

The Pony Wish

Amber looked at herself in the mirror. She could hardly believe what she was seeing. Her ponygirl outfit was striking. She shivered. She had always loved all things equine although her experience with actual horses was very limited. She was not wealthy. And such things were more available to the more privileged class. That did not include Amber.

Amber lived alone. She had had a roommate until just recently but did not care for the invasion of her privacy and did not find the comradery something of value. She was, for the most part a very private and somewhat solitary person. She worked hard, was frugal, and managed to support herself. She could not afford a pony of her own but hoped that she might be able to save up some money and take a vacation out of the city that would involve horses and riding. Her interest in equine pursuits became increasingly Walter Mittyish as she trolled the Internet.

As she looked at herself now, she thought back about how this had all come to be. It began just four months ago (several days after her nineteenth birthday). It was when she first gained access to Club Torch, a BDSM club. She had learned about the club online. Her interest had been attracted by its sponsor of a "pony day". Really a night, but pony costumes were the look of the day. Was this a chance for her to see things close up? She knew little about BDSM other than it involved turning over control to another and that pain was combined with pleasure - Ah, the things one learns on the Internet. She had no idea what went on at a club such as this and that frightened her. She was intrigued by the idea of loss of control, but not keen on the idea of pain. But she couldn't keep herself away from the club's website.

Her interest had started to develop when she had seen some pony-girl sites online. She was at first attracted to many of the pictures - then she even read a few stories. She was intrigued. The idea of becoming a pony, at least for a little while made her tingle. As she looked at pictures and read the words, her mind made her the subject in the story or the picture. As she snapped back to reality, she found that her hand had wandered to between her legs. She was moist and

breathing heavily. Amber was not attracted to porn - at least the normal variety, but there was just something about the transformation of a person into a pony that kept her staring at her screen.

Amber was no virgin, but she found dating a bore and most men crude and offensive. She felt some attraction to women, but that seemed wrong, so she avoided the thoughts. Most of her sexual experience had been consummated between her and her loyal friendly vibrator, increasingly to mental images of pony play constructed from what she had read and seen.

Amber committed to try to get into the club for Pony Day. The club served alcohol and, she was, of course, too young, but women seem to have an easier time making it past security than men, and if she was properly dressed for the occasion - she liked her chances.

Amber's costume on that first time had been pretty rudimentary. She had worn black pantyhose with a pair of combat boots. She painted the toes white and tried to make them look like hooves and the front and side edges of the soles silver as if they were horseshoes. She wore very tight shorts and a black "Band of Horses" T-shirt. She fastened her black hair into a ponytail and constructed an eighteen-inch faux horse tail (made from an old wig) which she connected to the back of the widest belt she could find. A band around her forehead held horse ears that she constructed from heavy felt. To make her hands look like hooves she painted her knuckles and half of the tops of her hands white and the rest of her hands and arms black. When she closed her fists and held them out it made a pretty good imitation.

The only items she purchased were a wide collar, a single strap rubber bridle gag, and a leash line which she attached to a large ring in one side of the bridle. She had gone to an adult store to purchase these items. She might have found other things there, but she felt uncomfortable and wanted to get out as soon as possible. She also observed that the items could be pricy. She had looked at some things online and was shocked at some of the prices. She was also too embarrassed to have such things arriving in the mail.

Amber did go to Pony Day at Torch. She felt self-conscious as she approached the club. She was already in her costume but most of the people she saw were dressed normally. Then she noticed that many, in fact, most, carried a sack or bag. There must be a place within the club to change clothes. This made perfect sense. It also made her feel a little better. She certainly did not want to stand out.

As she approached the entrance, Amber followed behind a group that seemed to know their way around and soon, she was within the inner sanctum. The interior was loud and dark, but no more so than most clubs. In fact, at first blush the impression of the place was a normal night club. Amber was preparing herself for disappointment. She sighed. She would have a drink. Make a quick look around and go home.

Amber's eyes adjusted to the light. She could see a long bar against one wall of a large open space. There were a lot of people at the bar. In the middle of the room there was a medium sized dance floor. It was more brightly lit than the surrounding area. Between the dance floor and one wall a stage area was elevated about three feet above the dance floor. Outside the dance area there were tables. There were three rows of tables along the two other sides, each row on a platform one step up from the row below. Not at all an uncommon design for a night club.

The similarity to other dance clubs stopped at the dress of the patrons. Most attire at least expressed their interest in the fetish. Perhaps a third of them could leave the club and walk down normal evening streets or enter other clubs without drawing undue attention. Another third were more clearly fetish oriented but, not outrageous. Amber felt her efforts put her in this category. The final third, however, were something else. They in turn were in two categories. The first emphasized exposure of the body some suggestively - others leaving little to suggest. The other group members were tightly restrained. These were not decorative restraints as were seen in the non-outrageous fetish group, these were tight effective restraints with no question of the exercise of control by another. As Amber identified one and then another, she could not take her eyes off these creatures held under such strict control. She could feel herself getting moist between her legs.

Both males and females were led about on the end of leashes held by a partner. Most of these were attached to collars but some to more interesting/creative aspects of the body. Amber saw a tall statuesque woman dressed in a black leather skirt, white blouse and black pumps leading a man on a leash attached to a ring tightly fastened around his scrotum above his balls. The man's arms were folded behind him and held in a leather sack that seemed to be tightly held to his body. His head was fully encapsulated in a black leather discipline helmet. The eye flaps were closed depriving him of vision and his cheeks puffed out from the stuffing in his mouth which was also held in place by fasteners to the hood.

As Amber stood frozen in place, her jaw hanging open, the woman stopped to talk to another woman who held a leash on the end of which was a male slave. This male was led by a collar around his neck. He was bare above the waist but wore leather pants. His arms were fastened at the wrists with cuffs attached to a chain that ran through a ring in the front of his belt. He was not gagged but he kept his eyes down and said not a word. Amber noticed that he kept a careful distance behind and to the right of his Mistress.

"I see that you did it." The second woman said to the woman holding the tightly encased slave.

"You should have seen him beg and plead when he realized what was going to happen. Normally I would have severely punished him for that, but it was just too much fun. We were already on the grounds of the clinic's compound and his arms were bound. He even started to cry when the attendants took him." She turned to the tightly encased male next to her and stroked one of his nipples. "Didn't you boy?" He did not move. He just stood in place with his head lowered.

Then the woman reached down and lifted the male's semi erect penis. Holding it in the palm of her hand she displayed it to the other woman. There was a heavy gold colored ring circling his penis just behind the head. "The ring is held with a pin that passes through his penis. A wire has been fed from the ball ring under his skin to the inhibitor ring. I picked a size that allows him to become just about half hard. Anything more starts to be uncomfortable and then moves through painful

to excruciating. The best part is that he can never experience an orgasm. I can milk fluid from him, it gets him very excited, which is quite painful for him, but that is all." The woman dropped the penis and smiled at her friend.

"Maybe I should get you neutered." The other woman said as she stroked the shoulder of the male, she held on her leash. His eyes widened in horror, but not a word came from his mouth.

Well, Amber had wanted something different. This certainly fit the bill. Some of these people really got into their role-playing. It was role-playing wasn't it? The ring on the end of the male's penis looked real. So did the expression of the other male at the suggestion of having him neutered. Amber wrinkled her brow and shook her head then turned her attentions elsewhere. That had been a little too far over the top for her.

Amber was disappointed. She had expected to see many pony costumes. However, most in attendance seemed to have worn what they wanted. Although it was disappointing it made sense. But there were a lot of people here and she had only seen a few. She looked around the room. Then she saw an interesting pony standing by one of the walls.

What caught her attention was the head. It was a horse. It looked just like a real horse. Amber had to get a better look. She moved through the crowd in the direction of the pony. The pony was not moving. Maybe it was not real.

Then it shook its head and gave a whinny. Amber jumped in response. There was somebody in this costume.

As Amber got closer, she could tell it was a girl inside. Below the leather pony head the pony wore a full leather harness. It was black leather just like the head. Straps ran over the shoulders, above and below the breasts - which were not covered and protruded proudly from the harness - and around the waist. A strap joined the waist, breast strap and the collar down the middle of the front. The pony had a very narrow waist. Amber could see a very tight waist cincher. Amber wondered how the pony could even breathe with it pulled so tight.

A thick cinch belt ran from the front of the waist strap through the legs of the pony. Other than the strap, the pony did not seem to be wearing anything to cover her most private areas. The realization that the pony was nude below the strap made Amber blush. Following on down very long legs the pony was wearing very high black pony boots. Amber felt embarrassed at her makeshift combat boots. These were elegant, the foot arched so that the pony was standing on the ball of the foot which opened into a three-inch hoof, complete with horseshoes on the bottom. Amber looked down at her own efforts to mimic the look. Then she looked back at the pony.

From the angle Amber was approaching, she could not see the back, but she could tell that the pony's arms were behind her.

Amber's attention returned to the head. She could see eyeholes and there were eyes behind them. Ears stood up on both sides of the head. The head appeared as if it was tucked down. The head was fully bridled with a bit set very high in a long mouth from the muzzle. Amber realized that this configuration gave the appearance of a real horse head but allowed the bit to fit in the mouth of the wearer.

Reins from the corners of the bit were tied to a ring in the wall. That is why the pony was staying in place. Assuming that her hands were fastened behind her she could do nothing to move from the spot where she had been tied. With that realization, Amber felt a tingle between her legs. She and Mr. Vibrator were going to have a great time later tonight. Amber moved closer and confirmed that the pony was indeed restrained. Her wrists were cuffed and were fastened to her harness at the back of the waist cincher. There were cuffs on her arms just above each elbow which were fastened to harness straps at her sides. Amber also noted that the girl's hands were balled into fists and covered with what looked like small bags. She would have no use of her fingers. Even if she could reach the clips on her cuffs she could do nothing to unfasten them.

Standing next to this pony Amber felt like a complete fraud, but the pony turned toward her, whinnied, and moved her head up and down in Amber's direction.

Amber aped the movement and whinnied back. She moved closer and the pony nuzzled her. Amber felt accepted. It felt magnificent.

The pony turned and offered her clipped hands to Amber. Did she want to be let go? Amber froze. The pony turned back toward Amber shook her head up and down in almost a frantic motion and then once again offered her bound hands.

Amber reached out and touched the cuffs. She examined the link holding them together. It was not a padlock. It was a carabineer. It had a pressured gate in one side that could be opened; however, you could not just push the gate down. A piece on the gate portion had to first be turned ninety degrees. It did not take much dexterity, but enough to make it a very effective restraint for a creature without the use of hands.

Amber turned the guard on the gate and pushed it down. "Bad ponies!" Amber jerked her hand back as the tip of a crop struck the back of her hand. A second strike made a loud sound as it struck the flank of the pony. This evoked a squeal.

Amber turned to face her attacker. "Haven't you learned to respect other people's property?" The voice was commanding. Amber stepped back a step as the woman moved into Amber's personal space.

The woman was tall, at least six feet. She had raven black hair cut at shoulder level. She wore jodhpurs and knee-high black leather boots. A white blouse and leather vest finished the outfit. Amber felt she should say something, but she was still wearing her bit gag. Amber reached up to unfasten one side of the gag.

The woman interrupted the movement, took Amber's arm by the wrist, and pulled it back down. As she did, she turned Amber toward the wall. Amber felt a hole open in the bottom of her stomach. She felt like she should pull her hand loose, but her brain seemed incapable of sending the proper message to her body.

Amber felt her other arm pulled behind her. Her two wrists were placed one over the other at the small of her back. Then she felt something wrap around the

wrists and then tighten. By the time Amber processed what was happening and pulled at her wrists they were bound behind her.

A part of her was frightened. She did not know this woman. She had never been tied before - at least not by another person. But this was just so exciting. Her legs were weakening, the tingle she had felt was growing and it was becoming overwhelming. If Amber's hands were free, she would have wanted to touch herself. Never mind that she was in public.

The woman turned Amber back toward her. She had a short line in her right hand. She clipped one end to the ring in the front of Amber's collar. The other end she tied to a ring in the wall about six feet from the pony. "You stay here and think about how a proper pony should act." With that, the woman turned and walked away.

Amber turned to walk after her but immediately pulled up as the leash line came tight. She was tied to the ring with about two feet of slack. Amber twisted her hands to try to pull them loose, but she could not. She felt around with her fingers and could tell that a narrow leather strap had been wrapped multiple times around her hands and even cinched. She probed for the buckle or a knot but could not find anything. Because her wrists had been laid parallel her arms were held at the small of her back. As she lowered her hands the strap around her wrists tightened.

She tried to reach around herself with her bound hands to see if she could reach the ring and untie the leash. There was no possibility of doing that. It was just too high. She could see the knot tied in the leash line, but she could not reach it. She tried to use her mouth, but with even the simple bit she was not able to get any purchase on the line.

Amber looked back at the pony. They were separated only by a short distance, but the distance was sufficient to keep them from reaching each other. The pony looked at her and then turned away.

Amber looked to the other side. She had not paid any attention in that direction. Maybe there was something that could help.

About six feet away to Amber's left there was a kneeling figure. Amber could see a short pole extending up from the floor. It disappeared between the legs of the rubber encased figure. Amber could not see for sure where it went but had a pretty good idea. Straps at the tops of the thighs and just above the knees kept the figures legs firmly locked against the pole. The pole was set high enough to ensure that the figure had to keep up in a full kneeling position.

This figure was a male. A rather uncomfortable looking cage of metal encased his penis. The cage was clearly small and designed to discourage and punish any tumescence on the part of the wearer. The male's arms disappeared into a single glove behind his back. The end of the single glove was clipped to a strap that circled his ankles. He was well secured, and he was certainly not going to be of any assistance to Amber.

His upper body was also enclosed in tight fitting leather, but there were openings at the breasts. Amber observed that both of his nipples were ringed. From each ring an alligator clip connected a wire that disappeared back over his shoulders where they connected to a small black box attached to the top of the armbinder.

Amber could not make out his features because he was fully hooded. While the hood might allow for the eyes to be open, they were covered leaving him completely sightless.

Amber could see that his cheeks bulged, evidencing the presence of a strict gag inside his mouth. From the center of where the mouth would be a small hose was connected. It ran up to the wall where it connected into the bottom of a bag of liquid. It looked like the bag would hold at least a quart. Even though most of the liquid was gone, it was not empty. Occasional movement of the mouth evidenced the efforts of the bound figure to suck out the contents of the bag.

"Your Mistress is going to be very upset with you." Amber looked over to see a waitress standing next to the kneeling figure. Amber had seen several of them

around the club. She wore gold-colored sandals with at least five-inch heels. Her costume looked more like a harem slave girl than a waitress. Metal cuffs at her ankles were joined with a medium length chain. From the center of the hobble chain another chain extended up to the back of a metal waist belt. She wore similar cuffs on her wrists. They were connected with a single pole of about twelve inches. She could not bring her hands together. The final part of the costume was a heavy looking metal collar.

"You were required to finish a bag every hour. It has been an hour and the bag is not empty. You know what I have to do." The kneeling figure started shaking his head back and forth. Mewling sounds were escaping his mouth. The waitress reached to the black box on the top of his armbinder and flipped a switch. There was a gasp and a groan, and the upper body of the figure shook back and forth.

"I hope you can get that finished in the next ten minutes. If you do, I will turn this off." Amber saw the cheeks of the figure moving furiously as he was clearly sucking at the liquid. Bound and blinded as he was, he would have no idea how much liquid was left to be consumed. The tingle was back between Amber's legs. She felt her nipples harden. What would it feel like to have electrical shocks surging through them? What would it be like to have to helplessly respond to the demands of a strict Mistress? Amber looked at the tether holding her to the wall. She twisted her own arms within their bindings. She felt warm all over, but mostly between her legs. She really needed to touch herself.

The waitress turned to Amber. "Well, you are a new addition here. I see you have some drink coupons on your collar. Do you want a drink?" A clever feature of the club allowed the purchase of plastic chits that could be traded for drinks. Each one had a clip on one end so they could be attached to the collar or some other part of a restrained occupant. Most costumes did not have pockets, and some guests, such as Amber right now, did not have use of their hands.

Amber bobbed her head up and down. She did want a drink. She really wanted a drink, but mostly she wanted to be able to talk.

As she hoped, the waitress unclipped one side of Amber's bit and let it slip out of her mouth. "What would you like?" She queried as she loosened the bit.

"Please, let my hands go." Amber turned and presented her bound hands.

"Yea, like I need ten strokes of the cane. I can only touch gags and bits; everything else has to be done by your owner."

"But I don't have an owner."

"I don't think you put yourself here."

"No, I didn't, but I don't know her. What if she just leaves me here?"

"Well, I guess if nobody comes to claim you by the end of the evening you will just forfeit to the house. Now, enough nonsense. What do you want to drink" The waitress lifted Amber's bit back toward her mouth.

"A sex on the beach." She responded quickly as she felt the bit pushed into her mouth and secured at the corner of her mouth. She chewed at it and wondered if the waitress had not made it tighter.

As the waitress moved on to the other pony Amber wondered how she was supposed to drink a drink gagged and with her hands bound.

She looked over at the kneeling figure. She could sense the desperation in the sounds she heard coming from the bound form. The sucking and slurping sounds were intermixed with squeals and groans. He had no sense of time; he had no idea how much more he had to drink. Amber wondered, how much he had already, and what was the liquid?

The waitress returned. Had it really been ten minutes? Time took on a different feeling when you were helpless. She went first to the kneeling figure. "Ok, better." She turned a switch on the black box and Amber could see a sigh roll through the figure. Then the waitress connected a new bag of liquid to the ring in

the wall and removed the line to the gag from the old bag and inserted it in the new bag. It looked like a lot of liquid. "You have already wasted ten minutes of this hour finishing your last bag. I suggest you really get to work on this one. I have already reported your failure to your Mistress. She did not seem happy."

The waitress turned to Amber. Suddenly she was not sure she wanted a drink. The waitress lifted a plastic bottle that looked like a baby bottle, complete with a nipple to a ring in the wall and clipped it into place. Amber was hoping receiving her drink would involve removing her gag. It did not. The waitress removed a coupon from Amber's collar.

Then the waitress moved over to the pony and repeated the process with a similar bottle. Amber grunted and shook her head back and forth. She wanted the waitress to realize that she was still gagged.

The waitress looked over at her. "Stupid pony. If you slip the nipple on the bottle over the top of the bit you can suck out liquid. If you don't want to do it that way, I can get you a drinking gag. It is a five-inch-long rubber cock that you suck. Like our friend over here." She gestured to the kneeling figure. "Would you like that?" The smile that accompanied this comment was frightening in its malevolence.

Amber shook her head back and forth. She did not want that. She would figure out how to drink around the bit. She realized as she looked at the bottle that it was set high enough that she could easily keep her mouth below it and almost any manipulation of the nipple would drip liquid into her mouth.

As she experimented with the bottle Amber did, in fact, become more proficient at drinking. She was happy that she was not on a schedule like the kneeling figure. Amber had not even finished her drink when the waitress had returned and chided the poor male for yet another failure before turning on his shocking unit and leaving again.

Watching the helpless male squirm and listening to the loud sucking sounds mixed with moans and whines was making Amber very wet. It should not have had that effect, but it was. She felt mixed feelings when his owner came to get

him. Dressed in a black leather cat suit with a firmly cinched waist this was a no-nonsense woman.

Amber watched as the mistress released the link from the armbinder to the ankles, and then released the male's ankles and legs. She connected a leash to his collar and assisted him up off the pole. Amber was shocked at the length of the rubber projection on the top of the pole. It had, indeed, been deeply buried in the male's bottom. "Why do I even bother with you? You are completely worthless. I should just sell you - or give you away - and be rid of the bother." She tugged on the leash and the male followed blindly behind her. Amber noticed as the woman spoke and then pulled on the leash that the male's penis was straining at the cage. The natures of the relationships around here were very confusing. More importantly why was it having such a strong effect on Amber?

Amber finished her drink and another. The waitress did not remove her bit the second time she ordered. Amber liked the feeling of helplessness, she had never experienced this before, but she was a little unhappy that she could not see more of what was going on in the club. The slack in her reins from the ring in the wall was short enough to keep her back to most of what was going on. By pushing right up against the wall she could turn to the side and see a little, but this position became uncomfortable and finally she just turned and stared at the wall like a good pony.

The pony tethered next to her stood patiently. She was at a slight angle to the wall, but with the blinders on her bridle Amber could not see her eyes. Amber wanted to talk to her. She wanted to ask her what she did when she wasn't a pony. She wanted to know how long she had been doing this. She wanted to explore how the pony felt. Amber felt a kindred spirit with her companion. But both ponies were bitted, and communication was not to be. Amber tried to get her attention by making noises. She wanted to at least make eye contact, but the pony paid no attention to her.

Time seemed to slow. Amber listened to the music play. She sensed the movement of dancing people nearby, but one song seemed to melt into another, and time seemed to stand still. Her hands were behind her back held with only a

single strap. At first, she had been convinced that she could release herself anytime she wanted. After what seemed like hours standing at the wall Amber needed to go to the bathroom. But she was held with her face near the wall. At a minimum her reins would have to be released before she could even find the bathrooms. She needed the use of her hands. She had stood and enjoyed the helpless feeling of her hands being tied, but now she needed them. She had never believed that she was really helpless. There was only a single strap that held her arms behind her. It was time for her to get loose.

She twisted her hands trying to pull one free. That did not work. The strap was too tight. She felt around for the buckle. If she could just open it. But all her fingers found was the strap. How and where was it fastened? She tried to twist her hands around and see what was going on behind her, but her reins were tied above her face, and she could not get into the right position to see. She pulled at her arms with more urgency. The pony turned and looked at her. Amber thought maybe she was going to try to help, but then she just turned away. Somehow, she knew that Amber's efforts would not change her situation.

She was helpless. She was really helpless. She had fantasized about being helpless before, but she had never actually been helpless. A shiver ran through her body. She had not been afraid before, but suddenly she was. She was completely dependent upon the pony's Mistress. Would she come and let her go? Would she humiliate her by just leaving her here for the club staff to release at the end of the evening? By then she would have been unable to hold her bladder and would certainly have embarrassed herself further.

Amber laughed. She was standing next to the wall in a club full of people with her arms tied behind her and her face leashed to a ring in the wall and all she was worried about is that she might wet herself. But there was something else going on. She felt the tingle and the warmth and the moisture between her legs. The later was not because of the needs of her bladder. She was horny. Not just a little, but serious off the chart, I need it now, horny. She had been squirming her legs back and forth, rubbing her thighs together. It was not just the dance of the full bladder. It was more, much more.

At least the demand from her full bladder was occupying her mind. She almost didn't notice when the mysterious woman who had fastened her to the wall appeared.

"Either you are really enjoying yourself or your need to relieve yourself." The woman was smiling at Amber. Amber continued to dance from foot to foot and shook her head up and down.

"It is time to show the costumes on the stage. Can you wait?" Amber shook her head back and forth. She could not wait. She was lucky to have gotten this far.

"Very well." The woman released Amber's reins from the wall and set off. Amber had expected her arms to be released, but that didn't happen. Instead, the woman walked ahead holding Amber's reins, and Amber followed. Amber thought she should have been mortified at this. People were looking at her. But the look on their faces was not disapproval. She saw smiles of approval, she saw curiosity, but mostly she saw what looked like envy. Was it to be in her position or the Mistress leading her down the hallway to the bathrooms? It didn't really matter, maybe it was a little of both.

As they entered the bathroom Amber began to worry about how she was going to do this. Her arms were still tied. The woman led her over to the end stall. There was a girl kneeling by the door, or at least where the stall door should be. She was completely covered in blue latex. There were opening for her eyes and holes below her nose but where her mouth should be was only a bulge. The blue was interrupted only by a shiny metal collar around her neck, a similar metal belt, and cuffs around her wrists. The wrist cuffs were fastened with a chain of about twenty-four inches that fed through a ring in the front of her belt. A chain extended from the back of her collar to a ring in the wall.

As the woman approached leading Amber, the kneeling figure bowed her head.

"Toilet and clean her." The woman held out the reins to the kneeling figure. The girl reached to the limit of her chain and took the reins. Amber had trouble looking down at her because of the restrictions of her posture collar. She felt the

latex gloved hands of the girl touch her. The girl opened Amber's shorts and unceremoniously pulled them down to her knees. Her pantyhose followed.

The girl then rose to her feet. Amber then saw that she wore boots that came up to just below her knees. The foot of each boot curved down so that when standing the girl balanced on the tip of her toe, en-point, with a stiletto heel of almost seven inches her only additional support. Her ankles were also cuffed and joined with a chain of no more than twelve inches.

The girl moved on these boots with an ease that amazed Amber. It took a jerk on her reins to remind her to follow. With her shorts down below her knees she was also hobbled and had to shuffle behind the girl.

There was no door on this end stall, and it was wider than normal, like a handicapped stall. It appeared that many of the guests of this establishment needed help in performing certain functions. It was just another thoughtful accommodation to the clientele. And, of course, if someone wanted to watch, that went with the territory.

The girl took Amber by the arm and turned her around. Then she guided her down onto the seat of the toilet. Amber felt a surge of embarrassment. The woman was standing at the opening of the stall watching. Amber heard a click and felt a pressure at the back of her neck. The girl had fastened a short chain from the wall behind the toilet to the back of Amber's collar. The girl then took up a kneeling position next to Amber. The girl stroked Amber's thigh and stomach.

Any sense of embarrassment was overcome by need. Amber could not look down sufficiently to see between her legs, but she heard the sound of liquid leave her body. It was an instant relief. Amber felt like she went for a long time, but finally she was done. She leaned forward a little and felt the pressure on the front of her collar as the chain tightened at the back. She was puzzled. She was done, why was she still chained to the toilet?

The girl moved Amber's shorts and pantyhose down her legs to her ankles. Amber looked at her with panic. Then she pushed Amber's knees apart. Before Amber

could even react, she slipped something between her knees. It was a metal bar. On each end there was a semi-circular metal piece that went around each of Amber's legs just above her knees. There was a place for straps at the end of each part, but the girl did not bother with that. With Amber's ankles held next to each other by her own shorts and pantyhose she could not open her legs enough to get rid of this spreader.

The girl reached below the edge of the toilet and retrieved a short hose. Amber heard the water start to spray before she felt it. The handle held by the girl allowed her to control the flow of the water. Amber felt herself being sprayed with the water. The girl worked it back and forth washing the entire area between Amber's legs. The water was cold, and Amber jerked in response. Then she felt the tip of the nozzle pushed between her beauty lips. Amber looked up at the woman standing at the end of the stall. She was smiling. Suddenly the water released inside Amber. If Amber had been standing, she would have bolted. She had never felt anything like that before. She tried to stand up, but her neck was held back to the wall, and she had no leverage.

It only lasted a few seconds, but the surprise had been complete. The girl removed the nozzle. Amber felt the caress of a soft towel as she was dried. She had been emptied and washed as instructed. The girl carefully moved the light soft towel over Amber's most private parts.

"Check her state of arousal." It was the woman speaking. Amber felt fingers parting her labia. Then there was a finger on her clitoris. Moving it and holding it up.

The woman moved closer and bent at the waist. "Yes, nicely engorged."

Amber saw the woman hold out something to the girl. "Plug her and get her back up."

Amber felt something pushed up inside her. The girl moved slowly and carefully. It did not hurt, but it was very distracting. Amber had used a dildo on herself before, but it had always been in her own bedroom, under her own control, and private.

It had also always been transitory in nature and rarely ventured where this device now sat.

When the invader was fully positioned the girl removed the spreader from between Amber's legs, she stood and unclipped the chain to the collar. Then she pulled upward on Amber's reins causing Amber to rise. Amber's shorts and pantyhose were still around her ankles. She felt the dildo starting to slip down. She didn't know if she should let it go or try to hold it in. It felt good, but very strange.

There was really no time for decision, the girl quickly knelt and then pulled up the pantyhose and shorts. Amber had picked the shorts to be very tight, so as soon as they were back in place there was no way the new accessory was coming out.

Then the girl rose and led Amber out of the stall handing the reins back to the woman. Amber marveled at the way the girl worked. With her arms chained together and to her waist and wearing impossible boots, she had to rise and kneel to perform even simple tasks. Amber did not think that she would even be able to stand in those boots let alone walk. She would have fallen and broken something.

The woman took the reins and tugged Amber from the bathroom. Amber assumed that the girl, held by the chain to the back of her collar had returned to her kneeling ready position near the special stall. Amber wondered what the girl's story was. Was it the girl's choice to be doing that or was she doing to please someone else? Did she get off on the humiliation? Maybe. Amber could not believe the extent of the games people were playing here. Amber pictured a cruel Mistress relegating the girl to this duty under threat of severe punishment if there were any negative reports. They were games - weren't they? The girl's mouth had been completely covered, only her eyes were visible, but on reflection Amber thought they looked sad. Amber shivered.

She had seen so many people who were helpless - she was one of them. You had to trust a lot to let yourself get in that position. But Amber did not even know this woman. What would she do if the woman took advantage? What could she do?

Amber's thoughts were interrupted as she felt the reins pull taught compelling her to follow. The woman led her back to the place where she had been tethered to the wall. Amber sighed, expecting to be reconnected. Instead, the woman released the pony and set off with both sets of reins in her hands. Amber and the pony clopped along behind.

They were headed for the stage. Next to the pony Amber was feeling very inferior. The pony had a spectacular costume. Amber did not like the comparison. As she and the pony were led onto the stage, she was more embarrassed by what she felt were the deficiencies of her costume than by being displayed before a club full of people bitted and restrained.

There were already five other ponies on the stage. Amber looked quickly before being positioned on the end of the line. She thought all of the costumes were superior to hers. She wanted to get off the stage, but the woman was still holding her reins. Amber had shied away, but a jerk on her reins brought her back in line. She wanted the floor to open up and swallow her. It felt like all the eyes were watching her. She was sure she was going to be laughed at.

There was an MC on the stage. He had started at the other end of the line of ponies. Amber saw the pony step forward a couple of steps. Amber looked over toward her only to feel a jerk on her reins. "Eyes forward pony." It was the woman. Amber looked toward her and then looked straight ahead.

The MC had now moved the second pony forward and was giving a quick description of the costume. Amber dared not look. Something in the woman's voice made her keep her eyes forward.

She could hear conversations in the audience and occasional applause. The woman's pony received a long round of applause. Amber had watched when the pony stepped forward. She had lifted her legs high with each step. Her back was ramrod stiff. She shook her head and neighed. Amber wanted to be her. Amber was very jealous.

Amber's eyes wandered down the back of the pony. The stage lights were bright, and Amber thought she saw marks on the buttocks and thighs of the pony. It looked like raised lines. But before she could get a better look the pony stepped back and she felt herself being urged forward. She didn't step high and gracefully. She had stiffened and frozen in place only to be pulled off balance and forward by her reins. She heard giggles through the crowd. Amber blushed, what shame. Could this be any more humiliating?

She tried to look over at the woman. "Eyes straight ahead." The voice was commanding. It was a voice to be obeyed. The MC was starting to say something about Amber's costume. Amber heard a click and felt the dildo stuffed inside her come to life. A high-pitched yip leapt from her mouth and her hips began to move as she began to squirm. The giggles became open laughter.

She danced from one leg to the other. She tried to move her legs against one another. She twisted her arms trying to free her hands. There was more laughter now. Everyone seemed to know exactly what was happening to her. Amber had lost track of the MC, she had no idea what he had said about her. It had been a complete mistake to come here. She was being humiliated. She was an outsider, and they were showing her that she had trespassed. Amber felt tears in her eyes. Even so, she could not escape what was happening between her legs. She would have thought that the public humiliation would have suppressed any sexual desire, but it was having the opposite effect. She could feel it welling in her. If she were not gagged by the bit, she would be begging and yelling for relief. Instead, she just danced and twisted.

How long this went on Amber did not know. But her level of excitement just kept rising. When it finally exploded, she thought her legs were going to give out. It was an orgasm of epic proportion. The vibrator clicked off, Amber slumped, and the crowd roared with applause and cheers.

As Amber recovered, she listened to the MC announcing the winners. The pony next to her won best costume. That had been a given, Amber thought. There were several other awards, and to Amber's great surprise she received an award for creativity. She had been wrong. She was not being humiliated for being an

outsider; she was going through a rite of passage. She was being accepted. Amber's posture straightened. She beamed.

The woman led Amber and the pony off the stage. She did not take them back to the wall but rather tied their reins to a railing near the stage. The stage was then used for a dressage demonstration from the Rocking S Pony Ranch. A woman no older than her late 20's led a tall statuesque pony onto the stage. The woman held the reins in one hand and a whip that looked like it belonged in a circus in the other.

The pony was in full tack with high pony boots that had no heels, requiring her to take her weight on her toes, and which opened into hooves with horseshoes. A high collar around her neck connected to a full martingale and bridle straps that went around and over her head ensuring that she could not turn her head. Her bit seemed to be of metal and the lever arms from the bit were connected by light chains to rings in her nipples. The reins were connected to rings in these chains a third of the way down from the bit arm. Any tension on the reins pulled down on the bit arm, but also pulled at the nipple ring. Amber felt her own nipples harden. If she had use of her hands, she would have given her breasts a sympathetic touch.

The harness straps were wrapped around her body both above and below her breasts. There was some support for the breasts, but it ended well before the fully exposed and ringed nipples. Her arms were held behind her. They appeared to have been folded with the forearms one on the other and then enclosed in a leather pouch that cinched tightly over the lower arms then up over and above her elbows. Amber had been unable to escape a simple strap. She wondered what that restraint must feel like. Would she like to be put in that thing? She would be so helpless. She felt a tingling between her legs again. The look of the device was frightening, but she wished for a moment that she was wearing it.

The woman pranced the pony around the stage cracking the whip so close to the flanks of the pony that Amber was sure some of them must have hit. The pony lifted her legs high and followed the verbal and signaled commands of the woman. Her movements were strong, fluid, and precise. Amber was very

impressed. When ordered to halt the pony came to a stop and stood facing the audience her hooves at shoulder width. Amber's eyes drew to the closely shaved area between the pony's legs. Amber was sure that the pony was wet.

The woman faced the audience. "This is the result of four months of constant training. Wildflower was a reluctant, even rebellious, trainee when she first arrived at the farm. But look at her now, perfectly trained and absolutely obedient. If you have a slave that is acting out, or above his or her station, is disrespectful, slovenly, or just lazy, we guarantee results. The program is six months but includes regular refreshers for up to ten years. Just the threat of going back for a refresher is usually enough to keep most slaves in line, although some do need some follow up. The package includes registration, bar coding, and chipping so wayward property can be located and recovered from anywhere in the world." The woman stopped, smiled, and looked around the room. "Auction and resale services are also available."

What the hell did that all mean? Amber thought. A six-month training program, wow that would really be an experience. Amber pictured a dormitory full of pony-girls in training sitting around and gossiping after a long day in harness. That would really be something. She wondered what something like that must cost. But what did that "chipping" and "recovery" business mean. More fantasy Amber decided.

The show was over, and the stage was empty. Amber felt the strap holding her arms released. She lowered her arms and stretched them out. The woman handed her a card. Amber looked at the card. All it had was an email address.

"If you want more, send an email to this address with the phrase 'I want more.'"
The woman turned and walked away. The pony, hands still tightly secured behind her back followed her reins held in the hand of the woman as they disappeared.

Amber stood and stared after them. She removed her bit gag and stretched her jaw. As she took a step, she realized that the dildo was still inside her. She looked around for the woman thinking that she should say something, but there was no sign of her.

Amber still had a drink chit clipped to her collar. She had received it with her on stage award. She did not know what time it was but hoped she had time for another drink before closing. She worked her way over to the bar. They were still serving.

Amber got her drink and moved over to the side of the bar. She spent some time watching. She had not liked the fact that she could not watch what was going on for most of the evening. Many of the costumes were very exotic and she found that exciting. Amber was aware of someone moving up next to her.

"Wow, you were so brave, having an orgasm on stage. I think I would have run screaming first." The girl was a little shorter than Amber; she had blonde hair cut at shoulder length. She wore a leather skirt that stopped just above her knees. Her leather vest gave a hint of maybe C cup breasts.

"Well, if you were paying attention, you might have noticed that I didn't have a choice. I was tied and reined." Amber had taken the comment as accusatory. The girl blushed in response.

"I'm sorry; I thought you knew what was happening and that you were enjoying yourself." The girl moved back a little as if she were about to flee.

"No, I'm sorry. It has been a crazy night. I did enjoy it even though I thought I was going to die of embarrassment. I did not know it was going to happen."

"Where is your Mistress?" The girl was looking around as if she might be trespassing.

"The woman? I don't know. I don't know who she is. It happened early in the evening. I am not even sure how it happened. All of a sudden, I found myself tied and under her control. For a long while I was afraid, she was going to spirit me away to some secret dungeon or sign me up for six months of pony training." Amber laughed as she realized that she had actually been afraid. This place was really great for fantasy, and the fantasy had been amazing.

"Oh Oh. I have to go. My Mistress gets very jealous." The girl smiled and then scampered away to the side of a large woman dressed in leather. The large woman put her arm around the small girl and the girl moved in against her.

Amber felt a pang of loneliness. Almost everyone here had someone. Amber had had someone for most of the evening, but now she was alone. She finished her drink and went home.

Amber slept late the next morning. When she awoke, she looked over and saw the dildo the woman had had inserted in her. It was sitting on the nightstand where Amber had put in when she undressed last night. She picked it up and examined it. It was much larger than her vibrator. No wonder she had felt so stuffed. It had what looked like a connector on the bottom; it could be mated into a charger or some other device. Amber knew it could vibrate, but she could see no way to activate it, it must use a remote. Amber wondered if she should remind the woman that she still had it.

That drew her attention to the card with the email address. Amber turned it over in her hand. There was nothing on it but the email address. "If you want more." Amber let the words roll in her mind. Did she want more? That had been the adventure of her life. She had loved that place. But it was not just the club. Before the woman took charge of her, she had felt out of place. After the woman left her, she had felt lonely. The time in between had been extraordinary. She wanted more of that. She wanted more orgasms like the one she had on stage. Amber smiled. She had been taken to orgasm in front of a crowd of people. Amber would never do anything like that, but pony Amber had no choice. She wanted to be pony Amber again.

Amber opened a new email. She typed in the address. For the subject she wrote: "I want more." Then she froze. She got up and walked away from her computer. She fixed herself a drink. What was she afraid of? It had been a most amazing evening. She had let herself be placed under the control of a complete stranger. That could have been a bad mistake, but it had worked out ok. It had worked out more than ok. It had been wonderful. And, at the end of the evening the woman

had let her go. Nothing bad had happened. It had been the substance of Amber's dreams. She pushed the send button.

Amber checked her email every ten minutes for the next two hours. When she had just about given up there was the ding of an incoming email. It was a response. All it said was "Open Me". There was a file attached. Amber clicked on the file. Her computer said something about authorizing the file to open. Amber clicked yes.

A video started. Amber saw the pony from the night before standing at attention before the screen. "A good pony is completely obedient." The voice of the woman said. "Are you a good pony?" A box popped up on the screen - yes or no. Amber clicked yes.

"A good pony needs to learn to walk properly in pony boots. Do you want pony boots?" The pony was now walking lifting her legs high with each step. The boots were amazing. The box appeared. Amber clicked YES. She did want pony boots. She wanted them very much.

"A good pony practices diligently. Will you practice every day?" The pony was still walking around. Amber hit YES. She would, she really would.

"Your boots will arrive within 48 hours. Send an acknowledgment as soon as they are there." There was no box for yes or no, the video just stopped. Amber was shivering. She looked at the email. She clicked on the file again, but this time nothing happened.

Amber spent much of the next two days looking at pony boots online. It was amazing the variety that was available. The price ranged from the low \$100 to almost a \$1,000. Amber wondered what was coming. She tried to remember the boots worn by the pony. She remembered she liked them, but other than the surface similarity she was unable to match them up with any boots she saw on her computer. She doubted they would be the most expensive, but any pony boots would be superior to the combat boots she had converted.

Amber felt like she had as a child waiting for Christmas morning. She remembered waking to find the room still dark. She knew that the tree and the presents were just outside her door and down the stairs. But she knew she could not go there until her parents were up and came to get her. There was a clock in her room, she was sure it had stopped. She swore the hands were not moving at all. This felt the same. How could two days be such a very long time? She could not focus at work. She got several orders wrong. The next day she just called in sick. She wanted to be at home when the boots came.

Late in the afternoon she saw the brown truck stop in front of her building. She almost ran out to meet the driver. Instead, she waited just inside her door. Waited for the knock that would come. Waited and waited, what if the delivery was not for her?

When it happened, she jumped. She had been holding herself so tensely that she could not help herself. She was only inches from the door, but she took a deep breath, counted slowly to ten and then she opened the door.

Amber rushed to the bedroom. She opened the box. She stared in as if the crown jewels had just been delivered to her door. The boots were better than anything she had seen online. Slowly she reached out and touched one. The leather was so soft. But they looked huge. What if they didn't fit? How did they know her size anyway?

She lifted a boot from the box and turned it in her hand. She studied the deeply sweeping arch ending in a platform under which was the hoof and horseshoe. Held from the side it looked like the line of a horse's lower leg and foot. How clever she thought, but she noticed that she would be supporting her weight only on her toes and the balls of her feet. They were like the steepest stiletto heels she had ever seen, but without the heel. She would have to keep her weight forward or she would fall over.

There was a piece of paper on top of the box. It said: "Acknowledge before trying on." Amber wanted to get right to wearing, but she knew that a pony must be

obedient. She opened the last email, hit reply, and typed in "receipt acknowledged".

Almost immediately there was a reply with another file and the instructions: "Open Me." How had it come back so quickly Amber wondered? She clicked the file.

"Excellent." The voice of the woman said. The image showed the pony, sitting on a bench with someone kneeling next to her. She was not wearing her pony boots, but her arms were still behind her. For a moment Amber wondered if the pony was always kept bound. But then her focus returned to the boots being held by the kneeling figure.

"Remove all of your clothing and then hit continue." There was an emphasis on the word "all". The video stopped. Amber did as instructed. She hesitated when she was down to just her panties and bra. She looked over at her computer then she shrugged and removed them. She was going to be obedient even if nobody knew.

After Amber hit 'continue' the kneeling figure placed a pony boot on the pony as the voice of the woman gave instructions. The video would stop to allow Amber to follow the procedure. It was pretty natural, but Amber was careful to keep with the instructions, neither moving ahead nor falling behind.

To her amazement the boots fit perfectly. As she had expected, the arch of the foot was significant. When she stood up, she wobbled and almost fell. This was going to be a challenge. Amber turned and examined herself in her mirror. The boots made her legs look a foot longer. The contour and definition in her calves was stunning; they even seemed to tighten her thighs and buttocks. Amber had never felt so sexy. Her hand moved to between her legs. She and her vibrator were going to have a little entertainment very soon.

The boots were black leather and came to just below the knees. They laced up the front but then the lacings closed under a strap at the top. There was extra support at the ankle, and a wide strap there as well. There were D rings on the inside of

both straps. There were D rings on the outside of the straps as well. Each strap ended with a slot being placed over the outside D ring. A smaller strap threaded through the D ring. This strap fastened into a clip with a distinct clicking sound. Each boot was locked into place at the ankle and just below the knee.

Amber stood and took a tentative step. She thought she looked like a newly born deer trying to walk.

The video had started again. "It is necessary that you acclimatize your legs and ankles to the boots and learn to walk properly. Will you be a good pony?" Amber quickly clicked YES. She almost fell as she bent forward to access her computer.

"When you get home from work each day you will completely strip and then put on your pony boots. As you have noticed, they will lock into place. As soon as you have done so you will acknowledge with an email. There will not be a response. At either 9pm or 11 pm exactly you will click on the icon of the boot on your screen. You will be led through an exercise and training routine. It will be from one to two hours. You will sleep in your boots; this provides a good time for your feet to adjust. In the morning at 7 a.m. the locks will open. You can then remove the boots, shower, and prepare for work. No defalcations of any kind will be tolerated. You will be severely punished for disobedience. Do you understand?"

Amber stared at the box on the screen. She had not expected such a rigid schedule. Nothing had been said about how long this would go on. She loved these boots, but how could she sleep in them? She loved the way they looked and felt, but wearing them for hours at a time was going to be a real challenge. She examined the locking straps. She could probably force them open, but it would all but ruin the boots. It was intensive, but she could see how it was important for her to adjust to them. She would give it a go. If she decided she hated them she would not put them back on and send an email to that affect. She clicked YES.

The screen went blank.

Just moving around her apartment Amber started to see the logic of wearing the boots long term. When she stood in them it felt like her foot was going to cramp,

but she could feel her body adjusting. At first, she made only minimal effort to walk, using her hands to grasp and rely upon objects and walls. When it came time for the first training and exercise session, she was glad that she had worn the boots for about five hours.

The session lasted just under an hour. At the end she was exhausted. She had felt clumsy. She had fallen twice, but she was beginning to get the idea of how to properly balance her weight. At the end of the session, she felt as if she might be getting it, but she desperately needed to get off her feet. She was happy to stretch out in her bed and turn on the tube. It felt strange to lie in bed dressed only in these boots.

Amber slept better than she expected. In the morning when the boots came off her feet hurt when she put on her flats. It took several hours before she adjusted to the change.

A few days later there was another package delivered. Amber was surprised. When she opened the package, she found a pair of black four inch heels. A wide strap wrapped around the ankle, and although it did not have D rings it closed with the same locking mechanism as the boots. The note inside said: "Acknowledge Receipt."

Amber went to her computer and with confusion entered "Some shoes have been received."

Again, like magic there was a file to open. "These shoes will help your feet adjust to the boots. You will put them on after you take your morning shower. You will not take them off until it is time to put on your boots." It did not ask her if she understood.

Amber picked up the shoes and turned them in her hand. How on earth could she work in these? She was on her feet all day. No other waitress where she worked wore heels. They all wore comfortable flats. And she would stand out. She could just imagine the ration of shit she was going to get for this. She threw the shoes

on the floor. They were nice shoes. They were obviously expensive, but this was asking too much.

Amber completed her daily routine with her pony boots. It had now been two weeks since she started wearing the boots. She was surprised at how well she could walk in them. They were even beginning to feel comfortable. She had not worn the pumps. They sat in the corner next to her closet. That was just asking too much. She was pleased that nothing had been said about it. Maybe the woman did not know, but that seemed unlikely as the shoes would have to be unlocked. More likely, she understood. The shoes had been a suggestion to help, not a requirement.

After three weeks Amber loved the way she looked in the boots. She liked the way she could now walk. She had learned to shift her weight forward to compensate for the lack of a heel, but now it seemed second nature. She wondered when she would get a chance to see the woman again. She thought of going to the club again on her own.

Amber found her workouts so exhilarating that she would collapse on her bed and within minutes masturbate herself to orgasm. She did not even need the aid of her vibrator most of the time.

It had been a month since the boots had arrived. Another package came. Amber was surprised because she was not expecting anything. She could smell the strong odor of leather even before the box was completely open. It looked like a garment of some kind. When Amber held it up, she could see that it was a waist cincher. Like a corset it had laces in the back but fastened in the front. The front fasteners were reinforced with straps and buckles so that it could not pop open. The top of the garment had a thick strap that buckled just below the breasts. There was another wide strap that buckled around the waist once the cincher was in place. In addition to holding the restricted waist size this strap covered the knots on the lacing. Finally, there was a strap at the rear that pulled forward through the legs and buckled at the front. The box also contained what looked like some kind of charging unit. This completely mystified Amber. She could see nothing in the garment that needed charging.

Amber was thrilled at the look of the garment. She was a little concerned that if she wore it with nothing underneath, she would be covering her crotch with less than two inches of leather.

As before there was an instruction to acknowledge. Amber did.

In the instructional video Amber learned that the preferred way to put on the garment was to have another person tighten the laces once it was in place. Since that was not an option, she would have to set the laces at a tight setting, then use a provided tool to pull the front together and allow the clasps to close. The straps could then be used to make it just a little tighter. She was instructed to make it tight for the first times, but not so tight she could not breathe. It was easier than she had expected. Each buckle had a locking feature. When the strap was buckled a hole (or holes) from the strap was fed over a short metal post. Once it was pushed down a flange opened at the top of the post so that the belt could not be released. Amber shivered at the thought of her loss of control if she wore this. She knew she could not resist wearing it. She also could feel the effect it was going to have on her. She had not finished putting on the cincher and already she was getting wet. She ran her hands up and down over the leather.

The mystery of the charger was answered. It was for the vibrating dildo that Amber had carried away from the club deep within her. Pursuant to instruction Amber plugged the charger in. It immediately showed green and then red lights. To Amber's surprise a red light lit up on the back of the dildo. The device was a proximity charger it did not have to be connected to the dildo to charge it. Amber made a face as she considered the implication. Amber learned that the strap that would be fed between her legs had a mount for the dildo right at the crotch. Wearing this, her crotch may be barely covered, but it would not be empty. Following instructions Amber connected the dildo into its place in the belt; it easily clicked into place, and then worked the huge device into her body. She had not used it since it had been removed from her after the trip to the club. Somehow it seemed larger. She was not sure she could get it in. But she succeeded.

Amber pulled the strap tight using the roller buckle to make it snug, but not too snug. She pushed the strap down over the post. The flange did not open like it had on the other straps on the waist cincher. Her computer beeped. A box popped open it read: "You can do better than that. TIGHTER."

She was shocked at how she was being monitored. She pulled the strap tighter by a notch, and tried again. The computer beeped again. The box opened. "PATHETIC. One more notch is acceptable for now."

Amber provided a few graphic invectives to the computer, but did find she was able to pull the strap another notch without too much difficulty. This time the strap locked into place.

Being locked in the boots, knowing that she could not take them off had been a thrill, but now there was this additional garment, and it not only imprisoned her sex but held a device tightly within her that could be used to please her, even perhaps torment her. Just thinking about it she fell back onto her bed and began to play with her nipples. Her hand reached to between her legs, but the tight belt prevented any access. She tried to work a finger under the belt, but could not. Had her probable reaction been predicted and then prevented. The knowledge of the control over her only increased the sensation and her frustration. What did she have to do to get satisfaction?

By this time Amber walked and pranced in her boots with grace. She had recently started to jog in place. This was much harder and she quickly tired. With the addition of the waist cincher, she was allowed to go back to just walking and work through the stages again. It increased the difficulty because it forced her body to be more erect and limited her breathing. She had to learn to take shorter more frequent breaths.

The boots were comfortable, but the waist cincher was the opposite. In addition, it denied Amber access to herself. She threw a fit when after fitting the waist cincher and completing her exercise the program told her she would be wearing it until morning. She stomped around her room. She pulled at the straps. She yelled at the computer. She cried.

Just wearing the boots had been such a turn on that she was able to get to orgasm after every workout. The waist cincher made her even more excited, the feeling of the huge plug moving inside her as she pranced was almost enough to get her off, almost being the operative term. She could feel orgasm almost there. Just a little touch would do it, but she was prevented from touching herself. She would have to wait until morning when she took her shower. Then she lay down and tried to sleep. It was hard to think of anything but her needs.

By morning she felt ok, and understood that there might be a positive value in sleeping in it, even if it was uncomfortable. The worst part was that having her body so under control of another was making her horny beyond belief and the damn belt made sure she could not even touch herself. By morning she was beside herself. The minute she was released she dropped back on her bed and manipulated herself to orgasm. She lay panting for a long time before she got to the business of getting ready for work. She would be late. That had been so frustrating.

All Amber had to do was not put the boots and/or the cincher back on when she came home from work. Throughout the day she carried on heavy debates with herself. She came home. She sat on her bed. She looked at the boots. She held them in her hands. "Why am I doing this?" She thought. The computer - why couldn't she talk to a real person - told her she could quit at any time. Just pack up the boots, cincher and accessories in their box and send them back. She thought about it. She couldn't do it. As much as she suffered after she was dressed, she needed this.

But she was not sure of her resolve. Any day she thought she would give up. She knew she needed the feeling of being under control to reach the high levels of excitement. Although, she had not been completely obedient, first, there was the issue of the shoes she was supposed to wear during the day. She had only put them on twice. It was not to go to work, but to go out. It did feel better switching between the high heel shoes and the pony boots. She was worried about putting them on at first, but when it came time to put on her pony boots the locks on the shoes opened. Still, she could not bring herself to wear them to work.

She had not always met her timing for her training. A couple of nights she had missed altogether. One was when she had gone out dancing (wearing the stilettos) and not gotten home until after midnight. Although she had not been sanctioned or even chided for it, she felt terribly guilty. She was supposed to put on the cincher and the pony boots as soon as she got home.

Just being home at night was driving her crazy. There was no restriction on her going out, but once dressed in the pony boots, she did not dare leave. She would certainly attract attention she did not want most places. She was supposed to put them on the minute she got home. She usually did and that meant she was stuck. She would not dare wear them out. The one exception would be the club.

Amber had almost gone to the club by herself on at least four occasions. Once she had dressed in her new accoutrements and even driven over to the club. She had parked outside and watched people go in. In the end she had not gone in herself but had returned home. When she got home, she felt sad and depressed. This was becoming too much. She got out the boxes and thought about sending everything back. If she hadn't been locked in them at the moment, that might have been the end of everything, but she was locked in. She could not send them back until morning.

Amber received an email from the woman. Her heart stopped as she read. She was to come to the club the following Friday night. She was directed to wear the boots, the waist cincher - with dildo fully charged and inserted and the bit gag she had worn the first night together with her posture collar that she had bought and worn before. She could wear something that covered her breasts if she desired. Her hair was to be in a ponytail from the top of her head. Her eyes were to be made up. She was to be in the club and waiting at the wall area where she had been tethered by 8 p.m. sharp.

The timing couldn't have been better. It had been two months and Amber was on the verge of throwing in the towel. She needed more than just distant isolated control. She wanted to give up control, but she needed some contact with it.

Amber was at the club by 7 pm. She wore her pony boots, her waist cincher the crotch strap tightly holding the dildo inside her, her posture collar and bridle with the rubber bit gag. She wore a bikini swimsuit top in a bright blue. It didn't match very well with the rest of the outfit, but it was the best she could think of.

Amber went first to the bar but felt out of place. She was a pony after all. Finally, about 7:30 she went to the location where she had been tethered the last time she was here. She fastened the leash line from her bit to the ring on the wall. Her hands were free, but she stood holding them behind her. She made the line loose so she could see what was going on. Now she felt more at home.

The waitress brought her a drink, and she happily drank around her bit. She carefully kept her hand behind her as if they were restrained. Her heart thumped with excitement.

There was a voice behind her. "More than prompt. That is good. It might even make up for some of your failings, but not the blatant disobedience."

Amber did not look around. She knew that was wrong. Amber felt a hand on her right wrist. She felt a cuff fastened about it. Then she felt the same thing on her left wrist. Just being touched was making her legs begin to wobble. She could feel the tingling between her legs. She heard and felt the click of a link joining her wrists. They were now fastened behind her back. Amber was so excited. She was stepping from foot to foot. It would not take much to drive her to orgasm. But the woman was careful not to touch her anywhere that might provoke such a response. Amber felt her hands raised, then she heard another click. Her wrists, secured together, were now also fastened to a ring in the belt at the top of her waist cincher. It was not painful but did strain her arms. She had virtually no use of her arms.

"You have done a good job with the outfit. But it is time for a proper bridle."
Amber felt the straps surrounding her head loosened and removed. When the bit

was pulled from her mouth, she was tempted to say something, but words failed her. She stood quietly. She kept her focus straight ahead.

She could feel a new network of straps being wrapped around her head. She knew the old bridle was not too good, but it was the best she could find at the adult store. There was now a strap around her head just above her eyes. Another strap circled her head vertically from below her chin over the top of her head. A third strap held rings at both corners of her mouth then passed behind her head. From the rings at her mouth formed the legs of an inverted Y met between her eyes and then continued over the top of her head as a single strap. This strap had a large ring through which her ponytail was pulled. The rings at her mouth also had another strap that went under her chin. This, strap, when tightened, would pull her mouth tightly shut over a gag or bit.

The bit was metal - except at the sides where her teeth intersected it. There it was plastic. Inside her mouth there was a flat plate that sat on her tongue. It curved slightly downward toward the back of her mouth. On top of the plate was a U-shaped piece that hinged independent of the plate. This piece was connected to arms on the outside of the bit. If pressure was applied to the bit arms, it pushed the U shaped piece up into the roof of her mouth while levering the plate down onto her tongue. Amber looked at the bit as it was brought to her face. There were slots in the flat plate Amber did not understand their function. They were designed to connect to piercings that could be inserted in the pony's tongue. Amber had no such adornments and was, for now, pleasantly naïve.

As the woman adjusted and tightened all the buckles Amber sensed the increased control of this device, if only she knew its full potential. Reins were attached to the bit arms and fastened to the ring in the wall. The woman did not give Amber the free range that she had previously allowed herself. Amber turned her head to see what was happening and gasped at the pressure in her mouth from the bit. It would be impossible to resist this.

Amber tried to move the bit around in her mouth. It did not have the mass of the rubber bit, but the plate held her tongue down and made speech impossible.

Amber experimented. "I can still talk." She had said, but it sounded like "a ka ull ak." She could not still talk.

Amber explored the cuffs on her wrists. They were tight but not painfully so. Her fingers tried to find the clip that held them together. It was not so much that she wanted to be let go but she felt compelled to test her restraints. She could touch the clip. She could feel the ring in her cinch to which her hands were now held. But she was unable to manipulate in any way the fasteners that held her. She tried to feel around for buckles on the cuffs. She could not find any. It was very interesting she thought. She really enjoyed being made helpless, but she could not resist testing the limits of her bondage. She was not really being held if she could just release the restraints. She could not release them. She was, in fact, helpless.

As the excitement of that fact descended through her body there was a buzzing sound and Amber shrieked and jumped. She had worn the dildo inside her for so long that she had forgotten its vibrating function. Early on, when she realized it was being charged, she had expected that it would be used, but as time went on and nothing happened, she assumed that it was broken. It was not. It was on now.

She had been so frustrated. Every night when she fastened the intruder into her body, she had longed for someone to touch her, but the tight locked belt had prevented it. The presence of the invader was just enough to keep her thinking about sex, but not enough to get her over the edge. There had been several mornings - ok, most mornings - where as soon as the belt unlocked her fingers had moved to between her legs. She was pretty sure she was not supposed to be doing that, but it felt so very good, and it helped encourage her to put her outfit back on the next evening. After all, she was entitled to some reward for wearing it all night.

All of Amber's attention was now between her legs. She remembered being brought to climax on stage before the audience. She was not on stage now, and there was no real audience, but she was ready to try to outdo that event.

Then it stopped. "Fuck!" Yelled Amber. More like "UUUUUUUUKK".

She twisted against her reins looking for the woman. The woman was nowhere to be seen. Where had she gone? Why was she doing this? Amber shook her body back and forth. She danced in her pony boots, and she squealed. None of that changed the fact that she would be denied her climax. Interestingly, she had been very excited before the vibrator turned on. It would not have taken much to get her over the top. But when the intensity of the vibrator started it directed all her attention to that. When it stopped her ability to get over the top stopped too.

Before Amber could give it much thought it started again. Not long this time. Only enough this time to tease. Then it was off. She danced and tried to protest. The sound that came out sounded more like a horse than a human. She really was a pony now, if not a very frustrated one.

The vibrator came on and cycled again. "Only good ponies are rewarded." The woman was standing behind her. "Do you think you have been a good pony?"

Amber could not answer, and she did not know what to say if she could. She had put the boots on and practiced every night. Well, almost every night. Well, at least, most of the time. She had worn the cincher and pulled it tight. But she had refused to wear the shoes. She had been prompt. Was that enough to overcome the failings? Amber said nothing. She looked back as best she could.

"As I thought. We really need to do something about your obedience, don't we?"

Amber hung her head. She had tried to be good. She had wanted to be good. But it was not fair to expect her to be under control all the time. That was not what she wanted. She wanted to have her life but be able to give up control now and then. Did it have to be all or nothing?

The woman unfastened the reins. She turned and walked pulling the reins and Amber behind her. Amber stumbled at first but then caught the pace and kept up. They crossed to another corner of the club. Amber saw a pillory. There was a wooden board with a large hole in the center and smaller holes to the sides. The

neck, obviously, went in the large hole. The hands could be secured in the smaller holes. The subject would have to be bent forward at the waist. The woman lifted the top bar on the pillory and pulled Amber's neck down into the hole. Amber expected her to release her hands and put them in the other holes, but she did not. She just lowered the top bar trapping Amber's neck. Her hands remained fastened high on her back.

This was not a comfortable position. At least with hands in the stock an occupant could reduce pressure on the neck. Amber tried to complain but the woman paid no attention. "Maybe I should just beat you. Would you like that?" The woman had a flexible looking cane in her hands. Amber liked being restrained. She liked being controlled, but she did not like the idea of being beaten. She did not think she was going to go along with that idea. She shook her head back and forth vigorously.

"Are you prepared to be a good pony?" Amber shook her head up and down. She was going to be a good pony. She didn't want a beating. The woman smiled. "Ok. This time." She held out a hand and lifted Amber's chin. "I am going to let the vibrator amuse you for the next hour. You will not cum. Is that clear?" Amber nodded her head up and down. "If you cum you get five strokes of the cane. So, you can see, you completely control your destiny." The cane had a curved handle. The woman slipped the handle of the cane around one of Amber's bit arms. "We will just keep it here handy in case you forget." Amber gasped.

The vibrator came on. Now Amber was completely conflicted. Previously she had wanted nothing more than to reach climax. Now it was a different matter. She had seen enough of what goes on in the club to have little doubt that the woman would use the cane on her. She also knew that nobody here thought anything wrong with that and nobody would interfere. She was unable to help herself and would have no way of preventing it. So, there she was, fighting the excitement, doing everything she could to resist the temptation to let go and get what she so badly needed.

Just when she thought all hope was lost, it stopped. She sighed and tried to gain control of herself. How long had it been? The worst part of being under control

was the loss of time. Amber had no idea how long that had taken but she suspected it was minutes not hours. To make matters worse, word of her ordeal had spread, and she was gaining an audience. She did not want that now. She remembered the cheers when she climaxed on stage. She imagined that if she climaxed again now there would be cheers. Then they would all stand around and cheer the woman as Amber was beaten.

But they didn't wait. When the vibrator sprung to life again there were cheers. As it continued to work on her, and she danced and moaned the enthusiasm of the crowd grew. Some were rooting for her; others were taunting her. She could hear wagers being made. She had never felt so humiliated in her entire life. She imagined that some of these people might be customers that she would be required to wait on at work. Would they say something to her? Would they look down on her? How could she handle that? Here it was one thing in the regular world another thing all together.

To Amber's relief she survived the second cycle. She was not sure if her shame over her predicament helped or made her more excited. She was having a lot of trouble reconciling her emotions.

After about eight cycles Amber lost track. She had tried to put her mind in another place. She had tried to ignore the sensation between her legs, but the infernal device seemed to be able to read her, as if it knew when it had overcome her resistance. It also seemed to know when she could not take it anymore and when she was on the very verge of exploding. It would have taken so little at those moments to send her crashing, but it did not. Instead, it would give her the false relief of stopping. When the hour was finally up, and the woman had returned, Amber did not know what to think. There was the relief at having avoided the cane, but there was the frustration after having been driven to such a level for so long and then being denied.

Now that the vibrator had stopped, and the hour was up Amber really wanted to do something about her frustration. But she was helplessly locked in place.

The woman left Amber in the stocks for a long time. Amber did not know how long. She was so happy when she was finally released. "I want to see what you have learned during your nightly training." She held the reins and moved Amber onto the dance floor. Things had thinned out a little and the woman was able to find a place to the side where she could put Danielle through her paces. The voice on the training routines was that of the woman so this felt normal and natural. At first Amber was self-conscious because people were watching, but the woman gave her a stroke across the thighs with the end of the reins and told her to focus. It didn't hurt, but it got her attention. She focused.

Amber must have done well because the woman told her she was making good progress, and she stroked the side of Amber's head. Amber felt very proud.

Finally, the evening was at an end. Amber was exhausted. Frustrated, but exhausted. She couldn't wait to get home. Her thoughts were all about getting the cinch removed and being able to touch herself. The woman unclipped Amber's arms but did not remove the cuffs.

The woman held Amber's reins tightly and directed her face to hers. "When you are released from your cinch and boots in the morning you are not to touch yourself. After your shower you will replace your cinch and you WILL wear the nice heels, I gave you." Amber gasped. Just to make sure I will have arranged someone to help you. Amber did not want that. She did not want somebody else coming into the sanctity of her home and "helping" her. Let them knock on her door. She would not let them in.

Amber did not like the suggestion that she had to be more obedient. However, if the last time at the club had been exciting, tonight had been off the scale. She needed more of this. But she didn't want to be controlled all the time. Would she still want this if she could not cheat? She wanted it, she needed it. She would just have to find ways to cheat so she did not get caught. Just the thought of sneaking some unauthorized pleasure was exciting. Amber tried to put it out of her mind. She was just making herself more frustrated.

Amber was glad to get home. She was required to sleep in her cincher and pony boots anyway so there was just the bikini top, collar, and bridle that she could remove before going to sleep. The bridle was a bit of a challenge. Amber had tried to remove it when she got back to her car but finally gave up and drove home bridled and bitted. Only with the help of her bathroom mirror could she find all the buckles and finally get it off. As she dropped it onto the counter in her bathroom, she pictured herself being stopped by the police and trying to talk. It was funny now. Would not have been in reality. She had been foolish. Was she being foolish about a lot of things? Letting fantasy become reality can be very dangerous. She chided herself as her hands caressed the strap between her legs and longed to get below its confines. She was very frustrated, but she was just too tired to give things much more thought. She collapsed on her bed and fell asleep. She would reevaluate everything tomorrow. At least come morning she would be able to release the cinch and let her fingers deal with her frustration.

Amber woke with a start. There was somebody in her room. There was somebody sitting on the edge of her bed. Amber's eyes sprung open, and she almost screamed. Then she stopped herself. It was a young woman. No older than Amber and quite small. The girl was almost naked. She wore a cinch around her waist similar to Amber's, but tight. Much tighter than Amber's. Amber gasped. She had metal cuffs on her wrists that were joined with a light chain about eighteen inches long. Around her neck was a shiny chrome collar. Her mouth was covered by a flesh-colored panel and on closer inspection it was clear that the panel held something in her mouth.

Amber was still adjusting to the girl being in her room when the girl signaled for Amber to get up. Slowly Amber sat up and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. The pony boots always felt heavy in the morning, and she was always happy to get them off. Amber slowly got to her feet. The girl put her hand on Amber's upper arm and turned her around. Amber followed the lead. Amber felt her arms pulled back and heard a click as her wrists were locked in metal cuffs. Amber had said nothing and still did not. Amber decided that she was still asleep, and this was a very kinky dream.

The girl began opening the buckles on Amber's cinch, followed by her pony boots. As the belt fell away from between her legs and the dildo was retracted from its nest Amber shuddered. This was so exciting. Amber tried to move a hand around to touch herself, but the cuffs kept her target out of reach. The girl led the now naked Amber into the bathroom. Keeping her arms still cuffed behind her, the girl turned on Amber's shower and cleaned Amber's body from head to toe. When she soaped and washed between Amber's legs Amber moaned and pushed her hips forward. The girl was efficient, but careful not to let Amber take advantage.

When she had finished, she toweled Amber dry, then dried and brushed Amber's hair. Amber was becoming unhappy with this dream. Her dream should include more attention to her sexual needs. That was just not happening, this was all too utilitarian, and Amber's level of frustration was promising to explode.

As Amber sat at her dressing table looking into the mirror, she watched the girl wrap the waist cincher back around Amber's waist. It had only been off for about half an hour and Amber did not want it back on. This was clearly not a dream.

"No, I need that off for a while. I don't want to wear it right now." The girl paid no attention as she quickly fastened the clips in the front. Amber sighed with the pressure as she felt it constrict her waist. But the girl was not happy. Amber felt her hands on the lacings. The girl pulled and worked the lacings tightening the cincher. She would start to pull, then wait for Amber to exhale, then pull again. Amber thought she was going to pass out. "This is too tight. I am going to faint." Amber wondered if the girl could even hear her. There was no reaction as she finished with her work.

Amber did not want to follow the girl's directions, but there was something in Amber that made her continue. The girl's hand moved between Amber's legs and began to stroke her clitoris. Amber was now very wet. Amber stood on direction, anything to make the touching continue. She felt the strap pulled up between her legs and felt the large plug once again worked up into her body. It felt very good as it moved up inside her. Amber responded by squatting slightly to try to get more pressure on the now welcome intruder. Amber looked down to see if the

girl was going to continue the work on her clitoris. Amber saw that there was something different about the plug. Around its base there was something that looked like a rubber cup or the top of a funnel. Amber watched as the girl carefully fit the rubber between her lower lips.

To Amber's distress, the attention to her pleasure bud and lips stopped as the girl fed the strap through the buckle on the front of Amber's Cinch. Using the roller buckle for leverage the girl pulled down and closed the buckle a full notch tighter than Amber had ever set it. "No. TOO TIGHT!" Amber complained, but the girl had already pushed the strap ends over the posts locking it in place.

Amber twisted her arms in the cuffs. She felt like she was being cut in half. It also felt as if the plug was twice the size it had been before. She really needed the strap loosened. She also needed the lacing on the cinch loosened. She tried to communicate this to the girl, but the girl paid no attention. Amber looked at herself in the mirror. She knew that all the buckles and straps on the cinch and the strap through her legs were locked in place. She doubted the girl could even open them. Amber sighed. This was going to be a very very uncomfortable day.

The girl retrieved the black pumps from where Amber had left them sitting. Quickly she knelt and placed first one and then the other on Amber's feet. Amber was still squirming in discomfort over the cinch as she heard the straps close and lock on the shoes. She had never worn those things to work before, and she did not intend to start today. She would have to wear them, but she did not have to go to work. As soon as this girl left, she was calling in sick.

Amber expected the girl to leave at that point, but she did not. The girl opened a small case and withdrew something. Amber watched with fascination and then horror as the girl approached her with a chrome collar just like the one the girl was wearing. Amber shook her head back and forth and took a step backwards. Her legs pushed up against her bed and she involuntarily sat down. "No. I am not wearing that."

The girl held the collar open as she stepped forward. "No way!" Amber twisted away from the girl's reach.

A horrible pain shot through Amber's insides. Amber tried to bring her hands around to touch herself, but they were still cuffed. She fell to her side on the bed and curled up into a fetal position. Finally, the shock stopped.

The girl stood holding the collar open. She nodded to Amber. Amber shook her head back and forth and did not move. Another bolt of electricity erupted inside her. Amber had never felt pain like that before. She needed to make it stop. "Ok. Please, make it stop." It did.

Amber was crying now. She sat up on the bed. The girl continued to hold the collar open. She did not move toward Amber. It was clear. Amber would have to put her own neck into to collar. That was too much. She could not be expected to do that.

For ten long seconds Amber stared at the girl. The girl held her position and stared back. Amber thought about the pain of the electricity that had surged through her most intimate parts. She did not want to feel that again. Amber knew what was required. Amber sighed and pushed her neck forward. She felt the collar close around her neck and heard the click as it locked into place. Amber knew that a bridge had just been crossed.

The girl unlocked Amber's cuffs and then left the apartment. Amber briefly wondered how she had gotten in and how she left but her curiosity quickly focused on her own body.

The cincher was very tight, too tight for Amber's liking. She liked the way it pulled in her waist, but she was having trouble breathing. She needed to loosen it a little. She reached around behind her looking for the lacings. She could feel that it had been pulled to only two inches separation. Amber had always kept it at about four and thought that was tight. She tried to find the knot, but it was locked under the waist strap. She walked over to her mirror and turned her back looking over her shoulder. If Amber wanted to loosen the lacings, she would have to cut them. And even then, the waist strap would keep the thing closed around her. Unless she cut

the straps too it was not coming off. This was going to be a very uncomfortable day.

Amber's hand went to the collar. She moved forward to examine it in the mirror. She could only see slight seams where it hinged and where it connected. There was no sign of a keyhole or any other method for releasing it. "How the fuck do you get this thing off?" Escaped from Amber's mouth as she examined it from all angles. It was tight around her throat. It did not choke her, but she could barely get a finger in between the metal and her neck. It was about an inch and a half in height. It was thick, almost half an inch. It was very shiny. There was a ring hanging down in the front and another in the back. It looked more decorative than utilitarian, but it was heavy and clearly very secure.

She, clearly, could not remove it without some help, and what would she tell someone if she asked them to cut it off? Amber tried to process what had happened to her since her first trip to the club. She had been placed under control and made to perform. She had been provided with exceptional fetish products, but she had no control over when to wear them and how. Instead, they had become the instruments to control her. And now, she had been collared. She had read enough stories and gone to enough websites to know what that meant. It implied a significant degree of control, even ownership, by another. That had never been her intent. She had wanted to dabble. She had wanted to play. She never wanted to give up her freedom and be owned.

But she was in her own apartment, had her own job, and drove her own car. This was a game that is all. Amber's hands went to between her legs. "Damn this belt." She thought. She was so horny. She had never been this horny before. She was angry at the woman for denying her the normal morning ecstasy. She wished she could figure out how to make that damn plug start to vibrate. She poked and tapped at the end of it, but that didn't do anything. She could feel slight movement inside her, but not enough to make a difference, at least not enough to matter. The woman had control over it. That thought was exciting. Amber needed to get the woman to activate it. Amber realized that she had only seen the woman on two occasions, both on her visits to the club. Amber touched the collar again. This game was fun, and very exciting, but there were limits. The

woman did not own her. But she was so excited. She reached back down and fingered the strap held tightly between her legs. For now, she would play along. But one thing was sure. She was NOT going to wear this outfit to work today.

Amber reached for her phone to call in sick. Her computer beeped. She froze and turned toward it. A big red box had appeared on the screen. "Don't even think about calling in sick." Amber gasped. Below the words was a picture of the cane the woman had held under Amber's nose back at the club.

"I can't go to work like this." Amber shouted at the computer. "Especially now with a stupid collar around my neck."

The computer beeped again. "Make yourself ready and go to work."

"I can't. I can't do it." Amber started to cry.

The computer beeped again. "Good ponies are obedient. Prepare yourself for work. You can do it. And if you are proud, you will even find your tips improve."

Was Amber having a conversation with a computer? How did it know what she was thinking?

Amber sat on the edge of her bed. Her hands went again to the collar. She had put her own neck into the collar. From the very beginning of this adventure, she had wanted to give over control to another. Now she had done that. But she had wanted to control when she would give up control. Was that really giving control? Her hands went to between her legs. Just thinking about her current condition was making her tingle. If only she could touch herself. What a quandary she was in. Being under control was exciting her on a level far beyond what she ever expected, but the control included denying her the relief that she so desperately needed. No, that was not true. The woman had promised reward if she behaved. All she had to do was be obedient. And that was how it was supposed to work, wasn't it? She would be punished when she disobeyed and rewarded when she obeyed. She hadn't really been playing the game right. She had been cheating. What would it feel like to really play?

She couldn't really go out in public like this, could she? She could never envision going out like this, but since she was being ordered to, it was different. At least she would get dressed and see how she looked.

Amber dressed. She paid greater attention to her make-up than she usually did for work. Her blouse had an open collar, so the shiny new accoutrement was clearly visible at the front of her neck, but to Amber's surprise it looked, if not stylish, very sexy. She rather liked the look. The cincher completely disappeared under her clothing looking rather as if she had lost weight, her waist was visibly smaller. Others would clearly see that, but not its source. Finally, the shoes, well, they were very sexy. They looked very expensive. They looked very good.

She looked and felt over dressed, but the overall affect was not nearly as bizarre as she expected. She had seen all sorts of strange looking waitresses before. She remembered the Goth chick from about a year before. She even had safety pins pierced through her ears. Amber laughed, but it hurt to laugh. The very worst part of this outfit was the restriction on her breathing. She was adjusting to the tight cincher, but she had to keep her breathing shallow. That would be a challenge. She hoped she did not pass out. She stood up and realized that the shoes, although lovely, were going to be hell on her feet by the end of the day. And they were locked on. She could not even slip a foot out to rest it.

To Amber's surprise, and relief, her co-workers said nothing. She got a few strange looks, but that was all. She was pretty sure that at least some of them wanted to say something or ask her about the dramatic change in her appearance because a few customers commented. Overall, the comments were not too bad. A regular said: "Must be a hot party later." Of course, he would notice the difference.

One very confident looking woman made Amber blush. "I am sure your Mistress is very proud of you." Did she know? Was that a compliment? Amber felt pleased on the one hand, but so embarrassed and humiliated as well. What was happening to her?

By the end of her shift Amber was exhausted. Even though her feet were adjusted to the strict requirements of the heels they had required more exertion than flats and with her breathing so restricted she was required to breathe much more rapidly. One customer had commented. "Dear, at your age you should not be so short of breath. I hope you are not a smoker. Either way, I think you need to see a doctor." The tone had been kind and caring so Amber only thanked her, but she could not suppress a deep blush, if the woman only knew.

Amber's tips were better than usual. It was enough to make some of the other girls look at her more closely.

Amber could not wait to get home and get the cincher off, or at least loosened. At least twice during the day she had thought of seeking help in the kitchen. There were lots of sharp knives that could quickly open the laces. It was not as much that she would be disobedient in doing so as much as the humiliation she would feel having to expose the cincher and ask for help. And how would she answer when asked why it was locked in place and why she did not just loosen the laces. She had survived the rest of her outfit. Even her collar had not brought her the kind of humiliation she expected, if anything, its constant presence was fueling her desire. Occasionally she would touch the collar and think about the fact that she had no means of removing it. It symbolized the woman's control over her. Her knees shook and she had to direct her attention back to the task at hand - not before a hand would stray to between her legs only to be frustrated by the feel of the solid thick belt below her dress.

As Amber drove home the vibration of the vehicle and occasional bumping moved the large plug inside her adding to her frustration. She needed this off. She needed to be touched or at least to touch herself. She had to remind herself to pay attention to the road. Visions of her arriving at hospital locked and cinched in her outfit after a car accident gave her pangs of humiliation followed by waves of uncontrollable desire.

She could hardly walk up the stairs to her apartment - why did she have to live on the second floor?

Inside her own domain Amber quickly stripped away her clothing. Dressed only in her collar, cincher and shoes her hands attacked the strap between her legs. She pulled at the horrible belt wedged tightly between her legs. She tried to get her fingers under it. She already knew it would not work, and it did not.

In despair she collapsed back onto her bed. She put her hands to her face. She shrieked and then quickly covered her mouth. The thing within her had come alive. Amber writhed and squirmed. She pulled her legs apart and arched her back. Her hands went to her breasts. Her fingers found her nipples and began to stroke them. She was already so ready this was not going to take much.

She was almost there. Just a little more. Then it stopped. "REALLY!!!" Amber yelled so loud she expected her neighbors to be knocking on her door to see if she was alright. She was certainly NOT alright. She was a long way from alright.

Her computer screen had come to life. "Have you been a good pony?"

Yes, she had. She had gone to work dressed as she was supposed to. "Yes." She shouted. As much as she hated how tight the cincher was, she had resisted her urges to cut the laces. It was still there. It was still making it hard for her to breathe.

"Did you have thoughts of resisting?"

Amber stared at the computer. Thoughts! Of course, she had thoughts. That was expected. This was not fair. She was not going to play this game if she did not get rewards too.

"Put on your pony boots. Eat the meal in your refrigerator - nothing more, nothing less - go to the bathroom then return and kneel in front of the computer."

Amber sat on the edge of her bed and stared. The locking straps on the shoes popped open. She picked them up and looked at them. She examined the locking mechanism to try to figure out how they activated. Was it just curiosity or did she

want to know so she could try to defeat these locks? After all, the lock on the damn belt seemed to work the same way.

Then she put the shoes down and without thinking about it picked up the boots. Before she realized what she was doing they were on her feet, tightly laced, and locked into place. The boots felt wonderful after a day in the heels. There was so much more ankle support. Amber also liked the extra height they gave her. Without thinking she began to strut to the kitchen. She stopped and realized that when she had the boots on, she automatically fell into the routine she had been practicing every night. She lifted her legs high and walked with a measured pace.

Nothing had been done to release the cincher. That was what she wanted off. She looked at the computer. She pulled at the straps to see if any of them had unlocked. They had not. The cincher was not coming off. She sighed.

Amber opened her refrigerator. It looked like it came from a different apartment. She did not recognize most of what was there. All her soft drinks were gone. What had they done? She looked in the freezer. Her pizza, ice cream and frozen pasta were all gone.

In the refrigerator there was whole milk and produce, lots of produce. A container on the middle shelf was labeled Monday. It was a salad with nuts and what looked like salmon. Was that Kale? She hated Kale. Most of Amber's cooking skills related to her microwave. She did not dislike salads, but she rarely made one herself and only occasionally ordered one. She preferred pasta and heavier fare. She knew she would have to adjust this diet as she got older, but at her age she was good.

At least for today she really did not have much choice. Her kitchen had been stripped of all her usual foods. She would give the salad a try. This was so invasive. It was humiliating that someone else was deciding what she would eat, and she was not even asked. She would have to decide if control over her diet was a deal breaker. It might be. She could not believe the level of control, was nothing to be left to her?

Amber sat at her kitchen table and ate. The salad was very good. She ate it all. She was still hungry. She checked to see what had replaced her snack foods. Her pop tarts were gone. There was no chocolate. She loved chocolate. What had they done with her chocolate? There were raw cashews. She took a handful. She had been told nothing more nothing less, but she was hungry it had been a long hard day and what wasn't known wouldn't hurt.

Amber decided she did need to go to the bathroom. Her current plight did not prevent her from emptying her bladder. She had already figured this out earlier in the day. She had been concerned that she would not be able to go plugged and fastened with the awful belt, but she had been instructed to go naturally so she tried.

What she learned was that the rubber that she saw surrounding the base of the intruder collected the liquids and fed them through a funnel that exited in a small tube from the lower front of the belt. She could hold and direct the flow like a tiny penis, although it was not strong enough to allow her to stand. In the rear there was a ring in the belt positioned over her sphincter. It was pulled very tight and made her buttocks spread around it. The ring was large enough to let most waste pass through, and she realized other things enter. Amber knew that this was a place where a ponytail could be fastened.

Having finished that task, she returned to the computer. She knelt in front of it as directed. She felt a little foolish doing this. It was her damn computer. But no sooner had she knelt, that things started to happen. "Did you perform exactly as instructed?" It was the voice of the woman.

Well, she had not, but so what. "Yes." She spoke with confidence that she hoped would mask any sense of guilt.

"Are you trying to deceive your Mistress?"

"No Mistress." Her eyes were down cast now. She was not feeling quite so confident.

"And, what about the nuts you ate? Where those within your instructions?"

How had she known? Amber quickly looked around her apartment. Somehow, they could see her. Then she thought of her collar. It had lights in the front and a small circle right in the middle. It must be a camera. Anything she did could be seen.

"I am sorry Mistress." She hung her head and shook it back and forth slightly. "I didn't think that would count."

"You mean you didn't think you would be caught. And you have lied to me." Amber felt tears welling up in her eyes. She had. She had lied.

"What do you think we should do about this bad attitude?"

"Oh, please Mistress. I am sorry. I will be good."

"There is a gag on the nightstand. Put it on. Make it tight." Amber saw the gag. She quivered in excitement. There was a large leather wedge attached to the inside of a leather panel. Amber pushed the leather wedge into her mouth then started to fasten the straps. One set came from the sides circling behind her head to buckle at the back of her neck. Another piece started as two which came up either side of her nose and then met between her eyes before continuing over the top of her head then fastening into a short strap from the strap encircling her head. Finally, two straps on the bottom sides of the panel went under her chin, crossed in front of her neck, and fastened behind her neck. Desirous to please the voice Amber tightened the various straps until the panel was held tightly across her mouth and the wedge filled her mouth. She could easily breathe through her nose, but she would make little sound through her mouth.

Amber was then made to complete her pony training with her waist cinched and her mouth gagged. She was very happy when the routine finally finished. Amber had done a good job. She was about to remove the gag when the computer spoke again.

"Go to your bed. Some modifications have been made." The voice was stern as if nothing Amber had done was pleasing.

Amber walked over to the bed. She could not really see anything different.

"Sit on the bed." Amber complied.

"There is a bar at the bottom of the bed fasten the clip at each end to the ankle cuffs on your boots." Amber bent forward and found the bar. It was just less than three feet long. At each end of the bar was a simple snap link. Amber fastened each one to the ring on the inside of the cuff on each pony boot. She was so widely spread that it was hard to connect the second clip. Her legs were now held well apart.

"There is a chain at the top of the bed connected to the headboard. Lock it to your collar at the back." Amber twisted around to look for the chain. As she did, she tried to maneuver her legs up. Only then did she realize the bar between her ankles was anchored to the bottom of the bed. A twinge of fear combined with a surge of intense excitement hit her. But she lifted the chain and clipped it to the ring at the back of her collar. Once again, this was easy, and the clip could be easily opened.

"Very good. Now lay back and reach out your arms to the top corners of the bed." Amber did as directed. "There is a cuff connected to a chain at each corner. Pull the cuffs toward you and fasten your wrists in the cuffs. They will lock when you close them."

Amber found the cuffs as directed. How has she not seen all this before? When did they put it here? She knew she should feel invaded. How could she allow this woman to take such liberties with her personal space? But even as the indignation over this was going through her mind, she was closing first one then the other cuff over her wrists. The chains went out to the corners of her bed but were long enough to just allow her wrists to meet in front of her face.

Amber enjoyed the feeling of the restraints. She rattled her wrists chains. She kicked her feet enjoying the feel of them being held in place. She sucked on the leather wedge in her mouth. The sense of stimulation was over whelming. She tried to reach down to touch and fondle her nipples, she could not quite reach. Further, as she pulled on the chain from her right wrist it responded by pulling back. She tried to reach over with her left arm, but that chain was now pulling. Amber twisted and pulled at her wrists, but as she did, she felt the chains slowly tighten. When they finally stopped, she was held on her back, her legs were spread and held at the bottom of the bed and her arms were held tightly out to the top corners.

"If you had been a good pony, you would have been rewarded. You were not a good pony, were you?" Amber knew she had not been good, but she desperately needed some relief. She would be good now. She would do what the woman wanted, anything she wanted. She was ready to promise anything. But the gag was very effective. Why had she fastened it so tightly? She tried to maneuver a hand over to her head to loosen it. It was beyond her reach. She tried to beg. She tried to plead. She squirmed and pulled.

"I am going to let you think about how bad you have been for a little while and then we will discuss what should happen to you." Amber did not want to be left to think. What she wanted, what she needed, was some relief. She knew the woman had control over the vibrator. All she needed to do was turn it on. Just turn it on. Amber did not think it would even take very long. But nothing happened. Amber was held on her back. Her hands were held away from her body. Her legs were spread, and she had never been so horny in her entire life.

As Amber lay helplessly on her own bed she thought again about this very strange relationship. Was this what she really wanted? She wasn't sure. It was so terribly exciting, but the woman kept pushing her to new levels. Here she was fully restrained on her own bed, and by her own hand. Sexually tormented all day and still not able to do anything about it. Was this what she wanted? She could only imagine how tremendous her orgasm would be when she was finally allowed to have one. The denial and teasing were almost more than she could stand. No, it was more than she could stand. She needed relief. She needed it now. Amber

struggled in her bonds. She pulled her wrists and kicked her feet. None of it helped. She was completely helpless.

After a time, Amber gave up. She had locked herself into this bondage, most of it was held with simple clips, but with her hands chained she could not reach the clips. She was completely under control of someone else, and they were not even here.

Then there was a soft sound and the sensation she had desired. The vibrator had started. But it was so low, so gentle. She could feel it, but just barely. That was not enough to do the job. Maybe if she could tease her nipples at the same time. But she could not.

"It appears your concentration is not where it should be. Let's see how you are doing in a few hours."

That was not possible. The vibration was just enough to keep her attention completely on that part of her anatomy, but not enough to take her anywhere. Hours? She could not endure this for hours. Amber screamed into her muzzle. She pulled and thrashed on the bed. Now she wished she could make enough noise to bring the neighbors, but that was not going to happen. She twisted and pulled and jerked at all her bonds. She knew, as it proved correct, that she could do nothing.

Amber tried a different approach. She lay back and tried to put her mind in a different place. She tried to distance herself from the slight buzzing between her legs. She tried to bury the terrible need that had been building inside her all day and which was now raging to be released. She tried to think of things mundane.

It did not work. Her mind was completely consumed with her need. Something she had done so many times. Something that her fingers, and a few available props, could bring on easily, but something that was completely denied under her present circumstances.

Amber wondered if this would go on all night. Did it really matter? If she was left unfulfilled, she did not think she could sleep anyway.

The voice was back. "You were such a bad pony today. I am going to let you sleep now, but certainly you have not deserved a reward. If you redeem yourself tomorrow, you will be neutral for your errors of today. That will open the possibility of making the next day one of success and reward. Goodnight slave." The buzzing stopped. The room was dark - how had they done that?

Amber did not think sleep was possible, she had never slept restrained, and her needs were still making her crazy, this was all so unfair. She had wanted to give up control. She had loved the excitement of it. The woman made her so hot, so excited, but she was being denied. Not only denied she was being prevented from even satisfying herself. She was just too excited and on edge, there is no way she could sleep, but she was exhausted and before long she fell into a deep sleep. Amber's sleep was filled with wild erotic dreams. Hands were stroking her naked body driving her to the great heights of lust.

Amber woke to the hands of the girl from the day before. She was once again in her apartment. Her hands were gently stroking Amber's body. Amber's arms and the chain to her collar were released. The girl helped Amber to sit up then gently drew her hands behind her back and fastened them in cuffs. Amber expected this and did not resist. This needed to be a perfect day. She needed to make up for the failings of the day before. Only then could she prove herself to her Mistress.

It felt wonderful to have the waist cincher removed while Amber was washed, never-the-less, she did not complain when it was fastened back into place. Nor did she take any issue with the heels. The collar had remained the entire time. It seemed that was to be a permanent addition. As Amber dressed and applied her make-up, she vowed that she would meet the expectations of her Mistress. She had never in her life expected anything like this. She was not even sure why she was doing what she was, but this whole experience was so heady.

During her time at work, she tried to dissect the relationship she was developing with the strange woman who she had only seen twice. She knew she was being

submissive and that she needed someone to exert control. But to what extent? Certainly, there was a point when it became unhealthy. Well, when it got there, she would draw the line. Everything that happened to her required her consent. Amber had resisted, but she had always consented in the end. At least she told herself she had consented. If it went too far, that would be that.

She behaved herself at work and at home. She ate only what was designated for her. She did everything she was told to do. She performed her pony training almost without flaw. The voice of the woman congratulated her. Even so, she was restrained on her bed, the procedure the same as the night before.

"I will let you think about what you have available to you." The voice stopped and the torment began. The vibrator worked her; it was not just a constant tease this time. It would increase and bring her up to a point she was sure she would make it and then it would stop, only to start again sometime later.

If Amber had not been muzzled, she would have screamed the walls down. But she was muzzled, and her cries and screams stayed easily within her walls. When she was finally allowed to sleep, she thought she was going to go crazy. She tossed and turned for quite a while – well, not much tossing or turning more twisting and pulling. She was once again completely helpless. She had done it to herself. She had fastened all the bondage in place, but once fastened she was helpless. Was she to be restrained every night or was this just to make up for being bad the day before? She did not know. She was not sure she would do this every night. What would happen if she just refused to lock herself up? Amber figured she was going to find out. There was going to be a time when she was just not in the mood and that would be that. She loved the effect the woman had on her, but she was being just too cruel. Amber felt like she was being pushed right to the edge of her limits.

Not surprisingly the girl was there in the morning to release Amber from her bondage, wash her, and prepare her for her day. It meant that the cincher was never removed when Amber had her arms free. Only after Amber was cuffed would it be removed, and then only long enough for the girl to wash her. Clearly her mistress did not trust her to put it back on. And, in reality, that was a good

choice. Amber would have done anything she could to keep that damn thing from being pulled so tight. But the girl paid no attention to Amber's protestations and by the time Amber had control over her arms the cincher was in place and locked down. Amber was convinced it was getting tighter each day.

As Amber left for work, she was so frustrated. She did not think it was possible to feel so sexually in need. For days she had been teased, tormented, and then frustrated. The very idea that her sex was locked up under the control of another only had the effect of making her more in need. Talk about the ultimate 'Catch 22'.

Amber's day at work went ok, except that a few comments that would normally have been shed without further thought made her think of sex and her needs. At one point she locked herself in a bathroom stall and cried. She had reached the end of her tether - literally.

She decided that she would go through the drill tonight, but she was petulant at best. If tonight did not reach her expectations she was done.

Only after she was locked to the bed did the voice of the Mistress come onto the computer. "Not wonderful, but acceptable."

The vibrator started. Would this be it? The voice had been unclear about that. But it kept going and going. Amber felt her climax coming. She prayed that it would not be interrupted. It was not. She screamed and bucked and thrashed about in her bonds. But it didn't stop. The buzzing kept going. Amber yelled. Amber pleaded, but it kept going. She did not think there was a second climax in her. But there was. It was huge. She had never felt anything like that. And now she was exhausted.

Amber wished she was able to move her arms and legs. She really wanted to pull herself into a ball, but that was denied her. Finally, she slept.

Over the next several weeks Amber's life was only going to work and then home to her apartment. At home she was completely controlled being restrained in her

bed after finishing her training and eating. She had not even been able to watch television.

But each night there was the potential for satisfaction and that had been enough to motivate her to lock herself in place. Most nights she had been ignored or teased, but enough nights had ended with an exploding climax to keep her at it.

The last night she had been once again teased. She went to sleep angry at the woman and angry at herself. This was really unfair. The woman was being cruel beyond belief.

When the slave girl woke Amber the next morning the computer came on and announced that today she would receive the last part of her uniform. Amber thought the choice of words was interesting. She had thought of this as a costume. How could it be a "uniform"?

After Amber had been washed (still restrained) and her cincher once again tightly applied the girl held up something new. It appeared to be mostly made of metal.

Amber was curious but concerned as she inspected this new implement. There were two rings of metal. From the size and positioning in the straps it was clear that a ring was meant to circle each breast fitting close to the root.

Amber was correct and they were fitted to her body. The slave girl pushed each ring over a breast and then used the nipple to pull and work the flesh through and the ring down. The relief of the night before had helped otherwise Amber would be jumping out of her mind with the manipulation of her breasts as the girl worked them through the rings. Still, Amber was feeling warmth grow between her legs. Amber looked down and worried about how she would get her breasts back out of these things.

The two rings were joined in the center and a strap from the outsides of each circled behind her back to hold them in place. Each ring then had a series of light chains, each ending in a brass-colored cone. The cone was held over the nipple and the chains adjusted until the fit was tight. Each cone had a D ring set in the

end. Amber did not think that very effective in that the cone was only held to the breast by the chains to the rings. She assumed the D rings were more decorative than functional.

From the top of each base ring a strap went up and over the shoulder. These straps met at the back to form a single strap that then joined the strap tightened from the sides. Another strap descended to connect the back strap of the new breast restraint with the cincher.

In her front, each of the rings connected to connecting points behind the breast supports of the cincher.

It wasn't particularly uncomfortable, but it was restrictive of upper body movement. Any movement to the right or left pulled at her breasts. The strap from the back kept her body erect. She could not bend forward. The rings were tight enough to cause Amber's breasts to swell but not enough to be uncomfortable. Amber could feel her nipples harden inside the cones. She wondered if she would be able to slip a finger under the cones to reach a nipple. She had already been denied access to her clitoris. Was she not to be denied her nipples as well?

Amber was not sure she wanted to wear this to work. She was not sure she wanted to wear it at all. She worried about the artificial look of the nipple cones, even under her clothing. So far, her undergarments had been almost impossible to discern this would not be the case with these.

As the slave girl finally released her wrists and left Amber decided she needed to re-think this entire thing. All of this had been fun - and certainly very exciting - but she had never meant to give up this level of control. She was looking for a little adventure and adjunct to her life not a new life, especially one as a controlled slave.

Amber stood in front of the mirror and examined her outfit. On the one hand she really loved the way she looked. But the new addition was very tight, as was the cincher. Amber was not sure she could even cut them off without some help. She

would worry about that after work. For now, she needed to finish getting dressed and get to work.

Amber was very self-conscious of her pointy breasts throughout work, but thankfully nobody said anything. It ended up being a very busy day at work and that helped take her mind off things.

As the end of the day arrived, she began to plan out what she was going to say and do. She would tell the Mistress that she had had fun, but that she was tired of this. If the relationship had to continue with this level of activity, then Amber was through. She sensed that the Mistress would not compromise. That meant that whatever relationship they had had was about to come to an end. The thought made her sad. Amber had had relationships with men that she had finally broken off. She always knew the relationship was over weeks before it finally ended. She hated those closing weeks. She hated herself for not standing up and ending things more quickly. She always seemed to let things drag on until the end became more painful than needed. She would not do that this time.

As Amber was running through scenarios in her mind, she realized that two of the other girls were talking to her. They were going to a nearby bar for pizza and a couple of beers. In the past Amber had been a regular for these events, but the last couple of times she had begged out. It was in violation of her instructions from Mistress.

But now, she was breaking away. She wanted to get back to her old life. She would go. She would certainly welcome the pizza and beer. She knew the food she had been eating lately was healthy, but pizza sounded amazing.

As they headed out for some fun Amber twisted in the confines of her restrictive under outfit. She wished it was not there. She wondered if she should say anything about it. She decided that was not a good idea. If the girls knew what she was wearing they would want to see. Then there would be nothing but talk about what she was wearing. And that talk would go on for weeks, months, maybe forever. When she had received questions about how her moving so stiffly, she said she had worked out and was very sore.

She would have a good time with the girls. She would drink up some courage and then she would go home and end this little chapter of her life. She would love to keep some of her outfit, but she was not one who kept gifts at the end of a relationship. No, the outfit would be gone, but she would return to her life.

Amber decided she needed more liquid courage. She had finished three beers but that was not enough. Three beers later she was feeling up to the task. But by that time, she had started talking to a young man - Bill or Bob. Good build, not overly self-absorbed. Amber found herself thinking about taking him home and being in bed with him before she remembered what she was wearing. That realization removed the effect of at least two beers.

In the end she had exchanged numbers, given him a kiss and then caught a cab. He had offered to take her home, but she was sure that would lead to a situation filled with very embarrassing questions. Halfway home she wished she had brought him with her. He seemed understanding. She was sure he would help her get out of what she was wearing. After all, wasn't it the primary goal of all men to see that the wearing apparel of the females was removed?

She looked at the piece of paper with the telephone number in her hand. Maybe she would give him a call. Certainly, if Mistress wasn't responsive to Amber's demands for more freedom, she would call him. If Mistress refused to let her go, she would enlist his help and she would be free of these restrictive garments. Ok, that worked. That was the plan.

Amber got home and removed her clothing. The locking bands on the heels popped open and she quickly removed them. She knew she was supposed to put on her pony boots and exercise. She was supposed to have performed her training a long time ago. It was very late. She was very late. "Too fucking bad." She spat at the computer.

She enjoyed the feel of having her feet free. She wiggled her toes and moved her foot up and down. She had not been able to walk flat footed since she started this

little adventure. She found that it hurt to try to go completely flat. She was walking on her toes.

Amber was surprised that the computer had not said anything to her. Clearly the programs knew she was late. Clearly, she was not doing what she was supposed to do. Maybe Mistress realized that Amber had finally been pushed too far. When the slave showed up in the morning, she would make her take the rest of this stuff off.

But in the meantime, she was tired. She was very tired. Amber stretched on her bed. She moved around from position to position. For the first time in what seemed like a long time she was not restrained. She picked up one of the cuffs at the head of her bed and swung it off the bed and out of sight. She giggled, then she curled up. She soon fell asleep.

Amber could feel her leg and foot being touched. She could feel something being pushed on. She awoke with a start. She was lying on her stomach. Her arms were behind her. Cuffs surrounded each wrist, and they were clipped together and then to her cincher. She pulled and twisted at her bonds.

Amber tried to roll to her side and kick her legs apart to stop what was happening. As she shifted, she realized that her legs were strapped together with a belt at the knees. The slave was holding up Amber's right foot and putting on her pony boot.

"No. Stop. I don't want that." Amber tried to struggle but had no leverage. The slave stopped what she was doing and looked at Amber.

"Please. Take this stuff off. I don't want to do this anymore." Amber did her best to make eye contact with the slave girl as she spoke.

The girl let go of Amber's leg. The boot was in place and partially laced so that Amber could not shake loose of it.

The slave girl reached into a bag near the side of the bed and withdrew something else. She turned to Amber and spread out what she was holding. It was a hood.

Amber did not want that thing on her head. She was not going to have that thing on her head. She tried to twist away but the girl moved fast and quickly slipped the loose hood over her head.

"NO. Damn it. Take that thing off. FUCK." She bucked and twisted as she felt herself pushed back down onto her stomach and felt the laces of the hood being pulled and tightened. The hood had slits at the eyes, holes under the nostrils and a large cut away part around the mouth. Amber could see only what was in front of her because the eye slits were narrow.

Then Amber felt straps being wrapped around her head. She recognized her bridle. She knew the bit would not be far behind. She clamped her mouth shut. But fingers closed her nose and then pushed into the side of her jaw. She opened her mouth as she tried to move her head out of the way, but it was too late. She was bitten. It only took seconds to secure the bit to the bridle. Amber was finished talking. She tried to scream but the sound that came out gurgley. It was so lame she stopped.

The girl then returned to Amber's legs finishing the lacing on the pony boot she had started with and then moving to the other leg. Soon Amber's legs were tightly laced into her boots.

Amber was confused. She had not been taken to the bathroom. She had not been washed and cleaned. She had not been fed. And she was being secured in her pony attire instead of her work outfit. This was all wrong. Besides, she was done with this. She didn't want to do it anymore.

The girl had not removed the belt around Amber's knees, so she had little or no ability to move.

Amber felt a belt pulled around her arms just above her elbows. The girl tugged and pulled until Amber's elbows were pulled almost together. Amber moaned a complaint, but the bit did not allow her to create words.

With the elbows secure the girl removed the cuffs. She reached back into her bag and removed something else. Amber could not see what was happening, but she could hear and feel it. When she felt something sliding up her arms, she knew it was a single sleeve armbinder.

Amber felt her hands slip into the pocket at the bottom of the sheath. She felt the leather against her arms. The girl tightened a strap around the wrists and started to lace up the binder. Only when it was laced up to just below Amber's elbows did the girl remove the belt from Amber's arms. It was not needed anymore because the binder was now tight enough to hold her arms.

Amber tried to exploit this small amount of freedom, but it was too late. The girl finished tightening the laces and soon her elbows were back to almost touching.

Amber felt the straps from the top of the armbinder pulled up over her shoulders and then back to be fastened. Amber was completely stuck.

The girl turned Amber over and helped her to her feet. Amber was facing her closet. The doors to Amber's closet were covered in mirror. Amber took a good look at her full outfit. She really did look like a pony girl. Her knees weakened and she felt a tingle between her legs.

Amber had wanted to look like this. She had really wanted to be the pony. It was her deepest and most wonderful fantasy - but this was all wrong. Mistress - Ambers suddenly realized she did not even know her name - had started to take control of everything. That was not what she wanted. She wanted a normal life AND a fantasy life. She was not willing to give up her freedom even in return for the joys and excitement. It had been fun, but enough was enough. Amber shook her head.

She looked again at the figure in the mirror. She liked what she saw. She really liked it. She did not want to give it up. But she was not willing to trade ALL of her normal life for this no matter how wonderful it felt. No, if Mistress would not let her play in moderation, then it all had to end. She would just have to talk to her. Amber had a hope that she could reason with Mistress. There had to be some accommodation that would fit both parts of what Amber wanted. She would just have to explain it to Mistress.

Amber's head suddenly jerked to the side. As Amber was staring trancelike at the image in the mirror the girl attached reins to the bit arms at the sides of her mouth. When the girl pulled on the reins the plate on the bit in Amber's mouth pushed down and the U-shaped bar pushed up painfully against her palate, her head twisted to the side. Amber was pulled not only away from the mirror but back into reality.

Amber released a whine that sounded much too equine. Amber turned and followed the lead. The bit was painful enough to ensure compliance.

Amber gave no thought as she was led out of the bedroom and into her living room. As the girl approached the front door Amber suddenly panicked. She was practically naked. She was wearing only the pony outfit. On the other side of that door were her neighbors and ordinary people that knew nothing of her extracurricular interests.

Amber dug in her heels and pulled back. The bit dug into the top of her mouth. It hurt. The girl stopped and turned to her. She smiled.

Then she turned and opened the door. Amber froze. Mistress was standing in the hallway just on the other side of the doorway.

"This is no time to start being shy." She laughed. She had a large cape over her arm. As Amber was still pulling back on her reins Mistress stepped forward and wrapped the cape around Amber's shoulders. Then she raised a hood on the back of the cape up and around Amber's head. Amber was now protected from view unless the person was standing in front of her - or coming toward her.

Mistress took the reins and gave them an authoritative pull. Amber followed out the door of her apartment and into the hallway. What would she do if one of her neighbors saw her? How would she ever explain this to anyone? If that happened, she would have no choice but to move out. But nobody else came into the hallway.

Mistress pulled her through the door at the end of the hallway. Amber tried once again to hold back, but she was unable to resist the pull of the reins.

As they left the building Amber saw two large vehicles parked directly ahead at the curb. One was a moving van. There were three men in blue coveralls standing by the back of the van.

The other was a RV style bus. It was shiny and black and looked like something a rock band might travel in. About a third of the length from the rear there was an open doorway. From the doorway a ramp extended down to the ground as if to accommodate a wheelchair.

One of the men in coveralls stepped up to Mistress. He didn't even look at Amber. Mistress handed him a ring of keys and told him a number. It was the number of Amber's apartment. He nodded and walked past Amber. As he moved away toward the building the other two men also moved from the truck and walked past Amber and Mistress. They did not pay any special attention to her. Even though she was mostly covered in the cape and hood her face was still exposed and she was fully bridled and bitted with reins extending forward into the hands of Mistress. This could not be something they saw every day. Could it?

Amber had no time to reflect. Mistress pulled on the reins and guided Amber to the ramp leading into the RV. Amber heard her hoof boots clicking and clacking on the concrete walk and then the more hollow sound as they connected with the metal surface of the ramp.

Once inside the RV Mistress opened the cape and pushed it back. Amber felt it lifted from her shoulders. The slave girl must be standing behind her. Amber was

once again clad only in her pony attire. She tried to look over her shoulder and out the door to see who, if anyone, could see her. She saw nobody.

Mistress pulled on the reins and guided her toward the back third of the RV. Amber was shocked as she first saw what looked like dog kennels. There were four on each side of the aisle, two deep and two high. The front of each cage was a barred door with a large latch on the front. The bars were quite close together.

As Amber was pulled forward, she glanced down and was shocked to see a face in the lower left rear most cage. Large brown sad looking eyes looked up at Amber. A wide panel gag obscured the mouth of the face. The cage was only about three feet high, so the occupant was clearly kneeling inside. The face was pushed up near the bars of the cage but there was no sign of the girl's hands. Amber was certain they were restrained behind her.

Another jerk on the reins pulled Amber's attention back to her own plight. On the side opposite the caged girl a tall metal door stood open. The space revealed was only about two and a half feet wide. It appeared that the entire compartment was about three feet deep but there were four wide padded bars that consumed half of that depth.

Before Amber could examine the inside any further Mistress grabbed her upper arm and spun her around so that her back was to the interior of the compartment. Amber was then pushed backwards until she felt the padded bars push up against her body. There was one at her neck, a second at waist level, a third just below her buttocks, and the last one at her ankles.

Before Amber could gather her thoughts and react to what was happening a wide thick belt was pulled across her stomach and buckled in place. As Mistress pulled the belt tight Amber realized she was being fastened into the compartment. She did not want that. She tried to jerk forward but the belt had already been pulled tight and she was held firmly in place. There was an indent in the bar that accommodated her bound arms. This made the entire arrangement feel even more secure.

Amber was able to bend forward at the waist and kick about with her feet, but that did not last for long. Mistress next pulled a belt across the top of Amber's thighs. As the belt was tightened Amber's buttocks were pushed back over the padded bar. She still had some use of her legs and upper body but the center part of her was now fixed tightly.

"Be Still." Mistress commanded. Amber felt the bite of a crop on her thigh. It hurt and she was going nowhere. She settled down and looked at Mistress. She needed to tell Mistress that this had gone too far. She needed to tell Mistress that she wanted to be released.

Mistress signaled to the slave girl. The girl knelt and fastened each of Amber's ankles to the lower bar. Now she could no longer move her legs.

Amber looked at Mistress she shook her head and tried to form words through her bit.

"Now now." Mistress reached forward and stroked the side of her head. Then Amber felt another belt fasten around her neck.

"We both know this is what you want. No, this is what you need. You have great promise as a pony-girl, but you are disobedient and completely undisciplined." Mistress continued to stroke Amber. Her hand was working down the side of her head and along her shoulder.

Amber felt that tingle inside her. She was responding to the touch of Mistress. She loved that. But Mistress was wrong. She didn't want this. At least not this way. She only wanted it some of the time.

Amber jerked and pulled at her restraints. She was going nowhere.

Mistress smiled and then laughed. "No dear. You are completely committed. You no longer have any choice. You will learn to obey and do only what you are told. It will be a painful lesson, but you will learn." The hand ran along Amber's thigh.

"Your landlord was so understanding. He agreed to let you out of your lease on only the payment of a one-month penalty. After all, you must go to Seattle to take care of your sick mother. But don't worry about the penalty. That has been paid and by the end of the day the apartment will be completely empty."

Mother? Seattle? Amber's mother was dead. Both of her parents were gone. And she didn't know a soul in Seattle. What was that about?

Amber could only stare as Mistress stepped back and closed the door to the small stall. It was a metal door the bottom thin shiny but strong metal. The top was made of bars set about three inches across.

Amber could see that there were four such stalls. Two on each side of the RV. Amber could not see the stall next to her but she could see that one of the stalls across the aisle was occupied. A blonde girl in full pony attire was fastened tightly behind the door. Amber looked at the heavy latch on the outside of the door. She heard the latch on her door being closed. Even if she were not restrained, she could not get out of the stall.

Mistress turned back to her. "As a person Amber no longer exists. From this day forward you will be what you have always wanted to be. You are and will be for the rest of your days, a pony." As Amber stared at her she smiled.

"You will be given a new name, but we won't worry about that just yet. You have a lot of training to complete and, of course, we need to get you properly ringed and branded." She smiled again. "So exciting, isn't it? I know you want to thank me, but you are now just a pony and ponies do not speak. You will learn that too. Painfully I expect, but you will learn. I have the greatest of confidence in you."

Amber thought she was going to faint. It would not have mattered. She was fully restrained. She felt numb.

The Mistress was gone and had closed a door leading back into the back part of the vehicle. Three tightly restrained and controlled slaves could only look at each other and wait at the mercy of those who controlled them.