Her budding athletics' career received a boost when Tom, her coach, secured a lucrative sponsorship deal for her. The deal supposedly includes a clothing contract and a month long stay in a training camp in Saudi Arabia.

Unfortunately, Jasmin isn't aware of Tom and Karen's shady past. They are good coaches but have form for using their coaching positions for nefarious sexual activities.

However, Ibrahim the solicitor has discovered Tom's dodgy past. He uses the knowledge to persuade Tom and Karen to accept the conditions of the sponsorship deal. His obvious aim is to get both coaches and Jasmin over to Saudi Arabia.

A meeting is arranged in London where the trio expect to find out more details of the trip and sign the sponsorship deal. Ibrahim though, has something unexpected up his sleeve. As the series (Jasmin's Destiny) unfolds, the mystery of Jasmin's past will unravel.

Because this book contains descriptions of sexual situations and punishments, it is only suitable for mature readers over the age of 18

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Chapter 2.1 ~ Jasmin's gamble.

As the lift ascended to the fifth floor, I tried to stay calm. I could tell that Adam was excited because of the huge grin on his face. He brought his bag as well as carrying mine so that he could change in my flat.

“Jaz, I hope I’m not being too presumptuous, but it will be okay to shower, won’t it?”

“We can take it in turns.” I had two but I wanted to hear his reaction.

“Huh. That’s a waste of water. Besides, I bet you haven’t had your back washed for some time.”

I didn’t comment for the lift had arrived on my floor. I led the way along the corridor and into the lounge of my flat. “It’s only a one bedroom...” I dropped my keys on the dining table.

He dumped the bags on the sofa and looked around the lounge/diner. “This room is more spacious than mine.” He unzipped his top, then stretched.

“God, you must live in a rabbit hutch,” I responded.

He chuckled and studied me. “Um, Jaz, at any point you can call a halt to this by simply saying stop. I’ll get dressed and leave, but something tells me that you won’t do that unless I get too rough.” He removed his tracksuit top, then lifted

his singlet off. That left the muscular black lad standing in his shorts, socks and trainers.

I swallowed hard. “Fair enough, the bathroom is through there, on the other side of the lobby.”

“I’ll shower later. As this is a one off, I’m going to give you the special treatment. Jaz, I’m going to undress you in here, so sit in that chair.” He pointed at the old chair I bought at an auction.

His aggressive tone worried me and yet I welcomed the thrill I felt in my belly. I turned and sat down just in time to witness him push his shorts and underpants down to his feet. He kicked his trainers off with the clothes, then approached me wearing just his socks. His black cock, similar in size to Tom’s, was standing bolt upright. In contrast, his ball-sack was tighter and didn’t hang down as much.

He knelt down, surprising me and pulled my right trainer and sock off, then my left. “Is this how you treat all your one-night stands?”

“Jaz, you’re not like any girl I’ve met before.”

“I should hope not, Adam. We’re all different.”

“Stand up!”

There was hardly room, but I pushed myself up until I was standing with his nose practically touching the front of my shorts. “Take your top off Jaz.”

I was trembling with anticipation as I reached for the zip-pull. While I removed the tracksuit top, he reached up and gripped the waistband of my shorts.

“You look hot in these, babe...” He peeled them down slowly, revealing the cotton panties I needed to wear to save my blushes. “Very nice. I get to unwrap the present twice.” He left the shorts at my ankles then proceeded to peel my panties off my butt. “We may never do this again, Jaz, but I won’t ever forget this moment.” He unveiled my mons, then once my panties had joined the shorts, I stepped out of them.

“Remove your top, Jaz...” He watched while I lifted the front edge of the sports running top.

“Wow,” he said softly as my tits bounced free of their tight prison.

“Haven’t you ever seen a pair of breasts before?” I joked as I completed the removal of the top.

“Like everything about you, Jaz, they are special...”

I had darker areolas and chunkier nipples than my white counterparts in the convent. Adam immediately reached out and began massaging my tits. The girls loved playing with them; and it seemed as though Adam was just as impressed.

Like the girls, he couldn't resist rolling and squeezing my nipples. He was clumsier and less considerate, but I liked his manly, more aggressive touch.

"Let's go to the bedroom," I suggested.

"No, I haven't finished with you here. A man needs to examine the prize once it's unwrapped."

"So, I'm just an object, am I?"

"A beautiful one that can only be used once. Stand still." Leaving my tits for a moment, he started to run his hands over my body. Up and down my sides, feeling my ass and flat stomach. He stepped back. "Feel behind you for the arms of the chair, then lean back and push your tummy up."

He moved from a squat to a kneeling position as I bent backwards. I was super flexible, so I had no problem getting into the position he wanted.

"Like this?"

"Feet further apart," he ordered.

While I was making a more extreme convex shape with my body, he studied my sex from about a foot away. The wider I parted my thighs, the more my labia

grinned.

“Satisfied?” I asked, looking down my body at his rugged face.

After reaching around and gripping my peach, he suddenly plunged his face against my sex. “Adam! Oh, Adam...”

I had only ever had a girl perform oral on me. Within seconds, I realized that there was no comparison to the whirlwind method that Adam used to my friend’s tame efforts.

“Adam, that’s too much... Oh. My God...”

He thrust his tongue into my pudendal cleft and began lapping it furiously. He was so aggressive he took my breath away. He supported my ass and pulled my sex up while munching my lips and thrusting his tongue deep into my quim.

“Jesus, Adam, that is so fucking goooooood,” I sighed as wave after wave of sizzling sensations fizzed around my nervous system.

Then, he stopped as abruptly as he started and stood up leaving my sex gaping. “Girl, you have the sweetest cunt that I’ve ever munched...” As he spoke, he guided his cock into my succulence, like a torpedo being fed into its firing tube.

Chapter 2.2 ~ Jasmin's second time.

“Ohhhhhh,” I gasped when his knob bludgeoned its way deep inside me, stretching my tight muscles as it burrowed deeper and deeper.

Once again, he supported my body by gripping my hips while he pistoned his glistening black shaft back and forth. Then, when he found a good rhythm, he began pulling my body toward him to increase the strength of his thrusts.

“Am I your first black guy, Jaz?”

“Yes... Ohhhh, Adam, your cock is so hard...,” I gasped as he plunged his shaft deeper than Tom had the day before.

“Are you sure you haven’t got a boyfriend, Jaz?”

The muscular athlete drilled his black cock into my strong, arched body, using long thrusts, in a skilled, confident manner.

“Adam, I told you, I’m not looking for one.”

“I’m not your first, am I?”

“No, but your cock is the hardest.”

“You’re my first convent girl.”

“Where did you hear that?”

“Ah, you know the grapevine.”

“Don’t believe everything you hear.”

To begin with it felt as though he was pacing himself, as though he was running an 800 metre race. His hands returned to explore my body once he was confident of my posture. With a serious expression on his face, he massaged and squeezed my tits, then attacked my nipples. He didn’t appear to be experiencing the intense excitement his dick and hands were providing me, but he was getting a kick out of subjugating a new girl. Clearly, I was another conquest.

The determined expression on his face changed when he increased the tempo and began to sprint, like his favoured track discipline. When the grin returned, it was as though a switch had been thrown in his brain – to turn the aggression up a few notches.

“Jaz, fuck, girl... Oh, yes, that is fuuuuuuuuuucking ripe... Ahhhhhhh.”

“My God, Adam... Ohhh, yesss...”

I felt him ejaculating deep inside me, then he slowed. Waves of exhilarating sensations continued to ripple through my senses after he stilled. Returning his hands to my hips, Adam waited while his cock wilted and our breathing had calmed down. Then, when Adam withdrew and released my body, I collapsed back into the chair.

He stood over me, grinning from ear to ear. “That was awesome, babe. I’m going to have a shower, then if you’ve made me a coffee, I’ll stay a few more minutes.”

With his dick flagging, he didn’t strike quite the Adonis-like figure he had earlier. “Adam, you’re still living with Lizzy, aren’t you?”

He looked at me sheepishly. “Yea... She ain’t a hundred percent committed to me, but we make it work.”

“That’s good. Go and have a shower. There are plenty of towels in the bathroom.”

“Thanks Jaz. I won’t be long.” I noticed he didn’t take his bag with him. The guy was seriously into himself, possibly more obsessed with his appearance than his performances on the track.

As soon as he had disappeared, I climbed to my feet, gathered up my things and took them to my bedroom. Since Karen gave me the dildo, my sexual appetite had become insatiable. Adam had quenched my thirst, just as Tom had done the

day before. Once a day seemed like a reasonable pace to set myself.

At the convent, in a female environment, I had become comfortable with my body image, but it was a different story among men. Having Adam remove my clothes was a thrilling experience and by the time he left to shower I had forgotten that I was naked.

Deciding to shower after Adam had left my flat, I pulled a pair of denim shorts on and donned the white crop top that I wore the day before. I didn't expect him to be long and I wanted to have the coffee ready when he emerged from his shower.

I crossed the lounge to the kitchen and put the kettle on. I spent a few minutes tidying the countertops before pouring the water into the mugs. I had just put the kettle down when two huge hands settled on my bare midriff.

"Oh," I exclaimed. Looking over my shoulder. I came face to face with Adam's grinning face. "You surprised me, Adam."

"That's good. I was just thinking that you've got an amazing body." He moved his hands up, under my crop top and clasped my perky tits. "like these twin peaks for example."

"Adam, it's coffee time."

"Babe, it's Jasmin time." He released my right tit and slid his hand down to my

belly, before slipping a few fingers inside the waistband of my shorts.

When he pushed his body against mine, I could feel the tip of his cock pressing against my back just above my shorts.

“I haven’t showered, Adam...”

“I know, I love your real scent. Reach behind you...”

I dropped my right hand from the countertop and felt behind my back. His dick was easy to find for it was rock-hard and standing erect.

“Adam what’s making you so excited?” I asked in a mischievous tone.

“I wonder...” He managed to release the stud on my shorts, whereupon gravity took over with a little help from Adam.

“Oh, Adam...” His left hand dropped to my belly, then pulled me back into a tuck.

I released his cock so I could clasp the edge of the countertop to steady myself. The hand that released the stud on my shorts busied itself by steering his boner down and into my wet entrance.

“Adam, wow, it feels harder than last time...”

“That’s the effect you have on me, Jaz.”

He waited until he had fully impaled me, then grabbed my ponytail and wound it around his hand. “Ow,” I complained when he pulled it back, forcing me to lift my head.

“Jasmin, the first fuck was to warm you up. I’ve got to break you in now.”

“Go easy on a young virgin, Sir. I have never been ridden before...”

“Huh, then it’s about time you were.” He slowly retreated, then surprised me by withdrawing his cock altogether.

“Oh, Adam,” I gasped when he prodded his knob against my tight pucker.

“Please be gentle...”

Due to the thick coating of exudation, his blunt weapon easily defeated my defences and plunged into my rectum and beyond. “This, babe, is the crown in your jewel...”

Gripping my ponytail with one hand and my hip with the other, Adam began to pound his cock into my tightest orifice.

“Oh, my God, what’s the hurry?” I gasped when he began to batter my firm ass cheeks with his groin and my labia with his heavy ball sack.

“Jasmin, your tight little holes are a delight to shaft,” he muttered in the midst of his whirlwind, animalistic attack on my higher, teenage orifice.

I didn’t become excited during the explosive five minutes that Adam took to shaft my derriere, but I learnt a valuable lesson about young men and their aggressive attitude to sex.

I was relieved though when he had finally satisfied himself and withdrew. He fucked me with style, and I loved it. He made no attempt to kiss me or ask me out on a future date. Most importantly though I had discovered that I liked having sex with men as well as women.

Tom was more of a problem because we had to have a close working relationship. My suspicion that he was planning to fuck me wasn’t misplaced. It was going to happen, so it was important to get over that hurdle and move onto achieving faster times on the track...

Chapter 2.3 ~ Jasmin and Karen

After ringing Karen and having a chat, she decided that it would be best to do our shopping first. We would then have a meal before going to Tom's house at five o'clock, an hour later than originally planned. During the call, Tom informed Karen that Ibrahim wanted us to take our passports to the meeting so the relevant visas could be prepared prior to travelling on Monday.

Ibrahim Khalid had arranged for a car to collect us from Tom's at 19:00. That still gave us plenty of time for shopping, a meal and then a couple of hours to change into the clothes that the sponsorship company were sending.

Adam hung around for a while chatting about athletics and our chances of success when the new season started in January. He was interested in my possible sponsorship deal, but I was guarded about the details. When I told him that the sponsors were collecting us from Tom's, he seemed surprised.

I liked him a lot but despite his insistence that he was ambitious, I didn't get the vibes that he was as focused on a goal as much as I was. If I eventually got a boyfriend, he would have to be someone totally committed to his sport, whatever it was.

I donned a pair of jeans and a jumper for the shopping trip and let my hair down to get me into the mood to spend some money. Karen collected me at 12:30 and we headed for the town centre.

On the way, she told me that she had been researching into the Saudi lifestyle to find out what might be expected of us. We, the girls, were probably going to have to wear hijabs and long dresses if we went to functions to meet sponsors or other important people. We might even have to wear an Abayas – a long loose

dress usually made in dark, sombre colours.

It was clear that we were going to have to shop for those items once we arrived in Saudi Arabia. So, Karen told me to buy dresses that covered my shoulders and knees, for normal wear when we were out and about in Dammam. That made sense but most of what was available in the shops was for the winter and unsuitable for hot climates.

We had both been on the Saihat website so chatted about the sports clothing that the company sold in the middle east. Neither of us saw anything out of the ordinary and were looking forward to trying on some of their sports gear.

I bought a couple of dresses, three skirts, three short-sleeve blouses and a ton of travel items, including a new case. Karen was confident that the trip was on, but I needed a case anyway because I wanted to travel the world one day. We shopped until three o'clock, then went to an Italian restaurant that Karen recommended.

I loved Italian food and uncrowded restaurants, so I was in my element while devouring a plate of pasta carbonara. I could tell that there was something on Karen's mind, but she didn't open up about her concerns until we were drinking coffee.

"Is there something bothering you, Karen?" I asked.

"Yes, I feel guilty about what happened back at your flat. Tom and I shouldn't have taken advantage of you in the way we did."

I was amused by her supposed uncomfortable feelings. She was searching for my reaction. Testing me to find out if I had taking umbrage at what happened.

“Karen, I wanted sex with Tom, but I didn’t know for certain that you were still a pair. Maybe I’m the one who should feel guilty about what happened?”

“Not at all. I gave up a long time ago on Tom settling down. He imagines that every girl fancies him.”

“And yet you continue to support him in his endeavours.”

“I wouldn’t put it like that, but no more,” Karen responded. “We should wipe the slate clean and make a fresh start.

“Karen, I can’t forget that you two planned to bed me, sooner or later.”

“Jaz, it was only ever going to happen if you agreed. Thankfully, we were all on the same page. We can leave it at that and if you want, never mention sex again.”

“I agree with the first part of what you’re saying, but the thought of having sex is going to come up again, sooner or later. I am pleased that Tom was my first so I’ll let him decide if we should do it again...” Karen looked disappointed. “... unless you forbid me to have sex with him, that is.”

“No, Tom is his own man, but for now, let’s focus on the sponsorship deal and travel arrangements.”

I wasn’t comfortable with Karen dampening my enthusiasm in regard to us having sex with each other. “Is Tom the problem?” I wondered if Karen was unnerved by my forthright manner.

“Well, yes, in a way. Can I tell you something in confidence?”

“Sure. I can keep a secret,” I replied.

“Well, it’s about the gulf that’s been gradually growing between me and Tom...”

“Oh, how bad is it? Have you been arguing about the trip to Saudi Arabia or me perhaps?”

“No, neither. We agree about going on the trip. It’s other stuff. We’ve been slowly growing apart. We hardly go out together and only see each other at the club. Tom hasn’t noticed it. He’s like a lot of guys I know. Rudderless and thoughtless.”

“Did you want to settle down with him?”

“At first, then we got stuck in a rut. For the last year or two I’ve seen the light, but our coaching commitments keep us together. Anyway, Jasmin, I’m getting side-tracked. I’ve had a chat with Ibrahim. In fact, he called around to see me.”

“Does Tom know?”

“No and I don’t want him to.”

“What did he say?”

“He wants me to be in charge of your training.”

“Oh...” I was taken aback. “Tom won’t like that.”

“What do you think about it?”

I thought for a moment while sipping my coffee. Karen was in charge while I was at the convent. The Abbess brought her in five days a week for my training sessions.

“If that’s the way the sponsors want it then I’ll go along with their wishes. We were good together before I joined the club. Tom will be going to Dammam, won’t he?”

“Yes, of course but I don’t think we’ll need him afterwards. Ibrahim is going to arrange a winter camp for you somewhere with a hot climate.”

“It sounds as though you had a long chat with him. Will we be seeing him in Dammam?”

“I don’t know. I hope so. He’s rather dishy...”

I was looking forward to meeting the man who I had only seen from a distance. We chatted for ten minutes about possible locations for a winter training camp, then returned to the car and headed for Tom’s house. He lived on the outskirts of the town in a small, detached house. It wasn’t far and Karen was soon steering the car into the driveway.

Tom opened the door and stood aside for us to enter. “You girls must be thirsty after all that shopping,” he said as we passed him in the hall.

Dressed smartly in a pair of light brown pants and a sky-blue silk shirt, Tom looked more attractive than I had ever seen him. It was easy to understand why Karen fell in love with the sandy haired, blue-eyed athletics coach.

“Tom, we haven’t been running from shop to shop!” Karen said with a chuckle. “In fact, we’ve been strolling around at a sedate pace.”

“And, spent all our money,” I added.

“Go through to the lounge,” Tom urged.

He followed us into his sitting room, which was furnished in a traditional style, along similar lines to my own my retro taste. He had switched the gas fire on, so the room was warm and cosy.

Oh, are those our clothes?” Karen asked, having spotted two large flat boxes sitting on a coffee table in front of the sofa.

“Yes, they arrived thirty minutes ago. My box was much smaller than yours.”

Karen studied the clothes Tom was wearing. “Is that what they sent you?”

He touched his shirt. “Yes. The jacket is hanging in the dining room. I’ll put it on to show you. Sit down. Make yourself comfortable.”

As soon as we settled on the sofa, Karen examined the top box which had her name scrawled on it. Tom had left a pair of scissors on the table for us to use, but he interrupted us when he entered the room. He had donned the jacket of the light brown suit and was holding a small box.

“What do you think?” he asked us. “The label describes the colour as Khaki.”

“Very smart,” I said. “Khaki and light blue are the Saihat colours on the website.”

“It looks like it’s a perfect fit,” Karen pointed out.

“Amazingly, it is.” He waved the small box at us. “There’s a tie too that matches the suit. Let me help you unpack your outfits.”

Tom picked up the scissors and deftly cut the tape so that the flaps could be lifted on the top box. “Christmas has come early... Oh, it looks like you’ve got sportswear...” Tom exclaimed, looking down at the contents.

Karen got to her feet so she could sort through the items. The first cellophane packet contained a khaki and light blue tracksuit. Then beneath, there were smaller packets with running kit inside. Finally, there was a flattened sports bag and a box containing a pair of trainers.

Each item had the company brand name and trade logo – a maroon lightning bolt – printed or embroidered on the items. I was thrilled to think that the company wanted me to represent them. I wanted to celebrate.

Karen opened the shoe box and examined the trainers. “They look as though they’ll fit me...”

Tom put the empty one aside and opened my box. It contained an identical set of merchandize, but the colours were reversed on each item. "So, I suppose we had better try them on," I said."

"Um, shall we take the items up to the spare bedroom?" Karen suggested.

"No, it's warmer down here," Tom exclaimed. "I'll take my jacket off and move the coffee table to give you more room.

"Oh, you want a grandstand view of the clothes show, do you?" Karen asked in a serious tone.

"Naturally. I went to great lengths to secure this sponsorship deal. The least you can do is let me enjoy the fruits of my labour."

"I'm game, Karen," I said to smooth things over, then got to my feet.

Tom threw his jacket on the back of the sofa, then settled in a chair while I sorted through the items. "I'm not sure what to put on first," I said after examining the bags.

Karen wasn't as enthusiastic as I was, possibly because she was in the process of weening herself off Tom. Possibly because she didn't like a threesome involving me. Then, I wondered if it was Karen who suggested side-lining Tom during her meeting with Ibrahim. I began to feel sorry for the handsome trainer.

It was a shame that just when he had secured some funding for me, Karen was planning to ditch him and then take all the credit for my success...

Chapter 2.4 ~ Tom's ambitions.

Whenever there was a seismic event like a tsunami, some small thing emerged from it, like the uncovering of an artifact that had never been seen before. Tom's life had suffered a severe blow that went as deep as any earthquake, but he was still left with the ability to train his star athlete, Jasmin Frost. For that he was extremely grateful.

That glimmer of light in his life negated most of the bad news he had received in the previous 48 hours, but not all. His focus had to be his relationship with the two girls who were about to try on their new sports gear that had just arrived from Jasmin's new sponsor's Saihat Enterprises.

Tom noted that Karen wasn't as keen as Jasmin to change into the sportswear in front of him. He wondered if he was missing something. He found it difficult to understand women's moods – when they blew hot and cold from one day to another. She should be excited by the opportunity, especially after they had both been threatened with prison.

He hadn't seen Karen since she dropped him back at the 'Old Bedfordian's' about 24 hours earlier. Then there was a brief conversation to say they would arrive an hour later. So, she didn't know that the club had made him redundant or that he had received a handsome severance package.

He had a surprise for the girls, but they were going to have to wait until they had tried on a few sports items.

Surprisingly, Jasmin was the first one to undress. "I think I'll try the leotard on first," she said as she peeled off her black jumper.

The teenager was wearing a red t-shirt underneath, but she ignored it and instead began to unfasten her jeans. Meanwhile, Karen started to remove her top. All his woes were forgotten as he focused on the girls while they quickly undressed.

Jasmin was nearer, maybe by design on her part. After kicking her shoes off, she pushed her jeans down to reveal her shapely ass. He blinked in surprise when he saw that the young athlete was wearing a red lacy thong.

Karen was keeping an eye on Jasmin who was lifting her t-shirt off to uncover a red bra that matched the thong. Then, Jasmin surprised him again by approaching him. “Tom, could you give me a hand with the catch?”

“Sure,” he said eagerly.

He sat forward and parted his legs, whereupon Jasmin turned and backed up so that he could reach the bra’s catch. Once he had pulled it apart, he expected her to move forward once she had pulled the bra off. His nose was a hair’s breadth away from the teenager’s back, so he couldn’t avoid breathing in her delicate scent.

When she wiggled her ass, he knew what she wanted, so he placed his hands on her hips. “These too?”

“Yes, please, Tom.”

He clasped the thin waistband and drew it down off her hips. He couldn't see the front, but he could imagine what he was unveiling. Karen could though and for the first time pulled a smile – feeble, but it was a smile! She had just pushed her own panties down so Tom wasn't too disappointed, especially when Karen began to put her leotard on.

Jasmin then gave Tom a treat by bending forward to pick up the thong. Despite having jet black hair, the youngster kept her labia baby smooth. The visual feast only lasted a few seconds, for she moved over to the sofa to pick up the leotard.

It was a shame to cover her perfect body, Tom thought, but it was a delight to watch Jasmin, standing beside Karen, sheath her body in the lycra half sleeve body suit. The material had a diagonal seam. The lower half of Jasmin's costume was light blue and the top, light brown, while Karen's was the other way around.

Again, Jasmin came over and presented herself to me by standing between my legs. "Do you think I should wear a pair of panties beneath this leotard, Tom?"

Looking down at the slight swell of her mons, Tom reached out and grasped the leg elastic on her hips, then pulled it to test the suit's tightness. "Ummm. It fits you perfectly..."

Jasmin lifted her knee and placed her foot on the seat beside Tom. As the material tightened over her sex, a feint camel toe appeared. "What do you think, Tom?" she asked in a mischievous voice.

Tom couldn't resist gently stroking the convex bulge of her labia. "What have you got there?" he asked Karen as she approached carrying a couple of bags

from the pile. Unfortunately, Jasmin backed away to make way for Karen.

“These are the underpants for this kit. The material is far too thin to run without them.” She stroked her belly. “There are four pairs in this pack...” She pulled one out and handed it to Tom. “Take a look.” She turned to Jasmin. “Jaz, examining girl’s underwear is one of Tom’s favourite pastimes.”

“I don’t deny it,” he said with a mischievous grin on his face. He examined the flimsy, seamless panties that matched the leotard’s colour. “These are very sexy. What else is there in the box?”

“Apart from the track suits, there are shorts, racing briefs, short sleeve tops, and leggings,” Karen informed him.

“Which combination should we wear to the event? Tom?” Jasmin asked.

“Let me see you in the top and racing briefs first,” he replied

“I think we should put the shorts on over these leotards,” Karen suggested. “We can travel with the tracksuits over that outfit.”

When she took the items back from him, he slid his hands around her waist, then onto her pert ass. “Karen, I want to see you two in the outfit with the racing briefs, quickly, then I’ve got a surprise for you.”

She didn't soften toward him. "Tom you just want to see us naked again and I know what your surprise is!"

By stroking her ass, he began to wear her resistance down. Karen was as much a sexaholic as he was. "Let me help you off with the leotard, babe."

"Don't babe me..."

He took the bags and briefs from her and threw them on the sofa, then when he reached up, she allowed him to pull the stretchy material off her shoulders. Standing a few feet back, Jasmin, naked, began sorting through the items. He pulled Karen's leotard down, off her tits, then waited for her to pull her arms out.

He studied her firm but modest tits. "Can I suggest we retire to the rug and celebrate Jasmin's good fortune. I've got some good news as well." He pushed the leotard off her peach and on down to mid-thigh.

"I think we should stop fooling around until we get to our accommodation in Dammam."

"Oh, babe, if we can't celebrate this..."

"Karen, this might be our last chance before we get there," Jasmin said, having just pulled on a pair of skimpy running briefs.

It was the first time that Tom had seen her wearing such a minimalistic item of sports gear. That was all she was wearing when she approached them with the top in her hand. Tom feasted his eyes on the teenager's tits which were larger than Karen's and featured amazing dark areolas and chunky nipples.

Jasmin came to the side, so he was able to slip his free arm around her waist, but he spoke to Karen. "Come on babe. Soften up."

She looked at Jasmin. "I want to hear Tom's good news first, don't you, Jaz?"

The teenager put her right hand on Tom's shoulder. "Yes, tell us your news."

Tom dropped his hand to Jazmin's pert ass and gripped the only part that was covered by the small triangle of stretchy material.

"All right, I'll tell you. I've made a clean break from the club. From today, I'm a free agent."

Both girls looked surprised. "Oh, I wasn't expecting that, Tom," Karen responded. "Was it a good idea to burn your bridges? We haven't even met the sponsors yet."

Tom was on a high and no matter how cautious Karen behaved, she couldn't drag him back to the mood he was in the day before.

“Babe, look at the evidence around you. Saihat have decided that Jasmin is a good fit for their image. They’ve also decided that she needs her coaches to continue the progress she’s been making all year. Chill out and let me put you in a good mood for tonight.”

Jasmin put her arm around Karen’s shoulders. “I agree with Tom. He’s worked hard for this opportunity and even given his job up to focus on my development.” Tom squeezed her ass gently to show his appreciation for her support.

Again, Karen showed a lack of enthusiasm but relented. “Tom, okay, what was the surprise you were talking about?” She wriggled free of his grasp, then stepped out of the leotard.

Tom watched her go to the sofa and start tidying the items. “You’ll see later, babe. I’m up for letting you girls do all the work this time,” he said, then stood up. “Jasmin, help me with my pants.”

While he unbuttoned his shirt, the teenager set about unfastening his trousers. “Oh!” she gasped when she pulled the zip down and his cock sprang out. “You’re not wearing any underpants!”

“Shocking,” he said as Jasmin completed the task by bending forward to pick up his pants.

He got a brief glimpse of the tiny briefs hugging the centre of her bubble-like posterior before she stood up and folded his trousers. She was going to be a sensation on the track, he thought and likely attract attention from a wider range

of sponsors.

By the time he had slipped his shirt off, Jasmin was the only one wearing anything. “Right, which one is desperate for some cock?”

Karen stepped forward and grabbed his shaft. “Tom, it’s two against one so lie down on the rug,” Karen commanded bravely. “We’ll decide who uses this first.”

Tom was pleased for Karen to take the initiative because she needed a lift from one of her moods. Normally though, when it was just the two of them, she meekly allowed him to take charge. “Okay, that sounds good to me.”

He grabbed a cushion from the chair, dropped it on the floor and then laid down on his back with some head support. While he made himself comfortable, Jasmin removed her briefs and then stood beside Karen who was regarding Tom’s naked form with interest. He stared up at the pair of stunning athletes and felt his dick stiffen even more.

“So, which one of you wants a hard ride and which one wants the softer alternative?”

Chapter 2.5 ~ Jasmin's delight.

I eased the tiny running briefs down and wondered if I was going to be brave enough to wear them in competition. Karen did, all the time. I knew that Tom wanted me to don them during races, saying that I would feel freer and consequently be able to run faster.

Tom, who was naked, had just dropped to the floor and positioned himself on the rug, on his back. He made himself comfortable by putting a cushion under his head, then added his hands as though he was sunbathing without a care in the world. With his solid cock lying on his belly, pointing menacingly straight at his navel, Tom looked extremely comfortable.

He looked up at us with a broad grin on his face. “So, which one of you wants a hard ride and which one wants the softer alternative?”

“Tom,” Karen began, “I need the toilet, Jaz will warm you up until I get back.”

Tom looked disappointed. “Hurry, babe.”

Left alone, I was embarrassed by my lack of sexual knowledge. “Um shall I...?” I tentatively stepped over his midriff, facing him.

“Turn around, Jaz, and lower your pretty little cunt so I can get a closer look at it.”

“Oh, all right,” I replied, then manoeuvred through 180 degrees.

“That’s it, kitten. Drop to your knees and while I taste your soft centre, you can reacquaint yourself with my knob.” That was simple enough. I dropped to my knees and pushed my ass back, so that my pussy was close to Tom’s chin. “Back up a little, baby...”

“Oh,” I exclaimed, when after edging back, Tom moved his hands to my hips and pulled my ass down so that my sex docked with his mouth. “Tom! Oh, Tom... That feels amazing.” Just like Adam earlier, Tom, began lapping my labia lips and clit furiously. It was almost unbelievable that I was receiving such aggressive cunny lickings from two men in one day!

As soon as I had settled my sex onto Tom’s mouth, I grabbed his shaft. About four inches of it was within the range of my mouth, but to begin with, I licked his crown as eagerly as he was lapping my splayed labia. I didn’t take him into my mouth until he began to penetrate my quim.

By rocking my body back and forth, Tom was able to penetrate me further and I was able to simulate sex with my lips gripping his knob. I was well on my way to an orgasm, when Karen entered the room carrying an odd-looking strap/dildo restraint.

I lifted my head but maintained my grip on Tom’s shaft. I wanted to see what Karen had, but I didn’t stop grinding my sex onto his mouth. “Ugggggggh...” Tom growled softly due to the cessation of my activities.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Move forward so I can see Tom...”

Disappointed, I slid my pussy off his mouth and sat up.

“Tom, I’m going to fit this on you.” When she held it up to show him, I identified it as a dildo gag.

“Come off it, Babe. Let’s just do the old ‘A’ routine. You always like that.”

Karen looked at me. “I bought this to add to Tom’s bondage toy collection, but he has never let me fit it on him. I think the time is ripe. What do you say, Jaz?”

I thought that Karen was trying to make Tom look unreasonable in my eyes, maybe put me off him? I decided to go along with her to see Tom’s reaction. “Um, sure, we need two cocks.”

“Well said. Did you hear that, Tom?”

“I heard. I don’t like it but if it makes you happy babe, I’ll suffer in silence.”

“Turn around Jaz and help me fit it,” Karen said behind me. I climbed to my feet and turned again. As I settled my ass down on his solid, flat stomach, Karen

offered the smaller, internal dildo of the restraint up to his lips.

Tom looked bemused as Karen inserted the four-inch-long dildo into his mouth, then with Tom's help, she secured the leather straps behind his head by buckling it tightly. The curved shield that covered his lips seemed to add support to the stout dildo which was remarkably similar in size and shape to Tom's impressive dick.

"You can have flesh and bone. Jaz, I'll take the silicone option."

"Oh, all right..."

"Back up. After your ride on his mouth, you must be ready for some more action."

"Sure," I said. I edged back, then lifted my ass. By looking between my thighs, I was able to guide Tom's glistening knob into my honeypot.

I was wet, hot and ripe for cock. As it slid in, it met little resistance until I was almost sitting on his groin. Karen, facing me, had also docked with the fake cock and impaled herself on it.

"What do you think, Jaz?" she asked as she began to rise and fall at a steady rate.

I copied her movement and speed, then when she leant forward, I did the same. We held hands, fingers between fingers and then, as if it was a requirement of the position, we kissed. Gently at first, then more eagerly until it became a full-blown snog.

During those electrifying minutes, I was mentally transformed back to the final night I spent in the monastery, when I kissed my best friend Rose goodbye. It was a sad moment because we had no contact information that we could give each other.

Kissing while rising and falling on Tom's cock was doubly enjoyable because I knew that he was getting as much pleasure from the experience as I was. When he began to grunt, I prepared myself for the sudden surge of adrenaline within the man beneath me. I broke the kiss so I could sit more upright and step up the pace.

Sure enough, moments later, I felt his cock spurting stream after stream of hot jiz deep inside me. I stilled, but Karen hadn't finished. She continued while I eased off Tom's softening cock. I backed onto his legs, then leant forward and cleaned my juices from his soft shaft. Karen appeared to be in seventh heaven and made the most of the opportunity she had engineered.

When she finally stilled and eased herself off the dildo, I stood up and pulled my jeans on, while Karen removed the dildo gag from poor Tom's head. I felt sorry for him and wondered if there was a chance of him remaining in our group after the trip and continue coaching me.

"Ahhhhh," he gasped as he sat up. He remained seated on the rug wiping his mouth. "Well, I hope you girls are satisfied."

“More than,” Karen said. She too was pulling on her jeans. “Are you going to tell us what the surprise is?”

“I’m going to show you. Wait here.” He got to his feet and left the room by the hall doorway.

Karen came over to me. “Jaz, you’ve probably guessed that I’m bisexual.”

I nodded. “I think I am too.”

She came closer so that our tits were almost touching. “In case you’re wondering, I’ve got nothing to do with Tom being side-lined...”

“So, it’s what the sponsors want, is it?”

“Ibrahim didn’t say, but I got the impression that your guardians are making the decisions regarding who is going to coach you. Hopefully, we’ll find out more later.”

Tom entered the room carrying two long garment bags by the tops of the hangers. “Find out about what?” he asked Karen, obviously catching the end of the conversation.

“Um, about the travel plans. What have you got there?”

Tom laid the garment bags on the sofa. “These are your clothes. Ibrahim brought them in person. He wants you to wear them tonight.”

“Oh, so we’re not going to wear the sports clothing?” I asked.

“Saihat has arranged a photoshoot for later in the evening. After we’ve eaten apparently. They’ll want to take some pictures of you in their gear, so you’ll have to change. We’ll pack everything into the sports bags. He’ll be pleased that you’ve tried some of the items on.”

Karen unzipped one of the protective covers and pulled it open. “Oh, my god!” she exclaimed. “A jacket and a dress!”

I leant over to examine the contents of the protective bag. The lightweight jacket was blue and had narrow lapels. Karen opened the jacket to reveal a fawn dress that was tiered with semi-sheer layers of transparent fabric. “Oh, wow, that looks expensive.”

“This one is Karen’s. Check out yours, Jaz.”

My fingers were shaking as I unzipped the bag. I wasn’t surprised to see that the jacket was fawn while the dress was light blue. The jackets and dresses were obviously designed to complement the sponsor’s colour scheme and enhance any photo opportunity at their promotional events.

“This is amazing, Tom. They have really pushed the boat out. No expenses spared,” I said.

Karen had already lifted her dress out on the hanger. “Tom, this is almost transparent. I haven’t got anything decent to wear under it.”

I lifted my light blue dress up and held it against my body. It was short sleeved, had a modest, high neckline while the hem just covered my knees.

“Ha! They thought of that too!” Tom declared excitedly. “There’s one more package.”

“My God, it’s just like Christmas,” I exclaimed.

Tom fetched the package which contained high quality lingerie and platform shoes. There were two matching satin and lace sets of lingerie in sky blue and light brown. Each one contained a corset with quarter cups and a pair of bikini briefs. Then there were the 2” platform shoes – one glossy blue and one beige.

“Tom, I’ve never worn clothes like this before,” I said while examining the items.

During my stay in the convent, I either wore the standard uniform, sports kit or a nightgown. The Abbess frowned upon ‘outside influences. Her term for modern

fashion. Starved of the internet and mobile phones, we students were kept on the straight and narrow. When I emerged in March, I was overwhelmed at first by the sheer multiplicity of my new world.

Despite Karen's encouragement, I resisted buying lots of clothes until I realized that I wanted to have sex with a man. Only then did I start looking for sexy items so that I could be more appealing to Tom and maybe have sex with him.

"Jaz, if it's any consolation, I haven't worn anything like this either," Karen said.

She may have been telling the truth, but she had enjoyed over ten years of freedom to dress the way she wanted. I only had six months...

Chapter 2,6 ~ Jasmin in the limelight.

I pulled on the light blue panties. The front was made of a transparent gauze-like fabric while the back was made of fine satin. I hadn't seen anything like them in the lingerie shops or on the internet. They were comfortable but embarrassingly saucy because my pussy dimple was visible through the fabric at the front while my ass crack was discernible at the back.

When Tom had finished lacing up the corset, I was intrigued by the under support that lifted my firm tits. "My God, Tom, imagine running in one of these!"

"Oh, babe, I'll dream about that tonight!" he replied with a huge grin on his face.

Even more worrying than the tight corset, was that my dark areolas and chunky nipples overspilled the top edge of the quarter cups. I hoped that the fabric of the dress would hide my secret spots, above and below!

Tom was in his element while helping and watching us dress in the expensive underwear and frothy tulle dresses. Although the lifestyle at the convent, taught me how to face some of the rugged challenges the world was going to throw at me, it hadn't taught me how to enjoy being feminine.

Standing, staring at my reflexion in the mirror, I became overwhelmed by emotions that I didn't understand. I was finally discovering that I had desires and ambitions that didn't involve athletics. They involved my femininity and image but that was as far as I could comprehend...

We had forty minutes to apply our makeup and do our hair. It was a close-run thing, but in the end, we had just finished when the car arrived to pick us up.

Once again, we were surprised when a silver, stretched limo pulled up outside Tom's house. When the chauffeur came to the front door, we were ready, with our bags to follow him back to the car. The stocky driver took our sports bags and while holding them with one hand, opened the back door for me.

When the door opened, I was able to see the solicitor, Ibrahim, who was sitting on the far side of the car, on the back seat. The interior light was on, enabling me to see the plush black leather seating and rich walnut trimmed interior.

"Jasmin, come and sit opposite me, please."

"Oh, okay," I said, ducking and shuffling across to the far side. Clutching my handbag, I settled into the seat and took a moment to calm down.

The two seats that backed onto the partition had a wide armrest between them while three back seats took up the whole width of the back. Tom sat down with an empty seat between him and Ibrahim while Karen sat facing him, beside me.

Ibrahim waited for us to fasten our seatbelts. "Everyone comfortable?"

"Yes," we all replied. Moments later we were on our way to London.

“Ibrahim,” Karen began. “These dresses are beautiful. We didn’t realize that we were invited to dinner.”

“Sir, I love my dress,” I added. “I was wondering if it’s on loan to me, or...”

Ibrahim smiled. “Jasmin, we haven’t met yet...” He reached forward wanting to shake my hand, so I offered mine. He had a firm grip and held it for a few seconds. “It’s a delight to meet you finally.”

“The feeling is mutual, Sir.”

He released my hand. “The answer to your question is that the dress you are wearing was made for you, so you will naturally keep it.” He turned to Karen. “The same goes for your dress, Karen, and your suit, Tom. Dinner? We would be poor hosts if we didn’t provide you with an evening meal.”

Both Karen and Tom thanked him, then we chatted about the travel arrangements. Ibrahim informed us that the Limo would once again collect us on Monday at midday, so that gave us all day Sunday to pack.

“What’s the training camp like in Dammam?” I asked the handsome solicitor.

“Well, there’s a sports stadium with a fast synthetic running track. You’ll love it, Jasmin.”

“What about living accommodation?” Karen asked.

“All the athletes and coaching staff live at the centre. There are full amenities, comparable to some of the top-quality hotels in the city. You are all going to enjoy your stay at the Saihat training centre.”

“Are you taking us to the Portman Square address printed on the card that you gave me?” Tom asked.

“Yes, the residence belongs to Sheik Zahid Bashir and his wife, Maira. I am their guest while I visit England. You will also be meeting Sheik Emad Karim. He is travelling with us. It will be his plane that will take us to Dammam.”

“Is he involved with Saihat Enterprises, Ibrahim?” Tom asked.

“His wife, Layla, is the CEO. Sheik Karim’s business is oil and gas. He owns the huge refinery not far from Dammam.”

We chatted about athletics, the strict laws in Saudi Arabia and their ethnic diet. I thought, for a solicitor, he was taking an unusually keen interest in me and my athletics career. It was nice to chat with him, but I would have preferred to be discussing my sport with someone on the coaching team from the Saihat training centre. On the upside, Ibrahim was an attractive guy and spent most of the journey studying me with his intense hazel-orange eyes.

I had never been to London so couldn’t identify any of the journey. It was

Ibrahim that announced that we were nearly at our destination. A couple of minutes later, the car tipped forward as the driver steered it down a steep ramp to what turned out to be a small underground carpark.

Once the driver had steered the long car into an incredibly tight parking space, between concrete pillars, he got out and opened the door on my side.

“We’ll have to get out this side, Karen, Tom. Leave your bags in the car. Mo will take them up,” Ibrahim explained, then let me climb out first into the well-lit concrete garage.

A heavy metal gate trundled closed at the entrance, seemingly trapping us among the tall concrete pillars. Combined with the cold, it felt as though we had just entered a prison. However, when I went to the back of the car, I spotted the welcome sight of a lift with its doors already open. The warm glow coming from within drew me toward it.

Ibrahim took up the rear and followed us into the compact elevator, then pushed the ground floor button. “Sheik Bashar’s house must be impressive,” Tom said pointing at the panel where the numbers went up to five.

“The property is quite impressive,” Ibrahim replied just after the lift jerked into motion.

It only took a few seconds to rise one floor. When the doors opened, we were greeted by two Arab girls dressed in even more daring outfits than the ones that Karen and I were wearing. Their shimmering tunic dresses were made from just a single layer of translucent material. Beneath, their single item of underwear

consisted of a beige leotard that was as translucent as our panties were.

The barefooted pair waited until we stepped onto the plush carpet then put their hands together in the praying pose and bowed their heads. “Welcome back, Sir,” one of the girls said.

“Where is your Master?” Ibrahim asked.

“He is in his study, Sir,” the slightly taller girl replied.

“Your Mistress?”

“She’s changing, Sir.”

“Okay, Take Jasmin, Karen and Tom to the Rose room and fetch them a drink. I’ll inform your Master that we have arrived.”

They bowed again, then turned their attention to us. The taller girl pointed at a line of shoes. “Please remove your shoes, then follow us.”

They waited for us to add our shoes to three other pairs, then set off down the corridor. The passageway, like the lobby was furnished and decorated in a Middle Eastern style. There was a red and blue carpet runner on the marble floor, stretching out before us. The thing that surprised me the most was the height of

the ceiling. It was at least twice my height.

The girls were about my age, maybe a year older. Both had long black hair and dusty brown skin. They had stunning complexions and although they were different facially, they were wearing identical cosmetics, gold earrings, nose studs and gold collar style necklaces.

The Rose room turned out to be the room at the end of the corridor. The double doors were facing us and had huge brass doorhandles that I thought looked daunting. The girls each took a handle and after turning them, pushed both doors open to reveal a large, brightly lit room. The height magnified the size, as did a long wall of tall windows that were covered by rose coloured drapes.

The room was dominated by a monolithic modern table, maybe twenty feet long and four feet wide. But it was no ordinary table. It was only two feet high and was made from a sheet of glass or clear resin that was maybe four inches thick. Within the transparent substance were jewels and what looked like tiny gold nuggets. The precious stones and minerals sparkled and glimmered, reflecting the gleaming overhead lights, creating a light source of their own.

The low sofas either side and wide mini sofas at each end, were covered with long loose cushions to sit on and lean against. The taller girl who had been doing all the talking, pointed to one end of the sofa, on our left.

“Ladies, please take a seat on this side of the table and you, Sir, please sit on the right side.”

“Thank you. What are your names?” I enquired.

“My name is Farah and this is Sara. Please be seated and we will fetch you some refreshments.” They turned and left the room, leaving the doors ajar.

I didn’t want to sit, for there was so much to see in the room. Isn’t this house amazing. It’s almost as though we’ve already arrived in Saudi Arabia,” I said while wandering over to a huge globe sitting like an egg on a magnificent wooden eggcup. “This room has a mix of old and new, as if there were two interior designers.”

Karen stood looking around while Tom seated himself on the edge of the sofa. He ran his hand over the table’s surface. “Wow, this is made of resin. It must be twenty-four feet long.”

Karen nodded but wasn’t interested. She wandered over to stand beside me. I rolled the globe until I could see England and Saudi Arabia, then traced the journey with my finger.

“It doesn’t look far from England.”

“Well, you’re already getting a taste of Saudi culture. What did you make of the harem girls?”

“Sara and Farah? They’re not harem girls, surely?”

“Oh, did you think that practice had died out?”

“Well, yes... To tell you the truth, I hadn’t given it any thought...”

The doors swung open again. This time Sara, followed closely by Farah, was carrying a large silver tray. Upon it was what looked like a jug of light brown fruit juice, along with six fluted glasses. There was also a plate of dark brown dates, a bowl of water and a pile of napkins.

While Sara held the tray low, Farah placed the six glasses and napkins on the table for us and three other people, then poured an inch of the liquid in each glass.

“That looks interesting,” Karen said having watched the youngster pour the liquid.

“This fruit juice is made from Safawi dates and oranges...” She placed the dish of dates and water in the middle of the table. “...and these are ajwa dates, a delicacy in our country.”

The girls looked as though they were ready to leave. “I’ve heard that dates are incredibly rich in vitamins and nutrients,” I said.

“That’s correct, Miss. While you are in Saudi Arabia, you must try all the different varieties available. We will return in a minute with some appetizers.”

We thanked them before they hurried away. “Come and sit down, girls and have a date,” Tom said.

I had never eaten dates, but I was game to try anything once. Karen went and sat down on the sofa, so I followed her. “I’m assuming that Sheik Bashar will sit at the head of the table.” I picked up a date, then sat down beside Karen.

The other two were eating dates so I nibbled mine. The date was delicious. I devoured it quickly.

“Well, what do you think, kid?” Tom asked.

“I love them.” I put the stone on a napkin and took another.

Having eaten two, Karen tried the drink. “Oh, this is fabulous, guys. If this is a taste of what’s to come... wow!”

When I sipped mine, my tastebuds exploded. “You weren’t kidding, Karen. I’ve never tasted a drink as yummy as this.” Four sips and it was all gone.

“It’s a pity they didn’t give us a bit more,” Tom said, then returned his empty glass to the table.

We were interrupted when the doors opened and Ibrahim entered the room with two men wearing smart suits. We stood up to meet the pair of Arab men who were much younger than I expected.

“Let me introduce you to Sheik Bashar and Sheik Karim,” Ibrahim said, indicating which man was which.

“Tom, Karen and Jasmin, welcome to my home.” He stepped forward and shook our hands. Then, he introduced us to Sheik Karim. “Please be seated and relax. Have you tried the fruit of my plantations yet?” He gestured toward the dates.

“The dates are delicious,” I said.

“And, the fruit juice?”

I glanced at my empty glass. “Scrumptious.”

That brought a broad grin, from the bearded Arab. “There will be plenty more when you reach your destination,” he said in Arabic which I was fluent in.

“I look forward to it,” I replied in his language.

I shouldn’t have been surprised that he used Arabic. For the first time I was grateful for the one-to-one tutoring I had in four languages at the convent.

As I dwelled on the ability to communicate in Arabic, I realized my faculties were dimming. Thoughts that normally sprang into my mind weren't arriving. I wasn't dizzy, I just couldn't think coherently. I experienced mild panic, then when that dimmed, I drifted into a deep sleep.

My last memory of that evening was Sheik Bashar's grinning face...

Chapter 2.7 ~ Jasmin's awakening.

I woke slowly from my slumber and instantly realized that something was terribly wrong. The stifling heat was the first thing, the uncomfortable bed I was lying on was the second. Then, when I opened my eyes, my surroundings confirmed that something shocking had happened to me.

The room was dimly lit from the meagre light filtering through a small window above my head. An odd sensation caused me to lift my hand to my neck, whereupon I discovered that I was wearing a collar, made from metal? Panicking, I sat up and stared at the gold cuffs on my wrists and ankles.

Before I had a chance to examine them, the girl on the other bed, who was lying on her back, stirred and rolled to face me, but didn't wake. She too was wearing a set of restraints identical to mine. Worryingly, she was also sporting gold nipple rings, seated almost in her areolas, and a two-inch square QR code that had been printed on her mons with the same device as the one they used on our arms.

I checked my mons and then discovered the cause of an annoying itch in my pussy. A glint of metal prompted me to part my labia lips. I couldn't believe my eyes. A Stainless-Steel eyelet had been punched through the centre of my clitoral ridge. The deep aberration was too sensitive to touch.

The eyelet rang alarm bells in my head, but my strict taekwondo training had taught me to analyse the enemy and plan accordingly. Of course, my first instinct was to hammer on the cell door to call for help, but I decided to find out as much as possible from my fellow roommate.

Similar in build and age, I guessed from her distinctive features, that the young girl was a native Saudi. Her black hair was plaited into a ponytail, as was mine, but her dusky brown skin was darker than mine, even though I had spent a lot of time out in the sun, during the English summer.

I was in a room approximately ten feet square. I clenched my fists and resolved not to panic. The room was similar in size to my room at the convent, so I had experience to draw on. The barred window at the end of the room and a peephole in the wooden door, suggested that I was in a prison cell.

How could I have ended up in a cell, in a foreign country? I swung my legs around and stood up on the sisal mat that covered the floor between the beds to the door – another parallel to the convent. There were no other similarities though. The walls and floor in the convent were stone, while in the ‘cell’, the floor was covered with ceramic tiles and the walls with rough stucco.

The sun hadn’t risen but I could tell that from the arid atmosphere that I had been transported to a hot country, possibly Saudi Arabia? That was the only possibility that occurred to me, taking the heat and tawdry conditions in the room, into account. The girl would provide answers. However, there was a more urgent matter. I needed the toilet.

I leant over the youngster and shook her arm gently. “Please wake up,” I said in English.

“Uh, what are you doing?” she grunted in Arabic.

I switched. “Please. What is this place. Where am I?”

She rubbed the sleep from her eyes. That was the moment I noticed the marks and bruises on her body. Also, I spotted a small tattoo on her upper arm in the shape of a crest. I instinctively twisted my head to look at my arm.

“Oh, my God!” I exclaimed when I saw that I bore an identical mark. I rubbed it and discovered that it wasn’t a Tattoo, but it was something similar. “What the hell is this?” I rubbed the skin again, but it looked permanent.

The girl sat up and looked up at the window. She then stood and reached up to the bars. Grabbing them, she hauled herself up until she could see out of the window. If it was a demonstration of strength, she succeeded in impressing me. Moments later, she dropped to the floor and rounded on me.

“Girl, what’s your name?”

“Jasmin.”

“Jasmin, never wake me before dawn and keep your fucking voice down!” she said in a low aggressive tone. She then raised her small fist and gently punched my left breast. “My name is Zena. I’ll make allowances this time because you’re new...”

“Please tell me what this place is. Where the hell am I?”

“Are you dumb? Don’t you even know where you are?” She hunkered down and pulled a bowl out from under her bed.

Then, turning, she manoeuvred her ass and relieved herself into it. Some piss splashed onto the floor but only a few drops. I was gobsmacked and lost for words. She had at least answered one of my unasked questions.

She looked up at me. “Girl, no shitting in our room unless you’ve got the runs. Got that?”

“Um, yes, sure...” I sat down on the edge of the bed while she tucked the bowl away. “What is this place. A prison?”

She stood over me. “Huh, might as well be. This is Sheik Bashar’s Country Estate.” She poked the crest on my arm. “You belong to him.”

“I don’t belong to anyone...”

I felt under my bed and pulled out the pan. Being naked, all I had to do was squat and wee.

“Careful, girl,” Zena said when some droplets spilled over the side of the bowl.

Having had a dig at me, the Arab youngster walked to the end of her bed where a small table filled the gap to the end wall. Two bottles of drinking water, a pitcher and a bowl were standing on the table. I went over and stood beside her while she poured water into the bowl from the pitcher. One of the bottles of water was still sealed while the other was half full.

I picked up the full bottle, only for Zena to snatch it out of my hand. “That’s mine,” she said sharply.

I was going to argue, but I decided to hold my powder until the time was right. She placed the bottle on the other side of the bowl, then started to splash water on her face. While I waited for my turn to wash, I drank greedily from the partially full bottle, but left a small amount before screwing the top back.

Using a small cloth, she washed her face, then her pussy. Satisfied, she returned to her bed where she sat cross legged with the pillow between her back and the wall. She was quite happy to expose her splayed sex, enabling me to see that she too had an eyelet in her clit ridge.

There was no water left in the jug, so I didn’t bother to wash my face, but I cleaned my pussy. I plucked up the courage to ask her an embarrassing question.

“Zena, while I was asleep someone punched a hole in my clit ridge...” I pointed at my lips. “I see you’ve got one too.”

“Show me.” I pulled my lips far enough apart for her to see the metal eyelet. “Every thrall gets ringed. You’re lucky they did it while you were in transit.”

Her short statement created so many questions in my head. “Thrall? In transit? What’s the ring for?”

“That’s a dumb question. We’re thralls and our master can do what he wants with us. Most of the time we’re working on the estate but when we’re not, we might have other duties. That’s your tag ring. With a tag, guests or buyers know who we are. Did the Master buy you at auction?”

Zena wasn’t too bright and because I didn’t want to talk about my past, I ignored her question. I needed information and the best way to get it was to be nice to the girl. I returned to the side of the bed

“Zena, I’m in a fix. I’ve been kidnapped. I’m from England...”

“I guessed you were half white. So, what? When the Master needs more slaves, he buys them and solves the problem. You might have white blood but you’re not better than me.”

“No, of course not. I need your help, Zena. Tell me who’s in charge of us. I need to speak to Sheik Bashar...” I touched the crest on my arm. “This is a mistake.”

“Huh, you won’t get within talking distance of our Master. I know you’re new, but you’d better learn fast. Master Saeed said the replacement for Farah was coming. I hope you can work as hard as she did, otherwise you won’t last long.”

“What do you mean?”

“They’ll sell you on, as quick as they would shoot a rabid dog.”

“What happened to the girl that used to sleep in this bed?”

“Farah? She caught the eye of one of the sons and got transferred to the Home Estate. I hope she gets to work in the palace. Good luck to her if she ends up in one of the son’s beds, but she’s more likely to be working in the palace staff, scrubbing floors.”

“How far away is the Home Estate?”

“It’s joined to this estate, but we rarely go there. If the North Yard beats the South in productivity, some of us get to go to the racecourse, but that’s about it.”

“So, this Master Saeed. Is he the man I need to talk to?”

Zena put her hands behind her head. “It’s Monday, so it’ll be Master Malik this morning. Normally, new girls have to find out the hard way, but I’ll give you a heads up. We only speak to the Masters if they speak to us first.” She touched her collar. “If you talk too much, they’ll switch your collar on at night.”

I tried to get my finger between the collar and my neck. “What does it do?”

“Punishes you. Zap!” she said expansively. “They’re normally used to stop dogs barking.”

“That’s awful.”

“We’re treated like animals and fed like dogs but if you work hard and suck up to the Masters, you can get by.”

“Oh, my God. I can’t believe this is happening to me.”

“You’d better pull yourself together. The Master will be along in a minute to fit our vagie plugs.”

“Pardon?!”

“Yes, the men plug our vagina’s every morning and remove the plugs when we finish work. The end expands to anchor it. The Masters can punish us through them and even track our movements. If we fall behind schedule, we’ll both be punished.”

“I can’t believe slavery is still alive in the twenty-first century.”

“Well, it is but they call us thralls, not slaves. I’ll warn you again. Do as you’re told and don’t kick off like a lot of raw bitches do on their first day. Some of those silly cunts ended up being whipped and put in solitary for a couple of days.”

“Zena, how do I get to speak to one of the Masters then?”

“If this is your first day on the Country Estate, Master Malik will call us into the office for instruction, probably after we finish for the day.”

“Us?”

“We’re a team, so probably both of us. I’ll have to listen to his bullshit as well. He’ll test you. Malik is a cocky bastard. Blow him with enthusiasm and maybe, just maybe he’ll listen to what you have to say.”

I was going to respond by voicing my horror at her comment, but there was a loud noise down the corridor. It sounded as though someone was banging on a door. Then, there was another and another. A growling voice uttered some words I couldn’t understand.

“That’s the wakeup call. It sounds like Mohsin, the head lad. We’d better get on our beds.”

I waited for Zena to climb onto her hands and knees. She turned, tucked her knees under her body so that she was kneeling across the width of the bed, then

pushed her head down, against the wall.

“Do you have to do this every morning?” I asked in a shocked tone.

“Sure, you’ll get used to it!”

I wouldn’t..., but I reluctantly followed suit. A man was going to enter the cell and push plugs into our vaginas. The world had gone mad...

Chapter 2.8 ~ Jasmin's education.

After a couple of minutes there was a bang on the door. “Look lively bitches,” a young man said in a gravelly voice, once he had opened the door. “Zena, any trouble with the new bitch?”

The lad was dressed in a long white garment and was sporting a diagonal leather strap with a radio and baton attached. While he stood there, he played with the weapon’s handle.

“No, Sir. I think I can work with her.”

The lad studied my body from about six feet away but didn’t step into the cell. “I might ride your wagon today, Zena, and take a look at the new bitch.”

“Can I ask a question, Sir?” I asked.

When he pulled his baton from its loop on the belt, I regretted speaking.

“Did I speak to you thrall?” He took one step into the cell and raised his short flexible weapon. Switt!

“Ahhhh, sorry, Sir,” I cried, but the blow had been delivered with savage accuracy, right across the centre of my naked butt cheeks.

“Learn the rules quickly, thrall, or you will face a much more painful punishment. You are forbidden to speak unless you are spoken to first. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I was all too familiar with strict regimes. After six months of freedom, I had been consigned to another, more restrictive form of imprisonment. While a line of fire sizzled fiercely across the centre of my raised butt cheeks, I wasn't sure how to react.

“Zena, teach this thrall the ropes, otherwise you'll be feeling the bite of the stick too!”

“Yes, Sir, I will do my best.”

He left us and moved on down the corridor. Moments later he was banging on the next door.

“Girl, wise up

“Who was that?”

“His name is Mohsin. He's the head lad for the time being. He's out to impress

the gangmasters. If he doesn't, it'll be another lad next week. He's not the worse one among the lads. He's strict but he usually remembers that we're constantly thirsty."

"What do we have to do? What's our job?"

"We haul the wagons around the Country Estate and do other jobs the lads don't like doing. However, we always start the day hauling."

"We? How many are we?"

"There are ten of us. Five teams of two."

I was aghast to hear that our job involved pulling wagons. "Why don't they have proper vehicles?"

"We cost very little to begin with. We don't need any maintenance and in the main, we don't depreciate in value. In some cases, the Master makes a lot of money when he resells us. That's the business reason. The real reason is that the Master is obsessed with young women like you and me. I'm twenty and probably have another five or six years before I'm replaced with a teenager. All raw bitches are eighteen and nineteen. Right?"

I nodded glumly. The discussion didn't get much further because a man dressed in a white thawb and red checked headdress appeared in the doorway, holding a black bucket. "Ah, the new girl," he said as he dropped the bucket on the floor

between us. “My name is Master Malik and I am one of three Gangmasters in charge of the North Yard. Are you going to give me any trouble, thrall?”

“No, Master,” I replied reluctantly.

Malik placed his hand on my raised ass and patted it. “I see you’ve felt the bite of the stick already.” He traced the line with his finger, then dropped it to my thrusting pussy.

“Ahhhh,” I exhaled but didn’t protest as his clumsy fingers rubbed my lips, then examined my furrow and clitoral flesh.

With the cruel stud still stinging I found it difficult to hold my anger. He continued to investigate my tender folds and when he succeeded in triggering my libido, my pussy provided the lubrication he was after. “If your other lips are as tight as these, thrall, we’re going to get along.”

“Uh,” I gasped softly when he thrust two fingers into my soft, unresisting portal. “Oh...” The digits were driven in as far as he could force them.

“Mmmm, boy these muscles need loosening.”

While Malik jagged his fingers back and forth. I heard him lift an object out of the water. I glanced over my shoulder to see that he was holding a dark red, smooth, silicone dildo that was less stout than the dildo Karen bought me. Oddly and worryingly, it had a stainless-steel bulbous, large head.

“Thrall, watch,” Malik said.

After withdrawing his fingers, he pulled out a bunch of keys. He then inserted a small key into the end of the dildo and turned it. The head opened like the surgical instrument that doctors used for vaginal inspections.

“Once its installed, don’t try and withdraw it. You’d be wasting your time and would hurt yourself. It protects you from the lads penetrating you in this hole, while you work. It has GPS so we always know your location; and it carries a sting that will wake you up if you’re behind schedule, or just being plain idle. It’s called a cracker-plug for obvious reasons.”

Having returned the dildo to its normal state, Malik pushed the head against my succulent entrance. “Uggggggh,” I groaned when he eased it into my passageway despite my teenage muscles trying to bar its progress.

“Yes, thrall, grunt all you want, but I’ll warn you now, this is what my cock feels like when you’re sliding back and forth on it.”

I was tempted to complain but I didn’t think the time was right. Zena mentioned a visit to the gangmaster’s office. Then, I was bound to get an opportunity to question Malik about why I had been kidnapped and turned into a slave.

“Uh!” I grunted again when he turned the key.

The expanding head, deep in my womb caused a dull ache to spread out from the source. Slap! The blow was to signal that he had finished, for he turned and began the process on Zena.

“Zena and Jaz!” he muttered. “That’s got a certain ring about it. You’ve lucked out though, Zena, getting a raw bitch just when our Master is under pressure. Losing to the South Yard last week was a blow. We’ve got to do better this week.

My cellmate remained silent while her plug was fitted. I heard the familiar slap, then the Arab picking up the bucket. When I looked over my shoulder, Zena was manoeuvring into a sitting position, so I followed suit. Master Malik turned and left without making another comment.

I raised my knees and peered at the end of the dildo. Beside the key slot was a fixing point so that something could be attached to it, just like our collar and cuffs.

I touched it. “What’s this for?”

“So, they can tether us when we’re doing certain jobs. Do you know what a chain gang is?”

“Sure, I’ve seen men chained together in films. You’re not saying that happens here, are you?”

“All the time. The low chain doesn’t get in the way as much as when it’s

attached to our collars.”

“That’s terrible.” I thought for a moment. “Was that bit about the lads using us for sex, bullshit?”

“No, so long as the lads aren’t interfering with our work, they have a free rein. Use it to your advantage. If you want to get any inside information, only the lads can get it for you.” Zena sat forward on the edge of her bed. “You were a slave before our Master bought you, weren’t you?”

“What makes you think that?”

“Raw bitches normally go apeshit on their first day. I’ve seen at least a dozen different girls wake up on their first morning, on this estate, and totally lose it. They cry and wail their heads off and have to have the crap beaten out of them before they settle down. They were all slow to accept their thrall status.” She touched the crest on her arm. “The sooner you accept that you’re a slave and that you’re no better than a dog, the better chance you have of surviving.”

It was a grim picture. I had no intention of telling Zena my story, so I had to make up something. “I had six months of freedom, otherwise I was a captive who had to do my Master and Mistress’s bidding.”

“Good, that means you’ve got a backbone and you understand hierarchy.” She lowered her hand so that it was hovering a few inches from the floor. “This is you.” She raised her hand a few inches. “This is me...” A few more inches. “The Estate Master’s assistant.” Then, she kept raising it. “The estate lads, the Head estate lad, the gang Masters, the Estate Masters, the Mistress and finally, the

Master.”

“Why are you higher than me?”

“Stupid question. You’re a raw bitch for a few days. She stroked the code on her mons. If the Master decides to keep you, he will mark you with your registration.”

“Keep me?”

“When our Master buys a thrall, there’s usually a seven day return clause. Master Malik will be watching you carefully.”

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. “He mentioned losing to the South Yard...”

“Yes, we are referred to as the North Yard. Both yards have identical staff structures. At the end of each week, the estate Master decides whether the North or the South are the winning team. The winners nominate a pair to race against a pair of the Home Estate novice Pony-girls. Some of the thralls get to watch and wear clothes!”

“Pony-girls? Are you serious?”

“It happens every Sunday. Our one day off. By the way, the losing team spend the day cleaning the stables and rooms. Jaz, we’ve got a few minutes before breakfast. Time enough for you to give me a cunny licking...” She leant back and raised her knees, presenting boldly the plump lips and clit flesh of her raw labia. Being closer, I could see that her lips were badly bruised.

“What happened to your labia?”

“You’ll find out. Get on with it before the bell goes.”

“I’ll cooperate if you return the favour.”

“Jaz, I’ve already given you ten favours. Show me that you understand your position beneath me.”

I dropped to my knees and placed my hands on her bruised ass flesh, then looked up her body. “Zena, I’m not beneath you, but I’ll lap you if you get off your high horse.”

“If you want my respect, you’re going to have to earn it. Lap away or suffer the consequences.”

I thumbed her labia apart until her clitoral ridge and hood stood proud, then pressed my mouth against her warm and juicy flesh. I decided to impress the girl but not give her a deluxe munch. I lapped her clit from side to side, I rubbed her lips with mine, I sucked her flesh aggressively and nibbled her clit as it hardened

with excitement.

She reached forward and grabbed my ponytail. “Shit, girl, someone taught you good... Keep going...”

After another few minutes I had her sighing and trembling as her orgasm approached, then a bell sounded.

“Enough,” she said, then pushed my head backward. “That was a decent effort for a raw bitch.” After we had climbed to our feet, she grabbed my arm and looked at me earnestly. “From the moment we step out of our room, keep quiet. We’re not allowed to talk to each other if there’s a lad around. They have prods that fucking hurt.”

“What about clothes?”

“Huh, you should be so lucky. Come on. Grab your pot and follow my lead.”

With piss pots in hand, we emerged into a long corridor that was open on one side. Heavy duty mesh had been fastened on the outside above the low wall to deter people from jumping over it. There were two naked girls ahead of us carrying their bed pans. We were made to strip to our underwear often for punishments at the convent, but I never had to parade around naked.

The hot climate meant I wasn’t cold or uncomfortable, but I wouldn’t ever get used to being treated worse than an animal...

Chapter 2.9 ~ Jasmin's resolution.

There was a lad standing at the end of the corridor watching a pair of girls approaching him. He said something to the nearest girl who stopped so he could grip her ass. It was a brief event, for moments later he patted her cheeks and she was on the way with her roommate, turning left through a narrow archway. Then his attention turned to us.

He put a hand out to stop us. "Zena, who's your roommate?"

"My name is Jasmin, Sir," I said.

"Shut it, thrall." He spat the words out, then turned to my companion. "When did she arrive?"

"In the night. This is her first day."

The lad examined me carefully and in particular my jutting tits and chunky nipples. "Are you half white?"

"Yes, Sir, I'm from England and I need help..."

The lad lowered his wand toward my hip. Zzzzz! "Ahhhh!" I cried when his prod

zapped me. The sharp stabbing sensation was horrible and caused me to cower back a little and almost spill the piss.

“That’s for speaking out of turn. Move on...”

As soon as we had passed through the arch, Zena nudged me. “I told you to stay silent,” she whispered. “Kashif is a cunt and won’t help you.”

The two girls ahead of us had stopped to empty their chamber pots into a huge stainless-steel sink that was attached to a wall. Beyond that were two shower heads in the open air. Two girls were using them while the pair who had just emptied their pots moved forward to wait.

We emptied our pots then joined the queue. The girls had to hold a chain down to get water, so they teamed up to help each other wash their bodies while the water flowed. The lad who was watching them, decided their time was up.

“Move on girls.” They instantly left the metal grill they were standing on and trotted down a step and disappeared through another arch in the wall.

While waiting for our turn, I learnt the efficient method the girls were using. So, when we stepped onto the metal grill, I was fully prepared. Using one hand, I soaped our bodies while Zena rubbed our skin clean of grime and sweat. We were only given a couple of minutes, but we managed to clean our bodies, even in the awkward nook and crannies.

When we were commanded, we hurried through the arch into a large courtyard where there were a dozen white towels hanging in the sunshine on one side. It was nice to be clean and dry, but it wouldn't last long, walking on the sandy soil, barefoot. I was expecting to see a residence or a large building, but there was only an old barn on the other side of the courtyard.

Ahead of us, built against an eight-foot-high wall, was an outdoor kitchen with a wooden canopy to protect the countertop. Seeing food being served to two girls reminded me that I was starving. The heavily set male chef studied the girls perky tits as he spooned the food onto their plates. The girls took their food to a wooden table, then knelt on the benches instead of sitting on them.

Again, we had to wait for our turn, but it was worth it, for the Arab male cook handed us bowls full of piping hot chicken fried rice. A plastic spoon was the only utensil handed to us along with a bottle of mineral water. Of the six tables, two were full so Zena steered me to an empty one.

“Kneel on the bench and sit at the end,” she said softly. “We have to wait until our lad arrives before we can eat our food.” My mouth was watering while we waited.

Master Malik, in his distinctive red checked headdress, was standing with the five lads around him. They too were dressed in white thawb, which to my eye gave them a shabby appearance. Mohsin stood out because he was the only one of the five wearing a diagonal leather belt.

I turned to Zena. “What's the delay?” I whispered.

The lads are being given their orders and Malik is deciding which lad will drive which team.” Zena explained.

I wasn’t comfortable perched on the bench with my legs folded under me and my ass sticking back. Fortunately, I didn’t have long to wait before the meeting broke up. Once the lads had picked up a plate of food and a bottle of water, they went to their teams and sat down.

Apparently, Mohsin got his wish to manage Zena and me for the day. He sat down between us. “Eat girls. You’ve got a hard day ahead of you.”

I tucked into the chicken fried rice which had plenty of meat and vegetables in the mix. It was a crazy situation. The food was healthy and wholesome and something I might eat before a training session. The conditions though were bizarre.

The courtyard, it’s high stone walls, the old towels hanging limply on a line and an imposing barn, could have been a scene in a movie set in the sixteenth century. Add naked slave girls with gold collars and cuffs, kneeling at battered wooden tables, devouring food from metal plates, the ancient scene was almost complete. Even the tatty outdoor kitchen looked ancient.

The only sign of modern life was the plastic spoon I was holding and the bottle of mineral water by my plate. The man who owned the estate was probably a billionaire, so why have slave girls? The answer to the conundrum lay in the way he, his minions, and his society, looked upon women. I wasn’t going to be able to change that, so I had to look for a way of escaping.

Mohsin finished his food first. After he had removed the top from his bottle of water, he placed his free hand on my back. I looked nervously at him while filling my mouth.

“While you eat, thrall, I’ll explain what’s expected of you, here at the North Yard.” His hand slid down to the centre of my ass and began feeling the firmness of my cheeks. I needed to show willing, for I judged that he may become an ally in my attempt to escape.

“Thank you, Sir,” I said between mouthfuls of food.

Mohsin’s fingers slid lower to my labia, pushed into my furrow, then gripped my line of clitoral flesh.

“I decide how you thank me, bitch. You’re what we call a raw bitch, so if you’re useless hauling wagons you’ll be landed with the shit jobs for a few weeks and live in the kennels. Punishment is swift here. For a major fuck-up or poor performance, you’ll also end up in the kennels. Be aware that the master gets rid of bitches that constantly fuck up. “Got that?”

“Ahhhh,” I gasped when Mohsin crushed my sensitive, pussy flesh. “Yes, Sir, I understand.”

“Good.” He removed his hand, then lifted his left leg so that he could straddle the bench and face me. “Turn, thrall and look at me.”

I put my spoon down and lifted my right leg over the bench. My labia grinned as I spread my thighs, but Mohsin wasn't interested in my sex, which was well and truly inaccessible. No, his intentions were clear when he lifted the front of his thawb and revealed his erect cock.

“Now, girl, show me that you understand what's expected of you.”

I would have rather eaten what was on my plate but that wasn't an option for the moment. Even my slight hesitation brought a reaction from the young Arab lad. He placed his hand on the handle of his wand just as I started to lean forwards.

“Thrall, I expect instant enthusiasm from the thralls on my team...”

The moment I gripped his shaft and began licking his knob, Mohsin grabbed my ponytail in a vice-like grip. He pushed the end of his prod into my ass crack and triggered it. “Zzzzz!”

“Ahhhhh, Noooooooooo!!” I cried as I tried to reach back to stop his sadistic act, but I couldn't move my head, nor leave the bench.

“Sit down,” he snarled.

I lowered my pussy back onto the bench. “Ahhhhhhhh,” I cried softly while trying to maintain a strong lapping motion.

Mohsin relaxed his grip on my hair. “Go down on me, bitch...”

I complied, lowering my head and nodded it so his crown nudged past my soft palate. “Better, thrall. Go further or the wand will seek out your tender cunt.

I upped my effort, bobbing my head rapidly and in the process swallowing more and more cock with each thrust.

“Good, bitch,” Mohsin muttered, then tightened his grip so that he could bob my head even faster.

Thankfully, he was at the tail end of the shag, for I was beginning to feel dizzy and disorientated. “Uhhhhhh,” I grunted softly.

“Good bitch,” he muttered several times as he spurted a stream of hot jiz down my throat.

He waited a few seconds, then lifted my head. “Finish your breakfast, thrall. Then, it’ll be time to get ready for the day’s work, which incidentally is eight AM to eight PM with two, one hour breaks. You work Monday to Friday. Slackers work on Saturday.”

Mohsin swung his leg over the bench and stood up. Carrying his plate and empty bottle, he headed for the canteen cabin. I stared at Zena and she stared at me as if to say, welcome to hell. I lifted my leg, turned and returned to my meal. While I was performing oral sex on Malik, the barn doors had been opened to reveal a

cornucopia of farm equipment lined up inside.

If the yard and its surroundings were stuck in the past, the equipment within the barn was very much up to date and even futuristic. There must have been a dozen gleaming light alloy wagons, some with tanks on the back and others with open beds for loading goods.

The girls on the other two tables were climbing off their benches, so I scraped the last of my food from the plate, then we took our plates and empty bottles back to the kitchen.

As we walked to the barn, Malik emerged from the shadows and met us beside one of the wagons. I guessed the load space was four feet wide and eight feet long. It had four small wheels with fat tyres, possibly to combat rough terrain. The ends of the three, six feet long shafts were resting on the ground.

“Zena we’re moving fertilizer this morning, so we’ll take this one. I’ll get your gear.”

“Jaz, give me a hand to pull this out into the yard.”

We lifted the ends of the shafts and tugged on them. I was surprised to find that the vehicle was light and moved with little effort on our part. We were therefore able to steer it out into the yard, away from the other girls who were performing exactly the same manoeuvre as we were, with their wagons.

“What sort of crops does Sheik Bashar grow on this estate?” I asked Zena.

“He grows dates. Nothing but dates on the Country Estate. There are acres and acres of date palms to cultivate. He grows a special variety called ajwa. We’ll get some with our supper tonight.”

“Huh! Sheik Bashar has a warped sense of humour.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Ajwa dates were the last thing I ate before I was kidnapped from England...”

Chapter 2.10 ~ Jasmin harnessed.

Mohsin arrived carrying two pairs of calf length, brown boots and handed them to Zena. “While you put those on, I’ll fetch your harnesses.”

“This is the easy part,” Zena said while comparing the boots. “Try these for size.” She gave me a pair; and because the laces were already loose, I was able to pull them on.

I walked back and forth a couple of paces. They had thick soles that were covered with metal studs, but thankfully, they were comfortable.

“Yes, these are okay. I think I can run in them.”

“Jaz, these are a godsend on the hard tracks we have to run on, around the estate.” She talked while we knelt to lace the boots. “Make sure they are tight, then the stones won’t get in them. Mohsin will punish us if we have to stop.”

She fell silent when the lad returned with armfuls of gear which he placed in the wagon’s bed. When I stood up, Mohsin was holding a brown leather corset open.

“This one is for you, Jaz. Turn around and put your arms up.” As soon as my back was turned to him, he fed the long, supple corset around my torso. “Hold it against your body, girl.”

“Oh...” I stopped myself from commenting when he pulled the sides together behind me and somehow began to connect them together.

What surprised me about the corset was the extra straps that were attached and hanging from it. Also, the length. The top edge was almost under my armpits and at the front there were quarter cups to lift my tits. The lower edge reached my hips and covered my belly and the upper slopes of my pert ass.

I gasped again when Mohsin began to tighten it by adjusting several metal clips down the back of the corset. By the time he had finished I was feeling tightly cocooned but still able to bend a little.

“Go and stand between the shafts on the left,” Mohsin ordered.

I walked a few paces, stepped over the shaft and waited. First, he wrapped a flap that was attached to the corset, around my left upper arm and buckled it tightly. When he had fastened the one on the right, my arms, down to my elbows, were held tightly against the corset.

Mohsin lifted the left shaft. “Grip the handle.” As soon as I closed my fist around it, he buckled my forearm to the shaft.

The light alloy shaft was moulded with a dip for my elbow and forearm which had then been padded for comfort. The upright handle had also been fitted with a moulded grip. Then, it was time to fasten my right arm to the centre shaft, which had a double section so that two arms could be attached side by side. Once my

arms were secure, Mohsin lifted the pair of dangling straps over my shoulders and buckled them to the back of the corset.

He left me standing between the shafts, holding them up and feeling as though I had become part of the vehicle, while he went to deal with Zena. Before long, he had tightened her corset and followed her around so that he could secure her to the shafts beside me. It was only then that the reality of our situation hit home.

We were being turned into... Zena used the term Pony-girls. Yes, I thought, that was an apt description of us once we were pulling the wagon. Having secured her arms, he fastened the shoulder straps then fetched another set of thinner straps from the bed behind us. I was perturbed when he lifted it above my head and pulled the straps down, under my chin and around my forehead. The bridle included a leather cap that covered the top of my head, presumably for protection against the sun.

The final buckle secured the bridle around my neck, just above my collar. Unfortunately, Mohsin hadn't finished. A hanging tab on the side of the bridle turned out to be a mouth bit that the lad lifted toward my lips.

“Open your mouth, thrall.”

I reluctantly parted my lips and allowed him to push the bit between my teeth and then fasten it off on the other side of the bridle. The connecting straps pulled on the sides of my mouth while the bit sat on my tongue. It was uncomfortable and I hated it. Then, he moved sideways and fitted Zena's bit.

The way my fellow Pony-girl accepted the restraints without showing any

discomfort or distress was telling. I wanted to know more about the young woman but that would probably have to wait until the day's work was over.

After checking the straps, Mohsin grasped Zena's nipples and pulled them up before quickly releasing them. Her tits returned to their normal state and settled into the quarter cups once again. I held my breath when he moved in front of me and performed the same act. He didn't hurt me but the act of checking that our tits were comfortable was a surprise.

He looked me in the eye. "Thrall, I'm about to attach the reins to the side of the bridal. You'll get the feel of my commands quick enough but if you disobey me, you will feel the bite of my whip. Understand?"

"Uggh!" I nodded and grunted.

Having my body encased in supple leather and my head in straps, created the impression in my mind that I was a warrior about to do battle. There was some truth in the notion, for I was about to experience a day working in conditions that were alien to me. Yes, my skin had natural colour and would offer me some protection, but did I have the stamina needed to do the equivalent of three marathons in one day, in 90 degree temperatures?

Before Mohsin attached the reins, he fastened chains to 'D' rings on the top of the shoulder straps, then, while we leant slightly forward, made sure they were taut between us and the front of the wagon. When he climbed up into the single plastic bucket seat at the front, I felt the angle of the shafts change slightly. When he tugged on the reins, I was about to start walking.

“Stand still, girls,” he shouted. “Zena, we’re going to the warehouse first to pick up the fertilizer. Walk to the gates, then I want a fast jog. Go!” We were moving before he flicked the reins.

Bizarrely, I discovered that pushing on the shafts coupled with pulling the wagon with my shoulders was an efficient way to use our energy. The studded boots provided excellent grip on the dusty, dry surface of the courtyard. I hardly had to use any effort while the lad steered us up to and through a gap in the wall where the metal gates had been opened for us by Master Malik.

“You’re the last one, Mohsin. You’d better get a move on,” the gangmaster shouted at him.

“Yes, Master,” he shouted back from the driver’s seat. He flicked the reins. “Jog, girls!” came the command.

When Zena upped her pace, I followed suit so that we were jogging smoothly along the track, beside the barn. We were approaching a crossroad junction.

“Hard right up ahead, onto the perimeter road! Avoid the soft verge.”

The turn was difficult, but Zena knew the line of the bend, moments later, we were jogging along a wider road that had a better surface. It was built up with embankments about four feet high. I could see a high border fence beyond a wide swathe of arid grassland. The land was uncultivated so would offer little cover to anyone attempting to enter or leave via the fence.

The view on the other side of the road was a total contrast. Standing in regimented rows were miles and miles of weird looking verdant trees, which I assumed were date palms. The land was almost flat, so distances were hard to estimate accurately, but the vastness of the estate was staggering.

The wagon ahead of us was several hundred yards away, but there was still dust in the air, kicked up by the girls or from the rig's wide tyres. When it left the compound, I noticed it was carrying a large empty plastic container. I could just make out the red letter 'N' on the back of the distant wagon.

The sky was clear and the sun had risen to about 30 degrees. We had steadily increased our pace to a fast jog, which I was comfortable with despite the temperature rising. My body had protection above my hips and below my knees but in between, my thighs, mons and buttocks were completely exposed to the elements.

I could cope with my firm tits being on display, whether they were still or jiggling while I was tethered to the shafts of the wagon. In fact, I was proud to have largeish, firm breasts and chunky nipples. It was due to my experiences at the convent, when the girls voted my tits as the most desirable.

However, I was still self-conscious about my ass. Although my athletics experiences had eased my shyness, I was still embarrassed whenever I raced in tiny panties. Tom pushed me to wear less and less but I never thought, in a million years that I would one day be running with a naked ass.

It didn't matter while we jogged out in the fresh air, in the middle of nowhere, but I dreaded reaching our destination where there was bound to be more male workers. Another distraction was the dildo filling my quim. To my annoyance it moved slightly with each stride I made. Not enough to trigger my libido but

enough to make its presence felt.

Leaning forward, like I would during an 800 metre race, the chains were taut so I was able to switch between my shoulders taking most of the strain, to my arms and bodyweight providing the propulsion.

“Keep this pace up, girls. Not far to the warehouse,” Mohsin called out and added a shake of the reins to urge us on.

We were maintaining the distance between the team in front, but we were closing the distance between us and the buildings fast. The warehouse was a large brick-built building which looked ancient to my eye. The road we were on looked as though it was going to go past it, by about 100 yards, then I spotted a cross junction.

I also spotted a team of Pony-girls and wagon approaching from the opposite direction. But we were going to arrive at the junction first by some distance.

“Take it easy, girls,” Mohsin said. “Hard right at the junction.”

We turned onto the short drive, then approached a pair of security gates which were wide open. However, a female guard dressed in a sandy coloured uniform had stopped the vehicle in front of us for a few seconds, so we had to pull up. That was the first time I felt the tab press hard down on my tongue.

The stocky female guard was wearing a sandy knee-length loose skirt made from

cotton and a matching blouse with the word security embroidered above both breast pockets. Her sandy bucket hat also bore the same label. The guard's black belt was laden with equipment, including a gun, radio, stick and truncheon. She had a dog on a leash, but I couldn't really see it from the left side of the wagon.

Then, when the wagon in front pulled away and we moved forward, I got the shock of my life. The guard didn't have a dog on a leash. It was a lad behaving like a dog. My eyes nearly popped out of my head at such an unusual sight.

The bare-chested lad was sitting on his heels. His folded legs and lower body were encased in brown latex that was designed to make him look more canine. The tight latex clearly restricted his movement to crawling on all-fours. The lad's outfit was shocking but what really caught my eye was the lad's cock.

He was sitting with his knees apart, enabling me to see his imprisoned genitals. The young man's shaft and balls were also encased tightly in latex. His large maroon crown protruded from a six-inch long knobbly rubber tube which was also maroon, in an obscene manner. I guessed that having to watch naked girls trotting by was causing him some discomfort, because a droplet of cum was leaking from the small eye of his knob.

To complete the Puppy-boy outfit, his hands had been covered in latex and moulded to look like paws, while a brown latex hood, with pointy ears, covered his head, but not his face

The female guard controlled him via a short rod, which was attached to a thick dog collar around his neck. Seeing a Puppy-boy struck fear into me, for I had dismissed the references to Puppy-girls as fanciful.

I was suddenly terrified of being turned into a Puppy-girl and end up being mounted by such a creature...

Chapter 2.11 ~ Tom's comeuppance.

It was warm... Too warm. His mouth was full and his jaw was aching. Alarmed. Tom opened his eyes and got the shock of his life. He was lying on the ground, curled up, and was surrounded by wire mesh. He lifted his head and tried to sit up but couldn't. He raised his hand to his face, only to discover that it was encased in rubber which had been shaped into an animal's paw.

He nudged the rubber ball gag and found that it was attached to a head harness which had been fastened over a latex hood. The hood covered most of his head, but not his face. The neck part of the hood felt as if it was attached to a wide, tight collar which was wrapped around his neck. He felt around it with his paw but couldn't find a fastening.

"Uhhhhh," he groaned after looking down and seeing his cock.

Something awful had happened. His balls felt tight and were encased in rubber, as was his shaft. His proud dick had been squeezed into, and through a short, maroon, knobbly rubber tube so that only his knob protruded from the end. The end of the tube had a small hard ring that stopped his cock from expanding lengthways and his helmet from retreating.

As he stared at the four-inch-long monstrosity, his shaft began to expand within the tube and his knob inflate. "Uhhhhhhhh!" he groaned as the ache in his cock grew stronger and stronger due to the restrictive tube.

Attempting to distract himself from his painfully imprisoned dick, he turned his attention to his legs. They were folded and encased in brown latex. It was semi-transparent, except the area around his balls and cock which was a solid colour and felt thicker.

Hardly believing what he was seeing and feeling, Tom rubbed his knee with his right, front paw. Yes, it was true. Pads on his knees were also shaped like paws. Apart from covering his legs, genitals and his ass, the latex body suit came up to his midriff where there was a tighter band gripping his stomach tightly.

He needed to climb onto his paws to discover the full effect of what had happened to him while he was unconscious. When he moved, he noticed tattoos on his arm. 'Tom' had been printed above a crest in blue ink. His right arm also bore the marks, but on closer inspection he decided that they weren't tattoos and would probably wash off.

He pushed himself up and stood stiffly on all fours. It was sweltering and the sun was about sixty degrees off horizontal. He had lost his sense of direction so it could be mid-morning or mid-afternoon. That was the moment he realized he had a short, upright tail. It was fastened to a butt plug and rose up between his cheeks.

The hot, oven-like climate suggested that he was in the Middle East, maybe Saudi Arabia. His last recollection was visiting Sheik Bashar's property in Portman Square, London. Tom thought that the Sheik and Ibrahim, had to be responsible for his kidnapping.

The cage he was imprisoned in was about 12 yards long and three yards wide. The wire mesh roof, about six feet above his head, was covered with green fine mesh to provide filtered shade from the savage sun's rays. Tom's 'cage' was one in a long line, most of which were empty. He could see a figure lying on the ground at the far end, about eight cages away.

Within his cage there was a small, arched opening in the solid wall at one end and a locked gate in the mesh fence at the other end. Beyond the gate was an open-air corridor with a six foot high brick wall blocking his view of the outside world. The ground was compacted sandy soil which was comfortable to crawl around on.

At the end, on the left-hand side of the gate, stood a low box, three feet square. It was filled with what appeared to be wood shavings and sawdust. Tom feared that it was intended to be his toilet. Every cage had one. On the other side of the gate was a plastic box with a rounded, high end. It was featureless, apart from a three-inch diameter black hole in the end facing him.

He trotted over to investigate the three feet long box that vaguely resembled a plastic roof rack box. There wasn't a lid, so he assumed that the fence end of the box could be accessed from outside the cage. Apart from the hole on his end, there were two circular pads on the top, near the fence. He looked sideways and saw that the four remaining cages on one side, had identical boxes. While there were none in the cages on the other side.

He poked the rubber cover of the hole with his paw and discovered that a black metal plate blocked the opening. Losing interest in the box, Tom trotted to the other end of the cage and crawled through the low opening. If the intention was to make him feel like a dog, then they were succeeding! However, when he entered, a light and a cooling fan switched on.

The light enabled him to see that there were two mattresses, one either side of the opening. The 'hutch', for that's what it felt like, was a wooden 10' x 7' wooden kennel. The twin beds suggested that he had a roommate which made him even more anxious about what his captors had in mind for him. On the other hand, maybe there was a female version of him??

Wondering about the possibility of a female cellmate, jogged his memory. He began to wonder if Jasmin and Karen had suffered a similar fate to his. Sitting on the edge of the mattress, he tried to rationalize what had happened. He was clearly being punished and his abductors had gone to a lot of trouble to trick him into trusting them.

Was Ibrahim's story a complete fabrication? One thing was certain, the solicitor, if that's what he really was, had investigated him and gotten a story from one of the athletes who he trained when she was 19. He and Karen had taken advantage of the girl, so he wondered if his abduction was linked in any way.

Tom examined his front paws. His hands were fisted, then his kidnappers had somehow moulded the rubber onto his fist and a couple of inches of his wrists. He had less movement and couldn't swivel his hand. Giving it a lot of thought, Tom couldn't fathom a way of tearing the thick rubber off, unless he could find a sharp implement.

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...

The End of Part Two

Sample of Part Three.

Chapter 3.1 ~ Jasmin's first challenge.

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 for the morning."

"Are you going to be back by lunchtime?"

"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 don’t stand a chance. I hear you’ve been given two raw bitches over the weekend. My two 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. Both lads wore the diagonal belt with attached radio and flexible stick. They wore them like swords, but they were short and pathetic compared to the real thing.

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 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?

The End of the Sample.

I hope you enjoyed this Second Part of this Series

and continue to read each part as it is published.

Below is a list of my other books.

Thanks, Amelia.

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