

# Stabled

By HiveMaster

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*He watches as the girls get steamy*

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It was 1am and Dave was doing his rounds. Tonight wasn't strictly necessary as the riding stables he was working security for had no horses in, they were all away to the races. Dave however was a man of routine. Ex-army and took the job seriously. It wasn't his night tonight either, he was doing the shift for one of his team so that they could have the night off and party. The grooms had taken the chance to clear the stables out and instead of relining them with hay, they had left them to air, then all the people working on the stud had gone down to the town for a booze-up. It didn't happen to often that the place was this deserted, so they were all taking the chance to let their hair down. Dave smiled, there were going to be some good stories from this night as the grooms were a mixture of girls and boys and all were young and fit, some fitter than others. As he quietly walked through the deserted buildings he thought he heard something and stopped to listen. In the dark he could hear footsteps, two sets. He moved back further into the shadows and waited. Two girls walked from the gap between the buildings, a blonde and a brunette. He recognised them as grooms and thought it strange they were not out partying. He was just about to call out to them when the brunette stopped walking and the blonde turned to her. He could tell by their body language they were up to something but nothing prepared him for the blonde suddenly leaning in and french kissing the brunette. The brunette returned the kiss and the blonde's hand reached up and massaged her friend's breast over the cropped tee shirt she was wearing. Breaking the kiss the blonde stood back and taking the brunette by the arm led her into the stable block. Dave stood for a couple of seconds before making his mind up. Quietly he walked across the yard and entered the block. It wasn't difficult to see where the girls had gone as only one stable door was shut and the lights were on in there, all the rest were dark. Silently he walked up to the door and tried to look through but with no luck. He could hear movement and low talk, but could not see anything. Then he had an idea. Nipping back outside he grabbed the step ladder that was leaning against the stable block and quietly came back in. In the area next to where the girls were he quietly opened the ladder and climbed up to look over the wall. He had placed the ladder just right so that he came up behind the spot lamp that was shining into the stable. He could see all inside, but they couldn't see him. He got there just as the brunette had

finished taking off her clothes. The blonde had also been busy, she had taken rope from a bag, and tied two long pieces to the rings on opposite walls, one under where he was looking over and the other on the far wall. There was also a rope over the joist above the stable. Dave was interested to know what that rope was for. The blonde walked up to the brunette and asked her if she wanted to go on. The brunette just smiled and then kissed the blonde again "Yes" she said. The blonde turned and reached into her bag and took out some straps. These she fitted around the brunettes ankles, cuffs, he now saw. Next a pair of handcuffs, steel ones like the Military Police used to carry, not cheap and serious stuff. One cuff was placed on the brunettes wrist and left dangling. Lastly a belt was placed around the brunettes middle, a belt with lots of rings on it. The brunette now turned and spread her legs about 18 inches apart. The blonde knelt down and taking one of the ropes attached to the wall tied it to the D ring on the ankle cuff. When she had done the other ankle the brunette couldn't move far and couldn't close her legs. The brunette then put her hands together behind her back and the blonde fixed the other cuff on her, handcuffing her hands behind her back. She then reached for the rope and tied it to the middle of the cuffs. The blonde then took the other end of the rope and pulled it downwards. The rope going over the joist caused the brunettes hands to be pulled up and eventually the girl had to bend over as her arms went higher and higher. When she was bent at right angles the blond stopped and tied the rope to one of the rings on the belt. The brunette was very effectively hobbled and held in one place. She could not move forward or back due to the ropes and if she tried to fall to the floor her arms would be pulled and so stop her. Her shoulders were pulled back into a painful position, and her hands curled round to grab the rope Dave's imagination raced ahead. He had watched his fair share of porn and the brunettes position with her arse sticking out like that, well he was looking forward to the blonde getting naked now. He was to be disappointed though as the blonde showed no signs of taking her clothes off. She walked around the brunette, stroking and caressing, checking the ropes and making sure her girlfriends circulation was ok in her hands. She stopped and walked back to the bag. From it she took what looked like a teachers cane. Dave saw it was brown and wooden. He frowned. The blonde walked to the presented rear of the brunette and without any warning bought the cane slamming down on the other girls backside. The brunette screamed once. Her arse bounced up and down and her tits swung. Again the blonde hit her hard, a real back swing and the cane slammed into the girls arse. "Jesus" thought Dave. The blonde lined a third strike up and whacked into the brunettes arse. By now the bent over girl was trying to move out of the way but the ropes were holding her in one place effectively. Another whack from the cane and the brunette started to beg for it to stop. Dave saw the blondes face. She was smiling, but it was an evil smile. She was enjoying this immensely. The brunette begged and begged for no more, but the blonde pulled back her arm and let fly again. The sharp crack on the brunettes arse raised another scream and then more begging. Dave could see the marks now from where he was, big red streaks across the whiteness. The blonde moved around to the rear of the girl and ran her hand over the marks, scratching them with her nails. The brunette cried a little and shook her head, but her head now hung limp. The blondes hand reached lower and lower and went between the captive girls legs. She left them there but from the brunettes reaction he could see the fingers were busy. The brunette

started to push back slightly, just rocking on the balls of her feet, her breathing become deeper. The blond stopped and removing her hand caused the other girl to whimper. She reached forward and played with a nipple hanging down, rolling it and coating it in the girls juices. "Please" said the brunette, "please" "Please what?" the blonde asked. "Hit me again, harder this time" Dave was shocked. The blonde however seemed to have expected this as she stood back and took aim. This time the cane landing caused the brunette to stumble forward a little and she seemed to be having trouble catching her breath as no noise came out of her but her back was heaving. She recovered and just as she did another hit caught her. Dave could see that the cane marks were evenly spaced, and went from the top of that perfectly shaped arse to the crease where the legs met it. Red and raw marks. When the blonde hit again he could see the skin on the brunettes arse ripple, not from the stroke but from the pain. The blonde again stopped and positioned herself behind the girl. Pushing her hand straight up she seemed to get more fingers in to the tied girls cunt. She pulled them out and sucked her girlfriends juices off them. Again her hand went back in and the brunettes crying slowly turned to moans, as she was stimulated again. She started to push back harder, as much as the ropes would allow, humping her girlfriends hand. The blonde stopped and walked round to the brunettes face. Pulling her girlfriends hair to raise her head, the blonde stuck one finger after another into the brunettes mouth. Dave could hear the sucking as she pulled each finger out. When they were clean, the blonde bent down and they kissed again. Standing, the blonde waited. The brunette looked up and said "Harder" The blonde smiled and walked behind her. Raising the cane she struck. The red mark jumped up, but the brunette didn't scream, she just moaned. Her backside fell a little as the knees gave way, but she straightened them and waited. Another strike caused her to moan some more and she started to sway a little, the backside moving in little circles. The blonde hit her again and this time Dave saw blood. The last cut had crossed three or four of the red marks and the skin had broken in about three places. The blonde smiled again and raised her arm again. This strike caused more blood to flow. After two more strikes blood was flowing freely. The blonde stopped and put her hand between the brunettes legs. The brunette had stopped reacting to the individual cane strokes and had just been moaning and swaying the whole time, but she jumped a little at the hand on her cunt. She pushed back now, harder and harder and the moaning became louder. The blond stood back and her friend cried out "Please make me come!!" The blond smiled and raised her arm. At the top of the stroke she stopped and said "You are bleeding from your arse you little bitch" As she struck down with the cane the brunette was already coming. Dave could see little squirts of fluid from her pussy, the cane just intensifying the orgasm. The brunettes legs went, the blonde dropped the cane and grabbed her before she pulled her arms out of her joints. With one arm holding the still orgasming girl she used the other hand to undo the rope from the back of the belt. when that was released they both lay down on the floor. The brunette still had her legs tied apart and was still in the throes of an orgasm. Dave could now see clearly her cunt twitching. The blonde untied the leg cuffs and grabbed a blanket. The brunette now just lay face down on the cold hard floor, not moving. The blonde gathered her up and sitting with her back to the wall, wrapped her girlfriend into the blanket and cuddled her. Dave assumed that the show was over and quietly descended the ladder. When he

got to the floor he discovered his legs were shaking. He couldn't decide whether from what he had seen or from standing on the ladder. Quietly he took the ladder outside and breathed in deeply. Shaking his head he headed off to his car. He had changed his mind, he was going to need a drink, maybe two or three.