

# PONY BOY (Book Two)

by

Patrick O'Neill

***WARNING! All Olympia books are the subject of international copyright and should not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated in any form - including electronically - without the publisher's prior written consent. ANY and ALL violations of Olympia copyright will be pursued vigorously through the appropriate courts.***

The day had started in what to me, by now, had become routine fashion, although I would never have believed myself capable of describing it as such just a few short months before. But that had been when I was still Roger Mason, a free and independent young man with aspirations and ambitions - now I was Folly, human pony boy and racing champion, or undefeated in the races I had run in to date, at least.

Shamini, the beautiful Indian handler, was in charge of the stable complex that morning. Her tight leather bodice and thigh high boots were shining as brightly as ever, witness to the efforts of one or other of the house slaves, for the dominatrices in Constance Bellamy-Fraser's private empire would never demean themselves by cleaning their own fabulous costumes.

Shamini was probably the smallest of the female handlers, but even so she stood at least five feet ten, even without those towering heels, and there was an aloof dignity about her that commanded instant respect, especially from someone who has been reduced to the level of a human equine, such as myself.

There were other handlers busy around the stables, some male, some female and the deep tang of leather mixed freely with the heavier aroma of rubber which was the lot of the "ponies". As usual, I stood meekly whilst one of the junior stable girls stripped me of everything except my bridle and bit and shepherded me into one of the tiled cubicles to be hosed down. This was the most free I ever found myself, except for the metal cuffs that were

snapped about my wrists for the duration of my ablutions, but I had long since abandoned any thoughts of escape.

Not only were there always plenty of staff near at hand to subdue any pony who became troublesome, but Heidi, my now constant companion, had made it clear to me that escape from the estate was impossible. Situated somewhere in the heart of a vast Welsh wilderness, it was bounded by fences, a treacherous river and a swamp and guards patrolled the perimeter day and night. More of Heidi later ...

After a vigorous towelling, I was quickly and expertly fitted with a fresh rig, commencing with the heavy latex tights, followed by the high, tightly laced boots with their curious hooves. Inside the boot, the foot was held as though by a conventional stiletto heeled shoe, but outside, sole and heel had become as one and sculpted into the shape of a hoof, complete with iron shoe nailed beneath it.

The sleeve/mittens came next, laced up each arm to the shoulder and terminating in a tapered mitt, to which was attached a sturdy steel ring. A second ring was fitted at the level of the elbow, which could be locked to the side of my girth-corset. The end rings could either be locked to each other behind my back, or again to other rings at the back of the girth, holding my arms crossed immovably behind me.

The girth corset, like my boots and sleeves, was made from very thick and unyielding rubber and was designed to be laced and buckled so tightly about me that it required great practice to be able to breathe at all and no chance of breathing in a normal fashion. Instead, a pony had to learn to breathe in short, shallow gulps and at an incredible rate in order to sustain a canter or gallop.

Not content with that handicap, we were daily fitted with a large butt plug, which was held firmly in position by a Y-shaped strap that was buckled to the bottom of the girth corset. The act of even walking set up some incredible sensations and, at a full gallop, a pony was in real danger of actually reaching a climax. To do so during the course of a race was strictly frowned on, but to erupt after crossing the finishing line was a spectacle much appreciated by the crowds.

With my arms resecured once again, my harness, bit and helmet were removed and my inexorably lengthening fair hair treated to a thorough brushing, before being bound up once again into the high ponytail style which was the standard for the occupants of this stable. Each fresh rubber helmet, which covered my face to leave only mouth, nostril and eye

openings, also featured a round tubed opening at the crown of the head, through which the hair was carefully drawn, allowing it to cascade attractively down past my shoulders.

My usual overnight bit, a simple hard rubber tube which was drawn back between my teeth, was replaced by one of the metal ones with the hinged tongue plate that would, given the correct pull on the reins, snap up into the roof of my mouth, so I knew that I was in for an energetic morning, either pulling one of Constance's depraved "guests" around the grounds in one or other of the specially designed carts, or else race training around the oval circuit on the far side of the grounds. Silently I cursed, for I had been secretly hoping that I might be permitted a few more hours' rest, possibly without any bit at all, for, since discovering the mistake which had led to me being brought here, Constance had decreed an easier regime for me, which was supposed to include my not being bitted overnight.

The previous evening, however, I had been worked late into the night, satisfying the curiosity and hunger of a young noblewoman who was, it appeared, a recent recruit to the ranks of Constance's clientele and it had been she who insisted the duty stable girls had bitted me for what remained of the night.

I was led towards the racing cart, eyes focussed straight ahead by the large blinkers and backed obediently between the shafts for my traces to be attached. The stable girl, whose name I had learned was Renata, hardly acknowledged my existence, ignoring me but for a few prods with her crop to direct me as she wished. Only when I was finally harnessed up did she address me.

"There you are then, Folly," she said. "All ready for your slut driver - in more ways than one." She reached out and stroked my permanently rigid erection, a result of the constant medication administered to me daily. "But that's not for her today. Lady Katherine wants some more of that when you're finished down at the track. Our little nympho will have to make do with the saddle cock for now."

Renata was referring to the seat upon which the female drivers were perched, a sort of upwardly curving rubber padded bar, from the centre of which rose a monstrous rubber phallus. The unfortunate driver was then hoisted astride this cruel device and lowered onto it with the dildo firmly implanted inside her. I say "unfortunate", but then I have yet to explain about Heidi.

She soon appeared, resplendent in newly polished rubber catsuit and

mask, her own hair billowing from the crown of her helmet, her four feet nine or ten made considerably higher by the unbelievable boots in which she was constantly kept. To say that the heels were high would be an understatement of gargantuan proportions; to say that they were impossible would have been nearer the truth, for surely none but a trained ballet dancer, as Heidi had been in her former existence, could have managed to stand up in them, let alone walk.

The boots shaped the instep into a curve, forcing the wearer to stand on the tips of her toes, their length then laced to a degree of tightness that then gave added support to the ankles, knees and leg muscles. Even now I winced at the sight of Heidi walking in them and yet she contrived to do so with a grace and ease that had to be seen to be believed.

Like myself, Heidi had been brought here against her will and was a prisoner, never seen without her mask, catsuit and boots, her own corset laced to show off her splendid figure to maximum advantage, her large breasts, nipple-ringed and chained, protruding through the strategic cut-outs, her shaven sex gaping widely through a similarly designed opening. It, like her other orifice and my own shaft and rear opening, was permanently available at the whim of those in a position to take advantage of it.

Heidi, however, not only never seemed to mind, she positively revelled in her situation, for she was, as she confessed unrepentantly, a nymphomaniac. Constance had decreed that she should share my stable at nights as a way of softening my life, the nearest she was ever likely to come to an apology, but I sometimes wondered whether it was that much of a favour. Heidi was inexhaustible, to the extent that I started the majority of my days exhausted, for I was frequently left overnight in such restraints that I was in no position to resist her advances.

Not that I would have, most of the time, for I had become strangely attached to this diminutive little rubber maiden with her quick tongue and quirky sense of humour. And yet, even after all this time, I had still no idea of what she looked like behind her mask, for she refused to remove it in my presence, even when she was in a position where she was able to. It concealed, she confided to me, a bad facial scar, the result of a teenage car smash and subsequently botched surgery. Her disfigurement had been a source of much psychological pain, but, safe behind her latex mask, she knew that a scar would be the last thing anyone would be worried about.

With Heidi securely strapped on her seat, sex lips stretched about the huge dildo and arms secured in the leather pouch behind her back, gag now

securely in position, we were led out into the courtyard and confronted with the sight of the Amazonian Maria, Constance's right hand woman and easily the biggest female I had ever laid eyes upon. As ever, she wore her black leather to display her massive cleavage and powerful thigh muscles to the best advantage, towering over everyone else on the estate, save for two of the male handlers, who possibly topped her by a few inches, or would have done but for her towering heeled boots.

"Well done, Renata," she said, addressing the girl who held my lead rein. "A smart turnout as usual, I see."

"Thank you, Miss," Renata replied, giving a stiff little bow. "But Folly's no trouble."

Maria grinned, wickedly, and pointed her whip towards Heidi. "I should think not," she said. "Little Miss Fiery Cunt back there has the same effect as gelding him would." She tapped my erection and I flinched, automatically. "It'll probably drop off on its own," she chuckled. "Right then, Renata, I'm a couple of trainers short today, so I'm giving you the chance to show me what you can do. Take this pair down to the track and have Folly run a couple of ten circuit stints. Take a stop-watch and notebook and make sure the times are entered in his stable log when you get back. Ah, yes, here comes the troublesome filly."

Without even having to see, I knew who she was referring to. Philippa, the former mistress who had been responsible for the mix up which had led to my abduction, was being punished by having her own three months' stint as a pony. Originally she had been told by Constance that it was to be one month, but the cunning bitch had lied to her in order that she would submit to the punishment passively and the truth had only come out when, booted, bridled and restrained, Philippa had been in no position to resist.

Even worse was to come. As Philippa, the dominatrix had been excessively proud of her firm, small breasts, but now, as the filly Firefoot, they had been surgically enlarged, so that they bounced merrily when she trotted, with that strange, stiff-legged gait that the tight boots imposed upon we ponies. The bells on her freshly pierced nipples tinkled in time to her progress, as did the third bell that hung down from the ring that had been inserted through her elongated clitoris. Just the thought of that made me wince.

Firefoot, led by another junior girl, clattered to a halt beside me. I dared not turn my head and the blinkers obscured my vision, but I guessed that another girl driver must be strapped and impaled in position as was Heidi.

The smaller girls found themselves selected for this task, but they were mainly there for decorative purposes, for, without the use of their arms, they could not direct the ponies by means of the reins.

It was left to the ponies to select race tactics, only too aware of the painful consequences for their helpless drivers if they made a mistake that ended up with the cart toppling over. In practice, because of the extra wide wheelspan, this rarely happened, but there was always that risk, no matter how small.

I saw Maria stretch out a hand and guessed, from the jingling sound that followed, that she was tormenting Philippa's nipples. My presumption was proved when she spoke.

"I still think the mistress should have had them done even bigger," she sneered. I heard a snorting sound from behind Philippa's bit and could imagine the thoughts going through her mind. "Never mind," Maria continued, "you're still being medicated, so they'll grow a bit, given time. Yes, big tits suit you, pony girl. Big tits and a bell on your clit, so everyone knows what a useless filly you are."

I wondered what would happen when Philippa finally reached the end of her three months' punishment period. She was not as big, nor as powerful as Maria, but I had heard tales that she was an expert with the bullwhip. I wanted to be around to see the result of that contest, without a shadow of a doubt.

"I think Renata can handle the pair of you," Marie decided. The other handler passed "Firefoot's" lead rein across. "Same thing again, Renata. Ten lap stints, with the other one resting in between. And lay that crop of yours across their flanks if they don't match their regular times."

We walked side by side, following Renata along the rutted track, docile ponies on their way to begin another day in training, Heidi, doubtless, already on the verge of orgasm, as the wheels bounced over the uneven surface and she jiggled up and down on her phallus. In competition, Heidi was our ace-in-the-hole (no pun intended), her insatiably sexual fervour ensuring that, even in a close run race, we were never in danger of losing.

In fact, to date I had yet to be headed by any opposition, so Heidi's peculiar talent had not really been brought into play. Under the competition rules that prevailed in this curious "sport", races were scored in two ways. The first was the most obvious and a judge would measure the winning distance between the two competing outfits (I had never competed in a race where there were more than two, the tightness of the track making it

impracticable and also dangerous if overcrowded) and the result entered in metres.

Secondly, each driver was fitted with an electronic monitor, which registered every time she attained an orgasm during the course of the race. Every climax was worth five metres, except in specially designated contests, and that total distance was then brought into the equation. It was therefore possible for a pony to win by ten or twelve metres, only to find that his opponent's driver had climaxed three times more than his own, thus giving away fifteen metres.

With Heidi there was no danger of this happening, for she regularly outscored her opposite numbers, clocking up results that frequently staggered the uninitiated spectators, so I always raced safe in the knowledge that I could probably lose by ten metres and more and still not have to suffer the painful consequences that were the loser's regular lot.

And, strangely, I was becoming quite proud of our prowess, needing no urging or threat of the whip to keep me up to the mark in training. I and my delectable little driver were champions, a source of pride for our usually quite cruel mistress and, consequently, treated much better than the other stable inmates. As a result - and I know you will find this impossible to understand, unless you were to experience my situation at first hand - I had, in my own way, become quite content with my strange new life.

That is not to say that I should not have tried to escape had the opportunity ever arisen, simply that it had, so far, not and, if Heidi were to be believed, never would. This I did not believe, but I did realise I would have to be patient. A botched escape attempt would bring dire retribution, I knew and it was a risk not worth contemplating. Therefore I waited, watched and learned and, in the meantime, actually enjoyed some of the most exciting and exhausting sex I had ever known, thanks mostly to Heidi, but also, on occasions, due to the inventiveness of Constance's guests.

So, being a fatalist as well as a realist, I resolved to make the best of things. My time would come, of that I was absolutely certain. It was just a question of when and whether the combination of training, racing and Heidi's gymnastic demands would leave me too exhausted to take advantage of it when it did.

\*\*\*\*\*

Had I realised what was brewing, I might not have been so complacent

about my situation, in fact, there is no “might” about it. The problem, although I did not yet know it, was that the former Mistress Philippa, now known as Firefoot, was also very good between the shafts. Naturally athletic, she had also, as I discovered much later, been an Olympic shortlister for the ten thousand metres and had run in marathons since the age of sixteen.

Like me, she also feared the consequences of losing and was also fortunate in having a highly sexed driver, who, although no Heidi, did not disgrace herself in the races in which they competed. Heidi and I had so far not been put into direct competition with this pairing, but it quickly became evident that they were the only team likely to challenge us for the position of number one. I wondered a few times why we were never pitted against each other, but I did not really let it bother me.

I should have, but then they do say that ignorance is bliss!

My hair, which was already quite long when I was abducted, had been growing at an astonishing rate and, after several weeks, my rubber face helmet, to which a plume had been attached for show, had been changed for one like the female ponies wore and my locks pulled up through it and extensions woven in to give it an even more dramatic appearance. It was also bleached so that it was now as white as Heidi's, which I assumed was for aesthetic reasons. It was, but not quite in the way I thought.

My body and facial hair had been removed at the very start of my ordeal and the follicles treated to hinder regrowth, but I was still surprised at how long my skin had remained smooth. I asked Heidi about this one evening, when we were resting after a particularly gruelling series of sprint handicaps.

“It's something they put in the food, I expect,” she said. “My legs haven't had a hair on them in ages. Trouble is, the stuff also has other side effects.”

“Such as what?” I demanded, becoming alarmed.

“Such as,” she replied, pointing a mittened hand towards my chest, “have you noticed your nipples lately?”

I peered down. It was true that my nipples had become swollen and sore since my arrival, but I had attributed that to the constant application of tight clamps, used to attach racing bells during events, but what I had not really taken account of was the way in which they had actually become more pronounced. Not only that, I realised, as I continued to study my chest above the corset, my chest was actually starting to develop. It was not much, so far, but yes, I now had two slightly pronounced mounds, where once I

had been completely flat!

"Why didn't you say something before!" I accused Heidi. Her mouth, outlined by the black latex, curved into a crooked smile.

"What difference would it have made?" she retorted. "What could you have done? If you refuse to eat, they'll either force feed you with a tube, or else they'll just inject the stuff into your veins directly." I stared at Heidi's generous curves and sighed. She was right, of course, but that did not make me feel any better.

As the days passed by, I became fixated with my breasts, for there was no doubt that their rate of growth was actually beginning to accelerate and, at the end of my third month, no one could fail to notice my budding new boobs. I was horrified and ashamed, but Heidi did not seem to understand. For her part, she seemed quite pleased and spent many hours with her mouth glued to one or other of my now astonishingly engorged nipples, sucking like a contented newborn and triggering little electric shivers throughout my entire body.

"I like having my tits sucked," she told me, though it was scarcely a revelation, "so why shouldn't you?" It was a fair question, but I was dismayed that I could now be stimulated in the same way men had stimulated women since time immemorial. Not only that, I sensed that there was worse to come.

I did not have to wait long to learn that worse. Heidi, as was the usual routine, was removed from my stall first thing in the morning and I was taken to be hosed, fed and watered, after the customary enema. All ponies received medication which reduced perspiration to a minimum underneath all that rubber, but every day our legs were released from the hoof boots long enough for our latex tights to be replaced by a fresh pair, once our warm flesh had been sponged down.

Usually, I was only out of the tights and boots for a matter of a few minutes, but on this morning I was left hitched to a ring in the wall, naked apart from my helmet, bridle and arm restraints. Still bitted, I could not query this change in routine, even had I dared, but simply stood, docilely, whilst Leonie, the beanpole-like black duty handler that shift, assisted by one of the newer mistresses, a curvy little redhead called Phoebe, hosed, sponged and redressed three more ponies in efficient succession.

I was quite startled by the sudden appearance of Mistress Constance, for she rarely visited the stable complex before mid afternoon. She was

accompanied by the statuesque Maria, but her chief aide remained in the background whilst Constance strode purposefully up to me, high heels clacking on the stone floor.

"Good morning, Folly," she said. No one ever called me by my real name, not even Heidi, for fear that she might slip up and use it in the presence of the handlers, a light enough error, but one which would earn a swift and unwelcome strapping. Constance reached up and unclipped my bit, drawing it from between my teeth. I ran my tongue around my lips, grateful to ease my jaws, even though I had grown accustomed to enduring the pressure for hours at a time.

"You have my permission to speak," she said, "but not until I tell you. Now, how are you today?"

"I am quite healthy, Mistress," I replied, dutifully. And so I was, which was all that ever concerned Constance and her followers. I had yet to feel any sort of illness, but Heidi had assured me that sick ponies were rested and well treated until they recovered, though it was unwise to try to fool your handlers into thinking there was something wrong with you when there was not.

"Excellent," Constance said. "That makes me so happy." She reached out an arm, finger extended towards my swollen bosoms. "I assume you have noticed these?" she said, her voice purring silkily. I nodded. "Of course you have, my beautiful Folly," she continued. "You are a very bright pony. And do you know what has caused them to grow?"

Again I nodded. "Whatever it is that is given to me to keep the hair from growing back on my body," I said.

"Precisely. And it also causes the hair on your head to grow at a greater rate, for the compound is based upon female hormones."

"May I ask a question, Mistress?" I asked warily. Constance nodded her assent. I cleared my throat. "How much larger will ... will I grow?"

She smiled and patted my shoulder. "Left as things are, it is hard to tell, though your breasts will certainly continue to increase in size. The problem is, from my point of view, that growth is very slow, so, from today, you will receive booster injections morning and evening."

I gasped in horror. "B-but why, Mistress?" I wailed.

"That is not for you to know, at least at this stage," she countered coolly. She stepped back and ran a cursory inspection gaze up and down my body. "Yes, quite good development," she said, speaking as if to herself. "Hips rounding, buttocks coming along nicely, leg muscles firm, but not too

angular. Yes, I should think about a month in all." She turned her head. "What do you think, Maria?"

The muscular blonde grunted and nodded. "As you say, Mistress," she replied. "About a month should do it."

"Don't look so worried, my darling Folly," Constance said, turning back to me. "There is a good side to it. In future you will be taken off all routine duties and you will not even be raced in competition for another month at least. I will also permit Heidi to stay with you full time. She shall be your groom, as well as a nice warm home for this." She flicked at the tip of my erection and laughed, lightly.

"Your treatment will ensure that your maleness does not diminish," she assured me. "That would never do. Ah well, I have other duties that call, so I shall have to take my leave. Look after this one well, Leonie, for he is extremely valuable."

When I had been redressed, rebitted, reshod and returned to my stall, I found, as promised, that Heidi was already there waiting for me. When we were alone, she unclipped my bit, usually not only a risky move, but one that was made impossible by the restraining mittens that normally kept her hands doubled into useless fists. I saw that today she now wore just the rubber gloves that were one with the ends of her sleeves.

"You're taking a big chance," I warned her in a fierce whisper.

She shook her head. "No, I've been told it's okay. Besides, why else would they leave my hands free?" She suggested a possibility by grasping my stiff stem in one hand and slowly masturbating it. I groaned and closed my eyes. The girl was insatiable and I was always ready for her, whether I wanted to be or not.

\*\*\*\*\*

"So what are they up to now?" I demanded, propping myself up against the wooden dividing wall. Heidi curled up alongside of me, her head in my lap, her tongue gently lapping my glistening erection clean from our combined juices.

"Who knows?" she sighed, between tongue strokes. "But you can bet it's more than just money at the back of it. Constance is a law unto herself and it's a waste of time trying to figure her out."

"You're telling me," I muttered. I gazed down upon my elfin companion and suddenly my fears seemed to fade from the forefront of my thoughts. I

knew it was crazy, for this creature would perform with whoever she was ordered, but I felt certain that what I felt for her now bordered on love. And, what was crazier still, if we ever got out of this place and met up across a crowded room, I would almost certainly not recognise her. Her tiny frame might give me a clue, but I would never be sure, unless she spoke, for I had still not seen her face. My useless fist fondled the collar that kept her hood mask in place.

"I want to know what you really look like," I whispered to her. I felt her whole body stiffen.

"Why?"

"Because I think it's about time I saw the face of the girl I may well be spending the rest of my life with."

Heidi gave a gulping sob. "Don't!" she cried. "Please don't!"

I stroked her shoulders. "What's the matter?" I asked, gently. "The scar won't bother me, I promise."

She gave another little sob and sniffed, noisily. "Fuck the scar!" she snapped angrily. "It's not that. It's just that it doesn't pay to make any sort of plans around this place. We could be split up tomorrow and never see each other again."

"All the more reason why I should know what you really look like. And you should be able to see my face, too. Look, sit up and take this bridle and mask off me, just for a few minutes. I'd do it myself, but these bloody mittens are too damned effective." The mittens which, like those Heidi usually wore, kept my fingers doubled into fists, were always put on me, except when I was fitted with my racing sleeves. It was now three months since I had last had the use of my hands.

Heidi looked up at me and I saw the tears in her eyes. "If they catch me, they'll whip me and probably take me away for good straight away," she sobbed. "Oh Folly, I could love you too, but it isn't worth the risk of such heartbreak. Can't you accept that we're just stable mates and a good fuck for each other?"

"If I thought that was all there was to life, I'd really go mad," I said, forcefully. "No, I won't accept it, but I don't want to put your safety at risk, either. I'll ask one of the handlers if we can have a special dispensation from Mistress Constance, even though it might only be for a few minutes."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Usually," Maria snapped, towering over the pair of us in her impossible boots, "such a request would be turned down without a second thought." It was two days later and a day and a half since I had ventured to Leonie that she might relay my request to Constance. She had made no reply then, but had obviously passed on my plea, though nothing more had been said until the sudden appearance in our stall of the blonde Amazon.

"However," Maria went on, the ghost of a smile playing on her lips, "on this occasion it amuses Mistress Constance to be generous to you." She turned to Heidi, who was visibly shaking. "Do you want this too, you stunted little slut?" There was an agonising pause, during which I thought Heidi was going to reply in the negative, but finally, to my relief, she nodded. "Please, Mistress," she mumbled.

I gave an inward sigh of relief.

Maria fumbled in the pocket of her tunic, took out a small key and passed it to Heidi.

"You have two hours, no more," she decreed. "When I return, I expect you both masked again as you now are. As you have no means of telling the time here, I suggest you err on the side of caution. Otherwise, I shall personally give you twelve cuts of the cane each and you, my girl," she added, glowering down at Heidi, "will find yourself locked inside a steel chastity belt for a week. And I'll add a steel bodice, for good measure." It was a threat which, to Heidi, was far more dreadful than the prospect of being caned or whipped. Seven days without any sort of sexual stimulation would drive her to the edge of sanity!

Maria turned on her heel and was gone, the stall door banging behind her and the dull thud of the locking bar being dropped into place on the outside echoing around the bare walls. We stood and looked at each other, the air electric with tension.

"Who's going to go first?" I said, breaking the interminable silence.

Heidi smiled, nervously. "You first," she said.

"You call that democracy?" I joked.

She giggled. "Nope," she said. "I call that tough. I've got the key to my collar and, even if I gave it to you, you couldn't use it any more than you can get your harness and mask off, even though that doesn't need a key."

"I know when I'm beaten," I said and bent forward to enable her to reach the various buckles. The harness dropped away to land in the straw with a dull jangling sound and Heidi reached up to peel off my mask. It was always a relief to be free of the clinging latex, even for the few minutes that

was allowed when masks were being changed for fresh ones and I shook my head with relief as she pulled the thing clear of my long ponytail. For several seconds we stood in silence again. At last, Heidi smiled.

"Even better than I hoped," she said and drew my face down again to kiss me on the mouth. As I straightened up once more, her expression became serious once again. "I wish you could say the same about me," she sighed, "but I wouldn't try to fool myself." Her rubber gloved fingers fumbled to insert the little key into the lock of her collar and I saw that she was trembling violently again. I desperately wished that I could help her and silently cursed the damned mittens.

At last, the key slipped home and she turned it with a barely audible click. Slowly, she opened the collar and passed it to me. I took it between my useless fists and stood waiting, my heart beating as she reached up once more and began slowly drawing the black latex from her face. The sound of the fabric, stretching and rustling, was the only noise in the stall, though inside my head I could hear my heart thundering noisily.

Heidi lowered her arms, the limp, shapeless rubber dangling from the fingers of her right hand and looked up into my face. I did not know what to say, but I simply bent forward and kissed her on her forehead.

"Well?" she challenged, as I straightened up again. "Have you seen enough? Shall I put this damned mask back on again?" My eyes narrowed and I peered at her features.

"Heidi," I began, "when did you last see your own reflection, without the mask, I mean?"

She looked vacantly back at me. "Fuck knows," she said and I detected the defensiveness in her tone. "Two years, probably more. I can't remember. I just wish I couldn't remember what I saw as easily."

"I see," I said, softly. I reached out and gently touched her right cheek with my fist. She cringed away from the contact.

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't make fun of me. I'll bite your cock off if you don't stop!"

"I'm not making fun of you, my little elfin princess. I just wish we had a mirror in here, so you can see what I'm seeing."

"Bastard!" she hissed, turning away from me so abruptly that she nearly overbalanced in her ballerina boots. She staggered to regain her balance and shot me a look of poisonous vehemence over her shoulder. I shook my head.

"You don't understand," I said. "What I'm trying to tell you is that time has

worked bloody wonders on your face.”

Heidi laughed, harshly. “Oh yeah?” she scoffed. “And I’m a bloody virgin!”

I sighed and held up my hands. “I’m not saying I can’t see where you were cut,” I persisted, “but it’s nowhere near as bad as you led me to expect. There’s nothing more than a pale line across your cheek now, which a thick makeup would probably cover up. And, whilst I’m no expert, I reckon a decent plastic surgeon could hide that once and for all.”

Heidi gaped up at me. “But it can’t be true!” she wailed. “They said it would never fade.”

“Well, they were wrong, whoever they were,” I assured her. “Maybe it’s got something to do with the stuff they pump into us here; maybe it’s to do with keeping your face inside a rubber sheath for all this time - I don’t know. But something’s worked.”

Slowly, her hands rose to her face, caressing her cheeks. “You wouldn’t lie to me, would you, Roger?” It was the first time she had used my real name since I had first arrived here. “Just because there’s no mirror here, I can always ask if I can see myself in one later.”

“I’m surprised none of the handlers has commented on it,” I said.

“They wouldn’t be in any position to know,” Heidi said. “I’m allowed to wash my own face and put on a clean mask in private and I deliberately asked that there was no mirror in my old cell. Strange as it may seem, considering all the other sorts of cruelty that go on around here, Mistress Constance understood and sympathised. No one’s seen my face in all the time I’ve been here - except you, now,” she added, her voice unsteady. She held me in her gaze, studying my face. “Swear it’s true!” she challenged.

I stood, unmoving. “I swear it’s true,” I said, slowly and clearly. And then she was upon me, leaping at me and knocking me off balance, so that I landed on the floor with her astride me.

“Wh-what’s the matter?” I gasped, struggling for breath. Heidi was laughing and crying, all at the same time and trying to get my erection between her love lips.

“We’ve only got a couple of hours, you fool!” she giggled. “And if I’m so all-fired bloody beautiful, how about a celebratory fuck?”

\*\*\*\*\*

What I had told Heidi about her scar was perfectly true. Not that any woman would be pleased to change places with her, but, from what she had

said, I had been expecting a hideous disfigurement and the pale line that crossed her cheek was only a minor impediment to a face that was as beautiful as the rest of her. And now I knew I was in love, though I suspect I should have loved her even had her features been truly ravaged.

For the first time we made love, instead of just having sex, at least after the first, frenetic coupling and we only just managed to replace our masks and my bridle before Maria returned.

"Well?" she said, looking from one to the other of us. "Are you both happy now?"

"I wondered, Mistress," I ventured, "if Heidi might be permitted to see herself in a mirror at some stage. Her scarring has faded dramatically and it might help if she could see for herself."

Maria scowled. "Bloody psychiatrist now, are we?" she growled, but her face softened a little. "I'll see what I can do. For now, follow me, or shall I bit you and drag you?" She raised her eyes aloft. "Come on!" she urged. "You're being moved and you've got a new stable-mate. No, don't worry, I won't take your precious little slut from you. You're going into a larger stall and there'll be three of you from now on."

The pony girl tethered to the far wall of the new stall was masked, bitted and bridled, her blonde mane resplendent after a recent grooming and, despite the rubber and leather obscuring her features, I knew instantly that it was Firefoot, aka the former Mistress Philippa. I was astonished to see her there, for she should have been due for release from her punishment sentence. Maria guessed what was in my mind.

"The bitch has had her punishment extended," she said, with a malicious grin. "She bit a guest in a very painful spot, because she could not come to terms with the fact that she is a mere pony girl and meant to serve or be serviced. She will now be stabled with you and the poison dwarf here will groom you both. However, girlie," she added, turning to Heidi, "she is to be kept bitted at all times, except when one of the hands takes her at feeding time.

"Not that she'll be able to talk very easily. We've had a circular steel plate studded through her tongue. With four studs, it keeps the tongue too rigid for coherent speech. Not very comfortable, but she should think herself lucky we didn't extract all her teeth instead. That'd teach her to bite!"

It was Heidi who guessed the significance of this latest move and it provided an instant explanation for why Constance had decided to enlarge my breasts so dramatically.

"She intends to race you as a pair!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "That's the answer. I mean, look at you and look at her. You're the same height, the same sort of build, the same colouring, especially now they've bleached your hair. Yes, see, her hair was never that pale; she was more a honey blonde. And, in another week or two," she said, fondling my by now quite prominent breasts, "you'll have tits almost as big, especially if she turns you over to that bitch Fredericks for implants as well."

"But there's one significant difference," I pointed out, staring down at my as ever rampant phallus. I felt a cold hand running down my spine. Surely they wouldn't? My face must have betrayed my horror, even though half of it was once again obscured by latex.

"That's the whole point," Heidi said. "It's what's called a cunt and cock pair. The Arabs go for it in a big way. You needn't worry about losing your manhood, but I'm afraid it means you're going to have a pair of mammaries at least as big as mine." She giggled. "That'll be interesting."

I scowled. "I'm glad you find it so funny!" I snapped. Her gloved fingers rolled my swollen teats back and forth. "Oh Folly," she said, reverting back to my pony name. "What's the point in getting all upset about it? There's nothing we can do and you must admit, when I do this it gets you really turned on, doesn't it? They were never this sensitive before, were they?"

It was perfectly true. As my breasts were growing larger, my nipples were becoming more and more a focal point and Heidi, the minx, was well aware of it. I suspected that it would not be too much longer before she would be able to bring me to a climax without even touching my penis and that thought shamed me. It was bad enough being turned into a human pony, but to be made as much as a slave to my nipples as were most females, that I found hard to swallow.

And it would be worse, I knew. Heidi was one thing, but there would come a time when, back on display in front of Constance's warped guests, some evil bastard would make sure I was humiliated in that way in public. I had visions of myself racing stiff legged around the track alongside Philippa Firefoot, cock rampant like the bowsprit of some racing yacht, boobs bouncing and ...

"Shit!" I exclaimed out loud. Heidi stopped her manipulations and looked up at me.

"What's up?" I looked across at Philippa, still standing resignedly where we had first seen her, not that she had much option, for her bridle rein was far too short to permit her to sit, or even kneel.

"If we're going to be the same in every way bar one," I said, "that means they'll pierce my nipples and ears and hang bells on them, same as they've done to her. And ... oh my God!" I breathed, noticing something else for the first time. Heidi followed my gaze and let out a little murmur.

"I was right," she whispered. "That's exactly what the Arabs do to their racing fillies to stop the stallions mounting them when they pair them in the same stable. Very effective."

Very effective was an understatement, for each of Philippa's outer lips had been pierced and ringed in four places, the opposite pairs then locked together with minuscule padlocks that were either gold, or, more likely, gold plated stainless steel. If any stallion fancied penetrating her, as doubtless many would, for she was a superb specimen of womanhood, even in her pony girl rig, he would only have one option open and that would usually be filled by a tail plug.

Although Heidi had been warned against removing Philippa's bit, nothing had been said about not unhitching her bridle to allow her to settle in a more comfortable position, but Heidi clearly had old scores to settle with the former mistress and was in no hurry to oblige. Instead, she deliberately tormented the poor woman, hefting her breasts and playing with her nipple rings, kneeling and examining the rings and locks that held her sex closed and teasing out her magnificent blonde mane.

At last, however, she relented, unclasping the rein and pointing to the corner farthest from us.

"You can have that area," Heidi said, assuming command of the situation. "As I am groom for both of you, I think it only fair that I have the major say in how things are run. You, bitch, had better learn that this little pony is My Little Pony, okay? If you behave and don't give us any grief, I'll let him service you every few days, though it'll have to be a rear entrance job.

"If you don't behave, I'll ask Maria to let me have one of the biggest strap-on cocks they've got and then I'll bugger you myself, okay?" The three months had plainly knocked a lot of the stuffing out of the previously haughty mistress, for she nodded, miserably. "Right, then," Heidi forged on, "as long as we've got that straight.

"For my part, I'll make sure that you're both turned out better than any pony this bloody place has ever seen. Not only will your harnesses gleam, but so will you both. If I'm right, they'll be bringing in a twin racer cart and they were what gave Mistress Constance the idea for the design of our singles. There's still only one driver, but the set-up is a little different in that

the reins are attached to her legs. She still gets her box chuffed all the while, but that's part of the territory and I don't mind that." She stood over Philippa, who had now sunk into a sitting position in the straw.

"My Folly here is a champion," she told her, "and we've never been beaten. Neither have you, or so I've heard, but you've probably not faced quite as stiff opposition as we have. Never mind, you're still good and so you should be with those long legs. However, if we lose a race and I think it's your fault, I'll wait till we get back here and I'll thrash you round the stall all night, especially after the sort of losers' treatment we'll be bound to get."

"What makes you so sure you'll be picked as driver?" I asked. "After all, the girl who was originally paired with her was supposed to be quite good."

"Maybe," Heidi retorted, "but if they were going to use her, she'd be here instead of me. Mind you, I'm not saying they won't train her with us, as a back-up in case anything happens to me, but I'm numero uno and that's because I'm the best there is. I haven't had any experience on a double cart, but I guarantee more orgasms per mile than anybody else you know!"

Heidi was right, but then she usually was. The fact that she lived with a constant craving for sex did nothing to diminish her natural intelligence and intuitive reasoning. The other girl driver was put in with us the next morning, but Maria made it very clear that she was the number two girl.

"On the other hand," the big mistress warned, "we expect that this team will win, whoever gets her cunt over the saddle. The Mistress has issued invitations to all the owners of all the best pairs in the world. The meeting isn't for a few months yet, but that's to give you time to reach your peak. And for you," she added, pointing at me, "to finish getting the correct figure.

"From now on, you'll be trained hard, every day. Full racing tack and, as soon as possible, all the trimmings." She looked pointedly at me again at this. "Work well and eventually win and nothing will be too good for you, if I know the Mistress. And that little lot," she went on, pointing down at Philippa's labial locking rings, "will be a thing of the past.

"You two will be used for breeding. As World Champions, your offspring will be worth millions in the right quarters." I gasped out loud at this. It was an inhuman plan, deliberately breeding children who would be sold into a life of debauchery and shame without ever knowing what the real world was! And yet what could I - what could any of us, for that matter - do to stop it?

Philippa and I stood between the shafts, already harnessed, bridled and bitted, waiting patiently whilst two handlers lifted the tiny, bound form of Heidi and impaled her on the phallus horn of the saddle bar. Straps from the upright bar behind her were buckled tightly about her waist and chest, holding her rigidly upright and more straps secured her legs wide apart to the horizontal bar that passed behind and just above her knees.

Her feet, clad in their usual ballerina heeled boots, dangled freely and reins were now attached to her ankles, which led forward to our bridles. Even though Heidi's arms were bound up helplessly behind her, she could now exert some guidance to us, which became essential when our blinkers were removed and thickly padded blindfolds buckled over our eyes in their stead. So effective were these not a single chink of light penetrated.

"You won't be blindfolded for racing purposes," I heard Maria's voice saying from nearby, "except for special novelty events, that is. However, it is essential that you learn to respond to your driver's slightest command. A solo pony guiding him or her self is one thing, but if a pair start trying to do individual things, that can spell disaster.

"In a day or two, you will be getting a new trainer. He's an expert who's been training cock and cunt pairs for rich sheiks for twenty years and Mistress has commissioned him to come over especially to take care of you. For the moment, at his suggestion, you will train circuits like this.

"To begin with, you will not be expected to go fast. Speed, at this stage, is secondary to coordination. Folly, as inside pony, will be lead. You, Firefoot, will move with him at all times, even if you think he has responded incorrectly to Heidi's signals. We can sort that out later." I heard the sound of her boots moving away on the gravelled surface.

"Right, my little stunted hotbox," I heard her say to Heidi, behind us. "Take them down to the circuit and trot them steadily. You know the way, so there's no need for you to be supervised. None of you can get into any trouble as you are."

Too true, I thought. With Heidi bound, gagged and secured as thoroughly as Philippa and I, there was no alternative but for us to do exactly as instructed. I felt the flicking of the rein which was the signal to move forward and hesitantly, shut in my dark world, I raised my left foot.

For two days we exercised with the blindfolds on. At first it was a harrowing experience, but as a training exercise it was rapidly successful in building, within my fellow pony and myself, an instinctive trust in our driver's every

signal. We were not expected to perform at more than a gentle trot at this stage, for, regardless of the coordination we were establishing, to try to go any faster would have been courting disaster.

Philippa's original driver, now the number two in our team, was called Mia. Like Heidi, she was very small and light, though she stood a good inch and a half taller. Like Heidi also, she managed to walk about quite easily in the ballerina boots, but she was not very talkative, even though both drivers were left ungagged during most of the time we spent in the stalls. When she first arrived, her hair was a dark chestnut in colour, but that was quickly changed in the interests of aesthetic appeal and, after missing for a few hours, she was returned to us with a white blonde ponytail, which was then trimmed to make it exactly the same length as Heidi's.

My little lover revelled in her position as head driver and groom, bossing Mia about and deliberately tormenting the helpless Philippa, repaying old scores without a doubt. However, on the third day, the situation changed dramatically, with the arrival of Faisal Marouk, our new trainer.

A small, dark skinned man, he brought with him two stunningly handsome Negresses who, although they wore the same high boots and tight leather leggings favoured by the majority of the estate's handlers, worked topless, their magnificent breasts bared to the elements, regardless of the weather. Both were shaven headed, their skulls polished until they gleamed as brightly as did their chalk white teeth and it was perfectly obvious that they had been in their line of work for some time.

These black girls, Sahara and Alexandra, were Faisal's permanent assistants and Heidi found her position as groom virtually redundant, being reduced to running errands and carrying out menial chores, whilst the big women worked on us. There were some immediate changes.

Firstly, the rubber helmets that covered the top halves of our faces and heads were replaced by full face versions that left only the eyes and mouth visible, with ringed apertures below each nostril. From the tops of these helmets sprouted huge horse ears and on the inside they were padded over the ears, with soft rubber inserts that plugged the ears themselves, rendering both Philippa and myself virtually deaf to all but commands spoken loudly and very close to.

The idea of this, Faisal told the drivers, was that we should not be distracted by crowd noises, or the sounds of other teams behind us. Instead, blinkered severely, we would concentrate on the track immediately ahead and on the signals transmitted to us by the reins. We were also kept

gagged, rather than bitted, for much of our downtime in the stall, the gag of soft rubber filling the mouth completely, but with a rigid tube of hard rubber running through its centre and projecting several inches from our mouths.

The purpose of this became clear when we were next due to be fed. Leather nosebags, lined with rubber and filled with a stodgy paste like substance, were attached to our heads, as is done with real horses and we were left to feed ourselves in this way. The stirrup operated drinking device was useless whilst we were thus gagged and so a water trough was brought in and stationed in the corner by the door, so that when the nosebags were removed we could dip our tubes and suck in liquid at will.

"I believe that the more I treat human ponies like the four legged ones," Faisal told Constance, when she paid the stable a visit to check on our progress, "the more they will come to think like them." I had expected that he would speak English with a heavy accent, but this was not the case. Instead, he sounded more like a radio announcer, his diction perfect, his emphasis always spot on.

Faisal had brought with him the latest design in pony carts and we were quickly introduced to it. It differed from what we had been working with in that it had a single, central shaft at the front of which was a crossbar, forming the top of a letter 'T'. This was fixed at two points, about a foot apart, as the end of the central shaft split into a semicircle and it was the two ends of this that joined the second spar. To enable us to be harnessed to this, our rig was changed slightly.

Our arms were now laced into new leather sleeves. Again, they tapered to a mitten point, with a heavy ring sewn into the fabric, but the one on my right arm and the one on Philippa's left, also had a vertical row of a dozen or more small rings sewn up the outer seam. We were then placed side by side and leather laces threaded in and out, binding our inside arms together, each to the other.

This done, we were backed against the crossbar, all four arms hooked over it and the end rings on the mitts clipped to our corset girths. With our joined arms passing through the semicircular opening between main shaft and crossbar, there was no danger of either of us being able to slip over the end of the crossbar and no other harness was necessary.

Faisal was a stickler for training as though under race conditions, especially in his adjustment of the straps that ran from the tops of our bridle harnesses to the smalls of our backs and he kept them as taut as possible at

all times, forcing us to keep our heads proud and high. He was also a cunning psychologist and, on his second day, had erected, in the area between the two rows of stalls, a huge mirror. Each day, before we were driven out and down to the track, we were made to walk sedately towards this and, when Heidi - or Maria, as it sometimes was - reined us to a halt, we had to stand and admire ourselves for two or three minutes.

My breasts, meanwhile, continued to grow at an astonishing rate and it rapidly became clear that I was not going to require surgery in order to attain the same figure as Philippa. I watched their development with trepidation, for I knew what would happen as soon as they were anywhere near their intended size.

The day came at the end of Faisal's second week. Instead of being unharnessed and returned to the stall with the others at the end of the afternoon, Sahara clipped a lead rein to my harness and led me back towards the main house. Inside, I was taken into the area where George and Nurse Lucy worked, made to sit on a heavy stool and strapped to it, with my arm sleeves locked together behind my back.

The piercing process was slightly painful, but nowhere near as agonising as my imagination had visualised and the gold plated rings were soon glistening from my nipples. My ears were then pierced and more rings added, before a needle was pushed through my septum and a fifth ring added. I assumed that was it, but no, there was one further surprise in store for me.

A cold spray was applied to my genitalia, the loose skin beneath my testicles pierced and the heaviest ring of the lot inserted. Still not satisfied, my distended foreskin was treated in the same fashion, although, mercifully, the ring this time was much smaller and lighter. Heidi was delighted with the effect and, when we were finally returned the power of speech late that evening, told me so.

"I can't wait to see you when they put the bells on as well," she bubbled. "Hell, we'll be the smartest looking team out there." She eyed the penis ring, thoughtfully. "I've never fucked a cock that's been ringed," she said, walking slowly towards me. It took her less than a minute to correct that oversight in her education!

\*\*\*\*\*

The Grand Challenge day was still some way off, but Faisal and Constance

decided to arrange for us to race against some selected pairs belonging to individuals they each knew. These were not the crack teams we were to expect for the big event itself, but nevertheless they were very experienced and had all won highly regarded events in their time.

Our owner had also decided that we should race in a completely new rig, identical in every way to our existing rig but one, colour. For training and practice trials against scratch pairings from within our own stables, we would continue in the regulation black rubber and leather, but for 'proper' contests we would appear in a dazzling, pillar-box red array, with red ostrich feathers added to our white ponytail plumes and white tails instead of the black.

The other change, from my personal point of view, was that hard running now, whether in training or actual races, set my newly acquired and rapidly blooming breasts bouncing in a way that may have excited the onlookers at a meeting, but which was decidedly uncomfortable on my part. I truly began to appreciate the sort of problems that well developed female athletes faced and why they went to great lengths to strap their bosoms down as much as possible.

That option was not permitted me and the bouncing was made even worse when Faisal first fitted the bells to our nipple rings. They were not particularly heavy, but even a couple of ounces on each side aggravated the effect and it was several days before I came anywhere near accustoming myself to the feeling.

Constance was now beginning to get very enthusiastic about the whole project and was there to see us prepared for our first real pairs race. She herself added the finishing touches - in my case, two slender chains running from my nipple rings down to join at the ring in my foreskin and in Philippa's, two similar chains, but clipped instead to the ring in her clitoris, which was pulled out through her locked labia for the day. As far as I could tell, these chains served no purpose other than to add to the general jangling effect and the tinkling of the bells which now adorned all the rings in our two bodies and the collars which Faisal fastened about Heidi's and Mia's necks.

To really test us, we were to race twice, each of our drivers taking the reins for one match. There would be an hour's rest between events, but this still meant that the second race would see us, still not properly rested from the first effort, against a completely fresh team. Faisal decided that Mia would be first up, thus leaving, in everyone's opinion, the best driver for the

most difficult challenge.

"I have every faith in you, my two beauties," Constance smiled, patting both our cheeks. "And you look splendid in your new red livery. And how your tits and thighs have come on, Folly! Without this, you could easily be mistaken for Firefoot here." She grasped my ever erect cock and squeezed it, playfully. I shivered, for, despite my devotion to Heidi, Constance was the sort of woman that any man would yearn to bed. Unfortunately, in her eyes, I was little more than a trained animal and my permanent erection fit only for slave girls and other ponies.

The racing circuit, set at the far side of the estate, was not in its best condition, owing to the fact that we had experienced heavier than seasonal rainfall for several days prior to the race. The surface was well gravelled, but water and a thin veil of mud had squeezed up from below, making the surface very tricky indeed.

To counter this, Faisal had changed the shoes on our hoof boots and, instead of the usual steel, we wore steel-cored, heavy rubber shoes, the under surface of which were scored in the manner of car tyres. They were no heavier, overall, than our usual shoes, but they were slightly thicker, perhaps by half an inch. That may not sound much, if you are considering the thickness of the weighted platform soles anyway, but it was the first time either of us had worn them and it felt slightly strange as we stiff trotted down to the track, Mia swaying in her seat behind us, her gaping sex, as usual, impaled on the saddle horn.

I had expected only a small crowd, as this was really only in the nature of a trials event, but word of Constance's splendid new 'cock and cunt' racing pair had spread quickly, no doubt thanks to Constance herself and, not only was the wooden grandstand packed to capacity, but there were at least two hundred spectators lining the home straight.

The first pair were already there, rigged as we were, but in pale green livery and without much of the additional body ornamentation that had been given to Philippa and myself. I saw that their racing cart, their anonymous female driver perched and secured in position, was of the type we had first trained with. I gave a little sigh of satisfaction. According to Faisal, who was the expert in these matters, the single shafted cart was much quicker on the bends and so we would start with an advantage.

"Do what you have to do to win, my big titted beauties," Faisal said, taking the lead rein from Heidi, who had paraded us all the way to the track, perched on those impossible heels and fully gagged and belled ready for

her stint on the cart later. "Remember, you've another race to go and that's the important one. Your Mistress has wagered a great deal with the owner of the second pair, who thinks he is onto a good thing with you having to run against this pair first. So, do not think you need to win by a mile. Just make it a decent margin in case their driver out climaxes yours and sneaks in on the bonus system."

He did not need to add that in the second race it was unlikely that any driver could sneak past Heidi's hair-trigger orgasming ability. Unless the driver of the second pair was some sort of alien freak, Heidi would be good for a thirty metre start! And that was on a bad day.

The first pair were good, without a doubt and they also made a dramatic sight, for both had breasts that had been deliberately enlarged until they required a harness of thin straps to exert some sort of control over the way they bounced when travelling at full speed. I stared hard at the male pony and tried to peer down at my own feminised contours and wondered what it must feel like to have to carry that enormous pair of orbs around permanently. My own breasts were probably approaching a C-cup size by now, but this pair were both somewhere on the high side of an E!

Our owners tossed a coin for start positions. Constance lost and we lined up so that we would have to approach the first bend on the outside, unless we forged ahead in the hundred or so yards between the starting line and the end of the home straight. However, when I had found myself in this position previously, I had always adopted the tactic of waiting and dropping in behind, maintaining a handy position and eventually, usually somewhere during the final lap and a half, surging ahead on the straight.

In my solo racing career, Heidi had always been there just for show and for the bonus point system, unable to exert any control over my pace or direction. Now she was supposed to coordinate our movements and take the decisions. We had talked about this on several occasions and had decided that my original strategy would still be the best way to approach this new experience. Philippa, who we had not consulted, mainly because she was still gagged for most of the time, was instructed accordingly.

Faisal had approved wholeheartedly when Heidi had asked for his agreement. It was, he said, better to wait until your opponents had virtually no time left to try to counter attack. I remembered my very first race and how I had completely taken the opposition by surprise in this way.

As was usual, the racing was to take place under floodlights, although the sun had not long dipped below the horizon and there was still some natural

daylight as we awaited the starting pistol. I looked to my right and saw the lap counter holding up a card showing the number twenty five. With each circuit completed, she would hold up a lower number. I drew in as deep a breath as I could, for twenty five laps was getting close to the maximum I had ever raced before and this was just the first race!

The starter and his officials were neutrals and his assistants checked each rig thoroughly, making sure that all four ponies were girthed equally tightly and that our check reins had not been slackened in an attempt to earn an unfair advantage. Finally, they stepped back and signalled that all was in order. The starter mounted his rostrum, barked out an instruction for us to be ready and fired his pistol into the air almost at the same time.

Our tactics worked, though at one stage I began to wonder if Philippa would last the pace, for I had no idea what her maximum endurance test had been to date. However, the pair ahead of us were beginning to struggle with five laps to go and it showed to the extent that she took fresh heart, fresh breath and, when we accelerated past them on the back straight with a lap and a half to go, they had nothing left with which to come back at us and we won by thirty five metres, easing down in the last fifty.

When the sensors of the two drivers had been compared, it was further discovered that Mia had climaxed a highly creditable six times and her opponent a mere four, so we really had won comfortably. And it was a good omen for the second race, for Heidi never failed to reach at least seven peaks during an average race and frequently achieved nine. On one thirty lap race she had even triggered the metre thirteen times and had thereafter boasted that thirteen must be her lucky number!

The usual ritual, after a solo contest between two ponies was that the winning driver earned the right to whip the losing pony and the winning pony then mounted the losing driver, in whatever way he desired. In this case there were two losing ponies of course and Mia had a field day with a long, vicious looking crop, the unfortunate pair strapped down over a low frame, rather than hung up on a bar as was more normal. I guessed that this was to display their huge breasts to the best advantage and they certainly made an erotic spectacle, four pendulous mammaries hanging downwards and two very curvaceous rumps, a by-product of the medication used to increase their bust sizes, presented high in the air for Mia's attention.

Because Philippa and I were to race again in only an hour, it had been decided that the losing driver would have to wait for her ravishment. She,

like her ponies, boasted a larger than life bust, though her rubber bodysuit had compressed it somewhat. However, when she had been strapped to a post opposite the grandstand, one of the handlers unzipped two openings and freed her boobs for all to see, leaving her standing there as an additional part of the evening's entertainment, unable to prevent the various spectators from fondling her as they mingled near the start.

The crowd cheered and jeered heartily as Mia lashed the defeated ponies mercilessly, reducing their rumps to a mass of welts that were as red as our livery and then, as there was still time to fill before the big event, Maria strapped a double dildo onto the driver and urged her to ravish both creatures from behind, much to the merriment of the gathering, as she had to stand on a small dais in order to reach.

Faisal, usually such a stern taskmaster, was looking very pleased with himself. He came over to where Sahara and Alexandra were lifting Heidi onto her driver's perch and rubbed his hand over her mound as the huge phallus slipped into her.

"Let's hope your little bud is on form tonight, my pretty," he crooned. "This next pair are past their peak, but they have a new driver who has the reputation of being very hot." He reached up and stroked her breasts. In solo racing, the driver's breasts are usually left bare, as the losing driver's from the first race now were, usually with a chain dangling between the nipple rings, but for some reason, it appeared the tradition in pairs was that they were kept covered during the race itself, possibly, I assumed, so that they did not distract from the spectacle presented by the ponies themselves.

When a pony is only to run in one event, as is the norm, the usual medication that prevents them from sweating too much inside their rubber outfits is omitted, for the spectators find the glistening bodies an added attraction. However, not wanting us to be uncomfortable even before the start of our second challenge, Faisal had insisted that we actually be given a larger dose than usual and both Philippa and I were completely dry, despite our earlier exertions.

Our bits had been temporarily removed and the gags and nosebags fitted, amidst stern warnings not to over indulge ourselves. I sucked slowly on the orange flavoured goo, not that I was hungry, but knowing that it contained several elements that would increase my energy and stamina. As we fed, we became the focus for much attention, spectators wandering over to admire us and comment on our appearance, although Faisal and the two black women kept them well back. I felt like a highly strung thoroughbred,

whose trainer and stable girls give the impression they are walking on hot coals, waiting for him to rear up in fright.

And then we were approaching the starting line, Heidi reining us in a few metres short of it whilst the neutral officials checked our lacing was in order. One man spent overly long with me, stroking my bulging erection appreciatively.

"Nice," he murmured. "I've got a few good uses that could be put to back in my own stable and I don't mean just with the ponies!" The official standing next to him guffawed loudly.

"Don't you have enough pony boys of your own, you bastard?" he roared. "It's about time you started thinking about adding a few new fillies to your string. I mean, look at this one. Wouldn't you like to be able to watch this pretty pony go through her paces whenever you liked? No, maybe not, in your case. Oh well, different strokes, as they say!"

"Quite," the first official said. "And, if this pair gets beaten, I might bid to fuck this fine fellow afterwards instead of sticking a rubber cock on a little girl to do it. He'd know he'd been screwed then, all right!"

If I did not have enough incentive to win before, his words certainly ensured that I did now. It was one thing to have a rubber phallus embedded in me, but the thought of a flesh and blood cock raping me was too much to bear. It was probably the one outrage I had been spared since my abduction and I was keen to keep things that way.

Alongside us, the other team were being checked over in the same scrupulous fashion, their black and silver livery gleaming under the lights, their cart - this time the newer single shaft version like our own - resplendent in black and red.

Our second opponents, as well as being older, were infinitely more experienced than the first pair and would have been quite content to let us set the pace, had not Heidi decided that we should play our usual waiting game. The result was a very slow pace over the first few laps, which would not be to our liking ultimately, I was sure. What we needed was to try to run the finish out of the opposition, if they were not prepared to run it out of themselves.

It would be easy for the uninitiated, watching pairs of ponies trotting stiff-legged around an oval track, to underestimate the influence of the driver and assume that her role was no different to that of a solo pony driver, who is simply there for the orgasm tally and to add to the aesthetic appeal of the hungry eyed spectators. In pairs driving, however, the driver becomes the

arbitrator, preventing one or other pony from trying to set the pace he or she wants. The driver has to decide how and when to make different pace changes, when to try to pass and when a prolonged burst of speed may be the killer blow.

In normal pony trotting and carting - ie using the four legged variety and where the driver does not find herself impaled on a permanent stimulus - that can be difficult enough to assess. How much harder that has to be when the race is virtually one long orgasmic trip!

Heidi, fortunately for us, was blessed with a form of compartmentalised thinking. Whilst her body and that part of her brain marked 'lust' was happily engaged with adding to our bonus points, the cunning and calculating side of her mind which people frequently overlooked was taking rapid stock of the situation. After seven painfully slow laps, I felt the double slap of the rein which signalled an increase in stride rate. As we came to the end of the home straight, we eased past our opponents and settled into a much faster rhythm.

Behind us now, the opposition driver ensured that we did not establish a big lead, urging her ponies to pick up the pace and stay on our heels. How they were coping with this injection of speed, none of us could tell, for Philippa and I were blinkered and harnessed to be able to see straight ahead only and Heidi was strapped to her perch in such a way that she could do no more than turn her head sideways. It made tactical selection something of a guessing game for the driver who was in front and it was a situation we had never found ourselves in before now.

Heidi opted for the positive approach. She said later that she was banking on the older ponies no longer having the stamina they once had, which was probably why they were no longer considered suitable for the very top flight race challenges and decided to risk trying to burn them out. The double snap signal came again and again we responded. To my right, I heard Philippa gasp loudly a couple of times, but after that she seemed relatively comfortable with what was a very punishing pace.

This time the opposition decided to play cat and mouse and did not try to keep with us for five or six laps, by which time we had established a lead of what I later learned was about twenty five metres. Their driver evidently considered we would burn out and, from the way my lungs were beginning to ache, she might well have been proved right, had she not then made a completely wrong choice and had Heidi not been possessed of the cunning of a vixen.

Realising that we were so far ahead, Heidi slowed us slightly on the bottom bend, with six laps remaining. The other driver, seeing the gap closing without any increase in effort from her pair, took this to mean that we were flagging and had probably blown up. All the way down the home straight they came nearer to us and, by the time we started into the top bend, I could hear their harness and bells jangling in time with our own. As we came onto the back straight, they made their move, but Heidi was waiting for them.

As they drew alongside us, the double snap came again and we redoubled our efforts. The back straight seemed to go on forever, with the two carts wheel to wheel and four tired ponies gasping and grunting, but finally we were at the bend. An experienced driver would have dropped back again and waited for the next straight to make her next move, but, as Faisal had said, this girl was relatively new and probably chosen initially for her Heidi-like libido and the extra points she could win for the team. However, bonus points don't count if the team does not finish the race.

The wheels of the two carts met with a sound of grinding metal. Behind me, I felt our cart slew madly to the left and our hooves, despite the rubber horseshoes, started to slip. I let out a loud cry from behind my bit and threw my weight forward as hard as I could, hoping that Philippa would follow my lead. Luckily, she did and somehow we regained enough traction to pull the cart out of its skid.

Our opponents were not so fortunate. As their cart skidded right, they tried to slow, which simply made things worse. The lead pony stumbled, staggered left and was clipped by our outside wheel as we were moving ahead again. Considering all the possibilities, they were lucky to escape as lightly as they did, for if the cart had actually gone over, the poor driver would have suffered for weeks afterwards.

As it was, the two ponies ended first on their knees and then virtually flat on their faces, the shaft dipping and the driver thrown forward like a helpless doll, still impaled and strapped, of course, but helpless to do anything other than perch there fuming. At first, we ponies had no clear idea of what had befallen them and it was not until nearly another lap had passed and we were again coming up the back straight that we saw them there, still in a hopeless tangle, the female not making any attempt to get off her knees, the male trying to lift the crossbar, as well as her and making no impression at all.

They flagged us down as we approached the grandstand and the starting

line this time, although I should not have been at all surprised had we been made to complete the remaining laps on our own. However, the owner of the fallen ponies clearly wanted to find out what damage had been done to his precious thoroughbreds and so we were reprieved, declared the winners and led back in front of the main stand to become part of the usual after race ritual.

We were surrounded by crowds of black suited handlers, all eager to pat us and congratulate us. The skyscraper shape of Leonie pushed its way through and our bits were pulled from our mouths and sugar lumps pressed between our lips. Ye gods! I thought. She must think we really have become ponies. Bloody sugar lumps! I would have spat mine out, but I knew that to show disrespect for a senior handler would have serious consequences. The fact that I was part of the Mistress's latest brain-child project would not save me from having a rump that would be too tender to sit on for a week or more.

Hardly a minute after the sugar had dissolved in my mouth, someone refitted my bit and I suddenly realised that it was not just sugar that had trickled down into my system. I felt light headed and all the colours before me became very much sharper. Due to the ear inserts and the padding inside the helmet, individual sounds were hard to distinguish to begin with, but now they were just a mush of noise. All I could do was stand there, surrounded on all sides, being jostled, slapped, kissed and even masturbated by one over-enthusiastic lady guest.

I became a sacrifice to my senses, blood roaring in my temples, loins on fire, the plug in my butt seeming to have grown to twice its original length and girth. Vaguely, I saw Leonie whispering something to Constance, who was beaming fit to burst and shaking hands with various congratulatory well-wishers who kept coming up to her and realised that we had been doped to some specific purpose. The after race performances were always extreme, but I suspected that this evening was to be something special, even by the standards of this outlandish establishment. I was not wrong.

Pony teams are the only slaves who ever get the opportunity to inflict upon other slaves the sort of indignities that are regularly heaped upon themselves, but only if they win. We had won twice tonight and the air of expectancy was something I could have reached out and touched, but for the fact my arms were so efficiently imprisoned. Even when Philippa and I were released from the shaft and our joined arms separated, the rings on the end of the mitt sleeves were quickly relocked behind our backs and the

elbow rings fastened to the sides of our corset girths.

Those spectators not lucky enough to secure a seat in the grandstand gradually began to form a semicircle facing it, creating a small arena in which events were to continue, at the centre of which the unfortunate, big breasted, losing ponies from the first race still hung helplessly strapped over the whipping bar, their melon like appendages sagging almost forlornly beneath them.

Into the arena were now led the second losing team, looking very unsteady and with odd bruises already forming on those parts of their anatomies that were visible. The poor driver had to be almost carried by two handlers and was doubtless very shaken by the whole episode, but she was not to be spared, nonetheless. In fact, her owner, a squat Indian fellow with yellowish teeth, singled her out as the main culprit.

"Sheena is the one charged with taking the decisions," he told the listening crowd, "and she made an elementary mistake tonight, for which she must be punished. I am open to suggestions as to the form this punishment should take."

"Give her to the winning stallion!" a female voice called out. There were cries of agreement.

"Yes, let him give her a good fucking and then have her whipped by the other driver!" That was hardly a novelty as variations on that theme were commonplace. Generally the winning driver whipped the losing ponies and the losing driver was given to the winning pony to take in as many ways as possible. If the winning pony happened to be female, she would be strapped into a dildo harness and urged on with even greater enthusiasm. The poor driver would suffer even more in this case, for the artificial phallus would not suddenly spurt into her and drain most of the enthusiasm and remaining stamina from its owner. Even though the male ponies' medication ensured they remained permanently hard, it was generally accepted that once they had climaxed, that was about it, the female already having orgasmed due to the delaying effect included in the medication of the male.

"I think," said the Indian, who I heard addressed as Asif, my hearing miraculously sharpening, although my helmet and its accessories were still as they had been previously, "that we need something a little more innovative than that." He turned to face the masked girl, whose arms were still strapped up in their pouch behind her back and her mouth gagged beneath her mask.

"I think you shall dance for us tonight, Sheena," he said. "I have asked Madame Constance and she has the necessary accessories. Take her to one side and we will deal with her when the others have performed," he instructed the two handlers. "Someone has already been despatched back to the house to bring the necessary equipment."

The hapless girl was dragged away and, in her place, the two ponies were led forward. Asif regarded them sternly.

"I have already said that this affair is largely to be blamed on Sheena, but you are an experienced pair and did not perform as you would be expected. A harder master than I would see you whipped until the blood ran, but I still retain affection for my pets, so you will not be whipped with undue severity. However, you must still show the proper attitude of contrition." He spun around and jabbed a finger in my direction.

"Bring the stallion forward," he snapped. I felt hands thrusting me towards him. "Stand," he ordered, when I was a few feet from him. He nodded to another handler and she stepped forward to remove the two nipple chains from the ring in my foreskin. She then turned and walked over to the two forlorn looking losing ponies, seized the lead rein of the male and dragged him over to where I stood. Quickly, she unclipped his bit and then forced him to his knees.

He evidently knew exactly what was expected of his, for he leaned forward, parted his lips and drew the head of my throbbing shaft into his mouth. I felt the rough surface of his tongue caress the stretched and sensitive skin and instinctively made to pull back, for I had never had another male perform such an act on me, nor had I ever desired it. Someone had obviously anticipated this, however and, at the first sign of attempted retreat, I was grasped firmly by the shoulders and a booted knee thrust against my buttocks, forcing me even deeper into his throat. The poor fellow gagged before he was able to compensate for my sudden thrust, but quickly settled back to tonguing and sucking my organ.

For my part, I closed my eyes and tried to steel myself against this assault, knowing that I could not and settling for trying to imagine that the mouth doing the damage was female. Asif and company were not going to accept that, however and a sharp slap across my left breast made me jerk my eyes wide again. I heard his voice, as though it were actually inside my head and then I understood. The earplugs had to contain some kind of speaker insert and my collar include a microphone. Before and during the race the device had been kept switched off, thus not allowing extraneous

noise to intrude on my concentration, but now that I was required to perform another role, someone had, in the general confusion, activated the switch.

“You will watch, Folly,” Asif intoned, “whilst Cossack gives you the first instalment of your reward. Anastasia will submit to you later, but first you must fill his throat. Come, my proud pony. Come!”

And come I did, despite every effort to hold back, spurting furiously and helplessly, the spluttering Cossack forced to swallow every last drop and then to painstakingly lick my stalk clean, whilst the audience applauded and cheered appreciatively. I felt appalled and sorry for him until, when he had finished and stood up, I saw that his own erect phallus was weeping slightly. I shivered, for it was plain to me now that Cossack had enjoyed performing on me and that Asif had not really been punishing him at all.

He was not quite so happy with what came next, however, for now it was Philippa’s turn to accept forfeit. The sweating, bruised pony boy was hauled over a low trestle that someone pushed into the arena and his limbs secured to the four legs, stretching him immovably, even before the broad strap was passed over the small of his back and drawn tight.

Philippa’s sleeves were released from each other and a long crop strapped to her right wrist and hand, so that, whilst she could not grip the handle, she could still administer a thrashing, which she now proceeded to do - and with some relish. The months of captivity and degradation now boiled to the surface and Cossack was squealing and moaning so loudly by the fifth stroke that Asif called a temporary halt so that his pony boy could be bitted again to lessen the noise he was making.

Twenty four fierce cuts later, Cossack lay limp and panting, tears streaming from his eyes, his rump and thighs a network of vivid red stripes, but still his ordeal was not over. A dildo harness was drawn up about Philippa’s lower body, the bobbing rubber shaft at least ten inches long and thicker than any human penis I had ever seen. Another handler, meanwhile, was busily greasing Cossack in readiness to receive this fearsome weapon and I could clearly hear him whimpering through the gag, only too well aware of what was coming.

Philippa mounted him with enthusiasm, despite the fact that her labial lacing prevented the use of a double ended dildo, though the fact that her exposed and ringed clitoris would have been rubbing on the inside of the leather harness doubtless offered some not inconsiderable compensation to her. She thrust into Cossack’s helpless hole, stretching it incredibly until,

satisfied that the head was fully entered, buried the rest of her length in one fierce lunge.

Cossack's wail, through the gag, was pitiful, but as soon as Philippa established a rhythm, the sounds coming from his bitted mouth quickly changed from protest and suffering to something completely different. It seemed that, no matter which orifice was being employed, Cossack quite enjoyed servicing a male organ, even a hard rubber prosthesis. Suddenly, I saw his neck stiffen and his head arch backwards and I knew that Philippa had induced the intended climax, as she probably had a hundred times before, albeit in quite different circumstances.

The crowd cheered, jeered and clapped louder than ever, for they were really enjoying the continuing spectacle. Then, as Philippa withdrew, the official who had handled me so crudely before the race stepped forward and spoke quietly to Asif, who nodded, smiling broadly. Without further ceremony, the man pulled open the front of his leather jeans and drew out a quickly stiffening member. He looked around the crowd, gave a clenched fist salute in the air and moved behind the helpless figure on the trestle.

He was without doubt well endowed, this fellow, but his organ paled in comparison to the giant black phallus that was still strapped to Philippa and, consequently, it slid into Cossack's orifice without any resistance at all. The official, his face a rapture of delight, humped vigorously, though this time there was little response from his victim, who seemed exhausted and completely drained. Undeterred, the man continued apace, until his own climax came, accompanied by a roar of triumph.

More catcalling and applause came from the audience, together with a few speculative offers. Asif had ideas of his own, however and now the girl pony, Anastasia, was led forward, forced to kneel and then, the bit removed from her mouth, forced to clean the now rapidly dwindling shaft with her tongue. The owner of the cock, curiously detached from what was now happening to him, stood patiently until Asif declared himself satisfied with the pony girl's efforts and then, restoring his manhood, now shrunken completely, to the dark security of his trousers, walked quietly back into the circle of onlookers.

A general buzzing of conversation and activity on the far side of the circle heralded the arrival of the three handlers who had been sent back to the house for the extra equipment required for Sheena's punishment. As they rapidly assembled it in the arena, I saw that it took the form of four tubular steel vertical legs, which clipped to each corner of a low, square platform.

Four cross pieces linked these uprights some eight feet above the platform and then a curious looking box device was attached in the centre of this aerial square by means of two more cross struts.

From the underside of this box hung a circular plate, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, mounted on a spindle, which suggested that it was meant to rotate under the power of some sort of mechanism within the box. At opposite sides of the perimeter of this circle were two steel hooks, from which one of the handlers, using a box to stand on, began tying two lengths of silken cord.

Sheena was now brought forward again, this time a little steadier on her ballerina heels, and was positioned immediately below the circular plate. A strap was attached to the crown of her helmet and tightened to the back of her corset, forcing her head back and her face upwards. The two cords were then each attached to her nipple rings, her breasts now exposed through the zip openings in her bodysuit, and tensioned until her orbs were dragged up into distorted melons, her teats stretched painfully.

Asif produced a device which resembled a television remote control, aimed it towards the overhead box and pressed a button. Immediately, the disc began to rotate, as I had suspected it would. There was a wounded shriek from behind Sheena's gag, before she realised what she had to do.

The disc turned but very slowly, but that was intentional and added to the effect now produced below it, for Sheena, poised on her toes, was forced to turn slowly with it, her dainty little steps somehow quite erotic as she danced her solo dance. Some wag started humming the *Blue Danube* waltz and others quickly joined the refrain, until hundreds of voices were bellowing their accompaniment to the sad little ballerina in their centre.

It seemed an interminable age before they released Sheena from her torment, but I was sure it would have seemed a hundred times longer to her. As she stepped slowly down from the little stage, I saw that her eyes were wet with tears and, although I had every sympathy for her suffering, I was only glad that it was she and not my little Heidi who had had to undergo such barbaric torture.

Now it was Anastasia's turn to provide fodder for the hungry pleasure seekers and mine to provide the ammunition. Thanks to Cossack's hungry mouth, I was unlikely to reach a climax quickly and I think the pony girl was only too aware of this as she was led back to centre stage. Sahara seized my bridle rein and led me to join her. Without being told, Anastasia turned her back to me and bent forward, her tail swishing in time with her movements.

Dropping my rein, Sahara moved up to her and detached the crotch strap which held the butt plug, to which the tail was attached, deep inside her. Tail and plug were withdrawn, as was the fatter dildo from her vagina and then I was moved forward. The rings on my mitt sleeves were unlocked and my arms brought around and passed under Anastasia's torso, where they were the mitt rings were clipped to those in her nipples.

Satisfied that we were securely attached, Sahara slipped her hand between us, grasped my member and guided it towards the rear opening. I was astonished at how little resistance it met and slid into the hot tunnel easily. Sahara stepped back and landed a hefty slap on my rum, the signal for me to begin.

It had been some weeks since I had coupled with any female other than Heidi and I had foolishly assumed that maybe that state of affairs would be allowed to continue, at least until I was mated with Philippa for their diabolical breeding plans. Now, here I was, deeply embedded in yet another creature whose identity I did not know and whose face I had not even seen, before an audience that volubly expressed its desire to see me give her my all.

I did not disappoint them, pumping in and out with growing enthusiasm, especially when I felt her anal muscles responding and my shaft being squeezed with every stroke. The tiny bells swinging from the ring in my scrotum jingled away merrily as my balls swung wildly. Anastasia's breasts, unfortunately, also took some severe punishment, as my arms flailed about with my efforts, but that seemed only to stimulate her further and she quickly reached her first orgasm. Mine was still some way in the distance and, urged on by the crowd and by a few more hearty slaps from Sahara, I continued to pound away.

Anastasia soon climaxed again and, to my surprise and initial disappointment, Sahara ordered me to stop. I slid out of the warm little hole and stood crouched over Anastasia as my rings were detached from hers and my arms locked behind my back once again. Both our bits were then removed and Anastasia turned about to face me. As her arm sleeves were unlocked, I saw her eyes behind the mask, gleaming in the artificial light and her mouth, which was curved into a satisfied, cat-like smile. Whatever else that episode had been for her, it certainly had been no punishment!

"Show Folly how grateful you are, Anastasia," Sahara ordered. The pony girl sashayed slowly up to me, raised her arms and locked them about my

neck, drawing my mouth down to meet hers, her long, soft tongue seeking mine in the deepest and most sensuous kiss I had ever experienced. Then, before I had time to realise what was happening, she levered herself up my body, swung her legs about my waist, though her boots prevented her from bending her knees sufficiently to lock her ankles behind me and lowered her gaping sex straight onto my waiting erection.

I was helpless to do anything but stand there, as she raised herself up and down with growing enthusiasm. The noise from the crowd was incredible, but I was very nearly beyond hearing them. Fast approaching her third orgasm, Anastasia drew her mouth from mine and moved her face away an inch or two. There was a manic grin on her face as she spoke in a harsh whisper that penetrated to the core of me, thanks to the microphone on my collar.

"I never accept two defeats in one day!" she hissed. "And when I'm through with you, you won't have the strength to stand up." If Sahara heard this, she did not show any outward sign, though she did pick up a crop and aim several stinging blows at the impaled girl's buttocks. All that achieved was to urge Anastasia to redouble her efforts and she was still thrashing about like a dervish when I exploded into her.

How long she could have kept it up, I was never to find out, for, hearing my strangled cries of release, Sahara briskly intervened, hauling the pony girl from me in her muscular arms.

"Right, slut," she said, pointing at my organ, which was covered now with three different secretions. "Get that clean - and be quick about it!" Anastasia's grin of victory instantly turned to a grimace of horror.

I had forgotten that the punishment of the first losing team was still to be completed, but not so Constance and Maria. After a hurried conference, Maria issued instructions to our two black handlers and we were prepared for the finale. In my case, there was little to do but regrease my ever ready erection, once Anastasia had completed her cleansing ritual, but with Philippa, the tiny padlocks securing her vagina against penetration were now removed and another dildo harness, this time a double ended monster, was fitted to her. I saw her close her eyes as the inner phallus was inserted into her and wondered whether it was a sign of resignation, or of relief.

We were now almost as alike as twins, excepting that the cock that bobbed in front of Philippa was black and mine my natural flesh colour, as we were led up to positions behind the two ponies who had remained strapped over the low whipping bar since shortly after the first race. To my

horror, I saw that we were being reversed, Philippa placed behind the female and me behind the male. Alexandra spoke softly to me, though the microphone ensured her every word rang in my head.

“A nice new experience for you, Folly,” she said. “Just look at that nice tight little hole, just waiting for you to fill it.” I curled my lip above the bit, but I knew it would be foolish to display even the slightest sign of rebellion. I simply watched, passively, as Alexandra applied more lubricant, this time to my member’s designated destination. The pony boy squirmed slightly as she inserted her rubber gloved finger inside him, but the girl alongside him did not move a muscle as Sahara greased her in the same fashion. How I wished that my erection could suddenly subside, leaving me incapable of performing the function for which we had been made ready, but, of course, there was no chance of this and, moments later, Philippa and I, in unison, were driving our respective weapons deep inside our vanquished opponents.

Philippa, being properly stimulated for the first time in many weeks, attacked her task with far more enthusiasm than I, at least at first, but after a short while, the sensation of being inside a tight, hot sheath and of not having to feel any responsibility for what I was being forced to do, completely took over and, much to my surprise, I climaxed again, filling my latest partner with yet another hot fountain and then collapsing forward over his back.

My fellow winner, Philippa, continued for some time after this, plainly enjoying herself and the moans and cries her attentions were wringing from the girl pony and, in the end, Sahara actually had to stop her. Philippa stepped back, her chest heaving, the black cock glistening darkly before her. Sahara looked across at Constance, who pointed at the limp form of my pony boy.

“Come on then, Firefoot,” Sahara laughed, grasping Constance’s rein. “You might as well finish off on this one, seeing as how you’ve not had much fun for so long.” I gave a sigh of relief as I was led to one side, for by now the crowd was beginning to drift away into the darkness, presumably eager to pursue some entertainment in which they were more directly involved. With luck, I thought, as Constance drove into the exhausted fellow’s hole, we would be back in our stable before too long.

\*\*\*\*\*

Life in our section of the stables settled into a routine and, all things considered, we enjoyed a pampered existence. Our stall was enlarged; already it had been more than twice the size of any of the others, but with four of us now sharing it, Faisal wanted to ensure that we were not cramped and the partition wall between our niche and the next was removed the day after our double triumph.

Unfortunately, there was a downside, in that Philippa and I were kept in the feeding gags for a much larger proportion of our rest periods and, with Heidi and Mia also gagged, it was a fairly quiet stall for much of the time. In addition, my medication was changed and the great erection, which had been my permanent antenna since my arrival, disappeared, my penis then laced into a leather sleeve that also enclosed my scrotum. I presumed that the idea was to force me to conserve my energy for my main purpose.

Heidi was crest-fallen. Since our introduction, she had become used to my being ever ready for her and generally in no position to resist her advances, even had I wanted to. For a day or so I managed to satisfy her in other ways, but then she was not there for forty eight hours and, when she finally returned to us, I saw, to my horror, that her labia had been ringed and locked in the same fashion as Philippa's. On the following day, the same fate befell Mia.

It seemed that Faisal was intent on keeping our drivers in a state of frustration, presumably so that their bonus scoring would be higher when it came to the race days. Now the only time that either girl was permitted any stimulus was when she was impaled on her driving perch behind us and this strategy seemed to be working when Faisal had us run out a twenty five lap practice, with Heidi wired to her sensor and Sahara carefully monitoring the receiver.

Mia was also tested in this way and Faisal was plainly pleased by the results in both cases. From then on, whichever girl was driving, she was monitored and her progress carefully charted. Some of Heidi's results were truly staggering, but Mia was not that far behind. Now, apart from my shrunken and pouched organ, every day we were liveried, harnessed and raced under full match conditions, belled and ringed, heads strapped high.

By now, apart from what was between our legs, Philippa and I were a fully identical pair, my breasts having attained the same dimensions as hers and my hips, thighs and buttocks fleshed out into the same feminine outline, but still Constance and Faisal were not satisfied.

Now our helmets and masks were modified, so that more of the area

around our eyes was visible and we were both taken into the sanatorium section, where Nurse Lucy went to work with a curious little device that resembled a tattooist's needle. When she was finished, our eyes were permanently made up with black and blue and silver highlights, ultra long false eyelashes were glued over our own and kept thickly coated with black mascara.

After this, the hatchet faced Doctor Fredericks, a woman in her late forties, who seemed always to have a scowl on her features, took over. I was taken into her, strapped down on a trolley and she quickly administered a general anaesthetic into my arm. When I came round again, feeling sick and groggy, Nurse Lucy showed me my face in a mirror. I recoiled in horror, for Fredericks had performed cosmetic surgery on my lips, enlarging them into a permanent pout and injecting them with a dye that kept them looking as if someone had just applied a bright red lipstick. When Lucy added a coating of lip gloss, they shone like a beacon.

Philippa also underwent this surgical procedure and now, when we stopped for our regular inspection before Faisal's huge mirror, two truly erotic creatures stared back at us, their full lips curled around the black bits in a most provocative way, their long lashes fluttering in unison. Faisal was delighted and told Constance so in front of us.

"They are the prettiest cock and cunt pair I have ever trained," he enthused. "If I put them in padded pouches, no one would ever be able to tell which was which."

"Well, we wouldn't want that," Constance replied, slowly, "but you have given me an idea. Yes, I think that would add to the dramatic effect nicely." She did not enlarge on whatever scheme had suggested itself, but a day later we were fitted with padded triangular pouches and now we did look like identical twins, my tightly laced genitalia and Constance's locked labia completely hidden from sight.

The drivers were worked on next and their masks altered to display their new look eyes and mouths, although, when they were gagged for driving, their lips were hidden from view anyway. Heidi was disconsolate, to say the least.

"It was more fun when I was just expected to service who I was told," she said. "Even the odd whipping didn't really seem to matter, as long as I got a bit of relief. Now I'm locked up chaster than a ninety year old granny and they add insult to injury by making me look like a fucking Barbie Doll."

"How d'you think I feel, then?" I retorted. "At least you're supposed to

look female.”

“So are you, now, from the looks of things,” she grinned, recovering a little of her old sense of humour. Philippa snorted from behind her bit, which Faisal had put on her the moment her feed gag had been removed. I had started to feel really sorry for my racing partner. The former mistress was being subjected to an even harsher regime than the rest of us. Whether Constance was still punishing her for the mistake she made in abducting me, or whether the extra indignities were her reward for her transgressions during her first three months of punishment, I did not know, but Faisal warned Heidi and Mia against removing her bit when we were alone.

Meantime, our hair was growing rapidly and now all four of us boasted superb plumes, into which red and black ribbons were woven, adding to their effect. Our bodies were not forgotten, either. Every evening, we were taken, in turns, to an empty stall where a bank of sunlamps had been set up. We were stripped completely and spent half an hour slowly turning in front of them and, by the end of a fortnight, we were all lightly tanned all over and Sahara and Alexandra then oiled our skins until they shone.

We were, in the bizarre way in which it was intended, a beautiful sight. Standing in harness next to Philippa in front of the mirror, Heidi perched up behind us, we were the perfect pair of prize ponies and, as we trotted out into the yard, bouncing and jingling, I felt curiously proud. Faisal’s training methods had had the desired effect, without a doubt!

\*\*\*\*\*

As the big day drew ever nearer, our training became still more gruelling. Our hoof boots were changed and the new ones had much heavier weights in their soles and thicker horseshoes on them. Not content with this, Faisal had Sahara and Alexandra take turns at riding on a specially constructed step behind the driver’s position. As neither girl weighed in at less than fourteen stones, the effort required of us to move the cart was instantly doubled.

“Never mind,” Sahara said, as she was rubbing me down with her oil cloth. “When you get your usual hooves back for the race and you’ve only got Heidi to worry about, you’ll feel as though you’re running on air!” I had to admit that it sounded like a good strategy, though that was of little comfort as we struggled round and round the track with our weighted hoof

boots and an extra passenger who weighed twice as Heidi herself did.

It became increasingly clear that Constance had placed a great deal on the outcome of the proper race and, as the days passed by, she was becoming increasingly agitated. I suspected that she had wagered quite a sum on the outcome, but I did not think that was what was worrying her, for she was undoubtedly wealthy beyond my comprehension. With her, it was a matter of pride - pride and reputation. If her team, her pride and joy, did not carry the day, she would find it all but impossible to hold her head up among her associates.

We simply had to win and defeat was too awful to contemplate and not just for our mistress. I tried not to think of the consequences for the four of us if we failed to bring her the glory she so desperately sought.

One week before the challenge contest, there was another development. As usual, we were trotted down to the track with our genital pouches buckled securely in place, but, after we had arrived, Sahara and Alexandra removed them and Sahara administered a small injection into my groin. My flaccid manhood reacted immediately and, within twenty seconds, had resumed the attitude and dimensions I had come to take for granted over the past months.

As soon as it was fully erect, the chains from my nipple rings to the ring in my foreskin were immediately fitted and, next to me, Alexandra was reconnecting the chains between Philippa's nipples and her clitoral ring. Now I understood what Mistress Constance had in mind when she had been talking about adding to the dramatic effect.

We would make our entrance on the day, pouches in place, looking for all the world as though we were two female ponies. The watching crowd would be totally bemused, as they would be expecting the normal male-female 'cock and cunt' pairing. Then, no doubt to the accompaniment of a lot of flourish, we would be revealed and my shaft returned to its rampant state. Oh yes, that would certainly be dramatic!

The day before our final reckoning, we were trained for only an hour in the morning, though still handicapped by the heavier boots and the continued presence of Alexandra on the cart. In the afternoon, we were rebooted and reshoed and returned to the track to run ten circuits under what would ultimately be race conditions, including the restoration of my erection immediately prior to the start.

Constance was there to watch us perform and she was accompanied by the imposing Maria, Phoebe and a whole gaggle of other trainers, some of

whom had brought along slaves, who were later to be deployed in raking and rolling the track in preparation for the following evening.

"You are as ready as I can make you, my beauties," Faisal said, when we had been returned to the stable. "Now it is up to you to make proper use of the gifts you have been given. Tomorrow you will face seven of the best pairs in the world. Four you should beat with relative ease, but it is likely that you will face only one of them, as this competition will be on a knockout basis.

"However, if you are fortunate, you could be drawn against one of the weaker teams in the first round and, if two more are drawn together at that stage, you could find yourself into the final without having faced any of the top three teams. Sadly, the odds against that happening are not good and it is just as likely that you are drawn against one of the better teams straight away.

"All I can tell you is that you are not just the prettiest team I have seen in years, but your times are among the best I personally have ever recorded. If you run up to your best form, you should win, but none of you should forget that these teams have been racing as a unit for a great deal longer than you." He turned to Heidi and patted her on the head in fatherly fashion.

"On the other hand," he continued, "you have an 'Ace in the hole' here. I should imagine that little Heidi is like Vesuvius, waiting to swamp Pompeii. Patience, my little pet, your time will come and your mistress will reward you handsomely if you give her the victory she craves.

"She has invested much in you and has already turned down a million pounds sterling, which is what Master Asif offered for you after you beat his champions." There was a collective gasp in the stall. One million pounds! The thought that someone could simply buy and sell us at will paled into insignificance at talk of such a sum.

\*\*\*\*\*

The day itself dawned very warm, much warmer than was seasonally normal, which meant that the racing would be very much a test of stamina unless conditions cooled by nightfall. We already knew that we were to spend the day resting, apart from a half hour of warming up trotting in mid afternoon.

Locked inside our stall, all of us securely gagged, presumably in case Heidi tried to persuade one of us to use our mouths on her eager nipples,

we could hear the sounds of a great deal of activity out in the stable's central concourse. I guessed that the other competitors were already arriving, presumably so their trainers could get them settled down and, probably, give them a few practice circuits of Constance's track. I wondered at that, for I had only ever raced on this one circuit and considered what it might be like to turn up at a strange venue and compete against a team that used that particular track every day.

Were all the pony circuits roughly the same? Presumably they would not be that different, for all that was required was an oval, though it occurred to me that not all the tracks might be gravelled. I had learned that our track had been so treated in order that it could remain in use in all weathers, for apparently the soil in this area was very heavy and became a mudbath after heavy rainfall, especially if several pairs of shod pony hooves pounded over it for a prolonged period.

In other climes and given different soil conditions, a turf track would be the obvious choice, for our horseshoes would obtain a better purchase than they ever could on gravel and sand. Presumably, if we gave a good account of ourselves this evening, we would get the chance to find out for ourselves.

We had our first opportunity to size up what we were up against when we were taken out for the afternoon loosening up session and it was not difficult to work out which team was the current favourites. They were a handsome couple, treated like Philippa and myself so that they were as identical as possible, eyes made up, full lips distorted by their bits, high, proud breasts, ringed and belled and their ebony skins gleaming from a recent oiling.

One innovative touch, however, was in their hoof boots, for they had been cut to leave their toes open and their toe-nails had been lacquered gold, to match the predominant colour of their livery. Seeing their lithe limbs and beautifully contoured muscles, I realised that we really did have a tough fight on our hands! Their pedigree could not have been more obvious if they had had the word 'champions' tattooed across their firm buttocks.

Even their driver was dressed in a deep gold coloured latex bodysuit and her long ponytail, like their plumes, had been dyed a deep bronze colour. Their handlers, two massive black males, paraded the two ponies separately on long plunge reins, putting them through a variety of exercises for the benefit of the knots of spectators who had made their way to the exercise yard.

The pair were graceful in the extreme, like ballet dancers, almost and preened proudly, clearly playing to the gallery. They were good - and they knew it, revelling in the admiration, but the handlers were determined that the slowly growing crowd should have a good show for their money.

The man exercising the female pony reined her in and led her over to where a large canvas bag lay alongside their cart. Swiftly, he locked two gold bands about the tops of her thighs, just above her hoof boots. From a pouch, he produced the key that unlocked her labial rings and removed the padlocks with creditable speed. Again from the pouch, he took two small clips and inserted one each into the middle of her labial rings at either side and then snapped them onto small loops on the insides of the gold thigh bands.

The pony girl's sex was now held gaping open, the deep pink flesh looking bright against the rest of her dark body. At a command from her handler, she pirouetted elegantly, bent at the waist and spread her legs wide. The male pony, erect as I had once always been, was brought forward and quickly coupled with her, grinding against her buttocks in a languid motion.

Considering that we had been kept completely celibate for so long, it seemed a curious thing that this pair should be expending such energy, seemingly merely for the entertainment of the crowd, but then I realised exactly what was happening. This pantomime was a public statement of their confidence, a way of telling us all that they feared nothing and no one, but it made me even more determined to beat them.

In retrospect, none of us, Constance included, should have had any real reason to feel that we could beat the calibre of ponies that were there that day. Yes, we were good, our time trials proved that, but, as a pairs team, we were completely inexperienced and, as I was later to discover, the top three pairs had over five hundred races and more than five hundred wins between them.

The show given by the two black ponies was impressive in the extreme, not only for its fluid coordination, but for the variety of copulatory positions that the two of them, arms bound in sleeves behind their backs, managed to achieve. Not only that, but the male was magnificently endowed, his thrusting organ a good two inches longer than my own, or any that I had so far seen on any other male pony. I could sense Heidi's eyes burning into him and chuckled inwardly as I imagined what thoughts were going through her mind.

There was little doubt what was going through Constance's mind. The usually coldly detached mistress was like the proverbial cat on heated building blocks and was stretched close to breaking point, even though she tried to maintain her usual calm exterior when she visited our stall two hours before the preliminary rounds were due to start.

"I know you can win tonight," she told us, "because Faisal tells me so, but we all know that this is your most difficult challenge so far. Therefore, I think that I should explain a few things to you all. You," she said, jabbing a finger at Heidi, "are the linchpin around whom everything revolves. Win this evening and you can have two weeks in every six, just you and your pony boy here, with no training and no work.

"Fail me, on the other hand," she continued, "and I will have that hungry little quim of yours sewn closed permanently, but only after that insatiable little love bud has been removed by Dr Fredericks. Your last orgasm will be out on that track tonight, if you let me down.

"And you," she went on, turning to me, "will be given to Fredericks to have that cock removed. She will then give you a vagina and you will become a pleasure slut for my guests. You already have everything else required for that task, especially these proud beauties." She hefted my left breast to emphasise her words.

"And as for you," Constance almost spat the words at Philippa, "it would be to your best advantage to consider this. I have decided that you will remain a slave permanently. Even if you win tonight, which I expect that you should, you will remain in my stables until you are too old to race any more. You will be used as a brood mare in between racing seasons, as I believe you are already aware, but your life here will be relatively comfortable.

"If you fail me now, your life will be less pleasant. Like Heidi, I shall order your clitoris removed, but you will not be sewn up, oh no! Like Folly here, you will be reduced to the role of pleasure giver, a cunt on legs, in effect. And I shall see to it that you service all the most repugnant of our visitors. As a former mistress, you should be only too aware of the significance of that, my pretty little pony girl.

"So," she concluded, turning towards the door, "you now know the alternatives. Win, or else you will suffer more than you ever believed possible!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Constance's words were still ringing in my ears as we made our way, finally, down to the track, Mia in the driver's seat and Heidi, flanked by Sahara and Alexandra, holding our lead reins. Faisal went first of all, beaming his thanks each time we passed a knot of people who called out their compliments on our turn out. He was thoroughly enjoying himself, but then, if we lost, he did not face the prospect of being turned into a female whore and given to her ladyship's worst clients.

One positive point was that, as promised, now we were back in our regulation hoof boots and had only one person - and a small one at that - to pull behind us, it did indeed feel like we were walking on clouds and I felt quietly confident as we emerged from the stables.

Since only the day before, considerable alterations had taken place at the track. The grandstand had been extended, by the addition of a temporary structure made from scaffolding poles and heavy boards, a parade ring had been fenced off in the centre oval and the track itself had been widened by at least three feet. Possibly, I thought, some of these ponies are too valuable to risk accidents on narrow bends.

There was a small marquee to one side of the seating area. This was for the judges and race stewards and, once again I was impressed at how thoroughly organised these events were. But for the size of the track, we might easily have been at any one of a score of country race courses, for there was a refreshment tent and a bar area beneath an awning that was set about by twinkling fairy lights.

But most impressive of all was the crowd and not just the size of it, for the mingling throng were dressed and made up to form a surging, pulsing fetish carnival, leather, latex, PVC and satins and silks in every hue and shade imaginable, together with heels that would certainly never see a city pavement, or the carpet of a West End restaurant.

The noise was almost overwhelming, as the general air of anticipation grew and now I could understand how easily a nervous thoroughbred racehorse could become spooked at a major race meeting during the annual equine card. Faisal, of course, had seen it all before and simply conducted us through the narrow pathway that opened up for us and led the way to the stewards' tent.

Here, everything was thoroughly checked, even more so than when we had last raced. Hoof boots were tested to ensure that no trainer might try to gain an advantage by allowing his ponies too much flexibility about the knees, our eyes were peered into to check pupil dilation, both our drivers

weighed and finally, Philippa and I were each given a small injection in the upper arm. Faisal saw the questioning look in our eyes.

"Just a precaution," he told us. "It's a new development from Japan, a drug designed to react against most known stimulants and depressants. Now, if anyone tries to dope you, either way, you will become violently sick and the subterfuge revealed for all to see. Not that you need have any fears on that score.

"I do not believe in racing ponies under artificial conditions and Sahara and Alexandra will not leave your side between races."

Had my mouth not been full of my bit and had I also not realised that to do so would earn me a severe punishment, albeit at a later date, I should have laughed out loud, for his words sounded so ridiculous. How much more artificial could these conditions be? After all, here I was, a once fit and healthy, normal young man and yet I was decked out like a circus pony, complete with large female breasts and heavy rubber horse hooves!

What made it even more incredible was that right then, at that moment, the only serious thought in my mind was the all consuming desire to win this tournament and not simply because of the threatened consequences if we did not. My blinkers, as ever, restricted my field of vision, but, as we were led over to the parade ring, I managed to get a good look at the rest of our opposition.

In addition to the two stupendous black specimens, there was another black couple, although their skins were nowhere near as dark. They also had the flattest chests of the eight teams, which might prove a big advantage later on, but their breasts were just about well enough developed to bounce when they trotted. Their livery was black and silver, their manes and their driver's ponytail dyed the latter colour.

There were two Eurasian pairings, one couple a little taller than the other and it turned out that these were both owned by the same Arab prince. His nominal first string wore pure white, with gold trimmings and gold manes and plumes, their heavy eyelashes and lids glinting under a heavy application of gold as well. The second string also wore white, but this time the trimmings and accessories were bright red, which was our primary livery colour.

Asif had acquired himself a new first string team, having failed to persuade Constance to part with us. I thought it highly unlikely he could have trained a new pair from scratch in the short time available since we had last encountered him, so presumably he had managed to find another

owner who was interested in his money. The new ponies were white, but tanned deeper than Philippa and I and I guessed they might be Latin in origin. They were certainly big and strong and if the size of the male's organ was anything to go by, would mount a formidable challenge. Whether the driver under the green and yellow livery was still the unfortunate Sheena, I had no way of telling, but I imagined that if it was, she would be unlikely to repeat the disastrous mistake from our first encounter.

The last two pairings were also white, but very much fairer. In fact, one pair were perfectly matched albinos, their pinkish eyes glinting eerily under the lights. They were the only pair racing in all black, but, with their snow white tresses and almost translucent skins, no other colour would have been appropriate. As their first string driver was being lifted up into position, I saw that she, too, was an albino and although the reserve driver had her back to us now, her hair suggested that she would complete the quartet as a perfect match.

The final team were also all blondes, this time with green eyes and I marvelled at the way in which owners and trainers went to so much trouble to acquire ponies and drivers that were so thoroughly matched. Of course, hair could be dyed and coloured lenses used to alter eye colouring, but something about this team convinced me that nature's own work had not been tampered with, other than the addition of a pair of proud, high breasts to the male pony.

Looking from one team to another, whenever the opportunity to study them arose, I tried to work out which three of them were the lesser dangers, according to Faisal's judgement. It most certainly was not the first black pair, for they were, as I have already said, undoubtedly champion material and I also guessed that there was more to the albinos than just their peculiarly bizarre appearance. It was also unlikely that Asif would have spent out good money, no matter how fabulously wealthy he might be, on anything less than top notch stock.

Which left one of the Eurasian pairs to make up the top four, as any owner who ran two strings at this sort of meeting must, logically, have a prime first pair. Well, if I was right, we needed to draw one of the other three teams in the first round, though after that, there would be no easy options.

Faisal had decided to leave our helmet microphones on until the races themselves, reckoning that we would be less nervous if we could actually hear what was going on around us, though he did adjust the sensitivity

lower than usual. It was a sensible move, for although the noise was still deafening, to have been surrounded by that mass of seething humanity and be virtually deaf, would have been even more surreal than all this already was.

Still in our pouches, Philippa and I attracted a lot of curious attention, for although none of the spectators was naive enough to think we were an all girl combination, there was some speculation as to which of us was actually the female, so alike were we now in all other respects. The cannier punters, however, knowing that this was a left handed track and that it was generally thought best to run the male pony on the inside, were slightly more sure, although, with Constance being a new owner, nothing was certain.

A couple in their thirties, both dark haired, she wearing a brief leather dress and ankle boots, he in tight leather breeches with a sleeveless leather vest on top, wandered up to us and asked the ever alert and wary Sahara and Alexandra if they could inspect us at close quarters. The two handlers checked quickly that neither of them was carrying anything suspicious and gave their assent. The woman, who was thoroughly stunning, stroked my breasts lovingly, her slender fingers cool against my warm flesh.

"They are so beautiful, Neil," she said to her companion, "I am quite envious."

"Does that mean you'd like to own a pair - of ponies, that is?" Neil asked, sniggering at his own double entendre. "Or would you like to change places with them?" The woman looked up at him, a curious smile playing across her lips.

"I'll leave that for you to work out," she replied, softly and winked at us before finally turning away. I watched her go, swaying slowly from side to side in her huge heels and shook my head in disbelief. How could anyone actually *want* to be treated as we were? Either the woman was completely out of her mind, or else she genuinely had no idea of the truth. She probably thought we just turned up like this for races and that was it, parading about in our finery and then off home for a nice hot cup of cocoa and a well earned sleep in a big, soft bed. Someone, I thought, grimly, ought to disillusion her and pretty quickly, too. Any one of the people here tonight would be capable of taking advantage of a loose suggestion and she might well find herself trapped into an existence that she only wanted to experience briefly for kicks.

Faisal came back across to us to tell the handlers that we had been drawn against the Eurasian second string for our first round and that we had also

been first out of the hat, so would be in the very first race. This, quite obviously, was a decided advantage, as we would have longest of all to recover before the semi finals.

Sahara and Alexandra lifted Heidi into position - they had wanted to keep her totally unstimulated until the last possible moment - and I heard her groan as she was impaled, even over the crowd noise. Poor Heidi, she had been going mad, waiting for an experience that would have horrified most females. But then Heidi was not most females!

We were led out onto the track, still pouched, but now the two black girls removed our restrainers and Sahara deftly slipped her needle into my groin. There was a roar of appreciation as my limp organ quickly responded and, as soon as it was standing proud, the chains from my nipple rings were attached to it. Alongside me, Heidi's clitoris was already attached to her teats and we were ready for the off.

It was not as difficult as I had feared. Either the second stringers were a long way behind the standard of their stablemates, or else we had improved more than I would have believed possible, for we simply settled in behind them at a pace neither of us found too wearing and made our usual move with just under a lap to go. They had enough in reserve to go with us for half a lap, but when we accelerated off the final bend, they had no answer and we cruised over the line with a lead of thirty metres or more.

The first round clashes were only run over fifteen laps, but Heidi still managed to clock up an amazing eight climaxes, proof positive that her enforced abstention had left her with an even shorter fuse than nature had already given her. Faisal was ecstatic, especially as we would now be running against the winners of a race that had thrown the remaining two weaker teams together, something which no one had ever dared consider might happen.

"Stand easy, my big titted beauties," he told us, fondling our beringed and belled nipples. "Rest and recover and keep reminding yourselves that you are true champions, because I, Faisal Marouk, know it to be so." He rubbed his hands and turned back to watch the rest of the first round contests.

Next up were the other blonde team, who we had now learned were two Swedes, versus the second black, or rather brown team, the two least fancied in the contest, judging by the odds displayed by the ringside bookmakers. The Scandinavians were taller and slightly bigger built, but the two Africans had been brought up in a country where only the richest one percent could afford motorised transport and a public bus was generally

regarded as nothing more than a target for bandits and terrorists.

They had no finishing speed, but they did not need it, having completely run the legs out from under their opponents, who trailed in a good forty metres in their wake. The winning trainer and his handlers were jubilant, punching the air and throwing their arms about each other and it was clear this result had far exceeded their expectations.

Asif's new pair now took on the black thoroughbreds and, in fairness, gave them a tough battle, or so it looked from our viewpoint, until I saw how little effort the winners had really expended in achieving their ten metre win. Their driver was also in the top class and was only one climax behind what Heidi had achieved earlier. I cursed, inwardly, for we had been hoping that Heidi would be our trump card and now the two drivers might be too close to call.

The final eliminator was between the albinos and the first string Eurasian pair. This was the best matched affair so far, the lead changing hands several times as their drivers battled for tactical advantage. They came off the last bend neck and neck, both drivers arched back in the throes of final orgasm, ballerina boots flying, reins slapping wildly and the albinos just made it to the line with about two feet to spare.

Everyone waited whilst the computer tallied up the drivers' bonus scores, for if the Eurasian girl had managed to top her opponent by even a single climax, her team would go through. Faisal had switched our microphones back on as soon as our race had finished and I heard the tannoy system crackle into life.

"The result of the bonus calculations," intoned an anonymous announcer's voice, "is that each driver has scored six, making it a dead heat. The winning team, therefore, who will go through to the second of tonight's semi finals, are White Heat and White Lightning, owned by our good friend, Sheik Suliman bin Akthar." The spectators broke into furious applause as the albinos were led back past them and out into the central area.

There were to be no punishments inflicted upon the losing teams by their conquerors, or at least, not at this stage of the proceedings. Instead, various slaves were brought out to perform for those spectators interested in watching their displays of innovative coupling. Any member of the audience sufficiently impressed by a particular slave, or group of slaves, could bid for their exclusive services for after the meeting was over. The bidding was not fierce, but still fairly brisk.

Most people, however, took advantage of the extra forty five minutes that

was allowed to give all the semi finalists more time to recover, to walk around inspecting the ponies again, winners and losers alike. They chatted affably to each other, comparing points on each 'animal' they came to, discussing their own stables, or individual ponies and we could have been at the Cheltenham Festival, but for the fact that most of this particular county set would not have got their outfits past the outer gatemmen, let alone into the Royal Enclosure.

Faisal was studying his clipboard again, scribbling little annotations in the margins of the top sheet of paper. After a few minutes, he turned back to us again, including Philippa and myself in the instructions he gave to Heidi, who was temporarily out of her saddle seat and propped against one wheel of the racing cart.

"I've timed every race so far," he said, "and so far you're the fastest, but those black bastards had plenty in hand, I can assure you. This next pair, however, just recorded their best ever time, beating their previous known best by more than two seconds. As you undoubtedly saw, they are one paced and rely on running the finish out of their opponents, whereas you have both stamina and speed at your disposal.

"You also have a more productive driver, so even if they were to just beat you, I feel confident you would still win. Therefore, if you are on their heels approaching the tape, don't waste valuable energy in trying to reach it first. You will need every ounce of your reserves for the final, even though the albino pair will make the blacks work hard for their likely victory."

We were the first match again, but I felt completely recovered as we were led to the start. We also had the advantage of the longer break, or so I thought, but there was a handicap system that I had not expected. We were halted a few metres from the line and two beautiful young nymphettes, clad only in ankle boots and leather harnesses, were led before Philippa and myself. Philippa's clitoris chain was removed and her locks freed and the chain was unclipped from my foreskin ring, whereupon the two black haired beauties dropped to their knees and proceeded to work the pair of us to a rapid orgasm.

As I exploded, gasping, into my girl's mouth, I realised that the amount of energy expended in even this brief performance would more than compensate the other side for the half hour or so they had missed for resting.

It was important that we should not let the two Africans get away from us and Heidi settled us into a brisk trot that ensured their wheels were never

more than two or three metres in front of our noses. The second round ties were being run over twenty laps, so I felt confident we would not blow up at the finish. In fact, it was our opponents who found their own pace too stiff, for that first win had taken more out of them than anyone had realised.

Initially, as they started to struggle, Heidi checked us back to stay behind them, but as they grew slower and slower, rather than risk breaking our rhythm and concentration, she eased us past them during the seventeenth lap and we forged ahead without much effort. Their driver, seeing us starting to open a bigger and bigger lead, urged her team to pick up their speed again, but, after a brave but ultimately inadequate rally, they fell back again and, by the end of the final lap we were nearly half a circuit in front of them and travelling at no more than an exercise canter.

The applause was thunderous and I could hear it clearly, even before Faisal restored our hearing again.

"Well done," he said, beaming at all of us, Sahara, Alexandra and Mia included. The bonus scoring was nothing more than a formality, but the result, when it was announced, drew another crescendo of cheering and whistling, for Heidi had clocked up another eleven orgasms and most of the crowd here had never known anything like it.

The black team won their expected victory, but not without a really hard battle for most of the way. Having had the longer break of the two teams, the two ponies were first to be given the same treatment the two harnessed girls had given to Philippa and myself. They were made to regret their earlier afternoon display of sexual gymnastics, however, for unlike us, who had been kept frustrated for many days and therefore climaxed quite quickly, their orgasms were delayed by an exhausting five minutes, which must have sapped vital stamina from their legs.

It was a dour war of attrition, though fascinating to watch. First one pair would surge ahead and settle back to a cruising pace, then the other would reverse the placings. For eighteen laps it seemed impossible to call the winner as the two contrasting teams, one as white as the other was black, flew around the gravelled track, plumes and manes flying, bells and harnesses jingling merrily.

Then, as the blacks led the way across the starting line for the eighteenth time, the albinos produced a telling burst of acceleration and went into the top bend with a clear lead that seemed to be lengthening with every stride. The crowd gasped and cheered, for it looked certain the reigning champions were on the verge of being dethroned.

The albinos, however, had produced their effort too soon and, for the next lap and a half, whilst they did not falter in their stride pattern, the wily black driver gradually brought her team back into contention, tucking in right on their tails all the way around the final bend and then accelerating into the home straight to overhaul the opposition barely twenty metres from the line and crossing it with a foot to spare as the whites made one final brave, but despairing effort to hurl themselves at the tape.

For the second time that evening, everything depended upon the bonus system and for the second time the computer declared a tie. The albino pair, even though their features were masked from sight, nevertheless looked the picture of dejection as they trudged wearily back to join the other beaten teams. Faisal was busy scribbling again.

"That was near to their best ever recorded time," he said, his eyes feverish. "And that's about as quickly as they will run tonight, for that was a tough race and they were pushed every inch of the way. I know you can beat that time, even after two races, especially as your second one was very straightforward.

"I have never revealed this to anyone but Mistress Constance, but you have already achieved practice times that are equal to the best this pair has ever done in public. However, they have a wealth of experience behind them and a very astute driver, so it will still be the most difficult race you have ever taken part in."

It was also to be the longest, for the impromptu committee formed among the participating owners to agree the conditions for the contest as a whole had decided that the final would be over thirty five laps. This news came as a surprise, not only to ourselves, but, judging from the general gasp that went up when it was announced over the tannoy, to the crowd as well. Thirty five laps on top of two earlier races was a gruelling prospect and there were doubtless teams who would never have finished that final, let alone won it.

Not satisfied even with that fact, it had been decided to test our endurance in another way. The tail butt plugs were removed from all four of us and, in their place, were fitted new tails, this time fixed onto long vibrators. I stood patiently, whilst Sahara slid mine into place and rebuckled my crotch strap, the extra size and length only too obvious, even before it was switched on.

For the second time, we were subjected to the handicapping system, taking slightly longer to come, in my case, although Philippa climaxed noisily

as rapidly as she had done first time around. The decision to deny her any sexual contact for so long had really paid off and, by the time my girl had finished sucking the last drops from my stem, Philippa had regained her composure and was breathing normally again.

One final refinement, before we were signalled forward, was that each driver had her right arm released from the pouch at her back and a long whip strapped to it, in such a way that, whilst she could still use the whip efficiently, she would not be able to employ the hand in order to gain any advantage in controlling the reins.

I could hear Faisal remonstrating angrily somewhere behind us and realised that he had not been warned about this and, as Heidi had never driven with a whip before and the other girl undoubtedly had, he was complaining bitterly that it was an unfair handicap. His attempts to have the status quo restored were to no avail, however and, as we lined up and the start officials switched on our vibrators, I could still hear his angry tones, even though my microphone was now off once more.

I saw the starter raising his pistol, heard its crack as no more than a dull thump somewhere in the distance and we were under way. Little of what follows is from my personal recollections, for our blinkers ensured that we could not see what was happening behind us, but the entire evening was being recorded on video cameras and we were allowed to watch the finished product some time very much later.

Heidi allowed the other team to move into the lead, adopting the tactics that had served us so well in the past, but these were wily opponents and they kept accelerating and slowing again, in an effort to tempt Heidi into making a foolish move, but Heidi had learned much over the months and had been watching the earlier races closely.

The buzzing intruder strapped inside my rear passage was having a strange effect on me by now and, whereas I usually found myself running in a tunnel of fierce concentration, now I felt as though I were not really there at all and pounded on in a euphoric cloud, my head buzzing and my bobbing phallus feeling as though it were about to split along its entire length. Even the lap counter boards appeared curiously out of focus and I had to struggle to remember to concentrate on them at the end of each circuit.

Luckily, our training had been so thorough and so extreme, that our inner senses responded automatically to whatever signals Heidi sent us, but, as we ploughed on, I was dimly aware that we were more in her hands now

than we had been at any other time since Philippa and I were first paired together.

The other driver was using her whip now, though her efforts were mostly for effect, the rawhide cracking harmlessly in the air above her ponies' heads. Heidi had disdained the use of hers and, as I discovered much later, had simply managed to curl it across her widespread thighs, using the handle to stimulate her clitoris as we raced on.

At the half way mark, our cunning little driver decided it was time to take the initiative off the other team, if only for a little while. In the back straight on the next lap, she took the proffered opportunity and sent us smoothly into the lead, maintaining the new pace for another three laps, to see what response it would elicit. Her opposite number, however, seemed content to sit in behind and wait to see if we would start to betray any signs of faltering.

Heidi, however, as well as having a hair trigger clitoris, had a built in stop watch in her head and knew us inside out by now. She sensed that we were more than comfortable at this faster pace and guessed that the vibrators would be sending us to heights sensual abandon we had never attained before. Apparently, she had been present a year earlier when two teams were raced against each other under precisely these conditions and had overheard one trainer telling a lady guest that the ponies would hardly be feeling their legs at all.

Cracking the whip over our heads for the first time, Heidi shook the reins out to indicate another slight acceleration. The black team came with us still, but their driver must have been taken by surprise by this latest tactic, for, on the next straight, she tried to regain the lead, only to find that they could not get by us before the bend loomed up again, forcing them to drop back again and wait for the next straight.

Heidi was ready for them and signalled us to go slightly faster again as we came off the bend. The result was that the black driver mistimed her run and once again was defeated as she ran out of straight track. Now Heidi slowed us again, offering the other girl the chance to pass us on the outside of the curve, which she declined, knowing that her ponies would have to cover several extra metres if she took them wide.

With another crack of her whip, Heidi sent us surging into the home straight again and, as before, the black team's efforts to pass were defeated by the looming top bend. The crowd were loving every moment of the cat and mouse tussle and I could see spectators leaping up and down and

waving their arms excitedly, the noise they were making penetrating even my thorough ear defences.

I was now on a high, but I vaguely remembered that success depended on more than just my condition. Alongside me, Philippa pounded in unison and I wished I could see her face to get some idea of how she was handling the constant changes of pace. Too bad, I realised; she would either last or she wouldn't and there was nothing I could do about it either way. I was strong and fit, but there was no way I could tow her around as well as Heidi and the cart.

The black driver now decided to wait again and see if our stamina held out, but she also made the mistake of allowing us to build up a twenty metre lead without changing stride, before she realised that Heidi was not going to slow again to allow her to catch up. Wily as ever, though, the girl did not ask her team to make up the deficit in one go, being content to take an entire lap in which to whittle away at our advantage.

My entire world now became a blur for several laps and I had no idea whether we were still leading or not, but, when I finally did snap back to something like a state of awareness, we were still in front and, according to the taped footage I later saw, with our opponents still doggedly hanging in there.

A lesser team would have cracked in the face of our performance that evening, but not for nothing had this black pair built a fearsome reputation of being unbeatable. For several laps they matched us stride for stride, the pace now constant and punishing, waiting for us to come apart and fall away, long before the end.

But we were running with wings on our feet now, blissfully suspended a mile above the pain threshold and in a world where every sensuous nerve ending in our combined bodies was on fire with lust, determination and sheer ecstasy. Now they were forced to try to take us again, but still we beat them off, Heidi manoeuvring us in a frenzy of boots and whipcracking, the fervour of the spectators climbing to even more delirious heights.

I saw the lap counter holding up the board with the figure one on it and felt the lash across my shoulders for the first time as the reins were shaken out for one final, superhuman effort. Saliva was spraying from behind my bit as we careered around that top bend for the final time and into the back straight, the black team striving desperately to come alongside.

On the film, afterwards, it looked as though the other girl was about to risk everything on the bottom bend, but reason prevailed at the last

moment and she stayed tight to the inner curve, only pulling out again as the track straightened. I heard Philippa shrieking through her gag and gave a desperate yell myself as the tape loomed, but that last hundred metres seemed to go on forever.

They were close, I knew, but how close I had no way of telling, except that Heidi's whip flailed across our backs with increasing ferocity. My legs, so long not feeling like they belonged to me, suddenly felt as if they were back inside the heavy training boots and I felt certain that we must be pulling both Sahara and Alexandra now. Tears of pain and frustration filled my eyes, but I did not have the energy to shake them clear.

And then I felt the tape on my chest, heard the screams and whoops, felt the slowing tug on my bit and I knew that we had won. Now my vision did clear and I saw Faisal and Constance running headlong towards us, followed closely by Maria, Leonie and all the other trainers. They were all laughing and jumping up and down as they ran and the little band of spectators who had encroached onto the track to begin the congratulatory backslapping quickly though better of it and retreated back onto the grass.

Faisal reached us first and suddenly I could hear everything again. It was bedlam, babel and Wembley Stadium rolled into one. Constance almost slid to a halt before us, raising her arms in triumph and then I came, my ringed and chained erection erupting in a creamy fountain that splattered up and over her immaculate leather bodysuit, flecks clinging to her hair and face. I groaned, expecting the worst, but Constance seemed to find the entire thing hilarious.

She wiped up my semen on her gloved fingers, turned and offered her hand to Maria.

"There, my lady!" she cried. "See the juices of a champion and taste the nectar of a true god!"

\*\*\*\*\*

In the aftermath of jubilation, everything became a little hazy and I was not helped by the fact that nobody thought to switch off our vibrators for some time. There was a cup presented to Constance and then we had to stagger round a lap of honour, with our triumphant mistress perched on a hastily attached rear step, waving her trophy aloft all the way round.

We also got the victor's spoils in that we were coupled with the black pair in front of the grandstand, though my only memory of that was a tight, hot

tunnel spasming furiously about my aching shaft and a sea of black limbs and breasts that seemed to belong to at least three people at once.

Not to be overlooked, Heidi, now with the full use of both arms restored, leaped up and grasped me around the neck, lifting herself and then impaling her dripping sex on my ever ready, if not ever willing, stem. Even though she had broken all known records for her bonus score, the voracious minx was still not satisfied, but I did not care. Let her have her fill of her manhood, for our victory had ensured I would be retaining it for some time yet!

I cannot recall returning to the stable, waking long after sunrise the following morning, sprawled in the straw with Heidi asleep across my thighs. My usually stiff permanent companion lay small and limp beneath her cheek. In the far corner, Philippa lay slumped in a sitting position, her booted legs widespread, her bald sex gaping lewdly. The small form of Mia lay curled up between Philippa's legs, she too still fast asleep.

Faisal and our black handlers did not appear till mid morning, whereupon they stripped all four of us completely naked, allowing me my first ever glimpse of Mia's features. She was a very pretty creature and her enhanced lips gave her an inviting pout. I looked from her to Heidi and saw that the facial scar had faded even more since I had first seen it. Even without it, she would not have been as pretty as Mia, nor as coolly beautiful as Philippa, but I loved her more fiercely than I should ever have believed it possible to love another human being.

We were hosed and towelled down in the yard outside, given bowls of thick soup and bottles of ice cold lemonade and then returned to our stall without being put back in our restrictive outfits. Somewhat self-consciously, the four of us sank back onto the straw, waiting for someone else to break the awkward silence. For the first time in a very long time, Philippa spoke, voicing what we were all thinking.

"I suppose we'll get a few days relative luxury now, as our reward for last night," she sighed, "and then it'll be arses up, tails back in and best hoof forward."

"I'm just grateful for small mercies," I said. Heidi giggled and nodded towards my shrunken manhood.

"That needs the rest more than you do, you mean?" she chuckled. Mia sniggered, too.

"I couldn't face another fuck if you offered me my freedom," she confessed, "and I didn't go sixty five laps on that horn."

"Just exactly what did you get up to last night?" I asked, for we had seen nothing of our reserve driver from the moment the final race got under way. Mia actually blushed.

"Faisal," she explained, sheepishly. "He's been screwing me since he arrived. No one else was supposed to know, but every time I went down for showering or feeding, or anything else for that matter, he would take me into that little caravan he uses as his office.

"Last night, when all the fuss had died down, he took me back up to the main house, had me put on a really elegant rubber evening dress, complete with long gloves and tiara and then we had dinner in his bedroom. After that, well, we just worked off some of the excess calories."

Constance arrived to see us within the hour, accompanied by Maria and two male handlers, presumably in case any of us got carried away with not being under restraint. She was in expansive mood.

"You will be getting a new stable annexe all to yourselves," she told us, in the sort of tone you would expect from a mother telling her children they would soon be going to Disneyland. "It will have its own showers and somewhat more comfortable bedding for you all, including my latest acquisitions." She beamed around the barren space.

"As you will have doubtless surmised, Sheik Suliman bin Akthar and I had a substantial side stake on the eventual outcome of last evening's entertainment. When I say substantial, however, neither of us would have missed it had we lost, but there was pride at stake and you have worked well to keep mine intact. For that reason, you will be given the next seven days as free time. You may remain naked, or else you may choose a suitable costume, but you will revert to a human existence for a whole week, after which you will go back to pony training.

"In the future, whenever you win a major race, you will again earn a week off, though naturally you will not be allowed off the estate. I trust, also, that none of you will be foolish enough to attempt an escape. Philippa should know enough to be aware that such a thing is impossible.

"Meantime, I mentioned new acquisitions and I mentioned pride. The former are White Lightning and White Heat, for the Sheik has no use for them now that they have been beaten. That is where the pride comes in again, for he offered them to me in place of the money and I think I have come out of the deal well.

"From now on, you will train against each other. Their losing driver is also

joining us, though the reserve girl, because she was never involved in the race, will be staying with the Sheik to take over his up and coming second string. From what I hear, they are young, eager and improving by the day, so you can look forward to meeting them before too long.

"In addition, I have decided to use White Heat for breeding next spring. You will be put to her, Folly and then, when she finally returns to racing, you will be put to Firefoot here. That way, I shall always have one top filly to race with you and the contrast of black and white should be quite novel." She laughed and turned towards the door.

"Your little foals, when they arrive, should prove quite an interesting proposition too," she added. "Not to mention valuable, in a few years' time. If only we could find a way to have human foals ready for racing within two years, the way they are with four-legged horses. Still, with genetic science making such incredible advances, who knows?"

"I must ask Fredericks who she knows in that field."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Well," Heidi smirked, sliding off from on top of me and nestling against my chest, "so now you're to be the big white stallion, eh? That'll be good fun, won't it?" I detected a slight note of resentment in her tone. Whilst she could handle both of us being coupled with other partners, the thought of why I was supposed to keep servicing the two female ponies was gnawing at her. I put my arm around her shoulders, but she simply sighed and closed her eyes.

"Listen," I urged her, in a low whisper, for, whilst we had been moved temporarily to a small stall in which we were alone, the partitions were thin and the sound of voices penetrated the old timber easily, especially in the night time silence. "Listen, Heidi," I said again. "There's no way I can go through with what Madame wants. It's simply inhuman and I can't face being any part of such a dreadful scheme.

"Besides," I added, "when I finally do get around to making babies, I want to do it with you." Heidi opened her eyes again and looked up at me.

"I'm too small to be a brood mare," she pouted. "She'd never allow it."

"I wasn't thinking of asking her permission," I countered, darkly. "It's still some months before I'm expected to cover White Heat, whatever her real name might be, so we've got plenty of time to work out a way off getting out of here." Heidi sat up, a look of consternation on her elfin face.

"It can't be done!" she protested. I shushed her with my finger and she continued in a whisper that I still feared might be too loud. "You've forgotten what I told you all those months back," she said, "and if you don't believe me, ask bloody Philippa. This place is tighter than a duck's arse and that's waterproof."

"It is when you're forced to parade about the place dressed as horsey horsey and dripping with chains," I agreed. "But if we can win ourselves a week of freedom every now and then, anything must be possible."

"Maybe, but I'm not going to hold my breath. Besides, if we try and get caught, we'll be even deeper in the shit."

"Difficult," I said. "Things can't get much worse than they already are." Heidi grasped my manhood, which had subsided after the first normal copulation I had enjoyed for what seemed like half a lifetime.

"She could still do as she threatened and cut this off," Heidi warned me. "I doubt you'd be saying it was no worse when she had you servicing filthy old bastards in one of her downmarket dives!"

"She's not going to do anything as stupid as that," I replied, with more assurance than I actually felt. "I'm one half of her champion racing pair and apparently one hundred percent of her breeding plans. Without this, I don't think I'd qualify for either."

"If you were dealing with a rational person, then I might just agree with you," Heidi snapped. "But Constance bloody Bellamy-Fraser is out of her tiny fucking mind! Or hadn't you noticed that, lover boy?"

"I was beginning to have just the tiniest doubts," I laughed. I struggled into a sitting position. "Seriously, though, I can't just sit about and let her do this. Apart from anything else, whether I want them or not, those will be my bloody babies, not hers. No, it just doesn't bear thinking about."

"And I hear what you've been saying about the security here. It is tight, but no system is infallible. I don't intend to rush headlong into anything, but there must be weaknesses, even if they're only human ones."

"And if you do get out, what then?"

I regarded her levelly. "What do you think?" I said. "I blow the whistle on this set-up as quickly and as loudly as I possibly can."

"And me?" Heidi asked. "Where do I fit in?"

"Well, I'd have thought that was obvious. I'd want you with me."

"And could you handle my crazy libido? Without Constance's chemical assistance, that is?"

"I'd have a great time finding out," I quipped.

Heidi pulled a face and then reached forward and took my ringed right nipple between her finger and thumb. Immediately, I felt the little electric surge deep within me.

"What about these?" she whispered. "I doubt you can just get them cut off, at least, not in one go, otherwise you'd be terribly scarred. Could you face living with a pair of tits most men would die to get their dirty little mitts around?"

"I suppose I could get a bra," I chuckled. "Listen, short stuff, tits or not, I've got to get out of here - get us both out of here, actually."

"You're beginning to sound monotonous," Heidi complained. Her free hand sought and found my other nipple. "Actually," she sighed, "I quite like you with tits. It makes us even, in a funny sort of way. I can use these to get you hard almost at will, look."

It was true. Even though my system was now clear of whatever medication had been used to maintain my constant hard-on and even though we had only just finished a prolonged bout of lovemaking, my organ was already beginning to thicken and rise and Heidi had not laid a finger on it.

"Okay, so I've got sensitive nipples," I sidestepped. Heidi snorted derisively. "Tell me about it," she said, drawing herself up and gently straddling my thighs, all the while working away at my swollen teats. Her own nipples, also still ringed, were equally engorged and I could not resist reaching up to fondle them. We both looked down together, smiling when we saw the condition I had rapidly achieved.

With leisurely grace, Heidi eased herself forward, positioning her open quim on the head of my shaft and slowly lowering herself down its length.

"You be the escape committee, if that's what you want," she sighed, contentedly. "I'll help if I can, of course, but in the meantime I'll take my pleasure when and where I can and be downright grateful for it. Oh, and there's one other thing."

"What's that?" I asked, dreamily. The warmth of her was all enfolding, the faint scent of musk, now minus the heady aroma of rubber to which I had become so accustomed these months.

"Would you expect me to marry you, always assuming we ever did get away from here?"

I opened my half closed eyes again. "Yes, of course," I said. "Why?"

"Well, I'll only marry you on one condition."

I eyed her, warily. "And what might that be?" I demanded. Heidi

squeezed my nipples, hard, eliciting a yelp of surprise at the sudden pain. She grinned and pouted at me.

“The tits stay!” she said firmly.

I gasped out loud. I could scarcely believe it, but her expression and the way her eyes bored into me told me it had to be true, no matter how incredible.

She was being serious!

She was actually being bloody serious, but, before I could say anything in reply, she was off again, sliding up and down my rigid length, the pale rider in all her natural glory.

“After all,” she gasped, between breaths, her own breasts bobbing up and down in a steady rhythm now, “if I have to go through life with a bloody great pair of monstrosities like these, why shouldn’t you? That’s what I call equality of the sexes!”

There was, as the man once said, no answer to that. I laid back and thought of England, then changed my mind and thought of Brazil. After all, it was a lot bigger!