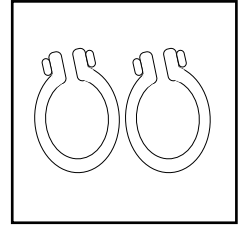


Chapter three

Friday noon



Her part

'Getting slightly serious...'

Inside the room, they gave each other a quick, quiet look. Then they both glanced sideways at the large mirror, dominating one side of the room.

There was no place to hide.

They walked up to the two chairs – the only furniture in the room – and looked curiously at the trays beside them.

Her friend took a deep breath and whispered: 'Do you wanna get out of this? – There's still time.'

After a long break, she whispered back: 'No. Now we have gotten this far. Let's do it. Think of the pictures.'

Her friend nodded and smiled: 'Ok girl, let's give him a show.'

They took the small trays and placed them on the floor, and then started to undress, facing the mirror.

They were wearing almost the same kind of clothes: jeans, blouse, short stockings and underwear.

Quickly they took it all off folded it and placed it in a neat little heap on the other side of the chair from the tray.

Now completely naked, they turned round slowly a couple of times, trying out different poses, to ensure that the hidden onlooker would not miss anything.

Once in a while their eyes met, and they smiled and licked their lips.

She looked at her tray: A black cloth blindfold, a pair of steel handcuff, a leather collar of a somewhat heavier quality than she had seen before, a large red ballgag with one strap – and her old nipple charms. The ring ones: A heavy, smooth steel ring, with a little pin going through the top and the nipple.

She smiled to herself.

N must have enjoyed packing these.

They nodded to each other as a signal that they were going to put the rings in first.

She let the cold steel slide in around one of her tits.

The touch made her shiver. Then the pin. She could feel her pussy getting slightly wet. She screwed the little, round nut tight – squeezing her nipple a little. Then she let go and felt the full weight of the metal pulling her breast downwards. She had forgotten how heavy they actually were, and the constant pull made her wanna fuck right here and now.

She put the other one in and stood facing the mirror, looking down at her 'captured' tits as her chest was going up and down with her increasing breath. She was wondering what the onlooker was thinking of this, and if there really were somebody behind the mirror.

His part

'The enjoyment of dressing up...'

He moved closer to the mirror to see everything. Slowly he drew a long breath. This was even better than he had expected. His eyes followed their every movement intensely; moving from one to the other as each piece of clothing hit the floor.

He smiled to himself, when they started to turn round in front of the mirror, posing and showing him the full beauty of their naked bodies. He tried not to miss a thing, and the movement between his legs told him that he could hardly wait to get his hands on them.

Desperately he tried to see if their naked pussies had the kind of piercing, he had expected, but it was difficult, even though they posed close to the mirror.

He had to get even closer and see for himself – and fast.

The Brunette seemed like she was training or participating in some kind of sport regularly.

Even though she had a small, skinny body one could clearly see the muscles, when she moved.

Pity, that those pretty arms were going to be 'put away' for most of the weekend, he thought to himself.

The Blonde had a fuller bottom and breasts – and her skin was very white, making her tits and the little, he could see of her pussy, stick out reddish and inviting. He could not decide, which he liked best – but after all he would have the full use of them both within an hour or so.

He looked from one to the other, as they started on the nipple rings. Saw how they rubbed and pinched their nipples gently to make them harder at first. Then the cold, shiny metal sliding up on each side of the nipple, and finally the way the nipple was squeezed lightly as they tightened the nuts on both sides.

He had stopped grinning and was looking on in admiration, as they turned once again towards the mirror, playing with the rings, lifting them up and letting go, pushing their breasts up and looking down at the effective decorations.

The red nipples between the hard steel had a fantastic effect: So soft and vulnerable – and then in the grip of hard steel.

He felt his breathing and his hearth pound in his breast. He was ready to rush right in the next room and start his training – but he knew that he had to wait another hour or so before the fun really started.

They started on the collars. She looked at her friend and whispered: 'This seems a rather heavy quality?'

'Yes, and wide – I wonder how it will feel after a while – but never mind – we are here to do this – turn round.' She obliged her friend and felt the cold leather round her neck. It had a kind of padding, so it was not at all uncomfortable. Under her chin it had a thicker padding, which was absolutely necessary, as the height of the collar made it impossible for her to move her head other than sideways, making her skin slide on the edge of the collar. It also had a number of heavy 'D' rings on all sides. She thought it funny that it was not lockable, but just strapped in place by two straps in the back.

'Comfy?'

'Yes, strange feeling, but snug. Try giving it another notch. I think it needs to be a bit tighter. That's better. Now, your turn.'

Her friend turned her back at her, and she strapped her collar on – again adjusting it to fit perfectly.

'Hope one's shoelaces won't undo – hihhi.'

'No, or that we drop something on the floor – hihhi.'

Then they helped each other with the ballgag. Making sure that it was good and tight. The mixed taste of Disinfectant and rubber felt familiar, and they signaled to each other as one stood behind pulling the strap and the other indicated with hand movements and throat sounds, when it was secured. She moved her lips to free them a little and to let their redness frame the ball in her mouth. She also adjusted her tongue so that it was resting under the ball.

Finally, they gave each other one last, long look before sitting down on the chairs and putting on the blindfold. She had a little trouble closing the cuffs on her second wrist behind her back, but eventually managed.

A strange silence. She could sense her friend breathing. They were sitting two meters from each other, both cuffed and blindfolded, and both facing the mirror. Time passed slowly and nothing happened.

Her excitement increased as the minutes ticked away.

'Why didn't somebody come to fetch them?'

Had nobody been watching them?'

Suddenly she felt a bit frightened, and thought of quitting – but she knew it was too late. She could not make any understandable signal to whoever would come for them – and thus knew she had to follow from this moment on. Her pussy was lubricating rather heavily and she felt a terrible desire to fondle herself – but with her hands on her back like this, she had to wait, hoping somebody else would fondle her – and soon.

They waited.

'Are you still there?' she thought about her friend in the other chair, but she could sense or hear her breathing, and of course she was there.

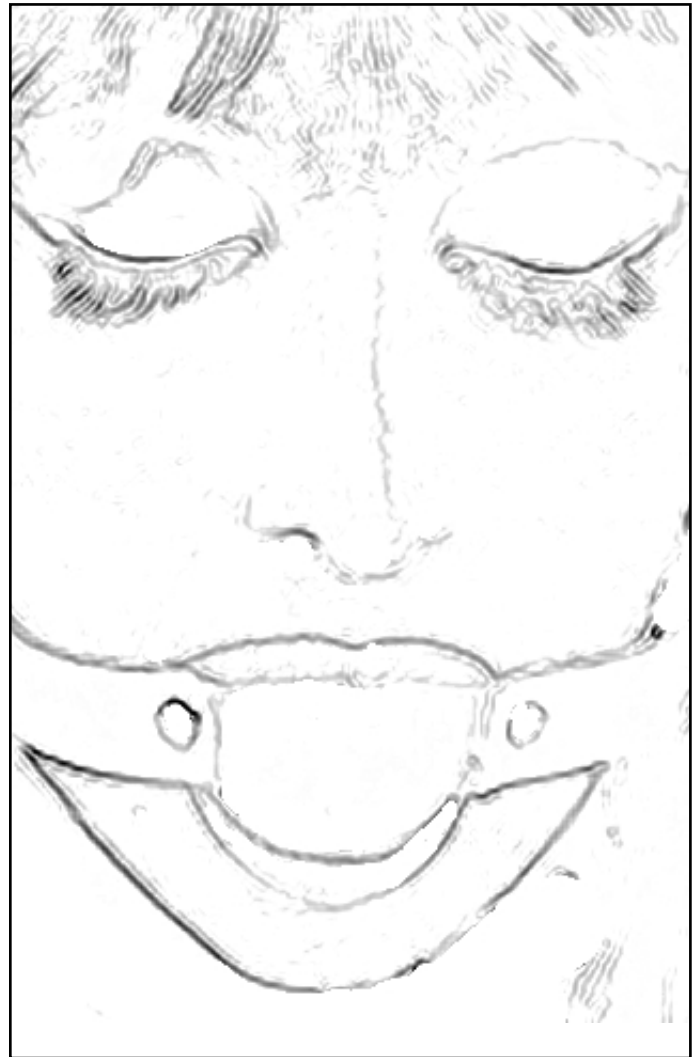
She imagined her friend answering: 'Yeah, I'm here. Wonder why they have not come to get us yet?'

Then she thought: 'Strange. Maybe there was nobody behind the mirror?'

She continued that line of thought: 'There must have been. They just want us to wait. Makes them feel in

The collars were a good fit. Cecilia had done well, and had managed to find the right size. Hopefully the rest of the equipment would be just as well fitting, he thought. As the heavy black leather with the red lining encased their necks, he noted the way their heads became more erect and their necks more straight.

'Wonderful', he mumbled to himself.



He heard a voice behind him: 'Well? Enjoying the show?' It was John that had slipped silently into the room.

The both watched quietly for a while.

'Where did you find these two beauties?' He asked John.

'Well. I told you they are N's old slavegirls, and somehow they found out about pony play and thought they would like to try it. So who am I to object to such a reasonable request?' The last remark John said with a large grin. They turned to the mirror/window again.

'Look how lovely the collars improve their posture. I can't wait to see the rest of them in gear. Must be a great sight. Don't like those ballgags though.'

'I know, but we needed to start them out with something. Would ruin some of the fun to start with the bit.'

'Yeah, I suppose so, but I still can't wait to put something more appropriate in their mouths.'

'It looks like they have been doing waist-training?'

'I think so. N is very particular with waistlines as far as I

charge – and us feel in their power. Don't worry they will come.'

Her mind rested and she relaxed for a while.

Finally the door opened. She could hear more than one person coming in. There was a pull on her collar and a clicking sound as something was locked in the front ring. A hand took hold of her shoulder and her collar was pulled upwards as a stranger's voice said: 'Get up, please.'

She staggered to her feet and following the pull on her collar, started walking.

The walk was quite long, and except from the odd grab on her shoulder or the warning: 'Mind the step', 'careful stairs going up' etc. everybody was silent. She could feel the floor getting cold under her naked feet and it was not the carpets and wood anymore. Felt more like concrete. The sound of the feet of the persons leading them was louder now, like they were in a larger room. She heard the clanking of a door, and then the voice said: 'Stop – turn around.' The unknown person leading her helped by holding on to her shoulders. Pushed her a little forward and then let go.

She could hear other feet passing and then another clanking of a door a bit away. Thinking that it was her friend being led away.

Something clicked in her collar a couple of times, and then a whizzing sound. She tried moving a little, but her collar suddenly fixed her in a limited space.

A hand grabbed her ankle and pulled her leg out. Then a cold chain round it, a click of something and then the whizzing sound again as her leg was pulled even more outwards.

The same thing happened to her other leg.

She tried adjusting her position, but found her freedom of movement was very much restricted.

He let go and she could hear his footsteps on the hard floor as he walked slowly round her,

She imagined the unknown man inspecting every bit of her naked body, and waited for him to start handling her – but nothing happened.

The blindfold was pulled off, but before her eyes had adjusted themselves to the sudden, sharp light, she heard the clanking sound of the door again and knew she was alone.

A few blinks with the eyes and she could begin to distinguish her surroundings and situation.

She was in a small, square and almost empty room.

In front of her was a heavy metal door, with a couple of handles, that looked like they were locked on the outside.

The walls, floor and ceiling were gray concrete.

There was a drain in the floor directly under her.

She had trouble turning round, but noticed a workbench or table behind her against the back wall.

She could not see what was on the table.

Light came from a single fluorescent tube in the ceiling. Sharp and cold.

Her feet felt warmer now than when she had been walking.

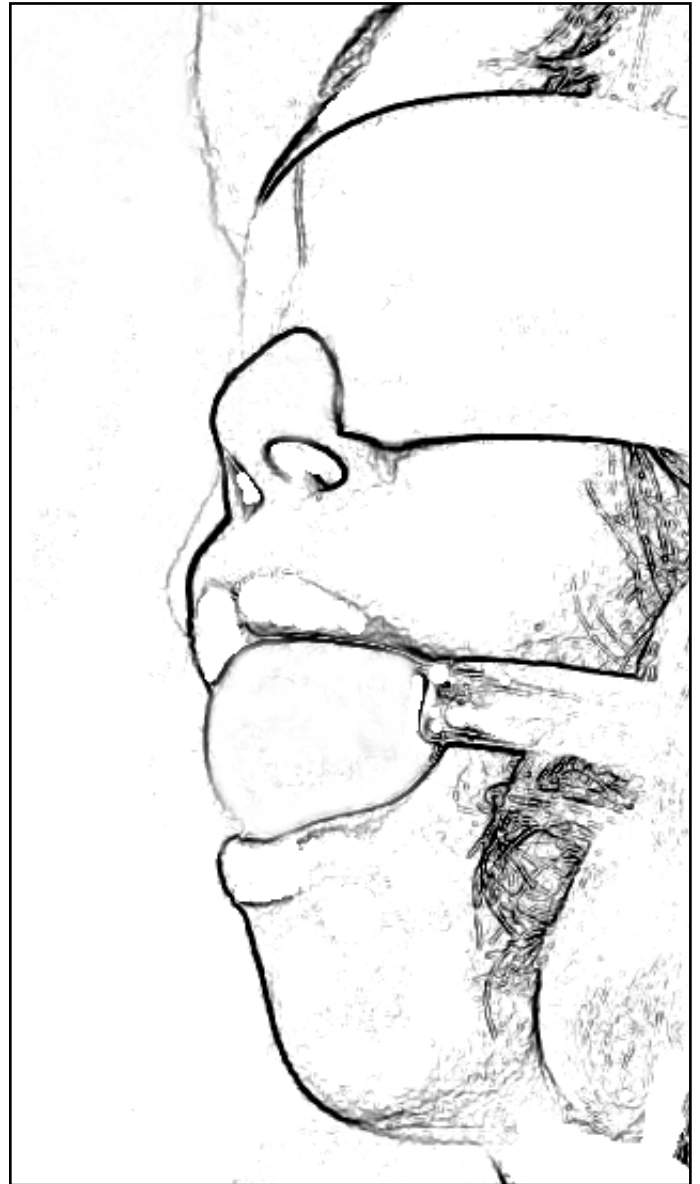
Apparently there was heating in the floor.

remember. Will make it easier for them to exercise in the harness. They won't loose their breath so fast.'

'No, that's a good thing. I hate it, when they can't run. I still have one thing, I would like to know more about, their labia piercings. Will they be large enough for our standard rings?'

'Yes, I think so. N used the padlock system on both of them, so I assume that the holes are big enough for that – but we'll see.'

'I suppose we will – rather sooner than later.'



In the meantime the girls had finished and were sitting down facing the mirror: Naked, gagged, collared, blindfolded and with their hands cuffed behind their backs. Defenseless and ready.

He poured another cup of coffee for John and himself and leaned back: 'Now we wait, while we admire them. Just to let them get the first knowledge of who's in charge. I certainly hope that they will resist a bit – makes it more fun.'

'You would. I am sure they will be resisting, when they find out, what we have planned for them – but then it will be too late – of course.'

Again they looked at each other knowingly.

She could feel the little drops of saliva running down her chin from the ballgag, and knew she could not stop drooling.

A ring on each side of the heavy leather collar was connected to a long strap attached to the wall by a ring on each side. She tried moving her head, but the straps did not give way, and only allowed her a little movement.

Similar straps to rings in the wall connected her ankles. It was leather straps with short chains round her feet. They too were tightened, restricting movement, and keeping her legs efficiently apart.

The whizzing sound had been somebody pulling the tightening straps on these reins.

The door opened with a clank and a handsome, lean man in his forties came in.

She imagined that he must be the Trainer.

The one that had watched them through the mirror.

He was wearing riding boots and had a short crop in his right hand.

He went straight up to her, grabbed her chin with one hand, moved her head back and forth as he studied her features.

Then he examined her as if she was an animal.

He took hold of her upper arms, feeling the muscles, pressed and pulled her breasts and tits. Lifted the rings, pulled and turned a little to each side. She whined as she felt the combined pain and arousal from his pull on the rings. He let go and carefully did the same muscle check on her butt and legs.

He was not being particularly gentle.

'Hmmm', he said as he walked round looking up and down her body. 'She seems like she is doing some sort of training or sport.'

She noticed another man standing behind him.

A much younger man, probably one of the sons.

'She's too small to be any good with carts – maybe small ones, but I think she's a runner. We will see about that.'

While this conversation took place, he had walked to the table behind her.

He came back in front of her and slowly put on a pair of black rubber gloves. He looked up and smiled at her, while he stretched out his hands so that the other man could press a kind of grease from a tube out into his cupped hands. Carefully he spread the grease over the gloves.

'Now, let's see if she's a breeder.'

She knew what he was going to do, so she tried stepping backwards, pulling the chains and straps as she did so.

He just followed her as far back as restraints would let her go.

Then he knelt down and she felt him grabbing her soft lips, pulling them apart and letting one finger probe her insides.

The grease and her wetness made entry easy.

She tried throwing herself back and forth in the straps,

Slowly he finished his coffee, while his eyes hardly left the scenery outside the mirror.

'Ok, let's get started,' he finally said.

They rose and went out of the room.

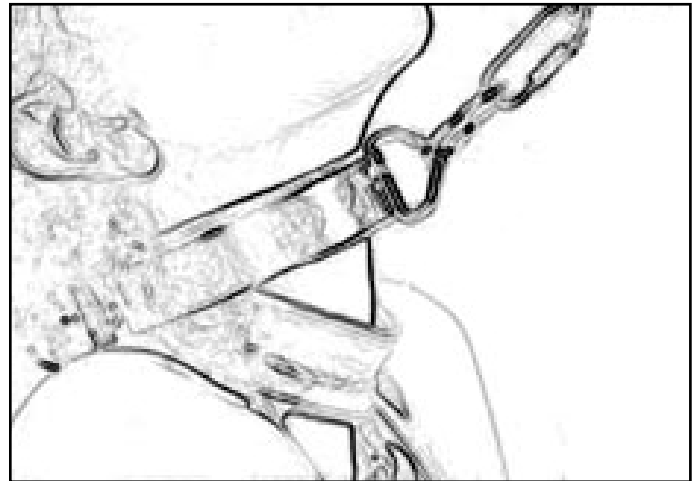
Outside he made the last arrangements with the stable boys, and sneaked behind them into the room.

He stayed in the background, as the boys got the girls on their feet, and started to pull them along by a leash in their collars.

As he walked behind them, he noticed the way they walked, the way their hips was swaying and their butts moving with each step.

He could feel the bump in his trousers getting bigger again.

They walked out the side door, along the covered hall, connecting the main building with the stables. Finally he stood leaning against the wall as the Brunette was secured in the readying stable box. He looked attentively as the boy did the straps, then sneaked out to make sure the Blonde was placed correctly and secured in her box.



He had noticed the look in the eyes of the boys.

They were going to like these two – and they would be allowed their fun, when tending them between sessions.

He knelt silently in front of the Brunette, as the stableboy was finishing with the straps. He looked directly up her pussy, to see the piercings.

They looked quite OK, and just the right kind.

He wished they had had a nose piercing as well.

The only thing lacking to make everything perfect.

He sighed quietly trying to console himself that the nose clamps would have almost the same effect and usage as a real piercing. They would be a bit more uncomfortable, but just as useful for his purposes.

He sneaked out before she was able to adjust her eyes after having the blindfold off.

He went in to the Blonde. She was fixed in the same position as her friend and in a room exactly the same.

She was making more noises behind her gag, and struggling and wriggling as the stableboy tightened her straps. She tried to get her leg free from his attempts to click the chain round her ankles.

Of course she already had her neck between to tight

but he had no problems following the small movements, she managed to make.

She squirmed and tried protesting through the ballgag. This was not very pleasant, being inspected in this way. She could feel his fingers examining her most private insides in a very professional and again in a not particularly gentle way.

She felt her juices run even more, much to her surprise. She imagined that being treated like this would turn her completely off, but it had the opposite effect. It excited her to be treated like an object without a will of her own like this – helpless and examined.

He got up and turned to the guy at the door: 'She has a very nice set of labia piercings. She's prepared herself. We can work with that. Remember to get the large rings.'

'Yes, I will,' said the boy at the door.

He then went behind her, knelt down and did an equally unpleasant examination of her anus.

He had the boy lift up her cuffed arms, so that he had free access to her behind.

Again her wriggling and noisemaking was totally ignored by them.

'She's got just the right size. Get me a nr. 9 for this one.' Again he totally ignored her, and walked towards the door as he took the gloves off..

'Now, let me see the other one. Then we can talk about how much of the preparing you guys should do, and how much I wanna do myself. I always love breaking in new stock.'

Then the door clang-locked behind them and their voices faded down the hall.

Shortly after the young man accompanied by another young one came in.

This time carrying a large box between them.

They placed it at the table behind her.

She tried following them with her eyes, but the collar made this very difficult.

She figured they must be the stable boys/sons. They were both quite handsome, looking a lot like their father, but without his years of distinction.

They started by tightening the leather straps and the chains holding her feet.

Had movement been restricted before, she was now only allowed very little free room.

They both knelt in front of her, and though she could not see what they were doing, she could feel it.

Something cold and heavy was put through the holes in her labia.

When they let go, she could feel the weight of it, pulling her soft lips downward.

They used a small screwdriver, probably to lock the things in place.

'This must be the rings, the Trainer had talked about', she thought.

It made her even wetter than the examination by the Trainer had done.

Especially in the end, where she could feel one of them

leather straps and her cuffed, blindfolded and gagged position did not give her many chances to avoid the chains.

Soon she was ready, and she stopped struggling the minute the stableboy let go after finishing with the last chain.

She was still making pitiful sounds deep down her throat though.

He put a finger to his lips to indicate to the stableboy that he should be quiet.

Then he sneaked round her as he looked at her naked skin. She was a sturdier build than her friend, and had much brighter skin. The kind of skin that always reminded him of tea with lots of milk – a kind of semi-transparency. Her hips were wider, she was about a head taller – and her breast was an exact full, round handful. He controlled an urge to touch her immediately. Instead he knelt down as with her friend – looking up her crotch.

Even though her legs were pulled apart, her lips were still almost closed. He could hardly see the inner lips and the redness inside.

Slowly he slid his fingers over her crotch.

She shivered as she felt his hands touching her soft meat.

He grabbed the lips with thumbs and forefingers pulled a little out and examined the piercings closely.

He smiled to himself as he saw just what he wanted to see: a hole in each labia, softly rounded and with a diameter almost the size of a pencil.

Better than he had expected.

'Aha, that's good', he thought to himself, as her insides were revealed to him. He could see her clit was more pointed than her friends, and – most important – her piercings were of the same type.

He let his forefinger run carefully up the middle.

Gently sliding over her clit and feeling the wetness with a sense of satisfaction. She would be easy to train and have fun with since just the preliminaries had made her so ready.

He let go and got up, wondering a little that she had hardly reacted to this. She was controlling herself, even though she was wet and ready. She would probably be more fun than her friend, he thought as he signaled to the stableboy that he was leaving and then he could de-mask her.

Outside he made one last checkup of himself and the stableboy, put the noose from the handle to his new whip round his wrist, and entered the Brunette's box. Her eyes were following him intensely from the moment he got in the door. She did not look resentful or angry, just curious.

He started to examine her body the usual way.

First the face. He knew the posture collar was the reason for her head being held so straight and upright. He also knew that she had trouble looking down or turning her head.

The collar was designed for this:

using the rings to pull her lips apart, as the other one pushed the skin away from her clit and let the tip of his finger play with it.

She noticed the bulk in their pants getting bigger, when they stood up.

One of them whispered in her ear: 'Before we turn you into a pony, we want you to feel like the slave bitch, you really are.'

'I'll have this one, you can have the other one.' He said to his brother.

Then he dropped his pants. His member stuck straight out in the air.

He took hold of her short hair with one hand and bent her head backwards.

Then he came all the way into her without any more preparing.

Immediately he started pumping back and forth.

Her whining and attempts to resist and protest were of course totally useless.

Somehow she let herself go in the middle of this and started to try to respond to his movements, as she felt her excitement rise.

She actually came a split second before he released his hot fluids into her.

With a grunting sound he pulled out and went to the washbasin behind her to clean himself.

She let herself hang on the restraints as the orgasm slowly faded out of her body and her legs stopped shaking.

She had been raped, and liked it.

So far she had not experienced anything much different from her old club.

She was a bit disappointed, but things could still improve, she thought to herself.

While she had been fucked, the other guy had taken a semi-transparent plastic container, and placed upside down in a holder on the wall.

He had connected a brown hose to the bottom of the container.

The hose went to a kind of machinery, also mounted on the wall.

He took another long, brown rubber hose and attached it to the machinery.

Then he pushed a kind of pedal with a wire to the machine across the floor to her.

He was wearing rubber gloves.

She noticed that the end of the hose in his hands was formed like a handle: a black round, rubber piece with a plate about 20 cm down from the top.

As his brother was washing himself, he smeared the end piece with grease.

Looking at her and smiling.

His brother came over, grabbed her wrists and attached them to a chain from a bar above her.

He then went to the wall and pulled the chain, making her arms move upwards.

He continued till her arms was sticking almost horizontal out from her body.

A pretty head posture and as little movement as possible without moving the whole body.

He grabbed her chin, and instead of moving round her, he pulled her head this way and that, looking intensely at her features. He could just see her two middle front teeth biting the gag, and knew the bit would make her mouth even prettier. Her nose was a bit big, but not so much it ruined the picture of a very sweet, younger girl. He noticed her muscles and her well-trained body.

He tried lifting, pulling and twisting the rings in her tits, as he probed the way they complemented her and the way her breasts and tits reacted to this treatment. Having her bounce these rather heavy rings while running would probably make them so sensitive that she would scream if he just lightly touched them - afterwards - perfect.

The first sign of rebellion came, when he put the rubber gloves on and started to examine her cunt and anus. He could feel her resist and pull her bindings, and as he followed her movements - fingers deep inside either her front or back opening - he began to feel that the Brunette might be a lot of fun too.

This time he had several fingers far up feeling her insides, the tip of her uterus and the walls of her vagina. He took particular care in examining her clit. Although it was easy to spot and the little hard round type, the fold went almost down over it. He had to pull the fold back and press on the sides to make it stick out in all its reddish splendor.

He had three fingers up her back, carefully feeling the flexibility of the ring muscle. Testing the size.

She had had anal sex on a regular basis. She was not too open or too loose, but enough for a man to enter freely and to enjoy her without getting his foreskin ripped to shreds.

He felt her skin and smelled the effects of the washing earlier. The soap was a combination of baby-bath-oils, so she was soft and had a nice discreet scent from the natural essences in the mixture.

It made him horny.

It did, however, comfort him that she would be screaming for sex with her whole body before her night was over.

A bit of waist- and posture training would make her very attractive in spite of her size.

He left her for the stableboys to do the initial preparing. Then he went in to see the Blonde.

The minute their eyes met, he could see the resistance and defiance in her.

He stood still a couple of meters from her, fondling his whip and looking her up and down.

'I will take it really slow with this one', he thought. 'She will learn to know who's in charge very gradually. It's going to be fun.'

He enjoyed her looking at him and noticed a little weakness in her stare. She knew she was in his hands.

Quickly he walked up to her, let one hand slide up her forehead and into her hair, getting a good grip.

The muscles in her shoulders hurt from the unnatural position.

He went down in front of her, grabbed her by her buttocks and, using his shoulder against her stomach, spread her with a firm grip – one hand on each cheek.

As she felt her anus being forced open like this, she started to twist and fight, and tighten her anus with all her strength.

Fighting as the brother inserted the handle in her anus – all the way to the plate.

As he held the thing firmly inside her, he stepped on the pedal, and the machine on the wall started to pump the contents of the plastic container in to her with slow rhythmic sounds.

She felt herself filling up with each stroke of the pump.

She could also see the container emptying slowly out of the side of her eyes.

She tried protesting in spite of the gag.

Had she not already taken a long and cleansing enema in preparation for this?

She knew her stomach only contained the coffee she had had, when she arrived, but she had no way of them this.

When the container was almost empty.

He pulled the handle out of her and dropped it to the floor.

The brother was ready: He replaced the handle with a black dildo-rod, connected by a short hose to a ball.

As soon as the dildo was inside, he pumped the ball a number of times, making the dildo inside expand like a balloon.

He kept on pumping until it was large enough to stay inside her by itself.

Finally they both let go and took a step away looking at her.

The fluids in her intestines were pressing to get out.

She felt like a blown up balloon and it hurt a little in her stomach.

Her intestines were making a lot of noise in trying to get rid of the excess, thus forced into her.

She tried to push out the dildo, using all the force she could in her back regions, but the balloon-dildo did not move at all.

Desperation increased in her mind as she realized she would have to wait to relieve herself until they wanted her to.

One of them gave her ass a hard slap with one hand, saying: 'Good girl' in a kind voice and then turned and went out with his brother.

It felt like a very long while before they came back.

Her insides were hurting, and she really needed to get the fluid out of her.

They placed a metal basin under her, deflated the dildo and took it out.

With a splashing sound all the fluids came out into the basin.

A few drops splashed up on the insides of her legs.

They left her till she had finished, then came back and emptied the basin in another open drain in the back of the room.

Then he forced her head backwards slowly as he studied her chin and face closely.

After a while he turned her head to one side, then to the other. She did not make a sound until he let go. Then a small sound of pain escaped her throat.

He walked round her back and started to feel her arms. Clearly not as muscular as her friend, but ok. No loose skin.

She made some attempts to wriggle as he fondled her arms, but he had mainly ignored it.

He grabbed her shoulder with both hands, and leant over, bringing his mouth very close to her ear.

Then slowly, very slowly he let his arms slide down until he was cupping both her breasts.

He pressed and felt their weight.

Let his hands slide up and lifted the rings up.

Then he continued outwards letting the rings slide along his hands until they fell off by themselves, making her breasts shiver as the rings went back to their original position.

He whispered in her ear: 'Beautiful. I am sure we will get along fine my little ponybitch.'

Judging from the sounds she was trying to make, he imagined that she was not all that much in agreement with him.

He examined her butt and legs from behind, then walked back to her front side. The fire in her eyes was burning even clearer by now.

He grabbed the rings in her tits and pulled slowly towards himself.

Then, as in his own thoughts, he turned the rings half a turn, making the trapped tits follow.

He looked her in the eyes and smiled.

Then he pulled a little more and turned almost an additional half turn.

That was too much for her.

Tears came to her eyes.

Her throat was making small, begging noises and her body was shivering.

'Very good.' He just said as he let go. Again leaving the rings to find their natural position according to the law of gravity.

He went back and got the black rubber gloves.

Stood in front of her and put them on, so that he was sure, she observed every little detail – and he used a lot of time in doing it.

A short sign to the stableboy made him come over with the grease and press and ample amount out of the tube into his cupped hands.

He did washing movements – very carefully – making sure that the grease was distributed evenly on his fingers.

He could see from her look, that she knew what he was going to do, but she tried not to show. The gloves made a small, slurping sound as he rubbed them against each other. Then he knelt down and had a look at her most private opening.

She had another enema right away. Same principle, except she noticed that the fluid were a bit more orange colored and had a distinct perfumed smell. It was probably a mix of oil-herbs and water, to make her permanently lubricated and nice smelling. This portion was not quite as large as the first one, and they did not leave her for quite as long.

After having emptied the last portion in the basin, she felt as empty and hollow inside as she had ever felt.

One of them then washed her with a soft brush on a handle.

He paid special attention to her pussy, breasts and anus. He held the rings in her tits, while scrubbing her with the brush, and he used the rings in her labia, opening her to be able to wash everything.

Again he was doing this in a skilled and experienced manner.

There was no way anybody would consider any of it a caressing, but the way he treated her like an object or in fact a horse, made her horny again.

The brush was connected to a hose through the handle, which meant a steady flow of soapy, warm water came out of the center between the hairs. She could hear the drain gurgling as the soapy water ran off her body and into the hole in the floor.

His brother hosed her down afterwards in an unceremonious way.

He used a pressurized hose with lukewarm water.

It too connected to some outlet behind her.

Then they dried her with two large, soft towels and left her.

After a while, the Trainer came in.

He walked round her a couple of times, stroking her body here and there – again in an inspecting manner.

It made her cunt and tits react immediately.

She noticed his smile getting bigger as he saw the effect his stroking had on her nipples.

She was speculating about what he would do.

Finally he went behind her, unlocked one of her feet and as he stood with his back against her pulled her leg up. Like you would do to a horse.

He put on a high-heeled boot with a wide base and heel.

It had several straps and reached above her knee.

She thought that she had never been any good in high heels, and stood a little unstable on one foot, when he locked the boot to the chain.

Then he did the same with the other foot.

She had to take a few small steps to stabilize herself, and could feel the muscles in her legs tensioning in a different way from the forced position of her feet.

He stroked and felt her legs carefully to see and feel the difference.

He took hold of her wrists and put a pair of black gloves on her.

For the first time he spoke directly to her: 'Normally you would wear hoof gloves and hoof boots, but since you

Slowly he let one finger caress the outside – up and down – up and down.

He knew she was not able to look down at what was going on, but he was sure he was going to make her feel it.

After a couple of movements, he had the tip of his finger slide a little more inside finding the right spot and angle.

Then with sudden force, he sank his finger all the way inside her, noticing her stomach making a few convulsions and her body jerking in the reins.

He pulled out and put two fingers together, then entered her again in the same forceful way.

He turned his fingers inside her, feeling and probing.

Then he pulled out, grabbed her outer lips and spread them so he could admire her opening fully. This time he gave her clit special attention, grabbing it and pressing the sides. Testing what effect a clip would have around this sensitive little thing.

After he had satisfied himself, he got up. This time her face had tears running down the cheeks, but it was more tears from rage and humiliation, than tears of pain. He still smiled friendly at her as he walked round the back.

She resisted him examining her back opening to such a degree that he had to have the stable boy kneel in front of her and hold her butt steady, as he entered her tightly closed opening.

As soon as he had two fingers inside, she gave up and relaxed, letting him do the last part of the examination without protests or physical movements – she just stood there. They both knew that he had also won this round.

He gave her a soft pat on her butt and said: 'You will make a fine ponygirl. Just need a lot of breaking in. We probably cannot do it in one weekend, but I will sure try.'

See you later, when you have been made ready for me.'

He turned and walked out.

Back in the main house he sat down with John and Cecilia over a cup of coffee.

He started: 'They are amazing. How did you get hold of them and what's the real story?'

John answered: 'Well. As I already told you, they did actually volunteer. The Brunette apparently got a sudden notion that she should try ponying. We talked on the phone, and - honestly – there's nothing more to it. They are here by their own free will and expect to be treated as ponies until Monday morning. It is mainly up to us, what should happen to them.'

Are we still on the original schedule?'

'Yeah, I think so. The Brunette seems to be adjusting, but I am sure it will not last.'

She seems like she has a positive attitude to things here, but just wait till she gets dressed and have a few training rounds. At least then she will begin to resist – especially as she finds out that she is more controlled and restricted than she thought possible. The Blonde is resisting from the onset.

She will gradually find out that whatever she does, she

are a beginner, we will start with these to get you used to it.'

The gloves had a wide strap round her wrists. This strap was the end of a bag or pouch-like leather holder for her fingers.

The bag had small ventilation holes and a hard plate built in on the back of it. She could move her wrists but the plate made it absolutely impossible to use her fingers.

She could cup something, but not grab anything, and certainly not open a simple buckle or strap.

Her fingers were fixed in a slightly curved position in the bag.

There were a couple of D-rings in the wrist strap and a small ring in the end of the bag.

He put a pair of similar cuffs round her elbows.

She noticed that he did things really slow.

Obviously enjoying himself, and taking his good time ensuring that every item was perfectly fitted before going on to the next one.

He had locked the point of her gloves, her wrists and now her elbows together with little metal clamps.

It was uncomfortable to have her elbows this close, and she tried using her muscles, but her arms were fixed permanently in this position.

First at this moment, when her arms were secured by leather and chains, did he remove the steel cuffs and threw them on the table.

The whole operation had taken place without her having the free use of her arms at any moment.

She tried to turn her head to see, what he was doing behind her, but the collar again made head movement restricted.

He wrapped a leather corset round her, and started to tighten some of the many straps.

She could not help herself from a slight moan behind the ballgag as she felt her waist slimming and her breasts being pushed up and out by the 1/4 cups of the corset.

'So, so. Calm girl', he said as he worked the straps.

A couple of straps over her shoulder finished the corseting.

Nothing had locks, but first of all her arms were useless, and then even if she somehow could manage to get her arms free, the gloves would make it quite impossible to open even the simplest buckle.

'Very clever', she thought. So that's why nothing had locks like she was used to.

Using her hands/arms were not an option at any time, so there was no need to lock anything.

He took another slow walk round her as he enjoyed her transformation. Caressing her here and there and examining her flesh with his hands.

Grabbing her now considerably slimmed down waistline, he pulled her gently back and forth, making her feel the body encasing fully.

'Now for your cute little tail,' he said, as he pulled out a very large black dildo with a horsetail attached to the end.

will still end up doing exactly what we want her to do – and nothing else.

By tonight they will be so horny, that they will climb on anything to get an orgasm. Believe me I have seen it before. It has a very powerful effect.'

'I know. We have seen it too. Pony training will make any woman start climbing the walls. The funny thing is that they always seem to be wet and ready. I have never met a pony, that was not ready to be taken her and now – and they usually could not wait – hehe.'

Cecilia interrupted: 'Well. Now the boys must be at it. Soon you can start on the first one. The equipment is in the boxes already. I hope you will find it fits them and everything is in order. Otherwise ask the boys, they will get what you want – as usual.'

'Thanks Celia. I am sure everything will be fine. Just can't wait. The Brunette is first and she looks like she's a real runner. She must be beautiful, when running harnessed or pulling a small cart. Maybe we should let them all race by Sunday afternoon if training progresses well?'

'Would be a great idea. I would like to see them race', John said.

'Me too', Cecilia grinned.

'Ok, gotta get going. They must be ready with the Brunette by now. See you in the riding house in half an hour to an hour.'

Both John and Cecilia nodded as he got up and walked briskly towards the stables.

Outside the boxes, he arranged one of the boys to follow him.

Then he – again – checked his clothing, gloves and crop, before nodding to the boy, turning to the door and going in. He had decided to start with the Brunette. After the initial walk round her, he got hold of the boots from the table behind her.

He put them on her like he was a blacksmith shoeing a horse: His back against her body and her bend leg out between his.

The boots were high-heeled, but with a very broad base, so that they would be easier to walk and run in – besides they had reinforcements round the ankle, so she would not be damaged if making a wrong step.

Her ankle movement was restricted to a minimum.

The boots were strapped to her legs with ordinary straps – and ended just above her knee.

Right in front of the knee it was padded, making it easy for her to crawl on all four on f. inst. a concrete floor.

After having put both boots on her, he noticed her increased height, and the way the foot position,

tightened her leg muscles, giving the perfect impression of her strong, muscular leg.

He had initially thought of using hoof gloves, but they were heavy and difficult to wear for beginners. Besides they were very efficient boxing gloves, should one of them get her hands free and decide to take a punch at somebody.

The beginner gloves he had chosen were just a leather

He carefully greased it.

'Normally one would not need this much grease, but you are going to wear this little item for quite a while, so my experience is that it will be more pleasant if it is nicely greased.'

He again smiled as he looked at the dildo with steadily widening eyes.

It looked big.

Unceremoniously he went behind her and inserted it with one long push.

She did not even react or protest, just tried to relax in her anus to make entry easier.

He fastened it with two straps from the back of the corset between her legs and up to each side of her now sticking out stomach.

He pulled it a little bit up and down, making her feel the thing move inside. She was getting really wet by his treatment.

The tail had an upward arch, so that it was sticking out and up from the point of her anus. She wondered how it looked.

Finally he locked her elbows to the corset, and made the tail go between her locked, cupped hands.

From the end of the gloves he pulled a couple of thin straps under her, on each side of her soft lips and to her corset in front.

'So, now if you move your arms, you will feel it in your butt and cunt. Don't you think it is a nice arrangement?'

Of course she could not answer this, but as he spoke, he pulled the straps on her stomach, making her feel the idea.

She tried avoiding getting the harness thing on by throwing her head from side to side, but he just said: 'So, so good girl. Over your head. That's right. There you are.'

Like he was comforting an animal.

At the same time, he was pulling the thing over her head and adjusting the various straps so that it was nice and tight.

She kept moving her head back and forth, when he let go, making him exclaim: 'Very good. You are really getting into this.'

Apparently he thought she had tried to imitate the movements an animal would make to get its head harnessed like this.

She blushed, as it had not been her intention.

She was beginning to find the treatment too much and felt an increasing resentment against him and all the leather restraints.

By this time she did not feel like moving anything except her head.

Her body was in slight pain from it's entrapment, her feet hurt in the boots, the dildo was uncomfortable and she could feel her anus being force expanded by it.

She had goosepimples all over and her pussy was almost dripping.

He undid and took out the ballgag.

Then he kissed her.

bag, shaped as a hand and with a collar round the wrists. To make it impossible for the wearer to use her fingers for anything practical, the backside of the glove had a metal plate inserted. The wearer was only able to bend her hands at the wrist – any finger movement was impossible.

She would be able to grab a bowl with both hands, but not to open a buckle or hold on to smaller objects.

He had deliberately left the metal cuffs on, while he had secured her hands in the gloves. He did not remove them until he had locked the wrist collar and the point of the gloves together.

He finished with her arms by putting two equally heavy cuffs just above her elbows – and – pushing her elbows together so they almost touched – locking the cuffs together.

He loved the way this made her shoulders; chest and breast stick out.

As he walked to get the corset, he noticed her eyes trying to follow him. She was still curious as to what he was doing – but not in a worried way.

She seemed to be very relaxed at all this.

She did not like the corseting. It was a standard corset, and Cecilia had found a well fitting one. It rested on her hip bone, then quickly got very narrow around the waist, just to make a soft line outwards again, ending with a couple of quarter-cups, holding her breasts up and out. The cups would give a lot of support for her breasts, so that she would not feel the full bounce of them and the rings, when running.

He moved the straps in – one hole at a time, then the next strap till he got to the lowest one. Then he started upwards again – one hole and one strap at a time.

He heard a clear moaning sound from her, as he was almost finished. She was beginning to feel physically restricted. Now her head was held by the posture collar and her waist and spine was kept in place by the heavy corseting.

The last straps over her shoulders were just to have a base for some more useful D-rings.

He caressed her body slowly, enjoying the contrast between the leather and the skin, and feeling her softness encased and controlled by him and his work.

Her eyes looked a little less curious and a bit more desperate – and it got to be even more so, when he stood right in front of her face, greasing the tail-dildo.

The enemas, and the greasing of the dildo, made it almost go in by itself.

It was a bit thicker than a normal, natural cock – but that would just make her feel it even more.

He was very particular, when he attached two smooth and thin leather straps to the back of her corset, threading them through the two holes in the base of the dildo, and finally pulling them under her, on each side of her opening and up over her rounded stomach to the attachment points on each side of the front of her corset.

A long playful kiss, his tongue exploring her mouth fully. Sucking on her.

At the same time he caressed her tits and pussy with his hands.

She was ready to have an orgasm.

He grabbed her chin with one hand, looked her straight in the eyes: 'Well, my little pony. Now there's just a few more things to make you perfect.'

He had a black rubber rod in his other hand, and as he put it up in front of her face he said: 'Now open up, be a good little pony.'

For some reason she decided she did not want to open and she did not want to have that rubber thing in her mouth.

So she shut up.

'Well, well. Are we in a bit of a bad mood. We will have to do something about that. Won't we.'

As he said that, he quickly grabbed hold of her nose, pulled her head backwards, and waited for her to breathe.

She kept her breath for as long as possible, even though his hold on her nose hurt.

Finally she had to give in, and as she gasped for air, he put the rubber stick in her mouth, let go of her nose and strapped it to the head harness.

Again she shook her head and tried to push it out with her tongue.

He grabbed one end of it, and tightened the straps, making it go even further in.

Then he did the same thing with the other side, and finally he adjusted the strap under her chin, so that she was biting firmly in the rod.

It too had a rubbery taste, and was hard to bite in.

She was sure the rubber just covered a metal stick.

To humiliate her even further, he took hold of the ends of the rod and pulled it back and forth to make sure it was sitting tightly.

Her head followed his pull without her having any way of resisting.

'Hmm. Good.' He let go of her.

The last thing he did, was to clip the 'blinkers' on each side of her head.

It efficiently hindered her possibilities to see anything but straight ahead.

Then he had the stableboy hold her, as he put a nose ring in her nose and tightened it with a small screwdriver.

It was very unpleasant as it had a constant grip on her nose wall and made her feel like she had something sitting in her nose, that she would want to get rid of. It caused some pain when he pulled the ring to see if it was sitting OK. It also felt strange having this heavy ring resting on her upper lip.

Tears came to her eyes. He had her totally under control, and he knew and enjoyed it.

'Love to break in new ponies', he said with a smile.

Then he caressed her butt with one hand, again saying: 'Good girl' and went out, locking the door.

He locked her elbows to the appropriate ring on the back of her corset. Thus making sure of a fixed triangle between her shoulder and elbows. Then he carefully pulled the black horsehair from the dildo out between her locked hands, and finally making a couple of thin straps from the tip of her hands follow the tail straps under her and up to the front of her corset.

He knew that he had made a connection between her hands, the dildo and the sides of her front opening.

He pulled the straps on her stomach a couple of times to make her feel the connection.

The head harness was usually difficult. If they had not resisted anything else, then this humiliation of having ones head encased in straps would be cause protests and struggling.

He had tried this so many times before – on willing and not so willing girls.

As he spoke in a soft, calming voice to her, he adjusted the many buckles, so that he was sure everything was in place and not cause more than necessary annoyance for her.

In the end, she did some movements with her head.

It looked like she was imitating a horse, throwing her head like that. Maybe she was getting into the part?

He was not quite sure. Could be just a way of resisting or trying if the harness was fixed on her.

He smiled as she blushed, when he remarked on this.

She had not been imitating a horse after all.

However, he could see that she was getting more resentful from the looks she kept giving him.

Now she was slowly beginning to resist. He had been right: She would be just as much fun as her friend that had been resisting from the beginning.

He undid the ballgag at the back of her neck and pulled it out with its two straps. Then he looked at her wet lips and sweet mouth – he could no longer resist.

With the ballgag in one hand and the bit in the other he grabbed her and started kissing her. She responded almost immediately – so she was not all that resentful to him after all. They might work out a fine relation, as soon as he had established his total power over her.

He could see and hear her quickening breath and felt himself being almost ready to do something about it. Instead he pulled himself together, and tried to get her to open for the bit.

Amazingly she closed her lips like two small lines.

He had seen this before, so he just grabbed her nose and held it closed, awaiting her running out of breath and opening her mouth.

The moment came sooner than he had expected, so he quickly pushed the rod in, and started buckling it.

He did each side of her head several times.

He wanted to be sure, one could see her teeth. To underscore his power, he grabbed the end ring of the bit and used it to move her head. Checking the way the bit was sitting and telling her that he even controlled her head

She knew he was going to let her friend have the same treatment.

She tried struggling, but everything sat in perfect order, and she could do nothing about it.

In less than half an hour, he had put her body under total control: Her arms and hands were useless. Her breasts were sticking vulnerably out, resting in the cups and just waiting for somebody to pull the rings in her tits.

Her pussy was as defenseless as the rest of her. Somebody could just open her by the rings and enter her at will.

Her anus was expanded by the tail-dildo, that she had no way of doing anything about. The high-heeled boots stretched her leg muscles – and finally her whole upper body was encased in leather, making her breathing slightly difficult.

As she was waiting for him to come back, an increasing feeling of anger and resentment rose within her. He had treated her with indifference, and no matter what, she had ended up being dressed, as he wanted her to. She tried again to wriggle and test the different straps, but of course nothing gave way. She would have to wait quietly for his return.

She decided that she would give him a run for his money. If he really was that good, she would test him to see if he could handle her in a state of anger.

Thoughts like this rotated around in her head. She was really going to resist the best she could. It was not going to be easy for him.

Continued...

movements. The bit did not block breathing and sound the same efficient way a ballgag did, but it was much better as a 'handle' to control the wearer.

The 'blinkers' went on easily, but he had to have the stableboy to help him with the nose ring.

It had two rubber-clad jaws that had to go in over the nose wall, and then be tightened with a special screw. Not too loose, then it would slide outwards and maybe damage the outer parts of the nose – and not too tight as it might make a hole in the thin skin. He much preferred piercings, and was sure he was not going to use this nose device a lot. He did feel they needed it to complete the picture, that no pony should be without. The screw was a patent type – very unusual – like a little star – and it needed a special screwdriver. The labia rings were locked with a similar screw, He was very pleased with this invention – one of his own. No lock, but the need to have a special tool to take the item off again.

One last look and a small slap on her butt – then he was off to see about the Blonde.

Continued...

"A man of pleasure is a man of pains"
Edward Young

