

Her part

'What books can get you into...'

'Puhhhhh!!'

She was standing in front of the open fridge, pouring cold milk down her throat in large gulps as she felt the sweat on her body slowly cool off. She started shivering and goosepimples developed all over her body as the wet T-shirt cooled off.

She kicked the fridge door shut with her foot, and went into the living room.

She just had to have another look.

Quickly she got the book out, dumped herself in the sofa, turned on the small table lamp and started browsing through the book.

She pulled the blanket tightly over her to keep warm. As her eyes wandered over the pages, she could feel her pussy tickling and her nipples harden. She noticed them clearly through the wet T-shirt.

She had spent the afternoon unpacking one of the last boxes, leftovers from when she had moved in 6 months ago.

In the bottom, she had found a couple of books.

Not hers, but some she accidentally must have packed, when separating from her ex.

One of them was a large format photo book containing nothing but beautiful colour pictures of women dressed and acting as horses.

At first she had browsed through it rather quickly.

Curious, but without a lot of interest. Apart from a slight wonder, how anybody could get turned on by this kind of playing.

The images had grown on her and kept circling round in her mind for the rest of the evening.

She found herself getting the book out again and again. Each time, she looked at it, she felt herself getting more and more horny.

When she went to bed, the images had burned a lasting impression in her mind. She just had to look one more time before turning out the lights.

Then she had been tossing and turning, bothered by the images. Finally she had given in, had turned on the bedside lamp, taken the book out, and slowly fondled herself into an orgasm while turning the pages.

Eventually she had fallen asleep, but only to enter a kind of sweet nightmare, where the images of the book seemed to come alive. She had almost had another orgasm, while sleeping – but had woken up, soaked in sweat.

Now, at 3 in the morning, she was sitting looking at the pictures once again. Not being able to free her mind of

His part

'Unexpected invitations are always nice...'

As soon as he got in the door, he threw his overcoat and shoes in a corner, rushed into the living room with the oblong parcel under his arm. He could hardly wait to see the contents, but mustered all his self-control for another few minutes. After all, he had been looking at it most of the day at the office – not daring to open it.

His secretary had brought him the UPS delivered, anonymous looking parcel.

She had been waiting a while, expecting him to open it, but he had just put it in the corner, trying to act really, really uninterested in the matter.

'Somebody sending you flowers?' She tried asking.

'No, probably a pump gun to use on nosy secretaries', he had grinned back.

He had enjoyed her disappointment. One of the advantages of being a CEO was to have a private secretary – but it was also a disadvantage.

Especially if she was as nosy as this one.

He knew perfectly what was in the box and had been expecting it for a while.

He had had trouble concentrating for the rest of the day, as the box had been 'radiating' into his mind from the corner.

Finally, he was home - alone - and could open it.

Carefully and as slowly as possible, he cut the tape and removed the lid.

All that was visible in the now open box was some thin, white and wrinkled packing paper.

Slowly he lifted the paper away, to reveal a pair of black leather gloves. He was breathless.

They were a work of art. Handmade to his exact measurements – and in a thin, soft leather.

He sniffed the leather – ahhhh – lovely. Then he put them on. A perfect fit enclosing his fingers and with decorative stitching on the sleeves. His initials had been worked into the stitching.

He held them up in front of his eyes and slowly, very slowly bent his fingers and stretched them again.

The smile on his face got broader and broader.

'Beautiful.' He whispered into the air.

Keeping the gloves on, he searched through the box, and came out with a short riding crop.

He held it up feeling it's lightweight in his hand, balancing it and admiring the handcrafted leather.

It was composed of red and black leather. Braided artistically into a beautiful pattern. The balance point was just right: a few inches in front of the handle.

He then let the noose on the end slide over his wrist,

the idea and images of women under such total control – wishing stronger and stronger that it was she in the pictures.

She could almost taste the leather bit, and thought about how it would feel to be controlled and forced to behave as a mute animal.

She fell asleep on the sofa with just the blanket covering her.

In the morning, she felt like she had not slept at all.

Still the images kept spinning around in her head.

She made a quick decision.

She was gonna do something about it – and fast – if there were any possibilities at all.

As soon as she had had her coffee, she called her ex.

'Hi, it's me. How are you doing?'

She tried not to sound too eager and to dampen her excitement.

'Hi. Fine thanks – and you?'

He sounded like he had just gotten out of bed.

A little rusty voiced.

'Well. I have unpacked the last of my boxes and...'

'About time', he interrupted. 'It's been more than six months. Hehe.'

Now he sounded quite awake.

'Yes, yes. I know, I know - but anyway. I found a couple of your books in the bottom of a box.'

'I have not missed any. So I suppose you can keep them if you like.'

'Thank you, but that's not the point. One of them is entitled: 'Ponygirls,' and I am quite fascinated by it.'

'I can imagine. Does it turn you on?'

He had to ask that, she thought.

'I did not think it would – but you are right – it does – and quite a lot. Why did we never play that?'

'Don't know. Suppose one needs a lot of equipment, and as you know I am more into regular Master/slave stuff – hehe.'

'Yeah, yeah – I know, I know. We had a lot of fun together.'

'Sure did. Glad we are still friends. I consider you a very good friend, you know.'

'Yeah, I do – me too – you're a pal.'

'So what are you actually calling me for at this ungodly hour in the morning? Not a couple of old books that nobody has missed?'

'Nooooeeehhh, I was wondering'

'Yes..'

She always hated, when he did that.

He perfectly knew what she wanted, but was waiting patiently for her to say it.

'Emmm...do you know anybody practicing that kind of playing?'

'Hehe... I thought you would get to the point. Do you remember John and Cecilia from our old Club?'

'Yes, but I never really knew them. Think he had fun with me a couple of times... hihi'

'I bet he had. Anyway, they are really into this stuff, and have a converted riding school near ... Just south of here.'

'Emmm..would you consider asking them to have me for a weekend. I really wanna try this? Please? Be a good sport? Pretty please?'

and with sudden force, struck the coffee table in front of him.

The swish-slam sound made him grin even broader.

He knew it was modeled from an ordinary riding crop, but the glass fiber center was softer and thinner, not to damage the kind of skin it was meant to get in close contact with.

An ordinary riding crop would only be useful to him, if women developed thick, hairy skin – and that was not likely.

He spend a lot of time admiring the work: The ivory end piece with his initials engraved, the alternating red and black leather braiding, the intricate and decorative knots separating the handle from the rest, the little triangular, smooth flap in the outer end.

It was perfect in all respects.

He got out the certificate, and the little jar of leather care ointment, that always came with equipment from this particular handcraft store. Then he discarded the box.

Now, he just needed someone to try it out on. His regular girl had been away for a week, and would not come back for a while. She had had to go to the other end of the country to attend her sick and dying mother. Seemed like it would take a while, before she got back.

He decided to make a call.

'Cecilia speaking.'

'Hi my dear, how are you doing?'

'Fine. How about you? Feeling lonely?'

'Yep. Just got some new items and wondering if you had anything going on at the moment?'

'Funny you should call right now. I just had a couple of interesting phone calls.'

'Oh, really. Tell me more.'

'Well. You remember N?'

'Yeah, he is OK. Met him at the Club a couple of times.'

'Well, his old slave has asked to try out our kink for the weekend. I just got a fax with her personals. Looks appetizing, but a bit on the small side. She wants to bring a friend for 'backup.' I am just browsing through our equipment to see if we have anything that would fit them.'

'That sounds wonderful...and now you are looking for an experienced, paying Trainer?'

'Not only that, but I have two couples coming in Saturday evening. Have been talking to them for a while. They would like their girls to have some basic pony training and modification. I don't have very much on them, except that they are totally newbies to this sort of thing, but they seem to want it. They have arranged for a three-week stay for the girls – and ordered modifications done on them as well.'

So it is funny you should ask. In fact we could need some help. You see neither of them has tried anything like this before, even though the two weekend girls are experienced subs. We need to create a kind of introductory weekend for them, and as you are probably our most experienced Trainer, so I was in fact thinking of asking you – will you do it? Then we need to work the two other girls into shape. Have you got the time? And will you do it?'

'You bet – I would love to. Really enjoy breaking in new stock, but you say it's just an intro for the two of them?'

'Hehehe... So now you wanna be a Pony? Are you sure it turns you on?'

He did have to ask again. Still she was the one asking favours, so for the moment, she decided to be quite frank with him – as long as she got, what she was after.

'Yes, and quite a lot.'

'Ok, I'll try and arrange it, but on two conditions.'

'What are they?'

'One: That you take a friend as support – and two: you gotta tell me all about it – and I mean all – in detail'

'Sounds reasonable. I know who to ask along, and I might treat you to a written account afterwards. You know I love telling you everything... hihi... no problem.'

She knew he had always liked her writings and actually encouraged her quite a lot, even though she did not envision herself as any kind of author.

'Right then. Should it be this weekend?'

Yes. Please. The sooner the better.'

'I'll get in touch with Cecilia and do my best. If I succeed, she will call you back within the next couple of hours.'

'One more thing...'

'Yes?'

'Can I trust them? Will they do something to me I won't like?'

'Don't think so. I have known them for along time. Have been visiting and seen and tried their facilities. A lot of the club members used their stables as training facilities. Never heard anything bad about them – but of course it is a kink and they will dominate you. You gotta play by the rules you know.'

'Don't I always?'

'Hehe... Yeah you do. Always loved your way of being a submissive. I'll get back to you. Get hold of your friend and ask her.'

'Thank you, thank you. We must get together again soon, so I can tell all and you can whip my little ass?'

'Would love to. Talk to you later. Gotta get some coffee... Bye now.'

'Bye.'

During the conversation she had felt an increasing hornyness, but also a strange and different feeling. Her gut seemed to be 'hollow'. She was in fact a little afraid, even though she had tried most of what you would get a good slave to do.

Quickly she called her friend, told her about it and explained the plan. As always the friend was good for a venture into the unknown. She said she had never been turned on by these 'horseplayers', but would like to try and see if it did anything for her.

They ended up agreeing that she would call as soon as she heard anything (if she did).

The next two hours she walked down the floor, up one wall, along the ceiling and down the other wall – if not literally, then virtually.

She could not do anything or concentrate, but just circled the phone like a lovesick cat.

Finally it rang.

She took one very deep breath, composed herself and she lifted the receiver.

'Hallo...'

'Hi, this is Cecilia. I just talked to N a little while ago.

'We'll talk about that, when you get here. Can you come Friday morning and stay for a longer period?'

'I'll make sure I can. Same conditions and price as usual?'

'I suppose so – don't often get volunteers like the weekend girls, so I will do N a favour for once.'

'Could you fax me their details right away?'

'Yep. Will do, be coming within the hour, but I don't have anything on the three-weekers yet. You gotta take my word for it. They are interesting and pretty, and would probably be something for you.'

'OK, see you Friday – bright an early as usual.'

'Looking forward to it – kiss, kiss.'

'Bye my lovely – and thanks for thinking of me.'

An hour later, his table was full of fax paper.

He shuffled through them, as he sipped his coffee.

'This looks promising,' he thought to himself, surveying the blurred fax images.

He was glad, the old Club had had intensive documentation, and that it was available to him right now.

He had made two piles of paper – one on each side of the table - one for each girl.

He put their 'en face' and 'profile' portraits next to each other.

'Hmmm.'

In spite of the blurred quality, he could clearly see two women probably in their late-twenties, looking if not beautiful, then at least pretty. They both had short hair, which was going to suit his purpose perfectly.

'One Blonde and one Brunette – that's not bad.'

He praised his luck, that these two had approached Cecilia, and that they volunteered to have him introduce them to ponyplay.

He went through the faxes slowly and with a lot of attention to detail – making notes as he went along.

An hour later, he sat down with a drink, listening to some soft classical music, and reading the notes.

The Brunette was very small, but looked well fit, the Blonde was more average, had larger breasts and fuller hips.

It would probably not look so good having the Brunette pulling a cart, but the Blonde had potentials.

Maybe the Brunette would be a good runner?

He made a note of that.

They both had tit piercings and rather large piercings of their outer labia. He had had trouble seeing it in the fax, but was pretty sure; that it was a 'padlock-piercing' they had between their legs. That would come in handy.

He had found no reference to any nose wall piercing, which was too bad – but he was going to use a clamp nose ring, so it would be ok. If they liked it, and came back, one could always ask them to have a nose job.

No proper ponygirl should be without a nose ring.

He made another note of that.

The Brunette had cute teeth. The two upper front teeth were very distinct. He made a note to be sure to tighten the bit so that the lips would be pulled back from her teeth. The Blonde had more a more regular set of teeth, so he decided to make the bit less tight on her. After all her lips were fuller than the Brunette was, so it would be a pity to stretch them too much and make them too small. After all looks and presentation was half of the fun.

He says you and your friend are interested in visiting us?’

‘Yes, I have heard about your facilities and would really like to try it.’

‘Well. We could probably arrange that. Normally we require the girls to stay for at least a week – and preferably longer. The longer the better. It takes time to transform from woman to pony, you know.’

‘No, I don’t, but I can imagine. I can’t get away for more than the weekend at this time, so maybe it is no good.’

‘Well, N is really persuasive and has said a lot of good things about you. So, we have decided that you can have a try-out for the weekend. We have to have a slightly different set of rules, but we will explain all that to you, when you get here. Have you found a girlfriend to bring along?’

‘Yes, and she would love to.’

Her heart skipped more than one beat, and the hair stood up in the back of her neck.

‘Ok, fine. What are your limits?’

‘The usual stuff: Kids, feces, snuff – and animals.’

The last thing she said as an afterthought, as she did not know if the stay implicated having large Stallion fuck her – and she certainly did not want that.

Cecilia got the point and laughed out loudly in the other end of the phone: ‘No, no. You misunderstand. This used to be a riding school. The only animals we have at the moment are the watchdogs...hihihi...and they just make sure that intruders don’t get in...hihihi!’

Her giggle sounded like a tinkle of water or a little stream – like it came right from her hearth.

She sounded quite nice.

She felt herself blushing as Cecilia continued: ‘Well, we don’t seem to go beyond any of your limits, and we can talk about the actual training, when you get here. I just need one last thing from both of you.’

‘Yes!’

‘I need your measurements, so I can see if we have anything that fits you. Do you have a measurement scheme, or should we just go through it on the phone?’

‘I have the old one from the Club. They let me have it, when I left. I suppose you know those papers?’

‘Yes, that would do nicely. Could you get the essential pages here as quickly as possible? Your ex has also told me, he will send me a small parcel of useful things.’

‘Hmm. What useful things? What is he up to now? She thought, but did not say anything.’

‘Ok, I’ll scan and fax it today. I will also get hold of my friend’s scheme. I think she also got hers, when she left the Club.’

‘Well then. Give me your address, and I will pick the two of you up Friday at noon.’

She gave Cecilia the address; got the fax number and they said goodbye.

All through the conversation her voice had sounded quite nice: Low and pleasant and with that contagious laughter.

She felt she trusted and liked Cecilia already.

Quickly she phoned her friend and asked to get her measurements over as fast as her ass would move.

Later that day she scanned their pictures and measurements and sent them by fax to Cecilia.

Then he started on a training schedule. He had done this so many times before. Just needed to keep in mind, that they should try as much as possible, and that there would be no formal training, just a try out.

He also worked in a way of using the weekenders to into the three-weekers (as he had already named them in his mind). They would be good in diverting the attention of the three-weekers boyfriends; it was usually problematic to have couples. The men tended to interfere with the training in all sorts of ways. Much better to have them out of the way as much as possible. He browsed through the one extra page, Cecilia had added. It contained only very few details on the three-weekers. But he noted that they were all in their mid-twenties, had been ‘couples’ for a long time, had never ‘officially’ been into any form of BDSM, although Cecilia had noted that both couples were experimenting in ‘private.’

He would have to take it by ear, and see what he could make out of them. He had a ‘normal’ schedule that he most often used as a skeleton-basis for his training but there were a lot of unknown factors: Would the boyfriends interfere? Would the girls have problems getting over the always-difficult starting phase? Would they be ‘trainable’ or would they be troublesome? It all depended on their willingness, commitment, temper and attitude.

The music had stopped a long time ago, and it was pitch dark outside, when he finally looked up from his papers.

He leaned back in the chair holding his notepad in the dim lamplight, carefully reading through it.

A few more corrections and it was OK.

He opened his portable, quickly wrote the plan down from his scribbling and sent it by e-mail to Cecilia with a note for her to call him with comments.

Then he went to the kitchen to get some late dinner.

He had just eaten, cleared up and was returning to the faxes on the table, when the phone rang.

‘Hello?’

‘Hi, it’s Cecilia. You have really been busy, haven’t you? Glad you have taken to the idea.’

‘Got me quite excited, Just had my new crop and gloves delivered today, so your offer could not have come at a more convenient time.’

‘Hihihihi...so you are anxious to try your new toys on some fresh meat?’

‘Yes, have you looked at the plan?’

He knew that it was the reason for her call.

‘In fact I have studied it carefully, but I am afraid I have a few changes.’

‘Yes?’

‘We need to let the young girls try as much as possible, so I have put in regular milking and mating sessions. I have two males staying at the moment. I am sure they would like to mate with our weekend prospects, and probably also with the newbies.’

‘Ok, sounds good, but do we need the milking?’

‘Yes, after all it is usually a regular part of a pony’s life, and even though they are not producing any milk, the feeling will give them a lot of pleasure.’

‘I see – that sounds reasonable – I will go for that. What about Saturday evening?’

The next couple of days she spend worrying and being excited – frequently returning to the book and fantasizing about the pics...

Continued...



Are you having a party as usual?’

‘Yes, but nothing big, just the family, you, the two couples and the weekend girls – don’t want to scare them away with a big do. Maybe there will be a few others, but I’ll try to keep it low key. In fact the three-weekers won’t come until the party, so you can have 24 hours to have fun with the two other girls. You would like that probably.’

‘Yes. Good, Always loved your play-parties. Then I can have the two girls ready to help in the intro of the newbies. Will work out just fine. I am really looking forward to this’

‘Thought you might. I’ll send you the revised plan by e-mail right away. Let me know if there’s something you want changed.’

‘I am sure it will be ok. Thanks for inviting me for this one.’

‘Well, as I already said, you are our most experienced Trainer, and we do want the girls to feel at home.’

At the last remark she laughed out loud to herself.

He laughed as well and they said goodbye.

After having cleaned up the papers, checked the revised plan from Cecilia, he sat down – again browsing through the faxes and fondling his new crop and gloves.

It was very late before he went to bed.

The next couple of days found him in an increasingly excited mood. He cleared all pending business, and was more than ready to have some days off, when Friday morning came.

Continued...

Chapter two

Friday morning

'Going for a weekend in the country...'

Friday morning her friend came over. She showed her the book and watched as she browsed through it. As she felt her own breath getting a little quicker, she noticed with a smile, that her friend was licking her lips. This looked like a potential success. They returned to some of the pics more than twice.

Conversation died out, and they gave each other a long look: 'Shall we?'

'Hihi. Let's'

They quickly stripped and went into the bathroom.

She had prepared her enema equipment as soon as she was out of bed in the morning. They helped each other mixing the oil and water, inserting the soft brown hose and emptying the container in their insides.

She had lined up two chairs with a towel over each.

They sat down and studied the book again, while waiting for the mixture to do its job. After emptying they took another load. This time with a bit more oil and some scent to it, to make their insides perfectly clean, oiled and nice smelling. They had done this so many times before, so it was practically a routine job.

They shared the shower in the end, caressing each other with the sponges – still making a lot of giggling noises and spraying water. Like two schoolgirls going on their first date.

Then they took turns searching each other's bodies, looking for the odd unwanted hair, making sure they were just right for the experience.

Finally, they administered a light deo and perfume spray here and there, but no makeup, Cecilia had said it would be better not to, and nobody - including themselves – would have any advantage or enjoyment from it.

They spend a nervous morning, waiting to be picked up.

Cecilia was half an hour late, and excused, but it had been due to early weekend traffic congestion on the roads.

She was probably a little over forty, medium build, slightly graying blond hair in a single, thick braid down her back. She looked well fit, but a bit on the skinny side. Her face developed a lot of small, thin wrinkles, when she smiled, and she looked like she smiled, when she spoke.

She was dressed in jeans and a cotton shirt. Looked like most of the well-to-do people living in the countryside, taking care of their garden, dogs and roses.

After the initial hello's, and 'are you ready?' 'What a lovely apartment you have?' '...and soooo centrally situated?' 'Do you still wanna go?' They managed to get themselves down in her Range Rover.

The drive took almost an hour, so she started telling them a little of her and her husband's background.

As she said: 'To let you know a little more about us, and hopefully consider us your friends.'

'Preparing is half the fun...'

He spend the rest of the week working frantically at the office to be able to have a couple of weeks off.

By Thursday afternoon he was getting more than ready to have fun. He could feel his expectations rise by the hour.

This was something he really needed.

His secretary had been inquisitive as usual. Especially as he had been in a very good mood, humming to himself and praising her good work.

When he left the office, he had managed to keep her in total darkness about his plans for the coming weeks, even though she had been more than usually curious. She probably thought he had a new girlfriend, or that he was having an affair, while his ordinary girlfriend was away.

He smiled to himself as he was driving home and thinking about her ideas of him – she would love to know the truth. Maybe he should try to introduce her to this special kind of sexplay one of these days.

He spend the evening going over his notes and preparing.

He checked the faxes a couple of extra times, and found himself more eager than ever to meet these two girls smiling at him from the blurred faxpaper.

He was determined to give them a really good time.

He walked round the large dining table.

In one end his weekend bag. Then all the equipment, he considered necessary for such a weekend.

Neatly lined up – ready to go.

Very slowly he walked along the table, looking at each object, picking a thing or two up and examining it closely.

Polished riding boots, assorted clothing, his usual collection of leather and utilities – and then his new items: The crop and the gloves.

Late Thursday he decided that there was no more to be done, and went to bed thinking about what was to come.

After a quick cup of coffee, a last survey of the items on his table, he packed everything and drove off.

Cecilia stood in the door, when he arrived.

'Glad you could make it, are you ready?'

'As always, my dear'. He gave her a large hug.

'When's the new stock arriving?'

'Just after lunch. I have to go and pick them up, but come in and have some coffee. We'll talk about it'.

Alice appeared out of nowhere and took his bag: 'You are in your usual room. I'll just take your things.

Is that OK?'

He also gave Alice a large hug.

'Alice. You sweet thing. When will you marry me?'

'When there's three Sundays in a week, you silly man'.

She smiled from ear to ear.

They always made little jokes like that, and he had

Her husband, John was 47, and held a professorate at the University. She was an author of a number of practical books like: 'My best dishes from Provence', 'How to grow and propagate beautiful roses' etc. They had two sons. Both living on the farm, and both working as Junior Assistants at another University faculty than her husband.

She explained that they were a sort of 'break-out' fraction from the old Club. They had bought the farm a couple of years before, and developed their interests from the general BDSM of the club into this pony training thing. As they were not a club with fees, they charged the 'Trainers' as she called them for the use of the facilities. In fact, they had been very lucky to get an experienced trainer for them, she explained. One she could only recommend as having a long interest and experience in this. When they asked more specifically about him, she just answered that it was not necessary to know anything about him, except that he was a good trainer in all respects (as if they knew what that meant, but none of them ventured to ask her).

As the place worked at the moment, she, her husband and their two sons spend most of their free time 'playing ponies' as she put it. Her husband and herself did most of the training, and their two sons acted as stableboys (again, they did not have the faintest idea of what a stable boy actually did).

She also explained that at the moment she had two male ponyboys in for the weekend, and her husband usually had a permanent ponygirl, but she had not had time to come this weekend.

She told them that two couples would be coming in Saturday evening, but did not explain in any detail about them. Only that the two girls also were in for some more extensive pony training.

Lastly she went into an explanation about how they grouped the Masters and their ponies. One group preferred the 'full stable life' and usually never took the girls in the main building, and then the other group: The 'Party Ponies', as she laughingly called them. A group of Masters and their ponies using both the stable facilities, but also bringing the ponies inside for social occasions. Her husband and she had decided that the girls belonged in the latter group, as they thought a first experience into this would be more interesting if they saw both sides.

In a funny way, she seemed to avoid a lot of questions. She had told them to ask anything, but often she just replied: 'Girls, girls. That would spoil a lot of the fun to tell you about. You'll see. It's much more interesting.' When they asked her, if they were supposed to act in any special way, she just answered: 'No, not at all. It will all come quite naturally to you. Maybe not in this one weekend, but your trainer has a pretty fast schedule. So you'll get the idea quickly. If there's any advise I would give you, then it would be to resist as much as you can. It will give you, him and us a lot more fun.'

They answered that it would be no problem, and that they had often acted rape and so on with their partners. She smiled a bit strangely, when they explained this, but did not provide any comment.

A couple of practical details were sorted out. She established that they were both on the pill, and

always considered Alice more a friend than a servant of the house.

John and the two sons were waiting for him in the kitchen. They all sat down and had coffee and rolls.

After the usual Smalltalk, Cecilia started on the agenda: 'Well, I have found some equipment that I think will fit our new stock. A bit difficult with the brunette, but you remember...? He had a very small girl, so some of her stuff will probably fit her. The blonde is a more ordinary build, so I have picked out something, I am sure will fit her perfectly. The usual set of things will do?'

'Yes, I have been giving it a lot of thought. We had better let them have the full treatment – and fast – also equipment wise. Have any of them tried this before?'

'Apparently not, but they used to be N's slaves at the old Club, so they are quite used to submissive life, even though this is a lot different.'

'Hmmm. Indeed, but they seem to have both physical and mental possibilities for this. I am getting more and more excited. Can I have a look round and check everything?'

'Of course. As soon as we are finished here. The boys will do the last preparations. I will get ready to go get them, and you and John can have a look round to see that all's ready. Will that be OK?'

'Fine'.

'Now, about the couples: I have a few of their measurements, but by far all I need. I have been sorting some stuff out to start them with, but you will have to live with our standard, adjustable stuff in the beginning. Won't look so good, but after all, the starting purpose is just to tame them, the looks can come later'.

'I agree, as long as we have a harness and some basics. Will you make sure to get their proper measurements as soon as they are settled in the stable?'

'Of course. At the first given moment'.

'Fine'.

They talked on for about half an hour. Mostly technical details, but also news about common friends and the health of his girlfriends mother.

Finally Cecilia closed the meeting, Alice came in to clear the table, the boys went out to make final arrangements and the Trainer and John took a walk round.

'Where should we start?'

'Let's have a look at the stables. After all that's where we are beginning and where the two starters will have their base for the weekend'.

They crossed the cobblestones to the stable building. It was rather large, and the end nearest to the house had 'boxes' for the stock. In the other end was the 'riding-house': More than half of the large building was turned into one, large room with sawdust on the floor etc.

He noted the fresh sawdust, inspected the corners of the room and the display of whips and leather on the wall.

He got a joyful look in his eyes as he started the motor on the freshly cleaned and oiled 'roundabout'.

'Wonderful. John, you really keep this place up to a five-star standard'.

explained that her husband and she had a pretty closed circle of friends, so there would be no risk of anybody catching any diseases from anybody.

Slowly the 'serious' conversation died out, and Cecilia began talking of her books, and John's work. She also inquired into the girl's personal life: Work, interests etc. The drive made them a bit drowsy. When they turned off the highway, the reduction in speed made her 'wake up' with a small jerk. Cecilia asked her if she would like to do some illustrations, layouts for her new book. She reluctantly agreed, thinking that she would have to see how the weekend went, before committing herself to seeing these people again.

The road got smaller and smaller, and they met fewer and fewer cars. They passed almost nothing but farms and they were a good bit apart, separated by the fertile, black soil. Here and there a single tractor was ploughing with a tail of spinning seagulls and other birds right behind it. They were certainly in the country.

Cecilia turned down a dirt road with the name of the farm at the corner. There was a rather long drive from the turn to the farm, and she found herself speculating if all the land belonged to Cecilia and John.

As if her thoughts were read Cecilia said: 'Well. Most of the land you see is ours, but we lease it to our neighbor. We have absolutely no idea about farming, so it works out fine, and give us the 'buffer-zone', we need to be left in peace from the world.'

She nodded and smiled at this information, thinking: 'Just like the old Club. Desolate and secluded.' At least none of the people she had met in connection with the Club had been exhibitionists, and neither was she.

As the early afternoon sun shone low over the black and brown fields and bare trees, they drove into the farm. It looked like any other country farm outside the city. Large stone main building. Whitewashed and with a red tile roof. The old stable on one side seemed to have been converted into living quarters, and on the other side a rather large building, probably the former barn, but now stable and riding house. The outbuildings were both connected to the main building with small, whitewashed, brick structures apparently added later. These connecting buildings did however blend nicely into the rest of the farm.

Behind the stable building was a high wooden fence encircling a large bit of land. The fence was at least 3 meters high, made of solid wooden planking, and had thorny bushes growing all the way up to the edge. 'I would not like to try and climb that fence', she thought to herself. Still, she was curious as to what was behind the fence, even though there were no way of looking into the enclosure.

The main building looked cozy. A slight pillar of smoke spiraled upwards from several of the chimneys, and large wooden boxes – still with some green in – surrounded the entrance stairway.

'Oh, yeah. Forgot to tell you. We also have a combined cook and housekeeper, named Alice. Just go up the stairs and ring the bell. She knows you are coming. I have to park the Rover. See you inside.'

They went to the door and rang the bell. A woman opened. She was around fifty, a bit round with very grey hair and a sweet look in her eyes. Looking like

John blushed: 'Well, we try our best to make everything as appetizing and functional as possible you know'. 'I know. I know. Always like to come here and enjoy myself'.

They went in to the stable area.

The sons were rinsing some of the boxes with a pressurized water cleaner system.

'Where are we going to put them?' He asked John.

'I thought of having them in the two boxes furthest down, so they will be close to the main building.

Besides we have heating in the floor there, and I don't think straw will be good for beginners like them.

Do you?'

'No probably not. Just the concrete and then the usual mattress for sleeping. That will be fine.

Now, about the three-weekers. I think I want them closer to the hall. After all they will spend most of their wake hours in

there, and they might as well get used to the cold floor immediately. However, I think they should have the luxury of a mattress as well. They need to be hardened and used to the straw before living in it'.

'Ok, will do'.

They walked down the hallway carefully inspecting all the boxes. There was a special 'Mating box' a bit larger than the rest, and with the 'Mating Scaffold' in the middle. Along the back wall was a couple of small holding boxes for the 'Stallions'. Everything seemed nice and clean and ready to go.

They also had a look at the 'Milking box'. Same layout as the Mating one, but without the small boxes at the end.

They had a quick glance into the two boxes containing Cecilia's male ponies. They were both eating, heavily leather strapped, kneeling and having their protein rich food from some small bowls on the floor. They seemed to be in good practice. It seemed quite natural that their arms were 'invisible' and useless by the way they were strapped together on their backs.

Finally they inspected the boxes, that was to be used to make the girls ready and the 'Holding boxes' where they were to spend the nights.

He was even more excited going back to the house, and could feel his member reacting between his legs. Everything was in perfect order and ready for the girls. He could hardly wait.

Back in the house, they had a look at the parcel sent by N. It contained two very nice sets of tit rings in smooth steel. He caressed them for a while letting the cold steel slide over his hand, and examining the pin that was to go through the nipple.

'You say this is their own equipment?'

'Yes. They used it before, when they were N's slaves and full Club members. So I assume they fit and that they are used to them'.

'Ok, I will need a similar set for their little pussies'.

'Thought you would. Cecilia says they have the perfect piercing between their legs, so she has found something that will fit. We will have a problem with their

somebody's grandmother or kind elderly relative.

'Hello girls. Nice to see you. Come inside from the cold' Her voice reflected a genuine happy surprise to see them, but the way she had opened the door so quickly, suggested that she had been ready as she had heard the car approach.

'Hi. You must be Alice?'

'That's her girls. Well, come inside. Don't stand out there and catch a cold. Come. Come girls.'

She used an arm to direct them inside. They decided immediately that they liked Alice.

They followed her into something that looked like a hunting room. Lots of antler on the wall, a large fireplace and skin of different animals on the floor.

John was there. He looked his 47, but was thin and looked well trained. He also looked like 'country gentry' with a checkered cotton shirt and worn bluejeans with brown leather patches over the knees, right down to the riding boots on his feet. His hair had graying temples. In a very relaxed way, he introduced himself, arranged for them to sit down in a couple of big, soft, leather chairs by the fire.

He had just served them very black coffee and a Brandy, when Cecilia came in: 'Ahh, you have met the sweet girls, John?'

'Yes, I am very charmed. Glad you decided to come'

They both thanked him. Then they toasted to the success of the weekend. She felt the sting of the alcohol as it slowly went down her insides. She was a little hungry. Starting the day with an after breakfast enema would make anybody feel hollow inside, she thought.

She looked at him wondering if this graying, nice looking man and his small, sweet looking wife really were capable of dominating anybody. They really did give the impression of a couple of middle-aged University employees.

She looked round to see if there were any signs of pony equipment or anything she would identify as having something to do with the purpose of their visit, but everything looked almost too normal according to her expectations. She send her friend a long look, saying: 'What is this we have gotten into?' Her friend looked back equally baffled.

John questioned them about their interests and desires – and about their expectations regarding the weekend. He also made them sign an 'Insurance Document', where they declared that they did this (unspecified) of their own free will and under their own responsibility.

Nothing strange, just the usual Declaration of Consent. Then he said: 'Well, we are almost ready. We will start in a minute. I just have to explain a few more things. We have given your visit here a great deal of thought. Not often do we get women coming on their own, or volunteering like you do. Besides our introductory training takes minimum a week and usually much longer. Therefore we have tried to construct a 'try-before-you-buy-weekend' for you. This means that we will put you through most of the motions on a trial basis. Normally we are slower in implementing everything. We don't expect any actual transformation or change in you on this short time, but if you afterwards should decide, that this is something for you, we can discuss matters

noses, but I suppose you will have to do with the screw-on-clip type. If they take to this, I don't think it will be a problem getting them to have a proper nosejob. Now, let's look at their 'Dressing room'. The last remark John said with a crooked smile, as he pronounced 'Dressing room' in a peculiar way – underlining each syllable.

The Dressing room was actually an inner room with no windows. It had white paneling and a stucco ceiling. The only furniture was two chairs placed about two meters from each other and facing a large gold-framed mirror on the wall. Each of the chairs had a square metal serving tray placed on the floor beside it.

He bend over and looked at the tray. Neatly arranged was: A red ballgag with one strap, a heavy, black leather collar, a black blindfold in the shape of a pair of glasses and with an elastic strap, a pair of steel cuffs. John placed the nipple rings on each tray. He carefully picked up each item and examined it. Took out his handkerchief and polished a little spot away on one of the cuffs and put them down again.

John said: 'I thought we might let them put this on themselves, including the little rings!'

'I agree. This will be the minimum starter kit. I will take it from there.'

'I know you will do your best a usual. I also had a look or two at the faxes, and I am looking forward to joining you in their training'.

They finished inspecting the room, went out of the door, and in another door just beside it. They were now in the adjoining room. From this side the mirror was totally transparent, like glass. They could easily and clearly see the two chairs in the next room.

He checked the table: Coffee, the faxes, his notes – everything seemed ready.

When they came out Cecilia told them she was going to get the girls, and that she would be back in a couple of hours.

They had a light early lunch and discussed the details of the weekend further. Then he went to his room to get ready.

He started by taking a long shower, and then he walked around in the nude, as he slowly put his things on the bed.

He sniffed in the air. Oh, how he loved the smell of freshly oiled leather...mmmm...he looked down at his member and noticed that it had increased a little from its normal size. He felt fit for a training weekend.

'One has better dress up for this date', he thought to himself with a smile, as he pulled his pants on. They were a specially modified pair of bluejeans. Leather reinforcements had been added to the knees, the inner leg and the butt. The front fly had been changed to a triangular piece of material, fastened along the edges with a Velcro tape lock. He knew that a quick, sharp pull would free his genitals in seconds. A very practical arrangement. He let his hand slide over the lump in front of his trousers feeling the slowly rising tension behind the rough material and assuring that everything was in it's rightful place.

He had brought his favorite shirt: Unbleached Cotton, Wide sleeves, and open chest. He always enjoyed

properly. You will also find that we sometimes demonstrate what we are about to do or doing. This is not normal either, but for your benefit of try-out, we will work it this way. Sometimes you will also be talked to directly, often to explain something to you. This is also extraordinary, as ponies normally don't talk or understand.

We will make you wear some kind of gag most of the time, so you won't forget what you are and start talking. Your communication will thus be limited to your body language. Is this OK, or do you need some sort of safety – like a safeword or sign?'

They looked at each other, then back at him, and then they slowly shook their heads. No point in doing this, if we are not to do it fully, she thought. One of the exciting things about this was - after all - the feeling of total loss of control. She assumed that her friend thought likewise. She also sensed that both of them were having second thoughts at this moment.

He continued: 'In a minute, I will ask you to go into that room.' He pointed to a door on the far wall. 'In there you will find a tray. Yours will be on the right and yours on the left (he pointed at them as he spoke). On the tray there's some items, you must put on after you have totally undressed – and I must underline – totally – no jewelry, rings or other items must be kept on. As soon as you have put on these items, you are ponies, and will be so until you are back in the room Monday afternoon. Although, again there will be one exception: Every evening for a few hours, you will be women again. In this period, you will be punished if you have done any grave mistakes during the day, you will be able to have a kind of short rest, and you will not be gagged. The rest of the time, you are our ponies in training. Is this understood?'

Again they nodded – slowly – looking at John with ever widening eyes. She could feel her nipples rubbing against her blouse as he spoke. Alone the idea and expectation was getting her horny. She tried concentrating on the actual words and instructions, but could not really control her excitement.

'Well, drink out girls. Your training is waiting – and by the way – in the room, there's a large mirror on the wall. This is a two way mirror, and your Trainer will be behind it, getting a first look at you, and evaluate, what he will do.'

At this last remark, they again looked at each other. He wanted them to undress in front of an unseen man 'evaluating' them. She could feel the small tinkle between her legs turning into a more persistent feeling. The Trainer was going to figure out, what he would do to them later. Kind of exciting, but also a bit scaring. Cecilia smiled at them reassuring: 'My dears, this is what it is all about: a lesson in humiliation. I am sure you will find it exciting.'

She did not know why, but she smiled back at Cecilia. Got on her feet, and started walking towards the door. Her friend followed close behind.

As they reached the door, John said: 'You gotta put the cuffs on behind you and by the way: I forgot to say your ex sent me a parcel with some useful items. You'll find some of them on your trays.'

They did not turn round, but both of them thought:

putting on this shirt, feeling the cool material against his body. He sighed as he looked in the mirror again.

Finally: His long-shafted riding boots. Neatly polished and ready. He removed a few (imaginary) spots on them with his handkerchief, stood up and walked around in front of the full-size mirror.

Perfect.

'From black-tie CEO to horse trainer in 30 minutes', he thought to himself.

He spend a long time, putting on his gloves, studying his hands from all angles, opening and closing his fists - and then taking the gloves off again, placing them in his belt.

The last thing he did was examining and caressing his new riding crop, trying to swing it a few times in the air, and hitting the mattress on the bed a few times. Just to feel and hear it. It was just right.

He had a few last words with John and the boys before he seated himself behind the mirror overlooking the 'Dressing room'.

There was a loudspeaker in the room, just above the mirror. By a simple turn-knob switch on a small box on the table he could hear what was going on either in the main room next door or the 'Dressing Room' on the other side of the wall. He turned it to the main room next door, and turned up the volume.

Now he just had to wait till the girls arrived. So he had a cup of coffee as he went over his notes and the fax pictures once again.

Now and then he could hear John, Alice or the boys passing through the room but nothing else happened.

Then suddenly John came in the main room, and walked about like he was preparing the last details. He heard him say: 'OK, They are coming down the driveway. So now it is ShowTime' out into the empty room. Clearly a sign to him, that things were about to happen.

He waited till he heard the door open and John and the girls began to talk. Then he quickly turned down the volume. Their voices were not important. He would prefer not to hear them at this point, as he knew they would be barred from saying anything for the rest of the weekend. Their actions and body language was what he wanted. Their voices were of no interest to him at all.

He took his feet off the table, and moved closer to the mirror – waiting for them to come in, and fearing a little bit, that they would say no here at the last moment, when John and Cecilia gave them the necessary information to proceed.

He hoped that it would be difficult for them to refuse since they had volunteered and had gotten this far.

On the other hand, he had no idea of their expectations – and maybe John and Cecilia's explanations would not fit in the picture they had of this.

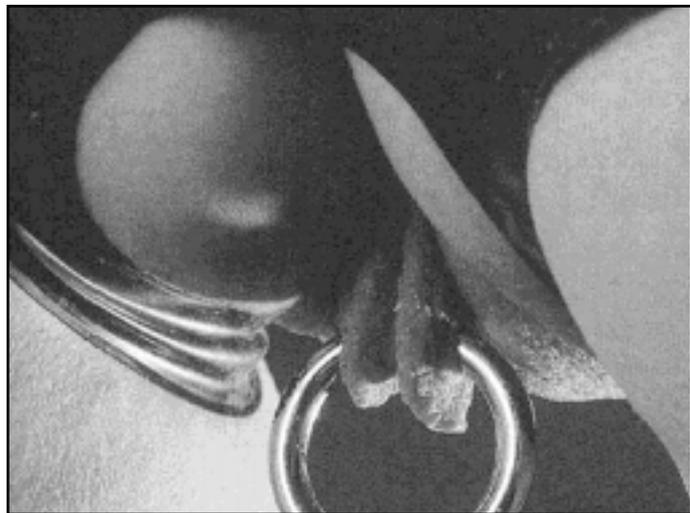
As his breath got a little quicker, he could feel his hearth pounding in his chest.

Slowly the door swung open...

Continued...

What has he figured out now? He had always been good at these surprises.

Continued...



“Abuse, if you slight it, will gradually die away; but if you show yourself irritated you will be thought to have deserved it”
Tacitus

