



BIRTH OF A PONYGIRL

The Stable Games: Book Two

Lyka Bloom

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BIRTH OF A PONYGIRL: THE STABLE GAMES PART TWO

by Lyka Bloom

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The Detective and the Cart

The private investigator's office was in one of the city's seedier neighborhoods. Nestled between a pawn shop and a liquor store, a narrow sign displayed the address, a shingle above announcing 'DWYER INVESTIGATIONS.' Rachel had dressed down, wearing only sneakers and a pair of jeans with a loose-fitting sweater, but the tidiness of her outfit announced her as a stranger to this neighborhood. Around her, bearded and dirty men drifted up and down the cracked sidewalk, or leaned against store fronts, the faces hidden behind steel bars. She could feel the eyes on her as she approached the door, trying not to call attention to herself, garnering all the more by her efforts.

The doorway led to an equally narrow stairwell, the paint gray and unremarkable save for the peeling, revealing nicotine-stained yellow walls beneath. She was rethinking the whole affair when she saw another door open at the top of the stairwell, a polished wooden door with pebbled glass, the name of the business stenciled there.

Framed by the doorway, a middle-aged woman with wheat-colored hair tied in a smart bun awaited, her blue skirt and matching jacket shaping a thin waist. She looked like an upper-class woman, lost just as Rachel was in this sea of poverty and neglect.

"Rachel Weston?" the woman asked, her smooth face radiating a warmth and friendliness that caught Rachel off guard.

"Yes," she said, pausing three-quarters of the way up the steps, looking up at the woman in the doorway. "I have an appointment." The last came out sounding more like a question.

"Come on up. Sorry about the stairs. The place comes cheap for a reason."

The woman turned, waving an arm inside. Rachel hurried up the final step and brushed past the elegantly-dressed woman, detecting a trace of expensive perfume subtly clinging to her. She looked into the woman's eyes as she passed, a disarmingly pale blue, and Rachel wondered again of this woman wasn't as lost as she felt.

The office was equally elegant, with polished hardwood floors and furniture that was a mish-mash of styles, but all looked comfortable and expensive. On her left, Rachel saw two rooms, one with tall glass windows and a table in the center that easily sat ten - a conference room, no doubt - and another past that with the name 'DENISE DWYER' painted in elegant gold script on the opaque glass for a more private meeting. The rest of the office was occupied by a receptionist's desk, unoccupied, and two high chairs sitting before it.

"Dawn is out, so it's just us for now." The woman laughed at herself and extended a hand. "Sorry, I'm Denise Dwyer. We spoke on the phone."

Rachel shook the woman's hand, noting a lack of a wedding ring or jewelry of any kind, save a thin watch that looked like real gold.

"Thanks for meeting me."

"Please, have a seat," Denise said with a wave at one of the high-backed chairs. Rachel settled in, unsurprised to find that it was, in fact, quite comfortable. Denise settled on the corner of the desk, one leg still planted on the floor as she folded her hands in her lap. "What was your friend's name, again?"

"Lily Ellis," Rachel said, watching as Denise slid manila folders over one another until she found the one she was looking for. She removed a sleek pair of glasses from the breast pocket of the jacket and opened the folder, scanning it quickly.

"She's been gone a week today," Rachel offered. A flit of Denise's eyes silenced her, and the investigator returned to the folder, flipping a page over and sighing.

"The police in this city are garbage," she said. "I should know, I was one for a while. I still

have a few contacts, but they don't seem to be making much progress, nor are they looking very hard."

"I thought so." Rachel curled her lip, thinking back on the dismissive attitudes of the police she'd spoken with.

"I need to ask you some personal questions, so please don't take this the wrong way."

"Whatever you need to know."

"Good." Denise smiled, removing her glasses and twirling them between her thumb and forefinger. "Does your friend, Lily, have any steady relationships? A guy or girl she is involved with."

"No guys. And Lily is definitely not gay. She's barely straight."

"How do you mean?"

Rachel considered before speaking. "She's very focused on school, you know? That's why I knew something was wrong. She barely misses class, much less disappears for a week. And I get a text from her almost every day."

Denise nodded. "What about the two women you saw at the club? You said they were dressed in rubber."

"One was older, red-haired, she was in charge, you could tell."

"And the other?"

"Blonde hair, but it was almost shaved bald. She was locked in these boots that made it hard for her to walk. The older woman..."

"Elena, you said?"

"Yes, Elena. Anyway, she had her on a leash. If you can find anyone else from the club, they'd remember them, I'm sure."

"Do you remember the name of the other girl, the one on the leash?"

"No," Rachel said, squinting and chewing her lip. "Carly or Candy or something."

"And they walked out to the car with you and Lily?"

"I was ahead of them. I was kind of pissed that Lily invited them to sit down with us. I heard a sound and turned around, but they were gone. So was Lily. I saw a van pull away, but it was plain. I think it was white, but it was dark. I couldn't see any license plates."

"Thank you. That should get me started."

"You don't need anything else?"

"Unless you have something you need to tell me. Believe it or not, this city has a fairly large and diverse subculture. But the woman you're describing should be known to someone, and, if she is, I'll find her."

"Why do you think she would take Lily?"

"It's still possible your friend took off on her own, or left with this woman of her own free will. If I find Lily and she doesn't want to leave, that's her choice. Understand?"

"Of course."

"Good. Now get some rest. You look like you haven't been sleeping much. Take a hot bath and try to relax. You're not alone anymore. I'm very good at what I do, Rachel, and what I do is find people. Okay?"

Rachel managed a strained smile. "Okay."

Lily stood in her stall, concentrating on her balance. The hay-strewn dirt floor was not quite level, making the strain of remaining erect on the harsh boots she wore more difficult than she would have imagined. When Elena had said she would use muscles she didn't know she had, the red-haired mistress had not been wrong. Despite years of running, the act of standing in the calf-

high boots, laced tight, terminating in faux hooves made her legs scream with the act of simply standing still. She was still sore from her time on the walker the day before, and she could see the muscles beneath the skin of her thighs strain and tense.

It was amazing, she mused, how far one could come in a day, though. Where she had been barely able to stand straight in them the day before, she was now able to remain almost perfectly motionless in the hoof-boots, and a few circuits of her small stall told her that the effort spent on the walker yesterday had not been entirely forgotten. She was able to maintain a steady gait as she moved, not quite graceful, but not the stumbling mess she had been before.

As if to emphasize the ability to adapt, she took two careful steps backward and positioned herself over the makeshift bathroom she had deemed the waste-bucket, releasing a stream of urine that brought Moonshadow to the shared wall with Lily's.

She had been a pretty girl once, Lily could see that still, but there was no humanity left in her eyes. When she peered over the stall, her head tilted in a curious gesture that reminded Lily of a dog, interested in some new behavior. Lily frowned and nodded, gesturing Moonshadow away, but the girl didn't appear to understand. Even if Lily tried to admonish her, the bit in her mouth would have garbled her words beyond recognition, so she simply sighed and tolerated the girl's observation.

Before the lights in the barn had gone out, Cora returned the night before to remove Lily's body harness, but the boots, armbinder, and bit and bridle remained. The weight of the bridle had bothered her at first, but she was quickly growing accustomed to the sensation of the straps around her forehead and running lengthwise down her skull to her neck. She supposed Moonshadow didn't feel it at all, and that thought, more than any other, terrified her.

In the days since she'd come to be a prisoner of Elena, apparently to be forged into a pet for the beautiful, but clearly insane, mistress, Lily found herself thinking less and less of the horribleness of her situation and more about how to make the best of it. That sort of thinking would damn her if she allowed it to continue, choosing to keep thoughts of her family and Rachel desperately searching for her. To abandon hope of escape was to denigrate their memory and their search for her.

Moonshadow chuffed in the neighboring stall as the door far to their left squealed open, Cora appearing around the corner of the stalls with a tray bearing two bowls. Moonshadow shifted excitedly on her hooves, straining against the door of her stall, her arms free to paw at it, but they rested dumbly on her heavy breasts, as if she had forgotten she had hands at all. They were now covered by mittens that resembled hooves as well, laced up to her mid-forearm, made of a bright white leather to match her hooves and bridle, as well as the feathery plume that rose from her bridle.

Lily stood awkwardly as she struggled to maintain her balance, her stomach rumbling as she caught scent of the warm meal Cora brought. She hated that her body was growing to accept this routine, but the needs of her body would not be subverted, and she drooled helplessly around the bit.

"Good morning, ponies," Cora chirped, swinging her narrow hips as she walked.

Today's outfit was a pink bodysuit that left the entirety of her legs and arms exposed, highlighting the collar she wore. Her shoes were ankle-high ballet heels that were padlocked on, lacy ankle socks poking above the rim of the shoes. Her shaved hair was dyed pink, as well, giving her a rosy appearance.

"How did our sweet ponies sleep?"

Moonshadow chuffed again, her agitation growing as Cora neared her stall, eyes alight with

excitement. Lily stood still, hoping the sound of her stomach wouldn't give her own need to be fed away. She retained that much pride, at least.

"I guess Moonshadow is first, then," Cora grinned, balancing the tray on the edge of the stall and motioning for Moonshadow to come close.

The girl leaned forward and Cora unbuckled the bit from her mouth, placing it on the tray while retrieving one of the bowls. Moonshadow dared not speak, and Lily wondered again if she was even capable at this point. She remembered reading somewhere that fifteen days of isolation can result in irreparable psychological changes. Who knew how long Moonshadow had been kept as an animal? How long would Lily be able to last, she wondered?

The sound of Moonshadow lapping at the bowl suggested her meal was done, and Lily moved to the door of her stall, watching Cora warily, remembering the sharp smack the day before when Lily had dared to plead with her through the bit.

Today, Cora was all smiles, stroking Lily's dark hair before removing the bit, her soft caress continuing as Lily leaned into the stall, using her tongue and lips to fumble the mix of oatmeal and fruit into her mouth. Despite the mess she was making of herself, Lily ate quickly and greedily, her hunger overwhelming her desire to appear reserved.

"Good pony," Cora whispered to her, and the words made Lily shiver.

Cora wiped away some of the oatmeal clinging to Lily's face with her thumb before returning the bit to her mouth and securing it in place. Lily locked eyes with the girl, hoping to see some hint of compassion, perhaps even a sad camaraderie, but there was only a look of approval.

"I'll be back to harness you both," Lily called to them as she gathered the empty bowls and tray, "and then Mistress has a surprise for you. Won't that be nice?"

Moonshadow stomped once to show her enthusiasm and shifted again on her hooves. Lily felt strangely jealous of the ease with which Moonshadow moved. Her hoofed feet must feel natural now, Lily thought, as if she had never walked on feet at all.

Cora paused, staring back at Lily over the ornate door of the stall.

"You can be mopey all you want, pony. You can enjoy your life or stand around feeling sorry for yourself. Regardless, you'll break. Everyone breaks eventually."

And she was gone, her ass wiggling as she strolled away, a happy whistle echoing through the barn.

As good as her word, Cora was back in a short time, though measuring minutes and hours was growing harder for Lily. When she entered the stall, Lily took a step away from her, less out of deference to her than the relatively small space. Lily's body harness - a collection of black leather straps that wound around her torso and thighs, a long band running perpendicular down her torso and bending against her sex before buckling at the small of her back - dangled from Cora's hand.

"Come on, pony. Let's get your tack on."

Lily did not resist as the girl wrapped and secured the harness around Lily's body, checking the straps to ensure they were snug, but not so tight as to chafe her bare skin. When the job was done, Cora stepped back to evaluate her work and beamed with obvious pride.

"You are a beautiful pony," she said, backing out of the stall and securing the door behind her. "The sooner you accept that, the happier you'll be."

"Are they ready, Cora?" Elena called from the open barn door, winding around the edge of the stalls to evaluate her stock.

"Yes, Mistress," Cora replied quickly, taking a step backward to stand behind the shoulder

of her owner.

Elena grinned, her eyes riveted on Lily. Lily returned the gaze, though hers lacked the appreciation, instead reflecting a defiance. The fierce look she offered did not appear to deter Elena, who approached the stall door and flung it open again, revealing Lily completely.

"My special new pony," she sighed, clapping gloved hands together. "Fetch the reins, Cora."

As Cora hurried to the large stall where the bathing tub and the random tack was located, Lily looked Elena over. She wore black riding boots, polished to a high shine, with khaki riding pants that hugged her waist. The white blouse she wore was buttoned to her neck, her fiery hair in a ponytail that hung over one shoulder. The gloves were black, and Elena tapped a riding crop into the palm of one.

Cora returned with a pair of leashes, each chain forking into two with clasps on the end.

"Watch and learn," Elena said, locking eyes with Lily.

Elena opened Moonshadow's stall, who all but rushed at the stunning redhead, but a swift snap of the crop against Elena's boot stilled her. Elena secured the clasps on Moonshadow's bridle, then gave her a tug. Moonshadow trotted out of the stall, past Elena, then stopped and turned, hovering behind her left shoulder.

"See?" Elena asked, turning to face Lily. "A pony will move behind her owner and await further instruction. You will stand a step behind, at either my left or right shoulder. Understand, pony?"

Lily caught herself before nodding, instead replying with a stomp of her right hoof in the hay as she'd been roughly instructed to do.

"Very good."

Elena moved into Lily's stall, now, Moonshadow ever at her shoulder, a step behind. Lily blinked as the clasps were fixed to her bridle and Elena stepped back, letting the leash sag between them.

"Let's see if you've learned to obey, pony."

Elena gave the leash a tug and Lily moved with careful, measured steps, walking past Elena and turning to stand a step behind her, shoulder nearly touching Moonshadow's.

Turning on her heel, Elena walked to the wide doors at the far end of the barn, the ones that had been locked against her when Lily first attempted her escape. She mirrored Moonshadow's actions, turning and following at the same step-behind distance, though her movements were slower and more measured in her attempts not to fall as her sore muscles raged. She found herself shuffling to keep up with the other girl's more practiced strides, but Elena made no mention of it if she was displeased.

Entering a code on a panel mounted on the wall to the right of the doors, Lily heard a hiss as locks released. The barn must have cost a fortune, meaning Elena was very wealthy. Somehow, the realization was even more disheartening. Affluent people had a way of getting away with things, she knew, and her abduction was no different.

Her morose rumination was halted by the feeling of sunlight on her face as the doors slid open, parting at their center, drawn back by whisper-quiet machinery. She blinked hard against the bright light, suddenly aware of how long it had been since she'd seen anything besides the interior of the barn.

"What a lovely day," Elena mused, giving the reins a tug and leading both girls outside onto a dirt road most notable for the grooves cut into the earth left and right of center. They were deeper and thinner than car tires, and she wondered if this was a working farm, replete with

wagons and carts, like some medieval fiefdom.

The day was, indeed, gorgeous, with the dew still glimmering off the grass, paling the deep green blades. The grooved road wound in a lazy curve to the left, where Lily glimpsed a large house, a manor befitting someone of Elena's obvious wealth. A car was parked on the far side of the house, the trunk just visible, and she could make out pavement that led toward what Lily assumed was civilization. The dirt road circled behind the house to her right, and turned left at a harsher angle, disappearing around the side of the barn. A breeze was blowing, giving the early morning air a soft chill that would disappear by mid-morning and grow hot as the afternoon wore on.

Moonshadow lifted her head to the light and Lily found herself mirroring the action, enjoying the outdoors. She remembered her morning runs on days just like this, her body hot and sweating, the cool air heaven against her skin. The memory of it weakened her, and she nearly collapsed under the weight of loss as she remembered a girl named Lily free to run wherever she liked, to go to school and talk to friends and go to movies and even on the occasional date. That person seemed so lost to her, now.

"Come," Elena said with another tug of the reins, leading the ponygirls around the left side of the barn, another humiliation revealed as they turned the corner. Beneath a wooden awning, two carts were shadowed from the morning sun. One was small, suitable for a single occupant in the small seat, two metal arms extending from the seat with a narrow space where the arms almost met, five feet from the foot of the buggy. There, a harness drooped from the arms, and Lily understood the small buggy was meant to hold a rider and someone to pull it. The other buggy was larger, easily seating two along a wide and cushioned bench, room in the back behind the seat like one would expect of any cart, with a single arm extending from the body of the cart, another bar running across perpendicular, forming a rough 'T.' A harness hung from either side of this crossbar, and Lily knew what the morning held for her without a word from Elena. She and Moonshadow were to be harnessed to the cart, and they would pull Elena like mere animals.

While Moonshadow grunted approvingly, Lily lowered her head, reconciling the subjugation she would accept in lieu of the beating from the crop swinging at Elena's side.

"Watch again, pony," the mistress said, turning to face the two bound girls. "You can learn a lot from your sister."

With a cluck of her tongue, Elena tugged the reins attached to Moonshadow's bridle and the girl moved with Elena to the crossbar, taking the position on the left side. She stood quiet and still while Elena secured the harness to the girl, the human pony's eyes flitting to Lily's. Lily thought she detected a hint of a smile around her bit as Moonshadow was lashed to the crossbar, the curved metal pressing against her abdomen while the straps held the nose of the bar aloft. When the bonds were tightened, the bar rested easily against the girl's belly.

Lily stood watching, only now recognizing the freedom she'd let slip past while she watched, her leash dangling from her bridle, unsecured by Elena. She had been so consumed by the sight of the girl secured to her place, she had never even considered running. Instead, she imagined herself beside Moonshadow, and now Elena was approaching to make the daydream a reality.

She clucked her tongue as she had for Moonshadow and Lily followed, turning to face away from the body of the cart. She heard Moonshadow grunting with anticipation beside her.

"You didn't try to run," Elena whispered in Lily's ear as the cart's harness wrapped around Lily's back and shoulders. "You're learning that you can't run, not unless I tell you too. Good pony," she repeated, and tightened the harness with a quick jerk, drawing Lily against the bar.

She could feel the weight of the bar on her shoulders, lighter thanks to the girl beside her, their equal height distributing the weight evenly. It was a pressure, but not an unpleasant one.

When Elena left her with a stroke of her dark hair, Lily shifted on her boots, blushing at the impression her movements left in the earth. They were hoofprints, unrecognizable as the tracks left by a human.

Something, too, in the tightening of the harness dimmed her thoughts, an odd calmness descending over her as she understood the simplicity of the task ahead of her. She would pull with the girl beside her, she would follow instructions given, and no other thoughts were needed. There was a strange peace in the realization, as well as a vague but undeniable arousal. Was this treatment actually turning her on?

The weight on her shoulders increased suddenly with a creak of the cart behind her. She began to turn her head, but stopped when Elena barked a sharp, "Eyes forward!"

Lily snapped her head to face out from the open enclosure where the cart and buggy were kept. The dirt road extended left and sharply right around the barn, but she kept her gaze straight ahead, looking over green fields with high, swaying grass, climbing a rolling set of hills that terminated near the bank of a creek bed. The water was distant, maybe half a mile, and the course of the dirt road would not take them near, but she longed to splash in the water, to feel the grass at her sides as she ran. In her imagining, she was outfitted as she was, now, but she was a free ponygirl, her bridle unsecured, her feet hammering against the earth as she propelled herself toward the creek.

"Time to learn again, pony," Elena said from behind. Lily kept her eyes forward. Beside her, Moonshadow shuffled, eager to move. "Neither of you will move," she continued, "until I tell you the training has ended. Understand?"

Lily stomped once, a shiver as she heard Moonshadow's hoof strike the earth in unison with hers.

"Very good. A single whip crack will tell you to move. You will always move forward until you hear another command. Two cracks of my whip will mean stop. Understand so far?"

Another complimenting pair of stomps, and Lily wondered if the crack of the whip would be across her back if she did not follow the commands immediately.

"Three cracks of the whip and you will turn left, following the natural path. Four will turn you right. If you come to a crossroad and have not been issued a command, you will stop until given instruction. Is that clear so far?"

Lily stomped with the girl beside her, the foreign sense of peace and dim arousal growing. Something about the wordless communication enticed her, though she was unable to define exactly what. She found herself eager to move, to follow the commands. In a way, she supposed, it was not unlike a game, and she enjoyed games and the challenge of competition.

"Very good," Elena said. The cart creaked again, the weight shifting on Lily's shoulders. She assumed Elena was settling onto the cushioned bench seat of the cart.

When the whip sounded, a loud snap biting the air between Moonshadow and herself, Lily hitched forward, nearly falling as she expected to strain, finding instead a smooth motion as the cart eased forward. She gathered herself with two faltering steps, even as the whip cracked again, three times in quick succession.

"Three times, left," Lily thought, leaning in that direction, finding this too was easier than anticipated. The joint effort of Lily and Moonshadow made the task easy and Lily found herself correcting her direction as the cart lurched far to the left.

"Careful," Elena chided, but Lily barely heard over the sound of her hooves hitting the

ground with Moonshadow's, a *clop-clop* sound filling the quiet morning. The sensation of being somehow reduced intensified further, and Lily slipped into a daze of concentration, the pressure against her belly firm but not painful, the strain of pulling the cart almost pleasant as she moved alongside the girl harnessed beside her.

They followed the dirt road as it curved behind the barn. To her right, Lily could see odd constructions, none of which she could place, but a space had been cleared, with white lines drawn in chalk on the green grass, reminded her vaguely of the base lines on a softball field.

The path meandered through the grounds, and, for the first time, Lily realized she saw no signs of another house, a road - any sign of civilization left. It was as if she were marooned on an island with only Elena, her pet, and the pony that walked beside her. Instead of the expected sorrow, Lily remained calm, focusing on her aching legs continuing their scissoring steps, her breath deep and loud in her ears as she pulled the cart and its passenger. After half an hour, she lost all thought but to follow the direction of the whip cracks as they guided her around the estate. When she saw a butterfly swirl around her head on the journey, she even found she was able to smile.

Found and Lost

Denise almost looked the part in her blue blouse, a thigh-length leather skirt and fishnet stockings, the black heels buckled around her ankles. Her hair fell over her shoulders, and she had long ago mastered the art of appearing confident when she was not. In truth, these sorts of places disturbed her to no end, partially because she'd flirted with the lifestyle in college. While those days were almost fifteen years behind her, Denise recalled the pleasures she'd discovered with her then-boyfriend, a handsome and well-muscled man named Colin who'd introduced her to the world of BDSM clubs and games in the bedroom.

The Stiletto was tucked away on the east side of town, sandwiched between an auto parts store and a costume shop, mostly deserted this time of year when Halloween was more than four months away. Besides a few visits in her younger years, she had only been back once, when she was a uniformed officer with the police. She and her partner, a Neanderthal named Pete, had tracked a low-ball drug trafficker here, and were amused to find him in one of the back rooms, bound to a mattress turned up against the wall, his bare ass exposed to them, a tiny Japanese girl with a leather whip in hand twisting the hilt into his rectum. Needless to say, he came quietly.

It was still daylight outside, so the interior of the club was mostly empty, the dance floor bare, a few booths lining the walls occupied by those with more time on their hands than scruples. Denise beelined for the bar on her left, catching the eye of a pale girl with piercings through her lip and nose. 'A sub,' Denise said to herself, 'she has the look of someone who's been used.'

"Help you?" the girl asked, taking stock of the elegantly-dressed stranger before her.

"I was wondering if you might help me find somebody."

"Hmm," the girl mused, turning to freshen up her soda from a soda gun hooked to the bar. "I wouldn't have pegged you as a cop."

"I'm not a cop," Denise replied. "I'm a private investigator. I'm trying to find someone that may have gotten mixed up with the wrong people."

"Look, we don't give out names here. And you ain't a cop, so no warrant."

"What's your name?"

"Daisy."

"Alright, Daisy, how about I show you a picture. If you know the woman, you tell me. If you don't, no harm, no foul. Fair enough?"

"I guess," she shrugged. Her black-painted lips quivered a little. This girl was into far more than sexual power exchanges. She was on something, probably flying right now.

Denise reached into her purse, a large bag with a pocket for documents, and retrieved a picture taken from the security cameras of the club Rachel reported seeing Elena. It was grainy, but with just enough detail to portray the woman's red hair and the black catsuit of her submissive. The picture had been blown up, but was still hazy. Denise had hoped for a clearer picture, but sometimes you went to battle with the army you had...

"Not sure about her," Daisy said, chewing her lip where the hoop circled the thin flesh and tapping her finger on the submissive, "but her I think I've seen around."

Denise perked up, leaning toward the girl behind the bar. Behind them, the sharp gasp of a woman in the throes of pain or pleasure or both rang out in the strangely quiet room, but neither turned to see.

"Do you know her name?"

Daisy squinted, as if searching the distance for the information. "No, but I know she came in a lot when I started working here. Hasn't been in here in a while. One of the other girls might

know more. Or Randy. He's the manager."

"Thanks for your time," Denise said, pulling the picture away and retuning it to her purse.

Another bust. She had a first name, but no last. And the fact that she'd retired from the public scene meant she could have moved away from the city, coming in for special occasions, like abducting young women from clubs. It was going to be tough to track her.

Casting a glance to her left as she exited, Denise saw a woman, no more than thirty, if that, on all fours, her hands cuffed behind her, clamps on her puffy nipples, mounted by a balding man with a large paunch. Whatever Lily might be enduring was worse, she feared. No one stole another human to take them on vacation.

Stepping into the sunlight, Denise slid on her sunglasses and shouldered her purse, deciding on one more impractical stab in the dark before retiring for the day.

Lily stood in the wash basin as Cora ran the sponge over her body. Where the harness had been secured, her skin was both red and still lighter than the rest of her, the sun staining her skin with a light tan. Moonshadow looked darker, too, though her skin was coarser than Lily's own, having been subjected to the elements in her bare skin for some time. Again, Lily wondered for how long. How long did it take someone to lose their identity so completely?

When the bathing was complete, Cora eased Lily back into her boots and harness, adjusting a strap or buckle here or there to give Lily the greatest comfort while still remaining bound. When the fine-tuning of the tack was complete, Cora tied Lily's hair into a ponytail and led her back to her stall, securing her to the wall with the leash, then leading Moonshadow away for her bath.

Lily stood, patient and quiet. Dinner would come, and, after that, the lights would go out, signaling time for bed. The routine wasn't so bad. After the day of pulling the cart, her legs were tired and still sore, but she liked how powerful they felt, too, coiled muscles ready to spring. She was getting quite confident in her movements, too.

Surprisingly, it was Elena who came to feed Lily while Cora fed Moonshadow, and Lily ate greedily, hungry after a day of hard exercise. All the while, Elena stroked her hair and whispered soft encouragement and praise. While Lily still resented her captivity, she felt a warmth at the praise and found her head leaning against the hand that caressed her. Her affection was met with immediate approval, Elena's gloved hand moving down Lily's cheek and to her shoulder, a gentle motion that lulled Lily into a soporific state. When the meal was complete and her bit returned to her mouth, Elena gave Lily a last pat on her bare rear, a nonsexual but still affectionate gesture.

When the Mistress and her pet had left Lily and Moonshadow in the dark of the barn, Lily moved to the edge of the stall where she nuzzled against Moonshadow's cheek, and even managed a smile. Moonshadow enthusiastically responded, and the two girls spent a long moment feeling the touch of each other's bridled cheek against one another.

Lily curled into the hay, piled high in the corner, and sleep took her quickly.

Elena was in her study when Cora found her, announcing that a bath had been drawn.

"She's coming along nicely, isn't she?"

Cora did not have to ask who her Mistress meant. Her obsession with her new acquisition caused a pang of jealousy, but Cora understood her place all too well to speak up. She was forged by Elena's will to value the happiness of her owner above all things, even if she had to remind herself of this on occasion. She contented herself in the knowledge that she was assisting her owner in her training, and thus was valuable to her. There were no other slaves in Mistress Elena's home, and Cora liked to think of herself as chief among Elena's most prized possessions.

"Yes, Mistress," Cora said with a nod. "She trusts that you won't harm her unless she misbehaves. And she doesn't seem to want to misbehave any longer."

"You sum it up well," Cora's owner said with a proud grin. "I think we can start chipping away at the last of her identity. She accepts her situation, but she thinks of herself as human, I'm sure. Tomorrow, we'll add the last piece of her tack. And try to think of a good name for her. Removing that piece of her identity will help her understand."

"Yes, Mistress," Cora replied. "Your bath is ready."

"Good. And Cora?"

"Yes, Mistress?"

"Be in it when I arrive. I think a little celebration is in order."

"Yes, Mistress," Cora repeated, brighter. She would be a tool of her owner's pleasure tonight, and nothing made Cora happier. The thought of tasting her Mistress's sweet nectar made Cora squirm on her way to the bathroom, peeling away the day's outfit and leaving it piled on the floor. As she eased into the warm water and prepared the soft sponge to clean her Mistress, the center of her existence, Cora nearly climaxed with the thought of her use to her owner.

"It ain't that I don't want to help you," the thick-bellied man behind the bar said, "It's that I *can't*."

"Can't or won't?" Denise retorted. Her patience with the grizzled bartender was wearing painfully thin.

After chasing down her few leads to dead ends, she found one young woman from the club where Lily had been abducted who recalled seeing the white van leaving the parking lot in a hurry. Later, on her way home, she walked past a dive bar with a similar van parked outside. She said she only remembered it because of the lack of windows in the van. She hadn't remembered the license plate, or even the name of the bar, only that it was odd to see a bar with only this single van parked in front of it and the lights on inside and music blaring.

"You're telling me you don't remember a woman, maybe two, wearing nothing but rubber coming into a stinkhole like this?"

"We get all kinds here," the man smiled behind the stump of a cigar. The way he was so resolutely defiant told Denise all she needed to know. He knew more than he was telling, and he was enjoying playing cat-and-mouse with her.

Denise gave him a thin smile, her voice choked and dancing on the verge of anger. "Look, pal, I happen to know a front when I see one. And I have some friends in blue who have just enough time on their hands to sit on this place for a while and see just what comes in and out of here." The bartender's face drooped some, and his overconfident facade cracked a bit. "Or, you can tell me who the rubber girl is and I'll walk out of here and try to forget about you and this cesspool. At this point, I'm happy either way."

"You hafta understand," he said, his voice low and gravelly, "we count on discretion to make this place work. I can't go giving you names. I do, my whole business dries up."

"Sounds to me like that's going to happen no matter what. Either you find a new line of work, or maybe you spend some time in county. Worse if what you're doing here is serious." She leaned close to his face, seeing the pock-marked skin beneath the shitty beard. "There's a girl that's gone missing. I'll bring this place down in a second to find her. And, so help me, if you had a hand in that, I'll make sure you get sent up for it. No parole for human trafficking, shitheel. You go away forever."

"Hey," he said, holding his hands before him as if to ward Denise off, "Hey, this ain't that kind of place. I don't know nothin' about a missing girl."

"Then start talking."
And, finally, he did.

The place was grand in its size, a manor-like house in the middle of a vast tract of land, with a gated driveway that ran almost a mile before terminating before the house. To the right, a large barn stood, where, no doubt, some very expensive horses were kept. From her vantage point on a low rise a quarter mile from the front door of the place, Denise could see lights burning on the first and second floor, but large swaths of the house were in darkness. That told her two things - someone was home and the house did not keep a large staff. That made sense if you were wealthy and into something nefarious. The fewer people who came in and out, the fewer people to talk.

Once the bartender, whose name was Karl, because of course it was, gave her the last name of Elena Kroc, it didn't take long for Denise to track down the last known address. She was from old money, her family European, but she was first generation American, left with a sizable fortune and no ties to anything operational in the family business. Women like her usually married into more wealth, but, aside from a number of rumored lovers, Elena Kroc had never wed, nor had she entertained the same man for very long. She was a club girl once upon a time, but had retired into relative seclusion. There were few stories about her in the press, save a few mentions of charity work, and fewer photographs, though she seemed attractive even in middle age. It made sense that she kept a low profile if she had found her passions indulged in other ways, namely fetish and BDSM circles.

Denise watched the house for over an hour, her binoculars picked up no sign of movement within, save a few times when lights were turned off in one room only to come alive in another adjoining room. She suspected Elena was alone in the house, or with a very small staff, maybe a submissive, but no real security.

Dressed in black leggings and sneakers, a loose black sweater that hid a .9mm pistol tucked in the small of her back, Denise crept closer. Around the main house there was little foliage aside from carefully designed topiary, making Denise feel vulnerable. Anyone looking carefully outside might see the dark shape moving against the grass, approaching the house. She hurried, bent over, until she was flush with front wall of the manor, looking to her left toward the front door, collecting herself, slowing her breath. There was no sign from inside that she had been seen.

Denise moved along the wall until she was close to the barn, diagonal from her position. If anyone was lingering it would be in there. She ran in the same stooped-over manor until she came to the door on runners that led into the barn. A heavy bar ran across the door from the outside, along with a thick padlock. To the right of the door, a keypad glowed with soft blue light. Whatever was inside, Elena Kroc had every intention of keeping it locked away.

Denise's heart raced. Perhaps Lily wasn't being kept in the house at all. Denise would be able to pick the lock, but the keypad posed a special problem. Peering between the door and the frame, she could see a steel bolt securing the door, and she assumed this was controlled by the keypad. On her left hip, Denise ran her fingers over the small set of tools and lockpick that granted her entrance many times before. Examining the pad closely, she found two pairs of screws on the top and bottom, and quickly loosened them, allowing the tiny screws to fall to the earth. She removed the panel, greeted with a series of wires running to a small circuit board.

Looking back over her shoulder, Denise saw no movement, no new lights within the house. She was, all things considered, safe. If her inexperienced attempt to dismantle the keypad failed, she would retrace her steps and call for her police friends. There was enough circumstantial

evidence for a warrant, if the judge was lenient, and they tended to be in cases of kidnappings.

Denise widened her eyes in surprise when she heard the steel bolt retract, following a flashing spark she generated by connecting two wires, one red and one blue. It was a shot in the dark, but it appeared to have paid off. A few more seconds and the padlock tripped, the U-bolt popping open, and Denise pulled it free before sliding the bolt off the door. She eased the door open, wide enough to allow her to slip inside and slid it closed again behind her.

Large fans spun high up on the walls, creating a soft breeze in the barn. The noise of the air in motion and the fans turning were all that could be heard. The barn was enormous, the lights turned off and only a few dim lights marking where, Denise supposed, other exits were located. Otherwise, the barn was quiet and seemingly empty, though she angled toward the stalls to her left, barely discernible in the darkness. Denise reached into the small knapsack over her shoulder and fumbled through the contents until she found a cylinder as long as her hand and brought it before her. She snapped it in two and a soft green glow lit her face. The glowstick, she thought with a thin smile, friend to the thief and raver.

The light from the glowstick radiated a few feet around her before being swallowed by the darkness, enough that she could navigate the dirt floor of the barn without fear of falling. As she crept closer to the stalls, she heard the sound of an animal breathing, and peered into the dimness for a sign of a horse or some other domesticated animal. She bent over one of the stall doors and gasped audibly, waking the occupant of the hay-strewn stall.

It was a girl, not Lily, but someone not much older, bound in fetish gear to create the impression of a horse. The girl, her arms curled over her bare chest, hands hidden by mittens that simulated hooves, rose to her feet and approached the stall door, eyes wide and curious. Denise detected no fright in the expression, only curiosity. The detective regained the step back she had taken upon seeing the girl and now stood almost nose-to-nose with the captive girl.

"Hello?" she whispered. "Can you speak?"

Whatever sounds the girl made would be muffled by the bit fitted into her mouth, but Denise was already reaching over the door to release the rubber cylinder. When she had, she found the girl's expression unchanged, the same dumbly curious look in her eyes.

"Do you know where you are?" Denise whispered again.

"She's home," a voice arose from behind, breaking the dark silence of the barn.

Denise turned quickly, back to the stall, and found herself staring at the tall Mistress from the photograph and the girl she assumed to be her submissive, the one Rachel described. Where Elena was dressed for bed in an elegant nightdress, Cora was wrapped in black latex, a catsuit that tapered into sharply-heeled boots, her face mostly hidden by a matching black mask that gave her the impression of cat ears, like a more fetishized version of a comic book villain.

"You must be Elena," Denise said, attempting to sound more confident than she felt.

"I'm surprised you found us. In fact, how *did* you find us?"

"That's none of your business. You let these girls go with me, I won't report you to the police. Maybe."

Elena laughed, pacing behind her latex kitten, a sound of true amusement.

"I don't think you're in any position to make any kind of demand. And these girls stay with me. They are my property. Just as you are now. Cora."

Denise reached behind her for the pistol tucked against the small of her back, but she was too slow, the feather-tipped dart sinking into her abdomen before she could find the handle of the pistol.

She felt her blood pumping in her extremities, the sound of her heart loud in her ears even

as she lost control of her muscles and sank to the floor of the barn, the knapsack beside her, the grip of the revolver visible just inside the open container. She stared at the dirt floor, unable to lift her head, watching as the severe boots of the girl called Cora stepped into view. A hand pulled her head up by the chin, a rough motion that knocked her head back against the stall door with a loud *thump!*

Beside Cora, Elena knelt down, hands on her knees, her wide smile highlighted by very bright red lipstick, her face pale, hair black as night. She would have been beautiful under different circumstances.

"Such a pretty girl you are. What is your name?"

Denise attempted to reply with a defiant profanity, but her drugged state only allowed a low moan.

"On second thought, don't tell me. I'll decide for you."

Elena rose and stepped away, calling behind her, "Cora, take her to the holding cell. And make sure our ponies aren't too rattled."

Denise felt her legs lifted and she was dragged on her back past the stalls. The last thing she saw before the darkness claimed her was Lily, eyes wide with fear, looking over a stall door in a bridle of her own.

Descent

Gloria Harwell clapped her hands together and rocked back on the small riser, watching her longtime friend, and sometime rival, crack the whip twice in quick succession. The girls harnessed to the cart stopped in almost perfect unison and awaited further instruction. Elena placed the whip across the seat and eased out of the cart with a creak of springs.

"I can't believe it!" Gloria exclaimed, rising to meet her friend. "And how long did you say she had been training?"

"A month, now. I still have two weeks to teach her the finer points of competition, but she has certainly come a long way. As I told you before, Gloria, she is a natural."

Elena tugged at the fingertips of her leather gloves and freed her hands, stroking the shoulders of Moonshadow and Lily as she passed before them on her circuitous inspection. Gloria followed her, standing before the two girls.

"Moonshadow has always been a lovely creature, but this new one is a specimen to behold. Have you considered breeding her?"

Lily's eyes flitted to the woman, then forward again, the briefest look of interest crossing her face before she returned to her long stare, past Elena and the Mistress's companion to the fields beyond. She found it best to avoid any sort of attention.

"It's crossed my mind, but it would take a real thoroughbred to tempt me to give her up to breeding. I think competition is her place for the foreseeable future."

"I completely understand, Elena, she is remarkable. May I inspect her?"

"Please do. She's quite docile."

Lily stood at attention, the cart's harness securing her in place, as Gloria stood near, her hands testing the firmness of Lily's thighs, her ass, then fingers forcing themselves into her mouth to inspect her gums and teeth. It was odd for Lily to have a stranger touching her, but Elena had instructed her on more than one occasion to remain still and silent until told otherwise. The last time she had tried to make an uninvited sound, Elena had thrashed her back, then locked her away in the windowless room for two days, broken only by feeding and waste removal.

Lily found that she had grown accustomed to Moonshadow's presence, coming to think of her as a sister of sorts, and the time locked away from her had been doubly difficult for her need to be with a girl who understood her state of mind.

In the two weeks that had passed since the strange woman broke into the barn, Lily had come to an odd agreement with herself and her situation. She was unable to escape, that much had been proved. So, she decided, she would follow the instructions given to her without question. Rarely did this instruction cause her pain, mental or physical, and she was often rewarded with gentle caresses and filling meals. She wasn't exactly happy with her condition but she was... content.

She found that she was growing stronger, and her legs were now more muscular than they had ever been. Under different circumstances, the size of her thighs and calves would seem disproportional, but pulling the cart, using the walker, and the occasional free-roaming run of the grounds she was able to engage in had given her a strength of body and spirit she found almost zen-like. The hooved boots were now an extension of her, and she rarely noticed them anymore. She could walk and run just as she had on bare feet, though she had not stood in such a way for all of her recent memory. Even when she was bathed, now, the boots were left on, removed only when her hair was braided and she sat on the table in the grooming stall. She wondered if she would simply fall over if she was placed on flat feet again, so accustomed had she grown to the peculiar balance of her hooves.

More than the physical conditioning, Lily had dipped into a mental state reminiscent of trance or deep focus. She no longer considered the outside world. Her reality shrunk to the size of the estate, and she thought of herself much like any beast considered itself. She did not worry over the next moment, or the moment just past, only the moment she was in. Was she behaving as her Mistress desired? If not, how could she alter her behavior to meet those expectations Elena had set for her? In thinking this way, Lily found a peace, and she even found elation when she and Moonshadow were pulling the Mistress's cart, their bodies pulling and turning in perfect synchronization with the crack of her whip. Though she could not voice the thought, nor did it occur to her to try, Lily felt she made Moonshadow better for her presence, and loved nuzzling her cheek against Moonshadow's at the end of a long day of training, before the lights of the barn were turned out and they settled onto the floor of the stall for sleep.

"I'll tell Roger, but he'll never believe me," Gloria laughed, turning away from Lily and her sister-pony. "I think you may have a chance for this one to take home some awards this year."

"Yes, I think so, too," Elena said, beaming at Lily over her friend's shoulder. "I've grown very fond of her."

"And how is Cora? I haven't seen her since she greeted me at the door?"

"Good," Elena replied, refocusing on Gloria. "She's been helping me with a new member of the staff. If my new pony draws the attention I think she will, I have a feeling we'll be doing far more entertaining."

"It will be nice to see you putting on one of your famous parties, Elena. It's been too long."

"After the Games," Elena smiled. "Then, we'll see how ready we are for company."

Elena wished Gloria well as they parted at the immense front doors, Gloria's driver seeing her into the back of the silver Rolls that was as gauche as it was impractical, at least in Elena's estimation. Moonshadow and Lily were safe in their stalls, a thunderstorm rolling in driving the ponygirls and women alike into the safety of the barn. Lily and Moonshadow followed behind Elena as she led them back to their stalls, giving them each a loving stroke of their cheek before leaving them in the barn, the doors open so they could watch the rain, the sound of the heavy droplets on the tin roof reverberating in the pleasantly musky air of the barn's interior.

Now, Elena made her way up the steps to prepare for a bath, her hair sweatily clinging to the back of her neck after showing off her ponies under the summer sun. Her countenance held a soft and self-confident smile, a recognition that she had set the Harwells' minds at ease regarding her abduction of Lily and also instilled a bit of fear in them. They were often the recipients of the Stables Games' Best-in-Show award, but that title was in jeopardy now that Lily had embraced her new life.

Which reminded Elena of Cora and the girl in the servants' wing. With a sigh, Elena turned away from her bedroom and the bath that awaited her to evaluate the progress Cora had made with the intruding detective. Cora had insisted she was capable of bringing the attractive blonde into their fold, and, with only a few suggestions outlining the mental conditioning from Elena, Cora had undertaken the training of the house's newest pet. Over the course of the previous two weeks, Elena had checked in time to time, but she gave her Cora all the latitude she needed to prove she could be an aide in growing their family within the house.

Elena rapped her knuckles on the heavy door that led to the servants' common room, which remained largely unused until Cora fashioned it into her den of iniquity.

"Yes, Mistress?" Cora called from within.

"I hoped to see our girl." Elena paused, her head tilted down, ear hovering near the ornately carved wooden door.

"Of course, Mistress, please come in."

Elena turned the knob and swung the door inward, revealing one of the more debauched sights she had witnessed in the manor, unless one counted those of her own design.

Denise Dyer sat on a wooden bench, legs on either side, her ankles bound beneath the seat with pale hemp. Her arms were raised above her shoulders and extended, her wrists tied in the same style rope to a metal bar suspended from the ceiling. Her waist was cinched with a leather corset, the straps buckled tight to give her a waspish waist, highlighting her pleasantly round hips and full breasts. Red marks criss-crossed Denise's bare breasts, the nipples obscured by clamps that were screwed to firm pinch. The detective's soft blonde hair was greasy and stringy, loosely tied into a ponytail that fell down her back, partially hiding more of the red marks that had certainly come from the thin reed lying beside the bench.

Of her face, only her chin and lower cheeks were entirely visible, her mouth partially covered by the ball gag that silenced her. A black leather blindfold covered her eyes and muffs of the same style, complete with silver studs, covered her ears, effectively blinding and deafening her. The only sounds she could make were desperate grunts as Cora worked a rather thick dildo in and out of Denise's clearly moist slit. The detective's hips rocked in time with Cora's motions, and Elena wondered if the girl sensed another's presence in the room.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself," Elena said, folding her arms across her chest and admiring the delicious degradation the pretty blonde suffered.

"Yes, Mistress," Cora said, looking over her shoulder to Elena with a mischievous grin. "I've had her orgasming like this for days. Always at a different time, so she never knows when to expect it. I've fed her and kept her bound so she has to rely on me, as you suggested, but I keep her blindfolded. I want her to think it's you that provides for her."

"Ah, very good," Elena nodded, impressed. "Has she said anything when you remove the gag to feed her?"

"At first she protested, tried to scream for help. The past four days, she just repeats 'Thank you' over and over again."

"Sounds as if she has made a breakthrough in her sense of self-reliance. And she is clearly enjoying herself, now. Perhaps she'll make a good pet after all. I'd hate to have to sell her in this condition."

Cora draped an arm over Denise's shoulders, who only rocked her hips more insistently now that Cora had abandoned her teasing plunges into the woman's folds.

"I want to keep her, Mistress. She's such a fun toy," Cora said with a pout.

"Take off her blindfold. Let's see what's in her eyes."

Cora circled Denise, unstrapping the blindfold and slipping the leather bindings through the earmuffs. Denise blinked at the light of the room, squinting up at Elena, who moved to the girl, tilting her chin up to face the Mistress.

Denise's face softened, her brows lifting in a look that could only be gratitude. A flit of Elena's eyes and Cora was removing the ball gag, too, easing the rubber ball from Denise's mouth. She worked her jaw, stretching it side to side and looked deeply into Elena's eyes.

"Th- thank you," she managed.

"Of course, my dear."

Denise tilted her head curiously and Elena gave another nod to her senior pet, who responded quickly by unstrapping the earmuffs, allowing Denise the full range of her senses once more.

Elena held the detective's face by the chin, tilting it left and right, then up again, studying

her features.

"I do know you," Elena smiled, a predatory look claiming her expression. "You are no stranger to submission, are you, my pet?"

"No," Denise replied, her eyes darting to the floor. There was a hint of shame in her response, something Elena knew she would have to banish from her.

"Yes, I recognize you. And I have given you such a wonderful gift, have I not? No longer will you have to hide your desires away. You are free to live as you were intended to... at the feet of your owner."

The words had a sudden effect on Denise, who squirmed in her bindings. Her hips thrust forward, eager for the pleasure she had been seduced with for days upon days.

"You will be my Nina. Your old name, your old life, it is meaningless now. My Nina will serve me and I will give her a home and a purpose. Do you know what that purpose is, Nina?"

"Yes."

"Tell me," Elena said, her lips curling into a cold smile.

"You. You are my purpose."

"Very good. Until you have been appropriately trained, you will be kept in chains, Nina. Won't it be nice to be chained by me?"

"Yes!" she cried, loud and needy. "Thank you!"

Elena lifted her brows, encouraging the newly-named pet to continue.

"Yes, Mistress," Nina said hurriedly.

"Good pet." Elena addressed Cora, releasing Nina's chin. "Keep her arms and ankles bound. I will collar her myself later. For now,, get her cleaned and prepared to join us. I believe we have the pet bed in storage still, do we not?"

"Yes, Mistress," Cora answered with a nod.

"Good. I want her at my feet tonight."

Nom de Pony

Elena listened to the soft breathing of Nina, curled into the cushioned oval pet bed at the foot of the wide bed Elena lay upon. Her new pet stirred with the sound of the sheets rustling, and Elena had to suppress a smile as the woman's head peeked over the baseboard.

"Good morning, Nina," Elena said, stretching and tossing her hair, combing it with her fingers over her shoulder. "Come."

When Elena patted the bed beside her, Nina clambered onto the soft mattress, an eager look in her eyes accompanied by the jangle of the slim chains that stretched between her ankles and wrists. Elena allowed her to snuggle close, Nina's arms wrapped around her. Elena kissed the top of the girl's head and held her.

"I think we'll get you your proper outfit today. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes, Elena, thank you," she said quickly. Cora's work had been thorough, and Elena spent an additional week conditioning Nina on the particulars of her service.

Elena was surprised and pleased to see how adoring Nina could be. Through some questioning, Elena determined she had, indeed, been a submissive in her earlier life, and she was frightened by the power and intensity of her emotions in that state. By allowing Nina to be pleased by Cora during these sessions, Elena had been able to erase much of her resistance in a very short time.

During the day, while Elena worked with her ponies, Cora was introducing Nina to light duties around the manor, leaving her unsupervised to conduct her work, but observed over the house's many security cameras. Both Cora and Elena were satisfied with the eagerness and thoroughness Nina displayed in her work.

At the end of every day, Nina would follow Elena into her bedroom and curl into the large cushion at the foot of the bed. She spoke very little until she was addressed. Cora reported that she'd found Nina washing dishes and humming, a smile on her face, one recent morning.

"She is yours," Cora had stated with pride.

"As are you," Elena reminded her slave, and Cora was quick to agree.

"Go tend to breakfast," Elena said, offering Nina one last kiss on the cheek.

"Yes, Elena," Nina said with a smile and slipped off the bed for the door, still nude. She had not been allowed clothes for the duration of her stay, and Elena delighted in the woman's beautiful body. So far their play had been largely teasing, but Elena had guided Nina's face between her legs more than once and found her to be just as thorough and meticulous in cunnilingus as with all of her work.

"She's blissful," Cora said, standing in the doorway. Today's uniform was the usual latex, a bright purple to match her newly-colored, short-cropped hair. The cut was more like a teddy than a normal catsuit, displaying Cora's long legs and bare arms.

"Yes, I think she is. I'd like you to prepare the uniform for her. I think we give it to her today."

"Yes, Mistress," Cora said with a bow of her head.

"And Cora?"

"Yes, Mistress?"

"Prepare the servants' room, too. I think it's time you joined me in my room again. I'd like an evening without interruption. Just my favorite pet and I."

"Yes, Mistress," she repeated, but Cora's voice was lighter and filled with the smile she wore.

The barn was filled with the somewhat musty smell of hay that Elena associated with happiness. She felt the confidence in her own stride when she entered the barn, and the enthusiastic faces of her ponies were there to greet her. Moonshadow and Lily had forged quite a bond, and she was pleased to see they were at the stall doors when she entered, bright-eyed, standing as close to one another as they could with the stall between them.

She paused before Lily's stall, inspecting the girl closely. Most ponies taken from the wild - abducted was such an ugly word - took months to train, but Elena had achieved wonders in a short time. The girl in the stall before her looked back with wide and obedient eyes, no signs of her earlier resistance left. On more than one occasion, Elena had allowed Moonshadow and Lily to roam free on the grounds, and she watched them run together and nuzzle with a deep sense of pride and contentment.

Elena reached her hand toward Lily, who stepped forward and leaned her cheek into the open palm, a welcome sign of warmth. Elena's own smile widened until she could feel her cheeks straining with the joy she felt.

"Very good, pony," she whispered to the ponygirl, who responded with a soft sigh. "And today is a very special day for you." She stepped back, commanding Moonshadow's attention, too. "For both of you. The games are only a week away and it's time we fitted you both with the last bit of tack required for the games."

As if on cue, Cora appeared with the new servant in tow, each holding a long tail, one auburn, one blonde. Elena looked over her newest acquisition and nodded meaningfully to Cora. Cora's work with Nina had been a welcome reprieve while Elena concentrated on the ponies, but the result was no less transformational. The pretty and confident private investigator now stared down at the ground, head bent in deference. Her hair was wound into a bun, strings falling on each side to frame her face. She was dressed appropriate to her station, a black dress with white lace trim and a white apron, black hose with a stark seam on the backs of her legs, polished patent leather heels lifting her three inches. The bonnet pinned to her hair completed the image - she was the perfect portrait of a maid. Only the thin chains that still bound her ankles and wrists disrupted the image of the dutiful servant.

"Thank you," Elena said to her girls before turning back to the stalls. "Before we continue, I believe we made our newest pony a permanent part of our stable. Do you think that would be nice, Nina?"

"Yes, Elena," the former detective said quickly, glancing up at the ponygirl in the stall before her. Something tickled her consciousness, something she was supposed to do...

Elena opened Lily's stall, swinging the door wide to allow the pony to step forward. Elena nodded and patted her hip, and Lily strode confidently out of the stall and assumed her place at the right shoulder of her owner.

Nina watched the graceful movements of the ponygirl, admiring her build and total obedience. It was good to obey, Nina thought, in fact it was a necessary thing for her and the ponygirl alike. Elena would care for them and only by obeying could Nina feel the intense pleasure that fogged her thoughts for weeks now.

Elena caressed Lily's cheeks, stroked her hair, staring into the mindless brown eyes of the beautiful beast, who closed her eyes and relished the attention her owner gave her.

"To be named," Elena began, catching Nina's eyes as she spoke, "is to give up everything from before and become part of my family now and forevermore. Nina has relinquished her sad former life to serve me and this family for the rest of her days. You, pony, are mine. Aren't you?"

Lily raised her leg and stomped, leaving a hoofprint in the soft floor of the barn.

"Very good. Since you are to be my pony from now until we retire you, which I hope will be many, many years from now, it's only right you take your pony name as part of this family. You will be called Dusk. Do you like that, my sweet pony?"

The name echoed in Lily's mind, tattered by her subjugation as it was. Part of her understood that to give up something as intrinsic to her identity as her name would be to give the last shred of her old self to the woman who had kidnapped her, transformed her into little more than a domesticated animal. Her weeks of obedience taught her much until it became a reflexive part of her nature. Just as she understood that two cracks of the whip meant to stop, she understood that her name was Dusk and it was a good name since it had been given to her by her owner. She stomped again, a single affirmative that severed the final tenuous threads to her former life.

"Good, Dusk. Nina, the tail please."

Nina moved close, watching the ponygirl with intense interest, unable to place the cause of her fascination with the creature, but unable to shake the sense that there was something important about her Mistress's prize pet.

"Cora, hold Dusk, please."

Cora did, resisting the urge to glare at Nina, who had stolen much of Elena's attention of late. It began with the pony, but Cora wondered if the private investigator-turned-maid wasn't the first of many to come looking for Dusk.

"This will be a bit uncomfortable at first, my sweet Dusk," Elena said, addressing a nearby table replete with the tools of ponygirl domestication. Elena covered her fingers in a sticky-slick lube and nodded to Nina. The maid eased Dusk to a deep bend, her ass facing Elena. The Mistress expertly coated the wide rubber plug at one end of the faux tail and gave her pony's anus a swab with her fingers. Dusk shivered at the cool lubricant, then mewled as the plug was pressed against her rectum and eased inside, stretching her puckered hole as it passed her entrance and filled her.

Dusk straightened after the plug was secured with the harness, the strange weight of the tail and the intrusion of the plug causing her to stomp uncertainly. She waited at Elena's side, a step behind as always, as Moonshadow was led from her stall and given a lighter-colored tail of her own. Afterward, she, too, took her place behind Elena.

Dusk found she could sway the tail with a shift of her hips. Despite the weight and sense of gravity's pull that accompanied the addition of her tail, she found she loved the look of Moonshadow's and assumed her own gave her a similar animalistic appearance. In moments, she found she could walk naturally again and settled back into her state of easy peace, content she looked the part of pony for her owner. She found intense pleasure in the thought, no longer capable of feeling shame as her nether lips grew puffy and slick with her excitement at being named and fitted with her new tail.

"I think she likes it," Cora grinned, noting the look of arousal on Dusk's features.

"Of course she does," Elena laughed, patting the rump of her prized pony. "She's a beautiful pony."

Elena trained them hard all through the day - carting and a new game where Elena used the cracks of the whip to guide Dusk and Moonshadow around a floral design created with white chalk. It was complicated, a series of precise turns and walks that followed concentric circles. Elena called it dressage, and Dusk knew it must be true for her owner told her only the truth. When the training was done, Moonshadow and Dusk ran together in the fields, full, galloping races across the open fields. Their tails served to slow them at first, but now they moved as

fluidly as they had before the new additions.

Elena sat on a riser of her training field, Cora and Nina attending the house behind her, her ponies at play in the field facing her. She sighed and leaned back, crossing her legs over one another as she savored the moment of perfect peace.

A week more and the Stable Games would arrive and Elena would show them all. The Harwells, the Montagues, the Caspers. The great families of their illicit sport would meet Dusk and Elena would be hailed as the premiere trainer.

"Come ponies," Elena called, standing and clapping her hands sharply together. The ponies stopped and turned to her, then broke into a gallop toward her.

No one, Elena swore to herself, would break up the family she had created.

A Dedicated Friend

Rachel Weston regretted that she was unable to slam a cell phone down. Another call, another chirping voicemail greeting from Denise Dwyer, the private investigator she hired. Either Denise was a shyster who had taken her money and disappeared, which wasn't the craziest idea given the location of her office, or something had happened to her. Rachel thought the latter more likely.

Lily's parents were involved now, hanging fliers and holding press conferences on the local news, but Rachel was convinced now that such attempts to bring Lily home were wasted.

Before Denise had gone missing, too, she sent Rachel a status update on her search for Lily.

'Rachel, looks like Lily may have gotten involved with some people in the BDSM scene. I have some contacts. I'll let you know what I find.'

More than two weeks passed since that message. If Denise was correct, and not a swindler, she must have come too close to the truth of Lily's disappearance. Which meant it had something to do with the sexually depraved BDSM scene, a notion that made Rachel shiver. Lily was barely sexual, much less a pervert.

From the window of her small apartment on the third floor, Rachel looked over the city, a collection of half-lit buildings carving a deeper black against the nighttime skyline and neon glows of bars and dark storefronts shuttered for the evening.

She focused on her reflection in the glass, the dark and striking makeup, the form-fitting leather top and mini, the fishnets and tall black heels... she thought of it as her uniform, something to help her blend chameleon-like into the subculture of depravity that existed beyond the window. Somewhere out there, Rachel knew, was someone who knew where Lily was and what was happening to her.

Rachel smacked her lips together to even out the dark red lipstick she wore and fanned her hair over her shoulders. Woe to anyone who stood in her way, she thought. If Denise Dwyer failed in her efforts to find Lily, Rachel would pick up the baton. And she would not rest until Lily was home.

Continued in The Stable Games 3, coming soon!

About the Author

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Lyka Bloom has been working as a technical writer for several years before turning her attention to the kinkier side of life.

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Inferno: Infection

Infection

Inferno: Book One



Lyka Bloom

It was dusk already, the sunset hidden by the tall, shadow-cloaked buildings in the old industrial district. A few old cars were parked along the curb, but most of the businesses that used the area for warehouses and manufacturing had dried up, leaving the commercial buildings vacant and crumbling.

Blake checked the note again, confirming for the fifth time the address was correct. With a sigh, she left the safety of her jeep, turning the collar of her raincoat up. Her low heels clicked on the pavement, echoing eerily in the seemingly-abandoned streets. She was all business in her gray slacks and white blouse, her hair down, loose as it swayed against her shoulders.

The front door of the building was once white, most of the paint peeled, leaving it a dull wooden gray. To the left of the door, just above eye level, a placard had been screwed into the dirty brick, covered by dust and grime. She could make out the single word inscribed there: Inferno.

She tried the door and found it opened easily under her hand, and she stepped into the darkness. She could hear the faint bass of industrial music thumping somewhere deeper inside as she wound through the labyrinthine hallways that must have been offices once upon a time. Her way was lit by a distant, flickering glow that reminded her of the flames waving on her tablet screen.

As the music grew louder, Blake could hear voices, or, more precisely, shrieking. She passed down another black-cornered hallway, thin chains hooked into the ceiling, a ventilation fan casting shadows on the walls. With every step, the ball of fear that nestled in her belly grew, and she shoved her hands in the pockets of her raincoat to keep them from shaking.

Finally, she reached the belly of the building, a vertiginous feeling sweeping through her as she passed through a doorway that glowed with red light. She looked down from a landing, metal steps winding down to the floor fifty feet below her, the music brash and loud, making her wince.

A DJ bobbed his head as he worked two turntables, the floor filled with writhing, bouncing bodies. The dancers looked Dante-esque in their dress, wrapped in leather and latex, tattoos of all colors and compositions revealed by the brief clothing. A bar opposite the DJ was lined with patrons of similar type, one young man bald save for chrome horns embedded in his skull, an open black trenchcoat revealing scars where his nipples had been. He grinned at a girl who looked barely eighteen, her dyed blonde hair twisted into spikes on her head, her eyebrow lined

with silver hoops, a tattoo on her cheek giving the impression of flayed flesh.

Blake's hand flew to her mouth, overwhelmed by the sights and sounds, feeling as if she'd stepped into another, more depraved world. She stifled a cry when she looked past the crowded dance floor to the far end of the room. A wide staircase, columns on either side, stretched at a thin angle back into the building, to a point she could not discern. The geometry of the building seemed all wrong, the size of it hurting her head as she tried to reconcile the nondescript and seemingly smaller exterior.

She gripped the handrail of the metal steps and resolved to call the police. This was no place for her, no place for the sane, and certainly no place she would find her step-sister. She had turned when the music faded behind her, a whisper running like current between the dancers as they stood still and turned to the stairs. Blake followed their gazes and saw her, walking slowly down the stairs, hips tilted as she planted one nail-thin heel on the step below. Though it must have been two hundred feet away or more, Blake could swear she saw herself reflected in the black pools the woman called eyes.

She was the one from the website, Blake knew immediately, dark hair slicked back to shape her skull, a look of sinister mirth on her full, bright red lips. Her skin was corpse-pale, making the black of her eyes more striking. She wore a glistening black outfit, something skin-tight and flexible, but reflective. Her fingers were tipped with long, black nails, nearly as sharp as the heels of the shoes she wore, her alabaster feet decorated with matching black nails. All eyes, including Blake's, were fixed on her, captivated by her otherworldly beauty.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she lifted her arms, and Blake saw the skintight outfit lift with her, cupping her full breasts, and she could see the outline of stiff nipples beneath. The room, filled with soft whispers before, fell completely silent. The rapt attention drew another sly grin from the pale woman at the foot of the stairs. Blake took an involuntary step back when her head lifted slightly, and their eyes met, no question of her being seen this time.

"Good evening, children," she said, her voice low and husky, but with a lilting quality that wrapped around Blake's brain and commanded attention. "I won't stop the party for long. And don't you all look so... delicious! I want you to say hello to our new arrival. Blake, why don't you come down?"

Lily of the Field

Lily of the Field:
The Stable Games Part One



Lyka Bloom

Lily felt the hand in her hair, twisting it and pulling her head harshly up, waking her and sending her body into spasming panic. She grabbed the arm that held her, raising to relieve the tug at her scalp, and found herself brought to her feet by the firm hand. She twisted around to find herself facing Elena, a harsh look in her eyes.

As soon as she opened her mouth to speak, to plead, to beg, Elena's hand, hidden behind her back, whipped to her mouth and forced a rubber ball into it, spinning her roughly and tugging at two straps extending from either side of the ball. With a practiced ease, the straps were buckled, securing the gag in place.

Another shove and Lily faced Elena once more, Lily's eyes wide and terrified. Elena smiled faintly, the slightest upturn at the corners of her mouth.

"Good morning, my lovely. You have been a very bad girl, Lily. Look at this stall. You've gotten your food everywhere."

Lily tried to speak through the gag and was met by the snap of Elena's hand, smacking her harshly across the cheek and silencing her. Elena looked almost apologetic as she grabbed Lily's hair and tugged her head back again, exposing her neck.

"The first rule. You do not speak unless I ask you to. Do you understand?"

Lily nodded, the pull of Elena's grip tangled in her hair making the motion terse and pained.

"Good. The second rule is this. You are no longer who you once were. You are my property now. Do you understand this?"

Lily did not speak, but she did not motion do indicate agreement or dissent, either. Elena gave her another quick tug at her hair, pulling a clump free of the roots.

"I asked you if you understand me, girl?"

Tears squeezing from the corners of her eyes, Lily nodded shallowly.

"Good. I am not a cruel woman by nature, and I hope you will not force me to be. But I also know what is best for you. You are a marvelous creature, Lily, and I would hate to see such a fine specimen go unused and unappreciated."

Elena felt the grip in her hair relax, and looked past Elena to the door, still open a sliver. Through the leaning crack in the door, Lily could see the dirt floor beyond and open stalls. It appeared as if she was in a barn of some sort, and the sounds of shuffling feet beyond suggested livestock of some sort.

"You can try to run," Elena smiled, a cold and humorless expression, "but you won't get far. I have employed measures to ensure my property remains safe."

Lily looked away from the door to Elena, her red hair soft and fragrant. She was a stunning woman, even if she was mad.

Another look to the door and Lily knew she had to try, had to attempt an escape. Mustering her courage and depleted strength, Lily wrested free of Elena's hand, leaving a swath of stringy hair behind as she pushed past her, banging into the door with her shoulder and throwing it wide.

She ran past the stalls, catching glimpses of movement behind the stall doors, but she couldn't focus on details as her head whipped around, looking for an exit. The barn was tall and wide, dimly lit in the deep interior save for lights over stalls and long pairs of fluorescents hanging from the high ceiling. She could see wide double doors across from her and made for it, her steps tumbling and off-balance as the panic pushed her to run with abandon.

She slammed into the double doors and pushed hard, felt them give some, but then bounced back against her. She turned away from them, ready to run the length of the barn to the other end, hoping the doors were open there, if they existed at all. She couldn't tell across the dim length of the place.

She felt a sharp sting in her side and looked to her left where Elena stood, holding what appeared to be a gun, leveled at Lily. When Lily looked down, she saw a needle extending from her abdomen, synthetic yellow fur at the end. She pulled it out and held it before her, marveling at the fact she'd been tranquilized like a wild animal, and then the world shifted and grew dark.

As she fell onto the dirt-strewn floor of the barn, Lily heard Elena somewhere near, saying to someone else, "Did you see how she ran?" The question, she thought before darkness consumed her, was filled with admiration.