

PONY BOY (Book One)

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.

I came round slowly at first, my scrambled brain still so numb from whatever that syringe had contained that it did not recognise any urge to regain consciousness. Eventually, though, some pinprick of intelligence penetrated the fog and I struggled to open my eyes. It took several seconds for me to focus, but when I did it was several seconds longer again before I realised that the picture on the ceiling above me wasn't a picture at all, but a huge mirror and that the bizarre figure it showed was me!

I gasped out loud and tried to sit up, but even if my muscles had regained sufficient strength for the manoeuvre the sturdy leather restraints prevented almost any movement at all. The breath whistled between my clenched teeth and I lay limply again, staring upwards and trying to make out what they had done to me.

I saw my head and the only way I could identify it as my head was because it moved when I moved it, but any chance of another party identifying me had been totally removed, for apart from narrow slit openings for my eyes, small round openings below my nostrils and a round aperture which revealed my mouth, from the neck up I was encased in black, shiny rubber. And the rest of my body had not escaped the clinging embrace of the heavy latex.

My arms had been sheathed from shoulder to tip, where each glove ended in a sort of tapered mitten with a sturdy steel ring at the end. I tried to flex my fingers inside their prison, but could barely move them, so tightly had the mitten been designed to fit. Not that the use of my fingers would have been of any great benefit to me though, for both my upper limbs were held securely to the bench top on which I lay by means of leather straps at wrist, elbow and just below either shoulder. The straps were arranged in such a way that both arms were held a few inches clear of my body, which in turn had been secured by even broader straps about my chest and waist.

Within these straps, my torso had also been given the tight rubber treatment. My nipples remained exposed, but from just below them and on down to my hips, stretched what could only be described as a black latex corset, laced and buckled to an unbelievable tightness which was rendering anything other than extremely shallow breathing totally impossible.

My loins and genitalia had been swathed about by a harness of rubber and leather which had been designed to hold my cock - to my astonishment it was fully erect - flat against my stomach by means of five narrow leather straps. Seen against the black background of the harness, my member was thrown into prominence, made even more bizarre by the fact that my testicles, which were also gripped by an encircling strap, were now totally devoid of hair and gleamed wickedly under the harsh lighting.

As I was taking all this in, I became aware of something else which was not visible, but whose presence was unmistakable as my wits began to return. The cock harness was not just there to present my genitalia in such helplessness. Where the strap ran down and beneath me to fasten to the waist strap at the rear, it was holding in place a large, firm dildo which no amount of effort from my sphincter muscles was ever going to dislodge until someone unfastened the buckle.

Further down still, encasing my legs, was more rubber, long boots reaching from thigh to toe and fashioned in a way that forced my feet into a high arch as a stiletto heel would do to a woman. But I could detect no stiletto heels from the mirrored reflection, rather the base of each boot seemed to be one solid piece, flaring out into a wider base which was not unlike a horse's hoof in appearance. About each ankle yet more restraining straps held my legs several inches apart. If I was surprised that there were not straps about any other part of my lower limbs, that surprise did not last long, for when I tried to flex my knees I realised that the heavy rubber was so tight that each leg was almost as rigid as if it had been encased in steel.

I blinked hard and shook my head in an effort to make sense of all this. Someone - or several someone's - had gone to a lot of trouble to turn me into a fetishist's dream, but who and for what purpose? A door opened somewhere behind my head and I heard the click- click of high heels on the bare flooring. A woman moved into view on my left hand side. She seemed tall, but then it was difficult to judge from my enforced prone position and her dark hair was scraped back from her face in a chignon in an effort - a very successful one at that - to make her features appear as severe as possible. This effect was enhanced by the heavy eye makeup and the deep red lipstick. The studded leather collar which ringed her long neck was unnecessary, but it heightened the illusion even more.

I could only see her from the waist up, but that was impressive enough. Her shoulders and arms suggested physical strength and her generous bosom could not be concealed by the tight leather bodice which she wore. Rather, the cut of it emphasised her majestic cleavage which rose and fell gently as she studied me.

"I see you have rejoined the land of the living," she said. I had half expected some trace of a foreign accent, but her English was faultless, well modulated and suggested that quite a lot of money had found its way to some expensive finishing school somewhere along the line. How long ago that would have been I couldn't guess. She might have been forty five, or she might have been twenty five; she had one of those faces.

I swallowed hard and cleared my throat. "What the hell is going on here?" I demanded, trying not to sound as scared as I felt. "Let me out of this immediately."

The woman shook her head, the faintest traces of a smile flickering at the edges of her mouth.

"I think not, Mr Mason," she said. "We do not believe in wasting efforts and energies here, you know. It will be some time before you are released."

"Why?" I spluttered. The rubber helmet, whilst permitting speech, had a hampering effect on my jaw and cheeks

and it was almost impossible to talk normally. "What have I done to you? Who are you?"

"In answer to your last question," she replied, "I am Constance Bellamy-Fraser, but that need not concern you. When able to and permitted, or ordered, to address me you will, in future, use the term Mistress.

"As to the whys and the whats, not to mention the wherefores, a certain party has engaged the services of my establishment in order to repay you for certain actions which this party found unacceptable. Not to put too fine a point on it, you are here to be punished for your sins."

"But that's ridiculous!" I protested. "This is kidnapping."

"From your point of view, yes," she retorted. "But then here your point of view is of no value. As you can see, your position is totally helpless as well as hopeless." She reached out and stroked my swollen testicles and I felt a cold surge race up my spine. "In case you were wondering, by the way, we have drugs other than that used to knock you out last evening. You have been injected with one which will ensure that your cock remains in a state of full arousal at all times. Even if you orgasm it will not shrink from its present size.

"Our lady guests prefer to see their slaves this way and if they feel the urge to avail themselves of the goods on display they need not waste time and energy." With her other hand, she reached out and patted my rubber covered cheek. "You are here to be used, slave," she said. "How does it feel and how do you like the new look you, eh? You do look very fetching, if I say so myself. And, as the drugs don't seem to have induced any nausea, we can complete your outfit before you are passed over to your initial handlers."

She moved around out of my sight again and I heard the sound of a drawer being opened. I made one final, desperate attempt at reason.

"Look," I called out, "if it's a question of money, I'll give you whatever you've been paid for this nonsense and ten percent on top."

Her laughter sounded harsh in the bare-walled room and I knew what she was going to say, even before she said it.

"The money doesn't come into it, slave. That was merely a negotiated fee for our services here. Within a week at the most you will have earned me at least double that again."

"Okay then," I almost screamed, "you name your price. I've got money, plenty of it and - "

My plea was cut short in mid-sentence as the rubber ball was forced into my mouth. Perhaps, if I had seen it coming, I might have put up some show of resistance, but I doubt it would have done me much good. This woman intended that I should be gagged and I got the impression that she always got what she intended. And the gag was intended to do more than just silence me, I realised, as she buckled the harness around my head, for jutting out from it was a long, black, shiny rubber phallus.

With me now unable to interrupt her, Constance Bellamy-Fraser set to work with a will. First, she turned her attentions to my hands. Taking two short straps, she threaded one through the ring at the tapering end of each glove, bent my fingers over to form a fist and fastened the strap about the wrist to keep it that way. My hands had been virtually useless before, but now they were completely so.

Next, she released the strap securing each elbow to the bench and, producing others to take their place, buckled my elbows tightly to my sides, by means of heavy rings set into the corset for just that purpose. The heavy strap across my chest was released and I was hauled roughly into a sitting position. My hands were dragged cruelly around and behind my back and I heard, rather than felt, something being clipped into place between the two rings where they were fastened to the wrist straps and knew, before I even tested the truth, that my wrists were now connected together.

My ankle bonds were loosened next, but, whilst the restraining thigh straps remained in place, a pair of heavy cuffs, connected by a sturdy chain scarcely twelve inches long, were buckled and then locked into place. The vague hope I had had that my feet might prove an effective weapon against my captor faded even quicker than it had formed. Now, when the thigh straps were released and my legs swung around so that they dangled over the side of the bench, I realised that walking would be a hard enough task, let alone anything else. I looked at my legs, stiffly encased in the thick rubber, my knees hardly bent at all and understood for the first time what total helplessness felt like.

Constance grasped the rings at either side of my corset and pulled me even closer to the edge, so that my legs gradually lowered beneath the pull of gravity. The bizarre hoof-like boots finally hit the tiled floor with a sharp ringing clatter and I realised that they were shod with steel, or some suchlike metal, but I had little time to reflect as she pulled me into a standing position and forced me to shuffle awkwardly into the centre of the room.

"Excellent," she said, walking around me like a horse-trader inspecting a prospective purchase. "Gagged, plugged, shod and shackled - all ready for your first lesson." She reached out and stroked the swollen globe at the end of my cock and I felt myself shiver. Her eyes gleamed, maliciously. "Rigid as a rod and nowhere to put it," she sneered. "Well, slave, welcome to the first day of your new life."

* * *

I was left alone in the room for several minutes, during which time I considered every possibility of escape, only to reach the conclusion that there wasn't one that offered any chance of success. I was also trying to figure out just who might have wanted me here and paid good money for the services of Constance Bellamy-Fraser and her establishment. I had made enemies in my various lines of business, sure, but then doesn't everyone? And besides, this didn't feel like a

business problem. No, this was something far more personal.

My ex-wife could have been one candidate, apart from the fact that it was she who had been unfaithful and left me and I had given her a generous settlement into the bargain. No, it wasn't Jilly, that I was certain of. That left a choice of half a dozen girlfriends of assorted duration and standing, but I had parted company with all of them on affable terms. So who was left? I racked my brain, but nothing came up.

To one end of the room was a window, screened by heavy curtains, but with a chink of daylight penetrating where they had not quite been closed in the middle. I decided I might as well try to gain any additional information about my surroundings and turned towards that end of the room. It was then that I realised just how helpless I really was, for even the act of walking those few metres was an effort.

The ankle chain necessitated me taking small steps, but even that was not the end of it. The weird boots with their hoof-shaped soles and heels not only forced my feet and legs into positions they were unaccustomed to, but the solid hooves appeared to have been weighted, for each step was a huge effort. With my arms rendered useless as an aid to balancing, those few steps across the room seemed like a journey to forever, but I was determined to show some sort of defiance, no matter how insignificant it might seem to anyone else.

Finally I made it to the window and eased my shoulder between the heavy curtains, widening the gap. As I turned myself square on to look out, the grotesque rubber cock fouled on the right hand curtain and I was forced to twist my neck in order to get it through the narrow space. The rubber ball in my mouth, to which it was attached, was causing me to salivate heavily and made the act of swallowing very difficult to accomplish, but I managed it in order not to have spittle drooling down the inside of my mask.

Beyond the glass the sun was shining brightly on a scene which could have been taken from a stately home. A broad expanse of lawn ran away from the building in a gentle downward slope, to where a screen of trees and well-manicured shrubs made a natural barrier. What lay immediately beyond that line I could not tell, but away in the distance I saw the tops of several rolling hills. Back on my side of the trees I could make out a pond, complete with ornamental fountain away to the right and what looked like some sort of summer house, built from grey stone and heavy timber, beyond that again. There were four or five small circular flowerbeds, each with a rose bush as its central feature and set about with smaller ground covering plants. There was also a low stone wall running back up from the furthest extremity of the tree line and up, presumably, to some other part of the building which I could not see. All in all it was a very peaceful aspect, but gave me no indication as to where I might be.

Behind me I heard a sound, heavily muffled by the rubber stretched across my ears and I drew back inside the room and turned, as quickly as I dared, to be confronted with two females who were as awesome as they were beautiful. Both were tall and both had fair hair tied back into pony tails, but there the similarity ended.

The first woman was very slender and almost flat-chested, what there was of her bust being lightly supported by a crop-topped bodice of black leather which laced at the front. Below her bare, tanned midriff, she wore a brief matching skirt that revealed more than it concealed, shiny, sheer black tights, and high-heeled knee boots with steel caps on the toes. About each wrist she wore a studded band and in her right hand she carried a wicked looking riding crop.

Her companion was perhaps an inch taller and built on an altogether heftier scale. She was by no means fat, but every inch of her seemed to be rippling muscles and latent strength, though from the neck down there was not a square inch of her flesh exposed.

Above the waist she wore a tight fitting shirt, or blouse, of white leather, with a high, mandarin-style collar which buckled at the front of her throat. The sleeves had been drawn tight by means of a row of laces down the outer seam of each arm and seemed to be all in one with the gloves which covered her hands. About her waist was a wide belt, which was buckled by two smaller straps attached at the front and beneath that her limbs were encased in something which was a cross between a pair of leather leggings and an extended pair of boots. It was also possible, I could see, that the lower garment and the blouse were all one, for the belt made it impossible to see if there was any distinction between them.

Like the first woman, this Amazon was not empty handed and the gleaming black cat which she flicked idly back and forth looked even more ominous than her partner's weapon. It was the second woman who spoke first.

"Good afternoon, slave," she growled, in a deep, almost masculine voice. "I am Marla, although of course you will not be able to address me for the time being. When you can speak, you will remember to do so as Miss Marla. My colleague here is Miss Philippa. We are here to start your training."

"And you will learn to obey very quickly, I think," Miss Phillipa added. Her voice was light, musical, even, but somehow that seemed to add to her potential menace. She stepped ahead of Marla and walked over to me, stopping only a few inches from where I remained rooted. I could see now just how tall she was. We were both wearing extraordinarily high heels, with mine possibly being an inch or so the higher, but even so she stood two inches taller than I.

The scent of leather mingled with the aroma of rubber that had filled my nostrils ever since I had regained consciousness and I became ever more aware of my cock straining inside its restraining bands, for up close Philippa was even more beautiful than I had first thought. Her eyes were a vivid, ice blue and her skin was absolutely flawless. In another time, in another world, I would have been panting at the leash, but here and now, in whatever crazy world I had been dropped, any leash would be on me, literally, and she would probably be one of the people holding it.

As if to confirm that thought she reached down and cupped my balls in her free hand, squeezing steadily until a groan was forced past my gag. She smiled, the smile reaching her eyes and I saw that she genuinely was amused at my helplessness.

"This is going to be the longest hard-on of your life, slave," she chuckled. "I presume that Madame has already explained about it. Shame you won't get much opportunity to use it, though - not all the time you've got this substitute." She tapped the dildo with the end of her crop, setting it bobbing grotesquely. "And the sooner we put it to good use, the better, I think."

She pivoted away from me and swayed over to the bench table on which I had been recently secured. With a lithe grace she perched herself up onto one end, legs dangling just above the tiled floor.

She beckoned to me with one finger crooked. "Come here," she instructed, the smile still broad. I hesitated, but only for a brief moment, for I did not doubt her ability and willingness to use that crop on me if I dared disobey. Very awkwardly I began to shuffle across to her, all the time conscious of the constrictions of corset, boots, gloves and helmet, which all seemed to be pressing in on me at every movement.

As I drew close to the table, Philippa started to slide herself further along it, bending her knees so that her heels were just on the top surface.

"That's it, slave," she said. "Stand right up against the end." As I obeyed, her companion, Marla, moved in behind me and I felt a strap being tightened about my thighs, securing me in place so that I could not retreat, even had I dared try. Laying back, Philippa lifted the brief skirt and I saw that she was not wearing tights at all, but very long stockings with elasticated hold-up tops that nestled tightly into either side of the mound of her sex. She was also wearing no panties so that sex was fully on display, pink and depilated and with the narrow dark gash already partially open and glistening with her juices.

"Now," she sighed, "you don't need to be a mastermind to work out what you have to do, so get your face down here and fill my cunt with that nice black prick that Madame has so kindly given you." This time I did hesitate. I'd done plenty of unusual things with plenty of unusual females in my time, but this was something else. Trussed in rubber like a turkey waiting for the oven and with my mouth turned into something that now had but one use, I was reluctant to obey her instructions. However, the searing pain which burned across the tops of my thighs to the accompanying crack of Marla's cat whip was more than enough to convince me.

Slowly, I started to bend at the waist, lowering my face, with its huge rubber appendage, towards its waiting target. Philippa decided that I needed more urgency, for she threw her right leg over my left shoulder, pressing me in towards her and with her left hand seized the rubber cock and guided it deftly inside her. Now she threw her other leg over my other shoulder and bent both limbs so that her spiked heels dug into my exposed flesh below the bottom edge of the corset. I was drawn fully to her, so that all nine inches of the phallus were embedded in her sex and my rubber-covered nose was pressing hard against her mons. A second or so later I felt the multi-stranded whip crack across my thighs again, making me jerk my head backwards, but before I could pull the rubber shaft fully out of her a powerful hand seized the back of my head and thrust me forward again.

Despite the pain, I was not slow to catch on. Either I performed the task voluntarily, or else I would be whipped in and out of Philippa's sex until such time as she either climaxed, grew tired of the game, or I fell from sheer exhaustion. It was no contest. I began with a will and the whip fell no more. Instead, I felt a gloved hand pressing against the strap which bisected my buttocks, urging that first rubber phallus deeper inside me, keeping perfect stroke-time with the thrusts of my face.

Suddenly, I knew that, despite everything, I was fast approaching orgasm and groaned, inwardly, for I suspected that if I came before Philippa, I would be in even bigger trouble than I was already ...

* * *

Like a good many men (I imagine) I had entertained fantasies where I was bound and at the mercy of one or more stunningly attractive women and I had even enjoyed a few mild games with those of my girlfriends who had expressed a willingness to go along with the idea. However, nothing I had previously experienced, nor anything I could have imagined, could possibly have prepared me for this.

I did indeed come before the writhing Philippa, pumping copiously as she used her heels to spur me on, but fortunately she reached her own orgasm only seconds after. I did not dare to let my efforts flag, however and carried on my hideously humiliating bobbing action until the powerful Marla suddenly hauled me back. She saw immediately what I had done, but instead of the expected anger, she simply burst out laughing.

"Whoa!" she cried. "Sit up and take a look at this, Phil. He's come like a fountain. Must be a natural, I reckon. What do you think?"

Philippa levered herself into a sitting position and regarded me, then slid along the bench and stared down at the floor. My semen was dripping from the leather top into a growing pool on the tiles. My cock, meanwhile, refused to subside, though I felt physically and emotionally drained.

"I think," Philippa said, "that for a first effort that's not bad." She stared at me, a strange smile on her face. "Did you enjoy that, slave?" she crooned. "Did you like being made to use your fuck-face to satisfy my hot, juicy cunt?"

Exhausted though I was, I understood that a response was expected from me, though what was it to be? A moment's thought was enough. If I shook my head "no", these crazy, demented bitches would probably take it as an insult and the crop and cat would be used to extract revenge. Given the choice of being whipped, or of using any part of me - real or artificial addition - to satisfy their cravings, I knew what was preferable. Very slowly, I nodded, setting the black dildo, still glistening with Philippa's juices, bobbing comically.

"I think you've found yourself a new plaything," Marla chuckled. "But he's a bit too messy. Get that gag off him and have him clean up his mess."

And that was one difference between fantasy and reality. Still helplessly strapped, the gag was unbuckled and pulled roughly from my mouth by Philippa, who then reinserted the dildo end into herself and leaned back against the bench pushing it in and out an inch or so at a time. With her other hand she had retrieved the crop, which she waived threateningly at me.

"Clean this bench," she ordered. "Come on, snap to it. Get those lips and that tongue going. If you're quick about it, I'll forget the floor. You'll never be able to bend your knees to kneel, but if you don't do a good job of the bits you can reach, I'll knock you flat on your face and you can play snakes until those tiles are spotless!"

Curiously, it was such a relief to have that awful rubber ball out of my mouth that I hardly minded being forced to lick my own spendings off the leather top and after the taste of the rubber, I was not overfussed about the taste of this new iniquity. In fact, it was almost a relief.

That relief, however, was not to last for long. No sooner had I licked up the last spot than Marla seized me and began buckling some sort of harness over my head. It did not take me long to work out what it was intended for when the steel bit was thrust between my teeth and I felt some sort of metal plate pressing down on my tongue. The woman had obviously performed this task many, many times, for in under a minute she had made all the necessary adjustments and clipped on a long set of reins which she handed to Philippa.

"You can take horsey for his first trot out," she said. "I've got that filly in box ten to see to. She's been getting a little too frisky lately and Madame suggested a couple of hours mounted on a punishment pedestal might calm her down a bit."

Philippa tugged on the reins and immediately the plate pressing on my tongue sprung up into the roof of my mouth, so that some sort of sharp stud dug painfully against the sensitive palate. I let out a noise somewhere between a grunt and a whinney, which amused both women.

"There'll be plenty more of that," Marla assured me. "Even the best trained ponies have to rely on a good guiding hand. Off you go then, both of you."

Another tug on the reins and I was forced to walk towards the door. I stared down at my peculiarly shod and heavily hampered feet and ankles, hoping that the hobble chain might be removed, at least whilst I was being moved from place to place, but no such luck. Indeed, Philippa seemed quite content to move around behind me and follow my painfully sedate progress at a leisurely walk, using it as an excuse to use the rein and bit to full effect, as well as dealing me a few light cuts across the rump with her riding crop.

I was guided down a long, high-ceilinged corridor off which were several other doors set at intervals on both sides, but what lay behind them I had no way of knowing. The house, or whatever the building was, was eerily silent and even the sound of our heels was muffled by the thick carpet beneath our feet. All I could hear was the sound of my own breathing, which because of the thick rubber covering my ears seemed to be reverberating inside my head.

We came, eventually, to a heavy timber door and Philippa stepped past me to open it, revealing the outside world in the shape of a walled in courtyard paved with large stone slabs. Set into the far wall were a set of double doors and behind and above the wall I could see a sloping, tiled roof which indicated the presence of another building. Guided by the flicking crop, I led the way across, my "hooves" ringing on the hard ground. As we entered through these doors, I realised that we were now in what had originally been a stable. It still was a stable, in fact, but not one intended to house equine residents. One look at the assortment of bridles and bits was enough to tell me that the ponies who called this place home were of the human variety.

The building was long and wide, much bigger than I had assumed from what little I had seen of the outside, with a row of stalls on either side of a wide central concourse. From just inside the doorway I could not tell if any of these stalls were currently occupied, but I sensed that not all of them were empty. Philippa prodded me forward again, to where a small gig cart stood. I saw beyond it several other carts and chariot-style conveyances and saw also that all these vehicles had their shafts too close together to have ever been built to be pulled by real horses.

I was guided between the shafts of the gig and then Philippa raised them from the stone floor and began attaching me to them by means of steel spring-clips that locked each length of polished timber to rings set into either side of my corset. The ends of my mittens were then unlocked from each other and my lower arms pulled backwards and twisted around so that the ring at the end of each tapering point could, in its turn, also be clipped onto the shafts.

Next, I was blinkered, the two heavy leather flaps being buckled onto either side of my bridle harness. I felt something being clipped onto the very top of the harness strap and then suddenly my head was jerked up and back as the chain, or strap, was drawn down and secured somewhere in the small of my back. Philippa walked around and stood in front of me.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "You're thinking that this can't be happening to you, that any minute now

you'll wake up and find it was all a dream. Well, this is no dream - more a nightmare. But you'll get used to it in time and it's not that bad here. You'll be well fed and watered and kept well-groomed, though you have to earn your keep.

"Our pony boys and girls are famous in certain circles and Madame is very proud of these stables, so you have high standards to live up to. If you behave and don't give any trouble, it's quite an easy life. If you don't behave, well, all disobedient animals respond to a taste of the whip, we find.

"Of course, some days you'll be driven by drivers who like to use their whips just for the sake of it, but we don't get too many of those and Madame charges them a fortune if they mark you unnecessarily." She stepped closer and her right hand cupped my balls and squeezed. Beautiful and lithesomely feminine as she was, Philippa was one dangerous female, I could tell. She revelled in having men in her power. I could almost smell the sexual arousal on her as she tormented me.

"If you're really good, I'll let you mount one of our fillies this evening. We have a party of guests coming tonight who enjoy watching that sort of thing. They're a sort of society run by this Lord Something-or-other who come to us at least once a month. His wife likes pony trotting and then she insists we put a couple of stallions to the mares and fillies. Mind you, Lord whateverhisnameis likes to sort out some of that himself and he isn't fussy whether it's a mare, a filly, or a stallion he services. As you're new, he'll probably want to test the goods.

"Anyway, enough chattering. Time to start your schooling." She walked around behind me and I felt the shafts dip as she climbed into the trap. "We'll leave your hobble on to start with," I heard her say. "I don't want you getting too excited. Once you're used to the traces, we'll have the chain off and we can try proper trotting exercises."

I felt the reins tighten at either side of my mouth and the hinged bit-plate flew up into the roof of my mouth. At the same time, I felt the lightest of flicks across the top of my back.

"Walk on!" Philippa cried and gave another short tug on the reins. I grunted in discomfort, but nevertheless leaned my weight forward and began my first lesson as a human pony.

* * *

It was an experience which defied description, harnessed and bitted and drawing Philippa round and round that yard in her cart. It was, of course, slow progress, thanks to the hobble chain between my ankles, but eventually she reined me to a halt, dismounted the trap and walked around to remove the restraint.

"Good boy," she said and stroked my balls as she stood up, the chain dangling from her other hand. She was about to climb back up when she seemed to remember something and stood for several seconds in silent contemplation.

"Wait there," she ordered, eventually. "If you so much as shuffle your hooves, I'll take the skin off your rump."

She strode across to the open doorway of the stable building and disappeared inside, but was back within seconds holding something I could not make out. There seemed to be leather and certainly chain, but beyond that I could not see. My enforced extreme posture made for a limited field of vision anyway and as she bent down in front of me again I could only guess at her intentions. I was not left to guess for long, though.

I felt my balls being gripped firmly and then something hard and unyielding being placed around the top of my scrotum over the leather strap that was already constricting me there. I wished I could see down to what Philippa was doing, but there was no way I could lower my head. All I could tell was that something fairly heavy was now suspended from my genitalia. I was not left in the dark though, for, as she straightened up, Philippa grinned at me and explained.

"It's a pretty set of jingle bells," she said. "Now when you trot, everyone'll be able to hear you coming. Later, we'll fit a proper display harness on you; that has little bells and a proper plume, but this'll do whilst we're training you."

She quickly resumed her position on the driver's seat and we were off around the yard again. Now, though, simple walking was not enough and with cries and flicks of the whip she urged me ever faster. To describe my progress as a trot in the normal equestrian sense of the word would be far from accurate, for my boots left me with no chance of picking up my legs by bending my knees. Instead, I was forced to adopt a ridiculous straight-legged lope, shod hooves clattering away and the awful bells swinging from down below jangling noisily.

I could only imagine what any onlookers might have made of the sight I presented and was glad that we were alone in the yard. Even so, it was a humiliating experience to have this young and extremely attractive female in total control of my every move and to be so helpless to resist anything she wanted me to do.

I was kept hard at it for something like an hour, though I confess it felt more like four or five, before Philippa finally relented and walked me back into the stable building. I wondered if I might have an opportunity to surprise her when she released me from between the shafts, but that beautiful face hid the cunningness of a vixen and her youthful looks obviously concealed a wealth of experience. First the tapered mittens were unclipped from the cart, but they were fastened together again behind my back before any of the other traces were removed.

"You've done quite well for your first day," Philippa said, leading me towards one of the nearer stalls and pushing the door open. Inside, the floor was covered with a thick layer of straw. On the wall was a curious contraption, a steel cylinder set just above head height, from the bottom of which projected a curved tube. From the cylinder, a longer tube ran down the wall, terminating in a sort of foot pedal mechanism. Philippa unbuckled my bridle, removed the bit from my mouth and pushed me towards this apparatus.

"Put your mouth to the tube and press the pedal," she instructed. "Don't press too hard, or you'll choke. It's water, idiot," she added, seeing my lack of comprehension. Gratefully, I took advantage of the offer and, after a couple of false starts, managed to exert just enough pressure via the unwieldy boots to deliver a steady stream of cool liquid. I was so busy drinking that I hardly took any notice when Philippa clipped the end of the chain to my corset, but when I did look down again I saw that I was now tethered to the end wall and with nowhere near enough slack to reach the door of my new "home".

"How long am I going to be kept in here?" I asked, licking my lips dry. Philippa tapped the floor with her whip.

"You do not normally speak until given permission," she warned me, "but as you are a new slave, I will make an exception. Next time, I will thrash you. This time I will put you back in a gag for two hours." She turned away into the corner by the door and I saw her pick up a leather strap contraption, in the middle of which was a rubber ball gag. I considered trying to defy her by keeping my mouth firmly closed, but I guessed what fate would await me if I dared, so I meekly opened my mouth to accept the hateful thing and stood passively whilst the harness was buckled securely into place.

"That's better," Philippa said, when the last strap had been tightened to her satisfaction. "It'll help you to remember next time you think of opening your silly mouth without being told to. And in answer to your question, I don't really know.

"We have all manner of disciplines here, other than pony training, but we generally find it is best if all our novices go through this stage first. Depending upon all manner of circumstances and influences, you could be here for a week, or you could be here for three months. If I were you, I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry anyway. Some of the alternatives make stable life seem a doddle.

"Now, I was going to fit a support bench to the wall for you to prop on for a rest, but since you are under punishment you can stand there in your nice gag for the next two hours. If your bladder gets too full, pee over in that corner," she added, pointing to where there was a patch of floor bare of straw. "There's a drain there and don't forget, you have to sleep on this straw, so hard luck if you get it wet." She laughed as she turned away again. "Of course, you'll make a lovely fountain with your hard-on strapped up like that, but these walls have taken worse in their time."

And with that, she was gone, closing the door behind her and click-clacking away into the distance, whilst I stood there, helpless, dumb, humiliated and near exhausted.

* * *

Mention the Theory of Relativity and everyone will immediately think of Einstein and I wondered, as I stood in that stable stall during that two hours, whether good old Albert had ever spent time trussed and gagged and unable to do anything to relieve the strain on exhausted muscles, for that two hours seemed like an eternity. Everything in the building remained quiet throughout and I wondered if the place was totally empty after all. From what Philippa had told me, it was almost certain that there were other unfortunates in the same position as I, but it appeared that they were probably out going through their paces somewhere. On the other hand, I suddenly realised, if there were any other human ponies in the place, they would be grabbing the opportunity denied me of recuperating from whatever excesses they had been forced into and besides, the rubber membrane stretched over my ears would act to deaden the incidental background noises. The sound of stiletto heels on the flagstones outside would be sharp enough to penetrate, but someone shuffling around in a bed of straw was another matter.

I tried a little shuffling myself, back and forth across the narrow width of my prison, in an attempt to prevent my leg muscles from knotting up and tried to pass the time by calculating what time of day it must be now. The problem was that I had no point of reference. It had to be at least three hours since I had regained consciousness originally, but what time had that been?

Prior to that, all I had was a confused memory in the hotel bedroom on what I presumed was the night before. It had all happened so suddenly and I had been taken completely off my guard. It was the same hotel I always used on my trips down to Devon and, as usual, I had tipped the Head Porter ten pounds and the wink and retired to my room with a bottle of chilled wine to await the arrival of whichever female his contact had chosen to send up for the night.

I remembered answering the knock and finding not one, but two very attractive young women standing on the threshold. I had started saying something about just wanting one and the darker girl had laughed and said it wouldn't cost me any more.

"Not in cash terms, anyway," she had said and they both pushed past me into the room. I was just beginning to think maybe the agency, or whatever it was they worked for, was giving me a bonus for loyalty and considering ringing room service for a second bottle, when the second girl, who had been standing with her back to me, spun around and plunged the needle into my arm. I had tried to pull free, but her companion had quickly moved behind me and grabbed me in some sort of stranglehold. After that, everything was hazy and then a blank. Whatever was in that syringe had worked faster than any anaesthetic had a right to.

Which brought me back again to the question, who was responsible for all this? Who had paid Constance Bellamy-Fraser and her little team to do this to me? I had been turning the possibilities over again and again as I was whipped around the yard pulling that damned trap, but I was still no nearer a solution. With a resigned sigh, I backed myself up

against the timber partition and leaned heavily against it, trying to take some of the strain off my calf and thigh muscles. I closed my eyes and let out a little sob of frustration. They couldn't keep me here like this forever, could they? I put the question out of my mind as quickly as it formed there. I didn't want to search too hard for that answer. I had an awful feeling that, if I found it, I wouldn't like it. I slid myself along the wall until I was able to wedge myself with one shoulder against the water cylinder and, astonishingly, I drifted off into a state of semi-sleep. Looking back, I suppose I had resigned myself to the fact that there was absolutely nothing I could do, cocooned in the unyielding rubber and strapped and chained so efficiently, so the best thing to do was try to conserve what energy remained after my enforced exertions.

I came to with a start as the door to the stall banged open, not even having heard the approach of the sharp heels on the echoing ground. I opened my eyes, expecting to be confronted by Philippa, but it was not her, nor was it what would have been my second bet, the Amazonian Marla. Instead, it was a female I had not seen before and she presented as bizarre a sight as I must have done myself.

I use the term female - and it later turned out that I was right in my assumption - but I was only guessing initially, for the newcomer's head was completely covered by a latex mask similar to my own and the entire torso had been squeezed into a brief rubber dress that was so tight her bust was completely flattened. There were obvious clues as to her sex, but I was taking nothing for granted in this place.

From the crown of her rubber helmet a plume of pale blonde hair cascaded down her back and the legs, sheathed in clinging black latex stockings, certainly appeared feminine enough. Her feet had been encased in ankle boots with needle-point heels even higher than those worn by Philippa and Marla and the buckles which fastened them in place had small padlocks placed through them so that she would not be able to remove them herself. As she approached, I saw also that the mask was joined to a thick collar and that this, too, had been locked in position. The long gloves which clung to her arms did not seem to have been similarly treated, but I had a strong suspicion that this creature would not dare to try to remove them without permission.

She swayed across the straw and stood in front of me and I saw that she was completely different from the other three women I had met since my arrival, for even in the high heels she stood no more than five feet four or so. I saw two large, pale blue eyes staring up at me through the narrow apertures in the rubber, but the rest of her features were hidden away and, to judge from the slight bulge where her mouth should be, I guessed that she was wearing some sort of gag beneath the helmet.

The girl - or woman, I had no way of guessing her age - reached up and began struggling with the buckles that held my bridle and bit in place. I tried to lower myself to make the task easier for her, but my struggles only reduced my height by about an inch. Undeterred, she persevered and eventually withdrew the metal contraption from my lips. She stepped back, the straps dangling from one hand and indicated the water spout. Gratefully, I turned away and availed myself of the facility.

When I turned back again, the girl had disappeared, but she returned within seconds, carrying a short, round length of timber, about four inches in diameter, which she proceeded to fasten to the wall by slotting it into a set of metal brackets which, I presumed, had been set there for the purpose. When she had finished, the thing stuck out from the partition about fifteen inches and, when she removed the heavy bell from my testicles, manoeuvred me level with it and gently pressed me back, I found that I was easily able to straddle it. Using improvised sign language, she indicated that I should allow myself to drop the inch or so required to allow my weight to rest on the protrusion. I did so and immediately felt the relief as the burden was removed from my aching and, by now, almost numb legs. The fact that the dildo inside me was thrust even deeper at the same time hardly registered.

The strange, silent creature then produced a length of leather strap and, using two rings set at a convenient height to either side of me, fastened it across my throat, so that I could no longer dismount the stubby pole. As she secured the second buckle, I saw, for the first time, that there were many rings set into the walls at different places, some only inches from the ground, others well above height and still more at various heights in between. Strangely, I had not noticed these before. It was even more strange, I suppose, that I made no attempt to resist whatsoever, but by now, I think, I had become totally fatalistic. My few hours as a helpless slave had already reduced my resistance level to something lower than I should ever have previously thought possible.

Pressed against the wall, my arms chained to my sides and my hands still fastened behind me, I remained motionless as the small, rubber sheathed fingers began to unfasten the six straps which held my chemically induced erection flat against my belly.

When she had unbuckled the last of the thin leather restraints, she took my engorged member between her tiny latex-smooth hands and began to caress it with unexpected gentleness. Crazily, I found myself wondering if she thought she could make it any bigger than the drugs had already succeeded in doing, or whether she was just intent on masturbating me to a climax. I quickly realised that the latter option was not on her agenda.

Letting go of me without any warning, she spun on her heel and went out through the open door with a speed and poise that should not have been possible, given the extreme nature of her footwear. I let out a long, gasping sigh and realised that I had been holding my breath for about half a minute. What now, I thought? Had she just been teasing me, knowing that the hard-on would remain, whatever happened? If so, why bother releasing it from its restraining harness?

The answer was not long in coming, for she returned within seconds, carrying yet another set of straps over her arm. This time, I saw stirrups hanging from either end of the leather and wondered if she intended to saddle me and ride me, rather than have me draw a cart. That, too, was not her intention. Instead, she wound the centre of the strap around the projecting bar over which I was straddled, so that one stirrup hung down on either side. She stepped back, considered her handiwork and then wound each end around one more time.

I was still puzzled, but not for much longer, for, with astonishing agility, she lifted her left leg up and settled one foot in the stirrup on that side, seized my shoulders for support and swung herself up, her right leg going back, out and around to the other side of the pole, where she settled her free foot in the second stirrup. Now, with both feet firmly supported, she released her hold on my left shoulder and pushed the first three fingers of her right hand through the aperture in my mask and inside my mouth. I tried to jerk my head back, but the unyielding timber behind me prevented it.

The girl lifted herself in the stirrups until our eyes were level and made a grunting sound from behind her gag, an urgent sound which I did not understand, but it did not matter, for she had already achieved what she wanted. When she withdrew her fingers, I saw that the latex was glistening with my spittle and her purpose became crystal clear when she started smearing it over the head of my cock. Seconds later, that same hand lifting the hem of her dress out of the way, she lowered herself until the tip of my shaft was pressing against her, wriggled her hips to align herself accurately and then, with a muted shriek, impaled herself on me in one desperate, plunging movement. As my cock was swallowed up by her hot, slippery vagina, I gave a long moan of pleasure and shuddered from head to toe. I looked into those gleaming eyes set in the middle of that featureless black face and realised, with a mixture of incredulity and horror, that I was actually turned on by this mad scenario. Strapped to a wall, dressed up like something out of *Fetish Weekly* and being ridden like an animal by a jockey whose face I couldn't see and who I could meet an hour from now and not know, I was about to orgasm quicker than I had ever known in my life. As the frenzied black figure began to pump up and down, I tried to warn her.

"Easy, easy!" I gasped. "Take your time, or I won't be able to last out." If she even heard me, she gave no indication and her actions remained as frantic as ever. I bit my lip and tensed myself, but it was no good. I exploded into her, totally out of control and would have collapsed into a heap had I not been supported by so much rigid bondage.

It took me a minute or so to recover my senses, but the girl showed no signs of letting up. From behind the mask came little gasps and groans and I guessed she was getting closer to her own climax. In normal circumstances, my premature ejaculation would have left her with a terrible disappointment, but now I understood why she had not been bothered by my warning. It didn't matter whether I came quickly or slowly, for my shaft remained as full and as rigid as ever and she could make use of me for as long as she wanted.

The muscles of her vagina were contracting fiercely now, dragging several gasps from me. I wanted to tell her to stop, that this was not quite so pleasurable for me now, but I knew any pleas would be ignored, for she was lost in her own world of sexual abandon and knew that I could do nothing to stop her. I closed my eyes and prayed for her to come before she did me any lasting physical damage.

Salvation arrived in the most unexpected form. With my eyes closed, the first indication I had was the sharp crack of leather on rubber and the high pitched squeal that exploded, gag or no gag, right into my ear. The hot, squelching sheath suddenly pulled clear of me and, as I struggled to reorientate myself, I saw the towering, white leather clad figure of Marla, her right arm already swinging to deliver a second blow with her cat. The girl, meanwhile, was struggling to free her high-heeled boots from the stirrups, but she was not quick enough.

Three, four more times the thongs rose and fell, making her writhe and squirm so that her task of extrication became that much more difficult. Eventually, however, she somehow managed to disentangle herself and stumbled away into the corner, followed by several more blows from Marla's whip. Throughout this performance, Marla had not uttered a single sound, but now, once she was satisfied that she had cowed the diminutive figure, she turned and face me, looking me up and down with a certain amount of amusement.

"Well, slave, you seem to have survived your first encounter with Heidi relatively unscathed." She reached out and gently flicked the end of my glistening cock with the handle of her cat. "And at least the little bitch has road-tested your condition. Still nice and hard, I see."

"I couldn't do anything about it," I gasped. It sounded feeble, but I felt I ought to say something. Marla smiled, cruelly.

"Of course you couldn't," she agreed. "That's the whole point. You're here to be used in whatever way is decided by whoever happens to have control of you at the time. Heidi wouldn't normally come into that category, of course, but these things happen."

I turned my head and looked at where Heidi remained cowed and anonymous as ever, curled up in a tight ball on the straw in the furthest corner.

"Who is she?" I asked, forgetting that I wasn't supposed to speak until told to do so. Marla, fortunately, did not seem worried by my breach of their so-called protocol. She shrugged.

"Just another slave, like you," she replied. "She was sent here by her guardian because she was an embarrassment to him and his family. He hoped that a few months here would cure her of her excesses, foolish man, but I am afraid little

Heidi is an incorrigible nymphomaniac. Of course, in many ways that makes her a prized asset for Madame, but Heidi isn't satisfied with the guests and clients. She'll screw anything with a cock and I'm afraid her finding you in here and there being no stablehands about proved too much of a temptation for her.

"Lucky I came along when I did. She can be insatiable at times and she could easily have kept that performance going for another half an hour. She's also quite a gymnast, is little Heidi and extremely fit. By the time she'd finished with you, I doubt you'd have been much good for anything for several days and she might well have caused you some serious physical damage.

"Anyway, enough idle chatter, slave. You may thank me for my intervention and remember to address me correctly."

I hesitated, but only for a second. "Thank you, Miss Marla," I replied. "I am truly grateful."

"Of course you are," Marla retorted. "And, as you seem to be comfortable enough on your little perch, I will take Heidi with me and decide upon a suitable punishment. I have another errant bitch awaiting my attention and I have an idea which I think will be quite amusing. You will be seeing the little bitch again soon, although I can promise you both that the circumstances will be totally different."

She turned to Heidi and barked out a command for her to get to her feet. Reluctantly, the tiny figure uncurled herself and staggered to a standing position.

"Lead the way, bitch," Marla commanded. "You're going to the block for preparation. It's about time we found a way of exhausting that demanding little pussy hole of yours."

* * *

Not too long after Marla had marched away the cowed Heidi, I heard the first sounds of activity in the building. There were several voices calling out instructions, the clinking of chains and the sharp tattoo of heels accompanied by the more hollow ring of the "hooves" of more human ponies. There were various scraping and creaking noises, the occasional sharp cracking of a whip and what sounded like metal buckets being rattled together. From what I could tell with my hampered hearing, there were a good many people out there now and, as various stall doors banged open and closed, I could picture the scene as the stablehands returned their charges for the evening.

I peered down at my cock, still free of its restraining harness, but still at attention, ramrod stiff and swollen and then glanced nervously towards the door to my stall. As the minutes continued to tick by, I found myself wondering if I had been forgotten. My mouth and throat were starting to feel dry again and I longed to be able to get to the water dispenser, though, oddly enough, although it must have been nearly twenty four hours since I had last eaten, I did not feel hungry.

At last, just when I was starting to feel desperate, the door swung open and Philippa strode in. She had changed her outfit since I had last seen her and now wore something which looked like a long sleeved, black leather leotard, the sleeves ending in gloves, the high neck terminating in a studded collar. The tops of her thighs shone darkly in sheer tights, but the rest of her legs and feet were encased in long, needle heeled boots. Her hair had been plaited, the strands of hair interwoven with black leather thongs, the lower end secured in a bright metal ring clasp and she had darkened her eye makeup to stunning effect. She truly presented a fabulous sight, except that it was a sight I would have appreciated more had it been in a magazine picture or on video film. Here, in the flesh, brandishing her riding crop and stalking across to me, she was more terrifying than arousing.

"Miss Marla tells me you met Heidi, is that correct?" I tried to nod, automatically, forgetting the strap which still pinned me, by the neck, to the wall and nearly choked myself.

"Yes, Miss Philippa," I managed to burble eventually. She nodded herself, her lips pursed as though in contemplation.

"And did you enjoy the experience?" she asked at last.

"No, Miss Philippa," I whispered. She smiled, somewhat crookedly.

"No?" she echoed, mockingly. "Now, I wonder why that should be. Little Heidi is, after all, every man's dream, is she not? Or could it be that the macho male in you revolts at the idea of being trussed like a chicken and laid helpless for any woman, or man for that matter, who takes a fancy to using your body? Is that it, slave?" She prodded my erect organ with the tip of her crop. "Answer me, slave."

"No, Miss Philippa, I don't like being treated this way," I mumbled. "I've been drugged, brought here against my will, dressed in the most humiliating and uncomfortable fashion, treated like an animal and used and abused."

"And, of course, you hate it," Philippa voiced my unspoken feelings for me. She tapped my cock again. "Well, so you should, otherwise we would be wasting our efforts. You are, after all, not in a holiday camp and you will find yourself being used and abused a lot more than you have today."

"As a slave, you have no rights and no feelings. No," she corrected herself, "that's not quite true. Of course you have feelings, but nobody here gives a toss about them. You will learn to obey, without question and you will learn the consequences if you should fail to learn that first lesson."

"May I ask a question, Miss Philippa?" I said, warily eyeing the crop. She fixed me with a cool stare.

"You are very inquisitive, for a slave," she snapped. Then her expression softened, just a little. "However, I

suppose it is only natural, seeing as you are so new to this. Go ahead."

"Your boss, Madame Constance, told me that someone had paid her to do this to me. Am I permitted to know who?"

"Personally, I wouldn't care if you knew or not," Philippa replied. "However, I have no idea myself. I rarely do know about these things. That is Madame's department and I do not need to be privy to such trivial details."

"You're just here to see to my training?" I said. "Is that the score?"

"Quite so," she said, the crooked smile returning to her lips.

"Well, if you can't tell me who, can you tell me how long?"

"How long? I don't know." Philippa cupped her chin in one gloved hand and tilted her head to one side. "Quite possibly forever," she offered, eventually. The answer shouldn't have surprised me, but it did.

"Forever?" I almost shrieked. "You can't keep me like this forever!"

"Not like that, maybe," she agreed. "But we have endless variations on similar themes, so you won't get bored, I promise you. Now, enough of your questions, we have to see to your ablutions."

The strap across my throat was released and she helped me into the centre of the room. "You will walk ahead of me," Philippa instructed, "and turn left. We are going to the far end of the building, to a purpose built facility. It saves unnecessary mess in the stalls. Now, you can either walk quietly as instructed, or I can bit and bridle you again. The choice is yours."

I muttered that I would not need the bit and we moved out of the stall. The main concourse now held several other carts and traps and there were about a dozen people busy at various tasks. Male and female, they were all dressed in bizarre outfits of rubber or leather, their choice of colours ranging from black and white, with black the most predominant, to two cat-suited brunette beauties in bright crimson. There was one female dressed in a parody of a ballerina's outfit made from vivid yellow latex, leather and stiff lace, but as she was tethered to a post with her wrists fastened behind her, I guessed she was not "on the staff".

She was on tiptoe, however, in the classical ballerina "en pointe" position and, as we passed close by her I saw that this was enforced by the design of her shoes. They laced on like traditional ballet pumps, but there the resemblance ended, for the huge heel was so high that only the extreme tip of her toes could touch the floor. I winced, imagining how excruciating that pose must be after even only the shortest time.

Guided by constant prodding from Philippa's crop, I led the way to a door set into the left hand side of the end wall. When we reached our destination, Philippa stepped past me and lifted the latch. Inside, the room had been tiled, walls and ceiling and there was a ceramic trough running along the narrow end. Nearer the centre were two large, round basins, not unlike toilet bowls in appearance and there were several metal stands on castors, from which hung a variety of tubes and wires. There was also a row of large, butler sinks at the end opposite the trough.

In the middle of the room, two white coated attendants, one male and one female, were just putting the final touches to a figure attired almost identically to me. I watched, mesmerised, as he was made to bend forward and an oiled rubber dildo was inserted into him before the retaining strap was drawn into place and buckled tightly. When the unfortunate fellow was finally permitted to straighten up, another female, whose looks were decidedly middle eastern and who was wearing an outfit identical to Philippa's, stepped forward, clipped a leash to his collar and led him from the room. As she passed us, the swarthy girl nodded to Philippa.

"This the first-dayer?"

Philippa nodded. "Sure is. Your one's on his second week, isn't he?"

"Yeah. A bit stubborn at first, but he's learning the ropes now, aren't you, asshole?" The eyes behind the rubber mask looked resigned. The helpless figure nodded.

"Yes, Miss Shamini," he agreed, dully. Miss Shamini laughed and flicked his bare buttocks with her crop.

"I've even let him have a size three cock today," she laughed. "He likes his butt being filled so much, I think we've stretched him. At this rate we'll be able to fit him with a size four by the end of the week."

"Best to keep a nice tight fit," Philippa agreed. "Waste of time plugging them if they can forget the thing's there." The other trainer laughed even louder and tugged at the slave's leash.

"Well, must be going. He's taking part in a special punishment circuit this evening, pulling little prima ballerina out there."

"That's a coincidence," Philippa rejoined. "Marla asked me if I thought this one was up to pulling the other chariot."

"Oh? Who's riding it, by the way? No one's told me yet."

"None other than our very own little super-slut. Marla caught her having an unauthorised ride on this specimen, so she thought it would be a good idea if he gave her her ride this evening. Besides which, they'll almost certainly lose to your duo, so he'll get a good thrashing into the bargain."

My heart sunk at her words. I had no idea about the other things they were discussing, but that final sentence was unambiguous. Somewhere along the line, I was for it. But, for now, I had little time to ponder on my future. I was handed over to the two attendants and taken over to stand beside one of the round basins. The male attendant quickly unfastened the ends of my gloves and brought my hands around in front of my stomach, before clipping them back together with a sturdy-looking spring fastener. His assistant, meanwhile, had walked over to the wall and flipped open the cover on some sort of control panel. I saw her press something and heard a dull whirring noise and then a steel

cable, complete with a wicked looking hook on the end, descended in front of my face. The guy, who was well over six feet tall and built like a heavyweight boxer, freed my elbow restraints, grasped my hands and hauled them up so that he could attach the spring clip to the hook. He gave his companion a nod, she pressed another button, and the cable started to retract again, stretching my arms as far as they would go. Only when my feet were about to leave the floor did the woman stop the mechanism.

She then opened a cupboard which was set into the wall nearby where she was standing and took out a long, chrome tube, at either end of which dangled wide, leather straps. I did not need to be a genius to work out its purpose and the straps were quickly and expertly fastened around my ankles, stretching my legs wide apart so that my feet no longer touched the floor. A second cable was now summoned from the ceiling and attached to the centre of the bar and when this, in turn, was retracted, I was swung up horizontally. After a few more adjustments via the control panel, I was lowered so that I hung, spread-eagled, only a foot or so above the basin and the hulking attendant was able to look down into my face.

His hair was blonde, what there was of it, for he wore it shaved close to his skull. Facially, he was not ugly, but the slightly flattened nose and the severe hairstyle lent him an air of menace, which I reckoned was fully calculated.

"Afternoon, shithead," he greeted me, the first time he had spoken since my arrival. "I'm George and my assistant here is Miss Lucinda, though everybody calls her Nurse Lucy." I looked more closely at his companion. She was a plain-looking redhead with a freckled face and I guessed she was about thirty. "She's going to take care of your insides for you now, so just you hang around for a bit while she gets her kit ready." He guffawed loudly at his pun, though I reckoned he must have used it hundreds of times before.

Nurse Lucy, meanwhile, was losing no time in getting organised. First, she came around behind my head and, before I knew it, she had inserted a new gag in my mouth and was tightening the strap which kept it in place. I explored the thing with my tongue, puzzled by its size and shape. Unlike the ball gag, it was not round, but elongated and, if it had been any thicker, I would probably have choked on it. Nurse Lucy must have seen the consternation in my eyes, or else she had done this so many times before that she knew what was going on in the minds of her victims.

"It's a cock gag," she told me. "Or, if you prefer the term, penis-gag. It's covered in rubber, but the centre is a hollow plastic tube, to which we attach this." She held up a length of clear plastic tubing, about two and a half feet in length and proceeded to fix one end to the outside of the gag by means of a threaded ring. "The other end," she said, "goes down here." I felt her fingers on my still rampant penis and then something was being fitted over it. I struggled to lift my head and saw that the other end of the tubing widened out, so that it formed a rigid sheath into which I was now being inserted. A couple of turns from a roll of surgical tape ensured that it would not slip off.

"What's going to happen next," Lucy went on, speaking in a detached way which reminded me of my dentist back home, "is that I am going to give you an enema. Then you will be swung over the basin, so that all your wastes fall into it. At the same time, unless you have recently relieved yourself, you will lose control of your bladder. Sometimes this happens naturally, but to make sure, I will administer a tiny injection which will, for a few minutes, deprive you of any control over the relevant muscles."

I stared up at her, wide-eyed with disbelief and her eyes shone with amusement.

"Don't worry about it," she chuckled. "Urine is quite sterile. It can taste a bit bitter, but it won't do you any harm. Just look upon it as getting your own back!" Her laughter echoed merrily around the tiled surfaces. A moment or so later, I felt the retaining strap being unbuckled and drawn clear of my buttocks and then she tugged the rubber dildo from inside me, tossing it into a bucket with a look of distaste.

"We'll have you nice and clean and then give you a nice clean replacement for that," Lucy assured me, as though I ought to be grateful for her ministrations. She stepped away and from somewhere - a trolley, I think - picked up a pair of rubber surgical gloves and began pulling them onto her hands. "Can't abide getting grease and stuff under my fingernails," she said, conversationally.

I strained to watch as she took up a large jar and, unscrewing the top, scooped out a large dollop of whitish looking goo onto the first two fingers of her right hand. Putting the jar to one side, she prised my buttocks apart with her left hand and deftly speared my bottom, fingers, grease and all disappearing deep into my rectum, despite my efforts at clenching my muscles to repel this invasion. For a few seconds, she worked her fingers in and out, round and round, before withdrawing them and wiping her gloves clean on a piece of towelling.

"Won't be long now," she chirped and began wheeling one of the tall stands over to me. I stared at the coil of rubber hose and at the nozzle on the hanging, free end and my stomach lurched. The steel cylinder on the top of the stand and the lever jutting out from it were all too ominous. "The temperature should be just about right by now," Lucy said, uncoiling the hose. "Not too cold, not too hot and nice and soapy."

She inserted the nozzle into me. Its passage was smooth, the grease defying my efforts at resistance. She held it firmly in place with her left hand whilst, with her right hand she reached up and began to work the lever. Immediately, I felt a surge of warmth pumping into me. At first, it was not unpleasant, but as she continued to crank the lever and the soapy liquid carried on coming, I felt myself being distended quite painfully and the pressure on my bladder grew alarmingly.

At last, she seemed satisfied and slid the nozzle out of me. George was by now operating the control panel and I felt myself being moved through the air. Looking up, I saw that the cables came down through a long, narrow slot in the

ceiling and guessed that the hauling mechanisms were set on some lateral rail above. I couldn't really see, but I guessed I was right over the ceramic bowl when I finally came to a halt again. Lucy, meanwhile, was attending to the final touches and I started at the slight prick in my groin.

Instantly, a cold numbness began to overtake that area of my body, though from the way my bladder was beginning to feel, I reckoned that the injection was superfluous. I closed my eyes and hung there, fighting against the inevitable, but knowing that it was a waste of time. A hand closed around my testicles and squeezed, hard.

It was the final straw. I let out a strangled groan and felt my bowels let go their contents in one, rushing go and as another sensation began to overtake me, prepared to accept my enforced drink.

* * *

I was feeling very sorry for myself by the time Philippa finally led me back to my stall. Following the enema, I had been cleaned up and a newly greased rubber phallus inserted, the crotch strap pulled even tighter than before. I was then given a drink of an orange flavoured liquid which was too sweet for my taste, but which I did not dare refuse as I had no idea how much longer it would be before I was offered another chance of refreshment.

Back in the stall, my hands already resecured behind my back and my arms clipped tightly to my sides by the ever efficient team of George and Lucy, I stood meekly whilst Philippa fitted me with a new bridle. It differed from the one I had worn earlier in training in that the blinkers were already attached and were larger than before, there were chains looped from the under edge of where the blinkers joined the rest of the harness to a clamp which was screwed tightly to the septum between my nostrils and on the top there was a socket into which, once my new bit was securely in my mouth, Philippa attached a huge black plume.

Next, she clipped two longer chains to the septum clamp and proceeded to attach the free ends to each of my nipples in turn, using two small, but ferocious steel clamps, which I thought, until the initial pain subsided into a dull ache, would surely tear through the tender flesh.

"We'll have these pierced tomorrow," Philippa promised, as she straightened up from fixing the second chain. "It makes this job a lot easier and you'll find it less painful. Male nipples require a much stronger clamp than female ones, but you have to jangle as much as possible tonight, it's all part of the spectacle."

As if to emphasise this point, she replaced the clamp around my testicles, complete with the hanging bells and added metal ankle bands with yet more bells. It seemed to me that I now could not even breathe without starting up a cacaphony of jingling, jangling and clanking. The final touch was to give me a tail, a cascade of black hair - imitation, I think - which clipped onto my crotch strap, first jutting upwards inside a braiding of leather thongs and then flowing down and backwards. Philippa admired the effect and then came to stand in front of me.

"Before we go out, I'm going to explain a few things to you," she said, "and I want you to listen up and remember everything I tell you, because if you don't perform well, then it's a reflection on me. Got that?" I nodded, setting up another musical discord. "This is going to be a race," she went on. "You're not up against one of the seasoned pony boys tonight, but your rival has several days start on you. However, you've had a few hours to rest since your initial training in the yard, whereas he's been pulling some fat old duchess around the bridle ways on the estate for about six hours today."

"The race itself will take place on what we call The Circuit. It's an oval cinder track out in the woods and it's even got lights, which is just as well, because it'll be dark soon. Each circuit is about two hundred and fifty yards, give or take and you have to watch the bends, because they're a bit tight. If you turn your trap over, you'll be well and truly in the excrement, believe me and you'll probably do some damage to your driver."

"I call her your driver, but as you'll see in a few minutes, she's not actually going to be in a position to do any driving. Basically, she just sits there and you do all the work, so she's really only a passenger. In your case, the passenger is going to be Heidi, in case you hadn't already guessed. That's another advantage, as she's probably twenty pounds or more lighter than your opponent's passenger."

"All told, you will race over twenty laps of the track, which is about five thousand yards, or, to put it another way, just under three miles. You also score points for the number of times your passenger orgasms during the race." My eyes must have registered my confusion, because Philippa laughed. "Don't worry," she said, "you'll see what I mean in a few minutes. They'll be putting your passengers into the saddle before they harness you up. If not, you wouldn't be able to see what's going on and the guests like to know that the ponies are fully aware of the effect they are having on their passengers."

"Madame calls these races "Punishment Runs", but in Heidi's case I can't see it, except that her hungry little twat is going to be a bit weary after three miles in the saddle."

A few minutes later, I understood. Philippa led me out into the concourse between the two rows of stalls. I noticed that all the doors were closed and the only other "pony" on view stood with his reins hanging limply in the hands of the dusky Shamini, so I presumed he was the same one who had preceded me in the treatment room. He had since been bridled, plumed and tailed in the same fashion as I, though with one significant difference. Whether the tiny gold rings had been in his nipples earlier or not, I could not remember. At the time I had been filled with such apprehension that I could easily have missed such a detail, strange though that may seem. Either way, the chains up to the sides of his

blinkers were not clamped to his nipples, but were clipped to these rings and I shuddered as I remembered Philippa's promise to me.

There were several other stable hands present, mostly now dressed in black leather outfits of one design or another and I saw that they were now all females. There were also the two passengers, Heidi and, I presumed, the bizarre ballerina I had seen earlier, though in both cases it was only guesswork, for apart from Heidi's petite stature, both of them were anonymous inside the costumes they were now wearing.

Both were attired identically, head to toe black rubber, the only openings being for the nostrils, eyes and, further down, a larger aperture which left their shaven sexes totally exposed. Over the rubber, they had been strapped and laced into heavy leather corsets, which were set about with an assortment of steel D-rings and there were high, stiff leather collars about their necks which forced them to carry their heads high. From the tops of their rubber helmets extended plumes similar to those we ponies wore and this was the one aspect of their costumes which were dissimilar, for Heidi's plume was white with red streaks in it, whereas the other girl's was yellow with green streaks.

Their posture had been rendered even more uncomfortable by two other cruel expedients. Firstly, their arms were folded behind their backs and caught up inside tight leather bags, or pouches, which had then been secured to the backs of their collars by two straps. These simple, but effective restraints not only rendered them completely helpless, but also forced them to stand with shoulders back and breasts, unhampered by their corsets, but still in their rubber skins, thrust well forward. Unlike the flattening design of Heidi's earlier rubber dress, these body suits had been especially designed with molded cups that allowed the breasts enough freedom to bounce around, which, when the girls were walked forward, they certainly did, though how they managed to stand, let alone walk, I could not imagine.

Both females now wore ankle boots designed on the same principle as those I had seen on the "ballerina" earlier, stupendously high heels forcing the feet up into such an extreme position that only the point of the toe made any other contact with the ground. I could only assume that both women had trained in the art of dance - Philippa had made some comment about Heidi being a natural athlete, so it was quite probable - for otherwise they must surely have toppled off such devastating footwear. Luckily for them, I thought, they would only have to walk as far as their "chariots" and then they would be relying on the two of us to do the work. At least that is what I thought until I took a closer look at their proposed vehicles. XXX

Each trap was very lightly constructed, with two large, metal spoked wheels with solid rubber tyres. The wheels were set on a wide axle, presumably to reduce the risk of overturning and in the centre was the driver's seat, though saddle would have been a more appropriate term. This was narrow and fixed to a horizontal support which jutted out from a vertical tube which rose from the centre of the criss-cross of smaller struts which gave the lower half of the frame its strength and

stability. There were straps dangling from the pole above the saddle, which I could see were designed to hold the rider upright. There were straps on the lower part of the frame also, hanging from a short, transverse bar and I likewise guessed these were for securing the legs, though I could not quite see how.

All these securing provisions were, I could see, essential, owing to the design of that spiteful saddle. Hard and narrow, like that of a racing bike, the front of it curved upwards and thickened into a hideous phallus, which was set with numerous ridges down its entire length. I could only imagine what effect that would have on the riders, for I doubted the track over which we would be travelling would have that level a surface. I wondered what was going through the mind of Heidi and her fellow victim as they stood looking at those monsters, already greased and gleaming under the lights from the ceiling above.

Two teams of three handlers went into action simultaneously, one picking up the long shafts and holding the vehicle level, the other two seizing either side of their unresisting victims. Whether there was some sort of race to see which team could mount their rider first, I don't know, but they wasted little time.

Each rider was brought to the rear of her vehicle and then one handler unscrewed the top half of the vertical pole and put it to one side, straps and all. They then grasped their victim around either thigh and lifted her straight up and over the saddle from behind, keeping her legs spread so that the waiting phallus penetrated her easily. Then, whilst one handler held her in place, the other reattached the back brace, inserting it first between the girl's pouched arms and her upper torso and fastened straps about waist and chest so that she was kept rigidly upright.

The feet were secured finally, each end of the transverse bar sitting neatly in the high arch between heel and sole and then a specially designed mesh of straps fastened about the ankle to keep everything in place. I saw, too, that the height of the bar itself could be adjusted and this was now done, so that the rider's legs were stretched taught and there was no way she could use them to take any of her weight off the saddle protrusion. The maximum she could achieve was to draw herself perhaps a quarter of an inch up the shaft, that margin being permitted for obvious reasons. Once the cart began to bounce over the ground, she would bounce with it and the wicked horn would do its work.

Both teams finished at the same time and now it was the turn of me and my rival pony to be hitched into the traces. As I walked around in front, ready to be guided between the shafts, I was confronted with the sight of Heidi, now little more than an immobile rubber doll, the pale pink and the vivid red of her sex stretched around that monster intrusion contrasting vividly with the jet black that sheathed the rest of her. I looked up and for a second or two our eyes met.

There was a gleam in hers, behind that mask and I was convinced that, if she had not been hidden by the rubber and her jaws distended by the gag I could see faintly outlined beneath it, there would have been a smile on her face. With a shock, I realised that Philippa was right. The little bitch was actually enjoying this and looking forward to what was to come!

As I was turned around and the handlers began attaching me to the shafts in the same way as earlier in the day, I looked across to where my opposite number was being treated likewise and saw that his passenger was less enthusiastic about the proceedings, for she was squirming and trying desperately to ease her position by using her legs. The fact that she had been strapped in such a way as to make this impossible did not seem to have penetrated her desperation, however, and all she was doing was making her position even more uncomfortable, although she was probably gaining her team a slight advantage over the time lapse before she would reach her first orgasm. I thought of the tiny Heidi, sitting stock still behind me and wondered how long it would take her to make up for this handicap once we started out.

Once the handlers had finished their work, Philippa stepped forward and attached the strap from the top of my head to the small of my back, drawing it tight to raise my head, though not quite as tightly as she had done during the afternoon. As she clipped a lead rein onto a ring on the right hand side of my bit, she explained.

"You keep your head up," she said, "but you need to be able to see the ground in front of you. Don't go off too fast, but don't let him build up a big lead. And remember, if you lose, little Miss Ideas-Above-Her-Station over there gets the right to whip your arse and I can tell you, for a slave, she's got an evil temper. It's what comes of not being a natural submissive, I suppose, but she'll learn eventually. Everyone does if they spend long enough here."

The Circuit was a lot nearer than I had imagined, no more than a four or five minute walk down a tarmaced pathway between the trees to where the area Philippa had described had been cleared. The track itself was gravel and not at all even, though there were no obvious pot holes visible. It was about fifteen feet in width, plenty wide enough for two of these chariots to race abreast of each other without too much danger of knocking into each other. At intervals of twenty yards or so metal posts rose about twenty feet into the air, from which were supported powerful halogen lamps. The sun had been down for at least half an hour now, so these were now on, casting an eerie luminescence over the oval course and making the pale sky above almost impossible to see.

On the near side of the track a small grandstand had been erected. There were only about a dozen or so tiers of seats, but the structure was intended, I could see, to be permanent, with supports set into brick piers and a cantilevered roof which was currently an open web of struts and braces, but which could, I presumed, be covered with some sort of protective sheeting if the weather were to be less clement. I estimated that the stand could probably hold up to about three hundred people when full, but currently less than a quarter of its capacity was being used.

As Philippa led us up to the starting line, I eyed the spectators curiously. I picked out Madame Constance without difficulty, for she was wearing a gold outfit of high-collared, puff-sleeved mini dress and matching high boots. Her hair had been pinned up and decorated with a cluster of glittering pins and there was no doubt that she was the star turn, though some of her fellows would have run her close.

The others were divided almost equally among the sexes and seemed to range in age from a couple of stunning blondes with close-cropped hair who I guessed were sisters and who didn't look a day over eighteen, to two or three quite elderly men, who wore nothing more unconventional than evening dress. There were several other tuxedos among the men, though there were others dressed in various outfits of leather or rubber. The dress code of the women was also varied: a few formal dresses, but many more bizarre confections. There were also several figures who were quite obviously "slaves", for the way they were dressed, let alone the presence of at least half a dozen gags and several sets of manacles, set them apart. I guessed that their presence was intended as a warning to them. We four were not just the entertainment tonight, we were examples pour encourager les autres.

Philippa and Shamini led us up into position and held us steady, presumably awaiting some sort of signal from the stands. Philippa lent close to me and spoke in a quiet whisper.

"The loser gets a good thrashing, but if you win, you get to screw superbitch next to us. He gets the same privilege with your passenger if he beats you." She patted my shoulder. "As an added incentive, I'll leave Heidi in with you for the night. We'll leave her straps and gag on though, otherwise she'll exhaust you before morning."

The race itself passed in a blur. I remembered hearing someone calling us to order and Philippa unclipping the lead rein and then there was the sound of a pistol being fired. My opponent went straight into a lead of several yards and, remembering Philippa's advice, I made no attempt to overhaul him, but merely settled into a pace that kept the distance between us about the same. I could see nothing of Heidi, but imagined that she was swaying about in much the same fashion as the rubber covered pilot I was following.

The spectators were shouting out a mixture of abuse and encouragement and the noise was quite astonishing whenever we passed in front of the stand, though on the back straight it was quiet enough for me to be able to make out

a growing crescendo of moans and squeals coming from just behind me. Every few minutes there would be a much louder groan or shriek and I hoped that whoever was supposed to be keeping score was paying attention. I found out, much later, that each girl had a device inside her collar which could detect an orgasm from certain vital signs and which was linked by radio to a receiver which logged up the details.

The lap count was kept in much more rudimentary fashion, one of the handlers holding up a board every time we passed the starting line. At the completion of each circuit she would show a lower number, indicating how many laps remained, for our benefit as well as for the spectators.

As the race progressed, the numbers seemed to take longer and longer to go down, but at last there was the number two and we were still in touch with the front running team. By now, every joint and every muscle in my body was throbbing from the effort of keeping up that stiff legged gait, but I did not dare stop. I hoped fervently that the poor sod in front felt just as bad, for if I were going to make a challenge, it had to be soon. Without trying to be too obvious, I tried to close the gap between us and by the time we passed the number one board I could have reached out and touched the back of the girl in front, had my hands not been secured to the shafts behind me.

I decided not to try to go past on the top bend. Not only did I not want to risk turning the cart over - I could imagine what would have happened to poor Heidi if that came about - but I would be travelling several yards further, the wider out I went. Instead, I waited for the back straight and, as we came off the bend, I threw all my remaining energy and willpower into one superhuman effort. I doubt that we were travelling at much more than six or seven miles an hour in reality, but it seemed four or five times that speed in the circumstances.

Within a few yards, we were level and I realised that this was the first time in the race that the other runner had been able to see me. No doubt the sound of my hooves and the hard wheels upon the gravel, together with the jingling chains and bells, had told him that we were not that far behind, but there was no way he could have told how far. Besides, chained and belled likewise, he was making enough noise to drown out most of what I was making. Now, however, he could be in no doubt and would know that it was now or never.

He did respond, but I had caught him by surprise and before the final bend I had forged ahead just enough to regain the inside rail. I could hear him, despite the helmet and the growing noise from the stands, or maybe it was just my imagination, for the sounds of my own laboured breathing were now swamping everything else.

Suddenly, half way round that bottom bend, I saw him again, drawing up onto my outside and, for a moment, I thought he was going to go past me. But he had made a mistake and made his counter attack just a few yards too soon. By trying to overtake me on the curve, he was doing exactly what I had decided not to half a lap earlier, adding several yards to the distance he needed to cover. The difference and the effort required were just enough.

As we came back onto the home straight, he fell away again, made one final effort which all but brought him alongside again and then, in the last fifteen strides we were clear and I breasted the finishing tape, according to what Philippa told me afterwards, a good length the winner!

By now, I was not only exhausted, but sweating profusely due to the amount of my body that was covered in rubber. It had been bad in the afternoon, but that had been nothing compared to this race and the cooler air of the early evening did little to compensate for the extra efforts. Actually, although I didn't know it, there was another factor which made all the difference between the two and, as Philippa came over with a squeezey bottle of cool water to which a long tube had been attached, she lost little time in explaining this to me.

"They gave you an injection whilst you were still unconscious," she told me. "It's something we do regularly to slaves wearing this much rubber; it's a drug which suppresses the metabolism to reduce the amount of sweating. Tonight, however, they want you good and sweaty - it's more animal like." I gulped the water greedily, despite the bit in my mouth making it an awkward action. Meanwhile, the two girls were being unstrapped and lifted down from their saddles.

Different handlers were dragging forward a heavy timber frame, which looked something like the framework from which a garden swing might hang. I watched their preparations and stole a furtive glance at my beaten rival. Or was he beaten? There were bonus points to be awarded depending upon the "performances" of the two riders. The winning margin had not been that great and if Heidi had failed to live up to her reputation it might well still be me hanging there for the threatened whipping. Madame Constance, who had been in deep conversatio with another of her staff, stepped forward and clapped her hands for attention.

"We now have the official results," she announced. "The judge gives the race itself to the red and white rider. As you know, the scoring system for the actual riders is based on ten metres for every orgasm achieved. The race margin has been called at five metres and the bonuses scored are as follows: the yellow and green rider, three and the red and white rider a truly amazing nine!" There was a lot of noisy cheering interspersed with various crude comments as to Heidi's disposition, before Madame Constance clapped her hands again. "I am sure you do not need me to tell you, therefore, that the red and white team have it. Forfeits and bonuses will now be meted out accordingly." She turned and I realised that Marla had arrived without my noticing. Perhaps she had been there all along, though I was sure I would have noticed that white outfit.

Constance gave her a brief nod and retired to her seat up in the stand. Marla, in turn, nodded to the handlers who

had just finished erecting the whipping frame and they made their way over to where the beaten challenger stood mutely between the shafts of his chariot. I expected him to make some token show of resistance, especially once his hands were released from the shafts, but he did not, instead, permitting himself to be led to stand under the horizontal beam.

A low wooden trestle and a step ladder appeared as if by magic and he was helped up the six or seven inches onto the former, whilst one of the handlers positioned the ladder and climbed up it clutching two lengths of chain. These she looped over the horizontal beam about two and a half feet apart and, when the poor fellow's elbows were freed from his sides one at a time, she drew up each arm in turn and secured the ring on the tapering mitt end to the two dangling ends by means of a sturdy steel spring clip. She made a cursory examination of the gloves along the length of each arm and then, apparently satisfied, she climbed back down the ladder and moved it to one side.

Other handlers, meanwhile, had been busy with Heidi and now, arms free again, she stepped forward, tiptoeing in those impossible shoes, a long, multi-stranded whip clutched in her right hand. The handler with the ladder waited until Heidi had got herself into position and then brutally kicked the trestle away, leaving the poor, unfortunate loser hanging with his hoof feet inches from the ground.

"The winning margin, including the bonus scores, was sixty five metres," Marla announced. "With one lash for every five metres and a basic ten lashes for the loss itself, the losing pony will now be given twenty three lashes by the winning rider. If she still has sufficient energy, that is," she added, with a sarcastic smirk.

She certainly had, had Heidi and she put it all into her efforts now. She whipped the poor creature unhurriedly, allowing several seconds before each stroke and aiming alternately for his exposed shoulders and then his buttocks and the tops of his thighs. Her aim was unerring and before long the naked areas were criss-crossed with vivid red welts and the man's cries could be heard all around the clearing. The bit might well have prevented speech, but it did not dampen other vocal sounds as effectively as a ball gag. I closed my eyes and did not watch the final dozen lashes.

Eventually, it was all over and they lowered the fellow, gasping and sobbing, back to the ground, via the trestle which was put back in place for that purpose. Heidi, meantime, was quickly seized by two handlers now that her part was played and her arms replaced in the leather pouch behind her back. She stared across at me as she strutted her ballerina walk back towards the cart, from which I was now being released and I wondered if she knew what Philippa had promised me earlier.

A miniaturised version of the whipping frame was now manhandled out in front of the stands. It was only about four feet high and the top bar was padded with polished leather. There were leather straps attached near the bottom of all four legs and it did not take me long to work out its purpose.

The anonymous losing rider was marched forward between two handlers. Whether this was to support her in those towering mockeries of ballet shoes, or merely to ensure that she did not try to break away, I could not say, though I doubt whether she would have got far, or indeed got there very fast, not in that footwear. Her arms were released from their pouch, but her wrists quickly seized and she was hauled over the padded bar and the securing straps buckled tightly to ensure she remained bent double. Her legs were dragged apart and similarly secured and now I could see that the crotch opening extended backwards between her nicely rounded buttocks so that her little bottom hole was as exposed as her sex. The handlers did some calculations, turned a few screws and the legs of the trestle extended slowly to raise the whole thing an extra few inches.

By this time I had been freed from the trap, which, with Heidi once again impaled and strapped onto her saddle, was wheeled around and placed with the shafts resting on the padded bar so that its rider had a clear view of me as I was led up behind the girl spreadeagled over the frame. It also meant that I, in my turn, once more had a clear view of Heidi's distended sex lips and the base of the phallus which penetrated them. I wished that she were not masked so that I could see what sort

of emotion she was showing, or indeed, so that I knew what she looked like at all!

Chains and bells a-jangling, I was moved into position by a male handler and the straps imprisoning my cock were swiftly unbuckled. He held my erection out in front of me and used it to tug me forward, aiming the distended purple knob at the gaping gash that helplessly awaited it. The girl was still wet through from the enforced orgasms during the race and I slid into her effortlessly.

"Give her a good pumping," the handler whispered close to my ear. "No slacking, or I'll keep time for you with that whip you just saw used." I hardly retained the strength to stand, let alone anything else, but that threat was all the spur I needed and very soon I was thrusting in and out to the raucous cheers of the onlookers. I wondered how long I would be expected to keep this up and whether the girl was likely to be able to achieve another climax. Meanwhile, soft, warm and delightful as her slippery vagina was, I doubted that she was enjoying this any more than I was.

I kept going for a minute or so and then suddenly I started to detect the first signs of a response from my partner in enforced copulation. The walls of her sex began contracting and she was even thrusting back to meet me as far as her bonds would permit.

"Stop!" It was Marla who spoke and now she stepped forward and pushed me back until my glistening shaft plopped out again. Grasping my rigid flesh, she re-aimed it an inch or so higher, stepped half behind me and thrust me forward again. Well lubricated as I was, I still expected to encounter some resistance to entry this time and indeed, the initial penetration required more effort than in the first orifice. However, it was easier than I had expected and suddenly I was in, the

full length of my cock gripped tightly by this new, hot prison. Marla slapped my buttocks with her hand.

"That'll be a better fit," she said. "Now give her number four!"

* * *

The unfortunate losing rider certainly attained her fourth orgasm of the evening, but it was hard work. I did wonder whether she was deliberately trying to thwart my efforts, but afterwards I realised that was unlikely. From her point of view, the quicker it was over the better and then I wondered why she didn't just fake it. However, as I discovered at a much later date, the handlers in this hell-hole were not easily fooled and in any case she was still wearing that little bug device on her neck.

I came myself a long time before she did. The sight of Heidi perched up right in front of me and the bizarre situation combined to touch some sort of nerve I never knew I possessed and I spurted into her more fiercely than I would have believed possible. Not only that, but when Marla was eventually satisfied and moved in to separate us, I was dangerously close to repeating the process. Whatever ran through my veins to keep my cock permanently hard must be affecting my brain too, I thought as I was returned to the shafts of Heidi's chariot.

The losing couple remained at the trackside, but I was now permitted to pull Heidi all the way back to the stables, Philippa walking ahead with my lead rein in her hand. By this time I was all in and hoped fervently that I would now be allowed to sleep, Heidi or no Heidi. I assumed that if she remained with her arms trussed as they were I would be able to resist her advances.

Back in the stable building two handlers sprang forward and lifted my passenger down from her outlandish perch and took her away to a stall on the far side. I watched her go with a feeling of relief, but Philippa, noting my interest in her departure, mistook my reaction for one of disappointment and assured me they would be bringing her back.

"They'll just wash her out and put some soothing gel in her," she explained. "Even Heidi must be feeling pretty raw after this evening and I don't want her to disappoint you."

I was unhitched and led back into my own stall, where another handler joined us and washed my erection in warm water. My bridle and bit was then removed and I was allowed to drink from the dispenser. Having quenched a raging thirst, I turned back to Philippa.

"May I speak, please - Miss Philippa?" I added, quickly. She nodded.

I cleared my throat. "May I have the use of my arms for the night?" I asked. "I realise that a slave's comfort is not your main concern, but the better I sleep, the more use I will be in the morning."

"Very well," Philippa agreed, almost to my astonishment. "But you may not have the use of your hands. Wait there and I will be back."

She left the stall, leaving the door wide open, so that I was in full view of the few handlers who were still working in the concourse outside, but she need not have worried. My outfit, complete with weighted hooves, was not designed for fast flight at the best of times

and my legs were now so weak that I doubted I could have walked, let alone run.

Philippa returned almost immediately. In her hand she carried two short, but sturdy leather straps. Stepping behind me, she disconnected my mitts from each other, but she left the elbow shackles in place. Taking the ring at the tip of my right mitt, she drew it over and down to the inside of my wrist, forcing my fingers into a closed fist. She then slipped one of the straps through the ring and buckled it tightly around the wrist, keeping my hand permanently in that position. The process was repeated with the other hand and that was that. Simple, but effective.

"I think that will do," Philippa said. "The elbow clips allow a little movement and I don't want you wasting time trying to remove the gag I intend putting on you before you sleep."

My heart sank. I had been thinking that the gag would be left off, if only whilst I rested. Philippa must have read my thoughts.

"All new slaves are required to be either gagged or bitted virtually twenty four hours a day during their first week here. Besides, with its external cock extension, you'll have a choice of ways to satisfy little Heidi, won't you?"

I looked away from her grinning face. "What sort of people are you, anyway?" I blurted out. "Haven't you done enough to me for one day?"

Philippa stepped forward and slapped the side of my face with surprising force. I staggered back against the wall.

"By the time you have been here another month or so," she snapped, "you will appreciate that today has been an easy day compared to what is possible. You are typical of so many men, all swagger and self interest in their own safe world, but nothing more than quivering, useless lumps once they are denied control of their own fate.

"I'll bet you've boasted about your prowess in bed, haven't you? How many times have you told this pal or that that you screwed a girl five times in a night, or even more? Eh? Boasting and bravado, that's all men are. Well, now you've got a cock which really is capable of five or six times a night. Or twenty or thirty, if that's decided for you. And how many times have you dreamed of meeting a genuine nymphomaniac?"

"I'll bet you wouldn't have been so keen if you'd known what a genuine nymphomaniac is really like. Well, now you've met Heidi, you do know and I'm putting you two together for the night and that's it. It appeals to my warped sense of humour, if you must know. Pony boy with permanent hard-on meets slut slave with permanent craving for cock. You're just made for each other - the Lovers from Hell!"

My spirit was completely crushed and I stood there with my head lowered in shame and despair. Throughout the day I had become so accustomed to the rubber dildo with which I had been plugged other than during my enforced enema that I had grown to all but ignore it, but now, for some reason or other, it seemed to have grown and was exerting a nagging pressure on some nerve ending which was beginning to make me desperate to urinate. My cock was still strapped hard against my stomach and with my hands disabled I could not release the straps which held it there. I asked Philippa if she would do so, but the request simply served to heighten her amusement.

"Certainly not," she retorted. "I think I'd rather watch you play fountains, so get yourself over to the far corner. At least you won't have to drink it this time, or would you rather go back down and I'll fix up the catheter and gag again." I most certainly did not want that. Slowly, I shuffled across to where the patch of bare floor was and tried to relieve myself. Strangely, as soon as I tried, the ability deserted me and I stood stupidly facing the wall for a full two minutes.

"Not shy all of a sudden, are we?" Philippa taunted. "Or has the well suddenly run dry?" She stepped close behind me, reached through between my legs and grasped my hanging testicles. Her other hand sought and found the spot where the base of the dildo was held in position beneath the crotch strap and pressed hard, whilst pulling back on my tender flesh. "Piss, you bastard!" I heard her shout and suddenly I did, spraying everywhere, including my own front.

Philippa only managed to jump clear in the nick of time.

When the bladder is filled to distention, once you start to go there is no real way of stopping and the relief was so great that I didn't even try. I just stood and sprayed. And sprayed. And sprayed until, finally, the flow ebbed to a trickle and then finally stopped altogether.

But still my torment was not over, for when I turned back into the centre of the room I was met full force by the ice cold contents of a water bucket, thrown with unerring accuracy by the laughing bitch.

"Got to think of our hygiene!" she cried. "Otherwise you'd have reeked something awful by morning, not that a little detail like that would put off Heidi. And stop spluttering like that. You'll soon dry off and most of your costume is waterproof anyway."

"You're inhuman, all of you!" I gasped. "You take money off one person and another person is treated like some sort of garbage!"

"Most people treat other people like garbage," she responded. "It's just that here we don't try to hide that fact and we do a more thorough job. And it's a waste of time appealing to my better nature - this is my better nature, otherwise I'd thrash the skin off your arse for speaking out of turn. Now, get down on your face and crawl over here. You can thank me for my generosity by kissing my boots."

"I can't get down," I protested. "These boots are too stiff."

"Do what they taught you in the gym for pressups. Throw yourself down and use your arms to break your fall."

"I'd be more likely to break my arms!" I wailed. "I can't even stretch them out fully, look!" I waggled my arms like two stunted wings to prove my point, but Philippa was adamant.

"Do it!" she snapped. "Otherwise you will get something broken and that's a promise."

And so I had no choice but to obey. Luckily, the straw was thick enough to cushion some of the impact on my clenched fists and the thick rubber mitts provided a further degree of protection, but it was still painful. And after that, I was still forced to crawl on my belly, kiss the toes of her boots and thank her humbly. She placed one boot on the back of my neck and pressed me hard into the straw.

"That's better, slave. And you and Heidi'll have so much more fun with you down there. The stirrups were very inventive, but the poor thing is so much shorter than you. Still, as they say, you're all the same size lying down. Now, roll over onto your back and sit up. Time for your dummy, dummy."

She released the pressure on my neck and I struggled over, struggling even more to get myself into a sitting position without the proper use of my arms. She must have hung the gag on the wall in readiness sometime earlier, but I hadn't noticed it among the selection of harnesses and bridles that had been arranged there during the race.

It was a simple, but clever device. The ball was attached to a main strap which buckled around my face and fastened at the back, but there was also a strap which passed under my chin and a divided strap which ran up from either side of my mouth, following the line of my nose and joining together on a strap which could be adjusted around my temples until it was as tight as the main gag strap. From where the divided strap met and joined this upper strap another ran back over the crown of my head to join the crown strap and then pass on down to finally meet up with the gag strap itself. Once all the buckles were tightened correctly, there was absolutely no chance of me being able to expel the ball from my mouth. And, on the outside of the strap, where the ball was secured to it, a long, curving black rubber cock was attached in the same way that the earlier gag had appeared.

Philippa grabbed this huge phallus and shook my head roughly.

"Well, fuck-face," she growled, "now you're all nice and ready for your little sleeping partner. I'll just go and see if she's ready for you, shall I?"

* * *

That first full night in the stables was what finally convinced me that not only had I fallen into the clutches of a band of completely mad men and women, but that I was rapidly becoming as unhinged as they were. At first, when Philippa led Heidi back into my stall, still in her all enveloping catsuit and still in those impossible ballerina boots, I was filled with dread at the prospect of having to deal with her insatiable appetite all night. However, once the door banged shut on us, she did not immediately throw herself on me. Instead, she tip-toed across to me and lowered herself carefully onto the straw, where she sat looking at me in enforced silence for a minute or so.

At last, very gently she reached out a gloved hand and began to stroke the projecting rubber phallus very gently. This continued for several minutes, accompanied by a muffled crooning. Then, still slow and unhurried, she began unbuckling the straps which bound my erection.

When the last buckle had been freed, she then took my shaft in her rubber-sheathed fingers and began to stroke that also. With one hand, she pointed to where her mouth should have been and then to my prick, shaking her head and shrugging. Then she pointed to her collar and I saw that a small lock had been added.

I was quite touched by her actions, for she was trying to tell me that, had she been able to, she would have removed her mask and gag and used her mouth on me. Not that my hormones were driving me hard at that stage by any means, but I felt a warm wave engulf me. I reached out and stroked her thigh with my clumsy fist, wondering exactly what sort of face that anonymous latex was concealing and had to suppress a strong urge to try to rip the rubber away from her, though quite how I was going to manage that with my hands in their present useless condition I had not worked out.

Heidi released her grip on my cock and pointed instead to the phallus on my face and then to her sex. She lay back on her elbows and opened her legs, inserting two fingers of her right hand into her quim. Feeling light headed, almost as though I were not really there, but simply a spectator viewing events through a smoked glass window, I contrived to get myself over onto my stomach and crawled slowly towards her. Seeing my awkward progress, Heidi slid herself towards me and, when I was close enough, drew my head and its projecting weapon towards its target.

I stared through the openings in my own mask as the black monster stretched and opened her and then she pulled herself onto me even further until my nose was pressed against her hairless vulva. Rubber and woman odours mingled together, overwhelming my senses. I made to draw back and push in again, supposing that this was what she wanted, but I heard her grunt in a way which indicated her disapproval of this. Instead, she patted the top of my head to indicate that I should remain still and brought her legs up and around my neck, crossing her feet on my back. I heard her sigh and she wriggled her hips a couple of times to adjust herself on the dildo, then took my head between her hands and began to caress me. It was in this unlikely position that I lost my battle with fatigue and simply drifted into sleep.

How long I remained unconscious I could not tell, but I slept deeply and without, to the best of my knowledge, dreaming. I awoke with a start, to find that Heidi was extricating herself from our more than unconventional love tangle and was trying to ease me onto my back. I used my lower arms to aid her efforts and then closed my eyes again, quite happy to continue my interrupted slumber, but this time Heidi had other ideas. Within seconds she was straddling me, using my flesh and blood shaft to replace the rubber one and immediately went to work with those phenomenal vaginal muscles.

She reached down and took each of my wrists, raising them and positioning them so that she could rest her weight on my bunched fists, her rubber covered breasts bulging around them and then continued to ride me easily and languidly. Bringing her arms around either side of my own, she grasped the cock which jutted up from my mouth and began to toy with it, making the rubber ball in my mouth respond so that it moved in and out the short distance which the harness strapping

permitted. From behind her mask I could hear that she was making sucking noises and her cheeks alternately bulged and sagged. I got the message and began to copy her action - it was the most uncannily erotic feeling, just laying there, my hips beginning to rise and fall in time with Heidi's slow thrusts and I couldn't believe what was happening to me.

I had been kidnapped, bound, gagged, abused, ridden and put through torture. I had been turned into a human pony, degraded in front of a baying mob and thrown into a spartan cubicle where I could not even relieve myself without spraying myself with my own urine. My cock was now permanently hard, it was taken for granted that I was there to be used by whoever and in whatever way took their fancy and I had a huge rubber dildo strapped inside me and it had been made clear that this was only the start of worse to come. Yet here I was, about to shoot my load for I couldn't remember the what number time into the all-devouring womb of a petite little nymphomaniac whose face I had never seen and might, as far as I knew, never see in the future. Even worse, I was beginning to enjoy myself. I had to be cracking up!

It was afternoon before they came for Heidi. I learned afterwards that Philippa had decided to be "kind" to me and allow me the morning off to recover from my exertions of the day and evening before. I wondered if, perhaps, she had

really been expecting Heidi to exhaust me even further, but Heidi's demeanour had changed subtly. The demonic tigress of the previous day had lost her maniacal fervour. True, we coupled several more times during the hours we were together, but she seemed somehow more languid and our mating was an unhurried affair each time, with periods of rest between when she would snuggle up close to me and doze with her head on my chest or stomach.

As the time went by, I began to feel that I was learning something about my tiny companion, despite the fact that not only had I never seen her face I had also never heard her even speak. All that rubber hid a mischievous personality with a weird sense of humour. Several times, usually just before we joined together again, she would take my cock in her hands and draw it towards her gagged and invisible mouth, making motions with her head to indicate that she would give me the fiercest blow job ever if she were not prevented from doing so.

She was also concerned for me in another way, for she led me to the water dispenser and, with her hands being more dexterous than mine currently were, succeeded in getting the nozzle between the gag strap and my top lip. It was an uncomfortable experience, but at least I would not die from dehydration.

Heidi was also quite inventive when it came to finding different positions in which to have sex. The inflexibility of my boots ruled out several possibilities, but there were plenty more, ranging from a variation of the basic missionary position to one where, having got to my feet with some difficulty and a lot of help from Heidi, she simply leapt up, grabbed my shoulders with her hands and threw her legs about my waist and then lowered herself down to impale her hot little box on my ever available shaft.

When the two handlers came for her I felt more than just a twinge of regret. I felt a sense of loss, of being deprived of something as they stood her up, cuffed her wrists behind her and then quickly turned me onto my face and clipped my hands together before they marched her off. I told myself I was being as crazy as any of my captors even thinking of allowing myself to develop any feeling of attachment to Heidi. Okay, I had just had one of the sexual experiences of my life, but that was all it was, sex. How many other men had she done the same things with and I was as little to her as she was to me. Devoid of our bizarre costumes with their personality camouflaging masks and gags, we could sit down opposite each other in a railway carriage two days from now and not know it. Not that, I mused grimly, there was much chance of that being allowed to happen.

I suddenly realised that on my own, flat on the floor and with my arms once more shackled behind my back, there was no way I could get myself upright and I prayed that someone would come soon, for now I could not do anything about my growing thirst. Luckily, I did not have to wait long.

Philippa entered first, followed by Marla, resplendent and awe inspiring as ever in her tight, white leather catsuit. Between them, they hauled me to my feet with what appeared to be very little effort. My gag was removed and I was directed to take a drink. Clearly, my jailers had a shrewd idea as to what limits the body could be pushed.

"Did you enjoy your night with Miss Insatiable 1997?" Philippa sneered. She was wearing a calf length leather skirt today with a matching, long sleeved tailored jacket. On her feet were black leather boots, though how long they were I could not tell. The heels - surprise, surprise - were high and sharp and I guessed that was pretty much regulation footwear around here. I had yet to see a female, guest, handler, or slave, with heels anything less than at least four and a half inches.

"What will happen to Heidi now, Miss Philippa?" I asked, taking care to use her name and title and to keep my tone respectful. Philippa shrugged.

"She'll get a bath and a bit more rest," she said. "After that, it'll depend on who's rostered for who or what. She could either spend the afternoon with her tongue up some rich German bitch's twat, or else with some Arab' prick up her backside. She doesn't get a choice, but luckily for her she doesn't seem to mind either way."

"May I ask another question?" Philippa did not seem annoyed by my persistence, rather it seemed to amuse her. She nodded and told me to go ahead.

"What does Heidi actually look like?" I asked. "I mean, I haven't seen her without that mask?" Both women exchanged looks which made me think they were about to burst out laughing, but Philippa managed to contain her mirth as she replied.

"Are you worried you might have been screwing with something that's got a face like the back of a bus, poor Richard? Well, don't even think about it, nobody else does. Heidi's face is not important, not to you, nor to anyone else, including her. She does most of her talking between her legs and if she has got her mouth free, she usually wastes no time in filling it full of nice hot cock. I shouldn't think anyone who's shagged that little bitch in the past year has seen her face, neither have they let it bother them."

I was about to ask if I was likely to have her back for the coming night when the penny dropped. Philippa had addressed me as Richard. Not slave, not scum, but Richard. I saw that Marla had another gag, a simple ball and strap device this time, which she was preparing to put on me and I quickly rushed out another question.

"May I ask one final thing, Miss Philippa?"

"My, my, we are inquisitive today, aren't we? Oh well, I suppose you may as well make the most of it. You'll be gagged or bitted for the rest of the day anyway."

I took a deep breath, eyeing the ball on its strap. It looked huge and it would soon be stretching my mouth wide.

"Why did you address me as Richard, Miss Philippa? Do slaves get different names here?"

Her eyes narrowed and she stared at me hard. "What are you talking about, you stupid fool? Slaves get a number here, but occasionally we see fit to address them by their own names."

"But my name is not Richard," I protested. "It's Roger. Roger Mason." Again the two women exchanged looks, but this time there was no humour in them. Finally, Marla broke the silence.

"Get this gag on him and sort out his ablutions," she said, handing the leather and rubber device to Philippa. "Have one of the handlers trot him for an hour afterwards and come to my office. I've a few questions of my own to ask."

I was given no further explanation as to what was going on. Philippa fitted the gag on me - it was as large as I had feared and distended my jaws to their fullest extent - and I was taken for another enema with enforced refreshment thrown in as before. After that, I was handed over to a handler who had the deepest ebony skin I had ever seen and the most startling eyes and even white teeth as contrast. She was even taller than Marla and Philippa and moved with the grace of a

panther, an illusion heightened by the fact that she was dressed from neck to toe in a gleaming black leather bodysuit.

Her hands were not covered by the leather and I saw that she had the most exotic looking fingernails I could ever have imagined. They were fully three inches long and had been painted silver to make them stand out against so much black and their natural curvature made them appear like talons. I could not believe that those hands could perform any really intricate tasks, nor any rough ones without the likelihood of breaking one of those fabulous appendages.

However, I found that I was mistaken, for Leonie, as I discovered she was called, had little trouble fitting me with bit and bridle and hitching me up to the two seater trap she selected for me to pull that afternoon. There were a few handlers in the concourse of the stable and two other ponies, both female, being harnessed abreast between the shafts of a four wheeled carriage. Even without passengers the vehicle looked heavy and I did not envy them the task of pulling it, even though there were two of them.

The exercise yard was deserted, but today I was not going to be trotting around in monotonous circles. Instead, Leonie guided me out and down the path I had taken the previous evening. We came to the race track and I thought that she was going to take me out onto the gravel oval, but she had other ideas, for we continued along the path deeper into the woods. The pace was not fast and my driver did not seem in any great hurry, so I continued doggedly until she finally reined me to a halt. Dismounting from her seat, she walked around and stood in front of me, looking me up and down.

"So you're Roger, are you?" she said quietly. I stood mutely, not bothering to nod as it seemed like a rhetorical question. "Well, well," she went on, "that's not much of a name for a horse, is it? Have they given you a pony name yet? No, well I suppose they overlooked it. Let's see, what springs to mind?" She stroked her chin with her sparkling talons, a smile playing on her lips. "Aha, I've got it," she said at last, her eyes gleaming triumphantly. "We'll call you Folly, after Follyfoot. And very appropriate, too, if you ask me. You're definitely a folly and no mistake. Someone's dropped a fuck-off size clanger with you, from what I've heard."

She grinned at me, enjoying my confusion, but she was also enjoying the thought of someone else's mistake even more and could not contain herself any longer. "Bloody funny, if you ask me," she chuckled. "Someone gives Madame wads of dosh to make life a misery for a Richard Mason and some idiot lifts a Roger Mason by mistake. Ha bloody ha! Her ladyship will be spitting fire over this, I can tell you."

The realisation hit me like an electric shock! Why hadn't I made the connection sooner? In the stables I had assumed that Philippa calling me Richard was just an error, a slip of the tongue, but she really had thought my name was Richard. A surge of hope swept through me. No wonder I couldn't think of anyone who would hate me enough to bestow this fate on me. It wasn't supposed to be me at all! But how had they made such a mistake?

I dismissed that question as soon as I asked it. It didn't matter how, or why; the important thing was they had made a mistake and I wasn't supposed to be here at all. They'd get the right man and I would be released, surely? Leonie was still talking.

" - and if it was Miss High-and-Mighty Philippa, then you'll probably have the unusual privilege of seeing her pulling a few carts and traps for a week or two. Madame's very fond of turning handlers into slaves for a while as punishment for mistakes. Keeps us very much on our toes. In Philippa's case, of course, it'll keep her very much on her hooves for a bit, won't it?" She laughed loudly at her witticism.

"Well, Folly, how do you feel about that, eh? Bad enough being here, without knowing it should have been someone else, isn't it? Oh my, that's made my day. I think I'll let you take me down along the lakeside for a while. I'm in just the right mood to relax and enjoy myself. I might even ask Madame if I can have you for myself for a week. After all, once they get hold of this Richard fellow, that'll be one extra pony and if they put Philippa to the bridle for a week we'll have more nags than we'll know what to do with."

* * *

All through the rest of that journey I weighed Leonie's words in my mind. As we passed along the track which bordered the small lake my senses were reeling. When she had first told me that I had been brought here in error, I had immediately thought my problems over, for surely I would be released once they had confirmed the truth. But her

words immediately afterwards convinced me that Leonie at least did not see my immediate future as being a free one. Not only that, she clearly saw the potential for personal gain in the situation. Would I be given to her? Did some of the trainers and handlers have personal slaves and ponies here? It was well within the bounds of possibility, but then what wasn't among this crew of crazies?

The answers were not long in coming. Having circled the picturesque lake, Leonie directed me back along the route to the stables. Back inside the building she directed a handler to unhitch me and return me to my stall, where, left on my own with my mouth free

again I took the opportunity to drink thirstily from the dispenser. I saw that a short pole had been slotted into its bracket on one wall to afford me the minimum support to ease the strain on my legs and I was not slow to take advantage of it. By now I had grown so accustomed to the dildo inside me that the pressure exerted on it when I perched my buttocks over the stubby rod was hardly noticable. I shook my head and sighed. I had been here little more than twenty four hours and yet I was already becoming inured to the worst depravities and deprivations.

I was just beginning to examine the psychology of that revelation when the door banged open and Marla strode in, followed immediately by Constance Bellamy-Fraser herself, resplendant in leather jodphurs and riding jacket, riding crop tucked under her left arm. I eased myself away from the wall and stood facing her as she moved past her massive assistant.

"Well?" I demanded. "Have you discovered your mistake yet?" Her immediate reply caught me completely unawares, for before I could even blink she had slashed me across the cheek with the back of her right hand. I staggered back and nearly overbalanced.

"I should have thought by now, slave, that you would have learned the correct forms of address," she snarled. My eyes watering, I could hardly keep her face in focus as she went on. "Furthermore, it is not for any slave to question any action or decision taken by me, whatever cause they might think they have.

"And yes, there was a mistake made. Quite how it occurred baffles me. There was an outlandishly improbable string of coincidences, but the real problem was one of gross inefficiency, which I will not tolerate either from slaves or from employees. A great deal of time and expenditure went into getting you here and also convincing the outside world that you had died in an unfortunate motoring tragedy."

She paused, considering her next words carefully. "The problem is that our methods in that direction were only too successful and were you to reappear in the outside world so clearly alive and well, there would be too many dangerous questions asked. Therefore, you should put out of your mind any thoughts that you can ever be released from here."

"But there has to be a way!" I protested. "I'll give you my word that I won't mention anything about you or this place. I don't even know where we are, so how could I do you any damage."

Constance shook her head, her expression almost sad. "You forget," she said, "that I told you my name. Unfortunately, I told you my correct name, as at the time I did not foresee that you would ever be in the position to exploit that knowledge."

"I'll give you my word," I persisted. "I'll swear by whatever you want and I'll throw in a cash sum for good measure. If you send me back now, before the lawyers get their paws into things, I've still got quite a substantial estate."

"I told you before, I don't need your money," Constance retorted. "And I'm afraid I couldn't risk everything I have built up on the word of a desperate man. No, Mr Mason, you will have to remain here, though you will be treated a little less harshly than you have been, or than the real Richard Mason will be when he finally gets here."

"You'll let me out of this accursed stable?" I asked. Lips pursed, she nodded agreement.

"Yes, but not for another day or so. It does all slaves good to spend time here. Afterwards they appreciate their good fortune when allocated to other duties. Besides which, you have been entered in our monthly race meeting tomorrow evening and several guests have backed you heavily after your stirring performance last evening."

"I can't believe you can just stand there and talk like this," I said. "It was bad enough thinking someone had paid you to do all this to me, but to find out it's all a mistake - can you imagine what that feels like?"

"I can imagine part of it," Constance admitted, "though not having been in your situation myself, I can't say for sure. However, if I were in your shoes, or should I say hooves," she amended, looking down at my feet, "I should want to know that the person responsible for my misfortune was severely punished. Therefore, you will come with us now and witness that punishment for yourself."

Ten minutes later, having been led back through the courtyard and up into the main building, I found myself standing once again in the room where I had first recovered consciousness. Marla guided me over against the far wall and I stood passively whilst she buckled a ball gag in my mouth. Apparently, whilst I was to be allowed to see what happened, I was to be a silent witness.

She had barely finished with me when the door opened and in marched Philippa, followed by Leonie, Shamini and another handler I had not seen before. The three escorts halted just inside the door and Philippa continued to the centre of the room alone, coming to attention a few feet from where Constance awaited her. She was still wearing the calf length skirt and matching leather jacket that I had seen earlier, but I had a strong suspicion she wouldn't be keeping it on much longer. Constance Bellamy-Fraser allowed several seconds of silence for effect before speaking.

"You admit your mistake, Philippa?" she demanded. Glumly, Philippa nodded and muttered a confirmation. "You are a stupid, careless bitch," Constance continued. "You have wasted my time and resources and may well have put this organisation at risk, though I think we can cover any problems in that department. I pay you well, I trust you and yet you still let me down. You realise, of course, that you must be punished?"

"Yes, ma'am," Philippa replied, woodenly. Constance's face was an inscrutable mask as she continued.

"And what do you think I have decided your punishment should be?"

"The stables, ma'am."

"Yes, the stables. You will spend one month taking the place of your mistake." Philippa gasped out loud. Clearly something was worse than she had expected.

"A month!" she wailed. "I didn't expect - " Constance silenced her with a wave of the hand.

"You expected a week, did you?" she snapped. "Well, a week would hardly be sufficient punishment for an error of this magnitude. No, my girl, you'll have thirty one full days in harness, with the heaviest hoof boots they've been able to find and the biggest dildo up your rear that you can take without splitting. Now, remove your clothes, or do you want the further indignity of being stripped and harnessed forcibly."

Miserably, Philippa shook her head. "No, ma'am," she whispered. "That won't be necessary. I'll submit to the punishment."

Slowly, she began unbuttoning her jacket, revealing a tight fitting leather basque beneath it. Marla stepped forward and took the garment from her and waited whilst she unfastened the skirt and stepped out of it. I stared at the picture she presented now, standing there in basque, black stockings and thigh length boots and if my cock had not been permanently aroused already, it soon would have become so.

The boots laced up the front and it took her a minute or two to loosen them. Again Marla took the discarded leatherwear, whilst Philippa reached behind her and began unhooking the back fastening of her basque. Her nerve was badly shaken, for she forgot to detach her stockings first and there was a near farcical moment whilst she tried to rectify the matter afterwards, the front of the basque clutched to her bosom with one hand, the fingers of the other desperately trying to free the straps from their nylons.

Moments later, she stood naked, her small, firm breasts heaving slowly up and down. Marla reached out and undid the band holding her pony tail in place and the silvery cascade tumbled about her bare, tanned shoulders. It was not left loose for long though, because Leonie now stepped across the room, hairbrush in hand, and began drawing it into another ponytail, though this one set right on the crown of Philippa's head and, in place of the original band, a wide leather strap was used to keep it in place.

Constance handed something black to Philippa and I saw the naked woman shiver as she took it into her hands.

"Put it on yourself," Constance ordered. "And get the hair through the top properly, or you'll spend your month unmasked, then all the slaves will see who you really are."

Philippa turned and looked at me. It was the first time she had acknowledged my presence in the room.

"It hardly matters," she muttered. "He knows already."

"And he'll keep it to himself," Constance retorted. "Not that he'll get much chance to wag his tongue, at least not in the stable."

Scarcely mollified, Philippa nevertheless proceeded to stretch the rubber mask and ease it over her head. There was a round opening through which, after some fiddling, her new ponytail emerged and then she was easing the latex down to cover her face. I shuddered myself as I thought those proud, haughty, beautiful features would not be seen again for a whole month. She smoothed the collar about her throat at last and stood there, a beautiful, eerie statue with bronzed skin and black, featureless head, save for her eyes and lips, which showed vivid red through the narrow mouth opening.

She was not left naked for very long. Marla handed her more black rubber and I saw that it was a pair of latex tights, identical to the ones I had woken in. I saw a small puff of white and realised that they had been pre-powdered, but it still took Philippa a full two minutes, first perched on the edge of the bed and then standing up, before the tights were finally in place. Her hairless lower lips protruded obscenely through the crotch opening, leaving her seemingly more naked and exposed than she had been when she really was naked.

Constance snapped her fingers and Shamini brought the hoof boots from one of the cupboards. She and Leonie had to steady Philippa as she stepped into them one at a time and then each girl took one leg at a time, lacing and strapping until the heavy rubber was drawn as tightly about each limb as were my own boots. I wondered what Philippa felt like, knowing that with every passing minute her freedom was being restricted more and more and that soon she would be as helpless as most of her previous charges.

The corset, or "body girth" as Marla called it went on next and if I thought mine was tight, it was nothing to what they did to Philippa. By the time Marla was satisfied with her efforts, Philippa's waist looked as though it were no thicker than my thigh, but she made no sound of protestation throughout. She did seem to react a little when Leonie passed Marla the huge dildo and crotch strap, but there was little she could do other than bow to the inevitable, lowering herself over the

table whilst Marla oiled her and began inserting the unforgiving rubber shaft. I saw that it really was a monster, longer and thicker than the one which I accommodated and I couldn't believe Philippa would be able to take it. Take it she did, though and then straightened herself stiffly with the entire ten inches embedded and legs apart whilst Marla buckled the crotch strap into place.

This differed from the one I wore, for obvious reasons, for there needed to be no hole through which to draw a penis and no straps to hold it flat against the stomach. Instead, the single strap at the back divided just after it passed the butt of her anal plug and ran up to join the front of the corset in a V-shape which left her protruding sex still in full view.

Leonie and the third handler, who I heard addressed as Debra, shared the task of sleeving the now slightly gasping Philippa. They worked on an arm each and soon had the task finished. Elbows were clipped to either side of the corset and a sturdy clip secured her hands behind her.

Constance seemed pleased with the way the girls had worked and complimented them on their efficiency. As Marla buckled a wide collar about the new pony's neck and clipped a leash to it, she took it from her and led Philippa back and forth across the tiled floor, hooves clattering and echoing around the chamber. Satisfied that she had made her point, Constance brought her prisoner to a halt and stood in front of her.

"Well, well," she taunted. "How perfectly sweet. My Little Pony if ever there was. Well, you careless filly, you'll have plenty of time to reflect on your carelessness now. Three months in the stables will sort you out."

"Three months!" Philippa shrieked. "You said one month!" Constance laughed, harshly.

"And if I'd told you the truth, would you have stood there so meekly and accepted your fate? No, you'd have fought and spat and screamed abuse, for which you'd have earned the other two months anyway. This way saves all that and stops anyone getting bruised or scratched unnecessarily.

"And now you're nicely helpless, I'll tell you the rest of your punishment. You always have been a haughtybitch, so proud of your figure and those pert little titties, haven't you?"

"Well, I've decided to make them even nicer. Before you go to the stables, you're going over to the clinic and Doctor Fredericks is going to perform a little cosmetic surgery on you. It's quite routine and will be all healed up in a few days, ready for you to begin training."

"What are you talking about?" Philippa demanded. She sounded really scared now and I didn't blame her. Constance smiled.

"Your boobs, my dear," she said, silkily. "They are far too small for a pony girl, so Fredericks is going to enlarge them with implants. He will also pierce your nipples, your labial lips and your clitoris. When you run, I want to see your tits really bounce and hear bells jingling from your nipples and your twat. Yes, you'll really make a fine sight."

"You bitch!" Philippa screeched. Despite the sleeves and the hooves she made a dart forward and tried to butt Constance with her head. Unfortunately for her, she had yet to master the weighted hooves and Constance easily sidestepped, jerking down on the leash at the same time. Philippa crashed painfully to the hard floor and lay there, moaning. Constance regarded her victim for a few seconds and then tossed the free end of the leash on top of her.

"Gag her and get her over to Fredericks," she snarled. "And tell her to use a local. I want the bitch to see her tits grow and see her rings going in. Add another three months stabling for trying to assault me and give her twelve with the cat for good measure."

She turned away and strode across to where I stood. "Perhaps you'd like to administer the thrashing?" she suggested. Eyes wide, I shook my head, vigorously. Constance shrugged. "Never mind, I'll let Heidi do it. She'll make a good trainer herself, one of these days. But you can have the honour of being the first to dip her honeypot when she's got all her rings and decent sized tits. I think that is only appropriate.

"Now, if you'll all excuse me, I have to call New York and Calcutta. This business doesn't run itself."
* * *

The remainder of the afternoon and evening I spent back between the shafts, pulling around an overweight Scots woman who had to be nearer to fifty than forty. She insisted that the handlers put on all the bells and chains I had worn for the race and it became evident that she had been in the crowd of spectators in the grandstand. She also added a refinement of her own, a long leather rein which was attached to the bell clamp about my scrotum. If I failed to pick up sufficient speed, or if I did not respond to her signals quickly enough, she jerked on this and I received a very painful reminder.

When we finally returned to the stables, I overheard her asking one of the handlers, a brunette called Bella, if she could book me again for the following day and I was relieved when Bella replied that the evening racing took priority and I was due only for light training exercise during the morning and rest during the afternoon. The woman looked aggrieved, but Bella was adamant.

"It's Madame's personal instruction," she said. "There are visiting ponies coming for this event, all the way from Spain, so she's determined to put up a good show. Why don't you have Penny tomorrow. She's good and sturdy, but we never race her because she hasn't got any real speed."

"And she hasnae got the right antenna for communication," the woman replied, sourly, looking pointedly in the

direction of my tethered balls. "Has she been pierced and ringed?"

"Naturally, ma'am," Bella replied. "And I can have her fitted with one of our special tracer harnesses, so that you'll be able to steer her. If you've never tried it before I think you'll be pleasantly surprised."

The woman agreed, though with less than good grace and I was unhitched, given the regulation enema, etcetera, etcetera and returned to my stall. To my surprise, although my mitten sleeves were left on me and the straps once again employed to keep me with closed fists, my elbow links were left off and Bella also proceeded to remove my boots. My legs were still sheathed in the thinner latex under tights, but the relief of being able to flex my knees was indescribable. As soon as I was left on my own I lost no time in lowering myself onto the straw and relaxing against the wall.

I closed my eyes and reflected on the events of the day and wondered how Philippa was faring. I had been appalled at the off-handed way in which Constance had treated her, first tricking her into submitting to being outfitted and then announcing that she was actually going to have some doctor start playing around with the shape of her body. I remembered how Philippa had been so matter-of-fact when she told me she would arrange for my nipples to be pierced and any sympathy which might have been building evaporated immediately. At least my flesh had a chance of escaping the needle whilst she was out of the way.

I dozed for a little while. Vaguely, I was aware of the stall door being opened and closed again, but I did not bother to open my eyes. If I was wanted, they would soon shake me awake, I reasoned. After the past twenty four hours or so I needed every respite I could get.

"Are you going to sit there ignoring me all night?" The voice was soft, with just the trace of a European accent. I forced my eyes open and looked across towards the sound, already knowing that it was Heidi. Sure enough, she was wearing the same outfit as when I had last seen her, bare crotch and those lunatic inspired boots and her head was still enclosed in the same rubber helmet, but there was no gag and no restraints, other than the collar which prevented her from revealing her face.

"Hi," I said. It was all I could think of and I saw her lips curl into a wide smile. "Are you staying the night again?"

Heidi nodded. "Yeah, I'm your perks. Marla said I'm to go easy with you." She giggled at this last statement. "I heard something about a big cock-up, too. Is it true?"

"About me being mistaken for someone else? Yes, it's true all right, but it doesn't look like it's going to make much difference to my situation. By the way, why no gag tonight?"

"Because I told Marla I promised you a blow job and she thought it was funny. Looking at her, you probably wouldn't believe it, but she's actually got quite a sense of humour and, although she's Madame's deputy, she's not quite as vindictive as some of the more junior handlers."

"Like Philippa, you mean?"

"Among others. You want to watch out for the lanky black bitch as well. I've seen her race poor buggers with ten pound weights hanging from their bollocks, just because she reckoned they weren't trying hard enough."

"She told me she was going to ask the boss lady if she could have me as her personal mount," I said. Heidi shuddered.

"That's a gruesome thought," she said, "but I shouldn't worry too much. Madame was so impressed with the way you ran last night that she wants you as her champion. For a first effort, you were fantastic and your time was a bit special, apparently."

I had a sudden mental picture of Heidi mounted on the chariot, her labia stretched around that awful prong and I couldn't resist asking her how she had felt at the time. Again, the shrug.

"Like you, I wasn't offered a choice and it isn't quite as bad as it looks."

"And did you really get off all those number of times?"

"Fraid so," she confessed. "They've probably told you what I'm like and I have to confess they aren't exaggerating. I'm just highly sexed, or something. I can get off, as you put it, just thinking about it."

"And how long have you been here, wherever here is? Do you know where we are?"

"Only roughly," Heidi replied. "We're somewhere in Wales, I think. It's a huge estate, mostly woodlands and a bit of moor thrown in. The grounds go on for miles and there's a big fence all the way around the perimeter, except for about two miles where the river forms a natural barrier."

"Couldn't someone swim across it?" I suggested, hopefully, although I had already guessed what the answer would be. Heidi shook her head, emphatically.

"Not a chance," she said. "It's only about fifty yards wide at that point, but the current is really strong and there are rocks and things. A dolphin would struggle, believe me." She flexed her legs before continuing. "As for how long I've been here, it must be about four years now. I was seventeen and my guardian caught me screwing with his eldest son. He reckoned I was trying to work my ticket for a share of the family fortune, so he used this place to get me out of the way."

Apparently, he and Madame are good friends and he helped her with the original investment to start this place."

"Have you never tried to get away in that four years?" I asked, incredulous. Heidi sighed.

"It's impossible," she said. "All slaves are either locked in or chained up - or both - at night and we're never left

alone during daylight unless we're chained or tied to something from which we can't get free. This crowd are very thorough."

"And is it true that you may become one of them - a handler?" I demanded.

"Well, Marla told me that she thought I'd make a good recruit, providing I behaved myself."

"And wouldn't that worry you?" I persisted. "I mean, how did you feel when you were whipping that other guy last night?"

"Glad that I wasn't the one stuck up there watching that little cow whipping you."

"And you didn't mind inflicting that on a fellow human being?"

"If I'd refused, I'd have got a whipping too and either Philippa or Marla would have thrashed him anyway. They'd have whipped him longer and harder, too, just to prove a point."

"I see," I said, quietly. "So, if you were ordered, you'd whip me?"

"Uh-huh," she nodded. "Just the same as I screw you if they tell me to. Does that deflate your male ego?"

"Is it supposed to?"

"Absolutely. That's how the system works here. They break down your will, subvert your personality and crush your ego. Then, when they tell you to jump, you ask how high."

"Bit like the army," I muttered. "Different uniforms, different ammunition, but same tactics. Tell me, Heidi, have you never made love properly. I mean, have you ever had sex with a man you thought you loved?"

"Never had the opportunity, unless you count Simon. He was the lad my guardian caught me with. Mind you, I think love is over rated, at least from what I've read about it. One cock is very much like another, as this place proves."

"I know what you mean," I conceded. "Take us, for example. We've no idea what each other looks like, have we?"

I sensed a change of attitude in Heidi's posture at my words. "Have I said something wrong?" I asked, gently.

"No, not really," she said. "It's just that no man who has screwed me in the last four years has seen me without a mask and I prefer it that way."

"Because it makes you anonymous?" I ventured. "Frees the spirit and all that?"

"There is that to it," Heidi agreed. "But, in my case it's more than that. You see, my parents died in a road crash when I was six and I was in the car with them. A piece of the windscreen flew inwards and cut my face, quite badly and right the way across my cheek. They tried plastic surgery, but the surgeon botched it a bit and the scar will never fade completely."

"Is it really that bad?" She shook her head and spread her hands expansively.

"What's bad, exactly? No, it probably isn't that bad, at least not compared to some I've seen, but it's bad enough when you're a teenaged female trying to be attractive to the opposite sex. It's probably why I've always tried to over compensate and why I don't really find it so bad here."

"You mean you like it here?"

"Maybe not 'like', but I have an easy life. The clients like me and I can play the little slut with no face without fear of anyone criticising. Does that shock you?"

"I doubt anything could shock me after what I've seen here," I assured her. She choked back a laugh.

"Don't tempt fate," she warned. "You've seen nothing yet." She stood up and teetered across to join me, sliding down the wall until we were sitting shoulder to shoulder. I pointed towards her boots.

"How on earth can you manage to even stand up in those, let alone walk?" I asked.

"At my school I was training to be a ballerina. In my case, however, I had the reverse of the usual problem. Most girls have to give up because they grow too tall. Me, I'm just a short arse. There's a few of us here who've had proper training, otherwise we'd be reduced to crawling in these heels.

"Because I'm so short, Madame decided I should wear these boots as often as possible. It's still hard work, believe me, but I manage all right and the blokes love it. Makes me more vulnerable, I suppose."

I placed my hand on her thigh, very gently. "Do you feel vulnerable, Heidi?" I whispered. She reached out her rubber covered hand and stroked the top of my cock.

"No," she replied, also whispering. "I feel randy, but then that shouldn't come as a surprise to anyone."

She began fiddling with the first of the restraining straps. "How many times have you been brought off today," she asked. I suppose I should have been shocked by her directness, but I was not.

"Not once," I replied. "Not since they took you away this morning, anyway." She eased her position so that she could use both hands for her task and started giggling again.

"Oh, terrific," she said. "That means you'll be well up for this."

"I'm permanently well up," I retorted. "Or hadn't you noticed?"

"Bit hard not to," she chuckled, freeing the third strap and moving onto the fourth. "But that's not what I meant. No, if you haven't come for a few hours, you'll be nicely recharged. I hate it when they put me with a bloke who's running on empty. I might just as well do myself with a rubber prick. No, I love to feel a good healthy warm jet when a man spunks inside me."

I could feel my senses being aroused at the way she was speaking and, as the last strap fell away and she carefully straddled me, I held her shoulders with my bunched fists and looked her straight in the eyes.

"The way you make me feel," I assured her, "you won't just get any old jet, you'll get Concorde tonight!"

She laughed and carefully impaled herself down my entire length, settling herself with a little wriggle of her hips. Behind the mask her eyes sparkled and her mouth was a wide smile.
"Supersonic!" she sighed. "We have lift off!"

* * *

To be continued ...