



*The*  
**LASTE  
CHANCE  
BONDAGE INC.**

**VOLUME 1-10  
MEGAPACK**

**EDWARD  
LASTE**

**LILITH  
CHANCE**

**Laste Chance Bondage Inc.:**

**Volumes #1-10**

**#1 The Bondage Contest**

**#2 The Ultimate Bondage Device**

**#3 The Longest Weekend**

**#4 Dominatrix Submission**

**#5 The Master's Price**

**#6 The Academy**

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**#8 Ponygirl Training**

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All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

## **Part 1: The Bondage Contest**

### **The Pitch**

I heard a knock at the door just as I finished rubbing saddle soap into the last of the many new leather straps I had just gotten. Glancing at the clock, I was glad to see at least one of my friends had managed to be punctual for once. I straightened a crease out of my tight latex skirt and went to let her in.

To my delight, when I opened the door to my studio I found both Sherri and Jill standing there. Seeing the pair of them together with the setting sun highlighting their ample attributes, was almost enough to get my juices flowing... and they were only standing at the door wearing street clothes!

We were all of a type. Young, with long blonde hair (although I was the only true blonde), large thirty-six inch breasts, and wide, flaring hips that highlighted the wide, sexy gap between our legs.

My business partner, Master Laste, once told me he had a raging hard-on at all times when the three of us were together in the same room, and that was a high compliment coming from someone as jaded and experienced as he was.

I could hardly wait to get them inside and into something more comfortable. Well... comfortable would depend on which side of the camera you were on, so perhaps I should have thought of it as 'sexy' rather than 'comfortable'.

They were both here for my first live internet show with two headliners bound at the same time. What they didn't know was I had a few things to discuss with them first, and a couple of surprises to unveil as well.

I guided them to the lounge instead of the stage area so we could sit down for a little chat. I offered them a drink, but they both took only water since they had to work tonight. I smiled. They looked alike and acted alike, but that's where the similarities ended.

Despite having worked together extremely well in the past, they actually hated each other and would do almost anything to one-up the other. They took competitiveness to a whole new level and then some. Once we got settled in, it was Sherri who broke the ice.

“Well, Lilith,” she began. “I’m sure you called us together here for more than a tea party, so what’s up?”

“As you know, you’re both here for a live session. I’m sure you’re both surprised to see the other, but I think you’ll both enjoy what I’ve got planned for tonight’s show.”

“I’m not sure what you’ve got in mind, but if it includes me being topped by that amateur, then you can forget it.”

“Who’re you calling amateur, you newbie?” Jill retorted.

“Now, now,” I interrupted, before things got out of hand. “Neither one of you will have to submit to anyone other than Master Laste or myself. In fact, the whole script for tonight is up to you two.”

“What do you mean?”

“For close to the last year, the two of us have been working on perfecting what we’re calling the Ultimate Bondage Device. After a lot of work and even more money, our UBD is finally ready for its maiden voyage. We have a fully functioning prototype ready to revolutionize the bondage industry, and all we need is a willing participant to model its usage for us.”

“Then why bring two of us here tonight?”

“While either one of you would make the perfect test subject, don’t forget our ultimate purpose here is to make lots and lots of money. As such, we’ve decided to try building our fan base by making a contest out of things.”

“I think I know where this is going,” Sherri said, smirking and looking confident.

“I won’t keep you guessing; tonight’s live show will be a contest between you two, with the winner getting the right to debut our new contraption. The show will be free so we gain the largest audience possible, and it’ll be the viewer’s themselves who decide who the winner is.”

“Sign me up,” Jill said. “What’ll you want me to do?”

“Ah,” I said, with satisfaction. “I won’t be asking you to do anything. Instead, you will each script your own bondage session, and all we’ll do is go along with your instructions... at the beginning, at least.”

“Cool... I love being able to top from the bottom.”

“Only up to a point,” I clarified. “Once you set your script, we’ll be following it to the letter. We won’t do a single thing more or less than what you allow us, and there’s no safe word you can use unless we deviate from your script or cause accidental harm. The other side of the coin is you’ll have to remember who’s casting the votes; the customers. If you make a lame and boring script, I can guarantee you’ll lose.”

“I don’t have time for this crap,” Sherri said, rolling her eyes. “We both know I’ll be the one who wins, so let’s cut to the chase and just put me in your new device.”

“Maybe you’re right, but maybe you’re wrong,” I quickly said, before Jill could take offence. “Either way, we’re going to be having a contest tonight, because that’s what I advertised. I wasn’t joking when I said the decision is up to the customers, and like it or not, if you want the spot, you’ll have to participate.”

“Fine,” she grumbled. “What kind of scenario are you looking for?”

“Whatever your heart desires and your twisted little mind can come up with. You can also elect to let the viewers have a say in how things progress over the course of the night. You both know the kind of selections I have here, so use your imagination and try to enjoy it. Plan for a two hour session, and may the best girl win!”

“That means me, sweetie,” Jill said.

“In your dreams,” Sherri replied. “Give me ten minutes and I’ll come up with something that’ll have them begging for more.”

“I think we have an understanding,” I smoothly said. “Each of you can now go to your dressing rooms and plan your session. Good luck to both of you.”

I was surprised to see them both head off quietly, but guessed they wanted the maximum amount of time to plan their predicament for tonight. Despite the numerous claims of false bravado, they were about equal in both

talent and appeal. Regardless of the outcome, it would be a night to remember.

## Jill's Setup

“This could turn out to be fun, as well as profitable,” I said to no one in particular.

I saw one of the standard contract and consent forms sitting on the makeup table, and started skimming through it while waiting for my assistant. I didn't see anything that raised any red flags, although I frowned a bit when I read the addendum to the safe word clause.

*19b – Any full-stop usage of the safe word for anything other than unacceptable bodily harm will result in complete forfeiture of all remunerations.*

It was a little more hardcore than I was used to, but I guess a live show ran by a different set of rules. I checked off the regular permission boxes for what I would deem acceptable during the gig, and even allowed a little more leeway than normal for the stringency of the bondage and amount of corporal punishments.

I filled out my gear request form just as fast, checking off far more items than anyone could ever use in a two hour show. It would allow both Lilith and the customers to change things on the fly, since despite what she said about me writing the script, I knew she would modify things as she saw fit.

With that in mind, I decided to open the show with a self-bondage scene. I practiced (and enjoyed) a self-bondage scenario at least once a week, so I might as well get paid for one. It would also fill the time nicely, and give me an easy start before Lilith started turning up the heat.

Since my self-bondage would have to be performed in front of the camera to have the best effect, it gave me time to kill. I used it to both stretch and relax... the last thing I wanted was a cramp to spoil my chances of winning.

As I removed my street clothes, I found my nipples were already rock hard in anticipation, and I spent a few minutes rubbing and caressing them. I



soon found myself moaning and breathing heavily, with my free hand automatically going between my legs on its own accord and rubbing in a slow, small circle. I had to force myself to stop before I did anything I might regret, since it was going to be a long night and I needed to conserve my energy.

Before I knew it, the makeup and wardrobe crew arrived, and started working me over. My regular makeup was quickly removed and higher contrast stage makeup soon replaced it. Wardrobe finished with me in about three minutes, as I didn't need much more than to provide a tantalizing strip tease before binding myself for my enjoyment. I meant for the viewers enjoyment.

A lacy crimson bra with matching panties, a thin white shirt with buttons that left my stomach exposed, and a short black skirt that would have to be doubled in size in order to be called 'mini'. A pair of four inch black stiletto's finished off wardrobe's job, and they let the stylist have her turn.

I let her put my hair into pigtails, which gave me an almost slutty schoolgirl appearance. Looking at myself in the mirror, I found myself getting hot again... I would have to remember this look and use it in the future.

Finishing their job in what was probably record time, they left me alone, except for an assistant rigger who guided me to my stage. I'd simply told them the type of scenario I wanted and let them handle the details. I wasn't disappointed.

A heavy black leather bondage chair sat in the middle of the stage, lit from above, with the rest of the room shrouded in darkness. A deep red velvet backdrop provided a bit of contrast, and a long table at the side held all of the items I required for my show.

"We're a bit early, but the cameras are already live with a countdown running for the official start," he whispered to me. "If you want to begin early and earn a few brownie points with the viewers, then you can go right ahead. Just remember the second you step on stage, there's no turning back."

I thought about it and decided it couldn't hurt to get a head start. I could start off slow and build up a bit of audience appreciation. Without a word, I strode onstage and blew a kiss to the camera.

I made a show out of selecting the items I needed for my initial confinement. Ropes, tape, locks, carabineer clips and straps were first, of course. I placed a good variety onto a rolling cart, added leather cuffs for my ankles and wrists, and then moved down the table to select my initial batch of accessories.

A two inch red trainer ball gag, a medium sized butt plug, a vibrating egg, and a butterfly style vibe all made their way onto my cart. I added a simple blindfold and a nice set of clover nipple clamps with attached chain at the last second, and decided it was more than enough for right now.

I wheeled my cart over to the chair and spent a few minutes arranging everything neatly, and not incidentally giving the camera a few sexy poses. I took a quick look out of the corner of my eye and saw I still had twelve minutes before the official start time. Good enough.

I began by rubbing my hands over my body, slowly and with every sign of enjoyment, which was actually the case. The black micro skirt was actually messing with my movements a bit, so I broke with tradition and slowly worked it down my legs first before moving to my shirt.

I undid the buttons slowly, allowing for a few caresses of my breasts. My nipples were almost painfully stiff by now, and I reached inside to give them a little tweak before continuing. An almost electric jolt of pleasure immediately shot down to my groin, and I had to force myself to stop again before I lost it.

I let my shirt fall to the floor and turned to the cart. I've always loved having a huge gag stuffed into my mouth, so I decided to tackle that first. All of the extra straps and buckles on a trainer gag made it difficult to properly install on oneself if the straps weren't already set, so I didn't need to try and fake taking my time with it. Getting it perfectly tight all over easily ate up most of the remaining time in my 'pre-game' show.

I used a ton of lube preparing myself for the butt plug, both liberally coating it and also working it around and into my rosebud. Leaning over the seat of the chair, I half bent over and half squatted in order to give the camera the best viewing angle possible. I took my time with it, more for the show than out of any difficulty with inserting it.

I would slowly push it part-way in before releasing the pressure and

letting my sphincter force it out. On the fifth repeat of this performance, it went in far enough where the narrow part near the base sucked it the rest of the way in and held it firmly inside of me.

I didn't bother using any lube on the egg, since I was practically dripping at this point; it went in with no problem, but as I started pulling on the butterfly vibe, I realized I had no place to put the remotes.

I held things awkwardly in place and stretched over to the cart and snagged a wide leather belt. I plopped back into the chair and let out a grunt as the size of the butt plug made itself fully known with the force of sitting on it so abruptly.

I loosely buckled the belt around my waist and fed the remotes underneath it, letting them hang by the wires. I positioned one on each side and then took out the remaining slack from the belt. I made sure the butterfly was positioned perfectly over my clit and tightened it in place before giving each remote a test flick to make sure they were working properly.

I don't think I'd ever been so horny in my entire life, and I knew I had to start working quickly, or I would wind up distracting myself into losing the contest. A new screen behind the cameras lit up and caught my eye.

Viewer focus:

Jill – 91%

Sherri – 9%

It was hard to smile with a mouth stretched open as much as mine was, but I felt my lips curling in delight anyway. I'd already leaped ahead with a commanding lead, and we hadn't even officially started yet.

I unclipped my bra next, giving my breasts another quick grope before letting it join my shirt on the stage floor. Let's see... what next? I was changing things up on the fly based on what felt right at the time, and now I felt like it was time for my cuffs. I turned away from the camera so I could bend over to fasten them around my ankles. I'm sure it made for a spectacular view.

I had to sit down to fasten my wrist cuffs, as I was never any good at getting them tight enough by myself unless I had a hard surface to work on. It didn't take as long as I feared, and I was soon ready to begin. The

countdown clock hit zero, and I took a deep breath... it was time to get serious.

## Sherri's Preparations

Mistress Lilith knew me well. The moment I stepped out of the shower, I saw two girls already waiting to help me get ready for the show. My preparations always took forever... or at least that's what the photographers and cameramen always said. I catered mostly to the fetish crowd, preferring to use as much leather and latex as possible, and tonight would be no exception.

It wasn't just a stage preference either. I loved the feel of latex on my skin, and would wear it every chance I could get. I reluctantly passed on wearing a full body catsuit tonight, just so I could give more chances for Lilith and Master Laste to Practice their art.

That didn't mean I wouldn't get to enjoy myself, though. The three of us made an instant talc blizzard in the dressing room as we rushed to cover my limbs with the powder. I had to smirk at the sight of white powder everywhere, and what someone might think if they walked in to see it. That kind of white powder wasn't my cup of tea, though, and this wasn't that kind of party. Once both my body and the inside of my apparel were well covered, we went right at it.

I started off with thin black latex panties and thigh-high matching latex stockings. The panties were easy, but the stockings weren't. I was extremely fussy about my latex and wouldn't tolerate any wrinkles, creases, or crooked seams.

As they stretched and pulled everything into place, I began to worry they were too long for my legs, but they wound up covering me perfectly, with perhaps a millimeter of leg left showing. It was almost like they were custom made for me.

Next up was my bra. I stayed with traditional black latex again, but didn't notice until it was too late that this one had cutouts for my nipples to poke through, and was also a hair on the small side. We still had the bulk of my dressing to get through, so rather than wasting the time to pick out something else, I decided to just roll with it.

Candy apple red, twenty-four inch opera gloves were next, and they split up the labor, each taking an arm to work on. They quickly finished getting them on, and turned to the more difficult task of putting on my boots.

Stiff leather ballet boots with eight inch heels in a red to match the gloves were soon slid up my legs, leaving only a few inches of the stockings underneath showing. It made a striking contrast, and I let my imagination run wild while they laced them up.

Once they were tied and locked on, I tried a few sample steps, and worried I might have bitten off more than I could chew. They were much stiffer and stricter than any I'd worn before, and I found I couldn't take anything other than extremely tiny steps. The hobble skirt and ankle chains would be completely redundant while wearing these!

"Fifteen minute warning!" a man shouted through the door.

"Shit," I said. "There's no way we can get everything done in time."

"We can finish things up on stage. In fact, I think it'll look pretty damn hot if we do."

She was probably right, so other than locking a set of cuffs around my ankles and wrists, I had them turn to my hair and makeup. While I thoroughly enjoyed the first part of my costuming, getting an hour's worth of styling done in fifteen minutes was not my idea of fun.

Of course, the panel gag with built-in oversized ball they jammed in my mouth, and fastened two or three notches too tight, prevented me from voicing my displeasure. A simple red collar with a matching leash came next. I wondered where they found red leather that matched the latex so perfectly.

They must have missed the memo about the problems I had walking in these torture boots. They attached a short hobble chain to my ankles like I'd originally scripted, but no longer needed. I found it actually did restrict my movements more, and I could only take steps about four inches long.

They finished up our prep work by fastening my hands behind my back, heaved me to my feet, and pulled me out the door by my leash. With no time to spare, and my pace reduced to that of a drunken snail, they changed tactics and moved to each side of me. With a move they must have

practiced before, they quickly picked me up and carried me to the edge of the stage.

It made my heart skip a beat to feel myself lose contact with the floor, but once there, I was glad I didn't have to try and cover the distance under my own power. As I resumed my walk, I discovered a new problem that made me nervous.

When they each put a hand between my legs, they'd caused my panties to ride up a little, and now they were jammed into my folds, causing some rather intense feelings with each step. I'd been hot before, but now I was quickly going out of control.

With each tiny step, I was slowly being brought closer to orgasm, and a simple twelve foot distance to cover meant forty eight steps. There was no way I could make it that far! I tried to communicate my problem to the girls, but all it earned me was a sharp tug on my leash and an almost electric jolt shoot through my crotch at the quick shuffle-steps I was forced to do in order to keep my balance.

Oh, shit! There was no way I could make it now, and if I had an orgasm walking across the stage I would collapse and probably die of embarrassment. Not to mention the fact that Lilith would be royally pissed off and make me pay for it.

Each step I took rubbed the wrinkle in the latex panties over my clit, and brought me closer and closer to climax. With the panel gag sealed over my lips, I could barely get enough air into my heaving lungs. I felt like I was in the beginning stages of oxygen debt, and if anything, it fueled the fire growing out of control between my legs.

Four feet left... three... it took all of my concentration to hold it back, but I was almost there. Two feet... one foot... I thought I was going to make it, but as my handler turned at the end, I stumbled and the dam burst.

A blinding orgasm engulfed me as I fell, the additional constriction from the collar cutting off even more of my breath, driving me to a higher peak. I was seeing spots before my eyes by the time I came down from it and managed to shakily get back on my feet.

I was barely aware of them releasing my hands from behind my back, and only when I felt them being pulled above my head did I realize what was

going on. Sitting on a chair and directing the proceedings was Master Laste!

I was in deeper trouble than I'd originally thought. Even though I knew there were two of us here for the show tonight, and two tops, it never occurred to me I'd have anyone other than Lilith over me. I started to sweat with more than the heat of the stage lights... for the first time since my debut bondage scene, I was actually scared of what I'd gotten myself into.

Just as they were about to start putting my corset on, he stood, halted the proceedings, and walked over to me. He took his time, going full circle around me and stopping out of view behind me.

"So," he began. "The slut likes to orgasm, does she? I think a little punishment is in order, but a passing stranger once said I was a nice guy, so I think I'll oblige you."

The second I saw Master Laste, I knew a whipping or caning would be in order as a punishment for my orgasm without permission, but the rest of his speech confused me.

Unfortunately for me, the confusion was short lived. For better or worse, the countdown hit zero and my show was now live.



# The Rules

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,” I said, with exaggerated aplomb and a flowery wave of my top hat. “Welcome to our show. My name is Mistress Lilith Chance, and for those of you who are late to join us, let me explain tonight’s proceedings.

“To my left is the lovely Jill. She’s scripted a delightful self-bondage session for your viewing pleasure, but don’t worry about her being left alone for long. I have a few tricks up my sleeve to make her stay with us tonight be one she’ll never forget... and neither will you.

“To my right, you can see my associate Master Laste already taking command of the situation presented to him by the naughty Sherri. She’s been a bad girl, and Master Laste is just the one to teach her proper respect. You won’t want to miss a moment of his... lesson.

“Tonight is not only the debut of our live streaming web show, but is also meant as a prelude for our upcoming ‘Main Event’, and your participation tonight is of the utmost importance.”

I slowly walked over to the UBD.

“Beneath this tarp, is what we call our ‘Ultimate Bondage Device’ or UBD for short. The name is pretty much self-explanatory, but the details won’t be revealed until it’s time for the grand unveiling.

“Which brings us back to tonight’s show. There’s only room for one of our models in this contraption, and we need YOU to help us pick which one it’ll be. Each model has written her own script for the night, and it’s up to you to decide who the winner will be.

“This will be two straight hours of intense sexual delight, but never fear that their scripts will run short. At any time in which one of us is faced with a decision, you yourself will have the chance to vote on what’ll happen next.”

“I’d love to show you the UBD tonight, but Master Laste would probably lock me in it for a year if I jumped the gun.” I sauntered over to where Jill was sitting and took a deep breath. “Instead, it’ll have to remain a

surprise until our next show, but enough of that... we have something just as exciting sitting in front of us right now, so let's have at it, shall we?"

While I was giving my spiel, Jill had finished binding herself to the chair and was patiently waiting for me to take control. I inspected her work, and while I could see she'd bound herself with no possibility of escape, the looseness of her technique offended me.

When it came to bondage, I was firmly in the camp of tighter is better, and why use one strap when there's room for three. I would have to fix it ASAP, but first I picked up the leather blindfold from the table and buckled it tightly over her eyes. It would be no good to let her see what I was up to, since making her wonder what I'd do next was half of the fun.

I expected to have a lot of fun over the next two hours.

## Jill's Torment

As soon as the blindfold went over my eyes, my heart rate climbed up several notches. I'd always found it to be more than slightly scary to wear one, but the heightened sensations it gave me always made up for it.

I jumped when I felt the vibrators come on without any warning. She put both of them on full blast and I thought this was going to be one hell of a ride, but she soon turned them down to low, which was just enough to keep me distracted and fidgety.

I heard her moving stuff around on the table for a few moments and then felt a new strap going over my forearm. I'd expected something like that, since the carabineer clips I used allowed for far too much movement.

She quickly and efficiently welded my first arm to the chair using two straps on my forearm and one on my upper arm, which pulled me back deeper into the chair. She didn't bother switching sides to fasten my other arm, but rather leaned over me so she could 'accidentally' keep brushing against my nipples as she worked.

I heard her move behind me for the upper arm strap, and when she reefed it tight it really sucked me hard to the chair back, which forced my breasts out farther. Leaning forward, I felt her nibbling on my earlobe while her hands started fondling my breasts. I heard Sherri scream past her gag in what sounded like a massive orgasm and I was immediately jealous.

I started squirming in my seat, getting closer and closer to my own... If Lilith would just crank up the speed on the vibes for a few seconds, that's all it would take to send me over the edge. Instead, she stepped away and a moment later I yelped as I felt the pinch of a clover clamp on my right nipple. I knew the second one was coming, but the knowledge didn't stop me from squealing again as I felt it bite down.

My impending orgasm faded slightly, and I wasn't sure if I was happy about it or not. I was desperate for some relief, but I knew this was going to be a long, killer session, and if I got off too early, I would be in trouble

before the night was over.

Three more straps around my torso were next. One above my breasts, one below, and the third at the waist just above the one I used to hold the remotes. As I felt her buckle it as tight as she could, I found it felt worse than wearing a corset. Breathing immediately became more difficult.

I felt her release my left ankle and wondered why she did that before strapping my legs down tighter. My ignorance was short lived as I felt a rope connected to the D-ring on my ankle cuff pulling my leg back on the outside of the chair. She pulled it almost painfully far before tying it off and repeating the process on my other leg.

This also pulled my hips forward and put more strain on my already labored breathing. She put another pair of straps around my upper thighs, but they were totally redundant at this point; I couldn't move more than a millimeter from my neck down to my feet.

I felt her doing something with my pigtails, and I thought they were going to be tied down in order to keep my head in place, but she was far more devious than that. Instead, she tied each one to the clover clamps, meaning I could still move my head a little if I wanted to pay the price in pain.

She left a surprising amount of slack in the lines, and by leaning my head forward I found I could totally relax the pressure on my nipples. Of course she wasn't really that sloppy... A line tied to the back of my gag harness pulled my head back and stretched my nipples out painfully again.

A ragged cry from Sherri announced yet another in a string of orgasms from her, and brought home how badly I needed to cum by now. It didn't seem fair that I was still desperately waiting for my first, yet she was going almost non-stop. Of course, after the first one or two she was probably wishing they would give her a rest for a while, but I couldn't spare her any sympathy.

She spent a few minutes alternating between caressing and tickling me before removing my blindfold. The harsh stage lights made my eyes water, but I soon forgot about it as I felt the vibes increase in speed.

"Keep your eyes open for the camera," she purred. "It looks so sexy when you cum, but I'd be careful if I were you. Every orgasm you have will mean ten lashes."

Her words gave me pause, but my pent up heat wouldn't be denied; A few seconds later I had my first orgasm of the night, and wow, was it a good one. She'd turned up the vibrators another notch when I'd started to cum, and it led into a second, equally powerful orgasm. Since they ran right into each other, I hoped she figured it was just one long one and wouldn't add the second set of lashes to my total.

"That looked to be a triple, if I'm not mistaken," she said, marking the tally on her tablet.

I tried to shake my head in the negative, but the pull on my nipples quickly aborted the plan. Instead, I resorted to gag-speak to get my complaint across.

"You're denying it?" she asked, sounding amused. "Well, nobody can say I'm not fair and open minded, so let's get a second opinion, shall we?"

She tapped on her tablet for a minute before turning to the camera. "Ok, everyone, Jill doesn't agree with my call on the multiple orgasms, so I'd like everyone who was watching her to place their votes on the new poll I just sent out. If she's right then I'll be generous and remove ten from her total, but if you vote she's trying to cheat, then the thirty lashes will stand, plus another ten for trying to cheat."

I saw the poll come up on the lower corner of my viewing screen, and immediately knew I was screwed. I don't know if it really looked like a triple, or if the customers simply thought another ten whacks would be fun to watch, but the end result was a whopping 84% against me.

The unfairness of it messed with my concentration and resolve; I started to cum again. This one wasn't as long as the first two, but the intensity seemed stronger since I was getting rather sensitive down there.

Lilith just laughed, marked the new total down, and upped the speed on the vibes again. I mumbled a curse at her through my gag, but made sure it was low enough to be unintelligible; I didn't want to give her more reasons to unfairly up the count again.

I held out for another five or six minutes before my next one, and this time it was definitely leaning more toward pain over pleasure. She bumped up the speed one final time, but from the pouty look on her face I could tell she wished there were more settings left on the thing.

I dug into what little bit of reserves I had left, determined to keep the count down as low as humanly possible, but it wasn't easy. Between my futile struggles, the multiple orgasms, the shooting pain from my nipples every time I moved, and the overly tight waist belt and gag, I was going into a noticeable oxygen debt.

In addition to becoming light headed, the reduced oxygen also made each orgasm more intense and harder to resist. I came four more times in the next thirty minutes... it felt more like thirty years, but I could see the clock on the wall for myself.

The show was only halfway done, and I wasn't sure if I'd be able to finish; I was wiped out. It was a tremendous relief when she actually shut them off and gave me some time to recover. I was a complete rag doll, and couldn't even be bothered to straighten my lolling head, despite the harsh pull on my right nipple.

"It's half-time, folks," she said to the camera. "It's time for us to change positions on our models, which will take about fifteen minutes. We'll keep the cameras rolling, though, so feel free to stay tuned and don't forget we're taking your suggestions under consideration. Suggest as many things as you'd like to see, just remember to keep it within the realms of what's possible."

She walked behind me before continuing. "We'll be opening up our voting for the winner in the second half, and don't forget our contestants have a little bit of pain due to them."

As she finished her speech, she pulled off both nipple clamps. Despite the gag, I'm sure the viewer's probably heard my yell, even without our sound equipment. I may have been exhausted, but that was just the thing I needed to get my mind back in gear. I was now ready to give it my all, and finish this night with a win.

Your move, Sherri.

## Sherri's Suffering

You wouldn't think being forced to stand on your tip-toes would be any harder while wearing ballet boots, but I'll sit down (whenever I'm finally able) and argue the point all day long. The awkwardness of the pose lent itself to strained muscles I didn't even know I had.

Master Laste circled me twice, trailing his signature silver chased riding crop over my body as he went. I kept expecting at least a token flick of the wrist from him, but he refrained from jumping the gun. He paused to whisper something to one of the stage hands, and then did another circuit around me.

At the completion of his lap, he suddenly flicked out with his wrist and landed a smack perfectly between my legs and held it there. He began sawing it back and forth between my nether lips, slowly increasing the pressure and pressing a deep groove into the thin latex.

As I made eye contact for the first time, I realized he'd been staring at my face as this had been going on. Even when the stage hand returned, he didn't look away, but simply held out his free hand for his request. He gave me a medium-hard tap with the shaft of his crop before replacing it in his belt and starting with his plan.

He quickly removed my panties, although quick was a relative term, since they were too sticky and tight to come off easily. Once they were out of the way, he began rubbing his hand over the top of my mound, the other hand clenching my ass so he could control the pressure precisely.

It didn't take long before he started working one of his fingers inside of me, my natural lubrication making it almost too easy for him. A minute later and it was two fingers, and then three. I was halfway expecting him to keep going until he was fisting me, but he soon withdrew and started inserting a dildo of some sort instead. It felt like a fire hydrant.

Despite my recent orgasm, I was fast approaching a new one; he sure knew how to push my buttons for maximum effect. It felt like he was

fiddling around with it for a few moments, and it wasn't until he'd finished when I figured out what he did.

He'd fastened a long dowel rod to the end of it and turned it into the classic 'dick on a stick'. He held it deep inside of me while he was messing with it, but once he let it go I felt it fall a couple of inches before the pole hit the floor.

I thought it was a little sloppy of him, but shrugged it off (I would have really shrugged if I was able to move my shoulders) figuring 'shit happens' during a live show. I should have known better than to doubt him.

A quick flick of the crop on each of my thighs was the signal to spread my legs. I quickly complied, but obviously not enough in his mind, since he repeated the command twice more. Each time was more powerful, and I hoped I could achieve what he was looking for, since I was now at the extreme limit of how far my body could stretch while hanging like this.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a spreader bar being passed to him, and I felt a renewal of my earlier fear. The thing had to be over three feet long, and was probably closer to four. There was no way I'd be able to stand in these boots if he tried fastening the thing on me.

I was wrong, but the difference was almost academic. Even my monster eight inch heels lost contact with the ground by the time it was installed and I was forced to stretch my toes out to the max. My earlier wonder about the sloppiness of the dildo was also answered, as I found it pressed right up to my cervix by the time he was done.

I should've known better than to doubt he knew precisely what he was doing. It was about as deep as it could go without causing any discomfort, although it had a fingerlike protrusion pressing against my clit with a touch too much force for my liking. I wiggled my hips the tiny amount I was able in order to settle things properly, and while I couldn't move far, the miniscule movement was enough to start getting me hot again.

As if he sensed what I was feeling, I saw him pull a remote out of his pocket and hit a button. I felt the dildo inside me roar to life, and I seriously began to wonder if his dick on a stick started life as a jackhammer on some construction site.

He then called for a chair and ordered the stage hands to continue with



the costuming I didn't have time for earlier. They started by putting the corset on me loosely, and tightening it in small stages so I could get used to the new restriction without any major problems.

'Major problems' was a relative term, though. Being stretched so tightly made lacing the corset easier for them, but added a bit of a pinch to my where my thighs were spread so wide. Plus small steps didn't convert to much overall time, and I found myself grunting as the laces were pulled increasingly tight.

They'd just finished the second pass when I exploded into one of the best orgasms of my life. I'd been trying to hold perfectly still and contain the beast, but in retrospect it was a huge mistake. All my efforts did was add more water to the dam before it burst. It didn't distract the stage hands, though; they just kept right on with their lacing.

Luckily they stopped *just* before I was about to complain, and I breathed a (shallow) sigh of relief. I guess this was my day for being either optimistic or just plain stupid, as they quickly replaced my simple leash collar with a rather severe posture collar, putting me into even more distress.

The front of it must've been at least four or five inches tall, and it forced my teeth firmly into the front of the oversized rubber ball I'd been wearing since the start. I really hoped this scene wouldn't last too long, or I wouldn't be able to speak properly for a couple of days after the shoot.

At a gesture from Master Laste, one of the stage hands reached down between my legs and flipped the switch from low to high and I began to panic. This was far too early in a two hour shoot for intensity at this level. I turned my eyes toward him and tried to convey my sense of despair.

He held my eyes without flinching and without expression, even as I began to cum yet again. Once I was past it and could focus my eyes again, I found him precisely like he was before my orgasm. He could have been a statue for all I could tell.

He raised a single finger and I felt the handlers start a new pass on my corset laces. I thought he was insane for a moment, but then I noticed I was actually breathing easier than I was ten minutes ago. My body adjusted faster than it ever had before, and I realized I had a good shot of making it through the night and winning this thing.

The ‘jackhammer’ was starting to become more than a little painful, but I knew I could push through the discomfort of the next inevitable orgasm, and into sub-space where everything would level out.

I was right on the verge, but came back to Earth when I heard every orgasm would be rewarded with ten lashes. Rather than suppressing my next orgasm, the words forced it upon me, and I found myself twitching in exquisite agony for what felt like days. By the time I could think again, I opened my eyes and found his face mere inches from mine.

“That looked like fun,” he chuckled.

He ran the end of his crop over first one nipple and then the other, never breaking eye contact with me as he slowly walked to the side and out of my field of view. My nipples were almost painfully erect, and the slow sliding of leather across them was almost indescribable.

Without warning, he moved his wrist back and quickly flicked it forward twice, landing a harsh slap on the tip of each exposed nipple. My breath stuck in my throat at the sudden intensity of the pain, but only for a moment. I shook and howled for all I was worth, although it wasn’t much given the nature of my current predicament.

Just as I was calming down he repeated the nipple hits again. While still painful, it wasn’t such a shock to the system this time, so I managed to keep my composure a little better. I concentrated on keeping my breathing even and regular, and forced myself to cope.

He spent the next several minutes alternating between stroking my nipples and smacking them. I was never sure what to expect, but after a time I no longer cared. Between the attention on my breasts and the vibrations down below, I began cumming over and over again.

I lost track of how many times I came, but it took me a few minutes to realize he’d finally stopped his assault on my now painfully sensitive nipples. I found myself dangling from my wrists, with the rest of my body completely limp and unresponsive.

I slowly managed to get my toes back under me again, relieving some of the stress from my wrists, which also helped me to breathe a bit easier. I felt the vibrations between my legs finally stop, and the dildo slide out. I felt almost hollow without it.

“It’s half-time, folks,” I heard Lilith say. “It’s time for us to change positions on our models, which will take about fifteen minutes. We’ll keep the cameras rolling, though, so feel free to stay tuned and don’t forget we’re taking your suggestions under consideration. Suggest as many things as you’d like to see, just remember to keep it within the realms of what’s possible. We’ll be opening up our voting for the winner in the second half, and don’t forget our contestants have a little bit of pain due to them.”

We still had an hour left to go? It felt like I’d already been here for more than the two hours I’d agreed to, and I wondered if they were messing with us. I could just barely see the wall clock out of the corner of my eye, and unless they changed it, then she was right; I could only pray I’d be able to finish the night.

## The Final Hour

“Welcome back, everyone!” I shouted. “For those who stepped away during the break, you can see Master Laste and I have been busy.”

I gestured toward our models, now side by side on center stage. When the first half of the show ended, we quickly removed all their gear and gave them a few minutes to rest, stretch, and have something to drink. Of course, since most people on the internet have the attention span of a flea, we couldn't spare them more than those few minutes before setting up the next scene.

A simple padded bar lowered down from the ceiling made for an effective spanking prop once they were bent over it and their arms and legs tied widely apart to the floor. I'd never used this arrangement before, but could appreciate the efficiency of it. Simplicity has a kind of elegance.

By having it connected to the ceiling with a winch arrangement, we could raise it up slightly after binding our models over it, thereby raising them off the floor and reducing any excess movement on their part. It was a good thing they were nearly the exact same height, or it wouldn't have worked very well.

With a hundred blows each coming their way, I could guarantee they'd both be trying to do some moving before we were done. Other than a simple collar, both would be completely naked for the entire scene, and any part of their body was fair game.

“I wish to thank all of you watching for the many creative ideas you've given us, and to help keep things interactive, here's what we're going to do for the punishment they've earned. We'll be breaking it down into ten sections of ten hits each. During each section, you'll have a chance to vote on the manner of the next part of their punishment.”

I gestured to the side where we had a wide variety of crops, whips, floggers, paddles, and canes, each clearly labeled with a large number. There were far more implements than we could ever use in a single night, but I

wanted to offer up a wide range of choices, and even included our electric devices.

“Here’s how it works. Each item has a number, and each part of the body has a letter, as shown on your voting screens. For example, if you wanted to vote for ‘crop to the feet’ you would pick 14-G”

“We’ll give you all a few minutes to decide what’s coming first while we ‘warm them up’ with a simple little flogging.”

Laste raised the bar underneath their hips until they were stretched nice and tight, while I selected a pair of cat-o-nine tails for us. I’d be starting on Jill, and once things got going, we’d alternate back and forth for each of the ten segments.

We’d budgeted for five minutes of warm-up in order to let everyone get a good handle on the selection process. Not to mention the fact that it would be easier on our models if they could be brought into their punishment slowly. If a tough selection was made before their endorphins started flowing, they might want to tap out.

We could also overrule the voting process in case things went badly wrong, and we’d put some basic safeguards in place, like the same implement couldn’t be used more than twice, and the same area on their bodies couldn’t be picked twice in a row or more than three times total. Certain areas like the face or kidneys were also off limits.

I rubbed my hand over Jill’s firm butt for a moment before giving it a good open palm slap. I grinned at the reaction I got and began swinging my flogger with a nice rhythmic figure-eight pattern, alternating between each cheek on the downward swipes.

This was going to be fun.

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I stretched my arms out a few times to loosen myself up while I watched Lilith get into her groove with the flogger. It looked like she was having fun, or at least more fun than Jill was having, as the pain started building.

I could watch them all day, but alas, I had my own job to do. I draped

my flogger over her back and slowly drew it up toward the crack of her ass. The moment it began falling free, I flicked my wrist and brought it straight down the middle. I could tell I surprised Sherri with that one.

I started working her cheeks over until they were nice and rosy, and then started working down her thighs. I was willing to bet Sherri would come out on top for this scene, since she was a bit more of a pain slut than Jill was, and would probably have at least one orgasm before we were through.

Glancing at the clock, I could see I was almost out of time for my warm-up, so I began increasing both the speed and the intensity of my blows. I also started changing up my targets so she wouldn't be able to anticipate where the next one would strike, going all the way down to the soles of her feet on some of them.

As I heard the bell ring, I finished with a single hard slap between her legs, the tips landing perfectly on her mound. We hadn't gagged the girls, so I was glad we didn't have any neighbors nearby to hear her screech from that one.

"It looks like everyone's figured out the voting process," Lilith said, as she inspected her tablet. "Although the power of suggestion seems to be strong tonight, since the first vote goes to 14-G: crop to the feet. It looks like our girls might be in for a rough night if things keep going like this."

She grabbed a simple birch switch, while I selected a thin rattan cane that was nice and springy. I knelt next to Jill and began tapping her left foot with it, hard enough to sting, but light enough not to count for the ten she had coming.

Bent over like she was, she couldn't help but to watch me closely. I used that to my advantage by psyching her out a few times by raising the cane in preparation for a real swipe, only to 'miss' and leave her hanging in relief. I did this a few times before bringing it down for the first real hit, the whippy rattan whistling through the air before making contact.

As if on cue, Lilith landed her first real hit a split second later and their shouts melded together as the sudden sharp pain lanced through them. We repeated the process for the other foot, but couldn't quite manage to get the same sync as we did on the first one.

No matter. It was almost better this way, as the reaction from one

seemed to wind up the other even better than a psyche-out swing. I tried to draw it out as long as I could, but ten strokes really wasn't a lot, and we had to keep things moving.

The next vote was for 'paddle to the butt'. Simple, yet effective, a wide paddle landing on the ass cheeks was part psychological, as it sounded far worse than other, more damaging methods. That's not to say it didn't hurt, and with the nice wide surface area of a paddle, I felt free to let Sherri have some good ones. By the time I was done with this round, some of her shrieks had turned into moans. She'd apparently found her sub-space early tonight.

I began to wish we had our models suspended vertically for the third round, which was 'strap to the breasts'. While we still had plenty of room, it was a little bit awkward, and some of my swings were a tiny bit off the mark. I always hated sloppy work, especially when it was my fault. I planned on calling for a quick position change if we were given breasts for a target again.

I probably wound up hitting her a little harder than normal as a result of my annoyance, but I wasn't too worried about it, since I felt Lilith was taking it easier on Jill than she was on Sherri. A contest wasn't any fun if it wasn't equal. I finished before Lilith did, and went to look at her tablet to see what was next.

"Looks like cattle prod to the clit is up next, ladies," I said.

The looks of shock and terror I got from them were priceless.

"Just kidding," I laughed. "We didn't even bring a cattle prod today. It looks like we've got a crop to the thighs next, and we also have several requests for blindfolds. I think that's a mighty fine idea."

A blindfold meant I couldn't make them flinch from a fake hit, but not knowing when or where any of the hits would land always increased their reactions by an order of magnitude. I took one and buckled it over Sherri's eyes as soon as Lilith finished with her.

The crop may have been my trademark signature, but it wasn't actually my favorite tool. Still, I knew how to use it quite well, and Sherri knew it. I stroked the inside of her thigh a few times with the tip before pulling back and letting her have a good one.

She was probably expecting a few warm-up hits like we'd been doing

with the earlier sections, so my sudden strike made her noticeably jump, even in her restrictive pose. Yes... I believe the call for a blindfold came at a good time tonight.

Each subsequent hit drew an equally impressive reaction, but nowhere near as exciting as what was coming from Jill. The blindfold was really doing a number on her, and I couldn't wait until we got to a more powerful tool/target combination.

Finishing early again, I took a close look at our models, and could see some signs of strain in their bodies. I wasn't sure what was coming up next, but figured changing their positions would be a good idea.

After a brief consult with Lilith, we untied the ropes holding their arms down and refastened them to the bar just outside their bodies. I slowly raised the bar so they could adjust to the new position, and even gave them a few seconds to settle in before the final adjustment which put them on their tip-toes. I'm such a nice guy.

"Good news, ladies... it's pussy slappin' time!" Lilith exclaimed. "That's 'palm to the groin', to be precise, and this one is gonna be fun... at least for me, anyway."

I was sure Lilith wished it was her turn with Jill for this one, since she had a thing for her, but fun is fun, and business is business. She went over to Sherri and started caressing her mound to get her going. I followed suit with Jill, slipping a finger inside and rubbing around her clit with my thumb. Jill might not have been quite the pain slut Sherri was, but she was still quite wet and enjoying the attention.

There was a lot of grunting and whimpering from them both during this section, only half of it due to the pain of the slaps. I landed combinations of solid open palm as well as cupped palm hits, but Jill seemed to be getting more enjoyment out of this section than I would've expected. There was nothing wrong with that, though... they'd been troopers tonight, and deserved to have some fun.

Lilith gestured me over to the table. "How do we handle this one?" she asked, pointing to her tablet.

It was the electro-stim anal probe.



“How about we put them in and let them run for the rest of the show? We can pick the second place choice to keep the action going, and also fill another fan request or two.”

“That works for me,” she agreed. “It’ll be double floggers on the breasts, then. Which fan request do you want to add? Nipple clamps or vibrator?”

“I don’t want nipple clamps in my way if we’re doing flogging up there.”

“Agreed,” she said. “Give me a few minutes to type out the explanation so we can give our victims a surprise”

I lubed up and prepared the e-stim plugs, selected a pair of knobby vibrators that they could probably hold inside without us having to tie them in place, and got to work. I slowly worked the anal probe in first and gave her a brief moment to adjust to the new sensations before working in the vibe.

Lilith was still typing away when I’d finished, so I went and did Jill’s as well. She finished at about the same time I did, so we picked up a pair of floggers each and moved to our respective targets.

The show was coming close to the end, so we didn’t bother with any subtlety; we cranked the vibes on to full and watched them jump and squirm. A few seconds later we turned on the electro stim and watched a different kind of jumping.

“A word of advice, ladies,” Lilith purred. “If someone lets one of those things fall to the floor, your remaining lashes will be doubled, even if we have to run into overtime with our show.”

I smiled as I saw Sherri tense her lower muscles. Lilith raised her floggers and gave me a nod indicating her readiness. I nodded back and got to work. I started with a downward cross-swing, the flogger in my left hand striking the right breast, and vice versa.

They probably didn’t need much of a warm-up at this point, but it was more fun this way. I even worked my way down almost to her crotch and back up again before getting to the proper ten lashes.

Lilith finished well before me this time, and quietly came over to show me the tablet for the next item on our agenda: cane to the butt. She held up

the rattan cane I'd used earlier and I nodded my head, never breaking my rhythm with the floggers.

She stuck it in my belt and went to take up position behind Sherri. I finished my last two strokes and let the floggers fall to the floor. I drew the cane and quickly but quietly moved behind Jill. Lilith held up three fingers and I nodded. She silently mouthed *one... two... three*.

On three, we both let it rip, shocking them and drawing our first real dual scream of pain for the night. I gave her a moment to recover before I began tapping the cane on her ass in my normal *modus operandi*.

Sherri, however, didn't seem to be settling down. I thought for a moment she might've been really hurt, but only for a moment. I actually laughed out loud as I realized she was in the throes of a massive orgasm.

I turned my attention back to Jill, making sure I had five evenly spaced, perfectly parallel stripes across each cheek by the time I was done. I rubbed my hands over her flaming red cheeks and let one slip down between her legs for a moment.

She was still very hot, and the extra stimulation I was giving her was quickly bringing her to the brink of her own orgasm. I stopped just before she could get relief. Whoever said I was a nice guy was obviously mistaken. I smiled and sauntered over to the tablet to see what was up next.

TAZapper to the crotch.

This one was more fun without a blindfold, so after a brief consultation with Lilith, we decided to remove them, but add office binder clips to the nipples in order to keep up the intensity.

"Tay-zapper to the crotch?" Lilith redundantly asked. "Boy, you guys sure have it in for our models tonight. It presents us with a tiny little problem, though... we neglected to bring two of them tonight."

I selected my next item off the table and went to stand in front of them both, keeping it hidden behind my back.

"Not to worry, though, we've decided to combine the tay-zapper with our final scene. I'll work around them both with the zapper, while Master Laste uses... the single tail on their chests."

I pulled the whip to my side and let it unfurl. Jill looked more than a

little worried at the sight, and rightfully so. A single tail whip in the wrong hands can easily draw blood, but I had lots of practice with it. I knew precisely how much force to use to keep things within proper limits.

Of course, that didn't stop me from cracking it loudly in front of them a few times in order to wind them up. The whip was just long enough for me to be able to hit both of them if I stretched, and I started easy to make sure I had the distances right.

Lilith knelt between them caressing their legs and playing with the vibes while I got warmed up. I didn't find out until later, but she'd also turned the e-stim units up higher. This would be our finale and she really wanted to finish with a bang.

Since Jill was so close, it didn't take her long to explode once Lilith started toying with her. I would've made her hold out a while longer, but Lilith didn't do it to be easy on her; she gave her three quick zaps right on the clit while her orgasm was going strong. I played along and landed my first real hit at the bottom of her breasts.

Rather than quenching the embers, the extra stimulation seemed to drive her to a higher peak which lasted an impressively long time before leaving her hanging limp and gasping for air. She looked like she could use a minute to get a few brain cells firing again, so we turned our attention to Sherri.

Her reaction wasn't quite as extreme, but she was definitely getting hotter by the second as we slowly worked her over. We soon found ourselves having to change our focus between each of them fairly quickly, since they were both building up fast and we wanted a memorable finish.

A quick glance at the clock showed we were actually a few minutes over our allotted time for the night, so it was time to wrap things up. Lilith finished the last of her zaps and put it down so she could have a hand available for each of them. It was a bit of a stretch, but she managed to get a grip on both vibes, and began playing with them.

I was actually done with my lashes as well, but I kept up a steady stream of flicks anyway, keeping them occupied while we waited for the final moment. A few minutes later, and it looked like we were there.

I dropped the whip and moved in to finish up Sherri. Lilith, free now to

turn her full attention to Jill, had her moaning loudly in mere seconds. Her cry of release was the final bit needed to push Sherri over the edge as well, and they both came with matching screams of ecstasy.

We kept working them over until the aftershocks were finished and then removed their toys. I slowly lowered the bar to let them sit on the floor, and while they looked spent, they also looked proud for making it through what was probably the most intense session of their lives.

“Well, there you have it, folks,” Lilith said, standing for the camera. “I want to thank everyone watching tonight, and hope you all had as much fun as we did. Before you leave, don’t forget to vote for whom you want to see next week, and we’ll hopefully see you then.”

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## **Part 2: The Ultimate Bondage Device**

### **The Winner**

“I think people should have to take a grade school level IQ test before being allowed to vote on our site,” I said in disgust to my business partner, Master Laste.

“Why’s that?” he replied without looking up from polishing his silver chased crop.

“Because the only choices to vote for were either Jill or Sherri, yet I have eight percent of the vote for myself!”

“Maybe we’ll have to run a show with you in there then. A lot of people would pay good money to see a well-known Dom getting topped.”

I gave him a dirty look and went back to work tallying the votes from last weekend’s bondage contest. It should’ve been an easy job, but opening up the selection process to allow email votes added a ton of extra work. On the plus side, it also gave us a lot of valuable info on what our customers wanted to see in future episodes.

We were lucky both Jill and Sherri were available for our next show so we could keep the voting open until the last possible minute. It was too close to call right now. We offered five hundred bucks to whoever lost to stick around for the night anyway, but I thought it was unnecessary; they both wanted to see our new Ultimate Bondage Device in action and would’ve agreed to stay for free.

It was all good, though. We could probably work the second person into the show somehow, even though there was only room in the UBD for one person. If nothing else, I’d simply use her as another pair of eyes, as the amount of settings we had to monitor was rather daunting.

We’d tested every component as Laste finished building it, but this would be our first time running the program as a whole. I thought it was a big mistake doing a live show for the debut, since too many things could go

wrong, but he was confident about it. Maybe he did some secret testing when I wasn't around.

We'd soon find out.

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"C'mon, already," Jill said. "The show is about to start and you still haven't told us who won. I want a chance to gloat a bit before getting to debut your mysterious contraption."

"You mean before watching from the sidelines," Sherri retorted.

"You'll find out soon enough," I interjected, before things got out of hand. "If you're in a rush to find out, then I suggest you hurry up and get changed. The catsuits you two will be wearing are heavily reinforced in certain spots, so they're a lot harder to get into than anything you've worn before."

They went away grumbling, but at least they went to get ready. I wasn't exaggerating about the difficulty they'd have getting dressed tonight. The extra quarter inch of rubber reinforcing the neck, hands and feet made it virtually impossible to get in or out of the suits without someone to help them.

The breast openings would also be tricky. In addition to the reinforcement layer, they had a tight inflatable ring at the base. Even when fully deflated, I thought the opening was a few sizes too small for models like Jill and Sherri who had fairly large breasts.

They'd manage. I had to start getting ready myself, so I stopped worrying about them. I had to get Laste to help me with my corset, since I sent all our stage hands to help with the catsuits. He wound up lacing it a touch tighter than I was used to, but I didn't mind since I wanted to look my best tonight.

I touched up my makeup, donned my cheesy carny top hat at a rakish angle, and headed out with a bit of a swagger. I wanted to make a good first impression since we had a camera rolling and aimed at a countdown clock sitting at center stage. I stopped in front of it and doffed my hat with a bow to the camera.

“Greetings everyone,” I said. “We still have a few minutes before the show begins, and while I’ll go over things in detail once we’re officially live, you may want to take a few minutes to read our FAQ. Everyone viewing gets a chance to give us their input on what torments and pleasures our unlucky victim... I mean lucky model, will get to experience tonight.

“There’s been a lot of speculation on our forum over who the winner would be, and even more over what the hell our Ultimate Bondage Device really is. All your questions are about to be answered, and I can guarantee you won’t be disappointed.”

I saw Laste standing offstage holding the leashes of both girls, and ready for an intro. I saw he also fitted them with interconnected prison issue wrist/ankle/waist restraints to set the mood early. I thought it was a nice touch.

“Speaking of our models, here they come now,” I said, as I waved them to come on. “I’m sure you all know Master Laste, and...”

I stumbled a bit as I realized I couldn’t tell Jill and Sherri apart. They were almost identical in size, and the full body catsuits completely obscured any identifying features.

“Jill has a blue tag on her collar,” Laste said, pointing to the tag and saving me. “Sherri is marked with red.”

“Good idea,” I whispered. “I didn’t think about how to tell them apart, and with those oversize airbags you call a gag blown up, I don’t think I’d be able to tell from their voices either.”

“I’m sure you would’ve figured it out eventually,” he replied. “If nothing else, the winner wouldn’t take it sitting down if we put the wrong person in the device.”

“True,” I chuckled. “Who gets to announce the winner?”

“You do it. You’ve got a naturally better stage presence than I ever will.”

I saw we were down to a minute left on the clock, so I took the leashes from him and let him roll it out of the way. I helped them both to kneel and then fastened their tethers to the closest pair of recessed rings dotting our stage. I didn’t want the loser to get in a huff and try to walk off on us.

The rest of the stage lights started coming on, and I knew the rest of the cameras would be online as well. Two years of hard work was about to come to fruition, and my waiting was finally over. The curtain went up and revealed our masterpiece.

“This, ladies and gentlemen, is our Ultimate Bondage Device, and the model you selected for the worldwide debut is... Sherri!”

I saw Jill’s head snap up in either shock or indignation at losing. She thought she had this thing in the bag, and I felt a little sorry for her; I would’ve picked her if it was my choice. I untied Sherri’s leash and escorted her over to the UBD.

“Let me give you a brief history about how this device came together, while we get Sherri into it. The original concept came when Master Laste was designing a multi-purpose rover for one of the Mars missions. He got outbid by a rival, but instead of trashing his plans, he modified it for use by hardcore bondage enthusiasts.”

Laste finished removing Sherri’s temporary stage restraints and spun her around so we could guide her into position.

“It’s completely computer controlled, has a multitude of attachments, and the frame itself can be adjusted into almost any configuration. Right now it’s in the ‘default’ standing position, but that’ll change soon enough.”

We each took a side and began strapping her down to the frame. Four belts on each arm, four on each leg, one above the breasts and one below, one over the hips, one across the forehead, and a modified posture collar over the neck.

“Due to time restraints, we won’t be using all of the special features tonight; most notably the ones designed for long term confinement like the intubation, feeding, and enema systems, but never fear... there are still plenty of juicy options available.”

Finished with the restraints, Laste moved to the rear where he began connecting the multitude of wires from the machine into the back of the suit.

“Speaking of juice, this is probably a good time to mention that inside her suit are dozens of little electrodes located at strategic spots. The electrode network serves a dual purpose... monitoring her vitals, and delivering shocks



where ever we... or you, see fit.”

He finished with his wiring and moved on to connect the hoses.

“We also have a complete medical-grade gas system for our device, with emergency oxygen, and even nitrous oxide if we need to calm our subject down. We also have compressed air available for automatic use in our various gags, restraints, and toys.”

With the hoses we’d need for tonight connected, he went over to his computer to make sure we had a green light on all the connections.

“Want to see her tits swell? Vote for inflating the breast rings. Or maybe we could put an inflatable plug in her ass and have some fun watching her squirm as we pulse the pressure. The compressed air system can also be used for pneumatics, and let me tell you, air power makes for a fucking machine that’s second to none!”

He came back with one final item we wanted to install.

“This is a special corset that’ll also be connected to the air system,” I said, as we began lacing it in place. “It looks like a normal, boned corset from the outside, but it has an inflatable bladder on the inside which can fill in every miniscule gap, making it incredibly restrictive. I tried it once myself and had to call ‘uncle’ after only five minutes. I almost feel sorry for putting this on her... almost, but not quite.”

The last hose connection checked out green, and everything looked good. I could explain the rest as the show went on. I gave Laste a questioning look, and he nodded we were good to go.

“I could talk about this all night, but where’s the fun in that? Actions are better than words, so let’s begin, shall we?”

## The Show

Laste took up position at the computer, while I adjusted Jill's bindings. I wanted to make sure she stayed in place and was forced to watch her rival, but to keep her off-balance, I also slipped a vibrating egg inside her pussy and turned it on low.

He started with a pre-programmed diagnostic routine to test the table servos, and I used that as an opportunity to explain how it worked as the parts began moving through the routine.

"The robotic arms that make up the table part of our device have both automatic and manual controls available. A few of my favorite pre-sets include straightjacket, strappado, hogtie, and spread eagle."

As planned, we finished with spread eagle so he could test the next phase easier: the fucking machine.

"If I may, I'd like to draw your attention to the selection rack on the far side of our device. You can see we have a wide variety of toys available for use. We have dildos, vibrators, inflatables, e-stim inserts, and even some units that combine everything. A few of the more extreme sizes and styles are disabled tonight since they haven't been fully tested yet, but that still leaves dozens available for you to choose from."

He engaged the main arm and I held my breath as it moved to the rack, connected to a magic wand vibrator, and moved into position between her legs. I didn't breathe again until I saw it stop perfectly in the proper spot. I thought his tracking and guidance system might be difficult to calibrate, but he was right on the money. Or right on her clit, I should say.

"Everything checks out fine," he said. "You can now vote to add, remove, change the intensity, or replace any of our available items. You can also vote for position changes, but those will be approved on a case by case basis, depending on everything else going on at the time. Some things simply won't work together."

Looking over his shoulder, I took a quick inventory of his initial

settings so I could continue my spiel.

“For those of you not comfortable with our program yet, let me tell you we’ve got the vibrator on low and the e-stim pulsing between ten and twenty-five percent power to random targets. Of course, with her breasts exposed like they are, we’re missing a prime target here folks. Let’s do something about that while the first round of voting is still going on.”

The first thing we did was inflate her breast bands to fifty percent. Her tits quickly puffed up and were starting to turn red from the pressure, even before Laste finished entering his next set of commands.

I made a mental note to talk to him about that later; if those were inflated only halfway, I didn’t think anyone would be able to handle it at a hundred percent. When he finished typing and hit enter, two more robotic arms swung into action, grabbed a device, and took up position on each side.

“Those two tay-zappers are interlocked with the TENS unit. Every time a signal should go to the missing electrodes, the zappers will randomly strike in a two inch area around her nipples.”

Almost like it was scripted, the zappers suddenly moved in and snapped directly on both nipples. Despite the monster gag, Sherri let loose with a surprisingly loud howl as it caught her totally by surprise.

The howl and a barely noticeable shaking of the frame were the only signs of her distress. We’d used so many wide leather straps to hold her in place, she was completely, utterly, totally, and redundantly immobile. By the way... that’s the official description from the department of redundancy department.

Checking how the votes were going, I found most people wanted some form of breast torture, so we’d probably leave the zappers in place for now. Also, we could probably safely squeeze her tits to sixty percent, since they hadn’t gone purple at fifty.

The e-stim options seemed very popular as well, both anal and vaginal. It seemed like a good place to start, so after a brief consultation with Laste, we came up with a plan. He disengaged the magic wand, and moved the middle of the frame forward.

A padded bar pressed into the small of her back and forced her hips

forward about a foot, putting her pussy prominently on display, and giving us impeccable access. I thought it was too perfect to let a mere machine ‘have all the fun’, so I told Laste to give me a minute.

I picked a small flogger and spent a few minutes giving her a good, old fashioned pussy whipping, finishing with three hard open palm slaps. He gave me a thumbs-up gesture at my improvised modification, and hit enter as soon as I was clear.

The butt plug was first. An arm swung over to make the connection, dipped it in the lubrication vat, and brought it into position. I usually preferred to push it in and out a few times before letting it slide all of the way home, but this was almost as good.

The arm slowly but surely pushed it home at a rate of about one millimeter per second. Even with the restrictive bondage and the latex covering her skin, I could see her muscles trying to cope with the ever-widening intruder.

I suddenly decided I wanted to hear her moans, so I motioned to Laste to halt the proceedings. He backed the plug out, then deflated and slowly worked the gag out of her mouth. It wasn’t easy... I wasn’t fucking around when I said it was almost the size of an airbag!

She might have tried to beg for mercy once it popped out, but her mouth just wasn’t working right, after being stretched so severely. A large ring gag (but tame compared to her last one) took its place before she could say anything coherent, and we got back on track.

The plug resumed its previous direction, and was soon fully seated. She let out a delicious howl when it finally seated itself, and we both savored the moment. It might’ve been the largest thing she’d ever had up that particular passage, but it was only a six out of the ten sizes we had available.

I personally thought number ten would only fit into an elephant... if we had a few spare gallons of lube, so I’m not sure why it was even on the table.

The dildo was next, and although we’d picked the smallest one that still conformed to our viewers’ demands, it was still a close relative of a fire hydrant. It was a long, pneumatic behemoth incorporating eight adjustable e-stim points, two variable speed vibrator motors, and dozens of inflatable nubs along the entire length of the shaft.

With the extra ‘arms’ sticking out to press against the butt and clit, I had a very fitting name for it: I called it the cactus from hell.

Sure the nubs were soft and well rounded, but when that thing was forced in and out of your most sensitive area, you *definitely* knew it, and had no chance of ignoring it. (Yes, I tried it once myself, but without electricity or the extra pressure from when the nubs were inflated.)

I checked her oxygen saturation level and heart rate stats before giving Laste my thumbs-up. We had ninety-one on oxygen and one-o-five on the heart. Sherri was handling our device like it was a walk in the park. We’d have to do something about that if things didn’t take care of themselves once the ‘cactus’ got going.

I shouldn’t have worried. Once the dildo was fully inserted and all the options went live, it seemed like we really *were* sticking a cactus up her twat. Based on her reaction, it seemed like she thought so, anyway.

It took a minute for the speed to ramp up, but once it did, wow... did we ever get a reaction. She had her first orgasm within seconds of the pneumatics reaching full speed, and it didn’t stop there. Over the next five minutes she maybe had about thirty seconds total when she *wasn’t* at climax.

I could almost be envious of her, but not quite. I could guarantee her pussy was both super sensitive and ultra-sore with this kind of intensity. Laste cranked it into high gear while we figured out the next part of our session.

He had the dildo pumping fast on a six inch long stroke, with the nubs inflating once every second cycle. The e-stim on both the vibe and the anal plug pulsed at thirty percent intensity every half second.

Just by looking, I could no longer tell when one of her orgasms ended and the next one began. I hoped Sherri was in sub-space by now, or she’d be in hell. I couldn’t even tell how much torture she was under from the anal plug; I think we might have gone overboard by using the cactus.

We were due for a scene change, so I let Laste take care of it while I went to play with Jill. She’d been sitting with the low-powered egg working away on her and was probably ready for some attention. So was I, for that matter.

I wonder what Sherri was thinking?

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I was starting to think I might've bitten off more than I could chew, as yet another orgasm was ripped from my body by that evil dildo. Luckily, it stopped before I completely lost my mind, and I saw the nasty zappers finally move away as well. If only that electric foot up my ass would stop as well, I might even find myself in reasonably good shape.

"It's time to change things up," Master Laste said. "We've hardly scratched the surface of what the UBD can do, and I want to have some fun with my new toy. I also think Sherri's having a bit too much fun, so let's take care of that, shall we?"

I felt my arms being pulled down, and then behind my back. Once my wrists touched, I thought that would be it, but then I felt my elbows being slowly pressed together. As the pressure increased, I began to pray he knew what he was doing with this crazy machine; I didn't want my frigten arms dislocated or broken.

It stopped just as my elbows touched, but then I felt my wrists being pulled away from my back and I began to panic again. I felt some movement along my body and realized the rest of the table was adjusting slightly to allow for the new position, which actually helped a lot.

My arms finally stopped in what was a painful, but tolerable spot, and I took advantage of my slight reprieve to get my breathing under control. My whole body started moving, and I realized he was spinning me forward. I was almost horizontal before I stopped, and I felt the buildup of drool on the bottom of my mouth spill out and run down my chin.

"I call this the flying strappado," Master Laste said. "Now let's add some options."

I flinched as I felt something touch the tips of my throbbing breasts, and I hoped it wasn't a return of the dreaded zappers. I began to feel some pressure on my nipples, and I wished the posture collar allowed me to see what was going on down there.

It wasn't the zapper, and it didn't feel like any kind of clamp I'd had

before. Then it hit me; those were suction tubes!

Normally a fun device, these felt a lot worse than normal. Maybe it was due to how overly-sensitive my breasts were tonight or maybe it was a stronger suction than I was used to, but either way, they began to throb. No rest for the wicked, I guess.

I felt the suit e-stim stop, and then come back on a moment later, but only at the base of my breasts. It wasn't painful this time, and actually felt like someone was feeling me up and caressing them sensually. Despite the five million orgasms I just had, I began to get horny again.

The shocks in my ass finally receded to a comfortable level as well, and the plug started to vibrate. Anal play wasn't usually on my top ten preference list, but this felt pretty good. I was starting to like this machine; it could be pretty sweet when not used like a nuclear weapon.

Next I felt something smooth and thin slide into my pussy. It seemed like around four inches was all it was going in, as I felt part of it pressing down on my clit at that point. It started vibrating as well, although infinitely slower than the last thing they used down there.

I was in heaven. It felt like I was being made love to by three of the best lovers in the world at the same time. Perhaps this was my reward for not tapping out during the ultra-intense beginning to the night, or maybe it was just a slight reprieve.

I turned my head as much as I was able to see if I could catch a glimpse of Master Laste, to see if he had that evil grin on his face that meant something devious was coming my way. I couldn't quite manage to see where he was sitting, but I could see Mistress Lilith.

She was gently caressing her own breasts as she sat with splayed legs, getting serviced by Jill. While I didn't like Jill at all, I knew from past movies we'd done together that her tongue was second to none. I would've been envious of Mistress Lilith if I wasn't getting something ten times better from the machine.

All of the vibrators working on me picked up the speed slightly, and I knew the upcoming orgasm would be mind-blowing. I even felt some sort of vibe touch the tips of my nipples inside the suction tube. It was intense.

I was so focused on the sensations I didn't even notice for a few seconds that my legs were being moved. They slowly came together before being pulled backwards, sort of like what he did with my arms earlier. I found myself being bent backwards until I was straining in a strict hogtie position.

The vibes were still working their magic on me, and now that I'd stopped moving, the heat between my legs began building quickly once again. I began panting heavily, mere seconds away from what I knew would be an incredible orgasm, when the vibrations stopped and searing pain lashed through my body.

It took my breath away and I couldn't even scream at first. I was being shocked simultaneously at both nipples and both toys. The shocks had only gone on for a few seconds when I began to howl as my brain caught up with my body. Then they stopped and the vibrations started again. My muscles were still twitching in the aftermath, my impending orgasm long forgotten.

As I slowly calmed down from the painful shocks, the pleasure began taking its place again. The vibrations seemed stronger this time, and I felt myself climbing to the peak even faster. Then it happened again!

The vibrations stopped and I was treated to another blast from the electrodes. I felt like screaming in frustration... I'd been so close! When I felt the vibrations kick in for the third time, I knew he was going to be tormenting me mercilessly by denying the orgasm I was so desperate for.

I heard Mistress Lilith have an orgasm, and almost cried with the unfairness of it all as my pleasure/pain cycle repeated itself again. It didn't take anywhere near as long to build up to the point of orgasm now, so I was getting zapped much more frequently.

All of the devices stopped at the end of the next cycle and I felt the table moving my limbs again. First into a neutral position like when the night started, and then I began to rotate until I was almost on my back, looking slightly upwards.

My arms were then pulled straight out to the sides and my legs bent over until my heels pressed into my butt cheeks. A blindfold covered my eyes and the vibrations restarted. Just as I was getting close again, I smelled something musky and pleasant. I felt my body being adjusted slightly, and



then the odor became stronger as I felt something press against my face.

“Rewards happen for good service,” Lilith said, from right in front of me.

Even blindfolded, it was fairly obvious. I had her pussy in my face, and I had to give her an orgasm before I’d be allowed to have mine. Just then the shocks kicked in, so I immediately stuck my tongue through the ring gag and got to work.

With no hands, no movement, and only limited tongue action available, I knew this wouldn’t be easy, but I could do it. To make it even worse, she wouldn’t hold still! She would go from too far away where I could barely brush her lips, to too close where I found myself being smothered and barely able to breathe.

I could make some good headway into getting her off when she was pressed that tight, but she always seemed to do it at the worst part of my cycle, which was just before I was ready to cum. Her pussy would muffle my shrieks and then back off again once I stopped yelling. It was maddening.

I lost track of how many cycles I went through, but it was enough to start wearing me out. Somewhere along the way I felt her back off and my limbs begin to move again. My arms were pulled behind my back and my legs brought forward.

They kept moving until my ankles were just past my head, and for some reason, I felt even more exposed than I did in the earlier scenes. It was definitely harder to breathe this way, and I hoped I wouldn’t be in this position for too long.

I felt her pussy press into my face again, so I started licking, finding I had a slightly better angle of attack this time. Maybe I’d be able to finish her off and finally get the reward she promised me. I redoubled my efforts.

My persistence paid off a few cycles later and I felt her pussy begin humping my face a few times before pressing hard against me as she exploded into orgasm. I couldn’t breathe at all, and had spots in front of my eyes before she finally backed off.

I was breathing as deeply as I could in the restrictive position, the thought of my long overdue orgasm foremost in my mind. Mistress Lilith

always kept her word. The blindfold was suddenly removed, but it still took me a minute before I could blink the tears out of my eyes enough to see properly.

Standing in front of me was Jill, not Lilith! I started wailing in frustration over how I was tricked. The reward she mentioned was for my rival, not for me. A set of shocks announced the beginning of yet another cycle of denial for me.

“Come, Jill,” Mistress Lilith said. “Let’s see if Master Laste has any ideas on what else you can do with that talented mouth of yours. Maybe you can even earn another reward.”

She led Jill out of view, and I felt the machine start pulling me into yet another contorted position. I found myself in what felt like a frog tie with my hands on my shoulders, arms out to the side, and my knees spread wide.

I found myself liking this one infinitely more than the previous positions, especially since I was able to finally get a good amount of air into my lungs. My next set of shocks didn’t even seem as bad this time. Maybe we were finally getting close to the end of our show.

I hoped so. I was pretty much wiped out by now, and if I didn’t get my orgasm within the next few minutes, I suspected I’d go noisily mad. With the relaxed position, each cycle didn’t set my orgasm back much, so I found myself getting zapped a lot more often. God, I was so close I could practically taste it.

“Well,” Mistress Lilith began. “This has been quite a night so far, hasn’t it everyone? For those of you wondering, we’ll let the lovely Sherri have the orgasm she’s been denied for so long, but only at the very end of our show.”

This sounded like the intro to her closing comments, and I hoped she didn’t drag them out for too long. I’d never felt the need to cum so badly before.

“Don’t sign off just yet, though... there’s a reason we started our show so late this time. In case anyone forgot, tonight is daylight savings time, and our clocks just went back one hour. It looks like poor Sherri will have to wait for quite a while.”

*“Noooooooooooo!”* I howled.

This couldn't be happening... she wouldn't, would she?

She did.

## Aftermath

“I’d call that a successful trial run of the UBD,” Laste said, as he popped the cork on a bottle of champagne.

“It worked better than I thought it would, even though we didn’t get a chance to try out many of the advanced features.”

“With the data we got from tonight’s show, I feel confident we can do a full day, or even a full weekend of continuous restraint.”

“Sherri might not agree with you right now,” I chuckled.

“How’s she doing?”

“She’s fine, but sleeping the sleep of the dead right now. When we finally let her cum at the end, it was probably the most explosive orgasm in the history of mankind.”

“I agree... it was quite the impressive finale for our show, and our forums are absolutely flooded with positive feedback.”

“I’m pretty sure she’ll be ready for a repeat performance next weekend, but if not, Jill wants to take her place very badly.”

“I want to run for at least eight hours next time and even longer if she’s willing.”

“I doubt she’d be willing to go over eight hours in one session, but we’ve got a long weekend coming up. Perhaps we could talk her into three long sessions or six shorter ones over the course of the weekend if we let her rest in between without any unnecessary torments.”

“I like the sound of that. Let’s run it by her tomorrow and see what she thinks. I’m willing to pay her double the normal rate if she’s willing.”

“Book it,” I said flatly. “One way or another, we’ll make it happen.”

He raised his glass in a toast. “Here’s to our continued success, and to our upcoming longest weekend!”

“I’ll drink to that,” I agreed, and I did.

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## **Part 3: The Longest Bondage Weekend**

### **The Long Weekend**

What a weekend this was going to be. After the wild success of last week's show, early signups for this one had gone through the roof. Laste spent some time to make sure we'd tripled the bandwidth available for this one, and he still wasn't sure it was enough.

Sherri had made me nervous by refusing to answer any of my calls or texts for two days after tricking her into an extra hour of torment during the last show, but finally returned my call after reading the massive amounts of positive feedback from last week's viewers. She'd become an overnight superstar, and was reveling in the attention.

She couldn't refuse this gig, which was good for us, since I'd already booked it. We would've been in real trouble if she decided not to do it, but between the massive amounts of fan mail, plus the offer of double wages, she just couldn't turn it down.

Jill showed up to help keep me company during the seventy-two hour stint I'd be putting in at the studio this weekend, but was probably there hoping Sherri wouldn't show up. She badly wanted a chance to showcase herself in our Ultimate Bondage Device, and also prove she could handle it better than her rival did.

I would've been willing to give her the chance, but Sherri was picked by our voters during a live contest, so she had dibs. I was glad to have a backup model available in case something went wrong over the weekend, but even if she didn't get to model, her company (and extremely talented tongue) would be very much welcome.

I'd long had a thing for her, and was pretty sure she felt the same way about me. Nothing serious, mind you, but definitely a mutual desire for both friendly companionship and hot, steamy sex.

Either way, I was glad to have her here.

I heard someone come in through the back door, and figured Sherri finally arrived, late as usual. I had Jill duck into my private lounge so they wouldn't get into the argument that always happened when the two of them were together.

I went to the break room and poured myself a cup of coffee; I was pretty sure caffeine was going to be my best friend this weekend, and I wanted an early start. Sherri stormed in before I even had a chance to sit down and take a sip.

"There you are!" she exclaimed.

"Here I am," I calmly replied, thinking this was the sign of a shitty start to the weekend. She was obviously in one of her moods.

"I want to make sure we've got our ground rules perfectly clear this time, or I'm out of here and you can damn well jump into that stupid thing yourself."

I bit back the first reply that came to mind, and then the second and third as well. *Nobody* talks that way to me, especially someone who I top.

"What ground rules are unclear?" I finally replied.

"For one, no more of that extra time shit you pulled on me last week."

"The clock only jumps back for daylight savings time once a year, dear."

"Don't call me dear, and don't patronize me."

"Yes, dear," I replied and took a sip of my coffee.

I was losing my patience pretty fast. She must have realized it, because she didn't pursue the point.

"Second, I hate the way you two run that contraption. Last time, you gave me a million orgasms in a row, and then tormented me for well over an hour without one. Quit screwing around, and space them out properly."

"Is there anything else we're doing wrong?" I blandly asked.

"Yeah," she replied, starting to pace back and forth in front of me. "I want lower voltage on all of the e-stim devices, and a good break between each scene. I'll need to keep my energy up in order to give my fans the show they're expecting"

“I see.”

“Make sure you *do* see,” she replied, turning her back to me and walking away. “Now that we’ve got things straight, I need to go get ready. Send some assistants to my dressing room, and be quick about it.”

I counted to ten, trying to get hold of my temper. I counted to ten twice more before I no longer felt like smashing my coffee mug. I heard the door behind me open and close.

“Kudos on holding your temper,” Laste said, as he emptied the coffee pot into the fifty-two ounce behemoth he called his mug. “I’m not sure I would’ve been able to.”

“It was a close thing. That ignorant bitch thinks she’s irreplaceable,” I snarled.

“Based on the comments from our customers, she’s not too far off.”

“Bullshit! Jill could do the same job just as good, and with far less whining.”

“Maybe, but this is the hand we’ve been dealt, and therefore it’s the show we’re putting on. It could raise all kinds of shit storms if she bails on us. Even if we replace her, people can use that as an excuse to demand their money back, since it wasn’t what we advertised.”

“Maybe, but I swear she’ll never work in this industry again once the show’s done.”

“Never say never,” he chided. “I agree her attitude is completely reprehensible, but she’s got the customers on her side right now.”

“Maybe, but what’ll happen to our credibility if the word gets out we’re letting her top from the bottom?”

“I’ll make sure she understands the situation properly before she leaves. If she does one thing to damage our reputation in public, she’ll find herself winning a life-time membership to my pony ranch... and *not* on the fun side of things.”

“Good enough, then,” I nodded.

“Besides... once she starts, she’ll be under our control for the full seventy-two hours. That’s more than enough time for us to give her a proper



attitude adjustment.”

“Oh, I’m already looking forward to it,” I replied fervently.

“If she gets too pissed off after this, I’m sure we’ll be able to find someone who wants to take her place.”

“I’m already way ahead of you,” I smiled.

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“God, will you take it easy, already?” Sherri swore, as she stumbled from being pulled out of her dressing room.”

I wrapped her leash twice around my fist and pulled her face close to mine before replying. “Your superstar status ends right here. If you do one thing to embarrass me in front of the camera, you’re finished. Do you understand?”

She didn’t look completely cowed like she should’ve been, but she gave me a reluctant nod, so I continued leading her onstage. Not quite trusting her, I paused just out of range of the cameras to stuff a large ball gag into her mouth. I thought for a moment she was going to refuse, but she opened her mouth to accept it after giving me a dirty look.

She’d managed to put me in a rare, foul mood by now, and I probably reefed the gag a few notches tighter than I should have, but I was beyond caring by now. With her big mouth finally silent, I pulled her forward and into position for installation into the UBD.

It took twenty wide leather straps to secure her into the device, not counting the inflatable corset and posture collar. We probably laced those two things tighter than we should have, but neither one of us was prepared to put up with more of her shit tonight.

To add insult to injury, we were already ten minutes behind schedule due to her antics. People were complaining, and that wasn’t good at all. I rushed through my opening spiel to help make up for lost time, but it was still a bad start for what should have been our greatest moment.

On a positive note, we had a lot of viewers come back from last weekend, so they understood our voting system and had tons of things queued up for us already. I let Laste make the first set of choices, since all I

wanted to do right now was beat her ass with a baseball bat.

He started off slow, but slow was a relative term once you counted the multiplicative effects of each of his decisions. The first thing he did was inflate the rings at the base of her breasts. From how fast they started to change color, I could tell without looking he picked at least two-thirds capacity. Fifty percent was more than enough to make them turn a deep shade of red.

Next up was the corset. Despite Sherri's earlier demands, I could tell he wasn't taking it easy on her. Her breathing was reduced to quick and shallow gasps before he was satisfied. He made it even worse for her by adding some air pressure to the custom posture collar she was forced to endure.

*Here's a friendly note to all sub's out there: Don't piss off the people who are about to put you into complete submission.*

As her bondage became more and more extreme, my foul mood began to slowly leave me. While I still wanted to show her who was the boss, I no longer wanted to repeatedly beat the crap out of her with a bat. I'd settle for a nice and thin, whippy rattan cane instead.

I'd still have to show a lot of restraint, though, or little Miss Prima Donna might try to tap out before I was through with her. Next up were the toys. The popular choices for the evening started with dual penetration selections this time. A small katana style e-stim unit was selected for her ass, and an odd style of dildo for her pussy.

I called it an odd dildo, since it was really a caricature of what a real penis looked like. It had an over-sized head at the top, with massively exaggerated veins running along the length of the shaft. I thought it looked kind of stupid, but the shape would probably be extremely effective at its job.

As Laste engaged the pneumatic air system to start pumping the toys in and out of her, I began to wonder how close she really was to tapping out. With the severity of some of the gags we had available, we couldn't rely on safe words for when a model needed to stop the scene.

Instead, Laste had devised a pressure system, where all the model had to do was close her hand into a fist and squeeze three times. If she did that once it would give us a yellow light, twice would give us a red light and a

buzzer, and three times would automatically shut the machine down.

Sherri was also hooked up to better medical monitoring equipment than most hospitals had, so there was no way we could put her in any danger, but she needed a stern reminder of who was the boss. I casually made my way over to the toy selection stand to grab the cane I wanted, and ‘accidentally’ unplugged the wires for her hand activated safety device.

A smile made its way onto my face for the first time since we started; it was time for some fun.

## A Change of Plans

Sherri wasn't much better than a rag doll when we finally released her from our Friday session. I didn't think we went over the edge since she'd have a full sixteen hours to recover before her first Saturday session, but she started complaining the second we removed her gag.

To make matters worse, I was all on my own to deal with her shit, since Laste had to prepare the extra equipment needed for the long term confinement we'd be putting her into. The way she was carrying on right now, we might be forced to scrap the intubation we'd planned, and back down our intensity levels.

She was really pissing me off, and it took all of my self-control to keep from firing her or doing her serious bodily harm. Things reached epic-fail proportions when Jill came into the room pushing her dinner cart.

"What the hell is that skank doing here?" she demanded. "Is good help *that* hard to find?"

"Hello to you too, sweetie," Jill replied. "If you ain't hungry or thirsty, I'll take this stuff away."

"Shut the hell up and give me a drink," she spat. "I'm friggen dying here."

"Your wish is my command."

I didn't have the energy to intercede in their little spat, so I simply kicked my feet up and took a sip from my glass of wine. Jill seemed incredibly patient and accommodating to Sherri's demands, and my admiration of her professionalism went up a few notches.

Around the time Sherri was finishing her meal, I noticed a distinct slurring of her words. Her head was also starting to nod now and then, and I figured she was a lot more wiped out than she wanted to admit.

Jill noticed it too, but rather than looking sympathetic, she smirked and turned her back away from Sherri. I saw her pull a little brown bottle out from the bottom of the food cart and pour some of the liquid onto a rag. She

then straddled Sherri and leaned forward until they were nose to nose.

“The roofies in your drink will keep you from remembering this later, but I still want to say to your face I think you’re a complete waste of space on this planet.”

She leaned back and shoved the rag over Sherri’s mouth and nose. The powerful chemical smell probably put her into a panic, but her body was already too far gone to do anything about it. After a few pitiful attempts at a struggle, her head lolled to the side; she was out of it.

I probably should have interfered, but I was still too mad at her to think of rushing to her aid. Before I could decide on how to react, Jill turned to me with a pleading expression on her face.

“Please hear me out before you say anything. I haven’t gone crazy and I haven’t really hurt her, but I need to explain something you.”

“Go ahead,” I said. “But this better be good, or you could wind up in jail for this little stunt.”

She nodded, but pressed the rag over Sherri’s face again while opening her eyes and inspecting the results. I bit my tongue and waited. Once she was satisfied, she turned to me and began what was obviously a prepared speech.

“Look, I’m sure that after tonight you’re close to hating this douchebag as much as I do, and I’d like to give you an alternative.”

“Go on,” I said, trying to keep my voice neutral.

“I got this idea after last weekend when you said you couldn’t tell us apart once we were suited up for your UBD. I was going to suggest it to you sometime down the road, but I just couldn’t take any more of her shit tonight.”

“Spit it out.”

“Put me into the other suit and into the device for the rest of your show this weekend. We can stuff Sherri into a closet somewhere and keep her out of the way so you can have a show worth talking about.”

“That’s all fine and dandy for now, but what happens on Monday when people come looking for her? I don’t know about you, but I don’t fancy being someone’s bitch for the next ten years... or five with good behavior.”

“I promise I can keep that from happening, but I need your help to make this work. Will you march me up on stage tomorrow and pretend I’m Sherri?”

“I’ve probably sat here long enough to already be considered an accessory, so I think I’ll have to agree. Are you gonna try to pull any of that prima donna shit she was going for?”

“Never,” she replied fervently. “I know my proper place, and when you give me a command, you can believe I’ll carry it out.”

“You better,” I grumbled. “I don’t much like this, and you can guarantee I won’t be taking it easy on you once I get you in my clutches.”

“I won’t wimp out on you, and that’s a promise.”

I thought about the safety switch which was still disabled and smiled. “I know you won’t, dear. Now let’s do something about Sherri before she wakes up.”

“Your wish is my command,” she said, bowing her head until it pressed against my feet.

Nice touch, I thought. The weekend was starting to look up.

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We just finished our second Saturday session, and I was almost jumping for joy with how well things were now going. Jill was so much easier to work with than Sherri, there was simply no comparison.

Sherri made the UBD look like a chore... Jill made it look like a privilege. Even better, to reduce the chances of our subterfuge being discovered, Jill offered to stay locked down in strict bondage for the entire weekend!

It meant we’d had to snake a feeding tube down her throat, install a catheter, and clean her out with some rather high volume enemas, but she didn’t complain... much. We didn’t need the IV’s or the breathing tubes, but there was enough going on to satisfy almost everyone.

I’d crushed up a handful of both aspirin and caffeine pills into the sludge we pumped down her throat, in order to keep her going during the

show, and then tempered the effect with some nitrous oxide at the end of the session. The results were simply unbelievable.

Since she'd agreed to have the cameras rolling 24/7, I even took the opportunity to have a little fun with her in between the two Saturday sessions. I ran low power to a vibrator in her snatch, and had her eat me out twice. I then 'forgot' to turn it off when I walked away. She even managed to cum once, but it was a hellishly long session of torment for her. I probably would've gone insane halfway through it.

She survived, though, and now we just had one more show to do tomorrow. I left her to rest undisturbed this time, knowing she'd need her strength for the grand finale. Back in my lounge, I opened up a remote terminal for the monitoring program in case any alarms went off during the night. I had to keep an eye on her, since I was her only backup for the next eight hours.

I started a pot of coffee brewing, but poured a glass of wine first. I'd worked long and hard this weekend, and a glass of wine after a session was part of my winding-down routine. I tossed back half a glass while standing at the fridge, topped it up again, and took it over to my recliner.

God, it felt good to finally get off my feet. The wine was excellent too, and not my usual vintage. Laste must have put it in my fridge as a surprise for me. I finished the glass faster than normal, and wished I had the foresight to bring the bottle with me for a tiny bit more.

I wanted to get up for a refill, but my body felt like it was melting into the recliner. I decided I'd allow myself the luxury of relaxing for a few more minutes before getting up. I put the glass on the end table, not noticing I missed it by close to a foot.

It felt so good to just sit here... just one minute more. I closed my eyes and that was the last thing I remembered for a long time. I sure never heard when the door opened and someone wearing high heels walked into my private room.

"In the future, if you knock someone out, I suggest you damn well make sure they stay out! I'll deal with you later, but for now, I need to pay a visit to your little friend Jill. Thanks for leaving her in the UBD for me... I can't wait to see what it's like being on the other side of the controls."

# The Mistake

I woke up as I felt my jaw being forced wide open and something shoved into it. It took me a minute to remember where I was and why I couldn't move, but then it all came back to me. I was still strapped down in the UBD, and it must be time for our next show.

Opening my eyes made no difference, as I was left blindfolded overnight so the camera lights wouldn't keep me awake. I felt long fingernails on my skin as the gag straps were being fastened, so I knew it was Mistress Lilith getting me ready.

She was a lot rougher than usual tightening the straps, and I began to wonder if we were late starting the show and she was just in a hurry or if she was just pissed off at me for some reason. When I felt the gag being inflated way past my comfort level, I decided she was definitely mad about something.

It made me a little nervous, but I trusted her. I whined a few times through the gag to let her know about my discomfort, but left it at that. She gave me a surprise tittie-twister from hell, causing me to shriek again, but she didn't hold it too long. I heard her walk away.

I still wasn't sure what she was up to, but at least I was fully awake now. Nothing else happened for several minutes, and I felt confused again. I could hear some faintly mumbled curse words in the distance, and wondered if she was having trouble with the computer.

Whatever the problem was, I guess she figured it out, since the table started rearranging my limbs. My wrists were pulled together behind my back, and then my elbows were crushed painfully together. This was a rough start, and it forced a few grunts and groans from me.

Next, my legs were bent back at the knees until my feet were pressed firmly into my butt cheeks. My knees were forced wide apart, and I felt myself rotating forward until I was horizontal. Again, I was left wondering what was going on for a few minutes before she resumed her program.



I felt an intruder forcing its way into my rear passage, and I tried to relax so it wouldn't hurt as much. It still hurt like hell, as she picked a plug that was far larger than what I was used to. As soon as it was fully seated, I felt even more pressure as it slowly began to inflate.

It didn't stop until it reached epic proportions, but that was only the beginning. I felt warm water start to fill me up, and realized she was giving me an enema. I didn't think I needed one, but she was the boss. I clamped down on my gag and braced myself for the cramping I knew would be starting shortly.

It felt like she was filling me up with a lot more than usual this time, and the cramps in my stomach were getting pretty bad. When the flow finally stopped, all I could do was focus on breathing evenly through my nose, and hope she let it evacuate soon.

Instead, she started adding air to the corset liner, which easily doubled the pain as it crushed my waist down until I could barely stand it. She even pumped up the posture collar until all I could do was concentrate exclusively on getting enough air into my starving lungs.

The rings at the base of my breasts were inflated next, and she didn't stop until it felt like they were squeezed down to tiny little circles. I only had a few moments to try to get used to the sensations when I felt her fingers on my nipples.

She pulled, twisted, and rubbed them for several minutes until they were rock hard. The attention didn't help my breathing any, but it did distract a bit from the enema still painfully held inside me.

A searing pain suddenly shot through both nipples, causing me to strain against my bindings with everything I had... not that I moved more than a millimeter. She must have clamped both nipples at the same time, and now I felt weights being slowly added, cruelly stretching my nipples closer to the floor with each new addition.

She walked away again, and I tried to come to terms with the extreme situation I found myself having to endure. She left me to my suffering for quite a while before adding the next item to my torture.

I felt a large, knobby shaft slide into my pussy until I was completely stuffed. It felt like a series of balls connected together, each one slightly

bigger than the last. The last section wasn't in all the way, but was holding my lips stretched wide. It was a little uncomfortable at first, but then the vibrations started and I began to enjoy it.

I felt my legs unfold, and I was glad at least one part of this hellish scene was over. The weird flying strappado frog-tie I'd been enduring was definitely not my favorite position. My legs were pulled straight back and also further apart. I was really feeling the strain by the time it was stopped.

The vibrator had been increasing in speed during all of this, and I was getting close to my first orgasm of the day. Right at the brink, it suddenly shut off and I felt an agonizing lash on the soles of each foot.

"Wow, that bastinado machine really packs some power," I heard Mistress Lilith say.

Wait a minute... that wasn't her voice; that was Sherri! What was she doing here?

"Your mistake, you stupid girl, was leaving the drugs you used on me where I could find them. Lilith will be taking a nap for the rest of the day, and Laste won't be back for at least eight hours. It took me a while to figure out his program, but I finally got it running how I want it."

I felt the vibrator start up again.

"I was originally going to just walk out of here and leave you wondering, but I decided it would be more fun if you knew how hopeless your position is right now. I have the system running in orgasm denial mode, and every time you get close, the bastinado machine should bring you back to Earth. For the next six hours."

Six hours? Was she kidding me?

"Let me tell you, Laste really outdid himself with that modified bastinado. Unlike a regular one, his is mounted on some of those robotic arms and can move to strike at different places on your body. It should be incredibly fun when it takes aim at your tits!"

Oh my God... this couldn't be happening.

"In case you were wondering, I won't be removing the enema either. I added a shitload of caffeine into it to help you stay alert, and it would be a shame to waste any of it."

Now that she mentioned it, I could feel the effects of caffeine in my system. Could things get any worse?

“I’m not completely without mercy, though. After six hours of denial... if you have a mind left... you’ll probably be willing to do anything for an orgasm. I programmed the UBD to let you have it. Or them, I should say.”

Her idea of mercy didn’t fill me with hope.

“I took one of the prototype dildos and activated it for use. It was marked as ‘El Diablo’ and I think it’ll live up to its devilish name.”

The program reached its peak and the bastinado lashed out again, this time square on my ass.

“Ouch... that’s gonna leave a mark!”

I felt like crying when the vibrator started again, knowing this was only the beginning.

“I’ll be nice and describe El Diablo to you, so you know what to expect. First off, it’s a monster sized thing with an inflatable fist on the end. It has three powerful vibrator motors inside it, so that should give you an idea as to the size. It also connects to both the pneumatic fucking machine and the e-stim unit. It should give you the ride of your life until someone shows up to turn it off. Probably about two hours after it starts.”

Two hours? She couldn’t be serious. I’d have a fucking heart attack before I lasted two hours.

“I’m going to go home, take a shower, and then maybe take a nice little nap. Since you pretended you were me, all the money from this weekend’s show is still being paid to me, and I also get all of the fame. Have fun,” she said. I heard her walk away, leaving me to my torment.

Great... I’ll be the one suffering, yet she’ll get all of the credit for giving a spectacular performance.

She may have come out on top today, but there was no way she’d get away with this in the long run. I knew I’d have to pay a harsh price to Master Laste for what I pulled this weekend, but that was nothing compared to what Sherri would be in for. I just hoped I’d get to watch. I felt my next orgasm closing in rapidly, only to be aborted by another swing of the bastinado.

I howled as I felt the lashes strike the bottom of my breasts, and the cycle start anew.

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## **Part 4: Dominatrix Submission**

### **Decisions**

“Thank you both for coming,” I said. “There’s a lot we need to discuss, and some important decisions to be made. Please have a seat so we can get started.”

Both my business partner Mistress Lilith and her submissive friend Jill sat without a word. They knew they were here for an accounting over the crap they pulled last weekend.

“To say I’m unimpressed would be the understatement of the century.”

“Where’s Sherri?” Lilith asked. “She’s the one who deserves a strip taken out of her ass for drugging me and putting Jill through hell.”

“I’ve already had words with her, and we’ll talk about that later. Right now, I need to decide what to do with you two.”

“Do with us?”

“Yes. If I’ve got the story straight, it was Jill who set things in motion by drugging Sherri and taking her place for our long weekend show, with you as a willing accomplice.”

“She deserved a lot worse, and still does,” Jill snapped.

“Silence! It was a stupid thing to do, and you could’ve wound up in jail. And as for you, Lilith, I can’t believe how stupid you were through all of this.”

“So I made a mistake. It’s over and done with.”

“You were stupid to help Jill, and stupid to try and sneak her into my Ultimate Bondage Device without telling me. I don’t care who we put into the UBD, but we could have had a better show if I would’ve known who it was. She reacts differently from Sherri, and I thought the calibration levels were messed up in my program. I spent hours debugging it and adjusting the settings.”

Lilith looked embarrassed, knowing she was in the wrong.

“Your stupidity continued by getting suckered by Sherri, who you stupidly let get free early. All of that pales in comparison to your final bit of stupidity... disabling the safety switch and leaving Jill to a long and cruel session of torment.”

“So where do we go from here?”

“You pretty much screwed us for our upcoming show. Sherri won’t be available for quite some time, and Jill still needs time to recover. Unless we can find a new model in the next twenty-four hours who’ll fit into the special suit, we have no show.”

“I can probably manage to do the show, as long as it’s not as extreme as the last one.”

“Our customers expect a quality show, and it’s not worth doing if we can’t do it right. I think this is the end of our partnership, Lilith.”

“You can’t cut me out now... I have my life savings tied up in this venture!”

“No show, no partnership.”

“There’s still one way we can continue with the show.”

“Oh?”

She took a deep breath before continuing. “I can fit into the suit,” she blurted.

“It’s an interesting idea, but it’s been years since you’ve been on the bottom, and I doubt you could handle it.”

“If it’s a choice between losing my savings, or losing my freedom for a few hours, I know which I’d prefer.”

“Our customers expect to see you on stage, helping to direct the proceedings.”

“I could put on one of her catsuits and take her place,” Jill said. “You could run a mostly silent show, saying we want to surprise the model with each new torment, and every now and then I could lip sync to some pre-recorded dialogue of Mistress Lilith.”

“You’re not very dominant, and I doubt you have much skill or

experience as a top. Lilith is probably just as bad as a sub.”

“I can handle it just fine,” Lilith said indignantly.

“I’ll do my part too,” Jill said. “All I need is a little practice.”

“Hmm... I’m still not sold on it, but I’ll give you twenty-four hours to convince me.”

“What do you mean?”

“You need to prove you can handle being a sub without tapping out, and Jill needs practice as a top. If you want to go through with this, then we start that practice now, and keep at it until our show starts.”

“No way, Laste. We could do a couple of quick trial scenes, but all day is overkill.”

“My house, my rules,” I said. “But let me sweeten the pot a little before you make your final decision. You two made a lot of bad decisions last week, but all of those were behind closed doors. Sherri was stupid in front of a live camera. It comes down to your word against hers for what you did to her, but there’s solid evidence of her actions.”

“What did you do?”

“I gave her a choice. After reviewing her options, she decided to be a ‘guest’ at my private training academy until I deem she’s learned her lesson. If you two can save our show this weekend, I’ll let both of you participate in her attitude adjustment, but we do things my way.”

“Our partnership?”

“Will remain unchanged,” I assured her.

“If I get a chance for some revenge, you can count me in,” Jill said.

“Revenge comes at a price. I’ll let you have your chance, but this whole mess happened because of what you started, and you owe me for that. Sometime in the future I’ll be calling in that marker, and when I do, I expect you to comply without question.”

“Agreed.”

“Have you made your decision, Lilith?”

“Yes. Count me in, Master.”

## Submission

I wasn't thrilled about how things worked out, but I was out of options. It was a distinctly unsettling sensation to be standing in the dressing room naked, other than the little pieces of leather locked around my wrists, ankles and neck.

It felt even stranger having to help Jill into my favorite latex catsuit and corset. Once I finished lacing it up, I helped her into a pair of my five inch stilettos and started polishing the catsuit. If she was going to disguise herself as me, then I was determined she was going to look good doing it.

Once finished, she checked herself over in the mirror and gestured for me to head out to the stage.

"If you're going to act like me, you might want to consider restraining me somehow and either lead me out or give me orders."

"You're right," she giggled. "This'll take a bit of getting used to."

"Start by clipping my wrists together behind my back and put a leash on the collar. Maybe add a hobble chain while you're at it."

"Good idea," she agreed.

She quickly did all three things, and with another little giggle, gave a slight tug on my leash to get me moving.

"Quit giggling," I hissed.

"Sorry," she said, as she led me to where Laste... I mean Master Laste was waiting.

"Very nice," he said, looking us over. "But you're missing something."

He tossed Jill a ball gag. "With the dressing room door open, I could hear you two talking. I knew Lilith would try to top from the bottom, and that ends right now."

I gave him a dirty look, but knew he was right, so I opened my mouth to accept the large, red ball. Jill fastened it rather loosely at first, but Master Laste noticed and had her tighten it several more notches.



“You two are pathetic,” he said, shaking his head. “I think we’ll need to start with the basics. Put her under the pulley and tie her wrists over her head.”

I almost turned to move, but checked myself at the last second and let her lead me there instead. She fumbled a bit getting my hands attached, but nothing a casual observer would notice. Once my hands were pulled up above me, she turned to Master Laste for more instructions.

“You need to both walk and act with more confidence, Jill. Strut, don’t shuffle, and tighten up the rope until she’s on her toes. Would Lilith ever put you into such sloppy bondage? Do it right, and feel free to improvise. You’ll never pull this off if you have to keep getting instructions from me.”

She nodded and gave the rope another pull, stretching me only slightly. I thought it was still sloppy, but she wasn’t done yet. She walked over to the gear table and came back with a spreader bar. It wasn’t the longest one we had, but it was enough to make me stand on my tip-toes by the time she was finished.

“Excellent,” Master Laste approved. “There may be hope for you yet. Try to remember what’s been done to you in the past, and see if anything fits into the scene you’re running. Take charge and be creative... you won’t be doing us any favors by going easy on her.”

She nodded, looked me over for a minute, and went to get more gear. She came back with a vibrator, butt plug, and piece of rope. I shook my head no over the butt plug, but she ignored me and lubed it up. It was the smallest one we had, but it still hurt like hell going in.

Not giving me a chance to get used to the weird sensations it was causing, she shoved the vibrator all the way into me with a little assist from the leftover butt plug lube. Next, she doubled the rope over and wrapped it around my waist with the long end trailing out behind me.

She adjusted it until it was centered at my ass crack and pulled it between my legs, over the rope at my stomach, and back down between my legs again. She pulled it tighter three times before tying it off at the back, and I *definitely* wouldn’t be forgetting its presence anytime soon.

It looked like she was feeling more confident now; she strode over to the gear table to make her next set of selections. She came back with a set of

clover clamps and an evil looking grin on her face.

“I’ll never forget the first time you put these things on me,” she said.

She pressed the remote to activate the vibrator in my pussy and began to caress my nipples. It didn’t take long before they were nice and hard. Starting with my right nipple, she ran the cold steel over the tip a few times before clamping it home.

I’d used nipple clamps during sex before, but never this style and I howled at the amount of pain it caused. She fastened the other one just as I got my breath back, and a second scream escaped my lips.

“I bet you’ll never forget either.”

I’m sure she was right, although it took a surprisingly short amount of time before the screaming pain receded into a dull throbbing sensation.

“That was a pretty strong reaction to a simple set of nipple clamps,” Master Laste said. “Her pain tolerance seems to be almost non-existent. We’ll have to work on that.”

Standing, he grabbed a rolling cart and wheeled it out of sight behind me. Jill joined him and they had a whispered conversation I couldn’t quite hear. All I could make out was the sound of several items being tossed onto the metal surface of the cart.

I started to panic, thinking things might be moving along too fast. Of course, my thoughts no longer concerned them; I was their submissive today, and didn’t have any say in the matter.

“Since you’re a rookie at this, let’s start by tightening her restraints down. Your aim will probably be bad enough without her moving around more than necessary.”

I saw Jill... Mistress Jill today, I guess... on my left and Master Laste on my right. They each fastened a rope to the D-ring on my ankle cuffs and pulled them out to the sides. Each rope was fastened to a ring in the floor, and together with the spreader bar, made my feet pretty much immobile.

“Let’s start with a plain strap,” he said. “It works best if you take a wide swing and follow through with your whole arm like this.”

Expecting a painful hit, I braced myself, but he didn’t put much power into it. I felt lucky he wanted to demonstrate slowly. He hit me several more

times and gradually increased the power, but it wasn't more than I could handle.

"Your turn," he said.

She walloped me a good one, and shrieking, I tried to jump away. It was a good thing they took the time to tie my feet in place.

"Not bad for your first attempt, but you want to start off slowly so she can get used to it. Don't lay into her until she has some adrenaline and endorphins running through her veins."

She started whipping me again, but not as hard. After a few minutes I could she was getting the hang of it, as the strap was landing perfectly flat on my ass. It meant each strike started hurting more, even without her hitting any harder.

"Good enough for now," he finally said. "Let's move on to the quirt. The action on this one is roughly the same, but with two thinner straps, it causes a little more pain for the same amount of effort."

I felt a dozen stinging hits as he demonstrated, and then a short pause before a few wilder strikes. I could only hope she picked up the technique quickly, or this would turn into a very long session.

I tried to hold as still as possible for her, but as my butt finally started to warm up, the vibrator working inside me became harder and harder to ignore. My grunts of pain began changing into moans of pleasure.

I must've closed my eyes without knowing it, because I totally missed Master Laste stepping in front of me. He removed both clover clamps at the same time, and the sudden return of blood to my nipples caused me to scream in pain.

It was also enough extra stimulation to trigger my first orgasm of the day, and my howls went on for a lot longer than the pain in my nipples did. He let her practice for a few more minutes before moving to the next item on his agenda.

"The cat-o-nine tails is actually far more forgiving than either a strap or a quirt, but takes a lot of practice to use properly. You need to use a little flick of the wrist with any of the multi-strand floggers, or you'll wind up tiring yourself out before you know it."

I felt him starting flogging me with a familiar figure eight pattern to the strokes. It was the way I preferred to wield it myself.

“You can also let the length of the strands do some of the work for you by landing your strike more in the middle and letting the ends whip around your target.”

Oh shit... he wouldn't, would he? He did. The next several hits landed on my ass crack, with the tips passing between my legs before snapping into contact with my pussy. The crotch rope gave me a bit of protection, but not enough. My pussy was both swollen and sensitive after my orgasm, and the pain was far out of proportion to the strength of his lashes.

“Don't try that technique yet,” he said to my great relief. “Just practice on her ass with downward strikes and remember to work on your wrist action.”

He stepped in front of me again and stared into my eyes, watching my reaction as Mistress Jill slowly figured out the flogger and got into a nice, even rhythm.

“One more thing,” he began. “I don't recall hearing you give her permission to cum. Did I miss it?”

“Umm... no,” she replied.

“If you say ‘Umm’ again, I'm giving you ten of my best lashes with the cane,” he instantly snapped.

“No, we didn't give the slut permission to cum. She's earned herself a punishment.”

I tried to complain it wasn't my fault and I just couldn't help myself, but stopped before I'd barely started. It was no less than what I'd do if I was in charge, so it made sense. Being submissive to them was a lot harder than I thought it'd be.

“She has a lot to learn, and not a lot of time. Change her gag before we continue.”

While I wasn't looking forward to another gag, my jaw was aching pretty bad by now, so I was looking forward to the few seconds reprieve I'd have while she did the change. A large amount of excess saliva came out with the gag, and it tickled as it ran between my breasts and down my

stomach.

She pressed a bit gag against my lips, and I reluctantly opened my mouth to accept it. She pulled it reasonably tight, but before she buckled it, Master Laste surprised me by suddenly lashing out at my pussy. My mouth opened a bit wider as I gasped, and she instantly pulled it deeper.

Dammit... that was one of my favorite tricks. They must've planned it out in advance when they were assembling their gear. The gag was now cruelly cutting into the corners of my mouth, and I gave Master Laste a dirty look.

He simply chuckled and leaned his head to the side to nod at Mistress Jill. A second later and they began flogging me on both my ass and breasts. Master Laste was hitting at something closer to his regular strength now, and the pain was building fast.

So was another orgasm, dammit... they still hadn't turned that damn thing off. I did my best to ignore it this time, not wanting to risk more punishment. That was easier said than done, though. Master Laste would randomly change his aim and strike at my pussy, and the resultant tingle when the pain subsided was driving me crazy.

I tried to beg for permission to cum, but this was the first time I'd ever worn a bit gag and my words weren't even close to being intelligible. I managed to contain it for a few more minutes, but it was a losing battle.

I exploded again, and this time Master Laste began whipping my pussy exclusively, driving it into a multiple orgasm that left me hanging limp and exhausted. I barely noticed they'd stopped flogging me, and I think I missed part of a conversation between them.

I felt my arms being lowered, and Master Laste had to help hold me up as my full weight returned to my jelly-like legs. My wrists were unclipped and allowed to fall to my sides for the first time since we began.

It wasn't a long reprieve. Before my muscles started working again, I felt my wrists being pulled behind my back and lashed together. My elbows followed suit, but it was a bit of a struggle for Mistress Jill since she'd never done it before... and I'd never had it done to me either.

She finally managed to get them to touch after getting some advice

from Master Laste, and all I could do was stand there and take it. They gave me a minute to get used to it, and Master Laste even gave me a drink with a squirt bottle, although most of it wound up running down my chin.

He suddenly stepped away from me, and without his support, I found myself falling forward. I had a brief moment of panic, but then felt my arms pull up behind me and take up my weight. Mistress Jill had put me into a classic strappado position and I hadn't even realized it! They were really doing a good job at keeping me off balance, both mentally and physically.

She tightened the rope a little more and then replaced the spreader bar with a longer one. By now, all I could do was stand there with my head hanging down. Apparently that wasn't in the script, though, as I suddenly felt my head pulled up by my hair, followed by the removal of both my slave collar and the evil bit gag. A large ring gag quickly replaced it, stretching my jaw wide again, and I found my mouth beginning to ache almost immediately.

My neck also wasn't bare for long. With Master Laste holding my head in position, Mistress Jill started lacing a posture collar in place. From the first pull of the lace, it became harder to breathe, and it sure didn't get easier as she worked her way down. A ragged gasp was the best I could manage by the time she was finished.

Master Laste slowly circled to my rear, closely inspecting my position. He apparently wasn't satisfied, so he reefed my arms up a few inches higher and circled me again. He stopped in front of me this time and began fiddling with the front of my collar.

I felt pressure against the bottom of my jaw, and silently began swearing. They'd used an adjustable posture collar, and now it was forcing my neck into an even harsher angle.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I think it looks about right height and angle, once I get on the stand."

He nodded and slid a small stand under my head before walking out of sight behind me. To my great relief, Mistress Jill finally turned off the vibrator and removed my crotch rope. The instant the rope was pulled away, the vibe slid out of me and landed on the floor with a clunk.

She slowly worked the plug out of my ass, and I felt almost hollow down there without either intruder. She let it fall to the floor as well, and walked in front of me, moving the stand slightly before stepping on it.

“You’re a complete wimp, have no self-control, and don’t know the meaning of the word ‘submissive’,” she said. “I have an idea that’ll either teach you or break you. Laste isn’t happy with how slow this is progressing, and neither am I. It’s time for a change.”

Not progressing fast enough? Was she shitting me? I’d already gone through more in the last hour than most subs did in several sessions!

“It’s time you learned how a submissive properly gives thanks for her training.”

She unzipped the crotch of her catsuit and shuffled forward until her pussy was pressed hard against my face. I didn’t need an instruction manual in order to figure out what she expected. I found it harder than expected with the ring gag in place, but I lashed out with my tongue as fast as possible, hoping to get her off quickly.

Master Laste even started rubbing my pussy, and I began to think this wouldn’t be too bad. It got even better when he picked up the vibrator, turned it on to full blast, and began circling the tip around my clit. It felt so good I forgot to keep licking, which drew a harsh reminder by way of Mistress Jill’s flogger striking my tits.

I vowed to not let myself become distracted like that again, and redoubled the efforts with my tongue. Master Laste slid the vibrator back into my pussy and ordered me to hold it in place. I clenched my muscles to comply, but had a hard time as I felt him lubing up my asshole.

He began pumping a finger into my rear passage, then two, and finally three. He then stopped for a moment before I felt something else pressing against my rosebud. His long, hard cock slowly pressed forward with more and more pressure until his head finally popped past my sphincter.

It momentarily took my breath away, earning me another lash to the tits when I’d stopped licking. He kept pressing forward until he was deep inside of me and then held that position. He pulled the vibe out and resumed rubbing it over my clit.

My head was awash in conflicting sensations. The pleasant musk of Mistress Jill warred against the restrictive position of my neck and throat. The pain of having a huge cock up my ass was countered by the pleasant vibrations stimulating my clit. I had trouble thinking coherently, and it got even worse as Master Laste began pounding in and out of my virgin ass.

To my surprise, it only hurt for the first minute or two, and then it actually started to feel good. It even felt good enough that it messed with my plan of getting Mistress Jill off quickly. She was quick to remind me whenever she felt me faltering, but it started happening more and more frequently as time went on.

I think I finally slipped into subspace. I'd often described it, frequently seen it, but never experienced it. My whole body was alive with sensations I never knew existed, and all that mattered was the here and now.

My eyes were open, but I couldn't see. My mouth was gagged and my mind blank, but I couldn't stop talking. I was on a whole new plane of existence. If this was what subspace felt like all the time, I regretted not trying the experience before.

Even the pain in my arms and legs became something new and wondrous. I didn't even care that the combination of the restrictive posture collar, and Master Laste's thrusts forcing my face deep into Mistress Jill's pussy, was preventing me from getting enough air into my lungs.

The slight anoxia only sent me deeper down the rabbit hole.

Mistress Jill's voice suddenly cut through my consciousness. "You've already cum three times without permission. If you cum before I do, you'll *really* regret it. However, I know the value of offering both the carrot and the stick. If you can manage to hold out until both Master Laste and I are satisfied, you'll earn yourself a small reward."

In retrospect, I should have found that both condescending and humiliating. Instead, all I could think of was obeying her and earning her generous reward. I licked until my tongue ached, and then used the thrusts from Master Laste to give me a boost to get a tiny bit deeper into her pussy.

When I felt her start to grind her mound into my face in time with my thrusts, I knew I'd won. Holding back my orgasm was the toughest thing I'd ever done in my life, but I managed to do it long enough to win. She



suddenly tensed and shook herself into a massive squirting orgasm, almost drowning and suffocating me before she regained control and backed off enough to let me breathe again.

Unfortunately, her actions sent me over the edge into an orgasm strong enough to cause me to pass out. I won one battle, but lacked the endurance to win the war.

## Endurance

I awoke by small stages, unsure of what was going on.

I couldn't move, couldn't see, and couldn't speak. Oh yeah... I was a bondage slut... how could I forget. As the number of neurons firing in my otherwise empty head hit double digits, I figured out I must've been strapped down in the UBD. I groaned and futilely tried to escape.

My groaning must've drawn attention to the fact I was back in the land of the living, since I suddenly felt a hand run over my brow.

"Easy, my love," Mistress Jill said, trying to comfort me. "You've had a busy day so far, but you need to save your strength and push through to the next level. It won't be easy, but if you give it your best, I know you'll make it to the end and earn your reward."

Her words comforted me, but it was a small comfort, as the situation I found myself in became slowly apparent. The first thing to penetrate the fog in my mind was my arms. They were wretched painfully behind me into a reverse prayer position and locked to the rear of my posture collar.

Queued up next for attention were my tits. I wasn't sure all of what was going on down there, but I definitely had something pulling my nipples halfway to the moon, and from the incessant throbbing pressure, guessed they were also severely constricted around the bases.

Figuring it out was enough to make me try to complain, but that just revealed my next major problem; I think I had the giant Ghostbuster's marshmallow man stuck inside my mouth. I began to panic and struggle as I realized how stringently I was restrained, but soon calmed down due to a pleasantly sweet smell in my nose.

"Keep her distracted," I heard a voice say from somewhere far away.

I wanted to tell him I felt plenty distracted, but only a weak giggle left my mouth. I gently coasted along for a few years before I felt some pleasurable vibrations start in my nether regions. I felt something large and bumpy slide into my eager pussy, and then something almost as big make its

way up my ass.

I should have been complaining over the size of the thing, but it just felt too damn good right now. My entire body was one massive erogenous zone, and I felt like the queen of the world. I couldn't complain, even when the toys between my legs inflated to nearly double their original size.

I didn't come back down to reality until the vibration intensity passed well beyond 'jackhammer' and was something closer to an '8.0 Richter Scale Earthquake'. At that point, my orgasm sent me straight from never-never land, and directly into sub-space. Do not pass go... do not collect two hundred orgasms.

Ok... so maybe my mind wasn't completely back on track yet.

Mistress Jill's next words brought me pretty damn close, though.

"In case you haven't figured it out, you're about to star in the UBD during our live show. You've also earned so many punishments... I can barely keep track of them all. You failed at orgasm control multiple times, you failed to finish your training, and you failed to give me the three or four more orgasms I wanted to get before the show began."

What was going on? This didn't sound like Jill... I mean Mistress Jill... I was confused again.

"You also need punishment for failing to help us suit you up, you didn't help us strap you into the UBD, and I have a sneaking suspicion you'll be cumming many, many more times tonight... all without permission."

This didn't sound good...

"I know I'll be submissive to you again someday, but you've got a lot coming to you before that day arrives. Master Laste is determined to fulfill all of the unfulfilled requests we've gotten over the last month, so this may take a while. The show's about to start, so try to enjoy it if you can... I know I will."

I barely heard her parting words as another massive orgasm engulfed me and made me see stars. The intensity of the vibrators never ramped down at all, and I knew I was in deep, deep trouble. This was beyond what I thought I'd agreed to, but I'd play by the rules. After all, I'd expect nothing less from anyone else.

By the time the show was over and I'd had about my millionth orgasm, my mind was shattered. I was broken. My will was non-existent. I knew I'd do whatever Mistress Jill asked of me without question and without complaint. I also knew I'd never had so much fun in my life and I hoped we'd be exchanging the favor often.

Submission could be fun, even for a dominatrix.

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## **Part 5: The Master's Price**

### **The Price**

“The rules of your stay are simple,” I said. “You either obey, or you go to jail.”

“C’mon, Laste,” Sherri said, trying to sound sweet and innocent. “I think you’re blowing things way out of proportion.”

“That’s Master Laste. This is my house, and I don’t tolerate any disrespect here.”

“Sorry... Master Laste. But how can I agree when you haven’t even told me what rules I need to follow are?”

“But I did. Your world is now one simple rule: You obey.”

“How long will it be until you count us even and I get out of here?”

“That depends on how hard you work at it, but most people make it through my training program in a month or two.”

“How do I know you’ll ever let me go?” she asked, looking nervously at Monica, one of my permanent house slaves who was waiting by the doorway.

“I’m both a professional, and a man of my word. Not only that, but enough outside people know you’re here that I just can’t make you disappear. Your stay here won’t be a secret, and that’s part of your punishment.”

I could see the emotions run through her as she thought about what I said. Suspicion turned to relief and then to humiliation. I could also see she’d agree, but would try to appear hesitant in order to gain some concessions. I could read her like a book.

In the end, she agreed and I had Monica escort her to the dungeon for her initial preparations.

“What do you think, Monica?” I asked, once she returned.

“She’ll be trouble for a while. She plays the part, but isn’t a true submissive. She also thinks she’s smarter than she really is and will probably try to negotiate everything you tell her to do.”

“I’ll be sure to take her recommendations under advisement,” I said, chuckling.

That was almost enough to make Monica chuckle herself, but she stifled it in time. I gestured at the phone and she quickly brought it to me.

“Go begin the preparations,” I said, as I began dialing.

“Hello, Lilith,” I said, hearing her voice answer. “It’s begun. Pack your bags and I’ll have a car come by to pick you two up in about an hour.”

I was smiling as I hung up. I would enjoy breaking Sherri; probably at least as much as Lilith would. I took a sip of cognac and tried to decide what training she’d need most... there was so much to do, and so little time to do it. She’d be a changed woman by the time she left here; I’d make sure of it.

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I walked with confidence as I followed Monica, but inside I was close to panicking. Sure I’d done a lot of bondage modeling over the past few years, but nothing even close to a 24/7 submissive stint. I hoped he’d go easy on me.

She led me into a white, well lit chamber at the far end of the hall and gestured for me to take a seat in the only bit of furniture in the room. It looked like a gynecological chair that had an accident in a leather factory, and I slid into it nervously.

She efficiently strapped me down at my ankles, wrists, and chest before leaving me there alone. I didn’t know what to think, and sure didn’t know what was going on, but all I could do was wait. I hated waiting.

When she finally returned, she was pushing a large cart in front of her, and I recognized it as a laser hair removal machine. I started feeling better about my situation, as I’d always wanted to do it, but didn’t want to pay the exorbitant prices the salons charged.

It took far longer than I expected, and I was pretty sore by the time she was done from having to sit for so long, but the end result was worth it.

Every unwanted hair on my body was now a thing of the past.

She gave me a nice sponge bath and rubbed lotion over my whole body, paying maybe a little more attention between my legs than was absolutely essential. This was better than any spa I'd been to.

She wheeled the cart off to the side and began selecting some clothes from a large, antique looking wardrobe. It looked like my outfit was going to be mostly latex, and I looked forward to feeling its sensuous caress on my skin. I absolutely loved latex.

She released my legs first, and worked a pair of latex panties up my legs. The lotion she'd used earlier must've been pretty slippery, since they slid up with no problems, even without any talc. I flinched as I felt something hard press against me down there, and I realized I'd missed the fact that the panties had a built in dildo.

She used some more of the lotion and began sliding it home. Make that 'them' home, as I also felt an intruder making its way into my rear passage. They weren't too big and actually felt rather nice once fully seated.

Long latex stockings were next, and she got them on perfectly straight without any wrinkles or creases. She definitely knew what she was doing, and since she was wearing the same kind herself, it was obvious she'd had lots of practice.

Leather knee boots were next, and while they weren't quite ballet issue, the six inch heel made them pretty close. They felt tight and stiff by the time they were fully laced on, but I didn't mind since I knew the extra support would make it easier to walk in them.

I'd begun to have the feeling I was being pampered, but a pair of wide leather cuffs being locked around each ankle quickly reminded me why I was here. Finished with my legs for now, she strapped them back down to the chair, added a strap around my upper thighs, and released my arms.

She helped me to sit upright and then held out a shiny one-piece top for me to slide my arms into. I thought at first it was too big for me, since my hands never made it out of the sleeves. It wasn't until she finished fastening the back and pulled my arms across my stomach that I figured it out. It was a damn straitjacket!

I started to complain, but she simply stopped what she was doing for a moment and jammed a soft rubber gag into my mouth. It took only seconds before she had it firmly strapped in place and began pumping it up, effectively silencing my complaints. She unscrewed the hose and bulb, leaving me with a smooth, flat panel covering my lower face.

She finished securing me into the straitjacket a lot tighter than I would have thought possible, but by the very nature of the design, I found it wasn't too uncomfortable. Once she was satisfied, she quickly pulled my hair into a pony tail near the top of my head and tied it off.

A hood was next, and she found herself struggling to pull it into place, as it was probably a size too small. I had a brief moment of panic when she stopped to pull my pony tail through the top, since part of it was cutting off my air supply. Luckily she finished fiddling with it fairly quickly and got it properly in place.

I found it tight, but tolerable, and hoped we were almost done. A wide leather collar was next, covering the seams where the hood met the jacket. It looked fairly imposing, with four D-rings spaced equally around it. When I heard it being locked in place, I knew I'd be wearing this rig for quite a while.

She let me lay back down again and went back to my ankles to release the straps. I saw she had a short, eighteen inch chrome spreader bar, and once it was locked in place I knew it would also be serving in place of a hobble chain. Walking with that thing would be problematic at best.

She removed the last strap, clipped a leash to the front D-ring on my collar, and helped me to stand. She reached between my legs and pulled the crotch strap on the straitjacket into place, reefing it tight enough to pull me off my feet for a moment. She was a lot stronger than she looked.

It took me a moment to get my balance, but once I did, she started pulling on the leash, forcing me to take my first awkward steps as she led me in a circle. I guess I must have been grunting too loudly with the effort. She stopped me, reconnected the inflator bulb to the gag, and gave it three more firm squeezes before removing it again. Another tug on the leash started me walking again.

It wasn't quite as hard as I initially thought. I learned to put a bit of hip action into my stride, and I was limited to some fairly short steps, but I soon



figured it out and was walking at a decent pace. The hip action I was using meant the plugs inside me were shifting with each step, and I worried they might become overly distracting if I had to do a lot of walking.

“Good enough for now,” she said. It was the first time I heard her speak since I arrived.

She led me out of the room and past the stairs we’d taken to come down here. With a solid bar between my legs and the high heels, I doubt I could’ve managed even a single step up them. It was then I realized that even if they didn’t restrain me any further, there was no way I could ever leave the basement unless they wanted me to. For better or worse, I was here for the duration.

## Service

She led me into a huge room that looked far too opulent to ever be considered a dungeon, even though it had all of the requisite equipment. I could see a St. Andrew's cross, a solid looking restraint chair, several different types of benches and tables, both horizontal and vertical posts, and a multitude of ropes and chains hanging from the ceiling.

Covering the far wall was a larger selection of restraints and toys than any three fetish shops combined. This was obviously the room I'd heard Master Laste refer to as his play room. It didn't look very playful when you were on my end of things, and I found myself sweating more from nerves than from the walk here.

She unclipped the leash from my collar and left me 'free' to walk around. Without the use of my hands, the closed door was enough to keep me from wandering out of the room. I took the opportunity to look at the more mundane parts of the room.

It had several comfortable looking pieces of furniture, a fully stocked bar, several massive flat-screen TV's, and a fireplace big enough to roast a whole cow. I knew Master Laste was well-off, but I began to wonder how rich he really was if he could afford to furnish a mere play room like this.

"Come here," Monica said from behind the bar where she'd been working.

I began shuffling over, but obviously not fast enough to suit her. "Hurry up, you stupid bitch. Master Laste is on his way with guests, and if you're not ready when they arrive, we'll both get a whipping."

I wasn't sure if she was serious or not, but I doubled my efforts, just in case. The first thing she did was reef a thick leather belt around my waist. It immediately cut into my ability to breathe, and I tried to let her know it was too tight. She ignored me and continued her work.

I felt cool air hit my nipples as she unzipped two small openings over my breasts. Using a combination of her fingers and an ice cube, she quickly

had them standing at attention. I knew she was preparing me for some nipple clamps, but it was still a shock when she put them in place. It was a good thing I was so well gagged.

They were heavy-duty clover clamps with a long thin chain running down from the end, and they hurt like hell. Next, she attached one end of a serving tray to my waist belt, and I knew where this was going.

She had me squat until the tray was perfectly horizontal, and resting on the edge of the bar. Working quickly, she fastened the chains from my nipples to the far corners of the tray and had me stand up straight again.

The weight of the tray made itself immediately known to my poor nipples, and I could only hope they didn't put too much extra weight on it during my service. Using a level, she fine-tuned the chain length until everything was perfect.

A posture collar was next, and with my head now held high, I was glad I took a few minutes earlier to learn the lay of the room. I felt her fiddle with something between my legs, followed by a sharp tug on my already strained nipples as she dropped something heavy onto the serving tray.

"This is a battery pack with a mercury control switch. You might want to stand perfectly straight right about now," she said, holding up a tablet and pressing an icon.

I guess I must have been slouching slightly, since a literal pain in my ass let me know I wasn't holding the tray level. I leaned back and overshot the target. I felt another electric stab of pain shoot through me, and I had to rock back and forth several times before finding the center point.

Once I did, I began feeling some gentle vibrations in my pussy. The message was fairly obvious; perfection earns a reward, and sloppiness earns a punishment. Knowing it didn't make it any easier, though.

It seemed I could only hold the perfect position for a few seconds before tilting too far one way or the other. Walking would be impossible. After studying me for a few moments, she fiddled with something on the tablet and then placed it on the tray.

"Since this is your first time, I lowered the sensitivity of the switch. It's not a lot, but I can almost guarantee you'll need it. Turn around, walk to

the end of the bar and then come back. It's all the practice you'll have time for."

I gave it a try, but no matter how straight I tried to keep my back, I found myself getting shocked every second or third step. With the changed settings I could just barely manage to hold my position while standing still, but I didn't see how it would be possible while moving.

She filled three small flutes with champagne, placing each one on the tray once it was full. They were fairly small glasses, and didn't add a lot of weight. I felt lucky she didn't pile a ton of stuff on the tray, and wondered if she felt a little sorry for my situation.

"For your own good, whatever you do, don't spill a drop tonight. Go stand at the end of the bar and wait for Master Laste to seat himself before serving him and his guests. You will always serve him first unless otherwise instructed, followed by the next ranking guest. Don't fuck it up."

I wasn't sure how I'd know who the next ranking guest was, but I'd cross that bridge when I came to it. I began walking in place so I could get a feel for it, but aborted when I heard the door open.

"Please make yourselves at home," I heard him say. "What's mine is yours for the duration of your stay."

My heart sank lower than my stretched out nipples when I saw who his guests were. It was Mistress Lilith and Jill. I knew they both wanted to extract a measure of revenge on me, and here I was standing helpless before them. I was fucked.

They took their seats in front of the main TV area, chatting amiably about inconsequential things like the weather. I composed myself as best as I could and started walking over. I managed to make it over to the side of Master Laste's chair without too many shocks, but then ran into my first problem.

He expected me to lower the tray down to where he could comfortably grab his glass. I had to awkwardly squat, and it was easier said than done. Standing straight again was even harder, and I stumbled, almost falling over. I thought I might have spilled a bit, but couldn't see the tray to know for sure.

I took Mistress Lilith her glass next, and was forced to squat at her side

for close to a minute before she finished telling the others about how much positive feedback was still rolling in from their last show. My legs were shaking with the strain by the time she finally took her glass.

Jill took her glass fairly quickly, but rested her hand on the tray while doing so. It was all I could do to hold back my screams as I found myself being punished at both nipples and ass. I did stumble this time when she finally took her hand away, and I was glad the glasses were already gone.

“This is some excellent champagne,” Mistress Lilith said.

“Would you like some more? We have plenty.”

“I think I will.”

I hurried over to her side to get the empty glass and bring it back to Monica for a refill. She filled it to the brim, and I kept reminding myself with every step to be careful not to spill any. Of course, by the time I delivered it, Jill was ready for a refill so I had to make the trek all over again, and then a third time for Master Laste. I now began to curse Monica for using the smallest champagne flutes available.

One at a time, they kept me moving in a never ending cycle back and forth to the bar. After my ninth round, I started getting the hang of walking this way and found the vibrator humming more and more often.

That began causing its own problems as it was now distinctly distracting. To make matters worse, my legs were starting to give out and I couldn't stop them from continuously shaking. I wasn't sure how much longer I could hold out before making a catastrophic mistake.

“So what do you think of our drink service tonight,” Master Laste asked.

“Pathetically slow,” Mistress Lilith replied. “She obviously has a lot to learn if she's ever going to amount to anything.”

I felt both angry and embarrassed at her words. This wasn't as easy as it looked, and she probably had no clue about the twin invaders working me over almost non-stop. Then again, she probably *did* know, and just didn't care.

“It's her first night, and while I agree she's been moving at the speed of a stoned snail, at least she didn't spill much.”

Crap... I thought I slopped some over the edges a few times, but this was the confirmation I was dreading.

“Finish your drinks and let me give you the fifty-cent tour. I’ll also show you the rooms you’ll be using while you’re here and give you a chance to freshen up and change. We’ll come back later and see if we can’t give her some incentive to do better next time.”

I collected their empty glasses and made my way over to the bar while they left the room. This was a new low for me. Monica unhooked the tray and battery pack, but left the belt and clover clamps in place.

Using the chains as a leash, she pulled me over to a padded bar and had me lean over it. Not giving my tortured nipples a break, she tied them down to the floor in front of me, causing me to lean even further forward over the bar.

She didn’t bother with any other restraints, and didn’t need to. With my nipples pulled cruelly to the floor, there was no way in hell I was going to try and stand up. I hoped she wouldn’t leave me like this for long, or I’d be in some big trouble. In addition to the torturous throbbing of my nipples, my legs were also starting to cramp up, and my feet were killing me.

Could things get any worse?

## Revenge

After what seemed like hours, I heard the door open again. At their entrance, Monica hurried over to me and finally removed those evil clamps. My nipples been numb for so long that it took a few seconds before the blood returned, but when it did... wow! The pain was almost blinding.

Not getting a chance to recover, she pulled me over to one of the long padded waist-high benches and pushed me hard against the short end, holding me firmly in place. I felt multiple pairs of hands start working on me, and found myself quickly and efficiently restrained both below and above the waist.

Being forced to lean over the top meant my legs got a little break, but it also meant my arms were pressed harshly into my ribs. I felt someone remove the bar from my ankles and then my feet left the floor as my ankles were strapped to the sides of the bench. It forced my legs painfully wide, and the strain only got worse the more time went by.

They removed the collar, mask, and gag (thank god) which was a huge relief. I almost said something, but bit my tongue. While they hadn't specifically ordered me to stay silent, I didn't want to give them a chance to call me on it and punish me for speaking without permission.

I jumped when I felt a hard and unexpected slap on my ass, although the only thing that really moved was my head. I guess that was their way of testing the effectiveness of my restraints.

"Let's see how much you remember from last week," Master Laste said.

A sudden lash on my buttocks made me jump again, but more out of surprise than any massive amount of pain. It felt like they were starting off with a strap. After a few minutes of a slow and steady pace, there was a sudden increase in both the frequency and strength of the blows. I was just starting to feel the burn when they stopped.

"Very good," Master Laste approved. "Let's see the flogger next."

The thin latex covering my ass didn't provide any real protection from any of the blows, but I think it made them sound louder than normal. I could feel the sting of each hit, but it wasn't as bad as it could have been. I had a pretty good tolerance for pain, and could even have an orgasm from it when things went right.

The flogging continued for about five minutes, and by now I was panting from a combination of the pain, my restricted breathing, and the heat growing between my legs. I almost missed it when they finally stopped.

"Go ahead and rest your arm for a few minutes," he said. "Give us a turn at her."

"I think I'll rest my feet while you do," Jill said, hopping up on the bench in front of me and wiggling her way closer until her legs were over my shoulders and her pussy pressed firmly into my face. There was no way I was going to eat her out after what she did to me. This was too much!

"There's no way I'm going to – Ummm!" I was interrupted before I could voice my complaint by the simultaneous forcing of my face into her crotch, and a lash to my rear that was harder than all of the earlier ones combined. Knowing I didn't really have any choice in the matter, I stuck my tongue out and began licking and sucking.

It was humiliating, but I guess that was a big part of the revenge they had planned. I silently vowed to not let on how much I hated eating her out. I felt some stronger lashes strike my rear, and used it as a distraction.

It only took her a few minutes to cum, and I was tremendously relieved when she climbed off of me. Mistress Lilith soon took her place, and while it was still embarrassing, it was nowhere near as bad as being forced to pleasure someone I hated.

I felt a change in my punishment, and figured they were using some sort of paddle. I'm sure my ass was bright red by now, and it was hurting like hell. I couldn't seem to get into sub-space tonight, so there wasn't nearly as much pleasure coming my way as I hoped for.

It seemed like it took forever before Mistress Lilith finally came, and my tongue was almost painfully tired by the time she finished and slid away. To my surprise, Master Laste came around next and took her place. He was naked below the waist, and his erection was already impressive. He took the



time to put a ring gag in my mouth, obviously thinking I might try something stupid.

It wasn't the best angle for me to work with, and while he managed to get most of the length into my mouth, my bondage meant I was limited to strokes of only a few inches. It was also hard to breathe properly like this, but I made it work. I had to.

"Brace yourself," he warned.

I was glad of his brief warning, as an incredibly painful lash struck me across my left butt cheek, followed immediately by one on the right. It felt like both of the girls were going to let me have it with canes, and I wondered if I'd be able to finish Master Laste off before I broke down completely.

It was tough, but I found a rhythm that started to work on him. I would take him in as deep as I could and roll my head a little to let my throat stimulate his head. I would work his shaft as much as possible with my tongue, and when the canes struck and my head jerked, I'd use that to pull back as much as possible before sucking him deep again and repeating the cycle.

I thought it was a pretty good technique, but it took him longer to finish than the other two combined, and they were working me over with the canes the whole time. I don't think I'd be able to sit for a week after this.

The girls both complained about my amateur oral skills, and magnanimously allowed me to get more practice with them. I had to pleasure them each again, and the only saving grace was they finally decided my ass had taken enough punishment for one night.

They unstrapped my ankles and let my feet make contact with the ground. It was a huge relief, and I didn't even mind when they put the spreader bar back in place. It was the closest thing to a break I'd had since I started.

"Monica," Master Laste called.

"Yes Master?" she replied.

"How long has it been since I've let you have an orgasm?"

"Six months and five days, Master."

"Your service has been excellent lately, so I think you deserve some

relief. Sherri desperately needs to work on her oral skills so I want her to practice on you. You may cum as many times as you can, but if she doesn't do a better job the next time I offer her to a guest, you'll be the one who pays the price."

"Yes, Master, I understand. I'll make sure she learns how to properly please your guests, no matter how long it takes."

"Follow me, ladies," he said. "Dinner is about to be served, and I don't know about you, but I've worked up quite the appetite."

"That sounds good to me," Mistress Lilith said. "I'm absolutely famished."

"I could eat a horse," Jill agreed. "Maybe by the time we're done, Sherri will have learned how to serve us dessert."

I heard them laugh at Jill's parting shot as they walked away.

I felt Monica press the battery pack cable back into my panties before she walked into view. As she shimmied out of her own panties, I could see they had the same inserts as mine, and wondered why it'd been so long since she had an orgasm if she wore those all the time.

She fiddled with the tablet for a moment, and I felt my vibrator come to life on low speed. She removed my ring gag and quickly got into position in front of me.

"I suggest you get busy, or I might have to change the settings from vibrator on low, to anal shocks on high. It's been so long since the last time the Master let me cum, that I want to make sure I get as many orgasms as possible before he returns."

Despite how tired I was, I got busy and soon had her moaning in delight. She let me have a short break after each orgasm, but then I had to start again. And again. And again.

I was completely exhausted by the time she climbed off the table, and I prayed the others wouldn't be back tonight expecting round two. My luck was never that good, though, and I heard them laughing as they returned.

I had a sinking feeling that bad luck would be the only kind I'd have, as I struggled over the next month or two to pay the Master's price.

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## **Part 6: The Bondage Academy**

### **Initiation**

I woke to find my restraints being removed. Was it morning already? Or maybe it was someone wanting to have a little late night fun at my expense... I was still blindfolded and couldn't tell. I'd been left tied over a bench all night, with my arms trapped in a tight latex straitjacket.

Despite my exhaustion, I barely got any sleep at all, since they'd left both front and rear plugs stuffed inside me and powered up. The vibrator in my pussy had only run at a very low speed; not enough to give me any relief, but strong enough I couldn't ignore it.

The electric butt plug was worse, though, since it seemed to fire up at random intervals, and always at the worst possible time. All in all, it was the worst night of my life. A hand at the back of my collar pulled me upright, and I groaned when my weight reminded me how much I hated the six inch heels I'd been stuck in for the last day.

I didn't get time to recover. I felt a leash being clipped to the front D-ring of my collar before I was spun around and forced to start moving. The eighteen inch hobble bar between my ankles made walking hard at the best of times, but now with the blindfold I was really struggling.

"Stop fighting it, and just trust me already," Monica said, giving the leash another tug.

I felt a bit of relief when I heard her voice, and did my best to comply. Being a slave herself, she was at least a tiny bit sympathetic to my current plight and I knew she wouldn't hurt me... at least without orders. Her company was far preferable to the three other choices I might've expected.

Master Laste wouldn't have given me a warning, Mistress Lilith would've stopped on the spot to punish me, and Jill probably would've deliberately messed with me in order to force a punishment. Monica was simply following orders.

She guided me efficiently and without mishap out of the play room, and down the hall to a different room. We stopped somewhere in the middle, where she removed the leash and fiddled with something at my shoulders.

A few seconds later I felt an upwards pressure, and I found myself on tip-toes, supported from my shoulders. The straitjacket crotch strap was removed, as was the hobble bar, and my panties with the plugs. It felt good to lose some of my restraints, even though the straitjacket was now pulling my arms into my chest rather uncomfortably.

“Try to sit or squat,” I heard her say as I felt the pressure on my shoulders lessen.

She slowly lowered me closer to the ground until I was positioned like I was really sitting in a chair. After the brutal caning I’d received last night, I was glad to have an ‘air-chair’; something with a hard seat would’ve been torture right now.

She left me alone like that, but returned a few minutes later with something on wheels that clacked on the tile floor as she rolled it in front of me.

“Food is on the left, water on the right,” she said. “You’re probably parched, but I recommend saving some water for the end. The food tastes like shit, and you need to eat it all before we can continue.”

Confused, I leaned forward until I felt a tube touch my right cheek. I put my lips over it and sucked, receiving a mouthful of nice, cool water. I was so thirsty it was hard to stop from draining the whole thing.

Remembering her warning, I stopped and moved my mouth left to find the food. It was another tube, and as I sucked my first mouthful, I found she wasn’t kidding. It vaguely resembled oatmeal, but had a nasty, almost chemical taste to it.

Despite the taste, I sucked it all down as quickly as I could; I was starving. I drained the last of the water and let out a sigh of contentment. It was a horrible meal, but I felt a ton better now. I guess the little things in life really do matter.

Still hanging from my shoulders, I felt Monica remove my boots. It was such a relief, I didn’t mind that she refastened the cuffs back onto my

bare ankles and tied them off somewhere to the sides, forcing me to spread my legs a few feet apart. She finished by lowering me down a little more until my knees were up to my waist.

“Excuse me?” I said. “I’m not sure what your plan is, but I really, really need to pee.”

Her only reply was to jam a ball gag in my mouth. I heard her moving around the room for a few minutes, presumably putting things away, and then nothing but a closing door. I was left to myself in silence and darkness.

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“I hope you slept well,” I said to my two house guests.

“Most well,” Lilith agreed.

“I slept like a babe,” Jill said.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I had the cook set up breakfast ‘buffet style’ for us today. Monica normally serves, but she’s busy preparing our trainee for her initiation.”

“I don’t mind, and actually prefer breakfast to be less formal.”

“Then please follow me to the den. I have Sherri’s video feed tied into the TV there so I can make sure Monica follows her orders properly. Work never stops, you know.”

“I’m sure it’ll be more entertaining than the morning news. Lead on, and let’s eat.”

I led them to the den where we had a leisurely breakfast while watching Monica take care of Sherri’s initial setup. I’d told her to remain silent during the entire time so I wasn’t completely pleased with her, but she carried out the rest of her tasks reasonably well. Sherri was now alone in the room, and it was time to wait.

“So,” Lilith began. “What’s on the agenda today?”

“Once her morning preparations are complete, it’ll be time for her initiation.”

“What’s that mean?” Jill asked.

“It means we test her limits, find the areas where she needs

improvement, and give her training a proper direction.”

“It sounds like a lot of fun to me, and I want to keep learning. How can I help?”

“I’d be willing to let you help, but I normally charge a lot of money to train a Dom. If you want to participate, then I’ll require something in return.”

“Just name it.”

“For starters, I’ve got a party coming up with a lot of important guests. I don’t have enough servers right now, and need you to help.”

“Would I have to wear that rig Sherri was wearing last night?”

“You would be restrained, but not as severely. I need someone with their hands at least partially free, so you’d be able to carry your serving tray yourself rather than having it hang from your tits. You’d also be off-limits to my guests, although you can still earn punishments if you screw things up.”

“I can handle that, if it’s just for the one night. Is that it?”

“Not quite. For each day I train you as a Dom, you will serve me for two days as a slave.”

“I’m not so sure about that part,” she said, biting her lip.

“Nothing too severe,” I assured her. “Simply payment for services rendered, and you won’t have to go through the academy initiation like Sherri.”

“Ok, count me in. It’ll be worth it.”

“Why is Sherri wiggling around like that?” Lilith interrupted.

“Probably because I haven’t allowed her to use the bathroom yet this morning, and her discomfort is being augmented by all of the laxatives Monica put into her breakfast. She won’t be on solid food for a while, and this is the quickest way to clean her out before switching to enemas.”

“Being blindfolded, she doesn’t realize she’s in a wet room, or that she has a bucket underneath her. She’s trying to hold it all in, not knowing it’s a losing battle. Impressive,” Lilith complimented me.

“The process itself is a little disgusting, but the psychological effects are enormous and effective,” I agreed.

“It’s a good thing you have Monica to take care of the disgusting part

for you. How long before we resume action ourselves?”

“About three hours. Monica needs to let the laxatives run their course, rehydrate her, give her an enema, and then clean her up. You can watch the whole thing on any TV in the house, but it won’t be very exciting until Monica finishes getting her ready for us.”

“I can hardly wait.”

## Learning the Ropes

I'd never been so humiliated in my entire life... it felt like a piece of my humanity had been stripped away, leaving me hollow inside. I didn't even try to struggle when Monica removed my straitjacket and strung me up by my wrists. The only good things in my day was being clean at the end, and being able to leave this horrid room.

Wearing only four cuffs, a ring gag, and a collar, I was led into the Master's play room where she allowed me to lie on my stomach on a nicely padded, backless divan. My hands remained fastened behind my back and my ankles were now locked together, but I felt quite comfortable for once.

I tried to relax and enjoy it while I could, suspecting it wouldn't last long. I heard the door open and several people enter, and knew my guess was right. Master Laste sat on the end of the divan and lifted my head by my hair until he could slide over enough that his lap was under my head.

He was wearing an ultra-soft Turkish robe that tickled my cheek when he let my head fall back down. Monica was pushing a cart along the 'toy wall', adding items to it under the direction of Mistress Lilith. I couldn't see Jill, but knew she was somewhere behind me.

"When I ask you a question," Master Laste began. "You will answer with one grunt for yes, and two for no. If I find out you lie about an answer, you will be severely punished. Do you understand?"

I grunted once for yes.

"Good," he said. "Let's start with a few simple questions so I can learn more about what kind of experiences you've had. Have you had a lot of anal sex?"

I grunted no.

"I know you've had some, though. Did you enjoy it?"

No.

"Have you ever been double penetrated?"



Yes.

“Have you ever had all three holes in use at the same time?”

No.

“Do you regularly go for longer than a week without having an orgasm?”

No.

“Grunt a number between one and ten for the next two questions. How sensitive are your breasts?”

I thought for a second and grunted seven times.

“What about your pussy?”

I grunted an eight.

“Do you think you’re ready to let go of your previous inhibitions and obey me without hesitation?”

Yes.

“I believe that’s your first lie,” he chuckled. “But I’m willing to let that go for the moment, since it seems Lilith is finally ready for us to proceed.”

“I think we’ve got everything we’ll need,” she said.

“I want you, Lilith, to demonstrate on Monica, and then guide Jill through doing the same thing to Sherri. Start by stuffing her good with a dildo and butt plug, and then you can show Jill some basic rigging practices.”

Monica was standing to the side of me, so I’d be able to see what happened to her before having to experience it myself. Hopefully it would make this a little easier on me.

“I’m not familiar with your tolerances, Monica, so for this first time only, I’ll let you select the biggest toys you think you can handle.”

My eyes went wide when I saw the size of her selections, and I hoped it meant she chose the biggest ones on the table, leaving me with something smaller. Despite the huge girth, both toys went in without much problem and without any fuss from her. I was impressed... and scared.

Lilith quickly tied a crotch rope around her to hold them in place, and stepped to the side to let Jill make her selections. I started to shake my head

and repeatedly grunt no when I saw her pick up a pair of even bigger toys and begin lubing them up.

“Hold still and be silent!” Master Laste snapped, punctuating his command with a hard slap to my ass. “In fact, one of the things you need to learn is the ability to multi-task, so let’s work on that right now.”

He pulled my head up and moved his robe aside. He wasn’t wearing any underwear.

“You will give me pleasure while Jill learns her rigging lesson. You will not stop for any reason unless I specifically order you to.”

I felt Jill unclip my ankles and roughly push my legs apart until they fell off the sides of the divan. I stretched down to get at his member, but he wasn’t hard yet and I couldn’t manage to get it through the ring gag. I started teasing it with the tip of my tongue, figuring that was probably my best bet.

Jill rubbed some of the excess lube around my rosebud and pushed in with a finger a few times before placing the mammoth plug into position. She started applying more and more pressure, but the thing was just too damn big.

She gave up after a minute and went back to loosening me up with her hand. First one finger, and then two... three... and finally all four. She couldn’t get them very deep like that, but it was more than enough to stretch me wide. This time when she tried the plug, she managed to get it started, and then it was game over for me in a matter of seconds.

I raised my head and howled as it went past the widest part of the plug and earned four hard slaps on each ass cheek from Master Laste. His cock was mostly hard by now, and when I lowered my head this time, I was able to get it through the ring. I hoped to be able to bring him off fairly easy now.

Jill started pushing the dildo home now, and I swear it felt even bigger than the one I saw her grab. I wondered if she pulled a switcheroo, or if it just felt tighter due to the massive plug already filling me next door. I guess it didn’t matter either way; she wanted it up there, and wasn’t about to slow down for something as inconsequential as my personal comfort.

She made me raise my hips so she could install the crotch rope easier, and pulled it tight with a harsh yank. It drove the plugs even deeper inside

me, causing me to groan with pain, but at least it didn't interrupt my blowjob action this time.

"Not bad," Mistress Lilith complimented her. "A little slow, perhaps, but speed will come in time, and that was a difficult set of toys to start with. Let's do some simple ties, next. Double the rope over, feed the ends through the middle, wrap four times around the limbs and then cinch it through the middle twice before tying it off."

I couldn't turn my head to look, but I could see enough out of the corner of my eye to know Monica soon had her legs tied together at ankles, below the knees, and lower thigh. Jill pulled my legs back onto the divan and quickly had my ankles welded together. She struggled a bit getting the cinch rope through my legs once they were pressed close, but eventually managed to figure it out.

"Let me get Monica safely on the floor and we'll do the wrists next," Lilith said, and I felt my cuffs taken off, only to be replaced by more wraps of rope a minute later.

"Now it's time for the elbows. The easiest way is to get the first loop of rope in place, and slowly pull it as tight as you can. You can reposition the loop as many times as needed to get better angles, and if the elbows aren't as close as you like, you can use your free arm to squeeze hers together as you pull. Watch closely."

I couldn't watch myself, but her explanation pretty much said it all. A few minutes later, and Jill had my arms crushed completely together from wrist to elbow. Not only was it exceedingly uncomfortable, but the upper body strain meant I could no longer get Master Laste all the way into my mouth. I don't think he was pleased, but at least he didn't slap my ass again.

"You'll have to keep a close eye on circulation when you tie the ropes this tight, but she'll be fine for a little while. One nice thing about this position is that it can be turned into a tight hogtie with just one rope, and a few seconds of time. Watch closely again."

As my freedom of movement was slowly being taken away, I tried to work harder at Master Laste's blowjob, thinking it might soon be impossible for me to finish it if he didn't cum soon. As Jill slowly forced my legs up into the hogtie, I found it tougher, but not impossible to continue and was

relieved. I kept trying.

“These simple ties are the basis of all the common rigging work, and just need a few minor modifications to turn them into a new position. You should be able to do a strappado, frog tie, spread-leg hogtie, and... well... you get the picture.”

“I always thought it would be harder to learn this stuff,” Jill said.

“You seem to be a natural at it. Now, are you ready to take this to the next level?”

“I was born ready,” she replied.

I only wished I felt the same way.

## The Next Level

I sucked on Master Laste's cock for all I was worth, not liking the sound of what was coming, and hoping to be able to make him cum. I desperately wanted to avoid an extra punishment at the hands of the evil trio currently making my life a living hell.

Mistress Lilith started switching between the different ties she could perform without moving either Monica or me, and unfortunately for us, her knowledge was legion. The only good thing about the fast pace was that I didn't have time to lose circulation in my extremities or get badly cramped. It still sucked ass, though.

Speaking of sucking, I couldn't believe Master Laste hadn't gotten his rocks off by now. Either he wasn't human, I was sucking on a fake cock, or he had incredible self-control. I was leaning toward non-human, but it really didn't matter in the end. I kept doing my job on him, just as Jill did hers on me.

Lilith taught her how to properly secure my arms in the reverse prayer and box tie positions, plus countless others I couldn't comprehend or remember. All of my limbs were limp and useless by the time Lilith finished demonstrating the 'few basic positions' she knew.

I thought I'd get a reprieve when she said she was done, but that was just wishful thinking on my part. All it meant was now she'd be bringing more props into play to push Jill's training (and mine, I guess) to the next level.

I finally got several uninterrupted minutes in a row to work on Master Laste while Lilith explained in detail how to properly install a mono-glove arm binder for long term confinement. It was enough for me to finally get him over the edge, and he exploded against the back of my throat, causing me to choke and gag.

It was almost enough to make me puke, but I was able to hold it back, knowing it would've been a Very Bad Thing. As it was, he was displeased I

hadn't swallowed his cum and threatened to give me a good flogging if I didn't do better next time.

He'd warned me at the beginning not to stop sucking his cock until he specifically said so, and while I was reasonably sure it was safe to stop, reasonable didn't seem to apply too often in this house. I compromised by keeping his deflated cock in my mouth, and he didn't instruct me different.

It was now my turn to get the arm binder. Between not having to give a blowjob and how much better the smooth leather felt compared to the rough ropes, it almost felt like I was getting a rest break. It wasn't much, but I'd take whatever I could get.

"I was beginning to think you'd never come, Laste," Lilith said, laughing. "I told you she needed practice with using her mouth for something other than babbling bullshit."

"She's not the worst I've seen," he replied. "But she's too easily distracted. Her concentration is almost non-existent, and that's something that needs to be worked on rather quickly."

"Why's that?"

"I expect her to be serving during my upcoming gathering, and if she can't concentrate, she can't do her job. In a room full of milling people, the slightest lapse of concentration could lead to an instant disaster. Imagine what would happen if she tipped a tray full of drinks over Mistress Grey?"

"God almighty," she gasped. "That would cause an explosion on par with the eruption of Krakatoa."

I wasn't sure who Mistress Grey was, but I made a mental note to stay far, far away from her if at all possible.

"Look ... I've been at my rigging demonstration almost non-stop for what seems like hours already and I could use a break. Jill's also picked up every trick I've shown her on the first try, and I think she's earned a reward as well."

"What do you have in mind?"

"I know a little game that'll be fun for all four of us girls, give Sherri some much needed oral practice, and help with her concentration as well. It'll also let me find out firsthand if Monica is really as talented as you say

she is... all with your permission, of course.”

“I don’t mind, and I’ll admit I’m curious how you think you can accomplish all of that at the same time.”

“Do you have some dice?”

“I’m sure I can round some up.”

“We can share, so one is enough.”

“There might be some board games under the entertainment center. Is there anything else you need?”

“Maybe grab a notepad or something to keep score with.”

“No problem.”

“Jill,” she said, starting to sound excited. “Let’s put Sherri on the floor next to Monica and change the leg bindings to a frog tie.”

I was unceremoniously dumped in place and put into a frog tie. I had no idea what was going on, but I knew I probably wouldn’t enjoy it, despite Mistress Lilith’s words to the contrary. Jill was definitely getting more proficient with her ties, and had my ankles welded to my thighs almost as quick as Monica’s were.

“I can’t find shit over here,” Master Laste called out. “How does this game of yours work?”

“It’s pretty straightforward,” she began. “It’s basically all about orgasm control. Monica and Sherri will start eating Jill and I out, and every time one of them makes us cum, they get to roll the dice to determine how many points the other one gets.”

“Sounds simple enough, but how does that teach control?”

“Simple. We’ll crank their vibrators up to the max, and every time one of them cums, it means a penalty roll with the points added to their total. The one with the fewest points at the end wins. If you want to really make things difficult, you could also play with them and try to force a few extra penalties.”

“I can see where the dice would add a bit of extra spice to things, but let’s just count everything as one point this time.”

“That’s fine by me... I just like seeing the despair a high roll brings to

someone when the game's running close."

"I'll make sure we have some dice handy next time, but let's get this started. I'm curious to see how badly Monica beats Sherri."

I was getting pretty pissed off how everyone automatically assumed I was going to get my ass kicked in this competition. I was determined to prove them wrong. It would probably be the closest thing I'd get to an 'in your face' moment.

Jill sat down in front of me and wiggled in close. Master Laste made her remove my ring gag in order to make it a fair competition, and I was glad he was acting like a referee for this. Jill was not quite as amused.

"Since this is taking the place of my normal training program, and Jill already tried to cheat, I think I must insist on a few extra rules," he said.

"Like what?" Lilith asked, sounding suspicious.

"You'll both have to be strapped down to your partner to make sure you don't try pulling away to avoid having an orgasm, and I also think you'll need to lose the use of your hands."

"Screw that," Mistress Lilith said.

"It's my house and my rules. I'll let you play your little game, but I want it to be completely fair. It's either all four of you in bondage, or I call it off."

"Fine," she reluctantly agreed. "Let's do it."

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I thought this was a mighty fine game Lilith came up with, especially after my last minute modifications.

I tied Lilith in place first to make sure she wouldn't change her mind at the last second. I used more straps than ropes since they were faster, and soon had her past the point of no return. It was almost too easy, since all I had to do was get her to wrap her legs over Monica's shoulders, so I could strap them to the arm binder.

Jill had a chance to see what I was doing, and was holding herself perfectly in position by the time I was ready to strap her in place. Lilith was



right; she was a fast learner. I compared the two sets of girls and made a few slight positional changes before I was satisfied everything was as close to equal as I could get it.

A new idea came to mind, but I made sure to strap their wrists behind their backs before springing it on them.

“Even though this is just a game to you, this is still part of my training time. I need to record this to determine if is something I might want to add into future training sessions.”

“Forget it,” Lilith said. “I’m no sub, and if the tape gets out, I’ll lose all my credibility. I only agreed to perform in our last show because nobody would know it was really me in the UBD.”

“The point is not negotiable, but if that’s your concern, you could wear a mask. If you want this game to continue, then you have to abide by my rules.”

I could tell she was pissed off, but wavering.

“Fine... is there anything else we can do for you?” she asked sarcastically.

“Yeah, you need to lose the tops,” I replied on a whim, not really caring about the point.

“I don’t care,” she answered, to my surprise.

I picked a pair of matching discipline helmets and brought them back to the girls. If anyone was going to complain it would be Lilith, so I made sure to pull hers in place first. She made me work to get the built-in penis gag in place, but I’d done it too many times in the past to be easily beaten. I laced it tight and moved on to the next step.

Not quite trusting her compliance after my last trick, I unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it down until it stopped at her wrists. I then put a strap above her elbows to keep her arms in place while I released her wrists and took it the rest of the way off. I ‘accidentally’ forgot to remove the elbow strap after I refastened her wrists. Oops.

I repeated the process with Jill, and then tightened everything up a few notches until I was satisfied neither of them would have any advantage over the other. I didn’t bother setting up any extra cameras, since everything in

my playroom was already being recorded from multiple angles anyway.

For the longest time, Lilith was pure Domme and Jill thought she was just a Sub... a blind man could see they were really both 50/50 switches. It would probably take Lilith longer to admit it, but the end result was inevitable, and now it was time for her next step down the path.

Her reactions during this game would let me see just how long her road really was. I poured myself a glass of wine, pulled a chair into a good viewing position, and turned the vibrators on to full power.

“Let the games begin!” I unnecessarily shouted.

If I was a betting man, I would have to pick Sherri to lose it first, since she was the only one who hadn’t had an orgasm recently. Lilith would soon follow since she’d already be horny from the bondage I’d put her in, even if she didn’t know why she was so hot.

Plus Monica really did have a special gift for using her mouth, and could probably get Lilith going on a multiple orgasm session lasting for hours. Monica would be the landslide winner tonight for sure.

I was right on the money with my initial call, but after that, the orgasms started rolling in at a surprising pace. Hardly a second went by when at least one of them wasn’t cumming, and it wasn’t unusual to see two or three at once. It actually became hard to keep score for a while, but they were all quickly losing steam.

It was all down to endurance now, and I almost broke out laughing when I realized Lilith had made a HUGE mistake when she set her initial rules. She forgot to set a time limit to her little game.

I got up to refill my wine glass with an ear to ear smile on my face. You simply couldn’t buy entertainment like this. I brought the whole bottle back to my chair and made myself comfortable... this would take a while.

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## **Part 7: The BDSM Party**

### **Preparations**

My routine hadn't changed much over the last two weeks, so I knew what was expected of me when I awoke. As soon as the lights came on, I had five minutes to get my ass out of bed and get out the door. If I didn't leave my cell in time, the door would automatically relock and I'd be forced to wait for someone to collect me. I'd be punished for that.

I had another five minutes to make it to the exercise room, which wasn't too hard, even with my ankles connected by an eighteen inch hobble bar and my wrists fastened by my sides to a waist belt. I'd gotten good at walking and opening doors like this, and hadn't earned a morning punishment in close to a week.

I usually had about fifteen minutes where I could stretch a little and try to warm up before Monica arrived to get me out of my 'sleeping duds', and give me my exercise regimen for the day. She removed my ankle cuffs and put ballet boots with an eight inch heel on my feet before leading me over to a machine.

She refastened the ankle cuffs and hobble bar over the boots and changed the battery pack on my waist belt. The batteries powered both the vibrator in my pussy and the electric plug in my ass. I was told it could last for days, but they liked to keep it fully charged.

She selected a monoglove for my arms this time and quickly had my arms trapped together behind my back. It wasn't my favorite, but wasn't as harsh as some of the other choices she could've made, like putting them into a tight reverse prayer tie.

Today was the treadmill, and after connecting me to the harness above to make sure I could neither step away, nor fall and hurt myself, she set it on a reasonably tolerable speed and left me to keep up as best as I could. It wasn't easy to walk with the hobble bar and boots, but that's why I needed the practice.

The vibrator would run at a low speed as long as I was doing a good job, but if I stumbled or got too far back on the treadmill, I would get a series of shocks from the butt plug. Each error would add one extra shock to the cycle, so it was in my best interest to be as perfect as possible.

It wasn't too hard at the start, but if the speed picked up (which it usually did) I'd be in trouble. It was also hard by the time I was near the end of my ninety minute workout, with fatigue making me stumble somewhat regularly.

After my exercise it was time for the wet room where I'd be strapped down in a seat-less chair. I'd get to eat and drink, although there wasn't much difference between the two. My food consisted of an oatmeal like substance I had to suck down through a tube. My water came from another tube, and it always gave me a mental image of a gerbil's water bottle.

Another day, another dollar... or in my case, another enema. I was always given one during breakfast, and thought it was horribly disgusting at first, but now I was used to it. I was usually given a shower after breakfast, but sometimes was just hosed down if they were in a hurry for some reason.

Today was a hose day, and I briefly wondered what they had in store for me. I didn't waste the energy to try second guessing them, since I really had no say in the matter from the second I entered Master Laste's academy. Such was my life since I'd become known as slave Sherri.

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"Only six inch heels today, Jill" Mistress Lilith said. "You do well with the higher ones, but we need you a bit more mobile for the party."

I nodded and selected a nice red pair of knee boots from the wall of footwear in front of me. "It's a little early to be thinking about dressing for the party, isn't it?"

"Sherri isn't the only one who needs to practice in her uniform. You'll be representing both Laste and me tomorrow night, not to mention your own potential future in our society."

"Do you really think they might accept me?" I asked, selecting black latex stockings and panties next.

“You’re a natural born Domme,” she assured me. “It’s not common for a sub to advance, but not unheard of either. You’ll be in a unique position during the party, being bound to serve, but not gagged so you’ll be allowed to socialize. You’ll be wearing a white collar.”

“Why white? I was going to pick a nice red one to match my shoes.”

“God, no... hasn’t Laste told you about the collar code for these parties?”

“Not a thing.”

“Start getting dressed and I’ll give you a quick explanation.”

I changed out my red shoes for a white pair and quickly grabbed the rest of what I needed.

“They developed the collar code since these parties sometimes get a little wild, and there were incidents of people taking too many liberties with slaves who were unable to resist. Things are much more civilized and orderly now.”

I lubed up and inserted both the front and rear plugs built into the panties and wiggled everything into place, fascinated at what she had to say.

“A plain black or steel collar designates someone who’s either a new slave or a trainee. It gives them some protecting from unwanted attention, but not a lot. Permission is usually granted if someone wants to have some reasonable kind of fun.”

The stockings were next, and I took care to make sure they were perfectly straight. She began helping me while continuing her speech.

“Monica and a few others will be wearing a blue collar, signifying they’re part of a household and completely off limits. If she needs to be punished, it’ll be Laste who does it, and nobody else. Your white collar offers close to the same protection, but means you’re also a candidate for advancement. Sometimes when a slave marries her master, she’ll wear the white collar as a mark of her station.”

The boots were next, and we each took one to lace up.

“Then we come to the colors you never want to wear. Green means the slave is available for sexual services to anyone at any time. Purple is for a slave who needs to be punished, and they can be flogged by anyone, even

another slave, if their master/mistress so allows.”

“What about the red one you stopped me from taking?”

“Red means anything goes. Any slave who earns herself a red collar can be humiliated, tortured, screwed, or even worse.”

“Should I even ask?”

“One time I saw a red collar slave strapped down in the bottom of a port-a-potty and turned into a human toilet for the night.”

*Note to self: never put on a red collar.*

“Sometimes a slave might earn a different collar than the one she started the night with, and if that’s the case, a colored ribbon is usually used for the new designation.”

We finished with the boots and started on the corset. While not as severe as some I’d worn, it still restricted my breathing a fair amount. I loved wearing a corset now; especially the way it pushed my breasts up and made them look even bigger than normal.

I managed to get my shoulder length gloves mostly in place by the time she was done with the corset laces, but needed a bit of help at the end. White leather cuffs were then locked on to each wrist, followed by the (thankfully) white collar around my neck.

The cuffs were connected in front of me by a foot long chain, and with a playful slap on my ass to get me going, we went to the ballroom where the bulk of the preparations were taking place. It felt a little weird to be in what I considered as half-bondage; I was used to being either fully restrained, or completely free.

The ballroom was a flurry of activity. A long row of serving tables were already set up along both sides and several round tables were positioned in front of the stage. Each one was in the process of being covered with a crisp, white tablecloth.

“Laste!” she called out. “We’re all set and ready to work. Where do you need us?”

“The food tables are on the left, toys on the right. Can you take care of the napkins and all the other crap needed to make the buffet presentable?”

“Sure.”

“Good. Jill can take Monica’s place and help Sherri with unpacking the toy chest. Everything needs to be neatly organized on the tables by type. Inserts and gags closest to the stage, followed by restraints and then all the punishment items.”

We’d passed the ‘toy chest’ as we entered the ballroom, and I wondered why it wasn’t closer to where we needed it. I guess it was to give us more practice at walking in uniform, but I personally thought it was a waste of precious setup time.

Then again, maybe the big rush this morning was so we *could* have this practice time. I shrugged my shoulders and turned to go to work. A hand on my shoulder stopped me at the doorway, and Master Laste made a few additions to my uniform.

He attached a battery pack to the back of my corset and connected the wires to my panty inserts. He also attached a hobble chain to my ankles, but it wasn’t too restrictive since I couldn’t take huge strides wearing my high heels anyway. He pressed something on his tablet and sent me on my way.

A moment later and I felt the vibrator kick in. Never enough to allow me to cum, it was more of an annoying distraction than anything else. I got a rude surprise when I stopped at the crate to grab my first items; the moment I stopped, the butt plug began shocking me.

Ok, it was a ‘carrot and stick’ type of program he activated. I was a bit annoyed he chose to do this to me while I was helping him set everything up, but I guess this was to be a true trial run for what we’d have to deal with during the party.

Sherri was standing in front of the crates, waiting for my help since she couldn’t pick anything up on her own. I slowly walked around her (making sure to never stop moving) and inspected the uniform she’d be wearing at the party.

She had her arms bound behind her with each palm on the opposite elbow and held in place with leather straps along the length of her forearms. Straps also pulled her upper arms together and welded the whole thing to her back. All in all, it was a very efficient box tie arrangement.

She had a serving tray attached to the front of her corset, with rubber lines leading from the front edge to the clover clamps on her nipples. She also had a pair of loose chains running from the front up to her shoulders, I guess to prevent the nipple clamps from being ripped off during service.

I put a bit of pressure on the front and found it had enough slack to give her nipples a good stretching, but that was about it. She howled into her gag at my little test, but couldn't do much more than that. My plug started shocking me again, so I quickly moved along.

Just then I realized Sherri would also have the program running, so she was getting shocked the whole time I made her wait. I smiled and took a bit of extra time before filling up her tray and letting her slowly shuffle into the ballroom with her load.

Maybe this practice would be fun after all.



# The Party

“Welcome, everyone, to my annual spring gathering,” Master Laste said from the stage.

“I’d like to thank you all for making time in your busy schedules to visit me in my humble abode, and I’d like to give special thanks to Mistress Grey for generously volunteering the use of her personal serving staff tonight.”

He inclined his head to someone in the crowd and received a gracious nod from a rather formidable looking woman seated near the front.

“We won’t be quite as formal this year, so feel free to eat, drink, mingle, or otherwise enjoy yourselves. We have a few shows booked this evening, but plenty of spots are still open if you wish to participate. What’s mine is yours tonight... within certain limits of course,” he finished with a chuckle.

That was our cue to start roaming around the room with our trays of drinks, and in case I missed it, electricity started pulsing in my ass to make sure I got moving. I groaned as I started my rounds, but it was barely audible due to the custom fitted gag I was wearing tonight.

I was forced to hold a disgusting goo in my mouth for close to an hour before it set enough to be used as a mold. The end result was a mouth filling monstrosity that was molded perfectly around my teeth and could either be clamped shut, or inflated wide.

I was supposed to start the night with it simply clamped shut which was the much preferable option, but I made too much noise when they made some last minute changes to my uniform. Master Laste was also still displeased with my practice session, and decided to make me pay for it.

My mouth was held tightly closed when he laced my posture collar in place, forcing it hard against my chin. Only once it was ultra-tight did he start inflating the gag, bringing me into a whole new world of suffering. I was glad the gag had an air hole through the middle, or I’d be in genuine

distress.

He replaced my regular inserts with larger, more powerful devices, and locked them in place with a cruelly tight chastity belt. To make matters worse, he also changed the program controlling my vibration and shock system. I might have considered it to a stroke of genius if I wasn't the one on the receiving end.

Expanding on the 'carrot and stick' theme, he connected the battery pack controller to a set of scales sitting on my tray. A bowl of tokens sat in front of the scales, and as I served his guests, they had the option of adding one to either scale, depending on how they thought my service was.

A token into the 'tip jar' side meant an increase in the speed of my vibrator, and one in the 'complaint box' would ramp up the intensity of my shocks. I guess they could also choose to remove tokens, but didn't think that would be likely.

I got off to a good start as I slowly did laps around the room, managing to keep a steady pace and only having to hold still a few times for guests who were unfamiliar with my tip system and wanted a closer look.

The crowd had roughly the same number of men and women, although there were a lot more female slaves present, in various levels of both restraint and undress. I was a little glad to see so many slaves here tonight, since a lot of masters preferred to be served by their own slave, and it meant less work for me.

Not a lot less, mind you. My drink tray got emptied with alarming regularity, forcing me to double-time it back to the bar so Monica could replenish my stock. She was quick to add a complaint token if she saw me returning too slowly for her liking.

Several guests gave me a tip, and one masked mistress even let me drink some wine through a straw she pushed into my breathing tube. I wanted to savor it, but wound up guzzling it instead. I couldn't taste much with the gag filling every inch of my mouth, and standing still meant my ass was on fire from the electric shocks. At least it lubricated the throat.

I was momentarily distracted when a naked slave was led on stage and put into a complicated rope harness. I wasn't a rope expert and couldn't see the point of the elaborate crisscrossed mess, but the rigger got a hearty round

of applause at the end of his demonstration. I guess he did a good job.

The girl was moved to the side where she would remain visible, but not be in the way of the next show. This was apparently a contest between two mistresses, each of who thought their slaves were better at orgasm control than the other.

My tray was empty again, and I received two more complaints from thirsty guests before I made it back to the bar. Monica quickly refilled it, but then cruelly added a full bottle of champagne and two bottles of wine to make sure no guest would go thirsty.

My nipples were now stretched to the maximum the chains allowed, but to add insult to injury, she also added two complaint tokens to my rapidly growing pile. Technically speaking, I guess she was adding injury to injury. I made my way back into the crowd.

I heard a scream of passion from one of the contestants, but didn't look to see who lost. I was too busy making sure I didn't earn any more complaints to really care. A few people added complaint tokens anyway, but that was probably just because they thought it would be fun.

Master Laste announced that as a result of the contest, the winning girl would be given permission to cum as many times as she could over the next hour, while the loser would be part of a demonstration for Master Brandon's new line of floggers and whips.

Over the next few trips, I served the masked mistress three more times, each one earning me both a tip and another sip of wine. I started feeling light headed, and wished she'd stop being so nice to me. I tried to decline her generosity on the third glass, but I saw a flash of anger cross her face and quickly started sucking.

She didn't say anything, but I could tell I'd pissed her off, and I resolved to avoid her as much as possible for the rest of the night. I had enough leeway in my route to detour around her at least some of the time. Then again, if I ignored her for too long, she might just add all my remaining tokens to the complaint pile.

The whipping demonstration was finally over, and both poor girls had to be carried off the stage, although the 'winner' started convulsing in orgasm while they were removing her, and I knew they'd 'forgot' to turn off her toys.

I hadn't had an orgasm in over two weeks now, and hearing her passion added fuel to the fire burning between my legs. I'd always had a healthy sexual appetite, and was accustomed to cumming every other night at a minimum, and often a lot more than that. The vibrators I'd been forced to endure since my arrival here were designed to only tease, and allow no actual relief.

On my next lap, I noticed my mystery benefactor talking with Master Laste and gesturing in my direction. I was too far away to hear what was being said, but I saw him shrug and nod assent for something. Whatever it was, I doubted it would be good.

I lost track of her for a while, but was kept too busy to really watch for her. Everyone seemed to want a drink while the stage was empty. It was a huge relief when Master Laste finally went back on stage to announce the next act.

It was a slave who'd earned too many punishments to reasonably be able to work them off, so she was given the chance to clean her slate tonight. For the rest of the night she'd be stretched out in a standing spread eagle, and anyone would be able to take a turn giving her ten lashes with either flogger or paddle.

I felt a little sorry for her, and wondered what she'd done to earn her purple collar. I wasn't too sorry, though, since it meant a line of people were forming next to the stage, and I got a bit of a reprieve.

I decided to head back to the bar early and get my tray refilled in case the guests worked up a thirst from her punishment.

"Not so fast, slave," a voice behind me said. "Laste agreed to let me add a little something to your outfit in case someone thinks you earned an extra reward. Wasn't that thoughtful and generous of me?"

It was the masked mistress, and she was holding a small funnel with a hose coming out of the bottom. She worked the hose into my breathing tube and then fastened it in place by way of a clamp to my septum. It hurt enough to make my eyes water.

By the time I managed to blink my eyes clear again, I saw her pouring some powder into the funnel out of a folded piece of paper, which she quickly stuffed into a pocket once it was empty. I started grunting in panic,

wondering what she was doing to me.

“Shh,” she said, rubbing my cheek and trying to calm me down. “It’s nothing that’ll harm you, and you’ll probably enjoy it tremendously. It’s just a few crushed up tabs of ecstasy to help the night go by faster.”

Her words didn’t do much to calm me, although I was slightly relieved it wasn’t anything worse. I’d tried ecstasy before without any ill effects, so could probably handle it tonight. She washed the drug down my throat with a bit of wine and picked up a handful of tokens.

She started dropping them into the tip jar one at a time... I heard eight clinks before she smiled at me and waved goodbye. I stood still for a moment trying to calm down, but forced myself to start moving again, as the powerful anal shocks were really getting painful from standing still for so long.

As soon as I resumed my rounds, the increased power of the vibrator was immediately noticeable. Being a larger and more powerful model than what was usually stuffed inside me, I wondered if it might actually give me an orgasm tonight. I was both craving one, yet dreading it.

If it sent me into convulsions while I had a tray full of drinks, it would be an absolute disaster. I decided to deliberately pause a little longer each time I stopped to try and negate some of the vibrators increasing effect on me.

My drinks started going quickly again as the people who finished whipping the poor slave came away with high spirits. I received four tokens on each side in short order, and the funnel was popular as well, getting some wine twice, plus the dregs of someone’s champagne.

I was feeling hot and flushed in more ways than one when I went back to the bar, and as I was standing there waiting for my refills, the throbbing anal shocks seemed to change. In the space of a few breaths, the throbbing pain changed into something pleasant... something very, very pleasant.

I didn’t even notice when Monica had finished loading me up, and it took a sharp rap on the tray to yank my nipples before I came back to reality. I was still in a daze when I started serving again, and was having a hard time walking straight.

Between the alcohol, the ecstasy, and a mostly empty stomach, I was in trouble. I should have been worried, but was too far gone to care, especially with how hot I felt down below. The masked mistress made sure to intercept me fairly often, adding either multiple tokens to both piles, or adding another ‘sip’ of wine into the funnel.

I’d no way of knowing for sure, but figured I had close to a full bottle of wine in my belly by now. By the time I made it back to the bar I was full out staggering, which is bad news when one is hobbled and wearing ultra-high heels.

I could barely think straight, and had a tough time seeing properly without focusing hard. I was seeing everything with a blurry double vision, and my depth perception was almost non-existent. Monica either didn’t notice, or didn’t care; she sent me on my way as soon as my tray was full.

I think I made it about a dozen steps before the heat in my loins finally broke loose in a massive orgasm. My vision went white as it engulfed me, everything else forgotten in the waves of pure pleasure coursing through my veins.

It seemed to go on almost forever, but my mind eventually cleared enough to take in my surroundings. I was on my knees in front of the masked mistress, the remains of my fully loaded tray still running down the front of her crotch and legs.

“I claim the need for satisfaction on this slave for her unforgivable actions,” she shouted. “I demand the red collar.”

## Consequences

As the saying goes, I had just shit and stepped in it. It wasn't really my fault, but I doubt anyone cared. Mistress Lilith and Jill picked me up from my shoulders and dragged me behind the bar to clean me up, while others quickly took care of the rest of my mess.

I saw Master Laste having a heated discussion with the mistress, but couldn't hear them. Several people's personal slaves were clustered at her feet, trying to clean her off and repair the damage I caused as quickly as possible. I was lucky she was wearing latex, so at least there wouldn't be a ruined dress to add to the price I'd need to pay.

They removed my tray and roughly washed me down. Once I was 'good enough', Jill clipped my collar to one of the lower cabinet handles, leaving me stuck on my knees. I had no idea what everyone else was doing, but whatever it was, it was out of my control.

The plug in my ass was still going strong, and as I squirmed around, I discovered I could briefly activate my vibrator as well. I rocked on my knees and felt myself quickly building up to another orgasm. I was in my own little world and no longer cared what the people around me were saying or doing.

I don't know how long it took to reach a decision, but eventually I was picked up and carried to the stage. Again on my knees, two people changed my leg bindings, while a third held my body upright so Master Laste could remove my gag.

"Not a word," he whispered. "I've struck a deal that'll save you from any permanent damage, but unless you want to find yourself tattooed and pierced, don't give her an excuse to escalate the situation. Remember... no matter what happens, not a single word."

I didn't think that would be a problem, since I couldn't even close my jaw right now, let alone talk. He held my eyes for a moment, looking grim, and his words cut through my mental fog enough to register. I would be silent for him.

He let go of my head and went behind the stage. I was briefly lowered to the floor, but then ropes were attached to the straps at my shoulders and I found myself rising again. My feet also started rising, but were also being pulled wide apart at the same time. The strain was pretty intense.

I was hanging face down about three feet off the floor when they stopped. Master Laste and another man returned from behind the stage with what looked like a barber's chair. They wheeled it over and positioned it under my head.

"Ok, folks," I heard him say through the PA system. "I'm sure you all are wondering what's going on. Mistress Lidia demanded satisfaction on this slave, but I can't allow what she wanted. This slave is under a specific temporary contract, and the red collar would cause me to break my word. Rather than make this a lengthy and boring council decision, we came to an agreement."

I heard high heels approach and then saw her stop next to me.

"Since the stage wasn't booked for anything else tonight, and this mishap seems to have drawn everyone's full attention anyway, I've given the stage to Mistress Lidia. She agreed a green collar would be acceptable, as long as some punishment is still doled out.

She daintily sat in the chair and pressed a button on the arm, spinning it until she was facing me.

"Since the lovely Jill has drawn more than a little interest tonight, we decided to let her demonstrate her natural talent for you all. She alone will be wielding whip and cane, although under green collar rules, you are all welcome to fondle, tickle, or make use of her body for your pleasure."

Another press of a button started raising the chair up. She changed the height and reclining angle until her crotch was perfectly positioned below my lips.

"I believe Mistress Lidia will most likely be making exclusive use of her mouth, but her other holes are wide open... pun intended... for your use."

I felt cool air hit my soaking wet crotch as the chastity belt was removed. I felt someone begin playing with my vibrator, instantly sending me over the edge into a blinding orgasm. I pressed my face hard into



Mistress Lidia's pussy to keep from howling too loudly.

"As you can see, she's primed and ready for you all, so feel free to have some fun. Thank you."

"She seems more than eager to me," someone snickered. "Maybe we should count her orgasms and grant her amnesty if she breaks our club record."

I heard murmurs of assent from the crowd and wondered what the record was.

"All you have to do is call 'mercy' at any time, and this will all stop," Mistress Lidia said.

I felt Jill start warming my ass up with a flogger, but remembering Master Laste's words, kept my mouth shut. Actually my mouth was open since I began licking and sucking on the pussy in front of me, but I didn't say a word.

The flogging on my ass didn't last long. A few seconds after it stopped, I felt the tip of a cock on my labia, rubbing up and down a few times before plunging in. It wasn't as large as my previous intruder, but it felt ten times better to have the real thing inside of me. If this was their idea of punishment, then sign me up any day of the week.

While he started off nice and slow, it didn't take long before he picked up the pace and was pounding me hard. I was being pushed so hard into Mistress Lidia, I could barely get any air. She didn't mind, especially since it was increasing her pleasure. Jill was alternating between rubbing, twisting, and pulling on my sensitive nipples, which was driving me absolutely crazy.

I came again, just a second before he did. A mere moment after he pulled out I felt a vibrating monstrosity fill the gap, forced deep as the chastity belt was roughly refastened. A sudden sharp lash hit me across both cheeks, causing me to howl into the depths of Mistress Lidia's folds again. Jill was caning me now.

It was enough to finally push her over the edge, and she came with a scream that echoed through the room. Someone began snapping rubber bands over the base of my tits. Probably two people, since they were both getting the treatment at the same time.

It wasn't long before I had maybe a dozen elastics circling each breast, causing them to painfully swell and throb. I felt something cold briefly touch me around my nipples before a searing pain struck.

I didn't know what it was at the time, and thought they pierced my nipples despite Master Laste's promise. It wasn't until much later I found out they'd rolled a tiny but strong elastic off a thimble to trap my nipples at the base.

Jill continued my caning for another couple of minutes, changing her frequency, strength, and aim so I couldn't anticipate her strikes. I came yet again from the combination of her attentions, and the monster that was vibrating me apart from the inside out.

I was still twitching with the aftershocks when I felt the belt come off again. I expected the vibrator to be pulled out again, but instead felt pressure on my butt plug. It hurt like hell coming out, but not nearly as much as what replaced it did.

An unusually long and thick cock pressed so deep inside me, I wouldn't have been surprised to feel it come out my mouth. I knew it wasn't a real cock when I felt it start vibrating, but I also felt a real body pressing against my ass. It must've been someone wearing a strap-on.

Jill started caning the soles of my feet, and while it hurt like hell, even that wasn't enough to distract me once I started getting my ass reamed by the dildo from hell. Despite the pain, I actually came twice more before she finished and pulled out.

She crawled underneath me and began playing with my vibrator. I felt a more normal sized cock press into my ass, my rosebud offering almost no resistance after the stretching it had just received. A hand... maybe from strap-on girl, began squeezing my swollen tits and pinching my nipples.

The combined sensations were driving me insane. Despite everything being done to me, I'd never stopped pleasuring Mistress Lidia, and I felt her start to tense up beneath me. Knowing she was close, I sucked hard on her clit and flicked it with my tongue until she exploded into another screaming orgasm.

This time her orgasm was accompanied by a gush of fluids that completely drenched my face, filled my mouth, and even went up my nose. I

had to wait for her to finish before I was able to swallow, blow my nose clear, and get some air in my lungs.

As the guy in my ass got close to cumming and picked up his pace, strap-on lady stopped playing with my tits, and began flicking my clit with the tip of her fingernail. I came almost instantly, but she kept at it, driving me into a multiple orgasm of epic proportions. The spurting in my ass added to the sensations, keeping me going on and on until I began squirting myself.

I must've stopped licking for a moment because I felt my hair being harshly pulled back, accompanied by Mistress Lidia asking if I was ready for mercy yet. I shook my head the tiny bit I was able, and must've got my answer across. She let go of my hair and I pushed my tongue into her folds again.

I felt something cold hit my rosebud and begin dripping down to my pussy. It felt like lube, but why would I need any lube there at this point? My ass was probably bigger than the Grand Canyon by now.

When will I ever learn to stop asking myself those kinds of questions? A new plug started filling me, and it almost felt like someone's arm was making its way up there. I'd never been stretched so badly before. Even once it was seated all the way in to the base, it still felt like my sphincter was about to tear apart.

Strap-on girl finally stopped playing with me and the belt was pulled back in place. Not that it meant I was lacking stimulation now. The vibrator was still running at full blast, and now she had two hands free to play with my aching tits.

My heat had leveled out from the extreme discomfort of being so overly stuffed back there, but was quickly on the rise again. Jill was using a zapper on my ass and inner thighs, but it was hardly worth mentioning at this point.

Just as I started to cum again, the butt plug roared into life, the new vibrations adding to those in my pussy, driving me to even higher peaks of ecstasy. I thought I'd never stop cumming, and almost blacked out from it this time.

Some slaps to my face brought me back from the edge, and after briefly catching my breath, I got back to work. I managed to make Mistress Lidia

cum again, but barely; I was too exhausted to do a proper job.

It must have been obvious to her as well, since she wiggled away from me slightly and said something to Jill I couldn't quite make out. Someone handed her a scary looking gag, which she immediately shoved in my face.

The short but fat penis on the inside of the gag was forced into my mouth, stretching it wide and almost tickling the back of my throat. On the outside of it was an eight inch long flexible dildo, which she guided into her hungry snatch as she wiggled her way back in place.

I felt some gentle vibrations on my teeth, and saw her hand slowly rubbing over her clit. She quietly (for once) moaned in delight, obviously relishing the sensations this new position was providing.

I felt my belt being removed again, with the vibrator soon following. Despite the pleasure of getting a real cock in my eager pussy, I'd actually hoped to lose the killer butt plug. I'd never hoped to get ass fucked before, and I almost laughed at myself for the thought. Then again, I'd never had someone park their pickup truck back there before.

The man behind me was driving into me hard, causing my whole body to rock forward and push the dildo gag just as deep inside Mistress Lidia. Someone handed her a long and super skinny vibrator, but it must've had some real power behind it, since she was rocked with another orgasm the instant she touched it to her clit.

I was treated to another orgasm myself, but despite how incredibly hot I still was, it wasn't as pleasurable anymore. I was so far past my normal limits, it wasn't funny. I felt the man hold himself deep inside me as he shot his load of hot cum. After he pulled out I felt it slowly running out of me and down my leg.

I was left feeling empty as Mistress Lidia said she needed a break and shakily got out of the chair. She offered her 'throne' to anyone who wanted it, and it was immediately filled by another lady. I think it was Mistress Grey, but couldn't tell for sure from my current viewing position.

Once she was comfortably in place, I felt a warm rag clean me between my legs, followed by yet another cock that started immediately thrusting in and out. The new mistress told the man to go slow, and his reply of "Yes, Mistress Grey" gave me positive identification... not that it really mattered.

She wanted to take her time and slowly build up in order to extract the maximum amount of pleasure she could from me. Fast or slow made no difference to me anymore, and I was regularly driven to orgasm almost like clockwork.

The man behind me had almost super-human stamina and control, and I think I came four times before Mistress Grey told him to finish up. Her orgasm went on for so long I thought it was actually multiple ones, and she called it quits after just the one time.

She was quickly replaced, as was the driving force behind me. It felt like either strap-on girl was back for round two, or someone else was wearing it. Either way was the same to me, though. She kept at it until the lady in the chair had cum twice, only slowing a bit after the first one to let the lady regain her composure before the second round.

I lost track of how many orgasms I'd endured by now, and wasn't sure I really wanted to know. They called me Sherri, the human dildo, and I was kept busy. It seemed like there was a never ending lineup for a spot on the chair, but after a while they seemed to run out people to provide the thrusting power behind me.

They solved that problem by bringing a motorized fucking machine into play. They bolted a large, spike covered plate to the front of the mechanized arm, and it was more than enough to drive my whole body forward into my next 'customer' sitting in the chair.

The spikes weren't sharp, but the rounded tips began to hurt quite a bit after a while since they were hitting in nearly the same spots every time. It was probably still preferable to not having it there, since without it, I could only be pushed forward by the dildo slamming into my cervix, which would have been dangerous.

Even after the line of ladies waiting for their turn in the chair dwindled down, I myself was given no respite. They left the machine running even when the chair was empty. Someone eventually shut it off when I hadn't had a new 'customer' in a long time, but the dildo was deep inside me when it was powered down, and they left it there.

The vibrating plug in my ass was still going strong, and it was transferring some of its power to the dildo, keeping me hot and bothered.

They'd probably long forgotten it was on, so I doubt I'd be getting any relief in the near future.

It seemed the party was starting to wind down, with some guests leaving, and others being shown to rooms set aside for their use. Eventually the room fell silent. I wondered why nobody had come to release me, but was too exhausted to care much. The vibrating plug got one final orgasm out of me before I passed out.

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## **Part 8: Ponygirl Training**

### **The Truth**

A slave's lot is not a happy one, especially when she's being punished for embarrassing her master. Since the party two weeks ago, I'd been constantly undergoing one sort of punishment or another, both night and day.

I thought it was completely unfair, since not only was I publically humiliated and tortured when it happened, but the incident hadn't even been my fault in the first place. Once I was done with my service to Master Laste and got out of here, I swore I'd find a way to get even with Mistress Lidia for what she'd done to me.

For now, though, I had to endure. My punishment regimen wasn't easy or fun for me in the least, but I guess that's the whole point of being punished. I just wished they'd let up on me at least once in a while.

There wasn't much chance of that with all four of them wanting a go at me.

Master Laste used my punishment as a chance to test the fiendishly clever devices he designed and built. From catsuits with built in TENS electrodes located throughout, to new vibrator designs that kept me on the absolute edge of orgasm for hours without letting me cum. He tested them all on me without hesitation, sometimes letting the trials run all night if he wanted lots of data.

His permanent slave Monica seemed to take my failure at the party personally, and was as harsh with me as her orders allowed. She was in charge of my morning routine, and I dreaded those sessions now.

She never put my feet into boots with less than an eight inch heel, and if she was in a particularly nasty mood, would put small beads inside before locking them on for the day. It was especially harsh if the beads were in place during my morning exercise on the treadmill.

She also increased the volume of my daily enema and sometimes added

cayenne pepper to it, which made it burn for most of the day. Not that I could complain, since she never removed my custom fitted gag anymore.

I spent most of the daylight hours with Mistress Lilith and Jill. Jill was learning how to become a Dominatrix, and I was their favorite teaching aid. Mistress Lilith was teaching her about a billion different ways to restrain someone (me) and how to properly punish them.

In addition to teaching the use of the plethora of whips and floggers available, she was also showing her how to make me punish myself through the use of predicament bondage. I hated those sessions the worst.

Well... second worst, actually. The worst was when they bedded me down for the night. I no longer had any freedom of movement during the night, and some of the restraint methods, especially the full body sleep sack, terrified me.

I usually had one or more of Master Laste's cruel devices shoved inside me for the night as well. I'd been kept extremely horny every night, but hadn't been allowed an orgasm since my punishment started. The sleep deprivation added up quickly, and made making it through the rest of the day even harder for me.

I don't doubt the punishments would've continued for my entire stay if I hadn't gotten lucky during one of Jill's lessons... if you can call having your arm almost dislocated during suspension bondage 'lucky'.

My injury meant the gag got taken out so she could properly assess the damage they'd accidentally caused, and I was finally able to blurt out the truth of what Mistress Lidia did to cause my accident at the party.

They didn't believe me, of course, but Master Laste was a fair man, and reviewed the security footage from the night. I was facing the wrong way for the camera to get actual proof of what happened, but it was close enough for them to believe me. My ordeal ended, at least partially.

He decided to allow a meeting where everyone was able to speak freely, so he could come up with a plan to get some revenge. He thought the best way to get back at her was to beat her at her specialty, namely the upcoming ponygirl show.

It would mean I'd be stuck as his slave for longer than intended, but I



wanted to get back at her even more than he did, so I said I was in. I was about to become a ponygirl, and I was both excited and scared.

## Pony Training

I didn't know Master Laste owned a farm, but I guess I didn't really know a lot about him, despite being his slave for the last month. He didn't make a habit of sharing his business with anyone, let alone someone in my position.

I didn't even know where the farm was located, since I was restrained for the entire trip. He'd put earplugs in place so I couldn't hear, and laced a leather discipline hood over my head to remove my sight.

Two of his insidious toys were left running inside me to keep me distracted, and I was bound head to toe with wide leather straps before being tightly laced into the sleep sack. My harsh punishment regimen had ended, but that didn't mean he was about to take it easy on me.

He couldn't, or we'd have no chance at succeeding. Mistress Lidia had been working with ponygirls for years, and was an expert in all aspects of their training. We had less than two months, so he warned me in advance he'd be pulling out all the stops.

I wasn't released from my bondage until I was inside the large barn that was my new home for the duration of my pony training. It was a much cleaner and well-appointed structure than what I was expecting; when I heard barn, I automatically pictured some drafty old building with weathered wood that was falling apart.

This place had all the comforts of home, a wide range of exercise equipment, plus everything a modern ponygirl would need for her training and lifestyle. It also had a full selection of bondage equipment, but I'd grown used to living with that by now and the place would've seemed empty without it.

He gave me some free time to stretch out from my travel restraints, and even let me take a shower while fully free for the first time in forever. Unfortunately, the shower stall was open to the room, so I couldn't relieve the itch between my legs. Monica and Jill handled the unpacking, while

Mistress Lilith received the fifty-cent tour from Master Laste.

Once clean, I was measured for my new outfits. They would be mostly leather, so a proper fit was important to prevent rubbing and abrasions. One set of tack was deemed close enough to use until my new ones could be made, and on it went.

This one was supposedly a lot simpler than my custom rig would be, but would allow me to get used to what I'd be dealing with during my stay here. The first piece was a harness that went around my breasts like an open bra. Straps went out from each side and over each shoulder and were buckled in place behind my back.

Cuffs went on my wrists and a thick padded belt was pulled tight around my waist. They cuffed my wrists to the sides of the belt, but warned me my arms would usually be restrained behind my back. They gave me a rather 'wimpy' posture collar compared to what I'd grown used to, but I didn't complain.

My ballet boots were replaced with heelless pony boots, complete with hoof and horseshoe. I thought they'd be difficult to walk in, but the large base made them almost comfortable compared to what I'd endured recently.

A complicated head harness was next. I opened my mouth to accept the large, rubber covered bit, and soon had it snugged tight to the sides, under my chin, and over my head. The upper strap also helped hold my hair in a tight ponytail near the top. They left the reins off for now.

I was bent over a railing and lubed up so they could insert a bullet vibe into my pussy, and a plug into my rear. Both were smaller than anything they'd filled me with in a month, and I was grateful for the change.

A sort of leather thong harness was belted around my waist and between my legs to hold everything in place, including the familiar battery pack needed to power my inserts. The final piece of my new outfit was a genuine horsehair tail which was screwed into the butt plug. It tickled my legs when I moved.

They guided me onto a treadmill and connected chains to my shoulder harness in case I lost my balance. My training was about to begin.

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“Ok,” I began. “You do well in high heels and a hobble, but if you want to be my pony, then you need to learn how to walk like one. No more shuffle-steps will be allowed or tolerated. Instead, you’ll raise your legs high and with precision. I want to see your thighs completely horizontal with each and every step.”

I turned the treadmill on to the slowest setting to see if she understood what I meant. She seemed to get it, but her legs were all over the place.

“Come on... I’ve seen drunken epileptic monkeys walk with more grace. Drive that leg up straight and plant it down with confidence. Do you want to do this or don’t you?”

It looked like she started trying harder, but still had no clue of what ‘proper’ was. Her legs either didn’t go up enough, or went way too high. If this was what she was capable of, I began to doubt if I’d ever be able to bring her to a show.

“Mind if I make a suggestion?” Mistress Lilith asked, obviously seeing the same problem I did.

“Go ahead,” I replied in disgust.

“She knows how to walk already, so stop the treadmill and let her practice the proper step with a leg bar. Set it up a failure and reward system so she can learn for herself what we expect.”

“I suppose it’s worth a try. I can hook up a monitoring program to see how well she does... or how badly.”

“You and your toys,” she laughed. “What ever happened to just using the old eyeball?”

“My eyes are fine, but I can guarantee it’s going to take a long time, so I think this would be a good time to let Jill experience some of this training herself.”

“What? I came along to help you two train her, not get trained myself,” Jill complained.

“You came along to learn certain things from us, and this will be the fastest way to teach you about pony play. Besides... you owe me, and it wasn’t a request.”

She grumbled a bit more, but agreed in the end. I let Lilith and Monica gear her up while I altered Sherri's station. I put a stand with an adjustable bar in front of her, and had her hold her leg in the proper position while I set the bar to that height. Her leg would touch the bar each time she lifted it to the correct level.

A contact switch on the bottom of the bar would need to be pressed once per second, or the butt plug would deliver a painful shock. She'd also have to make sure she didn't try to raise her leg up too far, or she'd wind up hurting herself by smacking the unyielding metal.

I doubted she'd be able to earn any reward, but I programmed the vibe to come on if she had no failures for a full minute. It wasn't much of a reward since I wouldn't allow her to have an orgasm, but she didn't need to know that.

I explained the rules to her and told her to figure it out on her own. She did ok with her first few practice steps, so I started the program. The first shock caused her to jerk her leg up and slam it into the bar. It made her stumble and would leave a bruise... I hoped for her own sake she was a fast learner. Shaking my head, I left her to either sink or swim.

It looked like they'd just finished getting Jill ready, so I suggested we take her outside and let her try the lunging ring. It was the simplest of pony training aids, consisting of a long lead attached to a center pole. All she had to do was walk in a circle at the end of the rope.

I usually stood in the center to give my instructions, but Lilith decided to give her a more hands-on lesson by walking behind her with a crop. To my disgust, Jill picked up the proper technique almost immediately, and I wondered if I could talk her into taking Sherri's place in the upcoming show.

Probably not, and while I could call in a one-time favor she couldn't refuse, I preferred to save it for something better. I left them at it and went back inside to see if Sherri had learned anything yet.

To my surprise, I found the reward program was already running and she was stepping almost perfectly. It was such a huge improvement, I might even let her have the orgasm she was desperate for if she continued to learn this fast.

I considered my options and decided to give her a real test, without the

leg training aid. I let her keep practicing while I gathered some new items and made some changes to her program. Once I was ready, I gave her a drink of water from a squirt bottle and got rid of the bar.

This time the treadmill would be running, and her steps would be monitored with a mercury switch that would only activate if her leg was properly raised. Every five minutes the treadmill would change speeds to a random setting, and she would have to learn how to adjust almost instantly.

Every time the reward program was active for a full ninety seconds, the vibrator would increase in speed by ten percent. I didn't think she'd be able to earn enough rewards to get it to full speed, and the little bullet probably didn't have enough power to send her over the edge anyway, but I'd let her cum if she was able.

If nothing else it would be a good distraction, and she needed to learn how to ignore distractions while running a race. She also needed to learn how to take directions by means of whip and rein, but that would come tomorrow when we took her out for a trial run.

She was in pretty good shape and her legs were well toned, but I wondered how much endurance she had. I decided to let the treadmill program run for three hours to find out. If she was still standing at the end, we might have a shot at this.

## **Trial Run**

I'd never been so completely exhausted in my entire life. If that was his idea of a warm-up day, I shuddered to think of what a real workout would be like. I managed to somehow make it through the entire treadmill session, but found myself unable to stand once it finally stopped.

I hung limply in the harness until they finished playing with Jill and came back to collect me. Once I was able to stand under my own power again, they made me walk around for another five minutes as a cool-down routine, and I felt a little better after that.

Monica showed me my 'room' which was pretty much like a stall for a real horse, except for the few necessary modifications. I had my food and water bottles attached to the wall at a convenient kneeling height, and a toilet in the corner if I needed to pee during the night.

She told me I'd be fed three or four times a day now, as I'd be burning calories like there was no tomorrow. She said she'd continue to administer an enema every morning, but warned me it might become a twice daily routine if my increased food consumption became a problem.

A pad on the floor was my bed, and she left me to rest for an hour before collecting me for more walking practice. I almost cried when she told me I had another practice to do, but all they wanted me to do was walk around the barn on my own accord.

It felt like a holiday compared to my earlier marathon, and I was even allowed to sit for five minutes twice per hour. They gave me a bit of occasional advice or a minor warning once in a while, but spent most of their time working on putting my new outfit together.

As they progressed in their work, I had my temporary outfit removed bit by bit so they could check the fit of a new piece before it was permanently assembled. I wasn't even gagged by the end, although they never released my arms from the belt.

That was the only restraints I had to wear when I was 'bedded down'

for the night, and it was a wonderful change, even though I knew it was most likely a one-time thing. I fell asleep tired, but content.

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I woke up when someone started moving my head, and confused, I started to ask what was happening. A penis gag stopped my question before I got more than the first syllable out.

“Shh,” Monica said, buckling the gag in place. “Keep it quiet or we’ll both be in trouble. I’m not supposed to be in here.”

I was still confused, but kept silent.

“Tomorrow morning you’ll be locked into your pony gear until your training is complete, so this is the last chance I’ll have to do this.”

“Do what?” I tried to say through the gag. She understood my meaning, if not my words.

“I owe you an apology for the way I treated you these last few weeks. This is the only way I could think of to make it up to you, so just lay back and enjoy yourself.”

She planted a kiss on top of my gag and then lowered her head to my breasts where she spent several minutes kissing and gently fondling them. It felt heavenly, and I wished this moment could last forever.

She slipped one hand between my leg and began slowly circling my clit. In a matter of minutes I’d gone from full sleep to raging desire, and I spread my legs wide to give her full access for whatever she had planned.

What she planned, it turned out, was the most satisfying oral sex I’d ever received... three glorious times in a row. For the second time today I found myself exhausted, although in a much better way this time.

She might have even gone down on me a fourth time, but some noise from upstairs made her quickly scurry off to avoid getting caught. I didn’t mind... I was completely content and fell asleep almost instantly; smiling around the gag she’d forgotten to remove.

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I was a little stiff and sore when morning arrived, but looking forward to the day. Both Mistress Lilith and Jill woke me up and helped me with my morning routine today. I had a moment of panic when I remembered I wasn't supposed to be gagged, but I guess they didn't think it was anything out of the ordinary, and let it pass without comment.

Once I was thoroughly clean both inside and out, it was time to put on my new outfit for the first time. I was probably more excited to see how it looked than they were, and was glad when they let me stand in front of a full length mirror while getting dressed.

This chest harness was much better than the other one. Each breast had its own circle of leather around it, with a slightly bigger piece on the bottom to give me some support. They also had an additional chrome ring that circled my areolas, causing them to jut out slightly. My nipples went rock-hard almost instantly.

The shoulder straps were thicker and wider, but felt like the softest suede on my skin. Everything was pitch black and polished to perfection. It wasn't a uniform; it was a work of art.

All of the joints were connected with shiny chrome rings and once everything was buckled firmly in place, made it look like a million dollar item. The lower body harness was just as stunning, and my only concern so far was the inserts they planned to use on me.

They weren't overly large, but I saw metal contact strips on both of them so it was obvious they both had the potential to give me a good zap whenever they felt like it. In addition, the butt plug had a hole in the end of it so they wouldn't have to ever remove it. The enema hose could be screwed into where the tail would otherwise go.

They added another pair of straps to connect both harnesses, but I'm sure they were more for show than anything else. Neither one was going to move a millimeter with how well they fit. The posture collar also matched perfectly, and had tiny metal plates where any of the unused D-rings could hit and make a little tinkling sound.

They attached the battery pack and had me jump a few times to make sure everything was settled properly. It all looked good and felt good, so they pulled my hair into a ponytail again and put the bit gag up to my mouth.

I wasn't really fond of bit gags, but at least I could breathe easier with one than most of the alternatives. The new headpiece had a built in blindfold, and I was worried about not being able to see what was in front of me when running at full speed.

Once they finished buckling everything in place, they snapped them open to the sides, turning them into simple blinders. It was a huge relief, but I still hated losing my peripheral vision. They had me sit for a moment so they could pull my new full leg boots into place and begin the arduous process of lacing them up.

They took their time making sure the laces were perfectly tight and even. The leather felt like a second skin by the time they were done, and while I had no problems standing or moving in them, I found they weren't very flexible at the knees. My high-step gait would be difficult today.

I was ordered to put my hands behind my back and grab my elbows. Crap... I was hoping for the simple waist belt restraints, but it looked like a box tie was in my near future. Two straps on each of my lower and upper arms made short work of holding them together, but they weren't done yet. They slid my arms into a leather pouch.

A strap went under my right arm and over the shoulder, crossed to the other side behind my neck, and followed the opposite route back to the bag. They quickly pulled it snug and ran another strap from the bottom of the bag around my abdomen, pulling it tight as well.

I was amazed at how restrictive it felt. I could barely move my arms in any direction, but even that small amount was soon taken away as they began lacing the sides of the bag shut. By the time they were done my arms were fused to my back, completely immobile, although not in much pain.

This rig seemed to be designed for long term use, and I began to wonder what their definition of long term was when I started hearing the snick of small locks snapping shut. Not just once or twice either, but dozens of times.

They had me do a quick lap around the room for one final gear check, and since everything still looked good they added the last two pieces; my tail and the reins. I was led through a side door into another part of the stable. This room contained a variety of carts and buggies.

I was backed up to a small, two-wheeled contraption they called a sulky and ordered to stand still while they hooked it up to my waist. It was obviously designed for just this kind of use since it only took about ten seconds before they were done.

Jill guided me with the reins until we were outside, and then Mistress Lilith climbed aboard. Then she took the reins and started teaching me my new commands. Jill followed at my side in case I stumbled, but the large wheels on the sulky made pulling it fairly easy.

Once I had the basics down, Jill shut my blinders and led me to another part of the yard. I probably would've froze up if I hadn't seen how level the place was, but as it was I was too hesitant for Mistress Lilith's liking, and she judiciously used her buggy whip on my exposed and vulnerable ass.

I didn't have any warning when we arrived at our destination, or if I did I missed it because she pulled hard on the reins to get me to stop. I even had to back up a few feet to get into position. I felt new straps being connected to my harness and attached to something above me.

My blindfold was changed back into blinders, and it took almost a minute to be able to see again in the bright, harsh sun. Jill was nowhere in sight, Mistress Lilith was silent, and I had no idea what was going on. I was already starting to bake in the sun from just standing here, and hoped this part of my training wouldn't take long.

A few minutes later I saw Jill emerge from the barn, followed closely by Master Laste and a severely bound Monica. She was wearing a full body black latex catsuit with her arms pulled behind her until I could barely tell she even *had* arms. (They were in an arm binder, but I couldn't tell from my current point of view)

She was wearing a leather punishment helmet and it was dripping wet. They'd laced it tight enough I could clearly see the indentations of the gag she wore underneath it, and with shock I realized what the wet leather meant. The hood and laces shrink as it dried in the hot sun, becoming impossibly tight.

The hood only had two small openings for the solid metal nose inserts, and another for a feeding tube in the middle of the gag. If she was left in the sun for any length of time, she'd need that hole as a way to replace all the

water she was sure to lose.

They marched her up to a post and spun her around, belting her in place with about a dozen straps. Once she'd become one with the post (and not in a Zen kind of way) Jill gave her a drink while Master Laste came over to inspect my new outfit.

"Not bad," he commented.

"Everything fit like a dream," Mistress Lilith agreed.

"You forgot the nipple clamps, though."

"I have them with me, but thought you might want to do the honors. She's your pony after all."

"That was thoughtful of you. Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Let's just get this thing started... I'm boiling out here today."

She was boiling? What about me? At least she had something over her head and was out of direct sunlight... sweat was pouring off of me from the heat.

My nipples were still hard enough he simply attached the clamps without any fanfare. The pain was intense for several seconds, but I'd learned to breathe through the pain of their installation. He flicked them a few times with his fingers and I heard bells tinkling. He seemed briefly amused at my reaction, but then became all business again.

"Here's what's going to happen," he began. "You're going to do laps around a lunging pole, sort of like what Jill was doing last night. This particular device has an arm with a wheel on the outside of the track, with a metal pole connecting it to the center pivot point. It'll keep you upright when you fall."

I noticed he use 'when' rather than 'if', when he mentioned me falling. That was a bad sign.

"Lilith will be instructing you on the commands you'll need to learn, as well as proper comportment, and learning how to focus on the one single task you're given; obeying her instantly."

He flicked my nipple bells to emphasize each syllable of the last three

words.

“It seems that neither you nor Monica cares much about obedience these days, so we decided to correct that before the situation gets out of hand. Her e-stim and vibration inserts are controlled by the same frequency yours is, except hers are about triple the strength. She’s going to stand out here until she fries if you don’t do your job properly.”

Shit... they know everything about what we did.

“Yesterday I had considered allowing you an orgasm, but this stupid slave took away the chance for me to see you properly rewarded. You were so hungry for one, you didn’t even try to stop her, and so you both need a little lesson. Since I’m a generous man, I’ve decided to give you the orgasm you earned... as many as you like, even.”

Why wasn’t I relieved at his self-proclaimed generosity?

“Of course there’s still some punishment due to Monica, but I’ll leave that in your hands. If a lap takes too long, she gets zapped. If you have an orgasm, she gets zapped. If you fail a command from Lilith, she gets zapped. She also gets no water unless you perform up to expectations. Do you see where this is going?”

Unfortunately, I did.

“Not counting corrective lashes from the whip, you won’t be punished at all for your mistakes today. Isn’t that a relief? I’d love to stay and chat more, but I need to get out of this sun and into the shade where I have some nice cold beer waiting for me. Have fun.”

I felt the whip crack across my ass and I jumped forward in reaction. I kept the momentum going and started pulling the sulky along my circular path. Despite what he said, I wasn’t completely without punishment. I felt a shock in both my ass and pussy with every failed high step, but it wasn’t near as bad as expected.

When I was on the part of the track where I could see Monica, I could tell she was getting it a lot worse, though, and tried to do better for her sake. It seemed that was the endpoint of my laps, so when I didn’t do something right, I’d be able to see her tense and shake from her punishment.

The vibrator didn’t kick in until the third lap, but I almost wished it

didn't. It was strong enough to make me weak in the knees, and I knew it was only a matter of time before I exploded and caused Monica more pain.

I went too slow on my next lap and was failing badly with my high-step, earning her a solid string of punishments. Then my first orgasm of the day broke loose, causing me to fall and hang limp from the harness until I recovered. It meant a triple punishment for Monica as I failed at control, failed my time, and failed to high-step while the aftershocks were pulsing through me.

I'd given her so many punishments that she was twitching uncontrollably for the entire time she was in my view during the next three laps. She even stopped me and allowed some water while we waited for the backlog of punishment to clear.

Of course I had another orgasm while standing there, but it didn't seem to matter much anymore. Master Laste seemed determined to fry Monica from both inside and out. When I felt the reins flick again I started moving, feeling proud I picked up the signal this time and didn't need a lash from the whip.

I gave it everything I had now, determined to ease Monica's torture as much as possible. I did pretty good for the next four laps, but then I couldn't deny the orgasm I'd been struggling to hold back. It has the same results as the first time, and I silently apologized to her.

I began to lose track of time and had no idea how many laps I'd done. My whole world was nothing more than lifting one foot up and putting it in front of the other in the proper manner. Every now and then I would cum, and then continue on as best as I could.

I'd occasionally get hosed down, which was also the method used to give me a drink now. I was also periodically sprayed down with what I thought was sunscreen, but didn't know for sure. I think they hosed off Monica once in a while too, but I hardly noticed her by now.

I tried to tune her predicament out of my mind as best as I could, focusing instead on the job of putting one foot in front of the other. Ignore her pain... ignore the orgasm... put one foot in front of the other.

Ignore the aching muscles... ignore the pain in my feet... ignore the burn in my lungs... put one foot in front of the other. It became my life, and

at some point during the day, it worked. I eventually felt the reins signal my halt, and I simply stood there blinking sweat out of my eyes, and trying to catch my breath.

I was hosed down again, and then felt the harnesses being removed from my shoulders. Lilith guided me back to the stable where the sulky was removed and put away. The vibrator was finally shut off, both to my relief and my disappointment.

She cleaned me, covered me with lotion, tended to my leathers, and put me back in my stall. I had just enough energy left to eat and drink before finding myself falling asleep on my knees. Not wanting to choke myself on a mouthful of food, I decided to eat later. I crawled over to my pad, fell onto my side, and fell asleep approximately three milliseconds later.

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I watched with mixed feelings as Mistress Lilith drove Sherri back to the stable. I could hardly contain my pride in how far she advanced today, but my arms had gone numb hours ago, and I really wanted to get out of this rig.

With the Master and Jill both working at it, I found my bonds removed in a matter of minutes, but all I could do was sit there like a rag doll. This had been quite the extreme day for me, and it took me close to ten minutes before I felt able to walk back inside.

“That went better than expected,” Jill said.

“My master’s plan was brilliant,” I replied.

“Do you think she suspected anything?”

“I doubt it. As far as she knows, I was about a half second away from being electrocuted to death from all of her early mistakes. Didn’t it look convincing?”

“Oh, you can be sure it looked good. You deserve a best actress award for your performance out there today. I’m not sure where you learned to make an orgasm look like an electrocution, but if I couldn’t tell the difference, you can be sure she couldn’t. By the way... how many did you have out there?”

“I have no idea... I can’t count that high.”

“Lucky little minx... maybe I should volunteer for the ‘torture’ next time.”

“Stand in line, honey... stand in line.”

All in all it was a most productive day. We had ourselves a real ponygirl now.

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## **Part 9: Ponygirl Challenge**

### **Final Exam**

After two solid months of intense training, this was it. I was about to be ‘trotted out’ (pun intended) for my first public appearance as a ponygirl. I was extremely nervous, but excited as well... I’d worked my ass off, and now it was time to strut my stuff.

Well, almost time... Master Laste wanted to get one final practice session in, and had somehow managed to get a plan of this year’s course layout. This test shouldn’t be much different from the real thing, and would be my first major challenge. I thought of it as my final exam.

I was tied to a post by my reins, standing at attention or ‘squared off’ as Mistress Lilith called it. I had my blinders flipped shut over my eyes while they arranged the first test, which was the blind obstacle course.

It looked simple to anyone watching, but was fiendishly difficult while blind. I had to rely completely on the reins for guidance, and only three simple commands from my driver or guide were allowed.

A clucking of the tongue meant for me to start moving, the direction dictated by a shake of the reins for forward, or a slight but steady pulling meaning backwards. ‘Easy’ meant I was to slow down, and ‘whoa’ meant stop.

It was Mistress Lilith who guided me through the course today, and I thought I did pretty darn good. I didn’t feel my feet kick any of the pylons this time, and my pace seemed fairly solid. I hoped I did as well for the next one, which would be the blind cart event and was a lot harder for me.

This one wasn’t nearly as successful, and I found myself having to back up regularly at almost every station where she needed to grab a tag from a stand before we could progress to the next one. I was disappointed in myself; I thought I knew her rein commands better, but they were very subtle in this event and hard for me to read.

Once that was done, she took me over to the eighth mile oval track and had me perform my parade maneuvers. I wasn't usually blind for this activity, but I guess she didn't want to bother taking the time to stop, and I was really good at dressage so it shouldn't matter much.

She surprised me at the end by taking me into first a trot, and then a full out run. Running was something I was both good at, and enjoyed. I gave it my all, and was almost disappointed when she slowed me back down to a walk after only two laps.

She took me back to the stable, unhooked the sulky from my harness, and guided me inside. She didn't just open my blinders like I expected, but rather removed my whole head harness. It was the first time the bit gag had been removed from my mouth in quite some time, and I enjoyed being able to close my mouth for once.

She let me sit next to her on a comfortable sofa in front of the TV, and held a bottle of sports drink for me to sip through a straw. We were soon joined by the others, and a video of my test was put onto the screen.

This was the first time I'd ever seen myself in action, and my first reaction was 'wow'. I thought I made an impressive sight with the sun gleaming off of my well-tanned skin as I went through my routine.

For my chest harness, each breast had its own circle of leather around it, with a slightly bigger piece on the bottom to give me some support. They also had an additional chrome ring that circled my areolas, causing them to jut out slightly.

My nipples went rock-hard almost instantly whenever it was put on. All of the joints were connected with more shiny chrome rings and once everything was buckled firmly in place, made it look like a million dollar item. I could almost wish for less of a tan so there'd be more contrast with the black leather, but two months of sun on my exposed skin made that impossible.

My performance was being reviewed and critiqued by a man I didn't know, and couldn't see while sitting up front. He was brutally honest about my shortcomings, but seemed quite impressed with my final run.

"So what would you do if you were in my shoes, Brandon?" Master Laste asked.

“She’s adequate at blind obstacle, hopeless at blind cart, and good at dressage,” he replied. “Her best event by far will be the races, and I’m glad you gave me this sneak peek... I know where I’ll be putting my wagers this year.”

“Did you hear anything about what the other yearlings will be like?”

“Nothing concrete about any of their strengths or weaknesses, but I know Lidia will have at least three yearlings competing, and including Sherri here, the field will have a total of twelve ponies.”

As this was my first event, I was considered a yearling. It meant I wouldn’t have to compete against ponies with extensive experience, unless I did unusually well in one of the categories and was allowed to advance.

“So I should enter her in dressage and the races?”

“She’s going to catch everyone’s eye in the opening parade, and will probably earn a ribbon. Once that happens, you could play it two different ways. The first is to just enter her in the races and show nothing but your best stuff.”

“It’s tempting, but I feel you have some different advice for me.”

“Yes... enter her in the blind events so the others don’t suspect you have a star in your stable. She does well enough that you won’t be embarrassed, and while she won’t win any wreaths, she might come away with a ribbon from the obstacle course.”

“I can see the benefit to that.”

“She’ll definitely win a ribbon in dressage, and I’ll be putting my money on her to win in a sprint. How’s her endurance?”

“It’s pretty good. She might have a shot at the cross country race, but I don’t know if she could handle it after doing the track races. What do you think, Sherri?”

I wasn’t used to being asked to reply to questions anymore, and it took a few seconds to sink in.

“How long of a rest will I have between races?”

“After track, it’s usually three or four hours before the cross country race. They like to time it so it’s just getting dark at the end. It makes it tricky

for ponies that don't do well without full vision, and often leads to some exciting leader changes before the finish line."

"If I only have to run one or two of the shorter races, three hours is plenty of time to rest before the long one. I love cross-country running, and I'd be willing to bet on myself to take first prize."

"I like confidence, but not over-confidence," he chided.

"Sorry, sir," I replied.

"If she thinks she can just finish, it'll be a feather in your cap. Almost nobody trains their ponies for both sprinting and marathons. If she actually places or wins, it'll be a bonus."

"Ok, I think we have a plan. I'll have Monica bed her down early tonight so she'll be well rested, and if everything goes right, tomorrow will be a day people will be talking about for years to come."

I hoped I'd be able to sleep tonight. Win or lose, I was about to get a chance to get back at Mistress Lidia for the humiliation and suffering she caused me. I was determined to make it a win.

## The Show

It was a long and uncomfortable ride to where the show was being held. As per tradition, I was rendered immobile, and deprived of my senses for transport, since the location for the show was supposed to remain a secret.

A penis gag with a breather hole filled my mouth, and I had tiny earpieces playing nothing but white noise and held in by wax to remove my hearing. A leather discipline helmet further reduced any chance of hearing something and also removed my sight.

They even put a gas mask over my face and connected it to an aroma chamber, so all I smelled was rubber. I thought it was overkill, but for some reason they neglected to ask my opinion in the matter.

At least I was bound sitting in a seat this time since they didn't want to risk the chance of having my legs cramp up from the more stringent transportation bondage they usually employed. If only my arms hadn't been trapped behind me in a box tie and stuffed into a tight leather pouch, I might have considered myself comfortable.

I wasn't sure how long it took, but I know they stopped several times for gas, food, or to change drivers. Knowing how devious Master Laste was, I wouldn't have put it past him to take a scenic route just to further confuse me over how far we travelled. Their burning need for secrecy seemed silly to me.

When we finally arrived, my travel restraints weren't removed until I was safely inside my stall. While not as well appointed as my stall back home, it was much larger and contained several storage chests and cabinets for the gear we'd need this weekend.

My arms remained glued to my back and the gag stayed in place, but other than the addition of a hobble chain, I was allowed to freely walk around my stall and work the kinks out of my muscles.

It would've been easier without the hobble, but I was told ponies must be gagged, hobbled, and without free use of their arms the entire time they

weren't under rein. It was a firm show rule, and this was the best they could do for now since we had to get ready for the opening parade soon.

Both my upper and lower harnesses were removed and cast aside in preparation for putting me into my fancy parade gear. My skin was scrubbed almost painfully and my hair washed three times. There was a full set of dressmaker's mirrors in my stall, so I was able to watch my transformation take place.

First up was a white latex top that went on from the front and connected over the shoulders and around the back with ornate silver buckles. It left my breasts fully exposed as well as part of my stomach, but felt like a second skin everywhere else.

Next up was my inserts. They filled me with a larger than usual dildo, but a slightly smaller butt plug. The toys were held firmly in place by a set of panties that matched my top, and the leggings that reached to the very top of my thighs were the same as well. A battery pack hidden in my arm pouch powered the devices and could keep them running for days.

The black knee-high hoof boots were new to me, and were polished so perfectly you could have used them for a mirror. It took forever to get them laced to their satisfaction, and they even undid their work and started again when something looked a nanometer out of place.

Finally satisfied, they laid out my harnesses and checked them over for damage. These were also new to me, and I couldn't stop staring at them. Rather than a shiny black surface like the boots, these seemed to be a flatter black, but had a reflective sparkle in them. It looked like stars did on a dark and clear night in the country.

Even though everything gleamed, they spent a long time buffing every surface to perfection before putting the harness on me. For the white latex, they also rubbed in some sort of specialty polish that made it look like I was wearing a giant form-fitting pearl.

Unlike my racing harness, these didn't do more than circle my breasts for show, deliberately providing very little support so my breasts would bounce with each high-step during my parade march. The rings and buckles were also made of highly polished silver, and the effect was stunning against the pearlescent white of my outfit.

My lower harness had a crotch strap that was much wider than normal in order to highlight the sexy gap between my legs. It was a little uncomfortable, but not too bad. It also had a complex array of straps and rings leading up to my chest harness, and looked amazing.

I opened my mouth to accept the bit gag for my head harness, and they buckled it place with almost no problem compared to the extensive fussing they'd done with the rest of my outfit. My hair was another matter, though.

They pulled it into a painfully tight ponytail and once it was firmly tied off at the base, began weaving silver wire through it until it was standing straight for about a foot before allowing it to cascade down the back.

I wore an ornate black and silver choker today instead of my usual posture collar, since proper deportment was part of the judging criteria, and I had to hold my head up high without any artificial aids.

Monica pulled out the makeup kit and began by applying rouge to my areolas. The gentle brushing across my nipples also turned them rock hard within a few seconds, and they'd probably counted on that, since my nipple clamps were next on the agenda.

They were an odd style consisting of a single silver ring that went over the nipple and was held in place by three tiny setscrews. It hurt when they tightened them down, but would probably be better for me than heavy clover clamps once my boobs started bouncing. Two small silver bells were connected to the bottom of the rings and I gave my chest a little shake to hear them jingle.

A tall white plume went on my head harness and a blonde horse hair tail was screwed into my butt plug. The last item was my reins, and once those were attached, everyone attacked me at once in a final flurry of attention.

Monica finished the makeup on my face, Jill polished fingerprints off my boots, Mistress Lilith touched up the white latex, and Master Laste double-checked every harness connection. They were still at it when we got the call to take our position for the parade, but led me out almost immediately.

This was the first time I'd seen another pony in the flesh, and I wasn't really impressed. The first two were somewhat overweight, most were of just

average appeal, and one was downright ugly!

There were only two or three 'babes', but none of them looked even half as good as I did in my fancy new outfit. I knew we had this in the bag as long as I didn't screw up during the march. Even with blinders on, I knew every eye in the place was watching me as I took my designated spot in line.

It was a huge confidence booster, and I found myself turning all of my nervousness energy into a razor-sharp focus on my upcoming presentation. To Master Laste's amusement, I pawed the ground with my right foot... err... hoof to show my impatience.

We began moving out, and all of my training was echoing through my mind. I kept my head slightly upward, my back completely straight, and thrust my legs up high. I knew my thighs were perfectly parallel to the ground with each step and I had no problems keeping perfect form for the whole length of our route.

They could have saved themselves some time by ending our march when I was next to the winner's stand, since I won the wreath for prettiest pony almost unanimously. Standing on the podium I caught a glimpse of Mistress Lidia standing in the crowd, and from the scowl on her face it was pretty obvious where the single dissenting vote came from.

Once our applause died down, the emcee took to the stage and announced that as a special treat for the winning ponies, they would be allowed to cum. Once for third, twice for second, and three times for me!

The losers would be under punishment until all of us were finished, and I felt a little sorry for the ugly ones who were forced into the parade with no chance of winning. Then my vibrator turned on, and I stopped caring about anything else.

I probably should have been embarrassed about being forced into multiple orgasms in front of a group of strangers, but I'd changed a lot since entering Master Laste's service. It had also been quite some time since I'd been allowed to cum, and I'd be damned before I was gonna miss my chance for some relief.

It took almost no time at all before my first orgasm raged through me, and the second followed quickly on the heels of the first. I managed to delay the third for quite some time, though, and simply enjoyed the sensations



pulsing through my body and let it build.

When I knew I was at my limits for containing it, I let my body take over. It poured out of my loins like fire and seemed to go on forever. When I could see and think again, I found myself hanging limply in Master Laste's arms. I would've fallen off my pedestal if it hadn't been for him.

He turned the vibrator down low and allowed me to sit for a few minutes to compose myself. This was the only event for the opening day, so we had plenty of time before we started mingling.

In addition to letting me recover until I could walk with my perfect gait again, it also gave the other pony owners a chance to come up and congratulate him. Their conversations were an early indicator of who he could expect to be an ally, and who would be considered an enemy.

It was a long, but interesting evening. By the time I was bedded down for the night, I realized I'd never been happier than I was right now.

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It was cloudy the next morning, and rain was expected through most of the day. Not exactly ideal conditions for outdoor events, but one good thing about the fetish crowd is that everyone seemed to have at least one latex outfit, so standing in the rain wouldn't be quite the hardship it was for regular people.

I don't know if it was by design or just from bad luck, but I lost both blind events. Master Laste seemed off his game, and it sometimes felt like he was giving me conflicting orders with the reins.

We'd started the day with the blind obstacle course and I thought we were on the way to a perfect run, but then everything started falling apart. I managed to place third, but should have done much better.

The blind cart event was a complete disaster, and we didn't even get halfway through it before he conceded. I felt ashamed at my performance and how badly I'd let him down. I vowed to do better in the next contest, but before the dressage events started he pulled me back to my stall.

He was sick.

Painfully sick and becoming nauseous, Monica was sent to fetch a

medic for him. The doctor diagnosed it as appendicitis and wanted to rush him to the hospital. He reluctantly agreed, and put Mistress Lilith in charge of us while he was gone.

It wasn't a big change since she was my driver in the upcoming races, but I was sad he wouldn't be able to watch my first real race. There was no time so stand around moping, though; we had to start getting ready for the eighth mile sprint.

My pretty parade uniform was stripped and tossed aside so they could gird me with what I thought of as my battle gear. There were no frills, no ornamentation, and no extra weight on my racing gear; everything had a purpose.

The rules said I had to wear full leg boots for racing, but that was the only stipulation. The functional details were all up to us, and Master Laste had custom designed my set to allow for any type of track condition.

Since I'd be running on a muddy track, the regular horseshoes on my boots were replaced with special titanium shoes that were twice as thick as the regular ones. It would allow me to dig in better and give me some real traction in even the worst mud.

My fancy chest harness was replaced with one designed to minimize boob bounce, which was actually quite painful once I got up to speed. My trial times were reduced by a third once I had the extra support from the race harness.

No nipple clamps either. The risk of them coming off was too great, so the bells were fastened directly to the harness. Even the sulky we'd be using had a large loop sticking down at the front to help prevent a pony from getting badly injured in case of a fall.

Changing into my racing gear was like switching from a Ford Pinto to a nitro funnycar. By skipping dressage, I found myself with an excess of nervous energy, and Mistress Lilith finally had to take me outside so I could burn some of it off.

Not enough to wear me out, but just enough to make sure I was limber and ready. We had no strategy for the eighth mile sprint; this was simply a 'balls to the wall', all out run. That's just the way I wanted it too.

When I heard the starting gun fire, I didn't need to wait for a command to get going, I simply moved. Through trial and error, we'd found that if I started like I was in runners blocks and leaned forward when the gun went off, I'd get my initial momentum incredibly fast and be able to reach maximum speed in mere seconds.

Apparently none of the other ponies knew that technique, since I literally leapt out of the gate and into a commanding lead before they even knew what was happening. It barely seemed like I'd reached my full stride before I felt Mistress Lilith pulling on my reins, commanding me to stop.

We'd won by three full lengths and absolutely obliterated the old club record.

She accepted accolades from the panel of judges, but otherwise took me straight back to the stable. Apparently she didn't want my muscles to tighten up by standing outside in the rain. She pampered me once we got back, and I felt like a queen for a day.

I was comfortably stretched out on my sleeping pad with my head in her lap, while Monica and Jill massaged my legs. She slowly fed me a protein shake that tasted like bottled diarrhea, but alternated it with sips of a grape flavored energy drink. All in all, I was content.

When it came close to time for the next race, she had me walk in place for a few minutes to warm up, and then took me out to the starting line at a gentle trot. I felt great, and when she told me how we'd play this one, I stomped my foot energetically. (While in pony gear, I was allowed to answer yes by stomping with my hoof, or no with a whinny.)

On the same page, she lined me up to the starting line and waited for the gun to sound. Just like the first time, we jumped into the lead right out of the box and stayed there for the duration. Our time set a second club record, and we could barely make it back to the stables for all of the people wanting to congratulate her on an absolutely amazing performance.

I was rubbed down and pampered again, but with a more relaxed air; we had hours to wait until the marathon began. Unfortunately, we got word that the rain had caused a creek to overflow and wash out part of our path. It meant the marathon would be postponed until tomorrow, or even cancelled if the damage couldn't be repaired.

The marathon was out for tonight, but we had the two longer sprints available if we wanted to attempt them. Mistress Lilith had Jill stand watch while she removed my gag and asked my opinion.

I told her we'd have to play it by ear, but I definitely felt up to the half mile run as long as my legs were kept warmed up. We quickly discussed strategies for both the half mile and full mile runs, and then she had to quickly jam my gag back in place when Jill coughed a warning for us.

She'd easily seen through my 'leg warming' ploy, but had Jill and Monica massage them anyway. I guess she figured if I was to have a chance of winning a third sprint in a row, I'd need every advantage I could get. We'd never done a full half mile sprint before, so she was reluctant to take any chances.

The rain had become almost a downpour, and only when the race was about to begin did everyone emerge from shelter. The track was a complete disaster, and we were both worried about the conditions. I'd have to concentrate exclusively on my footing and let Mistress Lilith dictate strategy.

My opponents still hadn't figured out my starting line trick, but unfortunately for me, it backfired this time. My leading foot slipped on some mud that was slicker than greased pig shit, and I came within a hair of falling on my face.

By the time I got my proper stride, we were firmly in last place. For the first time today she used the buggy whip on me, giving me blow after blow on the middle of my ass. I put my head down and pushed hard with my legs, trusting her to guide me with either rein pressure or by moving the whip lashes to one of my sides.

I didn't see it, but I heard us pass one of the other ponies. I couldn't spare the concentration to look around. An unusually hard pull to the left made me run practically sideways for a moment before an equally hard jerk to the right brought me back in line. I'd never had such an extreme course correction applied via my bit, and I briefly wondered if my mouth was bleeding from it.

A second later and we passed the wreck of two carts that'd locked wheels and flipped completely over. If it wasn't for that harsh course correction, I would've plowed right into them and probably broken both my

legs, if not far, far worse.

She shook my reins in the 'go' command and applied the whip hard enough to draw blood (or so I thought at the time) and even started yelling at me to pick up the pace. I dug deep and pushed harder.

She began guiding me both left and right several times, and I knew someone ahead was trying to block us. She let off of the whip for a moment to wait for an opening, and I prepared myself for a big push. When I next felt the sting of the whip, I leaned forward as far as I could and dug deep.

It was a huge risk since I could easily fall on my face if I hit another patch of slippery mud, but it worked this time, and I heard us pass another pony. Rather than let up on me once we were past, she kept the whip cracking on my ass at full power.

I wasn't sure what was going on, but I tapped into the last of my reserves and pushed on. I closed my eyes and concentrated exclusively on the feel of the ground beneath me. It was a perfect division of labor. I would simply step and push, trusting in my driver to guide me along a safe path and let me know what I needed to do.

Push, step... push, step... a brief tug to the left and then push, step... push, step. My world was simple now. Push, step... push, step... a pull on the reins and push, step... push, step. A more insistent pull along with a loud 'whoa' brought me back to the present and I slowed my pace.

I saw we were past the finish line already, and by a fair amount. I'd kept running until we were far past the end. I'd slowed almost to a stop before she turned me around and had me walk back to the winners circle to await the results. I was disgusted at my lack of control during the race, and hoped we at least placed.

She had to flick the reins twice and hit me with the whip as well before getting me into place at the front of the winners circle. I was stunned. Somehow, by some miracle, we had won. I could barely comprehend anything that took place there, but one thing was clear; we'd just set a third record for the sprints, and that was something that'd never happened in the entire history of their club.

If I was able to string a coherent thought together, I probably would've felt like a rock star. Instead, all I could do was stand there like a dummy

while she accepted congratulations, and hope she'd take me to my stall before I passed out where I was.

It was a bit of an exaggeration, and within a few minutes I felt like myself again. We not only walked back to the stables, but I put my high-step gait into it and travelled back like we were on parade.

It really was like a parade, with the crowds parting in front of us and cheering for our victory like we were Roman soldiers returning home from war. Everyone knew our names, and wanted to acknowledge our triumph.

It was fun for the first minute or two, but then it annoyed the shit out of me.

It was a real relief to make it back to the safety of my stall where they stripped my racing tack and gave me the best sponge bath of my life. In retrospect, they just wiped me down with a sponge, but at the time it felt like a caress from a god. I guess I'm just easy to please.

I'd done so well under almost impossible conditions, that it was a unanimous decision to enter me in the final sprint. Even if I stopped at the gate, it would be another record under my belt, since no yearling was ever in all four sprint races.

Monica and Jill took care of my legs, but this time Mistress Lilith propped my drink bottle up by my neck and let me sip at my own speed so she could massage my sides. Master Brandon came by to deliver news that surgery would be required for Master Laste's ruptured appendix, and he would be willing to help out with anything we needed during my master's absence.

Mistress Lilith thanked him for his offer, expecting it to be a simple courtesy.

It wasn't and he proved it by giving me the most incredible foot massage I'd ever experienced. I actually had a small orgasm from it, and was sad when he finally stopped. One of the event organizers told us the last race was cancelled due to weather, so they stopped getting me ready.

It sucks to be me sometimes... often, actually... but never so much as when that foot massage stopped.

Still, I was one happy camper when I closed my eyes for the night. I'd

exceeded all expectations, and as long as I managed to finish the cross country run tomorrow, our mission here would be a complete success.

Once my handlers left, I fell asleep within seconds.

# Sabotage

Something jarred me awake, but my muscles resembled jelly and didn't have enough energy to make me move. The room was close to pitch black and all I knew was that someone was in my stall.

I hoped it was Monica coming to give me a carnal reward for my record-breaking performance yesterday, but it was just one of them replenishing my food and drink. I was thirsty like all the ponies that'd been run in yesterday's races, but I was too comfortable at the moment to make the effort to get up for a drink.

I was allowed to sleep in a little later than normal, but then it was all business. All of my handlers came into my stall together to get me ready for the marathon. A crew had worked throughout the night to fix the path, and we'd be able to make the run today.

I found out it would be only three of us running this race, the others all dropping out for one reason or another. Both other competitors were from Mistress Lidia's stable, and that made this race personal.

"Sherri, you stupid girl... what are you thinking?" Master Brandon suddenly shouted at me. "You didn't drink a thing all night!"

I was a little confused at his statement, since I drank my bottle dry in the first hour of my solitude.

"You need to take care of yourself better girl," Mistress Lilith said, taking my water bottle off the wall and holding it up to my face to help me rehydrate myself.

I started to suck it down, but then remembered my late night visitor and put two and two together. I pulled my head back and refused to drink anymore.

"What are you doing?" Mistress Lilith asked. "You need to stay hydrated."

She shoved the tube back into my mouth, but I violently shook it out.

"What the fuck has gotten into you," she shouted.



Being gagged, I simply stamped my foot on the floor to emphasize my reluctance to drink something supplied from an unknown source.

“You don’t want to drink anything?” she asked.

I did my best to convey the fact I was thirsty as hell, but didn’t want to drink from that particular bottle. Eventually I succeeded through my pony yes/no code.

“Are you thirsty?”

Yes.

“Then take a drink, you stupid cow!”

No.

“Are you retarded?”

No.

“What’s wrong with you?”

I didn’t answer since I couldn’t.

“Do you want something other than this?”

Yes.

She opened her bottle of sports drink and held it up to me. I drank it greedily, since I was parched. She took it away before I was satisfied, looking pretty pissed off.

“You may think you’re a rock star after last night, but when I tell Laste about this, your ass will be a bloody mess. I guarantee it.”

She threw her bottle into a corner and snatched up the bottle I’d refused. She was about to take a drink out of it herself when I made a desperate move. I twisted to the side and violently knocked it out of her hands.

Master Brandon instantly stepped in and slapped my head into the stall wall hard enough to make me see stars. I saw his hand poised for a strike to my face, but heard a voice yell out to stay the blow.

“Hold!” Jill screamed. “Something is wrong, and it’s not her attitude.”

His hand stopped mere inches from my face.

“What are you talking about?” he demanded.

“Sherri,” she said. “Are you thirsty?”

“Yes,” I weakly thrashed with my foot.

“Do you want a drink?”

Yes.

“From this water bottle?”

No, I grunted emphatically.

“From my water bottle?”

Yes.

“Did someone fuck with your water bottle?”

Yes.

He let me go at that very instant and helped me to sit up.

“My god, I’m sorry,” he said. “You have my sincerest apologies, and my utmost respect for your bravery. I was as dense as last year’s black bread, and I beg your forgiveness.”

I nodded my head, and was relieved when they removed my gag.

“Someone came in last night and replaced all of the water bottles,” I gasped once I could speak again.

“Who?” they all asked at once.

“I’m not sure, but I know who my first suspect would be.”

He took the nozzle off and had a good sniff, but couldn’t detect any odd odors. He even touched a bit to his tongue, but had no ill effects.

“If someone tampered with your water, then I can’t tell,” he finally said.

“I know it’s drugged, and I know that cunt Lidia’s behind it.”

Mistress Lilith gave me an instant swat to the ass for my insolence, but I didn’t care.

“Take a sample and send it off to a lab somewhere... she’s trying to drug her competition!”

“I resent that remark,” a new voice said from the stable door. Mistress Lidia sauntered into my stall like she owned it.

“This slave has an obvious grudge against me due to a previous engagement, and I demand she be removed from this venue!”

“You fuc—“ I started to say, but had the rest cut off as Monica jammed a ball gag into my mouth.

“Due to her repeated violations, this one included, I demand that she be barred from competition, and all her competition scores erased.”

“That would be a lucky turn of events for you, wouldn’t it my dear?” Mistress Lilith asked innocently.

“Luck has nothing to do with it,” she snapped. “I’m the best at what I do, and that’s all there is to it. I was going to be nice, but this slut leaves me with no other choice. I demand her contract to be immediately transferred to me, and the standard year plus one day clause be applied”

My heart sank to about the level of my boots, and I wondered how I’d be able to get out of this. It didn’t seem likely.

“I have another solution for our problems,” a new voice boomed from the stable door.

It was Master Laste, and there was no doubt of his aura of absolute command.

“Grab the cunt!” he exclaimed.

I expected to be forced into submission, but it was Mistress Lidia who was restrained.

“Are you fucking crazy?” She screamed. “I’ll have your balls on a fucking skewer for this!”

“You’ve gotten a little too over confident lately,” he said. “The extra security cameras we hid in the stable, along with the results I’m sure we’ll get from the water bottles in here, should mean the absolute punishment for you.”

“You wouldn’t dare!” she spat.

“I’m not a man of violence, but I’ll leave you with one little reminder before handing you over to the council.”

He nodded to Monica who wound up and kicked her square in the cunt. God, I wish I could’ve done that.

“One other thing... the next time you try to fake appendicitis, you better make sure your target actually has one!”

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Her indiscriminate use of illegal drugs was proven without a doubt. The combination of the video footage, along with the physical evidence found in her quarters, moved the council to take immediate action for her crimes. She drugged me at Master Laste's party, she poisoned Master Laste to fake his appendicitis, and she tried to drug every pony competing in the final day's races.

The wagers she'd made, and now had to forfeit, had bankrupted her. Her entire estate would be split up amongst them, and she now belonged to the council as a whole. She was convicted of the ultimate crime, and would pay for it for the rest of her life.

Being in control wasn't all fun and games... it came with responsibility. If you failed in that, you paid a price. If you abused that right the way she did, you paid the ultimate price.

She not only abused her rights, but she abused the trust we slaves were supposed to have in order to keep us healthy and sane. She compounded her illegal actions by poisoning Master Laste, and there was no choice other than what the council decided.

She was now a 24/7 red collar slave.

I got to stand in front of my stall and watch the first part of her punishment. She was naked, stretched tight over a wooden hitching post with her feet bound to the legs, and her hands and neck in stocks. A sign above her said 'Brood Mare in Training'.

Anyone who felt like it could simply walk up behind her and start screwing her for a simple fee; the price was they had to give her ten lashes when they were done. I was wearing a strap-on and had already taken a few turns, but relied on Jill to deliver the lashes for me. She always needed practice, and was more than glad to lend a helping hand.

I was ready for another round, but had to wait for two pony boys to finish having their fun. Jill applied their lashes for them when they were

done... she's so nice and helpful. She helped guide my dildo into Lidia's newly stretched ass and even turned on the vibrator in my end so I could get the most out of it. Star ponies get special rewards.

I planned on enjoying my reward as many times as I could today. Life was good.

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## **Part 10: Breaking Lidia**

### **The Mighty Brought Low**

“You have a delivery, Master,” Monica said. “It’s several large crates from Mistress Grey.”

“That was quicker than expected,” I said. “I thought she would’ve kept it a while longer. Never mind... get the others to help you move everything to the stable.”

“Yes, Master. Shall we unpack everything for you?”

“We’ll do it later when we have more time. Just get it all over there and hurry back so we can finish getting this schedule worked out.”

My schedule had become a minor nightmare since Sherri’s record breaking performance at last month’s pony show. Everyone with a ponygirl wanted to bring them by to experience some of my obviously effective training.

That itself would’ve put a strain on things, but everyone simply interested in the scene suddenly wanted to pay me a visit as well. For purely social purposes... a nice, friendly visit since it had been so long. Yeah right.

Still, having all this company made for a nice change. Other than my annual parties, I rarely had any of my friends over to visit. It would’ve been great fun, but unlike my home, my ranch didn’t have enough rooms for everyone, forcing me to stagger everyone’s visits.

If this kept up, maybe I should just build another guest house and be done with it. I decided to get some air and clear my mind before plunging back into the logistics of things. Screw the schedule... Monica could try and figure it out on her own when she got back.

It was a nice day, and sitting outside with a cold beer while watching ponygirls prancing around the track was what I should’ve been doing anyway. I saw my friend Brandon sitting on a big cooler under a tree, and went to join him.

“Ho, Laste,” he called out once he saw me approach.

“Howdy... you got one of those things for me?” I asked, pointing to the beer in his hand.

“You bet,” he said, pulling one from the ice and opening it for me.

The day looked better already. “Do you have one out on the track right now?” I asked after taking a big swig from the bottle.

“Naw, mine’s out on a three mile run with Jill. I’m just watching the newbies while waiting for them to get back. Some of these new ones have real potential.”

I turned to the track where Lilith was supervising the ‘newbies’. The new ones in this case were a pair of identical twins who were learning how to work as a team. They made quite an impressive sight already, and would be absolutely stunning once they learned how to work in unison.

Redheads were unusual for ponygirls, since most gingers couldn’t handle the sun on bare skin without burning almost instantly it seemed. Those two took to it well, and even the freckles didn’t take away from their appearance.

At five foot nothing, they’d never be racing ponies, but they would be stars in any parade or dressage show. Especially since their small stature was limited to their height. A thirty-six inch chest on someone so small made them look even bigger than they were... even more so when bouncing up and down during a high-step trot.

Watching them was a pleasant distraction, but Lilith soon finished with them and strapped them to the automatic lunging machine so they could practice the proper gait on their own. My custom lunging machine had sensors that would automatically deliver a painful shock to their butt plugs if they didn’t step properly or went too slow around the circle. It was effective.

“How’s your schedule for the rest of the day, dear?” I asked her once she had them going.

“I’ll have those two walking for a couple of hours, but I’m free after that.”

“Meet me in the stables when it’s convenient, and bring Jill along. I have a little surprise for you all.”

“I can hardly wait.”

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It was a larger delivery than expected. I thought it would've been one large crate and maybe a small box or two, but this was ridiculous. There were boxes filling most of the common area of the stable, and some were even blocking the gate to Sherri's stall. I'd have more than harsh words with Monica later for leaving the place in such a mess.

“This is like Christmas,” she said. “Where shall we start?”

“Take care of the boxes in front of the stall and bring Sherri out. I'll be working on the crate and I want her to see this.”

I pushed a few of the boxes out of the way to give me some working room and began attacking the crate with my screw gun. The front and top were one solid piece, so I was able to get it ready for quick removal once everyone was assembled.

When Lilith was finally able to open Sherri's stall, she slowly led her out and guided her through the maze of boxes. Today was a rest day for Sherri, which meant the blinders on her head harness were folded down and laced closed over her eyes.

It made it easier for her to sleep if she wanted to. Jill moved to open them up, but I had her remove the whole head harness instead. I gave her a few minutes to get used to the light before removing the lid and giving everyone a look at my new toy.

“May I present Liddy,” I said, trying to present it like a showman. “Formerly known as Mistress Lidia.”

They had to take my word for it, since the tightly packed ball of latex and leather didn't allow for any real identification. A full body purple catsuit covered her from head to toe, but that was only the beginning.

Her arms were held tight behind her back by a black leather arm binder, and a matching discipline hood was laced over her head until all the details below were clearly visible. With how tight everything was, Claire must've used wet leather and laces when she dressed Liddy for transport.

Breathing tubes ran into the nose holes of the hood, and I saw wires



running into the crotch area. I knew all three of her holes would be stuffed to the max. Her legs were folded back until the eight inch heels of her ballet boots were pressed tight against her ass, and held there with a multitude of straps.

More straps pulled her knees up to her chest, with a final set covering her arms, turning her into a solid, immobile ball. It was probably cruel of me to leave her in the crate for those few extra hours, but I didn't really care much for her comfort since she tried to poison me.

Every strap was pulled a few notches too tight, and it took three of us to open up our 'package'. We were all sweating from the effort by the time we were done, and I was torn between swearing at Claire for making me work like this, and complimenting her on the near perfect packaging.

I decided to make our lives easier by using a ceiling winch to stand her up so we could finish the job. Easier for us, at least... I connected the hook to the end of her armbinder, which pulled her into a harsh strappado position.

I had to cut the laces off the back of the helmet to get it off, but we were finally able to peel it off her head to reveal a latex hood underneath it. The laces on the posture collar untied a lot easier and we were soon able to remove the last of her headgear.

She looked different without any hair, and with the wide ring through her septum; I could barely recognize her. I left the inflatable gag in her mouth for now so we wouldn't have to listen to her whine and complain while we continued to strip her. I had the girls work on the full leg ballet boot laces, since they looked to have been done up wet as well, and I didn't want to cut laces that long.

I turned to the unopened boxes, and found them to be filled with an amazing assortment of restraints and outfits, all in either black or purple. It must've cost Claire a fortune to put together this much matching gear in only a month.

We lowered her to the ground for the next step. The armbinder was just as hard to remove, and all Liddy could do was let her arms flop uselessly down to the sides when they got it off. Once they started removing the catsuit, her stench quickly became apparent. We'd have to get her outside quickly so we wouldn't stink up the stable.

I picked purple rubber cuffs with blued steel D-rings for her wrists and ankles, along with a matching collar. We forced her arms behind her back and clipped them to the back of her collar in a strict reverse-prayer position.

It was good enough for now; I'd remove the last items outside in case it made a mess. Lilith put a hobble chain between her ankle cuffs, but it was hardly needed since she couldn't walk very well yet.

We didn't have to take her far, but a crowd gathered around us in record time. Everyone knew who she was and why she was in her current predicament. Some of them even cheered. We bent her over a hitching post and strapped her down at the waist before pulling her legs wide and tying them to the uprights.

Jill ran a rope from her wrist cuffs to the stable wall to hold her upper body in place while we cleaned her up. I let Lilith release the catheter and remove the butt plug, knowing it wouldn't be pleasant. She evidently knew it too, since she passed the bucket and delegated the task to Jill.

It wasn't quite as bad as I thought, and soon I was spraying her down, paying special attention to between her legs. I saw she also had new piercings down there and had to take a closer look. It was four thick rings down the labia on each side, and a final one through her clit. It made her new nipple rings look small and almost normal.

It was getting close to dinner time by now, so I decided to leave her there to dry in the sun. I had Monica replace her gag with one that had a feeder tube, and get some fluids into her. It was a warm night, so I thought I'd leave her where she was for now.

With her ass sticking up invitingly, I let my guests know she was available in case someone wanted an appetizer. Four of my guests were mysteriously late for dinner that night, and several more left early to 'take some air'.

I might have to put a sawhorse in her stall for when she was bedded down for the night if she remained this popular. After all, I had a reputation to maintain as a gracious host, even if Liddy was about to start her advanced training.

## Advanced Training

“Wakey, wakey, little pony,” I called out as I stepped behind Liddy and gave her a slap on the ass.

I continued once I was sure I had her attention. “We’ve never been formally introduced. My name is Jill, and soon you’ll know me as Mistress Jill once I’m done with my final test. That’s you, in case you were wondering. Now that’s enough lounging around in comfort for you, it’s time to get you ready for a busy day.”

Master Laste had left her tied to the hitching post overnight, and I had a feeling her idea of comfort wasn’t in line with mine. She looked rather disgusting covered in dirt and cum, but I decided to give her an enema before hosing her down. No sense doing it twice.

The enema plug I’d brought was almost too loose for the job, but it held well enough once I inflated both inner and outer bladders. I hadn’t realized how much her asshole had been stretched recently, and I’d have to remember to bring a much larger one next time.

In fact, if I worked at it, maybe I could get her loose enough to take the behemoth number ten butt plug. I decided it would be fun to try, and went back inside to gather a few items. First I changed out the number four tail plug I was going to install in her today for a number six. Then I grabbed the largest strap-on I could find and belted it in place.

With one this big, the insert that went inside my pussy was a little large for comfort, but I already found myself wet so it went in fairly easy. I grabbed the vibrator remote and hurried back out, enjoying the odd sensation of having the huge rubber dick bouncing in front of me and moving my insert as I walked.

I turned on my vibrator before I released the enema and hosed her down. By the time she was clean, I was more than ready for some fun. I slid slowly into her ass for the first half of its length, and then jammed it the rest of the way home in one hard thrust.

I held it there for a minute and reveled in the sensation of power over the haughty bitch before starting to fuck her properly. I came within a few minutes and had to take a short break. I wanted a little more fun so I stood there leaning on her impaled ass until I got my second wind.

I lasted a lot longer this time, and even pounding her as hard and fast as I could, had to crank the vibrator to the max so I could finish before falling too far behind schedule. It turned out to be a glorious triple orgasm, and I decided to get up a little early each day so I could make this part of my morning routine.

For now, though, I had work to do so I pulled out and immediately jammed her butt plug in place while she was still stretched loose from my reaming. It looked like I could probably go to the number eight tomorrow if I worked at it a bit.

I untied her from the hitching post and clipped a leash to her clit ring to bring her inside where the others were probably already waiting for me. They were waiting, but they weren't mad; they'd been watching me and thought it was a good show.

Master Laste thought she needed to lose some weight and decided she'd be dressed in full latex every day for her training. This would add a sauna-like effect when she exercised out in the hot sun. As I powdered the suit, I noticed it had the same complex network of e-stim electrodes and sensors that the suits did for the ultimate bondage device.

I don't know if it was the futility of her situation or the leash still attached to her clit ring, but we got her into the suit without much of a struggle. Next up was a thick rubber armbinder. It was tougher to get her arms in, but used straps instead of laces so it was quick to pull tight.

The rubber seemed to be putting a constant pressure on her arms, forcing them together even worse than the regular leather ones. I'd have to ask her to compare the two sometime. Looking at the rest of the gear, I realized it was all either rubber, or rubber coated. Probably a smart decision since it meant we could hose her down without worrying about the leather.

Her chest harness was one of the basic models that had a simple ring for the base of each breast, but being rubber and a little small for her meant it constricted the base of each tit and turned them slightly red as they became

engorged with blood.

Her head harness was anything but normal. The bit had a few extra plates and pieces attached to it, and once it was explained to me, seemed like something only a mad genius could come up with. Simply put, when pressure was put on one of the reins, it would force one plate down into her tongue, and one into the roof of her mouth. Course corrections would be quite painful with this thing.

Her corset and waist belt were of even thicker rubber, and while not as unforgiving as boned leather was, would provide the same constant pressure her arm binder did. The nine rings piercing her privates made Master Laste pause for a few minutes and rethink the setup for her lower harness.

He shoved a large flexible vibrator all the way inside her and using a combination of wire and some small locks, used her labia rings to hold it in place. A harness with two crotch straps went on the outside of her lips and met in the back to split her ass crack. He left the tail off for now.

The hoof shaped boots had several sets of wires attached to them... Master Laste sure loved his toys, and the only use I could think of was to somehow monitor her high-step gait. He'd used something similar but cruder when training Sherri.

In addition to plugging in the boots, suit, and both front and rear intruders, wires also went to her clit and nipple rings. He used a double battery pack to power everything, which was odd since one pack was enough to power his devices for days under normal use.

A strict posture collar and three rubber straps to hold her arms firmly against her back finished her preparations, and I was finally able to lead her outside. I was to run her on the lunge bar today, sitting behind her in a sulky and getting practice as a driver and with the buggy whip.

Mistress Lilith and Monica connected her harness to the overhead bar and the sulky to her waist, while I was instructed to fill her with another enema. While this was going on, he finally explained his complicated setup.

"I'm only going to explain once, Liddy, so I'd pay attention if I were you. For someone who was deep into the pony scene, you're woefully inadequate at knowing what being a ponygirl is really like. You're also lazy, out of shape, and have a fat ass. Because we're so nice and generous, we're

going to do you the tremendous favor of fixing all that for you.”

He pulled a set of clover clamps out of his pocket and began rubbing her nipples in preparation of putting them on.

“Today you will learn how to properly walk like a pony, and because I don’t think you’re very bright, you’ll be monitored in everything you do. For example; the boots have built in accelerometers and level switches to make sure you walk with a firm and elegant high-step. An improper step will give you a rectal shock and add a demerit point.”

He snapped both clover clamps in place and tied them to the rings on the side of her bit.

“The average walking speed is about three miles per hour. That’s all we’ll expect from you for now, although future sessions will be run much faster once you start getting in shape. At the end of each hour, you’ll get either a reward or a punishment depending on how well you do.”

He pulled out three little bells and attached them to her nipples and clit, giving each a test flick as he put them on.

“If you finish before the allotted time, your vibrator will increase in speed and run for however many minutes you managed to shave off your time. You can even earn an orgasm if you do really well, but don’t hold your breath. If you finish slow, you’ll get shocks to your ass, clit, and nipples for the same amount of time you were over.”

All of the enema fluid was in place, so I removed the tubing and screwed in her tail.

“You’ll be periodically hosed down and given a drink, but the enema inside you will be your primary source of hydration. It has sugar and salt in it, plus a few other electrolytes and chemicals to ensure you stay fit for the duration of this session. Sorry about the cramping it’s probably causing, but nothing’s perfect.”

They finished attaching the sulky and I moved to take my seat, but he motioned for me to wait. He gave me a pair of rubber panties with dual inserts and had me change into them first. I was quite used to wearing them by now and didn’t think twice about putting them on, even in public.

“Since Jill is learning today as well, she needs some incentive to make

sure you do a good job. Her vibrator is tied into your program, and will give her pleasure for every minute you do a good job.

“As a result, she’ll probably use the buggy whip a lot on you, but the thicker than usual latex covering your ass will give you some protection from her inexperienced swings. If she should happen to deliver a stroke hard enough to break skin on someone with a bare ass, a sensor in the whip will deliver a shock to her butt plug.”

I wasn’t sure I liked the sound of that, but it would definitely give me a powerful incentive to learn fast.

“I’m sure you’re all bored with my speech by now, so I’ll let you get to work. An ear piece in your head harness and a tablet display on the sulky will inform you of how well you’re doing. You have thirty miles to run today, so I’m sure you’re anxious to get started. Proceed when you’re ready, Jill. You’ll have five minutes to get going properly before the timer starts.”

I took my seat and flicked the whip a few times to the side to make sure I had the wrist action right. I felt the vibrator start on low speed at the third one, and knew what I’d have to do. I attached the reins onto the ends of a twelve inch dowel so I could steer with just my left hand and then gave them a shake while clucking my mouth.

Liddy started into a shamble of a walk. I gave her ass a quick flick of the whip and ordered her to step lively. At the end of the first lap, the tablet mounted in front of me began showing stats for how she was doing. It was a lot more info than I expected.

I could see her heart rate, blood pressure, and core temperature. I also saw she only hit the proper horizontal thigh position at a twelve percent success rate and her current lap speed was less than two miles per hour.

“Pick up the pace, you lazy cunt,” I yelled. “If you don’t start stepping right and go faster, you’re gonna get fried from the inside out!”

I punctuated my words with several strikes from the whip and earned myself my first anal shock in my zeal. It was probably worth the brief pain in my ass, though, since she started moving like something closer to a proper ponygirl.

Her high-step success went up to fifty percent on the next lap, and we’d

broken the three miles per hour we needed. I heard a ding from the tablet at the end of the next lap; our timer was now running, and so was her punishment program.

I saw her jump without the benefit of my whip and knew she was receiving her first round of demerit shocks while on the run. Future rounds would take place at the end of each hour, when she got to take a brief rest and potentially receive a reward. Looking at her stats, I didn't think a reward would be coming for quite some time.

Her gait improved a lot quicker than I would have thought possible, but it also significantly reduced her speed. I decided to ignore speed for now so she could concentrate on the proper step for a while. Besides... she'd figure that out on her own when we stopped for the first time and her demerits were added up.

I almost felt sorry for her when the first hour was up and I brought her to a halt. I forgot about the pressure bit in her mouth and pulled on the reins a lot harder than I should have. She wailed in pain from the harsh bit, but soon forgot about it as her demerits were tallied.

A mere sixty-nine percent step rate and twelve minutes over the allotted time meant for a cruel punishment round. A masked slave I didn't know stepped in from the side with a hose and sprayed her down, also giving her a brief drink from the hose.

Her break was to be fifteen minutes this time, and I felt the vibrator kick up to a medium speed for the last three. I guess it was to give us a reminder of the reward part of today's program. When the vibrations receded to their previous levels, I knew it was time to start again. I flicked both the reins and my whip to get her moving again.

Her speed was much better this time, and I hoped we'd earn a time reward. Those three minutes had left me feeling rather horny and wanting more. Her steps didn't improve any over the first round, but I let it slide for now since her pace was close to four miles per hour right now.

We had all day for her to learn to combine both elegance and speed. It wound up being a good thing she started with such a good pace, since she began flagging a bit toward the end, and her speed dropped below three again. It still meant we finished this time with several minutes to spare and



earned a small reward.

She still had to pay for her step infractions, though, and it meant the reward wasn't much from her point of view. It was great for me, and by rubbing my clit with my free hand I was able to bring myself to my first orgasm of the day.

The slave brought me an ice cold bottle of water from a large cooler before hosing Liddy down this time. When he finished with her, he put the cooler behind my seat so I could help myself whenever I got thirsty. It probably added another fifty pounds to the load she'd have to pull.

She did much better on the third round. Her stepping improved to eighty-one percent, and she still finished with over four minutes to spare. She was writhing in her harness with a little more pleasure than pain this time, and I wondered if she'd be able to get off. I did.

I didn't know it, but the vibrator Master Laste selected for her was one of his orgasm denial models. It automatically adjusted itself based on her current biometric readings and would only bring her to the edge, but never over. It would even send power to her various shock points to make sure.

She was stepping well in the fourth round, but her energy was starting to flag. She didn't know it, but it was anticipated and her target speed was lowered by a half mile per hour. Sherri could've handled the entire day at pace, but not this flabby newbie.

She managed to just finish under the wire, and if my vibrator wasn't running at close to full speed I wouldn't have gotten my orgasm in this time. It was time to break for a nice, leisurely lunch... for me anyway.

I locked the wheel brake and tied her reins off to the sulky, making sure there was a moderate amount of pressure on them, and set her vibe to run in continuous denial mode. After all, I didn't want her to become bored when I went inside to join the others.

When we resumed after lunch, I started using the whip a lot more to keep her on pace. This series would be easier on her since she was allowed to use the regular step of a racer, but the MPH for each lap was set back up to normal.

To compensate for the easing of her step restriction, her blinders were

closed and the vibe left running as a distraction. I had to start using the reins to keep her on the proper line. My vibrator was also left running, but without the denial part of the program.

I started cumming about every twenty minutes like clockwork, and it was just long enough between orgasms that they remained pleasant rather than turn painful. I made no effort to contain the noise of my pleasure, knowing it would piss Liddy off.

We didn't manage to get the full thirty miles in today; she simply didn't have the endurance. I drained the enema she'd been forced to endure all day and was surprised how much of the fluid had been absorbed. I cleaned her out with another one, hosed her off again, and brought her back to her stall.

Master Laste had been busy in there. He built a new frame to support her for the night so she'd be bent over and stretched out like before, but a lot tighter. We left her in her outfit, except the head harness was replaced with a ring gag in case someone wanted access to her mouth tonight, and her arms were refastened sticking straight out to her sides.

I noticed her vibrator was still running, and wondered if he planned on keeping her on the edge all night. We'd done that to Sherri while punishing her, and she said it was the worst out of anything we'd done to her.

It would be worse for Liddy, since it wouldn't allow her much rest tonight, and she'd start tomorrow's workout with a severe sleep deficit, guaranteeing she'd earn more demerits. Oh well... her stamina would be improving rapidly under her strict regimen and she'd survive.

I considered putting the strap-on in place for one last orgasm before dinner, but there were two guests already waiting in the common area for a turn at her. I decided to clean up and soak in the hot tub instead. There'd be plenty of time to amuse myself after dinner. Or so I thought.

Master Laste decided to bed Sherri down for the night in the same stall. While still lightly restrained, she had use of her hands and was wearing the strap-on I was planning on using. I had a feeling it would be a very long night for Liddy. Payback's a bitch, and so is someone wearing a giant dildo.

## **The Second Pony Show**

I could hardly believe the improvements we wrought in a mere four weeks. While she'd never be a champion, she was now able to perform in public without embarrassing us. Her stamina had greatly improved and her attitude even more so.

I thought keeping her on the edge of orgasm for a week at a time would've turned her mind to mush... and it might have ... but the gratitude we got when finally allowing her to cum advanced her training at an almost unheard of rate.

The promise of unlimited orgasms if she did well in today's show meant she was not only willing to accept her tack, but eager to get in it. When she placed third in dressage and earned a ribbon, she was practically over the moon. It was quite a change from the stuck-up bitch she used to be.

Once the award ceremony was over and the regular guests were mingling, the inner council went inside the house to discuss a few things. I was left in charge of clearing away the show stands and equipment, and then setting up things for the evening entertainment.

Under my direction, workmen set up a St. Andrew's cross, a whipping post, and two sets of stocks. Four ponygirls would be on display for infractions earned during the show, three of them being publicly flogged.

The last one was part of a contest for the guests, and bets would be placed on how long she could hold out before cumming with random speed vibrators in both her ass and pussy. The winner would receive a new set of custom tack for their pony.

The last thing I had to set up was a simple barber chair. It went under the awning at the front of the stable where several ropes hung down from pulleys on the roof. Anyone who'd been at Master Laste's BDSM party recognized the setup and spread the word to those who weren't.

As the council emerged from the house, I could see they all looked grim, and I started to panic when they called me over. Did I screw something

up? Was I in some kind of trouble?

“We’ve got something to say to you, girl,” Mistress Grey said in a flat tone.

I gulped and stepped forward.

A grin suddenly split her face. “Welcome to the club, Mistress Jill!”

The others immediately started cheering and clapping in between their laughs at the look I had on my face. They’d got me good as one last bit of fun. Mast... Brandon pulled a box from behind his back and presented it to me on one knee.

Inside was an exquisitely tooled and adorned riding crop. It had a gold horse head at the top and the shaft was braided down its length in black and red leather. It was a work of art.

“You can stare at it later,” Laste chuckled. “We need to get back to the party before those cretins drink all my champagne.”

I knew that wasn’t a real concern since I’d helped unpack a dozen cases of it into coolers and a watering trough filled with ice, but I took his arm and let him lead me back. It wasn’t often a new master or mistress joined their ranks, and everyone was eager to offer their congratulations. I suspected that somehow everyone but me knew about this in advance.

While that was going on, Lilith and Monica had put Liddy into a new body harness with suspension cuffs for her hands and feet. She was hanging in a flying spread eagle in front of the chair, and I was waved to take my seat like it was a throne.

I did it as gracefully as I could, which wasn’t really saying a lot. It’s hard to be graceful when you have to bend over in front of a hundred people and pull off panties with a built in dildo and butt plug. I adjusted the chair to a comfortable height and angle, and scooted forward until her head was in a good position between my legs.

I felt a little self-conscious being the absolute center of attention for the whole gathering, but it had almost a ritualistic feel to it, and I was determined to appear proud and at ease. It got easier once I had her start licking and the ecstasy allowed my groin to overrule my brain.

When she was in my place she stayed in position through multiple

orgasms, but I had something else in mind. After I finished cumming and could think straight again, I had her stop so I could get out of the chair.

“Sherri,” I called out, waving her over.

She was right at the front, standing there unfettered for the first time in many months. She’d finished paying Laste’s price and was her own woman once more.

“Since it was Liddy who put you in this position last time, I thought you deserved a turn in the driver’s seat for once.”

She simply smiled and gave me a hug before ascending the ‘throne’. We’d slowly grown into good friends over the last few months. It was a nice change.

“Lick, bitch,” was all she said to Liddy once she was settled.

Now that I was out of the chair, Laste announced that the rest of the festivities could resume. The four ponygirls were restrained in the devices I’d set up earlier, and Liddy’s pussy and ass were now ‘open for business’.

Lilith took an early turn reaming her out with a strap-on, and I’d take a turn or two later myself. I wanted to wait for her tongue to get tired, so we could stuff her mouth with the double penis gag. She’d be the human dildo like Sherri was, and I’d make sure I gave her plenty of swing-thrust power when it was my turn.

Life was good.

###

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Questions? Comments? Concerns?

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