

The Long Haul: A Kinky Race

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Lana stared for a good couple of minutes. Then, finally, she turned to Tara and shook her head, a grin accompanied by a look of sheer disbelief on her face as she addressed her.

“Okay, I admit, you outdid me on this one. I would never have called something quite *this* kinky being the feather in your cap for this weekend. I didn’t know you even had it in you.”

Tara couldn’t help but blush, even as she retorted by reflex. “I think the point is that they’ll be in *you*.”

Lana snorted a laugh, then went back to staring at the...chassis? Was that the right word? The mechanical exoskeletal device in front of them, at any rate. Tara really *had* managed to blow her away with this one. How her best friend and lover had even *discovered* that there was a *Mechanized Ponygirl Race* event on the planet was beyond her...and the whole thing looked like a whole new level of kinky. Half again taller than either of them, the exo-skeleton was purposefully barebones. As could be expected, based on the theme, it had legs that ended in large hooves, and a sort of pony-head that would rest above Lana’s own once she was strapped in.

Then, of course, there was the ‘pilot’ section. Once Tara took her chastity belt off, Lana would be mounted into the exoskeleton’s torso. Her legs would extend down into the mechanical legs, her arms would be bound behind her, her chest thrust out without the slightest thing to conceal her naked breasts...and both of her lower holes would be impaled on the largeish, ribbed, dildos that were mounted on a sort of swing bar. Since the suit was only a mechanical *assist* rather than motorized itself, Lana would still need to move her legs herself, while tipped forward just a bit. Thankfully, the tipping would be handled by an auto-balanced system. Less thankfully...that swing bar was designed so that every step she took forward would pivot the dildos, with one withdrawing almost fully out of her and the other thrusting home deep, alternating with every single step.

And all of it was supposed to happen at a *run*.

A mechanically assisted run.

And the dildos were specifically designed to transmit the shock of the travel as vibration.

Shaking her head even as Tara fished out her mini-comp to unlock her chastity belt, Lana couldn’t help but state the obvious.

“I’m going to collapse halfway round the track from cumming my brains out.”

Tara giggled and grinned manically, causing Lana to give her a leery look at her lover unlocked her belt.

“Oh, don’t worry, you won’t be cumming at all. The neck brace has a neural blocker designed to prevent that from happening.”

Lana gaped. That was...extremely controlled tech. What the fuck?

Tara seemed to read her mind, grinning up at her.

“That’s why no one is allowed to own these things independently and thus all riders are basically amateurs. The *race facility* is licensed to own the things, with every single blocker carefully inventoried twice a week to make sure none of them go missing. And racers actually *aren’t allowed* to participate more than once every two months, to make extra sure no one is abusing it. Of course, the fact that your face will be concealed, even if nothing else of your body is, also means that they can broadcast this whole thing as a kinky sport, paying for the prohibitive costs of all of it.”

Lana gaped, even as her chastity belt came off. She was going to be *broadcast* while racing in this thing? She tried not to squirm. She knew full well that she had an exhibitionist streak...and the mere thought of being broadcast for thousands or even millions of viewers as she raced in...that thing...was a heady rush. Add in the thought that, after Tara had already been denying her for almost forty-eight hours, she was going to be fucked senseless during the race, unable to cum....and she felt a little faint. Though...

Seeming to read her mind yet again, her petite lover smirked up at her.

“Don’t worry, I fully intend you to cum your brains out tonight. I’m not *that* cruel. I just wanted to make sure you got the...full effect of the experience.”

Lana sighed in relief. She’d discovered, the same as Tara had so recently realized, that being repeatedly edged and built up could lead to incredibly powerful climaxes when she finally got to cum. But that didn’t really mean that either of them wanted to be denied long-term. That, she thought, probably required a very specific sort of machoism that wasn’t present in either of them. And with that reassurance...she was suddenly struggling not to dance from foot to foot with eagerness to try this *incredible* thing out. She was *really* going to have to come up with something equally awesome for Tara. This was basically tailor made to push all of Lana’s buttons...and it was supposed to be Tara’s vacation. Or, well, a Tara-led vacation. Due to that bet that Lana really hadn’t expected to lose.

Though, now she was kinda glad she had. Even if she was itching to take control of Tara back and fuck her best friend senseless for all the fun she’d given her this week. Later Lana, she told herself. She’d get control back in a day and a half anyway, and she could make Tara’s brain leak out her ears for *days* while she figured out how to find something this awesome for her friend to experience as repayment.

Lana shook off her fantasies, barely resisting the urge to rub her legs together as Tara led her by her leash to the mechanized pony exoskeleton. Lana happily trotted up the short few steps to put herself at the right height, then turned around to back into the *amazing* monstrosity. She slid her legs in part way, finding a set of rests there to use as a halfway point, leaving her dripping pussy and still-plugged ass hovering over the two dildos.

Tara had mounted another set of steps from behind the exoskeleton. Now, she reached forward to pull that plug, which she’d clearly had Lana wearing in thoughtful preparation, out of her rear entrance. Lana moaned, already so on edge that she almost came just from the plug’s removal. Not wanting to ruin all of Tara’s careful planning, she resisted the temptation to impale herself immediately, knowing that she probably *would* cum if she did.

After several deep, calming breaths, Lana eased down onto the dildos. Both were self-lubricating and thoroughly prepared for her...but they were also quite large. It took a good two minutes of slowly working her way down to get them fully seated...and she was on edge again when she finally managed it. Thankfully, or perhaps not, Tara had the solution for that. She pulled Lana's head back into the collar of the neckbrace, the wide band securely supporting her entire neck, adjusting itself to her...and snapping shut with the click of a digital lock.

Moments later, as it powered on, Lana felt the neural inhibitor take effect. The sensation was almost impossible to describe. She didn't feel any farther away from cumming her brains out...but at the same time her ability to actually do so felt disturbingly distant. She shuddered, deciding that she didn't actually like the sensation much. But, for the rest of this experience, she'd happily put up with it. It did make her glad that external tech that could do that sort of thing was so heavily regulated though. Oh, medical implants that could achieve a similar effect were available. But even those were strictly watched to make sure they weren't used on the unwilling. She'd been curious enough to look into it as a possible option for Tara...and there were entire psych sessions that *both* of them would have to go through for it. It was still something she was considering, in the back of her mind, but it certainly wouldn't happen anytime soon. Perhaps if they were still going strong in whatever this relationship was after a year or two...

Lana shook off her daydream and lowered her feet from the mid-point rests into their proper housing. The pony mech quickly sealed around her legs even as Tara secured her arms...then the mech powered up fully. She yelped a bit as it moved from its 'at rest' position to its 'walking' position, causing the plugs to come to life. Whereas both had been fully hilted a moment before, now only the one in her pussy was, with the anal dildo having shifted to near full withdrawal as the swing-arm engaged properly. After a few moments to adjust, Lana tentatively moved her legs, resulting in a stumbling step and another yelp as the pussy plug withdrew and the anal toy hilted itself in turn. This was going to take a little getting adjustment...but that was why they'd been allowed to mount up a good half an hour before the race started. Determined to make the most of their remaining time, Lana began moving around, moaning with every other stumbling step...

It had taken every minute of their remaining prep time for Lana to manage more than a slow walk. As it was, she was far from confident in her ability to *maintain* a run, given what the toys did to her once she really started to get moving. The only real hope in that regard was a feature of the suit itself, which she had noticed within seconds of first getting the suit moving at more than a stumbling walk. Simply put, the mechanical assist was specifically designed to make it *hard to stop* once you got up to speed. You *could* stop, of course, but it took a concentrated effort to do so. Meaning that, once she and the other ponies got moving, it would be a certain degree of instinctive to *keep* moving.

Of course, right now she was simply trying not to moan like a whore as she made her way out onto the field. Given that at least two of the other dozen racers *were* moaning like they were in the middle of a gangbang while high on the good stuff, she thought that the little moans and whimpers she was letting out were a pretty solid show of self-control. Self-control that she could feel fraying with every step, not just from the continued plunging and withdraw of the toys that came with each step, but from the feel of the eyes on her. Lana was an exhibitionist and she knew it. And right now, she could see at least a couple of hundred people that were here in the observation boxes...plus a double of dozen

floating camera drones which she knew were broadcasting each moan and every jiggle of her considerable chest to everyone system-wide that wanted to watch. Well, that wanted to watch and paid the pay-per-view fee. Tara had looked it up to tease her with the number while Lana was stumbling around, and that was apparently a figure in the hundreds of thousands. At least. And that was just for the amateur circuit!

Which meant that Lana had hundreds of thousands of eyes staring at her as she jiggled, moaned, and was fucked every step by her pony exoskeleton. She wasn't sure if she'd ever been wetter in her life...and the dildos that were stretching her with every step were only a small part of that. For the moment at least. Given what they'd done to her when she really started moving in the prep area, even at a light jog ...well that neural inhibitor served a valid purpose. Every single pony would collapse halfway around the track if they could actually cum. As it was, she simply hoped her brain didn't melt from being held at the edge for the entire three-lap race, since she was pretty sure she'd be right there at the edge within a few steps of the race starting...

She managed to make to her designated stall, number 11, without losing it completely. Which was better than she could say for at least one of the other ponies, who had to be led by the tugs of a hover-bot when she just sort of...stalled out. Well, Lana was fairly sure she wasn't going to be in *last* place with that one as competition, at least. She also probably wasn't going to be first, either, given that at least a few of these girls had apparently run before. While there were required delays between races for various reasons, some of the girls or their masters/mistresses clearly enjoyed this, as there were apparently a quartet that had run in previous races. Thankfully, the *true* regulars were restricted to a different race. None of the girls in this bracket had run more than twice before. Still, she wasn't likely to beat the ones that had done this even once before...though her competitive spirit was rising and demanding that she give it a good try.

She waited for a good couple of minutes, her body half-settling down but still wanting to squirm from the presence of the cameras, as the official introduced each of them by their Race Name. Her's apparently being *Wayward Filly*. She rolled her eyes at that...but secretly was just a bit pleased. She was the one that had named their ship, after all, and having part of the *Wayward Broker's* name in hers seemed a nice turn around.

Ah, the official was finished. The countdown clock at the front of her stall was ticking down from thirty seconds! Lana leaned forward, letting the auto-balancer engage and setting her feet like a runner's, not bothering to stop the moan this time as the shift pulled her anal plug almost entirely out while pressing her pussy plug right up against her cervix. She braced herself, trying to focus past the thrill, her competitive drive managing to damp down the sheer squirming delight of so many eyes on her...and then the counter hit zero and the stall doors flew open wide!

Lana lunged forward, eyes bulging for just a moment at the abrupt, almost brutal switch of the two toys positions. It was only the mechanical assist and auto balancer that kept her upright and moving through the brutally direct sensation and she took the second long step almost on auto-pilot. The second movement wasn't as drastic as the first, allowing her to keep lunging forward even as she gasped and moaned in turn. The third and fourth steps weren't as bad...but the less drastic push and pull of the swing-arm let more of the vibration of the frame through, causing the toys to transfer that vibration into her body. She should have cum from the sensation, she was hovering right there on the edge of completion...but the neural inhibitor wouldn't let her!

She whimpered, her stride staggering a bit as she struggled with the maddening sensation. Then another pony passed her, which somehow caused her whole mind to hyper-focus as she realized that there were at least three others in front of her. Her competitive will fought with the desperation to cum and, somehow, she was leaning into the race and taking bigger, more certain steps.

Which wasn't the say that her mind wasn't coming unglued.

With every new step, with every back and forth of the swing arm and its two toys, she was thrust right up against that wall in her mind. She should have cum, she should have *cum*, she should *be cumming her brains out*. As it was, she **couldn't**, and the dichotomy was rapidly unraveling her sanity with every step.

Yet...

Yet, she'd also just passed the pony that had spurred her into motion. And another was just a few steps ahead as they rounded the last bend of the first lap! They were side by side as the lap finished, leaving just two competitors in front of her. She'd lost control of her voice entirely at some point, incoherent pleas and moans spilling past her lips without any input from her, her whole body aching with the desire for release. Her mind seized on a tiny bit of pain, where her large chest was jiggling up and down in the frame, the support of the exoskeleton's harness insufficient to kept them from slapping rather roughly against the metal and leather padding. She focused on the sensation, using it to try and push back the orgasm she couldn't have anyway, and that somehow held her steady as she rounded the second lap, the second-place pony only a single stride in front of her!

The distraction wasn't enough as the first bend of the third lap came up and the curve sent the dildos inside her extra-deep, almost as deep as during her initial launch. Her step stuttered and the second-place pony gained a stride on her, only for Lana's competitive anger at that to push her onward. Accepting the deeper, eye-bulging hits, she launched into a trio of massive strides that put her neck-and-neck with the other pony as she rounded the second bend. She couldn't keep it up...but she didn't have to. The other pony had attempted to match her and staggered from the sensations instead. The girl cried out in a mix of incoherent pleasure and pain as she fell behind and Lana focused down on the home stretch. There was no way she was going to catch the first-place pony, the woman was nearly at the finish already, a good dozen strides ahead. But that was okay, she just needed to hold on...!

She gasped as she passed the checkered line, then almost lost her remaining threads of sanity as she attempted to stop and the conflicting motions and rapid reversal of the swing-arms movements sent her to new heights, impossible heights! Yet she still couldn't **cum**...and as she finally slowed, all she could do was whimper and plea as she saw Tara cheering and running over to her.

Maybe, since she'd taken second place, Tara would treat her to an early orgasm in the changing room? She doubted it, after all the effort her mistress had put into planning this...but she was desperate enough to try the puppy dog eyes. Those usually worked on her best friend...

Lana whimpered helplessly in the portable stocks Tara had set up in their hotel room. The suite's living area had plenty of space for the compact set of stocks...though Lana still wasn't sure when Tara had gotten them. None of which mattered as she unsuccessfully tried not to squirm. Her chastity belt

had been removed again just minutes ago, *after* Tara had locked her in the stocks with a timed combination lock that would keep her there all night. Given Tara's promise to make her cum, that hadn't worried Lana much...but she admittedly hadn't expected her lover to go for one last tease. She shivered and moaned again as the pointed feather Tara has holding trailed back up her inner thigh, only to flick with infinitely minute pressure of Lana's clit...then slowly make its way down her opposite inner thigh. The sensation was positively diabolical, and a part of Lana was marking this down as something to do to Tara at the next available opportunity...but the rest of her just wanted to **cum!** And she couldn't even beg properly because of the ring-gag Tara had slipped between her lips!

Thankfully, after another half dozen repetitions, the feather vanished. Less thankfully, so did Tara's presence for a couple of long minutes. Lana was starting to squirm, despite her best efforts, when her lover finally reappeared, moving in front of her. She blinked as she saw just what Tara was wearing, whatever was left of her ragged sanity noting that getting it on must have been why Tara disappeared for several minutes. The black, full-body leather harness was open-breasted and might have looked more like something she'd make Tara wear for playtime...if it weren't for the pair of ribbed dildos rising out of the groin. If Lana hadn't already been drooling from both sets of lips, the sight of those might have done it. They looked particularly large, almost ludicrously so, on Tara's petite frame...and Lana had never wanted anything inside her more than she did *both* of those monsters at the moment.

Tara stepped forward with a grin, one of the monster dildos coming up under Lana's chin even as the other pressed into the ring of her gag.

"Better do a good job on that top one...I'm not adding any more lube that you do."

Lana didn't need the added encouragement that her lover's statement implied, mindlessly attacking the ribbed monster as it was pressed between her lips, barely even flinching as it pushed passed her gag reflex and into her throat with barely a pause. Some part of her half-delirious mind *did* note that Tara moaned as it slid into Lana's throat...and was moaning more now that Lana was giving the fake cock her best tongue lashing and Tara was thrusting slowly. It took her fractured thoughts a long minute or two to connect Tara's moans with the slight vibrations she was feeling. When she did, she remembered her favorite strapon. The one that translated the things happening to it to a vibration inside her. When the realization hit, Lana redoubled her efforts, desperate to make Tara as horny as possible, so she would fuck Lana quicker!

Time had long since lost meaning, so she wasn't sure how long Tara fucked her throat for. But when she withdrew, Lana whimpered at the loss...only to perk up as Tara moved around her and lined up the dual toy on Lana's lower holes. There was no chance of needing lube for Lana's pussy, it being a whole new level of wet that Lana hadn't even known she was capable of...and the ring gag had made her messy with the other dildo. Tara took a moment to use the wet toy to lube Lana's rear entrance, lined both toys up...then thrust home in one brutal motion...

Lana howled.

There was no other word for the noise as she mind practically shattered at her first orgasm in two and a half days. Two and a half days of being edged repeatedly and often, not to mention the sublime experience of that race earlier. She thrashed in the stocks, the power of her spasming body actually making it creak in protest. Yet, it held...and Tara wasn't even close to done with her. She'd given

Lana only a few moments to recover from her long, powerful climax before beginning to rock in and out. The thrusts were short and slow, but more than enough to reignite Lana's desperation to cum again. Despite the mind-shattering power of that first climax, she wasn't *nearly* satisfied, and as her body started to respond to her again, it's very first response was to hump mindlessly back into the thrusts. Tara let her...but also controlled the pace so that the humping didn't actually get her any closer to another peak. Not that it was going to take long, even at the slow pace...

Thankfully, Tara seemed to be done teasing. She picked up the pace at a steady rate, first going for longer thrusts, then speeding up with each one. Given the size of the monsters filling her, even Lana might have been feeling too full if she'd been any more in her right mind...but as it was, the slight pain of them stretching her with every thrust was just an enhancement to the pleasure. Her second climax came less than five minutes after the first...and this time Tara didn't even pause. Lana's mind came a bit unglued as Tara suddenly turned on a vibration function in the toys and one orgasm was all-but-forced straight into the next. She lost all sense of self for long, long moments, even as she heard Tara let out a pleased cry of her own. Thankfully, just before she could black out, Tara slumped forward onto her and the stocks and stopped moving. She didn't, however, withdraw.

Instead, she reached to the side of Lana's head as she slowly tried to pull her mind pack together, unfastening the ring gag, though it wasn't until Tara actually tugged on it that Lana unthinkingly let it go from her lips. Moments later, there was an electrolyte recovery drink at her lips, with a cute little swirly straw. Suddenly realizing she was absolutely parched, Lana closed her lips on the straw and took a deep, deep drink. She drained the entire thing in less than a minute, and Tara put it aside, leaning forward over the stocks, toys still buried deep inside both of Lana's lower holes.

"I hope that gave you some energy...because we aren't even close to done yet. By the time I finish, you'll be begging me to put that chastity belt back on you. Who knows, maybe I even will...with a timed lock that won't come off until we're back in space for several days..."

Lana gulped, even as Tara began to move again. Somehow, she didn't think Tara was kidding. Given how exhausted she already felt, she wondered if she was even going to survive this. Well...if she didn't...it would be a hell of a way to go...

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