

Just Once A Month

John Lasig hated being the bottom. He wasn't submissive. He was a dominant and that is the role he should always play. It was, after all, the normal role for him. Moreover, Melissa was a natural sub. He knew it the very moment he had met her. It was something in her eyes, the way she looked at him with a sense of the potential for surrender.

After all, he was a very good-looking man. He was 6'3" tall with a 260-pound body that he kept in top shape through daily exercise. He had good muscle definition while avoiding being too bulky. His dark hair lay perfectly with just a slight wave. Women were always attracted to him, but he was very particular about what he was looking for. While he could bed most women, what he really needed was to dominate his woman. Even that was not that hard for him because most women naturally gave in to him. The problem was he also did not like his women to be too weak. It was no challenge to tame a cowering simp. The brighter and stronger the woman the more he enjoyed gaining and exercising dominance over them.

That is a part of why B&D was so important to him. The greatest thrill of all came from placing a strong woman in bondage. When she realized that she was completely helpless and that he could do with her as he pleased no woman could resist a twinge of fear. He needed that fear.

He also needed a woman who would be a challenge. So many of the first women who had consented to bondage with him had either caved in and used their safe word before he even had them reasonably secured or would lay limp and useless if he so much as draped a rope over their body. Those experiences had been more frustrating than no bondage at all.

That is why Melissa was so important to him. She was normally a very strong assertive woman, and she fought like a wild cat when he restrained her. Even when he placed her in a tie that she knew from prior experience was completely inescapable she would not accept that fact until she had wiggled and pulled at every bind, worked her hands up every rope in reach looking for a knot to manipulate, and twisted her body into contortions looking for just a small fraction of slack.

That had added to the pleasure and the challenge for both of them. For the first three years of their relationship, she somehow managed to escape almost half of the time. He should have been frustrated and disappointed, but he was not. He learned from his mistakes, not the least of which was to never ever underestimate her. He got better and even though her skills also increased, the improvement in his skills tended to render her increased ability moot. Now, when he tied her she stayed tied - well, most of the time.

He wondered now if he should have made purposeful mistakes more often so that she could escape on more occasions. That really would not have worked. She was too smart for that. She would figure out what he was doing, and it would spoil it for both. What happened instead was a new demand from her. One he did not like, but finally gave in to. Once each month, on the fifth of the month, he would be the bottom and she would be the top. She would restrain him and have her way with him unless he could escape. His bulk and musculature meant he was far less able to contort his body, but he developed his own techniques. He learned that he could expand his muscles when she was tying him. That would create slack he could use to maneuver knots within reach. She had upped the game by buying and utilizing leather belts and straps that she could buckle tightly. Then after she had him secured, she could rework the buckles taking up the slack and tightening things up.

She had also taken to gagging and hooding him right from the beginning. She would remove the gag later if she wanted him to do something, then quickly put it back in. She said that it helped moderate his tendency to try to "top from the bottom." He knew she was right about that, but he hated it all the same.

He had threatened to stop being the bottom. He had even refused on one occasion, but she then refused him for the entire month until the fifth of the next month came around. He was more than willing to submit on that occasion, and she made sure he suffered that time. She claimed the monthly switch was a necessary safety device. He would always know that whatever he did to her could result in payback later. Not that either of them were at all inhibited. She seemed to love being the bottom and he would never do anything to really hurt her, so in that sense it did not make sense, but it seemed to make her feel safer and that was important, so, he agreed to it and they had stuck by it for the last year and a half. The first switch had happened on their honeymoon. She had made it very agreeable and even romantic which had eased his fears.

John had tried to get Melissa to agree to change the day of the switch, but she refused. She said that it was important to tie it to the date and make it sacrosanct. She told him that she felt that once they started messing with the scheduled date it would lose its value. And there was the rub. Today was the fifth. It was bad timing because it was also the date of the major annual fetish party. He had really wanted to go to the party, but not as a bottom. He had carefully avoided the subject of the party out of fear of how that would end. Even though he and Melissa did not engage in their mutual kink with other people, they did know other people in the community and other people knew them. John could not picture being led around the party as the sub. It would not even work if he were hooded, because he and Melissa were supposed

to be monogamous, so everyone would know it was he. Supposed to be monogamous, why had he thought about that? They had been pretty true to one another, at least until about four months ago when John had met Julie.

It had started innocently enough. Doesn't it always? He had met her through work. They would have coffee together. Then it was lunch. Later it was time in the afternoon which is when things got a little steamy. John had not seen it as really cheating because it had just been straight sex. That meant to him that the relationship with Melissa was safe because their thing was still protected - until it wasn't. Sex for John could not stay separate from bondage. As he use to do in his dating days he started simple with just a few simple ties when they met for their trysts. Julie got into the scene playing the captured heroine. John sensed in Julie a real potential.

That was really as far as it had gone. He had talked to her about other things, and he would love to get her in their playroom, but . . . that didn't seem likely.

He really felt guilty standing naked in his and Melissa's playroom thinking about Julie. He tried to bring his mind back to the moment. Melissa had installed the CBT device she had bought. This was the latest of her control measures. Once he had cum, he had little interest in continuing their games. He had tried to control it, in fact, he had thought being the bottom would be enough of a turn-off for him to keep him from it, but that was not the case. It turned out that bondage turned him on. It turned him on whether he was the top or the bottom and when he was bound, he could not control the action. That made him more susceptible. An experienced Mistress would be able to read the signs and control him, but Melissa was not experienced - yet.

So, her approach had been to purchase the device. He did not know

whether she had had it designed or bought it off the shelf. It was stainless steel. A thick clamp fastened between his body and his cock and balls. Then a small metal sheath slipped over his cock and fastened to three small rods protruding from the clamp where it locked in place. The device came with several different sheaths that she could employ. The normal one simply curved downward and narrowed in girth thus, it prevented him from getting erect. One of them curved into a complete U shape. This one allowed plenty of room for his cock to harden, but no room for it to expand. He thought it would be preferable to the former one, but he found it was painful.

Another clamp fastened around his scrotum just above his balls. This clamp had a loop, which allowed the connection of a leash to lead him. From the first time that she had installed it on him, Melissa utilized this method for leading him when he was under her control. She called it the 'come along'. And it worked. When she had that thing in place, he would go wherever she was pulling. He had considered placing its use off limits, but he knew if he did she would respond by restricting his use of something he enjoyed that might scare her. And she had not actually hurt him with the come along, only scared the shit out of him. Right now, a leash line from the 'come along' to a wooden post in their playroom kept him near one wall.

His arms were free, but he respectfully held them to his sides waiting on her next direction. That is, except when he saw she was busy doing something else and he eased a hand over to maneuver the ring around his balls into a more comfortable position. He didn't touch the leash.

Melissa was back, standing behind him. "Arms behind you, hands to the elbows." He followed her direction. He knew what was coming. It was a leather armbinder. When his arms were in the correct position, she pulled it up over his arms until the outsides reached the middle of his upper arms. Straps then fastened around his arms just above each

elbow. Another thick strap fastened over his arms as they lay parallel behind his back.

The leather of the binder was folded over the tops of his arms and laces were applied. The laces started in the middle on the top of his arms and then worked through the holes in the leather up to the crook of the elbow and then up the inside of the upper arm. After she had both laces in place she returned to the middle and worked the laces back along their length removing the slack and pulling them tight. He had worn this damn thing once before and knew it to be completely inescapable. If anything, it felt tighter this time than last. He had inspected it a couple of times and saw that it also had several rings and buckles for attachment of other things. She had not used any of those with it on previous occasions.

Melisa Then fastened a wide posture collar around his neck and pulled the straps tight at the back of his neck. She fastened another leash line to a ring in the front of the collar and connected it to another ring in the post. He sighed realizing that she was in control from this point forward, unless, and until he wimped out and used his safe word.

She was at his feet, signaling for him to lift his right leg. He did. He could not look down because of the posture collar, so he could not tell what she was doing. He felt her guide his foot into what felt like a boot, but as his foot slipped to the bottom it did not go flat. The inside arch was slanted down like the arch in a woman's high heel shoe. And from the feel of it, a very high heel. He was not into cross dressing and did not want her putting him in high heels. He felt her snug up the material on the boot all the way to just below his knee.

"Hey." He said. "No women's clothing." She stood up and walked to one of the cabinets in their playroom. When she returned, she was swinging a ball gag by its strap.

"Silly boy. These are not women's shoes. But good slaves don't question their Mistress." He felt the sting of a crop on his buttocks. Not too hard, but enough to send the message. He was doing it again. She held the gag up in front of his mouth. He tried to turn his head away, but she pinched one of his nipples with the other hand and started to twist. He opened his mouth, and she popped the gag in. It was quickly buckled behind his neck. "Now where was I?" She said as she returned to the boot and began lacing it up. When she had finished the lacing, she signaled for him to raise his left foot and then repeated the process.

When she was done, he was standing almost six inches higher than before. The boots were the equivalent of a four inch heels on top of a two inch wedges. His foot angled forward onto the toes with all his weight carried on the balls of his feet. He could feel that the arch was made of very strong material. "Don't lean back." She warned. "There is no heel on these, so you need to keep your weight forward on the toes."

"What?" He tried to say, but it came out completely garbled. He lifted his right foot and could feel that the boot was heavier than a normal boot. When he lowered the boot, he heard a clicking sound like metal on the cement.

Melisa quickly connected a strap around each of John's ankles over the boots, snapped locks onto each strap and then connected them with a short hobble. As soon as she finished John tested the range and found it to be only about eight inches. It was a good thing they didn't have to go anywhere.

"Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back." she said as she giggled and walked out of the room. John could not see her pull out her phone and sent a text. All it said was "Green."

Melisa went to the bedroom she shared with her husband. His cell phone was sitting on the counter. She picked it up and sent a text. "I am loose. See you in an hour." She giggled at her choice of words. She clicked through his phone checking for other text messages he might have sent. There was nothing problematic. She checked his pictures. There were several pictures of Julie. "Such arrogance" she thought to herself. She selected one of them and sent it to someone.

John tested his restraints. He twisted his arms inside the binder. It was tight and nothing moved. He tried to move his fingers around to see if he could find something loose. He could not. He tried to look around, but the posture collar held his head high and made sure he could not turn it from side to side. To look at anything other than what was in front of him he had to turn his entire body and that action was limited by the two leashes, one at his balls and the other at his collar. They were only 18" long, so to see anything other than the post and the wall he had to step right up to the post.

He tried to test the feel of the strange boots. He lifted one foot then the other. His weight shifted backwards, and he tried to catch it with the pressure of his heel, but there was no heel, only an open space below where a high heel would extend if it were truly a woman's shoe. As his body fell backwards, he tried to push his foot back to catch himself, but the hobble pulled it up short. Then he came to the end of the leash line attached to his collar. That stopped the backward motion of his upper body, but his lower body instinctively moved backwards only to be suddenly jerked to a halt by the leash to his come along ring. As it extended and jerked on his balls he saw white dots in front of his face, but the combination of the two lines had stopped the fall. He managed to get his feet back under him and was careful to keep his weight forward.

He was moving his feet around trying to find the right balance. As he did, he heard the bottoms of the boots making a clip clop sound. "Very strange." He thought.

Melisa was back. She rubbed a hand over his buttocks. "Did you miss me?" She lifted herself up on her toes and blew into his ear. "Let's get the rest of your outfit on." She said. "If we don't hurry, we will be late for the party."

His knees went weak. "Party? No." Nothing distinguishable came from the sounds. He had carefully avoided talking about the party because he did not want to be there as a sub. He certainly did not want to be led into the party. He had seen a few guys tightly restrained in leather being led into such parties, usually by a beautiful petite female. Most pranced along proudly, but every now and again he saw one who did not look happy and even tried to resist.

He even remembered such an occasion about two years ago. The young man was perhaps 25. His body evidenced regular workouts. John had been impressed at how well he had been secured. A wide collar held his head immobile and pointed forward so he would only be able to see straight ahead, except that his head was completely encased in a leather discipline hood - he could see nothing. Each arm was encased in a leather sleeve. A ring in the wrist of each sleeve fastened to a chain attached to the back of the collar, pulling his arms up high behind his back. He wore a heavy belt, at least 6" wide. It was pulled very tight. A ring from each elbow was attached to rings in the belt. He had no use of his hands, and his arms could not move at all. His fingers could touch the chain that started at the collar, looped first through the ring on one wrist, then the ring on the other and then returned to the collar, but they could not reach the connector on the collar. Even if he had been more limber, the straps holding down his elbows would have kept the connector on the collar just out of reach. Not that reaching would help.

It was locked in place with a padlock so that nobody else could help him.

Each of his nipples was pierced with a ring. Bells were attached to each nipple ring. His legs were locked in leather boots that forced him onto his toes - John could better picture the footwear that he himself wore. A short hobble connected the young man's ankles, but then a chain from the center of the hobble extended up and connected to a ring circling the scrotum. A young woman, less than half of his size controlled him with a leash attached to the scrotum ring. He tried to stop and even pull back a couple of times, but the young woman jerked on the line with what looked like practiced efficiency evoking a squeal and a jump forward as he reluctantly followed the lead.

Melisa had looked worried. She had said to John: "I don't think he wants to be tied and brought here. Shouldn't somebody help him?"

John remembered the conversation: "Some people just get carried away with the role playing. They want to pretend they are being taken against their will."

"But shouldn't somebody at least check? What if he is being taken against his will?"

John remembered laughing. He told Melisa "If he is stupid enough to get himself in this fix, he deserves it."

John decided he needed his arms free. He pulled and tugged at the armbinder. He shook his shoulders. Melisa was standing next to him. She wrapped one arm around him and gently flicked his nipples with the other hand.

"There, there. Nothing to be upset about. You love this party, and we

are not going to miss it just because it's the fifth. You would never mind parading me around now, would you?" She smiled as she continued to work on one nipple then the other. John felt his cock trying to grow and expand only to be stopped by the metal tube that now housed it.

That was it. He was done. "Ketchup - Ketchup." He was trying to say, it was his safe word for stop and end this.

"See, I knew you would be just as excited as I am about this." She pulled a large belt around his waist and started to tighten it. Three straps from the belt were fed through three rings in the armbinder, one a few inches above each elbow and another in the middle. These straps were then fed back through buckles on the belt and tightened until the binder had been pulled tight against the belt. From the front of the belt a strap came up and looped through a small ring in his posture collar, just below the front ring used to attach him to the pole. A buckle on the strap itself received the running end and allowed it to be tightened. From rings on the back of his collar two straps extended down and were fastened to the top rear of the armbinder. They were tightened, pulling up on the binder. A final strap from the front of the belt fed through a ring on the inside of the elbow, wrapped across his abdomen through rings in the belt, then through the ring at the other elbow and back to the front of the belt to buckle tightly. His arms had been secure before, now they were completely immobile.

Two straps from the rear side of the belt framed each of his buttocks before passing between his legs then each secured with buckles at the front of the belt.

"Ketchup, Ketchup." He was screaming as best he could. What was she going to do? Right now, it was not the party and all of the embarrassment that goes with it that had him worried. He had never seen her like this before. She was completely assertive, and in charge.

She had to understand him. She was ignoring him. He had never done that. He had never ignored a safe word. Ever. Well, he did not always react immediately, but he always stopped playing. He always - well, usually - removed the gag. Often, he was able to calm his partner down and then be able to continue, but he at least considered the safe word. She was ignoring him. He knew she was ignoring him. It was just because she wanted to take him to the party like this. Well, that was not going to happen. He was not going to the party bound and under control. Even if it was his day, and even if it was his wife.

She was standing in front of him with a tangle of straps in her hand. "You are going to look so wonderful in this." She was beaming. Actually beaming. He was caught off guard. He settled down a bit and looked at her. She climbed up onto a small step stool. With his height and the addition of the boots he towered over her. Then she started fitting straps around his head. He felt a strap encircle his forehead. He could tell that another wider strap ran over the top of his head intersection the strap around the forehead and down under his chin. Another strap intersected this vertical strap from the back of his head ending in rings at the corners of his mouth. Before tightening the straps, she unbuckled and removed the ball gag.

She was now holding something metal in front of his mouth. "Ketc . . . ". He got out before she jammed it into his mouth. He tried to twist his head back and away, but the posture collar didn't allow him to move it from side to side and he was at the ends of his tethers so there was no place for him to go. The thing in her hand slid easily into place and clipped into the two rings at the corners of his mouth. Then she tightened the head harness, including the strap at the back of his head, which pulled the device tight into his mouth.

The device was metal except at the sides where it interacted with his teeth. There the metal was contained in rubber or plastic covered

sleeves. The result was that his teeth made contact with a pliable material, but they also had no purchase on the bar that ran through the sheath. This bar had a clamshell shaped piece facing forward. As soon as she had popped the thing into his mouth, it had expanded lodging behind both his upper and lower teeth and forcing his jaws apart.

"Fun, huh. It is spring loaded so that it can open, if you let it, but once open it cannot close, at least unless I let it. So, you need to keep your mouth pressed against it at all times." He tried to say something, but he heard a click and felt the device open another notch. He froze and held his mouth as still as he could. Even if this thing had not been clipped to the rings in his harness, there was no way he could have gotten it out of his mouth. "When I decide, I can lock it in place, or even give you some relief, but for right now I think you should be very careful with that mouth of yours. Just think about how that mouth gets you in trouble."

He stood frozen in place. Where did this devilish thing come from?

But there was even more to this thing in his mouth. From the back of the bar, a U shaped piece of metal extended back far enough to almost cause him to gag. It moved up and down with the movement of his tongue. As it moved up and down with his tongue, short levers extending on both sides of his face and through the rings in the head harness moved with it. It was clear that the opposite would be the case. It was a bit, and with reins connected to the sides it would allow pressure to be applied to his tongue. It all suddenly made sense. She was making him up as a pony.

"I hope you are pleased. After all, I got all these new toys just for you." She was standing to his side, running her hands over his body. Her right hand was caressing his nipples, teasing one and then the other. Her left hand was working his buttocks.

Ok, that was feeling good. She tweaked a nipple, it didn't hurt, but surprised he gasped. There was a click and the clamshell in his mouth expanded a notch. "I would keep my concentration if I were you. I have never tried it, but I understand that device can get very uncomfortable." Her mouth was now on his nipple. She was licking and teasing it. He pulled his attention to his mouth. He did his best to hold his head without any movement concentrating on keeping pressure on the invader. He really didn't think it could expand much more, but he did not want to find out.

"You are making such a fine pony, but we need more, don't we?" She walked away.

What was she going to do now? He could not imagine anything more she could do. He was very helpless. Had she understood his attempts at using his safe word? Was she just ignoring him?

She was back. She disconnected the leash to his come along, fed it through his legs and started to walk him back away from the pole. At least she was walking his lower half back. His neck was still connected to the pole. This caused him to bend forward at the waist. When she had him well bent over, he felt her fingers on his anus. She was rubbing something on, and in, her fingers invading his body. In all his sexual experience and games, he had never been invaded there before. He was shocked. He tried to move forward and straighten up, but she was holding the leash in her hand and as he tried, she gave it a firm jerk to the rear. He responded by squealing and moving back. The clamshell clicked again. He was now even further back from the post than he had been before he tried to move. His head was touching the pole because as his body was pulled back it dropped the leash on his collar pulled his head forward.

To further control him she stepped onto the chain of the hobble. He

would stay in position until she allowed otherwise. He felt pressure against his sphincter. She was pushing something into his ass, and it wasn't her fingers. He tried to squirm his bottom away, but there was no place to go. His upper body was held to the post by the leash on his neck, his legs were trapped well back from his body with her holding down the hobble with her foot. And she still had hold of the leash to the come along.

The pressure was increasing. It hurt. He did not want that thing in his ass. He clenched to try to prevent it. "Work with me here and it will be a lot less painful. It is going in you know. You are not going to be able to stop it no matter what you try, so you might as well accept it. Besides, what self-respecting pony would go to a party without his tail?" That was what she was doing. He knew enough about pony play to know what was going on. He also knew she was right. He could not stop what she intended. The more he tried to clench and prevent it the more it hurt. He tried to ease up and relax. That helped and he felt his sphincter expanding. He was sure it was going to tear, but then the thing popped into place. The internal part of this plug felt enormous, but the base was very narrow, and his sphincter was able to close almost to its normal tightness.

This thing was not coming out without help. But Melisa was not taking any chances. A strap from the belt at his back fed through a slot on the top of the new device and was pulled up tight and buckled. As she tightened the strap it pulled back on the edge of the plug holding his tail. This pushed the head of the plug forward deep inside John's body. He had to admit the effect was highly stimulating. He did not think he would be able to walk with this thing in him, but it was clear he would not be able to get rid of it.

The strap in the back had the additional value of lifting the tail so that it extended straight out from the plug before dropping down. A much

better look for a proper ponytail. John did not want that thing in his ass, but what he wanted really did not matter. Most of what she had done over the last half hour he did not want. He especially did not want to go to the party as a pony. He clip clopped his feet in place shifting from foot to foot. He realized he probably made a pretty good-looking pony right now. She had spent a lot of time and money collecting all this stuff. How had she done all this without him knowing? She must have planned very carefully. He was completely surprised - and completely helpless.

There was no doubt that they were going to the party. He was not sure how they were going to get there, he, after all would not be able to sit, but he was sure they were going. And more problematic, they would not be able to just slip in, enjoy the party, and then leave unnoticed. This outfit was spectacular. There is no way it would not be noticed. He tried to turn his body so he could catch her eye. He needed to signal her that this was not good. He needed to signal somehow that he needed this to end, but he dared not move his jaw.

His hopes of being released as well as his hopes of not going to the party this way were circling the toilet, but his hopes to at least avoid recognition were lifted a little as she came back with something leather in her hand. It was a partial hood. The hood covered the back and sides of his head. It left an oval of his face exposed containing his eyes, nose, and mouth. It fit snugly pulling into place from the front and then lacing up the back. It covered almost all the harness leaving only the rings at the corners of his mouth with their attached bit exposed. He realized this would allow his current bit or other mouth implements to be manipulated, removed and/or inserted without the need to remove this new headpiece.

At the sides, starting over his ears two leather horse ears extended upward for about 8". The inside of the hood was padded over the ears

and small tubes were inserted into the ear channels. The ears on the headpiece could be turned, they were now pointed forward, the effect of which is that sounds from the direction they were pointed were enhanced while sounds from other directions were diminished. What John did not know is that the flicking of a small switch on the hood would close the channels to the outside while piping low volume white noise into the ears. The level of the sound was so low that it would confuse the wearer as to its source. However, the combination of white noise and blockage would make all but the loudest of outside noise disappear.

Also at the sides, just forward of the ears, flaps of stiff leather extended forward creating blinkers. They were just long enough so that if pushed together the sides met in such a way as to completely remove his vision. She closed them now, somehow connected to the two parts with a click, and for John the room went black.

"You look just wonderful. I am so excited about the party. We are going to have so much fun. You wait here." She patted him on the bottom and flipped the switch on his hood. He did not hear her moving; he could not sense where she was. Was that sound, or was his head just buzzing? He could not figure it out. He stood very still. He could see nothing. He could hear nothing but a low confusing buzzing sound. He could feel the clam relentlessly pressing against the inside of his mouth trying to push his jaw further open. He was helplessly bound and leashed to the post. He would wait for Melisa to return, he had no other choice, and then they were going to the party.

Melisa checked John's phone. There was a return text from Julie. "On way." Was all it said. It was about half an hour ago, within seconds of her message (from John) to Julie. Melisa smiled and left the house, closing and locking the door.



Julie had been surprised at the text from John. He had previously complained to her that as much as he would like to ditch his wife and take her to the big party he could not. She knew from prior months that on the fifth of the month John was not available. She did not understand exactly why - John had never admitted to her that he was on those occasions the submissive. He did not want to give her any ideas. But he had told her it was a day he had to spend with his wife, so that meant he could not take her.

Julie had never been to a fetish party or event before, but she was interested in going to the party. There was no way she was going alone. Prior to John she had had almost no involvement with bondage. John had introduced her, and she found it to be very stimulating. She had been timid and tentative at first, but he had been gentle, and she had been responsive, in fact she had been very responsive. When he tied her spread eagled to the bed and worked her body with his mouth, she thought she was going to explode. There was something about being helpless, having no control over what was touched or teased, having no way to take the initiative that enhanced the feelings. She knew there was a lot more to it. She had looked online a little. Some of what she saw scared her, she did not like the idea of pain, but she trusted John. And he had told her he would never hurt her. Even though the idea of the party made her nervous on one level, it would provide an opportunity to see others who were involved in this activity doing the things they enjoyed. The things she wanted to learn more about and explore.

Thus far her 'games' with John had only involved rope and silk scarves used as a gag. He had given her both a leather collar and a red ball gag, but she had not yet worn them. Well, that was not exactly true. She

had not worn them with him. She had tried them on in the privacy of her bedroom and found the feeling to be quite erotic. Collared and gagged she had lain on her bed and let her hands explore her body. She pretended to be a captured slave girl, closing her eyes and pretending that the hands massaging her body were those of her Master.

So, when she got a text from John earlier in the day saying he might be able to work something out and take her to the party she was excited. What Julie did not know is that the text did not come from John's phone but was sent by Melisa by way of a phone app that allowed her to make it appear that John had been the author and his phone the sender. The app also insured that any reply she sent returned to her phone not John's.

The next text from John was that he had arranged a special costume just for her for the party. She was excited and texted looking for a hint. The hint was "U look devastating in leather." Her knees became weak. She had never been able to afford leather. She had a leather miniskirt that she had worn long past its prime, but she felt so alluring in it. A leather costume, just for her? She was tingling all over at the thought.

"? about bitch?" She texted. Now she was getting excited, and she did not want things to go wrong.

It was a very long response for a text: "We will not know until close to the party. I expect to have her in restraints with hood. She will not be able to C or do anything. She will not know U R there. U can lead her on her leash. Your outfit will make it grand."

Again with the outfit. Should she feel guilty about what she was doing? No. His wife was cruel. She nagged him and refused to make him happy. He needed to be rid of her and be with Julie. The thought of seeing the bitch helpless and pulling her around on a leash was intoxicating.

Maybe he would even let her smack her a few times with a crop like she had seen on some of the Internet sites. "can't wait!!" She responded.

"When I give signal, go to 4th and Beech. Girl Susan pick U up. NW corner."

As the day had dragged on Julie could not get the butterflies out of her stomach.

Then she had received the confirming text from John. He had pulled it off. She was going to the party. She was getting her new grand outfit. She was going with John.

It took her less than 20 minutes to get to the appointed place. She did not want to leave her car, so she took a cab. She did not know this person named Susan. How would she know? Who was she anyway? The only problem with text communications is it did not lend itself to detailed communications.

A town car pulled up at the curb and the curb side back door opened. Julie bent forward and looked inside. A woman sat on the driver's side of the rear seat. She wore a white neatly starched and pressed blouse buttoned to her neck and set off with lace frills at the front over a leather full-length dress. Her black hair was cut to shoulder length and framed a striking face. She wore black gloves that extended to her upper arms. All that was missing was a large hat and a cigarette in a long cigarette holder.

The woman did not speak, but signaled for Julie to get in. Julie felt her body complying. She didn't even think about it, she just did what this woman indicated. She closed the door and almost immediately the car pulled from the curb and wove into traffic.

Julie started to ask: "Where are we . . ." She was interrupted by the woman placing her finger to her pursed lips, but it was more the look into Susan's eyes that stopped her mid-sentence. For a long moment she could not pull her eyes away, and then finally she was able to turn her head forward. She realized that she was trembling. She had a million questions but could not form them on her tongue.

Melisa could not believe that she had been able to obtain the assistance of Susan in this intrigue. Melisa had met Susan at one of the small parties that she and John had attended. These were social affairs that usually involved dinner and drinks, and although the participants were largely people who engaged in BDSM activity the parties themselves did not involve any outward manifestations of these desires. It was, however, usually not difficult to figure out who was dominant and who was submissive, although some couples admitted that they switched. In addition, there was no partner sharing or trading. Everyone was monogamous, or at least claimed to be. To be fair, there was some talk of fantasy trips that some had taken to places where they were supplied with slaves which for some reason was not counted as a breach of any vow.

Susan was one of the strongest most commanding persons that Melisa had ever met. She found herself drawn to the power of the woman.

Three weeks ago Melisa had learned that John was cheating. She was devastated. She thought he was the love of her life. She had fully and completely invested herself in this relationship. She had let him take control over her in a way that no man had ever before. She had been willing to do anything for him. Anything, that is, except let him cheat. To her fidelity was foremost. She had considered leaving him. Then she had seen Susan sitting at a coffee shop downtown. Susan had signaled for her to come over - when Susan signaled you didn't think about it,

you did it.

Melisa was not the sort of person who shared her feelings with others, but within minutes she was pouring out everything to Susan. Susan listened and nodded. Then Susan asked if Melisa and John still switched their play. Melisa confirmed that they did. Susan smiled broadly, leaned into Melisa and the plan started to hatch. Susan seemed delighted that the date for the switch corresponded with the fetish party.

The hardest part for Melisa had been to not reveal what she had learned and to act as if everything were normal. Several times she had almost slipped. It had not been the moments when he was dominating her as one might expect, but the few occasions during that period when he was being kind and romantic. But somehow, she had held on. Every time she wanted to throw something in his face, she thought about the plan.

The car containing Susan and Julie pulled into an alley behind several businesses and came to a stop. Susan exited and held open the door as Julie followed. Susan opened what was clearly a back door to a business and held it for Julie to walk through. Julie got a better look at Susan's outfit; everything looked so sexy - and expensive. Susan was standing 4 to 5 inches above Julie, but part of that were the 5-inch stiletto heels on her beautiful black leather boots. Julie wanted something like that.

Julie thought that there was a fetish shop on the block and assumed, correctly, that this was a back door into that shop. They were in the back of the shop. It did not have neat displays for customers, but there were racks of leather clothing, harnesses and other toys. Julie had never been in the store before, let alone in this back area. The smell of all the leather was overpowering. The back area was not just for stock and employees. Along one wall were four changing rooms. Through an open-door Julie could see that they were about 10' square, quite large.

The interior décor matched the theme of the establishment sporting faux block walls with inset wooden beams. The beams were clearly real, but whether they were really set in the wall or applied on the outside she could not tell. Metal plates with large rings set in the beams gave them a very realistic appearance. Julie had to admit she was impressed.

"Time to try on some things." It was not a question. It was a directive. It was the first time Julie had heard Susan's voice. Susan's voice was as strong as the aura that she exuded. She held her hand out toward a changing room.

Julie had gone to one of the racks and was fingering pieces of clothing that she found very attractive. She felt herself getting wet. She wanted to take a few things from the rack. She wanted to point out a few things to Susan, but somehow, she knew that she should not. Instead, she walked into the changing room. Susan closed the door behind them. There was a wooden bench against the wall that held the door.

"We have limited time to get you done. Remove your clothing and put them on the bench." Julie looked around the room for something else to wear. There was nothing. Susan stood still looking at her. Nothing more needed to be said. Julie started to undress. Pretty soon she was standing in her bra and panties. She had neatly folded all her outerwear and placed them on the bench as directed.

Almost as if on cue, there was a rap at the door. Susan opened it and took something on a hanger from a person who was outside Julie's view. It was leather and shaped like an hourglass. The back had laces and there were reinforced stitching in many places. It also appeared to have a lot of rings and straps hanging from different locations. It was a corset. Julie knew what a leather corset was, but she had never worn one. It looked uncomfortable, but it also looked very sexy. Julie gasped. It was high in the front. There was a clear framework to encircle the

breasts.

"Turn toward the wall." Julie followed instructions. "Remove the bra." It was clear from the view of the garment that that was required. She did so. Susan took it from her hand and put it on the bench. Susan reached around Julie with the garment. Holding it low to the ground and open, she assisted as Julie stepped into it.

Julie pulled it up over her hips and positioned it so that her breasts fit into the framed area clearly designed for them. The corset was black leather, rich clearly expensive but firm, evidencing internal support of some type. As Julie held it in position Susan began tightening the lacing on the back until it held on Julie's body. It encircled both breasts. Softer material between the framing around the breasts barely covered the top of Julie's nipples. She pulled up on the material to make it cover. Straps seemed to be hanging everywhere. Julie fingered a few trying to discern where they should go.

Julie began to exam the garment. She was a little disappointed. She had been hoping for something more like the magnificent leather dress being worn by Susan. Something she could wear to events that were not clearly fetish driven. But maybe this was just the foundation garment and there was more.

There clearly was. "Lift your right arm." Susan had stepped around in front of Julie and was holding up another leather piece. Julie raised her arm and watched as Susan slipped a leather sheath over Julie's right arm. It fit from just above the top of her hand to just below her armpit. In contrast to the corset this was very soft leather. It laced up the inside of the arm. There was an opening for the elbow so that her arm could bend. Heavier straps closed around the sheath at the wrist, and just above and below the elbow. On the outside of each strap was a ring.

Julie held her arm up and admired the new clothing. "This is pretty cool." She thought. She could picture wearing this. Susan interrupted her admiration of the leather encased right arm by lightly taking her left arm and applying the mate. Susan buckled each of the straps on the arm pieces. They were not uncomfortable but held the pieces securely in place.

Just the actions of putting on the arm pieces had caused Julie's nipples to pop out above the material in the front of the corset. She reached down and pulled the material back up tucking her nipples down. This was going to be a problem. How was she going to keep from showing her nipples to the world?

"I need to tighten up the corset a bit, so it fits properly. Reach up and take hold of the dressage bar above your head." As Susan spoke Julie looked up and saw what looked like a chin-up bar above her. She reached up and took hold of the bar near its middle. But as she did Susan reached up and guided her hands to the outside edges spreading them as far apart on the bar as possible. Julie felt the material of Susan's dress rub against her legs as their bodies touched. But Susan had not just moved Julie's wrists. Susan had clipped each wrist to the dressage bar.

Susan could see the look of alarm on Julie's face. Julie pulled at the restraints. "Easy." Susan said. "This goes much better if we can keep a proper position." Julie was not sure that made any sense at all, but it was an explanation. Besides, as she twisted her right wrist, examining the way the clip was fastened to the ring on the outside of her wrist then looking from one wrist to the other, separated by the width of her shoulders, she realized that she could not unfasten her arms.

"Oh, wait a minute. We forgot the footwear." Susan said. Julie thought that might be a signal to unclip her wrists, but Susan had no such

intention. She instead knelt near Julie's legs. She lifted one foot and took measurements. She also placed Julie's foot down on something metal that she used for additional measurements. When she had all the measurements on both feet, she left for several minutes before returning with the footwear.

Julie was able to look back over her shoulder to see what looked like black leather boots. She had been hoping for some special footwear. She had always wanted high leather boots and it looked like she was about to get some. She could see that these boots were black leather and that they were high, but the toe seemed puzzling. Susan's boots had a sharp pointed toe. The toe on these boots seemed to flair and be rounded.

Susan lifted Julie's right foot and then slipped it down into the opening of the boot. The inside was soft and inviting. As Julie's foot came to the bottom, she could feel the steep incline of the arch. These were very high heels. These would be at least having five-inch heels. Julie hoped that she would not look too foolish trying to walk in these things. The top of the boot pulled all the way up to just below Julie's knee. Susan lowered Julie's right foot to the ground and then lifted her left leg pulling its boot up over Julie's leg. She then returned the second booted foot to the floor. Julie was glad she was holding the dressage bar; it helped her maintain her balance. Susan slipped around in front and laced each of the boots tight. They laced up the front. When she finished the lacing, straps that were part of the boots fastened at the ankle and at the top of the boot just below the knee. Looking down Julie could see that the strap at the top of the boot covered the knot on the lacing. Each strap had two rings, one on the inside and one on the outside.

Julie was trying to figure out these strange boots. The toe was flared and rounded. The arch was well supported carrying the weight forward,

and it needed to do that. Julie recognized that there was no heel. She lifted her foot and tried to get a side view of the boot. She was surprised at how much it looked like the hock and hoof of a horse. "Damn, these were pony boots." She thought. She had never seen a pair before, but she had seen some pictures of pony girls. Something else she was not likely to wear in real life.

As her mind ran through the few pictures she had seen of pony girls Julie remembered that they were usually restrained. How was she going to lead the bitch wife around on a leash if she was restrained? And she did not like the idea of being restrained in a crowd of strangers. That seemed very dangerous to her.

"We need these to be gone." Said Susan as she pulled Julie's panties down her legs until they were on the floor around the bottoms of Julie's boots. Then she took Julie's right hoof (that is what it now was) and moved it to the right where she clipped a line to the outside ring at the ankle strap. She quickly repeated the process moving the left leg to the left and securing it. Julie's panties lay on the floor between her legs and below her.

Julie pulled her right leg. It did not move. It was anchored. She pulled her left leg. It was tethered as well. She was effectively held in a spread-eagled position. She looked around trying to figure out what was happening. As she turned her head to the right she came face to face with Susan. Only about four inches separated their faces.

"From this point your cooperation is no longer necessary." Susan held Julie's chin in her hand as she looked straight into her eyes. "However, anything short of complete obedience will be punished." She paused, holding Julie's chin and continuing to stare into her eyes. "Do we understand one another?"

There was something about the way Susan looked into Julie's eyes that scared her. What did she mean "obedience" and "punished"? Julie tried to turn her head, but Susan held on tightly. It must be part of the game. Well, it was very convincing. Julie was scared. She wasn't sure she wanted to go through with this. She loved John, but this was already so much more intense than anything they had done. This was too much. She thought she was going to dress up and parade around at the party. This was too far too soon.

Susan let go of Julie's chin and she dropped her head. "I don't think I want to do this." Julie's voice cracked a little as she spoke. She did not dare look back at Susan as she spoke.

"That ship has sailed." There was a swishing sound in the air and Julie's right buttock exploded in pain. She had been hit with something. Now she really needed to be let go. She jerked and pulled at her wrists. She tried to pull her legs up off the floor, but she was held fast. She looked again at the simple snaps connected to the back of her wrists. Her fingers faced the other direction so there was no way for her to reach and undo the snap.

"Please." She said in a pleading tone as she looked up into Susan's face.

There was another swish and pain in her left buttocks. "First rule. You are now a pony. Ponies do not speak. You will not speak. You will learn how to communicate like a pony, but for now you may nod your head. Do you understand?"

Julie did not want to understand that. "No, you can't . . ." She started but did not finish the sentence. Susan had pushed something into her mouth. Julie had not seen it coming and the large feeling ball was in her mouth, behind her teeth before she even understood what was happening or had any chance to react. It felt very much like the ball gag

John had bought her and that she had worn it at home a few times. But here, in this setting, it did not arouse her, it terrified her.

And, of course there was another painful swipe of the crop, now back to her right buttocks. "I thought you were going to be a smart pony. No talking - not now - not ever." There was an emphasis on "ever" and Susan put her face once more in Julie's face. "Now, do you finally understand?" Julie had understood. But after three swipes on her defenseless flesh from the crop she understood even better. She nodded her head up and down. "Good. Now we can proceed to get you ready for the party. We will have such fun." Julie didn't think that was going to be true.

Susan adjusted the positioning of the corset then started pulling on the laces at the back. It laced from the waist in both directions, up and down. As Susan pulled at the waist lacing, Julie could feel her waist contracting. It was becoming more difficult to breathe. Susan would tighten the lacing at the waist, then she would work it up and then work it down taking the slack out of the laces and tying them before going back to the middle and starting over. Two short chrome hooks set into wooden handles aided Susan's task. They allowed her to hook a lace and then pull it tight, then use the next hook on the lace above to move the slack out of the laces.

As Susan tightened the lacing up from the waist Julie's breasts pushed up and out popping out from any coverage by the material of the corset. Julie felt them leave the protection of the covering and looked down as they moved higher and higher. By the time Susan was satisfied with the lacing the corset covered Julie's breasts only from halfway below the nipple to the base. It provided support for the breast but no modesty. Julie hoped that there would be more to the outfit, specifically something covering her exposed nipples, but by now, she really did not expect it.

Satisfied with the tightness of the corset Susan moved on to its many straps. From between the breasts a strap extended up to the front of Julie's neck where it connected to a 2" wide collar, the latter quickly fastened around Julie's neck. From the back of the corset a strap on each side went over the shoulder and down past the sides of each breast where it buckled to the front portion of the corset. Another strap in the center of the back fed through a loop on the bottom rear of the collar then back down to buckle at the top rear of the corset.

A wide belt was pulled around Julie's already constricted waist and buckled tightly. Julie's waist must have been reduced to about 17". Given the close confinement of the corset itself, this additional belt seemed silly. Julie was learning that redundancy in bondage was a hallmark of security.

Susan attached a line to a ring at the top of each of Julie's shoulder straps and connected them to the dressing bar. Then she made a careful inspection of her work thus far. When she seemed satisfied, she released the clip on Julie's right arm. Julie tried to tug it free from Susan's grasp, but quickly learned that was useless. She was still anchored by her other arm and both legs. She had no room to maneuver. Susan bent the arm behind her back and quickly clicked three lines into the three rings on the arm sheath. When she released the arm Julie tried to pull it from behind her back only to find that the straps connected to the rings were secured to the back of the corset.

Susan repeated the process with the left arm. Julie gave no resistance this time. After both arms were secured, Julie moved them back and forth to test her new restricted range of motion. But Susan was clearly not satisfied. She started tightening the straps that held Julie's arms, pulling, and tightening the one from the wrist, then the one below the elbow and then the one above the elbow. She worked from arm to arm

and strap to strap.

Julie's arms were being pulled up behind and forced against her back. It was hurting, she was sure they could not go any further without damaging her shoulders, but Susan found another notch in each of the straps. Julie shook her head back and forth and tried to tell Susan that this was too tight. Susan patted her on the shoulder and smiled. Julie went wild shaking and twisting. She could not have her arms held like this. It hurt. She could tell it was going to hurt a lot more as time went on. She needed them released. She at least needed them loosened. But her protestations did nothing to help her. She tried to feel around for something she could loosen, but she quickly discovered that with her wrists pulled back against her shoulder blades her hands pointed out. She could not even turn them enough to touch her back, let alone open any buckles. (And, in fact, there were no buckles within her reach even if she could twist her hands.)

"Don't worry; I understand it gets better after a time. Perhaps in a few days it will not hurt so much." Susan laughed and patted Julie on the bottom.

Susan then went to work on Julie's head. She fit a series of straps and buckles. Julie did not want to cooperate and twisted away from the first effort. Susan stopped, hung the bridle in her hand from a hook and then walked behind Julie. There was a swish in the air and the quirk landed on Julie's left buttocks. Julie snorted and jumped. However, Susan did not stop there, she delivered a blow to the right buttocks, then went back to the left.

She continued until each firm bundle of flesh had received five strokes. Julie had cried out with the first two swipes. She had tried to plead with the fourth and fifth. By the ninth and tenth she was sobbing and crying. It hurt, it hurt a lot. Julie was not having fun. This was not what she had

expected. She wanted this whole thing to stop, but her immediate need was to make the pain stop.

Susan brought the bridle back to Julie's head and Julie held still as it was buckled into place around her forehead, over the top of her head and down under her chin, and from the corners of her mouth back around her head. Before tightening the bridle, Susan unbuckled and removed the ball gag. The still burning pain in Julie's buttocks convinced her to say nothing. She kept her eyes straight ahead.

When Susan held something up in front of her mouth, she opened her mouth and accepted it. It was a straight bar that clipped into the rings at the corners of her mouth. The bar had a U shaped portion that lay on the tongue and moved up and down with pressure from the levers that extended from either side of her mouth. Rubber coated sheaves covered the bar where it made contact with her teeth. This protected her teeth from the steel bar, but more importantly it meant that the bar moved freely and no amount of biting pressure from the wearer could impact the movement of the bar.

Although she did not know it, Julie's bit was a standard bit designed for control and discouragement of speech. It did not have any of the punishment or super control features that could be found on many training and control bits such as the clamshell that John was suffering. Julie would probably not have agreed, but she was being treated with a kindness.

When Susan was satisfied with the adjustment of the bridle and bit, she held a leather half hood in front of Julie for her to see. Julie did not know that her boyfriend was adorned with just such a device. In fact, she thought he was behind what was happening to her now and she could not wait to be released so she could give him a piece of her mind. She looked at the tall horse's ears sticking up on both sides and felt

utterly humiliated. She did not want to wear that thing, but there was nothing she could do to prevent it, if she fought, she would only be punished once again and then it would still go on her head. She sighed and held still as it was fastened over her head. She felt the earpieces slide into her ears. She speculated that the purpose was either to allow sound to come in more easily through her ears or to control what she could hear. Maybe both.

"Almost ready. Would you like me to do something about that poor little bare pussy before we go to the party?" Julie was traumatized with the expectation that her nipples were going to be exposed. It had never even occurred to her that her pussy might be left bare. Maybe this was just teasing. She certainly hoped it was so. She shook her head up and down. "Ok, just because you have been such a good girl."

Susan went to the wall and clicked something. The dressage bar lowered. It continued to lower until it was in front of Julie at stomach level. Susan removed the lines holding Julie's shoulders but clipped one to the ring in the front of Julie's collar and pulled her forward over the bar. She gasped in surprise but followed the pressure bending forward. Susan clipped the other end of the line to a ring on the floor. Julie was now held bent forward over the bar. Julie did not see what this had to do with covering her pussy.

Julie felt fingers rubbing between her legs. The fingers were slipping up between her labia. Julie did not consider herself a prude, but this was just wrong. "I think you are wet enough." Julie heard Susan but did not fully comprehend. Something was pushed into her. It was not a finger. It was much bigger than a finger and very solid.

Julie squealed in response and tried to clench, and twist her body, but the invader just kept coming. It was a dildo of some sort, and a big one from the feel of it. Julie was no expert in such things and her

exploration with such devices had been very limited but not so much that she did not recognize what was happening. As her body finally accepted the full length of the device, she could feel some type of flange on the outside contact her labia. There was another part to this device. Something in front of the dildo part was pushing up into her vagina until it came to rest against Julie's clitoris. She gasped slightly as she felt it make contact. "This is going to make walking interesting." Julie thought.

Then the fingers were back. This time they were at her anus. She could feel lubricant being spread around the outside of her sphincter and then into it as the fingers began penetrate her. "Can't be a proper pony without a tail." Susan's voice sounded gleeful. Julie knew what was coming and she wanted nothing to do with it. She had never had anal sex. She had never had a dildo inserted anally. She did not want to start now.

"No! no! no!" she tried to shout, but her words did not come out in any understandable fashion. She tried to twist away, but she had less than inches to work with. Despite her protests, she could feel it. Something was being pressed against her sphincter. Worse, her body was opening to accept it. She could feel herself stretching. And, stretching some more - how big around was this thing. It was going to tear her. But it didn't, and it just kept coming, until suddenly she felt it pop into place as her body closed over the rear shaft. She had received her tail. The plug portion felt huge in her body, she really wanted it out, but she doubted she could do that without help. The dildo, on the other hand was not as tight. She tried to clench to push it out.

"Not so fast." It had slipped an inch or two, but Susan quickly pushed it back into place. Holding it with one hand, Susan then reached to the front of the corset and brought a strap back through Julie's legs. Susan fed the strap through a ring in the dildo and another ring in the tail plug

before fastening it to a buckle at the back of the corset. Neither of those intruders were coming out now.

One strap would have been enough to hold the devices in place, but Susan pulled a second strap from front to rear. When both had been fed through the rings and pulled through the buckles in the back of the corset Susan pulled them tight, concentrating on one and then the other. The tail did not seem greatly affected, but the dildo was pushed deeper and the nub on the front of the dildo increased its pressure on Julie's clitoris.

Susan released the front leash from the floor and had Julie straighten up. Then she proceeded to check all the buckles and straps. She seemed well satisfied with herself, as well she might be. Julie knew that she was absolutely stuck. She had never in her entire life felt so vulnerable or helpless. She did not know what was coming next. She could not believe that John had betrayed her this way. If he had set her up for this, what else might he do, or have done, to her? Julie was crying now. She turned her head toward Susan with eyes as baleful as she could muster, praying for some bit of compassion. But there was none to be found.

"Oh, good catch." Susan said as she took Julie's chin in her hand and adjusted it to point forward. Then she clipped check chains from the rear of the headpiece down to the back of the collar, and then from the sides of the chin down to the shoulder straps. Julie's head was now held facing straight forward. She could no longer even turn her head. And, because of the blinkers she could only see what was immediately in front of her, which now was a wall to the changing room.

Susan released Julie's ankles but replaced the straps with a hobble holding her ankles to approximately 18". Susan then turned Julie to face her, then took the leash line connected it to her collar and tied the

other end to a ring in the wall. "Don't run away. I will go check on your transportation." Susan left the room and closed the door behind her. Julie stood where she was. The knot tying the leash to the ring in the wall was a very simple knot, but without hands there was nothing Julie could do to loosen it. She backed up and pulled at it, but the knot did not move. She looked around as best she could, but leashed to the wall she was going nowhere and there was no one to help her.



John had been waiting. He really had no other choice. With the blinkers closed he could see nothing. He could hear nothing but a low buzz, more confusing than irritating. With a short leash line from the collar above his balls he could not move. With his arms tightly bound behind him, he could not use his hands to try to relieve any of the restrictions the other devices forced upon him, so he waited.

Melisa was back. She flipped off the sound suppression switch. "I am going to open the blinkers so you can see. We are going up the stairs and out the back of the house. You may feel inclined to resist. Don't." There was a slash on his buttocks from a quirk. She had playfully used such things during their play before, but not like this. It burned and hurt. She had hit him hard.

Melissa opened the blinkers. John blinked his eyes a couple of times trying to focus. Meanwhile she had removed the leash from where it was fastened and was pulling in the direction she wanted to go. John knew it was up the stairs. He did not want to go there. The stairs led upstairs and the door to the outside. Outside she had some means of transportation to take him to the party. He did not want to go to the party this way, but a jerk on the leash convinced him that that was no longer within his discretion. He started to shuffle his hooves trying not

to fall in these strange boots but moving in response to the pulls on the leash and the pressure on his balls.

At the top of the stairs Melissa did not hesitate, she quickly led him out the door. She had expected some resistance when she moved him from the protection of the house to the outdoors, but he had been so disoriented from the events to that point that he was outside the house before he could mount any kind of resistance.

As Melissa expected, once she had John outside he was cooperative in moving to the trailer that was parked in the driveway. Clearly, he did not want to be a spectacle for the neighbors.

John did in fact want to get out of view. He had suddenly realized that he was standing bound and naked in their backyard at the end of a leash attached to his balls. He tried to remember which of the neighbor's windows provided a view of where he now was. With his head unable to move he could not look around to see if anyone was looking.

At the end of the driveway, just before the door to the garage was a trailer of some sort. Melissa was leading him in that direction, and he followed as quickly as his hobbled hooves allowed. It provided something akin to cover.

As they moved closer, he could see that it was a horse trailer, except that the inside had been altered. The spaces were narrow, too narrow for a full-size horse. But just about right for a human equine, two such occupants. The ramp in the back was down and Melissa guided him up the ramp and into the space on the left of the interior. A grill of bars separated it from the right side. As she lined him up to move into the designated area, he had second thoughts and tried to stop. He had the weight to resist her. She could not pull him against his resistance,

except for the fact that she was not pulling the weight of his body, only pulling on his balls. As he tried to move backwards away from her the collar around his scrotum shifted downward and came to rest at the top of his balls. She didn't have to jerk on the leash. She just had to hold on to it until his own efforts convinced him that it was just too painful to resist. He gave in and moved forward.

She guided him forward until his stomach met a metal bar set horizontally across the stall. Then she clipped the leash from his balls into a ring in the forward part of the trailer. He was not going anywhere. Melissa then proceeded to secure John in the trailer. Straps from the ceiling fastened into rings at each of his shoulders. Straps from the side connected to each side of his belt. These would keep him from falling over if the trailer shifted while driving. Straps on the floor held his ankles with his legs apart at the width allowed by the hobble. This would keep his feet out of mischief.

Melissa left the trailer, closing and fastening all the doors. John could not tell if Melissa was the driver or not, but it did not really matter. He was going wherever the trailer was going. He felt the motion as it left his driveway.

Julie was pleased when Susan returned for her. She did not like standing alone helpless and vulnerable. Even though this is the woman who had taken her liberty Julie felt better being in the company of another person.

"Time to go to the party. Your chariot has arrived." Susan untied the leash end and utilized it to guide Julie from the changing room. Julie saw no one else as they moved into the large room and toward the back door through which they had entered earlier in the evening. Julie did not like the idea that the door led to the outside. She was virtually naked. Her breasts were exposed above the corset. Her pussy was

protected from view only by the base of the dildo shoved deep within it and two half inch straps running from the front of her belt between her legs to her rear. This was not the outfit she had had in mind for the party, and she did not want to be seen this way.

Julie decided she was not going outside this way. She stopped and dug in her feet. (She would have dug in her heels, but she did not have any.) Susan pulled on the leash and Julie was pulled off balance. She stumbled forward trying to keep her balance on the strange boots. She was falling, but Susan had anticipated and caught her. Susan stood Julie back on her feet, shifted the leash line to her left hand and started to work Julie's body with the quirk in her right hand. It found the thighs, then as Julie turned to avoid it, it found the buttocks. Julie turned again and it found her bare breasts. The message was clear. Julie knew she needed to obey.

Susan stopped striking Julie and pulled again on the leash. This was a gentle tug, but it was sufficient, Julie followed as directed. The door to the outside was opened and they exited the building. Julie was surprised to see the back of a horse trailer with the ramp down. As she was led to the ramp, she could see the back and naked buttocks of another pony on the left side of the trailer. She could tell that it was male, but not much else.

Susan led Julie to the right of the interior and moved her forward until she was abreast of the other occupant. As Julie moved up from the side, she got a better glimpse of her trailer mate before the blinkers blocked her view. She was pretty sure it was John. In her own mind she had been blaming him for everything that had happened to her this afternoon. But, if this was him, what did that mean? Was he responsible? Had he decided that they should both be ponies; or, had he been somehow taken as well? This latter thought was more frightening than the thought of him being responsible. She had been

rehearsing in her head what she was going to say to him when she was finally released. But if he wasn't responsible. What then?

Julie was quickly restrained in the trailer in the same way as John. Because of the limited movement of their heads and the blinkers neither could see the other. John knew someone had occupied the space next to him but had no idea who it was. Because of the bits in their mouths neither could talk to the other. Julie could make sounds that had some resemblance to speech but were not distinguishable. John's cruel gag prevented anything.

Very quickly, the trailer was closed, and they were off to the party. After a drive of about ten minutes the driver pulled into a special area in the back of the conference venue. Susan had a pass to move to the loading and cargo area and that is where they drove. The occupants of the trailer did not know, nor did they appreciate that they were being taken to a special entrance to the facility.

Only when the trailer had been parked, the ramp opened, and the occupants removed did they see that they were at the back of the convention center where the party was taking place. They were carefully handled as if they were dangerous animals. Julie has hobbled to a 12" step. One attendant led with the leash from her collar while a second walked behind her with a leash line attached to the back of her belt. She knew she could not break free, and she had felt quite enough of the quirk. She followed obediently.

John had considered attempting to escape when they removed him from the trailer. He assumed they would be outside, which may have given him a chance. He had pictured Melissa trying to maneuver him by herself; he would then have a chance. If it were just him and a single handler he might be able to use surprise and his weight to break the hold and get to a public area where he could then get some help. He

would have to be very alert and wait for a mistake. Certainly, she would make a mistake at some point.

John was also hobbled to 12", but this hobble had a large ring in the center. Before he was removed from the trailer a handler, it was not Melissa, fastened something to the come along around his balls. It looked like a small block and tackle. A line from this new device was fed through the ring in his hobble. Then it was fed back up through the block and tackle and out behind him. He was then led forward by another leash to his come along by another handler walking in front, thus leading while the other handler walked behind holding the line to the device linking his hobble and balls.

John understood the implications. The newly attached device could be used to restrain him if he tried to bolt. All the attendants had to do was pull on the strap and it would quickly pull his feet up to his balls, taking him down and preventing him from going anywhere. He really had no choice but to follow the pull to the front on his balls and go where he was led. He wondered where Melissa was and why he was being handled by two perfect strangers. They were very attractive young women, but it was hard for John to appreciate their beauty under these circumstances. He was having enough trouble adjusting to being under Melissa's control during their switch sessions at home. At home it seemed ok, but right now he felt humiliated. It was even more humiliating to be led by his balls into a public area. He occupied his thoughts with how he was going to get even for this.



Julie was removed from the trailer first. Then John. It was only after he was completely removed from the trailer and headed toward the door that he saw who his travel mate was. How had Melissa done this? How had she learned of Julie? She had both of them. It was at that moment

that John realized that he was in big trouble. He felt his knees weaken and thought he was going to collapse. Then he twisted his body to get a look down the alley to possible escape, but there was a jerk on his balls that pulled him straight and kept him moving. For the moment there was nothing he could do about his current situation. He needed to think of what he was going to say to Melissa. He was pretty good at talking his way out of things, but this was going to be a challenge.

The four attendants were all dressed in knee high black high heeled boots. They had short leather miniskirts with matching halter-tops. With Julie and her handlers in the lead, they passed through a door held open by a facility staff member and into the main arena area where the party was taking place. The venue could accommodate many people, and there was already a large crowd. Before the end of the night, it would be several thousand. There was loud music from a DJ perched up on a platform to one side. The dance floor was framed by a stage against one wall. There were small platforms and display areas surrounding the dance floor with areas between them to allow the crowd to move onto and off the dance floor and to circulate around the displays.

Only about half of the display stands were occupied. The restrictive nature of John's collar and headgear did not allow him to look around, but he could see human forms on many of the displays. As the two ponies and their handlers moved in the direction of the dance floor John could see a stand with an empty leather bench. At the sides and below the bench short platforms meant to accommodate and restrain a person with legs and knees strapped to the platforms thus holding the body over the bench with the bottom exposed. It was a very standard system for administering a spanking or whipping. For a moment John hoped that he and Julie would be taken to the bench and their bondage changed. Melissa could give him a good public beating. Humiliating, but maybe he deserved that.

They moved past this stand. The next stand displayed an occupant. A female form, clad fully in dark blue latex, lay on her stomach on a slightly raised dais in the center. White nylon ropes contrasted with the dark latex. She was bound in a very tight hogtie. Wrappings at the elbows pulled her arms to the point they almost touched. The ropes from her elbows also harnessed her body and breasts and it was secured over her shoulders to hold the ropes in place. Her legs were wrapped just below the knee and the wrapping was obvious because her ankles were pulled up tightly behind her. Although both her ankles and wrists were also tied and cinched, they were not connected as in a classic hogtie. Instead, the ropes from her wrists were pulled down and connected to the cinch at her knees. Her ankles, on the other hand, were connected and pulled toward her elbows.

John could not see knots at either the ankles or wrists. It appeared, instead, that the running ends of the ropes from both these ties were knotted at the knees and elbows. Although John could see her fingers searching about, it was clear that all the knots were well out of reach. Her head was enclosed in a full discipline hood. And her head was arched back with another line that ran from her ankles through a loop in the top of the helmet and then back to the elbows where it was tied. This was very strict bondage. It did not look comfortable. A digital clock nearby displayed 01:43 then changed to 01:44. It did not quickly change again. It was not counting seconds. Those were hours and minutes. John shuddered. He wondered how long she would endure this.

John drew some comfort from the sight of someone in a worse condition than he and Julie. John saw what looked like a sign. He thought it said "The Great Escape" but as much as he wanted to pay closer attention, he was not able to turn his head and as they moved up on the display as his vision was quickly blocked by the blinkers at the sides of his head.

John and Julie were led to what looked like a small corral. It was about 10' square. Each side was formed by three rails interconnected at the corners to a height of just over three feet. A gate in the back was open and it was through that that the ponies were led.

Julie and then John were led to the rail of the corral facing the dance floor. The leash lines being used to lead them were wrapped through rings placed in the upper rail and then tied off with a simple knot. John now stood 18" from the rail tethered in place. Julie was on his right about three feet away. He could turn his body toward her, but he could not move toward her, and she could not move toward him. They were beyond the reach of each other held in place by just a simple leash line. He could see her fingers fluttering about near her shoulders, but he knew there was no way he could get close enough for her to help him, even if they were not being watched.

Julie turned her body so that she could look at John. He saw fear in her eyes, well that made sense. He was feeling afraid himself. He could also see an unanswered question. "What was going on?" He at least knew how he had gotten here. How had they gotten Julie and managed to get her here? They had played some very light bondage games, but he was introducing her to it slowly. He doubted she had ever been secured as tightly as she now found herself. He thought, it is normal that she should be confused. He wished he could talk to her and tell her not to be afraid. Tell her that it would be ok. Tell her that he would do something to help and protect her. But, not only was there no truth in any of the statements he wanted to make, he had no ability to tell her anything.

"Eyes front." A command from behind was punctuated with a sharp crack and a squeal from Julie followed by another and a burning pain on John's buttocks. He turned his body back to the front, losing sight of

Julie. It was his fault that she was in this spot. Ok, he had screwed up. He had had an affair. That was wrong, but this was going too far. He twisted his body. He pulled at his arms and hands. He backed to the limit of his leash and watched as it came tight. However, he already knew what the results would be. He stopped his struggling and looked forward.

The dance floor was not crowded. Everyone wore a costume of some sort. Many were very elaborate; most were a more subtle homage to leather and latex. Similar attire could be seen in most punk rock clubs on any night. However, you would not expect to see someone dressed like him or Julie at such places. He thought he and Julie would attract more attention. Some looked at them. Some couples talked to each other, and he could tell from the head movements and the eyes that they were the subject of the conversation but few came over for a closer look.

Julie was also surprised that her current situation did not engender greater attention. If she had seen something like this she would have been appalled. She would have wanted to make sure that the poor individuals were ok. But, from the looks of the poor girl hogtied nearby they had become part of the expected decor.

"Julie?" She heard her name and turned her body slightly to the left to see Melanie. Melanie was one of her best friends. She knew Melanie was a little Goth in her dress but never thought it extended this far. Melanie was with a friend, a girl that Julie had met but whose name she could not remember. They both wore leather miniskirts with chain belts. They had black tee shirts advertising some metal band that Julie knew by name but whose music she could not name. They both sported several piercings. Julie had not thought Melanie had quite so many piercings.

"Wow. I never knew you were so into this stuff." Julie frantically pulled at her arms and tried to shake her head back and forth within the limits of her check chains. "This is absolutely awesome."

"I have thought about doing some pony training." Melanie's girlfriend turned her eyes back to Melanie. "But I am just too insecure. Do you think she is signed up for just the play weekend or long term?"

"I guess we will find out if she is not around next week." Melanie was giggling.

Julie was trying to twist her body to expose her restrained arms to her friend. If she could get Melanie to unfasten a hand, just a hand, she might be able to get loose. "Help me, please." She tried to say.

"That is really tight. It must be very uncomfortable." Melanie reached out a tentative hand and with only a single finger touched the strap holding one of Julie's wrists behind her back.

"Please don't touch the ponies." The voice came from behind Julie.

"Oh, sorry." Julie could not tell if Melanie's response was addressed to her or the handler behind her. In any event Melanie withdrew her hand. Julie shook her restrained wrist at her friend a couple of times. "It is so tight. How long does it take for them to get used to that?" Melanie was now looking past Julie.

"It can be very painful for a day or two, but they adjust. It is an important part of the initial stage that they be reminded that although they still have human arms, they are unable to utilize them for anything. Are you girls interested in signing up?" Julie could tell from the voice that the speaker had moved a bit closer.

Melanie took a step back and gave a nervous giggle. "I am afraid I am not as brave as she is. It is thrilling to think about, but I think I will settle for the vicarious enjoyment."

"Come on now, you would be a great pony." It was Melanie's friend. She reached a hand up to Melanie's nose. "I love your piercings. Wouldn't you look just great with a nose ring?" Then she turned her attention back toward Julie. "Why doesn't she have any piercings? I thought all ponies were pierced."

"These are fresh wild ponies. They will of course be ringed. Probably tomorrow or the next day. I am sure when you see your friend again, she will have all the proper hardware and markings. Now, please, don't confuse the animals. The first day is very traumatic no matter how psychologically prepared they are."

"I am sorry. She just looks so lovely like this. I can't get over it." Melanie moved her eyes from behind Julie to look into Julie's eyes. Then up and down her body. "And here I always thought she was so shy. Maybe that is why she did it." She tapped her friend and started to move toward another display. "Thanks. Bye pony, I hope you learn to behave." She turned her head away from Julie and giggled.

What had just happened? She had just been presented to one of her friends. Presented as a bound pony girl who was clearly unhappy with her current plight. Then she had been abandoned by her friend. It was this stupid setting. To these freaks, this was normal. She pulled and jerked at her arms. She tried to twist them free from the arm sheaths but with no success. She tried to twist her head but came up short with the check chains. She tried to call after Melanie, but she and her friend were gone. Julie stopped struggling, it really did no good. She returned to her captivity.

John had heard the conversation next to him and could see Melanie part of the time. He could tell that Julie had been trying to get her friend to help her and that all of her efforts had failed. Julie must be devastated he was thinking when he heard a voice in front of him.

"Mr. Lasig?" He looked up.

"Oh no." He thought it was Penny, one of his secretaries. Just when he thought this could not be any more humiliating.

"Oh my God. It is you." John looked pleadingly into her face. He thought he saw tears in her eyes. And why not, she should be upset by what she saw. She would come to his rescue.

Then a big smile worked its way across her face. "I need a picture of this." She started to raise her cell phone.

"No pictures allowed in the arena." John heard the voice from behind him.

"Oh, I'm Sorry." The phone went down. There had not been a flash, but that did not guarantee that she had not taken a picture. John was worried.

"There are a lot of other people who would love to see this son of a bitch like this." Penny was talking to the handler.

"I am sorry, but those are still the rules." The voice was authoritative. It was the kind of voice that people obeyed.

Penny looked back at John. "It is so nice to see you in a new light. You are a cruel, self-centered, unreasonably demanding man and I hope that this is as painful as it looks. Don't expect me to run for your coffee

or do all your stupid little errands anymore. Come Monday you are on your own. Just be happy you were rescued from a picture posted on the bulletin board."

John shook his head wildly from side to side. This was his secretary. She was supposed to be loyal to him. He had not been cruel to her, what was she talking about? How could she be so ungrateful?

"Is he signed up for training?" Penny was looking past John to the handler.

"As I understand it, the full package. I would not be looking for him on Monday. He will be tied up." Penny smiled even more and laughed even though it was an old joke.

"This is just too wonderful. I can tell he is having second thoughts right now. He is such an arrogant bastard. He is just the kind of idiot who will bite off more than he can chew. I am so happy I got to see this. I can't think of anyone who will benefit more from some proper training." Penny gave a wave to the handler and walked away. She stopped and looked back once and smiled before turning and moving on. John was not sure which was more devastating, her very low opinion of him or her unwillingness to provide any assistance.

Two women wearing what looked like white lab coats carried what looked like a 3' by 4' display board mounted at a 45-degree angle to a place in front of Julie. It had legs that held it about 3' off the ground. It was moved over next to the outside edge of the corral so that a person standing directly in front of Julie could look to the left and see the board.

The first thing Julie saw was a large dildo attached flat to the left side of the board. It was at least 8" long and had a protrusion near the base

that supported a number of small rubber looking nodules each about half an inch long. Next to the dildo itself was a diagram of the vaginal cavity of a woman showing the dildo deep into her. The nodules from the protrusion were pushed up against the clitoris. Julie squirmed and moved her legs. This was the device that had been locked within her before she was transported. She had felt the girth of it when she had been made to walk, but more importantly, she had felt it rub against her clitoris when she moved. It seemed strange to be looking at it on a display board. She blushed realizing that the board was meant to show people how she was invaded by this monster. She felt completely humiliated.

The other side of the board had four buttons with lights next to them. She could make out the words "tease", "torment", "satisfy", and "punish" next to the four buttons and lights. Above the three lights and the words was the label "vote". Above this was a single button next to the word "demonstrate".

The only other wording that Julie could read was the title across the top of the board "Mark IV Grand Invader". There were blocks of text in between the dildo diagram and the vote buttons but Julie was too far away to read the text. She did not have a good feeling about this.

When the two women were satisfied with the positioning of the board one of them inserted a type of key into the board near the section with the lights and turned it. The lights all flashed twice and then went dark. The woman then pushed the demonstrate button and turned to look at Julie.

Julie jumped. The dildo within her suddenly sprang to life. It started vibrating at its base. Julie felt the sensation on her labia. The straps that held the dildo deep within her also held her lips against the device. Then it left that area and the vibration moved slowly up the shaft until

it reached the tip of the 8" monster. Julie glanced back to the board and noticed small lights on the display. "Great". She thought. "It is showing what the dildo is doing." It was bad enough to have to wear this thing. It was worse that the display sign showed that fact to everyone, it was intolerable that it also tracked the activity for every voyeuristic freak that could push a button.

The vibration lingered at the tip of the dildo then began to work its way back down the shaft. Julie had to admit that the sensation was having an effect on her. When the vibration reached the base again it then shifted up to her clitoris. The gentle movement up and down the shaft had gotten her attention and her body was starting to respond. The sudden shift to her clitoris seemed a natural progression and she let a little moan escape from around her bit. The women watching her both smiled.

Julie was just starting to get into the feel of the vibration when it stopped and an electrical shock from the dildo made her shriek. One of the women bent over the corral rail and inspected the positioning of the base of the dildo in Julie. Julie was mortified at this public inspection of something so personal, but she could do nothing to prevent it. Seemingly satisfied the woman stood up and the two women moved from Julie's view.

Julie stared at the ominous board standing so quietly just on the other side of the corral. She now knew what the "demonstration" was going to do, and she did not like it.

It was only moments before the first couple appeared at the board and started reading the sign. This time it was a well build male with leather chaps and a mesh top. He held another male on a leash attached to a collar around his neck. This male also wore leather chaps, but his buttocks and pubic area was exposed. His upper dress was a strap

harness. Both of his nipples were pierced, and small weights dangled from them.

"I wonder how this would feel up your ass?" The dominate said as he pushed the demonstrate button. Julie felt the vibration start. She wondered if it would always follow the same course. She assumed that it would. These two did not seem very interested in her and they left before even watching the completion of the demonstration. Before leaving, they both pushed the button marked "torment". The departure of the viewers had no effect on the action of the dildo. Once started it continued until it had completed its cycle, which of course was punctuated by the sharp electrical shock.

Next was a couple, dressed down for the affair. Julie could not hear their conversations over the music because of the soft volume at which they spoke. The woman pushed the demonstrate button and then carefully watched shifting her view from the lights on the diagram on the board to Julie. As the vibration moved up the shaft, now for the third time in only minutes, Julie felt it reaching into her being. Her attention moved away from the spectators and into her own feelings. It was now really feeling good. When it got to the bottom and transferred to her clitoris, she was rolling her hips and squirming.

Somehow, she needed to increase the pressure, but she could not even change the angle of attack. The device was in her and attached to her and it went wherever she went. Then there was the pain of the electrical shock, which quickly and effectively prevented any culmination of her feelings. The shock was not severe, but located as it was in such a tender part of her body it felt like it coursed through every fiber of her being. She did not like it. She enjoyed the sensation of the vibrator, even if it was never enough to get her to climax, but she did not like the shock, and now she knew that every time someone initiated the demonstration, she would be first rewarded with brief

stimulation but ultimately have to endure the pain of the shock.

Two young women approached. They studied the dildo on the board. They studied the words on the board that Julie could not read, then they studied Julie. "No, please, no!" Julie tried to say and tried to shake her head back and forth. But the demonstration button was pushed.

Julie lost track of the number of times she was cycled from pleasure through arousal and then to painful deceleration. She had also lost track of the voting. Most spectators did push one of the vote buttons. It did not appear that "punish" had been pushed too often. Julie was thankful for that, but she had no idea which button had been the winner or really what that meant. She had been stimulated so many times over the evening that she felt she was already being tormented. The only fair end would be to finally allow her satisfaction.

Eventually the two women in the lab coats returned. The first thing they did was move the board so that it faced toward the crowd and away from Julie. Julie could no longer see any part of it. A small crowd of spectators were beginning to gather. Julie could see one of the women insert something into the board and push some buttons. "And the result is." She said, then gestured to the board.

Julie could not see the board. She did not know what the result was. She tried to read faces in the crowd but could not make any sense out of them. One of the women reached out to the board, pushed a button, and the dildo sprang to life.

Julie tensed as the vibration moved up the shaft, down the shaft, then shifted to the clitoris. She expected to be shocked again, but this time it did not shock her but cycled back to the shaft. "OK", thought Julie, "this is alright". It continued to follow this much more pleasing cycle and as tired and sore as Julie was, she was beginning to respond. She had

dropped her head as much as her bondage would allow.

She heard sounds as the crowd moved in as close as they could to watch her. She was moaning. She was squirming trying to increase contact with the device. And she was being watched by a crowd of people. It was so wrong on so many levels, but right now all she wanted to do was achieve satisfaction. She had been teased by the damn thing for what seemed like hours and now she needed to get to the end. She would confront her embarrassment at being turned into a public spectacle later.

Julie pushed the crowd out of her mind and returned to the feeling of the vibration moving up and down inside of her then shifting to the clitoris. It was not staying on the clitoris long enough. She really did not need the vibration along the shaft. When the vibration on her clitoris stopped the continuing vibration up and down inside her was not enough to keep her at the level she needed to get to satisfaction.

Julie needed to somehow help things along. If she had hands, one would be on her clitoris now. She looked for something to rub against, but the leash line from her belt to the top rail of the corral did not allow her to move far enough in either direction to get to a post. She tried to push against one of the rails but discovered that the top rail was too high for her to reach, and the leash line stopped her from making contact with the next rail. Julie's focus on trying to contact something was interrupted by the sound of giggling. Julie was appalled to see Melanie, her so-called friend, standing about an arm's length laughing at Julie's plight. If her arms were not restrained, she would have taken a swing at her friend.

"I think she can get there." Julie heard a voice in the crowd.

"No way, I think the dildo wins."

Julie now knew that the vote had not been for 'satisfaction'. Why would she think that these assholes would vote to allow her any pleasure? It was just so much more fun to watch her being tortured. That is what they were into wasn't it. "Sooner or later, they have to let me go. There will be hell to pay then." Julie tried to focus on revenge but could not keep her mind off her sex. The buzzing was back on her clitoris and when that happened, she could not focus on anything else.

It had stopped again and was once again moving up and down the shaft. Julie focused as much as she could on the pleasure of that feeling. She knew it would work its way back down and then shift to her clitoris. If she tried to anticipate the feeling and really put her mind on it maybe she could get there. It was coming down. She thought of how good it felt. She thought about her longing and how the sensation was going to be in her clitoris. Then it was there. She tried to go with it. She tried to let it take her over the top, she was moaning loudly now. She was going to get there, she was going to make it, then it was gone. So close, so very close, but not there.

Julie tried the same tactic again, then again, it should work, it should work at least once, but it did not, she could get to the verge of satisfaction. She could get so close, but then she was deprived. She couldn't take this anymore. She needed this thing to stop. She needed it out of her. She needed to be released right now. She screamed as loud as she could, but it was more an inhuman wail as it was filtered by the bit in her mouth. Her tongue was sore from trying to push up on the bit. Her jaw hurt from trying to bite through the bit. The rubber coating kept her from injuring her teeth but did nothing for the strain on her jaw.

Her shoulders ached, no, worse than ached; there was a dull, throbbing pain, which radiated from her elbows up her arms and through her

shoulder joints. Her arms were held so tightly that she could do nothing to move them; she could do nothing to change the angle at which they were pulled back from her shoulders. She could do nothing to ease the pain. Focusing on the pain in her body brought her down from the ledge, but only for a short time. After all, the device inside her was relentless. It never stopped. It never took a break. It just kept its assault. Before long Julie was back to where she could almost grasp the satisfaction she so needed.

She didn't know how long this torment lasted. It seemed like forever, but eventually it did stop. "As you can see, there is no way to beat the device." One of the women was talking to the crowd. "I hope you enjoyed the demonstration." There was applause. Really? Applause? For them? Julie felt humiliated. When would this end?

John had noticed the crowd to his right. He could hear Julie. He knew something very unpleasant was happening to her. He was so happy it was not him. It may be because of him that she was in this spot, he did feel sorry for her after all, but he was so very happy that she was the one being tormented and not him.

After the board was taken away the number of spectators coming to examine John and Julie seemed to decline. It made little difference to them. They both knew they could not go anywhere, and they could not do anything. They could only stand and watch what went on in front of them. This included the stage.

Susan took the stage. John and Julie watched from the small corral on the edge of the dance floor. Their leash lines held them at the edge facing the stage. Susan began to speak into a microphone held in her hand. "As many of you know, the Rocking S Ranch has specialized for many years in the training of pony girls. Two years ago, in response to requests and a clear need we decided to expand training to include

stallions. It was a challenge. While there are many similarities, the training requirements for male human equestrians vary from that of females in many ways. I am not going to reveal all of our secrets, but I think you would appreciate a little demonstration and some discussion of how we deal with some of the greater challenges."

Susan looked to her left and nodded to someone just off stage. "Ladies and gentlemen, some of you that were here last year may remember a new wild pony displayed for you in the corral." She nodded to the area where John and Julie stood. John felt eyes turn and look at them. He could not turn his head because of the posture collar. He could not see to the sides because of the blinkers. His focus was held forward toward Susan who now looked directly at his face, but he could feel the eyes on him. He could have turned his body to confirm the feeling, but he did not. He kept his eyes forward. He kept his eyes on the woman standing on the stage. He was sure that she was talking to him.

From the area to the left of the stage a young woman entered with a leash in her hand. She was small, not more than 5'2" tall and 100 pounds. Following behind her at the end of the leash was a male pony. He was huge in comparison to his handler. He was at least 6'4". He looked like he could be a professional athlete. His body was golden tan, the kind of tan that one gets only from long exposure to the sun.

"This is Buster. He has just finished a year of training and is ready for auction. This is Buster as many of you saw him last year." A picture flashed up on the screen behind Susan. It could be seen to be the same person now standing on stage. The Buster in the picture was wearing a Speedo type swimsuit. The Buster before them was naked except for his harness and tack. The difference was clear. While the before picture showed a healthy 24-year-old male who clearly worked out there were clear signs of softness in the body displayed on the screen. The skin in the picture was the kind of tan that came from a bottle or tanning bed.

It did not have the deep color that the figure standing on the stage demonstrated. The male in the picture was at least 30 pounds lighter than the figure standing on the stage yet the before picture was clearly not as fit as that of the present Buster.

"Buster had the making of a perfect ponyboy, but he was abusing it. He was spoiled and self-centered. He drank almost every night, he smoked, he stayed up too late, and he was only interested in how many women he could bed. Buster needed a makeover." There were laughs and giggles in the audience. John flushed with embarrassment for the pony on stage, but Buster stood as if he heard no part of what was being said about him. He stood ramrod straight with his eyes focused in front of him.

"We have learned that the best ponies are not naturally inclined to be subservient. This is especially true with the stallions. The training is very rigorous. If they are not strong of body and strong willed it is very difficult to get the right result. Buster the pony no longer smokes. He had his last cigarette the day before he came to us. He no longer indulges in alcoholic beverages; that stopped at the same time. He eats what he is given, and his diet is carefully controlled and enhanced. Just look at the difference." Susan paused and signaled for her assistant to walk Buster up and down the front of the stage for all to see. Buster dutifully followed the leash raising his knees high with every step. His stride was perfectly balanced, and his muscles rippled with each step. He stood on pony boots with high arches, no heel, and a wide base at the ball of the foot shaped like a horse's hoof and even shod with a metal horseshoe so that it clipped and clopped with every step.

"He is exercised six days of every week." The picture changed and to Buster on a lunge line walking in a circle with the small girl holding the line in one hand and a whip in the other. Red stripes were visible on his flank and buttocks.

The assistant had brought Buster back to Susan's side. "Kneel." She said to him, and he dropped to both knees. "He is trained to respond to voice commands. He can pull a carriage. He is broken to a saddle and has been approved by the vet for riders up to 110 pounds." She reached over and stroked his head. He leaned into her hand moving his head as close to her as he could in his harness. "Stand." He quickly returned to his feet. John marveled at how smoothly he had accomplished these moves while in pony boots.

John could not believe that this large strong male was responding to the commands of this woman with no hesitation. What she said about strong males could not be true. John would never allow himself to be commanded in this fashion.

"All ponies are potentially dangerous. They are trained to be very strong and are kept in the peak of physical conditioning. This is especially true of stallions. No member of my training staff could handle an angry stallion on the loose. And, believe me, they do get angry. Until you see anger, you have not broken them. Even a well-trained pony such as Buster can be very dangerous. Just look at his size, strength, and condition. For that reason, stallions are always kept in restraints." The assistant turned Buster so that he was facing away from the crowd. "This is the standard armbinder. It serves two functions. The most obvious is that it removes any use of the hands and arms of the pony. But it also communicates to the pony that he is subservient to his owners and trainers. It can also be worn almost all the time. On the few occasions that it is removed the stallion is fully hooded and restrained so that it cannot take advantage of the situation." John's stomach lurched. It was the same as the armbinder that he wore. Unconsciously he pulled at his arms and hands. It was as Susan had said, secure and completely limiting.

"Stallions are very sexual creatures. You have heard told that they think of sex all the time. That is probably true. Sex is also the source of very strong emotions and motivation." Susan signaled and Buster turned back facing the audience - following the instruction. "It is necessary to control this aspect of the stallion and to use it. First, a collar is installed around the scrotum above the balls and below the penis. It is made of high quality titanium and need never be removed. You will see that it has rings for attachment such as the leash you have seen Mary using." The assistant held up the leash and showed that it was in fact clipped into the collar at Busters balls. John already knew this was effective.

"You would be surprised how quickly it learned to respond to a leash here." Susan paused again. There were a few chuckles and murmurs in the audience.

"But that is not enough. All stallions are ringed through the head of the penis. It does not obstruct their ability to urinate and the ring, in most cases, is small enough to allow them to still be used for breeding, but that pleasure is reserved for very well-trained ponies. As you can see, with just those two features we can secure its randy cock so that it can't get into trouble." Susan reached down and stroked Buster's penis. With the attention it started to swell but was not able to straighten out because the ring in the tip of the penis was locked with a small padlock to one of the rings in the collar around the scrotum. The arrangement served the same purpose as the elaborate device John now wore. He knew how effective that was, but this, this was somehow more controlling and more humiliating. John's cock throbbed in sympathy to what he saw before him. Then fear washed over him. How could anybody allow this to be done to them?

"Stallions quickly learn that they are not allowed any sexual control. They cannot touch themselves - another benefit of having their arms restrained. They get used to others washing and handling them. Yet,

they cannot become fully erect, in fact at a certain point it becomes painful enough to stop any further growth." Susan continued to stroke Buster's penis. John suddenly needed to urinate.

"Some farms utilize sexual release as a regular reward. We would rather redirect the energy from the frustration into our use. That is not to say that they will never be given release. Buster has been such a good pony that he was allowed to cum just a month ago." She stopped stroking his penis and started to stroke the side of his head. He leaned toward her and attempted to nuzzle her.

Sexual frustration? A month ago? John could not believe what he was hearing. And this guy was pushing his head against her like she was the love of his life. John wanted to smack Susan. He knew now that she was somehow responsible for the situation he found himself in. When he was free there was going to be payback. Not just Melisa, but Susan.

"Good boy." Susan said as she brought something from her pocket and put it into Buster's mouth pushing it into his cheek where he could work at it with his tongue. His face brightened and John could see him moving his mouth as he sucked on the treat.

"Buster knows who controls him. He is completely responsive to Mary even though she is less than half his size." Mary moved Buster around the stage giving commands and demonstrating his dressage. When she stopped him, the audience applauded wildly.

"But Mary is a very experienced trainer. Never forget that a part of Buster is still wild. It is likely that if we removed all of its restraints, he would still obey her, but we would never confuse the poor thing with such a situation. It is happier knowing that it is owned and controlled and not having to worry about what to do with his pesky arms." Buster stood perfectly still. He was looking at John now. John looked into his

eyes. He expected to see pain, or fear, or defiance, or hope, but he saw nothing. The eyes were not dull, but there was no emotion, no feeling in them at all. John thought he was going to pass out.

"And finally, ponies do not speak. This is accomplished through a combination of training and modification where necessary. Ponies are trained not to speak. If they cannot adapt, then temporary implements such as a vocal shock collar can be used to reinforce the behavior. But sometimes it is kinder to just let the vet do the job." She pointed to a spot on Buster's neck. "Buster's vocal cords have been surgically altered to remove all human speech. He was very traumatized at first, it was early in his training, and he was not broken yet, but now he knows that it was for the best and Buster is happy. Aren't' you boy?" John stared at Buster looking for any acknowledgement of the horror he had just heard. There was nothing.

"I hope you enjoyed our demonstration. As always, if you have a pony or potential pony that needs training, we are happy to discuss the matter with you. We will only accept ponies that meet our very high standards such as these two fine wild ponies. A year from now you will hardly recognize either of them." Susan gestured to John and Julie as she spoke.

John gasped and heard the damn clamshell in his mouth click once again. His jaws were aching. He felt a surge of adrenaline as he weighed the import of what he had just heard. "Wild pony", "training", "a year", was this all some bad joke on Melisa's part or was John about to be turned into Buster? The presence of a fully restrained Julie standing next to him did not provide any comfort or positive encouragement. With Susan's reference to wild ponies, many eyes were now on John and Julie. Some people had moved up close to inspect them. Others watched from a distance. Still others looked only furtively.

John decided that this might be it. He knew that he was hopelessly restrained. He also knew that unless he got some help he would not be released and from what he just saw, in his current state of bondage he could probably be controlled by even a small female. He had not wanted to come here, and Melisa had managed to overcome all resistance. They were in public now; somehow, he needed to get someone to release him. John twisted his body and tried to pull back, but the leash line held firm and pulled the collar down on his balls. "Help me." He tried to say, but his mouth was so stuffed with the clamshell that it was completely indistinguishable. "Please. Let me go!" He was yelling, hoping volume would compensate for his mouth being stuffed and held open.

A young couple came up in front of John. They were both dressed in leather. Not overly fetish. It worked here, but they could just as easily have gone to a fancy nightclub, perhaps they would move on after this event ended. "He doesn't look very happy." The girl spoke to her companion.

"It is just scared. That presentation has it uncertain about its decision to do this."

"So why doesn't he just use his safe word and be done?"

"Pony Rules apply. If the pony were allowed to personally use a safe word nobody would ever get through training and aspects of the training that depend upon complete loss of control would never work because the pony would always know that they could call it off. Under Pony Rules only the pony's surrogate can call it off."

"What is that?"

"When a person enters into a pony training contract, they designate a

trusted person as their personal surrogate. From that point forward the pony designate losses all decision-making authority. All decisions on behalf of the pony, specifically including termination of or any limitation to training or any aspect of training including any form of restraint or punishment can only be made by the surrogate."

"Wow. So, he is completely dependent on somebody else to make all his decisions? That is so frightening."

"It is extremely important to choose someone you really trust. You want to do some pony training? I could be your surrogate."

"Yeh, fat chance of that. I barely trust you with a safe word in regular play. How about you do pony training, and I will be your surrogate? I think you would be a lovely pony." Her hand dropped and stroked quickly up between his legs.

"Right. If you got me in harness, I would be stuck forever. You know, there is not even a time limit. This poor creature will be a pony until its surrogate decides it should be returned to human status, if ever. Even if they started with a time limit, no such requirements can be binding on the surrogate. Their will and determination trumps everything."

"Let's get out of here before you get any silly ideas." She turned his head with her fingers and the two walked away. John had heard some discussions of pony play and rules before, but he had not been interested enough to find out all the details. He knew he was not interested in it and he did not want to lose a partner for the time it would take for proper training. He also knew that there was no chance Melisa would ever agree to go into training and certainly as a dominant it was not for him.

But there was something very wrong here, he had not agreed to pony

training. He would never agree to that. It was ridiculous. He had not signed any type of pony training agreement. He had not designated a surrogate. He was not here willingly. So, this all had to be a cruel joke. He started to breathe easier. Melisa really got him this time. He had been terrified. Ok, he thought, joke over, come and let me go. He tried to look around for her but could not see her. Limited by the length of his leash and the blinkers on his headgear he could not see much. The lights had been lowered, the music had gotten loud, people were dancing all around. He did the only thing he could do. He stood there and waited.

The party went on for hours and the wild ponies were pretty much ignored as the partygoers lost interest in the displays and started to pay attention to their partners and others who were preparing to leave the party - under their own power.

Both John and Julie had given up on attempts to plead with their eyes or otherwise engender some sympathy or assistance. Some people had appeared sympathetic. Some had voiced their displeasure, but nobody was willing to help them in any way.

Finally the party was over, and the lights came up inside the arena. John had no idea what time it was, but he knew these events went very late, or rather very early. He kept looking for Melisa but could not see her. He had not seen her at the corral once during the entire evening. Where could she be?

He heard sounds in the back of the corral and felt like they had come for them. It was about time. He was so tired of this. He had learned his lesson. Melisa had gone completely over the top, but he was not going to be angry with her. He was going to tell her how sorry he was and how he understood. He was not going to speak harshly. At least not until the next time he had her tied up. Well, she had moved the game

up a notch. But right now, he needed someone to let him loose. At least his arms. All they had to do was release his arms, he could do the rest. At least he thought he could.

He heard sounds of Julie being unhitched. They must be letting her go first. This was going to be hard to make right with her. He was sure she was furious with him right now. He was a little frightened of the prospect of her returning unrestrained while he was still held here. He tried to twist around looking for some help, but he could not make out anything going on behind him.

Julie was confused when the attendants removed her from the stall. She still did not know how she had come to be under the control of these people. She did not know why they were keeping her restrained and she did not know where they were taking her. She only knew that she had no control over anything and until - unless - they decided to let her go she had no choice but to do as they commanded and to go where they led.

It seemed to John that he stood there alone for a long time. In reality, it had only been about ten minutes before the attendants returned. He felt one of them behind him connecting the restraint from his balls to his hobble. Only then did another attendant release his ankles and the leash line from the ring in the corral and start to lead John out of the corral.

John was confused by the continuing security but followed the lead. His balls were sore at this point from his many attempts to loosen or slip the leash. But he could endure this a bit more. Everything was winding down all around. They had to let him go soon.

As they exited the same door, they had entered John saw the pony trailer. Melisa was standing at the back of the trailer with Susan. As

John was led around to the back ramp of the trailer he could see Julie, still restrained, and fastened inside the trailer.

"No." John tried to say and pulled away from the ramp. The come along tightened and pulled at his balls, but he didn't care. He was not going into that thing. He was not going to be restrained in the trailer. He knew that he had to get away now before it was too late.

John managed to jerk the leading attendant back and shuffle off the ramp. But then there was a different pressure in his balls. This one was pulling down and hurt more than the pressure of being led. John tried to take a step and found that his hobble stride had been reduced to almost nothing. He could not keep his balance in the heelless boots and found himself falling onto his side on the ground.

The attendant who had pulled the security line on the hobble to ball line turned and put all her weight into pulling the line. John's feet were pulled up until they were each only 6" from his balls.

Melissa stepped over and knelt next to him. "Weren't you paying attention inside? You have been signed up for pony training. There is absolutely nothing that you can do about it. Remember that special power of attorney that you signed a few weeks ago? I am your pony-training surrogate. That means that you as a pony no longer make any decisions. That means that I am the only one that can make decisions for you. I have given the trainers authority to put you through the full training course. It will be very good for you, and I think you will make a marvelous stallion. I will be out to see you in a week or so to assess whether you should continue in the program, as required by the rules.

Susan tells me I should not visit until then. She doesn't like her wild ponies confused with things from their old life until they get a chance to acclimatize to their new condition. I will do you a kindness though."

She reached down in front of his face and with a small allen wrench looking key inserted it into the mouth of the gag. He heard it click a couple of times and he felt the pressure on the roof of his mouth reduce. It had not reduced in size, but at least it had stopped expanding.

Melisa had started to stand, but then she knelt back down. "I suppose you are wondering about your little girlfriend. You were so smitten by her that I just couldn't see pulling the two of you apart. Who knows, maybe they will even let you mate with her. If you are very good and do a good job in your training. And don't worry about her being released any time soon. She couldn't be in full training without a surrogate either. That was a little more difficult to arrange. You were so nice to send her such a fine gift yesterday." He gave Melissa a puzzled look.

"What, you don't remember? Well, I guess that is because I decided to send one on your behalf. She was so pleased with the necklace. She didn't even read what she signed when the courier delivered it. Looks like I am her surrogate too."

Melisa stood and turned back to Susan. John struggled and pulled at his legs and his arms, but he was effectively hogtied. He saw the attendants spread a blanket on the floor of the trailer in the empty bay. They returned to him and closed his blinkers. "Please, no, I'll be good." He tried to say, but even he could not understand it.

He felt himself lifted; there must have been four of them from the feel. He tried to squirm loose, but he could do nothing effective. They only had to carry him about 10 feet. He felt the blanket under him as he was placed on the floor of the trailer. Restraining lines were fastened from the ends of his elbows to each side, from the ring in his hobble, now pulled up snug with his balls, down behind him to the floor, and from the back of his neck forward to the bulkhead. He heard the ramp lifted

and the trailer closed.

John had learned one of the first lessons of his new condition in life. Resistance may be expected, but it was not accepted, and actions had consequences and the consequences were usually not pleasant.

The End