

Note: A recent question about “pony” stories in slavenowforum and Pete Brown’s reference to my own stories, prompted me to put together “The Brothers” from unused fragments of my writing originally intended for inclusion in “The Bezistan”.

These fragments already exist within the group in the “Miscellaneous Bits and Pieces” folder.

It’s possible, my references to the young Greek slave, Aindrias and to the major domo, Daoud and the loss of his pleasure slave might confuse the reader. Should anyone be interested, they can read more about these characters in “The Bezistan” listed in Files.

THE BROTHERS “The Making of Two Pony Slaves”

This is a story of erotic fiction meant for adult readers over the age of eighteen years.

Revisited by Jean-Christophe (Chris) November, 2011

The characters and ideas in this story are the writer’s and shouldn’t be used without permission. Please, respect the integrity of the story and don’t rewrite.

Preamble: Lifted from Chapter 13, “The Bezistan”

Impatiently, Rashid slaps his reins against the shoulders of the two African ponies urging them to run even faster. As he watches the muscular display of their magnificent bodies in action, he frowns with annoyance. His anger with them is tempered by a sense of regret at the thought that this is the last time he'll drive them. Once back at the palace, the stable-master will deliver them to the Bezistan where each will receive twenty strokes of the whip. And tomorrow, they will begin their new lives as heavy duty draft slaves.

They have served him well over the past two years and although Rashid never has any regard for a slave, he nonetheless does have a small degree of affection for them -such as one has for a faithful dog or animal. They came to him as a gift from a valued, business associate in Africa. At first, they were two unbroken, eighteen year old colts; wild, nervous and highly strung. He'd entrusted them to the care of Faris, his stable-master, who with infinite patience and skill, had turned them into the noble beasts they now are. Faris had transformed them from shy, untested youngsters into proud young stallions.

It really is too bad that they had offended his dignity by disgracing themselves at the front steps of his palace. But they have offended him and they must be punished for it. Still in his regard for their past good services to him, he'd ordered a light punishment of only twenty strokes. Unusually, he really does feel a twinge of sadness at their parting.

But then his mood lightens at the thought of the two replacement ponies that he'll be driving tomorrow. These two ponies are a `novelty' for Rashid in that they are Australians. He has never had Australian slaves in the past. Why is that?- he wonders. Is it because that country is so remote and

off the beaten track? Indeed Australia is something of a mystery to him, He'd never been there nor had he ever done business in the country. Of course he knew it was home to kangaroos, koalas and all manner of strange animals. But of its human inhabitants, he knew absolutely nothing.

However, some months ago all that had changed and he got a new `insight' into the country and its male inhabitants. On one of the rare occasions when he and Geoff were able to relax and spend the night together, they had watched a telecast of a sporting event between two Australian teams and he had liked what he saw.

By and large the Australian players were a brawny lot and they all appeared to be tall, with broad shoulders and thick, muscular chests. However, it was their asses that attracted his attention. The brevity of their shorts had left little to his imagination and the tightness of those shorts had accentuated the firm, rounded muscles of their buttocks. As they battled with their opponents, the strain placed on their shorts teasingly hinted at what was concealed beneath the stretched fabric.

But it was the after-match scenes televised from the dressing-rooms that had excited him the most. Of course, in that strange, almost homo-erotic camaraderie that is unique to sporting teams, the players had stripped to the waist to enthusiastically embrace one another -and delightfully a few wore nothing more than their jock straps. Rashid and Geoff had salivated at the sight of so much naked muscle and they watched eagerly as the camera panned slowly around the room pausing from time to time to interview a player. Rashid paid little attention to what the players were saying; his concentration was firmly fixed on their sweaty, heaving chests and pulsating bellies rather than their words.

Rashid continued to watch voyeuristically. For several all too brief moments he watched as, in the background, the camera showed some of the players, now proudly and unashamedly naked, sharing the communal showers with one another. From Rashid's perspective, the sight of the glistening, soap-slicked bodies twisting and turning in the shower was like some erotic ballet. He leaned forward in his chair for a closer view and lasciviously ran the tip of his tongue over lips.

Unable to hear their conversations, Rashid nevertheless knew from their laughter and body language that the players were in high spirits. As the naked players moved around in the highly charged, steamy environment of the shower, they provided Rashid and Geoff with a homo-erotic floor show.

They watched as one young player bent over to retrieve a dropped cake of soap and then to straighten up and face his team-mates before slowly and suggestively using the soap to lather his lower belly and genitals. And as others also bent to wash their lower legs or feet, Rashid and Geoff were treated to brief but tantalising glimpses of their blinking rosebuds or their pendulous balls hanging low between their muscular legs.

Rashid supposed the players would vehemently deny there was any sexual suggestion to their actions but their hard, throbbing erections told him otherwise. And the way they preened and stretched their bodies spoke to him of young men sending out subliminal signals of.

"Look at me-do you like what you see?"

A lifetime of experience with slaves told him that these magnificent, young men were attracted to each other's body but they go to great pains to conceal that interest. For them it was very much a

Faris, not wishing to incur prince Rashid's wrath, needs to ensure they won't disappoint him.

They have been trained in the use of the bit and reins, to run in unison and to respond to the Arabic commands of their drivers. He instructs one of the overseers, Abu to follow in his own personal trap, pulled by a Spanish slave, for his return journey to the stables.

Climbing into the prince's carriage he slaps the reins against the ponies' shoulders and instructs them to.

"Walk on".

Responding to the command, both ponies strain forward in their harness and the carriage begins its trip to the front steps of the palace.

It is obvious that the carriage is heavy to pull and Faris surmises, quite correctly, that the two ponies will require all their physical strength and emotional endurance to meet the stringent demands of their royal driver.

Anxious to deliver them to the palace in pristine condition, he decides against driving them too fast. However, he is keen to see them in action and once more slaps the reins against their backs with the command to.

"Hup, hup, hup!"

The slaves respond by increasing their pace to a fast jog. Faris settles back into his seat and appraises the ponies in action.

He is rewarded with a display of two muscular bodies working in perfect unison with one another. The muscles in their gleaming backs ripple under their coating of slave oil and their long, powerful thighs flex as they jog along. Their walnut sized balls, tightly contained within their cinched scrotums are hanging low and are on prominent display. The shining globes of their powerful buttocks provide a delightful spectacle as they too, ripple and flex in time with their steps. As they run, Faris is accorded an occasional, tantalising glimpse of their pink anuses winking with the exertion of their running.

Faris begins to feel his cock harden at the erotic sight of these two ponies in action.

He removes the driving whip from its holder and, almost lovingly, flicks it against their asses. Unable to vocalise their pain both ponies lurch forward in a vain attempt to escape the sting of the lash and break into a trot. Once more he lashes them, this time on the shoulders and is rewarded with another positive response. Faris is well practised in the training of pony slaves and firmly believes they perform best under the whip. He knows that ponies are naturally lazy, and unless firmly controlled by their driver, they will hold back in the performance of their duties. For this reason, their maximum effort has to be coaxed out of them and this is best achieved with a whip.

Sitting back as the ponies trot along the long driveway to the palace he has time to reflect on them.

He understands they are brothers and, although they aren't twins, they are so alike that they could easily be taken as such. Both ponies stand at nearly two metres, weigh the same and with their identical physiques they are a perfectly matched pair. With their sun-bleached, blond hair and their strong, muscular bodies tanned to a deep golden colour, they truly are magnificent, young animals worthy to be used by so illustrious a person as Prince Rashid.

Should the prince decide to keep them as his personal pony slaves he knows they will wear the richly adorned harness with the gold trimmings used until yesterday on the prince's Nubian ponies. Sadly, he reflects that those two magnificent ponies are now lost to his stables. Severely flogged for their transgressions, they have now been reduced to the level of common draft slaves. They are paying a heavy price for offending their owner. They were among the favourite ponies under his control and Faris always enjoyed the sight of them pulling their Master around the estate. Still he accepts that they are only slaves who have offended their Master and therefore they deserved to be severely punished.

Faris returns his attention to the two ponies labouring in front of him. He is captivated by the working of their strong, muscular asses as they trot and he fantasises about driving his prick up their tight virgin holes. From observation he knows they are still virgins. Stabled together, he has observed how both slaves have avoided any physical contact with each other. Rather than sleep in each other's embrace, as all other ponies do, they are at pains to sleep separately on opposite sides of their stall.

He is amused by this behaviour; obviously they still regard themselves as brothers whose morals dictate that they must not indulge in any sexual activity with one another. Of course, they have only recently been enslaved and haven't yet come to the realisation that slaves don't have family attachments. As slaves they are forbidden any close attachments and must live their lives as the animals they have become.

Faris knows that in time, the bond between the brothers will break and that they will then enthusiastically enjoy one another's body. He determines to hasten along this process by stabling them with his own Spanish pony and the young Greek now harnessed to the estate manager's cart. He has no doubts that stabling the four, healthy, virile, young ponies together will break down their inhibitions. This is especially so for the inexperienced, young, Greek slave who only last night was shown by Prince Rashid that his body could be used to give and receive pleasure. Out of courtesy he will need to seek the estate manager's, Geoffrey Myles-Lytton's permission to stable his new pony with the other three.

Under the guidance of the reins held firmly in the hands of their driver, both ponies maintain their steady trot. With their blinkers restricting their view to the road immediately ahead they realise that Faris' has complete control over them. If they require further proof

of this control they only need to feel the sting of his whip on their naked hides.

Breathing heavily; their strong chests rise and fall as they greedily gulp air into their tortured lungs. The weight of the cart and its driver strains their muscles and now for the first time since their enslavement they begin to understand the hopelessness of their plight. The realisation that they are no longer men but animals finally hits home. They now shed tears of bitterness, helplessness and pain. Within their silent thoughts, each reflects on the sad events of the past two months.

The brothers, 21 year old Liam and 19 year old Patrick – there is an eighteen months age difference between them - have been slaves for only two months. Their journey into slavery began in South-East Asia and ended somewhere in the Middle East; they know not where.

Yet it seems like a lifetime ago since they embarked on the flight from Brisbane for their South-East Asian destination. They recall the excitement they felt as they and their teammates from the local Australian football club set out on their end-of-season trip. The team eagerly looked forward to five days of booze and women. The brothers had no idea that the trip would turn into a nightmare beyond their wildest imaginations.

Their fates were sealed even before they exited the airport upon their arrival. As they passed out of the customs area into the arrival hall they came under the keen scrutiny of a 'spotter' looking for suitable victims to be kidnapped and sold on to slavers. For the next two days they were kept under constant surveillance as the slavers waited for an opportunity to capture them. That opportunity came on their second night in the city.

Foolishly, the brothers decided to explore one of the seedier parts of the town; one not usually frequented by tourists at night. After consuming more alcohol than they should at some of the less desirable bars in that part of town they wandered, lost, around the darkened streets. This was the opportunity that the slavers were waiting for and they lost no time in overpowering the inebriated brothers, drugging them and bundling them into a waiting van. When they regained consciousness both brothers found they were in a warehouse, locked in small steel cages, stripped naked, gagged and with their hands fastened behind their backs.

The now terrified brothers shouted through their gags for help. After what seemed an eternity a group of Asians appeared and ignoring their pleas for help held an animated conversation as they peered intently at the two prisoners. Finally, the Asians appeared to reach some sort of an agreement, and laughingly shook hands.

Immediately, a group of Asian labourers entered the warehouse and manhandled the two cages and their occupants out through a loading bay and into the back of a closed in truck. Over the next week this process was repeated three times; the brothers were unaware that they were being 'sold on'.

During this period they were confined in their cages and fed and watered spasmodically.

They weren't released from the cages even for the most basic of their needs and soon found themselves sitting and sleeping in their own urine and excrement. Finally, after a week of being moved from one slaver to another they were hauled, dishevelled and filthy, out of the cages and shaved and scrubbed clean.

After shackles had been fitted to their wrists and ankles, they were led by a chain fastened to a metal collar around their necks into room and placed side by side on a raised platform. Ominously, four large Asian men, each armed with a rattan cane took up positions one on either side of the platform and two at the rear of the brothers. For Liam and Patrick their presence was intimidating as they were left to wait in silence for further developments.

Eventually, a group of four men, one Asian and three of Middle Eastern appearance entered the room and approached the platform. The talkative Asian man was engaged in animated conversation with a well-dressed, middle-aged man who peered intently at the two naked men on display.

Indicating to the Asian that he should remain silent, the Arab walked around the platform, all the time, making comments in Arabic to his two companions.

Then returning to the front of the platform he approached Liam and began a 'hands on' appraisal of his body. Shouting to the man to 'keep your fucking hands to yourself, you filthy pervert' Liam backed away. Both he and Patrick were rewarded with two strokes of the cane to their buttocks. Their screams of pain and rage caused the men in the room to laugh loudly.

Now for the first time since their capture they were spoken to in fluent English. The Arab spoke with a polished English accent that revealed his upper-class British education.

"That was very foolish of you." the Arab said. "Such behaviour is always severely punished. If you wish to avoid the cane then I suggest you both co-operate. Let me explain the situation you now find yourselves in. Listen carefully because I'm only going to tell you once and don't interrupt as I speak or I will ask that you once again feel the full force of the cane on your arses. As you know you were taken prisoners and you are now slaves. Yes, that's right. I said slaves." The Arab notes with amusement the brothers' looks of total disbelief before continuing. "I'm an agent who is always on the lookout for suitable slaves for my many customers. At the moment I have a commission to purchase two unique slaves for a valued customer. So far, from what I can see of you two, you meet the requirements of this customer. But first I must examine your bodies for any defects. As I do so you will stand perfectly still and submit to my touch. Any flinching or moving away from my hands will result in an immediate and extremely painful caning. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? Now let me start again?"

Once more he places his hands on Liam's now trembling body and with a well practised ease begins his appraisal. His hands move up the arms of the new slave testing the biceps and shoulders before gliding down over the chest and belly. As he does so he makes

appreciative sounds and asks.

“What country are you from and how old are slave?”

“I’m from Australia and I’m twenty-one and look here....Aarghh!”

Both Liam and Patrick cry out in pain as the canes once more bite into their buttocks.

“That’s the wrong answer slave. You were asked a simple question and a simple answer is all that is required. You will answer with either a yes or a no without any embellishments. AND YOU ADDRESS ME AS SIR! As you now know any offence committed by either of you results in you both being punished. Let me ask again. How old are you slave?”

“Twenty-one, sir,” Liam snuffles.

“Obviously you are siblings. Are you twins? If not how old is your brother?”

“No, we’re not twins, Sir. He’s nineteen, Sir.”

“Good. That wasn’t so difficult was it slave? You’re a quick learner. With the right attitude you will save yourself much pain. Now turn around so that I can examine your back.”

After his examination of Liam’s body the Arab turns his attention to Patrick. As his hands explore Patrick’s body, he comments.

“You both have fit strong bodies. This suggests to me that you are sportsmen. If this so what sports did you both play?” Looking at Patrick he says, “You may answer, slave.”

“We both play Australian football and we are surf lifesavers, Sir.”

“Ah, yes. I have been to your former country and have some knowledge of those sports. I believe your football promotes fastness and endurance whilst surf lifesaving is all about cardio-vascular fitness. These are good attributes for you to have as slaves and will, if I buy you for my esteemed client, stand you in good stead for the task he has in mind. So far you have met all the necessary criteria and there are only two more to go.”

He speaks briefly with the Asian who raps out an order to the four guards. They respond by hauling Liam and Patrick off the platform and dragging them over to a waist-high bench. The two new slaves are lifted bodily onto the bench and placed on their hands and knees. Before they can fully comprehend what is going on their heads and hands are locked into wooden stocks, their legs pulled widely apart and strapped down to the bench. Both brothers are aware that their asses are now spread open and their anuses exposed to full scrutiny.

The Arab walks behind them and they feel his hands caressing their buttocks. This unwelcome attention causes them to wriggle and they are rewarded with stinging open-

handed slaps on their already smarting buttocks.

“STEADY! REMAIN STILL!” The Arab admonishes. “We are nearly done. I have yet to determine the soundness of your arse-holes and to ascertain that you are virgins.”

Simultaneously, he runs his fingers up their cracks and playfully tickles the puckering sphincters. He notes with satisfaction their quivering responses to his stimulation.

“Are you virgins?” He asks the brothers. “Have you ever had a man’s cock enter your holes?”

“NO FUCKING WAY!” shouts Liam.

“IM NOT A FAG!” Patrick adds his protest to that of Liam’s outburst.

“AARGH! AARGH! AARGH!” Both brothers scream out in agony as the canes add three more stripes to their asses. Both brothers sob at the intense pain they are experiencing.

“I didn’t ask if you are homosexual. I asked if you have ever been fucked. Your sexual orientation is of no consequence. As slaves your bodies belong to your owner. From now on your Master will decide what uses your bodies will be put to. Rest assured that you WILL be fucked and I would think this will happen to you regularly. Now I need to examine your cocks and balls. One of the criteria set by my client is that you are capable of breeding. I understand that he is about to start out on a new venture that requires virile, young, male slaves capable of impregnating his brood mares. So I need to see that you are able to meet this requirement and so it is necessary for me to have you ejaculate. For that I will need the assistance of the guards to ‘milk’ your cocks.”

As the guards grease their cocks and begin to masturbate them the Arab continues to question the two slaves.

“Tell me slaves; have you ever fucked a female?” As both brothers answer in the affirmative he continues. “Good then you’ll know what is required of you should your new Master decide to use you for stud purposes.”

Denied sexual release over the past week, the brothers quickly respond to the stimulation of the guards and are soon pumping out copious amounts of semen into the glass containers held over their cockheads. The Arab watches intently as their bodies thrust and spasm with each ejaculation. Then he compliments them on their performances.

“Excellent! You both have produced a prodigious amount of semen and you have the thrust required to ensure that it is pumped deep within the mare’s body. Your new Master will be delighted. You’ll be pleased to know there remains only one other test for you to undergo. I have to test the tightness of your holes and to confirm that you are virgins. As I said before you will no doubt be fucked by your new Master, and should he allow it, by any of his friends and business acquaintances as either a courtesy or as a ‘thank you.’ As new slaves

your arse-holes need to be tight thus ensuring the maximum pleasure to your user. However, don't worry. I'll use your cum to lubricate my finger before inserting it into you."

With their heads held fast in the stocks Liam and Patrick aren't able to see what is happening behind them. Suddenly, Patrick grunts as he feels The Arab's finger thrusting through his tight sphincter and begin a slow finger fucking of his hole. Unable to contain his mounting pleasure, he moans loudly as his ass muscles begin to work the intruding finger.

Finally satisfied, the Arab withdraws his finger and repeats the exercise on Liam. Once finished he announces to the two slaves.

"You have both passed with flying colours. It is obvious that you will make delightful fucks. I will now look at your mouths to determine that your teeth are sound and to check the length of your tongues. It won't only be your arse-holes that will be put to good use but also your mouths and tongues. Now open wide so that I can see. Good. Excellent!. Your mouths are sound. All that now remains for me to do is to negotiate a suitable price for you and arrange to have you shipped out to your new owner."

"Please sir, where are you sending us? What about our parents? They'll be worried out of their minds about what has happened to us" Liam sobs.

"Slaves, don't fret yourselves. These matters are no longer your concern. As slaves you no longer have a family. In fact you are no longer brothers but fellow slaves. Slaves are forbidden any emotional attachments. For that reason you no longer have names. Slaves remain nameless unless their master bestows one upon them. However, in your case, this won't happen as your new Master doesn't name his slaves. And the question as to where you are going isn't your concern. You need only know that you are going to your Master's estate and its location isn't of interest to you. When you arrive there you will be processed into his slave herd and assigned your duties. As slaves you will be required to devote all your energies into serving and pleasing your Master. Failure to do so will result in instant and painful punishment. As to your former parents; I advise you to forget them as they are no longer part of your lives. Unfortunately, your father and his brother are in the city vainly searching for you. They are making nuisances of themselves, stridently demanding that the authorities do more find you. All their efforts will be in vain, however. Your enslavers have made 'donations' to all the appropriate people to ensure that you aren't found. Soon the indifference that your father is encountering will cause him to give up the search for you and he will return to your former country a very angry and frustrated man. But enough of this idle chatter. I must conclude my business and get you on your way. This time tomorrow you should be on your knees before your new Master. I'll leave my assistants in charge of crating you and transferring you to the airport for your flight to your new lives."

As the Arab left the room both brothers began to cry out and begged to be set free. For their efforts they once again had the canes applied to their asses. Their screams of pain and pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears and soon they were sobbing incoherently. Their traumatised minds 'shut down' and from that moment everything that happened to them

future.

Suddenly, Faris gently pulls back on their reins and issues the command to 'SLOW TROT!' They are only too happy to comply and to slow down. On reaching the steps leading up to the entrance of the palace he shouts "WHOOA!" and uses the reins to sharply jerk their heads back causing the bits to cut cruelly into the corners of their mouths.

Once out of the carriage, Faris checks and adjusts their bits making them more comfortable for wearing. He then lifts up each leg and examines their toes and the soles of their feet. Satisfied that all is well he playfully slaps each pony on the ass and tethers them to a hitching rail to the left of the steps.

He is pleased with their performance and is certain that Prince Rashid will find them more than satisfactory. However, he feels the need to instruct them further as to their duties and future behaviour in their Master's service.

"You are indeed fortunate slaves to have been chosen by your Master for use as his personal ponies. He does you great honour and you should reward him by always working hard and ensuring his trips around his estate are enjoyable. Always obey his commands to run fast and pull as hard as you can. Always remember your training and DO NOT offer offence to him in any way."

Faris pompously pauses long enough to allow his importance of his words to impress themselves on the two ponies before continuing.

"Yesterday, the prince's favourite ponies were standing where you are now and they dared to offend the prince's dignity by urinating and defecating on his driveway." He adds. "Last night they were flogged and this morning they are yoked to a plough now doomed to be common draft slaves for the rest of their miserable lives. Unless you want to share a similar fate I strongly advise you to control your bladders and bowels - and, of course, as pony slaves you never, ever talk in your driver's presence; although your bits will prevent this. Should you ever be foolish enough to talk in the prince's presence he will, most probably, have you muted by cauterising your vocal cords."

His conversation is interrupted as a pony and trap, running at full speed, sweeps around the bend and comes to a sudden halt. The sweating pony is obviously distressed and sags between the shafts; only his wrists shackles stop him from collapsing to the ground. His body quivers from the exertion of his run and his chest heaves as he greedily gulps air into his tortured lungs.

"Abu, was it necessary to run the pony so hard?" Faris angrily asks as he conducts an examination of the panting, crying slave. His concern isn't for the slave's discomfort; rather for any damage that may have been done to a valuable animal.

"I'm sorry, Faris but the pony wouldn't co-operate. He was disobedient and refused to

respond to my commands and he fought the reins all the way. He was slow to get started and I had to whip him to keep him moving. However, I did take care to see that the whip didn't damage his hide."

"He can be wilful I know. I need to keep him under a tight rein. It's possible he resented you driving him. Ponies soon become used to be driven by the same driver and at times show their reluctance at being driven by strangers. He's a recent addition to the stables having replaced a pony given by the prince as goodwill present to a business associate. He is still fighting the fact that he is now a pony slave. However, he WILL settle down and become docile. Meanwhile, I enjoy the fact that he has spirit. It's always enjoyable to break down their resistance and turn them into a well-trained, tamed animal. Anyway, I see there isn't any damage done to him apart from the lash marks and they will soon disappear. Ah! Here's Daoud. Good morning Daoud."

"Good morning, Faris. Good morning, Abu. I'm here to inspect the prince's new ponies and I can see they are everything you claim of them Faris, What a magnificent pair of animals. May I inspect them?"

"Of course, Daoud. You're most welcome to do so."

Daoud runs his hands over the two slaves testing the hardness of their muscles and the strength of their bodies. The tethered ponies have no option other than to stand still as Daoud conducts his inspection. As resentful as they are at this indignity they understand their bodies are at the disposal of their Master and his overseers. From now on they will feel the hands of many men on them.

One of the ponies' shuffles uncomfortably as Daoud grabs his balls to gauge their size and weight before turning his attention to the semi-erect cock, A few quick rubs soon has the cock rampantly erect and poking out prominently at right angles to the pony's belly.

"What magnificent cocks these ponies have." Daoud comments enthusiastically. "They are veritable stallions. And I have no doubt His Highness will use them in that capacity."

Turning his attention to the second pony, Daoud inserts a finger into his anus and begins to slowly thrust in and out of the resisting ass-hole. The pony squirms at this invasion of his body and is rewarded with a cut of Faris' driving whip and the order to "STAND STILL!"

"Their asses are magnificent." Daoud volunteers, "Their holes are exquisite. So tight! It would be a pleasure to fuck either one. I should be so lucky. But let's get back to more mundane matters. His Highness is busy this morning and doesn't require his carriage until after lunch. Until then the ponies are to remain tethered here. I trust they were cleaned out this morning. I don't want a repeat of yesterday with them pissing and shitting as they wait. I intend to have one of the palace slaves wait in attendance with buckets should the ponies need to relieve themselves."

"I have instructed them against doing so," Faris replies, "and I have warned them of the dire consequences should they offend their Master's dignity."

"As they will be standing in the sun for a number of hours is it permissible to give them water?" asks Daoud.

"Of course! But very sparingly! Too much water in their bellies makes for a sloshing sound as they run. And under no circumstances are they to be given anything to eat. Food eaten whilst in harness makes a pony sluggish and slows him down."

"Then in that case, I will return to the palace and send out a slave to attend to them." Daoud replies as he prepares to return to the palace.

"I have some questions before you leave, Daoud." Faris asks "I understand your pleasure slave incurred His Highness's wrath and is banished from the palace. Has your slave gone to the quarries yet? And did you make good use of him last night?"

"Faris, the answer to your second question is yes I did and I can assure you the slave woke up this morning with a very sore ass and mouth. I gave both of them a good workout. It should give him something to remember me by as he toils in the quarries. But no, he hasn't yet been taken to the quarries. His Highness has left that for me to arrange. I'm not quite sure how to go about this. He is unaware of the changes he is about to undergo and at this moment is happily cleaning my apartment. Once he is aware of what is happening he will no doubt protest and resist. As you know it is a long way to drag a resisting slave to the quarries.

"Permit me to assist you in that." Faris replies. "When we return to the stables, I'll have Abu hitch up a slave transporter and bring it back for you to deliver your slave to the quarries. As you say it's a long way to drag a slave to the quarries, particularly if he is reluctant to go."

"Thank you, Faris." Daoud gratefully replies. "I'll return to the palace and have the slave made ready for his journey."

Now, as Faris prepares to return to the stables, he orders his Spanish pony, previously known as Miguel to.

"STAND!"

The pony, happily back under the control of his regular driver, does so with alacrity and stands quietly as both Faris and Abu climb into the cart. Then with a flick of the reins on this shoulders and a stinging cut of the whip across his ass the pony is on his way back to the stables.

Determined to demonstrate to Abu how a pony should be driven, Faris takes tight control of the reins which he repeatedly slaps against the pony's shoulders whilst applying his whip

control. After this morning's run this sense of their nakedness is more acute and causes them great distress. They feel the shame of their exposed buttocks undulating in unison and of their cinched balls swinging low between their muscular thighs as they run. The feeling of their semi erect cocks obscenely jiggling up and down as they trotted along adds to their sense of worthlessness. And they still bristle with the indignity of having had Daoud, the major domo's hands roaming freely over their bodies and of his callous abuse of the cock of one and the ass-hole of the other.

In their common misery, they begin to shed silent tears of bitterness.

As they patiently wait, the morning air rapidly warms up and soon they feel the heat of the sun on their exposed bodies; they begin to perspire and soon the sweat is running down their torsos. They feel it trickling down their ass-cracks and from the ends of their penises. Soon they are plagued by swarms of insects eager to feast on their salty sweat. Vainly, they seek relief from these pests by shaking their bodies and shuffling their feet. Immobilised as they are, all their efforts to dislodge the tormenting pests from their eyes and mouths are just as futile.

Suddenly, they are aware of a young slave from the palace standing before them holding a bucket in front of their cocks. He grabs a cock and points it into the bucket and instructs the pony to 'piss'. Acutely aware of Faris' warning, the pony is grateful for the opportunity to do. Once finished the slave repeats the exercise with the second pony. When both ponies have finished pissing, the slave offers them water to drink. He thrusts a nozzle and tube attached to a water container into the mouth of the first pony and tells him to 'suck'.

Eagerly, the pony begins sucking but finds his bit restricts his ability to swallow; most of the water dribbles out of the corners of his mouth and down his chest and belly. This action, too, is repeated with the second pony. When he has finished attending to the two ponies he retires to the shade of a nearby tree and waits. Standing in the full glare of the sun, the ponies watch him with envy as they too wait for their Master's arrival.

Their monotony is broken by the arrival of a small slave transporter- essentially a small cage mounted on a flat top dray pulled by four draft slaves straining under the reins and whip of Abu, the overseer. With a loud "WHOOAA" from Abu the dray stops at the base of the steps and the draft slaves slump forward in their harness and enjoy a brief respite from their labours. Climbing down from the driver's seat, Abu summons the palace slave and instructs him to inform the major domo of his arrival.

Whilst waiting for Daoud, he takes time to examine the two ponies. Once more they suffer the indignity of having a free man's hands wander at will over their bodies. He starts by running his hands over their muscled chests pausing to cruelly pinch their nipples and then down over their ribbed bellies. Satisfied, he next weighs their balls in each of his cupped hands and then begins to stretch and manipulate their cocks. Humiliated, they stand silently as he does so. They squirm as he, in turn, inserts an exploratory finger into their ass-holes.

He quickly switches his attention to the return of the young palace slave accompanied by Daoud and an older, white slave struggling in the firm grip of two powerfully built slaves. This older slave is gagged and has his wrists shackled behind his back. Struggling desperately, he is babbling incoherently through his gag and his wild eyes are pleading with Daoud to release him.

The two ponies watch while Abu holds open the door into the cage as the two brawny slaves roughly force the struggling slave inside. The slave, now aware that he is on his way to the quarries screams through his gag and futilely pleads with Faris for help. For this slave the comparative easy life of a pleasure slave is now over and he is about to begin a new, arduous one as a heavy –duty, work slave.

On arrival at the quarries he will be fitted with a stout iron, neck collar and heavy chains will be fastened to his wrists and ankles. Then he will be put to work either wielding a heavy pick or hammer as the overseers lash his unblemished back with their cruel bullwhips.

Once the slave is loaded, Abu wastes no time in taking his of Daoud. Climbing back into the driver's seat, he gains the attention of the draft slaves by cracking his whip above their backs and orders them to.

“PULL! Put your backs into it! Move your lazy asses!”

Slowly, they begin the long haul to the quarries – a journey of some five kilometres.

Before returning to the palace, Daoud instructs the young slave to remain behind and attend to the ponies that must stand patiently and await the arrival of Prince Rashid.

It promises to be a long morning for the former brothers, Liam and Patrick!

