

Chapter Sixteen

Fun Party--

Girl's Night Out



Yes, yes, I know, my prissy little puppy... but you know this is all your own fault. Here I went out of my way to buy you cute little puppy ears, and what did you do, but roll your eyes, like they were something to endure.

I know, you poor little thing. It's a difficult task I've given you, but if it was supposed to be easy, I wouldn't have tied you up this. And if it were easy, it wouldn't be a punishment, now would it?

Ummph!

SMACK!

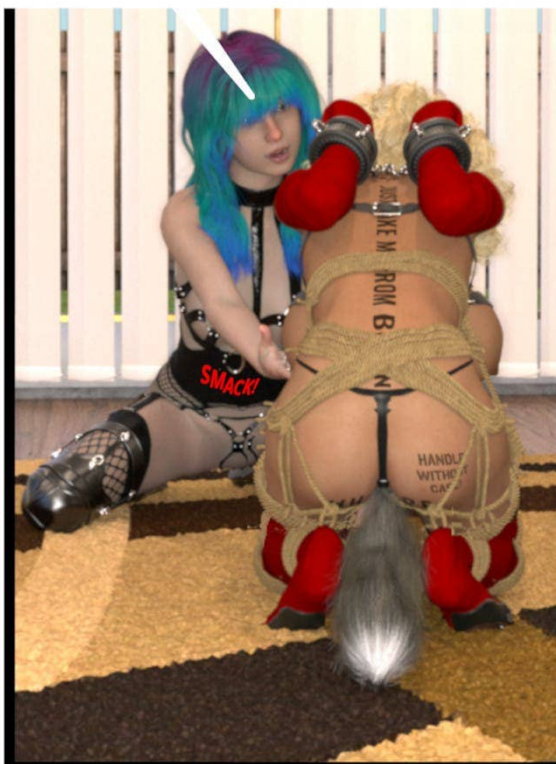
The point of these little challenges isn't just to punish you--that's just a side benefit. I make them things you might not be able to do because I'm trying to push you. Although you find a way to do them more often than I would expect, which is why I have to keep making them more difficult. Surely you can see they're for your own benefit. You need exercise and mental stimulation. I'm just giving those things to you in creative ways.

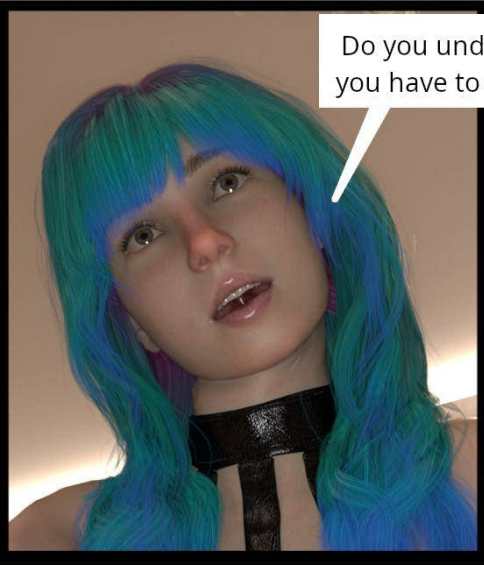
And, of course, since the tasks keep getting harder, I have to make the punishments for failure more severe as well, otherwise, you might simply decide to give up and not push yourself anymore. Which means it really is all your fault. If I could trust you to try your best, I wouldn't have to punish you to keep you motivated, now would I. But don't worry, my Silly Little Cow, I'm not going to run out of games any time soon. There are websites, such as "Games to Play with your Slave" that have given me thousands of ideas. They even prioritize them by degree of difficulty. This is one of the simple ones--although I changed up the way you've been tied to make it more of a challenge.

Ummph!

SMACK!
SMACK!

SMACK!





Do you understand what you have to do, silly cow?



No? And mother always thought you were the smart one.



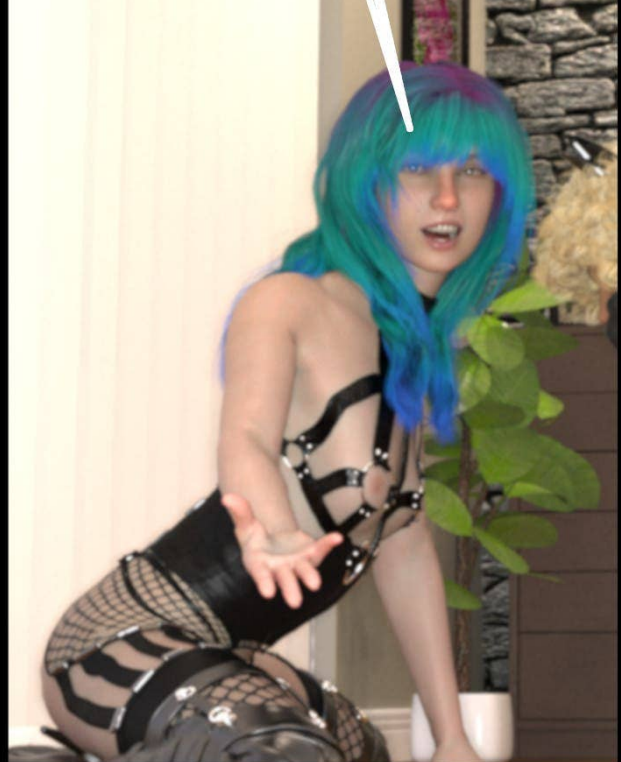
Uh uh.

Your task is sort of like an Easter egg hunt. As I said, I've placed a number of items around the room, such as several little doggy balls, a comb, dirty socks, and so forth. Your job is two fold. First, of course, you have to find the items and then you have to fetch them... by which I mean to say that you have to bring them all back here to the rug, at the foot of the bed.

Better get going! Since you're scheduled for a fun party tonight at 7:00, you only have about four or five hours to fetch all your toys... and for each one you fail to retrieve, you'll spend an hour on the spanker, so you better try hard. There are eight items, so that's roughly a half hour for each item. So, if you haven't fetched your first item within the first half hour, I'm going to turn up the vibrator that I placed inside you. It has a remote control and 8 speeds. So, each time you fail, I can turn it up another notch.



Aren't dogs supposed to fetch with their mouths?



Of course, if the threat of the spanker and turning the vibrator up aren't enough to keep you motivated, I'll have to go get my electrical probe, so I can follow behind you, zapping your delicate parts. You may be bound up tight, but I'm sure there are still plenty of delicate spots on your body that are easily accessible.

Oh joy! You're always so good to me.

Umph!



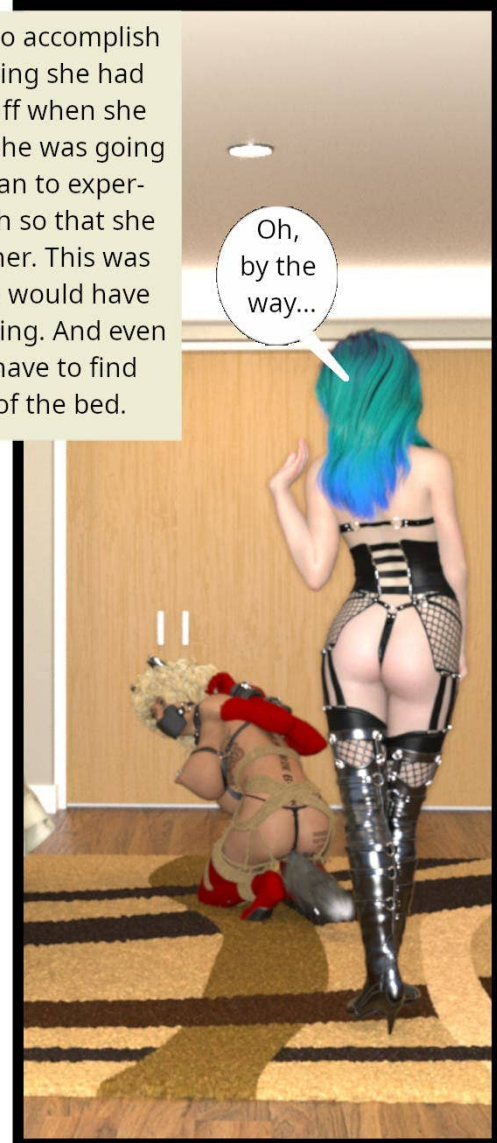
On the other hand, if you manage to accomplish your task, you'll be allowed to sleep on my soft bed tonight. But if you don't, one of the girls at the fun party might decide to purchase you for the night, and who knows what they might do. But if you're good, and finish, buying you will be off limits, at least for tonight. If you don't get at least four of the eight items, you'll be spending the night in the basement, riding the wooden horse, with the spanker on a timer, to strike every five, ten or fifteen minutes, depending on how many you find.



Elsie wasn't sure how she was going to accomplish such a monumental task, but one thing she had learned was that her sister didn't bluff when she told her about all the horrible things she was going to do. So instead of thinking, she began to experiment, rocking her hips back and forth so that she could inch one knee ahead of the other. This was actually a lot more effective than she would have thought, but it was still rather slow going. And even if she could find an item, she'd still have to find some way to roll it over to the foot of the bed.

Alright, my little puppy, you'd better get going. The timer's ticking and you've only got 25 instead of thirty minutes before I have to get out the electrical probe.

Oh, by the way...



I may have forgotten to mention this...

At least one of the items was hidden under the pillows on top of the bed--which means you're going to have to figure a way to climb up on the mattress, if you don't want to suffer your punishments. I recommend leaving the bed for last, since it's bound to be the most difficult, he, he, he.





Trust me, the real fun is only just about to begin.

She doesn't actually belong to me, but yes.. and I have access to her tonight.

Not anymore! Now she's just Elsie, the cow.

My boyfriend said I was a little too old for a pajama party, but this has been really nice. I needed a night out with just us girls.

Oh? Ar you referring to your new slave I've been hearing so much about?

Isn't she like your older sister, or something.

It's where we all sit around looking at various adult toys and clothing. And since we have a slave to model them, you can even test them out, so to speak. I have a whole new line to show off.



Can you imagine answering to a name like that

Is she a real working cow?

She is. And it's a little past her milking time, which means her nipples will be very sensitive.

Oh, that sounds like fun.



What's a fun party?

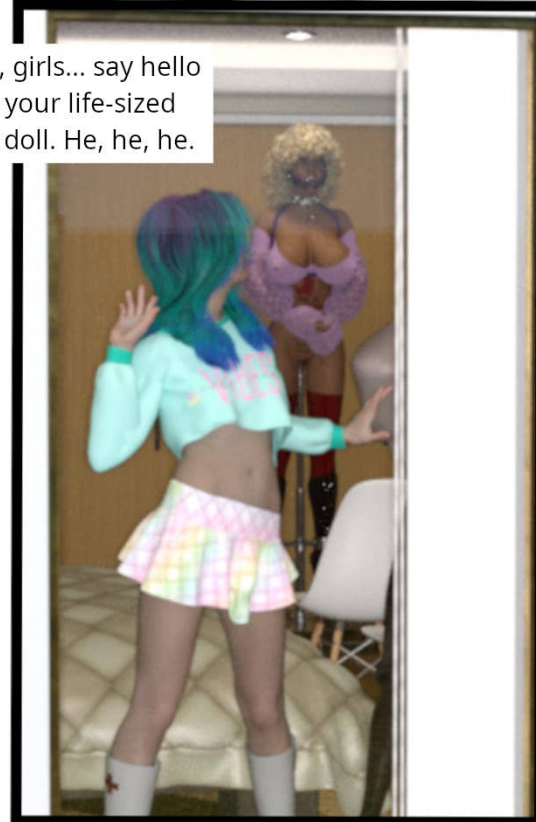
I'll let you help me, Val. But first we'll have your little fun party.

So it's sort of like dress up barbie?

It would be a bit like that... If your barbie was a life-sized fuck doll.

Oh, wow!

Well, girls... say hello to your life-sized fuck doll. He, he, he.



Elsie had been feeling a little awkward and uncomfortable when she was alone. And now that her sister had brought four strangers to stare at her, she was feeling even more awkward. She knew she shouldn't try to cover up. She'd already made the decision that she wouldn't, but she couldn't help it. She'd been more exposed in front of more people, but never in such an intimate setting and never when her arms weren't bound. Having free arms made her feel like standing in front of them was almost voluntary. It made her cheeks burn; her cunt drip and her arms felt more awkward than they ever had.



Have a seat, ladies... make yourselves at home for a few minutes, while those of us with chores to do get everything ready... Or introduce yourselves to Elsie.



Elsie had managed to get control over her emotions again, and had placed her hands behind her back. She was desperately hoping one of these women would take her home.



Regina, could you help me bring out some of the product?

my pleasure, Val.



I like her outfit. It doesn't leave anything to the imagination, does it?

First come, first served, ladies! Feel free to do whatever you want with her, until the show.



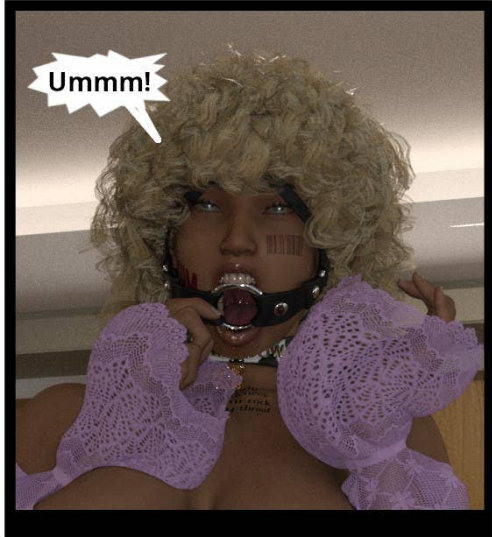
Well, Damn!
I'll take you up on
that, Kirs.

Go ahead, Sherry.
Help yourself... Get a
little taste of what
you could have all to
yourself tonight, if
you buy the most
product... over five
hundred, of course.

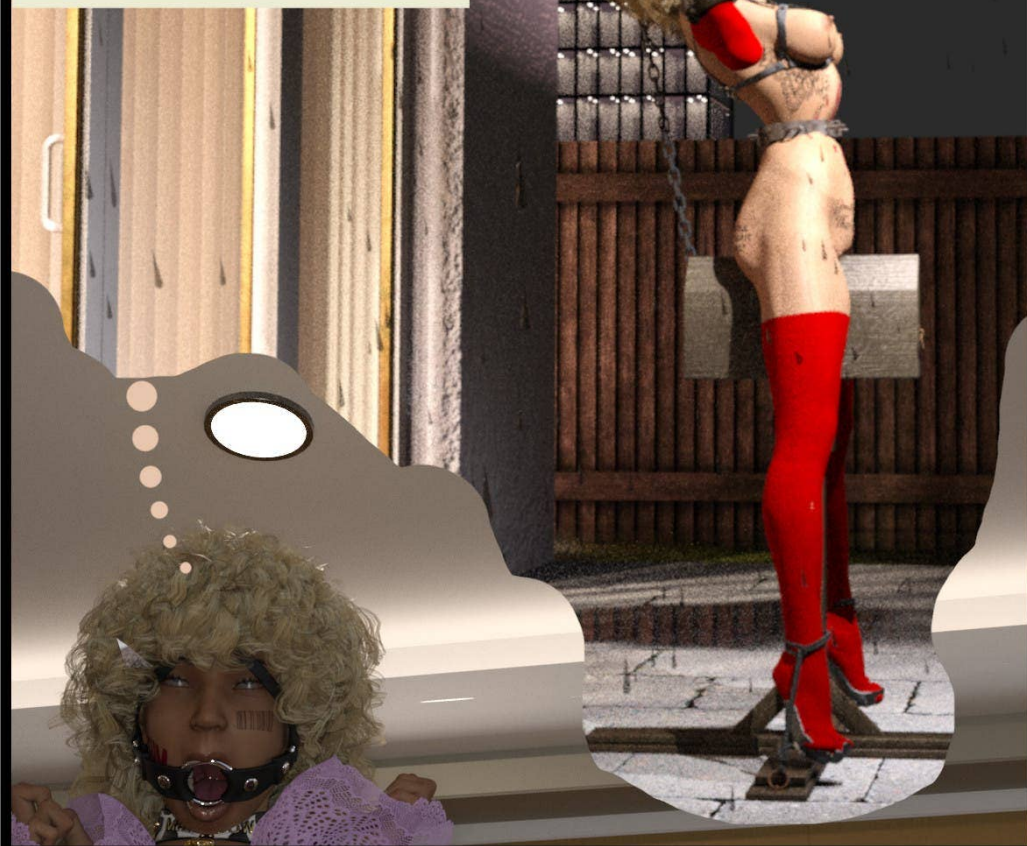
Elsie would have expected to be more embarrassed by having another woman lapping at her crotch, but surprisingly the casual way Sherry went about it seemed almost natural; casual. And the girl definitely had talent. This wasn't the first time she'd done this. Else would never have believed it would be possible, but in the few moments she had, she made Elsie feel amazingly good. This was someone she might not mind going home with as much as she feared.



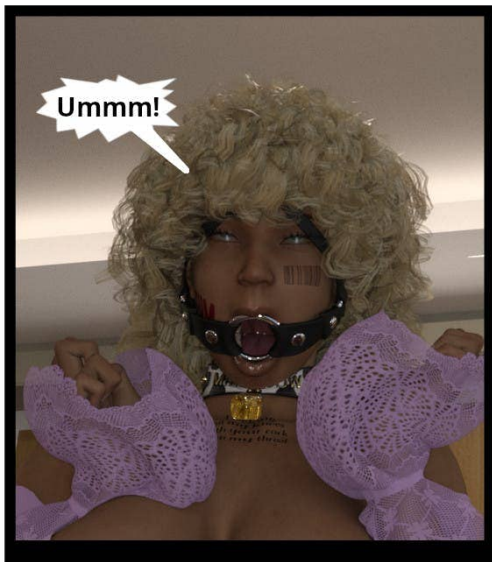
Ummm!



Having this stranger do this to her all night would be far better than spending the night on the wooden horse, as her sister, Kirsten, had promised. Of course, there would probably be other stuff that was less pleasant as well, but more of this would make it bearable.



Ummm!



It took a while to figure out how to walk effectively, but the fear of spending the night on the wooden horse again had spurred her on--and once she'd gotten the first four items, she'd realized it wasn't going to be quite as difficult as she feared so she found the next three. But climbing up on the bed had proven to be more than she could manage, despite Kirsten's threats.

You're pathetic. You've gotten this far and now you're just going to give up. I've a mind to put you on the wooden horse for the night anyway, even though I said I wouldn't if you found four toys.

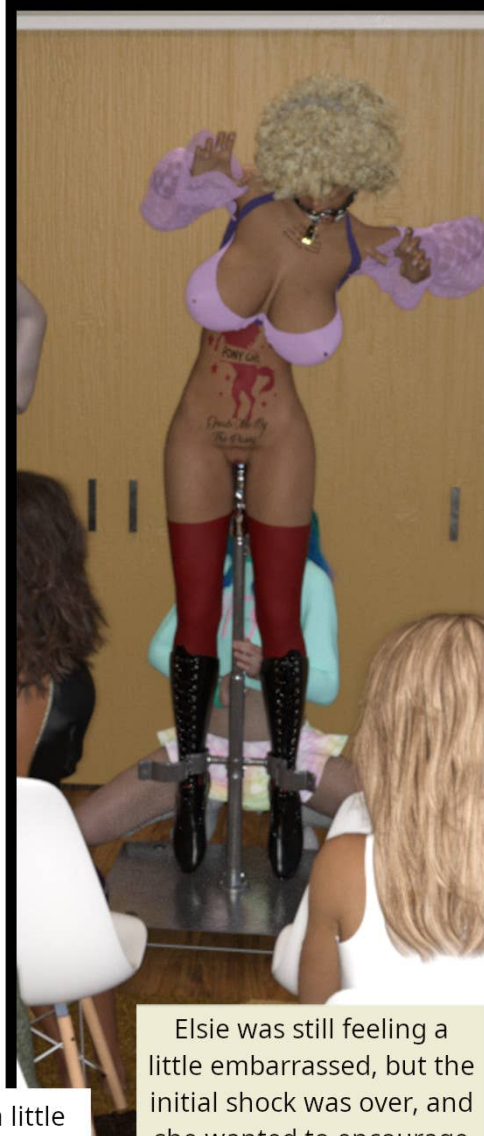


Spending time on the wooden horse was Elsie's least favorite punishment. Especially when she was tired, which made the time drag by even more than normal. There was the initial pain of the wood cutting into the tender flesh between her legs, but perhaps even worse was the long term effects: for the weight of her body pressing down on the hard wood, caused her pussy to begin to go numb. It was still painful, but a different kind of pain. It made her want to move to get the blood flowing again, but each new movement put weight on fresh portions of flesh that were not yet deadened. And the massive dildo that Kirsten had stuffed inside her didn't help. It pushed out against her belly when she moved and caused a dual discomfort deep inside her. Elsie would have thought one pain would have blocked the other, but instead they seemed to magnify one another. When she managed to forget about one of the pains enough to let it slip into the background, the other seemed to push forward to take its place. It made sleeping all but impossible. And the next day Kirsten had taken her to spend time in a Regenie machine, which, although it fixed her, wasn't entirely pleasant either.





I hope it was good, Sherry... because your taste-test time is over.



Elsie was still feeling a little embarrassed, but the initial shock was over, and she wanted to encourage the girls to bid on her. Kirsten was holding the threat of a night on the wooden horse over her. And strangely, having these women looking at her the way they were wasn't as bad as she would have thought. For one thing, she was a slave, so she had no choice.

Alright, ladies, it's time to meet your model for this evening: Elsie the Cow.

Although Elsie may have seemed a little nervous at first, as you can now see, she's actually quite pleased to be here... and if you're wondering why, it's because Sherry got her in the mood for tonight. You see, each of you gets one raffle ticket for each 100 you spend on product, over 500. And the winner of the raffle gets to take Elsie home for the night, to do... whatever.



Alright, you silly little cow, step down already.



But first, we're going to get her even more in the mood by letting her model some product for you. There will be things to cause both pleasure and pain, so whatever you're into, by the end of the night, you'll have plenty of options to choose from.

But more importantly, she was feeling what she had begun to think of as the Halloween Party effect. If she was to wear a sexy Steward-ess outfit out on the streets, she'd feel self-conscious, because no one expected such an outfit there. But wearing the same outfit to a Halloween party, even if the same number of people were eyeing her, wouldn't make her feel odd, because she knew she was in character. They would be looking at her in approval; enjoying her playing her role in an appropriate way.



I think we'll begin tonight's exhibition with what I like to call a double-dick face. The double dong is removable for storage or so you can put it to other uses, but it's constricted in the middle so the mask's ring holds it snugly. Now, for some slaves, this is a reward and for others it's a punishment. A training devise, designed to teach them how to take cock all the way down their throat. This design has a breathing hole, so it can stay in their mouth for hours (or even days), tickling their throat into submission. In Elsie's case, I think she's already learned to like it.

Elsie felt a renewed sense of humiliation as she fought the urge to say or do anything that would seem to reject Regina's assessment. But she couldn't quite force herself to seem eager, but she





Hey, Kirs! You're back just in time to join the fun.

Well go on then, you stupid bitch! Help her put it on you... Unless you'd rather have me give you a little motivation? I know how much you enjoy receiving your punishments.



There you go, Elsie. We're going to make you such a pretty little cow. See how easily she took it, ladies? She didn't even choke on it.

Damn, I didn't even have a chance to test out my new proe on her yet.



And now for the fun part, ladies.

Now this is what I like to call my bondage fun-belt. It's constructed of stainless steel, for strength and easy cleaning; and it come in six sizes, this is size three reduction, so you can crimp your slave's waist as tight as you want. I would have brought out one of the tighter ones, but something tells me our little Elsie-cow will be having enough trouble breathing soon, as it is.

Elsie was doing her best to play along, hoping to be purchased for the night, instead of riding the wooden horse. But her sister, Kirsten, wasn't helping things with her snide comments. It was intentional, of course. She was trying to set a mood, to let the customers know it was acceptable to treat her slave mean.



Oh, now that does look like fun.

I want to see what's still inside the box.

Ewh! I want one of those.

This fun-belt comes with a set of cuffs so you can bind your slaves wrists to her waist. But more importantly, it comes with it's own detachable toys. most of them are big enough that the belt's pressure will have your slave feeling it from the outside as well as the inside.

If you attach your slave's hands to the front of the belt, she can get her hands on the dildo. Not enough to satisfy herself, but enough to tease. For today's demonstration, however, I think having her hands in the front will just get in the way.



Get your arms out of the way, you stupid cow!

zzzp



UMMPH!

You heard her, you stupid bitch! Put your hands behind your back!



Alright, ladies, who wants to be the first to give our cowgirl a ride?

Very good, Sherry! Just be aware that if you soil a toy, you have to buy it. Things like the belt or her boots or her top (which are also for sale) you don't have to buy, just to use her. But anything that touches your private parts, those we're not allowed to resale after being used.

It's not like she's unclean. I just put her through a regenie not that many days ago, but it's the law. Can't get around that.

I'll go!



No problem! I like it so much, I plan to buy the whole set. I'm off work tomorrow, so I intend to try out what I buy on her all night.

Very good. Then why don't you come up here and make yourself comfortable?

I'll hold her while you climb aboard. You have to handle her with a heavy hand, if you buy her night.



I think inviting Sherry is going to turn out to be a very good idea.

Yeah, I'm usually a pretty good judge of buyers, and she's got buyer written all over