



The Contract

by JG-Leathers
Illustrations by Simon Benson

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Pink Flamingo Publications

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083

e-mail: publisher@pinkflamingo.com

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Prologue

The two men sat quietly in the large, airy, circular room at the top of the tower, silently watching the sun set over the golden dunes of the desert stretching away to the blazing horizon. Beneath their feet, the huge, fortress-like Palace hummed with the activity of its thousand occupants as they went about their end-of-the-day duties, while far above the meeting continued.

From the distance, the domed buildings and spires seemed to float above the trackless sands, their plain exteriors lending them the look of a high technology, research centre, concealing deep within, the secrets and the lives of its occupants, willing and otherwise.

“Ahmed,” the deep voice of the Sheik murmured, “it is time for another selection of females to be obtained for my Hareem. The oil revenues continue to fatten our treasury and I grow bored of the ones currently here.”

“Yes, Majesty,” acknowledged the Palace administrator. “We will be returning the next batch of Hareem girls to their decadent Western cultures soon, and will have openings for another 24 within the next two weeks. What part of the world do you wish me to select the females from, Sire?”

“I think that ... ah, yes, Canada would do very nicely for the next set, but do not limit yourself to just that country if the resources and quality are not there. You may also procure from the southern United States and its West Coast state of California, if there is still a requirement to fill the quota.”

“Aye, Sire,” the retainer acknowledged his instructions. “Do I have your permission to employ the new Transportation Uniforms and shipping cocoons for this next acquisition?”

“Patience, Ahmed. Patience,” the Sheik said slowly, stroking his grey-streaked beard reflectively, “I know that you wish to try all the new toys that you have had made by your German manufacturers, but I feel that we should

test some of them a little more on the females we already have on hand, before utilising them on those who are completely unfamiliar with my Uniform and Equipment requirements. Perhaps, on the lot after this one, we will employ the isolation and restriction devices right at the beginning. Some of the females that you have tried these new toys out on have suffered quite severely in them, even after short durations. Is that not correct?”

“It is true, Sire, but I believe that we have solved the problems in that area and our most recent tests have given very satisfactory results.”

“Oh? How so?”

“Sire, after the female has been fastened within her Travelling Cocoon, she is, as you know, totally isolated; bound, helpless, speechless, sightless and unable to hear any of what transpires even immediately next to her. Prior to being placed within it, we have, of course, fitted her with a chastity belt and plugs, and have found that though the females hate their Travelling Cocoon and Uniforms with a passion, they are able to endure them quite well. What we have done is to selectively control their hearing; providing what is known as ‘white noise’ through the earphones of their isolation helmets. This, apparently, allows the mind of the occupant of the Travelling Cocoon to fix on something, and thus prevents total sensory deprivation. She will have some very interesting dream experiences while in the Cocoon, but she will not go insane. We have also continued the process of ensuring that they are kept, ah ... for want of a better word ... horny, by means of concentrated sexual stimulation to their genitals and breasts during the time that they are imprisoned within their Cocoons, thus beginning their addiction to sex and disciplinary procedures in combination. The Uniform and Cocoon are wonderfully efficient at restraining a female and, with the proper attachments, she can be kept in it for up to 14 days at a time.”

“Interesting, Ahmed,” the Sheik said with a smile at his subordinate’s enthusiasm, “but I don’t wish them to be used until the next intake after this one coming.”

“As you wish, Sire.” Ahmed bowed, realising that he was pushing just a little too hard.

“What is the current status of the Hareem?”

“Sire, at the moment we have 17 of the 20 modules occupied, giving you a total of 204 wives in residence. Of these, 72 are being kept as Cow Girls and another 12 are in residence as Horse Women. As well, you have a 12 girl Lipizzaner Pony Team and another of Lipizzaner Horse Women. The rest reside in their modules. Of those, 60 are Second Level wives, and the others are Third Level.”

“Very good, Ahmed. I shall look forward to receiving the next batch with great anticipation and I wish you to begin setting the process in motion at first light tomorrow.”

“I shall begin at dawn, Sire. You may expect the next females within 14 days.”

“Fine, fine, Ahmed,” the Sheik mumbled. “I tire of the day, oh trusted retainer, and will now retire to my rooms. Ensure that one of my Third Level wives is brought to me for the night’s entertainment. Chain and gag her in some unusual way. I wish you a good evening. Allah keep your soul from harm this night.”

“Good evening, Sire, and may your steps be guided with His divine light,” Ahmed said, bowing his way from the room.

Chapter One

The Application

At 19 the world seems to be at one's feet, waiting to blossom with all sorts of wonderful things.

My father and mother were divorced and wanted few entanglements with grown children still going to school, but they had been thoughtful enough to provide an apartment for me, even though I was attending one of the local colleges only on a haphazard basis. They'd combined forces, for once, to provide me with a monthly allowance over and above the apartment rental, so I only had to worry about preparing meals and finding things to hold my attention.

One day while sunning on the balcony, leafing through one of the up-market women's magazines that seemed to have sprouted roots in the apartment, despite the maid's efforts to keep it neat and clean, I came across a discrete advertisement near the back. In elegant script it stated that "excellent pay" was being offered for a five year, foreign service position, provided the applicant passed rigorous intelligence, appearance, and aptitude tests. For some reason it caught my eye while passing over the usual drivel, and knowing that I was far from stupid and had some modicum of culture, I penned a long and thoughtful handwritten reply to the impeccable Vancouver address, as was requested. I had become *really* bored with how things were going now that I was out in the big wide world all by myself, and thought that this might be just the thing to alleviate my growing ennui.

The allowance that mother and father provided was pretty good by most people's standards, but I always seemed to end up short of money after the second week of the month, then had to take it easy until the next cheque arrived. Later in the afternoon, a little uncomfortable from a mild sunburn and bored with sitting around the apartment, I walked down to the Granville Street post office and mailed it off. I promptly forgot about the letter I'd sent when my latest date, a handsome young law student named Jason, called and asked if I'd be interested in going to a hot new club downtown, later that

evening.

Three weeks passed and I became more and more bored with a pointless life, until one afternoon the large gold-embossed envelope that would forever change my life arrived. Having forgotten completely about the application, I took it back to the apartment along with the usual selection of junk mail and then, like a little kid, opened all the other correspondence first. I sat at the glass and polished brass table staring thoughtfully at the enigmatic envelope propped against the flower vase centrepiece, wondering just what it contained. There wasn't a return address on it, only a postmark indicating that it had been mailed from in-town. Finally, I reached out and opened it with the silver letter opener.

The beautiful, flowing script of the handwritten note informed me that I was one of a select group of young women requested to appear at an exclusive downtown hotel for an interview, three days hence. It advised me that a limo would be sent to pick me up and it would return me to my apartment after the interview was concluded. In addition, the note requested that I dress appropriately.

The arrival of the note in the prestigious envelope aroused my curiosity, challenging me to do something that would be entirely different from my humdrum existence and that evening while watching some mindless fluff on TV, I mulled over what I would need to buy in the way of clothing and accessories, to really knock the socks off whoever was doing the interview. Right then, I began to plan my next two days for shopping, hair appointments, a manicure, facial, and the myriad of other small details that would complete my image of sophistication. Finally, I went to bed that night with a purpose, even if only for the next three days or so.

Strangely, during the past two weeks and on a number of occasions, I'd gotten the haunting feeling one gets when being inspected or stared at and a lot of the time, even during the day, I had the sensation that I was being followed. I could never catch anyone at it, try though I might to surprise them at their observances.

I spent the next 48 hours shopping for just the right clothes and shoes and completing my other appointments, then on the third day, took all morning

preparing myself for my appointment with destiny, as I jokingly thought of it. How prophetic those thoughts were, I had *no* idea.

When the interphone buzzed, I checked the TV monitor and saw a tall, black-uniformed woman waiting in front of the camera for an acknowledgment. She wore the classic Chauffeuse's Uniform, but in addition, the bottom half of her face was hidden by one of the obscuring veils that are in favour in the Middle East. All I could see of her features were her dark, heavily made-up eyes; these being almost obscured by an even finer mesh veil that disappeared under the brim of her peaked cap. The eyes behind this fine mesh were separately delineated with what appeared to be a narrow strap passing up over the bridge of her nose, also disappearing under the bottom edge of the cap. Instead of the usual Chauffeur's jodhpurs, she wore a tightly-fitted, long, narrow, black skirt that descended to her ankles, and from under whose hem appeared the toes and heels of a pair of what I later found out were tightly-laced, six-inch heeled knee boots. When I looked her over more closely in the television monitor I noticed that her long and lustrous black hair was neatly coiffed; contained in some sort of invisible netting. Realising that she was being inspected, she held an elegantly lettered, small sign in front of her in gloved hands, not speaking a word. My name was all that was written on it.

Foolishly, I asked if she was here to pick me up for the interview, and she nodded wordlessly, then spun abruptly on her high heels and left the foyer with short, skirt-hobbled steps. I assumed that there would be some sort of kick pleat at the back of her tight skirt that would permit her to walk easily while wearing the snugly fitted and restricting garment, but there wasn't. It was obvious that she was a willing, so I thought at the time, captive of her clothing. She strutted out to the gleaming Rolls Royce limousine waiting under the portico, then waited expectantly for me by the opened passenger door. Without further delay, but a little nervous about the coming interview, I locked the place up, got into the elevator and on the way down to the lobby wondered to myself about the whole mysterious scene I had become involved in; not a little intrigued by the fact that there hadn't been one square inch of the Chauffeuse that was not covered, even if only partially. That in itself, here in Vancouver, was very strange.

I hadn't told anyone about the letter, mentally shrugging it off while I walked through the front doors and slid as gracefully as I could into the back of the limousine. The door closed with a solid, metallic *thunk*, the kind of sound that only comes from expensively engineered machinery. The Chauffeuse slid into the driver's seat, somewhat stiffly I thought, and spent what seemed like an inordinate amount of time settling herself in place behind the wheel. She leant forward for a few seconds and seemed to fumble under her seat, then there came a couple of subtle clicks when she connected something there. I wasn't aware of it of course, but she'd fastened locking hooks at the end of sturdy web type straps to staples on her skirt- and boot-hidden ankle cuffs. For the moment, they were long enough to allow her to use her feet on the accelerator and brake pedals. I watched with fascination when she next reached back to her shoulders and drew a pair of thick, wide, black leather straps over her shoulders and through the opened divider window between the passenger compartment and the driver's position, I heard the *snap* of each of their connectors when she slid them into the (also unknown to me at the time) locking restraint harness she was required to wear. I'd only seen seat restraint arrangements like that in acrobatic aircraft at the Abbotsford Air Show and wondered why the system appeared in such a luxury vehicle.

Next, to my amazed eyes, her tightly gloved hands reached over her shoulders to a bright protrusion on the high back of her seat and pulled up on another heavy strap. She fumbled with it for a moment at the back of her neck, under her netted hair, then clipped it to a substantial staple on what appeared to be a wide, silvery band that encircled her neck that until this point had been concealed by her hair and veils. Although I didn't realise it either at the time, of course, she was tightly and securely gagged beneath her veil, while under her restrictive skirt, she was locked into a remotely-controlled chastity belt, complete with a large and vastly intrusive, uncomfortable vaginal probe that monitored and disciplined her into complete subjugation. In addition, she wore a locked-in set of unobtrusive ear buds and so was totally and remotely-controlled from the suite of rooms at the hotel I was being taken to. Although *appearing* to be free of any encumbrance other than her clothing, she was kept in continuous, secure restraint. The vehicle contained a transceiver that assimilated and re-broadcast her governing signals to the very personal control of her hidden chastity belt, also ensuring that she stayed electronically locked into her seat

harness and collar chain, unable to release herself until her Arabian mentors decided that she should be freed.

The large, expensive car moved off with a silenced hum from the powerful engine and I was driven in dignified splendour within its richly appointed interior, through the humdrum traffic of the busy mid-afternoon to the hotel's lower parking garage; there pulling into a reserved slot right next to the Executive Elevator. The door on my side swung silently open, but my Chauffeuse remained silent and unmoving in the driver's seat after she'd turned off the engine. Unseen by me, she moved her arms to cross each other to either side of her waist, manoeuvring the thick, staples of her glove-concealed wrist cuffs, these protruding through them on the inner side, into other, locking slots of the seat restraint harness hip belt.

I watched her suddenly stiffen, but could not understand why she did. Hidden within the structure of the seat a series of small but very powerful, geared-down motors tightened her ankle, waist, shoulder and neck restraints, pinning her securely. A panel on the divider between our compartments flipped open and an envelope dropped out. Naturally, I picked it up and saw that it was addressed to me and upon opening it I found that there was a single sheet of paper inside and a credit card-type key. The note instructed me to leave the vehicle and use the card to access the Executive Elevator next to the parking space, also informing me that the Chauffeuse would wait in the car for my return. When I glanced up at her again after retrieving the card and reading the information, I faintly heard another muffled whine coming from under the front seat, and watched while she was pulled deeply into the soft cushions when all of her restraints tightened even more. Her head was now drawn back very firmly into its rest, sinking into it noticeably so that she stared straight ahead. She seemed to struggle for a moment and I thought I heard muffled gasps of discomfort, but, after some twitching she sat totally unmoving and silent.

Unknown to me, she was being rewarded for her job, for, inside the chastity belt a clitoral and vaginal vibrator hummed to life, while pleasurable pulses of electrical energy teased and tormented her down there, and through her breasts. The door remained swung open and so I slid across the seat then walked over to the private elevator. Once inside the richly-appointed car, I

ascended smoothly and quietly to the penthouse and when the doors sighed open, was a little astounded to find two swarthy-skinned men in full desert robes, barring the entrance door.

A moment later, it was opened by a very proper English Butler who wordlessly guided me into a comfortable sitting room that overlooked Coal Harbour through panoramic windows. When I walked further into the room, a tall, slim, handsome man of Arabic descent rose from his chair to greet me. He was of a commanding height and presence; dressed elegantly in a very expensive Saville Row suit and watched me enter with a hawklike alertness, following my every movement with eyes that missed absolutely nothing. I had never been so frankly appraised by a man before, and felt a little shiver of apprehension and anger at his evaluating stare while I stood before him, blushing. Unable to meet his evaluating gaze, I looked down at the carpet in some confusion.

The interview was definitely not starting the way I had planned it, but finally, after what seemed like an eternity of silent inspection, he graciously urged me to make myself comfortable. When I was seated in the deeply cushioned chair, he resumed his own seat across the low table.

“Would you care for any refreshments, Miss Henderson?” he asked in a deep, carefully-modulated voice with just a touch of an Arabic accent.

“No, but thank you very much,” I replied somewhat shyly, much to my annoyance.

I nervously tried to tug my too-short skirt down to my knees when he began the interview, quietly polite while he asked all sorts of questions about my background, education, hobbies, state of health, friends, relatives, and parents. He wrote brief notes on a pad in his lap after each answer until, nearly an hour later and with what appeared to be a mild case of embarrassment, he asked about my sex life. At first I was a little shocked by this intrusion into my personal affairs, then, thinking *‘What the Hell’*, I told him the truth.

He explained that his Employer required these details in order to make a full evaluation of my potential as a member of his Staff, and so he had to ask the

questions. I replied, a little embarrassed, but determined to be honest, that I'd only engaged in sex twice: both times with the same person because of the AIDS scare, and had been celibate now for the past six months.

"Although," I added with a smile, "I'm not contemplating entering a convent yet, either." He gave a secretive little smile at that comment, really only a slight twitching of his lips, then continued on to other topics.

Time seemed to fly after that, until an hour and a half later he stood up, signalling the end of the interview, and told me that I would be contacted one way or the other within three days. For my trouble in coming, he handed me another gold-embossed envelope which, when opened, I found contained 25, crisp, new, \$100.00 bills. When I turned to leave he stopped me and asked that I remain in my apartment until contacted and refrain from any 'romantic' entanglements. Still a little stunned by the money, I assured him that I would do as he requested and that there would be no affairs he need worry about.

Once in the garage, the door to the limo swung open and I slipped into the back seat. The silent, veiled, and motionless Chauffeuse seemed to come to life when I entered the car and was partially released from her hidden confinements, then with quiet efficiency, drove me home as promised. The interview, other than some of its more bizarre aspects, had been somewhat of an anticlimax and once back in the suite of rooms that I hadn't quite started to call home yet, I took off the expensive clothes and carefully hung them up. I poured myself a tall glass of cold white wine and moved into the lounge to catch the latest Oprah show.

It had been an interesting day for once, and I was anxious to see what would happen next. The interview seemed to have gone smoothly enough and I wondered what kind of job they were hiring for, with only a passing thought to the strangely attired Chauffeuse. The TV blathered on about some meaningless question that seemed to entrance the studio audience and phone-in respondents, then eventually, I made myself a small steak dinner and spent the rest of the evening moping around the place until, exhausted by doing nothing, I went to bed at 10 pm and eventually drifted into a restless sleep.

Chapter Two

Acceptance & Chaperones

For the next three days I did as the interviewer had requested, waiting a little sullenly for his call, although still very impressed by him and the obvious wealth I'd seen displayed. I wondered constantly what the job's duties entailed, for he hadn't really said anything about them, other than that I would basically be a paid companion at the beck and call of his employer.

Late in the afternoon of the third day the phone rang and the cultured voice of the Interviewer asked if I would consider coming to a second interview the next afternoon. I accepted with a feeling of strange butterflies rocketing around inside my stomach and could hardly sleep that night, tossing and turning restlessly until nearly 3 am.

The next day I took an inordinate amount of time preparing myself, then once again the same, strangely-attired Chauffeuse showed up and took me back to the lush penthouse overlooking the harbour. The Butler silently showed me into the sitting room then disappeared. My Interviewer stood waiting for me, but this time in the company of another man, he being fully-attired in classic, desert regalia. Although he was seated, I could see that he too was tall, powerfully built, and fiercely good looking. He resolutely remained seated in his chair when I entered the room.

"Please be seated, Miss Henderson," the Interviewer commanded, but politely, gesturing at a chair.

I walked over and sat where I had before, facing the two of them across the low table. Some conversation in their own language ensued and my eyes flicked back and forth between them while they held a rapid-fire discussion, punctuated by occasional gestures in my direction. At last it ended and the Interviewer apologised for the use of the foreign tongue in my presence, explaining that the other man did not speak English terribly well.

"Miss Henderson, we are pleased to inform you that you meet all the criteria for the position my employer has advertised and we hope you will accept it at

your earliest convenience,” he announced in his deep voice.

“Fantastic,” I blurted out, momentarily losing my cool demeanour.

“The position,” he explained, smiling back at my own of triumph, “requires that you sign a Contract of Personal Service for five years. The base pay for the position being offered to you is \$1,000.00 in United States dollars per day, paid seven days a week: totalling some \$1,825,000.00 for the term. It is an isolated posting and return from the site will not be possible for the duration of your Contract. All of your medical expenses, meals, clothing, and day-to-day expenditures are paid for, of course, over and above the Contract amount, which, I might add, is tax free. If you decide to enter into a *Full* Contract, rather than the one that is currently under discussion here, you will receive a bonus, bringing the total to \$2,500,000.00.”

I was staggered by the amount.

“Why so much? And what do you mean, the Full Contract?” I asked, mulling over all those zeroes and not really interested in what the answer might be. I should have been.

“The work required is not personally dangerous in any way, Miss Henderson,” he said easily, “but, in contrast to the ‘normal’ Contract currently being discussed here, it will entail substantially more boredom, quite a few periods of *strictly* supervised physical exertion, and it will involve some temporary changes to your appearance. These changes will be in the form of what we consider to be quite attractive ‘local’ ethnic jewellery as well as the wearing of some Special Uniforms required for certain functions of the position. The nature of the ‘Full’ Contract requires that this amount be paid.”

That sounded a little strange, but I could live with it, I thought, and nodded my acceptance of the explanation so far.

“However, Miss Henderson,” he continued, “there are other conditions to which you must *also* agree.” he said with emphasis, but quietly, looking at me with that penetrating gaze once more. “You must undergo complete medical and dental examinations. These will be at our expense, naturally, and you will

be measured for your Uniforms at the same time. Also, you must not have sex between now and the time you are fitted with your Basic Uniform. Other than that, it is entirely up to you.”

“Very well, sir. I agree to the conditions without a problem, but ... and I’m a little embarrassed to ask this; how can I be sure that this offer is, ah ... legitimate, if you will pardon my being so blunt?” I asked in what I thought were reasonable tones.

He looked a little disgusted at my crass question and, without a word, slid two cashier’s cheques across the dark, highly polished Mahogany surface of the coffee table, almost as though the paper were sullyng his fingers. The other man sat back and watched the whole thing through narrowly-slitted eyes.

I looked down at the two fateful pieces of paper and knew that they were the genuine article, but I was afraid to touch them for fear that I would break the spell that seemed to have been cast and I’d wake up back in my boring apartment in the middle of the night. I’d never seen that much money all in one place before: two cheques, one for \$1,825,000.00, the other for \$2,500,000.00, and both made out to *me*.

“Miss Henderson, the choice is yours,” he said, casually ignoring the cheques as though this were an everyday occurrence for him. “When you sign The Contract, the appropriate cheque will be given to you. You may deposit it in the institution of your choice and verify the amount tomorrow.”

Without too much thought about the terms of employment, I picked up the pen he proffered and asked for the papers, despite a late, last minute voice far in the back of my mind telling me that I wasn’t seeing the whole picture.

I ignored it.

“I would like to complete the Full Contract, please,” I said with a none-too-steady voice. When I indicated my choice, the older, silent man handed over a large, two-page document written in a flowing Arabic script on, believe it or not, real parchment; together with a notarized English language version, ascertaining that it was an exact copy. I read through the English version

speedily, noting the various points he'd mentioned, then looked up at them.

The Interviewer leaned across the table and silently indicated the bottom of the second page. With a flourish, I signed my name to all of the copies and the original, then both men witnessed my signature. The original parchment and one English version were then rolled into a tight tube and inserted into an elaborately engraved leather canister. This was sealed with a dollop of liquid red wax and stamped with the older man's ring while still semi-solid, then placed in a briefcase which was immediately locked closed with quick snaps of its catches. The transaction was complete.

For a moment we all smiled happily at each other, then the Interviewer reached out and picked up the smaller of the cheques and calmly set it on fire with a pocket lighter.

"That one is yours, Miss Henderson," he said, indicating the one for the \$2,500,000.00 still sitting before me on the gleaming surface of the low table, just in front of my knees. I picked it up and the dream didn't end. I couldn't quite believe that I was actually holding that kind of money, and only vaguely heard him when he spoke again.

"Your medical examination has been arranged for tomorrow afternoon at a private hospital, Miss Henderson. Security arrangements for the safe transport of the money and your person are now being made, so that you will not become a robbery victim while the cheque is in your hands. I advise you to deposit it immediately, in a high return account, for a five year term and I'm sure that your bank manager will be able to assist you in this regard." He went on to advise me of the kind of thing that I should look for in making my deposit and investment options.

"It is also a requirement," he continued, "that from this time forward you will be accompanied by two of His Majesty's chaperones until you are ready to travel to your new job."

He clapped his hands and two strangely-attired women entered from a bedroom; fully concealed but for their eyes, by their floor-length, voluminous, flowing black robes, just like the Chauffeuse. Even their hands were covered by thin, shiny, black leather gloves that disappeared upwards

into voluminous sleeves. They both bowed to the costumed Arab, then came over and stood silently behind me, waiting.

“Miss Henderson, you should go to your bank immediately and deposit the cheque, then return to your home to clear up your personal affairs. The limousine is at your disposal for these errands. We will take care of all details in the closing out of your apartment lease as well as any other matters you may wish us to finalise for you.” He stood up.

I felt a little like the cat that had swallowed the canary when I too stood and, with a quiet goodbye, left the penthouse. My silent escorts followed me into the elevator and I heard something under their enveloping black costumes clicking audibly while, like two black ghosts, they walked along behind me. All I could see of them though were their intent, dark eyes, watching me through the fine mesh covering, above the opaque, black, rigidly-formed veils over their lower faces. I wondered just what kind of jewellery they wore beneath the robes; stuff that made the strange, almost musical clinking sounds while we descended to the basement and the waiting limo. I soon began to ignore the noises for they were a constant accompaniment to their movements.

I knew that they were along as my escorts, but they made me feel just a little uneasy for some reason I couldn't quite put my finger on. Once settled into the rear seat between them, I directed the Chauffeuse to my bank and once there, deposited the cheque, watching with pleasure, the shock and new respect it elicited from the manager when I handed it to him. The veiled women were my constant shadows, even to following me into his office and waiting silently by the door while we made our arrangements for the money and how it was to be handled, then back in the limo, they once more sat on either side of me. I found their close monitoring to be a little disconcerting, but they silently insisted and seemed to want to protect me from each bump of the pavement during the drive back to the apartment, much as though I was a priceless, Ming Dynasty vase.

At home, I quickly packed a few clothes, cleaned the place up a little, and had an early night of watching TV. All the while the two black wraiths remained silently unobtrusive, quietly watching with me, but, try as I might, I couldn't get either to utter a single word or remove their veils. After a while I just

gave up and ignored them. Both remained in the living room when I went to bed.

When I got up in the middle of the night, one was asleep on the couch, still clad in her fully-concealing costume, while the other sat in one of the chairs, flipping through some of my books and magazines. She came completely alert when I emerged from the bedroom and I waved at her sleepily, but was awake enough to notice that the gown of the one laying on the couch had ridden up her tightly leather-encased legs a little, revealing what appeared to be a thick, flexible, black wire running between shiny steel staples protruding from the boots just above each of her ankles.

The one reading continued to watch until I returned to my room and I caught a quick glimpse of her glove-tubed arm when she turned a page of the magazine. I saw another, similar, black wire running from a small sturdy staple sticking through the shiny glove on the underside of her wrist; this disappearing up her sleeve. Its material fell back when she lowered her arm and I couldn't be sure that I'd really seen what I thought I had. The wire had seemed to snap tight when she tried to move her arm beyond a certain distance, but my brain said I was imagining things, or that the lighting had played tricks on my eyes, and so I forgot about the strangely disturbing sight of the thick wires and went back to my nice, warm, and comfortable bed.

Chapter Three

The Fittings

The next morning they were both awake when I emerged from the bedroom and went for my shower. At the breakfast table, they each daintily ate a small meal of toast with jam while still wearing their veils, and drinking their large glasses of fruit juice through straws that disappeared up under their lower facial coverings as though unwilling or unable to take them off. I grabbed a quick coffee and some toast, then dressed in clothing I hoped reflected my new status as a millionairess. After that, I found it hard to wait patiently for the limousine to show up, but around 11:00, the buzzer sounded and the three of us trooped down to the waiting, grey Rolls.

We certainly got some curious looks from passers-by when we emerged from the front door of the modern glass and steel tower I lived in, but I ignored them while I was closely escorted from the door under the portico by the chaperones, one on either side of me still. They guarded me against everyone who even appeared to want to come close. The same, black-robed and enveloped Chauffeuse held the door for us and the first chaperone slid into her seat with more tinkles and rattles from her hidden jewellery, then me, then the other one. This routine was beginning to irritate me a little, but I said nothing and dreamt again of all those zeros. The door thumped quietly closed, shutting out the background of the city noises, and for a few seconds, the three of us sat in silence while the Chauffeuse strutted in her dainty fashion, around to her door. Once she'd closed it, she again took a long time to get settled, making me wonder just what she was doing.

Little did I know it at the time, but as soon as she sat down she *always* had to connect herself to her restraint system; fastening her ankles first, then her seat harness system, the back of the collar leash, and finally placing her wrists in their confining mountings at her waist if she was not driving. It wasn't apparent, but she had to sit and wait with horrible expectation while a compartment under her buttocks opened a slit in the seat and another discreet one in the back of her tight skirt, then rapidly connected a thick set of cables to her steel-imprisoned, lower body. Once this connection had been made, the

computer in the car then ran a very fast systems check on her Uniform. Much later, I found out that this testing involved quite nasty and painful shocks through her uterus, clitoris, rectum, and breasts. Fastened as firmly and securely as she was though, there was virtually no movement permitted to her, and she was unable to even kick her booted legs, thanks also to her tight skirt, the almost rigid boots and her connected ankles eliminating all movement of her legs.

All I saw was that she stiffened and twitched in her seat when she was tested by the computer monitoring system, then seemed to slump forward a little. A moment later her hands rose slowly to the steering wheel and we were off. The drive through the rain-shrouded city and up into the lower reaches of the surrounding, evergreen-covered mountains of the North Shore was nearly an hour in length and I was glad to get out when we finally arrived at the exclusive institution hidden behind high hedges and a forbidding, huge stone wall. The remotely-controlled gate had swung open when the Rolls approached, then closed behind us when we whispered up the long, curving drive to the front of the building. Once we'd stopped at the front, the car door's electric locks clicked open and the chaperones silently urged me out. I quickly slid from the warmed leather seat into the cold, drizzly air and hustled to the thick, bronze front door of the ivy-covered building, for I wanted to be inside and warm, not out there in the cold November rain. One of my chaperones took a small plastic card from her robes and slipped it into the reader beside the doors, then after a second's hesitation, they slid quietly aside. I was quickly escorted through the entrance foyer and over to a large, panelled elevator, then this smoothly descended two floors. The whole place seemed to be empty of patients, although in the background I heard the noises of others going about their business while I was guided to a small, comfortably-appointed Examining Room. I looked around for something to give me some sort of clue as to what was going to happen next, but could find nothing that gave even the smallest hint, until, finally, one of the black-garbed women gestured peremptorily and silently for me to remove my clothing.

I found it a little embarrassing, having to disrobe before their dispassionate gaze, but after some hesitation, and with the thought of *'Oh well, we're all girls here'*, I stripped off and lay on the examining table. One of them pulled a

funny feeling and quite thick white rubber sheet over me, then walked to the side of the room and sat on a straight-backed chair next to her companion. They both continued watching while I lay blushing and a little nervous about the whole, strange scene.

A doctor entered some moments later and proceeded to give me a most complete physical; being properly, clinically removed and distant while he performed all of the minor indignities that doctors do when examining a female patient. Finally, while I was being weighed, he asked me to remain standing and left the room. One of my chaperones brought over a measuring tape and some other strange looking equipment sealed in sterile bags, then expertly took the fullest and most embarrassing set of measurements I'd ever had done. They measured the circumferences of each of my breasts, the distances between my nipples and, most embarrassing of all, the length and diameter of tampons that I could comfortably accept within my sex and anal cavity. At times during the process, I couldn't help but blush scarlet with humiliation and discomfort, but I endured it, looking forward to that two and a half million dollars.

In the meantime, her companion made note of all measurements on a laptop computer, then plugged it into the room's internet connection and sent the data whizzing off into the ether. The other held out my clothes while I got dressed, then a few moments later the doctor returned.

"Miss Henderson, please follow your chaperones into the next room. There, you'll be given your dental examination and some very detailed impressions will be made," he instructed.

"Oh," I exclaimed, having forgotten about this part of the process.

The two women went to the door and I followed them down a short corridor to another small examining room. Inside, it was fully equipped with the usual array of dental equipment and, without being told, I slipped onto the chair. A couple of seconds after I'd settled myself, another white smocked, Arabic-looking man entered and sat on a stool next to me, then the chair reclined until I was looking at the ceiling and I automatically opened my mouth. He slowly examined it with utter concentration, occasionally making comments in his native tongue to the black ghost with the lap-top, then when he'd

finished probing and prying with his instruments, sat back.

“Now, Miss Henderson, I’m going to be taking some impressions of your mouth and teeth, in addition to making some other measurements of your head and face while these are being completed,” he informed me. “You’ll find the impression making process to be somewhat uncomfortable and you will be unable to speak while the compound sets, but don’t worry too much about it. The material cures quite slowly, but it is very exact. Just so you don’t get too worried by the process, you should know that we’ll have to keep your jaws quite widely separated until the moulds are finished curing and to do this we employ a special device that will hold you in the proper position, OK?”

“Well ... all right.” I nodded, a little dubiously, turning my head to watch while he mixed a dark, pinkish compound in a bowl on the counter, then scooped it into the trays that would fit over my teeth.

“Please open your mouth widely,” he requested, taking the upper tray and slipping it inside my mouth before jiggling it around until the rounded metal edges pressed up between my cheeks and gums, seating the gooey mess firmly. A moment later he did the same thing with the one for my lower jaw, making my mouth seem totally filled with the metal trays and the gooey compound they contained.

“Now, we have to spread your jaws somewhat Miss Henderson, to ensure that we can make an exact replica of your mouth,” he stated, reaching over to the counter and picking up a device that reminded me of a horse’s bit, complete with dangling straps.

“NnnnHHuuhhnn.” I gabbled back at him, looking a little fearfully at the thing he was holding.

“You will have to wear this for about half an hour I’m afraid,” he said, untangling the white plastic straps and bringing it to my face. “Please open your mouth a little wider and try to keep it that way while I adjust the spreader and the tongue depressor.”

“UUUnngghh,” I acknowledged wordlessly and did what he demanded, my

eyes staring into the bright light above.

Cool metal arms slipped between the trays covering my teeth and I felt some thick, short, posts clip into mating holes with little metallic sounds. A second later, he slipped a wide, smooth metal plate between the trays, then pushed it far back into my mouth until it completely covered my tongue, depressing it slightly and extending far inwards, curving down at the back of my throat. I almost retched with the sensation of its deep penetration.

“You’re doing just fine,” he said comfortingly while he adjusted the fit of all the equipment now nestled between my jaws. “I’ll just lock it into place then you can lay back or sit up if you wish and relax until the compound sets completely. That will take about an hour.”

I indicated that I wanted to sit up and he immediately raised the chair. I thought that I’d suffocate if I had to lay back and suffer that awful thing rammed halfway down my throat. How little I knew of what was to come in my near future.

“Just lean forward a little, please, so that I can adjust the positioning straps,” he requested.

When I did, he pulled an inverted **Y** strap clipped to the paraphernalia in my mouth at the corners of my lips, up over the front of my face, leaving my nose projecting. He next passed a wide band around my head just above my eyebrows, buckling it snugly at the back. The tail of the **Y** went over the top of my head from its junction with the wide band on my forehead, then snugged another strap down across the top, from side to side, just above my ears. The front-to-back strap split at the rear of my head, just below the one encircling it, coming forward to join with the side-to-side ones, under my ears. He connected these two junctions with yet another short strap under my jaw, then took two more connecting bands from where the device inside my mouth pulled back the corners of my lips and clipped them to the web-work around my head. A final strap was passed from the junction under my left ear, around the nape of my neck and fastened under my right ear before being tightened until the whole web-work was uncomfortably snug and unyielding to my attempts to bite down, or shift my tongue under its depressor. Each time I tried, I almost retched from the sensation of the downward curving

metal plate holding it firmly in place, pressed into the floor of my mouth.

“There, Miss Henderson,” he smiled down when I shook my head a little frantically against the ensnaring head harness. “Please try to keep your tongue still, as you’ll find it much more comfortable to wear this equipment. Also, please don’t try to talk while it is on, for as you’ve found out in the last minute or so, that can cause problems for you. Now, I’ll adjust the pressure on the trays and you can sit quietly and let the compound cure properly.”

“UUUnnnhh,” I tried to speak, but the tongue depressor completely stifled my attempt and I almost retched again, trying to sit up in the chair and bend forward, nearly choking.

“Yes, I know. It is somewhat uncomfortable at the moment, but you’ll get used to it in a minute or two,” he sympathised. “Just hold still while I adjust the pressure, please.”

Somewhat uncomfortable? It was *distinctly* that way. I stared at the wall in front of me, my vision partially-obscured by the straps coming up from the corners of my mouth, while he reached down and began turning two knurled knobs at the corners of my mouth. Slowly, my jaws were forced even further and further apart while he kept adjusting them. For the first few seconds I just sat and endured, my mouth filled with the metal equipment, but then the pressure on my jaw began to get very uncomfortable and I wailed in protest.

“UUUnnn! *NNggghhhh!*”

“Please relax, Miss Henderson,” he snapped as I flailed in the chair. “We’re almost there.”

“HHhnnnghh! *UUnnnhnnnnngggh!*”

“OK,” he exclaimed happily even though my jaw felt like it was going to come unhinged. He looked down at me. “Now I want you to keep quite still. I’m going to connect the positioning straps of the harness to others on the chair here to hold your head in place.”

I heard a faint jingle of metal on metal, then there was a series of small clicks.

One of them was at the top of my head and the other two on either side, just in front of my ears. He pulled the strap at the top tight, drawing my head firmly into a small depression in the cushioned back of the chair, then quickly tightened the two side straps so that I couldn't turn or move my head at all_

"That's very good, Miss Henderson," he said quietly. "There are a few last little chores for me, then I'll leave you until it's time to remove the trays."

He reached over to the counter and picked up what looked a little like a bent-tip magic marker. His hand moved to my widespread mouth and I felt a firm, blunt point press briefly through five holes in the metal depressor, about halfway back and just to either side of the centre of my tongue and the last one near the tip. I arched my eyebrows at him inquisitively, but he must have missed my unspoken inquiry for he turned back to the table. The next thing he did was to take two, small metal cones with their tips open and insert them into each of my nostrils. He pressed them slowly deeper and deeper until my nostrils were fully dilated, then with a narrow strap connected to them fastened it also to the sides of my head harnessing.

"Uuhhhnnngghh! *Unngghh!*" I gasped with the unfamiliar and definitely uncomfortable insertions, but was unable to avoid them.

"Please hold still while these measurements are made, Miss Henderson," he cautioned me. "You'll have to wear them until the compound cures and they'll need to be tightened in a minute or two, after your flesh stretches."

I really didn't like the sensations of the things in my nose and was a little terrified by his telling me that they'd be pressed even deeper. True to his word, about five minutes later, he returned and pressed the awful cones even further up into my nostrils. I couldn't stop my whines while he busied himself making note of some measurements, then to my surprise, used the same bent-tip marker. This he inserted far up into each nostril and pressed against my septum, then on the outer sides of my nostril wings, made similar markings.

'What the Hell were those for?' I wondered dazedly.

"I'll see you in half an hour, Miss Henderson," he said when he stood, then

left the room.

A moment later my two chaperones began taking measurements from the graduated markings on the plastic straps ensnaring my head, measuring it and my face. These were also entered into the lap-top computer, and when they'd finished, both returned to their chairs. I was highly embarrassed to be seen in this head contraption and with the cones forced so deeply into my nose, but I couldn't see them due to the manner in which my head was restrained, and after a moment I ignored their presence completely and concentrated on how I felt. I'd never before been forcibly immobilized as I was now and it felt quite strange, but surprisingly erotic. Without thinking, I tried to sit up even more, only to feel the firm tension of the head restriction system make itself known. I couldn't move my head at all. My hands automatically rose to my face and I inspected the tight straps and the things in my straining mouth and nose by touch alone, lingering over the chromed buckles that secured the device to my head. Strangely, I couldn't discern any way of opening them. After a few moments of this inspection I dropped my hands to my lap again and just sat there, listening to my breath hissing through my nasal cones, then whistling out around the steel in my mouth. I didn't try to release anything again even though my jaws began to ache while time dragged past, but I couldn't help the small moans of discomfort I uttered while I sat waiting; head-harnessed and secured to the chair.

The thing around my head wasn't *really* uncomfortable. It just felt very strange and restricting. At the lower limit of my vision, I could see the metal of the various devices I wore, projecting outwards, making me feel as though I was equipped with a horse's bit and bridle. Little did I know, then.

An eternity later, he came back, unlocked the jaw-spread and removed the intrusive nasal cones. Gratefully, I closed my mouth when the pressure was released and he quickly undid all the straps that had ensnared and restrained my head, then pulled the spreader from my mouth and extracted the plate that had held my tongue down. A moment later he began jiggling the trays to get them to release their grip on my teeth and gums until, at last, they came away with a distinct sucking sound. I moved my jaws to get rid of the small aches and gratefully accepted the proffered wad of Kleenex and glass of water to clean my face of the compound's residue and rinse out my mouth.

“Miss Henderson, that’s all for today. Thank you for coming. I’d like to have you back here tomorrow for your inoculations,” he stated politely. “Also, I’d like you to take sets of these tablets tonight, just before you go to bed, and again at about four o’clock tomorrow morning.” He handed me a small vial and a sheet of instructions. “They’ll ease the absorbency of the shots which, by the way, cover a broad spectrum of diseases you might be exposed to in your new home. Although that possibility is unlikely in the extreme, we don’t wish to take any chances with your health, you see.”

“Tomorrow, after you receive your injections, you’ll be fitted with some of your new special jewellery, your Basic Uniform, and then your Travelling Uniform. After that’s been done, you’ll be driven to the airport, and from there flown to your new job.” He smiled and left before I could ask him for more detailed information.

The three of us were soon walking down the deserted corridors to the elevator, passing only a couple of nurses who gave us fleeting, curious glances. Once back in the waiting Rolls, I instructed the Chauffeuse to take me to the bank and when we arrived, the manager went all out to ensure that I and my two silent chaperones were given the royal treatment. I ascertained that I was indeed two and half million dollars richer and almost danced out the door on air when we left the grey, fortress-like building.

Back at the apartment and almost delirious with thoughts of my new wealth, I hastily got out of my clothes, slipped into a comfortable house-robe, then, later in the evening, sent out for pizza. We ate slowly with only the TV as background, but all the while the two women still remained resolutely silent except for the occasional clicking and small jingling sounds I heard from under their robes. Try as I might, I was unable to get them to talk or remove their voluminous and obviously encumbering clothing, and, after a while, I gave up. Little did I know that they too were gagged and under the constant monitoring and control of their Arabian masters, back at the hotel.

‘If they want to stay dressed that way, there’s not much I can do about it,’ I thought, not knowing, then, that they were utterly unable to escape their garments. Finally, much later in the evening after taking the prescribed medication, I again retired to my room. Sometime in the dark hours of the early morning a soft, constant knocking woke me and I drowsily popped another two tablets into

my mouth, washed them down with a swig of water from the glass on the night table, then dropped off to an utterly dreamless sleep.

Chapter Four

Jewellery & Cuffs

In the morning my chaperones again woke me with soft knocking on the bedroom door and when I emerged wrapped in my dressing gown, I seemed to float along the hallway to the bathroom, where they silently insisted on washing and dressing me. I felt very lackadaisical about the whole affair and compliantly allowed them to do as they wished, enjoying the attention being lavished upon me.

The pills certainly seemed to have worked. I felt so relaxed and easy-going now that if they'd have suggested that I could fly, if they had been permitted to speak, I would have tried to do it. They helped me get dressed while I sat on the bed like a semi-alive doll, then took me into the living room where we all waited silently once more for the limo to arrive. My mind drifted aimlessly while we sat and I dreamily contemplated how I'd spend the two and a half million dollars I now possessed. Just before we left the apartment, they handed me the last pair of tablets and a glass of water, silently insisting that I take them. Watching closely, they then gestured for me to open my mouth and move my tongue around to show that I had really swallowed the pills.

We were picked up once more by the silent, veiled Chauffeuse, who this time remained seated while we got in. In seconds we were on our way, being driven back to the hospital on the North Shore, for the last time although I wasn't aware of *that* aspect. This time, the limo entered via a rear lane, descending to the underground garage in which there were a dozen, dark windowed mini-vans already parked. By now, the pills had taken such effect that I felt as though I was just drifting along like a tethered balloon, while the two of them guided me once more to the Examining Room. One now toted a heavy, expensive looking suitcase she'd taken from the trunk of the limo after we'd arrived in the garage.

I marvelled at the discretion of the hospital and its staff. I had yet to see another patient and to all intents and purposes, I could very well have been

the only one in the entire place. The same white-smocked man glided noiselessly into the examining room and told me, slightly peremptorily I thought, to disrobe, then lie on the table and relax. He left just as silently as he'd arrived and I casually slipped out of my clothing, settled back, then closed my eyes and, thanks to the drug, felt no inhibitions about doing as I was told. Today, for some reason, I was much more conscious of the thickness, weight, and imperviousness of the white rubber sheet that covered me and soon got hot and sticky under it, fidgeting aimlessly, wishing that things would start happening, and that I could rid myself of the damned sheet. My two nameless and faceless companions had taken my discarded garments, folding them neatly after I'd removed each one, then placed them in another small black case.

I waited impatiently for whatever would happen next, then surprisingly, my chaperones left the room and for a moment I was completely alone in the sterile little chamber. I was mildly surprised by this, after having them as constant companions over the past days, but didn't hear the silent electric locks on the door when it closed behind them, leaving me unaware that I was now a prisoner, and would remain so for the next five years. A nurse arrived some moments later and told me that I should try to relax my arms while she was administering the inoculations, then requested that I take another tablet just before these were administered. Not surprised by the requirement of the needles, having already been told of the reasons for them, I asked her why there was a need for another tablet.

"Just part of the doctor's orders, Miss Henderson," she replied. "You may find that you'll soon be glad of it." She smiled enigmatically when she said this and I smiled back vacuously as she handed me the small pill and a paper cup of water.

A few seconds later I returned the emptied container and she asked me to relax my arms while the injections were administered. They stung a little, but were skilfully done and she was kind enough to tell me what each was for. I became less and less interested while the relaxant took further effect, feeling even more drowsy and loose while I lay staring at the ceiling.

At one point during the series of injections, I thought she mentioned something about one of them being a special new drug that affected the

female monthly cycle; stopping it completely for a long time. Apparently, it acted without any side effects other than making the women who had used it during the human testing become much more sensitive and randy than usual while they were on it. She mentioned too, I think, that it would take effect almost immediately, then, after the initial injection, it would be administered in my food until my Contract was completed. At that point though I could have cared less and just continued to lie quietly until she was finished. Before leaving the room she patted my sheet clad shoulder reassuringly.

“Just lay there and relax, Miss Henderson. I’ll be back in twenty minutes or so,” she said, then departed with a rustle of starched whites and the whisper of her nylons brushing against each other within the envelope of her skirt.

My two chaperones re-entered the room to resume their watch just before the door closed, then things gradually got fuzzier. I didn’t have a worry in the world while I lay thinking of that lovely two and a half million with my name on it, growing ever larger each day that passed and so with visions of sugar plums dancing through my mind behind my closed eyelids, I drifted into a quiet nap.

Sometime later I was awakened by the clatter of metal against metal while the doctor and nurse removed instruments from a small autoclave and laid them out on a white, cloth-covered tray. When they’d completed their tasks they came over to the examining table to stand towering above me. I watched them through sleepy, half-open eyes when they sat on high, wheeled stools; one on either side of me, continuing to lay quietly, waiting blankly for what would happen next.

The doctor ordered me to close my eyes and after I’d obediently followed his command I felt them doing something with my nose. A pair of long, thick, cool metal fingers were gently inserted into each of my nostrils, almost plugging them and although I wanted to raise my hands and push these uncomfortable things away, the nurse held both of my arms on the table beside me and told me not to move. The prongs slid further and further up into my nostrils until they stopped when something pressed firmly against the central fleshy divider of my septum. For a moment I struggled against her overpowering strength, then relaxed while the drug circulating through my brain robbed me of the will to protest or resist and so just lay there breathing

through my mouth, panting a little, but unafraid.

The things in my nostrils slowly began to clamp the central cartilage and fleshy part firmly, pressing uncomfortably, then suddenly, I heard a muted metallic *snap* and my nose was engulfed with a burning, penetrating pain when a sharp, thick needle was forced with a rapid, cutting twist through the cartilage, deep inside. My eyes flew open and I voiced only a startled yelp from the drug-muted pain, but she continued to press my shoulders back against the table top. The drug, combined with the restraint of the nurse's strong hands, cancelled all control over my muscles and they reacted like so much jelly, so I could only watch with numbed fascination when the things which had been so deeply inserted were slowly withdrawn.

"This is the first part of your special jewellery, young lady, and we'd like you to hold still while it's attached, please," the doctor said quietly.

Something didn't feel right inside my nose or along the sides of the dividing flesh.

"Please close your eyes again, Miss Henderson," the Nurse commanded.

They seemed to fumble with a smooth, cool, metal thing, and I felt it move in my flesh, but all I could sense was the sliding motion of a metal shaft being pushed through a tube. She covered my eyes with a dark cloth then told me once more to keep both my eyes and mouth closed. There was a bright flash, then a buzzing sound, and the thing within my nose grew very warm for a moment, but cooled rapidly when she swabbed my face with a dampened cloth.

"There, dear," she said, patting my shoulder. "Now you've got your first grommet and ring."

Something heavy, U-shaped, and solid rested on my upper lip, trailing what felt like a lightly-linked chain over my right cheek. It pulled gently at my flesh while I lay with my eyes closed, wondering just what they'd done to me.

A ring. In my *nose*?

The nurse did something at the edge of the table out of my sight with the other end of the chain, resulting in a small *click*, but in a moment, thanks to the drug, I forgot about it. My relaxed state prevented what had been done from bothering me overly much and I fuzzily thought that this must be the interesting part of the jewellery that they'd told me about. I giggled a little at how strange it felt, glad of the rapidly decreasing ache, yet still wanting to reach up and touch the thing hanging out of my nostrils.

“Miss Henderson?” the doctor asked matter-of-factly, “please stick your tongue out as far as you can, and keep it that way.”

This sounded *really* bizarre, but once more I followed orders to the letter and he quickly coated it, far back into my mouth, with a sweet tasting gel that in seconds had numbed it completely. The stuff reminded me of the surface anaesthetic that dentists use and I soon felt as though I had a plank of wood in there rather than a tongue. I swallowed some of the material as I pulled it back into my mouth, but he told me to stick it out again.

A pair of doubled forceps clamped uncomfortably tight on either side, then pulled my tongue even further out, making me yelp wordlessly again with the awful sensation and discomfort. I tried to move my head against the drag of the forceps, but the heel of the nurse's other hand pressed firmly against my forehead, keeping my head on the table, then in quick succession, I felt five thick needles pushed through my captured flesh two on each side at the very back of my tongue, two more on either side at mid-point, and one at the tip, right into the spots he'd marked the day before. I squirmed frantically from the unpleasant sensation, moaning incoherently in acute discomfort, trying to complain about what they were doing, despite my tongue being still immobilised, but I really didn't feel any pain, and all that came forth was an unintelligible groaning. Both the doctor and the nurse soothed me, but my tongue remained firmly held, pulled far beyond my lips. A moment later the needles were slowly withdrawn, but when they were, five, thick, short metal rods with large balls on one end were inserted into the resulting wounds from underneath, passing completely through the numbed flesh.

They kept me like this while screwing other, larger metal balls onto the upper ends of the exposed shafts, until each of these impressed themselves deeply and uncomfortably into the upper surface of my tongue. Each one emitted a

solid little *click*. Only when all of these balls had been screwed down were the forceps released then I gratefully retracted my tongue, feeling the strangeness of the metal now mounted in it when I moved it around inside my mouth. The balls underneath were quite unpleasant, pressing down into the soft flesh, while the ones on the top rattled against my teeth with every twitch.

I *didn't* like the sensations they elicited and experimentally stuck my tongue out until the tip and first pair of balls and rods were beyond my teeth, then tried to remove them by pulling it back into my mouth. They dragged, at the moment uncomfortably, but later, when I tried again, painfully and very firmly against the flesh they transfixed. I moaned wordlessly with discomfort, not realising, yet, how permanent they were.

“Miss Henderson, you may find this jewellery somewhat uncomfortable at first, but you'll soon get used to it and you may even find it exciting to wear, after a while.”

When I tried to acknowledge his comments, it still felt as though I was trying to use a piece of wood to articulate and what speech I attempted came out more as a jumbled garble of sounds rather than real words. The balls forced me to lisp when they rattled against my teeth and although they weren't really painful, thanks to the anaesthetic, they *did* feel very strange.

Next, they had me roll my head to the side and a moment later there were two more sharp *clicks*. I felt two stings when each of my ear lobes was doubly pierced. Again they fumbled with earrings, then the nurse told me to close my eyes and there were two flashes and more of the buzzing sounds. I felt some heat from the short rods passing through my flesh, but continued to lay quietly, my eyes still closed. Another chain trailed down over my naked shoulder, pulling gently and continually at one of the heavy, closed U's that impaled my earlobes.

The two of them stood and helped me to sit up, holding the sheet modestly around me and when I rose from the warm surface of the Examining Table, I felt the links from my nose slide over the front of my lips and realised that it really and truly was a thin, yet quite sturdy golden chain, *and* it was attached to the thing in my nose. Equally as strange, I heard the sound of small bells and felt the drag of heavy earrings and *their* attached chains even more than

when I'd been laying down.

The ear-chains also hung down over the front of the sheet in a cascade of golden links, piled in a heavy little mound in my lap and I noted that at the end of each chain there was a small but very sturdy ring and giggled foolishly again at the thought of being required to wear these ornaments, thinking how strange and barbaric they must make me look. The sheet fell away when I raised my hand to feel the jewellery.

The fierce-looking Arab entered the room and greeted the doctor with a liquid salutation, ignoring both me and the two women who now knelt in front of their chairs. He walked over to the large suitcase they'd brought from the limo and swung it up onto a side table while I watched curiously, then he quickly dialled the combination locks. I picked up the sheet and covered myself again with a sudden fit of modesty. After the locks popped open, he reached inside and brought forth a pile of gleaming, thick, silvery bands; each lined with what appeared to be a layer of thin, black rubber. They rattled metallically and I saw that each was equipped with two small, sturdy rings. With these held firmly, he returned to where I sat on the examining table, still sheet-enshrouded, and placed them beside me.

"Are you feeling alright, Miss Henderson?" he asked in heavily-accented English.

Slowly, I nodded after thinking about it with difficulty for a couple of seconds.

"You now wear the very first pieces of your Restraint Jewellery," he stated, "so, it is time for you to be fitted with your Standard Issue cuffs and collar. Please gather your hair and lift it from your head."

Awkwardly, holding the sheet with one hand and my long hair with the other, I sat quietly while he walked around the table and came to stand behind me, then a second later I felt a cool, five cm wide, five mm thick band encircle my neck loosely, but only for a few seconds. He held it snugly against the column of my throat, then slowly and carefully closed the stainless steel cuff. The ends slipped together at the side of my neck under my right ear and sat for a moment, resting comfortably, encasing my throat about halfway up, but

nothing happened for a few seconds. Then, the choker slowly clamped tighter and there was a solid metal-on-metal *click*. He stepped back and I let my hair fall. The choker wasn't too tight, but I was definitely aware of its presence all the time, for it was formed snugly to the contours of my neck. He brushed my hair away from my face, then reached under my chin. I stared directly up into his dark, hooded, and glittering eyes when he reached out and lifted the ring under my chin and let it fall back with a solid sounding *clink* against the thick band. There was another, matching one at the back.

"My dear," he beamed, "you look absolutely exquisite wearing a collar."

I shook my head and felt the drag of the heavy jewellery chains; attempting to somehow escape the mild compression of the thing encasing my neck. The room started to whirl and I had to close my eyes to make it stop, then, tentatively, I raised my hand to touch it.

"Please keep your right arm straight out from the shoulder, Miss Henderson," he commanded at just that moment. "It is time to fit you with your arm cuffs."

I did as he demanded and watched dreamily while he wrapped one of the shiny, rubber-lined bands around it just above my elbow, it pressing firmly into the flesh of my arm. Once it clicked shut, he secured it with a small electronic device that made the smoothly raised portion of the lock snap softly. Without a word, he fitted another, oval-shaped cuff of the same width and thickness around my wrist, it too closing tightly with a final sounding metallic *click*. I couldn't help but notice the small rings swinging from each of the metal bangles now locked around my wrist and upper arm and admired how they caught the light when they swung back and forth in their sturdy mounts. I dropped my arm and flexed it experimentally, feeling the encircling steel bands exert their authority, restricting the play of my muscles and tendons with their strict, unyielding compression and encasement. The cuffs felt quite strange, but after a moment I forgot about them while I watched him repeat the process on my left arm. I tried to bend it too and again found that there was absolutely no give to the firmly clamped, locked silvery bands.

"Now, Miss Henderson, you are about to be fitted with your leg bands. Put your right leg up on the table in front of you, straight out, please," he

commanded.

He picked up another wide cuff from the still substantial pile beside me and wrapped it around my leg, just above the knee, then struggled briefly to close it, locking it in place with the electronic key. Again, I noted the rings that swung freely, swivelling and glittering, but my attention was drawn to the next, narrower band. He modestly brushed back the hanging sheet, then clamped it around the top of my thigh just under my buttock until it, too, was deeply embedded in my flesh, locked firmly in place. He picked up the next cuff and slipped it around my ankle while I watched in silence, still giggling a little and clutching the sheet to my chest. This one too, was closed and locked, and I saw that it, like the others, was adorned with the same substantial rings: one on the outside of the ankle and the other on the inside. He hadn't finished with it yet though, and proceeded to fit a wide, rubber-lined steel loop under my instep, sliding it into mating slots in the bottom edge of the thick cuff. I could distinctly hear the sounds of the internal ratchets when he pushed the loop up into the hollow of my instep and a moment later my foot was tightly contained in a web of rubber-lined steel. *That* sensation was very strange, and I felt as though I was wearing stirrup-type slacks, without the slacks. Again, I was amused at how silly this whole thing was.

In the next two minutes he repeated the process on my left leg, then told me to lay back again, spreading the sheet over me and for a couple of moments I was left to take another nap. While I lay there, I flexed my arms and legs experimentally against their constricting cuffs, occasionally raising my hands with some difficulty to finger the snug choker around my neck and explore the **U**'s that punctured each of my ears and the other larger heavier one in my nose.

Chapter Five

My First Uniform

It seemed that I was always being awakened for newer and more interesting things and this time a gentle shaking of my shoulder pulled me out of the land of dreams.

“Now, Miss Henderson,” my newest mentor stated, looking at me intently, “it is time for you to be fitted with your Basic, Inner Uniform. You must be completely naked for this to be accomplished, then you will be placed in your Outer Travelling Uniform.”

In my fuzzy-minded state, I mumbled for him to go ahead and do his worst, then kicked the sheet off and lay there brazenly looking up at him, smiling a little. The doctor and nurse helped me sit up, then assisted me from the table, positioning me at its side. I was instructed to place my hands on top of my head, spread my legs and suck in my belly, then hold that position and posture. Once I had assumed the position I stood like that for a moment, then one of the black-shrouded chaperones came over with a cordless razor and shaved my belly and crotch completely. When she'd finished, the other one applied a thick coat of gelatinous, blue-coloured gel and it immediately began to tingle when it was absorbed into my skin.

“This is a depilatory agent,” the man said, “and it is being employed to inhibit and eventually stop the growth of hair on the areas to which it is applied.”

I was muzzily happy to hear this, as shaving and waxing down there had become more and more of a chore that I detested.

The Arab watched the entire process impassively then returned to the large suitcase; this time coming back with a strangely configured, gleaming, 10 cm wide, five mm thick, stainless steel belt. There were muted *clinks* when sturdy

little rings around its outer circumference moved in their mounts and I glanced back over my shoulder to see that the cinch was also lined with thin black rubber; looking a little forbidding and *very* institutional. He brought it over to where I stood, waiting unknowingly and somewhere in the back of my mind, a voice told me that I wasn't going to like this particular device, but my curiosity got the better of my fogged senses. A shiny, black-lined, U-shaped strap swung from a fixture moulded into the back-centre part of the belt and I also caught a quick glimpse of a long and thick shaft projecting inwards from it.

*'What the **Hell** is that thing?'* I wondered with some worry, yet knowing instinctively, as any woman who saw it would.

"Please stand erect, Miss Henderson and suck in your stomach," he commanded, looking deeply into my eyes and I obeyed him without thinking twice.

He walked behind me and spread the ends of the belt apart then slipped it around my narrow, sucked-in waist and I was amazed at how well it fit. He swung it closed to the front, high in the soft cavity between my pelvis and lowest ribs and it seemed to flow around my body, pressing deeply into my stomach, yet riding comfortably over my hip bones. The thick metal strap tightened and I heard him mutter happily when it closed fully a moment later with another solid *click*. It had been locked firmly around my abdomen, compressing my waist firmly.

"Please take a moment to become used to the waist band, Miss Henderson," he said pleasantly while he stood looking at me, a strange, feral glint flashing from his eyes.

The corset-like compression of the cinch and the narrow band with its attached plug, dangling coolly down over my buttocks, were hard to ignore.

"Now, bend forward over the table, Miss Henderson, and hold the edge with your hands while we fit your crotch-band and plug," he commanded with quiet authority I couldn't resist or ignore.

Once more I followed his orders unquestioningly, feeling my stirrups feet

slide outwards on the waxed floor when the toe of his shoe gently nudged my legs further and further apart.

“W-w-why,” I stammered muzzily, “is there a plug? And these things under my feet feel *really* strange.” I rose on my tip toes to ease the strange sensation of the stirrups

“We feel that it is better to accustom our new female employees to the sensations of their rectal and vaginal plugs as quickly as possible, Miss Henderson,” he explained clinically. “Now, hold still while the rectal one is fitted. Please relax yourself as much as you can.”

One of the veiled chaperones rose from the floor at a gesture from him and came over to the other side of the examining table where she grasped a handful of the chains from my nose and earrings, then pulled them gently downwards until my face was pressed firmly against the table’s top.

Something slippery was worked gently between my buttocks making me moan into the resilient surface with embarrassment while the lubricant was forced inside my anal passage, then he told me to spread my legs even more. Having gone this far already and still compliant from the relaxant, I obeyed. For a moment nothing happened, then a thick-shafted, long, cone-shaped object began to be forced slowly into my body. It rose far up inside my bowel, causing me to writhe and yelp from its distinctly uncomfortable and rigid presence and when I tried to protest about the awful intrusive, sensation and stand up, the firmly held chains jerked me painfully to a halt, keeping me bent over until the thing had been fully inserted. He slowly pushed on the metal crotch-piece, moving it up and forward, while the black-robed assistant prized my buttocks apart, allowing the plug to slide in even more and making me twitch and moan uncontrollably. The long shaft seemed to flex within my body and I jerked frantically against the nose and earring chains, uncaring of the pain they elicited, trying to reach around behind me to *stop* whatever it was they were doing. Slowly, he moved the crotch-band even further forward between my thighs, forcing the rigidly connected plug to angle more deeply into my bowel and I writhed and mewled frantically from the inexorable penetration, unable to prevent it from happening.

The woman holding my facial chains released them and I shakily stood up, feeling the tops of my thighs separated now by the wide metal band pressing deeply into the tender flesh of my inner thighs at their juncture with my body. He continued to grip the crotch-strap, now held below my shaven sex, when he turned me to face him. The chaperone who had held my chains walked over to the suitcase and returned with a narrow box, opened for him.

“You are also required to wear a vaginal plug, Miss Henderson, and so you will now be fitted with it.”

With his free hand he reached inside and withdrew a long, very thick, dildo. I giggled a little at the sight of the shiny, black, slightly flexible rubber prong, complete with wide silvery spots embedded all along and around its length with its entire head a brightly gleaming chrome. One of my chaperones knelt in front and lubricated my naked sex lips gently, forcing a lot of the slippery stuff inside, and I couldn't help but gasp from her delicate, teasing and arousing touches, writhing against the controlling tug of the firmly held crotch-piece while she fondled my clitoris. My passion rose unexpectedly while I contemplated my exotic jewellery and the tight cuffs I was locked into, but I was unaware that these were the last human touches to my sex I would feel for a long, long time to come.

“Is *that* my other p-plug?” I asked a little stupidly, staring down at its long thickness with horrified fascination.

The doctor and nurse glanced at one another and commented about how excellent their choice of me had been, for I appeared to be on a hair-trigger of sexual response, even though I remained under the influence of the relaxant.

“Marsalaa, it is apparent that this female has been a marvellous choice. The fitting of her Basic Uniform proceeds exceedingly and once she has been locked into it, it should keep her hot and ready until the time comes to sample her.”

“Achmed has always provided the best of the available females. I'm sure this one will prove to be a jewel amongst jewels, Master Faisal.”

This exchange was conducted in their native tongue and I was unable to understand a word of what was said, but I *was* encouraged by their, I thought, friendly smiles while I stood there being ministered to by the kneeling, black-

clad, Arab woman.

The doctor deftly attached the dildo to a fitting deep in the centre of the crotch-piece between my wide spread thighs; it still held out between them, and for a moment he contemplated the delta of hairless flesh, bisected now by my pouting and inflamed vaginal lips. I leant back against the edge of the examining table, feeling the back band pressing inwards, separating my buttocks.

“Now, Marsalaa, insert the plug slowly and easily so that she doesn’t become too frightened,” he commanded quietly in his native tongue.

She slowly and delicately guided the thick phallus into my sex, gesturing that I should wriggle and rotate my hips to ease its entry. God, the thing was monstrous. I’d never felt so entirely filled in my life_ Its bumpy thickness sank ever deeper into me and I couldn’t stop the moan of disconcerted sensation while it rose into my belly, but nevertheless I writhed my hips instinctually to accept its full length. At last, she held her hand snugly against my mound, keeping the monster within me, then the doctor gradually drew the wide, formed strap up and over my lower belly. The kneeling, black-robed chaperone withdrew her hand while the thick, steel cover plate closed on my quivering abdomen, allowing the dildo to extrude slightly, but when it began to slide out, studs on its exposed end slipped into mating holes in the shield, locking it firmly in place. The doctor continued to draw the crotch cover forward and up, forcing the entire length and thickness of the dildo back into my body so that in seconds it was completely buried, deep within my abdomen. When the huge thing was forced further and further inside me, I couldn’t help the gasps and small cries of astonishment, mild discomfort, and growing arousal that escaped my lips while I wriggled and twisted desperately to ease its penetration, eyes widening with shocked surprise at its thickness and length.

For a moment, he held the crotch-piece unmoving, looking at me intensely while I smiled back at him in frazzled uncertainty. We stared deeply into each other’s eyes, then, without a change of expression, he suddenly jerked the crotch-band sharply upwards, lifting me right off the floor. When my full weight came on the wide, deeply cupped steel crotch cover, there was a solid, metallic *click*. Its fittings locked into place within their waistband receptacles,

forcing a small scream from me when the plugs were driven even more deeply and irrevocably into my body. Gradually, I managed to inch my legs back together, trembling slightly when the cuff-rings touched and rubbed against each other.

“Miss Henderson, you now wear your Basic Uniform,” the Arabian man stated. “You have just been fitted with a high security chastity belt and you will wear it for the *full* duration of your Contract.” he stated with calm satisfaction. “Additional equipment for your chastity belt will be added in the future.”

I looked down over the quivering, vulnerable mounds of my naked breasts, trying to comprehend what he’d just said, and at the same time see the gleaming expanse of stainless steel covering my belly; pressed deeply into the soft, hairless flesh. I fingered the squeezing, tight cinch curiously, then the featureless expanse of the crotch-band. It was almost impossible for me to see the waist strap, so deeply did it constrict my mid-section, and I couldn’t even feel or see the heavy, integral locks that held it securely. I was to find that, indeed, it was permanently locked on and *into* my body and there was no possible way I could free myself of its control.

“Wow! It sure is tight,” I gabbled through my still numbed and encumbered tongue. “How long did you say I have to wear it?”

“Your Basic Uniform will be worn for the full term of your employment, Miss Henderson,” he repeated with a small smile of satisfaction twitching around his mouth.

“But ... but how am I supposed to, you know, go to the bathroom and other ... stuff?” I asked with a flush of embarrassment.

“There are times during each day when you will be permitted to complete bodily necessities, but you will be kept in your Basic Uniform, as you now wear it, for the next five years of your life.”

“Well, how about these other things you’ve put on me then?” I wailed, holding out my arms, and becoming concerned for the first time since I’d entered the room, wriggling in the confines of the chastity belt, trying to get

used to its compression, the plugs, and their restricting influences on my mobility.

“Those, too, are a permanent part of your Basic Uniform, Miss Henderson. They are never removed at any time or for any reason while you are employed by His Majesty. Actually, that isn’t totally correct. The belt and plugs will be removed for servicing every two weeks, but you will be asleep when that happens, and, effectively, you will never be consciously aware that they have been removed and locked on again,” he stated bluntly.

“But it’s too tight. And the plugs are not at all comfortable,” I whined, “I want them off, please.”

“Your request is denied,” he declared flatly, “now, remain still while your Employee Number Disks are attached.”

One of the Chaperones handed him two gleaming, golden disks about the size of old silver dollars and about as thick, together with some sort of pliers. She brushed my long hair away from my ears while he reached out and attached a disk to one of the U’s in each ear, securing them with the tool she’d given him. I immediately found that they were *very* heavy, tugging constantly on my tender ear lobe flesh and thus keeping me continually aware of their presence, especially when I moved my head too quickly. There was no avoidance of feeling the heavy gold disks, the bells, and the chains jingling and clicking against my cheeks and collar. After this process was completed, I looked down at the floor, becoming more and more frightened while the drugs I’d consumed over the last 20 hours began to wear thin. What he’d said so far finally began to register. He allowed me no respite.

“Miss Henderson, while in his Majesty’s employ, you need no longer worry about rape, sexual disease, or an unwanted pregnancy,” he informed with a smirk of self-satisfaction. I couldn’t help the shiver of sensation that quaked my lower belly when I attempted to grip the slippery intruder with my internal muscles.

Something tickled me half way down my inner thighs when I bent over, trying to inspect the ‘Belt again, trying to see whatever it was between my legs. He told me not to worry about it. It was only a short antenna. Giggling

again, I thought *that* was a silly place for an antenna.

“Please walk around the room for a moment or two, Miss Henderson,” he ordered. “I would like to see how you are getting used to your Uniform so far.”

I started with slow, hesitant steps and immediately gasped uncontrollably when the plugs inside me writhed with every step I took, making me almost collapse from the sensation of their insidious and invisible movements. With my first two paces, I also discovered that deep under the shiny steel locked over my loins, there was a small, cleverly-placed projection that rubbed constantly against my clitoris. I gritted my teeth against the arousing sensations it created and continued the exercise, feeling how the bands around my legs restricted and emphasised the movements of my muscles, and how the stirrups made me careful of the placement of my feet, clicking against the tiles with each hesitant step I took. There was something in the centre of each stirrup-band that projected out under my insteps, and whatever it was had the effect of raising the rest of my foot off the floor when I put it down. Also, with every step, my feet slid off to the side a little and I quickly discovered that I could barely walk wearing this type of foot gear, never mind even trying to run.

After a minute, he beckoned me over to stand before him.

“Miss Henderson, you will now be equipped with your Travelling Uniform. Marsalaa and Amiah will dress you,” he stated and left the room in a flurry of desert clothing.

He had completed the essential, for him, part of my Basic Uniform, and now left the balance of my envelopment to the not-so-tender mercies of the two chaperones. My confinement within the required feminine clothing was of no real interest to him, so long as it controlled me in the manner it was designed to. This was but the beginning of my journey.

How *I* felt about matters was no longer of interest or concern.

Chapter Six

The Travelling Ensemble

After he left, I staggered back to the table and again leant against its edge, still trying to accept the strange sensations of my chastity belt and even more fully aware of the little nubbin that caressed my clitoris every time I moved. With dawning horror I realised that there was *no* way for me to get at it and relieve its constant teasing under the steel crotch-cover. Moaning with agitation from the escalating sensations it was evoking, my fingers scrabbled fruitlessly against the obdurate, cupped steel casing, attempting to somehow shift its position, but the crotch-plate was far too tight and so well-fitted that I couldn't even squeeze my fingers under its edges.

The two women gestured for me to sit on the table and I gingerly levered myself up onto it, gasping aloud when the plugs pressed even deeper as my full weight settled onto the thinly-padded surface. One of them brought over a pair of 15 cm heeled thigh boots and began pulling them onto my feet, doing something with the stirrup strap when my foot slipped into the shoe portion. She laced the boots tightly, slipping each of the rings of my leg cuffs through small, metal-rimmed slots at the ankles, knees, thighs and the ones at their tops, thus holding them firmly positioned. She gestured for me to stand and I reeled a little when I did, feeling the snug bite of the bands when my muscles and tendons strained against them; unused to the punishing posture for my feet and legs that the boots enforced. In addition, the compression of the tight leather all the way up and around each leg accentuated the clamping of the hidden cuffs. She knelt before me while I stood swaying in front of her and, under the high arch of each boot, between their towering stiletto heels and platform soles, activated locking bolts. They passed through the staples projecting from the stirrup straps on each of my insteps, these having passed through a slot in the inner steel shank of the shoe portion. I didn't know it, but I had been locked into the boots.

The other, black-shrouded chaperone brought over what appeared to be a heavy, long-line bra and, holding it out, gestured for me to slip my arms through the loops of the thick, narrow shoulder straps. When I leant forward,

she pulled them up over my shoulders and my breasts fell into the tight, rigid, and compressing cups. To my horror, I felt the insides of each one lined with hundreds of little rubber spikes.

Before I could shrug out of the horrible, punishing undergarment, the other black ghost slipped a long, thin, steel rod through the jaws of the piano-type hinges that fastened the garment's edges together over my spine, clamping the wide chest-band firmly over my ribs and upper stomach so that it squeezed my chest firmly after it had been fastened and I realised then that it was also a corset of some severity. The garment spread down to just above my hips, covering the waist cinch of my chastity belt. Next, they tightened the shoulder straps from behind until they dug deeply into the thinly padded hollows of my shoulders, drawing them down quickly while I struggled futilely and weakly to prevent them from fastening the bra any more tightly. After they were satisfied with the tightness of the shoulder straps, I discovered that the cups of the bra now rigidly and tightly encased my breasts, ensuring that the interior spikes were kept firmly pressed into the sensitive flesh. I moaned with discomfort and tried to shift myself within the feminine chest harness, but there was no movement permitted. To ensure that I'd be unable to slip out of the web of straps, another was connected to rings and went across my back, high up between my shoulders, joining the shoulder straps. At its centre, a shorter one ascended to the back-ring of my collar, joining the whole network together and preventing me from shrugging out of it, or in any way escaping the restricting and uncomfortable encasement of my upper body and breasts.

With my tongue still numb, I attempted to protest having to wear this medieval apparatus, trying to bend my cuffed arms enough to pull at it, but the two chaperones brushed them away with impatient, silent ease and brought over a pair of weird looking, shoulder length gloves. In dawning awareness I noted that they didn't have any fingers or thumbs. There were only small, rigid, elongated, and ovoid-shaped mitts where the hands should be. I stared stupidly down at them while the two women rapidly pulled the sleeves of the gloves up my arms and automatically, unconsciously, wriggled my fingers into the stiff, slightly curled little pockets within the ovoids at their ends, while they laced the arm-tubes at my shoulders. The top 15 cm of each lacing slit was covered by a wide leather cuff and these were tightly

buckled, then locked securely in place. The silvery rings of my cuffs had popped through the metal-rimmed slots and I stared with growing concern at their contrast to the gleaming, black leather that now rigidly encased my arms.

Within the mitts I tried to move my fingers and thumbs, only to find that they were completely isolated from each other by dense, slightly resilient foam rubber. My hands had been taken completely away from me and there was no possible way for me to get out of the mitts by my own efforts.

The Arab man re-entered the room and returned to the suitcase. I shivered with apprehension when he came to me with a handful of glittering chain, a short, shiny steel bar and some small, but obviously high-security locks. He watched intently when the chaperones pulled a thick, black satin blouse over my head, guiding my useless, mittened arms down its wide sleeves and foolishly, I felt a little better at being now 'decently' covered. I tried not to breathe in too deeply, for each time I did, the small spikes within the bra cups hurt abominably, making me give out small gasps and moans from the pain of their pressure on my breasts and nipples. There was some movement behind me when the chaperones found the eyelets sewn into the sleeves of the blouse, just above my elbows, then teased the inner rings from my cuffs through them. Then, after inspecting their work and receiving a veil-muffled nod from them, he walked behind and clipped one end of the short steel bar to my right above-the-elbow cuff. One of the black clad ghosts held me upright around the waist, then he grabbed my other arm and slowly pressed it behind my back and closer to the right one. I didn't resist and so he easily drew my elbows close enough together to allow the lock-equipped end of the short bar to snap closed through the ring on the other cuff. For a moment nothing further happened, then he began doing something with this shaft so that it shortened itself and my elbows were slowly drawn together until they were separated by a span of only five cm. Now whining and twisting frantically, I pulled my arms against the uncomfortable restraint, but they were already held tightly against my body, despite all the twisting and straining I did to ease the posture that forced my breasts more deeply into the spiky embrace of the tight cups. I fluttered my lower arms around in their now severely-limited freedom, trying to use them to somehow protect myself.

“Please?” I begged, more than a little frightened now, tugging against the shaft joining my elbows. “Please, take that off. I want to get out of the boots and the gloves too,” I whimpered, trying to articulate around the bars and balls impaling my tongue.

“Miss Henderson, you must relax,” he chided me. “This is how all female Employees are dressed and equipped whenever they travel outside the Palace. Please do not worry too much about it. You will be partially freed on arrival at His Majesty’s dwelling.”

“Please! ... *Please!*” I wailed, watching him when he crouched down beside me and affixed narrow metal straps between the outer rings of the thigh-bands and others on my concealed ‘Belt protruding through the tightly clamped waistband of the long line bra. These metal garters ensured that the boots were kept firmly stretched and attached, and made them utterly irremovable. He next joined the inner rings of my upper thigh-bands to each other with another of the small locks, then my knees were connected by a very short metal bar. One of the women brought over a long, voluminous black skirt, flipped it over my head and let it settle down around my compressed waist, then strapped its wide, leather waistband closed over the corset/bra combination and the hidden chastity belt, allowing its rings to protrude through the thick material.

While I stood helplessly subject to their attentions, the two women adjusted the floor-length, full skirt and he took another short length of chain, then bent down and raised the weighted hem of the skirt. Seconds later, he’d connected my ankle-cuffs to each other with it, then he allowed the thick material to drop and cover my hobble. Next, he pulled the hem around a little, and once more I felt some movement, this time from the outer ankle-cuff rings projecting through their slots in my boots.

There were a couple of muted little clicks, then he stood and again commanded me to walk around the room. I almost tripped when I took my first chained steps, but he walked beside me while I stumbled forward, trying to get used to all the new restrictions I was now subject to. I was surprised at the weight of the thick skirt when it swung against my boot-encased legs and how it closely followed every restrained step I took. Although I couldn’t see it, the reinforced hem had also been locked to my ankle cuffs, preventing it

from being raised to reveal my state of bondage. I was nearly fully clothed now, and no one could possibly know of how thoroughly I was bound under my garments, but my costume would soon become even *more* concealing, and restricting.

The plugs locked within my abdomen were a source of constant discomfort and together with the continual caressing of the clitoral stimulator, quickly had me moaning in unending agitation while I tried to swing my legs against their multiple hobbles. I slowly began to realise just how much of a prisoner I'd been made and started to feel sorry for myself, beginning to panic now while I fought the chains, locks, and other parts of the Uniform that held me as a secretly-restrained prisoner. Uncalled for tears trickled down my cheeks from suddenly overflowing eyes.

He continued guiding my faltering steps, my partially restrained arms flailing while I tried to walk with something resembling a normal gait.

"I c-c-can't walk like this," I wailed hopelessly.

"Miss Henderson, you're doing just fine," he soothed me. "All you need is a little practice, and you'll soon get plenty of that."

I felt foolishly pleased at being complimented, and finally he allowed me to turn and face him. I smiled tremulously, but he suddenly became serious once more, commanding me to put my mittened hands in front of my waist. My tentative smile of hoped-for approval slipped away and I tried to do as he demanded, but the leather of the arm-tubes, their constricting cuffs, and my elbow bonds prevented me from bending or moving them very much. My inability to follow his command was of little importance though. He grasped each of the rigid ovoids of my mitts, then expertly joined the inner rings of my hidden wrist cuffs together with a short length of chain and two locks, passing it through the protruding front ring of my chastity belt, almost but not quite rendering my encased hands motionless. Naturally, I pulled my wrists against this tight linkage, attempting to free them or at least ease the strain, but I was now utterly helpless, what with my elbows also connected behind my back_

"Well, M-Master," I tried to joke with him, "now I'm your helpless, bound

captive. What's next?"

He didn't reply, giving me only an enigmatic smile while he gathered a handful of the fine chains dangling from the rings in my nose and ears. Angrily, I shook my head to be rid of these annoying encumbrances, feeling them flail and tug uncomfortably when I did, but they remained firmly attached to their rings and made me wince at the pain caused by the jerks of their oscillating weights. I looked up at him, holding their ends in his dark-skinned, strong fingers.

"Miss Henderson, it is now the time for you to be placed in the balance of your Travelling Uniform. All females in the employ of His Majesty must wear the full ensemble while in public. You are no exception."

The two chaperones brought over a head-piece and cloak garment similar to theirs, placing it over my shoulders with its deep hood hanging down my back, then began closing it from the floor upwards, concealing the locks hidden in the folds of the skirt's outer hem. I stood passively while they buttoned it to waist level, then they both turned questioningly to the man when he returned from the suitcase yet again, another strange thick rubber device held negligently in his hands.

"Please lift your chin, Miss Henderson. Then, I want you to open your mouth and stick out your tongue so that I can fit you with your Silencer," he commanded.

After a brief look at the strange and horrifying contraption, I clamped my mouth firmly shut and tried to back away from him, writhing against my now almost invisible restraints. With teasing ease he backed me towards a corner of the room, again grasping the chains to my nose and ears, but leaving enough slack in them for me to back-pedal away from him. He brought me up short with a sharp, painful jerk, and I howled at the sudden terrible pain from my nose and ears. I *had* to stop where I was while he grinned cruelly at my helplessness. When he tugged gently on the thin but obviously strong links, I had no choice but to allow him to draw me slowly and reluctantly back to the table. I stood beside him, trembling and all the while staring with horror at the thing he held in his other hand.

“Wh-what the *Hell* is that thing,” I gasped, wincing at the pain of the chain leashes being kept under tension.

“This, Miss Henderson, is a specially designed silencing device that each of His Majesty’s females must wear in public ... and most of the time in private, also. If you are in His presence and you have been fitted with this device it allows him to concentrate on his work. Eventually, you’ll soon get used to wearing a Silencer and you’ll find that it won’t be too painful or uncomfortable; provided you don’t try to fight it. Most females find that it’s really quite bearable once they’ve worn it for six months or so and they have become used to the idea that it’s locked in place and cannot be removed by your own efforts. But you, my dear, will have to discover that path to acceptance for yourself I’m afraid.”

“No! Please! *Please*, don’t put it on me,” I turned to him, begging unashamedly, and saw the locking devices that would hold it in place, gleaming in the bright overhead light. “I-I d-d-don’t want to wear *that*,” I wailed and started to cry, trying to back away, twisting futilely against my bonds.

“*Please*, sir! I’ll be as quiet as a mouse. *Please!* Don’t make me wear that-that horrid thing.”

“Female Employees are required to wear their veils and Silencers at all times, especially when travelling outside the Harem, Miss Henderson. So, you might as well get used to the idea. Really, only the first six months or so are the worst and after that you’ll just accept it as a fact of your new life.”

So saying, he held it in front of my terrified, tear-brimming eyes and I saw that there was a large, smooth, thick, black rubber pad projecting inwards from the centre of a wide strap, inside the rubber-lined cup for my lower face. He tired of the coddling.

“Miss Henderson,” he commanded, “kneel before me, open your mouth as much as you can and stick out your tongue. Now!”

He jerked on my leashes and I screamed from the sudden pain, then tearfully and utterly helpless, resignedly obeyed. He gently pushed the thick pad into

my mouth and told me to wriggle my tongue around a little. When I did, I felt the balls on its upper surface slide into five slots in the underside of the gag-pad, locking resolutely in place. I tried to pull my tongue away only to feel a flash of pain from each of the piercings and another scream, this time strangled, erupted from my steel-encased throat while he slowly pushed the whole assembly deeper, then I felt it pop past my teeth and fill my entire mouth.

With a little moue of temper before the chin cup clamped firmly against my lower face, I *had* to accept the horrible instrument, nearly gagging from its intimate restriction, all the while writhing against my restraints and attempting to kick my pinioned legs in a small show of rebellion. He continued to push until the cup pressed snugly against my lower face and chin, completely covering my lips and mouth under a smooth, gleaming rubber cover. Inside, I felt the back part of the pad begin to slip partially down my spasming throat, as had the tongue depressor. It was horrible and I *couldn't* get out of it.

I stared up at him, trying to blink away the tears of humiliation in my eyes, while he reached around under my cascading hair and joined the wide strap that had passed below each of my ears, at the back of my head. Suddenly, the inner, over-lip strap tightened, firmly pressing them against my teeth and sealing my mouth, then the loud *click* of the lock ensured that no one would be able to remove the horrid device without the correct key. I felt another set of securing straps on either side of my collar as yet other locks anchored the gag firmly to it also, ensuring that I'd have to turn my whole body from side to side if I wanted to look at something not directly in front of me.

I couldn't spit the thing out or talk; able now only to make low moans of protest and discomfort, deep in my throat. I wanted to retch from the sensation of the gag pad being forced so far back into my mouth, but he only watched me silently while I tried to become used to the awful thing. When I unthinkingly tried to ask him again to take it off, my tongue pulled painfully at the steel posts that locked it to the gagging pad and I automatically tried to scream from the pain, but only a small hissing wail whispered from my fear-flared nostrils. For long moments I knelt shivering before him, bent over, fighting against my bondage and struggling automatically to escape the

continual sensation of the thing being buried so deeply in my mouth. That wasn't the end of it being fastened to my head, for he next brought up a set of thin straps on either side, just in front of and behind my ears and locked them tightly over my hair, these pulling the cup ever more tightly around my jaw and forcing me to bite down on the thick pad. The last, thin straps ascended on either side of my nose, up between my eyes, over the bridge of my nose, to be clipped to the one over the top of my head, completely imprisoning me within the horrid silencer. In a frenzy of panic at being so thoroughly gagged, I again tried to escape it, but a sudden jerk on the chains attached to what I had initially thought was jewellery, quickly brought me back to my new reality. Once more in a welter of tears, I submitted while he applied tension to the chains, urging me wordlessly with it, to stand before him, shaken and terrified.

"There, there, Miss Henderson," he soothed, paternally patting my shoulder as though this was an everyday occurrence that a female just had to accept as her lot in life. I gasped through my ringed nose and shook with fear and distress, trying to accept that I was a silenced prisoner in a terribly uncomfortable costume. "You'll soon see that everything will be all right if you manage to just relax."

"MMmmmmggghhhppphhh," I wailed from behind my sealed lips.

"Now, just hold still while I connect your nose-ring to your gag," he murmured, reaching up and pressing my nose-ring against a fitting set into the sturdy, black rubber horror clamped over my lower face.

While I continued to stare up into his cruel eyes, he flipped a small locking mechanism on the front of the face-cup over the dangling circlet, clamping it firmly, and incorporating it into my gag. It placed just enough tension on the nose-ring to make my eyes water from the strain and I moaned pitifully at the added bondage. The nose leash chain remained attached and even though I shook my head again, what little I could after it was done, feeling the pull of my earring chains, the golden identity disks swinging from them, and the weight of the bells, nothing would free me.

The full facial veil was the next part of my concealment, and he pulled its rigidly-formed, thickly woven, black steel mesh cup, up to cover my face,

then clipped it in position to the straps of the gag, thus hiding the fact that I wore a locked-on silencing device, a nose ring and leashing chain. Only my eyes were visible now, but even they were almost concealed behind a narrow, oblong window of finer, black steel screening. It was difficult for me to see very far because of the distorting and fuzzing effect that the tight mesh produced, but this wasn't the end of my introduction to the role and dress of an enslaved Middle Eastern Woman. I was not to be permitted to raise my head in the presence of males, or while in the outer world beyond the Hareem. He grasped all of the chains dangling from my so-called jewellery, then gently pulled downwards on them, forcing me to lower my face and stare down at the concealed thrusting of my torturously encased breasts and the long, flowing, and restricting robes. Tears welled in my eyes behind their imprisoning, virtually blinding mesh and I wailed quietly to myself when the chain's thrumming length pressed into the thick cotton of the blouse between my painfully compressed breasts. A second later it had been locked to the front ring of my 'Belt between my chained wrists and mittened hands. The balance of the dangling golden lengths was tucked inside the already done-up portion of my outer cloak.

I was now forced to assume the properly demure and subjugated bearing for a Hareem girl and could *only* stare humbly and numbly downwards at the swell of my hidden breasts and the gently swaying folds of the long skirt and cape that were as much restricting as the more blatant bondage equipment they hid.

Chapter Seven

The Journey Begins

The two chaperones completed the fastening of my cape and remaining head veils and this process speedily turned me into a silent, vaguely female shape under the concealing and muffling layers; completely helpless to escape, or even tell anyone of what had been done to me. They pulled the deep cowl hood up and forward over my head so that its rigid, heavily embroidered, gold and silver inlaid edges projected far to the front on either side of my forcefully lowered face, much like blinkers on a horse bridle, or the kind of things that nun's used to have to wear. To hold it firmly in place, they snapped hidden, inner clips to small hooks on my head harnessing, ensuring that my peripheral vision was completely eliminated. Combined with having to wear the face and eye veil, I was almost blind. There was no question that I'd need assistance to move anywhere with any kind of confidence at all.

My Master, for that was how I now began to think of him, produced a pair of thick strap leashes made of dull, black leather and fumbled briefly at the back of my neck, under the deep cowl of my hood, until I felt the *clicks* of their snap hooks through the back-ring of my collar then left the heavy, snap hook-equipped straps to dangle down my back, outside the long cloak, almost invisible against its material.

"It is time to take her to her Holding Room," he commanded, "while the rest of the girls are being prepared."

My two chaperones, one on either side behind me, each holding tightly onto one of my leashes, followed him from the Examining Room and I was propelled along the hallway by their initial shove, then had to endure them both tugging continually on my tethers while they moved me along, reinforcing to me that I was under their total control. My head was bent forward within the deep cowl and so I saw only the swinging of my long and concealing skirts and the occasional glimpse of my Master's shoes while we walked to the elevator bank. Our little procession passed a few of the usual assortment of hospital-type people on the way there and although they looked

at us with curiosity for a moment or two, they didn't seem to notice the straps connected to the back of my neck, held securely by my chaperones. I heard one or two snatches of the nurse's comments as they walked by us.

"Jeez! There sure are some strange people in the world," and...

"Those costumes are something else," and finally...

"I wouldn't be caught dead in something like that."

I blushed furiously behind my veils and tried to yell for help, but my head-covering and silencer were designed and affixed in such a manner as to prevent just that from happening. Only a muffled hissing moan came from my impaled nose and they never heard it.

When we entered the elevator car it was already partially-filled with six or seven nurses and they crowded along the sides, staring curiously at me. My chaperones held the leashes firmly and quickly backed me against the far wall, then I felt a strong warning tug, making me jerk my head against the nose and earring chains, and trembled slightly from the sudden unexpected and undeserved pain. Behind the veil, my eyes filled again with helpless tears while I kept absolutely still for fear of a repetition. In the months to come, I would discover that there did not have to be a reason to make me suffer the most horrendous of punishments; just the desire and willingness of my Master or a member of his staff to make it happen. The elevator came to the main floor and my last hope of freedom rustled out after more curious glances at me and my escorts, then the doors slid silently together again and the elevator made a long, smooth descent, finally stopping at the second and lowest sub-basement.

I was urged to follow the man down a sparsely lit, narrow, painted brick passageway until we came to a securely locked steel door. He produced a key and the heavy portal swung open on silent, oiled hinges, then once inside the barren little chamber, this lit only by a single, dangling, naked bulb, I couldn't really see much of it at all, other than the smooth, shiny, grey-painted concrete floor. We moved quickly across to the back wall with the muted clicking of my chains and the swish of my heavy robes being all that could be heard in the little cell, for that is actually what it was, and not a

janitorial closet as the sign on the door indicated. My chaperones walked me to a very high stool, this positioned under a sturdy ring set deeply into the otherwise barren expanse of cement, then assisted me up onto it. I sat quietly for a few seconds, then felt the deeper thrusting of the awful plugs in my belly, and began to writhe my hips to find some sort of more comfortable seat. I couldn't. It wasn't painful, but I was vastly uncomfortable and the only thing I could do was to stare forlornly down at my heaving, clothing-muffled and imprisoned breasts, beginning to curse my greediness. My male captor moved beside me and grasped the heavy-duty leashes from the back of my collar, then lifted their ends and locked them to the ring with another of the sturdy locks, leaving only enough slack in its length to allow me to sit quietly and erectly; keeping a constant and painful tension on my facial chains. It was awful. The three of them turned away and left me perched there with my head bent; my steel collar solidly connected to the high ring, utterly silent, and completely concealed by my veil and robes.

“Miss Henderson,” he called from the doorway, “you will be left here until we are ready to take you to the airport. Please do *not* attempt to get off your stool, as the leash is far too short for your feet to reach the floor and there is a very real danger that you might strangle yourself. Please be careful.”

He flipped the light switch off, leaving me in the Stygian blackness, gagged, alone, and utterly helpless.

The thick door boomed shut behind them, then I faintly heard the rattle of its locks snapping closed, and was engulfed in a silence broken only by the subdued rattle and clinking of my hobbling chain. I shifted my booted feet under the enveloping robes and tried to make muffled exclamations of discomfort, fighting against the leashes to my nose and ears. The relaxants had been slowly disappearing for the last hour, but during the next two they disappeared completely, leaving me now fully cognizant of what had been done to me, and blazingly sensitive to all my new jewellery and bondage. I began to weep and occasionally tried to scream for help or assistance from behind the deeply intrusive gag-pad, only to have it make me retch and shiver in silent distress each time. I sat fearfully in silent desperation, fighting against the many cruel fastenings that had been applied to me, but I was utterly a prisoner and would be kept this way for the next five years of my

life. Those thoughts horrified me beyond words.

Deep in the terrible blackness, I almost slipped off the stool a couple of times when I fought the cleverly applied bondage and the rush of adrenaline was incredibly fear-inducing when I felt myself begin to topple sideways, only to be brought to a strangling halt in my fall by the tight leash. The gag pad I had been fitted with was horribly efficient, for it utterly foiled any attempt at speech, and with my tongue locked into it, even if I had had the use of my hands and the strap was unlocked from around my head, there was no way that I'd be able to free my tongue jewellery from its mountings without *that* special key. Should I have somehow managed to free myself of the multiple locks, cuffs and straps, I'd still be locked in the room. Finally, I sat frightened and almost totally motionless, forced to wait and see what would happen next, my shoulders shaking violently while I wept at my stupidity and greed.

I blinked when the door was at last unlocked and the light snapped into painful brilliance for my dark-adapted eyes, even behind the shrouding of my veils and down directed gaze. A low keening wail was all I could manage when he came to me, accompanied by two, burly, business-suited men and I knew that they'd come to take me away. After a brief inspection, they unlocked my leashes from the wall-ring, then told me gruffly to stand up, helping me to step down to the floor. Each man fastened a thick, leather leading strap to the front ring of my 'Belt through Velcro closed slits at the front of the cape, under my mittened hands, while the other removed one of my wall leashes. I had to stand passively and accept my tethering, for how could I stop them? What could I *possibly* do to escape or avoid what they planned next? Both took a tight grip on the loops of my leading straps, moving close and I was easily pulled out of the room with me between them, unable to resist. The other brought up the rear, closing and locking the door to the "Janitorial Supplies Closet" as soon as we'd left.

I was drawn rapidly along between them, my hidden chains making a muffled tinkling and clashing from the speed of their movements and I *now* recognised why the chaperones had always been accompanied by their clinking music. It was an apprehensive walk for me while I lurched along, slightly behind them at the thrumming limits of my two leashes. They wove their way through what seemed like endless lengths of deserted corridors, until we eventually

arrived at the garage once more. While we were passing through the underground labyrinth, I tried to look around from within my restricting cowl and veils, desperate to see anyone who could come to my rescue, thinking that if we did, I could manage to fall down, or throw a fit, or anything. In the presence of other people, I might be able to escape what was happening to me. We met no one though, and even if we had, the tight, tugging straps prevented any lingering on my part. Only one of the mini-vans now remained when we entered the parking garage and I fought my tethers and bondage as much as I could, but they easily dragged me over to the vehicle and at its opened side door I was lifted into the capacious interior. They grabbed the leash straps close to my waist and jerked them upwards, for a moment suspending me by my hidden chastity belt alone, then swung me into the van. While I hung there in mid-air between the floor and the cargo compartment, my weight settled fully onto the cupped steel strap between my legs, driving the awful plugs deeper, and I mewled with the discomfort, thrashing my feet against their short hobble chains from the awful sensation of deeper impalement.

Once they had me inside, I was pushed into a single, centrally-mounted, skeletal seat, at the top of a thick post in the middle of the floor, in the back part of the van. They undid the front of my cape and efficiently strapped me in place with short, snap-hook-ended straps connected to the rings on my 'Belt, then brought others, like the Chauffeuse's, over my shoulders; anchoring me firmly. My hobble chain was pulled out from under the hems of my skirt and cloak and its large central ring was locked to a floor-mounted loop about a metre in front of the post supporting the chair, so that my feet were held straight out in front of me, angled downwards, completely off the floor and ensuring that I sat firmly impaled by the interior plugs on the chastity belt's crotch band. They also connected the back ring on my collar to another on the high back of the seat so that I was forced to sit erect; unmoving but for my eyes and fitfully twisting, mittened hands, still locked securely at my waist. The side door slid closed with a solid thud and was immediately locked, then my captors climbed into the separated front compartment and drove from the garage with me seated alone in the back, completely isolated from the driver and his companion by a thick, darkened, armoured glass partition. I was barely able to look out the tinted windows if I twisted my body against the restraining straps hard enough, but no one could

see me inside. Even if someone had been able to look into my compartment, all they'd have seen was a robed and veiled Arab woman sitting silently in her seat while being taken for a drive.

The city was soon flowing by, and I stared longingly at the sights of the everyday life so close, but now so far removed from me. With each bounce of the stiffly-sprung van, so unlike the Rolls Royce, my plugs surged and twitched, and I tried to howl around the penetrating horror in my mouth from the awful, invasive sensations, unable to resist their plunging. I gasped, fighting my fastenings with renewed fear while we got closer and closer to the airport, but I was their total prisoner and there was no way to avoid my fate.

Completely unexpectedly, the plug buried within my vagina and womb began buzzing, flexing, writhing, and twitching. I tried again and again to scream out in protest, desperate to stop this impersonal, intimate assault; my throat swelling with strangled howls and yells under the snug contours of my face mask and collar. It was no use and soon I was panting and writhing with wild agitation against my securing straps. Suddenly, a buzzing sensation against my clitoris began to arouse me even further. Surging with uncontrollable squirming, I tried desperately to ignore the awful things inside me, but was unable to resist the spreading warmth from my centre. In addition, my breasts grew hard and sensitive within their imprisoning cups, pressing more firmly into the painful little rubber spikes. I clenched my eyes shut against the continuing impersonal assaults, shaking all over as though with a severe fever and almost passing out from the strain of having to breathe only through my nose. For the rest of the trip I was too busy trying to resist the insidious teasing of the things inside me to do any sightseeing at all.

Somewhere along the way while passing down a rough, cobble-stoned street, I passed out with an explosive orgasm and when I returned to awareness, the van was swinging onto the tarmac at the airport and being driven directly into a large hangar on the south side of the airfield. The driver guided the vehicle into the cavernous building and he and his companion got out, leaving me alone for the moment, locked securely in the van's back compartment. The hangar doors whined closed behind us, then joined together with a hollow, final boom. The buzzing of the dildo had mercifully stopped while I was

unconscious, but I still panted erratically, slowly recovering my senses.

They returned long moments later and freed me from the seat, then assisted me from the van, more lifting me than anything and I was made to stand beside it on trembling, booted legs while they once more grasped the ends of my tethers. This time, although the allotted length of my leashes was greater than at the hospital, they easily pulled me across the wide floor to a room on the far side. I still tried to fight against the commanding tension with each step, desperate to escape, and they intentionally teased me while I was dragged along by letting the leashes slip through their fingers. I was permitted to make short, hobbled dashes away from them before they reeled me in and continued to lead me under a huge, gleaming jet. It waited, doors opened and mobile stairs pulled up, but for the moment I was not to be taken aboard for they pulled me through a door into the brightly lit room they had been walking toward.

Already inside were eleven other women, dressed exactly as I. All stood in a circle, fastened to sturdy posts bolted to the unadorned, oil-stained, grey concrete floor. Each was held in position by heavy leather straps connected between the side rings of her chastity belt and her post, and another from the back rings of her collar to its top. At floor level, a short connecting chain thrummed between their hobbles and the bases of the posts. Of course, I couldn't make out any of their features, for each was as heavily-veiled as I and had her head bent forward under her deep hood. I could hear the swish of clothing when some of them shifted position and some muffled, faint, gasping sobs, but there were no cries for help, for their gags were as efficient and as punishing as was mine. The two men dragged me to the only available position and locked me to it, completing the set.

I tried to resist being secured, but it was hopeless and in a moment I too was fastened in place, unable to escape. We were left alone in the locked room for a long time while the jet was pre-flighted and I tried to inspect my fellow captives even though all I could see was their clothing-muffled bodies while they too strained to lift their heads against the tension of the chains from their noses and earrings. In that room, we all found that our tears and feelings didn't matter anymore.

We were Slave Girls; available for the whims of our Master, whether we

liked it or not.

Chapter Eight

Transported

Much later the Interviewer arrived, then walked to the middle of our circle of waiting, frightened women and began speaking in his cultured English accent.

“Ladies,” he stated brightly, “you will soon be placed aboard His Majesty’s aircraft. I am very pleased to see that you have all decided to sign for the Full Contract and can assure you that we will certainly endeavour to fulfil the Employer’s obligations, in all respects. Of course, we shall expect the same diligence from you.

“Now, you have all had the opportunity to assure yourselves of the reality of the monies signed for. You may rest assured that money is not an object when it comes down to fulfilling His Majesty’s desires. As far as your coming journey is concerned, ladies, it will indeed be much less arduous for you than if you had been taken even some 20 years ago. Now, you will be flown to your new home in air-conditioned comfort, there being some 18 hours between your former freedom here, and your future lives as Hareem Slave Girls. During the trip you will remain in your Travelling Uniforms, then upon arrival at the Hareem, you will be fitted with whatever other Uniforms and jewellery His Majesty deems appropriate, or, as is more than likely, you will just be left in your Basic Uniforms.

“You may find it to be of some solace that you are not in the next group of female employees to be hired, as *they* will be transported in much more stringent and secure conditions than you presently enjoy,” he stated ominously. “Further detailed instructions will be issued upon your arrival. Have a pleasant journey.”

He left when the two burly men returned and they soon began taking us to the aircraft in tethered pairs. Each set of girls freed seemed to have the same thought in mind as soon when they were released from their posts: struggling violently but silently against their leashes while they were dragged from the

room, twisting and writhing frantically, kicking futilely against their hobble chains. The only sounds though, were the metallic clashing of their ankle chains while they were dragged out of the room and over to the aircraft, silently screaming for release into their gags. At the stairs, the guards easily pulled them up and inside in a flurry of black robes. The scrapings and taps of our high heels on the hard concrete floor together with the muffled jingles of our chains while we awaited our turns to be taken to the aircraft were the only sounds in our waiting room. Once inside the aircraft we were each seated in a comfortable, First Class style seat, then once more strapped securely in place; our hobbles and collars fastened to sturdy rings embedded in the structure of the seats. Twelve women attendants, now minus their concealing capes, thus revealing their own rings and wire-restrained hands, and occasionally their ankles, moved quickly through the cabin, pulling back our hoods and removing our facial veils. Clear plastic tubes at each seat dangled from the overhead and these were soon connected to fittings on the fronts of our gags.

The cabin doors closed with a mechanical hiss and clunk and we were locked inside the aircraft. The crew didn't bother with the usual oxygen-mask song and dance routine, instead giving us a much scarier and foreboding set of announcements. A heavily-accented voice came over the PA system and informed us that we would be able to drink by sucking on our gag pads, then it cautioned that we would only be released for washroom breaks four times during the trip, a length of some 18 hours, but other than that, we would remain fastened to our seats.

I turned with difficulty and stared at my seat-mate and she at me. We each looked with horror at the other's nose rings and tight gags, our faces equally tear-streaked. Her blue eyes were wide with terror above the gleaming rubber horror that tightly cupped her lower face and each time we tried to raise our heads, the fine chain leashes snapped tight between our 'Belt rings and their mountings in our ears and noses, starting fresh torrents of tears. I watched with sympathy, while in her lap her mittened hands tugged and twisted against the locks and chain that held them in place and under the satin blouse, her chest heaved with stifled yelps when the little rubber points inside her bra cups dug fiercely into her breasts. We looked hopelessly at each other and tried to express our horror and distaste at how thoroughly we were bound, the

drinking lines swaying in front of our faces. The chaperones came back down the cabin, tightening loose belts, easing the tension on our nose and earring chains and generally arranging us for the coming journey. It seemed a horribly long, complicated, and drawn-out process.

Shortly after the last girl was properly fastened, I heard the aircraft's belly doors thump closed and twisted around to watch out the window when the hangar was opened to the night. The plane was towed slowly from the huge building, then there was a long pause while the engines were started. I heard their deep rumbling when they were run up, then some minutes later, the front of the hangar beside us slid away when the plane taxied ponderously out and onto the blue-lit taxi-way. We each strained against our bonds to catch a last, gagged, glimpse of home.

The aircraft waddled slowly along, then swung slowly out onto the end of the runway and paused. A moment later the engines began to bellow in a thunderous, low-pitched, penetrating roar and the glaring white lights marking the sides of the runway began to slide past the cabin windows with ever-increasing speed until they dropped away into two, parallel, rapidly receding lines of insignificant points of luminance, soon obscured by clouds while we ascended westward over Vancouver Island and into the night toward our destiny.

We were journeying into an area that none of us could be sure she would ever emerge from and the cabin filled with gag-strangled, hopeless sobs while we each confronted our fates for the next five years. In retrospect, we all knew, now, that we would probably have had an easier time of things by just going to jail, than what we had done to ourselves.

Like all flights, after the rush and thunder of take off, everything became boring in the extreme, especially chained and strapped down as we were, unable even to talk, and most of us too scared to try against the painful piercing and impaling of our tongues. Nearly an hour later, the plugs within our chastity belts began their assault again and the process of turning us into sex addicts continued unabated while we moaned and thrashed futilely, bound to our seats. It did no good whatsoever, but we still threw our heads around, pulling and kicking at our bondage, trying to avoid or alleviate the sensations. After a while, I became uncaring of how I was being teased and

the ever-growing discomfort of the rubber, spike-lined, bra cups clamped over my breasts; hungry only for the blast of an orgasm after my first token resistance. The tightly-compressing cups and corset hurt continually, for the spiked linings pressed more deeply into my breasts with each gasping breath and my shoulders ached from the tight straps snared down into them. But then, slowly and horribly, I began to feel a tingling sensation emanating from the tip of each cup and flowing through the tender, sensitive flesh of my rampant nipples. It sent me into even more frantic paroxysms of writhing and shaking, fruitlessly attempting to get my useless hands and fingers at the rigid cups clamped onto my chest, armouring my breasts. Intellectually, I knew I couldn't do it, but I desperately wanted to tear them off and escape the escalating sensations when my nipples engorged with blood, lengthening and hardening even further into the sharp, pressing points inside. During a respite, I watched the others while they, too, were subjected to the same teasing, but a moment later I was again too busy concentrating on trying to resist the insidious stimulation to care what was happening to my sister slave girls anymore. Within the rigid cups my breasts swelled even more against their confinement while the waves of the small shocks gradually escalated, making the captured and inaccessible flesh within throb and twitch with sensations I never knew existed.

Sometime much later the chaperones pulled the window shades down and the cabin lights dimmed. They prepared a screen at the front of our compartment and in a few minutes, movies of our new home began flashing on it, although from the commentary, no geographical data was revealed. We were left completely ignorant of just where in the Middle East we were being taken and even though I was amazed at the wealth displayed in the film, eventually I got bored. Completely wrung out from the events of the day, the after effects of the relaxant drugs, my forced orgasms while gagged, and my exertions fighting my bondage, I fell soundly asleep, strapped and chained helplessly to my seat.

During our washroom breaks, the chaperones took each of us to the toilets and, after removing the locks holding down the hems of our skirts, they'd lifted the heavy material up to our waists with one hand and, with the other, would attach some sort of hose arrangement to our crotch bands. We would have to accomplish what we had been brought in for, standing there before

them in total embarrassment. It was humiliating in the extreme, but even worse was the sucking sensations, then the blasts of warm and cold water within the crotch piece to cleanse us. Naturally, we were kept fully chained for the entire procedure. I fought against these indignities each time, but they put a quick end to my resistance with sharp tugs on my nose and ear chains.

Painful eons later, we eventually landed in the middle of a blazing day. When the window shades were raised, all that could be seen was a vast, golden desert, stretching to infinity in every direction.

The aircraft taxied slowly in towards a single, small, camouflaged hangar where a cluster of military vehicles escorting a large van waited. The plane eased to a stop and the engines slowly spooled down to silence, then I realised with growing apprehension that I was close to my home for the next five years. The doors whined open after a few moments and heat began boiling into the cabin.

Veiled and black robed women quickly entered the aircraft and assisted our chaperones in releasing us from our seats, then they replaced our fully obscuring facial veils. When we stood, our outer cloaks were removed and we were led to the aircraft door. All of our escorting women, themselves captives of their chains and chastity belts, quickly connected us to each other, neck to neck and as well with another long chain fastened to the central ring of each of our short hobble chains, then led us out and down the stairs to the baking concrete. In a subdued line of chained female slavery, we were pulled over to the large trailer parked nearly a hundred metres away across the concrete apron, watched by a sea of implacable male eyes; all feasting on our concealed, chained beauty and enjoying our gagged, helpless state.

I hobbled across the baking ramp, acutely embarrassed by my leashes and the rattle of my silvery hobble chain while it swished back and forth between my booted ankles, occasionally swinging out from under the hem of my long skirts. I walked in tears to the rear ramp and staggered up into the trailer. Inside, a pair of the black-robed women pulled me to one side, disconnected my leashes from the coffle, and immediately short-chained me to a high wall ring by the one from the back of my collar, leaving the rest of it to dangle down the wall, clattering noisily, swaying back and forth in diminishing arcs. Two more chains were quickly fastened between the side rings of my 'Belt

and other wall rings, forcing me to stand closely against the steel side of the trailer, then a final, short set of links joined the central ring of my hobble to a floor ring, securely attaching my feet. Once we were inside, there was nothing to do but stare silently and hopelessly at each other from behind the fine, vision-restricting mesh of our veils. Some of the girls still struggled weakly against their bondage, but of course it did them no good, for it was all still as tightly secured as when it had first been applied.

The large back door of the trailer closed and beneath my feet I felt the rumble of machinery when the ramp was retracted. Slowly, the truck drove off into the trackless, desert wastes, carrying us further and further away from any connection to our former lives. The raw, hostile, and sun-blasted wasteland engulfed us in its trackless sandy dunes, and for another three hours we swayed tiredly against our fastenings while the truck penetrated deeper and deeper into the wilderness of scrub thorn, shredded rock and blowing dust. Finally, the wheels that for so long had jarred on every gully and boulder of the goat track that was dignified by the word 'road', ceased their unending jolting and the truck ran onto a smooth surface. We all shifted fearfully against our chains, each knowing that we'd very soon reach our ultimate destination. The body of our conveyance was windowless but for two tinted skylights and we had been kept in air-conditioned semi-darkness for the entire trip, reminding me of the gilded cage parable. Finally though, we were going to see what we'd gotten ourselves into.

When the truck eventually stopped and the door swung open, two huge, glistening, black men in Arabian Night's Eunuch costumes entered and released us from fastenings, then rapidly and efficiently reconnected the twelve of us neck to neck and ankle hobble chain to ankle hobble chain once more and led the group out into the sumptuous hallways of a grand Palace. We passed many more of the huge, black-skinned warriors while we penetrated deeper into the fortress, seeing only a few other women along the way. *Every one of them* wore cuffs and collars like ours. Also, beneath the diaphanous harem pants that some of them wore, I saw that each also wore a securely locked chastity belt. Without exception, each of the females I saw had her hands connected to her 'Belt by sturdy lengths of chain as well as wearing a short hobble. In addition, everyone was fitted with high-heeled shoes or boots, locked to their ankle stirrups, like ours, and while most of

them suffered the same gags we wore, there were some that didn't. I immediately and deeply envied those women their freedom to talk and wondered how I would ever be able to reach that exalted state. All were beautiful, ranging from blonde Nordic goddesses, to Irish colleens, peaches and cream-complexioned British girls, sultry Italians, exotic Negresses, Eurasian mixed beauties, and delicate Oriental dolls. Even the classic West Coast beach-bunny type was represented. Without exception, all of the women I saw were under some type of visible and inescapable external control; leashed by a man, or held standing patiently, chained to one of the tens of thousands of rings inset into the walls and floors, waiting for whatever was next planned for her.

Our group was eventually led up a long ramp into a large, round chamber, then the Guard slowly drew us around the wide top step, stopping every few feet and detaching one of us. Another would take whoever it was, and lead her to a wide pillar between a pair of doors, one closely barred and the other of gleaming chrome, and there quickly connect the end of a long chain to the back ring of her collar with a heavy, steel-cased lock. The chain was attached to the wall some two and a half metres above floor level at the top of thick and gleaming bronze plate, and after checking to ensure that she was truly and securely held a prisoner, he'd silently signal the Eunuch leading our little procession of veiled females to the next 'station' around the wall, where the whole process was repeated. Within five minutes of entering Harem Module Number Nine, we were all individually leashed to wall rings, equally spaced around its perimeter. We stood, still muffled in our full Travelling Uniforms, terrified of what would happen next, but the men departed down the ramp we'd entered by and the thick steel door crunched down behind them, leaving us gagged and alone once more.

For a long time we all stayed exactly as they left us, trying to get used to the feel of our dragging chain leashes and the weight of the large steel lock bumping against our upper backs. I couldn't avoid staring down at the floor and seeing the heavily-linked stainless steel chain that was my new mentor. I felt *so* captive. *'How can I ever get away from this place?'* I wailed to myself, in nearly hysterical tears again.

A long time later the door to our Module hissed open to allow a bevy of the

‘native’ Maids inside, then closed rapidly after the last one entered. All wore the same type of restraints and gags that we bore, except that their chains were long enough to permit them to move relatively freely. They had each been given an individual set of keys to *our* locks, and after coming to where we still stood, began to remove our gloves and outer clothing; packing them away in heavy steel-banded trunks around the wall. Finally, they removed our bras and I sighed with relief from the punishment of having to wear it, staring down in distress at the deep indentations that the spike-lined cups had left in my breasts. The man who had been our Interviewer back in Vancouver entered just as they finished and walked around the chamber, greeting us each by name. He instructed the Maids to remove our elbow bars, but left our wrists still closely connected while they equipped each of us with longer hobble chains. Like all the others, I massaged myself as best I could, even though my wrists remained securely connected to my chastity belt. In the future we were told, while in the Palace of our Master, we would wear only our cuffs, collars, gags, ‘Belts and chains; occasionally being permitted to wear the very sheer and diaphanous hareem costumes over them, except when being disciplined. *That* would be an entirely different ball game, as we would find out soon enough.

The Maids removed our boots and fitted our hareem shoes, locking the heeled horrors to our stirrup bands and denying us any chance to relax our strained feet and leg muscles. Like the boots, there was no possibility of removing them.

The Interviewer told us to kneel on the cushions before us, then began to explain our situation more fully.

“Welcome, Slave Girls, to your new life,” he began...

Chapter Nine

The Hareem

“This room, or others very much like it,” he stated baldly, “will be your home within the Hareem for much of the term of your Contracts. You will be kept here unless employed elsewhere within the Palace, and you’ll find that it has been provided with all the necessities required. In addition, you will be attended by individual Maids. There are well stocked washrooms for each of you, and full make-up facilities have been provided to ensure that you keep yourselves properly turned out at all times. Your meals will also be served here, except when you are required to entertain guests at State functions or are being used in ... ah ... other capacities. Eventually, some of you may be moved to other sections of the Hareem and, perhaps, may even be given your own rooms as a reward for outstanding and continuing achievement.

“Perhaps you have noticed that there are two chambers allotted to each of you,” he gestured towards the paired portals evenly spaced around the circumference of the main chamber. “The first, as you will see through each barred door, is your personal washroom/dressing area and the other is your ‘Meditation Chamber’. You will become more familiar with *that* one sometime later,” he said easily, quickly glossing over what was hidden behind the implacable, shiny steel panels next to each barred door.

“For your first six months, at the very least, and perhaps for the duration of your entire Contract, you will always wear your veils and silencers, except for meals. You will also be required to learn the Rules and Courtesies that you must observe for your new role. These will be taught by the Head Wife of His Majesty and her assistants. From time to time, you will be required to fulfil other duties, which will entail the wearing of special costumes or Uniforms, as you were advised during your interviews, and to which you agreed, when you signed your Contracts.”

We couldn’t question him, of course, staring up through tear-brimming eyes, kneeling leashed and gagged in a circle around him. Unconsciously, I began to accept what had happened for I *thought* I realised just how fully I was held a

prisoner in this remote, desert fortress. It, though, was only a surface glimmering of how securely we were held, as we were soon to find out. The Interviewer stood up.

“Your first lesson, Slave Girls, is that whenever you enter the presence of a male, or a male enters your room, you *must* show obeisance by kneeling, if your fastenings permit it, and touch the floor with your forehead. Do so, now,” he commanded peremptorily.

We all silently complied with his command and remained thus until the heavy steel door to our chamber slid shut behind him, leaving us alone to stare silently and sympathetically at each other. Our loosely fastened nose and ear chains swung back and forth, and the heavy little bells on our earrings jingled merrily as we all climbed shakily to our feet, staggering around on the heeled pumps. We began exploring the room that in reality was nothing more than a large, well-furnished communal cell.

It was a chamber some 20 metres in diameter with a high, domed ceiling of the same height; basically a hemisphere. Spaced equidistantly around the perimeter of the dome were 12 pairs of doors, other than the heavily barred one into our glorified prison. As he had stated, we saw that every second one was a solid, heavy, brushed steel portal with no visible handles. The others were of a closely barred and open construction, allowing us to see that beyond the bars there was indeed a fully stocked combination washroom, closet, and make-up area that we had been told of, complete with table, mirror, lights and racks of the most expensive cosmetics and perfumes. There were no handles on the barred doors though, and I wondered how we were supposed to get inside. What lay beyond the other doors was a mystery, but I had the sinking sensation that I wasn't going to like it. About a third of the way up the curving walls of the dome, some five metres above the floor, a series of narrow, tall windows were cut into the thick material, curving up towards its apex and, although closely barred with gleaming steel rods, they allowed a constant flood of sunshine down into our prison chamber.

Our Module, one of 24, could only be reached through a single entrance, and that was by way of the long, low-ceiling tunnel we'd entered by. The tunnel floor rose gently to emerge at the doubled set of security doors to our module, while at the other end, the tunnel was one of six radiating from a central

access/control room. It was sealed *there* by another doubled set of heavy, steel-barred doors, completely locking us in and holding us with better control than any high security prison.

At the point where the curving walls of the dome met the floor, there was a two metre wide platform, then came four, metre high, half metre wide, carpeted steps down to the sunken floor of the main portion of the chamber from the entry level, and so the floor to our module was some 25 metres below the inner apex of the dome. Because of the short lengths of our hobble chains, we were reduced to awkwardly manoeuvring ourselves up these steep steps every time we needed to get to the top level and so in effect, we were kept even more as prisoners within the central 'pit'. The set-up was meant to intimidate and control us, and it worked perfectly, for we seldom left the central, 15 metre circle at the bottom.

The decor was pleasant enough, consisting of blond-coloured wooden panels on the curving walls, up to about ten feet above the floor, then a stippled type of covering of the concrete dome from that point up, this painted a light cream colour. An intricate design of coloured tiles wound around the upper portion of the dome, adding some interest to its otherwise barren surface and, as the sun moved around, some of these occasionally flashed down sparkling reflections of their brilliant colours. About a third of the way up the inner curve of the dome, also spaced equidistantly around, just below the windows, 12 small protrusions were set into the concrete. From each of these, a sturdy chain dangled, its end bifurcating into two more chains leading out to the ends of a sturdy, gleaming, two metre long steel bar. From the ends of these bars, other shorter lengths of chain hung, heavy locks swinging at their ends. Each of these assemblies hung ominously, some five metres above the floor, waiting.

Occasionally, for no reason that I could ever figure out, one or more of us, and many times, all of us, would be confined with these chains. Eunuchs would enter the Module and select those of us they wished, then have the chains lowered by the Control Room duty man. The female or females concerned would be reeled in by their collar leashes until they stood cowering beside their towering black mentors, and it did no good to resist. They employed a variety of means of fastening us to these bars, but by far the

most popular was to connect the woman's wrist cuffs outer rings to the dangling end chains. Sometimes, short 'extender' chains were added and connected to the side rings of our chastity belts also, and another, with varying amounts of slack, was clipped to the back rings of our collars. When this system was used, they always chained our hands behind us to the backs of our 'Belts. At others, the female would have to sit and have her ankles fastened to the bar.

Once the binding had been completed, the chains would then tighten until we were drawn fully off the floor to hang in mid-air for endless hours and sometimes days. No one that I ever saw entered the chambers to view us, and the Eunuchs would leave as soon as the suspension process was completed. At first, when it happened to me, I swung slowly back and forth some five metres above the floor of the sunken 'pit' until, eventually, all the oscillations died away and I dangled there, motionless, unless I induced some movement through my own struggles. Naturally, our Module Leashes were left attached to our collars, looping over to their fittings and when we were all suspended, it must have presented quite a picture: 12 females, all identically and symmetrically bound.

I and all the others would just hang there; arms and shoulders slowly going numb from the weight of our bodies and terribly fearful of kicking or generating any movement. Below our high heel shod feet and their connecting ankle hobble chain, there was only four metres of open air, although it looked like a 1,000, to me, having the fear of any kind of height that I do. It was awful. The first time I was placed in the second set-up, the chains tightened slowly and I rose on tip-toe until they pulled me off the floor. At that point, the weight of my upper body and head made me rotate around the waist band of my chastity belt, it acting as the fulcrum, and I fell forward to the length of the long chain between the centre of the bar and the back of my collar. I screamed against the horrid gag pad when this happened; jerking my hands and arms wildly against their back lock when I fell forward to be brought up with a choking jerk on my collar. The hoisting continued until I stared down at the floor far below me, swinging wildly back and forth while I kicked frantically against my too-short hobble.

At first I thought that I'd quickly strangle to death while suspended in that

manner, but the collar was wide enough and tight enough that I could still breathe fairly easily, if I kept calm. This position also forced the internal plugs deeply up into my abdomen and I couldn't stop the quivers and screams that automatically tried to tear past my gag. The worst part of this position though, came when the remotely-controlled intruders were activated. Then, none of us could stop the flailing and jerking that they forced us into. We would all hang quietly for the longest time, until suddenly one or another or all of us would begin to jerk and kick frantically when the dildos were turned on. Soon, we would all be screaming out our paeon of arousal and pain, dancing and bouncing in silenced misery far above the floor of the Module, helpless to escape the depredations of our chastity belts and the wishes of our Master to teach us our slavery and status as his selected torture toys.

Scattered about in seemingly random settings were large, flat screen, TV/video combinations and an area that looked a little like a school room; this equipped with keyboards, computer terminals, monitors, and printers. There were also some coffee tables and low stools, but we found that all had been bolted to the floor and couldn't be moved. Interspersed amongst the furniture were piles of cushions and some beanbag type furniture while neatly folded piles of futons were spaced around the walls between the steel-banded, locked chests. Our prison chamber was air-conditioned, deeply carpeted in a light blue-grey, and were it not for the fact that we were unable to leave it, would have been a pleasant environment.

As described earlier, each of us was held prisoner by a long chain leash, connected to the ring at the back of our collars with its other end locked to a wall-ring, positioned some three metres high on the pillar between the paired doors. A Metre below each wall mounting for our leash was a thick, brightly shined bronze plate, deeply engraved with a number corresponding to the ones on the identity disks fastened to our earrings. The flowing Arabic script beneath, we were told later, gave all of our vital statistics and a short description of the female attached. We were fastened a little more than five metres away from each of our neighbours, but our leashes were quite lengthy. I found, when I carefully walked out to its full stretch that it permitted me to get to the centre of the room and a little beyond. Thus, I guessed that the chain must be at least 15 metres in length. We soon discovered though, that it could be shortened to nothing at all. We could be left standing on tip-toe

under our wall-ring with no freedom whatsoever, if we incurred the displeasure of any of the palace staff or the huge, black-skinned guards, for however long they desired. About three metres in front of each set of doors was an area where each of us could curl up and sleep, but we had no privacy whatsoever. The other girls and I continued to explore the room, occasionally tangling our leashes, then spending long minutes trying to figure out how to unsnarl them; performing a strange, voiceless dance of chained captivity while we did. The only sounds in the echoing chamber were the rattles of our chains and the jingling of our ear-bells.

In total frustration at being so thoroughly made captive and kept silenced, some of the girls threw themselves onto their cushions in a frenzy of silenced tears and heaving, naked shoulders, trying frantically, again, to tear off their chains, rings, shoes, and chastity belts. Of course, there was no way to remove the locked-on equipment without the correct keys and so we all remained deeply and intimately held captive. Eventually, they just lay snuffling and curled up, silently weeping and still pulling occasionally at their utterly secure fastenings and welded-on 'jewellery'.

Much later in the evening the door to the chamber at the end of the long entry corridor hissed open and the Head Wife, our Mistress entered, escorted and controlled by a cruel-looking Eunuch of immense proportions. We all stared in fascinated horror while she strutted to the centre of our circle of kneeling, chained and still gagged females.

Over her haughty facial features and superbly coiffed golden hair, she wore a sheer veil that revealed her heavy nose-ring and a series of other, slightly thinner golden rings puncturing her lips. There were seven of these embedded in both her upper and lower lips, plus a larger and thicker one puncturing each cheek just back from the corners of her mouth; curving inside it.

The upper and lower rings were slightly offset from each other and we later found out, when we were fitted with them, that a curved metal bar could be threaded through and connected to our earrings with small locks, sealing our mouths closed. Too, when this was done, there was also an invisible metal plate that would project back over our tongues, and to which the balls embedded in them were attached, and at its front was a small loop that passed between the upper and lower teeth to also be threaded by the metal, mouth-

sealing bar. It was a horribly efficient silencing and facial bondage device and it became very painful if I tried to fight it; especially if a leash was attached. The lip rings also served to increase sensation, thanks to their constant compression of the sensitive flesh, keeping us ever aware that even our lips no longer belonged to us.

She also wore heavier gold earrings than we did; these being joined to her collar leash rings under her chin and at the back of her neck, preventing her from turning her head. Other chains flowed across her cheeks from the earrings, connected to a thick bar poking out through each side of her nostrils. Even others led from her collar, beneath her thin bodice, to sturdy metal circlets that deeply punctured the sensitive tips of her breasts. I was shocked and horrified to see a large diameter metal post projecting directly out from the centre of each of her dark brown nipples, tipped with a huge flashing diamond. Little did I realize, until it happened to me, many years later, that these posts had deeply barbed little arms embedded inside each breast, making both them and her nipple rings utterly permanent fixtures in her body. She was always conscious of them and any manipulation of her breasts was instantly painful.

Below, her harem pants were sheer, revealing an ornately jewelled, securely locked chastity belt, but one with a very different configuration than those we wore. From the tightly fitted crotch-piece, deep between her smooth, columnar thighs, a long, thick, chromed shaft projected rigidly downwards, terminating between her cuffed and hobbled ankles. Her hobble chain was threaded through a large swivel ring at the tip of this long bar, limiting her freedom even more severely and as if this was not enough to control her, and humiliatingly so, a golden chain, permanently mounted also to the tip ring of this horrible shaft, ran back to the hand of her controlling Eunuch. Although we were not immediately aware of it, the upper end of the between-the-thighs was mounted on a universal joint and to the inner side of this, a large and punitive probe/dildo was fitted. This dildo was capable of electrical stimulation, vibration and also of extension and withdrawal so that she could easily be controlled and disciplined by it. Thanks to the universal joint in the crotch band, if the leash to the tip of the bar was tugged upon, the rigidly affixed dildo moved within her belly and forced her to move as the tension indicated she must. With every pace she took, her hobble chain rattled

through the tip ring, adding to her sensations of captivity and the certain knowledge that she was a controlled female.

We all stared in shock while she pranced daintily and carefully to the centre of the room, accompanied by the sounds of her heels and the noise of her hobbling chain being pulled back and forth through the tip ring with her every step. This gold chain limited her pace severely, making her take restricted, mincing little steps, while its links click-clicked, with what to her must have been constant annoyance and arousal, back and forth through the obdurate ring. Her shortened pace also made the chain tug on her 'Inhibitor Bar', as she called it, and, fastened as it was, it utterly prohibited her from sitting or bending over to try to ease her confinement. When she moved further into the room we saw with horror that the Eunuch following, kept her *fully* under control by means of *two* flashing chain leashes: one, as mentioned, was locked to the tip of her Inhibitor Bar, and the other to the back-ring of her collar. Her hands were multiply joined: a short set of glittering chains connected her cuffs to the side-rings of her 'Belt, then a rigid, golden bar some 50 cm long, kept her wrists forever separated, being also permanently connected between her wrist cuffs. A thick, 15 cm wide, jewelled collar encased her throat, and disregarding its decorative qualities, it was also a refined instrument of subjection and control, for it too had the capability of being fitted with a gagging attachment, just like ours. Despite the fact that her cuffs, collar and chastity belt were encrusted with gems and chased with gold and silver, they were nevertheless very substantial restraint devices, and she couldn't escape them, or the leashes that controlled her.

For nearly a full minute she stared haughtily around at us, surveying our tear-stained and snuffling group through wide, intelligent, green eyes, then began speaking quietly in a cultured British accent.

"Ladies, welcome to the Third Level Hareem of Sultan el-Marrish. As you are all here at your own request, you will serve His Majesty faithfully for the next five years of your lives. His Majesty wishes you to be comfortable during your stay, within bounds, of course," she smiled, the substantial rings puncturing her lips flashing as she did.

"When you signed your Contracts, ladies, you gave explicit permission to His Majesty and his staff, of which I am one, to take care of you in all manners,

including the administration of discipline as He or His staff may see fit. You have also committed yourselves to wearing whatever clothing, jewellery, or Uniforms he may desire to have you fitted with during your period of employment. Some of these basic articles you now wear.

“In addition, when you signed your Contracts, you permitted Him sole sexual access to yourselves, as, when, and how He may wish to make use of you. This, I know, is hard to accept, but I can assure you by the time it eventually comes to pass, you will look forward to it and enjoy your experiences. I am fully aware that you are all desperately afraid, and also that the chastity belts that we have all been fitted with contain certain ... ah ... stimulation devices; and how distressing this is to you. As slave girls in this Hareem, you must accustom yourself to this facet of your lives, for you cannot even *hope* to escape it.”

“You will be assigned lessons and certain work areas during your term of employment and only the best of efforts on your part will be accepted. Failure, in any of the staff’s eyes, to provide your best, *will* result in demerit points. You will find, sometime in the near future, that you will be required to suffer various types of punishment to clear these points from your record. Have no doubt, ladies, you will accumulate these demerits and each and every one of you will spend time in punishment for them.”

“I realise that this is a shock to you all: to have your lives so severely circumscribed after the freedoms you have enjoyed as young, beautiful women, but now your bondage and controllability are facts of your existence. You *must* do as you are told from now on. Believe it or not, this experience will prove invaluable to you when you eventually return to the outside world.”

“Speaking of the outside world, you may be interested to know that this is my third, five year Contract with His Majesty. I have found that the problems and crises beyond these walls are far too depressing for me to face for any great length of time and so have always come back to this life.” She waved her chained hands at herself and her leashes to her obdurate, silent Leash Master. “It, for me, is a comforting and tranquil existence; one in which I know my place and am protected from a harsh, dog-eat-dog world. Too, I know that I am deeply loved, and my chastity belt, collar, cuffs, jewellery, and chains

prove that to me, beyond doubt, 24 hours a day, every day of my life.

“Yes, it is true. I *cannot* escape my bonds or the jewellery I am fitted with. What you see me wearing is *all* permanent with some pieces having been surgically attached to my body as well. Whatever discipline or pleasure my Master, His Majesty, wishes to burden me with, makes sure that I love the feeling of knowing that I am treasured to the point of being kept a slave in this way. I am his utterly, and always kept under inescapable security. Love, ladies, can be a strange companion.”

“Going back to the topic of your Uniforms for a moment,” she continued, surging against her leashes as though to reassure herself that he was still a captive, “some of them are quite different shall we say. Most of them you will find to be uncomfortable, if not outright painful. Depending on how His Majesty feels, you may be kept in any given one only for a few hours, *or* you may have to wear it for the entire length of your Contract. They will change you, Ladies, be assured. You might as well get used to the idea that *you* no longer control your destiny. You are being handsomely paid to be kept as Slave Girls for the next five years, and as such, you have traded away your rights in order to obtain this money.

“During your term of employment here, you will very seldom be permitted to wear more than you now have on, except as I mentioned when you are required to wear one of the Special Uniforms.”

“As you can see, I have been pierced more fully than have you, at this point. Be advised that soon you will also be fully-adorned with most of the various rings and devices I wear. You can see *most* of the jewellery that the females in this Hareem must bear, but there are other devices hidden beneath my chastity belt. You will also be required to bear them.”

“Now, ladies, you will be given a demonstration of one of the Punishment Uniforms that you may have to wear,” she stated, turning to her Leash Master and speaking a couple of quick sentences in a fluid Arabic tongue. He shook her leashes and she turned and minced daintily from the Module at their ends, in front of him, surging into their steely restriction with each step. They returned a few minutes later with two Guards and what appeared to be a young woman held captive on sturdy tethers, between them.

Above this slave's frightened blue eyes, her long golden hair had been braided around a glittering chain that pulled her head far back. It swung lazily behind her, descending to ankle level where it was tipped with a large, shiny ring. The fact wasn't immediately obvious, but she could be suspended by her hair alone, if it was decreed that was what was required.

She was fully ensnared by restraining chains, in addition to having to wear what turned out to be a permanently-affixed, custom-fitted, metal gag. It concealed her lower face and head completely in its seamless construction and her nose and earrings were locked to the device, rendering it utterly irremovable. Where her lips would normally be visible was some sort of plumbing fitting. Our rings had only light chains, but hers were much thicker, obviously causing continual discomfort, but there the similarity to our current costumes ended.

She had been fitted with a thick, long-line bra/corset similar to the ones we'd been forced to wear while en route to our new home, but hers was locked to her chastity belt and equipped with thick, flexible, coiled wires leading from the tips of the silvery, metal breast cups, while others led up from her crotch-plate, joining into a thick umbilical, looped into heavy coils that were clipped to the back of her waist band.

In addition, she, like the Head Wife, wore a long, thick Inhibitor Bar between her legs and it too descended to between her ankles. Very short chains from her ankle-cuffs were attached to its tip ring; not threaded through it; thus increasing her sense of being thoroughly limited whenever she moved her legs, for the chains would tug on the 'Bar, ensuring that the dildo attached to it and embedded in her belly oscillated continually and unstoppably. She trembled with horrified anticipation while the guards drew her into the midst of our group, flushing with embarrassment when they turned her in a circle to show us her terrible and inescapable restraints.

Chapter Ten

A Demonstration & A New Life

“This slave girl,” the Head Wife explained, “is the same age as most of you. With full knowledge of what she was entering into, and how she gained that knowledge we do not yet now, she has willingly signed herself over to His Majesty for 15 years, to be kept as one of a number of Discipline Slave Girls for that entire period. Her first five years will be spent as a Normal Discipline Slave, and the remaining 10 years as a Testing/Experimental Slave. Her life here, from now on, will be one of constant discipline and some considerable torment.

“She was shipped here two weeks ago and you should consider yourselves lucky that you are not in her position. Although she is a former citizen of the United States, having grown up in Southern California; she has surrendered herself entirely to His Majesty. She has completed her initial period of indoctrination and acclimatization and is now being introduced to her life as a Discipline Slave, having been fitted in this particular Uniform. There are many others, and you each will get to experience them for varying durations during your stay here, as I indicated a moment ago. Suffice it to say that they will, without exception, exact an immediate desire from you to improve your attitudes. Teresa has accumulated few demerit points yet, but is being disciplined anyway, as His Majesty deems it appropriate that she immediately begin to understand her position.”

The young woman was turned by her captors and we saw that her arms were bent up high between her shoulder blades into what is known as a ‘back prayer’. Her gleaming wrist-cuffs were connected to the back-ring of her collar by a short chain and her fingers clenched and unclenched frantically, striving for freedom from the strenuous bondage. Her elbows were pulled in tight to her back and the cuffs above them were also joined by a thick link keeping them welded close together over her spine. From this joining link, a short, metal strap led down to the back centre of her chastity belt waist band, preventing any motion of her arms and the result of this awful bondage was that she was forced to stick out her large breasts in complete vulnerability

even though they were armoured by her bra's cups.

It was obvious that she found her tight thigh boots very restricting and uncomfortable, especially in combination with her far too short hobble chains and the long 'Bar between them. One guard bent and connected a short chain leash between its end ring and one of the hundreds of floor-rings, then stepped back, unreeling the wires attached to her Uniform and plugged their ends into fittings on a small panel in the wall beside one of the sets of doors.

We watched, with fascinated horror when a series of lights flashed a coded message to the guard, who then walked back to stand beside her, waiting. A sudden rattle of the captive girl's hobble leash snapped our attention back to her when something unspeakable was done to her captive body and big tears began streaming down her cheeks. She shook her head in a frenzy of denial and silent pleading, making her ear-bells tinkle merrily in derision and behind her, the long, chain-entwined braid swung weightily back and forth.

A moment later a tall, cruel-looking Arab entered and sauntered over to inspect the tethered and thoroughly frightened 18 year old young woman, walking casually around her, then, he drew a small control device, much like a TV remote, from his voluminous robes and began pressing buttons on it, watching her intently. As the Discipline Master, that was his job.

She began to throw her head around wildly, eyes clenched tightly closed, struggling desperately to release her hands from their tight chains while muffled screams swelled her throat under the snug collar and gag. She began a horribly evocative dancing, madly shaking her chest and writhing her hips, at the limit of her taut 'Bar leash, while something awful was done to her; obviously caused by the manipulations of the buttons on the remote control. We stared at her in silent terror, unable to look away from the spectacle while the Head Wife began speaking again.

"Ladies, we have all been fitted with anal and vaginal plugs. Some of you may call them dildos, but they are very much more than that. These plugs within our bodies are very specialised devices containing, amongst other things, a radio transceiver beacon that allows us each to be tracked exactly over long distances, thus enabling the staff or His Majesty to enforce an extremely pervasive control at all times. Each is also capable of providing us

with sexual release, but *most* important is their capability to discipline we the wearers by means of extremely nasty electrical shocks, as is happening now to the Discipline Slave Teresa, whom you see before you.” She gestured at the writhing, silently screaming, chained young woman.

“You may be wondering how she can be fed while wearing her permanent gag,” the Head Wife went on, relentlessly explaining. “As you can see her jaws are spread quite far apart by her Silencer, for which each of you has also been measured and may subsequently be required to wear, rather than what you now have inserted. On the front, as you can see, is a large, self-sealing socket fixture. Teresa’s mouth-filler has a long, ribbed tube at its back that goes down her throat and into her stomach by which she is fed and watered when hoses are connected to this fixture on her facial panel. This allows her to be kept in her gag permanently, and of course, prevents any problems with dieting or such, while keeping her completely silenced.

“She knew when she signed her Contract that she would be gagged and chained, but *not* to the extent that has happened. This, though, is *only* the beginning of her term. Perhaps you’ll be permitted to see her again sometime later, in another of her Special Uniforms.”

We all watched in shock and fear while she was tortured so casually, trembling while we knelt, as it continued for what seemed like forever. The Head Wife continued.

“She will be taken from here to one of the Discipline/Isolation chambers after being fitted with a more intrusive Discipline Uniform, and there she will receive a concentrated regime of sexual awakening procedures and Training Sessions.”

Finally, the awful demonstration drew to a close. The young woman almost fell over with hissing gasps through her flaring nostrils, trembling and silently weeping in exhaustion. After her ‘Bar leash was unlocked and the cables to her Uniform were unplugged and re-coiled, the two Guards tugged on her leading chains and she was drawn with harsh jerks on her leashes from the room. Her head shook in silent pleas not to have her discipline continued, but both she and we knew there was to be no escape for her, for at least another 15 years.

The Eunuch holding the leashes of the Head Wife permitted her to return to the centre of the room and she informed us that we might occasionally be taken out of the Hareem, if we were well-behaved, then continued to talk about our new life for a little longer.

At a sharp tug on her tethers by her Leash Master, she left us in a flurry of clashing chains, to wonder about just what kind of job we had signed ourselves away for, for the next five years. From what she had told us, it appeared that we were now helplessly captive in a very strict finishing school. Eventually, it seemed, we would all be broken to the mould of our Master's image of the perfectly-behaved female; silently attentive to his every wish and unable to disobey *any* command for fear of the punishments that would be meted out. As beautiful young women, we had all become accustomed to the fact that our raised and angry voices would normally get us almost anything we desired, but here, unable to speak and securely-chained, we *had* to do as we were told. Quickly.

Finally, the Hareem staff left us, but we were kept under continual surveillance by multiple TV cameras discretely concealed behind armoured glass enclosures in the walls and ceiling while we continued to explore the facilities contained within our gilded prison chamber.

It wasn't long before a couple of the girls gingerly sat themselves down on sets of large cushions and once more tried to free each other of their gags, cuffs, and chastity belts, but were confounded by the tightly-fitted and locked security equipment, eventually giving up in frustration. Silently, the girl leashed next to me and I inspected each other's rings and saw that they had indeed been welded closed and could not be removed except with bolt cutters. It wasn't evident to us, but the metal of our rings and cuffs was a super-hardened type of stainless steel that even the sharpest blades would have extreme difficulty in severing, and so we were held even more prisoners than we knew. Frustrated and uncomfortable, we eventually curled up and started watching the TV; although all we could get on any channel were old re-runs and some news programs, all in Arabic.

Sometime later the chained and gagged Maids appeared with vast food trays holding our dinners. They unlocked our silencers, but were unable to release their own. Ours were left to hang from their collar mounts, resting just below

our chins on our chests, and we all knew we would have to wear them again when our meal was finished. My first instinct was to start complaining, but I watched while the other girls fell on the food like ravenous wolves and thought better of it, following their example. For an hour we ate until we were stuffed, briefly exchanging our stories between bites, and exclaiming how angry we were. Without exception we all wanted to leave and return our money, despite the facts of our chains, the locked Hareem chamber, and the unforgiving desert beyond the Palace walls. That in itself made our imprisonment so total.

The silenced Maids re-entered to clear away the trays and dishes, then a couple of minutes later, the Eunuchs returned and began calling names.

I was called first and pranced haltingly on my high heels to kneel before him, still unaccustomed to having my paces severely limited by a hobble that constantly threatened to trip me. Raising my head after touching it to the floor, I opened my mouth and hesitantly stuck out my tongue to accept the gag, while one of the Maids prompted me with miming hand signals. Some of the other girls spoke out, trying to encourage me to resist, but one of the huge black Eunuchs brandished his whip and gave me a light swipe across my bare back that made me wail with shock at the fact that I had been struck so casually and callously, rather than at the minimal pain inflicted. In humiliation, I knelt before him with my tongue stuck out, staring up into his uncaring face while he quickly and easily refitted me with the horrible silencing device.

The Eunuch told me in garbled English, before I was permitted to rise, that I had *already* accumulated ten demerit points for slowness to obey, then handed me a thick manual indicating that it contained all the rules and regulations pertaining to my new job. I was to memorise the whole thing and my knowledge would be tested by being put into various situations, and, in addition, I would have to complete oral and written tests of my knowledge. Some of the other women objected more strongly to being re-gagged and for their trouble they received some really meaningful strokes of the Eunuch's whip. Their protesting did no good whatsoever, for we were soon all silenced by the awful, locked, steel and rubber equipment. When they'd finished re-gagging us all, both the Maids and the Eunuchs departed as a group; the

Maids following the men linked neck to neck, heads cast downwards. We, on the other hand, settled in to stare mournfully at the TV, trying to accustom ourselves to being kept utterly silent and under constant, relentless control.

Sometime later during the evening we heard a soft hiss that seemed to issue from all around the room and as on, we all turned to locate its source. The remotely-controlled doors to our individual bathrooms were opening, but not in any conventional manner ... opening by sliding upwards on deeply embedded tracks into recesses in the tops of the door frames. One or two of my companions stood and made their way to the rooms at the call of nature as the rest of us tried to watch the TV and ignore the clinical noises that issued from them when they struggled for the first time to attach the various hoses to the crotch-bands of their 'Belts.

We spent the rest of our first night despondently watching the tube and aimlessly wandering around the chamber until darkness fell. The lights flashed a couple of times then dimmed out. Only the sounds of our chains and ear bells echoed through the vast, darkened cell when we all bedded down for the first time in the Hareem. I could hear some of the girls still sniffing with fear and the snaps of their short wrist and hobble chains being fought against while they attempted to get used to the idea of sleeping while chained and leashed. I felt *horribly* a captive. We all needed the warmth and consolation of another human being near us and had soon curled up with others under our covers in shared misery and silence: prisoners far from home and any hope of escape.

The next morning we were awakened by the entry of the Maids bringing in a sumptuous breakfast and again the Eunuchs accompanying them quickly freed us of our gags. We were allowed to chatter for another brief hour while we ate, then were washed and groomed for the coming day. When we'd finished, our captors replaced our silencers, then connected our wrist-cuffs directly to our waist cinches behind our backs. Once leashed neck to neck, our Module tethers were disconnected and finally, the Head Wife was brought into the Hareem.

"Good morning, ladies. We are going on a tour of the Palace now," she stated and led us off to see our golden prison.

The Palace/fortress was truly amazing for a place, so far out in the desert.

It was lavishly equipped with gymnasias, pools, rooms full of specialised exercising equipment, a hospital, and formal Receiving Rooms. She also showed us the behind-the-scenes areas that supported the vast and complicated building: the kitchens, laundries and store rooms, where we saw other women, all chained and gagged as we were, leashed to their work stations. After this came the costume storage and creation workshops, where we *each* had a full range of strange and sometimes frightening Uniforms being created and waiting to be worn. All would soon be custom-fitted, we were told, then we proceeded from this area to the Punishment Cells deep in the bowels and finally up to the high battlements where we were shown the other wings contained within the sheer walls. Above us, she pointed out His Majesty's residence overlooking everything from the centre of the keep. It was a thick concrete tower resembling a child's top, some 100 metres over our heads. Beyond the high walls, an unending sea of golden dunes and the desiccated remains of the scrub thorn marched to the distant horizon, ensuring that we would remain here as utter prisoners. The next part we were taken to was a barn-like area, complete with milking parlours, stalls, and even an indoor race track.

Associated with the track were other rooms containing machines that resembled Ferris wheels turned on their sides. Each had six arms sticking out from the central hub and our Mistress told us these were the 'Hot Walker' rooms where we would be warmed up and exercised for our harness sessions when we did our stunts as Horse Women. Gagged still, we couldn't ask what she was talking about, but the rooms and the equipment within them looked frighteningly businesslike in their barren simplicity. After the tour, which had taken most of the morning, we were returned to our Module and leashes, then lunch was served. When it was finished and we'd been re-gagged, our Mistress reappeared and began the first of our lessons on the deportment and the behaviour that our Master expected of his Slave Girls. The afternoon gradually faded to evening again and the Maids appeared with dinner.

The next day and for many that came after, we received the same breakfast presentation, then carefully studied The Manual, the art of make-up and all of the other topics that now governed our lives so totally. After lunch we were

taken for exercise in the gym, even chained as we were, then later after that period, which I disliked intensely for the strenuous work that I was compelled to do, we were taken to the pool and, although kept connected to its sides, we enjoyed the chance to get in the water and play around in the shallow end; neck-leashed with light chain, gagged, and with our hands and feet still chained. We even had to continue wearing the high heels in the pool, but soon got used to the idea despite its strangeness. After dinner, the program continued late into the evening with lessons in decorum, manners, carriage, gait, and more make-up lessons.

All during the next week we were measured and fitted for our various Costumes and Uniforms plus other strange, sometimes painfully uncomfortable equipment that would have to be worn under our outer clothing. We'd each be put up on a runway and instructed how to walk and move while wearing the various Uniforms and equipment, without revealing to an unknowing observer that we were so accoutred. It was a difficult and embarrassing period of each day; leaving us all, at one time or another, in tears of humiliation if we failed to meet the staff's requirements and we had to repeat that particular exercise over and over again until perfect in it. Only then were we allowed to proceed to the next equally as trying section.

The days flickered by as the schedule repeated endlessly and we unknowingly continued to accumulate demerits as we went along. Even the novelty of having to wear gags, chains, cuffs, and chastity belts began to wear off, as the Interviewer had told us it would, a thousand years ago. I found my new life becoming totally boring, despite its utter strangeness to my previous existence.

I suppose it was known that this would happen, and so, sometime about a month after our arrival, I think, our Mistress removed all boredom with a bombshell. We'd all but forgotten her brief comment about being pierced even more than we already were, when we'd first arrived, but she revitalised our fear and at the same time underlined our powerlessness in being able to alter the five year life that our Master had planned for us. One morning, she informed us that our group would be fully pierced and fitted with our complete sets of rings the next day.

She also stated that no anaesthetic would be used during the piercing and

ringing process. We would vividly remember that day, as was intended, and our suffering would be witnessed by our peers while we were ‘decorated’.

Chapter Eleven

Pierced & Ringed

That night, gagged, chained, and helpless to evade our fate, we all sought the solace of another's arms again and just held onto each other, becoming more and more frightened of what was to be done to us the next day. The thin light of dawn gradually began streaming through the high, barred windows, strengthening to full brilliance while we huddled under our silken sheets, waiting. That morning the Maids didn't show up, and we were left alone without breakfast. Eventually, we each arose, accompanied as always by the rattle of our chain leashes, went to our bathrooms and performed our morning ablutions, then another endless period dragged by while we continued to wait. Finally, the doors at the end of the long passage into our Hareem chamber swung wide and our Mistress strutted regally at the ends of her leashes to the centre of our room, accompanied as always by the musical clashing of her chains and the tinkling of her bells. A small platoon of Eunuchs entered after her and stood waiting patiently along the wall, arms folded.

"Ladies, it is time for you to receive the balance of your Hareem jewellery," she stated simply, looking around at our strained, apprehensive and gagged faces.

She gestured to the accompanying Eunuchs, who spread out around the room, one to each of us. They quickly joined our wrists behind our backs, then released us from our leashes and linked us together, collar to collar and ankle hobble to ankle hobble with a metre of chain between each of us. Once fastened and our bonds inspected, our Mistress led us off in a procession of frightened female slavery and we all snuffled apprehensively under our gags while we passed slowly through the richly decorated corridors of the Palace to the Hospital Area. We were taken to a glassed in gallery overlooking an operating theatre, then positioned along the walls, unable to sit because of the short chains between the backs of our collars and rings mounted high in the concrete walls behind.

"Slave girls, today is the day in which you receive your Jewellery of

Servitude to His Majesty,” she stated, standing imperiously before us, despite her glittering restraint chains and taut leashes.

“To ensure that there is no favouritism shown, you will be chosen at random. I have here, 12 gold disks, each with a name and number on it, and they go into this bowl, thus,” she continued. A maid held a small silver bowl out, and the heavy golden disks jangled into its hollowness when they slipped through her fingers. “They are mixed like so,” she stirred them around with her ring-encrusted fingers.

We watched with bated breath while she swirled them, then plucked one from the little pile. I heard my name and number called. Fate seemed always to designate me as the first one.

“Slave Henderson: number eleven dash ninety-one,” she called, looking over at me. I collapsed with fear, my knees turning to water and slid down the wall until the short chain leash brought me to a strangling halt. There was a collective explosion of released breath when the others sighed and slumped in momentary relief at it not being them.

A pair of burly Eunuchs came to where I stood trembling at my ring, then quickly freed me of the short leash and pulled me past the others into a small elevator. It rapidly descended to the level of the operating room and they pulled me into it and towards the ominously waiting and prepared table. I couldn’t help but scream under my gag while I was forcefully taken closer and closer, kicking and fighting against my leash and restraint chains. Of course, that’s why we were required to wear them. They made *any* female eminently controllable, with a minimum of effort and manpower. Once beside the table I stared down, terrorized, at the thick straps that would in a moment be used to restrain me fully, for the emplacement of my newest ‘jewellery’, dreading the pain to come. A pair of the Eunuchs easily picked me up and laid me on the rubber surface while I trembled uncontrollably, then one limb at a time, they loosened my chains and easily and efficiently strapped me in place, spread-eagled and totally vulnerable for what was to come. My head hung down over the end, but was immediately fitted into a clamp, completely immobilising it.

I lay there for only a moment before the doctor and two male technicians

appeared beside me, one of them pushing over a small, rolling cart with its top covered by a white cloth. My bonds were again inspected without a word being said to me, then began the process of my piercing and ringing.

I was unable to do anything, other than stare straight up at the ceiling, mewling despairingly into my gag when they moved away from my head. A moment passed, then I felt nimble fingers caressing my breasts. I *knew* that they were about to ring my nipples. There was nothing I could do to resist, while they teased the nubbins into tumescence, and I soon felt my traitorous flesh betray me, responding; engorging with blood and lengthening without my conscious control. Each sensitive bud was suddenly engulfed in a cool little cup, then a strong suction was applied while I thrashed against my fastenings. The dragging on my nipples became more and more intense and they were drawn far out of my breasts, but still erecting and filling with sensitizing blood. I tried to scream under my tightly-clamped gag, my tongue writhing frenziedly against its cruel, internal fastenings to the gag pad.

Each cup popped off leaving my nipples still rampant and immediately, the bases of the tender mounts of flesh were simultaneously transfixed by thick needles driven slowly through the vacuum stretched flesh. A set of thick-walled, gold grommets was quickly forced through the holes when the needles were slowly withdrawn, then locked in place with a set of compound jawed pliers that spread the flanges onto the exterior shoulders. Jerking wildly against the securing straps, my throat swelled against my tight steel collar when I screamed into my gag with horrified agony while this part of the process was completed. I found though, that the placement of the rings, (they were actually U-shaped shackles) through these grommets was anticlimactic, but, by their mere presence they irrevocably marked me as a possession and a Slave Girl for the next five years of my life. I almost fainted when I realised that the rings were *not* for decoration. Their primary purpose was to control and discipline me. They hadn't finished working on my breasts though. A second after the U's had been mounted, a long, sharply-pointed, thick pin began to be inserted into the centre of my right nipple, driving deep into the apex of my tortured flesh, until it passed through holes in the heavy grommet and cross shaft of the U shackle, pressing agonizingly deeper and deeper into my trembling flesh and locking every part of the horrible device into my body. The penetration of the pin burned horribly, until there was a

subtle little click deep inside my breast. I couldn't see what was happening, for the clamp around my head kept me staring at the ceiling, hypnotised by the impaling of my flesh, howling from the pain of this horrible addition. It had turned into a mound of excruciating agony and I almost fainted while this awful process was being done then, moments later when they inserted the locking pin into my left breast, I mercifully passed out.

When they'd completed the mounting of these horrible adornments, I lay panting and gasping from the terrible hurt, but they weren't finished yet, and moved down the table. I wondered vaguely in my haze of pain what more they could possibly do to me.

My unspoken question was answered a heartbeat later when they unlocked my crotch cover. I couldn't help but gasp when the long thick plugs were slowly withdrawn from their deep nesting within my loins and squirmed uselessly against the sturdy securing straps to escape what I feared was coming next.

Nothing happened for a moment, then the portions of the operating table to which my ankles were chained and my thighs strapped, were cranked apart, spreading my legs even more. One of the technicians turned a small wheel on the side and these portions tilted upwards under my hips, while at the same time they bent under my knees as though I was going to have a gynaecological examination. When this painful spreading and bending stopped, the entire device slowly tilted and sank a short distance, leaving me with my head lowermost and my crotch vulnerably presented at a convenient height for the next part of the ringing process. I had never felt so helplessly vulnerable in my life.

Once positioned with my legs widespread and strapped securely, it was easy for them to fondle and caress my clitoris in preparation for the application of a hissing suction tube. This evil device was immediately clamped onto the sensitive flesh and in seconds made the erogenous little nodule engorge and lengthen dramatically. The sensation of pleasure/pain was indescribable. Again without warning, the flesh at its base was quickly penetrated by a thick needle, eliciting the most horrendous pain I've ever experienced. I fainted twice more in a frenzy of writhing and screaming, when they grommited, emplaced the U-shaped thick steel shackle without mercy, then added the

locking pin assembly so that my clitoris was also vertically impaled. My pleasure bud was almost filled with metal and little did I know it at the time, but the healing process would cause the nerve-laden flesh around all of these insertions into my body to thicken and grow around them and thus vastly increase my sensitivity and vulnerability. I would more and more become extremely sensitive to any touches on my thickened nipples or clitoris and it was done to all of us by the Sheik for precisely this reason. Among other things, we were rendered just that much more controllable because of our increased sensitivity and the other reason was out of sheer cruelty. With the chastity belt clamped over our crotches all the time, making our sexual organs unavailable to our own desperately questing fingers, or to anyone without the key, the U-shackle and locking pin equipment would constantly flick back and forth across the internal rib that until this point had only been mildly arousing. *Now*, it would keep us in a constant state of frustrated arousal and an intense awareness of our very femaleness, but with *no* way of alleviating the sexual tensions being built up.

They let me regain consciousness, then rapidly emplaced seven heavy little grommets and their mating rings in each of my outer *and* inner labia. I lay gasping and trembling all over with the loathing of what had been done to me while they swabbed some sort of medication on the wounds then, a moment later, the blunt nuzzling of the large plugs awakened me to the fact that I was being locked into my chastity belt once more. They slid deeply up into my body, seeming to have grown at least another three centimetres in length, then the cupped crotch-piece was pulled tightly into place and locked once more so that my sexuality was again under complete control, totally sealed away from any prying fingers. Only my Master, the Sheik, would be permitted to grant me a sexual release of any kind and I had no option but to accept that fact.

“Slave Henderson,” the technician said brusquely. “We are going to remove your silencer for a moment in order to emplace your lip rings. I know that you will be tempted to speak or cry out in some manner when this is done, but I must caution you that this will result in an extra hundred demerits being added to your tally. You must remain quiet when I unlock your silencer and put in these rings.”

So saying he released my head from its clamp, then with the special electronic key, disarmed the locks holding the gag in place. In seconds I was free of the horrid device and began to weep silently when he brought over another tray with the 28, golden, half-circles.

“Oh, please,” I begged, forgetting his stern warning, “please don’t do it to me. *Please!*”

“Young woman,” he admonished. “Be silent. Now open your mouth and hold quite still.”

My shoulders heaving with sobs, I had no choice but to do as he demanded. A second later the first of the piercings of my lower lip, at the centre, was made. I winced at the awful skewering sensation and the pain of the thick needle being forced through the tender flesh, but it was nowhere near as bad as the pain from my nipples. In another couple of seconds the small diameter half-ring was forced through the resultant hole, then its mating, other half, was pressed against the embedded one. He used a ringing tool to join these, then withdrew for a moment. The small steel circlet pressed deeply into the flesh of my lip, and I couldn’t help but be fully aware of its constraining presence, especially when I ran my already encumbered tongue over it.

“There,” he enthused. “That wasn’t too bad, now was it? Please hold still while I put in your other rings,” he enthused, approaching me with the evil needle again. I tried to shrink away, but as always, there was no escape. In quick succession he pierced my bottom lip thrice more on either side of the centre, then ringed me mercilessly. I felt ever more in bondage to my Master while the process continued unabated.

“Now I will emplace your upper lip rings. Once more I wish you to remain as still as possible.” By this time it was far too late to avoid my fate and so I steeled myself for the coming ordeal.

The rings in my upper lip were rapidly placed, matching the positions of the bottom lip ones, but when I looked over at the tray, there were still two sets of slightly heavier golden circlets waiting with evil portent.

“Open your mouth widely, Slave Girl,” he ordered sternly.

I did as commanded once more and he quickly pierced my cheeks just to the sides of the corners of my lips. By the time I tried to close my mouth it was too late, for he'd already emplaced the first half of each of the heavier rings. When he joined their other halves, I found that the corners of my lips were pulled on uncomfortably by the rings passing around them and inside, and I was scared to smile, let alone open my mouth. I ran my tongue around my ringed lips, shivering at the strange, bound sensation that it evoked when it rubbed over the highly sensitive flesh.

One of the Eunuchs brought over two small, heavy, silver bells then locked them to my pendant nipple-rings, and next, joined each to the other with a long, weighty, gold chain, interconnected to my earrings, but I was not to be released from the table yet. The technician brought forth a larger, rigid U, of thick gold wire and at the bottom of the curve of the U, a wide, long, gleaming plate swung easily from a small sliding bracket at the inner apex. It was capable of moving back and forth to either end of the arms, but couldn't be removed from it.

"Hold your head still and open your mouth," he commanded.

When I did, he slipped the wide spoon-like thing into my mouth, then clicked the balls on the upper surface of my tongue into small locking notches. The thing was so long that I almost retched, feeling it cover and constrain the writhing organ and I wailed at the horrid restriction, but it was about to get even worse.

"Very good." He smiled into my terror dilated eyes. "Now, I want you to close your mouth and keep your lips gently together, just touching each other."

As soon as I'd complied, he began to thread one end of the U through the rings embedded in my lips. Within a minute my lip rings were threaded around the U and it pressed firmly into the soft flesh of my cheeks. My mouth had been sealed, and inside it, my tongue was a helpless prisoner, but he wasn't quite finished with the device. The ends of each arm had small locking mechanisms incorporated into them and were just long enough to come near to my earrings. With a small click on either side of my head, the wire lip and tongue restraint device was locked to my ears.

I felt so utterly powerless and a captive, and tried desperately to keep myself from gagging when my tongue struggled automatically against the oppressive metal plate locked onto it, inside my sealed mouth. A moment later he clamped my wide steel and rubber silencer, now minus its gag-pad, over my lower face and locked it securely in place hiding the inner bondage completely. I was trebly-silenced and controlled and wept unashamedly, shaking my head what little I could against the intimate and painful gagging and restraints. It was over, for now.

The guards returned and released me from the operating table's restraints, re-chaining me thoroughly, then leashed me once more and returned me to the gallery to watch the process repeated on the other 11 girls. Over the next three hours, they all took their turns being pierced, ringed and intimately gagged and when the last was returned, we were released from the wall rings, each of us weeping silently from the hurt and humiliation we'd had to endure. Every few moments one of us would bend forward and be shaken with convulsions of retching when the locked-in-place and sealed away tongue restraint systems made themselves felt. These horribly unavoidable spasms we each suffered were watched impassively by our escorts and they elicited no pity, making no difference to their attitudes to us. Once again connected in a coffle our little procession was pulled rapidly along the route back to our Module.

While I strutted down the long cool halls, chained in the middle of the coffle, beneath my chastity belt I could feel my new clitoral shackle and it's locking pin flicking back and forth continually against the stimulator button. In short paces, helplessly fastened on my chain, I was in panting, distressed arousal and sexual need, but there was absolutely no way to satisfy my demanding urges. I saw from the slightly dazed and wide-eyed expressions of my sisters in bondage that they too were undergoing the same conditioning process, struggling against their tight chaining to try to get at the things that teased and tortured them so intimately. Too, with each pace, the new chain between my pierced nipples swung and tugged in a mixture of annoying tension and arousing sensation, making me long to hold and cup and caress my breasts, but with my hands locked behind me, I could only endure the un-haltered bouncing of my flesh and listen to the chiming of the humiliating bells.

Back in our Module, after we'd been re-leashed and our hands had been freed of their tight chaining, we each collapsed onto the carpeted floor and lay motionlessly, gasping with cruelly suppressed desire. The first thing we all did was to raise our hands to our chests and by feel, inspect the things that had been mounted in them. Like all the others, I very gently tugged on the U shackles to ascertain their permanence, moaning into my gag with misery when even the slightest tension sent wave upon wave of sensation radiating through each breast. The shackles and chains made me feel horribly vulnerable and had made me into an animal. Even while I and the others lay on the futons, still attempting to assimilate what had been done to us, any movements of our legs caused the clitoral locking pin/shackle arrangement to stir our passions, and there was absolutely no way to avoid it. Descending from the tentative explorations of my new breast jewellery, my hands and fingers scrabbled frantically against the obdurate steel covering my crotch, desperate to get at the horrid devices, but of course it was an utter impossibility. After a prolonged bout of attempting to stop the automatic and ceaseless spasming of my internal muscles around the deeply embedded dildo, I lay back in a welter of silent tears, my thighs and legs trembling uncontrollably while I mentally begged for release. It did no good whatsoever.

The other girls endured the same frustration and awakened, but utterly unquenchable desire that I did; reacting exactly the same way. The devices we were locked into and that were locked into our bodies were specifically designed to keep us at a sexual boiling point, yet unable to release the pressure and assuage our desires in any way. As young women from permissive Western societies, we'd never had to control our urges, other than for the in-grained sense of guilt our mothers had instilled, but now we had no choice but to be 'good girls'. Sometime later I again began to tentatively explore my new nipple-rings and the pins that locked them in place. The accompanying, heavy little locked-on bells and connecting chain were painful to endure all of the time, dragging constantly at my metal-filled nipples and I was desperate to find some way of removing or at least supporting them, but of course there wasn't any means of ridding myself of the new 'jewellery'. They, like our nose rings, had been *welded* closed onto their rings and were totally impregnable to my trembling fingers and would be worn until my Master decided that they should be removed.

Those under our crotch-covers were a constant, stimulating irritation. The most embarrassing ones though, were those at the tips of our breasts, with their heavy little bells and the weighty joining chain. The drag was constant and unavoidable and each time we moved our unfettered breasts shift also making the small bells chime merrily, announcing our presence and our captivity. Each girl's set of bells rang with a different note and, when we were all moving, the room echoed with their ringing, making the Module sound like some zany, miniature belfry. Beneath our silencers, our lip rings and tongue restraints tugged constantly at the flesh they were mounted in, reducing all of us to futile tears of hopeless pain, anger, and discomfort. Late that afternoon, we were fed a light lunch while we still tried to get used to the sensations of our new adornments. When the complex gagging system was re-installed, how I wished to just have to wear only the simple gagging pad.

Some of us curled up in our cushions and cried ourselves to sleep, while others desultorily read The Manual and the women's magazines laying around. Our chamber wasn't silent though, for there was always the rattle and clink of chains and the tinkling of our bells when we shifted position. That night our dinner was late, and after we'd been re-gagged most of us immediately fell into an exhausted sleep.

The next day we were right back into our boring routine, but the emphasis now shifted to getting us into good physical shape. The Eunuchs began to keep us on the exercise equipment for longer and longer periods when we were in the gym; locking us to the rowing machines, treadmills, stair climbers, bicycles, and other esoteric equipment so that we *couldn't* get off or quit when we felt we thought that we'd had enough.

As part of each exercise, they attached sensors to us so that our blood pressure and breathing rate were constantly monitored, but there were other wires also affixed that were not so innocent in purpose. The worst of these was a pair clipped firmly to each nipple's locking pin and it held a metallic circle pressed down over the breast, resting against the chest wall and tensioning the fleshy mound uncomfortably. Others were clipped to our earrings and nose rings, all being held securely attached and incapable of being shaken loose, by the use of very strong 'alligator' type clips, and naturally, our hands were restrained in such a manner that there was no way

for our desperately grasping fingers to reach these wires. Each girl was kept at her exercising station, festooned with these evil wires leading to the most sensitive portions of her body, waiting in terror for what was to be demanded of her.

Another connection was also made to a socket on our crotch-plates and from them all, long, coiled wires led to elaborate panels beside each exercise machine. We soon discovered to our horror that there were limiters set into the computer memories in these panels, so that if we started to slack off, we'd be given horrible twitching shocks to encourage a greater effort_

If we continued to goof off, the agonizing shocks increased in frequency, duration, and severity, leaving each of us in helpless tears, screaming into our gags for most of our time in the gym. Eventually, our endurance began to increase, but the improvement was almost worthless, for the guards kept adjusting the limits to higher and higher levels, thus forcing us to work harder and harder.

We still hadn't seen our Master, as far as we knew, and as the weeks of arduous work and boredom continued to slide by, we began to wonder if we were just here to endure his tortures; continually speculating at meal times on his appearance, attitude, and what would be required of us over the next five years. What had happened already was incredibly awful, and all of us would have called it science fiction less than a year ago.

What more could possibly be done to us?

Chapter Twelve

Disciplined

Long weeks followed in a boring repetition of the same schedule, until one day our Mistress arrived, leashed and controlled as usual. Her stringent bondage and control by the Eunuch was a sight we had become accustomed to when she minced carefully to the centre of the chamber and shook her head vigorously, making her ear ring bells and nipple bells chime out. The chains connecting her wrists to her 'Belt flashed in loops of flailing, musical, clinking fire when she did, signalling us that we were to gather around.

"Slave Girls," she said loudly, "you have been in this Hareem long enough now to accumulate a number of demerit points for not performing as required. Your day of reckoning has arrived. You will now each be taken to your 'meditation' chambers, where you shall expiate your sins and learn about some of the corrective measures that will be applied to you on a regular basis from this point forward.

"You have the option of reducing these demerits by two methods. The more severe of these will remove five points for every hour of penance you serve, while the less strenuous will only remove two per hour, and, of course, result in you being disciplined for a longer period. Inform the Eunuchs of your preference before you enter your Meditation Chambers," she commanded, turning with a swirl of her leashes and sheer Hareem pants, then strutting daintily from the chamber, accompanied as always by the clatter of her chains and the tinkling of her bells.

Twelve large, silent Eunuchs entered our chamber immediately after her departure, each walking to one of our wall-rings then began reeling us in. Like the others in the room, I feared the utter certainty of my imminent, yet unknown punishments and fought desperately against the steady tension of the leash to my collar while I was dragged closer and closer to the wall and the ominous, shiny steel door behind the huge man controlling me. I found it impossible as a hobbled, wrist-chained, and forcibly gagged woman, to resist or object to his hand-over-hand pulling on the chain while he easily pulled

me to him. A minute later I knelt, staring up into his evilly grinning face, panting through my ringed nose like a winded horse after a long race. Behind him I watched with fear when the shiny steel slab, until now closed and a mystery, slid silently out of sight into its recess in the door frame, revealing a stark, grimly businesslike concrete chamber beyond.

I moaned with fear when he pulled me to my feet by my neck chain, almost strangling me, then slowly held up his hand twice, once with five fingers extended and the other with two. I shakily indicated the two fingers, trembling when he propelled me through the door and into the dimly-lit room beyond. Inside, at first I saw only a long bar hanging on a sturdy chain, descending from the overhead gloom, illuminated by two small spot lights. He grasped the chain connecting my nipples and slowly pulled me over to stand beneath the dangling bar while I howled into my gag from the sensations of my breasts and nipples being so callously and pitilessly used to control me. There was *no* way to resist this tension. It is one of the most humiliating and effective kinds of leading devices that can be used on a female, and resistance of *any* kind to tension on it would result in horribly painful jerks on some of my most tender and vulnerable flesh.

I could vaguely make out some of the ominous equipment hanging on the walls while he quickly and easily attached my wrist-cuffs to the long bar, then disconnected the cuff to 'Belt chains, leaving them to dangle down beside my quivering thighs. He went to the side of the chamber next to the door and unlocked a cabinet, doing something within before closing it. The chain slowly tightened and a moment later I was suspended, twisting slowly in midair. He connected a short chain from the central ring of my hobble to another in the floor some thirty inches below my gently swinging, high-heeled feet, then departed. I was left to hang there, totally alone, swinging gently back and forth in misery after the thick steel door hissed down and locked closed with a solid crunch.

At first I kicked and jerked against the hobble-anchoring chain, but the combined lengths were only long enough for me to be able to bend my knees about halfway. In minutes my arms, shoulders, and wrists hurt abominably and all I did then was hang quietly, waiting hopelessly and helplessly for what was to come. I didn't even know how many demerits I'd accumulated

(they never did tell us the amount we'd built up) and so had no idea of how long I would be kept in my Meditation Chamber. Finally, hours later, Mistress Janice appeared, then without a word, she began flogging me with one of the many short-handled whips I'd seen hanging on the wall. I twisted frantically in midair, howling into my gag while the strokes slowly turned my back and legs into columns of fire, each blow falling without any kind of timing or pattern that I could discern and thus keeping me in horrible suspense while I waited for the next one. Uncontrollably, I jerked, writhed, and kicked; trying to scream for a nonexistent mercy while the punishment continued relentlessly, but when she finally stopped it was only for a short respite. She took a different whip from its hook and chastised my breasts and belly after joining my nipple-rings with a rigid bar and hanging a weight on its central ring. It dangled in front and soon my metal-filled nipples turned to twin mounts of pulsing fire with each breath I took and every movement of my breasts.

Much later, while I hung before her in a tearful haze of pain, exhausted and gasping for breath, she disconnected my hobble and speedily replaced it with a long spreader-bar, to which she fastened another chain, looping down from above. This new chain was quickly tightened, until I was far above the floor swinging gently back and forth, upside down; my legs spread obscenely wide, thus rendering me into a vulnerable X of punished and weeping femininity. At the controls, she pressed another button and below me, large panels in the floor slid aside to reveal that I was suspended in only the upper portion of a very deep, silo-like cell. The bottom portion of the oubliette disappeared into a blackness that seemed bottomless.

Screaming frenziedly with terror against my gagging equipment, I was slowly lowered, upside down, into the pit_

I went into it a long way, the faint light from above revealing only the ring-studded and chain-draped concrete walls, many feet away from each of my outstretched hands and questing fingers. Gradually, while the chain continued to lengthen, my hands rose above my head until I again hung by my wrists in the middle of the deep pit. I looked up to see the floor panels slowly sliding closed far above, continuing to cry out my fear of being abandoned in bondage; suspended and gagged to utter silence in the Stygian darkness. I

must have wept for hours, exhausted and hurting, able to hear only the rattle and clink of my chains and bells while I hung there with my breasts burning painfully from the constant drag of the weight on the nipple-bar. Sometime during the trackless and timeless night, my vaginal plug was activated and I was brought, thrashing madly in mid-air, to an incredible series of sexual climaxes. For the longest time the plug would build up my sensations while it throbbed and plunged within me, while at the same time the stimulator projection pressing into my clitoris buzzed continually, then, just when I was ready to explode, everything would stop and leave me hanging on the brink of release. I howled in frustration each time this happened, shaking, twisting, and trying to complete my orgasm, but the pain flooded back and it was hopeless without the stimulation of the horrible things penetrating my body. The process would start all over again minutes or hours later and take me to the same brink once more. Finally, I was driven over the edge, and my brain exploded with the flash of a thundering release when my insides seemed to melt into a puddle of liquid, fiery lava. I thrashed frenziedly against my bondage, swinging back and forth in the darkness, screaming in pleasure and pain into my gag while my mind fell into a vortex of intense and intolerable sexual release.

Uncounted hours later I was hauled out of the deep well, taken to my washroom and thoroughly bathed and groomed by my Maid. Eventually, I was permitted to re-enter the Hareem chamber and began studying my Manual with enlightened intensity, striving to learn how to avoid the sins that had earned me the demerits I had incurred then paid for so painfully.

From that point on we underwent at least one day of correction in our discipline chambers for every 10 days of relative freedom within the Hareem. Sometimes the punishments were relatively mild, but others, like my first, were awful. I never had the courage to try out the five demerits per hour punishments, although some of the others did. We never talked about our 'treatments', probably because it was too embarrassing, but just comforted ourselves wordlessly with hugs after we were released, trying to soothe away each other's tears, pain and distress at our lot in life.

The worst crime that we could commit, we found, was to be caught engaging in any sort of lesbian lovemaking and the only two women caught were

subject to immediate disciplinary action. A pair of guards appeared almost instantly and removed Jannaj and Christine from the Module. The two young women weren't seen again for 10 days, but when they were finally returned to the Hareem, each looked very tired and thoroughly frightened.

They reappeared wearing additional equipment that scared all of us, just to see them locked within it. The additions to their costumes were a locked-on special corset-bra combination that severely clamped their chests and waists over their 'Belts and each had been equipped with one of the ankle-length Inhibitor Bars, very much like Mistress Janice's. Their ankles were similarly hobbled by short chains running through the rings at the ends of these 'Bars, severely limiting their freedom, and in addition to their collar leashes, they too now had to endure another of the same length locked to the rings at the tips of their 'Bars. These were not only discipline devices in and of themselves, but in addition they contained high-capacity, long-life batteries and a very sensitive antenna system. In effect, each girl was constantly monitored and if either approached the other within five metres, *both* were immediately subjected to strong, pulsing shocks through their breasts and nipples and through both of their plugs and clitorises. It was 'aversion therapy' of the most horribly effective kind.

As well, they were unable to avoid the random, somewhat milder disciplinary shocks scheduled at other times for them on some remote and uncaring computer program and when these occurred, the two girls would go into a frenzied dance of silenced writhing, throwing their heads around frantically, their eyes tightly clenched and streaming with tears. Their chained hands tore frantically to pull away their tightly clamped breast containment's, or scrabbled fruitlessly against the steel crotch coverings of their chastity belts, desperate to get at the pulsing electrodes pressed into their bodies. In seconds their throats swelled under their tight collars with wails and screams of distressed pain, but for them, there was no escape from the enforced correction.

Jannaj and Christine were kept in their special 'trainers' for a month, then released to rejoin the rest of the group. During this time though, they were constantly in some type of discomfort or pain. The worst part of having to wear their 'trainers' one of them told me later, was her inability to move as

freely as the rest of us. While wearing the long Inhibitor Bars, they could neither sit, squat, nor bend over without experiencing their restrictive influences deep inside themselves; being required to stand all the time.

Each evening, during their month of correction, when it was time to prepare for sleep, their Maids would appear and help them to lie down. As soon as they were on the floor, the Maids would fasten their wrist cuffs tightly against their bodies behind their backs, then shorten their hobble-chains until their slightly bent legs were locked directly to the tip-rings of the 'Bars, effectively rendering them unable to get up or move around. Their 'Bar leashes would quickly be locked to a floor ring, ensuring that each stayed in place for the night, but that wasn't the end of their daily trials, for then each Maid went to their respective equipment chests and brought out a Discipline Helmet. These thick encasements were immediately pulled over the helpless girl's heads, laced tightly closed, then locked on. They were quite literally sealed in for the next 10 hours of their lives. Finally, a light sheet would be pulled up over each thoroughly restrained woman and she would be left for the night.

The first nights, we curiously watched the whole process and when the Maids left, gathered around as close as we could and inspected the two culprits. They both lay chained between their rings, twisting against their severe bonds; faint mewlings of terror and pain seeping from under the tight helmets while they tried to reconcile themselves to their bondage and non-stop discipline, then a few moments later, they would begin writhing and thrashing about when their punishment by remote control commenced. Unable to stand and watch helplessly, we re-covered them and moved as far away as our leashes permitted, then bedded down for the night. At odd moments, I'd occasionally awaken to the sounds of jerking chains and faint, strangled screams and pleadings for release, while their punishment continued unabated. What could any of us do to comfort or help them? Nothing, for when one or two of us attempted to get near them, our own dildo's administered horribly painful shocks, and so they were kept in constant isolation. I, like all the other girls chained so helplessly within the Module, would cover our heads with a pillow to blot out their noises of torment, and try to get back to sleep again, vowing to ourselves never to indulge in *any* kind of lesbian activity after that demonstration. In the

mornings their Maids would reappear, release them from their night-time bondage and they would rejoin us in our daily activities, as much as their bondage permitted them to.

Mistress Janice continued our lessons, until at the end of one afternoon's training we were told that our gags would be removed the following day, for we had completed our first six months as third level wives to His Majesty. We all looked forward to this, but by now were so used to the enforced silence they imposed that it would seem strange to be able to talk for more than an hour at a time. There was a condition on our release though. It was that they would only be removed while we were within our chamber. At all other times we *had* to wear them.

Finally, two weeks later, the first girl was selected, again by the lottery method, to go to our Master's bed. The Maids spent the entire afternoon preparing her, taking hours to do her hair and get her make-up just right, while others polished her chains and jewellery until they gleamed. Now that we could talk freely the rest of us chattered back and forth like magpies, wondering what our Master would be like. Finally, the Maids finished her preparation. She was gagged and led to stand beneath her ring, short-chained and unable to talk to the rest of us as we all continued our lessons, occasionally stealing glances to where she stood forlornly against the wall, waiting. Her hands had been connected to the back of her collar with a short, tight chain, so that they were held high up between her shoulder blades, making her thrust her breasts out brazenly. She stood there nervously, her eyes wide with barely concealed fright and some anticipation above the tight gag.

Anna's wait was not a long one. Shortly after, Mistress Janice appeared, controlled as always by her Leash Master and in company with another richly dressed Eunuch. The trembling young woman was leashed with a light forked chain connected to her nipple rings, then her wall tether was disconnected from her collar. The four of them turned and left the chamber accompanied by the diminishing chiming of her bells, the clashing of her hobble chain on the marble floor of the entry corridor and the tip-tapping of high heels; suddenly cut off as the doubled doors hissed closed and locked solidly.

She was gone for three full days then returned to the Hareem under the

control of the same Eunuch who had taken her away. Immediately after entering she was sequestered in her 'meditation' chamber, and as she was pulled by her breast leashes through the room, we saw that she was still tightly restrained, hobbled and gagged. Through the opened door we caught brief glimpses of her being fastened to the wall of the barren little cell, spread-eagled and helplessly weeping. The Eunuch quickly fitted a thick and very tight rubber Discipline Helmet over her head and tear-stained face, zipping it closed so that its wide neckband encased her throat over her regular collar. A black rubber drinking tube dangled from the blank, black, shiny rubber face-piece, then she was hidden from us when the door descended, cutting off the frightening sight of her bondage, leaving us all to wonder what she had done wrong.

She was kept in her chamber for another three days, being whipped at irregular intervals throughout the entire time. We couldn't hear the blows of the wide straps on her vulnerable flesh, or her screams, for the heavy door was always kept closed and any noises she made were totally stifled by her gag and the thick, securely locked-on helmet, but finally, she was returned to us, pale and shaken. She refused to speak of what had happened while she was with our Master, then, a week later another of us was selected and prepared during the long afternoon, before being taken away. Three days later she too returned to face the same fate as the first girl.

I was the third to be chosen and by this time we were all in terror of the inevitable summons, fearing the unknown cruelty of our Master and the punishments that always came as a result of being taken to him. Similarly, an afternoon was spent for my meticulous preparation and finally when the Maids had finished, I was taken to the wall and fastened with a severely shortened leash, gagged and waiting helplessly, twisting against my tight, uncomfortable restraints and tugging fruitlessly against my leash. I felt horribly displayed, having to stand there waiting so helplessly with my belled and chained breasts stuck out, awaiting the attachment of their horribly embarrassing and superbly controlling leash chains. By the time Mistress Janice and the accompanying Eunuchs arrived, I was a nervous wreck, trembling in silenced fear when they leashed me and although I tried to hang back while our procession prepared to leave, when the chains to my nipple rings snapped tight, there was *no* way for me to resist their demand. I

followed led docilely from the room, tears of pain and fear brimming my eyes, while the nipple chains dragged me to my fate.

The journey to His Majesty's quarters was a long, winding one and I immediately became totally disoriented in the maze of corridors, stairways and pavilions we traversed. We passed through the many barred, locked, and guarded security points without hindrance and, despite my terror, I noticed that I was looked upon with envy by many of the gagged women of the staff that we encountered. They knew where and why I was being taken, and envied me the opportunity to enjoy a sexual episode, for they were kept always locked into their chastity belts and always in frustrated arousal by their hidden crotch adornments. The men though, looked at me entirely differently. Glittering, hawklike lust burned in their eyes when they devoured my almost naked, intimately restrained and vulnerable body while I minced along obediently behind my captors at the ends of my breast leashes, blatantly displayed but in tears from their constant, cruel tugging.

For a short time I foolishly revelled in my glory, able to tease and be alluring to all, uncaring of my bare-breasted nakedness and fully secure in the knowledge that I couldn't be touched by the observing men.

Chapter Thirteen

I Meet My Employer, At Last

Eventually, we entered the base of the central tower after passing through a multitude of airy arcades and beautiful gardens. I was taken into a beautifully appointed elevator and whisked silently and speedily to the top floor, then drawn into a vast, dimly lit bedroom, high above the surrounding Palace. Here, I was doubly leashed to a heavy ring inset solidly in the footboard of the large bed, kneeling and unable to rise from the small throw rug of a lion's pelt. My arms remained still chained high up behind my back, now completely numb from their difficult and extremely uncomfortable positioning. I waited for hours, a perfumed and prepared slave girl, scared of what would surely happen if I failed to please my Master.

At last my jumbled and fearful thoughts were interrupted when I felt eyes upon me. I turned on my knees, until, with a jingle of glittering links, my short front leash snapped tight between its ring and my collar, then saw a tall, imperious-looking man in full desert robes inspecting me intently. Unable to speak because of my tight and cruelly intimate gag, I stared fearfully up at him until the terror of what would happen if I didn't follow my lessons made me press my forehead to the floor in acknowledgment of his power over me.

He was very handsome, from what little I saw, middle-aged, and without an ounce of fat on his whipcord frame. He approached me, negligently fingering the short whip that swung from his belt, and I trembled with apprehension, still awkwardly kneeling, knowing nothing of what would happen next.

Suddenly, he reached down and grasped the short links joining my elbows behind my back and, after disconnecting my extremely short front leash, only, he easily picked me up and tossed me onto the bed. The longer chain to the back of my collar snapped tight while I was sailing through the air, halting my flight with a stunning jerk on my collar, almost choking me, and I fell into the centre of the huge, soft mattress, bouncing twice and still being choked by the too tight collar and the thrumming leash to it. The heavy bells fastened to my ears and nipples swung and jerked painfully while I thrashed against my fastenings on the bed before him. For a moment or two I lay gasping with shock at being so callously handled, then started to weep

silently in absolute terror. He seated himself on the edge of the bed and picked up a remote control from a side table, then slowly and deliberately fingered the buttons, watching me like a hawk while he did.

Deep in my belly, my vaginal dildo began to buzz and twitch as it never had before, while at the same time, the clitoral button took up its own rasping rhythm of frenetic arousal. In short moments, I began to writhe uncontrollably before him, whining piteously while I tried to beg him to stop the devices from their insidious ministrations. He reached over and casually fondled my breasts, painfully rolling my nipple flesh around the thick gold rings and locking pins set into them, while I twitched and shuddered frantically at the limit of my leash. He also tugged not so gently at the deeply embedded metal, making me clench my eyes shut with anger, hurt, and humiliation at being so easily used; teaching me my total subservience to him.

He began speaking to me and I tried to listen, but the continual buzzing and thrusting in my loins, combined with his playful hands, soon had me just barely able to control myself, while I hung by my fingernails on the edge of orgasm. My eyes snapped open with fear when his lips descended onto my right breast and his strong white teeth gently nipped at me, while he continued to tease. I exploded in an uncontrollable convulsion, thrashing and pulling desperately to be free of my bondage while the orgasmic release avalanched through my mind in a blast of flashing lights and unendurable, inescapable sensations.

Uncaring, for I was but a mere female, he left me to recover my composure, then returned to the bed, naked. A moment later he released my entire gag mechanism, then the crotch-plate, and slowly withdrew each of my plugs, but left my arms fully chained. Strangely, he made no effort to remove my six inch heeled Hareem shoes while he again manipulated me to orgasm and this time, I became aroused far more quickly, relishing being absolutely helpless to prevent it. When I approached the summit again, I felt him enter me and we rode together into a sensual oblivion while I bucked and squirmed like a wild thing beneath him, unable to help the cries that were torn from me by his pistoning passion. Twice more during the night I was impaled by his manhood, still with my arms kept fully chained, although mercifully

ungagged. Between each bout, I collapsed into exhausted sleep, despite my severe bondage.

When I finally awoke in the cool morning, I was alone in the bed and found that sometime during the night he had freed my wrists from their collar chain so that now only the wrist chains held my hands captive to the side-rings of my chastity belt's waist cinch, and wonder of wonders, I was still unencumbered by the punishing gag or the crotch-band and plugs. An hour or so after I opened my eyes, he returned, lengthened my leash, then curtly instructed me to go to the bathroom and make myself presentable. When I returned to the bedroom, he stood beside the bed holding the 'chastity' part of my belt and informed me that I was required to wear the ensemble once more. One of the design features of the belts females were required to wear, was that the wristband was a permanent fixture on the wearer, but the part that sealed our sex away and mounted the controlling and humiliating dildos could be removed or emplaced at the discretion of our Master. In addition, the wearer's wrists were *always* connected to the waist band in some manner, keeping her, of course, eminently controllable at all times.

Foolishly, I protested, thinking that perhaps the previous evening's lovemaking had somehow changed my position in the scheme of things. Without a word or hesitation he grabbed my wrist-chains with one hand and dragged me to the wall and a waiting ring. In seconds I struggled frantically with my wrists chained together and to a ring high above me, the toes of my shoes barely touching the floor. He picked up a multi-stranded, short-handled whip and began disciplining me with it while I wept with fear and anger at being so ill-treated, pulling against my pinioning chains while he struck me harshly and repeatedly with the alligator skin whip. At last, thoroughly chastised, I dangled abjectly in front of him, weeping wildly while he held out the chastity with its long, thick, evil plugs. He ordered me to stand up and spread my legs and I speedily did the best I could; hanging by my wrists with my feet completely off the floor, spread to the length of my hobble chain. He rapidly and painfully inserted the dildos, then locked me into the device I so hated. The solid metallic *clicks* as the locks engaged, reaffirmed my utter subservience to his desires. He checked the locks, then tightened the adjustments until the belly-shield was deeply pressed into my abdomen. Jokingly, he told me to enjoy my day, then re-inserted my gag and left me

alone and leashed to the bottom of the bed, wrists short-chained to the back ring of my 'Belt, close hobbled, and weeping again with discomfort and frustration.

Bored after an hour of sitting on the bed and half-heartedly trying to escape my chains and belt, I explored the room to the length that my leash permitted, but found only books and magazines on oil and financial digests dealing with all the complicated permutations of that industry. Sometime later in the day a meal was brought in by a pair of the usual chained and gagged Maids, escorted by one of the Eunuchs. I ate ravenously, once freed of my own silencer, but my hands remained locked behind my back and they had to feed me. Later, two more similarly restrained Grooming Maids entered under the control of another Eunuch and I was taken into a sumptuous bathroom where they washed, groomed, and made me up once more. When they'd finished, the Eunuch returned me to the Master's chamber and bed-leashes, leaving me chained as I had been the night before, unable to rise or ease my awkward positioning.

At last he returned, released my short leash and helped me to my feet, then wordlessly carried me to the centre of the large circular room where a set of chains dangled from the ceiling. Still leashed and gagged, I whined with fear when he set me down on my high heels, remembering my awful times in the Discipline Chamber, staring with terror at the dangling bondage equipment. He knelt before me and quickly connected the outer rings of my ankle-cuffs to chains coiled on the floor, these leading out to two widely-separated rings. Next, he made me bend over, then fastened two of the dangling chains to the sides of my 'Belt, connecting a third to the back ring of my collar. My wrists were left still firmly locked in place, high up between my shoulder blades and I tugged my arms futilely against the too short chain connecting them both to its back ring. Almost no movement resulted and I twisted my body with burgeoning fear while I stood there helplessly, looking over to him standing a million miles away at the wall. There was a faint whine from somewhere above, and a moment later I began to be drawn into the air, falling forward to the length of chain from the back of my collar. The 'Belt and its crotch-band tightened in a strangle hold when my full weight came on them, driving the plugs deeper into my body. I whimpered and writhed from the horribly uncomfortable sensation and, as I rose higher into the air, my legs were

slowly pulled further and further apart until they were held widely spread by the tight chains to my ankle-cuffs. I was left to hang there, dangling helplessly, bent forward, and deeply impaled by my plugs. Looking down what little my collar permitted, I saw my breasts with their rings, heavy bells, and chains dangling. My pendulous, vulnerable flesh shivered and was goose-bumped with terror, but I could barely twitch, suspended in mid-air like that, and soon started to weep again with the pain and helplessness of my situation. My Master had seen fit to punish me in this manner and for many minutes I heard nothing. I was able only to look downwards at the rich pile of the carpet, held helplessly by the stringent chain arrangement.

Slowly, the long, thick, plugs within me began to exercise their capabilities again, and I writhed violently in my terrible bondage, wailing dementedly into my gag, kicking and pulling my legs against their tight chains. Barely hearing the sound of the whip before it hit, I suddenly felt my backside explode with searing bands of crimson fire when the braided strand wrapped around my exposed, stretched, and vulnerable buttocks and I jerked in a screaming convulsion against my bonds.

Twisting and writhing uncontrollably, I desperately tried to evade the punishing blows, and all the while the dildos writhed feverishly within my steel banded and compressed abdomen. Again I was brought to multiple, pain-supercharged orgasms, suspended in mid-air. I blacked out with the intensity of the releases, totally unprepared for the shock of being treated this way.

What seemed like a year later, he let me down, carried me to the bed and repeated the whole of the previous evening's performance, driving me helplessly into further orgasms, but this time I remained deeply and thoroughly gagged, unable to reciprocate his kisses and bites of passion. It was yet another facet of my training to accept that I was nothing more than a female toy that could be used and abused without pity, and the experience of these sensations and emotions spoke to me deeply, changing how I had come to look upon the world around me and my place in it.

On the third morning, still silenced, I awakened in the same state as the previous ones, but this time, after the Maids had bathed and dressed me, the Eunuch returned me to the Hareem. Like the others, I was placed in my

Discipline Chamber immediately and prepared for what was to come.

Once chained, I stared horrified while they brought over my Discipline Helmet. Until now I hadn't had to wear it for any length of time, other than for its initial trial fitting. When they were about to pull it over my still-gagged face and head, I tried to plead with them not to do it, terrified of being locked in the tight casque, but they paid my tears and desperate head shaking no attention and a moment later had tucked my long hair up and pulled the awful thing into place over my face and head. It was utterly black inside and to add even more to my blindness and sense of isolation, the soft inner eye-pads pressed gently against my closed lids. I felt the zipper on the back slide closed, crushing the formed face-piece against my sensitive facial skin and now I was deaf to any outside sounds, although I tried to listen when they tightened the wide, thick rubber collar-strap over my steel one, forcing me to keep my head up. They pulled the other straps very tight, making it compress my head even more, until finally I felt them hook up the water line at the front, at least allowing me to drink. In the spread-eagle bondage, I was held facing away from the wall, although not close to it, and just before they left, I felt some small tugs at my breasts. Short leashes had been connected between my nipple-rings and other widely separated ones on the wall, further restricting my freedom to turn from side to side. My normal nipple-chain and the bells had been left in place of course. When I unthinkingly tried to turn towards the door, a sudden fire erupted in my right breast when the short chain snapped tight, jerking savagely on the tender, metal-filled, and sensitive flesh. Under the helmet and gag I screamed from the pain of being bound so thoroughly and cruelly.

For the next three days, like the other girls before me, I was whipped at uncertain intervals; although I couldn't understand why they did it. Perhaps it was to make each of us aware that none held a special place and we were just another female body to be played with and experimented upon.

The time dragged slowly, broken only by the whippings, but I was kept off balance by their timing, for one might not happen for hours at a time or might re-occur within minutes of the previous one. The nipple leashes were the cruellest of the torments because when I was whipped, I naturally struggled to evade the blows, even though I didn't know from which direction they

would come, and the constant tugging of these rings in my breasts left them always sore and aching; keeping me in a state of constant unseen tears inside the hot, rubber horror of the tightly locked Discipline Helmet.

At last, I was released and returned to the Hareem, thoroughly chastened. Like the two before me, I remained silent when questioned by the others about what had happened during the time with our Master and afterwards. They would have to learn about their roles in this place on their own.

Chapter Fourteen

My Next Uniform

Our bizarre yet boring schedule of existence continued for months on end, while we were exercised, educated in the ways of the Middle East and our Hareem in particular; all the while punished regularly, and never getting to see our Master except when prepared and taken in chains to his chamber. Each time I was assigned as his Love Slave, he treated me with the same casual cruelty he had the first time, but I began to look forward to those occasions, for they were the only times that I got away from the oppressive confines of the Hareem.

More months slipped away, until one day the Mistress made her regular appearance and, after inspecting us all and checking our progress with our lessons, she called my name.

“Slave Henderson, please step forward.”

Accompanied by the musical clinking of my chains and bells I walked as gracefully as my hobble and high heels permitted to where she stood on the top step, as always unconsciously tugging against her own leashes, then knelt before her and touched my head to the floor.

“Yes, Mistress?” I asked tremulously, when I straightened up to sit back on my heels, spine erect and ringed breasts thrust brazenly out and available to be leashed.

“Slave, you have been selected to enter His Majesty’s Cow Girl program,” she said with an enigmatic smile twitching her ringed lips. “Tomorrow morning you shall be removed from this Module and conducted to the Lower Fitting Rooms where you will have your new Uniform affixed; then you will be placed in the Evaluation Chamber, prior to your entry into the Cow Girl Barns. This initial period will last five days while you are biologically prepared to start giving milk, and to accustom you to your new Uniform.” It was as though she had pronounced sentence on me.

“Yes, Mistress,” I whispered fearfully, acknowledging her short speech, again bowing my head to the floor when she turned in a flurry and clatter of her leash chains and left the Module, cruelly as ever, under the continuing command and guidance of her Leash Master.

This bomb-shell of information left my head swirling with all sorts of terrifying, anticipatory thoughts, all of them tinged with dread. I slowly stood and wandered back to the computer terminal area, trailed by the ever-present snake of my leash and then the other young women in the room crowded as closely around me as theirs would permit and began to bombard me with questions of all kinds, while I sat there stunned and beginning to panic.

“What’s this Cow Girl stuff?” one of them asked and I shook my head in ignorance.

“Milking?” asked another, then complained, “what the hell are they going to do to you? I don’t think you can create milk unless you’ve had a baby. And I know for a fact that we’re all infertile because of the suppressants in our food.”

“How long are you going to be a Cow Girl, Susie?” another asked maliciously, grinning at my obvious confusion and mushrooming terror of what was to be done to me.

“Wow!” commented another. “Five days to acclimatise you. This must be some program you’ve been selected for.”

“Do you think they’re going to hurt you?”

To all of these questions and comments I just shrugged and shook my head, retreating into silence while tears of worry began to slide down my cheeks. After they got tired of teasing and tormenting me, they all seemed to sense that I was some sort of bad news and moved away to leave me sitting alone in misery. We’d all heard vague rumours about the Special Programs, but had not been able to get any details, and so I waited in growing horror of what was to come next. That night, when I most needed the solace of someone else close to me, I was left alone and shivering under my sheet, becoming more and more frightened while my night wore on in sleepless worry about what

was going to be done to me next.

The next morning I wasn't permitted to eat any food and was gagged as soon as two special Eunuchs arrived. After they'd checked the security of my bonds, I was nipple-leashed; something that I'd come to accept, with, if not nonchalance, at least with some calmness now, recognizing that my breast leashes were now nothing more than a convenient and very effective means of control, and if need be, discipline. A moment later I was taken by the pair of black giants in trembling tears from the comparative safety of the Hareem, then led through the intricate passages to the Uniform Fitting Rooms where I was to be equipped for my new role.

Once inside the large, clinical room, they quickly strapped me into a Dressing Frame: a device that closely resembled the major elements of the human skeleton, in that it had a multi-jointed spine and completely adjustable arms to restrain and position the occupant's limbs. At the centre of the spine was a multiple axis adjustment knuckle that permitted the dressers to rotate the entire device through any plane, and so the woman confined could be easily handled with the utmost security. Two other silent Eunuchs came forward and pulled me over to it, then in short seconds had me strapped to the frame, waiting for them to begin. My wrists, ankles, waist, and neck were strapped firmly against the padded stanchions, then they left me for some moments while they prepared the Cow Girl costume for application.

About two metres in front of me was a sight that made fear clutch my heart when, for the first time, I saw just how I was going to look once I'd been outfitted in my new Uniform. It was a mannequin that wore the entire rig, and I trembled with revulsion at what was planned for me; my eyes darting frantically over the appalling apparition.

The entire body was covered by a tight, thick, rubber suit, much like the kind that divers wear, but there were some significant differences. The head was *completely* enveloped by a form-fitting, snug rubber helmet, and over the face, a heavy, insect-like mask was strapped and locked in place. It was equipped with two sets of ominous hoses connected to brilliant fittings on the front, just under the nose, while the other set fastened over the mouth. Above these, two large, strangely distorted lenses protruded. Over the ears of the mannequin were two, gleaming black, shallow hemispheres, each with a

rubberised cable that led forward to meld in with the hoses. I could barely see through the eye-ports, and saw what appeared to be a thick under-mask beneath, covering everything of the mannequin's face but a small area of skin around each of its eyes. It too looked to be tightly fastened in place.

The thorax of the suit fitted extremely tightly, seeming to be part-corset and its narrow waist was emphasised the large, gleaming, silvery, bullet-shaped cones that concealed, covered, and imprisoned its breasts. From the tips of each of these jutting cups, a doubled set of hoses drooped to the floor, their ends equipped with chromed and threaded fittings. In terrifying addition, thick, black wires also sprouted from the tip of each cone, faired into the hoses and these were also fitted with heavy-duty connectors at their ends.

I looked down, very frightened now and saw that around the waist of the Uniform, restraint rings from a Chastity Belt protruded through reinforced slots, and from these, chains long enough to let the hands fall naturally to the hips were permanently attached. Between the mannequin's thighs and lower legs, an ankle-length Inhibitor Bar projected, but what was really scary was the profusion of thick black hoses and wires that also hung behind, like multiple tails. I shuddered to think of what *these* were for while I continued to stare fearfully at the black-covered figure, but then the next outer addition I noted were the ballerina-type thigh boots. These had the points of the toes flattened out into small, steel-capped ovals, some five cm on the long axis and two cm on the other, but there were no heels. The foot was kept arched downwards by the rigid shank that rose from the toe caps, under the arch of the foot and cupped the heel.

The boots were made of very thick, rubber-lined leather, prohibiting the wearer from bending her legs, once laced tightly, thanks to encompassing circles of long rigid, tightly-spaced bones around the ankles and knees. They were held up by tightly gartered, thick rubber straps to the main body of the Uniform. Rings from the underlying cuffs and bands projected through more of the reinforced slots in the structure and a long hobble chain joined the ankle cuff-rings; being threaded through the 'Bar's tip-ring to further restrict and discipline any female who was forced to wear the monstrous and controlling ensemble.

The mannequin's hands and arms were completely concealed by the same

kind of glove/mitts we had been forced to wear when we were brought to the Palace so many months ago, except that these were, like the boots, made of a thick, impervious leather, lined with rubber. The mitt portions were of the same design, being slightly flattened, long, rigid ovoids, to which the arm tubes were permanently bonded and each one's thick wrist-band permitted the rings of the cuffs beneath to protrude and were also laced firmly in place. Doubly ensuring their non-removability, they were also secured over the upper part of the arm at the shoulder with another tightly secured lacing slit. Once in place, they would be utterly impossible for the wearer, or anyone without the keys to the locks of the straps covering the steel wire laces, to remove.

The Uniformed mannequin was *extremely* frightening and I couldn't help the trembles of terror that shook me, or my unstoppable tears while I stared, horrified, at the thing in front of me, knowing that I would soon be its indistinguishable sister.

"OK, girlie, We are beginning to get you ready for your newest job here. Be careful not to be speaking while we are preparing you and things will go happily for us all," I was admonished.

The first thing they did was to shave my head completely, leaving me with only a short stubble, then I was cautioned again not to speak when they removed my gag. My beautiful hair. It lay in piles on the floor at my feet and I wept silently for its loss, but they allowed me little time for regret. A moment later my entire head was lathered then shaved as smooth as an egg and another cream was applied, even to where my eyebrows had been. It stung fiercely, and I knew without being told that the roots of my hair follicles were being chemically, but as it turned out, temporarily destroyed. Nevertheless the gabbier of the Eunuchs babbled again.

"This wonderful goop will be stopping the hair from growing on you anymore, Slave Girl, until we are applying the restorative for you," he burbled happily while massaging a second application of the stuff into my naked skull. I felt horribly naked with no hair.

I shook my head frantically in denial when the other one dismounted the head piece components then brought them over and set them down on the side

table while the mouthy one began the process of removing my regular silencer. It was quickly and efficiently released, then a moment later they covered my head and face with a slick oily compound and began to fit the first under helmet to my head. This was basically just a thick, black rubber bathing cap with a long neck-tube, and was pulled down over my head, slipping easily over the lubricated skin until it clamped very tightly onto my barren skull. Oval cut-outs allowed my ears to stick out, and another heart-shaped aperture left my face uncovered for the moment. I *didn't* like the snug and encompassing feeling of my skull's enclosure at all, but there was more and worse to follow. I sobbed with fear while they slipped the thick helmet into place, then tugged at its wrinkles until my head was a smooth black ball, my face and ears tightly-framed and compressed by the lipped edges of their openings.

The specialized Cow Girl Gag was also made of thick black rubber and from the wide inner strap that would cover my lower face, a large gag-pad projected, tapering into a long, slippery looking tube and two other projections of soft, formed rubber poked upwards from the pocket where my nose would go. On the outer side of the mask there were bright fittings under the nose pocket and over the mouth-pad. A set of five, short straps hung from stainless steel mounts around its thick edges.

“Missy Henderson,” he said in sing-song English, “this is what you were measured and fitted for in the dentist’s surgery. It is a necessity that you are wearing it during your time as a Cow Girl, so that we will be feeding you a regulated diet and fluid intake at all times. This will be aiding your body to produce the best and most milk that is possible. Aren’t you being happy to do this?” he asked toothily.

“No! Nonononono, *Nnnnooo!*” I screamed, wishing fruitlessly, for the millionth time, that I was safely back at home in my bed, cuddling my stuffed toy animals. He disregarded my howls.

“It will also be preventing you from rejecting the foods and various supplements that are required and is designed to be prohibiting any regurgitation of what is placed in your stomach. Too, the air passage thingies will be sticking far up into your nose so that we can be making you breathe. Even if you are not wanting to” he finished his discourse smugly, smiling at

me and expecting that I would happily accede to wearing the horrible device he held.

Shaking my head with fear and anger at being made into just a milk-producing animal didn't stop them from getting ready to fit me with it.

“*Please*, Master” I begged, again disregarding the injunction not to speak, for one accumulates demerits for failing to address any of His Majesties staff properly. “P-p-p-please, don't make me into a Cow Girl. *Please!* Oh, God! Oh God! Someone please help *meeee!*”

“His Majesty has declared that you are to become a milking maid,” his companion spoke unemotionally. “And so there is no use in you trying to stop that happening, girlie. Now be good and let us get on with affixing your Uniform or it will very soon be whipping times for you.”

“Ooohh, *God!*” I screamed out my fear and despair again, frantically pulling my hands against the straps and chains holding them to the structure of the fitting frame. Of course, my efforts were completely valueless and I remained hanging vulnerably before them.

“Please to be opening the mouth, woman. Then you are to be swallowing the tube here, all the way down to this,” he commanded, holding up the large, black and slightly resilient mouth-filler.

I stood helplessly fastened, my mouth clamped shut, but the guards were prepared for my little show of resistance. They'd seen it all before and had the process of putting a Cow Girl into her Uniform down to a fine art. One of them reached over and jerked on the chain connecting my nipple rings, making me scream loudly from the sharp, burning pain of the rings and locking pins being pulled at so unmercifully. He continued the torture until I was hoarse and panting abjectly.

“Are you ready now, girlie, to swallow the tubing?” he asked casually with a satisfied smirk at having so easily overcome my resistance. I hung on the frame, gasping and weeping pitifully, my resistance broken.

Nodding hopelessly in answer to his question and fearing a repetition of my

breast chains being pulled again, I slowly opened my mouth and started swallowing the long tube, almost retching as the thick, slithery thing slid down my throat toward my stomach. I watched, horrified while the large gag-pad came closer and closer to my face and mouth, until at last they told me to open as wide as possible, stick out my tongue, and start swallowing again. When I did, they connected the balls on the upper side of my piercings to their gag-pad clips, then, with my mouth still wide-spread, slowly pushed the huge thing inside until it was fully behind my teeth.

They fiddled with the other portions of the gag-pad for a moment; carefully pressing its inner flaps up between my teeth and cheeks, so that it completely filled and sealed itself into my oral cavity. While they completed the process, I tried again and again to scream with fear and the discomfort of what was being done, but now, even my tongue was pinioned to immobility under the mouth-filler. To my horror, beneath it, small soft ridges of rubber slowly insinuated themselves around, then under, further immobilizing and isolating the muscle. One of the Eunuchs reached behind my encased head and tightened the mouth strap savagely, abruptly sealing the under-mask against my lips and around my chin. Next, they clipped my nose ring to a fitting on the front of the chin cup, then with care began fitting the soft, long, rubber plugs deeply into each of my nostrils, around the metal U, making me writhe animatedly against my bonds when my air supply was momentarily stopped. At last, the horribly intrusive plugs were firmly seated far up inside my nose and for the moment the rest of the mask rested loosely against my face. I stared wildly at the Eunuchs while they brought over other parts of the Uniform.

One held my head from behind while the other quickly clipped the straps of the over-mask to their mounts on the skin tight inner helmet, then with harsh jerks the side straps were forcefully tightened above and beneath each of my ears. The final one between my eyes was pulled in, clamping the entire mask tightly against what little skin of my face had remained uncovered and when the Eunuch released my head, I twisted and flung it about wildly, but limited by my obdurate collar, attempting to escape the compressing rubber horror that now seemed to be sucking itself onto my sensitive facial skin. Only small areas around my eyes and my metal-adorned ears were now visible.

A moment later, my locked-on right shoe was removed and one of the Eunuchs slipped the foot portion of the Cow Girl Suit, into place, then began pulling the thick, slightly stretchy rubber partially up my leg. Their prisoner security was excellent, for as soon as this was done, they re-chained my ankle, then did my left foot and lower leg; re-fastening it also. From that point they continued drawing the rubber cocoon up my legs until it reached their tops then my waist was momentarily released from the heavy securing straps, and they pulled the thick skin up over my chastity belt it and connected the chains again. I gasped through my nose in silenced desperation while the thick, cold clammy material enveloped me, squeezing my middle over the already oppressive constriction and compression of the 'Belt, shivering uncontrollably when they bent the spinal portion of the frame forward. Behind, I heard a ratchet sound and seconds later I had been raised above the floor, now supported and restricted completely by the frame. Quick twists of the locking levers allowed them to rotate it so that I was suspended in the straps, leaning forward, my large breasts hanging vulnerably away from my chest.

Satisfied that I was properly positioned the Eunuchs, impersonally covered my breasts with an oily thick liquid then both began to work on the upper body portion, slowly pulling it up over my shoulders so that my breasts automatically began to drop into the deep, inner rubber liners of the rigid cups. However, only the end third portion projected inside before being stopped by a wide, inner collar around the bases of the cups. They continued to pull on the upper body portion and inside each breast container, I felt my resilient flesh forced through the collars until with a sudden swift motion the bulk of each of my breasts oozed past the collars and I felt them begin to garrote the base of each firmly. The sensation of this intimate, hidden captivity was distinctly uncomfortable and made the flesh beyond the constrictions begin to fill with sensitizing blood, but there was nothing I could do to withdraw myself from the snaring sensations. I was surprised to discover that despite their outer size, the inner containments were not really all that large, compressing and squeezing my flesh within their stretchy, rubber-spiked liners and I twisted frenziedly against my bonds while they continued to pull the heavy suit onto my pinioned body, feeling its wide inner harnessing and suspension straps settling into place around my body. They released my arms, one at a time, then forced them down into the oil-

lubricated sleeves and I quickly discovered that at the end of each, there were narrow little loops that passed between my fingers and a wider one that separated the thumb from the other digits. These were designed to hold the arm-tubes fully stretched as well as to limit the freedom of movement of my fingers. On the inner surface of each palm was a slightly flexible pad into which dozens of rigid points had been set; designed to prevent me from flexing my hands, or grasp anything, for they would hurt terribly if I tried.

Next came the mitt/gloves. They were easily slipped onto each separately freed arm and their long, thick and tight sleeves were rolled right up to my shoulders. As if they weren't tight enough already, a heavy duty zipper ran from the tip of each elbow to the armpit on the sleeves and was then locked into a top fitting. My arm had quickly become double-encased in thick skins of gleaming rubber. Inside each mitt, my fingers and thumbs slipped into snug inner rubber pockets, held motionless and separated by the high density foam that filled the balance of their interiors. The slits at my wrists and shoulders were soon closed with wire lacing, then the ends of these were clamped securely in metal compression tubes and cut short so that there was virtually no way for me, or anyone else without the correct tools to remove these coverings and restraints.

As soon as my body was completely encased in the horribly restrictive garment, they pulled up the attached collar and zipped the suit closed from low on my back to the base of my skull, covering the neck-tube of my under cap and buried, steel collar, connecting and tightening the various interior harness straps while the zipper rose higher and higher. All along my back, I felt the steel laces of the corset begin to tighten and they kept right on until I thought my waist was going to completely disappear. I fought to get enough air against the growing constriction, gasping for the precious stuff through the plugs sealed deeply in my nostrils, listening to the whistle of my rapid, shallow breaths through the intakes on the face mask. Next, they tightened the inner straps that positioned the breast cups, until my breasts were firmly and irrevocably captured inside the bulletted, hemispherical cones. Suddenly, at the apex of each, I felt something clamp onto my nipple rings, then there were two muted *clicks* when they too were locked into the structure of the Uniform, rendering my breasts into an inescapable imprisonment. I wailed in pain into the gag-pad, but no sound was permitted. The only protest I was

allowed was a slight shivering within the strict bondage of the Dressing Frame. It was a horrible sensation, being so utterly unable to avoid my being suited and turned into a faceless, voiceless non-human.

The Cow Girl Suit compressed my body ever more tightly while the zipper advanced, sealing me away even more from the outside world. The only skin of my body now visible was that around my eyes and the small area around each of my ears. They checked the securing straps of my under-mask to the mounts on the under-helmet, then jerked them even tighter and locked them, ensuring that the entire inner surface of the under mask was clamped tightly against my obscured face. I couldn't make a sound; able only to twist slightly against my fastenings with discomfort and growing panic at my creeping encapsulation.

They spread the legs of the frame widely and rapidly connected the ankle length Inhibitor Bar. While they did, I felt the twitching and shifting of the dildo in my belly, terrified of what the arrangement would feel like, but for the moment, I didn't comprehend how severely limiting and punitive the 'Bar would be. Next came the hoses and wires attached to the crotch-plate of the Chastity Belt behind it, clicking with finality onto their connection points. The Eunuchs moved the frame away from my spine and began securing the Uniform in earnest.

They brought over the strangely-configured, punishing boots, and again freed first one leg then the other when they slipped my already rubbered feet into their shoe portions. Mercilessly, they forced them down and into a painful 'en pointe' arch to get them to fit into the shoes, then quickly laced each punishing encasement tightly so that my feet were held clamped in position. From that point on, it was easy for them to continue the lacing process and inside of five minutes the job was done. To complete it, they connected the garters, clipping these to locking mounts around the bottom edge of the integral, rigid corset. The boots were well padded and boned; keeping my feet pointed down in the extremely uncomfortable ballerina's pointe and my knees too were now rigid. Already I could feel almost unbearable cramps setting in. A short hobble chain was immediately locked between the exposed rings of my ankle cuffs and the Inhibitor Bar's tip-ring and there was nothing I could do to prevent it and could not get my mittened and useless hands

anywhere near these connections.

I stood upright, supported and held in place by the Dressing Frame for the moment, moaning inaudibly with the strain of having to keep my feet bent while they finished off by locking the stirrup hasps into the soles of the boots, as they had with my Hareem Shoes so that their consequent movements and noises, whenever I moved my legs would further betoken my slavery.

They now began the final part of my enclosure and isolation from the world when one of the Eunuchs slowly forced little plugs deeply into each of my ears, then removed the identity disks from their rings in my ear lobes. I had, I thought suddenly gone completely deaf, but that was not the case at all; only another step in the process of being captured by what I soon came to understand was, in effect, a very personal torture chamber. Finally, they brought over the Outer Cow Girl Helmet/mask, and I twisted and struggled frantically against my bonds, trying to throw my head around and away from the dehumanizing device, even though limited by my oppressive collaring. They took their time while preparing to put it on and all the while tears of frantic, terrorized, desperation streamed from my eyes while I watched them, horrified that it would soon be locked onto my head and not removed for any reason.

The mask was turned almost inside out, then they carefully mated the air and food fittings on its inner surface to those of my under mask. The solid, final sounding little *clicks* were awful to feel and when the connections were made, I felt the gag and tube down my encased throat, twitch slightly. At the same time, the plugs that had been forced into my nasal passages twisted and writhed very uncomfortably, making me howl against the gag pad with discomfort, but, uncaring of my distress, they casually allowed it to spring back to its original shape, making me suffer yet more of the intimate thrusting and jerking. My entire face became immediately covered by the thick rubber. One of the Eunuchs slowly pulled this outer mask against the sucking rubber device already clamped to my face, while the other assisted him by pulling the thick helmet portion back over my already rubber-encased skull. I continued wailing with fear when the impenetrable rubber momentarily blotted out the room around me, sealing my head into its slightly stretchy imprisonment. When the mask settled into its proper

position, I was instantly wrapped in total silence. The large, rubber foam-filled domes clamped onto the sides of my head over my already plugged ears, then from the crown I felt the heavy slide-type fastener pulled slowly down to the nape of my neck, sealing all the masks and helmets firmly and unrelentingly into place, joining them to the full body suit. Lastly, they laced the outer helmet closed on top of the sealed, sliding joint, using more of the wire laces, then *welded* the ends together, rendering it and everything concealed beneath the gleaming black exterior, totally irremovable. One of the Eunuchs came over and quickly connected a pair of heavy corrugated rubber air hoses to my mask fittings, and a moment later my lungs were forcibly inflated against the crushing of the corset when he turned on the air system and respirator.

Through terrified eyes I stared out of the eye-ports, and immediately discovered why they had looked so distorted when I'd first seen them. My vision was changed by the lenses so that now all I could see were blurry outlines and vague shapes, completely unable to make out any details. At the front, the air hoses dragged constantly at the mask and my rubber-encased face, drawing my head downwards. It was impossible to avoid and I hated how I must look. Wearing the Cow Girl Uniform was *already* a terrible experience, but my whirling thoughts were interrupted when the tube down my throat suddenly swelled all along its length, completely filling and blocking my oesophagus with designed-in expansion rings; these acting to prevent any regurgitation and thus removing the possibility of me choking or breathing in any foreign substance. I could still breathe with relative ease, but the sensation of their swelling was utterly terrifying, for they also prevented me from making any sort of noise at all. I thrashed and squirmed madly in my bonds when this occurred, terrified of choking and dying within my rubber cocoon/prison.

They allowed me only a short time to try to adjust to the Uniform and all of its horrible accoutrements, then leashed me again before releasing me from the frame and forcing me to walk around the Fitting Room in the awkward boots. With every step I took, the tightly strung garters stretched slightly, but immediately began to pull my legs back into a position in which their various tensions were in equilibrium. Under the lenses of the mask, I stared out in horror, trying to see the Eunuch's blurred shapes while they sauntered along

beside me. The ballerina-type boots were very nearly impossible to walk in, permitting no flexing of the knees, but I managed to strut along with the too short hobble chain snapping tight between my ankles and the 'Bar. With each short, snubbed step, the long Inhibitor Bar was brushed by my boots whenever I moved my thighs and this resulted in continual, disconcerting motions of the shaft deep within my body, making me groan pitifully into my gag-pad from the awful sensations of its stirring. Until now I'd not realised just how severe a punishment these 'Bars had been to the two abortive lesbians and Mistress Janice, but now I was learning first hand of its cruelly limiting and horribly arousing and disciplinary capabilities. It served as a constant and inescapable reminder of my vulnerable femaleness and was also a very personal reminder of the fact that I was thoroughly bound and intimately-controlled. The integral corset embedded within the thick rubber skin of the Uniform kept me stiffly upright and as my involuntary reactions to the stirring from the 'Bar rose higher and higher, I tried desperately to reach down with my useless, mittened hands to stop its movement, but I could neither bend over far enough, nor even touch the thing nestled so securely between my rubber and leather encased legs thanks to the short chains to my wrists, and the fact that my fingers and hands were fully enclosed, useless inside their mitts.

I tried frantically to indicate my terror at having been so thoroughly and painfully cocooned to the observing and uncaring Eunuchs, but they ignored all of my attempts to communicate and continued to walk me around the room at the length of my leash, my breathing hoses snaking along the floor behind me.

Chapter Fifteen

The Stall & What Occurred Therein

One of the black giants picked up a portable air cylinder and short hoses, then connected them to my mask, while the other changed the arrangement of my leashes. He first clipped a forward leading one to the ring at the tip of the 'Bar, then removed the other from the back of my collar and snapped it to the ring also, leading out behind me. As soon as I had been thus isolated in the middle of the 10 metre length of straps, I was led from the Fitting Room unable to resist, then out once more into the maze of corridors beneath the Palace.

Inside my Cow Girl Uniform I was held in helpless and almost total isolation from the surrounding world, unable to hear anything other than the susurrations of my own blood and as well, to all intents and purposes, I was blind within the confining masks and helmet. Yes, I had some small freedom for my encased arms, and could walk after a fashion, but there was no possible way to escape the horridly intimate demands of the leashes connected to my Inhibitor Bar. My Leash Masters paced along in front and behind me, tugging constantly on my tethers to both control and bring home to me the state of my helplessness, but they didn't try to speed my progress while I struggled to learn the art of walking in my new boots. I desperately wanted to avoid being taken to the Cow Barn area, but bound and sealed so securely within my Uniform, there was no possible way to resist.

After half an hour of seemingly endless wandering through the deep tunnels and corridors, we finally arrived at an elevator, then ascended to a brightly lit, white-painted foyer where I was drawn out into an area that I realised would be my new place of residence. From this central, circular receiving area, six corridors radiated outwards like spokes; each a self-contained 'Barn' in that they all had a central equipment and computer room, a supply area, and ten stalls. Each of these glorified cells was designed to accept two Cow Girls.

The individual corridors were completely secure, in that they were continually monitored by a computer which would automatically lock

everything closed if the thermal, motion detectors, or strip laser perimeter alarms were activated. The doorways giving access to each corridor were closed off with 20 millimetre thick, clear panels fashioned of a very dense poly-carbonate material; this with tightly spaced, stainless steel bars buried in the matrix. All the doors were closed to an airtight seal and locked electronically by the all-seeing computer.

The Eunuch carrying my air tank and respirator drew an access card on its chain out from under his T-shirt and inserted it in a slot on a wall panel. The door to that wing of stalls hissed open and we immediately proceeded through it, even though I tried to hang back. A quick jerk on my front 'Bar leash made me scream from the awful sensation of the dildo's movement within my loins and I immediately followed him into the sterile white corridor. Deep under my sealed mask and helmets I howled yet again with shocked discomfort from the disturbing sensations that his continual, 'encouraging' tension on my leash created and there was absolutely no way to resist his uncaring manipulations of the leash while I was marched down the long corridor to its end. We passed four cell doors on either side until we reached the fifth one on the right. Each of the inner and outer doors of the individual cell/stalls, from what little I could make out through the distorting lenses, was of the same type as the corridor access ones, and although I couldn't see into the cells we passed, everyone was occupied by a pair of Cow Girls fitted into exactly the same Uniform I now wore. I was the last of the herd to be added to this wing, making the total now 120 females subjected to being milked like dairy cattle_

He used the special card-key again to open the outer door of the stall and they pulled me inside its long entrance hall on shortened leashes. The outer door slid down and locked, then he had to repeat the process for the inner door, five metres away. Once inside the barren little chamber, they pulled me to one side, then quickly clipped a long stainless steel chain, bolted to the wall above what appeared to be some sort of high platform-type bed, to the back ring of my collar. I felt the leashes to my 'Bar being adjusted, then a few seconds later I'd been cell-leashed with it also, then they busied themselves out of my sight, preparing the various cables and hoses that dangled from the back of the crotch-plate between my legs. I stood helplessly, leaning forward against the bed while they made the adjustments, then saw them reappear as

vague shapes in front of me. The next part of my becoming a human, female cow came when they pulled down a thick umbilical of black hoses and wires from the ceiling, then spent a couple of minutes making all of the connections to my body's matching arrangements.

The first sets were connected immediately to the tips of the cones that armoured my breasts, then were led up to my shoulders and clipped in place. One of them grasped my head firmly, and I felt my air hoses disconnected momentarily, then longer ones from the umbilical were snapped into the opened sockets and tightened with a wrench, while the other held my head locked in the crook of his elbow. The food and water hoses were next, connected to their fittings on my mask and also tightened into place with the wrench, then they too were led to the clips on my shoulders. A blast of cold, oxygen-enriched air was forced into my nose, and lungs, and I began to breathe easier, despite the crushing of the tightly-laced corset and firmly strapped under-harness. Last, they connected the head-phone wires and I shook my head animatedly when sound was restored with a loud *snap*, raising my mitted hands with a jerk to the limits of their short chains, trying to brush away the clamped domes over my ears. Of course, I couldn't get my mitts anywhere near my head and so had to stand patiently until the painfully loud noises faded to only a low background of meaningless, muted noise. I was fully connected now, ready for my new life.

With their jobs completed, the two Eunuchs left me standing by the bed and exited the cell, leaving me prepared for what was to come next. Panic began to overwhelm me, when I came to the full realization that I had been abandoned and was utterly, completely helpless and I lurched away from the platform bed toward the stall door, trying to beg them not to leave me imprisoned in the horrid Suit and bondage, but their shapes had already quickly faded into meaningless blurs when they'd stepped into the corridor. I was brought to a halt a metre and a half from the barred, inner door when the leashes to the back of my collar and 'Bar snapped tight, almost making me fall. And so I was left, locked inside the cell and too, within my totally imprisoning rubber and steel Cow Girl Uniform, waiting hopelessly in terror for what was going to be done to me. I had no idea of the things to come.

I gasped and wept haplessly under the compressing and sealed restraints,

totally silenced by my gag-pad and throat-tube; bitter tears trickling out onto the tight black rubber of my inner-mask while I half-stumbled, half-strutted back to my bed. For a long time I stood struggling to be free of my chains, trying to stifle my burgeoning hysteria at being so securely bound and isolated from the outer world, cursing myself over and over for my greed. Not for the first time, I thought with horror, I could well end up spending the rest of my life in exactly the position I was now, and they'd *never* have to release me if they didn't wish to. *Those* thoughts almost drove me to insanity, but I somehow managed to suppress them and at last, when I'd calmed somewhat, I decided to explore my stall as much as the tethers would permit.

The chamber was small and contained some sort of equipment whose purpose I couldn't identify, but it was brightly lit and appeared to be spotlessly clean. I quickly found that the other Cow Girl lay listlessly on her high bed on the other side of the stall, but when I tried to move closer and inspect her to see what she looked like under the obscuring Uniform, all I could make out was a distorted, mirror-image of how *I* now appeared. Even her eyes were invisible, for the bulbous lenses covering them (like my own) had a smooth, bright, mirror finish; totally obliterating any chance of her eyes being seen. We would, as animals, not be permitted to make any eye or human contact either with outside observers, or others like us. Soon after, with my umbilical hanging behind me from their ceiling connection above, I managed to awkwardly lever myself onto my own high platform bed, discovering that there was a deep, wide slot in the middle of the so-called bed, into which the umbilical fell, and so positioned them under me. I lay back, trying to become accustomed to the fact that I was now just a bound, rubber-encased, milk-producing, female human animal and couldn't stop the strangled weeping that shook my shoulders and made me retch almost continually under the masks and cruel gagging system.

Of course my unseen tears and attempted cries of distress at what had befallen me did no good whatsoever, and I eventually drifted off to a nightmare-laced sleep, despite my uncomfortable, unforgiving Uniform. Perhaps they'd insinuated some sleeping gas into my air mixture? Sometime during the night, the hoses attached to my crotch-plate surged and throbbed when my bodily wastes were automatically removed and I was washed and dried by a soapy rinsing, then gentle flows of warm air. Four times each day

from then on, we were washed by Maids who attached other hoses to fittings on the backs of our Uniforms between our shoulder blades, then filled the interiors of our Cow Girl Suits with a warm soapy solution. We were left to soak for about five minutes each time, then rinsed with fresh water, and finally some sort of medicated lubricant was introduced. They *never* had to take us out of our Uniforms, and looked upon us as only rubberised, female-like beings; not human, feeling, and captive women.

I spent what seemed like an eon of boringly endless time in utter silence of the extremely tight, uncomfortable, isolating Uniform, then suddenly the ear phones hummed to life, and a cold, uncaring voice spoke.

“Cow Girls, it is time for your exercise period. You will proceed to the treadmills in the middle of your stalls and await the command to begin walking.”

Restless to do something, *anything*, I carefully slid off the high platform, then hesitantly found my way to the dark strips in the centre of the stall, mentally cursing the lenses that distorted and limited my vision. Beside me, I could vaguely see that my companion had risen also, and together we positioned ourselves on the treadmill belts. The voice returned.

“Your treadmills will start now,” it barked. “Maintain your pace and position and you will not be punished.”

The belt began sliding backwards under the toes of my high, locked-on boots and I pranced in place, trying to maintain my balance, then started walking awkwardly, feeling the hoses and wires attached to my body sway and jerk with each short step. The garters to my boots stretched and contracted in counter-point, ensuring I was always aware of my harness and all I could do was to stare straight ahead at the blurred, featureless wall in front of me while I exercised as the computer commanded. Breathing was easy thanks to the filling and emptying of my lungs by the ventilator for it controlled the amount of air I breathed and the cadence of my breaths, forcibly inflating my lungs under the crushing corset and rubber over-Uniform, then allowing the pressure of these garments to squeeze out my exhalations. The enforced walking continued for hours and hours, although we were permitted breaks every 20 minutes or so. Eventually, we were allowed to stop, and the head

phones came to life once more.

“All Cow Girls will now proceed to their beds and stand facing them in preparation to being fed and watered,” it commanded.

I did as I was told, then stood waiting for what was next to occur, my back to my cell mate. It was one of the most humiliating experiences I had ever been subjected to. The thing in my mouth and throat pulsed slowly when the mush-type food was forced into my stomach without me being able to taste it, stop it, or control its entry. I chewed constantly on my gag, trying to bite down on the rigid tube contained within it and at least have something to do with how I ate, but the Cow Girl Uniform, and in particular the gagging and feeding arrangements, were specifically designed to remove this option and make us even more into totally controlled and obedient animals. There was no release or escape.

We were permitted another rest period after our feeding, then once more were commanded to exercise on the treadmills. After our second, more gruelling period, this time being forced to run and jog, believe it or not, we were fed again, then permitted to sleep.

For five days we were kept on this routine.

During my waking hours, only white noise came over the headphones, increasing my isolation, and I hungered for even the harsh commands of the computer-generated voice, telling me what to do. On the sixth morning, the cold voice once more made its presence known, telling me (and all the other new Cow Girls in the barn) that today we would be milked for the first time, for we had now absorbed the proper nutrients and stimulating hormones. I knew that something had changed, because my breasts felt full and itchy, compressed within the strictures of their tight armouring cups, aching with every inhalation of breath and bounce when I walked.

“Cow Girls. Now that your bodies have been prepared, you will be stimulated to begin producing milk. The first 20 of these sessions will prove to be quite unpleasant and painful, but once started, the process will become automatic and easy, and your bodies will do the rest. You will, at first, be milked twice a day, then, once you begin producing regularly, you will be milked every six

hours.”

We were directed once more to the exercise belts and commanded to remain there. A couple of minutes later, two Eunuchs entered the stall and I tried to watch them while they prepared sets of heavy straps, then clipped them to my cell mate’s Uniform. I could see their blurry shapes moving back and forth while she was positioned and secured, then a moment later it was my turn. They attached two of the heavy ligatures just behind my shoulders, then another to the back ring of my buried Chastity Belt; its rings projecting through their slots and the laces of my corset. A final pair was clipped in place, one on each side and these would keep me in the proper position on the treadmill, then the Eunuchs left. A long time later the voice instructed us to prepare to be stimulated for our first milking.

At first, nothing seemed to happen, but soon, I felt a small tingle of electrical shocks shivering my compressed breasts. The awful twitching and biting pulses slowly mounted to rippling, buzzing pulsations, as their rate, intensity, and strength changed continually in accordance with the requirements of the computerized stimulation and milking program. They are difficult to describe in words but felt like...

BbbbbbuuuuuuZZZZZZZZZZ-BbbbbbuuuuuuZZZZZZZZZZ-
BbbbbbuuuuuuZZZZZZZZZZ BbbbbbuuuuuuZZZZZZZZZZ

... and then became even more intense_

**BBBBBUUUUUZZZZ-ZZZIIP-ZZZAAPPPP - BBBBUUUUUZZZZ-
ZZZIIP-ZZZAAPPP - BBBBUUUUUZZZZ-ZZZIIP-ZZZAAPPPP....**
and they *never* stopped_

I couldn’t stop the thrashing and screaming these horrible sensations soon forced me into, but the positioning straps held me securely in place, while my chained and mitted hands flew to the lengths of their fastenings, frantic to pull the rigid, clamped cups away from my captive breasts. Even when I tried

to escape the agonizing shocks by hunching my shoulders what little I could, they remained deeply imprisoned. I kicked and twisted like a wild thing, hysterically attempting to avoid what was being done to me, while beneath the helmets and under my gag, I screamed out my protest. Shaking my head in silenced negation at my fate, my tongue writhed like a snake against the five posts piercing and irrevocably pinning it to the mouth-filling gag-pad. Involuntarily, my eyes clenched tight and squeezed desperate tears out onto the slick black rubber clamped against my face, but no one could see my distress, and *no one* really cared about the horror I was being forced to endure. A fresh and stronger wave of pulses transfixed my shuddering breasts.

zap-ZAP-ZZZAAAPPP - bbbbuuuzzzzZZZZZ - BBBBUUUZZZZ - zap-ZAP-ZZZAAAPPP - bbbbuuuzzzzZZZZZ - BBBBUUUZZZZ - zap-ZAP-ZZZAAAPPP - bbbbuuuzzzzZZZZZ - BBBBUUUZZZZ - zap-ZAP-ZZZAAAPPP - bbbbuuuzzzzZZZZZ - BBBBUUUZZZZ - zap-ZAP-ZZZAAAPPP - bbbbuuuzzzzZZZZZ - BBBBUUUZZZZ ...

Within the oppressive masks, my eyes snapped open when I tried to give a full-blooded scream, only to have it strangled deep in my throat. Next to me, the other girl struggled just as madly to escape the same sensations, as did all the dozens of others in the herd of Cow Girls confined in the Barns.

Finally, the stimulation tapered off to just a continual, low level and we sagged into the grip of our harnessing and positioning straps, hanging listlessly over the treadmill belts, twitching and writhing pitifully during particularly painful cycles, our shoulders shaking with sobs of pain and fear. The voice returned, and we were commanded to begin walking, but we were all too exhausted to pay attention. Suddenly a sharp series of other electrical jolts emanated from our vaginal plugs, galvanising us into frantic movement.

Much later we were fed again, still fastened in place, then permitted a short period of silent relaxation. Again and again we were subjected to the painful inducement procedure, but after the third time, the process became even more painful when the cups began sucking at me. At first it was only a weak

rhythmic vacuum and squeezing action, but then they began to pulse more strongly while the procedure continued, making the interior rubber spikes inside each dig painfully into my tender, fluid-filled flesh. Every ten pulses, my breasts would be subjected to the intense electrical stimulation, then the shocks and sucking began occurring simultaneously. I howled madly into my gag with wretchedness. I couldn't *stand* what was being done; gasping, writhing, and weeping while the awful sensations assailed me without end. When the inducement procedure reached its next climax I fainted into the web of my restraining harness, consumed by the mix of the sometimes pleasurable, but mostly painful milking process, underscored by the continual twitching stimulation of the shocks coursing through the sensitive organs on my chest and their throbbing, metal-filled nipples.

When I recovered consciousness, I struggled to my feet and found I was no longer being 'stimulated'. The stall had again been entered by the two Eunuchs, and they rapidly released us from our positioning straps and assisted us to our beds where we were permitted to fall into an exhausted, nightmare-filled sleep.

Some hours later I was awakened once more by the voice on the headset and told to resume my place on the exerciser. I wearily struggled off the platform, to feel my breasts aching with a fullness that hadn't been there before, swollen with milk inside the rigid cones. My companion had also returned to her treadmill and we stood there, a metre from each other, but a world apart and unable to touch or communicate in any way. The two Eunuchs reappeared and had soon clipped the restraint and positioning straps in place, then left once more. Again, nothing happened for long minutes, then I felt the horrid pulsing of the gag in my mouth and the tube down my throat when food was forced into my stomach.

This time, the shocks were not needed, for my breasts had begun the lactation process and I felt a pleasant release of pressure while my milk was sucked and squeezed from my body by the kneading, squeezing, and suckling cups. The sensation of it being drawn from me was an almost erotic delight after the horrible process I'd been put through to make it happen.

At last, I could give no more, but the squeezing and sucking continued for a couple of moments longer, quickly becoming painful. I wanted it to *stop*,

thrashing and shaking in the supporting harness, but the machine didn't care, and we had to suffer its ministrations until the program and yield sensors indicated it was time to end the process. When it was finally over, my stall-mate and I again hung exhausted in the straps for long minutes, until told to begin exercising once more. When we were slow to comply, sharp shocks were administered by our dildos until we obeyed the instructions. We were kept on the belts for another long period, being exercised and fed at regular intervals, until sometime much later, the Eunuchs returned and released us, then allowed us to go to our beds for desperately needed sleep.

The schedule was repeated the next day, but this time when we were milked, the shafts in our bellies were activated: thrusting, vibrating, twisting and emitting a mild teasing electro-shock, bringing us to incredible orgasms while the milking occurred_ There wasn't any way to avoid the stimulation and we were forced to frenzied climaxes, dancing like crazed marionettes at the ends of our tethers; our chained arms flailing and legs kicking spastically while we writhed there in our cell, jerking in a mixed maelstrom of agony and ecstasy. All the while the cups suckled and shocked, while the plugs writhed and flexed, also shocking us intimately and repeatedly. Near the peak of our physical release, the clitoral buttons began to buzz fiercely, then at the utter apex of our orgasms, they also cascaded strong shocks through the extremely sensitive pleasure buds, driving us over the edge of release in blinding, alternating sensations of pain and pleasure. The whole process took nearly two hours, and at the end of it we hung unconscious at the ends of our supporting straps. We were returned to our beds, and the unending cycle of our existence as Cow Girls continued, rapidly becoming used to being nothing more than very specialised, domestic animals.

After just three of these sessions, now accompanied by the activation of the plugs, I became addicted to the indescribable sensations; eagerly looking forward to the intense orgasms that were wrung from my hapless body every time I was milked. At all times now, the shock treatment from the cups, the plugs, and clitoral button were added in at the moment of climax, driving me into super-pressurized mental explosions when the pain and the pleasure mixed in undefined areas of my brain, reinforcing my escalating addiction.

We were kept as Cow Girls for six months, so I was told later, although while

in the Cow Girl Barn, we had no way of measuring time, for the days blended into a boring, continuous parade. Finally, we were taken from our stalls and freed of our Uniforms, then, for a couple of days were kept in a separate recovery area of the Hareem, and allowed to get used to being almost completely free again. During one of the days, a Maid massaged my skull with the antidote to the depilatory cream and soon I had a short fuzz of blonde hair sprouting. I finally got to know the other girl, Joanna, who had suffered the indignity of being a Cow Girl with me, and felt a special bond of kinship with her from our shared experience. In the recovery area we were free of our normally ever-present gags, and so got to talk a lot about ourselves and exchange our life stories.

At the end of the three days, we were taken to another module of the Hareem, where we met our new cell-mates, all of whom had been Cow Girls, and found that we were now rated as Level Two Wives.

It felt almost like a graduation of some kind.

Chapter Sixteen

The Freedom To Shop

Aside from some very minor differences in decoration, this chamber was exactly the same as the one that I'd previously been held in and we were still, of course, always kept leashed, hobbled, and wrist-chained as a matter of the Palace's Standard Operating Procedures. We were permitted no way of telling the date and even the most conscientious of us had lost all track of the time we had been held in the Hareem. During some conversation with the other girls, I learned that the room that held us was only one of 20 or more. Each Hareem module was always kept fully stocked with 'wives' and so there were at least 240 women, or maybe even 2,000 of us for all I knew, held in this desert Palace, at God alone knew what expense. Money seemed no object in supplying the wants of our Master, and so, here we were.

Occasionally, we were taken from the Hareem module for purposes other than sex with our Master, or to the gym for exercise classes. When these rare occurrences happened, we would be dressed in a modified style 'Western' clothing; but *that* was designed so it concealed everything we wore: the full complement of cuffs, nipple-rings and joining chains, our Chastity Belts, collars, and hobble wires (these last being hidden by the floor-length, multiple layered skirts we were required to wear) and our wrist chains would be temporarily lengthened so that they could be slipped down the sleeves of our dresses. We'd be permitted to mix with some of the visitors to the Palace in the public receiving rooms, wearing full and opaque facial veils of course, to conceal out blatant nose and lip rings. Before being permitted to attend these events, Mistress Janice would always brief us, insisting that we were to remain decorously shy and silent, attending the event only upon the insistence of His Majesty. We would also, needlessly, be reminded that we wore our plugs as control devices and that should we attempt to escape the Hareem or the Palace, or even *try* to talk to any of the guests about our plight, we would be severely disciplined. It only had to be demonstrated once. Her Leash Master selected a girl at random, already dressed and ready to go out and mix, then activated her plug in the mid-range of the Punishment Mode. The effect was immediate. The girl didn't even get a chance to scream, but

just collapsed on the floor in a heap with a short, agonised gasp, then lay twitching and writhing uncontrollably. She remained unconscious for nearly five minutes then got unsteadily to her feet, her face a sickly white and lips trembling from the terrifying strength of the shocks that had felled her. We all vowed, then and there, to keep our conversations away from the topic of leaving the Hareem and Palace, knowing that we would be continually monitored by hidden, directional microphones.

During our other releases from our module, we would sometimes be fitted with the classical Hareem costumes of diaphanous pantaloons and tightly-fitted, sheer bodices, and kept fully and visibly in restraints. These particular costumes were used when our Master entertained his countrymen and trusted guests and were obviously designed to demonstrate his true power over us. All of our bondage equipment and chains were constantly visible at these events and some of us would be used as waitresses, while others were designated as dancers of the most exotic kind, kept fully-chained and leashed during our performances. We had all been painfully schooled in the art of the dance while in bondage, and that training was put to the test. Yet others were employed as living statutes, dressed in various Uniforms and kept short-chained on display pedestals. Occasionally, for no readily apparent reason, our Master would decide to punish one of us and his guests would watch with interest while his selected victim was disciplined in whatever manner he chose.

They were welcome breaks from the boringly oppressive routine of the Hareem, and although it was at times uncomfortable, embarrassing, or painful; we all looked forward to escaping from our room, even if for just a short time.

Some months of this part of my stay in the Hareem passed, until one day Mistress Janice entered our module and announced that our Master would soon be going to another Sheikhdome for some important oil business, and we were to be taken along as his companions. After that, she said, the Master had arranged that we would, as a group, be taken to a 'school' somewhere in the south-western desert for further training, then fitted with the special Uniform that this new role would require. It was difficult not to get excited at being able to see the outside world again, and I thought, perhaps once I was beyond

the walls of the Palace, I might somehow be able to escape my self-imposed servitude. The idea of having to undergo more training and having to wear another, as yet unspecified new Uniform put somewhat of a damper on the announcement though.

On the day before the trip, we were all taken to the Uniform room and re-measured, then each of us was again equipped with our hated ankle-length Inhibitor Bars. They really weren't as severe as the other times that we'd worn them, for we were allowed longer hobble chains, but these in themselves were equally as restricting. As the unwilling wearers, we had to be constantly on guard that the chains between our ankles and the 'Bar didn't snag on something and trip us. The design of this irksome restraint system kept us *fully* aware of our femininity and vulnerability at all times as was the intent. After we'd all been endowed with the devices, we were told that we would have to spend the rest of the day getting used to them once more. Immediately after, we were each also fitted with a special, locked-on corset as our 'travelling' undergarment. These were restrictive, uncomfortable, and designed to ensure that we were kept properly aware of our status and posture all the time. As if we needed the reminder. At first view, the corsets didn't look *that* restricting, but that view soon changed, for they were in fact much more stringent than the ones we had worn on our arrival.

It was a most complicated piece of bondage clothing to be required to wear, having a multitude of fastenings and restricting devices built into its structure. In addition to covering most of our bodies, it was also sort of like a 'real world' long-legged panty girdle, having leggings that descended almost to the knees, I found to my dismay, while one of the Maids helped fit me into mine. The entire garment was fashioned from a thick, slightly stretchy black rubber, and was fastened to our bodies with lacing, then industrial-strength locking zippers, then locking straps over these. When the leggings had been pulled up, I found that there were special, reinforced-edge holes provided deep in the crotch; one that allowed my 'Bar to project through, and the other beneath a locked flap that allowed access to my sanitary fittings. She pulled up the torso covering over my Chastity Belt, snugly covering my hips, waist, and lower chest, then told me to lean forward after she'd disconnected the chain joining my nipple rings. Other, finer ones were attached in their place and she pulled these through the open tips of each breast cup. After allowing

my breasts to fall into their snug, rigid, compressing hemispheres, I looked down to see my engorged and sensitive, ringed and chained nipples projecting from the open tips, and blushed with embarrassed humiliation at being so prominently displayed. The cups were smoothly-lined, but became very snug when the Maid tightened the shoulder straps and connected them to the back ring of my collar as had been done before so that I'd be unable to shrug out of them or pull them off. My body was thoroughly armoured within the uncomfortable rubber cuirass, and I felt as though I was the meat in a sausage while I wriggled in an attempt to get comfortable.

Now that I wore the travelling under-clothing, even though my nipples were embarrassingly displayed, I found that this wasn't the end of the dressing process. The Maid began tightening the garment into even more intimate contact, starting with the leggings. The heavy zipper tabs were pulled down the backs of each leg and locked into their housings; compressing my thighs inside the squeezing tubes and allowing the rings from my upper leg bands to stick through their slots. The garment hid my 'Belt completely beneath its shiny blackness when she'd laced it closed over my buttocks, then high up my back, and gasping, I endured the hard pulling while it squeezed tighter and tighter around my body and chest. I felt the doubled, stiff, spring-steel boning hidden within its structure, slowly and inexorably forcing me into an upright, unbending posture, while within, the compression seemed to shift my organs around, and the presence of the plug became uncomfortably more evident while I grew even more aware of its every twitch.

The corset, and for that matter, all of our so-called clothing, of every type, was designed with this in mind; keeping the wearer constantly aware of her sexual nature and role as a subservient being to males. When the Maid finished the lacing, Mistress Janice approached to inspect me while I gasped in silent misery and discomfort. She approved of the garments tightness and with that, the Maid zipped a wide flap over the closed lacing and locked it. I now had to take short panting breaths to get used to the constriction and while I tried to acclimatise myself, the Maid once more tightened the shoulder strap arrangement until the cups of the bra portion were clamped securely against my chest, unmoving and inescapable. While I stood there the fine chains from my naked and vulnerable nipples swung back and forth, then she took their ends and locked them to the projecting front ring of my 'Belt.

To my horror she picked up a gracefully curved V-shaped bar with a flattened point and clipped it to the rings puncturing my nipples then moved the flattened point up between my breast cups. It clipped solidly into a small chromed fitting between the rigid hemispheres and she locked it in place. When she'd completed this process, it had the effect of raising the curved arms higher and higher, thus pulling painfully on my nipple-rings and keeping the sensitive flesh under a considerable, painful tension. I wailed pitifully while she completed this task, raising my chained hands to the fitting between my breasts to try to ease the horrible constant stretching, but there wasn't any way to release the terrible device. I moaned constantly with the increasingly burning discomfort, feeling the swinging chains tug gently on my tensioned nipple flesh whenever I moved my body.

Each of us was put into the care of a Eunuch and these men acted as our individual Leash Masters, controlling our freedom by means of a heavy strap clipped to the rings at the tips of our Inhibitor 'Bars. They needlessly demonstrated how they could utterly dominate us by tugging not so gently on the leash, or by snapping it to make the 'Bar move when we strayed from where they wanted us to go. If we did something that they didn't want us to do, they were much more harsh in their handling of our leashes and we all quickly learned to be cautious of their fierce and merciless handling. It was still a shocking experience to our Western, feminine minds to be held so thoroughly and intimately under control by men, but again, there was no way for us to escape our tethers, even though our wrists were only held captive by the long, slightly-restricting chains.

After we'd been incarcerated in the specialised corsets, we were allowed only half an hour to get used to them, then the Maids brought our outer clothing.

These garments were the same that other women of the Middle East Had to wear in public to conceal themselves from avaricious male eyes, except that they were made of a heavier satin. The clothing completely concealed our bondage equipment beneath its innocent exterior, permitting our Master or his servants to take us virtually anywhere in public, yet keep us under a hidden, pervasive control.

We were kept in these costumes for the rest of the day, only our outer clothing being removed and the nipple-tensioning devices loosened when we

went to bed that night. Early the next morning we were once more dressed in the outer garments, then our Travelling Gags were fitted before our head coverings were pulled on. To top everything off, we all had to submit to our nose-ring chains being tightened so that our heads were pulled down, under the concealing, finely-woven, opaque black, steel mesh veils. For a couple of moments after I'd been fitted with the double layered facial covering, I panicked at not being able breathe properly, what with the combination of the very tight and rigid corset and the custom-fitted silencer. The veil, as mentioned, was double layered with the inner one made of a woven steel screening that conformed to every contour of my gagged face covering and at the same time firmly securing the already locked-on gag strap. Around its edges, it mated with an outer layer and this was fashioned of an opaque, heavy silk, black in colour, and separated from the tightly pressing inner screening clamped over the lower part of my face. It rode the ridge of my nose, but fell away from there, concealing beneath its formless exterior, all the intricacies hidden beneath. These veils were designed to render me and the other girls who wore them utterly silent and virtually helpless, reinforcing to us that there could be no hope of escape.

Once more, we were loaded into the large transporter and for the first time since our arrival were allowed outside the walls that had been our prison for so many months. The security of our captivity was total, and the drive to the airstrip was uneventful while we all stood stiffly, fastened to the walls, six to a side, and widely separated. As before, a short chain from the back ring on each of our collars was connected to a mating ring on the wall, ensuring that we remained standing, while at our waists, others from sides of our 'Belts were connected to rings welded to the structural members, holding us in position with utter certainty. The final set of links was only a tethering set from another ring in the wall at ankle level, brought forward and locked to the tip rings of our 'Bars, then continuing out across to another ring in the centre of the floor. There were six of these, equally-spaced down its length and at each, an additional lock held the similar chain from the girl across. Our ankle-cuffs were already connected with severely shortened hobble chains, these locked directly to our Inhibitor Bars, hidden beneath the hems of our floor-length skirts. I could barely shift my feet in the thigh boots, for they were tightly gartered to my corset, high up and over the tops of the leggings. Each movement of the van or any motion of my legs made the vaginal plug

move distressingly inside my belly under its tightly compressing, locked steel cover and so the two hour drive to the aircraft left us all gasping in a welter of frustrated sexual arousal, just as the design was intended to do. Once we'd been loaded into the aircraft like so many black-shrouded ghosts, I tried to forget my most recent humiliations and began to look forward to seeing the outside world again.

In the aircraft, we were fastened to special, tilting, stretcher-type racks, then our Eunuchs released our nose chains and connected our water lines. This bondage seemed so easy after what I had been through in the past months, and I soon fell fast asleep in the comforting grip of my tight restraining straps and Uniform.

The trip was not overly long or tiring and upon our arrival we were whisked into another van, inside a closed hangar, then re-chained, fully veiled. It was driven to an exclusive, five star hotel's basement parking garage and when we left the mobile prison, we were leashed together by two metre long, black wires running between the tip-rings of our 'Bars then herded into a large, private elevator. When it stopped, we found that we were on the top floor, billeted in the most expensive and exclusive of the penthouse rooms. Our outer garments were removed, but we still wore the long skirts and veils, and though our nose-chains were loosened, they remained fastened to our 'Belts, concealed by the outer front portion of the Inner Veil. We retained our bells also, and I found this to be one of the more embarrassing features of my Uniform while out in public, for although the rest of my bondage equipment was completely hidden beneath the long and flowing garments, I could be easily located by the chiming of my ear and harness-attached bells. Our thumbless mitts were also removed and the elbow and wrist chains were replaced by more of the flexible, black vinyl coated wires, almost invisible against our clothing. These fastenings too were very secure, and were used so as not to overly disturb any of the hotel staff we might encounter.

Each luxurious bedroom contained two single beds, but both were fully equipped with heavy duty securing straps. Our coffle wires were immediately replaced with 'Bar leashes: now long wires, locked to floor-rings set solidly into the carpet-covered concrete in our individual rooms. The leashes were sufficiently long to allow us into the main living area of the suite, but did not

quite have enough length to permit us near its door. In any case, that entrance was always guarded on the inside and the outside by pairs of alert Eunuchs. Our meals were delivered by room service waiters and waitresses, and each time they were allowed into the suite, they stared with open-mouthed astonishment at those of us who were present in the large living room. We, of course, stood silently and invisibly gagged beneath our opaque veils, either watching TV or reading. I was embarrassed almost to tears when they noticed, then followed with their eyes, the long black wires snaking across the carpets to each one of us, disappearing under the hems of our long skirts. That night after a bathroom visit, the Leash Masters grasped our 'Bar leashes, then drew each pair of girls to their rooms. Inside, we stood unresisting when he easily picked us up and laid us on our beds, still fully chained and enshrouded. We couldn't sit, thanks to the Inhibitor Bars, nor could we lie down without help, as was intended. The helpless, vulnerable feelings of humiliation and control that the awful device constantly forced us to accept became terribly burdensome; leaving me in bouts of fitful tears and desperation to be freed of it. Once I and my room-mate had been deposited on our beds, the Leash Master took great care to ensure that we were strapped inescapably to them, still gagged. He left, turning out the light and locking the door after adjusting our nipple-tension devices until we cried out with pain behind our gags, completely unable to escape the painfully evil things mounted between our captive, compressed, and encased breasts.

I, like all the others, was held on the bed by the two heavy straps to side rings of my Chastity Belt, another two from the head of the bed to rings on the shoulder straps of the corset/bra, a short chain leash from the back ring of my collar; and another short tight strap, connecting the tip ring of the 'Bar to a heavy ring in the frame of the bed at its foot. I could roll from side to side only the smallest amount, with my ankles still connected to the 'Bar and each other by the long hobble wires. Thus, I was permitted some movement of my thigh-booted legs, but my wrist-cuff rings had been locked directly to the front of my 'Belt, immobilising my hands at my waist.

Naturally, as soon as the door to our room closed, we struggled for a moment or two against our bonds and straps, only the slithering of the restraint wires and subdued moans of frustration breaking the silence and darkness. I managed to roll my strap-ensnared and veil-shrouded face a little to one side,

and could, with some difficulty, see the glittering lights of a city beyond. I realized that I was staring at the twinned Petronas Towers, but knew with a horrible sinking sensation there was to be no chance for me to escape to them. I would remain a complete prisoner until the end of my Contract.

The next day, after our morning grooming and meal, we were again dressed in our full outer clothing, and taken to an area of high class stores to 'shop' and wander around, *but*, one Leash Master accompanied each of us. Before we were allowed to leave the mini-bus they reminded us yet again of the discipline capabilities of our Chastity Belts, each of us required to submit to a set of tingling shocks from within our bellies. These, of course, made us writhe in silent, frenzied distraction while their messages of command and control were driven home and at the same time, the tests revealed that the cups of our special corsets were also capable of delivering extremely nasty shocks. It was perfectly normal in the Hareem environment that our breasts and sex were used to control and discipline us. In the West, that sort of uncaring cruelty was unheard of.

Our rigid, formed, opaque, black wire mesh under-veils hid our staring, tear-filled eyes from the outer world and even if we had tried to scream for help or release, only small whimpers of breath hissing from our chained noses would emerge. The Veils were given their final adjustment, then an almost sheer outer one was added, but it had only a small, oblong window at eye level designed to shield us further from close inspection. The only parts of our bodies even partially visible were our hands, but even they were covered, for we had also been fitted with thin, elbow length, black leather gloves. Ten centimetres wide, very tight elasticised cuffs around our wrists, inside the sleeves of the gowns, clamped over them, concealing the steel cuffs and the black-coated wires connecting our hands to our belts beneath the voluminous robes.

Thus fore-warned, we strutted off, closely attended by our individual Leash Masters, to wander around the stores and crowds of shoppers, yet totally helpless to attempt freedom. The restriction of my long hobbling wire slithering along the pavements and cobble stones within the concealment of my long robes was a distraction, but in the hustle and bustle of street noise, it was totally unheard by anyone.

I knew, in this society, while I moved along the crowded noisy streets, invisibly gagged and silenced beneath my flowing black robes, that I wasn't even an object of curiosity or comment by, for many other women were dressed in a similar fashion.

*'Who knows,' I thought bitterly to myself, 'how many of them are **also** are held prisoners under their clothing?*

The shopping I did was almost a joke in the way that I was forced to carry out making my purchases. If I found something I liked or wanted, I gestured to it. My attending Leash Master would pick it up and pay for it, then arrange to have it delivered to the hotel that evening, leaving him free to monitor me at all times. It really wasn't the fun kind of thing that I remembered indulging in when I'd been a free woman.

I *had* to remain calm and try not to call attention to myself, much as I longed to escape, for I knew that even if I somehow managed to evade my Leash Master, when I was eventually returned to my Owner, his punishments would be horrific. So, I just enjoyed what little freedom I had; until eventually we were all picked up by the van and returned to the hotel late in the afternoon.

The next two days went by in much the same manner and as a reward for being so well-behaved during the day, in the evenings we were freed of our gags, the 'Bars were removed, and we were left that way for each of the following nights; although the Eunuchs ensured we were securely chained and strapped to our beds when we retired.

The security of we Hareem wives was absolute.

Chapter Seventeen

Transformed Into A Horse Woman

On the third day after a late breakfast served by staring, silent waiters and waitresses, we were once more dressed in our Travelling Costumes, then loaded into the large, anonymous van and fastened as usual. An hour later, the entire trailer was driven directly into the belly of a huge cargo aircraft and we departed. The flight lasted an eon, until we finally landed again, somewhere back on the Arabian Peninsula. It wasn't long until our mobile prison had been extracted from the aircraft, then hooked to a tractor of some sort and the next phase of our journey commenced with a jerk. Within the windowless dim box we swayed jerkily against our straps and chains while the truck moved slowly along what felt like meandering side roads, deep into the wilderness of the desert. After much jouncing along the deeply-rutted roads, it finally came to a slow, brake-squealing stop, then a couple of minutes later the back ramp hissed down and a half dozen men dressed in military uniforms walked calmly into the interior. They efficiently and uncaringly formed us into a neck-chained coffle after releasing us from our travelling bondage and ankle hobble chains; these having replaced the wires after our brief excursions into the outside world and we clattered and jingled while we strutted down the ramp into the brilliant day. I had to blink repeatedly, even behind my restricting veils, when the sunlight made my eyes water and unconsciously tried to raise my chained hands to wipe away the unsummoned tears, but of course the lock holding my wrist-cuffs to the front of my Chastity Belt stopped the motion before it had even started. The attempt would have been worthless anyhow, thanks to the rigid steel mesh of my veils.

We'd come to the next stop in our journey as Slave Girls to His Majesty, although at the time we didn't yet realise the fact. At the bottom of the ramp I managed to catch a brief glance at the place we'd been brought to, by straining to lift my head against the constant drag and discomfort of my nose-ring chain and what I saw reminded me more of a prison work-camp than the 'School' that Mistress Janice had told us we would be attending.

We were led across a wide, black-topped parking lot to a substantial barn-like building quite removed from the others and pulled through double barred doors to discover once we were inside, that it was indeed a barn, but *not* like any I'd ever seen before. The building, innocent in its appearance from the outside, was equipped with all the latest in high security devices; being, under its commonplace exterior, a very high security prison, much like our Hareem Modules. Once within, each of us was fastened separately in a large, air-conditioned stall. There wasn't any straw on the floor though, but instead it was covered by a thick in-door/out-door nylon carpet, coloured a mottled gold.

I feared what was to occur next, for I remembered the last time I had been brought to a place like this, and had no desire to have to go through the same experience again. As ever, like all the others, I was tethered by a sturdy and inescapable chain leash from the back of my collar to one of the ubiquitous wall-rings; its length such that it allowed enough freedom for me to roam the stall and explore its Spartan furnishings, but not to get near the barred and locked door. I could look out into the corridor beyond the gleaming bars, but see only a blank wall on the other side of the wide alleyway. Echoing along it, I faintly heard the occasional faint rattling of my sister's chains and an occasional clatter of steel-shod hooves on the concrete floor, over-laid by faint horse-like, whinnying(?), but was kept isolated and gagged with no way of seeing anything beyond my enclosure.

I'd been left fully enveloped in my Travelling Uniform, finding it more and more oppressive and uncomfortable with each passing minute, but couldn't escape it. There was no way to see what was happening to the rest of the girls who'd been in the van with me and I briefly, hopelessly tested what little freedom I had before giving up. Naturally, there was no escape from my leash nor for any possible way to ease my other fastenings, and so after an hour of pacing back and forth listening to and feeling my hobble-chain clattering through the ring at the tip of my 'Bar, I ended up leaning desultorily against the wall chewing mindlessly on the thick rubber pad that stoppered my mouth so completely; staring fearfully out through the little mesh window locked over my eyes.

Back at the Palace, after our stints as Cow Girls, we'd all been fitted with the

custom-made dental appliances, minus the throat-tubes, as part of our regular gagging equipment, and from that point forward wore them any time we were to be kept silenced. Over the months I'd gradually accustomed myself to having my tongue immobilised every time I was gagged, no longer trying to fight against it happening, and too, I'd been disciplined by the piercings to the point that I tried not to move my tongue at all while I wore the device. It was designed with cruelty and total control in mind, for its creator knew with certainty that any person wearing such a device would automatically and instinctually try to move their tongue in either the normal course of events, or if they tried to speak or scream. Thanks to our confinements and the disciplining we were subjected to, we were always doing either and so it's painful, disciplinary properties were constantly driven home to us. Actually, I'd sort of grown to like the experience of the gag plugging my mouth, and too, by now, I was used to being constantly kept in a state of bondage. Sometimes I found it comforting to be unable to resist the demands that were made of me; absolving myself of all responsibility for what happened.

Later in the afternoon, our Master arrived via helicopter and walked arrogantly into my stall when it was opened by one of the tough-looking men who had released us from the van. Automatically, I tried to kneel to him, but my Inhibitor Bar banged into the floor with a dull thud under my long, concealing, and restricting skirts, and I closed my eyes with the shock of its impact when it rammed the plug slightly deeper up into my belly, wailing against the painful restriction when my tongue dragged against the steel posts through it. He sat nonchalantly on the long slab of my bed and stared up into my still-veiled face.

"Miss Henderson," he said with a smile, knowing that I stared despairingly up at him from within my imprisoning garments. He looked at me with all the sympathy a cobra might show its next victim, "You have been brought to this establishment to learn a new role. I wish the 12 of you to become Horse Women, but not in the conventional sense of the word. You will spend the next six months here, learning what is required to fulfil this role and perfecting your skills in it."

I shook my head miserably, staring into his imperious eyes while he continued.

“You will be kept here in the care of the Riding Master and his very capable staff, and, when your training is completed, you will be returned to my Harem as a fully-fledged Horse Woman, complete with harness. I shall occasionally come to check on your progress, and you will, of course, give nothing but the best of efforts. Do you understand?”

I nodded disconsolately, knowing that I had no choice whatsoever.

“Naturally, Miss Henderson, you will be kept in your Chastity Belt at all times. The Master of this establishment has been given, temporarily, the control for your internal plugs to assist in maintaining your undivided attention to your tasks,” he stated, then rose to his feet and left.

That night, still chained in my stall, I was fed a small meal by one of the Eunuchs and permitted to drink only a little water, then he re-gagged me and told me to get some sleep, indicating the narrow bench and leather-covered mattress on the side of the stall. After he left I paced around, unable to do anything other than listen to the clatter of my chains and feel the swish of the long skirts against my booted legs, then as the light from the small, barred window high over my bed gradually faded to a deep red and the cell descended into darkness, I very carefully manoeuvred myself until I lay on the hard, narrow, so-called bed, and drifted off to sleep, still unconsciously pulling my mittened hands and arms against their too short, immobilising chains.

Early the next morning after I'd been fed, one of the Eunuchs arrived and released me from my cell leash and after attaching a sturdy strap to the tip ring of my 'Bar, pulled me along to the Tack Room where I joined the other women already fastened to the wall by short chains from the back-rings of their collars. Again, I was the first one of the group to be selected for the fitting of my personal harness, bridle, and bit.

The Eunuchs quickly removed my Travelling Uniform, leaving me clad only in my basic restraints, then washed and groomed me in a large tiled section; treating me as just another animal to be taken care of before I was led back to the actual outfitting area. The process of being placed in my new uniform went rapidly, for the measurements had been sent ahead, and the school, well-acquainted with the harnessing and training of Horse Women (and

sometimes Horse Men) had developed a very efficient system. The Eunuchs and other women watched the process with interest, to see how I reacted to having to wear my Breaking Harness, for there was more than one type to be worn during our stay. These went from very light and decorative networks of straps, to the medium weight Breaking and Training Harness that we were all soon to wear, to a heavier Work harness, and finally up to the most fearsome of them all, the Discipline Harness.

The Breaking and Training Harness was snug, very secure, and surprisingly comfortable, at first. It was locked tightly to, and over the Chastity Belt by making use of the D-rings around the upper edge of the waist crushing cinch portion, the use of which, until now, I'd been unable to fathom a purpose for. In moments, my upper body was ensnared by heavy sculpted pieces of thick, rubber-lined leather, they being liberally endowed with restraint rings and a plethora of locking buckles. The only areas free of covering by this piece were my breasts (which seemed to stick out even more vulnerably now), highlighted by the thick rings and locking posts at their tips and the dangling and swaying chain connecting my nipples; it adding immensely to my bound and distressed appearance. I was left gagged until it was time to be fitted with my bit, but while the harness was tightened I couldn't help the gasps and moans that were forced from me when the crotch-band and plug were pulled into ever more intimate contact. My hands and wrists were briefly released from their locks at the side of my 'Belt, one at a time, still encased in the thumbless mitts, then the Eunuch slowly forced them up behind my back between my shoulder blades and strapped them to the shoulder piece, rendering them totally useless. This posture was extremely uncomfortable and rapidly grew to an agonising cramping, and finally, long hours later, they went numb. As soon as they'd been pulled as high as they'd go, my elbows were pulled in to be strapped firmly, and every day from that point forward, the Eunuchs tightened all the straps that secured my arms, for the tendons and muscles stretched slightly with the passage of time. Eventually they stopped, as my forearms had become pressed tightly against each other all the way up my spine, resulting in my shoulders being kept constantly pulled back, forcing me to stick out my chest. If I'd been allowed the use of my fingers, I could easily have touched the back of my skull from behind, but being buried in the confines of the mitts, there was no possible way to use them. From that point forward, my arms were there to stay for my entire time as a Horse

Woman.

They finally got to the ‘prime controller’ part of the harnessing; draping a web-work of straps over my head and still-short hair, then adjusting the head harness until it was quite snug and virtually irremovable; made even more so when he snapped the locking buckles closed. The bridle left my face clear of straps, but the rest of my head was thoroughly ensnared. The Eunuch had taken care to fit my heavy golden ear-rings with their locked on identity disks and silver bells through the apertures of the bridle, then one of them picked my bit up from the table and came over to me, holding it up for my inspection before the fitting.

It was a complicated, clinical looking, chromed steel device, with a thick bar between two, large swivelling cheek rings. In the middle, a long, smooth, wide, and thick U portion projected backwards, curving down slightly along its length, and I could see small slots in the underside of the projection when he slowly turned it before my fear-filled eyes, allowing me to thoroughly inspect the thing that would control and torment me so utterly for the next three years of my life (although at that moment, I was blissfully unaware of exactly how long I would be kept as a female, human equine). I knew with certainty that the jewellery embedded in my tongue would be incorporated into the bit and somehow locked to it so that I would be unable to remove my tongue from contact with the horrid thing as was the case with my gag-pad. When I tried to shake my head in denial of what was to come, the Eunuchs laughed with relish at my obvious distress and reluctance to have to wear the bit and I felt a couple of loose straps on the bridle flip around my head when I tried to avoid what was about to be done to me. A moment later one of them unlocked the straps holding the gag in place, then extracted the silencer from my mouth.

“Slave 11-91,” the one on my right said in an authoritative voice, underlain with steely command, “you are about to be fitted with the ultimate symbol of being a Horse Woman: your bit. You will wear it 24/7/365 from this moment until you are released from your role as a human, female horse. You will learn to eat, drink, and sleep in it. Do you have anything to say before you are fitted?”

“Master?” my voice quavered a little, “must I wear it, *all* the time?”

“Yes. You’ll eventually become accustomed to it, for there is no option permitted to you. Soon, you will also become used to how easily it controls you,” he answered with a chuckle, then spoke again, “open your mouth, slave girl, and stick out your tongue.”

Hopelessly, tears trickling down my cheeks, I remained silent and stuck out my tongue as I had learned to do, without resistance, and closed my eyes in misery while they fitted the little balls on the tops of the rods into the slots on the long, choking, bit mouth-piece. I felt a series of distinct, solid sounding little clicks, then an uncomfortable tug from each piercing; these telling me that my tongue was once more a captive, then he slowly inserted the quickly-warming metal deeply into my mouth. It projected so far back that I almost retched when I felt the thick bars pushing at the corners of my lips, making me bite down on the solid, rubber-coated steel, emphasising the compression of the rings in my lips and rubbing on the others set into the corners of my mouth. He quickly ran the bridle’s securing and mounting straps for the bit through their mounting rings on it and in seconds the controlling device was fixed firmly and irrevocably in place. Through tear-brimming eyes I stared at the other girls who watched me with horrified fascination, their chained tableaux framed in my vision by the bit’s long, down-curving arms; these projecting some 10 cm forward from my face. At the end of each sturdy projection, strong little rings jingled when I moved my head to try to ease the strain of having to wear the constantly embarrassing and humiliating device. I could both feel and hear the rings when they moved.

The process hadn’t finished though. Behind, I felt the presence of one of the Eunuchs while he attached something to rings on the upper body harness, then to the sides of the bridle, up behind my ears. Short seconds later came the sounds of straps running through roller buckles and my head was gradually pulled backwards when the bearing/check reins were tightened to the point that it kept my chin up and my head almost motionless. He came around to my front and clipped another short set of straps to the rings at the ends of the bit arms, then joined the snap-hooks on their other ends to the front ring of my ‘Belt and took up the slack in these too. These additions prevented me from tossing my head or moving it in almost any way and when I attempted to protest against this horrible immobilisation, my tongue twisted painfully against its fastenings. All that emerged from my mouth was

a strange kind of whinnying sound, which, until now, I'd only associated with horses. Blinkers were the next pieces to be attached to my bridle and with these mounted, I was forced to stare straight ahead, robbed of my peripheral vision by the thickly-padded leather panels. Suddenly, there was a painful little tug on each of my dangling breast-chains. The Eunuch had picked them up, clipped them to the bit rings, then tightened them until the tension on my nipples made me dance and whinny frenziedly at the end of my leash. It was *so* unfair and humiliating.

The last part of my bridling and biting was the addition of leading/control reins; these being clipped to the central rings of the light chains between my nipples and the bit. One effect was that they always pulled down slightly on the bit's arms, causing it to pivot around the bar between my teeth that pulled my lips back so uncomfortably. The other effect was that they also pulled at the inter-connected breast chains. As a consequence, the U portion projecting into my mouth rose and pushed firmly against my palate, pulling my captive tongue up with it and forcing me to open my mouth, almost choking from the terribly restrictive and intimate sensation. The bit was cunningly designed to ensure that its capabilities for control could *not* be reduced in their effectiveness by the wearer and this was achieved by the fact that my teeth clamped only onto a rubber-covered tube, within which the actual axle of the bit could rotate freely. No matter how hard I bit down, I could not affect its movements. I tried desperately to stop its surging inside my mouth, biting frantically into the rubber between my teeth, but it was of no use whatsoever. The U fastened to my tongue moved to the command of the reins and my juddering breast flesh, punishing me mildly, at first. I tried to cry out when this happened, shaking my head as much as the various reins allowed, now with a deep understanding of why horses did it, but all I could manage was to whinny and twitch my head slightly. Now, even a small motion pulled painfully on my nipples. One of the Eunuchs adjusted my bearing reins and I was able to move my head somewhat more freely, although it was still held uncomfortably back and upwards.

They released my hobble from the floor-ring then one of them picked up the long leather straps that would control my life for the foreseeable future. He led me to a high stool bolted to the floor off to the side, and I couldn't help but follow him closely, concentrating fiercely on avoiding any tension on my

reins because of their painful and intimate connections to my body. It was embarrassing to be unable to stop drooling around my bit.

“Sit on the stool, Horse Woman.”

This particular type was a standard piece of furniture, unique to The School; its seat portion split down the middle by a longitudinal slot. At the front of the seat, a wide, but rapidly tapering **Y** permitted a female’s Inhibitor Bar to slip in, then be centred in the tail of the slot, thus permitting her to sit and place her buttocks on the seat portion. Under the seat though, along the sides of the tail of the **Y** there was a set of jam-clamps that permitted the descending ‘Bar to slip through their jaws, but prohibited any upward, length-wise, or side-wise motion. In effect, once the wearer of an Inhibitor Bar of any length sat on the stool seat, there was *no* way for her to escape her seated status unless the clamps were released, something she was incapable of accomplishing on her own.

My reins were tied to a convenient wall-ring and he unlocked my high-heeled boots, keeping one of my legs chained at all times. He washed and powdered it thoroughly and for a moment I was left to sit in silenced, harnessed misery; twisting on the seat and feeling the thrust and fulfilment of the rigid, disciplining dildo within my body. The other girls continued to watch my transformation, knowing that they too would soon have to endure the same process. Moments later, he returned carrying a specialised pair of thigh boots. These had leg tubes that rose all the way to my hips, but the feet were shaped into horse’s hooves, complete to being shod with a shiny steel horse shoe. Within the actual foot portion, my foot slipped into a hidden, 15 cm high, woman’s high-heeled pump which was, really, quite comfortable and well padded. He gartered the tops of the thigh-tubes to the rest of my harness, then quickly laced the boot tightly to the top; its rubber-lined leather encasing my leg completely. The steel wire laces were clamped and cut short, then he buckled a wide flap over the upper portion, locking it closed so that there was no way the boot would come off unless someone had the keys and a pair of very sharp wire cutters. A moment later, my leathered leg was again chained to the floor-ring and he rapidly repeated the process on my left one, then they released the clamps holding me seated on the chair.

“Stand up, Horse Woman,” one of them commanded, and I rose shakily to

my feet, my reins looping to his fist.

I stared silently and helplessly out at him from within my blinkers, sucking noisily on my bit while I tried to get used to it. Suddenly he snapped the reins.

“Oooohhhh! Uuunnnhhh *NNnnnyayggghhh*,” I whinnied at the sharp pain when the bit flapped up and down and jerked painfully at my captive tongue, nipples and breasts.

“OK Pony Girl. Walk around the room. I want to see how the harness fits.”

I stepped out tentatively, writhing instinctually in the controlling and humiliating leather web strapped around and locked onto my body. He turned slowly, keeping a tension on the inner rein so that I had to walk in a circle around him; knowing enough already that I couldn't even try to move against the direction of the tension, and so kept my distance from him despite the discomfort of feeling my head and breasts being pulled inward. What could I do to escape? *Nothing*. He held my reins and my destiny firmly in his gloved hands, and I knew that any indiscretion or fighting on my part would garner instant retribution for my rebelliousness. It was at this point that a hidden feature of the boots became apparent. The heels compressed slightly with my every step, much like a horse's hoof springs downwards, then the hidden shock absorbers and springs expanded, making each of my small paces into a prancing little bounce that lifted my leg smartly against its hobble chain, jerking my ankle-length Inhibitor Bar and forcing the vaginal plug to twitch inside my loins. It was annoying and arousing at the same time and so with every pace, I was forced into an arousal process, aided also by the hidden clitoral stimulator rib. The heavy steel horse shoes on the soles of each boot created the classical, hollow, clip-clopping sound while I was made to prance around and once more my tears flowed freely. I blushed furiously with acute embarrassment at this newest, humiliating bondage, at the same time shuddering with increasing arousal from the hidden twitches of the dildo and clitoral stimulator. He tugged firmly on the reins to remind me just how much under outside control I was.

“Whoa, girl,” he commanded, and for a split second I thought he was speaking to someone else, until my reins suddenly snapped angrily.

“NNnnnyaaarrrrggghh,” I howled, attempting to shake my head against the commanding, painful tug of the bit and the rings embedded in the tips of my breasts.

It flapped inside my mouth again and I whinnied in stifled screams when I stopped before him, prancing daintily on the steel horse shoes, in a panic of quivering obedience. He approached, sliding his hands along the straps until they were just centimetres from the connections to the chains, then shook them sharply again, forcing my head and breasts to move uncontrollably to his bidding. Another scream of misery and pain automatically surged from my collared throat, and for the moment he seemed satisfied that I now understood my utter helplessness. He grinned happily at my terror and pain, then pulled me to the far wall where he took two double-ended snap-hooks from his pocket and these he clipped to my bit-arm rings then pulled on the free portions until I was close against the wall. He connected them to two closely spaced rings, thus keeping me with my face only 15 cm from the white-painted concrete and still with my control reins connected. The tips of the posts protruding from my nipples brushed irritatingly against the wall with each breath I took, and I shivered with tensed despair. After I'd been thus fastened I was left to tug fruitlessly against the simple steel hooks that held me so easily and securely a prisoner, tears of embarrassment trickling unheeded and unseen down my cheeks.

If I'd had hands, something that Pony Girls and Horse Women were never permitted, I could have freed myself easily in half a second, but with my arms and hands now fastened as they were, I remained an utterly helpless prisoner, my reins dangling to a snarl of leather straps on the floor below. I struggled in growing agitation against my harness, hearing its leathery creaking and the jingling of its hardware when I moved, in addition to the constant chiming of my ear and breast bells; all betokening my status, and that there was no escape permitted.

Some time later, the next of my companion's harnessing was finished, an exact duplicate of what I wore and she too was brought over and fastened beside me. The only way I could tell this though was from the shadow she cast. My blinkers prevented me seeing her from the corner of my eye and the short hooks connecting my bit to the wall rings kept me looking straight

ahead. I heard her whinny from the discomfort of her new harness, and she shuffled her steel-shod feet, sniffing and moaning while she also tried to accustom herself to her new role and Uniform.

The process of fitting the 12 of us took something over three hours, then, when we were all properly restrained in our Training Harnesses; we were released from the wall and taken on a brief tour of the barns. It was disgustingly easy for them to free us. First, our reins were grasped, then they disconnected the snap hooks, and the man controlling us would move to the next woman and free her. We ended up in two groups of six Horse Women, our multiple reins easily handled by one Eunuch per group, then were led from the tack room, our 24 hooves clip-clopping on the concrete floor, bells chiming, and harnesses creaking while we were pulled along in our knots of harnessed and enslaved femininity.

Our first stop was in a large circular room containing two, half-Ferris wheel affairs laid on their sides, exactly like the ones that we'd seen so long ago, back at the Palace. These differed little, I thought, while I stared at them when we were pulled into the room. Each had a tall, central column with six gracefully curved arms flowing out from the top and at the ends of these hung two short, and two very long sets of adjustable straps, waiting. We were walked around the stationary machines so that we could all get a close look at them and their waiting straps, then the tour continued.

Next, came a large indoor arena that would have done the Olympics proud in its size and appointments. The cavernous, brightly lit barn contained a substantial, raked sand track, and all sorts of strange equipment suspended above it on heavy cable hoists. The Eunuchs led us out onto the dirt for a moment and the clattering of our horse-shoes on the concrete floor was suddenly muted into shuffling thuds when our hoofed feet sank slightly into the sand. We were walked in a slow circle, then led back into the maze of corridors of the 'School'. Next, came a visit to the vehicle storage area of the barn, where every sort of animal-drawn conveyance to be thought of waited to be used. In neatly drawn-up ranks, was everything from single-pony sulkies to chariots, troika's, four-in-hand light carriages, and twelve girl heavy wagons. We stared at these vehicles with fear, knowing that sometime soon we'd be attached to, and actually be forced to pull them, then the tour

continued ... to the Discipline Area.

We were shown the Isolation Stalls where we would be kept for individual punishment, then trembling with fear, were led to the large central room of the Discipline Area and shown some of the other equipment. One of the pieces consisted of a four metre diameter wheel, inside which a Horse Woman could be hitched, then have to run to stay in place while the wheel turned, otherwise her reins and leashes would give her painful reminders that she had to do as the machine demanded. Although we didn't know it at the time, the wheel was also fitted with vacuum and electrical stimulation connections, and the machine could be set up to act as both the driver (it being turned by a computer-monitored motor) or as a generator; in effect making the woman harnessed and hitched inside, into the prime mover. This last option was also monitored, so that if the current generated by her walking or running failed to meet a pre-set limit, she would be 'encouraged' by electrical stimulation to increase her efforts. Another fact, unknown to us, was that various brake pressures could be set on the machine, forcing the harnessed woman to work harder and harder to attain the goals her Eunuchs had set.

To one side was the Suspension Area. It consisted of six sets of twinned, chain hoists, beneath which large sliding steel panels in the floor opened into deep oubliettes. The Eunuchs showed one to us. It closely resembled those in the Harem Modules, in that it was some 10 metres deep and three in diameter, capped at the top with the thick steel panels. I was led up to the edge by my reins, then forced to stare down into the pit and saw that the walls were smooth and black painted, hung around their circumference with a plethora of waiting chains. At the bottom was another chain that was pulled up to the top so that the occupant of the silo could be immobilized from below also. Two of the tubes were already occupied by Horse Women in punishment, but we were not permitted to see them, only staring in fear and loathing at the thrumming, tight chains descending from the ceiling to the central notch of each closed set of thick plates. These vibrated continually, while their captives, far below our hoofed feet thrashed madly against their bonds; their faint screams and whinnies creeping out from under the caps of the silos while their hidden disciplining continued without let up. I vowed I'd never have this happen to me, for the thought of it being done was far too

frightening to even think about. After showing us the rest of the room's terrifying, business-like, and obviously well-used equipment, we were led out for a quick look into the stall areas of the barn, seeing our new homes for the first time.

Along the way, we passed by a doubled set of locked, steel-barred doors leading off into another wing. A gleaming brass plate over these doors, both in Arabic script and in English, indicated that this was the Trotter Barn, and entrance was restricted to authorised personnel only. Naturally, I wondered why we weren't taken into the area on our tour, for who could be more authorised than us, a group of 12 harnessed, bridled, and bitted females being led around on reins. Eventually, my curiosity about this area was satisfied, to my heart-felt sorrow. The tour concluded with a quick visit to the communal wash areas, then we were led back to the Hot Walker Room.

As our two groups were pulled inside, we *all* tried to baulk, realizing we were to be attached to the machinery, but the Eunuchs easily-controlled us with sharp jerks on their fists-full of reins, and whinnying desperately in tear-filled protest, each captive knot of harnessed and helpless young women was pulled over to its machine. We were about to learn how it felt to be broken to harness, bridle, and bit; and become true Horse Women.

Chapter Eighteen

Training & Our New Duties

Each group was easily pulled over to one of the machines and I watched as best I could from within the restriction of my blinkers while the Eunuch controlling my group clipped the shorter straps from the overhead arms of the Hot Walker to the bit/breast chains of one of the girls. She was attached quickly and efficiently; he obviously having done it many times before, and, one-handed, he easily tightened the already short straps to the point that she couldn't look down, being able only to twist her head slightly from side to side, eyes rolling wildly within the limiting frame of her blinkers. Only then did he disconnect the leading reins from her bit, then pull the rest of us along to the next position where the process was speedily repeated. In a matter of two minutes we were all fastened to the waiting machines.

We were able to pivot slightly and dance in short restrained arcs at the ends of our controlling straps, trying to see the others of our group from within our blinkers, but even this small freedom was soon denied. The Eunuch circled again, this time connecting the other, much longer sets of straps. These led down from the arms above, to which our bits were already connected; one going back and down to the tip ring on the Inhibitor Bar of the girl immediately behind, and the other down and forward to the same connection point of the girl to the front. In effect these tethers served to isolate each of us at our stations on the exerciser, holding us securely in position. For only a brief moment these straps were left relatively loose, but he went around our circle a third time, tightening them carefully. When he adjusted mine, like all the other Horse Women, I immediately felt the dildo move disturbingly inside my body if I strayed too far to the side, forwards, or backwards from my assigned place, and in combination with the tight reins to my punishing bit and the sight-limiting of the blinker panels, there *wasn't* any way for me to escape or avoid what was to come. It was terribly uncomfortable, even just having to stand still and feel it being done to me, and I couldn't bear thinking about what it would feel like when I had to walk, fixed like this.

The Eunuchs finished their adjustments, leaving all of us standing mutely in

place; two circles of six harnessed and subdued young, human females, waiting helplessly while they moved silently to the doorway. Just before leaving us to our fate, one depressed a series of buttons on a control cabinet, then locked it and slipped out the door, locking it too. We were alone, and thankfully, for a moment, nothing further happened. As soon as we knew we were unsupervised (so we thought), we all struggled to speak, squirming in rebellion against the restrictions of our new harnesses and attachments to the machinery, but the only result was more stifled, gagged whinnying emerging from our bitted mouths. We shuddered against our fastenings, trying to see something other than the harness-encrusted back and the gloved and strapped arms of the Horse Woman in front of us, but the connections to the Hot Walkers were designed to prevent us from doing anything other than exercise, and concentrate on our total vulnerability and controlled helplessness. The blinkers kept each of us staring straight ahead, but even so, I *tried* to keep my head as still as possible, fearful of the painful tugs on my breasts that occurred every time I moved it, even though my curiosity to see how the other girls looked was almost overwhelming.

It was hopeless.

We couldn't escape from our simple yet very effective fastenings to the machine no matter *how* we struggled. It was just too painful. We each ended up just prancing where we stood, trying desperately to get used to our strange new footwear, moaning and yelping whenever the various reins made themselves felt.

A subdued whine filtered into the room, and above us the arms of the Hot Walkers swung slowly into motion, catching us all by surprise. The Exercise Chamber suddenly resounded to our startled shrieks of shock and pain when our bits and breasts were painfully tugged at by their reins, forcing us to follow the irresistible pull, then in tears, we *had* to walk; continually dragged along by the sturdy straps. If we failed to maintain position, the linking straps between our Inhibitor Bars exerted their horrid potential and if one girl slowed or stumbled, the sudden and inexorable jerks from our interconnected 'Bars, both those in front and behind, immediately and painfully forced her to resume her exercise, while at the same time punishing the rest of us. It was cruel and diabolically efficient, as the arrangement was intended

to be.

At first, while we pranced around and around, our bell and harness noises were accompanied by the pitiable sounds of our weeping and stifled cries of distress and humiliation, but the enforced exercise soon stopped *that* when we began to struggle just to breathe normally. Sometime later, to our helpless horror, the Walkers automatically increased their speed so that we were soon jogging around and around, panting and drooling at the ends of our thrumming, tight reins, with our long hobble chains flailing between our booted and cuffed ankles when they zipped back and forth through their Inhibitor Bar's tip rings in frenzies of flying links. The rapid vibrations of the passage of the links, in combination with the continual movements of 'Bar and the unavoidable stimulation of the clitoral button under the crotch-piece, very quickly brought me to the brink of my first, harnessed orgasm. With the movements of the thick, long dildo, I was soon, like all the others, in a lathered state of quivering pleasure/pain, craving a sexual explosion that I wouldn't be able to slow or prevent from happening. This also was part of our training and being broken to our harnesses. Our unsupported breasts jounced uncontrollably with each pace, jerking agonizingly at the nipple rings and our bits and as if we weren't being tormented enough already, the vibrators within the dildos began buzzing and writhing, driving away any further thoughts of escape when the added stimulation made us all start to scream with helpless, bound and frustrated arousal.

One by one, we each succumbed to this intense and ceaseless stimulation; collapsing into a welter of thrashing legs and violent tears, screaming in orgasmic release while we dangled on our bit reins in quivering masses of helpless, tormented femininity, all the while being dragged around by the machine. The load-limiters brought the turning arms to a gradual halt, leaving us to dangle helplessly and for long moments the only movements and sounds in the chamber were the residual twitches from our orgasms and our wailing moans of pain, arousal and shock at being rendered so helpless and subjugated. Finally, the awful discomfort of hanging by our bits and bridles forced us to struggle to our feet, but this proved to be extremely difficult without the use of our hands, and given the contortions that we had to go through to regain our footing, suffering even further miseries, it was a prolonged process.

The machines started once more, again without warning, and soon the Hot Walker Room echoed with impotent wails of helplessly bound and tortured femininity. We were gradually worked up to a trot and thank God it only lasted a short time. When this portion of the exercising ended, we were permitted to rest for five minutes, standing sweat-soaked and panting like steam engines, still tugging fruitlessly against our reins and shifting our hoofed feet, trying to ease the strain of wearing the high-heeled, hoofed boots. If this was the normal course of training, the 12 of us would very quickly be broken to our harnesses, bits, and bridles.

It was. The entire process was carefully and cruelly mindless in its efficiency, continuing without any human supervision for the next endless hours.

A long time later, the Eunuchs returned and the exercisers slowed to a stop. We all stood quietly in quivering and exhausted tears while they released us, but this was done only after we'd each had leading reins reconnected to our bits, then we clip-clopped wearily from the stark Exercising Chamber back to our stalls, occasionally tossing our heads against the unrelenting tension of our reins. As soon as the Eunuch had fastened my stall leash chain to my collar, he undid my reins and coiled them on their peg, but left my bit and breast rings still interconnected, much to my frustrated discomfort. Moments after he left, another Eunuch entered the stall and removed my bit, but only temporarily.

"Well, Horsey Woman," he gloated with an unsympathetic chuckle. "You liked your first experience on the 'Walker machine, no? It is a marvellously wonderful machine for you to be trained on. I am liking to see you make the orgasm and struggle to escape, but you cannot."

"It-it was *awful*," I whimpered, licking my parched and ringed lips with my impaled tongue, feeling the balls on its top click jarringly against the insides of my teeth as I lisped. "Please, Master," I begged, writhing within the ensnaring restriction of my tight harness, twisting my upper body against its restriction. "*Please* help me. I can't take any more. *Please! Please!*"

"No more from you, Horsey Woman," he barked with no sympathy whatsoever. "You are being just an animal to be trained and punished for disobedience here and you will be doing what is required to become a horse

or you will suffer more harsh training. I am pleased to be telling you that you must be doing what you are told, when you are told and that that will be *all* you are ever to be permitted to do.

“Now, girlie, whenever your bit is removed in the future times, you are to remain silent unless you are asked a direct question. If you try to speak without permission, you will immediately and without pause be taken for punishment. I can be guaranteeing that you will *really* hate it when that happens.”

I wept as silently as I could, my shoulders and chest heaving against the tight web of my confining harness, then he held up my bit for re-insertion.

“Open your mouth, Horse Woman.”

With tears trickling down my cheeks, I reluctantly did as commanded and he slipped the cold steel discipline and control device back into place, making sure that my tongue was again firmly connected to the U mouth-spoon, then once more strapped it securely to my bridle. A moment later he began my feeding with a hot but nutritious mush that was our food. When I’d finished the so-called meal, he left me to contemplate my fate, alone and silent in my stall but for the noises of my harness fixtures and bells. After a while, I slid cautiously down the wall and lay on the bench that was my bed, still weeping in fear and despair while chomping on the implacable steel and rubber between my teeth, staring up at the heavily-beamed ceiling through the frame of my blinkers and bit arms. The original Eunuch entered the stall and after clipping the sturdy leading reins to my bit, released my leash and led me back down the corridor to the Exercise Chamber. While he drew me along, I uncaringly tried to rebel, whinnying miserably with pain while I struggled, bent over and jerking frantically, twisting at the ends of my reins, desperate to avoid being taken back to the implacable machine. Their tension eased for a moment and I slowly straightened when the Eunuch walked back and stared down into my tear-streaming face. There was no gentleness or mercy in his icy eyes.

“Any more of that shit, Horse Woman, and you’ll be taken out to the whipping post for a good lashing,” he snarled easily. “Or perhaps you’d like to be put on the punishment treadmill and be forced to run for a while, with

only leashes to your nipple-rings keeping you in place? Believe me, you won't like *that* at all, because your breasts are the only things that support you if you fall."

I twitched my head fearfully, yet he snapped the reins cruelly, making me scream and dance unashamedly in tears before him, then continued pulling me along to the Exercise Room. Moments later the 12 of us were hitched up, and again circling around and around to the unceasing and uncaring demands of the 'Walkers.

The mix of exercise, rest, and stimulation was boringly repetitious, but there was nothing we could do to change it. We *had* to submit. Each day started off on the Exercisers; walking, jogging and running to build up our strength and endurance, then in the afternoons we were hitched to the heavier rigs, learning to exert ourselves as a team. The training was endless and we were constantly encouraged by the broad stranded whips of the Eunuchs and rippling shocks from our deeply implanted dildos.

Time seemed to stand still when we entered another long and boring phase in the term of our employment, reduced always to the status of mere animals. Occasionally over the following months, our Master came to visit the School and we all feared these appearances because of the displays we had to give; demonstrating how our lessons were progressing. The discipline and bondage were unrelenting and I had long ago given up any further thoughts of escape. We were *always* kept in our harnesses and always wore the punishing bits and bridles.

Every 10 days we were permitted a day of rest, but these were almost as bad as the ones when we were being trained. On these days, the Eunuchs took us from the barn out to a small, palm-shaded paddock where, spaced equally around a large thorn tree in the centre of this small grassy field were 12 short, white-painted, metal posts with swivel rings mounted at their rounded tops. We were each attached to one of these by a long thick leather strap that had a number of separate branches to it. About three metres from the end of each leash there was a split into two arms: one arm leading out for another metre, then split again. These two straps were locked respectively to the large ring on the back of our Chastity Belt waist-bands with the other to the tip rings of our Inhibitor Bars. The other strap from the first division also divided into

two, but slightly less thick lines, and these were threaded through rein guides on our shoulder/chest harness and clipped to the central rings of the bit/breast interconnecting chains. Just *one* of these leashes would have held each of us in absolute captivity, seeing as how we didn't have hands or fingers to undo any of the fastenings and our mouths were incapacitated by the restricting bits, but the idea was to keep us continually and uncomfortably reminded of our captivity and our Training Harnesses. The application of all these controlling reins succeeded in doing just that with admirable efficiency.

We could wander more or less at will within the grassy area, but there was no way, as usual, to escape it, nor could any of us get within three metres of the high, white-painted cement fence. I tried to approach it, but when I reached the end of my multiple tethers, all four snapped taut, stopping me instantly with their multiple jerks at my body and harness. My tongue was pulled painfully, while simultaneously my nipple rings were subjected to a sudden and painful tension when the bit reins came into play, then a split second later the 'Bar leash tightened and deep inside my body the vaginal plug levered forward when my Inhibitor Bar was slowly pulled backwards. I almost fell forward on my face when my hobble chains also snapped tight to that same ring, and so staggered backward immediately to stop the horrid, controlling and punishing sensations. I couldn't even get *near* the fence, and so for the next hours just wandered listlessly as far as my leashes would allow, chewing disconsolately on my bit and shaking my head carefully against the continual restricting drag of the reins. Most of us eventually ended up just leaning against the short posts to which we were so inescapably connected; staring longingly out at the limitless vistas of freedom that were so close, and yet so far away.

Of course we tried to communicate with one another, but with our tongues clipped to the steel mouth-pieces, there was very little we could say that made any sense. Some of the girls *really* tried to speak and ask questions though, repeating over and over the garbled noises that came through their bits, but they had to give up in frustrated tears when the other Horse Woman to whom they were trying to speak kept indicating with slow shakes of her head that she couldn't make out what she was being asked. Some of them became completely frustrated at being so utterly incapable of coherent speech that they drove themselves into hysterical fits. Their eyes, shaded within their

blinkers, and wide with anger at being so utterly unable to communicate in any way, brimmed with frustrated tears and each time they'd open their mouths to try to articulate a word, the rings in their lips and the corners of their mouths would further distort their ability to speak. I could see their pierced tongues surging in what must have been agonizing muscular spasms against the punishing piercings locked into the steel U's when they tried, but all of their efforts and pain went for naught. *Any* attempt they made succeeded only in producing horse-like whinnies, grunts, and pitiful squeals of pain. All in all, each of these so-called rest days were trials in themselves and, as was intended, they strongly reinforced the unspoken message of our helplessness. At the ends of these 'rest' days, we'd be taken back to the barn, and the next day start in on yet another exhausting round of training and discipline.

Finally, now fully conditioned and broken to our harnesses, we were loaded into a horse transporter van early in the morning; each of us wearing the full Transport Harness for the first time.

Once inside we were taken to small, individual stalls and secured for the trip. I was urged to step up onto a wide, folded down board, then had to wait quietly while my Eunuch went about positioning and fastening me with very thick straps clipped to various rings on my harness. I was prevented from falling by means of two heavy-duty chains dangling from the ceiling, hooked to the shoulder rein guides of my upper body harness and he tightened these so much that I danced around before him in agitation, for only the fronts of my hooped boots touched the surface of the board. My twisting stopped when he connected the little stall's, really no more than a closet in truth, cross-ties to my Chastity Belt's side rings. After he'd finished with these, there was a moment of no activity, then suddenly, the board that so had supported me to this point, was jerked out from under my feet. I found myself suspended in mid-air in the small compartment, my feet kicking in agitation against their short hobble chains, some 50 cm above the floor. I couldn't stop the wails of startled discomfort that were wrung from me when this happened, desperately attempting to find something to support me. The harnesses though, tightened their grip on my hapless body, but the Eunuch ignored my distress and knelt down to join the tip ring of my 'Bar by means of another short, heavy chain welded to the floor. He tightened it immediately so that my lower body and legs wouldn't swing about; although my hobble chains were left at the same

length so I could still flex and kick my legs a little.

He squeezed around me and brought two short adjustable straps up to my face.

“We want you to see what the outside looks like, Horse Woman.” he stated, clipping straps to each of my bit rings, then affixing their other ends to rings on either side of the small armoured glass and barred window in front of my face. When he’d finished tightening them, they had the effect of pulling my head forward against my check reins and preventing me from turning it to either side. This reinforced the effect of the blinkers so that I *had* to look out at the passing world: all the while suspended helplessly in my harness behind the anonymity of the thick, darkened glass. No one could see inside to where we each stared out; bridled, bitted, harnessed, suspended, helpless, and in tears. He slipped past me again and locked the narrow, barred, stall door behind my back with a steely crash and a moment later the ramp at the back of the van was raised then the vehicle began to move.

At the airport, the whole trailer, as had happened when we arrived, was loaded directly into the belly of an enormous cargo aircraft and soon we were winging away to an unknown fate. Mercifully, the flight was only some four hours in length and after landing, our trailer was pulled from the aircraft and we were soon on our way to a very special display. We weren’t aware of *that* fact at the moment, concentrating only on our own individual misery and bondage. From what I could see beyond the darkly tinted glass, we appeared to be in the sub-tropics, for the scenes that passed my little port-hole in reality were of lush green vegetation growing wildly in jungle-like profusion.

Along the way, we passed through a rather primitive small city and as the truck and our trailer slowed to a crawl, trying to penetrate the teeming traffic, I and all the others inside our mobile prison could do nothing but stare helplessly out at the real and uncaring world beyond. Occasionally, one of the natives streaming by would jump up and try to look in one of our windows, but of course wouldn’t be able to see anything, even though we were suspended helplessly only centimetres from them.

Our transporter eventually pulled through a high fence and guard posts, then followed a long drive through manicured grounds, around a beautiful

mansion, and finally pulled up to a large barn-like structure; joining dozens of other similar trailers already parked in the side lot. It wasn't long before we were released from our stalls in the trailer and our group was led from that air-conditioned haven out into the stifling heat and humidity, then quickly into the huge, cooled barn. The inside of the structure was open, but was subdivided by two metre high partitions all along its sides, surrounding an oblong central common area. The total number of the stalls must have been well over a 150.

We were the last contingent to arrive, I saw when we were led along to our team area, for almost every one of the stalls except the 12 reserved for us, was occupied by another woman completely outfitted in her harness, bridle, and bit. Everyone was held in place by reins clipped to both her bit *and* nipple rings, in addition to the regular cross-ties to her waist cinch so that she faced into the wall of the barn and could not turn outwards. Our Eunuchs soon had us each inescapably secured in our own stalls, fastened in place as were all the others, then we were left to our own devices after the barn doors boomed shut, locking us inside.

Chapter Nineteen

The Barn & The Arena

I found it incredible that there could be so many women kept as *horses* in the world. Obviously it was a pastime for the super wealthy, for they were the only ones who could afford the massive initial capital outlay and the considerable expense of maintaining a stable of fully equipped and trained Horse Women, whose sole purpose was to be kept for this bizarre hobby. There were obviously rules that had to be adhered to in regard to harnessing, appearance, and deportment of the horses concerned, for as I had glimpsed on entering the barn, all of the other women wore the exact same Uniforms as we did and every one of them were fastened into their stalls in precisely the same way. The teams were as varied in their make-up as ours, but I did see later that there were a couple from some minor African nations, made up entirely of statuesque, large-breasted, coal black females. All of these women were classically beautiful and their complexion and colour were off-set by gleaming white harnesses and for some reason, all of them looked quite happy to be kept as horses. Apparently, their nations, as many in Africa, were utterly destitute and their President's, King's, or whatever, were, as is usually the case, siphoning off vast amounts of foreign aid money to indulge their private pleasures; one of these being the maintenance of teams of human Horse Women. They advertised quite openly for young women of the proper dimensions and complexion to become special companions and with the conditions being so bad, these women were glad to trade their freedom to starve to death for survival, three squares a day, and a pampered life that involved a little physical exercise and some specially-designed clothing. They all accepted their state of bondage and discomfort with equanimity; having acknowledged the old saying "There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch".

Sometime later, the local staff came in to feed us and after the meal had been consumed, our team Eunuchs returned to our stalls and groomed us. When they were finished we were left on our own again, and all that could be heard in the barn was the creaking of leather harnesses, the jingling of restraining chains, and an occasional clip-clopping as one of the girls stamped her

hoofed and steel-shod boots on the concrete floor in frustrated boredom.

I suppose an hour or two passed, then the barn filled once more with the Eunuchs from the various teams. It was obviously time for us all to be put down for the night, and in pairs we were all taken to the commodious wash rooms and given our nightly rub-downs and sponge baths, still in harness. While we were away from our stalls, other of our Eunuchs prepared them for the night. In each one they folded down a narrow board from the wall at the front and changed the mountings for the cross-ties so that they would now be clipped to rings at floor level. When I was returned to mine, two Eunuchs picked me up with ease and laid me on my back on the thickly cushioned board. Its design was such that it allowed my strapped and back-pinioned arms to settle into a deep, formed hollow in its centre, thus permitting me to lay flat. Before covering me with a thin leather sheet they completed my night-time restraint arrangements.

First, my Inhibitor Bar tip-ring was joined to another steel circlet near the foot of the plank with a short chain, then they brought up the newly positioned cross-tie straps, clipped them to my 'Belt and pulled them as tight as they could, thus keeping me firmly and securely embedded in the deep cushioning of the plank's mattress, totally unable to move my body. My hobble chains were then shortened so that I only had about 10 cm of slack chain for each leg, then they connected stall reins to my bit, led them up to widely separated rings on the wall above and behind my head and clipped them in place. They cruelly then adjusted the tension until I couldn't lower my chin without the steel **U** inside my mouth pressing down on my tongue unbearably and so I had to stare helplessly up into the gloom. Other straps, like small **Y**'s, led off to the sides of the so-called bed, one from each of the bit-rings and the other from smaller rings mounted just over the cheeks on my bridle. These were connected at floor level on the wall and were tightened also, fully immobilising my head and keeping it firmly in place in its depression in the hard pillow. I was at their mercy but they only pulled up the thin, rippling sheet and clipped it to the sides of the bed with loud snaps from the fasteners. Just below my collared neck, two opened, zippered seams had been let into the sheet, running down to where my ringed and naked breasts pushed it upwards and these terminated in large reinforced eyelets through which the chains from my nipple-rings emerged. As soon as the Eunuch was

satisfied that all my fastenings were properly adjusted the zippers were closed, sealing me under the thin but strong leather. Only my ensnared head and its restraining straps were now visible. His last act before moving on to the next Horse Woman was to flip my blinkers into the blinder position across my eyes, then strap them tightly closed so that the inner, black foam padding pressed firmly against my closed eye lids. I hadn't experienced this particular capability of the blinkers before and was unpleasantly surprised at how totally they obliterated my sight. Night wasn't the only time this would be done though.

For half an hour I lay on my plank, struggling to get used to the stringent immobilisation, listening to the sounds of the other Horse Women being put to bed, then gradually, silence descended once more. The last of the Eunuchs departed and the heavy door to our prison boomed shut and locked. We were abandoned for the night. I was just one of dozens of blinded and helpless young women struggling to accommodate herself to her diabolical fastenings, crying out with panicky terror through our bitted mouths while I lay motionless and helpless on my so-called bed. I kicked my feet spasmodically against their short hobbling chains under the sheet, the only freedom permitted me. My bit-garbled pleas and whinnying brought no relief, sympathy, or escape though and I gradually quieted down; weeping silently in my bondage, until finally I drifted off into a nightmare-laced sleep.

The next morning after being released from our beds we were again taken to the washrooms for our morning ablutions and grooming, prepared for the coming day. Breakfast, eaten in our stalls, was the usual mess of hot porridge washed down with plenty of sweet fruit juices and water, then our entire barn full of Horse Women was taken en masse, chained neck-to-neck in team groups, to the large indoor track.

This one though was unique in that it was equipped with a glorified exerciser arrangement. Around the perimeter of the huge ring, about three metres inside the boards and some five metres above the neatly raked dirt was a suspended track arrangement, inside which were little carriages on a chain drive. From each of these, spaced about three metres from each other, a metre long beam projected, equipped with ominous dangling straps hanging from the ends down to about two metres above the ground. We were led down the

access corridors to the ring area in a long single line, then up a ramp, where the top two Eunuchs acted in unison. First, they disconnected the Horse Woman at the front of the line from the one immediately following, then attached the set of leading reins from the little carriage on the overhead track to her bit, rapidly adjusting these so that she was forced to keep her head up. Once satisfied that she was properly affixed, her blinkers were flipped closed and strapped down, then she was given a not so gentle shove out onto the sand of the track. A button was pressed and the chain drive slithered along until the next little carriage arrived. The whole process was much like feeding bullets into a machine gun.

When my turn came I was totally unprepared for this sequence of events. I'd been advancing in fits and starts while the girls before me in the line were attended to, then suddenly I was at the head of the ramp, the next in line. Staring wildly about, I tried to take in the whole scene, but the reins were quickly clipped to my bit and suddenly, unexpected by me and all the others who had had it done to them, my blinkers were snapped shut, eliminating my sight yet again. I tried to cry out in protest when the padded panels flipped closed over my frantically staring eyes and pressed firmly against my closed lids, but as usual, the bit muffled and distorted my pleading into horse-like whinnies. One of them gave me a push out into the arena and I stumbled forward blindly, wailing with terror and pain when the bit surged in my mouth and jerked on my nipple rings. I reeled around desperately for only a second or two before my reins snapped my head viciously to the right when the chain drive was activated to bring the next carriage into position, dragging me helplessly along.

I screamed again from the terrible tension on my bit and breasts while I was dragged helplessly three metres down the track trying to fight against the inhuman control that I was subject to, but I was only another human, female animal to be trained by these men and therefore not to be treated with any gentleness. Pain and force was what they used to control us and it worked admirably. I stood in total blackness, trembling fearfully and trying desperately to keep my balance, then a moment later, the machine started again, jerking me and all the other girls attached to the diabolical device another three metres deeper into bondage. Finally, the whole terrible process was completed and I stood twisting helplessly against the tethers of my reins

with floods of humiliated tears seeping from under my blinders, trickling saltily down over my cheeks and my pierced, ringed lips. A heavily accented voice came over the PA system, echoing around the interior of the arena.

“Horsey girls,” it announced with an evil chuckle. “It is now time for your morning period. You will be keeping at this marvellous exercise for the next two hours and then we will be taking you to your individual training areas for groomings and lunchings. After that you will be returned to this place. Exercising again for all the afternoon times will happen for you. When we are done with that for the day, we will then be permitting your Masters to do whatever they are wanting to you until it is time for you to go sleepy times again. You are all to have many days of this regiment and then we will be holding some glorious races and other such wonderful events and frolics, in which you shall be the star attractions. When that is all done we will be sending you homeward to your Masters again with many fond memories of your staying here in this my wonderful country. Be having a nice day horse girls.”

If I hadn’t been so helplessly bound and scared I would have laughed at the comic pomposity of this self-serving little speech, but any wondering and laughing I might have done was cut short when the overhead chain slid into motion again.

The tug on my bit-breast reins made me give a little scream, as it did to all the other women when we were dragged into a slow walk around the perimeter of the ring, unable to resist the unrelenting tension. It was horrible to be forced to do so while blinded, wearing the special boots, Inhibitor Bar, and hobbles. I was so concentrating on my plight and misery that I forgot all of my lessons on how to prance and walk while in harness, so painfully learned at the school, but was quickly reminded. The whistle of a quirt cutting the air was lost in the general noises echoing in the arena, but I couldn’t ignore the fiery line of agony that its impact on my exposed rump brought and jumped with surprise, twisting and jerking against my reins, shrieking with pain while I was dragged along and whipped.

“Please to smarten up your gait, horsey girl,” commanded the voice of one of our team Eunuchs close beside me. I screamed again with the burning touch of the lash as it cut once more across my juddering and strap-controlled

nether cheeks. He was obviously walking along beside me, for the lash fell again and again as I screamed and tried to dance out of its path, tears streaming down my face from under the blinder pads. Finally, the blows stopped when I began to prance as I had been taught. It was then that I comprehended the real meaning of being a Horse Woman.

We walked and walked and walked; continually circling the arena, allowed to rest only five minutes of each 30. Every few circuits we would be brought up to a canter, then a short gallop to build up our wind, and finally another slow walk to cool us down. It was a *terrible* experience every time, punctuated by the unexpected slashes from my Eunuch's whip if I lost my concentration.

To any observer in the stands, it must have been an awesome sight to see nearly 150 bound and harnessed women being exercised by a machine and whipped unmercifully by their trainers.

The rest of the day went much as we had been told that it would, except that in the afternoon exercise period we were allowed the privilege of sight, severely limited of course by our blinkers. Bedtime was again a horror of more stringent and unrelenting bondage, but it wasn't as bad, because now I knew what was to be done to me; and exhausted and hurting, I soon drifted off to sleep.

In the evening of the third day our group was divided into six, two-girl teams, hitched to small carriages, and re-familiarised with them. This process involved the usual manoeuvring tests, response to rein command checks, and finally some racing against each of the other teams. It had already been a long day of continual exercise in the arena and we were ready to drop in our tracks with exhaustion when we were finally taken back to the barn. There were no prizes for the winners of these races, and each afternoon and evening from that point until the big day arrived, we were run over longer and longer distances, sometimes blinded, and sometimes permitted sight.

Distressingly, I found that I was beginning to enjoy my experience as a Horse Woman in some perverse way. The sensations of always wearing a harness, bridle and bit became more and more erotic to me; especially when I was hitched to the Exerciser or under the strict control of a Eunuch sitting behind me on a carriage, tugging on my reins to guide me. I felt a freedom to express

myself in ways that I'd never before thought possible; being able to cry or fight my bonds unconcernedly, as there was always someone there to protect or discipline me. I had no worries really, other than to ensure that I did exactly as commanded, either by words or by the various reins attached to my body. I even began to look forward to being blinded, as it was almost a turn-on in itself to be so totally controlled in utter blackness. On the fifth and sixth nights my dreams became so erotically charged that I experienced spontaneous orgasms, strapped down and straining frantically against my bondage; screaming and yelling wildly through my bit while the sensations washed over me, completely submerging any rational thought.

Gradually, our strength and endurance was built up, until ten days after our arrival, 'the big day' arrived.

Chapter Twenty

Racing With Restraints

In the morning all the teams were groomed and given their rub-downs, then our harnesses were checked for wear and replaced where required. The bright work of restraint rings and buckles was polished until it gleamed, as were the rings transfixing our flesh. As a last addition to our harnessing, we were each fitted with a long, flowing tail that jutted proudly from just above our buttocks at the base of the spine and fell to just above ankle height. Large, round identity plaques were strapped to our bridles on the tops of our heads, adding another sign of our utter domination to our ensembles.

We were lined up in pairs of teams then brought slowly out into the arena and paraded around the track. The whole place was packed to the rafters with a glittering crowd of on-lookers, and from what I could see from within my blinkers it seemed that every minor king and dictator in the world was there to watch the event. The stands were filled with Chanel and Dior suits and dresses of the women while the men displayed themselves in a rainbow of expensively tailored Saville Row suits and garish uniforms interspersed with national costumes of the world. When each team appeared, a smooth-toned announcer described its pedigree and origin, then after we were all circling the arena, high stepping and prancing in our harnessed captivity, he went on to describe the coming sequences of events and finished off by again welcoming all the distinguished guests.

It seemed that the Race Day would be split into halves; each team competing against all the others as 'sighted' horses in the first half, then the survivors of these heats as blindered ones would compete in the second part. At the end of the program, the top six teams would race, still blindered and hobbled in an all-out bid for a solid gold cup.

After the parade to the post we were all returned to the stable and hitched to our two-woman racing sulkies. Our fastenings were arranged so that each Horse Woman was hitched to the vehicle on either side of a long, central **T** shaft, with another cross-bar located about a metre and a half behind her.

Heavy traces led from my waist-cinch and shoulder harness back to this bar, while other somewhat lighter straps connected us to the cross-bar in front, effectively keeping each of us positioned in the clear area. All of these connections were adjusted, then the Eunuchs tightened our check-reins until our heads were pulled up and back permitting no downward movement at all. Anti-toss reins from the front rings of the Chastity Belts to our bits were added next and also adjusted to maximum tautness so that they pulled downwards on the bits, making us barely able to move our heads in any direction. The standard control reins were left connected to the bit-breast chains so that with even the slightest tension on them now, we'd be painfully and cruelly instructed which direction to move in. It was almost unthinkable that those reins could be casually flicked to get us to move faster or to have them drawn back harshly to tell us to stop. There would be no escaping the attentions of our Drivers.

The first heat started, and we began our struggle to get to the head of the pack. Our Driver at once began to snap our reins to get us moving and, with howls of pain as my breasts and bit were tugged by the commanding straps, I dug my steel shod feet into the soft dirt of the track and leaned into the harness binding me to the sulky. Behind, I heard him shouting at us and suddenly a burning line of fire cut across both my straining buttocks as we strove to get closer to the head of the mess of little chariots. The dirt flew high as our hoofed-boots dug into the sand, pistoning us forward as fast as our long hobble chains would allow. Almost immediately one team went down in a flurry of chains and thrashing legs, mixed with wails of pain and distress from the harnessed and helpless Horse Women, then two other teams collided with the up-ended sulky, creating an even bigger mess and in the process disqualifying all three teams from further racing. A sharp yet steady pressure on our right reins made us swerve around the tangled collision site and we surged out into the clear, but still well behind the leaders of the pack. As the heats continued, some of the teams were taken out in other collisions, others were disqualified for infringements of the rules; while yet others just seemed to wilt away under the heavy effort required.

My team-mate and I continued to run with practised ease, our hobbled legs and horse shoe shod feet planted firmly into the sand with each pace, used to the chains snapping tight to our Inhibitor Bars every time; unable to do

anything to escape the stringent, constant and painful guidance and command of our reins. With our bodies swinging rhythmically from side to side, we'd run down the back stretch and fairly fly around the clubhouse turn during each race. Our Driver was an expert in handling the reins and now used only gentle tugs to guide us along the track and keep us clear of the other teams. After his initial use of the whip, he didn't employ it again until we'd draw near to the home stretch, then he'd flick only its tip against our pulsing buttocks while we surged forward. To encourage us even more he'd begin snapping the reins as a counter-point to the whip, and I screamed in a lustful frenzy with the cascade of all of the bondage and discipline sensations engulfing me at the same time. We'd zip across the finish line, usually the winners, but at least always in the top three. They were easy wins for us and, when we ran out the last quarter laps, gradually slowing to a walk, we were barely breathing hard, even though foam dripped from our bits. From that point on, though, the heats got progressively tougher and tougher to win, but at the end of the first part of Race Day when all the viewers went for lunch and refreshments, we were still clinging to first place with only one of the large, white-harnessed Negro teams close behind.

We were returned to our stables for a much more Spartan luncheon and watering than the crowd in the arena, and after eating and drinking our fill, were unhitched briefly and taken to the washrooms. Again, we were groomed and given a hot oil rub-down, then reconnected to our sulky once more and prepared for the next bout. When we entered the arena again the announcer re-introduced each team to enthusiastic roars from the crowd and we were cantered around the track once, much to their delight. In a special area along the back wall, those teams already disqualified were permitted to watch the balance of the day's events, still hitched to their sulkies and with their reins tied to rings along the boards; kept well away from the guests.

The second part of the program was considerably shorter in duration than its first, so many teams having been eliminated in the earlier races and I knew that what racing we did from this point on was going to be *really* hard work and dreaded the coming bites of the whip on my already welted and striped buttocks. We were lined up across the track, then the judges came along, stopping at each team. I couldn't see what was happening because of the blinkers and the tension on my anti-toss and check-reins, but they finally

appeared in my field of vision and stood for a moment inspecting me minutely. While they looked me over, I could only stare straight ahead from within the confines of my blinkers, humiliated tears tracing paths down to the corners of my ringed and bitted lips. A couple of seconds went by like an eternity, then one of them reached up and flipped the blinker panels into the blinder position.

Again the front straps of the blinders were drawn tight, pressing the soft inner pads firmly against my tear-filled eyes, then I felt them slide a long-shackled lock through the rings on the front of the blinkers and heard a solid metallic click when it was closed; thus ensuring that there would be no cheating. I shivered and trembled with a mixture of fear and sexual arousal when I was so authoritatively rendered sightless; twisting and prancing in fearful agitation against my harness.

The first races were actually kind of sedate while we accustomed ourselves to racing against the other blinded teams, but events progressed rapidly, as the last place finisher in each race was sent to the viewing area with the other disqualified teams, remaining cruelly locked in their blinders. Until this point I hadn't been too worried about losing any of the races, although we'd finished in the top three in a couple of them, but now I began to really get involved with the whole procedure. Our Driver told us that it was now the last race and he wanted us to go all out this time. I squirmed nervously within the confinement of my harness, shifting my hooves with blinded anxiety while I waited for the starting gun.

"Easy, girls. Easy," soothed our Driver, while I continued to shiver with anticipation, feeling my booted legs collide with and rub against the rigid 'Bar between them, trying to emphasise the sensations its movements created deep inside me. I gave a true horse-like whinny, shaking my head fiercely against the tightly held reins, enjoying the discomfort that the moving mouth-spoon inflicted and the tugs at my supersensitive, metal-engorged nipples.

"Settle down, girl," he commanded gently, "any second now. Then give it all you've got."

I tried to calm myself and concentrate on the task to come, then the gun fired.

My legs thrust into the soft sand with everything I could muster to get the carriage moving, matched by my harness-mate and in a second we were rolling rapidly down the track. The reins twitched and tugged continually at our bits and breasts, making us swerve responsively with each pain-filled signal. In my blinded state I *had* to trust the judgement of our Driver when he snapped the straps in his hand first one way then the other. When we rounded the first turn he began to lay the buggy whip across our vulnerable and juddering buttocks in more lines of thin fire, and we spurted into even greater frenetic action while he shouted and snapped our reins in a staccato cadence that was intensely painful to our tongues and breasts. On my left side I sensed another harnessed shape jostling against me, but it wasn't my team-mate for she was on the other side, then I faintly registered the thudding of the hooves, but was forced to immediately disregard the intruding noises and presence of the team next to me. Our Driver really laid on the whip and we rounded the second turn onto the back-stretch and for a couple of seconds the reins stopped their mad flapping and we ran full-out down the dirt track. The vaginal plug surged within my belly with each strained pace and the exciter pressing against my most sensitive flesh seemed to grow a mind of its own while the slippery, fleshy little nodule of my engorged and super-sensitive clitoris slid back and forth across its corrugated surface with increasingly maddening frequency. I couldn't help the gasps and frightening nearness of an uncontrolled orgasm that threatened to engulf me, then even more than ever before while I ran in harness, I began to ascend into a state of intense sexual arousal. My nipples and breasts swelled, filling with sensitizing blood while my flesh strained against the deeply set rings, grommets, and locking pins, and the masses of flesh bounced against the thrumming chains connecting them to my bit, tugging at my ringed lips also my pierced and immobilised tongue. My awareness of my utter vulnerability and being so tightly controlled that all of my harnesses and fastenings evoked, had become indescribably arousing and I screamed mindlessly through my bit, running blinded and under total control of a male, around the third corner. I was by now completely uncaring of the spectacle I was creating for the crowd in the stands and ran with wild abandon, held in check only by my tight harnesses.

My legs pistoned ever faster while I surged against my harness, only the Driver's stronger and stronger pulls on the reins keeping me going in a straight line. I could no longer hear the thudding of the other team's hooves

while we flew around the final turn and into the home stretch, but didn't care anymore_ My incipient orgasm began to fully blossom, then suddenly the reins began to snap sharply again and the whip laid more lines of fire across my pumping buttocks when the Driver saw the other team begin to creep up on us, then pull even. Almost beyond control and even though I seemed to be running at the limit, I could hear again the thudding of hooved-boots hammering into the dirt right alongside me. For a moment we ran neck-and-neck, then deep within my Chastity Belted, steel-encased loins, the vibrators in both of my internal plugs surged to their maximum settings and the shocker options were turned nearly to full power by our Master in the stands.

I and my team-mate were driven into a frenzy of utterly crazed motion when the terrible machines inside our bodies wrung every last ounce of effort from us; literally electrifying us to our final, supreme exertion. With screams of orgasmic release pulsing from our collared throats and cruelly-bitted mouths, we flashed across the finish line, the winners of the final race of the day. It was all I could do to run out the last quarter lap and retain my senses without collapsing in a heap of twitching and writhing womanhood, still suffering the residual, physical shudders of a massive orgasm while restrained and at the same time now an emotional wreck, thanks to being made to understand my position as nothing but a sexual toy and plaything.

I paid little attention to the crowd, who, though I couldn't see them, were on their feet roaring out their approval while we were led to the winner's circle. Once we'd arrived there, the judges came and inspected us again then unlocked our blinders. The presentation of the cup was made to our Master and for a couple of minutes we were left tethered to the winner's post while the crowd flooded down from the bleachers to look us over, then when the well-wishers began to thin out, we were released and led back to the stable for a thorough rub-down, wash, meal and grooming session.

After, I stood there trembling, exhausted in every possible meaning of the word while the Eunuchs prepared me for the night. Once more I wore my usual harness and they'd blinded me again for sleep. Just before zipping the sheet closed, they loosened the reins to my bit, released my impaled tongue, and pulled the bit slowly from my mouth.

"You're allowed to sleep without this, tonight, Horse Woman, as a reward for

your performance this afternoon,” one of them stated with some kindness evident in his disembodied voice.

“No,” I whispered, surprising even myself, licking my ring-punctured lips. “Please! Put it back on me. As tightly as possible, and strap me down as hard as you can. Please?”

“Well, OK. If that’s what you really want,” he said, sounding a little dubious.

In seconds my tongue was again captive and he’d stuffed the metal discipline and control device back firmly into my mouth. The mounting straps tightened the bridle around my head in a grip of unrelenting leather when the bit was forced deeply into position and I wailed with increasing discomfort while the steel U slid partway down my convulsing, collared throat. It was too late. Far too late_ My body sank further into the soft foam of the mattress when they re-tightened the cross-ties then went to work on the bridle restraining straps, bringing them all to a thrumming tension. The final touch they added was to clamp large, sound-deadener muffs over my ears, completely blotting out any but the loudest of noises, so that now I lay in a completely dark and silent world of discomfort and utter bondage, almost gagging on the mouth-spoon.

“Well,” one of them said while they finished strapping the muffs in place over my head and bridle, “it looks as though we have a really masochistic one here. The show she put on during the last race was something to see. Let’s give her the full discipline treatment tonight. That seems to be what she wants.”

“Yeah, it sure does,” the other Eunuch agreed, “let’s do it. I know that the Master will approve. He told me that she’s to have only the best of care and I think her request falls within that guideline.”

In my sightless and deafened state I could hear nothing of their conversation of course, but a moment later I felt two cool touches around the bases of my upstanding, vulnerable, metal-tipped breasts when they did something to me. A second after they’d finished adjusting these newest appliances, I felt two little clicks vibrate the locking pins thrusting deep into the sensitive flesh of my nipples, then one side of the sheet was unsnapped and I felt another series of clicks on the front of my crotch-plate when something was done down

there also. The sheet was quickly re-fastened.

“Pleasant dreams, Horse Woman,” one of them said quietly to my unhearing ears when they flicked off the light and left my stall, locking the tightly barred door behind them.

I writhed with discomfort against my fastenings, struggling to ease my position and trying to beg them to forget my bizarre requests, but I was actually beginning to enjoy the sensation of being utterly immobilized and the loss of control again. The deeply penetrating bit acted to stifle all of my moans of discomfort and rising arousal while I squirmed on my bed, secured alone in my stall.

Suddenly the self-adhesive ring electrodes they’d fitted around the bases of my breasts and the others they’d clipped to the locking-pins in my nipples burst into pulsating, terrifying life. I screamed into the gagging bit when the at-first-mild shocks convulsed my flesh in waves of shuddering vibration, making my nipples erect of their own volition all around the metal that filled them, then the pulses grew ever stronger. Each of my breasts twitched to a different frequency and pulse rate, making me thrash frantically against the heavy straps holding me down, howling with the acute discomfort, then increasingly fierce pain while the shocks grew stronger and stronger. To add even more, under the cupped-steel covering that sealed away the centre of my womanhood, the clitoral button and the dildos sprang to life, twisting and writhing deep in my loins. The unending buzzing vibrations of the clitoral button once more drove me into a spastic fit; my legs thrashing uncontrollably against their short links to the Inhibitor Bar, jerking at it frenziedly to try to evade the irresistible manipulations and at the same time making the dildo oscillate wildly within my belly. The dildos deeply sinuous writhing stirred my pleasure centre like an egg-beater and I gasped, whining in distressed horror while the sensations grew ever more intense and mind boggling. My unintelligible begging through the bit turned into squalling screams of distress and arousal when the clitoral button and the dildos also began to emit modulated pulses of electricity and I thrashed frantically against the drum-tight straps in a panic of tortured femininity, striving dementedly to free myself from the awful devices locked onto and inside my body. Beneath the tightly clamped, locked blinders and sealed eyelids, my

eyes stared hungrily into the blackness, desperate for the sight of someone, *anyone* who could stop what was being done to me. However, deep in the core of my chaotic mind, my masochism reared its head and grinned back at me; then began its insidious take-over. In moments I was submerged in a half-world of pain/pleasure and zooming up the crest of an immense, orgasmic release. Despite my earlier exhaustion I was forcibly stimulated to new heights of sexual arousal and rocketed over the top in an explosion of primal shuddering, fading rapidly to darkness when I fainted dead away: my mind totally short-circuited by the all-body sensation of sensory over-load.

The conditioning, both mental and physical, that I'd been subjected to for the long months past, in combination of what I was subjected to that night (and during many others) rendered me into a compliant, sensation-addicted female, who now knew her place in the world ... a slave both to her Owner ... and her own body. For the balance of the night I remained almost comatose, except for two more times when the same treatment brought me semi-awake and returned me to the world of sexually 'pushing the envelope' to its maximum potential.

In the morning I was released just like everyone else and the daily routine of bathroom, breakfast, and grooming was repeated. Today though, we weren't taken to the arena for exercise, but, as promised when we first arrived, were outfitted in our Travelling Harnesses and the exact reverse sequence of events of our arrival was repeated for our departure.

I never did find out the name of the country we had been raced in.

When we finally returned to the Palace and the Hareem, we were immediately taken to one of the special wings and placed in two-horse stalls where dedicated stable hands and maids washed and groomed us daily after each training and exercise period. Even back here we were always kept bitted and fully harnessed, with our arms remaining firmly immobilised and useless, kept fastened high up behind our backs. By now I'd become accustomed to the fact that I no longer had the use of upper limbs and accepted it as a normal part of my life, much as does an amputee after the initial shock of losing a limb. Once each week our Master came to inspect us, sometimes requiring a team of two or four Horse Women to be hitched to a light carriage we were then obliged to pull around the palace's inner court-yards and

corridors. For the most part, though, we were kept in our air-conditioned stalls and the large in-door exercise arena.

We were kept busy and in top form by having to pull various types of carts and carriages, sometimes as teams and sometimes individually, but occasionally, we'd be required to race against each other, unencumbered but for our harnesses. Once in a while we'd be pitted against a team from visiting members of the Horse Woman club, although for us the big race we'd had to participate in was not to be repeated. There was, it seemed, quite a large network of our type of stables throughout the Middle East, Central Africa, some parts of Asia, South America, and even a couple in North America. Young women were somehow acquired, many of them unwillingly, and were then kept as harnessed Horse Women, never to be freed of their new roles. Some of these stables were quite large, especially in the Middle East, containing hundreds of females in strictly harnessed bondage. Not all were used as show horses such as we were and I later found out to my horror that many were kept as mere draught animals on their Owner's estates. Some of the strongest Horse Women were even trained and employed as mounts for their owners and actually ridden.

We slept bitted and blinkered every night, as we had been during the time we were training to be raced, and as then too, we were required to sleep fully strapped down, with our bits tightly connected to wall-rings above the bed. Even the beds were the same, perhaps being a little wider and more deeply cushioned, but with the same depression for our back-folded arms. One night though, I awoke blinded and whinnying with fright of the unknown when I heard the other girl in my stall being released from her bondage and taken from the room, leaving me struggling alone in terror of what was to happen next. I desperately tried to twist my head against its restraint straps, moaning fearfully with discomfort while I struggled, but I remained firmly attached to the bed.

A long time seemed to pass, then I heard the door quietly open and close. Still strapped in place, my crotch-plate was unlocked and the whole evil and torturing assembly was slowly withdrawn from deep within my body. For a moment, I lay utterly still sensing that my absolute, bound vulnerability was being inspected. I whinnied deep in my throat against the mouth-penetrating

bit, trying to twist in my bindings, then the straps securing my blinders were loosened and the sight-obscuring panels lifted from my eyes. Looking up at him, I saw the dark, shadowy mass of his head descend until my staring eyes locked to his, scant centimetres away. Smoothly, his face slipped between the rigidly strapped bit arms and thrumming reins and a heart-beat later his sensuous full lips began to brutally rape my own ring-punctured, bit-stretched and bound ones. I *couldn't* turn from him or escape his passionate kissing while his tongue explored my metal-filled mouth and I jerked fearfully against my bindings when his fingers threaded themselves through my ringed nipples and teased at the others deep in my crotch. Within my mouth, under the restricting penetrator, my tongue surged painfully against its four piercings when I attempted to return his kisses, but I was held completely helpless, subject to his will. My submission was total and I rapidly began to immerse myself in masochistic thoughts of helpless surrender while he began the inexorable process of my ultimate conquest. I was slowly and arousingly penetrated by him, utterly incapable of avoiding the assault or defending myself, and I moaned and wept around my controlling bit while he well prepared me for my own orgasm, shivering and trembling against the bed straps. He kept increasing his levels of stimulation, until I was wailing out a paean of desire through my bitted-mouth and captured tongue, until finally we both combined in a frenzied burst of stars and exploding novae, but during the whole episode, he didn't speak one word. At the end of my rape while harnessed, he once more required me to absorb the long, thick, and subduing plugs into my body, then locked me back into the confines of my Chastity Belt. My Master had paid me a special visit.

The next day proceeded as usual and all that followed began to take on the boring sameness, until I thought that I would go a little crazy with the constant repetition of the schedule. Many times I longed for the excitement of the race event that I'd won; hoping that I'd be able to do it again.

It was not to be.

Something even *more* horse-like was planned for me.

Chapter Twenty-One

Four Legs Instead of Two

We were continually trained, exercised, and occasionally raced until one day about a month later I was discreetly separated from the other Horse Women and led down the wide corridors to a door I had almost forgotten existed: The Trotter Barn.

The doubled, steel-barred doors opened to the Eunuch's electronic key and he led me through just before they hissed down from the ceiling, locking us inside. I clip-clopped along behind him down the wide, white-painted corridor, by now used to and *wanting* (oh, my God) the tugs of my reins to keep me under control. The whole Trotter Area was a smaller duplicate of the regular Horse Woman Barn, the Eunuch told me over his shoulder while he playfully snapped the reins behind him, making me whinny each time the bit-chains pulled. He knew by now, of course, that I liked to be kept continually aware of my restricting harness.

"We will go directly and without stopping to the outfitting area, Horse Woman," he stated authoritatively in an accented English that in other circumstances would have been comical, "and that is where we will be turning your wonderfully white female person into a proper Pony Girl." So saying he speeded up his pace, and of course, I also had to.

In the tack room another pair of Eunuchs awaited me and after a brief conversation in their own language my escort left me in their charge, reins tied to a wall ring with me, naturally, facing the wall. Nervously, I listened to them for a moment or two, then they came and released me, pulling me to a low frame in the centre of the room. My ankles were clamped into little stocks about 30 cm above the floor, holding me in place, then they removed my long Inhibitor Bar, replacing it immediately with a much shorter one; some 15 cm in length. I felt them clip a strap to this intimate piece of my Uniform, but for the moment it was left to dangle between my slightly spread legs.

One of them grasped my reins and pulled them through a ring on the floor, forcing me to bend over the waist-level bar. They were tied off, keeping me in that posture, then they began making adjustments to my harnessing; loosening the straps at the back of the chest harness and tightening the ones on the front so that they would force me to remain in this new bent over posture. Even more surprisingly, they unstrapped my arms from high up between my shoulder blades and helped me bring them slowly around, to hang loosely and numbly from my aching shoulders. This was an excruciating process for it took long moments for the circulation to return to normal. While my arms were re-acclimatising the Eunuchs busied themselves at my buttocks, and I felt and heard some distinct, metallic clicks, while they made other adjustments to my harness. Now they began to prepare me for my time as a true Pony Girl.

The first thing that they did was to wrap long, corset-like tubes around each of my legs. These went over the tops of my already tight boots and squeezed my legs, at first mildly, from well above and below my knees. Once in place they quickly laced them as tightly as they could, making the sturdy inner boning within the sleeves clamp over the joint so that each of my legs was held almost rigid from the hip down. I could flex them just a little, but the combination of the tight lacing and the doubled, spring-steel boning soon made me straighten them. It was a strange and disquieting sensation.

“Okay, girly,” one of them said in passable English, “it is being time to be fitting you with your fore-legs, so we are wanting you to hold still while we are measuring and fitting you..

Fore-legs?

What the *Hell* were they talking about?

I remained fastened over the waist bar, my hands and arms dangling uselessly and still enduring the state of agonizing ‘pins and needles’ sensation of returning circulation, then a moment later one of them appeared in front of me with a tape measure. He knelt and measured both of my arms and hands around the circumference of my mitts, at the wrists, over the elbow joint, and again over the buckled fastenings of my gloves at the shoulder. For a moment he stood back, studying me, then came forward and loosened my reins

slightly, allowing me to straighten slightly. Satisfied, he again came forward and now measured the distance from my shoulders to my wrists and from there to the floor. I was mystified for a moment by this, then remembered the comment about fore-legs.

'This doesn't look too encouraging.' was the thought that flashed through my mind when he returned with an armful of strange, semi-rigid leather tubes and straps then dropped them on the floor in front of me. Fascinated and fearful, I stared down at the clutter of restricting gear.

There were two thick leather, rubber-lined leather sleeves as the main components. Around their upper ends a veritable web-work of thick straps hung from various heavily-stitched and riveted mounting points while on the other ends were what appeared to be small, steel shod horse's hooves. The Eunuch pulled over a low stool and sat on it in front of me.

"Please to hold out your right fore-leg," he commanded. For a moment, I wondered what the hell he was talking about, then the light dawned and I tentatively lifted my right arm until its mitted end rested in his lap.

He picked up the two sleeves, compared them briefly, then began pulling one of them over my mitted hand and up my arm, until deep within the thick-walled tube, I felt my mitt slide into a socket made especially for it. He tightened the sleeve at my wrist with a steel wire lace; holding it securely and rigidly locked in position, then clipped the two ends together with a metal tab and cut off the loose ends, ensuring that without some very sharp wire cutters, the sleeve couldn't be removed. At the elbows he tightened and locked the steel wire lace in another slit, ensuring that the joint stayed straight and between the inner and outer layers of the sleeve I felt wide, articulated structural parts of the 'leg' press firmly against my thoroughly encased arm. At the shoulder he did some additional lacing on the last slot, then clipped these closed and cut off the loose ends there. Over this last lacing he buckled and locked a 10 cm wide band of thick leather, then began fastening the various straps around this band to buckles on the shoulder-piece of the harness, ensuring that the sleeves couldn't slip down my arm. For a moment he sat back and surveyed his work so far.

Curious, I tried to bend my arm and found that I could do so with a little

effort, but the built-in springs and corseting at the elbow joint soon forced me to straighten it again. The sleeve and hoof arrangement was quite heavy when I raised it again, higher this time and when I did, the bottom, hoof portion of the leg flexed exactly like a real horse's, but the springs and weight made me straighten out my arm and the shoe on the end clopped with a steely clatter onto the floor.

'Wow,' I thought in amazement, *'a real, working, fore-leg'*

A moment later he repeated the same process on my left arm and so in a matter of minutes, I had been transformed from a two-legged Horse Woman into a four-legged Pony Girl. The two Eunuchs, though, had not yet completed my transformation. Next, they fitted me with a very wide over-collar that helped me keep my head up by means of a bracing arrangement under my chin, then tightened my bearing reins severely until they held my head back, looking straight ahead. I fought against this tensioning, whinnying with the discomfort and rearing my front legs off the floor, pawing at the air just centimetres from the Eunuch's crotch.

"Whoa, girlie," he commanded, scooting back from my flashing front hooves. "I'll be guessing I had better be hobbling you until your harnessing is completed," he said ruefully, strapping a pair of wide bands around my fore-legs just above the hooves, then threading their joining strap through a central ring mounted in the concrete floor between them.

Across my shoulders I felt another wide strap tighten, thus joining the two sleeve/legs behind my back and to my chest harnessing; while at my waist, the other Eunuch tightened a crupper strap. When he did, I felt my anal plug suddenly being tugged upwards, making me surge against my fastenings again, giving a surprised wailing whinny at the intimate and uncomfortable sensation. Lastly, he bent down and grabbed a quick squeeze of each of my dangling, vulnerable breasts, rolling my nipples painfully around the metal embedded in them.

When he had finished his fondling, delighting in the shivers it sent through me, he momentarily disconnected the chains from my nipple rings. From under my chest, two deep cups were brought up to encase my pendulous breasts; being fastened securely to mounts on my harness. I heard the clicks

of their locks closing when he slowly pushed them upwards, thus preventing my until then vulnerable flesh from swinging freely back and forth. They weren't full cups though. At the apex of each was a three cm aperture through which my ringed and locking pin-adorned nipples protruded and he immediately reconnected my bit chains to them. I whinnied plaintively with discomfort, trying despairingly to rear against my reins and hobbles and avoid his busy fingers when he snapped the small locks closed.

With a couple of quick spins on its locking handles the bar at my stomach dropped away when the strap over my waist was unbuckled. I tried to straighten to relieve some of the discomfort that bending over caused, but my leading reins were still tied to the floor-ring and all that happened was that I surged slightly, then the narrow, controlling lines snapped tight and jerked painfully at my bit and ringed breasts, making me whinny anew from the sudden pain.

"Okay, Pony Woman," one of them said. "We are going to be releasing all your legs, and then we will be doing your reins immediately. I will be requiring that you are staying on all of your feet and start learning to walk with them. You will be finding that your harness is adjusted so that it will not permit you to be standing up on your hind legs, so you better be forgetting about trying it immediately and forthwith."

They did exactly as he said they would, and in a moment I stood there before them wobbling like a new born colt on *four* legs. I didn't care what he'd said about not attempting to stand up and as soon as my reins were loosened, I tried. I got about halfway erect, then the harnessing that they'd changed, plus other short Training Straps they'd added between my thighs and the chest harness snapped tight, stopping me from straightening any further. It was far easier and much less painful for me to remain as a four-footed Pony Girl. They stood back and watched me try, then finally give up, tears trickling down my cheeks within my blinkers.

"Giddup," the one holding my reins commanded, giving them a snap.

I yelped with pain when the reins jerked uncaringly at my captive nipples and bit, then took a hesitant pace forward with my left front foot, hearing the steel shoe clomp on the floor when the articulated mechanism within the sleeve

moved it exactly like a real horse leg. My next pace was more confident, and I discovered that the fore-legs fully-supported my weight and were, in fact, quite comfortable to wear, despite that they kept me utterly helpless and totally unable to free myself. My back legs seemed to follow of their own accord, pacing forward as required. I moved about another five paces forward when suddenly the strap that they'd connected to my short 'Bar sprang tight, making the dildo surge within my loins; stopping me instantly while forcing another neighing of protest from my bitted mouth.

"That is being your Discipline Rein, girl. Hold still until I am disconnecting it."

There was another small click from somewhere behind and I could feel from the vibrations of the vaginal plug that he was coiling the intimate and restricting rein strap behind me. The loops were hooked to a ring on my harnessed back, then I resumed walking at the ends of my lines, moving in a slow circle around him, tethered and controlled in all respects by the reins to my bit.

"OK," he enthused, "by God, it is looking like you can walk real good with your new legs. We are going to be making sure that you will soon be running and cantering and galloping around on them like a real little pony. We are even going to eventually be training you to be ridden and then you will even be getting used to racing as a Trotter and as a harness racing-type horse, complete with the proper hobbles and all. If you are being good enough, we will even be training you to be a Liptonzanner Pony Woman for the entertainment of his Majesty, the Sheik."

'Oh, God,' I thought with horror, '*what can they do to me next?*'

"It is time to be getting you out for familiarisation with your new role, Pony Girl," he enthused, and, after the other Eunuch had opened the door to the tack/fitting room I was drawn in red-faced humiliation out into the corridor. For a silly moment I attempted to resist their tug by bracing my fore-feet, but was immediately broken of this when the reins snapped fiercely a couple of times. In tears I clip-clopped along behind him, shaking my head what little I could against its fastenings while following him obediently down the wide corridor, unable to stop veering from side to side when he deliberately and

casually jerked the reins back and forth.

“I’ve been told that she’s to be taken to the treadmill room for her four-leg acclimatisation period,” one Eunuch said casually to the other in his native tongue while they walked along with me in tow behind them. *“That ought to keep her masochistic little heart happy for a day or two.”*

“Yeah,” the other replied with enthusiasm. *“I want to watch her for a while. She’s gonna be one tired little Pony by the time this day’s over. The electrical stimulation and disciplining will really get her attention. It should be an entertaining afternoon.”*

We wound our way deeper into the trotter complex until at last I was drawn into a long room in which the only furniture (if it could be called that) consisted of a double treadmill belt raised just above floor level with a large pedestal at either end. Along each side of these belts were low, shiny rods, equipped with various sets of sliding rings, very much like curtain-rod rings, but much more substantial. There were large speedometer dials and odometers above a full length mirror at one end, while at the other was a curious, spring-mounted, back-stop affair with two long, thick, copper-tipped rods aligned with the belt. I caught only a quick glimpse of these devices when they led me into the room, but noticed also that there were television surveillance cameras mounted high in the corners and big mirrors on each side wall, not realising that these were actually one-way windows. One side the mirror concealed a small gallery of raised and comfortable arm chairs and tables for observers, and the other was a window from the hall outside.

I tried again to baulk at being pulled up onto the treadmill belt, but the Eunuch holding my reins gave them another couple of sharp jerks when I flung my head against its restraints, forcing me to step reluctantly up and onto the wide rubber strip. The one holding my reins slid his hand along their smooth leather until it was only 10 cm from where the straps were clipped to my bit rings, giving them another sharp little tug just to remind me again who was boss. The first Eunuch began attaching me to the machine with short sturdy straps between my cinch/Chastity Belt, my shoulder harness, and the sliding rings on the low railings and when he’d finished, I was held centred on the metre wide, six metre long rubber belt, able to move easily forwards or backwards, but only about 15 cm from side to side. Like all captive animals, I tested the limits of my freedom, surging against my tethering and stamping

my steel-shod feet with frustration at being so confined and helpless to avoid what they had planned for me.

My bit lines were led out in front and their free ends connected to large, spring-loaded reels just under the speedometer dial; their length at the moment being sufficient to stretch almost halfway along the treadmill belt. One of the Eunuchs then unfastened my Discipline Rein and fed it through a slot in the back-board to another spring-loaded reel and attached it. For a moment, I didn't feel anything other than the vibration of his handling this narrow rein, *but*, when he released the clutch on the reel, it smoothly drew in the slack on the strap, causing the short Inhibitor Bar and thus my internal plug to move suddenly. I shrieked with surprised discomfort, rearing against my straps, then began to slowly back up to ease the sensation. I only backed a half metre before my control reins snapped tight, jerking at my bit and breast-rings. It was a horribly restricting circumstance to be placed in, for if I moved either forward or backward, I was subjected to terrible sensations. That wasn't the end of my being attached though, because then they brought down a set of four strong, adjustable straps from overhead; clipping them to rings behind my shoulder blades and to the side-rings of my cinch. These they left loosely connected, able to slide along other rails on the ceiling above, then they both walked around me, inspecting their handiwork while I stood forlornly; a captive, helpless, female animal.

Looking into the mirror, totally secured in position, my image was reflected back at me without mercy. I was quite a sight. The creature that stared back was a totally harnessed and restrained female body with horse-like front legs. She wore a stringent bit, harness, tight bridle and blinkers, and stood about eight hands at the shoulders, some 105 cm. Her hair was drawn back into an upstanding mane, and behind her a matching tail projected from just above her naked, strap-enhanced buttocks, flowing down almost to floor level.

“Well, Pony Woman,” said the blabber-mouth of the pair inspecting me, “His Majesty will be coming along to be inspecting you sometime in the coming hours. You must be on your very best behaviours and be showing him that you are indeed a good little girl. And so we are going to be starting this marvellous trainer machine so that you will be learning to walk really quick and fancy like the other ponies do here. You must be having a nice day now.

Ta Ta.”

He waved, then they turned and left the room, the thick door swinging shut and the locks clicking closed. At last I was alone, or so I thought, but in the Observation Gallery behind the mirrored glass on the wall beside me, they settled unseen into the comfortable chairs, the treadmill’s speed control in hand.

I didn’t want to do this.

My greed, so long ago now, had led me directly to this room and after all the other awful payments that I’d had to make, at the moment this was the worst. I felt sorry for myself and let my head droop against the tension of the bearing reins, not quite permitted to rest my chin on the neck-brace, and sobbed at what had befallen me, but this state of self-pity lasted less than a minute. Without warning and only a sibilant little whisper, the belt began to slide backwards under my feet. I stood dumbly for only a moment ... until my bit reins snapped tight, jerking painfully at the steel **U** locked into my mouth and to my tongue, and to my chained nipples, while at the same time this cruel tensioning pulled my head up to stare at the speedometer_ Unthinkingly, as was intended, I began to pace along on the moving belt to the muted cadence of my steel-shod hooves impacting the hard rubber strip. At first it moved quite slowly, controlled by the hidden Eunuchs; allowing me to get used to the idea and feel of walking with four legs, then when I gained familiarity with my newly extended front limbs, the belt slowly stepped up its speed to about five km an hour, according to the needle on the large dial in front of me.

Suddenly, something inside my mind snapped. I reared against my fastenings, screaming, fighting the straps, and shaking with harnessed hysteria, but there was *no* escape though and I had to resume walking.

The needle on the dial began to creep slowly upwards while the speed kept increasing_

It was inevitable. I soon tripped over my flying feet, trying to make gagged screams when I toppled helplessly forward and to one side; kicking my legs desperately to try to regain my footing. The overhead safety straps caught me

though, preventing what could have been a nasty collision with the belt and, when my weight came on them, the safety inter-lock system stopped the machinery. It took a minute or two for me to regain my footing and breath but, as soon as I had, the belt started me off at a strenuous walk_ Once more I went into hysterical fighting against my harness, bridle, and the securing straps, giving vent to my deepest fears and claustrophobia, and again they let me clear it out of my system. The designers of this particular type of Pony Girl training realised that the environment created would bring out all of a human female's deepest fears and resentments and she would fight against her restraints, working herself into such a state that she would soon be ready for her next Breaking To Harness experience.

The belt continued to unreel beneath my hooves.

Chest heaving under the tight shoulder harness, I sobbed anew while I was forced to trot along, shaking my head what little I could against the strict control of the various reins clipped to my bridle. I *had* to concentrate on the rhythm required to get all my legs moving as a group and soon was clip-clopping briskly forward to nowhere at 5 km an hour, slobbering profusely around my bit. They kept me at that fast walk for 20 or 30 minutes I suppose, then let me amble along to a stop and rest for five minutes. After a couple of these boring cycles, a red light came on under the speedometer, but I couldn't figure out its significance, for the moment. The treadmill began to run erratically, I thought, speeding up then slowing dramatically at unpredictable intervals. Whenever it slowed, I was always unprepared for the speed change and over-ran my position until there was a solid jerk on my Discipline Rein and with each of these occurrences, another howl of discomfort pulsed from my collared throat and deeply-bitted mouth. Again and again I tried to rear against this horrible training and punishment regime, but the fastenings were all-pervading and I *couldn't* win. When the belt sped up, I was drawn backwards down its length until two things happened: first, the bridle reins snapped tight, jerking at my bit- and breast-rings, and second, at the same time my buttocks came in contact with the copper-tipped rods. These administered painful electric shocks through that vulnerable flesh, making me surge forward into my harnessing to escape them and I found to my horror after a couple of times, the longer I stayed in contact with the spring-loaded electrodes, and the harder against them I was pulled by the belt, the stronger

the shocks became. Again and again this happened, until I thought that I would go mad trying to escape all of the horrible sensations I was being subjected to. A speaker in the room came on with the loud pop of a microphone being activated.

“Pony Girl, you have been doing quite well, for a new Trotter,” said a somewhat more cultured voice. “Now you are going to learn to canter. This will be your first lesson of many.”

“NnnnYyyoooo,” I wailed, trying to beg around the mouth-filling steel. “Lllleeeaaasse! ‘L-l-leeaaase! I ‘an’t ‘ake any ‘ore! *EEllleeeaaasse ‘et ‘e ‘ouu!*”

“Pony Girls are not permitted speech,” was the uncaring response. The belt began moving again.

“OOOhhh, ‘elp ‘e! ‘Elp ‘e! I ‘ant ‘oo s’op,” I wept, begging unashamedly to be released, but as before, it was no use and I had to come up to the fast walk that the now steadily moving belt required me to maintain.

The needle began its upwards creep while I tried frantically to co-ordinate all of my legs into a sequence of moving that allowed me to remain upright; in effect learning to canter. A couple of times I fell and was saved by the overhead safety straps, then the whole process commenced again as soon as I was back on my feet. It was a numbingly endless afternoon of enforced exercise that couldn’t be escaped until, during one of my rest periods, the door opened and His Majesty entered, negligently tugging on the tethers of Mistress Janice. She minced along behind him, her paces forever shortened by her short hobble chains and kept always in a state of semi-arousal by the resulting, continual movements of her Inhibitor Bar and its huge, interconnected and uncomfortable dildo. They both looked at me for a moment, drooping in harnessed captivity before them.

“Well, Pony Girl Henderson, how do you like your new role so far?” the Sheik asked.

I tried to look up at him, but my harnessing was too strict and all I wanted was *out*.

“Lease, ‘our ‘Ajesty,” I begged. “Lease, ‘lease, et ‘e e’urn ‘oo ‘areem. *LEASE!*”

“No, Pony Girl,” he stated with utter finality. “You’re here to stay for some time to come. You haven’t broken to harness yet and so you’ll stay in this room until that process has been completed. Our psychological profile on you indicates that you’ve got a wide masochistic streak in your make-up and that this is the ideal manner in which to bring it to full flower. So you *will* be broken. We’ll then progress to getting you to learn all the things that you must do as a true Pony Girl and you’ll learn even more about the various carriages, the races you’ll have to participate in, and, eventually, you’ll be trained to be a riding pony. And perhaps, should I feel that you show sufficient merit, you might be put into the Lipizzaner Stallion Group to give special displays.

“That’s just a broad-stroked outlay of what the future has in store for you, young lady, and once fully broken you’ll accept your new lot in life quite easily and see how silly all of your previous pretensions really were. You fight your harness vigorously, but I think that’s a good sign. It shows spirit and I like that in my Pony Girls.

“I, or Janice will be back to check on your progress, but now it’s time for us to leave.” He turned toward the door with her clinking musically along behind him at the ends of her always-connected chain leashes, bitten back moans of discomfort and arousal hissing from her ringed and flaring nostrils while her controlling Eunuch continued tugging cruelly on her tethers.

“OOOhhh, ‘Od,” I wailed in tears through my bitted mouth. ”*LLEEEAAASSEE!* Lease! ‘elp ‘ee!”

“Good bye, Pony Girl,” he said turning and smiling into my tear-filled, begging eyes.

The door closed with a solid thump, cutting off the sound of his retreating footsteps, the tap-tap of Janice’s high heels and the musical jingling of her chains and leash when they walked away down the corridor, leaving me to be broken to my new role.

The belt started, and in a moment I was once more in a mindless race on the machine, sobbing brokenly and in despair at my dreadful situation, fighting against my fastenings as best I could. The Eunuchs left me for another four or five hours until I was completely wrung out, then released me with sickening ease. I was led, trembling all over, from the Exercise Chamber and out into the trotter complex, eventually arriving at the stable and stall that was to be my new home. The little room to which they took me was one of many, and while I clip-clopped wearily down the concrete floor behind my captors, I could hear from the sounds of muffled whinnying and the clatter of steel hooves on concrete, that *all* were occupied by other Pony Girls. Before my blinkers cut off the view, I managed to see, some of the well-marked rumps of the women tethered inside, their tails hanging down behind them through the low barred doors. All faced the featureless concrete walls at the backs of their stalls, held in position by thick cross-tie straps and tight reins. The only times we would be allowed to face out into the corridor, it turned out, were when His Majesty decided to do a stable inspection.

My stall was some two metres wide and perhaps four metres deep, being subdivided at the front portion. There was a narrow box just behind the barred door, sort of like an entrance foyer, in that the door opened into a metre wide, two metre long little closet and at its other end was a solid door equipped with a feeding tray, watering spigot, and bowl. The closet also was equipped with sanitary and washing hoses that could be hooked up to the crotch-plate connections of my Chastity Belt. The inner door at the front could be opened directly into the main part of the cell and thus ensured total security by not permitting me to be taken back into the corridor. As I found out, this arrangement allowed the stable hands access to the far side of the box's inner door when I was to be fed or released for the night and put to bed. Sleep periods were the only times I was allowed into the balance of the stall. I was kept on cross-ties within the narrow box, like all the others, facing into the solid door at all other times, secured in desolating isolation. The resting portion of the enclosure was a barren, white-painted, concrete-walled little room whose only furniture consisted of a wide, deeply cushioned box across the end wall at the back. Inset into it under the mattress were the fronts of six locked drawers, these containing the various straps, chains, cuffs, hobbles and other equipment that would be used on me during my time as a Pony Girl. In the centre of the three metre high ceiling, the stall was lit by a high

intensity light fixture protected by an armoured glass cover.

The Eunuch drew me into the narrow box, buckled my leading reins quite loosely to rings high up and on either side of the little closet, then proceeded to connect the various cross-ties that would keep me positioned in its centre, my backside facing out towards the corridor like all the rest of the Pony Girls. It was a tight squeeze for him while he moved around, connecting the bright stainless steel bottle screws to the rings on my cinch and chest band then tightening them until I was held firmly, but he soon finished with my main harnesses and exited the stall. He opened the rear door, then closed and locked it behind him, bringing the food tray and water nipple under my chin and readily available to me. The barred door behind me swung shut and locked with a steely crash and I shifted tiredly on my feet, exhausted and uncaring of the sight I made, then a moment later I heard my other cell door closed and locked, and the noise of his boots faded away down the wide corridor behind me. The dull boom of the stable door closing informed us all that we were alone and soon after, echoing up and down the corridors, I heard querulous neighing and the severely bit-garbled attempts at speech by the other Pony Girls confined with me, but the manner in which the stalls were placed was such that each was staggered along either side of the corridor, so that no two doors faced one another. Given the way in which we were tethered, we couldn't possibly see another of our sisters in harness. Trying to communicate was almost hopeless, if not impossible, thanks to the distorting effects of the gagging bits we wore and the muffling effects of the stalls themselves. The way in which way we faced into them and our head restraints further restricted our chances of making any kind of contact; although I did catch the occasional muffled whinny and faint semi-conversation.

Later, I heard the door beside me open and close, then the small sliding door in front of my face opened. I had just finished sucking at the water nipple as best I could through my bitted-mouth when this happened, then a disembodied voice came through the opened slot.

“It is time for you to be eating your dinner, Pony Woman,” it stated. “Please to open the mouth and take your food. You are to neigh when you are ready for your next mouthful. If you do not eat as required, we must be force-

feeding you, and you will surely not be enjoying our administrations.”

A dark-complexioned hand spooned hot and disgusting mush into my opened, still bit-encumbered, and starving mouth. It was the consistency of porridge meal, yet filled with all sorts of vitamins, minerals and other good things, or so we were informed, and although it tasted quite good, it certainly didn't look too appetising, from what little I could see of it. Occasionally, he allowed me a drink between mouthfuls, until finally the embarrassing process was completed. The little slot slid closed and locked with a thud and again I was left utterly alone, bored and staring at the door a metre in front of my face. I shook my head against the restricting reins to my bit and the tears started to flow again. It was obviously feeding time for us all, for I could faintly hear the other Pony Girls also receiving their evening meals, but finally, the noises faded away and once more we were left alone in our enveloping bondage and isolation.

More excruciatingly boring time passed until the stable door opened and closed, then the approaching clatter of a whole group of Eunuchs sounded in the corridor behind me. I shuddered with fear, surging against my fastenings as the purposeful steps grew closer, then the door beside me was opened when one of them entered my stall. A moment later the entire wall in front of me swung open and the grinning countenance of my captor stared down at my tear-streaked, bridled and bitted face.

“Time for you to go sleepy-byes, little Pony Girl,” he asserted jovially and began releasing the bottle screws and bridle cross-ties that held me in position. With this done, he grasped my leading reins close to where they were clipped to my bit, then pulled me out into the other part of the stall. He had prepared the so-called bed already, and I caught a quick glimpse of it just before he flipped the blinkers closed over my eyes and strapped them down. It was covered with a thick leather sheet and at one end was a formed pillow. Immediately behind the pillow and just above it, a heavy ring was set into the wall with a short, very sturdy chain dangling from it; the free end terminating in an integral, high-security lock, to be attached to the back-ring of my steel collar. Along the outer edge of the bed were two sets of restraint loops on long, adjustable straps, also waiting.

I swayed on my feet in blinded panic at what was to come next and wasn't

kept in suspense for very long. My bearing reins were loosened, but not disconnected, and I thankfully allowed my head to fall forward, at last, and rest on the chin-brace. I was totally surprised when he easily picked me up; his arms under my torso, then gently laid me on the soft mattress, my legs sticking out rigidly towards the front of the stall, out over the edge of the bed/shelf. My head slipped into the deep depression on the pillow, then I heard and felt the lock snap shut on the back of my collar. Next, he slipped the four loops over the ankles of all of my hoofed feet and buckled them tightly, then I heard the distinct whir of the roller buckles when he pulled in the slack on the long straps, leaving only a little looseness in each so that I could shift my four feet a bit. These hobbling and security straps ensured that I remained laying on my side, all four of my legs projecting outwards; impossible now for me to move them more than the slightest amount, and therefore there was no way for me to get off the bed. His next task consisted of loosening my bit/breast chains, then allowing the loose control reins to the bit to loop over the side of the bed, where they too were locked to a wall-ring. Lastly, he pulled up a cotton over-sheet, and snapped its edges to fittings along the side of the bed. I twisted and squirmed against my bondage, but I was helpless, again.

In my blindness, lying isolated and alone in my stall, I heard the door to my stall close then lock, and I was alone for the night. My first day as a four-legged Horse Woman was done.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Training As A Trotter

Other than being plagued by terrible dreams during the night, the next thing I became aware of was that my blinders were being flipped back to their positions as blinkers and the overhead light of the stall was stabbing into my sleep-filled eyes. The Eunuch gently swabbed me down with a pleasantly scented cloth while I lay there helplessly before him, strapped to my bed, then he released my hobbles, leash and other bed straps and assisted me up onto my four legs, something I would soon have to learn to do by myself. Again, I wobbled like a new-born colt just learning her body for a moment or two, trying to accustom myself to the strange new feelings and posture while he re-tightened my harness straps and reins, rendering me into exactly the same fix as I had been yesterday. Without a word he backed me into the little stall, re-connected all the cross-ties and closed the door in my face, leaving me listlessly tugging against my multiple fastenings. A moment later he began feeding me through the little slot, and so began my second day as a true Pony Girl.

This day and the next 10 that followed were much like my first, worse in some ways, easier in others. Despite my initial stumbling and awkwardness, I soon grew used to the four legs that I had been endowed with, and learned to walk, trot, canter, and even gallop without thinking of the motions and syncopation required. Of course, this wasn't accomplished without a lot of pain and anguish on my part, thanks to the training treadmill I was hitched to. As an additional training aid, a large screen was lowered from the ceiling at the end of the belt, ahead of me and slow motion video tapes were played over and over until I was able to get the rhythm down to second nature. The treadmill was an awful experience to have to undergo and, on my fifth day, I finally 'broke' to being a harnessed, helpless, Pony Girl. I no longer fought continually against my restraints, beginning to accept them and how thoroughly they controlled what could be done to me, as an inevitable part of my new life. The succeeding ten days were spent building up my stamina and arm strength; primarily by making me run faster and faster for longer distances and longer times on the treadmill and also by harnessing me to a

modified stair-climber machine.

Of course, there was no possible way for me to escape this regimen of enforced exercise and I must have been a pretty bizarre sight, alone in that long, little room, silent but for my panting breaths and jingling harness, while I ran in place on the treadmill. What I didn't realize was that all of the other 'ponies' were doing exactly the same thing I was in other exercise chambers. During these first days in the trotter area I never saw another of my sisters, although when in the stable, I could hear them moving about and trying to converse with each other.

My isolation and boredom was terribly depressing, but most days I was glad of the chance to rest and began to try to communicate with the others confined around me, but without much success. I was becoming used to the ritual of being fastened onto my bed, beginning to accept it too as a normal part of my daily routine, although my nights were still filled with nightmares.

On the 11 morning after breakfast, rather than taking me directly to the Exercise Chamber, my Eunuch brought me into another area of the stable, the indoor arena. I was the first to arrive, and he hitched my lines to a ring in the high wooden wall around the dirt floor, leaving, for me now, quite a lot of loose rein to move about on. I cantered around, the dirt kicked up in little spurts by my hooves, looking the place over and rearing as high as I could every once in a while to see over the boards; the reins allowing me about five metres of slack to roam. It was one of my few small pleasures to be able to do so after having spent so much time strictly confined on the treadmill and in my stall, and I revelled in the freedom. The other ponies soon began to appear, trailing their Eunuchs into the ring on their reins, just as I had. Soon there were 12 of us hitched along the wall, waiting a little fearfully for whatever was to come next. Two of the girls had been fitted with the special and depersonalizing helmets, only slits allowing them to see out from within the tight, hot and very uncomfortable confines.

One of them had been hitched to the rail next to me and I stared at her with horror, occasionally able to catch a quick flicker within the helmet from the whites of her eyes, but I couldn't make any sort of human contact with the poor creature. Her head turned to face me every few moments and I saw the continuing trickles of tears sliding down her cheeks from under the edges of

the tightly-clamped leather and it was obvious that she was suffering her punishment and new life with great difficulty, for her shoulders continually shook with gasping sobs under her tight chest harness. There was no way for any of us to comfort her and she just had to suffer her fate.

Of course, none of us could speak, but we each looked over our companions with embarrassed interest, all blushing furiously at our captive state and bizarre appearance. Our Uniforms were designed to not only control us utterly, but to humiliate as well. Like the rest, I shifted my feet constantly, backing against my reins until they snapped tight and tossing my head as much as I could against the constantly demoralizing and demanding check-reins. It was totally crazy, but I needed to know now that I was securely contained and controlled by the harness and bridle/bit combination_

We weren't left to wonder for long though. The Eunuchs all disappeared for a few minutes then returned, each between the shafts of a single pony sulky. The obvious soon took place and we were hitched to our individual carriages, pawing nervously at the dirt floor. The shafts of my sulky were pulled against my sides by heavy trace straps; safety snap-hooks ensuring a doubled connection, then they curved wide just behind my hips to allow free movement for my back legs. The carriage itself was about two metres further back and equipped with very large diameter, bicycle-like wheels to permit easy pulling. It was really very skimpy, yet quite strong and light, designed to support the Driver in a little seat from which he could look over my prominently displayed rump and tail. The Driver had a number of very effective means of controlling me; these consisting of my bit reins, the Discipline Rein to my Inhibitor Bar and a foot brake. There was absolutely no way for me to resist the applications of any of these.

The little carriage bounced and I felt his weight settle into the seat behind me then for a moment there was some lighter tugging at my control reins while he adjusted their length to his satisfaction. He gave my Discipline Rein a light snap, making me rear and whinny in anguished discomfort, then pulled gently on each of my control reins, forcing me to turn my head in the indicated direction because of the pull on both the bit and its interconnected breast-rings. He pulled firmly and suddenly on another line. This one went from his hand, up to the middle ring on the back of my chest harness and then

back to my tail/crupper strap and when he jerked on it, I felt the horrid, interconnected anal plug twist and lever forward within my back side. Inside my body it collided with the huge vaginal plug and I screamed lustily, rearing again and bucking and kicking my hind legs against the harnessing. It was an incredibly awful sensation and I began to weep again with the awful discomfort he'd so easily and negligently caused me.

"Giddup," he called, shaking the lines with a little more force.

Obediently, I threw myself into my harness and we began to move slowly down the length of the indoor ring, counter-clockwise, then more and more rapidly while I got used to drawing the little sulky. A steady tension on the right rein kept me going straight, despite my wanting to turn to the left when we rapidly approached the curving end wall, until at the last minute my Driver eased off this tension and exerted a countering tug on my left rein, finally permitting me to begin the turn. This was my first lesson as a fully-involved Pony Girl: I could make no decisions of my own. I *had* to obey *only* the commands of the reins, despite what my brain told me was required. I was soon trotting along, raising my hoofed feet prettily with each pace. The reins over my back exerted only a minimal control now and we made a couple of easy circuits, then pulled to a slow stop, back at the starting point with me barely breathing hard. The other ponies were being similarly exercised by their Drivers, and every couple of seconds one of them would whiz by behind me, heralded by the thudding of her hooves in the soft dirt, the creaking of her harness, and the jingling of her chains and metal fittings. I was allowed a couple of minutes to rest after my Driver had dismounted, then he came to my head, grasped the reins close to my bridle and pulled up on them so that I *had* to look into his face.

"You are doing very well, Pony Girl," he complimented. "But you are not permitted to do anything unless commanded by the reins. You will have to understand that better than now, or I will be using the whip upon your behind and jerking on the Discipline Reins. Are you understanding?"

I neighed and tried to nod my head against the tensions of all lines and he seemed satisfied with my response, for the moment.

A couple of moments later he had again seated himself in the carriage and we

were off around the track once more. Deliberately, he faced me into the boards while I trotted along and when I tried to turn away from impending disaster, he maintained an even tension on my reins requiring me to maintain direction. To enforce his command when we got closer and closer to the wall, he jerked firmly on both my Inhibitor Bar rein and crupper strap making me scream wildly and rear up, prancing forward on my hind legs. This forced display to me of my utter malleability was another reinforcement to the lesson that I had to do as I was commanded or suffer the horrible punishments he could so easily administer. I felt *horribly* vulnerable. When I turned despite his tugs on the reins, he used the Discipline Rein and the crupper line savagely, and again I went into a paroxysm of bucking and strangled screaming while I tried to escape his intentional cruelty. After repeated applications of this horribly intimate controlling torture I began to obey without question or hesitation, not even trying to judge the situation for myself.

We were allowed a long rest at mid-morning when the Drivers all broke for coffee, leaving the 12 of us secured, six to each side of a long hitching rail in a holding area at one end of the track. When they returned, we were watered and fed some sugary mush.

From within the frame of my blinkers and the projecting bit-arms I inspected the other young women confined with me and saw that all were quite beautiful, even though most of their features were pretty well obscured by their bridles, blinkers, and bits. I had no doubt that the two helmeted girls were equally as pretty, but no other human would ever see their faces again, for what they wore, as I was told later, was fastened into their flesh and bones.

The rest of my sisters in bondage seemed to accept their Uniforms and strange function in life with equanimity, throwing themselves wholeheartedly into their roles, despite the constant discipline we were subjected to. Of course, we were all equipped and harnessed in the exact same manner and there was absolutely no way for any one of us to assist the other to escape our restraints. In spite of the gagging effects of our bits we somehow managed a rudimentary communication in low whinnies while fastened together at the rail and they were curious as to how I'd ended up as a Pony

Girl, being quite a bit older than they were. Blushing furiously from the garbling effects of the bit on my speech, I managed to convey to them what His Majesty had said about my masochistic streak and admitted, red-faced, that I too was beginning to enjoy my new life. They accepted this without comment, although a couple of them flung their heads against their reins, exhibiting the rebellion that still simmered in us all. Our conversation, if it could be called that, ceased when the Drivers returned and we were soon circling the arena again, this time in side-by-side couples to get us used to the idea of other sulkies being beside us while we ran.

Lunch was the usual nutritious mush of cereals and tenderised little chunks of meat and we drank both fruit juices and plenty of water. We all waited, hitched to the railing again, while the Drivers ate, then it was back onto the track for more training and learning now to trot, canter, and gallop while harnessed to the carriages. Following our mid-afternoon break, we were raced against each other for an hour, then when the day began drawing to a close, were taken to the equipment room and unhitched. Drooping with exhaustion, we were drawn into the washrooms where our reins were tied to wall rails, then the Eunuchs gave us hot oil rub-downs and a thorough grooming, prior to being returned to our stalls; there to wait harnessed, restrained, and bored on our cross-ties, as usual, until our evening meal. I surprised myself in that I fell asleep while standing there; something I'd heard a long time ago that horses were capable of, but never suspecting that one day I'd be doing exactly the same thing.

The little sliding door in front of my face banged open, startling me, and I reared in surprise against my fastenings, whinnying when the bit and breast-rings jerked me painfully back to reality. Dinnertime had arrived.

My evening was as boring as the previous one, and again I dozed. Dreams of my freedom so long ago, flashed before my eyes while I tried to remember just what it had been like to walk around unfettered and uncontrolled by someone else. Occasionally, during the evening, a Eunuch would walk through the stable, checking on us, but he had nothing to say and just looked into each stall checking for loose straps and fastenings. Some of us tried again to communicate with each other in our strange bit-garbled language, but the conversations were sporadic and usually ended in frustrated silence,

punctuated by the clinking of the restraining bottle screws and harness hardware when their wearers uselessly fought their cross-ties. At long last we were put to bed; chained and strapped down, blinkered and helpless, finally allowed to sink into exhausted sleep.

The next morning the routine was repeated and after breakfast a number of us were taken to the exercise rooms, hitched to the hot-walkers there and left for an hour to be pulled around in unending circles. From there it was back to the equipment room to be hitched to our sulkies for another day of practise and familiarisation with them and our new role. Although they knew better, one or two of the Ponies in our group tried to rebel against their handlers and were immediately hauled off to the discipline chamber for correction, returning two days later looking thoroughly subdued, frightened, and of course unable to tell us what torments they'd suffered for their trouble. The rest of us took note, vowing to ourselves not to try any overt acts of resistance. That day, and many that followed were boringly repetitious and I gradually gained confidence in the use of my new fore limbs.

Some weeks later, the Drivers began to assemble us into larger and larger teams, working up from the classical pair-in-hand duo to a full 20 girl team. As the size of the teams increased I began to feel less conspicuous wearing my restricting and many times painful harness, now only one part of a whole. Being surrounded by a group of similarly outfitted women made my experiences easier to bear while we circled the in-door ring hitched to a carriage or wagon; all of our harnesses creaking and jingling while we trotted in unison. From their seats above and behind us the Drivers could keep an eye on every individual Pony Girl and occasionally there would be the pistol-shot crack of the long whip by one of our heads when they detected one not pulling her weight. If that warning didn't do anything, the woman concerned would receive an unpleasant application of her Discipline Reins, encouraging her to perform to her best ability. She usually smartened up quickly, but if not, was removed to the discipline room for an 'attitude adjustment' session.

I never saw the full complement of all the ponies in the stable, for we were spread out in the trotter area during the day. Some were engaged in various exercise programs, some were training as draught animals or riding animals, while yet others were being disciplined, or enduring their sentences as

‘helmeted ones’. This last group suffered untold miseries of constant discipline and humiliation and we never did find out what happened to them; only that there was a constant inflow of fractious girls. The two who had started with our group disappeared from our midst a week after I first saw them, to join their other helmeted companions in some torment flooded other part of the complex.

I wasn’t aware of it, but the helmeted women I’d seen, had their helmets surgically attached to their heads, so that there was no possible way for them, or anyone else for that matter, to release themselves, even if their hands were free. Once they’d completed their initial training and had begun to accept their new head gear, normally a six month duration; they were sold off to other buyers of Horse Women in the world. These obviously wanted only the animal portion of the human girl imprisoned within her harness and helmet, caring not at all for the fact that she was unable to make any sort of connection with either them or the surrounding world. They’ were destined to remain constantly bitted with the gagging type of steel things that we had to wear, and would *never* be able to escape their bondage as harnessed females.

The next phase of my training was to learn the art of being a Harness Racer; complete to the hobbles that ensured we got into, and stuck by the gait that type of racing demanded we adhere to. This was a difficult and trying technique to learn, especially after just getting used to the idea of having four legs instead of two, and learning how to move on them. On innumerable occasions I ended up in frustrated tears and screaming fits of bucking and rearing distress when I stumbled or lost the required gait. Our Drivers were heartless and would instantly discipline us; either with the whip singing its song of pain and discipline, slashingly applied across our strap-enhanced and vulnerable buttocks or with the Discipline Rein and the Crupper strap making the plugs within our abdomens surge disjointedly.

Every few days, Mistress Janice would arrive to inspect us, as always leashed and controlled by her huge black Leash Master. We’d have to demonstrate the progress of our lessons by giving her a comprehensive display. If anything, she was harsher than any of the Drivers for she had a very discerning eye for the way in which we should walk, deport ourselves, or execute a particular manoeuvre, whether singly or as a team. We all knew

that this training would eventually lead to us being entered in more races, and sure enough those days came quite regularly, after we'd spent six weeks learning our roles. We weren't taken out of the Palace for any more foreign adventures though, and all of the races we had to participate in were held in the on-site arena.

During many of these I found myself swinging down the track, my hooves thudding into the soft sand and my harness creaking and jingling; once again enjoying the feeling of captivity while I tossed my head against the controlling tautness of my reins. My vision was always restricted by the blinkers on the bridle, and the buggy whip occasionally burned lines of intensely stinging fire across my flexing buttocks when I was intentionally lazy, testing the vigilance of my various Drivers. It was a sexual thrill for me to fight the harnessing and feel the Discipline Rein jerk at the plug, while at the same time feeling the others to my bit commanding me to follow orders. The harness kept me continually locked in bondage, and, 'though I'd hated its initial discomfort and control, I knew that if it were removed for any length of time, I'd be lost without the sensations of its control and restriction. Many times I thought to myself that I must be crazy to be enjoying this type of life, but there was always the consoling fact that I didn't have to worry about making any decisions or critical choices anymore. My harness and reins governed my existence totally.

The times of captivity within my stall were the most boring, but the rest was filled with the little activities and lessons that meant so much to being the Complete Trotter. The times when I was groomed and rubbed down were the best experiences of all, while the worst occurred when I screwed up and was dragged off to the discipline chambers, weeping and trying despairingly to beg forgiveness. Those experiences were as bad if not worse than the other times I had been confined and punished because, having been reduced to a miniature horse with four legs and no hands, there was no possible way to prevent or avoid what was done to me. Always wearing my bridle and bit, I could easily be controlled, and despite my tears, whinnying, and fighting my harnesses, I would be led off to whatever the Eunuchs had decided was to be my punishment with the unthinking ease of any human taking care of a recalcitrant pet animal, for that is exactly what I was_

I'm not sure how long I was kept in the Trotter Section of the stables, but another one of those fateful days of change arrived one morning when Mistress Janice arrived at my stall with two other Eunuchs, each holding a set of long, leather leading reins. She watched, impassively while they opened the door to my box and clipped their sets of tethers to my bit, then released my cross-tie straps and pulled me from the safety of the stall and out into the aisle. One of them walked behind and the other far out in front; both keeping a firm tension on their respective reins and thus isolating me between them. I could prance and try to rebel, but the reins controlled me utterly and so we proceeded down the stark corridor. Mistress Janice spoke for the first time

“Pony Girl,” Mistress Janice said, “you are going to your new role now. It’s time you learned how to be ridden.”

With that I was led off to the Tack Rooms once more.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Ridden For The First Time

As was usual, I was tethered to a hitching rail in the large room, then to my surprise they began to remove the heavy harness I had worn for so long, but of course there was no way for them to remove my chastity belt, cuffs, or collar. The Training Harness was immediately replaced by another lighter one, designed so that a saddle could be worn over it without causing me undue strain or discomfort.

Naturally, I still wore my bridle and bit, but the rest of the rig, although lighter than the training one, was just as controlling and restrictive. From rings along the edges of the steel chastity belt, wide straps at the centre-front and centre-back led up to a padded yoke over my shoulders and were then tightened so that it was pulled firmly into position. Just under my breasts another wide, thick cinch wrapped around my chest, buckling on the side to others that came down from the centre-back one. Deep cups, as before, covered and compressed my breasts, leaving the nipples free to attach rings and leashes, then they brought over the saddle. This device was initially clipped to the underlying harness, then another wide cinch strap was pulled tight, making me grunt when it was secured. The worst part of the fastening process was when they re-fitted the crupper strap under my tail and its interconnected butt-plug, then tightened it until I writhed and whinnied, bucking with distress. The saddle wasn't really all that uncomfortable, being fairly light and deeply padded where it rested on my hips and lower rib cage, thus removing nearly all the weight from my spine and so it rested easily on my back, supported underneath by a wide strap across the **V** of the seat. After a couple of moments, I almost forgot about it, other than its stirrups dangling down beside me. The Eunuchs tightened the other mounting straps, then my bridle and bit connections, and I was ready for my first riding lesson, but as the 'ridee' rather than the rider.

With a firm tugging tension on my reins, I was led out of the tack room and through another labyrinth of corridors that I hadn't been in before, until, some minutes later, the Eunuchs pulled me into a brightly lit, large room,

obviously designed for the amusement of His Majesty. Inside, all sorts of small scale furniture was set up, but in the central ring of the room was a large merry-go-round device to which five other Pony Girls were already hitched. I was led over to the only opening in the circle and fastened in place in exactly the same manner that they were. The whole scene reminded me of the kiddies' rides at the local fairs back home and was even more reminiscent of other more strenuous fastenings that I had been subjected to since my arrival in the stables. There was a notable exception to my fastenings though, in that this time the Eunuchs added a doubled, forked leash, to my nipple-rings. One of the forked leashes led forward between my front legs to clip to the radial arm about a metre in front of me and the second set of these cruelly controlling lines went back between my rear legs to the arm behind me, thus keeping me painfully controlled and positioned, much like I had been on the treadmill. This even stronger control was a horribly intimate and humiliating addition because the connections were solely to my nipples and as usual, there was no way for me to escape them. The Eunuch looped my reins over the saddle horn then left me to stand fastened between the arms, but we weren't allowed *any* rest, for when he reached the door, he flicked a switch on a control panel and the merry-go-round began to turn.

When the machine started, the leashes jerked our nipple-ring leashes and we all *had* to begin trotting around, whinnying and tossing our bridled heads from the painful tugs, until we'd adjusted our pace to match its speed. Needless to say, our breast leashes permitted no deviations whatsoever_

It seemed like hours passed while we trotted around and around, but I suppose that it was only about 20 or 30 minutes before the door opened and what seemed like dozens of jumping and yelling little people flooded into the room, accompanied by Mistress Janice. The Mistress's bondage was partially concealed by a deep, navy blue, floor-length, satin cloak that shimmered and flowed around her body while she moved at the ends of her leashes. She called the group of Pygmies, for that is what they were, over to her, once everyone was inside and spoke to them quite earnestly in their own language.

"Now group, as you can see, we have a whole new set of Ponies for you to begin riding and training. You may go over and inspect them."

They stood quietly in front of her while she spoke then all nodded solemnly,

obviously used to her leashed appearance and strange jewellery. Mistress Janice strutted across to where we stood fastened in our little circle of captivity, her hobble, wrist, and leash chains jingling their song of captivity from beneath her cloak.

“Good morning, Pony Girls,” she lisped through her ringed lips, inspecting us all minutely. “Welcome to this ‘play’ room of His Majesty. As you can see, your companions are Pygmies, and, for the most part, will do as they’re told. You are only the second batch of girls they’ve been exposed to, and so don’t be too surprised if they’re a little rough with their handling.

“You’ll be employed here for two months or so, then we’ll graduate some of you to the ranks of display horses, perhaps occasionally to be ridden by guests of His Majesty. After that, who knows?” she said with a soft contralto chuckle. “As this is a first-time experience, I want you to be on your best behaviour and, as a consequence, your vaginal plugs have all been activated to ensure that you maintain the proper standards of behaviour.”

When she finished speaking, I felt a slight but threatening shock emanate from the device buried in my belly and although it wasn’t painful, at the moment; it remained mildly active, causing me and the other five women to shiver and shift our hindquarters restlessly against their harnessing.

“If you ‘blot your copy book’, as they say in Britain, you will not be disciplined here in front of them, but will be removed to the Punishment Area, and there placed in your Discipline Harnesses. There, you will do your penance ... which, I assure you, you *will not* like at all.

“You’ll be fed and watered here, then in the evenings be returned to your stalls for grooming and a rub-down. All in all, Ponies, that will be your basic schedule for the foreseeable future, other than when your riders are permitted to take you through the Palace. Enjoy your new roles,” she said and with that clinked away and out the door, forever a captive of her leashes and the Nubian Eunuch who constantly handled them

We were left to stand there, for the moment ignored by the little people who seemed to view obviously human female ponies as a normal and everyday part of their lives. Every 15 minutes or so the machine would start, and

around and around we would trot in circles for the next five or 10 minutes, occasionally being forced up to a light cantering, while they busied themselves with other activities. Once in a while a couple of them would come over and look at us standing there tethered, or while we were walked around and around. One of them though, a younger male, inspected us more closely with an evil glint in his eyes, his hands twitching by his sides while we pranced daintily past. It was my misfortune to come to a stop beside him once when the machine ceased turning and he reached over, unseen by me because of the elimination of my peripheral vision by my blinkers, and grasped a fistful of my breast leashes.

There was a sudden, burning fire in each of my captive nipples and compressed breasts when he yanked on them and I reared wildly against my fastenings, screaming into my bit, only to make the pain worse. Frantic with the terrible tension he kept on my captive and sensitive breasts, I kicked out, yelling into my bit, trying to shake off his attentions, but the little shit continued his painful tugging until one of the Eunuchs came over, attracted by the commotion I was causing. He took the sadistic little horror away, leading him back to the rest of the group and admonishing him. I devoutly hoped that he wouldn't be allowed to ride me, but, as matters turned out, it was a wish fore-doomed to extinction.

When the Eunuchs brought over the first group of riders, they gathered around the little ring that contained us and stared with frank curiosity at the sight we presented. Naturally, we couldn't understand a word they spoke while they jabbered excitedly, but it was obvious that they wanted to ride their new mounts as soon as possible. The fact that we were human didn't appear to faze them in the slightest: we were just pets of their benefactor, His Majesty, and were provided for their entertainment and use. The Eunuchs gave them some incomprehensible instructions, then allowed three pairs of the diminutive men and women into the ring, while the rest stood and watched, animatedly talking and gesturing to each other. As luck would have it, my tormentor was among this first group, and he made a bee-line directly to me, elbowing one of the petite women out of the way to claim me as his mount.

I shuddered with fear when he stood beside me and loosed my reins from the

saddle horn, holding within his small hands the controls to my continued comfort and sanity. While the Eunuchs went around the circle of ponies, seating their riders and checking their tack, my tormentor jerked playfully at my lines, tugging my head around so that I could see the undisguised, gleeful anticipation in his eyes. These jerks were very painful to endure, for the bit moved commandingly and painfully within my mouth, while at the same time pulling relentlessly on my interconnected and vulnerable nipple-rings, despite my useless attempts to bite down on it. After his third agonising yank, I began to weep at the hopelessness of my situation, pawing at the ground beneath my hooves, and shivering nervously despite the warmth of the room.

One of the Eunuchs came up to where my rider stood beside me.

“Alright, Ali,” he said in his native tongue, “you may mount your Pony Gil now. Take care to treat her gently, as she is a new Pony, and you can cause her a great deal of suffering if you are too harsh with the reins. Use them gently, and she will do anything that you want, but if you jerk on them, she will buck, and maybe throw you off.”

“Yes, sir.” he responded, “I shall treat her just as I would if I were fully grown, like the Sheik.”

“Very well, then. You will be allowed to ride her for 15 minutes, then you’ll give some of the others a chance.”

At the end of the conversation, my rider placed his foot in the right side stirrup then swung himself up and onto my saddle. I couldn’t help the slight grunt that his additional weight forced from me, then while he adjusted his seating, the Eunuch stepped around to each side and shortened the stirrups until they were at such a length that if he stood in the saddle, I could feel the pull on the support straps across the small of my back. He sat quietly while the Eunuch made the adjustments, still toying lightly with my reins, but as soon as he proceeded to the next rider and his back was turned, he began to jerk my reins unmercifully, making me rear on my hind legs until the nipple-leashes forced me back down again. During the middle of one of my rearing bouts, the machine began to turn, jerking me painfully into forward motion, and, like all horses subjected to cruelty, I flung my bridled head against its harnessing and reins in frantic but helpless distress, kicking and bucking frantically while I was drawn forward. The little demon on my back sat his saddle as though born to it, kicking his legs in the stirrups in glee as he forced me to give him a roller coaster of a ride. Mercifully, he hadn’t been allowed

to wear spurs.

The other Pony Girls had it much easier with their riders, just having to follow the demands of their nipple leashes and living with the gentle tugs that exerted on the reins. Around and around we pranced until the machine speeded up and we were forced into a brief canter, making our riders bounce up and down in the saddles, howling with glee at their more rugged rides. Mine, though, continued to goad and torment me, reaching back and grasping my crupper strap, then pulling hard at it while he also jerked on my reins. These actions quickly drove me into a frenzy of rebellion, wailing and howling into my bit with pained distress and all the while kicking and bucking madly to shake him loose from his perch on my back, ignoring for the moment the staggering agony from my nipples when the leashes to their rings snapped tight. Suddenly, the weight on my back disappeared when he flew from the saddle to land with a thud just to the front and off to one side. I was forced to trot on by him, still bucking and kicking mindlessly, then the little horror had the temerity to start yelling angrily, pointing his finger at me.

The machine was stopped immediately.

One of the Eunuchs came over and unhitched me, grasping my reins tight to the bit and shaking them savagely to control me and bring me back from my hazy world of agony and rebellion. While he pulled me to the locked door, laying his whip unmercifully on my exposed and vulnerable buttocks, I pranced frantically around the pivot of my bit, screaming into my gagging bit and trying desperately to avoid his harsh blows. I attempted uselessly to tell him that I wasn't the one at fault, but of course my protesting was totally incomprehensible, even if he could have understood English. As soon as the door was opened he dragged me off down the corridor to the Punishment Area even though I continued to struggle, bucking and kicking out while I was dragged along. I wept wildly at the injustice of the situation; trying to resist being taken to whatever terrible things they did to Ponies who rebelled. The journey wasn't a long one and in moments I was tied by my reins to a wall-ring in a stark, concrete-walled little stall; alone and shaking in terror when the door crashed closed behind me, cutting off all light. Panicky thoughts of what they were going to do filled my head while I tugged fruitlessly against the secure and extremely limiting fastening of my reins: a

helpless, female horse, weeping and alone in the darkness. Finally, I tried to rest a little, but the reins were so fore-shortened that they wouldn't permit me to lower my head, or to even side against the wall and lean on it. I just had to stand there at the ring, waiting.

Eventually, two Eunuchs came in, released my tethers, then dragged me out of the holding stall behind them, again crying and fighting against their rough, uncaring jerks on my reins. My trip to the Discipline Chamber was another short journey and once inside the large well-lit room, I was pulled over to an ominous framework and they began fastening me to it with practised ease.

The first thing they did, obviously just to increase my terror of what was to come, was to flip my blinders closed, concealing from me their preparations for my torment, then they further immobilised my head by means of a network of straps clipped to my bridle. Next, my saddle was removed, together with all of my 'riding' harness and I was immediately fitted with the much heavier and far more restricting web of restraints, cinched very tightly and pulling fiercely on my Chastity Belt. The shoulder harness, though I didn't know it at the moment, also included the same type of breast cups that I had worn as a Cow Girl, but with a couple of awful additions. They seemed to take an inordinate amount of time getting it settled and set just so, then began attaching other devices to it. As I found out almost immediately, they had immobilised me with quite strong springs. All four of my legs were cuffed, then I was left alone for a long time to contemplate the error of my ways while I shifted nervously; an ominous silence again surrounding me, then with no warning at all, a whole series of things happened all at once.

My four feet were jerked from under me, and with a wail of terror I was suddenly suspended upside down, bouncing in mid-air on the springs. At the same time, a series of severe, horrible electrical pulses ripped through my breasts and belly from the hidden electrodes within the cups and from within my Chastity Belt. My nipples began to be sucked at with a tremendous pulsating vacuum, dragging the flesh against the metal impaled in them, forcing screams of anguish through my bitted mouth, then deep in my abdomen came a sudden infusion of ice cold water that rapidly flushed in and out of my bowels and womb, making me thrash with discomfort and the

terrible chill. My bit jerked savagely when I flung my head against its strictures in distress, then all of a sudden my four legs began to be pulled further and further apart. When this happened, the plug in my vagina began to thrust madly in and out, writhing like a snake with its head cut off. The clitoral vibrator also began to emit a series of paralysing shocks and I howled in agony, begging, blinded, and screaming incoherently in terror for release. I was flung about in the frame; at times upside down and at others spinning violently, being stretched like a violin string. Within the cups, around the bases of my breasts, thin wire nooses began to garrote the super-sensitive mounds of flesh, causing them to engorge with blood and this strangulation continued until I thought that they'd pop. Now filled to bursting with sensitizing blood, a truly fearsome series of electrical impulses rippled through the mounds of feminine flesh, feeling like a thousand ragged needles of red hot steel. I fainted from the terrible, agonising sensations, while continuing to be skewered by the pulsing, shocking, and writhing monster in my belly.

Long moments later I returned to consciousness to find myself still hanging in mid-air and with the plug in my belly unabatedly continuing its demented thrusting and writhing. The sensations of being raped were indescribably awful and even though I pulled my legs against their springs, trying desperately to clench my thighs together in a futile attempt to somehow alleviate the horrid sensations, it wasn't any good to even try. The springs won the battle every time, keeping me fully spread-eagled and utterly vulnerable to the vaginal plug's depredations. The electrical torture had decreased to a point and pulse frequency that was almost titillating, but it was still agonizingly *there*. Some moments later though, and certainly unwanted by me, my body began to respond to this cruelly-calculated stimuli and I could feel myself moving towards an orgasm.

As in other punishments of this type that I'd suffered in the past, it was not to be. The whole process of arousal stopped cruelly, just as I was beginning to peak, reaching for Nirvana out of the Hell I was in. This torture was repeated over and over and over until I was screaming out my frustration, trying desperately to find some way of completing my orgasm, thrashing and squirming in mindless motions against the tension of the springs. On the final occasion, when I hit the pre-orgasmic plateau, I was again subjected to all the

terrible things that the Discipline Machine could do and, with animal-like howls of over-riding passion, I was rocketed into a stupendous climax shot through with bolts of electrical torments that made me faint again from the cascading of the indescribable sensations. The bastards. They'd tapped into my masochistic streak with a vengeance and completely obliterated me.

I don't know how long I was there, or how many times that day the whole torturing episode was repeated, but finally, the electrical stimulation stopped entirely and I was left, still suspended and blinded within my web of bondage. I could still feel the eager suckling at my breasts and nipples of the cups as a continual background and the garrottes still kept them painfully inflated within their cruel containments. I struggled feebly in my blindness, panting with exhaustion and despair, then heard the door to my Discipline Chamber quietly opened and closed. I steeled myself as best I could for another round of the mind-destroying discipline, but for a moment nothing happened, then at my waist I felt some little *clicks*. My crotch piece was pulled away, the two plugs so long resident in my body withdrawing slowly and leaving me feeling strangely empty.

There was only one person in the Palace who could remove my Chastity Belt ... the Sheik himself, my Master.

"Well," he rumbled, "Pony Girl, you've had some difficulties with Ali and have resisted your Trainers too, it seems." He stroked my bared, quivering buttocks and hairless mons with his teasing fingers while I hung trembling before him. "I'm surprised that you lasted as long as you did, the way he treated you."

I whinnied questioningly through my bit while he continued.

"Oh yes, I'm aware that the little devil likes to abuse the ponies he gets to ride. And I think, given the day's events, you did exactly the right thing when you threw him. He wasn't hurt, other than his pride, and perhaps next time he'll be a little kinder to his mount. The reason you were punished immediately is that you resisted. You know by now that I tolerate *no* nonsense from you females. The discipline that you've so far received will expiate your demerit points for that," he explained, flipping back my blinders so that I could see him.

“Tomorrow, you will be ridden by one of my female Pygmy riders and you should find that quite entertaining and somewhat easier than your first experience. I have some special guests who wish to see a real live human female Pony Girl, and you shall be that Girl.”

He stopped talking then and I felt him slowly enter me; teasing and caressing my ringed clitoris with his fingers. I so desperately needed a caring, human touch that I didn't care that I was still blinkered, bitted, bridled and harnessed in suspension, helpless and vulnerable before him. Without conscious thought, my ringed lips strove against the immutable restraining steel of the bit and its fastenings to my head to feel the smooth caress of his first passionate, fiery kisses.

From within my blinkers, and this time in the light, I watched while his face slowly descended and filled my entire field of vision, then, moaning and crying deep in my throat, I couldn't stop his prolonged and mouth-sealing kiss. His handsome, bearded face encompassed my whole visual world while my nose ring was pushed painfully against its fleshy anchoring and I whined with pain when this most public of my humiliating rings was moved so uncaringly. At last his kiss ended, and I gasped for breath while he withdrew slightly, a grin of pleasure crossing his sun darkened face while he stared down into my frightened and pleading eyes. He paused a moment, two cm from my ringed lips, then with a quick dart, his flashing white teeth closed on the heavy, chain-draped golden circlet embedded in my nose.

With a slight movement up and backwards, he placed an almost unbearable tension on it that caused me to wail plaintively in distress, my tongue writhing frenziedly against its own painful connections to my gagging mouth filler. I desperately wanted to beg him to stop, but he maintained the awful tension while I wept and moaned in hapless distress, reinforcing his message of my ultimate and intimate controllability. When he finally released my nose ring, it was only for his lips to descend again to my own twitching, salt-tasting, ring-compressed flesh, and continue the process of my, now willing, enslavement.

I began to respond automatically to his movements, bouncing lightly against him when the springs absorbed my writhing and squirming. I was spread-eagled like a pinned moth before his flame and in moments, what with the

machinery continually suckling at my breasts and his attentions, I was back in my harnessed and controlled world of sexual need. The climax, when it came, was mind-numbing, causing me to flail wildly, screaming out a paeon of ecstasy through my steel-filled mouth.

There was a long period of quiet after he withdrew from me, but twice more during the hours that followed he had his way with my now-striving body and tattered mind. Before leaving, he summoned a Eunuch and had him wash and cleanse me thoroughly before I was again fitted with my punishing, humiliating, and restricting crotch-piece. Once the ablutions had been completed, I was released from the frame-work to stand on wobbly legs for just a moment, but he showed his harshness and cruelty for I remained locked into my Discipline Harness, then the saddle was added to it. The Eunuchs took me back to my stall and immediately put me onto my bed then fastened me as usual and moments later, absolutely exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep, struggling minimally against my bed restraints. Each time I tried to turn my head the reins jerked at my bit, continually reminding me of my status, but I took comfort in that, for my masochism had been brought to full flower. Frightening nightmares of being kept as a Pony Girl for the rest of my natural life woke me in the utter blackness sometime during the middle of the night and I found myself fighting the restraints and trying to yell for help, weeping hysterically to be freed. However, I soon realised where I was and, after a couple of long minutes of calming myself down, dropped off to sleep once more.

The morning routine went as per usual and, after my discipline harness was tightened again, I was taken from the Trotter Area and stables out into the Palace proper. Before I left though, one last touch was added ... my bridle was adorned with a tall, waving plume. Despite having been incarcerated in my harnesses for many months and having been seen by so many of the Palace's inhabitants, I was still deeply humiliated to be seen being drawn along behind the Eunuch on a set of controlling reins. From within the frame of the vision-limiting blinkers I could see the looks that my Uniform got while I clip-clopped along behind my Rein Master, red-faced with embarrassment at the spectacle I made and wondering despairingly what was to happen to me next. The suspense didn't last long, for we soon entered one of the Palace's large conference room entrance foyers where my first female

rider and God alone knew who else waited.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Put Through My Paces

As promised, my rider was a member of the Pygmy tribe and, to my surprised eyes, a female, fully toggled out in a classical riding habit and helmet, complete to jodhpurs and a short crop that she swatted against her booted leg while she looked me over appraisingly when I entered the room. Naturally, being a female on His Majesties staff, she too was fully equipped with her complement of rings, cuffs, collar and Chastity Belt, although most of these were hidden at the moment by her costume, and too, her arms had been fastened up between her shoulders, but she seemed not to mind this awful type of bondage, perhaps having endured it for a long time already. Fearfully, I saw that she also wore spurs and I tried to shy away when she approached, but she spoke gently while my reins were held by a Eunuch, then he slowly drew me closer and closer until I stood directly in front of her so that she could look fully into my blinker-shadowed face. Her tone was pitched low and her voice was melodious while she spoke slowly and easily; much as one would if one was trying to gentle a skittish animal, which is exactly what I *was*.

“I’m glad to see that you are to be my horse,” she stated in very good and almost unaccented English, “and I’m sure we’ll be able to thoroughly impress His Highness and the guests. I shall treat you as gently as the occasion demands, my dear, but you must realise that you *are* truly only an animal and, as you well know, disobedience of any type will not be permitted.

“You will be put through your paces and dressage this afternoon and you need not fear that anything will be demanded of you that you are incapable of performing ... and so with telling you that, I expect only the best of efforts. As you have seen, I’m wearing spurs on my boots, and I *will* use them on you to elicit better performance, if I feel it’s necessary. So, be warned.

“Now, hold still while I am mounted in the saddle. I will not be speaking to you at all in a human-to-human conversation from this point forward. Your guidance will be administered solely by rein commands, the crop ... and my

spurs.”

At the end of this little speech, my diminutive rider was picked up and seated in the saddle on my back, with my reins still controlled by the Eunuch, keeping me always somehow leashed as was one of the inviolate rules of the Hareem. I was surprised at how little she weighed, barely more than the little horror who had ridden me yesterday, but there was a world of difference in the way my reins were handled. Her spurt equipped boots were drawn up on either side of my flanks and fastened in place.

“Please open the door, Achmed.” she requested in the local language and they were immediately swung wide. It was one of the very few times she would ever be able to issue any kind of request.

I shifted nervously while she was settled, then, when the doors finished opening to reveal the opulent room and its seated occupants beyond, he gave the reins a gentle flick and her spurred heels pressed gently against my flanks, their sharp rowels just grazing my tender flesh. Without thought, I began walking forward at this prompt and, with glowingly red-faced embarrassment, was ridden into the conference room and around the table a couple of times while everyone except His Majesty gaped and commented at the stunning sight that my rider and I presented. My horse shoe shod hooves made a muffled thudding on the thick carpet, in counter-point to the conversations that immediately started after my dramatic entrance, then when I moved onto the marble part of the flooring, the distinct clip-clopping of my hooves was very noticeable. All eyes in the room were riveted on me while I circled the table, guided by gentle twitches of my reins and it was immediately obvious, just from her use of the spurs, that my rider was thoroughly familiar with how to control a horse.

At a signal from His Majesty, I was brought to a halt by his chair, facing down the long mahogany table, now able to see all the guests from within my blinkers. Defiantly, I shook my head against the controlling drag of the looping reins and pawed the floor, feeling and hearing the steel accoutrements of my bridle and harness jingling musically when I did. Once again the reins tightened and I had to remain utterly still, as did my rider and all along the table incredulous eyes stared back at the tableau we presented. Unable to avoid looking at them, I was disconcerted to find that there were a

number of white, female pairs that bored into mine with nervously intrigued curiosity, this mixed with some fear. It was the first time that any female of my own race, other than the members of the Hareem, had ever seen me as such a controlled and utterly dominated being. If possible, my embarrassment deepened and I wanted to sink into the pile of the carpet and out of sight. His Majesty spoke.

“Well, ladies and gentlemen, here you see two of my female staff in their Special Uniforms. The rider is wearing her habit only for the day, but this Pony Girl and *all* of the other women here in my domain are kept in their Uniforms for as long as I deem it necessary ... in her case probably about six months, but perhaps a lot longer, then she will be returned to the Hareem as a First Level Wife for the duration of her Contract.

“You have already been given a tour of the Milking Barn and other pertinent areas of my Palace, but I wanted you to see one of my girls up close. You may, upon reflection, feel that it would be desirable to send your own females here to be trained sometime in the future. Although relatively expensive, I think you will agree that you get value for money. Of course, any females sent to me will be returned to you fully-equipped with cuffs, collars, and Chastity Belts. If you wish to have them ringed, that too can be arranged. We can also return them to you with a full complement of custom fitted harnesses, Uniforms, and any other equipment you desire.

“Now I’ll have the pony demonstrate her obedience with a small display of dressage, then we’ll continue the tour of the Palace.”

He issued a string of commands to my rider at this point, then my reins snapped with a sharp jerk, making me whinny fearfully with the shock of the sudden and harsh command. I backed up, then swung left when my bit pulled me around and again the reins snapped. My rider kicked gently, driving the sharp spur rowels painfully against my flanks, urging me into a trot. I shook my head against the tightly-held reins and began to move down the length of the table once more, head held back and tail streaming behind me; all the time feeling the restraining play of the harness on my body. The reins snapped again and I was forced to break into a canter while I rounded the end of the table and started up the other side. I made five complete circuits and was then slowed to a walk, panting from the effort.

“You all now know that any female retained here in the Palace,” he said, “is *always* kept in a Chastity Belt, cuffs and collar and is, of course, continually kept in restraint and on a leash of some type. As I mentioned earlier, the Chastity Belts that are worn by all of the women are equipped with deeply penetrating vaginal and anal plugs and these can be and *are* used to alleviate sexual need. However, that being said they are far more frequently employed to discipline the wearer and train her to be obedient. These devices are extremely effective and may be used to any degree of severity you may deem necessary. My requirements are met by means of a computer-controlled network that, on command, will create the desired effect.

“I’ll demonstrate the use of the pleasuring facility, then the discipline one to you, on this female, and ask that you watch her reactions closely,” he said, taking a remote control from a pocket in his voluminous robes and pressing some keys.

I kept walking around the table and so didn’t see him adjusting the remote, thanks to my blinkers and concentration on my current activity. While I pranced along behind the row of people on the left side of the table, all eyes turned to watch me.

With a suddenness that made me stumble, the vibrators within my plugs and against my clitoris burst into humming life and I shivered violently, writhing my hips, even while prancing along, against the restriction of my harness and chastity belt. I *had* to keep walking until permitted to stop by a rein command. My buttocks and thighs clenched and quivered when the sensations kept increasing to almost unbearable levels, then mild yet pleasurable pulsations of electrical stimulation began to pulse through my captive breasts, tightly compressed within their rigid cups. It was impossible for me to ignore these sensations and I squirmed and moaned desperately in a panic of embarrassed pleasure while my rider kept urging me onwards with the pressure of her spurs. They hurt. I soon, desperately wanted to touch and caress myself to a climax when I began to reach the fully aroused state that His Majesty wanted, but with my hands and arms laced and locked into my forelegs, held rigidly straight by the corseted arm tubes, there was absolutely no way I could touch myself. All I could do was whinny frantically into my bit and toss my bridle-controlled head helplessly against the firm tension on my reins. I was ready

to explode with frustrated longing when I was finally allowed to halt beside His Majesty, then my rider was released and taken from the saddle to kneel before him, touching her head to the carpet at his feet.

“Now you will see the effect of only a mild disciplining. Watch her closely,” he stated, again touching the keys of the remote, out of my sight. He took a handful of my reins from the Eunuch, then his grip on them tightened and he pulled my head around so that I had to stare up into his implacable eyes.

A surge of horrible, agonizing waves and pulses from my plugs, clitoral stimulator, and breast cups ripped through my body like a freight train. I screamed shrilly into my bit and reacted in the only manner permitted by my harnessing and restraints; bucking and kicking out wildly, thrashing and twisting in mid-air like a wild bronco, my hips and hindquarters gyrating madly to seek surcease from the terrible, unending, and inescapable intimate assaults. My reins snapped taut to his hand while I flung myself against them animatedly, trying to somehow escape what was being done to both my body and mind, but he showed no mercy, staring at my wildly cavorting body and contorted, weeping face. With a predetermined cruelty, he continued the “mild” disciplining, then to my consuming horror the plugs buried so deeply in my body seemed to expand and lengthen until I thought that they’d suddenly appear at the back of my throat, pulsing with a life of their own. By this point, I was almost insane from the incessant disciplining, jerking frantically and unashamedly against my tethering, uncaring of the tears that flew from my wildly staring, blinkered eyes. Finally, the awful sensations tapered off and I tried to settle down, my harnessed chest heaving with the effort of trying to breathe normally again. When I had calmed sufficiently, my rider was re-mounted at a word from His Majesty while he held my reins negligently.

All in the room rose when he stood, then followed him while I trotted along at his side, urged by tugs on my reins and jabs of the spurs while we toured other areas of the Palace. For the next two hours my hooves clattered on the terrazzo floors while I accompanied the crowd through the various rooms and facilities of the vast building, finding it relatively easy to climb and descend the many stairways, even with such little practise. Along the way, each member of the group had a chance to thoroughly inspect me and my

harnessing and ask all sorts of questions, although not one word was addressed to me. I was, despite my obvious, female, humanity, just an animal. When they stopped for a brief snack, my reins were tied to a convenient ring and I was given a long drink of water through a straw, while I watched them eating caviar and drinking champagne.

One of the white women, about my own age and dressed in a smart though mannish business suit, spoke briefly to His Majesty, then came over to where I stood humiliatingly tethered to my ring and offered me a palm-full of candied fruit. Without thinking, I lowered my head as much as my check reins would permit and nuzzled her outstretched palm, gobbling up the offered delicacies, despite the bit almost filling my mouth.

“Well,” she said in a cultured Bostonian accent, “you’re quite the spirited little filly, aren’t you? How does it feel to be made into an animal, Pony Girl?”

Of course there was no way for me to talk intelligibly to her, so I just whinnied and shook my head against all the reins that ensnared and controlled me.

“I wouldn’t mind having you in my stables back in Arizona, girl,” she mused. “Perhaps when your Contract’s done here, you might want to look me up. I’d see to it that you were *well* looked after.” She smiled evilly at me with the smirk of superiority of a free woman dealing with a prisoner, then moved back to join the group around the snack table, leaving me in embarrassed tears, standing there leashed by my reins to the wall ring, utterly devastated and humiliated.

After the stop we continued the tour, but at this point my rider was returned to bondage; being strapped to my saddle and leaving her hands chained behind her, drawn up her back and between her shoulder blades, with a central chain connected to her collar ring, then His Majesty controlled my reins until the expedition was over. When it was obvious that I was almost exhausted, he released me to the care of one of the ever-present Eunuchs; instructing him to return my rider to her Hareem module and me to my stall. We moved off into the labyrinth leaving the still astonished guests, and eventually I found myself back in the Trotter Section of the stables, secured

in my stall. Later in the evening I was fed, watered, groomed and finally put to bed for the night, once more exhausted by the day's events and humiliations.

From that point on, I was always on constant display for guests of His Majesty, and when I wasn't doing that, I was back in my Discipline Harness either on the hot-walker or the treadmill, or sometimes taken out with other trotters to work while harnessed to the racing sulkies or heavy carriages. I was never taken back to have the Pygmies ride me again, thank God; although I did experience a variety of other riders. Discipline sessions were unavoidable for any of us, but they weren't regularly-scheduled, nor did they require us to have transgressed in any way. They just happened at the whim of the Eunuchs and without warning I would find myself blindered and taken to the cells, where I would spend horribly painful hours, and sometimes days, madly trying to escape the torments that were heaped on me.

During some of the training I was forced to participate in, I had to learn to jump low hurdles and fences, even while being ridden, and that proved to be some of the hardest work that I ever had to do. A lot of my training was done with me being totally sightless, especially the riding and racing sessions; having to rely entirely on the outside, unspoken rein commands of either my riders or Drivers and during these sessions I devolved into a nervous wreck of vulnerable femininity; jumping and surging into my restraints with every strange noise.

I gradually became fully accustomed to my life as a Pony Girl and towards the end of my stint in that particular role, I began to actually enjoy all of the strange and sometimes painful sensations that came my way. Eventually though, Mistress Janice came into my stall one morning.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Informed & Transformed

“Good morning, Pony Girl,” she spoke quietly, standing in regal splendour. Her tethering chains draped gracefully from their fastening points on the steel equipment fastened to her body. “You have completed your time as a Pony Girl, and since you have given such a sterling performance; it is now time to move you up to the next level - to the Lipizzaner/Display part of your time here as a human horse, so, tomorrow morning you will be returned to the Tack Rooms and equipped for your new role. Perhaps, sometime in the distant future, you may be freed of your harness, bridle, and bit and be returned to the Hareem, but for the time being, you shall continue as you are.

“Miss Henderson,” she lisped around her tongue and lip piercings, “I have been instructed by His Majesty to tell you that he is well pleased by your efforts. You will soon join this very select group of young women and be trained *much* more thoroughly and intensely in your role. I warn you. This training *will* be harsh and unremitting, but in the end, you will be proud of your accomplishments and skills. You should know in advance that you will be fitted with even more specialized subjugation equipment, but that is all I am permitted to tell you at this point. I shall see you tomorrow in the Tack Rooms.”

She surged against the leashes that kept her a prisoner, then turned and strutted from my stall with a steely clattering of her restraint chains, leaving me shivering once more in fearful anticipation of what would be done to me next. For long moments I stood there, shaking with dread and some weird anticipation, contemplating her last fateful words. What was this additional ‘subjugation equipment’ she’d spoken of? How much *more* could they control and render me helpless? Would I *ever* escape my incredible and pervasive bondage here in this desert of despair? There was no answer to my silent questions of course and I just had to wait silently for what was to come, and so spent the balance of the day in my box stall, bored to distraction. The only breaks in the dreary routine occurred when the Eunuchs arrived to feed and water me at mid-day, then again at my evening meal. Seeming eons later, for

I could never tell the time while in the Trotter Stables, as there were no clocks or outside light permitted, my Eunuch returned to the stall and prepared me for sleep. He was unusually garrulous.

“Well, little Pony Woman. It is looking wonderfully distressing for yourself over the coming months. I am being told that you are going into the Liptonzanner training and Displaying Team, and that you are surely going to be hating what they are doing to you to get you into your wonderfully newest Uniforming. You are going to be crying and wailing for sure when you are seeing what they are planning to be doing to yourself.”

He prattled on in the same vein while he prepared then lifted me onto my so-called bed, and strapped me down. With every sing-song sentence he uttered my fear grew thicker and thicker, for although he hinted broadly at my trials to come, he didn't really give me any concrete information at all. At last he finished tightening the tough straps and I shivered and tugged hopelessly at my bindings as usual; chewing on the gagging bit and feeling the piercing hardware mounted in my tongue jerk savagely and painfully. Short seconds later the door to my stall boomed shut, once more leaving me in sweat of apprehension. Although I was by now almost used to being isolated and bound every night, this was a special occasion, for it betokened my last evening in a role in which I'd become, if not comfortable in, at least accustomed to. Tomorrow would open a whole new and strange vista of experience, and I was, truthfully, as scared of what was going to be done to me as when I'd first entered the service of His Majesty so long ago. Sleep eventually came, although it was far into the early morning and I had lain in blindered blackness for many hours, growing ever more scared, until I finally broke down into helpless, gasping, gag-strangled sobbing; begging to the uncaring world for release from my sentence of servitude as a Human Horse Woman. Morning eventually came and with it the return of my mouthy Eunuch.

“There is to be no feedings for you this morning, Horsey Woman.” He grinned toothily at me while I struggled to get back onto my four feet. “After we are finished with your washings and toilets, then we are going directly and without stopping to the Tacking Chambers for all of your new Harnessings.”

He casually clipped reins to my punishing bit and with a sharp, uncaring tug that elicited a yelp of pain, I was dragged out into the corridor and off to the Tack Rooms. The trip was a short one, but nevertheless I was made to prance and dance prettily, my horse shoe shod feet clattering noisily on the marble floor. He finally shut up as we approached the Tack Rooms, but not before he'd had his last fun; pulling me cruelly back and forth across the corridor with continual snaps and jerks on my lines. By the time we arrived I was again in a welter of tears at being so harshly treated. If real horses had emotions and feelings, I knew then precisely how they felt at a human's casual cruelty.

Once inside, I was drawn to a long hitching rail, behind which Mistress Janice stood, watching and waiting. Her leashes had been locked to a wall ring immediately behind her, and for the first time since I'd met her, she was not accompanied by her Leash Master, the Nubian Eunuch. Constant control of *all* females was the watch word in the Palace of His Majesty, and she was no exception. Females of any age were *always* kept chained and leashed.

"Good morning, Susan. I hope that you're ready for this? It'll not be a pleasant experience for you I'm afraid. The preparation and harnessing for a Lipizzaner Mare is a long, complicated process and is quite traumatic and painful."

I shivered in dread at her words, attempting to stare around at the rest of the chamber from deep within my blinkers. It was almost impossible to manage, so stringent was my head harnessing, but I caught glimpses of the backs of two men dressed in surgeon's green's where they hovered over a white, cloth-covered tray on a dolly, in a curtained alcove across the room. One turned to inspect me and I saw with some consternation that he already wore a surgeon's sterile mask. Gripped in his rubber gloved hands was a gleaming surgical instrument of some type and I backed up fearfully against my tethers, trying uselessly to get away from what was going to be done to me. He turned back to his companion and they continued with their preparations. Fearful tears spilled from my eyes, but Mistress Janice paid them no heed, for she'd seen others go through the same turmoil of terror and horror that I was experiencing and my reaction was nothing new.

"I wish you good luck in your newest role, Susan. You will need all of your

courage, and then some, to bear what is going to happen and be done to you next. Goodbye, Little One.”

The two men finished their preparations and had come to stand beside where I shivered and stared helplessly out from my blinkers. When Mistress Janice finished speaking one released my reins, then jerked upwards on them so that I was compelled to stare into his harsh, unsympathetic, dark brown eyes. My fear was very nearly paralysing while the most senior of the two slowly pulled me around and away from the hitching rail.

“Come,” he commanded, jerking savagely when I tried to resist.

“Nnnnyyaaa! Oouuuoooo! ‘*Leeeaaasssee*!” I wailed, flinging my head around at the ends of the straps, weeping wildly from the awful controlling sensation that his grip and pull forced into my mind.

His handling of me was much more purposeful and harsh than had been that of my Eunuch, and I reared in rebellion against the controlling tethers, kicking out with my hind legs and bucking dementedly while he drew me across the chamber to a curtained-off area. There was to be no avoidance, and I was quickly pulled into the mini operating theater. This one was specialized for it was employed only for girls in my circumstances, and although I fought frantically against the irresistible tension, he easily dragged me over to a very high pen of shiny, thick, stainless steel tubing bolted to the floor. The other ‘doctor’ opened the gate and I was pulled inside. When I tried to brace all four of my legs and lean back against the reins, feeling the gagging bit become miserably painful, the floor proved to be entirely too slick and despite my resistance I was quickly pulled within. From an overhead set of tracks, the other man lowered two sets of heavy straps then clipped them to my body harness; one set on either side of my waist, and the other to my shoulder rings and for a moment they were both left loose while he bent to clip cross-ties to these same rings, leaving them loose also. The pen was wide enough that both men were easily able to walk up and down beside me, and beyond the frame, the curtains were about a half metre away from the sides. Seconds later each of my legs were cuffed, then other heavy straps were clipped to their restraint rings, these leading up to winches at the four upper corners of the pen’s framework. I sobbed in misery while he made the connections, but of course they ignored my distress, then rapidly moved to

my head.

I was surprised when they started releasing the straps for my bridle, but they attached fine restraining chains to my facial and tongue rings. My bit was partially extracted, my tongue still firmly attached to it, and before removing it completely, they fastened one of the chains to its tip ring and another to my septum ring. Two more were clipped to my ears, one on either side, then all were connected to fittings on the surrounding tubular frame. The bridle was at last slipped off my head for the first time I could remember since it had been fastened to me, and I felt strangely naked without it. For a very brief moment, I twitched my head to and fro in the limited freedom the facial chains allowed, marvelling at the motion that I had been so long denied and able to see, unimpeded by the severe limiting of the blinkers. It was wonderful. It was also extremely short-lived. One of the men engaged a hoisting mechanism and a moment later I began to be raised from the floor; stopping when my head came level with the metre and a half high, top rung of the surrounding frame. I hung horizontally suspended with my hooves a metre above the marble floor, the straps from the cuffs looping to the corners of the pen.

“Let’s get her fixed in position,” one of the masked technicians said in his own language.

They both moved to my front and rapidly tightened the straps to my arms/fore legs cuffs, pulling them straight out from my shoulders, then moved down my sides and did the same with my hind legs so that in the space of two minutes, I was in spread-eagled bondage. All of my legs were now stretched to the maximum by the thrumming straps and I could barely move, but they weren’t done yet and moved back to my head. A chain dangled from the ceiling and it was quickly clipped to the back ring of my collar then pulled slowly tighter and tighter until the wide steel collar clasped around my throat supported it fully, almost choking me. Carefully, they next tightened my earring chains until I was unable to turn my head at all for fear of the terrible pain that I’d suffer. As if that wasn’t secure enough, they next slowly tightened both my nose chain and my tongue chain until I panted and gasped with terrible discomfort and misery in mid-air before them, now with my head held motionless. I was utterly helpless and could only wail

inarticulately while the tensions slowly grew greater and greater.

I stared haplessly at the two gowned and masked men while they slowly wheeled the trolley with the glittering surgical instruments over to where I hung waiting, prevented from being able to speak, what with my tongue being kept under unremitting tension. The first thing one of them picked up was a pair of electric clippers and he quickly applied them to my head so that in minutes my head had once again become as smooth as a billiard ball, and even my eyebrows were removed. Immediately, they coated my scalp with a thick, Evergreen-smelling cream, then to the areas of my vanished eyebrows. The stuff was left to sink into the pores and in seconds I felt a distinctly painful stinging sensation and knew with certainty that it was doing something terrible to my hair roots.

I was left alone for the next 10 minutes while my hair roots were chemically incinerated, then one of them came over and rinsed away the vestiges of the cream. Immediately, they coated my skull and all along my eyebrow line with a strong-smelling disinfectant. It too stung fiercely and by this point, I was weeping both from the miserable smell and the discomfort of them being applied to my head and face, desperately wanting to be free of my situation. Now began the serious part of my time in the mini-operating theatre.

The taller of the two picked up an innocent-appearing metal fitting. Basically, it was a capitol **T** shape that curved gently over its five centimetre length, each arm about a centimetre high, with the longer tail two centimetres high and inset along each of the arms was a series of small holes. I'd guess that the thing was about a millimetre and a half thick and the entire steel piece was finished in a frosted covering. He approached me with it, then while my eyes rolled wildly, began carefully measuring my skull and marking the skin at various points with a sharp tipped indelible pencil. After he'd completed this process, he plopped the **T** onto the various places he'd marked and made yet other marks. For the moment I was silent for I didn't comprehend why he was doing this ... yet. Satisfied that all seemed to be as he wished, he picked up another set of the **T**'s and placed them where my eyebrows had once been.

Suddenly, I realized what they planned to do with these innocuous pieces of metal. My screaming was futile, for only wordless howls emerged from my collared throat. Their purpose wasn't immediately obvious, but I *knew* that

they would soon become resident in my body. The second of the gowned 'doctors' now came to me and wiped a surface topical anaesthetic on the markings that had been made, then picked up a shiny scalpel in his rubber-gloved fingers.

"Hold completely still, Slave Girl," he commanded briskly. "Each of the incisions must be exact."

He moved in front of me, sat on a stool, and stared intently into my terror-dilated eyes.

"This isn't going to hurt badly, but be warned."

His right hand moved to my face and I saw the small working end of the scalpel pass before my eyes, then his left hand slowly pressed down onto my upper right eyelid with the other fingers above it, stretching the skin tight. Suddenly, I felt what seemed like a small hair drawn along the length of the eyebrow, then came the fiery burning of having received a deep cut. I screamed with the pain while they quickly staunched the welling blood, then felt a horrible sensation when one of them slipped the cross arm of the **T** under the flap of opened skin and muscle_ I screamed anew when he began stitching the under-laying muscle tissue onto the metal, carefully drawing the stainless steel wire through the holes along the edges and ensuring that my flesh mated tightly to its length. He finished off by suturing the flesh back together around the projecting, raised tail of the **T** so that my eyebrow had been replaced by a stainless steel rim. It was hopeless to try to escape from the 'doctors' and so I submitted in tears while the other one was added above my left eye. Each time I blinked, the thing pulled on the skin and muscles, moving slightly on the underlying ridge of bone. It was awful. I wept with the horrified thought that I would be seen wearing these terrible things. How wrong I was in that assumption was soon to be made terribly clear to me.

They worked as an efficient team, silently and closely co-ordinating their respective efforts. In quick succession they cut and fitted 17 more of the horrid **T**'s. A row of five ascended from just inside my former hair line, over the centre of my skull to the back of my head. Two longer versions were mounted just in front of my ears over the bulge of bone and another five were emplaced on each side of the centre, going back along the rounded bulge

where the top of my skull became the side. I thought they'd finally finished with me when there was a long pause, but it was only for them to get another set of instruments and appliances ready.

Suddenly I felt the cartilage of the shell of my right ear clamped firmly, then came a solid snap. A specially flanged metal stud ear-ring had been driven through it and firmly mounted. I jerked fitfully when this happened, wailing at the pain, but they *didn't* leave me alone. Immediately, another was mounted close to the first, then they moved up and around the circumference of the ear, affixing more and more of the short, gleaming, steel posts. By the time they had completed this portion of my travail, a total of 10 had been locked into the cartilage and I hung gasping and weeping from the cumulative pain.

"We're almost done, female," the tall one said, moving to my other ear.

It too was rapidly and efficiently endowed with the hardware, then they moved the blood splattered tray off to the side. Both returned with bottles of antiseptic solution and carefully swabbed the newly sewn incisions and all the fittings.

"Very good," said the smiling tall one, the obvious leader, throwing the last swab into a garbage can. "Now, Slave Girl, we're going to spread healing ointment on your additions, then we'll hook up your sanitation lines. You'll be left to recover for the rest of today and overnight. This ointment aids the healing process enormously and so by this time tomorrow you'll be ready to be fitted with your newest head piece."

'A new head piece? Was that what all these things were for?' I thought in horror, then remembered seeing the girls who wore the awful, depersonalizing helmets. 'Oh, God. Please? Not me.'

He was as good as his word. As soon as he'd plugged the sanitation hoses into the crotch plate of my chastity belt, the curtains were drawn closed around my pen and I was left alone, suspended and spread-eagled inside, with my head fully immobilized. A moment later the lights flicked out and the heavy door thudded closed leaving me barely able to move in the suspension. The chains to my ears, nose, and tongue were cruelly efficient in keeping my head motionless and in keeping me silent. The few times I tried to beg for

release or help resulted in horribly uncomfortable jerks on my flesh, so I just hung, silently whimpering in wordless misery. In the far corner, small lights on a monitor glowed, faintly illuminating the curtained room, only small quiverings betraying my desperate desire to escape my fate. I was completely exhausted from the events of the last hours and the strain of my suspension and don't know how it came to pass, but I drifted off to sleep_ It was sometime around two PM, although I felt as though I'd been here a week when I woke to feel a large nipple nuzzling at my tongue and opened my eyes in the darkness only to see the formless blackness of a Eunuch standing before me, holding a watering bottle to my mouth.

“Drink,” he quietly commanded.

I sucked greedily at the nipple and was rewarded with a jet of pure, ice cold water. It tasted wonderful.

“Aaaalllaarr, uuuurrrgg?” I managed to gabble at him.

“No, Pony Woman. No feedings are for you until you are totally being dressed in your most wonderful new Uniform. It will be controlling you most painfully when you are in it, so you had better be being a good girl and doing all of the things that you are instructed.”

He withdrew the water bottle and a second later the curtains slid together, then came the thud of the door closing and locking. I'd managed some rest, but now I was awake again only to begin worrying anew about what was going to happen to me next. For long hours I hung in utter boredom, occasionally tugging against my restraints, but I was firmly and securely held. There was to be no escape, and I eventually drifted off to sleep once more. My next awakening was not to be watered, but to find that my sex was being ravaged by the demons within the vaginal dildo and anal plug, while at the same time the clitoral vibrator cycled through a series of tremendously arousing pulses. Gagged wails from the inescapable torment quickly began pulsing from my throat while I was tormented there in suspended isolation, struggling instinctually and thus ensuring that I suffered terribly from the tugging of the chains attached to me.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Continuing Additions

My addiction to this type of sexual torture and conditioning overcame my crumbling barriers and so I surrendered myself to the overwhelming and diabolical stimulation, screaming out my seldom-satisfied lust, hanging spread-eagled and vulnerable within the sturdy frame. The last vestiges of my control were destroyed in minutes and I thrummed and writhed with a mind erasing orgasm, followed immediately by another and another. The releases were so intense that I faded into an immediate, exhausted deep sleep. My body and mind had been pushed to their limits and I knew no more until the stabbing brilliance of the mini-operating room's lights came on.

The same two green-gowned men stood before me, inspecting their previous day's handiwork, while at my side, a gagged and silent Palace Maid waited to wash me with a pleasantly scented soap and water solution. One of the men spoke a harsh word to her and with a clatter of chains, she carefully cleansed my available skin. When she had completed her task, one of them unlocked her leash and drew her from the room. He returned a minute later and I saw they were of the same stock as His Majesty; hawk-faced, handsome, and bearded.

"Good morning, Slave Girl," said the taller of the two. "Your incisions seem to have healed almost completely, and although they're still slightly reddened and tender, that will rapidly disappear over the next eight hours, thanks to the new healing agent we've applied. You are now ready to begin your transformation to a Lipizzaner Mare of the Display Team of His Majesty. In order that you may remember what you look like, at this point in your life, you are to inspect yourself in the mirrors provided."

He stepped aside and his associate wheeled over a large set of mirrors, then the two of them left me alone. Reflected back, I saw myself hanging there in mid-air, and aside from my normal facial jewellery, I saw the newest additions with startling and fearful clarity, now securely affixed beneath my skin, with narrow steel ridges projecting through it. Where my eyebrows used

to be were narrow ribs of grim, shiny, stainless steel and I experimentally tried to arch them. When I did, the flesh tugged uncomfortably but not painfully and they moved fractionally, then I looked into the angled mirror and saw in horror how the rest of my skull had been likewise adorned. A line of the shiny steel ribs ran up and over the top and centre of my shiny, hairless head; paralleled on either side by a similar line. At the side of my face, just in front of my ears, another two had been set under the flesh. The wire stitching holding each of these devices was under the surface, invisible, and it appeared from a cursory examination, that I'd literally *grown* these terrible little additions. Every twitch of my skull's muscles was made immediately apparent to me from the uncomfortable tugging sensations, but there was no way I could escape my still-fastened head restraints and manage to tear them out of myself. The only way I could avoid having the image of my newest adornments burned into my mind was to shut my eyes.

*'Oh, God! I **know** what these things are for.'*

For long minutes I stared at my reflection until finally the two men returned, both carrying large cardboard cartons. They were satisfied that I'd had time to absorb this new vision of myself and looked, uncaring, at my tear-streaked face while they rolled the mirrors away, then moved the heavy boxes under me.

"It's time to fit you with your new Training and Display Harness, together with your new control equipment." The short one spoke for the first time in a surprisingly high voice.

My hind legs were released from their straps to fall towards the floor, but still didn't touch it. A moment later the hoist whined and my hoofed feet slowly touched down, but only just, before he stopped it to leave me still partially-suspended by the straps to my shoulder harness, with my arms wide spread to the sides, fully restrained. I jerked at them experimentally, shuffling my feet also.

"Remain calm, Slave Girl, and the fitting will proceed quickly and less painfully for you. Otherwise, we shall take harsher measures," he threatened, then placed a wide strap under my shoulders and tightened it, taking the weight off the other straps.

They began the process of releasing me from my oppressive shoulder harness and in moments I was free of it, remaining only in my punishing and subjugating Chastity Belt with its controlling accessories remaining locked deeply inside my loins. My hip high boots were left tightly-laced, although for the moment their gartering straps dangled from the reinforced tops. Freedom from the restriction of the shoulder harness was extremely short-lived, for the two of them delved into the boxes and brought out my new upper body control device. I saw immediately that it was almost the same as what they'd just released me from, but it had some significant differences that I could see, and others that I wouldn't be aware of until I was being trained.

The harness was made of shiny black leather, the edges piped with a startling red and it too had integral breast cups, although at the apex of each there was a substantial aperture, also outlined in red. I caught a brief glimpse of a steely mechanical fixture between the deep cups on the front while they turned then raised it, and began lowering over my back. The wide, cold device made me shiver nervously, then they brought up the front half of the harness and clamped it firmly to my chest and lower ribs, ensuring that my pendulous breasts settled deeply into their cups. They quickly moved to each side and joined and began tightening the numerous steel latches that joined the two halves together, down the sides of my rib cage and at first, the tongues of these latches zipped easily through their locking fittings.

“Exhale, Horse Woman.”

When I did, they, in unison, pressed the two halves together even more and in seconds my entire upper body was firmly captive within this newest harness piece. I tried inhaling, to find that the corset-like thing was deeply restrictive, allowing me to take only small gasping breaths. Each then took a wrench of some sort and adjusted the latches with small, evil clicks, until I was sure that I wouldn't be able to breathe at all. Within the cups, my breasts had slid forward, pressing past the hundreds of small, outward pointing rubber spikes, until my ringed nipples popped through their tip apertures. I whined from the painful compression and pin-pricking sensation, unaware that each little projection was a separately controllable electrode. As soon as they were satisfied the new shoulder piece was as secure as it could be made, they immediately connected it to the waist cinch of my Chastity Belt, then re-

gartered my boots. I whinnied querulously.

“Now we come to your new head gear,” the tall one said quietly, bending down to another of the boxes. “Horse Woman, we are going to release your facial and head restraints. You will keep your head still while we emplace your new equipment, or you will be immediately disciplined. Do you understand?”

I made noises that they took for agreement then they lifted a formed, very thick leather helmet from the box on the floor and held it in front of me.

It was the same type that two girls on our Pony Girl team had worn.

“Eeeaaaaa! *NOOOooooo!*” I screamed then with fear and misery when they readied the horrid device right there in front of my staring, horrified, and tear-filled eyes.

Once it was fastened to my face and skull; Suzanne Henderson, the person, would disappear, *utterly*. I would become only a numbered, faceless animal in a team of severely harnessed and constantly disciplined young women. “*Oh, please God,*” I wailed to myself, “*don’t let them do this to meeee.*”

My weeping and attempted begging did no good.

The only openings in the helmet were utilitarian. There were C-shaped ones for my ears on the sides, an aperture around its lower edge for my collared neck, and a small delta at the front that allowed access to the lower portions of my nose, mouth, and part of my chin. As with the helmets that the other girls wore, there were no eye-holes; only narrow vertical slits: their width about a quarter of a millimetre. They were some two centimetres high and outlined with more of the red piping, and at the top of each, a little chromed knob stuck out slightly. The knobs activated the integrated shutters within the helmet, adjustable so that they could be lowered or completely closed over my eyes for sleep, discipline, or training. Making a cross stroke to these slits; immediately above them were oblong chromed fittings that would accept the stitched-in, mounting hardware. These would slide over the steel **T**’s that had replaced my eyebrows, then small pins would snap through the holes in the projecting portion, literally locking the dehumanizing thing onto my face.

Similar fittings on the thick gleaming blackness of the leather helmet were mounted at every other position of my new sub-dermal steel adornments, and so the awful thing would be utterly and completely a part of my head; non-removable. I screamed in horrified despair, my eyes rolling frantically while I searched desperately for some escape from what was to be done to me.

There was none.

“Very well, Horse Woman, it’s time for you to begin wearing your new helmet,” the taller one stated without sympathy, releasing my earring chains.

“NNNNNnnnnnnnoooooo! ’Eeeeasssse! *Nnnnoooo!*” I tried to scream, but the tension still on my tongue garbled my wailing and terrorized cries almost to incoherence.

The helmet had a short slit at the back of the head and they prized it apart, then moved it in front of my face. I stared, horrified, into the black, rubber-lined interior, shaking with an ague of fear while it was moved closer to my face. Suddenly, my head was enfolded within its depths and it was quickly pulled all the way back and over my skull. On the sides, they tugged my multiply-punctured ears through their narrow slots, allowing the helmet to slip even more snugly into contact with my face. Inside, around my eyes, soft inner rubber cups pressed lightly on the entire area of bone surrounding them, thus isolating each one from the other. I shivered with involuntary dread, then to my enduring horror felt the helmet’s lower edge mate onto the top of my steel collar so that my head was held rigid. They spent the next two minutes lining up the various steel T’s mounted under my skin, with their fittings on the imprisoning helmet, then began pressing them down firmly onto the projecting metal ribs. Each was designed so that when it reached a certain point, the heavily spring-loaded row of pins within were momentarily pushed to the side, then they’d snap back into place, through the holes in the projecting rim, locking the incredible claustrophobia-inducing device inescapably into position.

They started with the ones at my eyebrows; my eyes, now hidden from the outer world, staring with near-hysteria, out through the very fine slits. These limited my vision terribly, narrowing it to only a very small arc in front of each eye, preventing me from looking almost anywhere but straight ahead,

and, in combination with the helmet's rigid connection to my collar, I was also prevented from looking down. Slowly, the thick leather was pressed down over the T above each of my eyes and I both heard and *felt* the locking pins click home. Next, they moved to the ones at the side of my face, and with a slight pull, tensioned the rigid encasement slightly, until the fittings were closely aligned over the projecting rims. A firm pressure was applied and these too slid down onto them, locking into place with small, distinct clicks. When they'd pulled the helmet back onto my head to be able to make those fastenings, the internal cups were pulled into a firmer contact all around my eyes, sealing each within its own separate, confining containment. With these initial mountings made, they proceeded quickly with the remainder. Every set of small clicks announced my deepening entombment within the thickly rubber-lined helmet and in short minutes the stringent, tight, encasing covering was firmly locked to my skull and face with no possible way of it being removed either by me or someone without the proper tools. At the rear of my skull the slit snapped closed, then they threaded a small diameter rod through the mating edges, exactly like a piano hinge, and thus the thick leather of the helmet became securely locked together also. For some moments after they'd completed that I felt small tugs at the back of my head and wondered what was being done. They were stitching the helmet edges together with stainless steel wire, although I wasn't aware that this was happening. I just hung helplessly letting them complete their awful work, weeping with the knowledge that I had become only a faceless, female, human body.

They weren't finished.

My nose and tongue leashes were removed and for a moment I enjoyed some freedom from the painful tensions, then, my septum ring was pulled firmly up so that it projected outwards, rather than laying flat upon my upper lip. Two small latches on either side of my nose were clipped to its sides so that now the sturdy little U of steel projected forward from my face, easily available for any crooked finger or leash. My nose leash was released and one of them picked up the most diabolical of bits that I have ever had the misfortune of being required to wear, but I couldn't see it of course, thanks to my extremely limited vision. I soon learned of its many discipline and control capabilities.

“Open your mouth, Horse Woman,” I was commanded.

“Oh, ‘lease! ‘Lease! It is so awful wearing this helmet,” I wailed in hidden tears. “‘*Lease* take it off.” My still-chained tongue distorted my speech humiliatingly.

“Be silent, Horse Woman, you are only an animal now. You will wear what we put on you. Now open your mouth for your bit.”

“Oooooohhhh *Ggggodd* ...” I wailed in desperation, then he slowly applied tension to my tongue leash.

I’d gotten used to being fitted with a bit by now, but even so, quivering with terror and without thinking about it, I automatically allowed my tongue to be pulled further out of my mouth at his command. They rapidly fitted the steel balls embedded in its upper surface into the underside of the bit’s mouth and tongue covering ‘spoon’, locking it securely to the horrid steel appliance and I couldn’t help but make the awful, inhuman sounds this process forced from me each time it occurred. Once the balls were fastened, I opened my mouth wider to accept the steel controller and, finally, they removed my tongue chain.

This newest bit was larger than any of the previous ones I’d had to wear and projected far more deeply back into my mouth, I found, when they slowly forced it inwards. My teeth slipped into rubber lined trays along the front and sides of the mouth filler and I attempted to close my jaws, only to find that my mouth was now kept slightly opened all the time. Small steel latches on the sides of the helmet clipped through the bit’s cheek rings, locking the thing into my mouth, tight to the helmet. As usual, long bit arms projected forward from my cheeks; with my stiffly projecting nose ring centred between and above them. As with all the previous bits I’d worn, the design was such that I could bite down on the axle portion of the bit, but it was inside a tube and thus I couldn’t stop its rotation. Tiny turn-buckles, or bottle screws as the British call them, dangled from the rings at the ends of the bit arms. One of the technicians carefully clipped them to my projecting, nasal U, then slowly tightened both until a burning and painful tension had been placed on the tender flesh of my nose. I wailed and tried to shake the things loose, but already they were far too tight. Now, my nose had also been used to anchor

the incredibly awful device within my mouth, driving it back a little further so that my entire face had become an extremely sensitive means of control. I wasn't aware of it, but there was a set of secondary arms nestled inside the main ones, and these had a diabolical purpose that I was horrified to learn of shortly thereafter.

They added the final humiliating pieces to my helmet ... a pair of large, horse-like, ears. These were quickly slipped down over the emplaced studs and it took only seconds to lock the steel mounting hardware in the cartilage into the horse ears. I suppose that the humiliating things were some 20 cm long and made of a formed leather, but they quickly became very heavy and uncomfortable. Their inner surfaces mated exactly to the shape of mine, completely covering them except for the doubled rings welded in my earlobes, thus leaving my bells and ID disks to swing freely. Behind each ear, another small fitting kept them loosely attached to my helmet; allowing them to flap back and forth. I shook my head and felt their weighty presence tugging at my head and ear flesh, and moaned with embarrassment at the thought of how ridiculous I must look. The ears were not only designed to humiliate though, for they had one more additional cruel feature that I soon grew to hate with an abiding passion. Each had a small 'tapper' that went directly into my ear canals and pressed lightly and annoyingly on the outer surface of my ear drum. Every time my head or the ears moved, the horrid little things beat out a mild but irritating tattoo, and this soon began to drive me totally crazy. I *couldn't* escape them once they'd been affixed and so had to live with the constant tapping from that point on.

Two sharp clicks on the helmet, up behind them, denoted the re-connection of my bearing reins and these were immediately tightened to a tautness that left me moaning and gasping within the depersonalizing helmet. Of course, no one could see my tears and any of the men of the Palace Staff would have cared less anyway, even if they had observed them. Weeping women were an everyday reality in the Palace. Anti-toss reins were next connected between the ends of the bit arms and my nipple rings and to the middle links of these, they added the directional control lines. The secondary reins were snapped to the inner bit arms and left to dangle to the floor for the moment. God, I hated the feeling of being so overwhelmingly controlled.

The next piece to be added to my harness was the nipple stretcher post. It socketed into the fitting between my encased breasts, then I felt some toying with my breast rings. Naturally, helmeted and confined as I was, I couldn't see what they'd done, but a moment later I felt a painful tension suddenly come on my breasts, dragging them outward and deeper into the painful interiors of their cups. I wailed and shook from the uncaring harsh manipulations of my sensitive and vulnerable nipples, then the tension remained constant after a moment, when they locked the cross bar in place. My breasts now, *too*, had become part of my directional control apparatus. It was horrible and inescapable.

Until I became a slave girl here, I had always been proud of my slightly oversized breasts and had flaunted them and displayed them without thought of how this made men and other women feel about me, thoroughly enjoying the seeming power they endowed me with. Now though, they were used to control me and make me aware of just how vulnerable a creature having large breasts made me. I desperately wished that I didn't have them now.

By this point I was in constant, gasping tears, my shoulders and chest heaving against the strict confinement of the upper body harness, but *still* they weren't finished with my outfitting. From the centre back of my shoulder harness, a heavy strap went down through the rear waist ring of my Chastity Belt and looped under the projection of my glorious golden tail. It was the crupper strap, again. I passionately loathed the thing, but *my* opinions didn't matter a damn. The strap was tightened and I shrieked pitifully when it levered the inter-connected butt plug deeply within my bowel. It was horribly uncomfortable, but I couldn't avoid its effects either.

I had become a leather and strap-enclosed, faceless, nameless, human, horse.

At my head they quickly clipped a 'butch-cut' mane to my helmet. It went from just above the fittings that held the **T**'s at my eyebrow line, all the way up and over my head to the base of my skull, concealing the centre-line mounts of the **T**'s and the seam of the helmet beneath its 20 cm long, bristly hairs. The mane strip was about three cm and moved gently with every small shake of my head. Their final addition was a 20 cm disk with the number Eight lettered in gold leaf in the centre, strapped in place at the centre of my back.

I'd been identified, but only the men in the room, His Majesty, and perhaps Mistress Janice would know who was actually a prisoner within the elaborate harnessing I now wore. I was ready to be released and taken for training.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Lipizzaner Familiarization

The two men left without any further words, their tasks completed, leaving me to hang there, still partially suspended, moving as little as I could, for everything hurt or was uncomfortable if I did. How was I supposed to do *anything* in this new harness and bondage? I would find out soon enough that I had no choice. Some minutes later, the same Eunuchs who had brought me to this place of torment and travail reappeared with long sets of reins grasped in their hands. They silently and quickly released my forelegs and the rest of the straps that kept me a prisoner within the frame, then with practised ease, I was quickly but loosely hobbled. This time though, the hobbles ran from fore leg to hind leg on each side, forcing me to walk with a syncopated pace. My reins were connected; one set leading from the bit rings to the Eunuch ahead of me and the other to the one behind, again keeping me isolated between them and totally controllable by the sturdy lines. My secondary control reins also led out to the Eunuch in front, then he jerked sharply on them.

When he did, one of the secrets of my new bit was revealed to me for the first time. It was indescribably demoralizing and horrible. Within my mouth, a powerful spring within the bit spoon forced its two halves apart, jacking my mouth wide open. At the same time, when they opened, a levering mechanism within pushed a huge, black, hollow, soft rubber phallus partially down my throat.

Unless pressure or tension were exerted on the bit, the plugging rubber penis would remain quiescent within the structure of the gagging mouth-spoon, but as soon as the halves began to spread apart, it would emerge from its lair and begin moving deeper into my throat. The stronger the tension, the deeper it would go, plunging far back and downwards. Little did I realize it then, but this effect was to be employed whenever I was to be fed from this point on. In my stall, I'd be placed on cross-ties and then my head would be fully immobilized by other straps, then the secondary lines that activated the penis-plug would be stringently tightened. Either the Secondary reins would be tightened severely, or a strong, spring-loaded tension would be placed on the

bit arms, pulling them downwards, and the hollow rubber penis would be forcibly and deeply inserted into my throat. A thick feeding hose could be attached to its outer end between my widespread teeth at the front of my mouth, then a slurry of food and water would quite literally, be pumped into me. It would be both humiliating and uncomfortable, as I was soon to find out.

The saliva lubricated plug plunged again, strangely resembling oral sex.

“Nnnnyyyyagggggghhhh ... *ggghhh* ..._” I howled, my wailing howl of despairing discomfort cut off at mid point when the plug inserted itself in my throat.

In panicked silence and snuffling miserably through my tensioned nose, I was led, prancing daintily between the two Eunuchs, from the Tack room and along the corridors to my new abode in the Lipizzaner Training and Accommodation section of the Palace: an area I’d never been in before. The way in which I was led and controlled was intentional and utterly demoralizing, but shortly, I was led into the duplicate of my Pony Girl stall and fastened as before within the narrow little closet. The only difference was that on the inner door I faced, there was a large mirror that I had no option but to look at. My featureless, helmeted face stared back at me, its blank, black and red-piped inhumanity continually emphasizing to me my new state as only a numbered animal.

I couldn’t help the tears of self pity that welled from my eyes inside the helmet. *No one* would know who I was. I wouldn’t even be able to see my sisters in bondage most of the time and there was no possible way that we’d be able to make any kind of eye contact to commiserate with each other, even soundlessly.

Sometime later my Eunuch arrived at the stall, removed me from it and took me to a common area. The other 11 girls of the Display Team were already there, tethered in a circle around a central pillar, facing out to the walls. Each was held in place by her primary control reins drawn out and fastened to floor rings some two metres in front of her, while behind, she was tethered to the pillar by having her crupper tensioning strap run up through a jam-clamp, then a ring on the back of her shoulder harness and back to the ring on the

pillar. In effect, this method of fastening had two effects on the girl so confined: first, it kept her totally subdued and silenced, and secondly, if she moved out and away from the pillar to try to ease the tensions on her bit, this pulled the crupper strap tighter through the jam clamp, making her arch her back and improve her horse-like posture, while at the same time levering very uncomfortably on her butt plug. If she thought to escape this increased discomfort, it was then too late, for the jam-clamp maintained the new tension setting that she had administered to herself. The downward tension on her reins kept her mouth jacked open, with the phallus of the bit kept inserted in her throat, thus maintaining proper silence in the Grooming Chamber.

I was led to my spot and fastened like all the others, but unaware of the self punishing arrangements of the bondage. My companion Lipizzaner Horse Women were all Uniformed exactly as I, so that the only way to tell us apart was to look at the number plaques strapped to our helmets. That's all we were, numbered bodies of female misery. As soon as my placement and securing was completed, the Eunuch began grooming me and polishing my harness. My duty was to wear it and suffer the effects it had on me: his were to ensure that I was fed, kept properly secured at all times, and ensure that I was immaculately turned out. He spent the next hours endlessly polishing and adjusting my Uniform until I literally gleamed from head to hoof.

Within the chamber, the only voices to be heard were those of our Grooms while they conversed in their native tongue. The only other noises were the clink and rattle of our hardware and the creak of the leather harnesses. We as the occupants/prisoners of the horribly restrictive and punishing Uniforms were kept utterly soundless.

There was a commotion at the door when it was unlocked and His Majesty entered with Mistress Janice on her leashes, in tow behind him, prancing daintily along with short, snubbed paces.

“Good afternoon, Lipizzaners,” he greeted us, while all the Eunuchs stood respectfully back against the walls. “To those of you who are new to this Display Team, welcome. You will find that the training here is much more intense than any you may have endured to this point in your various roles within my home. You, as my Lipizzaner Horse Women, are the best of the best, and your training here will assure that you remain in that classification.

Some of you have already been made aware of the fact that you will be kept in this role for the remainder of your Contracts, while others have been informed that this is how you will spend the balance of your lives. Once you have passed beyond *that* particular line, there is *no* turning back. You'll know when you've crossed it when the mounting T's for your helmets are screwed into your skulls and not just mounted in your flesh. Some of you have already had it happen.

“At any rate, and be that as it may, I want you all to know that I shall proudly display you to my associates. Some travel may be involved for you now, also. Mistress Janice and I will keep a sharp eye upon you all the time and you must resign yourself to what occurs during your training and display times. It *cannot* be avoided. You will find that there is no way to shirk your duties. I trust that you will find your new lives as Lipizzaners quite interesting.

“Oh, and be advised that this is *not* the furthest step that can be taken as a human Horse Woman. One more level remains beyond a lifetime servitude in this role. It is severe and utterly permanent, but it is only done to females who become fully my property, and not employees such as some of you.”

With that small speech made he walked silently around our circle of harnessed, four-legged, helpless femininity, inspecting each faceless girl carefully. He arrived before me and I had no choice but to stare straight ahead at his robes in despairing tears, silenced by the horrid plug in my throat. I couldn't even look up. His hand descended to pat my shoulder.

“Quite a fix you've gotten yourself into, isn't it, Miss Henderson?” he murmured to me. “You may come to enjoy your new role at some point in the future, but I'm afraid you won't like it very much for the next six months or year. Remember what I said about becoming a permanent member of this team. It may just happen to you.”

With that, he moved on and I shook with a deep terror, wondering if I'd *ever* get out of the Palace now. They'd *promised* me freedom after five years. Now there was a threat that I'd never be freed and I moaned hysterically at the possibility, unable to stop the renewed tears that coursed down my masked and imprisoned face. Moments later, he and Mistress Janice left the room and the Eunuchs began to release us. When we were each freed, a pair of them

fastened us as we had been when we arrived, then pulled the harnessed girl out the door. When my turn came, I was taken from the room, then along innumerable, echoing passages to the large arena. It was our Training Period and no other Horse Women or Pony Girls were present. With only the 12 of us and two Handlers each, there was plenty of room for our individual training to take place, and so we were all widely separated on the floor.

My orientation commenced almost immediately.

One of the Eunuchs, obviously chosen for his skill in training Horse Women to the standards His Majesty required, took firm control of my reins; grasping them close to where they were connected to my bit and pulling me to him. He maintained a strong tension, forcing me to look up into his face through the vision slits, then spoke in excellent English, unlike the others.

“Number Eight, welcome. You will now begin some of the most intense and demanding training that you have experienced to date. I will accept *no less* than a perfect performance from you of your evolutions, at *all* times. Your training will commence in a moment and you will, during the first month or so, become fully acquainted with the various moves required, and given some verbal instruction in how to complete them. After that, I shall rely entirely upon rein commands and other means to indicate to you what I wish you to do. Concentration on your movements, at all times, is an absolute must, regardless of the stimulation or discipline that is being employed to maintain your form.

“Know that your new harness contains many more electrical contacts than any previous one you’ve worn and that they will all, at one point or another, be used to train and discipline you. You cannot escape them, nor can you affect the time and manner in which they will be applied to you. In combination with the Chastity Belt you wear and its internal fixtures, you will soon learn your place here.

“Now, it’s time for you to begin. We’ll start off with some relatively simple trotting, cantering, and galloping to get you warmed up. Next, we’ll progress to the specialized prancing that Lipizzaners are noted for. After that we’ll move to you jumping hurdles, then the hind leg walk, and finally the hind leg prance. Other evolutions will be taught in due course. After you become

proficient in each one, we'll then work on getting you to move as a co-ordinated team in which you'll be required to complete all the same moves in unison. For the moment that's enough of what is planned for you. Come along. It's time to view a short video of what is required for your first session."

Of course, there was no way for me to *not* 'come along'. Bitted and painfully controlled by the connections to my nose and nipples via the reins, I was helpless in his hands. He walked quickly ahead of me down the arena to a large, flat screen TV screen at one end, then placed me in front of it. A moment later the video came up on the screen and I was required to watch a preview of all of the various tasks I'd have to perform. The overview cut off, then came slo-mo video of a harnessed woman at the ends of her lunge/control reins, executing the prancing, hoof-snapping walk that was demanded of a Lipizzaner Mare at all times. The exercise looked horribly tiring and complex, but the helplessly harnessed girl on the screen seemed to manage it with ease, bouncing around at the end of her lines, seemingly without a care in the world. The tape went on for about two minutes then cut off.

"That is your first goal," stated my Trainer. "The Horse Woman you saw there took three weeks of continuous training to be able to do that. I'll be surprised if you can do it in less. Very well. Time for you to begin your lessons."

"EEeeaaaggg ... gghh ...,"

My reins jerked firmly to the side and I automatically tried to scream from the painful tugs on my nose and nipples, but the horrid plug strangled me before it had become fully-voiced.

I was pulled down the track until we had a large open area, then he uncoiled my Secondary control reins and with these fed back over my shoulders, he buckled them tightly to a ring at the centre back of my waist band, making the bit arms rotate downwards and expanding it inside my mouth. Of course, when they tightened, this drove the phallus deeper into my throat, silencing me utterly. I shivered with the all-encompassing bondage of my head restraints; my tongue pressed firmly to the floor of my mouth by the bit

spoon, writhing painfully against the posts transfixing it. The tight bearing reins sternly kept me looking directly ahead. He next threaded my Primary control reins through other shoulder rings, then down to my waist, and out to his hand, allowing about five metres of slack line from my back. I was almost ready to begin.

“Number Eight, you must learn to maintain a constant tension on your lines to always remain at the same distance from your Handler. To do this, you will have to move out until you feel an additional tension on your bit, nipples and nose. You *must* maintain this distance; therefore you will keep yourself in some pain at all times, as an indication that you are at the distance required. Move out to your limit now.”

It was awful. Already I was tender and sore from my harness and now I was required to hurt myself just to satisfy their desire for dominance and control. What could I do though?

I sidled carefully out until I felt the thing in my throat begin to plunge deeper and there were painful tugs at my nose and nipples.

“Further.”

I couldn't do it. It already hurt too much. The reins snapped viciously and I pranced out five cm more.

“Now, begin walking,” he shouted at me snapping my lines gently, but even that still caused me pain.

To my horror, deep in my belly, the vaginal plug emitted a series of pulsing shocks into its surrounding flesh and I desperately tried to scream; bucking and kicking frantically to escape the awful, intimate torment. I moved even further out on my lunge rein, feeling the increasingly burning pain in my nose and nipples with terrified misery.

“Begin your prancing walk, Number Eight.”

I attempted to lift my feet and snap the hooved portions as I'd seen the woman on the video tape do with such practised ease, but all I managed was

to move forward as though tripping over my feet. He let me continue for about two minutes.

“That’s *not* good enough, Number Eight,” he shouted.

I stopped and tried to turn to look at him, but the reins snapped repeatedly with determined authority at my bit, levering the horrid plug in and out of my throat, fractionally deeper each time. I could not help making a gagged shriek, but was kept strangled and silenced, then again went into a mindless paroxysm of bucking and twisting against my harness, trying to fight or avoid the humiliating and painful ministrations. Of course it was quite hopeless, for the restraint network and lines that controlled me so utterly were inescapable. I must have made quite a sight, cavorting wildly yet silently at the ends of my reins, obviously attempting to stop what was being done to me, but he finally ceased his awful pulling on the reins and I gradually settled down, then tried once more to master the difficult technique of the Prancing Walk. I came close a couple of times, managing to make it happen for a few paces, then lost concentration thanks to the multi-faceted pain and discomfort. As soon as I did, he disciplined me harshly again, keeping me in a welter of helpless tears, deeply a prisoner within my cloyingly tight helmet. Finally, he allowed me to rest, leading me over to the wall and tying my reins to a ring.

The other Lipizzaner Mares were already tethered there, clear plastic tubes connected to their gagging bits, being watered. I quickly joined them, sucking greedily at the precious cold liquid and although we could see one another, the helmet’s extremely narrow eye slits prevented us from actually being able to make any kind of contact. Four of the girls were denied *any* vision at all, for the shutters over their eyes had been closed and so they just stood quietly, glad of the chance to rest. I saw that their hind quarters shiver and twitch continually and wondered why. It wasn’t long until I found out.

Our break came to an end and I was taken back out into the ring to continue my lessons. For the first while I continued to stumble around, but seemed to be getting the knack of the required walk style down slightly better. My Trainer though, was not a man of infinite patience. He wanted results, and quickly.

“Pick ’em up, Number Eight. Pick ’em *up*,” he exhorted. “You’re proud.

Proud to be a Lipizzaner. Move out. Move out.”

All the time I sweated and quivered with exertion, pain, and terror; then he added in the next escalation of cruelty to my training. The vaginal vibrators came on, then the shockers were activated at a truly awful level. Once more I writhed dementedly against my reins, bucking silently and wildly from the indescribable sensations of the deeply penetrating distress that flooded through my sexual organs. *Now* I knew why the other Horse Women’s hind quarters quaked continually. I was getting the same treatment, but at a higher level than what they endured on a constant basis. Strangely, something seemed to click, far back in my sub-conscious, and I began to walk in the required manner. I still bucked and kicked spasmodically, but when I managed to begin prancing as I was supposed to, the shocks died back to a bearable level.

“That’s better, Number Eight,” he called, watching with a critical eye while I circled around and around. I felt inordinately pleased by his encouragement and that I had managed it so quickly, but then I lost my concentration, and my gait.

“No! No! *No!*” he shouted angrily, hauling savagely on my reins. “You have to walk like that *always* now.”

I wanted to lay down right there and die. I was overwhelmed by the terrible things that occurred when he jerked on the reins, but I couldn’t stop any of them from happening. I knew I’d be terribly punished if I just refused to do any more and so I *had* to keep at it. The shockers burst into terrible life once more and I screamed with agony at the strength of their newest application; rearing onto my hind feet against the restrictions of my hobbles, pawing the air in front of me with my forefeet. Uselessly, I tried to shake my head free of its compressing and imprisoning helmet and the firmly anchored bit, but of course there was no possible way for me to escape *any* of my restraints and equipment and when I shook it, the ear tapper’s actions drove me nearly mad. I suffered as badly as can be imagined, locked, sealed and confined within my Uniform, always fighting to escape its implacable torments. The shockers, now, were left turned on at a low level all the time, keeping me in a continual state of agitated terror that their levels would be increased. My hind quarters, like the others, shivered and shook constantly.

At last that first awful day came to an end and I was returned to the Grooming Chamber along with the other girls of the team. We were all thoroughly rubbed down and polished, then the Eunuchs took us off to our stalls for the night to be fed.

Once in the stall, I was quickly placed on cross-ties, then the Eunuch came to my head and began fastening it, preparing me for the application of the feeding hose. The procedures were quickly completed. First, he tightened my secondary reins until my mouth was widely stretched and the plug deeply inserted into my throat while I tried to retch, but I couldn't even manage that. He next tightened my bearing reins until my head and neck were pulled back even more than normal, thus straightening out my collared neck and allowing the phallus to slide even deeper into my throat. I shivered against the centring straps in silent protest, but *what* could I do? Next, he grasped my control reins and threaded them through large rings on the panel in front of my face, thus holding my head immobile. With my mouth now opened so widely, the outer end of the phallus was easy to get at, and he took a coiled hose from a compartment, then plugged it into the revealed fitting with an audible click that betokened its non-removability. I stared at my reflection in the mirror, silently weeping again inside my helmet at what I saw for there was nowhere else that I *could* look. The image that was reflected back at me was horrible and terrifying. All I could see was a featureless leather ovoid, the open lower portion of its front decorated with a set of chromed machine-like fixtures, mounted securely and a thick black hose led to the centre of the shiny steel of my bit. All the other accoutrements fastened to me emphasized how helpless I was, then, the hose pulsed.

A second or two later, I felt the tasteless mash of my food beginning to course down my plugged gullet and into my stomach when I was fed for the first time in my new role. That was just the beginning though, for as soon as the stuff started to be forced into me, the Eunuch reached over and slid the steel shutters down over my eyes. They closed and locked with a solid little click from each and I was left in total blackness. I just had to stand there, utterly silent, harnessed and have it done to me. It was a horrible and humiliating process, but not yet the end, for suddenly the vaginal dildo began to throb and thrust within my belly, emitting small, randomly spaced shocks of wildly differing intensities.

I thrashed mindlessly against my bindings, praying desperately that His Majesty would not keep me as a permanent member of the Lipizzaner team. Was this how we were to be treated *all* the time?

It was.

Eventually the embarrassing process was completed and my Eunuch returned to the stall and disconnected me from the feeding apparatus, but left the line still attached, allowing me to drink as needed. He kept me blinded, but eased the tension of my bearing and secondary reins somewhat, although each set was still left tightly fastened. I shifted nervously and continuously, feeling the constant needling shocks course through my body and there was no way to avoid them or make them stop, then to my horror, the next, automated portion of my Training began. The floor of my stall in *this* wing of the Horse Woman Barns was, in actual fact, a treadmill belt. They didn't need to take any of us from our stalls and so we could be exercised right there inside them by a computer-driven program when we were not being trained in the Arena. It was so unfair. When were we supposed to rest and be allowed time to do nothing??

“Lipizzaner Mares,” a stern-voiced command issued from a speaker in my stall. “You will now begin the Stamina Enhancement portion of your training regime. During this time you will be required to walk, canter, and gallop. You must maintain your prancing walk at all times during these exercises. You are, of course, each being monitored. Failure to comply will result in the appropriate disciplinary action being taken.”

The voice cut off and my world descended once more into complete silence. A soft whisper pervaded my stall when the belt started and I *had* to begin walking, harnessed in place and totally isolated in the small chamber that was my newest home. It was no comfort to know that close by, there were 11 other helmeted, faceless, harnessed, and blinded young women being forced to do the same thing as I and being subjected to the same terrorizing stimuli. All I could hear was the thumping of my four steel-shod feet hitting the moving belt. I tried to execute the special prancing walk that I'd seemed to have mastered just hours ago, but it wouldn't come back. I knew what was coming and tried to steel myself, but the bolts of rippling electrical impulses radiated from the dildo's buried in my core and I screamed into my horrid

gagging arrangements, jerking frantically at my tethers; desperate to escape the terribly punishing predicament I was in. Although the Eunuchs at the Control Station in our wing of the barn may have heard the beginnings of our gag-strangled screams, they neither cared, nor could they do anything to release us from our torment. As soon as the computer program began, it locked-down all the cells and created a blocking file to prevent anyone from interfering with its processes while our training procedures were being executed. My exercise continued unabated while I struggled to regain my focus, concentrating on the art of walking in the required style.

I surged into my harness, bucking and writhing in place and when the shocks became overwhelming, attempted to kick out and rear up, only to have the cruel network of restraints exert their control. I continued to be driven to walk on the moving belt, but my efforts were for naught and I *had* to do as was demanded of me. My tears flowed non-stop and I thought that I'd soon go completely mad from the unceasing bondage and incredible control, but I stayed sane, and awake. Every once in a while I was allowed to rest, but then the whole thing would start over again.

The after dinner exercising lasted for something like two and a half hours; by which time I was totally drained. I knew I was done for the day when after a long time of being permitted to stand motionless, I heard the door open and my Eunuch entered.

“Well, little Liptonzanner Pony Woman. Here is your first evening after you are being converted. I'll be betting you are wishing you were somebody and elsewhere than here, aren't you?” he chuckled evilly, enjoying my helplessness and distress immensely. “It is time for you to be going to sleep for the night time and I am here to be putting you onto your bed. You are to be holding still for my attentions.”

Idiot. Of course, I'd hold still. What the hell else *could* I do, harnessed as I was. I had to trust him, being blinded by the helmet and with no way to protect myself.

Minutes later I lay on my side as I had in the Pony Girl Barn, strapped down, with my four legs projecting over the side and secured by tight loops just above my hooved feet. He tensioned my bit, again, until I was deeply gagged

by the self-inserting phallus, then fastened my helmet to the pillow by running narrow leather straps through its integral D-rings and connecting them to the frame of the cot and the wall. I lay shivering against my strict restraints, then faintly heard the door close and lock. For long moments nothing further happened while I tried to somehow free myself or even just move a little without feeling the controlling tug of the harness or the rings in my flesh.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Humiliated & Displayed

I can't believe that I actually fell asleep while so thoroughly immobilized, but I must have, for the next thing I knew, he was back and releasing me from the so-called bed, prattling on about what a wonderful time I was going to have today. Of course, I had absolutely no way of telling time, and so just had to accept that I was beginning another endless day of training and discipline. Surprisingly, he opened my helmet's eye-shutters and I was thankful for that small mercy. As soon as I stood on my four legs again he attached my reins, then led me off to the Grooming Chamber.

I was the first to arrive and was quickly fastened in Number Eight position, then he immediately connected the sanitary hoses to my Chastity Belt crotch cover-plate and I was soon being washed both internally and under the plate by surges of warm soapy water and lubricating ointments. As soon as he'd hooked up my aft end, he plugged a feeding line into my bit, then began brushing out my mane and tail. My harness was next on the agenda and was soon polished to a gleaming brightness that only others could see. Soon after I'd arrived, my team mates had been led in and they went through the exact same processing while we stood in a circle of 12; harnessed and bitted, looking like some strange, organic machine, what with all the hoses and straps connected to us. We must have made a bizarre sight to any but the uninitiated. Our time in the Grooming Chamber soon ended and we were readied for our day. The Eunuchs modified our 'in-transit' fastenings, for the first time joining us in a long line by means of our primary control reins being threaded back through our shoulder guide rings, then led on either side of our tails to the bit of the girl immediately behind. None of us escaped these fore and aft connections, for Number One at the front had her bit reins held by the leading Eunuch, and the last girl, Number Twelve in the string, had a set of reins leading out behind her to the controlling hand of another Eunuch. Once the door to the chamber was opened, we were led from it in a snaking line, our manes and matching tails streaming, out and down the corridors to the Arena, or so we thought.

The Eunuchs led us from the Horse Area of the Palace and out into the public area, then without any resistance possible, we were pulled into a large conference room crowded with all sorts of people in predominantly Western style business attire. I wanted to sink through the floor with humiliation and embarrassment at being seen in bondage like this, but of course there was no possible way I or any of the other girls in our Lipizzaner ensembles could be identified. Our harnessing was strict and effective and we could do nothing to escape, and so trotted obediently along at the ends of our supremely controlling tethers; only small whinnying noises and partially strangled sobs emerging from our bitted mouths when our reins tugged. The clip-clopping, noisy cadence of our forty-eight steel horse shoes on the floor ensured that all present turned to stare at us when we were brought into the room.

We really weren't required to do anything, other than be led around and shown off to the crowd of dignitaries. Many of them, both male and female, were obviously from Western nations and stared at us in shock; seeing for the first time just how subjugated a female could become in this land. None though, despite their obvious discomfort at the sight of us in such horrendous restraints and obvious slavery, voiced their displeasure. They were here as guests of His Majesty and perforce had to maintain their so called 'Diplomatic Distance'. I saw all of the Western women present move closer to their male counterparts, in fear that they might soon join us I suppose.

The leading Eunuch stopped in the centre of the room and saluted His Majesty.

"Tether the Lipizzaners at my chair, then arrange them to be securely held, side by side," he was told.

A moment later this command had been executed and the 12 of us stood, six to a side, by his chair. The Eunuchs had bustled busily to get us quickly arranged, first detaching us from each other, then pulling us around by our reins to stand where they wanted. Short, adjustable straps were clipped between one pair of bit arm rings to the next girl's, with the ones nearest the throne each having one of her bit rings connected to a chair arm. The outermost girls had long straps led from their outside bit rings to thick columns off to the side, and so there we all stood on four legs, looking out through the narrow vision slits of our helmets at the shocked crowd. They

stared back at us in fascinated horror, wondering if we were truly Horse Women, or just very highly paid actresses in the Sheik's little display of power.

Oh, how I wished to be able to speak and beg for release and escape. It was not to be, of course, because the secondary reins had been adjusted to such a tension that we were all cruelly gagged to silence, and because of our head harnessing and confinement, unable to shake or even nod. One of the men eventually came over and within my hearing, spoke to the Sheik. I'm sure he was British.

"Ah ... Your Excellency, these are indeed quite impressive young ladies. However, did you manage to get them to consent to being fitted with the ... ah ... rather stringent costumes they wear?"

"Yes, they are a splendid team, are they not?" he replied easily. "Actually, it has taken me many years to assemble this group of young women. Their costumes though, as you put it, are *not* an option that they have the choice of wearing. These females are required to wear them at all times, their consent having been given when they signed their Contract's, some years ago."

"But ... ah ... don't some of them want to ... ah have them taken off at one point or another?"

"Oh, I'm sure that they *all* would love to be freed of their harnessing, but that choice is not open to them. Each of the females you see here before you will remain confined within her harness and held as she is for as long as I wish them to stay in this particular Uniform."

"Ah ... yes. Surely. I understand that as the Sovereign of your nation you have that power, of course, but it would appear that the ... ah ... females must find their ... ah ... 'Uniforms' quite uncomfortable? I see also that it would seem that all of your ... ah ... Horses here seem to be of Caucasian origin," he trailed off lamely.

"Why yes, of course," the Sheik stated bluntly. "The Lipizzaner Harnesses these females wear are not the most comfortable of arrangements to be sure. However, each is individually crafted and fitted to its wearer and is designed

to be a totally secure restraint as well as being capable of controlling her quite thoroughly.

“As to your observation about the racial type of the females in harness ... yes, all of them are Caucasian in origin. Some are English, some American and Canadian, and many are from Europe. Females from the Western countries seem to fit the mould required better than most, and too, they are the most interesting to train in this role, for they all passionately dislike their new lives as animals and slaves,” he said with an evilly contemplative smile in his voice.

“Well ... ah ... then, of course, they should be freed and allowed to return home,” the man exclaimed, shocked at such a bald revelation of our fates.

“That is *not* possible,” stated the Sheik unequivocally.

“In Heaven’s name, Sir, why not?”

“These females have all signed legal, duly witnessed Contracts. They are now fulfilling their obligations; whether they wish to continue in their duties or not. At the end of their specified terms, they will be released to their former lives, but *until* that time arrives, they remain as I wish them to be.”

“Well ... ah ...Your Excellency. It is a most interesting display, if I might say so. Thank you for clarifying the situation, sir,” the man mumbled and moved away, staring back over his shoulder at us.

A few of the women present walked over to look at us, but none came closer than two metres, fearing, I suppose, that if they got closer, they would somehow be transposed into one of our bodies. I caught a partial conversation between a couple of them.

“... and see how they’re forced to stand so still? Those harness straps are *really* tight and they must hurt like the dickens. And look, too. All of that stuff they wear is *locked* on. There’s no way they can get it off themselves.”

“Yes, I can see. But look at those horrible helmet and gag things that they wear. Those girls can’t even speak, the way they’re fixed. And how can they

see out of those little slit things over their eyes? It must be horrible to have all that stuff fastened over your face.”

‘Ohhhh, Gggoddd,’ I wept to myself. ‘How little they know about how we were made to suffer so terribly, and just because we were born as females.’

“I think I’d go crazy if someone put me into one of those harnesses.”

“Me too,” said her companion. “I wonder how they managed to end up in that fix? Too bad we can’t talk to them, but it looks as though they’re pretty well used to being kept silenced.”

“Yes. I’d sure like to speak with them too. Those things in their mouths seem to be pretty efficient though”

They drifted away, sweeping regally and freely towards the refreshment table, completely unfettered, but each was wearing a collar and an attached leash.

I wept with envy and loss, tugging gently on my bit’s cross-ties, feeling the return tugs of the girls beside me, also crying and struggling to speak within their own isolating and controlling helmets and harnesses.

I suppose it was an hour or two later when the Sheik issued a quiet order and we were formed into our line once more, then led in a single circle around the room and out through the door. When we started walking, my vaginal shocker was suddenly activated, as were all the other Lipizzaners’ dildos and as a team we all began cavorting frantically, fighting to avoid the horrid shocks convulsing the flesh within our loins. The reins though were quite strong and held us all firmly in check while we were pulled through the door, dancing animatedly in a cacophony of clattering steel hooves. It was horrible to be so publicly humiliated and tortured and my face burned scarlet under the thick, concealing helmet, but by that time we were through the door and on our way to the Arena; leaving the crowd behind wondering just what the Hell had been done to get us to all react so violently and so quickly. They, for the most part, would never know, and just take tales back home with them of the strangely-costumed women they’d seen displayed in a Sheik’s Palace.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Harsh & Unceasing Training

It wasn't long before we arrived at the Arena and our daily round of training began once more. It was even more intense than my first day, keeping me always in frustrated tears from the attentions of my Trainer for he was relentless and remorseless. What with his handling of my reins and the remote control for my harness's shockers, I was kept in a continual state of terror and nervous tension, yet trying to concentrate on my lessons.

I spent hours and hours just circling around and around at the ends of the reins, attempting to perfect the prancing walk that was required of the real horses by the Spanish Riding School in Vienna. It was a *very* trying time. At mid-day, we were returned to the Grooming Chamber to be fed and watered, then brushed down and polished and the process was just as humiliating and uncomfortable as the first day. I was lonely, scared, and isolated from any direct human contact with the other team members; the helmet serving to make me think more and more of myself as an animal. The only way I could communicate with humans or my team mates in any way was by gross physical reaction to pain or discomfort that was so callously inflicted. What I missed the most was the ability to be able to look into another's eyes and have them look into my own. I hadn't realized, until this point, just how much information about a person is transmitted in this manner, and although we could see each other in a limited way, there wasn't any possibility of being able to actually make any sort of contact. The helmets, of course, were designed specifically with this in mind; serving to reinforce to each wearer that she was nothing more than an animal to be trained and controlled.

In the afternoon, I was shown another video of the different evolutions I was to be trained to execute and once more the same harnessed woman who'd demonstrated the prancing walk was employed to show what was required. She had to do all of the movements while on a lunge rein, again seeming to accomplish them effortlessly and I began, at this point, to comprehend just how much time she had spent to get her to the point of excellence she demonstrated; and I'd only been in training for a day. I barely managed to

execute the prancing, hoof-snapping walk, on a part-time basis, and here I was expected to do it *all* the time, then do the rest of the exercises as effortlessly as she. What I was shown were just brief, normal speed, video clips of her in action, each followed by slo-mo shots of the same thing, to show me the process. What she did looked almost impossible, yet she did it. She had no choice in the matter.

I was taken back to my section of the Arena.

“OK, Number Eight. You’re now going to do the hurdles. At first we’ll just get you to jump them, then later we’ll move to you doing them with a kick of your hind legs at mid-jump. Initially we’ll use the safety harness, at least for the next month or two, then you’ll do them without it.”

He drew me over to the side and positioned me under a set of four dangling straps. Although I couldn’t see it, above me there was a suspended track with two small travelling carriages. These each had powerful motors, and a hoisting mechanism was built into the second one, so that it could lift me. The first carriage was separated from the second one by some three metres with each of my control reins connected to the ends of a long cross bar mounted on it and so this fastening would keep me looking straight ahead while the carriage pulled me along. The following one would act as the safety and training aid. I was soon connected to both and he adjusted my reins and the safety straps then stood back.

“It’s time for you to begin. You will have no choice but to follow the demands of your reins, Number Eight, as is always the case. The machine will bring you up to a gallop before you are to jump and automatically slow down after it. The course you are about to run is an oval one, initially with only one set of hurdles on each longer leg, so you’ll have ample time between jumps to slow down then speed up. I shall be watching you closely at all times and expect you to put forth only your best efforts.”

So saying he moved off to the side while I stood staring nervously out through the tiny slits in the helmet.

‘How can I possibly do this??’ I wailed to myself, knowing that I would soon be suffering terribly for not executing the movements in the manner that

required.

The forward carriage started with a jerk, snapping the reins to my bit taut.

“Aaaauggghh ... *nnnnn*” was all I managed before my head was snapped to the centre and forward, the gagging phallus sliding into my suddenly jacked-open mouth and throat.

“Get moving, Number Eight,” I heard him shout. A long streak of burning fire seared across my buttocks from his buggy whip; the pistol shot sound of it reaching my ears immediately after it hit me.

“*Eeeeeaaagghh ... gghh ...*” I screamed then strangled as the bit snapped open again and the phallus automatically re-inserted itself.

He hadn’t told me that the first two circuits of the long oval track were to be made at a run, without the hurdles, and I concentrated fiercely, looking for them. From my training already, I had pretty good wind, and so once going, I maintained my pace easily, my nostrils flared wide against the restriction of the inter-connected nose ring, but it hurt constantly though, exactly as it was intended to do, reinforcing to me my state of being totally, intimately and embarrassingly controlled. With each bouncing pace, the weight of the bit tugged at the connections and even though I instinctively tried to bite down on the mouth bar, it was free moving in my mouth and so constantly tormented me, also. The wind and bouncing created by my running also had the effect of tugging at my horse’s ears, fastened to my real ones underneath, and I found that a painful distraction also, added to by the maddening movements against my ear drums by the ‘tappers’. Since they had first been inserted, I’d suffered their continual messages of ultimate control, but now, at this point, they drove me to the point of lunatic rebellion and my mind seemed to snap.

I jumped and dug in my feet against the drag of my reins, screaming shrilly into the horrid plug while it inserted itself even deeper into my throat and all the while, my nose and nipples burned from the fierce jerking. I couldn’t stop the wild gyrations that my subconscious mind demanded I make while I was pulled irresistibly around the Arena. I was *desperate* to have the things removed from my ears, and so flung myself wildly against my restraints, but they kept

doing it to me. I kicked my hind legs out repeatedly, writhing my hips maniacally while my front legs and hooves whipped the air before me when I reared and twisted against the constant tug of the rein straps, but there was *no* escape.

I became an incoherent, tightly-harnessed wreck of despairing, weeping femininity, with no way of extricating myself from the oppressive and pervasive bondage and now, I knew fully I was *truly* being broken to my new lot in life. When I began to tire, my Trainer cruelly added-in a strong pulsing vibration and thrusting from the vaginal dildo, forcing me to become unwillingly deeply aroused by both those sensations and the knowledge of my utter, unavoidable vulnerability.

The mindless and uncaring machinery continued to haul me along and on the third circuit I saw that the hurdles were now in place. The leading, overhead carriage began to speed up and I was forced to gallop towards the first hurdle, unable to stop my headlong rush. I leapt clumsily over it, knocking it down and feeling its impact on my hind legs when they passed over, but somehow, maintained my footing after I landed, and was forced to continue my gallop, approaching the second hurdle far too soon. I leapt again, but this time caught my feet in the cross bar and almost went down. The only thing that saved me was the safety straps from above and I stumbled along for a few paces before regaining my feet and gait circling the other end of my oval track. All the time I was suspended though, the leading reins *still* kept pulling me relentlessly forward. I cantered around the end of the track, then not too far away I saw the next hurdle. The machine sped up once more and I had to run at the thing, unable to stop or shy away from my route. I leapt once more, this time tucking my forelegs up as I did, and extending my hind legs, then a few seconds later the next hurdle rushed towards me and I did it again.

By now I was puffing and blowing very hard, and so the Trainer let me slow to a walk, then stop for a rest. He brought over a water bottle, plugged its tube into my gag, and I drank deeply and thankfully. I was allowed five minutes to recover, then we went at it again and again and again. The rest of the day passed in a blur of terror and frenzied effort, broken by the regular breaks that I desperately needed. Finally, the afternoon came to a close and we were all led off to the Grooming Chamber. After we'd finished there, as

was to be the case every night from this point forward, we were taken to our stalls and locked into our cross-ties for more of the stamina building exercising.

I spent the next month growing into my new role, finally learning to walk all of the time with the hoof-snapping gait that was required. After the first week of running the hurdles, they began to move them higher and higher, then came the training sessions to teach us how to do the kick in mid-leap...

Chapter Thirty

Hurdles & Other Evolutions

“Number Eight, you seem to have the hurdles pretty well conquered, and so now I want you to do it like a proper Lipizzaner.”

He took me back to watch the video tape, then again and again in slo-mo.

‘How in heavens name does she manage it?’ I asked myself frantically. I found out very shortly thereafter.

Once back in the arena, I was attached to the Trainer as usual, then sent at the hurdles once more. I jumped the first one easily then started at the second. Half way through the jump, just as I sailed over the cross-bar, the most horrendous shocks I’d ever felt jolted from my anal plug. My legs kicked straight out in automatic reaction, at the mid-point of my jump, but the shocks were gone as soon as they’d arrived and I somehow managed to keep stumbling forward, only to rapidly approach the next hurdle. Again I jumped, this time fearfully, and again the shocks were so strong that my legs went rigid with reaction. It was awful. Knowing that I’d be horribly and intimately tortured every time I had to jump, made me terribly afraid of doing it, but the machine and my Trainer were totally without sympathy and I *had* to continue.

Another month was devoted to this training in the required manner of how to jump the hurdles, then I started learning the hind leg prance. Again, I was shown a tape of the same young woman securely locked into her harness and on her long lunge rein. She always faced forward, her head held in the correct posture by the tight bearing reins to her helmet, without the humiliation of her normal controlling reins. Of course, in addition to these, her secondary reins had been tightened to the point that her bit expanded and gagged her to silence so that the only sounds to be heard were the exhortations of her Trainer, the jingle and creak of her harness, and the thudding of her hoofs into the sand while she demonstrated her prowess. She could neither speak nor protest her cruel treatment, but I knew that beneath her helmet she wept and screamed all the time, as I did.

She first appeared, as always, trotting briskly into view, her hooves, flicking up small sprays of sand with each pace, then she would be given wordless commands or whistles to begin her demonstration. This time was no different and she was immediately urged to rear onto her hind legs, then begin her prancing leaps, always keeping her various reins viciously tight. She somehow made it look effortless, as she had all of the other manoeuvres I'd seen so far, but I knew that she'd suffered incredibly awful torments for long weeks and months learning to do what she did. The prancing walk continued for many minutes, then she sank once more onto her four feet and trotted briskly off-camera.

It was my turn.

My Trainer led me away from the TV and back to our portion of the ring, letting me move out to the full length of my reins. He said nothing while I began to dutifully trot around him, and I wondered how I was to be instructed to begin practising the prancing leaps on my hind legs. I needn't have worried.

With a suddenness that was frightening, my vaginal dildo began vibrating fiercely, then, horribly, contact pads along the under surfaces of both breast cups rippled out a series of needling shocks that were utterly agonizing. My reaction was automatic and I reared up on my hind legs, feeling my hobbles restrict the movement, and pawed frantically with my stiffened forelegs, trying to get at the horrible cups clamped onto my chest, torturing my breasts so unmercifully. Screaming in strangled gasps into my gagging bit, I tried hysterically to shake my head against the draw reins connected to my helmet, but the needling shocks continued unabated. When I reared, my Trainer unleashed yet another fierce set of vibrations deep in my crotch, then touched off the shock capability of the anal electrode in a set of powerful pulses.

I leapt, reared up, just as I was supposed to.

My actions were all wrong, but nevertheless, I'd made my first leap and then my second. He allowed me to begin trotting again, then once more unleashed the deranging sequence of stimuli that made me leap and prance in screaming, mindless reaction. This time though, he continued to assault me with the electricity and I managed to make five of the difficult leaps while

reared on my hind legs. For the longest time that was the total number I could manage in a row before collapsing into wildly bucking and writhing reaction, but he cruelly persisted. The next hours were horribly intense while I fought the lunge rein and was in turn repeatedly and unmercifully disciplined and taunted by him.

“No. No. *no*, Number Eight,” he’d shout. “Keep your front legs pulled up and bent with the hooves aligned and pointing down. Now. Do it again.”

The shocks automatically forced me into the hind leg prancing and I desperately strived to do as he required, frantic for him to stop the horrid torture that he so enjoyed making me undergo, to achieve the standard required.

“Keep your head still, Girl,” he shouted when I frantically attempted to shake it against my reins, retching and weeping inside the helmet from the plunging insertion of the gagging phallus and the needling shocks transfixing my breasts and belly.

The foreleg to hind leg hobbling arrangement was designed to keep me down on all fours, but with effort I could manage to rear, as I was doing, and so it was a continual fight against the harnesses and gravity as well, to continue executing the prancing leaps. By the end of the day I was again a wreck of utterly broken and subdued femininity. I just wanted someone to hold and comfort me; to take me away from my harness and my life here, but there was, of course, no escape. I was led off with all the other Lipizzaner Horse Women to the Grooming Chamber to receive the only comfort we were permitted. Being nothing but a faceless animal, held incapable of any sort of communication or contact with the rest of humanity was having its effect, as was intended. My continual tears were unseen by the staff and attempts at rebellion against my fate were completely ignored by them. The only solace any of us got was from the soothing rub downs by the Grooms. While I was being groomed, my Trainer ambled over and spoke to me.

“Number Eight, you’ve done quite well today,” he said patting my striped and welted buttocks, then rubbing my helmet with his calloused hand. “Eventually, you’ll not need too much in the way of stimuli to get you to do your manoeuvres, but you’ll have to suffer their use until you get it right *all*

the time.”

He left, and I marvelled at the kind words and contact. It was the first time anyone had touched me other than for discipline, or spoken any type of comforting words of kindness. Sometime later I was again back in my cramped, narrow box stall, walking, cantering, and galloping mindlessly on my treadmill; all the while concentrating on snapping my hooves properly while I walked. It was mind-sapping and boring in the extreme, but what choice did I have? I was just a female animal and *that* was reaffirmed constantly from the reflection that I couldn't avoid seeing in the mirror in front of me. It was hopeless. I was Number Eight, a faceless, pet horse woman to be used, abused, and trained as the Sheik demanded.

The next morning and all the weeks that followed blurred into a sameness that left me unable to do anything but concentrate solely on my new identity and I began to forget what the rest of my life had been like and felt as though I'd always been here. No longer did I even think about how I was so securely locked and stitched into my harnesses and helmet, and they had become an innate part of my being. After the first three months of initial mental trauma and horror that every female who had this done to them suffered, I was becoming used to my role. The change was a deep psychological adjustment and truly, my actions and thoughts became more and more horse like. It was a combination of being incapable of communicating (other than by incoherent, animal-like noises), and the utter isolation of the horribly controlling and isolating head encasement that made me that way, but there was still a flicker of humanity and femininity at the back of my mind that kept me more than a little crazed at my situation.

Eventually, the painful training and constant exercise began to pay off and I could complete all of the required evolutions to the satisfaction of my Trainer. I wasn't perfect at them yet, for that would take more months of constant practice, but I was moving in that direction. Now, rather than repeating the same thing over and over, my Trainer began to practice me in simple, then more and more complex routines. His usage of the electro-shock capabilities of my Harness became less frequent, now only being employed if I needed disciplining, or if I didn't complete a movement properly. I'd grown accustomed to having the phallus constantly surging into and out of my

throat, forcing me to learn how to control my reaction to it, and at the same time training me to accept the fact that I could also be used, now, to give any man who wanted it, truly mind-boggling oral sex.

Too, in addition to being blinded for sleep by having the sliding shutters in the helmet closed over my eyes, they began to be used while I was being trained also_ He kept me on the safety reins while I was doing the hurdles, blinded; prompting me when to jump by the use of small, nipple-administered cuing shocks. I was scared mindless when I first began to do this without being able to see, but being forced into the situation, then having no really bad spills, helped me to grow to trust his carefully administered signals. It was one of the things His Majesty wanted to be able to display: his Lipizzaners would do literally anything demanded of them, sighted or not. We though, the Horse Women who had to fulfil his requirements, had different feelings about these exercises, but *our* views didn't matter. We just had to do as was demanded of us.

As far as sexual activity was concerned; we weren't permitted any sort of release at all, other than that provided by the harness and Chastity Belts. As a now deeply masochistic woman, I managed to occasionally achieve a mental stimulus from contemplating the incredible bound and controlled state I found myself in, but the vaginal and anal plugs were employed only for a strictly defined set of reasons. They kept us subservient at all times; being used only to discipline and humiliate. Their presence was intentionally designed to be a constant reminder of our femaleness and how that fact of our biology was employed to keep us in our place in the scheme of things. We were truly victims of our sex, as was every other female in the Palace.

I never saw His Majesty during those months, although I was to find out later that he came to our Lipizzaners Area every day to observe me at my training. Mistress Janice would occasionally appear in my limited field of vision, but of course I couldn't speak or communicate with her in any manner. She would inspect each of us when she came, calling us only by our numbers, and so the depersonalization process continued and was reinforced. As always, she was kept on her own very restricting leashes, constantly in discomfort from them and their harsh usage by her Eunuch.

We were not displayed again for some time after our initial appearance at the

palace conference room, until many months later. We got some veiled hints that something was afoot when our Grooms began to fit our helmets with tall feathered plumes and they worked harder at shining our harnesses and hardware. The hints were reinforced when the Trainers began to exercise us as a group, becoming harsher and harsher with their demands for excellence and requirements for flawless execution of our evolutions. Once again, I was driven back into constant tears of anger, frustration, and terror by their harsh demands while I strove to meet the demands of my training. It was bad enough that I'd be disciplined for my own mistakes, but now, we all suffered as a group for *any* transgression.

My Trainer began to harness me with Number Nine for we were required to complete all of our routines together for the entertainment spectacle that was to come and it proved a very trying time for the both of us. Naturally, we couldn't look at each other because of the manner in which our heads were restrained, nor could we talk at all, thanks to the deeply plunging phalli rammed down our throats. We were inescapably (for us) fastened together with short, sturdy, adjustable lines between our bits, chest harnesses and cinches, and the last, most trying connection between the rings at the tips of our nipple tensioning posts. No matter *what* one of us did, it had an immediate effect on the other. We could surge against the body harness joining straps, encouraged to do so to maintain proper separation, but any movements of our heads or twists of our torsos brought immediate pain from our interconnected nose rings, mouths, and nipples. There was no way to avoid this constant tugging, and we just had to learn to remain quiescent and obedient when harnessed together.

We were now known as Team Four, of the six doubles.

Trotting together wasn't bad, for we were soon moving around the track with our hooves in perfect step, the gleaming steel of our horse shoe shod feet flashing with every pace. Getting used to jumping the hurdles as a coordinated team took many long weeks of fear-filled practice. I don't know how my team-mate felt, of course, but I'm sure that it must have been the same for her because on occasion, I'd hear the beginnings of her gag-strangled screams and weeping, but it was impossible for either of us to comfort or help the other. At first we were hooked in tandem to the Training

Machine for the hurdles, then had to execute the movement together without it. Too, we were forced to learn to do the Prancing walk, matching our leaps and the movements of our hind legs together, and that also took long weeks of unending practice.

How I managed to remain sane during this unending period of work and random, intense pain and constant discomfort, I don't know, but survive it I did. By this point of my training I was totally 'in role', in that I no longer even thought of myself as a human female. I'd been told that this would happen, thanks to the isolation of the helmet and the intense, subduing affect of my harnessing, but had sworn to myself that I wouldn't let it be done to me. How wrong I had been. The cumulative effects were insidious and unavoidable. What had happened to me, worked as well on all of the other women on the Lipizzaners Team so that we became a small, tightly-controlled herd.

Eventually though, the day came that we were to be taken out for a display, one of many that was to follow. Of course, we had no say in how we were to be presented to the outside world, and events moved from there.

Chapter Thirty-One

Lipizzaners Shipped

The day started off ordinarily enough.

We had our usual morning exercise period after we'd been fed, then, halfway through the morning, while we all practised as double-girl teams, we were coffled together and led off to the shipping area of the Palace. Once there we were lined up on the concrete loading dock, our hooves clattering while we shifted with nervous anticipation; the Trainers having run a long rein from front to back, clipping each team to rings on it with short connecting straps from the centres of the straps joining the nipple tensioning posts. The 15 metre length of the longitudinal strap had heavy locks fastened to it every two metres, and at each of these positions, the nipple post joining strap of one team was attached. That connection was the only one needed to fully control any and all of us, for even the slightest deviation from the required progress was immediately very painful. The Trainers next clipped the ends of the Transport Rein between two columns, then began detaching each girl and loading her into her specialized shipping container. These, obviously, were not the standard ones used to ship horses, but were specially adapted, sealable, aluminium, aircraft cargo containers.

When it was my turn, the Trainer grasped my reins and drew me over to the metal box, then inside where I was quickly secured in its centre by very tight, heavy-duty cross ties.

“Well, Number Eight,” he informed me, “you’re soon going to get a chance to show how good you are. We’re taking the entire team off to somewhere in the south west of the USA to a private ranch facility to show you off. It’s going be a long trip, so you might as well settle in as best you can. Now, hold still while I connect your sanitary, oxygen, and feeding lines.”

With that, he plugged a feeding and watering hose into my mouth, then moved to my hind quarters and hooked up the sanitary hoses. No matter how often *that* was done, I always glowed fiercely with embarrassment. Then came

the oxygen mask. Really, it wasn't so much a mask as it was a pair of tubes that were pushed far up into my nostrils, passing around my nose ring and its fastening hardware. I quivered from the awful sensation, while he slowly and carefully inserted the lubricated devices, and finally, I felt their soft, formed plugs forced fully into my flared nostrils, blocking them completely. He ensured that they stayed in place by locking their securing strap to rings on my helmet. Frantic with fear, I tried desperately to shake my head free of the intrusive things, but the straps holding my helmeted head permitted no possibility of movement. I had to accept them, like it or not, and suffer the total control of my life they exerted.

He adjusted the 'tappers' in my ears, somehow fixing them so that they now pressed gently but firmly against the eardrum. The sensation was incredibly irksome and again I tried to shake my head in rebellion to the sensation. No luck at all there, and I found that I was deafened also now, as well as being irritated by their inescapable presence. The Trainer ensured that my every orifice was deeply plugged and controlled then the final thing he did was to slide the steel shutters in the helmet closed over my eyes. I faintly heard his last comments before the container was closed.

"OK, Number Eight. You're ready. You'll be put to sleep soon by a change to your air mixture, so the trip will pass quickly for you. I'll just tighten your cross-ties then close this up."

I felt the various straps jerked even tighter, then the container was sealed, and locked. I was alone, blinded, and restrained, again. Perhaps it was a forklift that was used to move my little prison cell, for a moment later I felt myself bounce against my restraining straps as the whole thing was lifted then moved into an air conditioned semi-trailer truck. I suppose that the twelve boxes, each containing a fully harnessed and isolated Lipizzaners Horse Woman, didn't really take up all that much room in the trailer, but then there were the other containers with our various tack and supplies. Shortly, I felt movement again and the truck was driven from the Palace and off to the airport.

In the blackness and isolation there was no way for me to gauge the time, and so I just slumped as much as I could into the web of restricting straps. Surprisingly, I fell asleep, wakened only by the movements of the container

when it was loaded into the belly of an aircraft. The high, piercing whine and roar of the machine's auxiliary power unit was what told me that I had reached that point, then that too was almost obliterated when the belly door was closed. I felt more than heard the engines start, and we began the long taxi out to the end of the runway. Inside my prison, the air was kept pleasantly warm, but just as the aircraft turned onto the runway in preparation for take-off, the taste of my air supply changed subtly. It wasn't an unpleasant taste, it was just noticeable. Before I could think much further about it I faded into unconsciousness.

'I've been gassed. Put to sleep like an animal.' Was my last horrified thought before awareness disappeared.

I don't know how long the trip was, but it never happened as far as I was concerned. The next thing I was aware of was the return of sensation, to find that I was *still* harnessed inside my little prison, bouncing against my cross-ties while being moved again. At last we had arrived and our containers were off-loaded. My Trainer opened my box and quickly inspected me, then began freeing me of the various connections. He opened my eye-shutters first.

"Good evening, Number Eight," he murmured, patting my smoothly leather-encased head. "We've arrived. Now I'm going to get you out of this thing and into the stable for a groom and cleaning. After that, we'll do some exercising to ensure that you're in good shape, then it'll be time for you to get in a couple of practice sessions before the display."

My release was quickly accomplished and I emerged into the dimly lit, echoing hollowness of a horse barn. Through the vision slits I caught glimpses of my team mates as they too were freed from their containers, then we were taken to the Grooming Area. I was stiff from the time spent fastened, as were all of the other Lipizzaners, and so we received a long, strenuous rub-down; the whole place permeated with the strong smell of the lineament. Nearly two hours after we'd been released, we were hitched to our Transport Rein once more then taken to the local equivalent of our arena. It was wonderful to hear English being spoken as the predominant language, after not hearing it for so long as a regular back ground, even though I couldn't communicate. The content though, was just as harsh and unremitting while we were individually warmed up, and after that, hitched and exercised as

teams of two. Certainly, I was back on the North American continent, but it might just as well have been in the Middle East, for there was virtually no change to how I and the others were treated.

The exercising finally finished, and we were taken off to individual stalls for our evening and night. These didn't have the amenities, if they could be called that, of the Sheik's accommodations for Lipizzaners Mares, but they were utterly secure, nevertheless. Instead of straps for cross-ties, we were chained between the barred walls of small steel cells. Over and above the cross-ties to our body harness, helmet, and bits, our hooves were also hobbled tightly with wide metal cuffs; these connected to chains leading out to ring bolts at floor level on the walls. I thought that they'd gone a little overboard on the side of security of restraint, for only a string connected to my bit or my breast post would have kept me resolutely and fearfully in place. It really didn't matter though, we were there to be used and bound as His Majesty saw fit, and so the Trainers added the last and most trying of the confining ties.

From the tip of the long post between my breasts, two lengthways straps were hung. One went between my forelegs to the front wall, with the other going back between my hind legs to the wall behind. The final set was added from side to side. No matter which way I moved, my breasts would be fiercely tugged at by the oppressive and controlling lines. Even breathing created a continual, slow motion burning in my nipples and I quivered with the stress of this strict securement. No cot was provided. We had to sleep standing on all fours, just like real horses, supported and fully controlled by our cross-ties. The door to my cell boomed shut and locked and I tried to relax for the night.

The Lipizzaners Horse Woman holding area was silent for the most part. Inside our large, underground concrete room, the two rows of six, small, barred cells were widely separated from each other and each one contained a helpless, silenced, harnessed woman standing quietly on her four legs. Occasionally, one of us would surge against her restraints, trying to shift position; her chain hobbles rattling momentarily, but other than that the room was deeply quiet. We were alone, locked into our harnesses and restraints, contained in small, very secure cells, and these in turn contained within a hidden, sealed underground bunker. The situation was hopeless to escape

from and in the four upper corners of the room, television monitoring cameras pointed down at the two rows of barred cells, keeping us under constant supervision. The lights were turned off and the blackness of our confinement was absolute.

I awoke to the harsh glare of the high intensity, halogen lights being turned on and for long moments stood quivering against my fastenings, trying to get used to their continual painful messages of restriction and chewed what little I could on my mouth-filling bit, thankful that the inner phallus had not been inserted into my throat for the night. Naturally, I could see very little through the narrow helmet slits and so waited until my Groom appeared. Each of us was freed and taken to the Grooming area for our morning toilet and feeding and it was the first time in a long while that I heard the other Lipizzaner's whinnying aloud, for we were normally kept fully gagged. This state of being able to make noise didn't last long though, for as soon as we were fastened, our Secondary Reins were adjusted to the tightness that re-inserted the horrid plugs into our throats, then they plugged in our feeding lines at one end and our sanitary lines at the other. As usual, my face flamed scarlet under the concealing and imprisoning helmet, with the thought of what I must look like fastened and adorned as I was. The Grooms could have cared less, for we were just the animals that they had to take proper care of, and they treated us accordingly.

When the morning routine was done, we were harnessed in teams once more and taken out for practice, for we seemed to have lost some of our co-ordination. Nothing really changed other than it was a slightly different arena. We spent the balance of that day and all of the following three honing our teamwork and individual skills, then the 'Big Day' was upon us.

The Grooms spent the entire morning polishing our equipment until we shone like new cars in the showroom. After our noon feeding and sanitation break, we were taken back to the Grooming Area and they put the final touches on our Uniforms. The plumes were changed to new, bushier and much taller ones and the plaques were exchanged for large gold disks with enamelled, black, diamond studded numbers. Finally, they went over the harnesses and restraints, with a vengeance. All were tightened until I quivered in silent gagged howls with my smallest movement. My, and all the other Lipizzaner's

crupper straps were pulled horrendously tight, making us arch our backs to try to escape the tugs of the deeply plunging prods. Every motion or flex of my body produced a firm, unavoidable tension on my butt and this, of course, had the effect of making me throw my chest and breasts out into the upper body harness and cups, ensuring that all the little spikes in the awful encasements dug firmly into my flesh with renewed fierceness. I was allowed a moment or two to accustom myself to the adjusted harnessing, then the Groom, supervised by my Trainer, proceeded to tighten all the connections between my nipples, bit, and nose. The tensions were indescribable and terribly painful, but gagged as I was by the phallus, there was no way to object. I tried to convey my discomfort by rearing up, but that also was too painful to keep at.

My helmet bearing reins were next and in moments my head had become even more immobilized, if that can be imagined. I *had* to stare straight ahead, unable to do anything else. By this point, flooding tears of pain and distress were coursing down my cheeks, but naturally, they were ignored while the final adjustment to my secondary reins was made, driving the phallus into my throat to the deepest penetration it had ever been. At last they were done.

“You look really fantastic, Number Eight,” my trainer commented, standing back then walking around me, while I shifted and twisted, prancing on my hooves to try to ease the horrific strains that he had created. “As you can probably tell, we’re going to be taking you out for your first truly public display. His Majesty expects nothing but the very best of performances, particularly from you, this afternoon, so you’d better be on your metal.”

I quaked with fear when he spoke these words, remembering times in the past when I’d been ‘on display’.

“We’ll use the usual signals to get you to execute your movements, then at the end of the show, you’ll be subjected to quite a strenuous Discipline and Arousal sequence. OK, that’s the basic plan. Time to get the show on the road.”

With that said, he grasped my reins, leaving me about two metres of freedom from his fist then pulled me firmly along behind him to the long alley leading to the arena. I pranced and danced on my four legs with the varied and horrid

sensations inflicted by my restraints, all the time retching and shaking with reaction whenever he jerked harder on my lines. I fought to keep my nervousness and reaction to the burning, tugging pains of my harness under control, all the while daintily clip-clopping after him. Beyond the hallway, I heard the rumble of the gathered crowd, relaxing in their cushioned and scented boxes, while we were assembled one behind the other, each under the guidance and control of a Trainer.

The sound of my team mate's hooves on the concrete floor reassured me that I wasn't alone, but I still fretted nervously, feeling the tappers in my ears with increased awareness. It was a miserable process, getting used to the renewed tightness and restriction of my harness and I twitched and writhed continually while we stood waiting to be presented.

Chapter Thirty-Two

Lipizzaner Showtime

Finally, there came a fanfare of trumpets and our line began to move up the corridor with each of our Trainers walking along beside us off to the side, a metre away. We had to trot, keeping our reins to them tight and prance prettily out and into the view of the crowd. The new tightness of our harnessing kept our heads quite immobile, only the nodding plumes of our manes and tails and the number identity disks at the middles of our backs showing motion. When I stepped out onto the carefully raked dirt floor, I felt a sudden pleasant buzzing against my clitoris. It was wonderful. After so much pain from the intimate nubbin, to receive pleasure was a totally unexpected boon. The arena hushed quickly when we entered, everyone wanting to see us clearly and listen to the thudding of our flashing hooves while we moved along obediently along beside our Trainers.

The guiding reins weren't really needed for control, but were used anyway to reaffirm to us and the viewers that we were nothing more than helpless, fully controlled animals ... and truly, that is what we were.

"Honoured Guests." The announcer spoke with a respectful low-voiced commentary, "The Sultan Al-Marish is proud to present to you his own version of the famous Lipizzaner Horses of the Spanish Riding School of Vienna. The team that you see now parading before you represents the very best of the human, female equine. All of the members have been trained to perfection and you are privileged indeed to be able to view them for their very first public display. The Lipizzaners you see before you have been broken to their harnesses and new roles in life by means of the intense methods that are His Majesty's specialty. As an aside, you should note that this team is a fully matched set, all of the females on it being Caucasian origin.

"Without further ado, Ladies and Gentlemen; I present to you the Lipizzaner Display Team of His Majesty, the Sultan Al-Marish."

There was a polite smattering of applause from the assembled guests while we continued with our circling around the enclosed ring, then the Trainers brought us in towards the centre for the first team manoeuvre. They basically stood back to back in a circle, and we then trotted around them at the ends of our lunge reins, demonstrating our prancing walk. Mine and all the other Lipizzaner's dildos pulsed out a low level set of arousing shocks and we all went into the slow, hoof snapping exercise, still circling. Our Trainers broke into two groups and the centres moved apart while we continued to canter around and around so that now the spokes of the two, each a Horse Woman on a lunge line, interlocked while they turned. Another mild smattering of applause passed through the crowd.

Inside my helmet I gasped and blinked my eyes to try to keep the sweat out of them, but couldn't change my view of the outer world, thanks to the narrow slits; able only to stare longingly out at the narrow arc of the world I was permitted to see. Now, with every movement of my hind legs, the crupper strap pulled uncomfortably and I shuddered with reaction to its constant levering into me, trying to moan into the firm, soft plug of the gagging phallus.

From this point, we broke into individual Trainer/Lipizzaner units, and were all put through our complete routines, spaced along the boards in front of the gathered guests so that they could watch us move (and suffer) at close range. Then came the hurdles and our special style of jumping them. Our Trainers loped easily beside us, while we had to gallop along near the boards, then jump. With each hurdle passing beneath, the shocks from my hind quarters and the ones from the under sides of the breast cups transfixed my flesh like barbed, red hot needles, making my legs fly out in automatic reaction. I howled and screamed frenziedly into the horrid phallus rammed down my throat while I galloped past the crowd; hysterically trying to shake my head free of the multiple reins and controls that inter-connected my nose, breasts, and bit while the little 'tappers' beat out an incessant and maddening tattoo on my ear-drums. I very nearly went crazy from their constant, distracting touches, but I had to gallop on with my extended ears vibrating in the wind of my passage and jerking continually on my real ears.

Our individual displays ended, thank God, and a wave of now very

enthusiastic clapping and shouts of approval followed us while we were led from the ring for a short break, still prancing and writhing against our bondage; this made even more frenetic by the buzzing clitoral nubbins, thrusting dildos and shuddering shocks emanating from our breast cups. Back in the Grooming Area, a quick rub-down was administered, then we were watered and led back up to the ante-room of the ring, this time harnessed together in pairs. We were going to have to do the whole thing all over again. I shivered against the tight straps of my harness when the vibrators and clitoral shockers came on again, but at low power, despairing of *ever* escaping from my new role as a Lipizzaner Horse Woman.

‘How can He treat women so cruelly?’ I asked myself over and over. ‘I’m a woman and I’m supposed to be protected and cared for, not kept a prisoner and be disciplined all the time.’

The answer was obvious. He had more money than God, and could do anything he felt like.

We trotted back out into the Arena to a decidedly more enthusiastic welcome this time. What little vision my helmet permitted, showed that they were all on their feet and crowded along the boards, watching intently while we trotted by in perfect step with each other, the plumes on our isolating leather helmets bobbing in unison.

His Majesty remained seated in his box, Mistress Janice standing regally beside him with the chains to her Inhibitor Bar and the back of her collar, of course, controlled by the usual huge Eunuch that was her Leash Master. I managed to see that she though, was fully veiled and concealed in her burqa, an unusual sight at any time, for us. His Majesty took her everywhere with him, even on his foreign trips, and it was then that she was kept in her voluminous robes, fully gagged of course. Thanks to his diplomatic immunity, she never had to go through any sort of airport screening and thus her state of wearing all of the metal restraints and punishing jewellery was never revealed to the world. She could be taken literally anywhere, fully chained and leashed, and *no one* would be the wiser.

I’m sure that she must have hated being covered by the horrible tent like garment that Middle Eastern women are forced to wear in public, for it emphasized to her, in combination with her other garments and restraint

equipment, just how much a prisoner of her sex she truly was. Her bondage to, and by, her gender was nothing like ours though. We were publicly, and as blatantly as possible, visible as owned animals, under a constant and stringent control; harnessed and subjugated. Her restraint and state of being always controlled by another was mind bogglingly intense, and lifelong. She would never be freed no matter what she wanted.

The silky-toned announcer re-introduced us, this time listing our points of origin after he read out our numbers. Idiotically, I blushed deep scarlet when it was my turn, for who would ever know who I was, sealed within my helmet, unless he told them? Our evolutions as a team went well, and quickly, then it was time for us to demonstrate the ultimate truth of our training. We were drawn up in a rank before the crowd along the boards.

“Ladies and Gentlemen. Please, closely observe the vision slits on the helmets of the Lipizzaner Team. You will note that they are currently open, allowing the Horse Women to be able to partially view the world around them. The helmets that these women wear are locked on and fastened into their flesh. So, they are very much permanent fixtures and are never removed. Vision for these Lipizzaners, is a privilege ... not a right. It may be and is withdrawn from them at any time. This is such an occasion.”

The men and women in front of me crowded close, and I saw a couple of them lean forward, peering into the extremely narrow slits over my eyes. Of course, I could do nothing to indicate to them that I desperately wanted to be freed, for the tiny apertures prevented me from making any kind of eye contact whatsoever and the helmet/collar configuration prevented any movement of my head and neck. I was fully gagged and so could not voice my desperate desires, and if I tried any means to communicate, my Trainer would discipline me with immediate harshness. Tears of helpless despair flooded my vision under the helmet.

“Look.” I heard a woman’s voice, dismayed, “She’s crying. Oh, the poor, poor thing.”

“Yeah, she’s obviously not happy to be where and what she is,” a man’s voice acknowledged unsympathetically, “but that’s her life and her problem. She’ll just have to live out her life as she is intended to.”

“But she obviously *doesn’t* want to be kept like that.” The woman stated, angry and shocked.

“Too bad,” he stated uncaringly, “She’s there and has to make the best of it.” He replied, moving off.

“Oh, my dear, I wish I could get you out of those-those horrible things they’ve got you locked into,” she said, reaching out and tenderly patting my rigidly held head.

I wept even harder then, my shoulders shaking and shivering under the tightly fastened harness imprisoning and controlling me so cruelly, but I couldn’t even acknowledge her friendliness, other than by my tears.

The Announcer came back on the PA system.

“Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is time to show you the full benefits of the stringent training that His Majesty insists upon. The Lipizzaner Team will redo the entire program that you have just viewed, but this time, fully blinded.”

A wave of awed whispers, then clapping passed through the crowd.

“Trainers, remove the horse’s vision.”

With that, each of the men who had trained and tormented us so casually over the last six months moved smartly to our sides, then reached to the fronts of the thick casques and slowly slid the panels down over our staring eyes until we were all locked into absolute blackness. My reins snapped painfully and I turned to their demanding tugs at my breasts, bit, and nose, then trotted forward until the lunge rein jerked firmly on my crupper strap. In terrible discomfort, I moved inwards slightly to ease off this tension, but a sharp and warning shock pierced both of my ringed and tensioned nipples like lances of fiery lava, and I *had* to move out again. The discomfort of the crupper was far less than the agony of the shocks through my straining nipples, but I couldn’t avoid either of them.

How I managed to get through the next hour of blinded terror, I’ll never

know, but finally it was over and we were all led back to stand along the boards as we had before. The applause this time was sustained and thunderous; the arena echoing to shouts and yells of wild approval. Regardless of how we were appreciated, I was gasping and wheezing for breath through my ringed and restrained nose and mouth, then the announcer spoke once more.

“Ladies and Gentlemen. The Trainers will now, temporarily, so that you may observe that the Lipizzaners did in fact complete their evolutions blind, open them for you. After you have seen that they truly were without their sight, their eye-shutters will again be closed. This next and last section of their evolutions, as you have seen in the Program, is entitled “Discipline, Arousal, and Orgasm”.

“For your information, Ladies and Gentlemen, these Lipizzaners are strictly monitored at all times, and notes are made for each of them on any lack of proper performance. At the end of every training day, demerit points assessed to the Lipizzaner concerned are totalled and added to their outstanding balance. None of them has yet removed these demerits, and so today, will publicly suffer for their past lacks. Mixed in with their disciplining, will also come the reward they have each earned for today’s performance and thus the title of this last section. His Majesty trusts that you will all enjoy this portion of the Program.”

The shutters over my eyes clicked softly, then were gradually raised until I could make out the face of the woman who had spoken to me before. The glimpse was momentary, for they slid closed almost immediately.

“Trainers, take your Lipizzaners to their posts.”

Chapter Thirty-Three

Disciplined & Pleasured

With a snap, my reins dragged me off to the centre of the arena and the deeply-set concrete post at which I was to be publicly tormented and aroused. I'd seen this arrangement in the Arena at the Palace and it was an intimidating one. The 12 posts were spaced equally along the centre-line of the dirt Arena and each was some three metres high, 20 cm in diameter and at their tops were universal fittings with a ring that could rotate through a full 360 degrees. Fastened to this ring was a set of four metre long, sturdy reins with heavy locks on their free ends, so each of us would be able to cavort and struggle inside an eight metre diameter circle.

The tug on my reins erased, then the locks on each of the lines from the post were snapped shut through the rings at the ends of my bit arms. They dragged downwards on the long projections and I gagged and jumped when my Trainer left them to hang freely while he removed my leading reins, and surprisingly, loosened my secondary ones; the tension on which kept the phallus inserted and my mouth spread wide. Fearfully, I wondered at this slackening of total restriction, knowing that there was a reason for it. None of us was aware, of course, but the crowd had flooded down from the comfortable seats in their boxes to stand near and observe us each closely while we were dealt with.

I stood for what seemed like endless minutes without moving, waiting in terror for what was to come next. I don't suppose that it was really all that long, but time is very subjective when one is awaiting one's fate knowing that nothing can compare to the sudden bursting of electricity through your most sensitive flesh. Suddenly, the astounding trill of pulsing electrons through my clitoris and the walls of my vagina drove me into an immediate bucking and writhing frenzy. I literally sprang, stiff legged, into the air, tossing my sealed head wildly and making the plumes fastened to me shake as though in an earthquake. Squalling screams escaped my collared throat; the terrified, horse like whinnies and shrieks bubbling past my bit and the partially-withdrawn phallus and my hind quarters seemed to have been given

a life of their very own. They twisted spastically in berserk efforts to eject or escape the torturing things locked within my belly. The pain and irritation was unending and inescapable, coming in bursts, then ever-increasing waves.

Suddenly, I reached the end of my tethering reins to the top of the post and the long straps snapped tight to my bit, jerking at its multiple fastenings to my head with a savagery that I couldn't resist. Blindly, I'd pranced and danced outward from the post in a panic of torture and now knew even more intimately of my state of utter slavery to the Sheik. When the lines snapped tight, the phallus was again rammed deeply into my throat and I cavorted in silenced agony at the end of my reins. I was not alone of course, for all of the other Lipizzaners were undergoing the same discipline; each surrounded, as we moved to the command of our pain, by a group of utterly astounded observers.

I shrieked with agonized distress from the horrible assaults on my most tender parts, but my trial had only just begun. The Trainer's long whip snaked out and cut across my madly-flexing buttocks; searing a line of fire into my skin, forcing me to jerk back towards the post, desperate to escape. It was no use. The whip struck again and again, driving me in wild, stiff-legged bucking around and around the post. My nose and nipples burned fiercely from the continual and instinctual automatic jerks I made against the steel anchored in them, then the next phase was added-in.

My compressing breast cups came alive once more with needling and pervasive shocks from their electrodes that penetrated deeply into the tissue, seeming to ignite every nerve ending. Horribly, they began to work in syncopation to the electricity that consumed my lower body, quickly driving me into even more frantic gyrations at the ends of my reins. My back legs flew out in spring-driven kicks of machinelike response to the rippling jolts from between my legs, then I danced around on my hind feet, fighting the harnessing and pawing at the air with my forelegs, trying to do something, *anything*, to escape my torment.

The discipline continued remorselessly and endlessly while the whip continued to sing its song to me in my blinded and panic stricken blackness. I don't have any idea of how long they kept us in the disciplining mode, for the actual time seemed to be a long searing passage that never ended. Eventually,

though, it did, and my team mates and I stood in gasping heaving wrecks of harnessed femininity, weeping brokenly within our obscuring helmets. We had all been driven far beyond our limits and the hopelessness of our situation as Lipizzaner Horse Women had been made more deeply than at any time in the past. We, though, still had not completed the afternoon's events.

Our panting and gasping sobs gradually subsided while we were allowed to stand and recover our breath and senses. I slowly began to move out, tentatively seeking the command and guidance of my reins, and the surrounding, observing crowd moved silently back, giving me room. I'd forgotten about the enforced pleasuring that I and all the others were to also receive, but *they* hadn't, and waited to see what I'd do when it happened.

Nothing untoward occurred for long moments and I wandered about blinded until I felt a sudden tension snap the ends of my bit arms to the right. Of course, the interconnection between my nose ring and my nipple rings made me wince and whinny with a pained gasp, and I inadvertently swung my hind quarters until the tugging reins had me lined up with their lengths to the post, four metres away. Deep in my steel-shrouded crotch, the clitoral vibrator suddenly sprang into life, drilling its annoying, thrilling, and totally inescapable tremors into my pleasure centre. I moaned and gasped with both shock and arousal after being so long and cruelly denied any sort of physical pleasure and couldn't help the tremors that wracked my body. Within the tightly laced strictures of my boots, the powerful muscles of my thighs clenched against their tubing, denying leather and my hind feet danced a frantic tattoo of agitation. In short moments I began to buck and jump erratically at the end of my lines, shaking and shivering while I reared back against their tension, trying again to somehow escape the unstopping and unavoidable stimulation. It quickly began to make me crazy. I jinked and kicked out frantically, tears of distress leaking from my staring eyes inside their shuttered and sealed containments.

The crowd could hear my phallus-strangled cries for mercy and release, but watched me only as a tethered animal being tormented and used for their amusement. Now, in addition, the vibrator within the thick vaginal plug rammed so far up into my belly, stretching my sex organs around its huge

girth, came to a fierce life of its own and began a weird, cyclic vibrato that quaked my insides. To add to my distress, it also began to slowly slide in and out of my vaginal canal, enhancing my sensations of being impaled on its metallic, uncaring and remotely-controlled imperviousness. I could not stop the frantic, instinctual contortions that I was forced to display.

My breasts began to suddenly itch and quiver when yet other twitching pulses were fed through them. I was desperate to touch and caress myself; to escape, or, if nothing else enhances the sensations so that I could attain the orgasm that was being so cruelly denied. My jerking and bucking against the snapping reins increased in ferocity while the tantalizing and inescapable torment continued and I began to scream frantically into the implacable, gagging rubber phallus with hopeless pleadings to be taken out of my role as a Lipizzaner Horse Woman. Inside their cups, my breasts expanded against their harsh confinements, ballooning with sensitizing blood and my supersensitive nipples were tormented by the continual tugs of the rings that had been so deeply and irremovably welded in them. Each time the reins jerked at their fastening to my bit's arms, the shocks of the tension were transmitted directly to my nose and nipples, thanks to the rigid mechanical fastening of the tightened turn-buckles. The pain from this was just bearable, but it soon began to fade into the over-all background of my travail while the exciting, horrible, and unavoidable stimulation of my body continued unabated.

By this point, all of we Lipizzaners were cavorting frantically at the ends of our reins in a frenzy of kicking legs and flailing front paws accompanied by gag-strangled screams of arousal while we fought our bindings, trying desperately to attain a harnessed orgasm. Inside my bondage gloves and mitts, buried in the inner sleeves of my forelegs, my isolated fingers clawed at their thick leather entubements, but all of our harnessing and restraints had been fitted, stitched and locked onto us with just such thoughts of an irresistible desire to escape happening to the wearer. Blinded, I had no way of seeing who was watching and after endless minutes of continual stimulation I didn't care. All I wanted was an orgasm. I pranced. I danced. I bucked and I twisted. *Nothing* I did could stop it. The forced pleasuring went on and on and on, in effect becoming yet another torture for we poor Lipizzaner females.

The strength and rhythms of the vibrations and electrical pulsations grew more and more intense, forcing us all into further whirling displays of harnessed femininity being slowly and relentlessly driven mad with denied desire. Naturally, I tried anything to escape away from my torments, and began running, only to be snapped at angrily by my reins, and so I pranced madly, tugging against their side drags to my bit, circling around and around the post I was so inescapably tethered to. Nothing I did helped though, and the thrusting of the dildos in my body, their terrible vibrations, and now the increasingly painful electrical shocks being rippled through my breasts and clitoris finally broke the last remnants of my self-control. I lost myself completely and went into a mindless display of screaming distress, rearing against my hobbles on trembling hind legs, while deep within my belly the dildo rammed into and out of my sex like a demented piston.

At last the orgasm I'd been craving exploded from my crotch in a blossom of fire that spread up to my chest and breasts, then rose to engulf my mind, spreading in molten sensation through my entire body. I stopped, rooted in place, while violent tremors shook me to my core, screaming out my release. I tried to twist my blinded and helmeted head against its cruel restrictions, weeping and screaming wildly inside the locked-on imprisonment and wishing that I'd never been born a woman. The orgasm though, was only the first of a long train that seemed to grow in intensity while the remotely controlled manipulations of my erogenous zones continued without pause. Another and another of the stupendous releases catapulted themselves through my straining and ring-punctured flesh. The shocks though, now reached such high levels that they turned into punishment, and so we were all torn away from the zeniths of our human, female joy, and returned abruptly to our status as just slave animals being punished.

I could take no more. My muscles turned to jelly and I collapsed onto the sand of the Arena in a welter of shaking, rigidified limbs and a tangle of harness straps. I eventually returned to awareness a couple of minutes later, standing again, thanks to the assistance of my Trainer.

“..... and so Ladies and Gentlemen, there you have a demonstration of just how controllable all of these young women are.” I faintly heard the announcer speaking. “As stated previously, they are kept in their harnesses

and helmets at all times. Many of the girls you see here before you will never be released from their current configuration as Lipizzaners, nor will they have their harnesses removed while they are conscious. If removal is in fact required, the Lipizzaner female will be rendered unconscious and only re-awakened when once more locked into it.

“His Majesty has another though much more severe and permanent program also. Some of these Horse Women may be moved into it at a later date, but that remains to be seen in the case of each individual female. This other program, to which you may also submit any of your females, involves very much the same harnessing and helmets that you see in use on these Lipizzaners, with the primary difference being that it requires that the Horse Woman in question become a two-footed, erect, Lipizzaner Horse Woman. To this end, the female to be so employed has her arms amputated at the shoulder and so she is *always* at the mercy of who ever becomes her Master. It is a permanent fate, obviously, and not one to be undertaken lightly. For your information, His Majesty is currently assembling such a team, and already has the quota half-filled.

“Please feel free to inspect these creatures at close range for the next two hours or so. They will each soon be placed in individual, display, box stalls, and so you’ll be able check them thoroughly. Thank you for coming to our event today. Should you have any questions about enrolling any of your own females in these programs, please see me here at the podium. Thank you again, and good afternoon.”

With that, I was led, still blinded, back to my post where my Trainer released my reins then, surprisingly, slid open the shutters over my eyes before leading me off. My hoofs thumped tiredly into the soft dirt of the track while I was walked slowly along to my display stall. A Groom waited to clean me up and make me presentable once again, and I could feel the tug and jerk of my hobbles restricting my leg movements to those demanded of Lipizzaner Horse Women. I had automatically resumed the prancing walk that was required as soon as the reins snapped taut with command. A moment later the surface under my hoofs changed to concrete and I heard the distinct clip-clopping of my horse shoes and the 44 others of my companions as we were led to the Display Salon. Within five minutes we had all been centre-fastened

in our little stalls, tugging gently on the cross ties to our body harnesses and bridles while we were cleaned and polished.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Inspected, & What Followed

I stared out through the narrow, steel-lined vision slits to the inaccessible world beyond; tears of humiliation and remorse still trailing unseen down my cheeks inside the steel-adorned, thick leather and rubber-lined horror locked onto my head and face. Bright swirls of women's fancy dresses and gowns flickered past momentarily and I tried to raise my head against the limiting tug of my draw reins, to see who was observing me, but it was no use, for the bondage of my harnessing was secure and very painful when I tried to fight it.

"Isn't she a pretty little thing," a soft, German-accented contralto voice said from just in front. Her electric blue gown flashed and swirled across my view while she stood there in front of me.

"Yes," replied a deep male voice in the same, clipped tones. "She's definitely a beauty. Spirited and horny too, from the show she put on out in the arena."

My ears, accentuated by their locked on leather appliances, picked up the conversation clearly.

"She must be nearly crazy what with having to wear that horribly tight harness all the time. I wonder if she can talk with that bit thing in her mouth?"

"Oh, I imagine she's gotten used to her harness by now," he opined negligently. "It certainly keeps her under perfect control, and I like the idea that she's locked into that Chastity Belt. Especially the part of the rig that has the two dildos remotely controlled for Discipline. Perhaps you should be fitted with one, Helga?"

"I-I-I don't think I like that idea at all," she quavered nervously.

"Hmmm. Well, Dear, you might just go to sleep one night back in Vancouver, and wake up in the Sheik's Palace, ready to be trained and fitted

out with all the goodies you've seen since we've been here."

"Ooohhh please, Jurgen." She whimpered desperately, "Please don't even suggest that it might happen. I'm scared that you're even actually thinking about it."

"Just be aware that it could happen, Helga. OK?"

"O-O-OK," she whispered.

"They said we could inspect these animals, so let's see what sort of things happen when we test her reins and stuff." I could hear the eagerness in his voice.

"Be gentle with her control lines, Sir. Please," one of the Guards stationed by my stall requested.

"Of course," the man said. "I see that all the Lipizzaners wear rather strange bits in their mouths. Why are they designed this way?"

"The bits are multiple function devices. They are used to control the Lipizzaner Woman, of course, but they are also used to silence and feed her at the same time, if that is required. In addition, they are a very effective means of disciplining the wearer; this thanks to the interconnections to her nose, tongue and breasts, as you can see."

"Ingenious and very carefully thought out."

"Yes sir. We're very pleased with the over-all effectiveness of this design. For example; if you tighten up the inner bit arms like this, you'll see how the bit rapidly expands inside the Lipizzaner's mouth, spreading her jaws quite widely. She of course cannot stop or resist this from occurring. At the same time you do this, but unseen by us, the dildo gag, mounted between the two inner plates within her mouth, moves back into and down her throat. Just grasp that inner set of reins and pull gently, as I did a moment ago."

"OK."

I felt the stranger's hand riffle the loosed leather lines then slowly increase

the tension on them and it was utterly horrible to be so deliberately made to suffer his attentions. My jaws were forcibly separated by the compounded levers and at the same time I had to just stand there and shiver in embarrassment while the slick, saliva-coated, hollow rubber phallus was inserted then slowly forced deeply into my throat. I tried to retch and bucked frantically against the stout cross tie straps securing me in the stall, but only a hiss of distressed breath pulsed out of my ringed and chained nose.

“J-J-Jurgen?” the woman asked faint-voiced, “you’re hunting the poor thing.”

“Of course. Part of her lot in life, Helga. She must be used to this happening all the time by now.”

The dildo implanted in my throat slithered back out when he released the tension and my jaws were slowly allowed to come back together. A second later, he jerked sharply on the rein and my mouth was spread wide and the dildo skewered itself back into me. I jumped wildly against my harness, a scream of distress blasting from my pinioned nose.

“The rein that you’ve just used, Sir, is the one that we use to discipline and silence the Lipizzaner Female. The other, as you can see is the main controlling set. Now, if you take them in your other hand, you can direct the animal quite easily with just the slightest of tugs. The interconnections between her nose, tongue and nipples are tight, and as a consequence, any motion of the bit itself is instantly transmitted to those tender areas. She *cannot* escape the sensations that are generated, and despite having become used to wearing this equipment all the time, she remains very, very sensitive. Please take a moment and test the harnessing’s effectiveness in relation to directional control.”

The observing male, Jurgen, picked up my dangling Control Reins and I could see his sun-browed arms and wrists vaguely while I waited with fear for his experimentation. The straps to the long outer bit arms tightened slowly, then hummed with tension, pulling my head up to stare at him through the slits over my eyes. I gasped and howled from the mounting pain.

“So. You say that I need not really pull on these all that hard?”

“Correct, Sir. Only gentle tugs are needed; unless of course you wish to emphasize your commands and/or use the motions of these reins as a type of discipline also. Please feel free to experiment.”

“Thank you.”

The reins to the long arms of the bit tightened slowly, pulling my head around to the right against the tension of my bearing reins. I whinnied with discomfort, feeling my head being twisted to the side.

“Ohhhh. The poor thing,” the woman, Helga, whispered to herself.

A moment later my head was pulled in the other direction, then he slowly tightened the reins when my head was centred again, so that I again had to look up into his face from within the helmet. He kept me like this for a moment or two then released me, yet still holding the Control Reins.

“As you can see, Sir, the reins are quite effective. She *cannot* fight them. The two sets that you now hold can, of course, be used in conjunction so that she will, effectively, be made to perform her duties, and be disciplined by them at the same time. Give them a try, together.”

My head was made to swing to the left and at the same time my jaws were spread widely and the horrible interior dildo rammed itself down my throat. I gagged and bucked when his inexperienced commands came, frantic to escape, but it really wasn't any use. I'd almost forgotten how much the experience hurt and disarmed me. At first, when I was being broken to this arrangement, the Trainer's rein commands had been like this, but now I was only subjected to this kind of harsh discipline if I needed reinforcement or correction.

Finally he stopped playing with me.

“Very interesting,” he gloated enthusiastically. “Thanks very much.”

“You are more than welcome, Sir,” the Trainer replied. “I hope that you'll find that our manner of restraining, equipping, controlling, and disciplining females to be of value. Perhaps the young woman will be seeing us in the

future?”

“Oh, I’m certainly in full agreement with your concepts and their execution. It is possible that this young lady may become one of your pupils. Thanks again. I believe that it’s time we went for a drink, Helga.”

“Y-y-yes, please. I’d like an iced tea p-p-please,” she said, obviously relieved to be able to get away from seeing another woman, very much like herself, treated so casually and cruelly as an animal. “I-I-I’ve got a question th-th-thought?”

“Please ask it, Madame,” the Trainer said.

“W-w-well ... D-don’t the women and girls in these harnesses and those awful helmet thingies *ever* get to take them off?”

“The simple answer, Madame, is ... no,” he responded. “Firstly, they do not have the use of their hands and fingers to be able even to touch their helmets or any other part of themselves, and they are *never* allowed that option. They have no choice. Second, the head of each woman to which a helmet is fitted, has been endowed with sets of special fasteners that are embedded in her flesh. The long term Lipizzaners have them screwed into the under-laying bone of their skulls. When their helmets are fitted, the matching lock devices connect to the flesh or bone fittings, making the helmet a secure imprisonment that requires a specially designed key tool to remove.

“These females are animals in all but genetic make-up and intelligence. About half have been highly paid to become what you see before you. The rest have been given to His Majesty as gifts, and are thus his property to do with as he sees fit.”

“B-but that’s so *cruel*.. How can you expect anyone to stay sane when she’s so totally controlled and restrained all the time.”

“Is your penal system any less cruel to the women confined in it?” the Trainer asked.

“I-I-I don’t know,” she replied. “But ... but ... at least those women get out of

prison after their sentences are done,” she exclaimed.

“Very true, Madame,” he replied, “but they suffer terribly while inside and when they come back out into the real world again, they cannot ever escape their past. They become damned to a life of continuing misery. And those women who are executed in your country have nothing either.”

“I-I-I guess that you’re right, but it just seems to be a horrible life to have to live like this all the time. Surely, some of these girls and women must go crazy with being made into Horses?”

“All of His Majesty’s females are properly taken care of and kept in the absolute best of physical condition, Madame. We have a very sophisticated hospital in the Palace and an excellent, fully-trained medical staff on site. What expertise we do not have, we import temporarily to fulfil our requirements. All females are fed properly and get a balanced diet at all times, and we take very secure measures, as you’ve seen, to prevent pregnancy or any type of venereal disease from occurring.

“As to whether or not some of these females find their new roles too onerous ... Perhaps they do, but as I have mentioned, they’ve been well-paid for their time here.”

“Wha-what about the ones that have become His Majesty’s property though?”

“They are in a somewhat more difficult position. They have no say in what befalls them. They may be treated in whatever manner His Majesty desires, up to and including execution. And yes, before you ask the question, the two-footed Lipizzaner Horse Women *do* have both arms amputated at the shoulders, and are then subjected to further, ah, enhancements.”

“Oh my God! Th-th-that’s horrible.”

“The women that this is done to don’t feel any pain from the amputations, Madame. The procedure is fully controlled and done under proper medical supervision, I assure you.”

“It’s still awful though,” she exclaimed in shock. “How do they look after themselves?”

“Madame, most females in His Majesty’s service are incapable of looking after themselves. They are, as you have seen, fully-controlled prisoners at all times. The two-footed Lipizzaners suffer this condition also, but on a much more inescapable basis. Once they’ve fully recovered from their surgery, they are then fitted with permanent harnesses and helmets, very much like their four-footed sisters you see here. Naturally though, having no hands and arms, they cannot even hope to escape their equipment and have been made utterly vulnerable and helpless. But that, really, is beside the point. Even if they were permitted the use of unrestrained hands and fingers, there is no possible way that they could release the steel screws and wires that hold them prisoners within their harnesses and helmets, and so they are always supervised and looked after.”

“I’d go *totally* crazy if that was done to me.”

“Many of the females in the Hareem seem to have adjusted to their position quite adequately. If that means that they have suffered some sort of mental aberration to make the adjustment, then so be it,” the Trainer stated unequivocally.

“Y-y-you mean to tell me that you don’t care if the women here go crazy from having to suffer this-this h-h-horrid confinement?”

“Frankly, Madame, no. We have fitted all the females in the Palace with the means to control them utterly, and that is all that is required. Whether the female performs willingly or unwillingly is of little consequence. She *will* do as commanded, like it or not.”

“Oh,” she said in a small and now terrified voice. “J-J-Jurgen? Could we get that drink n-n-now, please?”

The blue gown moved out of my sight and a moment later another group of men and women surrounded me. For the next endless two hours my head and body were casually touched and tortured by the passersby, then finally we were alone in the salon when they all left for a sumptuous banquet prepared

for them in the main dining room.

“OK, Number Eight.” My Trainer’s voice came to me. “You’ve been very good today and put on quite a show for everyone. His Majesty has told me that you are to be informed of his pleasure with your display. Now it’s time to get you back to your stall for the night.”

With that I was led off to the stall area and bedded down about an hour later. Once more I was enclosed within the stifling blackness of my shuttered helmet, strapped securely. Fighting my restraints was automatic, and ultimately, as I had come to realize, useless. I dropped almost immediately into a deep and exhausted sleep.

Two days later we were all loaded back into our containers and returned to the Palace. Again I was put to sleep; awakening an unknowable time later when the container was taken out of the aircraft. Within hours, we were all once more confined within our box stalls in the Lipizzaner Area, and it seemed as though we’d never left. There was one difference now though. I was no longer permitted to lay down to sleep but was now kept standing, suspended by the straps and centred in the cell by cross-ties. Sleep claimed me as soon as the Groomer had connected my watering hose and sanitary line then locked the door of my stall.

Sometime during the night I awakened to feel my firmly impressed crotch plate being removed, then the slow loss of the two deeply probing dildos being slipped from my body. The nakedness of my crotch, its heat radiating away into the coolness of my stall, was startling. I had been so long covered, imprisoned, and contained that I now doubly felt the removal of the covering, despite the fact that the two narrow bands on either side of my vagina still pressed so deeply into me. I felt a strange loss at the withdrawal of the huge shafts that had tortured and controlled me for such a long time, and strangely, even though half-asleep, wanted them back within me. For long moments I swung there in blinded darkness, unaware that His Majesty had turned on the lights and was staring at me in rapt attention. He spoke.

“Miss Henderson You are truly destined for this life, my dear. I should like to keep you as mine for the rest of your life, and preferably make you into a *full*, two-footed Lipizzaner Horse Woman, for I feel that you would

excel in the role.”

I shook violently at his words, coming fully awake and remembering the horrifying details that the Trainer had given to the two observers. A terrified screaming from my deepest core pulsed into my throat and battered itself to silence on the plunged phallus. I tried to shake my head in terrified negation, knowing that all he need do was to express his desires to one of his advisors, and I would be transformed. Tears of apprehension sprang from my eyes and I shivered violently in an ague of fear. He obviously noted my distress.

“Miss Henderson, you shall not assume that role unless *you* sign yourself over to me as a full slave. If you do that, then I will have your specific agreement that you may in fact become a totally helpless, two-footed Lipizzaner, but for the next while, you shall become a two-footed Horse Woman. This time only as a partial Lipizzaner. Your arms will be taken away from you, but not amputated. For the moment we shall not proceed further than that.”

He said no more, but began to caress and tease my naked, depilated sex with his skilled and skilled fingers. I became wet and aroused almost immediately, having been kept celibate for so long, and it was my ultimate undoing that I had such a strong and unquenchable desire for sex combined with a deep masochistic streak. In the haze of arousal, his delicate washing of my exposed body became part of the process of his making love to me, then he drove me to gagged, screaming fits of orgasm with his darting and thrusting tongue.

I hung in my harness while he mounted me repeatedly during the rest of the night, swinging me into his thrusting loins like a female pendulum. I had suffered the mechanical rape of the torturing inhuman dildos on countless occasions, but nothing came close to the sensations he subjected me to. In combination with the isolation of my helmet, being gagged, and the painful jerks and tensions on my nose and nipples, I went into howling fits of multiple orgasms.

I was his utter slave, his plaything ... and I loved it. He could do anything to me, I knew, and I wanted him to at that point. Even the prospect of my arms and hands being amputated seemed possible, and if he'd asked me then and there, I'd have agreed to have it done. For the longest time I existed only in a

fog of uniquely feminine sensation; over washed by wave after wave of mind-boggling awareness. Finally, I could handle no more and faded out completely. Hours after he'd left me, one of the Groomers came to my stall and I was re-fitted with my cruelly controlling dildos and the crotch-cover.

Chapter Thirty-Five

Back To Vertical

The next morning, I was allowed to sleep late, then, after being fed and watered, was taken once more to the Fitting Area. My time there went rapidly, as my harnessing was adjusted and modified to allow me to stand erect once more. The process of bending myself into the desired posture was aided by the Fitters placing me on a special frame, then exercising me gradually until I could stand easily, then they began to work on my arms.

I had memories from before of having my arms placed behind my back, then them being bound in place, but they paled into sweet dreams of innocence when the Fitters began *this* laborious and painful process. Normally, they didn't have to worry about arm placement, for the girls subjected to their tender mercies no longer had them. First, they released each cuffed arm individually but restricted by a loose chain, then bathed and shaved it and my hands until completely devoid of any body hair at all. Next, a thick stinging coat of some type of skin preparation solution was massaged into the entire limb and my hands and allowed this to dry for ten minutes while I stood with my reins tied to a wall ring, still deeply-gagged and blinded inside my helmet.

“Keep the fingers of your right hand slightly spread while we put on your glove, Horse Woman.”

I did as commanded and felt my unseen attendants begin to roll a thick rubber covering up each of my fingers, then over my hand. It stuck firmly to the skin, seeming to become a part of me. The rolling action continued and the tight sheath stuck fast when it came into contact with the skin, all the way up my arm to the shoulder. I shivered from the tightness, unable to shift a single cm of flesh without feeling the immobilizing effect of the tough, man-made rubber covering. A thick, small rubber bag came next and it was slowly worked over my fingers, these sliding into deep, well-separated pockets within. The wide wrist band was partially rolled back over my hand, then they applied a strong cement to both the inner side of the bag and the surface

of the thick glove. With a snap, the bag's wrist collar was rolled up and the two cemented surfaces melded into a single piece. I tentatively tried to move my fingers and thumb inside the mitt, only to find that they were now held as motionless prisoners. Ten minutes later my other hand and arm had been similarly imprisoned.

Now, they truly began the process of removing my arms from me and again started on my right arm. It was grasped by two of the powerful male Fitters, then slowly brought around behind me so that my forearm twisted automatically when one of them grasped it at the wrist and slowly raised it behind my back, up between my shoulder blades. At the same time he pressed it towards my upper arm and I wept from the pain, feeling the muscles and tendons encased in the rubber glove, slowly stretch to accommodate this incredibly uncomfortable positioning. A thick, very strong leather strap encircled my wrist, passing through buckles on the back of the shoulder piece, then they slowly tightened the strap until my forearm was drawn tightly against my back. For the moment my elbow was still free with its tip positioned about five cm to the side of my spine. Another pair of the straps was threaded through rings on the waist cinch, one passing around the elbow just above the joint and the other just below. These were very slowly tightened and I wailed with every millimetre of their decreasing length while my arm was pulled in tightly against my upper body, until my bagged hand was positioned just behind and below the base of my neck.

A moment later they began on my left hand and arm, and despite my violent shivering and twisting attempts to escape, it too was similarly fastened. With both arms bound to my body in this manner, I *had* to thrust out my chest, forcing my imprisoned breasts even further than they already were into their separate, imprisoning containers. The pain was awful, but gagged as I was by the special bit, there was no way to voice my distress. I could only shudder and twist violently on the ends of my reins attempting to somehow ease my misery. My only solace was that His Majesty had not required that I go the full route to becoming one of his Lipizzaner Horse Women ... yet.

"We're nearly done," one of the Fitters stated as if to comfort me.

Another thick rubber bag was drawn down over the ones that already contained my already mittened hands, encompassing both within a single

covering, then it too was glued securely to the underlying ones and a short strap from its apex was pulled through one of the back rings of my collar, pulling everything firmly into position. I swung my upper body slowly from side to side, trying to become accustomed to being unable to move my upper limbs in any way and a low moaning scream hissed from my nose when the tensions and stretching of the arm and shoulder muscles began to hurt more and more.

“That’s it. You’re ready now for some exercise and training, Number Eight. Hassim is here to take you to the Hot Walker and Hurdles room.”

I could have cared less what the Trainer’s name was, but when he spoke, I found that I didn’t recognize his voice with that lack of recognition, I became afraid of how I was to be treated at his hands. My fear was justified fully, a second later, but I could not understand what was said, for they conversed in their own language.

“I think His Majesty will be pleased with our efforts here, Asam. From the front, it looks like she has almost no arms at all.”

“Yes. I think we’ve done well. Here’s her reins, Hassim.”

I felt the twitches of them being untied and then handed over to someone who spoke to me in English.

“Come along, Number Eight. I will seldom speak to you from now on, for you must learn my ways through the commands of your reins.”

A sharp pull on them forced me to begin walking forward then turn sharply to the right when they snapped tight and made agonizing pain burn through my ringed nose and nipples. I pranced after him, raising my knees and hooved feet to thigh height, bouncing my straining legs against their stiff leather and rubber encasements; feeling my walking hobble tug uncomfortably at my ankle shackles. The sharp clip-clopping of my steel horse shoes on the floor resounded hollowly from the concrete walls while I moved blindly along at the end of my lines. Another sharp jerk on them spun me to the right again and I followed my newest mentor, weeping in silence within my helmet from the pain of my slowly numbing arms. My hobble chain gave a cheery, jingling, counterpoint to the impacts of my steel shoes while I was drawn to

the Exercise Room, but by now I was so used to the sound that it no longer disturbed me. Besides, I was only one of God knew how many women in this place who wore the same types of chains.

Short minutes later we entered the room that had so demoralized and disciplined me in the past.

“Whoa now,” Hassim said, shaking my Control Reins vigorously. “March in place, Number Eight.”

I stumbled forward and was brought to an abrupt halt, then spun around by another jerk on my lines; beginning to march as I had been instructed. Suddenly, the shutters over my eyes slid up and clicked into their open position. I could see again.

In front of me, I caught abbreviated snatches of other upright Lipizzaner Horse women cantering past me at the ends of tightly-snapping reins. They pranced erectly and quickly, for the straps connecting their bits and head harnesses to the overhead arms of the Exerciser thrummed with tension while they were put through their stamina building drills. From what little I could see of them, each wore the exact same harness I did and all of their heads were all encased in the tight, rubber-lined, full head, leather helmets the same as mine. Everyone had a number disk attached to the crown of her helmet, just like me. Their bodies swung strangely from side to side while they rushed past, and it was only after a little while watching them that I realized they *had* to swing back and forth this way to compensate for their lack of hands and arms.

Their upper bodies were encased in gleaming cases that flowed smoothly up over their shoulders and where their arms should have been. Each one’s mouth was stretched wide, thanks to the tightness of their Secondary Bit Reins, and other than the clattering of their hoofs and the jingling of their too-short hobble chains, the room was soundless. At last the machine slowed and stopped, yet they all maintained their in-place prancing, forcefully jerking their legs up against the limiting of their hobbles. Hassim snapped my reins cruelly, then drew me to a waiting arm on the Exerciser and quickly connected the machine’s lines to my bit; releasing my others. A moment later he re-checked my harness then stepped back.

The machine started off slowly, but it nevertheless jerked forcefully on my bit and I, like all the other confined women in the room, shrieked automatically against the gagging phallus from the pain it created in my nose and breasts. I *had* to begin walking, then began to prance in a half-run, but my hobble was far too short and so I had to take shorter and more rapid paces to keep from being dragged around. It was no use though. Whatever I tried to do, the tension on my bit and its other connections to my face and body were painfully inescapable and so more valueless tears spilled unbidden from my eyes while I moved around the large circular path. I couldn't look off to the side, thanks to the enforced, narrow field of forward vision and so had to look straight ahead. All I could see was the harnessed, gleaming back of the girl immediately in front of me and even those glimpses were rare, for she was slightly off to the side. She definitely looked quite streamlined, from what I could see, then I again realized why. *She had no arms.* With that awareness, I tried mightily to pull away from my reins, screaming again and again against my gag, knowing that I might soon join her in that state. Of course, my rebellion was of no use at all and made scarcely a ripple in the unending circling we were compelled to move in.

From that point on, my training devolved into the usual unending exercise to increase my stamina and for the next endless weeks I was kept on the same excruciatingly boring and trying schedule. It was the same old profile I'd had to go through for so many other 'acclimatization' scenarios and most of the time I was permitted vision, but there was much of it that I was kept in continual blindness. After the first agonizing hours, my hands and arms had grown completely numb and the fact that I had them at all gradually faded from my memory when the muscles and tendons stretched into their new configuration. The Trainers and Grooms saw to our every need, just like they would with any valued animal, but I continued to experience terrible pangs of humiliation every time they took us to be fed and 'toileted'.

Each time these processes occurred, and mostly simultaneously, I suffered the ministrations in hidden, red-faced embarrassment. We were processed in a long, high-ceilinged chamber; our communal corral. The twelve of us would be positioned at the front of a shallow stall along the wall, then secured in position with cross-tie straps to our body harnesses. Our short hobble chains were locked to central floor rings and our control reins were

led off to the sides and clipped to sturdy rings in the pillar at the front to the stall dividers. Once we'd all been secured, our individual Groomers adjusted our Secondary Reins, if required, so that the phalli in the bits were fully and deeply inserted in our throats, our mouths jacked open by the expanding bits. This of course allowed them to easily plug in the feeding and drinking hoses that looped down from the overhead, central pipe, to the exposed fitting between our capped teeth. Once this had been done, they moved behind each of us and connected the drain and washout hoses to the crotch cover plates. This became bearable, but was *always* uncomfortable. The last thing they did before retiring from the room to leave us to our solitary 'processing' was to open all of the shutters over our eyes; allowing us to stare forward into the large mirrors along the wall and see that we were not alone in our bizarre servitude.

I, and all the others, were forced to see ourselves held in the networks of securing straps and chains and the vision of so many young women, anonymous because of our helmets, held as such utterly controlled prisoners, was in some ways staggeringly erotic. Each time, twice daily, we'd have to stand there and wait for 10 or 15 minutes for the machinery to feed and clean us, forced to accept our plight. It always came as a surprise when the warm soapy water pulsed up into our bowels and crotches when the automatic enema's were administered and in the mirror, I saw that all the others reacted exactly as I did, for they'd jump against their harnessing and twist frantically to escape the looping hoses to their crotches while being pumped full of the cleansing solutions. No sounds were permitted though, nor could we glance sympathetically at each other to share our common misery. Each administration of the enemas seemed to grow in size and the length of time we were required to hold it within ourselves, and many times I thought that I'd arrived in the lowest depths of Hell, so bad was the pain in my belly. Nothing I did could rid me of the terrible burden of gurgling fluid within my gut. At last, after three applications, we were permitted to rest briefly, then the feeding process began.

Naturally, we could all see the clear hoses looping down from above, connected to the plugs in our mouths. One was for the liquidized food and the other for water or juices, or whatever it was they decided we should be required to drink. Prior to the actual liquids being pumped into our gagging

phalli and thence into our throats and stomachs, the air in the lines would be forced out through bleed valves at the front, then the glutinous mass slowly flowed along the pipes and then into our bodies. There was no possible way we could manage to taste the stuff and basically, we were just being 'fuelled' with a carefully measured diet; fed all the necessary trace elements and calories required to be able to maintain our weights, figures and stamina.

Being only animals under His Majesty's control, we were not informed of the next stage of our tormenting transformation, and this was already being accomplished by a strong hormone now included in our fuel.

Chapter Thirty-Six

Additional Torment

After some weeks in the new program, I began to feel my breasts swelling uncomfortably against their imprisonments and they hurt every time I was exercised, even though compressed and noosed within their cups. I didn't realize that something had been done to my food and over the next days the sensations became more and more acute, until finally one day, the boring schedule of feeding and toileting changed, for all of us.

This time, after we'd all been connected, the Grooms added another horrific sensation. At first, it seemed that they'd been told to ease our travails, for they released the interconnections of the bits to the nipple rings. I felt this release with some wonderment when the constant tension came off my sensitive flesh, but I immediately felt a renewed tugging when the Groom connected, then threaded wires through something. Whatever it was that he'd attached, soon drew tight against the rigid cups covering my breasts, then placed an extremely painful tension on the visible, three cm diameter circles of nipple and aureole flesh. I felt small vibrations through the encasements of each of my breasts, shivering from the distress of the unrelenting tension, but was left to stare out through my vision slits, wondering what he'd attached to my harness, and thus to me.

"We are going to be leaving all of you Lippazanner Ladies here for some further entertainments during this time," a Eunuch sing-songed when he walked away.

The patter of the Groomer's and Trainer's slippers faded away down the long concrete floor, then the door to our Refectory boomed closed and was solidly locked. None of us could turn to see the others, but now, with the absence of the blocking of the Groom's and Trainer's bodies, we could all see in the long mirror what had been done to us. It revealed that we all had been fitted with clear Perspex caps at the end of each of our breast containments. These were clipped on with three rotating collars, while through the sealing grommet at the extended tip of each, the thin wires connected to our nipple

rings had been drawn and then locked at the horrid tension by slipping each into a jam-type clamp. The tension could always be easily increased, but unless one was able to use the key for the clamp, never decreased. Each of the transparent plastic cups clearly revealed the straining and tensioned nipple flesh inside and their rims pressed firmly into depressions on the breast cups themselves, held in place initially by the tension on our nipple rings.

Near the tip of each of these plastic coverings, on the underside, two short tubes, perhaps two cm thick, hung down and connected to the ends of these were the ends of other clear plastic hoses. All at first hung down a half metre or so, then looped upwards and out of sight. I shivered with this vision of additional captivity and control, for I knew what was soon to come.

I wasn't mistaken or disappointed. Moments later, my vaginal dildo and the nubbin pressing into my clitoris began to pulse and buzz with erotic vibrations so that soon, I and all the other young women in the Refectory danced in a haze of sexual arousal. We were being tortured into reacting by the inescapable depredations, but kept totally soundless by the efficient gagging systems we wore. In my mind, I begged and pleaded and screamed for the arousing processes to stop, driven to frantic silent tears inside my dehumanizing helmet, but no one cared and the awful process continued unabated.

In the meantime an enema pulsed up into my twitching bowels, then the anal plug began to writhe and vibrate also. The sensations were indescribable and completely overwhelming, but it was *far* from the end. As a matter of fact it was only the very beginning of an extended time of torment for us all.

Inside the cups, and unknown to me, my compressed and sensitive breasts had been filling with milk for the last days, and now they were ripe to be harvested. The electrodes within my bra cups were activated slowly, then gradually were charged with ever-increasing bursts of electrical energy. I felt the first tickling twitches around the bases of my garrotted glands, then the tingling shocks spiralled up and around each of them in increasing frequency until they reached my nipples and at that point, a staggeringly painful series of pulses transfixed my entire aureoles, nipples and the masses of my breasts, causing me to dance and writhe spastically in a desperate attempt to shake my chest free of the horrid devices. The only thing that happened was, that like

all the rest of the females in the room, I only managed to make the hoses connected to my breasts sway back and forth, shaking in rhythm to my jerks at the securements. The shocks kept increasing in waves of inescapable, painful energy.

A valve in the hidden machinery room opened to a computerized command and I began to feel an oscillating tug of vacuum on my distended nipples, then like a nursing mother, I felt the nipple cups ‘latch on’ to my breasts. I immediately started to whine through my nose at the erotic sensations that the sudden suckling evoked, then watched in wonderment. Reflected in the mirror, back to my leather-covered head and restricted vision, was the sight of the clear plastic cups clamped over my nipples suddenly filling with an opaque white fluid while it was drawn from my body by the suction hoses. The milk seemed to gush around the golden rings impaling my nipple flesh and I felt an almost immediate lessening of the pressure on my breast flesh. It wasn’t enough though, for the milking process continued. How long it lasted I don’t really know, for the shocks administered to my breasts grew stronger and stronger, forcing the contained flesh to writhe and twitch in agonizing spasms, squeezing the last drops of human nutrient from my convulsing body. Finally, it was over, and the sucking and shocks stopped. I gradually returned to sanity from the unknown place I’d been driven to, to see that some sort of thick, creamy, medicated and soothing ointment solution was being pumped into the clear coverings over my nipples. We were left in peace for a long time then, only the arousing thrusting, buzzing, and writhing of our internal probes continuing unabated. The groom spoke to me while fussing with my harness and other equipment.

“And so, Number Eight, how are you liking being made into a combination Horsey Woman and a milking cow, all at the same time? You are to be enjoying it for certain sure, I am knowing this well.”

I suddenly realized that he had exactly described what I was. Now, not only was I a captive Lipizzaner Horse Woman, a ‘mare’ ... but I was also a dairy cow. Oh God! Was there to be no end to the depths of humiliation and torment I was to be forced to endure?

At last, a warm gush of rinsing water flushed the medicated cream away, then everything shut off. Again we were left to our own very restricted fates and

thoughts of what had just been done to us. What seemed like hours later, the Grooms came back and quickly released the hoses from the nipple caps, but left them in place. Within minutes, we had all been leashed together in the usual line of coiffed and controlled femininity, our connecting reins feeding from the ends of our long bit arms, back through the guide rings on our shoulder harnesses and on to the girl behind us. Having lost the use of my arms and hands, I was, of course, totally vulnerable to the Groom's manipulations and control. I shivered with fear that I would suffer the fate of the other women with me; not even having the option of arms and hands and therefore destined to be forever dependant on others for continued survival. The terrible fate of being kept as a Lipizzaner Horse Women and a dairy animal for the rest of my life was horribly frightening, but, at the same time, traitorously arousing.

We were led out of the room with the particular swinging gait that not having arms demanded and were soon back to the training arena once more. Our clattering hooves and jingling harness hardware was accompanied by the liquid sounding conversations of our handlers while they laughed and joked, uncaring of the tale of 12 desperately distressed women who had perforce to accompany them. Once back in the arena, our group was again split into pairs of Trainers and Lipizzaners and they resumed putting us through the intense training regimen.

Was it pointless? Our continued employment by His Majesty as glorified and totally-controlled dolls, wearing whatever he wanted us to, and doing as he wished, seemed to bring him endless delight. For us, it was an arduous time of distress and anguish, but I suppose that that is the very nature of power, and we were its pawns. As time continued to pass, I grew more and more accustomed to my role, forgetting what it was like to be able to talk and almost unaware that I'd ever had arms, or been anything else than the Horse that I'd been turned into. Being kept constantly locked in the horribly uncomfortable bit-gag and encased in my Lipizzaner Horse Woman helmet, reinforced my mind set and kept my speech to nothing other than horse-like whinnies and snuffles; further reducing me to the animal status that the Sheik required. Being milked every day only served even more to confirm my state. Even that though, eventually became as normal to me as breathing, and I came to expect it now at every feeding. A number of times the Trainers didn't

milk us and the resultant discomfort that we experienced drove home the point that we *had* to be looked after in this manner, every day.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Breeding

Over the next months we were taken to a number of shows and put through our paces as Lipizzaner's; always to the delight of the gathered admirers, but one day, a Trainer came and cut me from the rest of the team.

"Come," he commanded, tugging firmly on my reins.

I had no choice, of course, but to follow the commands of the painful arrangement of straps and steel fastened to my face and helmet. He left the Stable area of the Palace with me in tow behind him, prancing prettily and creating quite the clattering display, thanks to my hooved and steel-shod feet. Naturally the destination was unknown to me and so I followed obediently for to do otherwise was unthinkable. He played with me as only a cruel Rein Master can, making me veer occasionally from side to side with the insistent tugs of my reins. We finally came to a set of gray steel doors where the Trainer swiped his electronic access card through the reader, opening them to reveal a barren service elevator car. The doors hissed closed and I felt us moving upwards with a rush of acceleration, then at the top the doors slid open and a harsh jerk on my controlling straps spun me around to face the opened portals, whinnying plaintively from the pain of the embedded metal. The narrow vision slits revealed only momentary and fragmented glimpses, but I knew where I was. It was His Majesty's suite at the top of the tower that dominated the entire Palace/Fortress Complex.

"I'll take her from here," His Majesty spoke to the Trainer in their own tongue.

"Aye, your Majesty," he said relinquishing the straps that controlled me so utterly.

"Come along, Miss Henderson," he commanded, speaking in English, snapping my reins briskly.

I reared back slightly against them, moaning into my bit at the increased tension and the pain that resulted from his seemingly uncaring manipulations.

“Enough, Horse Woman,” he snapped with impatience at my resistance, jerking the reins savagely. “You know by now that you’re nothing but an animal; a Lipizzaner mare and a dairy cow to boot. It’s time that you were bred properly as the harnessed animal you are. That’s why you’re here tonight.”

I had to bend forward when he jerked on the straps, retching from the deep penetration of the phallus/bit, weeping again with misery and desolation at his harsh treatment of me because I was so utterly vulnerable. My tears and anguished eyes were, of course, unseen inside the terribly oppressing helmet, and He could have cared less it appeared, while he dragged me to the Breeding Frame and its attendant straps. This device was concealed behind a curtain on one side of the huge room and he moved the drapes aside to reveal what I was to be fastened into. I turned my body slowly from side to side, sweeping my narrowed vision across the length and breadth of what lay waiting for me.

It wasn’t so much a frame as a set of four sturdy posts embedded in the carpet-covered concrete floor. Each of these was some three metres high and 15 cm in diameter and along their lengths on the outside, teeth had been machined into the metal. Approximately halfway up each post was a wide collar about 15 cm long. A small, geared crank hung from each of these collars, while on the inner side, a fitting held a triangular **D**-ring trailing a long, adjustable set of two wide leather straps; both fitted with heavy-duty snap hooks. The area inside the boundary of the posts seemed to be made of a thick rubber matting, while the end wall was equipped with five tracks, sunk into it. Each of these had four sliding ring mounts, also trailing doubled, snap hook equipped straps. Above, hanging from the gloom, was a multitude of other heavy straps, coiled electrical cords and hoses, waiting.

I tried to rebel against the tugging of my reins while he drew me into the middle of the rubber mat, but the pain was too overwhelming, and a minute later I stood subdued and waiting fearfully. He reached out with his free hand and pulled up the narrower straps from two inner wall rings, then clipped them to my bit, holding me leashed in place and unable to escape what he planned next. My leading reins were quickly unclipped, then he disappeared from my sight, moving around behind and preparing the rest of the equipment

that was soon to torture and arouse me. I faintly heard the smooth whirr of some pulleys, then there was a set of subtle clicks at my waist and on the back of my shoulder piece. Something happened down at my ankles, then again I felt another vibration on my above-the-knee cuffs. A click on the back of my collar and another on the crown of my helmet soon followed, then I briefly saw his white robe-shrouded arm reach in front of me. Two more heavy mechanical clicks sounded when he fastened straps to the rings at the tops of my shoulders.

'Please God,' I prayed, shivering with terror at what was to come, 'oh please, don't let him hurt me anymore.'

My silent pleadings didn't help because he began to attach the balance of the equipment to my body. My nipples and breasts felt the drag when he attached the hoses to the milking cups clamped over them, then he cruelly tightened the wire tensioners until I felt that my nipples would be ripped from my breasts. Although I didn't see him do it, he next connected a pair of coiled wires to each breast cup and another pair was snapped into a fitting at the back of my helmet. Suddenly I was deaf. At my crotch, he quickly added yet other sets of the evil-looking coil-cords and more hoses.

For a moment or two I minced nervously on my hooved feet, feeling the restrictions of the heavy straps fastened to my lower limbs, while he inspected his preparations, then his voice whispered into my ears.

"Miss Henderson, you are now prepared. I intended to keep you here with me, fastened as you are for a long time. It is now your turn, again, to be a brood mare. I shall, of course, keep you as long as you can provide me with pleasure, then you will be returned to the Horse Woman Programme you seem to enjoy so much. You are entirely too valuable to be permitted to return to the outer world just yet, my dear, but, alas, I shall honour your Contract fully."

The shutters over my eyes slid shut and locked and at the same time, all sound cut off leaving me blinded and deafened, standing there waiting in terror for what was to happen next. Tension came at my shoulders and seconds later I was strung vulnerably in mid-air before him, kicking mindlessly against my straps. The ones fastened to my waist tightened, lifting

my hindquarters into the air until my hips were only slightly below the level of my shoulders, then the others fastened to my collar and helmet were slowly and carefully adjusted so that my head was held comfortably level. Next, I felt my knees being pulled widely apart, making the already deeply embedded edges of the cupped steel between my legs dig more firmly into the tender flesh and I wailed, trying to twist away from the spreading. It was no use. He tightened the ankle straps, then clipped heavy springs to them after releasing my short hobble and I pulled my legs against the tension, managing to flex them slightly, but a moment later they once more drew my legs out straight again. Horribly, I began to bounce slightly in my suspension, swinging back and forth in short arcs. With each backward swing the reins pulled on the bit, driving the throat plugging phallus deeper and at the same time tugging painfully on my facial jewellery, eliciting short, agonized howls, these completely blocked by the cruelly efficient gag. A sudden blessed spurt of cold water pulsed down my throat while I gasped. I was ready, or so I thought.

The latches that kept the steel crotch cover locked over my loins began to pop loose and a moment later I felt a rush of cool air flush up between my widespread legs when he carefully withdrew the long and thick dildo that had so constantly impaled and controlled me. Somehow, the anal dildo remained firmly inserted, and although I didn't yet realize it, my clitoris was also still physically and electrically connected to the Chastity Belt.

It had been so long since I had been caressed down there that to feel his finger tips brush against the hot, inflamed and sensitive flesh, made me convulse in a spasm of frenzied reaction. I bounced wildly in blinded suspension, wailing from the pain of my bit being jerked at and shivering from the teasing of his fingers. He caressed me gently and carefully for endless minutes, slowly bringing me closer to orgasm and I felt myself automatically lubricating his busy hand, thanks to the inescapable teasing. As always seemed to be the case, mild shocks began to tickle and tantalize my nipples and breasts and I writhed more and more frantically in my harness, trying to increase the sensual arousal, but then a bolt of electrical stimulation suddenly pulsed through my clitoris and I screamed and twisted in dismay, moving erratically back and forth and up and down in the Mating Harness and Frame, hysterically attempting to escape the torturing pulses.

My writhing and bouncing must have been the final straw for him. A blunt, warm shaft of maleness began to slowly intrude into me, plunging further and further into my sex with each increasingly wild gyration that I made. The waves of tantalizing pulses through my clitoris and breasts increased in frequency, soon driving me to frantic, mewling fits, yet He remained standing behind me while I was made to automatically impale myself on his rigidity. Despite the multiple torments I was suffering, I too climbed to arousal, strangely, beginning to enjoy the rape of his rampant maleness. I could feel him thrusting deeply into me with every bounce and restricted swing I made and each time, at the deepest point of penetration, another incredible burst of electrical energy coursed through my breasts and clitoris. Within my bowels, the anal hose began to pump a warm fluid far up into me, increasing the sensations and the compression inside my loins, while his manhood pummelled and shouldered aside the bulging, passion-inflamed organs within my abdomen. I began to scream out my febrile mixture of passion and pain, reduced now to only a vibrating blob of harnessed and restrained female protoplasm. The sensation mixture was an incredible one and there is no way to describe it with mere words. Only a woman can feel what I was made to experience and there is no way to detail the agony/ecstasy that turned my mind and body to Jell-O.

I gasped for breath in the silent black Hell of my helmet, forced to concentrate solely on what was being done to my hapless body. Tears poured from my staring eyes while his energetic pillaging of my femaleness seemed to be without end, while I surged frantically in and against my Mating Harness. There was virtually no withstanding the overwhelming sensations that saturated my mind and body.

To add to the effectiveness of this violent form of sexual intercourse, a slow, pulsing drag began to pull on my nipples when a strong, cyclical suction was activated. My straining breasts began to give up their cargo of milk in gushing spurts, while I wailed incoherently, and yet the unending sexual assault didn't stop. My awareness of being human dissolved while I became ever more thoroughly only a rutting, female animal. He stood between my wide spread thighs, the ultimate sign of feminine surrender, guiding himself into me with one hand and with his other, adjusting the terrible attacks on my body and mind on the control panel.

I passed out.

When I returned to awareness, it was to find myself still hanging in the horizontal frame and harness, but once more my lower body had been locked away and sealed within my Chastity Belt. Although I didn't realize this either, he'd also reintroduced me to the Inhibitor Bar; locking a separate tether to its tip ring. He'd been kind enough to open the shutters over my eyes, and I could dimly see the reins fastened to my bit arms, leading out in front of me in a wide V to their fastenings on the wall tracks. I was almost deaf, but I could see. The drapes that surrounded my Mating Frame and Harness had been drawn around, much like those in a semi-private hospital room, and so I was hidden from any visitors that might arrive.

His Majesty kept me there with him for the next two weeks and every night he ravished me with a thoroughness and complexity that I found mind-altering, while each day, various troupes of maids and other attendants came to maintain and prepare me for the coming night. Mistress Janice and her Eunuch, together with a pair of Trainers also came every day, and I was released by them for most of the time while my maintenance was carried out, but each evening around six pm, they placed me back in the suspended, horizontal bondage to await His Majesty's evening pleasure. Eventually though, my time in his chambers came to an end.

Chapter Thirty-Eight

Returned & The Discipline Slave

I was, weirdly, desolated one morning when Mistress Janice informed me of my return to the world beyond the Sultan's bedroom.

“Miss Henderson, it is now time for you to rejoin the Hareem, this time in the module of First Level Wives. As the end of your Contract is drawing closer and closer, we will begin the process of re-educating you to the outside world so that you will leave here, eventually, with a great deal more knowledge and awareness than you had upon your arrival. This is to say nothing of the increase in your financial status. Hopefully, you will find yourself a happier person than before. But enough of that. I do tend to prattle on.

“For the time being, let us concern ourselves with getting you back to the regular Hareem environment.”

With that said, she disappeared from my view, being led away on her leashes. Shortly thereafter my regular Eunuch returned me to the Tack Rooms. It was *so* easy for him to release me from my suspension harnessing that I could have wept and, when at last I stood on the floor again he wasted no time at all in reminding me of my status. The chain leash fastened to my Inhibitor Bar ensured that I remained fully aware of my true status here.

In the Tack Rooms, my harness was quickly removed and finally, the helmet that I so hated was lifted away from my head and face. I felt strangely and utterly naked without it. Once freed of the horrific device, I was taken to an operating theatre and without much in the way of conversation, strapped to the table, then the anaesthesia mask descended to my face and my awareness dissolved. Sometime later I awoke in a comfortable bed in the Hospital part of the Palace to find that I still wore my Chastity Belt and all of my jewellery and to, that I was chained to the bed. A day later, Mistress Janice appeared in front of me while I lay recovering.

“And so, Miss Henderson, you have been returned to us. For some time it appeared that His Majesty would keep you as a Lipizzaner Horse Woman for

the rest of your life.” She said with a smile caressing her ringed lips. “However, it seems that he feels honour bound to keep to the terms of his Contract with you, and so you were brought here to have the helmet mounting hardware removed. It could have been much worse for you, my dear. Your stay could very easily have finished with not having any arms. Nevertheless, you are now free of your Head Piece and will, in a day or so, be brought to the First Level Wives Hareem area. I shall see you again there.”

When she had finished saying her piece, she turned away with a clattering of her restraint chains then a small moan hissed from her collared throat when her Eunuch tugged firmly on her Inhibitor Bar leash, drawing her helplessly after him to whatever it was she had to do next. Despite her humiliating means of being leashed and restrained, she strutted regally from the room.

Two days later, I was conducted to a sumptuous bathroom and its waiting attendants, where, after the long chain leashes from my collar and the Inhibitor Bar were locked to the wall-ring that also retained those of the maids. I was given a thorough washing and grooming, accompanied by much giggling and laughing while they soothed away my various muscle aches and the still deeply-impressed marks of my stringent harnesses.

Of course, they couldn’t touch me sexually, because of the ever-present monitoring cameras and the fact that we all wore Chastity Belts, but it was a luxury I thoroughly enjoyed. Finally, they were done and I waited, still leashed, but now fully made up, my short hair coiffed, and wearing the regular Hareem costume of baggy, diaphanous pantaloons and a tight halter top. One of the Eunuchs prepared to fit me with my regular gag, but a maid pointed out in their own language that it wasn’t required for First Level Wives. My wrists were, of course, chained to the ‘Belt’s side-rings, but with much longer chains than I had ever been permitted before, allowing almost total freedom of use of my hands and arms. Still, their presence was a continual reminder of my status and I had to wear the standard, locked on, 15 cm heeled pump, and a 50 cm long hobble chain.

Another Eunuch came for me at and I was taken from the bathroom to my new home.

The First Level Wives Hareem module was not much different than the

others that I'd been confined in; being just as secure and just as inescapable. The only noticeable differences were the faces and bodies of the occupants. I was allowed the balance of my first day to meet and get to know the other young women imprisoned with me, and during the following weeks fell into the routine of life inside as though it was the only one I'd ever known.

We were all encouraged to find something that we really enjoyed, and no expense was spared in providing us with the materials and special tutors that our desires required. Over the next months I found myself thrust into a veritable pressure cooker of schooling; all the while kept as thoroughly guarded Middle Eastern women would be by an extremely jealous husband. We were encouraged in our studies by the disciplining we regularly received, and especially if we got poor marks. Perhaps the tutors were somewhat taken aback by our costumes, as we had to wear the all-enclosing and concealing outer robe worn by Middle Eastern females, together with elbow length black leather gloves that disappeared into the wide, elasticised wrist-bands of the deep sleeves. The voluminous outer robes were made of a black, very thin, rippling leather decorated with swirling patterns of flashing gems, but the veils covering the small window for our eyes in the head-piece were made of a very fine, black, steel mesh. The outer clothing concealed all of our only too obvious rings and restraints and the remainder of our controlling Uniforms and I'm sure that had the Tutors been able to see us as we really were beneath our robes, they'd have packed their bags and left on the first available camel.

The thing that was the hardest to obscure though, was the clinking of our chains when we walked or moved our hands. The lisping and slightly fuzzy speech patterns that the rings in our lips and our tongue piercings produced was easily understood and accepted almost without question by the teachers, but given the concealing effects of the veils, there was really no way for them to be sure that it was the woman they thought they were talking to who answered. This interesting little twist was demonstrated one day by sending me, gagged, into the class and having me raise my hand to answer questions. When I was acknowledged, a small speaker locked to my collar under my chin, came back in a woman's voice, but not mine, with the correct reply_ I realised then that with this remote-control capability and the nature of my all-concealing robes, I could easily be escorted through any kind of check-point

and give the correct answer to any questions that might be asked. The Tutors had been contracted to keep their mouths shut about any strange sights they might see and were soon providing us with detailed and comprehensive instructions in our chosen fields, preparing us to re-enter the world.

Time seemed to disappear, much as the forever-drifting sand whispering by the Palace walls, until one day Mistress Janice called in those of us who had almost finished our five year Contracts, and commanded us to write about all the experiences we had endured over its term and how we felt about them ... thus the writing of this narrative. Over the last months, we didn't see much of her, only meeting briefly on her rare visits to our module and, as always, under the unforgiving command of her Leash Master. One day she came to our chamber and was permitted to sit in her special chair. It had been brought in the day before and was designed like the others that we'd seen and been forced to endure ourselves; permitting her to sit easily, thanks to the slot cut into it that allowed her long 'Bar to slide into the central portion of the seat. Naturally, the 'Bar locked into place once she was seated and could only be released by her Leash Master. On this visit though, she was accompanied by two other Eunuchs and one of the strangest sights I'd yet seen in the Hareem. Between them, on multiple leashes connected to her collar, the side-rings of her Chastity Belt, and her Inhibitor Bar, was a rubber-covered, female-shaped body.

"Aaahh! Good afternoon, ladies, it's wonderful to see you all looking so healthy and alive. Despite the trials that you have endured here during your five years in the Hareem, it doesn't seem to have affected you adversely at all," she said through her golden-ringed lips, a small smile raising the corners of her mouth against the larger rings embedded there.

"I thought you might like to see the latest type of Discipline Uniform being employed. This is His Majesty's Discipline Slave, Teresa, whom some of you may remember from when you first arrived. Teresa now wears a very special combination Chastity Belt and Punishment Bra beneath her rubber overgarment. All of them act to severely control and limit her freedom. More so than you ladies ever had to experience in the various Uniforms that you've worn during your stay."

I and all the others stared at the female-shaped apparition before us, now

leashed to a floor-ring by a short chain from the tip of her Inhibitor Bar. I began to take in the details of her Uniform, shuddering with thoughts of how claustrophobic it would make me feel to have to wear something like she was locked inside, especially for the first time.

She was concealed from head to foot in a thick, black, gleaming and very tight rubber suit, much like the one that I had to wear when I was Cow Girl. Her head was totally enclosed in the same type of helmet, and it being moulded into the body of the Uniform. Her eyes were hidden behind bulbous mirrored lenses that cupped them fully, and over the front of her face-concealing masks was a thick, clear, plastic bubble locked with silvery catches to the impermeable rubber of the helmet itself, hermetically sealing her away from the outer world. Beneath the plastic bubble, her entire face was covered with a tightly-pressing air and feeding mask and I knew that she was also deeply gagged and equipped with the horrible, long, self-sealing nose-plugs. On the sides of the thick bubble and mounted through its clear plastic, were chromed couplings where air and feeding hoses could be connected. All in all, it was a formidably scary imprisonment, even for such inured observers as we.

Mistress Janice turned a small dial on the control she held and the mirrored lenses over Teresa's eyes slowly lightened until we could see inside. Her eyes and the small ovals of surrounding skin were separated from the outside world by two thick layers of tough plastic and rubber, with no way of her ever being able to remove them unassisted. The panic-filled eyes peered pleadingly out at us, blinking rapidly while she tried to re-acustom herself to the brightly-lit room she was now allowed to see, for she was seldom permitted the boons of sight and the ability to hear. I noticed her jaws moving slightly under the masks while she fought to speak around the huge filler sealed within her mouth bit, of course it was a hopeless effort, for her tongue was securely attached to the gag pad and not a sound emerged from under the multiple cocoons.

Mistress Janice touched more buttons on the control pad and Teresa's eyes clenched shut then tears emerged from their corners while she went into a

frenzied dance, writhing and shaking herself furiously against the slightly elastic bonds that contained and controlled her body. We watched with terrified interest while her eyes repeatedly clenched closed, then snapped wide open with horrified distress. The tears streamed silently inside the lenses and out onto the thick rubber under-masks, and all the while she shook her head frantically in what little freedom she had been allotted, attempting uselessly to have the severe torment stopped. A moment later the lenses slowly resumed their bright, silvery, mirrored surface, concealing her staring and helplessly begging gaze once more in Stygian imprisonment, then too, the plastic bubble also turned to a glittering sphere over her head, doubly ensuring that she would remain entirely sightless. This, however, did not interrupt her punishments and she continued to writhe and shiver in rebellion to what was being done to her body and mind. I inspected her Uniform more closely while she stood there, a silent, hysterical prisoner within its constant, all-over, and compressing encasement.

Her body was conspicuously wasp-waisted by the built-in corset, and her breasts were fully concealed beneath large, rigid cups clamped tightly to her chest by hidden under-straps within the structure of the Uniform; thus preventing her from being able to escape their constant contact and capabilities. Beneath the surface of her Suit I saw thin wires leading from all around the tips of the cups, their bases, and their sides; sort of like vessels beneath the skin. Other areas of sensitive flesh were also covered by the fine web-work of wires embedded within her second skin; all converging at the centre of her back at the waist where a large multi-pinned plug was moulded into the thick rubber. Teresa wore thigh-boots of the ballerina-toe type, so that she had to constantly shift her weight from one perpendicular toe-piece to the other to prevent herself from falling. Too, between her booted legs she wore an ankle-length Inhibitor Bar, like her Mistress, but her hobble chains between the cuffed ankles and the 'Bar were only 15 cm long, limiting her freedom even more. When I first looked, I thought that she had no arms, and it was apparent only upon closer inspection that she indeed had them, but she might just as well have been born without. I was entirely too familiar with the sensations and limitations of the horrific back prayer bondage.

As had mine, both limbs had been encased in a shoulder-length, thick, rubber glove that had only a rigid, shining, elongated egg at its end, into which her

already tightly gloved hands, fingers, and thumbs had been inserted, then completely immobilised when a tough rubber compound was pumped in. To totally restrain her arms, her oppressors had doubled them behind her back, high up between her shoulder blades, and placed a wide strap around her fore-arms just above the elbow joints. This had then been pulled to excruciating tightness, welding her arms together behind her back in what is known as the 'back prayer' position. She was obviously capable of attaining this double-jointed posture and it succeeded in forcing her to stand fully erect, unable to stop herself from sticking her breasts out into the punishment breast cups. They hadn't been satisfied with just this immobilisation however, for her wrist-cuffs had been firmly connected to each other with a very short bar that clicked into matching sockets on each one and from its centre a couple of links of chain ran tightly up over her spine to be permanently welded to the back leash-ring of her collar. With this extremely uncomfortable bondage in place, they'd had to gently pry her arms away from her body to pull a thick rubber sleeve-like affair over them until it was up under her arm-pits, and, after that had been accomplished, the sleeve had been bedded tightly against her body with specially placed and formed straps so that the whole ensemble was totally unmoving; blending her body shape into strange curves.

Of course her outer covering was adorned with the various rings of her basic Uniform beneath the sealing and confining layers of rubber, and I couldn't help but notice that at the back of her crotch-plate behind the 'Bar, an octopus of hoses and more wires connected her to a compact, table-mounted machine that had been wheeled into the room behind her. It hummed quietly, but Mistress Janice offered no explanation for it, for the moment. Just as she began speaking, one of the Eunuchs opened a cabinet beneath the machine and drew out a long umbilical cable, plugged it into a receptacle on the front, then uncoiled it as he walked up behind Teresa. She couldn't see him or his approach of course, but trembled violently when he screwed it into the mount at the centre of her back and twisted the retaining ring tight.

"This Uniform," Mistress Janice continued, "is the ultimate in control, education, and discipline, ladies. Any female thus confined can be *totally* controlled in every respect of her life and as you see, Teresa isn't enjoying herself one little bit. You've probably surmised already that she can neither

see, hear, breathe, or move without her Master's consent and as you all know from your times as Cow Girls; the cups she wears over her breasts can be used to both milk and discipline. These particular cups though are much more sophisticated than the ones you had to wear. Just after she was encased in the Uniform, each cup's inner surfaces extruded very fine wire filaments deeply into the flesh of each of her breasts and nipples so that now she can be stimulated or disciplined with much more accuracy than was possible before. Needless to say, these cups are, quite literally, now permanent fixtures to her body."

When I heard this I shuddered with horror at what the thousands of needling penetrations she must have felt like, holding my own armouring breast cups tenderly and protectively while she continued.

"She will stay in this Uniform for another year or two, then she might be freed from it for more conventional duties and punishments, or His Majesty may decide to have her live out the balance of her 15 year contract within it. However, now, much of her time is spent in suspension, although occasionally like today, she is permitted out to walk around and, perhaps, see what is happening."

"Why in God's name would she allow that to be done to her?" I asked in awe and some fear, having forgotten about the original explanation nearly five years previously, still watching the rubber-encased female form before me writhe and struggle continually, obviously desperate to be released from her locked-on, personal torture chamber.

"When Teresa came to her first interview," the head wife explained, "she admitted right at the start that she had a strong masochistic streak that needed to be appeased constantly. She realised that it was a dangerous fixation for her as a woman to have, as she'd come very close to being seriously hurt a number of times when her compulsion had driven her beyond the bounds of sensibility. She also told us that she desperately needed regular doses of discipline, but she wanted the administration of it to take place under controlled circumstances, and so, when she was selected, she was offered an extended full contract as a Discipline Slave to His Majesty. She leapt at the offer and has been kept in this role since she was brought here.

“Two weeks ago, despite her violent, though only physical objections, she was placed in this new Uniform, and is now beginning to learn of its many capabilities. That is one of the reasons you’re here today. I want you to witness part of her indoctrination.

“For the past five years she has been unable to utter a word because of the permanent gag she was equipped with immediately upon her arrival, and so I don’t know what she thinks of her choice now, nor do I care. But ladies, that is *her* lot in life, or at least for the next ten years of it. She’ll be 35 years old when her Contract expires, and have 100 million dollars in her bank account.

“In the meantime, she must suffer; and I assure you that she does, constantly,” she said as her fingers danced over the key-pad of the remote unit, sending the rubber-encased female thing before us into another round of crazed, hysterical dancing, fighting her bondage, and squirming desperately to be free of her punishing Uniform. For the next hour we asked questions and talked with our Mistress while she continually played her fingers absent-mindedly over the keypad of Teresa’s remote controller, then eventually signalled an end to the interview, all the while casually continuing to torment the statuesque, silent, Discipline Slave. Mistress Janice left us in her usual flurry of clattering chains, then Teresa was removed, still connected to the machine by her thick wire umbilicals. She strutted out the door under the control of her leashes, her steel-toed ballerina boots tapping in a decreasing cadence down the exit tunnel of the module, mournfully accompanied by the subdued clinking of her short hobble chains snapping tight with each snubbed pace, while she was taken to her special punishment cell.

Chapter Thirty-Nine

The End Of My Contract

After that we didn't see Mistress Janice again. Then, two weeks before my Contract was completed, I was taken to His Majesty's office, next to his bedroom in the top of the tower of the central keep where I was secured in a kneeling position before his desk. Four chains led from the rings equally spaced around my collar to heavy floor-mounted ones, with another four thrumming tightly from around my Chastity Belt. To ensure that I sat in the proper posture, a dangling chain from the ceiling was connected to the back-ring of my collar then tightened until I had to sit upright, all the other chains holding me being pulled to strained tightness and my body acting as the spring between the various connections. I half sat, half dangled there for a long time unable to relax and unsure of what was to transpire, until the Sheik finally entered the office through the door behind me. He walked around the desk, then sat staring intently at me for long moments, contemplating my almost naked, displayed, chained and helpless body.

"Miss Henderson," he said, dropping his gaze to some documents on the desk in front of him, "would you be interested in extending your Contract for another two years? I can assure you that the terms will be most generous."

"Your Majesty, I wish to return to my home, please?" I almost begged, squirming against my restraints.

"Miss Henderson," he said after listening carefully and looking at me briefly, "we both know that you have a fairly high need for discipline and domination and so I'm offering this Extension. I would very much like you to become my second, dedicated, Discipline Companion, like Teresa, but the choice is entirely yours to make. Or, should that particular role appeal to you, you could become a full, life-time, Lipizzaner Horse Woman ... and all that *that* entails." I shivered violently, knowing that he spoke of severe modification to my body ... I'd have my hands and arms amputated. He continued, "As I mentioned, the additional term would be for two years, and remunerated at a rate of five million dollars per year."

“Th-th-thank you, your Highness,” I stammered, awed by the amount of money being offered, “but I need to get out and see the world, please?”

“Very well,” he sighed, “but should you ever decide to return, Miss Henderson, I would like to ensure that you are really you. To this end I would ask that you grant permission for us to tattoo the bottom of your right foot with a small, very special design that will positively identify you, should you ever have a change of heart. Is this agreeable to you?”

“It is, Your Majesty,” I whispered.

“Miss Henderson,” he rumbled, again looking deeply into my eyes with his piercing, hawk-like grey ones while I knelt there before him, “you will be returned to the hospital sometime during the next two weeks. I have enjoyed having you with me, and hope you won’t think too ill of me or my life-style. Naturally, when you reach the hospital, all of your equipment will be removed and the signs of your various rings will be erased by the most sophisticated of plastic surgery techniques, if you wish.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty,” I acknowledged.

He bent his head to his work on the desk. The interview was over.

A Eunuch appeared, then efficiently unlocked my leashes from the floor-rings and released the overhead chain then led me to a solitary cell where I was fastened to the bed and left for the night. During the early morning hours His Majesty came to pay me a final visit, sitting for a long time on the side of the bed and stroking me gently while I lay straining against my bed-straps to move closer to him.

The next day, I was dressed once more in the concealing Travelling Uniform, fully chained and gagged, then driven to the airfield with the other 11 young women who had started out with me. We were kept this way for the entire return trip and many hours later, arrived at the same hospital we’d started from so long ago. We were quietly settled into locked, private rooms in a reserved wing of the Institution and a doctor, I think, finally arrived and told me to relax, handing me a sleeping pill and a paper cup of water. He explained that I would soon be taken to the operating theatre for the removal

of all my rings and the basic Uniform; then they would begin the accompanying plastic surgery and the emplacement of my tattoo. I wasn't aware of it at the time, but there was another element to the identification process and that was the emplacement of two very small micro-chips within my body. I didn't find out about them until many years later, but each had been clamped to the inside of my rib-cage on the lower rib and when queried by a special computer program, would give a read-out of every orgasm I experienced from the time they were implanted until they were removed.

When I awakened a very long time later my mouth tasted like the bottom of a bird-cage; that of course being the result of the type of anaesthetic that had been used. I turned my head on the pillow, feeling strangely light-headed, and saw a pitcher of water with a glass beside it and only when I licked my parched lips did I realise that I was missing something, for there were no compressing little rings in them any more_ Too, my tongue was completely free of any sort of infringement, as the thick little posts and balls that had for so long encumbered it were gone. I felt very strange when I sat up and the sheet fell away from my body to reveal that my breasts and nipples were totally free of any sort of metallic embellishment. I inspected them closely and was barely able to make out the signs and marks of my jewellery. I expected to see the heavy cuffs on my wrists and arms, but they too were gone and I could easily reach out and grasp the pitcher of water without having my arms and hands snubbed short by a chain. After I'd had a couple of glasses, trying to slake my by now raging thirst, I tossed back the sheet and saw that all of the rings that had adorned and tortured my sex for so long had been removed, leaving barely a trace of their former onerous presence. Similarly, the cuffs that had been clasped around my legs had been removed.

Last but by no means the least important piece of my equipment, my Chastity Belt, had been taken from me, and although at first glad to be free of its utterly controlling influence and the dildos it had kept locked inside my body for so long, I began to feel strangely naked and terribly vulnerable without its steely protection.

On closer inspection of my body in the bathroom mirror, I marvelled at how tremendous of a job had been done with the surgery and almost began to wonder if I'd experienced a bad dream of epic proportions. It felt very

strange, being able to move completely as the whim took me, and for quite a long time I just gloried in the freedom. The door to the room was still locked though, and so after pressing the call button, I went into the en suite bathroom to enjoy a long soak and bubble bath.

During my bath a nurse came into the suite and after tapping on the door to the bathroom, told me that she had delivered my belongings.

“When you wish to depart, Ma’am, please give us a call at the desk and we’ll come to escort you to your limousine.”

“Thank you, Nurse,” I answered in very much the manner of the chatelaine of the mansion.

All of my original clothing was there, plus a whole new wardrobe of current fashions and once I was dressed and had been taken to the front foyer, the limo took me downtown to the five star hotel where it had all started. After I’d settled myself into the room, I called the bank for an appointment and the next day found that my \$2.5 million had grown to nearly \$5.5 million, thanks to the wonders of compound interest and judicious investments. I wouldn’t have money worries ever again.

For the next two months I became a party animal if ever there was one; enjoying my new riches as though there was no tomorrow and spending like a drunken sailor when the urge struck. I tried to renew old friendships, and even got around to calling my mother and father, but everything seemed pale and rather washed-out, compared to the intense sensations of the life I had just been released from.

It was easy to get used to being exotically attractive and truly self-confident, but something seemed to be missing. I found the bustling, hustling life around me to be deadly dull compared to what I remembered from before, and especially so after my experiences over the past five years.

Certainly, I had my choice of dates and men, but I only engaged in sex twice, finding it also strangely lacking and without any sparkle. Weeks slipped boringly past and I found myself sliding into depression, dreaming each night of wearing my chains, rings and Chastity Belt, longing to be a valued

possession once more and loved for it.

Finally, I couldn't bear the superficial life that I had so long and so desperately wanted to return to, and, late one night in tears, I called the number I'd been given. I asked for a Contract Renewal, this time as a Discipline Slav, eventually to become a full, Lipizzaner Horse Woman and to be bred as such, always in my harness and head obscuring helmet.

For the rest of my life.

My application was accepted.

Epilogue

And so Susan Henderson has once more placed herself in the terrible power of the Sheik Al-Marrish, this time permanently ... as a full life time slave girl.

She has come to recognise that there are certain areas of her personality that cannot be satisfied by the sheer and utter boredom of the vanilla-flavoured world beyond the walls of the Hareem that she had been forced to call home for five years of her life. At 24 years of age, she now understands and accepts her darker side without fear, question or embarrassment, but now Susan has reached the depths of a personal crisis that she could never have comprehended five years before. She has everything a young woman could want: beauty, brains, good health, and an almost unlimited amount of money to do with as she pleases, yet she is unhappy with her lot.

The solution ... an avenue left open to her by her former employer who clearly wants her back under his control, took only the briefest of phone calls, and now that the irrevocable step has been taken, she sits in her palatial surroundings, contemplating with trepidation what the remaining years of her life hold in store.

Susan knows that now, even if she tries to disappear, the Sheik's minions will hunt her down using all of the sophisticated resources and wealth at his command, and she will, without doubt, soon be returned to his desert fortress to fulfil the verbal contract that she assented to by making her tearful phone call, then she will sign herself over to her owner, and become forever his, to be done with as he wishes.

Will she want to extricate herself, once she has assumed her designated role of the Sheik's Discipline Slave and perhaps a full, two legged, Lipizzaner Horse Woman? Will she really find that the treasuring love she sensed from her soon-to-be-again Master is reflected to her in all the glory and passion she thought that she had detected? Or, has she just been accepted to enliven his sadistic fantasies and bring them to reality?

Little does she know of the consequences of her fateful phone call; for already, within minutes, well-oiled machinery and irrevocable processes that will lead to her being permanently bound to her Master have been set in motion.

With these questions, others begin crowding in on her. It isn't without a qualm that she realises that she will soon be kept in a veritable web of jewellery-like steel restraints, all of them uncomfortable. Although they are mostly known quantities to her, she begins again to fear the compressing bite and control of the cuffs, collar, piercings, and Chastity Belt that she knows will be affixed to her once more. With some horror she now also faces the as yet unknown more severe torments of a Discipline Slave of the Sheik. Anticipatory tremblings tingle through her body while she contemplates the fate that awaits her, accompanied by a knotted, sinking sensation in her loins, part fear and part arousal. In some ways, she cannot wait for her return to a state of constant arousal and the phenomenal orgasmic explosions, when she is occasionally permitted to climax, but in others she dreads what will be done to her, and soon.

Her next journey has begun.

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