BDSM EROTICA



The Shackel's Ranch



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Chapter 1

The Shackel Family begins their Journey into Dominant Ownership

It was another nearly picture perfect morning at the Shackel's ranch. Sitting on the expansive deck that spanned the entire backside of their home, or perhaps better referred to as their ranch's mansion, Katelyn and Jackson Shackel were enjoying the morning's first cup of coffee. Like they did nearly every morning, the pair lavished in the delights of wealth as the warm brilliant sun rose in the eastern sky. Wealthy beyond reproach and extraordinarily well connected across the globe; the married couple led a life of unchallenged morality and deviant pleasures, in a new land where they, and their gorgeous twin daughters, were free to fulfill their wildest and darkest sexual fantasies without the fear of any reprisal.

With their homestead of 25,000 acres spread-out across some of Texas' most oil and precious stones rich land, their fortune was measured in hundreds of billions of dollars. Allowed to live like royalty after the collapse of the western powers, they wanted for nothing but the sadistic and lustful desires that consumed their perverted consciousness. Driven by their darkest fantasies, their obsession with kinky, perverse, and medieval sexual pleasures went unchecked in the new world order. With no one to stop them while blessed with unlimited resources to acquire absolutely anything they wanted; life at their remarkable secluded ranch was beyond any normal person's imagination.

Recently permitted to purchase their very own personal sex-slaves from their good friend, the Sultan of Talistaun, they eagerly shelled out ten-million dollars to acquire an attractive slave couple that they often enjoyed while attending the Sultan's legendary pleasure parties. Having treacherously positioned themselves in the Sultan's good graces, the Shackel's were afforded the freedom to explore their darkest

desires in a new world order where the cruel enslavement of the Sultan's adversaries for the personal pleasures of his subjects and loyal confidants was now an encouraged way of life.

It had been a number of weeks since their return from Sultan Jabbar's palace with their very first pair of personal sex-slaves in tow, but the excitement was no less intense today than it was on that first fateful day. Actually, in many ways, their new property was becoming even more entertaining and pleasurable with each passing day.

Katelyn, a stunning 43-year-old brunette who stood 5' 7" tall and weighed 120 lbs., she was the perfect example of a wealthy and narcissistic socialite. Her pretty face, seductive emerald eyes, and slender yet shapely body made her look years younger than her age. A bisexual pleasure monger with an insatiable appetite for tight bondage and cruel kinky sex, she was a force to be reckoned with when she took a keen liking to a particular slave.

Her husband Jackson is in many ways the ideal match to his lovely and playful wife. While not quite as self-absorbed and snobby as Katelyn, he too knows how to flaunt and exploit his usually alluring self. Standing lightly over six-foot tall, the rough and tuff, 46-year-old businessman, was all cowboy at heart. A rancher for much of his life, the brown-haired, brown-eyed, man was a perfect embodiment of female desire. Sporting a closely trimmed goatee and mustache, he rarely wore anything but blue jeans, cowboy boots, a simple button down short and a brown corduroy sport coat while out in public, making his incredible physique underneath hard to miss.

Still dressed in their enticing bedroom attire, the unusually sexy and desirable middle-aged couple sat comfortably on their deck and sipped on their coffee as they gazed out across the small pasture and large in-ground pool that separated their lavish home from the barns and stables just a few hundred feet away. Katelyn in her tiny and revealing red nightie and Jackson in nothing but his cream-colored silk boxers, their eyes lit up when they spotted one of their

servants departing a distant barn with slaves David and Katie in tow.

Already owning several very attractive domestic servants to cook, clean, run errands, etc., their obedient servants now had some new duties to attend to, specifically, attending to the sex-slaves as required for the openly dominant and demanding Shackels. And while some of the servants performed their new duties with some reluctance, perhaps with a bit of a concern over their own possible futures, others clearly enjoyed the changes taking place at the ranch. But regardless of their personal morals, values, pleasures or fears, all the servants shared one common reality; serving under the Shackel's protection and watchful eyes was far more favorable then being released to the outside world, where they'd be left to fend for themselves in the new order, and quite possibly end up as tormented sex-slaves themselves.

Pulling Katie and David along the hardscape walkway at the end of 6-foot long leashes, the lovely young woman leading them toward the deck was clearly enjoying her work, while allowing the Shackels a clear view of their new property. With their eyes affixed on the sexy young couple slowly strolling forward at the ends of their highly demoralizing leashes, each morning's first sighting of their luscious slaves was always exciting. As if spotting the mostly naked couple for the first time, their hearts fluttered and thumped in their chests whenever they laid eyes on their sexy bodies. The reality of actually owning such lovely and vivacious sex-slaves had been a privilege and pleasure beyond their wildest dreams, until recently!

The approaching slaves were clad in their customary restraints. Both wore tall leather collars and 2-inch wide leather wrist and ankle cuffs, all sporting numerous accessible D-rings for easy security. With their wrists bound behind them and thick 12-inch long hobble chains dragging along between their cuffed ankles, the sound of their chains clanking and sliding along the hardscape pavers could be heard the moment they exited the barn.

Walking side-by-side as they slowly strutted toward the waiting Shackels on the deck, Katie and David were preparing mentally for the start of their day. Since arriving at the ranch, the sexy married couple had come to expect the unexpected while at the mercy of the cruelly imaginative Shackels. While under the full control of the uncommonly horny family, engaging in oral pleasures and penetrating sex was a routine part of each day for the enslaved couple.

Today, in addition to their common adornments of bondage, Katie wore a white cupless leather bra that was more of a highly revealing breast harness than anything else. Tightly containing her impressive breasts within its white leather loops, it was the perfect apparatus to compliment the white silky garter belt that encircled her slender waist and holding up the sheer white stockings that clad her sexy slender legs. All this nicely matched the white leather collar and cuffs that wrapped around her smooth and flawless skin, while her feet were firmly strapped into a pair of high-heeled white sandal shoes, thus allowing her perfectly manicured toenails to add to her overwhelmingly sexy appearance.

For David, his tan leather cuffs and matching collar nicely complimented the simple leather strap sandals on his feet, and the snug fitting, tan-colored, leather cock strap that entrapped his manhood. Adjusted just tight enough to be bothersome while causing his slightly swollen cock and balls to standout from his body in the most intriguing and delightful way possible, his smooth and masculine body was nearly as perfect as his wife's was sexy.

Katie and David were a young married couple in their late-twenties. The well-endowed and 100% gorgeous woman stood 5'6" tall, with light brown shoulder length hair, and innocent looking brown eyes, who was without a doubt, a beautiful all-American young woman. He, at 5' 11" tall, sported very short brown hair with a pair of sexy and seductive eyes. A very handsome man with a slender athletic body that displayed a prominent set of six-pack abs and more, he was every woman's secret sexual fantasy.

Soon arriving at the steps that extended from the barn's walkway to the deck, Katie and David began to walk up the stairs as their thick hobble chains clanked along the wooden treads with each step. Slowly laboring up the steps in their bondage and the heavy chains between their ankles, the couple was quickly led by their leashes to the waiting wooden posts positioned quite close to the table where Katelyn and Jackson were sitting and watching their meticulous arrival.

As was common for most mornings at the ranch when it wasn't storming outside, the dedicated servant maneuvered them to the waiting posts and attached their collars to the clasps mounted fairly high on the pillars. Stretched tall by their collars now, the couple glanced downward at the Shackels, whose eyes were lit up with excitement as they took in the awesome sight of their helpless sex-slaves being held tight, steady, and tall by their wide collars.

Made to stand up tall against the wooden posts with their arms bound behind them, their bodies were seductively exposed and quite vulnerable to anyone nearby. With Katie's remarkable breasts contained in the tight loops of her leather cupless bra harness, and David's impressive manhood snugly encased in the thin leather strap, their most delectable and sensitive sex organs were on full display for maximum effect.

"Good morning slaves," said Katelyn as she raised her coffee cup to her lips and took a sip.

Straining slightly against the leather collar pulling at her slender neck, Katie managed to respond as was required every morning, "Good morning Mistress, we're honored to be able to serve you and Master Jackson today."

"Yes Mistress, it's a pleasure to serve you both," commented David as he worked to find a comfortable position against the worn wooden mast.

Very pleased with their slaves' routine response to being in their presence, the Shackel's watched the bound couple shift about in an attempt to get comfortable in their bondage while stretched tall by their collars. Just the sight of their lovely straining bodies was an obvious treat for their dominant

captors. Even though this morning ritual had become routine over the past few weeks, the young married couple still struggled with the embarrassment of being so exposed and vulnerable to the Shackel's gawking eyes, which were always filled with excitement as they watched their property struggle against their exposure and enslavement.

Maintained nearly hairless, except for the hair on their heads, the young couple's silky smooth bodies were near perfect works of human art in their current positions. Clearly under some level of influence by the awful nanites that were still infused in their bloodstreams, their bodies displayed some subtle telltale signs of sexual excitement, including large rock hard nipples and slightly elevated breathing, regardless of their humiliation and mental torment.

Nanites are microscopic, fully programmable, robotic devices that are injected directly into ones blood, which are then controlled by a wireless signal from a simple hand held PDA device. Originally designed to cure countless diseases and greatly accelerate the body's healing power, Katie and David's former captors found other unintended and diabolical uses for the extremely advanced technology. Now used to inflict unrelenting sexual excitement in the host's body, these highly manipulative devices could ensure anyone's submissive compliance.

Whether used to bring a slave's body to a razor's thin edge of orgasm and then hold them there for countless minutes or even hours, or to bring a slave to climax over and over again until their helpless body can't take any more, they were found to be an incredibly effective tool for interrogation, control and behavior modification. Under the spell of properly programed nanites, an otherwise faithful and dutiful wife could be made to do unimaginable things while right in front of her watching husband.

"Thank you Sofia," said Katelyn to the domestic servant who just finished mounting Katie and David to the deck posts. "Mr. Shackel and I would like some fresh fruit... And Sofia, bring two bananas for the slaves."

“Yes Ma’am,” the adorable South American girl replied as she smirked and turned for the house.

Sofia was an adorable 19-year old girl who came to America from Brazil for a better life. Living in poverty like many common Brazilians, she worked hard to get to America were she found good work and pay at the Shackel’s ranch. While already considering herself very fortunate to be a gainfully employed servant for the wealthy and powerful Shackles under the new world order, the 5’ 3” tall, 110 lbs., black haired cutie found her new duties with the sex-slaves unexpectedly fun and exciting.

Still sipping on their coffees, the Shackel’s were enjoying the incredible view of their sex-slaves when Jackson’s cell phone rang. Looking down at the phone’s caller ID screen, his eyes widened as he sat up taller in his chair in preparation to take the call. Clearly startled and a bit uneasy by the caller, he pressed the answer button and raised the phone to his ear as Katelyn looked on with a quizzical look on her pretty face.

“Good morning your highness, it’s an honor to hear from you Sir. What can I do for you today?” said Jackson.

After a moment, Katelyn could hear the Sultan’s unmistakable voice on the other end of the call. And while she couldn’t quite make out what he was saying, just the sound of his distinct voice ran a chill up her spine. There was just something about the Sultan that made her uncharacteristically nervous.

“Yes Sir, it is a fine day here at the ranch as well… And yes, we are enjoying Katie and David immensely, thank you very much Sir.”

Listening to the Sultan speak, Jackson was clearly becoming more at ease as the mostly one-way conversation continued.

Nodding his head as a smile began to overtake his eyes and face, he eventually responded, “Yes Sir, thank you Sir, we are forever in your debt.”

Sill nodding his head while making eye contact with Katelyn now, he took a deep breath and said, “Thank you very much your highness. We’re honored to have your blessing, and we will be certain to compensate you accordingly.”

With a big smile overwhelming his face now, he let the Sultan finish before he responded, “And we hope you can come by and visit the ranch soon your highness, it would be our privilege to have you visit with us Sir…

“Yes Sir, you have a fabulous day too Sir,” he said as he pulled the phone away from his ear and ended the call.

Pumping his fist once in the air with excitement, Jackson exclaimed jubilantly, “We just got the Sultan’s blessing to start our own pony-slave stable!”

Jumping up from her chair, Katelyn darted past the two slaves standing against the posts and jumped on Jackson’s lap. Then, wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him close and said, “Oh my god, this is going to be fantastic Jackson,” before she laid a long passionate kiss on him.

Within seconds, the sliding door to the house opened and out rang their daughters’ lovely voices, “Good morning love birds. What’s got you two so excited this morning?”

Pulling her sexy lips back from Jackson’s, she got off her husband’s lap and strolled back to her seat with an evil smile of excitement on her face, while making sure her slinky nighty kept her properly covered in front of her daughters.

“Dad has some exciting news,” she giggled excitedly as she made herself comfortable again in her chair.

The Shackel’s enchanting 22-year old daughters were identical twins. Danielle and Michelle stood 5’ 5” tall and weighed about 115 lbs. Aside from looking more like high school seniors than recent college graduates they certainly didn’t lack for sex appeal with their flowing sandy blonde-hair, deep blue eyes and pretty smiles that perfectly complimented their impressive bodies, which sported firm D-cup breasts that were pushing DDs and projected majestically from their slender and sexy frames.

Looking on from the posts with a renewed concern over the Sultan's call and Jackson's subsequent comment, Katie and David had a bad feeling washing over them, as they stood so exposed before them.

Strolling over to Katie, Danielle reached out and cradled her firm breasts with both hands as she stroked her soft thumbs across her hard and sensitive nipples several times, causing Katie to gasp and exhale. As expected, the sensation of the soft rubbing thumbs shot through her breasts and directly to her clit.

"Mmmm, I never get bored playing with these perky nubs," Danielle spoke softly.

"Ohhhhhh god… thank you Mistress," Katie exhaled as her body shivered under the effects of her soft gliding thumbs.

It wasn't long after the couples' arrival at the ranch that the twins began to take a keen interest in their vulnerable bodies. Seemingly sanctioning their youthful and promiscuous sexual exploration by allowing them unrestricted access to the sex-slaves, the young women wasted no time in satisfying their innate curiosities. And to Katie's chagrin, it didn't take long for Danielle to discover her interest in females, just like her mother!

Shifting to David now, Danielle reached down to stroke his bound and increasingly swollen manhood with her hand, as she leaned in close to him and whispered.

"I'm looking forward to having this fine shaft inside me later today."

Exhaling gently across David's cheek, she continued, "I woke up in quite the mood this morning, and only a cock like this will appease me… Do you think your lovely wife will enjoy guiding your cock into my wet pussy and watching us fuck until you beg to explode inside me?"

Groaning under her stroking touch now, David replied anxiously, "Yes Mistress… I'm sure she will…"

Winking and smiling at him, she quipped, "I would agree my pet, but we'll just have to see," as she gently kissed

him on the cheek before releasing her gentle stroking grip on his stiffening shaft, and joining her sister at the table with her parents.

With the four of them now sitting at the large glass top table, Sofia arrived with a bowl full of freshly cut and prepared fruits, which she set in the middle of the table, before placing small bowls and utensils before each of them.

Addressing Katelyn, Sofia asked, “Shall I leave these bananas with you Ma’am?”

“Yes… And after you finish filling our bowls darling, you will find Ava and return here.”

Ava was another one the Shackels’ female servants who came from Brazil and found herself working at the ranch. At a mere 18-years of age, Ava was a remarkably pretty, brown-eyed, brunette whose sexually intense smile would cause any man’s heart to flutter in a matter of seconds. Like all the servants hired by the Shackel’s over the years, the young 5’ 4” tall cutie was uniquely attractive and inherently sexy. And like Sofia, she found herself increasingly interested and compelled to assist the Shackel’s with their sex-slaves.

“Yes Ma’am,” Sofia responded as she reached for the fruit bowl’s serving spoon and began to dish out the tasty breakfast snacks.

“Girls,” Katelyn called out, “like I said, your father has some very exciting news to share with us! Jackson honey, go ahead, tell us about the Sultan’s call. I can’t wait to hear all the details.”

“Well, I just hung-up with the Sultan, and he has approved our request to start a pony-slave stable.”

“Really,” exclaimed Michelle as her eyes widened with excitement, “we’re going to have a pony-slave stable on the ranch?”

“Yes, I just took his personal call and he’s approved our entire plan. Working with our good friend, President Garcia of Brazil, we can start acquiring pony slaves within the next couple of weeks.”

“Really, how many will we have Dad?” asked Danielle.

“The Sultan has approved a total of 12 pony slaves, with payment considerations to be worked out at a later date. I think we’ll start out with a half dozen or so… And, how the stable is made up, females vs males, that’s strictly up to us.”

“Oh Jackson, this is such exciting news,” exclaimed Katelyn. “I just can’t wait to get started… Will we need more servants to help with training and maintaining the pony slaves?”

“I’m not sure about that yet… But to get this kicked off, I’m going to contact President Garcia this afternoon and discuss the acquisition of at least two young couples in their mid-twenties to get us going. I think starting out with a couple of each gender will be a nice mix to start things going. Then we can add to the stables over time.”

“Agreed honey, we should move forward thoughtfully… Oh my god, this is too much! You have no dies how often I’ve dreamt of owning pony slaves. The idea of being carted around the ranch by a strapping muscular pony-boy at the end of leather reins in my hands, it just makes me tingle.”

“What about our current sex-slaves Dad, will they be trained as pony slaves too?”

Immediately, Katie and David’s worried breathing became more rapid and shallow as they fought the urge to verbally object to the idea. This was the question they were dreading, but that they knew had to be answered. They had already endured so much together as captured sex-slaves, but being trained as pony slaves was beyond what they felt they could withstand.

“Interesting question Michelle, we should discuss that... What do you think Katelyn?”

Hearing the stomach-rolling question coming from Michelle; Katie’s and David’s mouths began to open as if about to speak. Just about to object to the awful idea of being trained as pony slaves, even at the risk of being punished for

their unsolicited comments, they both quickly thought better of it.

“My thought right now Jackson, is that we should keep these two for the purpose we bought them. I like having them at my beckoned call for whatever pleasures I may desire. I believe they are more valuable to us as the talented sex-slaves they’ve become.”

Exhaling with a touch of relief, the bound couple’s eyes were now darting about between the Shackel’s as they openly discussed their fates with no apparent concern for them, or the slightest acknowledgment of their presence only a few feet away.

“I agree Daddy,” said Danielle. “Katie has quickly proven her oral skills, which are extraordinary I must say. And while David is just another hard cock to ride, he is an unusually handsome and well-endowed young man.”

While Jackson and Katelyn were still getting used to hearing their abundantly confident and assertive daughters talk about their sexual likes and escapades in their presence like that, they knew it was a far better thing than having them out there on their own in the new world order. They knew exactly what could happen to their lovely twins were they not living at home under the constant protection of their parents. It didn’t matter how invincible the young women felt at their age, Jackson and Katelyn knew the realities of life outside the ranch, so they supported their sexually promiscuous behaviors right at home.

“Yeah Daddy,” chimed in Michelle, “I think David is the perfect slave for us, and you know Mom really enjoys him too.”

“I think the girls are right Jackson.”

Glancing over to Katie and David now, Katelyn smiled and continued, “You know what we went through to get these two, let’s not overlook that. I’m sure President Garcia will be able to provide us with plenty of quality stock for the stable my dear.”

Pausing for a moment as he witnessed the excitement in his family's eyes as they talked about Katie and David, he exclaimed, "Okay that sounds like a consensus to me! So far, these two have been everything we could have hoped for and more. We'll exclude them from the pony training and duties."

After taking another bite of fruit from her bowl, Katelyn giggled and reached for the PDA device setting in a holder on the table and began to press several buttons.

"Let's make sure they realize how lucky they are!" she quipped.

From the posts, Katie and David knew exactly what Katelyn was doing. With their wide frantic eyes focused on every move her fingers made on the device, they groaned quietly with anticipation. Then, as her thumb slid down and pressed the 'enter' button near the bottom of the device, they gasped in anticipation.

Within seconds, their bodies jerked and twisted against their tight bonds as a grunting exhale escaped from their open mouths. While they knew Katelyn had just sent a new command to the nanites that were continually surging through their bodies with every pounding beat of their hearts, what they didn't know was what the evil command was. They could only wait and see what the heartless nanites had in-store for them, and the level of intensity about to be unleashed upon them.

From head to toe, the helpless victims felt their bodies begin to boil with sexual excitement as it slowly radiated from their most sensitive pleasure points. Unable to fight back against the microscopic invaders inside them, they were utterly helpless against their effects, as programmed by the holder of the PDA.

Setting the PDA back in its holder, Katelyn stood up and stepped over to Katie. Then, reaching out for her impressive breasts, she began to massage and roll her fully erect nipples with her soft fingers.

With a grunting exhale, "AHHHHGGG," escaped from Katie's open mouth as her knees began to wobble under the

stimulating assault on her highly sensitive nipples. Forced to regain control of her knees or dangle from her collar, Katie desperately struggled to maintain her balance and composure.

Standing face to face with Katie, the dominant woman leaned a bit closer and spoke out. “Did you hear that my favorite slave? You two get to escape the stables and stay on as our personal sex-slaves.”

Closing her eyes, Katie mumbled, “Yes Mistress, I did.”

Squeezing Katie’s nipple a little tighter, she said with a stern voice, “Open your eyes bitch and look at me!”

Opening her eyes, Katie was now staring directly into Katelyn’s pretty yet imposing eyes as she lowered one hand to Katie’s drooling wet pussy and began to speak again.

“Are you enjoying the nanites at level 6 my dear?”

Feeling the nanites fully engaging, she replied with gentle gasping breathes, “Y-yes Mistress, t-thank you M-Ma’am.”

Slipping her index finger between Katie’s sensitive feminine folds, she quickly found her swollen clit and made sure to stroke it gently as she explored Katie’s dripping pussy.

“Well, you certainly aren’t lying my dear, you are very wet down here!”

“Ohhhhhh my god, yes Ma’am, I-I am…”

After glancing over to see David’s large cock, now fully erect and throbbing up and down as it stood out from his extraordinary body, she continued, “And it looks like your helpless husband is in agreement with you. You know, the girls are right, he is an impressive specimen for a mere man.”

“Yes M-Mistress, h-he is Mistress.”

Pulling her finger from Katie’s fluid coated slit, Katelyn continued to engage Katie in the humiliating stare as she slipped her juice covered finger into her own mouth to taste the young woman’s sexual nectar.

“Mmmmmm, you do taste sweet my dear. Do you think I taste as sweet as you do Katie?”

Succumbing to the all too familiar nanites, Katie knew she was helpless against the humiliating lust that was oozing from her body and escaping through her wild eyes. And as much as she struggled with her mandatory lesbian duties with Katelyn and the twins, she was beginning to accept her inevitable fate, a fate she actually seemed to enjoy when in her current state of artificial stimulation.

“Yes Mistress, you always taste sweet Ma’am,” she replied as her lust filled eyes stayed locked to Katelyn’s.

“Good, I’m pleased to hear that… Tell me, have you two had breakfast yet?”

Still wrestling with the effects of the level 6 nanites, she replied with an exhale, “We d-did have our m-morning protein allotment when we w-woke this morning Ma’am.”

“Would you like a snack before we start your busy day of service, my slave?”

Always welcoming the opportunity to eat normal food, the enslaved couple looked forward to any opportunity to supplement their bodies with something more than the tasteless protein drinks, sloppy gruel and human cum that made up their regular diets. While this carefully planned diet along with their orchestrated activities kept them in near perfect physical shape, they never passed up the chance at a treat.

“Yes M-Mistress, we would greatly enjoy a snack Ma’am.”

“You generally do my dear.”

Smiling, she turned back to the table and sat down. Next, she took the two perfectly ripened bananas and began to peel them, when Sofia and Ava suddenly arrived on the deck.

“Ahhhhhh, perfect timing ladies, the slaves are hungry.”

Holding out the peeled fruit, she continued, “Katie and David would like a snack. Here, take these, and you know the

drill for bananas."

Taking the tasty ripe fruit from Katelyn's outstretched hands; Sofia nodded her head in agreement as she took one in each hand, before turning to Ava. Next, she handed one of the bananas to the young female servant before turning her attention to Katie, while Ava stepped over to David.

Placing the tip of the long curved fruit to Katie's lips, Sofia said, "You know how to do this slave… I slide the banana all the way into your open mouth before I slowly pull it back out, then you're allow to bite off the half-inch that I leave between your teeth. We'll repeat this until the fruit is gone. Remember, if you bite too early, your punishment will be severe… Are you ready?"

"Yes Ma'am, I'm ready," she said as she inhaled deep and opened her mouth to allow the long and firm piece of fruit to be slid between her teeth.

Slowly pushing the banana into Katie's wide-open mouth, the end of the fruit soon found the entrance to her throat, causing her eyes to bug open even wider and her throat to convulse as her air was cut off. After what seemed like an eternity to Katie, Sofia finally withdrew the firm fruit until a half-inch remained between her teeth, as she said, "Bite."

Loping off the small piece and beginning to chew it, she took solace in knowing it was a half-inch shorter for its return trip into her throat.

When she was about to swallow her bite, she heard David gagging. Glancing over with her eyes, she saw Ava pushing the banana deep into his open mouth while his body heaved and gagged as he struggled to accept the thing into his throat.

Swallowing her bite, Katie quickly reopened her mouth for her next bite. Again, the banana poked at her throat before it was pulled out, thus allowing her to remove another half-inch from the intruding shaft.

For Katie as least, there was something helpful about being so sexually stimulated when it came to deep throating

the fruit. Narrower than most of the cocks she's had in her mouth recently, the ordeal wasn't that difficult for her, but for David it was another story.

Quickly chewing and swallowing her second bite, she quickly opened her lips so the even shorter banana could reenter her waiting mouth. Soon, both she and David had the bananas whittled down to manageable lengths that were easier to accept and eat; one small bite at a time.

When the slaves finished their snacks, Katelyn spoke out once again.

"Sofia, please release Katie's collar from post for me darling."

"Yes Ma'am," she replied, "I'd be happy to."

Reaching behind Katie's neck, she unclasped the collar from the elevated hook on the post, allowing Katie to relax her body some.

"Thank you Sofia…"

"You're welcome Ma'am," Sofia quipped as she and Ava stood off to the side to watch and wait for their next instructions.

"Now my slave; come kneel before me and prepare to pleasure me."

With her body tingling with the lust of unbridled sexual excitement, Katie slowly stepped forward as she watched Katelyn turn her chair some to face her and slide her body to the front edge. Next, she watched the woman slide her silky nighty up a few inches to expose her smooth gleaming pussy as she spread her sexy legs nice and wide.

Arriving between Katelyn's knees and staring down at her alluring sex only a couple of feet away, she slowly dropped to her knees, sat back on her legs, and maneuvered herself forward until her face was only inches from the dominant woman's puffy pussy lips. Able to smell the unmistakable scent of Katelyn's excited womanhood; her own body continued to betray her as she stared down to her womanly region with growing lust and conflicting desire.

One of Katie's biggest fears when she was first captured was that she'd be forced into duty as a lesbian sex-slave. Having never been even slightly interested in another woman before, the very straight young woman couldn't even imagine being made to orally pleasure another woman in her early days of captivity. But now, under the relentless and ruthless training regiments, and influence of the unmerciful nanites, she found herself unable to prevent her body from responding with lust and want, like kneeling between another woman's spread legs and wanting to lick and suck at her smooth glistening sex.

"Do you like what you see my slave?"

With her eyes still affixed to the woman's strangely beautiful pussy, she nodded her head gently and replied, "Yes Mistress, I do! May I please lick your pussy Ma'am?"

"Do you promise to do a good job?"

"Ohh yes, Mistress, I will lick and suck you until you climax. I promise."

"I give you permission, BUT, I think your husband should approve as well, what do you think?"

Swallowing the tiny little bit of humility she had left, she replied, "Yes M-Ma'am."

"Very good. Now ask him!"

Feeling her face blushing, she inhaled deep and responded, "Slave David, may I please lick Mistress Katelyn's pussy, please?"

Hearing Katie's nearly breathless pleading while dealing with his own intense issues, he looked over to see his wife kneeling between Katelyn's widely spread legs and preparing to pleasure her orally. Fully understanding that any resistance to the Shackel's control over them was absolutely futile, he knew there was only one acceptable answer.

Next, in a soft and broken voice as his enraged cock throbbed and pulsed with the need for stimulation, he finally replied, "Yes, s-slave Katie, please p-pleasure our Mistress."

“Thank you,” she mumbled as she immediately lowered her flushed face to Katelyn’s waiting cunt.

Deploying her tongue with the skill and experience she had acquired during her lesbian training, she felt Katelyn’s body tighten and quake in response to her probing tongue and lips. Placing her mouth over the woman’s opening, she wiggled her tongue through her labia and worked it up and around until she felt the woman’s stiffening clit make contact with her pleasure licker. With her own sexual excitement slowly approaching the threshold of climax, she was enthusiastically going after Katlyn’s honeypot as if it were her greatest and most exciting desire.

Hearing a chair slide back from the table, Katie then heard Michelle speak out in a jubilant voice.

“Well, I think I’m going to enjoy myself some fine throbbing man stick,” she exclaimed as she stepped over to David’s gently thrusting body, and dropped to one knee. Then, reaching out with her right hand, she wrapped it around his vein pulsing cock and began to gently stroke it as David groaned and grunted with pleasure.

Katie couldn’t see anything that was happening around her with her face buried deep in Katelyn’s pussy, but she could hear it, and she knew David was now under Michelle’s control.

Straining against his tall collar to look down at the young woman stroking his hypersensitive man pole, his cock was frantically looking for a hole to enter. Just barely able to see her smiling face only inches from his seed stick, he gasped when he watched her pull his crown to her mouth as she opened it wide and slipped it over his beast.

“OHH MY GOD,” came echoing from David’s throat. “Ahhhhggg, please, please, oh my god yes!”

Then, in a move meant to torment the bound slave, she suddenly lifted her mouth from his pulsating shaft and looked up at him with an evil look of control in her eyes.

Straining to look down once again, he gasped and groaned as he mumbled, “Please don’t stop Mistress. Please, I’ll do anything you desire. I’m begging you to suck my cock Ma’am!”

With her soft hand still gently stroking his highly sensitive vein rich cock, she said, “I won’t forget that you owe me whatever I want,” as she pulled his purple crown back to her smiling mouth before lowering it over the tip of his throbbing monster once again.

With her devilish eyes still gazing upward across his twisting and contorting body, she watched him strain to speak, “Yes, Yes Mistress, I will do whatever you want Ma’am. Thank you Mistress!”

Unable to resist the overwhelming sensation of raw sexual pleasure that was now tearing through his nanite-induced body, his hips began to thrust about with even more force while his knees and legs became weaker and weaker. Desperately trying to push his throbbing cock deeper into the young woman’s sucking mouth with only limited success, the control Michelle had over his entire body was very clear.

Grunting and gasping under the young woman’s cruel control, it was becoming difficult for him to stand on his own. And with his energy being drained from his trembling legs, it was now the tall leather collar around his neck that held him up straight against the post. So with the collar slowly pulling tighter and tighter around his neck, it was becoming difficult to breathe.

Unfortunately for both David and Katie, they were only too familiar with the Shackel’s sadistic sex games. They knew that the nanites would not allow them to climax, regardless of the stimulation they received. They also knew they were destined to spend untold hours teetering on the edge of a mind-blowing orgasm, only to be denied the ultimate release as their pounding hearts thumped wildly in their chests while made to endure the relentless stress of non-stop sexual excitement.

After several minutes, Katlyn knew it was time to include Jackson in the fun too. She could tell by the look in his

eyes and the large tent sized bulge in his shorts that he was ready to participate in the fun.

Catching her breath while Katie continued to lick at her excited sex, Katelyn motioned to Sofia and Ava, and said.

“Remove David from the post and bring him close to the table my dears.”

Eagerly jumping into action, Sofia roughly unhooked his collar from the post while Michelle lifted her sucking mouth from his rock-hard cock with a loud sucking pop sound.

While pathetically objecting to the sudden loss of Michelle’s mouth on his man pole, the servants moved him closer to the table, where they steadied him and waited for more direction.

Next, Katelyn pushed Katie’s head away from her crotch, and with a deep inhale followed by a slow exhale, she said, “Now place Katie on the table’s edge and lay her back. Then pull her legs up and apart, and hold her open for Mr. Shackel.”

Michelle quickly took control of David from the servants so that they could pull Katie to her feet and lay her out on the sturdy glass table atop her bound arms, just as directed. In full control of David now, Michelle couldn’t help but reach down to his fully extend pole and gently stroke his hypersensitive member with her soft hand.

“Steady sweetie,” Michelle snickered as his wobbly legs shook under the slow and methodical stroking of his throbbing beast, “you wouldn’t want to miss out on anything going on at the table!”

And while this was all taking place, Katelyn was in the process of sitting herself on the opposite end of the table from Katie. Then, with her ass on the table’s edge as well, she laid back onto the glass top as her head landed right next to Katie’s on the thick glass.

Then, as she raised her knees upward and opened them wide, she turned her head to look at Katie who was now staring at the ceiling and breathing quite rapidly in anticipation

of things to come, and gently blew into her ear, which was now only a few inches away.

“I hope you’re ready my dear,” she whispered into Katie’s ear.

Feeling Katelyn’s warm breath filling the sensitive entrance to her ear, she instinctively turned her head toward Katelyn, nearly bringing their mouths together, as Katelyn gave her next orders to the servants.

“Sofia, bring David around to me… Ava, mind Katie while Mr. Shackel gets ready.”

Staring into Katie’s wide tormented eyes, their sultry mouths only inches apart across the table, she knew the slave’s body was teaming with sexual desire that was becoming uncontrollable. Waiting as she laid wide open and vulnerable, Katelyn knew the bound and exposed sex-slave would be fully available to Jackson’s large shaft when he was ready.

Still looking into Katie’s dazed eyes, she said, “I’m betting that slave David will know exactly what to do with his impressive woman pleaser, while Mr. Shackel partakes in some pleasures of his own with you my dear. What do you think?”

Exasperated, Katie whimpered, “Yes M-Mistress, t-thank you M-Mistress…”

Carefully positioned between Katelyn’s open legs now as her heels clung to the edge of the tabletop; David looked down at his Mistress’s wet and gaping pussy with a look of overwhelming excitement in his eyes. Regardless of the humiliating circumstances that he and his wife now faced, he couldn’t deny his body’s primal need to pound his cock into Mistress Katelyn’s pussy and expel his load inside, or his inescapable attraction to the gorgeous woman who held such control over them.

While Sofia kept David’s cock from entering Katelyn’s waiting pussy, Katelyn waited until she saw Jackson in position between Katie’s open legs, before she reached behind Katie’s head and pulled their lips together. Without hesitation,

Katie engaged in a passionate kiss with her Mistress while her bound and horny husband looked on.

With her body at a near boil with sexual tension, Katie's tongue instinctively probed into Katelyn's mouth until she found her waiting licker. Unable to control her lust, she was moaning into her Mistress's mouth as if begging for Jackson's raging cock to plow home.

Then, just after they heard Jackson say, "Let him go Ava," both of the waiting women gasped and jerked as the men's bulbous cock heads pushed through their slippery labia lips and entered their tight waiting holes.

"Oh my god," Katelyn mumbled into Katie's mouth as they continued to kiss.

Then, with their lips parting ever so slightly, Katelyn said in a groan, "I just love the way your husband's throbbing cock feels inside me Katie," before quickly thrusting her tongue even deeper into Katie's mouth.

Unable to resist the effects of the maniacal nanites as they turned her inside out sexually, Katie eagerly returned her mistress's oral passions. Humiliated beyond words while the twins and the servants looked on excitedly, she just couldn't help herself. Even while her own husband watched her accept another man's raging cock inside her womb, she was once again helpless in her role as a sex-slave.

Within seconds, the women's bodies began to wiggle and shiver about on the table as the men pounded away at their targets with greater and greater earnest. Within minutes, the men began to moan as their breathing became deeper and quicker as their excitement grew. Witnessing the beautiful sexy women kissing so passionately while their fat cocks drilled their tight cunts made the experience that much more intense.

Feeling Jackson's hands gently sliding along the sensitive undersides of her smooth thighs with each thrusting motion only increased the intensity of Katie's experience. And with the servants each holding one of her leg open, she couldn't close them around Jackson like she so desperately

wanted to. Made to lay there with her sexy legs wide open while his hands caressed the hypersensitive flesh, she thought she was going to lose her mind.

Kissing passionately for several lustful minutes, the women's bodies were clearly in the throes of deep sexual pleasure. Their nipples were hard and extended while their bodies bristled and twitched with the highly erotic tensions of a building climax.

Starting to struggle against her bound arms and her manually restrained legs, Katie was helpless to do anything but lay there and accept the pounding cock between her legs. On the other side of the table though, Katelyn's sexy legs were wrapped around David's anxiously thrusting waist while one of her hands was gently exploring and teasing Katie's heaving breasts and nipples.

Soon finding it hard to get enough air into their straining lungs as their sexual frenzy continued to build, the women finally parted their lips to catch their collective breaths. Rolling her head back some on the table, Katie had a nearly perfect view of David's incredible bound physique as he eagerly pounded away at Katelyn's womanhood with his long fat shaft.

Somewhat unfazed now as she looked up to David's wild eyes as they darted back and forth between Katelyn's pussy with his cock slipping in and out, and Katie's wet pussy as Jackson's cock ravaged her, she knew they shared an undeniable reality; they were each witnessing the other's inescapable surrender to their owners.

While trying to cope with the sexual excitement that was continuing to overwhelm her body, there was no escaping the reality of what was happening between her legs as she felt Jackson's throbbing beast tickling her swollen clit as it drove deeper and deeper into her womb. Captivated by the look of tormented determination on David's face as his body strained to inch closer to Katelyn, frantically trying to thrust himself deeper inside, she knew his efforts would be for not. Because regardless of their determination and desire to climax, she knew their bodies would be denied any real relief by the

nanites. That was probably the cruelest thing of all for the sex-slaves. Aside from the intense humiliation they often endured, it was being kept at the very edge of orgasm for hours at a time that was the most emotionally devastating for Katie and David.

After what seemed like an hour, Katie suddenly felt Jackson's cock begin to throb and pulse in a way that was all too familiar to her. Having experienced the intensity of Jackson's violent climax several times since her arrival at the ranch, she knew his cock was close to exploding and filling her delicate box with the warm sticky juices of his labors. Still focused on her husband, she began to imagine it was him between her legs, about to deliver his bounty of love juice into her waiting womb. Dreaming of days past, she felt herself ready to erupt herself, but completely unable to get there.

That's when Jackson's panting voice rang out, "Slave girl, LOOK AT ME, not him. It's me about to honor you with my man seed."

Startled by his sudden outburst, Katie immediately looked down over her body to see the pulsating veins in Jackson's neck bulging outward as his cock neared its boiling point.

"AAARRRRRGGGG, can you feel that my little bitch," he exclaimed in an excited tone.

Feeling his cock begin to throb wildly as he abruptly slammed it deep inside her and stopped, she felt his first thick wad of cum travel though his shaft and spray into womanhood.

"YES, OH GOD YES, thank you for your cum Master!" she said with an exhale.

Immediately, shot after shot of his thick hot cum began to fill her box as he began to pump her opening once again. Quickly spilling out from along the sides of his veined beast as he continued to pump and fill her womanly entrance, she could feel her Master's slimy warm juices beginning to seep out and drool down across her asshole.

Still focused on Jackson's contoured face as he worked through the final stages of his orgasm, she couldn't bear to think about David. She knew the unrelenting pressure in his loins must have been intense. And it wasn't but a few seconds later that she heard Katelyn gasp and groan as her body began to climax too. That's when Katelyn grabbed Katie's head, pulled it to the side once again, and rammed her tongue back into her warm moist mouth.

Passionately reengaged with Katelyn once more, Katie understood the intense pleasures that were washing over her trembling body, pleasures she knew she would be denied. So while Jackson finished filling her womanly box with his spoils, she and David were left to suffer under the denial of any release.

Finally finished with their exploits, Jackson withdrew his expended wand from Katie and quickly pulled up his shorts, while Katelyn motioned for the servants to pull David back from table.

Feeling Jackson's withering cock exit her sex left her feeling quite unfulfilled, and in a strange kind of way, jealous of Katelyn. But when David was removed from Katelyn, his bulbous purple crown exited her vagina with a wet sucking sound as it stood out straight from his crotch, and looking for more!

Sitting up and sliding off the table while Katie was also be lifted from the table, Katelyn pulled down her nighty and proceeded to sit back down in her chair as she inhaled several deep breaths to clear her thoughts.

"Mmmmmm, that makes the morning quite special, don't you agree my dear," she quipped.

Groaning a bit first, Jackson responded, "Yes it does sweetie, yes it does."

Taking a moment to gather his thoughts, he barked out, "Slaves, on your knees."

With the help of the servants, Katie and David were lowered to their knees alongside the table to wait further

direction.

The twins were giggling now, when Michelle spoke out. “I can’t wait until we get some more slaves. This is just too much fun!”

“Talking about more slaves,” said Jackson, “it’s time for me to call my good friend in Brazil.”

Motioning to the servants, he said, “Sofia, please take the sex-slaves back to the barn and prepare them for another round of service. I’m guessing the girls will want a turn with them later this morning.”

“Yes, we’re going for our morning run first, then a shower, and then we’ll be ready for some fun… Clean them up good for us Sofia, we like the slaves nice and fresh,” said Danielle.

“Yes Sir and Ma’am,” Sofia replied as she reached down to reattach their leashes.

“And Ava sweetie,” said Jackson, “fetch my phone for me, and when you’re done with that, I think we’ll have some more fresh fruit.”

“Yes Sir,” the obedient young teenager responded as she quickly turned for the house to retrieve the phone.

Returning quickly with the cordless phone, she lowered her head a bit and carefully handed it to Jackson, before gathering up the empty fruit bowl from the table and heading back inside to fill it.

Smirking while he watched the pretty young servant girl walk away, he soon began pressing several buttons on the phone before lifting it to his ear to hear it ringing.

While he waited for someone to answer, his attention was quickly drawn back to Katie and David who were now being led from the deck by their leashes, and back to the barn for a clean-up. It was easy to see the effects of their ordeal. Each walked a bit slower and with a bit of an awkward sway in their more tentative steps. Still dealing with the level 6 effects of the nanites, their bodies were bristling with unrelenting and unfulfilled sexual tension as they walked back

to the barn. He could also see Katie trying unsuccessfully to contain the bounty of his cum in her pussy and stop it from leaking down the insides of her thighs before she got back.

Suddenly he heard, *"You've reached Brazil's Presidential Palace. How may I help you?"* ring out in his ear.

"This is Jackson Shackel. I'd like to speak with President Garcia please."

"Yes Sir, I do believe he is expecting your call. Hold just a moment please."

Waiting patiently on hold, he spotted Katelyn staring out at the sex-slaves as they were led back along the hardscape path, to be bathed and prepared for more sex and torment. Jackson thoroughly enjoyed the excitement that the slaves brought to his wife. Fully committed to one another, neither felt any jealously when it came to having sex with the slaves. In fact, the intimacy between them seemed to grow stronger all the time. It was like their dark and sadistic needs were satisfied by the slaves, allowing their loving and gentle passions to flourish between them.

"Jackson Shackel my old friend, is this you!" suddenly burst into his ear.

"Yes President Garcia, it's me."

"My god, how have you, Katelyn and twins been? And please, it's only us on the phone my friend, call my Sergio."

"Thank you Sergio, and we're all doing very well."

"That's good to hear Jackson. And I bet those lovely twins have flowered into beautiful young women just like their mom. What's it been since I've seen them, 7 or 8 years?"

"I would say that's about right, and yes they have become very beautiful and smart young ladies, just like their mother."

Chuckling, President Garcia continued, *"MMMMmmmmm, I can only imagine…. So, I'm sure I know why you're calling today Jackson. I received word from the Sultan that he's given you and Katelyn permission to start a*

pony slave farm on your ranch, and that our delightful country may be able to facilitate the acquisition of some well suited stock."

"Yes Sergio, you're correct on all counts. Katelyn and I are anxious to buy six to eight beautiful, healthy and fit individuals to be trained as pony slaves. Preferably, we'd like to start out with two or three couples, perhaps married couples. We want to train a good balance of females and males."

"Hmm, I see. Are you good with fresh stock, folks with no prior training or enslavement?"

"Yes, yes we are! Much of the fun is in breaking the captives and transforming them into the pony slaves we want them to be."

"Good, I understand my friend. As you know, my prices are high, but we are uniquely positioned to get you the best stock."

"That's why I'm calling you Sergio. Money is no object; for us it's all about the quick acquisition of high quality subjects."

"Very good my friend, you can expect your first delivery in two to three weeks. That should give you adequate time to prepare your facilities. Once everything is in order, I will call you with a delivery date and time. I will even fly them to your private air field on my personal jet."

"I knew we could count on you Sergio. And I sincerely hope we can get you and lovely misses to visit us soon too?"

"We would very much enjoy that Jackson," he was saying when suddenly a voice cut into the call... "Mr. President, you have another urgent call Sir…"

Then, in a more official tone now, Sergio said, *"Mr. Shackel, you will hear from me soon regarding our business arrangement. I must pardon myself now."*

"Thank you Mr. President, I anxiously await our next communication. Please take care Sir."

"You too Mr. Shackel," replied Sergio as he quickly hung up the phone.

Ending the call on his end too, Jackson smiled at his wife and said, "Two to three weeks and we'll be in the pony slave business my dear!"

Closing her eyes with a smile on her face, she inhaled deep and responded, "What a glorious new world we live in Jackson. Aren't we the luckiest folks on the planet?"

"I suppose so honey; it's a great time for us. However, we all have lots of work to do over the next few weeks. I suggest we get started today!"

Looking over to Danielle and Michelle, who were also listening to their father's call while finishing up their second bowls of fruit, Katelyn said, "We have some shopping to do girls. We're going to need bridles, bits, harnesses, shoes, tails, buggies, oh my god, the list is endless!"

Quickly standing up from the table, she said rather jubilantly, "Come girls, let's get your runs in and your showers done, then we'll start surfing the web for equipment before you partake in the slaves."

"Okay mother, this should be lots of fun!" they said as they stood up from table and followed Katelyn into house, leaving Jackson to finish his coffee in quiet while looking out onto the currently empty human stables as he basked in the warmth of the mid-morning sunshine!

Chapter 2

An Ill-fated Trip to Brazil!

"Marla, you're running late sweetie, Lexi will be here any minute now," called out Michael.

"I know, I know, I'm almost ready. Ahhhhggg, I can't fit all my stuff in this carry-on bag."

"You're only going away for three days baby. How much stuff do you need to take?"

"Ya, ya, ya, I know, you always think I pack too heavy. But a girl needs her stuff honey!"

Finally walking out of the bedroom, the beautiful 23-year old woman looked extraordinary as always. Standing 5' 3" tall without her typical heels and weighing about 110 lbs., her nicely shaped body was a portrait of feminine perfection. With a slender yet firm torso, her large firm breasts and slightly rounded ass looked stunning in her summery sundress, while her beautiful thick Auburn hair and large brown eyes seemed to light the way for the gorgeous woman as she entered the front room where her husband was waiting.

"Wow, holly geezers, you look great honey! I hope you and Lexi have fun on this quick business trip, but not too much fun dressed like that, yikes… Should I start getting jealous sweetie?"

Chuckling, she kissed Michael on the cheek, smiled and said, "You know better than that my love, I'm all yours and always will be… I just hope you're gonna be ready for me when I get back. You know how horny I can get after spending a couple of days away with Lexi!"

Inhaling deeply in response to his wife's sexy and provocative tone, "Ohhhhhh, don't you worry, I'll be ready and waiting for you honey, you know that."

“I’m counting on it!” she snickered.

“In all seriousness Marla, are you sure this trip to Brazil is such a good idea? I mean with everything going on in this new world order these days, is Brazil a safe place to be going?”

“Michael, you know Lexi’s modeling work takes her to many unique and exotic places, and as her assistant, I don’t have much say in where the work will take us. Besides, we’ve been there a number of times, and the Brazilian government has assured us we’ll be well taken care of. So don’t worry honey, it’s just another routine trip for us.”

“Ya, I suppose, but it doesn’t mean I won’t worry about you two until you’re both back home, safe and sound. I don’t know what I’d do if anything ever happened to you on one of these fast and furious trips.”

“Stop, don’t talk like that, we’ll be fine… I’ll be home and in your favorite sexy nightie before you know it,” she said, as she planted a wet passionate kiss on her husband.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Gently pushing herself away from Michael, she quipped, “That must be Lexi.”

Seeing her reach for her typically overfilled and heavy bag, he jumped forward and said, “Here, let me help you into the limo honey.”

Smiling and winking at Michael, she turned for the front door and opened it, to see Lexi standing on the other side, sporting her trademark pearly white smile, and penetrating blue eyes.

“Morning girlfriend!” exclaimed Lexi, “and good morning to you too Michael,” as she stole a quick moment to scan the man’s sexy body from head to toe with her bright blues.

“Thank you Lexi, it’s always a treat to see you too sweetie.”

“You know, every time I see you two together I can’t help but think, you two make such a great couple.”

“Thank you Lexi,” replied Marla. “Between the four of us, we’re all very lucky people,” she said as she ran her hand over Michael’s cheek and gave him another quick kiss.

“Are we ready to go darling?” asked Lexi. “You know, if all goes to plan, we’ll have an afternoon to ourselves, and I plan to spend it on one of these spectacular beaches down there. Did you pack your bathing suit?”

“Yes Lexi, I sure did. I was hoping we’d be able to steal a few hours for ourselves! I’m hoping to share a few tan lines with Michael when I get home…”

Snickering, she replied, “You know it girlfriend, now let’s get a move on, huh?” as she turned back for the waiting limo.

While following Lexi and Marla to the long black limo, Michael took the opportunity to enjoy the view. While his wife was a remarkable thing of beauty herself, Lexi was an equally stunning young woman in her own right, who made her living at modeling fashion wares, mostly swimsuits and lingerie. Standing 5’ 8” tall when barefoot, the 20-year olds markedly fit and slender body weighed in at no more than 120 lbs., on a bad day. And with her glamorous shoulder length black hair, her pristinely shaped D-cup breasts, her sexy hourglass figure, and stunning blue eyes, she was the lustful desire of the countless men who drooled over her photos.

From behind, her tight, short, and low-cut fitting dress had her long bare and silky smooth legs on full display atop her usual 4-inch heels. Michael wasn’t sure he’d ever seen the fashion sensation without a pair of heels on her sexy feet, which made her famous legs, ass, and breasts pop with pure sex appeal. Even at casual backyard social events with friends, family and her husband Diego, she wore her heels and eye-catching clothes. It was like the woman was always at work, always on display, never letting her guard down.

Along with their driver, Michael helped the girls into the back of the limo. First was Marla, who slipped inside before

turning back to Michael for that last kiss.

"Now please be careful Marla," he said, "and I'll be anxiously awaiting your return my love."

"You know I will sweetie. And you enjoy your man time while I'm away."

Smiling at his wife, Michael then turned to help Lexi into the vehicle next. Helping her to gently set her ass onto the seat's edge, Michael couldn't help but notice her commando attire when she spread her legs some and slowly spun them into the car. Unable to look away in time, her naked pussy was now clearly visible to him. Trimmed very neatly and tight, he got quite the unexpected look at her sex under the short dress.

A bit stunned by the unexpected display, he looked up to see Lexi wink at him as she said, "Don't worry Michael; Marla is in good hands with me."

Still a bit stunned, he smiled back at her awkwardly before shutting the vehicle's door and watching the car drive off.

On their way to the private airport that she used regularly, Lexi started talking shop with Marla.

"By the way Marla, our normal photographer Paul took quite ill yesterday, so I have a new photographer joining us down there later today. Her name in Linda, and while I haven't worked with her before, she comes with some amazing references and a very impressive portfolio of work."

"That's too bad for Paul; I hope he gets better soon."

"Me too, but this gives us a chance to check out some new talent. Not a bad thing you know?"

"I suppose so. How many years has she been in the business?"

"Quite a few, and from what I gather she's quite a little spitfire for her age too."

"Really, how young is she, is she under 21?"

“No, quite the opposite, she’s actually a more mature lady, in her fifties I believe.”

“Hmm really, I’m not sure I’ve worked with anyone over 40 in this demanding business.”

“I know me either, but again, I’m told she’s a bit of a phenomenon. And she’s as cute as a button; you’d never guess she was a day over 40.”

“Really?”

“Yup, Diego and I had dinner with her last night. She is adorable and I’m sure she’s going to fit in just fine. And hey, maybe we’ll be able to uncover some of her ‘fountain of youth’ secrets!”

“Hmm, well that’s cool. Now I’m curious, and experience can make all the difference in these quickie fast-paced shoots. ”

“Well, I’m hoping so… But enough about work Marla…”

“Okay, so besides the beach, what fun stuff do you have planned for us on this trip Lexi?”

Smiling, she said, “You just know me too well, don’t you? Well, tomorrow night after our sunset shoot, I got us reservations at an exclusive member’s only nightclub!”

“Ohh, that sounds fun!” Marla responded with a twinkle in her eye.

“I know, it’s supposed to be Brazil’s number one hot spot for the wealthy and influential. And I don’t know about you honey, but I get such a turn on when we drive the leering men wild with lust. I know it seems a bit cruel on occasion, but I love watching them drool and stumble over us. And when I get home to Diego, it’s like magic between us.”

“Me too… Sometimes I feel a little guilty, like I’m cheating on Michael in some weird way, but I really do enjoy the attention. And while I could never tell Michael about our escapades, he also benefits from my pent up excitement when I get home.”

Raising an eyebrow with a wicked smile on her face, Lexi said, “You know, we should bring the guys along some time. I’m thinking a kinky little foursome between us would blow their minds!”

A little taken aback by the comment, but not shocked by any means, Marla responded a bit timidly, “I suppose so, but I’m not sure how Michael would do with that, but who knows, maybe he’d surprise me.”

Flashing a smile of innocence that made Marla feel strangely comfortable, she said, “We should think about that more sometime. I know how much Diego likes you, and I bet I could persuade Michael to loosen up some.”

“I have no doubt you could Lexi! I’m not sure any man could resist your charm and beauty. Maybe the four of us should get together for dinner soon and broach it with the guys. It definitely sounds intriguing.”

After another several minutes of small talk around work and play, their limo pulled up to the airport’s departure terminal and came to a stop. Exiting the vehicle, they went directly through security and boarded the private jet that was awaiting their arrival, while the driver loaded their luggage.

Within 20-minutes, the expensive jet was heading down the runway and lifting off into the air. The easy flight to Brazil was only a few hours long. Spending the time to review the photo shoot’s itinerary and other details, the time passed quickly.

Arriving at their destination, the private jet taxied to the foreign arrivals gate, and as usual, the girls exited the plane for customs like any other international arrival they made.

Once inside, they found it a little unusual to have their luggage inspected so thoroughly. While it wasn’t unheard of for the customs officials to look through the main areas of their baggage, today was different. They opened every zipper and seemed to be looking for hidden compartments. And when they were done with that, the duty officers separated them some before asking the lovely women some highly unusual questions.

Glancing back and forth several times between Marla's passport photo and her face, the male officer asked, "Mrs. Waters, you are Mrs. Waters correct?

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Waters," she replied in an annoyed tone.

"What's the purpose of your trip here today Ma'am?"

"Lexi Santos has a scheduled photo shoot here and I'm her assistant."

"I see," more focused on her passport details now, he continued, "Are you married Ma'am?"

Caught off guard by the weird question, she replied a bit awkwardly, "Yes, yes I am."

"And his name Ma'am?"

Still unsure what was going on, she replied tentatively, "Michael, his name is Michael Waters."

"Do you have any children Ma'am?"

Stunned by the continuing personal questions, she stuttered a bit, "N-no we don't. W-why do you ask? W-what's this all a-about?"

"Please Ma'am, this won't take much longer and you'll be on your way. Do you or your husband have any family in Brazil?"

"No, No we don't," she responded in a slightly combative tone.

"Very well Ma'am, and thank you for your patience."

Then, smiling big as if to lighten the mood and lower her defenses, he continued, "Just curious Ma'am, do you and your husband have much family back home?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but no, we don't. It's just he and I for the most part."

Quickly glancing over to Lexi who was standing about 20-feet away with her arms crossed over her chest and talking to another customs officer, she could tell Lexi was being peppered very similar questions.

Still smiling, the officer reached out with her passport in his hand and said, “Thank you Mrs. Waters, and my apologies for any delays. You’re free to go now. Please enjoy your stay in Brazil Ma’am!”

Taking her passport back from the man, she looked over to see Lexi getting her passport back too. Then, meeting up with her just past the custom’s gate, she could see Lexi was clearly annoyed.

“That was really strange. I’ve never been asked those kinds of personal questions before. What the hell was that all about?”

“I don’t know Lexi. They didn’t tell me anything either. I think they’re looking for someone or something?”

Exhaling loudly, Lexi continued, “Perhaps, but my husband and family are no concern of theirs. Come, let’s get out of here, it just feels creepy.”

“No argument from me,” she said, as the two sexy and provocatively dressed women quickly made their way to the terminal’s exit doors, while under the leering eyes of any nearby man as they strutted along in their loudly clacking heels.

Exiting the airport terminal, they were quickly met by the car service hired to take them to their layout location on set.

“When will we meet up with Linda?” asked Marla.

“I’m told this afternoon. Hopefully she’ll be on-time. Maybe she’ll be waiting for us when we get there? I’m actually not sure of her exact itinerary”

“I wonder if she’ll be grilled at customs too?”

“Ohh, she’ll be fine. It didn’t really slow us down too much,” replied Lexi.

With the car loaded and ready to go, Lexi tapped on the window between the driver and them and said, “We’re ready driver, and we’re running a bit behind so no detours please.”

“Yes Ma’am,” he quipped as he quickly pulled away from the terminal’s curb.

About fifteen miles from the airport on what appeared to be a back-road of sorts; the car suddenly came upon an apparent checkpoint blocking the road.

As the car slowed to a stop, Lexi commented, “There must be something going on. I’ve never had this much trouble traveling about down here.”

With only two cars ahead of them, it took about 10-minutes to reach the roadblock’s gates, with the handful of heavily armed soldiers standing guard.

Opening the car’s window, the driver spoke to one of the soldiers in a Spanish dialect that Lexi didn’t understand, while Marla didn’t understand much Spanish at all.

After a short exchange of words, two dogs suddenly appeared from a nearby military van and began to aggressively sniff all around the car. Within a minute, they began to bark and carry-on behind the car before the soldiers pulled the excited dogs back from the vehicle.

Returning to the driver’s window, one of the soldiers asked the driver to exit the car and open the trunk.

While they couldn’t see what was going on back there, the girls could feel the soldiers working about in the trunk, just before they heard the soldiers begin to jabber about rather excitedly.

Next, the rear door to the car opened quickly as the apparent soldier in-charge leaned inside and said, “Ladies, please exit the vehicle slowly,” in a surprisingly fluent English tone.

Concerned and confused, they immediately slid their sexy legs out the door and carefully maneuvered themselves out and stood up, while desperately trying to keep their crotches well covered under their tiny dresses. With their hearts now thumping wildly in their chests, they immediately regretted the outfits they were wearing.

“W-what’s the m-matter officers?” Lexi stuttered in a nervous tone.

“Turn around both of you, and place your hands behind your backs!”

Suddenly staring down the barrels of several automatic weapons, the frightened girls were too overwhelmed to do anything but comply. Looking into each other’s frantic eyes, they slowly turned around to face the car and placed their hands behind their backs, without fully understanding the ramifications of doing so.

Next, the sound of handcuffs clicking closed around their wrists echoed out as their arms were roughly secured behind them.

“WHAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING! Marla yelled out in a broken voice.

Still stunned by the events unfolding; the soldiers then led the scared girls around to the car’s trunk before revealing anything else.

Looking down into the car’s open trunk, Lexi and Marla immediately spotted the trunk’s interior side panels pulled loose, and two large clear bags of a white powdery substance setting in the center of the large trunk.

Mortified by what they suspected they were looking at, they heard the soldier in-charge speak out again before they could muster up any words.

“Ladies, you are under arrest for the transportation and intent to distribute illegal drugs.”

“NO, NO, THAT’S NOT OURS! THIS ISN’T OUR CAR! WE JUST HIRED THE SERVICE!” cried out Lexi.

“So you admit to hiring this service to transport these drugs?”

“NO, NO, we had nothing to do with this, nothing! We’re here for a photo shoot. We just got here a ½ hour ago. PLEASE, LET US GO!” yelled Lexi.

Laughing, the soldier responded, “That’s not what the evidence shows ladies… But you can try and explain it to the judge at your trial.”

“TRIAL, what do you mean trial, we haven’t done anything.” called out Marla in a broken and excited voice.

“No, stop, don’t do this…..” the terrified girls cried out, as they were roughly pulled around to and loaded into the back of canvas covered military truck that was waiting alongside the road. Unceremoniously seated in the back of the no-frills transport vehicle, they were quickly whisked away.

Sitting in the back of the vintage military truck on a hard bench seat, the girls bounced around uncomfortably as they tried to maintain their balance with their arms cuffed behind them. Left to the mercy of the rough riding truck that was traveling faster and faster along the twisting and turning road, they had little choice but to widen their stance if they wanted to stay upright under the strain of the rocking truck. But this led to all new problems for the terrified girls as their already short dresses were beginning to ride higher and higher up their outer thighs, until their dresses no longer covered their feminine treasures.

For Marla it wasn’t so bad, but for Lexi it was utterly humiliating and nerve racking. While Marla’s precious patch stayed covered for the most part under her silky thong, Lexi’s naked sex was on full display to the guards sitting opposite them in the truck. Unable to do anything about it, the helpless girls watched the well-armed guards’ eyes light up as they stared down between the attractive women’s sexy legs.

Starting to feel faint under the intense stress of being whisked away to an unknown destination while in handcuffs, in the back of an old musty truck, and for only god knows what, the girls began to whimper as their shoulders bounced off one another. Fortunately, it was only a few miles before the truck slowed to around 10 mph.

Looking out the back between the canvas flaps, which was the only place that they could see outside, they watched in horror as the truck passed through a set of 12-foot tall chain-

link gates with rows of curly barbed wire running along the top rail. And as the truck drove deeper into the facility, they could see that the grounds were surrounded by three rows of 12-foot high chain-link fence with row after row of curly barbed wire snaking across the tops of each fence line.

With her imagination running wild now, Lexi suddenly realized that the driver of the car was not in the truck with them. If they were innocent, that meant the driver had to be the guilty party, but where was he, and why wasn't he arrested? Frantic now by their unfolding ordeal, she had a really bad feeling about his ominous absence in the back of the truck.

Finally arriving at the designated drop off point, the truck jerked to a stop. Within seconds, two more well-armed guards arrived at the back of the vehicle and motioned for the girls to stand and approach the rear.

"Come on ladies, let's go! Out, Out, Out," exclaimed the seemingly young and clearly good-looking soldier, as he waved his scary gun at the girls.

Reluctantly, they rose from the benches in a hunched over pose while desperately trying to pull at their dresses as they wiggled their asses about in a futile attempt to reposition their tight dresses. Unable to properly conceal themselves, the girls were quickly grabbed and pulled from the back of the truck.

Pointing toward an open door in the side of a cement block structure, the guard said, "Inside ladies, we need to get you processed."

"Processed…what do you mean processed," Marla asked in a quivering voice as she began to slowly step forward.

"You both need to be booked into the prison accordingly, and checked for concealed contraband and etc."

"But we're innocent. We didn't do anything! We don't know anything about any drugs in the car. PLEASE, you have to believe us," pleaded Lexi.

“That’s not my call babe. But don’t worry; you’ll get a chance to explain yourselves at your trial!”

“Trial, you can’t put us trial? Where’s the driver of the car, why isn’t he here? He must be the one you want, not us! We want to speak with the American consulate…” said Lexi as they entered the open door to the building.

Well lit in some places and eerily dark in others, it was a warm and humid place inside, which also had an odd yet strangely familiar smell to it. While neither one of the frantic girls wanted to believe it or accept it, it smelled like sex in the awful place!

Led to a service window of sorts, which was clearly made of bulletproof glass with a small document passage opening in it, the girls were stood before the thick window while the man sitting behind it appeared to already have their passports in his hands.

Just barely able to hear the man behind the glass, they heard him say, “Mrs. Lexi Santos and Mrs. Marla Waters, correct?”

Nodding their heads gently, they both responded, “Yes.”

“Ladies, you’re being charged with 2nd degree aggravated drug trafficking.”

“NO, NO, it’s not us I’m telling you! It must have been the driver, where is he!” yelled out Lexi.

“These charges against you are very serious ladies. I suggest you consider your legal representation before you worry about anything else, like blaming someone else for your crimes… Now ladies, inside the processing cell so we can remove your cuffs and conduct the cavity searches.”

“Cavity searches?” Marla exhaled in a whimper as she began to tremble. Next, her and Lexi were quickly pulled back from the window and led to an open barred cell door that led into a large open cell.

Looking through the bars as they approached, they could see several stainless steel tables, some empty while others had sets of shackles and chains on them, and other odd looking

equipment too. Located near the center of the large room, they spotted six sets of stocks set-up under some lights, and four exam tables that had menacing looking stirrups and head restraints mounted to them. These devices immediately struck panic into the women's hearts as they approached. Clearly, the awful room was capable of 'processing' more than just two new arrivals.

Beginning to protest their entry into the processing cell, it took some additional effort to get the women deeper inside as they now protested every step. With a tight grip on their elbows behind their backs, the women could not prevent their delivery into the medieval looking room as cell door clanked shut behind them.

"Welcome to Prison Facility 4-69 ladies!" exclaimed the guard. "If you fight us, we'll gladly place each of you in the stocks for processing. Now, you can cooperate with us, which will be much easier on you, or you can resist us and we'll utilize the restraint systems, it's your call."

Locked in a stare with the lead guard, he finally barked out, "So what's it gonna be ladies," he asked as he paused for them to respond.

Recognizing that a response was required if they wanted to escape the awful looking bondage devices, first Marla responded in a soft and broken voice, "I-I'll cooperate," followed quickly by Lexi, "Me t-too."

"Good choice," he responded with a smirk, as he and his compadres circled behind them and began to release their metal handcuffs. With their arms free now, they instinctively began to rub their sore wrists as the guard's next command rang out.

"Remove all your clothing, fold it neatly, and place it on the table."

Seeing the girls hesitating to comply, the guard chirped out, "Have we changed our minds ladies?" as he glanced over to the stocks.

Gently shaking their heads ‘No,’ the sniffling women began to remove their clothing with their trembling hands.

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Very early the next morning, Michael and Diego were each woken by loud thudding knocks on their front doors.

Still a bit groggy, Michael opened his front door to two men wearing pristine black suits and dark sunglasses.

“Mr. Waters?” one of them asked.

Squinting some and looking a bit confused, he replied, “Yes, I’m Michael Waters, what can I do for you?”

Holding out an envelope, the man responded, “We have a very important communication for you Sir… It concerns your wife.”

Taking the envelope from the man, “My wife, what about my wife? W-who are you anyway?”

Immediately turning away from the door as Michael stood there with the envelope in his hand, the two mysterious men quickly retreated.

“HEY, HEY YOU TWO, WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

Clearly not stopping, the men quickly stepped into a waiting black car and sped away.

Closing the door, Michael walked into the kitchen, opened the envelope, unfolded the letter inside, and began to read it;

Mr. Waters, your wife, Marla Waters, has been arrested and charged with the possession and transportation of illegal drugs, with intent to distribute, a 2nd degree aggravated felony.’

Gasping in disbelief, “Oh my god,” escaped from his lips.

‘Drug trafficking is a very serious crime in Brazil, Mr. Waters. Her trial will take place tomorrow, and you are invited to attend if you so wish.

Inside, you will find an airline ticket in your name, scheduled to depart in a matter of hours. Accommodations have also been made for you near the courthouse. If you choose to attend your wife’s trial, you should arrive at the courthouse just outside Prison Facility 4-69, at 9:00am local time. Directions are enclosed.

She has been appointed legal representation so there’s no need to contact anyone on her behalf. Your support in this very difficult time is your best course of action at this time.

If you choose not to attend, please discard this notice and enclosures. In this case, you will be notified at later date of your wife’s disposition.

Sincerely ,

The official office of President Garcia.

Mortified by what he just read, he was in shock as he looked out the kitchen window in disbelief. Once the shock wore off some, he reviewed the enclosed airline ticket, to discover he only had two hours to get to the airport.

What he didn’t know yet, was that Diego also received an identical letter at the exact same time.

While he was frantically packing his bag, the phone rang.

“Hello,” he nearly yelled into the phone.

“Michael, this is Diego,” he said in a deeply distressed voice. “Something bad has happened to Lexi and I need your help!”

“W-what, what’s happened Diego… M-Marla is in trouble too.”

“Lexi was arrested for drug trafficking! I-I can’t believe it. N-not Lexi, she’s not a drug dealer Michael!”

“Oh my god, so was Marla! Were you invited to attend her trial?”

“Y-yes, I have to be on a flight in less than two hours.”

“Me too Diego, we’re p-probably on the same one… Is Lexi being held at Prison Facility 4-69?”

“YES, YES she is Michael.”

“I’ll pick you up in 30 minutes; we’ll travel down there together and get this straightened out.”

With a sudden touch of defiant confidence in his voice, Diego responded, “Yeah, we’ll go down there and straighten this mess out. We know the girls are innocent!”

“Yes, I’ll see you shortly Diego.”

Finished with packing his bag, Michael hastily tossed it into his car and sped off very quickly to pick up Diego…

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Within several hours, the men’s plane was touching down at their destination. Arriving at the Brazilian airport as the sun was setting; Michael and Diego were met by customs and escorted to a private room.

“Gentlemen, we’ve been expecting you,” said the customs official. “You’ll be taken to a local rooming house near the prison to spend the night. Your wives’ trial will be in the morning.”

“Can we see them tonight?” asked Michael.

“No, I’m afraid not tonight. You will get to see them at the courthouse tomorrow.”

“Please, please let us talk with them tonight,” pleaded Diego.

“I’m sorry Sir, that’s not possible.”

“Come on, what’s it gonna hurt to let us see them for five minutes!”

“I understand your concern Mr. Waters, but we cannot allow you to visit the prison facility for security purposes.

Please know that the girls were very cooperative during their processing and are resting comfortably."

Dejected and a bit angry Michael quipped, "Fine, take us to our quarters!"

Exiting the building under escort, he and Diego were quickly loading into a waiting car that departed immediately. Driving along in an official government vehicle for about 20-minutes, Michael and Diego suddenly spotted some bright lights in the distance. That's when the driver spoke out.

"The lights ahead are from Prison Facility 4-69. Your accommodations for the night will be within sight of the facility and not far from the courthouse."

As they drew closer, the bright glow of the facility inside the tall chain-link walls and barbed wire was glowing more ominously. Unable to look away while they wondered about their wives' wellbeing, the men were silent as they looked out the car's windows with heavy hearts.

The sight of the tall chain-link walls and deep spiraling barbed wire made the facility look as if it would house the most dangerous criminals alive. And with several tall guard towers surrounding the facility with numerous bright spot lights constantly searching the grounds and perimeter, they could only imagine the conditions that might exist inside.

Perhaps a half mile away from the prison at the most, the car pulled up to a small house.

"Gentleman, you will stay here for the duration of the trial. I'll be back in the morning to pick you both up and take you to the courthouse on the other side of the prison. Good luck to you all!"

Exiting the car, they walked into the seemingly empty house. Inside, there was a wooden table with four chairs in the kitchen, one raggedy looking couch in the living room, and a twin size bed and small dresser in each of the three bedrooms. In the kitchen, the refrigerator had some bottles of water and lots of locally brewed beer. In the cabinets, there was some stale bread, peanut butter, jelly, some granola bars and peanuts.

“Wow, this is a no frills place that’s for sure.”

“Yeah,” commented Michael, “I can only imagine what the girls are going through right now if this is their visitors’ accommodations. I bet they’re scared to death in that awful place.”

Sighing heavily, “I can’t believe they’ll be put on trial two days after their arrest. What about their legal representation? How can they exact a good defense with two days to prepare?” questioned Michael.

“I’m really scared Michael. What if we lose them to this bullshit? Neither one of them are built for prison, especially a South American prison for drug traffickers.”

“Don’t think like that Diego, we know they’re innocent, we’ll find a way to right this wrong. And they have to know we’ll never stop fighting for them.”

Standing side-by-side at the large picture window that faced toward to the dreadful prison within the seemingly impenetrable wire walls and the bright searchlights scanning the acres of open space on both sides of the fences, both Michael and Diego had a knot deep in their stomachs. In silence now, the men’s otherwise blank faces were heavily burdened with an unmistakable look of dreadful concern in their tired eyes.

Chapter 3

The Brazilian Conspiracy unfolds!

Neither Michael nor Diego slept well at all overnight. Tossing and turning, unable to turn off their minds, they couldn't stop thinking about their lovely wives inside the grim prison. Imagining the worst for Marla and Lexi, they just couldn't prevent their imaginations from envisioning the pretty young women in the cruel clutches of devious male guards; it was by all accounts the longest night of their lives.

Rising just before the sun did, the men took showers and dressed in their nicest suits for the day's impending proceedings. Unable to eat any breakfast, the men were soon pacing back and forth in front of the large picture window until they finally spotted their approaching ride. Anxious to see their wives, they stepped outside and waited impatiently for the car to stop alongside them, as the driver's window opened.

"Good morning gentlemen," the driver called out the window. "Please get in and we'll get you right over to the court house."

Quickly climbing inside and closing the doors behind them, Michael immediately began to ask the familiar driver some questions without any pleasantries.

"Will we be able to see our wives when we get there?"

"Not right away Mr. Waters. For safety and security reasons, access to defendants at this facility is tightly controlled. It's important to remember that this courthouse tries some of the most notorious and desperate drug traffickers in our region."

"Damn it all; our wives are not dangerous drug traffickers!" Michael yelled out in an angry tone.

“I understand Mr. Waters, but that has no bearing on the facility’s security procedures,” the driver said in a similarly raised tone. “Their presumed innocence doesn’t change the fact that in-order get a fair trial you all must abide by the established rules at this facility.”

Frustrated, but understanding that the driver didn’t make the rules, Michael inhaled deeply and said, “I’m sorry, I know this has nothing to do with you, I’m just frustrated and nervous… When will we get to speak with them, or their lawyers?”

“I really can’t say Mr. Waters. I’m sorry I can’t be more helpful on the details of your wives’ cases.”

While Michael exhaled in frustration, Diego asked, “How does bail work here? Will we be able to get them released today?”

“I can’t speak for the courts Mr. Santos, but I do believe there will be a settlement in this matter today, and their dispositions will follow very soon after that.”

“A settlement… Are you saying their trials will start and finish in one day?”

“I would expect so my friends, these kinds of cases are generally resolved very quickly here.”

Turning to Michael, Diego said, “That has to be good news, right? A one day trial must mean there’s really nothing behind the case?”

Staring out the window now, Michael replied, “Yeah, I would think so Diego, but I’ll curb my enthusiasm for now if you don’t mind.”

That’s when the car turned into a large circular driveway and pulled up alongside an old brick and block building. Looking like a prison itself, the large three-story building had armed guards at the entrance and security bars over all of the windows.

“Gentleman,” the driver said as he turned around in his seat to face them, “please, go inside and have a seat in the

lobby. A government official will meet with you soon. And I hope everything goes well for you and your wives."

Exiting the car and looking up to see the imposing looking building that had 'Casa de la Corte' in large 10-inch letters engraved into the enormous granite lintel above the tall, wooden, entrance doors, they walked up the six steps and entered through the double doors. Inside it was as plain and no frills as on the outside. The lobby area had plain glazed-tile walls with several pieces of old county artwork hanging about, while the cement ceilings were simply painted white, and the stone floor looked like it needed a sweeping. Along the cold walls, there were several old wooden benches for folks to sit on, and that was it.

There were already several folks sitting uncomfortably on a number of the benches as they stared at another large set of doors, with 'Palacio de Justicia' inscribed over the top of them.

Feeling way out of place in their expensive suits and shoes, Michael and Diego sat on an empty bench and peered out across the otherwise lifeless lobby.

"Do you see anyone we can talk to Diego?"

"No, I-I'm not sure what to do next… Maybe we should just wait here for a while?"

Looking at his watch, Michael said, "It's still early, I agree, let's just wait a bit and hopefully someone will come to talk with us."

"Yeah, I suppose," Diego quipped.

Over the next twenty minutes, a handful of other folks entered the lobby and found a place to sit on the benches. Most all were clearly upset and anxious as they sat and waited. Some looked like they just stepped out of the fields while others at least had on clothes without rips and tears.

Soon, a smaller door located about 30-feet from the other large doors opened with a loud clank before a man dressed in a sport coat, a white button up shirt with no tie, slacks and old loafers stepped out into the lobby area. Looking

around until he spotted the overdressed Americans, he then cracked a smile and headed directly for them.

"Mr. Waters and Mr. Santos, I assume?" the man said in an unexpectedly fluent and friendly American dialect.

Standing, Michael extended his hand and replied, "Yes, I'm Michael Waters and this is Diego Santos."

Shaking both of their hands, he continued, "Thank you coming gentlemen. I have no doubt your wives will be very appreciative of your presence. My name is Juan and I am from the President's office. As a government official, I'm here to help you through our legal processes in Brazil. It is very different from your American courts."

"I see," said Michael. "When can we see our wives?"

"Soon Mr. Waters… Right now, the defendants for today's trials are being transferred to the defendants' box inside the chambers. Once they are secured, we will allow family and friends into the hall."

"What about their lawyers, can we speak with them?"

"Your wives are being tried together gentleman, so there's only one lawyer, and he is quite busy preparing. You'll get an opportunity to speak with him once you're inside and settled."

Feeling more and more uneasy about the process ahead and their wives fates, the men didn't really know what to do or think next.

"As a representative of our government, I'll do my best to answer your questions and explain things to you. It's important to President Garcia that our legal system be as transparent as possible for our foreign friends, while we uphold our customs and laws… We have seats reserved for both of you directly behind the defendants' table, so you'll be right there near your wives the entire time."

Looking at his watch now, Juan continued, "Well, it's about time, please follow me gentlemen."

Walking toward the large wooden doors, the large slabs of wood suddenly cracked open as a man dressed in a military uniform, carrying a clearly visible sidearm, walked out and spoke quite loudly, *"Ahora estamos en período de sesiones."*

"Ahh, the court is now in session gentleman… And please, it's standard procedure to search all entries for weapons, then we will enter."

After a quick frisk, Michael and Diego followed Juan into the chambers. Like the rest of the building, the inside was just as plain and unassuming as everything else, except for judge's ornate wooden bench area and what they instantly recognized as the defendants' box!

Over in the corner of the large courtroom, only 15-feet from the judge's elevated bench and fairly close to the defendants' table, was a large Plexiglas box with several occupants sitting inside. They were all dressed in drab orange colored garments, with their identities strangely concealed. Completely enclosed, including the top, the box was made entirely from the see through material, with a narrow door on one side. Staring at the ten people who were sitting inside on two rows of benches, they simply couldn't believe what they were seeing.

Completely taken aback by what they were witnessing, they had a hard time following Juan to their seats behind the defendants' table as they gawked into the box with a stunned look of disbelief on their faces.

Finally arriving at their seats, only 20-feet from the box now, their wide eyes couldn't stop staring at the glass box as their mouths fell open in shock. Understanding that they were looking at the defendants who were about go on trial; they were speechless as they gawked at black fabric hoods placed over their heads that came down to meet their shoulders. Still staring at the folks inside the box with the somewhat loosely fitted hoods covering their heads, the next thing they noticed was that the front row was clearly made-up of all females.

Upon closer review, they could see that the front row occupants were all wearing one piece dresses made of a thin

cotton fabric that landed mid-thigh, well above the knee. And with their arms cuffed behind them and attached to their seats, they were also wearing chains around their waists that were wrapped snugly around the thin orange fabric of their dresses and connected to the cuffs around their ankles by another chain leader. The secure and sightless defendants clearly weren't going anywhere without permission and assistance.

Once the shock of it all started to wear off, they finally recognized Marla's and Lexi's familiar hair flowing out from under their hoods, and their remarkably sexy legs on display. There was no mistaking which two in the group were their beautiful wives!

More focused on their wives now, Michael couldn't help but notice and comment on Marla's obviously braless breasts.

"J-Juan, what's all this! Why the h-hoods? And w-why aren't they provided proper undergarments?"

Trying hard not to grin, he replied, "I know, it seems harsh, but the judge who presides over this courthouse demands the utmost in control and order in his courtroom. He leaves nothing to chance or opportunity for the defendants."

"And why the orange 5-inch Stiletto heels, and all the chains and shackles while they're secure inside that dammed box!" chimed in Diego.

"Easy gentleman, let's not overreact here, this is how we insure control in a potentially volatile environment. The chains and hoods help ensure they think more about their situations than an escape, nothing more. It's also been proven that female defendants wearing very high heels, and who are also denied any undergarments, are more easily controlled and wouldn't even think of running, even if the chance arose, nothing more."

Clearly in distress, Michael continued, "You mean they have absolutely nothing on under those flimsy little dresses?"

"Yes Mr. Waters, but please, this is common protocol for female defendants facing these kinds of serious charges."

Staring at Marla as she sat rather still inside the glass box with her firm and jutting breasts rising and falling with each heavy breath she took, Michael couldn't help but notice her large and hard nipples pressing against the astonishingly thin cotton fabric covering her chest; before his attention soon shifted to Lexi whose sexy body was similarly on display.

"Do they know we are here Juan?" asked Michael.

"No, not yet… For security purposes we don't notify the defendants of who will be attending their trials."

Lowering their heads into their hands, the men couldn't bear to look at their helpless wives in custody anymore.

"And gentlemen, so you'll know what to expect when the hoods are removed, their mouths are also taped shut, and they are wearing leather collars for identification purposes. The tape will be removed when they are ready to testify and answer questions, but the collars stay on until they are released from custody."

"Oh my god, what kind of house of horrors is this place," muttered Michael.

While still in shock, the door behind the judge's bench suddenly opened, and in walked a mid-aged man in his long robe, followed by two other official looking men.

Immediately, everyone who had filed into the room and found a seat quickly stood, except for the defendants chained up in the box, as the judge approached his bench and the two other men walked to the defendant's and prosecutor's tables.

After sitting behind his elevated bench a few moments to survey his courtroom, he motioned for everyone to sit as he picked up some papers from the surface of his bench and began to read through the documents.

And while he was doing that, the defense attorney who just arrived at the table turned around in his seat to face Michael and Diego and introduced himself.

"Good morning gentleman," he said rather jubilantly as he reached out to shake their hands. "I am the legal counsel representing Marla and Lexi today… Now we don't have

much time before the proceedings begin. If I may gentlemen, I have a very important word of advice. Please control any impulse you may have to respond verbally to the proceedings, and stay seated. This judge is exceptionally intolerant of outbursts and displays of contempt for his courtroom, and he will take it out on your wives… Any questions for me?"

Leaning forward slightly, Michael said, "Yes, what…," when the judge abruptly looked up and spoke out, "Are we ready counselor?"

"Sorry gentlemen," he said, as he quickly turned back around to face the judge.

"Ahhh, Yes Sir, we are."

"And you Mr. Prosecutor; are the charges before me complete and accurate?"

"Y-Yes Your Honor, they are Sir."

"Very well," the judge commented as he motioned to one of the guards standing near the defendants and called out rather callously, "Remove the first two defendants from the box."

Entering the box, the guard released their wrist cuff chains from the anchor points on the bench seats behind them, and pulled them to their feet by their arms. Allowing them only a second or two to gain their balance atop the wicked heels, the guard prompted the sightless women out of the box's door.

Next, he carefully guided them from the box and paraded them past the gawking judge and many of the courtroom spectators to the defendant's table. Slowly being prodded along to the waiting table several meters away, they carefully stepped forward atop the unstable heels strapped to their feet, causing their unsupported breasts to bobble and jiggle under the difficulty of walking on the pencil thin heels. So with their arms bound tightly behind them and nervously unable to see anything before them, they had no choice but to trust the guard who was leading them forward.

Motionless and speechless as they watched their wives strain to reach the table, they were emotionally devastated by the cruel way the women were being treated by the Brazilian authorities. Flabbergasted by the unconscionable humiliation and torment that they were intentionally inflicting onto the American women, Michael and Diego never felt so helpless.

When they finally arrived at the table alongside their lawyer, the counselor helped the guard sit each of the lovely women in a chair. Clueless of exactly what was going on or what would happen next; the fronts of Marla's and Lexi's hoods were pulsing in and out as their breathing became even more quick and frantic. Still blinded by the hoods and with their mouths taped shut, the terrified woman did their best to remain calm while the humiliation of their attire and treatment slowly overwhelmed them.

"Counselor, am I to understand that the defendants' husbands are in the courtroom today?"

Hearing the judge's completely unexpected comment, the girls immediately began to groan and twist in their chairs with excitement.

"Yes Your Honor, Mr. Waters and Mr. Santos are present."

Hearing the confirmation of Michael and Diego's presence, they began to hyperventilate with the emotions of knowing their husbands were there, there to help them.

"Very well… Remove the defendants' hoods counselor."

"Yes Sir," he replied as he reached over and gently pulled the fabric hoods from their heads and laid them neatly on the table.

With their pupils now adjusting to the increased light, their wide frantic eyes began to scan the unfamiliar room. Quickly spotting the box with the other prisoners still seated inside, their hearts skipped a few beats as they soaked it all in. And when they finally turned in their seats and spotted their husbands sitting just a few feet behind them, tears of relief mixed with great trepidation began to leak from the corners of

their eyes as their mouths strained against the black tape holding them shut.

Shocked by the sight of their frantic wide eyes, flaring nostrils, taped mouths, and 2-inch wide leather collars snugly encasing their slender necks, Michael and Diego were mortified and helpless to do anything for their emotionally devastated wives.

“Counselor! Please remind the defendants that their business is with me, and not those seated behind them!”

“Y-Yes Your Honor, my apologies.”

Leaning close to the shackled women, who were still dealing with the emotional surprise of seeing their husbands’ sitting behind them, he exclaimed, “Ladies, please, you don’t want to piss-off this judge! I suggest you turn back around, quickly.”

Somewhat dazed and clearly terrified by everything that was happening to them; they slowly turned around to face the judge as a few tears trickled down their cheeks.

Staring directly at Marla and Lexi, the judge spoke out in a very stern tone, “Ladies are you ready to have the tape removed from your mouths so we can begin with the proceedings?”

Anxious to set the record straight and get this nightmare behind them, they eagerly nodded their heads up and down.

“Do you understand that I will not tolerate any outbursts? You will answer only the questions asked, and contribute only when asked to do so. Do you both fully understand these rules?”

Again, they nodded their heads generously in response.

“Very well… Counselor, you may remove the tape.”

“Yes Sir,” he responded as he reached out to Marla and slowly pulled the sticky tape from her lips, before doing the same for Lexi.

Staring down at the women, the judge immediately went on.

“The charges against you are very serious. You were found with 40 kilos of cocaine hidden inside your vehicle. This quantity of illegal drugs automatically constitutes a class 1 felony trafficking charge, along with a second charge of intent to distribute broadly. How do you plead?”

Immediately they both rang out with, “Not guilty! It wasn’t us! This is all a mistake, we didn’t do anything wrong!”

With a scowl on his face, the judge quickly refuted, “All I asked for was a plea! This is your first and final warning about your behavior! UNDERSTOOD!”

Trembling, they responded sheepishly, “Y-yes S-Sir.”

Seated behind them, Michael’s and Diego’s stomachs were rolling over with terror for their wives. The lovely young women looked so helpless and vulnerable as they sat there still tightly chained and collared, while wearing the humiliating prison dresses that had them only one-step away from being naked.

“Well I hope so! So ladies, how do you explain these photos of the drugs in your car and these sworn affidavits from the local authorities who disclosed under oath that they discovered these drugs hidden in the car you were in, a car that you admitted to personally hiring?”

“We don’t know Sir,” whimpered Marla, “but it’s not our drugs, we swear Your Honor. We have no idea how the drugs got there, or who owns them Sir… It was just a rental car,” she said as she choked back the tears.

“Hmm, and you Mrs. Santos; any thoughts on how this quantity of high grade cocaine came into your possession?”

“N-No S-Sir, please, you have to believe us, we had nothing to do with this. Those aren’t our drugs Your Honor,” she replied in a crackling tone.

Taking a moment to absorb what he just heard from the clearly frightened women, the judge looked over to the counselor and said, “Counselor, I have undisputable evidence before me that says the drugs were found inside the

defendants' vehicle, yet the defendants emphatically claim that they know nothing of them."

"Yes Sir, that is correct," their defense attorney replied.

"Hmm, well, just what do you think I should make of all this… Do you have anything else to add on your clients' behalf?"

"Yes Your Honor I do."

Standing, he continued, "I'd like to point out that my clients have no record of drug use or possession in their pasts. They have also visited Brazil several times for their work and have never been in any kind of trouble with the law. I'd like to suggest to the court that these women are unfortunate victims in a despicable crime that they had no knowledge of Sir. These women should be found not-guilty and released to their husbands immediately."

"I see counselor. An impassioned plea for sure," the judge replied in a surprisingly amenable tone as he took some additional notes.

"And you Mr. Prosecutor, anything to add?"

"Yes Sir."

Standing as well, he continued, "While you have all the facts before you Your Honor, this case runs deeper than simple facts. If we are going stop drug trafficking in our beloved country, it starts with the foreign influences that are destroying our peaceful way of life with their contraband. On behalf of the Brazilian people, who we both so faithfully serve, I don't see how you can return any verdict but guilty!"

"I see…. Hmmm, I will return in fifteen minutes with my verdict," exclaimed the judge as he quickly stood and exited through the door behind his bench.

Motioning for Michael and Diego to move closer, the counselor wanted to confer with all four of them.

"Okay, I think that went pretty well, but we need to talk about your options if things don't go our way."

Immediately, Michael chimed in, “You mean that’s it! That’s the entire trial! What kind of trial and defense was that?”

“Mr. Waters, please, we can’t waste this valuable time talking about past process. We need to prepare for the next steps accordingly.”

Frustrated beyond words, he sat back with a disgusted look on his face, and quipped, “This kangaroo court is bullshit, it’s all bullshit!”

“Please Mr. Waters, you’ll upset the women,” he snarled back, before turning his full attention to his clients.

“Now listen to me closely ladies. If by chance the judge comes back with a guilty verdict, we need to consider your options… The mandatory minimum sentence for these crimes is 25-years, with no options for parole or early release for this kind of crime.”

Gasping and shaking, both Marla and Lexi began to weep as, “Oh my god NO, this is insane,” escaped from their quivering lips.

Seeing how upset the couples had become at the mere thought of the women being incarcerated for 25-years, the counselor gave them a few moments to regain themselves before he continued.

“Please ladies, this is simply a just-in-case discussion that we need to have right now, or you could miss out on the one and only opportunity you’ll have for leniency.”

Listening to the counselor with terrifying looks of anxiety on their faces, they nodded their heads gently.

“Good… Now, under Brazil’s sentencing laws… if it comes to that mind you… if you immediately change your pleas to guilty and admit to your crime before the judge, it removes the mandatory sentencing requirements from the table and allows the judge full latitude for leniency. But this can only happen immediately after the verdict is delivered…Do you understand what I just explained?”

Mentally numb now, the women couldn't concentrate. They heard the counselor, but they just couldn't get themselves to consider the possibility that they'd be found guilty for something they had nothing to do with, something so blatantly unjust.

Seeing a blank stare in their eyes now, the counselor became concerned. "Ladies, are you still with me? Did you hear what I said?"

As they nodded their heads in stunned disbelief, the judge suddenly reappeared at the bench and spoke.

"Counselor, help the defendants stand and bring them forward," he barked out.

"It's time ladies, let's remain positive."

Helping the frightened women to their feet atop the awful heels, their attorney led them around the table to approach the bench. With their arms still bound behind them and their large breasts and hard nipples pressing through the thin fabric of their prison garb, they slowly approached the ominous bench.

"And gentleman, please come forward and stand with your wives if you would."

Stepping through the gate to the courtroom's main floor, their stomachs felt like they were full of angry bees, while they quickly took their places alongside their respective wives. Up close now and staring at the leather collars that were seamed together around their necks with metal rivets, they could clearly see their identification numbers burned into the leather.

"Mrs. Waters, defendant #1057, and Mrs. Santos, defendant #1058," the judge barked out sternly, "after careful consideration of the undisputable evidence against you and the deplorable nature of the accusations levied… I have no choice but to find you both GUILTY on all charges!"

Gasping and breaking down uncontrollably, the women's legs buckled and folded as they fell into their husbands' arms.

“OH MY GOD, NO, NO, NO, WE’RE NOT GUILTY!” yelled out Lexi. “You can’t do this to us!”

“COUNSELOR,” the judge called out sternly, “I’ll give you and your clients five minutes to gather yourselves and response to this verdict, before I set sentences!”

Looking a little stunned himself, the counselor replied, “Y-yes Your Honor, I-I understand,” he replied as he helped Michael and Diego return the traumatized women back to the defendant’s table.

“Okay, w-we have to focus here people. I’m very sorry ladies, but we only have a few minutes to change your pleas and confess to the crimes you’ve been convicted of. I’m quite sure the judge will show leniency to a pair of pretty and young American girls like yourselves… Ladies, I’m really sorry, but I’m afraid it’s your only hope to escape a 25-year prison sentence.”

Looking into each other’s horrified eyes, Marla and Lexi understood their options were few, and all very bad. Still unable to comprehend what just happened, a cold chill ran over their bodies as the awful prospect of being sent to a Brazilian prison for decades began to sink in.

Stunned and shocked, Michael and Diego didn’t know how to respond. They wanted to support Marla and Lexi, but they couldn’t fathom them pleading guilty to such crimes, even for a reduced sentence. All they wanted to do at that moment was grab their wives and run. They couldn’t help but wonder when or if they would see their beautiful wives again.

Allowing the folks their five minutes, the judge abruptly called out, “Counselor, are we ready to proceed?”

“Just a brief moment Sir,” he begged of the judge, as he turned to the women and asked, “What shall it be ladies?”

Inhaling deeply and nodding their heads as they stared into each other’s pleading eyes, they whimpered, “Okay, w-we’ll do it.”

“Okay, let’s do this!” he quipped, as he turned back to the judge and said, “We’re ready Your Honor.”

“Very well, are the defendants changing their pleas?”

“Yes Sir, they are.”

“Good, the defendants will step forward and kneel before me.”

With assistance from the men, Marla and Lexi stepped forward as their weak ankles wobbled about on their shoes. And with a little more assistance as they approached the bench, the chained and scantily clad women knelt down on the waiting mats only a few feet from the leering judge.

“Before I set your sentences, would you like to address the court?”

In a barely audible voice, Marla spoke out, “We’d like to change our pleas to guilty Your Honor.”

“I understand,” replied the judge as he jotted down a note. “Now, in order for me accept this change in plea for leniency, you must provide me with the details of your crimes.”

Feeling like she was about to vomit, Marla inhaled deeply once again and said with a very stressed tone in her voice, “W-we hid the d-drugs in the t-trunk, and p-planned to s-sell them l-later.”

Smirking, the judge looked to Lexi and asked, “Do you concur with your friend’s confession?”

“Y-Yes S-Sir, I-I do.”

“Very well, I accept your guilty pleas and confessions... Taking into account your sincere acceptance of responsibly for your crimes, I sentence you both to…. 21 years.”

Gasping and beginning to cry, they fell back onto their ankles as their heads shook wildly in disbelief.

“Oh my god, oh my god, 21 years in prison, NO, please, I-I can’t do 21 years…” cried out Lexi. “What about the leniency!”

“W-What, 2-2-21 years,” gasped Marla. “No, this can’t be…”

“LADIES, I’m not done yet! Control yourselves or I can just as easily make it 31 years! Now, we have two sentencing options available to you.”

Stunned and numb, their wide watery eyes stared up to the judge and waited for what they hoped would be some good news, something truly merciful.

“In an effort to show the court has compassion for you both, I will allow you to choose where you spend your 21 years of incarceration. You can choose to be sent to a Maximum Security Punishment Facility, or a specialized Training Facility, you may decide!”

Still looking up to the judge, Marla couldn’t help but ask in a whimpering voice, “What kind of training facility?”

“Look convict, this isn’t a discussion period. Your choices are a punishment prison or training facility, now you need to decide in the next 10 seconds or I’ll decide for you!”

Fearing the horror stories she’d heard about the Brazilian prison system more than anything else, Marla squeaked out, “Training Sir, I choose the training facility.”

“Very well, I accept your request Mrs. Waters. And you Mrs. Santos, what shall it be?”

Nodding her head, she replied softly, “Training, I choose training too.”

“Excellent ladies! With the final disposition of these proceeding being 21 years at a designated training facility, I declare these proceedings concluded,” exclaimed the judge as he dropped a large heavy gavel onto the bench top.

Looking out to Michael and Diego, the judge directed his next comments to them.

“Gentleman, I am truly sorry for your losses today. They are beautiful young women, and I’m sure you will miss them terribly. However, as a gesture of international goodwill from this court, I so offer the each of you a conjugal visit in one week’s time, before they are shipped off to serve their sentences. They will be housed and prepared for delivery to

the training facility at the Prison 4-69, where you will be allowed access to them…

"If you accept this offer of generosity prior to their departure from the local prison, arrangements will be made accordingly."

Still in shock and completely unprepared for such a seemingly compassionate provision, both Michael and Diego slowly nodded their heads in approval and replied, "Yes, t-thank you S-Sir."

Motioning to two nearby guards, the judge barked out, "Return these two to their feet, vaccinate the inmates accordingly, and return them to 4-69 for further processing."

After roughly pulling the stunned and chained women to their unstable feet, the guards retrieved a syringe from the leather cases on their belts, lifted their dresses, and skilfully injected the contents into their smooth and slender asses.

"Ouch," they both yelped out as the mystery fluid entered their fleshy butt cheeks.

"What the hell was that?" Michael called out in surprised and distressed tone.

"Relax Mr. Waters, it's okay," said the judge. "It's a vaccine to protect them from our climate's tropical diseases and alike. And it also contains a special agent to help them relax some; it will help them cope better over the next few days ahead."

Watching Marla and Lexi being led away by the male guards as their dresses fell back over their naked asses, Michael and Diego couldn't believe everything that had just happened. Still watching their cuffed and chained bodies being led away as their weakened legs and ankles wobbled atop the high-heeled shoes, the girls were clearly mentally and physically exhausted. It felt like they were living out the absolute worst nightmare of their lives.

Unsure what to do next, or if it was appropriate to leave after the women disappeared from sight, the emotionally

devastated men returned to their seats with a blank stare on their faces as the judge continued with the day's docket.

"Guard, pull the next defendant from the box."

From the box, a rather short and hooded woman was led from the glass box and sat down at the table next to the counselor. Standing only 4' 11" tall before strapped into her tall orange heels, she wore the standard prison dress that barely covered her otherwise naked body. Securely chained, hooded, and clearly about to go on trial for a crime of some sort, she anxiously tested her bonds as she sat in the chair behind the wooden table.

"Counselor, does this defendant have any family in the courtroom?"

"No Sir, she does not."

"Very well, you may remove her hood."

"Yes Your Honor," he replied, as he reached over and lifted the fabric hood from her head.

Immediately her wild eyes widened even further in distress as they darted around the courtroom. Still confused and frightened by her arrest at the airport, she wasn't sure what was happening. All she said to the customs officer at the airport was that she worked for Lexi Santos and that she was scheduled to meet her in Brazil. The next thing she knew, she was being handcuffed and dragged away to the awful prison facility without any meaningful explanation, before being stripped naked, humiliatingly re-dressed, chained, hooded and delivered to the glass box.

"Ms. Metscal is that correct?"

Looking up at the imposing judge with her mouth taped shut and her nostrils flaring to catch every bit of oxygen that she could; the more mature woman's head nodded several times as her sparkling blue eyes pleaded for more information.

While sporting a head of naturally curly, sandy-blonde hair, her tiny yet full-figured body was blessed with an impressive pair of surprisingly stout breasts that pressed outward against the thinly worn prison dress like the others.

Clearly naked under the prison issued attire, the woman's healthily developed body appeared quite sexy by all accounts.

"I will have the tape removed from your mouth, provided you understand the rules of my courtroom. You WILL NOT speak unless directed to do so. And you will answer my questions with a simple yes or no. Do you UNDERSTAND me?"

Nodding her head again, the judge motioned toward the counselor.

Understanding the unspoken message, he slowly pulled the black tape from her lips.

"Ms. Metscal, do you know why you're here today?"

"No, No I don't…"

Immediately recognizing the voice from somewhere, Diego looked up to see Lexi's new photographer, Linda, sitting at the defendants' table.

"Michael look!" he said in an excited whisper. "It's Linda; she's the new photographer who was meeting Lexi and Marla down here for the shoot."

Looking up from the floor, Michael spotted the cuffed, chained and collared woman dressed in orange and sitting at the table.

"Well let me explain," chirped the judge. "Your associates, Mrs. Waters and Mrs. Santos were arrested shortly after their arrival in Brazil for felony drug trafficking with intent to distribute."

With her eyes as wide as saucers and her head gently shaking back and forth with ignorance of any such activities, she was listening intently to the judge.

"When you disclosed to our customs officials that you were in the employ of Mrs. Santos and Mrs. Waters, you were detained and charged as an accomplice in the 1st degree."

Baffled and shocked by what she was hearing, her head began to shake more emphatically as she objected out loud,

“What? An accomplice! I don’t understand? NO!”

“COUNSELOR, control your client or I will have her gagged!”

Placing his hand on Linda’s shoulder, he leaned over and spoke quietly into her ear, “Ms. Metscal, please, you’re not helping your case with this judge.”

Staring back at the counselor with tears welling in her eyes, she gasped and responded softly, “I-I’m s-sorry.”

“Shall we continue Counselor?”

“Yes Your Honor, please do.”

“Ms. Metscal, it is my unfortunate duty to inform you that your employers were found guilty of all charges, and subsequently changed their pleas to guilty as charged while also providing a full accounting of their crimes to this court.”

Still shaking her head in utter disbelief, she had a gut wrenching knot building in her stomach as she listened on.

“Therefore, by your own admission of being in their employ while inside our borders, during the execution of their crimes, it is the ruling of this court, in full compliance with our laws, that you are hereby declared GUILTY as an accomplice to the said crimes.”

Leaping up from her chair as her tits jumped and bobbled about under her tiny orange dress, the spunky woman yelled out, “WHAT, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT. ARE YOU FUCKING CRAZY? I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ANYTHING ILLEGAL! THIS IS INSANE!”

“GUARDS, SILENCE THE PRISONER!” yelled out the judge.

Leaping into action, two well-trained and prepared guards quickly grabbed Linda’s cuffed body and skillfully pushed a bit-gag deep between her teeth, before pulling the buckling straps together very tight behind her head and pushing her back down into the chair.

With garbled words of protest still escaping from around the bit-gag wedged deep into Linda’s mouth, the judge

exclaimed rather emphatically, “Now, that will be enough inmate #1072! You WILL be silent, or I will order you stripped and flogged, right here, right now, for all to witness!”

Realizing she was helpless against the crazy court’s will and her powerful jailers, she reluctantly ceased her protests in light of the judge’s new threat.

“Inmate #1072, you are hereby ordered to serve alongside your accomplices, at a designated training facility, for the full term of 21-years!”

Completely unprepared to deal with such an unimaginable and horrific fate, she began to mumble incoherently around the bit-gag in her mouth as the ghastly reality of her future began to overwhelm her fragile psyche. Unable to process and comprehend all that was happening to her, everything slowly went black as she fainted in the chair.

Looking on with a familiar look of devastation in their eyes, just as they had for their own wives only minutes earlier; neither Michael nor Diego could muster a word as they stared at the unconscious woman in the chair.

“Guards, return the inmate to Facility 4-69 for further processing, and be sure to vaccinate her too.”

“Yes Sir,” they responded eagerly. Next, they lifted the tiny limp woman from the wooden chair, lifted her dress quite high and injected her with the so-called vaccine accordingly, before carrying her seemingly lifeless body away.

Just then, a man’s voice suddenly spoke out from behind Michael and Diego, “Gentlemen, if you will please come with me, I’ll explain what will be happening next with your wives, and you’re arrangements for the next week.”

Looking behind them, they saw it was Juan. Quickly standing, they followed him back to courthouse lobby and into a small conference room, where he shut the door behind them and asked the men to sit.

“Gentlemen, please, sit.”

With each of them sliding a heavy wooden chair away from the table some, the emotionally spent men sat at the

heavily distressed looking wooden table.

"First, my condolences to the both of you, I know this must be hard to accept right now…"

Still in total shock by all the recent events and unable to speak right then, they sighed deeply as tears welled their eyes.

"Marla and Lexi are on their way back to 4-69 right now. As the judge said, if you would like to stay with us for the week, you will be allowed a conjugal visit in one week's time. If you're planning to stay, we will be happy to allow you the full use of the local quarters we provided last evening. Will you both be staying with us?"

"Yes, we'll stay; we want to see our wives," quipped Michael.

"Very good Sirs… And may I strongly recommend that you allow us to provide you with a free vaccination as well?"

"Is that really necessary Juan?"

"Well, you can't be too careful if you're going to be here for a week and spend any time at the prison with the women. We simply want to protect you from unfortunate realities of prison life in our country. We're strictly looking out for your best interests."

"Fine then, we'll take it."

"Very good. Please take off your jackets and roll up your left sleeves," said Juan as he pulled two syringes from his pocket.

A bit surprised that Juan would actually have the vaccinations with him; they still followed his directions without any further questions and allowed him to inject the mysterious vaccine into their arms.

"That will do it gentlemen. Now, the car is waiting outside to take you back to your quarters!"

"But, what do we do for the next week?" asked Michael.

"Unfortunately, there isn't much entertainment in the local area around the prison. I will have some books and

magazines dropped off to help you pass the time."

"Is there any internet service available? I'd like to research your appeals laws, and break the awful news to a few friends back home," Michael said with a huge lump in his throat.

"I'm sorry gentleman; we have no internet access in the area. I will have the information you seek regarding our appeals process brought to you. But, I must caution you, their confessions will make an appeal nearly impossible under our laws."

Then, with a bit of a devilish smile and snicker, Juan commented, "But, I am quite sure you will find ways to pass the time away gentlemen… Come, please, let's get you to the car."

Walking out to the car now, Michael and Diego took one last look at the awful courthouse of misery, before shutting the car's doors as the driver quickly drove them away.

Shortly into their trip, the driver noticed the men attempting to make subtle adjustments to their pants' crotches as the car rode along. Trying to watch discreetly in the rear view mirror, he could see the look of discomfort building on their faces as they tried to adjust themselves without the other noticing.

Smirking now, the driver began to speak. "I heard about your wives, I'm very sorry."

"Yes, thank you," commented Diego as he squirmed about a bit.

"Is everything okay gentlemen?"

"Yes, yes, w-we're fine driver. Thank y-you," replied Michael.

Still smirking as he glanced in his mirror several times, he kept driving right along.

Finally arriving at the small house across from the prison where their wives were being held and processed, they tried not to look at the facility as they exited the car.

“Gentleman,” the driver called out, “someone, perhaps me, will be back in one week to bring you over to the prison. Again, my sympathies to both of you, and good luck to you all!”

Gesturing goodbye to the driver, they walked into the house and immediately made their way to the bedrooms to change into something more comfortable. They both needed to change out of their suits and into something more comfortable.

Hardly saying a word to one another, they soon found themselves back at the large picture window that looked out at the awful prison. And with the sun beginning to set in the western sky now, they watched the lights slowly come to life behind the tall chain-link walls and cruel barbed wire tops.

Unable to hide the persistent and prominent bulges in their pants, Diego finally relented and was the first to make a comment.

“You know, I feel really strange Michael. Ever since we received that so called vaccine, I just haven’t felt right,” Diego said as he continued to adjust his growing erection under his shorts.

“Yeah, I know me too. I-I don’t know what going on; it’s as if I was shot-up with some kind of super libido stimulator or something. I just can’t seem to control my intensifying urges.”

“You know it buddy; I know exactly what you’re saying! I can’t explain it, my cock just won’t calm down. Do you really think the vaccine was some kind of chemical libido booster? Why?”

“I really don’t know my friend, but something is definitely off here… And I’m concerned for girls, what if their vaccines had similar effects? I can’t help but wonder what they might be going through right now?”

“I didn’t think about that! What kind of awful nightmare is this?”

“I don’t know Diego, I just don’t know,” Michael responded as he stared out the window at the awful prison.

“Well, I’m not sure how much longer I can cope with all this… Maybe this will wear off by the morning. I think I’m going to get some sleep, if I can.”

“Good night Diego, I hope we can both get some rest after today.”

After watching Diego walk away to the bedroom, to get settled in for the evening, Michael just couldn’t seem to control himself any longer. Reaching into his loose fitting sweat pants, he began to stroke his strangely persistent hard-on. Staring out the window at the prison that was holding his beautiful wife, Michael’s hand began to stroke his swollen shaft with greater vigor.

Confused by the unrelenting desires building within his loins, but unwilling to stop his masturbation, he continued unfazed as he suddenly heard Diego’s groans of peaking pleasures echo from the other room. Feeling his own cock wanting to erupt, he knew Diego was succumbing to the same uncontrollable urges.

Completely humiliated and mortified by his body’s current state of sexual excitement, Michael knew something was very wrong. There was no reason for either of them to be so sexually excited on the heels of their wives awful incarcerations. It was just inconceivable that they could be so relentlessly turned-on at such a horrific time.

Feeling the intense pleasure within his manhood reaching its peak, he just managed to lower the front of his sweatpants with his free hand, before suddenly ejaculating a large wad of pasty white cum onto the window about two feet away. Michael’s emotionally spent mind couldn’t help but wonder what dreaded chemical compound they had allowed the prison authorities to inject them with!

Chapter 4

Their Brazilian Nightmare Begins!

It was a terribly long week for Michael and Diego in the small house. Left with little to do but read and stare out the window, the men found themselves constantly succumbing to the urges to masturbate. Unable to seek help or question any officials, they had little choice but to sit and wait while they dealt with their humiliating affliction.

Discreetly disappearing to the bedroom or bathroom at least twice a day over the course of the week, their only relief came when they managed to jerk-off into a napkin or towel. Once their throbbing manhoods ejected their thick spunky loads, they would experience a few hours of peace before the urges began to return.

Finally, on the seventh day of their stay, they spotted a familiar car approaching in the distance. Fortunately, it had been only a few hours since their last orgasm, so they felt okay to travel for the moment.

Standing outside now and quite anxious to get into the car and interrogate the driver about the so-called vaccine they received several days ago, the car barely came to a stop before they grabbed at the door handles and climbed inside.

“What the hell was in that shot we got! And don’t try and tell us it was some vaccine!” exclaimed Michael to the driver who he recognized from the prior week.

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about Mr. Waters. What’s wrong?”

“Really, you’re gonna play stupid with us?”

“I-I don’t know what you mean Sir… Vaccinations are common place here, especially under these circumstances.”

As the car pulled away to head toward the large entry gates at the prison facility, Diego spoke up, “That was no ordinary vaccine. When we get back home, we will get to the bottom of this! And rest assured, we will take this to the international authorities if necessary, you can count on that!”

“Yes Sir, I would imagine you will, but I have no idea what you might find or might lay claim to,” said the driver with a grin on his face.

Quickly arriving at the prison’s entry guardhouse that was less than a mile away, the driver lowered his window and said to waiting guard, “Mr. Waters and Mr. Santos are here for their court appointed visits.”

Looking down at the clipboard in his hands, he eventually looked up and responded, “Go on ahead. They are scheduled for room 1001.”

“Thank you,” the driver replied as he slowly pulled forward while rolling up his window.

Inside now, the facility looked even more intimating to Michael and Diego as they sat quietly in the back seat. Within a few hundred yards, the driver pulled up to a heavily barred door with a sign reading ‘Visitas’ posted above it, and said, “Gentleman, through that door and you’ll be checked-in for your visit.”

A bit taken aback as they exited the car without any further questions or comments, Michael and Diego approached the old and worn looking door with a sense of trepidation. Reaching out, Michael grasped the heavy door’s brass handle and began to pull it open. Squeaking rather loudly as it slowly swung open, the men each took a deep breath and entered the facility.

Inside, it was an imposing looking area from what they could see. The unexpectedly large room was somewhat dimly lit and lined with wooden oak tables that had guards standing on the other sides. The block walls were noticeably blank and bleak while the humid air had a peculiar smell to it. As their eyes continued to adjust from the bright sunshine outside, they could see there were already several men standing before a

number of guards, each presumably in a varying stage of preparedness to make their visit. It only took a few seconds for them to realize what would be required of them, as they watched a few of the men walk through a door to the large cellblock behind the tables, in only their skivvies.

Still struck by the unexpected sights inside, they soon heard a guard speak out, “Gentlemen, approach please.”

Spotting the guard who asked them to approach, they walked up to a table that had two guards behind it. Standing side-by-side now, Michael and Diego soon received their next orders.

“Empty your pockets onto the table, everything please!”

One pocket at a time, they emptied the few items they had with them onto the tabletop, including the condoms they’d brought along. Thinking ahead, they knew a pregnancy behind bars would be a positively devastating thing for the girls, and them.

After placing all their items onto the tabletop, one of the guards quickly commented, “Sorry fellas, rubbers are not allowed inside!” as he brushed their personal belongings into a small box.

“But, but how are we…”

“Are you attempting to argue with me Sir!” the guard quickly interrupted Diego.

“Ahh, No, No Sir,” Diego said timidly.

“Good! Now strip down to your underpants and place your clothes and shoes in these bins,” said the guard as he plunked two larger plastic bins on the table for their clothing.

Nervously, they removed their shoes and stripped off their clothing, just as directed.

Next, the guard said, “Gentleman, do you have any contraband in the clothing you deposited in the bin?”

A bit confounded by the odd question as they weren’t given a list of banded items, they each answered, “No,” as if challenging by the question.

“Good! Now, lower your underwear to your knees, raise your arms, and turn around slowly for inspection.”

Inhaling deeply, the incredibly handsome men slowly lowered their boxers to their knees, raised their arms, and turned around in a complete circle as the guards visually inspected their remarkable physiques.

Unfortunately for the incredibly embarrassed men, their bodies were just beginning to feel the humiliating urges in their loins returning. Unable to control it, their cocks began to swell just a bit while under the inspection process.

Smiling, one of the guards said, “Very good, now pull up your underwear and proceed to the door over there. We can see you’re getting anxious for your visit.”

Without any kind of verbal response, the humiliated and barefoot men quickly pulled up their boxers and headed for the door.

Standing at the door now, they looked up to the sign above that read, ‘El condenado’. Taken aback by the harsh words above the door, it wasn’t long before another guard addressed them. “Is this your first visit to room 1001 at 4-69 Gentlemen?”

“Yes,” they both responded awkwardly as their boxers now displayed even more prominent bulges.

“Okay, a few rules for you both… One, proceed directly to the inmate you are here to visit, no stops along the way.”

Looking down at his clipboard now, he continued, “The inmates you are here to see today will be in the far left row, at the end, on the 9^{th} and 10^{th} slab pads.”

Looking back up to the nervous men, he continued once again, “Two, do not attempt to release or adjust any of their restraints. The inmates are carefully prepared and restrained for everyone’s safety…

“Three, you may touch, embrace, and enjoy the inmates in any way you wish, provided you do not mess with their restraints… Do you understand these rules?”

“Y-Yes,” the clearly uneasy men replied once again.

“Very well, you may enter, and I suggest you don’t waste any of your time, you will have one hour, no more,” said the guard as he unlocked the door and allowed the mostly naked men into the room behind.

Entering the large room, the temperature and lighting was surprisingly comfortable compared to the room they just left, but it was only a matter of seconds before they were immediately astonished by what they saw before them. Stopping in their tracks for a few moments, their wide eyes began to scan the three rows of naked and bound women who were all strapped down to padded, leather covered, mattress sized wooden slabs on the floor, while humiliatingly bound and exposed. Meticulously positioned atop 6-inch high, leather padded pallets of sorts; all of the beautiful women in the room were prepared in exactly the same way for their visitors.

Inside the room full of incarcerated women, they were all lying on their backs with their arms tightly contained in leather arm-binders, which made their positioning look quite uncomfortable. And with their cuffed ankles pulled up toward their hips and secured about 3-feet apart to the platform, their sharply bent knees were then pulled apart wide and secured down to the outer edges of the padded boxes with straps.

This highly uncomfortable looking position had the helplessly bound women lying atop their cruelly trapped arms, with their jutting breasts and strikingly hard nipples thrusting toward the ceiling, thus leaving their vulnerable womanhoods remarkably exposed to any passing man who might be so enticed to attempt an unapproved pit stop.

Looking out over the vast display of helpless female inmates who were naked and spread-open atop the numerous padded platforms, they were witnessing some stunning sights. Some men were apparently finishing-up their hour-long visit, while others were in the middle of things or just arriving, much like themselves. Clearly in various stages of their visits, they spotted some men on their knees and atop their presumed wives with their shorts lowered and thrusting away at the tightly secured bodies, while others were taking the

opportunity to provide their wives with intense oral pleasures, while yet others were snuggling, kissing and caressing the soft naked body before them.

At the prompting of a random guard, Michael and Diego regained themselves and began to walk down the aisle on the left, to the last two slabs. Right away, they could see there were two women secured to the last two slabs and waiting for their arrival, just as the earlier guard said. Within a few steps, it was clear that Marla was on slab #9 and Lexi was on slab #10.

Still a few slabs from arriving at their wives positions, they quickly spotted Linda tightly bound to slab #8. As the shock of what they were seeing started to wear off just a bit, they slowed to get a good look at Linda's attractive body as they passed. While Marla and Lexi were certainly beautiful young women, they could only hope that the two women would look as remarkable as Linda when they reached their fifties!

What caught their attention next as they took in the amazing sights around them, was that none of the incarcerated and vulnerable women appeared overly distraught by their predicaments. In fact, they actually looked a bit sexually anxious in an oddly stimulated kind of way, including Linda, Marla and Lexi.

Finally arriving at their wives, Michael and Diego knelt down between their spread legs and rocked forward to kiss them. Feeling their hard nipples press against their manly chests as they lowered themselves down over the bound women, they were both surprised by the apparent passion in their kisses.

Pulling his lips away from Marla's eagerly kissing mouth, Michael spoke softly, "It's so good to see you sweetheart. How are you doing?"

"I'm okay I guess. It's been such a long week waiting to see you my love."

"I know… it's been agonizing for me too."

“I want you to know how much I love you Michael. No matter what happens to me, I will never lose my love for you.”

Feeling chocked up, he replied softly, “I know baby, I know. And I feel the same for you sweetie.”

With her pleading eyes now staring deeply into Michael’s, she simply couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Michael honey… I can’t wait any longer sweetie, please make love to me, right now, pleeeease!”

Staring down into her pleading eyes, he quickly became lost in his own swelling lust as he lowered his mouth to her left nipple and muttered, “Oh god… I’m so ready too…” before softy kissing her erect pleasure nub.

Gasping at the touch of his lips on her sensitive nipple, her bound body seemed to erupt with raw desire as his warm tongue massaged her excited bud, before he rose up onto his knees and lowered his boxers to around his knees.

Looking down across her own jutting breasts and fully erect nipples, a whimpering groan escaped from her throat as she watched his hard 9-inch cock spring loose from his shorts and stand straight out, ready for action.

While lowering himself onto one hand alongside Marla’s left shoulder, she squirmed and strained against the arm-binder in anxious anticipation, while he used his other hand to guide his bulbous cock head to her waiting slit.

Feeling more like a sex crazed deviant than a loving husband who just lost his wife to a foreign prison system, he pressed his swollen and smooth crown to her feminine lips. Pleasantly surprised by the exceptional wetness that awaited his throbbing shaft, he felt his cock slip inside his wife’s slippery pussy with amazing ease.

Instantaneously, their hypersensitive bodies quivered and shook as their intensely intimate connection was made. Unsure how to feel about the extraordinary lust that was overwhelming them while under such horrific circumstances, they simply couldn’t control the way their bodies responded as

Michael began to slip his ribbed shaft in and out of Marla's clenching pussy.

Within seconds of Michael's entry into Marla, they heard Lexi squeal softly as Diego found his mark with his love shaft. Side-by-side, the intensely horny couples were now making love as if nestled in the soft sands of an exotic Caribbean beach.

Both Marla's and Lexi's legs strained against the straps that held their knees open, and the cuffs that held their ankles to the platforms. Desperately wanting to embrace their husbands' in some kind of way, they were unable to do anything but lay there and accept their fates.

With increasing speed and ferocity, Michael and Diego were beginning to slam their hard cocks in and out of the women's tight and very wet cunts, while their hard clits skipped across the pleasure ridges of their super swollen shafts. A full twenty minutes into their session, their groaning and glistening bodies were so fully engaged with the passion and lust of the moment, that they were barely able to catch their breaths.

Feeling the inexplicable sexual excitement building and building in their bodies, Marla strained to lift her head and whisper breathlessly into his ear, "W-what's h-happening to us M-Michael?"

After kissing Marla on her straining neck, he responded, "I-I'm not sure honey, but I th-think it has something to do with the v-vaccine. Me and D-Diego were t-talked into getting one too."

Straining to keep her head up, she returned Michael's kiss and continued, "I-I know, L-Lexi and I have been so h-horny since we got it. It's been awful…"

"Y-yeah, so have w-we baby," he quipped, before his entire body began to twitch and tighten. Suddenly, Michael's cock began to pulse and throb more rapidly as he began to slow his thrusting pace in a futile to gain some control over himself.

“Oh my god, y-you feel so g-good inside me Michael… Fuck me baby, f-fuck me harder…” she said with an exasperated exhale.

She knew exactly what was coming very soon, and nothing but feeling her husband’s cock explode deep inside her womanhood seemed to matter.

“I-I’m gonna cum Marla! I-I’m sorry honey, I-I-I’m gonna c-cum inside you…” he exhaled rather loudly as he felt his glorious wad shoot through the narrow channel in his shaft and explode into her hot box.

“Ohh yeah s-sweetie, its o-okay, give it all to me baby, f-fill me up,” she exclaimed before she gently bit his earlobe while her own body erupted in a climax as well.

Overwhelmed by the primeval pleasures that were sweeping over and through them, they grunted, groaned and convulsed as their sexual lust seeped from every pore in their glistening bodies. With the last few shots of his jism filling Marla’s womb, their spent bodies began to relax as they worked to catch their breaths.

“Oh my god Michael… it’s never felt like that before,” exhaled Marla into his ear.

“What have they done to us? What’s gonna happen to us now Michael,” she whimpered.

It wasn’t much longer after they succumbed to their lust that they heard Diego and Lexi give way to their own uncontrollable pleasures. Gasping and groaning rather loudly, the young couple shook and quivered as Diego’s large thrusting shaft emptied itself between Lexi’s widely spread legs.

While Michael and Diego were lovingly kissing their helpless wives while slowly winding down from their remarkably intense orgasms, they suddenly heard a familiar voice ring out nearby.

“Gentlemen, I see you’ve made the most of your visits with your lovely wives today. Very impressive I might add.”

Turning their heads around to seek out the man speaking, they quickly recognized Juan as he lowered his shorts and dropped to his knees between Linda's open legs.

"Being an official of the courts has its benefits," snickered Juan as he smiled and winked at the men, while quickly positioned himself between Linda's widely spread legs and aligning his 10-inch pleasure pole with her waiting box.

Having just watched Marla and Lexi being harpooned by their handsome husbands, Linda knew her pent up lust must have been rather obvious to Juan. She could feel her excitement throbbing in her hard nipples and clit, and she knew her drooling pussy would be no match for Juan's advancing member.

All four of them watched with mixed expressions of disbelief and curiosity on their faces as Juan placed the bulbous head of his cock to Linda's labia lips and slowly pushed his fat crown into her defenseless pussy. Like a hot knife through butter, his fat man spear parted her glistening lips and slowly disappeared deep into her womanly regions.

Almost immediately, Linda's head rolled back on the platform as her body strained and jerked against her bonds while the stranger's large cock pushed deeper and deeper inside her canal. And like a fine piece of decadent chocolate in her warm mouth, her wet pussy seemed to accept the unfamiliar cock with apparent eagerness for more. With her sensitive nipples as hard as tiny marbles and her womb grasping at the invader that was tickling her clit, Linda knew it was useless to fight against the sexual pleasure that was inexplicably building within.

Having overheard the discussions amongst her friends on the neighboring slabs several minutes earlier, she quickly concurred with their assessment of the vaccine's effects. She had never felt like she had over the past week, and with the uninvited visitor between her legs bringing her such unfathomable pleasure, she just knew it had to be the vaccine!

Watching Linda's dumbfounded reaction to being drilled by one of her Brazilian jailers, Marla and Lexi knew exactly

what she was feeling at that moment. While Juan may have been a stranger to her, her lusting body clearly welcomed the insertion of the man's throbbing cock inside it. Knowing she was a widow, Marla and Lexi knew her relief would have to come from elsewhere. In a strange kind of way, they felt a sense of relief for the poor woman. Even though they were much younger and perhaps more sexually viral, they had a hard time imagining what it would be like not to have some form of relief between their legs.

With Michael and Diego still positioned over their naked wives' bodies, with their semi erect cocks barely remaining inside their cum filled slits, they couldn't help but be intrigued by what they were witnessing right next to them. It was like Juan knew he had an audience, and that only further fueled his sadistic desires. Almost mesmerized now, they watched Juan's finely toned body thrusting faster and harder with each passing moment, while in near concert, they watched Linda's mouth slowly open wider and wider with excited disbelief as her body began to quiver with the telltale signs of an impending climax.

Feeling as if her vagina was about to implode, Linda's head lifted off the slab as she made eye contact with Juan. Unable to project a single word from her paralyzed throat, her wide and frantic eyes were desperately trying to plead with Juan for something, and it definitely wasn't to stop!

Looking into Linda's crazed eyes, he smiled gently and said with a breathless voice, "Just another moment my lovely… My coveted treasure is about to fill your box my dear."

With her neck still straining to hold her head up so high as she gasped for more air through her open mouth, her head nodded gently in acceptance of the inevitable.

Suddenly, Juan grunted out loud and slammed his pelvis tightly to Linda's as his head rolled back and his cock exploded violently inside her pussy.

Feeling his throbbing beast abruptly eject its hot load deep inside her womanhood, her head abruptly fell back to the

padded slab with a thud, as her body shook and strained against the bonds holding her down and open. As wave after wave of her orgasm slowly subsided, she was finally able to breathe again as she felt Juan's cock slowly beginning to whither inside her now sloppy cunt.

Stunned, but oddly energized by what they just witnessed, Michael and Diego gently rolled down alongside their wives.

Feeling a bit sentimental and emotional in the wake of his orgasm, Michael said, "I'm sorry Marla, I don't know what I can do to help sweetheart. I feel so powerless."

"It's not your fault my love. I don't understand how this could have happened to us, but it has nothing to do with you or Diego."

Snuggling a bit closer, if that was even possible, Michael continued, "So, have you learned anymore about what will happen next? Has anyone explained what the training facility is, or where it is?"

Approaching tears, Marla spoke softly, "I'm not sure you want to know honey."

"Of course I want know, please tell me what you know!"

Sniffling, she replied, "We're quite sure we overheard the guards talking about it. They didn't think we could hear them, but we could. We think we're being sent to a pony-slave farm, to be trained as some kind of pony-girls…"

"WHAT!"

"Shhhh, please don't yell honey. I don't think we're supposed to know anything about this."

"I can't believe that, that can't be true. How can they do this to Americans, to any human being?"

"Now listen Michael, please listen to me carefully, I think you and Diego might be in danger here too."

With a quizzical look on his face, he asked, "Danger, what do you mean danger?"

Still with a crackle in her voice, she responded, “Please sweetie, keep your voice down… I thought I heard one of the guards say; that with you and Diego at our sides, we’ll make the perfect slave couples for the Shackels.”

“What… slave couples? And who in the hell are the Shackels? I don’t get it, what the fuck is really going on down here?”

“Baby please, I think it’s best if you and Diego go back home as soon as possible. I’ll let you know where we are just as soon as I can. Please Michael, I love you too much to see you in here with us. Besides, if we’re all in custody, who’s left to work on securing our release?”

Hearing a strange sighing moan coming from Diego and Lexi, they looked over to see Diego remounting Lexi. With Lexi still tightly bound to the slab, Diego was slipping his re-awakened cock inside her once again. That’s when Michael noticed that his recently spent cock was strangely coming back to life too. Between what he saw with Linda, and now Diego and Lexi, he found himself responding in a rather unexpected way. But then again, given the inexplicable effects of the vaccine on all of them, he supposed there was no longer an ‘expected’ way of things.

Inhaling deeply, he turned his attention back to Marla and said, “I-I don’t know if I can just leave you here and wait to see what happens next. Besides, the thought of you and Lexi being trained as some kind of pony-girl slaves is just too awful to think about.…”

Feeling Michael’s cock throbbing back to life against her naked flesh, she forced herself to smile and said, “I know honey, I know. Let’s not think about that right now… Why don’t you make love to me again while we have the chance?”

So while his head was gently shaking ‘No’, his eyes and body were pleading a much different case.

Starting to breathe more rapidly and shallow now, he responded, “Oh my god, I do want to make love to you again Marla. I hope you won’t think badly of me sweetie,” as he

rolled back onto his knees and prepared to press his smooth crown to Marla's glistening pussy lips for a second time.

Glancing over to see Lexi twisting and straining against the bonds once again while Diego was enthusiastically thrusting himself in and out of her pleasure box, Marla said softly, "Give it to me again Michael! Please, give it all to me. Don't hold anything back honey, I want it all inside me baby!"

Within seconds, both men were back on top of their helpless wives and pounding away at their coveted openings with an astonishing display of lust and urgency. Fully engaged in another pleasure session with their women, the men were clearly consumed in their efforts as their loudly groaning wives quickly surrendered to the pleasures of their husbands' sex tools sliding back and forth across their swollen and sensitive clits.

While Michael was consumed with an unrelenting desire for Marla, he continued to mentally process her warning. Were there really people out there who would make his wife their pony-slave? And what would her owners have in mind for him? While the notion of being incarcerated as some kind of kinky slaves mortified him, his insatiable need to climax inside his wife's vulnerable pussy was unwavering despite it all!

Suddenly, both men were startled when they felt a warm hand come to rest on their shoulders. Standing between them now, Juan placed a hand on each man and said, "It's good to see you both enjoying your lovely wives so. I wish you the best of luck gentlemen; it may be some time before you get to enjoy them in quite the same fashion again."

While his evil sounding tone and cryptic message was concerning, especially to Michael, they were both way too engrossed in their current duties to be overly distracted by the man as he departed the large holding room. So, with the random lustful sounds of orgasms echoing from the numerous female prisoners and visitors within the conjugal room, it wasn't much longer before Michael, Marla, Diego and Lexi contributed to the persistent sounds of sexual release.

In what felt like a repeat performance while connected only by the sex organs, the couples' twisting bodies soon succumbed to a second body-draining climax.

Finally spent for a second time in under an hour, both Michael and Diego were now resting back alongside their wives as the women laid uncomfortably atop their encased arms. Unsure what to do next, or how to deal with their wives' cruel imprisonment, the men gently kissed on their sexy necks while gently caressing their jutting breasts and hard nipples.

Still held open and exposed on the slabs, the women stared up to the ceiling with renewed looks of dreadful concern on their faces. Not knowing what was going to happen to them next was emotionally stressful and draining for the young women.

Finally regaining her full composure as her husband caressed her hypersensitive body, Marla whispered into Michael's ear, "Please, please don't stay here. Go back home as quickly as you can and wait to hear from me."

Very reluctantly, Michael sucked it up and said, "I will… But know that I'll never stop working for your freedom. And don't ever forget how much I love you Marla."

"I know, and I'm counting on that. Your love will keep me going each and every day."

Right then, a guard's loud voice rang out behind them, "Gentleman, your hour is up. Please follow me!"

Giving their wives one last kiss for the time being, they rose to their feet, pulled up their boxers, and followed the guard toward the room's exit door. Looking back to their wives one last time before they exited through the barred door, the men couldn't help but wonder if another passing visitor or guard might just help themselves to a turn with their wives!

Back inside the processing room, Michael and Diego were a bit surprised to see four guards standing by their tubs of belongings and apparently waiting for them to return. Michael didn't know if Lexi shared with Diego any of the information and concerns that Marla shared with him, but he suddenly had

a really bad feeling about what he was seeing about 20-feet way.

Approaching the table with their belongings, one of the guards suddenly blurted out, “Gentlemen, do you care to explain these handcuff keys that we found hidden in your pants?” as he dangled them before the men.

Looking at each other first, as if to wonder if the other might have attempted to smuggle the keys into the prison, they soon responded, “Those aren’t ours. You must be mistaken.”

“I can assure you that we found these keys hidden in your belongings. The only possible reason to have these keys is that you were planning an escape with your wives.”

As their heads shook ‘No’, the guards quickly swept around behind their backs and abruptly handcuffed them before they could muster any resistance.

“WAIT, WAIT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING.” yelled Diego.

“STOP, YOU CAN’T DO THIS, STOP!” exclaimed Michael, in a very anxious tone. He immediately thought back to Marla’s comments, which made his blood run icy cold.

Next, without any warning, the guards roughly pushed red ball gags into their mouths and pulled the buckles extremely tight behind their heads.

“Mr. Waters and Mr. Santos, you are under arrest for attempting to commit a prison escape.”

Groaning loudly and shaking their heads in objection, they stood before the guards. Standing there, accused of a serious crime, with ball gags strapped deep in their mouths, and their wrists cuffed tightly behind them while wearing nothing more than their boxer shorts, the men’s hearted were racing wild with anxiety.

“Take the prisoners to a holding cell, and I’ll call the judge for a ruling on sentence,” said the guard in charge.

Hearing the guard’s comments, Michael and Diego felt their stomachs roll over and drop. How could there be a

‘ruling on sentence’ when there hasn’t even been an investigation or a trial, they thought to themselves.

Still standing there in shock, they hadn’t even notice that some guards had knelt down behind them with metal ankle cuffs in-hand. Again, without warning, they felt and heard the ankle cuffs quickly set around their ankles. Next, while still in a state of stunned disbelief, they felt collars being secured around their necks, with leather leashes dangling down their front sides.

Next, the guards grabbed the highly unsettled men by the leashes dangling from their prison issued collars and roughly pulled them back toward the door to room 1001. Now back inside the room that they just left, they were led right down the same isle where their wives laid. Heading for the door at the back of the room that led into the prison itself, the hobbled, cuffed and gagged men struggled against the guards’ strong pull on the degrading leashes as they headed right for their wives. And when they passed by Marla and Lexi, still secured to the slabs, the mortified women squealed and cried with distress as they watched their bound husbands being take away by the leashes pulling taught from their collars.

“No, No, please don’t! Michael, what happened? What’s happening?” Marla called out in a crying voice.

The frantic men had only a few seconds to gaze into their wives’ wide eyes as they were led through the conjugal chamber and into the prison proper.

Distraught by what they just witnessed, Marla, Lexi and even Linda felt a whole new sensation of hopelessness wash over them as their only advocates on the outside now appeared to be in custody just like themselves!

“Oh my god,” quipped Marla. “This can’t be happening to us. How did we end up like this? Is it possible we’re all going to be trained as some kind of perverted pony slaves? Who would do such a thing and WHY?”

Responding in a whimpering tone, Lexi commented, “Please don’t talk like that Marla. I – I can’t be a pony s-slave, I just c-can’t Marla. Somebody has to help us, pleeeease….”

Staring to lose control herself, Linda spoke out rather loudly, “W-what the h-hell did you two get m-me into! Y-you do release we’re looking at l-lives as s-sex-slaves right?”

Unable to respond to the idea of being trained as helpless sex-toys, the sniffling women laid there in near silence as their imaginations began to run wild.

Inside one of the prison holding cells now, Michael and Diego were quickly pushed up against a cold cement block wall where their collars were pulled upward and clasped to metal eyebolts. This kept their cuffed and nearly naked bodies standing tall by their stretched necks while they waited for what was next.

And it didn’t take long for them to learn what was next. Within fifteen minutes, they heard several men talking rather loudly out in the corridor as they approached the holding cell. While they weren’t able to understand exactly what they were saying, they instinctively knew it wasn’t good. Unable to talk with the gags in-place, Michael had no way of knowing if Diego had any inkling of the suspicions that Marla shared with him.

Hearing the men approaching step-by-step, their hearts were thumping hard as they approached the cell and entered. Immediately, they recognized Juan and the judge as they entered the cell.

“Good afternoon gentlemen,” the judge called out with a smirk on his face. “I must say, I’m quite pleased to see you again.”

Stepping up next to the judge, Juan said, “I love it when a well thought out plan comes together!”

“Gentlemen,” the judge called out again, “you’ve been caught red-handed with the tools needed to facilitate the escape of your lovely wives. Fortunately we expected such criminal treachery from you two, so we were very well prepared.”

Staring back at the judge with their wide eyes and shaking their heads in objection, they could do little else but

stand there against the wall and listen.

"I'm giving you both the opportunity here to forego a trial and plead guilty to the charges… Do you plead guilty as charged?"

"Shaking their heads emphatically 'No', the judge smirked once again and said, "Fine, let me see if we change your minds."

Motioning to the guards standing alongside them, he pointed to the prisoners' boxer shorts and nodded his head.

Springing into action, the guards stepped in front of Michael and Diego and roughly pulled the men's boxers to their cuffed ankles. Next, Michael and Diego looked down in horror as the guards retrieved a pair of wire-loop cinchers from their belts and quickly began to work the wire loops around their vulnerable manhoods.

Feeling the guards roughly squeezing and pulling on their cocks and balls as they worked the wire cinchers around their sensitive privates, the men were helpless against the effort to persuade their pleas. Feeling the wires surrounding their packages they soon felt the wire loops closing around them as the guards slowly turned on the handles that pulled the loops closed. Within a few seconds, there was no mistaking the power of the cinchers as their manhoods were now being strangled by the constricting wire loops.

When the guards finally stopped cranking on the cinchers, the judge spoke out again, "Let's try this again gentlemen. Are you guilty of the charges levied against you?"

With a bit less confidence, they shook their heads 'No' once again.

Pointing to the cinchers, the judge smiled and said, "Two more turns please."

With their wide eyes looking down nervously, they watched the guards crank the handles two full turns. This immediately pulled the biting wires even tighter around the bases of their sensitive manhoods.

“Again, are you guilty of the charges brought against you?”

Still in denial of the gravity of their situation, they again shook their heads ‘No’ as panic began to fill their desperate eyes.

“Make it three this time,” the judge responded.

Again, they watched in horror as the guards cranked the wires tighter by three full turns. By the time they were done turning the handles, the men were snorting through their flaring nostrils while their eyes felt like they were about to bug-out of their sockets.

“Okay gentlemen, one more time, are you ready to plead guilty to the charges against you?”

Absolutely unwilling to endure another turn of the handles, they both started nodding their heads up and down in a rather animated fashion, in what was nothing more than an act of self-defense.

“Ahh, I thought you might come around to the truth sooner or later. See all the time and expense we’ve avoided by addressing this situation here rather than at the courthouse.”

Groaning quite loudly in discomfort, the men nodded their heads in approval once again.

“Gentleman, as a result of your guilty pleas before me, you are both herby sentenced to serve alongside your wives at a designated training facility, and for the full and complete duration of their sentences. Do you willingly accept my gracious sentence?”

Finding it hard to fully comprehend the judge’s words as their painfully swollen and aching manhood’s throbbed with unspeakable aguish, they again nodded their heads in acceptance as blank stares of defeat started to wash over their faces.

“Very good gentlemen, it’s been a pleasure to enslave you and your wives,” he said with a big smile on his face.

“And just in case you’re wondering, under the guise of an international criminal conviction, you’re all being sold to a pony-slave training facility back in your homeland, more specifically, to the Shackels in the former state of Texas.”

Gasping and grunting with distress, they really couldn’t object to anything the judge said. Recognizing their fates were now sealed at the corrupt hands of the Brazilian authorities, the stunned young men were in shock.

Stepping to within several inches of the defeated men, the judge continued, “Once there, you will be the property of the Shackels. You and the females will be fully trained in all the duties of a pony-slave. You will learn to satisfy any and all of the Shackel’s needs, and from what I understand, they have many unique and entertaining needs.”

Stepping back, the judge turned for the cell’s door and called out, “Have them all ready for departure tomorrow morning. The five of them will be flown to the Shackel’s ranch via President Garcia’s private jet first thing.”

Watching the judge disappear from the cell, leaving them to contemplate their unexpected captures, they were extremely relieved when Juan suddenly reached down and loosened the manhood cinchers a few turns.

“There, that should allow enough circulation to keep your equipment from shriveling up and falling off overnight. We’ll be back in the morning to get you two ready for the plane ride. And by the way, I will be accompanying you and the lovely women on your flight… I suggest you get some rest gentlemen, you have a busy day ahead of you tomorrow.”

Watching Juan and the guards depart the cell, the cell door quickly closed behind them with a loud clank. Left to stand for the night against the cold block wall, with their manhood’s snugly cinched for the night, the bound and gagged men were desperately hoping and praying that the effects of vaccine wouldn’t cause their bound cocks any unbearable trouble as the hours passed by!

Chapter 5

The Delivery Commences

It was a long and grueling night at Prison 4-69 for the Waters', the Santos' and Linda. While Michael and Diego spent the evening bound, gagged and collared, standing up against the cold wall with their boxers down around their ankles, the women spent the night wondering what had happened to them. For Marla and Lexi, it was an emotionally charged evening of dreadful anticipation and despair. They knew they were being delivered to a designated training facility in the morning, but unlike Michael and Diego, they had little more information than that.

Having spent the week in neighboring cells, the three women had been allowed to converse rather freely.

"What do you think happened to the boys Marla?"

"I-I don't know Lexi. I'm not even sure what to think anymore."

"Do you think they're in still in the prison someplace?"

"To be honest, I expect they are. And based on what we've overheard the guards saying, I think we'll be meeting up with them again soon. I'm just not so sure it's gonna be a good thing."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Do you really think we're going to be sent away to be trained as pony-slaves? I've read some really insane and intense books about human pony training, and while I believed them to be completely fictional, what if they weren't? I couldn't live like that Marla, I just couldn't!"

"Lexi, we'll do what we have to do to make it through this. I just can't believe that the Brazilian government can do this to us and get away with it. Someone has to catch wind of this injustice and rescue us?"

“You would think so,” chimed in Linda. “But if the Talistaun have anything to do with this, we could spend the rest of our lives as slaves… Made to suffer at the hands of sadistically horny people who have no regard for anything but their own perverse sexual pleasures, you have no idea how bad things could get for us.”

“Linda please,” pleaded Marla. “Talking like that doesn’t help anything.”

“Yeah, but if it plays out that way, you know we may never be free again…”

While Linda was finishing her heart stopping comments, several male guards appeared at their cell doors, led by Helena, one of the prison’s managing guards.

“Are we ready to travel ladies? You were freshly bathed last night, so all we have left to do this morning is properly dress you for the trip. I’ll explain more about your destination when we’re done preparing each of you,” said Helena.

As if on cue, the male guards unlocked the cells and entered, then pulled the three prisoners into the corridor, where they were lined up in the center aisleway and tethered by their collars to the wooden stall walls on either side of them. Held quite secure by the collars around their necks, the women couldn’t go far even with the use of their arms and legs. Instinctively pulling down on the short and flimsy prison dresses that they were re-dressed with after the bathing sessions that followed their conjugal visits, they could only stand and wait for what was coming next while they struggled to conceal their nearly exposed pussies.

“I don’t expect I’ll need to remind any of you about the rules on talking without permission?”

And while all three ladies timidly nodded their heads in a gesture of agreement, it was Marla who sought permission to speak first.

“Ma’am, please, may I ask a question?”

Recognizing Marla’s obedience with a smile, Helena said, “Yes you may Marla. You may ask one question.”

“Thank you Ma’am,” she replied in an anxious tone. “Ma’am, please, what happened to our husbands, are they still here in the prison?”

“That was two questions inmate!” snarled Helena. “But given the circumstances, I’ll enjoy answering them both… Your husbands have admitted to carrying contraband keys with the intent to attempt an escape with you girls. So to answer your questions, they were arrested and are now incarcerated, and yes, they are being held in this very same prison!”

Gasping in stunned disbelief, Marla opened her mouth to speak again, when Helena quickly put a stop to that by waving her index finger and disrupting her before any words could escape her mouth.

“NO, NO, NO, you’ve had your questions. You’ll stand silent now!” she exclaimed emphatically, before motioning to the guards to begin their work.

Unwilling to tempt Helena’s wrath, Marla begrudgingly held her tongue and stood in silence.

Starting with Marla, the guards approached her and went right to work while the other two inmates watched. With four strong guards surrounding her, they abruptly pulled her arms out wide from her sides and quickly cut away her dress, leaving her completely naked.

“You won’t be needing this any longer,” said the guard with the scissors, as he held up the cut and torn garment for all to see, before eventually tossing it to the side.

Marla gasped and whimpered at being completely naked before the guards, her friends, and the dozens of other inmates anxiously looking on from behind the bars of their cells. Fully realized that they were next, Lexi and Linda closed their eyes and cringed as the surrounding inmates snickered and chuckled at Marla’s obvious humiliation.

Next, her arms were roughly pulled behind her back and slipped into a black leather arm-binder, nearly identical to the one she wore to the conjugal room the afternoon before. With remarkable skill and speed, the guards crisscrossed the holding

straps over her shoulders and then laced her arms into the extreme restraint with relative ease. Left to stand there on display with her impressively large and firm breasts lifted and jutting outward by her stance, her nipples were quickly growing even larger in response to her exposure and the prison's warm and moist air that gently caressed her sensitive buds.

With her arms properly secured now, one of the guards produced a frightening looking bit-gag device. Contained within a small black leather harness of sorts, the guard pressed the ½-inch diameter bit with the large silver rings on each end between her teeth. And despite her futile protests, two other guards quickly wrapped the harness's straps around her head, before buckling them together behind her head. Feeling the tightness of the leather straps encasing her head as they held the bit deep between her teeth, she couldn't help but think of how authentic the awful device would be for her impending pony training, not to mention how she must look in it.

Far more concerned now about her current apparel then she was with her initial embarrassment of being naked before so many people, her concerns were now clearly focused on the perils of her bonds, and what may still be in-store for her.

Next, a black leather garter belt lined with tiny silver studs was wrapped around her slender waist and fastened tight, leaving the four black stocking clips to dangle down the front of her thighs and across her svelte smooth ass cheeks. Almost immediately her right leg was lifted, followed by the precise fitting of a very fine, black fishnet, stocking on her shapely leg, before being followed by an identical stocking for her left leg. With both of her smooth and sexy legs covered in the alluring fishnet stockings, they were quickly connected to the waiting garter belt clips.

With her legs now neatly dressed in the sexy stockings, a pair of black leather, ankle-high, boots were placed on the floor before her. Adorned with numerous tiny metal studs like the garter and supported by 4-inch tall heels, the footwear looked unique for sure. Next, and with minimal prompting from the guards, Marla resigned to lifting her right foot and

allowing the boot to be slipped on, and zipped up. Then, after stepping up onto the tall-heeled shoe on her right foot, it was even easier for the guards to place the remaining shoe onto her other foot.

Working to regain her balance atop the unusually high-heeled boots that barely covered her slender and wobbly ankles, she couldn't imagine what might be next, until she spotted Helena approaching with something that made her heart begin to race. Instinctively backing away from the approaching female guard until the leather tethers connected to the walls drew tight on her collar, she was shaking her head in objection as she stared at the devices dangling from a short chain in Helena's hand.

"And where do think you're going Ms. Marla? I have something for you sweetie."

Unable to move away any farther, Marla stood there on her heels, her arms laced tightly together behind her back while somewhat silenced by the awful bit-gag between her teeth, while her sensitive nipples stood out from her beautiful sexy body as if begging for attention, which Helena was getting ready to accommodate.

Standing toe to toe with Marla now, Helena reached out and began to gently role and massage her highly sensitive pleasure buds with her soft fingertips. Held steady by the tethers on her collar, she was helpless against Helena's erotic touch.

"By your reaction my dear, I'm betting you know exactly what these are for," she said as she held up two nipple presses dangling from a short chain for Marla and the others to get a good look at.

Knowing they would soon be facing the same awful preparations as Marla; Lexi and Linda couldn't hold back their distress any longer as they watched Helena tease Marla's hypersensitive nipples in preparation for the clamps. Beginning to whimper and groan as they pulled and twisted against the tethers that were holding them in-place, Helena took great pleasure in watching the other inmates fret with

anticipation. And unfortunately for the three of them, their nipples were exceptionally alive and sensitive since their vaccines, and that made the prospects even more frightening.

Marla knew exactly what the awful devices were and how they worked, as her widening eyes locked onto the shiny metal presses while her head shook gently in objection. Trying to beg and plead from around the bit-gag wedged in her mouth, her words were garbled and intelligible, but even so, Helena knew exactly what Marla was trying to communicate.

“I know, I know,” Helena snickered. “Having your nipples clamped can be uncomfortable, but you see, these little darlings will give you something more to worry about than your travel plans today. Besides, I love watching the reaction of little cuties like yourself as I slowly tighten them down on your plump and perky nipples. And by the look of these responsive buds, I’m really gonna enjoy my work today.”

With her eyes intently watching Helena’s every move, Marla watched her place an open press over the left nipple, before pulling the fleshy bud through firmly, and starting to crank it shut. Watching the flat bars of the press closing onto the top and bottom her sensitive nipple, Marla instinctively held her breath as the cruelly designed device slowly began to squeeze her nerve rich nub.

Turning the screws on each side of the clamp evenly, her nipple was getting flatter and flatter as she began to whimper and whine. Helena knew exactly how tight she wanted the clamp, and she wasn’t going to stop until she got there.

With the discomfort in her nipple about to tip over to real-time pain, Helena suddenly stopped.

Still staring down at her nearly crushed pleasure nub, Marla watched Helena place the other clamp over her right nipple. Then, in a repeat performance, she felt the press slowly clamp down on her nipple until it felt just like the other one.

“There we go my dear. I expect you’ll find those entertaining.”

Still looking down at her firm protruding tits, the awful sight of the clamps attached to her nipples with the dangling chain between them seemed to mesmerize her.

"Ok, whose next," called out Helena as she stepped away from Marla.

Turning to Lexi, she smiled and said, "How about you sweetie?"

Unable to contain herself any longer, Lexi blurted out, "Please, please, I'm begging you, not the nipple clamps. Not that!"

Reaching out and grabbing Lexi's chin rather tightly, she responded, "Oh really! Well perhaps I should add some lead weights to yours!"

Looking right into Lexi's wide frantic eyes now, she continued, "I suggest you keep quiet, and expend your energy complying with our directions. Do you understand me?"

Terrified at the thought of weights being attached to her clamps, she nodded her head while still in Helena's tight grip, and whimpered, "Yes Ma'am."

Releasing her grip on Lexi's chin, she stepped back and exclaimed, "Good, but, I think you've earned an extra turn on yours. Wouldn't you agree darling?"

Wanting to cry now, she had no choice but to whimper in response, "Yes Ma'am."

"Yes Ma'am; Yes Ma'am what?" Helena exclaimed in torment of the young terrified woman.

Beginning to shake, she replied despondently, "Yes M-Ma'am, I've earned an extra t-turn on my n-nipple clamps…."

"That's better cutie pie," she quipped as she smiled and nodded to the guards, who quickly surrounded the tethered beauty.

Then, in a near perfect repeat performance, the guards quickly approached Lexi with the scissors in-hand and went right to work at cutting away her dress, and outfitting her exactly like they did Marla. Within several minutes, Lexi's

exposed body was on full display, all dressed-up and bound just like Marla, including the extra tight nipple presses at the ends of her perky titties.

Struggling with the burning pain in her pleasure receptors, the uncomfortable bit between her teeth, and her tightly laced arm-binder, Lexi was now whimpering into her bit-gag as the guards moved on to their last target.

Lastly, the guards quickly turned to Linda, and while failing to spare the older woman any of the humiliations of the preparations or the cruel nipple clamps, she too was soon in the same condition as her cohorts.

Circling her prisoners to survey their state of readiness, Helena seductively touched their exposed bodies and gently pulled at their bonds and gear in a rather symbolic gesture of her total control over them as she circled about. After allowing the women a few minutes to understand how truly helpless and vulnerable they were, she stepped into their full view and began to explain what was coming next.

“Let me assure you ladies, you look absolutely spectacular in your outfits,” she said as she stepped back, before horrifying the bound and cruelly exposed ladies by taking several pictures of them with her cell phone.

“These should prove to be very popular internet pics, I’m sure…

“Now let me explain what’s going to happen to you.”

Pausing for a moment to gently tease the exposed tips of their flattened nipples with her soft fingertips, she finally continued.

“You’ll be leaving here today. Your destination is the Shackel’s Ranch in the former state of Texas, now the Talistaun homeland.”

Immediately, Linda began to groan and protest quite loudly into her gag and pull at her bonds, followed quickly by Marla’s and Lexi’s similar reactions of displeasure.

Smiling, Helena continued, “You will arrive at the ranch this afternoon via President Garcia’s private let. You see,

President Garcia orchestrated your arrests and convictions with the sole intent of selling you to the Shackels, for the purpose of being trained as their personal pony-slaves… You've brought a lot of money to the President, and he is very appreciative of your sacrifices."

Stunned and devastated by what they were hearing, the three women began to groan and hyperventilate, their legs beginning to wobble, as they learned the grievous reality of their fates.

"With the Talistaun's full blessing, the Shackels will begin your training as soon as you arrive… You will learn to serve the Shackel family in ways you cannot fully understand or appreciate at this moment.

"And to answer the question I know you're both dying to ask; yes, you will be joined by your husbands. Trained together, but not really 'together,' you will learn to obey and respond to your new owners every whim and desire.

"And from what I understand, Mrs. Shackel enjoys her females very much, if you get my drift. Therefore, I strongly suggest you prepare yourselves accordingly. But don't be too concerned if you're inexperienced in lesbian matters, I'll be coming along just in case she needs any help with your pussy licking training."

Laughing aloud, she spoke out jubilantly, "Guards, prepare to take them to the van for transport to the President's aircraft."

With looks of panic and fear on their faces, they watched the guards approach with leashes in-hand. But these leashes were unusual. Shaped much like a 'Y', each had two shorter leads with small slaps on one end, connected to a longer leather leader. Next, they watched the guards attach the two clasps on the dual end of the 'Y' shaped leashes to the silver metal rings on either side of their bits.

But before the tethers holding their collars to the nearby walls were released, Helena stepped forward with three fabric hoods in-hand, and proceeded to work a hood over each of their gagged and harnessed heads. But unlike the hoods they

wore while traveling to and from the courthouse, these were a bit different. These hoods fit much tighter over the tops of their heads and eyes, and hooked under their noses, thus allowing full access to the bit-gags so the leashes could function without any interference.

"I know this experience is familiar ladies. Visual depravation is standard protocol when transporting inmates between facilities."

With the hoods in-place and fully blocking their views, their breathing became even more rapid and shallow as their stress levels began to rise. Then, with the leashes properly attached to the rings on their bits and blinded by the dreadful hoods, they could feel the guards removing the leather tethers from their collars.

Unable to see anything, it was immediately clear how effective the hoods really were. While listening to the other nearby inmates commenting and poking fun at their apparel and nakedness, they couldn't do much but stand there and wait for someone to guide them. They certainly didn't want to stray over to the bars of another cell and fall victim to someone's groping and probing hands, especially with the nipple clamp chains dangling freely from their jutting tits.

Next and without any warning, they felt the leashes tug at the bit-gags wedged in their mouths. Pulling their heads over some by their bits, all three of them were soon walking forward to keep up with whoever controlled their leashes. While perched atop the high-heel boots on their stocking clad feet, each blind step was an act of faith. Step by step, they could hear each other's heels clacking to the hard floor below, as they proceeded steadily to an unknown destination.

It wasn't too long before they left the building, which they knew by the warmth of the sun on their exposed bodies and the smell of fresh air. Still unaware of what was around them or who might be watching; the hooded women continued walking forward until they were abruptly stopped. Then, one at a time, they were inched forward and placed in a large van where their collars were connected to the wall behind them,

thus securing them well for the duration of the short ride to the President's airstrip.

What the women didn't know was that Michael and Diego were already in the van, sitting directly across from them and similarly secured to the van's wall. Sitting quietly as instructed by the guards who put them in the van, the men's strong forearms were crossed over behind their backs and strapped tighter with three tightly secured leather straps. One at each wrist and corresponding elbow, and another placed in the middle, their powerful arms were fully secure.

Hooded just like the women, they sat tightly bound, gagged, naked and collared. Now fitted with new and even more sinister cinching devices around their manhoods, their knees were kept apart by the devices even though their ankles were cuffed together with very short hobble chains.

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Shortly before being led to the van about an hour earlier, two dominantly dressed female guards suddenly appeared in Michael and Diego's cell and began to cut away their dangling boxers from their cuffed ankles, before loosening and removing the awful hand-crank wire cinchers from their swollen and throbbing equipment. Feeling a welcome sense of reprieve, they sighed with relief as the wire loops fell away from their cruelly marked manhoods.

However, what they thought was a measure of mercy was quickly dispelled by the installation of even more viciously creative devices. Looking down across their stretched bodies, they watched anxiously as the sexy guards replaced the hand-crank devices with similar looking units. But instead of crank handles, these devices had 1-inch square boxes where each end of the pliable wire loops entered.

Next, the guards held out two small remote control devices with only two buttons on the faces for the men to see. Then, with their hearts beating wildly in their chests, their wide eyes watched the guards press on the upper buttons, causing the tiny boxes to vibrate and slowly draw the wires inside them, thus cruelly tightening around their sensitive

privates. Unable to exhale as they stared downward, they felt the wires drawing tighter and tighter around their vulnerable organs, until the guards lifted their thumbs from the controllers.

“Now your control cinchers can be operated from afar gentleman,” said one of the guards. “So I suggest you take your unconditional obedience quite seriously. Failure to follow any and all instructions to the letter can result in immediate punishment with just the push of a tiny button. And just in case you’re wondering, these devices are quite capable of full castration!”

Feeling a sense of panic washing over them, the men whimpered into their large ball gags as their nostrils flared open to capture the air that their lungs were demanding.

“Next, we’re going to replace those balls with bit-gag harnesses, in order to better facilitate your impending pony training.”

Retrieving two sets of bit-gag gear from a nearby cabinet, the guard dropped one at Diego’s feet and turned to Michael with the other one in hand.

“When we remove the ball, I will place this bit to your lips. You will then comply with ‘Thank You Ma’am,’ and open your mouth wide for its insertion…. And sweetie, I strongly suggest you remain keenly aware of the device wrapped around your man tools,” she said with a devilish tone.

Next, she nodded to her partner standing behind him, who quickly reached up and unbuckled Michael’s ball gag strap, before pulling the drool soaked ball from his mouth.

Then, the guard slowly lifted the bit-gag harness with the large silver rings at each end and pressed it to Michael’s mouth, before raising her eyebrow as if to indicate she was quickly growing impatient.

Sensing her serious tone and demeanor, Michael knew he had no choice but to comply with his jailer or suffer the consequences.

So, in a near whisper of a voice, “Thank You Ma’am,” escaped from the strong and handsome man’s lips as he reluctantly opened his mouth quite wide to accept the brutal bit between his teeth.

“Good boy!” the guard exclaimed rather loudly as she pushed the bit in deep, and immediately buckled the harness device around his head accordingly.

Looking on while keenly aware that his full cooperation would be required next, Diego watched the guard pick up the other bit-gag harness from the floor at his feet, before she said, “You’re next buddy! You heard the drill!”

With his pleading eyes staring into the guards cold and determined eyes, the ball gag was removed from his mouth before the bit was swiftly lifted to his lips.

Taking a moment to inhale a couple of deep breaths through his briefly empty mouth, he soon complied with his implied instructions as “Thank You Ma’am,” soon rolled off his tongue while his mouth opened wide in apparent acceptance of the training tool.

Within a minute, Diego was gagged and ready, just like his friend.

“You two just might make good pony-boys yet,” the guard quipped, as she and the other guard retrieved a couple of special hoods and quickly slipped the snug units over their heads and eyes. Now properly prepared for transport, the guards released their collars from the wall hooks and immediately pulled them along by their bit-gag gear to the prison’s rear exit door.

“And by the way boys,” one of the guards remarked, “you look just as spectacular as your wives do!”

Helpless to respond or react in anyway other than a whimpering groan, they compliantly followed along to a destination they knew nothing of. Once outside, they were loaded into what they assumed was some kind of van and secured accordingly.

“Now, you two will sit here quietly while we wait for the other riders to arrive. And boys, you will not make a sound, not a peep or grunt, without permission. Don’t forget about those nifty devices around your manhoods!”

After waiting rather uncomfortably for several long minutes while sitting very quietly just as instructed, they could hear the faint sounds of high-heels approaching in the distance. Hearing the unmistakable sounds of women’s heels drawing closer and closer, they were quite sure it was their wives and Linda making their way toward the vehicle.

Then, when the clicking heels stopped just outside, the door to the van opened and they could feel a number of folks beginning to enter the vehicle. They could feel the van sway and shake as each person struggled to step up and enter. And after hearing the whimpering grunts and moans of the females, it was obvious by the noises they were making that the new arrivals were gagged and bound. Moreover, they were quite positive it was Marla, Lexi and Linda who now occupied the seats just opposite of theirs.

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So, with all the passengers now loaded inside and tightly fastened by their collars, the door slammed shut and the vehicle sped off rather quickly.

Under the unexpected force of the vehicle’s rapid acceleration, their collars clanked against the clasps that held them sitting upright, causing all five of them to grunt in response to the jerking motion.

With their hearing elevated to a whole new level in the absence of their sight, all three women heard the unexpected sound of what seemed to be barely audible moaning directly across from them. Unsure of exactly what they just heard, they forcefully slowed their breathing in an attempt to listen more intently, when Juan’s voice suddenly rang out.

“Well folks, you’re all on your way to your new lives! And I don’t think we need these hoods any longer,” as he reached out and pulled the tight hoods off Michael and Diego first.

Immediately focusing on the three bound and naked women sitting just a few feet in front of them, their hearts dropped into their stomachs as they took in the sight of their wives, and Linda. While not surprised by their presence, their wide eyes darted about as they processed the unexpected sight of the shiny nipple presses and chains that hung from their clamped nipples at the very tips of their jutting breasts, and the cruel bit-gags that stretched across their wide open mouths.

Shaking their heads as they moaned in obvious dismay over what they were seeing; their eyes were scanning back and forth across the women's bodies. Still absorbing the details of the ladies' appearances, more and more cruel realities quickly became apparent. Tightly contained in the arm binders, their impressively projecting breasts looked inexplicably exciting, not to mention their sexy ankle boots, garter belts and fishnets. As difficult as it was for them to see, for some reason their frantic gawking eyes just couldn't look away. The mere sight of their nakedness and bondage began to resonate in their tightly constrained manhoods as they fought unsuccessfully against their building sexual impulses.

"Very pretty, aren't they boys?" Helena's familiar voice spoke out.

Hearing Helena's comment, the girls knew she had to be referring to Michael and Diego as 'the boys', they just knew it. Futilely twisting and turning against their collars in reaction to the stark possibility that their husbands were there with them, their chests heaved and fell more rapidly as their frantic breathing became deeper and deeper.

But the helpless women didn't have long to wait before Juan and Helena pulled the hoods from the three of them as well.

Suddenly seeing their husbands' naked bodies so cruelly bound and humiliatingly gagged, the actuality of their fates began to take hold. With a sense of dreadful hopelessness beginning to permeate their deepest thoughts, they scanned the men's bodies with a sad and defeated stare on their faces. As if in shock, their eyes slowly lowered across their hard sexy bodies until they spotted the awful cinchers between their legs.

Gasping at the sight of the awful wires strangling their impressive manhoods, the women began whimpered softly.

“Gentlemen,” Juan called out, “I believe Madam Helena asked you a question about the ladies!”

“A head nod will do boys,” interjected Helena. “Do you like what you see across the way?”

Struggling to deal with all that was happening, the men failed to respond as expected, until they suddenly felt the cincher boxes vibrate as the cruel wires closed a bit tighter around their equipment. Looking up rather quickly to Helena, they spotted her holding both of the remotes to their boxes.

“Well boys, we’re waiting…” she quipped.

Looking across the aisle to their lovely wives the men quickly began to nod their heads in approval, despite their objections to their wives’ humiliating bondage and treatment as their beautiful yet frenzied eyes glared back at them.

Laughing aloud now, Helena tossed the remotes into a small nearby bin and said, “By the look of those swollen cocks jumping to life, I would say so.”

“But I bet you’re not alone in your feelings fellas,” said Juan. “Ladies, spread those lovely knees and give the boys a look inside!”

Compliantly spreading their knees apart the best they could, their smooth and damp pussies soon became exposed between their stocking clad legs. Clearly visible now, their pink and puffy labia were glistening with the juices of their apparent excitement. Humiliated beyond expression, none of helpless inmates’ could really fathom the unimaginable effects that the vaccine was having on them as they sat there and stared at one another in shocked disbelief.

Chuckling a bit more, Juan continued, “My oh my, aren’t we all enjoying ourselves today! We’ll be at the airstrip very soon folks, I suggest you all relax and enjoy the ride!”

As the van sped along the curvy road, their bodies strained and pulled against their secured collars, while their wide searching eyes continued to take everything in around

them. While continuing to explore each other's exposed bodies, they found themselves overcome with a euphoric passion that was smoldering deep.

It was only another three or four minutes before the van turned sharply three times, then came to a quick stop. Within seconds, the large rear doors opened wide to the sight of a private jet parked a few hundred feet away, with its stairs lowered to ground.

Working together, Juan and Helena uncoupled their collars from the van's security points and pulled the inmates to their feet. With very little room to move about in the van, their smooth bodies gently rubbed and slid together as they made their way to the waiting steps at the rear. One by one, their bound and hobbled bodies were walked down the set of exceptionally short steps to the tarmac, making it a struggle but doable.

Staged together outside the van, Juan retrieved four, 2-foot long, black dowels with small clasps on each end. Working together, their jailers used the rigid dowels as connection devices between their collars. This arrangement left them fastened together by their collars while held 2-feet apart, unable to touch but with plenty of room to watch the struggles of the one positioned directly in front of them. First in line was Linda, followed by Marla, then Diego, then Lexi and lastly Michael.

"There we go," said Helene. "Changing up the view some can be a good thing."

Attaching a leash to Linda's bit rings, Juan made a clicking sound with his mouth and pulled on her bit, as he said, "Giddy up girls and boys, our next stop, the Shackel's pony training ranch!"

In near unison the five horrified inmates stepped forward as the 2-foot dowels collectively pulled at their collars. Having purposefully stopped the van a good distance from the parked plane, the intentional long walk was emotionally and physically challenging for all of them. Watching the plane get closer with each step, the idling aircraft seemed to symbolize

their doomed fates as pony-slaves. Unable to resist their jailers, they slowly crossed the wide-open tarmac, which had numerous buildings with lots of windows overlooking their path of travel. While they didn't know how many folks might be enjoying the sight of their humiliating procession from behind those windows, what they did know was that they would soon be arriving at the ranch to start a new life which they knew nothing of, and that they dreaded more than anything else they could imagine.

Finally approaching the plane, the men's cocks were nearly fully erect while the women's juices were drooling slowly from their slippery pussy lips. Unable to control their lusting bodies despite the horrific circumstances, they felt an intensely confusing mixture of desire and despair inside. Then, without missing a step, the bound and naked inmates were led up the plane's waiting stairs and into the Presidents' private jet.

Passing by the pilot as he leered at them from the cockpit with a scarily sadistic smile on his face, it was a bit of a scary sight inside the main cabin. Expecting to see several rows of plush leather seats, most of the plane was empty of seats. Except for a handful of comfy looking seats at the very rear and facing forward, most of the plane's interior looked much more like a dungeon than a presidential aircraft.

With the women's heels clacking loudly on the hard and hollow sounding floor beneath their feet, the inmates were walked down the center aisle and stopped mid-way in the plane's cabin area. Still held steady by the rods between their collars, Juan and Helena proceeded to methodically turn Marla and Lexi in-place, slowly spinning them within their collars, until they stood facing the men, albeit each other's husband.

Next, some rigid tethering apparatuses were swung down from the ceiling and attached around all their necks, thus holding the five of them securely in-place on their feet. Now tightly secured by the plane's built in security devices while still held firmly by the rods between them, their jailers proceeded to release any hobble chains between their ankles and carefully push their ankles apart. Once their feet were

about 3-feet apart, their ankle cuffs where secured to some of the many anchor points located across the floor.

Affixed in-place now, with Linda still facing the rear seats while Marla faced Diego and Lexi faced Michael; the plane was readied for departure, with only one last detail remaining!

Producing two pairs of short necklace style chains, Helena immediately attached a chain to each of the men's bit rings, allowing the chains to dangle feely from each side of their bit-gags. Then, in a move that mortified both of the couples, she proceeded to attach the short dangling chains from the men's bit rings to the opposing sets of nipple presses on the girls.

Stepping to Lexi and Michael first, she took a dangling chain in one hand while placing her other hand on Lexi's back. She then pushed Lexi's torso forward until the nipple press met the end of the chain, and connected it! Staring down at the chain pulling on her right nipple clamp, she watched in horror as Helena did the same with her left clamp. Now made to stand with her chest pressing outward while the black dowel pressed against her collar in the opposite direction, it was nearly impossible to relieve the tension on the chains now connected to her nipple clamps.

"Isn't that a nice touch!" exclaimed Helena. "Why you're next Marla dear."

Helpless to stop her, she watched the evil woman attach her nipple presses to the chains dangling from Diego's bit-gag in exactly the same way.

So with the women left to grunt and groan under the stress of awful nipple chains, Juan called out to the pilot, "We're ready to depart back here," while he and Helena quickly took a seat, only a couple of feet from Linda, who for the moment appeared to escape any further torment.

Almost immediately, the plane slowly began to roll forward. Slowly picking up speed, the jet took a sweeping turn before the pilot pushed down on the throttles, causing the

plane to rapidly accelerate down the runway, and lift off into the clear blue sky.

Straining against the tight clamps pulling at their nipples, Lexi and Marla squealed in response to the forces assaulting their nipples.

While Diego and Michael were quite helpless to do anything for the suffering women, the sounds of their garbled pleas for mercy and relief were devastating. Looking down, there was no mistaking how unpleasant it must have been for the women as they watched their pinched nipples extent an inch or more from their already extended breasts.

When the plane finally began to level off and the ride smoothed out, their grunting protests subsided to whimpering sobs of discomfort.

That's when Juan slid forward a bit in his seat, which was only a couple of feet from Linda's exposed and vulnerable body, and began to caress her impressive swaying breasts. Gently sliding his soft fingers over and around her large globes while occasionally teasing the tips of her fattened nipples through the presses, he had her full attention.

"So Ms. Linda, are you ready to start your training?"

With a stuttering inhale, she shook her head 'No' in response to the question.

"No, you mean you're having second thoughts over your choice of punishment?"

Gently nodding her head as a thin stream of drool escaped from her mouth, she exhaled sharply when she felt Juan's fingers slip through her wet pussy lips.

"But you're so wet and apparently ready, my dear. I don't believe for a moment that you're not ready to start your training as a pony-slave."

Moaning at being reminded of her impending training as a pony-girl, she suddenly gasped and quivered when Juan found her swollen clit and began to roll it between his thumb and index finger.

“There’s no way you’re convincing me that you’re not ready sweetie, this pussy can’t lie!”

Feeling her body betray her so badly, she was demoralized by her building desire to orgasm onto Juan’s skilled fingers. With her nipples beginning to throb inside the presses as she began to quiver in what she knew was the very early stages of a climax; Juan abruptly released her clit and pulled his hand away. Groaning and twisting with despair, her tired looking eyes seemed to plead with Juan for mercy.

But there was no mercy coming her way. Juan immediately reached up and began to release the nipple presses from her pleasure buds. One slow turn at a time, he undid the screws that held the two flat pieces of metal attached to her nubs. Staring down in momentary relief at the sight of the clamps disengaging, the welcome reprieve soon turned to torment as her blood rushed in to fill her nerve rich pleasure centers.

Twisting and turning against her bonds now, the painful sensations that were overwhelming her breasts almost caused her to faint. Frantically gasping for air and crying for help, there’s nothing she wouldn’t have done to have Juan massage her screaming nipples. And then, as if her prayers had been answered, Juan reached out and began to massage her red and sore nubs.

“I bet that feels good, huh?”

Frantically nodding her head up and down, she did her best to thank him.

“Would you like us to suck on them for a while?”

Finding herself unable to object to the idea, her head seemed to nod ‘Yes’ on its own.

Looking down at her plump and hypersensitive nipples, she watched apprehensively as Juan and Helena each cupped a globe in their hands and placed their mouths over her nipples. Feeling nearly as pleasurable as having her clit stroked, her body reacted with unbridled pleasure and excitement as their

warm sucking mouths and soft tongues worked magic on her sore buds.

Unable to control herself, she felt a pulsating heat returning to her pussy as her juices were soon dripping to the floor once again. And when her body began to tremble, Juan and Helena teased the tips of her nipples with their tongues until they felt her body teetering on the razor's thin edge of climax, before abruptly releasing her nipples. Again, her body felt like it had been slammed to the hard concrete as she was instantly denied the climax she so desperately sought.

Denied the mercy of an orgasm, Linda shook and twisted in her bonds while her helpless body dealt with its cruel denial.

"You know," commented Helena, "for an older lady, I'm quite sure you're going to make a remarkable pony-girl, you just wait and see!"

For a few moments, Linda would have happily agreed to any kind of training if it meant she could cum. Her body was so sexually alive and her clit so hard, she desperately needed to cum.

With the effects of their skilled tongues finally wearing off, Juan reengaged her swollen nipples with his soft teasing fingertips.

"Having worn those presses for several hours, I'm sure you will come to appreciate the nipple rings that you'll soon be getting."

Taking a moment to replay his words in her head, she eventually erupted in near panic. Jerking about, her head was shaking frantically in objection to the idea of having her nipples pierced.

Looking a bit surprised by her wild reaction, he said, "Did no one inform you that all pony-slaves get nipple rings and nose rings? It's an important component of their training and control…"

Overhearing the conversation between Juan and Linda, the others immediately began to react with similar surprise and

panic. Even with the nipple clamps tormenting their nubs, the women were still terrified of having their buds skewered with rings. And for Michael and Diego, the idea of having their unusually sensitive man-nubs ringed was equally terrifying.

Realizing this was the first time any of them had heard about this required procedure; Helena stood and approached the connected couples, before reaching between Michael and Lexi, where she tweaked and pinched Michael's hard nipples until he quickly grunted with discomfort.

"Oh my Michael, you are a sensitive one, that's too bad for you."

Turning her attention to Diego, she did the same thing to him until he reacted in a similar way.

"Hmm, not as sensitive, but still quite responsive. The good news boys, the piercings go quickly and you'll get used to the rings in a few days… And for the nose rings, those are piece of cake compared to the delicate nips."

Returning to her seat next to Juan while the couples showed clear signs of distress at the news, she watched him tease and grope Linda's pleasure girls for a while longer. After playing with her fun bags for a few more minutes, he too sat back in his chair to relax and take in the views before him. Having a couple of hours to savor the flight, Juan and Helena enjoyed every moment as the whimpering slaves struggled with their bondage and new found knowledge.

Chapter 6

The Inmates, soon-to-be Pony-slaves, have Arrived!

While the remainder of the two-hour flight was exceptionally stressful for the inmates, it was smooth and fairly uneventful for Juan, Helena and the pilot. Juan and Helena continued to partake in a few pleasures with Linda's exposed body during the flight. Bringing her straining body to the threshold of a climax before abruptly releasing her throbbing clit seemed to be quite entertaining for the jailers, so the time passed quickly for them.

Finally arriving at their destination, the pilot called back, "We're beginning our decent, please take your seats and fasten your seat belts folks."

Similarly to take-off, Juan and Helena buckled up, while the final descent and landing was agonizing for Lexi and Marla. Left to swing and sway at the mercy of the plane's forces and their nipple clamps and chains, their large breasts paid the price while the other's husband watched intently.

Once on the ground, Juan and Helena went to work preparing the inmates for final delivery to the Shackels. After disconnecting the chains from the girls' nipple presses and all of their spread ankles from the floor mounts, Linda, Diego and Michael were carefully spun around in preparation to exit at the front of the plane. Next, the cabin mounted tethering devices were removed from around their necks as they were steadied and prepared to disembark. Ready to exit the plane in the reverse order that they entered it, with Michael now leading the way, Helena attached a pair leather reins to his bit rings, while they waited for the pilot to open the plane's door and extend the steps.

Standing in line with their hearts pounding in their chests, they waited nervously for the pilot to emerge from the cockpit and open the exit door. After what felt like an hour, but

was really 3-minutes, the pilot emerged from the cockpit with a smile on his face and exclaimed rather elatedly, “Ladies and Gentlemen… Welcome to the Shackel’s Ranch and pony stables!” as he went right for the exit door’s handle.

With the door open and stairs ready, Helena pulled firmly on the reins connected to Michael’s bit, thus pulling the entire line of apprehensive inmates forward. As they exited the plane, the air was noticeably warm and humid as they left the conditioned cabin of the aircraft. With the strong Texas sun shining on parts of their bodies not usually exposed to such rays, they made their way to the concrete surface at the bottom of the narrow stairs. Still preoccupied by the idea of being pierced and ringed as part of their impending pony training, the inmates were still highly distracted until they spotted two folks approaching the plane from the ranch that was off in the distance.

Then, with another tug on Michael’s reins, the tight-line of inmates were now on their way to meet the approaching folks, who they all assumed were the Shackels! Step by humiliating step, they made their way forward in near unison as the girls’ high-heeled ankle boots clacked to the hard surface under their feet. And for the men it was an even more tormenting walk as the sun bathed concrete roasted the bottoms of their sensitive feet, while the dowels between their collars kept them all in step.

Drawing closer, Michael had the best view of the approaching people, and it didn’t take long to see that is was a handsome man and a beautiful woman approaching in the distance. With the ranch a ½ mile or better away from the plane’s resting place at the end of the air strip, it took a few more minutes to get a better look at the couple.

Once they got within a couple hundred feet or so, Michael could see that the woman was a stunning brunette with a sexy and shapely body, while the gentleman alongside her was an attractive man in his own right, sporting a very tightly trimmed beard and mustache, and wearing a cowboy hat.

It wasn't until they finally met up face to face that he could get a real good look at them. Estimating the couple to be in their late thirties to early forties, Michael could tell by their extraordinary confidence, swagger, and the brash demeanor they displayed right out of the gate that they were in real trouble. There was no mistaking the dominance that seemed to ooze from their eyes.

"Mr. and Mrs. Shackel, it's so good to see you again."

"Please Juan, call us Jackson and Katelyn, you know we don't like the formalities."

"Of course Sir, I understand…

"On behalf of President Garcia, I present these five pony-slaves for your training and pleasure."

Looking over the line of tightly bound, young and attractive, individuals being presented for training, Jackson smiled and said, "Please tell President Garcia that he's out done himself. These look like spectacular trainees."

"Thank you Sir, I will… President Garcia takes his commitment to delivering top notch subjects very seriously."

Talking back and forth as if the inmates weren't even there, Jackson said, "I can see that Juan. Tell us a bit about these pony-slaves."

"Absolutely Sir… But first, on behalf of President Garcia, let me assure you, this is only the initial delivery of highly desirable pony-slaves for your stables Sir."

"That's great Juan; please pass along our sincere appreciation to the President… Now tell us about his group."

"Yes Sir! First in line here is Michael Waters, with his lovely wife Marla fourth in line. Second in line behind Michael is Mrs. Santos, with her husband Diego behind her. We've mixed them up a bit to try and acclimate them more to their new lives as pony-slaves, and not married couples… And at the end of the line, we have Linda Metscal, a more mature yet remarkably gorgeous woman in her vibrant fifties."

"Mmmm, very nice Juan, very nice."

“Thank you Sir. They’ve all been sentenced to 21-years at your training facility, and none of these specimens will be missed in the outside world.”

“Excellent, just excellent,” remarked Jackson, as his wife Katelyn began to slowly circle around the line of pony-slaves.

Her sexy eyes were alive with excitement and lust as she scanned their exposed bodies. Taking her time, she gently traced their shapely bodies with her soft fingertips as she inspected the new arrivals. And when she came across Marla’s and Lexi’s nipple presses, she was sure to give the chains dangling between them a gently tug, just to see their reactions.

Troubled by Katelyn’s seductive inspection of their exposed bodies, it was obvious to the new arrivals that she was enjoying every moment of her review. Like a teenager watching a porn flick, her excited eyes soaked it all in as her nipples quickly hardened under her braless cotton sundress as her breathing became more excited.

Finally circling back around to Michael at the head of the line, she said to Jackson, “I approve darling. This inaugural group will make excellent occupants in our slave stables!”

Smiling before responding, he said, “I agree my love. This group will do just fine.”

Stepping closer to Juan, Katelyn said, “Juan, I’d like to take control of the pony-slaves from here.”

“Yes Ma’am, please do,” he replied as he held out Michael’s reins.

Taking the black straps from Juan’s hand, she stepped close to Michael before reaching out for his impressively swollen cock with her soft hand. Then, with her warm hand now gently wrapped around his restrained member, she slowly began to gently stroke his vein rich pleasure shaft, causing him to groan and wobble in his stance.

“My daughters and I are really going to enjoy this beast,” she said rather seductively. “I can’t wait to start his training!”

With a groaning exhale escaping from around the bit in his mouth, his knees became weak as he struggled to maintain his balance under the woman's tormenting touch.

Sensing Michael's imminent difficulties, she smiled and released his thick purple cock from her grasp, then turned toward the ranch to continue their journey forward with a tug on his bit.

Following closely behind the beautiful brunette as she led him along, Michael couldn't take his eyes off her incredible body. Clearly seeing she was a woman who maintained a remarkable shape; it was evident that her mesmerizing body was no stranger to regular exercise, while barely covered with a teasingly short, tight, and revealing cotton sundress that clung to her shapely and well-endowed body in amazing ways. Even with his wife only steps behind, he was mortified by how helpless he was against the visual stimulation that aroused his swaying cock as it throbbed hopelessly at a full erection while trapped inside the cruel wire.

Connected as rigidly as they were to one another by their collar dowels, every bobble and misstep had a reverberating effect through the group. Unable to slow the pace under Katelyn's tight grip of control, Michael could feel the others behind him pulling at the back of his collar, along with the familiar sound of his wife's soft whimper.

Approaching the massive sprawling house, it became immediately evident how filthy rich and well established the Shackels were. Seeing several folks appearing at the windows to catch a glimpse of their arrival, the humiliation of their slave walk was deep. Unsure who the folks were, they imagined the worst as they strutted forward.

Finally passing by the side of the house and alongside an 8-foot tall privacy fence, they soon spotted the large rear deck and the enormous pool just beyond. Appearing more like a swimming pool fit for a 5-star hotel than a country ranch, the sparkling blue water looked very inviting and refreshing to the hot and tormented arrivals.

Once they got a bit closer, the delightful sight of the pool's glistening water was quickly interrupted with the sight of something more fitting for their circumstances. Sitting not far from the pool's edge in a pair of reclining pool chairs with their bodies comfortably sprawled out to catch the sun's rays, sat two gorgeous buck-naked blondes. But what made the sight of their naked sunbathing bodies so eye catching and troubling, were the two apparent slaves who were busy at work between their widely spread legs.

Allowing the line of pony-slaves to stop and watch for a few moments, they knew they were most likely getting a glimpse of their own future fates. Cleary able to see that it was a man and woman on their knees between the young women's legs, they were crouched down low with their heads craned back sharply as their mouths pressed against the young ladies gyrating pussies. And with their arms tightly strapped together behind their backs, and collars wrapped snugly around their straining necks, there was no mistaking their roles at the ranch.

After allowing Michael and the others time to absorb what they were seeing, Katelyn spoke out. "Pony-slaves, these are our lovely twin daughters Danielle and Michelle. And busy performing their duties are slaves Katie and David. They are our personal sex-slaves, whose only purpose in life is to pleasure us at our beckon call."

Hearing their mother's voice ring out, the girls opened their eyes, lifted their heads and placed their hands above their eyes to block the sun, as they focused on the line of new arrivals.

"Oh my, would you look at that?" called out Danielle. "Wow, President Garcia certainly delivered, they look marvelous."

Looking down between her legs with a bit of a scowl on her face, Danielle growled at Katie, "I didn't say you could stop, my pleasure bitch! Keep licking my clit!"

From several feet away, the new arrivals watched as Katie immediately pressed her face even tighter to the young women's pussy and renewed her efforts.

The captive women couldn't help but stare at Katie between Danielle's legs and wonder how long it would be before they'd be required to perform the exact same kind of work on Katelyn, or one of her daughters. Dreading their first lesbian duties, they just knew it was an inescapable reality of their sentencing.

"Yes girls, I do believe these pony-slaves will be a marvelous treat to train," replied Katelyn, while Jackson took advantage of the break to test the firmness of the women's large breasts with his strong groping hands.

"Mmmm, these are some fine fillies for sure!" said Jackson as he caressed their flawless globes.

Like little kids at Christmas, the Shackel's looked giddy with the arrival of their new pleasure toys.

"Come ponies, we need to get you to the stables and readied for your rings… Pony slaves are far more trainable when properly fitted with the rings of slavery and obedience!"

While protesting quite loudly from behind the bits wedged deep in their mouths, there was nothing any of them could do but follow along once Katelyn pulled firmly on the reins attached to Michael's bit rings.

Rounding the corner of the privacy fence, they immediately spotted the perilous looking stables just on the other side of the green pasture. Heading directly for the wooden structure, which had 12-inch tall letters mounted to its front that read 'Pony Stables,' they were all beginning to panic at the thought of having their highly sensitive nipples unmercifully pierced and ringed.

Nearing the stables now, Linda was putting up quite a fuss at the back of the line. While she knew she was a strong woman who could endure about anything life threw at her, she also knew there was no way she could tolerate having her plump nipples ringed… her nose maybe, but her nipples, no way. Whenever she merely saw another woman with nipple jewelry, her stomach would become queasy as it filled with fluttering butterflies at the mere thought.

Once inside the eerily new facility, Michael was fastened to a sturdy post while the others behind him were disconnected one at a time and manhandled into the small individual stalls lining the entry corridor. Left secured to the post, he watched the others being pushed into 3-foot wide by 2-foot deep holding stalls that lined the barn's aisleway, before it was his turn. Realizing it was useless to resist, it didn't take long for the Shackels to secure all five of them into individual stalls.

Fully contained in a small stand-up stall, Linda was still carrying on rather frantically, which soon had Katelyn and Helena's attention.

Stepping over to the more mature yet increasingly frantic woman, Katelyn asked Helena, "So what's the story behind this one?"

"This is Linda. The unfortunate thing got caught up in the other two's mess… but given her exceptional beauty for her age, we thought her maturity might prove beneficial in the training process."

Observing the woman who was clearly unlike the rest in a number of ways, Katelyn said, "Hmmmm, perhaps, but you know, I think I want to hear what she's trying to say. Undo her gag please Helena."

"Very well Ma'am."

Reaching into the stall that left Linda almost no room to move about, Helena undid a couple of the harness's buckling straps and pulled the awful bit from between her teeth.

Taking just a moment to regain the use of her very stiff jaw, Linda quickly began to plead with Katelyn.

"Please, please don't do this to me, I'm begging you… I can't live like this; I won't survive having my nipples pierced and being trained as pony-girl, PLEASE!"

Laughing, Katelyn responded, "In case you haven't noticed yet, we own you now, and you will do and endure whatever we desire of you. You have no say in the matter my dear!"

With her frightened eyes as wide as saucers, she continued excitedly, “But Ma’am, please, let me serve you… I’ll gladly be your personal sex-slave if you’ll spare me the pony training and rings… I can pleasure you like you’ve never experienced before, PLEASE Ma’am PLEASE!” she begged frantically.

Fascinated by the frantic woman’s ramblings, Katelyn replied, “Really, is that so? So you’re begging to be my personal pleasure toy… to service my every whim without question?”

With even greater interest as she processed woman’s desperate proposal, Katelyn continued, “Are you experienced at sucking pussy? Do you think you’re capable of meeting my insatiable needs?”

“Ahh, Umm, Yes Ma’am, I mean I’m not a lesbian, but I will learn quickly, and I promise I’ll work very hard to satisfy you… Please, just give me a chance!”

Staring into Linda’s pleading eyes, she found the woman’s desperation quite stimulating. To own one’s loyalty and commitment at such a personal level of submission intrigued her a lot.

“If, and I’m saying if, I take you for myself, you will call me Mistress! And, you will be required to follow my every command and satisfy my every desire without question or hesitation… Do you think you’re able of doing that for another woman?”

Feeling like she might actually have a legitimate chance to escape the training, Linda quickly and excitedly replied, “Yes Mistress I do! Thank you Mistress! I promise; I will be the best pleasure slave you’ve ever had!”

“Well, that remains to be seen, but for now, I will take you as my own. When we’re done here, you will return to the house with me… If you fail me in any way, I will return you to the stables with the others, and I will personally install your rings!”

Smiling with a mixed expression of relief and trepidation, she replied, “Thank you Mistress. I will not fail you Mistress. Thank you!”

Then, with a sudden stern and serious look on her face, Katelyn barked out, “Silence my slave! And don’t be thanking me yet, my pleasure slut! You have yet to earn your place by my side, or between my legs for that matter!”

Turning her attention back to the remaining pony-slaves, she nuzzled seductively close to Jackson and asked in a sweet and loving tone, “Are we ready to get back to business my darling?”

Having overheard Katelyn’s exchange with Linda, Jackson smiled as he nodded his head and commented, “Yes my dear, it’s time to get back to the work at hand… And by the way, I do look forward to seeing your new pleasure slut in action!”

Motioning to Juan, he continued, “Juan my friend, shall we get down to business and ring these pony-slaves? I’m looking forward to starting their training in the morning.”

“Yes Sir,” he replied. “Do you have the kit that was sent in advance?”

“Ohh… yes, over there,” Jackson said, as he pointed to a black hard-sided briefcase setting in the corner.

Retrieving the briefcase from the corner, he laid it on a nearby table and opened the lid. Inside there were at least a dozen cylindrical shaped, clear glass pieces that were 1-inch in diameter and meticulously nestled in individual foam cutouts. Open at one end with a smooth rolled edge, and capped on the other with a tiny quick release fitting and button, they were all identical.

Staring toward the open case on the table about 10-feet away, the increasingly distressed pony-slaves knew the devices had a sinter purpose, and they were quite sure it would involve their highly sensitive pleasure buds.

Turning their full attention to the confined captives, Juan and Jackson approached the women while Helena and Katelyn

stepped up to the men. Standing close to the stalls now, their mischievous smiles made the captives' bodies shiver with frightful anticipation.

What none of the terrified inmates (now turned slaves) had noticed when they were loaded into the tiny holding stalls, were the two brown belts that circled around the interior walls of stalls, with the buckling ends fully accessible at the front sides for easy and quick access. One of the 2-inch wide belts was located at shoulder blade height while the other was placed behind their sexy asses. Following the motions of their captors' busy hands, they watched them slip the notched end of the lower belt through the opposing buckle before quickly pulling the leather belts tight around their hips, thus pulling their bound bodies tight to the front bars of the stalls.

Next, with their pelvises now affixed tightly to the front walls, they watched as the upper belts were quickly connected and pulled tight as well.

Unable to resist the effects of the tightening straps around their hips and shoulders, their mostly naked bodies were now tightly strapped against the stalls' front walls with all their most sensitive regions now helplessly exposed through the walls' opening. This well-coordinated maneuver left the captives completely immobilized and vulnerable. For Marla and Lexi, this meant their firm large breasts were now trapped and extending outward through the horizontal openings in the bars, while the men's chests and swollen manhoods followed suit.

Reaching up, Juan began to tease Marla's clamped nipples and taught breasts.

Helpless against his soft teasing touch, Marla moaned softly as her immobilized pleasure buds responded to Juan's erotic touch.

Leaning in close to her face, he said in a soft and taunting voice, "These are going to look remarkable with your training rings installed! Are you looking forward to getting these clamps off and receiving your rings? In comparison to

these clamps, you'll come to appreciate the mercy of the rings."

Grunting and shaking her head in objection, she was mortified by how her body was responding. In betrayal of her emotional objections, she could feel the sexual juices between her legs begin to flood her pussy lips once again. Seemingly helpless against her own libido, her grunting turned to a soft sob as her body appeared to be surrendering, regardless of her mental terror.

Suddenly stepping back from Marla, Juan turned for the table and called out, "Okay folks, it's time. Come get your suction tubes and pumps."

Gathered back at the table now, Juan handed out two glass cylinders to each to them, and then lifted the top level of foam in the case to expose several small hand pumps with short hoses. Quickly handing each of them a pump to go with their glass tubes, he asked, "Jackson and Katelyn, do you know how to use these?"

Smiling, they each responded, "Ohh, yes we do!"

"Good! We'll suck their nipples into the glass tubes as far as they will go. Then we'll let them sit for a while to help keep them nicely extended for when we're ready to install their rings. And by the way, Helena and I will perform the piercings today."

"Okay," said Katelyn, "But I was kinda hoping to give it a try…"

"We highly recommend that you let Helena and I show you both how it's done. There will be more pony-slaves coming soon for you two to work on."

Still looking disappointed, she replied, "Okay, I can appreciate that approach."

Stepping back over to their respective slaves, who were all straining and groaning against the belts that held them in-place, they began to position the glass suction devices over their waiting nipples.

In Marla's and Lexi's cases, the nipple presses needed to be removed first.

Gawking down through the stall's bars, Marla watched helplessly as Juan began to release the crushing clamps from her tingling buds in preparation for the nipple suckers. Carefully watching each turn of the screws that loosened the clamping bars, she saw the presses fall away from her flattened nubs. Then, in near unison with Lexi, whimpering cries of discomfort echoed from their throats as their nipples began to flower back to their normal states of plump hardness.

Next, while she was still dealing with the awakening of her pleasure centers, she watched Juan attach one of the glass tubes to the vacuum pump's short hose, before carefully placing the open end over her right nipple and areole, and slowly pulling on the pump's handle knob. Seemingly paralyzed by the mere sight of her screaming nipple being stretched further and further into the clear tube, she held her breath while her flowering bud was slowly pulled nearly 2-inches into the device.

Seeing that she was fully extended into the glass cylinder, Juan detached the pump from the glass tube now affixed over her right nipple, and attached the second nipple sucker to the pump. Repeating the process at the tip of her left breast, both of Marla's hypersensitive buds were now cruelly extended into the tubes by the relentless force of vacuum.

Glancing around at the others now, Marla could see that Lexi's pleasure centers were also being stretched deep into the cylinders at the tips of her breasts, while the men were also under assault from the nipple suckers. Having hairless and firm chests, it wasn't a problem for the nipple devices to make a good seal and pull at their manly nubs. While not extended as deeply into the sucking glass as the females, their hard nubs were still plenty stretched and equally vulnerable to the rings about to be added.

Breathing more rapidly and shallow now, they were all astonished by the apparent reactions of their fellow captives. While it was a bit more obvious with the men, whose hard throbbing cocks jumped and twitched inside the cinching

wires in response to the nipple extenders, it was also evident that the women's building sexual excitement controlled them as well.

Standing toe to toe again with Marla, Juan lowered his hand to her smooth pussy that was pressed tight against the stall's front wall. Next, he slipped two of his fingers into her vulnerable wet slit and began to explore.

"Mmmmmm, I see you're enjoying the nipple cups! I was sure you would… isn't the effect of the vaccine quite miraculous?" he asked, as his fingers found her hard clit and began to tease it.

While gently nodding her head up and down in bewildered agreement, her groaning pleas for mercy conflicted with her body's apparent excitement. Then, as her eyes grew wider and wider with contrived lust, her body began to shiver from the inside out. Feeling emotionally defeated she couldn't believe she about to orgasm.

"Would you like me to get you off before we ring your nipples?"

Suddenly realizing that her body's intense sexual frenzy might be her only salvation against what her nipples were about to endure, she shook her head violently in objection. Despite the intense pleasure that was resonating through her body, she knew she had to fight the urge to climax, at least for now.

"Yeah, I didn't think so," he replied in a chuckle as he pulled his juice-covered fingers from her dripping slit.

Looking down at his cum coated fingers as they slowly rose from her pussy, she was stunned when she saw his glistening digits moving toward her wide-open mouth. Suddenly realizing his intent, she tried desperately to avoid tasting her own juices when Juan's other hand quickly steadied her head as he slipped his fingers over her bit gag and onto her waiting tongue behind. With her flailing tongue being used as a cleaning tool, the unfamiliar taste of her own pussy permeated taste buds before Juan pulled his fingers from her mouth.

Stepping back to the table, Juan opened another small case of sorts, which contained the training rings and instruments to insert them. Catching Jackson's and Katelyn's attention, they stepped away from the slaves they were teasing to get a better look at the rings and equipment.

Removing two 1-inch silver rings, a plier looking device, a menacingly thick and slightly arched needle, and a tiny tube of ointment, Juan said, "Come and watch how it's done, we'll start with Marla!"

With all of them gathered around Marla's jutting breasts, Juan carefully loaded the arched needle and one ring into the plier device. Making sure that Marla had a good view of his work, he could see her building fear.

Next, he handed the fully loaded piercing device to Helena, and said, "Would you mind holding this for a second?"

He then reached for Marla's waiting breasts and carefully pressed on the glass tubes' release values, which caused them to immediately fall away from her extraordinarily extended nipples. Having been held like that for several minutes, no one was surprised to see how well they retained their stretched shape.

"See how well prepared these nipples are," quipped Juan.

Opening the small tube of ointment and applying some to his fingertips, Juan continued, "Always remember to properly treat the fleshy buds before you insert the needles, we don't want to risk a nasty infection."

Moaning loudly as Juan coated her sensitive nipples with the cool ointment, she was beginning to tremble in anticipation. Her nipples were about to meet their fates, and she knew there was no stopping it.

Taking the piercing tool back from Helena, he continued with his clinic on piercing. "This needle is specially designed for the job. While the leading tip is sharper than a typical pin,

the tail is concave; designed to hold the ring's flat end as it follows the marginally larger needle through the flesh."

Raising the frightening tool to Marla's right nipple, he focused his attention on the task at hand as he continued, "When I squeeze these handles together, the tool will insert the needle and feed the ring right behind it… The rings are made of a newly contrived metal called titanzim. It is a highly engineered metal that's designed to flex open and closed only one time, before the molecules chemically freeze, thus never to flex again. After the strong tool opens the titanzim ring enough for insertion, the ring will snap shut once inserted and released. Once in-place, the only way to get one of these rings off is to cut it off, and that's no easy feat either!"

Meticulously aligning the tool over its target with notable care, Marla was frantically pleading for mercy from behind her bit gag, while the others who were waiting their turns looked on with panic and dismay in their eyes.

"It's important that you get the guide holes lined up level and near the base of the nipple, but not too close to the areole. The proper fit will ensure the best look and function," he said, as he suddenly gritted his teeth and jerked the tool's handles together with a grunt.

Immediately, Marla's squealing body seemed to explode in response to the needle and ring suddenly penetrating her nerve rich nub. Taking her breath away, it took a moment for her eyes to refocus as she looked down to see the shiny silver ring now dangling from her still stretched nipple. And with her focus solely on the ring in her right nipple, she suddenly felt the reloaded tool pressing against her left one.

Inhaling deeply, she watched Juan carefully position the tool over the left nip, and without warning, he snapped it shut again. After expelling the air from her lungs for a second time, the tool quickly departed her breast, leaving both of her nipples adorned with the dreaded rings of training and obedience.

Stunned, horrified and thoroughly confused when she felt her quivering pussy spray its sensuous juices down her

inner thighs, the intense sensations in her nipples surged through her body like electricity to an alarm horn!

Next, Juan raised the reloaded tool to her nose and said, “One more my dear. But don’t fret; this one is much easier than the others!”

Pressing it upward into her nose, thus pushing her flaring nostrils out to the sides, he quickly snapped the tool shut for the third time.

With a tear of humiliation and emotional despair escaping the corner of her eye, she felt the metal ring fall against her upper lip as she watched Juan and the others move over to Lexi.

For Michael, what he just witnessed tormented him beyond words. Helpless to protect his beautiful wife, he couldn’t believe what he was seeing as he stared at her new silver rings. His broken heart thumped in his chest while he watched his defeated wife’s head shaking gently in disbelief as she stared down at the rings dangling from the tips of her firm breasts. While emotionally broken by the sight of his lovely wife’s ringed body, he was keenly aware of how his own nipples were being sucked deep into the stretching tubes, and that the unfolding ordeal would very soon become a whole lot more personal!

For Linda, an overwhelming sense of personal relief overtook her thoughts as she watched Marla get her rings. Knowing she was being spared from the awful procedure she just witnessed, she didn’t care how much pussy she would have to lick for the next 21-years!

With everyone gathered around Lexi now, the young woman was already squealing and pleading as Juan released the suction tubes from her nipples. So, with Lexi’s nubs vulnerable and ready to be ringed, Juan quickly reloaded the tool with a fresh needle and another ring. And with everyone looking and learning, he carefully placed the tool over Lexi’s hard and stretched out bud as he snapped it shut.

Nearly falling limp against the belts that held her to the stall, her head rolled back at the indescribable sensation of

having her girly nipple skewered. Like Marla, it took her a few moments to regain herself. Struggling to look down at her violated nipple, her heart skipped a beat or two as she took in the sight of the dangling jewelry. And before she had a chance to fully recover, Juan had placed the reloaded tool over her remaining nipple and drove the ring home.

Unable to differentiate pain from pleasure at this point, her mind was spinning with confusion. It almost felt like she was looking down at herself from above, as if having an out of body experience. Now hovering between awareness and unconsciousness, Lexi felt the awful tool pressing into her nose, before quickly inserting the final shiny ring.

So, with both girls fully ringed now, the mentors and their eager apprentices turned their attention to Michael.

Reloading the dreaded tool once again, he handed it to Helena and said, “Would you like the honors Ma’am?”

Smiling, she took it from Juan’s outstretched hand and replied, “Absolutely!”

Next, she stepped up close to Michael and began to speak.

“With the men, this process can be a bit more difficult… I don’t release the stretcher cups until I’m ready to insert. The men’s nipples tend to retract more quickly and tightly, making it more challenging to position the rings properly… Katelyn, Ma’am, I suggest you watch carefully.”

Moving a bit closer to get a really good view, she watched Helena release the glass tube from his left nipple and quickly position the piercing tool over his unusually large and extended man-nub.

Moaning uncontrollably in anticipation of the ring entering his nip, he suddenly jerked and howled as Helena snapped the ring into place. With his head rolling about on his manly shoulders, he struggled to catch his breath. Next, he could see Helena reloading the tool just before he felt the remaining nipple stretcher being removed.

“See Katelyn, it’s not hard to do if you sequence it right,” Michael heard Helena call out, just as he felt the second training ring find its mark. Once she finished with his nose ring, the group moved on to Diego.

For Michael and Marla, they seemed caught in a surreal stare between one another. Unable to look away from each other’s bound, gagged and ringed bodies, the married couple found the views strangely alluring and inexplicably stimulating, as a thin stream of sticky pre-cum slowly strung toward the floor from Michael’s winking crown.

It didn’t take long for all four of them to be fitted with their nipple and nose rings. Knowing that the newly ringed couples were still in shock, Juan and Helena knew it would be several hours before the reality of the training tools sunk in for them.

After repacking all the tools and equipment into the cases with Helena’s help, Juan spoke aloud so that everyone could hear him, including the pony-slaves.

“We need to release the belts so that they can adequately rest for the night… Give them a chance to recover from the trauma… Once they’ve had an opportunity to appreciate the total control that the rings have over them, I expect they’ll be ready to follow about any command you put forth, you’ll see!”

“Can’t wait,” quipped Katelyn.

“Very well then, let’s release the belts and leave them to rest,” said Helena as she stepped forward and began to unbuckle them.

With the restraining belts released, the pony-slaves were able to re-steady themselves and squat down to get rest some if they chose to, but the stalls were still extremely confining.

“You know, I would suggest that we also release their arms binders and remove their bits for the evening too,” said Jackson.

“I agree Sir,” replied Juan.

“That would be an appropriately compassionate gesture. However, I suggest you keep their wrists cuffed behind them

for their first few nights. They need to adjust to their surroundings and training implements without the comfort of their hands. And besides, the desire to masturbate will be too overwhelming for them this early in their training."

"Agreed Juan! I'll send in some servants to make the adjustments and make sure their wrists are secure."

"These pony-slaves are fortunate to have such a merciful owner. I hope they learn to appreciate your kindness!"

"I'm sure they will my friend, I'm sure they will…"

Not feeling so fortunate by any means, the couples struggled to feel any sense of comfort in the awful tiny stalls. Still clouded in states of disorientation, they kept wondering when they might wake up for the horrific nightmare.

Sauntering over to Linda's stall, Katelyn opened the door, stepped back, and pointed to the floor before her. "Come to me!"

Slowly and timidly Linda stepped out of the stall and to within a couple feet of Katelyn.

"Are you ready to serve me?"

Lowering her head, she replied, "Yes Mistress."

"Very well then… Follow closely my pleasure slut. Once we get to the house, you're going to spend the next couple of hours between my legs! I have a lot of pent up excitement to release after seeing our new pony-slaves being ringed."

"Yes Mistress, thank you Mistress," she responded as Katelyn turned for the house and began to step away in her short and revealing sundress.

Glancing back to the others before she turned to follow, Linda knew she had escaped something horrible, only to enter another world of equally demeaning and difficult enslavement. Now, she couldn't help but wonder what it will be like to lick pussy? Following closely behind the dominant woman as she strode sexily along, she knew her life had just taken a dramatic turn.

With only Juan left behind in the stables now, he took a moment to chat with the two couples.

“Your owners will be back in the morning. Helena and I will be departing later this evening, but don’t be too concerned; we expect to be back in a few weeks with more pony-slaves for the Shackel’s. I suggest you learn quickly and serve well. You don’t want unfavorable reports getting back to President Garcia!

“Bye-bye folks, enjoy the start of your new lives!” he said with a chuckle as he departed the barn.

Left to endure their tight bonds and awful gags until the servants arrived; the defeated couples couldn’t help but gaze upon hypnotic sight of each other’s degradation and misery.

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Back at the mansion’s large poolside deck now, Danielle and Michelle were still laid out on their loungers with Katie and David still slowly and gently lapping at their pussies. Wearing ear buds to listen to their favorite tunes while their succulent bodies soaked up the invigorating sunshine, the young women were blissfully unconcerned with who may be nearby as their hips gently rocked about under the pleasures of the skilled tongues and lips working at their swollen clits.

Appearing to relish the pleasures between their legs in the same manner they would a pedicure, their smooth sexy bodies rippled with the sexual bliss that they felt fully entitled to enjoy.

Standing near the bar now, Jackson offered Juan and Helena a drink from the poolside bar while Katelyn was making herself comfortable in a comfortable chair on the opposite side of the pool from the twins, with Linda right on her heels.

After handing the fruit garnished drinks to his friends, Jackson motioned for Ava and Luiz to approach. Being two of their loyal servants being groomed to tend to their stable of pony-slaves, they were anxious to respond.

“Juan, would you please give Ava and Luiz their instructions for tending to the new arrivals?”

“Yes Sir, it would be my pleasure.”

Turning to the servants with a grin on his face, he continued, “Go the stables and please remove the bit gags and arm restraints from the four new ponies in the stalls, but, be sure to leave their wrists cuffed behind them. We won’t be having any masturbation going on without permission…

“And be careful of their new rings, they’ll be extraordinary sensitive for a while. However, if they give you any trouble, I suggest you hook a finger into the nose ring and they’ll quickly obey.”

“Yes Sir,” they replied in near unison.

“Will that be all Sir?” asked Luiz.

“Yes, and be sure to report any unacceptable behaviors when you’re done. Their individual training requirements will need to be assessed based on their behaviors and responses in the days ahead.”

“Of course Sir, we understand,” said Ava, as the attractive young couple then turned for the barn and began to walk away.

Watching the youngsters walking away shoulder to shoulder as if they were about to hold hands, Juan commented, “So… I expect my step-daughter has served you well Sir?”

“Yes Juan, Ava’s done very well for us. She’s a fine young woman, you should be proud of her.”

Nodding his head as he watched her and Luiz disappear into the barn, he responded, “That’s good to hear Sir. Our family is very grateful for the opportunity that you and Katelyn have provided her. She deserved the chance to go out into the new world and live life, without fearing for anything… So tell me… do you think Ava and Luiz are sexually active?”

Caught a bit off guard by the question, Jackson replied, “Umm, well, I’m not sure to tell you the truth. I mean, they are

together a lot and they often tend to the errands and shopping together, but I haven't seen anything intimate between them… Would you like me to make sure they are separated?"

"No, No, he seems like a fine young man Sir, I was just curious. Now that she's out on her own, she looks so grown up, yet still so vulnerable. But as long as she's under your employment and roof, I know she'll be safe."

"Of course my friend, I won't let anything happen to her… She's taken quite well to her expanded duties with the slaves, and that's very good."

"Yes Sir, it certainly is. When you're so young and beautiful and innocent, it's important to understand firsthand what can happen to you in the new world order."

"Isn't that the truth my friend! Keeping my daughters under my watchful eye can be a full time job. There's no good place for such lovely young women out there anymore!"

"Indeed, you are correct Sir."

With their refreshing dinks in hand, Katelyn's familiar stern voice suddenly caught their attention.

"On your knees bitch!"

Glancing over to Katelyn who was leaning back in the poolside chair, with her dress slid up over her hips, her ass perched on the front edge, and her legs spread fairly wide, they watched with intrigue as Linda slowly lowered herself to her knees, only a few feet from the dominant woman's exposed and glistening sex.

Stepping closer to get a better view, Jackson, Juan and Helena made themselves comfortable on some poolside barstools at a tall table under an umbrella. Sipping on their drinks, they settled in to watch Linda attempt to perform her new duties.

"So what do think my pleasure slut? Do you like what you see? Are you ready to prove yourself to me?"

Staring at the woman's gaping pink slit, she stuttered, "Y-yes M-mistress. I-I-I'm ready t-to p-p-please you Ma'am."

Still frozen in place, it wasn't long before Katelyn chirped out, "You can't do anything from back there! Come on, get closer and demonstrate your skills!"

"Y-yes Mistress," she responded in a broken voice as she slowly shifted forward on her knees.

So with her arms still bound tightly behind her and her stocking clad knees carefully inching forward, she was soon positioned between Katelyn's silky smooth thighs. Next, she sat onto her high-heel clad feet and slowly lowered her head forward until she was only inches from the woman's hot sex.

Immediately, she was taken aback by the fortuitous scent of her clearly excited body. She'd never been that close to another woman's radiating pussy before so she wasn't truly sure what to expect. While the oddly pleasing scent filled her nose, she could also feel the moist warmth of her glistening vagina waffle over her face.

Seeing Linda's obvious hesitation, Katelyn decided to motivate her some.

"Perhaps you aren't cut out for this privilege? Perhaps I should return you to the stables alongside your friends?"

Hearing that comment, she immediately whimpered softly and lowered her mouth to Katelyn's waiting pussy as she kissed her clitoral hood and lips. Gently kissing her hoodie twice, Linda slowly slipped her tongue inside in search of her pleasure button. And to her amazement, Katelyn's already swollen and hard clit was ready and waiting for her.

Having never performed oral sex on another woman, she gasped and grunted when she found the woman's erect clit so ready for action. Realizing it was time to fully submit to her new duties or face the rings; Linda gingerly extended her tongue out even further as she started to lick through Katelyn's slippery labia, ending each stroke with a poking lick on the woman's pulsating climax button.

"That's a good start darling… Now think about how you like it done to yourself, and then do the same to me. And don't

be shy sweetie, be imaginative and make me cherish your mouth!"

Groaning into Katelyn's cunny, she pressed her face a bit tighter and closed her eyes as she went to work. Trying really hard to envision her own desires for the ultimate oral orgasm, she pushed her mouth even tighter to her opening and worked at the woman's wet pussy as if it were her own. Using her tongue and sucking mouth, her head was beginning to move about as she worked at Katelyn's most sensitive regions.

"Ohhhhhh yeah baby… Show me how much you enjoy licking that cunt."

Feeling the heat and moisture increasing in Katelyn's pleasure box, she began to focus her attention on her clit. Feeling the woman's sexual energy increasing by the moment, Linda had a strange and unexpected sense of accomplishment begin to enter her thoughts. Realizing she still had a lot to do and learn, she tried to put everything else out of her mind in order to apply herself properly.

Imagining how she would like to be brought to a full climax by a man's experienced mouth; she pulled the throbbing button between her lips and began to suck on it while gently caressing it with the tip of her tongue. And when she felt her own sexual energy and juices begin to flow, she knew her humiliating defeat was complete. Under the constant influence of the relentless vaccine, the growingly sweet aroma permeating her olfactory senses, and the threat of having her nipples pierced, she knew she had just willfully crossed the line into a life of lesbian pleasures and lust. A life that mortified her consciousness, yet ignited her helpless body's desires in ways she couldn't understand, nor could she resist.

Feeling Katelyn's body tightening and twisting in the chair, Linda knew she had successfully fallen to her fate rather quickly. Bewildered and stunned at her seemingly natural abilities between Katelyn's legs, she felt oddly focused and pleased with her work. Actually beginning to feel proud of herself in a perverse kind of way, she found herself wanting to take Katelyn all the way over the edge, to feel her hot pussy explode with excitement on her face.

Working feverously at Katelyn's cunt, she suddenly heard some loud excited groans of euphoria echo about from the other side of the pool. Almost immediately she realized it must have been one the twins succumbing to their slave's skilled efforts. The sound of her body twisting orgasm only seemed to fuel her own building excitement and oral efforts. It was a strangely motivating thing to listen too as the second twin soon began to howl in a similar fashion. Sensing that Katelyn's girls just experienced a couple of very intense orgasms, Linda suddenly felt compelled to provide the same for her mistress.

Then, after several more minutes, when it felt like her cramping tongue was about to fall off, she felt Katelyn's hands grab ahold of her head and pull her face even tighter to her spasming vagina. Barely able to breathe now, Linda was struggling to endure Katelyn's peaking excitement when she felt the woman's feminine juices flood her mouth as her body jerked and jumped under the grasp of an intense climax.

While making all kinds of orgasmic noises that had the other's full attentions, Katelyn allowed herself to unload her sexual passion without holding anything back. Feeling herself climax at least three times into Linda's eagerly sucking mouth, she knew the newly enslaved woman was broken and ready to be trained accordingly.

Finally releasing her iron grip on Linda's head, Linda heard her mistress inhale a long deep breath before she said, "Not too bad, but you can use some practice and a few tips. I suppose it's a good thing we have several others who will enjoy teaching you some tricks of the trade, so I guess I'll keep you around for now."

Feeling a bit dejected as she thought she performed admirably, she lowered her head and replied, "Yes Mistress, thank you Mistress."

"Now, up on your knees and show me those fabulous girls of yours."

Regaining herself, Linda rose up tall on her knees and thrusted her chest toward as ordered.

“Very nice my little slut. And I have a little present for you.”

Reaching out with both hands, Katelyn began to caress her firm breasts and tease her hard nipples with her manicured nails.

In an exasperated tone of excitement, she replied, “Ohh god, thank you Mistress.”

With Linda’s sensitive nipples responding exactly as she knew they would, she produced a pair of wooden clothespins and quickly attached them to her nerve rich buds without any warning.

Overwhelmed by the sudden sensations tearing through her nipples, Linda yelped and jerked away as she looked down at the awful wooden clamps clinging tightly to her swollen buds. Trying for a brief moment to shake the devices loose from the tips of her tits, she gasped and moaned as they took hold.

“Don’t those look nice?” exclaimed Katelyn in a sadistic tone.

Unable to respond, Linda’s wide eyes were still staring downward.

“You see… you still have so much to learn my lovely… When your Mistress gives you a present, she expects a grateful response, every time! Otherwise, you can expect to be punished!”

Nearly hyperventilating now, she managed to squeak out a reply, “T-thank you f-for the clothespins Mistress.”

“That’s better my dear. You may be a slow learner, but at least you learn… Now stand-up and walk over to the house. Sofia will take you inside, bathe you, and show you your quarters. And if you’re a really good girl, she’ll remove the clothespins.”

“Thank you Mistress,” she managed to say with an exhale.

Then, rising to her feet, she started for the rear door to the large house about 50-yards away. Still staring downward at the wooden spring loaded clamps bouncing up and down at the ends of her breasts with each step she took atop her heels, she slowly passed along the pool and by the twins. Still recovering from their ordeals as Katie and David knelt close-by in waiting, they took a moment to open their eyes and catch a glimpse of the clothespin-clad titties bouncing by.

Finally approaching the mansion, she spotted the beautiful Brazilian servant girl as she opened the door and waited for her to arrive. Stepping inside, Sofia had a slight look of empathy in her eyes as she prompted Linda inside. Just inside now, Sofia reached out with both hands to gently cradle and massage Linda's large womanly globes, stopping her in her tracks.

"These must be quite painful?"

"Ohh my god, yes they are!"

"Well, just wait until they come off."

Whimpering a bit, Linda quipped, "I know, I know, please be gentle, please…"

"I'll do my best. And by the way, you will address me as Ma'am."

Feeling strikingly submissive and humiliated as she stood bound and naked before a girl one-third her age and made to call her Ma'am, she knew her life as a free and independent woman was clearly over.

"Yes, Ma'am, I understand," she replied to the teenager who clearly owned her at that moment.

Leading Linda through the house now, she was stunned at the dozens of paintings and renderings of naked and cruelly bound people covering the walls. In what looked like a high-end collector's exhibit of tormented men and women, stripped naked and bound tight, many in the clutches of devices and equipment she didn't even recognize, Linda's blood ran cold as she took it all in.

Seeing the terrified look of confusion in Linda's gawking eyes, Sofia said, "The Shackel's have very unique tastes and interests, but you'll learn much more about that during your service. For now, I need to bathe you and prepare you for your next round of duties. If you're a good girl, you can have a good life here."

A good life, she thought to herself, how could anyone possibly believe that being cruelly incarcerated for 21-years as a lesbian sex-slave could even remotely be considered a good life? Entering the large marble tiled bathroom now, Linda couldn't help but ask the adorable young teenager, "Will I be required to service you too Ma'am?"

"Not right away, but I'm sure I'll get my turn with you!"

"I would expect so Ma'am," she replied in a subdued tone.

Walking Linda up to the large mirror on one of the walls within the spacious room, she was able to get the perfect full-view of her own sexy and bound body. Still clad in her arm-binder, garter, stockings and shoes she was mesmerized by her own reflection, especially the clothespins that were jutting outward from her nipples. Taken aback by how intriguingly sexy she looked, she found herself captivated by the way her naked and vulnerable body was on display.

"Shall we get these pins off your girls' headlights now?"

"Yes Ma'am, pleeeease!"

Unable to look away from the seemingly hypnotic mirror, Linda watched Sofia in the reflection as she stepped behind her and then reached around her body to release the spring-loaded pins simultaneously. Inhaling deeply in anticipation as she watched the wooden jaws open and peel away from her fleshy buds, the pain was almost instant as a tormented exhale escaped from her open mouth.

Then, to her astonished delight, she watched Sofia's soft slender fingers begin to massage the pain from her plump screaming nipples. In what was an unexpected show of mercy, Linda immediately felt a strange sense of loyalty to the

adorable teenager who was now showing her such compassion.

In an exhaling groan as her head rolled gently on her shoulders, she responded, “Thank you Ma’am! Ohh my god, thank you.”

“You’re very welcome, and I expect you’ll return the favor when the time is right!”

Quickly realizing that every demonstration of mercy required something in return, Linda’s eyes were affixed to the soothing fingers in the mirror as she replied softly, “Yes, Ma’am, I won’t forget.”

Continuing her merciful work on Linda’s breasts for several more moments, she eventually released her grip on Linda’s girly buds and said, “Good, now let’s get you bathed and put away in your cage to rest for a while.”

“Cage, what do mean cage?” Linda couldn’t help but inquire.

“Don’t worry; your 6-foot by 5-foot cage has a rather comfortable mattress, which you’ll come to appreciate. You won’t spend a lot of time in there, but when you do, it will be your alone time, your time for solitude, a place you’ll look forward to spend time in!”

Unsure how to respond, Linda had a blank look on her face as Sofia began to remove her attire for bathing.

Chapter 7

The pony-slave training begins!

(Ending alert – the last chapter in this installment!)

The evening spent in the stable was challenging for the four new arrivals. Still in an emotional state of confusion and disbelief regarding their fall from fun-loving socialites to cruelly bound and caged pony-slaves, they felt numb while in the clutches of their new owners as they attempted to emotionally reconcile the unfathomable years of service ahead of them.

Having spent the night in near darkness while straining against the bonds that prevented them from touching themselves, their desire to masturbate was shockingly intense. Thoroughly embarrassed and humiliated by their relentless urges and exposed bodies, they did their best to rest inside their tiny stalls while enduring the startling effects of their new rings. Bewildered by how their bodies were transforming the pain in their pleasure receptors to excitement between their legs, the captives fought for every moment of peaceful rest that they could.

When the first rays of warm sunlight started streaming into the stables, they soon faced yet another troubling reality. With the morning light illuminating their tiny stalls, they were now trying to cope with how the view of their distraught spouses and friends seemed to ignite an even more intense spark of sexual desire. Still emotionally baffled by how their vulnerable bodies were responding to their horrific fates, they quickly began to realize there was no escaping the effects of the awful vaccine. It became painfully clear that surrender was their only course of action.

Mesmerized by the sight Michael's swollen cock within the tight wire; Marla's enthralled eyes couldn't stop staring at

the smooth taught skin of his throbbing beast as a bead of his clear pre-cum filled the slit in his crown.

"M-Michael," Marla quipped, breaking the morning's silence. "What's h-happening to us? Oh my god…I-I can't take this much longer," she exhaled in an exasperated tone. "I need to c-cum so bad Michael… My body feels like it's going to explode if I don't orgasm soon…"

"I-I know sweetie, me too… I-I don't know what to do."

Hearing Lexi and Diego beginning to whimper and moan in response to their own bodies' relentless sexual turmoil, Michael knew their first day of training was going to be traumatic at best.

"We h-have to find a way to endure the s-sensations inside us," Michael called out for all to hear. "I c-can't believe we won't be allowed some level of m-mercy. If they intend to t-train us as pony-slaves, there must be rewards for c-compliance and good behavior, that's how training works, right?"

With the others groaning in objection to the stark reality of Michael's comments, Ava and Luiz suddenly appeared in the barn's doorway.

Recognizing the two servants from the night before, they weren't surprised to see them back. Ava was dressed in a short leather skirt, a thin white-cotton button-up shirt, and ankle-high boots, with her hair pulled back in ponytail. The sexy young woman looked remarkable, as did Luiz, who wore a pair of well-tailored leather pants, a white polo shirt and pointed-toe cowboy boots. Together they stood in the doorway, each holding a riding crop, with a look of intense excitement beaming from the eyes.

"Are we ready for our first day of training ponies?" called out Luiz.

Hearing only a response of whimpering cries, Luiz slapped his riding crop against his leather pant leg and quite forcefully called out, "I SAID, ARE WE READY TO BE TRAINED!"

Reluctantly submitting to their dreadful destiny, they responded rather meekly, “Y-Yes.”

“THAT WILL BE ‘YES SIR’ TO ME, PONY-SLAVES!” as his riding crop landed across this leather covered leg once again with a sharp crack.

Suddenly imagining what the intimidating crack of the crop would feel like across their tender skin if they didn’t comply properly, they inhaled deeper and replied together, “Yes Sir.”

“That’s better! Now… we’re going to remove you from those stalls and get you ready for your first morning’s training duties.”

Working together, Ava and Luiz opened the narrow stall doors, pulled the slaves to their feet and led them into the preparation area, not far from their stalls.

Grasping the waiting tethers that were hanging freely from the nearby walls, the leather straps were lifted to the D-rings on either side of their collars and attached. Staged like any typical pony being readied to receive its saddle and gear, the four young people were now held in-place. Able to move about and look around some, most notably at each other, they were unable to make a break for it. Not only were they still naked and bound, with titanzim metal rings dangling from their freshly pierced nipples and noses, but they knew there was no place to run too. It was dozens of miles in any direction before they would even come close to civilization, and that was if they didn’t run into a Talistaun patrol once they left the Shackel’s vast expanse of flat grasslands.

“Now it’s time to prepare you all for some basic training,” said Ava.

Rolling out a cart covered with spine-chilling pieces of equipment that included bits, harnesses and other unrecognizable but scary items, the trainers went right to work while Ava continued with her matter-of-fact comments.

“You’d best get very used to these bit-gags. They will be regular accessories in your training,” she said with a slight

grunt as she tightly buckled one in between Michael's upper and lower teeth.

"You'll notice that these particular devices fit differently from the gags you wore earlier… Flatter for a more comfortable fit and to improve control, these darlings slide in deeper, making them more effective tools!"

Immediately Michael could tell it was quite different. Because it was flatter and better formed for the task, it fit deeper into his mouth. And while it put more strain on his tongue, which he found more comfortable resting underneath the awful bit, there was less strain on his jaw's muscles.

It didn't take long for the trainers to get the new style bits installed deep in their mouths and strapped in tight. Striving to find a comfortable position for the oral invaders, their tongues fought against the bits until they found a reasonable way to cope with it.

Next, their elbows were strapped together quite tightly, simulating the effects of arm-binders, without all the fuss and lacing.

"There," said Luiz as he finished buckling Marla's elbows together, "This will help instill good posture while keeping your new rings standing out at attention."

With the pony-slaves nearly ready, Luiz suddenly held up two lead weights at the end of tiny clasps for all of them to see clearly. "If you any of you elect not to follow direction, you'll receive a set of these on your new rings. And the more resistance you exhibit, the more punishment weights we'll add."

Setting the weights back down on the cart, he lifted up what looked like a pony's long tail, and said, "Tomorrow we will introduce you to your tails."

Repositioning the tail in his hands, he held it such that the fat anal-plug end was now clearly visible. "I think it's obvious how these are applied," he quipped as he slowly waved it about for them to see. "But that would be too much on your first day. We need to get you all acclimated to some of

the basics before we start adding accessories, which by the way, we have plenty of!"

Moaning and shaking their heads in stunned objection, they watched Luis toss the tail to the cart before continuing with his duties.

"The rules of training are quite easy… Do exactly as you are told, when you are told, and you will do just fine. Fail to do so, and you will find the use of your rings and our whips to be incredibly effective motivational tools. And gentlemen, don't forget about those special wires snugly positioned around your manhoods… We have not misplaced the controllers to those!"

With their new bit-gags installed and their elbows pulled tightly behind their backs once again while still wearing their specialty attires, they all moaned in distress as the trainers proceeded to attach sets of leather reins to their bit rings, before giving their next orders.

"Okay pony-slaves, when we release your collars from the tethers, you will stand in-place and wait for your turn at the re-shoe stand."

Unsure what that meant at first, they watched the trainers retrieve a funky looking wooden box device from a nearby stall and set it down before them. It looked a lot like the stool a shoe salesman would use at an old fashion shoe store. One end was padded to sit on, while the other was covered with rubber and pitched away at a slight downward angle. But what made this unit a bit more unique was the affixed horizontal padded bar that was located just beyond the lower end of the angled platform, and positioned about 2 ½ feet or so above the floor.

Allowing them to look at the odd stool for a few seconds, Ava soon pulled Marla to the front of the unit, while Luiz sat on the padded end, and said, "Place you left leg over the padded bar and rest your boot on the platform. The bar under your knee will help keep you balanced while we change your shoes."

Compliantly following her instructions to the letter while she looked down at the rings dangling from her sensitive nipples, her left foot just barely reached the platform as she used the padded bar to balance herself.

Next, Luiz lifted her foot slightly, causing the back of her knee to press tighter against the pad, and removed her high-heeled boot. Tossing that shoe to the side, he gently traced his fingertips along the bottom-side of her sexy stocking clad foot, causing her to quiver in reaction to the tickling sensation. Gasping in response while resisting the urge to jerk her foot away from his tickling fingers, she bobbled about on her right leg as she did her best to remain in position while he finished tormenting her.

When he was finally done tickling the bottom of her soft and tender foot, he smiled and said, “Good girl,” as he produced a very unique looking shoe to put on her waiting foot.

Looking down at the new shoe, Marla could see it was no ordinary shoe. This thing was clearly a cross between a horse’s hoof wear and a human’s short boot. The toe section was wide and nearly round with an actual metal horseshoe screwed to the bottom, while the heel was similarly shaped but smaller, also with a metal horseshoe attached to it. Skillfully working the unusual footwear onto her foot, he then lowered the metal clad sole onto the rubber surface and proceeded to lace the short boot onto her slender foot, before prompting her to swap feet on the shoeing box.

Marla immediately noticed how much heavier it was from the short boots she wore. After her left foot landed to the hard floor with a clopping thud, she raised her right foot into position in preparation to receive the matching boot. And just like before, Luiz removed her normal boot and began to slowly tickle her exposed sole. Twisting and turning in response to Luiz’s roaming fingers, she was surprised at how sturdy she felt atop her new shoe.

Luiz continued to tickle Marla’s foot until he saw her begin to regain her composure and catch her breath. Then, in a repeat performance, he placed a matching horseshoe clad boot

on her right foot and laced it tight. Prompting her right foot back to the floor now, Ava quickly pulled Marla away from the shoe-changing box by her reins.

While getting used to the new shoes for the first time, she and others were taken aback by how eerily authentic they sounded as she stepped away. Clopping to the floor with each step, the stiff soled shoes seemed to meet the objective perfectly, her steps sounded just like a pony slowly stepping along!

Leaving Marla to stand several feet way, Ava barked out, “You will stay right here girl, while I tend to your friend.”

Frozen in her tracks, she watched Ava release her reins and turn for Lexi.

Retrieving Lexi’s reins, Ava pulled her to the box. With Luiz still sitting in-place, the young woman shook her bit-clad head in symbolic objection as she compliantly stepped forward. Next, under Luiz’s guidance, she raised her left leg over the padded bar and allowed her foot to rest on the box below.

Then, just like with Marla, Luiz seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his work as he removed Lexi’s shoe and tickled the bottom of her foot in exactly the same manner. Squealing and dancing about even more than Marla did, it was clear that she was a bit more sensitive down there, and Luiz picked-up on that quickly.

Taking a few extra seconds to tickle Lexi’s flailing foot, he snickered, “A live wire here I see. We’ll have to remember this!”

Shaking her head and groaning into her bit-gag, she knew there’d be no dissuading the young man when he might decide it was time to torment her ticklish feet again. She could only hope that he would forget about her sensitive feet and spare her future anguish.

Once he was finished with her sensitive soles, it didn’t take long for Luiz to have both metal clad boots laced onto Lexi’s slender ankles. Then, with her feet properly dressed and

back on the floor, Ava pulled on Lexi's reins and said, "Come on girl, over here, right next to your friend. Now it's time for the boys to get their footwear!"

And with her steps making the same bone chilling sounds as Marla's did, she carefully stepped away from the box to make room for their husbands.

"Now stay girl, stay!" she exclaimed as if talking to a pet before she released her grip on Lexi's reins and turned for Michael.

Skillfully working together as they had with the females, the trainers soon had Michael and Diego fitted with the same horseshoe clad boots. And with their additional size and body weight, the uniquely familiar sound of their special shoes were even more prominent.

With the pony-slaves restrained, dressed and shoed as required, Ava took ahold of Marla's and Michael's reins, while Luiz gathered up Lexi's and Diego's. Then, pulling the enslaved couples along side by side, their straining shoulders were rubbing and bumping together with each step, as they headed for the barn's large front door.

"Today your training is going to focus on proper form and obedience," called out Luiz. "You will learn the correct ways to walk, prance, and gallop. We are sure you will find your new footwear well suited for the training ahead. While they might be a bit heavy and loud, they will prove to be very stable with good grip."

Seeing the look of concern already building in the women's eyes, Ava could tell they were already fretting over the idea of prancing and galloping about without any support for their large jutting breasts. Suddenly, the horse like clip-clop sounds of their new shoes no longer consumed their thoughts.

Recognizing the women's distress, Ava said, "Once we arrive at our destination, we have a couple more pieces to put on you, of which the fillies will be certain to appreciate."

While unsure exactly what Ava was referring too, Marla and Lexi were indeed becoming very concerned over how their freshly ringed nipples might respond when their unsupported breasts began to flop up and down while in a trot or run. Not only were they worried about the physical effects of such an ordeal, but they knew it would be immensely humiliating to have anyone see their exposed tits jumping and jiggling about, so much so that Lexi was already beginning to shiver with panic.

Getting the hang of walking smoothly in their new metal-soled shoes, they were now walking along a hardscape path at the edge of the small pasture between the house and the barn when they quickly spotted several pieces of equipment that weren't on display when they arrived at the barn yesterday. Lying around in the lush and thick grass, their wide eyes spotted a number of devices clearly designed for yard maintenance and service. Clearly designed to be powered by something other than a traditional engine, they instinctively knew it would be them!

Stopping to allow the pony-slaves a good view of the equipment that they were destined to pull and power, Luiz motioned toward the array of devices and spoke out.

"Here we have some brand-new equipment, all recently purchased in anticipation of your arrivals. We have three reel-movers, a fertilizer and seed spreader, two rotary sweepers, a small single blade cultivator, two small cargo wagons, and a single person transport buggy, all designed to be powered by well-trained ponies, such as yourselves."

Gasping and groaning, the women were especially distressed by the thought of performing such manual labor, under the hot Texas sun, like common workhorses.

"But that work is still several days off in your future. For the next few days you'll be spending much of your time and training on the device just ahead."

Looking further ahead to see what Luiz was referring too, a cold chill ran up their spines when they spotted the large turnstile device meant to walk horses in circles. Positioned

about 5-yards from the house's large sitting deck and placed on a circular shaped clay surface that was constructed within the soft yard-like pasture, their hearts began to race as they drew closer to the device. There was no mistaking what was in-store for them as they approached the shiny steel equestrian exercise machine.

Sitting excitedly on the deck, Jackson, Katelyn, and their lovely daughters, along with a few of their servants and Katie and David, who were once again standing at attention at their wooden posts, they were all watching the new pony-slaves moving along the hardscape path to the waiting machine. Sipping on their morning coffee, the Shackel's could clearly hear the clip-clop, clip-clop, approach of the four advancing ponies as they took in the wondrous sights and sounds of the naked and exposed couples being pulled forward by their reins to the awful training machine.

Jackson and Katelyn, and most of their servants, couldn't help but smile as they watched the new property walk along with great trepidation in their step. Rocking forward in their chairs some, as if that might afford them just a slightly better view, their bodies were fluttering with excitement as they took in the marvelous sight of their beautiful property.

While intrigued by the events unfolding in the yard area, David and Katie felt more relieved than anything else. Watching the distressed pony-slaves stepping forward, they knew they had just barely escaped the same awful fate.

Finally arriving alongside the machine now, the four slaves couldn't help but look up at the deck to see all of the folks enjoying their obvious sexual distress and deepening humiliation. While on display like show animals, they fought unsuccessfully against their bodies betrayal of them. While their eyes pleaded for mercy, their sexually charged bodies continued to tell a very different story of extreme lust and desire.

"Stand still, right here," Ava demanded in a stern voice as she released Marla's and Michael's reins in order to go and retrieve a small duffle bag from the deck. Returning, she set it

down, opened it up, and pulled out two leather bra-like apparatus.

Approaching Marla, she smiled and said, “Would you ladies like something to help steady your girls during your training?”

Staring at the unfamiliar gadget, she could see it was made up of many straps, but with no cups to cover her ringed tits. In a way, she found that strangely comforting as her nipples still felt very strange and sore.

Getting no response from Marla, she asked, “Well, would you rather go free style my dear?”

Shaking her head ‘No’, Marla tried to speak around her deep-seated bit-gag, but it didn’t work well.

“Nod your head big if you want me to fit your glorious girls with this?”

Fearing her tits swinging about feely more than the odd harness, she inhaled deeply and nodded her head up and down rather dramatically.

“Very good, now step forward and we’ll get this on you.”

Compliantly stepping forward to Ava, she watched as the young woman went to work on her large mammaries. It didn’t take long for the skilled trainer to slip the two 1-inch wide main leather loops of the device around Marla’s impressive breasts, before pulling them tight to her torso with some additional straps that she wrapped under her arms and around her slender body.

Next, Ava took the two straps that were connected to the topsides of the main loops around her breasts and placed them over her shoulders, before attaching them to the strap just above her elbows, thus allowing her to adjust them such that Marla’s breasts were now lifted high by her own bound arms. Using the remaining adjustments available on the odd device, Ava soon had the leather loops snugged tightly around the base of her glamorous globes, leaving her otherwise free hanging breasts steadied and lifted by the two leather loop

straps. There was no doubt that this would certainly help to hold her firm and beefy breasts in-place during the impending training activities, but she also knew there would still be plenty of action to witness.

“There we go my filly! That should help to provide you some relief while not spoiling the view of your extraordinary girls and rings.”

While hoping for something much more substantial than an open loop harness to support her jutting jugs, she knew it would be better than nothing at all.

Turning her attention to Lexi now, Ava held up another harness and asked in a teasing tone, “And what about you cutie pie?”

Nodding her head up and down rather vigorously, Lexi knew the harness would make a big difference in her struggles if she was indeed made to run with her arms bound behind her while wearing the awful shoes. With visions of her firm jutting globes forced to endure the punishment of her galloping strides, her wide eyes seemed to be begging for the mercy that the breast harness could bring her.

Working quickly to harness Lexi’s impressive titties, she was strapped-up tight in a matter of minutes. Next, she reached back into the bag, and this time she pulled out two sets of pony blinders. Tossing one to Luiz, she spoke out, “And the colts get some blinders to help teach them focus!”

Quickly applying the blinder units accordingly, the trainers carefully positioned the leather flaps fully inward, thus robbing Michael and Diego of any functional peripheral vision.

With the pony-slaves seemingly ready to start their ordeals, the trainers maneuvered them into position within the turnstile and attached their now shortened reins to the waiting connection points at their individual stations. With the sound of their shoes clopping about, the humiliating sights and sounds of their impending training was slowly becoming a bone chilling reality for the defeated young couples.

Currently configured to hold four trainees, the unit was now fully occupied with each of the men following their respective wives.

“Okay pony-slaves, listen carefully, here’s how this device will work today.”

“Excuse me Luiz darling, I have one more accessory for the ponies,” interrupted Katelyn rather loudly.

“Ava dear,” she continued as she held out a rather flat wooden box, “would you mind tending to this before Luiz begins their morning workout?”

Walking up to Katelyn, who was holding the box made of dark walnut over the deck’s railing, Ava had a slightly confused look on her face as Katelyn leaned over the rail even further with the box, then smiled and whispered, “Their rings look so bare… These are actually quite light, but will liven things up a bit my dear,” before she winked and nodded her head.

“Why certainly,” Ava replied, as she took the box from Katelyn and lifted the hinged lid to look inside.

Under the walnut lid, she spotted four sets of shiny bells inside, each resting inside individual cutouts within the soft foam lining. Smiling now, she responded, “It will be my pleasure Ma’am.”

Turning back to the training machine, Luiz could see the smile on Ava’s face as she approached Marla first.

“Mistress Katelyn has a little present for each of you today,” she snickered as she set the box down on a stool near Marla and removed a set of the 1-inch silver bells from the box.

Shocked by the sight of the shiny silver bells, Marla knew exactly where they would be going as she began to moan and shake her head in objection.

Holding the bells out for inspection as she gauged their weight, Ava commented, “While these are remarkably light, I’m not sure they will feel that way on your fresh rings,” as she stepped forward and carefully hung a bell from Marla’s

right ring. And while Marla exhaled in protest of the first bell and in anticipation of the second, Ava quickly attached the remaining bell to her left nipple ring.

Wobbling about on her legs now, Marla felt the bells pull slightly at her fresh rings, but to her surprise, it wasn't the horrific sensation she was expecting. The metal adornments were unexpectedly light, at least while standing there.

Quickly working her way around the turnstile device, she soon had shiny bells hanging from all four of the protesting pony-slaves' nipples, before stepping back and saying, "You may continue Luiz."

Smirking with a twinkle in his eyes, he picked up where he left off before Katelyn interjected with the bells.

"Listen carefully ponies. The carrousel's speed will be controlled by me. I will set the pace for each stage of your training this morning. You will keep up and perform as instructed, or you will feel the encouragement of our crops. Are we ready?" he asked rather loudly.

With all four of them nervously and anxiously awaiting the inevitable, they stood silently in preparation for their first training sessions. Not sure what concerned them more, the machine pulling at their bits, the awful shoes laced to their feet, or the bells dangling from their nipples, they mistakenly held their breaths in anticipation of things to start.

"Now this is no way to start things off PONIES! I SAID, are you ready to start your TRAINING?"

Startled by his loud stern tone, they quickly realized their mistake. Together, the pony-slaves reluctantly began to nod their heads up and down and mumble into their bit-gags.

"That's better!" exclaimed Luiz as he started the machine forward.

Slowly pulling on their reins, the now taught straps gently pulled them forward by their well-secured bit-gags. Slowly at first, it took a full revolution to get them up to a slow walking pace. Helpless against the machine's relentless power, it didn't take long for the sound of their metal clad

shoes, dropping to the hard clay ground below, to become very noticeable along with the faint sounds of gently ringing bells.

While giving the newbies several rotations to get used to the experience of the machine, Luiz and Ava set themselves up on opposite sides of the turnstile and prepared to start their duties.

Breathing more rapidly and groaning a bit louder with each trip around, their obvious distress seemed more about their deepening humiliation as they took in the arousing sights of the ones before them, than any level of physical stress or strain. They were all in great physical shape and it really showed now!

After a dozen or so trips around, Luiz called out, “Very good slaves… you got the hang of this quickly… Now, it’s time to add some form... Knees up high, we want to see the tops of your knees reach your hips with each step!”

Painfully aware that they were in no position to resist their instructions, they began to lift their knees up higher with each step.

“Higher folks! Your knees must reach the height of your coveted privates with each step, no exceptions!”

While giving them a few more rotations to adjust their steps, the sound of their boots clopping onto the hard clay became even louder. Once they finished with their allotted adjustment period, Ava and Luiz took ahold of their riding crops in preparation to remind the rotating slaves if they failed to perform properly.

Moving forward at a slow but methodical pace, it wasn’t long before the first slapping-crack of a riding crop rang out, followed by “Higher! Don’t be lazy, lift them higher!”

From his position, Diego saw it was Lexi who received the first performance reminder, which in-turn had him focusing more on his own steps.

Squealing and twisting at the stinging kiss on her outer ass check, she immediately jerked her knees up a bit higher in response. For the next fifteen minutes, the random sound of

the stinging crops kissing their intended targets rang out, followed by a yelp, then a trainer yelling out, “HIGHER!”

This went on for what seemed like an eternity as the pony-slaves adapted to their training requirements, and the whippings became less frequent. And just when their focus seemed to be paying off, they were soon to be distracted by some activity on the deck. But what the pony-slaves didn’t know was that it was all part of their training experience. Designed to help instill the necessity to remain focused and perform above all else, what happened next was clearly another opportunity to impart the helplessness and requirements of their situations.

“Well,” Ava called out, “we have another morning visitor to the deck!”

Unable to resist the urge to catch a glimpse, they spotted Linda being led onto the deck. Naked of any appreciable clothing now, Linda was wearing a wide slave collar, ankle cuffs with a short 6-inch hobble, really tall red heels and a device that looked a lot like a narrow leather chastity belt, with her wrists cuffed behind her to the belt.

While the women had little difficulty absorbing the sight of Linda’s predicament, for the men on the training machine it was a different story. Determined to watch as well, they had to turn their heads sharply to the right with each pass by the deck in order to see what was going on. The blinders made it difficult to see what was happening without twisting their heads sharply, which unfortunately affected their balance and high stepping exercise.

Watching Linda being led slowly across the deck, with her ankles struggling against hobble chain and the extreme shoes, they quickly noticed there was something holding her mouth open very wide. When she got a bit closer, it was clear that the Shackel’s had fit her with a cruel looking dental spreader. Made of shiny metal, the device was hooked over her upper and lower teeth. The medieval looking device had her mouth stretched open to its maximum width, as were her frantic eyes, while her wobbly ankles stepped forward under the influence of a leash drawn tight from her collar.

Seeing the look of panic on her face as she was being led over to the table where the Shackel's were sitting, her appearance did indeed distract the couples in training. That's when a whole new round of slapping crops could be heard landing across their exposed ass cheeks as Ava and Luiz called out.

"Come on now! Knees UP! Stay focused!"

While readjusting some of their focus back to their assigned tasks, the couples also did their best to follow Linda's plight. It was like watching a natural disaster unfolding; they couldn't seem to look away, even as the trainers continued to remind them of any performance problems!

"You must learn to stay focused on your own responsibilities and not that of others... If you can't multitask, I suggest you concentrate on your own performance," explained Ava.

From the deck above, Linda was equally attracted to the curious sight of the couples on the turnstile. Quickly locking her eyes onto the bells hanging from their new nipple rings, it reinforced her own decision to serve as Katelyn's personal lesbian sex-slave, even if she was currently terrified by the vulnerability of her open mouth as she approached the Shackel's table.

While she expected to be kneeling between Katelyn's legs at any moment, she couldn't help but be fearful of Jackson's impressive cock. What if he decided it was time to enjoy her services for himself? Would she be able to survive his bulbous shaft head slipping through the spreader and into her defenseless throat?

Shifting her attention between the Shackel's on the deck and the couples on the carrousel below as they walked in high-stepping circles with their bells jingling about while being whipped by Ava and Juiz, she felt like her current predicament was not so bad after all.

Then, Linda watched as Luiz placed his thumb over the walker's controller, before speaking out.

“It’s time to practice your prancing!” he exclaimed as he gradually turned up the unit’s speed.

“And keep those knees high and your backs straight. Form is extremely important my pony-slaves!”

The increased speed quickly forced them to jump forward to keep up. Made to leap in order to maintain the pace while keeping their knees high, all of their bells were now flopping around and ringing loudly, which was exceptionally evident with the well-endowed women. While their breasts were somewhat supported by their harnesses, their fully exposed globes where now jumping and jiggling with each shoe pounding hop, causing their bells to ring out louder and louder as they pulled and jerked at their new rings.

Stunned by what she was witnessing on the ground just a few feet below, a soothing sense of relief washed over Linda as she approached Katelyn’s position. She now knew she had made the right decision, she couldn’t even imagine herself down below with bells jumping about on her freshly ringed nipples. It gave her goose-bumps just thinking about it.

“If you perform well today pony-slaves,” exclaimed Luiz, “you will each be allowed one orgasm later this afternoon.”

Strikingly motivated by the suggestion that they would soon be allowed to climax, the couples seemed to respond with renewed efforts as they groaned into their bits with a sense of joyful anticipation. Even with the bells jumping about and jingling on their rings, the induced sexual excitement in their tormented bodies continued to control them regardless of their mental and physical states.

Still stealing glimpses of Linda when they could, a couple of them saw Katelyn snap her fingers and point to the floor between her knees, which got an immediate response from Linda. Elated that she was about to give service to Katelyn’s cunt rather than Jackson’s probing cock, she quickly dropped to her knees from her really tall heels and rocked forward without any further prompting.

From their vantage point only a few yards away, they had a good view of Linda as she moved her head forward between Katelyn's open legs and began her sex-slave duties. Knowing how wide her mouth was stretched open, they could only imagine how difficult it must have been for Linda to pleasure the dominant woman's pussy with only her tongue.

It wasn't long before Katelyn began to stroke the top of Linda's head as if she was a family pet and blurted out, "While your friends have been promised the reward of an orgasm for a good performance this morning, you my dear will not have such fortune. You exist here only to serve me and my desires, no matter how kinky or intense they may be."

Sill petting Linda's head as her frenzied cunt began to secrete its womanly juices into her serf's helpless mouth; she released a pleasurable sigh and said, "It may be a very long time before you're afforded such a privilege my dear…"

Groaning with disappointment into Katelyn's wet slit, she knew her own churning desires were going to be a real problem for her if she didn't get some kind of relief. More and more, she knew it would be the vaccine's relentless control of her vibrant libido that was going to be her biggest nemesis. With the memories of her life before her incarceration seemingly fading from her consciousness, she felt herself conceding quickly to the enslavement that now sent ripples of sexual tension through her helpless body.

Back at the training device just off the deck, the four pony-slaves were starting to show signs of fatigue as they continued to prance forward under the guidance of the powerful unit and their trainers' skilled whips. No longer enamored by the view of Linda's lesbian submission, they were starting to feel the physical effects of their prolonged prancing, not to mention the ringing bells that were dancing about from their sensitive nipples.

Seeing that the prancing slaves were now struggling to catch their breaths as a thin sheen of sweat began to cover their straining bodies, Luiz slowed the carrousel back down to a reasonable walking speed once again.

“Good work my pets. You’ve done rather well in the opening session of your training. We’ll complete some cool down laps before we take a moment to give you a little something, then we’ll work on some galloping techniques… However, you will remain in good form during your cool down laps! We expect knees to stay up high!” said Luis.

Grateful for the break, the heavily panting pony-slaves were also very thankful that the bells began to hang mostly silent from their rings as they returned to a slow walk, even while maintaining their high-stepping form. Taken nearly to the edge of their endurance, the pony-slaves’ sexy glistening bodies felt strangely alive with a kind of sexual heat that seemed to radiate from their tormented nipples and elsewhere.

After several cool down laps were completed, Luiz brought the training wheel to a slow stop. Next, he and Ava approached Lexi. Following the trainers’ moves with great curiosity, Lexi watched Luiz circle behind her while Ava stood before her, and holding a small dark brown bottle of a substance she didn’t recognize.

Unsure what was about to happen, she was startled when her head was suddenly pulled backward by her bit-gag straps as Ava stepped even close. Straining to look down her nose at Ava, she knew something bad was about to happen when she saw Ava unscrew the cap from the bottle and use its built-in dropper shaft to extract a full dose of a mysterious liquid.

“This my dear,” said Ava, “is a devilish booster to the vaccine you received in Brazil… While I’m supposed to tell you some story about how it will help protect you from local viruses and alike, the truth of the matter is, it simply amplifies the effects of the vaccine, and you know what that means!”

Moaning aloud and shaking her head as much as she could, loud garbled protests quickly began escaping from around her bit as she tried desperately to back away from Ava. But Luiz was prepared for such a reaction as his tight grip held her steady, while keeping her face pointing toward the blue sky.

Next, her frantic eyes followed the approaching liquid filled dropper as Ava slipped it over the top of her bit-gag and squeezed its contents onto the back of her tongue and down her throat. Nearly choking on the tasteless fluid as her tongue fought futility to expel the dropper, she simply couldn't stop Ava from administering the booster or herself from swallowing it.

"Good girl," snickered Ava. "We're all done! This self-replicating booster will help intensify that very special feeling you have burning inside! And you don't have to worry about it fading over the months and years ahead," she mocked, as a beaming smile overtook her pretty face.

With Luiz releasing her head, she whimpered softly at the thought of her arousal becoming any stronger. The humiliation of her uncontrollable excitement was already bad enough; to think it would soon multiply was mortifying.

Stepping over to Michael, who was positioned in front of Lexi on the machine, she watched in dismay as the trainers did the same thing to him. Watching them work together so skillfully and effortlessly, her sympathetic eyes looked on as Luiz jerked Michael's head back while Ava slipped the same dropper into his wedged open mouth and squeezed the bulb between her fingers. Watching Michael strain and sputter as the so-called booster slipped down his throat, she knew firsthand the sense of dread that was now filling his thoughts.

Then, when Luiz released his grip on Michael's head, she knew Marla and Diego were next on their hit list as they moved around the turnstile and out of her sight. And when she finally heard the commotion directly behind her, followed by Diego's coughing and sputtering, she knew their trainers' latest task was now complete.

After allowing the pony-slaves some time to recover from the application of their boosters and to catch their breaths, Luiz's voice rang out once again. "Shall we continue to hone your skills my friends?"

But before any of them could respond, they felt the carrousel begin to tug gently on their reins once again. Unable

to resist the machine's power, they were once again stepping forward while the machine slowly picked up speed.

"We're going to bring you back to a full walking pace while your bodies absorb the booster. Remember, knees up high! And don't be overly concerned with any strange new sensations you may feel… It just means the booster is working properly and that you'll enjoy the coming rewards for good behavior all that much more."

Stepping along at a steady walking speed now, the emotionally spent couples suddenly felt the slapping whips come back to life as the trainers barked out, "Knees up ponies, knees up high!"

Working perilously to comply and avoid the stinging crops, their straining and glistening bodies were a remarkable sight to see. Between the heavy clopping shoes working at their flexing legs, and the unyielding bonds that seemed to challenging their balance and control with every step, the plundered couples did their best to capitulate, as their training session soon became an exercise of physical, but mostly mental, endurance.

From the deck, the entire Shackel family looked mesmerized with the view of their new property. Even Katelyn seemed a bit more fascinated with the show down below than she was Linda's probing tongue, albeit not by much. And for Katie and David who still stood bound and naked on the deck's slave mounting poles, it felt good to have the Shackel's attentions focused on the others. While they certainly felt for the helpless couples, it meant they were no longer alone at the ranch of bondage and slavery.

After a couple dozen trips around the training unit, the telltale signs of the booster were beginning to show. Unable to fight it, the couples felt their bodies begin to tingle even deeper with increased sexual desire. Completely broken and conquered by the mystifying effects of the dark booster, the bells hanging from their newly ringed nipples were now having an astounding effect on them, and it was not that of pain.

“Remember folks,” snickered Ava, “work hard now, and you’ll be rewarded later.”

With the evil vaccine and booster completely overwhelming their defeated bodies and minds, they were no longer concerned about their spouses or who was watching them, as they began to grunt and prominently nod their heads up and down in approval while their wide crazed eyes darted about. Mortified by how quickly and intensely the booster took effect, their bodies were now bristling with an insatiable desire for sexual release. Even the humiliation of being brought to orgasm in public, in front of an audience, only seemed to fuel their increasingly depraved desires.

Watching the pony-slaves working hard to improve their performance while clearly straining against their increasing torment, Luiz commented, “Keep up the good work, and you’ll all have much to look forward to!”

Groaning and moaning in response to his comment, they seemed to strive even harder to comply, in order to be rewarded. In fact, pretty much the only thing any of them could think about right then was getting off. It didn’t matter where or how, all they sought at that moment was an unbridled climax.

“And just in case you’re wondering how sweet your rewards will be, I’m going to share a little something with you… Once we’re done with the walker later his morning, the Shackel’s have promised to make you all available to the staff. With the intention of rewarding you for your obedience and us for our dedicated service, I guess you can say it’s a classic win-win!

“You see, you’re all going to be staked down, spread-eagle, on the soft grass, leaving you all completely exposed and vulnerable, just waiting to be fucked and teased by any interested staff member.”

Understanding exactly what that meant for them, they vigorously nodded their heads up and down in willing acceptance of their fates. Horrifyingly enough, it seemed that nothing could distract them from their burning desires to

climax. Not even the prospect of being made available to numerous people to have their way with them could dampen their desires. In fact, the possibility of being brought to climax numerous times by multiple folks actually made their hearts flutter with anticipation.

"And I for one have something very exciting in mind for you my dear," snickered Luiz as his crop landed across Lexi's flexing ass cheek, causing the panting woman to moan and whimper in a confusing sensation of wanton anticipation of what was about to come, and for the next 21-years!

The End

I hope you thoroughly enjoyed this first addition in a new series of exciting books that will delve into the Shackel's world of kinky domination, pony training and humiliating pleasures as only W.L. Dowd can deliver! With more unsuspecting characters to be acquired and many new experiences to be endured, I guarantee this series will entertain beyond your expectations!

And as I ask with all of my books, please rate this story and write a review if you're so inclined. My writing is heavily inspired and influenced by your feedback and comments. You can also contact me directly at: wldowd@email.com. I respond to all email that I receive!

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