

How the hell had he gotten himself into this?

Eyes blindfolded with a bandana, he could feel his other senses going onto overdrive to compensate. He could feel the slight breeze ruffling his naked fur, every hair standing straight as his predicament had its inevitable effect on his body.

The smell though, it was the smell that was front and centre in his consciousness. The smell of aroused mare, pungent and sharp.

Yeah, I guess that's how I got into this.

"Hands behind your back pet."

Stifling a harsh snort, he complied with the order, and order it was, peremptory and hinting at consequences for disobedience. He had agreed to it, to be her slave for the night. It was a huge laugh when she first proposed it, over another round of beers by the fire, hinting at infinite erotic possibilities while subtly implying a lack of courage if he turned it down. Like a stupid foal he had let her get to him. He could never back down on a dare.

He felt her hands on his muscles, the sure touch of the older mare setting off electric shocks through his body just as they had the first time she had touched him. The young Clydesdale stallion had never had a mare like her before, just young fillies with no idea. Her small but experienced body had woken things in him he never knew were there.

He had been in her thrall since that night at the pub, a drifting young stallion looking for work as he bummed around the state waiting for university to start again. For a week he had worked on her farm during the day, and spent the nights exploring new heights in his expanding sexual repertoire. Her body was like a perfect canvas, her lithe appaloosa form revealing new secrets every time they mated. A new marking, a slight scar. Or, he shuddered, a new way she could touch him to make his body heave and shake like a bowstring.

Then he felt something new, something exciting and worrying. With a metallic click, he felt his wrists entrapped in padded cuffs, and he instinctively tested his bonds and found them unyielding. He was in it now. Even if he took off like a racehorse for the road, he would have a tough time explaining the blindfold

and the handcuffs on his naked body to any would-be rescuer. And, he couldn't deny, it was turning him on.

His breath let out in a long hiss as he felt her hands on his cock, already peeking from its normal resting place in his sheath. He could almost feel her lips, anticipating another of her mind melting blowjobs, but instead he felt unfamiliar sensations, almost painful, as she pulled his cock out to its full length. Something cold was placed around his pride and joy, then slid down its length before with ungentle efficiency his big balls had been manipulated through the same opening.

He had groaned then, no stallion could fail to respond to a squeezing of his precious orbs, and as the dull ache subsided he felt the oddest sensation in his genitals. Something was constricting his cock, back behind his balls and next to his sheath. It was simultaneously painful and exciting, and he felt his cock begin to thicken and rise in spite of his uncertainty, finally reaching a complete and magnificent erection.

"I should make you wear that more often stud, it suits you."

"What the fuck is it? What have you done?"

He felt a sharp slap on his behind, mildly painful but massively embarrassing, being put in his place like a colt.

"You don't get to ask questions pet, you are my slave remember? And if you want to enjoy this evening, you had better start calling me Mistress or that ample butt of yours is going to regret it! For your information though, it is a cockring. It will make sure that beautiful cock of yours is always ready for me...whatever I choose to do with it."

He grinned in spite of his embarrassment. She really was getting in character, this should be fun. He could play along, and show her he was a stallion unafraid of anything. Besides, he had never been this hard in his life, and he needed to bust a nut more than breathe.

"Yes...Mistress."

"Good, you are learning pet. Now, I am soon going to remove your blindfold, but you will keep your eyes closed until I tell you, or else!"

“Yes Mistress!” He was having fun now, responding like a new recruit in basic training.

Suddenly pain flashed through his body, and he doubled up slightly as he felt a burn through his groin. She had squeezed his testicles, briefly, and not badly, but exactly enough to cause pain without lasting damage.

“I expect respect, pet. Not contempt disguised as obedience. Do you understand?”

What was this with the pet? Oh god his balls...a slight worm of unease began to form inside his testosterone soaked brain. This was carrying things a bit far wasn't it? Still, he had learned his lesson as he was eager to show.

“Yes Mistress.” Respect, even awe, flowed through every syllable.

The mare permitted herself a small smile of triumph.

“Better.”

Dropping to her knees, she applied the next part of her slave's initial preparation. A set of small hobbles, just right for a feral foal. Or an overgrown anthro Clydesdale colt in need of some training. She felt his muscled thighs, enjoying his involuntary nickers as she teased him, running fingertips down the inside and making his trapped cock flex and twitch. Lower, slowly she ran her hands over the beautiful feathering of his fetlocks, the sensation a delight. She had been so lucky to find this one.

Finally she stood and faced the now uneasy young stallion. She could smell it on him, the peculiar tang of sexual excitement and fear. Her nostrils flared in the night breeze, picking up the delicious scent. It never failed to make her wet.

“Now, keep your eyes closed pet until I order you to open them.”

“Yes Mistress...”

She removed his blindfold, then slowly raised her favourite piece to his head, a leather bridle. She had chosen one of her best and largest, with small decorative touches on the leather. He deserved the best.

Before he could react, she had fitted it over his beautiful head, drawing the leather tight until he was helpless. A long leather thong rested in her palm, and she grinned a feral grin seeing him shaking but keeping his eyes closed as ordered. He was a good pony after all.

He shivered, telling himself it was only because of the cold night air on his naked form, but inside he knew better. It had all become deadly serious somewhere during the process of binding him, and now he truly felt the helpless pony. The feel of a bridle completed the process, igniting some deep race memory buried inside every anthro stallion. It spoke with letters of fire.

Submission.

And yet his cock felt more aroused than ever.

“Follow me pet, and try not to fall over.”

He nickered helplessly as she pulled him forward by the leather strap, unable to do more than shuffle due to the hobbles. He heard her open the barn door, and felt the building close around him as she led him inside. It strangely did not feel comforting.

She led him through the barn, his hesitant steps sounding a hollow clop in the echoing space. An answering nicker told him her feral horses had registered their presence. Twitching his ears, slightly folded back in submission, he triangulated the origin of the nickers and worked out his location in the big barn. Right near the...

“Oh God!” he cried in realisation. She had brought him there! The thought made his cock begin to ache, a slow droplet of precum forming at the tip, wide flared rim reaching its maximum width. He heard her body move now, the unmistakable sound of clothing being shed, and other sounds he couldn’t make out. He bit his lip and continued to keep his eyes closed, though it became harder with each passing second. Like his cock.

“Open your eyes pet.”

Even as he heard the command and obeyed, he felt her grip the bridle hard and pull his head down to her height. As his eyes adjusted to the light he gave

a startled whinny at what he saw, his eyes now flying wide in astonishment, his ears flattening under the unmistakable domination of the mare.

Her eyes drew him in, their look of pure blood boiling lust so incredible, even after all their sexual explorations to date. What made him gasp though was the look of pure wicked intent, the knowledge of power and the willingness to use it ruthlessly. It shocked the young stallion so much he could barely look away.

When he did though he almost wished he hadn't. The mare, his mare, was wearing nothing, her body on display in all its perfection, large breasts and prominent nipples making him whimper in need, her braided tail flicking languidly behind. Except she was wearing one thing.

Strapped around her waist was a leather harness, and projecting from its front was a big shiny cock, smaller than his own yet still formidable, every stallion detail in place right down to a flared rim at the head. And in her other hand, the one not pulling his head down by the bridle in an uncomfortable way, rested a large and fierce looking riding crop.

"So are you going to be a good pet then?"

"What the fuck?!?!"

"You agreed to be my slave pet. Which means, you are under my control, and I do to you what I want. That is the deal. You made it, and you won't chicken out. You are no coward, I know. And I know a part of you wants this."

She reached forward with the riding crop, letting its leather tip slowly trace along his flexing cock. He couldn't help the low groan that resulted, deep and primal, as she toyed with him. The drop of precum became a long slow moving trickle, a perfect clear bead of need drawn from him to finally reach the straw below.

"Time to get you ready pet."

Hauling on his bridle, she led the hunched over stallion a couple more steps forward until he reached his destination. He had been right, this was where she had taken him. Of course, he thought, brain dulled by the turn of events, able to process data yet completely unable to draw useful conclusions. Where else would she have taken her pony?

He stood now before the breeding dummy, located in one corner of the barn by the stalls for her feral horses. Their friendly whinnies greeted him like a long lost brother. He could see a few modifications though. The top had been swapped for a smaller one than he remembered, still flat and sturdy, but shorter. It had also been lowered. Too small and low for a full grown feral stallion, he thought dully. About right for a large pony. Or an anthro Clydesdale stallion in over his head.....

Too late he had registered her kneeling at his fetlocks, expert hands going about their work exchanging the hobbles for the shackles conveniently located before the dummy, spread wide at a short distance from its end. Trying to move, he found he couldn't get any more than an inch or so of play for his legs, which were now spread in a slightly wide stance and immobile. Belatedly his defences overcame his libido.

"Let me go now, for fuck sake. This is not funny!" He tried in vain to move, to break free of the restraint, but the mare knew her work too well.

"Tsk, ts, ts. You are going to be a bad pet after all. I am disappointed. Well, too bad."

She hauled on his bridle again, pulling him down until they were nostril to nostril, her breath making the fuzz on his muzzle twitch. He felt rather than saw the riding crop, its leather flap caressing his heavy balls, then *slap* he cried out as he felt them hit, not hard, but enough to hurt like hell.

He doubled up slightly, body reacting to the harsh treatment of his prized balls, and was unprepared to resist when the mare pulled harder on his bridle, causing the unbalanced stallion to fall forwards. He came to rest with his chest on the top of the dummy, his head over the end, body now bent over and vulnerable. He tried to heave himself off using his abdominal muscles but the mare proved surprisingly strong, using all her power to keep him in place.

"Do you want me to hit them harder pony?"

That stilled him. A soft "no..please Mistress" showed he was slowly waking up to his situation. Perhaps deference would save him now.

“Good, perhaps you can learn with the right encouragement. We will see. Now, let me do the rest.”

Her tone was surprisingly gentle, as was her touch, those beautiful hands stroking his back, and rubbing his braided mane, before tracing along his flattened ears. His gaze latched onto hers, and he pleaded silently but forcefully with his deep green eyes.

Ok, I am yours. Please make it good.

Sensing his acceptance, she untied his wrists, pulling each unresisting arm down the leg of the breeding dummy before restraining them in a fresh set of manacles at the base. Admiring his shaking body for a moment, she walked casually behind him to get her favourite viewpoint.

She was something of a connoisseur of stallions, and she had had all sorts. This one was special though. His mixture of innocence and bravado made her cunny flow. But his best asset was on display for her now. He had the best butt she had ever seen on a stallion.

She had noticed him in the pub that night, even in his jeans she could tell he was superb, and when she had got him to strip for her she had made him turn around and give her a show. He had a big butt, but it was all muscle, two perfect rounded globes of stallion power. Bent over the dummy and vulnerable he looked so incredibly cute and sexy at the same time, his cheeks clenching and unclenching as if sensing what was to come.

The best part though was what his current pose was doing. His muscled legs spread just enough, it parted his cheeks and gave her a tantalising glimpse of his secret places. His beautiful silky black tail cascaded from its tie, swishing nervously, but she could still see his tight little donut shaped muscle and the long leathery taint below. She had tested him out on his third night, seeing how he would respond to her touch there, and it had been so good, his gasp and cry showing nervous surprise and delight. This one was uncommonly sensitive, and responsive. And also obviously a virgin there.

One last touch though; reaching under him, she freed his straining cock from its confinement between his belly and the dummy, pointing it straight down the front instead. Her touch elicited another pleasing moan, and she took in

the sight again. Hmmmm, perfect. The line of his dark taint now was interrupted by the sharp metallic gleam of the cockring, before continuing down across two heavy and mobile balls, then further again down a perfect ebony shaft, the medial ring thick and enticing, to terminate in a massive flared tip. The line didn't end quite there though; for now a single strand of viscous precum stretched in a continuous line from the tip to the floor below.

Satisfied with the preparations, he approached him, the smell of fear and sex now overwhelming, saturating her nostrils with its heady scent. Absently she stroked his short furred ass, the muscles quivering at her touch.

"Now pet, you are young and you have much to learn yet, but I am a patient teacher. You need to be punished now, because you defied me and failed to show respect. "

"Oh God...I mean, yes Mistress. Please, I won't do it again, can you please...?"

"Silence!" she snarled, letting contempt fill every note in her voice. "Do not beg for mercy, ever, unless I instruct you to do it. It will only make things worse, am I clear?"

"Yes Mistress!"

Satisfied, she stroked a little longer, before raising the silken tail. She let her fingers feel its texture, the thick wad of furs parting effortlessly as she ran her hand through it. Then taking a firm grip on his tail, she held it high and out of the way, and pulled back the riding crop.

The first blow sounded incredibly loud in the silence of the barn, but the silence was soon broken by an audible intake of breath from the bound stallion. He couldn't believe how much it hurt, she was stronger than he realised. Gritting his teeth, he told himself she would soon have made her point and get on with the fun, and he willed himself to withstand the onslaught without flinching.

The mare was an expert at her craft however, and she proceeded to deliver a thorough measured thrashing to the bound and helpless stallion that soon had

him moaning in spite of his pride. A moan that noticeably changed tone after a while, in a way she recognised.

Pain was something the Clydesdale was used to, but this was like nothing he had experienced before. Something about being bound, helpless and submitting, made it all the worse and he dreaded each new impact. After a time however he noticed a new sensation; a spreading warmth from his punished ass, that spread to his sensitive areas, tailhole, taint, balls, even his cock. Each new impact made the burning tingling feeling grow until a part of him was welcoming each new impact, and pulses of precum were flowing freely from his overexcited cock.

Suddenly the punishment ended, leaving the stallion breathing heavily, confused and mortified in turns. He felt her hands again, stroking his ass and the mixture of pain and pleasure made him cry out before he could bite his lip.

“There my beautiful pony, I hope you have learned your lesson. Before you ask, that was mild, trust me. There are far worse things I could do if I need to.”

The stallion spoke before his brain could interfere, cursing. “What?!”

“Oh yes sweet pet. Imagine what my stockwhip could do to that pretty ass of yours?”

His groan and shudder were so cute, she almost didn’t have the heart to continue. Almost.

“Or, if you push me to extremes, I could always bring Rangi over here and let him enjoy you. He gets so few opportunities the poor dear.”

Rangi was her feral stallion, a big unruly quarter horse brute he had formed a kind of truce with in his time there. He had seen the stallion’s endowment, the cheeky bastard slapping it into his belly one day while the Clydesdale was mucking out his stall. He had laughed then, he was doing the very opposite now.

“No, no, no, please God no, please no, oh Mistress...”

She suppressed a laugh at him, it would not do to humiliate him completely. She also knew she could never treat this beautiful stallion like that.

“Relax pet, you haven’t been that bad. Though there are worse things that I can do anyway, just with this riding crop.”

“I don’t believe you. That was agony!”

“Oh poor pet.” She brought the leather tip to the base of his tail, and teasingly traced it down his crack, lingering over the tailhole and slowly rubbing back and forward on his perineum while he whimpered. “Imagine me striking you here pet. Hard. Imagine the feeling.....”

It was all he could do to stop pissing himself at the thought, a high pitched nicker gasping from his muzzle in terror.

“See, there are worse things my beautiful one. And worse things than having me use your sweet virgin ass for my pleasure. After all, you have enjoyed filling me up with your big thick cock so much the last week, its only fair I get my chance. Or would you rather this then?” Another calculated stroke of the leather.

The stallion was lost, beaten, done. Terror and lust filled him, the thought of being fucked hard by this terror mare strangely alluring. If only he could make her cum, oh God he had done it enough times already.

“Please Mistress!”

“Please what pet?”

“Please do what you want.”

She took his magnificent cock in her hand, stroking slowly, in no rush, letting fingers play with the leaking tip, her hand now covered in sticky pre. He asked her, pleaded, begged. And still she stroked, a thumb now tracing his medial ring, one palm rotating slowly over the head, always just too light, just too slow to push him to completion.

The begging changed, subtly, but noticeably. From the part terrified, desperate to please hoarse whisper, to a whimpering cry, as need built in the stallion, his balls burning and filling with seed.

Finally she was satisfied, the sound of his voice better than all the cunnilingus in her life for getting her excited. A big powerful studly stallion, reduced to a needy wreck.

Moving between his spread thighs, she slicked his copious precum over the strap-on, making it glisten and shine. Then she pressed the fat end against his virgin pucker, her hands on his quaking hips as he readied for the first penetration.

Plunging forward, she felt the strong resistance suddenly break as the first part of the dildo rammed into him. His chest came off the dummy and he filled the air with a loud whinny of pain and shame as he felt his tight ring suddenly violated. She saw his hands spread in pain, the fingers pointing out and straining against his bonds.

She had heard many reactions to this moment, and she knew from the feel and the sound he was doing it tough. She didn't want to hurt this one too much though. He was too sweet.

"Shhh beautiful, I am sorry to hurt you, but be patient. It will feel good soon. When you first enter me it hurts, even when you prepare me perfectly. You are just too big. But I wait and you make me feel so good. Trust me."

"Yes Mistress."

He made an effort, calming his expression with a wink, though she could still see the pain in his eyes. It was all she wanted though, he was determined to please her even now. Oh yes he was special.

She started a long slow fuck then, gradually working into him, every time she pushed into his tight confines the nubs on the dildo caused intense pleasure to flood her quim. Pleasure flowed as she concentrated on chasing the feeling, using his body for her own ends. His muffled cries and moans made her burn, the feel of every thrust now filling her.

One harder plunge and she felt him jerk up again, his back muscles heaving, a startled cry of "Ohhhh!" filling the barn. She smiled a wicked smirking smile; she had found his prostate, probably the first time the poor stallion had ever felt it touched. She tried to repeat the movement a couple of times

before...there....she got the same reaction. She had the range, time to fire at will.

Hands roaming over his muscled ass, she began to fuck him harder now but still with control, every now and then plugging his prostate deliberately but never enough times to push him over the edge. On and on she rode until a shattering orgasm built inside her and flowed through her body, her cries and screams so loud in the barn, with answering nickers from the feral horses and a pleased “yes!” from the stallion.

He was not to be let off lightly however, as she continued, determined to have another of those orgasms from him before moving to the next part. She drove harder this time, less careful and less caring, but he was able to go with her now and soon he was moaning along with her, their bodies in sync as she rode her sweet stallion to another satisfying climax.

As she recovered, she heard him whimpering, realising she had done well, and he had yet to release though a small puddle of precum now pooled under his cock. His beautiful stallionhood looked so good, straining almost as if it would break, the cockring clinching the skin painfully. She would have to get a bigger one if she was to keep him.

She pulled out of him, a long withdrawal until the dildo popped from his ravished ass, the little muscle trying unsuccessfully to close as he panted. She ran her fingertips over his lips, feeling them swollen but not badly, as he cried out to her touch.

“Shhhh pet. No more for now, your ass is safe. I want this instead...”

She stroked his hardness, the heat a delight for her fingers. Leaning down, she released his wrists and lifted the stallion by his bridle, kissing him on the muzzle with savage hunger which he returned in kind. He was submitting, but not broken. She discarded the strap-on, her cunny dripping and eager for its next pleasure.

Moving with erotic grace, she straddled the breeding dummy, her newly exposed pussy now against his abdomen, and reached down to lift his cock up, now perfectly placed for her. She rubbed him against her lips, the slick hardness of his cock driving her wild. She couldn't wait.

She lined his cock against her and pushed, drawing him into her as she slid closer to him until her lithe legs were wrapped around his back her tail lying lazily against the front of the dummy. With a casual flick she could make it rise up under him and kiss his balls. Reaching up she took his head in her hands again, drawing him into a passionate kiss, before whispering softly.

“Now fuck your Mistress. And don’t you even think about cumming before I tell you.”

He wrapped his muscled arms around her and began a slow fucking motion, driving deep before pulling back, his ass clenching with each thrust as his thighs and buttocks took the brunt of the work. Building his power and speed, he drove into a steady rhythm, a natural hard rutting fuck that she loved so well. His head leaned back, braided mane flopping from side to side as he rode her like never before. She held on, her own mane streaming down her back and a loud cry of pleasure now falling from her lips as she felt him inside her, deeper, harder and yet hers, her slave. One more thrust and she gave in, her body wracked by pleasure as she ran harsh digging fingers down his back drawing deep welts in his skin.

It proved too much for the stallion however, and even with the constriction of the cockring, he could not hold on after all the teasing. Letting out a wild whinny he threw his head back to stare at the rafters above and unloaded inside her clenching pussy, his tail flagging wildly.

It was a moment before he realised what he had done, and his look of pleasure turned to fear as he took in the mare’s ironic stare.

“Oh Mistress, I’m sorry, I couldn’t, I mean, oh please, don’t punish me!.”

Nonchalantly she waved the riding crop, still attached to her hand with a leather thong, as she smiled evilly at the stallion. He was still hard as a rock.

“We will see. It depends on what happens next. You are still hard, so get back to work and I may forgive you.”

Laying back luxuriously on the dummy, she raised her shapely legs over his shoulders, and looked up into his terrified face with a friendly grin. She couldn’t help it he was too cute for words.

“Well, go to it pet.”

Recovering his sense, he realised he was still hard, and still felt good though a little sensitive. The cockring was doing its job. Tail swishing, he started again, moving into a steady rhythm as he felt her sweet folds clenching around him. She let a deep cry of pleasure out as he leant forward to lick her breasts, each nipple getting expert attention, while he held her hips in a death grip and began ramming harder than ever in his life.

She lost count of the times she came, each one seemed to melt into the next until she was a panting mess and yet it was not enough. She wanted him to come again just for her. Lifting off the dummy, she held him tight, chests together as they kissed.

“Having trouble cumming pony?”

He nodded. “I cant, I get close but...”

“Don’t worry, I think I can help you out.”

She held him tight as he pounded away, the delicious heat of his cock inside her building again. Judging his pace, she timed it to perfection, synchronising the sweep of the riding crop with the apex of his stroke. Just as he clenched his ass to drive in, he felt the sting of the riding crop against his butt, the shock making him slam in hard and cry out.

“What did I do to deserve that?”

‘I’m helping you out pony, giving you incentive to finish. You did cum without permission remember? Just think like a racehorse, and you’re in the home strait. I will be your jockey.”

He stared at her a moment, jaw hanging as he looked into her evil laughing face. Well, if that’s what you want...

Out...

slap

He rammed in, rewarded with a gasp from the mare, and a challenging stare.

“That the best you got pet?”

Out...

SLAP

“Arghhhhh!!!!”

He flew forward, cock parting her dripping lips and slapping her cervix at its deepest point, making her cry out now. But it was not pain, it was pure lust. This was a new game and one she was going to enjoy.

So it continued, his thrusts getting harder and faster as the strokes from the the riding crop matched, his ass on fire and his cock throbbing. He could feel it though, the building feeling, and soon it was all he could feel, the inexorable build in his balls and his cock, matched by excited squeals and cries from them both as the wild uninhibited mating reached its climax.

She held on, body on remote control as a new and harder orgasm built in her body, the stallion against her heaving with effort as she felt the throbbing in his cock reach the same interval as his thrusts. That was the final push he required.

He screamed out as his hyperexcited cock exploded, so far gone he couldn't even feel her bite down hard on his neck marking him as her property. Her own orgasm followed, and she shuddered against his fur, tasting his blood thick and rich on her tongue, the taste a perfect match for her orgasm.

The two panting equines held each other, two drowning sailors adrift in the same ocean, before he lay her down with infinite care on the dummy, and covered her with kisses. She could feel his cock finally softening slightly inside her, but she was content to keep it there for the moment.

Eventually she moved, letting his cock slide out as she moved with tired aching limbs to stand beside him. She bent to release him, first ruffling his feathering and the inside of his fetlocks with affectionate strokes.

Taking his bridle again, she began to lead him from the barn.

“Hey, what about releasing me completely?”

She smiled at the big Clydesdale. He still had a lot to learn.

“The deal was slave for a night, not a few hours. There are at least 6 hours before dawn still. Besides, I know you can cum at least 4 times a night. You have already set the standard, I know those big balls still have life in them.”

He groaned in spite of himself, for once the prospect of more sex not the highest priority in his mind.

She ruffled his mane, enjoying his slight dismay.

“Don’t worry, I feel like more, but a little more soft and sensual. You will earn your release pet, but you won’t need a medic.”

‘Yes Mistress’

His cocky grin made her feint a blow with the riding crop, but she could see his grin turn to fear and she stopped the swing from hitting hard, a gentle slap letting him know she was still the boss without hurting.

“Ah, Mistress?”

“Yes pet?”

“Those things you talked about doing...to punish me...you wouldn’t ever really do them would you?”

She pulled him down to her by the bridle, planting a soft kiss on his lips.

“Well, if you want to find out, perhaps you should agree to another night of slavery, and push your luck? Or are you a filly not a real stallion?”

He laughed at her joke, enjoying the closeness, until stopping suddenly. She wasn’t laughing, and the predatory grin made her intent clear.

“Ahh...filly. Definitely filly.” His head nodded with exaggerated speed.

Her laughter echoed through the night as she led her pet to the bed, and the rest of his night of discovery.

