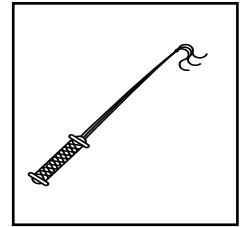


## Chapter four

### Friday afternoon



#### Her part

##### 'Milking and mating...'

The corset hurt and made her short of breath. The dildo in her anus was large and moved with her every little twitch, reminding her of its presence in a way not to be ignored. The bit in her mouth was not as restrictive to her breathing as the ball gag had been, but the way it pulled her lips back and forced her to bite it hard made her jaw ache.

After a while she found a way of sucking it to avoid drooling too much, but it demanded her attention all the time.

She was sweating under the straps and leather and feeling increasingly uncomfortable.

The angle of her feet and the tension in her leg muscles was more than annoying – not to mention the fact that her lack of experience with high heels was giving her a really hard time.

The way her body and head was fixed made her mad, as well as the way she had to move most of her body to expand her area of vision.

So this was what it was like to be ponydressed like in the book.

The longer she waited, the more she angered herself. There had been no question of asking or seeking consent. They had emptied her and dressed her at will, without her having any say in it whatsoever.

She heard him coming from some distance away, doors slamming and the concrete walls echoing his steps.

He had a set of leather lines and straps over his arm, and took another walk around her.

Here and there

adjusting a buckle and caressing her body with the gentle touch of his gloved hands.

She felt the goosebumps developing in the wake of his touch.

He undid the reins holding her to the walls.

She was waiting to make her move and followed him with her eyes as best she could.

When he grabbed hold of the large ring on the side of the bit, she pulled her head back in a quick jerk and tried to kick him with her right foot.

He must have foreseen it, because he was just out of her range.

The kick went into mid air and she almost lost her balance.

He kept his grip on the ring in the bit, pulled it upwards, saying: 'So, so. Easy now, girl' in a very kind voice.

She felt the anger rise in her even more as she realized

#### His part

##### 'Breaking in the new stock..'

The Blonde had been a more fun to dress. She had kicked and struggled as she protested against everything he did to her. He had enjoyed it immensely, and of course he had left her in the same position and dress as her Brunette friend, except it had taken a bit more work on his behalf.

Especially the bit had been the cause of some work. He had had to have the stableboy hold her head and be ready with the bit, as he had pressed hard with his thumb and forefinger on her cheeks with one hand and held her nose closed with the other.

It had not worked. The Blonde had just given a lot of protesting sounds and swearings and then shut up again.

He had had to use the ammonia: A small flask with ammonia cleaning fluid that he had held under her nose, making her snap for air a number of times and her eyes water.

That had done the trick.

Quickly he had placed the bit in place and attached it to the side of her head.

He had seen her resentment in her watering eyes and smiled, as he knew she would be a lot of work to break in. Maybe a weekend would not be enough? Still he knew what he was doing and what was coming to her – which was a large advantage.

Now he was returning to the Brunette to see what she was able to do in the riding building.

On the way he had grabbed the training reins from their hook on the wall next to the door.

He had not needed the stableboy. This he wanted to do by himself.

He could see that she was angry. The pause to think had probably upset her.

She might still be a lot of fun.

He could see her following him around and knew she was going to try something, so he held his distance carefully.

Keeping a close eye on each of her smallest movements.

He released her from the wall fixtures.

He saw it coming. She was pulling herself together, and

that he had anticipated something like this. Yes, maybe he even wanted her to resist.

Maybe it was part of his fun.

While she was still trying to regain her balance, he attached the reins to her bridle.

All the time out of her reach.

She desperately tried to think, and come up with something to do next.

When he released her from the wall fixtures, she

thought that she had more freedom to resist.

So when he tried leading her along by the reins, she decided to stand fast.

Trying to gather all her strength, she stood firm.

It was difficult. Her head was being forced forward by the pull on the bridle, but the collar and corset made it easier to resists, even though her balance was not very good on the high heels.

She realized that another kick would be impossible as she had trouble enough keeping herself from falling.

She took a couple of small steps to get the best possible resistance against his pull.

'Ha!' she thought. 'Got you. Now what will you do?'

She did not have to wait long for an answer.

He grabbed the ring in her left tit and pulled and turned, till she almost screamed.

Then as water came to her eyes again, he dragged a thin leather line through the ring, sliding it against her unprotected nipple and attaching it to the front ring in her collar.

Then a similar line through her left tit.

With desperation she realized, what he was doing, knowing that resistance would be impossible against this arrangement.

He pulled the thin lines and the reins simultaneous.

If she did not follow him, the thin line from the center ring in her collar through her nipple rings and to his hands would pull her breasts upwards and cause an instant sharp pain in her delicate nipples.

It made her begin to walk and follow his lead.

Again he had the upper hand.

She felt degraded being led off by her nipples like this. Obeying even a very slight pull.

Suddenly he took a step backwards, so that they were almost side by side.

Before she could react she felt a sharp sting in her butt followed by the well known after pain of a whiplash.

The suddenness and the pain made her eyes water and she could not help a muffled scream from her gagged mouth.

He whispered softly in her ear that he had done it to show, who was in charge.

It made her feel even more degraded, especially as he just turned and walked on pulling her after him on her wobbling feet.

She was still trying to control the burning feeling in her butt and the tears developing in her eyes, when they entered a large hall like room – probably the riding house.

then she tried kicking at him. Fortunately he was out of reach of the heavy boot and had a good grip on her bit. He talked to her, calming her a bit.

He attached the reins to the side of the bridle, carefully staying out of reach of her kicking range.

Then he tried slowly pulling the reins towards him.

She stood fast and used all her muscles, force and determination to stay on the spot. Even pulled her head back and tried moving it from side to side. (The collar and the two straps going from her headharness to her shoulders made separate movements by her head very limited – but she tried her best).

He knew she had a hard time balancing the boots – and he knew exactly what was needed.

Quickly he went up to her and grabbed the ring in her left tit. To make her understand, who was in charge he pulled and turned a little, making her squirm.

Then he put a thin leather line through the ring and attached it to her collar.

Shortly after she had a similar arrangement in her left tit ring.

'Now, come on girl', he said as he pulled the reins going through her tit rings. She took a couple of steps forward as she felt the pain from being pulled by her nipples.

He nodded. 'Good girl. That's much better. Now come on. Follow me'.

He turned around and led her out.

He could hear her boots against the concrete as she was taking small steps behind him – following.

'Good' he thought to himself. First lesson, now for the second one.

When they were outside in the passageway to the riding house, he stopped and took a couple of steps backwards.

Then as he was beside her, he gave her one quick and hard lash on her butt with his crop using a lot of force. The sound almost echoed in the concrete surroundings. He watched her squirm from the pain, then let his hand caress the spot. He could see a red line developing fast, on the spot he had hit.

He bent his head close to her ear and whispered: 'Just so we all know, who's in charge'.



John was waiting for them on the inside: 'Ahhh. Very nice. Very nice indeed'. They stood watching her for a while. Two nice looking, middle-aged men with graying temples, watching a totally defenseless, naked girl and commenting on her most intimate body details. The trainer was still holding the reins, as they caressed and felt her body in its most intimate places. Finally John said: 'I like the posture improvement by the booths and corset – but – allow me?' The Trainer answered: 'Be my guest'. She tried wriggling and stepping back as John approached her, but the trainer just gave her his best smile as he pulled sharply on the tit straps. That made her stand very still. John tightened the corset. It was tight from the beginning, but now she felt like she could not breathe. She shook her head and tried to express her dissatisfaction with what he was doing. 'Steady now, girl'. He let his hands slide over the quickly developing red line across her butt. Even though it was very gentle, she still shivered as he touched the sensitive line. Turning to the Trainer: 'She needs to control her head and hold it up high'. He tightened the straps from her head harness to her shoulders, and she realized that she was only able to move her head a few inches from side to side - and had no way of looking down. She had to move her whole body, if she wanted to see beyond the leather flaps blocking her vision to a small area right in front of her. He also attached two small chains from the holes in her earlobes to her shoulder straps. Then he stepped back again: 'Much better. Don't you think?' The Trainer nodded, and said: 'I will just warm her up, and see what potential she has'.

He led her to the end of the room. There was a weird contraption. It looked like the top of a helicopter: Four beams sticking out from a center post. He clicked a couple of lines from one of the beams to each side of her bit. Then took the reins off but left the thin lines in her titrings – he just folded the ends and fixed them to a ring in the front of her corset. She followed him with her eyes – curious as to what he was about to do. As he walked out of sight, she turned her body to see what was going on. He took a long whip that was placed by the base of the 'helicopter', turned to her and pulled a lever on the base of the device. The low humming sound of an engine came from the base. Two things happened at once: The overhead beam started moving slowly forward, pulling her along by the bit in her mouth and he hit her with a short stroke from the long whip on her legs just below her butt. She began to follow the machine, walking as she was pulled in a circle by the overhead beam. All the time feeling something between a tickle and a pain in the

He noticed the tears in the corner of her eyes. At this moment, he knew she was his - totally. There was no sign of resistance in her eyes anymore, just a begging to be kind to her and not hit her again. He knew she was going to behave well – and soon. He walked forward again pulling her along. As they entered the riding house part of the building, John was waiting for them. They both admired her body. Her legs tightened by the angle of her feet. One could clearly see the tensioned muscles. Her small butt sticking out with just the one stripe developing from his lash. The fixture in her anus with its horsetail angled upwards and pulled through the cup made of her locked hands. Her slim waist in the positioning corset, her shoulders sticking out from the uncomfortable position of her arms. Her small, pointed breasts resting in the cups of the corset and the heavy steel rings dangling freely. The breasts made small bopping movements as the weight of the rings amplified every movement, she made. Her upright neck and her head enclosed in the straps of the harness and bit.

John walked back and forth and around her, caressing and stroking here and there. Feeling her skin and body in admiration. He was overjoyed. This was just the 'working harness', and it sure did a lot of good things to her – and to his manhood that was no longer resting relaxed in his pants. In fact it was bothering him a little as it tried to expand and get out of his tight trousers. 'Not yet', he thought to himself. 'Wait', the longer the wait, the more fun. He knew that she was reacting positively to all this – and that her erogenous zones would be increasingly screaming for relief the longer they kept training her. John adjusted a few straps and buckles here and there. She stood still, while she was being worked on. The only time, he spotted a reaction was, when John tightened her corset even further, resulting in a few movements by her head and another begging look. John had also spotted her reaction, and immediately responded by tightening her head positioning reins, so that any movement like the one she had just done would be impossible from now on. She had to look either straight out or up towards the ceiling. To further ensure this, John had put two little chains from her earlobes to her shoulderstraps. Not for restraining purposes, but to make her aware, that if she would move her head more than the head straps allowed - her earlobes would be in danger of being torn off. The blinkers on the side of her head would limit her field of vision to a narrow area straight in front of her.

He led her to the training carrousel. It was a four-beam machine, centered on a base with an electric gear engine.

back of her legs from the constant attention of the whip. He hit her precisely on the same spot.

Not very hard, but with just the end of the long whip. After a few lashes, her skin was so sensitive that the small strokes hurt like he had been hitting her with full force.

It had the effect that she increased speed a little all the time, trying to avoid the rhythmically jabs of pain. She had to follow and had no way of protesting or resisting.

All the time he issued encouraging calls as if she actually was a horse being led round.

In the beginning she had trouble enough staying on her feet.

At the same time she was choking and had problems breathing in the tight corset.

The dildo moved around inside her anus and the rings in her tits pulled her breasts at every move she made.

She quickly gave up trying to avoid drooling and let her saliva run down freely over her chin.

However, she got into a sort of rhythm, her breath stabilized and she began to feel fairly comfortable, although she had no time to think of resisting the treatment.

She was sweating under the leather and could feel her pussy lubricating heavily.

All the time the whip was following her legs closely; encouraging and urging her forward.

Slowly the speed increased and she followed.

Now she was almost running.

She could only look straight ahead, so every now and then she passed John looking at her performance with a gleam of hornyness in his eyes and a big smile on his face.

The Trainer stopped once to adjust all the straps – nothing was loosened, but a lot of buckles were tightened.

He pulled the thin lines out of her titrings with the same indifference as he had put them in.

It made her shiver. Her already hardened tits sent a ray of reddish excitement to her brain.

Her butt was filled with a burning sensation from the constant little slaps by the whip.

Then the training continued: Walking, trotting and then running.

She had been worried at first to make a wrong step or twist a foot, but as she got used to moving she found that the booths were designed so that her ankles were protected. In fact she did make a few wrong steps, but the booths just supported her as she was stabilizing herself on the edge of the sole. The Trainer quickly observed her problems and immediately decreased speed until she was moving in a steady rhythm again.

At one point she thought about how amusing it actually were: She had decided to resist, but was now helplessly

Soon he had her ready. Her bridle connected to one of the overhead beams by two loose straps.

His long whip was already at the base of the carrousel. He switched the engine on - the slowest speed first, grabbed the whip and started to encourage her with little slashes on the back of her upper leg.

The whip was also a long thin glassfiber-core type. Only the end part was braided leather.

This made it possible - with very small movements of his wrist - to hit precisely and to make it hurt more or less. It was definitely not a type of whip to use with force.

She staggered forward, at first slowly and unsteady, then she got into it – and began walking almost normally.

He made her do a few rounds after she had adjusted to it. Then increased the speed slowly till she was trotting and finally running slowly.

Her breasts were bopping up and down and he could see her skin begin to shine from her sweat – beautiful! He knew that she was experiencing a feeling like having a sensual massage in all the right places.

The sweat was just an outer sign of the sexual arousal, she was getting into.

As usual he stopped after a few rounds to tighten things up. His experience was that everything had to be tight – and preferably tighter than looser – otherwise the leather would gnaw the skin – and that was not the idea.

He could smell her as he examined everything.

Good, healthy sweat from running.

His nostrils vibrated.

This was one of his favorites with ponytraining: The smell of working them out mixed with the smell of leather.

He could not help himself pulling the cords on her stomach and grabbing her tail, giving it a few pulls up and down. He liked the body reaction he got from this. It was going well and as it should. She was enjoying herself as much as him – she might just not realize it yet.

He undid the thin straps through her titrings. They had served as a kind of dampener to the movements of the rings.

From now on they would swing freely with her every move.

She was going to like this.

He massaged her breasts after having pulled the lines out of the rings. Not soft, but not hard either.

Just enough to feel her sweat and making her feel his touch.

He had eye contact with John a few times, and noticed his admiration every time she passed him.

This girl had potential to become a good pony.

He was sorry he could not train her in the proper trot and other horse-like exercises, but the arrangement was just to get them into this. The proper training had to

being led round by this machine, without having had any possibility whatsoever to show her dissatisfaction. He was in control – and to such a degree – that she was constantly aware that she had to do exactly what he wanted.

Finally he stopped. She was sweating all over, and her breath was quick making her chest move up and down rapidly.

He took her off the machine and had her running freely in a circle around him.

At first she thought that this would be the time to show her defiance, but she quickly got wiser.

He had her by a leash to the side of her corset, and by again hitting her constantly with the whip, made her do whatever she could to stay as far away from him as possible.

Thus making a full circle around him.

Once or twice she tried to pull the leash to get free, but as she was unable to see anything but straight ahead in front of her, she just felt him pulling the leash and hitting her a bit harder.

By now the skin on her butt was so sensitive from the constant whipping, that he only had to increase force slightly to cause her unbearable pain.

She quickly settled to running in the circle he wanted her to.

She thought it strange that she would obey so totally, and that anything she tried to do was totally in vain. She was beginning to doubt that she would be able to have any influence – no matter what she felt or did.

Finally he stopped.

By now she was really short of breath, sweating uncomfortable and drooling down her chest.

He comforted her and praised her performance, then lead her by her reins to the door, she had come in through.

'Milking time, my dear', he said as he pulled her over to the waiting stable boys.

'Twenty minutes, guys', he said. '..and put a mating clamp on her, so she will be ready for the next round. I will come and get her after milking'.

She did not know, what he meant?

She was not producing any milk, and had never done so. What were they going to do?

She was taken into a box like the one she had been in, when being prepared.

The only difference was that this one had a low steel pipe scaffold in the middle.

They pulled her towards this, and she tried to resist, twisting and putting her heels in again.

They had obviously tried this before, and they knew beforehand, what she was going to do, so they countered it.

One held on to her head/reins, pulling her forward and the other hit her with a riding crop on her already sore ass.

There were two u-shaped bars at the bottom of the scaffold. The forward movement made her ankles move

wait till later, and he was not going to accelerate things even more.

He increased the speed a little, making her run at a normal pace.

He was careful not to increase the speed more than a little at a time, giving her the chance to adjust her trot and breathing each time.

He was also careful not to have her slip or fall.

He stopped and let his hand caress her butt.

It was reddish from the attention with the whip.

The only distinctly visible mark was the blue-black stripe he had made with the short crop earlier.

The long whip had just given her an equally distributed redness and made her skin more sensitive to further treatment.

He undid her from the machine and took her to the free circle.

There he put a long leash to the side of her corset, and made her run freely.

Again he started really slow, but made sure to use the long whip so that she would try to stay as far away from him as possible, thus making a perfect circle at the end of the tight leash.

A few times she tried to pull away, jump or run or in other ways resist, but he got her under control quickly. He spoke to her quietly; encouraging her like one would do to a horse. At the same time he used the leash to pull and the long whip to direct her.

At the end of this session, she was running at full trot. He could hear her excited breathing and see her breasts bopping up and down in the corset-cups.

Even though she was just running like a human, it still looked pretty good. If she had proper training, she would make a small, but rather attractive display pony. He stopped her and changed to the reins in her bit again.

Then he caressed her and spoke slowly in her ear, comforting her and praising her performance.

She was drooling and her skin was shining like a mirror from sweat.

He wished he had time to take her right here and now – or at least watch John take her, but he knew he had to follow the original plan.

So he led her to the door to the boxes, where the stable boys were waiting.

They took over and he instructed them to have her milked and to let her wear a mating clamp on for the next part.

He also told them to give her a 20-minute milking. This would be something else – and he was sure she had never tried this. No actual milking would take place, but a special bra would mechanically massage her tits for twenty minutes.

Enough to make any woman scream to come.

He went in to get the Blonde.

He could see immediately that she was even more resentful.

Her eyes followed him, and he knew that if he gave her

into these. The u-shapes got narrower and narrower towards the end of the U's. As soon as her legs were about half way in, a metal pipe-bar was placed behind her ankles and used to push her feet in as far as they would go. Then the bar was locked in place.

Another bar was placed in front of her stomach, height was adjusted and the bar was locked in place.

The other boy had taken her reins and pulled her forwards, making her lean over the stomach bar.

She tried a few jerks with her head but ended up in an almost perfect 90-degree angle.

As soon as he had gotten her head all the way down in another U-shaped bar, he unleashed the two straps from her shoulders to her head harness and her earlobe chains, and clanked another bar behind her neck.

He then let go of the reins.

None of them had spoken during all this, but now one of them said: 'Milking time'.

She tried testing the arrangement – but she was defenseless again – and secured. She was beginning to speculate if she should just do what they wanted her to, as all her ideas of protesting and resisting had not really done her any good.

She felt somebody unscrewing her titrings and pulling them out.

Then her breasts were wiped with a damp cloth and a heavy leather bra was put around her chest. She tried looking down, but the pipes and her collar prevented it. She did see a hand connecting a hose to the bra (or maybe two hoses, she was not sure).

As she heard a pump start, she felt her breasts and tits being sucked into the cups of the bra, and then released in a rhythmical movement – one breast at a time.

She could feel her pussy starting to water and her tits getting increasingly sensitive.

She closed her eyes, and let the pumping feeling control her body.

It was very tense and exciting.

Her legs started to shake and again she developed goosepimplles all over.



just a little room, she would kick, bite and hit him or whatever she could to show him her own will.

He had to break her before getting her into the riding hall.

So he got the flogger from the bench behind her. It was a heavy, many-tailed flogger. Braided leather handle, and a set of nasty flat edge-cut straps. He made sure to show it to her first. Carefully holding it up in front of her face, and letting the straps slide through his fingers.

He knew he was going to need her butt and the back of her legs later for the proper training.

This was just going to be a display of dominance. So he decided to use her stomach and the front of her legs.

He took one step backwards and swung the flogger towards her stomach.

She stood quite still and composed herself for the first ten strokes. Only small jerks indicated that he was more than caressing her. He could not help admire her stamina, but he knew that she would not be able to keep it up for long.

He had decided to flog her till she begged – and then some.

To make her realize that begging would not make any difference, and to make her realize that he could cause her all the pain he wanted to.

He knew how hard he was hitting her, and he cold see the increasing marks of the straps on her white skin. Exactly at the eleventh stroke, she started whining and squirming.

He did not change rhythm or force, but continued to hit in the same way.

Getting an ever-increasing reaction.

He was a good flogger.

First he hit exactly across the top of her stomach, just below the corset edge.

The next stroke was a little bit lower, so that half of the straps overlapped.

Then again a bit lower, until he reached a point just above her boooths.

Then he started working up again.

Every time he reached one of the outer points and started up or down again, her reaction became noticeably stronger.

She was screaming deep down in her throat, and fighting as hard as she could to avoid the lashes as tears rolled down her face.

He stopped, when he had reached the point, he desired. Then he went up to her.

Now she was just looking at him in amazement through her tears.

He let the whip slide over her sore front, tickling her, but knowing that she did not feel it like a tickle.

Then he took his handkerchief, grabbed the side of her bit and dried her tears, looking straight in her face. 'Now. We both know who's in charge. If you don't behave yourself, I will cause you a lot more pain than this'.

Twenty minutes later, they came back, stopped the machine, took the bra off and inserted the titrings again. Her nipples were so sensitive, that she almost screamed, when the little pins were stuck in and tightened.

She felt like any touch – however light – would make her come in a tremendous orgasm.

She was actually surprised that she had not come, when her tits were handled and the rings were put back in place.

Her mind was filled with the tense excitement emanating from the two very hard spots on her chest. A sort of long 'mmmm' sound helped itself from her throat.

She heard them talking: 'She's in for mating after next round?'

'Yes, the trainer says he will just warm her up first. He wants her to wear a mating clip'.

She wondered what they meant, but then she tried to look up as one of them went to a table by the wall in front of her.

He turned and had a very small, spring-loaded clip in his hand.

He pulled her drooling head up by the side of the bit and stuck the thing in her face, so she could really study it.

'See, my dear. This will make you really hot'.

It was small and had a black rubber covering.

When it was closed it was like two half circles meeting.

She imagined her clit between these teeth – and her

most sensitive little point sticking out in the middle.

At the same time she felt the other one, pulling her pussy open by the rings and inserting a finger.

'The milking really got her wet. Hehe'.

The other guy went behind her and as one held her open by the rings, the other one pushed the skin aside from her wet clit and clipped the clamp right on it. They let go and left her to feel the hurt from the clamp.

She did not know for how long she was left there, as the pain in her clit got worse and worse, but finally the Trainer came in.

Inspected her all over, including the clip (which he pulled making her scream), and took her out on another run in the riding house.

He made her do the same routine as before. It was difficult to run with the clip on (yes, even moving took some adjustment), and she could feel her juices flowing more freely than it had done for a long time. The clamp was definitely working she decided.

Finally he had worked her up to the point of almost screaming to come, then he lead her back to the stable boys.

She saw nothing of John this time, but assumed that her friend had been through the same degrading treatment as herself, while she was being 'milked'.

She also assumed that her friend was now standing in the bars, having her tits worked by the machine.

She tried to answer with a very small noise from her throat.

'That's a good girl. I am sure we will get along'.

Then he took one step back.

'Just to underline things...'.

He swung the flogger and let it fall with controlled but considerable force across the top of her full breasts.

He noticed with satisfaction that a few of the straps hit her tits. Probably causing her even more pain than the methodically flogging he had just administered.

He hit again.

This time on the center of her tits.

Then he went to the back of the room, changed the flogger for his own short riding crop, walked up to her and grabbed her left breast with one hand and pressed.

He pulled a thin line through the ring in the nipple.

Enjoying her desperate look as she realized what he was doing.

He fastened the end of the line to the side of her bit.

Then ended the operation, by giving the ring a hard pull and letting go.

He was equally tuff on her other breast and nipple.

Ending the operation by fixing the ordinary reins to her head.

After he had released her from the wall fixtures, he used almost solely the thin lines leading her along.

Constantly keeping a quite tight pull on the thin lines and causing her to keep her head very still and try to stagger after him on her high heels as fast as she was able to.

She looked amazed, when he attached her to the same walking machine, her friend had just been using.

He knew the first couple of steps would be the hardest to make her take, but he also knew how to get her started.

As he turned on the motor, making the overhead beam slowly begin to pull her head, he gave her a hard slap on the back of her legs, just under her butt.

Encouraging her with a few soft words he continuously hit her on exactly the same spot.

He was used to the long whip, and knew the short end of it could cause a lot of pain.

He also had a lot of practice in precision whipping.

After a few hard slaps, she stumbled slowly forward.

Not even having completed the first round, she was so sore, that she actually moved faster than the machine. Like she was telling him that she was going to walk, and that he had no need to hit her.

He did keep it up though, so she would not get any ideas that anything she did had any influence in what she experienced.

Soon he had her running at a fairly good pace.

There was only the need for a few encouraging words and a little attention with the whip.

He could hear her gasping above the humming sound of the machine.

Her breasts were larger and rounder than her friends.

He decided to stop and take the thin lines out, in order

The stable boys grinned and dragged her into yet another concrete room.

Here Cecilia was waiting.

At the end there were two boxes. Each had a door like the others she had seen: A metal plate on the bottom, and a set of bars on the top.

She could clearly see through the bars.

In each box were a man, done up like herself with corset, straps, bit, arms tightly locked on their backs etc.

They both looked at her with a lot of interest coming all the way up to the bars and sticking their heads out between them to get a better look.

The middle of the room had a similar pipe-bar contraption as in the milking box.

The stable boys quickly placed her in the same locked position as before.

They only needed a few lashes from their whips.

She was exhausted from the running, feeling thirsty, her arms had been numb for a while, and her whole body felt as if it had been worked over with fine grinding paper.

She had no intention of resisting or doing anything that would prolong her ordeal.

She just wanted to get out of some of the leather, have something to drink and relax and maybe fondle herself into a slow, soft orgasm.

One of the stable boys said: 'I wanna see her face', and she felt the head straps being put on, and tightened so that she had to look straight up at the boxes on the end.

The flaps on the side of her head narrowed the view to just the two men.

Cecilia said: 'Well. I see you have made her almost ready. I'll do the rest'.

She went to the table between the two boxes in front of her, and turned, putting on black rubber gloves.

She smiled at her.

Still looking like a kind middle-aged woman.

'Now, my dear. Let's get you ready'

Cecilia disappeared from view, and she could feel her hands being lifted up, as something was attached to the ring at the end of her gloves and used to pull them upwards.

Her 'tail' followed in her cupped hands.

Her behind was exposed and ready.

Cecilia messed around with the labia rings, but before she could think further about it, she felt herself being pulled open wide by the rings.

Some kind of elastic strap connected her labia rings to the contraption.

She tried moving a little, but the system was totally unforgiving.

She had to stand very still.

Cecilia removed the clamp, and the sudden sensation of blood running to the spot, made her convulse.

The result of this was that she pulled her own labia.

She was trapped between wanting to shake her butt to get the tickling sensation out of her clit and not pulling

to enjoy the way they would move up and down in the cups and the way the rings would swing and pull her tits.

She looked down, when he stopped and took the lines out. Her eyes did not meet his as she probably realized she had lost the first couple of rounds.

She was probably speculating if she would win any points at all. This doubt was always the first positive signs of ponygirls being broken in.

Soon she would do anything he wanted, quickly and eagerly.

This was almost going too well and too fast.

He checked the harness and started again.

This was even better than he had expected.

As speed increased, she got into a good rhythm.

He looked at the rings in her tits.

First they went up. Then they hung in mid air, as she went down. Then they came down and slapped her breast just under the tits. Then up again. As he further increased speed, they started slapping the breasts on the upper side as she went up.

The rings had a definitely positive effect on the movement of her breasts,

It looked lovely. Her nipples were hard and dark in the middle of the white curved flesh.

He wished he had it on video and could watch it in extreme slow motion.

He almost forgot to stop her – she was absolutely sweating and out of breath.

Clearly not as fit as her friend.

He gave her a couple of extra minutes to regain her breath, before making her do a free circle run.

Here she found a bit of her old resistance, and a couple of times really pulled in the single lunge, used to hold her.

A few quick and hard lashes from the long whip, combined with pulling the leash, quickly got her back on the circle track.

He discretely checked his watch.

The Brunette would almost have finished her milking session.

He stopped and took the Blonde back to the holding boxes.

There were two milking boxes, sometimes used for other purposes as well.

He knew where the Brunette was, and could in fact hear the pumping machine humming, so he led the Blonde in the other box.

Considering the way she had started out being wild, he was impressed that she was so easy to deal with.

He wanted to see her reaction to being milked.

The boys took over, and he went next door, where a small opening in the wall allowed him to look in without being seen.

The Brunette could wait a while longer for her last round today.

so hard on herself that her labia would hurt even more. Cecilia put her rubber-gloved fingers inside her - probing.

Then she heard her say: 'My, my she is wet. This is going to be an easy mating, but she had better get greased anyway'.

The stable boys grinned even louder, as she felt her insides being carefully smeared with grease.

Cecilia appeared again in her limited field of vision. She looked straight at her saying: 'Hmmm. Now, who will suit you, and who will suit your little friend?'

She walked up and down in front of the boxes, looking in at the men.

Suddenly she decided: 'I think we will have this one for you. He is good and strong'.

Cecilia opened a box, attached a set of short reins and led one of the men out.

He was young and good looking. Strong and muscular. His body had been oiled, so it looked really pretty and shiny.

All his body hair had been removed, making him look even more naked.

She liked the shape of his chest and the large golden rings stuck through his small tits.

She also noticed he had a rather large ring in his nose, and this one was not by a clamp but went straight through his nosewall, and was resting on his upper lip. His member was half-erect.

The foreskin had moved a little back by itself and she could see half of his sensitive penis head sticking out. All his pubes hair had been removed, making his penis and balls look strangely naked. His hair would not tickle her, like she had been by the stableboys amble hairiness.

Cecilia – unceremoniously – strapped a tight little harness round his balls, making the skin on his purse tight and smooth and his stones stand out on each side.

She caressed the balls, testing if she was satisfied with the harnessing.

The black leather made him look sexy, she thought.

Then she grabbed his member with her rubber-gloved hand, and with a quick jerk, pulled the foreskin all the way back.

He gave a small shiver at this.

She slapped the upper side a few times with the flat of her hand, saying: 'Hmm. Getting there. Getting there'. She smeared his member with the grease and kept on doing this till she was satisfied with its erectness.

All this was taking place half a meter from her face.

The way she was restricted made it almost impossible not to watch the preparations.

She drooled continuously down her chin, and could feel her erogenous zones dripping and getting blood filled as she imagined what was coming.

Under normal circumstances, she would probably have wanted to fuck the 'stallion' as he had a handsome, well-proportionate body, and his member looked 'appetizing' as she thought to herself.

However, strapped in this very much fixed position, and having been deprived of every right to herself and her body gave her a mixed feeling of wanting to have his

As soon as the Blonde saw the 'scaffold', she began fighting. The stable boys used 'Stunners' to get her in place.

The same kind used in abattoirs to make livestock go the way they were supposed to.

A flashlight-looking device, but instead of a bulb in the end, it had two pointed but blunt electrodes.

It produced a stinging jolt between the electrodes, when placed in contact with the skin.

Of course the voltage had been adjusted to a lower level than normally used against an animals heavy and hairy skin, but it was quite sufficient to make the Blonde give shrill screams in her throat and to make her get in the two ankle holders – quickly.

He could not see her eyes as he was looking at the side of the scaffold and her – the 'blinkers' were in the way, but he sensed her fright of the 'Stunners'.

Soon the boys had her perfectly fixed in the scaffold. Her arms in a straight line down her back, and her full breasts hanging like two cones under her – slightly stretched by the heavy rings.

The boys took the rings out, making her shiver and jump in the scaffold.

He could hear the iron bars clank as she fought in the restraints.

Then she stood very still as they swung the special 'bra' around her chest and secured it on her back with the two buckles.

She could no see what they were doing since the collar blocked her head movement. Even if she had had the free movement of her head, the metal pipes were in the way.

When the hoses had been attached and the pump started working her breasts, she again tried with some force to resist. The metal framed clanked and banged as she tried moving.

One could not see the function of the bra on the outside, but he knew that the leather cups concealed a rubber insert, which - by suction - pulled her breasts – one at a time – as the pump worked.

The center of the insert had a small metal ring that would give her nipple even more attention, as the pump created underpressure inside the bra.

The stable boys stood by and watched as her struggling gradually decreased.

Then, when she was finally quite still and quietly allowed the device to massage and pump her breasts, one of them dropped his pants and started to fondle her cunt.

The Trainer imagined the wetness generated by the massage – and smiled to himself.

The boys discussed her opening and the feel of her, as they took turns exploring.

The one without pants was getting rather erect by the handling and discussion.

He grabbed himself and did a few trying movements with his hand, making his member stand up ready for action.

member all the way inside, and resenting it, as she had had no say in the matter at all.

This was different from her normal sub-life.

Here she was not ordered to do things, or punished for not doing them. Here everybody talked nicely to her, but in a way like she was a mute animal.

She began to realize the extent of the humiliation and domination involved in this kind of 'playing'.

Finally Cecilia slapped the upper side of his member a few more times, grabbed it, pulled the thin line from his ball harness out between his legs, and said: 'You seem good and ready. Now, come on boy'.

They went out of sight, but soon she felt Cecilia's hands guiding his member into her totally opened pussy.

He went straight all the way in her very moist insides.

The hard balls and the leather hitting her skin.

She was already a split second from coming as he started moving, but tried hard to concentrate on countering his movements not to feel the pain from the lines holding her labia open, but quickly gave up and had one orgasm after the other.

She did have a notion that Cecilia was controlling his movements by the strap round his balls, and could hear a whip hit him and Cecilia's voice: 'Go on. In you go' and then: 'Out again. That's a good boy'.

His movements inside her followed the commands and the sound of the whip hitting flesh.

She had stopped counting her orgasms, when she felt him getting extra big and his member starting to jerk around inside her as the warm juices squirted from him. She had always loved a man's cum and the feeling of somebody's member slowly getting smaller and smaller, finally to 'fall' out of her, but this was nothing like that. As soon as Cecilia realized he had emptied himself, she pulled him out – probably by the ball strap thing, because he gave a high pitch whine of pain.

Then she felt something hard replacing his warm cock – a dildo.

Cecilia said: 'We have better make sure you keep all that precious semen inside'.

She let her have the full length of the large dildo in one go, securing it with yet another leather strap from her 'tail' to the front of her corset.

It must be degrading and exciting for the man, she thought, being pulled away as soon as he had delivered, and then seeing the opening of his desires being plugged, closing off all access.

They both passed her on the way to his box, and she saw his wet and still half-stiff member dangling in front of him.

She was right: Apart from his reins, Cecilia also had a firm hold of the ball strap, pulling him along by both.

Cecilia took her rubber gloves off. Gave her one last smile, and left with the boys.

Leaving her to look at the man that had just been forced to fuck her and feeling little drops of his semen passing out and running down her legs in spite of the plug.

Then he grabbed her labia rings and – holding a finger through each ring – inserted himself into her.

The Trainer watched as her head went up and down and from side to side.

He could not quite figure out if it was a protest or a sign of enjoyment.

Quietly he closed the small opening in the wall and went out. On his way down the hall he could hear the combined noises of the scaffolding, the stable boy and the Blonde, as she was getting a good workout.

He took the Brunette out for another spin in the riding hall.

Noticing how the clip on her clit was making her behave slightly different than before. Besides she was blushing and excited from the milking process, she had just been through, even though she had been left alone just to enjoy the machine.

He worked her to a good sweat, then turned her over to the stable boys for mating – but instead of going to the Blonde at once, he again hid in the next box and looked at the Brunette being mated.

He had always admired the way Cecilia handled her male ponies. And apparently they liked it too.

She had a large group of males coming again and again. The farm often had a long waiting list of males wanting to come for a stay, but Cecilia always limited the number so that she was able to give them all the 'attention' they needed and deserved.

He wondered as almost the only sex these males had was the mating – and he himself would not like to fuck anybody that way: Being controlled and then as soon as they had released their juices, they were brutally pulled out of the wet haven they so desired.

Most of the times the mating was done the same way as he now watched the Brunette being fucked.

In such a way that the 'receiver' was not able to move at all, just stand there and be used as a means of ejaculation.

He was equally amazed that the women seemed to have as much enjoyment of this as the men.

All this went through his head as he watched Cecilia controlling the man fucking the Brunette.

A slight hit with the crop and he moved in, a pull by the cord in his balls and he was forced out again – until he came.

Then as soon as she could see in his eyes and by his body language that he had released, what he had, she pulled him all the way out by a sharp jerk on the cord between his legs.

The Brunette was still convulsing from her orgasm, as her mate was led away, penis still dripping and shining.

He could not help smiling again, as Cecilia inserted the large, black dildo in the Brunette's sensitive cunt. At least Cecilia had some consideration for the girl. Now she could enjoy a prolonged orgasm by using whatever inside muscles she had to 'play' with the

Slowly the orgasm faded and her body began hurting from the treatment...

*Continued...*

dildo.

He shut the opening and went out to take the Blonde for her last spin before her mating session.

*Continued...*

"Man is the hunter, woman his game"  
*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*