The Dom and the Researcher

She picks him as the subject of her article on deviant sexual behavior. But he has other ideas. This is their mental battle that leads to her inevitable submission.

Charles swept into the club at about 9 in the evening one Friday evening. It was a private club that a friend had recommended. He had never been there before but seemed quite at ease. The club was full but not crowded, with many Doms and Dommes there with their subs, both male and female. He wasn’t anything particularly special to look at, about 6 foot tall with muscles that rippled slightly as he strode across the floor. His dark hair was cut short and he looked to be in his late 30s. He was dressed casually rather than being in fetish attire like many of the other patrons.

But there was something about him that drew the eye. Perhaps it was the confidence with which he walked or the somewhat cat like grace he displayed. Whatever it was, the unattended subs began to gravitate in his direction as he sat on a couch along the wall. A waitress wearing attire that displayed her full breasts for all to admire immediately approached him to take his order. “Samuel Adams Stout” was all he said with merely a flicker of interest in the charms she so openly displayed.

As she scurried off to fill his order, he scanned the room. He took note of the subs kneeling at their Master or Mistresses feet, some pleasuring their owners with their mouths. Across the room, a sub was being disciplined with a crop. It was clear from the sounds coming from her mouth that she was enjoying the discipline a little too much. But that was not his concern. He was merely here to check out the club for sometime later when he had acquired a new stable of slaves. He’d just moved to the city the week before and had not brought any of his previous slaves with him.

In fact, he had sold all five of them for a tidy profit. It wasn’t that he needed the money. It was just that he decided that a new city deserved new slaves, a clean break from his old life. He had moved his business here to take advantage of the growing market for his special services, both vanilla and alternative. His vanilla business involved identifying and exploiting localized technological niches. His alternative business involved training pony girls. He only trained girls as he considered their sexual use a key component in their training and he did not desire the services of male ponies.

His gaze settled upon a woman standing off to the side. She appeared to be observing the activity and occasionally spoke into a small microphone held unobtrusively in her hand. She looked to be in her mid-20s, dressed nicely but rather conservatively. Her long blond hair was tied in a ponytail that hung to her waist. He had seen this type before. While young, she was obviously doing research, perhaps for a book or academic publication. The more he observed her, the more likely he thought she was doing academic research.

In fact, she was doing research for an academic paper. One that she hoped would be later published as a book for the general public. Her name was Laura Baxter, a single child of parents who were college professors and published authors. They had pushed her to not only succeed in school but to exceed. She was a phenomenon throughout her school years. She’d graduated from high school at 16 at the top of her class, received her bachelor’s degree at 19, and her PhD. at the young age of 22. She was now 24 and a professor at a distinguished university. Unfortunately, her parents were killed in a car accident before she received her PhD. She had no other family and her grueling academic schedule hadn’t allowed her to make any friends, so she was alone in the world.

Laura noticed the Dom’s gaze and nodded at him. He nodded back and then turned his attention to a sub approaching him with hesitant steps. The sub was probably 20 and was not wearing a collar. She was wearing a thin blouse that did nothing to hide her small breasts as well as a short skirt. He had noticed her before but she had been talking to a man dressed in leather who he had assumed to be her Dom.

He watched her as she approached him, her eyes going down as she felt his gaze upon her. He gestured for her to speak as she approached. “Sir, I was wondering if you were seeking a sub or a slave. My last Master recently died in a car accident and I have been lost ever since.”

He continued to gaze at her, appraising her body and her offer. It was not the first time he had been approached but usually not so quickly. She had a nice body with runner’s legs, clear blue eyes, and blonde hair in a page boy cut. She looked like she had the potential to be a good pony girl. So he decided to take some time to assess her potential.

“I am in need of some slaves but I am very picky. But you look like you have potential, so perhaps you will do. Do you have any diseases?”

“No sir. My former Master took very good care of his property. I was tested just last week for STDs. Here is the certificate.”

With that she handed him a piece of paper. He took it and quickly scanned it. He had seen these forms before and knew just what to look for. Yes, she was disease free. At least as far STDs were concerned. But before he took her as his slave he would have a doctor give her a physical. It was not worth training a diseased slave. He would care for a slave he owned if she became sick but would never take on a new one that was diseased.

“You may kneel before me. I will test your potential for a few days before deciding.”

As she knelt at his feet, the man she had been talking to earlier approached. “What are you doing, girl! You are mine.” With that, he began to reach for her arm to pull her up.

“Stop” Charles said in a quiet but commanding tone. The other man stopped automatically as his command. “Did she submit to you?”

“No” said the other man “But she was going to.”

“But she did not, and until she has done so, she is free to choose her new owner. She has decided to kneel before me so that I may decide whether to possess her.”

The man began to sputter a response but stopped when he saw the look in Charles’ eyes. He stood there, mouth opening and closing for a minute before turning and walking quickly out of the club. He had thought he was a Dom until he met a real one. Charles had encountered his type before, the wannabees, he thought of them, if he thought of them at all.

Across the room, Laura noted this exchange. It was just the type of thing she was interested in. She had speculated that there was a hierarchy in the Dominant world and was writing an article for a scholarly journal about it. She thought that this would be a hierarchy based on personal power. So far her observations had shown her anything but that. The Doms and Dommes she had observed were generally cordial with each other and it was clear that many of them were close friends. Any rivalry was good natured and never resulted in physical violence.

So she seized upon this opportunity and walked quickly across the room prepared to suck his knowledge from him. She was sure he would form the basis of her next paper on this deviant sub culture. He noted her approach and looked into her eyes when she stopped in front of him. She opened her mouth to speak but the look in his eyes made her hesitate. It seemed that he could see into her soul, that he was her superior. But that couldn’t be! She was Doctor Laura Baxter, noted professor and published author. He was merely some man pursuing a deviant lifestyle.

So, gathering her wits about her, she said “Hi, I am Dr. Baxter and I would love to interview you. I am researching the BDSM lifestyle for paper I am writing. I noticed your exchange with the man that just left as well as with this young woman. I would like to discuss it with you.”

“You didn’t say Please.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Since when is it proper to be impolite?”

“Oh. Please may I interview you?”

“That is better. Yes, I believe you may.”

Those words sent a shiver of pleasure up her spine which she shook off a little angrily. He was just a subject for her research. But, god, he seemed to exude masculinity. Once again she had to gather her wits before speaking.

But he beat her to it. Bring that chair over and sit facing me. Pointing to a nearby chair. She pulled the chair over and sat, not realizing that she was obeying his command. There had been a closer chair or even the couch for her to sit on, but he had told her to sit in this one, so she had.

“I am Charles Poindexter. And you are?”

“I told you. Dr. Baxter.”

He merely looked at her, obviously expecting something more. She fidgeted in her chair for a minute before quietly saying “My name is Laura.”

“Very good. It is nice to meet you, Laura.” The whole time this has gone on, Charles has been stroking the hair of the sub at his feet. Laura noted this with a little nervously. She had interviewed many Dominants and quite a few of them had had subs present during the interview. It has never ceased to amaze her how some of them treated their subs as pets rather than people. She could not understand how any person could stand to be treated like that. But the subs, both male and female, seemed to not only accept this, but reveled in it.

“Do you mind if I record this?”

“Not at all. Now proceed with your interview.”

A little startled by the way he seemed to take command; Laura fumbled as she placed a microphone on the table beside the couch. She then proceeded to ask him a set of questions about his life and his experiences as a Dom. As he answered, she became aware that she was getting a little disturbed over his descriptions of how he shaped a woman into a pony. It seemed so demeaning. She had heard of pony play but this was the first time she had heard of it being taken to this extreme. The women he described ended up living permanently as a pony, living in a stall, defecating outside, and pulling sulkies for all their days.

“So you break their spirits and remake them into these ponies?”

“You haven’t been listening to me, have you? I never break their spirit. I train show and racing ponies, not ponies to pull manure carts. If you cannot listen with an open mind, then this interview is over. You are dismissed.” With that he signaled to the waitress to bring him another beer and began to observe the antics of two subs as they danced for their Master.

“I was listening to you. I am just trying to understand what you do.”

Charles looked at her and said flatly “I thought I told you that you were dismissed.”

“Please, give me another chance. I will listen better. I promise.”

“Apologize to me.”

“I apologize.”

“Sir.”

“What?”

He didn’t say anything, just looked at her until she lowered her head and said “I apologize, Sir.”

“Very well. But I will not be so lenient if it happens again. Proceed.”

Laura began her questioning again. After a minute or two, he stopped stroking the subs head and pointed at his crotch where his cock was pressing against his pants. The sub began to unzip his pants, and then took his cock from its prison. Holding it gently in her left hand, she took it in her mouth and began to bob her head gently. He entwined his fingers in her hair and began to control the speed at which she moved up and down.

Laura was shocked at this behavior. She had never had this happen so brazenly in front of her. It took her a moment to gather her thoughts before beginning her questions again. But the whole time she was talking, she was aware of what was happening before her very eyes. She noted the look of pleasure on his face as he pushed the girl’s mouth down until it was clear that his cock was buried to the hilt in her throat. Then he released her again to repeat the process again and again. The whole time he continued to speak as though nothing was happening. Suddenly, he paused and his face took on a rather intense look as he shot his seed into her mouth and down her throat. Then he resumed speaking again like this was a normal event.

Eventually, he released the girl’s head and his softening cock dropped from her lips. “Clean me” he commanded and she proceeded to lick him clean. This was too much for Laura. She just couldn’t believe this girl would abase herself to a stranger. And in front of all these people!

“Look. It’s getting late. Perhaps we could continue this another evening?”

Getting a business card out his wallet, Charles said “Be at my place tomorrow at 2. We will continue then.” With that, he stood up and took the girl by her hand before walking toward the exit. Laura was stunned with the speed with which that had occurred. She just couldn’t go to this guy’s house. She didn’t even know him. Besides, she had office hours tomorrow afternoon. Her mind made up, she decided it was time for her to leave also.

Charles was delighted by the way the evening had gone. He had cast his line, now it was up to her to swallow the hook. He loved a challenge and Laura looked to be a good one. But he bet he would have her at his feet someday. In the meantime, he had this new sub to evaluate. He put her in the car with him and started to drive to his house. She was obviously somewhat trained as she knew not to speak unless spoken to. So the ride home was quiet, allowing him to consider his next steps with Laura.

When he got home, he guided the girl into his living room. He didn’t know her name but that was unimportant. He would name her if he decided to keep her. “Strip and present yourself for inspection.”

“Yes sir.” She quickly undressed, stopping only to look at him questioningly, wondering where to put her clothes. He pointed at a basket beside a chair and she began placing her clothes in it as she took them off. Soon she was naked. She immediately stood for inspection, hands clasped behind her head, small breasts thrust out, and feet shoulder width apart.

He proceeded to inspect her front. His hands moved over her small firm breasts. He pinched her nipples and got a low moan of pleasure from her. Then he moved his left hand down to her crouch. Her mound was smooth, so smooth that he suspected the hair had been permanently removed. That was good. He preferred his slaves that way. Then he inserted a finger into her cunt. It slipped in easily as she was very wet. Once again she moaned softly. He slipped another finger in and was impressed with how tight her cunt was.

“Open your mouth.”

Once it was open, he took his fingers out of her cunt and proceeded to inspect her teeth with those same fingers. His inspection was much like you’d see a rancher do with a horse he was intending to buy. The only difference was that when he was finished inspecting her teeth, he said “Clean my fingers.”

She immediately sucked her juices off his fingers, her tongue slithering around to get every last drop.

“Good girl. Now, turn 90 degrees to your left”

He examined her body from the side. He was impressed with her posture and obvious muscle tone. He ran his hand over her ass, feeling how firm it was. It confirmed what he thought earlier, this girl was a runner. Definitely a potential pony girl.

“Another 90 degrees”

“Now, drop your hands to your sides and bend over.”

“Good girl. Now use your hands to spread your cheeks.”

He fingered her holes a little, mostly to test her submissiveness. She definitely passed as she remained absolutely still as her pressed his thumb against her asshole.

“Have you worn a butt plug before?”

“Yes, Sir. My Master would occasionally have me wear one.”

“I will transform you into a pony girl if I decide to take possession of you and pony girls can expect to wear one fairly regularly.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Stand and turn 90 degrees to your left.”

“Should I keep my cheeks spread or place my hands behind my head.”

Charles smiled at her question. This one definitely had potential.

“Hands behind your head.”

This time he just briefly gazed at her before telling her to turn and face him. He stepped back a pace when she was facing him and swept his eyes down her body. When his gave arrived at her cunt, he was not surprised to see her juices running down her legs. Yes, she had definite potential.

Then he began to question her about her past.

“How old are you?”

“I’m 20 years old.”

“How long have you known you were submissive?”

“Oh, probably since I was 13. I always fanaticized about being dominated. It started with reading pirate stories. I wanted to be the girl who was captured by pirates. While my books never said it, I always assumed she was made to sexually serve her captors. When I was 17, my boyfriend was a little dominant and would order me around sometimes. It really got my juices up. But he wasn’t demanding enough, so we broke up. I think he was a little scared by what I wanted him to do. “

“What happened then?”

“I started hanging around BDSM clubs. Then one day I met Him. My Master was 30 at the time and we just clicked right away.”

Charles noticed a tear run down her cheek as she said this. So he decided to pursue another line of inquiry.

“You look like you were in track when you were in school.”

“Yes, Sir. I ran cross country. I was county champion in my senior year of high school.”

“Very good. Have you ever thought of being a pony girl?”

She licked her lips nervously before replying “Uh. I am not sure what that is. But if you want me to be one, then that is what I’ll be.”

“What are your limits?”

“I don’t know, Sir, I have always done everything that I was commanded to do. I expect I will always do that.”

“Good answer. Well, tomorrow we will see how you respond to pony training. I am in need of a set of ponies and you look like a likely candidate. If not, you may serve as a domestic slave.”

“Thank you sir.”

“Now, I am going to place a collar on you. This is only a temporary collar. If I decide to keep you, I will put a permanent collar on you.” With that, he slipped a leather collar around her neck and locked it with a small padlock.

“Follow me. You will service me this evening. Oh, before I forget. Are you hungry?”

“No Sir. I ate before I went to the club.”

He turned and went up the stairs to his bedroom. She followed, her eyes looking around at his house. It did not look like a large house from the outside but from the inside, it was huge. The walls sported many paintings. Here and there, the paintings were separated by swords and whips of various types. All in all, it gave the impression of quiet wealth.

Upon entering his bedroom, Charles said “You may undress me. Place my clothes in the hamper.” He stood there impassively as she gently pulled his clothes from his body. Soon he was nude, his massive cock bobbing gently as he walked to his bed.

“You will come to my bed for now. I want you to straddle my cock so that I can feel your cunt as I read. After I have finished with you, you may use the mat at the end of the bed to sleep on. When you hear me awake in the morning, I expect you to get my coffee and newspaper. Then bring them to me. You will then suck me off while I enjoy my coffee.”

He got into bed and she mounted him. He was very pleased with her tight cunt. It was so tight he had problems concentrating on his book and it took him very little time to cum. As she got off the bed and headed to her mat, he reflected luck was once again with him. It looked as though he had the first pony for his stable and, perhaps, another one to come.

All night long the events of that strange evening churned in Laura’s mind. She tossed and turned before finally deciding to get her mind off of it. So she got out a book of erotic short stories and began to read, her fingers playing with her clit. The first story she came to was about a Dom and his sub. As she read the story, she began comparing the description of the Dom with Charles. Gradually she lost interest in the story because the Dom in it was just not up to Charles level.

She began to remember how he had controlled the girl tonight, how it looked as he pushed and pulled her head up and down as she had his cock in her mouth. Without realizing it, she began to masturbate in earnest. She came just as she remembered the look on his face when he came in the girl’s mouth.

Shocked at herself, she roughly turned over as though to deny she even had an orgasm. It was a long time before she fell asleep that night and when she awoke the next morning, she was still tired but strangely eager to begin the day, perhaps to wrap herself in her work and forget last night’s events.

She got up and took a shower. Normally she would have masturbated in the shower with her trusty shower massage. But she denied herself that pleasure this morning in penance for her orgasm last night. After her shower she picked out her clothes for the day, a conservative skirt suit with some lacy under things. She wasn’t sure why she picked that panty and bra set out, she normally only wore them when she went out on a date. Then she rushed off to teach her first class of the day.

Charles woke to the feel of a mouth on his cock. Good, he thought. She really has potential. The last sub he tried out overslept and despite being disciplined, could never learn to wake up before him. Once he had cum in her mouth, he got off the bed and motioned her to follow him. Before getting into the shower, he removed her collar. That would not be necessary nor possible when he put her permanent collar on. Then he took a shower, using her to wash his back before allowing her to wash herself.

After the shower, he had a hearty breakfast that she prepared under his direction. He allowed her to eat the leftovers before having her clean up the kitchen. While she was doing that, he went out to unpack some of the supplies he needed for her first pony training session. This time he would only work with her a little bit to see how well she responded to the training.

He returned to the house and hooked a leash on to her collar, but before he walked her outside, he placed moccasins on her feet. He always took good care of his property. Then he walked her outside to the stables. He had deliberately picked this house for its secluded nature. Eventually he expected to have pony girls wandering nude in the field and didn’t want any problems. She seemed to accept her nudity outside and followed docilely. He tied her to a hitching post and went to get the tack he’d unpacked earlier. She stood quietly as he placed a training halter on her. He then led her to the practice ring where he proceeded to instruct her in the basic gaits. He worked her for an hour before deciding that she had had enough for now. She was a born pony girl; she obviously loved to run and was very trainable. He looked forward to the day when he hooked her to a racing sulky.

After the session, he washed her down and put her in a stall with some granola and water. Then he went to get his lunch and take a quick shower before his 2 pm appointment. He was supremely confident that Laura would come. If not, nothing lost. But he thought he had her figured out.

When lunch rolled around, Laura found herself wondering again about Charles. She knew that information about him would be a key ingredient in her paper. But she was reluctant to obey his command to be there at 2. She thought that she would run into him again at the club. But she knew in her heart that if she missed today’s appointment, that he would never speak to her again. It was so frustrating. Undecided as to what to do, she went to her office and began grading papers. But she had a hard time concentrating.

Finally at 1:30 she gave up and decided to go to the interview. She pulled out her phone and got the directions. Looking them over she realized she had very little time to get there. So she grabbed her recorder and rushed out to her car. She had a little problem finding his house. It was set back away from the road behind a screen of trees and bushes. But she did find it and arrived with just a minute to spare. She sensed that he would not be happy if she was late. She wasn’t quite sure why that bothered her. But she figured it was because she really needed him to open up and let her really understand how he thought.

As she approached the door she noted what looked like a stable off to the side with a practice ring beside it. She figured he was a horseman and thought no more about it, figuring it was just another aspect of his need to control. She rang the door bell precisely at 2. He immediately opened the door for her and said “Ah my dear. Right on time. That is very good. I do not tolerate people who are not punctual.” He turned and walked into the house, obviously expecting her to follow.

He led her into the living room. Like the girl from last night, she peered around as she walked and was impressed with what she saw. As he sat down, the girl from last night came scurrying over and knelt at his feet. She was nude except for a collar around her neck. Laura had seen this type of thing before in her research and so, wasn’t shocked. He pointed to a chair and she sat down, getting her recorder out. She looked at him, inquiring as to whether it would be all right to record this session. He nodded his head but didn’t say anything.

She resumed her questions from last night. After an hour, he said “You know, you will never really understand this life unless you experience it.”

Laura understood the implied challenge and said “Perhaps I should have you submit to me. That way I could experience domination.”

He just laughed and looked at her amusingly as though to say “How could you even think of me submitting to anyone?” She just looked at him and then, blushing, looked away.

“Have you ever submitted to a man, Laura?”

“No! I could never do that!”

“How about to a woman?”

“No!”

“How do you know until you’ve tried? How do you know if you would like it? Besides, if you don’t experience the lifestyle, your article will be just a shallow reflection of the richness of the BDSM lifestyle. You do want your article to be good, don’t you?”

“Yes, of course I do. But you don’t need to experience something to study it.”

“Only if you want to be the best.” Seeing the look in her eyes when he said that, he knew he had her. The hook was in the mouth, now to set it. “I have a friend, John, who is a specialist in aboriginal life. He lived with them, as one of them, for a year. His article not only was published in a referred journal, he revised it and it made the best seller list.”

“You don’t mean John Krull? He’s my idol! His work is what got me interested in doing this research. His insights into their world and lives was riveting.”

“Well, now you know how he attained his insights.”

“I could never. I mean, how could I do that? Oh, I don’t know. Perhaps you could introduce me to someone I could dominate.”

Smiling, he said “First, I don’t know any submissives that you could dominate. I would lend you this one, but I am still evaluating her. Besides, I don’t think you have it in you to be a Dominant. It takes a special type of person.”

“Why do you say I could not dominate someone? I can be pretty forceful when I want to be. Besides, I was thinking of a man. I could never dominate another woman.”

“Your answer just confirms what I said. A Dom is always a Dom, not just at times. Besides, being forceful is not being Dominant. It is crude and a true Dom would never stoop to that. Domination is more mental than physical.”

As she considered his words, he asked “Have you ever been with a woman?”

“I don’t see how that has any bearing on our discussion. Besides, I am the one asking questions.”

Once again, he just looked at her until she turned her head away. Finally she relented and said “Once in college. It was just one night.”

“Very good. You must be open with me if you expect me to be open with you. Now, did you enjoy it?”

“Yes.”

“Sir.”

She looked at him in confusion. Then said, “Yes, sir.”

“Very good. Why did you stop being with women?”

“I was drunk that night and had just broken up with my boyfriend that same day. But we got back together the next day. So I just never did it again.”

“Would you like to try it again?”  
  
“Perhaps.”

“Yes or no.”

“Yes.”

Sensing him looking at her expectantly, she realized what he wanted so she said “Yes, sir, I would like to try it again.”

“What did you enjoy about the experience?”  
  
“The feel of a woman’s body. The feel of her mouth on my pussy. A woman knows best what another woman likes.”

“sub, you will go pleasure the good doctor.”

The sub immediately moved over to her but Laura said “I couldn’t. This is not right. Oh.” She said that as the sub reached up under her dress to caress her pussy. Laura found herself raising her ass off the chair as the sub began pulling her panties down. Then she looked on numbly as her panties were slid down her long legs and over her feet. The sub then pulled her dress up and parted her legs. Before Laura could react, she was overtaken by the feel of a tongue on her clit. Then she was lost in the sensations.

It was just like that night all over again, except this time her mind was not dulled by alcohol. The feel of a tongue as it parted her nether lips and drank in her dew was incredible. She grabbed the sub’s head and pulled it even closer. Her head went back and her mouth opened to let out a moan of intense pleasure. This was followed by another low moan that gradually became a scream as she came all over the sub’s face. The sub continued to lick and suck, causing her to have small orgasms until finally Laura was exhausted. Then, as the waves of the orgasm finished washing over her, she became aware that he was sitting there looking at her.

Embarrassed, she pushed the sub’s head away and tried vainly to pull her skirt down to cover her drenched pussy. But it was too hard for her in her depleted state. So she gave up and just sat there, her pussy exposed to his view until she’d recovered enough to pull her skirt down some more.

“I see you don’t trim your pussy. That is too bad. I prefer a woman’s pussy nude or at least trimmed.”

“Why does it make a difference? I am not one of your subs.”

He just smiled and said “I believe this interview is at an end. Come back tomorrow at the same time. Show her the door, sub. Oh, and tonight, I want you to look up the difference between a slave and sub. I keep slaves, not subs.” With that, he got up and left the room.

Laura left his house, her mind a confused mess. His revelation about John Krull really got to her. She couldn’t believe Charles actually knew him. When she set out to write her article, she hoped it would be as successful as his book. That book and the article that spawned it were the gold standard of work that crossed the line between academic literature and popular reading. She had forgotten that Krull had spent a year with the aborigines so he could really understand his subject.

She thought about her situation. After meeting Charles, she knew she just did not have what it takes to be a Dom. But the idea of submitting to someone was repugnant. Still, she wanted to succeed so badly she could taste it. Perhaps she could sample parts of the lifestyle, and not really submit.

She spent a restless night, tossing and turning for much of the night. The whole concept of submitting to a man, to anyone, was so foreign to her. She had always been on top of the game. Then there was Charles. She knew instinctively that it would be dangerous to submit to him. On the other hand, she also sensed that he could be trusted to live up to whatever agreement they entered into. She was less sure with other Doms.

Then, about 2 in the morning, she remembered what he’d told her to do. So she grabbed her iPad and googled “slave” and “sub.” She found that a sub could place limits on how they were treated. They had safe words. A slave had no limits and no safe words. It was strange, in all the time she’d researched the BDSM world, she’d never heard the difference. This realization brought home to her how little she really knew about that world. All she knew about it from was an academic perspective. She did not know it in her soul. For that she would need to experience it.

The morning found her disheveled and still tired. She made some strong coffee and took a hot shower before eating breakfast. Finally, fortified with food and caffeine, she made her way to the university. She taught her morning class on automatic pilot. Her mind still swirled from conflicting emotions. She wanted to be successful but she did not want to submit.

Charles, on the other hand, had spent a peaceful night. He was very satisfied by the day’s events. His new sub had great potential and he had made an appointment with an understanding doctor for the next morning to examine her. But the real excitement came from hooking Laura. If she came back today, then he knew she had swallowed the hook and would be his. He loved a challenge. He knew that he would have to play her carefully lest he scare her away. But if he played her right, she would be his. Her hair was even the same color as his new sub. Perhaps they would be a matched team of pony girls?

Once again he woke to the feel of a mouth on his cock. Such a pleasant way to wake up. After feeding his sub a little protein, he got out of bed to take care of the morning routine. The doctor’s appointment was at 11, so he had time for a pony training session. Like the day before, it had gone smoothly. This sub was such a natural that she only had to be shown a gait once to have it down pat. He would probably put her through a session again this afternoon so Laura could watch. It should be interesting to watch Laura’s expressions and body language.

The physical examination went well and they discussed her upcoming slavery on the way home. It was agreed that he would draft a contract for her to sign later today. She seemed very relieved to be found acceptable by him. He was pleased to have found such a suitable slave so quickly. Sometimes it can take quite a while. Many offer but few are acceptable. To celebrate, he stopped and took her to lunch at a very nice restaurant. It would be the last time she ever ate at a restaurant again, so he wanted it to be pleasant. He planned on turning her into a pony girl right away and he never took his livestock out in public, at least not in the vanilla world.

Laura, on the other hand, could barely eat. She was so nervous and distracted that she just could not focus. She looked over her calendar for the coming week and suddenly realized she was supposed to fly out early the next morning to attend a conference. She’d been so unsettled by recent events she’d completely forgotten! Mulling over the situation, she decided this was a good thing. This whole thing with Charles was moving way too fast and was so unsettling to her. This would give her some breathing room and she could put things into perspective. This realization calmed her mind and she was more relaxed as she gathered her stuff up in preparation for her meeting with Charles.

Once again, he did not open the door until exactly 2. “Good afternoon Laura. I hope you had a pleasant night.” Of course, he could tell that she had not and he quickly turned away so that she could not see his expression of delight. She followed him into the living room where the girl was waiting on her knees.

“You have arrived at an opportune moment. We were about to sign a contract giving me ownership of her, at least for the next year. Perhaps you would like to record our conversation?” Then without looking to see what Laura did, he motioned for the girl to rise and led her to a nearby table. On the table was a formal slavery contract. He then patiently and carefully explained every detail of the contract. He insisted that she understand every nuance and made her tell him what she thought each paragraph said. The contract was for one year. If, at the end of that year, the situation was acceptable for both then it would become permanent. She would be his property to do with as he wished. At that time, he would place his brand upon her if he planned on keeping her. Or leave it off if he expected to sell her some day. Finally, it was time to sign.

Holding out a camera, Charles said “Laura, can you please take a picture of this? I always like to have a memento of such significant events.” Laura took the camera and began shooting as they signed the contract. She had been very impressed with the way Charles had ensured she understood exactly what she was getting into. Laura knew there was no way she could ever sign such an agreement. But it was one more indication of how impressive a Dom he was. She was also thrilled to have been present at such an event. This would add even more depth to her paper and it would make it unique. In all her research she had never come across any description of such an event, only speculation on what it entailed.

After the signing, Charles took his new slave out to the barn where he spot welded a stainless steel collar on her. “If things are mutually satisfactory in a year, I will make that a permanent weld. Now for a name. I think I shall call you ‘amber’ after the color of your eyes. I think you will make a winning pony girl with your natural speed and my training. I expect good things out of you.”

“Thank you Master. I will be the best pony girl I can be. I want to make my owner proud.”

“Tonight little amber, you and I will have a little private ceremony to finalize your submission. But for now, it is time for pony training. Laura, you might find this interesting.” With that, Charles led his new slave over to the tack room where he got out a halter and long reins, plus a long whip. Laura followed along mutely. Something about this made her very uncomfortable. Seeing a fellow human first voluntarily submitting to slavery and now, to being trained as a beast of burden. But on a professional level, she found this fascinating. It is not often a researcher gets this level of access to the world of BDSM.

She watched as Charles put the halter on amber. What shocked her was watching him put a bit in her mouth. He then took her out to the paddock where he proceeded to work on her reining and her gaits. She took to them quickly and he rarely used the whip. As she progressed in her training, Laura could not help but admire her grace and poise. All in all, she made a very beautiful animal. Laura thought to herself, that she could only hope she would be as beautiful in similar circumstances, not that that was going to happen. But the thought made her shiver, whether in dread or in delight, she didn’t know.

Charles watched Laura out of the corner of his eye while he was training amber. It was interesting to watch her fidget. She would unconsciously start rubbing her thighs together and then suddenly stop as she became aware of what she was doing. But moments later, he would spy her rubbing her thighs together again. It was clear that watching amber’s training session was turning her on. A fact that was highlighted by the hard nipples tenting her blouse.

After the lessons, Charles washed amber with a hose before putting her in a stall to rest. He also poured some granola into a bowl for her to snack on and checked to see she had fresh water.

“Now, Laura, I believe you have something to tell me.”

Laura was startled by his statement; she had managed to put the whole conference thing out of her mind. “Oh, yes, I guess I do.”

“Let’s go into the house and sit down. I feel the need of something cold to drink.” He then led them into the house where he pulled two beers out of the refrigerator. Opening them both, he handed one to Laura. She wasn’t quite sure how to react, he hadn’t asked her if she wanted one but maybe he was being polite. So she took a sip as she followed him into the living room.

Sitting down, he looked at her expectantly.

“Actually, what I have to tell you is that I am going out of town to a conference and won’t be back until Saturday.”

She could tell that this news was definitely a surprise to Charles. His eyes widened briefly and then he said “Well, that was unexpected.”

“I am sorry. I should have told you earlier. But things have been happening so rapidly that I, well, it just slipped my mind.”

“Very well. When will you be back?”

“Next Saturday.”

“Give me a call when you get back. But I must warn you, I am rather busy next weekend and the week after with my other work. But I’ll see if I can make time to see you.”

“Thank you! I am so sorry to have to leave like this. But I’m presenting at this conference and must be there.” She didn’t know why she felt the need to apologize to him. She’d just met the man and, besides, he was a research subject, not someone she was dating. But it felt right to apologize. She was so confused.

Charles had been taken aback by this turn of events. He fully expected her to take the first step on the road to submission. He also understood that she had a regular job. This would definitely make the process more difficult. On the other hand, he was very pleased with her apology. It showed a definite desire to please.

“Well, I guess I’d better go home and pack. I need to review my speech.”

“What is the title?”

Blushing Laura said “Dominance: The Outward Manifestation of a Weak Self Image.”

She blushed even more as Charles burst out laughing. All he said when he finally stopped was “I guess you do have a lot to learn.”

Laura quickly gathered her things and dashed out. She was so unsettled by the whole experience. She knew now that the basis of her presentation was false. Charles had, by far, one of the strongest self images she’d ever encountered. But she couldn’t change the topic nor any of the presentation at this late date. The presentation title was already announced and electronic copies of her presentation were being sent to the audience as she made her way home. What was she to do?

She had another restless night. She grew angry with Charles as she tossed and turned. Everything in her life was going so smoothly before she met him. Now, in just a few short days, she’d questioned her whole research approach, learned that she may be fundamentally wrong in her basic hypothesis and now, that the topic of her presentation was flawed. But as she mulled over the whole situation, she realized it was not Charles she should be mad at. It was herself. She’d walled herself off from the world, taking comfort in a safe academic world. She felt like that scientist in that book by Isaac Asimov who said the way to conduct research was to read all that had been written and look for the truth. That scientist had scoffed at the idea of doing actual field research. Granted she’d done field research but it had been purely through observation with a wall that she herself had built to keep her away from her subjects.

She kept looking at her bedside clock, hoping that time was not creeping toward 6 a.m., the time she had to get up to catch her flight. But, as all of us find out, time continues on despite our hopes.

She arose when the alarm sounded and underwent her morning ablutions. She was ready in time for the Super Shuttle that was picking her up for the trip to the airport. She stared miserably out the window the whole trip. She was barely aware of the trip and was unpleasantly surprised when the driver pulled up to a stop and let the riders out.

She already had her ticket and seat assignment, so just pulled her carry on along behind her as she made her way to the TSA screening area. Her phone rang just as she was getting ready to get in line. She was surprised when she answered the phone. It was Charles. She didn’t remember giving him her number.

“Charles. How did you get my cell number?”

“You forget, I do work in the technology field. I know lots of geeks that can get me all sorts of information.”

“Oh, right. Why are you calling?”

“I just wanted to say that you’ll do fine. We both know there is a hole in your presentation topic. But it is mostly correct. There are a lot of so called “Dominants” that have a weak self image and use dominance as a mask. Just remember that and relax. Everything will be fine.”

“Oh, thank you, Charles. That is so sweet of you. How did you know I was nervous?”

“Because you are an honorable person. An honorable person would not want to present information that they knew was incorrect.”

“Oh, Charles. That is the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. Thank you.”

“If that is the nicest thing anyone has ever said to you, then a lot of people have been falling down on the job. You have many fine qualities. You are beautiful, smart, and well educated among other qualities I like. Now I have to go. I have a busy day. I just wanted to catch you before you boarded your flight.”

“Thank you Charles. You have no idea how much this means to me.”

“You can show me when you return.”

With that, he hung up and she was left to ponder the whole conversation. As usual, her conversations with him left her lots to think about. First and foremost, was her relief at his words of encouragement for her presentation. It felt as though a large load had been lifted from her shoulders. But with that relief came two questions. What other qualities did she have that he like and how did he expect her to show her appreciation?

Just then, someone bumped into her and startled her out of her reverie. Realizing she was blocking part of the entrance to the TSA screening line, she shuffled forward into the line still pondering the conversation. Did he expect her to sleep with him? No, that wasn’t his way. Besides, he had ready access to sex with his live in sub. She decided she’d just have to see what happened when she returned.

Laura fell asleep as soon as she got in her seat on the plane. She didn’t even hear the safety announcement. She slept so soundly that the flight attendant had to wake her after they landed. She realized that everyone else had de-boarded when she looked blurrily around. Grabbing her carryon suitcase from the overhead rack, she raced out of the plane and made her way to the hotel shuttle area to catch a shuttle to her hotel.

Her presentation the next morning was very well received. She didn’t even feel like a fraud with Charles’ words in the back of her mind and accepted the applause as her due. She then made her way to a presentation on deviant sexual behavior from a social psychology perspective. Next was lunch with colleagues before an afternoon of panels and presentations.

The whole time her mind kept coming back to Charles and his call to her. Without that call, this would have been a disaster. It was with that in mind that she skipped dinner with a friend to call him and thank him. Hitting redial on her phone, she waited anxiously for him to pick up. And then he did.

“Ah, Laura. Calling to tell me how well your presentation went?”

“Oh, yes. They loved it. People have been coming up to me all day with questions and comments. I can’t tell you how grateful I am for your call. I was a nervous wreck and you saved me. Thank you.”

“That’s what Dominants do for their submissives. We take care of them.”

“Charles! I am not your submissive! Now behave! There I was all happy with your kindness and you had to say that.”

Charles answered her with a chuckle and then said “Just giving you a taste of what it’s like in a Ds relationship.”

“Oh, ok. But please don’t say things like that to me again.”

“We’ll see. Look I have to go. I’m off to meet with some investors about a little business deal I’m putting together. But before I let you go, I’m putting together a little dinner with friends the Saturday after next and wondered if you’d like to join us. John Krull will be there.”

“John Krull!! Oh yes, I’d love to join you. Thank you so much. Oh, Oh. Thank you!”

“Ok, bye bye.”

Laura was so excited she almost didn’t realize he’d hung up. Finally, she put away her phone and flopped down on her bed. This had been the most amazing day! First the presentation and now the opportunity to meet her idol, John Krull. All because of Charles.

She laid there for a while, her mind a whirl before she finally decided she needed a shower and dinner. Tonight she would order room service. But first the shower.

She quickly stripped and put her clothes neatly away, then, walked nude into the bathroom. On the way she looked at herself in the full length mirror. Her body looked pretty good. She ran regularly and it showed in her toned legs. Her breasts were a little small but that way they didn’t bother her when she ran. She’d always loved to run and had been a long distance runner in high school and college.

Looking down her body, her eyes were caught by the sight of her untrimmed pussy. Frowning, she thought “Maybe Charles has something there. It does look a little unsightly, all that hair. Maybe I should at least trim it.”

Rummaging in her toiletry bag, she found a pair of scissors and began to trim away the unruly mess. Before long she found that she’d trimmed it all away and all that was left was stubble. Looking at herself in the mirror she thought “That looks almost as bad as it did untrimmed. I guess I’d better shave down there. At least it will be neat.” So she grabbed her razor and shaving foam before getting into the shower.

She got the remaining stubble wet and then sprayed the foam on. It took a while as she was a little nervous shaving around such a sensitive area, but finally it was smooth. Then she grabbed the soap and started to wash her body. The touch of her soapy hands felt so good on her breasts and they lingered to gently pinch her nipples. Moaning, her hands wandered down to her now smooth pussy. Oh, if felt so good, all smooth. It was amazing how much more sensitive it was now that all that hair was gone. Her fingers found her slit and slithered inside while her thumb started flicking her clit. Soon, her moans reverberated through the bathroom as her mind wandered.

She remembered amber giving Charles a blowjob and how he continued to speak with her. She wondered how it would feel to be nothing more than a sex toy. Then she pictured his face as he came, spurting his cum into her willing mouth. Next, her mind pictured amber in her pony training sessions. The thought of a woman being treated like livestock brought her to an incredible orgasm and she screamed out her passion.

Spent, she leaned against the shower wall with her head down. But as she became aware again, a question rang in her mind “Oh, god. What’s happening to me! I just came at the thought of being demeaned and de-humanized! I can’t, no, I can’t. This is not happening to me!”

She quickly finished her shower and grabbed a towel to dry off. Determined to drive these thoughts from her mind, she dressed again and left her room for the hotel restaurant. Maybe she could find some colleagues to eat with. Anything to not be alone with these thoughts.

She immersed herself in the conference and her colleagues for the next two days so she could get herself back to a normal frame of mind. She awoke at 6 a.m. each morning to run on a treadmill in the hotel gym. Running had always been her place to think about problems or, sometimes, to just zone out. She preferred running outside but didn’t feel safe in a new city. She used her time on the treadmill to process her situation with Charles and would always firmly decide to keep her distance and treat him as a research subject. But at night when she was alone, she’d find her hand wandering down to her smooth pussy mound and oh so wet lips as she thought of him.

Finally, the conference ended and she headed home. She wanted to call him as soon as she landed but held off for a whole day before finally succumbing.

“Charles, I’m back from the conference and wondered if we could get together for an interview?”

“Sorry, babe. I’m really booked this week with work and when I’m not working, I have amber’s training sessions. So not until Saturday when you come for dinner.”

A surge of jealousy went through her upon hearing that amber had some of his precious time and he couldn’t spare any for her. Amber was just a sub, no, a slave, and she, Laura, was a full professor at a prestigious university! But then she calmed down. He had not made any commitment to her, nor she to him. Of course, he would spend time with someone who had.

“Ok. What time do you want me to show up Saturday? Would you like me to bring anything?”

“Be here at 6:30 for cocktails, dinner will be at 7:30. As for bringing something, just that luscious body of yours.”

“Charles! I thought we discussed this! No more demeaning statements about me.”

“Have you thought about what your beautiful ass would look like with some red stripes?”

“Charles! Enough! I will see you Saturday. Good bye.”

She heard him chuckling as she hung up. She tried to be mad at him but couldn’t deny the warm feelings emanating from her pussy at his words. Even the remark about her ass made her feel good. He liked her body!

Shaking her head as if it would clear it of these thoughts, she started to review her lecture notes, adding information she’d picked up at the conference. But she found it hard to concentrate and her mind kept wandering back to their conversation.

“Damn him! Why did he have this effect on her?!”

It was a long week, waiting for Saturday to arrive. To distract herself, she reread Krull’s book on his experience with the aboriginals, picking up new insights into his immersion experience.

Finally, Saturday arrived. She went for her morning run and then spent hours going through her wardrobe, trying on different outfits. She was so torn. On the one hand, she wanted to wear something sexy for Charles. On the other hand, she wanted to look the consummate profession for Krull. Finally, she settled on an outfit that showed off her legs but still looked professional.

She arrived at precisely 6:30 to find another party of 3 just going in the door. Charles greeted them and sent them into the lounge before turning to her.

“Laura, nice to see you again. Fresh from conquering the academic hordes. My, don’t you look delicious.”

“Thank you Charles. And academics don’t make a horde, more like a gaggle.”

Charles chortled over that and then took her arm to lead her into the lounge. There, behind the bar, was amber. This time dressed demurely in a light colored dress. It was hard to tell how long it was but Laura guessed it was only long enough to keep it respectable and no more.

Seeing her look at amber, he said “An unexpected surprise. Turns out that my amber has some bartending experience. Amazing at her young age. Someone was not obeying the law. But I am more than willing to take advantage of her skills. What would you like?”

“I’d love some merlot.”

“amber, a glass of merlot for the good doctor.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Here you are Doctor.”

“Thank you, amber.”

Charles looked at Laura and said “You really must remember not to thank a slave. It makes them uncomfortable.”

Laura looked down, chagrined at being corrected not 5 minutes inside his house and on a subject for which she was supposed to be an expert.

“Now, let me introduce you to John.”

Charles led her over to a short, grey haired man. Laura recognized him from his pictures but was surprised how much older he looked in person.

“John. I’d like to introduce you to the lovely Dr. Laura Baxter. Don’t let it go to your head, but she got into her line of work because of you.”

“Dr. Krull, it is such a pleasure to meet you. I can’t tell you how much I’ve looked forward to this evening ever since Charles told me you’d be here.”

“Dr. Baxter, may I call you Laura?”

“Oh, yes. Of course.”

“Well, Laura, you must call me John. It is so nice to hear that such a lovely young woman was looking forward to meeting me. Lovely, and a Doctor, no less. How amazing. Charles must be so proud of you.”

“Charles?”

“Oh, I assumed you belonged to him. I’m sorry for my mistake.”

“Belonged? What do you mean?”

Krull looked over at Charles with a quizzical look. Charles answered his unspoken question. “Laura knows about my ‘proclivities,’ in fact we met because she’s writing a paper on the lifestyle. And, no, I don’t own her. Yet.”

“Charles! Please, it’s one thing to tease me privately, but not in public.”

“Who is teasing?”

“You are impossible. John, are you in the lifestyle?”

“Oh, no. But I accept this aspect of my good friend as he accepts my own peculiarities. Now, why were you so excited to meet me? Other than for my dashing good looks.” He said smiling.

“Your book inspired me and gave my career the direction that led me to this point. I want to write a book like you’ve written. I want it to be on the BDSM world and that’s what I’m researching now. What advice can you give me?”

“Advice? Well, that’s the part that most people have problems with. As I tell all aspiring cultural researchers, you must live the culture to really understand it. That can be difficult, let me tell you. The things I had to do when I was living with the aborigines. Let’s just say they turned my stomach at first but after a while I grew to enjoy them. I remember the first time I emerged naked from my hut, I was blushing all over. In fact, my aboriginal name means something like ‘red all over,’ and then there was learning eat their food. Nothing like eating live termites and banana slugs to make you a little green. But now I rather dislike wearing clothes and love termites. Banana slugs I still don’t like but am used to eating them. Oh, and learning to go barefoot. I’ll tell you, the first few weeks, my feet were a mess. But then they toughened up and got so many calluses that I was a whole shoe size larger when I left the jungle a year later.”

“But it was a happy time. I probably would have stayed if my research assistant hadn’t come to get me. I still go back for a few weeks every year. I just wish I could combine that life with this one. But those worlds are far apart.”

“So, if you want my advice. Live the culture. Make it a part of yourself. That is the only way to really understand the culture you are studying and to write an inspired research paper.”

Charles spoke up at that moment “Laura and I have discussed this. She is uncertain about taking the next step. Perhaps you have some words to help her?”

“Only that the first step is hard but it is worth it.”

Laura looked a little like a deer caught in a headlight. Her eyes were round and her mouth open in astonishment. She didn’t know what to say. She half expected him to say that, but it led to a place she didn’t want to go.

At that moment, Charles put his arm around her and said “I see dinner is ready. Let me escort you to your seat.”

Laura looked up at him gratefully and said “Thank you.”

The rest of the evening went by in a whirl of sights and sounds that Laura barely perceived. Krull’s advice weighed heavily on her mind. She noted, thankfully, that Charles stayed near her the whole evening and kept people from bothering her too much.

Finally, the evening was at an end. Charles seated her in an alcove while he said his goodbyes to the rest of the guests before finally sitting down beside her.

“Will you be all right to drive home?”

“Oh, oh, yes. Thank you. In fact, thank you for everything you did for me this evening.”

“What? I did nothing.”

“Yes, you did. First, you introduced me to John. Then you stayed by my side the rest of the evening when you knew I was so distracted by what he’d advised me to do. All that time you should have been with your other guests.”

“It was my pleasure. As I told you, Dominants take care of their submissives.”

“Oh Charles, please.” Laura said weakly.

In truth, she’d never felt so safe and protected as she did when she was with him. But she was not willing to admit that, not even to herself.

“Now, if you can drive yourself, I believe it is time you left for home. Otherwise, I am putting you to bed in one of the spare rooms. You look exhausted.”

“I am. Thank you again for a lovely evening. Will I see you tomorrow?”

“Yes, be here at 2. I believe we have some things to discuss.”

Laura managed to drive herself home and fell into a deep sleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. But after a while her sleep lifted and she woke slightly several times, sometimes fearfully and sometimes somewhat horny.

It was once again that an encounter with Charles caused her to wake groggily, the product of a night of shifting thoughts and emotions. She dragged herself downstairs and immediately made herself a large pot of strong coffee. She took a cup and went into her study where she sipped at the hot coffee while staring at her laptop screen. Her mind was a muddle. What should she do about Krull’s advice?

This went on through two more cups of coffee before the call of nature roused her from her thoughts and she made her way to the bathroom. Once she’d relieved herself, she dressed to go running.

She needed a shower desperately after her run as she had pushed herself hard in an attempt to come to a decision. But that didn’t work, in fact, she just zoned out. She arrived at home a sweaty mess and a mind purged of thought. She stripped off her clothes and jumped in the shower. She stood under the pounding water for several minutes before grabbing the bar of soap and started washing her body rather mechanically. It wasn’t until her fingers encountered stubble on her pussy mound that she was roused to a semblance of thought.

“Oh, it’s growing out. Charles won’t be happy.”

“What am I thinking!? Charles is not going to see my pussy!”

“But it does feel better without hair. I guess I better shave it.”

She grabbed her razor and began to shave off the offending stubble. Having done so a few times by now, the process went fairly quickly. Soon, her fingers were running over her smooth, slightly engorged lips. Then a finger slipped into her slit and began to move in and out. Gradually the thrusts got harder and faster until she came explosively, her screams once again echoing off the bathroom walls.

A thought occurred to her as she recovered her senses “I’ve come harder and more frequently since I met Charles than I ever have in my life. Oh, god. What is happening to me?”

She quickly finished her shower and got out. After drying herself off, she made her way into her bedroom where her bed beckoned. She told herself she would only lie down for a few minutes. But it was almost one when she awoke again.

She gasped when she looked over at the clock and bolted from the bed. She rushed to get dressed. As much as she dreaded this meeting, she didn’t want to disappoint Charles by being late.

She gathered up her things and left, her mind still not settled on what to do. But half way there, she made up her mind. If submitting was something she had to do to achieve success, then she would do it. Besides, she could control the situation, couldn’t she?

She arrived at his house just before 2 and was at his door when he opened it precisely on time.

“Ah, Laura. So nice to see you. I must admit you look more rested than I expected.”

Blushing she said “Well, I didn’t sleep that well last night and took a nap after I got up this morning.”

“Well, I am glad you got some rest. Please join me in the lounge.”

When he turned and walked toward the lounge, she found herself following him precisely three steps behind him and felt somewhat like a servant. Not a pleasant feeling to have before the impending conversation.

He sat in a lounge chair and pointed to a straight backed chair nearby. Without thinking, she picked up the chair and moved it in front of his chair.

“Now, I believe you have something to tell me.”

She looked around as though hoping someone would help her before finally saying “I’ve been thinking about what you and John said. About an author needing to experience what she is writing about. I guess you’re right.”

“So which will it be? Dom or sub?”

“I don’t know. I just don’t have it in me to be a Dom. But submitting”

She paused before beginning again. “Perhaps if I could just do it a little? You know, get the feel of it.”

He continued to just look at her without saying anything. Finally, she felt the need to fill the void in the conversation. “Just do some acts of submission. I mean. Oh, I don’t know what I mean.”

“I understand. This is new territory for you. Will it be me you will be submitting to or someone else?”

“Oh, you. I would submit to you.”  
  
“Sir.”

She looked at him a second before saying “I would submit to you. Sir”

“Well, I’m not sure I want to go through the hassle. I mean, I have a new slave to train plus I am looking for others to be mine. Why would I want to deal with an unruly sub like you? For that matter, why would I want a sub? I only collect slaves.”

Laura had not even considered that he would not let her submit to him. She was so startled that she blurted out “Oh please, let me submit to you. I couldn’t submit to any other man. I can’t be your slave but I beg you to let me be your submissive.” She couldn’t believe the words that just came from her mouth. She wished she could take them back. But there they were, between them, like hot coals. They warmed her cheeks and, even though she wouldn’t admit even to herself, her pussy.

Charles suppressed a smile as he realized she had swallowed the hook. She had taken that first crucial step. Now to set that hook. “I suppose I could let you submit to me in the interest of your research. But you will have to promise to let me guide your learning. I promise to take it slow and respect your limits. Do you promise?”

“I, well, I. Oh, god. I was thinking that we would agree on things I would be willing to do each time we got together. Not let you have control over me.”

“But Laura, that is what submitting is all about. Letting someone else be in control. Don’t you trust me?”

“Yes, actually I do. Despite what else you are, you are an honorable man. Ok, I will accept your control.” Saying that seemed to drain all the energy from her body. She slumped into her chair before gradually feeling his eyes on her.

“You realize that your submission will include sexual servitude.”

“I hadn’t thought of that. But, ok, I understand. But I will only accept vaginal sex and you must wear a condom.”

“Laura, Laura. Already you forget what submission is all about. If you submit to me, your body is mine to use as I see fit. As for wearing a condom. Are you on the pill? If not, I will get you a prescription. I do not wear condoms. Also, I will take you to a lab where you will be tested for STDs.”

“I have no sexual diseases. I do not sleep around. But if it makes you more comfortable, I will get tested. What about you? Will you be tested?”

“I have been tested. I will show you the results in just a minute. Now, are you on the pill?”

“Yes, I’m on the pill. It helps regulate my periods.”

“Good. Are you ready to begin?”

“Begin? Now? Well, I suppose so. What do you want me to do?”

“Stand up and strip.”

“What! Strip? Oh god.” Nervously, Laura stood up and began to take off her blouse, then her pants and shoes. Finally she stood there in front of him wearing only her bra and panties. He just looked at her expectantly. Her fingers began fiddling with the front of her bra before she finally reached around behind and unfastened it. She did not immediately let it fall; instead she held her arms tight against her side. Then, taking a deep breath, she let it fall and her breasts were available for his viewing pleasure. After a few seconds she gathered her courage again and slipped her panties down over her hips to fall at her feet. She stepped out of them and then just stood there, not knowing what to do next.

Charles just gazed upon her lovely body. He was so pleased; she was going to be easier to train than he had thought. Besides she was a magnificent specimen, much better than was obvious with the dowdy outfits she insisted on wearing. She obviously kept herself in good shape. Like his new slave, Laura had a runner’s body, long lean lines and small breasts. Then he said, “Now you will present yourself to me. Stand straight. Put your hands behind your head, elbows back. Feet shoulder width apart. Very good.”

Charles got up and went over to inspect her up close. At first he just looked as he walked around her. When he was behind her, he patted her ass, noting its firmness. This startled her a little and she almost dropped her hands before remembering she shouldn’t. That pleased Charles immensely. She was so trainable. When he stood in front of her, he caressed her breasts, noting how quickly her nipples hardened. Then he put a hand on her pussy.

First he just cupped her pussy but then he stuck a finger inside, noticing its wetness. She gasped as his finger penetrated her innermost place.

But she held still, even when he started pumping his finger in and out. Soon she was moaning softly with excitement, and then to her embarrassment, she came all over his hand. Her cries of passion echoed through the house. She could not believe she had come while in this vulnerable position. She could not believe that she, Doctor Laura Baxter, was standing nude in front of this man, a man she’d only known for a couple of weeks, letting him have his way with her. But she was there and when he put his wet fingers to her mouth, she obediently opened up so he could place them inside. She then licked and sucked her own love juices off of them until they were clean. She had never been this appalled and excited at the same time.

“Very good. That is a good first step. You may get dressed. Then we will see about getting you tested.” Startled by this sudden change, she almost asked for him to continue but then she came to her senses and felt a sense of relief that she had passed the first test. So she got dressed again and followed him to his car. As they drove, he questioned her about her schedule and her ultimate taboos. As they pulled up at the lab, he said “Your session tomorrow will be at 10 am. I will let you leave at 2.”

He led her inside where he arranged for an immediate test. He found that the results wouldn’t be available until tomorrow, so led her back to the car for the drive home. As they pulled out of the parking lot, he turned to her and said “Pull down your pants and play with your pussy while I drive.”

She looked at him, shocked at what he just said, but seeing the implacable look on his face, began to unbutton her pants. After a minute, she had her fingers buried in her pussy and was getting excited again. She was a little embarrassed to be doing this in front of him, but considering where his fingers had been not too long ago, decided it was all right. Before long, she was moaning and writhing on the seat. By the time they arrived back at his house, there was a puddle on her seat. Seeing this as he got out, he said, “Lick it up.”

When she started to protest he said “One more word and you will be licking it nude. Which is it?”

Realizing he was serious, she got down on her knees and licked it all up. It was terribly humiliating but it also was kind of erotic. Not that she would ever tell him. When she was finished, she followed him inside.

“There are a few rules you need to know today.”

“First, I am very pleased you shaved your pussy. Keep it that way as long as we are engaged as Dom and sub.”

Laura blushed at the mention of her shaved pussy, but inside she was very happy that he was pleased with her.

“Second, no pants and no panties. If you must wear panties due to menstrual flow, they have to be thongs.”

“Third, you will kneel when you enter my presence.”

“Fourth, you will call me either Master or Sir unless we are in public and I’ve given you permission to call me Charles.”

“Fifth, you will obey any order I give you while you are submitting to me. Do you understand these rules?”  
  
“Yes, Master.”

“Very good. Now failure to obey these rules will either end our relationship or you will be subject to my discipline. Which will it be?”

“What do you mean by discipline?”

“Whatever I deem appropriate, from spanking to whipping.”

“Whipping!? I don’t know. Spanking would be ok, but not whipping.”

Charles just looked at her for a minute before saying Ok, the first time you break a rule, our relationship is over.”  
  
“Wait, I didn’t say that. I just want to negotiate my discipline.”

“No negotiation. My rules or else.”

“Oh god. Ok, I will accept your discipline.”

He just looked at her expectedly. Realizing her mistake she said “I will accept your discipline Master.”

“Be clearer. What will you accept.”  
  
“Master, you may whip me if you feel it necessary.”

“Very good. Now it is time for you to leave. I will see you tomorrow morning. Be sure you have shaved again. I dislike stubble and want my property to be clean shaven at all times. I will inspect you again when you get here.

As she drove away, Laura was appalled at what had just transpired. She could not believe she had just consented to be whipped. At the same time, she was wet remembering how it felt to have his fingers in her pussy. Then, another thought crossed her mind; he’d referred to her as his property. That angered her as a professional but pleased her as a submissive woman. Once again, he’d left her confused.

Charles was supremely satisfied. He bet she would consent to pony training within a two weeks and within two months would sign a contract. He could not wait to have her in his stable.

They both slept well that night. He slept well because he was very pleased, so pleased that he allowed his slave to sleep on his bed with his cock in her mouth. Laura slept well because she was emotionally exhausted.

The next morning, she dutifully shaved her pussy. Then she looked around for a thong that a former boyfriend had bought for her in hopes that she would wear it. That hope proved fruitless for him, but now she realized she had to stop at the store and buy more of them. It felt strange to have the air waft around her bare pussy and that feeling was not reduced by much when she slipped into the pair of strings that made up the thong. Then, realizing the time, she rushed through her morning routine. Luckily it was a holiday Monday and she didn’t have class today. So she stopped by the store and purchased several more thongs before setting out for her second day as a sub.

He greeted her at the door saying “Good news, your lab results are already done. You are clean. Now you can serve me in all ways.”

This statement made her nervous, while at the same time, somewhat relieved. She didn’t think she had ever engaged in unsafe sex, but it never hurts to be certain.

Once inside he instructed her to strip for inspection once again. This time she knew what to expect and stood there patiently while his hands roamed her body. He did this deliberately so she would get used to being handled. The next time he inspected her, it would be a full inspection but he needed to build up to that. But for now, he limited himself to fingering her pussy for a minute before stopping suddenly. This caused her to groan with need.

“My slave has her period right now and I need some relief. Bend over that chair and spread your legs.”

“What?! Wait...” But his look was answer enough, so she meekly went over the chair and bent over. She felt so exposed in this position.

Charles had almost held his breath after he gave the order. This was another turning point in her training. But not only had she obeyed, it was clear from the moisture on her exposed pussy, that she was excited. Good.

She was aware of his approach and heard him unzip his pants. But the suddenness with which he penetrated her pussy was a shock. There was no foreplay, no warning. This was straight sex. It both humiliated and excited her. She had never been treated this way. She had always controlled her sexual encounters. Her encounters had never been very satisfying but she knew it was a part of being in a relationship, so had just tried to limit what happened. Now she had no control and was so wet she could hear his cock squish as it plunged in and out of her pussy.

Charles had planned all of this out earlier. He was deliberately not giving her any emotional support. He wanted her to understand the depths of her submissive personality. He had thought to take it slow, but it was clear that she was incredibly submissive. He just had to be careful to balance excitement with submissive acts and soon she would be his.

They both came at about the same time. Her cry was almost a scream as she released years of pent up passion. After he was done, he told her “Now clean me.”

She was so lost in a sexual haze that she was on her knees in front of him before she realized what she was doing. Seeking his semi-hard cock with her mouth, she did for him what she had never done for a man before. She took a cock into her mouth that was still wet with her juices. She licked and sucked until it was clean from balls to tip. Then it began to get hard again and she felt his hand on the back of her head, pushing insistently.

Soon she had her first experience with her mouth used as fuckhole. He grabbed her ears and started using them as handles. She struggled a little bit before realizing he was not going to stop. So she just relaxed and submitted. It was rather freeing. She knew he would not let her come to harm but she also knew she had no choice in what was happening. It was a strange feeling to this proud woman, once so independent, now behaving as a wanton slut. But then he pressed even harder and suddenly she felt, rather than heard, a pop as his cock slid into her throat. She began to struggle for air until he pulled back a little, allowing her to suck in some much needed air. But then, he did it again and again. She learned to breathe in those little moments when her throat was clear. Finally, she felt him tense. This was the moment she had feared, when he would cum in her mouth. And he did, it seemed to just keep spurting out and hitting the back of her mouth. She had thought she could just hold it in her mouth and spit it out later when he wasn’t looking. But there was too much and suddenly she swallowed. It tasted salty but not as bad as she feared. So she continued to swallow as long as it was pumping into her mouth.

She did not have to be told to clean him up and proceeded to do another thorough job of it. When she was satisfied he was clean, she looked up at him. She was startled to see him gazing at her possessively. It was clear that he was pleased with her. She was rather angry with herself for realizing how good it made her feel. She put his cock away and fastened his pants again.

She knelt there until she heard him say “Rise.”

She stood and started to assume the inspection position but he stopped her. “That position is not appropriate now. Normally you would stand up straight, head down, feet together and await instructions. But for now, it is time for pony training. You will learn how to put amber’s tack on and later help me with cleaning her up. Oh, I almost forgot. I have decided that you will wear a collar during our sessions. Come with me.”

He led her over to a sideboard and retrieved a collar. Looking at the collar, Laura almost bolted. This was just a little too much. But then she relaxed. It was a minor thing and no one would see her wear it but him. So she stood there quietly as he buckled it around her neck. It felt strange to wear it. She had never even worn a chocker, so this was definitely unfamiliar ground. As she was lost in the feeling of wearing a collar, she became aware that he was doing something around her neck. Then she heard a ‘snick’ and realized he had fastened a leash to the collar.

“Put these on.”

Laura looked and saw he was holding out a pair of moccasins. She took them and put them on. They fit perfectly. She wondered how he knew her size. Then, with a feeling of shock, she realized that he had to have purchased them days ago. How did he know she’d submit!? Was it that obvious? That couldn’t be! She was a proud professional! She had her PhD.!

Again, she almost bolted. But then he was leading her outside. She stopped at the door, realizing that she was going outside completely naked, being led on a leash, no less.

“Remember, my house is secluded. No one will see you.”

That calmed her down some and, combined with the insistent tugging on her leash, she gathered enough nerve to follow him. It felt strange to be walking outside completely naked. But at the same time, rather freeing.

They entered the barn and saw amber peering out of her stall. Charles fastened a leash to her collar and led her out of the stall. He led them out of the barn into a field. Then he turned to amber and said “Relieve yourself.” Amber looked startled at his command but squatted and proceeded to piss. Laura was embarrassed for her and turned away. Charles noted this but said nothing. He knew it wouldn’t be too long before Laura also would be relieving herself out here.

When she was done, he led them over to the tack room. He tied their leashes to the hitching post and then retrieved amber’s tack. He instructed Laura in how to put the halter on. It felt strange to put the bit in her mouth, but amber seemed to consider it normal to wear a bit, so it went in easily.

Then Charles led them to the paddock. Before entering, he tied Laura’s leash to the fence and took amber in for her training session. From what Laura could tell, the session seemed to go well. Charles seemed satisfied and praised amber repeatedly for her performance.

Once again, he observed Laura as she watched amber’s training. This time her arousal was made obvious by the juices trickling down her leg. He knew some of it was his cum but it was too liquid to be all from him. This time she didn’t stop herself as her thighs rubbed together and she had to grab onto the fence rail in front of her to keep standing as she came. He smiled at this, taking care to not show he was aware of her condition.

He then led them back to the tack room. This time he tied amber off to a hook set above a small platform and turned to Laura and said “Wash her.”

Laura did not expect this but decided it would be ok. She took the hose and proceeded to wash her off. It felt strange to wash another woman as though she was an animal. But it also felt very erotic to run her hands over amber’s body.

“Make sure to wash her pussy.”

Laura then did something she hadn’t done since her one lesbian encounter in college; she put her hand on another woman’s pussy. She felt the string from the tampon in her pussy which answered the question as to why she wasn’t wearing panties to hold a pad.

Washing her pussy turned her on, more than she expected. She became aware of her juices staining her thighs and surreptitiously splashed water on herself to wash away the tell tale evidence of her arousal.

Finally she was done. She looked at Charles and he just gathered up their leashes before leading them back to the house. Once inside, he took off their leashes and sent amber off to prepare lunch. He then led Laura into the living room where he had her bend over once again so he could use her pussy for his relief. He seemed to have a high sex drive as he used her 2 more times that day before sending her home at 2, telling her to return at 4 tomorrow afternoon.

Laura drove away, her mind a confused mess. She had had better orgasms today than she had ever had. But she had performed acts that she would have never thought possible. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. “Who did he think he was?! She was a full professor and published author. This was just too much to expect her to do. She would show him! She would not go out there tomorrow. She would regain control over this situation.”

As she drove away, Charles mused about her behavior today. She had shown that she was incredibly submissive but he expected her to rebel. She would want to show she was not submissive. He wondered how she would do that.

So he was not surprised the next afternoon when she did not show. Instead, he was rather relieved. This was something he could deal with. She did not call and just showed up at 4 the day after as though nothing had happened.

She came in and knelt. He stood her up and had her strip. She did so and he fastened her collar along with her leash. Then he led her into a room she hadn’t been in before. Hanging on the wall was a selection of whips and other instruments of discipline.

“You disobeyed me. Now you must be disciplined.” With that he took a flogger off the wall and walked over to her. She just stood there, not really believing he would actually use it on her.

“Stand over here. Place your hands on the wall. Would you like something to bite on?”

“What? You really aren’t going to use that on me, are you?”

“Of course, my dear. Your behavior requires it. Now get in position.”

Still not really believing he would actually whip her, she moved to where he pointed. She placed her hands on the wall, noting some straps attached to the wall just where her hands were. Then he used the straps to hold her hands in place.

Next he walked behind her. She couldn’t see him and so waited nervously for whatever was going to happen. The first blow came as a complete surprise. She screamed in anger and pain. How could he do this to her! She continued to scream invectives at him until she felt the next blow. By the time the fifth blow landed she was sobbing and pleading for him to stop.

Finally, he stopped. He released her from the wall and took her in his arms. He led her to a couch and held her as she cried, murmuring into her ear “It is all right now. You have paid for your disobedience. Everything is ok now.” He repeated that over and over until her sobs ceased. The whole time, she clung to him and to his words. They were her anchor in her world of pain and humiliation.

After a while, he picked her up and carried her to a bedroom where he placed in bed and pulled a blanket over her.

“You rest here. I’ll come back to get you in a while.”

Her emotional exhaustion overcame her discomfort with sleeping in a bed in his house and she fell into a restful sleep. The next thing she knew, he was gently patting her shoulder and saying “Laura, it is time for you to get up.”

Sleepily, she pushed the blanket off and started to rise, only to gasp and grab the blanket. She started covering up her nakedness before seeing the amused look on his face. Of course, she’d not only been naked in front of him, she’d been used by him as sex toy.

Steeling herself, she shoved the blanked aside with a little more force than was called for and rose. Luckily, she remembered to stand with her head down as he’d instructed her to earlier, so did not look into his face.

“Very good, my pet. I hope you rested well. Now, I have need of your body. Come.”

Laura’s pussy immediately began getting wet at the thought of him using her again for his pleasure. So she followed eagerly. But she was puzzled when he handed her a pair of moccasins and snapped a leash to her collar.

He led her outside where she saw amber hitched to a small sulky. Charles led her to the sulky.

“I’ve used sand bags but a body has different movement properties. You weigh much less than I do and I need amber to get used to pulling a person. Get up in the sulky.”

Laura numbly got in the sulky and sat down. She was disappointed that he was not going to fuck her and angry that he was using her merely as a weight to help train amber. But then she got mad at herself for wanting to be used as a sex toy and for allowing herself to be used as nothing more than a training aid. She had to remind herself that she was an educated woman doing research, not a sex toy or dead weight.

Charles attached a 6-foot lead to amber’s bridle and began to lead her on a path into the wood behind his house. They walked for about 15 minutes on the well groomed path until they were back at the paddock.

“That is a half mile track. Laura, I want you to walk amber around it one time and then have her trot around it one time. Her trot is much like a jogging pace.”

With that, he unhooked amber’s lead and handed Laura her reins, which had been tied in front of the sulky seat.

“What? I can’t do that!”

She paused and then remembered to say “Sir.”

Charles merely looked at her until she finally bowed her head and took up the reins. But she just held the reins and didn’t move her hands.

“You have to give her a command to move otherwise she’ll just stand there. She’s too well trained a pony to move without a command. You have three choices; you can tell her to walk, you can shake the reins at her, or you can use the whip standing in its socket beside you. Now, get moving!”

A mixture of emotions played across Laura’s face before she finally said “amber, Walk.”

Amber began walking straight ahead toward the paddock rather than back on the path.

“Laura! Don’t be stupid. Use the reins to tell her where to go. Now!”

Laura looked at amber helplessly for a second before finally pulling on the left rein to turn amber toward the path.

“Don’t dawdle on the path. I will be waiting here for you. It will be you, Laura, who is punished if you are late.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Laura felt guilty for using reins to direct a fellow human but knew she had to follow Charles commands. Her guilt caused her to fumble with some of the turns and made amber run into the bushes that lined the path a couple of times. These events amazed Laura since it highlighted how much amber had submerged her own initiative. Laura was uncomfortable with having someone so dependent upon her, a realization that reinforced her belief that she was not cut out to be a Dominant.

They finally made it back to the paddock where they found Charles waiting for them. He didn’t comment on their tardiness, merely pointing them back on the path.

Laura wondered about that but accepted it gratefully. She said “Trot” to amber as they neared the beginning of the trail and amber broke out into a steady jog.

Shortly into this second time around the path Laura realized why Charles had had them walk the path first and why he hadn’t punished her for being tardy. He knew she would have problems directing amber with the reins and gave her time to get used to the situation. She was impressed with his understanding of her and wondered if he was having her do this to reinforce that she was a submissive, not a Dominant. She also wondered if he didn’t have an ulterior motive, to show her how a true submissive like amber behaved. The whole situation only raised him in her eyes even more.

The second time around was much easier and they made it back to the paddock fairly quickly. When Charles saw them, he said “Very good Laura. I may have you exercise her regularly. Now, get her out of the tack and washed up. Once you’re done, put her in her stall with some granola.”

His praise made her feel good and that feeling almost overcame her discomfort at his command to stable amber. This treating a person as an animal still made her uncomfortable. But she obeyed. She dismounted form the sulky and started leading amber toward the barn.

“Oh, Laura, amber did a good job today. Be sure to make her cum when you bathe her. She deserves it.”

Laura glanced at amber and saw her face light up at his praise. This made her feel better about what she was doing. Better, but not comfortable.

Still, she set upon her chores. She noticed amber working her jaw after the bit had been removed.

“Wearing a bit looks uncomfortable.”

“It is. Charles said he’d have a couple of molars removed if I become his permanently. That will allow the bit to sit better in my mouth. Also, I won’t have to use this rubberized bit and can use a regular horse bit instead. Well, a small horse bit. I can’t wait.”

“You’d let him modify you that way?!”

“What do you mean ‘let him’? I belong to him. He can do whatever he wants with me. Besides, it will indicate that he wants to keep me. I just hope he decides to brand me. That means he’ll keep me until I die. He is such a good owner. I’ve seen how some Dominants are. Finding one as good as Charles is hard. I mean, most are not bad, just not skilled at owning a living breathing thing. It’s like with dog owners; there are bad ones, ok ones, and owners that really know how to take care of their dogs. Our Master is the latter.”

Laura didn’t respond to her statement. But it gave her a lot to think about. Charles was very good at being a Dominant and he really did look like a good slave owner. But ambers matter of fact statement about being owned by him and that he could do whatever he wanted with her was disturbing.

She mulled this over as she put away the tack and washed amber down. She remembered to masturbate her as she was washing her pussy and started running her fingers over her lips. This caused amber to spread her legs, allowing Laura to fully penetrate an obviously needy cunt. This action caused Laura to get horny and she started unconsciously rubbing her cunt on amber’s leg. It wasn’t long before both of them came.

Their combined moans and yelps of pleasure attracted Charles’ attention. All he did was look on and smile. He was very pleased with Laura’s progress. Here she was naked outside engaging in a lesbian sex act, something the rather repressed person she’d been a few weeks ago would never have even considered, much less done.

They walked back to his house after stabling amber and he took into his study.

“Fetch the lube. It’s on my desk.”

Laura turned to get the lube, thinking “He’s going to fuck my ass. I knew this day would come but hoped it would be a while. I hope it doesn’t hurt.”

She handed him the lube and he said “Bend over with your hands on the chair back. Spread your legs. Very good.”

She heard him open the bottle and felt his hands pull her cheeks apart, then a finger greasy with lube began fingering her asshole. It moved around and poked in a slightly, then around and back in again, this time deeper. He kept that up until his finger was all the way in her ass. He pumped the finger in and out as though he was fucking her with it. She could tell it was tight at the start from the friction. But her asshole loosened up after a few strokes and it wasn’t long before he inserted a second finger, fucking her that way until she loosened up. Then he inserted a third finger and, then, finally a fourth. It hurt some, even though he’d done it gradually.

Suddenly, he removed his fingers. She felt something else enter her ass and realized that it was his cock. He eased it into her gently and once she was comfortable, he began fucking her in earnest. It was the strangest sensation, the feeling of her ass being full and then empty only to have that repeated over and over. At first, it was not at all erotic. But then she started to feel her pussy get wetter and she knew she was going to cum.

“Wait! I want you to cum when I do.”

She clamped down on her orgasm, fighting it back until he finally said “Cum!”

She exploded as she felt his seed enter her colon. It was the most erotic and the most humiliating thing that had ever happened to her.

Then he withdrew from her and said, “Get a warm washcloth and clean me up.”

She was relieved to hear his command as she’d expected to be told to clean him with her mouth.

He could see the play of thoughts as her expressions changed and said “I’ve told you before, I take care of my possessions. While ass to mouth has some erotic aspects, it is likely to cause illness unless I’ve thoroughly cleaned your ass first. If I give you an enema first, then you can expect to clean me with your mouth. Now, hurry. I don’t want to stain the rug in here.”

Before Laura left that day, Charles said “Bring your running shoes tomorrow. In fact, if you have an extra pair, I want you to leave them here.”

By now, Laura was well trained enough not to question his command. She just nodded and left.

She did have an extra pair and brought them with her the next day. By now, she didn’t have to knock prior to entering the house. She just came in, stripped and then knelt before him when she found him. It was a few minutes before he acknowledged her.

“Did you bring running shoes?”

“Yes, Sir. I left them with my clothes.”

“Good girl. Run and get them.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He was standing holding her collar when she returned with the shoes, so she knelt in front of him again so he could put her collar on. She found a certain comfort these days to the act of being collared. It made her feel secure and safe, something that troubled her when she reflected on it when she was away from him.

Once he’d collared her, he said “Put your shoes on.”

She immediately settled on to the floor and put them on. It was a measure of how far she’d come that she hadn’t even thought about sitting in a chair to do so. Subs do not sit in chairs unless specifically told to do so by their Dominant.

She happened to gaze at her pussy while she was putting on a shoe. It was spread wide as it should be for his viewing pleasure. She noticed the dew of her arousal on her lips. She mused that she was always aroused when she was around him. She marveled at his effect on her and ‘accidently’ brushed her lips. The touch sent a shiver of desire through her body. She hoped he would use her soon.

He had her follow him to his study once she’d donned her shoes. Once there he said “Lube.’

She thought “Oh thank you. He’s going to use me right away. I am so horny. Even anal will help.”

She handed him the lube and assumed the position she had yesterday when he sodomized her. Once again, he gradually stretched her asshole with his fingers. Then he withdrew his fingers and then she felt something else enter her ass. At first she thought it was his cock again but then she realized it was too hard. It seemed larger than the size of his four fingers but then it tapered down until it seemed only slightly larger than two of his fingers.

“I’ve decided to start having you both wear butt plugs. She needs to get used to one while running so she’ll be comfortable running when she has her tail. Since you’ll be running with her in practice sessions, it seems only fair that you do too. Now, stand up.”

Running with her? Laura wondered what that meant but decided to see when they got to the paddock. She didn’t even notice him snapping her leash on as she mused this over. But she did feel him pulling on her leash and dutifully followed him.

She was intensely aware of the butt plug as she walked. She felt full in a way that not quite like she’d ever had before. She was not used to it by the time she saw amber standing already in harness as she approached. What surprised her was the presence of another sulky.

“Master. I have not agreed to be a pony girl. This is beyond being submissive!”

“Laura. Being a submissive means doing what your Dominant tells you to do, that includes being a pony girl. That said, you are merely pulling a sulky with 50 lbs of sand so you can get amber used to racing another pony girl. It would be unfair to her for you to run unencumbered when she is pulling me. Wouldn’t it?”

“I suppose. But I want you to know that I consider being a converted into a pony girl beyond the level of exposure I need to understand the BDSM culture.”

“I understand. Now, let’s get you harnessed.”

He walked Laura over to the other sulky and began strapping her into her harness. Laura reflected that he had not agreed with her, just said he understood her feeling. She resolved to resist being converted into a pony girl. That was too demeaning. Of course, she didn’t take into account that her concept of what was demeaning had changed dramatically since the night she’d met Charles.

He led her over to stand beside amber once he had her harnessed and then took off her leash.

“Laura, I want you to just run beside amber. This time it is not a race. Since this is your first time pulling a sulky, we’ll only go around the path twice. We’ll work up to five miles over the next few weeks and the weight you’re pulling will be increased to equal my own.”

He flicked amber’s reins as soon as he finished saying that and they were off. Laura quickly became aware of two things; first the butt plug felt very strange as it moved inside her ass and, second, pulling the sulky was hard work. She ran 5 miles every day but pulling something used a whole different set of muscles.

It wasn’t long before she forgot about the butt plug and began concentrating on just keeping up with amber. It was clear that amber was in much better shape than she was. She was really blowing by the time they finished the run while amber was barely breathing hard. That got Laura’s competitive spirit going, something that Charles had counted on.

“You stand there and cool down. I’ll get your harness off after I’ve run amber a couple of more times. She needs more of a workout than that.”

Charles shook the reins at amber who started off as though she’d not run a mile pulling a full grown man. Charles hid a grin until he was facing away from Laura as the look on her face was priceless. She prided herself on being in shape and to have it implied that she wasn’t really bothered her. But it was clear that she was way too tired to run another lap.

Charles noted that she was still waiting for him to take her harness off as he rounded the next lap. She was not blowing hard anymore but sweat was still running down her body. So he yelled to her “Walk around while I finish this lap! You need to cool down!”

He saw her begin to walk as he turned to enter the path again. This time he really let amber out. He’d deliberately kept her pace slower when she was running with Laura so as to not discourage her. He wanted Laura competitive, not dispirited. It was clear that amber was ready to really run as she sprang forward when she felt the whip hit her ass.

Charles had to be careful to encourage their competitiveness but not make them competitive with each other. He planned on having them race in tandem and that required them to work as a team, not as individuals.

Laura was still walking slowly around when he arrived back at the paddock. He slowed amber down to a stop and jumped out of the sulky, then walked amber over to Laura.

“Laura, stop. I want to take your harness off.”

She stopped and stood still while he removed the harness, then handed it to her.

“Take your harness over and hang it up. You’ll find a new set of hooks beside where amber’s tack is hung. Then get a drink and wait for me. I have to walk amber out.”

Laura walked wearily over to hang her harness up. She noted that there were two new hooks. There were two hooks for amber’s tack. One for the harness and one for the bridle. Laura grimaced at the sight. There was no way he was putting a bit in her mouth!

But she was definitely going to continue to train with amber if Charles would let her. She hated that she couldn’t keep going today. She’d always prided herself on her ability to run with the best and to be left in the proverbial dust like that really bothered her.

So when Charles came back with Amber and started taking her tack off, Laura approached him and said “Sir, I’d like to continue to practice with amber if I may.”

“Well, I guess. I’d hoped you’d be a better match for her but maybe you can get into shape if we work up to it. I just don’t want to slow her training down. I plan to enter her in a fair in two months and the competition is pretty fierce.”

“I won’t slow her down, I promise. I run five miles every morning at 6 a.m. How about if I come out here instead and you can harness me up so I can run the path? Then I can come out here in the evenings and run with amber.”

“Ok. But I’m not going to go easy on you. I’ll increase the weight you pull until you can pull me. Are you up to the challenge?”

“Yes, Sir! I don’t want you to go easy on me. I can take whatever you throw at me!”

“We’ll see. Now, let’s get you two washed down.”

With that, he clipped leads to both their collars and walked them over to the bathing area. Laura noted that he used a lead on her like he did on amber rather than a leash. The fact that he had one ready plus the hook for a bridle for her made her wary. What she didn’t realize is that he’d just manipulated her into becoming a willing, even eager, participant in her pony training.

He washed her first. This was a new experience for her and, while it felt good to get the sweat off, it was humiliating to be washed like livestock. But all that was forgotten when he got to her pussy. But all he did was quickly scrub it, instead of masturbating her like she wanted. That was the second time today he’d gotten her hopes up and then dashed them.

So it was a dejected Laura who stood and watched him wash amber. She got angry when he started masturbating her, cooing to her “Good girl amber, good pony, you are such a good pony. Does my little pony want to cum? Such a good pony.”

She so wanted him to give her relief. She would have let him call her a pony if that’s what it took. All she could do was run her thighs together and hope it got her the orgasm she wanted so badly.

But he saw her rubbing her thighs together and snapped “Stop that! I just got you clean. Besides, what have you done to earn an orgasm? You barely made it around two laps at a moderate pace. That after you talked back to me when you saw I was going to harness you! A sub knows better than that.”

Laura immediately ceased her movement and hung her head in shame. She was already ashamed of her physical performance today but to be reminded of another slip up in her performance as a submissive really hit home. How was she ever going to fully understand the lifestyle if she kept rebelling like that? She needed to understand to write that paper!

Charles finished washing amber and put her in her stable with some granola. Then he switched Laura’s lead for a leash and walked her back to the house. He was quiet the whole time which made Laura even more ashamed that she’d make him angry.

Not that he was angry. In fact, he was very pleased with himself. He’d staged the whole thing today just to get her in the right frame of mind to accept being turned into a pony girl. And it worked!

The next few weeks were grueling for Laura but she put her heart and soul into it. She so wanted to be able to pull him like amber could. Luckily for her, school was on break for a week so she was able to put in an extra workout in the afternoons each day. She even lived at his house during the break to save on driving time.

That gave her her first experience as a full time submissive. At first it was strange to wear a collar and butt plug all the time but she quickly got used to them. He spot welded a metal collar on her so she could shower without taking off her collar. She slept on amber’s mat at the foot of his bed while amber was moved to the stable full time. That meant she was expected to wake him with a blow job each morning, a task she found she loved. She also was responsible for cooking and cleaning, something she did not enjoy, but did anyway.

She felt bereft when the week was over and she returned to her apartment. But it was closer to school and she occasionally tutored students there. She missed being available to him for his sexual needs on a 24/7 basis and tried to get him to use her each time she was at his house.

The day finally came when she was able to pull his weight in sand bags as fast as amber.

“Congratulations Laura! I knew you could do it.”

“Thank you. Now I’m ready to pull you. Please let me!”

“Why would I do that? I have amber to pull me. Besides, if you pull me, I’m just a passenger. You know I like to be in charge. No, I think we’ll continue as we are.”

“Please! I’ve worked so hard. I’ll even accept a bit and you can guide me. Please!”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure. I’ll be your pony girl. I promise to be obedient.”

“All right, we’ll do it tomorrow in the afternoon. Don’t come for the morning run.”

Laura awoke the next morning and went for a run. It felt so strange not having a harness on and pulling a sulky. So strange that the run was unsatisfying and left her out of sorts.

She went about her normal routine, teaching classes and having office hours. The whole time, she was all aquiver with excitement over finally being able to pull him. Finally, it was time to go to his house.

She jumped into her car and drove over. Letting herself in, she immediately stripped and put on her running shoes. Then she went in search of him. Not finding him anywhere in the house, she looked out the back door and spotted him near the paddock getting her sulky ready. She wanted to run over to him but felt uncomfortable going outside without a leash. So she called out to him “Master, I’m here.”

Hearing her voice, he turned and smiled, then made his way over to her with her lead rope.

“Ah, my beautiful pony. It is good to see you. I can’t wait to see your beautiful ass in front of me as you pull me.”

Laura was both very pleased by his compliments and disturbed to be called his pony. But she shrugged and decided that, today, she was his pony, so it was ok.

He put her collar on her and then attached the lead before leading her to her sulky. Laura could see amber watching her from her stall. She could not tell if the pony girl was upset about being displaced. Laura, on the other hand, was elated to finally be his pony girl, at least for a day.

She stood passively while he put her in harness but shied a little when he started putting the bridle on. At first she clenched her jaws when she saw the bit but opened her mouth as she saw his eyes tighten with displeasure. The bit felt strange in her mouth at first, it was rather large due to the rubber covering the metal. She knew the rubber was to protect her teeth but it had an odd taste and impeded her breathing some.

Just then she felt him get in the sulky. She then felt him shake the reins and her him say “Walk.” This was it! She started walking, remembering to wait for the pull of the reins to tell her where to walk. He guided her to the path and they walked a full circuit to get her used to following his commands.

Laura felt the sting of the whip as they approached the entrance to the path and she started to jog. She found herself zoning out as she pulled, letting him guide her. It was an incredibly freeing experience. He set a moderate pace the first few laps but finally really let her go for the final four laps.

She was surprised at how she felt those last few laps. She was so proud of herself but she was also getting increasingly horny. So horny that, by the time he pulled her to a stop, she was on the verge of having an orgasm.

But the tidal wave that was threatening her receded when he jumped out of the cart and hooked the lead to her collar to walk her around. She was still very horny but no longer about to cum.

Charles spoke to her as he walked her out. “You did very well today. What a great pony you are. Perhaps I should race you and amber at the fair. I bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

She beamed at his praise and nodded.

“You and amber will make a great matched pair. I’ll harness you in tandem and we’ll win. Hands down! I’ll start training you two to run together starting tomorrow. I can’t wait.”

Laura was so elated by her accomplishment and his praise that she failed to register that he was speaking of making her a pony girl full time.

He walked her over the stable and took off her tack. She noticed that he hung her bridle on the hook next to her harness’ hook. The hook that a few weeks ago, she’s sworn would be forever bare.

He led her over to the bathing area and started washing her down. The whole time he crooned to her “Good girl, princess, good pony, you are such a good pony. Does my little pony want to cum? Such a good pony.”

His hands felt so good on her body and she came as soon as he touched her clit.

He led her over to a vacant stall after he finished washing her. There he tied her lead to a hook in the wall and pushed her so that she was bent over. Then shoved his cock in her and fucked her hard. It was just what she needed and she came all over his cock. Coming twice in such a short time after pulling the sulky had an effect on her. She was so sleepy. He untied the lead from the wall and led her to a low bed along the wall of the stall.

“Lie down here for a while. I have to exercise amber. I’ll get you when I’m done.”

Laura fell right to sleep and didn’t waken until she heard Charles outside washing amber down after her work out. At first she was disoriented but then she realized she was in a stall. That realization startled her and she jumped up.

“NO. This can’t be. I am not one of his ponies! But he’s going to race me in the fair. He needs me. I can’t let him down.” She paced her stall as these thoughts churned through her mind. She was mostly calm when he came to get her.

“How are you? Did you sleep? I am so proud of you! Come, I have to get going and I believe you have some papers to grade.”

With that, he hooked her leash to her collar and led her back to the house. She got dressed and returned to office at school to grade papers. That night she spent a lot of time in self reflection and came to a decision. Knowing she might falter if she told him face to face, she emailed him.

“Charles. I have treasured our time together. You have shown me a part of myself I never knew about, a part that I revel in now. I love serving you. But you don’t keep submissives, only slaves. I love your control but I can’t give up all that I am to be your slave. And I know, that is what I’d be if I continued with you. As it is, I was ready today to be one of your pony girls. In fact, I would have been proud to have you race me in the fair. But I know you’d take me too far down that path. I’ve watched amber and, while I know she’s happy, I don’t want to be like that. I’m sorry. Thank you for everything you’ve done

Love

Laura.”

Laura cried herself to sleep that night. That was the hardest decision she’d ever had to make and this was the second most difficult night in her short life. The most difficult was the night her parents were killed but this was a close second.

Charles was devastated when he read her email. He was so sure she’d sign a contract with him. She was so close to that point. More than that, he realized he loved her. Her quick mind, obvious beauty, budding submissiveness, and poise made her close to his ideal woman. Much as he wanted to reach out to her, he felt he had to respect her decision. He knew he had an over powering presence and that he could convince her to come back. But he also knew that she needed to make that decision on her own if he was to ever truly own her.

They both went on with their lives, throwing themselves into their endeavors. Charles continued building his business and training amber. He won with her at the next two fairs, something that made him both sad and happy. Happy he’d won and sad that he could not also enter the tandem race. He also continued to search for suitable slaves. He had a few close calls but they didn’t work out until finally he found one that made a good domestic slave. She was 38 with a nice body, pretty face and docile personality. She’d belonged to her husband and had been left adrift when he died. That meant that amber could be moved permanently to pony girl status. She signed her permanent slave papers at her one year anniversary and was promptly branded. Then a week later she had some molars removed so a bit would fit more comfortably.

Laura moped for a while after but gradually pulled herself together. She put her heart into writing her paper and it was published in a refereed journal. It attracted a great amount of interest in the academic community and she was invited to headline a prestigious conference. Then a publisher discovered it and she was asked to rewrite it for the public. She did, and the book reached the best seller list in its first week.

Her success was also noticed by the FBI and they asked for her help when they had a case involving women abducted for breaking and training as slaves. Laura showed up at the local FBI office the next morning and was escorted to a conference room by the agent in charge, Tom Miller.

“Dr. Baxter. I want to thank you for coming so quickly. We’ve also asked another expert to help out. His expertise is from a different perspective as he’s very involved in the BDSM community and might give us clues as to who is doing this and how.”

Entering the conference room, Miller said “Dr. Baxter, I’d like you to meet Charles Poindexter.”

Laura stopped suddenly and said “Charles!”

Charles turned and looked at her, his eyes widening in surprise. “Laura! How nice to see you again. How have you been?”

“I take it you two know each other?”

Laura looked down and said “Yes, I interviewed him extensively when I was researching my paper. He’s…., well, he was very helpful.”

“Good, then you two should work very well together.”

The rest of the morning was spent going over what was known and speculating who might be doing this. Charles called all his contacts to no avail while Laura advised the FBI on the psychology of the breaking and training of the abductees. By lunch time both Laura and Charles had been sucked dry of any helpful information and thanked for their assistance.

Charles and Laura walked out of the building together. Charles said “I thought you might be interested to know that I won the races at two fairs.”

“You did! That’s great. I wish I’d been there.”

“I do too. I thought of you and how great it would to have been able to compete in the tandem races too. I know we’d have won them too.”

Laura hung her head and said quietly “I wish I could have won them for you. I’m sorry I let you down.”

“Don’t be sorry. You’d reached a decision point in your life and had to make a decision. While it’s not the one I wanted, I respect it.”

Tears came to Laura’s eyes at his words. “Charles, Sir. You are so special. I wish you would accept a submissive. I’d love to submit to you every day for the rest of my life.”

“I’ve been thinking about that. If you come back to me, I will take you as my sub. I will respect your limits. I won’t even brand you.”

Laura’s face erupted in a huge smile and she burst out “But I want you to brand me! I would be proud to wear your brand.”

The people around them heard this and stared at them.

Charles noticed and pulled Laura into an alcove where he pulled her to his chest and said “Laura. Laura. I want you in my life. I can’t wait to see my brand on your beautiful ass.”

She pulled back from him and looked into his eyes. “There is one thing. I hate that bit. I want you to remove my molars so I can wear a proper bit. But I’ll need a bridge so people won’t notice when I’m in public.”

“You amaze me. Shall we have lunch and celebrate?”

“No, I want to go home, your home and strip for my Master. Then I want him to use me for his pleasure. But don’t be surprised if I do something bad and you have to whip me. I love it when you hold me after you given me a good whipping.”

After a couple of months, she sold her apartment and moved in with him, becoming his submissive. She continued to teach, but now her income went straight to him. They signed a contract which laid out her limits but still giving him possession of her, body and soul. He gave her a new name, princess. Together, amber and princess won all pony competitions for the next two years until princess had to retire in order to give birth to their first child.

She continued to enjoy academic and public success. When she was interviewed on various popular morning shows everyone noted the choker she always wore but no one realized it was her public collar. She was Charles’ prized possession and he loved her very much, as she loved him. Their love was expressed in a different way than most would accept but it was love all the same.