

Change of Fortune

Annotation

Laura had a happy and comfortable life until her husband's business started to fail. She agreed to be sold as a part-time slave to some friends in exchange for help in the business. But soon she found herself in a whole new world of confusing emotions and experiences.

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Change of Fortune

Part 1

Chapter 1: The appointment

Laura pulled to the side of the road and felt a chill snake down her spine. She looked ahead and saw the lights indicating her destination but did not feel ready to drive further. 'Surely, there must be some other way', she thought, but nothing came to mind. She took a deep breath to try to calm her nerves and remembered the events leading to this night.

She had been in the center of the society for the past five years. She married Jim when she was 26 and the two of them circulated among the city's finest circles. They had their first daughter a year later. The second daughter arrived three months ago, and they were the envy of everyone they knew.

Even Laura thought that her life was perfect. Jim was a loving and attentive husband. And he had always been a good provider. She was treated to club memberships, shopping trips, spas, personal trainers, and anything else that she could imagine. Life was perfect.

Then the bottom dropped out of their life. Jim's business contacts simply dried up during the recession. He laid off employee after employee but could not cut his costs fast enough to keep up with the drop in his earnings. He started borrowing money, although Laura was not aware of this until much later. She wondered if anything would have turned out differently if Jim had consulted with her before he got into so much debt.

She sighed as she realized that nothing would have been different, in all likelihood. But now she was the one to face the effects of the poor judgments. Jim had described to her how things had led to tonight.

Jim had relied on a mentor for years. Benjamin had always provided sound advice when Jim had asked him for help. Jim's only fault was that he did not ask Ben for advice as frequently as he should have. Finally, when things seemed so bleak that Jim was actually contemplating suicide so that Laura could benefit from his life insurance policy to bail herself out of debt, Jim went back to Benjamin once again.

"I don't know what went wrong. We had plenty of clients. We had plenty of repeat business. That should tell you something about the quality of our work. Then it all just stopped," Jim told Benjamin in the coffee shop where they generally met.

"Why do you think it stopped?" asked Ben.

"I have no idea" replied Jim. "The economy slowed, but not enough to explain this. People are generally more distrustful these days since the terrorist activity, but that wouldn't explain what we have seen. I just don't know."

"I'm sure that it is troubling to you to see your business falter like this."

"Falter!! This isn't faltering. This is dying!" exclaimed Jim as he tried to maintain his composure. He was on the verge of losing everything.

"Yes," replied Benjamin as he puffed on his pipe. "I always understate things. It's a fault of mine. How can I help?"

"I don't know, Ben. I honestly don't. It's like there is a curse on my business. No clients call. Nobody wants to talk to me. It's almost as if someone has put the word out not to do business with me. But I don't understand that. We have always been everyone's favorite."

"Perhaps I could ask around. Maybe I could learn something," he said.

"Would you like me to do that?"

"Oh yes. Please. Anything. Thank you, Ben." And that meeting ended.

Several days later, Jim and Benjamin met again. This time, they were in a different coffee shop, but a coffee shop nonetheless. Jim was becoming even more anxious and was desperate to hear what Ben had to say.

"Is there any hope?" asked Jim, not sure if he wanted to hear the answer to his question or not.

"There is always hope, Jim," replied Ben. Ben smiled warmly. While Jim was only 39, Ben had just turned 60 and had that disarming combination of seasoning that comes with a weathered face and white hair and the smile that most politicians would have killed for. He could make anyone feel at ease with just the turn of his lips.

"What did they say?" Jim asked, although the smile had already told him that he was in good hands.

Benjamin took a long puff of his pipe and then exhaled the smoke slowly. He paused as if he were trying to compose his thoughts before speaking. "It seems that someone has put out the word that you have been defrauding your clients in your billings and your research. Someone has told all of your clients that they have been tricked."

"What?!?!?!" gasped Jim in total shock. "What are you talking about? That never happened. My clients know that. Who is making this up?"

"Calm down, Jim," said Ben as he took another puff on his pipe. "You and I both know that you aren't capable of the things they are saying.

You are the best out there. And I want to help."

Jim was still shaking his head in disbelief. "I can't believe that they would believe that trash."

"People believe the oddest things" mused Benjamin as he blew a smoke ring into the air. "Fortunately, we don't believe it. And, as you know, I sit on many boards. I could get you into a fair number of clients. In fact, with my connections, I could provide you with a lifetime of work. So all is not lost."

The shaking of Jim's head slowed gradually as he listened to his mentor. He eventually raised his eyes and looked over at his older friend. "You would do that for me?"

"Of course. I would be only too happy to help you with your career."

"Oh my gosh. All of this worrying for nothing. I should have come to you sooner. I can't thank you enough," gushed Jim. "I'll make you proud. We won't let you down."

Benjamin leaned forward and blew a ring of smoke at Jim. "You are right, my boy. You won't let me down. And you will make me proud. But I'm not sure that I would say that you worried for nothing. What I am offering you has worries of its own."

Jim cocked his head to the side indicating that he was confused. "I don't understand. What would I worry about?"

Ben leaned back again and struck a pose that belonged in academia, with one leg over the other and the elbow of the arm holding the pipe resting on a knee. "Worry may be the wrong word. Regret might be a better word. I am providing you with a business opportunity. I am making you a proposition. I am offering to enter into an agreement with you. You may not be pleased with the terms of the agreement, however.

"Now you are confusing me even more" Jim said, not knowing how to better pursue the conversation.

Benjamin cleared his throat and then leaned forward again, looking Jim directly in the eyes. "What I am offering you is a stream of clients.

They will use your services without question. You will be rich from the fees that you charge them. What I am requiring from you in return is Laura."

Jim blinked and then shook his head to try to clear it. "I don't understand. You want what?"

"Not what. Who. I want your wife," he smiled. "Not full time, mind you. No, I am a reasonable man. I want her on an occasional basis. Perhaps one day per week. There would need to be a longer period initially, of course, because she would need to be trained. But, after that, I think that one twenty-four hour period per week should be sufficient. And just think of all of the wealth that you will be accumulating because of all of this."

The conversation continued for a while. And then resumed two days later after Jim had been able to shake off the initial shock. It had been hard for Jim to picture his friend wanting his wife. Especially because he thought that Ben was

happily married to Diana. When Jim arrived for the second meeting, Diana was sitting beside Ben sipping on her cup of coffee.

"Hello, Ben" she gushed as she held out her hand for him to kiss. "It's so good to see you. And how are Laura and the girls?"

The question caught him completely off-guard. He had been expecting to be confronting Ben alone. And here was Ben's wife asking about his wife and family. Jim and Laura had two daughters. One was three years old. The other was only three months old. But he was not expecting anything like this kind of topic.

"They're... they're... they're fine I guess, Diana," he stumbled through. "Thanks for asking."

Diana waved her hand through the air imperiously and flicked her head to the side, "Oh Jim. No need for thanks. We care for Laura. And of course we wish the best for you and the girls also."

Jim felt a shiver race through him as he tried to digest the words that he had just heard. It was obvious to him that Diana was in on this arrangement and that troubled him even more, although he wasn't sure quite why.

The conversation at that meeting quickly became a blur to Jim. It was all just so surreal. People just don't give or sell people like that.

And yet he was, in essence, being asked to sell his wife to this elderly couple. True, it was just going to be a part-time arrangement, but his wife, and the mother of his children, was still going to be a slave to Ben and Diana if he went through with this.

Two weeks later, Laura was parked down the street from Ben and Diana's home. Even though Jim had tried to raise the subject delicately, she had still been appalled at the idea. But the economic reality finally set in on her and she realized, as did Jim, that they had no choice. Reluctantly, she agreed to meet with Benjamin and Diana Holcomb, although she told Jim that it was just for an initial meeting. She insisted that she had not agreed to anything more than that.

Finally, she put the car back in gear and crept forward until she was at the gate of the Holcomb residence. She announced herself and the gate swung open. When she pulled up to the front of the huge home, Diana was out front to welcome her.

"Oh Laura, dear" she effused. "I'm so glad you could make it. Please come in."

Laura was even more confused by the greeting. It was as if Diana was greeting some kind of long lost friend or relative. Maybe she was confused about

what was going on. She put the car in park and got out, finding herself engulfed in Diana's arms as she received a kiss on the cheek. She followed Diana up the steps and into the house.

"Let me take your coat, dear," said the silver-haired woman as she turned Laura around and peeled the coat off of her shoulders, hanging it neatly in the closet. "And you can place the rest of your clothes on that table there," she said, pointing to an antique in the front hallway.

"Excuse me," Laura blinked.

"Oh dear, please don't make this more difficult than you have to" replied Diana as she left Laura behind, moving into the living room. "You and I both know the terms of the agreement."

Laura bit her lower lip. She had not expected things to move so fast.

But she did, indeed, know the terms of the agreement. And those terms required that she do whatever was asked of her. Even though she had not fully agreed to go through with this, she thought it best to act in the best faith possible until she could make up her mind. So she stayed in the hallway and started removing her clothes. A few minutes later, she walked into the living room in only a bra and her panties.

"Ahem," said Diana as she glanced up at Laura's arrival. "I think that you were to remove your clothes."

"But surely..." Laura started to say, but was cut off by Diana's tut-tuts and the wave of a finger. The finger directed Laura to go back the way she came, which she did. Moments later, she reemerged completely naked.

"Much better," smiled Diana. "Much, much better. Do come here and join me for some wine, dear."

Laura stood frozen in the doorway for a moment, unsure of what to do. Finally, with one arm draped across her chest and the other protecting her sex from the view of her hostess, she crossed the room and sat next to Diana on the couch where Diana had indicated.

"I wasn't at all sure about this arrangement," Diana started as she poured a glass of wine for Laura, "but I am starting to think that this might work out just fine. You are lovely, dear. Did you know that?"

Laura felt herself blush at the compliment even deeper than she had already been blushing, thinking that she must be a bright red at that point. She cast her eyes down and stared into her glass of wine. "Thank you Diana."

"And to think that you just gave birth to another child," continued Diana. "What was it? Four months ago?"

"Three months ago, actually. Kaitlin will be three months old on Tuesday."

"My, my" smiled Diana. "You certainly got your form back quickly. Do you exercise, my dear?"

"Yes. I have always exercised. And I have worked especially hard after this one."

Diana nodded. "Well it certainly shows. As I said, you are lovely. You are definitely a keeper." She laughed at that comment. "At least I know that we will be keeping you."

Laura again felt her blush deepen and spread as the full reality of her situation started to set in. She was sitting naked in the house of a friend because her husband had essentially sold her to this woman and her husband. Now she had no idea what would become of her.

"Please stand up for me, dear," said Diana as she set her glass down on the table beside her. "Let me get a good look at you."

Laura took a deep breath as she set her glass down also and slowly rose. She remained facing away from the sofa with Diana still off to her side. "Step over here in front of me, dear. I can't get a good look at you the way you are."

Laura did as she was ordered and ended up facing Diana and being uncomfortably close to the older woman. "Turn for me so I can appreciate the whole package." Again, Laura complied and did a slow turn, feeling Diana's fingers brushing over her nudity as she did so.

"Yes, very nice. Very nice, indeed. I think that we made an excellent bargain, don't you, dear?" asked Diana once Laura had stopped turning and was once again facing toward the couch.

"I'm not at all sure about this bargain, Diana," she replied in a quivering voice.

"Of course you aren't" continued Diana. "This is all so very new to you. It must be happening very fast. You have never been owned before, have you?"

"Of course not" responded Laura quickly. "People aren't owned in this day and age."

"Oh, but that's where you are wrong, little one" said Diana with a smile. "You are living proof of that. You are owned as surely as I own this house or this glass of wine."

Again, Laura felt that chill snake down her spine leaving gooseflesh over most of her body. The whole scene was unreal and was making her feel very uncomfortable.

"Oh my" exclaimed Diana upon seeing the goose bumps. "Are you cold? I turned up the heat to try to make you comfortable but you look as if you are chilled."

"No. I'm fine. The temperature is really quite comfortable. I must have caught a draft or something."

Diana nodded and then stood, reaching out and lovingly caressing Laura's cheek with her fingers. "That's good. Can't be having my new property getting sick on me, can I?"

Laura shook her head in agreement without thinking and then realized how foolish she must have seemed to be agreeing with Diana's last statement. 'She can't really think of me as her property, can she?' she thought.

Diana reached out and placed a palm under each of Laura's breasts, lifting them and holding them as if weighing them. "You are quite well endowed, my dear. I truly had no idea until this evening. You must go to great pains to hide them. What size are they?"

Laura had fought the urge to flee as she saw Diana's hands reaching for her chest but could only watch in disbelief as the silver-haired woman claimed her breasts. "Right now they are 38D," she replied feeling as if she were in a fog. "Normally, I am a 36C, though."

"Right, right," nodded Diana as she started to bounce the breasts lightly in her palms. "Nursing, I suppose?"

Laura could only nod in response as she watched Diana playing with her breasts seeing them jiggling and swaying. "That's wonderful. Benjamin drinks his tea lightened. I'm sure that he will enjoy having you personally lighten it for him."

Again, the blush crept across her cheeks and chest at the idea of having to serve her breast milk to the older man.

"I myself prefer my tea and coffee black. But I do so very much enjoy fresh milk." Diana looked deep into Laura's eyes and smiled as she let her last remark sink in. Then she released Laura's left breast and, using the fingers from her free hand, started to stroke and manipulate the right nipple in a milking motion. She lowered her head and opened her mouth as she tried to coax some of the mother's milk out of her captive.

This was all too much for Laura. She bit her lower lip and closed her eyes tightly as the skilled fingers teased her sensitive nipple, sending unwanted thrills through her naked body. She bit harder trying to stifle a moan as she felt her body betraying her and becoming aroused by the attention to her nipple. Suddenly, she heard a squeal and then laughter, causing her to open her eyes and look.

Diana had finally coaxed the milk from Laura's breast but it had missed her mouth and sprayed her cheek instead. Diana was still laughing as she wiped the milk from her cheek and then leaned forward to kiss the nipple. "That will take a bit more practice, I'm afraid. We'll have to tame that one." Then she straightened up and smiled again. "But we have lots of time for taming, don't we, my dear?"

"Yes, I suppose," responded Laura numbly.

"Good, I'm glad we agree" said Diana cheerily as she sat on the sofa again. "Now kneel here at my feet and let's talk about the rules. I'm afraid we don't have as much time as we would like tonight. But we will be sure to spend lots of time together in the future and we can get to know each other thoroughly then."

Laura knelt and looked up and listened as Diana rattled off a number of her rules. Laura had difficulty concentrating on listening, however, because Diana had claimed her breasts again and was toying with them as she talked. Laura learned that she was to call Diana 'Mistress' and Benjamin was to be referred to as 'Master.' Her initial visit was to start on Saturday morning and she would be returned home the following Saturday. Benjamin and Diana were going to take her to their lake home for a week of training. After that, they would require Laura for one twenty four hour period per week, although they may combine weeks if they wanted to have her in attendance for more than twenty four hours.

Generally, she would be collected in the morning and returned home the following morning. There were a lot of other rules, but Laura didn't remember them once she got back into her car. She was sure that she would be reminded of them in the future.

When she got home, she found a husband who should have been concerned and anxious but was, instead, elated. He had just landed a new client as a result of Benjamin's intervention and was overjoyed. Laura could only shake her head in disgust at Jim's thoughtlessness. He never even asked about her evening. Jim spent the night in the guest room as Laura fumed.

Chapter 2: The arrival

The next two days went much too quickly. Laura spent most of that time alone with her two daughters, since her husband was busy with his business. Jennifer was toddling around and getting into mischief most of the time, especially

when Laura was busy nursing Kaitlin. It was during nursing that Laura had the most difficulty. She would look down at her darling baby daughter and see her suckling on her breast only to be reminded of Diana claiming that same breast as her own personal property. Laura wasn't sure if she could ever view nursing the same way as before.

Finally, the weekend arrived. Jim had magnanimously offered to spend the weekend with his two daughters and had arranged for his parents to take care of the two girls for the next week. He seemed to be adjusting fine to the new conditions. But Laura was feeling butterflies in her stomach every time that she thought about what would happen on Saturday morning.

Finally, the dreaded day arrived and Laura walked numbly from the front door toward the limousine that was waiting for her. The driver held the door for her and then closed it before she could even wave to her husband and daughters. And she knew that they would not be able to see her wave through the heavily tinted windows.

Once the driver entered the car, he lowered the window separating the two compartments. Without even looking back at her, he told her that she was to remove her clothes. The window was raised before she could even protest or ask a question. She took a deep breath and then started unbuttoning, unzipping and unclasping. Soon she was naked once again.

Thirty minutes or so passed and the window between the two compartments was lowered again. Again, the driver never looked back. This time, however, he reached his arm through and held a jewelry box in his hand.

"I have been instructed to collect your wedding band and engagement ring, Ma'am," he said.

Laura opened her mouth to protest but closed it and just sobbed in the back seat. It just wasn't fair. It was as if every shred of decency and modesty was being stripped away from her. But, knowing that she had no choice, she pulled her rings off and dropped them into the box.

She spent the rest of the trip staring blankly at the trees and houses that sped by the car.

Eventually, she felt the uneven ride of a dirt road and knew that she had arrived at the lake house. She had been there twice before, but under much different circumstances. For one thing, she had been clothed. And she had been there with her family. And, finally, she had been free. This time, things were very different.

The limousine stopped and the driver quickly exited and then opened her door, revealing Diana standing beside the drive to welcome her.

"I don't think that you have ever seen this place in the daylight, dear. You always come here when we are having those dreadfully boring parties. Come out and let me show you around." Diana was animated as she greeted her new guest, leaving Laura totally confused. Laura slowly emerged from the vehicle and quickly found herself engulfed in Diana's arms feeling the hands sliding up and down her naked flesh.

"Let's take a walk, little one," said Diana as she finally grasped Laura's hand and dragged her away from the car. "I'm sure you will learn all about this place eventually, but at least let me show you some of my favorite spots."

Diana led the naked girl across the yard and through a narrow path until the two of them emerged into a clearing. Diana started giggling and dropped to the ground, pulling Laura with her. "This is my naughty spot" she said through her laughter. "This is where I can do anything that I want. Isn't it great?"

"Yes, it's very nice" replied Laura.

Diana cleared her throat and narrowed her eyes at Laura. "What did you say?"

Laura was confused for a moment but then realized the instructions that she had received a few evenings earlier. "I meant that it is very nice, Mistress."

Diana smiled and then laid back in the grass. "Yes. It's very nice. And it's very nice being a Mistress. I think that I will like this. Have you thought about what this week will be like? I can't imagine what is running through that beautiful head of yours."

Laura sighed and shook her head. "No, Mistress. I have tried not to think about it."

Diana kicked her legs up into the air and scissored them like a schoolgirl. "Well I have thought about it a lot. It's all new and exciting for me. I have never owned a girl before. And even if I had, I'm sure that she would not have been as beautiful as you."

Laura didn't have any idea how to respond to that comment but settled for a simple, "Thank you, Mistress." That seemed to suffice because it did not elicit any kind of correction.

Diana suddenly sat up and tugged on Laura's arm, which she had been holding the entire time, until Laura was draped across Diana's outstretched legs. Again, Laura closed her eyes tightly trying to shut out what was happening to her

as she felt Diana's fingers trailing lightly over her legs and bottom and back. "You have such lovely skin.

Did you know that? Did you know how unblemished and soft and supple it is? Did you know how appealing it looks in the sunlight?" she babbled on and on, not giving Laura a chance to respond. Laura thought that was good, though, because she had no idea how she would possibly respond to those questions.

Diana slipped her hand between Laura's thighs and immediately felt the legs closing and trapping her hand. She used her other hand to quickly slap one of the beautiful bottom cheeks and then smiled as the thighs opened slightly. She slid her hand higher until she found the treasure between the two legs and then gave another slap to the bottom cheek, although this one was merely playful.

"Aren't you the little fibber?" she asked jestingly. "You talk about not wanting this and how unfair it is and you act so reluctant. But you are simply a fountain down here!"

"Oh Diana stop it!" exclaimed Laura as she tried to rise up from her embarrassing position. This immediately brought a forceful spank to her exposed bottom and she stopped moving.

"Excuse me?" asked Diana.

"I'm sorry Mistress. I don't know what got into me."

"Much better" said Diana as she let her fingers continue to roam and explore. "You will have to work on that. Can't be having you jumping up and fighting everything that happens. It's all a state of mind, I think. We just have to work on that state for you. I think that you keep thinking of yourself as Laura the wife and mother. That just won't do around here, will it dear?"

"No Mistress," replied Laura as she felt Diana's fingers continue to stroke her sex feeling her unwanted arousal being discovered and spread over her wet labia.

"No it won't. Exactly right, dear," continued Diana as her fingers were enjoying the way that Laura's sex was unfolding to her fingers and the way that the girl's bottom cheeks kept clenching together every time she touched her clitoris. "You are no longer Laura the wife and mother. You are now Laura the property of Benjamin and me. Isn't that right?"

"Yes Mistress" gasped Laura as Diana's fingers pinched her clitoris at the end of her question.

"Yes. Exactly. Not Laura the wife and mother. Maybe we should give you a new name for your new status. Or maybe a number. Would that make you feel more comfortable?"

"Oooohhhhhh" gasped Laura as her clit was pinched again and two fingers slid into her sex. "Oh no Mistress. I like my name. I would prefer to be called by it."

Diana suddenly pulled her fingers out of Laura and then stood up, sending Laura sprawling. "Then be sure to respond appropriately when your name is used, little one. Otherwise, you will be given a new identity around here." Diana leaned down and glared into Laura's eyes with a ferocity that she would not have thought possible from the older woman, making Laura tremble anew. "Do we understand each other?"

"Ye..ye..yes Mistress" trembled Laura as she realized that this was more than a game or simple amusement to Diana.

Diana strode from the clearing and Laura scrambled to her feet to follow. She quickly emerged into a field but stopped dead in her tracks as she saw that there were other people there. Instinctively, she raised her arms to cover herself. Diana had anticipated this response and had pulled a slender limb off of a nearby tree, which she quickly swished through the air and sliced into Laura's unprotected bottom.

The next moments were filled with shrieks and dancing and two beautifully bouncing breasts. Diana swished again to make sure that the entertainment did not end too soon and then finally spoke. "When I want you covered, I will cover you. When I want you exposed, I will expose you. Do not presume to anticipate my will. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress," sobbed Laura as she felt the twin assaults still burning on her bottom. She lowered her arms and followed her new owner, feeling totally humiliated and defeated as she walked past the gardeners who were pruning the hedges. She kept her eyes cast down so that she could not tell if they were ogling her or not. But she did wonder what they were thinking. She wondered if a naked girl was a normal occurrence at the lake or if she was the first one to be paraded by them.

Diana continued on and led her new possession down a gentle hill toward a barn. "The previous owners used to keep horses here. We are not here enough each year to warrant filling the stables. But I wanted to show you what we found in here when we were cleaning up last year. I think that you might end up spending some time in here."

They walked through the door with Diana in front and Laura following closely behind. Laura blinked to try to adjust to the darkness and lost track of where Diana had gone. When her eyes had finally adjusted, Diana was nowhere to be seen. Unsure what she was supposed to do, Laura just stood there in the darkness.

Suddenly, a light came on and Laura had to blink again to get used to the brightness. "Over here," she heard, and she started off in the direction of the voice.

"What do you think of this?" asked Diana, holding up what looked like a bunch of leather straps and metal rings.

"It looks like tack" replied Laura. "Mistress" she quickly added.

"Yes, yes it's tack, I'm sure. But take a closer look." She laid it on a table and spread it out. "It's much too small for a horse. Know what I think it is?"

Laura shook her head honestly. "No Mistress. I have no idea."

"Well, ever since we cleaned this place out and discovered this stuff, I have been curious. I have been searching the web and I think I have figured it out. This is tack for a ponygirl," she proclaimed proudly.

"In fact, you have this tack to thank for your current status."

Laura stared blankly at Diana, not understanding what she meant. Diana finally realized that Laura did not have a clue about ponygirls and went on to explain.

"Ponygirls are slave girls who are treated as ponies. They are still human but they are groomed and trained. They sometimes pull a ponycart. Sometimes they are raced. Some people apparently even breed them for pony boys and pony girls." She paused and sighed. "I'm not sure that our society is ready for that yet, though."

Diana held the mass of strips and metal up to Laura's face. "Don't you see? These were designed for human ponies? Once I figured that out, then I got all hot and bothered by the idea of having a slavegirl of my own. Just had to have one. And now I do."

She smiled proudly once again as she set the tack aside. "And such a beautiful slavegirl I have." She reached out and gave one of Laura's nipples a tweak, eliciting an instant yelp.

"Now come along" she said as she set the tack down and headed out of the barn. "I still haven't decided if I am going to have you trained as a pony. Or a house pet. Or a maid. Or just a sex slave. Maybe even an ornament. I just don't know. Decisions, decisions!!!!"

Diana strode quickly across the expansive lawn toward the house with Laura scrambling behind her. Again, she kept her eyes down to avoid the stares of the gardeners and breathed a sigh of relief once they arrived safely at the door. She stood behind Diana waiting for her to open the door so that she could get into the protection of the house. She didn't understand why Diana was just standing there until her owner turned and glared at her again, "Well?" Diana asked.

Laura practically jumped out of her skin as she realized her mistake. She quickly moved around Diana and opened the door holding it for the older woman muttering "sorry Mistress."

"Much better," exclaimed Diana as she strode through the door with Laura following right behind her. Diana kept walking through the house until they reached a large wooden door. When Diana stopped in front of the door, Laura did not waste any time in rushing around her to open it and hold it for Diana to walk through.

They walked down a dark flight of stairs until Diana flicked on the lights when they were near the bottom. Laura looked around at the stone-walled cellar wondering why she was being shown a basement.

"How do you like it, little one?" asked Diana.

"It's a nice basement, Mistress," responded Laura.

Diana laughed, "It's not a basement, dear. It's a dungeon. I expect that you will be spending a lot of time here in the future."

Laura furrowed her brow in confusion and looked around the room again, paying closer attention to its contents. Slowly, it started to dawn on her as her eyes traveled over what she had taken to be just old discarded furniture and tools. She shuddered involuntarily as she saw a table with straps attached at the corners and sides. She felt a chill snake down her spine as she saw the chains hanging from the ceiling, the rings embedded in the walls and floor, and the whips dangling threateningly from a rack in a corner. "Oh my" was all she could say.

"Lovely, isn't it?" asked Diana. "We haven't tried it all yet, so I will be anxious to experiment with you. We had to be very discrete when we purchased all of this stuff so we didn't get a chance to actually see it being used."

Laura remained quiet but her eyes continued to explore the room. She recognized some things that she had seen in old movies as implements of torture: a rack for stretching a victim; an iron maiden for encasing and tormenting some poor person, and hoping that poor person was not going to be her but knowing that it probably would be; a brazier with several brands lying in it; long needles, narrower

than knitting needles but just as long. The whole scene was something that nightmares are made of. She was realizing just how little she knew about and understood Diana and her husband.

Diana reached out and took Laura's hand, leading the helpless girl slowly around the room to inspect each item more closely. Diana would comment on the objects and instruments pointing out all of the "fascinating" and "delicious" aspects of each. It was when Diana held the point of one of the needles to the side of Laura's left breast that Laura thought that she might faint. She looked down fearfully, feeling the sharp tip denting her tender flesh as Diana continued to ramble on.

"This is supposed to be very exotic, although I would imagine that it would also be a bit painful" she said. "I have never tried it but maybe someday we will experiment with these and see what all of the fuss is about." Then she set the needle down and Laura resumed her breathing, feeling her pulse slowly returning to normal.

At long last, Diana led her charge upstairs, smiling to herself as she realized that the girl was trembling. 'Maybe that little display will make her think twice before resisting again,' she thought.

Chapter 3: Two owners

Benjamin came home from his trip the next day and found Diana being served lunch by a very naked Laura. "Lovely addition to the household, don't you think dear?"

"Oh my yes," replied Diana as she gave Laura a pat on her bottom. "She's delightful."

Benjamin plopped down in the chair next to Diana and then smiled up at Laura. "What do you have for me?"

"What would you like Master?" asked Laura, remembering her lessons from Diana.

"What do you have to offer?" asked Benjamin, teasingly.

Laura blushed at the question, not knowing exactly what her owner meant. "I have served Mistress some crab salad. Would you care for some?"

"No. No salad for me. Maybe just some tea for the moment."

"Yes Master," she replied quickly before scurrying back to the kitchen to prepare some tea. She returned soon after with a tray with two cups, a pot of hot

water, cream and sugar. She put a teabag into a cup and then poured the water in before stepping back and awaiting further instructions.

"I like my tea lightened," he said without making a move toward the creamer.

"Yes Master," replied Laura as she reached for the tray.

"Don't bother, girl. I'll do it myself." And with that, he grasped Laura's nipple and pulled her until she was leaning over the table. Laura gasped but did not fight the indignity being forced on her. Benjamin slid his cup across the table and then, using his fingers, started manipulating Laura's breast using his fingers to slide down the soft curves toward the nipple. Laura felt her face turn crimson as she realized that she was being milked but realized that she had no choice in the matter. Benjamin kept stroking the soft breast squirting the mother's milk into his cup until he was satisfied with the color of his tea. Then he held the cup to his lips and tasted it.

"Mmmmmmm. Just the way I like it."

Laura remained bending over the table, uncertain about what she could do. Eventually, Benjamin gave her a swat on her bottom and laughed. You make a lovely cow like that. But I think that your Mistress may have need of you.

"Yes Master," replied a very confused girl. "May I get anything for you Mistress?"

"No, pet. I'm just fine. Just come kneel by me so that I can enjoy you." Laura complied and knelt between Diana and Benjamin, feeling Diana's fingers tracing lazily down her back and occasionally through her hair. "She is doing very well, Ben. I think we made a very good deal."

"Yes, love. I see that. She's a definite keeper."

After the dishes were cleared and washed, Laura was summoned into the living room. Diana was sitting in a chair and Benjamin was sitting on the couch. It was Diana who spoke first. "Your Master is very pleased with your obedience. He asked about your skills. And I had to tell him that I did not know how you were. So we want to test you in some other ways. Please remove your Master's pants."

"Oh," gasped Laura as she blushed. "Yes Mistress." She went to the couch and leaned down to unzip Benjamin's pants, realizing that she knew where this was heading. She tried to think of ways to remain faithful to her husband, but nothing realistic entered her mind. "But," she thought, "he was the one who got me into this. He basically sold me to them. So I guess I don't have to worry about being faithful."

Despite her rationalization, Laura's hands were trembling and her fumbling fingers took a long time to unfasten the pants. Then she slowly drew the pants down Benjamin's legs. She averted her eyes at first, but eventually she had to pay attention to the thing that she wanted to avoid. She glanced furtively at first, seeing a flaccid cock resting on Benjamin's thigh. As soon as she spied it, she averted her gaze again. She repeated this several times, hoping that she would gather enough courage to be able to address it, but each time she chickened out and glanced away again.

"Is it misshapen?" asked an amused Benjamin. "Maybe the color is wrong?"

"Oh no Master. There is nothing wrong. It's beautiful," gushed Laura, immediately regretting her words.

"Then why do you keep looking away?"

"I'm sorry. I'm just not used to looking at those things."

"Those things?" asked Benjamin with mock indignation. "I never considered it as one of those things."

Laura groaned, realizing that she had insulted Benjamin. "I didn't mean the way that it sounded. I just meant that I have not seen many.

And none since I met Jim."

Benjamin turned to Diana and smiled. "It seems like she is bashful. Maybe she needs some support."

"Laura, dear," started Diana.

"Yes Mistress?"

"You do know what a cock looks like, don't you?"

Laura blushed again. "Yes Mistress."

"And you do know how they work, don't you?"

"Yes Mistress," Laura whispered in response.

"Then show your Master that you know how they work and stop acting like a teenager."

"Yes Mistress," replied Laura in resignation. With that, she knelt between Benjamin's legs and reached out lifting the semi-hard cock with one hand and stroked it a moment before lowering her head to it. After wrapping her lips around the tip, it did not take long for the cock to become hard and Laura started moving her lips up and down the shaft.

"She's good," said Benjamin in a business-like manner. Laura thought that it would have been better to hear a little arousal or lustiness in the voice. But Benjamin spoke as if he were simply appraising a cook's recipe or a clerk's filing of some papers.

"I told you that she was the one to recruit. I think that she has what it takes."

"I agree. Would you mind if I took her for a spin?" asked Benjamin. "Or would you prefer to work on her more first?"

"Please help yourself. I'm curious to see what we have to work with."

With that, Benjamin reached down and entwined his fingers in Laura's silken blonde hair tugging her head up until his cock slipped out of her mouth with an audible pop. "Come up here and take a ride, pet," he said.

Laura chose not to respond, but knew what was expected of her. She tried to shut everything out of her mind but as Benjamin pulled her into her lap, he turned her so that she was facing Diana. This placed Diana in the center of her vision and thoughts.

Benjamin positioned Laura over his lap and placed his hands on her hips. Then, he slowly lowered her until his cock sliced easily into her sex. "She seems very wet already. I like that," he said in the business-like tone again.

"I've noticed that. She is constantly aroused. Slavery does seem to agree with her."

Laura could not stifle the moan that escaped from her throat as the cock speared into her body and silently chastised herself for feeling the arousal that it caused. Then, as she listened to Benjamin and Diana, she felt even deeper shame as she realized that they were talking about her but never talking to her. It was as if she was simply an object in their possession to be admired and discussed, but never addressed.

Benjamin's hands urged Laura up and down on his cock and soon she realized the tempo that he liked. She started to move on her own, hoping to urge his orgasm from him quickly to end the ordeal. But her humiliation was not over so quickly. Diana arose from her chair and crossed the room. Then she reached out with one hand to cup Laura's chin, lifting it to kiss the slavegirl while her other hand reached down and started toying with Laura's clitoris. Diana was very skilled and within minutes, both Laura and Benjamin experienced their orgasms.

For the remainder of the week, Laura was kept in a constant state of nudity and humiliation. One day, she was taken to the stables and placed in the tack that

she had seen on the first day. Then Diana attached her to a cart and had Laura pull her around the estate.

Another day, she was sent out to work with the gardeners. Even though they never touched her, she was constantly aware of her nudity in front of the men who were working on the grounds.

Each day, Benjamin would sample her sexual delights. Each time, Diana was present and would act as Laura's coach. She would instruct the slavegirl on how to move or how to use her body in new ways to excite or please a man. While Laura dreaded every moment that she had to spend in sexual servitude, she also realized that she had received more orgasms during that week than she had in the previous five years.

On the last full day of her week of captivity and training, she got the worst humiliation of all. She had been allowed to take a nap to refresh herself. Diana had awakened her to have her get ready for dinner and had told her that she would not need to prepare the dinner or serve it. She merely had to prepare herself and join them in the living room.

When she finally came downstairs and entered the living room, she found Diana and Benjamin enjoying cocktails with her husband.

"Ben was just telling me about a new account," gushed Jim as Laura came into the room.

"That's grand," said Laura flatly as she realized that not only did Jim not notice that she was the only naked person in the room but that he was totally oblivious to her plight. For the rest of the evening, Laura was treated as an equal in terms of the conversations and she was even allowed to sit at the dinner table with them. But she was also kept naked. By the end of the weekend, she wondered if things could ever be the same again with her husband.

Part 2

Chapter 4: Another unpleasant surprise (Six months later)

Several weeks passed without incident and Laura felt as if life might even be returning to normal, at least as normal as life can be when you know that your body is owned by someone else and that your life is out of your control. It was Summer now and Laura spent a lot of time outdoors with Kaitlin. Laura would load up the stroller for the day and they would take off down the street, stopping to chat with neighbors before they eventually reached one of the many parks in their area. Picnics had become their normal way of enjoying lunch together.

Laura found that she was also much less self-conscious about her body. She supposed that was one of the benefits of being paraded around naked so much. In the past, she always felt uncomfortable wearing scant clothing because of all of the eyes that she could feel surveying her body.

And her body had never been in such wonderful shape. She had continued to exercise to remove any signs of pregnancy, and had been placed on an even stricter exercise regimen by her owners. They wanted her "buff" in their words and, her morning inspection of herself in front of her full-length mirror convinced herself that she had achieved buff status. Her belly was flat with only a slight roundness that accentuated her femininity. Her breasts were full and firm, showing no signs of sagging despite having given birth to Kaitlin not long ago. And they had retained the increased size that resulted from the pregnancy. She had virtually no hair from the neck down. Benjamin and Diana required that she keep her pubic hairs shaved. And everything else was just a satiny down that was not even visible.

Today, she was dressed in a red patterned halter and white shorts. Before, this ordeal, she would never have considered going out in public without a bra, but as she strolled down the street, she enjoyed the feel of her nipples brushing back and forth against the thin fabric. And she had to bite her lip at time to stifle giggles as she saw all of the stares that she received during her walk. She even noticed that the number of male neighbors outside during her walks seemed to increase every day. She was starting to gather quite a collection of admirers.

Once at the park, she spread out her blanket and she and Kaitlin enjoyed an afternoon of sunning before heading back to the house. Once there, she found a message on her machine summoning her to the Holcomb's estate for Saturday. She was told that she should expect to spend the night, but that she would not be kept longer than 24 hours. She was to arrive at 5:00 .

"Oh well," she thought. "I knew it couldn't last forever."

On Saturday, she dutifully arrived at 5:00 and was greeted at the door by Benjamin who gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek before ushering her into the house. As she had been trained, she removed all of her clothes and fastened the collar that was on the table around her neck. Then she followed Benjamin into the living room where she received another huge shock."

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed as she saw who was in the room. Diana was sitting regally in one of the armchairs, smiling at Laura as she saw the shock register on the girl's face. The cause of the shock was sitting on the couch, sipping a cocktail. Rose Williams, her neighbor from across the street was also smiling at the naked slavegirl standing in the doorway.

"Oh Laura," said Rose. "What a coincidence meeting you here. You are looking wonderful."

"Oh my god," exclaimed Laura again. "Oh Diana, how could you?"

"I'm sorry, pet. What did you say?" replied Diana.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. But how could you?"

"Oh don't get your knickers all twisted up, girl," said Diana. Then she laughed at her unintended joke. "But you aren't wearing any knickers, are you? Come over here and let's get acquainted with Rose."

Laura reluctantly crossed the room and knelt at Diana's feet as Benjamin found a seat on the couch with Rose. Diana reached out and brushed a stray hair from Laura's cheek and then stroked her lustrous hair as she continued.

"I had no idea that you and Rose were neighbors until just the other day. Rose and I have known each other for several years. She is the daughter of one of my closest friends. And she is also a member of the club."

Laura had heard about the club but Benjamin and Diana had not yet taken her there, thankfully. Based on the way that her owners described it, the club was some kind of gathering of masters and slaves and Laura always shuddered when she tried to imagine what kinds of things went on there.

"Well, as soon as I learned that the two of you already knew each other, I just had to invite her over for dinner."

"Yes, Mistress," Laura mumbled, keeping her eyes cast down to avoid having to look into anyone's eyes. It was all just so humiliating.

"I had no idea," Rose spoke up. "You have always seemed so conservative, almost prudish I would say. And when Diana told me that she owned you, I almost scoffed at the idea, thinking that she must be talking about a different Laura."

Laura felt her cheeks burning with shame as she listened to her neighbor but remained silent as she listened to Rose continue.

"But the other day, I paid closer attention and I had to admit that it was possible. I watched you and your daughter taking a walk and you looked positively delicious. And it seems like every man in the neighborhood would agree. I have never seen so many people working in their front yards in my life."

Diana laughed at that comment. "Yes, I'm sure my pet draws quite a crowd."

"So when Diana invited me to dinner tonight, you know that I couldn't refuse. To think that a slavegirl lives in my own neighborhood. Practically right across the street. It's just too much. But it offers so many possibilities."

With that last comment, Laura looked up at Diana pleadingly hoping that her humiliation was not going to spread beyond this house. It would be just too much to endure.

"Now, now pet," Diana said as she let her fingers trail down Laura's back. "Don't you worry about a thing. You don't have to make any decisions. That's the beauty of slavery. You don't have to decide a thing. Your owners take care of all of that for you."

Laura groaned as she tried to envision how humiliating it would be for the entire neighborhood to discover that she was owned. And how humiliating it would be to be at the beck and call of Rose.

She hardly knew Rose, so it was not as if she had any kind of grudge against her. Rose was probably two or three years younger than Laura's 32 years. She was very attractive, the product of good genes and a sizeable inheritance from an uncle or other relative that let her indulge in fitness clubs and spas. But, it was beyond Laura's imagination to think about how her life would change now that Rose knew her station in life.

"Rose here has offered to buy you," spoke Benjamin for the first time. This sent a chill snaking down Laura's spine and caused gooseflesh to pop out over her entire body.

"Oh Benjamin, you're scaring the girl," admonished Diana. "You know that we wouldn't sell you, pet. Don't you?"

"Oh Mistress, please don't sell me," pleaded Laura.

"Well you don't have anything to worry about," Diana went on. "We could never sell you. And we have made that clear to Rose. At least we won't sell you any time soon. You are just too precious to us." This explanation was only partially comforting to Laura. She took solace in the fact that she was not being sold, but the thought that she could be sold, and might someday be sold, was frightening.

"But we thought it only fair," Benjamin went on, "that Rose be allowed to inspect the merchandise that she has made an offer on. Don't you agree that's fair, Laura?"

"Yes Master," Laura replied meekly. "I suppose that's only fair." Another chill shot down her spine as she listened to her words and realized that she was starting to acknowledge that she was simply property to be enjoyed or sold.

"May I?" asked Rose as she rose to her feet.

Diana removed her hand from caressing Laura and sat back in her chair. "Please do," she replied.

Rose crossed the distance between the couch and where Laura was kneeling and crouched down in front of the slavegirl. "You are magnificent," she said, sending more crimson to Laura's cheeks. Then Rose leaned closer and whispered into Laura's ear. "And someday, I will own you. Soon, I hope." Laura shuddered as she heard the threatening words.

Then Rose stood up. "Be a good girl and stand up for me."

Despite every warning that her brain was sending her to flee this room and this house, Laura rose to her feet and stood before her neighbor. "Yes, she really is magnificent," Rose repeated to Benjamin. "Truly a work of art."

"Thank you," replied Benjamin. "She is our most prized possession."

Rose spent the next five minutes, although they seemed like five hours to Laura, inspecting the slavegirl. Laura was instructed to entwine her fingers behind her neck and then Rose checked out every inch of the slave's body. Laura was told to open her mouth and Rose spent a long time examining it. Her tongue was grasped and pulled out. A finger stroked both sides of the tongue and the inner surfaces of her cheeks. Even her teeth were examined, leaving Laura feeling more like a thoroughbred racehorse than a woman and reinforcing in her mind that she was truly just as owned as the racehorse would be.

Flesh was palpated and stroked as Rose made random comments such as: "Soft," "Firm," or "Very well maintained." Breasts were lifted and caressed and squeezed. Her bottom was spread and examined. Rose even gave each cheek a swat and then smiled at the result. "She marks beautifully." Throughout this entire ordeal, Benjamin and Diana remained silent, simply observing the thoroughness that Rose was exhibiting.

Finally, Rose tapped Laura's inner thighs, signaling the slave to part her legs. Laura reluctantly obeyed and felt Rose's fingers gliding over her naked mound. "Shaved or waxed?" she asked the girl's owners.

"Shaved," replied Diana. "We'll get around to waxing eventually. Probably during her next extended stay."

"I would use electrolysis and have it permanently removed. But that's just me," Rose went on. Then she placed two fingers together and easily shoved them into Laura's sex, eliciting a gasp from the naked girl.

"Is she always this wet?" asked Rose, holding her glistening fingers up for Benjamin and Diana to see.

"Always," replied Benjamin. "She is always ready. She always tells us how humiliated she is, but it seems to agree with her."

Rose held her hand to her lips and licked her fingers clean. "Mmmmm. So sweet. So perfect. I really must have her. I will double my offer."

Laura listened intently but felt a shudder rush through her body causing her breasts to jiggle slightly. She wondered what the original offer was and then chastised herself for even thinking about things like that."

"Sorry, Rose," replied Diana. "The answer is still no. As Benjamin has already said, she is just too precious to us. And even for two million the answer is no."

Laura gasped. Rose had offered to buy her for two million dollars? She didn't know whether to be proud that she could elicit such a value or indignant that her neighbor had offered money to own her."

"But we might lease her to you from time to time," said Benjamin, causing Laura's heart to sink. "It would have to be under the terms of the original slavery. But it might work out. Diana and I have been talking about spending some time in Europe . And we can't be having our slave idling all that time. Yes, it might work out."

Laura stood in shock as she heard the three other people in the room discussing her as if she were simply a piece of furniture or a dog that needed sitting while the owners were away. "First they talk about selling me," she thought indignantly. "Now they are going to lease me?" She felt like screaming but only clenched her fingers more tightly behind her neck. She knew that screaming would result in a punishment and she had learned that she wanted to avoid that, if at all possible.

"Leasing," said Rose, as if pondering the possibilities. "Yes, that might work. In fact, that's pure genius. It's the best of both worlds. We both get to enjoy her. We both get to keep our own schedules. It's almost like slaves on a time-share."

Diana laughed at Rose's description of the possible solution. "Yes, almost like a time-share. What do you think about that solution, pet?"

Laura looked incredulously at Diana, biting her lower lip to hold back the outrage that she felt. "I don't know what to think, Mistress," was all that she felt safe saying in reply.

"It's been so long since I've had a slavegirl," Rose went on. "This will be good."

"Why has it been so long?" asked Benjamin. "Surely you have the wherewithal to own one."

Rose sighed. "The wherewithal, yes. The desire, yes. Unfortunately, I have lost touch with the community. It wasn't until Mother invited me to join the club a couple of months ago that I have gotten back involved. And it takes time to find the right slavegirl."

"How many have you owned?" asked Diana. Laura listened intently to the conversation with a mixture of curiosity and revulsion. These people were talking about the ownership of other human beings and Laura still had not gotten used to the concept.

"Only two. Mother gave me the first one when I was thirteen. I kept her for five years until it was time to leave for college and then we sold her. I couldn't show up at the dorm with a slave, could I?"

"No, I suppose not," replied Diana. "What about the other one?"

"She was really my favorite. And I didn't even have to pay for her. I just claimed her. She was a sorority sister at college and I sort of seduced her into slavery. But once I owned her, she was a very dedicated slavegirl. She even stayed with me through graduate school. But when her father died, I released her so she could take care of her mother." Rose sighed. "I still see her occasionally, but it's difficult when the ownership rights are changed."

"I guess I've just been waiting for the right girl since then," she sighed again and glanced at Laura, causing Laura to fidget uncomfortably.

"And you think that our Laura is the right girl?" asked Benjamin.

"I think that she could be," replied Rose. "She's truly magnificent. And she is new to all of this, which makes her easy to train. And she still hasn't gotten used to being a slave. That causes all sorts of delicious humiliation."

"I see," replied Benjamin. "Well, the agreement is that we can have her one day a week and one week in the Summer. With our busy schedule, we haven't been able to take full advantage of all of her commitments. And this Summer looks to be very full for us also."

Laura did not like the direction of this conversation. She wasn't sure how it would end, but she was positive that she would not like the conclusion. On top of that, her arms were growing tired. She had been standing, on display, for a long time with her hands behind her neck. She could feel the strain on her shoulders and could feel her arms growing weary.

"Perhaps you could have her for a day or two. Sort of a test spin, if you know what I mean," Benjamin announced. Laura just groaned and closed her eyes to try to shut out the latest indignity.

"It only seems fair since you seem so intent on owning her," he went on. "You have offered a lot of money for her and, while we have no intention on selling our pet, you should at least have a chance to take her for a spin to make sure that you are really that interested in her."

"Oh my," exclaimed Rose. "That is very generous of you. Are you certain?" she looked from Benjamin to Diana who simply nodded.

"Yes, dear," I think that could be arranged. "There might be a cost, however."

"That's not a problem," said Rose confidently. "Just name your price."

"You," replied Diana.

"You want me to name the price?" asked Rose.

"No dear," smiled Diana. "You are the price."

"Oh," said Rose quietly. "Oh my. I'm not sure that I fully understand."

"It's really quite simple," interjected Benjamin. "We are willing to give you our Laura for seven of her twenty-four hour commitments to us. In exchange, we want you to be our slavegirl for a one-week period later this Summer."

"You two are really incorrigible!" said Rose. "I'm sure that you two had this all planned out from the start." She laughed and then threw her head back. "Might be fun. I've never been on the receiving end. What and where?"

"Well, the what would be that you would become Laura's slave sister for the week. We have been invited to participate in the Equus Equestrian Fair this Summer and we thought that you would make a lovely ponygirl along with Laura. You are both about the same size and build. I think that you would make a beautiful pair pulling a cart for the races. And of course, there would be other events that we might enter you in."

Laura had originally been shocked at the offer made by Benjamin and Diana. It was still inconceivable that she could be auctioned off or loaned or sold or leased to another. Then her feelings turned more hopeful as she heard the details, knowing full well that Rose would never agree to enslave herself. But a glance in Rose's direction told her that Rose was seriously considering the offer, and that sent dread flowing through Laura's veins.

"Why not?" Rose suddenly said. "Never tried it from the bottom. It would be a nice education for when I finally acquire a slavegirl of my own." Laura simply groaned. "Will Mom be there?" Rose finally asked.

"I'm sure she will be," replied Diana. "She always makes time on her schedule for the Equus."

"Well this is going to be hard to live down. Promise me that you won't loan me to her. It would be too embarrassing to be pulling her cart."

"We make no promises about anything," said Benjamin, "other than we give you seven days with Laura and you give us seven days. Beyond that, you are a slave to do with as we choose."

Rose sighed. "It's a deal, I guess. When is the Equus and when do I get Laura?"

"The Equus is the week of August 14," instructed Benjamin. "We will want you here two days early for training. And then we will leave for the fair. The fair goes on for seven days, so you will be free to leave after the first five days of the fair. Of course, we are hoping that you will stay for the full event."

"As for Laura," Diana piped in, "We will leave that up to you. She owes us four days of commitment already. Each week, she earns another day. You decide when you want her and let her know. Of course, we always try to give her enough warning so that she can make arrangements, especially if we will be requiring her for an entire weekend. She's a mother, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course," responded Rose. "Mothers need to tend their babies first." Rose went back to Laura, standing before her and raised her hands to cup the slavegirl's breasts. She ran her thumbs back and forth across Laura's nipples causing them to stiffen and sending unwanted thrills through her body.

"This is a very high price I'm paying for you. I hope you are worth it."

Laura was stunned by the events and how everything was happening so quickly. Her whole world was turned upside down in an instant and she did not know how to reply. The only response that she could come up with was, "I hope that you find me worth it."

"Now, just one last item of business," said Diana as she arose from her chair. "We don't have much time, so we need to work quickly to get everything ready. Take off your clothes, girl."

"What?" gasped a stunned Rose.

"You heard me," replied Diana in a forceful tone. "We need to see what we bought in our deal. And we need to get some measurements for your tack."

Rose sighed. "What the hell," she uttered as she reached for the catch and zipper of her dress behind her neck. In short order, she was standing naked in front of Laura.

"A matched set, dear," smiled Benjamin. "I think they'll do very nicely."

"Oh my yes," replied Diana. "We'll be the envy of everyone. We might even take best in show."

For the next thirty minutes, Diana positioned both girls. First, back to back to see how close they were in height. They were both five feet four inches tall. Then they were positioned face to face. Their nipples touched perfectly. They both wore 38D bras and the general shape and texture of their breasts was identical.

"I don't think that we could have created a more perfect match," Diana announced proudly.

"Only the hair is different. But even that looks exquisite. Rose's red hair almost seems to complement Laura's blonde mane." Benjamin also seemed very proud of the pair of future ponygirls standing before him.

"This will have to go," said Diana as she reached down and tugged at a few wisps of Rose's pubic hair. Rose gasped at the first tug but then sighed and nodded in resignation.

"I kind of assumed that would go. But only shaving, okay? I'd like to grow it back soon after the event."

"We might be able to accommodate that," said Diana. "But only if we choose to. These are not decisions for you to make or even advise on."

"Okay, okay. I understand."

"Good girl," smiled Diana as she stroked the back of her hand over Rose's cheek. "But it's okay, okay Mistress from now on."

"Yes Mistress" replied Rose, causing Laura to almost giggle at the way that the mighty mistress from across the street had so quickly been reduced to slave status.

Diana finished making her observations and taking her measurements. The two girls turned out to be as evenly matched as possible. Diana measured the length of nipples, the diameter of their areolae, their waists, the circumference of the base of their breasts, the length of their labia. There was no measurement that turned out to be more than a quarter of an inch different between the girls. They were going to be a matched pair.

"Ben, we need to think about the hair," said Diana after she had placed down her tape measure and notepad. "I agree that they look striking with their natural hair. But we have to think about the judges. Maybe two matched platinum blondes?"

"Hmmm," pondered Benjamin. "You might be right. But we have a couple of months to think about that." Both girls gasped at the thought that they might be turned into platinum blondes.

"At least they both wear their hair the same way," observed Diana. "We can have them wearing matching ponytails."

When Laura got home the next day, she told Jim about the new developments. "That's an outrage!" he cried out. "We can't have you parading around the neighborhood as the local slave. That's not what we signed up for. I'll have to talk to Ben about this!"

"What part of it didn't we sign up for?" asked Laura quietly. "They own me. They have decided to trade me for something else that they want. When it is all done, they will still own me. What are you going to say to Ben?"

"I don't know" mumbled her husband. "But it just doesn't seem right."

"Nothing about this seems right. It's all just so surreal. It's like my life has been transported to another world."

Jim fumed to himself for a few moments before looking accusingly at his wife. "So how many times did you fuck this time?"

"None," she replied honestly.

"How many orgasms?"

"None."

"What did you do then?" he asked, growing irritated and thinking that his wife was holding out on him.

"I'm not sure that I did anything. I was the subject of a purchase offer that was turned down. I was inspected. I was used to barter a deal. I was measured. And I was used as a pillow for the night. That's pretty much the life of a slave, I suppose." With that, she went to the kitchen to prepare dinner for her family.

Chapter 5: A slave on loan

Laura did not have long to wait. The very next morning, her phone rang. She hoped that it would just be a phone solicitor, despite how much she despised them, but she knew that it would be Rose.

"Hiya, sweet thing," said Rose, cheerily.

"Hi," responded Laura, feeling her skin crawling in response to the sickly sweet tone of her new tormentor.

"Loved seeing you this weekend. Can't wait to see more of you. Whatcha got planned for the weekend?"

"Jim is out of town. I was going to take the girls to the art museum," replied Laura.

"Well, I have a better plan. Let's go up to my country home for the weekend. You are welcome to bring your daughters. Or, I would be happy to pay for the nanny to take care of them if you prefer. Two days. They can be your first installment."

"Must it be this weekend?" asked Laura pleadingly.

"Of course it must," replied Diana offhandedly. "I just said it must."

"Okay. I'll see if I can find someone to care for the girls," said Laura, dejectedly.

"And remember, I'm paying," said a cheery Rose.

Laura gritted her teeth as she said goodbye. "You sure are paying," she thought. "You are paying with your body and soul for this one." It was the only solace that Laura could find in her situation. Her tormentor was soon to be the tormentee.

Laura had been successful at finding a sitter for the weekend. Jim had once again complained that his wife was being loaned out, but was powerless to do anything. On Friday afternoon, Laura walked across the street to her neighbor's house and knocked on the door.

"Hiya, sweetpea," cried Rose as she hugged Laura and dragged her into the house. "So glad you could come."

Laura had been instructed to wear a sundress and nothing else. No underwear. No jewelry. No shoes. Just the sundress. And Rose made short order of that single garment by grasping the hem at the bottom and lifting it over Laura's head, leaving the older girl naked in the entryway of the house. "Much better," she declared and then led Laura deeper into the house.

"You know that I wasn't kidding the other night, don't you?" asked Rose as Laura knelt at her feet on the patio.

"Kidding about what?" asked a confused Laura.

"I wasn't kidding about anything. I wasn't kidding about you being beautiful and the most magnificent creature I have ever seen. I wasn't kidding about wanting to buy you and own you. And I wasn't kidding about being willing to pay any price to have you. I guess I have proven that last one, haven't I?"

"Yes Mis... Yes, you have proven that," replied Laura. "What should I call you when you own me?"

"Hmmm. The title. I know that is important to many in the scene. I just haven't ever found much use for them. Tell you what," said Rose as she idly toyed with one of Laura's nipples, "just call me Rose. Or Miss Rose, if that makes you feel more comfortable."

Laura smiled up at her new owner, thinking that Rose might turn out fine, after all. "Okay, Rose. But let me know if you change your mind."

"Deal!" said Rose, giving the nipple a confirming pinch and causing Laura to suck in her breath. "Now, here's what I have planned for the weekend. I'm all packed. Let's head up to the cabin now. We'll do some swimming and relaxing. And I figured we should probably start running since it seems like we are going to be a matched pair of ponies in a few weeks. I figure we can run three times a day and still have plenty of time left over for fun."

"I have not packed anything, though," replied Laura. "I didn't realize we were going to be leaving so soon and I didn't know what to pack."

Rose laughed. "But you are packed, little one. You are already wearing everything you will need."

Laura sighed as she realized that everything that she needed was nothing and that she would be spending another weekend naked. "Oh well," she thought, "It's nothing new. And maybe it won't get any worse."

"Now fetch my bags from the front hall and let's go." Laura went back inside the house and grabbed the two bags, following Rose into the garage. Rose told her to hop into the little sports car and Laura felt like she was going to die. The little thing was so low and the top was down. She would be completely exposed to practically every driver on the road.

"Oh but Rose. Can't I have something to wear? I could be arrested."

"Sorry," replied Rose. "Nothing to wear until Sunday night. But I will put the top up for you. Or you could ride in the trunk. Which will it be?"

Laura sighed. "The front will be fine with the top up, I suppose." But she still knew that she would be pretty well exposed to most of the people on the road.

The two of them sped off, and within ninety minutes, were at their destination. Rose continually toyed with Laura's exposed and vulnerable body throughout the trip. Laura tried to slink down in her seat so that her nudity was less visible to other drivers, but still received a few honks and whistles as some people sighted her exposure.

The cabin turned out to be a palatial estate on a private lake. According to Rose, the closest neighbor was several miles away. That was very good, according to Rose, because it would let them play any way they wanted without fear of interruption.

Laura emptied the car and carried Rose's bags into the house. Rose immediately stripped and twirled for Laura's benefit. "No sense in you being the only one comfortable around here. Let's go for a swim." With that, Rose dashed out the front door and down to the lake. Laura followed quickly behind her until the bouncing of her breasts threatened to knock her off balance. She slowed slightly and held onto the wayward breasts with one arm draped across them and wondered how she was ever going to be able to do this for the pony week. For that matter, how was she going to be able to run with Rose this weekend?

The two naked girls splashed around in the water and even Laura had to admit that she was having fun. She also had a chance to more closely observe Rose. The other time they had been together, Laura was too distracted with the conversation and her own predicament to be able to focus on Rose.

Rose was really spectacular. Her fiery red hair was like a wild mane the way that it swirled and bounced. She had brilliant green eyes that could twinkle in a playful way or that could seem to bore into your very soul. Her lips were full and luscious and Laura found herself longing to kiss them, even though she kept telling herself that she was not into women.

From the neck down, Laura and Rose could have been twins. Only to things seemed to set them apart. First was the skin color. Despite Laura being the blonde one, Rose had fairer skin, almost milk white, whereas Laura's was tanned to a very light almond shade. The other difference was the small tuft of sculpted hair on Rose's mound, compared to Laura's completely nude sex.

Laura was reflecting back on her views of Rose. Initially, she just had a neutral view of her neighbor. She was simply someone who lived across the street. Then, at the Holcomb's house, she initially saw Rose as a threatening force, as someone who wanted to capture her and abuse her. But ever since that initial introduction, she had become fond of her new owner. She wasn't sure why. Maybe it was because Rose valued her so much to offer two million dollars for her. That was sure a vote of confidence! Maybe it was because Rose had dispensed with the

titles that had been ingrained in her. But she thought that it might really be because of the ultimate sacrifice that Rose had agreed to. Rose had sold herself into slavery to be able to own Laura temporarily. Laura thought that she could trust this younger woman and that she might even be able to love her.

Laura's thoughts were interrupted when Rose cleared her throat. "Like what you see?" she asked with a glint in her eyes. Realizing that she had been caught staring at and admiring the other woman sent a firestorm of color into her cheeks and down half her body.

"Ummm.. I... Oh I," she stammered. "Yes, I like what I see. You are very p..p..pretty."

"Thank you," smiled Rose. "I think that you are downright gorgeous."

Laura cast her eyes down at the comment. She knew that she was attractive, but it always made her uncomfortable for others to remark on her looks. "I think that you are much more than pretty," she said as she looked at the shimmering surface of the water, seeing the bottoms of her breasts being reflected up at her in a Dali-like way with the little ripples caused by her body. "But I am not into women. I do really think you are beautiful. I think you are gorgeous. But I don't think I am attracted to you. I'm sorry. It's just me."

"Oh sweetpea, you think too much. It doesn't matter what you think about whether you are attracted to me or not. It only matters what I think. Right? In fact, come here so I can play with that body I own."

Rose swam a short distance to the floating dock and hoisted herself onto it. Then she helped Laura climb aboard also. "Now just lay down in the middle and let me do all the work."

Laura laid down in the middle of the floating platform and Rose immediately pounced on her straddling Laura's waist. Rose leaned down and kissed the prone Laura letting her hands slide up the slavegirl's arms until she was holding onto each wrist. "You won't move, will you?"

"No Mistress," replied Laura.

"Okay. I'm Mistress. You made the choice. But plan on being punished every time you don't call me that." Laura winced as she heard the words and wondered if her mistake had changed the relationship.

There was a little box or locker on the floating dock. Rose crawled over to it and retrieved a bottle of oil before returning to straddle Laura again. She leaned down and kissed the prone slavegirl. "Good girl. It doesn't look like you moved at all. Now remember not to move or you will be punished."

"Yes Mistress"

Rose smiled and poured a line of oil from between Laura's breasts to her navel. "You please your Mistress greatly. And your Mistress is honored to own you."

Laura could not help but smile brightly at the words that she heard from the younger woman who was straddling her waist. "And I am very honored to be owned by you Mistress."

Rose slipped lower on Laura's body until her legs were straddling Laura's hips. She leaned forward and, with her hands, spread the oil out over the slavegirl's shoulders and, with longer and longer strokes, down Laura's arms. Occasionally, she would return her hands to Laura's chest or belly to recoat her palms and then she would let her hands glide outward again until the arms were shiny with a coating of oil.

More oil was poured onto the prone woman and, once again, the hands started to move it about. The sides of Laura's chest were coated. Her belly was turned into a shiny slickness. Eventually, the two glorious orbs floating on her chest were coated until they were glistening and the nipples were standing erect.

Rose slid down lower and moved her knees inside of Laura's legs, forcing the slavegirl to part her legs and causing a blush to return to her face. Laura raised her hands to cover her sex in some semblance of modesty, only to be stopped by the clearing of a throat. With no words spoken, she realized that she had promised not to move and obediently returned her arms over her head.

Oily fingers danced over her abdomen and tickled her occasionally. Laura tried not to react but she knew that her belly was quivering at times. More oil was poured into her bellybutton and then was spread downward in ever-increasing circles toward her exposed and vulnerable sex.

Eventually, the inevitable happened and she felt Rose's fingers toying with her labia. Laura closed her eyes and fought the temptation to move her arms to protect herself. She felt like she should trust this younger woman but wasn't convinced that she really should. The fingers glided over her sensitive flesh, sending unwanted thrills through her body. She felt her belly quivering as the fingers would briefly toy with her clit, only to return to the up and down strokes of her petals. She hoped that the oil would hide any wetness that she was producing, but knew that her captor would probably know the truth.

"Oh Mistress," she pleaded. "Please. I'm not sure this is right."

Rose raised her hand and brought it down hard on Laura's sex, making a loud smacking sound. "It is not your position to worry about what is right, little one. Leave all decisions to me. Understand?"

Laura whimpered and nodded her head in response, feeling the burning of the slap on her tender sex. The shock was almost too much for her. One moment, she had been thinking of Rose as a sort of slave sister. Now, she was very much her tormentor and owner.

Fingers continued to toy with Laura's sex. She clenched her hands and kept her eyes closed tightly. At one point, she started to raise her hand, but dropped it as soon as she felt another stinging blow to her most private parts. "Move once more and I will bind you to the dock for the night.

"Yes Mistress" whimpered the defeated girl.

One finger, then two, insinuated themselves into Laura's sex sending waves of shame through her. A third finger joined the previous two and stretched her even wider. Laura bit down on her lower lip. Finally, a fourth finger was inserted and Rose started to rotate her hand letting the fingers move over the oily surfaces of Laura's sex. "Have you ever been fisted, little one?"

Laura's eyes flew open at the question and it took all of her strength to keep from lifting her arms to protect her vulnerable sex. "Oh Mistress no. Please no. I have never been fisted and I don't think I could do it."

"Oh, you can do it. Trust me."

With that, Rose lowered her head and started flicking her tongue over Laura's exposed clitoris. The fingers continued to rotate and spread, moving in and out, driving the poor slavegirl crazy. Rose wrapped her lips around the tiny bud and suckled it while her tongue continued to lash at it. Within minutes, Laura let out a low moan and tensed, feeling her whole world spinning as a huge orgasm swept over her. Rose simply leaned back and knelt on her haunches as she smiled.

Rose let Laura bask in her orgasmic state for several minutes before finally speaking up. "Okay. Time for some pony training. Let's go for our first run."

"You have to be kidding!" exclaimed a withered Laura.

"What's wrong kiddo? Too much of a good thing? Don't think you can beat me after reaching for the stars like that?"

Laura groaned. "I don't think that I have the energy to move." She then quickly yelped as she felt Rose spank her gaping sex for a second time.

"You forget so quickly. It's not your job to think. It's only my job. Now get moving, slave."

The swim back to shore helped Laura regain her senses and restore some of her energy. She still wasn't sure that she wanted to go for a run, but she also knew that she didn't have any choice. The two girls walked hand-in-hand back up to the cabin, dripping dry as they walked. Once at the cabin, Rose ran inside and came back waving two white pieces of cloth.

"No sense in going too hard on ourselves the first time out," she said as she flipped one of the items to Laura. Laura caught it and smiled as she unraveled it, discovering that she would be able to wear a sports bra after all.

"Only this one time. Well maybe one more time. But we have to get used to running without them eventually," Rose explained. Laura was left once again wondering about this woman who owned her. Most of the time, she really liked her and, at times, thought that she might even be able to get used to being owned by her.

"How about a wager?" asked Rose as she bent over and stretched. Laura had to fight back the giggles when she realized how ridiculous she and Rose must look in their sports bras and nothing else.

"What kind of wager?" asked Laura as she also started to stretch.

"Well, how about a slavery wager. I own you for seven days. If I win, I get you for an additional day. If you win, we eliminate a day."

"Oh, I don't know," said Laura. "I'm already in enough trouble. I don't think I could handle much more of this slavery thing."

"Hmmm," replied Rose. "I guess it's going to be a painful equestrian week if my own pony partner doesn't have any confidence in her abilities."

"Hey!" exclaimed Laura, indignantly. "Who said I don't have confidence. I just don't want to risk any more days of slavery."

"Oh sure," said Rose as she lifted her foot high on the trunk of a tree to stretch out her thighs. "Well if you had any confidence, you could be earning back your freedom."

Laura gritted her teeth but, in the end, gave in to what she knew was a bad decision. "Okay, it's a bet. You win, and you own me for another day. I win, and we erase a day."

"Deal," smiled Rose.

"How far are we going?" asked Laura.

"Not far. Let's make it easy for our first one. We have all weekend. Besides, it's going to get dark soon. How about we run down to the bridge across the stream and back?"

Laura remembered crossing a small bridge on the road in to the estate and she remembered that it was not all that far away. "Okay. And we have a bet?"

"We sure do. Ready, set, go!" And they were off. Both girls were in good shape, but Laura quickly took the lead. Even with the sports bra on, however, she realized that she was bouncing and jiggling too much. She could not imagine running at the equestrian event with no support.

Laura reached the bridge and touched it with her hand before turning around and racing back toward the house. She almost bumped into Rose who was only a few yards behind her as she made the turn, but the two managed to avoid a collision. Laura could taste freedom and dug deep to keep her lead. In the end, she did manage to hold onto the lead and ended up beating Rose by about three yards.

"Wow, you're fast," hissed Rose as she tried to gain her breath. "I couldn't catch up with you the whole way."

"Thanks," replied Laura as she too tried to gulp down some air. "You are pretty fast yourself."

"Well, I want a rematch. Double or nothing tomorrow morning."

"I never understood that gambling stuff," replied Laura, honestly. "What does double or nothing mean?"

"Hmmm. Good question," said Rose before breaking out laughing. "I never thought much about it. I think it just means that we make the same bet but double it. So if you win, then you have two days of freedom. If I win, then you have two more days of slavery to me."

"So what's the nothing part?" asked a confused Laura.

"Who knows. But how about we make that the bet for tomorrow morning's run?"

"I guess that's okay."

"And if we run enough times, maybe I'll end up becoming a slave to you."

That last comment caught Laura off guard. She was becoming more and more confused and having a harder and harder time characterizing Rose. Now she started to wonder what it might be like to own someone like Rose.

That night, as they cuddled together in bed, Rose spooned up against Laura's back and cupped one of her breasts, "I'm going to fist you tomorrow."

"Oh my god," replied Laura, "I thought you already did that today."

"Hardly. That was only four fingers. And not even all of the fingers. Tomorrow, you take it in to my wrist."

"I can't imagine that you would even fit without breaking me."

"You won't break. At least not the way that you mean. And, by the way, I like to be awakened by a tongue in the morning. Good night little one."

Laura felt her blush returning as she realized the meaning of Rose's last comment. Images and conflicting thoughts swirled around in her mind but soon she fell asleep feeling Rose's hand holding possessively onto her breast.

Chapter 9: Training for the races

Laura stirred awake and, for a moment, was confused. She did not recognize her surroundings and almost jumped out of bed. Then she felt the arm draped across her side and the hand gently holding her breast and realized that Rose had held her all night. Once again, she was conflicted. She was revolted by the idea that Rose owned her for the weekend. But Rose had also shown so much kindness toward her and had shown so much interest in her, that she could not be upset with the younger woman.

Remembering the instructions from the night before, Laura gently lifted Rose's arm and rolled her owner onto her side. Then she lifted the sheet and slid down on the bed so that her face was perched over the red tuft of hair. Despite her inexperience, she started to slowly kiss and then lick Rose's sex, watching the sweet petals part. It took only moments for Rose to start to moan softly and only a few more moments for Rose to awaken and reach down to grasp the blonde mane between her legs. Laura kept her tongue dancing and quickly felt the body beneath her tense and heard a loud groan telling her that Rose had achieved her first climax of the day.

"Mmmmm, well done little one. I'll have to think twice about beating you in the races today."

Rose got out of bed and wrapped a robe around herself before padding out to the kitchen. Laura followed her naked, knowing that she would not be wearing any clothes for the entire weekend. After some grapefruit and coffee, Rose declared that it was time for the first race of the day. This time, it was to be the same course, but it was to be done totally naked.

Again, it was a close race, but this time Rose won. Laura chastised herself for trying to hold onto her bobbing and swaying breasts and convinced herself that

she could have won if she had just focused on winning. But Rose did win, and Laura resigned herself to an additional two days of slavery.

"Double or nothing before lunch?" asked Rose with a mischievous smile. "Or are you afraid that you'll end up owing your whole life to me?"

"Double or nothing!" exclaimed Laura. "And by the end of the weekend, you'll be calling me Mistress!"

After the race, the two girls went for a swim. Then they laid out on the dock to soak in the sun. Rose had Laura rub some suntan lotion into her to protect her pale flesh but decided that Laura herself could take the morning sun without protection. The two lounged for two hours like two sisters without a care in the world.

At about 11:30 , Rose decided that there was time for another run before lunch. "Ponies need lots of exercise," she giggled. "Let's run down the shoreline to that beach and back" she said as she pointed to the beach off in the distance.

"Wow. That looks like a long way" replied Laura.

"Not so far. Besides, we don't have to set a world record. You just have to beat me."

"Tell me again. What are we betting for this time?" asked a naïve Laura.

"If I win, I get you for four additional days. If you win, then you are back to even."

"Oh. That hardly seems fair," said Laura.

"Well, we could make it more interesting, if you want."

"How would we do that?"

"Well, if you win, then you own me for the rest of the weekend. If I win, then I own you for a month. Of course, we will both be owned for that week in August."

"Hmmm. I'm not sure. A month is a long time."

"It's up to you."

"Okay. I'll enjoy owning you for the rest of the weekend."

"Good girl," grinned Rose. "Let's swim back and stretch out."

Once again, the two naked girls stretched and, once again, Laura chastised herself for spending so much time looking at her beautiful opponent. When they were both warmed up, they stood ready and then streaked off along the trail toward

the beach in the distance. Neither girl made very good time since neither was wearing shoes. Plus the bobbing and swaying of breasts tended to slow them down. But Laura was leading when they reached the beach, despite the distracting movements on her chest. She placed one foot on the beach to be able to prove that she had actually reached the destination and then headed back toward the starting point.

She grinned at Rose as she passed her on the trail, "See you at the house, slavegirl."

Laura tried to keep up as fast of a pace as possible the entire way back. The stakes were just too high to let up. About half way back to the starting point, she started to hear footsteps and heavy breathing behind her. She glanced back and saw that Rose had closed the gap between them and was threatening her again.

Laura dug deep and started to sprint. The footsteps remained behind her, however, regardless of how much she sped up. As she got close to the finish line, Laura glanced over her shoulder again and saw Rose only a few yards behind her. And then disaster struck. Laura lost her balance and tumbled into the clearing, only a few feet from the finish line. She watched as Rose easily glided to the win, only to return to her and lean down to kiss Laura on the forehead. "Who's the slavegirl now?"

Laura just groaned. She had already been planning how she was going to be a mistress. Now she had lost another month of her life to slavery.

Rose sat down on the ground and gathered the whimpering Laura into her arms, comforting her. "Are you okay little one?"

"I'm miserable," pouted Laura.

Rose laughed. "Well, I hope that's not true. You certainly don't look miserable. Even covered in grass and leaves you look ravishing."

"But I lost. And I lost my freedom when I did," she moaned.

"But that's not so bad, is it? I think that you were born to be a slavegirl and you are such a beautiful one. Besides, you were beating me. You would have won if you didn't trip."

"But I did. And now I have to explain to Jim why I have two owners."

"Oh don't worry about it sweetpea. I think you'll love being owned by me. Let's go grab some lunch."

When they got back to the house, Rose saw that a message was on the phone. Benjamin had called, so she called him back. Laura only caught Rose's half of the call, but pretty much figured out what the conversation was about.

"Hi Ben"

"Sorry. Hello Master"

"We have been having a great time. She's wonderful"

"Yes, she's a beautiful filly."

"Thank you Master. I guess we are both beautiful fillies."

"Training"

"Well, we have gone on three runs so far. She is very fast. We thought that we should start to get ready for the Equus."

"Oh. Well yes. We did place wagers, Master."

"Hmmm. Well, she owes me a month of slavery so far. But that might change Master. She won the first race. I won the second one. And she would have won the third race if she hadn't tripped. I wouldn't be surprised if I return home wearing her collar."

"Yes Master."

"Completely naked. But I think that's a problem. We both have too much motion, if you know what I mean. I'm not sure how good we will be as ponies."

"Oh"

"Really?"

"Wow, that would be great Master. Yes Master, I will tell her."

"Bye Master. Tell Diana... ooops, I mean Mistress that I said hi." And then she hung up the phone.

"Good news," smiled Rose as she plopped down beside the sweaty Laura. "We can wear our bras for the rest of the runs."

"I'm not running again," groaned Laura.

"Oh. So you want me to whip you instead?"

"Whip me?" gasped Laura.

"Yes. Whip you. Who owns you for the weekend? In fact, who owns you for a month?"

Laura sighed. "You do. And I'll run for you. But I'm not sure that I want any more wagers."

"Chicken," laughed Rose. "So do you want to know the good news?"

"Sure," replied Laura as she rolled her eyes.

"We get to wear bras. Ben said that figured that our well endowed figures would make it tough to run. Diana has already ordered us harnesses that will support our breasts. I guess that's what all of the measurements were about the other night. So he said that we should wear sports bras for the rest of our runs. But he also said that was the only thing we were allowed to wear."

"Oh, except for one thing," Rose continued. "He said that we should wear butt plugs for the rest of our runs."

"What?!?!?!?" shrieked Laura.

"You heard me. It seems that we will be wearing tails for the Equus. And he wants us to get used to running with them."

Laura just groaned and picked up a pillow to smother her face in it.

Chapter 6: Deeper and deeper

The two naked girls showered together and then ate lunch. "What did Ben have to say about the wagers?" asked Laura as they sat on the deck.

"He just laughed and said that it was fine with him but that I owed him one day for every two days that you owed me."

"Wow. He did? Why do you think that's so funny?"

Rose thought for a moment and furrowed her brow. "I'm not sure. But I guess that I thought it sounded like fun. I guess I don't take all of this as seriously as you do."

"How can you not take slavery seriously?" asked Laura in bewilderment.

"It's just a game, little one. And it's a new game to me. I have always been on the giving end. It's kind of nice being on the receiving end. Even if I will have to prance around like a trained pony. I think it will be exciting to have all of my decisions made by someone else. It will kind of be like an exotic vacation."

Laura took on a pensive look as she thought about what Rose was saying. Could that be why she was so aroused in her slavery? She still had not figured out why her body kept betraying her despite the revulsion that her mind felt. She decided that she would just not respond and took another bite of her salad instead.

When they finished lunch, Rose surprised Laura with a length of rope. She had Laura stand and turn around so that she could tie the slavegirl's wrists together behind her back. "What's this for?" asked Laura.

The older girl received a swift swat on the bottom for that. "Just because," responded Rose. "I don't have to have a reason for doing things to you. You are my property."

"Oh. Yes Mistress." For some reason, Laura had a hard time acknowledging the mistress/slave relationship with Rose. She almost seemed more like a sister than owner. But she supposed that this kind of reminder was a good thing. Maybe it would keep her from making any more foolish wagers.

Rose took another piece of rope and wrapped it around Laura's elbows, slowly pulling it tight and wrapping it several times until the two elbows touched, causing Laura to groan as her shoulders were strained back. Thankfully, it was a wide, soft satiny rope so that there would not be too much discomfort from the rope itself. But there was plenty of discomfort from the way that it stretched her shoulders unnaturally.

Rose walked back in front of Laura. "Ooooooooo I like the effect that this has." Rose reached up and ran her palms over Laura's breasts, giggling like a child with new toys. Laura looked down and was shocked to see the prominence of her breasts with her shoulders pulled back the way that they were. In fact, it looked like she was all breasts. "We have to do this more," exclaimed Rose. "This really shows off your assets."

Laura only shook her head disapprovingly, but remained silent. Again, to Laura's surprise, Rose produced two clamps. "Now this might sting a little at first," Rose warned as she raised the first clamp to Laura's left nipple.

"Oh please, must we do this?" Laura asked pleadingly. This immediately elicited a swat to Laura's unprotected breast sending it bouncing wildly on the bound girl's chest.

"What was that?" asked Rose in a serious tone.

"Nothing. Sorry Mistress," replied a chastised Laura.

Rose flicked the vulnerable little nubbin with her finger and blew lightly on it until it was standing up proudly. "Why is it getting stiff?" thought Laura as she watched Rose prepare the nipple for clamping. "It's almost as if it's asking to be clipped."

Rose then opened the jaws of the clamp and slipped them around the tender nipple, sliding a little ring up the shafts of the clamp to tighten it and lock it in

place. Laura grimaced as she felt the burning sensation on her nipple but remained silent. Rose then repeated her actions on the right nipple, eliciting a low hissssssss from Laura as that nipple too ached with the pressure. Rose finished the decoration of the slavegirl by attaching a fine gold chain between the two clamps and letting it dangle. Because of the fullness of Laura's breasts, however, the chain dangled a good three or four inches away from her body.

The last item to be added was the collar. Rose produced it from a bag on the counter and held it out for Laura to examine. "I hadn't planned on using it, but since I own so much of you now, I thought it would be okay to start."

Laura examined the collar with a look of wonder. It was beautiful. It looked like it was made of spun gold and probably could have been worn to an elegant party instead of on a naked slavegirl in the woods. Rose kept turning the jewelry and Laura saw that an engraved tag had been embedded on one side. The tag read "Laura. Property of Rose."

"That's in case you get lost," smiled Rose. "This way they will know who to return you to. Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful," was all Laura could think to say.

"I was hoping that you would like it," responded Rose. She wrapped it around the slavegirl's neck and Laura heard it click shut behind her neck. It was snug, but not so tight that it would cause problems or discomfort. Rose then led Laura into the other room to a full-length mirror.

Again, Laura was left in awe. Looking into the mirror, she saw an exotic creature and hardly even recognized herself. Her breasts were as prominent as she had feared, but with the clamps and chain decorating them, they provided a very erotic accent. And the collar was simply gorgeous against her own golden flesh. Rose finally attached a matching gold leash to the collar and led Laura from the room again. "Let's go for a walk."

"Yes Mistress," replied Laura as she padded along behind her naked captor.

Rose strapped on a little fanny pack and then led Laura down to the lake and then along a path in the opposite direction from the beach that they had run to earlier. It was all that Laura could do to keep from laughing seeing the naked girl in front of her wearing the little knapsack around her waist as her only clothing. Rose was in a chatty mood and kept up a constant monologue, occasionally taking a break to ask Laura a question.

"Why hadn't you ever tried it with women before?" was one question and Laura tried to answer as truthfully as she could. "It always seemed wrong and I never was attracted to any women before."

"Do you find me attractive?" was the immediate question from Rose. "Yes Mistress" replied Laura with a blush returning to her cheeks. "I'm not sure why, but I find you very attractive and I love being with you." This brought a smile to Rose's lips.

A little while later, after some more monologue, Rose asked, "Have you ever thought about having your nipples pierced?" This question surprised Laura, and she wondered if Rose had other plans that she should know about. But she simply responded with a "No Mistress." "It's a shame," replied Rose. "Those puppies are practically begging for rings."

The questions continued and continued until Rose finally came to a halt and turned to Laura, tugging on the leash until the captor could kiss the captive. "Do you love me?" asked Rose.

"Oh Mistress. I hardly know you," replied a startled and embarrassed Laura.

"I know. But do you love me?"

"I'm not sure Mistress. Maybe. I think so. I know that I like you a lot."

Rose reached down and stroked her fingers along Laura's sex, rubbing up and down the silky petals before letting a finger slide in. She withdrew her finger and held it up for Laura to see. Laura groaned as she saw the finger shiny with her arousal and knew that she could not deny her excitement.

"I'll take this as an answer," smiled Rose. "You may or may not love me. But I do know that you lust me. Now it's game time."

With that, Rose unzipped her little fanny pack and pulled out a rope, which she tossed over a limb. She tied one end of the rope to the bindings around Laura's wrists and then started pulling.

"Oh Rose.... I mean Mistress. What are you doing?"

Rose continued to tug on the rope, raising Laura's wrists and forcing the slavegirl to bend forward. "Just having some fun. I think you'll like it, little one."

Laura gasped as her wrists were pulled again, causing her to bend over even more. By the time Rose was finished, Laura's torso was parallel to the ground and her arms were pulled up high above her back.

"Oh God Rose!! You are going to break something."

Rose patted the bound slave on the bottom and then moved around her and sat in front of Laura so that she could look into her face. "Pretty neat, huh?" giggled Rose. "You can't do a thing, but I can do anything. Everything about you is exposed and available."

She leaned forward and kissed Laura on the lips. "See, that's available." Then she reached out and grasped the chain dangling between Laura's clamped nipples. "And those are available too."

"Please stop," pleaded Laura as she grew annoyed with Rose's childish behavior and felt her discomfort increasing. "Please release me. It really hurts."

"Oh posh! It doesn't hurt. It's merely an aggravation. I'll show you hurt in a little bit." With that, Rose stood up and moved behind Laura, which sent a shiver of fear down Laura's back. Even though she knew it was coming, the bound girl shrieked in surprise when she felt the palm of Rose's hand coming down hard on her naked bottom.

"Now I'll bet that hurt," pronounced Rose. "And if you continue to complain about things hurting when they don't, I'll show you a lot more of that."

Then Rose sat down on the ground behind Laura and slipped her legs between the feet of the slavegirl to spread Laura's legs as wide as she could. Rose reached up and touched a finger to Laura's little pucker and traced a circle around it. "I could make this hurt too, if it would please you. Would you like that?"

Laura tried to protect herself, but was too stretched and exposed to be able to do a thing. "No, Mistress," she finally said. "I'll be good."

"Good girl," said Rose with a smile that Laura could not see. "You are my perfect slavegirl."

Laura heard a zipper opening and then some rustling behind her but could not tell what was going on. Rose had opened her fanny pack and had pulled out a bottle of oil. She opened it and poured a liberal amount over her fingers and into her palm. She then screwed the cap back on and rubbed the oil over her entire hand. "Hold on tight, little one."

Laura tensed as she felt the slick fingers rubbing up and down over her labia urging them apart. Two fingers slipped between them and then started to slowly stroke in and out. "How does it feel so far?" asked Rose.

"Humiliating," replied an indignant Laura. Despite the affection that she was starting to feel for this younger woman, she was not about to give in to this kind of wanton abuse of her body or her dignity. Her comment was quickly rewarded by another swat on her bottom, which elicited a yelp and then silence.

Two more fingers joined the first two and they slid in and out together, occasionally spreading or curling inside of her. Laura moaned and tried to close her legs but Rose held them wide apart to keep her prey exposed and vulnerable. Finally, the thumb was tucked in beside the four fingers, and still things continued to move in and out.

Each protest was rewarded with another swat and soon Laura was left with nothing to do but moan and whimper. The fingers kept moving in and out, sliding a little deeper each time. Laura could feel her entire body damp with perspiration and could see the chain between her breasts swaying back and forth with little droplets of sweat dripping from the lowest part of the chain.

Eventually, she let out a long, low groan as she felt her sex being stretched to its limit and then suddenly the pressure was off. But then, immediately, she felt fingers moving inside of her and she knew that Rose's entire hand was embedded in her body.

"Mmmmm, what's this?" asked Rose playfully, as she stroked the inside of Laura's vagina, sending unwanted waves of pleasure through the captive. "Seems like I found a sweet spot."

The hand continued to rotate and explore and Laura felt fingers moving everywhere inside of her. She felt her body responding by becoming more and more aroused and, in spite of her shame, she felt herself moving closer to an orgasm. Then the fingers changed their movements and she felt a finger pressing against her cervix, causing her to suck in her breath.

"Oh my. Is this where little Kaitlin came out?" asked Rose as a finger pressed tightly against Laura's cervix.

"Yesssssss Mistresssssss," was all that Laura could manage.

"That's what I thought" replied the mischievous Mistress. "Maybe I should try to retrace her steps."

"Oh please no!!!" screamed Laura as she felt Rose's finger pressing harder and harder at the tiny opening, knowing that it would be painful if her mistress pushed deeper.

Another swat. And then Rose was twisting and turning inside Laura again. But now Rose was also using her free hand to toy with Laura's clitoris, teasing it as her fingers teased inside. It only took moments until Laura's whole body shook in a violent orgasm and, if Rose hadn't pulled her hand out and caught Laura, the slavegirl might have dislocated her shoulders when she collapsed. Thankfully, Rose caught her, released her and then cuddled her until she regained her senses.

"That wasn't so bad, was it little one?" asked Rose as she leaned down and kissed the tip of Laura's nose.

"Mmmmmm"

Rose kept Laura's arms tied behind her on the way back to the cabin but let the leash dangle between her breasts. This let Rose walk beside her captive and wrap her arm around Laura's waist. The two girls emerged from the woods, only to find a second car next to the house.

"Oh shit" exclaimed Rose.

"What?" asked a confused Laura.

"Mom" was all that Rose said. "Shit"

"Hi there," they heard as they moved closer to the house. "Eventually they saw a woman step off the porch and into the sunlight. "I wondered where the two of you were."

"Shit Mom, what are you doing here?" asked a very upset Rose.

"Just checking out the merchandise" replied Maggie.

"Well she's not for sale," retorted Rose.

"From what I understand, she's not the only merchandise around here."

"What are you talking about?" asked an irritated Rose.

"I had an interesting conversation with Ben and Diana yesterday. And an interesting transaction."

"Oh god," groaned Rose, causing Laura to look at her quizzically. "What's this all about?"

"Come up and join me on the porch and let's talk," replied Maggie as she turned and walked back up the stairs to the porch. Rose and Laura remained standing naked in the yard until Rose finally grasped the leash and tugged her charge along behind her.

"Might as well get this over with."

Rose led Laura to the porch and then untied all of her bindings, leaving her wearing only the collar and clamps. Then she gently removed the clamps and had a seat on one of the chairs. Laura didn't know exactly what to do so she knelt beside Rose's chair.

"She is very well trained," observed Maggie.

"Yes, she is Mom," replied Rose politely.

"I understand that you have bartered with the Holcombs to obtain her service."

"That's right. I own her for the moment."

"And is she pleasing?"

"Yes Mom. I find her pleasing."

"Good. Because I understand that she came at a high price. I always pictured you as a top. It's hard to imagine you as a bottom. But my understanding is that you are now a slavegirl yourself. Is that so?"

"No Mom. I'm not a slavegirl at the moment. But I did agree to be one for a week in exchange for Laura."

"Yes. That's my understanding too. Come here. Both of you."

Laura looked up at Rose for a signal. Rose sat there for a moment but eventually stood up and crossed the porch to stand before Maggie. Laura quickly arose and followed her until she was standing beside her mistress.

"I just came up here to see your new pet. I'm glad that you are coming back into the scene. Your girl is lovely. And you are too."

"Thank you Mom," replied Rose.

"And I wanted to let you know that the two of you will be serving me at the Equus."

"What?!?!?!?" sputtered Rose.

"You heard me. I made a deal of my own. Ben and Diana were insistent that they show you off at the Grand Parade. Now that I see the two of you together, I can see why. But I was able to convince them to let me have you on Feast Night. So you will be my ponies, wearing my colors, on Feast Night."

"Oh god" gasped Rose. Laura remained silent, not understanding exactly what was happening.

"I think it will be grand," Maggie went on. "I'm not sure that anyone has brought in their daughter as their slave before. It should send quite a stir through the group."

Maggie then stood up and stepped in front of Laura. "I understand that you have kind of stumbled into this lifestyle," she said as she reached out and lifted Laura's breasts in her hands. "I hope that it is agreeing with you." Laura simply nodded and cast her eyes down.

"She's adorable," said Maggie as she lowered the breasts and then stepped in front of her daughter. Again, she raised her hands and lifted Rose's breasts. "And I hope that slavery is finding you well also."

Rose bit her lower lip as she watched her mother holding her breasts and rubbing her thumbs across the nipples. "You cost me dearly. I had to trade Felicity and Janice for the night. But I'm sure that I will be the envy of the event when I show up at the banquet with the two of you in tow. Don't you think?"

"Yes Mom," replied Rose in resignation.

"It's yes Mistress until after the feast," replied Maggie as she gripped the two nipples and squeezed tightly. "Understand?"

Rose yelped but quickly nodded. "Yes Mistress."

"If you are going to go about selling yourself to our friends, then it's only fair that I buy you for my own slavegirl. Don't think that you are going to be treated with any favoritism. I raised you to be a top. If you want to be a bottom, then you'll have to put up with being loaned, traded or sold to new owners. And now I'm your owner."

With that, she turned and walked to her car and sped off.

"What was that all about Mistress?" asked a very confused Laura.

"She's pissed," replied Rose. "And we are going to have a very interesting time at the Equus."

"Is she really planning on owning you?" asked Laura.

"Oh you bet she is. She owns both of us now."

Laura only groaned as it sunk in that she was now owned by yet another person. In such a short period of time, she had become owned by so many people.

"And I guarantee that she will expect a lot. It doesn't surprise me that she traded Janice for us. But she has never been willing to share Felicity. If she traded Felicity for us, then she is definitely out to make a statement."

Chapter 7: A whirlwind

The next several weeks were confusing, to say the least. Laura was receiving calls and summonses from four owners instead of her normal two. Benjamin and Diana would call weekly and generally wanted her to join her once each week. Rose also called, but she stayed in touch with her property on a daily basis. And Laura found herself at Rose's house at least once a week. Sometimes, she would be summoned more than once a week.

And now Maggie was also calling to check up on her. It seemed that Maggie had taken an interest in Laura's training since Laura would be hers during the feast, whatever that was. Maggie was constantly interested in Laura's diet and exercise and was continuously making recommendations.

Jim was becoming agitated at the popularity of his wife. On numerous occasions, he told her that enough was enough. On each occasion, she reminded him that she had had enough and that it was not her idea in the first place to sell herself into slavery. It had only been his inability to put food on the table that had resulted in her need to become a slave. While that response did not improve his mood, it did tend to silence him.

Rose worked out a training program for herself and her new slavegirl .

Laura was surprised with the seriousness that Rose exhibited about the upcoming event. The younger woman was determined that she and Laura were going to be the premier pony team and she pushed both of them to higher and higher levels of fitness. What surprised Laura the most was that Rose was doing this of her own free will and had never served anyone before. But she seemed to be absolutely committed to doing it well and even seemed to be looking forward to it. Laura, on the other hand, saw very little that was appealing about it. It seemed to her that this would be just one more in a long line of humiliations. The only thing that she did like about it was that it gave her more time to spend with Rose, who she was starting to really grow fond of.

Rose made sure that they ran every other day and even added some weight training to the program for extra tone and strength. Laura observed that her already-fit body was becoming even sexier and more toned. She loved the way that every teenager stopped to gawk at her and the way that the teenagers' fathers eyes almost seemed to pop out of their heads when she went by. "At least there's one advantage to slavery," she thought.

Rose collected on Laura's debt at least twice each week. With her commitment to Benjamin and Diana, this meant that Laura was away from her family about half the time. Rose had come to the rescue by hiring a nanny for Laura's children, which relieved Laura of many of the basic tasks.

On the days when Rose summoned Laura for service, they would generally go for a long run and then bathe together afterwards. After the bath, Laura would frequently have to pleasure Rose and was frequently pleased in return. Then they would take a nap together, with their bodies intertwined. In the evenings, they would mostly chat and giggle.

Occasionally, Maggie would stop by for an inspection of "her property."

Laura had a hard time seeing herself as Maggie's slave, however, since she was already owned by so many people. And Laura really had difficulty picturing Rose as Maggie's slave since she was Maggie's daughter. But Maggie did not seem to share any of those shortcomings and treated them both as if they were truly her property.

During most visits, Maggie simply conducted an inspection tour. She would have the girls stand naked beside each other, either in the living room or outside by the pool. Inevitably, she had a crop with her that assisted her in her inspections or was used to quickly correct one of the slavegirls. Breasts and chins were lifted by the crop. Inner thighs were tapped to encourage one or both of the girls to spread their legs further. And when she wanted to indicate a particular part of the body, the crop served as her pointer.

She was not shy about using it for punishment either. If one of the girls failed to answer a question, she would strike the most available part of the exposed body. What did they eat since her last visit? How far were they running? Were they looking forward to serving her at the Equus ?

On one occasion, Laura witnessed a strange exchange between mother and daughter. Maggie had instructed Rose that she was to be hairless from the neck down so that the two ponies would be an even better match. Rose refused and Maggie, with her ever present crop, slashed it across Rose's left breast sending it bouncing wildly on her chest.

" Owww !!! That hurt!!!"

"It was supposed to hurt. That's why they call it punishment."

"But jeeesshhhh . Did it have to be so hard? I mean, after all, this is only a game," complained Rose.

"Listen baby doll," Maggie said as she lifted Rose's chin with the tip of the crop so that the two were looking directly into each other's eyes. "This is no game. You are a slave. You are owned. I bought the rights to you. You should be thankful that it was me who purchased your rights. Who knows what some others might expect from you."

"Besides," she went on, "I didn't sell you into slavery. You did. If you wanted to make the rules yourself, then you should have remained a top."

"But I am a top!" exclaimed Rose.

With that remark, Maggie slowly circled Rose, letting the crop trail over her daughter's naked flesh. When she got behind Rose, she reached out and squeezed each rounded bottom cheek. When she finally stood in front of Rose, she reached

out and lifted one of her breasts in each hand, bending down slightly to flick the nipples with her tongue.

"You don't look like a top to me."

This comment caused Rose to blush furiously and to quickly lower her eyes. "And you don't act like a top," Maggie went on. "But maybe someday you will be a top again. Until then, you belong to me. And Benjamin and Diana, of course." Rose was obediently shaven between her legs for Maggie's next visit.

"I hate it when she calls me baby doll" complained Rose after Maggie had left. But she appeared to be more compliant during future inspection tours.

Maggie was also interested in the sex lives of the two slaves. She insisted that each of the girls fully describe what they had done sexually since her last visit. This embarrassed both of them to no end, which was probably why Maggie did it. For Laura, it was embarrassing because she was not used to discussing her sexual activities with anyone. For Rose, it was equally embarrassing because she was not accustomed to discussing those things with her mother. But they gradually grew less inhibited about describing what they had done.

On one occasion, neither girl had engaged in any sexual activity since the prior visit. Maggie found this to be totally unsatisfactory and explained that they needed to be constantly aroused during their training so that they would be ready on a moment's notice during the Equus . She took a seat in the living room and instructed the girls to pleasure one another while she looked on. This was met with a torrent of complaints and refusals but, after a shower of blows by the crop, the two girls were locked together in a 69 and furiously lapping away at each other's sexes.

Laura seemed to have an easier time with this than Rose did. For Rose, this was the ultimate humiliation and she wished that she were anywhere but where she was. Laura, on the other hand, was starting to adore Rose more and more and it was easier for her to make love to her fellow slavegirl , despite the knowledge that she had an audience and was being assessed. Plus, it was the first time that she had pleased Rose since Rose had removed all of her pubic hair and Laura found the new nudity to be very erotic.

After a couple of visits to the Holcombs , Benjamin and Diana started training Laura for the pony weekend. Laura was made to run through the fields and pull a cart. Diana started to train her to prance by raising her knees high in the air.

But shortly after Laura realized that she was being trained for the Equus , she felt guilty. She had thought that she and Rose would be trained together during the two days before the Equus event. And she knew that Rose had been going out

of the way to make sure that the two of them were in shape for the event. It just didn't seem right that she should be receiving extra instruction without Rose. So she talked with Benjamin.

"Master, I thought that you were going to train us together."

"What do you mean, pet?" he responded.

"I'm sorry Master. I don't mean to second guess you. But I thought that you were going to train Rose and me together."

"Don't worry about upsetting me with a question, girl. But to set your mind at ease, we are planning on training the two of you together. She will be joining you two days before the event and we plan on spending a lot of time turning the two of you into a team."

"But Master. Why wait? We could be training together now and become even better."

Benjamin laughed. "Well that's an exciting thought, pet. But there's a difference between you and Rose. We own you. We only have rights to Rose during the Equus and for the two days before it."

"Yes Master," replied Laura politely. "But she volunteered to be your slave during the Equus . Perhaps she might volunteer to be your slave during these training sessions also. I know that she has been working very hard and that she wants to please you during the event. May I ask her if she would like to come with me when I am summoned?"

"Who am I to look a gift horse in the mouth," replied Benjamin with a smile. "No pun intended. Of course you may ask her. But I have just two cautions for you. First, don't be disappointed if she says no. She is a free woman until we claim her and she may choose to remain free until that time. And second, you should make it clear that, if she decides to join you, then she is adding to her time of slavery. She should understand that she will be a slave just like you and that those days will not act as replacements for the days that she has already committed to. Do you still think that she will join you?"

"I don't know Master," replied Laura. "But thank you for allowing me to ask her."

Laura's question and demeanor and innocence left Benjamin totally disarmed. He was extremely aroused by Laura. Laura's naivete only enhanced his arousal. And the thought of having Rose as his slave for additional days had his cock threatening to tear through his pants. But Laura's innocence left him in a

quandary. He wanted to ravish his slavegirl but was afraid that he might be angering the gods if he did.

It would almost be like taking a saint.

The next morning, Laura told Rose about her conversation with Benjamin.

She had expected a quick rejection and some equally quick punishment.

What she got instead was, "What the Hell. Sounds like fun."

"But he wanted me to be sure that you understood that you would be a total slave to he and Diana. I don't think that it will be a game or anything."

"No problem," replied Rose. "I think I'm starting to like this side of things. Of course, I plan on going back to the top side. But this is a fun vacation. At least it is as long as nobody calls me baby doll."

Laura called Benjamin later that day, but he was not at home. She described the conversation that she had had with Rose and, by nightfall, both girls were naked at the feet of Benjamin and Diana. They spent the evening being taught posture and poise and grace by Diana and being fucked once each by Benjamin. It appeared that having two slavegirls in the house was doing wonders for his libido.

There were several summonses for Laura and, each time, she brought Rose. Each girl focused intently on her lessons and each grew more accomplished with each class. Benjamin continued to want to sample their wares each evening that they were in his home, and occasionally Diana wanted a taste of pleasure also. But each night, they were bedded down together so that they could sleep or do whatever slavegirls do on their own time.

During one of Maggie's visits to Rose's house, she brought along an unexpected guest. Afterwards, both Rose and Laura decided that the guy must have been gay. He was just too too affected. But the visit had been pretty embarrassing and unsettling. Maggie had strolled into the house unannounced and the "swisher" had followed quickly behind her. Maggie announced that this was a fitting and ordered the two girls to strip, which caused the girls to start giggling furiously since they were already naked.

Maggie stopped her imperial approach at that point and then had her cohort take over. He told them that he was tailoring some harnesses for them for the day of the feast. One at a time, each of the naked giggling girls had strips of leather wrapped around them while the tailor marked things and jotted down notes. Eventually, Maggie led her friend back out the front door and the two naked slavegirls fell to the floor together laughing for all they were worth.

Equus was two days away and Laura and Rose reported to the Holcomb household. Their tack was fitted and adjusted. They were run and groomed. Their diet was strictly prescribed and monitored. In short, they were being prepared as show animals would be.

On the night before they were to leave for the event, however, they were allowed to join Benjamin and Diana in the living room before dinner. And they were told that they would be able to have a normal meal, "since it might be the last opportunity that you have to eat meat for the next week," explained Diana. "I think that you will be eating a lot of oats and carrots and apples for a few days."

It wasn't exactly a normal meal, however. It turned out that Jim had also been invited to dinner. Laura wasn't sure if she should be embarrassed or upset. But she knew that she was not happy to see him there, or to have him see her there.

The Holcomb's normal servants took care of the meal, allowing the two slaves to kneel at their owners' feet. Rose knelt beside Diana. Laura knelt between Benjamin and her husband. Diana and Benjamin fed their two slaves from their own plates, adding to the humiliation of the two naked girls.

After dinner, everyone retired to the living room where the servants provided after-dinner drinks. Again, the two girls knelt at their owners' feet. After awhile, Benjamin spoke.

"The girls will be pretty busy for the next week. I suggest that we satisfy them now. Which one would you like, Jim?"

Jim was confused by the question and took awhile to answer. "I'll start with Laura," was his clumsy response. She was furious at this lame answer. She would have preferred to hear him say something like "Laura is the only one for me." But instead, she found herself being declared to be an appetizer. Each girl ended up being impaled. And then the two men traded and each was impaled again. Diana took advantage of available feminine tongues and also enjoyed the evening.

Chapter 8: Equus

Rose and Laura were given another surprise the next morning. In fact, the entire day would turn out to be a series of surprises. The first one was discovered when they woke up. They had gone to bed wrapped in each other's arms like lovers. They awakened, however, to find their wrists bound behind their backs. At least they were each facing one another so that they could kiss each other good morning.

They were not released, although they were fed breakfast by their two owners. Fortunately, Benjamin and Diana were capable feeders and only a few crumbs landed on the naked breasts of the two captives.

The second surprise came in the form of their transportation. Laura had known that they would be pony girls for the weekend. She hadn't realized, however, how far some people would take this concept. When she and Rose were led outside, they were quickly ushered into a horse trailer and fastened securely inside so that neither would fall or become injured.

"Guess we're really ponies," said Laura as she rolled her eyes.

"Guess so. I just hope that they ease up on the oats."

"They're feeding you oats?!?!" asked a shocked Laura.

"Wait!!!" exclaimed Rose. "What are they feeding you?"

"Pretty much whatever I want," grinned Laura as she leaned across and kissed Rose on the tip of her nose.

"Bitch!"

After a jostling ride in the trailer, they arrived at the destination.

Benjamin opened the door by letting down the ramp and then turned the two girls over to a man who was given instructions to prepare them for the parade. Leashes were attached to their collars after they were unfastened from their bindings in the trailer and they were led off by their new keeper.

"Where are we going?" asked Rose. This was met by a sudden stop and a swift strike with the man's crop. Without saying a word, he started walking again, tugging the two girls behind him. Neither Rose nor Laura said another word.

They entered a barn-like structure, but it was unlike any barn that the girls had ever seen or read about. Along one wall was a row of stalls, like one would expect in any barn. But that is where the comparison ended. On the other wall was a row of vanity seats, complete with mirrors and cosmetics. In the middle of the barn was a hot-tub with several girls lounging and giggling. To Laura, it appeared more like a harem than a barn.

Their silent keeper led them through the barn to a well-appointed shower room and pushed them in. "Scrub up. The parade starts in less than an hour."

Laura and Rose looked around for a moment and then turned the showers on so that they did not feel the sting of the crop again. They helped themselves shampoo and wash and then they towed each other off. When they stepped out of the shower room, they were met by another man who led them to their vanity

tables. Just before leaving, the man gave Rose a slap on her bottom and laughed. "I'll be looking for you later.

You look like a spirited filly."

Two girls were waiting for them and they used hairdryers to style their hair into full, flowing manes. Then, the two girls efficiently applied a minimum amount of makeup and then hurried them on their way.

Their next stop was to be fitted into their harnesses. Leather straps were wrapped and fastened around their waists. More straps fitted over their shoulders. Finally, all of the straps were brought together in front of them and started to fit together. It took a lot of tugging to get their full breasts through the circle of straps on their chests, but eventually, they had been fitted. Then they were attached to the cart and led out to their owners.

"Just in time" declared Diana. "I thought we were going to miss the parade." Diana and Benjamin climbed into the carriage and, with the crack of the whip on each naked bottom, the two girls snapped into motion and followed the directions indicated by the tugs on their reins.

The carriage was steered through a throng of people who cheered all of the ponies and owners. Laura could see at least a dozen carriages in front of her and had no idea how many were behind her. She furtively glanced at the throng from time to time but after she saw two people who she recognized, she stopped looking and hoped that they did not recognize her. She thought to herself that this must be one of the reasons that horses were provided with blinders.

The first one who she saw was a client of her husband's. She remembered being dragged to dinner by Jim and having a miserable night.

Fortunately, he was busy fondling some other poor woman and she was sure that the guy didn't see her. The second one was the nurse who had taken care of her after Kaitlin's birth. She was surprised that someone in the healthcare profession would be into something like this.

She was even more surprised to see a male slave kneeling at her feet.

And she was mortified when she saw the nurse staring at her quizzically as she trotted by, as if she were trying to match the face with her prior experience. Laura only hoped that the woman had a poor memory.

Gentle taps with the whip urged the two girls along through the crowd.

Laura was feeling very self-conscious and was hunching down as if to make herself less visible. This drew a couple of less gentle taps with the whip and urged a couple of yelps out of Laura. Finally, they were driven to a gateway.

"If we're going to be slaves, let's at least be proud ones," whispered Rose as they stood waiting to go through the gateway.

"How do we do that?" whispered Laura in response, keeping her head pointed forward so that her owners would not suspect that the two slaves were talking.

"You have always been a proud slave for me. Let's show them how slaves can have dignity and spirit."

"Yes Mistress," replied Laura with a smile on her face.

When it was their turn, the two naked girls pulled their owners into the arena and trotted proudly around the track. Their heads were held high and their chests were puffed out to let everyone watching know that they were slaves with dignity.

They spent the rest of the afternoon kneeling at the feet of Benjamin and Diana, watching events. They knew that they had been entered into some of the competitions, but those would occur on the second and third days. This day, they watched the first two events of the week. The dressage event was spectacular, even to the naked and kneeling slavegirls. The grace and precision of the ponygirls was not to be believed. Laura only hoped that Benjamin and Diana wouldn't think less of her after seeing those slaves moving so elegantly through the dressage. The second event was the six-pony race. Seven carriages were raced, each with six ponygirls attached to pull them. Laura was amazed that anyone could own six girls, let alone train them to race like that.

That evening, the two girls were taken back to the barn and placed in a stall. Their only bed was the straw on the floor, but they managed to make themselves a nest before wrapping their arms around one another and drifting off to sleep.

Day two of the Equus was when Rose and Laura were expected to shine. In the morning, they were again sent to the vanity tables and prepared.

Hair was coiffed. Cheeks were rouged. Eyes were enhanced. Even their nipples were painted. It was clear that they were to be on display.

After being squeezed into their harnesses again, they were led out of the barn to be attached to a cart. Diana was to be their driver and they both knew that they were in for a hard time. Diana did not tend to spare the whip.

The gun sounded and Laura was the first one to feel the whip. "Run" she shouted to Rose. The two of them ran for all they were worth but only found themselves in the middle of the pack at the first turn.

The whip swooshed through the air again and caught Rose on her upper thigh, evoking a shriek from the wounded slavegirl. "Shut up," exclaimed a determined Laura. "Just keep running. We can get these guys!"

Rose started to focus more and the two girls did narrow the lead. The next turn was negotiated and Laura and Rose moved past two more competitors. Finally, they were in the home stretch and there was only one team in front of them.

"Give you an orgasm if we beat them," panted Rose.

"You're on," gasped Laura in response. The two of them started driving faster and left the other competitor far behind by the time the finish line was reached. Both girls felt like collapsing but, instead, just bent over and tried to rub against each other.

Benjamin and Diana were at the winner's circle to accept the roses, which irked Laura to no end. They hadn't done anything, but they were accepting the prize! Then, to add insult to injury, Diana turned the two winning girls over to a stable hand who led them back to be "cooled down and rested."

"You can rest me," thought Laura, "but there's no way you are going to cool me down about this." Nevertheless, she followed the boy and enjoyed her time in the hot tub.

In the afternoon, the girls were back on the track but were not attached to a cart. This was the "Derby." Laura and Rose were going to be racing against each other for a mile, along with about twenty other girls. Laura looked over the competition and shuddered as she saw the glares looking back at her. Fortunately, Rose was lined up next to her, which gave her some level of comfort. Each girl had a number painted on her rump and, while the judges were busy painting on the numbers, Laura leaned over again and kissed Rose. "I love you. But I hope that I beat you."

"Only in your dreams," smiled Rose. "And I love you too."

The race was over quickly. Laura and Rose left the others behind and it became a two-pony event. They traded leads frequently but, in the end, it was Laura who came in first. Rose was only footsteps away. A very proud Benjamin and Diana accepted the roses again. And a very disgruntled Laura was led back to the barn with her partner, Rose.

"At least we are allowed to share a stall," said Rose as they cuddled together that night. "That's something, isn't it?"

" Hmmmppphhhh !" was all that Laura said in reply. And then, after several minutes she said, "I thought that you were the dominant one. Why are you so happy when we do all of the work and they get all of the recognition?"

Rose wrapped her arms around Laura and kissed her. "I am the dominant one, little one. And don't you ever forget it. But I find this fun. This is a whole new experience for me. I'm enjoying tasting the other side."

Laura just groaned and rolled over letting Rose spoon against her back.

Chapter 9: Feast Day

Laura and Rose continued to be the hits of Equus . On the third day, Laura won the steeplechase and Rose came in second. Rose won the form judging, which was limited to the winners of the athletic events and was based on the femininity of the contestants, and Laura came in second. Again, they were stabled together and this night they made love. There was no competition between them. They were simply two slavegirls in love.

Then, it was Feast Day. Rose had been dreading this day for weeks, but she knew that she had to go through with it. She had no choice. Rose and Laura were collected in the late morning, which allowed them to lounge around in their love-haven of straw for much of the day. The man who collected them took them directly to Maggie's room, where she was imperiously seated in a chair as if it were her throne.

"My pretty slavegirls ," she smiled. "I have been looking forward to this day for a long time. Have you been looking forward to it too?"

Laura waited for Rose to respond to her mother but when she realized that Rose was not going to say anything, Laura piped up, "Yes Mistress."

Maggie leaned forward and cupped Laura's chin in her hand, tilting Laura's face up. "You are such a good girl. And I'm sure that you are such a good influence on my daughter. I saw that the two of you won all sorts of awards. You even beat my two girls in the steeplechase."

"But now I have two new girls for the day. And I'm sure that you will make me very proud."

"What's the plan for the day, Mom?" asked Rose.

"No plan, really. We'll just go with the flow. I thought we could participate in the games this afternoon and then you can lead me into the feast later."

"Games?" asked Rose, curiously.

"Yes, games," replied Maggie. "Just a bit of fun that we have every year on feast day. I'm not sure what the games will be, though. They dream up new ones each year."

"Oh," said Rose, pensively. "I'm not sure I'm going to like this."

"Lighten up, baby doll. It'll be fun."

"Yeah, sure," muttered Rose. This was met swiftly with the sting of the crop.

"What was that?"

"Sorry. Yeah, sure Mistress," Rose quickly replied.

"Better."

Laura and Rose did not have much more opportunity to get into trouble with Maggie. They spent a half hour kneeling in Maggie's room as the mistress prepared for the outing. The two girls discovered that one of the beauties of being kept naked is not having to worry about what to wear as they watched Maggie try on outfit after outfit. Finally, Maggie was pleased with the look and she led the two slavegirls out to the fun events of the afternoon.

Each girl was entered in a different event. It seemed that this year's theme was "County Fair," which sounded innocent enough but turned out to be rather humiliating. Rose was entered into the game of "Pin the Tail on the Donkey." But this game was a bit different from the version that school children play. In this game, Rose was blindfolded and she was the donkey. All around her, sitting in chairs or on stools were the contestants. Rose was kept moving around all of the contestants by the referee who would strike her with a whip whenever she stopped moving or whenever she got too close to moving out of range of the contestants. A player won when they were able to lodge a butt plug with a tail attached into her rectum. There was a lot of squealing on the part of Rose and a lot of laughter on the part of the contestants. But during the two hours that were played, the donkey got tailed three times. The prize for the winner was to be serviced by the donkey. Rose ended up getting fucked twice and had to service another woman the other time.

Laura had an equally humiliating experience. She was entered into the greased pig contest. And she was the pig. After several gallons of oil were poured over the top of her head, she was turned loose in a large fenced-in area. One at a time, contestants were allowed into the play area and were given two minutes to catch her. They got her quickly the first time, before she really understood what was going on.

The winner took advantage of her being so well-oiled and enjoyed anal sex with her. That disgusting episode gave her the resolve to run and squeal and wiggle and turn in ways that made her almost impossible to catch. But, in the end, another person did catch her and she ended up being fucked as the winner's prize.

A weary and bedraggled pair of slavegirls were hosed down before being returned to Maggie, who led them back to her room. They were allowed to bathe together and to take a short nap, which they did wrapped in each other's arms. After the sun had set, they were awakened and sent to the stables again to be prepared for the feast.

At the stables, they were fitted with the tack that Maggie had ordered.

An elaborate array of finely crafted straps were wrapped and tightened around the two girls. Over the shoulders, around the waist, between the legs they were wound. Straps went between the full, proud breasts and other straps went around their bases. Those straps were not tight, but they did serve to make the breasts stand out even more proudly. When the attendants had finished with the harnesses, the girls were seated at makeup tables where their hair was fixed in French braids and then selected cosmetics were lightly applied. The next step was the bridle, which was fitted around each girl's head and adjusted to let the braid flow freely. Then the bit was placed between feminine teeth and the whole assembly was tightened, letting each slavegirl know exactly how captive they were. The final step before leading the girls to mirrors was the placement of the tails. Each girl was bent at the waist and, unceremoniously, the butt plugs were inserted, causing each girl to gasp in unison.

Finally, they were led to the mirror and stood before it, side by side.

Another gasp emerged from the bitted lips as they saw the transformation that had occurred. Standing before them were two exotic and highly erotic creatures. The straps seemed to accentuate every curve and drew one's attention to all of the right places. Breasts seemed to be offered for play or tasting. Their shaven sexes were framed by straps as if they were meant to be on display.

They discovered that they each had brightly colored ostrich plumes rising from their bridles and, when they turned slightly, they saw that they indeed had tails that perfectly matched their hair color.

Laura reached out and ran her fingers lightly over many of Rose's straps. " Ooo ook roofuu " she mumbled past the bit as she tried to tell Rose that she looked beautiful.

" Ooo oo oo " replied an equally unintelligible Rose, returning the compliment. After several moments, the attendants grasped each girl by an upper

arm and led them away. "Enough admiring each other. Now it's time for the guests to admire you."

Rose and Laura were led to a small cart and the attendants positioned them appropriately. Then more straps were used, along with several snap hooks to secure them in place. It was actually more like a chariot than a cart. The rider would be standing as the girls pulled the cart wherever it was supposed to go. Rose groaned when she realized that the rider, and their driver, would be her mother. This would be hard to live down.

Once the attendants were satisfied with their work, they stood in front of the girls and held out their hands. "This is my favorite part," one declared. "The reins," smiled the other.

Laura groaned as she saw the clamps contained in each hand with long leather thongs dangling from each clamp. The attendants reached out and flicked each pair of nipples, causing them to stiffen even more and stand out as if in invitation to the clamps. Then the clamps were applied, causing winces and gasps and yelps, before the reins were led back to where the driver would stand. After securing the reins, one of the attendants led the two ponygirls out into the sunlight to find their owner.

Maggie was standing and talking with a couple when the attendant found her. "Oh here are my lovelies," she exclaimed as she saw the cart and its ponies approaching. "Don't you think they are beautiful?" she asked of the couple.

"Exquisite," replied the male.

"Absolutely divine," responded the female. "And a perfectly matched pair. Where did you find them."

Maggie laughed. "Well, they are just on loan. They belong to the Holcombs , but I traded for them for the day. This one is such a beautiful creature," she went on as she rubbed the back of her fingers across Laura's cheek. "She is still new to all of this, but I could easily see owning her myself." This caused a chill to snake down Laura's spine.

"And this one," she said as she moved next to Rose, reaching up to lift one of the full captive breasts in her palm, "is someone you might recognize. She has been in the scene before, but never in this capacity. She's always been one of the owners in the past."

"Oh my god!" exclaimed the woman. "Is that Rose? It is!!!"

"Yep. This is Rose," smiled Maggie. "Makes a beautiful slavegirl , doesn't she?"

"Oh my gosh, Maggie," the woman went on. "You have enslaved your own daughter?"

"No, not at all. She enslaved herself to the Holcombs . Seems she couldn't keep her hands off of this other dear pet. So she traded herself to be able to occasionally enjoy Laura. I just took advantage of the situation to teach her a few lessons myself."

"You never cease to amaze me, Maggie," chuckled the man. "Sounds like you are going to have a lot of fun this evening."

"I intend to," smiled Maggie again. "Should be interesting for all three of us."

Laura rolled her eyes at that comment and Rose simply closed hers, wishing that she were anywhere on earth but here. With that, Maggie climbed into her chariot and gave a snap to the reins, signaling the girls that it was time to move. They stepped forward in unison and Maggie was off to the feast.

Maggie led her beautiful ponies through the crowd to the sounds of many oos and aahhs before arriving at the track. There, they were met by at least a dozen other carts of various designs, each with its own ponygirl propulsion. A slow parade began and the owners drove their carts around the track twice to let the assembled crowd admire the beauty of the Equus . Finally, the parade was finished, and Maggie drove the girls to where the meal was being served and unhitched them from the cart.

"Come, girls" she said as she led them by their clamped nipples, choosing to leave their reins on for the time being. Laura and Rose obediently followed their owner until she was seated. Then, each one knelt beside her acting like bookends while she behaved as if she were sitting on a throne.

Each diner had at least one slave kneeling beside him or her. The meal was served in courses and, when each course was announced, the slaves were expected to rise and fetch the food for their owners. Maggie tapped Rose on the head to indicate that she would be serving the first course. When Rose got up, Maggie leaned down to Laura and whispered. "I think you could make yourself useful beneath the table. Let me loosen that bit so that your tongue can work." Laura blushed as she realized that Maggie wanted her to crawl beneath the table and service her. But she was thankful to finally get that horrible bit out of her mouth. She went dutifully to work and pleased Maggie as she was eating.

After three courses, and two orgasms, Maggie tugged on the reins, sending a sharp pain through each of Laura's breasts. She correctly interpreted the tugs as an

indication that she was finished servicing her mistress and crawled out to kneel beside Maggie again.

"Time to switch now," explained Maggie.

"Rut?" mumbled the still-bitted Rose.

Maggie just smiled and patted Rose on the top of her head. "You heard me slavegirl . Now get under the table and I will remove your bit."

Rose turned a deep shade of red but soon found herself beneath the table with her face buried in Maggie's crotch. Despite the humiliation of servicing her own mother, she quickly realized that she had better do a good job or be ready to suffer the consequences. And who knew what kinds of diabolical things her mother was capable of. So she got her tongue working and tried to imagine that it was Laura instead of Maggie that she was pleasuring.

The rest of feast day was uneventful. After the meal was over and Maggie had enjoyed multiple orgasms, she summoned the attendants who returned the girls to their stall in the stables. Their tack was removed and they were allowed to comfort each other until the next day.

Chapter 9: The Auction

Benjamin and Diana came for the two girls the next morning. While they were not allowed any clothes, at least Rose and Laura did not have to be bound or strapped up in pony tack. They were instead, led to a patio where they were allowed to sit in chairs to eat their breakfast.

"We have wonderful news, girls," gushed Diana.

"What is that, Mistress?" asked Laura.

"Well, we were afraid that you were going to have to pass on the main event of the Equus . But we were finally able to make the necessary arrangements last night. So you two will get to participate. And I'm sure that you'll be the hits of the event."

"What event is that?" asked Rose.

"The auction," replied Benjamin before taking another bite of his omelet.

"What?!?!?!!" exclaimed the two girls in concert.

"I knew you'd be pleased," smiled Diana. "Isn't it just so exciting?"

"Pleased? Who's pleased?" gasped Rose. "This is a disaster."

"I don't understand," said a genuinely concerned Diana. "I thought that the two of you would relish the opportunity to expand your horizons and continue this delicious life you have been living."

Laura opened her mouth to say something but could not think of anything that would make any sense.

"I know it's not as great as becoming a full-time slave forever. But the extra month should be lots of fun for the two of you."

"A month?" gasped Laura.

"Oh god," muttered Rose.

"I can't do this for a month. I have obligations. I have a family. I have a life!" exclaimed Laura.

"But that's what has been taken care of, girls. That's what I have been talking about. We have arranged it all for you."

"Why? How? What do you mean?" stammered Laura.

"We spoke with Jim last night. He is fine with the arrangement, as long as it doesn't last more than a week," explained Benjamin. Laura listened in disbelief.

"And we spoke with your mother last night also, Rose," Diana went on. She has agreed that you can be auctioned off for a month also. She will have someone look after your house."

Neither girl knew whether they should scream or run or simply faint. Perhaps fainting would have been the easiest way to get out of the situation but, unfortunately, neither girl did pass out.

"And we have decided to sell the two of you together. You are lot number 7. Won't this be fun? And besides, all of the proceeds go to charity."

A speechless pair of slavegirls were then led into the hall to be prepared for the auction. They were bathed and primped and pampered, but never clothed. A dozen other girls and even a few males were being similarly prepared, but this did not nearly represent all of the slaves who had been present at the Equus .

"Why aren't there more being sold today?" asked Rose as her hair was being combed out.

"Well only the winners are allowed to be sold, for one thing," explained the naked girl standing behind her. "And some of the girls aren't available to be sold because of either job or family or other commitments. You two are so lucky," she gushed as she went on. "I watched you win all kinds of awards this week. I'm sure that you will go for a king's ransom. Are you excited?"

"Sure," muttered Rose as she closed her eyes, looking for an escape from her latest humiliation. She wondered if it would be possible for someone to disown their mother.

After they were both prepared, each had a bright blue "7" painted on their rump to indicate their lot number. Then they waited in line as numbers "1" through "6" were led up and sold.

"Now we have a beautiful pair," explained the auctioneer as Rose and Laura were led onto the stage. "Get out your checkbooks and let the ink flow freely, because these two girls get sold together and I can assure you that they won't go cheap. I'm expecting a new Equus record to be set today."

"Beautiful structure and form," he went on as he turned them together so that they could be inspected from all sides.

"Quite the athletic ones, as you no doubt saw during the events from earlier this week. Medal winners in every event they were entered in."

He ran his hands down their flanks and legs as he said this.

"Skin like satin," he went on, let his fingers dance over their bellies arms and cheeks. "They will make someone or someones very happy for the next month." Laura whimpered as she tried to imagine spending a full month of slavery.

He turned the girls facing one another in profile to the audience. Then he stood between them and lifted a breast from each of them bouncing them lightly in his palms to show the audience how firm they were. "Totally matched pair, both in size and sensitivity. True wonders. Plus, this one is lactating, for those of you who like your tea lightened."

Several more comments were made and then the bidding began. Laura could see hands being raised and motions being made by those in the audience, but she could not make out the faces because of the glare of the lights and how fast the motions were. Finally, the bidding stopped at \$750,000, which was more than double the previous Equus record, and the two girls had a new owner, at least for the next month.

A very dazed Rose and Laura were led from the stage to the delivery table. There, the numbers were wiped off their flanks and their hands were bound behind their backs. Laura was whimpering and resting her head on Rose's shoulder when Maggie walked up to them.

"How could you let them sell me, Mother?" asked an indignant Rose.

"Simple, baby doll," said Maggie with a smile. "You wanted to be a slave, so I'm letting you. And I wanted slaves, so I bought you."

"You bought us?!?!?" shrieked Rose.

"Yep. I own the two of you lock stock and barrel."

"Oh god I think I'm going to die," groaned Rose.

"This can't be happening," whimpered Laura. She imagined a never ending series of extensions to her slavery, but also felt a thrill rushing through her body at the same time. "Well maybe it is happening for a reason," she thought.