

Learn to Hold Your Tongue

A story by Gordon "Simcoe" Fawks

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This story contains scenes of non-consensual sexual contact, abuse of restricted substances, violations of the Hippocratic Oath and various ethics standards and body modification. Do not do anything mentioned in this story. You have been warned.

This story is an aside explaining the installation, use, and deployment of the integrated dental gag system, or its trade name "The Invisigag". The system makes it impossible for the wearer to open their jaw or remove the gag without specific keys. It uses dental implants to attach anchor "teeth" into the jaw that the gag then attaches to. This is used on horse/pony slaves by some masters or mistresses to punish them for transgressions from insubordination to physical violence.

The Master's hand was swifter than Sunset had ever seen before. His bridle was caught in one meaty hand and yanked so his whole head was forced painfully up to face the black bear who had been his master for the last five years. Sunset was pulled up to the very toeclips of his hooves and his hands reached out to try and grab the bear's arm. They made it half way there before being intercepted in the other massive paw and held firm.

"You've been nothing but a brat since the day I got you." The bear was grunting as he pulled the small pony, whinnying in fear, around to push him against the nearest wall of the barn. "Sure, you win shows, but you've got a big mouth on you and cause nothing but problems. Well guess what, colt." Sunset felt his head pushed back into the stall door. "It's time for you to learn to hold your tongue!"

Sunset wasn't a large equine genomod; he was actually not even a meter and three quarters tall, but he was fine featured and generally considered very handsome. That didn't help now, though, and the fervent wish that he'd been a draft horse popped into his head as the great bear squeezed at the sides of his neck, closing the arteries to his brain off. Deprived of the blood flow he blacked after a few seconds of fruitless fighting.

Waking up wasn't fun, either.

The bear had him under his arm, carrying him wordlessly out of the stables. For once, in part thanks to the pounding headache, Sunset chose to play dead. It wasn't like the bear couldn't just choke him out again, anyways. Before long they were in the medical wing of the main house and Sunset's headache had mostly faded when they reached the door to the dental surgery.

He had been here once before, when he'd been brought on to the estate, to have his oral health examined and recorded. His dental work was excellent, though, so he'd never been back. Instead the dentist had instead visited him, along with the rest of the stallions, in the barn.

"On your feet, Colt." The bear growled and tipped Sunset onto the ground. He had to scramble from his position of feigned unconsciousness to stand or risk falling in full harness. Sunset had no idea how the

bear had known he was awake but was unhappy to find that his head was swimming from the oxygen deprivation while he was got his hooves under him.

He turned to object at his treatment but, seeing his master's paw clenching into a fist he instead wheeled around again and waited. The bear gave a grunt of something approaching contentment and opened the doors with one hand and taking Sunset's halter in the other and pulling him roughly through.

The room itself wasn't actually unpleasant, per se. It was fairly large for a normal dental office with white tiled walls and floor. LED panels in the ceiling provided room lighting, task lighting lit various benches full of papers and equipment. The chair, though, was the stuff of nightmares; though it was really more conflicted than that for the small stallion.

He'd become semi-erect in it during his only exam. The heavy steel construction, articulated arms and legs and other, less obvious features, promised a lot of fun bondage. It had never seemed, though that the jackal at the desk was interested in what Sunset thought of as fun. He was a handsome jackal, though; in his rubber apron and anti-contamination mask. He was a nice change of scenery with his lean body and sharp features; businesslike but not unkind.

"I guess I should get the implants ready?" The jackal didn't even look up from his notes to the bear that was presumably his boss. He didn't wear a collar so that usually meant he was an employee rather than a slave. His faintly annoyed reception combined with his lack of any other accommodation to the master of the house made Sunset suddenly worried about just what this dentist might be capable of;

"Yeah. Green on this one's muzzle; little shit's been mouthy even with his chastity belt on for a month." The bear grunted as he tapped carelessly at the steel between Sunset's legs, making him wince. He hadn't actually had an orgasm in two months but need hadn't done as much to increase his obedience as it had his irritability. The talk of implants was already worrying him but bolting wasn't an option now.

"Come on... please... I don't need this. I'm sorry, Sir..." He kept his eyes wide and ears down, begging at the bear who just glowered down at him and wrapped a hand around his neck again.

"Shut up and sit down."

The chair rattled gently as Sunset whimpered and shook with the restraints over his limbs and torso. They had even strapped his head into an immobilizer until it almost hurt and now the jackal advanced on him again with a tray full of metal. The humourless expression under the clear facemask only made things worse as the dental surgeon took Sunset's jaw in his hand and prized it open without even asking for cooperation.

A metal gag, pieces of steel that fitted in the gaps between his teeth with only enough rubber to avoid cracking the enamel, was shoved in and winched open to expose his whole mouth. It wasn't anchored at his back teeth, though. The surgeon had anchored the gag just in front, leaving the rear molars exposed. Sunset was panting and trying not to freak out as the surgeon went to leave the room.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Sunset and the jackal both stared at the bear. "I'm going to get the anesthetist." The jackal said, flatly.

"He doesn't need it." The bear's words were full of casual malice. "This isn't fun and games. I want him to remember this."

This was the first that Sunset had ever seen the surgeon look concerned. The jackal shot him a look of what seemed to pass for pity before walking back to the chair and leaned over to adjust the head straps.

"I'm sorry. Pass out if you can; this is going to hurt a lot."

The pony could only shake and blubber as the surgeon carefully secured his tongue and then leaned in with a pair of pliers.

Sunset could only remember the screaming. His hands had gripped the chair arms until the padding had been torn. By then four molars were sitting on the tray beside the table. Other people had run in; thankfully the anesthetist among them, and they had finally prevailed upon the bear to at least use sedation for the second part. That tigress did her best to comfort him while she put the mask over his nose and adjusted the levels air flow and levels, stroking the bridge of his nose and murmuring at what a brave horse he was.

The pain had quickly left him and his body was suddenly heavy and unable to move. The lights, dim under his closed eyes, seemed to go bright into a pure white. Only the voices remained but soon they were distant as well and he faded mercifully into unconsciousness.

Waking up was much more painful this time than it had been the last. The jackal was sitting next to him in the clinic's recovery wing. Sheaves of paperwork were still held in his black-furred hands but he was staring intently at the small horse.

"Aught..." He couldn't speak properly. He tried to reach to his mouth but couldn't move his body. Straps held him to the bed and he whinnied in dejection at the oral surgeon.

"Don't speak." The tone was flat. Not the usual blasé accent that the jackal usually affected but instead a distant, unhappy tone. "You've had four teeth out and implant studs screwed into your jaw. The procedure went well but you're off duty for the week. That also means no solid food but we already have a feeding tube rigged up so relax. The new 'teeth' will be helping anchor a new type of gag that will force your mouth to stay close by hooking on to the implanted teeth at the sides."

Sunset just looked at him, uncomprehending. A week? False teeth? Gag? What the hell was going on and why did his mouth feel like it was full of wool and pain?

"Here, open your mouth very, very gently." The jackal reached over and Sunset slowly unhinged his jaw. The surgeon picked out a wad of bright red gauze that looked like he'd bled out into it for weeks. "Right, that's not so bad. Open just a little wider, please.... Yes, alright." The surgeon poked gingerly in Sunset's mouth. He wanted to cry out from the pain but shivered and moaned instead. "Alright that's not too bad. It should heal up nicely."

Sunset took the fresh gauze offered to him in his muzzle and leaned back as the jackal gently packed it in. "That was the hard part. The next part is installing your new 'teeth' but that won't be as painful, you have my word." And got up, taking a muzzle mask from above the bed and lowering it gently into

Sunset's face. "As your doctor I insist you relax. He runs the estate but I run this ward." Soft straps were slowly wrapped around his head to hold it in place; though only just.

"Nghhtgggh?" Sunset winced as the jackal affixed it then moved down the bed and unbuckled the chastity device that had covered his stallionhood. The pony had become keenly aware, now, that he was immobilized in front of someone who he had had almost no interaction with. The mask was also a little worrying but his body seemed to be relaxing in spite of himself.

"That's a light dose of nitrous oxide and high oxygen content. That should make this much more comfortable" The jackal's hand wrapped around his sheath, flaccid and covered in sweat. The pain had pushed any thought of sexual release from Sunset's mind but the growing sense of relaxation helped immensely.

The pain had gone away, but the pleasure seemed to remain, for now, and he let his body relax into the bed. His tail had been carefully tucked away to one side and now tried to pull up under him, but the discomfort didn't bother him too much. It finally relaxed as well and he felt like he was as light as a feather on the bed. His cock was hard and slick in the surgeon's hand but that didn't matter much; it was all so incredibly pleasurable now that he didn't even think.

He must have cum a cup if he'd cum a teaspoon. Months of pent up frustration, pain and fear seemed to erupt and left him spent and relaxed, floating free of the pain for as long as the surgeon would let him; moaning and squirming gently in the grip of the restraints.

It didn't take two weeks for Sunset to offend the bear again. This time it was accidental but the bear was having none of the apology that the pony tried to offer. Sunset found himself dragged back to the Jackal by his harness, mercifully conscious this time.

"Put it in." The bear pulled Sunset up by the back of his neck, forcing the jaws open with a squeeze of the forefinger and thumb against the jaw that was still somewhat sore from its previous abuse. The pony could smell the bear's fury and see the Jackal's resigned expression as the latter picked up a box about the size of a head and brought it to the chair, rather than bringing it directly to them.

"Put him in and buckle his arms, legs and torso. I will take care of the rest." The Jackal fixed the bear with a stare and Sunset felt the ursine's will falter. A moment later and Sunset was back in the chair being strapped in. The Jackal took the box and then stood, glaring at bear. "You can leave, now, if you like."

The tone was flat but Sunset felt the sudden power behind it. It didn't stop the bear at first but after a second he turned and walked out the door, standing remarkably straight.

"How the fuck...?"

"It's a long story but I'm tired of the bullshit." The jackal was matter of fact. "You need to learn to hold your tongue, though, even if I have to do it for you." He was already holding what looked like a large, steel mouth-guard in one hand; but not one that Sunset had ever seen. "Now. Please open wide or this is going to be a lot harder than it has to be."

Sunset stared. The Jackal stared back. His jaw was still tender from its abuse but, grudgingly, he opened it. "Alright..."

The jackal smiled. Sunset nearly closed his mouth again, the Jackal had never really smiled at him, but the jackal leaned forward; pressing the device into his mouth. It felt warm and slightly pliable, like a mouth-guard, but seemed to have a core strength that made removing it seem impossible. He felt two ominous clicks at the back of his jaw and the guard seemed to stay in place on his upper teeth as the jackal retreated.

"Don't... close yet. But how does it feel?"

The Jackal was staring expectantly at him; tail swaying under his pure white coat.

"Guhth?" Was Sunset's only reply.

"Any pinching in the teeth? Discomfort of any kind?"

Sunset shook his head in reply.

"Good." The jackal seemed relieved. "Please close your jaw now; firmly, until you hear two clicks and then try to gently pull your teeth apart again." He was looking less anxious but was leaning in to watch closely in a way that worried the pony.

Clickclick.

Sunset felt his jaw lock in place. He tried gently to pull but nothing moved at all and he realized that he couldn't even breathe through his mouth. Surprised turned to panic as he started trashing against the straps, panting hard through his nose until the jackal forcibly pushed him into the chair and held his muzzle.

"Stop."

The word was softly spoken but carried so much authority that he fell back into the chair, dazed and unmoving. Sunset breathed slowly through his nose, nostrils flaring, as the Jackal moved up beside him to tinker with the gag.

"I'm keeping set of keys to this."

The voice was so quiet that Sunset couldn't be sure if he was speaking to him or to himself but it seemed reassuring none the less.

"Just in case. I have also set a few trigger phrases while you were resting to try and help you. Don't worry; he doesn't know about them and can't use them. Just me."

Sunset sat, processing this information and trying to figure out what to do about it. The Jackal, though, busied himself with the next item; producing a large syringe and filling it with fluid. Sunset started to flinch but realized quickly that there wasn't a needle. Instead the Jackal pressed it into a port on the

front of the gag and Sunset found his muzzle slowly being filled with a smooth, rubbery... thing. The inner part of the gag seemed to roll to the back of his mouth, then fill it tightly; pressing his tongue down and further removing his ability to speak.

He gave the Jackal a confused look but was met with the sight of a large water bottle with an odd valve. The jackal held it in front of Sunset's gagged muzzle and spoke.

"You cannot eat with this gag in or drink or breathe through it, though there is another solution. You will find about a dozen of these 'nipples' all over the estate. If you've seen someone using them before you'll know how they work."

Sunset hadn't. He'd been around for a year but never seen this contraption before. The Jackal carried on, seemingly reading his mind.

"But just in case; there is a second valve in the front of the gag. Line it up with one of these brass nipples and you'll get a stream of water or nutrient juice. It goes straight to the back of your throat, though, so use it carefully. Would you like to try now?"

What choice did he really have? Besides, he was thirsty anyways. Sunset nodded quickly and leaned forward; connecting to the nipple. It felt humiliating, like being bottle fed, but he pressed further until he felt the fluid pour into the back of his mouth and he started swallowing.

He could do this.

He couldn't do this.

The first nipple he found was hidden on a statue of the bear, naked, in plain view of the house. It was between the bear's bronze butt cheeks and so from far enough away it looked like Sunset was rimming the statue. The cold of the bronze cheeks wasn't helpful, either, and left him feeling chilled.

He could feel the heat of a thousand eyes on him in the windows but he was achingly thirsty. He swore he'd never be put in this position again if he could possibly help it but was forced to press his muzzle between the cool metal until he felt the click and the fluid poured in.

It slaked his need for water but his desperation to flee had hit an all-time high.