

LYKA BLOOM



THE STABLE GAMES:
THE STABLE GAMES PART THREE

Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Discovery](#)

[Purpose](#)

[The Manor](#)

[Expectation](#)

[Awakening](#)

[The Games](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Samples](#)

THE STABLE GAMES: THE STABLE GAMES PART THREE

by Lyka Bloom

THE STABLE GAMES: THE STABLE GAMES PART THREE

First Edition. September 16th, 2015.

Copyright © 2014 Lyka Bloom

Written by Lyka Bloom

www.LykaBloom.com

Chapter One: Discovery

It was ironic, Rachel thought, that a place like The Dark Side did not allow smoking. Wherever the eye turned, some sort of fetish or unexpected depravity was playing out, but there was no room for second-hand smoke.

The Dark Side was not a standalone building, a place with a sign on the door or a number you could call. It was a rumor to most people, or never heard of at all if you lived your life outside of the circle Rachel now found herself in. While the city had a couple of clubs that catered to the more elaborate sexualities of its citizens, The Dark Side was the place where it was done in the open, its migrations from one building to another and even the occasional home made it beyond the reach of anyone but the most daring.

For a week, Rachel prowled clubs she would never have imagined entering, and each excursion left her with a new revelation of the kinks which humanity had invented for itself. She had seen the usual bondage and men and woman collared and led by chains, she had seen tongues worshipping bare heels, bodies clad in latex and leather, sometimes decorated only by tattoos and piercings. She was able to identify, now, masters and mistresses and subs and slaves, her observations translated by internet searches. Where before she had never imagined sexuality beyond her rather plain tastes, her mind had been filled with a catalog of possibilities.

She had played coy, flirting with those who approached her, building a narrative for herself that seemed believable enough... new to town, still searching for the proper partner. She tried not to commit when she was asked if she was dominant or submissive, but she would claim to be the latter when pressed. She did not have nearly enough knowledge to pretend to be an expert in the scene, but she could fake her way into being a participant.

There were those, upon hearing that she was submissive, who would try to force her into something unwanted, but most clubs had very strict policies about consensual agreement between parties and a bouncer would intervene if she looked like she was in any sort of danger.

But danger was what The Dark Side was all about. It was the place where there were no rules. Here, entry was a tacit agreement to experience. Submissives and slaves were expected to perform for strangers if they were unowned, generally identified by some type of collar, if not outright chaining to their partner.

To give an air of authority, Rachel had pulled her hair tightly back, making a sharp ponytail. The dress she wore was black leather, hugging her hips and thighs down to mid-calf. The heels she wore were tall and polished, a matching black. Unlike the other places she had ventured, Rachel wanted to give the impression of being a dominant here, afraid of what her perceived submission might lead to.

Tonight, The Dark Side was in a former warehouse, temporary lights hung high on the walls and dimmed, giving the room the impression of fading daylight or perhaps the reflected moonlight of deepening darkness. A makeshift bar was set up on one side of the room, an odd mélange of tables and booths of clearly different origin littering the wide floor of the place, colored lights flashing as electronic music played loud. The back of the place had been cordoned off, a half dozen or more rooms created for those delights unwilling or unable to be shared with the crowd.

And it was a crowd, almost a hundred people if Rachel had to guess. Already, she had been followed by a man on all fours, wearing a rubber dog mask, a faux tail inserted into his rectum and another older man who asked if she made a good 'Mommy.'

It was disorienting and frightening, but Rachel held her composure, reminding herself of Lily, who was somewhere in the world, taken by someone who found the sights of The Dark

Side to be normal life. What Lily must be experiencing even now... it made Rachel shudder.

Part of her apprehension when thinking of her friend's fate came from the fact that Rachel understood, now, or at least had come to the beginnings of an understanding. Through all the debauchery she had borne witness to these past nights, there were things she did find arousing, things she would never have suspected about herself. When she saw a girl who looked no older than herself clinging to the side of a hairy, bare-chested man, her nose pierced, a chain leading from that piercing to loop through hoops in her nipples, she had felt herself tingle. The look of pleased subservience in the eyes of the girl haunted her, and she wondered about her as she scanned the crowd of The Dark Side, wondering where that girl was now and what forbidden pleasures she was indulging.

Her search began always with a hunt for the latex-clad woman from the night of Lily's disappearance, and then for the submissive who had accompanied her. And, of course, for Lily. When she saw no signs of them, she would then search for the one who most resembled them, women who might have traveled in the same circles.

The Dark Side offered her a candidate almost immediately, a forty-ish woman with shockingly bright red hair, her waist corseted, her heavy breasts lifted and showcased by the corset top, her legs clad in glistening black latex. Across her lap, a younger woman was coiled, the submissive's body bound in a tight black harness that crisscrossed her chest and stomach. She was nude otherwise, and the elder woman's finger was unashamedly stroking the submissive's sex, causing her to writhe in exquisite teasing.

Rachel assumed her mantle of feigned confidence and crossed the room to the pair, twisting her body away from writhing dancers and couples exploring one another in all manner of ways. She uttered a laughingly polite, "Excuse me," as she bumped into two men, one big and bearded, the other small and hairless, the former driving his shaft into the mouth of the other. Her stride recovered quickly, and her assumed confidence returned, despite the crimson flush to her cheeks.

She tried not to look too obvious in her approach, but the red-haired dominant had already caught her eyes and turned the corners of her mouth up in a predatory smile. By the time Rachel reached the round table in the corner where the Mistress toyed with her pet, the submissive had already been instructed to sit upright, allowing a spot for Rachel.

"Good evening," Rachel said, standing near the now-empty space in the booth. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I was hoping to ask you a question."

Wordlessly, the domme nodded to the empty seat and Rachel eased herself into it, the squirming slave immediately to her right, leaning against the lovely dominant.

"Thank you."

"You are very far from home," the fiery-maned dominant grinned, giving her pet's hard and pointed nipple a tweak. The girl in her lap twisted more, her tongue snaking out from behind a loosely-fitted gag as the submissive reveled in the pleasure she was given. This, too, Rachel admitted, made her feel tingling and ashamed in equal measures.

"It shows?" She knew there was no way she would convince this woman that she was some young and powerful dominant new to the club scene. She hoped a little honesty would carry her farther than her disguise.

"I can smell innocence," the woman went on, and Rachel detected the hint of an accent, faded, but European or maybe Russian. "It's like a bouquet. My little Caroline had it, too. Now, she is far from innocent." The beautiful domme's attention drifted to her slave, smiling at her with a mixture of pride and lust, then she locked eyes again with Rachel. "What brings someone so young to this place?"

"I'm looking for a friend."

"Aren't we all?" the domme said and laughed, a fluid and melodious sound. Rachel's feigned confidence looked even more ridiculous when sitting across from a woman for whom such power came naturally.

"My name is Sasha. You may call me Miss Sasha while we talk."

"Thank you, Sasha... er, Miss Sasha."

Sasha nodded, her ruby lips as brilliant and eye-catching and her hair. "Very good. Now we can proceed from a place of honesty. This..." She waved her hand at Rachel's dress, "...costume of yours, it is not very convincing. The dress does not make the woman in these cases. You look like you have found your mother's closet and pretend to be grown-up and strong."

Rachel looked down at the folding leather of her dress and sat quietly. She had entertained much the same thought.

"Something important must have brought you here. The belly of the beast, they say," Sasha laughed, hugging her slave against her and kissing her cheek. "What is so important to challenge your delicate sensibilities?"

"My friend. She was kidnapped. I know who did it, but I don't know her name or where to find her. I hired a detective, and now she's missing, too. The police won't help... I didn't know what else to do."

"Ah," Sasha said, leaning back and considering the pretty young girl's words. "A quest. A real adventure. Who is it you think took your friend?"

"I know her name is Elena. She has a slave, too, named Clara. Very into rubber, or they were when I met them with my friend."

Sasha's amused expression had soured. "Yes, I know who you speak of. Elena is very wealthy. Very experienced in this world. She is also not accustomed to being told 'no.' She believes the world exists for her amusement."

"You know her?!" Rachel leaned forward, her nervousness dispelled by the first real glimmer of hope she'd allowed herself in weeks.

"I know her. Not well, we do not move in the same circles anymore, but, yes, I know where to find her."

"Thank you! Oh my god, if you can get me the address, I'll tell the police and..."

Sasha laughed again, this time with less humor. "And what do you think the police will find? Your friend? Maybe. Do you think she will want to leave? Will she be allowed to? If Elena has selected your friend, I doubt there is much left of her. Elena has very particular tastes."

"What tastes?"

Sasha's expression faded into a wistful, somewhat sad look. "Ponies."

"She gambles?"

"She makes ponies. Competes them. Her family used to be the best at it."

"Makes them?" The comprehension was slow to dawn, but at once Rachel understood. "She's trapped Lily as some kind of animal?"

"It is more and less complicated than that."

All pretense, all humility faded as Rachel froze her gaze on the dominant, her voice low and pleading. "You have to help me. Please. I have to save her."

Sasha looked at the fresh-faced girl, the slight softness to her frame that gave her a vaguely chubby appearance, but healthful and attractive in the way it filled out her curves.

"Elena does no favors for the community. She is a criminal, in my thinking. But, she is still very connected. If she has taken your friend to train, she will not give her up willingly. You

won't recover your friend by showing up at Elena's doorstep with those pretty wide eyes. No, it will have to be more clever than that." The red-haired Mistress nodded to herself, as if having come to an important decision. "You are willing to do anything?"

"If it means a chance to save her, yes."

"Yes what?"

Rachel lowered her head as she spoke. "Yes, Miss Sasha."

"Better. If you want my aid, you have to do something for me. And for yourself, I think."

"What?"

"You have to come with me. You will come to my home, live as part of my family. If your friend is with Elena, I will arrange an opportunity for you to see your friend under my protection. Then we will decide what is best."

"I have to be your slave?"

Sasha laughed. "I don't think you'll be so quick to find a place like my Sara." She gave her slave another squeeze, and the girl, Sara, mewled happily through her gag. "But, you will have to abide by my rules. I assure you, I do not delight in others' pain. Your stay will be perfectly comfortable. And we will need to announce your admission to the family so you will be welcome in the homes of friends. Yes, even Elena."

Rachel found herself conflicted, but not as she expected. She was more than willing to risk her safety for that of Lily, of that she was sure. The debate inside her was about the other side of the arrangement. If she was honest with herself, Rachel was tingling at the thought of submission, of seeing herself in the slave's place. What if she was too weak to save Lily? What if her own weak desire prevented her from rescuing the poor girl and, worse, left Rachel just as enslaved as Lily? What if she wanted that?

"So?" Sasha asked, stroking her girl's braided blonde hair.

"Yes," Rachel said, then corrected herself. "Yes, Miss Sasha."

Chapter Two: Purpose

Dusk woke before Moonshadow most mornings, and this was no different. Her eyes popped open and she inhaled deeply, the organic smell of hay and dirt and the faint smell of steel and oil and machinery filling her nostrils. She lay quiet, listening to the sounds of silence that accompanied her early morning isolation. In the stall beside her she could hear Moonshadow's breath, slow and even, and she smiled behind the bit that split her lips.

Moonshadow was lovely and she was full of good intentions, but Dusk knew her fellow pony did not have the natural ability Dusk did. When they trained together, Dusk allowed herself to sink into the pleasantly plodding pace set forth by her sister, but in individual competitions... she would often return to the barn and nuzzle Moonshadow after Mistress was gone, consoling her for losing almost every individual challenge. At first, Moonshadow resisted these attempts at solidarity, and Dusk understood how important it was for them both to achieve. Finally, Moonshadow seemed to come around and understand her place as the second pony in accolades resting in Mistress' barn.

Stirring, Dusk found her feet, balancing herself as she rose on her hooves. Once upright, Dusk was steady and sure. She no longer wondered how she might walk without them, as she had no presumption she would ever *not* feel the weight of them, at least not besides the bathings she and Moonshadow received.

Her tail was still out, allowing her the freedom to dispose of her bodily wastes and await cleaning by Mistress or one of the other slaves. While Dusk initially felt a spasm of jealousy when she saw the other slaves return to the Big House with Mistress, she quickly grew to understand they all served a role for Mistress. Cora and Nina were personal slaves, attendants on Mistress' whims. Moonshadow and Dusk, though... They were different.

Dusk shifted on her hooves, eager to run. The past week had seen an intense new dedication to individual events, and Dusk had returned to her stall tired and aching each day, but carrying with her the high praise she received after almost every run.

The "Games" were coming, she understood, though she had only the most rudimentary understanding of what that meant for her. She would be running, she knew, competing, and that's all she had to worry about. The other details would be handled by Mistress, and it made Dusk happy to know she was free to let her mind stay on her purpose.

She leaned over the wall of the stall and looked down at Moonshadow, her hair spilled around her in the hay. She was quite pretty, and Mistress had given them matching harnesses so they made a matching pair. Moonshadow's skin was more deeply tanned than Dusk's, but they were otherwise very similar. Moonshadow's breasts were larger, but not pendulous, and her muscles lacked some of Dusk's definition, but their hair had been dyed a matching black color, and, with the white harnesses, created a striking pair when they were bridled together for carting.

Moonshadow woke under Dusk's gaze, and her immediate smile gave Dusk a feeling of happiness and kinship and the pair were quickly nuzzling one another over the stall. When the barn's main door opened, Dusk and Moonshadow pressed against the doors of their stall to look down the dimly lit length of the barn to see who might have come. If it was Cora, it would mean only bathing and the insertion of their tails, which Dusk had grown to accept as the completion of her appearance. Despite its hindrance, she loved the feel of its weight and the image it created of her as a true pony.

Both ponies shuffled eagerly when they saw Mistress leading Cora and Nina behind her. She was casually dressed today, in her tan pants and white top, only the corset worn over them

giving her the appearance of dominance. It took little effort from her wardrobe to instill the desired reaction, though, and soon both of the harnessed girls were nuzzling Elena's hand as she stroked their hair.

"What good ponies I have," Elena grinned, paying special attention to the docile expression on Dusk's face. Whatever remained of the girl from the bar was hidden beneath layers of submission.

"Nina, bathe Dusk and Cora will clean Moonshadow. I'll prepare the cart."

"Yes, Mistress," the house slaves said in unison and busied themselves with their charges.

Elena gazed up into the morning sun once she was clear of the barn, feeling the soft heat on her face. The Games were a week away and she had never felt more confident. The work they had done together, carting mostly, resulted in a syncopation that Elena would not have aspired to so quickly. Even more surprising, Dusk was excelling in all the individual games, and Elena expected for her to at least place in each of the events to which she had been registered. It would be a full day for her, but the stir she created would generate weeks and months of admiring conversation. Elena's home would again be filled with those who had felt her place diminished, and she would be seen as the premiere trainer of ponies.

Her reverie had distracted her for long minutes, and she had barely fitted the straps of the cart when Cora and Nina appeared with her ponies trotting behind. Elena took her place on the bench seat while the ponies were strapped into place.

When Nina and Cora were done, Elena lifted her riding whip and snapped the tip over the heads of her ponies, a sharp *CRACK!* That sent the cart lurching into motion. Another three terse snaps of the whip and the cart was angling to the left, following a path that wound over Elena's estate.

Secured in the rightmost position, Dusk felt the weight of the cart, of her Mistress, offset by her and Moonshadow's momentum. Soon, the cart was rolling smoothly, and the ponies moved as one, even their hooves pounding the earth in unison. Dusk loved the emptiness of her thoughts as she focused on obeying the cracks of the whip, the first beads of sweat pooling on her bare skin and slipping down her well-muscled back.

Chapter Three: The Manor

Rachel stood at the front door of her second-story apartment and stared at it, closed and locked. In her right hand she held the keys, in her left a suitcase, though she had the impression that her own wardrobe would be of little use.

Her agreement with Sasha – Miss Sasha – was simple enough. She would move in with Miss Sasha and her slave until she could get close enough to Lily to attempt a rescue. Miss Sasha agreed to help with those plans, and Rachel was eager to have the assistance of someone so clearly "up the ladder" in the local BDSM community.

Making her way to her car, she once more fought to deny the squirming excitement that had curled into her belly and, on occasion, slipped a tendril between her legs, arousing her as she thought of stepping into an unfamiliar situation where she entered under the agreement of servitude. Miss Sasha appeared to be kind, as far as dominants went, but the sparks of desire that dogged her during her investigations was now a flame, lit by Miss Sasha and her own repressed urges.

She wondered what her first night would hold, what delicious degradation she might have to endure. These thoughts occupied her all the way out of the city, navigating the twisting and poorly-conceived interstate exchanges until all that spread before her was road and the thickening flora that lined the road. A few minutes outside the city and you could imagine you were in the real country, where wide-open spaces were the norm.

Her navigation app guided the way until it, and the rest of her cell phone reception, withered and died. It had led her all the way to a long driveway that matched the address on Miss Sasha's business card (*Expert Sensual Seduction*), and now a claustrophobia settled over her, despite the fact she was still free, still operating under her own power. She could turn around and abandon the entire enterprise, but the image of her friend in some sort of lunatic bondage kept her moving forward.

The drive was blocked by a pair of black, wrought-iron gates, a buzzer set into the brick face on the right side. Rachel lowered her window and leaned out of the driver's side, but before she could speak she heard the insectile *buzz* of the command and the gate slowly opened inward.

She eased her tiny car up the driveway until she found a space near the face of the house and beside a dark-tinted SUV. She sat there, smoking a cigarette picked up from a convenience store along the way. If she was going to sacrifice herself, even in some small way, she wanted to feed the monkey on her back one last time. She couldn't focus on a single thought for too long until she found the cigarette burned down to the filter. It was time.

She wrestled with the suitcase in the back seat, not bothering to lock the doors of her car. There was a spare key for the ignition in the glove box. Even if she had nothing else, she could still escape if she needed to.

"Rachel," Miss Sasha said, opening the door wide for her. Her slave, Sara, was on all fours beside Miss Sasha, her body nude save for a collar around her neck and a rubbery mask on her face. The mask was shaped like a dog's head, and Rachel could see the slave's eyes through the mask's eyeholes. They were bright and glittering. Her hands and feet were bound in oversized rubber mittens fashioned after paws, and the effect was obvious and total. She was Miss Sasha's puppy for the night. The sight of her, the implications of it, created a heat between Rachel's legs she was embarrassed to acknowledge.

"Come in, come in," she said, smiling and waving Rachel inside. "Welcome to your temporary home. Sara and I have made your room up. I'm sure you'll be very comfortable.

"Thank you," Rachel replied, fussing with the suitcase until she was over the threshold and the door closed behind her.

"Follow Sara up to your room," Miss Sasha instructed, "and I'll come up shortly to discuss how to proceed. Feel free to explore your room, but wait for me before venturing into the rest of the house."

"Yes, Miss Sasha," Rachel said, disturbed by the ease at which it came out.

Miss Sasha nodded approvingly and snapped her fingers. With a look at Rachel, Sara crawled toward a stairwell to the right, leading her to the second of two floors. Rachel winced in empathy as the girl climbed the steps on her hands and knees, the polished wood certainly uncomfortable on her bare skin.

Sara excitedly crawled to a room roughly equidistant from the top of the stairs and hallway angled to her left, and Rachel stepped inside. The room was richly decorated, and the bed was wide and comfortable-looking. If this were to be her prison, there were worse fates, she supposed.

"Thank you," she said, bending to address Sara on the floor.

"Woof!" Sara replied and scampered away, leaving Rachel alone in the room.

There was little to do but unpack and explore the ornate bathroom nearby, as well as the drawers and closets that littered the room's décor. Most of the compartments were empty, save for the nightstand, where Rachel found a tube of lubricant and a pair of dildoes, one double-ended, the other long and thick, with a base that featured straps hanging from either side.

"I forgot to clean that out," Miss Sasha said from behind her and Rachel spun quickly, shutting the drawer quickly as if she'd been caught with cigarettes by her mother.

"Oh, sorry!"

"Nothing to apologize for," Miss Sasha smiled, entering the room, circling Rachel in a predatory manner. Rachel turned to follow her, but Miss Sasha held her in place with a light swat of Rachel's bottom. "Stand still, please."

Rachel did, only moving her eyes as Miss Sasha inspected her newest tenant.

"You stayed in your room?"

"Yes, Miss Sasha."

"Good girl. Come, sit with me."

Rachel assumed it was to be the bed, steeling herself for her introduction into homosexuality, but found herself alone at the bedside. Miss Sasha sat in high-backed chair in the corner of the room, her elegant dress straightened against her legs, the gorgeous red hair draped over a shoulder, her pink skin bright and healthy, despite the few wrinkles that encroached around the eyes and the corners of her mouth. She was large-chested, and the way she patted her lap to call Rachel to her was as matronly an act as Rachel could recall.

"Come."

Rachel did, hesitating before awkwardly sliding onto Miss Sasha's lap. As she did, the dominant's arms wrapped around her, holding her close.

It was uncomfortable, having this stranger embrace her, hold her like a child, but it was oddly reassuring, too.

"You're nervous," Miss Sasha said. It was not a question. "I want you to feel safe. I'm not going to hurt you, nor am I going to ask you to do anything of a sexual nature unless you agree to it. What happened to your friend, it's not the norm. We are not, as a community, slavers and kidnappers."

"Tell that to Lily," Rachel grumbled from the woman's lap.

"That's just my point. You are the norm, believe it or not. People who have found that games of control are satisfying. My arrangement with Sara, and with you for the time being, is based on mutual consent and pleasure. What happened to your friend is horrible. That's why I want to help, as much as for you as for myself. I don't like my lifestyle being perverted into something illegal and immoral."

"So, what do we do next?"

Miss Sasha gently stroked Rachel's soft blonde hair, holding her head against the dominant's shoulder.

"We will arrange a meeting with Elena. I'll take you and Sara along. If she has your friend, we'll find out there."

"When can we go?"

"I've reached out to her already, sweet girl," Miss Sasha said and kissed the top of Rachel's head. "I would imagine in the next few days. Until that time, I think we should discuss our arrangement in more detail."

Rachel sighed, steeling herself. She thought of Sara and her puppy outfit and wondered if that's what awaited her, too. Would it be worth crawling on all fours to rescue Lily? Her dignity, she supposed, was a small price to pay.

"I said I would do anything you asked," Rachel whispered against Miss Sasha's shoulder. "I won't go back on my word."

Miss Sasha laughed, a high and friendly sound that relaxed Rachel further.

"You are so naive. I suppose that's what makes you such a prize in our community, too. Untrained, bereft of the bad habits a less sophisticated dominant instills in a submissive, and yet wholly submissive."

"You think I'm submissive?"

"Let me ask you this. If you could switch roles with me, be the one holding me in your lap, would you do it?"

Rachel considered it and finally replied, "No. I prefer being in your lap."

"Good. And when you were patrolling all the seedy little dives you explored in search of your friend, did you relate most to the men and woman who held a leash or the ones who wore the collar."

Rachel had not expressed such thoughts out loud, ashamed of the way she had responded to some of the sights she'd seen, but Miss Sasha, in her warm and gentle way, made her feel safe to speak the words.

"I thought the ones on the leash were more... interesting."

She could feel Miss Sasha's nod rather than see it. She was beginning to drift a little. A piercing anxiety had followed her all day, and now exhaustion was settling over her. The soft stroking and intermittent squeezes from Miss Sasha, too, encouraged the lazy feeling.

"In my home, Rachel, you are free to explore as much or as little as you like. I have chosen an outfit that Sara will bring to you in the morning. Should you choose to wear it, you will be implicitly agreeing to acting as my submissive for the days you are here. If you decline, you are still free to explore the house, and to engage in any activities you feel comfortable with. Does that seem fair?"

"Yes," Rachel said. "Very."

"Good. Now hop up, sweet girl. I need my sleep and you do, too. We have many things to arrange in the coming days and your own submission is only a small part of it, I'm afraid."

Rachel slid from the woman's lap, and Miss Sasha rose with her, flattening her elegant

dress as she stood. Rachel was moving before she knew she was doing it and, surprising Miss Sasha, embraced the woman, resting her head against the woman's healthy chest.

"Thank you. Thank you for helping my friend."

Miss Sasha returned the embrace and smiled.

Chapter Four: Expectation

Six days. Dusk rarely counted days anymore, as each was utterly the same and wholly unique. When she woke, she would be bathed by Mistress or one of her servants, then she would be re-fitted into her hooves, armbinder, harness and bridle, the bit snugly but painlessly parting her teeth. Once done, she would be led out of the barn by the reins clipped to her bridle and she would be given free room to run or guided to one of the events for which she had been trained. When the day's work was done, she would be led back to the stall where she and Moonshadow were fed, brushed and cleaned, then retired for the night.

There were long stretches of solitude, with only Moonshadow to keep her company, but she never felt boredom. She found peace in the quiet, and she would anticipate the day to come and wonder what deviations it might hold. Now that the main event was nearing, and Mistress Elena did not restrain herself from mentioning The Stable Games or her role in it, Dusk felt a creeping energy invade her thoughts. Her mind, broken and barely recognizable as that of Lily, focused on her pride. She was, as she had been taught, an excellent pony and soon others would be aware of how perfect a pony she was.

Today, it had been Mistress Elena herself to clean her, which always resulted in a slower bath as Mistress' hands roamed and caressed the body of her prize pony. Dusk felt a wave of affection for Mistress in these moments, and her urge to perform for her only grew.

She would be run through her paces today in preparation for the Games. Later, Moonshadow would join them for carting and practice in synchronizing their movements, such as when they bowed in greeting. It took practice for them to extend their right legs, then bow low and rise again at the same instant. The ponies' tendency for supporting one another eased the training and they were already quite impressively in tune with one another.

The first event would be the barrel race, and Dusk was least interested in the event, though she was quite good at it. It was simple... three barrels placed in a rough triangle, each one twenty meters from the other. At the base of the pyramid the barrels formed, a line was drawn. The event began when the pony crossed this line and ended the same way.

Dusk stood back from the line and waited, one hoof dug into the tough sod under her, the other light on the ground, ready to push forward. Her tongue tickled the rubber bit in her mouth, a nervous habit she'd developed while she waited for the sound that would release her.

Mistress Elena, who had said less than a dozen words to her this morning (which wasn't unusual, nor needed – Dusk did not bother with speech of her own or others'), raised her training whip and snapped it. The report sent Dusk in motion and she was over the line at full speed, aiming right for the first barrel. She rounded it from the far side, then pointed toward the barrel across from her, perpendicular to the starting line. This one she circled even more quickly, now aligned with the far side of the barrel at the top of the pyramid. Once rounded, her gait shifted from the careful navigation around the barrels to a sprint, her head leaning forward as her hooves propelled her faster and faster until she was bounding over the finish line where she stopped, panting, sweat trickling down her bare legs and pooling where the straps of her bridle crisscrossed her face.

Mistress checked the watch she kept and her face lit with pleasure.

"Half a second faster than yesterday, my pony. A full second faster than any pony in Games history."

Mistress approached, removing a cored apple slice from the plastic container she kept with her for reward. She loosened Dusk's bit until it hung from one side, freeing the pony's mouth. It never occurred to Dusk to speak, to scream, to yell. That was not how ponies behaved. Dusk

merely leaned forward and took the apple slice into her mouth, chewing and feeling cool juice slip over her lips and run down her chin. It was sweet and chilled and delicious. When her bit was returned, it was on to the next practice field, trotting happily behind her owner, savoring the excitement inside her as the thought of being more than a pony consumed her. Soon, Dusk believed, she would be a *prize* pony.

Rachel suffered an extended period of disorientation when she woke, the ornate room and its polished wood a far cry from the cluttered, plain walls of her apartment. This was, undeniably, more luxurious, but the realization of her location brought with it the worry that plagues her since she'd made her Devil's bargain.

She waited in bed, afraid to move for fear of stirring her host and bringing an early beginning to a day which had no precedent. She feared for her safety, yes, but only a little. The greater fear was that she had opened a Pandora's Box within herself that would never fully close.

She checked the closet and drawers for some sign of the outfit Miss Sasha had promised, but it was all her old things. Jeans and tops and a few dresses and skirts. She collected fresh underwear and a long, breezy floral dress and retired to the opulent bathroom.

She took a long shower, admiring the water pressure, and finally prepared herself for the day. She'd left her makeup in the suitcase, and hurried from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her, her hand clutching the top to fight gravity, but stopped short. The outfit prepared for her by Miss Sasha was on the bed, laid across with all the accessories she could need.

It was black, shining, made of rubber or something like it. The front was seamless, and she wondered how she would be expected to do something as simple as pee while inside it. She lifted it and found a long zipper running from the base of the back to the neck. It was long sleeved, the material ending at the wrists and throat, while covering the feet completely. To the right, Miss Sasha or Sara had arranged a pair of boots that terminated in pointed toes, the wearer confined to an *en pointe* posture at all times. To the left, leather, buckled cuffs for her ankles and wrists. Above those, a thick matching collar. She did not fail to note the small, golden padlocks that hung open on the buckle of the cuffs and collar.

She lifted the catsuit and rubbed the material between her fingers, shivering a little at the smooth yet sticky texture of it, imagining it on her body, clinging to her like a second skin. The idea made her pussy flutter and threaten to lubricate, and her shame at her own impulses returned with weight.

"You like it?"

Miss Sasha leaned against the open doorway, her hands folded beneath her impressive breasts. She was elegant in a black skirt and red top, the former revealing shapely legs, the latter highlighting her lustrous hair. She was beautiful, and Rachel could not stop the thought that, should she ever engage in a homosexual relationship, there were far worse choices than Miss Sasha.

"It's, uh, a lot."

Miss Sasha laughed and stepped inside, sidling up to Rachel.

"It's not too extreme. Nothing hanging out, nothing over-exposed." She idly lifted a cuff and turned it over in her hands. "If anything, I feel like we've erred on the side of covering up *too* much. As I said last night, you don't have to wear it at all. But I think you might *want* to wear it. Is that wrong?"

There was no right answer. If she told the dominant 'no,' it would be a lie, and Miss Sasha

was her one ally in finding Lily at the moment. If she wore it, she placed herself in the hands of this lovely, if enigmatic, woman.

"I do like it. I'm nervous, though."

The Mistress nodded and sat on the corner of the bed, crossing her legs.

"I think that's an appropriate response. It's up to you. But if you want to explore these feelings you've been having, this is the way. Safe, sane, consensual. That is the motto of the lifestyle. You will not be harmed, you will not be degraded more than you choose and you must agree to everything first. If you put that suit on, you will be my submissive, and you will be trained as I see fit, within the bounds of your comfort level. If you want to be released, you only have to say so."

Rachel nodded, "Thank you. You really are not what I expected."

"Most of the people in the lifestyle are like me, not Elena. Speaking of, time to find out if my message was received. Come downstairs when you are ready."

She moved, graceful and confident, from the bed to the door, where Miss Sasha paused.

"Oh, Rachel?"

"Yes?"

"The powder on the nightstand is for you. You want a nice dusting before you slip the suit on." And she was gone.

The way she assumed Rachel would submit was a self-fulfilling prophecy. Her presence exuded command and confidence, and Rachel closed her eyes and breathed deeply in and out. She knew her decision, maybe even before Miss Sasha.

Her first hurdle upon emerging from her bedroom, resplendent in her rubber catsuit and cuffs, was navigating the stairs in her boots. The severe angle gave her stride a smaller, clomping gait and she had to hold onto the rail to balance herself as she descended.

Sara awaited at the bottom of the stairs, her puppy costume replaced by a matching catsuit, only hers featured a black rubber mask that covered her features. A wisp of bright purple hair escaped the hoods underside, but she was almost entirely sealed in the outfit. The thought of her similarity to the girl sent another shiver traveling up Rachel's spine. Her timidity was overcome by curiosity and, yes, sexual excitement. She loved Sara's anonymity and hungered for it herself.

"There you are," Miss Sasha said, her heels clicking on the polished floor of the home. "We will be greeting some friends today, Rachel. You will be beside me the entire time." She stopped, standing to face her submissives. Beside her, Sara felt to her knees and lowered her head deferentially.

"Rachel..." Miss Sasha began, but there was no need for her to continue.

The spark that lit between Rachel's legs now became an insistent tingle as she lowered herself to the floor, nearly falling as she balanced on her preposterous boots. Finally, both knees were on the ground, and she looked to Sara to get the posture and position correct.

"Very good. A few rules before we begin. First, you will always address me as Mistress or Mistress Sasha. Failure to do so will result in punishment. You will not speak unless I address you or give you permission to speak. If someone else addresses you, you will await my approval to respond. If you speak out of turn, you will be punished. When I walk, you will walk behind me. When I sit, you will kneel beside me. Sara will occupy the position to my right and, Rachel, you will kneel to my left. Do you understand?"

"Yes... Mistress," Rachel said, her voice soft and weak in her own ears.

"One last thing," she said and drew closer to Rachel. With a practiced ease, her Mistress clipped the golden padlocks closed one by one. When she bent to secure the ankle cuffs, Mistress

Sasha's breasts rubbed against Rachel's shoulder, and her desire for the lovely Mistress flared. Finally, Mistress Sasha clipped the lock on the collar closed and she took a step back to evaluate her work.

"Very pleasing," the dominant smiled, and Rachel could not have agreed more. Had she been alone, her hands would undoubtedly have found her center and teased her damp sex until she came, screaming.

"Come."

Rachel rose slowly in comparison to her sister submissive, but they were fast on the heels of their Mistress, taking their positions on either side of her chair. The room was a grand hall, and chairs lined the walls. The center was largely bare, save for a vibrantly-colored rug that extended the length of the room. At the head, Mistress Sasha sat in a tall-backed chair, her pets on either side.

Sara greeted the knocks at the door, of which there were many. Rachel waited patiently, kneeling beside the Mistress' throne-like chair, as a variety of well-wishers and friends came to call. Some were purely social visits, and Mistress Sasha and her guests would reminisce over past events and parties or plan for new adventures, but Rachel only half-listened to these. Between visitors, Mistress Sasha would pet Rachel's hair, and something about her place on the floor and the older woman's idle affections created a sense of warmth and place in Rachel that transcended simple help for Lily. Whatever was happening within her, she liked it.

After a short break in which Sara showed Rachel wordlessly around the kitchen, teaching her the basics of serving Mistress Sasha without using a single syllable. Rachel was quick to internalize the arrangements Mistress Sasha preferred, and she followed Sara out of the kitchen to present a small meal to the woman. While she ate, Sara and Rachel sat at either side of her, occasionally being fed from Mistress' own fork, the older woman offering a playful smile as she fed her submissives. While not filling, it only increased Rachel's sense of safety with the dominant, and she was happy to take the dishes away when the meal was done, again assisting Sara in the cleaning of the spacious kitchen.

After lunch, Rachel had almost forgotten her true purpose, too caught up in the emotions that threatened to overwhelm her. Her attention was brought hurtling back to the present after Sara had led an older couple into the long hall, the pair of them on the far side of middle age, immaculately dressed. Rachel restrained a smile as she thought about the people she'd seen paraded through the hall today, dressed as if they were on their way to a glamorous cocktail party.

"Roger! Gloria! Nice to see you!" Mistress Sasha exclaimed and stood, approaching the couple and trading European-style kisses-on-the-cheek in greeting. "I honestly didn't expect to see you until the Games."

"We couldn't stay away so long. Are you competing anyone this year?"

"No, no," Mistress Sasha said with a bemused smile, "my attentions have been on the household, not the barn."

"Ah, yes, I see that," the man Mistress had called Roger approached Rachel kneeling by the chair. He took her chin and lifted it, angling her head left and right, inspecting her like Rachel was a particularly alluring piece of produce in need of evaluation before purchase.

"This is Rachel," Mistress Sasha said, joining the well-dressed man before Rachel. "She is new. But she shows great promise."

A fond smile passed between the submissive and her Mistress.

"It seems everyone but we are bringing new submissives into the fold," Gloria said from

behind them.

"Oh?" Mistress Sasha replied casually, but her eyes held Rachel's a long moment.

"Elena, you know how she is, has apparently recruited two more. One for the Games, the other for the house."

"I haven't been to visit in too long," Mistress Sasha said, leading Roger Harwell away from the slaves kneeling by her chair. "I should look in on her. Is she receiving?"

"Not for most," Gloria continued, "but I'll let her know you're interested and have one of your own to show off. She's terribly proud of her new pony. After seeing her for myself, she is quite a creature."

Rachel bristled. She was so close, now. She knew who had Lily, knew that she was being kept, either as a 'pony' or as a house servant. The only missing piece was *where*.

"That sounds lovely. Please reach out to her at your soonest convenience and send her my best."

"That family has not been a pillar of our community for some time but Elena is dedicated to restoring it to its former glory."

"I've never cared for her methods," Gloria said with pursed lips. "But you can't argue with results."

Rachel followed the scope of the conversation, but it soon turned away from Elena and her new acquisitions and drifted into other acquaintances and discussions of a ball coming in the fall. They were there longer than anyone before, and when Sara was instructed to see them out, the daylight was leaning heavily through the windows of the hall, announcing the coming dark.

Rachel sat by the chair until Mistress Sasha took her hand and pulled her to her feet.

"I assume you heard?"

"Yes. Do you think Lily is being kept in the house, Mistress Sasha?"

"Honestly? No. Elena has been obsessed with The Stable Games for years. Her family prided itself on their training of slaves in tack, and now she seems to be making a push to live up to that reputation. Your friend, was she athletic?"

"Yes," Rachel said, her stomach twisting. "She was a runner and dancer."

Mistress Sasha nodded. "We will find her. What happens next, we can only guess. For now, dinner. Follow Sara to the kitchen and she'll show you your duties."

"Yes, Mistress."

Rachel was behind Sara, navigating carefully on the tips of her toes as she worked to manage her stride.

"Rachel?"

The voice stopped her and Rachel turned to the elder woman.

"I enjoyed having you at my side today. I hope you enjoyed it, too."

It was strange how the same words can have different meanings based on tone, but when the two words passed Rachel's lips, she heard the joy in them. "Yes, Mistress," she said.

Dusk was pulling the cart with Moonshadow, Elena and Cora in their seats. The whip was largely silent during this trip, and Dusk understood she and Moonshadow were to follow their usual path while Mistress Elena huddled with Cora, enjoying the sunset.

Dusk was tired, but satisfied. Her times during each of the events had been competitive, according to her Mistress, and the pony's muscles ached with pleasant use. Pulling the cart required little effort with Moonshadow beside her, and it allowed Dusk to reflect on the day's work. She felt ready and, more than, that, eager to run.

The hardest event for her still was dressage, which involved Mistress standing in the center

of a series of interconnected circles. Different whip commands would indicate to the pony which direction and, by extension, which circle would be traveled. Dusk still had moments where she grew confused by the clockwise and counter-clockwise rotations she was to follow. Mistress was patient with her, but Dusk could tell that her owner was losing patience with her awkward turns and halting gait as the pony followed the curving lines.

She nearly stumbled, distracted by her disappointing efforts in dressage, but Dusk resolved to focus more in the coming days. For now, she would content herself with the soft tug of the cart behind her with her sister pony, happy to be kept safe by her Mistress.

After dinner, Mistress Sasha found Rachel staring out the window of her bedroom, looking out over the wide lawn and past, to the road and the world beyond. Her brow was lowered, lips pursed, and her cheek worked as she chewed it from the inside. She jumped at the touch of Mistress Sasha's hand on her shoulder, yelping before she calmed at the site of the beautiful older woman.

"Sorry, dear. I wanted to check on you. Sara was worried, too."

"It's fine. And thank you."

The dominant sat on the edge of the bed while Rachel kept her perch on the window ledge, though she did have the initial reaction to settle on the floor beside the woman. Rachel thought the submissive pose she struck during the day would humiliate her, but in the context of Mistress Sasha's home, she felt at ease and comfortable in the position. In fact, she felt at peace.

"You're worried about your friend."

Rachel said nothing.

"I want to warn you, when we do find her, she may not be the person you remember. She's been trained by Elena for some time, now, and Elena's methods tend toward the more extreme. She makes no agreements with her pets, she possesses them. She shapes them, remolds them in the image she desires. Some training requires more than words to heal."

"I've thought about that, Mistress Sasha, but no matter how bad it is, I can't give up. If it were me, Lily would never stop."

Mistress Sasha smiled and nodded in appreciation. "You are good friend. You are also quite natural as a submissive. I'm sure that hasn't been lost on you."

"No," Rachel said, and her cheeks reddened. "I enjoyed it more than I thought I would."

"And you did not feel afraid, or that your morality was compromised?"

"Oh no," the young woman replied quickly. "Just the opposite. I think I was expecting more."

"I take only what you give, Rachel." The dominant rose and paced, her eyes always on Rachel. "I think you're beginning to understand that now. Not to sound too dramatic, but your choices acknowledge me as your superior. As you trust me more, you will give me more decisions to make for you. And I will make the ones that please both of us best. The offering of submission is a gift, my dear girl, one to be cherished."

Rachel followed Mistress Sasha closely, and her words seemed to go to the core of her, Rachel's body tight with the chill of her discovered want. She could see Mistress Sasha as being stronger than her, more beautiful – yes, superior – but there was an underlying kindness and lithe sensuality to her, as well. Never enticed before, Rachel had no doubt she would slip into bed with this woman, if she so desired, and she would be an eager pupil.

"You have found out things about yourself, yes?" The hint of her accent was stronger now, or perhaps Rachel was more finely attuned to it. Regardless, the lilt of her words, the nearness of her, filled Rachel with a delicious weakness. She thought of herself silently kneeling beside

Mistress Sasha during the day, and the tingling between her legs grew in intensity.

"Yes, Mistress," Rachel answered, her voice lower and breathier than she had expected. Mistress Sasha's expression brightened as she, too, detected the need of Rachel's response.

The dominant's hand rose to Rachel's cheek, and a soft sigh escaped as her head leaned toward the open palm. Mistress Sasha's delight was evident as she allowed her fingers to roam through Rachel's dirty blonde hair, nails dragging along her scalp, following the curve of her cheek... Rachel luxuriated in the touch, and when she felt Mistress Sasha's thumb rest against her lips, she opened her mouth and closed her lips around her, the tip of the submissive's tongue teasing the long nail, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked.

Mistress Sasha removed her thumb only long enough to replace it with her mouth, and she held Rachel tight against her, supporting the younger woman as their lips touched and opened to one another. The kiss was slow and tentative at first, but grew in passion as their breath quickened and grew loud. When it broke, Rachel was dizzy with surprise and shame and desire.

"That's the first time you've kissed a woman?"

"Yes, Mistress," Rachel replied, huddled against the older woman, happy inside her embrace.

"For a submissive, there is only one thing more intimate than a kiss."

"What's that, Mistress?"

Rachel tilted her head up, genuinely curious.

"Kneeling. Bending forward to lick my heel. To tell me with your actions that you adore and worship me, and that you have earned a place at my feet."

Rachel could not decide if the statement were simple truth or an invitation, but her body was sinking already, slipping down to her knees, her eyes drinking in the form-fitting tasteful skirt of her Mistress, her long legs encased in black sheer stockings, the tall heels that matched the colorful skirt. She gasped as she settled into the pose, the slit between her legs damp and hungry. She'd been turned on before, but never so wholly, so mind-numbingly aroused.

She did not look up for approval or admonition. Rachel leaned forward and placed her palms flat on the floor, tilting her head to taste the toe of the heel, extending her tongue to run it flat against the patent leather. Her eyes closed as her wide tongue licked from the tip to the side and back again. The thought of licking a shoe gave her no thrill, but to lick Mistress Sasha's, to bow down before her... it was all she wanted.

Her cleaning paused at the brush of Mistress Sasha's fingers against the nape of her neck.

"Come, pet," she said. "Come to bed."

Chapter Five: Awakening

Rachel awoke in a twist of sheets wrapped around her, exposing most of her torso and legs, keeping her waist and hips discreetly covered. She rose on an elbow and looked around the luxurious master bedroom, swiping hair out of her eyes. The sun fell through tall windows to reveal the puddles of clothing left behind as Mistress Sasha took and ravished her, then guided her into performing her first attempts at cunnilingus. She took to it with an eagerness Rachel hadn't suspected lay within her, but the building moans and loud cries as Mistress Sasha came on her tongue made Rachel feel devilishly sexual and satisfied.

Mistress Sasha whispered to her, Rachel's head against her breast, until the submissive had fallen asleep. Now, stirring, she found herself alone. At the foot of the bed, a new outfit had been chosen for her, and Rachel found that the only part of her previous that remained locked was her collar.

She changed after scurrying down the hallway to her room to shower and clean away the remnants of last night's passion. Under the heat of the shower, Rachel expected a guilt to settle over her, but every fragment of memory - the licks and nibbles and the way her face seemed to seal against her Mistress's pussy - left her feeling happy and vaguely aroused.

The new outfit was sleeveless, ending in a skirt that hugged her wide hips and gave ample views of her legs. The entire outfit, down to an accompanying thong, was made of some kind of bright pink rubber, and wearing it made Rachel feel like a piece of candy with legs. The shoes were less harsh today, pink platform heels, but these, too, had small padlocks to secure them. Nodding at her appearance, Rachel clicked the padlocks closed and made her way down to the kitchen.

Sara was already serving Mistress Sasha, and both smiled up at her as she entered.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Mistress Sasha said, taking a sip of her coffee. "I have good news. We've received our invitation to visit Elena. I hope you like the dress I picked for you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Rachel answered and stood beside the dominant. "When do we go?"

"As soon as you help Sara clean the dishes and get some fruit for yourself. We can't let your energy wane if we plan on more nights like last."

Rachel did blush, now, but Sara noted it first and gave her sister a squeeze in support. Rachel was amazed at the openness and affection of the relationships she'd forged so quickly here, and it pleased her to know she had been welcomed so readily. She busied herself with dishes, trying to keep her thoughts away from her new experiences and focused where they belonged - on saving her friend.

Where Mistress Sasha's home was spacious, Elena's was perfectly opulent. The drive alone was nearly a mile long, and the grounds stretched on either side to the horizon. Sara had been left behind, and Mistress Sasha kept her arm comfortingly around Rachel as the car wound to the entrance of the home, which was just as large and intimidating as the land upon which it sat.

The driver, hired for the trip but a regular if the casual conversation between Mistress Sasha and the reed-thin man was any indication, opened the door for them both, but Rachel waited until Mistress Sasha had exited before joining her to stand before the impressive manor. She took her place just behind her owner, her hands squeezing into fists. What waited beyond that door had her on pins and needles, but the older woman beside her provided a welcome calming effect.

The door was opened by a girl in pink, more subdued than Rachel's dress, and this one transparent, revealing a smattering of tattoos and pierced nipples. Rachel recognized her from the club, and she instinctively lowered her head to avoid detection before they had even made it past

the front door. The girl paid no mind to Rachel, curtsying to Mistress Sasha.

"Mistress is expecting you. She's working with the ponies on the training field. Would you care to watch?"

"Yes, Cora, that would be lovely," Mistress Sasha said and gave Rachel a private pat on her bottom in encouragement as the older woman mounted the half-dozen stone steps to the door.

Rachel followed behind, her eyes darting side-to-side in search of Lily or Denise. All her time spent worrying over Lily, it hadn't been until Mistress Sasha's guests mentioned the addition of two submissives to Elena's household that Rachel realized what might have become of the detective.

She didn't wait long. Passing by a room lined with books, a study, Rachel assumed, though she'd never actually been in a home that had a dedicated study, she'd caught her first glimpse of one of the missing girls. Denise, who had been long and lovely before, was exquisite. There were dark circles under her eyes, but otherwise, she had been forged into a picture of servitude, down to the maid's uniform. When she bent to clean an end table, her ruffled skirt lifted and Rachel saw she wore no underwear. Her bottom was crisscrossed by angry-looking red lines, and Rachel winced in empathy.

The maid looked up, caught Rachel's eyes and froze, her eyes narrowing. Rachel pushed past the doorway quickly, nearly staggering into Mistress Sasha as Cora continued to lead them through the labyrinthine first floor to a rear entrance. French doors opened onto a patio and, to their right, the barn that stood tall against the sky.

Past that, Rachel saw three figures, silhouetted by the afternoon sun. One was taller, standing with her hand on her hip. Another stood immediately beside her, but the posture was... off... somehow. The third was moving quickly around a series of poles, and Rachel could not deny that the figure was moving *fast*.

"Watch the ruts, Miss," Cora advised, and both the Mistress and her girl looked down to find overlapping hoofprints baked into the mud. The image the prints suggested thrilled and horrified Rachel in equal measure.

The trio of figures grew more distinct as they approached, and Rachel saw that the girl beside Elena was leashed and dressed in a series of straps that ran across her body, revealing more than they hid. Her head was confined within a bridle that featured a rubber bit holding the mouth of the girl open. Most shocking was the long tail that was obviously fitted into the girl's rectum, giving her a more animalistic look. The blank expression on her face and the way she shifted on the boots fashioned into hooves only intensified the inhuman impression.

Elena greeted Mistress Sasha briefly before turning back to her other pony, who was completing another lap, weaving in and out of the poles which formed a complicated obstacle course. Rachel inhaled sharply as she saw the girl on the field, and it took only a glimpse to confirm that this girl was her lost friend. She was fitted and dressed like her companion pony, bookends of bondage.

"They look lovely, Elena," Mistress Sasha grinned, and she placed herself between Elena and Rachel.

"Thank you. Are you still training, Sasha?"

"Not in a very long time. I prefer my girls to be inside pets."

The two Mistresses laughed together, but Rachel knew enough about her protector to tell that she was guarded.

"You're coming to The Games, though?"

"Oh, yes," Mistress Sasha said, holding her hand over her eyes for shade as the two women watched the ponygirl cross the finish line and weave toward them, taking a place beside her twin. Rachel looked into her friend's face, her skin darkened by the sun, her body even more muscled than before, eyes bright and curious, but somehow *less*.

"This is Dusk," Elena smiled and ruffled Lily's hair. "She is the most amazing creature I've ever trained."

Mistress Sasha measured Rachel's reaction and kept her submissive hidden from Elena's direct view. The girl's eyes were locked on Dusk, and she knew that Elena would not let such a fixation go unnoticed.

"Where did you find her?"

"I never reveal my sources," Elena laughed and Mistress Sasha joined her, but Rachel thought it sounded strained. "The important thing is that, once she wins the games, I'll be in a perfect position to breed her at a pretty penny."

Before she could open her mouth, Mistress Sasha's hand reached behind to grip Rachel's wrist and gave her a squeeze. The gesture said plainly, 'Quiet.'

"It's good to see you back in your element, Elena."

"And whom do you have with you?"

Mistress Sasha had little choice, and she stepped aside to reveal Rachel, who lowered her head in deference, biting the insides of her cheeks to keep her expression neutral.

"This is Rachel. She's very new to our home, but I'm overjoyed to have her."

Elena looked her up and down, lips pursed in obvious disapproval.

"You've always liked the chubby ones, Sasha. I prefer the clean lines of my girls, but she does seem quite docile and eager to please."

"She brings a happiness to our home that I've been missing."

"Ah, good then," Elena said with a wave of her hand. "Perhaps she'd like to join Cora in feeding the ponies."

"I think that's a fine idea. Go with Cora, Rachel."

"Yes, Mistress," Rachel said, and gave a curtsy to Elena before joining Cora in a march across the field, the ponies clopping behind them on the path.

Rachel followed a step behind Cora, listening to the rhythmic pounding of hooves into the earth. Lily's nearness to her was a fire inside her, and she had to remind herself of her position. If she turned and addressed her friend or made any move to rescue her without some sort of plan to get her away from Elena, she could be lost forever. Rachel could see the scenario playing out, she and her Mistress subdued or worse, Elena escaping with Cora and Denise and Lily to some place where she could never find them again. She had to content herself with Cora's rambling, soft whispers about care and feeding and it made Rachel furious.

Once inside the barn, Cora led the ponies to their stalls, and Cora demonstrated with Moonshadow how she brushed and bathed them after their vigorous workouts.

"Go on," Cora nodded to Rachel, standing before Lily's stall. "She's perfectly tame."

Rachel stepped into the stall, where her friend regarded her with a detached curiosity. She locked eyes with her friend, hoping for some sign of recognition, but, if there were any, they were carefully hidden beneath the dehumanizing training of this pony.

Rachel loosened the harness and bridle, fumbling at first with all the buckles. When the gear was loose enough to remove, Rachel exposed Lily's body, and she marveled again at the athleticism and beauty her friend had achieved in all this horribleness. Now that she had been with a woman, she felt she could understand more of what Elena saw in Lily, her long, lean lines

and speed.

With Cora's occasional advising, Rachel bathed her friend with warm water and a sponge, and she strove to treat Lily with tenderness in hopes of triggering some of her repressed memories. Instead, the pony that had been Lily stood happily at attention as she was cleaned. She made no move to escape, despite the open stall door, nor did she speak. She chuffed once as Rachel ran the sponge over her now-exposed sex, but otherwise remained still and silent.

"Your Mistress has no livestock?" Cora asked. "A shame. You are very good with them."

"Thank you," Rachel muttered, straining to avoid the meltdown she felt building. Cora was closing up her stall, now that Moonshadow had been re-dressed in her tack, and Cora was slipping into Dusk's stall to do the same. Rachel knew she would be leaving soon, once more abandoning her friend to this fate.

Elena and Mistress Sasha appeared at the wide open doors of the barn, chatting amiably.

"All done?" Elena asked, and Cora nodded in response. "Very good. I hope you've enjoyed yourself," she continued, address Rachel.

"Yes, Miss. I've never seen anything quite like it."

She could detect a darkening cloud over Mistress Sasha's expression, and quickly tried to cover her obviously ambivalent statement.

"You have a lovely home and girls," Rachel added.

"She is still learning," Mistress said to Elena, explaining away Rachel's twitchiness.

"I'm sure you'll do wonders with her. Come. A cup of tea and then I'm afraid I have other duties to attend to."

Rachel was nude, curled against Mistress Sasha's side. Sara was on the other side of their dominant, fast asleep, her side slowly rising and falling with peaceful slumber. Mistress Sasha had fallen asleep first, following a tumultuous and rather loud session of play, leaving Rachel alone in the dark bedroom.

She was startled by her easy acceptance into Mistress Sasha's home, and how quickly she had taken to the role prescribed for her. She would have never suspected it about herself, but she loved the subtle control Mistress Sasha exerted over her. She loved awaking to find clothes chosen for her, to be told what the day would hold, certain that whatever Mistress decided for her would be safe and, so far, incredibly satisfying.

Prior to their lovemaking, Mistress Sasha talked with both of them, informing them of her plans to free Lily. It was a bold scheme, and there were a number of ways it could go horribly wrong, but it seemed like the most logical way to proceed. When Rachel mentioned the police again, Mistress Sasha waved her away.

"Do you think people as powerful as Elena don't have some form of protection? The minute that call is made, Elena will know. By the time police arrive, her home will be vacant."

They would need to contact the Harwells, but Mistress had no doubt they would be interested in the plan. Long-standing rivalries were at play, she reminded Rachel, and there is no grudge like an old grudge.

Rachel nestled her head against Mistress, her lips pressing against the older woman's soft skin. She counted herself lucky to have been introduced to this part of herself in a way that made her feel empowered, even as she relinquished control. She adored kneeling at Mistress' side, hearing her soft voice instruct her behavior. She wondered if Lily were happy, after all. Maybe she had found a level of obedience and submission that Rachel simply did not dare to explore.

She shook the thought away. What Mistress gave her that Elena withheld was choice. Rachel could descend into her submission knowing that she was doing so of her own volition.

What had been done to Lily... She shivered at the thought, causing Mistress Sasha to stir.

"What's wrong, love?" she asked with the delicate lilt of her European accent.

"Lily."

Mistress kissed the top of her head, twisting toward her. Before she could react, Rachel was wrapped in her Mistress' arms, her back caressed by a loving hand. She closed her eyes, enjoying the touch of the firm hand against her bare skin.

"We will do what we can. How are you feeling besides your friend's dilemma? Have you considered staying on after The Games?"

Rachel answered with a spontaneous kiss, fixing her lips against Mistress Sasha's and holding them there until her owner opened her mouth and allowed her submissive's tongue inside. They kissed with growing intensity, breath quickening, until Mistress held her back.

"You want to wake Sara?"

Rachel grinned. "I think we wore her out."

"Sleep," she said, hugging Rachel to her. "Tomorrow we have much to do. And then, we will see if our plans are sound." Another kiss, this one softer, on Rachel's forehead.

"Yes, Mistress," she said, and snuggled close. As if on command, Rachel slipped into a dreamless and deep sleep.

Chapter Six: The Games

Rachel and Sara were dressed identically, both in black catsuits that spun the light off them when they hit, elegant cuffs at their ankles and wrists and severely-angled boots that kept their strides clipped. Mistress Sasha was also in a similar rubber, but it was fashioned into a dress, complete with frills around the waist. They looked like a matching set, a symbol of belonging that had, at first, seemed like overkill to Rachel. Until they arrived at The Games.

Whatever she had imagined, Rachel was unprepared by the size of it. After a drive of nearly three hours, the trio had come to a pavilion with a wide field laid out beyond it. Rachel's breath caught in her throat when her estimation of a few dozen members of this circle had to be revised upward to hundreds of such attendees.

Everywhere the eye turned, she found examples of all sorts of deviance. From the rubber and latex lovers to some dressed in near-Victorian garb, to the business attire of others. It was a glimpse into a hundred little worlds of kink and pleasure, and, once more, Rachel spoke a silent prayer of thanks that her entry had been through Mistress Sasha.

There were at least two dozen ponies milling about, most being led by leashed bridle around the grounds, some already fastened to the head of a cart where they pulled their owners over the wide paths to the stands and the makeshift stables to the west. Rachel was alert for some sign of Elena and Lily, but she only saw others in their tack, men and women alike. Seeing a pair of male ponies, their genitals on display, Rachel remembered Elena's talk of breeding. It horrified her to think of Lily as some mindless mare to be bred.

"Come," Mistress said, and Sara and Rachel turned with her towards the stables. There, if all went as planned, Roger and Gloria Harwell would be awaiting them ahead of Elena's arrival. Their conversations with Mistress the day before had secured their place in the scheme, but the manner in which Roger Harwell, in particular, had relished elements of it made Rachel frown at being in the man's presence again. He was, by her estimation, a cold and cruel man.

She was surprised to find Mistress' hand clasp hers as they entered the stables. It took a moment for Rachel to discern the cause of her halting grasp, as she looked up to find Elena and her two house servants standing before a wide stall where both Lily and Moonshadow were held. A few well-wishers stopped by to admire the ponies, as well as the others populating the stalls. Most disconcerting was the revelation that Gloria and Roger Harwell were already there, already talking and laughing with Elena. Rachel's stomach turned as she envisioned their plan crumbling before it ever had a chance to begin.

"We will find her," Roger Harwell assured Mistress Sasha, as he and his wife sat with the Mistress at her long dining table. On either side of her, Sara and Rachel stood in silent attendance. "And I have no doubt she will take the bait."

"Elena is nothing if not vain," Gloria added.

Mistress Sasha rocked her heel, legs elegantly crossed. Her lips were thin with concentration, and her eyes darted over her left shoulder where Rachel stood by the door, watching and listening.

"I'm not entirely comfortable using a relative innocent as bait."

Roger Harwell took a sip of his wine, held it in his mouth, then swallowed. "Can't be helped, I'm afraid. We must all do our part."

Sasha nodded. "Then do our part we shall. And you have no fear of Elena's propensity for poaching the servants of others?"

"If this new pony of hers is as good as she says, and as fine as we've seen, I don't believe she will be on the hunt for any new submissives," Gloria added. "We will prime her for your

entrance. And when you arrive, make sure this girl of yours doesn't give us away."

Another glance at Rachel, this one resulting in a faint smile playing at the corners of Mistress Sasha's lips. "I have no fear of that," the Mistress said. "Rachel is devoted."

Rachel faltered only a little as her friend came into view. Lily's body was mostly bare, and Rachel could detect the outlines of the harness she wore painting her skin with tan lines. How long must she have worn the outfit to have it mark her so? These thoughts were but many that tumbled over each other for attention, but Rachel held fast to one – the most important thought. *Must look natural. Must not draw attention.*

"Elena," Mistress said, guiding Sara and Rachel behind her. The two women traded kisses on their cheeks and appraised one another, less a friendly gesture than two vipers circling one another before striking

"You know the Harwells," Elena said, gesturing to the older couple that had graced Mistress Sasha's dining table only the night before.

"It's been too long," Mistress Sasha said, trading kisses with them as well. "We are all very eager to see your new girl at work."

Elena stepped aside to reveal Moonshadow and Lily in their stall, shared between them. Neither gave much acknowledgement of the others in their midst, their attention on one another and Elena. Rachel briefly tried to catch Lily's eye, but then lowered her head as she had been instructed.

"Dusk is a marvelous creature. I think you'll be impressed."

At the sound of her new name, Lily shifted on the cruel-looking boots that forced her posture forward. Rachel saw, too, the plugs holding the tails in places for both of the girls in Elena's thrall.

"And your Cora?" Gloria asked Elena, still admiring the ponies in the stall.

"She is with another servant of mine, preparing a place for us to observe when we're not competing."

"That is some menagerie you've built, Elena," Mistress Sasha said with practiced diplomacy. "Reminds me of the old days when you had a house full of servants and parties every weekend."

"I like to think the past few years have been a temporary pause, not an abandonment of those times."

Mistress Sasha merely nodded again, but she could see the flush in Elena's cheeks, that perfect indication that these reminders of her fall from the aristocracy of their community were still painful to her.

"Lovely ponies," Mistress Sasha said by way of departure. "We will be watching them closely."

Rachel risked a final look back at Lily, who leaned against the door of her stall to accept a pat from Elena.

In the remote field where the Games were held, the crowd listened intently as each pony was introduced alongside their owners and trainers. When Lily was presented with her *nom de pony*, Dusk, Rachel was pleased to feel Mistress Sasha's hand grip hers and squeeze, though the older woman did not turn away from the sight on the field. If it hadn't been so horrible, it would have been beautiful, Rachel thought.

She felt she understood the desire to be subjugated, but her own desires were borne of

choice, while Lily had been taken away, altered without her permission. The act of her enslavement was a crime, and Rachel and her Mistress, along with the dubious associates the Harwells, would have her free by the time the day ended if all went according to plan.

Rachel's stomach twisted when she thought of the role she was to play. If things went wrong, she would never be able to escape, and she might find herself exposed before a crowd atop hooves just like her friend. The thought gave her a shiver, and she again squeezed her Mistress's hand tightly.

The Stable Games were underway, the ponies and their owners retiring to the sidelines as the events were organized. The first was simply a race, and Rachel watched as Lily was guided to her starting position. The weeks of her isolation and training had made Lily a perfect physical specimen, and even from Rachel's distance in the stands, she could see the taut muscles of her thighs and calves tensed and ready to spring. When the starter pistol sounded to announce the beginning of the race, Rachel marveled at the way Lily moved in her hooved boots, soft bits of earth kicking up behind her as her legs scissored and pushed her forward. She took a quick lead and held it, leaving most of the competition behind. Only one pony came close to her, the Harwells' male slave, called Sundancer. He, too, was left in a distant second by the time the race concluded, and Rachel watched as Lily trotted back to her place behind Elena after the competition ended. She seemed to be barely breathing hard, and Elena's proud smile suggested the Mistress alone knew what her pony was capable of.

The rest of the day, Rachel watched as Lily competed and won, over and over again. By the time she took first place in her second event, there was already some buzz building around Elena and her slave. When the final event arrived, dressage, all eyes were on the previously downtrodden Mistress and her pony.

"Dressage," Mistress Sasha explained, "is considered the most refined event. It is a union of pony and trainer, with each crack of the whip directing the pony's movement around those circles you see there. Very few are ever good at it, especially if the pony is also used for the more sporting competitions. As much as it may pain you to hear it, if Lily so much as places in this event, there won't be a person in attendance here who would not pay dearly for her."

Rachel did not speak, did not move. She admired her friend's movements as Elena snapped her wrist and sent the whip's report over the stands. With each burst of two or three cracks, Lily moved elegantly around the concentric circles, sometimes turning and retracing her steps, sometimes allowing her hooves to wind around an adjacent circle. It was a demonstration of perfect grace.

When the event concluded, even Rachel's unskilled eye could detect no fault in Lily's performance, while others faltered or hesitated. It was no surprise, then, when she was scored the winner.

The heat of the day was giving way to the cool of the evening, and the sun set behind them as the low roar of conversation ceased and a barrel-chested man in a suit approached a dais alongside three risers, the tallest in the center, flanked by slightly smaller risers on either side.

"Thank you all for attending this year's Stable Games." A round of polite applause followed. "It is with great pleasure I introduce to you this year's winning ponies. In third place, Spearmint, as owned by Master and Mistress Brunson." Another round of applause and a fair-haired ponygirl took the smallest riser, her owners, a surprisingly young couple in matching black, stood in front of her, bowing at the respectful applause.

"In second place," the ruddy-faced announcer continued, "Sundancer, as owned by Master and Mistress Harwell."

The slave took his place as the Harwells took their own bow, and Rachel again worried at their role in the affairs to come. If they were in any way duplicitous, it could spell disaster for Mistress Sasha's plan.

"And, finally, our grand prize goes to Dusk, as owned by Mistress Vaughan. It is a great honor to welcome Elena back to the Games, and in such convincing fashion."

The applause was louder as Lily mounted the tallest riser and Elena stood proudly before her, soaking in the approbation of the crowd.

The ceremony was concluded, and Rachel and Mistress Sasha, Sara on the other side of the dominant woman, watched as a small throng followed Elena and her tow ponies back to the temporary stables provided.

"Are you ready?" Mistress Sasha asked.

"Yes," Rachel said, but she heard the tremor in her voice. Whatever was to come, the chain of events began with that word.

They moved as a trio through the crowd, upstream against the majority of attendees who had concluded their day's business and were now being escorted to their cars by valets, most of whom appeared to be owned in one form or another.

They pushed past the crowd into the stables, where only a select few had been allowed. They were initially stopped by a large, leather-clad man in a hood, and Rachel thought the plan might be subverted before it began. Finally, Elena caught sight of Mistress Sasha at the wide door of the stables and barked out a command to allow them access. Moving in step with Sara, Rachel followed Mistress Sasha inside where the smell of hay and sweat filled her senses.

Lily was still wearing a garland of flowers, and she seemed to express pride despite her bound body and gagged mouth. It made Rachel proud for her, in an odd way, and also brought a wave of revulsion at how dehumanized her friend had become.

"Well, well, Elena, I am astonished."

"You doubted my pony?"

"I don't imagine anyone expected her to be quite so commanding during the Games. I wanted to offer my sincerest congratulations. And to ask a favor. I'm sure you are swamped with requests for your time after a performance like this one, but I have to try."

Mistress Sasha's words had the desired effect, disarming Elena into an easy smile.

"I can't make promises, but I'll entertain any request you make of me, Sasha. We have known each far too long to dismiss anything you might need."

"It's my new girl," Mistress Sasha said, gesturing to Rachel. "I was wondering if you would consider training her as you have yours. I'm of a mind to have a pony of my own. And I couldn't possibly train her the way you have."

Rachel tensed, awaiting Elena's recognition. Despite their brief encounter at the bar the night of Lily's disappearance, Rachel was sure she would be found out. Every piece of their plan hinged on this moment. Elena circled Rachel, her hands unceremoniously gripping the softness of her ass and her large breasts, the fleshy meat of her thighs.

"She's not the natural athlete my Dusk is," Elena mused. "She's soft and weak."

Rachel felt her cheeks burn, but kept her head bowed.

"I don't expect her to be of the same quality as your pony, of course, but perhaps she would make a good start for a stable."

"She has breeding hips, I'll give her that. I don't know, Sasha, I'm not sure you'd be pleased with the results."

"I don't want to be a pony," Rachel gasped at another squeeze of her ass by Elena.

Mistress Sasha's hand moved with an unexpected swiftness, striking Rachel across the cheek and leaving behind thin red impressions of her fingers.

"If you could gag her and convince her of her proper place, I would be satisfied enough."

Elena chuckled, reevaluating the submissive before her. "She is high-spirited, at least. When would you want to start?"

"As soon as possible," Mistress Sasha said, matching Elena's displeasure as both women regarded Rachel. "If you could send her back with your ponies, I'd love for her to see a glimpse of her future."

Rachel shrank, wondering if perhaps the ruse they planned weren't something more insidious, and the hurtful words coming from Mistress Sasha weren't the truth of things.

"I think that could be arranged," Elena said. "Leash her."

Rachel sat between Lily and the one called Moonshadow. She had been roughly tripped of the clothes picked for her by Mistress Sasha that morning, left naked and chilled between the two ponies. Once Elena took over, her mouth had been fitted with a ball gag to quiet her, and her wrists and ankles given cuffs to keep her movement restrained. She had never felt quite so helpless, physically secured while she traveled farther away from her Mistress.

Had she been able to talk, she would have attempted to communicate with Lily, who stood chained to the wall of the trailer secured to Elena's car. Her eyes were empty of recognition, her time spent rubbing her cheek against the other pony's. What attention Lily paid to Rachel was idle curiosity and nothing more.

When the rear doors of the trailer opened, Rachel recognized Cora, the slave which had accompanied Elena on that fateful night. She shrank against the wall, hiding her face from Elena's slave for fear of being found out, but Cora seemed to know her no more than did Lily, a terrifying thought in itself.

She was released from the rings on the wall and led, alongside the ponies, into a long and wide barn.

"Look," Elena said, seizing her head and holding her face tight, forcing her to watch as the ponies were stabled. "Soon you'll be with them, and you'll be just as grateful as they are for the attention. Cora, take this one to the box."

Rachel felt the leash dangling from her collar tug her forward, out of Elena's grip. Looking back, she watched as Elena fawned over Lily, arranging the accolades her pony had won on the door of her stall. Cora was less gentle, jerking her along toward a room near a side door. Her stomach rolled as she imagined what fate might await her inside. She was almost relieved to see that the room was bare, though it offered little room to move. She was pushed inside, her leash unclipped from the thick collar around her neck, and the door was shut behind her. She took deep breaths, working to calm herself, but the notion that she would be left here, abandoned by Mistress Sasha, plagued her. Here, in this tiny enclosure, Rachel hugged her knees to her chest and waited, sure of nothing save that she was now in the belly of the beast, and only Mistress Sasha could save her now.

About the Author

www.LykaBloom.com

Lyka Bloom has been working as a technical writer for several years before turning her attention to the kinkier side of life.

She can be found at LykaBloom@gmail.com or on Twitter at LykaBloom1.

Inferno: Infection

Infection

Inferno: Book One



Lyka Bloom

It was dusk already, the sunset hidden by the tall, shadow-cloaked buildings in the old industrial district. A few old cars were parked along the curb, but most of the businesses that used the area for warehouses and manufacturing had dried up, leaving the commercial buildings vacant and crumbling.

Blake checked the note again, confirming for the fifth time the address was correct. With a sigh, she left the safety of her jeep, turning the collar of her raincoat up. Her low heels clicked on the pavement, echoing eerily in the seemingly-abandoned streets. She was all business in her gray slacks and white blouse, her hair down, loose as it swayed against her shoulders.

The front door of the building was once white, most of the paint peeled, leaving it a dull wooden gray. To the left of the door, just above eye level, a placard had been screwed into the dirty brick, covered by dust and grime. She could make out the single word inscribed there: Inferno.

She tried the door and found it opened easily under her hand, and she stepped into the darkness. She could hear the faint bass of industrial music thumping somewhere deeper inside as she wound through the labyrinthine hallways that must have been offices once upon a time. Her way was lit by a distant, flickering glow that reminded her of the flames waving on her tablet screen.

As the music grew louder, Blake could hear voices, or, more precisely, shrieking. She passed down another black-cornered hallway, thin chains hooked into the ceiling, a ventilation fan casting shadows on the walls. With every step, the ball of fear that nestled in her belly grew, and she shoved her hands in the pockets of her

raincoat to keep them from shaking.

Finally, she reached the belly of the building, a vertiginous feeling sweeping through her as she passed through a doorway that glowed with red light. She looked down from a landing, metal steps winding down to the floor fifty feet below her, the music brash and loud, making her wince.

A DJ bobbed his head as he worked two turntables, the floor filled with writhing, bouncing bodies. The dancers looked Dante-esque in their dress, wrapped in leather and latex, tattoos of all colors and compositions revealed by the brief clothing. A bar opposite the DJ was lined with patrons of similar type, one young man bald save for chrome horns embedded in his skull, an open black trenchcoat revealing scars where his nipples had been. He grinned at a girl who looked barely eighteen, her dyed blonde hair twisted into spikes on her head, her eyebrow lined with silver hoops, a tattoo on her cheek giving the impression of flayed flesh.

Blake's hand flew to her mouth, overwhelmed by the sights and sounds, feeling as if she'd stepped into another, more depraved world. She stifled a cry when she looked past the crowded dance floor to the far end of the room. A wide staircase, columns on either side, stretched at a thin angle back into the building, to a point she could not discern. The geometry of the building seemed all wrong, the size of it hurting her head as she tried to reconcile the nondescript and seemingly smaller exterior.

She gripped the handrail of the metal steps and resolved to call the police. This was no place for her, no place for the sane, and certainly no place she would find her step-sister. She had turned when the music faded behind her, a whisper running like current between the dancers as they stood still and turned to the stairs. Blake followed their gazes and saw her, walking slowly down the stairs, hips tilted as she planted one nail-thin heel on the step below. Though it must have been two hundred feet away or more, Blake could swear she saw herself reflected in the black pools the woman called eyes.

She was the one from the website, Blake knew immediately, dark hair slicked back to shape her skull, a look of sinister mirth on her full, bright red lips. Her skin was corpse-pale, making the black of her eyes more striking. She wore a glistening black outfit, something skin-tight and flexible, but reflective. Her fingers were tipped with long, black nails, nearly as sharp as the heels of the shoes she wore, her alabaster feet decorated with matching black nails. All eyes, including Blake's, were fixed on her, captivated by her otherworldly beauty.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she lifted her arms, and Blake saw the skintight outfit lift with her, cupping her full breasts, and she could see the outline of stiff nipples beneath. The room, filled with soft whispers before, fell completely silent. The rapt attention drew another sly grin from the pale woman at the foot of the stairs. Blake took an involuntary step back when her head lifted

slightly, and their eyes met, no question of her being seen this time.

"Good evening, children," she said, her voice low and husky, but with a lilting quality that wrapped around Blake's brain and commanded attention. "I won't stop the party for long. And don't you all look so... delicious! I want you to say hello to our new arrival. Blake, why don't you come down?"

[Lily of the Field](#)



Lily felt the hand in her hair, twisting it and pulling her head harshly up, waking her and sending her body into spasming panic. She grabbed the arm that held her, raising to relieve the tug at her scalp, and found herself brought to her feet by the firm hand. She twisted around to find herself facing Elena, a harsh look in her eyes.

As soon as she opened her mouth to speak, to plead, to beg, Elena's hand, hidden behind her back, whipped to her mouth and forced a rubber ball into it, spinning her roughly and tugging at two straps extending from either side of the ball. With a practiced ease, the straps were buckled, securing the gag in place.

Another shove and Lily faced Elena once more, Lily's eyes wide and terrified. Elena smiled faintly, the slightest upturn at the corners of her mouth.

"Good morning, my lovely. You have been a very bad girl, Lily. Look at this stall. You've gotten your food everywhere."

Lily tried to speak through the gag and was met by the snap of Elena's hand, smacking her harshly across the cheek and silencing her. Elena looked almost apologetic as she grabbed Lily's hair and tugged her head back again, exposing her neck.

"The first rule. You do not speak unless I ask you to. Do you understand?"

Lily nodded, the pull of Elena's grip tangled in her hair making the motion terse and pained.

"Good. The second rule is this. You are no longer who you once were. You are my property now. Do you understand this?"

Lily did not speak, but she did not motion do indicate agreement or dissent, either. Elena gave her another quick tug at her hair, pulling a clump free of the roots.

"I asked you if you understand me, girl?"

Tears squeezing from the corners of her eyes, Lily nodded shallowly.

"Good. I am not a cruel woman by nature, and I hope you will not force me to be. But I also know what is best for you. You are a marvelous creature, Lily, and I would hate to see such a fine specimen go unused and unappreciated."

Elena felt the grip in her hair relax, and looked past Elena to the door, still open a sliver. Through the leaning crack in the door, Lily could see the dirt floor beyond and open stalls. It appeared as if she was in a barn of some sort, and the sounds of shuffling feet beyond suggested livestock of some sort.

"You can try to run," Elena smiled, a cold and humorless expression, "but you won't get far. I have employed measures to ensure my property remains safe."

Lily looked away from the door to Elena, her red hair soft and fragrant. She was a stunning woman, even if she was mad.

Another look to the door and Lily knew she had to try, had to attempt an escape. Mustering her courage and depleted strength, Lily wrested free of Elena's hand, leaving a swath of stringy hair behind as she pushed past her, banging into the door with her shoulder and throwing it wide.

She ran past the stalls, catching glimpses of movement behind the stall doors, but she couldn't focus on details as her head whipped around, looking for an exit. The barn was tall and wide, dimly lit in the deep interior save for lights over stalls and long pairs of fluorescents hanging from the high ceiling. She could see wide double doors across from her and made for it, her steps tumbling and off-balance as the panic pushed her to run with abandon.

She slammed into the double doors and pushed hard, felt them give some, but then bounced back against her. She turned away from them, ready to run the length of the barn to the other end, hoping the doors were open there, if they existed at all. She couldn't tell across the dim length of the place.

She felt a sharp sting in her side and looked to her left where Elena stood, holding what appeared to be a gun, leveled at Lily. When Lily looked down, she saw a needle extending from her abdomen, synthetic yellow fur at the end. She pulled it out and held it before her, marveling at the fact she'd been tranquilized like a wild animal, and then the world shifted and grew dark.

As she fell onto the dirt-strewn floor of the barn, Lily heard Elena somewhere near, saying to someone else, "Did you see how she ran?" The question, she thought before darkness consumed her, was filled with admiration.