To Buy A Couch

I have an online sub who follows my commands with the aid of two accomplices--work associates of hers--who let her get away with absolutely nothing. Because all three girls are good friends, my sub frequently stays overnight with the other two, who share an apartment. They needed a better fold-out couch for niki to sleep on, so all three went on a shopping trip for the new couch. I had instructed niki to wear a pair of VERY SHORT short-shorts, her red knit top which bared her midriff and cleavage, and which showed her nipple rings off nicely under the thin fabric. She was also to wear her handcuffs on one wrist as a bracelet, and, of course, a pair of high heels. Now these shorts are just at crotch level. When she lies down on the couch and tries it on for size, I fully expect everyone watching easily to see that she is wearing no underwear. She is, however, instructed to wear her butt plug for the event.

As usual, we planned something extra for her afterward. I had just told Rosie to take her out somewhere safe during daylight, bind her, blindfold her, strip her, and lead her around for awhile with a leash attached to her nipple rings. However, niki had expressed an unusual interest in pony girls, although she professed she really wasn't interested. Neither am I, actually, because I consider that degrading to my sub, and I don't like to do that. However, Rosie had a friend who owned an empty stable, so she decided on an evil course of action--all on her own.

We picked up Niki exactly at 3pm to go shopping for the couch/bed arrangement for which she would be the primary user. I had packed, unknown to her, a pair of handcuffs, leg irons, a gag and a blindfold, all for her late afternoon enjoyment. I had borrowed my brother's long bed pick up truck to take the couch with us, but the rain stopped that plan, so we ended up taking our van. Judy and I got to Niki's house. The two of you had talked earlier, so she was dressed in her denim shorts, a very skimpy red short sleeve top, and red heels. Just to make sure she had followed all your orders I had her show me she was not wearing a bra and knickers. It was rather obvious she was not wearing a bra because I could see her nipples were hard already and the rings were well defined, but I had her show me anyway. She was as red as her shirt but she was not wearing any knickers, just the butt plug you told her to wear. When she stood the shorts completely covered her pussy, but when she sat with her legs open it was obvious she was not wearing any knickers. The salesguy was going to have a good day!

We went out to the van and I told Niki she was to sit in back and she was to be cuffed and blindfolded between each trip. If she complained a lot, she was to be gagged. Did she have a problem with that? Her eyes got the look, but she shook her head no. She got in and turned around so I could cuff her hands behind, and Judy blindfolded her. The back windows were darkly tinted so no one could see her and I put her seat belt on her so she would not slide around. Judy got in front, giggling, as I got in to drive. I asked Niki if she was ok and she answered yes, and then she asked permission to talk and I said yes for now. She then told me you had told her you wanted her to wear the handcuffs on one arm as a bracelet anyway so it was a good idea I had brought them. You had actually told her to wear the cuffs for the car buying trip too but she had asked you if she could wear her collar instead and you had said yes. You had been very firm about this trip, though, and she was to wear the cuffs locked to one wrist.

We drove up to the first furniture store and, since it was raining, I tried to park as close as I could. Judy got out first and opened the door for Niki while I removed her blindfold. I then told her she was not to talk unless I asked her a direct question. Judy helped her out, and I unlocked the cuff on her right wrist and locked it back on her left so she had a lovely silver fetish braclet. I have to say, she looked really cute with the short-shorts, the small red top, the heels, and her hair was in a braid down her back. As I watched her move her little ass through the rain, she looked adorable. We got in the store, and Judy asked the first salesperson where they sold convertible couches. Now, this place is more like a furniture warehouse instead of a store, and Judy's voice carried to every corner of the place. Niki just looked at me, and I could tell she was pleading with her eyes, so I just told her to follow Judy and no complaints, no protests, no pleading. Niki resigned herself to her fate, and followed Judy to the back of the place to the convertible couches. Judy got there first and collared this sales person. Now, this man probably had been selling furniture for years, probably worked on commission, and, by the look of him, seemed to be doing OK. This would be the true test of his salemanship. Judy then proceeded to ask the man for a convertible couch with a bed large enough for Niki, who was standing there with her arms behind her back trying to look small. Judy snapped at her to stand up straight, throw her shoulders back and extend her arms so the saleman could get a good look at her size. Niki opened her mouth, but then thought better of it and stood straight up and extended her arms. Now from my view (the side) I could see her nipples were hard, so I assume the salesman could see them as well, and, of course, the cuffs on her arm. He just looked at Niki and said, yes, most regular convertible couches would fit her...he did not see a problem. So then Judy told her to stretch so the salesperson could see how tall she really is, so Niki does and the shirt rode up so her belly button was exposed (an outie BTW) and the crotch of her shorts almost bisected her pussy lips. Now the salesguy did not know where to look, as he started pointing out the virtues of several of the floor models. He just could not look up at Niki at all. Now Judy was starting in on, 'which one is the most enviromentally responsible,' as Niki walks around fingering, or rather caressing, the fabrics. She was actually rubbing her legs againist the arms, and coming up to the back of the couches and spreading her arms along the top as she bent over. Now I was watching all this, and believe me, there was no one in this department doing anything but watching Niki, as she slowly moved from couch to couch. The sales person with Judy was desperately trying to understand what she meant by an "environmentally responsible" couch, and watch Niki move through the furniture maze at the same time. But he really could not seem to concentrate on what Judy was saying. So Judy raised her voice, asking about fabric content, chemical stain resistance, and how that hurts the ozone layer, and dyes and stuffing and so on. This guy did not take his eyes off Niki, as Judy asked which one is it.... Now I know he did not have a clue what the answer is or actually the question, as I asked him to open the one I was standing near, simply because I liked the color of the fabric. Relieved he had something to do, he removed the cushions and pulled out the bed. Then I called Niki back to try it out. As she came slowly over she gave me the geniune "bambi look," as I told her to get on it and try it out. She sat on the side, patted it with her arms and stood up nodding her head yes....I shook my head no, and told her to try again, and to do a better job...perhaps lying on it would be good. I didn't look at her because I already knew she was trying every non verbal way she knows to tell me she did not want to lay on the bed. Judy snapped at her again, and told her to lay down and try it out now..."time's awastin!" Niki sat back down, slowly moveed her ass to the middle of the bed, twisted her body so she was straight in the bed, and laid down in the middle. I tell her to test it because she will be the main one to use it. She began to roll around on it, extend her arms and legs spread eagle, curl up on one side, roll over to the next and finally lay flat on her stomach. By this time we had a small crowd of about 2 other sales people and 2 customers all watching this, as I asked her if this was a good one for her sleep on. She answers, 'To be honest, no.' It had a rod going up the middle, and it would hurt if she had to lay on it for a long time. I said, ok-on to the next one....Now, Judy had read the tag, and she does not like the stuffing ingredients, so it was just as well. We continued on down the row of convertible couches. The sales guy opened up each bed, Niki rolled around on it, and, BTW, you could see little bits of her pussy flash, but, since she is shaved, one could be deluded into thinking she was wearing pink knickers. Judy read the tag hated the fabric, and Niki moved on to the next to test. We did the whole row of couches, about 11, and Judy announced she is not pleased. We have more shopping to do. Niki sighed, as we follow ed Judy out of the store and into the van. Niki climbed into the back and let us cuff and blindfold her, and we moved on to the next furniture store.

It was another big warehouse place, and Judy went in first, spotted the couches, and we started again. Niki is more into this now as she got her confidence boosted by surviving the first store. I think she just wanted to get a couch and go. She caressed the backs of the sofas, bent over to inspect the cushions, sat on the arms, rolled all over the beds and generally allowed most of the men there to wish they were in the bed with her, when she nonverbally let me know she had found the one most comfortable for her. I liked the color, but we had to convince Judy it was environmentally responsible, so I hid the tag. Judy looked at it, measured it, decided it would fit in the space, and hunted for the tag. She finally decides it would do, it was not perfect, but it would do. I was happy and Niki was relieved. I went to arrange for the payment and delivery as Niki and Judy headed back to the van. It took me about 10 minutes to finish up and I got to the van and heard Niki talking. As I got in I asked Niki who gave her permission to speak and she softly said "Nobody." "Then why were you talking," I asked, and she gave me some lame excuse that she thought since we had the couch it was over and she could talk. Then she asked if she was in dermerit- doo-doo and, although I told her I was unfamiliar with the term, and trying very hard not to laugh, my one word answer is, "Yes." She was already cuffed, so I blindfolded her and told her she would now be gagged for the rest of the trip. I gave her her cat toy as her safe word and we left the parking lot. I turned up the radio so Judy and I could whisper to each other about the next part of your plan...the walk around.

It had stopped raining--it was grey, but at least the rain had stopped as we drove to the park, when I had a idea. There was a horse barn, that belonged to some friends of my family not far from where Niki lives. The barn is large and they are begining to think about renting out the stalls. They didn't have any horses in there right now and their kids are away at school, so it would be deserted. We could drive in there, take her out and walk her around. She would never know where she was, and we could tell her it is the beginning of her "Pony Girl" training. This way, if it rained again, we wouldn't have to cut it short either. I drove up to the house and explained to the Mrs. who is home that I am planning to buy a pony or a horse and I would like to look around the barn if she did not mind. Because she knew me, she said to go ahead and take as much time as I needed. As we drove by, she even waved at Judy. We get up there, and, even though there were no horses in residence, you could still smell the associated aromas of large animals and the hay.

Now Niki was beginning to mew behind her gag as I drove behind the barn to the back door. Judy climbed back there with Niki as I told her she would begin her "Pony Girl" training here. Since she had expressed such an interest in it, her Master thought it might be a good idea for her to spend the night in a barn. Now she was really beginning to squirm as I loosened the button holding her shorts together, unzipped the fly, and pulled them down over her hips. She was wet, so I knew she was not that unhappy. After removing the shorts Judy locked on the leg irons, and I told her she had been good so far, but, as she had read, pony girls don't earn their harness right away, and for most of the early training, they are completely nude. She started shaking her head, but did not release the toy, so I uncuffed one hand, pulled her arm through her sleeve, and then pulled the other arm through so the shirt was just around her neck, and recuff her hands behind. Judy totally removeed the shirt, as I attached the leash to her nipple rings. We told her that now she was ready for training, and Judy and I brought her here to this "pony girl" training center to start, as we helped her out of the van. As she was getting out of the van, she looses the butt plug. I did not replace it, but I told her that good pony girls get a plug with a tail on it, so she would need to learn to keep it in longer, or wear a much bigger one. Now the mane wouldn't be a problem she already has more than enought hair for that. I led her in the barn by the leash, Judy following along behind, so Niki does not slip. She was taking tentive little steps, and I knew she was listening as hard as she could for anyone else, as we walked down the center aisle between the stalls. Looking for a clean one, I opened one as I told her her name was already on her stall, as Judy threw some clean straw down and I asked her if she wanted to go into her stall. Really she had no choice, since I had the leash. As we walked all around the stall, Judy described her accomodations. Now I can tell she was getting nervous, but she was also getting wetter, and so I asked her if she wanted to say.

She shook her head no. Was she sure? She responded that she was sure. Now Judy started in about how we had talked the headmistress into taking Niki right away and all the accomadations that had been made and how disappointed the school was going to be and was Niki really sure that this was an opportunity of a lifetime....and so on. I know if Niki had been sure just where the van was, she would have been in it by now, as we slowly led her out of the stall. We got to the van, and I knew Niki was thinking her ordeal was over, until I opened the back hatch and turned her back toward the van, sat her down, then swung her legs up so she was in the luggage area, and closed the hatch! Then she started earnestly mewing, but Judy checks and she still was clutching the toy. We headed back and I was thinking it's been a good day, we got a new couch, once and for all Niki knows she does not want to be a "Pony Girl," and Judy had only taken us to only two stores, not the usual 6 or 7. My big worry was my mother's friend will tell my mother I am thinking of buying a horse...I'll just tell them it was Judy's idea, and everyone will believe that!

We got back, drove into the garage, unloaded Niki, and took her into the house. As I released her, she wanted to know who was in the barn, was there really a mistress there, was it really a pony girl training center, where was it???.....I thought I would gag her again!! Even Judy said it wasn't too late to take her back, as we all started laughing.

Master

Why was i not surprised you had a twist on what i thought was going to be any easy day. And Rosie!! You had trained her too well !!!!

Rosie and Judy arrived right at three, and i was ready as i was told to be. Now i don't knew why Rosie never believes me, but she had to verify i was not wearing any underwear, so i showed her, and she was pleased. i had the butt plug in as well. As we headed out to the van, Rosie told me i was to be cuffed and blinfolded while in the van, and gagged if i protested. i then asked her if i might speak. She said yes for now. i told her i was glad she brought the cuffs because you had told me to wear them both on one arm, and now i would not got in trouble. We got to the first store and, as we got out, Rosie unlocked one cuff and locked it on my left wrist with the other one and told me i was not to speak unless she asked me a direct question.

We got in there and the time i was dreading started ...shopping with Judy. Judy stopped the first sales person she saw and asked where the convertible couches were located. Now this was a furniture warhouse store and Judy's voice carried to every corner of the place. i was wishing i was four feet tall, or better yet, not ever here. We headed back to the couch area and Judy found the sales guy to torment, but she started by asking him first if he had a couch to fit me. Judy sternly told me to stood up straight and extend my arms so the man could see me....now Rosie had already told me, 'No protests!' so i was thinking they got some special instructions from you...so i do as she said, and of course, the cuffs become visible. She then told me to stood tall and extend my arms so he could see how tall i was, and of course, the shirt rode up to show my navel and almost the bottom of my breasts....well he said he thought any of the regular couch beds would fit me, no problem. Judy then told him the couch had to be environmentally responsible. Now this guy was not even really looking at me or listening to Judy, so i wandered off to look at couches....i love to felt fabric, especially soft fabric, and before i knew what was going on, Rosie and the sales guy were watching me as i sensuously felt the fabrics. i was having a good time feeling the fabrics when i heard Rosie call me to come try out a couch/bed. Now my heart was not in this, so i just sat down patted the sides, and stood up indicating it was great. Rosie shook her head no and motioned for me to sit back down, lie down, and try it out again. And Judy yells that time was wasting! So i do, trying to pull my legs up in such a way as to not show too much, and began to roll around, spead myself out all over the bed, switch from side to side, and finally ended up on my stomach. i hid my face, sure that everyone had seen everything, and that i had drawn a crowd. Rosie asked me directly if i liked the bed and i honestly answered her no ...it really was uncomfortable 'cause of this bar up the middle, when i heard Judy say the fabric was all wrong. The two of them made the salesguy open each bed and then had me roll on it, so Judy could tell him the fabric content was all wrong, and so it went for at least a dozen beds. Judy then announced, 'On to another store,' and, by then, i knew everyone had seen everything i own. i follow them out of the store, wishing this was over. i climbed in the back and let them recuff and blindfold me as we headed off to the next store.

The next furniture place was alot like the last one...a big open room full of furniture. i really wanted this to end, so the first one i found that was not too outrageous in color, or too uncomfortable, was the one. Judy found a sales guy and proceeded to tell him what we wanted, as i went and looked at everything about the couches and, in turn, showed as much as i could without getting arrested....i touched fabric, i rolled around on beds, i looked at the pillows, i sat on the arms... everthing you do with a couch. When, to my surprise, i actually found one that was comfortable, and so indicated to Rosie. Now Rosie (who was not a shopper) told Judy she liked the color, as i watched her take the fabric tag and hide it in another couch. Judy, of course, had to measure it, look at it from different angles, and looked all over for the tag. She finally gave up and said she guessed it would do. i was so relieved...it was over. Rosie went to pay for it and arrange for delivery, as Judy and i got in the van. Judy cuffed me, and as we sat there i asked her what was an environmentally responsible couch? We were just quietly talking when Rosie returned and asked who gave me permission to talk as she put on the blindfold .....and i answer truthfully "nobody" and then i asked her if i was in deep dermerit doo-doo. She answered she was unfamilar with that term but yes i was....i could tell by how she was talking that she was trying not to laugh. Then she told me i would be gagged for the rest of the trip. She put in the one that covers my whole mouth, handed me my safe toy and she started the van to leave.

Now i could't hear anything but the radio that they had turned up, so i just sat back and relaxed...it had been awhile since i'd been bound, and i found it actually relaxing and soothing. i could not figure out where we were going at all, and it seemed like we were driving forever, when the van stopped. Either Rosie or Judy got out, and a few minutes later whoever got out got back in, and we started again--this time slowly, and not very far--when the van stopped. i'd been good and i could smell horses, and now i was beginning to make as much noise as possible, when Judy sat by me and told me i was here to start "pony girl" training.....i really wanted to go then. and i felt someone loosen my shorts and slide them off, and then put the leg irons on. i was begining to think they were serious, so i started to tell them no...when Rosie asked me if i was ok and started removing my shirt.... i still had the toy, but i didn't want to go to pony girl training, and i was getting scared they had made some arrangement when i thought Rosie would not violate my limits, so i decided to go along with it. Rosie then told me pony girls had to earn their harness so i would start out naked. I didn't think they could be serious, when i felt pressure on the rings in my nipples and realized the leash had been attached. Here i was naked, cuffed, shakled, gagged and blindfolded, led into pony girl training by my tits. Rosie or Judy told me you thought it was a good idea since i had expressed an interest...now i was thinking i was going to have to explain to you the difference between curiousity and interest, just like the difference between inquisitive and impertinent. They helped me out to go look at my stall. As i got out i could't help it, i lost the butt plug...now Rosie was quick and she told me i would need to learn to wear one at all times as it would have my "tail" attached, but i don't need to worry about a mane--i had enough hair. Now i knew we were in a barn, because i could feel the hard floor, as either Rosie or Judy started looking for "my" stall. We didn't walk far when i heard "ah here it is--see the name "sara".... my heart sank, as i was led into the stall...Judy started telling me all about it, white walls, a water bucket, a nice iron ring to lock the leash onto, and straw on the floor. Now i could't tell if i was scared or really turned on...i was so wet!! i didn't know if it was being bound again after so long, or whether Judy and Rosie actually had enrolled me in pony girl school. Anyway, i was really turned on!! But i was beginning to worry they might actually be serious, and this might real, when Rosie asked me if i wanted to stay. i shook my head no (i was so relieved) and she asked again if i was sure and i tried to turn to left (like that was possible). Judy started in about how much trouble they had gone to to got me enrolled, the head mistress was contacted or something ...i did not get it all...i really wanted to leave, and if i had been able to see just a bit, i would have led the way out. i could not get out of there fast enough. We got out of the barn and i was thinking Rosie would release me, when she turned me and sat me down...bringing my legs up, and i was in the luggage area of the van behind the back seat, as she closed the hatch! It was not uncomfortable, and i was thinking i was in real dermerit doo-doo now as we left. The drive back was almost as long as the drove to wherevever....when we finally stopped and Rosie let me out, and walked me to what turned out to be her house. i was full of questions about was that a real school, who was there did the mistress see me...when Rosie looked at Judy and asked if i should be regagged...then we all started to laugh...it was sooooo good to be back home :))))))

your obedient slave

niki