

adult female domination fiction

miss irene clearmont

part three of the 'domains' series



cover art by sardax

in roan

where superior women are in the saddle...

In Roan

The third novel in the 'Domains' series...

**By
Miss Irene Clearmont**

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First Edition

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Dedicated to Steve and Phil, it's about time!

In the saddle (American/British)

1.
seated on a saddle
 2.
in a position of control
- Ref ~ saddle, spurs, seated on top.

Webster's Dictionary, 4th Edition.

In Roan

Beginning the Day. April 2038 Early Morning

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Ending the Day May 2038 Late Evening

End

BEGINNING THE DAY. APRIL 2038 EARLY MORNING

The first rays of the sun cast long shadows across the courtyard.

Burning away the last damp cobwebs of the humid night, rustling the few leaves of the Amarelo tree and heralding a new day. Heavy yellow blossom and a fragrance that filled the morning air with an aromatic, redolent sweetness. In an hour or so, the wood-cobbled square between the stables would resound to the click of heels and hooves, the sigh of buggy wheels and the chattering female voices of the riders. But, for now, a single figure surveyed the quiet scene and stood content as she noted a first few April-leaves amongst the blossom and considered the program for the day.

There was much to do, to prepare for the next round of guests but this was a moment of tranquillity at the beginning of each day that could be appreciated and savoured without the cares and responsibilities having to be considered. Soon the stable-mistresses would present themselves for inspection and the work would start, the preparation for the day would begin and Roan Domain would become the sexual fantasy that the guests had paid so much to experience.

She leaned against the smooth bark of the Amarelo tree and lit a cigarette. A plume of smoke was swept away by the waft of the warm breeze and she sighed in contentment. These were the moments to be treasured, up at dawn, alone with her thoughts and that first cigarette that soothed and set her in the mood for the day to come.

Isabella, actually *Mistress* Isabella, queen of all that she surveyed!

The butt of the cigarette was discarded, and a stack-heeled riding boot crushed it into the ground at her feet. She stooped and tightened the laces of her boots. Working from toes to knees, pulling them tight and re-tying the bow with fastidious attention to detail. It was a uniform that proclaimed her status, tight jodhpurs and the flared black bolero jacket. Frills and a loose bow of silk, feminine ruffles combined with severe costume. A short whip that coiled at her hip, a plait coiled around her head binding her hair tight and, dangling from her wrist, a braided crop that was her preferred badge of office and the filigree gold collar that was the final symbol of her status.

Mistress Isabella sighed, the fleeting moment was over. Duty called, it was time to consider her strategy...

The coming week would be critical, her mistress depended on her shrewdness to create the correct ambience for the visiting VIPs.
To inflame their instincts and encourage them to negotiate.

Some sacrifice was always needed, and Mistress Isabella had already decided *whom* it was to be. Actually, there was no choice to make at all, the victim was chosen, revenge would be so honey sweet. There were always winners and deserving losers

and Mistress Isabella had been given the duty of deciding how to deal with the foolish double agent in their midst.

How could *any* woman betray their cause?

She glanced around at the courtyard and then at the blossom on high.

That would come later, decided Mistress Isabella. One thing at a time. It was time to start the day... as she always did.

She followed her usual routine, nothing would betray her fury at the treachery of one who had formerly enjoyed the trust and confidence of the Domains. An inspection of the stables to be followed by a review of the women who would prepare the day's enjoyment for the guests. Attention to detail, every brass polished, every feather in the harness perfect, every desire satisfied and gratified. This was her work, her passion and her obsession. Competence, the reason that she had been entrusted with the most complex of all of the Domains to be created. Twenty years of experience and decisions, but not a line of care showed in bearing or face.

The Domains looked after their own... whatever the cost.

Stable-mistress Isabella enjoyed the sound of her heels on the wooden blocks that made up the vast enclosed parade-ground. A steady clack that gave rhythm to the train of her thoughts. Stables, parlour and carriage store, it was all under her complete control and the management of every detail gave her a thrill of satisfaction. The gold collar that proclaimed that power a badge of honour.

First, always the tack-room.

Mistress Isabella swung the door open and nodded an acknowledgement to the young woman who was quietly ensuring that all was ready for the coming day. Directing the harnessed slave who was replacing the black ostrich feathers in the harnesses, combing them carefully and dusting the tackle that held them in place. The smell of lacquer pervaded the large room, the carriage currently being serviced, dissembled into its component parts. Rows of saddles, harness, restraints and reins were neatly displayed in rows on the far wall and all seemed in order.

"The Brougham will be required by ten, and then tomorrow as well," said Mistress Isabella to the girl that was examining a harness and polishing the brass fittings. "Make sure that it is perfect... I'll speak to Mistress Claudia."

"Mistress!" replied the supervisor with a small nod. "Stallions or fillies?"

"Stallions, it's for a tour," replied Mistress Isabella. "Tomorrow the picnic."

"By ten... Mistress!"

Mistress Isabella watched the blinkered slave carefully preening the feathers and

noted that his required erection was nicely in view and nodded to the supervisor as an acknowledgement that she approved of the work. Every detail in place as it should be...

Satisfied, Mistress Isabella strolled to the door and gave a last look at the room before stepping into the parade ground to see that, already, the stable Mistresses were gathering for their inspection before the day could properly begin. At her appearance the chattering and laughing women formed themselves into a semblance of order. These were the women that Mistress Isabella ruled over, the women that ensured that the Roan Domain functioned like clockwork, just as it should. A place where guests could click their fingers to enjoy the recreation that they richly deserved.

Her heels clicked on the cobbles, and a few of the Mistresses stood just a little straighter. Strict discipline combined with the freedom to make decisions, a subtle combination that was Mistress Isabella's speciality. All seemed in order, boots polished, uniforms pressed and neat, collars straight and make-up properly applied. Each of these women had their own personal slave to attend to their needs, there was no excuse for laxity! Mistress Isabella exchanged a few words with the supervisors, giving the orders of the day before she turned to address them as a group.

"Ladies!" she said. "On the agenda for today, a visit by the personal guests of the directors, seven new silver guests to be inducted, the preparation for tomorrow's Tuesday forest-picnic and of course the covering of the mares for the new guests."

The attentive women took it all in, waiting to see which of them would be assigned special duties.

"Mistress Claudia, Mistress Hermione, to me. Let's start the weekly inspection of the stables..."

The two women who answered the call moved to flank their mistress and Mistress Isabella gave a small movement of her crop to indicate that the morning roll-call was complete.

"We need to discuss some other details as well," said Mistress Isabella as she walked to the low building that flanked the piazza. "The fitting of the new parlour will be completed in the next week, and we need to consider moving the stock in the next few days. We'll meet up tonight and go through the list in detail..."

"I've already updated the inventory," said the redheaded Mistress who walked to her left. "There are eighty-three stock, of which thirty are suitable to be moved..."

"Really, so many?"

"I am only disposing of those that are at the end of their use as per payee instructions," said Mistress Claudia with a little shake of her long red hair. "Since we will soon have room for over two hundred, we can delay decisions on the others as we

add to the inventory."

"Excellent, tonight we'll go through it and consider each case. It's important as it is a major revenue source... and a special service as well," she laughed.

Mistress Isabella nodded and stopped as the three women came to the doors of the stables. Created in purple-heart wood, a timber with such an wonderfully appropriate name: purple, the colour of suffering passion. The stable-mistress standing by the door slid the bolts and the three women entered the humid environment of the stables. The chime of a bell rang out warning the stock to present themselves for inspection. The long low room was divided into caged stalls, each with their occupant standing by the bars at the front of their hay-strewn stall.

"Just an overall appraisal of condition and the new stock, please," said Mistress Isabella to Mistress Claudia. "Keep it short!"

Mistress Claudia smiled and tapped her crop on the bars of the first stall.

"No particular problems as to condition at the moment. We have eighty-one available for use in all. Thirty-eight stallions, ten filly-geldings, ten mares, sixteen fillies, four steeds and three mules. On top of that, we have: six reserved for gold collared guests, four new intake to be decided, two mares carrying and the four teams reserved for the farm... though of course they will be gone by the time that we move."

Mistress Isabella looked down the long rows of stalls and nodded in satisfaction. Mistress Claudia had the facts and figures at her fingertips as always, eager to show her Mistress that she was in complete control of her area.

"Good, let's take a look at the new intake and then we can discuss the expansion in detail. Mistress Hermione, if you please!"

"This way, please" answered the tall blonde mistress.

She led the stable-mistress and Mistress Isabella down the passage between the stalls, rattling her crop on the bars as she went.

"This is the first," she said as she stopped at a stall perhaps half way to the end. "Acquired in Mexico a week ago...."

The muscular man stood by the bars of the stall and the three women inspected him as Mistress Hermione elaborated on the details. His face was set in a hard dislike and he watched the three women with obvious hatred.

"Age, twenty-three, sold to us by the Sonora Cartel, this is the only one that was not taken to order by our own people. Unfortunately, as you can see," she said as she moved the tip of the crop to his chest, "heavily tattooed and something that would not be at all attractive in harness. Mistress Claudia has decided to assign it to the farm

teams. It will act as a replacement for one of the other stock. Suitable for heavy work only..."

"Mmm, what did we pay for it?"

"Three thousand," answered Miss Claudia. "Cheap at the price, apparently they suspect that it was an informant..."

"And, was he?"

"I doubt it, but then, who knows?"

"Fine, let's move on..."

Mistress Isabella followed Miss Hermione to the next stall where a tall figure stood clutching the bars. Somewhat lanky, but impressively endowed he moved to cover himself as they inspected.

"You cannot keep me here," he said to them as the blonde mistress tapped the tip of her crop on his hands between his thighs. "I demand to see a lawyer!"

"Hands by your sides, stand straight and shut-the-fuck-up!" said Miss Hermione. "Now!"

The captive stood a little straighter and withheld his next comment, but his hands still cupped at his groin.

"Have it silenced," said Mistress Isabella.

"Mistress!" answered Mistress Claudia. "This one is a reserve for a guest and silencing is not on the required list!"

"One more word and I will have it done anyway," said Mistress Isabella. "Hands on flanks!"

Hands dropped to thighs as the captive responded and Mistress Hermione elaborated; "Age twenty years. Palm Springs, only son of some real-estate broker. Apparently, his fresh new wife wants to ensure that the son from the first marriage is removed from the picture... her daughter will, of course, be the one to gain. Perhaps you have met her? Miss Jaqui?"

"I don't think so..."

"Regular in Crimson, Mistress," answered Mistress Hermione.

"She's a gold of course, the mother, I mean?"

"Four months a year," answered Miss Hermione with a twitch of the lips. "Started in

Pink three years ago and now almost lives in Roan. Has already paid the full cost..."

"Perfect," said Mistress Isabella with a small smile. "What does she want at the end of the training?"

"A chaste filly for her own personal use..."

"Carriage or saddle?"

"Saddle, Mistress," grinned Mistress Claudia. "There's a lot of work needed..."

Mistress Isabella nodded and gauged the latest filly with pursed lips. Indeed, there would be a deal of exercise needed to build him to the point where he could carry a saddled mistress without strain, but his frame and young age suggested that he *could* be suitable.

"We shall build up the strength first and then convert," said Mistress Hermione. "I will suggest strongly to the owner that this one should be silenced. In a few months' time she will be delighted at the transformation and ready to put the saddle on to start using it properly... Then it will really feel the spurs on his flanks," she laughed.

The thought of the sadistic step-mother and her daughter being in the saddle of their victim amused Mistress Hermione. With the two of them spending so much time in the Domains their victim would not have time to even catch a breath!

"She has asked us to break it to the bit, ready for use," said Mistress Hermione with a grin.

Mistress Isabella glanced down the rows of stalls and Mistress Hermione decided that it was time to move on. She led the stable-mistress and her superior further until at last she stopped where a petite woman stood tearfully watching them arrive.

"Age thirty, taken in Toronto by Mistress Veronica herself," she announced. "This one was originally destined as a play-pet for the planned expansion of Silver Domain team, but we had a request in for a mare, suitable for some of our older guests... so it ended-up here."

"Soft and easy to handle," said Mistress Isabella as she inspected the pretty pony. "It will make a pretty little mare for casual use."

"Exactly," said Mistress Hermione. "The tail-fitting is this afternoon."

The woman sobbed, and her small hands gripped the bars as she looked at the three women who were discussing her fate so casually.

"I don't know why I'm here," she sobbed.

Miss Claudia raised a warning hand to quiet the sobbing girl, but Mistress Isabella

stilled the movement of her assistant with a small wave.

"Why do you think that?" she asked with a smile.

The question seemed to confuse the woman who broke down again and looked at the floor as her tears dripped to the straw at her feet. At last she gathered herself and looked to Mistress Isabella. Her chest heaved, making her small breasts move deliciously and the mistress could understand why she had been taken. It was not that she was beautiful, but she could have been described perhaps as superbly sexually attractive. There was a vulnerability and helplessness that was almost a palpable aura.

"Because of Harry," sobbed the little mare.

Clearly, there was some story in her recent past that she blamed for this nightmare. Mistress Isabella nodded and leaned to whisper to her through the bars.

"Harry sold you to us," she lied with a small smile, taking up the thread with casual malice. "Once you're in harness and trained, you will be the perfect little pony for selected guests. We have a perfect little pink gig for you to pull and you will look so pretty between the traces."

The pony-girl started to weep again, and Mistress Isabella chuckled at her distress.

"Once it is systematically covered by the stallions, this one will be perfect for the frailer clients." Mistress Isabella said to Mistress Claudia. "Make sure that it is properly broken in and keep me updated as to the progress," she added. "The guests will be desperate to use her and fuck her... make sure that she learns to weep properly when she is used, one for the connoisseurs. Have it covered six times a day to begin with... After that, regular twice daily coupling will be sufficient."

They left the sobbing pony-girl behind and moved almost to the end of the stables. Fresh straw littered the hard cobbles, hooded, sightless faces moved in silence as they passed. These were the stalls that held the stallions that had to be kept in check securely. The trained chargers that did most of the heavy lifting. Mistress Isabella paused by one of the stalls and took in the huge black stallion that was fettered to a ring at the back of the stall.

"Impressive," she said as she inspected the vast erection that stood from his thighs and the heavy balls that swung with each movement. "He will take the gold prize in Phoenix," she added. "Quarterbacks make such perfect show stallions..."

"He's come a long way, in two years," admitted Claudia. "One of the best..."

Mistress Isabella's lips moved silently in the shape of his name. Mike Fallon, star quarterback of the Orlando Crocs, caged and broken to the bit. When he was presented in Phoenix it would cause so much idle chatter... Such a shame that the American Gymkhana Rules did not allow hooded competitors... It would be a small

risk to show the stallion there...

"This is the last of the week's intake," said Mistress Claudia as they arrived at the final stall. "Age fifty, taken in Boston..."

Mistress Isabella looked at the pot-bellied man who cringed behind the bars and raised an eyebrow.

"Already in the punishment tackle? I can see that there's a tale to tell here," she said. "Why do we have *such* an unsuitable pony on the inventory?"

Mistress Hermione started to giggle and took a moment to recover.

"Remember the scandal with Miss Alicia and all the trouble it caused?" she said to her mistress.

"Oh yes, how could I forget the woman who could not pay her bills? In White now, I believe?"

"That's right, Mistress," answered Mistress Hermione. "This is the brother who started all the problems when she went missing. He was assigned here temporarily because the cages in Crimson were overflowing..."

Mistress Isabella sighed.

"Really?," she said. "What are they doing up there, do they think that we can take on material like *this* in Roan?" She swept her gaze over the pudgy man behind the bars and made a small cluck of disapproval.

"Moved last night," said Mistress Claudia. "It was disturbing the rest of the stock, so I had the harness put on until he goes back tomorrow!"

"I'll raise the matter with Mistress Consuela about this," said Mistress Isabella with a small laugh. "They really need to get the new blocks in Crimson sorted out. If they haven't claimed it back by tomorrow, send it to the farm... In fact, just send it over immediately, we need another for the hunt."

"Mistress," said Claudia. "I will remind them..."

"No need," replied Mistress Isabella. "Just have it transported and the usual arrangements put in place!"

The harnessed man made a loud moaning sound from behind the training bit in his mouth, but the words were indistinct. His arms were high behind his back, and the harness had been pulled strictly with savage tightness. Endless worn leather straps and buckles held his body rigid. The scuffed hood had just pepper-pot pinholes to allow the captive to see and he stooped as a consequence of the heavy steel restraint strapped between his thighs.

Clearly Mistress Isabella was irritated at the presence of the interloper in her perfect stables and her lips formed a thin line.

"I am not at *all* happy," she said to the two women who stood to either side of her. "Not at *all* happy," she repeated. "Whining and moaning. Has it been like this since it arrived? Things like this just upset the smooth running of the stables, sets a bad example for the other stock and creates extra work! In future, refer all cases like this from the other Domains to me and I will deal with them at the proper level."

Mistress Claudia blushed a little. "Apologies, Mistress Isabella," she said. "I should have realised!"

Having established her superiority suitably, Mistress Isabella looked the pathetic pony up and down and then turned to Mistress Hermione.

"What do you suggest?" she asked.

"I will place it with the mares for stallion-relief duty," said Mistress Hermione. "Ten strokes as well! Should do the trick..."

"Good idea, make sure that they *all* get to use it without exception, then it can be moved to the farm as I ordered," replied Mistress Isabella. "That's all done then! In general, we are looking good, just make sure that the Brougham is ready and waiting and then we can meet up to discuss the parlour-list in detail this evening..."

The three women headed back down the stalls where each occupant still stood to attention while they passed. The click of their heels on the cobbles echoing in the stable as the bell rang twice to warn that the day was just beginning.

CHAPTER 1

Inside Out

She woke with a start and sat up in the vast bed almost before she was awake. Her dreams had been full of dark terrors and had left her breathless, though there was no memory of any detail, just an overhand of oppressive fear that gripped her.

Just out of reach!

Mai-Mai slid her feet to the floor and sat for a few moments to allow her fears to settle before she stood and shook off the feeling of tension. Today and tomorrow to get through, and then it would be done, and she would be free! There was no going back, no way to escape. The price of failure was so high, the rewards of success far more tempting!

The personal slave was waiting for her word and waited standing to attention facing the wall. Mai-Mai moved on bare feet and released the clasp that held collar to wall with a touch of a finger. It had been a man, years ago; now it was just a feminised marionette that served her needs.

She showered, allowing the soft hands of her attendant to soothe her.

As the water splashed down, Mai-Mai realised what she was being forced to sacrifice when she walked from the Domains and sold what she knew. Friends, purpose and the elation of being part of something that had been a lifelong obsession. When the contents of the chip embedded in the bones of her hand was decanted, it would be the end of everything...

But, it would save *her*! There were powers that were even more frightful and compelling than the Domains and they had her in their grip and her course was set.

The pretty slave-maid patted the towel gently on damp skin and then dressed her for the day. High boots and skin-tight leggings, embroidered silk blouse and finally the short-flared jacket that made the costume complete. Now there were no signs of doubt, just the perfection of a Roan Gold ready to ride and enjoy everything that was

offered.

CHAPTER 2

Triple Jeopardy

Miss Kai Mai-Mai Cheoung bowed slightly and felt a small twang of irritation at the three South Korean women who gave sly, superior smiles as they looked her up and down. Each of them the mirror of the next and all three dressed in the same cute costumes as if they were dolls. Frills and pastel colours, almost more like children than the representatives of their formidable mother.

“We met at the Osaka Gymkhana in thirty-seven,” said one of the triplets with a small giggle. “You took bronze, I think?”

Miss Kai tried to return the smile, but the memory was cruel. How could she forget the perfect pairs of stallions that had taken the gold and silver and the almost contemptuous brushing-off of her own pair?

“You deserved the win,” she managed to say, through gritted teeth as she felt Mistress Isabella’s hand on her shoulder.

Even that touch seemed to be an imitation of conviviality, and Miss Kai had to prevent herself brushing off the contact, but managed to control the urge.

“The triplets are here to look over Roan,” said Mistress Isabella. “With the expansion, we need to forge links to the Far-Eastern stables...”

“Informally, of course,” said Hye-Won with another little curtsy that the other two imitated. “Our cousin wishes us to see how things are done here and I have to say, we are most impressed... so far.”

“Once you are settled in,” said Mistress Isabella, “we have an instructive tour arranged for you in the Brougham. Tomorrow comes the picnic and then the meeting where we can discuss what we can do to help each other in so many ways...”

They are like little charming manga dolls, decided Miss Kai as she managed to relax. Mistress Isabella drew back her hand. These were the three petite, pitiless women who had taken over from their Aunt all those years ago when she had died. The daughter inheriting, but the nieces directing the dominion.

No doubt they were such adorable little fiends...

In their appealing little costumes and high heels, only the short crops that dangled from their wrists hinted at what lay beneath the disarming cute adorable outer surface. The vast extent of the farms in South Korea hiding the most extreme, but most successful stables in the world of pony-dressage.

When *they* competed, it was only to take the gold!

Miss Kai remembered the event in Osaka all too well. The high-stepping stallions that took best-in-class and the almost contemptuous ease with which they had swept up the prizes. They rarely competed in Europe or America and perhaps it was perhaps just as well.

She sighed.

That had been in those perfect days before everything had become so complicated. Before she had become the unwilling servant of a man with a lust for power that rivalled the women who owned the Domains.

“Miss Kai Mai-Mai Cheoung,” started Mistress Isabella, using her guest’s full name, “has come down from Long Island on a similar errand. The Domains want to establish a sisterhood of all those who have the same long-term aims and this small beginning is the start...”

“To pluck a star from the sky is our aim,” said Hye-Rin with a winsome smile. “We have long thought that it was time to collaborate, but secrecy has always been our chief sentinel...”

Mistress Isabella nodded.

“We shall meet here in an hour when the coach arrives,” she said. “Then it’s off to Roan and a short tour! Tomorrow you are invited to the weekly picnic and the hunt...”

“It sounds entertaining,” said Hye-Won.

“I hope that we can see the White Domain in the couple of days that we are here,” broke in Hye-Rin. “If you could arrange it, of course...”

"I shall ensure it," said Mistress Isabella. "It will be interesting to hear your comments."

As a pretty Latino maid led the three South Koreans to their suite Miss Kai felt her tension drain as soon as they left the lounge.

"Bitches!" she said as the door closed. "So courteous and polite, but they are utter poison!"

Mistress Isabella raised an eyebrow.

"You are still smarting from two years ago," she said. "We *all* need to pull together and the Koreans are a powerful faction to bring into line..."

She tried not to allow what she knew about her deceitful companion to show as distaste and forced herself to relax.

"I know, I know," sighed Miss Kai. "It's just that they have such a different approach to us here in the States."

"We are *not* in the United States," corrected Mistress Isabella. "What's more, we intend to go world-wide. We cannot allow parochial interests to distract us..."

"I *still* think that they are bitches!" said Miss Kai with a small chuckle. "Those bespoke stallions were bred to win..."

"This is not just an obscure pastime for the extremely wealthy any more, Mai-Mai! We are on the brink of changing the world; making all dominant women the leaders of a new society. I really don't think that we can have any moral qualms when the greater good is at stake..."

Miss Kai shrugged and looked to the maid who discretely stood in the shadows. Perhaps it was true, she thought. There was room for even the strictest interpretation of female domination. Miss Kai shivered as she realised that she was to be the true

agent of change, that when she departed in a day, it would be the end of this heavenly place...

She moved her hand to signal and the pretty little dolly pranced to do her bidding with a curtsy. On extreme heels and with the tray suspended from her hanging breasts she represented what a servile male *could* be. Eager to serve, dim-witted and fawning, a perfect expression of helplessness that gave her owners a rush of pure superiority. Was this any different from the stallions who had pranced to win gold in Osaka?

Or was she just envious of the Koreans' power to create perfection? The way that they had overwhelmed the North and now held it in servile thrall, a whole nation state at their beck and call.

Miss Kai took the proffered glass of Cognac and moved to seat herself as Mistress Isabella took the other glass and inspected the maid with a small smile.

"At any rate," said Miss Kai as she sipped. "I wouldn't allow them to see what our plans are!"

"That's not for me to decide," said Mistress Isabella. "At the moment, the aim is to make sure that they are not enemies. That's all... The Hye triplets are in charge and it was quite a project to get them to trust us enough to take up the invitation. All you have to do is make sure that they come away with the impression that cooperation is possible and let the senior partners decide on the strategy!"

"So, what is organised for them?"

"Today, the tour and meeting I mentioned. Tomorrow the picnic and hunt will be fun and then we will show them the White Domain as they requested. What I want you to do is to draw them into our arms, make sure that they leave feeling that they have nothing to fear from us. We need something *personal* to

get them involved and relaxed... to be at ease, so to speak."

Mistress Isabella wondered if her hint would be taken up and was relieved when Mai Mai missed the significance of her remarks and no more elaboration was needed. The game that was being played out between the traitor and herself was finely balanced.

"How about a little competition?" said Miss Kai. "A game that they can win?"

"Like?"

"A dressage or race..."

"Mmm, that sounds good, but make sure that you keep that temper of yours under control. I know how you like to win!"

Miss Kai laughed and beckoned the maid to stand before her.

In her soaring heels, Mistress Isabella ordinarily towered over the bizarre slave and as it took position, she noticed that it was much closer to Mai Mai in stature. 'Soon to be more than just stature', she mused ...

She watched her companion lift the flouncy skirt to reveal the miniature manhood that perched on smooth groin almost as an afterthought. The tiny hanging bells tinkled as fingers flicked at them and Mistress Isabella watched the sweet features of the maid for the signs of humiliation programmed into it

The flush of pink that spread over naked breasts and neck were perfect, though the face registered no emotion. A single drip of clear fluid hung from the pierced tip of that tiny cocklet and Mistress Isabella smiled.

"It's so perfect," said Miss Kai as she gathered the drop of dew and offered it to the pink lips that parted to receive. "I never get

tired of experiencing such perfect obedience..."

"Obedience is required from us all, and *sacrifice!*" said Mistress Isabella. "We have come a long way in the past ten years. Pink was the first and it is ahead of Roan by a long way..."

Miss Kai shrugged as if unconcerned.

"We shall get there soon," she said and smiled, "but I have not forgotten that Pink was the place where all the innovations were introduced and perfected."

Mistress Isabella watched her companion play with the helpless maid. The woman was such a natural bitch, she decided. *Seemingly* almost perfect... if it were not for the visit by the Koreans she would be already in a stall of her own, or perhaps in Silver... She wondered if any others were also implicated, but that knowledge had not been shared with her.

The maid suckled the proffered finger while Miss Kai's other hand stroked the distended nipples of the maid.

"You are so adorable," breathed Miss Kai as she teased. "Would you like to come again for me?"

There was no reply, but the delicate head lowered a fraction in hope as fingers made their way down over the satin uniform to idly play between thighs.

"Oh, you would? Well perhaps this time..."

The second climax of the maid took just moments as nipples were brushed and fingers rubbed slowly between the rounded ass of the motionless bimbo. The moment that they finally stroked the pouting sissy-pussy another tiny drop of dew dripped forth to be collected and offered.

"Good girl," said Miss Kai. "Such a good little slut for your

owner..."

"You will ruin them all," laughed Mistress Isabella. "All reward and no penance to pay will mean that it has to be caged for a week to recover!"

"It's what they are for," said Miss Kai. "Anyway, this is what I enjoy and isn't that what it's all about?"

This time, Mistress Isabella shrugged, as the pretty bimbo stood trembling and spoke her first words. Possibly the only ones that she knew, the words that all of her owners so loved to hear spoken.

"I love you!"

The voice was high pitched and each word was uttered with a deep emotion that had been missing from the moments of intimate abuse.

"I love you too," said Miss Kai.

CHAPTER 3

Called Horse

It was a comfort, these brief moments of familiarity, the routines, the smells, the feel of the harness the feel of her strong hands on his flanks. A last remembrance of something that he still possessed, the knowledge that he was the best.

Still the best... the rising excitement had him pawing the ground.

"Steady on!"

Her voice had the tone of an order, but one given that would be obeyed and the stallion managed to stand immobile while the straps were cinched. Mike Fallon stood tall, straight and ready. Glad that the day had finally begun, anxious that the woman that fussed over buckles and straps would not have cause for complaint. Small touches that guided and rewarded, a smile on her lips that signified he was in her good books.

It was all that he needed; that signal of satisfaction.

"My, my, you *are* eager," said the riding-mistress who allowed herself to stroke the inside of the stallion's thigh as she adjusted the breaching straps. "I think that you need a mare..."

He could feel his hardness, the desperate throbbing that signalled his need and he tried hard not to tremble and shuffle while those hands came so close.

"Exercise today and then the picnic tomorrow," came her words as she adjusted the breach strap between his thighs. "I'm sure that you'll be chosen... How could any woman pass you by?"

The word exercise triggered a reaction and there was a light

laugh from the mistress as she attended to ensuring that the leather sleeve on his arms was neatly laced and presented. He could feel her hands pulling at the straps and his shoulders being drawn backwards.

“Exercise first. Mistress Isabella has decided on a special reward for the stallions, so this will get some use!” As she spoke, she tapped the standing cock with the palm of her hand with a small playful slap. “A little strict dressage and then... perhaps you will be permitted a fuck?”

The stallion rolled his eyes to watch as his mistress moved here and there, adding the final touches to the harness. Rosette positioned, billet adjusted over ribs and the final touch, a tall black ostrich feather that was slipped into the fitting on the crown. She had to reach high to turn it until the tip of the feather nodded gracefully forwards and he could look down into the generous cleavage cupped by her corset.

Intimate and profound, the vision of that smooth olive skin.

“That’s a good boy,” she said as she inspected her work.

Another small moment to treasure! When Miss Claudia called him ‘boy’, the day would be good! He shuffled on his hooves and stood easy while she collected rein and whip. Balanced high on his toes, he could feel the tight boots pull at his calves and moved to ease the strain.

The door of the stall opened, and the guiding trace was clipped to the bit. He felt the small tug on the large ring between his jaws and followed. The blinkers that directed his vision forward through a sieve of small pinholes did not allow the stallion to see the rest of the stables, but he could hear other mounts being prepared and in the far remoteness of the stable building, the sound of a crop being used to quieten some less tractable animal.

From straw to stone, from stone to the wooden cobbles of the piazza. He could smell the fragrance of the tree, the dust of fresh straw. A small group of women stood in a group watching as the mounts were led from their stalls. Dress and stance told the stallion that these were guests who were sightseeing the early morning work and preparation that was all for their benefit.

Mistress Claudia led her charge between the stables and parlour, through to the exercise yard. A vast *en tout cas* space surrounded by a white picket fence, circles marked in the *manège*, two other mounts already exercising around the edge. Mistress Claudia was always most particular, and the stallion was sensitive to every indicator of mood and temper. Today she seemed in good humour, tomorrow she might ply the whip with spiteful decisiveness.

She paused, and he stood patiently while she exchanged a few words with the young blonde woman who had a filly on the end of her rein. The stallion moved his head a little to the side to allow a better view of the filly. A feeling of superiority filled him as he took in the little limp cock that hung freely and alone between the wiry thighs of the filly. His own cock thrust hard up at the sight and he imagined mounting the little animal and pressing home...

"In the ring?" asked the blonde mistress with a smile.

"Have to keep my hand in," laughed Mistress Claudia with a small shake of the head. "At least once a week when I have time..."

"He's eager," laughed the other as she looked at the hard cock that almost touched the belly of the stallion. She turned to look into his eyes and continued, "The mares are in for good time today!"

"Dressage first for an hour and then we'll see if it's done well enough to be rewarded," said Mistress Claudia and she gave a small jerk on the leash. "Enough standing around, let's get warmed up!"

The handle of the rein was attached to one of the white posts and the stallion waited to see which way he was to go. Clockwise, more difficult with the left foot on the outer edge. Counter-clockwise, the easy way.

Clockwise it was!

A slight tap to the bare skin of his ass and he trotted slowly around the post, careful to keep the guiding rein taut, but not tight. Ten circles for the warm up, relaxing muscles, finding balance and settling his feet into the shoes. No dressage show, merely a high-kneed trot that emphasised sculptured thighs and perfect poise, he focussed on the work and felt the freedom of physical exertion. Every time he passed his mistress, the stallion heard her count and prayed that she would really stretch him when it came to an end.

At 'ten' the command word was 'collection' and he shortened his stride as instructed. Balance and aplomb were now the object, the most basic of the elementary steps that were demanded. More than five circles would be hard and he felt relief as he passed Miss Claudia at the third and she challenged him by calling 'passage'. The sheer control and strength required caused the bunched muscles of his thighs to be shown to best effect. Each foot had to reach the knee of the other leg. Not forward until it had reached that point, an elegant prance that was beyond most of the other mounts. Only the fittest stallions could hold this gait for more than a couple of circles and Mistress Claudia pushed him to a third.

Now the sweat was running in rivulets from every pore. The strain of effort showing as he managed to maintain the snap of pace

that was always demanded. Nothing but the slap of his pony-boots on the clay and the breath whistling past the bit, the small private grunts of effort that rang in his ears and the occasional correcting calls from the woman that would not allow any mistake to pass her attention.

He heard her utter 'three' as he passed, the sweat filling his eyes and his thighs almost cramping as the call came and the pace was changed to 'medium'. Almost a rest after the strain of passage, he circled the volte five times, only once earning a touch of the long whip.

"Even 'medium' demands elegance," she commented as the thin braided leather stroked his ass. "In two... piaffe!"

He gasped with the strain of knowing that mistress was pushing him to his limits. After endless turns in high-trotting style, she was about to demand the ultimate test of his strength.

"One."

He passed her and gathered every last resource of energy.

"Two!"

Now the piaffe! Just a single round of the sideways display-trot would be an inferno of stress. Head high, looking skyward, knees lifted almost to his chest, stamping the clay in a cadence that was like a battle-drum, strain and struggle marking every stride. With arms behind back, balance was at a premium, each foot stamping, the rein and central volte-pole in his sight, he stepped high and each step brought him just a few inches of the boundary of the circle that he trod.

Miss Claudia followed the progress of her stallion with careful attention. Engrossed in the effort and stress that she demanded from her slave. Touching and striking with the whip in light strokes to aid the timing and correct mistakes, enjoying every moment

of the utter control that she had over a stallion that was twice her weight, three times her strength and only a fourth of her intelligence.

This was the joy of training that Mistress Claudia so longed for, the other six days of the week. The guiding hand, the touch of the whip, the utter feeling of being in the head of her charge. Being the only thing that mattered, the giver and taker of reward and punishment. Clean sweat flung from his thighs and spotted the silk of her blouse and the taut tan of her jodhpurs as her stallion pranced as she directed, at one with her will, sexually charged and eager to perform for her...

The round was complete.

She allowed an extra few paces to ensure that the stallion realised that *she* determined when it would end and then stroked him hard with the whip and turned the tempo to 'easy'.

The stallion almost tripped mid-stride and another stroke of the whip was required to bring it down to a steady, controlled walk that would soothe the cramped muscles. The free walk was the calming after the storm, head held high, black feather nodding at each stride, long paces and a chance to recover from the morning's exercise.

Mistress Claudia was satisfied with the performance and moved to the picket fence to enjoy the sight of the well-made stallion walking the circle time after time. The erection was still impressive, not surprising as the RCD ensured the level of stimulation required to keep it eagerly expectant and on show. She pulled a cigarette and lit it as the after-effects of the exercise became a calm that was almost post-orgasmic in effect. Idly, she watched the other women who were exercising their mounts and made a few mental notes on their style.

Now there was a scent of sweat in the warm air, the manège

almost full of mounts and their attending mistresses. The grunting of the trainee stallions and the small encouraging cries of their trainers. Miss Claudia felt a wave of satisfaction. This was her world, these were her charges and duties. To ensure that training was at the high level required by Mistress Isabella.

The stallion regained its poise as the effects of the strain evaporated in the warm air and the sweat that trickled on its flanks dried as the sun gave up its heat. Miss Claudia finished the cigarette and walked to intercept the stallion's course. She placed the burned stub on her palm and was gratified as he took it from her with a small sound of pleasure, his feather nodding as he moved his head.

"Time to get ready for the day," she said as she shortened the leash in her hand and unhooked it from the training pole in the centre of the volte. "Easy!"

For a moment their eyes met.

His through the tiny pin-holes of his blinkers, hers creased with the smile that was on her lips. This was the connection, the moment of reward when the stallion was permitted to realise that mistress was satisfied with its performance. Her hand dropped to the standing pole of his cock and slapped it playfully before she turned to lead her charge to the area behind the parlour.

Already there were several women gathered with their blowing mounts and she passed the reins to one of them before turning to attend to her other duties. They would hose the stallion with warm water, wash the dust of the clay from his ebony skin, perhaps pet him a little and tighten the straps of his harness before the final preparation for use was complete.

This was the best time, the moment when the stallion was attended by those who owned him. Commenting on his

physique, touching and teasing as they cleaned him. The anticipation of what was to come uppermost in his mind, the knowledge that there were mares to cover and fillies to fill. His cock engorged and became almost a baton of hardness as he luxuriated in the attention. A touch of his balls from behind almost sent the stallion to heaven, and his cock jerked upwards to the giggles of the attending women.

“Mike Fallon... quarterback...”

Amongst their chatter, the stallion heard the words. There was a moment of internal struggle as he tried to fathom the meaning. Something important, something almost palpable at the edge of his conscious mind, words that seemed as if they *meant* something!

Fleeting images filled his head, images which he no longer properly understood. Rows of screaming people who loved him, waving flags and banners. Adoring him and calling the words that he had just heard. Colours and sounds, people that he no longer knew who clapped him on the back, the bars of a helmet criss-crossing his vision, a round shape in his hand as he slithered on the turf.

The thoughts frightened him, seeping into his mind at the edges of the perfect existence that he now had. Bringing the anxiety and disappointment of punishment at the hands of the women that guided him at every step. He shut the chatter from his head, concentrated on the warm gushes of water that hosed him clean, on the filly that sobbed by his side and knew that *he* was the best...

Once the feather was replaced in the harness, it was over.

Each was assigned a hook, lined up for the final stage of the early morning exercise. Only the stallions, each one proudly standing as if the others nearby were mere fillies. He knew them

all by sight, the one closest being the other component of his pair on the carriage that was normally part of his duties. They made a fine pair, black and white, well-muscled, controlled and trained to fever pitch. Competing and yet companions, show stallions in their prime.

After the wash-down, the mares...

The stallion could not help himself! In a fit of élan, as he was led from the manège area, he lifted his knees in a piaffe step and only the kiss of a whip brought him down from his outburst. Ten stallions halted and led by the stable-mistresses, possibly the most valuable of those in Roan.

The scene was one that they all knew well. All the stallions longed for this moment to arrive, the rewards of their efforts to be perfect for their owners. The five benches newly arrayed in a semi-circle around the yellow-blossomed tree, the crowd of eager guests and the perfect reward for their obedience. The stallion that had once been Mike Fallon, Quarterback for the Orlando Crocs in a previous half-remembered life, craved to be the favoured one. The stallion that chose from the assortment of immobilized mares and fillies as a reward for obedience, but he knew that the disobedient little prance earlier would place him in the back of the queue.

Mistress Claudia stood with her back to the stallions, addressing the group of guests. The stallion had heard it a thousand times, that little laughing speech that prefaced this moment of reward. The words passed him by as she pointed out the mares and fillies with the tip of her crop and he hoped desperately that he would be at least second in the choosing. The filly to the far left was so exquisitely tight and responsive and he hoped that it would be passed over as a first choice.

Five holes waiting to be filled.

Five kneeling service-slaves and their handlers to the side. All was ready for the show to begin.

As he emerged from his reverie of lust he realised that one of the guests had made a suggestion and Mistress Claudia seemed receptive to the idea. She laughed and replied. He could not make out the words, but the guests responded and several of them stepped forward with eager expressions. The change in routine made for anxiety and distress in him yet he contained his emotions and watched as each guest was passed the rein of one of the stallions. He found that he had been placed in charge of the woman who had made the initial suggestion. Petite to the point of being almost tiny, she stood in his shadow and looked up at him.

If only, he thought as he gazed down in awe at her.

Petite, but shapely, even on her high stilettoed boots she only came to his chest. Her golden lips were smiling and then she spoke.

"Oh my God," she said. "I can't believe that *this* is happening... This moment is worth the *whole* price of the vacation..."

He recognised her voice, she had been the one that had confused him... with a name that was no longer his.

She uttered those words again, the ones that brought back his confusion, but her smile washed away the images and he responded to the tug on the leash. A smart clip of the quirt on his ass urged him forward as he focussed on the filly that was to be his reward. The plump ass high, her little cock dangling, the smooth skin from hole to cock, the quivering shoulders and the tiny brand that broke the smooth skin of the inner thigh.

He felt the urge. It overpowered and filled him.

This would not have been his chosen hole, but the filly was

satisfactory!

The size of the hand that held him made his cock seem like an endless ram as it lubricated him with his own pre-cum, fingers guiding, a slap at his ass urging him forward and the enveloping golden-lipped smile washed over him as he placed himself at the brink.

“Come or not! It’s up to you,” Mistress Claudia was saying as each of the chosen five were positioned by the guest’s chosen victim. “It should be short and sharp, make sure that each stroke is at your command...”

A fiery sting crossed his ass and the stallion pressed home.

A single deep stroke that ended when his balls slapped the smooth flesh behind the filly’s flaccid cock. Each stroke was by command only and he gasped as he felt the flesh of that ass stretch over him so tightly that he could go no further. A tiny hand pulled at his balls and he withdrew slowly before the sudden use of the crop again urged him into motion.

Each stroke was bliss, each one caused the filly to wail in passion as it was fucked by the stallion’s powerful thrusts. He could scarcely control himself and gasped as he was urged back and forth.

Would she permit it?

His thighs bunched as he thrust again at the urging of the crop and a drizzle emerged from the filly to the amusement of the goddess that commanded him. She moved a step to stand where he could see her face, those smiling perfect golden lips, the pretty blonde bunches swaying as she urged him on.

A small nod, a twitch of the gold on her lips, a playful slap at his thigh.

The signal was clear and recognizable, and the stallion emptied himself into his filly with a heave and a muted cry. No shattering climax, no pinnacle of glory, no deep release. Deep inside the stallion the malicious RCD chip prevented the actual physical and emotional symphony of climax, cut it a moment before release and permitted only a physical event but not an emotional satisfaction.

A coming without arrival, a climax without reaching the top.

Satisfaction with no elation!

Gushing deep inside, filling and discharging with a moan, feeling the soft ass press against his thighs, the small hand at his thigh and hearing the gasping filly as he pressed home hard again.

As always, he stilled. Holding himself from withdrawing until the slaves held to the side were ready to perform their reward-duty. At the curt spoken command of his petite mistress, he pulled forth. Endless cock stretching the filly to the limit as he slid wetly from her.

Then he was out, and a hazy comfort filled his mind. His cock still hard and ready for more, his mind still desperate to fuck, no refraction or calm; just the satisfaction of being milked for the pleasure of his owners. He stood back as the service slave was assigned to prepare the filly for the next stallion to fuck. The featureless masked face pressing where the slime trickled in gobbets from the filly, attending to each sticky drop, leaving the filly ready for the next assigned to cover her.

"Mmm," moaned the golden-lipped mistress that looked up at her stallion. "*That* was the best..."

He looked down at her flushed face.

The tiny hands that stroked his thighs.

The crop that dangled to the ground.

The heaving of those perfect breasts...

...and he yearned to be hers and hers alone...

CHAPTER 4

Golden Girl

Helga handed the handle of the leash to the stable-mistress with almost regret.

One moment she had had Mike Fallon on her leash, the next he was being led away. As soon as she had seen him standing in that line she had known that he had to be hers. His poster on her bedroom wall through the teenage years, muscled and vast, knee to the ground, balanced on one palm in that moment before the ball was in play.

The sweat of his thigh was still on her palm, the smell of his masculinity still in her nostrils, the sound of his hooves on the wooden cobbles ringing in her ears as she watched entranced as he moved with power and grace at the tug of that leash.

The one that she had held...

The second round of the covering began and ended, to find Helga still in rapture at her sublime experience. The hooded slaves finishing their duties and the fillies and mares being returned to their stalls. To think, when her sister Alice had urged her to spend her vacation in the Domains, she had almost dismissed the idea out of hand! After all, there were plenty of maids and slaves to enjoy in the palatial mansion that her aunt owned!

Why would she ever need to venture further?

She had allowed herself to be persuaded but chose Roan over her sister's choice of Crimson, almost out of pique. Now she realised that *this* was the world to which she belonged and here she was, only in the first day of seven! While Alice enjoyed

herself in Crimson, Helga would be in heaven in Roan.

"I can see that you have taken a fancy to that one," said a voice from behind her.

Helga turned to Miss Claudia and found herself almost lost for words.

"That was *Mike Fallon*," she breathed.

It was almost a question, as if the petite blonde could not believe what she had seen. Miss Claudia just smiled and nodded.

"He was my teenage hero," continued Helga. "God, but I wanted him when I was just in my teens..."

"A popular choice," said Mistress Claudia with a chuckle at the enthusiasm of the petite bitch.

"Can I use him?"

"For tomorrow only," replied the mistress with a warm smile. "Are you planning to go to the picnic, because I will book him for your use then, if you like?"

"I would love to, is it really possible?"

"A light gig..."

"I would prefer to ride," said Helga.

"That stallion is not saddle-trained yet and you are not an experienced rider, perhaps I can arrange it later in the week?" said Mistress Claudia. "Anyway, this time the event is twenty miles away and that would perhaps be just a little far?"

"Put me down on the list," said Helga with a smile. "When are we setting off?"

"Tomorrow at one," said Mistress Claudia. "I'll put you down for it. Mistress Hermione is organising the event; I'll make sure that you get the right one!"

"Oh, thank you," gushed Helga. "You are so kind."

"It's what we are here for," said the red-haired mistress with a broad grin. "As a guest, whatever we can do..."

"What's this that I hear about a hunt?" asked Helga.

Mistress Claudia started to laugh.

"You'll love it," she said. "It's all part of the picnic..."

"I can't wait."

The piazza that was surrounded on all sides by stables and parlour was a hive of activity. A huge carriage was having its harness adjusted for the six stallions that would be between the traces. A gravid mare was being led into the maternity block and various fillies were already being prepared for the use of the guests who had a small ride in mind.

Helga watched as Mistress Claudia stood and talked to the woman in charge of the Brougham carriage and decided that Roan was the most incredible experience that she had ever had. It was as though the upside-down world outside was held at arms-length, while this oasis of normality was all that existed. No wonder that her sister spent every day possible here and that her aunt had persuaded her to come.

Helga watched fascinated as two fillies were being harnessed to a small gig. Side by side, they waited patiently while two stable-mistresses tethered and secured them in position and. Hooded and helpless in their harnesses, they trembled at every touch of a female hand and had to be positioned by hard slaps at every juncture. Their hides were striped by criss-cross welts

and it was clear to Helga that these were animals that needed a very firm hand to ensure obedience.

Not only were they in restraints that were clipped to the reins between their thighs, but the sweeping tails that fluttered in the slight breeze emerged from their asses. Heavy breasted, wide hipped and soft skinned, they fidgeted as the straps were pulled tight and the final touches were put to their fetters. Helga's aunt had a pair just like them and Helga had never understood, until now, what the attraction was.

Now it was clear, Helga promised herself that she would always come to Roan.

She left the square and headed for the comfort lounge that occupied the fourth block on the piazza. It had taken half an hour's carriage ride to get here from the guest villas and there just was no time to return to freshen up. Not if she wanted to spend every moment enjoying the incredible atmosphere that was offered by the stables.

A small bar, a few worn leather couches, a rest room and a view over the activity in the enclosed square. Three women stood by the bar in full riding costume and Helga started to feel a little intimidated by the atmosphere. Her entrance was noticed by the three other guests and Helga nodded at them before heading for the bar where a naked filly was serving.

"Are you waiting for a carriage to be prepared?" asked the oldest of the three.

Helga nodded and tried to decide whether to join them or not. They were a formidable trio without a doubt. Tight red jackets, crops dangling from wrists, braided grey-blond hair and tight leggings that disappeared into knee-high boots. The spurs on their heels, proclaiming that they were from the stricter end of the riding spectrum. She decided to join them just as another

younger woman entered the bar and managed to change course to sit on a well-worn Chesterfield under a display of brasses and whips on the whitewashed walls.

It seemed, as Helga had guessed, that the new entrant was not part of the group of conceited middle-aged women and she took her drink to sit opposite Helga with a smile. The woman leaned to Helga and an almost-overwhelming scent of perfume wafted over as she offered a hand.

"Alexa," said the woman with a friendly smile and Helga took the hand that dwarfed hers and then sat back.

"Waiting for the off?" asked Helga.

"Yep," said Alexa. "I have booked a two-up gig for the afternoon!"

Not sure of the etiquette, Helga fished a lipstick from the tiny bag at her waist and straightened up the effect.

"Just love that colour," said Alexa.

"It's 'Golden Sun' from the 'Carrie Rudd Designer' collection," said Helga. "Just lasts for ever... and best of all, it tastes of apricot!"

"You are from," said Alexa with a small grin. "No, let me guess. You're from Boston?"

"Dead right first time," agreed Helga. "And, I'll guess New York for you?"

"South side," laughed Alexa. "But, I work in Manhattan as a lawyer."

"I don't work at all," giggled Helga. "Lady of leisure..."

"You're in the perfect place, then," said Alexa.

Helga looked at the three women at the bar who were enjoying themselves as the bar-slave crawled at their feet to give their boots a final polish.

“Do you know them?” she asked in a hushed whisper.

“One of them, actually. Why?”

“I think that they are sort of scary!”

“Not ideal companions,” agreed Alexa as she lowered her voice. “Emily Francis Hadden... I represented her in court about a year ago. One of my first ‘Domain’ cases actually.”

Helga wondered what she meant and allowed an enquiring look to cross her face. It seemed necessary to prompt her new friend to get the gory details...

“So?”

Alexa shrugged.

“No great secret, and I know that she is almost proud of it. About a year ago, she bought a sissy-maid from a broker in the Philippines. A cute little thing actually. Mistress Emily was not at all happy with the level of her attention to her tasks and had her branded and tattooed to emphasise her status...”

Helga nodded to encourage her friend to explain and almost held her breath as Alexa gave the bare bones of the tale in an almost clinical way.

“The slut escaped from the second story apartment in Queens and Mistress Emily found herself on a charge of assault and so on and so forth. That was when I was directed to the case. Mistress Emily is a gold here. So, I defended her and that was that...”

"She got off?"

Alexa smiled and sipped her drink.

"Of course, she did... case dismissed!"

Helga was just about to have to say, '*and how did that happen*', but Alexa shrugged and finished off the tale.

"The slave was in hospital, broke her arms when she fell. Anyway, when she decided to disappear, there was no witness, no record of her existence even and the judge threw out the case."

"She ran away? The maid, I mean?"

Alexa smiled and wagged a finger at her companion.

"Maybe, you will see her tomorrow on the picnic," said Alexa conspiratorially. "She was picked up and Miss Emily keeps her here as a private mare. I suppose that she's a bit of a sadist, but her heart's in the right place..."

Helga nodded doubtful agreement and decided to keep an eye out for the errant maid who had caused so much trouble.

"Betrayal and revenge," said Helga, "I suppose that it just shows how careful we *all* have to be..."

"I have had about four cases in the last year," said Alexa. "All of them discharged by the courts. The firm is growing on the back of it and I have to say that it opens a *lot* of doors..."

"I sometimes wish that I could do something like that! I mean, I studied and got my Batchelors, but I so wish that I had studied law."

The door to the small salon opened and Mistress Hermione entered. She nodded to the three at the bar and Helga and her

new friend.

"Ten minutes to go," she said to the small gathering. "Just time to finish your drinks."

Alexa turned to Helga.

"Why not ride with me? I have a couple of fillies being hitched and I'd be happy to share."

"Sounds good," agreed Alexa. "Let's pop out for a private word and choose where to go. There is loads to see here, but there are a few places out of bounds."

The courtyard was a bustle of activity, several carriages already setting out, the huge Brougham already gone and the fillies for Alex and Helga's gig being hitched between the shafts. Blinkered and with bits between their lips, they stood patiently while reins were clipped into place and the last adjustments made.

"So where are we going?" asked Helga breathlessly.

"Wherever you like," said her companion. "How about a trip to Pink?"

"Is that allowed?"

Alexa started to laugh.

"Pink it is then! You can take us there, I'll drive on the way back..."

Helga stepped to the gig and stepped up high and settled on the leather bench. She looked down at Alex who seemed to be waiting with a smile on her face and

wondered if she had made a faux-pas. A naked slave was led to the gig by one of the stable-mistresses and knelt on the cobbles, to be a step for Alexa so she could climb easily into the gig and take the seat by her new friend.

"Next time, you'll know," said Alex with a sly grin.

Helga took the reins in her hand and gave an experimental tug, but nothing happened, and she looked enquiringly at Alex.

"The whip to go," said her friend. "The reins to guide and slow. Do you want me to show you? There's nothing to it, especially with a couple of fillies between the shafts."

Helga shook her head and took the long whip from its holder. Three feet or more of supple fibre glass rod sheathed in leather and topped by a short-braided strand that hung down. She touched the shoulders of the fillies and they started to walk. A slight pull on one rein caused them to circle towards the exit of the piazza.

"Where you would normally go left to our villas," said Alex. "Take the right-hand path and follow it..."

For a couple of minutes, they proceeded at a walk before Helga used the whip and raised the pace.

"Not more than a smart trot," said Alex. "Tomorrow on the picnic ride we can use a stallion and really fly, but this is a rather more sedate style of riding..."

Helga nodded and brought the pace to a canter and started to enjoy the ride. Now she could allow her attention to take in the two pretty ponies that were doing all of the work. Naked but for their harnesses and the pink feathers that waved on heads and shoulders, they moved in perfect step and Helga felt a rising sense of excitement as she watched them move.

“So, what’s the difference between all the different types of pony?” she asked. “Filly, stallion, mare and so on?”

“Stallions are bigger and *usually* not gelded,” said Alex. “Fillies are male or female and usually geldings, but *not* always. When we say ‘geldings’, we mean that they are fully gelded. I prefer uncut myself, but it’s a bit of a fashion at the moment to have the smaller mounts snipped...”

“It’s all so complicated,” said Helga. “I never thought that there could be so much difference between one and another.”

“I love every moment,” said Alex. “Not just the riding but everything else that goes with it. One day I’ll have my own stables or maybe partner with another rider if it’s too expensive.”

“I think I love it too,” said Helga. “This is my first time in the Domains and there is so much to see and do!”

“I think that you’ll be tempted by Pink,” laughed Alex. “I sometimes go there when I need to relax for a week or

two and be thoroughly pampered."

The track was smooth and straight. Looming ahead was a wall of trees and just above them could be seen the low hill where the Domains were clustered. Bright terracotta rooves that were soon hidden by the forest that they cantered into.

"So why did you choose Roan?" asked Alex.

"My sister suggested it," said Helga as she pulled on the reins a little. "She is always in Crimson and I just wanted to be different! Anyway, my aunt is paying, so I could choose..."

The fillies were running with sweat and clearly tired from the several miles of cantering and Alex suggested that they stop at one of the occasional troughs by the pathway. While the ponies drank deep, the two riders sat and chatted and got to know each other a little better.

"So how did you find out about this place?" asked Helga.

"Oh, my name was put forward by a friend," said Alex. "I spent a *glorious* week in Pink. The first time is always the best... Anyway, I got to know a few of the mistresses that run the place and it went on from there."

Helga watched the two ponies stand and wait for the signal, but she was in no hurry to move on.

"I just can't get over this place," said Helga, "I mean,

here we are as if it were the most natural thing in the world to have two men pulling us in a carriage. Aunty always has a few slaves and maids around at home, but nothing like this... A couple of fillies, but then there's not much room to use them properly. I never tried actually..."

Alex slid from the high carriage to the ground and beckoned her companion to do likewise.

"Want to learn how to really ride like an expert?" she asked as Helga joined her.

Helga nodded.

"OK then, a little lesson in pony-handling is in order. Because I asked for it, the whip, reins and harness were set up for a beginner and arranged as if the pony was a gelding. You control just by whip and reins."

"These two haven't been neutered so there is another option, which will give you the pony's full attention all the time but you need to be a touch more delicate. If it was a car, you would say the steering is very light and responsive!"

Helga looked at the two submissive fillies and nodded.

"At the moment, we control them with just the reins in one hand and the whip in the other," said Alex as her tone became instructive. "But, we can attach the control reins here instead..."

As she spoke, Alexa undid the reins from the bits and squatted to fumble between one of the filly's thighs.

“See this ring?” she asked as she pointed to a broad tube that stretched the filly’s balls from its body. “Thread from the back and then attach here...”

She clipped a single rein to the ring and coiled the other in her hand before passing it to Helga.

“You do the other one... best way to learn...”

Helga unclipped the two reins from the other pony and dropped one before kneeling to pass it from the back between the thighs. Now she could see the broad metal collar encircling the pony’s testicles between its balls and its body, which had a metal eyelet to allow easy attachment of a rein. From the rear, it had all been concealed by the feathered tail that hung from between the ass-cheeks of the pony. Helga ran the tips of her fingers over the ripe plums that were so nicely presented by the steel tube and the filly obligingly opened its thighs to allow her to clip on the rein.

“Good, now that changes everything,” smiled Alex, “and see, it’s expecting it. This is known as ‘competition harnessing’, so if you prefer it like this, then make sure that you ask as the carriage is being prepared.”

“So how does it change everything?”

“Well, first of all, responsiveness and control is improved. Secondly, the whip is now used to guide as well as to regulate speed. It’s one of the reasons that I prefer them uncut... but there’s this as well!”

As she spoke, she gave the little balls of the filly a hard slap and smiled at the alarmed whinny of the pony.

“Every rider has their own preference. Personally, I like them to understand that I am intimately in control all the way. The bit is fine, but this is the way to real control!”

Helga nodded and cupped the balls of her filly, watching the cock respond by curving up until it almost touched the belly of the pony.

“Stallions always stand to attention, so that’s another difference. Fillies are usually kept completely chaste to increase their energy levels. When they are permitted to come it is only when they are used by a stallion. Though, some of the guests like to tease them...”

Helga stood and slid her hand the length of the cute pink cock that poked its tip from the palm of her small hand.

“But, surely they can rub themselves off in the stables when they are alone and relieve themselves?”

Alex shook her head.

“The special chip implanted in them stops any games like that,” she smiled. “It senses that we are here, so it allows a little play-time right now, but the rest of the time, chastity is controlled rigidly!”

She started to laugh at her pun and stroked the quivering cock of her filly affectionately. It swelled until

it was fully erect and a drop of pre-cum welled where the ring was deeply embedded in the tip.

"No cummies unless they are being fucked by a stallion," she chuckled. "Even then it is just a discharge and not anything even *near* to climax. It keeps them nice and helpless for our use."

"You mean, I could fuck this filly and it would never come?" asked Helga as she played with the distressed filly.

"All day and all night," laughed Alex as she used two hands to tease and torment her own pony. "It *used* to be possible a couple of years ago, but since then the control has improved ten-fold. Nothing is left to chance..."

Helga ran her nails the length of the upright cock and slapped the balls again, enjoying the sighed whinny from the pony. It sounded so plaintive and sad that it tempted her to roll her finger and thumb around the tip of the cock and slowly rub up and down. There was a twitch of thighs, a moan from between the bit and lips and the tormentrix kneaded the tight balls hard in her other hand. Tight and smooth, they yielded to her touch, clearly filled to the brim with come that would never ever be spurted in climax. The filly was clearly in distress, caught in the confusing space between torment and desire. Alex started to laugh.

"I can see that you understand now," she chuckled. "Just remember when you have the reins in your hand,

not to pull its little balls off!"

Helga smiled and stood up.

"I think that I prefer them in 'competition harness'," she giggled.

"Thought that you would!"

A few drops of dew welled and dripped, and the hard cock stood rigid, pressed against the belly of the filly. There was something so defenceless and feeble about her pony that excited her. The thought, that tomorrow she would have the reins of a stallion in her hands, was even more thrilling!

"Come on, let's take a look at Pink," said Alex.

They mounted the carriage and Helga took the whip in her hand.

"A little pull at the reins, a flick of the whip and let's go," said Alex.

They emerged from the woods and the pink villas of the Domain filled the landscape. A small park was laid out before a bright pink palace and they hitched the fillies before Alex took her new friend into a place where each guest had a leashed sissy-slave on her leash and a parasol shading her from the heat of the midday sun.

CHAPTER 5

Riding High

When Helga arrived back in the stable yard she felt as if she were already an experienced rider. The day before, spent with Alexa, had taught her so much and she was eager to learn more, but she simply oozed confidence and excitement as she saw her friend standing by the huge Brougham and its team of stallions, hitched and ready.

"Where is it being held this time?" asked Alexa as she stood chatting with one of the mistresses.

"On the knoll," came the answer.

Helga inspected the carriages that were being prepared and felt a surge of elation at the sight of the huge stallion that was to take her to the picnic. She longed to move and inspect it and see if the harnessing was competition style but resisted the urge and greeted her friend with a small kiss.

"I think that we are all set," said Alexa. "We just need to decide the route and then we can be off."

"Where's the knoll?" asked Helga.

"About twenty miles," said the stable-mistress. "We always use it for the hunt."

Helga nodded as if she was familiar with the idea and resisted dragging her friend to the carriage where her stallion waited. She longed to have the reins in her hand, but Alexa led her to the tree in the centre of the piazza where the other guests were already gathered.

Nearly all were dressed in their riding costumes. Boots and tight

jodhpurs, flared bolero jackets and blouses.

Mistress Hermione was speaking to the group and Helga moved to the front to see what she was saying.

"There are three routes possible," Mistress Hermione started as she smoothed the map on the backs of two of the service slaves. "We set off at intervals so that we can enjoy the ride with no dust and you can pick from this one, that one or the harder route through the forest."

She indicated, and the various women made their decisions.

Helga watched Alexa step forward to move her finger on the map as she said, "This takes us past the farm, so it will be interesting. Unless you want to see the mill?"

Helga looked at the map and wondered what Alexa was talking about. She decided that she had to make a decision.

"The farm," she said as though she had done it all before.

As they stood under the shade of the blossom tree, the carriages were moved for the guests to mount. Each one led by one of the stable-mistresses, they moved into a perfectly straight row. Immediately Helga recognised her own small trap by the impressive stallion that pulled between the traces. She suppressed the impulse to inspect it, embarrassed at her over-eagerness. So many of the small two-wheeled gigs drawn by stallions and fillies and then the elegant Brougham with top folded down drawn by a team of six.

Another group of women came to join the guests.

Helga stared at the three tiny far eastern girls in their bright costumes, laughing and chatting they were led by Mistress Isabella and accompanied by a tall and elegant Chinese mistress. Identical but for the colours that they had chosen, the triplets cooed at the six steeds harnessed to the Brougham and

took places facing the front, stepping elegantly on the backs of the prostrate slaves who served as mounting steps,

“Who are they?” whispered Helga to Alexa.

Alexa shrugged.

“Well, I know Mistress Mai-Mai Cheoung from New York,” she said. “Mistress Isabella who runs Roan of course, but the others? No idea ... ”

The group of women split up and started to mount their carriages. Miss Emily from the day before, and her group of three were first to step up and all of the others were directed to their transport by Miss Hermione. This time, Helga waited for the slave to provide the step and shuffled to the left to allow Alexa to be the driver. She had no intention of embarrassing herself and suppressed her eagerness to hold the reins as her friend slid next to her and took whip and reins.

Her eyes followed the traces and, Helga felt a small thrill to see that they were drawn tight between the stallion's muscular thighs. She shuffled on the seat as a warmth spread and her pussy warmed to the thrill of the moment that she had been waiting for.

“It's just over ten miles to the spot. In three hours, we gather where a little entertainment and food has been laid on. Stay on the paths and use the collars if you get lost or need help... Each of you has two baskets, one with a little refreshment for the way, the other for when you get there,” called Mistress Hermione. “Enjoy the ride!”

With a clatter of hooves and the squeak of wheels, the carriages peeled off from their line-up and Helga felt a thrill as Alexa touched their mount with the tip of her long whip, a slight

pull at the rein, and the journey began.

The seats were plush leather, high between the vast wheels, the stallion between the shafts needing little effort to direct, his legs moving in slow strides as the line of carriages moved together. There was a cry of 'Hiya' from the front and the four-wheeled carriage broke into a canter.

"Amazing," breathed Helga as she admired the figure of the animal that pulled between the traces. "This is better than those fillies yesterday!"

"Just relax, babes, you can take the reins later..."

Alexa had a grin on her face as Helga fidgeted and explored the carriage. She quickly found the small basket with a bottle of red and white, the cut crystal glasses and the picnic blanket.

"This is where we part ways," said Alexa as they came to a fork in the well beaten path.

She gave a small touch of the whip and the carriage split from the others leaving them with only one other companion on the pathway. The Brougham was already far ahead in a cloud of dust as Mistress Isabella gave her stallions their head and in a few minutes they were alone.

"What is the farm?" asked Helga.

Now that they were alone, she felt that she could pump her companion for more information that might, in the previous company, have sounded naïve and embarrassing.

"You'll see," said Alexa. "The Domains are self-sufficient, so they have a number of farms to supply food for us and fodder for the animals and so on. We will pass the edge of them, it's quite a sight... that's the reason that I wanted to take you this way!"

A shake of the reins and a touch of the whip on shoulders caused their steed to move to a brisk high-stepping trot. Power and smartness, knees high and breaking into a sweat, an effortless movement that fascinated Helga. This was why she was here, and the thought that it was *her* Mike Fallon working for her enjoyment filled her with an almost giddy satisfaction.

"You know who he was?" asked Helga in a conspiratorial tone.

"Of course, a famous catch for the Domains," laughed Alexa. "But, now it's just a prize-winning mount!"

Helga sat and watched the hooves strike the hard pathway in their rapid cadence. The boots were laced to knees, arched feet with only the toes pressed into the small iron-shod hooves. Every step caused the muscles of thighs and ass to stretch and clench, making the flowing tail flutter behind. Endless straps, buckles and reins wrapped the sweating flesh, from thighs to neck where a collar and hood completed the uniform. The rein disappeared to where it was attached, and Helga wished that she could see it every moment of the ride. The black feather waved in the breeze, the blinkers and eyepieces ensuring that all of the slave's attention was on the road.

"I had such a crush on him," whispered Helga as she uttered her thoughts. "When I was fifteen, he was like a God on my bedroom wall..."

"I remember the accident a couple of years ago," commented Alexa, causing Helga to bite her lip as she realised that she had spoken and not thought carefully about her words, "the whole team... what were they called?"

"The Orlando Crocs," said Helga. "I was over my teenage dreams and anyway I was living with my Aunt by then. That's where I discovered the fun... of all this..."

Helga waved her arm demonstratively, clearly signifying the female domination that was now her obsession.

Alexa just laughed and passed the rein to the eager hand of her companion.

“Your turn, girl, let’s gallop...”

The handle of the riding whip was in her hand and Helga flicked it on the stallion’s flank. The result was an increase in pace that did not seem to satisfy Alexa.

“More,” she urged, and Helga shook the reins and plied the whip with three sharp strokes. A sharp tug at the rein was enough to stimulate the muscled stallion to change pace.

“Gallop!” cried Helga and at last the stallion broke into a run.

Bouncing on the beaten track, forest to one side, open savannah to the other, the sweat flying from their mount, their hair streaming in the wind, the feeling was one of unadulterated speed. Helga used the whip again and again on flanks and shoulders, screaming with the thrill of the ride, while Alexa held tight and laughed beside her.

For five minutes they moved at the gallop, laughing and crying out as they went. The stallion seemed to have no end of strength and did not miss a pace, guiding them along a straight and then a long curve to keep them parallel to the trees.

“We still have miles to go...” shouted Alexa over the noise of their progress.

Reluctantly, Helga brought the movement to a steady trot and sighed as she touched her former hero on the shoulder with the whip to bring it down to a walk. A little tug at the rein emphasised the demand.

"Amazing," breathed Helga, "Fucking amazing..."

"It's for those moments that I come here," said Alexa. "Sometimes Pink of course, but Roan is so special..."

"I loved our visit yesterday," said Helga. "Pink, I mean..."

Alexa smiled.

"It's heaven," she said in a soft tone. "Sheer heaven, you can't imagine the relaxing pampering that is possible... Sexier by far, in fact it's all about the relaxed pleasure. Try it for a week and you'll emerge as a new woman!"

Helga pursed her lips and touched the shoulder of her stallion to ease it back to a slow trot. She felt an affinity with Alexa. An older woman who seemed so confident and relaxed and 'whole', while she was still at the brink of discovering herself fully. Aunty had shown her so much, her sister, two years older had discovered her needs and somehow Helga felt as if she was in a place in-between.

Between being a mistress and a girl...

"You could show me, properly..." said Helga at last, getting up her nerve. "I mean, if you want to... I really liked the look of the place."

"Why not, my dear?" said Alexa and she placed a hand on Helga knee. "It would be fun to play together..."

Helga could see the manicured hand on her thigh in the corner of her eye. There was no doubt about it, her new friend was making a pass! Almost flirting as she turned and smiled. It would be interesting, she thought. The woman was older and knew what she wanted, just like Helga's Aunt, perhaps it would be a valuable experience? To see what happened?

"Sounds good," said Helga at last, and the fingers of that hand crept a little further up her thighs.

Alexa laughed and blew a kiss.

"Relax, babes, I won't eat you! Or, maybe I will!" she said, and the hand retreated to Helga's knee. "Stay in Pink for a couple of weeks and you'll see how it will change you..."

The progress of the carriage continued at a slow trot. It seemed that their stallion was comfortable to pull the trap at this pace forever and the two women chatted and enjoyed the ride. They stopped briefly for a glass of red and fitted the parasol on the carriage as the sun's heat started to take effect. A trough allowed their mount to drink deeply and it stood in the sun patiently while the passengers took their ease.

Then, they were off again.

Refreshed and ready to work a little, Alexa took them for another short gallop as the miles sped by, mostly at a brisk canter. The scenery was unrelieved. Dense woods to one side, the small hill where the Domains sheltered far behind and open plain to the other side. Helga spilled herself to Alexa as they went and Alexa returned the trust by telling her new friend much of her own story.

To the right, now, there were small clusters of low buildings. Red terracotta rooves and enclosed areas where crops stood in the heat of the sun. An endless maize field was followed by a sugar plantation, blocking the view, even though the onlookers were high on their carriage.

"It's vast," said Helga.

"The Domains cover hundreds of square miles," said Alexa as they passed a line of fettered slaves. "Somewhere, I heard, that they now have thousands of guests a month..."

She slowed the gig to a slow walk as they passed a group on the road.

The slaves stood in the dust in a line as the carriage passed, all of them naked but for the restraints and collars that shackled them with invisible lines of force. Twenty men controlled by a single woman who had the regulator on her wrist, compelled to slave whilst the wealthy guests passed by in luxury.

"It's amazing..." breathed Helga and she felt a strange feeling of pleasure at the thought of so many men working for her personal enjoyment.

"Things have moved on from the days of the Old South," commented Alexa as they left the coffle in their dust. "Each one is controlled by Central, in the Domain Central Palace. Once they are chipped, there is no escape..."

The fields of sugar-cane gave way to stands of pampas grass and then the view opened wide to reveal a village of those low buildings.

"This is the farm," said Alexa. "It's as close as we get..."

Ahead, a large cart heaped high with cut sugar-cane moved to the side. The stallion slowed and then trotted past while Helga inspected the four draft animals that were in harness at the front. The woman perched above gave a small wave and Helga returned the greeting. The beasts were fully hooded, muscular and powerful, they were chained to their load, leaning forward, straining to keep their momentum.

"Draft animals," commented Alexa with a snort of derision. "Some of the mounts are just intractable, and there was a time when even chipping them did not have enough of an effect on their obedience! That's why they ended up here ... but of course, things have moved on somewhat nowadays"

Helga looked back to where the four large powerful creatures laboured in the dust. Powerful and powerless! Collared, hooded, only a smooth void between their legs, dominated by a level of automatic control that never slept.

“Are they all altered like that?”

“You mean the arms?” said Alexa. “I have seen it in Crimson and Silver as well, it is quite fashionable. Here, helplessness is just another measure of control. It has to be strict, otherwise we betray all that we stand for!”

Helga sat silent on the rolling seat.

She had not ever considered all of her Aunt's house-slaves as *really* unwilling. They always seemed happy enough, in Helga's opinion. Somehow, they were just lower orders that longed to serve for the gratification of herself and her peers. The sight of the draft animals had placed doubt in her mind and she could not help but utter her reservations to her new friend.

“It seems harsh, I mean if they don't enjoy it...”

Alexa slowed the carriage to a slow walk. Up ahead there was another of the troughs and it seemed an obvious place to take a short break from the ride. Helga was on the cusp of moving forward intellectually, it was time to put her moral qualms to bed. Two years ago, so long ago, Alexa had been the same! Unsure of her needs, doubtful about what she longed for. Now that she knew what was right and what was wrong, it was time to take the petite mistress under her wing and teach her what she was.

The gig came to a halt and their stallion kneeled to drink while Alexa poured two glasses and stood by the wheel of the carriage with a long cigarette in her fingers. Helga took her glass in silence and stood to look back at the farm in the far distance.

"It's all so simple," said Alexa at last as she found the words to explain to her naïve friend. "Men have had this world forever, now it is time for a change! Look what they've done to it, ruined it, burned it and fought endless wars. It's our turn now to harness them, teach them to obey and most of all, understand that they need our loving guidance..."

"But..." said Helga.

"There are no 'buts'," said Alexa. "They serve, we rule and anything that brings the day closer when womenkind has total control over *mankind* represents a step forwards for civilisation. The Domains are just a bubble, but it will grow and then we will take it all ..."

Taken aback by the vehemence of her companion's argument, Helga looked at the stallion that now stood patiently waiting to be used again.

"He wants this?" she asked of Alexa.

"They all do, they long for it... That stallion is a perfect example! Just think, it has no cares, no wants that are not satisfied. Looked after and pampered, allowed to reach a height of physical perfection that it could never have achieved on a football field. All for our pleasure! That is perfection and every man and so many women want nothing more than to be owned, to be used, to serve and belong."

"If he had a choice, though," persisted Helga.

"That's the first mistake," said Alexa with finality. "There is no 'he', there is only 'it'! That is their natural level: just look around you!"

Helga watched Alexa sip at her cigarette and then smiled.

"We'll give it a choice then," she said. "Let's see what happens..."

Helga watched as Alexa moved to the steed and started to take off the hood. A buckle, a cinch and then the zipper opened to reveal the features of their stallion. Freed of the pepper-pot blinkers, he shook his head at the bright light of the sun and the vision of the two women who owned him.

With a wink, Alexa moved to stand directly before the huge stallion and opened her thighs. His long cock stood proud and was enclosed by the rough fabric between the legs of her jodhpurs. Her face looked into his and he seemed confused by the experience.

"Good boy," said Alexa as she tipped her thighs and ass to swallow the length of the cock in her thighs. "Mistress Helga has a question for you!"

His eyes stared at the movement of Alexa's lips and then he looked to the side to see the petite woman with the golden lips. The sight of her caused him to thrust with his hips, and then recoil as he anticipated punishment.

But, none came...

"Do you want me to let you go?" asked Helga.

Before the stallion could make up its mind to nod or to shake his head he felt the thighs that enclosed him clench and rasp and he made a small noise in his throat.

"Or do you want to fuck a mare?" asked Alexa sweetly.

In the mind of the confused stallion all there was, was the picture of that mare that he always longed to take. The sweet perfume of the Amarelo tree, the smooth rounded ass that he longed to fuck and fuck and fuck... The feel of the whip on his hide that made him come, the gushing release followed by the attendant lips of the service-slave that sucked the juices from the mare's ass.

Between the thighs of this mistress was like that...

An urge to fuck that was so much a part of his mind. A need to release at the bidding of a mistress, a craving that swallowed even the superficial thoughts that swirled in his mind.

He thrust with his hips, the question asked, forgotten already.

"Good boy," laughed Alexa as the huge fettered stallion rasped forward and back in imitation of his vision of that mare. "Show me what you want..."

Again, a thrust, almost lifting the giggling Alexa off her feet as his hips swung upwards. The final few inches of his cock lunged from her thighs and ass and then retreated as it gathered for another.

"He needs the whip," commanded Alexa and Helga took it up.

Three vicious strokes, from flank to ass, raising a thin welt on that ebony skin as the stallion gasped and thrust hard. The emerging cock fountained come, splattering in the dust while the laughing Alexa placed her hands on the strong shoulders and rode the cock as if a see-saw.

"Now, do you understand?" asked Alexa.

"I think so," said Helga as she watched her friend pop the stub of the cigarette in the gaping lips. "It's just an animal really, like all men, it just wants to fuck..."

"And we give it to them," said Alexa. "So, it's a perfect balance!"

Carefully, she stepped from the front of the stallion and patted the thick shaft that stood from his thighs.

Helga sighed.

She could feel a wet warmth between her own thighs and imagined herself underneath all of that muscle. Then her vision changed, instead she was riding the stallion in its stall, taking that vast cock inside her and rolling with the thrusts of the powerful frame. It was made for fucking hard, created for it, destined to serve, it was all that motivated the dumb animal to obey and all that filled its helpless mind.

All it was good for... all it wanted!

She wondered if it was possible to fulfil her fantasy, and the warmth in her cunt proved that she so needed it. If she were alone with the stallion that had been her teenage crush, she might have...

"I know what you're thinking," laughed Alexa as she lit another cigarette.

"Do you?"

"Of course I do. I know you that well at least. I'll tell you what, we'll speak to Mistress Claudia and arrange it tonight. I've done it before!" she laughed.

"Would you? For me?"

Helga's tone was almost begging.

"I'd be delighted..."

CHAPTER 5

Triple Trouble

Mistress Isabella had been on a thousand picnic outings, for her companion, Miss Kai Mai-Mai Cheoung, this was the fifth, but it had never been like this! Three giggling triplets onboard, the picture of manga innocence and yet with a darker side that occasionally surfaced with small peeks into their world. Three pretty dolls and a traitor!

All smiles and cheerful chatter...

Veronica had briefed the mistress of Roan.

What was permitted to be seen and what should remain hidden. Insights were to be given to the representatives of the Korean group, but care had to be taken not to reveal the ultimate goals.

It would not be easy...

Mistress Isabella kept it light and entertaining. Pointing out the distant farms with a measure of pride at the way that they extended to the horizon, and beyond. The Hye triplets seemed interested, but they were not over-impressed. After all, thought Mistress Isabella, even before the north had become their stamping ground, the Koreans had had land at least equal in extent. Now, although it seemed that the old dictatorship and Jusche continued, North Korea had changed direction, but not its methods, which remained stubbornly old fashioned.

How could one compare to the touches of VR training and the

RCD chips that controlled the Domains, with the boots and whips of a dictatorship that brooked no independent thought? Old fashioned methods, effective and sure but crude and brutal.

Three small women. In their forties, but benefitting from the advances in medicine that brought eternal youth. Petite, snub noses and almond eyes, pale skin and perfect breasts and hips, they dressed as though they were little children, they giggled like teenagers and reacted to everything with seeming wonder. But, with the whip in hand, the carriage rattling along at the gallop, Hye-Su was the devil incarnate.

They galloped almost until the six matched stallions were broken, the other two pretty Koreans urging ever greater speed. Sweat and foam flew from hides and gaping mouths, as the stride lengthened and the speed went up a notch. Finally, even Hye-Su seemed to understand that she was at the point of no return and she slowed the carriage to a walk.

There was no boasting, no comments intended as slights, but Mistress Isabella almost felt as though they had been uttered. She took the reins of the stallions and urged them to a trot as if to show that the American mounts were at least the measure of those back in Korea.

This route to the picnic grounds was the shortest. Nearly eight miles, but for the shorter distance there was a price to pay because the route undulated sharply up and down for much of the way. They stopped twice to water their mounts, each time drinking a little and admiring the view from the heights.

Normally three hours, they made it in half the time and Mistress Isabella wondered if the stallions would recover in time for the return. There were several places where this outing usually ended, this time it was on the top of a small hillock that thrust from the forest to allow an endless vista of trees and distant

mountains. It caught the breeze perfectly, balancing sunlight and cool air with a delightful and isolated ambience.

"It's all so empty," commented Hye-Rin as they dismounted on the backs of the waiting slaves who knelt in the dust for their comfort. "I love it here, so still and quiet."

"That's why we are here," said Mistress Kai.

"For this picnic?"

"I meant, in Brazil. The place is so huge that we are just an insignificant little dot on the map," she replied.

A large circle of chaise-lounges were arrayed and each of the five took a place where a maid was assigned to their pleasure.

The three triplets looked wordlessly at one another and Mistress Isabella realised that, their thoughts all being in synchronisation, there was mutual understanding between them, a subtle form of communication which did not require words. Triplets, so alike that they even thought the same! It seemed as if a decision had been made, and as drinks were passed by the kneeling maids, Hye-Rin's tone became more serious.

Her gaze turned to Miss Kai, who fought to keep the distaste from her countenance. How could she betray everything that she believed in? Mistress Isabella looked away and calmed herself as she contemplated the fate chosen for the traitor who was conspiring to deliver the Domains into male hands.

"Are the Domains looking to make a deal?"

The question shook Mistress Isabella from her reverie. From giggling puppets, to serious contenders. The mood of the gathering changed and Mistress Isabella realised that the moment Veronica had warned of had arrived.

"Not a deal," said Mistress Isabella. "More an *understanding*... Profitable and viable for both!

"And, you speak for the directors? A little strange that they do not meet us directly..."

"You will meet them," said Mistress Isabella. "But by then, our plans will be clear and will all understand what the rules are..."

Mistress Isabella turned slightly as a muffled cry was heard from the edge of the clearing. She saw a flash of bright pink between the trees and smiled.

"You are more subtle than most Americans!" said Hye-Su, paying no attention to the slight disturbance.

"Subtlety is not of interest," said Mistress Kai. "We all have to know what the limits are..."

She felt herself blush as she spoke out of turn, but her mistress only had a slight smile on her lips. This was the one thing that she was supposed to prevent, a secondary goal that she was supposed to hinder. The joining of the Domains in an understanding with the Koreans. She shivered with the delicate balancing act that she was trying to manage.

"Good, then we should place a few concerns on the table," said Hye-Won. "Firstly, what is this that we hear about a *male*-dominated Domain that you are opening? We feel that such things are an abomination..."

The word 'male' was almost spoken as an insult.

Miss Kai shivered as she thought of the way that she had been forced to betray everything to escape a terrible fate by the very man who was planting an incubus in the Domains.

"Merely a passing phase that is politically necessary," said Mistress Isabella with a slight wink. "Everything is under control,

we have a need for influence in Washington and this is the method that we have chosen..."

There was silence as this was taken in and then Hye-Rin added another concern.

"We need to keep the North in isolation, it will take time to convert it fully to our way of thinking. Are you prepared to make this an objective?"

"As far as possible," said Mistress Isabella. "We have some players that are sensitive to our needs..."

"Like President Perez, perhaps? We understand that she has been *here*..."

"Naturally, I cannot confirm that," said Mistress Isabella as she curved around the question. "What I can say is that we have some slight influence that we will use on your behalf... as long as the threats from the North are kept to within reasonable limits."

"It's almost an institution, complaining about Americans," laughed Hye-Rin. "We will see what we can do to keep the tone down!"

Mistress Kai listened to the negotiation and started to realise what was at stake! The President had been in the Domains? Now it was becoming clearer what her role was... This was high policy and not her area of competence. She realised now that Mistress Isabella had been taken much further into the confidence of the directors than she had imagined. She patted her sissy maid on the head as she accepted another glass and listened to the discussion. Every single word would have to be passed on!

That she was even a party to the negotiations demonstrated that she was genuinely and deeply trusted and was thus safe in her betrayal. Of course, she had played her part in the events in

New York, but the significance of what she had done was far over her head. She dismissed the maid at her feet and waved away the others as well. The maids were incapable of betraying the confidences shared in the negotiations of course but it was just not seemly to have even these pathetic men at such an important meeting.

The negotiations fluxed and took their course.

The three Korean manga dolls who ruled so ruthlessly, smiled and laughed between sallies, lending an almost unreal atmosphere to the proceedings. They watched Miss Kai, as they went through their shopping list of needs, observing her reactions, as if testing the reasons why she happened to be a party at the discussion.

For her part, Mistress Isabella kept the conversation on-point and achieved several of the director's requirements. Access to chip manufacturing to ramp up the production of RCDs. The possibility of a safe harbour in the North as well as a certain flow of slaves in both directions through the offices of the South Korean trade enclaves in the north of the country.

As the negotiation continued, Mistress Kai realised that the speed the triplets had insisted upon from the stallions had been no quirk of their sadistic nature. It gave time to test the waters, to start negotiations and discover if the Americans were amenable. That, and to test the good faith of the Directors and their agent, Mistress Isabella!

By the time that the first of the other guests arrived, all the points had been discussed and Mistress Kai felt almost exhausted with the speed of the meeting. Nothing written, nothing signed, nothing *absolutely* promised, but so much agreed and ticked off with a nod and a word.

Trust was developing... Her little planned part was yet to be

played out! Then she could escape...

First to arrive was the three-seater that bore Miss Emily and her two friends. The stallions were crisscrossed with the enthusiastic applications of the whip that had urged them to near-exhaustion, but the three women seemed in good spirits. They joined the already seated group and the picnic-proper began with their humiliation of the sissies that served the drinks.

Their mounts were hitched, the baskets unloaded, and the picnic began.

CHAPTER 6

Golden Mare

Helga stood at the very top of the flat-topped hillock, from where she could see the horizon. A single gnarled tree stood with its roots twisting like serpents about the monolith that perched at the top, and she leaned on it taking in the view.

In the hazy distance, the fields of the farm stretching away to infinity where they finally met the mountains in the distance. A chequerboard of squares that signified the effort and servitude of those that tended them. Below, the rising and falling of laughter and chatter, the clink of glasses as the guests took their ease. All had now arrived and were mingling in a mixture of excited chit-chat and refined conversation.

Below, the bright pastel colours of the Koreans were a splash in the midst of the dark reds, blues and blacks of the other guests, the black-and-whites of the dollies that served and the naked skin-tones of the stallions and fillies that had brought them to this perfect place. She could see blankets being laid out, cushions being scattered as the feast took shape. With Mistress Isabella sat Mistress Kai and her own companion on the trip, Miss Alexa. Attending them a gaggle of slaves who fussed around and curtsied at every word of command.

She found herself divided. One part wishing that she had stayed to hear their conversation and the opinions of the tiny Korean triplets, the other half glad that she had a moment to herself to think. She wondered what they were laughing about. Living with her aunt had given her the belief that she deserved this pampered life, the actual experience of the trip to this place revealed that she was torn, that *something* important was missing from her life. Her eyes moved to the stallions and other mounts that had been corralled further below and she felt a

rising sense of exhilaration at being such an intimate part of such a sophisticated and elegant scene.

Such a shame that her sister was not here to share it with! She was somewhere in the distant haze, in that Crimson palace that she loved. Helga looked down; the food and chilled drinks were being laid out and the picnic was about to begin.

She sighed and turned to look down.

Time to join them and mingle!

Just as she was about to pick her way down the shallow slope, she saw that Miss Alexa, her companion, was making her way up to the vantage point. Trailing behind her, a hooded slave on a leash carrying a couple of bottles and small basket. Helga watched the massive figure move on its hooves and felt an emotion that she could not quite quantify as she realised that the stallion that had drawn them was the one in attendance. Her heart skipped a beat at the ripple of those strong thighs. Every step cautious in his sightless state, the huge stallion moved easily up the slope at the slightest tugs of the leash in Alexa's hand. Alexa nodded and smiled and took the hand extended by Helga to take the last couple of steps.

"What a view!" exclaimed Alexa as she reached the top.

"It goes on forever," commented Helga.

"I saw you all alone up here," said Alexa as the slave waited in mute submission, "thought that you'd like a little company..."

Helga shrugged.

Miss Alexa was a friend, but somehow her advent was an imposition and she resented the intrusion.

"I was just about to go down and join the others," said Helga.

"Well, I thought that I'd bring the party up to you," said Alexa with a smile. "If you like we can go down..."

A touch at the bracelet at her wrist caused Alexa's silent companion to carefully feel the ground and place her the bottles and basket on the surface.

"It's magnificent," said Helga with a sigh, though it was not clear if it was the view or the stallion that she was talking about.

"Perfect," said Alexa, leaving it open. "I have told the others that we do not wish to be disturbed..."

Helga could not take her eyes from the muscular man that waited on them. Muscular and powerful, his stimulation showing in the curve of his cock that bobbed at every breath. Alexa's hand strayed, and she stroked his thigh and Helga thought to sense the reaction in the stallion. A tightening of thighs, a slight shudder of breath and the settling of his vast weight on hooves. She looked down to where the other women were lounging on their cushions, sipping champagne and smoking, enjoying the service that was their right.

A few breaths of laughter drifted up to the top of the hillock, the distant clink of glass on glass, and she knew that she was ensnared.

Knew what was about to happen and could not prevent the sequel.

"Time for you to find out what it is to be a mare," breathed Alexa.

"God, Alexa, here? Now? I mean..."

Alexa just smiled and her hand lifted to the cock that stood from the hooded mount. Wandered the length of it, cupped the heavy balls and slid between the ass where the long tail hung

between its legs.

"You want it, I know that you do, and I so want to enjoy that moment with you..."

Helga could scarcely breathe. Her lips opened in a golden pout and she tried to resist the draw of the choice that Alexa had made for her. She could imagine being filled by that cock, whimpering in satisfaction as it pushed home and a trickle of damp oozed from her to wet the tight jodhpurs that were a second skin on her thighs.

"It's what it's made for," smiled Alexa. "To fuck..."

Hesitation, almost shame, embarrassment and desperate lust mingled in Helga. It had never been like this! Her intimacies had always been private, secluded moments of bliss, secretive play with her aunt's servants.

"I can't..."

"You can, dear. This is the moment that you have longed for..."

Her knees were weak, her breathing slow and deep as she focussed on the hand that massaged that cock. Veins twisted its length, the exposed head taut and glossy purple and she found her hands at her waist as though compelled to act. Fingers found the button and slipped it free, took the tab of the zipper as if with a life of their own.

"You need it, mare! You need to be bred by a stallion..."

Helga shuddered with craving at Alexa's words and imagined herself in the piazza by the stables. Strung and helpless on the benches as the guests enjoyed the drama of the stallions stretching the mares to the limit. Imagined herself struggling to evade what was inevitable and then feeling the inexorable pressure as she was taken.

All it would take was a small tug and the opening would widen, pass between her thighs and she would be exposed. Like a mare in heat, unable to resist being shafted, her fingers pulled. There was a moment of resistance and the zipper coursed over her belly, opening wide, exposing herself to Alexa with a compulsion born of lust.

"Mmm, what a *perfect* pussy," breathed Alexa as she watched the parting of the zipper until the swollen lips of a small cunt was exposed.

Helga could feel her eyes fill with tears, but whether of lust or shame she did not know. All she could see was the slim hand that tended to the stallion. The long red nails, the touches of thumb on the tip of that cock. The twitch of powerful thighs...

"Come here..."

There was nothing that could hinder the call of those words as she was drawn to where Alexa pointed. An inevitability that was beyond her control. A hand stroked her hair, moved her to turn from the stallion and bend to touch the laces of her riding boots. Helga could feel the roughness of the leather thongs, the smooth patent leather that curved to instep, see the hooves of the stallion and Alexa's heels as she moved a step.

When the tip of that giant cock probed between her thighs and ass, she gasped and almost fell forward. Closed her eyes to feel the tears drip and fall, felt a hand on her ass, steadying her, positioning her and then almost cried out as the sheer size of the stallion made itself felt.

"No!" she cried as it pressed to her delicate ass.

There was a chuckle of devious delight from Alexa and then the tip of the cock slid down and met Helga's parted lips. Moved a little, swept the short length of her, gathered the dew that

seeped.

Then a stroke that filled her to the brim in one thrust. A caress of fingers on the inside of her thighs that moved to discover the point of pure bliss that sent Helga into a paroxysm of lust.

"Can you feel it, little mare?"

The question heightened Helga's senses. Her pussy was so full, every inch of the stallion was buried inside her. Her knees started to give, and only the knowledge that falling to her knees would end the fondling that caused her to wail stopped the fall. Under the supervision of Alexa, the stallion withdrew, another wave of sensation that caused a whimper to issue from her lips.

"Again?"

Helga could not speak, the rapture of being fucked by the stallion filled her mind and her lips moved, but no words issued. She longed to be filled again and prayed that it would happen... All she could do was nod in assent and sigh with desire.

A chuckle, the swish of a crop and then Helga was filled once more.

Her hands moved to grip her ankles, her knees locked, her small rounded ass high to receive. She could see the boots of her companion behind her, the planted hooves of the stallion, the brief sight of the crop between bunched black thighs and then the first grip of a climax that was beyond her experience.

A hiss in the warm air, the strike of the crop and then the cock that reamed her streaming pussy. Each stroke paced to perfection, each stroke just a little closer than the one before, each one a step towards coming.

No more, she could take no more...

Helga's knees gave as her whole body twitched and she fell forward to the ground and clear of the long prick that was wet with her gratification. The orgasm shook every nerve in her body as she fell giggling to the soft turf. When she opened her eyes, it was to Alexa standing over her, a hand still teasing the stallion that thrust the air as though still inside its mistress.

"There is nothing quite like being fucked by one of the Domain's stallions," said Alexa with a small chuckle. "The highpoint of every ride... It's what we all do when we need it... that is; every time!"

Helga gathered herself and pushed her hands between her thighs.

"You devious, sly bitch!" she breathed at the woman that stood laughing over her. "You knew that I couldn't resist..."

"My dear Helga, all I was doing was to show you what you are missing... There's some slut in all of us, dear. This is what Roan is all about... fucking the dumb animals... Enjoying the ride!"

Her hands fumbled with the zipper and she sat up. Above her, like a mountain of muscle, the stallion that was her erstwhile teenage crush now stood still but for the twitching cock that had not been permitted to spurt.

"Now it's your turn!" said Helga with a laugh. "Pass me the crop!"

CHAPTER 7

A Bell Tolls

The two women made their way down to where the other guests lounged. Helga, self-conscious at the small smiles and knowing looks, as she and Alexa were followed by the huge stallion. One of the mistresses took the rein from her hand and Helga seated herself by the three identical Korean dolls that reclined on the chaise-lounges, more or less at the centre of the group.

Arriving in the middle of a conversation that verged on argumentative tones, Helga and Alexa each took a glass from a passing slave and sipped while they listened to the discussion.

"We do it because it makes them stronger, it's obvious!" said the Korean dressed in pink.

Miss Kai answered in a lofty tone.

"How is that, then?"

"Just look at the results for the answer," replied the one in lime green.

Helga wondered what it was like to be one of three women who looked so similar that it was almost impossible to decide which was which. There was a lot of fun that could be had...

"Then there's another aspect that is an advantage," said the pink one with a sly smile. "So few security problems when they are modified specially for our use..."

Helga tried to imagine what they were talking about. Clearly, the Koreans were boasting of their successes at competition and it seemed to have riled Miss Kai because, her face was a

little flushed and her tone somewhat insistent.

"They have no use for them, just like this..."

The little Korean mistress stopped a passing maid with her hand and lifted the hem of the short dress to expose her for all to see. A tiny cock dangled with no accompanying balls and she stroked the lifeless organ as if to prove her point.

"You see, you take away what they have no use for," she said in a pointed tone. "We do the same!

"A stallion needs strong legs, muscular build, but it has no use for arms! We simply do what is logical and modify our stock for use, that and the training is *much* more skilled!"

It seemed to Helga that Miss Kai took exception to the final words and she leaned forward and almost hissed her next words.

"Prove it!"

Mistress Isabella, who had been silent up to this point, now intervened. Placing a hand on Miss Kai's shoulder she seemed to be trying to put an end to the argument that had become personal.

"Let's not allow this to get personal," she said.

Miss Kai allowed herself to be mollified and managed a thin smile.

"You are winning a lot of prizes at the moment," she conceded. "But, it has to be said that there is also a lot of luck involved on the day!"

The Korean mistress in pink smiled as if it had been an apology.

"Luck is always present," she said slowly. "But, in the end, methods and skill count for more..."

“Then, let’s see...”

Miss Kai’s challenge was now in the air. All three of the Hye triplets sat back and smiled and it seemed to irritate Miss Kai and force her to elaborate.

“Do you think that a couple of days can make a difference?” she asked. “Or would you need more time?”

“Are you suggesting that we have a little competition?” asked the one in pink.

“Why not?”

“Sounds fun,” replied the Korean. “Of course, we need to have a little bet to make it interesting...”

Helga felt as if she could cut the air with a knife and shivered in anticipation.

“The playing field needs to be level,” said Miss Kai. “How about we both choose a stallion from the stables and then have a contest?”

A few words in Korean and it seemed that the three Koreans were in accord.

“And the prize?”

Miss Kai looked at her mistress. Mistress Isabella nodded as if giving reluctant permission and then Miss Kai replied.

“The winner gets the other to train for a month...”

As soon as she had spoken Miss Kai felt a tight knot in her belly. It was as though the words had slipped of their own accord from her lips. Bravado overcoming all her careful plans to slip away and escape...

Helga held her breath. The stakes were huge and it seemed that at last the triplets were taken aback at the size of the wager. There were a few more words in Korean and it seemed that, at last, that the three women were not in accord. As they spoke, Helga watched their faces and saw emotion in their eyes for the first time. It was the one in pink that finally replied in English.

"Since you are at home, we get the first choice..."

Miss Kai smiled and nodded, but she felt a shiver of fear run the length of her spine.

"Why not?" she relied, managing to hold her voice steady. "You choose first and I can only choose from the ones that you inspect in the stables. In a couple of days we meet and test our abilities..."

Perhaps she could slip away before the promised race?

"Only a race can work. Sheer strength and ability..."

"Perfect. We'll choose this evening and then start the training..."

"A month is such a long time..." said Mistress Isabella. "Are you both sure?"

Miss Kai answered emphatically, and the little Korean mistress just shrugged casually. For a moment, she looked at Helga, who found herself almost frightened by the attention. A calculating gaze, as though in some way, Helga was involved. Then, the Korean's gaze roved over the stallions that were being watered amongst the trees and only turned back as Miss Kai spoke.

"I have nothing to worry about if I win!" said Miss Kai in answer to Mistress Isabella. "I always win!"

Mistress Isabella shook her head as if she thought that her companion was crazy, but Miss Kai gave her a stare that

indicated that she was determined.

"Perhaps we need to speak about the terms of what can be allowed in that month?" asked Mistress Isabella. "I mean..."

"No limits," said Miss Kai definitely with a shrug that matched the little Korean Mistress' gesture.

The Korean shrugged casually with a small smile.

There was an almost breathless silence after the conversation and it seemed from their expressions that many of the guests were anxious about the wager. The animosity between the Koreans and the American Chinese mistress had, on the surface evaporated, but Helga could sense the distance between them.

It was Mistress Isabella that broke the ice.

"I have a little entertainment lined up for those that are willing to try something rather more light hearted," she said with a laugh. "I have prepared a hunt..."

She looked around to make sure that she had the attention of all the women present and then gave a signal to one of the stable-mistresses standing in the background.

"When we set up the Domain, we catered exclusively for those guests who loved the whimsy of riding on a carriage drawn by our teams of stallions and fillies. But!" she paused for effect and then pointed to the stallions that were being led through from the trees behind the group. "Occasionally, we have had guests who have asked to saddle and ride their chargers and we have expanded the training to cater for this growing demand."

A rising chatter rose from the group of women as the stallions were led into the clearing and a scattering of polite applause rose from the group.

"We pick the stock carefully for strength and stamina. There are eight mounts for you to choose from and those that are interested can join the little competition that we have prepared for your amusement! Try something new, a stallion between your thighs!"

As she spoke she smiled at Helga who blushed in return.

Helga stood to see the mounts over the heads of the other seated guests and felt a twinge of excitement.

Each one was muscular and powerful, saddled high on the back, with reins and bits already in place. Clearly a quite different experience from riding high on a gig with whip in hand, this would be rider controlling mount, directing and making her dominance felt in a raw and authentic test of proficiency and control.

Mistress Isabella smiled at the excitement that was unfolding and slapped her crop in her hand for attention.

"Ladies, ladies," she laughed. "This will not be for the faint-hearted! What we are going to do is to have a light-hearted competition, but I suggest that only those with riding experience give it a try. Tomorrow we will be holding a school for the first-timers in the morning, but this one is for the eager riders amongst you!"

"So, what's the game?" came a voice from the back and Helga saw the eager look on Emily Haddon's face.

"The game is a sort of hide and seek," said Mistress Isabella with an amused laugh. "A test of control and ability, because all of the mounts will be hooded..."

As she spoke, one of the stable-mistresses appeared with a large bag and began to add a tight hood to each of the mounts. It was clear to Helga that only reins, crops and spurs

would direct each of the mounts. A challenge that she relished! Riding had been an everyday experience on her aunt's lands every summer of her childhood, though this time the mounts would be on two legs instead of four.

"So, who's up for it?" asked Mistress Isabella.

Five of the guests moved forward. Helga found herself joining them and watched as the harnesses were replaced over the hoods than now smoothed the faces of their mounts. She could smell the clean sweat of the mounts, the leather of the saddles and the fresh earth that their hooves had kicked up and her excitement mounted.

"The game lasts an hour, ladies," announced Mistress Isabella. "The rules are simple. We have released some fillies for you to hunt down. Each one carries three rings. The winner is the one that collects the most... In an hour, the bell rings and we see who has won the little prize that we have prepared!"

"How many fillies?" asked one of the six contestants.

"That *would* be telling," said Mistress Isabella with a smile. "It's your task to find as many as possible..."

Helga looked at the women that were her challengers. Miss Emily, spare and light seemed like a serious rival, she had already picked a mount and was tightening the buckles and straps with an experienced air. Two of the others were busy buckling on their spurs and picking crops. Both a little on the larger side, they would soon exhaust their mounts. The outsider was the tiny Korean mistress in pink. She stood watching the others with her almond eyes and seemed almost amused by their eagerness. She waved away the offer of spurs and took the shortest crop in her hands before moving between the stallions and making her choice.

"The rest of us will rest in the shade with a glass or two," said Mistress Isabella. "Enjoy the afternoon and some other little diversions that will amuse..."

"I've never ridden before," said Alexa from just behind Helga. "And you?"

"Horses, years ago," answered Helga with a smile. "But, I just love the challenge!"

"Have fun..."

Helga was looking at the mounts with a calculating eye. It was not strength, but stamina that would count and she inspected the three most likely candidates carefully. Miss Emily had simply chosen the largest and most impressive stallion and swung into the saddle easily. The saddle cupped her ass to sit upright, she towered over the others as they made their selections.

Helga found herself drawn to a mount that was a little smaller than the others. Less muscle, more ripped, it sensed her near and stood still while she admired the impressive erection that stood like a rod from its thighs.

"A good choice," said a lilting voice by her and she turned to find the pink Korean mistress who it seemed had picked the same mount.

"Stamina," said Helga with a pat on its rump. "Did you want it?" she offered.

"It is the best of them," said the Korean, "but, if you want it, then I'll choose that one..."

"One or the other," laughed Helga. "As you like! I'm Helga ..."

"Rin," said the little Korean woman with a thin smile. "You have a good eye for a mount!"

It was not often that Helga met a woman who was even shorter than her five feet. Now that she was close, she found that she was looking down at the emotionless face with its deep brown eyes.

Hye-Rin was almost doll-like, slight and petite, skin like ivory and few touches of makeup other than the pink lips that matched her frilly dress.

“So, you choose, Miss Rin!”

Obviously, a contest of politeness... and Helga was interested to see how the little Korean would settle the status quo.

“I choose the other,” said Hye-Rin. “There is little between them and both would be perfect for this game.”

Helga found herself making a small bow and then giggled in embarrassment, but Hye-Rin joined in the laughter and took the lead of the other mount. The stirrups were high on the flanks of the stallion, but the petite Korean hopped into the saddle with a single elegant kick before placing the heels of her stilettos against the flank of her mount.

“Perhaps we should hunt together?” asked Helga. “Company will make it all the more fun!”

In answer, Hye-Rin wrapped the reins in one hand and struck the flank of her mount to make it prance while Helga easily stepped onto the saddle. Her knees were at the hips of the stallion and the saddle felt almost as if made with her in mind. Now that she was mounted, she felt the excitement rise and watched the others as they familiarised themselves with their steeds.

“Remember, the bell signals the end of the game...” cried Mistress Isabella and the contestants settled their prancing mounts to wait for the signal. When it came, it was the clear clarion strike of a bell and Helga used her crop to urge her

mount into a trot to follow the pink frilly Korean who was already heading into the forest whilst the excited cries of the other competitors reached them came through the trees.

The hunt had begun.

CHAPTER 8

Hard On

Richard Hardon had always been the butt of the class. His name, the most difficult cross to bear as his classmates reduced him to 'Hard-On-Dick'. College, university, and then at last he made it... respected tax accountant, a great job, a beautiful home, a dream of a marriage, a life made in heaven.

Then came the crash, the sudden change in fortune. The disappearance of his sister and the terrible discoveries that Richard made as he investigated a missing-person case that the police just ignored. The discovery that his wife had been cuckolding him since well before the wedding and recently, draining the accounts with her spendthrift lover.

It could *not* have got any worse!

But, it did.

Much worse!

He looked into his sister's wicked life ever more deeply. He applied the skills of forensic accounting. He traced, step by step every movement of her last weeks. The villa Alicia had visited on that last night. The few moments of CCTV footage from across the street that showed her bustled into a van and the strange effeminate maids that answered the door of the villa. Struggling with a ruin of a marriage, the threat of disbarment and now the proof that his sister Alicia had been abducted. Richard Hardon went to the police.

He behaved in an exemplary way. He made ready to follow the trail of his sister with chivalrous ideas of rescue in his mind. A knight setting out on an heroic quest, prepared to slay any

dragons which barred his way but alas! The dragons were aware of him ...

A day later, he too was in that van!

Taken in a busy street, caged in one of the three pens, blindfolded and bound, Richard Hardon was on his way to the Domains. A victim of his own sister's foolish debt to a place that *always* balanced its books with care.

Misfortune became a nightmare which became an inferno, consuming all he had been in life ...

Crated and packed, transported and never a word to explain the cause. Richard Hardon was sucked into the vortex like a coracle circling a vast maelstrom. Chipped and fettered, whipped and then finally abused and chained, his first vision of the place that he had entered was through the bars of what seemed to be a stable. The three elegant women that inspected him like a piece of meat through the bars and decided his fate.

"I am not at all happy," had said the tall elegant one, obviously in charge.

Richard tried to speak, but the gag in his jaw rendered his words to a moan.

"I will place it with the mares for stallion relief duty," had said the blonde bitch with a small smile and Richard felt tears course down his cheeks and a trickle of piss make its way down his thighs.

They were gone, but the words were not forgotten.

They echoed in Richard's head and formed the future of his existence.

In the stables, mounted on a block, hooded and strapped, Richard Hardon discovered what those words meant and knew that he was in the hands of sadists of the purest water.

A stale smell of overnight sweat, the scent of sex, the clopping of hooves on the stable floor. The voices of the women that owned him, the clenching pull of the restraints and the broad steel collar which sat between his body and his balls. The terror of being handled and punished for not accepting torment willingly.

And then it came.

That first cock forced between the ring of the gag and the lips that encircled it. Hard and long, it pushed home with careless strength, filling his mouth, choking his breath, pulling almost free and then coming at the second stroke. His stomach rebelled, his body convulsed, but there was no notice taken of Richard Hardon's anguish. Now the name that had haunted him all those years ago had taken another meaning!

A second, a third and then a fourth.

Each one permitted two strokes of relief, one of them gushing, the others dry. A stopper was twisted into the gag and he waited and waited. Once only, he was used as a reward for the stallions before unknown to Richard his life took a further step. His circumstances were changed as his data was casually transferred from one column of a spreadsheet to another, copied and pasted by a mistress in Domain Administration at the casual instruction of another mistress and the suffering slave was transferred to the farm.

After that first day, Richard knew that he would not survive.

His first taste of the farm was an eighteen-hour day in the sugar-cane fields and hour's march to get there. A narrow cell and emotionless mistresses that caned him for not marching in step before he slipped into the desperate slumber of exhaustion. Reflections on where he was, who he was, what he was, no longer occupied in his thoughts.

He was just a slave.

Nothing...

He awoke and it was dark in his cell. He could feel a collar had been added to his strict uniform of restraints and as he moved in the gloom, a metallic jangle came from the collar and reached his ears. Confused and anxious, he moved on the board that was his bed and discovered that there was nothing chaining him to the wall.

Richard moved his hands and then suddenly realised that they were free. He was sure that they had been pulled up his back, but now they were only bound by a chain between his wrists. He felt where the collar circled his neck and felt three dangling loops hanging from the collar. His feet touched the floor... he stood.

Every movement gave him away with the tinkle of the rings on his collar and he held them still as he moved to the barred door of his cell. In the utter darkness, Richard's gagged face touched the gate and it moved, swung away from him, opened with a small creak. He pushed it and it gave, now moving in a corridor faintly lit, lined with endless barred gates, of which his was the only one unlocked.

Useless to wonder the whys, meaningless to think about the wherefores.

He made his way through the darkness, stepping carefully in the high heeled boots which now replaced the heavy sandals of the standard slave uniform. How had the change been made without his knowledge? Surely he was dreaming?

A dream nestling within a nightmare.

Each step a click, each step a jingle of one or other of those

rings, each step nearer to the light at the end of the corridor. He could hear the breathing of the other captives, the slight sharp chirruping of a cricket and then he realised that the light was not a light at all...

It was the moon shining through an unbarred window, almost at head height.

The moon hung in the frame like a ghost, clouds passing its face in the only motion that he could see. Richard Hardon, despairing slave, used every last ounce of the desperate energy in his frame to climb and struggle, wriggle and pull, tug and writhe. He fell out of the prison to find himself kneeling in the dirt. In the glow of the moon he could see now what had escaped attention before.

The boots locked to his legs, the short chain from heel to heel. The smooth latex shine of stockings that emerged from the boots and disappeared under his dress. Straps that held it all in place, padlocks that secured the straps. The tight bodice, almost a girdle, the chains that hung between his wrists.

Now the cricket's song was louder.

Like a siren-song in his ears.

He stood and looked at the blackness of the prison where he had been held. Questions filled his head, who had unlocked the bars of his cell? Why had he been dressed like a fetish maid? The questions slipped away as he took stock of his plight. Mouth wide with the ring of the gag, a collar that did not even have a clasp, heels that made every step a terrible effort... Richard realised that he had escaped one prison, but he was carrying a second and he could not imagine how he would escape its grip.

One thing was certain...

This was his only chance to escape.

The hows and whys of his plight; a mystery.

He stepped into the wide space beyond the wall. Now that his eyes were adjusting to the veil of darkness, he could see only one place to run. A road between him and the forest and beyond that was deep gloom variegated by utter darkness.

High spaced trees, an endless forest that beckoned the prey into its bosom.

Offering solace and escape.

Concealing a threat that he could never have imagined.

CHAPTER 9

Ring for Rin

Exhausted, sweating in the humidity, sitting for a moment as the sun rose above the horizon. A golden glow, the pink light on the clouds and then the edge of the sun appeared, and Richard knew that he had to sleep.

But, Richard dared not!

How far had he come?

A mile, two miles, perhaps three. That was all!

The sun rose majestically, flooding the spaces between the trunks of the massive trees with morning light. Sleeping against the bole of a tree, tucked between the twisted roots, a travesty in pink that was the only flash of colour apart from the blooms of allamanda that carpeted the floor of the forest. Dressed all in pink, like a beacon, the slumbering escapee was of brief interest to a passing capybara. The temperature rose as the sun, birds swarmed in the branches and finally, Richard awoke.

He cursed.

It came out as a strangled squawk and then rolled to climb to his feet. At last he could appreciate the attire that was locked to his body. Thick latex that shook off the dirt on which he had been sleeping, long boots that some exotic stripper might have worn and the endless chains and shackles that ensured that they could never be removed.

Thirst!

It was the only thought that motivated him to move. A need that could not be denied. Every step he felt the weight of that

ring that circled his balls and he inspected it to find that there was no discernible join, no way to slip from its weighty grip. Worse still, what appeared to be a corset that nipped in his normally rolling waist and made it difficult to breathe.

He struggled to find the laces, but only steel clips and padlocks held it in place.

The floor of the forest rolled, gradual slopes and occasional rocks as Richard climbed a knoll with a small winding path between the rocks.

A single tree sprouted, and he leaned on it and breathed hard scanning for landmarks.

All he could see in one direction was endless tops of trees.

He turned to look back.

Perhaps three miles away the forest ended, and he could see back to where the roofs of a charming collection of buildings glowed terracotta in the sun, but the sight of it caused a roiling in his belly and a rising terror that made him scramble down from his vantage point away from any eyes that might see him. What from a distance seemed to be an appealing farm was the place that he had escaped from, and the sight of it caused a panic in his breast.

Almost falling as he struggled in the high heels and the chain between his ankles, he reached the forest-floor again and found a wide space. Here were tracks. Thin wheel marks, the past imprints of hooves, but it was the trough that caused him to cry out. The water was almost fresh and he dipped his head and drank deeply. The thought that animals had used the water never even entered his mind. Instead he lifted his head, the water trickling from his face over the bizarre pink of his dress.

A glimpse of the collar and his open-mouthed face reflected in

the water caused him to start and he headed deeper into the forest. He had moved perhaps a hundred yards between the trunks when the first noises of human activity startled him. Behind, at the knoll a carriage appeared. Five seated women in the carriage dismounted and Richard stood in incredulity as he realised that the horses were men, each poised like a stallion, each with a frighteningly large cock standing erect. Three of the passengers seemed almost like children from his distance, the other two women like the ones that he had seen so often in the last few days.

Others appeared from behind the knoll and he watched in shock as the women stepped from their carriage on the backs of slaves who crawled to oblige. It was like a dream, a narcotic nightmare and he was rooted to the spot as couches and tables were organised and the women took their ease whilst laughing and receiving glasses from maids that were essentially dressed just like he was.

Terror gave the urge to flee, but curiosity forced him to stay rooted to the spot.

Tucking himself behind a tree, he watched as they took their ease. Sipping from their glasses and earnestly talking as though nothing about the strange situation was out of place. Maids scurried, the human stallions were watered at the same trough that he had used just minutes before.

Something about the sight of those masterful women excited through the fear that clouded his mind and he felt himself blush as an erection raised under his dress.

"What have we here?"

The words caused the runaway to jump in fright and he lost his footing to fall to the feet of a pretty young woman in a riding costume that stood legs wide, inspecting him with glee. He tried to speak, but the ring in his mouth blurred the words making the

woman laugh.

"I think that you should get a move on," laughed the woman. "The hunt starts in an hour or two and you *really* don't want to be *here*!"

She extended a hand and he raised his to hers. She pulled him to his feet and looked him up and down.

"Off you go, bitch, get running!"

So many questions, all of the answers on the tip of her tongue, and Richard could not even ask them. He wanted to beg, fall to his knees, sob his fear, but she raised her hand again and slapped him casually. The sound and shock were worse than the light blow, but the spell was broken, and he ran blindly from her, his breath rushing from his throat.

All he could hear was her mocking laughter and then a parting call.

"Run slut, they want to fuck you and make you squeal like a sissy..."

More uproarious laughter followed him.

Between the trunks of the trees, over the soft layers of soil and leaves, he ran until he could run no more and dropped to his knees at the bole of another tree. The leaves rustled above, the loud call of some bird scratched his hearing and he fell to all fours. Saliva trickled from his open mouth and tears dropped. Every breath in the corset was laboured and he knew that he was at the end of his tether.

Their tether!

Crouched and exhausted he regained his breath and started to crawl. After a few steps he was able to stand and walk. The

chains rattled at each step, the heels dug into the forest floor and slowly he made his way between the trunks of the trees. Since the moment that he had been taken, a nightmare that made no sense, a confusion of abuse and violation.

His sister's perverted life uncovered, his wife's betrayal, the indifferent police... Each step strained every muscle, each effort tortured his exhausted body.

In the distance, he heard a bell...

Thoughts rattled in his head, and he sobbed as he walked.

Sounds of movement.

Richard threw himself to the floor and peeped over the vast roots of a tree. The sight that greeted him caused him to shudder... The woman sat in the saddle of her human mount just a few paces from his hiding place. Flicked the crop at the flank of her mount and moved a few paces.

No lightweight rider, dressed in skin-tight leather her spurs steadied her straining mount and she chuckled as she applied the crop. The hiding fugitive watched as she slid from the saddle and jerked on the rein in her hand. The hooded mount moved a step and came to face the hidden observer while the mistress dropped her hand to the huge erection that stood from the thighs of her steed.

"Fucky, fucky, little horsie?" she teased. "Maybe later you can please me with this..."

The woman's hand slid the length of the cock in her palm, teasing the tip with her thumb as she watched her mount for signs of defiance. A single drop of oily liquid wet her fingers and she smiled up at the masked face with glee.

"Mmm, like it do you?"

Her hand let go of her mount's cock and she slapped the deeply hanging balls below with a casual backhand before wiping her gloved fingers on a naked flank of her mount.

"You'll have to earn it!" she said. "I want those rings..."

Richard held his breath, watching with a curious mixture of unreal excitement and total terror. He could feel his own unexpected response and moved a little to relieve the discomfort. She was tall in her riding boots, every curve displayed, under the tight leather.

She muttered something under her breath and remounted.

Lifted high on the stirrups and plumped back into the saddle. The muscles on the stallion's thighs bunched as the weight was taken and a sharp pull on the reins and a dig of the spurs brought it into motion. She almost passed over her quarry but did not look down and passed away through the trees on her struggling mount.

It took ten minutes for the prey to recover and move on. Now it was clear, now at last he knew what was happening. He was nothing more than a piece in a game. An amusement for these deranged sadistic women who counted him as a quarry for their sport.

But, there was a chance...

If he outsmarted the hunt, passed the perimeter, then perhaps...

The thought brought hope anew and his steps became dogged as he started to move. Looking back, listening for sounds of the hunt, sweating in the bizarre costume, his head filled with the terrors of being hunted.

Several times in the next hour, Richard heard sounds of pursuit. Caught flashes of movement through the trees and dived for

cover. Once he heard laughing voices and muffled cries and waited a full ten minutes before he crawled on, moving to keep the trunks of the tress between himself and the hunt.

He found a stream and waded a hundred yards to throw off a scent if dogs were being used, even though there had been no sound of barking. The stream cut through a bank and he crawled carefully to the top to peep over the edge.

He froze!

There, in a semi-clearing stood two more of the pursuers. Each on a human pony, each perched high in the saddle scanning between the trees as they talked.

"We have two, Rin," said the petite woman with gold lips. "One more should do it. How many prey are there?" she asked. "Any guesses?"

The hidden observer was struck by the contrast. The first woman was petite and pretty, young and smiling. Spoke with an American accent. When the other turned, her blank Asian face like a manga cartoon. Attractive with huge almond eyes, pert lips and a pale complexion, but it was her dress that caught the eye. Stiletto heels dug into the flanks of her mount to steady it. Short white socks and then a bright pink dress that was almost a tutu.

"No idea at all, dear," said the tiny Asian huntress. "But, you are right, we need one more... to be sure of a win."

The woman with gold lips laughed and flicked her crop on the ass of her steed. It moved with seeming certainty, even though the hood covered its eyes. Total trust in the rider, total obedience to every guiding pull at the reins. Richard allowed himself to slide down towards the small stream, out of sight, pressed to the steep cutting.

Now he could hear the hooves on roots and stones and he knew that she was just above. Standing on the edge of the bluff, looking down...

"Aha," came the American accent. "Look what we have here!"

The sound of the other huntress joining her companion caused Richard to look up and he saw the two steeds standing above him while their riders looked down into his eyes.

"Ooh look, Rin! Three rings," said the American. "This one hasn't been caught yet..."

The Asian girl licked her lips and nodded.

"Who goes first?" she asked.

"Your turn," came the reply.

Richard was frozen in hopeless fear where he cowered in a heap at the bottom of the steep soft incline.

"There's no escape, bitch!" came a call from above. "Up here, now!"

He tried to cry out and stretched his hands up as if imploring, but the order was repeated and he knew that there was no escape. In moments they could be standing in the stream and they would be angry...

He crawled up the slope until he was on his knees at their feet, the stiff cocks of the stallions pointing at his face, the sweat of their effort at carrying the riders trickling down thighs and balls.

"Ready for it?" commented the tiny Asian doll as she looked down. "Come on, don't be shy!"

Her steed took a step forward and what was required was clear. Dripping cock and wide hole, the one made for the other.

Another step. The kneeling victim recoiled and the petite American rider manoeuvred her mount behind the victim. Trapping him, dropping a hand to his head to hold him in position.

"Take it, bitch, or Mistress Rin will fuck your ass..."

Their prey closed his eyes, cried out and then the yelp was stilled as the stallion pressed home. The taste of salty sweat mingled with an almost-sweetness. The pressure from the hand and then a thrust that filled him, plugged him, choking his breath and silencing his moan.

He felt a shock, an electrical jolt on his lips that caused him to try to pull free and then the hand that was on him moved to his collar. A click, a satisfied sigh from her lips and the cock pulled free, come still pulsing from the tip.

"Got it," laughed the American mistress as she tossed the ring to her companion.

"Your turn..." said Mistress Rin. "Front or rear?"

The hand was on his head again, pulling his hair, wrenching his face to where the next cock was already demanding attention.

"Nice and slow," came the laugh from the rider above. "My stallion deserves a proper reward..."

There was a high laugh from her companion as Richard rolled up his eyes to see the spurred boots in stirrups, the harness and saddle, her knees pulled high and then her pretty face above as she guided her steed to step forward.

"My stallion has to manage this all on his own," she said. "No bracelet, just a nice long fuck..."

Mistress Rin closed in and took the collar, now with only two rings and held the prey fast. The long shaft pressed in deep and then

withdrew. A light grunt from the hooded stallion and then a withdrawal and another push. Above the kneeling slut, there came a slight sound of vibration and a moan.

"Every single time?" laughed Rin as she watched her companion move in the saddle. "You are addicted!"

"It makes me so fucking horny, just seeing it..." gasped Helga as the saddle pulsed between her open legs. "Jesus! Fuck, it's so good to be me!"

Her hands dropped the reins and the crop dangled from her wrist as she moved on the vibrating saddle, the muscles of her thighs bunching and releasing in time to the shaft that pushed into the pink victim's wide mouth. Her golden lips parted, little pants of passion passed her lips as she watched that fat cock ream the helpless lips.

Inside and then out. Strong thighs moving, a groan and then deep again. Stroke after stroke, the cock pressed home and then withdrew.

"Give it the crop," suggested Mistress Rin with a giggle.

The sound of impact marked the next stroke and Richard could taste a forewarning before it erupted on the outstroke, splattering his face and wide lips, while Helga finally climaxed with a series of shudders and a helpless cry.

"Got it," said Mistress Rin as there was a click as one of the remaining two rings was freed into her small hand.

Mistress Helga took up the rein and settled in the now placid saddle. Dew drops of sweat trickled from forehead to drop from her chin and the roseate post orgasmic glow brought her cheeks to bright pink.

"A fun game," laughed Mistress Helga as she deftly caught the ring tossed by her companion and hung it with the other two on

her saddle. "One more should make us the winners!"

The prey looked up at the two women who had so casually violated and debased him and fell back to the ground.

"Helga, this one was too easy," said Rin. "Maybe we should fuck it to see if we can get the other ring?"

"I think that they thought of that," said Helga. "Anyway, who needs to cheat? It's the *sport* that counts!"

"On your feet, slut," said Rin. "Time to say 'thank-you'!"

The crop in her hand cut the air, but she was just out of reach and it swished over his head. Tremblingly, he stood up, and the stallion of the Asian mistress stepped close.

"I can't *hear* you!"

Richard looked at the crop as it moved. Saw the wires twisted into the braiding and the broad teardrop leather slapper at its tip and spoke. The words were thanks, the resulting sound a gasping wheeze, and the crop lowered to lift the hem of his dress.

Her eyes inspected him and she smiled.

"Uncut," she said. "We should have fucked it!"

"No sense in doing it now," laughed Helga. "It would just tire the mounts."

Mistress Looked down at the helpless man and laughed.

"Of you run, bitch! You are still valuable, you still have one ring for some lucky woman to take..."

As he stumbled from their laughing voices, Richard could still taste the come that hung on his lips. His hands moved to feel

the single ring that now hung from the collar. Somehow the collar knew when he was taken and released the ring, somehow it was all coupled together...

He stopped, and an awful thought surfaced, a moment of clarity in his otherwise confused mind. A thought that filled him with utter hopelessness. A realisation that there was *no* hope left at all... If it was all connected, then those that had let him run knew where he was, knew his position to the nearest foot.

The nightmare was reality, his horrific future was all mapped-out for him.

His owners could recapture him at any time as they desired.

It was all just an evil game of catch-and-release!

No, not a game, it was his new life. A nightmare from which there would be no awakening. With tears of resignation he slumped to the ground and wept.

CHAPTER 10

Key to Paradise

The setting, bucolic.

A small lodge grouped with the others a mile from the stables and parlours where all the amusement could be found. Helga loved the place, loved everything about it. The posts where carriages and mounts were tied while waiting for the guests' pleasure. The rose and clematis covered gazebo where afternoon shade combined with cocktails and faultless service offered perfect afternoon gatherings with like-minded mistresses.

Almost rural, a place where everything was perfectly thought out for the pleasure of the guests. Where the warm breeze wafted the sounds of clopping hooves and whips, where each woman found her own particular pleasures catered for.

Helga sat under the shade, sipping her Tequila and resting after the exertion of the training session that she had just returned from. Learning to ride the stallions with a high saddle. A new passion had been born! The excitement of riding high at a trap pulled by a feisty steed replaced by the almost-intimate contact with a destrier trained to every touch of rein and whip. The prick of the spurs at a turn of a shapely ankle. The sense of control was intoxicating, the smell of sweat and mount, the muscle rippling at her every command, the thrill of secretly adding the saddle's hidden charms to the ride.

Once she understood the possibilities, Helga knew that there was no better thrill to be had than riding at full gallop, teetering on the edge of climax from the subtle vibrations and the movement of the steed between her thighs. Each touch of the spurs, every tickle of the whip and every step that they took.

Hers was a journey of lust and orgasm, while the stallion enjoyed the honour of carrying her to heaven.

Mistress Helga sipped again. Pursed her lips as she sipped at the long cigarillo, grown from tobacco harvested for her pleasure on the farm. In just jeans and a T-shirt, she lounged on the sofa and put her feet up. She could see her cabin and the one that Alexa occupied just further down the village. A few mounts waited for their owners patiently. Hitched to light gigs or just saddled and ready for use, the beasts were an intimate part of the scenery.

Her thoughts turned to the conversation that she had had with Alexa just a couple of days ago as they had gone to the picnic. It all seemed so long ago, years ago even. In the two days since the hunt, her opinions had changed, settled and become subtly different. Now the men that served, the slaves that laboured were insignificant, except to supply her a little amusement. Their fate was theirs alone and, *they* were responsible for it! *Her* fate was in *her* hands, as she now realised, it was all a question of superiority.

A plume of smoke drifted in the almost-still air and she sighed with pleasure. This was the way that it should be... and then the night would come! A little adventure that would be so sweet! She shuddered in delight at the thought and settled on the sofa. Tonight, she and Alexa had the promised illicit pleasure to come. A conspiracy that would lead to... something that she longed for.

She kicked off her stilettos and shrugged off the jeans. Wriggling her hips and tossing the denim to one side. Just the T-shirt... Her hands wandered to the triangle where thighs met groin. Where an inviting slit begged for attention with tears of joy. Slipped in a finger and then two. Parted herself and arched her back as she stroked herself whilst sipping at the cigarette.

A moan escaped her golden lips with a trickle of blue smoke from the cigarillo.

Her lips twitched at the picture of that helpless hunt-victim sucking the come from her mighty stallion. Eyes filled with tears, throat bulging with the long thick cock that had pressed home. That pervasive vibration that had filled her senses like her deft fingers were right now.

She held herself at the brink.

Edging herself with each flutter of her fingers.

Now it was the memory of triumph as she and Mistress Rin had arrived back at the picnic with their trophies. The look of intense dislike and envy in Miss Emily's eyes as they displayed three rings to her two. A minor triumph that had won her another week in the domains at a time of her choosing. Nothing that Helga could not have bought, but so much better when it was acquired by proving herself a perfect huntress. Better still, the tiny Korean bitch was now counted a friend. More than an acquaintance after their joint success at the hunt.

The first climax was a slow welling from within.

A meld of thought and motion, teasing and wicked notions. The second was triggered by the invitation that she held in her grasp. A visit to South Korea to bond with her new companion, to see how female domination was accomplished in the East. The two had chatted and passed ideas and passions freely on that time in the hunt and Helga gasped as she imagined everything that Mistress Hye-Rin had described for her. The paddocks with their helpless modified stallions, the slave-farms where parlours worked night and day and the army of emotionless bitches that was creating a depraved queendom from a male-dominated dictatorship while the ignorant world was none the wiser.

Her hips dropped to the sofa and she panted with the power of the orgasm.

“Mmm, getting ready for tonight’s little adventure?”

Helga started as Alexa loomed over her and her hands twitched as if to cover the streaming cunt that was swollen with lust. She controlled the urge and smiled up at the eyes that were feasting on her nakedness.

“No, just what has been so far...”

Alexa smiled and walked around the sofa. She took Helga’s ankles and lifted them to seat herself, before placing the small feet on her lap.

“I love it here,” said Alexa with a grin. “The perfect place to play...”

Helga nodded and blew another cloud of smoke as her companion smiled and lifted her hand to display a key that dangled from her hand.

“I have it, but of course you knew that I would...”

Helga took the key and turned it in her hand.

“We only need the one?”

“It opens everything, or at least that’s what Mistress Isabella told me!”

“You told her?”

Alexa laughed.

“Anything is possible here, darling! That’s the whole idea. She also said that after midnight is the best time... there’s only one

guest key, so we will be alone."

Helga passed the key back to her friend.

"Then you come tap-tap-tapping at my door at midnight," she laughed. "Have you chosen one?"

"Of course, darling. You take that quarterback, I'll take that stallion that you rode on the hunt..."

Helga could not help giggling. Even though it seemed that their illicit adventure was a perk of the vacation, somehow it was still a conspiracy. She changed the subject.

"What about the race tomorrow?"

"I'll be there..."

"No, I meant, who will win?"

"Are you rooting for your new friend, then?"

"I think so, but to be honest, Mistress Kai has the advantage..."

"How so?"

"Well, despite the fact that Rin is lighter, Mistress Kai knows all of the mounts so well and I know that she is a perfect rider."

"They kept it a secret..."

"Which stallions they chose, you mean?"

"Exactly! There is real animosity between the two..."

"Hye-Rin didn't show any of it when I was with her, she was really confident," said Helga, using her new friend's full name. "But, she has to win, after all, the prize is *huge*!"

"A month under Miss Kai's whip... not a small bet!"

"I heard from Mistress Emily that she plans a month for Rin in Crimson..."

"Jesus, that *would* be challenging," said Alexa.

"I wonder what that Korean bitch has in mind, if she wins, I mean!"

Helga laughed and then opened her legs a little.

"I already know, Alexa..."

"Tell me then."

"I could be persuaded..."

Alexa looked the length of the petite tease and laughed.

"Persuaded?"

"Forced then, if you like!"

Alexa moved her hands and gripped the ankles on her lap. Separated them a little and then suddenly lifted a thigh to trap one small foot between it and the sofa. The other ankle she gripped and then lifted over her head behind her and sat back to hold it in place with her weight.

"Tell me..."

"No!" she answered in mock defiance.

Alexa smiled and slid her hands the length of the naked legs, past knees and thighs to almost touch the parted lips of the dripping cunt that beckoned. One finger probed, then another. Fingers touched and straightened and then slowly pushed into the wetness.

"Now?"

Helga gasped and writhed on the sofa, but the hand could not be stayed and gradually pushed deep.

"It's all arranged," gasped Helga as she started to struggle. "Everything is ready..."

"Mmm, tell me more," giggled Alex as she pressed her hand. "I want to know it all..."

"Mistress Isabella..."

"That's better, slut, come on, tell me all about it..."

Helga gasped and struggled to open her thighs wider as the fingers were swallowed inside herself. A fit of the giggles caused her to gasp and moan and then the climax began to mount as the hand withdrew and massaged her responsive clitoris. She struggled to resist speaking, but the words were forced from her. She knew that Mistress Kai was a friend of Alexa's, but she could not fight her mounting climax.

"If she wins..."

"The Korean slut?"

"God yes, Alex, please, please make me come..."

"Permission to take her to Korea... Oh, Fuck! Mistress Isabella..." she gasped.

"Gave permission?"

All Helga could manage was to cry out, though whether that meant yes or no, there was no way to tell.

Helga's orgasm swept her with quivers and shakes as she cried out and then screamed while the flickering fingers kept her in a haze of climax. At last she could take no more and slapped the massaging hands from her and relaxed like a rag-doll.

"A month in that place would be intense! Mistress Isabella gave permission?"

Helga nodded wearily and tugged her feet free of Alexa's weight.

"Rin told me, and I don't think that she'd lie..."

"I heard that she invited you..."

"Jealous?" smiled Helga slyly.

"Of course, but if she loses, so do you!"

"Then Rin has to win," said Helga.

"Now it's my turn for a little secret," said Alex. "Of course, there *is* a price!"

"There's always a price..."

"Get me an invitation too, and I'll tell you."

"OK... I'm sure that I can manage that for you."

"I know which stallion Miss Kai picked!"

"And?"

"I'll tell you tonight, after midnight!"

"It's a deal, Alex. I'll speak to Rin."

"Then expect a tap-tap-tapping, babes, and don't come without the invite!"

CHAPTER 11

Moonlight Shaft

Briefly they kissed.

Standing at the door of the cabin, lips touched and then a giggle followed.

"This is so wicked," whispered Alex.

"That's the fun," replied Helga as she closed the door softly and followed her friend to the small gig hitched on her post. "How did you manage to get this?" she said as she mounted onto the seat. "I imagined that we'd have to walk!"

"Midnight rides are not restricted," said Alex as she mounted beside her friend. "Not usual, but apparently some of the guests love to take a ride in the dark to play with their favourite stallion under the moon!"

Helga chuckled and rippled the reins. The filly stepped off neatly, and they were underway. The moon was low on the horizon, almost full, casting a long shadow of the trap and the two women. The clop of hooves, the sigh of the wheels on the path filled the night air with soft sound and Helga relaxed to enjoy the ride. So dignified in comparison to riding on a saddled destrier, but with a sedate charm that filled her with satisfaction.

It was a minute before Alex spoke.

"So?"

"You are invited."

"As simple as that?"

"As simple as that, darling," said Helga as she brought the filly to a trot.

The reins moved in her hand to the bit between the filly's jaw. A stallion would have been reined to hanging balls, a filly often had to have other arrangements, like the bit that gagged the one pulling the gig. Knees high at every step, a smart trot that rolled the two miles to the stables in just a few short minutes.

"So, spit it out, Alex..."

Helga's companion started to laugh.

"That stallion that you are so fixated on, dear. That's the one that Mistress Kai chose!"

"Oh my God," said Helga as she brought the filly to a halt.
"Seriously?"

"You know what that means?"

"Of course I do, Alex! Now I know what's going on!"

"What do you mean?"

They dismounted from the gig just twenty paces from where the stables loomed in the moonlight, Alexa adding the chain that would prevent the filly wandering off aimlessly. From ankle tightly to the huge thin wheel of the gig, it would still be here when they needed to return.

"Mistress Kai's stallion will be so exhausted..."

"Ooh! Of course, we're fixing the race! Mistress Kai, she's your friend..."

"Was," said Alexa under her breath.

"Oh," said Helga. "What happened?"

"A whisper in the dark," said Alexa quietly. "Best not to say..."

"Well, if you still want to come with me on my trip to Korea, we'd better make sure that we do it properly," chuckled Helga. "Come on, I'm so wet that I could swim... I so *need* that big cock!"

The two women slowly made their way into the piazza between the buildings. In the moonlight the blossom tree was a dark presence, the barred windows and gates of the stables and parlours' gaping and gagged mouths. There was no sound, but that of their heels on the wooden cobbles as Alex pulled the key from her waist and flourished it.

"Here we go," she said.

"Here we come," echoed Helga.

A thought suddenly came to her.

"Which mount did Rin pick?"

"Not the one that I want now," laughed Alexa. "Now, wouldn't that have been ironic?"

"But, unlikely!" said Helga.

The key was recognised by the electronic lock, the lock clicked, and the two pleasure-seekers stepped into the gloom of the stables. A waft of warm air and sweat rolled their way and they could hear the odd soft movement of the mounts as they realised that the door had opened.

"Where's the fucking light?" asked Alexa.

"No, leave it off," whispered Helga. "I can see enough."

They walked past stalls where the stallions and fillies were waking

at their presence. No loud sounds, just the straw being ruffled and hooves on the floor. Each of the brutes was chained to a ring in the wall, each restrained severely for the night. The two women peered in the darkness until at last Alexa gave a small grunt of satisfaction.

"Found it," she whispered as she unbolted the barred gate.

"Not me," answered Helga as she peered through the darkness. Now it seemed to have been almost foolish to leave the light off.

"Here, you'll need this..."

Alexa passed something to her friend who started to giggle as she realised it was a lump of sugar.

"Give it first, babes... it's more than just sweetness!"

"Where did you get these?"

"Miss Claudia, when she gave me the key from Mistress Isabella!"

"They *all* know that we're in here?" gasped Helga.

"It happens *all* the time... I told you once, this is *all* in the price!"

Helga watched her friend slip into the stall and saw the movement of the stallion that Alexa had chosen. Moments later she found her own chosen mate and entered its stall. There it stood, magnificent and vast in the darkness. A looming shape of masculine power that stamped the ground in anticipation as she approached.

She held out her hand.

The massive shape lowered and lapped the proffered treat from her palm before standing straight and making a noise like a

rumble in its throat. Helga could feel her heart beating in her ears. The rush of lust that trickled down her thighs as she reached for what she wanted and she stroked that vast cock, slipped her hand to cup his heavy balls.

"Steady, steady," she whispered as she ran her hands over the mound of muscle. The strong thighs, tight strapping belly, powerful pecs and to the shoulders where arms were pinned hard behind its back. "Time to ride you..."

In the neighbouring stall she heard a gasp as Alexa played with her chosen beast and wondered how this was going to work! The idea of fucking the steed that had been Mike Fallon had been a fantasy, a repeat of that delicious moment as a mare before the hunt.

This time it would to be different!

She would mount him, not merely 'present' for *his* pleasure. Helga would control the fuck, if the fantasy was to be realised, then she would be on top! She reached up and took the collar and gave a light tug and the vast stallion obliged by bending knee and lowering. Back hard to the wall, bent knees, the stallion made a slight noise like a stifled cough as Helga took the cock in hand and slowly mounted him.

Wedge against the angle of the wall, the stallion could not move, his bunched thighs made a perfect saddle, the standing rod of his manhood a perfect foil for her dripping cunt. She slid ever so slowly onto that seat and pressed against him, putting her arms around the thick collared neck and lifting. Helga almost had to stand to align herself and hovered over him guiding with her hand.

A small cry from afar penetrated her lust, but then the roaring in her ears filled her head and she slowly settled smoothly onto that perfect cock. Eased herself down, accommodating it and

gasping as inch by inch it entered her. Sweat poured under her palms and she gripped the collar as she lowered with a moan. There was no reaction from the stallion but perhaps a slight quiver. Her slim hand moved and she realised that she was just three quarters of the way down the length of the cock.

Three inches to go...

"Fuck me..." she whispered. "Fuck me Mike..."

Thighs bunched, calves flexed, the stallion grunted and then lifted at her command. Pressing those last inches deep inside with an effort that showed the pure power of the stallion's frame.

It paused.

"I said, fuck me, bitch," she urged. "Make me come, now..."

Into motion.

His back on the rough wall of his stall, his hooves planted in the straw, his cock deep in the woman that demanded his prick, the woman who was riding him, he thrust up and down, grunting as he fucked like a machine. It seemed to Helga that each stroke pressed further, each one deeper as she rode the shaft and leaned close to press clitoris to the base of him.

"Fuck me hard..."

It speeded.

It built a rhythm that could not be denied, pressed home urgently as Helga shook and twisted to squeeze every last pleasure from her captive slave. Lifted, dropped, rose and fell. Helga rode like a rodeo rider, moving and rolling with each movement until the climax caused her to cry out and she gave permission for her mate to release with a light touch at her

bracelet.

The cock was so deep inside, at its furthest reach when he gushed his slime into her. She moved down with the fall, keeping the cock deep as it spewed and filled her cunt. Sucking it all in, filled to the brim.

“Good boy,” she whispered in the ear by her lips. “Now my little pony has something special as a reward...”

Clenching in her belly, she slowly pulled free from the still erect prick. Pulling, inch by inch from it until with a small slurping sound it was free. This was the moment that she loved, the perfect tonic to prove her domination. She closed her thighs tight and then mounted onto the knees of the stallion.

Muscles firm under her spiked heels, she stood on the squatting form and lifted the light hem of her dress. She could not see, but the fingers that held her tightly closed felt the slippery ooze as she gripped the top of his head and mounted his upturned face.

“Nice and slow...”

The lips of her pussy closed on his wide-open mouth. Matched and mated to the ring of the stallion's gag and her hand withdrew as she felt herself empty into his mouth. A trickle, a drip, a dribble and then a gush as she relaxed and sighed as every drop of her drizzle and his emission poured from her in a stream.

This was the fantasy that she had dreamed of!

Having her adolescent hero between her thighs. The man in the poster drinking his own come from her throbbing cunt! In the dark, the stallion's whole efforts bent on making her climax once more. Fucking and draining into him while his tongue worked her to another shrill scream of climax. Licking her every drop, taking

back what he had gushed into her with submissive willingness. She moaned and could not help herself!

Draining the stream of come with a grateful release that was almost orgasmic. Pressing tight as he struggled to please, enjoying the heat of her stream as the tip of that tongue pressed and massaged her clitoris to bring a final triumphant climax as she gushed into him, sighing as she emptied of every drop.

Helga wanted it to last forever, but the trembles in her thighs were too much to balance and she had to dismount. She stood gasping by the stallion that had given its all for her pleasure and planted a small kiss on his forehead. Behind her, the gate of the stall creaked, and she saw the shadowy form of Alexa moving.

"Now we have to make sure..." said Alexa in a whispered giggle.

"Absolutely," answered Helga. "If Mistress Isabella wants it..."

"She absolutely does! Stand back and watch!"

Helga touched the bracelet on her wrist to the stallion's collar and then put her fingers under its chin.

"Up you come," she said.

Alexa started to laugh at the pun as the massive mount rose to stand silently over them. Helga touched the bracelet and hips twitched. In moments, the response was a thrusting of the hips. The wet cock swayed, spurted, and Helga was forced to step back quickly as the cum spouted.

"That's two," said Alexa. "Four should empty it..."

The second fountain of come sprayed from the swaying cock to the giggles of the two women and Helga waited to allow a moment of recovery.

"We want every drop," said Alexa. "Drained and empty... exhausted!"

Helga touched again and the RCD deep inside the stallion's body forced another involuntary ejaculation. This time just a few drops that dripped from his cock, barely adding to the pool on the floor.

"Two more should do it," said Helga. "Or maybe three?"

"Just keep going," said Alexa. "Empty it fully and then we can head for home!"

The next one was but a trickle, a few drops that strung and dripped.

"Nearly there," chuckled Alexa.

"We wait a few minutes," said Helga. "Then the last one! How was yours?"

"Pretty good, but it sounded as if you had more fun..."

"We've woken the whole stables," giggled Helga. "I screamed the place down."

They stood for a few minutes in the darkness, the stallion patiently standing, though it was clear that the erection was no longer quite as strong. Even wilted and drained, the cock was impressive as it hung down by the slack balls. Eventually, Helga felt that it was time and she forced the last few drops from the huge stallion.

"Now to get rid of the evidence," she said, pointing at the floor where splatters of come had drenched the straw. "All of it!"

They stood and watched as their victim cleaned the floor, crouched on its knees with massive arms exposed, bound to its

back. At last, even the few drips on Helga's stilettos were cleaned to her satisfaction and she patted the head and pulled at the collar.

"Tomorrow, you will lose," she said. "Don't disappoint me..."

For the first time there was acknowledgement.

Perhaps just a small nod...

"That had no point," said Alexa as they walked from the stables. "They're all just dumb animals! It won't even remember in the morning!"

Helga did not reply, she just felt a small shiver of satisfaction as she recalled standing on that vast man and forcing him to pleasure her. Feeling her heels press into the bunched muscles of strong thighs as his lips closed with hers.

A dream come true.

CHAPTER 12

Finishing Line

"You have grown so far," said Miss Kai to Alexa with a small smile. "Since I suggested that you come here... to Pink... Now just look at you!"

Alexa nodded. Just a few years ago, this woman had seemed like a goddess to her. Now she felt a coldness that she masked with a slight smile. It was true, that first week in Pink had awoken her, formed her views and needs, showed her what she could be...

"That first trip, when everything was so new and perfect," she answered. "It was like landing in another world."

"This *is* another world," said Miss Kai. "More even, because the fantasy is becoming reality."

Alexa nodded as the American-Chinese Mistress turned to speak to another woman and wondered what the secret was. Why it was that Mistress Isabella wanted her to lose to the little Korean bitch. Something was definitely going on and she wanted to know *exactly* what it was.

She longed to tap Mistress Kai on the shoulder, take her to one side and warn her, after all, she owed her at least that, but the arrival of Mistress Claudia stayed her hand.

Two stallions stood in the shade of the tree, saddled and hooded, ready for the race. On the far side of the Piazza, Alexa could see the Koreans laughing and chatting with Mistress Isabella. The conversation seemed animated and she wondered what was being said. The answers were all here, if she could just find them.

A couple of maids moved amongst the growing group of guests and stable-mistresses that were the spectators and there was animated chatter all around. Speculation as to which would win, a few trivial side bets and a discussion as to the merits of the mounts and their riders. Drinks were served, small groups formed and then the two mounts were led around to the training area to the back of the stables. There was a rising tension and now the groups started to follow the two stallions, led by Mistress Kai and Hye-Rin.

A tug at Alexa's elbow and there was the ecstatic face of Helga at her side.

"I can't tell if last night has had an effect," said Helga breathlessly.

"It will have..."

"Look what I've got," continued Helga excitedly as her hand lifted and she displayed a key. "Up for it?"

"Tonight?"

"After midnight," giggled the petite Helga. "Only, this is not the stables..."

Alexa looked at the key and raised an eyebrow.

"Where are we going tonight, then?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you want to find out," laughed Helga as she slipped the key into her tight bodice. "At midnight, I'll show you!"

Alexa could see the group of spectators moving around the stallions and then the head of Mistress Kai appeared over them as she mounted her charger and moved onto the running lanes which were marked out around the edge of the exercise yard

"Come on," said Alexa, "hurry up or we'll miss it."

They were the last two to join the crowd and were forced to stand by the white picket fence at the edge of the yard but some distance from the starting line. Mistress Isabella was making an announcement, but all that they caught were the last few words.

"...and it's one mile, in other words, four laps of the track and first past the start line ...".

Helga leaned forward over the ribbons that marked the track to see the two mounted riders. The vast muscled bulk of Helga's adolescent hero with Miss Kai mounted, crop held on the flank of thigh. The tiny doll-like Korean, still in pastel pink, her heels pressed hard into the flanks of her own stallion to hold it ready for the off.

Mistress Kai settled into the racing saddle and tipped her ankles to apply the spurs. Her thoughts running in two skeins, excitement and disquiet. The excitement of the race, the familiar saddle and the chatter of the women who watched with eagerness at the coming race. Then came the dread.

How had she come to delay her escape from this place for another two days? Delaying the betrayal, pulled into this race on which so much now depended. Her mount stumbled and then pawed the ground at the behest of a turn of her ankles. Looking down she could see Helga and Alex with the thrill of the race etched on their laughing faces and knew that she had to win...

"This is fun," said Helga breathlessly.

She started to giggle as she recalled their night-time antics but then came the sound of the starter's bell and the race began. Both mounts leapt from the line, guided by their riders' touches

of heel and spur, galloping past Helga and Alexa neck-and-neck. Hye-Rin was almost standing in her stirrups, leaning hard, a look of rapture in her face as they passed. Wielding her crop with light strokes behind her, she rode each step with ease, whereas Mistress Kai urged on her stallion with short, sharp blows and managed to take the inside of the first curve.

The crowd of women became caught up in the tension and drama of the moment. They became animated, screaming and urging as the two riders entered the second straight. The lightness of the Korean showed as step by step she overhauled her rival and inched ahead to take the inside of the second curve.

After the first lap, the Korean was in front, but just by a step or two. The heavier rider on the stronger mount, the lighter rider on the lithe stallion that responded to every touch of her savage heels.

"Come on, come on," cried Helga in excitement as they sped past on the second lap.

Alexa watched in silence as the Korean sped into the second straight again, now well ahead of her rival. The mistresses were clapping and cheering on their favourites, leaning to catch every step, exultant in every drop of sweat pouring from the two chargers.

As they completed the third lap, the positions had reversed and it was now Mistress Kai in the lead, a misstep by Mistress Rin on the curve yielding the advantage as the last lap was run. Sweat flew from both mounts, foam at their lips as they gave their utmost. The Chargers had now sprinted that last stretch, each with a rider urging them to super-human efforts. It seemed to Alexa that they had scarcely touched the stamina of the former quarterback in their night time games as the two flew into the penultimate curve.

Mistress Kai's stallion was galloping with easy strides that ate up the dusty track, while the Korean rider dug in her heels and attempted to squeeze past on the outside of the last curve. As they ran to the finish, Mistress Kai on the inside, it seemed that the race would end in a photo finish.

A subtle flick of Hy-Rin's crop as they entered the last few yards slapped the thigh of her opponent's mount causing it to swerve out of lane just for a few steps and Hy-Rin edged past on the outside, still only a step ahead of her American-Chinese adversary. There was a gasp from the crowd, a cheering and yelling and clapping. Helga screamed in excitement and the Korean crossed the line first by inches, or so it seemed.

Mistress Kai's face was a picture of torment as she brought her mount to a halt and dismounted heavily. She had lost and it showed in every movement. She looked at Mistress Isabella who was already stepping forward to congratulate the winner and her shoulders dropped as she realised that the touch of the Korean's crop at the last curve was being discounted by her Mistress.

"Well done," said Mistress Isabella as she hugged the petite winner. "I am sure you still wish to collect the prize?"

The blank face of Hye-Rin turned to Mistress Kai and then back to the tall mistress who was standing before her. The hint of a smile curved her lips and she nodded.

"Have it crated for me," she said in a tone that cut through the hub-bub of the gathered crowd. "You'll get it back in a month fully trained..."

CHAPTER 13

Moonlit Ride

The filly pawed the ground beneath its hooves and stood straight in the traces.

Feminine and graceful it *knew* that it was on parade and proudly thrust its breasts out and wiggled hips. The two women who were about to mount the gig were clearly stimulated by the prospect of their night time games. Helga now an old hand after nearly a week in Roan, Alexa, older and hiding her excitement rather better.

"Oh God," said Helga "I can't believe how much joy this week has been! I wish that it could go on forever!"

Alexa mounted the step and the carriage rocked on its two wheels for a moment as she unhitched the rein and took the long riding whip from its holder.

"It's not over yet," she said as she shuffled to make room as Helga mounted by her.

"Have you been in the parlour?" asked Helga. "I just had to see it."

"Aha, that's what you have in mind? Once or twice."

Alexa did not add any detail, she just waited until Helga was settled and flicked her whip. The filly pranced a moment and then started a high-kneed trot that turned the light carriage from the front of their villas and started down the track towards the stable buildings.

"Tell me?" asked Helga

"You'll see."

Alexa laughed at the eagerness of her companion. She herself, had visited Roan so often in the last year and this was the first time that she had so connected with another guest. There was something almost childlike in the enthusiasm and passion of the petite woman that caused Alexa feel endless affection. An ideal prospect...

Truly a friend rather than a mere companion. The thoughts brought something else to mind.

"You are very quiet," said Helga as the filly slowed to a steady canter at the flick of the whip and a slight draw at the rein between its thighs.

"Just thinking..."

There was a period of silence. Only the clapping hooves of their filly, the roll and the sigh of the wheels and the creaking of leather and wood to be heard. Helga considered and then asked her question.

"About Mistress Kai?"

"Mmm."

"Was she a friend?"

Alexa sighed and slowed the gig to a walk.

"Not exactly a friend," she said slowly. "But, she figured a lot in my life a few years ago..."

"Lover then?"

"Sort of! We dabbled, I suppose, but she set me on this path and I can't help thinking that she has been treated unfairly..."

"We could speak to Mistress Isabella," said Helga. "Put in a

word... I mean."

Alexa shrugged and sighed again.

"It won't help, will it?" said Helga.

A shake of the head in reply.

It seemed to be the end of the conversation and Helga sought for something to say. The filly was walking slowly, ass swaying nicely, narrow waisted and just a little plump she was clearly aware of her attractiveness and every step was a confirmation of her satisfaction at her being reined and used.

"We can go to the parlour tomorrow instead," said Helga

In her voice there was just a hint of disappointment as she tried to please the friend that was seated by her side. The comment made Alexa smile and she brought the gig to a halt with a ripple of the rein. Up ahead, there were a few dim lights of the stables and parlours just half a mile ahead.

"No, I really need to be distracted..."

"We can find other ways to distract ourselves," said Helga with a grin.

"I just need a moment, that's all."

Alexa slid the handle of the whip into its holder and slipped down from the carriage. It seemed to Helga that she was more shaken by the results of the race than she was admitting, even though the two of them had been instrumental in the Korean's victory to some part.

"It was the stroke of the crop that lost the race," said Helga as she watched Alexa step to the filly. "Not what we did last night..."

Alexa did not answer, she just stroked the vast breasts of the pretty filly gently with her fingertips and then teased the ringed nipples that became stiff at her touch.

"We could all end up like Mai-Mai," said Alexa at last, using Mistress Kai's personal name almost affectionately.

"I doubt it," said Helga as she tried to reassure her friend. "There must have been a reason..."

Alexa shrugged and slid her hand from the heavy-hanging breasts of the filly and fondled the now-erect little cock in her palm. The filly moved a little and made a small sound that could have been interpreted as a whinny. Its back straightened and it wiggled its ass to encourage the tender attention of the mistress.

"This could be Mai-Mai in a month," said Alexa in a whisper. "Between the shafts of a carriage, helpless and eager to please..."

Helga slid from her seat to the ground.

Just a few days ago, she had been the one that had needed a pep-talk from a woman who knew the rights and wrongs of their little games. Now it was time to pay back the debt.

"It's such a perfect life," she said. "Everything looked after, no problems, no need to worry about what the next day brings, just a need to serve. Anyway, I'm sure that, as an experienced mistress, she will be the wiser for the experience and be as she ever was..."

"You don't know how it is," said Alexa.

Her hands squeezed the tiny balls and rolled them in her fingers, causing a single drop of wetness to seep from the excited filly.

"You mean in Korea?" answered Helga "We will be there in a week, all invited and everything, so we'll see what it's like..."

"A day there as a slave is like a thousand years..."

Helga tried to reassure her friend.

"It's only a month, Alexa!"

Alexa stroked between the legs of the filly and then raised her hands to cup the enormous breasts that hung so deliciously. The filly's lips pouted around the gag that held jaws wide and tossed its head in gratitude at each touch and Alexa began to smile.

"How long has this pretty little thing been in Roan?" she asked.

Helga looked the moonlit pony from hooves to face. Shapely, pretty and obviously enhanced, the animal had clearly been in Roan for years to create such a perfect and enticing figure. The brand on the inside of its thigh seemed fairly fresh, but otherwise there was little to give a clue.

"A year?" said the petite Helga, guessing but keeping her suggestion on the conservative side.

Alexa laughed ironically.

"I know this filly," she started. "Well, at least I knew it... I even asked for it to be ours for the night."

"And?"

"Just five weeks!" said Alexa.

She raised her hand and poked a finger in between the pouting lips before speaking to their mount.

"Remember me?" she asked.

The filly looked confused and made a small sound that seemed to indicate that she had not been silenced. Alexa undid the buckles that held the gag in place and slipped it from the filly's mouth.

"Mistress, please ride me," said the filly in a falsetto.

"Who am I?" asked Alexa.

Once again, there was a look of confusion.

"Mistress," said the filly at last.

Alexa smiled and pushed the gag back into place before tightening the harness and touching the breasts of the animal with an almost affectionate pat.

"Of course, it doesn't remember me," said Alexa with a smile. "But, a few f months' ago we met in Boston long before the Domains added it to their stock. On that occasion, this was a witness in a case of mine. The husband who threatened to expose his wife in the midst of a messy divorce action. Not ideal to have him expose his wife as a sadistic bitch! I had it taken to stop the whole process dead in the water, it's one of the cases that I have to wrap up in the next month or so..."

"A few weeks?"

"Four actually, dear," said Alexa. "I forgot that it was in Mexico for a week while delivery was arranged. So, just a few weeks from man to filly!"

Her hands lifted the dangling breasts and teased the heavy gold rings that dangled from the nipples before smiling and slipping her fingers through the rings.

"All of this and all of this..."

She looked pointedly at the wide fleshy hips, the plump thighs

and the narrow waist and Helga followed her gaze. The tight straps of the harness cut deep into the plump filly and now she could see where a subtle white scar showed the place that a chip had been added.

"Now, just imagine a full month in Korea," said Alexa. "Mistress Kai is being transported tomorrow. By the next day she will be processed and the modifications that amuse her new owners will be planned. In a week she will start the process that will break her down and rebuild her mind. In a month she will be back in the Domains..."

"Then we *have* to speak to Mistress Isabella *tonight*," said Helga firmly. "Stop it while we can..."

Alexa touched her bracelet, fluttering her fingers on the control nodes and the filly started to drip come that splattered into the dust between its hooves. There was a small whinny of satisfaction and the eyes of the animal fixed on the mistress that had allowed relief.

It seemed that the filly had broken the pessimistic mood and Alexa laughed to herself and patted it on the breasts. Another whinny, and the mistress delivered a slap and to the soft flesh before raising her hand and slapping hard again at the vacant face.

"There will have been a reason," said Alexa with a smile and her tone hardened.

Helga patted the pony on its fat rump and then moved to remount the gig.

"So! Onward or back?" she offered.

"Onward," said Alexa, shaking off her mood. "You really have to see the parlours... A frightening place, but there is something that I love to do there..."

Hooves stamped on the puddle of come in the dust, the wheels creaked and once more they were on their way. The moon high, a warm breeze in their faces, the lights of the stables ahead and a rising anticipation in the chatter of the two mistresses.

CHAPTER 14

Parlour Games

A few days ago, on the night before the race, the stables had been deserted. This time, when the gig drew up and Helga pulled the key from her high corset, several women stood in the light of the open parlour door. They turned their heads as the clatter of hooves warned them of visitors and Mistress Isabella and Mistress Hermione smiled a welcome as their guests arrived.

"Ah, the night time adventure," said Mistress Isabella with a smile. "Don't worry, we are almost finished here for the night and you can have the place to yourselves!"

"Tonight it's the parlour," said Alex.

Helga waited to see if her friend was going to mention Mistress Kai, but it seemed that she had no intention of doing so.

"I was wondering about the race," said Helga as she dismounted the carriage. "I mean, what happens next?"

Mistress Hermione looked at her mistress with a raised eyebrow, but Mistress Isabella just smiled and said, "These things happen sometimes, my dear. People make mistakes and eventually they have to pay for them!"

Before Helga could reply with another question, she felt Alexa's hand on her shoulder, but it merely caused her to rephrase what was on her mind.

"May I ask what mistake was made?" she said.

Mistress Isabella shrugged.

"It will be common enough knowledge in a day or two," she

said. "Amongst the seniors anyway, so why don't you come with me and I'll explain..."

Helga felt a shiver as she stepped after the others into the warm humid atmosphere of the parlour. Apprehension? Fear? It was difficult to put the emotion into words, somehow there was a remoteness now and not the casual friendliness that Mistress Isabella had shown before.

"The parlour is about to be moved to much larger premises," said Mistress Isabella as she led the three women through to the brightly lit place beyond. "Nearer the farm so that we can stable more ponies in the stables..."

The light was an artificial brightness that filled every corner of the long room bright enough, after the night time drive, for Helga to shade her eyes. When she lowered her hand, she stood a moment in amazement at the place that she was in. Rows of steel cages filled the room, low walls between each one separating the occupants who were in isolation, each out of sight of all the others. Anyone standing up could see the whole place in a glance, the caged live-stock, each secure in their own small world.

"It's all a little old fashioned now," said Mistress Isabella as she turned to face. "But, when it was built and fitted-out, it was state of the art."

Her hand rested on a low gate a moment and unlatched it. It swung open under her hand and Helga looked down to see the crouched form in the cage. Ass held high by leather straps, face on the floor with arms stretched out straight. There was no difficulty in recognising the form of Mistress Kai held rigidly amongst the chains, straps and steel shackles. Thighs wide, exposed to the watcher's eyes, the fresh mark of a brand on the inside of her thigh.

“Just for the night...” said Mistress Isabella. She nodded to the next cage and then said, “No point in starting the systems...”

Helga looked at the plump slave in the next cage. Pink, naked and stout, he was fixed in the same way as the former mistress, except for the milking device that hung between his legs. A glass tube surrounding his prick, the lubricant fed from a port in the base, the rhythmic pulsations, echoed by the tightening and shuddering of his thighs, the soft regular ‘click’ of the machinery. She watched fascinated as suddenly it misted over and then was pumped dry.

Mistress Isabella was speaking again, and Helga tore her eyes from the cage to see what Alexa’s reaction was to the crouched figure in the cage.

“Mai-Mai has been a very, very naughty girl,” said Mistress Isabella. “Passing on intimate information to the *wrong* people...”

There was a look of shock registered on Alexa’s face and Helga reached out and took her hand.

“This is a perfect way of managing the problem as well as demonstrating to our Korean friends that we can be decisive when faced with the unexpected and ruthless with those who betray our trust. So, a final service rendered to us by our former colleague ...”

Mistress Isabella compressed her lips and looked down at the motionless form in the cage at her feet.

“This is where Mai-Mai starts a personal journey that *she* chose to make...”

There was a breeze of fragrant night air as the door to the parlour opened, followed by the clopping of hooves as Mistress Claudia entered leading a magnificent stallion on a leash.

Helga almost gasped at the size of the erection that pointed his way and then cast her eyes down to the raised behind of the helpless Mistress Kai pressed against the bars of her cage. She grasped the hand of Alexa and felt the squeeze returned as Mistress Claudia brought the hooded stallion to face the cage.

"Make sure that the send-off is memorable," said Mistress Isabella to Mistress Claudia. "A last fuck to remember us by."

She turned on her heels and walked from the parlour with Mistress Hermione following close behind. Helga watched her go. She felt a twinge of terror at the manner of the Mistress of Roan. Almost casual, just a sway of the hips in her tight leather skirt as she headed outside leaving others to witness the inevitable punishment that would mark the start of training.

"What exactly did she do?" Alexa asked Mistress Claudia.

Mistress Claudia shrugged.

"Betrayed us..." she said as if that explained it all. "Or was going to."

Alexa watched as a hand stroked the thick cock of the stallion, causing it to rear upright, hard and solid. One hand on the stallion's collar, the other on its cock, she guided it forward to the cage. Helga was expecting the stallion to kneel, but at the touch of a button, the cage rose up until the round ass of the caged slave was at a suitable height.

"Come on boy," muttered Mistress Claudia. "You have a whole hour..."

A single step sufficed.

The cllop of hoof on the hard floor of the parlour the only sound. The reaction, a shudder in the cage, fractions of an inch moved and then the stallion reacted to the hand that urged it and

entered. Ramming home with a slow tilt of the hips, a pat on its rear urging it on before Mistress Claudia fastened loose straps to the stallion to hold it in position, pressed deeply into the cunt of the slut in the cage.

"Permission given," she whispered at the side of the hooded stallion.

The fucking began.

Helga clutching the hand of her friend as they watched the slow movements of the powerful stallion. Pulling and stretching the rubber straps that held it, then allowing the recoil to return deep at every stroke. Thighs bunched, sinew and muscles pulled again, and the straps stretched to their limit, before the stallion once again plunged back towards the taut pussy that took that heavy cock deep.

"The whore deserves much worse from us," said Mistress Claudia as she patted the stallion on the shoulder. "But she has to be delivered complete..."

Helga was fascinated by the steady strength of the stallion. Powerful, pulling against straps that might have immobilised a weaker man, it found a rhythm that was incessant and steady, each stroke almost pulling free from the parted cunt at the end of each movement. She shuddered as she realised that she almost wished it was she, herself in the cage, being taken by the mighty beast, reamed to the point of endless bliss.

"I'll be back in an hour, ladies, they're all yours!" said Mistress Claudia with a conspiring smile. "No one else has booked the stables tonight, so feel free!"

The ring of her heels on the floor of the parlour as she exited left Alex and Helga alone, standing intent on the slow cadence of the stallion's efforts. Sweat poured from it, small grunts at each

effort making the exertion plain. No sound coming from the hood, tight around the now shaven head of the former mistress. A flush now spread from thighs to neck, a pinkness in the stark light of the parlour and tremors shook her frame as the long cock moved in and out with steady strokes.

"Jesus," muttered Alexa. "I wonder what she passed on?"

"And who to?" asked Helga. "That seemed to matter more... never mind her, what about us?"

There was a pause, just two strokes long.

"Watching it is making me horny," breathed Alexa. "Why should she be the only one having fun?"

Helga started to laugh. The dark humour of her friend was almost too much not to laugh at!

"Stables or here?" she asked.

"Here!" said Alexa.

The two women left the gasping stallion behind and moved down the long row of stalls. Each cage held an occupant in its immobile grasp. To the right, those being milked, to the left those presented for use. The room was silent apart from the click of their heels, the clicks of the milkers and the pants of the stallion.

"We'll take a look around first and then I'll show you the ones that are going to Silver," said Alexa.

Each cage was fitted with an electronic notice that displayed only a large number on the screen and Helga hesitated and touched the screen. The flick of her fingers slid the number to one side to reveal the bars of charts that monitored the occupant. They were meaningless to her, she flicked again to

be rewarded with a vertical row of buttons that she hesitated over.

"Try 'Account'," prompted Alexa.

Helga touched the top button and a page of text unrolled over the screen. The top row was labelled 'Classification' and held a code of numbers and letters that represented some sort of organising system that she could not fathom. The second row stated simply 'Ontario Canada Feb 2038' and then went on to describe the former life of the prey in a few terse words.

Asset No:	030667
Former name:	Gordon Lincoln Stansforth
Age:	36 Years 360 Days
Former Occupation:	Electrical Engineer
Marital status:	Married
Referred by:	Spouse
Method:	MeetHisMistress.Com
Payee:	Spouse
Fee:	\$650,000 paid in full
Stipulations:	*No Release (payee conditions)
	*Repetitive use
	*Programme T37
	*Modification Denied

"What does this mean?" asked Helga as she pointed to the method with her finger.

Alex shrugged.

"Gordon's wife contacted the Domains through the website and elected to have hubby trained according to the schedule she selected on 'MeetYourMistress.Com'. All very discrete! She has already paid the fee in full and I suppose the 'No Release' means that she does not ever want it back for her personal use. 'Repetitive Use' is why it ended in the parlour and 'Modification

Denied' means that she wants it to experience the punishment and training in a state that ensures full suffering."

She felt herself wishing that she knew the whole of the story. Helga looked down at the exposed ass of the man that had been reduced to a number at the agency of his wife and confirmed by her payment and wondered. Was it for the money, or had 030667 cheated on his wife and this was the retribution? Perhaps there was a lover who required that Gordon needed to be disposed of? There could be a million reasons and the curt listing gave no real clue.

She returned to the previous screen and touched the button marked 'Schedule'. A list of timings and thresholds appeared. She touched a button on the screen marked 'Obedience Training' and almost jumped as a throbbing sound started from the cage. The plug that filled the ass started to twitch and an almost imperceptible whisper of a voice came from the far end of the cage. The screen flickered to show the program that was filling the vision and hearing of the slave. Subtitles revealed what the voice was saying.

Laid over pornographic images! The parted lips of a swollen pussy that dripped the come that had a moment ago been released deep inside.

'Lap it up, Gordon, all of it...' said the subtitles. 'Taste it as I come again for my lover's enjoyment... you know that you want to please me... you need to please me!'

The hum from the plug became more insistent and a shuddering took the feeble victim of Helga's curiosity. She squatted to watch as the glass tube that held his cock forced an erection and then milked it pitilessly, the thin tube filling with milky fluid as it was delivered to the hooded victim. She wondered if the voice was that of the women who had paid for the punishment and decided that it probably was. The Domains were thorough,

if nothing else!

'Good little bitch, every drop, darling,' said the subtitles. 'It's all your good for, sucking my toes and cleaning up the mess!'

"Well, at least, now we know the reason why his wife paid the fee," laughed Alexa. "Gordon has been well and truly replaced!"

"It's set to run every two hours," said Helga as she flicked back to the main screen again. "Let's see what else there is going on here..."

They moved from cage to cage, using the screens to play with the caged slaves. Each had a different setup, adjusted to match the requirements of the fee-paying woman who had availed herself of the service. Each living in a personal hell created especially for them by the woman who had decided to punish them. As they came to the end of the rows and looked at the next aisle of cages the two mistresses paused.

"There must be tens of millions in fees here," said Helga. "Horny does not do it justice!"

"More! Someone has paid a million dollars to have this one alone punished for its indiscretions", she said as she pointed down at the cage. "The penalty for being a naughty, naughty boy!"

The vast bulk quivered in its fetters as a cycle of exquisite punishment was administered by the system.

"It's fun playing with them like this," said Alexa, "but, it's not what we came here for! Let's go back to the front and have a little fun. I'll show you what the parlour key is for, before Mistress Claudia comes back for the stallion... Come on!"

Helga followed her companion back to the front where the stallion was still straining against the rubber straps that held him

to his assignment. Alexa pointed to a circle of leather armchairs that faced outwards that was discretely off to one side and Helga shuddered with the heat of her hunger.

"You can choose first," laughed Alexa as she watched Helga. "This is all designed for the guests' enjoyment!"

Helga looked at the chairs and shivered in anticipation. Each designed to seat a mistress in comfort while she enjoyed the benefit of the slave beneath.

"I'll take this one," she said, pointing at the seat of the chair where the face of a slave, masked in latex was part of the upholstery. "If I'd seen this when we came in, I would have been here the whole time!"

Alexa laughed at her eagerness as she moved to her chosen seat.

Unzipping her tight leather skirt, she stepped out of it and lowered herself to the upturned face, settling slowly and moving her hips to get comfortable. She was so petite that the long heels of her shoes scarcely reached the stalk of the prick that stood from the hips of the slave as she stretched her legs.

"Have fun, I think that you'll just love that one!" said Alexa with a grin, "I have something else in mind..."

Helga slid a little on her seat and sighed as she closed on the wide mouth of the slave. Her hands gripped the arms of the chair and felt a button under her fingers. Resisting the urge to press, she pushed her heels against the base of the upright cock and exhaled as a gentle lapping between her thighs filled her senses. Behind her, she heard a moan as her friend took position in her chosen chair and then she was plunged into a world of sensation so intense that before long, she was gasping.

How could it be so deep, so exquisite?

The tongue that teased the lips of her cunt moved and suddenly thrust deep into her. Lips massaged her swollen clitoris as she was fucked and massaged by that tongue. Pressing forward, retreating and then plunging deep, Helga thrust her legs out straight to be rewarded by an intimate fuck that seemed to pull her inside out. She gasped in delight at each new trick that the captive slave played on her. She found herself slipping forward and had to hold tight to the chair to keep the attention where it was gave the best effects.

Now she was so close to climax that she was sure that she could not help plunging over the edge of orgasm. The almost prehensile tongue was curled inside her, probing and exploring and her heels pressed hard and trembling against the cock as she dug them in to stop herself sliding from the chair.

Sensing the nearness of the seated mistress' climax, the slave moved focus and gently lapped the sensitive skin of the parted thighs before turning attention to the valley of her ass. Probing, teasing and investigating, it pushed into Helga. Filling her, searching for her weakness, it fucked her deep and she could no longer hold out against the lingual dexterity of the slave.

She squealed in elation!

Her hand closed and pressed hard!

Opened her golden lips wide and screamed!

She felt as if she were dissolving in bliss, as though time slowed, and she rode the surge of her orgasm forever. Her clitoris sensitive and desperate, contacted the lips of the slave and brought the ride to a perfect end. Now the slave was massaging her gently, soothing the swollen lips of her pussy, bringing her down from the ecstasy with slow strokes of tender care.

She opened her eyes at last and giggled to see the result of pressing that switch under her fingers as she came. The patent leather spattered in come, the soles dripping, the heels still pressed hard into the root of the now sagging erection.

Slowly she lifted from the seat of the chair and looked down at the mute smooth face that had delivered such pleasure. She was glad that she had given it a reward for such a perfect experience and moved to stand shakily before offering the soles of her shoes to its lips. The tongue that slipped from the latex slit of the opening almost caused her to gasp with its length as it methodically cleaned her shoes.

"No wonder," she murmured as she watched fascinated as it retreated and disappeared.

Helga was zipping up her skirt as Alexa returned. Flushed and with a sly smile on her lips, she looked down at the seat of Helga's armchair.

"These ones have had some tongue surgery to make the very best of what they were born with and they are now in training for the Silver Domain," she said. "A little taste of what the seniors have at their disposal..."

"It was incredible," said Helga, "like being in a hurricane..."

Alexa laughed and placed one foot on the shackled slut and digging her heel into the helpless slave.

"These are only the ones being *taught* to satisfy in Silver..."

"How do I get there?" said Helga with feeling.

CHAPTER 15

A Cock Horse

"I never ever want to leave," said Helga.

Mistress Claudia smiled and nodded.

"I hear that so often," she said, "but leaving to return on another occasion makes every vacation a special event..."

Helga stepped onto the crawling slave's back and stood for a moment before she mounted the carriage. What was once an astonishing ritual was now an everyday experience.

"So, what have you planned for the last day?" asked Mistress Claudia. "Something special?"

"Not really," replied Helga. "I was planning to saddle up my favourite stallion this morning for a ride and then I have to leave at four..."

"Alone?"

"Alexa's booked for the racing event, but I didn't fancy it for my very last day in Roan."

"I fancy a ride myself," said Mistress Claudia. "Would you mind if I tagged along?"

"I'd be glad for the company," said Helga.

Mistress Claudia stepped up onto the gig to sit beside Helga and pulled the reins into her hand.

"This is the first time with a pair?" she asked as she passed the reins to the petite guest beside her. "It's no different to being pulled by a single mount, just be sure that you touch both with

the whip to make your commands quite clear.”

The gig started at a walk and then gathered pace as Helga plied the whip.

“It’s only a couple of miles to the stables,” cried Mistress Claudia as her red hair streamed behind her. “Let’s gallop the whole way...”

Helga laughed and whipped the reins up and down in her hands before using the whip to urge on the two mounts. They responded with a surge, moving to a fast gallop in just a few strides. Their hooves ringing on the stones of the pathway as they gathered speed. The feeling was exhilarating, the tails of the two stallions streaming in the wind, the gasping pants and flying sweat as the gig hurtled down the straight path, Mistress Claudia urging Helga to use the whip continually and laughing at the speed.

In just ten minutes, the stables came into view and Helga pulled hard at the reins to slow their pace. Both stallions were exhausted and striped by the whip as they cantered into the stable-yard and drew up in the shade of the yellow blossoms.

“Fantastic,” breathed Helga. “I wouldn’t have dared to do that if I’d been alone...”

Mistress Claudia laughed and took the reins from Helga’s hands and tied them loosely to the frame of the gig.

“I love pushing them to the limit,” she said. “It’s what they’re for!”

They waited until a stable mistress had the steps in position before dismounting and Helga patted one of the stallions affectionately.

“You have a real affinity with them,” said Mistress Claudia with a

smile. "I think that you were born to ride."

"I love every moment," gushed Helga. "I chose Roan because Sis was off to Crimson and I wanted to do something new and interesting. Now, I wouldn't go anywhere else!"

"It's a special feeling, that's true, and there's a reason," said Mistress Claudia. "Roan is the only Domain where a woman's skill overcomes the sheer brawn of the slaves. Roan is where a mistress can really tame a man for use, ride and use him for her own pleasure. It's the reason that I am here, there's nothing quite like having two stallions in harness and showing them what they are for!"

Mistress Claudia led Helga to where a huge stallion was saddled and waiting.

"Aha, this is the reason that you wanted to ride on the last day?" she said.

"It's my favourite mount," said Helga. "I specially asked for it to be saddled instead of pulling a carriage and now I'm ready to have some fun..."

"I'll get mine saddled up if you can wait a moment!" laughed Mistress Claudia as she gave the orders to the stable mistress.

By the time that Mistress Claudia had her spurs at the flanks of her personal mount, Helga had already walked and trotted a couple of laps of the stable yard. The reins felt easy in her hand, running over the massive shoulders of the stallion and down between his thighs. He was in 'competition harness' and the slightest pull gave her complete control, the crop almost unused in her small hand.

It all felt so natural! The easy stride of the mount, the sway of the saddle at each step, high in the cupped leather on its back. She slipped her hand through the leather loop on the crop and rode

easily, rocking with the stallion's steps.

"So, where to?" cried Mistress Claudia as she brought her prancing stallion to Helga's side.

"You choose!"

Mistress Claudia gave a smart flick of the reins and a smart slap of the long-braided crop in her hand and was out of the yard at the gallop. Helga jerked the rein in own her hand and followed, leaning forward against the trussed arms of her stallion. Ahead, she could see the long-feathered tail of Mistress Claudia's stallion in the slipstream and urged on her own mount with the crop in a series of swipes that caused it to surge into a gallop that soon brought her abreast of the red-haired mistress.

Lighter by far, Helga had the advantage, but Mistress Claudia knew her mount well and used her spurs to extract every last ounce of speed with her superior skill. Neck and neck, the two riders headed along the path at the forest's edge, touches of spurs and crop guiding them in the headlong race. The path that led to the farm branched and Mistress Claudia chose to leave it altogether and head parallel to the trees. The ground was perfectly flat, low meadow grasses and flowers trampled by the iron hooves of the two as they rode.

An ecstatic dream of gasping stallions at full stretch. Rider's knees and thighs clenching sweating flanks, heels and spurs urging, reins pulled hard and tight, shrill cries of encouragement and the sweep of the crops on flanks. Helga found herself in a state of bliss, grinding herself against the saddle at each step, extracting a hard delight as she fought to overhaul her companion. Under her, Helga could feel her mount faltering, reaching the end of its strength, knees no longer high, the surge of sheer strength waning and she had to admit defeat.

She slowed the stallion to a trot started to laugh as Mistress

Claudia slowed her mount to a halt to wait for her.

"How far have we come?" gasped the petite guest as she came to a standstill by the laughing mistress that was her companion.

"Three miles, maybe," laughed Mistress Claudia, patting her stallion and settling herself in the saddle. "It's the limit for a fast gallop, really. Though this one could manage another mile or two..."

Helga looked back for a moment and then stood in the stirrups to get a better view of the stable buildings in the distance.

"It's a shame that they cannot go further," said Helga, turning back to her companion.

"It's being worked on," said Mistress Claudia cryptically with a small smile. "Soon we'll have them able to manage much more. Follow me..."

With a twitch of reins, Mistress Claudia urged her mount to a slow canter and Helga followed. She headed along the edge of the forest for another mile and Helga rode alongside her and wished that she could ride with such an elegant poise. Clearly years of experience gave her companion the edge in style and Helga would need practice to emulate her.

As they rode, Mistress Claudia seemed open to a chit-chat and Helga was able to ask some of the questions, to do with the technicalities of how the Roan Domain operated, which had been buzzing in her mind as the days of her holiday had rolled on. They came to an opening in the trees and Mistress Claudia led the way. In a small clearing they found a trough and dismounted to allow their mounts to drink.

"It did well, considering that it's never been saddled before this week," said Mistress Claudia as she watched Helga's mount

drink deep. "Some of them take naturally to the saddle, others need strict training not to throw their riders..."

"I just had to ride it," said Helga as she patted the dripping flank of her stallion. "Feel it between my thighs and ride it hard..."

"It's the only way to ride," answered Mistress Claudia. "Hard!"

She turned to the small bag slung at the saddle of her own mount and pulled two small bottles of champagne from it with a smile.

"No glasses, though," she said as she passed one to Helga.

Helga popped the cork on her bottle and raised it in a toast.

"To returning as soon as possible," she said.

Mistress Claudia lifted her own bottle.

"So, what happens when you go home?" asked Mistress Claudia.

"I go to Korea for a week or two," said Helga. "Then, when I get back again, I'll be begging for Aunty to pay for another trip here!"

"There's another possibility," said Mistress Claudia. "You could make a life of your indulgences..."

"You mean?"

"Roan always needs women who love living this life..."

"Are you serious?"

Mistress Claudia shrugged and drank the rest of the small bottle dry.

"Of course, my dear. It's not for everybody, but what better way to spend your time than being a stable-mistress?"

Helga stood speechless. The offer was so unexpected that she was at a loss for words. Was this the way that it worked? A casual invitation and she was in?

"I'd have to speak to Aunty," said Helga. "I mean, of course I would love to, but..."

Mistress Claudia smiled and blew a kiss to the petite woman who was almost blushing.

Helga would make a perfect stable-mistress, she thought. A good upbringing in a house full of pleasure slaves, at the start of learning what pleasure strict control of others could bring. Young and attractive, with real potential to rise above those who were just unfeeling inelegant sadists.

Mistress Claudia giggled at the confusion of thoughts that she had caused.

Mistress Alexa *always* chose so well, she decided. She had a talent for finding those women who instinctively knew the delicate and intimate balance between pleasure and punishment. The ones that could be utterly ruthless and yet controlled their slaves with a loving feel that could not be taught. The mistresses that were focussed on their own gratification, but not to the point that they lost their ability to be compassionate and caring towards the slaves.

"I think that you'll find that your Aunt will be proud to have you settled here," said Mistress Claudia.

"I hope so," replied Helga with feeling. "I *really, really* hope so!"

The two riders chatted on, but it was clear that Helga's thoughts were elsewhere. She seemed almost dazed by the prospect of

returning to Roan, not as merely a visitor but as a member of the staff. They rubbed their stallions down in preparation for the ride back, Mistress Claudia teaching her new pupil her new trade before the pupil even realised that she was being taught.

Mistress Claudia tightened the harnesses on the two mounts and explained the reasons as she worked.

"After a long run, the girths and harnesses need tightening as the leather stretches a little with all the sweat."

"It is a little loose," said Helga as she emulated her teacher.

"Then there's a little guilty pleasure that I indulge in occasionally," said Mistress Claudia with a chuckle. "This!"

She pulled a slim object from the bag where the bottles had been and smiled as she passed it to Helga

Helga turned it in her hands, felt its girth and flexibility and started to laugh.

"This will really keep me in the saddle!"

Mistress Claudia pointed at the small screw-fitting in the scallop of the saddle and winked.

"It makes every gallop a perfect pleasure," she giggled. "There's nothing quite like it!"

For a moment, Helga felt a flash of embarrassment. She blushed and felt her ears burning as her companion took the object from her hands and screwed it into place. It stood there, rearing up from the saddle and she imagined dismounting in the stable yard where all could see what her ride had involved.

Mistress Claudia laughed.

"Don't worry, we'll stop again on the way back... Though we *all*

do it *all* the time, my dear! Many of the riding guests ask for it, especially those that have their own stables..."

"It will certainly help my posture," giggled Helga.

"Just make sure that you use the crop all the time," said Mistress Claudia. "You'll see why..."

Helga adjusted with her jodhpurs. Sliding front and back zippers to between her thighs and then opening them a little.

"Further back," said Mistress Claudia. "When you sit... and knickers off, of course!"

Helga blushed again and watched Mistress Claudia prepare herself and then fit her own saddle-cock before mounting with a high swing. Poised and standing in the stirrups for a moment before she eased down with a small groan of appreciation.

"My stallion is trained for this," she gasped as her mount took a step and she settled in the saddle. "You will just have to find the right pace!"

Helga looked at the phallus that awaited her and held her breath as she mounted as high as she could. For a moment she felt the tip of it moving under her and then it bent forward a little, and she stood in the stirrups and sensed it straighten and find her. The feeling as it slipped inside took her breath away. The saddle opening her thighs wide as she bent her knees and then she settled and gasped with the intense pressure on her clitoris as she was guided by the saddle.

"Good?" said Mistress Claudia.

Helga could only nod and gasp as she felt her stallion take a step. She moaned as the saddle moved under her and then gave a small experimental tug at the reins.

“Let's go,” cried Mistress Claudia as she gave a smart cut to the flank of her mount.

“Let's come,” breathed Helga, a wonderful sensation building inside her as the walk became a canter.

CHAPTER 16

Feeling Blue

"I knew that you would be perfect," said Alexa. "You have so much potential and the Domains will need endless strong women to oversee the planned expansion."

"You could have told me," answered Mistress Helga as she fingered the gold collar at her neck.

There seemed no difference at all to the touch, but the fact that she knew that it was gold made all the difference in the world. It felt different, it was different.

"No, it's one of the Seniors that has to decide, I only suggest who *could* be suitable, it's not up to me," laughed Alexa. "A little hobby of mine, finding new mistresses for the Domains!"

Mistress Helga dropped her hands from the filigree collar and felt a rush of affection for her new friend.

"Korea first," she breathed. "I am so looking forward to our trip. After that, I start in Roan... Mistress Claudia said that I have to start as a stable-hand first, the lowest of the low!"

Alexa chuckled.

"You'll soon find yourself in charge, darling," she said. "Breaking stallions and training fillies all day long. I am almost jealous! You have what it takes to be one of the finest Mistresses in Roan, just do what comes naturally."

Three carriages arrived to collect the departing guests. The small group of women who were due to leave collectively sighed as feathers nodded in the breeze and the turning wheels came to a standstill. This was the last trip of the adventure and they all

clearly felt a sharp regret at leaving Eden.

Alexa and Mistress Helga stepped to sit facing the front. They touched and held hands as the others took their places.

"The flights are booked," said Alexa. "In a week we will be in Seoul, guests of the most sheltered of all female dominions. It should be a great experience..."

Mistress Helga could not help her hand touching the delicate tracery at her neck. Despite having worn a collar for the whole week, it felt strange and novel under her touch. What it signified was all that mattered, the two other facing guests noticing the glint of gold, knowing that she was one of the favoured few to wear it.

"Have you been in Silver?" asked Mistress Helga as her thoughts focussed on the possibilities.

"Mmm," replied Alexa with a small smile.

"And?"

"And what?"

"Is it like Crimson?"

Alexa shook her head.

"Crimson is dominatrix heaven," said Alexa. "Roan is where men are animals, White is stark perfection where slaves become what we want them to be. Pink is where men submit to being frilly sluts and the feminine principal is strongest. But, Silver is something else. Paradise!" her voice took on a wistful tone as she spoke. "A playground, a crèche, a soft place where mother rules with a strict hand. A perfect combination of all other domains. Time in Silver passes like an opium dream."

Mistress Helga turned and saw the emotion on her friend's face. A dreamy, faraway look. A smile and a softening of features that was a brief window into another world.

"So, why is it reserved for the golds?" asked Mistress Helga.

Before Alexa could answer, there was the crack of a whip from the carriage driver and they started to move. A clapping of hooves, the encouraging orders of the driver and the final trip had begun. No gallop, no haste, but an elegant parade of carriages that bore the guests to the centre of the domains where the exit beckoned.

"Silver is where the Domains are centred, darling," said Alexa. "It is the heart of female domination. Where the true purpose of *all* of this is made real..." She stretched her hand to encompass the moving train of carriages and the endless pampas and forests. "Only those chosen to rule are permitted to dive into the pleasures of the silver Domain."

"I so want to see it..."

"As a gold, you will be invited when you return here in a few weeks," said Alexa. "I think that you are going to enjoy your new position..."

"So do I..."

The carriages made their way towards the gentle elevations of the hill in the centre of the Domains. Blazing Pink in the sunshine, an endless clutter of villas that covered their side of the hill. The two women held hands and no longer spoke, each lost in their thoughts while the two women opposite chattered and relived their experiences in tones of regret, now that it was over.

Mistress Helga listened to them and felt the urge to add her own comments, but she was no longer just a guest. She was one of the mistresses and soon she would be involved in making

women like them enjoy every moment of their vacations. So much to think about, so many things to say, so many secrets to be enjoyed...

In the distance, she could see a new structure almost completed. A sprawling heap separated from the other domains by a wide gap and a formidable fence. The theme was clearly blue, a sky blue that merged with the blue sky at the horizon and Mistress Helga wondered what the focus would be. Alexa followed her gaze and her lips became a thin line, showing her disapproval, even her disgust.

"Blue Domain..." she said in a hostile tone.

"What is it? I mean what is the theme?"

Alexa shrugged.

"A male Domain..."

Mistress Helga gasped in disbelief and stared at the distant almost completed buildings with a feeling of horror.

"Male? You mean..."

"Opens next month," said Alexa. "Something that I never imagined would happen. A perversion of everything we believe in, that's what it is!"

"With *men* in charge, I mean as masters?"

Alexa nodded and then looked away as if that would make the mocking edifice disappear if she looked away.

"Why would we do that?" asked Mistress Helga.

Another shrug.

"I am sure that there is a reason..."

The carriages rolled on in a course that eclipsed the vast new buildings with the pink and terracotta villas of the Pink Domain and then they were on a metalled surface. The hooves of the stallions that drew the carriages rang loud on the road and was only broken by the whips that ensured that they kept perfectly in step.

The helicopter that would take the guests on to the airport already had its rotors turning. A clatter of air and machine that filled the air with noise as they dismounted and entered, walking up a ramp dropped from the aircraft. Comfortable seats, broad windows and feminised flight-attendants that were just a last poignant reminder of their visit.

In a few moments, the ramp lifted, and the sound of the rotors and engine whine became a throb. Mistress Helga stared from the window by her side, watching the ground rapidly fall away. The machine circled once widely over the ever-diminishing buildings below.

Crimson, a sprawling palace on the other side of the hill to the terracotta rooves of Pink. White, a stark modernist hospital dedicated to ever stricter control. Its darkened mirrored windows hiding the terrors within. The wide circle of the enclosure where the last touches were being added to Blue and finally, a mile or two from it all, the oasis that was Silver. Surrounded by villas in stark white, a low neo-classical building that housed the playground for the most senior of the Domain's dominant mistresses.

In moments, the details were lost to leave only the layout spread below them like a map. The helicopter dipped to one side, slid through the air and then headed off over the endless pampas.

Mistress Helga sipped at her Tequila, tasted the salt and lime, felt a lump in her throat and realised that *this* was now her home.

She would be back...

ENDING THE DAY

May 2038 Late Evening

Three sofas, three men, three women and a single door.

No windows, just bare cement that still bore the patterns where the wooden boards had shaped the concrete as it was poured. A naked, exposed place designed to be secure against inquisitive and prying eyes and ears. A room that was scanned daily for surveillance devices even when not in use. A naked, exposed place designed for those in power to play their games...

Three women, the service maid, the immobile slut and the frightening pet.

The room was secure, private and sealed, a place where plans could be hatched, secrets could be spoken and nothing would ever be recorded. A single glass table was supported by the naked chained woman who kneeled motionless beneath it. A small concession to signal the purpose of the meeting that was being held in the secure room below the mansion of the Secretary of State in Washington.

Barrington Rossi sat, seemingly at ease, a cigar in one hand, a Bourbon in the other. Clearly, he was *the* authority in the room, the man that held the other two in thrall, even though, they too held high political office.

"I am not a happy man," he said.

The tone of his words was designed to be an admonishment to the other two men who sat forward in their chairs.

"Not happy at all..."

A ticking off, a clip around the ear. Soliciting response, soliciting deference.

"There is no trace," said the man to the left. "We have no idea whether the mole has just gone silent or if she has been taken... We have an operation ongoing to extract her."

"Not good enough!" said Barrington.

"We know that the upload was completed... just not transferred."

"Know, how do you know? Other assets?" asked Barrington.

He held his glass up to be refilled by the woman who stood behind him. The glass raised and the decanter was tipped, a couple of rocks of ice clinking as he lowered the glass. For a moment his eyes caught sight of the woman who served him. Her breasts displaying the rings that hung from nipples, her foolish face carrying a vacant smile on her plumped lips.

The sight of her caused him to sigh in frustration at the foolishness of his two male companions. They were as stupid as the bimbo that longed to be punished and then fucked! Could they not understand what was at stake? How could they fail in such a simple task? If the director of the CIA could not even place an agent effectively, how could his plans be adjusted to circumstances?

"Just one, at the moment... One other..."

It was the other man that had spoken. Trying to shed a little positivity on what was actually a complete failure. The man that had led his campaign in Florida, the man that was supposed to be one of the most acute brains in politics. Barrington Rossi only ever bought the best.

So far the bill was in the millions and the result...

Very little!

"And, who is this agent? Is she in a position to get hold of the design?"

"Not a 'she', Sir, a 'he'..."

"You placed a *man* in the Domain? Fucking *well* done, that must have been so fucking difficult!" he said sarcastically. "By now he'll be as helpless and useless as *her*!"

He pointed to where his terrifying personal pet waited on all-fours for the moment when he needed a little relief.

"That's not the case, Sir!"

"The chip designs? Can *he* get them for us?"

"Not yet," came the answer.

"Well, well," said Barrington. "So, what you are saying is that we have nothing at all."

"We have identified over fifty of their agents outside the Domains," said the director of the CIA in an effort to sound effective. "We could pick up selected ones and carry out a deep interrogation, to learn what they know."

"I will try to put it in simple language for you, gentlemen," said Barrington. "In a week we open the Blue Domain and start the build up to my campaign. We will have every man in the administration in our debt *and* those that are not in our debt will be our puppets. My election, when Perez completes her second term, is certain. There can be no third term. At that very moment, we have to activate every one of the chips that has been implanted and gain control of the chipped population. We cannot do that *without* the design of those chips. We need to over-ride their control and take the system over! What I need

from you is just one thing..."

He paused for effect.

"The ability to control those chips... Do-you-understand?"

"Why not just reverse engineer them?"

Barrington sighed and rolled his eyes, he spoke as if talking to a child.

"Encryption! The key must be broadcast to enable the code that we know is there. My labs have been working night and day on the problem. Like you, they are all fools in suits..."

"We have experts attempting to infiltrate their systems..."

"So you've hired a few pimply teenaged hackers to guess a password," sneered Barrington. "That's *really* going to work!"

"The Russians, Sir..."

"Did I hear you right?" said Barrington in a hard tone. "The Russians?"

"Yes, Sir. They have the means to decipher..."

"They better had!"

"Quid pro quo, as always with the FSB."

Barrington sighed. "The election is in a year," he said. "I want results not promises! Pay them what they want, anything they want... Give them whatever it costs... Understand?"

"Sir!"

Barrington dismissed his co-conspirators with a wave of the hand. As they stood to leave he added his threat.

"You all know what is going on in the Domains," he said in a menacing voice so quiet that they had to strain to make out the words. "If you have not got what I demand in the next couple of months you will both find yourselves gaining close-up and personal experience there. You'll look good in frillies with your balls chopped off... That I *promise*!"

The door opened, they left the room and their fear left the room with them.

Barrington stretched out his legs on the sofa and finished his cigar and Bourbon. Rattling the ice in circles and draining the last drops before placing it on the table. The problem seemed insoluble, his plans stalled. There was no point in being president if he could not instigate the programme that filled his head with its sheer glory. Still, the Blue Domain was on track and there was at least *that* light on the horizon.

"Fucking hell," he muttered. "The fucking *Russians*!"

Every day more and more of the citizens of the United States were added to the roster of those who were chipped with Chastity Microsystem's little silicon collaborators. Three years ago, it had been inmates of the jails and prisons. Then the police and forces, now it was everybody and anybody...

His thoughts turned to President Perez and he could not help his lips twisting into a sneer. He would fuck the bitch! *But*, she was the open door through which he was going to enter the presidency. When her two terms over and done, he would be the inheritor of the laws that she had put into place, the changes in the constitution, the chipping of every citizen. It would be *his* hand on the levers of power.

The thought of President Andrea Perez caused him to smile.

He stood and looked down a moment at the motionless woman

trapped under glass. It was all they were good for, he decided. Fuckable furniture... The tall bimbo who still gazed vacantly and yet followed him with her eyes, waiting for orders, standing motionless, waiting and hoping to be punished. The Secretary of State could feel his own lust, a palpable occupant of the room that made itself felt and grew stronger at each passing moment.

A need to fuck, prove his power.

It was the third slave in the room that would liberate that emotion, give satisfaction and release. Middling size, rounded and sexual, standing on all elbows and knees, ready for his use. Helpless and desperate to serve his cravings, anything to avoid his anger. The one that so frightened his co-conspirators. He could see it in their averted eyes whenever she was in the room. See their eyes flinch when they beheld the woman that was the perfect image of the president, but for the minor alterations that he had had inflicted, of course!

Her face looked up at him and tears broke from her wide eyes to run down her cheeks as she parted her swollen lips. Engineered for a man's pleasure, tight and satisfying...

He snapped his fingers to summon her and enjoyed the way the helpless simulacrum of the President moved to his seat. Especially created to be his comforting pet, conscious of her slavery, helpless as *all* women should be. Too high for her lips to reach, he slowly unzipped his pants and the vast cock hung waiting.

"Is *this* what you want?" he said softly as he stiffened at the sight of her.

She looked up at him and he started to undo the belt at his waist, pulling it free with a slow motion, coiling the leather in his hand, slowly, to leave just a couple of feet dangling from his hand as pants dropped to his ankles and his thighs spread.

“Tell me that you want my cock!”

“Please fuck me...”

Even the lilting voice was perfect. Every detail was perfect, the large hanging breasts, the wide hips, the endlessly dripping cunt, the braided black hair and the perfectly rounded ass.

Barrington moved to sit on the edge of the sofa, running the long belt through his hands while his cock sprang to point upwards with the strength of its erection.

He beckoned, she moved.

He commanded, she served...

Her lips opened, parted in readiness to pleasure the enhanced cock.

“No, your ass, I want to fuck your ass...”

Her eyes met his and then cast down as she turned from her owner and lowered her face to the floor. Spread her arms wide on the bare floor as she had been trained.

Obedient and servile.

Now that perfect round ass was high, the tight hole in position for his use and Barrington slid forwards and guided his cock to the opening of his choice. He revelled in her helplessness, gripped her waist and made a small thrust with his hips.

A swift blow with the belt, a swipe that caused her to sob.

She gasped as he opened her, thrust home and immediately spurted deep inside her ass. Her excitement at being rewarded causing her to quiver with pleasure. Wielding the belt, striking hard, enjoying her helplessness as his come filled her endlessly.

This was what women were for, to be fucked, to be servile, to serve the men that chose them. This is what he would create, a United States in his own image.

“President Andrea Perez, when you are mine, I will fuck you...”

End

The next and fourth part of the Domains series is entitled 'In Silver', and will be with you soon...