

The Adventures of Meili: Superheroine

By Blue Jay

As one of the beloved defenders of the town, Meili Blue fights crime alongside her superhero family. But when a wicked new villain strikes, can our spandex-clad mare save the day—and her mind and body—from being enslaved forever?

So yes, here we are with another Meili story, this time kicking off a whole series of saucy misadventures for our poor girl. I can't help that I like her so much: she's sweet, innocent, a little naïve, very sexy, and just a ton of fun to play with. Naturally, I thought of a series of humorous and arousing tales for our dear mare to live out. One of them was her as a superheroine, protecting the city from the nefarious machinations of her arch-nemesis.

Given that the superhero genre is ripe for parody, laden to the gills as it is with (sometimes) unintentional sexuality and innuendo, and that Meili's creator DarkWaltz was itching to draw her in tight spandex after my idea pitch, I decided to start with the corny and horny.

I'm sure you'll all enjoy this more than you should.

Oh, and if you want more outrageous superhero raunchiness (albeit of the strictly gay male kind), my "Roll Tiger and Crash Skunk" story is still up for your perusal.

Cheers.

The town of Citysville was staggering under the weight of its criminal burden.

Home to nearly two million souls, a solid third of whom had rap sheets longer than an orangutan's arm, the days were tense standoffs between those willing to abide by the law and those brazen enough to defy it, and the nights were wracked by bouts of war between the various crime families, the small-time gangs, and the few honest cops left. All the while the average beast was caught in the middle, kidnapped or killed or joining up with the various forces that tore what was once a great city apart at its very seams.

Thank god the town of Citysville was a two-hour drive from where our story takes place.

In stark comparison to its beleaguered neighbor, Las Locales was an idyllic hamlet of beastkind. Its population was just over a hundred thousand, its economy was far more under control, it had a fairly

light police presence (because its citizens didn't inherently covet one another's goods), and it had a respected university on its outskirts.

But while all of this was well and good, there was still the occasional wrongdoer, and such wayward folk were not always apprehended by the police.

That was where the Power Herd stepped in.

They were the greatest heroes of Las Locales, a quintet of the bravest and most noble males and females. It was not perfectly a balanced division of the sexes, three stallions to two mares, but each was renowned and beloved just the same as the rest.

Tall, commanding, unyielding: Iron Hoof was the leader of the troupe, a wise and mild-aged stallion. Always at his side was Jade Queen: she was his second-in-command, a thoughtful and daring mare whose confidence was as unbreakable as her martial arts attacks. Then came the eldest colt, Cavalier: following in the path of his leader, he was tall and muscled, charging headfirst into dangerous situations. Less audacious and perhaps a little foolish, but far from unworthy of his own accolades came Star Colt, the second-youngest of them.

Lastly was the most youthful female. She was not so strong physically as her male comrades, but her hands were sure in their strikes and her heart was pure, driving her to the same acts of courage against crime that her elders were synonymous with. She was Pony Girl, a vivacious and stunningly pretty young filly who resembled Jade Queen in her looks, though many would say that her friendliness was above and beyond what her fellows exhibited in even their gentlest moments; it was then of little wonder that after foiling a plot to blackmail the city's elite using stolen sperm donations, Mayor Tabernathy gifted the Power Herd with the key to the city, handing it directly to Pony Girl instead of Iron Hoof.

Then again, Pony Girl was standing right next to Jade Queen, and it gave the sleazy St. Bernard every opportunity to ogle their assets. The bastard.

But little did the stalwart defenders of Las Locales realize that their greatest foe was about to strike...

"You're absolutely sure the two of you will be fine going out? You have directions to this restaurant?" Orion, the head of the Blue family, asked his youngest colt.

Lysander nodded, holding up a printed map. "Yes, Sire. It's not far into town, and we're just going out and then straight back here as you instructed, all before ten."

Orion smiled, proud of his foal. "Good. You didn't take driver's ed for nothing, clearly. Just make sure only to tip ten percent, unless your server does a better-than-expected job."

The younger equine rolled his eyes. "I know, I know, and complain to the manager if the food is unsatisfactory or nothing will get done, and be sure to pull my girlfriend's seat out, and—"

"I'm sorry, but are we actually going to eat dinner tonight, or not?" the hyena standing next to him asked.

When Lysander had first brought the spotted canid home to his family and introduced her, Orion and his mate Yue had been a little surprised, not only because their son had found a girlfriend, but also because she seemed a bit more rugged than they had expected him to align with. The pair had talked it over, eventually deciding that Thalia's firm hand was exactly what someone as easygoing and on-the-fly as Lysander needed.

Orion nodded at the hyena, almost a foot taller than she was. "It's good that one of you is reliable when it comes to keeping a schedule. Hard to find disciplined people anymore, especially among the young."

Thalia smirked knowingly but said nothing. As her boyfriend escorted her to his sire's car (very generously loaned for the evening after several private—and very strict—lessons, and even more graciously received), she put her arm around his waist, and Meili giggled when her middle sibling's tail flicked excitedly in response.

Yue sighed, prompting Orion to ask what the matter was.

"I'm sure it's nothing," the elder mare confessed, "but the more time they spend together, the more I'm sure she's exerting some kind of influence upon our foal. Lysander's never been one for critical analysis, husband, we all know that."

He raised an eyebrow. "You're worried they're already having sex? Her kind is notoriously randy and domineering; the females are something to behold."

Yue tapped her chin pensively. "I am not so sure...Perhaps Thalia has a thing for equines, or more light-hearted beasts. I cannot put my finger on it, but there is something about her that I swear I have encountered before."

Her husband gave a soft grunt. "If he's gotten himself into a tight position, under her thumb or whatever it may be, then we'll get him out and send her off. I won't have any ill repute in this family."

Meili beamed at her father. He was stern, strict, and at times severe, but he was always driven by the need to provide his foals with the best and to instill wisdom and confidence in them.

It was part of what had driven him to turn his own family into a fearsome band of crime-fighters. Though it would have been easy for him to offer large portions of his personal income or set up a charity, standing as a leading public figure and inspiring others to better their community, Orion had felt it wasn't enough. With his honed mind and body, he was all too willing to directly tackle scofflaws.

What a small surprise it was that his mate had immediately insisted on joining him, and all three of his children jumped at the chance to do their city proud.

It was tough at first, training to be fast, brave, durable, and clever, but after more than a year of arduous effort, fruit was borne: their first mission was a roaring success.

Though their first several outings had been only on Friday and Saturday nights, to allow the upholding of public identities and to let them properly rest, they'd gradually grown confident and skillful enough to venture out more frequently. They also changed to more appropriate attire, discarding the clothes that made them look like mercenary soldiers and donning the mandatory wear for all of their superheroic kind: spandex.

While it did have the added benefit of making each of the horses look just silly enough to land more than their fair share of sucker punches in the war against crime, the younger of them secretly enjoyed wearing something that fit like a glove. Ulysses was often found posing at a mirror while in costume; Lysander fretted over the patterns on his bodysuit, always worrying if he looked absurd to the point of stupid or overtly sexual by making a "brief" design at the pelvic area; and Meili...

Well, she rather liked looking as if she were wearing a leotard with thigh-high stockings and elbow-length gloves. Something about being just a tiny bit sexy while meting out justice excited her, excited and...*aroused* her. Meili didn't think she was what her sire often called "deviant," she wasn't the sort of mare who would ever dream of showing off her body to the mass public...

And yet sometimes she found herself wondering what it would be like to get up in front of a crowd of people and shake her money-makers.

At her upper-crust school, some of her older schoolmates had relatives or friends who had gotten up on stages and swung around poles, and a few actually confessed to doing it themselves, much to the filly's amazement. One or two even admitted in hushed whispers what it was like to be in a porno.

Though she'd blushed herself into a physical state of tomato-ness, Meili had still secretly imagined donning unfathomably skimpy attire and pole grinding, or even creating a false ID and begging a well-endowed male to fuck her harder for the camera. She strongly suspected these hidden fantasies of hers gave vitality to the little thrills she felt when she gallivanted around the city, be it at night or in the middle of the day, and more than once she'd barely missed a swipe from a criminal because her thoughts had flitted to wondering if the average citizens were admiring her body as she defended them. She liked to think she had a cute butt, after all.

In the end, she supposed it mattered little: she would fight crime alongside her family, and one day find a mate who would make her happy, and all of this spandex silliness would be put behind her.

Orion scowled, leaning heavily against the tactical table.

Underneath the basement of the family's manor, accessible only through a carefully-crafted locked door that resembled a collection of ruined children's motorized toys from decades ago and chipped fiestaware, a second chamber had been excavated. It was more than merely a basement, it was a command center, equipped with a high-end computer, equipment racks, full-size lockers for their costumes and tools, and a tactical table with a map of the city upon it.

The family jokingly referred to it as the Stables.

Currently, Orion, Yue, Ulysses and Meili were all there, the patriarch having spent the better part of an hour staring at the layout of Las Locales, his wife doing an equipment count and check, his son was attempting to stitch up a hole in his costume, and his daughter entering data from one of their recent victories into the computer in case of future reference.

"Is something wrong, dear?" Yue asked, pausing in her own work.

Orion waved a hand at the table. "I can't figure it out. There's a pattern I'm not seeing, but I swear it's right in front of me."

Yue set down her clipboard and pencil, coming to her mate's side and putting a hand on his shoulder. "Talk it out," she advised him. "See if voicing your thoughts helps develop them. Sometimes thinking aloud works wonders."

With another sigh he did so.

"Almost thirty citizens have been abducted in the last six months, all of them between the ages of seventeen and forty. While a few of them know each other either as family or as friends, overall there's no connection between all of them aside from living in this city and being in good health and attractive. There from a broad variety of species and from each category of sex, so our abductor isn't targeting based on limited criteria." He stopped, shaking his head. "Beyond that, there doesn't seem much to go on."

"Did they all have a shared interest?" Ulysses asked. "All of them went to the same sporting event, or were at a particular summer camp?"

Orion shrugged. "If they did, I wouldn't know as much about it as a detective; not all details are shared with the public, and as cozy as I've grown with the PD, they don't tell me everything." He gave a humorless smile. "No Commissioner Morton for me to milk of vital data."

Yue patted him on the back reassuringly. "You don't see the connections now, but give it a little time and you will."

Another sigh, another shake of his head. Turning, Orion told her, "Time is one thing our victims may not have—" He broke off, staring at the clock on the wall. "Where the hell is Lysander? He and Thalia should have been back almost an hour ago!"

Yue blinked, also looking at the time; even for a Friday night it had gotten well past late evening, nearing eleven. It was not like their middle child at all to be so careless when given clear orders, and especially not when he was taking his sweetheart out.

“Maybe he lost his watch?” Meili suggested, as confused as the others.

Ulysses snorted. “He has his cell phone, and Sire was adamant on he and Thalia coming right back here after dinner. Unless the building collapsed, he shouldn’t be *this* late.”

“Fighting a gang of purse-snatchers?”

Another snort. “He was named ‘Most Recognizable Colt’ last year in school. He’d have to put a bag over his head to fight crime.”

A furious expression on his face, Orion stalked over to the room’s phone, picking it up and punching in the number for Lysander’s cell from memory. It rang...rang...rang. Everyone stared, confusion becoming more potent, turning to moderate concern when he didn’t answer. Orion frowned even harder—an act that would have brought about minor astonishment in his family if the situation had not been so serious—and immediately dialed again when the voicemail picked up.

The second attempt was followed by a third attempt. Then a fourth attempt.

At this point, the others were beginning to feel their chests tighten, swiftly-rising dread setting in. There was simply no way Lysander could have been missing all these calls.

“Stolen phone?” Ulysses weakly suggested, almost unable to blink for fear of causing cosmic misfortune to strike all the worse.

His own breathing growing shallow, Orion dialed again, and when the voicemail came on, he left a message, barely able to keep from sounding as desperate as he was; much as he controlled and criticized his colt, he did love him more than anything, and he was as much a parent as anyone with offspring.

“Lysander, this is your sire! For god’s sake, answer me! Where are you and Thalia? You should have been home by now and your dam and I are becoming concerned. Call me back *immediately*.”

He hung up, exhaling so deeply that he physically slumped for a moment, leaning against the wall.

The phone rang. Everyone jolted, almost unable to believe that Lysander was returning the call.

Orion snatched the phone without hesitation.

“Sandy? Sandy, where are you?”

There was a slight pause, and then a laugh, the phone’s volume just enough to be heard in the deathly silence.

“Sandy’s a little tied up right now, but don’t worry, he’s in the best hands.”

Yue and Meili gasped. Their leader, though, overcame his shock at the response, his anger returning easily.

“Who the hell is this? What have you done with my son?”

The voice, a female’s, gave a thoughtful hum. “Oh, I just gave him what he wanted. Big boys like him enjoy being tied down, strong, firm straps keeping them from displeasing their dominants. And I must confess, seeing a tough, mighty hero like him submitting to a naughty little thing like me just gets my dick hard. Hmm, maybe I’ll reward him by letting him suck me off for a bit.”

Orion almost broke the phone, he was gripping it so hard. “You will do no such thing! I demand that you release my son and surrender to the authorities, before I find you and break your goddamn neck, coward!”

The female broke into a fit of laughter, genuinely amused. When she calmed down, she told the enraged equine, “I’ll do you one better and tell you where to find us. After all, I wouldn’t be very scary or powerful if I couldn’t defeat such bumbling clowns as the Power Herd.”

This time, everyone sucked in a breath. Meili felt her heart stop for a moment as the realization hit her: this insane kidnapper knew who they were!

Unbidden, a fire of her own fury rose up within her, and before she realized it she was on her hooves, glaring daggers at the phone in her father’s shaking hand.

“How dare you!” she yelled. “Let my brother go this instant!”

Another fit of laughter. “Oh, Pony Girl, I’m going to enjoy my time with *you* most of all. The others will be fun enough, but *you’re* the apple of my other eye, heh heh heh.”

Meili was about to throw a retort at the bitch when Orion cut her off.

“You say you want to face all of us? Then so be it. Give us the location, and we’ll grind you to dust in your own home. Or are you afraid you’ve bitten off more than you can chew?”

This time, the laugh sounded forced; the stallion’s arrow had found its mark.

“I’m in my dungeon, inside my den, located at the northern edge of the city, the old country club, Boot Knockers. Don’t take too long, or I’ll have to play with the toy I have.”

From the other end came the most distressing sound of all: muffled moans, a quick burst of them, and then the line went dead.

Numbly, slowly, still in shock, Orion replaced the phone, and then turned to his family. Each of them had an expression of mixed fear and furor, each wanting to rush to Lysander’s aid and each wanting to wring the neck of the monstrous coward who had ensnared him.

“Suit up,” the elder male ordered. “We’re going to put this nasty little bitch in her place whether she likes it or not.”

They dressed in silence, each one too possessed by the need to save their loved one and punish the offender. Before, on any of their previous patrols or when responding to distress calls from police or emergency personnel, there had been the hurry, the rush to get into costume swiftly and get out there to help others before it was too late.

Now, though, it was almost the polar opposite, the family moving slower but with a cold swiftness: they were forcing themselves to get into uniform properly, restrain their ire until it was time to unleash it. Orion rarely went beyond a stern demeanor, but when provoked would explode, and portions of that hidden fury had passed on to his sons, both capable of bursts of outrage. In comparison, Meili and her mother were much calmer, though the older female could wield her anger like a frozen blade and the younger knew even so youthful as she was how to bite back at those who assailed her.

As such, Meili found her breathing quick and shallow as she donned her costume. The little thrill she would get when suiting up, the small spark of anticipation at running around in such gaudy attire, was gone, replaced by the painful need to punch the mystery bitch right in the mouth.

I’m going to rescue them, she told herself over and over, willing it to be true. *Sandy and Thalia need me, and I will come through for them.*

She pulled her glove on sharply, nodding to herself.

Meili gave herself a once-over, making sure everything was in place: her leotard, thigh-high boots, domino mask and elbow-length gloves were a deep royal blue, accentuating the tone of her hair and tail, and the leotard was distinguished by a bold line of pearl white from her left shoulder to her right hip. She had gotten the idea from seeing gymnastics leotards, and sewn herself a fitting crime-fighter’s outfit.

Satisfied, she looked over to her remaining brother. Ulysses was dressed in a full-body spandex suit, a sharp red design with a pair of black-and-white-striped briefs. On his muscled chest was a crest design, also striped, and it gave the impression of a knightly hero coming to the rescue.

“All right, let’s roll out,” Orion said. He was fully covered as Ulysses was, but his bodysuit was a steely gray, a large bronze horseshoe on his chest. Through his black gloves his knuckles were showing almost every detail from how tightly he clenched his fists.

Next to him, Jade Queen looked almost ominous, her green halter top pushing her generous breasts out fully and her tight emerald pants shining in the bunker's light. "When we find this witch, I want first crack at her," Yue said, and her tone was not one to be quarreled with.

The Power Herd's vehicle of choice was a modified van, large enough to hold all five of them and a few defeated wrongdoers in the back. It was specially refitted to have shatter-resistant windows, off-road tires, four-wheel drive, and had previously featured a six-disc CD player before Sandy had gotten one stuck inside; to date Ulysses had not been able to coax it out.

The trip to the abandoned country club on the town's outskirts was an exercise in silent frustration and anger. It took barely thirty minutes to reach the spot, but Meili knew it felt like an eternity, her mind weighed down by everything that happened. How had this madbeast discovered the family secret? How could she have subdued her brother? And what had happened to Thalia? Meili had never seen the hyena fight, it was true, but she hardly seemed the kind to just let someone harm her or her boyfriend. Did this mysterious villain take her hostage? That was surely a sound, if dastardly, plan to get a leg up against a hero like Lysander.

"It hardly looks like anyone's here, let alone this scofflaw," Ulysses grunted. "Place looks outright dead."

He was right: while the Boot Knockers club was still standing, its windows were cracked or broken completely, the paint was badly peeling, and the roof was missing a number of planks. It had been out of service for years.

But the front doors were wide open, and out front was a sign that had the "Wait to be Seated" plaque replaced by a bright green arrow on a yellow field. The troupe entered, eyes constantly scanning for danger, but none presented itself. The floor had a trail leading them along, and with a gasp Meili realized the articles of clothing were her brother's.

"She stripped him naked?" Orion blinked. "What the devil is going on here?"

The last piece of clothing was a necktie, one of Orion's borrowed because it was his son's favorite and looked good on him. The patriarch grimly set it aside.

Everyone looked around, confused as to where to go with the trail ending at the edge of the dance floor. It was a large portion of the building, taking up an entire third of the club, with only the kitchen and the bar left to explore, and there was no way anyone was hiding there.

Abruptly there was a sound like a series of locks unlatching, and as the quartet watched the far left side of the dance floor shifted, its planks raising up even as they began descending, and the heroes realized a hidden set of stairs was opening. They cautiously approached, and for a moment they were eerily lit by the soft glow of the lower level's bulbs as they stared down the flight.

"Brace yourselves," Orion warned, and led the way.

As they slowly descended, they kept their eyes to the right, where the secret chamber spread out. It was a simple room, featuring almost no extravagance, the walls to the Power Herd's left and right lined by a dozen or more statues of various beasts in all kinds.

With a gasp, Jade Queen asked, "Why are they dressed like that?!"

Blinking, the others looked more closely at the statues and realized they were actually living people: all of them were decked out in furtight spandex of a variety of shiny hues: black, gold, emerald, crimson, sapphire, and more. The suits ended at the collar, but each male, female, and herm wore some kind of headgear, leather straps wrapping around their skulls and gagging them with rubber balls, bits, and plugs. Behind them on the floor lay more leather and metal restraints.

"Like my collection?" a voice asked from the chamber's far end.

The heroes' head snapped in the speaker's direction. For a second all they could make out in the shadowy portion of the room was a mish-mash form, but then a light winked to life.

This time all four gasped as they came masked-face-to-masked-face with their latest enemy. She was a hyena, seated in a darkly regal fashion atop a throne made out of several other people, their bodies obediently forming the arms, back, and seat, and each was clad in shiny black spandex with a hood to match.

Meili narrowed her eyes, studying the craven lawbreaker who had attacked her family. The spotted canid wore a domino mask over her eyes the same as the Power Herd did, completely obscuring her identity. She wore a body harness, its deep purple straps criss-crossing her torso, her breasts cupped but exposed, and her crotch covered by a thong of matching design.

Smirking, unabashedly basking in their attention, the hyena said, "I think they look quite nice all dressed in such fine servant-wear. After all, I want my slaves to look their best at all times, especially when receiving future brothers and sisters."

"Slaves?" Orion barked, exuding every bit of his heroic persona. "Given the number of them, *you* must be the one who abducted all those missing persons!"

A mocking smile and mocking clapping. "Bravo, Iron Hoof. Your skills of deduction are exemplary."

"Who are you?" Jade Queen demanded. "You attack our son and his girlfriend, and then threaten us with impunity. Who are you, and what have you done with Lysander and Thalia?"

The enemy female blinked, clearly taken by surprise at Yue's question. "What?"

"The stallion and the hyena you abducted!" Cavalier growled at her. "Or did you dial the wrong number earlier?"

The hyena blinked at him, as if unsure if he was being serious. "You seriously don't know who I am? Are you kidding me?"

“Perhaps this is some sick game to you,” Meili said coldly, eyes burning with barely-contained fury, “but Lysander is a part of our family, and Thalia means everything to him. I demand to know what you’ve done to them!”

The other female stared at the young mare as if she’d sprouted trumpets out her ears that were gushing confetti while playing jazz.

“I, uh...I threw her in a closet!” she told the Power Herd. “She was being rude to me and I will not tolerate rudeness, so I gagged her and tossed her aside. You won’t find her easily because I have numerous closets and they are all unmarked.”

“You fiend!” Ulysses bellowed.

The hyena waved a hand dismissively. “Oh please.”

“And what did you do to Lysander?” Iron Hoof asked, his voice a seething whisper.

She smirked. “See for yourself.” Rising from her living throne, the canid strode forward a bit and stepped to the side before saying, “Slave, raise your head.”

The Blue family gasped as the seat of the throne did as he was told, lifting his head up. Had he done so when his mistress was upon his back, it would have appeared that she was straddling his shoulders. Now, with a good look at him, the do-gooders could only recoil.

“Lysander!” Iron Hoof gaped.

The young stallion did not react to his sire’s voice, even though the head harness he wore did not obstruct his ears. His eyes were incapable of looking to the side, boxed in by blinders, and his mouth had a thick bit gag of glossy black leather stuffing it. As his family studied him, they saw his eyes stared vacantly ahead, as if unconcerned about what was happening.

“What have you done to him?” Jade Queen demanded, and she was shaking with ire, her ample bosom jiggling.

The hyena shrugged. “I told you, I gave him what he wanted. Such a big strong male, but in such dire need of being ruled over by a stronger being. I can’t tell you how much I love it when another beast submits to my will, especially studs like Sandy.” She smiled hungrily at the heroes. “And I can’t wait to break the lot of you in. With your minds and bodies under my control, Las Locales will be mine.”

“We’ll never lose to the likes of you!” Meili retorted.

The hyena only laughed. “Pony Girl, you’re about to learn why I’m the Dominatrix.”

She raised a hand and snapped her fingers, and suddenly the kidnapped beasts on either side sprung to life. As one they surged towards the Power Herd, bodily throwing themselves onto Ulysses and Orion and trying to grab Yue and Meili.

“Don’t hurt them!” Iron Hoof instructed as he peeled off a rabbit who had wrapped himself around the leader’s leg. “They’re innocent victims!”

Ulysses tried to say something in reply, but could only manage a grunt as two wolves leapt onto him, one burying his face in the colt’s crotch and the other madly trying to make out with him.

For their parts, Yue and Meili fared little better: the older female’s martial prowess allowed her to resist the initial surge, but the slaves were becoming bolder and trying to take her from all sides at once; and Meili being less skilled was forced to dodge and resort to impermanent harm, chopping the poor beasts on the neck.

One slave, a bobcat, grabbed her by the arms, pinning them to her sides, and Meili instinctively kicked out, her shin smashing into his groin. He released her and fell to the floor, but was quickly replaced by more slaves.

“Yes, fight them more!” the Dominatrix cackled. “The more you hurt them, the wilder they become! They are my masochist army!”

Steadily things were working against the Power Herd. The slaves were piling onto Iron Hoof, nearly collapsing him under their combined weight, and their raunchy antics against Cavalier made it incredibly hard for him to resist them effectively with a full-blown erection swinging about; every time he threw one slave back, another would grab onto his cock and begin pleasing him, leaving him open to more of them latching onto his upper body.

More and more the Dominatrix’s corrupted servants were overcoming the heroes, and Meili’s attempts at fighting them off became almost comical as she resorted to schoolgirl slaps when they grabbed her breasts or ass.

Before long, all four members of the Power Herd were on their knees before the Dominatrix, bound by a myriad of restraints. They looked up at her, defiant, but she only chuckled.

One slave handed her a riding crop and she approached each hero in turn, using the flat end to lift up their chins.

“Mmm, such big muscles and such a dominant attitude,” she praised Iron Hoof. “I think I’ll have you serve me as a training officer for new slaves. You’ll enjoy breaking them in, hearing and watching and feeling them worship you as you teach them to worship me.”

Orion attempted to give a scathing reply, but was cut off as a ball gag was second into his mouth.

“Jade Queen, I really am envious of those big round titties of yours.” The Dominatrix licked her lips before continuing. “When I’m not sucking or fucking your fun-bags, I think I’ll use them as a pair of comfy pillows.”

“You won’t get away with this!” Yue managed to say before a gag was put onto her.

“And you, Cavalier,” the villainess proceeded, “almost as good as your sire. Still, you need to grow a bit, learn the ways of the world. I think a dual education will help: you will serve as an assistant instructor and when not doing that, you shall be my race horse. After all, galloping around a racetrack in your birthday suit will make me a lot of money and expand my influence.”

The slaves were quicker in getting the gag in this time.

When the Dominatrix reached Meili, the snowy mare spoke first, knowing she’d likely not get the chance to if she hesitated.

“I’m going to make you pay for this! For Sandy and Thalial!”

The hyena rolled her eyes. “I’m not even going to state the obvious.” Shaking her head, she resumed her air of dark sexual majesty. “Pony Girl, my pretty little sweet thing, I have special plans for you. Not only will I enjoy that body of yours with my cock, but I’m going to teach you what a *real* pony girl is like!”

As her slaves gagged Meili, the wicked canid pulled on the sides of the equine’s leotard, bringing them inwards so that her breasts were free.

“I have wanted to do this for ages,” she said before pressing her face firmly to the pony’s chest. She began shaking her head rapidly side to side, making lewd noises as she did so.

Meili’s cheeks flushed and she closed her eyes, enduring being motorboated by a sexual deviant. After she had finished, the Dominatrix ordered her slaves to proceed to the next phase.

X-racks had been speedily constructed by the slaves, the defenders locked into place at their wrists and ankles. Not one to refrain from admiring a captive’s body, the Dominatrix had the four stripped of their costumes, the spandex cut and torn away before they had been secured. Orion and Ulysses were prime specimens of stallionhood, their sculpted muscles and impressive genitals on perverted display. Similarly Yue’s body was admired, the leather-bound dominant giving the proud matron a thorough examination.

Watching, Meili shuddered as the hyena sampled her dam, the canid sniffing the older mare’s pussy before sliding two fingers in, chuckling as the heroine gave a quick shiver.

“See, you’re liking it already,” she told her captive. “And I’ll break you in nice and easy, with a toy every female loves to use.”

The Dominatrix stepped back from Jade Queen and two slaves approached. One held a set of straps in her hands, the other carried a device that all four heroes gawked at in recognition: it was a magic wand vibrator. Jade Queen protested, shaking her head and giving muffled cries of outrage as the device was tied to her crotch firmly.

"I'll start you off nice and slow, and you can show me how much you love forced orgasms," the Dominatrix said, reaching between the mare's thighs. She flicked the vibe to its lowest setting, and a soft buzzing met everyone's ears as Yue began to roll her hips, unable to resist the stimulation. "Doing you first like this means you'll grow accustomed to being aroused while watching me play with other slaves, including your former teammates. Case in point..."

The spotted female moved over to Orion, ignoring his burning glare as she pressed herself against his chest, running her hands over him. "My my, such a fine physique indeed! I always did admire how you heroes got the spandex to cling so tightly to your muscles, showing off those goods of yours!" She paused and gave his balls a pat. "You'll be getting a special treatment, old boy."

His eyes bulged when he saw the dildo in a badger's hands, and the slave kneeled to line it up for entry. "I suggest you relax that tailhole, or it'll be sore," his captor informed, and Orion reluctantly did as told. The badger slid the seven-inch dong in, its ribbed surface gobbled up without much effort. A second slave then moved to the stallion's crotch and began to expertly work him to erection.

As the pink phallus poked out of its sheath and steadily hardened, the tiger slave produced a golden ring and slipped it onto Orion's malehood, sliding it to the base of his thick cock. Perhaps because of the cock ring he reached his full eleven inches faster, the adornment becoming snug around his meat.

"It'll be hard to go soft with that sexy jewelry on," the Dominatrix said to him with a smile. "But then again, you'll be fucking longer and harder with it, so you'll just end up thanking your new Mistress."

Moving on to Ulysses, she nodded to the slaves by him. The parrot held up a pair of nipple clips linked together by a small-linked chain, and she fastened them firmly to the young male's chest. The second slave, a Doberman, held up a clear plastic contraption and began applying it to the eldest son's genitals, and when she was finished Meili's eyes widened at the sight of her brother's member encased in a cock cage.

At another snap of the Mistress's fingers, the canine began to earnestly suckle the equine's balls, licking and slurping at them. He shuddered in pleasure and his cock quickly emerged from its sheath, but was forced into the curved confines of the cage. When it had reached its limit, unable to break free from the plastic, the Dominatrix signaled for the slave to detach herself.

"A big tough boy like you needs a little chastity so that he understands what it means to give and receive pleasure. You'll be wearing that cock cage regularly, so learn to enjoy the feeling."

Meili tried to keep up a tough exterior as the Dominatrix reached her, but what the darkly regal hyena did next truly surprised her.

At the female's command, the snowy mare was released.

Blinking in disbelief, Meili stood there, unsure whether to cover herself with her arms or not. After a moment of taking in the girl's discomfort, the hyena told her, "I said I have special plans for you, didn't I? Luckily your family will get to watch as I train you to serve me best of all, *Pony Girl*."

She clapped her hands and her living throne broke apart. Lysander stood up, and his family could see now he wore a black leather belt around his waist which had several silver D-rings on it. The rings on either hip were clipped to poles that extended behind him, and as he cantered up to the others it became clear he was pulling a cart of some sort.

“You’ll be taking your brother’s place, Meili,” the Dominatrix said. “I promised I’d turn you into a real pony girl, and a real Mistress always keeps her promises.

The other slaves quickly and efficiently moved Meili’s arms behind her back and slipped a thick leather collar onto her. Leather wrist cuffs were put onto her hands and lengths of spindly chains were used to clip the cuffs to her collar so that her arms resembled folded wings, leaving her butt fully exposed. A belt like Lysander’s was put around her waist and when he was released from the cart it was positioned behind her.

She took a glance at it: little more than a seat and footrest with wheels, it could carry only a single person, and the young heroine realized with a flush that she was being made into a literal beast of burden, transporting around a wicked Mistress.

As her gag was exchanged with a bit, she made another outburst, glaring at the hyena. “At least let Thalia go! She has nothing to do with this!”

Another roll of the Dominatrix’s eyes. “One of these days it’s going to sink in, I swear...”

Her slaves finished locking Meili into place, and the scofflaw queen took her seat behind the heroine. She flicked her riding crop and the pony felt a slap on her buttock.

“Get going, slave!”

Cheeks burning, Meili had no choice but to begin cantering about the room, doing her best not to make any mistakes. Every few moments she would be cropped again and an order shouted out, usually to lift her knees higher or flick her tail about. After making the first circuit she was commanded to stop, and the Dominatrix whispered instructions into another slave’s ear.

Nodding, the cat retrieved a piece of bondage clothing and moved to put it on Meili. The heroine’s eyes widened when she realized it was a leather thong, tied together with straps at the hips, and that the inside of the bottom was lined with a patch of small rubber spikes, and the filly knew that things were going to become much more difficult for her.

Once the thong was tied to her, the spikes brushed teasingly against her nether-lips, and she was unable to suppress a groan as they rubbed her clit. Even as she tried to stop her legs from trembling she was ordered to begin another circuit.

This time each stride brought waves of pleasure up through her body, like someone was giving her a very talented rubbing, doing their best to urge her to climax.

She began faltering in her steps, and the Domme behind her was quick to correct her errors, the riding crop slapping her crisply across the ass even as its wielder barked orders.

Feeling as though her cheeks, pussy, and ass were ablaze with shame-laced ecstasy, Meili did as she was told, forcing herself to continue despite the mounting need for sexual release.

“Stop!”

She halted, folding over at the waist and breathing heavily through her nose, chest heaving. Her inner thighs had trickles of feminine fluids streaming down them, and Meili thanked her lucky stars she hadn’t been brought to orgasm: not only would she have collapsed and likely incurred the Domme’s wrath, but the humiliation of doing so in front of her own family, even given their situation, would have crushed her.

“On your knees.”

She looked up. The Dominatrix was in front of her, and to the filly’s amazement the thong of the other female’s harness was tenting. She was a herm?!

With a smirk the hyena pulled aside the garment and exposed her red cock, which resumed its hardening. A stern look made it clear that Meili was close to disobeying, and she quickly dropped to her knees, ignoring the spikes’ tickling of her labia and clit.

The Dominatrix reached down and loosened the bit gag so that it hung around the mare’s neck and then pressed her hot cock to the pony’s face.

“*Suck it.*”

Meili gulped, working up the courage to do as she was told and forcing down the urge to rebel. Opening her mouth wide, she closed her eyes and slid the heated meat-rod in as deep as she could take it before pulling back and starting to bob her head.

“Good slave,” the hyena complimented. Meili gave no response as she carried on, trying to pay no heed to the muffled cries of outrage from her parents and sibling. “Use your tongue more, don’t just slide your mouth over it.”

The filly did so, eliciting a pleased moan from her Mistress. The herm began to rock her hips to and fro, timing her gentle thrusts to meet Meili’s bobbing. Her knot bumped against the heroine’s muzzle like a lewd game of bobbing for the apple.

“See how good it is to submit to a Dominant?” the Dominatrix cooed. “You don’t have to think, you just have to obey. Rewards like this come easily to a submissive little slut, and you want to be rewarded, don’t you?”

Meili picked up the pace, doing her best to hurry the villainess to her peak. The outlaw gladly responded in kind, humping the girl’s face faster and faster.

“Swallow it, slut!”

The cock was rammed home, the bulging knot pressed hard against the filly’s face, and a flood of herm-cum was unleashed. The salty fluid surged down Meili’s throat, and she struggled against her gag reflex as the semen was deposited in her belly.

Finally the hyena pulled out, letting the last couple shots of jizz squirt onto the filly’s face. “A little treat for your excellent behavior, pony bitch. Lick it clean.”

Meili gingerly used her tongue to remove the thin layer of cum that coated the hyena’s cockhead, and then strained to clean her own face, only able to get rid of just a bit of her pearl gifts.

Yue gave a profoundly outraged cry, enough so that the Dominatrix turned from Meili with a marked frown and approached the elder mare. “Jealous? Wishing I’d used your mouth instead? You’ll get your turn, old maid.” At the heroine’s muffled retort, the Domme shrugged. “Fine, I’ll discipline you now.”

She reached down to the wand and turned it to high, pressing it hard against Jade Queen’s clit. The mare bucked in response to the sudden spike of relentless pleasure, her breathing coming quick and shallow. Moments later she seized up, her juices flowing down her thighs and over the wand, but the spotted female kept it there until she had drawn forth a second orgasm, which left Yue shaking on her bonds.

The canid lowered the setting to medium and fixed her new slave with a stiff look. “Your daughter’s learned her place, and you’d do well to follow her example. I am the ruling power here, not you, whore. Unless you want to experience some of my more creative punishments, you’ll submit sooner over later.”

While the canid was distracted by her dam, Meili threw a glance back to Lysander. He was blankly staring at his Mistress, but met his little sister’s eyes...and Meili made her gamble.

Lips moving silently, the pure-white mare held her brother’s gaze, her orbs shifting to a desperate shine. He blinked, confusing etched onto his features, and paid closer heed to her unspoken words.

You’re disappointing Mistress.

He shook his head with a snort, starting to panic. He’d failed Mistress? But she had been so pleased with him earlier, letting him worship her magnificent ass and even granting him a quick taste, telling him what a good rimjob-giver he was. How could he have failed her?!

But she was paying attention to his sister and dam now. He’d been replaced. Jealously he stepped forward, hands twitching as he was barely able to refrain from pouncing on his Domme.

Just as she was finishing up with Yue, he made his move, stunning everyone. The Dominatrix gave a cry of astonishment before Lysander cut her off, kissing her passionately. One of his hands slipped into her snatch, and she moaned into the kiss.

When he broke off, she tried to issue a command to stop and release her, but he quickly put her onto all fours, dropping to his knees as he lined up his cock to penetrate her vaginally. At ten inches long and more than an inch thick, the black horse-spear with an imposing sight.

The Dominatrix, feeling his crown against her nether-lips, froze in shock, and that hesitation cost her the only chance she had at stopping Lysander. He drove his hips forward and she gasped, eyes ballooning. Lysander grabbed his Domme by her hips and started to rhythmically fuck her, pistoning in and out with a single-minded focus. His huge cock overwhelmed the hyena and left her incapable of ordering the other slaves to stop him.

Faster and harder he went, pounding into the smaller herm, leaving her more and more a glossy-eyed wreck as he rutted her senseless. Picking up steam even more, he hilted her, throwing his head back and crying out as the bliss of orgasm took him. She cried out as well, reeling from the raw sex and sent over the edge by the sensation of a gallon of stallion-cum flooding into her womb.

She collapsed onto the floor, drawing ragged breaths, and Lysander stayed where he was, still within her though he softened as the moments passed.

It took several moments for Meili to get through the him, to convince him to release the others. When he'd done so, they gathered around the Dominatrix, who weakly looked up to the ceiling, still gripped by the aftershocks of such incredible yiffing.

"Clearly you bit off more than you could chew," Orion chided the villainess. "A good ride from a stallion can leave any other beast in a haze. You shouldn't have underestimated Lysander."

Yue crouched down, reaching to the outlaw's mask. "Let's see who she really is."

She tore the eyewear away, and the Power Herd gave a shocked gasp—it was Thalia!

"But, but I don't understand!" Ulysses exclaimed. "The Dominatrix said she shoved Thalia into a closet!"

Orion looked to his youngest colt. "Sandy? What's going on here?"

Hanging his head, the youth confessed, "Thalia really is the Dominatrix. That's how she found out who we are: I told her everything."

"Sandy, how could you?" Meili asked. "Look at what she did to us! What she did to you!"

"I know that!" he blubbered. "But I love her! It's not the kinky sex, it's so much more than that!" After a moment he calmed himself and went on. "I feel so good when she tells me what to do, orders me around. Putting on this gear, letting her call me a slave, it just feels right, like I was born for it. I trust her to take care of me, and because I love and trust her so much, I told her the truth."

Orion shook his head. "What are going to do with you, Lysander? Our enemy knows our secret identities, and you're in love with her."

"Just let her go."

All heads turned to Meili, stunned at her suggestion.

"After what she did to you? To us?" Yue asked.

Meili nodded. "It was humiliating, but if Sandy's willing to be Thalia's slave and if she's willing to keep our identities from the general public or other villains, then I think something can be worked out. I...I don't want to actually be a slave, but I won't lie about how incredible it felt. I'm keeping this thong and the rest of my gear, and maybe when we've all calmed down we can help Thalia vent her urge to dominate others with bondage sex and the city will be safe."

Lysander stared at his sister, amazed. "Meili, thank you!"

Orion sighed, shaking his head. "So be it. Ulysses, help your mother get these kidnapped folk out of their gear and make sure they're all right. I have to call the police and let them know everything's fine."

The cops arrived soon after Orion's call, bringing multiple vans to help transport the freed slaves. The Power Herd met the captain and answered his questions as best they could, Iron Hoof crafting believable lies to throw the authorities off from Thalia's trail.

"Why are you wearing trench coats, Power Herd?" the terrier asked. "Stumble upon this operation during your off-hours?"

The heroes exchanged looks with each other knowingly but said nothing.

Once the police had gone, intent on returning shortly to analyze the scene and bag evidence, the equines went to their own ride, carefully hidden behind some bushes. Orion took the wheel as always, his mate up front with him and Ulysses and Meili in the middle. Lysander kept their captive company in the back, and as they began their ride back to town, each began small talk with the person next to them.

Hearing that the others were distracted, Lysander leaned over to Thalia, who was handcuffed and firmly strapped into her own seat.

"Forgive me, Mistress," he gushed in a whisper. "I screwed everything up. I'm a terrible slave!"

Thalia shook her head, grinning. "Not true. I couldn't be prouder of you, Sandy. I wanted the Power Herd, and I got them." She met his eyes, holding his gaze. "You're a perfect slave for the perfect Mistress."

The stallion beamed at the high praise, and shamelessly leaned over into her lap, wrapping his lips over her cock.

Groaning softly, Thalia relaxed, enjoying the ride.

The End