

## Mistress Cruel Love

### Chapter 7 – BLAST OFF!

It was Friday night. Markus relaxed in his living room with some music, drink and fine herb. His body sank into the sofa, his feet propped up on the coffee table as he brought the frosty wine cooler to his lips and drank deeply. Improvisational jazz echoed through the apartment as he let the stress of the work week seep away before bed.

Many guys his age were watching TV, playing videogames or hanging with friends at a bar and watching sports. He didn't have anything against those activities, but sometimes Markus needed to chill by himself. If he was going to spend time with anyone tonight, it would've been Mary, but they already had plans for tomorrow and by the sounds of it, he would need every bit of rest he could get.

*“Scared to death! Scared to look! They shook! Cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks!”*

The steady piano tones and rhythmic drum taps of Mobb Deep's *'Shook Ones, Part II'* blared as Markus' phone rattled on the table. The name **Mary** was clearly visible on the caller identification.

*'Speak of the Mistress and she appears...'*

He probably would've let his voicemail answer if it was anyone else. Instead, he reached down, hit accept and brought the phone to his ear.

“Hey, baby! How you doin tonight?”

“Baby? Still going with that, hmmm? Someone's looking for a spanking!”

“Maybe I am. It's always a good time with you, **Queen Mary.**”

Her low *contralto* voice chuckled through the receiver. “That's more like it. You needn't worry. You'll get all the discipline you can handle tomorrow on the track. Are you ready for your first trip to the stables?”

“As ready as I'm gonna be.”

“That's right. Especially since your sad little cock has been locked away for weeks now. I imagine you're quite horny.”

“Out of my mind horny!” he confirmed, setting down his drink.

“Good. That should give you all the incentive you need to do well. They don't call it the **Club Ishtar Chastity League** for nothing. Only winners get to come.”

“I suppose I better win, then.”

“Mmmhmm. At least win the preliminary. Otherwise your dick stays locked up for the next three months.”

Markus was practically sweating. His heart rate jumped as his loins burned with lust. How does one perspire in their own living room while chilling on a Friday night? Only Mary could do that to him.

“Yes, my Goddess.”

“You've accepted your fate. I'm glad. How bout we meet for a late lunch tomorrow before we head to the club?”

“Sounds good to me.”

“I'll text you in the morning. Sleep well, my soon-to-be pony slut!”

“I will. Have a good night, my Queen.”

Markus ended the call and set his phone back down. He reached for his drink before leaning back into the couch and taking another cool swig of the fruity brew. It was funny. He'd never let the stigma of wine coolers affect him before. He'd drink any *'girly'* drink at a bar if he thought it was tasty.

If he had no trouble with that, why had female domination psyched him out for so long? Hangups? Cultural conditioning? He'd certainly run into his share of women that were eager to try. Shireen and his former girlfriend had failed to entice him with it, but Mary's approach was different. She'd teased, tempted and eased him into the new paradigm.

And now, after all the craziness he'd been through at that insane Femdom club, he was going back to become a pony boy. Life was strange for Markus and growing stranger by the day.

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The chain leash leading to Mary's hand jingled as Markus followed her down the darkened tunnel. Unlike his last time in the club, he was almost dressed like a normal man. Dress shoes and a pair of stylish, slim fit chinos led up to his flowing, white and blue striped shirt. Only the leather collar around his neck and the Zorro-style face mask strapped around his head marked him as the property of his voluptuous Domme.

Mary strutted ahead of him, her thick curves shaking in a scarlet one-piece dress. Her meaty calves led down to a pair of short, shiny flat-bottom leather boots. They were nothing like the extravagant thigh-highs many in the club wore and Mary usually stuck to more conventional heels, but something more sturdy was required for where they were going.

They'd entered the ominous passage at the side of the club with the flashing sign that read '**PONY GAMES!**' As the thumping beats of club music faded into the background, the sound of trumpets and race course fanfare took over, playing lightly through the hallway's PA system. They passed framed, lamp-lit photos from the club's racing events on either side. Many were of dominant women posing;

standing over their kneeling pony slaves in full leather horse tack. There were pictures of dressage contests, snapshots from the winner's circle after races and many displays of women training their pony boys in the field.

A lump formed in Markus' throat as they grew closer to the light at the end of the tunnel. Never had a euphemism felt less appropriate. Was he really going through with this? Mary turned to check on him and offered a naughty grin. She tugged on his leash playfully. Yep. He was going through with it.

They exited the tunnel into the blinding lights of the field and Markus was stunned. He never would've imagined a facility of this size attached to the side of the club. The harness track was impressive. It looked to be the standard four hundred meter length course you would see at many high schools and universities, but the track was wider and fenced in with gleaming metallic rails.

The starting gate lay about halfway down the long dirt track from where they'd walked in. Rising above the track, to the right, were escalating levels of luxury seating, concession stands and an announcer booth. In the large, circular space at the center of the track was an obstacle course and other furnishings likely used for pony games. To the left and past the track, Markus could see a series of stables in the distance.

Their footwear crunched in the gravel as Mary led him there. Markus scanned the giant facility, still overwhelmed that a place like this existed just for Femdom fun. The place must've cost a fortune and it was just one feature of the massive club.

The track was sparsely attended, indicating there were no big events planned for the afternoon. There were a handful of women lounging up in the seats and a couple jockey Mistresses training pony boys on the obstacle course. Markus glanced at them as they passed the course's left bend. The women cracked their whips and shouted orders as the leather-clad pony slaves ran, jumped and navigated the barriers and hurdles.

“You're going to be trained by the best today” Mary said as they drew closer to the compound of black steel and lacquered wood. “I've made an appointment with Stable Mistress Monica. She pretty much runs these grounds for the club. Normally it costs a pretty penny to hire a woman of her talents, but we're old friends, so she's doing me a favor. I expect you to follow every order while under her tutelage.”

“Yes, my Queen” Markus responded earnestly.

Having navigated all the way around the large track, they entered the maze of stables. Groans and grunts echoed out of many of the buildings followed by the sounds of whips and paddles striking ground and flesh. Markus grew increasingly nervous as they wound through the BDSM barnyard, finally arriving at a small clearing between many of the stables.

Two female jockeys were there, putting the finishing touches on a pony boy's bondage. They secured him to the *sulky*, a lightweight cart sitting on two wheels that was normally pulled by a horse in harness racing. Markus was immediately reminded of rickshaws, the classic Asian trope of some poor bastard having to cart around his betters by the power of his own two feet. As bad as that was, at least they got paid.

“Monica?” Mary called out as they approached the trio.

The woman just in front of them turned around, revealing a short blonde with dazzling green eyes. She wore a riding helmet, a thick leather jacket around her small frame, tight khaki pants and knee-high leather boots. Markus had seen many riding crops in his visits to Club Ishtar, but for the first time, the one in her left hand looked completely fitting.

“Mary! Good to see you again!”

They walked to each other and hugged, the bigger woman needing to bend down so they could embrace. The two of them were all smiles as they exchanged pleasantries and ignored Markus for the moment.

“How've you been?!? We've missed you around here!”

“Not too bad. Same ole, same ole. How about you?”

“Busy as ever, but good! The races have never been more popular. We've got more members who want to get in on the action every day! New pony boys to train every week. Speaking of which...”

Monica's gaze turned to Markus. Mary nodded, standing aside and holding up his leash.

“Ah, yes. My new friend. This is Markus. Markus, this is Mistress Monica. You will refer to her as such. Say hello, now.”

“Hello, Mistress Monica” Markus said with a respectful bow.

Monica stepped forward. She raised her crop as her boots clomped through the dirt. She was almost a foot shorter than Markus, but the Stable Mistress was no less intimidating than any other Domme in Club Ishtar. She ran her wand up and down his body, tapping him on the shoulders, arms, back and legs.

“Hmmm... A bit scrawny, but I'll see what I can do. Perhaps he can be trained into a suitable racer.”

Markus couldn't believe such a thin, petite woman had the balls to call him *scrawny*, but he bit his lip. It wouldn't do to get off on the wrong foot with the woman who'd be training him.

“He's up to the task” Mary assured her. “Markus is very keen on making me happy.”

“As it should be” Monica responded curtly as she studied him. She stared Markus down until he offered a wry smile and a nod. The blonde vixen turned on her heel and shouted to her fellow jockey. “Janice! Are you good?”

“Yup! All set!” the latex-clad Domina answered as she finished shackling the pony boy's arms to the cart's handles. The unnamed Latino man had darker than average skin. It could only be seen in small patches that weren't covered by his bondage suit and the leather and metal fixtures of his harness. His posterior accounted for the greatest portion of exposed flesh.

Janice gave her trainee a couple stern pats on the face before walking around the sulky and pulling herself up into the seat. The woman took up her whip, whirled it through the air and brought it down on

the slave's bare ass.

**“MOVE IT! GIDDYUP, PIG!!!”**

**\*WHIPCRACK\***

The cart lurched into action as the man grunted around the thick gag and his legs strained. He started off at a decent trot, but it wasn't fast enough for Mistress Janice. She hurled verbal abuse and unloaded more strikes on his buttocks as the cart rattled toward the harness track.

Monica smiled with hands on her hips as she watched the duo shoot off into the distance. Eventually she turned around and looked back to Mary. “Shall we get started?”

“Absolutely!” Mary answered, handing Markus' leash to her.

“Right. Let's get this slut dressed.”

\* \* \* \* \*

**“MMRRRPPPPGGGHHHHHH!”**

Markus groaned as the thick, tubular leather bit was pulled deep into his mouth. It scraped along his tongue and teeth, forcing his jaw open wide. He was bent over one of the hitching posts, enduring the elaborate dressing ritual as the two women fitted him with tight leather clothes and constricting layers of bondage.

All he could smell, taste and feel was leather and leather polish. To their credit, Club Ishtar seemed insistent on keeping their naughty toys and slave attire in immaculately clean condition. That gave Markus a certain amount of relief. Who knows how many guys had worn this stuff before and what they'd gone through while wearing it?

Mary and Monica had outfitted him with a leather vest and ass-less leather chaps. His dark cheeks stuck out behind him, bulging from the constricting leather of his pants. His ass touched cool air as the rest of his body was cinched in sleek, shiny hide.

A thick web of leather straps, steel rings and metal connecting fixtures had been buckled over his torso, shoulders and upper thighs. A second harness of metal and leather was wrapped around his head. Monica locked one end of the bit-gag into it before circling around and doing the same on the other side. Already, saliva was pooling in Markus' mouth and beginning to slide and drip from the leather roll on all sides.

Just when he thought the ordeal was over, Monica presented a long leather arm glove that started with a metal horse hoof and ended in dangling shoulder restraints.

“Stretch out your right arm” she ordered.

He obeyed and Mistress Monica pulled it over the top of his hand, sliding the long leather sleeve up his

arm until his fingers touched the end where the leather-padded horseshoe lay. Markus was forced to ball his fingers into a fist as she pulled it all the way past his elbow.

Once the tight leather sleeve was buckled around his bicep and strapped around his shoulder, Monica retrieved the second lengthy glove and repeated the feat with his left arm. Mary watched with a loving smile as her latest play-thing was dressed in full pony regalia for the first time. In minutes, his hands were sealed away in thick leather, completely useless to him.

“Whatever happened to your last pony?” Monica asked as she circled Markus, double checking that his bindings were fitted properly and secured.

“Oh, work took Lance elsewhere, sadly. I don't think he was ready to commit to the lifestyle full time anyway. It was fun for a while, but probably best that it ended.”

“Pfffft! He didn't deserve you, clearly.”

“Maybe not. It's behind me now. I'm certainly enjoying my... new prospect, here.”

Mistress Monica grabbed his head harness, lifting Markus' head. The leather straps tightened around his face as metal rings bit into his cheeks. “He doesn't deserve you either. Not until he's won a tournament in your name.”

Mary laughed. “I suppose you better get to work, then. He needs some **serious** training.”

“Yes, it's almost time” she said, dropping his face back on the post. “But I have one more piece to add, with your consent...”

Monica crossed the room and picked up another device. Markus could hear the jangle of leather straps and metal restraints from whatever it was. Really? This wasn't enough already!?

“I've started installing this on all the slaves I train” Monica said as she walked back to Markus' rear. “It really completes the look, don't you think?”

“Oh!” Mary responded, a hand over her mouth as she giggled. “Of course, you have my permission.”

Beads of sweat ran down Markus' forehead as he waited for the inevitable. His eyes flew open as he felt the tip of an absolutely massive toy pressed to his anus.

“MMMMPPPPPPHHHH!!!! MMMMRRRRRRRPPHHHHMMMMMM!!!!”

Phlegm gurgled from his leathery gag as Markus felt the long, fat buttplug shoved into his rapidly expanding pucker. Every time he thought it hit bottom, Mistress Monica gave it a fresh push and another inch of slimy silicone plunged into his innards.

Markus grunted around his bit, flailing his hoof-hands. The Stable Mistress kept him bent over the wooden post until the toy was buried in his ass. The muscles of his lower anatomy sought to eject it, but were immediately denied. Monica pulled the straps around his sides and under his groin, buckling them at his crotch and pulling the straps tight.

“This is your new uniform, slave. You will be dressed this way **every time** you arrive at the stables, so get used to it.”

Mistress Monica rose and circled to his back. She pulled on the horse hair tail now sprouting from Markus' otherwise bare ass. It barely budged, the cruel device lodged firmly up his painfully dilated rectum. There was no doubt in Markus' mind the bulbous toy would stay there until the cruel jockey was done with him for the day.

“Perfect! Now, before we begin... I'm curious. Have you thought of a racing name for this slut?”

Mary strode closer, studying her leather-wrapped boy toy as she crossed her arms below her considerable bust. “Now that you mention it... no. I hadn't thought about it until now. At home, he's become quite the dutiful servant in silk. How about... **Maid To Run?**”

\* \* \* \* \*

7:53 PM

**SHIREEN**

Hi Markus! How you been?

Hey pretty lady! Doing fine. I saw the pics you posted of the new apartment and office. Look at you, living the good life! You enjoying it?

You know I am. I thought I'd reach out cause I'm gonna be headed back next weekend. Need to tie up some loose ends. That could include our date, if you like?

Oh!  
I appreciate the offer, but I already got plans.

A shame. I can't say when we'll have another chance. It could be a long time.

It's all good. I know I was hot to trot before, but things have changed.

You seeing someone else?

Yeah, as a matter of fact.

I should've known. You're not exactly the type to stay single for long. What's her name?

Mary. :)

Well, I hope Mary does a better job whipping you into shape than I did.

A gentleman doesn't tell!

Hah! "Gentleman." If you're not *\*too\** busy, maybe we could get together for drinks with Dare and Heather?

Possibly. HMU when you get here.

Will do. Take care, naughty boy.

You too, diva domme. ;-)

\* \* \* \* \*

It was early Saturday afternoon and Markus' nerves compounded as he was led back to the stables. This was only his third visit to the grounds, but this time it was for a real race. The final preliminary heat before Club Ishtar's 'Summer Classic' was taking place today, and he'd been entered in the running.

The arena was much noisier today than it had been during his training visits. There were dozens of Mistresses and slaves practicing in the center concourse and preparing in front of the stables. There were at least as many women up in the stands, watching the proceedings with miniature binoculars and sipping drinks. Markus knew there would be many more, likely hundreds, by the time the race began.

His plump Goddess had put on one of her fancier outfits for this occasion, a silky black one-piece that



hugged her body and allowed you to glimpse her creamy white flesh through the thin, clingy black webbing. Her flesh colored panties and bra were clearly visible if you were close enough, but Mary didn't care. She strode into the grounds with full confidence, proudly leading her dark-skinned pony slut by the leash.

As they grew closer to the stables, Mary reeled in his leash until Markus was just behind her and to the side. She wanted him close enough to hear her over the loud speaker announcements and the sounds of women disciplining leather-locked slaves in the background.

“It's time to meet your new jockey. I never mentioned who'd be riding you in the races and there was a reason for that. I wanted it to be a surprise! Aren't you curious?”

“Very much so, my Queen” Markus answered anxiously.

Based on her tone and inflection, it sounded like it might be someone he already knew. Markus struggled to imagine who that might be. Someone he'd met in the club? He cringed at the thought, especially if it was one of those huge women who'd cornered him twice. That didn't seem likely. Jockeys had to be small or their ponies had no chance of winning. Who, then?

They entered the muddy grounds together, turned a couple corners and entered one of the stable stalls. Waiting for them was a small woman dressed in the usual Femdom jockey attire. She was laying out the horse tack, bindings and toys that Markus would be dressed in today.

Mary came to a stop, reigned in her slave and placed her hands on her hips. “Hey, Angela!”

A shiver of dread and disbelief slid down Markus' spine. The young woman turned around to greet them. It was an Angela he knew well. She was in the accounting department at the same firm he and Mary worked for. She'd been an intern not long ago. During that time, Markus had worked with her during her training period.

The full realization that **two** women from his workplace would now be involved in his illicit activities was still hitting him. On top of that, he'd had to **discipline** Angela, for lack of a better word, several times while she was learning the ropes. Correcting her, making her completely re-do certain tasks and providing criticism on her completed assignments. Now, the shoe was on the other foot. The horseshoe, that is.

A wide grin spread across her face as the short, thin, fresh-faced beauty strolled forward to meet them. She wasn't wearing her jockey helmet yet, so her well quaffed pixie cut was visible. Her hair was dyed with multiple hues of violet that left it somewhere between pink and purple. Mascara made her eyelashes stand out jet black while her eyes were ringed with smokey shadow. She wore no lipstick and a single nose-ring Markus had never seen at the office hung from her left nostril.

“Hello, Mary!” she said with a beaming smile. “It's Mistress Sydonia here, don't forget.”

“Oh, right! Mistress Sydonia! And you know Markus, of course...”

“Only too well” she responded, turning to him with a cold gaze. “Small world, isn't it **slave**?”

“Getting smaller every day” he quipped.

Mary giggled and Angela shook her head.

“She told me I'd be riding you today, but I didn't believe her. We're going to have so much fun together!”

“Yeah... We certainly are going to race!” Markus responded, trying his best to sound excited and failing miserably.

Mary rolled her eyes. She swatted Markus in the shoulder before handing the leash to Angela. “He's all yours, dear. My slutty pet has had two long training sessions with the Stable Mistress **and** he's been locked in chastity for a month! With a little correction from your whip, I'm fully confident he can win today.”

“He'll do his best” Angela replied haughtily. “I'll see to that.” She pulled him toward the hitching post before un-clipping the leash from his collar and setting it aside. “Alright, bitch boy. Strip down! It's time to get you dressed.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Markus stood tensely in the starting gate, trying to lower his heart rate with deep breaths. His entire body was weighed down and constricted by layers of leather and bindings of steel. His teeth gnawed on the soft leather bit gag, his saliva sliding out freely. His ass ached, stuffed with rubber cock that led to the silky pony tail sprouting from his back passage. On either side of it, his bare ass cheeks waited for Angela's whip.

On top of his usual pony slave attire, he now had the added burden of an additional harness with several thick leather reigns. The rider could pull on his head, shoulders and torso any time, if she wanted him to slow or change direction. His leather wrapped arms, ending in metal horse hooves, were locked to the handles of the cart; anchored at his wrists and the bottom of his forearms.

The voice of the Club Ishtar announcer came booming over the race track's speakers. “**LADIES! YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE LEFT TO PLACE YOUR BETS! THE FINAL SUMMER CLASSIC QUALIFIER BEGINS SOON!!!**”

Angela sat behind him, getting comfortable in her seat and chatting with the Mistress in the next gate. Markus and *Mistress Sydonia* had gone over their game plan as she dressed him. This was a short race, only four hundred meters. Sprinting was key, but it was unwise to sprint the whole way while trying to pull a cart and another human being; even a small woman. You'd burn out too fast.

She'd instructed him to keep a steady pace and try to remain in the middle of the pack until they entered the third turn. At that point, Markus needed to run for all he was worth. If he didn't go fast enough, her tools of torment would supply heavy incentive.

“**AND NOW FOR OUR ROSTER OF CHASTITY LEAGUE RACERS! IN GATE ONE WE HAVE *CAGED FOREVER* BEING DRIVEN BY MISTRESS CORDELIA! IN GATE TWO, *SLOPPY SECONDS* BEING DRIVEN BY...**”

Markus knew that any battle plan rarely survived first contact with the enemy. If he couldn't keep a decent pace, Angela would be beating his ass the whole way. He looked across at the lineup of leather-bound, tightly reigned men beside him in the series of metal gates. Only one of them could possibly be described as athletic. The rest were ordinary specimens; people who worked in office buildings at normal white collar jobs like him.

It had been a long time since he did a four hundred meter dash and he'd certainly never done one while pulling a cart, but Markus had one advantage. He'd been on the track team in high school. He knew how to regulate his breathing and save his reserve energy for the right time. That should serve him well in the downright bizarre spectacle he found himself in.

**“AND FINALLY, IN GATE SIX! MAID TO RUN BEING DRIVEN BY MISTRESS SYDONIA! PLEASE, MEMBERS OF CLUB ISHTAR, A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR OUR SHINY PONY SLAVES AND FINE JOCKEY DOMMES!”**

A rousing cheer went up from the crowd along with abundant clapping and a few whistles. The enthusiastic onlookers eventually simmered down as the announcer entered her closing remarks.

**“BETTING IS NOW CLOSED! WE'RE ABOUT TO GET UNDERWAY! WELCOME BACK TO CLUB ISHTAR'S CHASTITY LEAGUE RACING, WHERE ONLY THE WINNER GETS TO COME!”**

**\*WHAP\***

An early lash of the whip landed on Markus' right ass cheek. He jumped, unready for the sudden strike. He was already sweating profusely in his thick leather garb and he hadn't even exerted himself yet.

“Remember the plan, **slave**, but follow my lead! Things can change in a hurry” Angela spoke from behind him.

**“YETH MITHRETH SYDNNYA!”**

The announcements were over. Markus could hear the low murmur from the crowd, waiting for the race to begin. In that moment, he wished his hands were free to grasp onto the cart handles. At least then he could channel his tension into his grip. As it stood, all he could do was run and take whatever punishment Angela chose to dish out. The club truly had distilled racing down to its simplest elements through the power of BDSM.

**“THIRTY SECONDS!”** the Grounds Mistress in charge of the starting gate called out.

When it reached the ten second mark, an electronic voice began a countdown.

“Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four. Three. Two. One.”

The folded metal doors in front of Markus flew open with a loud clank. The rapid fire ringing of the fire bell clattered out, announcing they were underway. Markus lurched forward and the five carts to his left flew with him. Within seconds, six men in heavy leather bondage were huffing down the course, pulling six small women on twelves large wheels.

As they started down the first stretch, two voices belted from the massive speakers lining the stands. The announcer began the play by play while another woman joined in for color commentary.

“**Boot Licker** takes an early lead! He's pulling away while the rest of the pack forms up. Behind him is **Sloppy Seconds**, **Eternal Cuck** and **Maid To Run** followed by **Caged Forever** and **Pain In The Ass!**”

“A fine start! Pain In The Ass and Maid To Run are the newcomers today, so it'll be interesting to see how things shake out. It looks like they're starting to diverge a bit as they head for the first turn.”

Markus watched the one athletic bloke pull away, leaving him and the other carts in the dust. In this case it was literal dust, kicked up by the man's feet and the cart's wheels. Markus coughed around his gag as his legs strained on, trying to discover the top speed he could deliver without burning himself out early.

\***WWPPSSHHHH**\*

\***WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH**\*

Angela delivered a few stinging slashes to his ass. Not too brutal, but blistering enough to get his attention and drive him on. Markus groaned into the leather bit and rushed forward. Mistress Sydonia pulled on the left half of his reigns smoothly as they entered the turn.

“Boot Licker firmly in the lead as they make their first left! Sloppy Seconds and Maid To Run gaining on him slowly! Eternal Cuck falls back as Mistress Raven gives him a piece of her mind!”

“Ooooooh! He's taking a beating! I'd say we **hate to see it**, but that would be a lie!”

“Caged Forever and Pain In The Ass remain at the back! If they don't get it going soon, it could be over for them! Mistress Kitty Spice and Madam Felicia are letting their asses know!”

“That's for sure! Those butts are looking red as the lake of fire!”

Markus' vision shook as they careened towards the second turn. He tasted dusty leather as spittle sprayed from his gag. All he could hear was the grinding sound of turning cart wheels, the screams of angry jockeys and the crack of whips on six different asses, including his own.

\***WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH**\*

Angela's leather cord crossed his cheeks, but only once each. As best he could tell, that meant he was doing a good job so far. Markus kept pace with the second rider as they entered the next turn. His lungs felt the first sensation of mild burning as they trundled along.

He could hear voices in the distance, but the words of the announcers were no longer decipherable as they got far from the stands. Now there was only hot leather, heavy breathing, sweat and pain.

“C'MON! **MUSH!**” Angela yelled, sensing he had more to give.

**\*WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH\***

Markus picked up speed as they entered the long straight-away. He pulled ahead of the second rider, replacing him in the order as he came up on the lead's right. Angela relented, content with his pace as they raced past the halfway point.

“Here comes Maid To Run! He's making a movie at the behest of Mistress Sydonia!”

“A little early! Let's see if it pays off!”

“Boot Licker holding the lead for now! Sloppy Seconds falling back!”

“Lady Sinstress isn't happy about that! Sloppy is getting the lashing of a lifetime!”

“Eternal Cuck and Pain In The Ass are far behind! Caged Forever is now dead last!”

“Oh my god! Are they even trying?!? **Flay them all!!!**”

Markus' lungs burned as they approached the third turn. He knew this was where the race would be won or lost. Sure enough, Angela brought her whip to bear and she was no longer being kind.

**\*WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK\***

Her loudest, hardest strikes lashed out, tearing into the dark tissue of Markus' flexing caboose. He surged ahead, hoping against hope that his best possible speed could soothe the savage co-worker laying into his inflamed behind. His flesh burned along with his lungs as they turned to the left yet again.

“The newcomer surges ahead! **Maid To Run is true to his name!** He takes a narrow lead as Boot Licker struggles to match!”

“Boot Licker's looking tired! Mistress Velara isn't happy and she's letting him know with her whip!”

“Sloppy Seconds fades back with the rest! This is a **two cart race** from the looks of it!”

Markus went into overdrive. He ignored the burn in his thighs and focused on pumping his legs and maintaining his breathing as steadily as he could. It was a flashback to high school, if his track team had been dressed in perverse fetish gear.

As he pulled past the other racer and took the number one position, the air cleared. There was no more dust filtering into his nostrils. Now the others were eating his dust! Angela relented with the whip, happy with his speed. She still lashed out every few seconds, giving him a moderate slash across the cheeks to keep him focused, but she was no longer leaving vicious welts.

**\*WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH WWPPSSHHHH\***

“Here they come around the final turn and into the homestretch! Maid To Run is pulling away!”

“Boot Licker is out of gas! No amount of pain is going to change that! Boy is he paying the price!”

“It's a laugher, ladies! Maid To Run increases his lead! He's ahead by two cart lengths! Three! Four cart lengths! He's running away with it!”

“Won't need a photo this time!”

The roar of hundreds of dominant women screaming, cheering and clapping rose as Markus raced by the stands. His legs and lungs were yelling just as loud, but having the end in sight gave him the final boost he needed to finish strong.

Mistress Sydonia retracted her whip and raised a fist in triumph. She howled in victory as Markus blew through the finish line.

“Maid To Run glides to victory with a classic wait-and-surge! He wins by six lengths as Boot Licker crosses the line. The rest have yet to trickle in and they are being beaten **savagely!**”

“What a premier race for Maid To Run! This win earns him a spot in the Summer Classic if his owner chooses to accept! I doubt many bet on him today, but that should change in the final!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Markus lay in a heap, resting on a bale of hay in one of the stable stalls. He grunted as his legs threatened to cramp up again. He'd already suffered through several painful spasms. It was inevitable after running so hard for the first time in almost twenty years and pulling so much weight behind him.

He tossed and turned, trying to get comfortable and allow his sore leg muscles to relax and stop fighting each other. Markus stayed on his side and stomach as much as possible, his well-whipped ass smarting in time with his heartbeat. He could only imagine how discolored and bruised it must look after Mistress Sydonia's stern attentions. To her credit, she was an expert at her craft, hitting the target each time without fail. That couldn't be easy in the speed and chaos of a race.

His reigns were tied to a nearby post. It was an absurdly simple knot; the kind you tied your shoelaces with. Easy to pull apart with the smallest amount of force and a little manual dexterity. But with his arms still locked in the long horse-hoof gloves, Markus had none of the latter to offer. He tugged on the reigns with his neck, but all it resulted in was the creak of thick leather.

After a brief trip to the winner's circle for a photo with Mary and Angela, he'd been escorted back to the stables and *put up wet*. Markus had heard the phrase in reference to horses before, but only now, as he lay in a sweaty, drool-slathered, dirty mess, did he truly understand it. He lounged in a daze, just glad to be at rest and hoping that someone would be along to help him undress soon.

“Hey there, sexy.”

Markus turned his head and there was his beautiful Domina, standing over him. Her swollen calves and thick, fleshy thighs lead up to bulbous curves framed in thin, black, see-through silk. The wide smile on her face made all his efforts worth it. In that moment, every bit of Markus' suffering was justified.

“You did so very well. And in your first race! I can't wait for the next one. You were a natural out there! I thought you were great as a maid, but this might be your true calling! Perhaps instead of *Maisy*, I'll call you *Lucky*? You're so lucky to be my slave, after all. Now it's time for your first reward...”

Mary lifted up the bottom of her dress, hiking it up around her waist. She stepped forward, shifting her bulk directly over Markus as she reached below and pulled her silky black undies to the side. Markus grunted into his gag as she took a wide stance and centered her vulva right over his face and chest.

“You must be thirsty after all that running.”

A strong, heavy stream of hot piss poured from her urethra and dumped all over the sprawled out pony slut. Markus flinched reflexively, closing his eyes as the warm waterfall descended and began rippling off his leather bondage with loud splatters.

He muttered into the leather bit, unable to keep some of the acrid liquid from seeping through his gag and the stretched open corners of his mouth no matter how he turned his head. Mary drenched him completely, cackling as she unloaded a full bladder on her pony bitch. The liquid filth coated his leather-locked body, mingling with the stench of sweat and dirt as he lay prone in the hay.

“Ahhhhh...” she moaned as her stream slowed to a stop. She shook her lower body and released the last few trickles before allowing her panties to slide back over her crotch. Mary took a couple steps back. She pulled her dress down and set her hands on her hips, looking down at him with maximum smarm.

“You'll get your second reward tonight at the end of my strapon. We're not heading home just yet, though. Club Ishtar wants to interview me for their magazine and website. Ah! Can you believe it? I feel like a celebrity!”

Mary studied her piss-soaked pony for a few more moments before chuckling, turning and striding off. When she reached the entrance to the stall, she nodded to someone in the hallway.

“He's all yours until I return. You may want to get out the hose and spray him down first. A little soap wouldn't hurt either. He's a stinky boy.”

“Of course.”

Markus' eyes widened. He hadn't realized there was anyone else nearby, but he recognized the voice.

“See you in a bit, Lucky. Be good!” Mary said with a wave before walking off.

Mistress Sydonia stepped into the stall. She was still in her jockey outfit, sans the riding helmet. Her colorful pixie cut was now wild and sweaty, disheveled after their frenzied lap around the track and a lengthy photo shoot for the winning rider.

Angela flexed her crop in her hands as she walked closer and gazed down at Markus. The once innocent intern now took on the form of an equestrian from hell. It was evident from the look in her eyes that the race had barely put a dent in her desire to discipline.

“Well then... How shall we fill the time?”

\* \* \* \* \*

8:27 PM

**SHIREEN**

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

What? What's so funny?!?

I saw you at the club today, Markus!

Oh god...

I thought it might be you from the start, but  
I wasn't sure until your closeup in the winner's  
circle! I should've known you were into leather!

It's not really my thing, to be honest.

lol, ok pony bitch!  
Looks like this "Mary" has got your number!

She's a lovely lady and we got a good thing  
going. Jealous?

Oh, stop it. She's sounds like exactly the kind  
of woman I would've thrown you to when I  
was done playing with your bitch ass!

Yeah, yeah.

I think I might come back more often just to watch  
you get whipped around the track! Is that why you



missed happy hour? Too busy practicing your prancing???

Are you done yet?

Just getting started! Happy racing you gimp pony slut! I'll be watching the listings to see when you're saddled up next!

Goodnight, Shireen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks flew by in the blink of an eye and Markus found himself shuttered into the metal starting gate once again. The stands were completely full, the audience much larger and louder than his first race. The Summer Classic was only one of the four big finale races Club Ishtar held annually, one for each quarter. The stakes for these events were much higher. He could feel it from the volume and energy of the crowd.

This time, he found himself in the middle of the pack, wedged into the number three slot. Markus' betting odds had improved significantly since his debut. If he lost today, would he be scorned by every Mistress in the club who lost a bet on him? If he won, would he be hated by those that bet against him? It felt like a no-win proposition.

Unlike the qualifier, this race would be eight hundred meters; half a mile. That wouldn't normally be considered an endurance run, but it certainly became one when pulling a Dominatrix behind you. Markus hoped Angela would be merciful for the first half of the race, but his competition would be more stiff, which likely meant more punishment for his still-aching ass.

Most of his wounds had healed, but Mary was applying spankings to his bottom much more frequently and with a greater range of toys. He found himself amazed by how far he was willing to go to please her. But this was the direction the universe was pulling him in and Markus was no longer resisting. He'd surrendered to the flow. How long before he and Mary moved in together?

“Sevara! Are you running that sorry old mare again?!?” Angela queried with a laugh.

The Domina in the number four slot scowled. “Just you wait! Dennis has been training hard! He's going to win today. Isn't that right, my pet?”

**\*THWAP THWAP\***

“MMMMHMMMPPPHHH!!!!” muttered the leather pony through his gag.

“Hah! Just wait until my black beauty leaves him in the dust!”

“You're awful cocky for someone who just won her first race in months.”

Markus glanced at the muttering man to his right, observing what little of him he could through the web of leather and metal restraints. He had light skin, blue eyes and appeared to be closer to middle age. More than that was impossible to tell in his current state. The guy's hair and the rest of his features were hidden by an elaborate leather horse hood Mistress Sevara had strapped around his head. How many races had this poor guy been through?

“**THIRTY SECONDS!**” the Grounds Mistress yelled, followed by a regal trumpet call. The fanfare went on for a while, adding an element of class to the proceedings. Apparently, the big races got more pomp and ceremony.

Markus flexed his legs. He breathed deep and shook his head from side to side, his reigns jingling as he readied himself and waited for the countdown.

*'Here we go again...'*

\* \* \* \* \*

“Here they come around the bend for the last time! As they enter the final turn it's anyone's race! **Slap Happy** with a slight lead! **Burnin Buns** and **Maid To Run** just one length behind, tied for second! **Gaping Gimp**, **Teeny Weenie** and **All The Creampies** are close on their heels!”

“Unless someone breaks away soon, this is going to be a nail biter! Do any of these **filthy pony sluts** have a surge in them?!?”

“Coming out of the turn, All The Creampies makes a move on the outside! He's coming up fast and.... **OH NO!!!** He got too close to the railing and paid the price! All The Creampies falls back after running his cart into the barrier! He's taking a severe beating from Mistress Addington!”

“The whips are out and flying fast! They're **ALL** taking a serious whipping! Every woman is still determined to win this race!”

Markus' calves were like kettle bells. His thighs burned, threatening to cramp with every forward motion. His lungs wheezed as he scurried on, his body flexing and sweating in all encompassing leather. All but his biceps and ass, that is. The latter was being whipped raw by his ferocious co-worker as they flew into the straight-away.

**\*WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK\***

**\*THWAAAP THWAAAPP THWAAAPP\***

He bit down on the phlegm soaked gag and ignored the pain. His legs pumped with all his remaining strength as he wheezed through his dripping nose. The grinding sound of wheels through dirt and the lash of half a dozen whips filled the air. Markus felt the strike of corded leather lacerating his bruised bottom more fiercely with each strike. The roar of the crowd grew as they approached the stands and

headed for the finish.

**“INTO THE HOME STRETCH THEY COME!** Burnin Buns and Maid to Run threatening to take the lead! Slap Happy holding strong! Teeny Weenie makes a run on the inside, but he may be out of time! Gaping Gimp can't catch up! He's starting to fade!”

“Get the camera ready! This is a three cart race! Maybe four!”

**“HERE COMES MAID TO RUN!** Mistress Sydonia is giving him the whipping of a lifetime! He's found another gear! **MAID TO RUN TAKES THE LEAD! HE'S GOT IT BY HALF A LENGTH!**”

“Slap Happy's ass is getting turned to hamburger by Mistress Sevara, but it's not helping! He's out of gas and so is Teeny Weenie!”

“Burnin Buns pulls into second as they approach the line! Maid To Run is still ahead by half a length! **CAN HE HOLD ON?!? HERE THEY COME! IT'S DOWN TO THE WIRE!!!**”

**“MAID TO RUN! IT'S MAID TO RUN BY HALF A LENGTH! MISTRESS SYDONIA WINS THE CLUB ISHTAR SUMMER CLASSIC!!!”**

\* \* \* \* \*

Good things were supposed to happen to you when you won. That's how the world worked. But not here. Not for men in Club Ishtar. While all the other fiercely beaten ponies were led off to rest in the stables, Markus was pulled and pranced around for the next half hour.

Tears ran down down his face and leathery drool slipped from his lips as he quivered on pain-racked legs and was paraded before the crowd. He stood, anguished, as they took photos of him with Mary, Angela and any of the other Dommies who wanted a picture with the horse they'd bet on. Markus had made several of them a nice chunk of change that day.

Mary and Angela got trophies and cash prizes. Markus got his leather locked, hoof hobbled hands boxed behind his back. His ass took another round of swats from Mistress Sydonia's crop as she delighted the crowd with her skills. Mary watched it all with red cheeks and a smile that was equal parts affectionate and cruel. She was loving the attention as much as his predicament.

Eventually, Markus was dumped at the stables as Mary and Angela headed off to the club's swanky after party. He lay face first in the hay with his arms straight out at his sides. They hadn't removed his bit-gag or hoof gloves, but at least his limbs were free from rope bondage. Markus dozed, his fatigue overcoming the brutal pain in his ass and legs. He got all of fifteen minutes rest before he heard a pair of boots clomping through the dirt towards his sprawled out body.

“Get up!” she yelled, grabbing him by the right arm. “Get up, you filthy bitch!”

Her other hand found his reigns and soon she was yanking him to his feet. Markus grunted as he rose again on still-aching legs. He recognized the voice from earlier. It was Mistress Sevara. As he turned and saw her for the first time, he found a petite woman with long, jet black hair tied back in a pony tail.

Her expression was cold fury; steely gray eyes slicing right through him.

The jockey Mistress yanked his reigns, leading him out of the stall and down the stable hallway. They turned into a bigger stall with an adjustable spanking bench and several racks of toys along the wall. The bench was somewhat lower to the ground than one might expect, most likely to accommodate the jockeys.

“Legs on the pads! Bend over!” Mistress Sevara ordered as she shoved him into the opening at the back of the sinister looking device.

Markus lowered himself gently and placed his head in the bench's padded chin cradle. He didn't even care if she beat his ass more. At least he could rest on the leather pads while she had her fun.

The eager, raven-haired domme spoke as she circled around the medieval furnishing. She locked Markus' limbs into its built-in bindings with speedy precision. “Normally I'd be giving Dennis some *corrective action*, but that can wait for later. As long as you're here, I thought we'd spend a little quality time together.”

She tied his reigns below the apparatus' metal housing, locking his body down firmly. As if the leg shackles and wrist cuffs weren't enough to secure him already. Mistress Sevara strode off and he heard the creak of leather and the jangling of metal buckles in the background.

“I'm going to tell you a story. Don't worry, it's a short one! Once upon a time, there was a woman who was a brilliant jockey, one of the best. She'd won almost every one of Club Ishtar's grand finale races. All but the Summer Classic!”

Mistress Sevara strode back into Markus' view, now with a massive, red strapon jutting out from her riding pants. The black harness made it stand out even more. It was at least a foot long. Possibly more. Her hands were tucked behind her back as she stood at attention and the fearsome rubber cock pointed at Markus' face.

“This woman was all set to win the final of the four races and go down in Club Ishtar history when some **piece of shit** showed up and robbed her of the victory! As a result, she'd have to wait a whole other year before she'd get to try again. A tragic story, don't you think?”

“**Ummm Sohwwwy**” Markus croaked through his phlegmy gag.

“Oh, don't be” she said, bringing her hands to the front. She uncapped the tube of *Icy Hot* and drizzled it all over the massive red dong. Slick, sticky sounds emanated as she greased the fat invader with her gloved hand. “I'm about to take a year's worth of waiting out of your sorry ass!”

Markus muttered muted protests as she circled to his rear and pulled his flayed cheeks apart. He whimpered as she yanked the horse-hair tail free and pulled the long, fat buttplug out of his stretched sphincter. Sevara tossed it aside, then brought the tip of her chemical-lubed weapon to his pucker without ceremony.

“Here's your prize, pony slut!”

Her hips thrust forward, sending eight inches of icy hot cock into his already brutalized boy-hole. The

effect was instant, but the initial pain was subtle. First a wave of chills, then a mild burning sensation that grew worse with each stroke.

Mistress Sevara took a firm hold of his hips, drew back and slammed her cock home again. It tunneled in deeper, flooding his anus with freezing tremors that melted away to a greater, burning heat. As she snickered and settled into a steady fucking rhythm, Markus' eyes bulged. His groaning grew delirious as the temperature swings and stretching pain overwhelmed him.

He screamed into his gag as the cruel jockey went balls deep into his ass. Her hips slammed into his red, whip-marked bottom, delivering extra suffering as the heat built in his insides. The moist thwacking sound of lubricated fucking filled the stall as her pelvis smacked into his raw cheeks with each rough insertion. Markus' spittle choked gags grew louder, filtering into the hallway for everyone to hear.

Mistress Sevara rode Markus for the second time that day, packing his ass with freezing strapon and flaming cock like a woman possessed. Her eyes sparkled and her sinister laughs echoed off the stable walls as she thanked him properly for ruining her special day. Markus pulled on his bindings uselessly. Fluids leaked from his eyes and mouth in equal measure as he choked on his own leathery phlegm and endured the long, brutal fucking.

“Hey!” a voice Markus vaguely recognized spoke up from behind them. “Is that today's winner?”

Sevara stopped rutting and turned to greet their guests. “Oh! Hello there, ladies. Yes, this is *Lucky!* AKA Maid To Run.”

“Lucky, huh? We know him as *Mr. Purple*. Sometimes Miss Purple” another familiar voice perked up.

“I bet he doesn't feel so lucky right now!” the predictable third voice arrived.

Mistress Sevara laughed. “Probably not! You're welcome to have a turn when I'm done. I don't think his owner will be back for a while.”

“Great!” the humongous blonde replied as her thick curves strode into Markus' field of vision. “I'm sure we'll all be having a turn. At both ends!”

Her two enormous friends joined her, stalking in from either side. The BBW Femdom trio, now intimately familiar to Markus, had found him yet again. Their massive asses stuck out in their tight, clingy attire. They'd worn some of their most colorful dresses to watch the Summer Classic.

“By all means” Sevara said with a nod and a smile.

“I'm just gonna remove this” the giant blonde said, stepping forth and unhooking the bit gag from his sopping mouth. “Don't worry, we'll keep him quiet.”

She tossed the leather tube aside before turning, hiking up her skirt and pulling down her satin panties. With her giant, pale white cheeks as bare as the day she was born, she backed her gargantuan bottom into Markus' face and he was plunged into fleshy darkness.

“Get to work, bitch boy!” she admonished, prompting Markus to begin servicing her crack and delicate

rosebud. His tongue stretched out and coated her soft folds with leathery drool. Her friends looked on and chuckled as they waited for their chance to sodomize him and crush his face in their fat dumpers.

Markus felt a fresh stab of burning pain as Sevara shoved her freezing, greasy length of cock back into his tortured anus. She grabbed the top of his body harness and used it for leverage as she bucked into his savaged bottom without relent. He wailed slobbery gibberish into the playful plumper's ass, grunting as he was plowed powerfully from behind. Markus accepted their assault at both ends, wondering if he would ever again be free from the demands of pony slavery.

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