

The Great Ponyboy Race

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Chapter I

Pitiful Escape Attempt

In the low mountains of Waschaka Range there is a gentle land of grassy hills dotted with magnificent oaks. There, the climate is always pleasant, neither too hot nor too cold. Gentle breezes from the distant ocean caress the land like a lover's hand. It is in this pleasant land that dwell the Rich Women. In houses more deserving of the title 'Mansion', they live in a style seldom seen since the fall of the great Greek Matriarchs, lives of luxury and leisure. Waited on by servants and lacking for nothing; they enjoy life and play their Rich Women games.

One fine day late in the merry month of May, two of the richer of the Rich Women were meeting over a mint julep at an outdoor table behind one of the mansions. Each woman had accumulated a fortune in the busy and crowded cities now she had retired to the natural beauty of the countryside untouched by industry or urban sprawl. Their genteel talk of neighbors and events of interest only to the Rich Women was interrupted by a cry of distress.

Harriet Breckenridge, the owner of this particular estate, put down her drink and turned to see what was creating the disturbance. From around the corner of a barn, there came two of the young women who worked in the stables pulling with all their strength on a length of rope. At the other end of the rope was a young man, from whom the cry had emanated. The only way to describe the man's condition was to state that he was a captive, plain and simple. His wrists were bound behind his back with rope, he wore only a very brief pair of shorts, was barefoot, and had a rope looped around his neck, the other end of which was held by the stable girls. He was digging in his bare heels and resisting the pull of the lead and shaking his head in what was, most plainly, a refusal to do whatever the two stable girls were trying to make him do. From their table, the two women could hear his protests.

“No, I won’t go. That place is terrible! Don’t take me there,” were his earnest pleas.

Unfortunately for him, the rope loop around his neck could be tightened down by pulling, and that is exactly what his guides did. As the rope tightened and air became scarce, he was forced to abandon his efforts at fighting his fate - whatever that was.

“I say, Harriet,” said Candice Mangione with a chuckle in her voice. “You have been collecting again, haven’t you?”

“Well, a few. Just to keep my hand in the game, you know. He’s very new. But,” she added with a smile, “he’ll learn.”

“I’ll bet you take delight in teaching him,” Candice said. Harriet shrugged casually as if the accusation were no more than a comment on the weather. “You know that keeping slaves is illegal.”

“Oh, come on, Candice. I happen to know that you have a few tucked away on that place of yours.”

Candice chuckled. “You might be right.” She picked up her glass and sipped. “I guess our hobby is practiced by most of the residents around here. I could name names but you know as well as I do.”

“Yes, I do. But then, what good is having lots of money if you don’t use it to make yourself happy?”

Candice saluted with her raised glass. “Too true, too true.”

“Besides, the only local law is in our pocket. We pay him enough to turn the other way when we bend the law a bit.”

Their conversation was interrupted by another cry from the direction of captive man. They both looked up to see that he had somehow slipped out of the noose around his neck and was taking off at a good clip for the distance fields. The stable girls ran after him but the fit young man, even with his hands tied behind him, was putting distance between them.

“He’s a pretty good runner,” commented Candice.

Harriet stood up and called to the stable girls, “Get the horses, you idiots! You’ll never catch him on foot.”

The girls turned and made for the stables, emerging a few minutes later mounted on sleek, well-groomed horses. They urged their mounts forward with a sharp tap of their riding crops to the horses’ flanks, and cantered easily towards the running man. Each girl also held a coiled lariat in her hand, along with her riding crop. By this time, the man was several hundred yards

away, barely visible in the tall grass, but the horses were much faster and in only a minute he had been cut off. Both lassos flew through the air to descend, despite his efforts to avoid it, around his shoulders. They slipped down to around his elbows and were pulled tight. The girls turned their horses and set off back towards the building at a medium trot. The man had to jog to keep from being pulled over and then dragged along the ground.

After a few more minutes all his hard-gained freedom had been repossessed and he was being led into the stable. A short time later, the stable girls emerged again, this time leading the man by a pole. At the end of the pole was a leather loop pulled tightly around his neck. It was much easier to control him now, for when the pole was pulled on or twisted, the leather loop dug into his neck in a painful manner. He went along with his captors, but glared hatred at them all the time.

“What was he so anxious to avoid?” Candice asked.

“Oh, just something I dreamed up to keep the men in line. Sort of a punishment box. Want to see it?”

“Sure. I’m always open to new ideas.”

They rose and followed the pair around the stable to a grassy area near some trees. Standing there was a metal box, its dull gray sides looking weathered and worn. But the inside could be seen since one half was open, and the steel was of a heavy gauge with large rivets holding it together.

“Watch,” Harriet advised. “He’s been in this box several times already. Determined young beast, he is.”

They approached closer and watched as the stable girls forced the man down to his knees. The box, as it turned out, was only slightly larger than the man. To enter it, he had to crawl forward on his knees and duck his head down. He was made to sit, and his head was then set into a half circle in the top of the box. The height was such that sitting down with his legs doubled up; his head just stuck above the box top. The leather loop and pole were removed and the other half of the box was swung closed, entrapping his neck in the two semi-circles on top. They could see that the iron circle was a tight fit around his neck. There was no way he could possibly pull his head down and into the box. Probably, there was not enough room inside for it anyway.

The box was locked shut with two large padlocks. Sitting on the ground next to it was a smaller box. This one was a perfect cube, save that one side was missing. One of the stable girls placed that open end over his head. The smaller box was just big enough to contain his head. Two hasps on the lid came up and through half rings on the smaller box, and two small padlocks secured that box in place.

“Quite interesting,” commented Candice. “How long....?”

“It depends. I think he was going to be left there until dinner time,” replied Harriet. “But after his little escape attempt, I think maybe twenty-four hours.”

Candice whistled. “That’s a long time. Sure he can take it?”

“We cannot tolerate escape attempts. You know that. Didn’t you hang a man up by the ankles who tried to escape, and leave him all night?”

“Well, that was different.”

“Not much.”

“Can he breathe in there?”

“Sure. There are slits so that some air can come in. You don’t think I would endanger a slave I paid very good money for?”

“The cramped position, the heat... I would say that he will be a very sorry young man when he gets out. But then that is what you want, right Harriet?”

“Of course, Candice. You have to know how to treat your property.”

As they walked back to the table, Candice appeared deep in thought.

“What is his name? That man in the box?” she finally asked.

“His original name is not important. I named him Warthog because of his willful nature.”

“You know, that young man did run pretty fast. I have one who I think can run just as fast as your Warthog, with his hands tied behind him, of course.”

“Of course,” Harriet agreed with a big smile. “Care to place a little wager on that?”

They agreed on an amount that was more than the average man or woman made in a lifetime of hard work. Then they sat down to discuss the details of the upcoming race.

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Chapter II

Training

Five Oaks has a modest racetrack, only half a mile in length but quite adequate for the training of racehorses, and conducting casual races. The track was totally hard pack earth, a technique used for most roads in the area. One side abutted a forest of cottonwoods and on the other side were stables. The mansion was nearby, a very short walk down a path bordered by roses.

Upon that racetrack the next morning, there was an unusual sight. Instead of a horse trotting along between the low rails of the track, there was a young man. It was the same man, in fact, who had sparked the idea of racing one slaveboy against another, and who was now called Warthog by his owner. Wearing only shorts, his hands were tied behind his back. In fact, they had not been untied since some time the previous morning. His owner looked on with interest.

"He's lucky," commented Harriet to the woman standing beside her. "I was going to leave him in the box until this afternoon, but he got out early because I want to see just how well he can run."

"Lucky boy," was Mary's dry reply.

Just then there came the sound of a whip crack. The stable girl was standing behind the tied man with a whip in her hand. For a bullwhip, it was short, only five feet or so in length, but very vicious if used by a knowledgeable hand. It could easily cut flesh to ribbons.

"She's not really going to use that whip on him, is she?" asked Mary.

"Of course not!" Harriet chuckled. "But he doesn't know that. You see, this boy is new here and not trained yet. So a little intimidation is called for. You can see how scared of that whip he is."

"Rightly so, Harriet. That whip could cut him to pieces."

"My stable girl is simply urging him to obey orders. I want to see him run the full track. It will tell me how fast he is and if he has the wind to run that distance. But it will be no use if he is not running his hardest. If he thinks that whip will be used on his backside, he should have incentive to run fast as he can. See?"

"You're a cruel woman, Harriet," Mary stated matter-of-factly."

Harriet reached over and patted Mary's bottom as they stood by the rail. It was an affectionate pat for they were, indeed, lovers. In fact, Harriet cared for Mary rather more than she cared for any man or, for that matter, any other woman. Her sparkling wit and sadistic nature appealed to her. Not to mention the fact that she also possessed the lush, full body of a real woman, complimented by golden hair falling to her mid-back. She might well enjoy playing with any of the four slaveboys she owned or even with some of the stable girls, but that was just to satisfy bodily needs. Sex with Mary was different. And better.

"He doesn't seem to be running," Mary announced.

They could see that the stable girl was talking to him. Perhaps she was not really getting the message across, for the young man kept looking outward from the racetrack to the open fields beyond. It was not hard to tell what was on his mind. The new slaves were often like that; always thinking about the life they once led but would never return to. Harriet wondered if he would bolt again in another hopeless dash for freedom.

It was the horse, saddled and ready to ride, that prevented him leaping for freedom. Before he could make it half way across the next field, she could ride him down and drag him back, and he knew it. After a hot, sweaty afternoon in that iron box, plus a cold, dark night, he was not eager to earn that punishment again.

The order came, and reluctantly the young man began jogging the track. It was obvious to the watchers that he was not putting his full effort into the run, a fact that did not please Harriet at all.

"We'll have to figure out a way to make him want to run harder," she muttered to herself.

"Call him back and wait here," Mary said. "I have an idea that should give him the incentive he needs." She walked quickly back toward the house.

"Call him back," Harriet shouted to the stable girl.

When Mary returned a few minutes later, Warthog was standing beside the stable girl, nervously looking at that whip. Mary stepped over the rail and walked right up to the pair, followed by Harriet who was interested to see what this incentive-maker would be.

It was simply enough. Mary told the stable girl to hold the man's arms and keep him in place. Mary bent down in front of him, a small metal device looking like a little hairclip in her hands.

"This is a device I found in Paris last time I was there," she told all of them. "It has a spring in it and two sets of sharp little teeth. We just attach it on the loose skin of his scrotum, like this..."

Her hands were inside the slaveboy's shorts, feeling around for the exact location she wanted. Suddenly, he cried out in pain as the metal jaws closed around his tender flesh. The tiny teeth dug into the skin with considerable force, enough to cause real pain to shoot through him. Quickly, Mary attached a second clip. Warthog was whimpering and trying to pull back. Mary's hand, hidden from view inside his shorts, clenched. Harriet could see the muscles in Mary's forearm tense, although she could not see what Mary was doing. It was, however, quite obvious. The slaveboy yelled in pain.

"Don't you dare," said Mary, releasing her grip on his testicles bit by bit, "EVER try to back away from me. Understand?"

For a few seconds the young man stood still, looking down at the slight bulges in his shorts where the metal clips were causing him considerable discomfort. He looked at Mary, his eyes pleading.

“Please take them off! They hurt so much!”

“You will stand it,” Mary calmly told him. She stepped closer to the young man and cupped his chin in one hand so she could look directly into the frightened eyes. “You will run around this track. You will run as fast as you can. When you get back, I will take the clips off, but not until then and not unless you have run as fast as you can. Understand?”

He nodded. Without a word, Warthog turned and dashed off, his bare feet pounding the hard earth.

Mary turned to Harriet to say, “See? You just have to provide the right incentive.”

Harriet kissed Mary on the lips with passion. “That’s what I love about you. You’re as mean as I am.”

“More,” she told her. “Much more.”

They both turned to watch Warthog’s progress. The young man was running hard. As he rounded the far turn and was heading back towards them, they could see the pained expression on his face. “Does those clips hurt more when he runs?” Harriet wondered aloud.

“I’m sure they do,” confirmed Mary. “Why don’t you ask him?”

The man stopped before them, panting and standing awkwardly. There was no doubt that the clips were causing him serious pain. “Please,” he begged Mary, “I’ve done as you told me. Please take them off now.”

Mary smiled, patted the front of his shorts and then reached inside. Warthog cried out as she pulled one clip from him, and then again as Mary quickly grabbed the other clip and wrenched that one away. She inserted the thumbs of both hands into the waistband of his shorts, and pulled them down to his knees, and then inspected him closely.

Harriet also moved closer to examine the damage. She had expected to see little punctures and perhaps some blood. There was nothing but a little redness where the teeth had gripped.

Straightening out, Harriet took the clips from Mary’s hand and gave them to the stable girl. “When he’s rested we’ll do this again,” she said. “I forgot to time him.”

Warthog looked to her, then to the stable girl holding those clips, and begged, “No! Please, no! You don’t understand how much they hurt.”

“You will run as fast as you can?” Harriet asked him.

“Yes, ma’am. Oh, yes, ma’am.”

She smiled at him. “You had better. If I even suspect that you are not giving it your best effort, these will go back on and stay there every time you run. In fact, I’ll find a few more. There are plenty of places to attach them, and if you still can’t do as you’re told, then I’ll have some weights hanging from each of them.”

Before turning to go, she did notice something that surprised her a little, Maybe it was having his shorts around his knees in the presence of the two women and the stable girl, but whatever caused it, Harriet was not displeased. It might be useful some time, she thought. If nothing else, it was always a good excuse to punish a man. How dare he have an erection without permission? For the moment, she ignored it.

She and Mary stepped over the rail to stand on the infield. She took a stopwatch from her pocket and held it ready. After a couple minutes she nodded to the stable girl who pulled up Warthog’s shorts, having just a little difficulty in stuffing his now-prominent erection inside them, and lined him up level with the two ladies. He was told to make one more circuit of the track. As soon as he took off, Harriet started the stopwatch.

He ran fast. His scrotum had not yet stopped hurting and that provided motivation for him to hurry. As she watched the run, Harriet felt a hand slip down to her crotch. Mary was pressing against her, openly caressing her through her pants, and she had that special gleam in her eye.

“You’re thinking of the pain he must have been feeling, aren’t you?” she asked.

She only sighed and pressed harder.

“In a minute, girl! Stop distracting me. I want to see what his time is.”

Harriet, distracted as she was, almost missed clicking the stopwatch as Warthog raced past. But she did, and smiled at the four minute time. She told stable girl to put the young man away for a while. They would try him again that afternoon. Linking arms with Mary, she walked rapidly towards the house and waiting bedroom.

* * *

Chapter III

Two Being Whipped is More Fun than One

When Warthog was returned to his cell, he was greeted by one of the other slaveboys, a young man in his middle twenties their owner had named “Jackal”.

“What happened to you,” Jackal asked. “You look worn out. Did Mistress Harriet ride your face all night?”

Warthog shook his head. “No. She had me running around the racetrack all morning. And all night I spent in that damned sweat box.”

The two men were in adjacent cells in what was called the “Holding Area.” In reality, it was simply a part of the basement of the main house, rebuilt into a half a dozen small cells and a communal area. Each cell had an iron-barred door, a small bed and a few iron rings set into the wall at different heights. Some of the cells had only bars between them, while most had a solid wall. Jackal was unbound within his cell, while Warthog’s hands remained bound behind him.

“She had a stopwatch and was timing how fast I could run the track. But the worst part was when that bitch of hers put some kind of clips or clamps on my balls. They had little teeth and dug in something terrible.”

Jackal grimaced. “Why was she doing that?”

“Damned if I know. Some more of the twisted, perverted abuse in this place. Why were we kidnapped in the first place? So these women can play with a man without being told just how crazy they’re being? And because they’re some sort of sadists who like giving pain? When I get out of here, there will be hell to pay!”

“I don’t think we’re going to get out of here,” Jackal commented dryly. “We’re never without some kind of restraint on us or locked up. How can we escape?”

“I don’t know. But I’ll find a way.”

“Sure you will.”

“Have you ever been locked in that damned sweatbox?” Warthog asked.

“No. I try not to get into trouble. You could learn from my example.”

Warthog glared at his cellmate. “You wouldn’t believe anyone could be so sadistic. You have to sit on the ground with your knees up against your chest and those damned iron walls pressing in on all sides. Your head is stuck out through a hole in the top. It’s hot inside there during the day when the sun is hitting it. And at night, it gets cold in there. But the worst part is they have your head in a small iron box. You can’t see anything. Breathing is hard. And all you can do is sit there. Tiny bits of light come in, so you know if it is day or night but that is all. You just sit and think.”

“What do you think about?” asked Jackal.

“My girlfriend. And how I used to make love to her. She never complained, and she would never even think about treating a man like this either.”

He paused. "Can you reach through the bars and untie my hands?"

"Maybe. But I don't think we should."

"Come on! My hands have been tied like this for almost two days now."

"When they come again, they'll see you're not tied and know I did it. We'll probably both be punished."

Jackal felt sympathy, but also felt fear. His policy of total obedience and meekness had worked to keep him out of the worst punishments Five Oaks had to offer.

"Oh, shit! See if I ever untie you!"

Warthog sat down angrily on the bed. After a minute of silence, he ventured, "When is lunch? I was in that damned sweatbox and missed breakfast. Dinner last night, too. Damn, I'm hungry."

"Soon enough," Jackal answered. "And you don't want to swear too much either. You'll be in all sorts of trouble if they hear you. Some of the women here don't like men to swear."

"Well, hot damn! I don't care. The day they start behaving like ladies I'll think about not swearing in front of them!"

"Sorry I asked."

As often happens in the Holding Area, the prisoners fell silent for a long while, each lost in his own thoughts. That was normal at Five Oaks. Boredom was, for most of the slaveboys, their greatest torment. They spent most of their time waiting around in restraints of one kind or another for their owners to decide to use them. Then it was usually out of the cell for a quick half hour of some activity designed only to please the Mistress, or an hour or two or something incredibly painful which one or more of the women found highly amusing. Sometimes, it was two or three of the stable girls who decided to spend some time amusing themselves with the slaveboys. Jackal had often wondered whether or not it was done with Mistress's permission, but he never dared to ask.

Sometimes, days went by without any abuse of the slaveboys at all. They had nothing to do, and nothing, except the occasional meal, to relieve the monotony of their imprisonment. It was not an easy life.

"Jackal?" Warthog whispered.

"What?"

"What are you doing?"

“What do you think I’m doing?”

“Can’t you do it somewhere I can’t hear you?”

“You won’t be saying that when you’ve been here a while. You’ll be so frustrated you won’t care who hears you.”

“My hands are tied.”

“Well, they won’t always be tied, and then you’ll have the chance to... if you want to.”

Warthog sighed. “Are we allowed to do that? It seemed to me they want to control everything we do.”

“I wish you’d shut up when I’m... Oh, I give up. No, of course we’re not allowed to. If they catch you doing something like that, they’ll lock a chastity device on you and you won’t even be able to get it up let alone touch it. If you’re really unlucky, it would be one with spikes on the inside, and then you’ll really know all about it if you get a stiffy!”

“I thought you said you kept to the rules?”

“I do. As long as there’s a risk of being caught. I know their routine. No one will be back here for at least an hour now.”

For a long while there was silence, and then Warthog tried to push his head under the pillow on the bed to block out the sounds that had recommenced from the adjoining cell. He was not altogether successful.

It was, as Jackal had said, just over an hour before two of the stable girls came in. Originally they were hired to take care of the horses but were pressed into use as guards when Harriet began her collection. It seemed as though most of them took to their new role without the slightest hesitation, and many, it appeared, thoroughly enjoyed it. Having slaveboys to mistreat was, for these girls, a pleasure more than a chore. Now several of them were almost full time guards over captive men instead of horses. The first who now entered the stables was a young woman named Wilhelmina Connors, “Will” for short, and the second was Sandra Hingle, “Sandy”. Both carried long riding crops, and looked quite capable of using them effectively if the occasion arose. Bound or not, no nearly naked man in his right mind would risk disobeying an order from them.

Will looked down at Jackal’s bed, noted the nudity, and then unlocked the door. Jackal complied with the instruction to stand and then to put on the pair of shorts Sandy held out to him. He was led from the cell into the common area with several chairs, a large table and a wall filled with assorted ropes, shackles and other restraints. From that wall, Sandy took a length of rope and proceeded to bind the young man’s hands behind him.

While Warthog's hands were tied with the wrists crossed, Jackal's were bound with the palms facing each other. Then the rope was passed up to just above his elbows, and around them, wrapped tightly enough to pull them together. This caused Jackal some considerable discomfort. With his arms thus bound, he was led from the Holding Area and up into the main house.

The destination was, as per the orders given to Will and Sandy, a bedroom on the second floor. Therein waited both Harriet and Mary. Their initial lust having been sated, they had decided to have some fun with one of the slaves, and sent for one to be brought to them.

Will knocked on the door then entered when permission was granted. Inside, Mary was lying on a large bed, a sheet pulled up over her body. Harriet was sitting at a side desk, sipping brandy, and wearing only a pair of pants.

"Just leave him. I'll let you know when to take him back," she instructed.

Will glanced at the curvaceous outline under the sheet on the bed, and wished she could stay to watch what would happen next. It would be educational, she thought, to see what the Mistress and her lover did with a slaveboy in the bedroom. Also, it would be rather enjoyable to watch, but everyone at Five Oaks was too well trained to disobey orders, so she simply nodded to her Mistress and left the room.

Mary slid out from under the sheet to reveal that she was completely naked, and what a fine body that was. Overly large breasts hung heavy on her chest, a narrow waist and flared-out hips in what was called an "hourglass" figure. Her legs were a little on the short side but strong.

She looked over the bound man with a wicked gleam in her eye. Taking the waistband of the shorts in one hand, she jerked down. That simple piece of clothing had been made with weak thread to facilitate such removal. It ripped off, and revealed a partial erection.

"What to do, what to do?" Mary pondered as she slowly circled the naked man. She noted how tightly the arms were bound, and smiled. No need to change that part of the restraints. "You have any ideas, Harriet?" she asked.

"We could whip his ass," she offered.

"Not bad. Anything else?"

"Well, I could whip his ass while he eats you."

"Better. But I feel like something a little different," Mary said. "What's this?" She reached down. The man tried to pull away but it was too late. Mary had a hold of him, and she was squeezing gently. "Very slow reaction," she commented. "You just had a wank, didn't you?"

Jackal cringed and said nothing.

“You did! Slaves are not supposed to have any sexual pleasure unless their Mistress wishes. And since she was here, playing with me, I doubt you had her permission.

“Harriet, do you have any standard punishment for a male slave who masturbates without permission?”

“Usually I tie him up and push a large vibrator up his backside. That gets them screaming. A week or two wearing a spiked chastity cage helps too. A few times I’ve had them tied up in the yard and let the stable girls do what they want, but I found I had to supervise them. A couple of years ago they damaged a slaveboy so much that he wasn’t worth keeping. The younger girls are always the most sadistic, I’ve found, and have the least idea when to stop without doing real damage.”

Jackal blanched at the possibility of being made available to satisfy the sadistic urges of the stable girls. He had a very good idea of what they were like, although he also knew that not one of them would dare to inflict any visible damage without the permission of their Mistress. With her permission, however, was quite another matter. That would be more than a little frightening.

“You can do some of those things to him later,” Mary mused. “But right now I have something else in mind. Harriet, please tie him down to the bed. I’ll show you how I want him.”

In a few minutes the ties that held Jackal’s arms and wrists together behind him were removed. He was tied face up on the bed. His legs were apart, each of his ankles tied to the end of the bed, one to the lower left corner and one to a point around the middle of the bed. Ropes were tightened around his wrists and then up to the top of the bed. He was spread-eagled, helpless, and terrified of what might be done to him. Certainly it seemed unlikely he would be thrashed or whipped in this position, although anything was possible with Mary. What worried him most was that his genitals were exposed and very vulnerable, and he knew how much Mary liked to cause pain to that part of a man’s anatomy. He wondered vaguely why his right wrist and ankle had not been tied to the far right corner of the bed instead of somewhere near the middle. It would have stretched him out much further, and his previous experience of this type of activity with Harriet and Mary was that they both liked to make a slaveboy feel as uncomfortable as possible. He was about to find out.

Mary surprised even Harriet. That, in itself, was not unusual, but this was so far from the norm that Harriet was not at all sure she had heard Mary’s demand correctly:

“Tie me down the same as he is,” was her order.

Extra ropes were available in the drawer of a dresser. Quickly she was lying on the bed, alongside Jackal, bound in an identical manner. She was in as much discomfort, and just as vulnerable as Jackal, but Mary was not finished.

“Sit on his face,” she instructed, “Make him lick you. And then move across to me and do exactly the same. Exactly. No different.”

She managed to turn her head sideways to look at Harriet. "I'm serious," she insisted. "Treat me the same way you treat him. Make me lick you."

Harriet was astonished. It was not at all unusual for her to demand oral attention from her slaveboys when she was in the right mood, and it was not particularly unusual for Mary to provide her with oral attention either. The difference was that the slaveboys were always restrained, always underneath her, and she never bothered with niceties like easing off them to allow them to breathe comfortably from time to time. Of course, she had never actually suffocated any of them completely, but more than one of them had lost consciousness when her approaching climax had become so intense and powerful that she became completely oblivious to the fact that her shuddering, spasming flesh was depriving them of air completely.

"Whatever you do to him," Mary told her again, "Do to me too. Anything. Do what you like. We're both yours for tonight."

"You asked for it," said Harriet after a short pause. "And there's nothing you can do to stop me."

"I know," confirmed Mary, with just the hint of nervousness in her voice. "We're yours."

Instead of shedding her clothes and kneeling astride one of them immediately, Harriet took up her riding crop. Mary gulped, but said nothing. Jackal closed his eyes.

Harriet positioned herself at the end of the bed, and then placed one knee on it between the pair of bound legs so she could lean forward and be within easy striking distance of the targets. She tapped the side of Jackal's thigh lightly, almost playfully, with the riding crop, and then she brought it down with all her strength across the front of both his thighs, not more than two inches below his genitals. Jackal lived up to his name. He howled.

Again, Harriet tapped the riding crop against flesh, this time on the side of Mary's thigh, and then came the hard blow. Mary's hips jerked involuntarily, but no sound came from her.

Harriet raised her eyebrows a little. "My slaves cry when I hit them," she pointed out, and before her words had time to sink in, she had raised the crop again and brought it down on Mary once more. This time, the blow landed a little higher up, and this time Mary squealed.

"You... you..." she stuttered, trying to form the words "I meant *sit* on me the same as you're going to sit on him! And you didn't do *that* to him."

Harriet shrugged. "I'm going to sit on you," she told Mary, "And I'll be doing the same to both of you. That's what you asked for. That's what you're going to get." She turned to Jackal.

"No! Please!" squealed Jackal as Harriet raised the crop. There was a sadistic smile of satisfaction on her lips as she brought it down with considerable force on his genitals. He screamed.

Satisfied, and knowing perfectly well she had not hit him hard enough to do any real damage, Harriet decided that he was making far too much noise about it. As it happened, that fitted very nicely with what she intended to do next anyway. Almost in a single leap, she was on the bed and kneeling with her legs astride Jackal's face. She descended onto him. "Lick," she commanded.

Two minutes later, and again with a rapid, fluid and apparently effortless movement, she went from Jackal to Mary.

Jackal lay gasping for air. Although he had not been entirely deprived of the ability to breathe while Harriet was on top of him, she had pressed down heavily on him, constantly changing her position and pressing one way and then the other as she enjoyed the pure physical pleasure of his tongue working at her and the contours of his face pressing underneath her.

For two hours Harriet alternated between the Mary and the equally helpless slaveboy. Whether Mary had realized just how inexhaustible Harriet's capacity for physical pleasure was, or whether she knew and assumed that Harriet would take it easier on her than she did on the slaveboy, Jackal had no idea. In the event, Jackal could not imagine how anyone could voluntarily agree to undergo such treatment. He was half-smothered repeatedly, bruised, battered, and feeling as though at any moment Harriet's weight on top of him would break the bones in his face. If he had been the sole recipient of her attention, he thought, then he would have been in very serious trouble indeed. He wondered vaguely how it was that she managed to continue for so long and so energetically without becoming bruised and sore herself.

Finally it was over. Harriet shuddered and convulsed on top of Jackal's face, not for the first time, and fell back to lie breathless between them on the bed, her arms outstretched. For a long while there was no movement.

Jackal breathed a sigh of relief, and he could hear Mary's equally relieved sigh from next to him. He did not dare to look in her direction. He knew that, even at this moment, one look, one word, one movement of his that was interpreted by either Harriet or Mary as impertinent or disrespectful would be enough to earn him a severe punishment.

After a while, he could feel Harriet moving a little, but he did not dare look towards her either. She was still lying on her back on his left leg and, he assumed, on Mary's right leg. Her legs were wide apart, her left thigh across his chest and her foot over his shoulder. The temptation to look at her was almost irresistible, and somehow that sight of her lying relaxed in that position would have been so very different from seeing exactly the same part of her descending onto him.

She was definitely moving. For several terrible seconds, Jackal wondered whether she was easing into position to sit up and start again. A gasp and then a moan from Mary puzzled him at first, until he realized that Harriet had maneuvered herself until she could reach between Mary's legs without getting up.

What happened next took him completely by surprise.

Harriet's left hand closed around his erection, she squeezed, and then she began to move her hand up and down.

Mary was moaning, and Jackal could feel Harriet's movement becoming faster and more vigorous. At the same time, her grip on him tightened and she began to pump him harder. He tensed, and was unable to avoid giving a slight groan.

"Don't you DARE *do it*," warned Harriet.

It was an impossible order. Mary was squealing with the intense arousal, straining against the ropes holding her to the bed, her body convulsing in spasms of a climax. Harriet's hand on Jackal was a blur of motion.

He did it.

He expected punishment to be swift and painful. She must have known what had happened, just as she must have registered the fact that Mary had just had an orgasm. She reacted to neither. Harriet's hands continued the motion, just as though nothing had happened.

"Stop! Oh... stop! I just... I'm sorry..."

She did not stop. She did not seem to have heard him. Neither, it seemed, did she hear Mary's weak cries of "Stop!" Harriet just kept doing exactly as she had been doing before, changing and tightening her grip on Jackal from her whole hand to two strong fingers and her thumb as his erection subsided, but no less vigorous in her efforts. He was soon wailing in protest, although Mary's half-hearted objections had changed to moans of pleasure once more.

Harriet was tiring, and when Mary once more squealed and convulsed, she stopped. She sat up, slapped Jackal first around the face and then in the genitals, slid off the bed, dressed, and left the room.

It was three hours later that two stable girls came in and released Jackal from the bed, binding his wrists behind his back and returning him to his cell in the stables. He had no idea when anyone released Mary. The last he saw of her that night was still tied naked to the bed, her eyes closed. She appeared to be asleep.

* * *

Chapter IV

The First Race

The morning dawned beautifully with a vivid display of reds, oranges and pinks provided by the rising sun and a covering of high clouds. The air was cool but promised to warm up to a most pleasant early summer day.

Not long after full daylight, a caravan of vehicles wandered down the curving road to Five Oaks. In the lead was a large wagon drawn by four massive horses, followed by several buggies with one or two people in each. They were greeted by the front door by Harriet herself, who cheerfully waved and bid all welcome to her home.

“Candice, I see you have your pony. Guess that’s as good a name as any to call them. Yes, ponies. No, better yet, ponyboys. I like the sound of that.”

“Sounds good to me. Got my ponyboy right here. And he’s fast, too,” came the reply, just as cheerful.

Seated next to the owner of Southern Wind estate was a young man, probably not yet twenty, and looking rather embarrassed and more than a little bit nervous. His fair hair was long, and as he sat in the buggy he seemed almost girlish in appearance, but his muscular arms and torso left little doubt as to his gender. His wrists were locked in front of him by a pair of handcuffs with a very short link between them and behind him sat two watchful stable girls with riding crops in the hands.

“You can drive around to the track,” Harriet told them. “You know where it is.”

“Sure do. I was telling a few other owners about our little race and they wanted to watch,” Candice informed with a wave of her hand towards the buggies behind her.

“That’s fine,” agreed Harriet. “The more the merrier, as they say. Besides, it will make my ponyboy’s victory all the more sweet.”

Candice harrumphed, and then told the driver to move on. Harriet greeted the other three owners of estates in the valley, and followed the last buggy around the house and down to the track.

After ordering a few more chairs to be brought out for her guests, along with more ice tea and mint juleps, Harriet bade a stable girl to bring out Warthog. The young man looked nervous as he was led from the stable to the track. His hands were already bound behind his back, and his clothing consisted of shorts only. Candice’s ponyboy, named Spike, was helped down from the wagon and was standing by the entrance to the track when Warthog came up. The two young men eyed each other nervously. It was apparent that they were aware they were to race against each other. It was also apparent that they had each been informed of dire consequences should they lose the race.

“Your pony looks a little nervous, Candice, darling,” Harriet commented.

“No more so than yours, Harriet, my dear!”

Both women grinned. The casual insults and banter between them was the norm.

“I’ll bet you promised him something terrible as punishment when he loses the race,” Harriet said.

“When he loses!” Candice retorted. “Humbug! He’ll win.” Then she added, with a wink, “I’ll bet you promised some really ugly things if your man loses. Like days in that punishment box? Or a whipping every day for a month?”

“Oh, nothing so rash. I just told him that I would sell him to one of those Mistresses down in Brazil. You’ve heard of them, no doubt? It’s rumored that few slaves last long in that heat, and those women are strong and heavy – to say nothing of insatiable.”

“Harriet, you’re mean.”

“A little. And what did you promise your pony?”

Candice cleared her throat. “Just that there is this anthill not far from the house. You should have seen his face at the idea of being staked out on it with syrup spread over his genitals!”

“And you say I’m mean?”

The extra chairs had been placed so everyone had a good view of the track. Harriet lifted her hands for attention, and then told everyone the rules of the race as she and Candice had formulated them.

“Each ponyboy will have his hands tied behind his back, wrists crossed. Each ponyboy will be barefooted and wearing only a pair of shorts. The ponies will start at this line and race around the track. Two full circuits. The first one back to this line will win.”

The young men were looking at each other uneasily, the promised punishments immediate in their minds. Undoubtedly each was wondering if he could beat the other.

The small crowd assembled. There were muttering appraisals of the leg muscles and guesses at the stamina of each. Both were fit and wiry, about the same height. Not much to differentiate them there. It might well, a few of them speculated, simply come down to which one wanted to win more. Two circuits of a half-mile track was a fair distance to run flat out.

“Feel free to make bets,” Harriet said in a loud voice. “Among yourselves or with us. I’m sure that Candice and I will match any bets you wish to offer.” She paused to allow that idea to sink in. This people always thought in terms of money. Lots of money. It was their nature. She went on: “In case you are wondering, I have two of my stable girls on horses ready. If either, or both, of these ponyboys should jump the rail and take off, they will be caught within minutes and

brought back. Then you can all watch their punishment.” She grinned. The words might have been said to the audience, but the meaning was directed to the two nearly naked young men standing there: “Don’t try it!”

Spike’s handcuffs were taken off and his wrists bound behind him. Both of them knew from practice over the last week that it was harder to run with your arms held behind you, but at least that handicap was the same for both of them. They were led onto the track and positioned at a line scratched in the dirt. From her pocket, Harriet pulled a starter’s gun and lifted it high.

“Get ready!” she called loudly. “Get set! GO!”

The last part was accompanied by the crack of a blank from the pistol.

For a split second both men seemed to hesitate, but then both leapt forward. They rounded the first turn side by side, almost touching elbows. Both seemed to be running as hard as they could. And they were moving along at a good clip, faster than many athletes could run.

Down the long straightaway they raced with Spike slowly pulling ahead. The modest crowd began cheering on their favorite, seemingly equally divided between the two. Spike entered the far turn only a few feet ahead of Warthog. Had either of them considered a dash for freedom, that would have been the place to do it. They were as distant from the watchers as they would get. The rail was low and the open fields and forest must surely have called to them. But neither broke stride as they turned and headed back. Spike continued to stay in the lead but never more than a few feet.

As they ran by the start line, both men appeared to be tiring. Around that turn and down the back straightaway was not as fast as the first time. As they neared the far turn, Warthog, with an effort, closed the gap. Around the turn they raced, neck and neck. They came out of the turn with Warthog a few inches in the front. The strain was clearly visible on both faces. Their stride became more uneven as fatigue set in.

At the halfway point of the straight, it became obvious that Warthog was losing strength. Spike began pulling away, slowly at first then with increasing speed. When he crossed the finish line, he was a good ten feet in front of his competition.

A cheer went up from those who had bet on Candice’s pony. The others had a few unkind words to say.

Warthog stumbled and fell just after crossing the finish line, to lie on the bare ground, panting heavily. His face was flushed as he looked up to his owner with fearful eyes. Perhaps he was already seeing himself as a captive in the heat of the Amazon basin, used and abused by some huge, sadistic Brazilian Mistress. He looked rather miserable.

Spike was panting too, but a smile was on his youthful face. The rope on his wrists was untied and replaced by the handcuffs in front. Then he was given a large glass of water, which he eagerly downed.

Harriet was looking down at her ponyboy with a look of pure displeasure. "We," she said with special emphasis, "will talk about this later."

Warthog looked as if he was about to cry.

"You know, Harriet," came a voice from behind him, "this is a good idea."

Harriet turned to Helen Wise, one of the other estate owners, and a woman known to have a few slaveboys in her possession.

"I have a young man who might give Candice's a run for her money. Or should I say, my money!" She laughed. "Maybe we could have more than two in a race. That would add to the enjoyment."

"Capital idea!" Harriet responded. "I'm all for it. And I'm sure," she added sarcastically, "that Candice would like it."

"Good," was Wise's cheerful response. "I'll get to training my slave. Say we try this again in, oh, two weeks?"

"Fine. Same rules fine with you?"

"Guess so. Of course," she added with a wink, "might be a good idea to have them totally naked."

It was Harriet's turn to agree. There was a certain helplessness of a man being forced to run with his genitalia dangling unrestrained and uncovered. She wondered whether it would be possible to ensure that each of the ponyboys had an erection before he started, and whether there was any way to make sure he maintained it for the duration of the race. That really would be an entertaining sight! As he watched, Warthog was led away towards the stable. She had given orders that he was to be secured in an uncomfortable position to await punishment should he lose. The two stable girls who escorted him, one grabbing each arm, would take care of that.

Returning her attention to the small crowd, she told them, "It will be lunch time shortly. I want you all to come inside and enjoy it."

As they walked up to the main house, Mary came to her side. "That was fun," she said. "And I have a few ideas that might make it a more interesting race."

"Oh? Such as?"

"Remember when we were in Paris? Those boots that the dancing girls wore. High, strap-up boots, but with narrow heels that were rather tall. Remember how we wondered how they would manage if they had to run out of the theatre suddenly? What if the ponyboys, as you call them, were to be forced to wear those boots?"

Harriet stopped in her tracks. She did remember those boots. They went up to mid-calf but the heels were, as Mary said, quite high and narrow. It had impressed her, partly because they did give a certain poise to the dancers and she wondered whether she or Mary might wear something similar, and partly because it occurred to her that if a slave were to wear something similar then he would probably find considerable difficulty in moving at speed.

“And what if we bound their arms with the elbows together as well?” Mary added. “Might make a better show if they’re forced to balance upright instead of that sort of crouch they go into when they run. Of course, the running would be more difficult and maybe a little slower, but that isn’t all that important.”

“Mary, you’re brilliant. I’ll have to talk to the others.”

“And, Harriet, there is something I would like.”

“Yes?”

“Let me help you punish Warthog? He was *such* a bad boy for losing.”

Mary was smiling wickedly. Harriet kissed her on the cheek and told her that she could be in charge of the punishment.

* * *

Chapter V

Warthog’s Punishment

After the guests had consumed huge amounts of fine food and drink, and left Five Oaks, Harriet and Mary finally decided to visit Warthog for the promised punishment. Mary took her arm, and walked merrily by her side as they made their way out to the stable.

Warthog was, as she had ordered, left for the afternoon in an uncomfortable position as the beginning of his punishment. Harriet, however, had not specified what position that should be, leaving it up to the imagination of her stable girls. When she and Mary entered the stable, they both smiled with pleasure. For once, the stable girls had come up with a good idea.

Warthog was, to put it simply, hanging on a wall. Between the horses stalls there were short walls, only five feet in height and made of parallel wooden planks, more of a fence than wall, really. Warthog had been lifted and placed on one of these fence/walls with his arms over on one side while his body hung on the other. His crossed wrists had been lashed to one of the planks so that he could not possibly pull them up and allow his body off the wall. His legs were spread in a very wide Vee and held that way by ropes around each ankle. The top plank was

cutting into his armpits painfully since all his weight was resting there. Pain and prolonged suffering showed on his face as he looked up to see who had come in.

“Please, Mistress, let me down! This is absolute agony.”

“Do not speak,” Mary snapped. “You know the rules. No talking unless you are told to.”

Harriet frowned. She did not remember giving any order to that exact effect, but she was not going to contradict Mary. No use having to put up with a lot of pleading and begging.

“I would say that it is probable you will spend the night like this,” she told him in a matter-of-fact tone. “But that is not enough punishment. You embarrassed me terribly today. You should have run harder. That Spike was tiring, too. You should have put out more effort.”

“I ran as hard as I could!” he protested.

“Oh...” purred Mary at the infraction of rules. “He’s speaking!” The punishment was piling up for this loser.

“I had considered selling you to a Brazilian Mistress,” she told him. “But then I would not be able to see you suffer. Instead I think I will keep you here so I can see all your suffering and pain. And there will be lots and lots.”

Warthog moaned and looked as if he was about to speak again. Instead, he sighed and hung her head. The two pairs of eyes fixed upon him were both shining with a wicked gleam.

“So, where and how should we begin?” Harriet asked.

“First, do you have your pocketknife?”

Harriet handed her the small, pearl-handled knife. She opened it and grabbed the waistband of Warthog’s shorts. The sharp knife soon converted the garment into a pile of sliced cloth. Mary folded the pocketknife and handed it back to Harriet.

Warthog was used to being naked before his Mistress. On several occasions during the short time he had been there, she had stripped him and tied him down to a bed before tormenting his body. He was, however, very much aware that in the position he was currently bound, not only was he in the perfect position to receive a whipping, but also his genitals were very vulnerable. And with punishment on the minds of these two, that was a very dangerous position to be in.

The male genitalia on display seemed to fascinate Mary. She tapped his testicles, and then gently tugged at a couple of long hairs. The skin rose in response to the tugging. Mary smiled. Then, with a sudden viciousness, she jerked the two hairs out.

Warthog cried out and jerked his hips. He held his tongue but the same thoughts must have

been going through his mind as through Mary's, for he moaned softly in anticipation and fear of what was to come.

Gleefully, Mary took another of couple hairs between her finger and thumb, and then pulled hard. They also came out, accompanied by a small cry from the bound man. "Gee, "Mary said, "This is fun!"

Harriet never ceased to be amazed at the sadistic ingenuity displayed by some women. As she watched, Mary carefully selected pubic hairs and removed them. Again and again she pulled.

The pain from this pulling out of hairs was not excessive. But it was sharp, and she happily noted the tears rolling down Warthog's face. Yet it was not only the pain that Mary was seeking to inflict. She could have caused a lot more pain in any number of other ways. No, there was another purpose to her actions beyond just some pain. It took a while to finish but eventually she had pulled out ever hair she could get her fingers on. Save for a few tiny hairs, Warthog's genital area was completely bald.

"Mary," Harriet said, "that doesn't look very natural." She grinned. "But it does look rather appealing.."

"I think so," agreed Mary. She held Warthog's testicles between fingers and thumb, and squeezed. She increased the pressure until the young man whined and yelped in pain, and then let go suddenly. He gasped.

"I think you should do this to all your slaves," she remarked. "Makes them look much nicer. But maybe you could use a razor to shave around there. Like slaveboys do on their faces, right?"

"Interesting idea," she agreed. "We'll see about that. But what are you going to do now?"

"We could whip him right there, between the legs. That always gets a slaveboy's attention. We could see how big a thing we could push up his backside. We could stick pins all over his cock. That would smart."

Mary reached forward again, this time grabbing his cock. She pulled it back towards her, making him moan again. She pinched his skin, and then ran her fingernail around the end of it before poking experimentally at the opening of his urethra, pushing and stretching with the end of her finger.

"You know, I think I could get quite inventive with this," she commented. "The more I think about it, the more I can see new ways of causing him pain."

Harriet waited with excited eagerness. What else was this little minx going to come up with?

"AH!" Mary cried out jubilantly. "I've got just the thing. Or I will get it. Harriet, if you want play around with him then you should do it now. When I'm finished with him, you won't his male bits anywhere near you for a while."

With that, Mary took off, leaving a groaning naked man and his owner alone.

“Well,” Harriet mused, “I don’t mind a slaveboy’s bits from time to time, as long as I’m in control of them.”

Actually, if the truth be known, Harriet was decidedly horny. Watching her ponyboy suffering the plucking of his hair had been a turn-on. As was his groaning now. She wondered if he was very sore where the hair had been pulled out, and whether he would still be able to react normally. He did seem to be aroused already, presumably as the natural result of Mary’s attention to his genitalia, as uncomfortable as that must have been for him. She set about finding out.

He was not much good to her tied face down over the dividing wall of the stables. It would have been unnecessarily risky to untie him when she was on her own, although she was quite sure she could handle any male on her own, even one who was facing severe punishment and desperate to get away. Fortunately, she did not need to untie him completely. She could simply loosen the cord attaching his wrists to the lower plank without actually separating the wrists at all - which she did, and then pushed him up and backward with all her strength.

He fell back. His ankles remained attached to the lower plank, so he landed heavily on his back in the straw with his legs bent at the knees and still attached. His buttocks were on the ground, just, but his legs remained raised slightly from the floor. Harriet lost no time in pulling the cord between his wrists tight and tying it around a plank in the opposite wall.

His eyes were closed, and the erection had gone. It was rapidly restored by no more than a quick squeeze and a rub.

Looking at his face, she could see that he had shut his eyes and was grimacing. Maybe the plucked skin hurt after all. Or maybe he just did not like women. Well, whatever the reason for his distasteful expression, she did not care. How good it felt to have his solid erection inside her was all that mattered to her right at that moment.

For a while, Harriet was unsure whether he would orgasm before she did. That was usually the problem with this particular activity, which was why she so often preferred to use a man’s face for her pleasure. Or a woman’s. It was simply that sometimes she liked the feeling of deeper penetration. There were alternatives, of course, but an artificial device was never quite the same as that part of a man’s anatomy.

She could order him not to orgasm and threaten all sorts of dire consequences if he did, which sometimes worked. She could cause him pain when he was getting close, but sometimes that was self-defeating, resulting only in limpness. Anyway, it involved effort on her part, and an interruption of the rhythm that she needed for a really satisfying climax of her own.

This time, she was lucky. She had a shuddering, highly satisfying orgasm a fraction of a second before he did. She had only just finished adjusting her clothing when Mary returned.

“Oh, I see you took my advice,” she commented, looking down at Warthog. “Look what I got!”

With gloved hands she laid a bunch of green branches on the dirt floor next to the slaveboy.

“Is that...?” asked Harriet.

“Yup! Stinging nettle. Fresh from the patch on the other side of the stable.”

Harriet looked from the dark green leaves to the wide spread legs of the slaveboy and grinned. “You little bitch!” she told Mary.

She picked up one of the branches and waved the bunch of serrated leaves in Warthog’s face. “You know what this is?” she asked.

Warthog did not reply. The truth was that he, being a city boy most of his life, did not know about plants that grow in the wild. So Mary informed him.

“This is Stinging Nettle, or *Urtica Dioica*. There is some kind of chemical on the leaves that gets on the skin and causes stinging and burning. It depends on how you react to it, but that stinging and burning can last an hour or for a few days. It is quite effective when used on sensitive skin. Like right there.” She illustrated by shoving the leaves against the skin on the inner part of his right thigh.

“Where the hell did you learn that stuff?” Harriet asked. “Erotic diosick?”

“You’re be surprised what I know,” she said. “Anyway, Warthog should be feeling this by now.”

She was right. The tied down slaveboy was looking with disbelief at a small patch of redness on his thigh. Then his head snapped up to stare at Mary. The unasked question was if Mary planned to put that awful stuff someplace even more sensitive than his thigh. And he feared the answer.

“Stings? Burns? Huh?” asked Mary, sweetly.

Warthog nodded his head. He had learned the hard way that you answered direct questions or earned more punishment.

Still holding the leaves in leather-gloved hands, she rubbed the leaves all over Warthog’s right thigh, from near his genitals down to his knees. Inside, top, outside and underneath the thigh got a good coating. Then she stood back.

The two watchers could see a shiver run down the young man’s body as the stinging began

in earnest. Warthog was clenching and unclenching his hands, and pulling on his leg, all to no avail. His skin was turning a gentle shade of pink then increasing to red where the leaves had touched.

“Oh, that’s terrible. Please don’t! Oh! Stop it! Get it off me!”

In reply, Mary picked up a fresh branch of leaves and happily smeared them all over Warthog’s other thigh. The pleas continued, but fell on deaf ears. His tormentors were enjoying watching the helpless man jerk against his ropes as his muscles trembled.

“The thighs have soft skin,” Mary commented. “Especially the inner thighs. The skin around the penis isn’t actually particularly sensitive, but the head of the penis is quite another matter.”

Warthog cried out in complaint before the leaves even touched his penis, squirming in a hopeless effort to move away. Mary grasped his penis in one gloved hand, and then brought the other hand full of nettles against the end. Warthog squealed, but Mary did not stop there. She pressed and smeared the nettles against his skin, and continued to smear them all over and around his genitals.

“Of course,” she added thoughtfully, “It will probably be *far* more uncomfortable where the hair has just been pulled out.”

“Delightful,” said Harriet as she watched the squirming man. “Delightful.”

“He does seem to find it... ah, stimulating!” Mary agreed.

“Quite. How long did you say this lasts?”

“Probably hours. Depends on the person and how strong the application is. In this case, probably quite a while. I have crushed the leaves and smeared it on pretty thick.”

Mary rubbed more of the sharp-edged leaves on Warthog’s stomach and sides. There were two branches of fresh leaves left.

“I guess that about covers the subject,” she commented. “You think so, Harriet?”

“I think you missed a spot,” she said with great amusement.

“Oh? And where is that?”

“Right here.” She reached forward and patted Warthog’s slightly raised buttocks. “Right there.”

“Oh, yes. Thank you for reminding me.”

Mary pulled some leaves from the branch and balled them up. She pressed her other gloved hand between Warthog's buttocks, found his anal sphincter and worked one finger into it as he twisted and strained and begged her to stop. Ignoring his protests, Mary pressed her gloved finger in and out a few times, and then pushed a small ball of leaves inside.

Warthog cried out, almost a scream. The nettle leaves had no time yet to really start to be felt, so they knew that he was only expressing his anguish at the knowledge of what was to come.

Mary balled up some more leaves and pushed them inside too, and then some more, and then some more until she had used all the nettles she had collected.

"Got something to hold them in place?" she asked Harriet. "We don't want him shitting them out too soon."

Looking around, Harriet noticed a length of rope coiled up and hanging on a peg. She took it down and went to Warthog, tied the rope around his waist and then passed the rope down between legs, underneath and up between his buttocks. A couple times she did that, then knotted the rope.

"That should hold them inside him," she said, and then immediately she swore. "Hey, that stuff is stinging my hands!"

"You should have used gloves," Mary said sweetly.

"Shit! Now you tell me. This hurts!"

"You'd better go in and wash your hands. Meantime I'll get rid of these gloves. That poison or whatever it is sticks to clothing and leather."

Harriet took off for the water trough. Mary patted Warthog on his hip, then smiled and rubbed her gloved hands over him before leaving him and walking back towards the house.

"I hope she doesn't disturb the horses all night," she mused

Behind her, Warthog was squealing and groaning.

* * *

Chapter VI

Ponyboys are for More than Racing

“I got this idea a couple of nights ago,” Harriet said as she tightened a strap. “I figured that we use horses for much more than racing. They plow fields, pull wagons and can be ridden from place to place. There.”

She had buckled the strap and was standing back to look at her invention.

Warthog was standing there, looking absolutely terrified. It was seven days after his punishment for losing the race, a punishment that continued for two days and left him a weaker and generally much more submissive ponyboy. This day, however, he had recovered from the worst of the punishments and had regained enough of his former personality to be afraid of what was about to happen. He was standing in front of one of the stables, and behind him was a curious looking device. It was basically two large wheels with a seat attached to the axle. Two lengths of wooden pole were also attached to the axle and came forward to where he could grasp them. A tough leather strap was attached to the poles and around his waist, providing the dual purpose of preventing him moving out from between the poles and to enable him to pull the contraption behind him.

As was usual, he wore only a pair of shorts.

Harriet was admiring her invention that fine, warm morning when Mary came up.

“Is this the cart you talked about?” she asked.

“Sure is. I got the idea from what they call ‘dog carts’ in Belgium. The farmers would attach a large dog to a cart and let it pull the cart, much like a horse does. Well, I attached a ponyboy to this cart and intend to let him pull me around.”

Warthog turned an anxious face towards his owner at that announcement but said nothing.

“Of course, there is no use having a large cart,” Harriet continued. “Too much weight. So I took the sides off. Then why use a floor on the cart when all you really need is a seat? Eventually it dawned on me that all you really need is a seat and some poles to attached to the ponyboy. So here it is.”

“Will he be able to pull you?”

“We shall see, won’t we?”

With that, she carefully climbed over one pole and positioned herself on the seat. Immediately her weight lifted the poles until the belt was pushing against Warthog’s ribcage. She shifted her weight forward on the seat until the balance was more even. “Going to have to adjust the position of the seat,” she muttered.

“You’re missing something,” Mary said cheerfully.

“What?”

“Try going someplace.”

“Hand me that whip.” When she did, Harriet snapped the whip once to get the ponyboy’s attention, and then said, “Giddy up!”

Fearing the whip behind him, Warthog leaned forward and began pulling. The cart started out slowly, but it did move. Harriet smiled and cracked the whip again. “Faster!”

Warthog picked up the pace until they were moving along at a good walking clip. Then Mary called out, “Turn around!”

It was then it dawned on Harriet that the missing element was a set of reins.

“Turn left!” she commanded.

Warthog obeyed although it took him a while to cope with steering the cart properly. His bare feet dug into the dirt with the effort to turn and still continue its motion.

They completed a full turn and were headed back towards where Mary stood smiling, as Harriet was busy thinking up new additions to her ponycart. “Whoa!” she commanded when they reached the starting point.

Dismounting, she left the cart and ponyboy standing while she went into the stable. A few moments later she came out with a handful of leather straps.

“There should be a metal bit to go into his mouth, just as we do on horses,” she explained to Mary. “But those I have are all too big for his mouth. Besides, they all have reins attached and the harness is made to go over a horse’s head. But I think I can rig up something that will do the same thing.”

She laid out the straps on the pole next to the ponyboy. Taking one, she bent it in half to make a loop in the center. That part he put over his head. “Open your mouth.” He obeyed, but with apprehension in his eyes. Harriet inserted the leather strap into the open mouth and tied it behind Warthog’s head, leaving the ends trailing down to almost his hands. Then he tied two more straps to that around his head and ran them back to the seat.

This time she started out holding both reins in his hands. For a short distance she let him go straight, but then she pulled back on the left rein. It was then she saw the fault in her system. Both reins were tied to mouth strap at the center of his head. When she pulled on either, all it did was to pull his head back. A little experimentation showed that for Warthog to be able to tell which direction she was pulling, she had to hold her hands as wide apart as she could. And even then it did not work very well, because mostly Warthog still felt his head being pulled back, the normal command for a horse to slow down or halt, rather than to one side or the other. This was unsatisfactory.

She ordered him to a stop, and dismounted to walk him back to the starting point.

“Mary, would you please put him away in the stable,” she asked. “I have some work to do.”

She unbuckled the belt from around his waist, then the reins at the back of his head. When she told him to step forward, Mary came up and took the short straps hanging down his back from what was now nothing more than a gag. She brought the straps around in front and happily led the ponyboy away.

“It is my guess,” she told Warthog when they were inside the stable, “that she wants to use you again later. That’s why she asked me to put you in the stable instead of back in your cell. But she didn’t say how I should secure you in the stable.” Mary looked around at all the overhead beams, ropes, straps, stalls and benches. She led Warthog into one of the stalls, turned him around and then bound his elbows almost together behind him. She left his wrists and his hands free, although he was unable to move them very far. Using the ends of the strap tied through his mouth, she secured the young man in the center by tying each end to an opposite side of the stall.

For a few long seconds she simply stood there, looking at him, especially at that muscular torso. Her hand reached out, and she ran one finger down from the top of his chest to the waistband of his shorts. The light touch sent shivers down Warthog’s spine. The touch was not unpleasant, and in fact it was highly arousing. Still, the tied man was wary of any attention from this particular woman. He had recently suffered greatly at her hands and knew all too well just how much she enjoyed inflicting pain.

The fingertip stroking continued, even teasing his nipple, which Warthog was startled to find made him feel even more aroused. He felt his nipple tightening, and hardening in a way not too different from the way he knew a woman’s nipple hardened when she was becoming aroused. When Mary lowered her head and took the nipple in her mouth, Warthog moaned. This normally sadistic woman lightly teased with her tongue, running it in circles around the nipple. She sucked hard, and nipped his nipple with her teeth, and was rewarded with another moan that was as much fear as it was enjoyment.

Mary continued to suck, lick and nibble at Warthog’s nipples, first one, then the other, then back to the first, for a long time. Warthog was squirming, half wanting to get away and half enjoying this unexpected and unusual yet frustrating attention.

When Mary judged that Warthog was sufficiently frustrated. She reached down to the front of his shorts. Involuntarily, the slaveboy’s hips pressed forward, pushing himself against that hand, desperate for attention down there and quite forgetting that only a few days before that same hand had rubbed those stinging nettle leaves over him and stuffed them up his backside. The stinging had gone on for hours and had nearly driven Warthog crazy. Now, that hand was rubbing and squeezing him through his thin shorts.

With the certainty of experience from many, many slaveboys, Mary knew when Warthog was about to orgasm. At that time, she withdrew her hand from his shorts and her mouth from his

nipples. Standing back a few feet she watched the pained expression on his young face and enjoyed knowing that he was now undergoing a different type of torture. It was the ultimate frustration to be denied release at that stage. Warthog's hips gyrated, vainly thrusting at the air where Mary's hand had been. It was possibly the worst form of torture that Mary could have devised. He moaned through his gag, and pleaded with his eyes for her to finish what she had started.

Mary grinned, and walked off without a backward glance.

Warthog cursed and jerked at his bound wrists. Then he tried to bring his hands around in front to touch himself where he so badly needed it. His hands came nearly half way around, but the questing fingers fell just a little short. He cursed again and probably would have rubbed himself against some post or the edge of a bench had he not been secured in that one place. He would have shouted his frustration, if the gag in his mouth had allowed the words to come out coherently.

* * *

Chapter VII

Ponyboy Training

"Now I've got it perfected!"

Harriet Breckenridge's pronouncement was heard only by Mary, who applauded. Harriet was not sure whether the applause was a little sarcastic, but she went on nevertheless.

"The bit is made just the right size for a ponyboy's mouth, as you can see."

Warthog was modeling the new arrangement for steering the cart. It consisted of a metal bit between his teeth with leather straps going around her head to hold it firmly in place. From each end of the bit, straps led back to the driver's seat. Harriet had also dispensed with the need for the ponyboy to hold the wooden poles with his hands. Instead of two heavy straps from the poles attached to his waist, there were now four straps, two on each side and securely bolted to the poles. His body now took the whole of the weight of the cart, and by shifting to one side or the other he could effectively take the cart along with him.

"Now if I pull on the left rein, the left side of the bit will be pulled back, and he'll know to turn left. Also note that I've moved the placement of the seat. The cart is now perfectly balanced with me sitting there. You will also see that I've placed a whip holder next to the seat so my hands can be free to use both reins."

Mary was taking in all this with smiling approval. Actually, she was wondering when she would get a chance to sit in that seat and command a ponyboy to take her around the estate. She would make such wonderful, very long trips to here and there and back.

“Other improvements,” Harriet continued, “you can see the new steering arrangement, which mean that his wrists and elbows can remain restrained behind his back. I never was too keen on allowing a slaveboy to have his hands free. I have also replaced the wooden poles with these thinner iron ones. I had the blacksmith make those especially for the cart. I have put smaller, iron wheels in place of the wooden ones. That makes the cart lighter in weight. Also I have put a pair of shoes on the ponyboy. If his bare feet are not hurting him, he’ll trot more smoothly. Probably he can run faster, too, when I command a gallop.” She was beaming pride. Warthog was beaming anxiety.

“The other improvement I’m sure you have already noticed. I have come up with a new way of binding his arms.”

Instead of the wrists being crossed behind him, Warthog’s arms were bound at the wrists and again just above the elbows. With the elbows almost touching behind him, he was forced to stand and move in a much more upright stance.

“There is also an additional strap to keep the waist belt from riding up.”

Mary looked closely and saw that there was indeed an additional strap attached to the belt. It went from the front, down, splitting into two between his legs, joining together again under his genitals, and back up to the rear side of the belt. It was thin and had been pulled very tightly, so much so that it disappeared between the cheeks of his ass. Mary licked her lips at that sight. How wonderfully tight that must be, she told herself. A wicked smile crossed her face when she thought of how that strap would feel to the young man when he was running!

Warthog was nervously shifting his weight from one leg to the other. Mary wondered if that tight strap was already having an effect on him.

“Now I shall show you how it all works.”

Harriet lifted her leg to step over the pulling bar, and then took her seat. Before taking the reins in both hands, she cracked the whip once just to remind the ponyboy that it was there. She shook both reins and called out, “Giddy up!”

Warthog found the cart easier to pull this time. Having shoes on his feet was certainly most welcome. What was not welcomed was that strap. It was terribly tight, pressing between his buttocks and with the edges of the split part cutting into the skin of his genitals. It was not a comfortable way be walking. Running would be even worse.

They reached the end of the stable where Harriet tugged on the left rein. Obediently Warthog pushed his body to the left and twisted his hips. The cart moved in a circle much more easily now. When the bit in his mouth stopped pulling on the left side, he straightened out and jogged ahead. A left turn at the other end of the stable, followed by a right turn around a corral brought them to the racetrack. Warthog moaned inwardly. All hopes of a short run were dashed as he was turned onto the track.

For a while, Harriet was content with a relatively slow walk. Down the back straight and around the far turn, and all was going well. Then she jiggled the reins and commanded him into a trot. He managed to maintain the increase in speed, but the strain had increased and he had to wonder how long he could keep this up. Running by himself was one thing, but having to pull a woman and the cart was quite another. By the end of the first half mile, he was breathing hard and praying for a halt. But Harriet forced him to continue around the turn and down the back again.

When she again jiggled the reins and commanded more speed, he broke into a canter but knew that he could not possibly keep this up for long. It was running, not at full speed, but more than a jog. There was a pain in his side and a burning pain in his legs by the time they reached the starting point. Going around the far turn, he slowed down to a trot without having been told to.

A sudden spark of pain on his right flank told him that the whip said to do otherwise. He tried to speed up but only achieved mediocre success. Soon he was again slowing down, first to a trot then to a walk. The muscles in his legs burned and he could hardly take in enough air around the bit in his mouth.

Warthog thought that his master was taking pity on him when she called him to a stop at the entrance to the track. He could feel the puller bars shift as Harriet left the seat. He stood there, breathing deeply and grateful for the rest. It was, however, short-lived. Harriet walked over to him and pulled down his shorts, then forced him to step out of them. She tossed them aside. She regained her seat and Warthog heard the whip crack again. He tried to look back to plead that he was exhausted, but a sudden sharp pain on his now bare ass made him jerk. It was not pity that made her stop; it was so she could have a much better and more effective target for the whip. With its urging, Warthog managed to begin trotting again.

To say that this ponyboy was tired would be an understatement. Muscles burned and protested being pushed to their limits. The stitch in his side became worse. He began to wonder how this would end. Might he simply pass out when he could no longer go on? If so, would he injure himself? With the puller bars attached to his sides, falling down would not be a simple act.

He felt himself slowing. Not even the fresh touch of the whip against his bare ass could make him go faster. The human body has its limits. He was nearly stumbling when Harriet turned him off the track and back to the stable. Mary, who had come to the track to watch, walked alongside on the way back. When the cart stopped, they could both see that this young man was about to collapse. His face was flushed, his breathing raspy around the bit, but for both Harriet and Mary there was something decidedly satisfying in having the naked ponyboy restrained and panting for breath between the shafts of the cart. A fine sheen of sweat covered his body.

Harriet let him stand, not removing any of the cart's attachments nor his arm bondage. She wanted to see how long it would take him to recover enough to run again. She was wondering if she led him to the water trough whether he could bend down and drink. Bending he could probably do, but drinking with the bit in his mouth was another thing. Nevertheless she was

about to try it when Mary stepped over the bar and sat down in the seat. She picked up the reins. It was a very nice view from that seat, a view of tightly bound arms and his tight, muscular bottom with four red marks courtesy of the whip.

“Harriet, get me one of these things,” she told her in a tone of voice that made it clear it was not a question.

“Got an urge to drive around the estate, huh?”

“Damned right, honey. This could be a lot of fun. There are lots of trails and roads, enough for some long trips. And,” she added, “You could even take a trip to the next estate. It’s not more than ten miles!”

“Twelve,” Harriet replied. “But you’re right, it should be possible.”

Visions of driving down the road behind her ponyboy were filling Harriet’s mind. And showing him off to the others would be very nice. And, maybe, stopping in a quiet glade somewhere for lunch, with a little extra activity that would undoubtedly be uncomfortable for the ponyboy and highly satisfying for Harriet. It would not take long to remove the pulling bars and belt. It would not be necessary to take off the bridle and bit, and, of course, the arms could stay bound behind him. She had an unmistakable feeling of arousal as she thought of doing just that to the naked ponyboy before her.

Mary saw something that caught her attention. Leaving the seat, she stepped up behind the ponyboy and pointed to a small metal ring attached to the rear of the head harness. “What is that for?” she asked.

“I shall demonstrate,” Harriet said. “That is something I thought of last night.”

She went into the stable and came out with a short length of rope. One end she tied to the ring on the harness, and then passed it down and around the binding of his elbows. Back up to the ring and through it. She did that once more then pulled on the rope. As the lengths between his elbows and the head harness shortened, Warthog’s head was pulled back. More and more she pulled until his face was pointed almost straight up. The strain on his neck muscles showed just how tightly his head was now held.

“With his head like that,” Harriet said as she knotted the rope off, “he has to be careful how he walks. He really can’t see the ground before him. In fact, he can see little but the sky right above him. But the best part is this.”

She sat in the seat and picked up the reins. “Start walking,” she commanded. “And do that special high step I taught you.”

Warthog’s eyes were wide with fear. He began to pull the cart, but each time he lifted one foot from the ground he lifted it as high as he could. His knee came up to almost the level of his chest before going back down to be replaced by the other. With each exaggerated step, he moved

the cart along.

“Higher!” came the demand, followed by a whip crack and a new red spot on his bare skin. “Higher.”

Mary licked her lips. This was beautiful! The strain on this young man’s face was priceless! The taut line of each muscle was a delight. Mary squealed with pleasure and would have clapped her hands were she not so fascinated by the prancing ponyboy.

They reached the end of the stable and she made him turn. On the return trip Mary noticed something. The expression on Warthog’s face was changing. Mary could not quite put her finger on it, but the new look was familiar. Then she realized what was happening. She saw that Warthog now had an erection.

“Harriet, I think he’s...”

Mary did not finish the sentence for at that point Warthog turned towards the stable side. With a quick couple of steps he was by the wooden wall and leaning into it. His leg muscles were straining and his whole body was trembling. He was moaning loudly through the bit gag.

“...having an orgasm,” Mary finished.

The ponyboy did indeed have an orgasm, while both Harriet and Mary looked on in astonishment. Neither had seen any man ever reach a climax without physical stimulation of his penis, although both knew perfectly well that many of their slaveboys were capable of achieving it with their hands bound behind them and not much more than rubbing themselves against their clothing. That was why they generally made their slaveboys wear tight shorts, so that there could be no friction stimulation.

Warthog sank to his knees, gave one good shake all over and then lay there in as small of a ball as the bondage and attached cart poles allowed.

“Hot damn!” said Harriet. Then she turned to Mary. “Did you see that?”

“See it? Hell, I want to try it!”

* * *

Chapter VIII

Showing Off

The pony cart slowly wound its way down the road leading up to Southern Wind, the estate of Candice Mangione. The long white house was settled into a small valley, surrounded by oaks on three sides and open grass land on the fourth. There were usual stables, servant’s quarters, other outbuildings and a barn, in total size not quite up to Five Oaks but still able to

stand on its own with any of the plantations of the Southern States.

Someone must have seen Harriet and ponyboy coming, for Candice herself was out in front to greet them.

“Quite a set-up!” she commented, looking over the two-wheeled cart and attached young man. Today it was Jackal who was the ponyboy; a tired, sweaty Jackal who stood attached to the pull poles, a horrid metal bit that he had come to hate between his teeth, and his arms bound behind his back tightly enough to cause the hands to be a darker color than normal.

Harriet stepped out of the seat and conducted a tour of her invention, pointing out its many features including the head harness and reins, the whip holder and even a bracket to hold a small knapsack containing some water bottles and a small lunch.

“And you rode him all the way here from Five Oaks?” Candice asked with mild astonishment. “That’s quite a distance just to walk. But he pulled you all the way. Amazing!”

Harriet had begun unbuckling the harness. “Mind if I hitch him here? He should have a little rest before the ride back home.” The sides of his mouth were red from the bit rubbing, and his arms hung limp when she took the rope off. Before he could begin to enjoy his freedom, she took a pair of handcuffs from the knapsack and, leading him over to a hitching ring, secured his hands in front of him after passing the handcuffs through the large iron ring. This hitching post, like so many in that day, was an iron statue of a black boy with arm outstretched holding the ring. She handed him a canteen then ignored him as he awkwardly but eagerly drank of the cool water.

Candice was examining the cart and shaking her head. “Quite a set-up!” she repeated, and then she turned to Harriet with a grin and added, “I’ve got to have one of these.”

“Of course,” Harriet said. “I knew you would say that. In town there is a blacksmith named Oscar. He’s German and it’s a little hard to understand him with his accent and all, but he is good at ironworking. He’s the one who made these poles that attach to the ponyboy. He calls them braces. He can also make you a bit small enough to fit in a ponyboy’s mouth. He was a little reluctant to make what I wanted at first, but I took four of my stable girls with me and after an hour or two of gentle persuasion he seemed to be quite taken with the project.”

“I shall go see him this very afternoon! Harriet, you are a genius! This is amazing.” She turned glance towards the hitching ring where Jackal was sitting on the ground and resting, hands held at head height but otherwise more comfortable than he had been all morning. His legs stretched out straight together on the grass. “How does the slave – ponyboy, good name – like it?”

“Who cares? He pulls when I crack the whip and turns when I pull on the reins. Doesn’t make a damn bit of difference if he likes it or not.”

“Quite right! Come, we’ll have a cool drink while your ponyboy rests.”

Over the traditional drink of the Rich Women, a tall mint julep, they discussed the weather, a

little about the political news they read about in the newspaper, and finally the next pony race.

"I think Maggie Mandeville plans to enter one of her boys," Candice said. "And I'm sure that Gloria van Hosen will also. By the way, you know the Chase sisters?"

"Of course."

"Well, I heard that van Hosen was talking to them. They are one of the better suppliers of fresh male slave, of course. Anyway, she was asking if they could be on the lookout for particularly athletic young men. Good runners, you know. I think she's planning to buy some superior stock."

"That would be typical of van Hosen. She always tries to have the biggest and the best." She paused to reflect. "Wonder if they will find some, as you say, superior stock? Where would you look for that kind of slave?"

"Don't know. Maybe from the athletics teams at one of the colleges? Perhaps the Chase sisters could take the whole team. That would be a sight!"

"Don't laugh. Gloria might just find something like that. Then we'll all be scrambling to buy faster slaveboys for ourselves."

On that sobering thought, they sipped their juleps and were silent for a few minutes.

"You know," Candice said finally with a dreamy, far off look in her eyes, "I have an idea. Instead of just running the boys around the track, why not make them pull carts? Like yours. That would be a sight, four or five ponyboys straining to pull cart and drive around the track."

Harriet considered the idea. "You know, you may have something there. I've run a couple of my slaves and carts around the track without problem. In fact, it's easier on them than just going down the road. It's flat; so they don't have to go up and down hills."

Candice grinned and sipped.

"I wonder if we could make the next race a cart race?" Harriet mused.

"Probably not," Candice said. "Not enough time for everyone to make carts. Better we plan that for a few weeks off, at least."

"But what would be the prize? We can always bet on the winner, but maybe something more would add to the incentive. A trophy? Ah, I know! What is the one thing that every woman in the area worships over all else?"

Candice had no need to think about it. "Money," she said.

“Right. Suppose we ask everyone who wants to enter a ponyboy to put up an entrance fee. The winner takes it all. And make the fee big enough so the pot is really worth the effort.”

“Harriet, I can see why you made so many millions. Great idea.”

They discussed the details for a while, coming up with an entrance fee that would assure a big enough prize to tempt even the richest of them.

After a delicious late lunch, Harriet announced that she should be going if she wanted to get back before dark. Besides, the weather was turning, with dark clouds rolling in from the west. The return trip might be a race to outrun one of those short but vicious summer storms.

“One thing before you go,” Candice said. “I learned of a new way to tie a slave’s hands. A traveler showed me how. Remember that French woman, Dominelle or something that sounded like that? Said she saw it in a slave market in the north of Africa. I think it might work well on ponyboys pulling a cart. Come, I’ll show you.”

They went to the stable where Candice ordered one of her stable girls to bring her a slave named Markos. A few minutes later the young man was brought in. He was a brown-skinned youth, apparently from south of the border somewhere. His hair and eyes were black as night; his body broad and very muscular and solid, but not fat. Later in life he might well become quite obese but right now she was merely a large, sturdy man. He was naked, and Harriet’s eyes immediately focused on his groin. Even in his present flaccid state, his penis was by far the largest she had ever seen.

Candice patted his buttocks affectionately before untying his hands, which had been simply crossed behind him.

“He’s one of my favorites,” she explained, and then turned him so that Harriet could watch what she was doing. First she took his left arm, pulled it behind his back and bent the elbow to pull his hand up on his back. Holding that wrist, she then did the same with the other arm. Both hands were now up between his shoulder blades, a strenuous position to judge by how much Candice had to pull to get them up there. She then tied the wrists together in a crossed position, wrapping the rope around the X shape of the wrists both ways and cinching the bindings down tightly before knotting them.

That left his arms bound in a strained position, but Candice was not yet finished with the binding. Another rope was looped around and around his body, crossing mid upper arm at the back and around his chest in front. She wrapped that rope very tightly, and then intermingled that rope with the rope around his wrists before cinching it down and knotting it. The effect was to pin his arms tightly to his body. It also had the effect of squeezing his chest, making his muscles bulge outward almost as though he had breasts. All in all, it was a nice looking package.

“Any way he can get his hands down?” Harriet asked, even though she knew the answer.

“No. I’ve tried it a few times and found that even if I whip his ass and order him to escape,

he can't move them at all. By the way, this is a wonderful way to tie his hands if you do want to whip his ass or spank him. It keeps his hands away from down there. You know, I actually broke a slave's finger one time while whipping his ass because his hands were tied the normal way behind him and he kept reaching down to try to cover his sore ass."

Harriet examined the ropes and knots, tugged on the arms a bit and pronounced it a very fine piece of bondage.

"I think this would be a good way to bind the ponyboy's arms when he's pulling a cart. Keeps them up and out of the way. Also," she added with a wink, "it leave his ass totally available as a target for the whip!"

Harriet had noted that with Jackal's arms bound with elbows tightly together, his hands were covering the top of his ass, making it harder for her to position a blow where she wanted it.

"I shall try this on the way home this very day," she proclaimed. "And thank you very much for showing it to me."

"I had enough trouble getting Markos' hands up that high on his back because of his stocky build. But if you had a slimmer young man, you could put the hands together up there with the palms facing each other. Dominelle said they call it a 'Reverse Prayer.' It looks like he's praying but the hands are up on his back."

"Delightful!" agreed Harriet. "I must try that sometime soon. But now I'd best be going."

With Candice's supervision, Harriet managed to get Jackal's wrists crossed and bound high up on his back. When she wrapped more rope around his body to pin the arms to his torso, she was most pleased with the appearance and also with the bewildered look on his face. It was a strain to have the hands pulled up behind him like that, but he did not seem quite as uncomfortable as Markos had been. Harriet liked this new way to tie a ponyboy.

After the two women said their goodbyes, Candice was seen leading away the still bound Markos in the direction of the stables. Harriet suspected it was not so she could untie him. In fact, she had the impression he was going to remain bound like that for a long time while other interesting things happened to his body.

She cracked the whip to get Jackal moving and turned the cart towards home.

They had not gone more than a couple miles when a deep rumbling noise echoed around the low hills and large drops of water began to pound down. Harriet left the road to seek shelter in a small patch of oaks. Soon, however, the leaves above them were saturated and dripping as much water on them as they would have found standing in the open.

Harriet unhitched Jackal from the cart and removed the bit harness. She did not, however, untie his arms. The hands were not dark, and she enjoyed seeing this new method of tying her slave. In fact, she found the new way to bind a slave so interesting that she was beginning to feel deep

stirrings within her as she studied him. She removed the shorts that Jackal had been wearing, and then all of her own clothing.

Jackal thought he knew what was coming and began to lower himself to the ground to lie on his back on the wet grass, raising his face for her to use like a good, obedient ponyboy. But she stopped him when he was down on one knee. She ordered him to kneel, and then she lay back on the ground.

Jackal was confused. He had never been presented with his Mistress in this position before, and he had no idea what she expected him to do.

“Lick me,” she ordered, and as he unsteadily bent down between her legs, trying not to lose his balance – which was difficult with his arms still bound – “And then *fuck me*. ”

He did. And he did it as near to her complete satisfaction as could have possibly been done by any man with his hands and arms tied behind him.

Afterwards, they both stood in the rain, allowing the water to run over them in rivulets. Harriet dressed, although by now her clothes were little more than wet rags. She picked up Jackal’s shorts, looked at him, and then threw them into a bush. She secured him to the cart again and resumed their homeward journey through the rain.

* * *

Chapter IX

Race Day Surprise

The weather was warming up and, although there still passed overhead a summer storm or two, the sky was clear on the Saturday morning of the Second Ponyboy Race, as Harriet liked to think of it.

The wagons and buggies began to arrive in midmorning, some bringing contestants, others just spectators. Candice was among the first to arrive since she and Harriet had pretty much taken over all the organizing of the event. And it was becoming quite an event. In that time before the invention of television and walkmans, there was little entertainment beyond reading and conversation. A race featuring nearly naked and bound young men was a very nice diversion from the much more normally sedate lives they led.

The ponyboys who were to run were all gathered in a corral where the viewers and potential bettors could examine them and speculate upon the outcome. Ponyboys had become a universally accepted term by all, probably in no small part because the term “slave” had bad connotations after the recent unpleasantness, which the Southerners called “The War Between the States,” while the Northerners referred to it as the “Civil War.”

Half a dozen ponyboys were standing around in the corral, hands tied behind them, bare to

the waist and wearing only a pair of tight shorts, while well-dressed ladies and a very few men, viewed them. Candice's Spike seemed to be the early favorite, no doubt because of his win in the first race.

As the sun neared zenith, Harriet called the crowd, at that point well over a hundred people, to the makeshift viewing stand that had been set up. Slowly they filed in and took seats.

"Welcome one and all to the Second Ponyboy Race," she announced in a loud voice. "There will be six ponyboys racing today. The rules are simple: each man will have his arms bound behind his back with the elbows tightly tied together. Each man will be barefoot. The race will be twice around the track, a total of one mile. Those are all the rules." She paused for a few seconds.

"Except for one more. Each man will be blindfolded." A few cries of surprise went up. "We will post a stable girl at the beginning and end of each turn. She will continuously ring a bell that the ponyboys can easily hear. From that they will know when a turn begins and when the straight part begins."

There were a few negative feelings expressed by those who thought this rule could make the race not necessarily go to the fastest man. But others seemed amused and happy about this surprising turn of events.

Harriet was grinning. When she turned to Candice she saw her grin mirrored. They were the only two who knew about this twist. They were also, therefore, the only two who had made their ponyboys practice while blindfolded. They planned to stonewall anyone who protested with the logic that the lack of sight was the same for all the ponyboys, hence it was a fair race.

"Handlers, bring your ponyboys to the start line," Harriet called out.

Each of the young men was lined up just in front of a white line draw in chalk on the bare earth. Each pair of hands were untied from the crossed position and retied with the palms facing each other. Then the elbows were looped with rope and pulled tightly together. Most of the ponyboys were lean and muscular, and while uncomfortable, none were in real pain – yet. Harriet and Candice inspected each young man's arms and nodded approval at all the bindings.

The blindfolds were black scarves that were tied around their heads with strips of cloth. The ponyboys were facing down the straightaway so all began the race by running straight ahead. They were told about the bells and their placement. Most looked rather nervous. It was highly likely that each had been told in gruesome detail what punishments awaited should they fail to win. But that was not all.

Standing near the starting line, Harriet announced to both the crowd and the young men, "In consultation with all owners, it has been decided that the ponyboy who finishes the race last will be flogged immediately after the race and before all who wish to watch.

A couple of the men could be seen swallowing hard.

“Get ready!” came the cry. Harriet lifted the starter’s gun over her head. “Get set! GO!”

A couple of the ponies took off at the gunshot, running at almost full speed immediately. The rest began running but seemed hesitant due to the lack of sight. With the warning fresh in their ears, however, all were soon running; maybe not at their best but certainly not cautiously.

Warthog was the first to reach the turn. It was not easy to miss the loud sound of a clanging bell. He slowed a bit, but managed to turn to the left and match the curve of the railing fairly closely. Spike followed a few steps behind. Coming out of the turn, Warthog straightened his path but in slightly the wrong direction. A quarter of the way down the back straightaway he brushed the outside rail with his leg. It caused him to stumble but not go down. He adjusted and continued until he found that he had over adjusted when he hit the opposite rail. That time he did go down, tumbling head over heels on the hard ground.

Spike had run a straighter path, but did not see Warthog lying on the ground. As Harriet’s ponyboy was trying to get up, Spike ran right into him. They both went down in a tangle of legs.

Both managed to regain their feet, but by then some of the others had caught up with them. Two of the men, being smarter, had placed themselves next to the rail and ran there, keeping near it by brushing their legs against.

Coming into the second turn, the one nearest the viewing stand, four men were bunched together. Maybe the sound of the bell was too loud because neither Spike nor Warthog could hear the sound of bare feet pounding as the two young men next to the rail passed them.

Still, the extra practice paid off for those two. They managed to run faster than those who depended on touching the rail. They were pulling slowly ahead down the straightaway.

Behind them two of the men tangled their feet and both went down. The two rail-huggers bumped together, backed apart then bumped together again. A couple times they brushed each other, then one of them, van Hosen’s Max, pulled ahead on the outside until he was even with the other man. At that point he jerked his body sideways and delivered a solid bump. It was an effective maneuver. The bumped man hit the rail and fell over it into the infield. Max went on, still hugging rail but grinning to himself.

Max’s move made little difference in the race, however. He was not aware that both Spike and Warthog had passed him and were rounding the far turn.

Perhaps each of them heard the other running beside him. Or simply sensed that they were running closely. The bell for the last turn sounded ahead of them. Spike turned a little earlier than Warthog. He brushed the rail about half way through the turn. Warthog, with what must have been a better sense of direction, curved around the turn and sprinted for the finish line. He crossed the white chalk line about one foot ahead of Spike.

The last to cross the line was the young man who was bumped over the rail. It had taken him quite a while to get back to his feet and step over the rail. Then he seemed uncertain which way to run. He took off towards the sound of a bell. Fortunately for him it was the correct direction. Less fortunately, he crossed the finish line almost a full minute behind the next slowest ponyboy.

Warthog was fairly certain he had crossed before Spike and was happy when an announcement confirmed it. Blinking his eyes after the blindfold came off, he could see people in the stand paying off bets and arguing about the fairness of a blindfold race.

He also saw Colin staggering across the finish and almost running into Warthog. He felt sorry for him. Winning was nice, but being last was terrible. Colin looked shocked when the blindfold came off and his owner informed him that he was in big trouble.

The ponyboys were taken back to the holding corral where they were left to cool down. No one bothered to untie their arms.

“Attention, please,” Harriet called out to the crowd before they could disperse. “We would like to have a meeting of all ponyboy owners after lunch. We have big plans to discuss about upcoming races. And,” she quickly added, “There will be a demonstration of a new device that I think you all will find most interesting. It will be by the stable over there, after the flogging of the loser.”

Colin was hauled out of the corral and taken by four stable girls to an area that had been set up exactly for this purpose. There was a thick post set into the ground. Bolted to the top was another post, this one horizontal with the other end bolted to the stable wall. The horizontal beam was about a foot thick, seven feet off the ground, and appeared quite solid.

He was laid in the dirt while his ankles were bound together. Another rope was tied to them then tossed over the beam. With the four of them pulling on the rope, it was easy to lift the frightened man off the ground. When they tied off the rope, he was hanging upside down with his head a good two feet from the dirt.

The whip to be used for the flogging was black braided leather, about five feet long. Colin cried out in fear when he saw it. He looked to his owner to plead with his eyes for her to prevent this. There was no sympathy to be seen there. In fact, she looked as if she would like to be wielding the whip herself.

The first lash cracked across the back of his thighs. His body jerked, and for a second he seemed to be trying to double up into a ball. The second lash came across the front of his thighs. Again he jerked, adding this time a scream. As screams go, it was mild but heartfelt. Vivid red lines were forming on his thighs, lines that were quickly forming into ridges of puffy, red flesh.

The flogging continued, viewed by a goodly crowd. Those who had lost money on him

urged the whipping on to harder lashes. Those who did not lose money but enjoyed a good whipping also called for harder strokes.

The scream was much louder when the first real cut landed on his buttocks. A dozen marks already decorated his thighs and hips, but the first one squarely across his buttocks was much harder. The tall stable girl wielding the whip knew her business. There came that point in the serious punishment of a slaveboy where logic and rational thinking flees and he reacts to the pain with pure emotion. Colin did that after the first cut across the buttocks. His body jerked around at the end of his tether like a fish out of water. He twisted right and left, pulled on his bound arms and gave in to the pure raw panic such pain brings. For a minute he put on a nice show of jerking around, struggling uselessly and uttering hurt animal cries.

When he ran out of energy, the stable girl casually placed another hard blow directly across the buttocks again. He screamed loudly.

Soon, vivid red lines crossed and recrossed his body from the top of his chest to his knees. Nothing was spared. His buttocks were a mass of ugly X's formed by the swollen flesh. His thighs were covered both sides, as was the front of his hips, and even his genitals had not entirely escaped the lash of the whip, evoking even louder screams although the stable girl's expertise had ensure that the blows to his more sensitive parts had not been heavy enough to do any real damage.

When the screaming began to weaken, the whipping stopped. It makes a much better show when the victim is fresh and reacting fully to the inflicted pain. A man numb from too much beating is very hard to get a nice reaction out of.

After that flogging, Colin was left hanging from the beam. Harriet would have had him let down, but his owner insisted that he remain there. She seemed most perturbed by his disappointing performance in the race that, she clearly felt, was not mitigated by the nice performance jerking about under the whip.

Harriet brought out her ponyboy cart to show the crowd. It attracted a lot of attention when Mary drove the cart out of the stable, pulled by Jackal. The ponyboy's arms were bound high up on his back, which drew almost as much attention as the cart itself.

Harriet told all about the features of the cart while Mary drove it around in circles. Everyone was impressed, some enough to vow that they would have their own as soon as possible.

All in all, the demonstration was a great success. As was the announcement that when enough people had their own carts, racing them would begin.

* * *

Chapter X

Ponyboys Think About Escape

The quiet of an early summer afternoon was broken by the sound of footfalls on the dirt road, and the creaking of wooden carts. Two ponyboys jogged along the pastoral road, dragging behind them carts each containing two occupants. The bound and bit-gagged young men had been pulling the carts up and down the gentle hills for an hour in the hot sunshine. Their mostly bare bodies showed the sheen of sweat from the hard work.

The lead cart was driven by Harriet; the ponyboy being Jackal, and beside Harriet sat one of the stable girls. Following behind came Mary, also with a stable girl beside her, in a cart pulled by a relatively new slave named Ryan. He was the tallest ponyboy in Harriet's stable, considerably taller than Harriet, and several inches over Mary. His body was exceptionally muscular, as befits a man who had worked hard on a farm for most of his twenty and six years. What pleased Mary the most about this new man was that he had a problem: he seemed to have an almost constant erection. Even after Mary had quite deliberately forced him to ejaculate, the erection returned less than five minutes later when she had done no more than tickle the end of his penis with her riding crop.

Not much had changed in the carts over the few weeks since their introduction to the Rich Women. A few places had been trimmed some to reduce the weight. The seat was now mounted on two leaf springs so the driver would not be jarred by every bump in the road. Save for those changes, they were pretty much as they had been when the first one was shown off at the last ponyboy races.

For the last half mile a stream had followed along beside the road, looking cool and refreshing in the shade of the oaks surrounding it. Harriet turned her ponyboy towards the stream then stopped when they were only a dozen yards from the water. When Mary pulled up, both ponyboys were very happy to be stopping. They were a tired pair of young men, panting and aching muscles telling them that they had covered more than a few miles since leaving Five Oaks.

Harriet and Mary instructed the stable girls to keep an eye on the ponies, and then left the carts to wander down to the water. Cupping it in her hand, Harriet drank deeply. Mary, who was wearing riding britches, knelt down to do the same. When they had satisfied their thirst, they returned to the carts.

"This seems a good place to have lunch," Harriet said as she unbuckled Jackal from the pull poles.

"Good as any," Mary replied. She had Ryan disconnected and was following the other pair towards the water. Both ponyboys seemed to be in a hurry. Perhaps they were also thirsty as well as hot, dusty and sweaty.

Leaving the reins trailing on the ground, Harriet informed the ponyboys that they could drink. They looked at each other then at their owner in mute dissatisfaction. She made no move to take out the bits from their mouths. With a sigh, both men awkwardly knelt down at the

water's edge. Once on both knees, they were able to bend over to put their faces in the cool water. Swallowing was hard with the metal bit held between their teeth, but they managed to suck up the water. Jackal even submerged his face in the stream to help cool off.

Mary was bringing over a blanket and a basket. The blanket was spread on a level patch of grass and the lunch basket placed on it. "Shouldn't we hobble the ponies, or something?" she asked.

"You're right. They might wander off." She smiled at the thought. Either she was pleased for the excuse to add to their bindings, or she was thinking of some wonderfully cruel torture she could inflict upon a pony who tried to wander too far.

Harriet pulled a short piece of rope from her pocket where it had been waiting for just this occasion. Tying one end to that ring at the back of the Jackal's head harness, she then passed it down and around his wrists that, as usual now, were crossed and bound high up on his back. Jackal whined as he felt this new restraint. None of the ponyboys liked having their heads pulled back. It was a lot of strain on the neck, and sometimes made them dizzy from staring straight. But she pulled on the rope, Jackal's head was forced back and held in that position while she knotted the other end of the rope between his wrists, but on the lower side where fingers could not reach.

A second piece of rope forced Ryan to look up at the trees.

"I don't think they're going to wander very far like that," she told Mary when she returned to the blanket. "Hard to walk away when you can't see the ground."

As they set their lunch out on the blanket, the two ponyboys stood next to each other in the exact place where they were when she forced their heads back. Each was afraid to do any walking for fear of bumping into something or, worse, falling down. The stable girls sat at a respectful distance from Harriet and Mary. They were, after all, employees, and they knew their proper place. They also knew that Mary, in particular, was not averse to whipping a girl from time to time or administering some painful torment that was at least as diabolical as anything she did to the slaveboys.

Mary, never the trusting soul, glanced at the ponyboys occasionally. Harriet ignored them, choosing to pay all her attention to the cold fried chicken. They enjoyed biscuits and wine along with the chicken.

Afterwards, Harriet lay contented on the blanket, looking over at Mary. For her part, she was toying with the short whip she had used in the cart. It was not hard to tell what was on her mind from the way she glanced at the nearly naked and helpless young men.

Harriet, while considering herself a sexually active, dominant woman – for her age – was constantly amazed by the inexhaustible sexual appetite displayed by this niece of hers. That was what she was: a daughter of one of her sisters. When she first came to Five Oaks, Harriet had not been pleased at the thought of a woman barely out of her teens to have to take care of. It was

particularly annoying because Mary was not even a blood relative. Her sister had, apparently, adopted her. Mary, however, soon made it clear that her interests were very much the same as Harriet's own. More than that, this young woman was, Harriet found, remarkably attractive, and much to Harriet's surprise she found that the attraction soon turned to desire – something she had never anticipated feeling for a woman. She set out to explore this new territory.

And a strange land it was. Not only did Mary respond to her suggestions of an intimate relationship, she took the lead. At first, Harriet had not been sure how Mary would react to the slaveboys Harriet kept at Five Oaks, but once Mary understood the arrangement, she took to it like a duck to water. Before a week had passed, she was joining Harriet in the discipline games she so loved to play with her slaves. She exhibited a sadistic nature that rivaled Harriet's own, and an imagination that surpassed it. She was bi-sexual, and both dominant and submissive in turn. She was, in short, a perfect match for Harriet.

The difference of almost thirty years in their ages made little difference beyond the fact that Mary wanted much more than Harriet did. In fact, the little minx seemed to only think of sex, punishing innocent young men, or being punished herself, and then more sex. A delightful young lady indeed!

Harriet had once considered whether she should marry. There were plenty of suitable men rich enough to satisfy her financial demands and submissive enough to satisfy her other desires. It would, she had thought, be pleasant to have a permanent partner with whom she would share rather more than ever seemed appropriate with the slaveboys. Mary, however, seemed to have rather more to offer than any man ever could. She could do with Mary as she wished, so why should she want the complications of a marriage? No, she was perfectly content with things just as they were.

She was getting to know Mary so well that she could predict the exact moment when she grew tired of thinking about the ponyboys and decided to do something about them. Or, rather, to them.

"Don't be too rough with them," Harriet called out as she rose to walk over to where they were standing. "Remember, they have to pull us home."

Mary swished the whip back and forth a few times as she walked up to the young men, just to let them know something unpleasant was about to happen to them.

"Were you trying to run away?" she asked sweetly of Ryan. "You're a good ten feet from where you were left."

"Nnnnooggg!" the ponyboy pushed through the bit gag. He could have saved his breath for this game was rigged from the start.

"I think you were. And you, Jackal, you were thinking about running away, weren't you?"

Jackal did not bother to attempt a reply. They were going to be punished and that was

that. It mattered not that they were completely innocent of all charges.

“You, move over to the right,” she said as she touched Jackal’s flank. “That’s it, a little more. Now turn. Good. Now I get rid of these shorts - so.”

When she had the two of them standing side by side and both with their backs turned to her, bare asses totally available, she was ready. The whip hissed through the air and cut across two asses in one stroke.

One of them might have received a stronger blow because the whip came from that side. So Mary backhanded the whip across the bare flesh again, going from left to right this time. It was only right to be fair to both ponyboys. After all, they were both guilty of something.

She enjoyed lashing the bare skin, watching the way the ass cheeks indented when struck by the whip, then bounced back out when it left. There were delightful red marks forming into swollen ridges along four ass cheeks. There was no count of strokes in mind; she would swing until her arm was tired. Or she would have to stop when Harriet called a halt, as sometimes happened when she got a little carried away with the joy of giving pain.

Both men jerked their hips each time the whip kissed them, but Ryan more than Jackal. After the tenth or twelfth stroke had burnt a fiery path across his flesh, Ryan stumbled to the ground where he lay curled up into a cringing ball.

Mary happily stepped forward to plant a vicious cut across his flank. “Get up or I will whip your balls until they drop off,” she said. “Get up.”

Ryan struggled to get his feet under him, while Mary contentedly whipped any and all bare flesh within range. Half a dozen strokes later, Ryan collapsed to lie trembling. The combination of his hands being tied high on his back and his head being pulled back had been too much. He just could not get to his feet.

“Wait a minute,” Harriet said. Calmly he walked over to the ponyboy, helped him to his feet, and then left him standing there. “Both of you ponyboys, spread your legs wide. Come on! More than that. More!”

When she had both of them trying to balance on wide spread legs, she stepped behind Mary. “Mary will now deliver one stroke of the whip to each of you. It will be directly up between your legs. Fall down, and I’ll stand you up again for another. Mary, all yours.”

Mary was grinning as she positioned herself before Jackal. She made sure that she was facing him so she could get a good swing at the genital target. She swung the whip upwards with considerable force. A great deal of practice allowed her to judge the distance just right so the end of the whip impacted squarely upon his balls. A loud cry ensued and Jackal tried to curl up into a ball. He fell to the ground.

Shaking her head, Harriet went to him. It was a little while, however, before she could get

him to stand on his feet again. He kept whining and sounding as if he were saying “No” over and over. His face was turned to the sky, his chest heaving, and his legs trembling, but finally he stood there with widespread feet. He had been around long enough to know that the only way to win this game was to do as he was told. He mentally braced himself. No matter how much it hurt, he would have to stay on his feet.

Mary, being obstinate, decided to let Jackal wait for the second stroke. She turned to Ryan and swung upward. The distorted scream was most satisfying. Imitating Jackal, he clamped his legs tightly together, bent over and fell to the ground where he lay moaning loudly.

Harriet waited a minute to let the initial shock wear off, and then picked him up. He did not want to stand up, but she grabbed a handful of the hair on his head and held him up by that. “It will be much worse if you don’t stand by yourself,” she told him evenly. “Much worse.”

Ryan seemed to be having trouble breathing. But he spread his legs. Harriet let go of his hair and stepped back.

Mary was back, judging the distance between her whip hand and Jackal’s testicles. Again the whip swung and again the ponyboy cried out and staggered back before he fell to the ground.

Harriet shook her head. Standing close to Mary so only she could hear, she told her, “Maybe two strokes is enough. You’re giving them a lot of pain.”

“Harriet!” she turned. “We have to see this through,” she hissed. “You promise something to a slave and you have to deliver. You can’t change your mind or they’ll begin to doubt that you really are the Mistress.”

Harriet sighed. Mary’s logic was correct. If she said that the whipping would continue until each young man could keep standing, then that is how it would have to be.

She stepped back to give Mary free range. Yet she hoped she would have enough good sense to ease up a bit on the strokes. Being hit directly on the balls and having to stand still for it might be beyond the capabilities of any man.

It seemed as if Mary swung with the same full force she had before. But Ryan, while staggering, managed to not fall. He cried out and clenched his thighs together.

Jackal was perhaps a little less tolerant of pain. The second stroke drove him to the ground, screaming. As did the third. On the fourth he managed to stand without falling, thus ending their punishment for thinking about running away.

Harriet was pretty sure that Mary had held her hand somewhat on the last blow. Or maybe she was just tiring. Either way, it was time to harness up the ponyboys for the return trip.

Not only did Harriet take off the rope pulling their heads back, she also took out the bit gag. As usual there were red marks at the sides of their mouths. At her suggestion, they both

knelt to drink again from the stream. He noted that each of them lowered themselves slowly and carefully to the ground. Apparently that area between their legs was painning them.

After they drank their fill, she gave each a biscuit. Then the bit gags went back into their mouths and they were harnessed up again. She was heading for the cart seat when she felt a hand on her hip. A moment later that hand moved down between her legs.

“Harriet, I really need a *fuck* ,” Mary breathed heavily. “Right now. I *have* to have it.”

As Harriet quickly tossed the blanket back on the grass, Mary was tearing off her blouse and riding pants. Very quickly they were both naked and rolling around on the blanket, kissing and groping and moaning like a couple of teenagers. The ponyboys, in their bindings and harnesses, looked on, their thoughts kept to themselves. The stable girls, similarly, said nothing, although it was obvious they were both watching intently. Neither Harriet nor Mary was concerned in the slightest at having an audience.

It is amazing what whipping a couple of ponyboys will do for your libido.

* * *

Chapter XI

Keep a Good Grip on This

“I think they’re beautiful!”

Mary was looking at Ryan modeling the new boots that Harriet had ordered for her ponyboys. Ryan, however, seemed not to share that opinion. The boots were strapped up all the way to just below the knees, but what was so unusual about them was the heel. Instead of lifting the back of the foot an inch or so on a chunky heel, these boot heels were four inches tall and slender, actually tapering down to a small point. What the ponyboy disliked most about them was trying to balance while almost standing on his toes. What Mary liked most was the difficulty he had in balancing.

“Make him walk around,” begged Mary.

“Walk!” commanded Harriet. A quick snap of the whip in her hand emphasized the order.

Ryan took a tentative, shaky step and almost fell over. It might have been a little easier for him to keep his balance had his hands not been tied behind his back. Rules were rules, however, and ponyboys at Five Oaks were always restrained in some manner. Besides, Harriet planned to have her ponyboys wearing these boots all the time, so they had better get used to them.

The second step was also shaky. As was the third. Walking on your toes is not easy, nor a natural way of walking for a man. He did not fall, although he came close many times. Taking slow, careful steps, he walked back and forth across the corral. Slowly confidence came and the

steps were less wobbly, though not as steady as he or her owner would have liked.

“He will get better with practice,” Harriet said. “Lots and lots of practice.”

“Oh, yes! Lots of practice. I’ll be glad to help,” added Mary, cheerfully.

“I’m sure you will. Keep him walking. I’m going to get another one of the ponyboys so he can start learning too.”

“Gladly,” Mary said, picking up a whip and grinning at the young man struggling to walk without falling. “Gladly.”

“Fall down,” she told Ryan as soon as Harriet was gone, “and I’ll whip the hell out of you until you get up.”

Ryan glanced nervously at the woman with the whip in her hand and grimaced. He had felt that same whip too often, and many times at the hand of this same woman. He had no doubts that Mary was just looking for an excuse to apply fresh whipmarks over the fading ones covering many parts of Ryan’s body.

Harriet must have had trouble finding a ponyboy, or in fitting him with a pair of boots from the pile she had ordered, because many minutes passed and she had still not returned. Mary observed the progress Ryan was making and sighed. This ponyboy was walking almost normally now, just a little wobble in the heel as his weight went down on it.

“Damn,” she thought to herself. “It’s no fun when they don’t give you a chance to whip them. Maybe I could trip him...”

It did somehow, however, not seem fair to trip the young man then punish him for falling. Not that Mary had not been that outrageous on many occasions, but that night she simply felt like having an excuse handed to her. Then the idea hit her.

“Do that high step walk,” she commanded. “You know, where you lift each leg up high.”

Ryan was about to protest, but the eager whip waving around before him made him hold his tongue. He took another step and brought his leg up. That left him balancing on one foot, or more accurately one toe and one high heel, while the other leg was lifted until his knee was at the height of his waist. The heel touching the ground shook and he came close to tipping over. Another step, another awkward recovery. Then another step.

Ryan was concentrating on each step and balancing on those ridiculously high heels when Mary decided to make the game a little more interesting.

“Lift your leg higher,” she commanded. “I want to see your knees come all the way up to your chest.”

Ryan tried to comply and came very close to falling. Just walking on those heels was difficult, but this high stepping was impossible!

The evening was not all that hot, but the air was humid and high stepping like that was hard work. Ryan was soon covered with perspiration. Still Mary allowed no rest. In fact, she ordered Ryan to pick up the pace, to make each step faster.

“You should be able to trot in those shoes, if not canter,” she told Ryan. “And you had better learn fast. I think Harriet is going to make you ponyboys wear these for the races. Hell, maybe all the time!”

Ryan moaned softly. Those damned races were bad enough, but on high heels? Impossible!

Mary was just trying to think of something that would make Ryan more uncomfortable or give her an excuse to punish him, when Harriet returned with Warthog in tow.

Their entrance to the corral was quite slow as Warthog was taking tiny steps and wobbling dangerously with each one. Harriet stopped when she saw the high step prancing Ryan was doing.

“Wow!” she said. “Those high heels make that a real show. I’ve got to teach all the ponyboys to walk that way.”

“And race with the boots on?” asked Mary.

“I had thought about that. It would make the races a lot harder for the ponyboys, but much more interesting for the spectators. I plan to bring that very subject up with Candice next time I see her.”

She finished walking Warthog into the corral, then added, “Of course, we’ll have to order a lot more boots so all the racing ponyboys can have them. Hell, Candice and the rest will probably want their ponyboys to wear them all the time. I certainly do.”

Mary smiled. She had been pretty sure that Harriet would think of that herself, but wanted to make sure. As Harriet got Warthog going around the corral, Mary eased over to be by her side.

‘ “Harriet, sweetheart?”

“Yes?”

“Could you make Warthog fall for me? Or make Ryan disobey an order or something. I’ve just gotta whip some ass or I’ll burst.”

The latter words were said in a breathy, turned-on voice with just a hint of desperation.

“You don’t need an excuse,” Harriet told her. “Just pick one of them and whip away.”

Before Mary could react, Warthog provided her with the excuse she longed for. The ponyboy misplaced the heel on one step and felt it twist under him. Down he went.

With a delighted cry, Mary pounced.

“Get up!” she roared and began cutting with the whip. “GET. UP. GET. UP!”

With each word, she swung the braided leather, and another red mark appeared on skin already marked with fading discolorations. Warthog struggled to obey, but trying to stand up on those heels with his hands behind him proved too great a task. He fell twice. Then Mary stopped hitting the defenseless ponyboy and straightened up. She had a better idea.

The first task was to get Harriet to pick up the young man and set him back on her feet. Then Mary ordered him to march through the gate of the corral and to a hitching rail twenty steps beyond that. This was a standard hitching rail, just two posts with a third going across the top. The top rail post was about waist height and eight feet long. Warthog’s steps were still uncertain. It would take a lot more practice before he became expert at walking in those heels. What Mary wanted right then, however, was not so much for the ponyboy to walk well, but for the ponyboy to suffer.

“Bend over that rail,” she ordered. Warthog complied. With an order for him to stay bent over the wooden rail, Mary disappeared into the stable. When she emerged a few seconds later, she had several lengths of rope in her hands. With practiced skill, she bound the young man’s legs to the upright posts, spreading them as wide as possible in the process. She left a length of the rope running between his ankles. She made a loop in another rope and put that over Warthog’s head and tightened it around his neck. That rope she passed down to the one between his ankles, and then pulled until Warthog’s head was down at the level of his knees and held there. Trying to straighten up would only constrict the rope around his neck.

Mary removed Warthog’s shorts so that all the interesting parts were on display and handy. Draping the whip over her shoulder, she grabbed a hip with one hand, and then began toying with his penis with the other. Warthog groaned in despair, but he was already erect.

The effect was immediate. “Ohhhh...” Warthog moaned. The fingers stroked, but only very lightly, until the tied up man was moaning and wiggling his hips desperately. Mary was being extremely careful to apply only enough stimulation to arouse him, and not enough to allow him to orgasm. The way he was tied prevented him from thrusting his hips forward, and all he could do was to wiggle from side to side a little. It was not enough, and Mary knew it.

When she knew she had brought him so close to orgasm that even her light touch would have been enough to take him all the way, Mary pulled away her teasing hand. Immediately he shook with frustration. Little kitten-like sounds came from him, extraordinary sounds that seemed quite out of place emanating from a grown man.

“Listen to me, Warthog,” Mary said sweetly. “I am going to tell you to do something. If you fail, you will be flogged just like that young who finished last in the race. Remember?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Warthog forced out through clenched teeth.

“Good. I am going to give you this whip. You are to hold on to it and not let go, no matter what happens. No matter how long that is. You hold on to it and don’t let go. Fail me and there will be more pain than you have ever felt!”

Her next action caught Warthog by surprise, as it did Harriet who had come by to watch. Mary took the whip, turned it upside down and shoved the handle into Warthog’s backside. The ponyboy cried out with surprise and some pain because the handle was not all that slender.

“You hold on to that,” she repeated. “Don’t let go. You might have to clench your buttocks to hold it, and you’ll have to suppress the instinct to shit it out! Most men don’t know how to do that, so you’ll have to learn real fast.”

Mary let go of the whip. For a few seconds it hung from his backside like a long, black tail. Then it slowly crept out. The look on Warthog’s face almost made Mary laugh, and it was a real effort to keep a straight face. The handle moved slowly but slide it did. Within a minute of insertion, it tilted the final inch or so and fell to the ground.

“You are going to have to do better than that,” Mary told the fearful man. “Much better. Here, try again.”

She picked the whip up, brushed most of the dust off it, and shoved it roughly back into Warthog. This time she pushed against the whip with one hand while the other held a hip.

“There. I’ve pushed it in as far as it will go. You clamp those muscles around it and don’t let go. If it falls again, I will not return it and you will have earned a good flogging.”

Warthog was moaning softly but also straining to do as he was told. But would he learn in time to save herself from a horrible whipping?

Mary leaned closer and said softly, “I’ll bet that feels pretty good stuck in there, doesn’t it? Now don’t go letting it turn you on too much.” She laughed. “I’ll be back later to see how you’re doing. Remember: keep holding on.”

Harriet watched as Mary turned her back on the bent over man and walked away without a backward glance. She shook her head. She would never through of making a slaveboy hold onto something like that in his ass. She had, of course, occasionally used a strap-on when she particularly wanted to humiliate a slaveboy and cause him severe discomfort at the same time, but it was not an activity she particularly enjoyed. To be forced to hold on to something like that when the natural instinct was to push it out was, simply, extremely inventive of Mary. She wondered for a moment what it must feel like, then shuddered and shook her head. No. It might be something Mary would enjoy to have done to her, as well as enjoying doing it to one of the

slaves, but it most certainly was not Harriet's idea of an enjoyable activity!

Warthog, she noted, seemed to be winning his battle – so far, at least. The whip did not seem to be sliding backwards. She had to wonder how long he could keep it in there. Would those muscles tire the same as all muscles did? To hang on to something that was already sticking out of his backside was, surely, a most difficult task. All his natural instincts must be telling him to push it out. She also noted that the muscles of his thighs were tensed. Maybe that helped. It must be most peculiar feeling. Perhaps, after all, she might try it; maybe with something a little less thick than the handle of a whip, and in the privacy of her own room when Mary was not around. The last thing she wanted to do was to give Mary ideas of treating *her* as a submissive! With a sigh, he turned back to training Ryan.

Twenty minutes later Mary wandered by, noted that the whip was still in place, and that a lot of strain was showing on Warthog's inverted face. She patted the bare bottom and wandered off.

An hour later Mary returned. The whip was lying in the dirt and Warthog was moaning softly.

"Tsk, tsk! I had hoped you could hold out for at least two hours. Oh, well. You can stay here for the night. Tomorrow morning I'll get Harriet to string you up so I can flog you. Goodnight."

She picked up her whip and left.

* * *

Chapter XII

Big Announcement

It would have been comical had it not been so serious for the ponyboys.

In what was becoming a regular Saturday event, there was a ponyboy race conducted at Five Oaks. A dozen young men assembled from the estates for miles around, each with an owner eager to claim the prestige of having the fastest ponyboy, not to mention the prize money.

Many of the owners had complained about the blindfolds used in the prior race, so that idea was dropped from the choice of options. But, in its place, a new facet was introduced. The style of having ponyboys wearing those high heeled boots had caught on very rapidly. Everyone agreed that the footwear was an improvement. That it made even walking harder for them was of no consequence. And as to running... Well, there were a lot of skinned knees and bruises from training falls.

So it was that on that hot Saturday morning, all racing ponyboys were to wear boots with high heels. For the few whose owners had not yet obtained the boots, Harriet had a few extra pairs to loan them. She even, in her great generosity, allowed them some extra time before the start of the race to learn how to walk in them.

The crowd was the largest yet. Harriet had to have extra chairs brought out when the viewing stand was filled. She did not mind, however, these races were making her the social leader of the whole area. As to having to provide lunch for that many people, well, it was only money, after all.

The racetrack had been built with the intent of running one horse, maybe two, at a time. It was not really all that wide. A dozen ponyboys, each with their hands tied behind them, as was now the usual method, high up on their backs, had to crowd together to all get on the start line. A few of them walked up to that line with steady, sure steps, having had a lot of practice in those boots. Others stumbled up, barely staying upright and almost knocking over some of the competition.

In the first few seconds of the race, it became obvious that only four of the young man were good enough on the heels to challenge for the lead. Warthog was a few inches in from of Spike, who was followed closely by Millicent Brody's Karl, and van Hosen's entry, which was, surprisingly, not Max, but another girl named Herman. This new ponyboy was tall, had very muscular legs and seemed to like the idea of being in a competition against other men. It was soon evident that he was a very good runner and would have pulled ahead of the pack had it not been for his lack of experience on high heels.

Behind the lead pack, chaos ruled. Ponyboys tried to run only to find their footing wobbly in the extreme. Several went down within the first dozen steps, one taking out another man with him. Others staggered about on the verge of falling. One young man, smarter than the rest, simply did not try to run. Instead he kept his pace down to a walk. He would certainly not win but, on the other hand, his cautious policy would probably prevent him from finishing last, a most undesirable prospect since a public flogging had again been promised to the last ponyboy to cross the finish line.

Some, it seemed, would take a long time to reach that distant finish line. They fell and, from their position on the ground, found that getting back up to their feet was a most difficult task, given their total lack of arms for balance and support, and those damned high heels. A few regained their footing by using the rail to help, but then fell a few yards farther down the track. A few found that if they made it to their knees, they could rock back onto their toes and then up. It amused the crowd greatly to see the looks on those young men's faces as they struggled. Sure, there was the frustration and great effort, but also a lot of fear. None wanted to be the last to finish. Desperately none wanted that fate.

The lead ponyboy, Spike, crossed the finish line for the first time and within a minute was lapping the last placed man. Herman followed the other three in the lead pack, doing a rather good job of learning to run on the heels. With some practice under his belt, Harriet and Candice realized as they watched, Herman would easily win these races. They were not happy about that.

Crossing the finish line first was Spike, followed by Warthog. Coming in third was Herman. Some observers said that coming down the final straightaway, he tripped Carl deliberately. Since there was nothing in the rules to prevent a little friendly jostling between ponyboys, nothing would be done about it.

It took over fifteen minutes for the last ponyboy to cross that line. The repeated falls and desperation of those last young men quite entertained the watchers. With a cry of despair, a slim man named Simon stumbled across the line in last place. He was immediately dragged off to the horizontal bar for punishment. A large crowd gathered around that area as the groaning man was hoisted by his ankles. Fortunately the beam they used was high enough so that most of his body was above the heads of the crowd. It made it harder to strike some portions higher up, but at least all the people could watch the young man twist and jerk in agony as the whip touched him here and there, imparting its message of pain. Hearing his screams was no problem; they were loud enough. He may not have been a good runner, but he put on a fine show of thrashing around in pain.

After the flogging, Simon was left hanging upside down so all could come up and view his fresh whipmarks up close. As people gathered around the buffet tables for lunch, Harriet stood on a chair and made her announcement.

"Most of you have obtained racing carts by now," he said. "Some of you have more than one." She glanced over at Mary. "So it has been decided that a cart race would be appropriate." She paused to let the murmurs die down. "My racetrack will be expended. It will be wider and longer. The race will be in three weeks, which should give most of you time to prepare."

She looked down at Candice and grinned. Now came the big news.

"Individual betting may continue, of course. But for this big race, an entrance fee will be charged to all." She named an amount that brought some gasps and demurs. "But, since the total sum of entrance fees will be the prize, you can see that it will be worth the effort." She paused again to let them estimate the number of entries and multiply. A few eyebrows went up at the thought of so much money, most eyes gleamed with interest. To these women, money was the Holy Grail.

"I have printed sheets here with the rules. Basically they state that all carts must have a driver. All ponies will be dressed and bound as with the foot race you just saw. The drivers may use whips.

"Any questions, see Candice or myself. Have a nice lunch."

"That should stir up some interest," said Candice as Harriet came up to her.

"A lot, I would say. Even I am impressed with how much the purse is likely to be." Harriet pulled Candice aside so they could speak privately. "But what worries me is that Herman. Where the hell did van Hosen get him? He's damned good. Too good."

"I think I will have a chat with the Chase sisters," Candice replied. "But maybe there isn't a source of good runners. Maybe they simply found one man who happened to be good."

“We should be so lucky. That man worries me.”

Candice thought a bit before saying, “I would hate to see all that money go to van Hosen. It just wouldn’t be right.”

Harriet laughed. “If her ponyboy wins fairly, how would it be not right?”

Candice harrumphed. “I just don’t want to see her win.”

“Agreed. But what can we do?”

For a few long moments Candice said nothing. Then a slow smile spread across her features. “Suppose,” she said slowly, “suppose her ponyboy somehow suffered a broken leg shortly before the race?”

Harriet’s eyebrow lifted. “You mean...”

“Accidents do happen.”

“Yes, they do. All the time.”

Both women were grinning.

* * *

Chapter XIII

Nefarious Plans

Alison Chase was mean, although it was quite possible that some of the rumors were either exaggerated or put about by Alison herself to enhance her reputation. After all, it seemed somewhat unlikely that she had really once been employed as the governor of a Middle Eastern prison, or that she made a habit of smothering her clients, male or female, to death by facesitting them if they failed to pay their bills. It was, said the rumors, the way that Alison Chase preferred to do business, and she had such intense orgasms when she did it that she much preferred it to having clients who settled their dues in the normal way in hard cash.

Honest folk feared her, but she was the woman to go to if you needed something done that was not within the law. She and her sister had no respect for the law and damned little for anything remotely ladylike.

That dark night, Alison Chase was being consulted by Gloria van Hosen. A single candle flickered uneasily on the bare wood table, teased by the breeze coming through poorly fitting windows. The Chase residence was barely more than a shack in the poorer part of town. Van Hosen wrinkled her nose at the smells and wondered why the Chases would live like this when she alone had given them enough money for various tasks performed to buy a decent house.

“You are aware of the big race coming up,” she told Alison.

“Huh?”

“There will be a ponyboy race in just over two weeks,” Gloria informed her.

“Oh, those wimps I seen you ladies making pull you around like they was horses.”

“Well, yes. There will be a race soon with a great deal of money going to the winner. I want to assure that I am that winner.”

Alison grinned. She liked talk about big money. Usually she could expect some of it to come her way for jobs too dirty for these Rich Women to do themselves.

“So whats you want me to do?”

“There are two ponyboys who might stand a chance against my Herman. I want you to remove them for the completion.”

“Huh?”

“I want them out of the race. Before the twenty-third. You can kidnap them. Break a few legs. Slice off their toes. Whatever you want so long as they can’t race.”

She looked at the evil grin on Alison’s face and added, “But I don’t want them killed. Ponyboys cost too much to waste.”

She gave details to Alison, then negotiated a payment that was large enough to buy a much better home by itself, though she doubted that was what the money would go for.

“Remember, you must keep these two ponyboys out of the race. And don’t do it now. Wait until near the race. I don’t want them to have time to get replacements. And don’t you dare get anyone any good runners, like you did for me. Never.”

“Got it. Snatch the boys and hide them.”

“Whatever. Here’s a deposit. You’ll get rest after the race. If those two aren’t in it.”

She pushed across the table a pile of bills. It was only a fraction of the total agreed upon price, but it would have the psychological effect of committing Alison to the task.

Van Hosen departed silently into the night.

*

“Do we do it ourselves, or hire someone?”

It was early one evening and the two women were sitting at a table, watching the sun sink and turn the western sky into a patchwork of reds and oranges. Harriet was the one who posed the question.

“You mean you and I – personally?”

“Well, probably not. But we could have one or two of our workers do the job. Or we could hire someone totally outside so we can’t be blamed if something should go wrong.”

“The Chase sisters?” Candice said with distaste. “I dislike having to do business with them.”

“I’m sure I could find someone down in New Orleans. But we don’t have enough time for that. I guess we’ll have to use what talent we have here.”

“I’ve got one girl, Jenny McCloud is her name. Big girl. Could rip a man’s leg out of its socket as easily as break it.” Candice grinned. “One time I saw her pick up a man and toss him over a fence.”

“I will feel a little uneasy about breaking a ponyboy’s leg,” Harriet said. “Just seems a waste.”

“They heal. Harriet, this is big money. You were never uneasy about stabbing someone in the back, cheating or bending the law when you were in business.”

“That was different. City business was sort of a battlefield. Those who wanted to play there knew the risks. This is a prime specimen of ponyboy.” She sighed. “But you are right. He will heal.”

For a while they sipped their mint juleps and watched the sky show fading into night.

“You know,” Harriet finally said, “maybe we don’t have to break his leg. What is he were simply to disappear?”

“What do you mean?”

“Suppose Jenny McCloud simply kidnaps him and hides him until after the race?”

“Hey, that’s an idea. But we have to make sure that he can’t tell van Hosen that it was us

who did it.”

“Assumed. I know of a couple shacks up in the hills. No one ever goes there. Good place to hide a man for a day or two.”

“Harriet, I like your thinking. Wasn’t too fond of breaking legs anyway. Whipping the hell out of a man’s skin, that’s all right. But breaking bones, that’s sort of useless pain. Know what I mean?”

“Yes, I do. Well, we’re agreed. All we have to do now is set the date. We’ll also need a layout of van Hosen’s place. Where does she keep her slaves? You know, it might be harder to break in and steal that slave than we think.”

*

“Why do you treat us so cruelly?”

The speaker was Ryan. At that moment he was hogtied so tightly that the palms of his spread hands were forced against the backs of his ankles. He was also naked, laying on Mary’s bed, and being tickled with a feather. Between bouts of uncontrollable laughter, he had been given permission to speak freely, an almost unheard of practice at Five Oaks, but one that Mary felt like at that moment.

“I’m just mean,” Mary said, then illustrated by grabbing the bound ankles with one hand and applying the feather tip gently to the sole of one upturned foot. The ponyboy twisted and laughed. He was unable to help himself.

Mary put the feather down and leaned over to run her fingers over the man’s naked skin. “When I was a little girl, my mom used to beat my brother and me, but mostly my brother. I wasn’t sure that there was always a reason for the beatings. I think she just liked to hit him. So I sort of grew up thinking that it was normal for a woman to give pain.

“Then, when I was a little older, an adult really, I came home and found my brother tied to my mom’s bed. All her friends were using him in turn. Of course, his cock was useless for a while after the first one, so they were rubbing themselves on his face and waiting for him to be able to get it up again. He was there all night.

“I thought about that a lot. I didn’t particular want to do anything like that to my brother, but I thought about that too. He had lots of friends, so I reckoned I could use them. You’ve no idea how easy it was to persuade them to let me tie them to the bed. I think some of them enjoyed it, and that really annoyed me. I didn’t want them to enjoy it. I wanted them to suffer. So that was when I started to find out all the ways I could humiliate a man and make him suffer.

“Then I found one of my mom’s friends using my brother again. It was only one of them this time. He was tied spread-eagle to the bed. He kept saying “No more. No more.” I watched for a while. They couldn’t see me. There was something... I don’t know. Anyway, I masturbated. And afterwards I found a big heavy stick and thumped that woman with it from behind. She went down, and she was out cold, and Bobby, my brother was begging me to untie him, but I didn’t. I tied her on top of him instead, and when she came round I whipped her until she was screaming and Bobby was screaming and I was getting to feel like I wanted to masturbate again and then I did, right there in front of them and... Mom came home.

“I left. I never went back. For a while I lived with a guy down in New Orleans. He liked to spank my ass, but that’s not like having the beatings I got from my mom. And he didn’t do anything I didn’t want him to do. At least, not often.

“When I met Harriet’s sister, she took a liking to me. I don’t know what it was. It might have been something sexual, but she never touched me. I wouldn’t have minded if she did. I knew by then that I was just as happy with a woman as I was with a man. Anyway, she adopted me. Made me her lawful daughter. Then I lived right there in her house. When she died, Harriet took me in.”

Mary pulled off her pantaloons, the last of the clothing, and took her ponyboy in her arms. She rolled the young man onto his side and pressed her body against him. Their faces were very close. Mary kissed him, and allowed him to kiss back. Ryan looked into her bright blue eyes and whispered, “I love you.”

“You’re just saying that to get me to not whip you again.”

Ryan looked hurt. “I really love you. You hurt me so much, but then you make me feel so good. I should hate you but I don’t.”

“You are a slave, a ponyboy, to be exact. What you feel doesn’t matter.” To illustrate her point, she dug her fingernails into the slave’s bare ass hard enough to make him cry out. “Right?”

“Whatever you say, Mistress. Hurt me. Make love to me. I am yours.”

Mary pushed Ryan away and held him at arm’s length. She looked into his eyes searchingly. “Yes, I can see you mean it. Well tonight you will serve me, and then I’ll let you sleep at the foot of my bed tonight.”

“Whatever you wish, Mistress.” There was desire and utter obedience in his eyes.

Mary was often amazed at what happens between a Mistress and a slave. Hurt them, make them suffer, then show a little kindness and they become yours. She knew that if she just hinted at it, she could have this young man begging to be whipped. It was so delicious!

Mary rolled Ryan back onto his stomach, and then crawled around until her legs straddled the hogtied man. She wiggled down until Ryan's face was against her pubic mound. Mary had taken to shaving her own pubic patch. She felt it made her look sexier. It also made it easier to receive oral pleasure there, especially when the slaveboy or stable girl was tied and had no hands to help.

Without waiting for the order, Ryan pushed his tongue between Mary's labia and began licking. Mary sighed in contentment. She enjoyed Harriet's attention on a regular basis, but that was nothing compared to having a man's face underneath her with no choice but to do as she commanded.

The lovemaking was slow and steady. Ryan was instinctively good at this; very little training had been required. Mary basked in the heat that filled her body, sighed at the tingles shooting through her sex, and eventually clamped her legs tight about the hogtied young man as she spasmed through a very good orgasm. An excellent orgasm!

When she eventually floated down from the clouds, Mary sighed contentedly and kicked Ryan out of bed and onto the floor. Ryan said nothing as he tried to make himself comfortable on the hard wood floor. It would be a long night and he would sleep only fitfully, the hogtie being discomfort enough to deny him restful sleep and, as Mary had not allowed him to orgasm, he was desperately frustrated. But he was happy. He had pleased his Mistress.

* * *

Chapter XIV

Getting Ready for the Big Race

Preparations were well underway as the big day approached. Harriet, true to her word, had workers busy widening the racetrack and extending it. She trimmed a little extra weight off her best cart, and picked the smallest, lightest weight stable girl she could find at Five Oaks. The girl spent a lot of time practicing with the ponyboys until she could get the highest speed out of any on them.

Candice, likewise, trained her ponyboy Spike and picked a driver she thought smart enough and small enough.

An extra viewing stand was built alongside the first.

Behind the scenes preparations were also proceeding. Alison Chase was given a map of Five Oaks and Southern Winds and told where she was likely to find the ponyboys. Jenny McCloud was shown van Hosen's estate and given the best guess as to where she kept her ponies.

Two days to go, and Alison Chase made her move. With her criminal cunning, she figured that the ponyboys would be guarded on the eve of the race, so she struck a day earlier. With similar cunning, Harriet told Jenny McCloud to move on the Thursday night before the Saturday

race. As the sun set, both parties set off on their missions. The Chase sisters headed for Five Oaks and Jenny McCloud and a companion headed for van Hosen's estate. Both parties intended to kidnap ponyboys, the main difference being that the Chase sisters planned to damage the goods should their kidnapping attempt fail.

*

Sarah Chase was almost as unpleasant as her sister. She lacked the reputation of having been a sadistic torturer at a prison, but more than made up for it in other ways. She had worked, so the stories said, as an assassin for the ruler of a small country in Eastern Europe, specializing in smothering her victims to death having seduced them into her bed. The stories might have been more believable had it been possible to imagine anyone, male or female, being seduced by Sarah's muscular bulk, but it was certainly possible to believe that once seduced the victims would be powerless to prevent her doing anything she wanted to them.

Each was armed with a bowie knife, a pistol, and a sack of ropes. Evil intent filled their hearts.

Five Oaks looked peaceful as they gazed from their hiding place in the trees. A few people were walking here and there on unknown errands. Candlelight glowed in the house windows for it was early evening yet and few were abed.

As they watched, a woman emerged from the house, leading a ponyboy on a tether. From the description of Warthog given them, they ruled out this man as the one they wanted. The ponyboy was led towards the stable, seemingly reluctant to proceed. But with his arms bound behind him and a rope around her neck, the young man had little choice but to follow. The sisters wondered what the slave was being taken to. A few crude guesses as to the possible uses for such a slave passed between them.

There was lantern light in the stable but otherwise Five Oaks seemed to be settling down for the night. The sisters crept closer. A final dash across an open space and they were hiding against the main house in shadows. Around the corner and they were next to the cellar door that van Hosen assured them led to the basement cages where Breckenridge kept his slaves.

The door was unlocked, but the stairs downward were unlit and they had to cautiously feel their way along until they could see a dim light ahead. Creeping closer to peer around the corner of the passage way, they saw an open area with a couple tables, a candle on one, a few chairs, and assorted ropes, chains and harnesses hanging on the walls. There was a stable girl sitting in a chair, trying to read a newspaper by the candlelight. The young woman did not realize she was being snuck up on until the last second. Then it was too late, for the handle of a pistol came crashing down on her head. She dropped out of the chair and lay motionless on the floor.

Through an opening they could see iron bars. Taking the candle for light, they eased into

the cell area. Four of the cells were occupied. In the first they found their goal. He was unrestrained save for the cell bars. Another cell held a Latin-looking man who happened to be resting on his narrow bed in a pretty tight hogtie. Someone had lashed his hogtied body down to the bed so he would not roll off. That someone was, of course, Mary, but the two sneaks had no way of knowing that.

While Sarah went back to the room to look for keys, Alison admired the naked male flesh on display. "Damn," she thought, "it must be nice to be rich. Look at what you can buy!" She was fascinated by Ryan and by the tight ropes binding him immobile. She wondered what he had done to deserve this punishment. It never occurred to her that there was no reason for the harsh treatment beyond the fact that Mary wanted it; the same Mary who was at that moment in the stables securing another ponyboy tightly to a post where he would spend the night.

Sarah returned with the keys. After a little fumbling, they found the one that fitted into Warthog's lock. Warthog was puzzled by these events. He did not know these women, nor did he like their appearance, ragged and dirty. When the door opened he pressed herself against the back wall and wondered if he should shout for help.

Sarah was quickly upon him, one hand over his mouth and the other grabbing him by the balls. They dragged him out of the cell and to the adjacent room. Ryan, who had strained to look behind him saw the women and knew something was wrong. He hollered loudly, "Help! Help!"

Sarah quickly ran to his cell door and hissed at him, "Shut up, wimp! You make one more sound and I'll open this door and beat the shit out of you."

Ryan shut up. He knew something was not right but doubted it was worth having this formidable female beat him, especially in his totally helpless condition.

Alison was holding Warthog with one hand over his mouth. When Sarah returned, they begin binding him, first the arms behind his back, elbows tightly together, then shoving a wadded up rag into his mouth and tying it in place with thin rope. Their rope work was not at all up to the standards of Five Oaks, or any of the estates. The wrappings were not cinched down, nor knotted multiple times. But the ropes were wrapped extremely tightly and it was unlikely that Warthog would be able to work free, even if given a fair amount to time to work at it.

Alison looped a rope around his neck and whispered in his ear, "You're gonna come with us. We gonna move fast, so you keep up. Don't and I'll just drag you by this here rope."

By the candlelight they could see the fear on his face and knew he would obey.

They paused at the top of the stairs to make sure that no one was around. The grounds seemed deserted so they emerged from the basement. As they were rounding the corner of the house, a noise alerted them to someone coming. It was Mary, finished with the binding of a ponyboy to a post and headed contently for her bedroom to dream of young men, some naked and hogtied men, some forced to stand to attention all night.

The Chase sisters froze but Warthog, seeing Mary, decided that it was better to stay at Five Oaks than to face an uncertain fate that the hands of these terrifying woman, tried to call out. He also tried to break away to run to Mary.

At the same instant, Alison jerked on Warthog's neck rope, bring him to an abrupt and painful halt, and Sarah dashed directly at Mary.

It was no contest. Mary was surprised to see a woman rushing out of the shadows at her. By the time she thought of calling out for help, the woman was upon her, forcing her to the ground and smothering her cry with her hand.

‘ “I've got a knife, sweetie,” she told her. “I'll cut your throat if you make a noise.”

Mary was not stupid. She knew something was going very wrong, but probably the best way to prevent injury was to obey. She nodded. The hand came away and immediately she was turned over onto her stomach. Her arms were pulled up behind her and she felt the bite of cord around her wrists. Sarah was quick with the binding and had her wrists crossed and tied in just a few seconds. Then she lifted Mary to her feet and shoved her towards the dim light coming from the stable.

Alison saw what was happening and hurried after her sister.

“What the hell are you doing,” said Alison when she was inside. “We gotta get going.”

“I'll just take care of this bitch. Don't want her sounding the alarm, do we?”

“Guess not. Well, hurry.”

By the lantern light they saw the usual things found around a stable. Horses, tack, stalls, and a naked man bound to a post with a couple hundred feet of rope wrapped around him. The rope was also used to gag him, and even some wrapped around his face to form a crude blindfold. Sarah dragged Mary to a post next to the one with the man, then forced her down to the ground. When she was lying beside the post, she bent her legs backward around the post and tied the ankles up to the wrists. It was a hogtie, but one with the post between the woman's body and bound arms and legs. She pulled the ropes viciously tight, knotting them firmly.

When the hogtie was finished, she went around to the front of Mary, and knelt down by her face. From the sack she had been carrying, she pulled a dirty rag which she stuffed into her mouth and then tied it in place with a dozen windings of rope. It might not last the whole night, but at least it would give them time to get going before she managed to sound any kind of alarm.

As a final insult, Sarah put her hand at the top of Mary's dress and jerked. The material parted reluctantly and she had to jerk hard several more time before the dress was split open. She made quick work of the undergarments, and then she stood and looked down at her. Mary did have an excellent body. Sarah would have loved to take the time to torture that firm young body, but her sister was urging her to hurry. Reluctantly she left Mary lying there and joined her

sister. Mary was already struggling against the ropes.

*

They made good time after leaving Five Oaks, helped by a lantern they had hidden nearby. An hour's quick march brought them to a cave. It was a natural cave, water-carved in the limestone and with an entrance almost totally hidden by bushes.

Inside they had prepared a place to store Warthog and Spike. Two iron stakes had been driven into the rock wall, the end of each being in the form of a ring from which a chain hung down. They knew that once chained to that spike, no one man would be able to pull it out. They had both tried together to remove it, and failed.

The free end of the chain was looped around Warthog's neck and locked snugly enough to assure he could not possibly pull it over his head even had he hands to try with.

Warthog still wore those tight shorts, so Sarah divested him of them and stood back to view their captive.

"Gosh, will you look at that! He ain't got no hair at all round his cock," Alison said.

"Neither did that one back in the barn tied to that post. He didn't have none too. That bitch we tied 'round that post was hairless 'tween her legs an' all."

Warthog backed up against the rough cave wall and cringed at the way these women were looking at him. He was more afraid of what they might do to him than of anything that might happen back at Five Oaks.

"We gonna fuck him?" asked Sarah.

"The boss, she said not to," Alison argued. "But she didn't say why. Hell, he's only a slave. They get fucked all the time. He'll probably love it. I'll bet he's never had a real woman, only those prissy ladies. Any man would love a real woman."

While it was true that as a slave, Warthog had been used by many women in many different ways back at Five Oaks. But it was usually his owner, the relatively nice Harriet. Occasionally he was given to one of the stable girls as a reward, but that was different from what was happening now. Of course, he was often hurt back there, whipped and such, but when it came to being "fucked", he was fairly sure that they did not simply mean having sex with him. He could manage that, if necessary, although neither of them would have been his choice of sexual partner. What worried Warthog was that in all probability these dirty, muscular females would use him much as he had on occasions been used at Five Oaks: by forcing him to

service them orally. With the women at Five Oaks it had not been too bad. Not really. He did not want to even think about what these dirty, heavy, muscular females might do to him.

Of course things do not always go as a slave would like them to go. Warthog was pushed down onto his back on the dirty, rocky cave floor. While one held his shoulders down, the other pulled down her pants and crouched over his face. Grunting, she reached underneath her and rubbed herself several times, and then moving her hands out of the way, she urinated.

Alison grinned and pressed down on Warthog's shoulders to stop him moving as the stream of urine from her sister gushed over his face. It seemed to the unfortunate slaveboy as though it would never stop. He spluttered and choked as it went up his nose and then into his mouth. Finally, when it slowed to a trickle, she descended onto him. "Lick me clean," she demanded.

Whether or not Sarah had an orgasm as he licked at her and did his best to please her in the way he knew Harriet liked to be pleased, Warthog was unable to tell. She only grunted, and her solid muscular bulk on top of him gave no sign of whether or not she reached a climax. When she eventually moved from him, his face was bruised and he was sure his nose was broken.

She had not finished with him. Without any further preliminaries, she knelt over his groin and, rubbing his flaccid cock with her hands until it became erect, she thrust down on it. He was terrified of what she would do if he failed to maintain the erection she had forced. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine it was a far more desirable young lady who was on him, and at that moment Alison decided to emulate her sister and urinate on his face.

When it was over, the sisters left him in the cave securely attached to the metal stake. They took the lantern with them, deciding to wait until the following day to snatch the other ponyboy. Might as well get into town and enjoy themselves, said Alison. There was, after all, plenty of money in their pockets.

As unpleasant as this treatment had been, what scared Warthog more was what might happen next. He was smart enough to assume that all this had something to do with the race coming up in a couple days. Would he have to stay chained in that cave until after the race? The big question was what would happen then. Would they release him? Or was he doomed to spend the rest of his short life chained in there?

* * *

Chapter XV

Taking a Ponyboy

The woman Jenny McCloud had chosen to accompany her was a small, wiry Englishwoman named Isabel Foster. It was a strange contrast. Jenny McCloud was a big Scotswoman; nearly six foot tall and very solidly built. Isabel was barely over five feet and undoubtedly weighed less than the ponyboys. Jenny wanted her English friend because she had seen this diminutive woman bring the largest of men to the ground while hardly breaking sweat.

“Those are armed guards,” Jenny said as she lay hidden under a bush, looking down on van Hosen’s estate. “Two of them. That stable seems to be the building they are guarding.”

They had been observing for almost an hour, noting routes taken by the armed stable girls and the timing of their patrols. The night was dark, without a moon to help them, but there was enough light coming from the buildings for them to make out the patrolling girls. There seemed to be little other activity.

“We take them out?” Isabel asked.

“Have to. No way into that stable without being seen.”

“They’re walking regular rounds. Every few minutes there is thirty seconds or so when they are on opposite sides of the stable. Out of sight of each other.”

“And that’s when we taken them,” confirmed Jenny.

“Sounds good. Now?”

“Now.”

They split apart to approach the stables from opposite directions. When she was in position, Jenny waited a few minutes then make an owl call. It might not have been good enough to fool an owl, but it did let Isabel know she was ready. It was also the clue to watch the guards. A minute later one of the guards casually walked in front of Jenny. Moving surprisingly quietly for a big woman, Jenny stepped out of the shadows behind the girl. A moment later the guard lay on the ground unmoving.

Moving cautiously, she rounded the building to find Isabel heading her way. The Englishwoman held a thumb up, indicating her guard now out of commission. Together they moved to the stable door.

There was a little bit of light sneaking out below the door. They could have tried to sneak in, but Jenny figured that slowly opening the door was the best way to get anyone inside on the alert. Instead she boldly opened the door with no attempt to keep it quiet. She calmly walked in as if she owned the place.

The stable girl inside fell for the old I-belong-here ploy. By the time she realized that she did not know this woman, the big Scot was close enough for a huge right hand to connect with the side of a head. The stable girl fell off her chair without a word.

Quickly they inspected the stable. Half was occupied by horses. Nothing unusual there. The other half consisted of smaller stalls, each of which had an iron barred door. Taking the lantern, Jenny inspected each of those cells in turn.

The first two cells were empty. The third had a ponyboy inside. It was not the one they were looking for. McCloud figured the young man was being punished because only half of him was lying on the straw covering the floor. His arms were bound behind his back, and he was lying on them. His ankles had been tied together then pulled up towards a ring set high in the wall. Her ankles had been pulled up high enough so that his ass was a short distance above the floor. Jenny knew enough about the binding of ponyboys to know that this position was not too bad. It would become worse as the night went on, but right now he was not suffering too much discomfort. She left him and went to the next stall.

That one had a ponyboy who was apparently not being punished. He was lying on the straw with hands tied behind him, but rather comfortably. There was an iron collar around his neck with a short chain connecting it to a ring set into the wall. He looked up, but he did not seem too interested whoever had come into the stables.

In the next stall was Herman. There was the iron collar around his neck, also chained to the wall. His wrists were crossed and tied behind him and, for some reason, his ankles had also been tied together.

Isabel came up with a ring of keys taken from the guard. The fourth one fitted into the lock on the stall door. But when they tried all the keys, none fitted the lock on his collar.

“They keep the keys for the collars in the house,” Herman told her. “The boss doesn’t trust anyone.”

Jenny McCloud was not about to be defeated by anything so simple as a lock and chain. Taking the chain in her big hands, she pulled on it. When there was enough tension in the chain, she used it to hold herself as she put both feet on the wall. Then pushed hard to straighten both bent legs. The wall creaked but held. Again she pushed her feet against the wall and pulled with all the strength in her arms. It was her weight rather than her strength that did it. The ring ripped out of the wooden wall.

Jenny fell back onto the straw.

“Untie his ankles so he can walk,” she told Isabel as she picked herself up. With Herman’s hands tied, they had no need to add to his bondage. Looking him in the eye, Jenny McCloud asked, “If I don’t gag you, will you be quiet?”

“You plan to hurt me?” he asked reasonably.

“No. Not if we don’t have to. We’re just want to make sure you don’t make that race on Saturday.”

“Fine. I’ll be quiet.”

To be on the safe side, she tied a rope around his neck to serve as a leash. Then they left the stable.

Herman gave them no trouble as they dashed for the darkness in the trees. In fact, he seemed eager to accompany them.

Like the Chase sisters, they had a lantern hidden and used it to light their way through the woods to the road. There they had two horses waiting for them. Since there would be a long ride to get to where they planned to hide this ponyboy, Jenny let him ride double with Isabel. She would have liked to have him on her horse, partly because she felt more confident in being able to prevent any escape attempt, and partly because Herman was a muscular, well-endowed slaveboy she could happily have spent many hours tormenting. That, however, would be a heavy load for the animal. Letting him ride with Isabel distributed the weight more evenly.

It was nearly midnight when they reached the turn off that led to an out of the way shack. It was hidden among the trees and very unlikely to be seen unless you know to look for it. Inside the single room was small but clean. Jenny and Isabel had inspected it earlier to make sure it would suffice for their purposes. They had swept the floor and left a few items that would help them secure their prisoner.

There was a floorboard with a couple knotholes. Jenny had run a chain through one knothole and back through the other. When locked together that secured one end of the chain to the floor. The rest of the chain lay stretched out on the floor, awaiting the ponyboy.

Jenny McCloud asked Herman to sit on the floor. When he did, she looped the free end of the chain around his ankle and locked it snugly.

He looked at the chain and shook his foot. It was tight about his ankle and there was no way he would be wiggling out of it. He looked up at Jenny. “Are you going to leave my hands tied?” he asked. The tone of voice said that he would not be surprised if she did leave him tied. He had not been a slave for long but he had a good understanding of the system. Slaves and ponyboys were always kept restrained. Always.

“I have some food for you here,” Jenny said as she dragged over a sack. “And a couple bottles of water. Would be hard for you to eat with your hands behind you.”

“I’ve done it.”

“I’m sure you have. Van Hosen a harsh Mistress?”

“I guess. She whips us. She makes us run until we drop. She pisses on us, and craps on us, and demands we perform all kinds of duties to please her. And she lets her stable girls her other staff do what they want with us too.”

“Not that uncommon. I can see some marks from a whip. All the Mistresses around here treat their slaves rough.”

She untied his hands. As he was rubbing his wrists in front of him, Jenny was laying out some tins of canned food, two bottles of water, and a can opener. There was also a sack with bread in it and a couple large red apples.

“Thank you,” he said simply.

“You do know that we will return you to your owner when the race is over, don’t you?” she asked.

He shook her head. “Do you have to? I mean, could I go with you?”

“I have my orders.”

He sighed.

Jenny gathered up the empty sacks and stood to go. “I would leave you the lantern,” she told him, “but I need it to find our way out of this hollow. It will be dark but I’ll make sure the door is locked. Nothing dangerous will come in.”

Herman looked around at the bare walls, single small window and wooden beams across the ceiling. Picking up the chain attached to his ankles, he tugged on it. It was solidly attached to the floor. He let it drop.

Jenny McCloud was standing by the door, lantern in hand, looking back at him. He was not unpleasant to look at; by far the most interesting of the slaveboys she had seen. Now that she had him secured and the job was finished, she could relax. Which meant that for the first time she allowed herself to see him as a young man with potential to satisfy the desires of a dominant woman.

Herman lay back on the wooden floor, keeping one eye on Jenny. He assumed a spread-eagled position, as though his wrists and ankles were tied wide apart to the corners of a bed. He looked straight up and then extended his tongue for several seconds before looking back questioningly at Jenny.

She swallowed hard. She had not planned on taking advantage of her prisoner. But then, no one had said that it was forbidden.

“If I do it to you, it would only be fair to let Isabel use you too,” she warned.

Herman smiled. “I assumed that,” he said. “Bring her in.”

Jenny called to her friend. The sight of the big man lying on the floor in that spread-eagle

position told her what was happening. The sight of Jenny shedding her clothes confirmed it.

“If you come over here,” Herman told Isabel. “You can take off my shorts and use me as you want.”

The two normally dominant women let this chained slave direct them. Jenny, after a brief look in the direction of his exceptionally large erection and a momentary pang of disappointment that she was not having that right now, settled comfortably over his face as he had invited her to do. Isabel, hesitated just for a moment until Herman raised his hips as far as he could with Jenny’s weight on him and presented the irresistible target to her. She stood astride him and then descended slowly. With a gasp as his erection entered her, she eased herself down onto him, struggling a little to take his substantial erect size and width fully into her small, wiry, tight body.

Thus the scene played out. Isabel Foster gasped and groaned as she moved enthusiastically on Herman’s immense hardness and he thrust at her with his hips, while Jenny McCloud writhed in ecstasy at the proficient skill of Herman’s tongue and lips underneath her. All three participants reached a climax at precisely the same second, not least because of Herman’s efforts to try to achieve precisely that.

Jenny silently pulled on her clothes and went outside the shack. Isabel took longer.

“You are one hell of a fuck,” she told him. “One hell of a fuck!”

“You’re pretty good, yourself,” he responded quietly. “That was the best I’ve had for. Well, for many years.”

“I’ll come back with some tools and take that collar off you,” she told him.

“That’s okay. I’ll be here.”

She grinned and closed the door, making sure that it was locked.

As they rode back to the road, Isabel asked something that had been on her mind. “Why couldn’t we just escort him to the state line and let him go? He would make a beeline for home and be long gone when the race comes on Saturday.”

“Harriet says that we have to return him to his owner. It’s some kind of honor thing.”

For a while they rode in silence.

“Was he good with his mouth?” Isabel finally asked. “I’ve never known a man whose cock was so... so absolutely perfect!”

“He was good,” Jenny commented happily. “Very damned good!”

* * *

Chapter XVI

Searching for a Ponyboy

“What the hell is going on!?” exclaimed Harriet the next morning.

Mary was lying on her bed, both arms stretched out alongside her body. The hands were still dark colored and pained her. She had been discovered near morning after having spent the better part of the night in that hogtie around the post. The ropes had been so tight that circulation had been compromised and she was paying in pain when the ropes finally came off, and still an hour later.

“It was two women,” she said through tears. She described the women who had knocked her down and bound her so cruelly to the post.

“The Chase sisters,” Harriet said angrily. “Damn bastards!”

“Is Warthog gone?” Mary asked. “I think they had him with them in the stable.”

“They did and he is. Damn! And tomorrow’s the race!”

“Can you postpone it?”

“Not really. Besides, if I were to, whoever has him would simply hold on to him until the race finally is run. I’ll bet it is that damned van Hosen!”

“Then you lose?”

“I don’t mind losing the entrance fee,” she told her, “but I do object to that damned Gloria van Hosen winning!”

“Maybe you could arrange for her ponyboy to be kidnapped,” Mary suggested.

Harriet gave Mary a strange look. “That would be dishonest,” she said. “That would mean lowering myself to her level.”

She did not tell Mary that while her ponyboy was disappearing into the night, hers and Candice’s men were spiriting away van Hosen’s ponyboy.

Harriet paced the floor for a while in silence.

“Where would she put him?” she mused aloud. “Certainly not at her place. She’s not that stupid. Damn, there are so many places where a slaveboy could be hidden!”

“There is someone who knows where he is,” Mary said as she lifted one hand to try the

fingers again.

“Huh? What?”

“The Chase sisters,” she said evenly. “If they took him, they know where he is.”

“Damn right! Mary, you’re a sweetie.”

“If my hands hadn’t hurt so much, it would have been interesting spending the night like that,” Mary said reflectively. “Of course that gag was terrible tasting. But maybe I could try it again with more careful bindings. You know how carefully I bind the slaveboys. Make them helpless but not really harm them.”

“I know.”

“Well, I’m going to rest. Didn’t get much sleep last night. You going to go after the Chase gang?”

“Damn right!”

“You know, Harriet, you curse a lot.”

*

Candice was shocked to hear that Warthog had been ponyboy-napped. But not shocked to hear who it was doing the job.

“I’m ready to go after them,” she declared. “Let me get my pistol. No, the shotgun.”

“Let’s take Jenny McCloud,” Harriet suggested. “She’s a good woman to have in a fight.”

“I can’t believe the nerve of that van Hosen! Stealing our best ponyboy!”

Harriet grinned. At least, she told herself, she knew that van Hosen’s best runner was safely hidden away.

*

The three of them rode into town and got directions from the sheriff to the Chase sisters home. They said nothing to him of the missing ponyboy. This was a matter they would take care of themselves.

Jenny McCloud kicked down the door when no one answered their knocking. A quick search revealed an empty cabin.

“So what do we do now,” Candice asked as they stood by their horses.

“Let’s assume that they finished the job last night,” Harriet said. “And were paid. At least part of the money. Now, where would they go with money in their pockets?”

They all turned to look back towards town. There were five saloons, all of which also provided services for men or women who wanted almost any form of entertainment involving members of the opposite sex.

They hit paydirt on the third.

“Yes, she’s upstairs with Louis,” Madam Lucy told them. “Came in here this morning, waving around money and demanding the best. Disappeared into Louis’s room with a full bottle of rotgut and him. Haven’t seen either since.”

Harriet slipped her a finder’s fee that made her smile. “Don’t mess my place up,” she warned. “The sheriff’s my best customer and he wouldn’t like that.”

“We’ll take care, Lucy.”

They did not bother to knock on the door, just opened it and walked in.

Alison Chase was lying passed out on the bed. Louis was lying the floor, snoring loudly. A nearly empty bottle told a story of excessive consumption.

They took Alison’s pistol from her belt lying on the chair, and then dragged her off the bed. It took a pitcher filled with water thrown on her face to get a reaction out of her, and even then she did not seem too coherent. They dragged her down to the kitchen and began pouring strong, hot coffee down her throat.

Sputtering and cursing, she finally came around enough to open her eyes. When she saw who was standing there, she turned a little more green around the gills.

“I didn’t do anything,” she protested even before they could question her. “I don’t know nothing.”

“Then I’m going to be terribly disappointed,” said Harriet. “Disappointed enough to ask my friend Jenny McCloud here to pound you into a lump.”

Alison Chase looked up to the big woman standing over her and blanched.

Jenny McCloud grabbed the front of her shirt and lifted her right out of the chair. With a thrust of her arm, she bounced the woman off a wall.

“All we want is to know where you put my ponyboy,” said Harriet reasonably.

“I don’t know nothing.”

“Let her know how much that displeases us.”

Jenny took Alison’s arm and wrenched it up behind her back. Alison howled in pain.

”Wonder if the arm will break first, or the shoulder will dislocate first?” Jenny commented to her friends. “Care to place a bet?”

Alison, being a coward at heart as most bullies really are, succumbed to logic and began singing.

“It was van Hosen what made us do it. Said if we didn’t kidnap and hide that slaveboy, she would get the sheriff on us.”

“How much did she pay you,” Candice asked, poking her in the chest with a finger.

“We didn’t get no money,” she squealed as Jenny twisted the arm a little higher.

“That hurts!” Alison exclaimed loudly.

“It’s going to hurt a lot more in a minute if you don’t tell us where you hid him.”

“Okay! Ain’t enough money to make it worth getting my arm ripped off. I’ll tell you.”

She did. But since they had never been to that cave, her directions made little sense. Finally they poured another cup of coffee down her and told her that she was going to lead them to the cave.”

Alison seemed to have some trouble staying in the saddle. Nevertheless an hour later they were winding their way up a little used path into the hills. Then they wound their way back down because that was not the right path.

It was only on the third try that the cave was found. While Jenny stood guard over their prisoner, the others went inside. Very little light came through the opening, but it was enough to see the naked and chained Warthog lying on the dirt floor.

The key to the chain around his neck was found on the floor by the entrance. He was happy to see his real owner and actually shed tears when his arms were untied. Not tears of joy but rather tears of pain from the returning circulation.

They gave him some water from a canteen and made sure that he was recovering. Then Jenny dragged Alison off the horse and into the cave. With much rough handling, she locked the chain that had been Warthog's shackle around her neck. Alison protested, but an angry glance from Jenny silenced her.

Alison was grumbling as they left the cave.

Harriet made sure that Warthog was able to walk and use his hands. They had been so dark that she had been worried about them. Out in the sunlight, they looked much better, so she pulled them behind his back and tied the wrists together. It was, by Five Oaks standards, a very comfortable tie; wrists were crossed and the ropes not too tight. Even so, it was unlikely that he could free himself. Harriet was not about to compromise too much on her standards, but at least Warthog would not suffer from the bindings.

Warthog was lifted up to Chase's horse and they made their way down the hillside. He seemed happy to be tied by his real Mistress and said nothing about the fact that they had given him no clothes to wear.

* * *

Chapter XVII

Ponyboy Returned, Ponyboy Taken

To say that Gloria van Hosen was outraged would be a gross understatement. She was furious when the news came to her that her prized ponyboy, Herman, had been kidnapped. Kicking chairs around and throwing breakfast dishes across the room, she let the two women who brought the news know that they were miserable sluts, slags, and did not deserve to live, let alone enjoy her hospitality. The fact that both were suffering from hard blows to the head made not the least difference. Describing the gruesome detail what she would do to them if they did not find and return with her ponyboy, she all but kicked their butts as they hurried out of the dinning room.

A little while later, after calm and rational thinking seeped back into her over-heated brain, Gloria began to worry about what might be happening to the ponyboys she had arranged to be kidnapped from Harriet Breckenridge. Had the Chase sisters done the job? Was that Warthog safely hidden away? And the other one? With Herman gone, she might still have a chance to win the big race – but only if Warthog was also not running. And that svaleboy Candice had, what was his name? Spike, right. If Spike and Warthog were both missing, then van Hosen's backup ponyboy, Isaac, might just win. He was fast but nothing near Herman. Damn!

First things first, she told herself. Find out if Warthog and Spike were out of the picture. For task, she needed to find the Chase sisters. They were so much better at dirty work than the bunch of incompetents who worked for her. Yelling for her horse to be made ready, she stormed out of the dining room, her breakfast still half on table and half plastered to the wall.

*

With Warthog safely back in his cell, Harriet could breathe easier. But to be on the safe side, she posted two guards in the Holding Area, doubled locked his cell door, and added four sets of chains and locks to his restraints. His neck was chained to a ring, each ankle likewise chained to rings on opposite sides of the cell, and a thicker chain was tightly locked around his slender waist and connected to his bed. They had left his wrists crossed and bound behind him. All these extra shackles were not to keep him from escaping but to prevent anyone from trying to kidnap him again. With the keys to all these locks hidden away in the house, they would have a hell of a time removing the ponyboy from his cell.

Harriet gave a final look to her special ponyboy, noted how wonderful secure he looked in all those chains, then told the guards they had better stay alert. Outside, by the stables, she arranged for a stable girl to ride hard and fast to Candice's estate to warn her of what had been happening. It was just possible, she figured, that Spike, being a pretty good racer himself, might have been a target just as Warthog had been.

When she went to check on Mary, she found her still in bed. It was not, however, because she was suffering any ill-effects from her overnight ordeal in the barn. No, it was because she had the same ponyboy who had shared her night-long suffering tied to the post by her hand, in bed with her. Apparently her hands had recovered completely since she was using them to tease the body of this ponyboy, who was, as it happened, lying there with his arms tightly bound behind him and a gag strapped into his mouth.

Harriet watched for a while, having not disturbed the action by opening the door, and enjoyed. Seeing Mary tormenting a slaveboy was always exciting. The fact that Mary had thrown off her clothing and was presenting a wonderful full, round ass and set of long legs for her view as she lay between the slave's spread legs and used her fingernails and teeth on his erection, was extra incentive for her to linger.

Eventually Harriet left, but only when it was obvious that the show was over – for the moment, at least. Besides, she had work to do.

*

Alison Chase was nowhere to be found. But her sister, Sarah, was in Kelly's Saloon, sipping good (for a change) whiskey and resting from her exertions on the rented slaveboy she

had used earlier. She might not have been too heavy in brainpower, but her sexually sadistic desires were insatiable. Little, except physical exhaustion or lack of funds, would keep her from finding a man to torment.

Gloria van Hosen found her there and was glad to see that she was not so wasted as to be incoherent. A bit slow, but at least she answered questions put to her.

“Are those...ah, items safely stored away,” she asked, cautiously for fear of being overheard.

“Huh? Oh, you mean that...”

“Yes,” she cut the woman off. “Those two. Are they safe?”

“Yeah, boss. We locked him up real good. Ain’t no one gonna find him.”

“Him? You mean you got only one of them?”

“Yeah. Gonna get the other one today. But that hog man, he’s locked up real good.”

“You are sure? Have you check him today?”

“Ain’t got any reason to. He’s chained up nice and good.”

Gloria considered the woman for a moment. The Chase sisters were usually good at what they did, which was normally kidnapping young men from other cities to become slaves and now ponyboys in this richwoman’s playground. Things, however, were not going right today and she needed to be sure.

“Come on, Sarah. Show me where you put the item.”

“Now? Shit! I was just thinkin’ ‘bout goin’ over to see Norman. Cute little slaveboy over at Lucy’s. And Lucy’s none to particular about a bit of damage. Know what I mean?”

“No time for that now. If you want to see the rest of the money, you’ll prove to me that you have done the job properly.”

“Oh, crap! If you say so.”

*

Sarah proved better at finding the cave than Alison had earlier. Inside they found, instead

of a nicely chained and helpless ponyboy, Alison sleeping off her hangover.

Gloria kicked her in the ribs until she got a mumbled response. "Get up you no good asshole!" was just some of the verbal abuse she poured upon the woman.

Sarah, meantime, was looking around. The key to that lock was not where they had tossed it. In fact, it was not anywhere. So Sarah, ever resourceful, pulled out her pistol and took aim at the lock. It took three tries to finally hit it. And then the bullet ricocheted off, making both Alison and Gloria duck.

Holding her hands over her ears, Alison screamed obscenities at her sister. The shots had been rather loud inside the cave, a fact not missed by the woman with the pounding headache and hangover.

Gloria van Hosen dragged Alison outside. There, while she shaded her eyes from the bright sunlight, Alison was told briefly what a poor excuse she was for a human being, how absolutely worthless she was, and described a couple of sexual acts she could perform on herself, both of which were very probably impossible.

"Now listen to me," van Hosen told them both. "I have a job for you to do. There is a ponyboy at Candice Mangione's place. His name is Spike." She described him for them again, and then continued, "I want you to eliminate him." In response to the puzzled looks, she elaborated, "I want you to keep him from racing tomorrow. Do whatever you want, but he must not be able to race. Kidnap him, break his legs, hell, shoot him in the head for all I care! Just keep him from that race. Understand?"

Sarah, being a little more sober and less in pain than her sister, answered for both. "Sure, we can do it."

Gloria doubted it but could think of no better plan right then. Everything was going to hell and she felt she just had to do something.

* * *

Chapter XVIII

Hunting a Ponyboy

Candice was told of the kidnapping of Warthog, his subsequent rescue, and the hiding of Herman. Taking it all in, she patted the messenger on the shoulder, shook her head in disbelief, and then went out to exercise her ponyboy. The big race was a hair less than twenty-four hours off and she wanted to make sure he was in top condition.

That she might be in danger did not occur to her. There were stable girls and other workers around the place, even a couple she had assigned guard duties to. Those girls patrolled with loaded rifles. Night was a long way off, with its cover of darkness. Surely no one would be

stupid enough to try something in broad daylight. So she felt safe as she led Spike out to where the cart await on a section of road that was similar enough to Breckenridge's racetrack for training purposes.

Spike wore the usual tight shorts, and his arms had already been bound high up on his back. The boots with those ridiculously high heels were on his feet and he was ready to be harnessed to the cart.

Candice's driver was the smallest girl she could find. She had considered finding a child, but the rules stated it had to be an employee who worked in the stables, so it had to be one of her stable girls. The driver, one Janice McGown, started him out slowly to let him warm up. Soon she was jogging him up and down the road with an occasional whip crack just to reminder him to keep up the pace.

Meanwhile, there was dirty business afoot. Unseen, the two Chase sisters crept up on the estate, hiding among bushes and trees. Sarah carried a long-barreled rifle, a left over from her father's term in the Confederate Army. The long barrel made it more accurate at a fair distance.

"Couldn't we wait until night and kidnap him?" Sarah asked her sister.

"After what happened with that Warthog, I reckon that there will be a lot of guards around him tonight." Alison was the smarter of the two, although that was not saying much. "Besides, the boss said to do whatever we had to." Alison laughed. "Even said we could shoot him in the head!"

"Yeah, I reckon she did."

"Must be 'bout two hundred yards from here. You make that shot?"

"Easy."

"Well, don't just lay there braggin', shoot him."

Resting the rifle on a branch, Sarah cocked back the hammer and took careful aim. The ponyboy and cart were just coming back to the stable area and, therefore, closest to the hidden women. Sarah drew in a deep breath, let out half of it, and then she held her breath, and slowly squeezed the trigger.

The boom was loud and echoed off the buildings below. Spike, who had been jogging along at a good clip, suddenly jerked to one side. In falling, his body twisted the pull bars and the cart overturned, spilling the driver, and tangling the ponyboy in the harness and reins.

"Hot damn!" exclaimed Alison. "Good shot! Let's get out of here."

They both rose as quickly as they could and dashed off with visions of additional money from Gloria van Hosen dancing in their heads.

Just as there is a god who smiles down on children and fools, there must be a god who frowns on evil women. They had only cleared the bushes and were about to head for the horses when the two guards Candice had on patrol came into sight at a run, having heard the rifle shot. Both immediately lifted their rifles to their shoulders and fired.

The Chase sisters had not expected pursuit so quickly. Alison immediately lifted her hands high above her head. The guard who had sighed on her, jerked a little so that the bullet whizzed by her head instead of burying itself into her chest.

Sarah was not so lucky. Instead of giving up, she lifted her rifle to her shoulder. The fact that she had shot her one shot and not yet reloaded was forgotten in the panic. The other guard's shot hit her and she went down with a loud cry.

The two stable girls came up running, rifles in their hands. Sarah was rolling on the on the ground in pain.

*

Candice herself was one of the first to reach the fallen ponyboy. The first thing she noticed was that he was lying in the dirt on his side, panting. At least he was not dead – yet. The second thing she noted was a lack of blood. A heavy lead bullet tearing into a young man's body should have created a mess of fresh blood. There was none.

Then she saw it. The metal snap that attached the pulling pole to his waist belt was twisted out of shape. Apparently the bullet had stuck it instead of flesh.

“You all right?” she asked.

“My side hurts,” he responded. “What happened?”

“You were shot. Someone over on that hillside. But the bullet hit part of the harness instead of you. You are one lucky boy!”

Spike looked up and told her, with a surprising amount of candor, “It's not easy being a ponyboy for you!”

*

With the failed attempt on ponyboy Spike's life, the whole ugly mess might have been finished. But it was not.

Later that day, Gloria van Hosen, having heard that one of the Chase sisters was in jail, charged with attempted murder, and the other was in a hospital, also so charged, and both were blabbing their heads off, had reached her breaking point. She came riding hard up to Five Oaks. Jerking her horse to a halt in front of Harriet and Candice, who were standing in front of the house, she leapt off the horse to confront them.

Waving a finger in Candice's face, she screamed, "You damned asshole! YOU KIDNAPPED MY HERMAN! I ought to kill you right now!" Her face was red with rage as she sucked in a deep breath, then added, "In fact, I will!"

Gloria was reached for the pistol on her hip. As that gun was being brought up to aim at Candice's heart, a shot rang out. A surprised expression went across Gloria's face. Her pistol wavered in her hand. She looked down at a growing red stain on her coat in disbelief. Then, as if in slow motion, she fell.

Harriet stood there with a smoking pistol in her hand. She had expected trouble and so armed herself. Which was very fortunate for Candice, who was unarmed and would surely have been the one lying dead instead of Gloria van Hosen.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Candice muttered.

"That may be, but you're still alive right now," grinned Harriet.

She put the gun back into her belt and closed the coat over it. For a while she looked at the body before them. "You know, Candice," she finally said, "this changes a lot of things."

* * *

Chapter XIX

Unclaimed Property

Van Hosen's estate was in turmoil at the news of her death. No one seemed to quite know what to do, but, as is usual with such cases, everyone had their own ideas. Into this chaos came two large wagons, one filled with armed stable girls.

Harriet Breckenridge jumped down from the lead wagon and stood there with her hands on her hips, looking around. Quickly, she was surrounded by half a dozen girls, each carrying a rifle. As calmly as if she owned the property, she turned towards the barn. The sun was in the process of setting behind some high clouds, yet gave enough light to see clearly.

The door to the stable was wide open. One stable girl was about to walk a saddled horse

out when Harriet grabbed her by the arm.

“How many slaves are there here?” she demanded.

The girl, who looked as if she might have been one of the senior members of Gloria’s employees, looked Harriet up and down, and then glanced at the armed girls. Her reply was quickly given.

“There are four right now,” she said. “There were five but one has disappeared.”

“I know. Are they all in here?”

“Yes. Those stalls. What do you plan to do?”

“Just clearing up a little legal matter before the Sheriff comes around,” she was told.

The girl looked nervously around, unsure if her duties extended to protecting ponyboys now that her boss was dead. Finally she asked, “You taking them?”

“You got any problem with that?”

“No. Take them.” The girl was in a hurry to leave, Harriet could see that. It might have been interesting to find out why, but Harriet had come with only one intent: get the ponyboys out of there. The Sheriff was on their payroll, but even that might not be enough with all the shit hitting the fan.

“You can go,” she told the girl. She did note, as the girl jumped into the saddle and rode off, that the saddle bags were bulging. The family silverware? All the money she could find in the house? Harriet was not bothered.

“Let’s get them out of here,” she said. “Bring that wagon up here. Get those stalls unlocked.”

Her girls rapidly obeyed. Soon each stall with a ponyboy inside had its lock smashed and the young man had been dragged out. The wagon that pulled up was easily large enough to hold twice that many ponyboys. Each of them already had their hands tied behind them, so it was easy to lift them up to the wagon, seat them on the wooden slats, then bind their ankles. The young man were confused and nervous. Apparently no one had informed them of the passing of their cruel owner. Most of them bore many whipmarks, both fresh and faded.

As the wagons turned and began a long drive into the sunset, Harriet could see that the ponyboys wanted to ask what was going on. In a sadistic moment, she decided to keep them in the dark. Besides, they did not really have to know. They were simply exchanging one owner for another.

On the way back to Five Oaks, they stopped near an almost invisible path. Jenny McCloud hurried up the path carrying a lantern while the others waited in the gathering gloom. A couple

more lanterns were lighted during the wait.

“Have you had dinner,” Harriet asked one of the ponyboys.

“Yes,” he replied. Harriet could easily see by the lantern light that he made a face when he said it.

“What did you have?”

“The usual. Cornmeal muffins, some salt pork, an apple, and water.”

“Oh,” was her only comment. The meal might have kept them alive but it hardly sounded appetizing. “I saw straw in your stalls. Do you always sleep there?”

“Yes. Unless the boss takes one of us into the house to use.”

“I see.” Harriet frowned. Straw and a bare stall might be fine for a real horse, but ponyboys were special. They deserved more.

As she sat there waiting for the return of Jenny McCloud, she meditated on the strangely contradictory facts that she was concerned about the sleeping comfort and healthy eating of the ponyboys, but still could sentence them without a second thought to harsh whippings that marked their bodies most cruelly.

Jenny returned with Herman in tow. The ponyboy was smiling and Harriet had to wonder if Jenny McCloud had taken the time for a quickie. She had heard that there seemed to be some sort of attraction between those two. Herman was put in the wagon with the other ponyboys and his ankles bound by Jenny herself.

It was fully dark when they arrived at Five Oaks. The slaveboys were unloaded and then marched single file down the stairs to the Holding Area. Fortunately Harriet had enough cells to hold them all, provided that a few were packed two to a cell. But before she had them assigned to cells, she ordered that a meal be prepared and brought down. As she waited for her orders to be obeyed, she arranged the ponyboys as she wanted them. Each was seated at a table and their ankles again bound with rope. Their hands were then untied. This brought strange looks between them for never had all of them had their hands free at the same time.

The cook and a helper brought in plates of cold fried chicken, peas, biscuits and apple juice. The food was set before the ponyboys. They looked at each other and at this strange woman who was treating them with unusual kindness.

“Go ahead, eat,” she told them. “Ponyboys at Five Oaks eat regular meals. I may be cruel here, but starving a man is not the proper way to punish him. Dig in.”

Uneasily at first, but then with eagerness, the slaves began on the food.

“You’ll also notice that I have enough beds in the cells so each of you will have one. Of course, you’ll each be restrained in some way, but no need to sleep on straw.”

It was interesting to watch the mixed emotions on their faces. But, she told herself, it was no use getting their hopes up. So she told them in a firm voice, “Don’t think you’ll have it easy here. You will always be tied or chained, that hasn’t changed. And you will be punished for the slightest infraction of any rule. Or for no reason. And you will be used for my pleasure, as well as by others as I wish. You may look at the ponyboys already here. Count the whipmarks on their bodies. Ask them about times they spent all night in horribly tight and painful bondage. Have them tell you about some of the imaginative punishments my niece Mary dreams up for you slaveboys.

“No, you will not have it easy here. All of you will learn to do a lovely high step trot. You will be both ponies and slaveboys for the rest of your lives. Or until I tire of you. Then... Well, we’ll see.”

She deliberately left their eventual fates unspoken. She did not tell them that owners often traded slaves to keep the mixture fresh. Nor did she tell them that when they were really old, like thirty or so, she would sell them to a some dominant woman in a far away corner of the world or to an establishment such as Mistress Lucy’s where women would pay for their sadistic enjoyment. Let them look at the small cemetery at Five Oaks and wonder if any ponyboys rested there.

It was then she realized that Mary had snuck in and was inspecting the ponyboys with interest, especially the larger-than-average Herman. She actually licked her lips at the prospect of getting her hands on that excellent body.

Harriet shook her head. Mary was a little minx, but she loved her.

She also did not tell the young men that of the five of them, she would eventually give away at least three, maybe four. She had no intent to keep a dozen ponyboys at one time. Plus Mary, who was both more trouble and more excitement than any two ponyboys. One would go to Candice, for sure. Maybe two. She would spread the wealth around, so to speak. Van Hosen’s collection would augment others.

Hands were bound again behind backs, and ankles untied. As the young men were assigned and taken to cells, Mary begged Harriet to let her take Herman to her bedroom for “special treatment.”

She just could not refuse her little darling. Besides, she intended to peek in later and see what that special treatment was!

* * *

Chapter XX

The Big Race

The morning of the big race dark clouds rolled from the west and there was the feeling that heavy drops would soon fall. Certainly not the best weather for a race, but also not enough reason to call it off. The skies darkened and threatened but held off.

The crowd was good sized, as expected. Candice was there with Spike. The young man showed little ill-effect from his near encounter with a bullet, just a bruise on his side. Others brought their ponyboys, a total of ten in all. The special racing carts were unloaded from wagons and set near the track. The ponyboys were gathered in the corral for inspection of their bound arms and footwear. Warthog was among them. All passed.

The one ponyboy that was missing was Herman. He was present but not among the racers. In fact, he was not even out where the people could see him. It was part of the masquerade that nothing concerning the race had happened when van Hosen met with her unfortunately accident. For him to appear and be running for someone else might raise eyebrows. Besides, the Sheriff completely accepted the self-defense claim.

Herman, however, was able to watch the race. Upstairs in the house, in the attic in fact, Mary had taken Herman and a handful of ropes. The attic had a few windows, small ones, but one with a good view out over the racetrack. Mary sat a chair before that window and bid Herman to sit there. She then proceeded to bind the young man to the chair quite firmly. His arms had already been bound behind him with the elbows tightly together. It was easy to slip his arms over the back of the chair so they hung down. His legs were pulled apart and each ankle tied to a back leg of the chair. Ropes from the ankles to the chair's backrest assured that his feet would stay up near the seat and far from the floor.

A rope from his wrists down to the bottom rung was pulled tightly and knotted with the effect of pulling back his shoulders. More ropes went around his body and the chair backrest, and around his hips. Mary was having fun with this binding. When she finished, there was no question that this was one ponyboy who would stay seated there until rescued by someone else. It was quite beyond his power to free himself.

Mary made sure that he could see the racetrack. Not too easily since his head was tilted back a bit, but still in all he could watch the other ponyboys pull their carts around the track. Mary pinched his nipples and squeezed his balls lightly, then kissed the bound young man with serious passion that promised much to come.

Shortly before the start of the race, Mary hurried off to be down there when it started. Herman sighed.

All the young men were lined up at the starting line. Perhaps it was a good thing that Herman was not in the lineup, because the ten carts filled the track from side to side. Harriet took her position standing on a chair by the start line, her gun ready. She lifted it high. The ponies all stared at her in eager anticipation.

At that point the rain began to fall; heavy, cold drops that actually stung when they hit bare skin. Harriet grinned and pulled the trigger.

As could have been expected, some of the ponyboys were better at running on high heels than others. Spike and Warthog dashed to the fore, followed by several more. All the drivers were small girls, picked for a lack of poundage more than anything else. Still some skill helped, and several of them demonstrated a good sense of the track and what their ponyboy could do. Cart wheels bumped cart wheels, and whips cracked in the downpour.

By the time they came down the far turn, the dirt was rapidly turning to mud. Feet and heels slipped. Some would surely have fallen but for the pulling poles attached to the belt round their waists. The ponyboys who learned to lean forward and put most of their weight on the balls of their feet did the best.

Drivers, ponyboys and carts were all dripping with water by the completion of the first lap. Well soaked also was the audience. Still they cheered and urged on their favorites.

The race, as it happens, came down to a dash to the finish by Spike and Warthog. As they both dug their boots into the mud, trying to pull as hard as possible, a small mistake caused Spike's foot to slide sideways. He and his cart jerked sideways, right into Warthog's. Both ponyboys would have fallen into the mud had it not been for the poles, but both lost a lot of momentum as they tried to get their feet solidly under themselves again. Meantime, a third cart passed them by on the outside and crossed the finish line first.

Spike and Warthog finished a tie for second.

The winning ponyboy, one Edwin, had not been expected to do well at all. But his driver was skillful and he learned rapidly how to get traction in the mud.

Candice and Harriet looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

The usual flogging of the last place ponyboy was relocated inside the stable out of consideration for the crowd. No use standing around in the downpour just to see a man get his ass whipped. Much better to do so inside. So he was hoisted by his ankles from a beam in the stable, where he put on a nice show of screaming and jerking around.

Candice and Harriet stood at the edge of the crowd.

"Well, at least Marianne can use the money," Candice said, reflecting the fact that the winner of all that money was one of the least rich of the Rich Women.

"Maybe she'll use the money to start a ponyboy racing dynasty. Herman proved that you can buy speed."

"Which reminds me," Candice said. "What is going to happen to Herman? You plan to keep him? He'll win a lot of races for you."

“No, actually I was thinking of giving him to you,” Harriet said.

“That is very nice of you,” Candice said, trying to keep too much greed from showing in her voice.

“Well, you did help get Warthog back by loaning me that McCloud girl. Besides, from what I hear, there is some sort of attraction between them. Might as well have them both at the same estate, so long as she remembers that he is a slave.”

“I’ll make sure she does,” Candice promised. “If she gets to play with him often enough, that should satisfy her.”

Harriet spotted her niece and called to her. “Mary, come here!” When she was standing by her, she put her hand on her shoulder. “You fix Herman up in the attic like you said you were going to?”

“Sure. He could watch the race but not move much at all.”

“Good. Why don’t you tell Jenny McCloud where he is and that she will be going home with him. He’s Candice’s now.”

Mary smiled. “She’ll like that. I think he will, too.”

“You can wait a couple hours before you tell him. He’s not going anyplace before then, after all. He can wait.”

“He can wait,” Mary repeated with a grin.

“And, Mary, have one of the ponyboys tied down to my bed. I’m feeling rather sadistic.”

Mary grinned harder. She moved closer to Harriet until her breasts pressed against her. Then she whispered, “I’ll have myself tied down for you. Real tight.”

The End