

Steeds, Fillies, and Love

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Adult Content Warning - this story contains adult themes, including non-consensual sexual acts such as slavery, BDSM and bondage and death. This is a work of fiction and/or fantasy. If you are under the lawful age for such materials (usually 18) or if you would find such material offensive, please go elsewhere.

Categories: BDSM, Ponies, Science Fiction

Chapter 1.01 The Way it Was

In the early days of the twentieth century scientists debated whether environmental factors or genes dominated in the growth and thought of human beings, plants and animals. A primitive tribe of humans called Russians hypothesized that mere thought or need could select for better genes. Others such as Mendelev argued that survival of the fittest selected for the best genes and so the best body and lifestyle that resulted.

What was argued really was whether free will existed or did the world evolve inevitably from random circumstances. Humans quarreled often in their religions about this primal issue. Sometimes God ruled with an iron hand. Sometimes He gambled. Some Gods were overthrown and man pretended to be the gods. Sometimes He did not exist.

When the Grha conquered portions of the Earth, they entered into this queasy philosophical morass. Did the Grha count and in what way? Certainly they had a different way of viewing existence. What if they were right and Man wrong? Has Man ever been right? Did it matter?

Chapter 1.02 Racing

Bill Swansea of Amerash traded with the Grha Domain of Wyhlach for his father's firm and dealt uneasily in a complex and difficult transfer of cotton, bananas, and bison for microelectronics, paisley, and icons. When he visited the far northlands, he exchanged pleasantries with what passed as the Grha merchant class. Friendship was too alien a concept to share with them but gambling on the outcome of filly races both groups enjoyed.

Deep in the Domain near what the ancient Canadians called the Hudson Bay, human drivers dared not venture. So only young flexible Grha sports guided the light carriages contested by expert teams of attractive fillies. Being related to humans the fillies possessed some intelligence but preferred praise for their physical skills and features and often had short vicarious lives. The Grha neglected their sexual attributes having absolutely no interest being asexual in their reproductive habits.

Swansea studied the racing form with his Amerash cohort from early school years, Jack Lacey. This contest featured trotter teams in the Liadline event of one kilometer. Ten carriages participated in this race. Each had a team of four fillies of the same pure breed. Today's teams consisted of two sets of American Sluts, one rare Southern Belle, two Quebeckers, one French Maid, one Yakut, two Canuck Sluts, and one JAP. All nervously pranced in their wooden examination stockades, anxious to run and compete with their girlfriends. To keep circumstantial advantages even, all of the fillies wore platform heels, high skirts, electric reins, and crotch yokes.

He liked the sturdy calves of the Canucks but sentimentally favored the American breed. Jack preferred the sultry Southern Belles. The Grha odds makers posted the imported French Maid as 7-5 to win. The American and the Canadian Sluts ranged from 3-1 to 50-1 in odds.

Every one of the fillies nervously shifted from side to side when he and the handsome dark haired Jack approached. Men were rare this far north and the fillies reacted to their exciting oddness with a natural sensual attraction and sheer tantalizing shyness perhaps responding to a trace of testosterone in the atmosphere. Some might have been virgins and shivered when the humans caressed a comely breast or sleek flank. All were young ranging in age from 16 to 26. Swansea, himself, was 20 and normally horny.

A brown-eyed Quebecker mare with silky auburn tresses bothered Swansea. Something puzzled him, which he put down as ordinary sexual attraction for her swept back hair and full breasts filling her upper dress and brassiere to the near point of bursting. He inspected carefully under all of their dresses checking

their harness connection areas and peeped for tell tale rashes from chafing of their thighs. Though uncertain of his origin or species, the fillies let him explore their private areas without hesitation and responded with a warm wetness leaking from under their thin panties. Their reaction was instinctive when he touched near their vaginas.

Impulsively, he bet on the Quebecker duet despite the high 50 to 1 odds. Jack laughed at his foolishness and wagered some more on the side with his friend while he bet officially on the Southern Belles. Swansea's stomach flipped strangely as if the gamble had a deeper emotional meaning than it showed.

Swansea also inquired with the Quebecker owner on whether he could use them after the race. Luckily the Grha considered his weird request as a lucky omen and accepted with a raucous grunt. Being sterile and egg fixed fillies faced no physical problems or excuses even if they understood the transaction or its possibilities.

Amazingly the Quebeckers won and Swansea did too. He collected the four panting Quebeckers immediately afterwards while their thighs still profusely sweated and the exhilaration of the victory still coursed through their veins. They meekly followed him after the normal transfer from a Grha handler of their leashes to a new boss hand to his sheltered sleeping quarters near the Laidline. Securing their left ankles to the bottom bed post, popping their gags and tenderly pulling light blue panties down, Swansea instructed the eager virgins how to suck and fuck a dick. Despite a hard race the fillies had no problem overcoming fatigue in his bed. In the morning they disappeared back to their stalls to be prepped for their next race in two days.

The filly he found so disturbing had etched into her right tit her Grha brand and number 003-987-2837.

Chapter 1.03 Some Definitions

Cloning - To reproduce without sex many individuals from the same genetic source material. Individual clones could be identical or varied by minute details to reduce visual and personality confusion.

Fillies - Sterile female humans raised as beasts of burden originally by the decadent American/Euro civilizations.

Grha - Those who conquered the Earth.

Humans - Those who once ruled the Earth.

Chapter 2.01 The Way It Is

Ruin, devastation, havoc and terror. In many different ages Earth has been ravished, struck by asteroids, stalked by diseases, burned and fought over. Constant change was the rule. Why should any age be different?

One must leave reality to find true peace. The paradigm of existence creates suffering. To be is to suffer.

Maybe the dinosaurs retired?

Fillies enjoy life without choice, without the evil fruit of knowledge.

Chapter 2.02 Pack Girls of Amerash

The Amerash pack girl steadily marched the twisted roads of the western Rockies bearing the heavy loads evenly across her shoulders, draping egg-shaped bags across her breasts and carrying a ponderous crotch pouch braced across her ass. Her light blue cotton frock caressed her lithe upper thighs and let her nipples provocatively poke the thin material. Naturally, a tight leather strap creased her dress hem in front and in back.

Two hundred of her comely girlfriends plodded along in step in two columns connected crotch to wrist, wrist to wrist and neck to neck. To Swansea these pack girls represented a great investment and a great deal of trouble. He did not look forward to the fierce commercial battles of Amerash. When his father retired or died, that would be his onerous fate along with his two younger brothers and as the eldest the major duty would be his.

Three of the freight troop were sisters, one aunt, three nieces and one naughty wench he was thinking of proposing to. Most were of a common source, purchased from the lower classes.

His father's company owned all of them. The two dozen male employees that included his school friend Jack guided, fed, maintained and cleaned the girls. After a hard day of work they would also bed them except for the Swansea relatives and a handful of others who were kept under lock and key in the hopes of an advantageous marriage. More than once he and Jack had shared a lively oldster not locked by her relatives and no longer married.

Energy sources had dwindled since the heydays of the twentieth-first century. Science had adapted well and technology still amazed. Swansea packed a laser pistol, compact radio communication methods and an electric whip.

Only the large bulk goods required mechanical transport in these days. Small items, valuable and compact, moved with the toil of patient girls happy to serve and have a useful job. Those who thought otherwise had been modified out of existence over the centuries.

Swansea approached his devastating sixteen-year-old sister, a nubile blonde with dancing emerald eyes, and patted her flaxen head affectionately. Michelle stirred and glanced at her warm-hearted brother never breaking her steady six kilometers an hour stride. She blinked hello and pursed her friendly red lips around her red ball gag. She wasted no breath on useless speech but kept her strength for her job. She inhaled and exhaled quite nicely.

Someone in Denv perhaps or back East in Charlstown would enjoy her provocative and engaging company one day and help win a few contracts for their firm. She would be dandy in her role. He could sense her sweet hotness from the way she swayed her hips as she walked. She bothered him too far too much despite being a relative. His cock rose and he considered what other cuddly blonde he would have tonight in her place. Or perhaps a brunette...that darn silly Quebecker filly again rose unbidden to his mind's eye.

The glory of Amerash belonged to the strong backs and rapid little tongues of the mongrel pack girls. A breed not born from cloning tubs but from the fat bellies of women.

Chapter 3.01 Negotiations

Swansea often visited the northern Domain learning the trade. Each time he went he inquired of the Quebecker racing team known as "Ghanar Ty Iollal". They toured for a longtime near the magnetic pole and higher where humans were not allowed since the Conquest one thousand years ago. Finally they circled south near the northern wetlands of Lake Superior. Swansea arranged a quick business trip that required a Ford Flyer so his personal fillies stayed home though some worked on a milk run between Denv and Salt Lake City.

He inquired of the team owner, Ty Mytar, for permission to use the Quebeckers. The Grha remembered his lucky human and acquiesced immediately. Swansea shortly greeted the fillies with a warm hand under their dresses between their clever white thighs. They knew him from before and greeted him with much rapid blinking. Their nipples strained their dresses in a fond memory of the last night they shared. They whined plaintively to him eager to be bedded. He told them to win and it would be so.

They won. Since the last time he had fucked them, they had raced 62 times placing only eleven times and mostly third at that.

Once more Swansea caressed "002-987-2837" well rounded tits and pressed her head down on his cock. She sucked happily learning this time what her throat's natural function was as he pressed his hard cock all the way down and held it as she struggled for breath. Afterwards he tried to converse with her but her ancestral French had deteriorated from a lifetime of gagged silence and generations of ruthless total Grha control.

It did not matter. He hugged her tight and knew her finally as a lost soul mate. Two of her slightly older clone sisters settled in around him wrapping slender tired legs around his hairy legs while his beloved slept calmly on his rugged chest. Her other sister cradled his head against her breasts and belly. It was a nice family she had.

He loved her and knew what he had to do the next day.

The Grha owner refused to sell his beasts or even consider the generous Swansea offer. This was exceptionally surprising. Humans and Grha had little in common but ever since the last wars both sides had sulkily agreed to forever trade, gamble and respect frontiers. The Grha, perhaps embarrassed, attempted to explain: "These fillies are experimental. An attempt to break in new genetics. They must be studied closely. To err would be...how you say...evil to do."

"That merely drives up the cost. All things have a price and what is yours?"

"None."

Swansea considered and grinned: "How about winning races?"

"???"

"I screw them and they win. You know I am lucky."

"True..." The Grha hated to be stuck. His greed battled with his ethics. "Still...wrong..."

"There must be some way, some exception...some deal we can make to help you and satisfy me." earnestly insisted Swansea.

"True...I will consult...others may see...permit..."

With that Swansea acquiesced, content to wait for a little while but not too terribly long.

Chapter 3.02 Marriage

Michelle Swansea went quicker than he had thought possible. A son of a noble in Appalachia had offered Father Swansea an exclusive transport contract for tobacco and Morgantown gear. He had grown enamoured of her sweet ass and his father had approved the deal. What could a big brother do but help sell Michelle's ass?

She would make one last haul for her brother lugging a load of Indian jewelry east to KC where she would be crated and air shipped to Alabam under his personal direction. There, in lower Appalachia, her new husband would greet her, check her luscious body for damage and then let her march with a new yoke to her new home hauling cargo, of course, or pulling a black personal carriage.

Bill Swansea envied his sister. She would find true love sooner than he would. At twenty he ached to settle down and raise children for the defense of the Amerash frontiers. He dreamed of his Quebecker lining up under some Grha dome waiting for the electric signals to her nipples and crotch to tell her to begin and pull with all of her petite might. When he owned her he would name her Michelle in honor of his sister.

He wished Michelle well. She would have no worries in her life. A man owned her now and would make her pregnant and swoon with passion. She had a job too that put her on display, kept her fit and outdoors. What more could anyone want?

Chapter 4.01 The Deal

Ty Mytar requested Bill Swansea to come to Boothia in secrecy. Swansea arranged his personal matters and traveled in a zigzag pattern north using three different modes of transport. Humans could be counted on the fingers of one hand up here. It was an honor to be granted to only a few.

"What is it?" There was no point in small talk or friendship with a Grha. These concepts did not exist for them so they could not be insulted.

"The beast that you wanted."

"And?" breathlessly Swansea waited.

"It can be arranged."

"What price?"

"None."

"Now I do not understand again, forgive me my lack of knowledge."

"You have a choice to make. As was said the filly is an experiment in genetics. What is to be said must never be said. To learn is to die or to make a choice."

"Explain, please, Grha."

"We are Grha, we produce young as we wish. When first we came we thought you the same with your cloning vats. We erred. That was wrong. Now we are right."

"So you know we screw and reproduce. So?"

"So, we learn. We wish to...again this is as far I can go. Decide."

Swansea considered. Ty Mytar offered him his Michelle but at a price that could not be explained. What could it be? "If I accept will I be able to have the filly?"

"Yes. As part of the experiment. We control."

"Will I be able to screw her?"

"Many times, at least as often as she wins and more."

"May I take her home to Amerash?"

"Unlikely. Never. Boothia or further north forever...perhaps much later something may be arranged. I have concepts to explore from ancient human texts that may apply or may not."

Swansea considered and his cock decided. "OK, I accept as long as I can arrange for a decent fake death for the folks back home. Now what is the choice?"

"To become a steed. The matter is in progress as we speak."

Chapter 4.02 After The Conquest Wars

Neither the Grha nor the humans won. True the Grha came as colonists fleeing tyranny and gained something. They preferred cooler weather and the thawing Antarctic, high Himalayas and North Pole regions had few humans anyway.

The final peace treaties forbade further armed conflict, encouraged mandatory trade and gambling and set forbidden subjects. Among these banned subjects were reproduction except cloning, genetic manipulation, biological and nuclear warfare and slavery. Fillies did not count generally under these restrictions.

But that was long ago and times change.

Chapter 5.01 Training

Michelle fluttered her lovely eyelashes at Bill from her stall next to his. In the last three weeks Bill had learned a lot about Michelle and her sister Marie and the intricacies of a carriage harness from an intimate personal position. The cold Grha hands constantly probed between his legs inserting poles and tightening straps making him whine and twist. Dozens of strong electric shocks left his cock twitching but his body muchly more obedient to routine Grha orders.

Servile Grha arranged for his feeding and drinking usually after long grueling hours with the fillies hauling a extra high weighted carriage around a kilometer long circular track. Being potty trained was more difficult and was a matter of controlling his bladder and rectum until the privacy of his sand covered stall after his clothes had been removed. He would kick the absorbent and scented sand over his mess. Grha would clean up afterwards when he was off exercising or being taught.

He resented the fact that his sexual desires were often ignored and used as a bribe by his Grha owners to test his and the Quebecker performance. Indeed they all performed better with sex denied until after the race. In a special larger stall the two sisters would kneel as a reward and let the Grha pop their gags. Immediately, they descended on his engorged cock and alternately deep throated until he shot his load over their smooth white faces. After a brief period as the fillies cleaned up with writhing pink tongues on each other's face and over his prick and balls, the Grha would isolate them again in adjoining stalls, regagged, wrists locked, stripped, standing and cooling off from their exertions.

He would stand then joyously anticipating his next chance to be double sucked with his prick still stiff from his unrequited passions. Michelle shyly glanced down over the rough-hewn wood stockade and admired what her sultry little body could do to him. Her proud tits taunted him, so visible and so unreachable. Her wondrous tongue locked behind her rubber ball gag undoubtedly laughed at his predicament. For her the stalls and her bonds had been with her since she had been a foal. She enjoyed her life and knew no other. She could flirt as much as she wanted merely by standing still with her hands behind her rump as he painfully discovered.

In the first week he had suffered many doubts. Ty Mytar had directed the purging of all surface hair except for his scalp and crotch. A technician had burned Ty Mytar's mark on his right breast with his serial number inscribed underneath: M00-000-001. True he loved Michelle and he had not liked how he lived in Amerash. Still being made a dumb beast rankled some despite his love of Michelle.

Since he had joined the Quebecker breed line, they had died his hair to match and softened his skin with estrogen. He wore the same pale blue panties and cerulean dress with vertical darker blue stripes though it fitted more as a tunic on his larger frame. For the moment he even shared the same flat sandals on his feet but he feared one day he would learn to trot in high heels as did pretty Marie and gorgeous Michelle. Even a bra could one day be tied over his chest.

The Grha mark was really a brief inscription from their language. His consisted of a circle with a centered dot, horizontal squiggle, triangle (6 in a row) and a bar. What it meant he did not know or had ever speculated. Certainly, it appeared grim and macabre.

He looked down at Marie's plump tits and narrow flat belly with a small brown puff at her crotch and then darted a glance at Michelle's near identical body. They both belonged to him. They stretched and inhaled daring him to touch their magnificent bodies and tantalizing nipples. Then they bobbed their firm tight butts and languidly swayed their shoulders. Their long loose hair flowed sensually caressing their arms and back. Briefly the brilliant white teeth showed crunching into the hard blue rubber strapped into her jaws.

Oh, to have those teeth in his pubic hair softly chewing the base of his rigid staff!

Swansea thrust his hips in reply, rolled his black eyes and flexed his heels up and down. He would teach their worthless slut souls! In the next practice heat he would have them chasing him harder than ever and their owners would insist they pay proper respect on their knees with their wide-open mouths. And someday he would jump their bones until they screamed!

Which was exactly what the Grha and the fillies wanted.

Chapter 5.02 Equipment

Padded steel rings circled his wrists and locked them behind. He might never see his hands free again or in front of his stomach and available to touch his genitalia. A furred leather collar circled his throat with a leash often extended from the collar to a hook, three-fingered hand, hitching post or steel ring.

During trotting classes he had metal rings above each knee. Grha stable hands watched him practice by himself or with a carriage in tow. If he broke stride or did not lift a knee high enough or straight, an electric charge was triggered in the offending knee band. In time he kept his knees up high enough and consistently.

Permanent metal clips or electrodes pierced his nipples and the bottom of his prick. When hitched wires led to the carriage behind where a small Grha sport gripped the controls. A left turn was signaled by an electric jolt to his left nipple. His right nipple indicated a right turn. A signal to his cock said "faster". A simultaneous zap to all meant "stop". Swansea learned very quickly these simple commands. He did not like the new jewelry at all but slowly amazement sunk in because of how his resilient body managed to respond despite the pain and gradually accepted it as normal.

When he ran he was always with his team of Marie and Michelle who were linked as a duo behind his rump. Though many yokes could be used, Ty Mytar preferred a lower yoke. Swansea also experienced an upper yoke and a combination of the two as the team was evaluated for their most effective performance characteristics. With his superior upper muscles Swansea worked very well when wearing an upper yoke but his fillies often stumbled unable to keep up with his strength.

A lower yoke for a filly is a much simpler affair than with a steed. In essence, it consists of a padded leather strap between her thighs tied to a belt. Her hands are bound to the back of the lower yoke. A carriage pole is connected to either her wrists/yoke connection and/or the pole is run through her thighs and hung from her wrists and her crotch.

For Swansea his cock got in the way of a typical yoke. It could have been constrained under the yoke but that risked damage and might have hindered sexual energies during the race. Instead of being a solid swatch over his crotch, his yoke split into two strips that ran to either side of his cock and balls.

After four weeks Swansea and his filly friends graduated to a new level. Swansea's hair had been long as was the style in western Amerash but it had only begun to grow to match the generous length of his fillies. As he had feared the Grha stable hands locked platform heels onto his feet. They started him on a near eight-centimeter height. They let him walk slowly for three cycles around the track before putting the

silently giggling Marie and Michelle behind his ass for a slow run around the track again. He wore them continually except for veterinary checks for a week.

Then they added another four centimeters to his heel and let him try spikes, pumps and high-heeled sandals. Frilly thigh high stockings came about the same time and cosmetics. Indeed except for a lack of tits he resembled Marie and Michelle greatly.

About then Ty Mytar discovered priapic drugs. Apparently Swansea's erection improved their racing time especially when the fillies sat in front of him and closely scrutinized and sniffed his erection tenting his dress/tunic just before the race. With their mouths gagged, they could only bob their feminine little noses nearby and whimper. Swansea did not appreciate their flirting and yearned closer contact. The Grha had to hold him back.

Once in their harness the fillies initially barely behaved and rarely stayed in form. It took several days to teach them proper restraint and the ability to put off instant gratification until after their practice contest.

Chapter 6.01 Groenlund

Swansea debuted in a Grha domed stadium in Groenlund in a short 0.5 kilometer race. Humans had rarely visited this far north even during the great days of the past. Formerly the ice and the cold had hindered humans. Now Grha absolutely forbid humans above Boothia much less northern Groenlund. He would compete against filly teams of four wearing four centimeter pumps with a pure Grha audience to cheer with their nasal chants.

Ty Mytar inspected his new team personally. His curious hand squeezed Swansea's throbbing erection through the silky fabric of his panties. "How odd your kind. What value does this give? It seems a waste. Still perhaps it will be good for the racing game. We will see."

Swansea squirmed, uncomfortable with this impersonal intimacy. Grha constantly held his prick these days, fascinated by its strangeness.

Fifty or more Grha hands caressed his prick and checked his inner thighs and haunches during the mandatory pre-race inspections. As taught he kept his thighs open and his back straight. Michelle and Marie, already aroused, whined as the same Grha checked to see if they owned cocks too.

With relief the pre-race formalities ended and the small Grha sport known as Potar approached gently massaging each of their breasts and cooing meaningless noises into their ears to calm them. Then he personally checked their harnesses under their dresses not wanting an accident. Marie and Michelle sighed happily knowing his touch and respecting how he cared as he adjusted their panties and their hems. Swansea had mixed emotions. He did not like sharing their breasts so resented Potar's hand as it cupped his balls making sure nothing pinched. Still when Potar pulled his yoke tighter, stuffed cock and balls within his panties and then straightened them, he tingled in a strange anticipatory appreciation despite how he hated the Grha's hand and its freedom to touch his fillies tits and then dare touch his own tools.

Ten teams stood at the ready in their separate pole positions. With side blinders in place, Swansea's team advanced to their number three post-place without seeing their beautiful competition. Swansea could see down or forward and little to either side. In the chase of the race, he had to depend on his Grha driver to aim him into gaps and keep him trotting where he was supposed to go.

Swansea stared straight ahead, unmoving with his total mental concentration fixed on the cold electrode fixed near his cock. It made a complete connection between two points a centimeter distant from each other at the base of his cock. It ensured a single flash of a buzz like sensation in a small, highly focused region, easy to interpret and identify.

Go! His cock jerked suddenly, the gate swung open. Time to trot!

Immediately Swansea began to move. Each knee rose and fell in an alternate rhythm with the other. Carefully and with worry he watched them perform remembering the pain of training. Failure to trot right would mean disqualification and Ty Mytar would be forced to reconsider whether Michelle or Marie would be available for him.

His pace became an automatic methodical thing. Up, down, up, down and so on. Potar twitched his left nipple and he synchronized his steps slightly to the left adjusting to the gentle curve of the track. Occasionally Swansea observed the back of a carriage with a Grha managing its team of fillies. As he passed a rival team, he momentarily observed a flash of bright clothing and long streaming hair of a enthusiastic American Slut or the full billowing yellow locks of a Norwegian Maid keen on winning. The other fillies sometimes passed and sometimes were overtaken allowing brief glimpses of their feminine flesh and heaving boobs.

It seemed forever before the bell lap sounded. Potar immediately added extra shock juice to Swansea's stiff cock making him sweat and fly. Behind him he heard Michelle and Marie gasp and strain as their soft pussies received the same ungentle reminders of extreme haste. Swansea pulled the fillies ever faster by their common yoke as their knees relentlessly pounded up and down. A whip sparked across his shoulders urging him on. A savage cry vibrated his sore, dry throat and failed to move his ball gag. Faster! Faster! FASTER!

Then it ended and Potar shocked all of their nipples and crotches. The team shuddered to a halt. With the contest done errors in trotting pace were allowed. Still Swansea and his fillies maintained the regular trot rate not even recognizing that they did so. They circled slowly, cooling. Stable hands covered their shoulders with warm brown hair blankets woven from past generations of Quebeckers. The blankets drooped down past their crotches but did not conceal or impede their fine legs.

Gradually their shuddering breath calmed. Grha hands rubbed fragrant oil and anti-inflammatories into their calves and thighs easing the beginning cramps. Mild fruit juices laced with electrolytes were squeezed through their ball gags making them swallow. A Grha wiped away excess leakage from their lips.

A handler clipped a standard leather neck leash to the still tired Swansea surprising him. The handler instructed him to halt and stand with a sharp tug. His head jerked in indecision and resistance that rose from fatigue. A Grha stroked his belly and breasts. Recognizing the familiar touch Swansea relaxed and nervously obeyed his leash and the grim hand that held it. In front of him the winning team of superb Norwegian Maids proudly paraded in front of the nine losers to be honored with bright yellow flower necklaces and a dazzling crimson crystalline amulet to hang from their lily white throats. Tears gently flowed from their soft happy blue eyes as did drool from their gags. Their strapped loose green robes lay plastered to their tits, hips and bellies from their race sweat.

To Swansea's surprise his stable hand pulled him forward next. Meekly and proudly he trotted up to the winner's circle to receive a wonderful necklace of blue flowers and matching gem amulet around his throat for finishing second place. He could feel his erection strain even harder within his soaked panties. His fillies shook their common yoking poles under his sensitive balls as they too trembled with excitement and happiness.

His Grha tugged him away and led his team of fillies off to a subterranean tunnel entrance down where the stalls were. They trotted along with their vision narrowly focused. Swansea concentrated on his neck leash. His fillies gazed with wonder at his muscular behind as it pumped and pulled their twin yokes.

A section of the small warm up circle had been prepped for them. Stable hands unhooked them from the carriage and removed the hard yokes, harnesses and blinders.

Marie nervously paced in her high-heels. Potar hummed and fondled her breasts trying to calm her wild animation. He kept her on a short leash, close to his right hand.

Michelle frowned and fought on her leash. A stable hand reached under her dress and roughly pulled her panties to her knees. Squirming desperately she needed two sets of hands on her leash to restrain her from attacking Swansea.

Meanwhile Swansea stood still as stable hands lifted his dress and yanked off his panties too. His erect dick spoke for his true feelings on the matter. A Grha kept his leash taut.

The fillies were really struggling and the Grha decided to let go and not bother removing gags, shoes, stockings or dresses. Once the leashes dropped the fillies jumped Swansea kicking him to the ground and the filly asses bumped each other and fought over his crotch. Eventually Michelle succeeded and had Swansea's engorged dick slip up into her cunt. She squatted on his belly, knees to either side of his waist and her dress sprawled over their union with her red lips pressed tightly to her red ball gag. She commenced to pump her hips.

Marie, annoyed at losing access to a hard dick, pouted to the left side. She rose and stepped over Swansea's face and squatted with her knees straddling his chest. He watched her descend fascinated by the shadows of her dress and the mystery reeking above him. Marie sat on his face and commenced to rub her pussy on him. Her dress covered his head and eyes.

The fillies changed places several times until collapsing on top of Swansea. Marie's bare bottom protruded from under her dress with a limp prick caught between her thighs. Michelle cuddled against her sister from the opposite direction. Her dress still covered the snoring Swansea's face.

Stable hands lifted them free of each other, patting rumps and cheeks until they lazily opened their eyes and stood on their own. The Grha shook their heads in wonderment while stripping them. They sprayed them down with disinfectant scented water, scrubbed and massaged tender muscles and coaxed them to their stalls for the night.

Heated ankle packs and knee pads were added to sooth overworked ligaments and flesh. Swansea blinked, content and weary as his neck leash was snapped in place to a massive hook.

Potar, ever vigilant and loving, patted his rump and whispered kind words on his performance and added in Amerash: "Rest now, tomorrow there is another race."

Swansea lazily blinked and his eyes closed in delicious sleep.

Chapter 6.02 Spikes

The next morning dawned. The stable lit with incandescent light.

Grha hands grabbed Swansea and the fillies by their leashes and tugged them forward where a simple cotton panty brief and sports bra were put on them. A yoke pressed intimately against their bottoms where Grha hands secured the yoke to their harness. Then they were led to the tiny exercise circle where a small carriage was attached to their lower yoke harnesses. They trotted slowly around the circle warming up and stretching sore muscles and tendons, feeling the firm yoke between their thighs. Then it was time to be restalled and panties removed for toilet duties. Stable hands fed them breakfast at the same time and permitted soft small talk.

Once recleaned and refreshed, Swansea and his fillies were repantied with the same white briefs and directed to the makeover stool. There they knelt side by side while a wooden board was clamped around their necks and locked in place. A nose clamp squeezed their nostrils shut so that their mouths could be safely opened and a jaw bar inserted. This prevented them from closing their mouths and kept them wide exposing bright white teeth and a red dancing tongue.

Grha hands jumped into work. They polished teeth and cleaned between them. Antiseptic mouthwash was sprayed within the mouth cavity, then rinsed and then repeated. Lipstick was applied. The eyes sparkled

with glitter and mascara. Powder and blush accented the fine facial features. Extraneous hairs were plucked and their hair washed and primped into luxurious waves.

Below their headboard rouge and powder were lightly dusted over tits and crotch. Electrodes were inspected and replaced if necessary. Deodorant was applied under arms.

Other experts examined finger and toe nails and then painted them garish shades of red and violet.

They took a ten-minute break once the Grha finished grooming thus letting everything dry. Swansea and the fillies dared not move even if they could have done so. They still knelt on their haunches and knees with their mouths popped open and their hands crossed behind them. Their eyes moved from side to side trying to see where their groomers were.

Potar came over and examined them for imperfections. He instructed the groomers to do a few changes that were completed immediately. Swansea and the fillies blinked and ahhed unable to see how gorgeous they were.

Grha yanked the jaw bar out and unpinched the noses. While the fillies and Swansea savored the relative freedom, smacking lips and swallowing, the old gags (previously left around their necks) were picked up and inserted again. No time for chatter on race day.

Up again they followed their leashes to the dressing area where freshly laundered clothing would be donned. Each received identical garb except for size differences: A fancy full blue bra, light blue bikini panties, cerulean dress with dark blue stripes, light blue with dots thigh high stockings and dark blue ten centimeter spike heels. Running shoes were made of the finest welded stainless steels especially designed to fit each individual foot. They never break and are strapped on to prevent slippage.

After that they were led upstairs to an inspection chamber for the next race. It would be an early heat for the 100 meter dash. Winners would be rested and retested until the finals. Grha patrons bet on the heats as well as the finals without distinction.

Potar moved their ankles 300 centimeters apart and leashed their necks to a ceiling rod with Swansea flanked by Marie and Michelle. He briefly reassured them and rubbed their rumps.

A handler poked a three-fingered hand under Swansea's hem and lowered his panties exposing his soft prick and balls. A needle injected a drug to stiffen him. His cock blossomed into a rigid seven inches. The hem dropped to cover.

The gamblers arrived. Swansea tried to relax like his fillies as countless hands explored under his dress and scrutinized his legs. By the time Potar checked his panties and harness, it felt real good to be so closely supervised.

Spike heels are difficult to walk in, much less run or trot. Swansea trotted but slowly compared to the three teams that placed in front of the pack. There would be no more racing for the day. They descended to their stalls and no sex.

Standing nude in their stalls, the fillies kept glancing over with sorrowful eyes at his unrepentant full erection. He hated their flirting. He despised losing.

Chapter 6.03 Last Fling in Groenlund

The next day dawned. Today was the grand finale followed by two days of rest and travel.

As was the custom Swansea and his fillies did not know until the morning when Potar advised them of a race. Later they realized, with blissful relief, that the shoe would be a platform heel of eight centimeters, much easier to trot in.

After a grueling 1.5 kilometers race, Swansea and his fillies trotted along behind a stable hand's steady lead to the winner's circle. His heart and cock pounding, Swansea trotted obediently behind his leash down the ramp to the exercise circle where his fillies ravished and assaulted him, unable again to even wait to remove their dresses and gags.

Chapter 6.04 Travel

The Grha seized Marie's leash and yanked her up. Shaking her head to clear the cobwebs, she meekly rose and jerked along after her holder. Michelle whined but did not hesitate in her turn. Swansea grunted as a Grha pulled him to his platform heels. He trotted off to the showers, massage and stripping.

Squeaky clean and scrubbed a stable hand slipped a dense black hood over his head. His ball gag protruded prominently. Numerous tiny slits peppered the nose area to allow ample breathing. He gulped, uncertain but knowing from past experience that he and his fillies would be loaded soon and be leaving to an unknown destination above the Arctic Circle. He had never seen it but knew its snug and sparse compartment. There he would listen to the hum and grumble of an engine as it sang a lullaby.

The Grha hauled away on the grunting Swansea's neck. He followed as did Marie and Michelle.

Chapter 7.01 The Great Circle

The Arctic Ocean's surface froze solid aeons ago. It took global war and planetary conquest to warm it until the Davis Straits flowed cold but strong all year round. The great north remained even then tundra strewn with frigid blizzards.

The Grha claimed these desolate lands as their new home beyond the stars. New cities and alien place names littered the great circle of the north: Spitsberg, Finndla, Norge, Novzemyla, Kolma, Komi, Anadyr, Yukon, Ellesmere and Groenlund. Humans were barred from these lands. Further south remained slightly contested.

Fillies, and one steed, visited here and there around the Great Circle racing and often winning. Beating Sluts, Maids, Geishas and other breeds. Celebrating often with wild sex and frivolity.

Chapter 8.01 Decisions

Ty Mytar addressed his greatest winner of all time as he held a small vial of recently ejected human semen: "It has been a year and indeed you have used your Quebeckers well."

Swansea attempted to smile but his gag stopped him from ever talking.

"Experiments. As I said. The Quebeckers can breed. Only drugs inhibit growth."

A violation of the treaty! Involuntarily he struggled with his bound hands but steel never yields.

"You will have sons and daughters."

Swansea swore but only mildly. Mytar never noticed nor would he have even if Swansea could talk. The Grha had no gods and never ever got upset. Some human philosophers claimed that they had no soul or at least no emotions. They fought well though but without passion or compassion.

"This one," a stable hand came forward with cute Marie tagging along in her best racing gown. She looked delightful with her pretty face looking up at her Grha master with admiration and love. "Is lame." She had been limping recently. "You have owned fillies, you know the choices."

Indeed he did. Retirement as a mother or mother aid. Sale to the Grha. Death. Rebirth as a clone.

"There is another possibility. She can serve as a brood mare. A replacement filly of the same breed will be running behind you in the future." The large black orb that was the Grha eye glowed and grew. "Decisions. This is yours too. Then again what is a decision? A choosing of potentialities. It is never good to choose. Just do as has always been."

Swansea nodded, just perceptibly. Mytar agreed in turn. Swansea noticed that his prick tickled and was growing stiff. He would miss Marie he supposed but he could imagine her suckling a newborn quite contentedly. But what would she think as her belly grew huge for the first birth in a thousand years to a filly clone. Ah, she would be quite surprised.

Chapter 9.01 Competition Arises

A tall Greek with a duo of statuesque Aegean Nymphs won the Spits 1 kilometer chase. Swansea had a fine view as they paraded through the winner's circle as he waited his turn for second prize. Inevitable of course, steeds would become common in time. Many men would accept the job. A life free of responsibility, to be alone and left to run and screw.

The steed's cock tented his aquamarine tunic impressively. His dark haired beauties behind him strained at the hard yoke they shared between their sleek legs anxious to rape their great steed. Yes, he would be covered shortly by short dinky tunic hems as they bounced and humped.

Then it was Swansea's turn. He promptly followed his leash. He had finished second but it was enough to be rewarded again and he could hardly wait to be ravished by Michelle and Mikey. He could listen to their rapid panting and minute squeaks of joy leaking from their gagged red mouths.

Chapter 10.01 The Only Way to Go South Again

Past thirty a racing team usually had passed its prime and with the influx of thousands of raw steeds in the last five years this had also further diminished Swansea's popularity. He had circled the Arctic shores a hundred times performing before enthusiastic audiences and knew the nameless sands of every racing stadium and dome.

Mytar had news.

"You are washed up. You know what that means."

He knew. A short life but a glorious one. He had three sons and six daughters. One day they would be placed in harness and trotting rapidly around the same courses he knew so well.

"Still, a choice."

Swansea wondered and blinked in question.

"But not yours."

Of course. Mytar played idly with his prick, remaining still curious on its functions and knowing the Grha would never comprehend the mysteries. Never. Ever.

"We will send you home or at least south. We will add tits and pretend you a sport clone."

A shemale. Well it would fill his white lace bra. His cock would remain as stiff as ever and many orgies remained for him in his life. It was good for him. His fillies would continue to jump and rape him many more times.

Chapter 11.01 Liadline Again

Plump melon sized tits bounced pleasantly as Swansea trotted to his place in the inspection chamber at Liadline. Automatically, he spread his legs and his handler hooked his leash to the ceiling. As he had for over a decade he wore the stripes of a Quebecker. Today he wore stylish platform heels for the one kilometer trot.

A few men gathered, curious as they had been in many race tracks in the Canadian Steppes in the past year over the exotic combination of cock and tits. The Grha merely evaluated him quickly and then his fillies for their athletic prowess. The humans wanted more as he could tell from their odors.

The men cupped his sensitive tits and he could not stop the quivering body reaction. His nipples tingled and his lower body swayed. The men noticed and liked the reactions. He wondered how many would wager on him based on his sexuality? The Grha judged on other body specifications and usually misjudged the sexual factor or bet on it based on unknowing reasoning.

The hands all felt the same to him after awhile but he did respond to the raw scent of testosterone. Either way he reacted some and hoped the race would come sooner rather than later.

Jack Lacey abruptly squeezed his left nipple. Swansea recognized his old friend from bygone mythical days when he had been still a wild untamed mustang. His cock wobbled with an extra strong pulse as Jack lazily explored his breasts and patted his sweet rump. His eyes danced and his breath wavered.

Lacey never knew whom he had in his hands. Never cared. He went back to Marie and young Mikey and made them jump as he caressed their stiff clitorises. A Grha meanwhile cupped his own hot balls wondering their use.

Lacey returned to recheck the frantic gyrations of Swansea. The shemale welcomed the comfort of his strong hand on his crotch where his yoke would shortly ride. He signaled with his eyes and fluttering eyelashes.

Mytar lingered in his offices quarters nearby. Lacey went to him and Swansea prayed both for and against. He was terribly confused. His body demanded while his mind swooned at the thought. His cock ruled.

Inspection time ended with the third gong and Potar once more secured them to their lower yokes and straightened their bikini panties. He noted their extra excitement and soothed their heaving breasts with his familiar hands. He then brought the agitated fillies to their postposition.

With a sharp jab at his cock Swansea erupted from the gate anxious to beat off the relentless youthful competition. Down this far south he had only fillies to fight and they served as easy prey still. He rapidly trotted dragging his sexy pair of pretty fillies with him. Jolts of electricity gave him strong impetus and precise turning directions. Flashes of bare knees and wholesome rounded tits goaded him on. Inevitably it seemed he won and collected the usual accolades.

Time had dimmed some reflexes. He and his fillies were more amenable to their handlers nowadays and would wait to be undressed before indulging in post-race coitus. Tonight, as feared and expected, matters were different.

A nameless stable hand clasped his leash and gathered the other two fillies in the same fist. Other Grha unhitched the friendly heavy yoke and race carriage and straightened their hems. Potar removed their victory necklaces and blinders. Then he swatted their rumps and told them to play. A handler covered them with a hair blanket leaving only a hooded shroud to peek through.

A Grha tugged at their leashes and they followed despite their aching need to fuck. They proceeded through a side tunnel that bypassed the public inspection chambers where fillies stood even now as gawking crowds inspected their legs and crotches for the next prance race. They weaved their way through

a back parking lot across to the rear entrance of the human hotel. From there they climbed five flights to gain entrance to a relatively spacious apartment.

To enjoy three meters by three meters as opposed to a stall... Swansea remembered those ancient days with fondness and yet fear. What could he do with so much space? The stall seemed so much more appropriate. He yearned for the familiar comfort and a teasing naked Michelle.

Jack Lacey accepted the fillies' leashes from the handlers who gave them over with a grunt. The handler left slamming the door behind leaving the hapless fillies alone with a strange man. Afraid of him they shifted nervously from fancy heeled foot to fancy heeled foot.

Lacey smiled. They could see his interest where it filled his trousers. He gently tugged and passed a hand to scrape lightly all of their stiff nipples. The fillies whined. Lacey renewed his satisfied smirk. He noticed the shemale's tall prick pushing up at her dress hem exposing a trace of stocking top. He tapped the cock and made it wobble causing instant distress for Swansea and eliciting a saucy hip wiggle and high pitched squeal.

Pulling them along to the bed, Lacey liberated them from their panties and gags and let fall their dresses and bras to their slim waists with straps snagged on pointy elbows. Of course, their left ankles were secured to the bedpost before he did all this foreplay. His fillies panted with knees and lips slightly apart. Michelle murmured in soft quasi-French. Mikey just breathed hard with an occasional quasi-French monosyllable. Swansea remained quiet, uneasy and wound up.

Lacey preferred certainty and clipped tiny clamps onto each of the fillies's pert noses. Mouths would not unexpectedly close now and delay his satisfaction.

Lacey stripped revealing his magnificent screwing tool. Swansea had never realized how big it was before. It stood on its own and had a length a centimeter or two longer than Swansea. He would have been a magnificent steed with his endowments. Lacey stepped forward and commenced playtime with his lovely fillies.

He had Michelle and Mikey concentrate on either side of his chest with a pleasant alternating pattern of him sucking on their tits or them nibbling lightly on his nipples. He clasped their firm behinds in his square brawny hands and nudged them where he wanted them from that convenient command position. Swansea's task developed into the most important of all. A free human hand grasped the back of his head for the first time ever and he rapidly sunk to where Lacey's prick radiated heat millimeters from the warm wetness of his mouth. Lacey pushed insistently and Swansea swallowed reluctantly. Immediately he found the foul tasting cock in the back of his throat gagging him and looking for entrance. Lacey pumped Swansea's head and face fucked his old friend.

For the moment Swansea succeeded in foiling his imminent throat rape. It was a small and temporary victory for a sexy little filly. Even so with his nostrils nipped his breathing verged on strangulation. Knowing this Swansea hurried the orgasmic process by adding swift tongue lashes around the shaft and hot wet kisses on the head. Success erupted soon splashing his nose and lips and dripping from his chin.

Below his own urgency built and, with sparse movements of his thighs, seconds later he shot his load into the bed. His cock had once more decided his fate.

Swansea continued to nibble happily at the still swollen purple head. Michelle and Mikey snuggled close and content to the human, happy to be of service. They combined in covering him with their warm filly flesh.

In the morning Swansea foresaw the fierce and sudden ravishing of his virgin throat and was content. He loved his role in life and a firm yoke, up close and personal, poking through his white thighs. He loved Michelle and Mikey. He had wonderful children and kind Grha owners. What more could be asked for in a world too complex and awful to otherwise contemplate?

And he loved Lacey. He pressed his face near the prick's warm surface with his lips extremely close. His breath would tickle Lacey and would arouse him in time. He passionately kissed the helmet like head and wiggled his ass. Lacey rubbed his head. He licked with the tip of his slick red tongue the tender prick head of his old friend and human.

One day he hoped to see Lacey's offspring in a lower yoke harness and a short dress. It was inevitable. One day the world would be sane and the Grha would have all the former Earth rulers serving as pack animals or racers. What could be more right to do in the world?

Epilogue

Domestication must begin somewhere.

In the Arctic a revolution dawned. Amorous fillies chased countless steeds. Wild orgies erupted after every race as the fillies ravished and assaulted their beloved horny steed. Dedicated fillies and steeds learned proper respect and obeyed the instructions transmitted to them down a leash, flashed into sensitive nipples or aroused crotches or transmitted up from an intimate yoke.

Further south Grha hands gripped at the leashes of new and reluctant steeds intending to bring them north to a new way and freedom for humanity. The rookie steeds hesitantly followed their new owners.

Life is love. Happiness is in the eye of the beholder. Life is as it is and so it is.

Does it matter?