

A Highbar For Music



Trystl

Elsie was feeling extremely uncomfortable. She'd spent the whole night in the same position, so her body ached in places she didn't even know it could. But perhaps even worse was the fact that she hadn't slept at all. At least she hadn't thought she could sleep in this position, but throughout the night she had been aware of herself rousing to wakfulness, time and time again. Little snippets of dream fluttered through her head even when she was awake.

Poor girl, you look so tired. I guess you must not have slept very well last night. And after I took such care to make sure you were comfortable.



Good morning, darling.
It's a little early to get
started on Elsie, isn't it?

Oh, sorry. I had a lot of work to do
at the dairy and just decided to
stay at the office for the night.

Ah, so that's what
you're mad about?

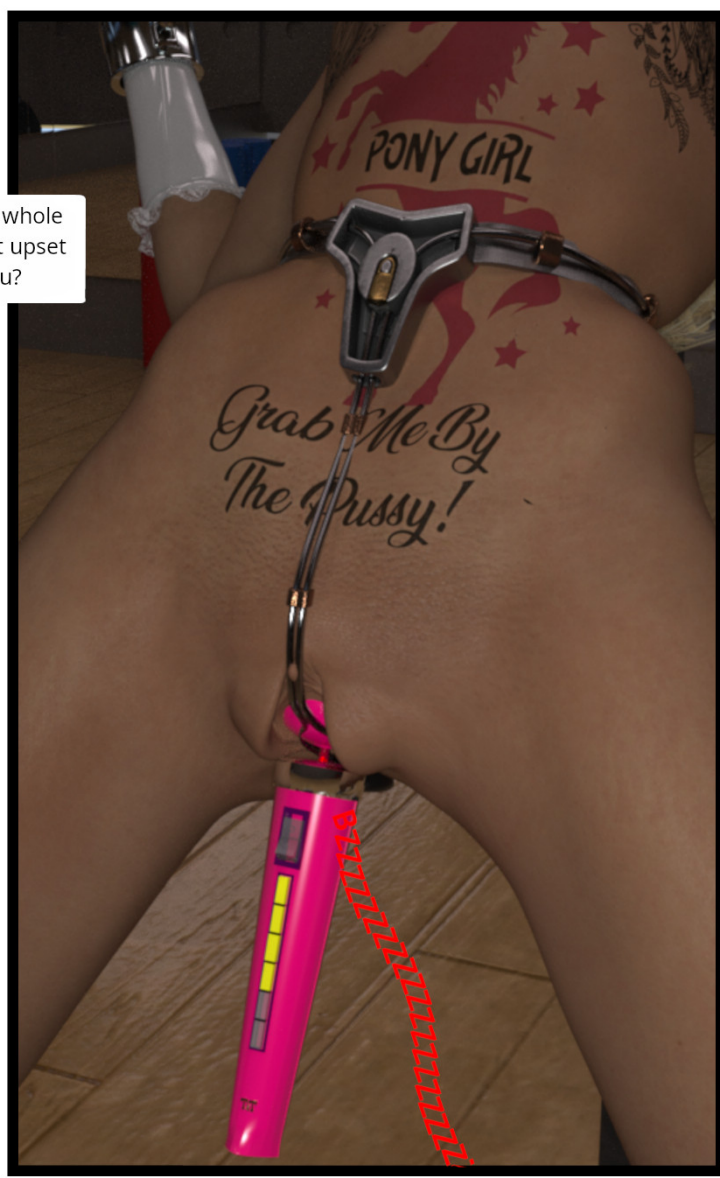
Says the
one who didn't
come home at all
last night.

Oh?
So I suppose I
Didn't actually see
you leaving the
worm race last
night with
Nalea?



Don't think
I have a reason to be mad?
You go home with one of my
friends and I'm not supposed
to object?

No! Not once you hear the whole
story. I mean, you don't get upset
when I fuck Elsie, do you?





That's different.
Elsie's a slave.



Exactly.
And we made an
agreement that
having sex with a
slave wasn't
cheating.

He, he, he. Where
are you going with
this little story, Mr.
Slippery boy?

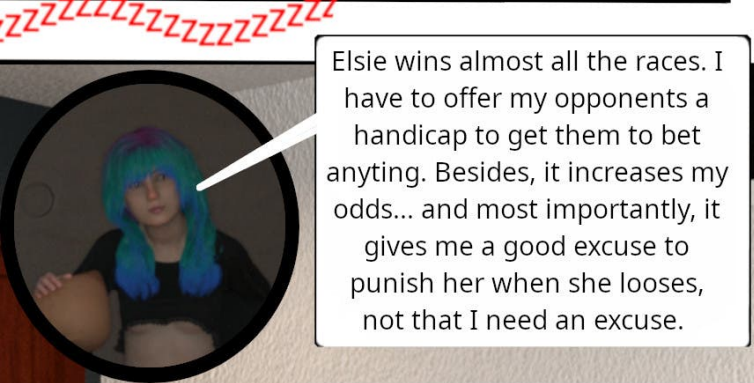


Well,
you asked
me to come
to your do...
so I showed
up early

You showed up just in
time for Elsie's first race
against Nalea's slave.



Right. And it seemed to me like
Elsie had a bit of a handicap.



Elsie wins almost all the races. I
have to offer my opponents a
handicap to get them to bet
anything. Besides, it increases my
odds... and most importantly, it
gives me a good excuse to
punish her when she looses,
not that I need an excuse.

Right. I talked to you
for a bit, asking how
things worked and all



In order to win, Elsie has to inch her
way to the end of the room, circle the
last table and make her way back
here before Nalea's slave does.

You should
have milked Elsie
before the race. How
many times must I
tell you that it's not
good for her to be
too full.





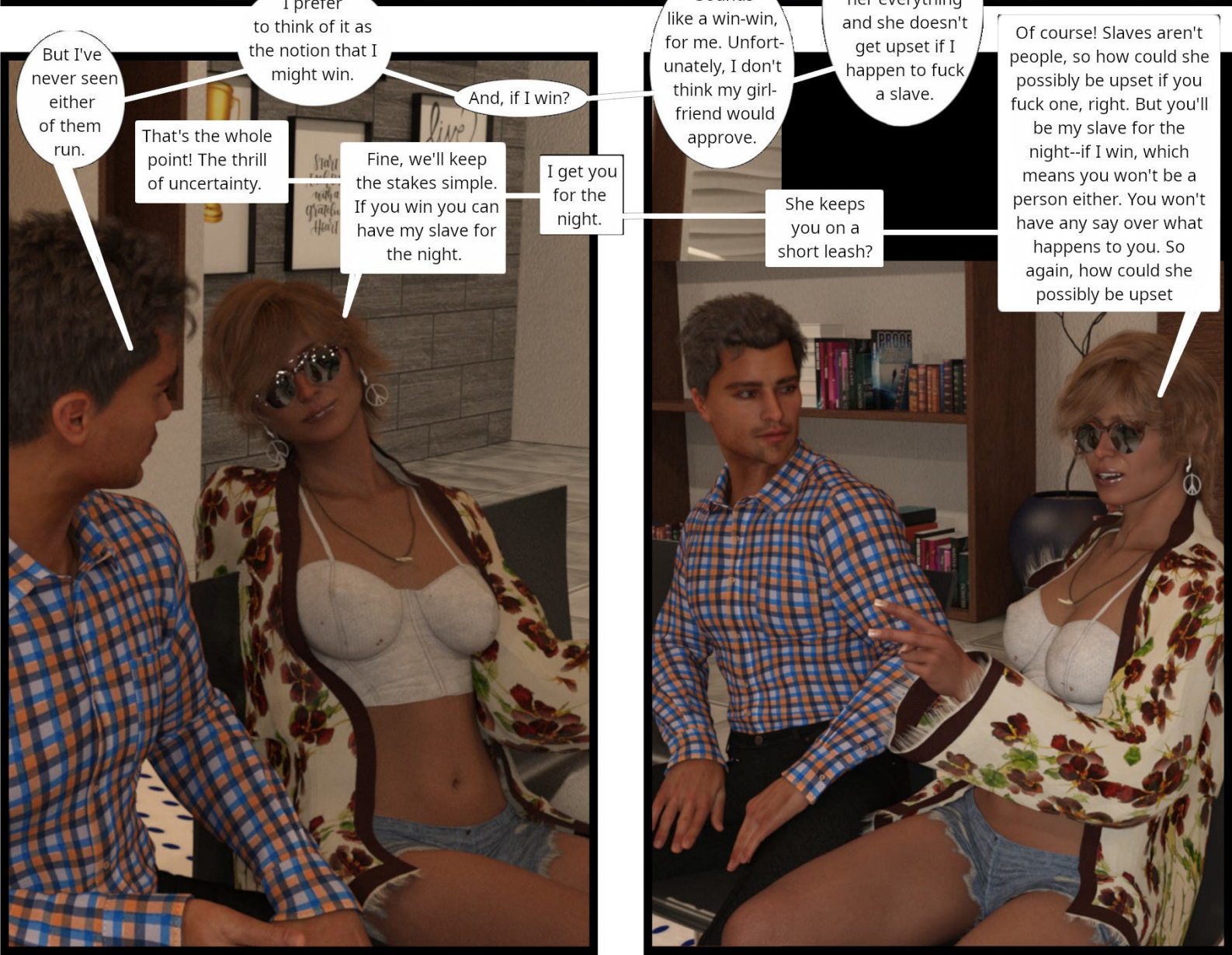
You better not loose this race, Elsie. I'm telling you... I hate that self-righteous Nalea... and now she's sitting over there flirting with your owner and my man. I'm just saying, you better win, and convincingly enough to put that bitch in her place.

It takes a bit of training, to build up musles the slaves didn't even know they have.

Would you like to wager, your girlfriend's worm against mine?

To be honest, I'm just amazed slaves can move at all like that.

I'll bet. I've been training Elsie as a pony girl, so I suspect she has a bit of an advantage.



But I've never seen either of them run.

I prefer to think of it as the notion that I might win.

That's the whole point! The thrill of uncertainty.

And, if I win?

Fine, we'll keep the stakes simple. If you win you can have my slave for the night.

I get you for the night.

Sounds like a win-win, for me. Unfortunately, I don't think my girl-friend would approve.

Lets just say we have an open relationship. I tell her everything and she doesn't get upset if I happen to fuck a slave.

She keeps you on a short leash?

Of course! Slaves aren't people, so how could she possibly be upset if you fuck one, right. But you'll be my slave for the night--if I win, which means you won't be a person either. You won't have any say over what happens to you. So again, how could she possibly be upset



I suppose I knew it was a mistake--what with Elsie being handicapped and all. But Elsie is strong and her words felt too much like a challenge. I couldn't let your honor be questioned like that, so I guess I...



And that's why I'm punishing Elsie. I'm mad at you, but I can't punish you, so I'm taking it out on her.

Turns out her prediction was actually pretty good. So I spent the night as her slave, because I caved to peer pressure and let her taunt me into supporting your entry into the race. I was trying to be supportive.

Oh... Well, I guess that is what she's here for. Still, you need to pay more attention to how full her teets are getting. I don't mind you taking your anger at me out on her...

Fucking around with her milk production, however, puts both of us at risk. The best case scenario, is that we have to pay for more moo juice.



If you permanently damaged her ability to produce milk, Jeth could insist that you replace her.

Moo juice does wonders. Your sister wasn't much bigger than you. Besides, you're not the only one at risk here. I'm responsible for you too.

Maybe Jeth would give you a biomorph and turn you into a female cow. HA! That would be a fitting punishment.

He wouldn't want me, not with my tiny tits.

While you're plotting, just remember that females are much more valuable as slaves, so you wouldn't have to be morphed to get a good price at auction, dear.

That's so sweet of you to say!

In any case, Valerie is on her way to set up for the day-party, so I'll need Elsie, so we can get her set up for the big show.

Damn, and here I was planning to spend the day tormenting her for your transgressions.

I appreciate that I inspire you to such lofty heights, my love, but Valarie has already paid to have Elsie be a pole dancer for her DJ system. Of course, the theme is a karaoke Bondage game, so I'm sure you'll have a chance or two, to give Elsie my due.

12:15 43.5
620
103
2104
5247

Hum, I'm sure that would require an awful lot of singing on my part; and no one wants to hear me sing. I can't carry a tune to save my life.

No, actually, that's just perfect. The goal of the game is to sing on key. Failure to do so sends a little electrical zap to the multi-function vibrator, that I see you've already borrowed. But most people prefer to sing off key on purpose. It's more fun to watch the slave dance than to win the prize.

Sounds like my kind of game. How much does it cost to play

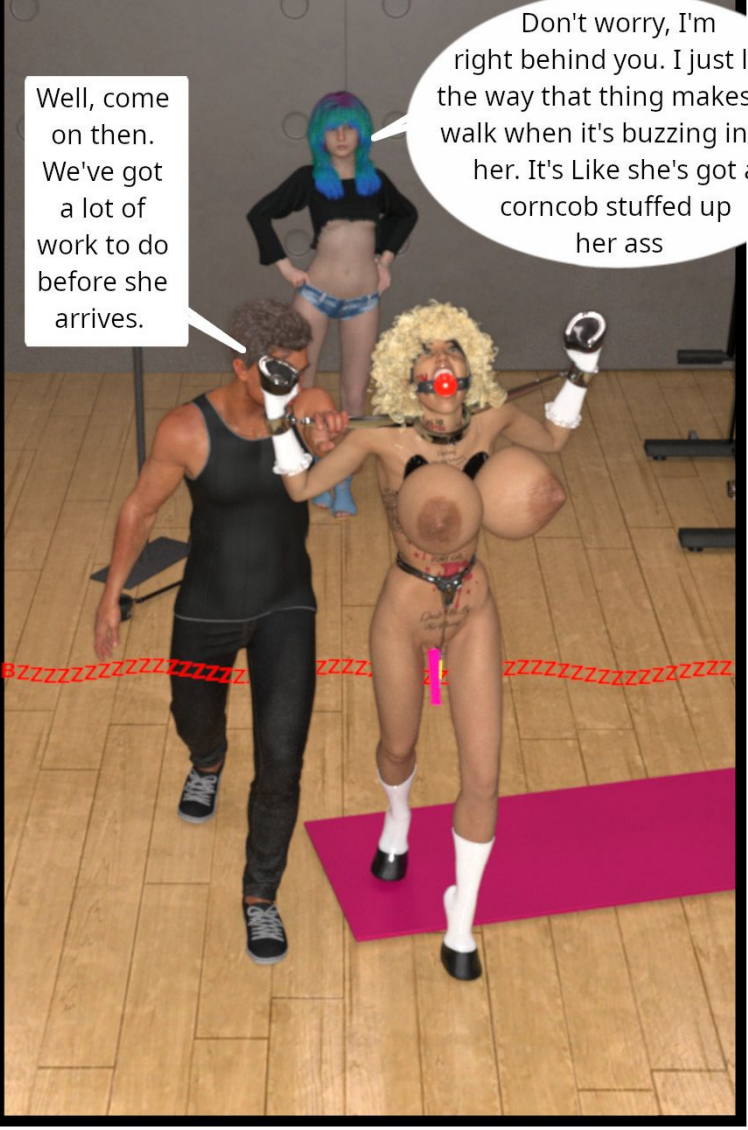
That's up to Valerie, it's her show. I just created the apparatus for you girls.

Do you need help getting her ready?

Definitely. Valerie just called to say she's on her way, and I wanted to have Elsie ready by the time she gets here, but we have to milk her first, even if it means we can't get her ready in time.

Well, come on then. We've got a lot of work to do before she arrives.

Don't worry, I'm right behind you. I just like the way that thing makes her walk when it's buzzing inside her. It's Like she's got a corncob stuffed up her ass



Damn! I really was hoping to spend some quality time with my sister today.



One of these days we'll have to clone her... so that we can both play with her.

Quit your bitching, bitch. I suspect you'll like it even more when she's dancing on my pole.

What?

I'm not talking about my dick, silly. I made a pole for a party game, for Valarie.

A few minutes later (after Elsie had been milked enough that Dez thought her udders would be safe from being damaged, but not enough to completely deflate them) they entered the room where all the equipment was set up for the pole-party.

Nice setup. When did you find the time to do all of this?

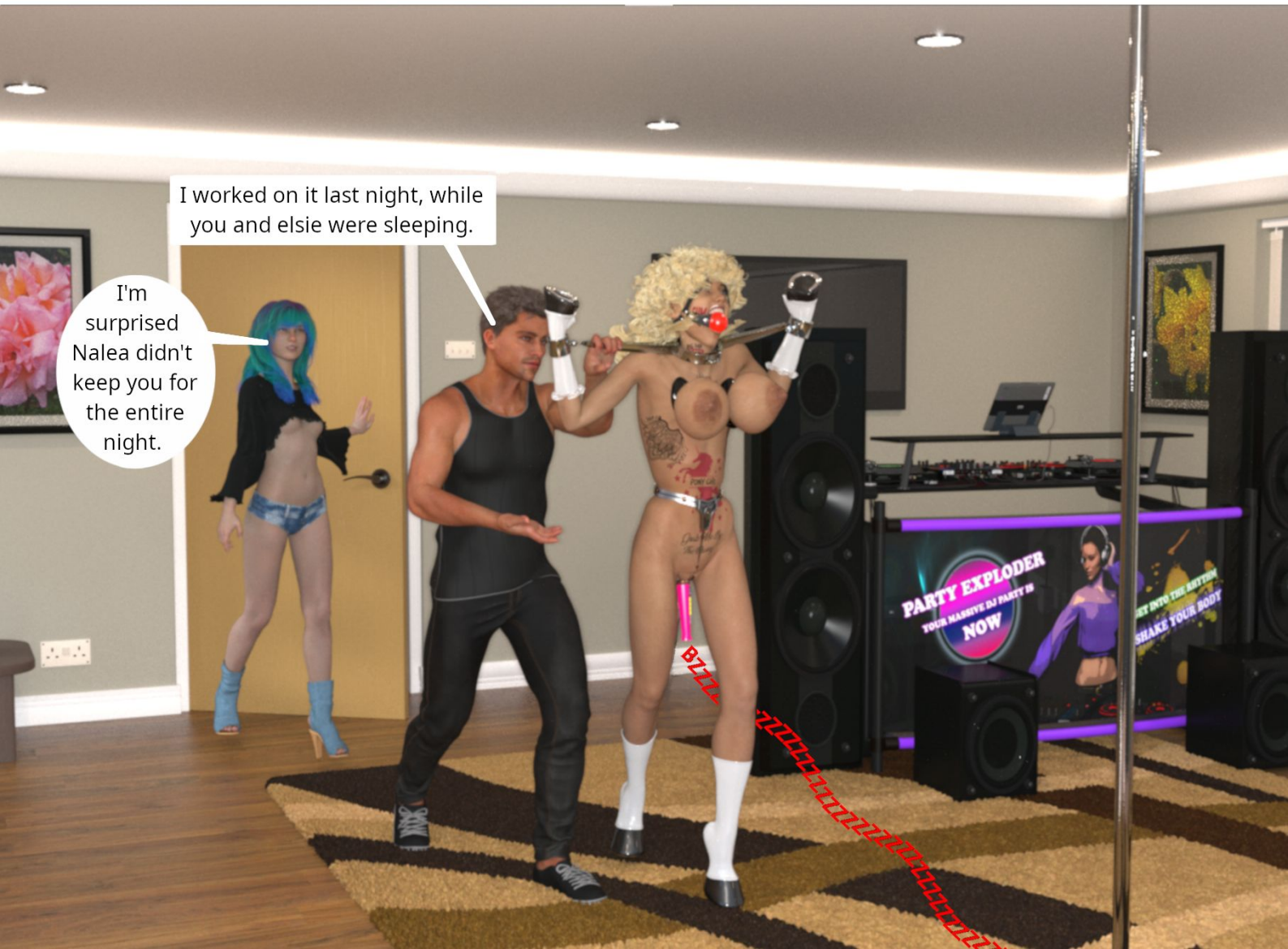
BZZZZZZ



I worked on it last night, while you and elsie were sleeping.

I'm surprised Nalea didn't keep you for the entire night.

BZZZZZZ



I told Nalea before we made the bet that I could only be her slave until midnight. I knew I had to get some sleep so I could prep for Valarie's party today.

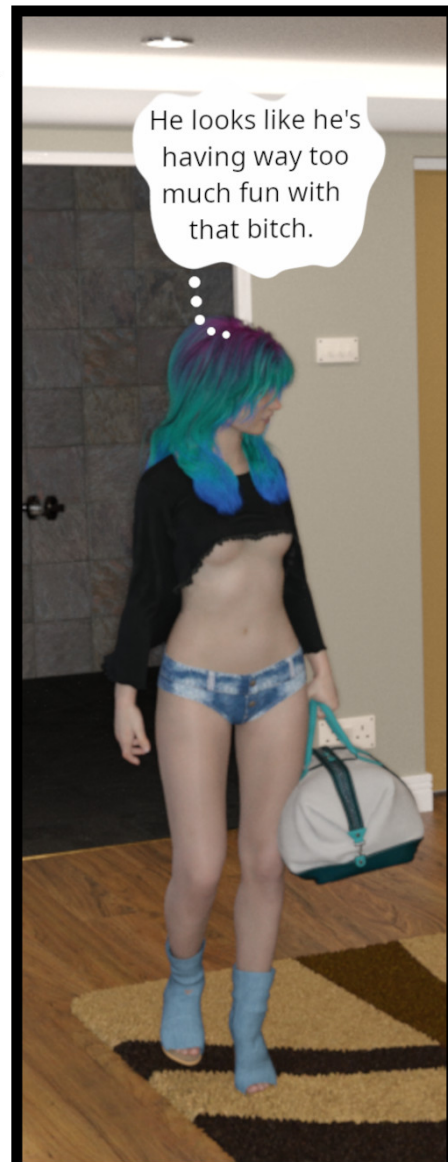
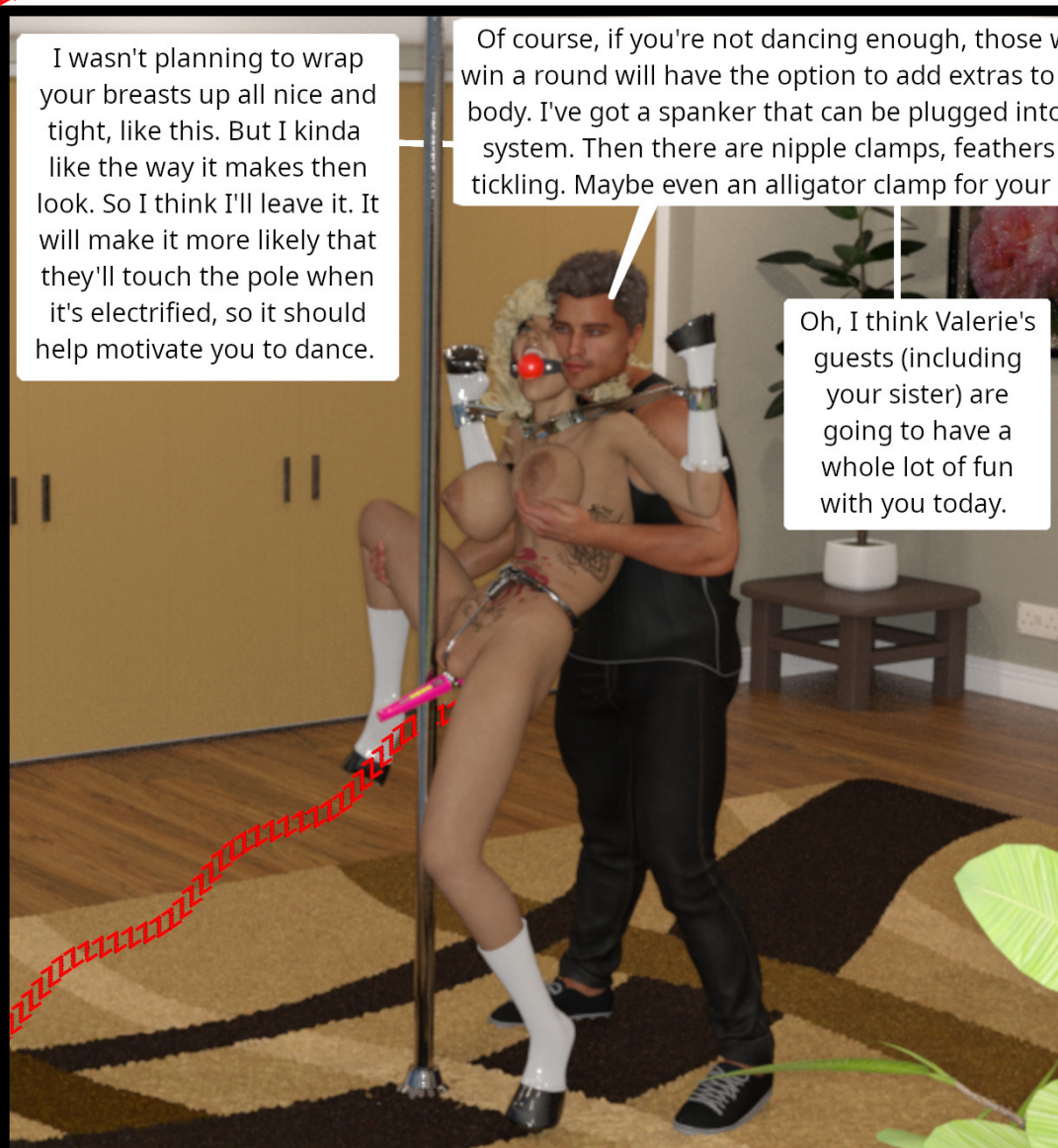
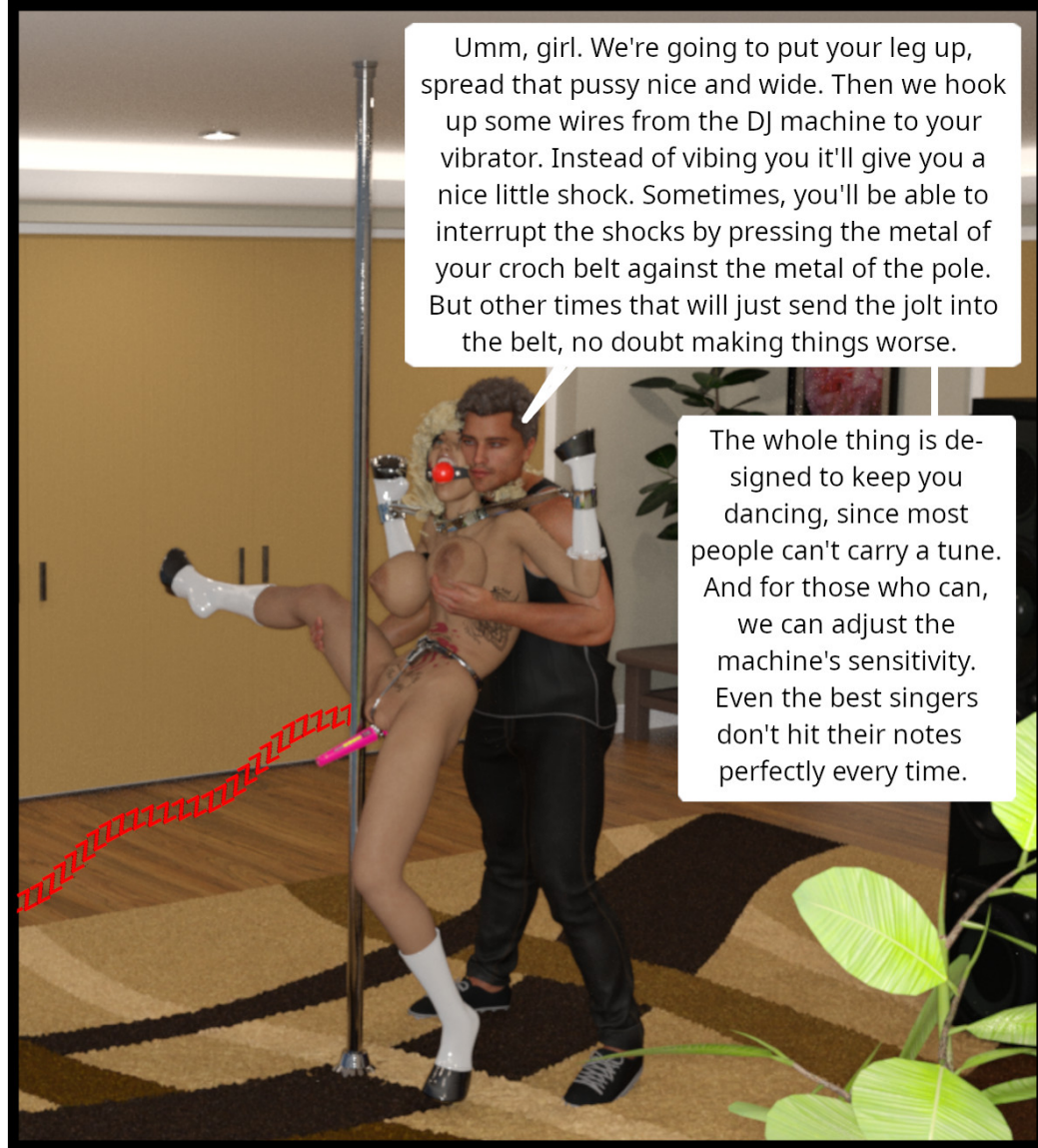
But enough on that, if you're going to help me get Elsie attached to this pole, why don't you go get my bag of supplies. It's in the bathroom, dear.

Fine then,
I'll be your little bitch, and go
fetch your things, today. But tomor-
row I'm going to make Elsie pay
for your arrogance.

HINNENN!

A red dashed line representing a path on a carpet. The path starts at the bottom left and curves upwards and to the right, ending near the top right. The carpet has a pattern of dark brown and light tan stripes. A black and white object is visible in the top left corner.





I'd stay and help with your tortures too, but I think these fun parties are for girls only.. Besides, I have to get to work anyway. Jeth is expanding the dairy so fast, because of all the business I'm bringing in, it's getting hard to keep up with the work load. He's hired another worker and it's still not enough. In fact, he's talking about buying a second place, a farm out in the country, to house all the cows.

He's expanding the rental side of the business too now. He's got nearly a dozen girls and a secretary to handle their bookings, and we can't keep up with that end of the business either. He, he, he. You're lucky we keep you away from all that, but you know how it is too don't you. After all, a slave's work is never really done, is it?

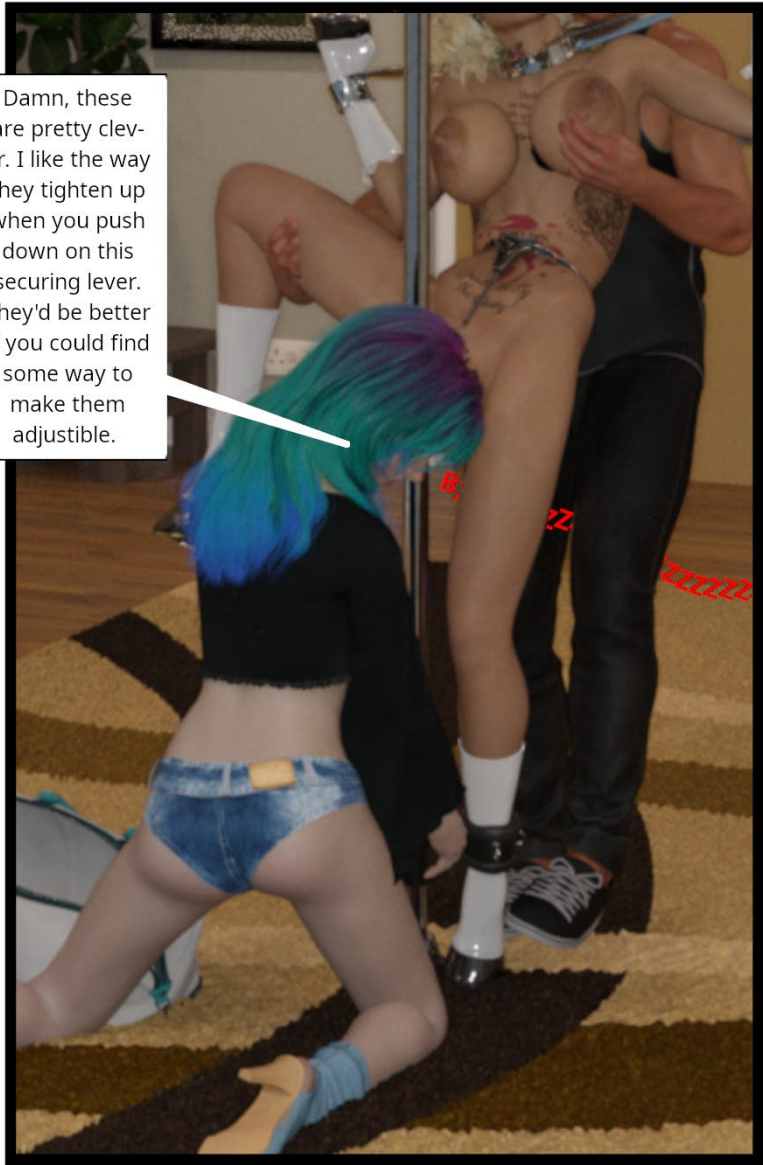
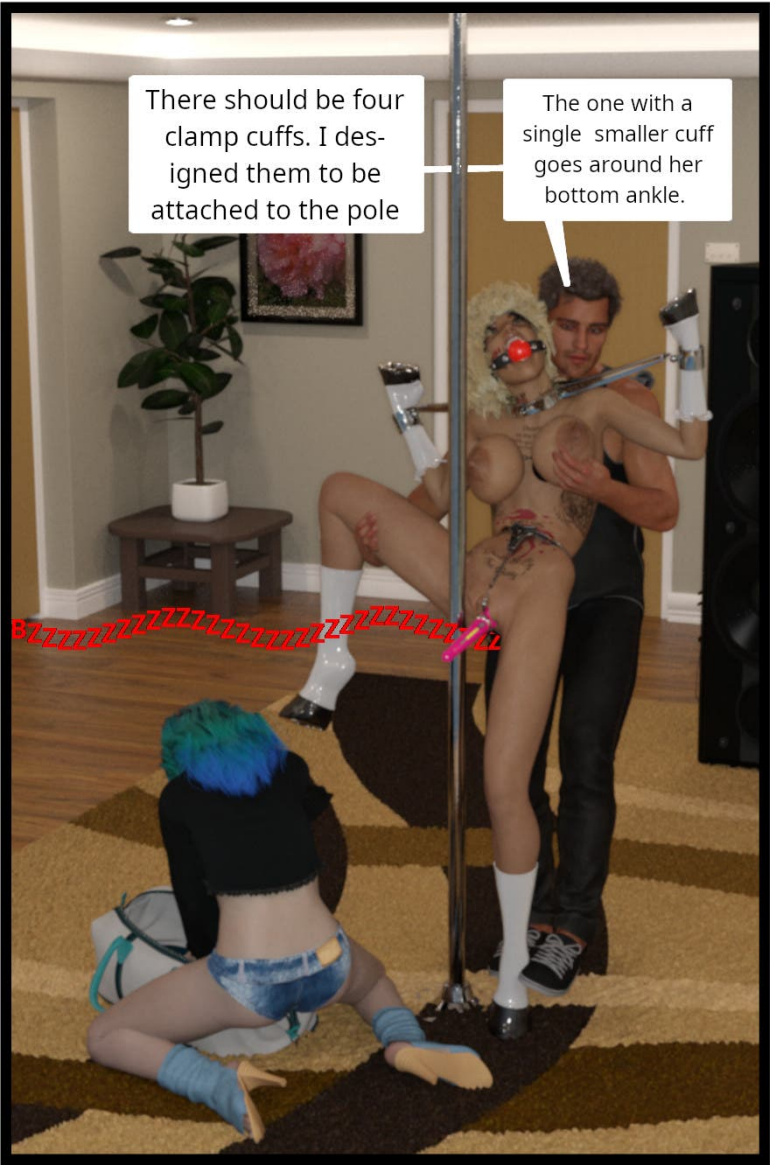
So, what's in this bag? And what do you want me to do with it?

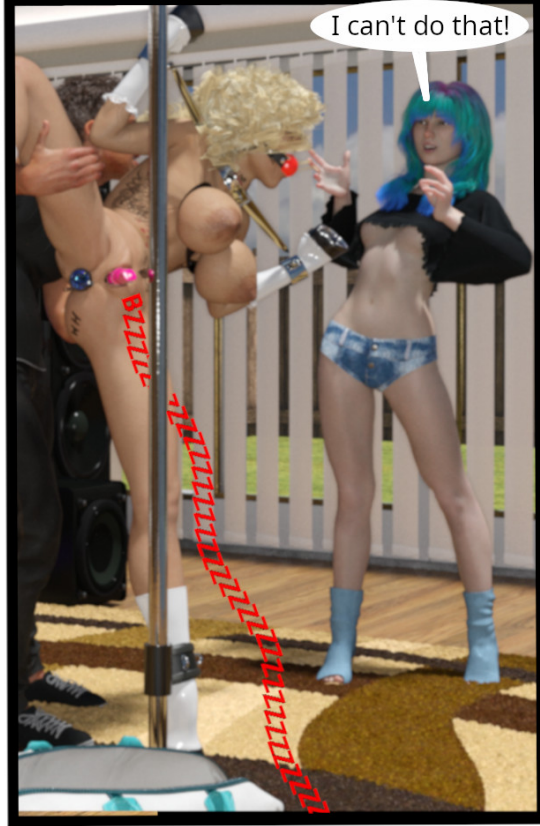


There should be four clamp cuffs. I designed them to be attached to the pole

The one with a single smaller cuff goes around her bottom ankle.

Damn, these are pretty clever. I like the way they tighten up when you push down on this securing lever. They'd be better if you could find some way to make them adjustable.





A few minutes later, Dez had answered her question by binding Elsie's foot to her ankle, while Kirsten explored.

I think I just heard Valarie's car pulling up. Now that's what I call finishing in the nick of time.

Ha, ha, ha!



Why don't you go check? I think I'll stay here and make sure Elsie is enjoying her new position, he,he.

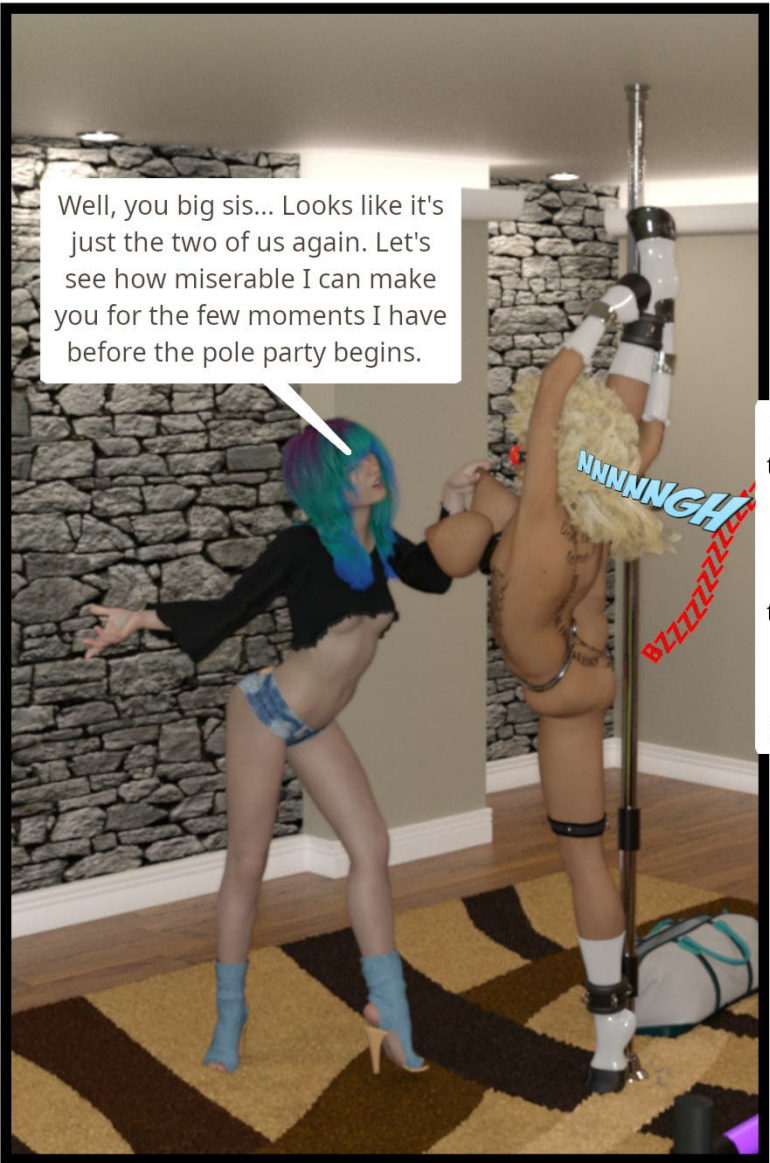
Ha, ha, ha!



If that's her, I'll help bring stuff in, then I'll set up the DJ machine and then I'll have to leave for work.

Well, you big sis... Looks like it's just the two of us again. Let's see how miserable I can make you for the few moments I have before the pole party begins.

NNNNNGH



You really are such a sweet little thing when you laugh.

Ha, ha, ha!

I should make tickling a more frequent part of your punishment routine, but I tend to forget just how ticklish you really are.



My, my, Kirsten, don't you look like you're having fun! And on such an interesting work of art. What do you call this piece, anyway. Pole dancer's delight.



Why would I call it anything.

Well, it's a rather fine looking bit of art... and most artist like to name their creations

It's entertainment, not art. And it's not mine to name-- this is one of Dez's creations.

Oh really? Maybe we should pass out a brochure of his toys during our fun parties.

You're so creative. I'm sure your products would be a hit.

That's not a bad idea.

Nice of you to say, even though this one isn't completely set up yet.

Ha, ha, ha ha!

Yeah, these things keep getting bigger. At the last one, there wasn't enough Elsie to go around. That's why I asked Dez to make something creative for her. Tonight there are 30 confirmed RSVPs, so if a few bring their slaves or a friend or two crash the party, there could be as many as 50 to-night. I'm hoping there will be enough subs to keep everyone satisfied during the trial session, but we may have to look into renting some more slaves and a bigger venue for these shindigs.

Just wait until I hook her vibrator up to the sound system. When the singers sing on key it will make her vibrate; but if it's off key, she'll get a nasty little shock. There are a nuber of games I'm working on for this pole too. Like a version of an old party game that used to be popular back a few hundred years or so, called **musical chairs**. The people will walked around a circle of chairs, while music plays, but there will be one more person than there are chairs. When the music stopps they all try to find a seat. The one who does not gets to play with Elsie for a few minutes before the next round. The last one to find a seat gets to take her home for the night.

Humm, sounds like fun, but we might have too many for that one. A lot of people have been coming to these fun parties.

Ha, ha, ha ha!

Well now, what if you moved these shows to the BM Dairy? Jeth is in the process of moving his operation to a farm, where he'll have more room to expand. We've been getting in so many new cows to keep up with demand, we were having trouble finding space for them. So at the moment, there are several empty rooms at the old building. And there are still several cows you could use as demo girls.

That sounds great.

Jeth will probably want a little something to rent the venue and the girls, but it will be reasonable, since they're not being used anyway... If I can show him he can make money by renting the place out, he may even be willing to keep the city bilding: maybe turn it into a retail store. He can sell humilk, bondage toys and charge venue rentals.

We won't have to limit the size of our parties anymore

Mmph!







By the way, Kirs, I'll need someone to work the front desk, if I can pull this off. Are you interested?

Depends on what it pays.

Well, we'll talk about it later. By the way, Valarie, I think you should open these parties up to men too. I have a nice list of them you could add to your women



Don't know, I think some of the women might be uncomfortable with a bunch of men in the room.

Well, if I can secure the dairy, we'll have rooms for men, women and both. Or you can keep a separate womens only; and double the shows. All you need's a few cock and ball toys. And I'm guessing most of the women will like it. Male slaves to play with?



Yeah, I'm thinking it's time for me to get to work and leave you girls alone... but trust me, you won't have any trouble finding them, voluntary or compulsory. We could have one for every lady, if we wanted.

Any chance we can get you to be one of those male slaves?



He, he, he! Did you hear that sis? Dez is already making long term plans for us to be together. So it looks like you're going to be my little playmate for a very long time.

It's just so nice when sisters have a chance to remain close, don't you think?

WAAAAH!

Oh look, Dez has got the vibrator working again. Isn't that wonderful. Looks like the real fun is just about to

A woman with large breasts and a tattoo is being restrained by a man with a red ball gag. A woman with blue hair stands nearby. The scene is set in a room with large speakers and a poster.



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