

Full Dressage

*Part-Three of the “Subjugated Samuel” Female Domination
Series*

An Adult Femdom Experience

By
Miss Irene Clearmont

Copyright © 2017. All rights reserved

This adaptation may not be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

All rights reserved

FDC Publications

© 2017 Miss Irene Clearmont

The right of Miss Irene Clearmont to be identified as author and adapter of this work has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

For publisher information contact

Publisher Website: www.FemDomcave.Com

Publisher Email:

For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont: www.MissIreneClearmont.com

Email Comments: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

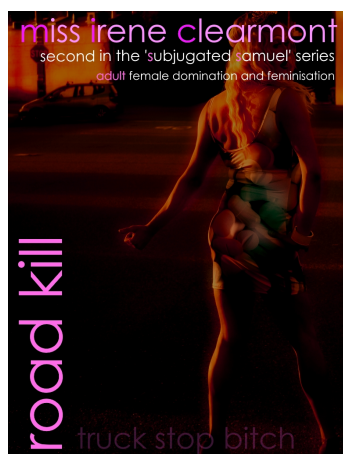
Subjugating Samuel: The Series

'Full Dressage' is the third episode in the 'Subjugated Samuel' series. It follows Samuel through various female-dominated misadventures in the USA. The first in the series is 'Plaything', the second is 'Road Kill'.



Part 1 Plaything:

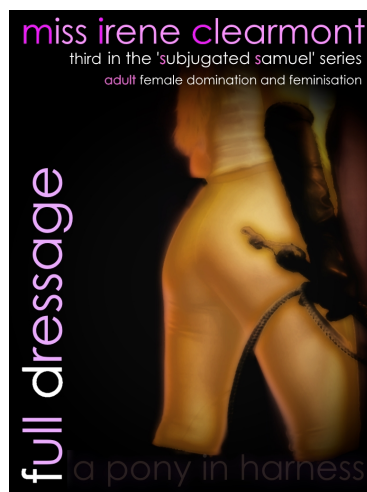
Samuel, a young man from a relatively wealthy Spanish family takes a trip to the USA from coast to coast. Hiking and bussing his way west. Stopping on impulse in Reno on his way to San Francisco, he falls into the grip of the immoral Miss Harriman who offers him casual work that soon becomes captivity. After amusing herself by feminising him, Miss Harriman releases him at the Snake Ranch.



Part 2 Road Kill:

The Snake Ranch is a truck-stop brothel, where Samuel spends a traumatic three days in the hands of Miss Crystal, before he finds Layla, a female trucker who *seemingly* aids his escape. Layla is not at all what she seems, but a smuggler of immigrants who sells him to a certain Mistress Isabella. A woman who has something completely different in mind for the feminised Samuel.

Now catch up...



Samuel and Mistress Isabella turned the end of the truck where a small two-wheeled trap stood in the sun's shadow. Tethered to the front, standing patiently were two men in harness that stared forward between their blinkers as they awaited their Mistress to mount.

Samuel looked at the woman who had bought him, the slight smile on her lips and then back to the men who stood still before the carriage.

"We'll have you in the traces in double quick time," chuckled Mistress Isabella as she hitched Samuel's lead to a hook at the back of the trap. "Either that, or in the parlour, of course!"

She laid the crop onto the seat beside her and took up the long whip that stood to her side.

The small carriage swayed as Mistress Isabella settled and then, with a twitch of the whip in her gloved hand, the two stallions moved off at a smart, high-stepping trot...

Full Dressage

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

Chapter One

Episode One

The trap moved away.

The leash from Samuel's collar to the hook at the back snapped taut and he was forced to a jog as the small trap turned before moving from the luxurious villa. Just a few steps behind the rattling small carriage Samuel could see Miss Isabella's tightly braided hair on which perched a low top hat tied with a black ribbon. That and the long riding whip that flicked occasionally as she guided the two stallions that pulled her.

Luckily for Samuel the carriage slowed to a patient walk and Samuel was able to balance on his high heels as they moved from the shady palms and watered gardens of Miss Isabella's villa and into a scratchy bare scrub through which the dusty track wended its way. Sweat ran from him in the hot sun and his thighs ached from the unaccustomed exercise. The track curved slowly to face his eyes to the blazing sun and he could do nothing but watch the slender wheels turn as the miles went by.

The heel on his left shoe suddenly broke free and Samuel tripped and fell to the path. For a few moments, he was dragged in the dust and gravel before the trap came to a halt and Miss Isabella leaned back to look down at her hapless new acquisition. Her arm leaned on the padded back of her seat and a gloved hand gestured.

"Take them off and throw them away," she directed.

Samuel's hands pulled at the straps at his ankles while Miss Isabella waited patiently. As the broken shoe came from his foot, he cast a glance across the vista. In the distance, the white of the villa, a few scattered bushes and the endless ochre of the wastelands that ran to the horizon in all directions.

"Up you get, boy! We have another few miles..."

Samuel stood panting.

He could see the black plumes on the heads of Miss Isabella's human stallions nodding in the slight breeze and then the whip flicked and once

again they were in motion. Now every step had to be calculated and taken with care. Small stones that hurt the soles of his feet and the occasional larger one embedded in the surface of the track that threatened to stub his toes. With his eyes on the road that appeared from under the body of the carriage, he stepped carefully as the pace picked up and they were moving at a steady slow canter.

His eyes took in the casual way that his leash had been thrown over the hook at the back of the carriage. Easily undone, easily slipped free, but where was there to go? In the middle of a wilderness miles from anywhere! Miss Isabella never looked back, she just sat ramrod-straight on her seat and urged on her stallions at a steady trot, while in the dust behind, Samuel half-ran to keep up.

The surface changed. One moment the dust and stones of the wasteland, the next, smooth cobbles over which the wheels of the carriage rasped with a metallic ringing. Samuel looked around as the trap came to a halt and found that he was in a courtyard surrounded on three sides with low adobe buildings painted a blinding white and electric blue.

Miss Isabella planted the whip in the holder by her seat as a tall black woman in tight riding gear stepped from the entrance of the nearest building and approached the trap. She offered a hand as Miss Isabella dismounted and stepped down to the cobbles.

"Get them taken for a gallop, they are getting lazy," she commented as she picked up the short crop on the seat beside her. "This is the new one, have it taken to a stall and harnessed..."

Samuel was suddenly self-conscious. In his dusty skirt, short tight T shirt and bare feet he looked at the ground in embarrassment as the black woman nodded and stepped up to inspect him.

"Not much meat on it, not ideal material," she said as she walked around Samuel. "Perhaps it should be in the parlour?"

"We'll decide later," said Miss Isabella. "Just get it in a caged paddock for now. I am more interested in discussing the display-pair that are being prepared for the Phoenix show."

Now, the woman was standing in front of Samuel. She extended a gloved hand and lifted his chin and he blushed at her inspection of him. In turn, he admired her figure and felt a lump in his throat and a slight swelling between his thighs. Knee high-heeled black boots, tight riding denims that were so tight that he was sure that he could make out the cleft of her pussy and a white blouse that was stretched over narrow waist and mountainous breasts.

"Not the best that I've seen," she commented. "But, we'll make something of it in short order. Who was the previous owner?"

She stooped slightly, lifted his skirt and inspected the brand and tattoo between Samuel's thighs, moving his little cock to one side with the back of her hand to see the ownership marks.

"H?" she said. "I don't recognise the brand..."

"Only used as a domestic, Ellie," said Miss Isabella. "A certain Miss Harriman up in Reno. Update the central registry using my name and mark him as 'estate duties' for the moment. Now then, we can't stand in the sun all day!" she continued. "Get Josie to take the stallions for a gallop and get the latest pony into a stall and we'll have a chat about Phoenix..."

Ellie took Samuel's leash in her hand and followed her mistress into the building. The room was cool, an office space. Samuel found his leash being passed to a young girl wearing jeans and a bikini top who nodded to the instructions given her and led Samuel back into the courtyard where another woman was mounting in Miss Isabella's place on the trap and taking the whip in hand.

Episode Two

"Five miles or more," called the young girl leading Samuel to the woman who was on the carriage. "To Indian Forks and back..."

The whip cracked in the air once, and then again, on the shoulders of one of the men in harness before the trap left the courtyard at a gallop in a plume of dust and the sound of the whip being applied equally to both stallions.

"I'm Miss Josephine," she said as she led Samuel from the courtyard to where a row of low adobe buildings stood around a sandy court. "You are under my strict supervision until you graduate. I expect more than a little effort from you and you should bear in mind that my recommendations for your use are usually followed through... You do understand English?"

They were standing before a heavy wooden door to one of the buildings and she stopped to turn to face Samuel. He was painfully aware of being caked in dust, the erection that lifted his skirt and the sweat that ran in rivulets from his breasts to soak his T shirt.

He nodded.

"Good," she said. "Miss Isabella's stables have a reputation that is maintained through strict training, total obedience and quality merchandise. We sell to the wealthiest of pony devotees around the world at prices that reflect our standing as winners of trophies in all the major competitions. Only a quarter of our novices are sold, the rest find that the price of failure is severe!"

Samuel looked down at his sore and cut feet and the small erection that jutted from his thighs and then back upwards. Samuel found himself staring into Miss Josephine's décolletage and he quickly looked away, down to the red painted nails that showed at the toes of her mules.

"I have a box ready for you..." she said.

The door swung open at her touch revealing a dark interior. Cool tiles on the floor and a short corridor of barred stalls that ran along one side. Miss Josephine led Samuel away from the stalls and he found himself in a tiled room.

"Strip and let's get you cleaned up," said Miss Josephine.

Samuel stripped off the short skirt and T shirt and turned to find that Miss Josephine had a hose in her hand. As soon as he looked up, the water sprayed and he gasped at the cold. Miss Josephine ordered him to turn and systematically hosed him from head to toe, washing away the dust and sweat before she directed the jet of water at ass and groin.

"That's better," she said in satisfaction as he stood shivering and the water swirled around his feet. "Now you look a little more presentable! A light training harness and then you go to your stall..."

She crooked a finger and Samuel followed her. Somehow the damp patches on her jeans and the drips of water down from her hair enhanced her appeal and Samuel found himself longing to see her breasts again as he was led to a room where the walls were hung with whips, straps and harness. The centre of the room was taken up by a padded bench at waist height and Samuel shivered when he realised that it was similar to the whipping bench in Miss Harriman's villa, down to the shackles that were welded to the eyes on the base.

"Stand still," said Miss Josephine to the dripping Samuel and she moved to the walls and pulled a few items to hand. "A light training harness to start with..."

She turned to face him and Samuel could not help admiring the young girl that held leather straps and steel fetters in her hands. The front of her bikini top was soaked with the spray of the hose and dark patches from thighs down patched her jeans. Samuel saw the hard nipples under the thin fabric of her top and then looked down at his own small breasts.

"Don't worry, most patrons prefer something a little more obvious," she smiled. "I expect that you'll be modified to suit the tastes of your future owner. Now then, open your legs wide and let's get you in harness."

The 'light training harness' was a mass of straps and closures that soon engulfed Samuel. A wide collar that cupped his chin and rested on his shoulders, criss-cross leather straps that parted his small breasts and a corset that pulled his waist in and buckled to the harness.

"Now then, hands behind your back..."

Samuel felt her grasp his wrists and two shackles being clicked into place before Miss Josephine moved behind him and slowly pulled his arms upward. He grunted in the discomfort and bowed to her pull before, with a sudden movement, she moved his wrists under and round and lifted them high up his back.

"Stand still!" came her voice from behind him. "I have to tighten it properly..."

Another wrench brought a small whimper from Samuel as her hands pulled again and a click marked the moment when his wrists were clipped to his collar.

"There, that's better! Just a few more and then it's all done... My little pony."

Samuel straightened. His shoulders felt almost dislocated, the palms of his hands were pressed together by the tightness of the straps and he felt Miss Josephine carefully tie each finger to the matching finger of the other hand.

"Good boy," said Miss Josephine. "Now then, open wide..."

Her hands touched his thighs momentarily and he felt her pull two wide straps around his thighs and click locks into place. Samuel felt her hands squeeze his thighs and she chuckled.

"What's this?" she asked as fingers moved upwards and fondled him. "All in harness and the little pony wants to frolic?"

Samuel could feel her fingers exploring his cock and could not help twitching his thighs as she cupped his balls. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Does the little pony want to be played with?"

Samuel dared to nod slightly and she chuckled as her fingers closed around him and slowly moved to and fro. A thumb rubbed the tip of him and the other hand slipped between his thighs and pushed through the crack of his ass.

"You are so sweet, maybe you'll make it as a filly... we'll need to find you a buyer."

Samuel whimpered as the tip of a finger pushed slowly into him from behind and her hand slowly closed to grip him and cause him to shiver with anticipation.

"A pretty little mare to pull a wealthy Madame's carriage," she murmured. "is that what you want? To have the touch of a whip while that little cock wants to be milked slowly between her breasts?"

The finger in Samuel's rear moved slightly and withdrew and the palm that enclosed him opened before her fingers flicked at him.

"We do train a few ponies to be played with," she laughed. "If you do well, that may be what I recommend... is that what you want?"

Samuel, coming from the brink of climax, felt his eyes fill with tears and he nodded and whined piteously. Her fingers moved the steel ring that still pinched his balls and played with it.

"This can stay on," she decided. "It will make those little balls hang nice and low. Now all you must do, is prove to me that you are perfect as a pretty pony slave and you might just find yourself living in that dream," said Miss Josephine. "Just try hard enough, my little filly and I'll see what I can do to make it come true!"

Her hands picked up some more straps and he felt her hands on him. Guiding his erect prick, forcing his balls into restraint and clipping it to the straps on his thighs.

"Can't have you playing with yourself..." she muttered as she locked something tight between his thighs and pulled a cinch tight. "That's a privilege that you have to earn through hard-work!"

Still barefoot, but with ankles restricted with a short chain at his ankles, Miss Josephine led her charge back to the row of barred stalls. The click of her heels and the sound of her voice brought their occupants to the front of each stall and Samuel caught glimpses of masked faces, muscular bodies, bared breasts and, in one stall, a woman pinned to a huge cross that stretched her with arms and legs at full stretch.

"This is your home for now," announced Miss Josephine as she opened the bottom section of a small barred gate that was just waist-high opening in the bars of the stall. "In you go..."

Samuel crouched down to enter the cage.

With his hands high behind his back, Samuel dipped through the entrance and found himself in a bare cell with a high barred window that showed a small patch of sky. The barred entrance closed with a clank and Miss Josephine closed a padlock with a click.

"I am going to have fun training you," she announced as she stood looking at Samuel standing behind the bars. "In two months, you'll be on the block, up for auction..."

As she spoke, her hands disappeared behind her back and she slowly slipped off the bikini-top to allow Samuel to see her rounded breasts. One hand slipped down the waistband of her damp jeans while the other teased the hard nipples that stood between her fingers.

"All you have to do, is prove to me that you can be trained..."

Miss Josephine gasped as she climaxed, the faces of all of her trainees pressed against the bars of their stalls as she unselfconsciously showed

them all the gratification she nursed from having them all under her *complete* control.

Episode Three

No bed to lie on, just a heap of fresh dry hay in the corner of his cell.

Samuel watched Miss Josephine leave the corridor of stalls, and the door closed making the small window, high over his head, the only source of light. He inspected the cell, moving his shoulders to try to relieve the strain as he stooped a little to find that the corset and collar had been exactly designed to prevent him getting comfortable. Every step seemed to tear at his arms and wrists, so he stood and turned slowly on his heels.

Each stall was separated with bars that allowed the occupants to see each other. On one side was the woman on her cross, on the other was a man that carefully sat down with his back to the wall. Samuel took a step to the bars and stared at the figure that hung on the cross. He wondered what she had done to invite such a punishment.

Her face was in a tight mask, the eyeholes zipped tightly closed, the mouth framed by a metal ring, which was itself stoppered by a plug from which a short chain dangled. Her large breasts hung free, the nipples ringed with heavy steel hoops on which dangled small weights. Tubes ran between her legs, but Samuel could not see where they ended except that they snaked across the floor to a metal box on which flashed a small red light. Her feet rested on blocks to support her weight, but the punishment boots that she wore were locked by steel bands to the wood of the cross like her wrists.

Samuel's eyes got accustomed to the gloom and he turned to see the man sitting in the next cell. As he did so, he saw that the back wall of his own cell was equipped with a similar cross to the cell next door, as was every cell he could see. He stepped back from the wooden punishment cross, as if coming too close might invite a similar punishment.

The man in the next cell was harnessed in much the same way as Samuel. He watched Samuel and then looked away and upward and Samuel followed his gaze to see a camera poised outside his cell looking down at him. Every move that Samuel made was watched and who knew what was considered an offence in this place? He moved carefully to the pile of soft hay and slid to a seated position.

The few steps caused him to gasp with discomfort and the effort of lowering himself was excruciating. Only when he was finally seated with his back to the bars of the man's stall did he realise that getting to a standing position would be so much worse, and he sat in the hay and wept.

His months in the hands of Miss Harriman now seemed almost a pleasant memory. Even the afternoon by the pool in the Snake Ranch truck-stop-brothel waiting to be fucked had not been this painful. Miss Josephine, always smiling and seemingly pleasant, was clearly a sadist of the clearest water. In front of his eyes, the feeble tremors of the woman mounted on a cross was the example that proved it to be true and he knew that he had fallen into the hands of women that had no limits to their cruelty.

Episode Four

He could not move!

He woke in agony, lying on his side in the piled hay of his cell and the approaching footsteps that had awoken him caused him to thrash on the floor of his cell in a frantic effort to stand. Samuel saw that the man in the next cell was standing in the centre of his cell, face to the floor as two women moved down the row of cells. Miss Josephine followed by another woman dressed in jodhpurs who pulled a heavy crop in her hands down the length of the bars of the cells making a clanging sound as she walked.

As Samuel managed to get to his knees, he realised that his fettered ankles made it almost impossible to stand. He placed his back to the bars of the cell and thrust, causing him agonies as his shoulders strained and pulled. The two women were standing at the entrance to the cell next door and the woman in jodhpurs banged her crop on the bars of the cell, making the suspended woman shudder in reaction.

"You are right, as usual," she said with a smile. "Fit only for the parlour! Have her transferred immediately to free up the stall. What was the cause?"

Miss Josephine opened the gate to the cell next to Samuel's before she answered.

"Just small obedience problems, Elenora" she said. "I needed an example for the others to push them along and Number Six was chosen."

"Fine," said Miss Elenora as she inspected the whimpering hooded woman who laboured in her shackles. "A few weeks in the parlour as preparation for disposal."

Miss Elenora's booted foot tapped the steel box on the floor and the woman on the cross whimpered and shivered in reaction. A short movement of a gloved hand and the crop lashed at naked flesh.

"Pathetic! We'll scarcely recover the outlay on it,' said Miss Elenora. "Now then, what about the new one? Let's have a look.'"

Samuel had finally managed to stand. He shuffled to the centre of his stall and mimicked the stance of the man in the next cage, watching the two women in the next stall with a sideways glance. Their attention turned to him and he looked at the floor.

"I'm not sure yet," said Miss Josephine with a deliberate tone. "I know that there's not much call for them, but I was thinking that it was time to produce another filly."

The barred gate of the cell next to Samuel's clanged shut as the two women made their way to the front of his cell. Samuel managed to see the two women properly. Miss Elenora in her tight jodhpurs and riding boots, Miss Josephine in jeans and a tight tube-top.

"Mm, perhaps?" said Miss Josephine as they stood and inspected him. "It's a lot of effort and the profit margin is not high. The market for feminised men is poor, at the moment..."

"It's not going to be suitable for much else unless we just move it to the parlour," said Miss Josephine. "Even then, it will take ages to prepare and loads of expensive work. I need to clear at least four stalls in the next month for Isabella's planned intake for the auction in Santa Fe in a few months' time. Perhaps this one can be included and then I have time to personally prepare it?"

"I'll give it some thought. I prefer to have a buyer ready when we create a pet, so that we can make sure that the details and wants of the client are satisfied. I'll speak to Isabella and see what she decides. Meanwhile, start the basic induction as a pony... I want it ready in a couple of weeks."

"Ma'am," answered Miss Josephine. "That means that the current establishment is four stallions, two ponies and of course, three for the parlour."

"Take it easy for a day or so until Isabella has made a decision," said Miss Elenora. "Then it's full steam ahead! The Phoenix show and auction are in just a couple of weeks, the Santa Fe one comes at the end of July and then we can prepare for a large intake instead of these dribs and drabs that we seem to have slipped into taking."

There was a rattle of keys as Miss Josephine opened the door to the stall and she stepped into the small space with the keys dangling from her hand. Miss Elenora followed and tapped the end of her crop on Samuel's ass sharply with a small cluck of satisfaction.

"There's something in what you say," said Miss Elenora. "Small and weak, easily controlled by the buyer and pretty much broken for use. Probably suitable for an inexperienced young girl."

Her hand stretched out and Samuel felt the leather of her gloves cup his breast and weigh it.

"Back on the hormones in it's feed! There's enough on its frame to enlarge nicely. I think that the best training would be a swift strict one and, once Isabella decides, we can fit him in easily enough. The parlour or the stables, either would suit. Let's see how it goes."

Miss Josephine smiled slyly and reached between Samuel's thighs to fondle him and squeeze the restraint that held him its hard grip.

"Perhaps we can neuter it? It would really improve the look of that tiny little cock."

Miss Elenora laughed and nodded.

"I think so, but let's wait for Isabella. I'll speak to her this evening and then you can start to plan the course of training."

Miss Josephine slapped Samuel's ass with the flat of her palm and the two women retreated back to the corridor and locked the gate behind them.

"Anything other business?" asked Miss Elenora.

"Nothing particular..."

"Good, then everything is arranged!"

Samuel watched as the two women slowly walked back past the row of stalls. Miss Elenora, her rounded ass smooth in the tan pants, the crop tapping a broad thigh and Miss Josephine, the metal tips of her heels ringing on the tiles as she walked.

Something that Miss Elenora said amused her companion and the laughter was the last thing that Samuel heard as the door closed.

Then there was silence.

Chapter Two

Episode Five

The scorching sun beat down on the vast villa in the desert, the palms scarcely moving in the slight hot breeze, the hissing of the sprinklers drowning out the sound of the crickets that occupied this oasis in a wasteland.

In the distance, a plume of dust announced the imminent arrival of a guest. Miss Elenora and Miss Isabella stood in the shade of the portico and watched its slow progress.

"Josephine also thinks that the latest would make a perfect filly..." said Elenora.

There was no answer, Isabella just tapped the cane in her hand on her leg absently and watched the arriving Jeep covering the last mile of the unmade road.

"The parlour is almost full," continued Elenora. "We need to dispose of most of them to make room..."

"Phoenix," said Isabella slowly. "I'm a little concerned that the matched stallions are not really ready to take the grand prize. We really need some silverware to boost sales. We have been rather poorly represented at the last couple of shows. Make sure that Josie realises that it is an absolute priority *and* that I will be most disappointed if they are not at peak when we take them up there..."

"I'll pass it on."

"Good! As for her other idea, let's see if we can rustle up a buyer first."

Elenora nodded agreement. She could see a sly smile on her Mistress' lips and looked up as the black jeep pulled up in a plume of dust.

"You have a buyer?" asked Elenora.

"I have whatever I want!" said Isabella.

The doors to the large black vehicle opened and two women stepped into the sun and Isabella stepped forward to greet them.

"Mrs Williams," said Isabella as she offered a hand to the middle-aged woman who had been driving. "I am Miss Isabella and this is my senior stablemistress, Miss Elenora..."

Mrs William's face remained stern and she gestured to the young girl that moved to join the group.

"My daughter, Tiffani," she said, introducing the young woman.

"A pleasure," said Elenora. "Let's go inside and out of the sun."

Mrs Williams nodded and Isabella led the way into the cool of the villa's entrance hall. The cool air of the vast marble-floored hallway caused Mrs Williams to sigh in relief and she moved a hand over the tight bun of her hair where a slight dew of sweat beaded her forehead.

"Drinks?" asked Elenora. "Something refreshing after the dust of the highway?"

"That would be most welcome," said Mrs Williams.

Tiffani looked around the hall, inspecting the plain decor and shrugged.

"I expected something a little grander," she said.

"Less is more," said Isabella with a small smile. "Follow me and we can talk business. I understand that you only have a couple of hours and we have a bit of ground to cover."

She led the other three women through a wide arch into a bright room with brightly coloured sofas and armchairs and made a small movement of the hand to the maid that stood in the corner of the room.

"What will it be?"

The four women settled into a group of sofas and the maid decorously filled large glasses with ice and the fruit cocktails that they had ordered. Isabella watched Tiffani with a smile. The young woman inspected the maid as she made up and served the drinks intently and she raised an eyebrow.

"Tiffani will be eighteen in a couple of months' time," said Mrs Williams. "It is time to have her own pet to play with instead of creating havoc with my own well-tuned establishment..."

Isabella turned to Elenora and explained.

"Mrs Williams has a sizable holding out east in New Mexico where she indulges her passion for orderliness and perfect moral conduct and has *occasionally* taken some of our trainees. In fact, at Tucson she took the silver rosette for mares when we only scraped the bronze."

"That was last year," said Elenora with a small smile. "This year in Phoenix we are putting in a pair of stallions in the dressage category with high hopes."

Mrs Williams seemed to warm at the turn of the conversation and shrugged, "The gold went to the New Yorkers when they fielded those perfect Finnish twins, this year we are in with a chance as I understand that they have dropped out of the season... There are a few local difficulties up north."

"The maid?" asked Tiffani.

"Oh, you like her?" asked Isabella.

"Perhaps..."

Isabella crooked a finger and the maid stepped to stand before her owner.

"Nineteen years, fully trained to domestic service by my own staff," said Isabella. "In general, we train ponies, fillies, stallions and general farm slaves. Number Four here, is a bit of an exception because I have a slight

need for household staff. If that is the sort of thing that you are looking for, I can recommend a number of other sellers that we normally refer our clients to..."

"We don't need another maid," said Mrs Williams in a definite tone. "I am considering cutting the establishment and working them harder. What I want is a plaything for Tiffani, a little pony perhaps, easy to handle and amuse herself with to learn the ropes."

Amused by the conversation, Elenora lifted the hem of the maid's pretty blue skirt to reveal the tiny remnants of the maid's masculinity that drooped in the space where a neat pair of plums should have hung. She half expected a startled reaction from Tiffani, but the young girl just smiled and looked at her mother.

"I want my birthday present to be complete," she said. "How could I play with it in that state?"

Tiffany shrugged as the hem settled back down and then looked at Elenora.

"How about her?" she asked nodding at the black woman who sat beside her. "She would be perfect to play with!"

"Mm," said Isabella trying not to laugh at the look on her chief stablemistress' expression. "I suspect that Elenora would cost rather more than your mother is prepared to pay! But, the question takes us to a fundamental point. You want a complete plaything, but, male or female?"

Tiffani looked at Elenora with a superior smile and said, "I think that mummy will buy me what I want! A delicate little playmate to tease and train and show off to my friends..."

"Don't be so rude, darling" said Mrs Williams. "You told me that you wanted a nice little pony, so the answer is male..."

Tiffani's expression changed to petulance.

"I thought that I could decide?"

"Of course, you can, dear, but within limits. Have you changed your mind?"

"I'll decide when I see," said Tiffani and she stared at the maid who trembled a little and stared at the floor in distress. "How about I play with this slut while you look around?"

Mrs Williams sighed.

"That's not the idea, dear, if you won't choose, then we will head back home and you won't have *anything* for your birthday!"

"OK, OK, but you always make everything so difficult, mamma," said Tiffani.

"We prepare to order," said Isabella. "You choose now, say what it is that you want and we do all the hard work. Two months is not a lot of time to prepare to order, but maybe we can find something special for you?"

Mrs Williams nodded and cast a despairing look at her daughter.

"She always gets what she wants, that's the problem," she sighed. "Let's look around at what you have in stock and perhaps Tiffani will see something that she wants."

"Good, we'll take a trip to the stables. If there's nothing that Tiffani fancies, then we have the possibility to find a suitable candidate if you have anyone special in mind. Of course, it will take a little longer and cost quite a bit more!" said Isabella.

"Ooh, I know," said Tiffani. "There's Simon Westlake, he would be perfect. Always making passes at me and he would make a perfect pony!"

Mrs Williams turned to her daughter.

"You are saying that just to spite me, Tiffani! You know that he's my best friend's boy and I will not allow it! Anyway, he's spoken for, Charlotte wants him and his mamma thinks that she will be perfect for him."

"I want him to play with, Mummy," whined Tiffani. "He can just disappear and she'd never know..."

As she spoke, she clicked her fingers as if it were all that easy. Isabella struggled not to laugh at the show of petulance that Tiffani was putting on and stood up to break the conversation.

"I think that I know what you want, so let's go take a look at our stock, ladies. If Tiffani wants something different, then we can chat about the prices and timing later..."

Episode Six

The four stallions that had pulled the Landau to the stables were running with sweat. As they dismounted from the carriage, Isabella called Josephine to move them into the shade of the overhanging roofing with a sharp tug at the reins that hung from their balls.

"You allow them to get into that state?" asked Mrs Williams, obviously referring to the erections that jutted from the stallions. "I usually geld, it is so much less unsightly."

"When they are sold we will make any adjustments needed," said Elenora. "For the moment, this is more of a training phase, and we are less worried about making them *look* perfect."

Mrs Williams nodded and followed Isabella and Elenora into the shade of the stables.

"I am impressed," said Mrs Williams. "These stables are perfect!"

"Josephine is responsible for them and all of the basic training," said Elenora. "Now then, we'll allow her to show us around and you can see what is on offer."

Josephine appeared and was introduced to Mrs Williams and her daughter before leading the way into the darkness of the stalls.

"We have four stables and two parlours," she began. "That means that we can train a maximum of twenty at a time. Most of the trainees are bought in Mexico, but we have others from around the U.S. and a few from further afield. At the moment, we have fifteen in basic training... All of them available for sale, if you are inclined."

She stopped at the first set of bars where a well-muscled man stood quietly in harness. A tight leather hood on his head hid his features and he was fettered to a post in the centre of the cell.

"Basic training is all standing for stallions," said Josephine. "This particular animal has been supplied by his wife for training and is *not* for sale. But,

it gives you some idea of how seriously we take the initial breaking of our trainees."

She pointed out the welts of the last punishment to the onlookers and then moved on to the next stall.

"Impressive," said Mrs Williams. "He would be perfect to cover my mares..."

"Oh, that's all coming off," said Isabella casually. "A shame really, but then the paying customer's wishes are paramount here! It is actually being prepared as a gift for her latest husband for the wedding and she wants it to be cut down as a permanent reminder of her disappointment with its performance."

The guests moved to the next stall and Josephine indicated at the young woman who stood behind the bars.

"Number Six, here is a recent intake," she said as she unlocked the gate of the stall. "Probably for the parlour if no one takes an interest. At the moment, the fashion is for tall and slim not voluptuous."

Tiffani strolled into the cell and inspected the hooded woman who trembled in terror as her future was discussed.

"Too old," she said as she slapped one of the hanging breasts. "I want something younger for my personal use. This animal is really ugly with its sagging tits and slack thighs."

Her hand moved between the woman's thighs and slipped a finger into the naked slit of Number Six's sex. Number Six flinched and Tiffani laughed at her distress.

"Udders like a fucking milking cow," she commented as she pinched a huge nipple. "All she'd be fit for, is to milk and satisfy our bulls!"

"Don't damage it," said Tiffani's mother as she watched Tiffani torment the crying animal with her nails on the soft nipples. "If you don't want it, then be careful."

"They love it Mamma, that's why they're here," said Tiffani as she slapped the masked face of Number Six. "It's what they want, after all!"

Josephine looked at Isabella, but her mistress seemed in a mood to indulge the buyers.

The next stall was empty, only a metal box and a mass of tubing lay on the tiles and they passed it by to arrive at the next occupied stall.

"Number Eighteen," said Josephine. "Personally, I think that this one would make a perfect filly! Ideal for outdoors and in, a playmate with infinite possibilities!"

Samuel looked at the four women who were inspecting him through the bars of the stall and tried hard not to flinch. The blonde girl had a wicked smirk on her face and the older woman a stern serious expression as she was weighing him up.

"Just arrived yesterday," said Josephine. "A perfect blend of female and male with just two previous owners. The only work that's been done on it are the perfect small natural breasts and it's been silenced as well by a previous owner."

"It's real cute," said Tiffani as she pushed past her mother to enter Samuel's stall. "Needs bigger tits, though!"

She stood in front of Samuel and pinched his nipples savagely. Tears came to his eyes, but he managed not to flinch. Tiffani smiled at the distress and twisted her hand.

"Any adjustments would be in the price," said Isabella.

"Tiffani is such a terror," said her mother. "It will be such a relief when she has her own toys to throw out of the pram!"

The four women moved from Samuel's stall and passed further up the fronts of the cages. They chatted as they did so, leaving Samuel to watch the young girl that might be his next owner linking arms with her mother, the pain of her touch still sore on his tender breasts.

They passed back again a few minutes later and chatted while Tiffani stood and looked into the stall, obviously imagining all of the games that she intended to play.

Episode Seven

"Well, we've seen them all," said Josephine. "There are plenty more in the parlour, but I doubt if they would suit you. None of them are really suitable as house pets after a few weeks in the parlour..."

"Well, I would like to see," said Tiffani. "So far, I like Eighteen best, a perfect little boy-girl. I like it when they cry, it's so sweet!"

"As long as you have time," said Isabella, ignoring Tiffani's comment. "Elenora and I have to get back to the villa, but you two can look around and the carriage will be waiting for you when you are done."

Mrs Williams looked at her watch and then shrugged. "If it's what Tiffani wants," she said, "then I suppose that there's time!"

"We'll see you in an hour at the villa, then," said Elenora. "Josephine will show you around."

The statuesque black woman and her Mistress mounted the Landau and with a small tick of the whip, they headed from the stables while Josephine watched her two charges. She could not help it and priced them both up. Of course, Mrs Williams was too old to get a good price, but Tiffani had potential, no doubt about it. Breaking a bitch like that would be a pleasure!

Tiffani broke into her introspection.

"I really would fancy that black bitch on her knees," she said. "It's where she belongs..."

"Tiffani!" said Mrs Williams. "Not everybody is for sale, dear."

"Well, she should be," said Tiffani.

The thought of having her boss in the stables caused Josephine to smile to herself. Tiffani was such a spoiled brat, it would be so interesting to see what she specified for Number Eighteen. Perhaps, she could make some suggestions and see if Tiffani took the bait?

She led the two women through the slanted light of the setting sun, behind the stables to a low building that had no windows at all. The parlour was under the care of Josephine, though Lily did most of the actual organisation. Lily was one of the very few pieces of merchandise that had managed to escape the stables and move to become a supervisor. It would be interesting to see what the reaction of Tiffani was when she met the woman in charge of the lowest of the low!

A barred gate led to a locked iron door.

Josephine pulled the keys from her belt and unlocked the door as she said, "There are always those that fail to impress. They are relegated to the parlour and are generally poor material. We auction them with no guarantees, what you see is what you get. But, then the prices are really low!"

The dark space inside the parlour was cool and had a whiff of sweat and other qualities that caused Mrs Williams to hold her hand to her nose.

"Let's meet Miss Lily, who's in charge," said Josephine.

From the darkness of a wide doorway, they entered a wide shadow that resolved to a short, stocky woman who smiled widely. Her teeth showed white against her ebony skin and Tiffani took a step backwards in surprise. Tiffani was muscular, thick arms, large breasts and a muscled torso and legs. Dressed in a tight latex suit that moulded to every contour, she was an impressive sight. Skin black as the darkness behind her, she nodded to Josephine and extended a hand to Mrs Williams.

"Good to meet ya," she said in a slight southern twang. "Just looking around or wanting to buy?"

She extended a hand to Tiffani who felt the immense strength in those fingers. Tiffani looked at her, the tied back hair, the tight suit and then she realised that the huge bump between the woman's thighs explained the immense strength.

"Just looking, I think," said Josephine. "They are open to suggestion..."

"Curiosity," said Tiffani as she tried to see past Lily to the darkened room behind her enormous bulk. "That's all..."

"Come along then," said Lily as she flicked her fingers on a fob at her waist. "Nothing special, just the animals that fail to make it... from the light and into the darkness of my malevolent realm!"

"Lily can get a little poetic about her duties," laughed Josephine. "Let's take a quick look and see what goes on in the parlour."

She waved her hand and Mrs Williams and her daughter followed her and Lily into a single room that was tiled from floor to ceiling. In two neat rows, metal frames were bolted to the floor and about three quarters of them were filled with naked figures on all-fours. Men to the left, women to the right. Each held fast in their frame by metal collars and rings that were festooned with padlocks.

Mrs Williams looked at the two rows of tightly hooded victims of Miss Isabella's business and slowly walked down the row of males, touching each ass as she passed as if to reassure herself that these were not models or dolls. These were those that never saw the light, either unattractive or wilful, untrained and shackled forever in the sweaty dark. The clicks of her heels and her touch caused them to flinch at her passing and Mrs Williams stooped to look between the legs of a well-muscled man and the tubes that ran from a glass tube that encased his rigid cock. She started when Josephine, from just behind commented.

"Every four hours they are milked punctually," she said with a small smile at Mrs Williams' reaction. "These will be sold as stud to various buyers, or as draught animals. They don't fetch much, but then they are here for a reason."

Tiffany moved to the nearest female on the right and squatted to look between her legs.

"What's this?" she asked, pointing to a padded bench that was fixed above the calves of the woman.

Lily laughed and her hand moved to fondle between her legs.

"Occasionally the stallions from the stables are rewarded, but I do indulge a little as well... One of the perks of the job!"

Tiffani looked up and found her face almost between Lily's thighs. Captured under the tight latex of her costume a huge cock stood in relief. Every vein, the bell-shaped tip and even the heavy balls could be plainly made out and Tiffani stood quickly with a blush on her cheeks.

"It relieves the tension," laughed Lily at the reaction of the young girl. "I also think that they enjoy my attention to their well-being, after all, it is rather dull to be milked day and night and I have a duty to keep them all happy!"

She pointed under the woman and smiled.

Tiffani was glad to move a pace from Miss Lily and she looked under the chest of the fettered animal to see that two enormous breasts hung with suction cups and writing tubes from each distended nipple.

"Can I?" she asked as she moved her hand to touch.

Suddenly her tone was subdued and she gently touched a hanging breasts and squeezed. A drop of pale milk oozed from the nipple and Miss Lily laughed.

"A never-ending stream soon... My little cows are so productive, this one promises so much milk."

A small groan came from the recesses of the tight hood and Tiffani pulled her hand away quickly.

"This is so fucking hot," she said at last with a grin as she gave the breast another, harder, squeeze. "Look at how the silly cow shakes her huge udders when she is touched by her betters. I'll bet that she really loves being milked."

"Fancy a sip?" asked Miss Lily.

Tiffani imagined kneeling at the obese cow and suckling the gross breasts and lapping at their flow and shook her head.

"They are all here because they failed to measure up to Miss Isabella's exacting standards. Either they are not attractive enough to be worth training or else they failed to please at some point," said Josephine. "No more than they deserve, really! But, at least here they are grateful that they have a purpose and are glad for the attention that we lavish on them."

"I think that I should reconsider the arrangements at *my* stables," said Mrs Williams. "This would be a perfect arrangement for the servants that fail to please."

"There's nothing here worth buying," said Mrs Williams at last as she strolled back to where Lily and Josephine stood. "I think that we've seen what we came to see."

Josephine led the two guests from the parlour into the entry room and closed the door behind her.

"We could sell a lot more than the few we saw back there, but Miss Isabella prefers the pony trade," said Josephine.

Tiffani expected her to open the door to the sunshine outside, but instead, Josephine moved to a monitor on the wall and switched it on with a touch of her finger.

The screen lit, paused a moment and then showed a view of the parlour. Kneeling to the rear of one of the pinned figures on the left was a kneeling Miss Lily. As she moved her hips, her immense cock could be seen for a moment. A rigid join between her thighs and the ass of her animal. Freed of the tight latex, sticking a foot from her thighs, it slid from the pinioned man in the frame and then plunged deep in the helpless ass in another deep stroke. Tiffani could see the powerful hands teasing the huge breasts that hung free from her costume and started to giggle.

"It's exactly what those animals need," she commented. "A little loving every now and again."

The screen went dark at Josephine's touch and she led her guests from the parlour and back into the sunset that gloriously lit the horizon in pinks on sapphire sky.

"Well then, we'd better get back, Mistress Isabella will be waiting for us."

Episode Eight

"We'll take Number Eighteen," said Mrs Williams as they sat on the comfortable sofas with the cool drinks that the maid produced with such grace. "Tiffani, you have to decide what preparation needs to be done..."

Miss Isabella smiled and waved a hand.

"No need to decide right now," she said. "By the end of the week will do. No need to rush the girl enjoying planning her first personal plaything. We will invoice you with the basic fee and you can choose from the accompanying menu of modifications in the luxury of your own home. All I would say is that you weigh the timings carefully, some procedures take a little longer..."

"I want the menu now," said Tiffani. "Then I have more time to think it over."

"And to persuade Mamma to give you what you want!" said Isabella.

"I always get what I want," said Tiffani smugly and the slight ironic smile on Mrs Williams' lips proved that to be the case.

"Good that's settled," said Miss Isabella. "In two months, the delivery will take place and you will have the pleasure of your own personally created filly. I'm sure that he will give a couple of years' pleasure before you move on..."

"The *first* one is so special," said Josephine.

"That and the *first* devoted husband," said Mrs Williams with a smile.

The small group made their way to the front of the villa.

As Mrs Williams and her daughter stepped into their huge black jeep; Isabella stood watching from the portico of the villa. At last they were going and she could turn to the important matter of organising the next intake and the phoenix show. She waved slightly as the vehicle moved

slowly to the track and watched a few moments as it grew smaller. The headlights fanned over the scrub wasteland and the jeep could no longer be seen.

In his stall, Samuel felt a rising terror.

He could not identify the reason why that young girl that had tormented him frightened him so. He knew instinctively that the place where he was right now, was far better than the future that these evil women had planned for him and he sobbed bitterly. While, in the darkness he could hear the terrible sounds of a savage caning taking place just beyond the next door.

The sounds died to a low keening and Josephine escorted the punished slave to his stall, attaching him to the cross at the back of the stall next to Samuel, where just a day before a female victim had hung in torment.

"If you ever touch me again, you *will* be in the parlour," spat Josephine as she clicked locks closed and slapped his face. "When I order you to lick the shit from the soles of my shoes then that is *exactly* what you do. You do not use your foul tongue to satisfy some deviant urge to touch my ankle. How dare you think that you can touch me without permission?"

The gate of the stall next door clanged closed and the padlock was applied.

Josephine's hard steps clicked on the tiles and then Samuel heard the slam of the outer door, once more, hell was a dark and silent place.

Chapter Three

Full Dressage

In the shades and marquees by the side of the dressage circle the competitors, customers and devotees gathered and mingled. From jeans-clad beauties to older women whose dresses would not have gone amiss at a high-class race-meeting, fetishists and those who simply enjoyed a few days mixing with those who shared their passions. A diverse and perverse society who indulged themselves and relished their superiority.

One single thing linked *all* those present.

Wealth!

The sport was expensive, of that there was no doubt. Buying, keeping and maintaining a stable was something that only the very wealthiest of aficionados of human pony-flesh could possibly afford.

A champagne bar to the left, a cocktail bar to the right, each main establishment having their own marquee in the show. In the centre of all of the activity, a smooth dressage ring, posts and a small stand for the privileged, to the rear several of the huge trucks that had brought the show to Phoenix.

In the mountainous scrubland, east of Phoenix, the guests could not appreciate the security that locked the area for miles. The occasional lonely figures that patrolled the heights to look down at the brightly coloured encampment and ensured that none but those invited would trespass on the event. They stood on the bluffs, rifles in hand, and watched for movement. Hundreds of guests, three acres of encampment and all of it unseen and unknown by anyone but those who attended.

Five times a year there was such a meeting of minds, three in the United States, one on a small island just off Thailand, another in the vast plains of Kazakhstan. The precious stolen moments where the fear of being exposed receded to the background and each could assess their peers and enjoy the luxury of truly relaxing in a delightful hobby that had so much to give.

Miss Isabella stood by the team of stallions that had brought her the silver rosette for the carriage dressage event and lifted her glass to raise a toast to the winner of the gold. It had been closer this year, so close that even she had not been sure that she would even come in the top three.

"To Mistress Oliver and her fine team of stallions," she announced. "I have not seen such strong competition for years and the prize is well deserved. I can only hope that next year the competition is as strong..."

Miss Oliver raised her glass and bathed in the adulation of success. Her team of four statuesque black stallions stood glistening of sweat in the sun while the owners celebrated in the shade and sipped their champagne wishing that they stood in her place. The three teams of fine stallions stood patiently while their owners applauded lightly and the group of women splintered into small knots of laughing women.

The full-dressage event was the last and the main event of the meeting. Now there would be a final day where mares and stallions were traded and then they would all head for their respective homes. Any team with rosettes would inflate their prices, and boast of their expertise while those who had become mere runners-up would find fewer buyers in amongst their peers.

"I am just a *little* disappointed," said Miss Isabella to Miss Josephine. "I was so sure that we would take the gold this year, but all credit to Mistress Oliver for pulling such a fine team from the hat. It's years since she has won anything at all, apart from the feminised single-filly class, so this is a major boost for her stables."

Josephine looked a little offended at the setback and just nodded acknowledgement of her mistress' words. Six months of work had ended in victorious failure and somehow it was all her fault.

"I think that we need to prepare a full year ahead," she said, her frown managing to twist to an ironic smile. "The trouble is that it takes up so much of the resources we have, to train just four stallions and the business always suffers when all our energies go into these events."

Miss Isabella raised an eyebrow at the comment and shrugged.

"Don't take it so hard, Josie, I know that you are the best trainer for this event, but sometimes trivial things make all of the difference! For instance, Elli did not lay her whip in perfect stripes on the last show-lap and that cost us points. Number Thirteen was not fully erect at the finish as they passed the judges and the high-stepping lap was not perfect..."

"All things that could have been guarded against..."

"I am satisfied with silver! The Korean team was so impressive, if they hadn't overused the whip they would have pushed us to bronze... Now, we need to mingle a little, dear. Smile and congratulate the winners, we have to keep up appearances."

Miss Josephine nodded and moved to the group circled around the winning team while Miss Isabella looked around to decide which group to join. A young woman with a diminutive filly on a leash stood laughing with friends, Miss Elenora stood with the tall Brazilians and Isabella was filled with satisfaction that the meet was so well attended. She was part of the organising committee and the fact that the Phoenix meet was such a success was due in no small part to her participation and hard work.

She sauntered to the group of giggling girls who were jealously inspecting the pretty little filly on the leash. Just shoulder-high to the young girl that held the leash it stood immobile while his owner extolled its virtues.

"He's so cute to tease," she said, and to prove her point her hand dangled a small gold key before his eyes and she added, "Would my little sissy like me to use this?"

The girls giggled as the boy looked at the key longingly and blushed.

"Ooh, the naughty little slut, I do believe that it's trying to escape," said one of the girls.

She pointed at the little cock that had swollen until the stiffness pushed it against the filigree bars of the restraint.

"Cute little thing," said Miss Isabella as she joined the group of giggling girls. "Where did you buy it?"

The girl with the leash in one hand and the dangling key in the other smiled and said, "I didn't buy it, *it* came to me!"

A familiar voice piped up and Miss Isabella recognised Tiffani who stood behind the filly's owner and now stepped into view.

"Lover's lane," she giggled. "It was once one of Dawn's classmates who thought that it could make out with her. Silly mistake, Dawn is so possessive."

"One moment he had his hand slipping up my skirt, the next he was cuffed and kneeling in a cage in Mamma's stables," said Dawn excitedly. "How could it possibly think that I would want to go out with it? I mean... seriously?"

Isabella nodded in agreement and smiled.

"Soon I'll have it clipped and trained as my personal pet," continued Dawn. "Of course, it's a project that has no foreseeable end..."

She dropped the key back between her gorgeous breasts to the obvious disappointment of the filly and said, "Maybe in a few weeks' time, dear."

"*I'm* getting one for my birthday," announced Tiffani nodding at Isabella. "Mamma and I chose it from her stables."

Two of the other girls sighed theatrically in envy, one of them giving the filly's ass a light slap that made it jump.

"We have already started the training," said Miss Isabella to Tiffani with a small laugh. "I'll make sure that we put a nice ribbon on the box when it is delivered!"

"Oh my God," said Tiffani. "I just have to tell you all this! I went into Isabella's parlour and you should see the dreadful little cows that are all lined up in rows. So funny as they kneel in the dark and are milked constantly and then there is Miss Lily, God, I just have to tell you all about her!"

Her tone breathed excitement and the other girls giggled at her enthusiasm.

"Do tell," said Dawn with mock horror. "I would just love to have a real milking parlour, but Mamma says that it's not worth the cost and won't open one up."

Isabella smiled indulgently and looked at the filly. The outlines of large tattoos laced its skin, and it was clear that Dawn's rather crude taste in art was soon going to cover every square inch of skin with exquisite intertwining male organs. The filly would be quite a spectacular showpiece when it was finished!

"If you like, you can come over to see," said Isabella. "Tiffani's filly is worth seeing and of course my parlour is interesting."

"Ooh, that would be so bad," said the girl that had slapped the filly. "I'll have to get Mamma's permission. "I would so love to see a milking parlour..."

Isabella smiled and pulled a visit card from her purse and passed it to the girl. This was the next generation of customer; it was worth the effort to cultivate them.

"Just call me up and I'll arrange a couple of days' fun," said Isabella. "Away from all your strict mothers, just all the girls out on a vacation. There is loads to do, you can help with training, get to see how a commercial stable works and ride the ponies as much as you want. Miss Josephine and Miss Elenora can show you how it all works and you can be trainers few days. All I need is permission from your Mammias and then we can arrange a visit!"

"That's so cool," said Dawn. "I'll get heaps of ideas and learn loads of things as well as having fun, we just *must* come and visit!"

"Whenever you like," answered Isabella with a smile. "It'll be a pleasure to have you!"

She turned to leave the group with a warm feeling of satisfaction at her generosity and heard Tiffani's voice as she walked away.

"Wait until you see it, we can have such a ball... I will have to choose so carefully who is allowed to come..."

Miss Isabella wandered through the knots of women with glasses in their hands and felt a wistful longing to be as young as those girls again. How sweet to be just at the start of such an exciting life, learning that wealth could lead to such exquisite pleasures. Twenty years ago, that had been her... Standing with her mother at the Santa Fe show, watching the sweating stallions and slipping away into the darkness to test their stamina...

"Hola, Isabella!"

Isabella turned to the greeting and laughed in delight.

"Consuela, darling, it's been so long..." she said.

The middle-aged woman who opened her arms to hug Isabella kissed her on both cheeks and then the two of them stood looking each other up and down with laughter at the chance meeting.

"You look so good," said Isabella. "Where have you been the last years?"

"Argentina, of course! This is the first show in years that I've managed to get up to. I'm so busy with setting up a *huge* establishment... how's it going for you? I saw that you took silver, you are still up there with the best."

"You look magnificent, darling! Argentina must suit you."

Isabella took in the statuesque woman in a glance. A magnificent figure, tight waist and legs that went on forever. Older, but still immensely attractive in her knee-high boots and tight skirt. Still the sensuous Spanish beauty who so loved training and riding.

"You don't look so bad yourself," said Consuela. "I just must introduce you to the Perez's. They are the ones that persuaded me to move to South America when they set up the largest establishment in Argentina."

The couple that stood with Consuela nodded in greeting.

"This is Maria and Carlos, they decided that they wanted to see the Phoenix show and brought me up to make the introductions..."

"A pleasure," said Maria. "This is the first time that we have been to one of the major dressage shows and, can I just say that it is magnificent. Everyone is here and we are so excited..."

"They are thinking of starting their own show, Isabella. Another addition to the yearly round..."

"Well, I would attend, of course," said Isabella politely. "A bit tricky to transport the livestock so far, but I would certainly be present. Are you here to buy?"

"Not at the moment," said Carlos. "Our new establishment is fully stocked, but maybe in the future."

"Isabella is renowned for the quality of her merchandise," said Consuela. "There is none to touch her for creating ponies. The buyer chooses someone that needs to be trained for *personal* reasons and Isabella does all of the rest."

Maria nodded.

"What we are trying to do is so similar," she said. "A relative, lover, rival, or perhaps just a pleasing object of desire is taken, and becomes a pet or maybe just a toy for their new owner. We hired Consuela because many of our customers want ponies and fillies, but mainly we produce

creatures that our buyers can gloat over and use as they will. I just love that *special* moment when the new owner takes possession and realises that they have every right to decide what happens to a lover that spurned them or a husband that cheated on them!"

"I have a small parlour myself, but mainly it is the stables that supply our merchandise," said Isabella. "There is not much profit in the U.S. for mere animals..."

"Ah, there is when it gets personal!" said Carlos with a small wave of the hand. "I would not wish to make an embarrassment by mentioning our prices, but let's just say that we are investing millions this year and next."

"Interesting," said Isabella. "I have to admit, that ponies are a passion as much as a business and we do quite well..."

Consuela kissed Isabella on the lips and said, "We'll catch up later, darling. I have to introduce the Perez' to so many people here. Perhaps this evening?"

"Fine," said Isabella. "At ten, in the champagne bar. I hear that a little show is organised."

"Until then," said Consuela.

Isabella's short and torrid affair with Consuela all those years ago was a cherished memory of hers and she watched the tall woman lead her two bosses to meet more of the show's participants. One thing was for sure, if she knew Isabella; Maria would soon be reconsidering her relationship with the rather effete Carlos!

Smiling to herself, Isabella made a small bow to the Perez's and wandered off. It was good to see Consuela again after all these years. Good to see that she was doing so well, it would be a pleasure to catch up and chat about old times. She moved from group to group, charging her glass occasionally and enjoying the perfect atmosphere. So many people who were deep in *her* world, all with similar passions and interests and all eager to meet the woman who owned one of the best-known stables in the Southern States.

Twenty or so marquees circled the arena. Behind them was a neatly parked row of trailers and the temporary stalls where the various ponies and stallions resided during the show. It was there, that she spotted the tall figure of her chief stablemistress, Elenora, standing at the entrance to a tent marked 'Relief', the place where captive mares were available for those owners that indulged their animals with occasional release.

Isabella wandered up to the entrance and found that Elenora was standing with Mrs Williams as they watched the activity in the relief-tent. In her jodhpurs and high boots and a whip at her waist she looked magnificent. The ebony of her skin contrasting to the cream bolero jacket. The stern expression she always wore adding the finishing touch.

"I bumped into Tiffani earlier," said Isabella to Mrs Williams by way of opening gambit.

"So she told me. Tiffani said that you'd invited her and her friends over for a few days," said Mrs Williams. "I think that we can arrange something and it will be good to get her out of the house. A small relaxing vacation will do her good."

"It's a pleasure," said Isabella. "Whenever."

Mrs Williams turned her attention to the activity in the tent and Isabella followed her glance. Rows of mares were fixed in rows on their backs, their legs high while their asses squeezed through wooden boards to allow the stallions to be serviced. The choice of hole at the discretion of the indulgent owner. Just three stallions were pumping at the soft flesh of the mares under the watchful eyes of their owners. Each of the stallions was caned hard as they fucked, the admixture of discipline and bliss ensuring that all understood their place in the universe.

Mrs Williams licked her lips and Isabella decided that the woman was one of *those* aficionados that totally enjoyed the sexual aspects of the milieu. Some loved the power and punishment, others were consumed by the delights of enforced intimacy and degradation, while the rest loved the equine aspects of the pastime.

Isabella was of the latter, though she also fitted the first category to a great degree. There was nothing quite as exhilarating as being the one who decided the levels of pain, passion and dominance. Allowing or disallowing climax, controlling the stimulation, inserting oneself in the submissive mind of a creature that had once been almost human. Almost deserving of independence. *Real* domination was to use that absolute power for one's own personal pleasure...

The arrangements, organised by the Santa Fe stables were, Isabella decided, really clever and she decided to have her own parlour overhauled in a similar fashion. There was something so 'right' about the boards. A proper means of display as well as emphasising the helplessness of the animals that served. It was at the shows that the latest refinements were picked up and passed on. Isabella made a mental note to speak to Josephine and returned her gaze to the activity in the tent.

One by one the stallions were made to withdraw with pulls on their leashes. Two had been allowed the ultimate reward of climax, as their dripping cocks proclaimed, the other had been pushed to the limit and then pulled from the helpless mare uncompleted. The sweat ran from the stallions, dripping to the dust of the floor and the mindless mares whinnied in bewilderment as six more stallions were lined up for their moment of relief.

Isabella stepped aside to allow the owners of their pony's room to exit and then turned to watch the next round. Mrs Williams had slipped inside the tent and was watching intently as the trainers and owners lined up their charges. The animals were still in their harnesses. Arms either bound up tight high behind their backs or in the case of the two Korean animals, there were no arms in evidence. Each stallion stood, its cock standing proud, looking at the woman who controlled it, waiting for the signal. Two of the trainers carefully lined up their stallions, the others seemed content to allow either waiting hole to be used at the choice of the eager animals.

Isabella slipped beside Mrs Williams. She could feel the tension in the woman as she fidgeted, waiting for the show to begin, but the trainers and owners seemed in no hurry and kept their animals waiting to demonstrate that this was a gift that was at their discretion only. Isabella

glanced around the other watchers. A scattering of women various ages who all seemed to relish the moment almost as much as Mrs Williams. One or two of the watcher's hands were between their legs, but none was as excited at the affair as Mrs Williams, who had slipped her slender hand between the waist of her tight pants and skin and slowly pushed down to take full advantage of the moment.

One after another, the animals were permitted to press into the fettered mares. Isabella noticed that the nearest mare was a castrated male whose tiny cock hung flaccid as the giant stem of the stallion slowly pressed home. The mare's legs trembled, but the steel frame and wooden separator held it rigid as the muscular belly of the stallion pressed hard against the soft flesh of the mare's ass.

The sound of canes hissing and then delivering sharp punishment to the stallions cut through the air of the tent and all chatter ceased as the watchers enjoyed the show. None, apparently, more than Mrs Williams whose breathing became short gasps as her fingers ploughed through her sex. Isabella found that watching Mrs Williams was more rewarding than the animals at play. Her lips pouted and sweat broke on her forehead to trickle through her powdery make-up as she gasped at the strike of each stroke of the cane.

It seemed that the number of thrusts that was permitted was varied in each case. At the far end of the row of six, one of the stallions pulled free, and with a gasp and shot its plume of come, splattering across the soft cheeks of the mare that had received his cock. The others were all three or four thrusts, the one closest as many as it required. One by one they were led away, but the nearest stallion kept thrusting, receiving blow after blow of the cane.

Mrs Williams climaxed.

A shuddering of body and legs and a frantic short burst of movement between her legs and she withdrew her hand and offered the fingers to a passing pony which licked at the fingers as if sugar coated. Isabella smiled to herself and turned to watch the playing out of the final thrusting stallion that seemed almost unable to climax. She wondered if Mrs

Williams fantasised that she was the receiver or the giver as she climaxed.

It was then that Isabella noticed the steel that bit hard into the base of the stallion's cock and realised *this* was an animal that was being punished rather than rewarded. At last a tug at the leash pulled it free and the latex-clad owner slapped the sweating face and led it to the front of the mare.

The constricted mare's head was held back, and the plug in its mouth was taken out before the stallion was guided to use the entrance freely. Isabella thought that perhaps there was a hint of an erection of that tiny ball-less cock that moved slightly as the stallion pushed deep into the mare's hole.

A few chuckled swept the tent as the watchers enjoyed the moment.

Each swipe of the long cane was now marking time. The stallion's ass raw with the beating as he thrust wildly as if that could release the constriction of the tight ring at the base of him. His balls slapped in the choking mare's face, blocking the nostril openings on the mask while the trainer vented her ire as she thrashed.

Yes, thought Isabella. The mare definitely had a hint of stiffness in that tiny flap of skin that was all that remained of its manhood. Funny how it was so difficult to remove that deeply ingrained instinct, even after years of work to do so!

"How dare you fail me," hissed the trainer to the thrusting animal. "Fourth is as good as last, I'll have you cut down to nothing when we get and then you'll learn that I expect you to give everything to please me... everything!"

The stallion gasped with the exertion and his terror while Mrs Williams wrapped up another perfect climax before her wet hand slipped back into view.

"The small price of failure," commented Isabella to the flushed woman who stood beside her. "Coming fourth is obviously considered a total fiasco."

"It deserves much worse," said Mrs Williams. "They were put here to serve their superiors; the result of indolence is exemplary punishment. I would be so much harsher and not indulgent like that trainer..."

Isabella shrugged.

"We all have our own methods," she said as the stallion was finally pulled free and the cane delivered a single stroke to the dripping cock that stood high and curved upward. "Personally, I think that this particular animal has great potential!"

"It came a poor fourth in the single buggy race!"

"It never came at all," laughed Isabella and Mrs Williams grinned at the bad pun.

"I did!"

Isabella nodded, Mrs Williams was really quite uninhibited.

"I wanted to say that your payment has been received. Now all that is outstanding are the fees for modification to your daughter's filly," said Isabella.

"After the delivery, I shall forward the full balance," said Mrs Williams.

At that moment, the trainer in latex passed with her chastened stallion in tow. Isabella put out a hand and said, "I might be interested in that stallion..."

The woman turned to Isabella and looked her up and down as if assessing her.

"I'm not selling it," she answered in a haughty tone.

"Why ever not, it's obviously no use at all castrated?"

"I never go back on my word," said the trainer. "It's not the money, it's the principal of the thing. Anyway, I have so much consideration yet to give to my former husband, the journey of penance for him is just beginning!"

"Ah, of course, I quite understand," said Isabella. "A wife has a duty to teach her man proper respect."

"Exactly," said the wife as she led her husband from the tent to a small round of polite applause from the onlookers.

"I think that the show's over for the moment," said Isabella.

"I'll stay a while," said Mrs Williams. "Three of the mares are getting branded in the next few minutes in a small exhibition by one of the foremost artists who has travelled from Germany to show how the latest equipment can be used to mark one's property."

"I'll leave you to it then," answered Isabella. "If we don't see each other at the show, just inform me when Tiffani and her friends are coming and I will arrange everything for them."

Mrs Williams extended her hand and Isabella took it, remembering where it had last been.

The woman was undoubtedly an unrestrained exhibitionist!

Chapter Four

Episode Nine

Samuel curled in his stall and tried to sleep.

His thighs ached and burned, but worst of all was the terrible, but slowly receding ache that marked the first alterations that had taken place in this small slice of hell.

For weeks, he had been under the hand of Miss Josephine and every day had been a terrible waking nightmare. Harnessed and constricted, hours of running and trotting around a post with an ever-present whip to keep him in motion. Endless lessons in behaviour that became second nature, until, even fully hooded, he could find Miss Josephine's boots in the dust to show his appreciation of the time that she was spending with him.

For a week, another woman had taken over his training. He never even saw what she looked like, because she kept the tight hood on night and day until the smell of his own sweat and the warm leather had become normality. No time was allowed for him to rest, no moment unsupervised. Hitched to the back of some carriage and taken out, running behind, even when the trainer was occupied with the training of other stallions.

The practice in the high heelless shoes was added after the first week until walking in them became second nature. His arms were only ever released for inspection and then pulled ever tighter and higher up his back as the muscles wasted and the twisting of his shoulders straightened his posture.

Two weeks ago, Samuel had been tightly packed into a crate. The last thing that he remembered of it was the needle in his ass and the sounds of the crate being nailed closed. When he awoke, it was in the darkness of his hood and he knew that he was back in his stall, the hay under his body and a terrible aching bruising pain that filled his chest.

Only when he stood did he realise that the once small breasts that had perched on his chest had become heavy weights that caused him to stoop and his shoulders to ache. The hood was never removed, he never even saw what had been done to him and since his arms were always

shackled, he could not explore the modification that had been imposed on him.

Now, two weeks after being crated, the aching was receding, though a new throbbing was becoming apparent as he was exercised and the heavy breasts caused him to overbalance. He moved on the hay, seeking a position that was bearable, but each position caused another ache or discomfort and he could not sleep. The lack of sleep, the constant soreness, the twisting of his arms and the relentless exercise and training were taking their toll and Samuel felt that he was becoming a mindless drone, just as they intended!

Samuel heard a sound that signified that the day was beginning. Footsteps, sharp on tiles, a small feminine laugh, the clunk of a door or cupboard, the rattle of keys and then the opening of the main door into the stalls. He gathered his cramped legs and rolled carefully and slowly rose to his knees before being able to totter and stand in the heelless boots that were always on his feet. As usual, he stood in contact with the bars of his cage and only moved the step into the centre of the cell when he heard the click of heels that told him that his trainer was about to release him.

A click of the lock, the rattle of the keys going back to a belt and then Miss Josephine's voice that he had not heard for a week or two.

"Mm, that looks good, my little filly!"

He felt fingers exploring his breasts and tried hard not to flinch as she uttered her satisfaction.

"Nice big rounded tits," she said. "The scars are healing nicely, though there is still a little soreness. You are going to be the perfect filly for Tiffani and now that it is healed, we can begin with all of the other delightful things that she has decided will improve you."

Samuel hung his head as he felt her hands click his leash to his collar and then the small tug that told him to follow where she led. It seemed that she was in a good mood and he wondered where she had been. Did the trainers take holidays? Sit on a beach amongst other tourists, watch

them and assess what their prices would be? The thoughts disturbed him as he carefully stepped high and followed the tugging of the leash.

"I have some special news for you," said Miss Josephine. "Tiffani and her friends will be here in a few days for a short vacation and doubtless they will want to play with you and help train you for Tiffani. We'll see. A little taste of your future..."

They had moved outside. A few crickets rasping, the heat of the early morning sun on his shoulders and the feel of the dust at his feet.

"Your training is now going to move up a level," said Miss Josephine indulgently. "This morning we start with personal service for a few hours and then it's off to start work on the tattoos that will make you a perfect little pet for your young owner. Then, in the afternoon, we start with the small one-pony trap that has just been delivered."

Samuel felt thoughts swirl in his head.

They were beyond his control, those thoughts. Emotions, fears and terrors that were becoming an ever-steeper dive into obliteration. They displaced all rationality and denied him any idea that he might someday escape back to the life that had been before Miss Harriman had taken him.

He remembered the day when she had stood by her car, the day that he accepted her offer of a meal. The day when, unbeknownst to him he had become her property. Everything before that was a mist of unreal memories and false ideas that were disproved by the world that he was now living in. Family, parents, school and even Spain had become places and times that had no reality.

It even seemed that his eloquent Spanish had faded to be replaced by endless listening to commands and humiliations, the limited language of a thing that had no volition. His responses to punishments and abuse, simple tears and moans, nods of subservience. Brushing his lips on the toes of the boots that were all that he ever experienced of the women who owned him.

Samuel was slowly draining of intellect and its slow depletion was something that he could actually feel, as it slipped from his grasp.

Day by day he *knew* that he comprehended less.

And remembered nothing but his training.

Episode Ten

Just a few steps in the dust at the end of Josephine's leash.

Samuel felt that he had moved into the shade and was suddenly standing on hard tiles. He heard a low female voice say, "Number Eighteen for personal service training?" and Miss Josephine's answering agreement.

"Until midday every day."

"Mm, sweet little thing," said the rough voice.

"That's the schedule. Just make sure that it learns fast. We only have a month before he is delivered and I want it to be perfect."

A strong hand closed on Samuel's masked face and he felt fingers undo the zipper over his mouth. One finger pushed between his lips and explored.

"I'm Miss Lily," said the deep voice as the finger pulled free. "What you learn with me will be everything that you need for the rest of your short life..."

Samuel heard Miss Josephine's retreating steps as she left him in the charge of Miss Lily. A hand on his tightly constricted arms pushed him and he was led into the parlour. A few steps on smooth tiles, a rattle of keys and then he sensed an animal smell, warm and humid.

"This is where you will learn the intricacies of giving pleasure," said Miss Lily.

He felt hands on the clips and clasps that held the hood stretched over his head and for the first time in weeks he could see. After the vivid darkness, blinding light. Like a physical blow, it staggered Samuel and he screwed his eyes tightly closed in reaction.

"I'll let you adjust for a minute or two before we begin, dear."

He felt a slight tug on his leash and moved a step before Miss Lily left him to attend to her charges. Samuel slowly opened his eyes. The light in the room was a cold white. A brightness that penetrated every detail of the white tiled room. Stark, allowing no shadows and muting colour to expose detail. His first sight was of the retreating black of Miss Lily. No taller than Samuel himself, even in her heeled boots, her skin and tight suit was the only black in the room. Boots and the tight latex suit were both matte black. Tied back hair in tiny plaits drawn through a soft black tube and the ebony of her skin at the neck. Broad and muscular, a rounded ass and narrow waist that was held by the lacing of her short corset.

Samuel opened the slits of his eyes.

Out of focus and softened by his tears as his eyes reacted to the brightness were two neat rows of asses! Each surrounded by a board through which it pushed to present a bizarre sight that caused Samuel to blink as his vision resolved to reveal the nightmare in which he stood.

His leash described an arc to a post where Miss Lily had tied him and he stared at the grotesque scene of twelve figures who were locked into frames as if they were just part of the furniture. The nearest, to his right was obviously female despite being him being unable to see between her thighs. Arms held in the frame to her sides, ass sticking in the air and a hood that covered the back of her head. He could just make out breasts hanging below and writing tubes that were sourced from a junction box. The captive was immobile, only the slight signs of breathing moved her body as she passively surrendered to the grip of steel joints and pipes that held her in place.

Samuel turned his gaze up to the far end of the room where Miss Lily was now squatting behind one of the left-hand sufferers. Arranging a small trolley in the walkway between the two rows and screwing together rods in her hands with a twist of the wrist. She was in profile, large breasts under tight latex, muscular arms and powerful hands and the shape of her legs was now clear. Samuel watched as she tightened the two rods to each other and then picked up a red object from the top of the trolley and screwed it to the end of the steel rod. As she did so, she glanced at Samuel and nodded.

"I'll be with you in a moment!"

The comment was almost as if he was waiting in a doctor's surgery for an interview. Her voice echoed in the room and Samuel looked away and for the first time caught sight of himself in the corner of his eye. The posture collar that rode his shoulders prevented him from looking down, but he rolled his eyes and saw the sloping mounds that now filled his chest. Smooth lily-white skin with broad blue veins that snaked and forked and the edges of soft pink nipples that seemed almost the size of saucers to his frightened eyes. No wonder that he struggled to balance, what hung on his chest were two enormous sagging breasts that wobbled and shifted at the slightest movement. Samuel struggled to look down and shifted a little.

The enormous breasts swayed and rippled at the movement and he could feel them sway on his belly as he stirred. He looked up and saw Miss Lily was now completing the long rod with a red dildo from the trolley. Methodically, she tested the fitting and then wheeled the trolley and pressed on a pedal to settle it on the floor with the casters retreating into the frame.

Her hand lowered the rod sticking from the trolley and lined it perfectly to slide between the cheeks of her secured victim before she adjusted some setting that Samuel could not see and the red dildo slowly pressed into the ass with a slow motion.

Then it retreated.

The ass moved slightly, an inch perhaps, in reaction to the violation before the engine in the trolley forced it home again. Satisfied that it was in order, Miss Lily's hand flicked a switch and a steady grinding hum filled the room. The dildo forced its way in and out of the upraised ass with slow strokes and Miss Lily cuffed the soft ass with a casual slap as she watched the machine fuck her victim.

"Three hours..." she said as she touched the steel rod that bridged the gap between ass and machine. "Then double milking for a week. You are not producing enough and we all know what happens to the animals that are not productive. This is your last chance!"

Samuel felt that her words were as much for him as for the mute suffering victim of the parlour and looked away, to his left. A man! He could just see the balls that hung between the cheeks of the wide-parted ass and that some object lay below and tubes that snaked their way to a junction box. The whole scene was like a vision of some demented hell. A female devil in black who moved freely to punish the lost souls, who were utterly helpless to evade eternal punishment.

Miss Lily turned to face Samuel and the vision of hell became suddenly even more frightening. The huge breasts, the zippers that allowed access, the narrow waist and severe corset, the severe black face with an ironic twist of the lips. Miss Lily was all voluptuous woman, complete in all aspects but for one incongruous twist.

Between her thighs, where the latex should have stretched over a low mound where her pussy was buried, was a swelling. It formed a line down her thigh, half way to the knee. The shape clear, the meaning obvious, what sprouted from her loins was nothing less than a cock that would not have embarrassed a bull. Half swelled with stimulation, seemingly throbbing from root to bulbous tip, a weapon that truly defined the Mistress of the parlour as its demon goddess.

Samuel watched her slowly walk towards him with a roll of hips, a pretty step, the swinging of her powerful arms a small smile as she saw his shock.

"That's right darling, it's me that you have to keep happy every day!"

As she spoke her hand moved and stroked the snaking meat trapped in her tight suit and it straightened a little under her touch.

"You start here," she announced, pointing at the helpless female figure to his right. "An hour showing my prize animal a little pleasure. After that, down the line!"

Her hand pointed at the row of soft flesh that extended away from Samuel. By Midday you should have managed four. Then, tomorrow morning your job is to continue."

Samuel looked down the line and then to the man on his left.

"That's right, everyone, again and again until I am satisfied that you can make them all come in an instant... You need to learn that all of them are different. Sense the climax before it arrives and play to it as I require."

He so desperately wanted to beg and plead with her. Tell her that he would do anything, but please, please not this, but all that came from his lips was a whisper and a croak that made Miss Lily chuckle and pat him on the head.

"If you learn well there are rewards... If you do not, then there is always a reserved space for you in my parlour!"

Her hand took the leash from the pole where it was hooked and slowly pulled him close to her.

"I will be watching," she pointed at the round exposed ass of the fettered animal at their feet and patted the smooth stretched skin and opened the crack of the ass with her fingertips. "You start now..."

Samuel looked at the strong arms and muscular frame of Miss Lily and slowly knelt on the padded rest that extended over the legs of the immobile woman and looked up at Miss Lily as if she was about to announce that, after all, her orders had been just banter. The skin was smooth, the crack deep, a stopper with a tube ran from the stretched upper opening and another plugged the lower one.

Miss Lily slowly pulled the stoppers from her trembling prisoner with a small sucking sound and disconnected the tubes from the long stoppers.

"One hour..."

The soft opening slowly closed after the plugs were withdrawn. Plump lips and a glistening of lubrication below the clenched opening of her ass. He bent down and almost overbalanced forward, pushed to the pussy that he had been ordered to satisfy, his face in the valley of a plump ass, his lips pouting and his tongue ready to serve.

"This will remind you," said Miss Lily and Samuel felt her hand on him.

It parted his ass, teased him and then slowly pushed something hard and smooth past all resistance to fill him.

"You have to be ready in so many ways," said Miss Lily, "ready as well for the little rewards that will make you perfect for the nice young girl who you are being given to." Her tone had a small hint of irony.

The pressure from behind pushed him forward, pressed his lips to the fettered woman who flinched at his touch and then groaned as the tip of his tongue contacted clitoris. Miss Lily slapped Samuel's ass sharply and chuckled as her fingers reached between his thighs and released his straining cock from its restraint. He clenched his thighs, but her hand burrowed through to tease him and then close on his balls.

"Make it come," she said. "It has to be ready to be covered by a stallion later, so nice and wet would be good for it..."

The hand pulled free and Miss Lily watched Samuel make love to the trapped ass and cunt. Her hand pushed at the top of his head and then she laughed.

"One hour and then the next one will be lined up..."

Samuel heard her footsteps retreating, but dared not pull free to watch. His face was embedded in the rear of the slave, trapped by soft warm flesh and the reaction was already apparent. Liquid oozed from the hole under his lips, oiled his lips and face and a slight tremble helped him in his exertions. A dribble of some stallion's come welled from the slack asshole and wetted the lips of the cunt that he was servicing.

As he worked, as the trapped slave trembled and climaxed again and again, Samuel heard the footsteps behind him. They passed and then retreated. Passed again and Samuel redoubled his efforts.

"Make sure that you fuck it both ways," said Miss Lily from behind.

Samuel lifted his head a little until his eyes looked over pale flesh to the edge of the board that closed off any view of the slave's back and closed his eyes. He could feel the stickiness under his lips. It gummed his

tongue to his palate and filled his mouth with a dusty, salty taste that filled his mind. His tongue extended and then touched. Pressed in as lips sucked and he tasted her, fucked her and wept as he did so.

His tears lubricated his lips, her sweat tasted of salt.

Behind him, Miss Lily walked and watched.

And, the slave climaxed again.

And again.

Episode Eleven

An hour, an eon.

Another ass to serve and please and then another.

Samuel's efforts became mechanical and desperate. His tongue ached and his face was wet with tears, sweat and female passion. Between his legs, his cock was standing proud, trapped by his thighs, rubbed and teased by his own movements and he longed to compress his legs closed and try to give himself what he was being forced to give Miss Lily's helpless animals, but he knew that he was being kept an eye on and struggled to resist the impulse.

Now he was just half way down the right-row and at last Miss Lily came and pulled him from the soft cheeks of her victim with a single pull at his leash. It left Samuel kneeling before her, his face just inches from the frighteningly powerful thighs and the long bulge that lurked under tight latex.

"Enough for today, time for your reward," she said.

Her hands smoothed over her breasts and then slowly closed between her thighs to find a small chain that dropped from the zipper. With lascivious slowness she pulled, the latex parting to reveal smooth dark skin of her groin. A momentary pause while two balls dropped to hang between her legs. Hairless skin, that stretched to leave them dangling down while the zipper opened ever wider and one hand dipped into the gap and pulled her half-erect stalk free.

She stroked it gently.

"Is this what you want?"

Samuel looked at the half-hard cock that Miss Lily was stroking to full stiffness and he nodded slightly. The smooth purple end's lips parted and a single drop of pre-cum swelled and wetted the finger that teased the tip.

"Open wide..."

Samuel looked up at Miss Lily's smiling face and his lips opened.

"Mm, you will be perfect," she said as she pressed the tip of her on his lips. "Just tease a little, Eighteen. Tease me and show me that you love me..."

He touched it with his tongue. Felt the slick wetness and lapped.

"That's so good," said Miss Lily with a slight moan. "Now, you lick me from the tip to my balls..."

The massive stalk loomed over Samuel's face, behind, smiling and licking her lips was the face of Miss Lily. Clearly, she was enjoying tormenting her victim as he hoped against hope that she would not force him to take that cock in. His tongue followed a throbbing vein to the root. A damp place where salty sweat and an animal odour lingered as he moved slowly down and teased the loose skin of hanging balls. It moved under him, crinkling and loosening as he kissed and hoped that she would find that what he had done was enough.

"Good filly, now, slowly back to the tip... This is what you have to learn..."

Samuel licked slowly, a hand on his head slowed him and a groan from far above showed that he was satisfying Miss Lily. The heavy head of her prick loomed before his eyes, slipped past his nose and he planted a small kiss on the very tip as it erupted. Spewed come through his lips to the back of his mouth, thick gobbets of sperm on his tongue and the hand on his head stopped Samuel from escaping as a second rush gushed.

"Lap it all up, and lick your lips to show your appreciation! That's so important, a real man's cock is something that you will learn to love to please."

Samuel's head was released and he sipped at the extending string of come and looked up at the face of his exploiter. Miss Lily licked her lips and Samuel imitated her before a hand stroked his throat.

"Now show me how grateful you are to serve. Good boys always swallow!"

As Samuel swallowed, Miss Lily patted the top of his head and Samuel tried to smile. The strong hand that had patted the top of his head moved down and touched a cheek before suddenly delivering a hard slap that caused Samuel's head to ring. The arm moved again and slapped from the other side and Miss Lily leaned forward to look directly into Samuel's face.

"After you serve, you thank your user appropriately. For a man, a little peck or soft kiss for the cock or ass that you have been permitted to pleasure. For a woman a kiss on the toe of a boot, a last longing lick to ensure that the ass is clean, or perhaps a welling tear and a mouthed 'thank-you'. Next time you fail, I shall punish you..."

With her blows still ringing in his ears, her hands appeared with his hood. They pulled it over his face, a strong jerk of the collar and then pulled the laces and straps so tight that the latex moulded over his features. Miss Lily pulled the mouth zipper closed and suddenly he was in complete darkness and shaking with the terror of what she might do next.

Samuel's fears were fulfilled.

The tip of her boot kicked between his thighs. A hard kick that caught his tender balls and caused Samuel to double over as a terrible ache filled his belly. A hand grasped the top of his head and pulled him back to kneel and another swift kick, guided by his shaking thighs, caused him to wail.

"Giving a little pain is such a pleasure for the special people who buy slaves like you! They have every right to do whatever they want, so you will have to learn to thank them for the punishment."

Her tone softened a little.

"Now comes the best part... for you that is."

The stilettoed boot that had kicked him pressed hard, forcing his cock against hard laces and hooks. Moved up and scratched his tender flesh and Samuel could not help himself trying to escape. Free himself from her grip as Miss Lily ground his manhood with a parody of pleasure. Causing him to harden, forcing the little prick to suffer as she sawed between his thighs.

Suddenly it was gone.

"In a week, you will learn to come on my boots, filly! When and how I demand it, you will dribble like a bitch in heat and thank me so perfectly for the torment," she laughed. "Trained to please, taught to beg for cruelty and longing to please as your owner has the right!"

Miss Lily pulled Samuel down, placed a booted foot to hold him in place and then pulled the stopper in his ass free before dragging him to his feet.

"Tomorrow the lessons will continue... look forward to it!"

Episode Twelve

The ache in his belly had become a dull discomfort. Hitched to a post in the hot sun, Samuel could scarcely breathe, his body ran with sweat and the taste of Miss Lily pervaded all of his senses. Deep inside, he knew that they were trying to break him down, turn him into something that they could mould, purge his thoughts and empty his mind. In his mind's eye, all that he could see in the darkness was that curved cock, velvet skin, twisting veins and the delicate bulging tip from which a drop of clear dew issued.

The sound of hooves in the dust, a creak of leather and steel, the pant of stallions and then a last slight crack of a whip on naked flesh. Mistress Isabella's voice, casual and with a hint of cheerfulness.

"Here we are, at last, oh and look who's waiting for us..."

"Poor thing, standing in the sun..."

The answering voice was familiar to Samuel, but she spoke so quietly that he could not recognise it exactly.

"It needs to get used to casual mistreatment," said Miss Isabella, "all part of the training..."

Footsteps in the dirt. The creak of the carriage settled as the two women dismounted. He could hear them approach and then there was a moment's silence.

"The buyer has decided on a filly... suitable for household and outside use," said Miss Isabella. "A pet that can be used to pull a small trap and then serve as a plaything for a nice young woman who is just starting to explore and experiment with her power."

"A spoiled brat, you mean?"

There was a small laugh.

The voice came from so close and Samuel started as recognition came to him. Miss Harriman, the woman that had taken him and then thrown him into nightmare. The recollection of her white hair, the proud features, the magnificent body caused him to move his head towards where the sound came from.

A hand touched his breasts.

"I see that it is being modified..." said Miss Harriman. "I am so glad for this opportunity to see what has become of my little experiment. Thank you so much for inviting me to come and visit..."

"It's a pleasure, dear! What you see here is the start of the programming that all of our patron's demand. Strict rules, severe punishments and rewards that create animals that *long* to be abused."

As Miss Isabella spoke, Samuel felt a hand on his belly. It moved between his thighs and played with his cock idly, urging it to rigidity with teasing fingertips.

"See the immediate response? Eager to be played with? It will be an outstanding pet for the lucky girl whose mother is giving it as a gift for her eighteenth."

There was a pause as the fingers fondled and explored him.

"When I saw him in the street that first time, I knew that he would be so responsive," said Miss Harriman, "ideal for my little prank. Such fun to see what happens to him. I wonder where he will end up next?"

"I am sure that he will just be the first in an extensive collection like her mother's," said Miss Isabella. "They don't last all that long, usually. These teenage girls tend to break their toys, so that might be its final move!"

"A shame really," said Miss Harriman. "Still, I would be so grateful if you could ask his new owner to contact me when she has a moment. Just to see how he progresses."

"Of course."

The sound of footsteps came to Samuel's ears.

"Ah, Josephine," said Miss Isabella. "Come to take it away? This is Miss Harriman, the woman whose brand is on your trainee's thigh."

"A pleasure," said Miss Josephine. "I so love that brand, we really must do the same thing to all of ours. It adds such a delicate touch of distinction. The tattooed registration codes are not nearly as stimulating."

"You are so right, Josie," said Miss Isabella warmly. "Perhaps a crown with a cursive 'i' beneath would be suitable as a brand?"

"I'll arrange it," said Josephine.

"Now then, we must really allow Josie to start the afternoon's session with it," said Miss Isabella. "You can join her or perhaps you would prefer to see something else less tedious for an hour or so. After that I have arranged a small soirée where you can meet some of the other woman whom I depend on..."

"I have heard so much about your parlour," said Miss Harriman.

The hand that teased Samuel cupped his balls and then retreated leaving him with a deep feeling of disappointment. He shuffled on his feet bringing a small laugh to his former owner.

"So sweet, so touching! It will be such a shame to geld the little thing," said Miss Harriman.

"Gelding was *not* on the list," said Miss Josephine. "Tiffany wants him complete..."

"Oh, that's so nice for him," said Miss Harriman. "So nice that he is going to such a considerate owner."

"I advised her that it would make the filly less tractable," said Josephine. "Still, we create what the customer wants, so there are only a few minor adjustments in that area to be done. Now, I really must get going, the

nurse is already prepped and waiting and she has a lot to get through today. Especially as she will be organising the branding for all of our stock!"

Samuel heard the retreating footsteps of Miss Harriman and Miss Isabella and then an impatient tug on his leash that signified that Miss Josephine was taking him to the afternoon's appointment.

Stumbling in the dust of the stable yard, Samuel followed his trainer who stopped him with another tug on the leash. He felt the familiar hands on his body as she buckled on a harness. She opened the opening on his mask to place the bit between his teeth and then strapped on the traces, the reins clipped to the steel ring on his balls.

"Three miles," said Miss Josephine. "Dressage trot the whole way and don't let a single foot fall out of place! I want you to show *me* that you can present perfect high knees and firm steps the whole way. Not like the last time..."

Samuel winced as Miss Josephine mounted the light trap behind him and remembered the last outing. Three missteps had earned him five strokes of the whip that still burned a little in the hot sun. This time he would have to be perfect!

He lifted one leg high as he had been taught, waiting for a flick of the whip and the tug of the reins. Balancing between the shafts of the carriage he waited for the off with his knee held almost high enough to touch his breasts. The woman seated on the carriage waited.

And waited!

Samuel lifted his knee a little higher and that seemed to satisfy her, as the touch of the whip and a touch at his reins signalled that they were now to move. In the darkness of the hood, his breathing loud in his ears, Samuel pulled away. Despite the weight of Miss Josephine, pulling the trap was not a strain at all. It scarcely dragged at his waist to hold him back. It was the lifting of his knees high at each step that was such a terrible effort.

Directed by the bit between his teeth, controlled by the slender rein that tugged his balls, he trotted into the darkness that lay before him, the only guidance that Samuel had was the subtle twitches of her hand. The delicate kiss of the whip on his shoulder urged him to step higher and move faster, a small tug on the reins to slow him.

He tried to imagine the picture that they made on the dusty trail.

A black lacquered trap, two wheels with the diameter of his height. His legs in moving high, in full dressage. Knees almost, but not quite, lifted to giant breasts, the shoes with no heels that would seem like hooves kicking up the dust. Perched comfortably on the narrow seat, his mistress with the reins casually resting in her hand. Miss Josephine always seemed to relish the equine dress. Boots to the knee, tight tan jodhpurs with darker thighs and a tight jacket over white blouse. Samuel found that his imaginings excited and he lifted his legs high to find a steady rhythm that suited the pace that she seemed to require. His thighs struck his balls at each step as they were pulled backwards by her rein. His little cock, stiff and on show bounced in time and his breathing became less of a panting.

This was a perfect moment!

The training in the last weeks had strengthened his legs, weakened his arms and made him responsive to every strict demand placed upon him. It brought an ecstasy of its own that at last he knew exactly what was demanded of him. A simple task that was both challenging, rewarding and now inside his capabilities. As the miles passed, Samuel started to feel the strain, but he kept the dressage step high and focussed on each and every step. He could feel the sun on his front and knew that they were heading away from the villa to a destination that he had never visited before. Because he was always trained blinded in the hood, he could not know that he had been this way a dozen times before, to the low adobe building that served as a clinic for the pony-farm.

Just as the strain was really starting to show and a couple of flicks of the whip were necessary to keep Samuel's knees high, the ride came to an end and a tug on the rein slowed and stopped him. He felt Miss

Josephine dismount, the shafts of the trap resting on his hips lightly and he stood panting from the effort.

"Better," said Miss Josephine. "You are coming along..."

His reward was exquisite!

Miss Josephine touched his straining cock lightly with the whip causing it to bob a little before she left on whatever business she had in this place. Samuel waited, the slight touch on him lasting in his mind and the sun beat down on him causing sweat to run down his thighs and chest. The only sound was a distant cricket seeking a mate and occasionally a breath of warm air crossed his skin.

"OK, let's get it into the surgery," said a female voice. "I have all of the patterns ready, but I think that it is best to start on the other details first. We need them to heal properly..."

"One second..." said Miss Josephine in answer and Samuel felt her hands free him from the trap.

He stood still and waited as bit and reins, shafts and other straps were removed. Miss Josephine's hand slapped his ass and he followed the tug of the leash as he walked into welcoming shade. The suddenness of the clinic caused him to run with sweat and he was led into a cold place that chilled him to the bone. Samuel's leash was knotted to a ring and he heard the sharp reports of Miss Josephine leaving.

When it came, the cold water from the shower struck him like liquid ice. Samuel yelped in shock as a cascade of freezing water doused him, sluicing all of the dust and sweat from him in an instant. He felt the prickles of the water on his hood, but on his shoulders, it was like being stuck with needles and he struggled to stay where he had been hitched. At last it was over, just a minute under the shower, but it required more willpower to hold still than the three-mile trot to the clinic had taken by far. The water stopped with the same suddenness that it had begun.

The leash tugged and he squelched at every step, the water ran from the lace-holes of the boots and dripped from the hood where it had

even managed to penetrate the closed zippers and lace-holes. He shivered with the cold, but now, the warm air in the clinic was already drying his sodden skin.

“Strip it,” said the voice of the unknown woman. “I’ll prep it...”

Hands unlaced his boots, released his arms and unzipped the hood. For the first time in weeks, Samuel was free of the grip of harness, but instead of relief, the removal of the straps caused him intense agony in shoulders and arms. His hands felt frozen, his fingers almost incapable of movement and his shoulders dislocated. When the hood came off, he found that he was standing facing a chair covered in restraints and a woman who was arranging it for his occupancy.

The nurse was no taller than Samuel, a cute girl of perhaps twenty years in a tight white dress and high mules. Her skin was pale as if she had never been in the sun and she arranged the straps on the seat with casual efficiency while Miss Josephine stood behind him her hand on his shoulder.

“On it goes!” said the nurse.

Samuel looked at the chair, the high stirrups and the broad straps and lifted his arms. Or at least he tried to, but they would not move. They hung slackly, irresponsive and helpless as Miss Josephine took his wrists and pushed him towards the seat. His resistance was not even noticed, he could not stop what was about to happen despite the trolley to the side with a glistening collection of instruments, syringes and bottles.

Miss Josephine turned him easily and pushed him back to sit in the chair. It was then that the two women noticed Samuel's reluctance! His arms might be useless, but his legs were strengthened by weeks of training and could not be lifted.

“Up, now!” said Miss Josephine in frustration.

Samuel recognised the tone and almost surrendered, but an almost animal recognition of impending doom filled him and he kicked out at the nurse, who only just managed to move aside as his foot passed her

shoulder. Instead of taking a leg, Miss Josephine suddenly moved between his thrashing legs and closed a hand on his emaciated upper arm. She twisted savagely and Samuel's mind was filled with intense agony.

His legs dropped and he started to slip down from the seat, allowing the nurse to take an ankle and raise it high into the stirrup. A brief moment as she had to bear down, and the strap was on his ankle securely. It was Miss Josephine that took the other leg and placed it in the stirrup without resistance.

"Josie, you really must warn me next time," said the nurse with a chuckle as she started to strap Samuel into the chair. "I thought that you said it was docile!"

"It will be by tomorrow," said Miss Josephine between gritted teeth. "I'll see to it!"

Broad straps pinned Samuel to the chair. His legs lifted high in the stirrups while he struggled despairingly in the chair. The nurse just laughed and pressed a pedal on the floor. The chair began to change shape. The back tilted back, curved and became parallel to the floor. The stirrups curved up and over, wider and splayed; Samuel was bent back and folded by the irresistible compression until at last the movement stopped. His head looked up, almost from the floor. Now he looked up the short dress of the nurse and could see the ownership tattoo on her thigh, just below the complex rings that were lined on the lips of her pussy, each with a tiny padlock to sew her closed.

A single drop of bright dew hung from one of the rings and oozed.

Miss Josephine stood by his upraised ass, framed by his contorted open legs and he saw the short riding crop in her gloved hands. It flexed into a curve and then loosened to spring free and reveal the steel beads that ringed each tiny tassel that sprung from the braids.

"No," said the nurse. "I need clear skin, so no whip!"

Miss Josephine's face became a frustrated mask and Samuel almost thought that she had lost her self-control.

"You will regret shaming me, slut," she said between gritted teeth and swiped the crop.

Samuel felt the nearness, a slight brush of air as the tassels of her crop missed his exposed balls by a fraction of an inch. Any closer and he would have been stripped of them; that single swipe easily enough to geld him in a tenth of a second.

"I'm ready," said the nurse.

Samuel looked upward. The nurse had moved to stand over his face, her parted highs showing the chastity restraint that marked her as a slave. The long legs, tight rounded ass and shapely calves. In her hands were what seemed to be a small piece of cloth and he tried to cry out as she bent forward and swabbed at the delicate skin between scrotum and ass.

"Make it hurt," said Miss Josephine.

The nurse nodded and tossed the swab to the floor before exploring the target area with the tips of her fingers. She squeezed and probed before standing and choosing an instrument. The pincers in her hand flexed and Samuel felt his flesh flinch as if to avoid contact. The first penetration was a sharp pain that pierced his skin and caused the stricken Samuel to yelp, but the second came moments later. He could not move at all and he saw Miss Josephine move a step and then grin down at him as she enjoyed the piercings being added.

Her foot pressed the pedal again and the chair was once again in motion. It opened his legs so wide that he thought that he would split. Further and further up, stretching him impossibly so that now his tiny cock dangled before his eyes and his feet were out of his vision.

"That's perfect," said the nurse.

"Oh, a little more, I think!"

The stirrups moved again and Samuel cried out as he was bent to a point where the end of his dangling cock was almost between his lips.

"That's better," said Miss Josephine. "This will show our little filly that only pure submission is permitted. How dare it try to resist?"

A drop of blood was swabbed by the nurse as she continued to add piercing after piercing. In a line that followed from ass-hole to balls and then the subtle crease on his balls in addition. Eighteen piercings, one for each year of his new owner, each receiving a thick stainless-steel ring.

The placing of the rings was even more distressing than the piercings. He could feel each one enter, slide through the sore flesh and then exit to be clamped and sealed by pincers that made it a single whole. The whole of the area between his legs was on fire and the swabbing of the rings by the nurse did little to calm the intense pain.

"No running until they have healed," said the nurse as she dabbed the sensitive skin. "At a walk only. It takes a week to heal..."

Miss Josephine nodded.

"Good, that looks great," said the nurse. "Now at last it becomes a proper filly."

In her hand was the swab again.

She bent over Samuel's face and rubbed his nose thoroughly with the fragment of cloth. As he watched, she reached to the trolley and took another pair of pincers. They loomed in his sight, the tips passed into his nostrils and a sudden click was accompanied by a terrible agony. He could smell the blood, the alcohol and his own fear and watched with tears in his eyes as the nurse took two small pieces of metal and turned them in her hands. She tested the fitting and then clicked them into place in Samuel's nose. A short tube that passed through the septum, each with a rounded plate.

Another swab, a moment to allow the shock to pass and then a ring was clipped through the hole in his nose and clicked closed. He felt the ring kiss his lips and knew that it would never be removed. A pair of pincers closed the loop to a seamless circle and the nurse admired her work by moving the ring back and forth while Samuel's eyes streamed from the sting. This was how Tiffani would lead her filly. The standard for all of her mother's establishment.

"Perfect," said the nurse as she moved the ring around to examine her work. "Now come the touches that make it perfect for correct use!"

Samuel's vision was blurred. He could scarcely see her hands as they lowered to his face and the touch of her on his lips made him open his mouth to scream. At that moment, the nurse slipped in a gag that caught his teeth. A simple ratchet opened him wide and the nurse peered into his mouth. As the nurse retreated to gather the next instrument, Miss Josephine moved a finger in his mouth.

"I would strip them all out," she announced as her fingertip extended to the back teeth.

"That's not on the list, but if you specify it, I can do it now..."

A look of irritation passed Miss Josephine's features and she shook her head.

"The buyer comes first..."

"Then on we go," said the nurse.

Her hands hid the next instrument, but he felt her fingers on his tongue probing and seeking something before the instrument in the other hand was inserted and a small click signified its use. The pain was scarcely noticed by Samuel, but the taste of blood caused him to whimper.

"Ready to use," said the nurse as she slipped a swab under his tongue. "I think that there's an extra two inches of reach now..."

Samuel's tongue felt almost loose and he realised that the nurse had cut that thin strand under his tongue to make it extend further. As her fingers sought his tongue again he could feel no pain, but an uncomfortable stretching as she grasped him and pulled it free of his lips.

The large stud placed in his tongue seemed to be the end of interest in his mouth, and Samuel watched the nurse move between his legs to inspect his flaccid cock. A few hand-administered strokes and he was stiff while the nurse slipped something inside him and probed uncomfortably.

"Got to get this just right," said the nurse as she examined him. "There's only one chance allowed and the ring has to be seated perfectly!"

Samuel moaned with the pain and pleasure of being played with, so when the next alteration was made it came as a shock and he trembled in the chair and sobbed in distress. Gasping and shuddering as the nurse slipped the ring into him it was done right before his eyes. A thick, wide steel ring that entered his rigid cock and surfaced just below the ridge of the tip. Another means of control that would ensure that he would never be permitted to enter a male or female hole again.

The nurse glanced at her watch and smiled.

"Only an hour for the lot, I'm getting so much better at this..."

Miss Josephine nodded and reached between her breasts to pull out a small key on a gold chain.

"Mistress Isabella has permitted me to give you this..."

She passed the key to the nurse who seemed almost startled by the gift.

"Oh my God," said the nurse with tears in her eyes.

"You are *not* a supervisor," said Miss Josephine. "Not yet, but you are on your way, so Mistress Isabella may take back the key if you do not fulfil the responsibilities given to you. Personally, I think that it's just a matter of a year or two..."

The nurse dangled the key before her eyes and wept with joy.

"I promise that I will be perfect," she said between sobs. "Anything..."

Miss Josephine stepped close to her and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"It is not lightly given," she said. "Ever!"

The nurse sank to her knees and crouched to kiss the boots of the woman who stood over her. Samuel could see her rounded ass, the cheeks parted as she bent and he could see a black stopper that plugged her ass and the two rows of rings that were closed by locks to which the nurse now had the key.

"Anything for you, Mistress. Anything!"

"You have done well, Nurse Diana. To escape from the parlour to become a faithful servant and now receive your new status speaks of your dedication and training. Now then, all that you have to achieve, is to be named supervisor and become a fully-trusted part of the team that create perfect animals for deserving owners!"

Between the rounded ass, the slit of Nurse Diana's pussy flowed with lust.

Chapter Five

Episode Thirteen

Samuel hung on the cross in his stall.

Outstretched, pinned and with the pulsing in his ass that marked the commencement of the next round. His arms hurt, stretched and pulling with his weight, his legs barely reached the blocks, even on tip-toe and the machine that slowly swelled and shrank in his ass to create a perfect sissy-pussy caused him to shift his weight whenever it changed its shape.

This was the punishment that Miss Josephine had decreed.

Not damaging, but a relentless reminder of the moment when he had resisted her wishes. The rings embedded in his flesh were now healed, but Miss Josephine still did not use that crop, but simply found other ways to torment him. Strung on the cross, forced to serve Miss Lily and the animals in her care. Altered, recreated in the shape that an eighteen-year-old brat had listed from a long list of costly alterations. The crop was not used because Tiffani had decided that plain olive skin was not enough. Every day, Samuel was taken in the afternoon to the clinic where the nurse applied her artistic skill at creating a motif on his skin that would make Samuel the envy of Tiffani's friends.

Hours on the chair, the marking of the needle that ran rings on his skin. A veritable Escher of ink that would make the filly dressed even when it was naked. Nurse Diane started on legs while the piercings healed and moved to the other areas afterwards over the next weeks.

Delicate lace tracings on his thighs, tight woven patterns on his legs and finally the inking-in that left his legs looking as if Samuel already wore stockings. Lines from the completed work to a delicate suspender belt. The nurse was a consummate artist driven by the perfection of the commission as well as her own intense satisfaction on the course that her life was now taking.

Day by day, week by week, the patterns extended as the helpless filly was decorated. The suspender belt overlaid by tracery like gauze that traced over breasts and torso. A bouquet of flowers that seemed to be hazed by a negligee, a lacy choker from which from which dangled a

perfect tiny cocklet. All permanently added to his skin at the end of a pulsing needle.

Bright pink make-up on lips and cheeks, a waft of red at the eyes and black lining that drifted to points at the corners of the eyes. A day taken on the tattoo in the inside of his lips that spelled Tiffani's name in cursive script before work started on his rear.

Through it all, Samuel felt as though he was losing his mind. He longed to see the nurse turn and move over him. High-points that she seemed to understand and tease him with, as she worked on the little pink bows on the backs of his legs and above his needy little cock. It was not painful, it itched and prickled and only the addition of a delicate rosette on his ass-hole was real discomfort.

He had been labelled and branded, but somehow those marks were insignificant because they were concealed in places covered by clothes and harness. This endless addition of artwork to his body was an everlasting mark of his status. A pretty she-male, a sissy-filly that was no more than a broad canvas for Tiffani's juvenile fantasies.

At last it seemed that Miss Josephine was satisfied that she had punished Samuel for his attempts to resist and she relented. Once more he was permitted to take his place on the hay in his stall while his whole body itched and was sore from the endless application of ink. On the other hand, the hood was on nearly all of the time now, so he was not able to see exactly what had been added to his flesh.

A thong was passed through the rings on his balls and ass to tie to the heavy ring embedded in his cock. A chastity restraint that was now not simply added, but actually a part of him. A constant reminder of the impending delivery of the filly to its new owner.

Samuel had no idea of the passage of time. A count of days had stalled long before the visits to the clinic and his mind was confused by continuous abuse. Miss Lily, training him how to slide cock into his throat and satisfy any man. Lick and satisfy and endless row of streaming pussy and ass to perfection. Not as a homage to female lust, but as a task to be completed with consummate ease. The long training runs and

exercises that had started again. Full dressage, knees high stepping out. Ever tighter harnesses that left his arms as simply twisted sticks behind his back, artfully arranged as decoration that had no other function.

At last the visits to nurse ended and the new lessons began. The finishing touches to a filly that loved to serve.

Walking in high heels, learning the social graces that would make Samuel an unobtrusive slave, a graceful ornament for occasional use. A servitor who learned when a toe needed to be kissed or a light brush of the lips on an ankle was the correct protocol. When to present his ringed pussy-clit and when to bend deep to display the artistic rosette that ringed his perfect hole. The place that was being massaged and stretched. Strengthened and readied as a tight pleasure-pussy for frequent use and endless pleasure.

He was glad of the artwork that dressed him, it meant that Miss Josephine would always threaten him with her ever-present crop, but never use it because she had to be sure not to damage him.

Samuel found that he looked forward to his visits to Miss Lily. Simple instructions, clear orders and abuse that always ended with the pleasure given to that long thick cock that was now becoming an obsession. Ebony and pink, smooth and velvety with a stiffness that was so reassuring. The eruptions of thick creamy come were all that were required of him and he learned a thousand ways of making Miss Lily come at his touch.

Allowed at last to kiss her breasts and roll her stiff nipples between his lips, he almost felt as if she was a lover and refuge, compared to the stress of obedience to the exacting Miss Josephine. Samuel loved that cock, he teased and sucked-in the low-hanging balls, learned the pleasure of giving climaxes with his ever-lengthening tongue and the loved taste of the black mistress, something that gave him pure satisfaction.

Number Eighteen was becoming a perfect filly.

The date of delivery was drawing near.

The birthday party was arranged.

Episode Fourteen

The black jeep pulled up in front of the villa in a plume of dust. From it debauched four girls, giggling and making small comments before taking their cases and heading for the vast villa.

Mrs Williams waved to them as they went and called out, "Have a great time, girls, see you in a few days..."

They waved back, but it was clear that the excitement of starting their vacation was overwhelming. They headed for the portico where Miss Elenora was waiting. She watched the girls and smiled to herself. Dressed like sluts, in their high heels and tiny skirts, it was almost as if this was a new intake for training! This was the future, these were the clients of the next years, and the disturbance of having them disrupt training schedules and supervisors' work was balanced by the prospect of doing business with them in the long years ahead.

"This is Miss Elenora," announced Tiffani as she introduced the woman who stood waiting for them. "Chief trainer..."

Miss Elenora smiled indulgently at the girls and sized them up. On Facebook and all the other social networks, she had done a little research and knew which was which. Tiffani in her cheerleader style miniskirt and white heels, Angie, her best friend, slinky in a tiny black dress, Hermione all in red and Francesca, her chubby best friend in tight jeans and frilly basque. All eager and radiant.

Elenora waved a hand deprecatingly and welcomed them to Miss Isabella's villa.

"I have taken the liberty of pairing you up," she said. "Tiffani and Angie in one suite and Hermione and Francesca in the other."

She led them through the long corridors and opened the doors to their rooms.

"It's been a few hours on the road for you, so maybe you'd like to freshen up? Feel free to explore, because if you are not allowed in a room, it is locked!"

The girls giggled and entered their rooms. Hermione winking at Miss Elenora as she followed her friend into their room.

"In half an hour, we can meet up in the lounge and I'll give you the guided tour..."

Tiffani and Angie disappeared into their room and Hermione entered hers to find that Francesca had already discovered the silent maid in the corner room and was inspecting her with interest.

"Look at this," said Francesca as she stepped close to the maid. "This is incredible..."

"I would think that every room has a maid," said Hermione with disinterest. "It's all part of the service."

Francesca put a finger under the chin of the pretty little maid and lifted her head.

"Is she really here, just for us?"

"Of course, whatever we fancy, but right now I need a shower and to get ready for the tour. Miss Elenora will be waiting! No time to play."

Francesca could not get over the maid who just stood absolutely still as she walked around her and noted the tight latex dress that barely hid the tops of her thighs.

"She's so delicious..."

"Get over it! They are just born to serve and slave in the house. Wait until you see the ponies and the parlour, then you'll see some fun."

Francesca looked around the rest of the room and went to open her suitcase.

"You go first and I'll follow on," she said as she leafed through the layers of clothes. "I have to decide what to wear..."

Hermione shrugged and headed to the shower while her friend unpacked. The girl just had no idea at all, didn't she know that some people were made to serve others? Sometimes she could be so dense. Of course, her family were really not all that wealthy and it was only through Hermione that Francesca had discovered how the ultra-rich lived.

When Hermione came out of the bathroom dripping with a towel in her hand, Francesca giggled and watched as her friend tossed the towel to the maid and stood to be dabbed gently dry.

"In you go, Fran... your turn."

Francesca watched the maid carefully dry her friend for a minute and headed into the bathroom. All in pastel blues and greens the bathroom was perfect. A line up of perfumes and toiletries, one side a wet-room, the other with bowl and sink. She stripped her jeans off and kicked them to one side before sitting to relieve herself. As she did so, her feet came up against something cold and she looked down to see that the base of the bowl was ringed with polished steel rings embedded in the floor.

The shower was perfect.

Hot, strong and a delight. Francesca sprayed a little scent on herself in a fit of luxurious pleasure at the wide choice and emerged from the shower to toss a fresh towel to the maid. There was something both erotic and blissful about the maid moving gracefully to dry her full figure and hanging breasts. She revelled in the way that every fold of her was dabbed dry with extravagant care.

"I could get used to this," she chuckled as the maid finished and she started to dress.

A fresh pair of ultra-tight jeans, the white stilettos and a loose T-shirt that only just dropped lower than her hanging breasts.

"Well, it's what we deserve," said Hermione with a tight smile. "Sluts like this maid here are ten a dollar and they are just eager to be of use... Love the jeans!"

Francesca threaded the zipper at the back of her waist and slowly pulled it down over her ass, between her thighs and up to the waist at the front.

"Mamma has never seen them," she chuckled. "My parents are so fucking straight-laced, they think that I'm in Florida with my aunt who is covering for me."

Hermione shrugged, "I don't have that problem! Mamma says that I have to learn to use the slaves and keep them in line."

Francesca straightened the T shirt and winked.

"I told Auntie May that I was with a boyfriend," she said with a wink.

"I think that Miss Isabella will be waiting..."

"Love that dress," said Francesca admiring the lacy revealing dress that barely covered her friend. "An original?"

"Dolce, from this season."

"Jeez, Hermi, what do you spend on clothes in a year? I never see you in the same twice..."

"No idea what it costs and it really doesn't matter, I just get what I want!"

Hermione curled her lip a little and then smiled.

"That's what it's all about," she continued, "I get whatever I want."

Francesca looked at the floor, "You *have* forgiven me, haven't you? Please tell me that you don't hate me!"

"I don't think that I've excused you, not really," said Hermione. "But I'm sure that I *will* feel better... I wouldn't have invited you with us if I still felt too bad about Jess."

"You can have him back..."

"I know. But, now that you've had him... I don't take used goods."

Hermione nodded and opened the door where Tiffani and Angie were already waiting and the four girls headed back to the front of the villa.

"I can't wait to see what my filly looks like," said Tiffani. "I know that I have to wait until the party, but I'm already eighteen now and next month seems a life away. It sucks to have the party a month after my real birthday!"

"I'm sure that they're doing a good job on it," said Angie with a slightly superior air. "I have three pets now and the next will be delivered in a week. Mamma says that I'm over-indulging, but watching them play with each other is such good fun when I'm bored..."

Francesca looked at the other three girls. She felt painfully different from them. Even though her dad was a director for some hotel firm, had a yacht and three limos in the garage, this lifestyle was a million miles from her own. More than that, they were all so perfect! Slim, elegant, sexy sluts on the prowl and she felt that she was dumpy and not-at-all attractive.

"I wish..." said Francesca.

"Don't wish! Do!" said Angie. "You can have whatever you want... even lose weight!"

"This way," said Tiffani. "Here we are..."

They entered the vast lounge where Miss Isabella was sitting on a sofa while a kneeling maid was carefully manicuring the toenails of a hanging foot.

"Come on in, girls! We are off in a few minutes for the grand tour and," she winked at Tiffani, "Tiffani gets to see her filly at last..."

Tiffani smiled, "I can't wait for it..."

"Of course, the training is not finished, so we have to be careful not to disturb Miss Josephine, but at least you'll see most of your wish-list already completed! In a couple of weeks, we'll arrange the delivery and then you can present it at the party..."

"I was hoping..."

"To play with it? Sorry, but that's not possible! But, never mind, there are loads of things to do here and your filly has to complete every phase of the preparation before it's ready."

"So what's first on the tour?" asked Hermione.

"A trip in Mistress Isabella's landau and then up to the stables and parlour for a look around. Then we come back for a bite to eat and an evening by the pool. Tomorrow is left free for you decide and then on the last day you will see an auction and get to see the stallions preparing for the show in Santa Fe."

The maid had finished applying the red nail varnish and stood to move to the side of Miss Elenora's chair to attention.

"I have something else for you as well," said Miss Elenora. "Something special that you won't be able to do anywhere else. Well, not safely, anyway!"

"Sounds great," said Hermione.

"An exciting little game..."

"What's that?" asked Angie.

"Well, Miss Isabella thought that it would be fun if you got to see the other side of her little business..."

"What other side?" asked Tiffani.

"Maybe I haven't expressed that all that well," said Miss Elenora with a smile. "What I meant was that she thought it might be fun if you all had a full day as slaves rather than guests here to see how the training really works..."

"Jeez," said Angie. "I'm not sure that that would be *fun* at all."

"Well, you don't have to. Of course, it would just be a small sample and not too stressful, but we would do it straight away and go on our little trip a little later." said Miss Elenora. "But, if you're not up for it, then..."

"I'd think about it," said Hermione with a small grin. "Maybe!"

Francesca looked at her friend and nodded. This could be interesting...

"OK, I'll give it a go as well," she said. "If Hermi is risking it..."

Tiffani shook her head and looked at the other three friends.

"No way, but I'm happy to watch!"

"How about you, Angie?" asked Miss Eleanora.

"Er, it sounds a little extreme and not all that much fun."

Miss Elenora looked at the three girls and started to laugh.

"I'll tell you what. Let's draw straws! The loser gets to be a maid for tomorrow for a few hours 'training' and finds out what life is like on the other side with Miss Josephine to contend with!"

Tiffani shook her head, but the other three looked at each other nervously and then nodded.

"It's not what I came here for," said Tiffani petulantly.

"That's fine, but then if you are not in the game, you are not allowed to see our new maid learn the ropes," said Miss Elenora.

"Are you *really* going to do this?" asked Tiffani.

The other three girls all nodded and Tiffani looked resigned.

"OK then, but just a few hours."

"That's the spirit, Tiffani," said Miss Elenora. "It will make the vacation unforgettable and you would all look perfect in the nice sexy uniforms that I have chosen."

She signalled to the maid who brought out a small velvet bag and passed it to her mistress.

"Now then, all four can pick a stone from the bag. The one with the black one will learn from the inside how we work here and the others can share the experience from the outside."

Tiffani reached out. She could feel the tension inside herself and dipped her hand in the bag.

"Don't show it," said Miss Elenora. "We will reveal at the end when all three have chosen."

"And, you are not in the game?" said Angie ingeniously.

"Of course, I am! There are five stones in the bag. I wouldn't ask you do something that I wouldn't do myself!" she answered with a laugh.

"You anticipated..." said Angie.

"It's my life," said the chief trainer. "It's what I do..."

Tiffani looked at Miss Elenora and hoped that she would be their slave.

Miss Elenora dipped her hand into the bag and pulled the second stone. After her, the other three all chose a stone and they all posed with fists outstretched, clenching their choices.

Each of the five looked nervous, but two of them were hiding their amusement at the nervousness showed by the other three. Miss Elenora and one other, who had wickedly planned this sweet little moment a week before.

At a signal, all opened their hands to find that Francesca had drawn the single black stone.

"Ah, the new maid," said Miss Elenora with a laugh. "Perfect, you will be so sweet... A chubby little slave in frillies. All we need is the uniform."

"I don't want to miss the stables and the parlour," said Francesca with a worried look.

"Don't worry about it, dear, you won't. I'll call in Miss Josephine and she can take you in hand while we have a little drink to celebrate our close call."

The other three girls looked relieved and Hermione put a hand on Francesca's shoulder and said, "This will be such fun! I promise that I won't be *too* hard on our new bitch!"

Into the lounge walked a tall woman with a maid trailing behind her.

"This is Miss Josephine," said Miss Elenora. "She organises most of the training, so Francesca will be in good hands..."

Miss Josephine nodded to the guests and looked them over.

"Which one is to be prepared?"

Tiffani looked at the tall woman in jodhpurs and high boots and then back to Miss Elenora. It seemed to her that the statuesque woman was already fixing her gaze on Francesca and the smile on Miss Elenora's face seemed to indicate her satisfaction. Almost as if the whole game

was planned-out in advance! How could they have the bag of stones ready if that were not the case? She looked at Hermione and then at Francesca. Hermione has a slight twisted grin on her lips and Tiffani realised that this had all been schemed long before.

Of course, Francesca was Hermione's choice for the trip...

"I'm ready," said Francesca in answer to Miss Josephine's question, "but a bit nervous really..."

"Mm, let's get you ready..."

Miss Josephine took the slack rubber uniform from the maid's hands and allowed it to drape to the floor. It seemed a shapeless mass of straps and surfaces, folds and zippers and Francesca stared at it with a slightly anxious look.

"This is just for an hour or two? Then we go to the stables?"

"Now let's get it on," said Miss Elenora. "And while that's being done, we can all have a drink and relax and anticipate how well Francesca can fill her new role!"

The maid, Miss Josephine and Francesca left the room and the four remaining women settled on the sofas as the maid served their drinks. Tiffani ran a finger up the back of the maid's leg, under the hem of the short skirt and stroked between her thighs.

"Female," said Miss Elenora. "My personal maid, actually..."

Tiffani pulled her hand back and Miss Elenora laughed.

"Don't worry, if you like her, then play all you want!"

"When can we go on this tour?" said Angie. "I am just longing to see the stallions cover the mares, is that possible? I mean to see that?"

"In an hour, it will be organised for you. That's the first part, in fact I think that we'd better set off now to catch it because I want to take you on a gallop all around the estate first and then off to the stables."

Miss Elenora stood as her empty glass was taken by the maid.

"Shouldn't we wait for Francesca?" asked Tiffani. "I'm sure that she'll want to see the stables."

"Miss Josephine has already taken her, so she'll be there when we arrive," said Miss Elenora.

Hermione had a disappointed expression.

"Shame! I so wanted to see her come in here as a maid!"

"There'll be time for that tonight," answered Miss Elenora, "now we'd better get moving."

"Dawn would have loved to see this," said Tiffani. "She'll be so envious when she sees my birthday present!"

"Dawn is such a show-off," said Hermione. "I'm glad she's not here. Whatever anyone else gets, she *has* to have in spades. Insufferable, just a big-headed bitch, she'd be perfect between the traces of my buggy instead of dragging her pets around as if she were so fucking special!"

Miss Elenora led the three girls into the sun where a carriage was already waiting with a uniformed woman sitting on the driver's bench, whip held high. The six hooded stallions stood passive as they mounted facing each other in pairs and then they were off.

A circle traced around the villa. Under shady palms and by watered lawns as Miss Elenora explained that the Spanish monastery-priory that had been the original building had been converted in the nineteen-twenties. Miss Isabella's grandmother had used it as a secluded hide-away where she could play her games away from envious eyes. The girls asked a few questions, but mostly they enjoyed the high-stepping stallions who drew the carriage at a steady trot.

The occasional touch of a whip, a light tug on the reins sufficed to keep the sightless stallions on course and stepping in time and the girls admired the easy style of the young driver who kept them in perfect harmony.

Once around the villa, the carriage followed a dusty path that led through a brush and stone wilderness where the low stables could be seen in the distance. Miss Elenora opened the parasol that served as a sun-shade and they trotted through the desert simply enjoying the strain and hard work of the animals that drew the carriage.

At last, they rolled up in the courtyard between the low buildings of the stables and dismounted just as Miss Josephine walked out of one of the doorways, being followed by a muscular black woman whose red latex contrasted to her dusky skin.

"Is Francesca here?" asked Hermione eagerly

"Of course," said Miss Elenora. "Do you want to see her first, or tour the stables to see Tiffani's filly?"

Episode Fifteen

"This is my vacation," said Tiffani, petulantly.

"OK, OK," smiled Miss Josephine. "When you're ready, I'll be here..."

Hermione pouted in disappointment, but put on a brave smile.

Miss Elenora led them into the low stable building. It took a moment for their eyes to adjust and then they could see the row of stalls each with a pony in training.

"Soon we will be adding a special building for the filly's and occasional pets that we train," announced Miss Elenora as she led them into the central aisle. "For now, we use the stables, as you will see. Mostly we train stallions and a few ponies. Mostly male animals, but there is an increasing demand for females. Of course, as per my grandmother's concept of training, we sell exclusively to women..."

They gathered around the first stall where a tall black stallion stood haltered passively waiting to exert himself for his mistresses.

"This is Number Eleven," said Miss Elenora. "He is almost ready to be gelded as per instructions. He is being prepared to be ridden, rather than as a draught animal. A bit of a rarity actually, we only prepare about five mounts a year and almost always they are not neutered. Notice the weights on his waist, this is to build up strength and stamina for when his aunt takes delivery."

Angie stared at the huge cock that rose from his thighs, curving upward to almost point vertical.

"What a shame to geld such a magnificent animal," commented Angie.

"As usual, with these personal assignments, there is a back-story which I am not at liberty to reveal. However, I can say that it has been one of the most difficult stallions to train in years. When we need six months to break an animal, you can be sure that there was a really high spirit to crush..."

The small group moved on to where a tall woman stood in full harness, hooded and with a bit already between her teeth.

"This one is such a fine animal that Miss Isabella herself actually considered adding it to her personal collection," said Miss Elenora. "Broken to the bit in just a week, she was originally part of a matched pair of sisters that we picked up by chance in Canada. In a month, she will be fully prepared and be packed off to Japan."

The next stall in the row held a small pony that moved as their voices came close to the entrance of the cell. In stockings and a delicate pink frilly negligee, it moved gracefully and moved its blank face to the direction of their voices.

"My little pony!" exclaimed Tiffani in an excited voice. "It looks perfect, just as I wanted it to be!"

"Oh, Tiffani, it's so pretty," said Angie as they watched Samuel move a hesitant step towards them. "Oh, my God, I don't believe it!"

"What?" asked Hermione.

"Can't you tell? Hermi, really?"

"What?" asked Hermione as she scrutinised the filly and tried to imagine what it was that caused her friend to be so shocked.

"It's so clever," said Tiffani with pride. "My idea and it's come out just as I wanted."

"Oh my, I can see now," said Hermione. "It looks so real..."

"Three weeks of work," said Miss Elenora. "Our needle expert has such incredible artistic talent. Not a stitch of clothing, but it looks as if dressed. Stockings, corset and negligée and the flowers that appear to be under it all are so realistic. I have had photos of the work taken to make it an option for future buyers. I am almost fooled myself!"

At the sound of Tiffani's voice, Samuel stood still for a moment and then slowly lowered to his knees with his hooded face pressed to the loose straw in the stall.

"Most of the work is done, dear," said Miss Elenora. "You will have to be so careful not to damage its value with severe punishments. It would be a shame to spoil the effect! It pulls the one-pony buggy perfectly and is uncut as ordered."

"Mm, I just can't wait," said Tiffani. "Stand and present, filly!"

The filly slowly gathered itself and stood gracefully. Even with its arms high to the collar, it moved with fluid grace and turned from the watching eyes to part legs a little and bend slowly forward at the command.

The petals of a flower around the smooth ringed ass-hole, the line of rings that pulled his tiny ringed cock tight to his balls and the effect of the tattooed-on stockings were perfect and Tiffani cooed as the filly bent over for them to command.

"Two weeks, I can't wait for two weeks to play with it," she drooled. "It's what I always wanted!"

"OK, I'll admit that I'm more than a little envious," said Hermione. "It will blow Dawn's mind away when she sees what a little money can do..."

Tiffani looked smug at the praise and they passed to the next stall.

There were twelve ponies in the stables. Stallions, a mare, the filly and several other ponies in various states of training. Miss Elenora gave a run-down on each one and all three girls felt elated when they final came back into the sunlight from the darkness.

"Go, I am so glad that all this is here for us," said Hermione. "That we have all of the fun while the rest of the dross all serve us so obediently!"

"That's what it's all about, girls," said Miss Elenora she led them to where Miss Lily stood under the shady eaves of the parlour. "You were born to be obeyed."

Hermione giggled when her eyes went to the huge bulge between the black-skinned woman, but Miss Lily just smiled and raised a hand in greeting.

"This is Mistress Lily, in charge of the parlour," she said by way of introduction. "One of the most dedicated trainers in the world, I would say. There are not many training parlours that both prepare their animals for use and still are productive like hers..."

"Miss Josephine has been called away to the clinic, so I'll do the honours. Fancy a look around?" asked Miss Lily.

"At last," said Hermione with a chuckle.

"Well, follow me," said Miss Lily and she led them into the building.

The atrium of the parlour was a plain tiled room and it was only when they passed through the heavy door that they could see the two rows of frames and the animals that filled them.

"It smells in here," said Angie.

"Just a little sweat and come," laughed Miss Lily. "There are no limits at all here, feel free to indulge!"

She stood at the doorway and leaned on wall as the three girls stepped into the room and started to laugh.

"Look, they are all plugged up and being milked," said Hermione. "How stupid can they be to end up in here?"

"It's what they deserve," sniffed Tiffani. "They are all no better than animals anyway, so they have simply ended up where they should be! They should be so grateful to be used."

Angie slapped a pair of hanging balls on the first male to the left and laughed at his shudder.

"Have you seen the tits on this one?" laughed Angie as she reached down and pinched the soft flesh. "Disgusting..."

"Just like that Francesca," said Tiffani. "Why the fuck did you bring that stupid cow along instead of Dawn like I wanted. Then she would have seen my filly in the stall and been so jealous of me!"

Hermione walked down the row of upturned female asses and slapped them in passing until she came to the very last in the row and started to laugh.

"What is it?" asked Angie.

"You'll have to see for yourself!" came the answer in a gleeful tone.

Tiffani and Angie moved from the cock that they had been alternately teasing and clawing with their nails and strolled to where Hermione was looking down at a vast rounded ass that stuck through the board across its hips.

"Jeez, she must be the fattest-assed of the lot," said Tiffani as she looked down. "Tits not as big as the others though!"

"Look, Tiff!" said Hermione with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, fuck me! I would recognise that tattoo anywhere, that's Francesca!"

"Oh, you fucking bitch," said Angie. "You sly, sly fucking bitch! God, that's so thrilling! Just where she belongs, the fat pig."

"Just my little revenge on the greasy cow," said Hermione with a giggle. "As soon as I found out that Jess was making passes at her, *this* was where she was destined to end up!"

"Well, I'll leave well alone then," laughed Tiffani.

"And him? What about Jess?" asked Angie.

"Last week," said Hermione cryptically. "No one does that to me and gets away with it. By now he'll be chained to a glory-hole that will show him what real cock tastes like!"

Angie slapped Francesca's broad ass hard and a muffled yelp came from the front of the animal.

"I left off the hood. When you are done, on it goes forever, so that its last sight is your pleasure at playing this little joke," said Miss Lily who had come to join them. "We'll sell her off with a job lot for Panama in a week or so, so make the most of the next couple of days!"

Tiffani looked at the spread ass cheeks and pointed.

"Hey look, girls, already she's oozing with come..."

Miss Lily smiled and her hand went between her thighs.

"All of them have to be introduced to the routine," said Miss Lily. "Nice and tight, a real pleasure to pleasure!"

Hermione watched the white come ooze from the clenched ass of her former friend and smiled.

"I paid for her to be fucked night and day," she said. "Front and back!"

"It starts with the stallions in half an hour," said Miss Lily, "then the fuck-machine all night in all three holes before the morning milking. After that she will be exercised... In the next few days she'll be so used that she won't even feel it any more, just as you paid for. Then she'll attend to her other little job..." Miss Lily's hand moved to encompass the left-hand row of animals and smiled. "When they are all milked twice into her gagged mouth, it's back to her place and then the stallions will all get another go as a treat. If you want to use her, I would suggest that you do it now, but as you like. You can visit her anytime!"

Hermione looked at her two friends and shrugged her shoulders.

"No, just a little private word and that's enough. Something to remember me by..."

"Fine," said Miss Lily offering the short tawse at her waist. "You might want to use this?"

"When are the stallions coming?" asked Hermione.

"In about half an hour, but we can wait..."

"No need, half an hour with this cow is quite enough."

"Knock yourself out," laughed Miss Lily.

She led the other three girls out of the parlour and closed the door to leave the vengeful young girl with her victim. Miss Lily crooked a finger and they followed her to see all of the other three stable blocks while inside the parlour Hermione strolled to the head of the shackled animal and squatted by the upturned face.

A plug blocked the open gag to its mouth and Hermione pulled at the short chain to leave the pug dangling from the frame.

"I just thought that I owed it to you to say goodbye, after all, we are best friends, aren't we?" said Hermione as she watched the face for reaction. "Maid for an hour or two? Did you really think that that was even possible? Once a fat cow, always a fat cow! Wait until the hormones kick in, bitch! An endless stream of milk from those huge tits to suckle on... You'll just be a flabby fuck-sow waiting to drop her little piglets."

Tears streamed from Francesca's eyes and she tried to speak, but only the words, 'please', 'beg', 'sorry' could be made out by the smiling girl who enjoyed the desperate outpourings until, at last, there was no more to come.

"There you see, I let you have your say," said Hermione and she showed the frightened eyes of Francesca the braided crop in her hand. "That's what friends are for, to listen to each other's problems! Now I can tell you

about my little problem. You see, I can't decide if I want to fuck you or just teach you what plump pigs are for..."

Hermione spat at the sobbing face and slapped hard.

"It's going to be like this," she announced. "You are going to be punished by me now for messing around with Jess. Then you will get a treat to show how generous I am in forgiving you, then I shall hood you myself before the stallions fuck your ass and ugly face. Tomorrow, you will be clipped, we can't have you *enjoying* being shafted, can we? Just a neutered hole to be used and filled."

Another bout of pleading issued from the drooling hole, but Hermione slapped the pleading face again and stood. Her heels rested in the small droppings from her former friend and she lifted a sole to be licked clean.

Francesca looked up at the perfect legs and Hermione lashed out at her back before the tongue emerged from the hole and did as the vengeful girl required.

"See, that's better, isn't it? Already you are learning to lick the shit from a Mistress' shoes."

Three steps to that broad ass and the whipping began. Twenty strokes on the helpless skin left it red and sore, but unbroken. Hermione pushed her fingers into the soft cunt and was pleased at the cries and flood of sobbing that ensued before she passed to the streaming face and squatted to open her legs wide.

The short lacy dress rode up exposing her perfect pussy and she played with herself a little. A perfect climax, soft and creeping up as Francesca's wide eyes watched the fingers slowly massage the throbbing clit that pressed between them.

"*This* is a perfect pussy," she gasped as she frigged herself. "Yours is just a hole... Enjoy the pleasure while you are still complete..."

It seemed that Francesca had run out of tears and she was silent.

"Well done!" said Hermione. "Now you have at last realised that begging and crying is a waste of time. Time for your rewards. First this and then on goes the hood forever."

She reached behind her and pulled out a funnel to show it to Francesca.

"This goes in here," she chuckled as she fitted the funnel to the hole and twisted it upright. "Then this goes there..."

She shuffled forward and squatted over the funnel, relieving herself with a satisfied groan as the funnel filled half way to the top.

"Oh, that's better," she murmured. "Make sure that it's all gone by the time that the first stallion fucks your face! I'll be checking. Now for the other reward, you fat pig. Just remember this moment, because it's probably the last!"

Slowly, Hermione stood and watched the level in the funnel drop half an inch while the eyes of the stricken ex-friend looked up, as if to excite pity. Slowly she walked to the round ass where the red welts of the quirt were starting to turn to livid bruises.

She reached down with the handle of the short crop and slowly pushed it into the lower hole. As she did so, she teased the long clitoris that emerged from its hiding place and then pinched it with her nails. Pleasure and pain, alternating with sadistic care, Hermione took Francesca to the edge of climax and then brought her down again and again. Come was still seeping from the animal's ass and greasing the malevolent violation as she played. Hermione concentrated and kept her prey at the edge of orgasm before she pulled the handle of the crop free and used it to ensure that every trace of excitement was purged.

"That was fun, I hope that you appreciate my efforts," said Hermione as she reappeared with a stiff hood in her hands.

A final pinch of the swollen clitoris caused the stricken pig to shudder and make a muffled squeal as the nails bit deep. Francesca's face was flushed with the near climaxes and the funnel was now just a quarter full. Hermione opened the hood to reveal its advantages.

"You see, you really don't need that clit of yours, it just invites your owners to torment you. I think that you will be so glad when it is clipped from you. Now then," she said in a lecturing tone, "this is a punishment hood. Once it is locked on and tightened, it can only be removed by cutting the wires that run through the latex, No eyes, of course. You won't want to see anyway, its better for you that way!"

With one hand, Hermione nipped off the bottom of the funnel and pulled it free before passing the end through the mouth in the mask.

"The gag stays on underneath, babes. Can't have you biting and making a nuisance of yourself! So, here we go..."

She plugged the open mouth with the funnel and then slowly, theatrically, pulled the mask over chin and mouth. With a final goodbye wink at the streaming eyes, she pulled the front up and over and started to clip the wires together with her fingers, talking as she did so.

"Thirty steel wires, all nice and tight," she said. "There we go, that's the last. Now, all I have to do is pull it nice and tight and clip the fittings to interlock... then they will never come off again. Blinded, milked, neutered and fucked, just a fat sow in the dark!"

Her hands worked and pulled at the ends of the wires, drawing the hood tight to shape itself to the face beneath. Just hollows where the eyes had been visible. The plug of the funnel for the mouth and the rest a smooth indistinct shape that only hinted at the Francesca beneath. Hermione hooked in the wires and closed the catches that ran in a row down the back, clicking each closed with a finality that was the only sound except for Francesca's laboured breathing.

Hand pulled wires tight and suddenly Francesca realised that her only chance to breathe was now through the funnel. The liquid moved as it drained and Hermione started to laugh.

"There you see, I knew that you'd finish it for me!"

Her fingers gripped the funnel and pinched.

"Oh dear, can't breathe, my friend?" she laughed. "Wait until your face-hole is full of hot cock, bitch, when you're choking on all that creamy come while a stallion reams your splitting ass... Still," she said thoughtfully, "you can always imagine that it is Jess that is choking your throat, so enjoy the thoughts!"

Hermione could not help herself, the thoughts that danced in her head were so exhilarating.

Her hand went between her own thighs and she gasped at the first gentle touch.

A perfect revenge, everything just as it should be, as paid and delivered. In a week or two, Hermione would have forgotten the forced-open mouth of Jess at the glory-hole and the terrible fate where she had consigned her female rival. There would be far more important things to dwell on. Like what to wear for Tiffani's party and which shoes she could choose that would over-match Dawn's.

She had so much life to live and Francesca was no more.

Episode Sixteen

The leash at his throat urged him forward.

The cool evening air chilled him and Samuel knew that he was walking from his stall for the last time. Each step on his high heels a graceful rising and falling, his hips rolling at every step. His cock, almost-always half erect, was bound by that ring and the thong, his body pitched slightly forward with elbows finally together and palms pressed together at the back of his neck.

Grateful to step at a slow pace, he followed Miss Josephine to the next stable building where he would be packed for transit. This was the moment that everything in his life had been leading to. Soon, he would be on his way to his young sadistic owner. Ready and desperate to please her as he had been trained.

In his head, thoughts rattled in confusion.

Memories and learned behaviour in diametric conflict. It had always been this way, he recalled. He had *always* been a filly, a pleasure pet prepared for a young girl who at last was going to possess him and show him the love and affection that he so hungered for. At last it was all coming true.

His heels' step rattled on tiles and Samuel felt hands on him. Hands that stripped his harness to allow the travel suit to be pulled on. A latex womb from which he would be reborn as the thing that destiny had prepared him for.

The hazy memories of Miss Harriman, resurrected to reality by hearing her voice weeks ago, were once again just a grateful, distant and misty sojourn in her loving care. The three days in the Snake Ranch were long behind him and the terror that Miss Crystal had been was now just a warm memory, scarcely remembered.

For a moment, the hood lifted and he saw Miss Lily for the last time. Her perfect breasts, the distinct bulge of that smooth cock, the perfect skin and the full lips. It was her strong hands that zipped the suit that was

almost a tight bag and then inserted the tubes that would allow ensure that the crate needed no servicing in the two days of its transit. He felt her hands lift him easily and then he was pushed down by her hand to curl like a foetus in the box that was to be the womb from which he would soon be reborn.

He had so hoped to lap at her cock again, suck it in and drink every creamy drop from her, but it was not to be. Samuel understood. There were others who needed what she had to give! He was predestined to be Miss Tiffani's pet and for that he could be glad.

All around him, soft pellets were poured into the crate and packed tight. Tubes and bags were added and at last he heard the nails being shot into place as the lid was placed and total silence filled his world.

He drew at the tube in his mouth and felt a warmth and gratitude that came of total surrender. There was no mistaking it, the perfect Mistress, the woman who had brought him into the real world with the stern Miss Josephine, had ensured a last generous taste of her as they finally parted ways.

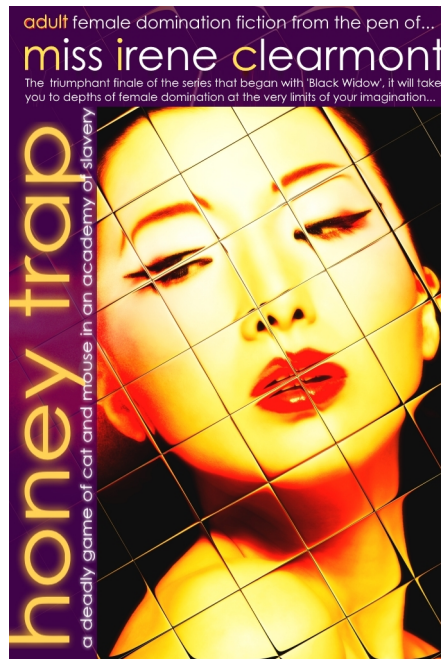
Samuel sucked on the tube and felt a bliss that was almost too much to bear.

At last he was on his way.

The continuation...

There is more...

If you enjoyed this part of the series 'Subjugating Samuel', and the 'pony' fantasy world revealed in it, you might enjoy the following novel/thriller that dives deep into this immoral equine world in another setting...



'Honey Trap' is actually the fourth in a group of interlinked novels, but stands on its own as a separate work, telling the tale of Korean slavers whose interest in slave ponies reaches exquisite heights.

Miss Irene Clearmont