

Trained for Charity

Faye Valentine

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Returning to the Ebonwood Ranch after taking a week to attend her grandmother's funeral, the reading of the will and a few other family matters, Kayla just wanted to get back to her training, but unfortunately there was one more thing she needed to take care of first. The summer morning warm and sunny, she stripped out of her normal everyday clothes in preference for the leather and latex affair standard at the ranch consisting of thigh-high boots with hooved heels, bicep-length gloves, butt plug with tail resembling that of a horse, headband with horse ears and bit gag which she did not place in her more than willing mouth and a heavy-duty leather harness designed to spread the load of pulling carts that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. As a final touch, she pulled her long, light-brown hair back in a ponytail, got on all fours and instead of using the normal gates to enter the ranch she crawled through what amounted to a very large doggy door.

Against the wishes of her fiancé, most of her friends and nearly all of her family, Kayla applied for the yearlong training program on her eighteenth birthday, but with a waiting list five years long she had to wait until her twenty-third. That was seven months ago nearly to the day and in that time she had learned more about herself than she ever thought possible. Straight? Not when she gained pleasure satisfying the desires of her Masters and Mistresses. Dominant? Not even close. Although she initially applied for the Mistress Training Program it took all of fifteen minutes for her to transfer to the submissive one where she, as so many before her, thrived in surrendering total control to her handlers. Headstrong? That still applied in most instances, but when it came to obeying the commands of her Masters and Mistresses she was as meek and obedient as they came.

Crawling across a well-maintained rubber path that made being a petgirl at the ranch so much easier than the world at large, she went through another large doggy door into the offices where she was greeted with smiles and nods of approval from several members of staff and a glaring look of absolute disgust from a man whom until just a few days ago she got along with just fine. But now, she did her best to avoid his pitiful excuse to look intimidating as she crawled towards Mistress Millie's office. Unfortunately, the man – thirty-four-year-old Master Blake, stepped in front of her halfway there. "Excuse me, Master."

"Mistress Millie is busy and not taking visitors right now," Master Blake said with an air of authority that made Kayla's skin crawl.

"I think she'll make an exception for what I have to say, Master."

"And I think you need to remember your place. Now get out of here before I have you flogged for disrespect and disobedience."

"I'm sorry, Master, but as my information pertains to a very credible threat to the ranch I can't do that."

Leaning down so that he was face-to-face with his future sister-in-law, Blake smirked. "You've got till the count of three to get your sorry excuse for a submissive ass out of this office and if you even hint at saying a word to anyone about what you may or may not have overheard I'll cane you half to death before having you banned for life."

There were many rules at Ebonwood, but the one Kayla took to heart was that unless they felt a very real threat to their safety petgirls do not stand without first getting permission from their masters and Mistresses. Feeling very much afraid for her life, she jumped to her feet and took two big steps back, almost slamming into a lanky woman coming over to see what was going on.

“Is everything okay over here?” Mistress Nicole asked while glaring at Master Blake.

“No Mistress! This man just threatened to beat me half to death for needing to talk to Mistress Millie!”

“I did no such thing,” Blake countered. “And for spreading falsehoods you’ll...”

“It’s not a falsehood when it’s the truth,” Nicole cut him off. “I actually heard everything you said but wanted to see if you would lie to my face.”

“You heard what I said? You heard my whispers to her from across the office? Right.”

“I read lips,” Nicole stated matter of fact. “And if that isn’t enough proof then I’m sure the microphones on the cameras picked it up. That being said, Mistress Millie is incredibly busy at the moment so is this something that can wait?”

“No Mistress it is not. And I know I’m stepping way over the line here, but he needs to be taken into custody as he’s part of what I need to talk to Mistress Millie about.”

“He’ll be lucky if he’s only fired for what he threatened to do to you...”

“Ponygirl Kayla, Mistress.”

“Ponygirl Kayla. I’ll remember that. Without looking, Nicole called out to the gentlemen at the other end of the lobby. “Masters Aiden and Jordan, will you please restrain Master Blake here and ensure he does not leave until Ponygirl Kayla here has a word with Mistress Millie? Not waiting for a response, she gave the very nervous petgirl a reassuring smile. “Go on, have your word with Mistress Millie and if she cast blame tell her I gave you permission.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Getting back down onto all fours, Kayla started crawling towards the owner’s office when a heavy boot came down hard on her right hand causing her to reel back and yelp in pain.

“Oops, my bad,” Blake sneered. Seconds later he was tackled to the ground by the two called on Masters.

“Wait,” Master Aiden called out. “Would you like to press charges against this man for what he just did?”

“Absolutely one-hundred percent yes!” Kayla answered emphatically. “If I remember the rules correctly such behavior warrants one hundred swats of the cane, a body modification of the offended party’s choosing and a five-year ban.”

“That is correct,” Mistress Nicole said, looking very impressed with the petgirl’s knowledge of the rules. “What body modification would you like him to receive?”

“I don’t suppose you can cut his feet off so that he can never step on anyone ever again so what about male chastity piercings? Is that one body modification or more?”

“Technically, it’s several piercings but counts as a single modification. It’ll be done before the day is over.”

“Like fucking hell!” Blake growled as he attempted and failed to free himself from the two men holding him down. “Get your fucking hands off me or so help mmmph...” the rest of his rant was cut short by the penis gag shoved into his mouth.

“Go on and see Mistress Millie and we’ll take care of this idiot,” Mistress Nicole said.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“And when you’re finished go to medical to make sure he didn’t break anything.”

“Yes Mistress.” Her hand hurt from the stomp, but she had broken the left one when she was eleven and this did not come close to comparing. And that she was able to put weight on it while crawling told her she would probably have a wicked bruise but nothing was broken. When she reached Mistress Millie’s door she lightly knocked. There was a long pause and then a calm voice from within called out.

“Enter.”

Going through another doggy door, Kayla entered a huge corner office whose decorations reflected the occupant’s love for the bdsm lifestyle from the desk with cages on either side where drawers would normally be and the open seat bondage chairs sitting opposite, to the row of whips, canes, floggers and paddles along one wall and myriad sex toys on the other. And then there was the floor tiled white with a triskelion taking up most of the center.

Sitting at her desk now taking a break from going over the quarterly reports was Mistress Millie – the fifty-three-year-old owner of the Ebonwood Ranch. Tall at nearly six feet with long black hair pulled back in a tight bun, she looked down at the kneeling petgirl like a disapproving librarian. “I’m incredibly busy at the moment, pet, so this had better be good.”

“I am so sorry for disturbing you, Mistress, but our training has taught us to bring any threat to Ebonwood, its staff and guests directly to you.”

“And you have such a threat, pet?”

“Yes Mistress. As you know, I was gone for the last week tending to my grandmother’s funeral and other matters. While I was gone I overheard my sister Wendy talking badly about this place. That’s nothing new as she’s never liked anything even remotely fun. I kept quiet because I didn’t want to cause a fuss at such a horrible time in all of our lives, but the next night I heard her talking with her fiancé – the man tackled to the floor outside your office as we speak, I might add, about ways they can get this place shut down for good. As I listened they entertained everything from adding poison to the food to firebombing the place with Molotov Cocktails. I know my sister, Mistress, and once she sets her overly zealous religious mind to something she tends to act on it now matter how stupid it might be. I sincerely hope this is just her venting her frustration at having a petgirl for a sister, but I believe this to be an honest threat. Especially given what her fiancé just did to me as I tried coming to speak to you.”

“And who might this fiancé of hers be and why is he tackled to the floor in front of my office?”

“I know it is proper etiquette to address staff as Master or Mistress, but that man lost all rights to such respect. His name is Blake.”

“You mean Master Blake?”

“I mean Blake, Mistress. I fully accept any punishment you deem necessary, but I will never call him Master again.”

“I see.” Rolling her chair back, Millie stood and smoothed out the navy blue and silver latex dress hugging her every curve. “Before I go out there to see what’s going on what exactly did he do and say as you tried entering my office?”

“He whispered to me that if I tell you or anyone else anything I overheard while away that he’d cane me half to death and then have me banned for life. Mistress Nicole stepped in to see if everything was okay. I told her what he said, he lied and she told him she could read lips. She called two other Masters to restrain him and gave me permission to knock on your door and on my way he stomped on my hand, Mistress.”

“I see. Are you okay? Do you need to go see Doctor Sharpe?”

“I don’t think it’s broke or anything but Mistress Nicole ordered me to go so that’s where I’m headed next unless you need me for something else, Mistress.”

“Accompany me outside to get to the bottom of this and then you may head over. And since you’re hand is injured you may stand.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“When we’re finished go directly to Doctor Sharpe and if anyone questions why you’re walking upright tell them I gave you permission and that you are not to be delayed.”

“Yes Mistress.”

When Millie told everyone that she planned on turning the ranch she inherited from her late grandfather into a safe haven for those interested in the bdsm lifestyle everyone thought she was insane. Some family members fought to take the property from her, others outright disowned her. Friends turned their backs on her and those that remained never treated her quite the same. That was thirty-five years ago. Since then, Ebonwood’s one thousand stable stalls have been filled to capacity as people the world over forked over large sums of money to be trained in all things submissive. She has had her fair share of legal battles and the occasional family member or friend attempting to bring the walls down, but this was the first time coming from an employee.

Stepping out of her office, Mistress Millie saw... nothing. No man pinned to the floor, no signs of a struggle whatsoever. What she did see, however, was Mistress Nicole getting up from her desk and approach from the other side of the lobby. “I was told there was an altercation involving Master Blake and this petgirl?” Millie asked.

“Yes Mistress. He prevented her from getting anywhere near your office, going so far as to threaten her with great bodily injury and banishment from the ranch if she said anything.”

“And you heard this with your own ears?”

“Not as such, Mistress, as he was whispering, but as you know I’m something of an expert at reading lips and heard him that way.”

“And where is he now?”

“I had Masters Aiden and Jordan take him to detention pending discipline, Mistress. I should point out that in accordance with the rules that ponygirl Kayla there so expertly quoted, he is to be given male chastity. I should also add that he’s threatening to file charges if we lay a finger on him.”

“And did you remind him of the fine he is required to pay for refusing to accept disciplinary actions?”

“Yes Mistress. He said it wasn’t legal and would fight it in court if need be.”

“Better men than he has tried. Pony,” Millie said, turning her attention to Kayla “I would like to personally invite your sister to a tour of the ranch so that she can see things for herself.”

“I know what that means, Mistress, and I can assure you she doesn’t care how legal all of this is as in her mind it’s all a sin in the eyes of the lord that needs to be eradicated. Her words, not mine.”

“Then I would like a picture of her if you’ve got one so that security can keep an eye out. I would also like her phone number, email address and physical mailing address so that I may contact her regarding your claims.”

“Yes Mistress. I’ve got pictures of her on my phone. If I’ve got permission to go to the parking lot I can grab it and you can print one or all of them out.”

“Mistress Nicole, I would like you to personally escort Ponygirl Kayla here to see Doctor Sharpe and then to her car so that she may retrieve her phone. Pony, you will write down all the information I require and then return to your stall for the rest of the day. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” both women said in unison.

“Good, now I’ve got a former Master to see to.” And with that, Millie shut her office door and walked out of the building leaving Nicole and Kayla to follow her command.