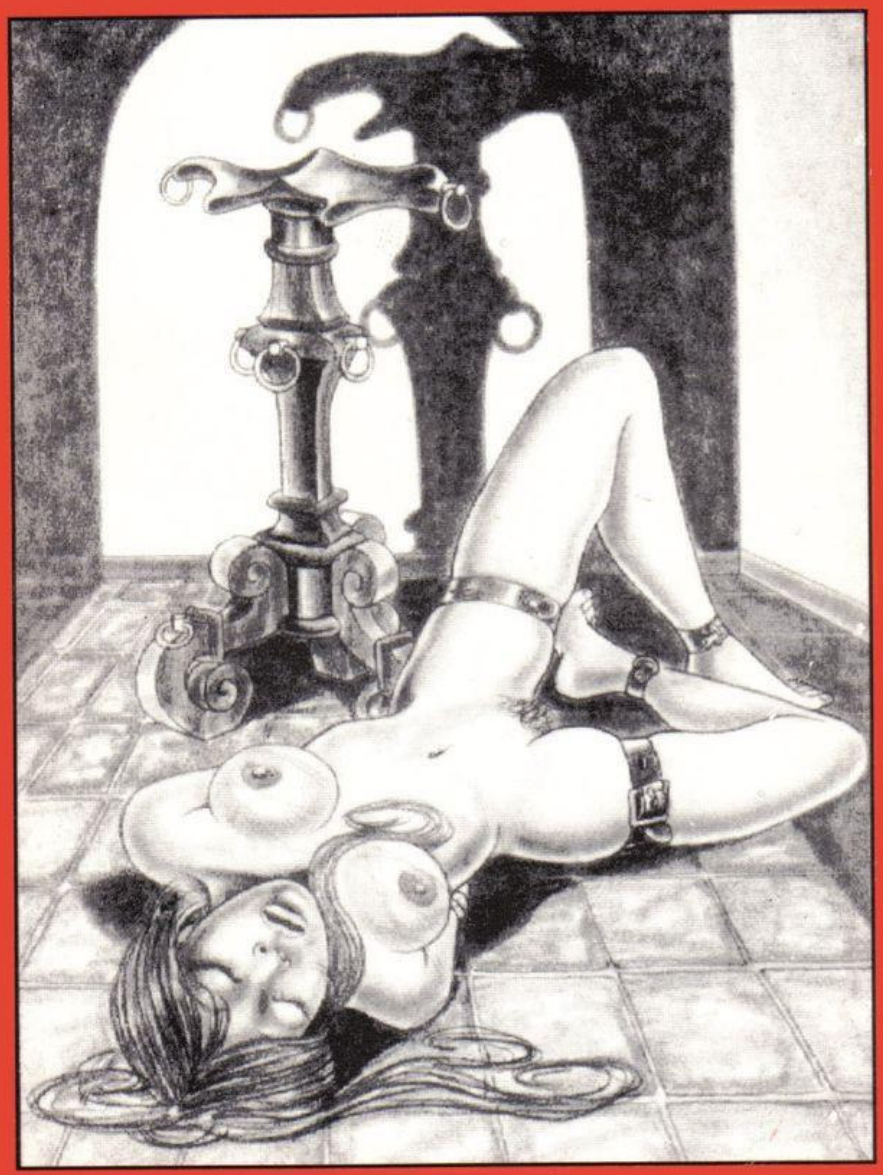
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NO ESCAPE



F. E. CAMPBELL

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By
F.E. Campbell

Chapter One - An Original

I first remember the warmth-pleasant, drowsy heat I wanted to go on forever. The sound of surf was close but not close enough to matter. I would have to open my eyes but was in no hurry.

The sound of distance sleigh bells dissolved inertia. I blinked myself into awareness and sat up. I was entirely naked and well powdered with sand. I lay at the high tide mark of the most beautiful beach I had ever seen, the sands stretching out to either side and loosing themselves in the distance. There was not sign or trace of life, I had the place all to myself. If such a thing were possible, I had been cast up at high tide and left there. The sea glinted and laughed at me but was deserted. I got to my knees to find that I had suffered no injury. My greatest loss was that of my clothes. I looked around but none were visible, I would just have to go naked. If and when I found someone to speak to I was going to be embarrassed. I was brushing off the sand and shaking it out of my hair when sudden, as if rounding a corner, the sleigh bells became insistence, coming from a light, two wheeled vehicle for which I could find no name, making a sedate passage down a road I could not see but which obviously ran parallel to the beach a couple hundred yards away.

The driver was a woman. She held the reins easily in one hand while the other held a carriage whip. She saw me standing naked upon the sands and pulled on the leathers and said a commanding, "Whoa!" She then busied herself with something I could not be sure of before turning and striding purposefully in my direction.

"Hello, my name's Mary Maber," she greeted while still ten paces distance. Then, reaching me, she took my hand, "This is a tremendously exciting day for me, you're my first Original. Are you feeling okay?"

There was something pleasantly and reassuringly maternal about her even through she was only in her middle thirties. Breathlessly I told her yes, I was okay and my name was Sybil Chalmers, and did she have anything to cover me with.

"Of course not, dear, Originals never wear clothes. But I'll bet you're hungry. Come on, we'll go home and have breakfast. I was only out so early because of a new pair I've just come by. You must tell me what you think of them."

We scrambled over the dunes to the road. Mary Maber had a way about her which made me feel totally protected and looked over. I even lost most of my embarrassment at being naked because the two breathtakingly beautiful girls who were the motive power for the quaint buggy were naked, too. They eyed me with intense curiosity but stood patience, they had no choice, where they went the buggy

went, too. I stood speechless, more concerned with the starry eyed girls than with myself. Each was harnessed, bitted, and bridled in a manner I had previously only associated with horse. Each girl stood between shafts to which their wrists were firmly clamped by a broad metal band. The lovely harness framed their breasts, rose up over their shoulders to form traces by which they were attached to the vehicle and by which, along with their fastened forearms, compelled them to give the buggy motion.

Most breathtaking was the strap falling from between the breasts to the band around the tiny waist and from there down between the legs and up behind to provide anchorage for a huge jaunty feathered plume, erect and saucy, for an equine effect. The bridle was pure artistry, the bit well inside the feminine mouth, rings on each side of the lips and strapped tight on the feminine neck. There were other straps above to complete the head harness the girls had no chance of removing. The bit was an effective gag preventing them from talking.

When Mary Maber picked up a sizeable piece of concrete and unsnapped the attached leather leash from the nearest girl's bit ring, I realized these exquisite maidens were under some form of compulsion but I was unable to explore further because Mary had put away the anchoring block and was asking me to climb up beside her in the vehicle. When I did so, she made appropriate sounds and clicked the reins as a signal by which the two harnessed maidens resumed the gentle trot. The sleigh bells took up the music I had interrupted.

"I'm pleased with them, they're a pair of beauties," Mary Maber observed cheerfully. "They've been well trained. I think I'll keep them."

I looked at the head plumbs bobbing in the breeze. They were smaller than the tail plumes. I was feeling quite certain I'd wake up at any minute but asked the inevitable question anyway, "I haven't the slightest idea were I am. What is this place?"

"We call it The Estate, dear. There's quite a lot of it and you and I will go exploring. It's such a privilege to have an Original for a guest."

"Why do you call mean 'original'? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"I expect because that's what you are, dear. Coming to the Estate is like getting born again and having an absolutely fresh start." She looked at me sideways. "Is it true and Original has lost most of her memory?"

I shook my head as if to clear my mind. It was a question I didn't want to deal with right then. I said so and added, "I expect everything will come back to me tomorrow but right now I haven't the faintest. Can you come to tell me how I came to be on the beach as if washed up a high tide? And why I wasn't wearing even a bikini?"

"No, dear, if you haven't the answers to that, I quite sure I don't either. But please do ask questions, I'll answer whatever I can."

I'd be saving the sixty-four dollar question out of some sort of decency which now seemed silly. "Tell me about these two girls who are pulling us along. Are they doing this for fun?"

"These girl!" Mary Maber sounded very surprised that I'd bothered to ask. "They're just putting in their period of service. Every girl is a pony girl from fifteen to twenty-five, it's her duty."

The retort on my lips held fire until we had passed an equipage similar to our own. Everybody waved at everybody and the pony girls tossed their head and rattled their bits. In desperation I came out with, "It just isn't possible! Is there some sort of national pass time? Do the girls volunteer? Or draw lots, or get paid or something? These two girls who are pulling us seem so happy about it..."

"They are, why wouldn't they be! It's a simply glorious day and I expect they're as excited about picking up an Original as I am. They'll have plenty to talk about when the stable girl takes off their bridles."

"I wouldn't want to do it, not even for money!"

"Oh, I'm sure you would, dear. But we won't talk about that right now. Do you mind if I try them out for a bit of speed?"

I had no time to reply. Mary flapped the reins and away we went. I could not avoid a thrill of admiration the way these two girls moved in unison, their long legs flashing at an increasing tempo, their shoulders straining at the straps. Until they reached a speed that would have been frightening had not the buggy been equipped with rubber tires and well sprung. Satisfied with the demonstration, Mary Maber toned down the speed by gently exerting pressure on the reins to leave me wondering what those bits felt like in a girl's mouth when someone pulled the reins. Soon we were back at our original speed. I picked up where I left off.

"These two girls are prisoners, aren't they? I can't see any way they could possibly free themselves from this buggy."

"That's right, dear, but we don't call them prisoners. We say they're 'harnessed' or possibly 'in restraint.' You mustn't feel sorry for them, they're happy."

I returned to the mundane. "This is a public road, I'm naked, I'm in a strange land I don't recognize. I don't have any money or papers or anything. Where does this leave me?"

"It leaves you my guest, dear. I'll take care of everything and The Council provides very adequately for Originals. After you've sort of got the feeling of the place, I'll take you to get registered so you can get an income and be eligible for all the privileges. You'll love it here." We turned from the surfaced road into a country lane which was everything a country lane should be, leafy, verdant and peaceful. In a while we reached the house, a country house that could have been a farm. There were outbuildings and even a barn. Mary Maber drove directly at its door before dragging on the reins to bring her two girls to a halt. The golden haired beauties stood panting but without a sign of weariness. They seemed curious about me, eyeing me openly in a way that told me they knew things I did not. Almost immediately a girl of their own age, but different colored hair, came from the stable, greeted Mary, then took charge of both girls. She snapped a leash one girl's bridle to lead them as she might. I was overflowing with curiosity but Mary Maber seemed to have lost interest in the team.

"Come along, Sybil, I'll show you to your room and then I'll make coffee. Isn't it a beautiful day!"

She was right about the glorious day. And from it I was getting that same sense of sun-warmed well being I noticed on the beach, a gloriously benevolent radiance beneath which the garden and tiny fields were a riot of flowers, green grass and lust shrubs. My room, to which Mary Maber led me casually, was the same room I had wanted all my life but couldn't afford. Like the garden, it was a riot of color, its big windows opened to the day.

"I'm sure you'll be comfortable, dear, and there's your own private bathroom through that door. And if there's anything you need, I'll be in the kitchen with the coffee." Mary Maber unexpectedly kissed me then left.

I was left standing more bewildered than ever in my life. I went to the window and was greeted by warm air and the scent of flowers. A buggy passed the front gate, drawn by a pair of naked girls who seemed intent upon their task. I watched them for as long as they were in view before turning to the splendid bathroom and treating myself to a shower. The closet and draws were totally devoid of clothes. For a moment I debated dragging a cover from the bed with which to make my nakedness reasonably decent but that act in this well ordered place would have seemed as indecent as my nudity. So I shrugged and went down stairs.

I made a pig of myself with breakfast. Once more everything was exactly right with Mary Maber beaming maternally at my appetite and around her kitchen. I had questions but they could wait.

"We don't bother with men much on the Estate," Mary explained as if I had asked. "We really don't have much need of men, they would be out of place here. But the Council does employ a few of them to fill positions as needed. You'll be meeting Bill Trafford, the district supervisor. He's a most charming man and I'm sure he finds the

position difficult with all us females. But the Council has provided him with a really stunning team of four matched brunettes which he drives around and is terribly proud of. He'll show them to you if you ask. I expect he'll ask you out to dinner. He's terribly keen on getting to know any original that comes under his jurisdiction."

"Is he married?"

Mary Maber's chuckle held a hint of embarrassment. "Well, no dear, we don't go in much for marriage on the Estate. Bill Trafford would look silly trailing around a wife where ever he went. He doesn't really need a wife. You see, in that sense, he's just the same as the rest of us."

I tried to sort that one out. "You mean he can sleep with his four girl team?"

"We don't put it exactly like that, dear. But while she's putting in her time as a pony girl, every young woman services her owner. I'm sure you'll understand."

"A society of lesbians?"

"We don't use that word either. We don't really need names, it's all taken for granted."

To judge from her answers and tone, that was a dangerous subject. I dropped it. "I really do feel strange going around naked like this," I said apologetically. "Couldn't I beg something from you to... Well, sort of make me decent?"

"You're decent now, dear."

"To you perhaps but I certainly wouldn't want that Bill Trafford man to see me without clothes."

"I don't see why not, dear. You've a really delicious figure, most Originals do."

"I'm not accustomed to showing it to strangers."

"Bill Trafford is not a strange man, dear. You mustn't think of him like that. Besides, he's accustomed to naked girls. He has that lovely team and there are naked teams running all over the place. Anyway, it's the law. You mustn't use even a handkerchief to cover any little bit of you. You're worrying about nothing."

Mary Maber was marvelously comforting. She ironed out every problem as if it were not there. I was becoming accustomed to some of her answers being vague or a question not being answered at all. When the stable girl came to wash the dishes, Mary suggested she take me to view her collection of "ponies."

"They're such darling," she added. "They've got names same as you and are people the same way we are. It's just that for a little period of their lives they enjoy this marvelous experience of being owned. The Council is thinking of expanding the period age from twenty-five to twenty-seven or eight. I hope they do, it would maintain supply. There's a tremendous supply for the sweet things."

"I'll just bet there is." It seemed unkind to be sarcastic with Mary but it just came out. "What about that girl who came to do the dishes? Where does she fit in?"

"It's Diana's day to do the chores, Sybil dear. Tomorrow she'll be back in harness. We rotate the girls to help keep them from getting bored."

The barn was long and without a hay loft. It would have been ordinary except for one thing. There were ten stalls in a row but each one of them was an iron-barred cage, its floor covered with straw. Five were empty but the other five contained girls as naked as myself. There had been a murmur of voices but they stopped as we came in. Every eye behind ever bar was gazing at me in hopeful expectation as if I was about to perform some magic act. Instead of the caged girls being embarrassed by their exposure, it was I who flushed under their curious regard. Mary Maber guided me along the line as if we were at the zoo.

The first cage held the pair of golden haired beauties from this morning's buggy ride. They were unrestrained except for a handcuff joining one's left wrist to the other's right. They came to the bars in complete naturalness.

"Hello, Mrs. Maber. She's an Original, isn't she? What's her name?"

Mary Maber and the starry eyed lovelies chatted as causally as meeting on the street. They stared at me until my blush deepened.

The second cage contained a single girl whose movements were such I had to take a second look. Her wrists were crossed and tied tight behind her back. She flaunted the bonds as if it was something to be proud of. Her greeting was a cheerful as the others. She was a platinum blonde of stunning beauty.

"I'm having trouble matching this one up, Sybil. But I'm keeping her until I find another. Think how marvelous such a pair would be. In case you're curious, her hands are tied like that because she got angry and slapped another girl's face."

"Why don't the girls in the next cages untie her? They could easily through the bars."

"That would be a punishable offense, dear. Ponies don't want to get punished so they don't break the rules."

The platinum-haired beauty laughed at my dismay. "Don't feel bad about it, Sybil, it's a lot better to have my hands tied for a while than to be whipped. Mary Maber's terribly kind to us."

The next cage held a pair of dark-eyed brunettes, quite young. They were evidently a team for they were joined by a pair of handcuffs like the blondes but in this case not wrist to wrist but ankle to ankle. "Diana did this to us," they cheerfully informed. "She says she's going to train us to run like this while pulling a buggy. Isn't that a riot!"

The occupant of the next cage was the first one to blush when I looked at her. I could understand why. She was bitted and bridled as I had seen the girl when pulling a buggy. But in her case a chain and padlock linked her bridle to one of the bars of her cage. The leash was too short to enable her to come close and it was evident she hated having me see her in this disgrace.

"Some naughty words got Connie into this mess for the day," Mary confided. "With the bit in her mouth poor dear can't talk."

Connie might not be able to talk but she shook her head again and again to denote her displeasure and her desire to speak. Several times she snubbed herself against the chain leash and glared at it angrily. Getting no response from anyone present, she sulkily sank to the straw and buried her lovely face in her hands. Discretely we moved on.

The last occupied cage contained a brown-haired maiden, cutely handcuffed, who quite frankly came to the bars and engaged us both in conversation. She was wondering what luck Mary was having in finding her a partner with the right color hair to go with her, or was Mary thinking of selling her next "market day." They discussed the pros and cons of this matter without much seeming concern and when we departed the girl sat down again upon the straw.

"I never cease to enjoy them," Mary confided as we walked towards the garden. "They sort of look upon me as a mother and tell me all their troubles. Not that a pony girl has any real troubles, they just think they have. I try to punish them as little as possible but if any of them exhibit traces of being man-hungry, I have them whipped. It's a marvelous cure."

"My ponies fill up so much of my life, Sybil dear," Mary confided earnestly as we entered the loveliness of her gardens. "I keep the two we had on the buggy today permanently. I adore them both. There is not their equal anywhere on the Estate and I've had so many offers for them. But the other girls you met are for sale or waiting to me matched up in order to command a better price. Almost every pony owner does a bit of pony trading as a bit of a diversion. The girls get a charge out of it because it's like a lottery, they never know what they're going to get. Sometimes

there are tears when it comes time to part but that's the name of the game. Don't you simply love them all?"

I loved them all but had to ask myself if it was not just feminine sympathy for girls who, as far as I could see, were held totally captive in an imprisonment. Those bars had frightened me even though the girls behind them frightened me. I said so to Mary Maber.

"It's a different set of values, dear." She plucked a withered flower neatly from its stem. "Those girls you saw were happy, weren't they! They can talk to each other through the bars and I take them out for a run nearly every day. And I hardly ever have to punish them - those two on the buggy today have never been punished at all. They were beautifully trained before I got them. They're twenty-three years old and I shutter to think of the day I'll have to relinquish them. But if the Council raises the age limit, I'll have them for a longer time yet."

"I'd simply hate having a bridle strapped on my head and a steel bit fastened in my mouth. Are you sure that isn't cruel?"

Mary patted my bear arm reassuringly. "Of course not, Sybil dear. And you musts remember the dear child did say some naughty words. When Diana reported them I really had no choice."

"Doesn't that mean the Diana, or whatever girl you chose, has a terrible power over the girl on the day she holds office? I mean, she could accuse them of anything!"

"That's a terrible offense, darling. No girl in her right mind is going to do it, the punishments are too severe." Once more her hand was gentle and reassuring on my arm. "Don't worry, Sybil dear, this is all been working for ages and ages. You're going to love it."

I had an unhappy feeling I knew all too well I knew what she meant. If I got put in one of those cages I saw, I would be angry. I wouldn't love any bit of it. But I said nothing of this. I felt myself subject to a power beyond my control and one I did not understand. When Mary said she would have to put two girls to work in the garden tomorrow but this afternoon she was having a cocktail party, I brightened up. It sounded exciting. I would learn something more of what I was still beholding as a dream.

Marry took me to her own room, a close replica of my own to get ready for what promised to be quite an event. Since I was to be denied clothing, my "getting ready" was confined to my hair. Mary washed it out, dried it, and did a truly professional job of making it lovely. I did the best I could with her's. There was an age difference between us but we knew we were a pair of beauties. I hoped I would not be the only girl present minus clothes.

"Diana is doing the maid's duties, Sybil dear," Mary said gently. "You'll have been to cocktail parties, so I don't have to tell you about them, but it's only fair to give you a warning. There's going to be quite a lot of predatory females like me present, and some of them will even have the nerve to try and cuff you right in my house. Watch out for it, don't give them a change."

"Cuff me?"

"Yes, Sybil dear. It's a sort of sporting custom but in which any Original is claimed by anyone eligible. Most girls grow up into becoming pony girls quite naturally, and probably looking forward to it. But Originals are open for grabs. They have no background, no loyalties, and if some designing female doesn't cuff them the way they'll end up in the market place and be formally sold." Mary sighed dolefully. "The woman who first picks up an Original is not allowed to cuff her. But I do so want to give you as much freedom as possible before you become a pony girl. I don't think you're liking the prospect the least bit."

"I not only don't like it, but I won't do it!" I said forcefully. "Please, Mary dear, you've been so kind to me. I don't want to be a problem or an embarrassment to you. Tell your guests to lay off these silly 'cuffing' business so I can do my best to do you credit."

"I can't do that, dear. This cuffing you're so scornful of is simply that each woman will carry in her handbag a metal cuff, just like a handcuff, except it's on the end of a rigid handle. If she clicks it on your wrist and you can't possibly get it off and by twisting the handle she can make it hurt so bad you can make you do anything she wants. This will be your first cocktail party and the girls will give you a break. But do watch out. For a beauty like you we can't trust any of them."

Mary Maber's cocktail party was marvelous! Diana was a treasure. Watching her quiet control filled me with admiration. She must have done it many times before. She was everywhere as was the cocktails or coffee or whatever anyone desired, and the canapes were delicious beyond words. There was only, from my point of view, a single sour note, I was the only naked female in the room.

Nothing has ever demanded of me a greater effort of will than at that moment when I walked into the happily chattering gathering sans courage, sans any previous experience, and most definitely sans clothes! I sensed instantly my condition was known even though no single eyebrow was raised. It was distinctly understood an "Original" was present and, by their own code, open for grabs. I had an acute feeling that every feminine hand in the room was reassuring itself by entering its handbag to finger the metal cuff by which I would enter a slavery altogether absurd and outrageous. I was stuck with it and so steeled my mind to counter overt acts.

It was evidently understood that Originals had no great memory span, my past was not spoken of at all. I was asked how I enjoyed the Estate and Mary Maber's home

and gardens, but the question of pony girls was discretely without emphasis. No one was pushing me. I could not tell if this rose from kindly consideration or a clever way of lulling my suspicions. At any rate I kept my hands and wrist well away from feminine temptation.

In this chronicle I had tried to recount my bewilderment, confusion, and even my sensation of total well-being. I was threatened with a strange form of enslavement but still felt no ill will against anyone. I had beheld maidens already enslaved but was finding it difficult if not impossible to relate that enslavement with the women I was sharing gin and tonic and small talk with. It went something like this: "You're a very beautiful girl, Miss Chalmers, you'll be in great demand."

"Sybil, dear, if you reach the market I will certainly bid on you." There came a roguish glance and raised eyebrow, "If you get that far, which I very much doubt!"

"I have a simply gorgeous girl I could match you with to absolute perfection... Would you be interested?"

I had to admit to a tremendous ego build up. It is marvelous to be desired, to be the center of admiration. It's a bit like being a movie star and it was having an absolutely euphoric effect on me. But my senses were still alert and I heard the handbag open and turned in time to see a metal circlet hastily replaced. I caught the eye of the owner, shaking my head and saying, "I'm sorry but no." Embarrassed, we went out separate ways.

It happened several times. I must have seem a preoccupied conversationalist. Diana made sure I had one drink but warned me against too many. Not that I needed such a warning but I was a maiden in jeopardy and had best take care. I remembered those iron bars earlier in the day and had no wish to spend the next two or three years behind them. Or bridled and bitted. Or any of the other nonsense which appeared to preoccupy this society.

When the party ended, my wrists were still free. All the girls went home but left with me too many meaningful glances and sly, wise smiles. It was the first time I had truly known myself as prey.

"Sybil, darling, I was on tenterhooks the whole time," Mary Maber confessed when the last guest had gone. "I would have simply died if one of them had cuffed you while I had to stand and watch while you were taken away. Tomorrow we'll go and see Bill Trafford and get you all fixed up with him and we'll arrange for the market day we can't avoid. I'll keep you as a guest as long as I can but I can't monopolize you."

For the moment I felt safe with Mary Maber. Taking her hand I said gently, "I'm afraid it's not that easy. I'd like to meet this Bill Trafford but there's no way I'm going to be stood up in a market place and sold."

"But, Sybil dear, you have no choice!"

I vented my bafflement in what I can only call a grunt. "Everyone has a choice, Mary. We may do things because we're afraid of consequences but the choice is there." I took a deep breath. "This is such a beautiful place. I don't see why they have to spoil it with this silly pony girl business. Doesn't anyone have an automobile or a real horse?"

"No, dear, we're all fully dedicated to the way things are. I keep telling you the pony girls are as involved in it as the rest of us. When we were in the stables, you didn't notice any of them trying to get free, did you? The one's under restraint struggling or pleading to be free? I'll bet you've never seen a happier group of girls."

"That poor creature with her head strapped in the bridle and the bit in her mouth didn't look all that happy to me."

"She was shy and embarrassed, that's all."

We stood there, two females on opposite sides of a fence. But when Mary Maber's smiled, I smiled, too. There was a magic about Mary Maber and about this place, this ridiculous Estate, but it was all so new. I had been there so short a time and without memory from whence I came. There for possibilities I dare not voice for fear of giving offense.

We went to dinner and then took one more tour of the barn. The lovely creatures in their barred cages were all curled up asleep in the straw like contented kittens.

Mary Maber had been right about Bill Trafford, in this female place he was a distinct anomaly, an executive type on his way to the top. He was impeccably dressed and bestowed upon me the degree of interest a woman finds so flattering. He was also damned good looking and I could well imagine fluttering hearts among his four sleek ponies. His office where we sat was expensively functional without being extravagant. The chair in which I sat across his desk, facing him, was comfortable. He was busy doing what he called "establishing my file" and writing down the trivial bits of memory I could give him about my past. When we came to my age he turned upon me all his charm.

"Twenty-four places you within the area of service, Sybil. I expect Mary Maber told you?"

"She told me. I think it's crazy. I had been hoping you wouldn't take it seriously."

"I take it very seriously, Sybil. On the Estate it is an entrenched fact of life."

"In that case, Mr. Trafford, I'd be grateful if you'd make arrangements to return me to my own world."

He nodded as if he had heard only what he expected. There was a little smile at the corners of his mouth when he shot the sharp question, "Bother you being naked like this?"

"Horribly. If I hadn't gotten softened up yesterday, they would have had to drag me in her screaming before I'd have allowed a man to see me completely naked as you see me now."

"You've successfully made your first major adjustment, Miss Chalmers. Congratulations."

"No I haven't, I've only done what everyone insists I do. I refuse to make a virtue of necessity because I fail to see virtue in any girl going around stark naked." I sniffed disdainfully. "Now, Mr. Trafford, what about my transportation as far from this screwball society as possible?"

"You're not going anywhere, Sybil. Stop talking about it." His tone was sharp.

"Very well then, I shall go on foot. I'm bound to end up somewhere."

Bill Trafford waved a weary hand. "Don't be like that, Sybil, you're being silly. Look, there's something you should see." He pressed a button on the desk.

They must have been waiting for his signal. They four beauties made an almost instant appearance. They were handcuffed, two and two, goodness knows why. But the steel on their wrists did not seem to bother them at all. They had superb manes of dark auburn hair and could have won any beauty contest they entered. One couple knelt at my feet while the other two stood close.

"You're an Original, aren't you? Isn't it fun!"

"I expect you're finding things difficult, Sybil - See, we know your name."

"You'll love everything that's going to happen. Please don't cause Bill any more trouble - he's got enough trouble with all us girls." She turned to what was presumably her lord and master. "Tell her how mean we are to you, Bill, she thinks it's the other way around."

They all kissed me warmly on the lips, then bounced from the room as quickly as they had entered.

"Well?" Trafford's single word spoke volumes.

"You put them up to it."

"Notice any whip marks?"

"No, but I'm sure you've other ways. They're four really gorgeous girls, you're really lucky. If it isn't coercion, it must be drugs."

"Damn it, girl, you're being obstinate!" Bill Trafford sighed and looked at me severely, not allowing his gaze to fall as low as my breasts. "For Pete's sake, Sybil, open your mind. See things as they are here, not as they would be some place else. Those fours girls were as naked as you. Doesn't that comfort you a bit?"

"I gather pony girls don't have any more choice than I do."

Bill Trafford sighed and shrugged his disgust. "Okay, have it your way. But the docket provides for your being sold this coming Saturday at the weekly pony market. It lasts all day and someone is certain to buy you, Originals are always in great demand."

I made my voice bitter. "No doubt so someone may have the pleasure of breaking me. Isn't that the proper term with horses, 'breaking in'?"

"Always negative! Don't you ever have a positive thought in that pretty head?"

"I've told you my positive thought, I'm leaving."

Bill Trafford's tone became positively decisive. "I could ask Mary Maber to keep you locked up safe in one of her cells in the barn. But we don't want an Original to approach the weekly market in that frame of mind, we don't want her there by force. I won't ask Mary to put you behind bars. I simply suggest you enjoy yourself with her in all the ways she'll make possible between now and then. She may change your mind about things." His regard became serious and a bit perplexed. "But I should warn you, Sybil, that if you should follow this damned fool notion of running away and trying to escape, there are penalties you will be subject to when caught. And have not doubt, my dear, you will be caught."

"Penalties? Such as...?"

I could tell Bill Trafford was washing his hands of me. I couldn't help feeling peeked at having made so Slight an impression.

"You could be whipped, you could face a disagreeable period of imprisonment, you could be sent to labor in the fields. If a girl is too damned obstinate, she brings these things upon herself."

"I could see why pony girls were so obedient!" I retorted.

"No you can't you just think you can." He drew papers towards him on the desk. "I've arranged a credit for you with our central bank. The way you use it is to sign chits for any goods or services you buy. As a pony girl you will not need money so I am establishing only sufficient credit to see you through to the end of the week. Goodbye to you, Miss Sybil Chalmers."

I walked back to Mary Maber, hopping mad and wondering if it was my fault or Bill Trafford's that the interview had been such a bust. I climbed up into the buggy, all ready taking it for granted the two sweetly behaved blondes would take us anywhere Mary choose. She clucked at them and flicked the reins and away we went at a sedate pace suited to the shopping area and the office building. Other pony girl teams were performing their duties without complaint. I got a long hard look from them and felt ridiculous.

"I can see from your face things didn't go well," said Mary Maber coolly. "I'm sorry, Bill's really a delightful man."

"I'm sure he is, and in spite of my refusal, he's arranged to have me sold at the end of this week. He arranged credit with the bank for me. He then said I was obstinate and should enjoy the next few days with you. He then kicked me out of his office. You're right, Mary, we simply did not hit it off."

Mary let it ride. I figure she guessed Bill Trafford and I would be abrasive. She took me for a ride, "to see some of the country," and her two golden-maned ponies worked hard on our behalf.

The country was gorgeous, the colors perfection, as if an artist had arranged it for form and composition. Seeing it like this maintained that sensation of a dream world as if I would soon wake up and find myself back where ever it was I had come from. But, alone with nature's bounty, I was viewing Mary Maber's two ponies with greater interest."

My concern with the harnessed maidens was now more practical and specific than before. I looked less at the naked girls than at the means by which they were made captive and harnessed to the vehicle in which Mary and I sat. I saw how and why shinning bands of metal trapped their wrists to the shaft without need of locking device. Once clamped on they could not reach either theirs or their companion's wrists. These wrists bands alone made them sufficiency captive without the harness. But the harness was an attachment, too. It was locked tightly on to slightly indent the flesh and I could see the play of their muscles under the straps as they ran. The steel bits in their mouths probably kept them more potently prisoner than any other single thing. They could be tethered by their bridle in the same way saddle horses are tethered to hitching posts. By virtue of steel in their mouths and rings against their cheeks they could be made to obey any command, they would dare not rebel. I thought of the same contraption strapped on my own head and the same

steel held tight within my mouth. I could almost feel the reins tugging to bring me to my knees in total submission to another's will. I shuttered!

That night I ran away.

Chapter Two - Thirty Lashes

I felt an absolute bitch about Mary. Mary had trusted me. My bedroom door was not locked, there were no restrains anywhere. I think she guessed my intent but left it up to me to make my own decision, knowing I had been properly warned about penalties and punishments if I failed. But why should I fail? Why? Why?

The only thing I stole was a large blue towel to cover my loins and knot over one hip. I felt almost adequately dressed! Without waste of time I headed for the beach and, reaching the sand where I had first glimpsed this strange place, made my way along the surf to where I thought I must eventually find human habitation. But I was wrong. What I did discover was a monolithic rock structure stretching out to sea and far too steep to climb. I thought of swimming out and around but could not tell what I would find. Probably there would be sharks, and that I feared most of all.

I could retrace my steps in the sand and head in the opposite direction but I made a shrewd guess I'd find the same natural barrier there, too. Determinedly I faced inland as I should have done in the beginning.

I did well for about ten miles. It was all country lanes and pretty farm houses like Mary's. But after that the houses dwindles and the going got rougher. The lanes disappeared and I found myself walking against a steady upward incline. From a distance the hills surrounding the Estate had seemed minor. But from this close they took on more forbidding shapes and images until finally I found myself confronted by a steep walled canyon I could never cross. Disgustedly I turned left and walked the rest of the night without coming to its end. But it had become more shallow and when I resumed my flight, I would cross the little stream at its bottom and be on my way. But dawn was fast coming and I had been walking all night and was tired. I crawled up into a little ball under a tree and went to sleep, but not without wishing I had brought food.

I slept until the sun was once more low but then, seeing no sign of life anywhere, I resumed. I crossed the little stream in which I bathed and drank my fill, and then steadfastly marched up the slope of the other side. I trudged for miles that day, seeing no other human being until dusk brought me once more to heart break. It was another steep walled canyon stretching in either direction without sign of break.

I was terribly hungry but had no skills in wilderness survival, I could see nothing I dared eat. I lay down against the trunk of an immense tree and once more slept.

A shaft of hot sunlight filtering through the leaves warmed me and told of a new day. But what really broke my slumber was a dog's wet nose sniffing in my ear. I rolled away in pure terror until I recognized an amiably domestic creature regarding me benevolently and anxious to resume its licking of my face. But that was not all! Surveying me in amusement were three women and a girl. One of the women was as naked as myself. The other two were adequately dressed for rough going in the brush. The other girl, about thirteen wore blue jeans and a shirt. Their greeting was formal.

"Good morning. Miss Chalmers. You've given us quite a chase."

I leapt to my feet and ran but could have save myself the trouble. The four of them fanned out until the teenager, with surprising speed, drew level and tripped me with an out trust leg. A moment later an adult hand grasped my hair down close to my scalp and shook it painfully.

Are you going to be sensible, Sybil, or are we going to have to treat you like a wild animal?"

I didn't want to be sensible, I didn't want anything except to eat. I was hungry and exhausted and without hope. The hand in my hair was demanding but I ceased to care. I buried my face in my hands and wept.

The allowed me to sob away my misery. They were always unfailingly kind in their own way and by their own attitudes. The fingers in my hair was finally removed but replaced by a noose around one ankle in case I tried to jump again. I sat up and said a dismal, "I'm sorry," and they handed me a man-sized square of white clothe but at the same time took from me the towel around my hips. It was carefully tucked away from one of the knapsacks. From another they laid out one of the loveliest sights I had seen in two days-food!

It now appeared the noose on my ankle was not considered enough for a runaway girl such as myself. The wholly naked girl, who I assumed to be a pony belonging to one of the older women, older by only a very few years, produced rope and almost sorrowfully said, "Please stand up, Sybil, please put your hands behind your back. I was still in the don't care mood. I stood up. In an arrogant declaration of non-involvement and crossed my wrists behind my back. I realized with a sort of thrill that this was the first time in my life that I had ever been tied up. I thought of it as being "tied up" rather than being "bound". I know it was a childish carry over but stood with accelerated pulse while the nude pony girl circled my wrists with cord and drew it tight and hard enough to make me ouch. I repeated my ouch several times while she was busy with my wrist but it did me no good. I looked back over my shoulder reprovingly but that did no good either. When she walked away, I knew my hands were brutally tied in a way I could never get free from. We then sat together on the grass and ate corned beef and bread. It was the most glorious meal I had

ever eaten and I accepted it daintily accepted it from the teenage fingers that laughingly feed me like a child.

The youngster and the naked pony girl cleaned up while the adults read me something of a mild lecture on the subject of trying to escape.

"No one's ever escaped, Sybil. We didn't want to let you try but you seemed so set on it. Now you know."

"You'll be punished, of course," said the second one. "But you knew that before you started, you accepted the risk. I'm afraid you'll have to take that punishment no matter how you plead."

"Who said anything about pleading," I demanded unhappily. "You're right, I was told about the punishment, was I ever! Please don't talk about it all the way home."

"You'll almost certainly be whipped, dear."

"So, okay, I'll be whipped. May we leave it at that please?"

The nude pony girl and the nymphet had been listening. It was the pony girl who took me in her arms and said gently, "Stop fighting it. Sybil, you fight everything, even when there's no need. What you're most concerned about is being like me, naked and subject to orders." She held me at arm's length. "Look at me, Sybil! Is there anything you see that's so damned terrible? Do I seem unhappy or am I scared by whips! Look, dear, I'm not even restrained, I'm completely free and could run away the same way you did. But I don't want to run away, I want to be a pony girl on the Estate and serve my time with all the rest before I become like Elizabeth and Roberta here. It's not that far away, I'm twenty-four."

"I'm twenty-four, too."

"That means we, both of us, have only a year to go. If only you'd behave yourself, you'd adore every minute of it."

I let myself be kissed and cuddled, I didn't have any choice. I was now learning how helpless a girl can be with her hands tied tight behind her back. Even the teenager could have done anything she wished with me. To amuse the youngster, the noose previously on my ankle was now put around my neck and its lengthy tether handed to the girl with the admonish to make sure I didn't run away or talk her into to much sympathy. Led by a laughing youngster I started my long walk home.

"Is it the man situation that bothers you, Sybil?"

"You mustn't let it, dear, we just don't have any need for men and you won't either. Don't let your glands get you into constant trouble."

They were so sweet, their intentions only for the best and for my own good. But from time to time they examined my bound wrists to make sure I would not escape. They were a mixture of sweet concern and stern authority. I had no doubt I was for the high jump for sure but their manner conveyed nothing of this. I was simply a girl who entertained a stupid notion and must therefore have my hands bound behind my back to keep me from doing something foolish. When night came the tether from my neck was tied to a tree so that it left me no chance of getting free. My hands remained tied as they were behind my back. But it appeared I was not the only one upon whom caution must be used. While the teenager giggled and the pony girl grinned, the two of them were joined wrist to wrist by a pair of handcuffs they had not seen fit to use on me."

Roberta saw fit to explain, "We know ponies must sometimes be exposed to temptation, dear. They are quite young and very human so we try to make certain they are not subjected to temptation whenever possible. This is as mild as possible. My pony girl cannot possibly run away during the night unless she takes my daughter with her and that won't happen. Usually there's an easy way out, we don't always have to be as unkind as you think we are right now. Good night, dear, pleasant dreams."

I was dead tired but stayed awake long enough to watch the pony girl and teenager arrange themselves within the compulsion of their joined wrists and dispose themselves for sleep. They were very beautiful.

Before breakfast I tried what I thought was good common sense. "If you'll untie my hands, I can feed myself," I offered meekly. "I promise I won't run away, I won't do any of the things you call stupid."

They laughed and made a fuss of me but my hands stayed tight tied behind my back. Once more I was fed and, since we had camped beside a stream, that same mood prevailed while I was bathed and played with like a puppy dog. I had never felt so helpless in my life and had one of the older women bound me and played with me, I might have resented it. But the teenage girl was pure delight, even when she mischievously whispered in my ear, "They're going to whip you, they're going to whip you...!"

I didn't much care. I was in the grip of something beyond control and beyond any previous experience. As I was led in my shame back to retribution, I felt only a strange elation in the teenager and the pony girl who tended me beneath the indulgent eyes of Elizabeth and Roberta. I wondered if there would be a formal trial and a formal sentence for my sin. I found it hard to see myself as a captured fugitive from someone's Law.

When we got back down among human habitation, my predicament because more real to me. Vehicles, always drawn by pony girls, passed and always I was the focus

of knowing and curious eyes. I began to feel ashamed of my nakedness, my bound hands and the noose around my neck. If this was the beginning of my punishment, it was becoming real.

I wanted desperately to talk to Roberta or Elizabeth, to plead with them not to take me back to their own brand of justice. Or at least to let me walk among them free of bonds. I pointed out that if they untied my hands I would still not run from them. If they took the noose off my neck, I would promise solemnly to walk beside them to where ever they wished to take me. But they kept their silence and, in the end, so did I.

We came to an official looking building I instinctively guessed the purpose of. Broken heartedly I turned upon them. "Don't put me in prison. Please take me back to Mary Maber." I might as well have kept silent.

A woman, who was also most obviously a wardress, took the details of my crime and my inclinations to escape, if given a chance. She obviously saw me as merchandise and tendered Roberta an official receipt of my person. Everything was in good order and ridiculously circumspect. This small building was The Law and I was frightened. Those who had captured me said reluctant goodbyes and kissed me warmly as with love, the naked pony girl gave me a sorrowful wink. I was then left to the mercies of the woman who's belt and jangling ring of keys betrayed her status. She told me her name was Mrs. Olson and that I would certainly be a good and obedient prisoner. She took me to a stone room where she hosed me down with indelicate thoroughness, with hands tied behind my back the whole time. I could see she had little choice about this treatment. She was apparently alone in her small prison and, if I were a rebellious subject, it would be unwise to give me back my hands. She dried me with a hard, rough towel and then took me to a small cell. I wanted to cry. I wanted to scream. I wanted to turn and run from the iron bars and clanking metal doors by which we reached the iron and concrete cage in which I would be kept until my time of punishment.

There appeared to be only four cells and only one other occupant, a girl my own age who watched with avid curiosity as Mrs. Olson did those things to me she thought she must. First she chained my ankles together so I could not run. Then she locked a collar around my neck, a metal one, unfeminine and unkind. The chain from it was locked by a padlock and I was told, still sympathetically, I would be foolish to resist when I had no hope of even leaving the cell. The weight of metal around my neck and its accompanying chain was a shockingly demoralizing experience which left me without a will to fight. When my hands were untied I meekly allowed them to be shackled and fastened to a chain pulled tight around my tummy and also padlocked as if I were a wild thing possessing inordinate strength. If I had been helpless before, I was ten times as helpless now! The wardress patted my cheek and told me not to worry because she would keep an eye on my from time to time, and that it would be silly to try and escape because she had her eye on me. She they went away and locked the cell door with a loud snap. I was then alone except for the

maiden two cells away I could see through the forest of iron bars. It was she who opened the conversation.

"Good gosh, girl, what have you done to get yourself chained like that! I thought I was in trouble but all they've done to me is handcuffs." He held up her chained wrists as if amused. "Handcuffs don't really amount to much, ponies get to wear them all the time. You're the Original, aren't you, the one who's going to be whipped?"

I didn't want to talk about being whipped or chained or anything else, but I was very much alone and the girl in the other cell would be my only companion. I suppose prisoner's socialized the same as other people did. If they didn't want us to talk they could always put gags in our mouths. Agreeably I said, "Yes, I'm the Original who's going to be punished. Does everyone in the place know about me?"

"Of course we do! You've been the main topic of talk since you were found on the beach. We'd all been wondering who would cuff you or buy you. I suppose that, even though you'll be punished, you'll still be sold on market day. I'll be for sale them, too. By that time I'll have finished my seven day sentence. Gosh, I've hated it, I've hated every moment until you showed up. I was lonely. My name is Joyce and yours is Sybil. See, you're already famous. And after you've been whipped or whatever they'll do to you, you'll be even more famous. They've never whipped me, but then, I've been too chicken to run away. It's a real bitch being an Original, you have no yardstick by which to measure your conduct with anything else than the Estate." She moaned silently. "I sure do wish they'd let me out of this lousy prison."

I wished the same. I was ridiculously restrained by chains and collar to a point where about all I could do was lay on the hard wood bench provided and arrange the metal links to give me as much comfort as possible. I was shockingly aware of a decreasingly social status. I had been an honored guest but was now a prisoner in a little prison awaiting sentence. Like all the rest it didn't seem possible!

I was chained so ridiculously as to seem impossible. When the wardress came in the morning, I pointed this out to her with the surprising result that she agreed she had gone a bit overboard. First she took away the chain around my middle so I would be able to use my still-cuffed hands to eat. She was obviously nervous about giving me more freedom but finally decided she could dispense with the collar around my neck. It felt so damned good to be rid of it, I could have kissed her. But, along with my thanks, I also assured her she had no need to worry about me escaping. If she had opened the cell door and let me go, I couldn't have possibly gotten more than a hundred yards and I couldn't possibly put up a fight. But I got reassurance her concessions, like everyone else on the Estate, meant she wanted to be kind. I sensed her failure to understand my desire to escape. To her I was some sort of oddball. I believed she honestly felt I deserved whatever punishment I was soon to get.

The Estate boasted no policeman, not even a police woman. I was escorted to the courthouse by a pair of laughing ponies who had the wardress remove the shackles from my ankles and retrieve her handcuffs. Now, for the first time, I got a good look at the "cuffing" device Mary Maber had warned me about. Each girl had one which they promptly clipped on both my right and left wrists, holding one handle each to insure my good behavior.

"You don't want us to demonstrate how these can hurt, do you?" they asked innocently.

I was scared to death of the damned things! The cuff looked innocent enough but the handled had a wicked look that I had no wish to argue with. I promised good behavior and walked between the two in a different but very complete helplessness.

"You're so silly, Sybil, to make all this fuss about being a pony. We're ponies and we love it," said number one.

"You never even gave it a chance, you silly girl, you ran away before you'd even tried it," chided number two.

They shook my cuffed wrists admonishingly. "Now you're going to be tired and punished. It's so silly, no one wants to punish you but they have to. What else can they do?"

"Set me free and take me home."

They ignored it the way everyone ignores something they didn't want to talk about.

"Look at us," they pointed out reasonably. "We're as free as the birds, we're not prisoners."

"Maybe not right now. But when you've delivered me, you'll go back to your owner and be locked in a cage. If that isn't being a prisoner, I don't know what is."

They showed a trace of embarrassment and I thought I'd scored a point until they explained, "It won't be quite like that, dear. We're delivering you to the court right now, but after the court has decided what to do with you it will be us who do it. It's the sort of chore we get to do sometimes."

I longed to pierce their lovey-dovey complacency. "So, okay, you do you job but at the end of it you still go back to your owner's cage and get yourselves locked in. You probably get yourselves handcuffed as well." I knew I sounded bitchy but just couldn't help it.

"Don't be silly, Sybil. Whenever we're restrained there's always other girls around and we talk and have a wonderful time until our mistress wants to use us again.

Being harnessed to a buggy and guided around the Estate is the most exciting thing of all. You'll find out."

There were quite a lot of women present but I couldn't see Bill Trafford and for that I was grateful. There were three judges, women I had not previously met, sitting behind a plain, ordinary table in front of which I had to stand with my wrists attached to the girls on either side. I felt an idiot and indecently naked in the middle of so many who were clothed. When they asked me, I said, yes, I was guilty but only of seeking the freedom to which every human being was entitled. This attitude was considered in poor taste and I was promptly sentenced to ten strokes with a cane across the part of me I use to sit on and twenty lashes with a whip upon my back. In addition, I was to get one cane stroke upon the sole of each foot. Someone had told me about this punishment before but it didn't lessen the shock the least bit.

I started to express my feelings that this was no way to treat a girl who hadn't done anything wrong, but the three judges got up and left. I longed to scream.

My ponies twisted the handles a slight bit as a warning I did not need. I was led to the place of execution, which was a neat and tidy area, cleared of all growth, in the middle of which stood menacing relics of another age. There was a bench with stocks for the victim's feet. There was a pillory for her neck and wrists. After that there was the whipping post which held, for me, a very personal greeting. All three of these horrible items were made of heavy timbers. The post was starkly fearful in its very simplicity. My ponies explained gently that there were several way they could fasten me to it, but they preferred their own method by which I would be able to indulge in a good deal of movement while being whipped. It didn't seem to matter much then but it sure did later on.

I can't say the whole community turned out to see me punished, they didn't. But there was a big enough gathering to make me ashamed. Half of them were ponies, as free of restraint as those who tended me. No doubt they were there to receive an object lesson about an important no-no in their lives. They were all starry-eyed in vibrant good health which no doubt they owed to considerable exercise while in harness. I was so bathed in shame and chagrin that I'd scarcely noticed my two attendants tying my wrists together with a length of rope, giving the job a lot of care and attention to make sure the ropes were as tight as I could bear and very neat and tidy. There was an iron ring high on the post, and with the aid of a box on which to stand, they slipped the loose ends of the rope through it but did not knot it securely until they had gone through no end of trouble about how high my arms should go, and whether I should stand tip-toes or flat-footed.

When they were finished, I stood there, my nose against the wood, my breasts rubbing its surface. "You can turn around, dear, if you want to face us or to see the crowd," one of my ponies explained patiently. "But you really shouldn't because canes and whips hurt so much more in front that on your back. Please don't hesitate

to kick and wiggle, no one will mind or think any less of you. I'm afraid it's going to hurt terribly."

I was scared to death. In spite of the feminine atmosphere there was also a steely determination to go through with a job that was all my fault. I felt quite certain everyone would feel sorry for me and my two ponies would feel badly about what they had to do, but they would still do it quite harshly in the conviction they were right and I was wrong. My social status was no at its lowest possible ebb.

It was just plain horrible! I looked up to where my tied wrists were well secured to the ring. There was no hope of error. I half turned to gaze at all those watching eyes and to catch a glimpse of a very young pony carrying the whip and cane by which I would very soon be marked. There were a few lengths of rope scattered around but they were not for me, I was as securely attached to the post as if I had been wrapped in the damned stuff. Sure, I could kick and struggled and sway my hips, but for the time being that post held me totally.

If I had had some previously experience of corporal punishment, it would have helped. As it was the first stroke of the cane across my bottom was a devastating shock. Its pain was far beyond anything I had every dreamed of or expected now. It was a beastly, rummy-turning agony which I knew I could not endure a second time. I found myself clamped hard against the post as if I could find sanctuary thus. At that point I was still very civilized and I heard my voice explain, "I'm terribly girls but I can't possibly stand pain like this. You'll have to give me some other kind of punishment or else not hit me anywhere so hard."

Looking back at it now I could laugh at that little speech. I was trying so hard to be reasonable and practical and not give them a problem they couldn't solve. But I simply had to convince them of unbearable anguish. I felt quite sure my bottom where the cane had sliced it must be cut wide open. With considerable dismay I heard the yellow wand sing again and then repeat upon my skin the same terrifying impact as before.

I was actually performing well, I was too shocked to scream and the beating of my feet upon the ground and my kicking out of my feet into the air were pure reflex. I was sure the crowd must be laughing at such motions and was deeply shamed. But my concern was pain, the most awful pain imaginable, a pain so great I must somehow convey its awfulness to my two ponies who, when I glanced fearfully back, appeared to be going about the business of whipping my bear skin with unconcerned efficiency. I don't think they were enjoying it, they were simply doing a job. It was one more instance of how remarkably well the pony girls were integrated into the system of the Estate. During that term of service, they did what they were told and wanted it no other way.

At first my mind refused to accept that the awful impacts would continue. But as the third and forth and fifth strokes planted themselves upon my flesh, my mind adjusted

to what now seemed inevitable. Instead of responding by the conviction that this could not possibly continue, my body retorted by contorting my hips when they were struck by the cane, by lashing out vainly with a bare foot and leg, and by my continually half turning away from the refuge of the post to confront my ponies with accusations of cruelty I could never quite manage to utter.

When I beheld their wide-eyed and innocent affection, I was disarmed and turned once more to the refuge of the wood. My wrists were suffering a punishment all their own as I tugged and struggled and sometimes lifted myself bodily from the ground during the some acute spasms of agony. When the tenth stroke with the cane had been planted upon my anguished cheeks, it seemed impossible that I must now prepare myself for twenty strokes with the whip upon my back. I stood there trembling and anguished while my ponies smoothed the hurt, puffed flesh where they had punished me.

"Almost half way, dear," they encouraged me softly. "You're doing splendidly. We're terribly sorry about having to hurt you but we're sure you understand. Oh, and I'm sure we should explain, you'll find the whip a quite different sort of pain."

Their sad, soft voices were as crazy as all the rest. How could you love someone and still do to them what they were doing to me! I remembered childhood punishments when I was told it was for my own good and that it hurt someone else more than me. My ponie's voices sounded just like that. Several times I turned half way around against my tethered arms to see them smile and receive the comfort of a kiss. When one of them shrugged and picked up the whip, I turned back to thrust my forehead hard against the post.

My ponies were right, it was a different kind of pain. The difference really didn't matter, it was the pain that mattered. And pain enveloped me with each fresh blow. The leather thong making its own frightful crack upon my skin. With each stroke the whining swish of its approach flattened my breasts and belly against the post. It availed me nothing, my back was totally open to the bit of the leather. The blows went on and on until I was in a maze of anguish in which my thoughts were incoherent and the actions of my body and limbs strained and, for all I knew, obscene.

All things end. After the blows ceased to fall upon my skin, it took me a little while to grope my way back to comprehension. I was ablaze with pain but my heart was singing a little song of victory that I had survived, that my whipping was done with, that now most certainly I would find sanity in this crazy world of women. I was not immediately relieved, my ponies busied themselves with warm water and some stuff which might well have been salt for all I could tell. It burned horribly but the burn soon passed, and when my back and bottom had been tenderly laved my bound hands were lowered from the ring and I was led over to be seated on the wooden bench of the stocks. It was not until one of the girls lifted the upper half of the yoke and invited me to place my ankles in the slots provided, that I realized my

punishment was not yet done. But I was still dazed and bemused and without the will to fight. I had sustained thirty strokes so what did two more matter. Obediently I fitted my ankles into the half circles provided and watched the wood descend upon them to make them prisoner. With the snapping of the lock I discovered I could move neither feet nor legs. The soles of both my feet protruded from their wooden prison in an open invitation to the cane. I quailed at the thought but clung to courage by saying over and over to myself, "Only two, only two, only two..."

As I sat in silent misery the crowd was sorting itself afresh for the best possible view of the soles of my feet. I kept telling myself this could not possibly happen. True, I was seated in the stocks and my feet were solidly locked, but surely this was for effect, surely the two awful blows would not be struck! The twin cheeks of my bottom, pressed into the hard bench by my weight, warned me of the intensity of pain and agony possible from a cane. When one of my ponies picked up the yellow horror and viewed my well-secured feet with speculative eye, the vision of what was to happen became beyond bearing. I buried my face within my still bound hands to wait in fear and trembling for what I knew must happen.

My world exploded and I screamed with all my lungs into my hands. I found myself rocking back and forth upon the hard bench, quite unconscious of my former punishment. While I still knew I could not possibly have another such stroke, that stroke actually happened. Afterwards I realized my ponies had been merciful, they had gotten the awful task over and done with. They had not made me suffer the extra punishment of suspense. The two blows upon the soles of my feet had been administered so quickly the merged as one. I sat there with my whole being enveloped in a spreading burning I thought would never end. After my screams I could hear my voice assuring no one in particular, "I'll never run away again... I'll never run away again!

I promise I won't ever try to escape."

My feet were unlocked and I was helped to stand. My first sensation was a great thankfulness for but a single stroke on each foot. I was sure that had there been a number of such inflictions I would have crumpled on the ground. But with my hands tied, and a pony guiding either arm I was marched forward to the most momentous event of all. In the rush and confusion of all my punishments I had forgotten it was market day, the day I was to be sold.

It was a sort of fairground. There were booths selling things like refreshments. But I was guided to a special tent to be properly registered and numbered. The matron in charge viewed my bound hands approvingly, and commended my ponies on their execution of my punishment. She then produced a bottle of brandy and filled a glass. I was thankful my hands had not also been caned as I cupped the glass in them and drank avidly. I don't usually drink much at all but, gosh, I needed that!

I was standing first on one foot and then the other in an effort to ease their wounds. But as the liquid fire began to take hold I began to believe I would live. My first utterance was to ask my ponies how badly was I marked and was my skin cut?

They did their best with a small mirror to give me a view of my back and bottom. I shocked gasp was a mixture of horror over the vivid weals but also of thankfulness no skin was cut. There was no blood. The motherly matron type told me I had to look my best so I was taken aside to a small table and stool (thankfully padded), where my two ponies went to work on my face, my hair and even my nipples, painting the latter a bright scarlet and laughing at my blush. As they worked I sipped and sipped and my glass was filled again. I was then led out into the sunlight to be sold.

It was not quite that simply, I had to be exhibited and to good advantage! I looked around at a variety of naked girls secured in ways to please their owner's whims. There were three in a cage laughing their greetings to anyone who stopped to say hello or to gage their quality. Another girl was fastened to a tree by chain and padlock around her tummy. A lengthy iron pole was horizontal between two posts to provide safe parking for maiden merchandise. Some stood with one arm raised, its wrist secured by rope or chain. Another girl had her hands bound behind her back but was forced to stand by a noose from her neck tied high above her reach. I was thankful not to be stared at in isolation, my ponies placed me between one pony with her arm raised and the one who was noosed. They raised my bound hands and tied the rope tether to the bar above. I was not stretched or on my toes but my hands were high enough to mock the futile longing of my teeth. I stood in what is probably the most flattering pose a woman can contrive. My two ponies kissed me warmly, assured me I looked absolutely marvelous, and then, with what I thought were a couple of knowing giggles, wished me a happy sale and a happy home afterward. With more giggles they assured me we'd see each other around. When they departed I felt terribly naked and alone. I was also blushingly conscious and very much ashamed of the whip marks on my skin. I braced myself to look around.

"They really gave it to you good, didn't they, darling?" It was the girl with the noose around her neck. "I'm sorry I wasn't there to watch but my mistress was getting me ready to sell and she didn't want to bother. I've never been whipped." Something wistful crept into her voice as she asked, "Does it hurt something awful? I mean, more than you can bear?"

"Yes, and I've got no words to tell you how awful it really is." Bitterly I added, "Don't ever run away."

"I don't even want to run away, its a crazy idea. You're an Original, aren't you? I always envy Originals, everybody wants to buy them."

The girl on my other side, the one with only one hand fastened above her head, had taken a backward step to examine my weals. "I've never been whipped, either," she

confided as if admitting a fault. "Did they cane the bottom of your feet, too? It's the standard punishment for runaways."

They were sympathetic and wanted to be kind. They were most definitely of the Estate and appeared to find nothing remarkable in being fastened the way they were to keep them from wandering away while someone made up their mind to buy them. They earnestly assured me I should never run away again or even think about escape, no girl had succeeded at it yet.

We were often interrupted by prospective purchasers. These women walked along the line, often accompanied by a wide-eyed youngster of thirteen or fourteen, who was catching an advanced view of her own fate soon to come. If interested they stopped and engaged the captive girl in conversation. Their age, their food preferences, their attitudes about household chores. Woman nodded at answers and spoke of the reference sheet available in the big tent. There was the record of every pony girl. My own was there but as yet remained virgin. I would be an unexplored field for anyone who purchased me. My brief history was already well known and I was spoken to with great seriousness as to whether I intended to run away again or felt properly cured of such faults. The marks on my skin drew much attention and were carefully studied and admired. After a while I became almost proud of them for they proved I was by no means ordinary and would be a challenge to any woman with the courage to take me home. It was explained to me that I did not have to be punished in a public place. I could be whipped in their own stable and by their own hand or by one of their other ponies. It was obvious that the thought was uppermost that if I ran away once, I might do so twice. I got the impression this would not affect my price. I almost forgot my wounded skin in my absorption with the questions and answers. It was tiring just standing there with my hands above my head. And my nakedness made me blush. Some of the women nonchalantly examined even the most intimate parts of girls they considered buying. My breasts and pubs were frankly probed by feminine fingers and I was questioned frankly about female love. It was evident that being a pony entailed far more than standing naked in a cage.

The girls beside me explained that bids were being left on us in the big tent. A woman might make bids on a dozen girls but purchase only one. We simply went to the highest bidder but we would have to remain standing out here until the bell rang indicating the end of market day.

"They'll keep you in restraint for sure," said one of my companions. "You're a runaway and you're an Original. You'll be lucky if it's only handcuffs and a cage. You'll have to be real nice to your owner to get your reputation established. But don't worry, they won't whip you unless you're really very silly indeed."

I didn't have much time to think. Between the girls tied to either side of me and the probing fingers and questions of clients, I was kept busy thinking up the proper things to say. I didn't have the courage to run away again right then. But deep down

inside me there was still the spark of revolt and I knew it. No one had the right to do what had been done to me today! And I certainly did not look forward to the iron bars and the straw covered cells. I knew I would be happy to have company but also knew they wouldn't be what I needed. They were all so damned pleased with the Estate and their way of life as pony girls, I was sure we would hardly find a common ground. I liked the girls tied beside me but in our loyalties we were miles apart. I wondered what would be done to me to break this hidden spirit, or if I should simply be a good little girl until I saw another chance to get away. I left the answer to whoever bought me. The day was drawing to a close and I would soon know my fate. I hoped it would be someone like Mary Maber.

There was almost a cloying sweetness in this market overflowing with the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. Where ever I looked I saw breasts and curved bottoms and flat tummies. There were sparkling eyes and every color of hair imaginable. No girl had lost her pubic patch, none had been shaved down there and I picked up from Mary Maber the belief that hair was highly prized in the Estate. It was easy to see with so many raised arms that there were many ponies who still had the hair of their armpits, something almost strange and startling to behold. But there it was, strange as it may be.

The market place was vividly alive with our awareness of each other. We were also getting tired. Every girl tied as I was tied with hands above my head, keep shifting from foot to foot and changing posture to ease her stressed muscles. I reflected bitterly that elsewhere it would be considered a punishment to be so tied but here it was taken as a matter of course, nothing to be unhappy about. A girl who exhibited resentment over being bound would be considered in very poor taste and sadly misbehaved.

With the ringing of the bell there came upon us all a sense of a day nearly done but the evening lights not yet lit. Women took possession of their purchases with quips or smiles or simply instructions, binding them or giving them freedom as they saw fit. Most tied the girl's hands behind their back and they walked, quite unconcerned, beside, the woman who had chosen her. Some were shy, some talkative. Most gauged their behavior by their assessment of their purchaser. It was a delicate moment, fraught with human interest.

I was suddenly alone. The girls to either side had said goodbye to me before being led away to which ever of the strange captivities the Estate provided. I wondered if mothers mourned over daughters who would spend the night behind iron bars and would quite possibly in restraint as well. I shivered but not from cold!

The whole damn thing was so strange to me and I knew myself a marked girl, both as to the weals upon my skin and the hungry gossip about me. I wanted my hands down in the worse way, I was tired of standing thus upon punished feet. I wanted Mary Maber's comforting arms, and Mary Maber's food, and Mary Maber's bed. What I actually got was something world's different.

Bill Trafford sauntered up as though he had casually stopped by on this way elsewhere. He stopped and silently looked me up and down with such male insolence as to cause me to retort, "Surely you've seen enough naked girls, is there something odd about me?"

"Only your back and bottom, Miss Chalmers. Gave you the full treatment, didn't they? Still thinking of running away?"

"Look, Mr. Trafford!" I said evenly, "I've been whipped and I've been standing like this for hours and hours, have you the authority to ask someone to untie me?"

"I expect I can arrange that. But now about this running away...?"

I stamped an indignant foot, forgetting all about the wound across its bottom. "No, I won't run away again. I've learned my lesson." I glared at him. "That's what you wanted me to say, isn't it?"

"Thanks, that was well said. Now, supposing I get you untied, what happens then?"

"How should I know! I suppose I will be tied up some other way. I understand I'm considered dangerous."

"Not really. We make allowances for stress. You're still looking for trouble, Sybil, stop it."

"I appear to the only girl left. Am I a reject? Or am I suppose to stand with my hands tied up all night because I didn't sell?"

I could tell my clinging to identity, my hot indignation, amused Bill Trafford. He openly laughed at my flushed cheeks and the way I was unconsciously twisting against the ropes overhead. "Don't worry your little head about being sold, Miss Chalmers. You've been sold and you fetched top price. You're something of a celebrity."

"Then why hasn't someone taken me away?"

"All in good time, dear girl." He patted my cheek reassuringly. "Quite likely they're debating what weight of iron to have riveted on those feet of yours, those feet that head for the hills without stopping to think or pay attention to good advice. Mind if I take another look at those whip marks you've collected?"

"Help yourself," I said crossly. "Everybody else has had a good look. While we're on the subject, I don't see why you couldn't have used your authority to save me from being whipped. I'm sure you could have if you'd wanted to."

Bill Trafford was running fingertips across my skin in a way to make me gasp. Male fingertips on a girl's back and bottom after she's been whipped can be extremely irritating. Unhappy with myself more than with him, I taunted, "While you're at it you may as well poke around my breasts, pinch my nipples, and have a good look at my pussy. If you wish I'll lift my leg to give you a better view."

"You really are an irritating female," Bill Trafford said amiably, "always wanting to put a man in the wrong, always accusing a man of being interested only in that pretty triangle at the bottom of your belly." He chuckled at the desperate tug I made against my bound wrists. "As to getting you out of your whipping, that's something I couldn't do, it didn't fall within my jurisdiction But even if it had, I'm not sure I would have taken any action. If ever a girl deserved to get her bottom whipped it was you. Damn it, every one told you not to run away! Then you go and do it. You probably think you've been ruthlessly flogged but these lovely marks will be gone in a week or so. You'll probably view their fading with regret."

Bill Trafford's unconcern with my wounds made me boil over internally with vicious exclamations about the decline in male chivalry and the accusation he didn't know how much it really hurt. But I choked back my anger. I was conscious of being almost alone in the market place and my hands were still tied up to the bar above my head. I needed a friend and, whatever his deficiencies, Bill Trafford could probably do me a lot of good or a lot of harm. I contented myself with a sniff. "Whatever your powers and authority may be, Mr. Trafford, they appear to include a lecherous ogling of naked girls. Please enjoy yourself, I'm as naked as a girl can be." I sniffed again, this time pathetically. "Didn't you say something about getting my hands untied?"

He did exactly as I had suggested, paying close attention to every female part I possessed, even to the extent of kneeling down to get a good view of my ' 'you know what!" If my memory of the whip had not been so vivid, I would have kicked him. When he stood erect to face me again I heatedly demanded, "So, okay, I've been sold. Who bought me?"

Bill Trafford lifted a sardonic eyebrow. "Didn't I tell you? Sorry about that. I bought you. You now belong to me."

I started aghast. I'd been thinking only in terms of a female purchaser. But Bill Trafford already possessed a team of four maidens so why shouldn't he make it five? I managed only a pathetic, "You must be joking, what would you want with me!"

Bill Trafford gave me the full benefit of a steely eyed gaze before which my defenses crumpled. "You know full well why I want you, Miss Sybil Chalmers. In addition to that, you'll take your place as a pony in my stable."

"Rape!?" I put everything I had into that hateful word.

Bill Trafford shrugged. "Call it what you wish, Miss Chalmers, a rose by any other name..."

Once more I was bathed in blushes and in shame. If Mary Maber had bought me I could have coped, but to be the carnal possession of a man...

While I was thinking of something really acid to dump on him, he reached up and freed my hands from the overhead bar. This left my wrists still bound and quite unmanageable. Whatever I did with them was uncomfortable or looked absurd. I held them out to him demandingly. It was a mistake. Bill Trafford simply raised another eyebrow and untied them with strong fingers but only to turn me about to bind them behind my back.

"If you don't struggle, they won't hurt," he assured me. "It's a good idea for a pony girl to remember."

"You've tied them too tight, I'm hurting already."

"Good! That's what I intended, keep you aware of reality. Come on, I'll take you home."

It took every ounce of will power I had not to struggle against his knots. I stood with my arms behind my back in complete docility, except for being a trifle breathless, while he picked up the discarded noose from the girl who had stood at my side and fitted it around my neck. He walked briskly to the parking lot and I followed, what the hell else could I do? Bill Trafford might be a perfect gentlemen most of the time but I sensed the steel in him. Moreover, I was too disorganized to pick a fight, especially a fight I was sure to lose.

Sure enough, two of his ponies were hitched to a post and harnessed to a buggy, awaiting our convenience. In vexation I said, "I can't climb up with my hands tied like this, you'll have to lift me."

Imagine my disgust when, instead of following my demand, he tied the far end of the noose to the back of the buggy and then, without a word, climbed up into the seat by himself and flicked the reins.

I was so shocked by this that I got my head half jerked off as the buggy started into motion before I grasped the full horror of what Bill Trafford was about to do to me. We were headed towards the main street of the village and I was going to walk a bound and naked captive behind my master's chariot. It was unbelievable, bizarre, and grotesque. But it was happening. Whenever I paused in outraged indecision, the tether caught up with me and hurt my neck as it jerked my once more into obedience. I ended up walking in passive compliance and looking blindly at the back of the buggy while hoping those who saw me pass would not notice my scarlet cheeks, or see the tears I shook angrily away. Thus I walked to slavery.

I trod the most humiliating mile of my life until we were well clear of the village in a section of the road with no one around to see. Bill stopped his carriage, got down, and untied my leash to pick me up and place me beside him on the seat. No word was said, not even a thank you from me. He flicked the reins and our magnificent ponies, who had been looking back over a bare shoulder at me in amused greeting, broke into long, easy strides to strain against their harness and their clamped wrists in a graceful motion all their own.

I was to learn that the farmsteads of the Estate were much alike in being costly without pretension. The word was charm. They all had fields and gardens and clumps of lovely trees, great big spreading trees I could not name. Upon arrival we were met by the two missing ponies. One took charge of the panting team and buggy, the other took charge of me. Bill Trafford handed me, a neatly bound package with a noose around my neck, into her more than willing care. He left to go about his affairs without a backward glance.

Her name was Cheryl. She untied my hands and joined me in the most lavish bath I had ever entered, gently soaping and laving and drying my wounded back and bottom. She made no big deal of my wounds, I'd been whipped and that was that. Cheryl was no different than all the rest, believing my punishment had set me on the right course to being a good pony. When I was dried and powered and perfumed and my hair restored to normal, Cheryl broke the news that I would be expected to dine with my master at a smart restaurant not too far distant. My heart leapt at this new approach to a fresh relationship. When we went back into the bedroom, I saw no sign of clothes. Cheryl laughed at the mere suggest.

"Of course there's no clothes. You won't be wearing clothes for a long time. You have no more need of clothes than I have. Don't worry about it, no one else will."

"But I simply can't go to a place like that stark naked."

"Yes you can. And anyway, clothes would be terribly uncomfortable on your whipped back. There will probably one or two more pony girls in the gathering so you won't be the only naked girl there. You absolutely must go, darling, not to would be absolutely offensive."

"How about you coming along, Cheryl?"

She laughed. "I haven't been invited. This one's going to be a case of two's company, etc. Want me to make a pun and suggest you grin and bare it?"

"Where will you be?"

"In the barn with the others, of course. It's a lovely barn and we have the most lovely gabfests." She gazed at me anxiously. "You do understand, don't you, what you and the Master will be doing when you get back?"

"I understand I get raped."

"That's a horrible but I was told that's the sort of thing you'd say." She gazed at me soulfully. "We must try and change your thinking. You mustn't go through you period of service with ideas like that. Us girls here on the Estate can't really understand why you think the way you do. If you didn't have Mr. Trafford for a Master, you would have some woman for a mistress. Pleasing our Master or Mistress is one of the obligations we understand when we become pony girls. Here, you'd better take this."

Memory stirred as I gazed at the small red pill. As if driven by some memory from my past, I swallowed it eagerly. "That's better," my companion approved. "Try and think of it as something nice that happens every time we're chosen. It's like a marvelous sunset or a beautiful view or the good dinner you're about to have. Having it happen shouldn't change a girl a bit." She giggled. "Our Master has been taking us four girls in strict rotation so as not to play favorites. I expect he'll work you in, too."

"You can have my share," I said bitterly. "I'll willingly give it to you if you think it's so damned marvelous."

"But it is marvelous, you'll see, Sybil. Mr. Trafford is ever so good at it. We're all the same in thinking we're lucky to have Mr. Trafford for a Master instead of a Mistress. The other way is good but not as good as Mr. Trafford."

Talking with inhabitants of the Estate was like trying to grab a cloud, my objections were laughed away or misunderstood. A girl never got down to reality about anything except being a pony or getting herself whipped. Ruefully I supposed that since half the population had seen be that afternoon naked and being whipped, the rest might as well get a look at me this evening. But walking naked into a restaurant would be one of the most difficult things I'd ever done.

"What would happen to me if I refused to go with Mr. Trafford this evening?" I asked cautiously.

"It would be unforgivable. You'd be punished."

"Then lead me to the slaughter," I said dismally. "I've been whipped enough for one day."

She gently took my hand.

Chapter Three - My First Owner

If I had expected every diner to stand and stare and every waitress to stand bug-eyed in arrested motion, I would have been disappointed. I couldn't say my naked entry went unnoticed but the attention I got was half directed to the man who's arm I clung to for moral support I badly needed. The Palm Tree Restaurant had, from the very first, shown itself as upper crust. The head waiter evidently knew Bill Trafford and spared me only a casual glance. No doubt he had become accustomed to seeing my escort arrive with a naked girl.

I couldn't help my blush. I'd known from the first it was inevitable. But there were at least six other naked girls in view, presumably good ponies out for a night on the town with their mistresses. All were perfect in the matter of hairdos, complexions and painted nipples. I noticed red, green and blue, and even a pair of ebony as a vivid contrast to white curves. I had done my shrinking and voiced my hesitations outside but as we passed into the clever lighting of the restaurant, I straightened up and thrust out my own scarlet nipples as if in challenge as we walked to our table amid nods and greetings for the men I was with. If I caught a woman's eye, I got a friendly smile which ended at the level of my breasts. It was evident that on the Estate nakedness was no evil. I had also expected to gather attention with my whipped back but was disappointed there, too. This led me to suppose whipped backs were not the rarity I had been told. But the skins of all the other nudities present were clear and virgin. Once more I was left wondering.

My master ordered our wine without consulting me. I swallowed my pride, figuring I would have to get used to things like that. I presumed I had no social status to speak of. I noticed a naked maiden dining with a group, she was handcuffed but dealt with cuffed hands with surprising nonchalance as if she had been handcuffed all her life.

Striving for approval, I said with all the sincerity I could muster, "Thank you for not handcuffing me, Mr. Trafford."

I knew Bill Trafford had been watching me intently. He now laughed. "You've been looking at the girl with the Mathew's family," he said with a companionable grin. "Her name's Melinda and they've sort of adopted her as a pet. She's been handcuffed every since the day she turned fifteen. At her own request, I might add. She been locked in them ever since. I gather she makes a terrific fuss if anyone talks about unlocking them."

"How can she be a pony when they can't fasten her wrists to the shaft?"

"They had a special harness made. No big deal."

I now turned my full attention upon the man who was taking me out to dine. I was well aware of the growing excitement from the lights, the chatter, the subdued music,

and I had never been attended by a more handsome man in my life. I realized I was getting envious looks from all the other women. All the waitresses were all either under fifteen or over twenty-five. Girls evidently matured early on the Estate, I was sure the waitress looking after us was not a day over thirteen but she handled the job with extreme confidence, addressing my escort by name and frankly enjoying my embarrassment. In a whispered aside to me she said, "I get to be a pony quite soon now, I can hardly wait. Gee whiz, Miss Chalmers, you're so lucky to belong to Mr. Trafford and to have those lovely marks on your skin."

I looked up to see my master grinning. "Her name's Nancy. Last time she served my table she asked me to be sure to buy her when she reached the market. She's a delightful child, I know her parents well."

Maybe the food and wine was drugged or maybe it was the euphoria from being where I was, but I forgot about the impending rape, the barred stall in the barn and the way I'd been whipped earlier that day. Bill Trafford must have read my thoughts.

"Remarkable day for you, Sybil. Whipped this morning, sold this afternoon, and now you're dining out with an eligible bachelor." He grinned apologetically. "I know my status and that's exactly what I'd be if my contract didn't state that I must not marry a pony. And if I marry a girl over twenty-five, I'll be expected to resign."

The wine must have begun to work on me. "I don't suppose it matters, I mean about not having a wife," I said boldly. "You've got those four lovely creatures in the stable and now you've got me. What would you want a wife for?"

He let it pass. There was probably more to this single status that I knew. In genuine appeal I asked, "I don't see how you can possibly reconcile this place and lovely dinner with putting girls behind iron bars and harnessing them to carts. You'll have to forgive me but I just don't get it."

My escort sighed and became once more the crisp executive. "You wish to be whipped again, Miss Chalmers?"

"You know I don't, that's not the point."

"I'm afraid it is. On the Estate a girl can conforms or else..."

"But you must have been in the outside world, you must know about civilization! This captivity of girls can't possibly be justified. In my case you'll make me conform because I don't want to be whipped. But that's not much to crow about."

Bill Trafford nodded at my statements. "That's okay, give it to me with both barrels, I like you when you're angry. Here comes the soup, let's call a truce."

We called a truce and I allowed the gorgeous atmosphere to sink in and possess me. After another glass of wine I wasn't caring about anything except the moment I existed in and this handsome, charming man. If he actually did own me physically, he was showing no signs of this possession in his careful attention to my needs or wishes. He had special dishes brought for me to try and ordered a second bottle of wine. I found myself viewing the Estate and its customs with a more tolerate eye. I even found myself thinking of my whipping that morning as not having been the end of the world. I even thought that I could stand another whipping - if I had to, that is. It was a nice feeling of something in reserve. I began to enjoy myself.

The night air on the Estate was warm. I sat beside my owner, forgetting my nudity, and looking forward to the night's big event without concern. I knew I was not a virgin and I remembered the pill the pony had given me. Everything was wonderful. Bill Trafford and I talked but I don't remember anything of it in what was a growing excitation. I knew I should be shamed but wasn't. When we reached the farmstead I wasn't acutely conscious of anything but desire and a disgraceful heat between my thighs. I was still in this condition when my owner opened the stable door and, putting a finger to his lips, whispered, "Be very quite, we don't want to wake them."

The next thing was he took my hands and gently clicked handcuffs on my wrists, then grasped my head and kissed me long and hard enough to make me kiss him back. As we passed their stalls I beheld in the gloom I beheld the tangled pile of limbs and nudities of my master's four beauties. I would now be number five but it did not seem to matter. Bill Trafford unlocked an iron barred door and thrust me firmly into the empty stall. The lock turned, he nodded, and was gone. I heard the closing of the stable door, then stood in my own handcuffed nakedness, utterly alone. The intertwined pile of girls I could see through the bars in the stall shifted and sighed and changed its breathing but settled down in warm content. In a sudden, bitter realization of what had been done with me, I sank down upon the straw, buried my face in my hands and cried myself to sleep.

Not all Estate vehicles are buggies. There is also a modernized and improved version of a rickshaw, drawn by one girl but seating one or two. I was harnessed to one of those and was panting my way round and round a large oval track in a playing field we have all to ourselves. I was quite helpless, my wrists were clamped to the shaft, the harness tight into my flesh and linking me by substantial straps to the two-wheeled little monster I must pull. My head wore straps across and around, all of them designed to stabilize the steel bit in my mouth. That bit was worse than I had thought it would be, it clamped my tongue and had a spike on the bottom should I prove disobedient. The rings around it compressed my cheeks and were controlled by the head straps I was forced to wear. From these rings also run the reins by which the driver signaled me to go left or right or stop. Those commands could be imposed gently or with frightening pain. I was scared to death of the thing and dared not disobey.

I was told I looked very beautiful in the harness but couldn't see myself and, anyway, I was too much out of breath to care. I was discovering, to my shame, that, by Estate standards, I was out of shape and flabby and much in need of exercise. I don't think I'm soft and flabby at all, but my opinion didn't count at all. But I will admit to a great desire to stop my running to catch my breath. I tried to signal that to my driver my motions of my head and slowing down but all that got me was a sharp snap of the whip across my bare skin. I panted harder and lunged forward to escape the inescapable. I was being trained!

I had learned of the names of the magnificent four pony team which gets Bill the envy of the entire community. There were Nona, Melody, Celie, and Inga. They let me sleep late, and by the time I was anxiously looking through the bars and making a fuss with handcuffed wrists, two of them had been harnessed and taken our master in the buggy off to work. The other two fed me and groomed me and said wasn't it exciting this being my first day as a pony. They assured me they would be kind and only hurt me if I need it. I didn't ask about this hurting, I was once more wondering whether I should make a break for freedom if I got the chance. But being handcuffed kills such notions, and when I was taken to the carriage house to see the vehicle I was to pull, I knew such thoughts were best forgotten.

"It's not quite as easy as it looks, dear, but you'll soon pick it up. You'll find you're a bit out of condition, so the exercise will do you good."

Ruefully I looked down at my chained hands. How the devil can a girl fight when she's handcuffed? I was already panting.

"The bridle goes on first, dear, you'll probably need a bit of control this first time. We're trying hard to understand your feelings."

If they'd understood my feelings they'd have tied me to a tree. I was about to suffer the worst degradation of my life, something I'd resented from the first moment I had seen it. And now it was happening. For the life of me, I could see no way of escape. Glumly, I muttered, "I wish you wouldn't this to me, I hate it. And a girl doesn't do anything well when she hates it."

They patted me and I got kissed a lot. By the time they were through with that, I was breathing hard again for a different reason. They were really clever the way they softened me up. When Nona lifted the headset I exclaimed a pathetic, "Please, oh please!" which she paid not attention to while busily adjusting straps.

"Open your mouth, dear, please don't be silly."

I'm still ashamed of myself but I opened my mouth and, as the bit entered, I followed their instruction to push my tongue rigidly within its open slot. When they were satisfied it was in as far as they could thrust it, they did something to cause the slot to close in and up to imprison my tongue so I couldn't utter a word and would be

amenable to any pressure on the bit, of which the clamp was an integral part. When the last strap was buckled tight, I shook my head back and forth in bitter frustration but also to discover just how securely I was bridled. It was very secure indeed.

When they unlocked my handcuffs they explained that I mustn't think they had this privilege all the time. Our master had left the key with them and would demand it back when he returned. In the meantime it could be used on me. They positioned me between the two shafts and lost no time in clamping my wrists down to each. I was then helpless and terribly vulnerable to my mouthful of steel. The girls nodded wisely at the motions of my head and said, yes, they knew the bit was cruel but it would only be cruel if the driver made it so. If I didn't do anything to cause it to be tugged hard in punishment I would get used to it and soon forget it was there. Had I been able to utter a word I would have said a few choice, very unladylike ones. But since I could say nothing at all I tried to say those words with my eyes. Then I followed that up with a hurt look of reproach. They then tightened my harness another notch, check its fastenings to the little cart before Melody explained she had been elected as the chore girl and stable hand for the day, and Nona climbed up in the seat and grasped the reins. When she flapped the long leather lines and made clicking sound, I failed to get the message and as a result got a flick of the whip instead. When I turned again to show my displeasure, the thong snapped across my shoulders a second time. Not being entirely stupid, I took my first step forward into my new life. I had become a pony!

As I walked my first paces, feeling behind me the strange pull of the thing of which I had become a part, Nona explained that today she would give me verbal instructions or advice as needed but that usually there was not verbal commands between the driver and the pony. The pony followed the bit and the whip alone. She said I should move a little bit faster, we didn't want to be all day getting out of the yard.

I managed what I thought a quite respectable trot as we progressed down the lane. My mind seethed with speculation on how I could free myself from the burden of the cart should I ever wish to make another escape attempt. But, for the life of me, I couldn't think of a way, I couldn't get anything loose. If I ran away, the cart would have to go with me and that was ridiculous! In sheer irritation I ran faster until I began to pant and realize I was not a horse at all but only a naked girl unkindly strapped to a vehicle. Moreover, there sat in that vehicle another naked girl, entirely free, who could whip me at will or jerk my head and mouth so painfully I'd be impelled only to obedience.

"We're going to use the playing field through the next gate," Nona informed me. "Get ready for the pull on the rein."

I wanted to tell her I needed a breather but I realized how short a distance we had come, not even half a mile. Pride spurred me to greater effort and perhaps a second wind to get me as far as the open gate and on into the field itself. This was my first real experience of being guided by the bit. I was thankful it was done gently but

realized how easily it could be a devastating compulsion. My poor tongue was unhappy within its clamps and the corners of my lips seemed chaffed by the pressure from the rings. On top of this, I realized the strap threaded through my crotch was far too tight and was chaffing my skin with a steady, nagging discomfort. I slowed and turned to make sure Nona knew this need. But all I got was a sharp cut over a bare arm for my effort. Once more I put my best foot forward and realized the true totality of my defeat. It didn't seem possible but it was true!

"We'll circle on this surfaced track," Nona told me. "I know you'll get tired and I know you'll want to stop to get your breath but we'll do these things only when I say so. Don't try and tell me things by slowing down or looking back over your shoulder. Doing this could mean anything and is actually a motion of revolt. Remember that. It earns the whip."

Nona knew more about harnessed girls than I. Often in my longing for a rest I came close to digging in my heels and stopping to catch my breath and let her do her worst! But I simply did not have the courage, the bit defeated me. It was a fearsome thing, so solidly anchored within my mouth so as to discourage my will to fight. Longing to revolt, I nonetheless plodded steadily on and on. Rest was granted but only when Nona gave the word and never long enough and not nearly as often as I really needed. The first time she gave her pony the command of "Whoa!" but failed to drag upon the reins, I missed the command and got a punished mouth as consequence as well as the verbal admonition, "I'll say whoa and I'll pull on the reins for you to stop. If you miss one of these signals but get the other you'll stop anyway. The driver may forget one or the other but you'll have to be ready for either. Is that cropper strap bothering you?"

I nodded thankfully and panted away like mad while Nona loosened the offending strap a single notch. For that I would have liked to say thankful but could only nod my head. I was under a cleverly designed and totally complete restraint, utterly at the mercy of the driver. I was frankly frightened of what that bit in my mouth could do to me and wondered why the pony girls all seemed happy. I was far from being happy. In trying to convey my feelings I contrived a number of inarticulate gurgling sounds within my throat and nose, but these drew only another reprimand.

"It's no use you making those silly noises, Sybil. A pony girl must keep silent. Any noises they make might be misinterpreted and she might get whipped for being rebellious. Remember that."

I began to hate that track. I ran around and around it to no good purpose except exhaustion. I felt certain I would have felt better about this whole thing if I were pull it to some purpose, if we had had a destination. But this endless round and round had about it an atmosphere of punishment and I hadn't done anything to be punished for. I felt certain Nona would be amiable to suggestions if only I could speak but the bit robbed me of speech. It was bitterly frustrating, especially because, when we rested, Nona remained up on her seat instead of coming down to where we could

see each other and I might manage to convey signals with my eyes. I could see her point about the strangled sounds I could make, I didn't like them either! The time wore on and I was sweating and dusty, my hair was lank and damp, and even my nipples were loosing their scarlet. If this was what it was like to be a pony girl, I'd have to escape at the very first change.

One of the occasions when I was allowed to rest, late in the afternoon, Nona descended, patted my cheek, and told me I was doing remarkably well for a girl so out of shape. I gazed upon her dolefully, not daring to shake or nod my head for fear either motion might be misinterpreted. I was shockingly in similar condition to fictional heroines who got themselves bound and gagged and had to lay somewhere in passive impotence until released. I looked from one to the other of my hands with their wrists so firmly clamped to the shafts. They were rather frustrating because I knew they could be released by a small sliding control I could not reach. I couldn't reach anything!

Nona saw my disgust. "A pony has to forget she has hands, darling. I really good pony has to forget everything except that she's a pretty machine doing what she is told." She sighed, not unhappily. "We four girls don't think of ourselves much as girls, we're ponies and we know we're ponies, and that's the way we think. Even when we're locked behind the bars of our stall and entirely without restraint, we still know ourselves as ponies. At any moment we could be summoned to perform some kind of task, or get between the shafts were you are now, or maybe go to the house to service our Master in his bed. We become sort of versatile and its never a bore."

Nona had all the advantage and I had none. I couldn't keep shaking my head at her like a horse chasing flies. All I could do was keep looking at her hoping I was looking intelligent and understanding everything she said. Oh, I longed for freedom, longed for it with all my heart!

I suppose its normal enough to tether a pony while the driver leaves the buggy on errands of her own. But when Nona drove me up to the fence and took the leash chain with its padlock at each end, one for my bit rein and the other getting locked around whatever she chose. Having made sure I would not stray, she kissed me and patted my cheek in her favorite gesture. "I'll be about half an hour, dear. Give you lots of time to catch your breath. Be a good girl while I'm gone."

I had a strong suspicion she wasn't doing anything put putting me to a test. If that was normal for new ponies, harnessed and leashed like an actual horse, I didn't know. I watched her out of sight before shaking my head and its bridle to vent disgust and explore every chance of getting some part loose. But there wasn't a weakness, there wasn't anything to give me hope of release. The two padlocks mocked anything I could do. If I had really been a horse it would have been a rope and tied in a knot. But, since I was a girl, it was chains and a padlock that killed any hope of escape.

I don't know how long I stood, in a very bad temper, before the buggy came into view. It was the usual two pony team but in this case driven by a pair of teenagers still a year too young to be ponies themselves. Seeing me they stopped, the ponies eyeing me with bright eyed but silent interest, the two girls driving with giggling, articulate attention.

"It's the new Original, the one Mr. Trafford bought."

"Gee, doesn't she look mad! I can see why she had to be whipped."

"I'll bet she thinks she's too superior to be a pony. I think Mr. Trafford's gonna wish he hadn't bought her."

The two ponies were contriving laughter as best their bits allowed. They were evidently experienced and allowed altitude. The two teenagers had walked up close and were taking inventory.

"She's got lovely breasts, and I guess Mr. Trafford loves breasts. But he was crazy to pay all that money."

"Come back here and see her whip marks, they're absolutely gorgeous!"

"They sure are! I wonder if we'll get whipped when we're as old as she is."

"Well, anyway, I sure hope our breasts grow a bit more before we get put into harness. I'm going to feel real goosey that first day I get to be a pony."

I tried shaking my head but they didn't seem to care. It seemed so damn rude not to say a word to anyone. I had to stand while two bright eyed nymphets pinched my nipples and laughed to see me wince. Without embarrassment they took turns clutching my dusty pussy, and squeezing it hard. They assured each other it was "nice and wet." I could have kicked them but didn't dare. Satisfied, they got back into their buggy and the two ponies broke into a trot without any effort.

I hadn't enjoyed the interlude but it had been better than standing all that time between the shafts. When Nona returned I couldn't even tell her.

I was both pleased and annoyed to discover I had gotten my second wind. Guided back to the track I discovered I was without fatigue. I actually felt pretty well and, without urging, lengthened my strides and shook my plumped head with an element of pride. We spent the afternoon testing my speed and tolerance. We practiced such techniques as the proper way to back up, this one wasn't easy because fastened the way I was I couldn't get more than a half look back and could only see the buggy. By being very alert I picked up the pressures on my bit and backed this way or that and even managed a complete circle without an accident. By the end of the afternoon, instead of being even more angry, I was proud of myself. And when

Nona patted my cheek in approval, I contrived to nuzzle her shoulder in appreciation. When we got back to the farmstead, Bill Trafford was waiting.

Nona and her master went behind the little carriage to do their talking. I could only pick up a word or two but gathered I was being praised. Without delay or even as much as a hello, Bill Trafford climbed up in the little buggy and flapped the reins. I don't what demon of perversity works inside me or in any girl, but when I knew a man was in control and it was he I was working for instead of a girl, my pride changed. All I knew now was anger and bitter humiliation that a male who I secretly admired should see me thus. The thought of the bit in my mouth being subject to this fingertip guidance became too much. The straps biting into my flesh became Bill Trafford's hands. And when he flicked my flank with a playful whip I knew myself in the full flood of heated revolt. I took off down the lane at my very best speed and with devilish intent. Nona and I had passed the chunk of rock several times, I knew exactly where it was. Drawing close, I suddenly swerved and pulled the little carriage to its doom before my master could tug the opposite way on the reins. I heard a terrific splinter of wood and my stride was brought to a sudden halt by what seemed an immense brake. I stopped!

I was instantly contrite and angry with myself, wishing I hadn't done it. But when I stole a backward glance I tried not to laugh. My master was picking himself up from he ground and the little carriage was on its side with a wheel smashed from the impact with the rock. I was suddenly trembling, knowing I had bitten off more than I could chew.

My master picked himself up, dusted himself off, and stood surveying the ruins in disgust. He then trod heavily to stand before my downcast eyes.

"Look at me," he demanded. "Don't you have even a lick of sense!"

I looked at him and quailed. He was so handsome and keeping his anger so under control that I knew I would be in trouble later. All I could do was give him a frank and open stare and rattle my bit at him. But it appeared there was no need for me to speak.

"I'm counting to ten," Bill Trafford assured me solemnly. "We follow a precept here never to strike a pony in anger."

I nodded to show I understood. I was trying to figure how I could have possibly have done what I had in a full flood of outrage and yet now feel such humility and shame. I told myself I was absurd and would deserve whatever I was likely to get. In the meantime I just stood, unable to leave the spot.

Nona had run after us and now stood there panting.

"Look after this idiot of a girl." Bill Trafford was again the perfect executive. "Tomorrow I'll cane her bottom personally until she won't sit down for a week." He looked me up and down as if wondering what other affront I might be guilty of. "After you've cleaned her up and she's had a rest, you can deliver her to my bedroom about nine. Simple handcuffs will be enough, nothing more."

He strode back the way we had come and I felt the most foolish girl in the world. Nona connected a leash to my bit and undid enough straps so I could step out of the buggy shafts. Then she led be, still harnessed and bridled back to the stable. We didn't go near the house.

I now received a good drenching with a hose. But first I was handcuffed, my harness unstrapped and that hated bridle taken from my head. I stood in abject humiliation, not even thinking of running away, and had to stand on a square of pavement as a fierce jet bit at me and I was ordered to turn this way and that until every bit of the day's sweat and dust had been removed. Nona handed me a rough towel before locking me in the same stall with the other three members of her team. She didn't say a word before leaving and I knew she was angry. When I thought of the wrecked carriage down the road I wanted to cry.

Gentle but inquisitive hands dried me while I blurted out my whole, sad story. At the end of it I said, "Go on, hate me. Tell me I'm an idiot."

All three of them laughed at my guilt, intrigued at my story and terribly kind. They told me they had felt the same the first time Bill Trafford had driven them but had been well trained enough to not let it show. They now adored their master and would happily have slept with him every night. They giggled about my nine o'clock appointment and tell me what a lucky girl I was. When Nona brought a beauty kit in a case and told them to make me a beautiful subject for our master's attentions, and also informed them of the caning I was to get the following day, they were tremendously sympathetic but told me it was no more than I should expect and they wouldn't talk about it any more. They suggested, quite seriously, that since my poor bottom had already been well and truly caned I might wish to suggest my master might wish to direct the instrument of correction to some other portion of me. But when I thought of those other portions, I shuttered in abject fear, I certainly didn't want any more strokes on the soles of my feet and I wasn't sure my hands would be considered a satisfactory substitute for my bottom. I agreed it would be nice not to speak any more of what would be done to me.

They were sweet girls, troubled by their inability to understand my need to escape, concerned about my punishment and wondering what would happen to me if I could not conform. While making me alluring by cosmetic arts, they gave me all the words of wisdom they could come up with which, when I totaled them up, spelled out only obedience. No doubt I would get a lesson in obedience tomorrow but for now I was wrapped up in my impending rape. I still thought of it as rape, it was a neat, concise word and I didn't know what else to call it. It certainly was not seduction on Bill

Trafford's part, or wantonness on my part. When Nona unlocked the door, all four girls laughed at my dismay when I was told I should go to my fate without an escort, I was already handcuffed and that was the only covering or restraint I would bear. I grappled with the situation created and pointed out that all I had to do was run. Handcuffs wouldn't stop me from running.

They cheerfully told me to go right ahead and escape. But at the same time told me I'd be silly if I did. I felt like a confused child as I walked to the house.

Bill Trafford was sitting on his bed, stark naked, when I timidly entered the room. I couldn't bring myself to be brazen but I wasn't about to get down on all fours, either. I tried to be calm and leave the initiative with the man who owned me.

"I thought you'd be half way into the hills by now," was his caustic greeting.

"I thought of it but I've let the chance slip. Probably I'll be sorry."

He was a magnificent chunk of male, one of those who look bigger without clothes than in. He had no erection but the potential was clearly visible. I kept silent about the heat between my thighs.

"You know what you and I are going to do together, don't you Sybil?" he asked in dead seriousness.

"I know what I'm going to do," I said, copying his tone. "I'm going to passively submit. I hope you enjoy yourself."

He rose and, going to a draw, selected one of many canes. He placed it across a chair in full view before sitting once more upon his bed. "Still thinking of being a lump of wood?" he asked pleasantly. "No."

"What changed your mind?"

"You know perfectly well what changed my mind. I'm ashamed of myself but there it is. I'll try and avoid giving you reason to use that beastly thing on me. You needn't feel proud of putting it there."

"Come, lay on the bed, I wish to play with you."

There it was, the direct command! The fight I might have had in me was quenched by the fire in my loins. I walked to his side and held out my joined hands.

"Do you want me handcuffed?"

"I'm not taking them off, if that's what you're asking. Lay down."

I felt bitterly ashamed of my submission. I did not need to ask myself why, I knew the answer all too well. I was a girl and this was the most impressive hunk of male I'd ever seen naked. Flat on my back, I clasp my hands behind my head and tried to gaze coolly at the man who had paid hard cash to have me exactly as I was. I closed my eyes.

What happened to me then in the next few hours often seemed unreal. My own part in it made me think with sardonic humor of the cane upon the chair, and wondered why Bill or I had supposed it need be used. I had vague of lovemaking in the life I could not recall. None of them resembled what was being done to me and with me now. The man I must call Master took me up and down the universe in successive sensations more vivid than I believed could be generated in a girl's flesh. It went on and on and on, my chained hands hindering nothing. I heard my voice crying out in abandonments to ecstasies and demanding more and more and more. I do not know when it came to an end. I had either lost consciousness or drifted into a deep, deep slumber of exhaustion. When I awoke, the sun was high and it was Melody, the chore girl of the day, who freed my chained ankle from the bed, a chain I had not known about. She took me to the bath. The handcuffs stayed on my wrists. I suppose there are limits to any kind of tolerance.

As if my mutual consent we said nothing of the night. If Bill Trafford had the same effect upon his beautiful quartet as on me, I could understand their shinning eyes and devout loyalty. Melody did not return me to the cage but the two of us went to the kitchen where I ate an outrageous breakfast before I remembered I was to be punished. Blithely I cast the thought aside. Quite likely Bill Trafford had forgotten.

Melody told me Nona and Inga were the ponies of the day. Instead of leaving Celie locked behind bars, she had her weeding the garden, laughing as the told me a pony's work was never done. If I had ideas of mopping in a cage, I could forget them. Melody appeared to have everything well in hand and refused go unlock my handcuffs when I asked.

"You're still in disgrace, darling," Melody assured me sadly. "Don't let anything that happened in the night make you believe anything is forgotten. The Master will be home quite soon, and when he comes I am to send you to him in his study." Her eyes twinkled quite mischievously. "We are giving you every opportunity to escape. We want you to be confronted by escape possibilities all over the place. You may succumb to one of them. But we hope you don't. We want you to be happy here and that's the only way we know."

I sighed. It was a topic best ignored. I told her thank you and I would do my best. But I don't think she believed me any more than I believed myself. Quite unexpectedly I asked, "What job have you got for me for the rest of the day?"

She stared at me, and I picked up all sorts of vibrations. "Don't tell me you've forgotten your appointment with our Master!"

I had not forgotten, but I hated to put it in words. "You mean that thing about caning my bottom," I asked unhappily.

"Don't be so flip about it, darling, he's deadly serious. He's going to devout the afternoon to you." She giggled nervously. "I expect to lecture you between that other thing we don't want to talk about."

We talked about other things and managed a laugh or two. But Melody was thinking sadly about me and I was thinking sadly about me. I could swear my bottom cheeks were crawling in anticipation. When we heard the buggy and our master's footsteps going to the study, Melody excused herself to look after the pony team, and told me I could now go to the study or run away, which ever I preferred. Since I was still handcuffed and very naked I went to the study.

"Do sit down, Miss Chalmers." Bill was his executive self as if we'd never met. "I believe we have some business to attend to."

I kept silent, I felt sure anything I said would be wrong. I wanted him to put his arms around me and take me to bed. But it was hardly the time or the place and the matter of business between us had to be disposed of. I sat down gingerly and waited.

"Don't want to talk about it, eh?" Bill was frankly laughing at me. "Can't say I blame you but ignoring it won't make it go away." He pretended forgetfulness, "Let me see now, what was it I promised you?"

I squirmed unhappily. "You said you'd cane my bottom." I let the silence lengthen before adding. "I want to ask you to forgive me for what I did. That credit you put in the bank for me, please take it."

"It was canceled immediately when I purchased you. If you hadn't gone romping off into the hills, you could have had a few pleasant days spending it."

He studied my sulky mouth and rebellious eyes. "I am wondering if the whipping of your bottom is an adequate correction, Miss Chalmers?"

"Don't ask me, I don't want to be punished at all." "But you do realize the justice of it."

"I suppose so. I really am sorry about that damage. I wish I could pay for it."

"You will! Believe me, Miss Chalmers, you will pay for it to the full. I have dedicated this afternoon to the collection of those damages."

"Oh, all right! You don't have to tease me about it and keep me in suspense. I think you like punishing girls, you seem awfully pleased about this chance to punish me."

"I frankly admit guilt to the charge, Miss Chalmers." He bestowed upon me his most charming smile. "Caning your bottom this afternoon will be one of the most pleasurable experiences of my life. It's a great pity the girl herself cannot see the responses the girl's flesh comes up with under the impacts of a good whipping cane. If you wish, I will endeavor to describe them to you as they come up."

"If you don't mind, I rather you didn't."

I felt defeated all along the line and knew I was saying all the wrong things, and saying them all the wrong ways. In weak defense I said, "I don't see how you can be so cruel to me after last night. I gave you everything a girl has to give and now you're going to whip me." My voiced broke over the last words.

"Are you sure it was a one-way street, Sybil? I got the distinct impression you were receiving as well as giving." His voice was very quiet.

There comes a point where a girl doesn't want to fight any more, she knows she beaten. I exclaimed, "Oh, to hell with it! Last night you've made me happier that I've ever been in my life, now you want to whip me. This isn't any kind of life or slavery I can cope with. Whip me and be done with it. Then lock me up behind bars. Good gosh, do you call this living!"

We both sat very quiet for a long while with me doing a bit of sniffing and accepting my owner's handkerchief. Desperately I knew I had to mend fences but I didn't know how. Brokenly I pleaded, "Look, I'm twenty-four, I'm adult, somewhere behind me is a life I don't know about but it's there. Somehow, somebody had plucked me from that life and dropped me here where a girl my age is supposed to be a horse and pull buggies around and make her body available when her owner demands." I looked at him bleakly. "Don't you see how impossible this is for us? If I was twelve years old it might work but at twenty-four there's just no way!"

I held up my joined hands to add disgusted, ' 'Look at me, I'm chained, you keep me in a barred stall in a stable, you harness me and fasten my hands so I can only use them in your service. On top of that you keep me always naked. Can you blame me for wanting to run away!"

My master nodded sagely. "Everything duly noted, Sybil. I've heard it all before. It's the standard retort of Originals facing punishment they resent. The only cure I know for these magnificent bursts of indignation is the one I'm going to use on you. You think it's cruel but it isn't. You'll be surprised how it will sort things out for you."

I didn't care about being sorted out. I beat chained fists on my knees and demanded, "You call us Originals, what's the truth behind us being here. I'm sure

you know and I'm sure it's not just accident. We've been kidnapped, haven't we? To keep your supply of girls up to demand? Somebody's kidnapped me out of my life and brought me here." I looked at him dolefully. "I don't see how whipping me can possibly make me like it. What makes you think it will?"

"The nature of flesh, Sybil my dear. Let me demonstrate."

Here it was again, confrontation without hope of escape. I stood up and said, "Very well, were does this event take place?"

It was a downstairs room without a name, just an ordinary room, but containing a wooden bench by no means ordinary. "To do this properly, you must be adequately fastened," my master helpfully explained. "Drape yourself over that contraption, if you can figure out how it works."

I didn't try to figure it out. I knelt where I thought my knees should go and after that my knees sort of took over. It was absolutely inanimate but contrived in such shapes and angles as to possess the body of a girl totally. My master buckled straps, screwed down bits of wood which clamped me like clutching hands, and, as sort of a grand finish to this phase, put a leather belt around my waist and cinched it down so tight as to cause my bottom to rear itself in an outrageous declaration of flesh and taut skin. I felt sure it was pointing at the sky with my pussy making a shy appearance at the rear. My gasp was involuntary. "That's far too tight, it's breaking my back, it's making me an indecently display."

"It also shapes and positions your bottom perfectly for our purpose, Miss Chalmers. I hope you're not going to constantly interrupt."

I kept quiet while my hands were pulled forward and strapped tight upon the surface of the bench where my head and hair were lay in a disorder of their own. I could not move, I simply could not move an inch. I had become a part of the bench itself, and knew, with a certainty, the wickedly stretched skin of my seat was going to hurt twice as much as if I stood erect.

"What torture chamber did you import this from," I asked bitterly.

He did not answer, he had not answered any of my questions. I felt myself ignored as a child is ignored. Bill Trafford stood where I could see him, flexing the cane back and forth and eyeing me. I didn't have any feeling he was enjoying what he was about to do. The cane was frightening in its long slenderness, thin enough to wrap around and cut. I was downright frightened. I started out blurting out my apologies over the broken buggy wheel and my bad attitude all around but he gestured me to silence.

"You can tell me those things after you've been caned. For now I want only an expression of humility. You will tell me you've been a naught girl and ask me to use this cane on you."

My flare of outrage was short lived. The bench held me so cruelly and the whole affair had now taken on a feeling of inevitably. I heard myself stammer out the hated words, "I have been a naughty girl, Mr. Trafford, please cane me."

I managed to keep silent for the first few strokes but their cut and scold was too terrible for any tolerance my flesh might have. I was soon screaming lustily and pleading for mercy as the slender yellow demon burned its brand again and again across stretched curves. Unceasingly I was struggling and screaming but could move nothing and knew the screams only echoed off bare walls. Perhaps the struggles and screams helped, at least I thought they did. I hoped they would cause my owner shame at what he was doing to a helpless naked girl. Memory of the shattered wheel dissolved my pleas of innocence. By state standards I was not innocent at all. It was for that exact reason I was being caned, and this tardy justification of my master's beating me made me curl up in fresh apprehension. But the wicked wand was cutting at me steadily and I was too busy screaming and gasping to think. I simply longed for the cut, the burn, the scold of the cane to cease. But it did not cease, it went on forever!

It seemed forever. I don't know how long it took Bill Trafford to punish me nor did I count the strokes. I was convinced my bottom cheeks were devastated, bleeding profusely, unlikely to heal quickly. I would be scared forever. I was the saddest, most penitent maiden upon the Estate by the time the last impact had marked my skin and firm fingers released me from the bondage of the bench.

Stiffly I eased myself off the hated thing to stand and, covering my face with my hands, cry my heart out. I knew there was a man I had to call Master out there, beyond the refuge of my clenched fingers but I did not care. After a while he thrust away by hands and gave me a glass. I gulped the brandy avidly as if believing it would ease my pain, perhaps it did. I stiffened and turned my gaze upon the crisp executive type who had whipped me. I, more than ever, wanted escape but there was no way I would ever mention it.

"Feel better, Sybil?"

"Yes, thank you. I'm sorry I did what I did."

"Got a fresh perspective, eh? I told you how the cane cured every ill."

What I wanted most right then was for Bill Trafford to fondle me and whisper sweet things in my ear. He showed no sign of doing this and I wondered how wise I might be to throw my arms around him and wet his shirt with fresh tears. But the shattered wheel was still between us so I contented myself by holding the glass in one hand

and very cautiously feeling the burning surface of my seat. Even a fingertip touch made me gasp. I had no wish to see my behind in a mirror. I'd be happier if I did not know. When I was told to go to the stall and ask Melody to harness me to another cart, I was horrified but obeyed the order with anything more than a reproachful stare.

Hurting with every step I trod my desolate pathway with fresh shame. But Melody and the others treated me as if nothing had happened. If they looked at my blazing bottom, it was in moments I did not see. I had disgraced myself and been punished and they were not about to embarrass me by any reference to were I was still in pain. When I delivered my message they all assured me I was a lucky girl to be chosen for the honor of singling pulling the little cart in which Mr. William Trafford rode to his business. One of them slyly commented on how well I had learned my lesson by not making a break for freedom between Bill Trafford and the stable. It was something I had not even thought about. And even if I had my pained bottom would have warned me against being foolish. Melody sweetly asked me if there was anything I wanted to say before she strapped he bit inside my mouth.

Having the bridle strapped on my head and the bit clamped on my tongue was a return to square one, being given another chance. I felt repentant about my previous behavior but the pain and indignity arising from it had in no way diminished my desire for escape. I knew also it would be wise to not even thing about running away. This lovely team of ponies would be sensitive to my vibrations. What I had to strive for was an air of defeated innocence. I stood in complete submission while my wrists were clamped to the shafts and my harness rings to the reins. Melody then told me I was on my honor to stand quietly to await my master's arrival. I knew I was being tested and stood very still indeed.

If any girl ever knew shame I knew it in that trot from the farmstead to the office. Bill Trafford said no word but simply flapped the reins until I reached the speed he deemed desirable. Every stride I took extracted a fresh jab of pain from the seat of my punishment. I also had the shame of knowing Bill Trafford was looking directly at his handiwork as I panted our way to the village. When I had fingered myself back there I had found no blood but now wished I had sought a mirror, I could picture my two buns being purple or black or all the colors of the rainbow. I hoped Bill Trafford enjoyed the sight.

As if my pulling of the little cart had not been humiliation enough, my master used the chain leash with its padlocks to attach me to the hitching post outside his office building, leaving me there without a word as to how long I would stand. There were enough passing people and buggies to insure my being constantly in someone's view. My bottom was like the sunrise, spreading its radiance for all to admire. Teenagers, not yet ponies, gathered in twosomes and threesomes to gape and gigged and whisper loud enough for me to hear.

"See what's it's like to be a pony who doesn't behave? Gosh, I'm glad it's her and not me."

"Gosh, she's got such a lovely bottom but I'll bet she won't sit down for a month."

"I think I'd die if Mr. Trafford caned my bottom like that."

"Go upstairs and ask him. I'll bet he would love to do it for you."

I did get used to it. Each fresh witness or whisper brought fresh scarlet to my blush. I constantly shifted from one foot to another and gazed to the chained leash I could not touch. Shaking my head, as I was often impelled to do, I could produce the most remarkable responses from its length. It would rattle and clank, and make me wish I had not moved. I had been standing with downcast eyes when a kindly female voice intruded.

"Oh, Sybil, my dear, I no terrible sorry to see you like this. I don't mean you bridle and harness, but your punished bottom. Everyone's talking about it. You must have behaved dreadfully to make Mr. Trafford cane you like that."

I lifted my head to meet the concerned gaze of Mary Maber. There was no doubt about her being truly distressed over my condition and disappointed about me. The speed of gossip on the Estate had probably already informed everyone of the shattered wheel and my disgrace.

"I wish you could have remained with me, dear, none of this would have happened. I would have looked after you and trained you my easy stages, and we would have had a lot of fun." She stroked my bridled cheek and told me not to worry about not being able to speak. "If Mr. Trafford every sells you, I'll do my best to buy you. I wasn't allowed to buy an Original I found, but now that you're a regular pony, I can." She sighed. "But I don't suppose Mr. Trafford will ever let you go. I know I wouldn't if I were him."

I had little time them to reflect upon how sweet Mary Maber was and to long for the comfort of her arms. It was noon and the offices were emptying for lunch. My master emerged in animated conversation with another executive type and he contented himself with patting my cheek and testing my tether. I couldn't be sure whether his, "Be a good pony," was sarcasm or not. Either way I remained chained to the hitching post after he had gone. But now I had to endure the stares and comments of the exiting staff. "Serves her right, silly girl!"

"From what I heard, Mr. Trafford's all together too lenient. She's fully matured and shouldn't be treated lightly."

"In my whole term as a pony I never once got a bottom like that!"

The remarks were without animosity, couched in a vein of sympathy combined with wonder as to how a girl like me can be so foolish to get herself a bottom as I showed now. I was forced to believe that a bottom in such a condition was rare. I hated my enforced immobility with bitter venom.

I must have stood there, harnessed, bridled and tethered to that damned hitching post for six hours or more. I stood awaiting my master's convenience through his whole working day which, admittedly, wasn't all that long unless you were a pony in the street. When he finally climbed up in the seat behind me there wasn't a word of apology or a commendation for good behavior. As usually I felt outrageously abused. With the flapping of the reins I felt immense relief in motion. The burn upon my skin had eased up and I managed to find a turn of speed as if anxious to be home. The fatal rock was still to one side of the road and I eyed it longingly but kept to the straight and narrow path. When I was delivered back to Melody, she was instructed to hose me down and make me beautiful before sending me up to his office in the house.

There was absolutely no need to wash me down with a jet from a hose. I could have been cleansed more effectively in a bath tub. But it was to be presumed ponies only got into bathrooms on occasions. After releasing me from the buggy Melody had handcuffed my wrist and this made it more difficult to shield any part of myself from the cold deluge. I knew Melody was getting a sly amusement from the hosing and I tried to giggled right along with her, especially when I discovered I had to use two hands instead of one in trying to combat the forcible stream. Where one hand went, the other went, too. But that was the nature of being handcuffed, it was no fresh discovery.

I was then ushered back into the cage with the other three ponies who laughed delightedly over the task of what they called "making me beautiful." I was then sent to meet my master and warned, mischievously, not to run away. I wondered how badly they would be shocked if and when I did!

"Ah, there you are, Sybil. Did the girls tell you I'm taking you out to dinner again?"

There he was, crisp and sharp as ever, and still owning me as much as flesh and blood ever owns something. I said, no, the girls hadn't told me and anyway it would be quite impossible to go to any public place with a bottom as mine was.

My master effected surprise, "Well, can't very well leave it behind. Those things aren't detachable as far as I know," he said flippantly. "If you want to do anything more to your face and hair, use the bathroom."

"It's not detachable," I replied coldly. "I'll have to keep it right here. I'm not going to that lovely restaurant with my bottom like this."

"Seems to me we've gone over this ground before. Anyway, back up to the mirror and take a look."

It was every bit as bad as I had feared. My master had whipped me with so many strokes they couldn't be counted individually, they had merged into one glorious burst of color from hip to hip. Purple was predominate with blotched of black and hints of yellow. I felt myself blushing.

I had taken a deep breath and loaded it with negatives when male hands grasped my shoulders and turned me around. I found my head upon a male shoulder and thrust my breasts against a male jacket. I dissolved in complete surrender. I was not a girl for use by other girls. I was a girl who adored men and found herself within the affectionate clasp of the most handsome one I had ever seen. The masculine hand reached down and patted my wounded seat.

"Sorry about that, Sybil, but you asked for it. Don't ask for it again." The lovely hand resumed it's appropriate task. I was absurdly happy. The restaurant accepted us with the same quiet approval as before. I was not nearly as nervous as on the last occasion. I couldn't hold Bill's arm but he held mine, and if every eye in the place was focused on my blemished bottom, I could care less. It's wonderful what a male arm can do for a girl.

It was a gorgeous dinner, with me doing and saying the right things and quietly wondering if I would be Bill Trafford's chosen pony that night. I wasn't thinking of myself as a girl the way I used to, and not once during the entire evening thought of running away. I sat squarely on my punished bottom and dared it to hurt all it wanted to. It met my dare with glowing pain which I deliberately enhanced by wiggling and wishing it were hurting worse, knowing this erotic indulgence arouse from the heat within my loins. It looked like it would be a successful dinner.

She was sleek, soignee, and very beautiful. Her age was hard to assess but probably in the early thirties. She exuded wealth and authority.

"Hello, Bill, mind if I sit a minute. I just have to speak to you about this girl."

Bill introduced her as Marjorie Monet. I knew instantly I was afraid of her. But my master's fatal charm was hard at work taking some of the edge off. Marjorie Monet looked at me far more than she looked at him.

"Bill, darling, you're not a sadist, what on earth did the little thing do to get her bottom painted all those lovely colors?"

"Smashed a buggy wheel," Bill said. "Haven't seen you around much, Marjorie, what are you up to?"

"Isn't it your business to know what I'm doing and what everyone else is doing, darling?" the Monet woman asked with a hint of ice.

"I've got myself a girl farm," she went on, "I call it a 'pre-pony preparation academy.' I take little teenage darlings and turn them into well-trained ponies by their fifteenth birthday. Naturally I cuff them first thing on their birthday morning. Quite a lot of the others send their darling daughters to me for a final polishing but I've discovered a marvelous source of Originals. I've been getting all the Originals I need and they're far more exciting that the domestic product. Estate girls are nauseatingly compliant." She paused only long enough for effect. "How much do you want of this young woman we have here?"

"She's not for sale."

Marjorie Monet gazed upon my master reprovingly. "Don't let's go through all that, Bill, every girl's for sale at a price. Don't tell me you're in love with her?"

"She's no good to you, Marjorie, she too old. She'll only be in the pony class a year, unless they raise the age limit. She's twenty-four."

"It's her bottom I'd be buying and the attitudes that colored it," our visitor said seriously. "Did you cane her that severely of your own intent or did she make the request because she enjoys it?"

My master sighed. I could tell he was accustomed to dealing with Marjorie Monet. His tone was decisive. "Forget it, Marjorie, I know about the games you play with any poor girl you get your claws on. Sybil is neither a masochist nor a sadist, not your cup of tea at all."

"Oh, but you're wrong there. The little darling's been squirming in her seat the whole evening, enjoying the sensations. I'd be willing to bet she'll do something naughty within the next week, just to have you cane her again." She gazed at me. "It's that right, young woman?" I felt myself coloring in reluctant discovery. Every since Bill had put his arm around me I was acutely aware of being proud of the marks his cane had put on my bottom and wanting more. I had squashed the thought and lied about it now. "Of course not," I said indignantly, "no girl wants pain like that. The thought's absurd."

"And you're enjoying those handcuffs. Don't bother to lie, I can tell. Tell this noble example of chivalry you'd like him to sell you to me. Go on, don't be shy."

My master took charge. I shivered at the sound of his voice, glad it was not we he was talking to. "That's enough, Marjorie! You're the most immoderate female on the Estate. It's not Miss Chalmers' who wants to be caned again, it's you. If I didn't know you'd enjoy it, I'd put you across my knee right now and redden your arrogant ass. Run along and buy another horse whip."

Nothing happened. These two evidently understood each other and I flared with jealousy at the thought. Marjorie Monet stared levelly right into Bill Trafford's eyes with an intent I wasn't sure about. Neither spoke. Then, as if I were her favorite pupil, Marjorie patted my cheek and allowed her fingertips to run the entire length of my arm, then informed me brightly, "Don't mind, darling, this is just the first round. Bill's a stubborn brute and you mustn't believe everything you hear about me. I simply must possess you so make up your mind to that fact. Sooner or later I'll buy you." She swept away like a battle ship under full steam.

"Silly bitch!" My master was irritated. "Forget everything she said, Sybil. What she needs is a sound thrashing but there's no one on the Estate likely to give it to her."

"You could," I said gratefully daring.

"If I did, I'd have her around my neck the rest of my life."

I waited for more but there wasn't anything more. Intoxicated by the sensations from my seat, the wine and the atmosphere I ventured, "She spoke about Originals, said she could get all she needed. Please, Bill, tell me what an Original is and where we came from?"

He laughed at my seriousness. "You really do ask for trouble, Sybil. I would have thought by now that's a question you shouldn't ask." He cocked an eyebrow. "Or was that Monet female right and you're inviting another whipping?"

"No, I'm not. It's unfair to say that. It ought to be fair to ask what I've asked without being punished for it. Originals don't just happen, they're born somewhere else and brought her to satisfy the market for pony girls." I shrugged disgustedly. "I didn't materialize out of nothing on the beach where Mary Maber found me. I'd been stripped naked and put there to make it look like I'd been washed up by the waves. Please, Bill, it can't do any harm for me to know. I can't be any more rebellious than I've been."

Bill made a wry grimace. "If you weren't twenty-four I wouldn't tell you, it's best to let the young ones integrate without complications. But so far you haven't integrated at all. You're guess is right. There's an international organization the Council is in touch with. A constant trickle of Originals is prearranged. After they served their term as a pony they don't want to leave. Why would they? The Council gives them a full, rich life."

I raised my handcuffs and examined them as if for the first time. "So I really am a prisoner. In a way I always knew. What's the drug they use to destroy our memory?" "None of your business, sweetheart, but it works and it's harmless." "And this steady supply of teenagers Marjorie Monet talked about?" "She's privileged, she's one of the Council. I shouldn't tell you these things but, like I said, you're

twenty-four and a big girl. I think knowing that much of the truth will help you adjust. There's nothing supernatural about the Estate." "What do they want you for?"

"Classified information, sweetheart." He wagged a warning finger. "And I will now ask you to please shut up."

I stopped my questions. I felt I'd done well. Bill had imposed a trust in confiding what I'd already guessed. But if I could get to the bottom of one secret, I could do the same with another. And another...

"Alright," I said cheerfully. "Now tell me why I'm handcuffed?"

Bill visibly brightened, we were on safe ground. "I would have thought you would have figured that out, Sybil. There's more than one reason. Right now you're handcuffed because handcuffs become you. You've learned to use them very well. They're like an exotic piece of clothing, to be worn in public the way you're wearing them right now."

"They give you an erotic thrill, don't they?"

"Okay, I'll admit it. I may keep you handcuffed all the time I own you. You're one of the girls who enjoy handcuffs without even knowing."

I twinkled at him, this was fun. "What about the other reasons, they wouldn't stop me from trying to escape if I made my mind up."

"Maybe not, but they'd make it more difficult for you to decide to run. In an escape attempt they'd handicap you far more than you think."

"I expect they would. What else?"

Bill laughed at my insistence. "They're used in much the same way as mothers used to dose their children with their favorite medicine. When an owner sees one of her ponies getting that escape look in her eyes. She'll handcuff the girl right quick. With Originals it's essential to keep an eye on their moods. This thinks back to a life you don't remember imposes a strain. When your owner picks up the wrong vibrations from you, she'll handcuff you without delay."

"It seems terribly innocent."

"Sure it is. Handcuffs are a beautiful reminder of who she is and where she is. I've got this perfectly beautiful four pony team, but I'll handcuff one or the other of them now and then to keep them aware. It's sort of cute because I can relegate this job to any one of them and she'll make quite sure her fellow ponies get their wrists ironed whenever they get a far-away look in their eyes. This is a society almost without men and girls do dream dreams."

I looked around the huge room but could see only three ponies. The only reason I knew they were ponies was because of their nakedness. Only one was handcuffed. I drew Bill's attention.

"She's an Original, she's tried to escape several times. The women she's with doesn't dare let her run around in complete freedom the way I do mine. There aren't too many Originals around who don't wear handcuffs all the time. If their really difficult, they'll wear leg irons as well. That kills escape attempts for certain."

I felt I was doing fine and tried again. "But the stables with their barred stalls, they're almost a prison cell. Your girls are locked in one of them right now?"

We were very close. I had never felt this intimate with my master before. He made a gesture of resignation. "The whole pony girl concept is based on the treatment we give actual ponies. The equine variety, if we used them. They could be put out to pasture surrounded by a fence. Or they could be put in what used to be called a 'loose box.' This was simply a stall in a stable with heavy partitions and a closed wooden door. The other way of keeping them safe was simply by a halter and a leash. The leash fastened them to the stall so they could eat. They got so they never tested its strength. We know our pony girls need restraint, too." "But why, they seem so happy...? Every one but me!" "They are but they're only human. They enter their pony role with bright eyed exuberance. They've been thinking about that for years. It's like the old fashion girl yearning to leave home. Becoming a pony is the girl's way of leaving home. The trouble is it also imposes obligations. Some of the guilt wears off the first month, so the Estate copes with this by keeping every pony behind iron bars in her stall in the stable. It's just one more case of removing temptation. If all of us were absolved of temptation, we'll be a step closer to happiness."

"Those four beauties of yours seem happier than I can possibly believe."

"They came from good families. They were guided and trained well. And I've allowed them to stay them together, I never separate them into other stalls. That's important"

"You mean the lesbian thing?"

"I don't use that word and I don't worry about what happens in my stable after dark. The barred doors are closed and locked and I feel what happens behind them isn't my affair."

We ate and drank the lovely repast while I mulled over the things I'd been told. There remained one more barrier between me and being a good pony. "Look, Mr. Trafford, I call you Mr. Trafford and I call you Bill, but in my mind I always think of

you as 'Master.' It's what you are, you seem to own me totally. It's what you are. Do you wish to give me a directive?"

"Call me Bill. Think of me as master, by all means. But when you get punished by a man named Bill, it's going to hurt a lot more than from a man called 'Master.' Do you get the distinction?"

He verbally pushed our relationship back and forth before Bill took me home. I knew he remained aware of my longing to escape despite the punishment it had earned me. But I knew, too, that had we been in the outside world I would have viewed him as a possible husband and he might have been looking at me as a possible wife. I damned the Estate and all its works.

The team which had taken us to the restaurant consisted of Celie and Inga. I let my heart beat a swift tattoo as we entered the farmstead yard and my master guided them to the stable. Melody, charmingly handcuffed, attended the breathless team while I stood like a dummy not knowing which way to go. My indecision was short-lived. My master's voice put an end to my dreams.

"Inga, you'll attend me in my bedroom when you've been washed down," my master said crisply. "You will lock Sybil in a separate stall and tie her with cords, I want the personal touch. You will lock the others in their own stall."

He turned and walked away. It was a bitter moment. I tried to console myself by considering there were five ponies but only one man. It didn't work, I wanted Bill Trafford desperately and wanted him to desire me. But he had chosen another girl and cast me to a separate stall and a lonely night laying on the straw. And I was sure I wouldn't like however it was that I was to be tied with cord. I watched my master's instructions carried out and then allowed Inga to led me into loneliness.

"Never mind, darling, he does this often just to keep us in our place," she soft voice of Inga whispered in my ear as she unlocked my handcuffs. "Just stand still now, I'll soon have you fastened."

Each of the girls had magic. Inga's fingers sent me into a dither of desire as they gathered my arms in back and crossed my wrists to tie them firmly with the thin and wicked cord I knew I could never escape from. Then my ankles were tied with the same tight cord, well tied, as I lay on my bed of straw. Then she said goodnight and left me with my visions of glory in our master's bedroom. The clang of the iron door told me I'd be crazy to think of myself as anything but a prisoner.

I seethed with female jealousy and burned with female lust. I could only appease the heat within my loins by freeing my hands. After a fruitless hour chaffing my wrist in a hopeless attempt to free them, I turned over and cried myself to sleep. There was nothing else I could do. I hoped the other girl did not hear me.

I awoke early. Tight bound wrists and ankles are not conducive to long sleep. But it was beginning light and I sat up to where I could observe my companions in the next stall. They were still asleep in an indiscriminate tumble pile of female flesh. I envied them and flopped by upon my straw to think of Inga and the delights she had been granted in my place. I did not see how four girls could possibly share Bill Trafford without jealousy. I knew I would always be a discordant note, desiring him entirely for my own. In the meantime I was nothing more than a naked girl, bound hand and foot, laying on a bed of straw in a locked cage.

Nothing was as I expected or as it should have been. My day opened with total frustration. Nona and Celie were the team chosen to take my master to his work, while Inga caught up on sleep. I lay on my straw, fuming and angry while life resumed around me. But no one untied me and I could not untie myself. Unable to return to sleep, I thrashed and wiggled around in an effort to find some comfort from my bonds. But they held firm and I was still laying there panting when Melody came to start my day. Even that was not as it should have been or as I wanted it. She bathed me and fed me and gave me some of the love the foursome had in abundance. Then she took me to the room which contained the pillory.

Melody had put the handcuffs on my wrists earlier in my day, kissing me warmly as she clicked the metal bands snugly upon my skin. In Bill Trafford's quartet there was always love. It was very comforting. She now looked at the timbered monster and then at me.

"You know what this is, darling, if I unlock your hands will you place them where they need to be... Please?"

At that moment I had no will to fight. I was quite sure Melody would get the best of me anyway. And, since I only felt love for the girl, I was not going to use my nails upon her cheeks.

"Don't worry, darling," I said soberly, "just tell me what you want me to do."

It was very simple. Melody raised the upper part of the yoke so I could place my neck and wrists in the half circles waiting to imprison them. She told me to arrange my hair to fall down one cheek and this I did, putting my hand immediately back in place. The yoke was gently lowered with care not to pinch my skin and I heard the awful sound of the lock. "Comfy, darling?"

I tried to move but without much success. All in back of me was free as the wind but my head and hands were firmly prisoner within the cleverly shaped oak which held them without hope of freedom. I said, yes, I was comfy and would not be going anywhere.

"There's a reason for this, dear, don't think I'm just being unkind." She kissed me again before leaving me to the unkind grip of the ancient relic of cruelty. It was

something new and unexpected and once more I knew fear as I stood alone in a room designed only for punishment.

A girl sees pictures of pillories and stocks and such horror without every believing them. But now I could look to left or right and see my imprisoned hands but was forced to stand there with the clutch of wood about my neck and wrists. It was out of character. I could not understand Bill Trafford consigning me to this sort of punishment, but took what comfort I could from Melody's assurance of a purpose in this. It was useless to struggle. Feeling brutally ill-used I stood quietly in unnatural constraint.

She was brisk and businesslike and maybe forty. She carried a chair, a clip board, and some other clerical items. She looked at my condition approvingly and said, "Good morning, Miss Chalmers," in the cheerful fashion doctors use upon their patients.

My retort was what you would expect. "Good morning. Please let me loose from this horrible thing."

It appeared she was a psychiatrist. She said she had been sent by the Council to discover the roots of my discontent. My abortive escape attempt and smashing of the wheel has presumably reached the ear of those in high places. I said I didn't care what she did so long as she let me loose. We understood each other perfectly. To her I was a rebellious young bitch who needed a thrashing, while to me she was a withered spinster needing male attention. But she held all the cards, I could not move. I understood in bitterness the reason the pillory had been chosen. The inquisition went something like this. "Tell me about this compulsion to escape, Sybil. Sensible girls never wish to escape from the Estate."

' 'I'm entitled to freedom, that's all I'm looking for when I run away?"

She went away to return after a while with a whip. My heart did a flip-flop in dismay. "I am empowered to use this upon your back, Sybil, should you prove too insolent." She lay the horrible thing down and resumed her seat and attentive attitude. "This freedom thing is a myth, my dear, no one is as free as you imagine. You could have a beautiful, wonderful life here on the Estate if you so chose."

"I have been stolen from my normal existence," I pointed out as reasonably as I could. "If I wished to be a slave in harness, I could come here and submit. You call us ponies but that's what we really are, we're slaves."

She busied herself with her pencil.' 'You belong at this point to Mr. Trafford but you have seen our feminine society. Why aren't you a lesbian?"

"I don't want to be. Anyone who's spent a night with Mr. Trafford does not want to be a lesbian."

The pencil traveled busily. I wished I could tear her notebook and throw it to the winds. Instead I made a bitter retort, "If you're suppose to be analyzing me, I'd like to point out that this horrible thing I'm fastened in is a terrible substitute for and analyst's couch. I should think you'll be ashamed to talk to a girl like this."

"Stop complaining, Sybil. Do you realize that almost everything you've said is a complaint or an expression of a selfish whim. You don't want this or you don't want that. In the other life you were taken from you didn't get everything you own way. And as for your negative feelings about being a pony, they're exaggerated. A girl's term begins at age fifteen and ends at age twenty-five. You'd only be involved for a year. I would have thought you would have enough enterprise to see it as a unique and wonderful experience. What I'm ashamed of, Sybil, is not the pillory but YOU. You're coming through as a spoiled brat."

"Okay, whip me! That's the cure for everything here, isn't it?"

My visitor sighed disgustedly. "You're being unjust. No pony has ever been whipped as much as you in so short a time, most never get whipped at all. If we whip a pony at all, we see it as a regrettable necessity. Looking at your record, I'd say you asked for it."

I stood in the pillory and quivered, knowing she could do whatever she wished with me. I was sorry I'd mentioned the whip. She could cut me to pieces and I'd be unable to do a thing about it except scream and she'd be able to stop that if she gagged me.

"Okay, so I've been a bit of a bitch, I'll admit it. I've felt guilt over everything I've done but only because everyone has been so kind to me." I squirmed uneasily within my wooden prison. ' 'Apart from more punishments, what do you want to do with me, or what do you think I should do?"

She appeared not to hear. Instead she shot a fresh question at me like a bullet. "Do you wish to marry Mr. Trafford?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Trafford can't marry you, never mind why. He and the four ponies he's had for so long seem to have arrived at a very good working understanding. None of them expect very much. You're the fly in the ointment. He shouldn't have bought you."

"Does he have to ask your permission?"

I knew instantly I'd made a mistake. The damned woman picked up the whip and displayed it in full detail a foot in front of my nose. "I will give you two strokes with this, Sybil. It scarcely rates being called a punishment, simply a correction of

sarcasm. By the way, my name is Heather Matlock. You will call me Miss Matlock. And after you have received this small infliction you will thank me for it. We will care on after that."

The two strokes across my back hurt horribly. I made the usual demeaning motions and small sounds but did not scream. The pillory made the whole thing worse than it was. It was a cold bulk of cold timber which held me motionless with such ease it reduced me to a zero. Barely in time, I managed the required, "Thank you, Miss Matlock."

"I'm inclined to recommend your sale on the next market day," continued Miss Matlock as though whipping my bare back had been only an irritating interruption. "You would be better in a woman's care and away from this unhappy infatuation you have with your owner."

I curled up inside. "Please don't, oh, please don't have me sold. I'm happy here, I don't want to belong to a girl."

"Your record shows quite the reverse, dear."

"No, really I love this place. Please don't have me sold away from it." My neck and wrists were chaffing from the wood.

"You realize you've got yourself labeled as a runaway?"

I could understand her point of view. There was something beautifully logical about Miss Matlock and the Estate. But once you conceded that you've given up. Maybe it was fun to be a pony girl for ten years. Maybe being lesbian was better than being forever jealousy as I would be. In a pale, small voice I pleaded, "Would you please let me out of this pillory? I promise I'll kneel before you and answer all your questions. I won't give you any trouble. There's something about this thing that scares me."

Miss Matlock surprised me by leaving the room. But when she came back carrying handcuffs and leg irons I knew why. She locked the leg irons on my ankles before raising the pillory's yoke to release my wrist and neck. Like an obedient little girl I offered my hands to have my wrists encircled in steel. Everything was tight. Miss Matlock was not a woman to take chances.

Abruptly she said, "You may kneel as you suggested, Sybil, we will continue."

I knelt before her in the most beautiful submission a girl can make. This was not being a pony, this was being a slavegirl. But I knelt there demurely with my hands in my lap.

"I see your point, Sybil," said Miss Matlock. "I find you much more attractive as you are now. I will recommend the pillory be removed. It is a disgraceful relic of the dark ages." Sternly she added, "Have you ever been completely chained and locked in a cage over a considerable length of time?"

"No. My feet and hands were tied over night."

"I'll suggest it as a useful experiment. It induces humility and gives a girl time to do some thinking. A few days done up like that does wonders."

Once more I said nothing. I wanted to cry. If Miss Matlock had her way with me I'd end up in a dungeon, if the Estate had such a thing. I tried sweet reason. "Please, Miss Matlock. If I say I'm sorry and promise to behave, couldn't that get us off to a fresh start?"

"That will be done, Sybil. But I do believe it might be wise to leave your feet as I now have them." "Will I be able to walk?" "Get up and satisfy yourself on that point." I stood erect. If I was to fall flat on my face I wanted Miss Matlock there to see. I looked down at the shining links, their span was short and their number few. I took a cautious step and then, anxiously, another, feeling ridiculous. I could not properly walk. When I quickened my metallic shuffle, I tripped and fell. I muttered an apology and tried again. At the end of several minutes I could manage the wounded gate of a wild thing disabled in the hunt. Not only was I denied walking or running but there was the added shame of chained ankles and anxious features.

"But how can I possibly be a pony if I'm wearing leg irons?"

"They can be locked on you whenever you're not in use. I find them quite admirable. They can be the solution of your entire problem."

She was right. If my feet were kept in irons, I could forget escape. I wondered if the other girls would laugh at me. Without being told I knelt once more and asked, "Was there something else, Miss Matlock?"

"Not for today, Sybil. I feel we've made remarkable progress. I am pleased, not with you, but with the change in attitude brought about by a couple of strokes with the whip and the manner in which you wear those leg irons." She wrote busily once more. "Oh, and by the way, in climbing stairways, you had best sit on the step and raise both feet at the same time. You will now go to the stable and ask one of the girls to lock you in a stall until Mr. Trafford returns."

She gazed down at my shackled feet. "It will take you a little while to walk that distance, so I'll be on my way. If I am consulted, I will see you again next week."

I seemed forever watching people walk away. In this case I was glad to see Miss Matlock go, cursing her stripping of my back and her chains. With a sigh I took the first step in what I knew would be a bitterly humiliating journey.

The girls were kind. Sure, they laughed at my hobbled steps and the leg irons but they got me to laughing with them at the absurdity of a pony with her feet chained. They broke my gloomy mood enough that I made no complaint when Celie held open the iron door to my cell. With careful motions and swaying hips, I minced my steps into the cell. The door clanged, the key turned and, whatever Miss Matlock opinion might be, I was a prisoner. There is no other name for a chained and naked girl inside a cage.

Melody was alone in the cage next to mine. We could talk or clutch at each other through the bars but could get no satisfying embrace. She said that, if my feet had not been chained, Celie could have harnessed us as a team and driven us out for exercise. As it was I would have to stay in the cage until our master return and decided what to do with me.

By the time Celie ushered the bright-eyed and freshly hosed team into Melody's stall after their day's work, I was in a dither of curiosity. My master had surrendered the team without entering the stable to see me. I wondered why. I spend the next half hour clutching the bars and shooting questions at the trio next door. But they knew nothing of my fate, if indeed I had a fate.

My leg irons were laughed over again. But I could sense in their lovely eyes the same question as in my own. There had been a change, something had happened.

It was not long before Celie appeared to hurriedly unlock my cage door, my leg irons, and the handcuffs. "Come along, darling, you're going to be exercised." She laughed gaily. "You're going to love it, it's the Master who's driving."

I was in a state of trembling excitement as I stood between the shaft and allowed the clamps and straps to make me helpless for any purpose except to run. I opened by mouth for the gag with a willingness I had never previously shown, thrusting my tongue into its small prison without batting an eye. Celie led me and the little cart to which I was attached up to the house from which our master emerged in a hurry. He said a quick, "Hi, Sybil!," before climbing up behind me and flapping the reins. It had all happened very quickly.

I wanted to talk to Bill Trafford and hoped he wanted to speak to me but this was not possible. I was a bridled and harnessed pony and had best know my place. As if to vent my frustrations of the day, I stepped out at a lively pace I hoped I could maintain. The reins exerted their authority upon the bit in my mouth to turn me down the lane and a few moments latter I was surprised and annoyed to received a sharp snap from the whip across my shoulders. Obediently I increased my speed and realized I was being exercised for sure!

The bit guided me down quiet lanes where my flashing feet would raise no eyebrows at our speed. I knew I could not maintain this pace for long. But every time I slowed the whip bit at my bare skin and gave me reason to do better. Grimly I recalled the expression "on the bit." It could be applied to me now, I was on the bit for sure. Biting the steel and tossing my head angrily at each fresh directive in my mouth. Soon I was panting. I was not up to the lean fitness of the other ponies. I thought I was doing marvelously but the whip thought otherwise. And, by the time, I was drawn to a halt outside an isolated farmstead, my breasts were heaving. And, as the chained me to the hitching post, I bestowed a reproachful glance at my master which he did not see. He did not look at me at all, I was just a pony serving a purpose. Annoyed, I looked down at the chain and resigned myself to wait. I'd worked up a fine old sweat and wished Bill Trafford had hung around long enough to get a noseful of my perfume. It seemed a shame to waste it on the evening air.

I had nothing else to do but gaze around. The house was above average in its quality and the luxuriance of its gardens. Beyond were outbuildings and stables of an equal consequence. The whole thing looked like money, if there was such a thing as money in this weird society which held me prisoner. I shook my head disgustedly to produce a fine clink and clatter from the links which held me captive.

I should have guessed! Miss Matlock had been a bad thing for me. I had been uneasy every since she ironed my feet and went away. When I saw my master emerge from the house, talking animatedly to Marjorie Monet, it seemed a natural results of this morning's event.

"And how is Sybil Chalmers, the beautiful pony?" Marjorie laughed frankly at my bitted silence. "You look charming, dear. And you're so beautifully angry at having me see you like this. My, what an adorable scent you give off when you sweat!"

She turned her charm upon my master. "What do you say we try her out, Bill? She'll have her second wind by now."

Marjorie Monet was instantly cruel, tugging at my bit to tell me to back the cart away from the hitching post and to turn. Bill Trafford's use of the reins was gentle by comparison. The only signal got in the matter of speed was a smarting slash across my bare shoulders. It hurt much more than any previous slash while I was in harness. I ran hard, determined to get this miserable affair over.

The run that then ensued taxed my endurance to the limit. In spite of my giving the damned woman everything I had, I still collected a number of whip marks. Her favorite trick was to pull back hard on my reins then whip me at the same time so that whatever I did earned me pain. Once more back at the house I stood panting and glaring at my master who had raised no voice in my defense. Bill Trafford was coolly detached and still avoiding my eyes.

"Mind if I unharness the darling and we'll all go to the house for a drink," Marjorie inquired as if we were neighbors on a visit.

My master let her do the work. She was swift and adept even to the point of unstrapping the bridle and taking the bit from my mouth. I walked between them, flushed and hot and breathing hard but entirely free of restraint, it was the strangest feeling. In the heat of evening we sat in a delightful patio so I could glimpse the pleasures of wealth. When Marjorie Monet clapped her hands, a naked pony appeared with a tray filled with tall, cold drinks. I could guess what the youngster was and when she turned to go I saw the whip marks upon her back, no doubt her grace and poise was the results of much training.

I had to hand it to Marjorie, she was a charming hostess, involving all of us in conversations such that I forgot I was not their equal, forgetting even the clutch of steel about my wrists and in my mouth. I thrust the thought of them away as not fitting my present condition. It was at least half an hour before our hostess voiced her main concern.

"How much for the darling, Bill? I told you I'd get her." I saw the man who was still my master squirm awkwardly in his chair. "Damn it, Marjorie, watching the way you drive, I don't think I want to leave a girl with you. Damn it, you're a martinet."

"Silly man! You're so accustomed to those four sweet things in your stable who all adore you that you're lost with an ordinary girl who needs a touch of discipline. You do need a touch of discipline, don't you, Miss Chalmers?"

It as if she had impaled us both, placing a shrewd finger upon the weakness of each. She had contrived to reduce me to the level of a school girl and Bill Trafford to a good-natured fumbler. It was Bill who now said, "If it wasn't for that damned Matlock woman, I wouldn't be here Marjorie. I suppose it was you who decided Sybil needed analysis?"

"Does it matter, Bill dear? I was really miffed about your little darling's attitudes. Did you read her report? It recommends her being sold at the very next market day and thus removed from your male influence."

"Are you sure the word isn't humanity?"

"No, dear man, it isn't. Males are ridiculous where females are concerned, they loose all judgment. I've told you before that the Council and I were damned doubtful about your appointment. That's why we gave you those four matched ponies you were so proud of. They should have kept you out of temptation. We never dreamed you'd be so stupid as to go and buy an Original."

"But it's alright for you to go and buy one?"

"Of course, I'm a woman! I know how to make females mind their manners. None of my darlings answer me back after their first week."

The drink was doing me good. Perhaps the child with the tray had given me an extra shot. I felt bold enough to enter the fray. "I'd like to point out I'm twenty-four years old. In a year I'll be too old to be a pony. You have allowed me equality for this pleasant interlude and I want you to know how it's restoring my sanity. The Estate isn't very easy for an Original to accept."

I looked from one to the other. "Please let me take some other function in your society. Or better still send be back to where ever I came from. For me, being a pony is all wrong."

"Isn't she a darling!" Marjorie exclaimed enthusiastically. "Don't you see the piquancy of it, Bill? It's pretty much like putting your twin sister in harness and putting a bit in her mouth so she can't complain. I find the subjugation of Miss Chalmers positively spine crinkling."

I felt the same way, knowing that had I been leg-ironed I wouldn't have felt like that at all. But this beautiful sane equality, this discussion between three adults about ME was utterly bizarre. I wondered how far I would get if I made a run for it.

Bill grunted and raised his glass. Admiring the iridescence of his drink, he said abruptly, "How would it be I resign and take Sybil with me from the Estate?"

Without thinking I interjected, "Oh, Bill, how wonderful!"

"You see what I mean," Marjorie said as if I had not spoken. "The little sweetheart even calls you Bill!" She turned her smiling face to me. "Don't you think you deserve a mild thrashing, darling?"

The remark brought us back to the Estate. I didn't bother to answer. I didn't belong to Marjorie Monet. Not yet...

Bill answered for me. "We both know why I stay her Marjorie. I admit the contact is generous but it would how good in the courts anywhere. If I'm not allowed to buy my own pony, I'll start thinking about breaking it."

I listened breathlessly as they battered the contract around, half serious and half in jest. I gathered this was not the first time. Bill Trafford had made waves. The thought of being carried away by him to some place of sanity was an entrancing dream their conversation gradually dissolved. It appeared the Council didn't want Bill to have ME. He fought a sort of rear guard action until finally he declared, "I won't sell her to you tonight, Marjorie, you're mean to your girls. A touch of the sadist. What I will do is expose her in the market place. I'll agree she might be happier with a woman owner just so long as it isn't you."

So there went my dream! Everything else went with it, too! Marjorie didn't seem to care much, she no doubt knew she could outbid everyone else and would get me anyway. What I was going to need on Saturday was a knight in shinning armor on a white horse. Even he would probably need a hacksaw. I asked, "I don't see how you can deny slavery. You two have been bickering about my body every since I came. How do you think I feel!?"

"Ponies don't feel, dear, except on their backs or bottoms - or haven't you noticed."

I couldn't change a thing but I could spoil our evening. I looked our hostess in the eye and told her frankly, "Okay, Miss Monet, I know my place and what I am. I promise I'll be a good girl. But please don't exclude me from the conversation. I'm enjoying this beautiful place."

It was the right note. Marjorie glowed. "Why, of course, darling, you're right, you do deserve a spot of civilization instead of those iron bars. Let's all have another round."

The teenager appeared as if my magic in answer to her mistress' sharp clap of hands. We selected our drinks and the maiden was about to retrace her steps when Marjorie called her back directing her to stand where all could see. She did so, holding the tray awkwardly until told to set it aside. She then stood in the simple innocence of youthful nudity, wearing it proudly like the costliest of cloaks. My master and I were tense, knowing something was about to happen.

"Jennifer, darling, we would like you to tell us of the ways in which you've been a naughty girl today." Marjorie's voice was a smooth as silk. "Please don't omit a thing, let us have your every little sin."

The girl child was very much aware, her features intelligent and without the dismay one would expect. Like a practiced speaker she surveyed all three of us slowly to establish a rapport then turned slowly to exhibit, in all its loveliness, the charms of immaturity. She was lovely enough now to make me wonder how glorious she would be in five year's time.

"I was jealous of Susan when you chose her for the buggy instead of me, Mistress," she said evenly. "Jealousy is a sin."

"Very good, darling. I want you to watch these things very carefully. What else do you have to tell us?"

"I wanted to play with myself. I wanted to terribly when you left me locked alone in the cage. It was so lonely." The young voice hesitated as if recalling the loneliness. "But when I got my finger inside I remembered what you had told us, that every part

belonged to you and not to us. But I thought the bad thought and pushed my finger to where it feels so good. Mistress, I think this also is a sin."

"Isn't she marvelous!" Marjorie looked at us with glowing eyes. "I'm really proud of you Jennifer. And what else have you to tell?"

The girl had roguish eyes which belied her demeanor. But I had no belief she was lying, these are the simple temptations of her day to which she had given in. I did not believe she found any relish in telling of them.

"I promised Mavis I'd be very nice to her if she'd let me out of my stall and I could help her with her chores. I think it was very wrong for me to tempt her like that." The wide limpid eyes roved between the three of us as if seeking confirmation of her girlish sins.

Marjorie sighed with pleasure. My master and I exchanged raised eyebrows. Marjorie sweetly inquired, "Do you think you should be punished, Jennifer?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress. Of course!" Jennifer sounded anxious to purge her sins.

"Please suggest a suitable punishment, my dear."

"I expect I should be whipped, it hurts so bad."

"A sensible choice, Jennifer. Now would you like to suggest an appropriate number of strokes?"

My heart bled for her, she was being played with and the play was cruel. But this was no ordinary maiden. Either she had been intensely trained to a point to make me shutter, or she knew Marjorie Monet enough to cope with even the unexpected. As if discussion the grocery list, she asked hopefully, "Do you think ten would be enough, Mistress? I think I can stand ten without being tied."

It was beautifully done, a practical discussion between two females about a mutual interest. Marjorie's voice was warm. "Ten will do nicely. You're such a sensible girl. Run along and pick yourself a cane."

Jennifer did exactly that. When she returned carrying the bitter length, she knelt before her Mistress, kissed the cane lovingly, and offered it with submissive hands and bowed head.

"You see, she's quite perfect," Marjorie said with pride. Then, to the girl, "Perform your submission before Miss Chalmers. It is Miss Chalmers who will give you the ten strokes across your bottom."

I was about to protest when I caught my master's eye. I'm sure he was thinking it would hurt Jennifer just as much no matter who inflicted her punishment. But the girl was now kneeling at my feet and repeating the act of submission, the almost imploring kiss and offering of the cane. I plucked up enough courage to say directly to Marjorie Monet, "You know I don't want to do this." "Do it anyway, dear." It was a command. I had never whipped anything in my life, not even a dog. And I had bitter memories of the caning of my bottom and could make a shrewd guess it would be whipped again right now if I refused. I accepted the beastly thing and said, "Very well, Jennifer, you know what to do."

Jennifer knew. Did she ever! She gracefully stood erect, gave another glance all around, and the selecting her place of exposure carefully, lend forward and touched her toes, her legs stiff as ramrods, the eyes down cast. It would be hard to imagine anyone offering a portion of their person for corporal punishment with greater nonchalance. I suddenly realized it was my turn, so awkwardly I took a ridiculous swipe at what Jennifer so generously displayed.

Marjorie Monet laughed outright, my master grinned. The girl who's skin I had struck with such incompetence said, evenly, "We mustn't count that one. I don't think Miss Chalmers had done this before."

"Miss Chalmers is going to do much better this time, Jennifer dear. If she doesn't, I'll allow you to give her your ten."

There was no excuse for it, I had to be a bitch. I took more careful aim and struck viciously to be rewarded by marked skin and nothing more. I knew it must have hurt the girl terribly, but she made not a sound. One down and nine to go! I clenched my teeth and struck again.

I completed my assignment. By the time I had caned Jennifer's bent bottom ten time my face was flushed in a secret shame over the realization that I had found a primitive joy in the last five blows as I struck hard to invoke the scarlet. Yet my best blows failed to evoke a response from the bend over maiden other than a gentle weaving of the young hips.

"You loved doing that, and don't bother denying it, Miss Chalmers," Marjorie Monet accused delightedly. "Okay, Jennifer, you may stand up and do have a look at Miss Chalmers gorgeous blush, it makes your pain worthwhile, darling."

Jennifer was beyond belief. She stood up, actually smiling, and said, "Thank you so much, Miss Chalmers," before relieving me of the cane and carrying it on the tray back into the house. I stood there in disbelief at the red marks I had put on her bottom. I wondered if Bill Trafford had got anything out of the beastly incident, I didn't wonder about Marjorie Monet, she had enjoyed the whole thing. I sat down in disgust and realized our lovely mood was gone.

I think in their own strange way my master and Marjorie Monet had reached an understanding. Nothing more was said about buying or selling me, and it was not long before our hostess clapped her hands and Jennifer was once more awaiting instructions.

"Jennifer, my dear, I want you to take Miss Chalmers and harness her to the buggy again. Make every thing nice and tight."

Why not? To be harnessed to a buggy by a teenager fit in well with all the rest. Dismally I walked beside the bright-eyed maiden I had whipped.

"Please don't feel bad about caning me, Miss Chalmers. I know you had to do it. Let's not talk about it anymore." She put a hand on my arm. "I am an Original, too, you know. When I woke up I was right here with Miss Monet." She giggled apologetically. "I'm an awful coward, I do everything I'm told. That way I don't get whipped very often. This evening was just a show off thing."

"You mean, you didn't do those... those things you said?"

"Oh, sure I did. But I wouldn't have confesses and wouldn't have been punished. I hope you don't mind my having to harness you and strapping your bridle on. Those bits in our mouths are the pits, aren't they?"

I could not speak to my master again, I was bridled and the bit was fast inside my mouth. I had a lot to think of as I pulled the tiny carriage back to our home. When I was unharnessed and unstrapped, my master led me, almost brutally, to the house and to his bedroom. Everyone seemed to have forgotten Miss Matlock's leg irons and handcuffs. He bathed me in his lovely bathroom and then tied my hands behind my back with a nylon stocking. I wasn't much concerned about being tied, I didn't care whether I was tied or not, or even whether I could get free or not. I was listening to things I didn't want to hear.

"Sweetheart, I have ask you to endure something you'll hate. Marjorie Monet wants you and is determined to have you. The only way I can keep you is to throw away my position and take you with me from the Estate."

"Good, let's do that!" I was happily rolling around on the bed with the knowledge of belonging to Bill Trafford for one whole night, at least. "Run away with me. I don't care about being broke, and I don't care if you marry me or not so long as we're together. When do we start?"

My master eyed me with more than a touch of exasperation. "It's not that simple, Sybil. The Council is a powerful force, either within or without the Estate. If I break the contract, there'll be a law suit. If I take you with me, they'll see it as stealing their property. An Original is considered as asset to the community. She's usually sold here and there so more can enjoy her."

"You've got me now. Keep me."

"I've been told to put you up for sale, Sybil. It's an order from the Council, an order I can't refuse if I'm to stay here. They feel I should be satisfied with the four beauties I had before you."

What Bill was saying was getting through to me. I countered it by laying on my bound hands and spreading my legs wide apart in indecent invitation. It should have been enough, it wasn't.

"I can't think of anyway to keep you out of Marjorie's clutches. She's got more money than anyone else, and anyway, no one's going to seriously bid against her, she holds a lot of power in the Estate."

I closed my legs like a pair of scissors and swung them over the side of the bed to sit up and glare at the man I had been calling "Master."

"How long do you want to leave me to Marjorie's tender mercies," I demanded sourly.

"In six months my contract will be renewed or canceled. There'll be no problem with it at that time. But I'll still have to steal or smuggle you out of the Estate. But I'll manage it."

"What you're saying is I'm a bloody nuisance." Suddenly I found myself twisting against my nylon-bound wrists and heard myself demand, "Do you know how to get out of this place, I mean is there a road?"

"Of course I know. But it doesn't help."

"Tell me? Where did I go wrong last time?"

My master stopped what he was doing and came to clasp my shoulders and look intensely down into my eyes. "Hold it, sweetheart, we both know where this is going. There's no way I'm going to start you off on another escape attempt that will only get you into more trouble and twice earmarked as a runaway." His voice still held the authority of our first meeting. I felt the power and strength in him but it didn't match his submission to the Council. Right there I felt guilty again because until I had come on the scene, Bill Trafford had had a good thing going and been a happy man.

"There's a lot of things I can't tell you, Sybil. One of them is the immense power the Council wields both within and without the Estate.

There I was again, a naked girl in a home I did not know, my hands tied behind my back by a man who would soon ravish me by right of ownership. I cursed Marjorie Monet and all her works, she had destroyed something good.

Bill had released his clasp upon my bare skin and resumed his pacing of the floor. "I suppose I should never have bought you," he said remorsefully. "I should have known better. I'd been bribed to stay away from the market place by the gift of the four girls down in the stable right now. In a way I wasn't playing square with anyone, including you. I should have arranged with Mary Maber or a woman like her to make the successful bid. Sybil, will you do what you have to for the next six months until I can handle this sensibly?"

For answer I again rolled over onto my tied hands and opened my legs wide apart in outrageous invitation.

Chapter Four - A New Owner

When a girl runs with her hands tied behind her back she finds herself robbed of rhythmic motion and loss of balance from swinging arms. I tired more quickly, after an hour's flight I was glad to sprawl on the grass and catch my breath.

I had felt a bitch as I quietly slipped from our bed at the first light of day, leaving my master fast asleep and unaware. In the aftermath of lovemaking I had known for sure there was but one course I could take. The Estate held nothing for me but heartbreak and wealed skin. I did not bother about my tied hands, feeling certain I could fray the nylon material against something once I was safely clear of those who might bar my path. Flight had been so easy, so terribly easy that I almost felt guilt of taking advantage free of irons and wrists without steel. I wondered if I had betrayed a trust or if Bill Trafford secretly did not care.

I looked around for something against which to rub through the nylon stocking with which my master had bound my wrists. Nothing suggested itself so I delayed the freeing of my arms until I was breathless once again. I resumed my flight.

I closed my mind to the folly of what I was doing. A naked girl, hands bound behind her, seeking to defeat a wilderness! It was absurd but revealed the desperation of my rebellion. This time upon leaving all traces of habitation I would veer north beyond the canyons which had previously defeated me. I longed for my hands but dared not take the time to seek their release. Towards mid day I was encouraged to discover a narrow but clear path in the direction I desired. Such a pathway in a wilderness spelt traffic. On it I could double my speed. When it entered a narrow defile which would save the agonizing climb to the hills, my legs flashed forward with renewed hope.

They were waiting for me. Two ponies! I caught sight of the first as she reclined on the grass slope, then I turned to retrace my steps and a second naked girl emerged

from the brush to bar my path. There was never any doubt what they were. The bore no restraints of any kind but had about them an indefinable something I had come to recognize but not to share. For moments I stood still before my momentum in defeat. Sure, I could run and dodge and try to hide, but what was the use! They could catch me easily. Each held a length of rope.

"Hello, Sybil dear, we felt sure you'd find this path, so we've been waiting for you." The girl was Diana, Mary Maber's favorite pony.

"What a wonderful run you've had, and such a glorious day." The words came from the maiden at my rear.

They did not hurry, simply walking toward me in friendly greeting as if we had met upon a village street. I stood between them, waiting, but feverishly twisting and tearing at the nylon stocking which laughed at all my efforts. When they closed in on me, I was soundly kissed and hugged in the manner of the Estate. The second girl, introduced to me as Nancy, laughingly exclaimed about my tied hands but took great care to examine the binding and tighten its knot. She then slipped a rope noose over my head and made it snug upon my neck.

"You won't mind us having a leash on you, darling, you really are a problem with this running away business."

"We can get home in comfortable time for dinner," Diana announced blandly. "Darling, have you enjoyed your run?"

They were impossible and utterly out of this world. But there they were and I had to be thankful for their kindness and affection. Pathetically I offered my faintest of hopes, "Why don't you two come with me to freedom instead of us all going back to being prisoners. With this path and what you know about the country, we surely should be able to get to the outside?"

"That's a silly thing to suggest, darling. Who on earth would want to leave the Estate and go outside? It's not a bit nice out there."

"You really should try and enjoy life with us, Sybil dear, if only you could see how lucky you've been. And, as for this path, it was made by wild horses and doesn't really led anywhere."

"Lucky!" I spit out in disgust. "I've been whipped and chained and locked in a cage, and you call that lucky!" My voice trembled. "Now, if you take me back with you, I'll be whipped all over again and goodness knows what else. Please untie my hands and let me go on running."

"You know we can't do that, dear. And it wouldn't do you any good, you're not heading in the right direction. If you got lost out here you could starve."

It was the strangest of captures. I walked between Mary Maber's ponies while Nancy held my leash, tugging it gently from time to time as a warning to a proven runaway. Diana laughed at my agonizing over horrors to come.

"You won't be punished this time, Sybil dear, at least not very much. Arrangements have been made for our Mistress to keep you in her stable with us until you can be sold." Diana patted my cheek fondly and then impulsively kissed my mouth. "Yummy, yummy, you got so hot from the run you smell simply gorgeous. I wish our Mistress could buy you, we'd have so much fun."

I devoutly wished the same thing. But mention of Mary Maber sparked a thought in my mind.

"Sybil dear, I'm afraid there's a little thing I have to do. Our Mistress isn't all together pleased with you and our instructions were to bring you back with your arms hurting just enough to make you cry and feel repentant. Do you mind?"

"It doesn't matter whether I mind or not, you'll do it anyway won't you, Diana?" I wished my voice hadn't been so bitter. "But don't worry, I'll stand still for it." I added a false laugh to my bitterness. "If you use that bit of rope to tie my arms, it will save you carrying it."

"It's your elbows I'm suppose to tie, dear."

"Of course, what else! That's were it hurts the most, go ahead."

It was another of those defeating sensations without logic. I stood, passive, while a girl who constantly showered me with affection bound my elbows tightly together behind my back with cruel encirclements of rope which clamped my forearms together, wrecked back my shoulders and caused my breasts to protrude in a manner I could not control. Each of us knew it was going to hurt more and more with each step back to slavery, but none of us mentioned this and the maiden who captured me glossed over this punishment with bright comments.

"You should always have your elbows tied, darling, it really does things for you."

"If they tie you like that in the market, you'll fetch top price again even if you do have your feet leg-ironed again."

I got kissed again, not only my lips but my eyes and my nipples, the latter making themselves indecently evident. I was almost ashamed of their size and rigidness. We resumed our walk.

I now had a new companion, the bitter and unique agony of bound elbows. The pain of them is bad enough if you stand absolutely still, but if you breath or move or walk, it bites at you more viciously. And there's not a damned thing you can do about it.

The girls giggled about my breasts pointing the way home, and I'm sure they did, but after an hour they hurt so bad I actually stooped to pleading. "Please give me a break," I begged. "You must know how terribly this hurts, I can't even walk properly tied like this." I looked from one to the other, seeing only sympathy and concern. "If you'd take this rope off my now, you could tie it back on when we're a couple miles from home. Wouldn't that be enough?"

They looked at each other and shrugged. A moment later my elbows were free and I was expressing thanks, almost groveling in gratitude. It felt so good to be rid of the strictures. I adored them both and promised strict obedience. There was some more kissing but when we resumed our march, Nancy still held my leash and the noose was still snug around my neck. I really couldn't blame them, by their standards my record was shameful.

I asked what they knew about Marjorie Monet but was told that was a subject they weren't suppose to talk about and, anyway, they didn't really know much about her. Slyly and shyly they asked me what it was like to belong to Bill Trafford. Was it true all the things men did to women?

I told them, yes, everything was true. I'm afraid I took a gleeful zest in telling of male lovemaking and of how, when a man tied your hands or whipped your bottom, it didn't hurt half as bad as if you were punished by a woman. When I stopped making them feel bad over what they were missing, they sighed in unison, "I don't suppose Mr. Trafford will ever buy us. Our Mistress won't sell us. And even if she were to send us to market, Mr. Trafford wouldn't notice girls like us when he can buy girls like you. You're so beautiful."

"So are you. If you were owned by a man for a day or two, you'd realize how beautiful you are. Men make a girl feel gorgeous."

We let the subject drop, it seemed unlikely Diana and Nancy would ever be owned by a man so why talk about the impossible? Instead we found ourselves back on a painful subject. "You said that Mary Maber said I would be punished just a little bit," I asked, "just how bad is a little bit?"

"We don't know, dear, and you mustn't bother your head about it. But there's an old-fashioned pillory set up in a pubic place and we remember one girl who ran away had to stand in it all day. She had to wear leg irons and there was a sign on her pillory which said, 'RUNAWAY.' She was such a silly girl."

"What else?"

"There's a cage there, too, just about big enough for one girl. And when they took her out of the pillory, they put her in the cage and left her there for a whole week." They both giggled. "She hasn't run away since."

"You mean I don't get whipped!"

"Our Mistress doesn't like whipping girls, dear. If it has to be done, its Nancy or I who do it. Of course, you could get sent out to be whipped in public. It's a service the Estate provides and it's available one day a week - on Thursday. You wouldn't like it a bit."

Questions died. The punishments didn't sound the least bit "little," they sounded damned awful and I couldn't imagine Mary Maber doing them. I thought about them a lot until we got to where my elbows had to be tied again. This time they felt tighter than ever and the only thing I thought about after that was pain. Pain is a selfish mistress who demands your full attention.

Mary Maber was honestly glad to have me back. I felt glad about it, too. It was a genuine reunion, a homecoming which, unfortunately, could not last. She said that because I wouldn't be very happy for the next few days, she was going to take me out to dine and dance that evening. And that she did, after she had peeled the rope from my elbows, and with exclamations of amusement, taken the nylon from my wrists. It was wonderful to be totally free again and I got into the buggy with her without any thoughts of escape. Diana and Nancy were our team, seemingly without fatigue after their day's walk. I was, as usual, in a dither of pleasurable excitement and apprehension.

Mary insisted I dance with her. Other women were dancing with their ponies or with each other. There was even a pair of ponies who danced by themselves. It was easy to see they were frictioning their nipples and bellies against each other, but their eyes were shining in delight and I had to suppose they were being rewarded for good behavior.

Mary Maber could dance. There are those who can and those who can't and quite a lot who shouldn't try. But when she clasp me in her arms, she became pure fluid motion which flooded and absorbed me completely as the music washed over us. I instantly forgot she was a woman, not even thinking of her as a man, but simply a the spirit of the music itself. We became nymphets of the night, floating on an ecstasy all our own. Sometimes I remembered I was not tied or bound or chained, but totally free. I allowed Mary Maber to guide me into the enchanted land of sweet music and the intimacy only dancers know. When the last waltz had cried itself into oblivion, she drove me to the public place, and here, sure enough, was the pillory and the cage. She led me to the latter and at its door locked leg irons on my ankles and handcuffs on my wrists. Obediently I crawled within but not before she had left her lipstick on my own. In the star light I knew the two ponies were watching with intense interest.

It wasn't easy to crawl inside, the door was small, but when it slammed shut behind by shackled feet, I turned to watch Mary Maber wave goodbye as her buggy rolled away. I had to kneel, the cage was not high enough to let me stand.

The first night of that barred imprisonment was not too bad. I was exhausted and so, without curiosity, simply laid down and went to sleep. A pony I had never seen before awoke me in the morning, brought a chunk of dry bread and a mug of water which she shoved at me through the bars, and told me, crossly, that I'd been a silly, naughty girl and she was not allowed to talk to me. She hurriedly departed to leave me looking at the most meager breakfast I had ever seen or heard of. Lunch was no better, it was simply one apple and some more water. For supper there was another chunk of bread. Evidently I was not intended to get fat.

Quite apart from the confinement the cage was a punishment by itself. It would not let me stand or lay down fully unless I stuck my feet out between the bars. I had to content myself with kneeling or sitting with my knees drawn up towards my chin. Throughout the day I had no shortage of visitors, mostly children, who I later found out were usually brought into this world with the aid of artificial insemination! They avidly discussed the private places of my body which they could have seen on any of the pony girls all around. But it was evident a pony in a cage was something else again, holding erotic connotations of punishment and delinquencies. I was a bad girl getting my just deserts and they gloried in the image. I found it best to gaze out frankly through the bars, striving to hide no part of myself and seeming to have a polite interest in what I heard.

"Look at those leg irons on her ankles. What could you do with a girl like that!"

"She's handcuffed, too. I'd like to buy a girl like that for the fun of it but she'd never be any use to you."

The leg irons insured my deep disgrace, they were the Estate's way of showing total disapproval. They also warned prospective purchaser to beware. The heavy shackles didn't bother me in the cage at all, it would come when I was released. No one I knew came near the cage to witness my punishment. I longed for the appearance of Bill Trafford, not caring about shame or humiliation if only he would come. But he did not come and I wondered if he would ever bother with me again.

Upon reflection I could not blame him. I had caused him only trouble and substantial loss. I gathered from passing remarks that my price this second time around would be small indeed. The women all agreed that no one in their right mind would purchase a girl with leg irons locked upon her feet. Poor Bill! It had been so good for a little while but here I was, locked tight inside a little cage in a public place, discredited, disowned and delinquent. If I thought about it too much I would cry and I did not want those who watched to see my tears.

I was kept locked in that cage four days and four night. Ruefully I agreed my punishment could have been much worse. The little cage was designed to expose and humiliate but I had already plumped the depths of those two emotions in my conversation to a pony. As a pony I had been harnessed and bridled and tethered in public places to blunt my concern with nakedness. People could stare as much as they wish at my breasts and pubic hair. And I could listen to the obscenities of children without concern. If it were Mary Maber who influenced my being locked within this tiny prison, I could thank her will all my heart.

On the morning of market day a pair of ponies took me from the cage, unlocked my leg irons, and led me to an adjacent house where, in the bathroom, they employed their arts and skills to make me as saleable as a delinquent girl can be. Bathed and perfumed and with a hairdo I was proud of, I was then driven to the now familiar place where girls were bought and sold. When we dismounted from the buggy my two ponies, who showed me the same affection as all the rest, led me to the place where I would be displayed. On arrival my ankles once more received heavy leg irons.

"We have strict orders to put them on you, dear. We're terribly sorry," said one.

"Maybe no body will bid on you and you can go back to that lovely man," said number two.

I said nothing but kicked against the span of links to snub my foot and know myself ten times a prisoner. Perhaps never again would I know the glory and wonder I had found with Mary Maber the night we danced in total freedom.

My day in the market place was different than the previous time. I was led to where two metal stanchions rose vertically from a bed of concrete to bare, at their upper limit, a sinister, broad band of leather and its buckle. I was placed between these posts and my arms drawn out to either side. When my wrists were thrust hard within the straps, my hands were just at that height above my shoulders to be as flattering to a girl as bondage may ever be. My two ponies drew hard upon my arms and strapped my wrists tight within the waiting bands, tugging at the buckles to get the ultimate stricture from which I would not escape.

The two girl who had fastened me stood back to admire their work. They made final adjustments to my hair and lips, and gave my nipples a final coat of pain. It would not be their fault if I did not sell. The told me to twist and tug and try and free myself. When I obeyed, they watched the pathetic results with approval. I was well bound and would stand throughout the day, naked and leg-ironed and with my arms held slightly above my head. Everything I had was completely exposed. They kissed me and went away. Once more I faced the curiosity of the multitude, one of whom would buy one. Only one!

I had become an object of speculation and gossip. Probably the word should be notorious. My history was told my the leg irons on my feet more elegantly than words. I watched the arrival and the fastening of other girls all around. Their owners appeared to strive for effect by binding or chaining each girl in some quite different pose. But all were equal in insuring there would be no escape. The girl, like myself, once bound, buckled or locked, could forget freedom and divert herself to watching the comings and goings of the Fair. It was a carnival atmosphere many seemed to enjoy. Some of the girls seemed very anxious to be sold and showed themselves off to any woman who they took a liking to, even to the point of asking to be purchased! Had I been a free female purchaser, I might have found their beauty, suggestive wiggles, and outright offers hard to resist.

"Buy me, Mistress, oh please buy me," they implored. "I'll be ever so good for you."

I kept silent. But when any woman smiled at me, I smiled back. It was all I could do. I was asked a lot of questions which I answered honestly. But when it came to telling earnest inquirers why I ran away, I found myself without adequate words to explain why I sought to flee the loveliest place I had ever seen. I compromised by saying I had been very silly but would not be silly again. Few believed.

I toyed with the hope that if none bought me I would be returned to Bill Trafford as unsold merchandise. But I also thought this unlikely and allowed my mind to wander in the direction of Marjorie Monet, nor had I seen what looked like someone's agent eyeing me with intent. The appearance of Mary Maber boasted my moral tremendously. She surveyed he manner by which I was secured and chuckled in genuine admiration.

"They've really got you secured, haven't they! But you look very beautiful even after standing all these hours. Has anybody shown an interest?"

"Nobody. And I don't feel very beautiful. I'll be glad when this is all over."

"Of course, dear." Mary moved forward and kissed my gently. "But four o'clock will soon be here and then we'll know." Then she added, in a whisper, "I've bid all the spare money I can raise as my offer on you, darling. It's quite a lot of money, I do hope it's enough."

"I hope so, too, Mary. I want to belong to you more than anyone else. If you owned me, I'd never run away."

Mary nodded. "That night we danced was so wonderful, Sybil my sweet. I want to do it again and again. I want to give you that glorious freedom of your feet. Was it good?"

"It was a miracle. Mary, I love you so much."

The admission slipped out of me unaware. I expect I was lonely and tired and hungry for affection. At that moment I adored Mary Maber and truly would have been a good pony for her.

"Even if I don't manage to buy you, I'm going to try and borrow you for an occasional evening," she said soberly. "It is done, you know. We can loan out our ponies back and forth. Oh, damn, I wish I was rich!"

Mary Maber did not stay long. It was deemed in poor taste to show too much attention to any pony offered for sale. A faint aura of delinquency clung to any girl who's owner had put her up for sale. But there seemed also an air of excitement about someone else's pony you could train to please yourself. Possible buyers looked cautiously for whip marks which might mean a fault in a pony or, more deliciously, a fault in the pony's owner. It was understood but only mentioned in whispers, that some female owners of ponies, even the best behaved ponies, whipped them out of pure caprice. It was the buyer's problem to separate the two types of whip marks. True, she could ask the pony but the girl might be too frightened to tell the truth. The weekly market offered everyone a marvelous opportunity for speculation and the chance to take a risk. Sometimes you got a bargain.

My own whip marks, especially those from the cane my master had used on my bottom, drew much attention and disfavor. I was asked about them and I frankly admitted to whatever sin had earned them. But my leg-ironed ankles proclaimed my a runaway and that was a bad start. I thought back to when Bill had strapped me on the bench and caned my bottom so viciously. It seemed centuries ago but those whip marks were the only tangible things from my master that I would carry with me into my new captivity.

When the bell clanged at four o'clock I, along with every other pony in the place, heaved a tremendous sigh of relief and readied ourselves mentally for a new prison or a shameful return to the one we had left that morning. All around were women freeing and then freshly binding their purchases before leading them away.

The appearance of a bright-eyed and smiling Jennifer told my fate.

"Hello, Miss Chalmers, I've been sent to take you home. That evening my Mistress made you cane me I knew she'd buy you." She giggled excitedly. "Are you going to be obedient?"

I told her I had no choice with my feet chained together, I damned well had to be obedient! But I said it in a nice way. She was an adorable child and I had liked her ever since our first meeting. I suspected Marjorie Monet of imposing upon me a subtle humiliation by making this teenager my custodian. But when the straps fell away from my wrists, I made no demur about crossing them again behind my back to be tied again by a nymphet who used, of all things, another nylon stocking.

"They're absolutely marvelous for tying a girl, Miss Chalmers, they're so easy to carry and you'll soon discover you can't possibly get away."

I agreed. The new binding felt tight and snug and far more feminine than when my master had used a nylon on me for the first time. Jennifer's binding was shrewd and no doubt born of long experience. Her knot was vicious.

"I'm going to unlock your leg irons, Miss Chalmers, you won't run away, will you, not with you hands tied?" She talked rapidly as she went about her task. "It would take so long for you to walk to where I've got the buggy, and then when we got there you wouldn't be able to climb up. And you couldn't possibly keep pace if I roped you to follow the buggy. But I'm sort of trusting you, please don't run away."

Jennifer was a sweetheart, I wouldn't have run away from her for the world. She carried the discarded leg irons with one hand and clutched my arm with the other. She was about my own height and probably about sixteen. If she was only fifteen, she had learned a lot in a little time!

When we reached the buggy she helped my climb aboard before she took the reins and gave each of the two ponies a flick of the whip. There skins bore evidence of many such flicks which I eyed with misgiving but said nothing. No doubt my own back would soon be similarly marked. I settled back into the seat to enjoy my last bit of semi-freedom.

"You and these two ponies seem awfully happy, Jennifer, considering Miss Monet owns you," I mused aloud. "Every one says she's something of a dragon."

The young hand on my arm was instantly sympathetic. "You're frightened, aren't you, Miss Chalmers? I could tell right away when you caught sight of me. I was bad news." She patted my bare skin gently. ' T don't think you should believe all you hear about my Mistress, she's your Mistress, too, now. You're all bought and paid for. She isn't the way people say at all. At least she isn't to me. She whips and canes me quite a lot but not so much as you'd think. She owns ever so many ponies because she trades in ponies. You come to her to buy or sell, just like in the market with you today. Sure, she whips all of us, but because there's so many there isn't a single girl who gets whipped more than she can stand." She paused a moment. "That is, except for the ones our Mistress dislikes. But she trains them pretty quick and sells them. All of them expect Petuna, she just loves punishing Petuna and we all think Petuna loves it. After a week or two you'll see what I mean, Miss Chalmers."

I deliberately did not fight the nylon. It felt good on my wrists and this whole thing was a rest after a fatiguing day. Standing with your arms out like butterfly's wings can get very tiring. I knew what Jennifer told me was the way Jennifer saw it. But I was certain there was another side to Marjorie Monet Jennifer might never see.

Casually I inquired, "Tell me some of the things she does to Petuna, and what's Petuna like anyhow?"

My driver laughed in delight. "Oh, Petuna's absolutely gorgeous, Miss Chalmers, you'll adore her. My Mistress tells me Petuna is what they call a submissive, the way she bends over to get her bottom strapped you just wouldn't believe. Then she gets hung up by her wrists or her thumbs, or is made to stand in the pillory the longest time. When our Mistress whips Petuna's back, she makes the loveliest sounds but never, never screams. Our Mistress could get a lot of money for Petuna but she would never sell her."

So, Petuna was a masochist! I lost interest in Petuna right there. "What about lesbianism? I understand she's addicted to a girl between her legs."

"Oh, I don't think you should say it like that, Miss Chalmers," Jennifer scolded with a sideways glance. "All the ponies long for the night when our Mistress will take them to bed." Jennifer giggled happily. "I'm her favorite. She takes me to bed with her more than any of the others. She doesn't even chain my ankle the way she does with most." She sighed. "I'm such a lucky girl."

I let it go. A pair of females nibbling away at each other under any terms failed to interest. I would probably be made to perform the act but I would do it only under the threat of the whip. I now turned to matters of more mundane concern. "How does she keep us when we're not being used, Jennifer?"

This question got another giggle. "Oh, gee, Miss Chalmers, our Mistress has so much fun about that. She says it's a waste to keep girls locked up inside barred stalls in the stables when there's so many others things you can do with them. She makes us sit in the stocks, or ties us to a tree, or chains us up in the dungeon downstairs she's had especially made, or puts us in a tiny little cage where we can hardly move. And there's the worst of all where we get tied to the post of her great big bed and have to stand there all night while she makes love to another pony. Gosh, I hated that!"

"Aren't the owners of ponies suppose to follow some sort of rules or code in looking after their girls?" I asked almost timidly. "I thought owners weren't suppose to torture a pony, not the way you said about hanging one up by her thumbs."

"Well, it's sort of like this," Jennifer said awkwardly, "our Mistress belongs to the Council, she's privileged. She can do anything she wants to us and no one is going to say boo. I've never seen the other members of the Council, we're usually locked away when they come to visit." Jennifer's face lit up when she added, "She tells me I'm going to get to serve the drinks the next time they come."

Jennifer was not a child but she seemed so. I allowed myself to be lulled into a pleasant lassitude while the buggy trotted along, taking me to a fresh captivity. I

didn't bother to try and free my hands, it would seem discourteous to the girl beside me who had tied them. I allowed my mind to drift, dreamlike, over the events since Mary had found me laying naked on the sand. It wasn't really so long ago but much had happened. I knew I was becoming more and more inured to the Estate and its contradictions. That I was now under the control of a youthful teenager was no more strange than the girl market we had left behind or the barred stalls I had shared with Bill Trafford's ponies. Already the Estate was imposing upon me the heartaches of parting and loss. I thought little of the bite of whips or cut of cords.

My life on the Estate had been filled with personalities, each one possessing me for a little while in a succession of captivities. Yet, most of them were free as I was sometimes free and none of us escaped!

I could not have gotten a warmer welcome from Marjorie Monet had I been the Queen of England. She personally took the nylon from my wrists and told Jennifer to bath me and make me beautiful for dinner. Marjorie kissed me, a kiss I could believe promising love. But this was the Estate and I might soon be touching my toes to receive six with the cane or a dozen with the strap. I blotted everything from my mind except an unexpected hunger. Returning to the dinner table, perfumed, clean, and excited, I discovered I was not the only guest.

There were about a dozen, all female, of course! I noticed a preference for those who might be only twenty-six or seven and thus recently freed from the bondage of the stables and buggies. There were also some fourteen year olds, no doubt slated for the buggy and bridle. One of those was to either side of me, with the older whispering, "Never mind dear, you've only a year to go and then you'll be free like I am. Hold on to that when the going gets tough."

But the nymphet to the left of me was a different cup of tea. Her whisper was, "Oh, Miss Chalmers, you're so lucky to belong to Miss Monet. She'll do the most wonderful things to you and she's already told me I can be her pony when I'm old enough. Aren't we both so lucky!"

I muttered appropriate absurdities and stuffed myself like a pig on damned good food. I was in the midst of great wealth and authority. I felt myself almost the age of the youthful virgin beside me who would start at the beginning and would progress, lash by lash, to whatever end her mistress chose. I still thought of myself as belonging to Bill Trafford. The change of ownership was a mental hazard.

It was a delightful party. I had deliberately gotten a little drunk and conversed with all present on the familiar subjects of being whipped, being caned, being imprisoned, and being harnessed and bridled. I found myself talking with an assumed but delightful authority on all these subjects - after all, I knew what I was talking about. If the Estate had fresh horrors in store, they had yet to come. Little by little I was conceding this Marjorie Monet possession of my body and limbs. Some of those I talked to envied me.

When the last guest had departed, either for their homes or for one of Miss Monet's prisons, I was suddenly alone with a legend. I was not bound, I was not chained. I was on an equal status with the woman who that day had purchased me for a great price. I stood before her, nakedly expectant, quivering with anticipation and just a trifle tipsy. She took me in her arms and bestowed the warmest kiss the Estate had provided me to date. I was suddenly kissing her back hungrily and, without volition, each was playing with the nipples of the other. And it grew from that. If Marjorie's hand was a wet as mine, it was very wet indeed.

"I've got you, dear. I said I would." Her voice was husky in my ear.

" Please keep me always and please don't be cruel." I heard the words as from another girl but they were mine. Marjorie Monet had magic!

"Of course, I'll be cruel to you, silly girl." Marjorie was hungrily working at my body with her mouth in a very pleasing way. "All thought dinner while you were talking I looked at your nakedness, seeing it chained and bound and whipped as I desire. Does that frighten you, Sybil?"

I heard the same voice assuring her it did not frighten me in the least. It then requested another drink which was then held to my lips as if my hands were bound. I drank and knew the nectar as from the loins of this strange creature who owned me now. I began envisioning us through the night in Marjorie Monet's bed throughout the night when she clapped her hands. Jennifer appeared quite suddenly and was ordered to give me the ritual of the first night. Before we left I was made to quaff another drink to make me walk hand in hand with Jennifer toward a fate which should have sent me screaming from the room.

"I don't suppose you'll enjoy this much, Miss Chalmers," Jennifer said as she pushed open the heavy door to disclose the grim, but inevitable dungeon. "I have to do things to you here before I leave you alone for the night. Gee, Miss Chalmers, I've terrible sorry."

I was not the least bit sorry. I was in such a state of euphoria as I had never known. There must have been something in that last drink or those honey lips on mine, I did not know and did not care. I walked as in a daze into a modern simulation of an ancient dungeon and found everything I beheld appropriate to the occasion.

The artificially induced gloom held horrors I dared not question, I knew they were there and that was enough. My immediate concern was with the maiden who's prisoner I appeared to be. I had never been drunk in quite this way before.

"I have to do things to you, Miss Chalmers, you won't like them. Will you obey?"

The young voice beside me was concerned and I knew her status with our Mistress depended upon my behavior. Quite simply I said, "Yes, Jennifer, I will obey. What is the first thing I must do?"

It was not the rack, or the thumbscrew, or the pillory, or any of the conventional things of ancient dungeons. It was, and this was ridiculous, nothing more than an immense dildo, fabricated in such cunning ways as to be a replica of the male rod we females worship. It was larger than life but, gazing upon it in awe, I was grateful for its size. I was the eternal woman about to be impaled by the eternal male. Quietly I asked, "What do I do now, Jennifer?"

It appeared I should spread my legs and quietly stand while this girl, altogether too young for such knowledge, began my punishment, or was it punishment! I did not know.

I watched Jennifer anoint the immense dildo with lubricant before she felt between my legs to discover the point of entry. She placed the beginning of the artificial organ within my sheath to make me gasp in the knowledge of being possessed and subject to another's will. I felt certain I should have been bound. But that didn't matter. What did matter was my capacity to accept this offering of the pagan gods within my being. I clasp my hands upon my breasts and kept my legs far separate, wondering what my mistress would decree should I fail this test.

It was a slow progress, the rod was far too large, but, by virtue of my standing still, and Jennifer's skillful manipulation, the monster entered me inch by inch until its base was solid against my flesh. Jennifer then strapped a belt tight around my waist and brought another strap down between my thighs to threat itself through the base of the rubber monster, and then up my belly to buckle with the belt in front. There was the click of a padlock to tell me I would bear within me this replica of the Male for as long as my mistress choose. Slowly I brought my legs back together and found the monster within me with my hands, pressing and molding my belly. Once more the voice of another girl could be heard.

"Thank you, Jennifer. What comes next?"

We became more conventional. I recognized the feel of the leg irons as they locked my ankles. The fetters now clasp upon my wrists controlled my no better than the handcuffs would have done. But they were heavy and archaic. I tested them and discovered I was well constrained. I was then led to a gloomy corner of the huge stone room where maiden fingers placed a collar around my neck and locked it. Tender lips kissed mine in a final goodnight and Jennifer was gone. The huge door slammed and I heard the thud of bolts. I was alone.

The first thing a girl does in a new type of bondage is try it out. My ankles and wrists were everyday stuff, but the collar on my neck was different. I discovered it was connected to the wall by a length of chain that restricted my movement to a mere ten

or twelve feet in any direction. I couldn't come anywhere near the door before my throat was snubbed painfully and I was pulled back to a realization of what I was, a naked girl chained in a dark dungeon for the night.

There was a difference! It was, of course, the immense rubber prong thrust within my sheath and locked there. My chained hands felt it and explored its possibilities of release. There were none. The rubber phallus would stay within me for the night. Already I could feel the stirring of female response within my loins. In pure horror I realized it could thrust upon me orgasm after orgasm throughout the night, an enemy against which I had no defense. I sat down upon the stone, leaned back against the wall and spread my thighs as far apart as possible in the faint hope of minimizing the excitation of my flesh. It did not work. I orgasm and climaxed again and again without restraint, without control. What a terrible combination of captivity and ecstasy, of being chained and alone and yet being sexually excited by something I could not control!

I dreamed a nightmare montage. The rod thrusting hard within me was the kind genital of Bill Trafford's love. The metal heavy upon my wrists and ankles was Mary Mabers' chiding reprimand for flight. The dungeon itself was the Estate, confining me at every turn and every way to tell me I could not escape. By morning I was a humble little girl willing to be obedient to authority's demand. To me authority was Marjorie Monet!

"How many times did you climax, darling," my mistress inquired at the breakfast table. "I always like to know. You'd be surprised how it varies from girl to girl. Did you long for me instead of that rubber monster I had strapped within your loins?"

"I lost count of the number of times, Mistress, it was a great many," I admitted soberly. "I longed for you. I did not want the rubber phallus of the male. I want you terribly."

"Ah, yes, Sybil, my sweet. You want me but you shall have me only as a reward. You will spend today working in my fields and will be rewarded this evening according to the justice of your labors." Marjorie glowed at me across the table. "Is that not just?"

"It is just, Mistress."

Through that day I was to cure my ready compliance. I was taken into the cane field, my ankles once more ironed, and told to hack away at the sap-filled stems with a machete, I was told to regard only as an instrument of labor. I respected the warning because my ironed legs would allow me to move only in short, snubbed steps. Bitterly I reflected I was still captive to the cane. But the cane was a wall of foliage eight feet high to which I was to pay homage by the flashing blade and gathering of the result. I was a female indentured, upon a sugar plantation from which there was no escape! I hacked away at the huge stalks, convinced that if I fell short of my

quota, I would be whipped at the end of the day. Those who worked with me assured me this was so.

I was evidently, on this day, privileged because even though I had fallen short of my quota I did not get suspended by my wrists and get whipped as cruelly as those who had. It was, for me, a dispensation which took me to Jennifer and a bathroom where the ravages of a day in the field was removed and I was made acceptable to the woman who was my mistress. I was ushered into her presence, aware of my fault at the day's work I stood silent and waited.

"Darling, you did wonderfully well for your first day." Hungry lips found mine and hungry arms embraced my quivering nakedness. Miss Marjorie Monet had chosen to be pleased with the indifferent performance of her pony. "Just think, my sweet, if I so chose you would be down there among the rabble receiving your share of strokes from the whip of the overseer." Her voice was graphic.

"I am lucky, Mistress."

"So it would not be unkind for me to whip you, just a little?" "No, Mistress, I should be whipped."

There had to be a drug! Surely Sybil Chalmers could not be so crassly submissive! It was ridiculous and yet I heard my own voice in its invitation to subjection. The voice continued. "I cut less cane than all the rest, please punish me."

It was a huge divan. Within the center of its hard wood at the back were spaces for my wrists and straps to hold them hard within. I placed them as directed and watched my new mistress encircle them with leather and buckle them fast and tight, leaving me partly bend and unable to leave the place she had selected for my punishment. I guessed I could kneel without breaking my wrists but my hands would have been held awkwardly high so I made the best of a bad job by standing as I was with wrists tightly strapped to await whatever might befall. I should have known it would be the cane!

' 'Darling, your bottom has been well caned already. Would you mind some more?"

The honey in Marjorie's voice sent quivers through my being. I heard that other girl say, cheerfully, "I do not mind, Mistress, I deserve to be whipped, please whip me."

I stood trembling, not knowing how cruel Marjorie would be. A bare arm encircled my waist and drew me back from the divan while a female foot playfully kicked my legs apart.

"That's better, darling, much easier on your wrists and it sticks you bottom nicely out."

I knew myself marvelously exposed, my back for the lash and my bottom for the cane. I was breathing fast and had to expert will power not to look back over my shoulder. I could not move without spoiling the wicked posture.

"This lovely cane and the way I will use it upon you will hurt more than anything you've ever known, Miss Sybil Chalmers." The voice still dripped honey. "You are free to act, dear, in any way your flesh dictates. Are you ready?"

What came next remains a blur of agony, so great as to rob me of breath, coherent thought, but not motion. I simply went wild against the divan's straps. Perhaps the blow came too soon after the severity of my master's treatment of exactly the same spot, I do not know. All I knew was that something impossible and outrageous had happened and I couldn't possibly endure more of it. I gave my wrists a terrible time was twisting and tugging and even moving the heavy piece of furniture itself. In the end I found myself kneeling with my head pressed against the wood I was attached to, my wrists hurting, and my arms raised awkwardly. I was sobbing like a child. I don't think I realized Marjorie could whip me as well in that position as any other. My mind was out of gear, all I wanted to do was weep out my misery.

My skin was crawling in a terrible anticipation of the next blow, but no blow came. Fingers were at work and in total disbelief I discovered my hands were free. With conscious will I did the strangest thing; I put them behind my back and crossed them in the implicit conviction I must loose them in bondage. Mischievously, the end of Marjorie's cane inserted into in between and flipped my arms to either side in rejection of my submission. I buried my face within my newly freed hands and wept anew.

"Was it all that bad, darling?"

"Yes." A silence dragged on until I asked, "How must I address you? Should I call you Mistress?"

"You will call me Marjorie, its my name. To you I am a woman not a punishment machine."

I had clenched my eyes but now opened one. A while handkerchief fell within my hands. I used it to dab away with better effect than with my fingers. I opened my other eye and asked, "Do you want me to put my wrists back in the straps, Marjorie?"

Bill Trafford had always been "Master" in my thoughts. Marjorie Monet now owned me as completely as he ever had. She might be Marjorie but I thought of her as "Mistress." She now lifted me erect, finished drying my eyes, then rearranged my hair. She kissed me lovingly.

"Feel better, Sybil."

"Yes... Yes, thank you. Don't you want to strap my hands again and finish whipping me?"

"You little goose, how quaintly naive you are. I gave you that one stroke you would know how cruel I can be. Who knows, you may never get another."

Doubtfully I eyed the lovely woman I must address only by her name. Marjorie Monet was positively glowing with delight.

"I put on a dismal performance," I said, "why do you look so pleased?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about me, Sybil." She patted my arm. "I have my own private thoughts, the same as you. Don't try and interrupt them." A pause. "I wish you could have seen yourself, you thrashed around like a gaffed fish. We'll do it again some time but not this evening. You do know what we'll do this evening, don't you?"

I knew for sure. I could pick up vibrations from Marjorie Monet as though I had belonged to her all my life. When she told me to resume my kneeling pose with my head against the back of the divan, I knew why and obeyed. My heart was thudding.

"I've got something to show you, Sybil, turn around."

Marjorie Monet was superlative. I had been curious about her nakedness from the start, and here it was in all its nude glory! She had chosen to pose for me with both hands bunching her hair behind her neck. Slowly I got to my feet, my eyes held by female flesh and stared at the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. There were no words then or now to describe Marjorie Monet, she vibrated a sexuality in wave after wave I could almost feel as if there was a need to defend myself against the power of such loveliness.

"Like me, Sybil?"

"Yesssssss!" I hissed. "Oh, yes!" I was groping for adequate words but Marjorie's laughter interrupted any discovery I might have made.

"There isn't a word for me, you precious girl. I've been trying to find a word for me for years and all I can come up with is the belief I'm a witch. Does that frighten you?"

If it was true it would explain so much. But witches belonged in legends, they were never real. But I had to consider the change in myself since this vivid beauty had purchased me. I had become submissive to a degree to which I was ashamed. The power or drug, whichever it might be, was working on my now. I knelt once more, but this time facing my new mistress, and gazed at a black forest of pubic hair. The thighs in front of my face widen themselves in invitation until I could behold, waiting

for my tongue and lips, the venus mound, hot with desire and calling to me. Hungrily I lunged forward to clasp my mistress behind each hip to drag her hard against my avid mouth. No word was spoken. It simply happened.

From some hidden recess in that murky past I could not remember there came to mind the knowledge of the taste and flavor of girls being different one from the other. I had never thought of it before, I had not been a lesbian. It was thing joked about in some private communion. But now, after my first few probings with my tongue, I was feeding ravenously within the hot sheath Miss Marjorie Monet, and her taste was good! It was more than good, it was the nectar and ambrosia of legend and fable. As I avidly worked away, I wondered fleetingly if this was one more trick of drugs or a cunning condiment of a chemist's lab. But I thrust the unworthy thought aside. Here was beauty, here was glory, here was a dimension far beyond The Male. Impelled by pure female appetite, I applied my lips and tongue with all the vigor I possessed. Tender hands were in my hair to draw me deeper and deeper within her thighs as the lovely hips began an undulating response beneath my hands. I feasted on and on until my tongue was tired and I was forced to come up from within the lovely flesh to catch my breath. The hand within my hair tilted back my head so I could gaze up at my mistress in an adoration of worship. I plucked hairs from my lips. I was in a daze of happiness. It was not until my mouth was thrust hard back into the warm wetness of Marjorie that I realized a passage of time. I had been paying homage to a pagan goddess for a long, long time. If Marjorie had climaxed, it was something I had failed to note. My fervor was as great as ever and my application to my task as ardent as before. But as the minutes fled and I once more had a need of breathe, I was force to wonder. As if reading that thought loving hands tilted my hand back and allowed me to say, "You haven't climaxed, my Mistress. Do I not please you?"

"I told you, beloved girl, I am a witch. A witch is forever."

The hands left my hair to raise me erect then turn me around and gather my arms. There came the magic click of handcuffs and I had lost my hands. I did not care, it seemed a small thing beside this glory I had found. Miss Marjorie Monet led Miss Sybil Chalmers upstairs to her bedroom. There upon the bed, like a seal with flippers but no hands, I resumed my task. I discovered I did not need hands, all I needed was my tongue and my lips and my adoration. I was possessed by a witch.

I was allowed to sleep late. When I sat up in bright sunlight I discovered my hands were still locked behind my back. I did not care, I cared about nothing but Marjorie Monet. When Jennifer came she laughed about my vacant stare.

"Our Mistress has placed her spell on you," she said laughingly. "Is she not wonderful?"

I could think only in adjectives which in the light of day might be absurd. I managed to mumble, "She says she is a witch, Jennifer. Is it true?"

"She is a witch!" The girl kissed me reassuringly. "We all know she is a witch. It explains so much." "Can you unlock my hands, Jennifer?"

"I'm not allowed to, darling. I've been told to bath you and feed you and take you back to the cane field and the machete." She paused to watch the expression on my face. "You must not think one magic night with a witch absolves you of anything, darling. All us ponies have had such a night and can only hope for another." She giggled. "It is the carrot before the donkey's nose. Come, Miss Chalmers, I will attend you."

I followed in a happy stupor. I was bathed and fed and laughed at.

"It is not every pony who is owned by a witch," Jennifer assured me solemnly. "But if the witch likes you, you will not be marked too often by the whip." She sighed happily. "The witch likes me. I think she likes you, too. We are very lucky."

The cane field quickly dissolved the aftermath of enhancement. Once more my feet were leg-ironed and I plied the machete without joy. When the overseer told me my quota was the same as if I had come at the proper time, I was appalled. She was watching me with amusement. "Every thing has its price," she assured, grinning. "Surely you did not expect the glory of the night to cut you cane!"

I hacked away in a fury of desperation but that evening my load was far short of the quota. As I stood nakedly before her the overseer laughed at my dejection, her voice mocking, "Can you run, child?"

"I cannot run. My feet are ironed."

"Then you must be whipped, dear child. Your quota is so far short as to warrant forty strokes. But you are young and you are new so we are merciful. You will receive twenty."

Dazed, I moved forward in the line to hear her sharp demand of "Next!"

The ponies in charge handled us with great dispatch. Those who had cut their cane were handcuffed only and sent on to their stable. Those who had failed were set aside to await their punishment. There were five of us, all trembling.

We were marshaled in line to await the cut of the thongs. All were leg-ironed as was I, it was a convenient way of inhibiting escape as we cut away at the cane. It kept us in subjection now. We looked at each other unhappily and kicked shackled feet as if to assure ourselves that what was about to be done to us was an inevitable fact we could not escape. The overseer chose me for her homily.

"You poor child, you think that because our Mistress bestowed her love upon you in the night that you should not labor throughout the day?" She laughed at my

woebegone expression. "Next time you will awake at dawn and seek the leg irons for your feet that you may cut your quota for the day."

I knew it all too well but wondered if a "next time" would ever happen. Probably I would be chained within the ponies' quarters for the night and would have no choice for early rising and chaining of my feet. I said a dejected, "Thank you," and watched the first maiden to be punished taken from the line. My heart bleed for her as it bleed for me!

It was simply, efficient and speedy, a job to be dealt with at the end of each day. With so many girl working at the cane, it was understandable some of them would always require this reminder of their slavery. With four other pairs of eyes, I watched the chosen maiden shuffle her chained feet to the chosen place where her wrists were expertly and quickly bound and she was hoisted up from an overhanging beam to kick with her feet well off the ground and to plead for mercy she must have know would not be granted. She had a beautiful, slender youthfulness, she was younger than I, and hung thus by her wrists, gazing around in anxious dread until the overseer approached with the whip.

The girl got twenty strokes, the same as I was promised. From the first she kicked and screamed and contorted in ways to offer, without intent, portions of her nakedness to the overseer who took the fullest advantage of each exposure. At the end of twenty strokes she hung in limp and passive and sobbing repentance. She was lowered and quickly released, the leg irons taken from her feet, and told to go about her business. She hurried away towards the stables leaving us only a vision of scarlet strips and bruised flesh.

One by one we were dealt with. I was last. Each girl received ten, twenty or thirty strokes of the punishing whip according to the degree in which her efforts through the day had failed to please. When each one was relieved of her leg irons at the end of her punishment, she lost no time in running to the stable where, presumably, she would be chained afresh or locked within a cage. When my own time came I knew what to expect.

The pain was worse for being inflicted on me without love. I hung there nakedly, my wrists on fire, and kicked uselessly at the shackles on my feet. It was an expression of my dismay and disappoint that Marjorie Monet could love me as she had the night before and then subject me to this... It seemed impossible!

The overseer knew where to hurt a girl. I had noticed that in watching the other girls get their punishments. "Spread your legs wide open, Sybil my dear."

It was a cruelty none of us deserved. The hard slash across our back should have been enough without this intrusion into our secret place. But what could I do! Knowing what was to come, I spread my legs and thighs as wide apart as I could contrive. Almost instantly fire burned my sex. Then in a rapid succession of blows

went up and down the inside of my thighs where the flesh of a girl is most tender. At the end of the overseer's pleasure I was lowered to the ground to sob while my feet were freed of irons and my bottom patted with the calm injunction to join the girl.

As I made my way to the stable I was more concerned with the hurts just dealt me than with whatever lay ahead. It's hateful for a girl to be whipped up and into her sex. And the lashing of my thighs would keep me remembering my shortage in the cane field for some time to come. I was a sad little girl when I presented myself at the stable.

Girls and girls and girls everywhere! The naked ponies seemed everywhere and, compared to what I was accustomed to, there seemed an awful lot of them. One pony alone was free and in charge, the rest were behind the bars of their stalls. A couple of those whipped with me but minute past were huddled in the straw and weeping quietly. I suspected it was a quite normal day on the premises of Marjorie Monet.

The free pony said, "Oh, there you are, Sybil," her face lighting up as though we were old friends. "I've got a special directive about you, dear. Stick out your hand, I hope you don't mind..."

I knew it didn't matter whether I minded or not. I stuck out my hand and watched its wrist clasp in the bitter steel jaws of one of those horrible cuffs with a handle to break your wrist if you didn't behave. "You don't need that awful thing," I told her in dismay. "I'm not going to run away or do something stupid. I'll obey you."

The pony's smile was definitely of the Estate, warm and friendly and full of affection. "I won't twist it on you, darling, but it's better you wear it. There's no sense me taking chances on you, and you taking chances on yourself. There's times when it's terribly tempting to run."

I did not argue. I allowed the pony to possess my wrist but was careful to do nothing which might cause alarm. We made a circumspect journey to the house and then, surprisingly, up the stairs to the bedroom of our mistress. It was unoccupied. I was told to take a bath and make myself pretty. The wicked cuff remained on my wrist, handle and all, no doubt on the basis of taking no chances. I bathed thankfully, glorying in the contrast to the cane field. Then, with the help of my charming jailer, we used feminine skills on face and hair for an end result with which she seemed more than satisfied. My fortunes then started to go downhill.

"Open you mouth, darling."

I stood and stared stupidly. With a tinkle of laughter, my pony went to a draw and on her return thrust a ping-pong ball into my unresisting hand. "Pop it in you mouth, dear. Sorry I startled you."

An innocent ping-pong ball! But I was instantly alert, guessing what would be to come. I slipped the small, hollow sphere between my lips to discover it filling my mouth to an unsuspected degree.

"And now, darling, I want you to clench your lips real tight and sort of suck them in a little. Be a sweetheart and do it real good."

I did as she said. A moment later my lips were deftly sealed by a wide strip of sliver adhesive tape which was kneed and pressed firmly upon my skin. The strip was long enough and wide enough to serve the purpose of making me as silent as the grave. Fearfully I employed my mouth, my tongue, my teeth in an effort to break the seal and expel the ball. It was quite useless. My mouth was a sealed tomb containing a pretty little ball that depressed my tongue and inhibited whatever noised I might have made. My pony patted her work lovingly in a final inspection before telling me to lay down on the rug. She had not bothered to repossess the handle of the cuff but its mere presence made me cautious and ready to please. I tried to ask if she wanted me on my belly or back, but no word came out. Not that one was needed, my pony knew it all.

"On your tummy, darling, I want to make you comfortable. I'll take that cuff off in a moment."

Suddenly there was rope. Two lengths of heavy, limber cord. My left ankle was thrust against a heavy ring and bound to it with circle after circle of the stricture. It was not brutally tight but tight enough! I was then told to kneel. I managed this without much difficulty, even with the cord on my ankle. The wicked cuff was taken from my wrist before my wrists were crossed as I passively made them available. They were tight tied. It is quite something for a girl to watch the binding of her hands at such close range. Mine were at the level of my eyes so I could see each cunning twist and turn of cord and note the shrewd knots. When my pony was finished with my hands, their wrists wore rope as they might have worn a garment. I wondered if I would be left alone long enough to put my teeth to work.

"Now back down, dear, just lay flat, I'll do the rest."

I found it pleasant to lay quietly while I was so sweetly constrained, controlled and captivated. My pony was now engaged in what appeared to be a matter of delicate adjustment. My bound hands were drawn tight above my head so I lay totally stretched. The cord laying from their binding was inserted within another ring and neatly tied with a bow.

"I want you to struggle, darling, twist around as you might if you wanted to escape. Pretty please?"

I struggled and was no longer pleased either with myself or with my bonds. This girl had me in a fix for sure. But some of my apprehension evaporated as she freed the

knot and gave me several inches of slack. ' 'Try again,'' she commanded. ' 'This should be better.''

It was better. I had just enough movement to enable me to toss and turn and raise my head to look around. When I did that I could see my tied wrists not far off but no matter how I stained and heaved and struggled, I could not get my lips anywhere close. It was a case of being able to see but not touch. I was going to be frustrated half to death. I looked up at a pair of shinning eyes and tried to tell how awful this would be but I made no sound. I shook my head in anger and was rewarded by a gentle kiss on my forehead and a pat on my bare shoulder before my pony told me I was nicely fixed and she had to hurry on. Then I was alone.

I tested a strictly limited freedom, probably about four inches of slack. My ankle was firmly anchored and there was no way my teeth could reach my wrists. As I struggled I noticed that my tummy and breasts and nipples rubbed against the carpet in a way that was not unpleasant. But I got no near to escape. Finally one cheek found what comfort it could by resting on a bare arm. Soon I would know the glory of my mistress' flesh and would be all the more happy for my present travail. All I had to do was be patient.

I must have dozed. A day in the cane makes it easy to fall asleep. I awoke to voices, my mistress and one other. A charmingly animated pony I had not seen before but who obviously knew her way around. She was sparklingly happy and I could guess why. I hated the ropes with which I was bound with a bitter hatred which lapped over to include the ping-pong ball inside my mouth and the tape over my lips. As far as the two girls were concerned I might have not existed at all. I was not kissed, nor did my bonds justify comment. However, I received a sort of indirect honorable mention.

"The poor darling can't talk, Mona. It's much better to have them so they can't say a word. The first time they learn they must share their mistress is hard on them and they come up with all sorts of sad things best left unsaid. I expect you remember you first night on the floor?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress! I wanted to die."

Since both of them avoided meeting my eyes, the struggled I then indulged in lost most of their impact. I wanted Miss Marjorie Monet to know the desuetude of Miss Sybil Chalmers. I managed to bang one hip upon the rug and to extract from the iron ring to which my hands were bound a series of metallic protests. The whole performance was pathetic but all I could contrive. When the two of them put out the light and went to bed, I knew what Mona meant about wanting to die.

The sounds of lovemaking have a poignancy of their own. I could not raise my head high enough to look but my ears registered every tiny nuance from lips and tongue

and the panting of hot breath. There were other sounds, too, which almost broke my heart.

Struggling was hard work. It hurt my ankle and wrists and did no good at all except as an expression of discontent. I went through these spasms of revolt again and again with nothing but the mockery of my bonds as a reward. I suppose the whole series of efforts could be summed up in one word: reproach. Finally, in a pause in the lovemaking, I heard my mistress' voice in languid content from where she reposed from the last of a series of orgasms.

"Mona, dear, you'd better take the whip to the poor darling, she's making such a fuss. Just whip her lightly for a while as you explain to her she's suppose to stay still. We mustn't be too hard on the poor thing, she's still being trained, and I'm sure she's not a bit happy. You see how wise it is to keep her gagged."

I froze. Had I been able to I would have curled up in horror. Common sense told me to lay flat on my face while I listened to Mona go to a draw and then come back to kneel beside me and whisper, "You heard what our Mistress said, darling, you mustn't take on so. Don't listen to us. Go to sleep. Now I have to whip you. I'm terribly sorry."

Mona whipped me. Quite likely she was not doing it as hard as she could have done but it hurt horribly anyway as the leather bit up and down my back. My bottom was already so badly marked she probably thought it best to leave that part of me alone. I squealed and moaned but the gag mocked my efforts. Dimly I was aware that half of what I suffered as I shifted back and forth beneath the whip was shame and humiliation and, above all, envy for the girl taking my place.

"Please don't make such a fuss, darling. I'll whip you some more now so you'll understand what you have to do. Just keep quiet and don't listen."

A gentle hand moved aside my hair to enable lips to kiss the nape of my neck and whisper, "Remember, Sybil, I have been tied the way you are now and I got whipped, too. Don't worry, our Mistress will chose you again."

The whip took up its task once more. I twisted and tugged at my ropes as if it would do any good. After centuries, the sleepy voice from the bed intruded, "That's enough, Mona dear, she'll behave herself now. Come on, hurry back." I cried myself to sleep, obvious to the sounds of lovemaking.

The properties of Marjorie Monet were an estate within the Estate. The woman I now called mistress queened over the entire domain, ruling it with a hand of iron couples with verbal signs of affection and even love in tones of deep sincerity. Escorted to the stables in early morning I realized I was one pony among many, and realized with chagrin and disappointment. I was handcuffed and pushed within an iron-barred stall with one other naked girl who was obviously aflame with curiosity.

"You're an Original, aren't you? And you've run away twice and you've just spent the night tied on the floor beside her bed." The excitement burst from her in a flood. "My name's Susan and your name's Sybil. Do you notice our hair is the same color, so today we'll be a team she'll drive all day. We're lucky!" She paused, breathless, eyes shinning.

Like all the rest, Susan was a sweetheart, she admired my marked skin in obvious awe and said regretfully the only marks she ever got were from a buggy whip. She was handcuffed the same as I was but explained the steel bands away as marks of honor and royal favor. Today we would run as a team and it was only proper we bear an appropriate sign.

I asked my usual questions about why didn't she run away, and hold could she stand being locked in a cage, and how could she enjoy being a horse. Susan listened in obvious embarrassment and told me I shouldn't say such things, not even think them! She hoped she would not hear any more of that nonsense while we were ponies together. She was very sweet and concerned so I shut up and said instead how tremendously pleased I was to be handcuffed and locked in a cage with her, my sarcasm missing her entirely.

The buggies of Miss Marjorie Monet were different but most practical. Instead of twin shafts there was only one between Susan and myself. But our harness now included a wide leather band tightly cinched between our tummies, the outside of which was a leather strap and buckle for our one free hand. When this was strapped tight around my wrist I knew I had lost that hand for sure. The single shaft was raised to there my other forearm could be strapped to it on one side with Susan's on the other. This would have made the buggy harder for us to pull had it not been for traces now led from the belts around our waists. Our leather harness was very expensive and now nestled within our feminine contours with love. The bits were different. There was not so much leather as before. Our tongues were clamped the same but the bit had its rings held by a tighter stricture fastening at the nape of our neck. My bit was also joined to Susan's by a light strap with a snap at each end, thus imposing equal guidance by she who held the reins. We were tightly attached for our day. I found myself wishing that, for once, my fellow ponies did not always smile.

The bits were severe but I preferred mine to the bit straps previously used on me. Now my hair could billow in the wind and could be tossed from side to side in the most feminine of gestures I could not explain. I tossed mine at Susan and she tossed hers back at me. Neither of us had any doubt about being a beautiful and desirable pair of ponies. I supposed we both hoped our mistress would be proud of us, I know I did.

"Hello, darlings, my you do look smart!" Our mistress was inspecting our harness with a wise and knowing eye but tightened nothing. "We have the loveliest day

ahead. So many calls to make... I soon knew I was lucky in Susan. There was a rapport between us which lightened our load and, since we could not speak, allowed our minds to rove in ways our limbs could not. With a flurry of flashing legs we went down the road.

Halted at a hitching rail while our mistress did her business elsewhere, I noticed that we were leashed by a leather strap from Susan's bit which then circled the rail a couple of times before being brought up to be snapped on mine. It gave us some play but was another case of "' you did not struggle, you did not hurt." We looked at each other and with rueful motions of our eyes, acknowledged our desire to talk along with our inability to do so. For Miss Monet's ponies everything was normal.

I found our mid day break embarrassing and was glad it did not in a pubic place. When our mistress went to the house on her affairs she relegated Susan and I to the loving mercies of the farmstead pony in charge that day. We were not taken into the stable but outside had a wooden box thrust against the back of our legs and were told to, "Sit down, darlings, I'm sure you're tired."

We sat down gratefully. So long as we had something to sit on, nothing changed, we were still tightly secured and leashed to the rail. Next we received a brimming bucket of water into which we were forced to dunk half our face in order to drink through the steel gag and harnessed head. When we came up for air for the last time, our pony in charge wiped our faces with a clean rag and said we were good ponies who could now rest at our mistress' convenience. She added that we would run better if not fed.

It would have been wonderful for a girl wanting to reduce. Neither Susan nor I did. We sat side by side in hour harness and bits and did our talking with our eyes. Tiring of this, and under the warm sun, we went to sleep leaning against each other for support. It was the strangest noon time I had ever known. Our slumber came after we had nuzzled each other as best we could within the limitations of our straps.

The middle of our afternoon brought drama. We were safely tethered to the rail when a four pony team drew up with a tremendous flourish and I found myself staring at Nona, Celie, Melody and Inga. But above all the concerned features of Bill Trafford, the man I still called "Master."

I could see my master was debating turning his team around or to recognize me. But his girls were all tossing their heads in greeting and making silent motions of pleasure at seeing me again. Bill Trafford dismounted his buggy, tethered his team to the rail, and then came to stand in front of me.

"How's it going, sweetheart?"

His conventional greeting might have been absurd but sounded wonderful. I made silly noises through my gag. Bill had always been the man of decision. He was so

now. Within moments he had unfastened the straps and taken the bit from my tongue. Repeating his sentence, "How you doing, Sybil? How's her ladyship treating you?"

I could only answer him by a flood of words for which there was no time. I did the best I could. "I'm okay, Bill. Don't worry about me."

He took my shoulders to kiss my mouth hard, but hastily, then turned me as far around as my harness allowed. "You've been whipped!" his voice accused.

"You whipped me, too, Bill. Ponies do get whipped, don't they?"

"What did you get whipped for?"

I told him my brief history since being sold for the second time, omitting the sexual details. I think he was debating whether my treatment was better or worse than other ponies when Marjorie Monet returned, eyes missing nothing.

"Hello, Bill. Fraternizing with ponies, I see?"

"Don't make a big thing of it, Marjorie." His voice was harsh. "When I run into Sybil you need not think I'll be a boor. Don't pull rank."

"Darling, as if I would!" Her voice was once more honey. "Has our little darling answered your questions?" I could tell Bill wanted to lie. There was evidently more to this conversation than I knew. But his eye rested on Susan, who had been listening.

"Of course I've talked to her and she's talked to me. You'll notice the bit is out of her mouth."

"Ponies are not suppose to hold conversations with passing gentlemen, Bill." Reproof hung heavy in the air.

"Look, Marjorie, don't be a bitch."

The feminine hand rose in sharp command. "You know the rules as well as I do, Bill Trafford. I'm going to have to punish your sweet young thing because of your indiscretion."

"Look here, Marjorie, don't be ridiculous. If hurting Sybil is the only way you can touch me, it doesn't say much for your authority." Savagely he wheeled about and, without a backward glance, strode towards the farmstead, leaving me with the bit dangling from one ring. The mistress wasted no words but went to the buggy to return with something I shuttered at, a braided slender length she snapped on my belt at the back then pulled hard through my crotch. She spread my lips so the

leather would rest directly over and in contact with my clit. It was cinched up hard to the belt. While I could still speak I wailed aloud, "No, please. Marjorie, no, I have to run. You want me to run, don't you?"

They were my last words. At her brisk command of, "Open your mouth," I allowed my tongue to be once more clamped and the beastly bit fastened to its ring. I was now back to square one but with the addition of a cutting cord hard within my secret place and promising to bite much harder as I ran. Susan had watched the whole thing but could only give me a shrug of sympathy as our Mistress climbed back into the driver's seat and took the reins.

Being a pony can be fun. I expect that's why they all look so damned pleased with themselves. They had all been sentenced to ten year's servitude but it was a gloriously erotic servitude complete with female company. They saw the bonds they wore as nothing more than pretty bracelets or collars. I was so far from their thinking I could have cried.

The rest of the afternoon was bad. If frustration needed emphasis, I had it for sure! That beastly, braided cord tight within my crotch became a living torture, extracting vengeance for every word I had said to my master. I could not get the burning thing out of my cleft. My lips clutched it as though in love as it burrowed deeper and deeper within my wet sheath with each step I took. I collected snapping whip marks aplenty, being so preoccupied with the thing between my legs I forget to keep pace. In the end I just ran blindly and in a pain I could do nothing to ease.

When we returned to our home stable at the end of the day, our mistress snapped my torture strap and jerked it out. If I had thought the pain was bad before, I now screamed. It left my sex burning and then tingling and burning. Susan and I were then collared and joined by a three foot padlocked chain before being hosed down and returned to our barred stall. Susan comforted me tenderly and cupped my throbbing, swollen lips within a friendly palm. But I knew she could not fully understand my pain. I guess she had never had that happen to her.

That night I was summoned once more to the bedroom of my mistress.

Chapter Five - Collared And Cuffed

I made the passage from barn to bedroom without bonds, totally unrestrained. It seemed this was a favorite method in the Estate of testing its Originals. I think only the Originals wanted escape, the other ponies being contended with their lot. Probably the result of what my mistress called ' 'being trained." Perhaps it was the thought of what might await in that bedroom that kept me on the straight and narrow path without serious thought of escape. Would it be a night of pleasure with my mistress? Or another night of frustration as I was forced by strict bondage to watch and listen to another pony received her attentions, her love, her wonderful ecstasies?

Or was I simply becoming a pony who obeyed without question.

I walked into the beautiful bedroom and said brightly, "Here I am, Mistress, I am so glad you want me."

"You don't hate me for last night, darling?" Marjorie sounded sincerely concerned.

"I do not hate you, Mistress. I understand why you thought it necessary. I think I benefited. Thank you."

"Silly girl, give me your hands. I want to handcuff you while we talk."

"Why the handcuffs, Mistress, you know I'm not going to run away, not from this room and you." "Because you're a pony, darling. Ponies should not be allowed to roam free. Besides, I like to watch you try and look after your hands after they're joined. You have a hell of a time trying to figure out what to do with them."

I blushed as I watched they joined. It as true, I never knew where to hold my hands once they were cuffed. Now the shinning steel was clicked tight about my wrists, I didn't know what to say but my mistress did.

"How's your pussy, sweetheart?"

"Swollen and sore. Please, Mistress, don't punished me like that again."

"You're going to be a good girl?"

"It wasn't my fault Mr. Trafford wanted to speak to me. When he took the bit out of my mouth I couldn't very well refuse to say anything."

"Yes, you could. A good pony would have told him so in a couple of words then looked the other way."

I sighed. I could never win. Dejectedly I exclaimed, "So I got punished because someone was trying to be polite."

"And you will be punished some more, darling, if you don't change the tone of your voice."

I slumped. Love seemed to have flown out the window. My mistress clapped her hands and, when the waiting pony appeared, said, "Spread-eagle on the bed." I had expected love, but the slaves of Miss Marjorie Monet must never be disappointed but always ready for a fresh direction. I got mine now. The pony was, as always, warm with affection, and when she told me to lay on my back upon the bed, I did so without question. I was certain now something would happen I would not like.

Marjorie's bed held hidden secrets. Four of them were wristlets and anklets of leather with small padlocks and chains. They were locked on my wrists and ankles and pulled tight. I had not yet been whipped across my breasts, perhaps this was the night! The pony said a polite, "Good night, Mistress," and went away. I was alone with the mistress who owned me totally. She looked down on my spread wide open feminine body.

"You are very beautiful, Sybil. You are becoming an addiction."

I shifted uneasily beneath the loving eyes. I knew I could never free myself but the short chains allowed a small amount of motion. Whatever was done to me, I could twist and move a few inches but never enough to hid any of my exposed body. Quietly I said, "You possess me. What are you going to do, Mistress?"

Marjorie laughed in delight. "You are too, too sweet, Sybil. You made up your mind you're going to be tortured, haven't you? You want to get it done and over with. You want to scream and scream." She allowed the pause to lengthen. "That's right, isn't it? Tell me that's right?"

"That's not right, Mistress... Marjorie, I don't want to be tortured and I don't want to scream. Why can't I love you?"

Marjorie did not answer. Instead she palmed my swollen lips as Susan had done earlier in the stall. Her hand bombarded my sex with vibrations all her own, speaking a promise I could scarce believe. My legs were wide spread and I could not close them. My pubic bush was prominent to view and Marjorie Monet was holding in a hot hand that part of me she had punished earlier in the day. It was swollen and doubly sensitive. I moaned but said no word. I tensed my arms and legs against their chains in the only express of desire I could make, but instantly relaxed to lay passive and outspread. The bed was an altar and I was the naked sacrifice to the desire of Marjorie Monet.

I scarcely dared hope. A naked, spread-eagled girl is available for torture or for love. My mistress read my thoughts and laughed at me. "Have you not guessed, little one, what I will do to you now?" She gave a hard squeeze to my tender flesh. "Does that give you no hint?"

Marjorie relinquished her hold and the warm air of the room felt cold upon the small part of me where her hand had been. Never taking her eyes from my face, she removed her clothes with the delicate and precise motions of a professional striptease. My pause accelerated until I was breathless in a complexity of emotions. My mistress stretched and posed in deliberate provocation.

"You're deliciously helpless, little one. I like the effect of the black chains on your white sheet. Struggle some more, I want you to."

I fought my bounds under Marjorie Monet's quiet approval. She nodded as if in confirmation of a secret thought before reaching under the bed to produce a flat board a couple of feet long from the center of which rose another piece of wood to a height of perhaps six inches. The base was broad and wide to stabilize the softness of the bed. The edge of the riser was less than an inch wide. I could guess its use.

"Raise your hips, dear, I think you have enough slack."

Marjorie was kneeling beside me on the bed. She added her own arm to add the elevation my hips could not contrive. Deftly she thrust the wooden contraption beneath my back. When she removed her arm and I relax I was denied the comfort of the covers. But I was forced to arch my back up or allow it to rest against the board's edge. Either way was a punishment, and either way had the obscene effect of thrusting my sexual organ into cruel prominence. I had indeed become the sacrifice upon the altar of a strange love. "Hurt?"

"Yes, Marjorie, it hurts. Its suppose to, isn't it?"

"Keeps your little pussy nicely available, darling. When I think of what I'm going to do to it... Hmmmmmmmm!"

The wooden contraption had changed me from a naked, spread-eagled girl to an interesting exhibit. The last thing I wanted to do was let my weight rest on the edge of that damned board but my ability to raise my hips up was limited to the few moments I could stand the strain. I knew exactly what I was doing and how I would look but could devise no way of improving my plight. The result was a continual motion up and down with my hips and inflamed sex. I gazed up at Marjorie imploringly but all that got me was a loving pat upon the spot I wanted most to hide. When she positioned herself between my legs, the whole world changed.

The moment her tongue penetrated my sheath I remembered she had called herself a witch. She proved it now. I didn't believe anyone but a witch could evoke within my lions, and flood my whole being, the hot fires of sensations. My lips let loose a continuous series of moans and admirations. From the first few minutes of her attentions, I continued to try to ease the wicked attentions of that board which keep me and my feverish puss at an elevation for her convenience. But in that time, Marjorie Monet had worked her magic to render me uncaring of agony, unconcerned with pain and the unnatural spread and exposure of my loins, until I unconsciously relapsed upon the brutal board, daring it to do its worse. From that moment on the pain it inflicted blended with the pleasure and the ecstasy.

Orgasm was inevitable. When it came I deliberately ground my own contours hard against the board's edge with and effect so shattering as to convince me my spine was destroyed in the explosive glory of Marjorie Monet's first victory within my flesh. She paused then only long enough to raise her head and laugh across my tight

breasts to my eyes and moaning lips. Then she resumed her task and her witchery made me instantly potent.

I lay there, bowed across my board, for what may have been hours. Memory became hazy. All I had become was a package subjected to awful pain and even more intense ecstasy. It was greater sensations and emotions than I had ever experienced.

When my mistress was satisfied with this phase of my sexual subjugation, she stood by the bed, patted my wet lips lovingly, and watched my returning conscious of the board beneath my back. The ecstasy had overridden the pain but was now fading. But I was so exhausted, I had lost the will to raise my hips. I belonged to that hateful edge. I do not know why I failed to plead for its removal but I did not. Its burn was a witch's scolding kiss upon my flesh. I moaned steadily even as I met Marjorie's interested eyes.

"So much for phase one," she said. "I'm so glad I made you happy. I've got something else for you now." Her voice was filled with promise. The something else was a dildo into which Marjorie inserted a battery before inserting the whole thing within my sex. A belt and strap went with it and these she ruthlessly tightened around my loins, ignoring my plea that the wooden horror be removed. She had taken several minutes to get the huge artificial penis totally within my flesh to where its base was pressed hard against my lips and held there. She said herself it was neat and tidy, and when she pressed a switch I jerked against my chains in shock. The wicked song of the dildo's motor would not be an incessant accompaniment to all the rest.

"It's a wonderful little thing, darling. Not all that big but it excites a girl in all the right places and will enable me to have a rest. I'm sure you know how tired a girl's lips and tongue can become." She kissed my dry lips. "The battery lasts about four hours so the two of you will get well acquainted while I have a nap. You won't mind if I rest my head on you somewhere, darling?"

"Don't leave me at the mercy of that beastly thing," I pleaded earnestly. "It will make me climax and climax and climax. And in between I'll get the most horror sensations. It won't let me rest. Pleaseeeee...!"

I could feel my first climax building as my mistress settled herself beside me on the bed and rested her head upon one of my chained arms.

I was sure she was comfortable but I was not.

"Don't you dare make a fuss and wake me up, darling," her sleepy voice warned. "If you do, you'll be punished. Just relax and enjoy."

Marjorie Monet was so sweet, so loving, so cruel! I was sure her bit of wood was injuring my spine just as I was sure I would explore from that buzzing little horror inside my sex. The first climax from the vibrator was not the same as that from my mistress' lips and tongue but still a powerful explosion. I had to use all my will to keep from jerking or stiffening my body in the normal reaction to a wonderful climax. And the vibrator buzzed on, giving no rest, no pause. I felt my body starting to react, to build up before I had even come half way down from the last climax. And so it went.

Four hours seemed an eternity. I lost count of orgasms. All I wanted was a stop to that torture of pleasure. I seriously considered screaming at Marjorie Monet to awake her. A punishment whipping might be better than all this overwhelming pleasure.

Do you understand how pleasure can be pain? I still don't believe it but as the time dragged slowly on, the vibrator buzzed away, and my body responded against all my attempts to tell it not to, the pleasure blended with the pain from the boards until I couldn't tell them apart. And didn't care.

There was no rest for Miss Sybil Chalmers as her mistress, Miss Marjorie Monet, slept calmly by her side. The buzzing dildo started me on the climb to another climax and I wanted to scream.

Marjorie slept through it all. When she sat up yawning, she was instantly interested in my adventures with her toy. She insisted I tell her, still gasping, all my sensations from the frustration of chains, to the biting board, and the excitation of the dildo I could not touch. In a surge of relief of having her awake I begged and pleaded for her to flip the switch and get that thing out of me.

"Darling, you've gotten bored. Just a minute, I have the very thing."

I could heard her rummaging in the draw. When she return she sat astride my waist but without weight upon my tortured body, and showed me what she had gone to seek. They were pretty wire clips, maybe designed to hold paper but when I saw them I instantly knew the use to which she would put them now. Unhappily and with another climax approaching, I heard myself saying, "No! Oh, no! Please, Marjorie!"

My nipples were erect, of course. My mistress clipped first one and then the other within the unkind little jaws. The clips hurt with a horrible sort of slow burn to prompt me to say over and over,' 'Take them off... Oh, take them off! Please...!"

Marjorie did not take them off, at least not immediately. She allowed me to suffer them a while, then undipped them, turned them around and clipped them back on with a bit now doubly painful. I think my poor nipples were shocked with pure horror to find themselves treated thus. But they did not go numb, they simply burned and burned and remained upon my breasts for the next three climaxes, which my

mistress watched with pure pleasure. She even flicked the clips back and forth while I gasped and heaved under forced orgasms.

But all things end and I expect Marjorie was bored with my performance. My pleas had been repetitious, and once you've seen one orgasm in a naked, pain-wracked woman, you've seen them all. Well, maybe not, but I wasn't thinking too well about then. She flipped the switch, the motor stopped. Over and over I repeated my thank yous. When she unbuckled the straps she raised me tenderly for a hug but then let me back down onto that damned edge. The clips were still on my nipples and I was about to plead for their release when they were deftly plucked from my breasts and held up for me to view.

"They're so versatile, darling, let me show you."

I don't have large or flabby pussy lips like some girls. But there was enough flesh on each side to accept one of the clips my nipples had born for so long. I could not see it done but I could feel. The pain was suddenly so intense I screamed and screamed while Marjorie stared enraptured at the new pain she was causing me.

"I should gag you, darling, you're making such a noise but I don't want to hurt this darling thing of yours too much." She undipped my lips and threw the wire monsters away. "And now, darling, I'm hungry again. Time to feed."

Chapter Six - Fear And Fetters

It was late when I awoke, and I instantly had the guilt feeling which afflicts those who usually arise early. I gingerly explored myself and when I sat up it was against stiff muscles in my back and legs. The edge of that damned board had done its work all too well and I probably would move like a cripple for a couple of days. Apart from that I seemed okay. And a bit of a hangover from too much sex.

I noticed one of my ankles was chained to the bed while the other three shackled were empty and waiting. My mistress opened a sleepy eye and sat up. After we had yawned and stretched ourselves awake she brightly inquired, "How's the back, darling?"

"I think it's broken. I'm scared to move."

"We can soon fix that, Sybil dear. Get up and touch your toes ten times. No need to hurry at first but I'll expect an improvement by number ten."

Cautiously I fingered where my weight had been on the wooden edge. There was a distinct weal and I guessed a bruise as well. Firmly I said, "I'm sorry, Marjorie, I simply can't."

"Fetch me the cane, dear, by the time you get back you'll discover you're well able to perform that nice simple exercise. Come on now, don't slack off."

I suppose girls like Marjorie are good for girls like me. Cautiously I stood but not erect. I walked to where I knew she kept the cane, each step in imposing its own anguish. But by the time I returned and held out the hated yellow length, I knew I was going to do what I was told. Marjorie accepted the hated instrument and asked politely, "How do you feel about touching your toes now, darling?"

I touched my toes. The first time was bitter agony but the second was almost manageable. By the time I had worked my way stiffly through the entire ten bends, with my eyes upon the cane throughout, I was able to at least walk normally.

"You see, I told you so, darling. You silly girl. I have to punish you just a little. Kneel down and hold out your arm."

I found it hard to believe but the cane told me it was true, the palms of my hands were going to be caned the way they used to do it in schools long ago. But this would be worse, far worse! I knew it would.

Hesitantly I said, "Mistress, that board I had to lay on half the night damn near killed me. Give me a break."

"I'm giving you a break, Sybil, dear. I'm going to cane you once on each of the palms. It's a very modest correction for all this fuss."

I knelt. I extended an arm its full length as if offering my heart, I stretched my hand until its palm was flat and taut.

"I want you to hold quite still, dear. I intend to cane first one hand and then the other. You will not go into contortions until I have completed this punishment. When you have received stroke one, you will allow your arm to fall and then extend the other. Is that clear?"

"It is clear, Mistress, my hand is ready now."

My hand was not ready at all, none of me was ready for the shocking agony of that first blow across a palm never previously punished. I made a yelp and clutched my injured member beneath an armpit while I bent forward in agony. I wanted to cry as a child might cry in school.

"You did that wrong, Sybil, none of this armpit business until you've received both strokes. The one you've just had won't count. Hold out the same hand again."

It was the hardest thing I had ever done. I bore no bonds and could have fled but shuttered to think of my punishment when caught. I extended my arm and opened

my palm. This time I fought back the demons of pain as the cane impacted my taut skin to allow my injured arm to fall limply. I extended the other arm. When that, too, had received its bitter cut, I hugged both my hands within my armpits in a purely instinctive seeking of comfort. I knew Marjorie Monet was watching me in that delighted way she watches punished girls.

After a couple of minutes she said, "We really should go and have breakfast, Sybil darling. Don't forget, you've a full day to put in the cane field."

I gazed up askance from my place on the floor. "But, Marjorie, I can't possibly work in the cane fields. I can't ever manage my quota and then when evening comes I'll be whipped."

"So? Why shouldn't you be whipped?"

"But I don't have a chance of making my quota, you know I don't. And with my back... And now you've hurt my hands... I can't possibly work the way the overseer expects me to."

"Isn't that a shame, darling." Marjorie's eyes were pure mischief. "But I'll bet you come within about thirty strokes. Thirty isn't all that bad, is it?"

"It's murder. I'll but you wouldn't want it."

"But, darling, we're not talking about me, we're talking about you. You've got the marvelous chance of paying for all that glory you had last night with a mere thirty strokes of the whip. Seems like a bargain to me."

"Well, you take them then," I said bitterly. "Couldn't you give me a break. Surely you don't have to send me up into the cane field today. Marjorie, darling, I do try to make you happy."

"Did I hear that right, Sybil, you called me 'darling'?"

"I'm sorry, it slipped out. Please forgive me."

"Forgive nothing! I like it! It shows you're making progress. Try and call me darling more often. Even when I'm hurting you. Understand?"

I understood all too well. Marjorie Monet was conditioning me and before long I'd be as brainwashed as any of the ponies on her farmstead. I told her yes, I understood and I'd do my best. We went down for breakfast.

I had two things to think of during my day in the cane. First was the night before from which my nipples still were sore and my back complained with each stroke of the machete. I wondered if I could call such lovemaking cruel, but knew the only real

cruelty was that board against my spine. And Marjorie would never understand that, she had never been chained spread-eagle on a bed. That type of thing had never happed to Marjorie Monet at all. But I found myself not hating her, yet was uncertain of the other extreme of love. I hacked away at the cane.

From time to time I paused. I was going to be whipped anyway so why bother, why bust my ass over a punishment they was no way I could avoid. I looked down from time to time. Leg irons were so brutally effective on a girl, reducing her to nothing, making escape no more than a silly dream. They were locked on me first thing every morning and would probably stay locked upon my ankles when I was suspended to be whipped that evening. It wasn't much of a prospect and when I compared it with my two nights of lovemaking with Marjorie Monet, I couldn't believe it.

I knew I was being trained. No pattern was visible but I felt certain everything Marjorie did with me was with a purpose. Last night I called her "darling." I would have neither wished nor done that two days ago. But what would she do with me when she considered me trained! I doubted I would be sold, I felt she had some deeper purpose than that. Surely with all the ponies she owned she had bed partners enough and plenty of innocent girl skin to whip. Her stable was full of girls looking at you through iron bars. Marjorie Monet most certainly had it made, so where did I fit in! Sadly I realized I did not know.

Out there, somewhere, was Bill Trafford. Except when out in the cane I had no time to think of him. He seemed terribly remote and academic as if I had dreamed our time together, even though one of us still bore the marks of the whipping he had given me so long ago. All in all I had a lot to think about but none of it good. Always my mind returned to its single purpose: escape.

At the end of day my deficiency was read aloud and punishment allotted. Thirty-four strokes. I stood dejectedly kicking at my leg irons and wondered why each whipping felt worse than the last. I never grew accustomed to the lash, it seemed forever my enemy.

I wanted to tell them I had already been whipped so much that I had no virgin skin to offer. But there was no one to say it to except the overseer who was already busy with other delinquents and would not listen anyway. I got little comfort from being the last girl to be punished, I did not see it as an honor.

When the other sad maidens had been well whipped it came my turn. The audience had shrunk. But it appeared there was to be a chance. The overseer, with the aid of two ponies, proceeded to fit me into a supple harness which might have been made for me, so closely into and follow the contours of my figure. It was no more than a cleverly fabricated web of straps and buckles which they tugged upon me in the manner of garments much too small. The end results was a collar around my neck and a beautifully fashioned harness all the way down to my beautifully strapped ankles. My breasts received particular attention being well confined and tightly

buckled in the back to give them undue prominence, matched only by the strictures around my belly, cutting in deeply. My hips and loins were strapped as if they were alive things anxious to escape. At the finish I was totally enclosed in straps which bit into my skin and inhibited movement. If they had laid me on the ground, I could have rolled around like a fish out of water but that was all. My final helplessness came with my wrists and arms, there were straps for them, too. When they were finally completed, they were tight against my side in the manner of a soldier at attention. The final infliction was still to come, it was a headpiece of hard leather attaching to my collar. At its upper limit was an iron ring. When I was taken to one of the places of suspension the ring was hooked and, as tension was applied to the rope above, I felt the pressure of an unkind tether as my helplessness was lifted from the ground. When I was whipped, I was raised but little to leave my naked wigglings for the convenience of she who held the whip. But this was different. The pulley high above continued to creak against my weight and my tightly harnessed nudity rose until I hung suspended at the limit of the rope. The ground seemed far below, I dared not look.

That was it! Simple but deadly. Whoever had made the harness had done a magnificent job. All of me was in perfect balance. The leather body harness was cleverly designed so that the rope tied to the ring on top of my head took all my weight evenly. I was not really suspended by my head, all parts of the harness held my weight. I could feel the straps cutting in at my elbows, across my breasts, around my hips, even those around my ankles and knees, all taking their portion of the weight somehow transmitted up through my collar into the ring. And I was helpless. Struggling accomplished only in setting my body into a gentle swaying like a pendulum.

Looking down instantly made me stop any movement. If something broke or slipped, I was dead or broken for sure. The overseer and her helper had gone away. I was alone, high above the ground.

They left me there well into the night. As darkness came I cried out for release but no one heard. There were ghosts among the tree tops were I hung in helpless impotence. Below me the whip was waiting. My mistress was probably amusing herself with another pony, unconcerned with my fate.

But this was new bondage to me and a tiny spark of hope flared, a spark that said perhaps I could get something free and then somehow crawl down the support rope or somehow drop to the ground without injury. In spite of the height, I struggled again and again but could find no looseness, could gain no buckle with my fingers. My breasts complained of the tightness of the straps around them as did my crotch and my belly which seemed to be taking most of my weight. I hung in the darkness until sleep claimed me.

At two in the morning I was lowered and released only to be leg-ironed and thrust into a barred stall. One wrist was handcuffed to the wrist of a sleeping girl who never even woke. I, too, sought sleep.

When I was returned to the cane I told the overseer I was too exhausted to meet the quota of the day. She simply shrugged and said it was my own affair. If I preferred the strokes of a whip to honest labor, that was my choice. She casually mentioned my quota had been increased since I was now experienced.

It was mid afternoon when Marjorie Monet brought another woman to view my sweating nakedness. Quite simply I was a slave being sold. As with any sale, my finer points were mentioned.

"She's a darling girl, but inclined to seek escape," Marjorie explained conversationally to her companion who was looking at me with a buyer's eye. "That the reason we keep her leg-ironed. You will notice her leg irons are heavy, there's no way she can run in them, they even impede her walking." Marjorie's voice raised its tone at me. "Isn't that right, Sybil darling? You can't escape, can you?" "I cannot escape, Mistress," I said mechanically. "You see, the little darling is resigned. She has been whipped a lot and has become tractable. You may try her out in a buggy if you wish."

The woman did not want me. I could not tell why. She made her excuses and she and Marjorie walked away to leave me wondering. Perhaps I should have gotten on my knees and pleaded to be purchased. Perhaps I should have made expressions of obedience and affection. I might be whipped for failing to please a buyer. On the other hand, it might be some cunning little ploy of Marjorie's. Perhaps to teach me a lesson or provide a trap that I could fall into and therefore be punished.

Dejectedly I returned to the cane and the machete. The results of my day's work was an inevitable as the sunrise. If fell far short and the same dismal business followed as on other occasions. Leg-ironed I stood dejectedly and watched four other naked ponies whipped in various degrees. When they had made their tearful way to the stables, I held out my hands to be bound as a matter of course, and bound they were! Tight and with a purposeful authority. Then raised to be attached to the overhead tether and drawn just tight enough to leave me with my bare toes only an inch from the ground as I swayed. The overseer laughingly said good night and made her way back to the houses, leaving me totally alone.

It is a terrible thing to be bound and naked and helpless and in the power of another who can perform anything she desires. With my shoulders protesting bitterly at my suspension already, I allowed my mind to rove across possibilities. But that was futile. The overseer might come and laughingly release me or return to whip me cruelly. There was no telling. All I could be certain of was that I wasn't going anywhere my myself. I wondered if the day would come when I made my quota or would someone always make sure I never reached that goal. In the midst of these

sad reflections I lifted my bowed head between my stressed arms to find Marjorie Monet laughing at me. I had no doubt Miss Sybil Chalmers was a pitiful sight.

"You always look gorgeous, darling." Marjorie was in her usual form. "You have a positive gift for looking unhappy."

"I don't have anything to be happy about," I muttered. "Oh, Marjorie, please let my feet down on the ground. Please let me loose, I can't help that quota, we both knew I'd never make it." "Rules are rules, darling. You know you have to be whipped." "No I don't, not if you say so. Oh, Marjorie, you own me so utterly. Don't be cruel." "You have a short memory, Sybil. Was I cruel last night?" "No... No, I guess not. I'm sorry." I managed an apologetic glance. "It's just that I hurt so much like this I can't think straight. Oh, Marjorie, please let me down." "You really don't want to be whipped, Marjorie's shocked surprise at my absence of appreciation at being flogged was loaded with mischief. She was having fun. All I could think to say was, "I hate being whipped. It hurts so damned awful!"

"Something else perhaps, darling?" Marjorie coaxed helpfully.

"Oh, yes, anything but the awful number of strokes she's waiting to give me. Anything!"

"Darling, do you realize you've given me carte blanche? You and your 'anything'?"

"I can't help it. I'm just so scared."

The smug satisfaction on my mistress' face bespoke my error. But I was hurting too much to care and Marjorie's witchery was having its usual effect. If she had sweetly asked if I would like to be branded, I expect I would have said yes. As absurd as it may be, my entire being was filled with love for her as she untied the overseer's cords. The moment I was free I fell to my knees to grasp her in a hungry embrace of gratitude, my arms around her legs, my head nestled comfortably against her pubic patch under her dress. It was a wonderful moment I wanted to last.

"My, my, darling, such affection! I'm touched." Her hands caressed my hair and drew my face closer towards her sex. "How would it be I take you home now and you get your punishment, the one you call 'anything,' tomorrow?"

"Oh, Marjorie, thank you, thank you!" At that moment I knew I loved Marjorie Monet.

We walked very slowly. Marjorie did not unlock my leg irons and I did not asked. If we had the night together, speed mattered very little. Being ironed in the cane field had taught me much about coping with the heavy links and wide iron bands. Marjorie and I held hands like a couple of kids.

The ponies were a surprise. But I was becoming accustomed to surprises and all I felt was a pang of jealousy over them being bound to the bottom post of Marjorie's four-poster bed. Someone had made a pretty job of fastening them as then now stood, their bound hands above their heads tied tight to the post, and the encirclements of rope around their narrow waist to clamp them tight against the wood. Each girl was free from her waist down but was still cruelly helpless. They looked at me with endless curiosity.

"They're both Originals, Sybil darling, just like you. I only recently acquired them and the sweet things have so much to learn." Marjorie sounded almost maternal.

"We've been kidnapped," said the older of the two forcefully. "This is a police matter. I can see from those things on your feet you're a prisoner, too." Her voice became pathetic. ' 'Why can't we remember anything...?"

"We don't agree with anything that's been done to us," said the younger captive. "We're supposed to be in training for something or the other. It's all crazy."

"Poor dears, they're frightfully disoriented," Marjorie observed cheerfully. She handed me two ping-pong balls and a roll of adhesive I recognized all too well. "Gag them, Sybil, the way you were gagged the other night. They do talk such nonsense."

"Don't you dare. You've got no right," the retort was instant.

"Please don't gag us, we've never been gagged in our lives. I think it's horrible."

I looked from the ping-pong balls to the tape to the two outraged maidens poses so prettily on the posts. I looked at Marjorie and wondered how I could evade the distasteful task. I said he obvious, "But, Mistress, they won't open their mouths. And I'm sure they'll refuse to clench their lips." "In that case I'll whip them until they do, darling. No problem." I sighed. I shrugged at the older girl. "I'm sorry about this but please don't fight, it won't do a bit of good." I showed her a ping-pong ball. "Please open your mouth."

I had been too trusting and had gotten too close. My reply was a savagely dealt but limited kick in my tummy. I stepped, gasping and clutching my middle. I wasn't hurt, just shocked. Marjorie proceeded to whip the offending nudity with cruel precision, cutting across tight clench thighs and snapping strokes across firm breasts that could not move. It was very little time before the girl gave in.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry. I'll do what you want! Stop hitting me... Oh, please stop!"

Marjorie stopped. "You needn't have been whipped if you'd had any sense," she admonished. "You girls really do take a long time to trail." She turned her attention to the younger, "How about you, darling?"

I said no word but she who had kicked me muttered a shamed, "I'm sorry, I really am." She was still gasping from the pain of Marjorie's whip and I smoothed tears from her cheeks with my bare hand. When she opened her mouth I popped the ping-pong ball inside, then molded her lips together in readiness for the tape. While I measured and cut I could see her feeling the ball and considering whether to spit it out. But when I brought the tape near, she shaped her lips as I had shown her and held her head quite still while pressed the tape hard down upon her mouth. Our eyes were close and I could feel only sorrow for the poor girl who was following the same path I had trod. The younger one was easy. She had been watching and did everything exactly right. Her eyes were rebellious but her lips were not.

"Wonderful, Sybil darling," Marjorie cooed. "Now I want you to take you own bath and when you're through I want you to bring a wet wash cloth and towel and wash these two nice fresh pussies. Come on now! Hurry! I'll come with you and wash your back."

Leg irons make a frightful clatter in a bath tub but if Marjorie didn't mind there was no reason why I should. She loved to bath me so I ended by standing with my chained feet deep in water while she soaked and scrubbed and amused herself. She got me half excited by her soaping between my legs but ceased before she had me panting too hard. After I'd been dried, she handed me the face cloth and towel.

My two prisoner's eyed the wet rag and the towel with dubiety but very cautiously separated their legs at my command. They stood, with an air of resignation, as I scrubbed away at their youthful sex and dried the wet spots with needless vigor. I wondered what they would have said had they been able to speak. Wondered, too, what background they had been snatched from - not that it matter much to any of us since we could remember nothing. I patted each pubic patch lovingly before returning to the bathroom.

"Pick which ever you like, darling, to start on. Do a real good job, their both virgins." Marjorie's voice was alive with laughter.

I could think of many things to say but uttered none of them. It was no sense getting myself whipped and then doing the thing anyway. I could understand the concept of our two virgins being eaten alive as typical of Marjorie Monet. She could have used her own mouth but preferred to use mine and those be able to view facial expressions.

I found myself in a fatalistic mood of "what the hell." I chose the young one first. "You know what I'm going to do, don't you." I looked her squarely in the eyes. "Please don't make a fuss. You've seen what can happen."

I contrived a small smile. "And, anyway, it doesn't hurt."

Except for her free feet she could not move but used the frantic shaking of her head to indicate disapproval. After she had flung her curls every which way into disorder, I patted her cheek in what I hoped was a nice sisterly fashion before I knelt. I had to push her feet forcibly apart but I think the poor girl was petrified with fear over goodness knows what vision she carried in her mind about cunnilingus. She smelt sweet and her plump little mound was delightful. Burying my face in the scented darkness of her pubic hair, I drew her to me with clutching hands around her thighs and sent my tongue questing. Immediately it penetrated her sheath I felt her stiffen in shock and heard funny sounds behind her gag. As usual Marjorie was right, it would have been a mistake to let these two darlings talk, we would have been deafened with their protests. As if starved I began my feast.

Poor dear things! I am sure they expected horror and were probably ashamed by the responses of their flesh. I was certain I would have a very tired mouth by the time I achieved Marjorie's purpose with both. But, by way of prolonging their agony, Marjorie made me stop half way and made me transfer my attentions to the older girl who had been viewing my activities with a mixture of distaste and curiosity. I'm sure she would have liked a better view than her bonds allowed. The younger watched my transfer of attention in a sort of stupefied ignorance of what I was doing and why. I'm sure the poor, dear things had been saving themselves for "Mr. Right." I ate steadily on to the inevitable to reward my mistress with tense, trembling bodies and gag-muffled sounds as the girl reached what was probably the first orgasm in her young life. She thrust repeatedly against the ropes as my tongue made certain of my victory. When I had both of them hanging on the ropes and panting in whatever rainbow colored world they had discovered, I obeyed the motion of Marjorie's hand as she disposed herself on the bed while I positioned my chained feet and knees between her legs. For me there would be no rest. I did not mind.

After one of Marjorie's most devastating orgasms we took time off to rise and view our prisoners. It was easy to believe they would never be the same again. They were both glassy eyed and breathing heavily yet, and probably ashamed at failing to die under the ministrations of another female. They contrived, within the narrow limits of their bounds to convey an impression of deepest martyrdom. They made a pretty picture, tied against their posts, their hands above their heads, their bodies wet with sweat, each tummy tucked well in by its belt of ropes. From time to time the younger explored her flesh as best she could by raising one foot and frictioning her thighs against each other. When she saw my gaze she desisted immediately but, for an instant, she smiled.

Marjorie led me back to my unfinished labors of the night.

The object at which I stared stirred vague memories. It was like a sawhorse, two sets of legs joined by a six foot length of post or pole. A girl could sit on it in comfort and it was heavy enough to accommodate a dozen. The ponies who held my arm seemed to think I should know what it was for. Their names were Erma and Angel. They had come to pick me up after breakfast. My mistress took the leg irons from

my feet and said, "There she is, darlings, you know what to do with her. While you're escorting her to the shed you'd best remember she's entirely free and might try to run. I could put the irons back on her feet but that would mean a slow, slow walk."

I walked in freedom but with the firm grip of female hands upon my bare arms. When we were free of the house, Erma remarked, "Missed your quota, eh? Darling, I think you should have chosen the whipping rather than what we have to do to you now."

I looked from one to the other, they were so beautiful and so innocent. Neither were whip marked. "I don't think I had much to say about it," I told them uncertainly. "What's so terrible about what I'm going to get?"

"You'll see, darling, it's in an empty storage shed with a nice big door so you'll have lots of light and air." They exchanged glances. "I guess we will, too."

Whatever it was I was looking at it but was no wiser. "Do I have to bend over it to get my bottom caned," I inquired without enthusiasm.

They enjoyed laughter at my expense. "Your bottom's been caned quite enough," said Angel.

"Really, I can't understand you Originals, you're all so difficult. The rest of us hardly get punished at all. The first thing we have to do is tie your hands, Sybil. We've got everything ready." Erma patted me. "We both want you to know its our Mistress who's sentenced you." They giggled in unison. "We just do the work."

If I'd seen a chance to run, I might have taken it but not with two ponies hard on my heels. Instead, I stood stiffly upright while they gathered my arms in back, crossed my wrists and tied them tight together. Ruefully I reflected that if I ever reached a condition where my hands were not tied, I wouldn't know what to do with them. For something to say, I inquired, "How long does this punishment last?"

"The longest time, darling, you'll see."

They were now busy buckling leather bands around my ankles. I didn't like the look of the built-in ring. Again there were memories. "You're going to make me sit on the horizontal post thing, aren't you?" I asked. "But what happens then?"

While they threaded ropes through the rings of my anklets I was assured I would soon find out and don't be impatient. That finished, they told me it was time to sit astride the post and boasted me up and held me while I got my balance and felt less and less happy about what was happening. They had pulleys out to either side and cheerfully used them to exert a steady pull upon my legs which slowly raised and became more and more taut and stretched to a point where I could no longer grip the post on which I sat but was prevented from falling by the alarming tension of my wide

stretched feet. I had not previously noted the solid little posts but now Erma and Angel tied my knees to them, threw away the anklets which had served their purpose and, tied my ankles firmly and solidly as they had tied my knees. I was like a ballet dancer doing the splits. It was too late to rebel or complain. My two ponies took great care to assure the security of the tight ropes around my knees and ankles. They then examined the stability of my perch upon the post and asked if I would like my hands raised up and tethered if I felt like falling. The last thing I wanted was to be tied any more than I already was, so I told them thank you but I'd take my chances this way.

"This is a rotten sort of punishment," I said dismally. "You're splitting me in two and I don't want to stay like this all day."

They kissed me fondly and said, "We haven't started yet, just you wait."

There were a couple of wooden boxes they used to sit on, one by each of my feet. They then evenly divided a number of short, slender rods. I don't know what else to call them, they were about fifteen inches long and supple enough to bend. Erma and Angel arranged themselves comfortably so as to watch my reactions and then began to methodically beat the sole of my foot with the little rod, not hard, just a light but insistent rapping. At first it tickled but soon went further into a realm of not really pain but a strange sort of discomfort. I tugged hard to escape the next but my feet did not move, nothing of me moved except my torso upon the pole. I twisted uselessly at bound wrists as I looked from side to side in apprehension.

"It doesn't tickle any more," I said testily. "You may as well stop wrapping away at me, all you're doing is making me want to jerk my feet."

"It isn't suppose to tickle, darling." The rapping continued. And continued. "Stop it, it's beginning to hurt."

"It's suppose to hurt, darling. But we'll go a little easier for a while." For a while! How long did these two girls think I could sit and bear something I knew was going to get real bad before too long. At the moment I had lost my feet and thighs. They had become sources of this strange kind of pain. I tried to think of things to say to make Erma and Angel stop but, when I thought of being suspended and naked and whipped by the overseer, I didn't like that idea. It was born upon my consciousness that I had broken a rule and was now being punished. Nothing I could say would change anything. I wondered how long I could take the kiss of the little rods before screaming.

I could see from Erma and Angel's interested gaze I was making a pretty spectacle of myself. I simply could not keep still. Each insidious little stroke upon my sole drove me wild with a need to kick and run away. I vented this frustration in increasingly wild wiggles and contortions. The relentless tug on each leg kept me from falling and immobilized me from the crotch on down. The rest of me could

thrash about and struggle as much as it wished. It must have been an hour before Marjorie Monet put in an appearance.

Marjorie raised a hand in greeting. "Don't stop darlings, keep right on with what you're doing. And the same goes for you, Sybil dear, you were managing some really fine gymnastics when I came in."

"Please, Mistress, make them stop... Oh, do make them stop... Please!"

"You don't like it darling?"

"You know I don't. It's horrible, it's beastly, it's cruel. Please make them stop."

Erma and Angel did not stop. Their eyes were intent, flitting back and forth between Marjorie Monet and me. The little rods continued. Seeing no hope, I wailed, "Okay, send me to the overseer to be hung up and whipped. But please stop this, please stop."

Marjorie came close enough for me to pick up her scent, if she got mine it would be well diluted with the smells of anguish. I'd have burst out crying right then had Marjorie not leaned forward and kissed my lips, my eyes and then my nipples. They were gorgeous kisses, beautifully feminine, loaded with affection. Her voice was a soft whisper. "I have a surprise for you, darling. I'll soon be back with it. In meantime you'll have to put up with the little rods, they're not going to stop."

I watched Marjorie Monet leave. It seemed to matter little whether she was her or elsewhere. The beat of rods against my soles was incessant. I knew it useless to plead with Erma and Angel, they would do as they'd been told. As for Marjorie's surprise, it would probably hurt or give me shame, so I had no wish for her to hurry back. I resumed my contortions and my moans.

The surprise was Bill Trafford, a surprise indeed! He and Marjorie had been busily chatting and I guessed he was no more prepared for me than I for him. We stared at each other askance.

"Good gosh, Marjorie, what are you doing to the girl!" he exclaimed in shock.

"I'm giving Erma and Angel a small reward, darling." Marjorie's voice was in full control. "The darlings do so love those little rods and the little rods can't possibly do an injury. Doesn't Sybil look sweet?"

"That's the bastinado!"

"Yes, I suppose it is. You former pony has earned herself a punishment."

"Every girl you get your hands on earns a punishment, Marjorie," my master said savagely. "It's time someone put a break on what you get away with. Let Sybil down, get her off that thing!"

"But her punishment isn't finished, Bill darling. We can't bend or break the rules just because of male notions. I thought you'd like to see your little sweetheart while she's being punished. I find it diverting." "I'd find it diverting if you were sitting on that pole instead of Sybil." My master's declaration sent shivers up and down my spine. "Everybody on the Estate knows what you get away with with these girls. You couldn't run a pony farm and be so damned mean to your girls if you weren't a member of the Council. Let Sybil down, right now!"

"You know I won't do that, Bill. Please be sensible. Consider me a little instead of your push-over girlfriend." Her voice was soothing. "If you've got an erection out of seeing your darling the way she is, I'll lend you Erma and Angel, they'd love to go to bed with you. Wouldn't you girls?"

"Yes, please!" The girlish acceptance was instant.

"You and your damn fool lesbian, Marjorie, there isn't one of your little darlings wouldn't instantly lay down for a good male cock."

I could see a fight brewing while I remained spread out upon the post, being beaten on my feet by those rods. Hastily I interposed, "In case nobody's noticed, I'm still sitting here and the soles of my feet are still being whipped. Please, somebody help me."

I watched my master. I was thrilled by his response.

"Look, Marjorie, if you don't tell your two ponies to lay off their beating and untie Sybil, I'll untie her myself and take her home with me. I'll have the Estate behind me, you're out of line."

I could almost see Marjorie's mind at work. Her single decision could probably not get my master fired. On the other hand he could influence public opinion against her erotic pleasure with her ponies. In some ways the Estate was peculiarly moral. I watched Marjorie. "Alright, girls, put away the rods. We've got a bad case of male chivalry on our hands." She contrived to make Bill sound an infinite bore. "Untie his little darling and we'll all go for a drink."

The disappearance of the little rods was pure heaven. I sat in a dither of delight as my binding were untied by a pair of tremendously interested feminine hands. A battle line had been drawn with neither side the victor.

"I suppose you know I'll put your sweetheart right back on this post and have her whipped until morning," Marjorie said with ill grace "That is, of course, after you've gone home. You men are impossible!"

It was the male arms of Bill Trafford which cradled my as I slip from my painful seat. He kissed my cheek before saying, "I know your legal right to this girl, Marjorie. I'll respect it only so long as you refrain from marking Sybil's skin. Understood?"

"A child could understand you, Bill, you're definitely about sixth grade when it comes to females. You couldn't take Sybil away from me without breaking our law. I'll overlook this piece of half-assed chivalry you just engaged in but I won't stand for Sybil being kidnapped."

I was not put down. Bill settled me comfortably in his arms and headed towards the door. He was beautifully authoritative. "I'm taking her to your patio, Marjorie, Sybil won't want to walk with beaten feet. Come along, we can talk. Have your ponies serve us drinks." I was in seventh heaven. When we reached the patio, Bill gently lowered me to the ground and said, "Try it out for size, sweetheart, if it hurts too bad, flop into this chair real fast."

It was the strangest of feelings, a pain you could bear if you had to, but would rather not. I experimented with a step or two but then said, "It's the damndest sort of pain. If you don't mind I think I'll sit down." I had never relapsed into a chair with greater speed.

Marjorie had followed and, choosing a chair, became predictable acid. "Don't mind me, I'm only the owner."

Bill Trafford also pulled up a chair and the two of them sat glaring at each other while I messaged the soles of my feet and the rope weals around my ankles. I could almost feel the hostility in the air and had to say something. "Please don't fight over me, I don't want you to. I'm so grateful, Bill, for being taken off that horrible contraption but I'd sooner be put back than have the two of you be enemies."

Marjorie exploded into laughter in a change of attitude she so easily did. "The girl's wonderful, Bill, have you ever heard anything more sweet?"

"I've never heard anything so hurt. I notice you've whipped her, too."

"Well, so did you. Good gosh, Bill, you can't point a finger. That bottom of hers hasn't healed yet."

"You haven't given it a chance. Some of those marks are fresh."

Then sat and stared at each other, these two who desired me. I loved Bill but did not hate Marjorie. Marjorie was a witch who's spell was strong on me. On impulse I

very gingerly got back on my feet and managed to stand without winch. "There!" I said to no one. "I can stand, I guess there's nothing broken. Please stop being mad at each other."

Angel and Erma arrived with drinks. There was one for me as if I were an honored guest instead of a pony with hurt feet. We all drank deep and, I guess, felt better for it.

"Look here, Bill," Marjorie said earnestly, "I think you're being stupid but that's your affair. Why don't you come by for a cocktail once a week and make sure your little darling hasn't been hung, drawn or quartered?"

"I'm taking Sybil home with me, no girl's safe with you, Marjorie. I'm repossessing her and damn the consequences. I'm sending you a check."

Marjorie Monet sighed. I wondered just how much authority each of these two possessed and if they really had the power to destroy each other. I made a direct appeal to my mistress, "Mistress, why don't you send me to the market and have me sold again? Bill can buy me and everybody's face has been saved." Getting bad vibrations I plunged on, "You could keep me another week or two and do whatever you want with me. I'm surprised you find me interesting, I've very ordinary."

"You are very lippy," my mistress admonished severely. "Do you want me to send Angel for a gag? You could were it while Mr. Trafford talked sensibly."

"No, oh no! I'm sorry I spoke." I relapsed into silence.

Miss Marjorie Monet took a sip from her glass before saying, "Tell you what, Bill, the girl's right, we shouldn't come to blows over her, sweet as she may be. What you say we toss a coin?"

I had to hand it to my mistress, she was never at a loss. I was feeling shivers up and down my spine over being the helpless prize in the luck of the draw. I knew it a solution fraught with peril but a chance my master might do well to take. Through all this bargaining I continually have a sense of a power, a power hovering that we might all three be subject to. Bill Trafford ended the suspense when he said, almost wearily, "Do you have a coin, Marjorie?"

It took my mistress a little time to rummage in her bag before coming up with a coin. My master then added, forcefully, "Sybil won't be tortured? Is that understood?"

"Sorry, Bill, I won't be dictated to. You can come for a cocktail once a week, but apart from that the winner takes all."

I sensed Bill's refusal but I was remembering the six months and our determination to sit it out. Marjorie appeared to have no clue about our intended flight upon the termination of Bill's contract. It was hard for me to speak openly but I did my best.

"It isn't all bad here, Bill, Marjorie is often very kind. Please toss the coin, I'll put up with the pain."

Bill got my message. "Very well," he agreed decisively, "I'll call it heads." He flipped the fateful bit of metal.

It came up tails.

Chapter Seven - Penitent Prize

It was a constrained leave-taking, all three of us aware of currents beneath the surface of idle chatter. But there was no more to say, Marjorie Monet owned me, I remained her legal possession, to be used in any way she wanted. I wasn't too sad about Bill loosing the toss. I suspected that had he won it would have broken codes and laws and such and goodness knows what else. But just the same that six months looked a long, long time and I wondered how many marks I would get on my skin before it was over. We had another drink which didn't help much.

"Damn it, I've boxed myself in, darling," Marjorie exclaimed in vexation. "I just won't be dictated to, especially by a man. Do you know what I have to do, Sybil?"

"Put me back on the pole and beat my feet some more." I heard myself speak the impossible words as if telling her the time.

"Hate me?"

I never knew why I did things with Marjorie Monet, I always acted on instinct and did so now. "Of course, I don't hate you," I said as I limped to where she sat. I sank to my knees and let my head fall into her lap. Neither of us spoke but her fingers caressed my hair slowly. It was a good feeling. We rested like that for a long time before she took my hand.

As we approached the shed I knew I should be hysterical, that I should turn and run even if my feet did hurt so. When we reached the open door, my mistress said, "Go on inside, darling, while I rustle up some ponies. We'll let Erma and Angel rest."

I told myself I had to be crazy to obey, to meekly stand beside the wicked thing upon which I would suffer. But for the life of me I could think of nothing I could do. Even without my leg irons I could neither run nor fight. The strange thing was I didn't much care. I was content upon a tide beyond control. Marjorie Monet would do what she liked with me. Some of it would be good.

Phyllis and Glenda took Erma and Angel's place easily. I wondered how often pony girls had to torture each other before it became commonplace. They called me "darling" and the touch of their hands was tender and loving. They crossed my wrists behind my back and tied them tighter than they had been tied before. They hoisted me up astride the post and performed the rituals with my knees and ankles. Once more I felt certain I was split apart at the seam. Marjorie stayed only long enough to watch the rods begin their beat upon my soles and the reactions I could not control. Phyllis and Glenda were pleased and adept in their work, producing a rhythm of impacts that tore me apart. Marjorie nodded and went away. Somehow I managed not to scream.

To the limit of their pony girl tolerance, Phyllis and Glenda were kind. They never stopped punishing me with their little rods but they talked to me and assured me I was loved. Sure it's silly, but it helps! The little rods beat away until what must have been about ten that night. I was then freed and literally carried, my arms over the shoulders of the girls, to the bedroom of my mistress where they laid me on the bed, locked the leg irons on my ankles, then kissed me tenderly with ardent assurances of a wish to do it again sometime. I went instantly to sleep.

I was awaken in morning sunlight by the sound of voices, strange voices leaving me with a conviction of something wrong. I kept my eyes closed and pretended to be still asleep. . "This is the Original who there has been so much fuss over," said an authoritative female voice. "She's been well and truly whipped and yesterday bastinadoed. She will return with us as a witness."

"I can't understand what's wrong with Marjorie. We give her all the latitude there is but she's a beautiful sadist, the things she's done to some of these girl...!"

I opened one eye. There were three of them, the two who had spoken, somewhere in their thirties or forties, plus a muscular female attired in what looked like a leather harness from outer space. It was clearly a uniform of authority even though it left most of her bare. From its belt there dangled a holstered revolver, a whip, and a pair of handcuffs. The three of them sent shivers up my spine. I hadn't seen anything like this on the Estate or anywhere else. I sat up and said a cautious good morning.

They didn't bother with introductions. Their manner was businesslike tinged with faint concern. They wasted few words. "Why are you leg-ironed?"

"So I can't run away."

"Why were your bastinadoed yesterday?"

"I couldn't cut my quota of cane the day before."

"Can you walk?"

"I don't know, I haven't tried."

"Try now."

I wanted to ask questions but the time did not seem good. Obediently I slid my chained feet over the side and, little by little, placed my weight on them. It was agony at first and I would have fallen had not the harnessed nudity come to my aid by clasping one of my arms and helping support me. In this fashion we made a slow and painful circuit of the room.

"Can you handle another round?"

I was curious myself. Thought of being a cripple was terrifying. My injured feet make a mockery of leg irons but no one showed a sign of removing them. I said that I thought I could manage another assisted walk and I'd like to try. I thought my performance was pitiful but they seemed satisfied.

"Use the bathroom. Have a bath if you wish. Then we want you down in the yard. You'll see activity, join us. That's all."

I was standing in the center of my mistress' bedroom, naked as usual, my feet chained and hurting. The three women left in too much of a hurry for me to ask questions. Disturbed, I did as I was ordered. I bathed. The hot water helped my feet, and while it was still real honest to goodness pain every time I took a step, I no longer felt I was doing myself an injury. I shuffled my ironed progress around the house and out into the yard.

There was activity. Girls were being harnessed while others, already tight strapped in their buggy leathers, were awaiting use. All where tethered by their bits. From the stable I could hear sounds indicating its normal compliment of maidens behind iron bars. I heard questions and answers but no laughter.

My real attention centered on about a dozen girls who stood in single file with a sort of military precision. All were naked. The hands of each pony were cuffed behind her back, around her neck was a collar, and from the collar two chains, one attaching her to the girl in front and the other to the girl behind. It did not need their dejected air to tell me they were prisoners. I scarcely knew any of my mistress' ponies but I recognized Glenda and Phyllis, then Erma and Angel. They stood pathetically in the chained file but smiled when they saw me. I was prevented from approach by a sharp command and was picked up bodily by the naked woman in harness of authority who handled my weight with startling ease. She lifted me up into a waiting buggy.

"Don't be frightened, dear, no one's going to hurt you. Sit there and watch. Don't try and get down, you'll only hurt yourself."

It appeared no one wanted to tell me anything and I was given no chance to ask questions. I sat feeling ridiculously out of place and watched while a pony team was attached to a waiting vehicle from which a rope tether led to the waist of the first girl of the file. It was knotted around her narrow waist. When the ponies got the first flick of the whip, the girl with the rope around her waist started into a motion they could not contest. They followed their leader, they had no other choice.

The four ponies who had whipped my feet looped back at me mournfully as they obeyed the tug of the tether and in a few minutes were out of sight. I sat and wondered at my solitary state and relative freedom. I wasn't even handcuffed and my neck was free. My leg irons and sore feet were my only restraint. They were enough.

I watched the two girls harnessed by another of whatever strange police force was represented by a naked woman in harness and heavily equipped with arms. She was very similar to the one who had lifted me into the seat and drove her two ponies with confidence to harness them to the vehicle in which I sat. They surveyed me with bright and curious eyes as the straps were buckled and snapped and their forearms buckled to the rig.

The first thing I asked when she climbed up into the buggy with me and flapped the reins was, "Are you some sort of policewoman?"

"You can call me that if you wish, sweetheart. You're Sybil Chalmers, aren't you? You're an Original and you haven't behaved yourself all that well." She chuckled at the expression on my face. "There's six of us who wear this uniform or harness or whatever you wish to call it. The Council call us "The Guard.' It's better than being a pony."

"Where are you taking me?"

"You're going to meet the brass, sweetheart. You've met two of them already so you've got one to go. Be very polite and don't do your runaway act. You certainly didn't run away with those leg irons on, did you?"

"I don't understand any of this," I said wonderingly. "Am I a prisoner? Am I going to get more punishment?"

She laughed and pulled me to her, then kissed me with full, red lips. "No, you're not a prisoner. At least not any more than you have been. A pony is never really free until she's served her time. You won't be punished, not unless you do something to ask for it."

"Where's my Mistress, Marjorie Monet?"

"None of your business, dear, that's a no-no. Enjoy your ride, it gets prettier as we get higher into the hills, the Enclosure is a lovely spot."

"With dungeons and chains and whips?" I asked without optimism. "I suppose the Enclosure governs the Estate?"

"Gosh, getting your feet beaten a bit sure made you a pessimist, dear." She looked sideways at me with a pitying stare. "Sure there's dungeons and chains and things but they're not waiting for you. As far as I know you're going to be an honored guest."

I allowed sarcasm to get the best of me. "What, I don't even get whipped!" I demanded in mock astonishment. "Gee whiz, I sure am lucky!"

"You won't be if you talk like that, dear. There's one thing the Council cannot abide, sarcasm from a pony. Watch what you say. You may get whipped and I might have to be the one to do it."

I fell silent, realizing I had learned but little. I sensed my mistress was in trouble but, since she was a member of the Council, I could not understand how that trouble could be too serious. As usual I longed for one of three things: escape, Mary Maber, or my master. I didn't see how I could get Bill Trafford without the six month wait so struck him off the list. With my feet the way they were I could forget escape, so that left only Mary Maber.

"Does a pony every have the right to ask that she be sold to some particular person?" I inquired innocently.

"No. The market is absolutely fair, every buyer has the same chance. Why, are you expecting to be sold?"

"No, just wishful thinking. I know so little about this whole place that I expect half of what I say doesn't make sense. Are you sure you wouldn't feel better if you handcuffed me?"

"You want me to?"

"Well, not really. But I've been handcuffed so much I sort of wondered."

"Serve you right if I did. You've had a bad time, haven't you, Sybil? Wasn't anyone kind to you?"

My guard had put her finger squarely on the central point of the Estate. "Everybody's been kind to me," I told her dejectedly. "Even when they whip me or do something else horrible they do it with kindness. Which makes me wonder why they had to go through with it. Gosh, I've been lovingly punished so many times...!"

The Enclosure was just exactly that, a high wall surrounding gardens and a beautiful house. There was the usual outbuildings. Pony stables seemed implicate in this way of life. A guard met us and opened the gate, looking at me with avid curiosity but making no comment. Perhaps she knew.

I was lifted from the buggy and handed over to the care of the pony chore girl of the day. She asked me lovingly if I would mind being handcuffed and when I said no, it didn't matter, seemed much relieved. She locked my wrists together and led me into the stable, taking great care about my injured feet.

"You've been bastinadoed, haven't you, dear? Well, you won't have to do much standing or walking for the rest of the day." She opened the inevitable barred door. "There you are, dear. There's a pony in there already you can enjoy talking to. Don't worry about anything, you'll be well looked after." The slamming of the door and click of metal lock told me who I was and where I was.

My cell mate seemed tremendously pleased to have me join her behind the bars. "You're the Original there's been so much gossip about, aren't you, dear?"

She hugged and kissed me as best she could. Her wrists were handcuffed the same as mine, and this makes hugging difficult. "Don't be scared, darling, we're with the boss ladies up here and everybody seems frightened of the boss ladies but they haven't been unkind to me. They bought me in the market a month ago and I haven't been whipped yet. You've sure been whipped, haven't you?"

Her name was Mavis and she was hungry for gossip. I could well see how the ponies of the Estate might be happy in their lot, but once behind the stable bars they were isolated and could keep up with events only by contact with other ponies who might being them up to date. To amuse her and keep myself from bursting into tears, I told her my entire story and was adequately rewarded by her delight.

"You were actually owned by a Marjorie Monet!" She was quite breathless. "She's the one who all this fuss is about. Was she terribly cruel?"

"Only at times. When she was cruel, she was very cruel. Mostly she was kind and affectionate. She's marvelous in bed."

"You actually...! You mean you really and truly performed the act with Marjorie Monet!"

Mavis was surveying me in pure awe. "Gosh, you're lucky, she's suppose to be wonderful!"

I confirmed the wonderful part and added that, if she wished, I would service her after dark. Her gratitude overflowed so much it became embarrassing.

"They've got your Mistress locked up here somewhere," she confided with regret. "I think they're going to be unkind to her. Which side are you a witness for?"

"I didn't know I was a witness. I don't know why I've even here. I think they've left most of Marjorie's ponies locked in the stable with a girl to look after them and I don't see why I couldn't there with them, too."

"But, darling, all the Mistress are here and they'll adore you. If one of them finds out how good you are in bed, you'll never get away, you'll never have to go back to the Estate." She giggled. "That's sort of what happened to me."

I did not pursue it. At that moment I would have preferred Bill Trafford's cock to every lesbian in the world. I was tired of perfumed thighs and tumid crotches. I wanted the real thing and I wanted it for always. But I did not burden Mavis with this confession. If she was happy being handcuffed and locked behind these bars, well, good luck to her! For something to say, I asked, "Have you ever tried to escape?"

"Gosh, no! Well, not really. Another pony and I talked about it but we got called out. We were whipped so terribly I would never try or even think about it. I had those marks on my back and bottom for months but they're all gone now. Don't every try to escape, darling, it's awful!"

We settled down in the straw and talked about nothing that really mattered. I let her hold up my feet to examine the damage from the Bastinado and my leg irons. For Mavis I was evidently a welcome visitor. After dark I did the best I could for her and made her very happy. I wished my problems could be solved as easily.

In the morning I was taken to the court room, handcuffed and leg-ironed, that being apparently the standard uniform for ponies such as I. Not all wore leg irons, and I received a great deal of admiring attention for having been a runaway and, presumably, terrible punished for that sin. The whip and cane marks on my back and bottom supported that supposition, so everyone was happy.

It came pretty close to being a real court room. Had I been a prisoner on trial, I would have had no grounds for complaint, I would have been getting the full treatment. I sat next to a strapped and belted guard but, as an additional precaution, had my hands and cuffs moved from front to back and clicked one notch tighter than was necessary. I did not complain, I was burning with curiosity about the whole affair. Three severe women, in ages from about thirty-five to fifty, two of whom I had already met, formed the tribunal behind the large desk. There was a box for witnesses and another for the prisoner. The prisoner was Marjorie Monet.

They had my mistress handcuffed, that was all. I suppose there remained the theoretical possibility of her being found not guilty but I did not consider that likely. When she saw me among the audience she smiled and raised a manacled hand.

She was the same Marjorie Monet I had always known. Ponies were much in evidence, as well as the forbidden figures of The Guards. It was a pony who read the indictment. It appeared that a much beloved member of the Council had overstepped her authority in sadist acts for her own gratification on ponies she had purchased or were delivered to her as Originals from fresh kidnappings. Then she was asked how she chose to plead. Her "not guilty" was inevitable, she would fight to the very last.

The process was to mow and prisoner down, to invoke The Law from every possible witness to bring her to an admission of guilt. My darling mistress heard each accusation and recount of atrocity with calm dispassion, sometimes raising her handcuffed wrists to view them in disbelief that Marjorie Monet could ever come to this.

Sitting there with my belted guard I listened to pony after pony speak of outrage and punishment of her skin. Some of the things my mistress was accused of were truly terrible, I realized I was lucky. What she had done to me was a mere nothing. But, nonetheless, it had its place upon the record of her crimes. I was called to the witness box and there compelled to tell of being whipped for delinquent quota and of the bastinado upon my feet which I had chosen instead of thirty-four strokes of the whip while suspended. I tried to minimize them but facts are facts and the tribunal thanked me and sent me back to sit beside my guard. It took me a considerable time to transverse the distance but that was less attributable to my leg irons than to the injuries of the bastinado. I could see a web of evidence growing against my mistress, a web she could never break.

My mistress' real damnation came from the dozen or so girls who had walked in single file to bear their testimony and, if needful, their punishment. One by one they told of the acts they had been compelled to perform upon young female flesh and of the punishments they would undergo if they failed to do so. Erma and Angel, Glenda and Phyllis all testified to the whipping of my feet but pleaded for lenience on the score that they too would have been whipped had they not obeyed. My heart bled for them, I understood their dilemma all too well. Each of them was sentenced to thirty strokes. I had no means of knowing if, by the standards of the Council, this was harsh or kind. They were led away in handcuffs by a member of The Guard. It was now the turn of Marjorie Monet.

I watched with what I could only feel as a tremendous admiration as my mistress was told to stand to hear her sentence. Marjorie did so as though it did not matter and this whole affair was the babbling of idiots. Calmly, she told her judges, "You know nothing of the joy of girls, you know nothing of the dancing limbs and flesh beneath impact of thongs. You waste your lives while the Estate contains such vital young flesh, awaiting the hand of a true mistress. I feel sorry for you. Now, do what you like with me."

As the trial had worn on and on, I had come to realize an increasing love for this woman. I could neither explain nor understand what was done to me, all I knew was my need of her and what we had exchanged together in the night. I listened to the declaration of her guilt.

"Marjorie Monet, you have been found guilty on every charge. You have disgraced our Council in the eyes of the Estate, you have outraged decency. Your sentence is not a simple number of lashes or time spend behind bars. Your sentence is as manifold as your crimes. We pronounce it now."

I doubt if Marjorie listened more avidly than I. She was to be imprisoned for six months in solitary confinement. Each day she was to be whipped with thirty strokes, spread throughout her nudity. She was to ride the horse and lay taut within the confines of The Rack. Her sheath was to be penetrated by wicked dildos as her homage to the male she so despised. If a male could be found to perform the task, she would be penetrated by his phallus. The recount of her punishments went on and on in an endless statement of pain and shame. I watched my mistress but she did not wilt, she did not wince, she calmly faced her judges and declaimed, "None of you know what it is to be a woman. None of you understand the flesh of girls. But I understand, I know! Punish me as you will, I will still return to what I know as the breath of life. None of those who have spoken against me have said that I did not love them or that they did not love me."

Marjorie dropped her words into a silence that went on and on. Finally the judge declared, "The prisoner will step to the center of the floor and there disrobe."

It hit me like a blow. It must have been the same for my mistress. But she walked to the center and held up imprisoned hands. "With these?" Her voice was heavy with scorn.

They took the handcuffs from her wrists to leave her free to obey the judge's command. She looked around then shrugged. Slowly she undressed. I remembered that first night when she had teased me in that same way, but it was different now. Here, in this courtroom there was only shame and defeat, and the promise of agonies to come. Without hesitation, and with a mocking smile, Marjorie Monet cast aside garment after garment until she stood completely naked before us all. I shared the gasp of admiration at her loveliness. I had seen it often enough but never like this! Marjorie flaunted what she was at all who chose to look until a guard gently touched her arm and led her from the court. I longed to cry.

I was allocated a place to sleep, a pleasant bedroom in which the only thing out of place was the chain to my wrist to make sure I did not stray. It was little enough, I did not complain. My whole being was in a dither of speculation at to the fate of the flesh which had bestowed on me love and which now, presumably, languished somewhere in a cell or dungeon, or bound against a post. When a pony brought me the last food of the day, I asked if I could be permitted a visit with Marjorie Monet.

Surprisingly, after about an hour, a guard unlocked my wrist and carried me downstairs.

"I don't have time for leg irons or whipped feet, sweetheart. You've got permission to talk to the convicted woman for a little while. Here we go."

It was a prison cell, exactly that. The narrow bench, the wash bowl, the toilet! All of it behind the most horrible iron bars I had ever seen. Seated naked upon the bench was my former mistress. When she saw me, she uttered a cry of delight and leaped at the bars. It was wickedly cruel. My former mistress was leg-ironed, handcuffed and collared. The chain to her collar jerked her back before she could reach the bars to extend a hand or received my own. She stood there in impotent helplessness and all I could say or do was, "I'm so sorry, so terribly sorry... Oh, Mistress!"

After that we said, for the benefit of the guard at my side, only things that did not matter. But what did matter was this communion, this being close even if separated by bars of iron. At the end she said wanly, "Six months is so terribly long, darling. But at the end of it I'll seek you out, I'll want you again. For this time right now I'm sure they'll shame me by having you watch some of my punishments. Don't feel badly, darling. If I scream, my voice will be for you." She grinned in her old way. "I'm sure they'll make me scream, I'm not a bit heroic when it comes to pain."

I was led away and my wrist once more chained to the bed. I went to sleep.

It was horribly clinical. I had been awoken, bathed and fed like some creature, and then taken to where my mistress stood, in all the glory of her nakedness, hands bound above her head and ready for the whip. I could tell she had stood thus for a long time and I knew how she must feel. I was taken to a wall and my right wrist handcuffed to a ring. I had a perfect view of the agony of the woman I had loved and who loved me still. I was a terribly mixed up girl and longed only for escape. The Council did things right. Another proclamation was read, enumerating the crimes of Miss Marjorie Monet in an emotionless voice recounted crime after crime, a pair of naked ponies, one with a whip, the other with a cane, took their positions to await the fateful word. I waited with them, tense and remembering every act of love in which I had gloried with this woman about to be whipped. I was warned about closing my eyes. I kept them open in an agony all my own.

I knew Marjorie had never been whipped in her whole life. This flogging she was about to receive would be as strange to her as the first time had been to me. The unbelievable pain comes as a shock to any naked girl, a shock that does not diminish but goes on and on and on. They had bound my mistress with her hands secured to a bar above her head. Apart from that she was free, she could kick and contort to her heart's content as the thong cut her skin. I remembered it all too well. But a guard was watching and I dared not close my eyes. The tribunal was present to observe justice being done. There were several naked ponies fastened as I was,

no doubt to teach them a lesson. I longed to cry out against this... But I kept my silence as did the other ponies.

The first lash wrapped itself around the waist of the woman who had never known pain. Why tell of a whipping! In varying degrees they are all the same. A girl is fastened so she cannot evade the lash which cuts at her relentlessly until her sentence is appeased. I watched it now and knew it the first of many for my mistress since that sentence in the court. She accepted her punishment in silence, scorning agony. But I, and everyone else in the room, knew no woman could contain such agony - it just wasn't humanly possible. With the fifteenth stroke came her screams. The tribunal nodded their approval as her screams mounted under unendurable pain. I looked questioningly at my guard but she simply shrugged. There was nothing anyone could do.

I was not in disfavor, I was granted a boon. When night came, I was unlocked from my bed and taken down to the cell where my mistress was chained. I have never been more grateful than when I walked inside and heard the iron door clank behind my back. I grasped my chained mistress in arms, strangely unrestrained, and kissed her down upon the hard wooden bench we both must share. Then I paid my tribute. My feet were leg-ironed, but my lips and tongue were free. I loved Marjorie with an intensity of longing aggravated by my fingertip explorations of the whip marks across her back. We both knew it was close to being the last time.

The following day I faced the tribunal. The cold, emotionless voice asked, "What shall we do with you, Sybil?"

"Return me to Mr. Trafford." The answer seemed to me the most natural utterance I could make.

"You are in love with this man?"

"Yes, I suppose that's the name for it."

"Do you not see this, Sybil, as an impertinent request?"

"No. If you wish to whip me as the price of my return, I will bear the lashes gladly." I looked from one to the other. "I am trying to be honest."

"You would accept forty lashes as the price?"

It was a terrible punishment. Forty lashes were more than I had ever known or seen. I was unsure if I could remain conscious through such pain. Calmly I said, "Yes, I will accept forty lashes." I looked from one to the other of those who held my fate within their hands. "If I must."

Forty lashes with the wickedest of whips etched upon female skin by a strong female arm is a terrible punishment for any girl, I had no wish for it. Nor did I believe it would do me any good. It would just be a spine-crinkling agony I must endure while consciousness remained. I was quite sure that, if I lost consciousness during the ordeal, I would be awakened by a bucket of cold water.

"Please," I said, "I cannot help loving a man or having faith in him." I searched their stony faces. "Must you punish me?"

I was sentenced to twenty strokes between my legs. I could tell by the tone of the inquisitor's voice I should consider myself a lucky girl.

I spent two days with my mistress in her cell before my time came due. Each day she was taken beyond the bars to be cruelly whipped, to be returned to my arms in sobbing desolation of disbelief that this could happen to Marjorie Monet . I did my best to comfort her and gave my tongue and lips freely through the night. On the third day it was announced my time had come.

Directly I saw Bill Trafford I understood the delay. I was to be whipped as he watched then be delivered to him. If only those dried up old biddies had known, it was almost a reprieve. I went gladly to where my hands were tied above my head and my nakedness made available for the whip. While the brutal cuts entered my crotch and seared my belly, I kept my eyes on his. Both of us were helpless beneath the edict of the Cold. I scream and scream as the thong entered to burst into incredible fire in my most private place. But, at the end of my twenty strokes, I was again handcuffed and delivered to the care of Mr. William Trafford. Papers were signed and then he led me to where Nona and Inga were chained. I was in agony but outrageous happy.

Bill took me home. Melody and Celie were the team and their eyes commended me above the brutality of the bit denying them speech. On our arrival, Inga took charge of them and said a quiet "Welcome home."

I went to bed with my master, who freed me totally of chains, but in the delirium of my ecstasy I thought nothing of escape. If Marjorie Monet was a witch, then my master was a warlock! He made me forget everything except that part of him that was within me. I forgot everything but that!

I was spared nothing, not in pain but in the witnessing of pain for those who had given pain to me. I was taken to a room in which Erma and Angel, Glenda and Phyllis were suspended naked for a guard girl's whip. I was forced to watched their agony as each received her thirty strokes from knees to neck and to listen to their pleas and their screamed claims of innocence. I knew they were innocent, a girl under the threat of the whip will perform almost any act. But the Council didn't see it my way. The four maidens were trussed up and soundly thrashed while I must stand, naked and handcuffs, with my guard and watch their misery. It was the least

of my travail. What concerned me most was the sentence of thirty lashes each day upon my mistress' nudity. This I was forced to watch, helpless to do a thing to stop it or ease her suffering.

Throughout it all I was certain Bill Trafford would tell me I was ridiculous to feel such sympathy for a sadist. But there it was, I simply can't explain.

I was returned home to Bill. I think the Council felt irritated by my feelings and removed me from the scene of suffering. I cannot blame them, I was absurd! But there was one among them who said little but who's steadfast gaze told me much. She hungered for me and my return to The Male was against her will. But, nonetheless, my hands were cuffed behind my back, a collar and tether made fast upon my neck, and I was led back into that strange society called The Estate and my master, Bill Trafford.

Our first couple of days would bore you if I told you of them. It was male and female over and over in a seemingly inexhaustible appetite. I adored Bill Trafford in all his wonderful maleness but especially his male phallus deep within my sheath. We were very happy.

Eventually Bill pointed out, "Look, darling, I've got work to do. I can't have the community laughing up their sleeves about the time I spend with my pony. Look, Sybil, to make what we're doing now legal, you have to go back to the market on Saturday. Don't worry, I'll buy you but the ritual demands it. Okay by you?"

At that point I would have said okay to anything. I adored him and could not believe my good fortune. When we went out in public I made sure I was heavily chained to allay suspicion. Within his own farmstead I insisted I be chained to his ponies in his barred stall while two of them took him to his work. I made certain everything was proper in its adherence to the rules of the Estate. It was inevitable the question of punishments arise.

"I don't want to whip you or subject you to something else like that beastly post," Bill assured me earnestly. "But this place is alive with gossip, it will want you punished."

"Then whip me!" I said with ridiculous unconcern. "Whipping me is the easiest thing you can do, darling, and everyone loves a whipped girl. Isn't that so?"

"You've only just been given the damndest whipping, good gosh, Sybil, you're a glutton for punishment."

I laughed at Bill's reaction. "I don't even know why I have to be whipped," I told him blandly. "But if the community wants it, then let's get it over with. The whipping I got in the Enclosure was between my legs. There's still my back and bottom."

"Think of something else."

"Well, if you don't want to put marks on my skin, how about you have me tied in some shameful manner in a pubic place. I don't mean the pillory, I don't want to stand in that damn thing all day." I hugged and kissed my doubting male. "Don't get upset, Bill, I'll survive."

"You're bloody marvelous," Bill said grudgingly. "Leave it with me, I'll think of something. After all the responsibility is wholly in my lap." He patted my bare bottom as if that looked after everything, and added, "You've been worried about Marjorie."

"They'll kill her with all their whipping."

"They would if they stayed with it. Don't worry, sweetheart, they've already stopped that. I think they've got her working in the fields with a ball and chain on one ankle." He chuckled. "She'll face a quota every day, of course. You'd better pray for her."

The Council would know the ways that would shame Marjorie Monet the most. I could imagine her preferring the whip to manual labor in the fields with an iron ball attached to one foot. Thoughtfully I said, "Do you realize Marjorie's sentence is six months, the same as the time you and I have to put in. Will they let her loose in time to cause us trouble?"

"No, the Council has assured me she'll have no more authority in this district. As for the time you have to put in with me, you'll spend half of it in my bed and the other half being my pony. Is that so bad?"

It wasn't so bad!

Chapter Eight - Duress

Bill had a positive stroke of genius over my punishment. He didn't consult me about it-it just happened. Everyday a pony team sped him to work or around the Estate on business. My involvement in this daily grind was as a disgraced pony tethered behind the buggy. It was Melody who broke the news the following morning.

"I have to fasten your hands behind you back. Which would you prefer, handcuffs or cord?" Melody asked.

"If it's you who'll fasten my hands, I'll choose the cord."

Melody did her usual secure job. When she had my hands tightly knotted, she said, "There's a collar and padlock that go along with this."

The collar was iron, but it felt like a caress as Melody placed it around my neck. A long rope tether was tied to the front of the collar. Its other end was tied at the back

of the buggy. She then kissed me and whispered, "He didn't want to whip you, darling, but you're going to get awfully tired of this."

I stood in dejection after she had gone. I leaned back against the buggy without trying to free my cords. There was no sense chafing my wrists. If I did get loose, nothing would come of it. There is an extra dimension of loneliness in being tied and left alone. I spent the time envisioning Marjorie Monet working in the fields, but I could not see such a woman in those circumstances. I wondered what effect imprisonment would have on her. I shivered, more than ever conscious of the Council as a force. I was glad to see Melody leading Celie and Inga to the buggy for their day's work. While she hitched them up, I suffered a quaint embarrassment. My master was due any moment, and here I was restrained behind his chariot. When Bill arrived, he kissed me and whispered, "We won't do any speeding. I'll hold them down to something you can handle." He got into the buggy and away we went.

We started a sedate walk and soon broke into a trot. It increased my anxiety about the tether, but I could keep up. I walked, trotted, and sometimes broke into an outright run when my master forgot about me and the ponies were feeling mischievous. I gloried in the exercise of the run-it was good. The shame came when the ponies were tethered to a hitching post while I stood alone behind the vehicle with nothing to do and nowhere to go. During the long wait outside my master's office I was the center of considerable attention. I gathered it was understood by all I would be available for sale on market day.

After an hour of standing, I wondered if it was permissible to sit down and lean against a wheel. No one had said anything about it. The soles of my feet were still remembering those little rods. The worst of my travail was past, but I would have been grateful to get my weight off them, even if it meant sitting in the dusty road. I thought of going as far forward as my tether would allow and shouting to the ponies, but remembered in time they were bridled and bitted, and could not answer. If there was one thing the Estate did well, it was to keep us ponies in our place.

I would have sat down anyway and taken a chance had it not been my fear such conduct would reflect upon Bill Trafford. His gorgeous quartet had been much admired and never let him down. I could tell there were those who considered me far less penitent than was to be desired. There were no doubt snide remarks about Bill letting me off far too easy. But I stood around and ran around all day without incident, and at the end of the afternoon was hosed down by Melody, who then returned me to my master with my hands still tied. I knew she envied me. What Bill gave to me each night was something that, at the same time, he could not also give her.

My master's greeting was perfect. He grasped my shoulders, drew me to him, and we kissed. "You did marvelously, sweetheart. You must have done everything right-I got only compliments." He lifted me up high enough and then kissed nipples. "Only one more day to go before you become very legally mine."

"Bill, is all right-no one will buy me except you?"

"Everything's marvelous, love. You're darling Marjorie's safe away with a ball and chain on her foot somewhere. And I can outbid all the rest. It might be considered not quite nice to bid against me."

He held me closer, an arm around my shoulders, my head upon his shoulder, while his free hand fumbled with the knots at my wrist, as if not caring whether he got them free for not.

"Just think, my love, tomorrow is your last punishment-I don't have to be mean to you anymore to satisfy public opinion. There is the market day, of course, but you might get some amusement even if it is a bore to stand like that all day."

"My last punishment! I'll never get a last punishment-there'll always be something else I'll do wrong! Don't tell me you'll never feel an urge to punish me just a little?"

"Like a few hours sitting on that pole affair, for instance?"

"Or tying me to the bedpost while you make love to Melody."

Bill affected surprise. "That's not a bad idea. Would you like that?"

"No, I wouldn't. But I'm sure Melody would. It's a pity you can't employ a lusty stable boy, Bill. I don't see how you can possibly look after me this way and look after the quartet as well. They're such darlings, they don't deserve to be ignored."

"I've thought about it. I could sell three of them. Counting you, I'd still have a team."

"But she'll be so lonely! I mean the one that's left, the one I'd run with."

"Not if I kept you handcuffed behind the bars. You'd both be happy."

It was wonderful to joke-to lose sight of the specter of becoming fugitives. I was beginning to see advantages to being Bill's pony instead of his wife. The latter wasn't possible on the Estate, and I was beginning to wonder if achieving it might not be a price too high to pay. We went to bed, concerned only with each other and the prospect that the following day Bill would hold what he called "my papers," which made me his possession until my twenty-fifth birthday.

For this, the third time I had been offered for sale in the marketplace, the luck of the draw bestowed upon me a quaint contrivance by which I would be held immobilized for the day. I noticed most ponies were fastened with their hands above their heads, the most flattering posture in which a pony may be bound. Myself and another girl fell victims to a quaint contraption. It was delightfully simple: a central post,

measuring about eight by eight feet, with a crosspiece at its top of similar weight. The easiest way it could be used to display a girl was to place one arm on either side of the post and bind her wrists to the crosspiece. But the designer had other ideas. Using metal, he had contrived a smaller crossarm supported rigidly from above. The vertical arm, descending from the beam, was adjustable to accommodate tall or short maidens. The horizontal bar at its end was equipped with metal rings for maiden wrists. The attendant, in a hurry to get the show under way, positioned me and saw nothing unusual in my willingness to place my hands and feet as directed. In a few minutes I was secured by my wrists to the ends of the horizontal bar about two feet apart. Adjustment were quickly made to assure the maximum protuberance of my breasts. I stood there in what seemed the strangest and most unforgiving nakedness. If exposure sold a girl, I would certainly fetch a good price.

Thus fastened, I amused myself by changing my weight from foot to foot. I was thankful there were no men in the audience. I looked to the left to watch the securing of the girl who would share my day on the post. She was pretty. She caught my eye and said unhappily, "I've lost track of how many times I've been sold in this place. Nobody seems to want me."

"You're a beautiful girl," I said.

"So are you, but I bet you haven't been sold a dozen times. I think it's because I can't please them in bed. That's something I can't adjust to here. By the way, I'm an Original-you are too, aren't you?"

We traded histories. An Original doesn't really have a history. Neither of us could remember a thing about our past. It was as if we had both been born on the Estate, but born as rebels.

"You're lucky," she told me. "You've been owned by a man. That's something I could really go for. Think you could interest him in buying me?"

I told her as much as I dared. Her name was Mela, and she accepted my regrets about Bill with resigned good grace. Then she admitted,' 'I must have come from a very strict family. I can't seem to be able to get down between their legs and do what they ask. Don't feel sorry for me-they don't whip me, they just sell me. I don't seem to have much of a future. I've three years to go before I'm twenty-five. I know a couple of girls who work here on market day. Next time one passes I'll ask her to let our arms down an inch or two. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Mela made the request, but the maiden in charge pointed out that we had been carefully adjusted to make the most of what we got, and she wasn't about to interfere with a good piece of work. She went away, leaving us resigned to a day of displaying our bodies.

If we didn't sell, it would not be for want of trying. Mela told me that one time she failed to sell and spent the entire following week behind bars, awaiting the next market. She moaned, "They ask the damndest things of you and poke around in private places. Here comes one now, I've seen her before."

Most Estate females were pleasant enough, this one was. All she wanted was to pinch my nipples and spread my vagina. Then she wanted to know about my escape attempts and why I had been whipped. She did the same with Mela before drifting on.

There were also matrons with wide-eyed teenagers, to whom we were an example, assuring them of similar marks should they not behave. The youngsters seemed enthralled rather than repelled. One insisted on seeing the results of the bastinado. "Oh Mommy," she said, "do they honestly whip the bottoms of our feet!" I was made to stand on one foot and then the other while my bruises were displayed. I answered questions as to how much it hurt and why it had been done. I admitted to being a naughty girl. I did not care whether I was sold or not. One amused mother asked me to give a few words of advice to her fourteen-year-old who was soon to become a pony. I said that since I was such a bad pony and so heavily punished, my advice was likely bad also. The mother was satisfied, but the child was disappointed. Her ambition was whip marks and plenty of them. In a way, I envied her.

Mela envied me. In me she saw some quality she lacked. I think she would have been happier if someone had whipped her instead of just sending her back to the market place. I told her a whipping would probably have cured her inhibitions at lesbianism. This idea she scorned even after asking me how much it hurt.

It was about midday when an attendant came out with a message from my master. She told me he had been called away on urgent business, but had dealt with the matter of repossession before leaving. She assured me I was truly his. The message would have meant little had I been able to walk around, but standing with my hands above my head, knowing myself marketable merchandise, it left me uneasy. If anything went wrong, there was nothing I could do! Mela allowed herself bitterness: "Gosh, Sybil, you mean the only cock in town has chosen you! Look, do try and get me on his payroll. I'll clean the stables-I'll do anything!"

Our day wore on. We lifted our feet, separated our legs, stood still while fingers pinched our nipples. I was really thankful Bill had his bid in on me.

Mary Maber came in the afternoon. She was very sweet and embarrassed. She had tried to bid on me, but was told I had been "disposed of." She kissed me and hurried away. I felt very uneasy.

I spent the rest of the day coaching Mela on how to get herself sold. The worshipful gaze, the tones of compliance, the pitiful pleas: "Please buy me, Mistress! Please buy me!" I never knew if it did her any good. She was released and taken away

while I still stood in helplessly, awaiting the arrival of whoever would take me to my master.

I had never seen the two ponies before. They were curious and gave me a sometimes painful physical examination. Before releasing my hands, they ironed my feet with a length of links sufficient to let me walk but not run. When they released my hands, they pulled them behind my back and bound them tightly. I asked if Bill Trafford had told them to do these things, assuring them it was necessary.

"Sure, we know." She sounded bored. Each girl grasped one of my arms with surprisingly strong fingers. "You mustn't worry about Mr. Trafford, dear, we'll get you to where you have to go. As for obedience, there's not much else you can do, is there?"

It was always the same. Whatever a pony did to you, she did it with sisterly love. There was a buggy waiting, but the ponies were not those with whom I shared my master's love. My sense of something wrong blossomed anew. "Are you sure you've got the right girl?" I asked. "I've never seen you in my life."

"Want to be gagged, darling? We brought one along just in case."

"No, I don't want to be gagged. But I'm frightened. Who bought me?"

We were now in the buggy, me squeezed between the two nude ponies. Leaning back against my bound hands, I was conscious of my chained feet. One of my escorts looked at the other and said, "It's a good enough time to tell her. She has to know sooner or later, and we've got her fixed so she can't struggle."

"Okay. Why not!"

"It's going to be a shock. Get ready for tears."

The words I heard confirmed my worst suspicions. "Miss Chalmers, you have not been purchased by Mr. Trafford. You are now the property of Lenora Livingstone. You may remember her as one of the Council. You are very lucky."

I remembered that youngest member of the tribunal who had looked so hard at me on that fateful day when Marjorie Monet was sentenced. The woman had been hungry with desire.

"There's no use anyone bidding against a member of the Council," my escort continued. "If they want a pony, they get her. Your Mr. Trafford is going to have to sleep with some other pony tonight. Now, please don't make a fuss. You're really quite helpless. Cheer up, it's not as if we're taking you somewhere to be punished."

"I'd sooner be punished. You don't know what you're doing to me. Please set me free."

"Now you're being silly. Remember what I said about the gag?"

I remembered the gag and considered how well I was restrained. There I was, helpless, between two naked ponies. I even had to watch my speech for fear I be robbed of it. "Tell me about this women who bought me," I said. "What's Lenora Livingstone like?"

"She's kind to her ponies. It's an honor to be purchased by her. But we don't understand why she's bought you. It may be the Council's way of I had more questions but remembered the gag. I didn't learn much for the rest of the journey. It was getting late when we arrived, and I was taken immediately to the stable and locked, ankle to ankle, to the sole occupant of the stall. She told me her name was Faith, then apologized for being forbidden to untie my hands. The poor girl said it all breathlessly, as if she had been waiting a long time for someone talk with. She possessed both hands and arms, and used them affectionately to make me feel at home. When I had been chained to her, my own leg irons had been removed and Faith said how nice it was to be linked to a girl specially chosen by Mrs. Livingstone. Since there was no immediate threat of a gag, I asked "What does she want me for?"

"None of us really know, but we think she wants to work out her frustrations on you. You see, the Council has to put up a good front on us so as to not offend pubic opinion or our parents. But you're an Original, and she may want to be a little mean to you. I don't suppose it'll be that bad."

We lay down on the straw, and I found that chained ankles and bound hands are not conducive to the act of love. Faith said not to worry, that she would be kind to me. Then she arranged our chains and herself between my legs. She said I tasted the best ever.

Ponies are versatile females. In the morning Faith and I were unlocked, and she was given a narrow belt to buckle around her waist, from which dangled a nasty little whip. It was a badge of office. I was told Faith was my custodian and I had best obey her in everything or else.

Faith laughed at my embarrassment and the way I eyed the whip. She said that I shouldn't worry, nothing had changed. What we needed now was a bathroom.

We saw nothing of Lenora Livingstone. After Faith had bathed me, she fixed my hair and showed me an array of feminine gear upon the bed, telling me I was expected to dress to the best possible advantage for my coming interview with my new owner. While Faith untied my hands, my eyes roved over the female treasures available. Pulling up the chosen panties to cover what had been public view for so long was

almost a solemn rite. But I also had to admit, with the final donning of a light summer frock, to the feeling of being confined much the same as rope. Walking in the outrageously high heels provided was something I had to learn all over again. I knew I looked yummy and was delighted with that. But the Estate spoiled things again by locking cuffs on my wrists in front of me. Faith told me not to worry about the handcuffs, they probably wouldn't stay on too long.

I had expected to be led, a humble slavegirl, into The Presence. But it wasn't like that, the Presence came to me. Lenora Livingstone bustled into the bedroom while I was still admiring myself before in the mirror, wondering if clothes meant freedom. She waved Faith to one side and chose one of the two big armchairs. Her voice boomed with authority: "Stand in front of me, Sybil. Then I want you to slowly torn and pose for me in whatever ways you choose. I want to get a good look at what I've bought."

Lenora was a beauty. I realized the woman behind the Council bench was a very different creature from that before me now. When she caught my eye, there flashed the same hunger I had seen before. I stood demurely, turning for inspection, and with growing confidence, began a series of poses to show myself to best advantage. The handcuffs were a nuisance, but I coped as best I could. All the time I was aware of the intent scrutiny of a pair of eyes. When, at the end of it, I stood uncertainly, the order was instant, "Undress!"

Flustered, I said, "But I've only just put them on."

"I know that. Now, take them off."

I held up my linked wrists to complain, "I can't, I'm handcuffed." "Yes, you can. Try."

She was right. I hadn't noticed it while dressing, but there was no fastening the handcuffs would prevent me from undoing. It would be awkward but possible. I quavered, "It's so lovely to wear clothes again, Mistress. Couldn't I leave them on just a little while?"

"No. Undress. I won't tell you again."

I undressed. I did not hurry. The lovely feminine stuff of which I was divesting myself had a glorious sensuality upon my skin. Eventually I came to the last nylon and, setting it aside, stood there naked, once more a pony, still handcuffed.

"The same motions and poses as before, please."

I obeyed, giving the slow, outrageous exposure of my nudity everything I had. At the end I was rewarded with, "You're a very lovely girl, Sybil. Come here and kneel. You may sit on your heels, and I would suggest you allow your cuffed hands to rest in your lap, it will stop you wondering what to do with them."

It was like starting all over again. I did what I was told and discovered she was right about my hands. Lenora barked another order: "Get her harness, Faith, the whole thing. May as well fit her out properly." Alone with me she said, "You've had a bad time, Sybil."

"I never seem to do anything right," I said wanly. "I've been whipped quite a lot and there were one or two other things...."

"I wouldn't say you'll never be whipped here," Lenora said slowly. "I suppose you know that you're a girl who women adore punishing."

"No, I didn't know. I thought I was the same as any other girl."

"You're different. You affected Marjorie that way, and now you affect me that way. There's a quality about you I can't define. If I whip you from time to time, you'll have forgive me dear. Blame it on your influence over women. I suppose you wondered why I had you dress and then strip again?" "Yes, I had wondered."

"A mixture of meanness and carnality, I suppose," Lenora mused. "To watch a girl undress when she doesn't want to is an experience I'll have to let you have sometime with a shy, fifteen-year-old-a new pony. Does talking about this make your sex hot?"

"Yes."

"I knew it would. Ah, here's Faith. She's a good girl-you can trust her. Right now she's bringing you a surprise."

Faith dumped an assortment of things on the floor: straps and buckles and belts and a bagful of stuff I could not see. It was my mistress who explained, "Each Council member is allowed two guards. I only have one at the moment, so I'm making you the second."

They smiled at my disbelief, and when I said, "You must be joking!"

"I'm deadly serious. You'd better be serious too. You can if you try."

"But I'll never do it right. I'm not the type, I'm half submissive!"

"Polish up the other half, dear. Faith, see what you can do with this little sweetheart we've just acquired."

There wasn't much to say. It was crazy, but everything on the Estate is crazy. Reluctantly, I got to my feet and was told to keep my hands out of the way by clasping them behind my head. "That's right, dear, you look exquisite."

I suppose it's the opinion held by many that a naked girl is wonderful, but if you artfully hang a few bits and pieces her, especially on her sexual parts, her beauty is enhanced. The pile of straps didn't look like much on the floor, but as Faith buckled them upon me, they took on an almost lifelike quality of penetrating and clinging to every part of me, over every curve and crevice. I remembered them now-the guards I had seen at the Council meeting-the way the leather had become a part of them, breathing as they did, moving with their every move. It was a glorious simulation of restraint in which they had complete freedom.

Thus it was with me. Straps lovingly fell across my shoulders and crisscrossed my breasts without touching or distorting them, then on down to where a belt was tight notched around my waist to make me more concave than ever, and then to nestle themselves within my groin, and then, as the piece de resistance, a braided leather from the belt down between my legs and up behind within the cleft of my bottom cheeks. "We can make this as tight or as slack as we wish, darling," my mistress said blandly. "Should you misbehave, you will perform your dudes in some discomfort, I do assure you. For now, it will be just a sufficient tension to keep you excited."

They turned me to a mirror and I sighed in ecstasy of what I behold. The shining lovely leather had become a part of my body and converted my into an erotic showpiece that was hard to believe. The harness of a guard made me seem even more feminine than I had ever been. I could well imagine a guard in disfavor could be most unhappy within her harness yet, oddly, that thought sent a shiver of delight down my spine, not of fear.

Ecstatically I breathed, "Oh, Mistress, thank you, thank you!" I was so pleased with myself I was forgetting the duties which went with this leather. When Faith took the wicked little whip from her own belt and hung it on mine, I was quite breathless with the import. The mistress' statement, "You may now have your hands, Sybil," came as a crowning glory.

I took my handcuffed wrists from behind my neck and looked at them doubtfully before holding them up for view. My companions laughed at my lack of comprehension. "The key is in the little pouch on your belt, darling. What are you waiting for?"

It was true. I fumbled at my belt but the key was there. They watched in laughing amusement as I sought to free myself. It is not easy to use a handcuff key on yourself. But I twisted and turned in delighted experiment and finally used my teeth to get the little scrap of metal in its hole. I thought of all those other times when handcuffs had made me helpless - but now I had the key! Glory, glory, glory!

"You are now a guard, Sybil. It is by my decree. Come now and kiss my hand and take the solemn oath. Stop being shy."

I came forward and knelt. I repeated the words, my heart beating hard. I knew Lenora was testing me when again, with a forced abruptness, she commanded, "Arrest Faith. Bring her to me to be sentenced."

I was not sure of anything. This could be real or simply an erotic play. I marched boldly to Faith and proclaimed, with a conviction I did not feel, "You are under arrest. You will come with me." I took her arm but she refused to move.

"You're forgetting something, darling," Faith said gently. "Arrested ponies must always be handcuffed or their hands in some way bound. You've got handcuffs hanging from your belt where we told you to put them after you freed yourself. Surely you know what to do with them." She was frankly enjoying my blush.

If Faith had fought, I would have been lost. But she helped by holding out limp wrists and laughing into my eyes. It was something I had never done, this handcuffing a girl. It had been done to me often enough but I had never dreamed of a chance to do it to another. There must have been reverence in the way I fitted the notched bands of steel upon the slender wrists and clicked them shut. Faith lifted her hands to examine my work and give it praise.

"Very good, Mistress, I couldn't have done better myself."

The word "Mistress" was almost my undoing. I stood basking in its glory until the real mistress barked a sharp, "Well!"

Firmly I grasped Faith's young, bare arm. Firmly, but longing to laugh about the whole thing, I managed, "You are under arrest. You will come with me."

She effected reluctant steps to compelled me use force to drag her before the women who owned both of us. Lenora's eyes were alight with a fire all her own. Her voice was stern. "Why are you under arrest, Faith?"

"I have been a naughty girl, Mistress. I should be punished."

I had heard this sort of thing before but now my personal involvement made it doubly important. The mistress' inquiry was expected, "What have you done?"

The answer was instant, as if rehearsed, "I have felt sorry for the girl chained to me through the night. I have longed to set her free. It is a sin within my mind, Mistress, but I was disloyal."

"Six strokes with a cane across your bottom, Faith. Sybil will administer them here where I can watch."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. May I fetch the cane?"

The whole thing flowed like water. I stood, a bewildered dummy, while Faith left the room but then my senses returned. "I can't do that! I can't possibly cane Faith. She's a darling, she's been kind to me." I held out my hands, as if still chained, in appeal to the woman in the chain. I was appalled by the thought I could possibly be cruel to the pony, none had been cruel to me. And I knew how those six strokes would hurt. Brokenly I said, "I've just no good for this, Mistress. I'm terribly sorry, but if someone must be punished it had best be me. I am altogether too submissive for this."

"You will do it, Sybil! You can and you will. Stop looking like a motherless lamb and get your mind adjusted. Damn it, it's only six strokes, we're not going to kill the girl."

I was still staring askance at Lenora when Faith returned with the wicked yellow cane. She seemed happy and unconcerned though her eyes were unusually bright. She clasp my limp fingers around the ticker end around the beastly thing. She looked at me with love.

"Sybil says she can't possibly cane you, Faith. Tell her the facts of life."

The bright eyes were suddenly concerned. "Oh, but you must! You've been appointed a Guard and using the cane is part of your duties. Darling, please don't make a fuss or our Mistress will double the number we have to have."

I looked down at the cane as if wondering why I was holding it. Faith's young voice intruded upon my dismay. "Touch my toes, Mistress?"

"Yes, dear, you're only getting six. You know the drill."

I was still standing like a dummy. I dare not look at Lenora but was terribly conscious of Faith's features staring from her upside down position and of her urgent plea, "Hurry up, darling, before I get red in the face. Do it properly or we'll have to do it over."

I had never beheld a girl's bottom in quite this way before. Faith's lovely tight curves had taken on a life of their own and started at me invitingly. As though I was a programmed robot, I took a terrific swing and stuck a horrible blow. The blow was in instant success. I heard Faith's gasp of pain although she did not move. I could also swear I heard a similar gasp from the woman in the chair. The most significant fact of all was ME! The glowing scarlet line I had placed across Faith's tender skin erased inhibitions, sent shivers of pure carnality up and down my spine and strengthened my arm. My waning resolve was suddenly firm. I swung again to place the cane in inch lower on the stretched curves.

"Beautifully accurate," Lenora paid tribute. Faith said nothing.

If I could hurt this delightful girl twice, I could obviously hurt her four times more. I delivered the strokes with increasing vigor and was ashamed of myself. After number six was spreading its scarlet upon innocent skin, I said crisply as if born to the role, "You may stand up now, Faith dear."

There was a breathless hush of surprised approval. Faith stood stiffly erect, her hands seeking unsuccessfully to touch her wounds. I could swear her "Thank you, Mistress" was totally sincere. When I fumbled for the handcuff key, I was told to leave it alone, that Faith would wear the handcuffs as a mark. When I made to cast the cane aside, I was told to keep it along with the whip hanging from my belt. Lenora's voice was as if nothing had happened.

"Test her, Faith. You know what to do."

I was suddenly a Guard, clothed in authority and supple leather now to be made more stringent. "Tighten her up, Faith, this time use the key."

Handcuffed wrists in no way impeded Faith as she adjusted every buckled tighter. The sinuous straps, wet with a sweat I had not noticed, possessed me more and more tightly to make me breathlessly aware of myself as a naked girl whose insignia was also her bound in a strange enslavement. When I was firmly contoured by every loving strap, Faith accepted a metal key from Lenora and inserted it within a hole in my belt. When she turned it I knew instantly the braided leather within my crotch was to become an enemy, growing tighter with every turn of the key until I cried out in distress, "Ohhhhhh! Please! I-I can't walk!"

"Yes you can. Stop acting like a child."

I could walk. The first steps were unbearable with other sensations along with pain. But as I determinedly took step after step, the crevasses of my body slowly accepted the soft leather thong until all I had left to complain, "But I'll have orgasm after orgasm!"

"Aren't you the lucky girl!" Our mistress laughed at my bewilderment. "Now run along with Faith. Keep her handcuffed. You're in training so do whatever she says."

Faith was remarkable. I knew she must be hurting just as I knew that, while handcuffed, she could not reach her wounds. I gentle messaged her bottom for her, sending shivers down her spine. Quickly she told me, "That's enough, darling, I'm getting excited. I know you'll climax with the crotch strap tight up between your legs, but I don't need to. Come along."

I was free! The leathers of my uniform were a sort of bondage of their own but I could probably unbuckle them myself if I tried. But I did not try. I walked beside the girl I had caned.

"We don't usually have this many girls to punished," Faith said apologetically. "We've been saving them up for you. And there's some who haven't done a thing, like me a little while ago. All you have to do is try and enjoy yourself."

It was a shed beyond the house. Two ponies were suspended from the rafters, bound wrists but nothing more, their toes six inches from the ground. Their faces lit with hope until they saw my nakedness so firmly strapped and the length of cane I was holding with an increasing assurance.

"Ten for this one." Faith's handcuffs in no way hindered her gentle slapping of a cringing feminine bottom. "She'll kick and swing all over the place. But you just wait and give her a good one every time you get the chance. All of us look cute when we're at swinging at the end of a rope. Go ahead, don't be shy."

I could tell the girl was resigned to punishment but my first stroke brought from her all the motions Faith had promised. I wondered if she knew how beautiful she was as she struggled and kicked at the end of her tether. Patiently I awaited the chance to strike again. And again, and again! It was as if each fresh stroke provided impetus for her renewed struggles. She did not scream but gasped and moaned throughout. At the end she hung, limp and panting and bedewed with sweat. I wondered why I didn't feel a bitch.

The second suspended pony had viewed the whole operation without hope. She accepted a handcuffed Faith and a guard harnessed me as no more than routine. When Faith grasped an ankle and drew it aside to reveal the tender and furry sex, protest was instant. "Oh, not that again! I was whipped up inside there last month. I don't see why you can't just whip my bottom."

Faith's instruction was the same. "Ten strokes. You'll use your whip on this one, Sybil, from knees right on up to dead center on her sex. I'll hold this leg out so she can't close up on you. Five each side."

I took the little whip of authority from my belt, it felt vastly different from the cane. I dared not stop to think, nor to look the girl in the eyes. I swished hard right up between the spread legs to snap the thong within the furry crotch.

The suspended girl's reaction was an involuntary at the ankle Faith was holding and the retort, "I really do wish you wouldn't whip me there. It hurts horribly and there are plenty of other places on me you could use." She caught my eye as she said, "For Pete's sake, don't hit so hard!"

I wondered how many times the poor girl had been whipped. She handled it remarkably well but with increasing vocal protests. I was panting with lust as I sent my whip searching up and down her tender flesh. Half way through my harness exacted its tribute from my loins. I climaxed. I had to pause in the whipping do my own contortions and make my own gasping moans which all present accepted

without comment. Faith took the opportunity to change ankles to bring unmarked fresh skin to my attention. Shamed faced and sweating, I cut hard and ruthlessly the remaining strokes. Her ankle released, the maiden swung gently to and froth as she pedaled an imaginary bicycle and said to Faith, who she evidently knew, "This guard's not bad. Where did she come from?" Then her tone changed. "But I don't see why it's me who always has to be whipped."

Back in the sunlight, Faith gave me no time to think. "Darling, you next assign is to arrest the first pony who passes by. She won't protest and she won't struggled. She'll respect your uniform and do what you say. She may not like it, but she'll do it. When you've told her she's under arrest, we'll take her to this other little building over here where she'll have to put up with a cute little device. Get with it, girl."

I'll never forget the startled dismay, instantly replaced by resignation, I exacted from the lovely creature who's arm I has grasp while telling her she was under arrest. Her lips were sulky but she allowed herself to be led as Faith directed. There was all sorts of stuff in the shed but it appeared we were interested only in a plank, perhaps twenty feet long, held rigidly between short posts, well up off the floor. My captive eyed it with disfavor. "Oh, Faith, do I have to. Can't you give me a quick half dozen and let me go on my way? I have work to do."

Faith simply replied, "Step up there, darling, you know the drill."

My captive wrinkled her nose and shook her arm free of my fingers before doing as ordered. Faith had founded a couple of small metal objects which she handed to me with a grin. "Thumbcuffs, darling, make them good and tight. Both thumbs, both big toes."

They were a strange little device, not particularly attractive. Faith made my victim step back to the absolute limit of the plank while I experimented with the wicked little things. They were the same as handcuffs except completely rigid and inflexible. If fitted one of them around my victim's big toes and got the familiar little clicks as I pressed down hard and got a yelp of protest. I clamped the other toe with the same result, then did the same for both her thumbs behind her back. I was then given handcuff and told to cuff one ankle tight and use the other cuff to encircle a tight stretched chain which ran the entire length of the plank.

The girl we had thus fastened commented bitterly, "Someone is being mean to me, I haven't done a damned thing. This is a terrible way to spend the afternoon."

"She has to complete the full round, Sybil darling," Faith informed with an unashamed giggle. "See, I put this pail upside down over this little post at the far end. The poor darling has to get up there in any way she likes, drop the pail on the ground and then turn around and come back. She has no choice about his because she's expected to be back here where she's standing, waiting to be released. The handcuff on her ankle prevents her getting away or doing anything but what she's

told. If she falls, she'll hurt herself and have stay there with her ankle up in the air until someone comes."

"I'll fall off for sure, that's what happened last time," our victim vowed. She took a tentative shuffled and almost fell. "See what I mean!" She grim aced at both of us before turning her attention to her toes.

I was given no respite. Faith led me from girl to girl and I was never sure if I punished innocence or guilt. I had a strong suspicion that at least half of them had been told to yield themselves to my unkind attentions and obeyed the order as part of being a pony. In encountered resignation and resentment but no revolt as I did the unkind things Faith demanded. But they all obeyed, no matter how resentful.

Many girls had their flesh marked by my own hand that day and many spent a period in painful bondage ordeals. It was a strange scene to me and hard to believe it was really happening. In a daze of recurring lust, I whipped, I caned, I inflicted discomfort and pain upon girls I longed to love. From time to time the demon within my crotch had its way with me and I had to stop to gasp and contort my orgasm under the interested eyes of Faith and whatever victim there was.

The end of this feeding upon maiden anguish at the end of the afternoon, took be back to stand in a strange mixture of sweating pride and disgusted shame, before Lenora Livingstone.

"You did well, Sybil, I am pleased."

I stood still, suddenly conscious more of shame than pride. We had caught my new owner busy in her office. Lenora now rummaged in a draw to hand Faith a flat black case. "Put this on her, Faith. It will help counter the guilt I know she feels. Poor darling, you gave her quite a day. "It was a gorgeously expensive circlet of sliver, its jaws slightly apart, it dimensions matched a girl's throat. "Let her hold it for a minute, Faith, once you've fastened it on her, she can only see it in a mirror." Lenora chuckled, "She may be wearing it a long time."

It felt good to the touch, the way costly things always do. My fingers caressed it lovingly before handing it to Faith. She also fingered it before fitting in on my throat and closing it with a surprisingly loud click. It was snug. I could push it up or down only a tiny bit, though it would turn around and around smoothly. It had been made for me, it was perfect.

"Pleased with it, dear?"

"Oh, yes! It's lovely. Is it suppose to fit so snugly?"

"It's supposed to become a part of you, dear. When you touch it, you'll always think of me and your first day as a Guard. Come here, let me feel."

Her fingers were delicate. Impulsively I took her hand and kissed it lovingly. Lenora's hand caressed my hair and we were suddenly three girls together, sharing the happiness of one. My shame of the day was suddenly gone. I found myself assuring myself that those I whipped had probably deserved every stroke they received. I knew I was ridiculous but Lenora Livingstone had power, she radiated it. And some of that power had now been bestowed upon my by virtue of the lovely round sliver encircling my neck.

"Bath her, Faith, make her lovely. Deliver her to my bedroom where she will await me. At that time she may release you and do whatever she wishes with the handcuffs she removes. Run along, the two of you, I'm busy."

Lenora was like a doting aunt, sending a couple of giggling nieces upon an errant. Reaching the bathroom, Faith said, "It's a shame to wet your uniform but, if I take it off, I'll have to strap it back on afterwards?"

"Do that, darling, I won't mind."

It seemed I was to be always breathless. Faith's fingers were a sensation in themselves. The handcuffs impeding her not at all as she tugged at buckles and peeled away the straps from within my skin, those gorgeous, loving straps that had maintained my heat throughout my day of discipline. When she took from me the crotch strap from deep within my loins, she peeled it gently away while I stood, legs wide apart, and moaned my mixture of ecstasy and pain. When she was done with me I wore nothing but the lovely circlet around my neck.

We both got into the tub, enjoying the warm water. We then dried each other with a needless vigor between our legs. We took turns with each other's hair, then took turns wiping clean the supple straps which had given me unknown power but also made me a prisoner more than any steel cuffs had. The braided crotch strap was set aside.

"She may but it back on, darling, but for a night with our Mistress, it is inappropriate. You can now unlock my hands."

I used the tiny key. Our eyes were close. Playfully we frictioned our breasts against each other, each moaning softly in response. I hung the handcuffs on my belt and replace the tiny key in its pouch.

"You're on your own now," Faith whispered softly before she flitted from the room to leave me more uncertain than ever of my role. I was quivering with desire.

Morning brought kissed and endearments to assure me I had performed quite well. I was totally appeased. Faith waited upon our mistress and our mistress' favorite guard at breakfast and gave no hint of our activities of the day before. We were free

of bonds except for the circlet on my neck, a circlet which I was intensely aware of and which imposed an erotic influence of its own, as had the crotch strap of yesterday.

"Today, I want you to experiment all on your own," our mistress told me when our meal was done. "Your hands and feet are free. You wear the harness of authority. You have whip, handcuffs and key. In the stab you will find girls. They are ponies left inside their stalls for a purpose. Their number is small. I want you to give ten lashes across the back to each. You can do what you please about restraining them during punishment. Is that understood, darling?"

I said that it was understood. I dared not ask how many girls I had to whip. I suppose it mattered little. If I were to whip one, I might as well whip all. My conscious was at work, telling me I should have no part of this, but a carnal pulse was beating insistently within my breast at the thought of so much sweetness waiting for my lash. I left The Presence in my usual bafflement, my mind seething with contradictions. With each step I took the whip brushed against my thigh. Whether I liked it or not, I was a guard assigned to the duties Lenora Livingstone imposed. My instructions were implicit, leaving me no choice. I thought of quivering young bottoms who's virgin white I must changed to punished scarlet. My loins flamed with desire to assure me I had nothing to fear about my performance. I walked nonchalantly towards the stables.

They awaited my attention behind the bars of stall number two. They were piled in that lovely entanglement of limbs I well remembered. Nona and Melody, Celie and Inga. The lovely quartet of the Estate's most desired ponies rested peacefully until someone desired their services. That someone should be Bill Trafford but here that could not be. I want to the bars and stood and stared in disbelief and a terrible conjecture. Clutching the bars as if I were the prisoner, I stared and stared until they awoke slowly, perhaps in response to my presence. They opened their eyes and saw me and became instantly awake.

I was greeted with cries of gladness and welcome as they disentangled themselves from each other. It was then I saw the sorry condition to which they had been reduced. Each of Bill Trafford's prize ponies were chained at wrist and ankles, and these bonds were joined with other links to restrict their steps and hold their hands below the level of their waist.

"But you're a Guard!" they said, almost in unison. "Did you want to be a Guard or did you have to be? Oh, Sybil, you look so splendid!"

It was typical of the quartet that they saw only me and thought nothing of themselves. I was sure they were now in a more dire bondage than ever. Mechanically I said, "Yes, I'm a guard and I don't want to be. Oh, darlings!"

With a fine flourish of the key I unlocked the door and stepped in behind the bars. I was immediately enveloped in naked female skin. They rubbed against me and kissed me and showered what physical love their restricted condition allowed. But my arms were free and I used them to hug and hug. I had become the center within a press of lovely bodies with ripe, lush seeking my nipples and whatever other part of me they could contrive. I was enveloped in the scent of female musk and added mine own. We were all aware of it. Eyes were bright. They had not hands but they did not miss them. Every inch of those gorgeous creatures was vibrant that I had to warn them to go easy. I am only a girl and can be brought very easily to climax. I became serious. I kissed each one of the hard and long, but then demanded to know why they were here and why they were chained. The answers came in a disjointed flood I had to sort out.

"They canceled our Master's contract and sent him away."

"He had no choice. Men came with guns, very polite but very insistent that he go back with them."

"He packed his things and came to say goodbye. It was terrible, darling, we all cried."

"None of us knew what would happen to us four, but our Master sent a message. He says we should all escape. But when we told him we don't want to escape, he asked us to help you. He told us were we could find the road to the outside."

Melody took over. "I'll go with you, darling, I'm sure I know the way."

"We think the Council is suspicious of us. They know we loved our Master and were the happiest ponies on the Estate. Look at the way they've chained us, we've never been chained like this in our whole lives."

"We've been to this place before. The Council took us from here when they made us a gift to Mr. Trafford."

"Has Lenora been kind to you, she was always kind to us?"

They were ineffably sweet, I adored them all. They wore their shackled as though the metal restraints were costume jewelry. I suddenly remembered my mission but for me to whip these loving girls was an impossibility. I was sure they had never been marked by a whip in their whole lives. But some imp of mischief prompted me to ask.

"I was sent here with a purpose, darlings. Can you guess?"

They were suddenly very still, their eyes roving from me to each other. I noticed their hands had become fists, dragging upward to the limit of their chains. I knew they guessed.

"What is it, darling, what do you have to do?" Their concern was s for me and not themselves.

"Whip you."

They nodded. They knew. Inga spoke for all, "None of us have ever been whipped, Sybil. Maybe we've become too proud of ourselves. Is that the reason?"

"No, except maybe to test my resolve as a guard. Don't worry, darlings, I'm not going to do it."

Their concern was instant. "But, darling, you must! If that's what you've been told to do." A pause. "It hurts a lot, doesn't it, Sybil?"

"It hurts terribly. But maybe we deserve it. We've been outrageously proud and we all loved our Master. Are you sure that's not the reason?"

"It doesn't matter, I'm not going to do it anyway."

"But then it's you who will be whipped, Sybil."

"Better just me than all four of you. Besides, there are the others in the stalls further up. I'm suppose to whip them too. I told Lenora I'd be no good as a guard. I adore girls too much to hurt them."

My noble declaration was not strictly honest. The thought of using my whip on these four superb bottoms set a fire burning inside my sex. I was ashamed of it, but there it was! It would be best I tell these darlings nothing of such an urge. I was positive they would instantly touch their toes and make no complaint as their flesh was stripped in a punishment unearned. I escaped their clamor by leaping through the door and clanging it shut. Their cries followed me into the sunshine.

I found Lenora in her office, busy with papers and files. Her greeting told me nothing, nor did her smile. "You did that in quick time, darling I trust you have the little dears dancing around holding their bottoms?

"I couldn't do it. I've come to resign."

"I suppose those four beauties told you about your former master and you're upset. They told you the truth-that he's gone. Our council's decided not to employ any more males. They just get some poor girl into trouble. We had a gem in Bill Trafford, but look what's happened. I expect they mentioned plans for your escape?"

Lenora knew it all. She and her Council held the Estate in an iron grip. The sad little love affair between a pony and an area manager was so easily dealt with it scarcely merited attention. The man had departed, the pony would perform her duties. It was that simple. Bridging the pros and cons with one single leap, I said, "I'm not going to whip any more girls. I've resigned as a guard. How will you punish me?"

Lenora effected amused surprise. "Why should I punish you, darling? You're just a poor little girl who was in love with a man who's no longer on the Estate. You are also in love with those four beauties in the stable- don't think I don't know. I was curious to see if you would actually whip them. I'm glad you didn't. You see, I adore them just as much as you. Those four ponies are the very epitome of the Estate." I felt she was reading my mind, laughing at what she saw. "You will return to the stable and whip the others awaiting your attention. Here is the key to the irons you think are so cruel. When you have whipped them, use the key. Do what you like with them. They are a gift-they are yours."

Thinking back, I realized how craftily Lenora had disorganized me utterly. She had refused me martyrdom, but had bestowed a gift most precious. As if wanting an end to confessionals or thanks, the Supreme Mistress waved me from her presence with a smile. She summed the whole thing up in a sentence, "Run along, Sybil darling, and do stop being silly."

On my way back to the stable my libido reassured itself to entice me with visions of round, tight bottoms responding to the impact of leather. I was still ashamed but with the prospect of ecstasy was able to expunge shame from my mind. Some exquisite ponies were about to be very soundly whipped, but not the four! It was as if I had won a sweepstake, and all four of the darlings were now mine. I found myself anxious as to how long their term as ponies had still to run. I wanted to keep them chained forever. Arrival at the stable put an end to my fantasy.

I patted the key in my pouch and marched forward to the far entrance of the big building, far from stall number two by empty cages. There were anxious maidens awaiting punishment.

I went to work methodically, giving full rein to the pounding of my pulse and heart. I possessed the four most lovely ponies on the Estate. In addition, there were eight or ten sets of curves awaiting the attention of my whip. I opened cage number one and told the two inmates to clasp two bars at the level of their eyes and spread their legs. Their obedience was heartbreaking - I had never felt such power. I thrashed each tight, round rump with vigor and, at the end, accepted their thanks. When I left and locked the door they were doing exactly what Lenora had inquired about, reaching back to explore their wounds and to smile in gratitude that the strokes were only ten.

In the next stall there were three ponies, all handcuffed. One at a time I unlocked a single cuff to raise its wear's arms high on the bars and lock it again in such a

manner that their hands were firmly held. They looked back over bare shoulders apprehensively. I went back over each one in turn, marking their bottoms with anguish. I cut and cut again, one, two three, one, two, three. In the end when they thanked me for such pain, I left them to the futile task of striving to reach their whipped bottoms with handcuffed hands. I locked the door on them and, as I readied myself for the two girls in the next cage, I refused acknowledgment of the pitiful sight of four sets of maiden hands clutching eight bars to press their pubic triangles hard against the iron. I wondered what my four waiting darlings thought of me.

This couple also were handcuffed. I made them kneel and bend their foreheads down upon the straw. Their bottoms reared into the air. I whipped both in intoxicated joy, the lovely maiden skin responded in angry crimson as my thong thunked and splatted upon their rumps. When I was through with them I had only one more pony to go. She stood alone in her cage to watch her impending punishment approach.

Her hands were cuffed behind her back which meant she had been doubly delinquent. I compelled her to lay flat and then bring her hand back across her shoulders to reveal her sex and the most punishable part of herself any girl can expose. She did remarkably well. I cut her only a couple of times within her cleft but marked her gorgeously across each twin round. After she thanked me, she lay weeping upon the straw.

I was now face to face with my four darlings. Their eyes searched mine for answers. Try as they could, they could not avoid swift glances at the whip I held. Covert as their awareness might be, it thrilled me immeasurably with a sense of power as I whipped my way from cage to cage, and rump to rump, until only four were left. Their greetings were sad but forthright.

"We know you have to do it, Sybil, we promise we won't mind."

"You must whip us the same as the rest, darling, we promise we won't scream."

"Don't feel bad, Sybil, we know Lenora is making you do this." "It won't hurt us to be whipped just this once. We promise to bend over and touch our toes." The four vows brought tears to my eyes but this was no time for weeping.

I unlocked the door, and while they were arranging themselves, I used the magic key upon their irons. Standing in bewilderment, they listened to what I had to say. I think they were stunned with joy and disbelief. I led them into the sunlight. They were mine! How do you describe happiness or the love of the girls? When truth of what I told sank in, the loveliest four-pony team on the Estate carried me bodily back into the cage and laid me on the straw. There they concentrated on my body with such a degree of eroticism as to take me from this world into a rainbow-hued paradise to which they held the key. Their lips and their freed hands were pure magic and I

moaned beneath their touch. No doubt the unlucky maidens I had whipped beheld this sight in bewilderment. But they were safely locked behind their bars-ecstasy was not for them this day.

Lenora loved me. I cannot tell you why. The origins of love are beyond our consciousness. My four ponies made love to me all day, and I, in turn, made love to Lenora all night. I slept between times and was immeasurably happy. My skills in the art of female love grew daily with help from the avid mouths and fingers of my ponies. I never asked where they learned their tricks, but they knew them all and created in me a lust upon which Lenora fed in endless gratification.

I now had my four ponies harnessed to a buggy, and I exercised them all at the same time, their four plumed bridles waving in the wind, their eyes alight in the zest of action. I could swear one or another would lag sufficiently in her efforts to invite the whip and then leap forward gleefully with a fresh mark upon her back. I remained a Guard, my authority maintained by my whipping of an occasional delinquent damsel who beheld my approach to her cage in awe and apprehension, and thanked me prettily for her strips when I was done. It was inevitable that Melody and I should arrive at confrontation. My mistress left me free of bonds, and the only restrictions I impose upon my ponies was to lock them in their stall at night.

"We are both free, Mistress, and it is early in the day. Should this not be the time?"

Melody had taken to calling me "Mistress," as had the others. In truth I could do with them as I wished and the tide was appropriate. Melody was reminding me of something I should have been aware of my myself. "If we do not make a run for it now, darling, we may never run at all. I have never known such freedom granted ponies as we enjoy. It will not last."

I considered quickly. Melody was right. If we awaited a time, that time was now. We gathered food and I followed where she led. Somewhere out there Bill Trafford awaited. I was suddenly on fire.

It is exciting to be a fugitive, to leap forward each step in flight and know you chances of escape had improved with that step. Melody and I fell into the natural rhythm of ponies, a pace a pony can maintain for a very long time. Sometimes we held hands, sometimes our eyes met in a laughing challenge to the gods. I did not wonder about Melody when we reached sanctuary. I was certain our master could look after us both extremely well. And, after all, a surplus maiden can always be handcuffed somewhere out of sight. The future beckoned.

We had traversed quite a number of miles before it happened, but when it did happen it was like a thunderbolt or flash of lightening. I was suddenly consumed by fire and flame, and the slash of whips, to fall screaming upon the ground and contort in agony. Instinctively my hands reached to my neck to strive to clutch the lovely

sliver around my throat but the ring I could never remove laughed at my agony and reduced me to screams.

Through a misty haze I beheld Melody's face. She had not been stricken, but there was something she understood and I did not. She grasped my ankles and pulled my twisting nakedness foot by foot back in the direction from whence we came. I don't know how far she dragged me, but suddenly the fire and agony was gone. I lay gasping and moaning long after it was gone while Melody sought to comfort me. When I recovered enough to sit up and meet her eyes, she told me simply, "It's that lovely silver ring, darling. Lenora controls it. I don't know how it's done. I've never seen one work before. I didn't think yours was controlled. Oh, darling!"

I tore at the silver ring but that was a waste of time. In fury, I arose and fled towards escape. Once more I was dissolved into a mass of pain. This time I did not need Melody's hands upon my feet. I fled from such pain.

Melody and I did not speak of it. Neither of us could remove the ring upon my neck and the ring controlled me. In desolation we retraced our steps. There was nothing to talk about, the ring said it all. Half way back to the farmstead, we met the three laughing ponies who would escort us back to the enslavement of the Estate. They crossed our wrists behind our backs and bound us tight, all the time chiding us with our stupidity in running away from a life as beautiful as ours had been. They chained us, neck to neck, three feet apart to insure we arrived home in the full ignominy of recaptured fugitives. Sympathetically they tell us of possible punishments. I look at Melody in agony. She only smiles.

I step briskly beside my fellow prisoner. Poor, darling Melody. She will share my punishment, whatever it will be. The sliver ring caresses my neck. It tells me I can never escape-never! I will not try again. I know my fate.

I am owned.

The End