

Bridled

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Laureth felt terrible as she staggered out of the back room of the dentist office and leaned heavily against the wall by the clerk. Paul smoothly appeared next to her, holding himself in that posture that vibrated between excited and bored, and rested one hand on the counter. She couldn't read the emotions from his face, but she still felt an uncomfortable twisting inside as she stared into his eyes.

As if feeling her attention, his dark eyes flickered from the office to her and she shivered at the intensity of his look. Gulping, she felt the discomfort redoubling. She trembled as she spoke softly.

"M-Master...?" she whispered, half terrified of his response. Across the counter, the nurse's eyes looked up with surprise, then away with a blush, but Paul didn't answer his slave. Instead, he turned away from her and held out his hand for the paperwork the nurse handed him with wide eyes. Laureth sighed unhappily, feeling jealous and ignored. A moment later, Paul turned and gestured toward the door.

Laureth stepped forward, walking a few paces in front of Paul as they left the dentist office. Outside, she quickly made her way down the stairs to the atrium. Her boots sounded loud on the tile floors, but she couldn't focus on it with the growing fear pooling in her gut.

She jammed her palms against the door leading into the atrium, slamming it open as she focused on the outer set of doors. She reached out for the handle, but stopped as she felt Paul's attention on her back.

Like the nurse upstairs, she slowed to a stop, then turned around. Looking through lidded eyes, she turned her gaze to her master. After almost three years, she couldn't correlate the sight of the

overweight man with thinning hair and the man who could command her with a simple word. She could feel one of those words coming and held herself tense.

“Kitty.”

Laureth gulped. She felt emotions sparkling down her spine, pooling in her gut and pussy with an infuriating mixture of terror and excitement. Licking her lips, she shivered.

“Y-Yes, master.”

He stepped forward. One moment, he looked ten feet away and the next he loomed over her. She felt his body right against hers and involuntary stepped away. Paul followed her and she jumped as she felt the icy glass pressing on her shoulders.

Silently, Paul raised a hand up to her face and ran a thumb against her lip. Laureth let out a soft, hungry moan. She parted her lips, trembling at the intensity of his touch on her body.

Then, the question she dreaded: “How long?”

She thought back to the first time she felt her jaw hurting, pain from her back teeth. A cold sweat prickled on her brow and she twisted her fingers together. When she spoke, it was a terrified, little girl’s voice.

“About a month.”

Paul’s eyebrow jumped just slightly, the barest of movements that told entire volumes of terrifying details. She winced at the gaze focused on her, feeling him stripping her naked with his emotions.

He spoke slowly and carefully.

“Three years ago, you made a promise. Do you remember that?”

“Yes, of course.”

His thumb parted her lips. She opened her mouth and he just parted her jaw even further apart to look into her mouth.

“Article 9?”

She swallowed, talking around his thumb.

“Article 9. My body is your possession. To do what you wish without question or complaint. I am your toy. My pleasure is your pleasure. I am completely and utterly yours.”

Paul sighed unhappily.

“What part of your pleasure being my pleasure did you forget?”

Before she could answer, she saw movement past Paul. Leaning over just slightly, she watched a family of four coming down the

stairs toward them. Her eyes flashed up to look at Paul, then winced again.

“None of it.”

“Then why didn’t you tell me you had an infected tooth when you realized it.”

“I didn’t know it was—”

He interrupted her sharply.

“You were in pain, Kitty.”

A thousand words came up in her thoughts, but not a single one could stop that dark gaze from stripping her bare. Finally, she spoke with the sad realization she screwed up.

“I-I know.”

Behind him, the door squeaked open. An older mother shooed two kids through the door while a bored-looking teenager trailed behind. Paul ignored them—and the disapproving glare from the woman—as he continued to speak.

“And when I’m fucking that pretty little face of yours—”

Laureth blushed hotly as the woman gasped in shock. From her vantage point, she watched the teenager stop, jaw dropping, to stare at them. Paul continued to speak without even the slightest of pauses.

“-I want to know you are enjoying every inch of my cock in your throat.”

Cheeks burning, she whimpered.

“Yes, master.”

“If you aren’t enjoying it, you might as well pack up and leave, do you understand? You know where the key is.”

The most terrifying thing he could have ever told her. Immediately, Kitty thought about the single key hanging by the front door of their house. Unconsciously, she lifted her hand to the collar around her neck, toying with the tiny bell that dangled right in the center of her throat.

“No, please no. Anything—”

Paul interrupted her again.

“I’m not happy, Kitty. I’m going to have to take a day off to get you to the surgeon and we need that money.”

Turning around, he looked directly at the mother behind them. Laureth searched his face, in profile, for an expression of surprise,

but for all she knew, he planned it from the beginning. He spoke softly, gently, like a pleasant greeting.

“Good afternoon, madam.”

The older woman stood in the door, frozen as still as the teenager next to her. The other children were already outside, looking back in confusion. Paul regarded the two people inside for a short moment, then beamed a sudden and brilliant smile.

“Have a nice day.”

He reached out for Laureth’s hand. Trembling, she took it, feeling the heat from his body. Like the master who dominated her that night at the park, she drew close to him as he brought her outside into the cold.

—

Two weeks later, Laureth led the way into a different office building. Paul followed behind her and she could feel his gaze on her back. It felt hot against her skin, a contrast to the icy wind that howled down the street.

In the office, she didn’t look back. She considered walking to the counter, as the office aide stared at her, but turned to the side and sat down in the nearest chair. Paul passed her and stood by the counter. Laureth kept her eyes down as they spoke for a few minutes, then looked up as Paul sat down next to her.

“Just a few minutes, Kitty.”

“Thank you.”

He rested one hand on her thigh and she smiled broadly to him. Paul chuckled and just looked into her eyes.

The aide spoke up, “Excuse me, miss, I need you to sign something.”

Paul got up automatically, but the aide shook her head.

“No, she has to sign it.”

“I can, don’t worry.”

He pulled out a leather-bound folder and set it down on the counter. The nurse’s aide looked with confusion as he pulled out a sheaf of paper and handed it to her.

“What is this?” she snapped.

“Power of Attorney, I can sign of her.”

The receptionist look confused, then pointed right at Laureth. The slave shivered, feeling humiliation burning on her cheeks as she glanced at the other people in the waiting room.

“She’s right there! Just have her come over her and-”

“No!” snapped Paul, his voice slamming in the air. Everyone, including Laureth, jumped at the sound of it, feeling his presence beating in the room. Laureth glanced up to see the nurse staring at him with shock and fear. Paul calmly handed her Laureth’s Power of Attorney. The nurse shook as she took it, then look a long time to read it before handing it back.

Sullenly, she finally responded.

“Sign here.”

—

Everything hurt.

Every part of her body burned with agony, starting with the terrible ache in the back of her mouth, right where the jaw met her head. Four gaping holes with exposed nerves and packed with gauze reminded her of every twitch of her body and pulse of her heart. She accidentally brushed it with the side of her mouth, then let out a wail of misery as pain coursed through her veins.

Then pooled into her joints. Even the smallest of movements tore whimpers from her throat as she curled in a fetal position on the large, overstuffed couch in the living room. Laureth’s skin soaked the blankets and the hot air inside suffocated her, but she couldn’t bear the cold air outside of her makeshift cocoon.

Paul stepped into the room, his cell phone resting in his fingers. Laureth whimpered and pulled deeper into her blankets. She hated the sensation of sweat soaking her skin, but she almost felt like the blankets could shield her from Paul’s hidden thoughts.

Setting the phone down on the end table, he sat on the edge of the couch.

“How are you feeling, Kitty?”

Whimpering, she answered in a broken whisper. Clutching her blankets even as she tried to get the courage to get up. Paul watched her for a moment, then shook his head.

“Don’t get up.”

“I-I’m sorry, master, just-”

He interrupted her sharply, “Roll over.”

Laureth's eyes opened wide. Paul smirked and held up a thermometer.

"I need to take your temperature," he said with a grin. Laureth whimpered, realizing exactly where it would go. It took her a few moments of rolling and whimpering to get on her belly, with just her ass sticking out from the folds of her blanket. Even the cool air on her buttocks felt painful, but nothing compared to Paul sliding the thermometer into her butt.

Uncomfortable minutes later, he cleared his throat.

"Give me a second."

Grabbing his phone, he dialed a number and held it up to his ear. A moment later, he spoke.

"Karen? This is Paul. I won't be able to make it into work today."

Laureth whimpered, curling back into a fetal position as she listened to him talking.

"No, Kitty needs me."

A pause.

"A few days, I suspect. I'll call you after the emergency room. Thank you."

He spoke without emotion, but Laureth saw emotions boiling in his gaze as he stared into the room. She didn't know if it was annoyance, anger, or concern. She suspected all three, but she never could read her master's intentions.

One thing that drew her to him.

His hand tightened for a moment before flipping the phone close. Jamming it into his pocket, he stood up and regarded her.

"Kitty."

Shivering violently, she looked up at the man looming over her. She curled more into the blanket, terrified and confused.

"Master?"

He reached down and she let out a shriek. But, he didn't strike. Instead, she felt his arms sliding under her body, icy on her burning skin and pick her up: blankets, pillow, and all. She twisted until he grunted, carrying her to the car. Straining a little, he spoke simply.

"I'm not happy, Kitty."

—

Laureth sat patiently in the front office of her work, waiting for her master. Outside, only three cars remained in the parking lot,

like some sort of glorified clock counting down the minutes past five. As she watched, one of the vice presidents hurried out of the side door and almost dove into his car before leaving. She felt excited, but impatient as she waited out the long seconds.

Paul promised her a weekend she would never forget. She hoped it would be an anniversary celebration or going out to a party, but she couldn't find a single shred of memory that made the middle of June significant to either one of them.

Fighting down the flutters in her stomach, she sat up straighter and tried not to think about the thong riding up her ass cheeks or the imagined tingle from him spanking her right before working.

"Hey, Laur, waiting for Paul?"

Laureth jumped and looked up guiltily at one of the programmers coming down the stairs from the second floor. Blond and brilliant, Melody looked like an angel but her mind never left the gutter. Green eyes regarded Laureth as she walked down in her tennis shoes, then grinned.

"Oh, thinking about Paul, were you?"

Blushing, Laureth looked down at her feet. Melody dropped her knapsack on the ground and sat heavily in the chair next to you.

"So, what was it? Ropes? Chains? Oh, did he dunk you in water until you-"

"Melody!"

The blond grinned, "What? You know he's done that to you."

Still blushing, Laureth's voice trailed off.

"He never did the water thing..."

"But, you wanted him to, didn't you?"

Memory of a jesting comment and a hotter blush. Melody took that as her answer and draped one arm over Laureth's shoulder.

"Lucky girl, got a guy who will spank you in the morning-"

Laureth stiffened and Melody giggled.

"You were squirming at the staff meeting this morning," she explained with a Cheshire grin. Laureth blushed hotter.

"... still not used to it."

"You've been doing it, what, two years?"

"Just over three years," answered the slave.

“And still not used to the cuffs and spanking. Damn girl, I know at least one girl who would like to take your place,” Melody sighed with her own fantasies.

Laureth looked up at Melody but only saw a cheerful friend, not competition. Then, over Melody’s shoulder, she caught sight of Paul’s minivan coming up the drive.

“Look, I have to go now...”

Melody followed her gaze, then helped Laureth up.

“Well, enjoy your weekend. I’ll be all alone, untied, unspanked, unfucked...”

She gave a dramatic swoon and held open the door for Laureth. Laughing, Laureth gave her friend a kiss on the cheek and entered Paul’s waiting van.

“Good evening, master.”

“Hello, Kitty. Ready?”

A snap of her seat belt and Laureth nodded. Outside, Melody waved to both of them as she hopped into her Corvette, roaring the engine as she passed. Paul chuckled happily.

“Bouncy girl.”

“She fancies you.”

“She’s too much for me, Kitty.”

Laureth smiled sweetly, “And me?”

Paul fixed his dark, unreadable gaze on her. Laureth felt a shiver coursing down her spine, pooling in her cunt with anticipation and excitement.

“Just right,” he said, quoting the fairy tale. With long fingers, he set the car in drive and headed out. But, instead of turning right toward home, he turned left. Laureth watched with interest, not daring to speak up as he drove in silence.

It only took ten minutes before they left the city. Another ten and Laureth found herself staring out at the rural areas of Wisconsin, the rolling hill and massive forests, but also farm houses hidden in the valleys and mountains. When they pulled off a paved road and onto a gravel one, she finally spoke up.

“Master?”

“A few more minutes,” he said to silence her.

Excitement burning inside her, Laureth forced herself to calm down and watch the trees. The minivan eased up the gravel road,

then turned into a large farm with horses and stables. The brilliantly painted sign they passed looked cheerful but weathered.

Sunny Disposition Farms.

Driving like he knew the place by heart, Paul pulled past a quaint farm house and down another dirt road. Laureth's heart beat strongly in her chest as she watched a large barn come into view, then gasped as he stopped next to her.

The first thing that came to her fearful mind is horses and sex, but then bore down on that. Horses terrified her and Paul knew that. But... why?

Paul came around and opened the door for her—Laureth didn't get out of the car without his permission—before holding out his hand. Laureth took it, holding her purse as she stepped out. He shook his head.

“No purse, you won't need it.”

Wide-eyed, she dropped it on the seat and looked at the barn. She could feel the fear showing on her face, but couldn't help expressing it.

“Master?”

“Trust me,” he said smoothly and she wanted to, but her heart beat too fast for logical thoughts.

“Please, don't hurt me.”

“I would never hurt you, Kitty. I promised.”

She worried her lip at his words, knowing he spoke the truth but the fear still filled her heart. Paul chuckled dryly and led her into the barn. Laureth drank in the smells of the farm: the flowery scent of hay, the stench of manure, and the dander of animals. Despite that, she walked through the door with wide eyes and heaving chest.

Inside, there were no animals in the stall. She felt both relieved and even more terrified as she stared at the dozens of empty stalls, all obviously well used. Hundreds of straps and metal hooks hung from hooks. It gave the entire barn a strange vibe that set her nerves on the edge.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself, and caught the scent of something else in the air. A frown furrowed her brow, but Paul dragged her attention as he led her to a bench made from hay bales.

“Master?”

Paul grinned broadly as he turned her away from the bales and pushed her back until the prickles of hay dug through her panty house. She stared into his face, her pulse pounding in her chest.

“Laureth.”

“Y-Yes, master?”

“Do you remember this winter, when you had your teeth removed?”

Laureth thought back that horrible week after her dentist visit. Five days of fevers, chills, and two emergency room visits. She ducked her head and looked up at him through her lashes.

“I didn’t mean to be that difficult.”

He smiled and, in one of those rare occurrences, she saw the smile reach his eyes. Then, he ran his hand on her jaw. She closed her eyes at his touch, moaning softly. Paul sighed.

“I thought I would lose you.”

“That was the worst six days of my life.”

“I almost got fired for that.”

Her eyes opened up.

“I’m sorry, master.”

“I’m not,” he sighed as he brushed her hair from her face, “I made my choice that week and I’d make the same choice today. Right now, however, you can repay me for a bit of what I almost lost that day.”

“How...?” she whispered, excited and scared for the answer.

“Oh, I’m thinking a little role-playing and a bit of-”

“Mr. Sausin?” came a sharp, annoyed sounding woman’s voice. Laureth jumped at the sound, looking guiltily at the woman standing at the entrance of the barn. The newcomer looked about fifty, with gray streaks in her brown hair and a cowboy hat that looked more used than cosmetic. Laureth’s eyes flickered down, taking in the dust-covered boots and leather gloves, then up to the rope that hung on her hip.

Paul turned to her and held out his hand.

“Yes. Good to meet you, Ms. Komber.”

Ms. Komber took his hand, but her eyes never left Laureth’s body. Laureth blushed hotly, holding her hands over her stomach while resisting the urge to crawl behind the bales.

“Call me Amber, Mr. Sausin.”

“Will do.”

There was obviously a response that Amber expected, but none came. After the briefest of pauses, she turned her body toward Laureth and stepped forward. The slave flinched as Amber grabbed her arm, then turned her around. Laureth felt even more humiliated, being inspected like a horse or some prize.

“Not very well trained,” came the disappointed voice.

A jerk and Laureth turned back around. Amber knelt down and jammed her hand up between Laureth’s legs. The slave let out a tiny shriek, falling back on the bale as she felt fingers crushing her labia. But, then the fingers wrapped around her thigh, squeezing tightly.

“A little pudgy also.”

Paul just grunted.

The slave looked at her master, trying to beg for him to defend her. But, Paul just watched impassively. Amber jammed her other hand roughly into Laureth’s stomach, pinning her to the bench as she stood up. There was obviously a great deal of disappointment in her gaze as she took in Laureth, then Amber stood back.

“Stand up,” commanded the older woman.

Laureth’s eyes flickered over to Paul. After a heartbeat, he nodded. Trembling, she pushed herself up from the bale, her eyes automatically dropping to the ground in front of Amber.

“Eyes up.”

It took all her effort to raise her gaze to the serious woman. Amber waited impatiently, then jerked with her chin.

“Off with the clothes.”

For a moment, the slave didn’t think she heard it right. When she didn’t immediately strip, Amber sighed dramatically.

“Are you stupid? Take off your god-damned clothes!”

Blushing, Laureth glanced over to Paul with her best pleading look. He took in her gaze and then just nodded.

“Go on, Kitty.”

Laureth started to pull it over her shoulder but Amber interrupted her.

“I don’t want no titty show. Get your god-damn clothes off!”

Jumping, Laureth shed out of her clothes, tossing them on the bale. In less than a minute, she stood naked in front of the two, shivering despite the sweltering heat.

“‘bout time,” muttered Amber.

Moving forward, Amber surprised Laureth by not grabbing her breasts, but instead her jaw. Automatically, she parted her lips as Amber peered inside. Then, jammed her fingers into the back of Laureth’s throat to explore the back of her mouth.

“Looks like a number four... maybe a five. Hold on.”

Brusquely, she left Laureth to stride across barn. Laureth stared at her in shock. She started to close her mouth, but cause Paul shaking his head. With a soft whimper, she opened it back up before the harsh mistress caught her.

Amber returned with a strange metal bent in a U-shape and rings at the end. Laureth frowned trying to identify it, but Amber quickly demonstrated its purpose. A thumb curled on Laureth’s lower jaw and the older woman shoved it into her mouth. Cold metal rang out on Laureth’s teeth. She tried to jerk back, but Amber held her tightly. Laureth whimpered and gagged as she felt the metal sliding on her molars, then dropping into the gap left by her former wisdom teeth. The metal, cool but warming quickly, settled into place.

“Close your mouth,” came the order. Laureth shivered, feeling a sudden excitement tingling in her nipples, and slowly closed her mouth. Amber’s thumb slipped out, rubbing on her lips as she adjusted the metal until Laureth’s teeth came together.

The metal quirked the edges of her mouth, with the back of the device trapped between her gums. It wasn’t comfortable nor was it uncomfortable. It was, Laureth decided, intense.

And then it hit her.

The purpose of the metal. She looked around at the barn in a new light. She didn’t see straps and bridles for horses.

They were for her.

An intense sexual thrill burned through her body. Without thinking, her back straightened and she realized she thrust her breasts out. Her tongue teased the metal in her mouth, trying to imagine Paul turning her into a pony girl.

It was a fantasy of his, something he mentioned in passing years ago, but never fulfilled. Laureth hated horses, but now...

Paul grunted, "I think she figured it out."

Amber: "A little slow."

Her master only grunted, but Laureth didn't care. She rocked her hips back and forth as she moved her jaw around to get used to the bit in her mouth. It felt foreign, like the first time Paul slid a dildo into her ass. And, like that first time, she felt her juices soaking her pussy.

The older woman wasn't impressed as she worked a leather strap through the rings, fixing it in place. Laureth felt every twitch and twist of the bit, feeling the sensations in her mouth. Her eyes watered at the thought, looking at Paul with all the love in her life.

"Okay, here is the lead," muttered Amber, handing Paul a length of leather. Paul gave it a hesitant tug, watching Laureth. The slave felt it in her mouth, pulling down on the sensitive gums on the left side. Without thinking, she leaned in that direction to release the pressure.

Paul chuckled happily.

"Good girl, Kitty."

Amber cleared her throat before tying Laureth's wrists behind her back. It was rough leather straps that bound her, but simple. The very sensation of being helpless, wrists bound and a metal bit in her mouth, gave Laureth the first orgasm of the night, a tiny shallow one that promised more.

"Fucking slut," muttered the older woman.

Paul just grunted.

Amber led Paul out of the barn. And Paul led his slave, which made Laureth very happy. She tried to picture some of the pony girl movies her master kept in his cabinet. She mimicked the higher steps, feeling how her naked body jiggled with every step. She felt her breasts bouncing with her movements, but Paul's eyes never left her body. It left Laureth feeling hot and excited, an orgasm growing between her loins with every step.

Out in the June sun, Amber showed surprising skill in teaching Paul how to guide his slave. A flick of the whip, a tug of the lead. It didn't take long before Laureth could walk around the little yard blindfolded, trusting her master to lead her.

Amber's comments stung her, the sharp little pokes of her weight, her responses, her body. They hurt and tempered Paul's obvious excitement. Laureth struggled to make them both proud, obeying the commands as fast as she could, lifting her feet up so her pussy would flash with every step. She felt sweat and juices dribbling down her thighs, hot in the fading June sun.

Hours later, she tried to make a high-stepped turn and slipped on some gravel. Hitting the ground hard, she let out a wail as pain radiated from her hip. Paul appeared next to her, comforting her as he looked for broke bones.

Laureth tried to speak, but the bit made it hard. Paul smiled warmly and wiped the sweat from her brow.

"Nothing serious, Kitty, but time to stop."

"You have another fifteen minutes," reported Amber.

"I'm good, thank you. Let's finish up."

Amber muttered as Paul helped Laureth up. The slave gasped from the heat and effort, feeling all those high steps and searing sun in her joints. He let her lean on him for a few steps, but Laureth wanted more. She pushed away from him and stepped ahead, doing her best to give high, graceful steps. Paul let the lead slide through his fingers before grabbing it. She felt the tug of the bit in her mouth and leaned in that directions, guided by her love.

When they returned to the barn, it wasn't empty. Laureth stumbled as a dozen people looked at her. Paul tugged on the lead, pulling her to the left, and Laureth obeyed. Her eyes scanned the room, taking in the half-naked men and women dressed as ponies and the other as masters. Then, returned her gaze to the ground before her as Paul lead her to a watering trough.

Next to the water stood a table, filled with sponges and soaps. Laureth waited to be released so she could clean herself, but Paul surprised her by dipping one of the sponges in the trough and squeezing it over her body. She gasped at the cold water, but it felt intense after hours of hard, steady work. She stared at Paul, not seeing the rest of the barn, as he soaked her body. His fingers teased her nipples, rubbing them until they ached for release. The sponge rang down her sides, cleaning the sweat and salt from her skin. But, even as the cool water dried, she felt heated and panting.

Finally, his fingers found her pussy. Dripping with cool water, he quickly warmed them up by jamming into her pussy, sliding along a slickness that came from excitement and effort. Laureth whimpered, then made it sound like a horse's nicker as he almost brought her to an orgasm, then stopped.

He gave her a smile, one of his evil smiles that reached his eyes, then finished watering her down with the sponge. A well-hung male dressed as a horse watched with interest. Next to him, his master played with his cock as they took her in. Laureth felt suddenly shy, watching the two men obviously lusting after her.

Paul caught her look and followed her gaze. The master called out with a grin.

“Interested in a little stud service?”

Laureth's eyes widened painfully, but Paul just shook his head.

“Not right now. I think I'd rather handle this filly... myself.”

Laughter.

Laureth blushed hotly, then leaned into Paul's body as he took her back to the bales in the center. Her clothes were still on the ground. Paul removed her cuffs and she bent down to pick them up. Then stiffened as she felt Paul's finger piercing her pussy once again, plunging to the knuckles. Gasping, Laureth leaned forward, shoving her face into the hay as she focused on his movements.

His fingers came out dripping and she could only moan. When she felt his cock, her moan turned to a gasp. He jammed into her, thick and hard. It was a frantic rutting. He grabbed her hair and pumped hard, filling the barn with their gasps and the wet, slurping noise of their sex.

She came more than once, screaming into the bales until he finally filled her pussy with his seed. As they disengaged, the barn applauded them with cheers and clapping. Laureth felt like a fool, but buzzing like a slut. She smiled broadly as she dressed.

Outside, Amber waited by their car.

“Mr. Sausin, I know I said sex on my premises was acceptable, in the future, please refrain from doing it in the public barns.”

For the first time since they arrived, Paul focused his full gaze on Amber. There was a slight cracking of the woman's demeanor as he spoke softly, but confidently.

“In the future, I’d appreciate if you don’t call my slave ill-trained or fat.”

“I didn’t say fat, I said-”

“Pudgy, overweight, padded, and all those other words mean fat. If you can’t treat her with the respect of a fine horse and my treasured companion, then I’ll find a different trainer. And insist on my money back.”

Amber’s mouth opened, then closed with a snap. Laureth wondered how much money he paid, but the answer came when Amber sighed unhappily.

“I’ll see you next Friday.”

“And I’ll keep my dick in my pants, yes?”

She glared back at Paul’s cheerful response.

“You better,” she growled, but Paul didn’t care.

In the car, Laureth felt buzzed from the sex and excitement. As soon as they were out of sight of the farm, she flung herself across the seat to hug her master.

“Thank you! I never knew that would be so... much... fun!”

Paul smiled with his unreadable look. But, she could see he was happy with her. In that moment, more than any other time, she realized she made the right decision when she gave her life to him.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.