

Game Over Stories III

Horse Training

"Now, darling, your future owner said they wanted a horse not a boy, so do as I say and this will be painless... mostly.♪" The Collector laughed as the young man ogled her up and down.

What... what is happening to me?

He knew his predicament and he knew that his life was at stake but he could not take his eyes off of the woman. She was wearing red pumps with an opened toe and sparkling dark pantyhose. A red leotard that barely cupped her breasts and black, elbow length silky gloves. Her wine red hair fell over her pitch black eyes that swallowed him whole and her lips were of the same black as the night.

She had an air of authority he had never seen before, that reminded him of kinks and queens from the stories he read. Regal authority of the purest kind.

"Oh, what's wrong honey?" She asked mockingly, placing her crop beneath his chin and lifting it up. "Can't talk?"

She was right. His whole body was bound, stuck in a strange machine that reminded him of a mechanical horse from the circus with only my head being free to move... and his mouth gagged. The feeling of his movement being so utterly sealed was maddening, his whole body itched to move and run but, no matter how much he struggled, he simply could not.

"You are quite resilient I have to admit. The predicament alone would have a normal farmboy such as yourself weeping for his life.♪" The Collector laughed haughtily as she removed the crop from his chin and walked around him in a circle. Her heels clicking in an echo around the dark chamber. "Let me properly introduce myself. I am known as The Collector, but soon, you will know me as mistress."

He wanted to bark and bite, to scream at her and to tell her that he would never submit even though he was not an important hero or warrior. But she paid no heed to his faint struggles. The machine that held him barely moved an inch.

"I like my horses when they are feisty. Makes breaking them and training them a lot more fun." Again her laugh echoed along with the click of her heels. As her taunts made his blood boil, something had gripped his member deep within the machine. It was hard and metallic yet the

grip itself was soft like a woman's hand. At least it was comparable to the few women that he had had. "Ready for your little rape session?"

Her dominant, cocky voice made his spine chill but that did not make him any less horny. The lad had barely even noticed that he had become as stiff as a rock.

What is going on... my cock is being raped but... why is it starting to feel so good?

"Do you like your predicament? I see you are already panting. Could it be that you are already getting used to it?♪" As she finished he noticed that he was indeed panting while the machine was picking up speed. Inside of the machine his arms and legs started moving, trapped by the machine he was made to move like a horse. "Have you only now noticed? Hahahaha, it doesn't matter, soon you will be an obedient item to sell to your new owner. Shaped into a slave by my dominant hand, doesn't that sound nice?"

She mocked as she posed and got up upon the machine and crossed her legs. She rested her palm upon his head making him look down. Like a mantra, the pumping, the forced gallop, his head being made to look at the floor and her sitting atop of him, crack after crack broke upon his mind as ideas of submission and servitude poured in.

Stop...no... stop....

As drool dripped from his gag while The Collector sneered down upon him, her volcanic hair bringing a sadistic fire to the glint in her eye.

"Nnghb... Mmhbb!" He yelled into the gag, trying to plead. That only made her laugh louder. She clicked a button atop the machine and his bare ass appeared at the back. She gently stroked it with her silky palm as his skin tingled and his heart and mind raced.

"I don't want to break you too soon, so don't lose consciousness. I want you to feel everything as your mind turns to dust.♪" She laughed and smacked his bottom for the first time. It was humiliating, maddening... yet felt so good he almost broke down in tears.

"Hughh!!!" He panted and screamed into his gag. The restraints felt better and better as the motions of my gallop became almost second nature to my thinking... but my thoughts had changed completely. Instead of the ideas of rebellion and resistance, I now pictured collars, leashes, heels and boots. Of pantyhose, servitude, melted minds and utter surrender, and every pump of the machine made my mind spin and skin tingle.

Whack.

"Ugh!"

Whack.

"Hnn!"

Whack.

He felt his consciousness slipping away, he felt his mind accept the dominance she had over him as with every heartbeat he wished to gaze upon her more.

"Just as I thought little boy. You will make a fine horse indeed."

Whack!

I can no longer stop my legs or my arms. I cannot think straight I... what has she done with me... it is so... gooooooooood.

"What's wrong? Done already? ♪" She mocked the boy again but he could not fight back. Could not resist.

I must follow orders. Her orders are what I need. Mistress! Mistress!!!

This is amazing. I love this feeling of surrender and submission! It feels like... I will lose my mind!

"Don't slack of slave. You are a horse now, not a human, not anymore. You will forget you ever were one. Human sounds will become as foreign to you as they are to other animals.♪" He started panting in earnest whilst his legs entered a true gallop. The pumping gained speed the more he ran and with every crack of her crop his mind fluttered and melted out of existence.

"Never forget who has trained you horse. Never forget who broke you. You will only love me for the rest of your life and obey the mistress that buys you." She ordered casually.

I cannot... fight anymore... whip me more... I want the whip... and the crop... I am nothing more than a... a horse... just an... animal.

"Hah, hah, hah, hah!" His panting did not falter even as she stopped whipping him and got off his back. The click of her heels had a lovely, hypnotic sound to them now. The Collector stood in front of him in all of her dominant glory. She lifted his chin with her crop and gazed into his eyes.

His look was one of love and adoration, of complete submission and pure ecstasy.

"Has your mistress imprinted herself onto your brain?♪" She asks with a cocky smile. He nods, accepting his position with every fiber of his being.

"Good. Now, time to sell you to your new master." The Collector says casually, turns around and walks away without looking back at him. His heart sinks and breaks, his melted mind cannot comprehend that someone that he loves and adores so much can simply toss him aside like that. Yet even then, his cock remains hard and throbbing, dripping pre-cum.

The last thing he sees before his consciousness truly fades, is the swaying motions of her glittery, nylon clad ass. The click of her heels trampling the last remnants of his shattered mind, into dust.