



## Chapter eight

### Saturday night



#### Her part

##### **'Being a diversion is sometimes a good thing...'**

John Said: 'Wait a minute.'  
Then grabbed the ring in her collar: 'Get up. Kneel.'  
Confused, she staggered first up, then down on her knees beside the box.

He opened his fly with one hand, and his stiff member sort of folded out in front of her.  
He started to rub it against her face.

'This is what she likes', he explained to Claus, as he kept on stimulating himself on her.  
John got down on his back on the box and Cecilia took hold of the collar ring.

She directed her on top of him, and aided him in nailing her.  
Pulling her down on his stomach.

Standing behind her, Cecilia put her hands around her chest and grabbed her tits.  
She felt how Cecilia pinched and twisted the hard little points sticking out of the cones.

Cecilia also grabbed the rings and twisted, causing her almost unbearable pain, but at the same time making the lower part of her body react by little twitches, making John's penis even bigger inside her.

'That's nice. Good little pony' Cecilia whispered in her ear. 'Let him feel you. Good girl.'

Then she turned to Claus: 'Take over here.'  
Claus got down behind her and took over her tits.  
He was not as skilled as Cecilia, but got almost as good results.  
He also let a hand slide down to caress her clit from time to time, making her involuntarily utter little sounds of joy deep down inside.

Cecilia sat on John's face, and she could hear the slow, slurping sounds as he started to kiss between her legs.

Cecilia's eyes went glossy at once, and she looked straight at her.

Claus stepped back and left her tits and clit to Cecilia's able hands.  
She was on the point of screaming again.

#### His part

##### **'Getting the new stock broken in.'**

The party entered the Riding hall.  
Henrik was aiding Elisabeth. Holding the leash from her collar, but supporting her with an arm around her waist. She was walking a bit unsteady on her plateau boots, and he was being very considerate and attentive to her plight.

The blonde was just led by the Trainer by her reins. Elisabeth looked round, studying the surroundings as they went over to the 'helicopter.'

Here the Trainer tied the blonde's reins to a ring in the wall, and gently took Elisabeth from Henrik. She was still looking round in amazement. Eyes ever widening.

He checked her corset and the rest of her leather equipment.  
Then he pulled Elisabeth to the 'helicopter', and attached her bit to the straps coming down from one of the free arms.

This happened so fast and with such skill, that she did not get to utter any sounds before he let go and left her standing alone, tied to the overhead beam.

Her eyes sought first Henrik and then the blonde. Henrik smiled happily, and the blonde nodded her head slightly as a sign to her that it would be OK.

He noticed the correspondence between the blonde and Elisabeth, making him reconsider the arrangement. Maybe things would be easier if he had Elisabeth accompanied by the blonde.

He got her from the wall and tied her on the outside of Elisabeth, putting one adjustment bar between their collars and another between their waistlines by a ring in their corsets.

They were a perfect double now.  
He started the 'helicopter' at the slowest speed, and urged the two women forward by a few words and a slight touch by the whip.

The blonde could not see Elisabeth very well as she was having a set of leather blinkers on her bridle narrowing her view.

Then she felt the flogger land on her sore butt with a hard and determined whack.  
The suddenness and pain of this made her jerk a little bit forward.  
Cecilia praised Claus' initiative.

Slowly the threesome worked up to a wild orgasm. What made her go to new heights was the pain of Cecilia twisting, pulling and pinching her tits, combined with Claus constantly hitting her butt.

Cecilia put her arms around her and shook in her orgasm,  
John was moving under her like he was trying to avoid the ecstasy, and she herself was held in place by Cecilia as her body shook and shook and shook – like it was never going to end and she was going to disintegrate right there and then.

When she finally snapped out of it, she found herself lying on the floor, soaked in sweat and cum.  
The other three were hovering over her.

'Get up, my dear.' Cecilia said and strong hands pulled her to her feet.

Then they all went over to the Riding House to join the rest of the company.  
Her legs were shaking and she had trouble walking.

When they entered, she noticed Elisabeth pulling the Trainer in a cart.  
She admired this.  
Was this really the shy and ordinary looking woman with the ridiculous collar, she had seen earlier this evening? Now she was pulling the cart, obeying the Trainers pull, commands and whip as if she had never done anything else in her whole life.  
What a quick transformation.

This Trainer was good at this, not just with girls like her and her friend, wanting it, but also on half-hearted newbies, never having tried it before.

She was zigzagging in and out between the plastic cones, making a perfect turn at the end and coming back for another round in and out between the cones. It might not do for a show, but for a first timer, it was really good.  
She wished she had her hands and mouth free, then she would have clapped and applauded.

Claus was holding her by her shoulders, equally fascinated with the sight.  
He probably had no idea that this was possible, and maybe he was thinking about his own girlfriend, now being made ready somewhere behind the Riding house.

She looked at his face thinking that he looked good, and that she would like to have more fun with him before the evening was over.  
She enjoyed his gentle stroke over her loins and butt and hoped he would continue.

Elisabeth did not have blinkers on and her bridle was not attached to her body harness, so she turned her head and could see the blonde on the outside.

Soon they were trotting along at a very slow pace. They found a rhythm, so that they moved their legs in a corresponding way.

This was going fine.  
He increased the speed slightly, making them walk a bit faster.  
Henrik was following their every step and the look in his eyes were clearly appreciative of the sexy flesh moving under perfect control before his eyes.

He increased and decreased the speed, making sure to decrease, when they went out of pace or when Elisabeth stumbled or looked like she was falling.

This exercise was not just to make a girl get used to the situation, but also to build up a new kind of trust in her.

One thing was that she were put in a position of limited freedom of movement, but equally important was that they completely trusted the person in the other end, to take care of them and make sure that they were OK. He always thought of this as more or less being the 'safety net' for the girls.

After a few rounds he did the usual check on the reins and leather attachment, then started again and increased to running speed.

Elisabeth had the cutest little breast, and the way they were bopping in the quarter cup leather bra made Henrik look like he was going to cum in his pants.

The Trainer had noticed that her breasts had a little fold underneath, probably because she was on the skinny side.  
The quarter cup support pressed them upwards and made their points stick out.  
They would be perfect with a set of rings.

In the Trainers mind, he was already planning how soon they could start with the smallest model and then to what size he would be able to increase the ring size before the end of her three-week stay.  
He made a mental note to ask John, when he had arranged for the piercing to take place.  
He also made a note as to make sure, how many rings and where Henrik wanted them.

In the background John and Cecilia came in with the Stallions.  
They locked them in a confinement in the other end of the riding house, and went back to make Anette ready for them.  
Henrik was distracted by the noise and goings on, and the Trainer stopped the 'helicopter.'

Both of the girls had worked up a good sweat, so he let them rest a while still reined to the overhead beam.

She could feel her sore pussy react again and her tits making themselves noticed in a distinct manner.

The Trainer let Henrik have a go, but the difference was great and not particularly pretty.

Henrik had absolutely no experience or idea of how to do this right, and as opposed to the Trainer, there seemed to be no contact or rapport between Elisabeth and him.

He pulled at the wrong moment, he used the whip on the wrong butt, and clearly had problems directing her, but he seemed to enjoy himself.

Maybe he was the one in need of training, she thought to herself.

The Trainer had noticed as well, and after a short while he took Henrik off the cart and let John have a go.

Again it worked great.

He had the skill, training and knowledge to make it look pretty.

The two of them and the cart seemed to be one being.

The Trainer discretely had some words with Henrik and Cecilia.

Then she noticed they got her blonde friend and went out.

She was a bit jealous.

Now her friend was probably going to have some sort of fun with Henrik and Cecilia, but on the other hand she felt she needed the rest she was getting by just being caressed by Claus and having to watch Elisabeth.

Anette came in and was put in the pen with the two stallions.

She did not particularly like to watch this.

She did however keep an eye on Claus, and could see from the look in his eyes, that he was excited seeing his girlfriend being helplessly fucked by the two males.

Suddenly the Trainer pulled Claus aside and had a discreet, almost whispering conversation with him.

The one of the stableboys took Claus out, and she felt a little disappointed.

She looked at the Trainer and tried making her disappointment noticeable by sounds and look.

She even stamped her foot in the floor without thinking – almost like a horse would do.

The Trainer smiled at her: 'Well, well. Are we really getting into things?'

He caressed her head, and clapped her butt.

'You had better go with him then, since you have taken a liking to him. I won't need you more tonight, I have two new ponies to break in and you and your friend will serve better by keeping their boyfriends out of sight.

He got the other stableboy to take her and lead her to the door.

She gave Anette one last look as the male that had fucked her first was having another go at her.

He took Elisabeth off the 'helicopter' and dragged her to the small beginners cart.

She looked even more amazed, when he attached her between the pulling rods of the cart.

Then he led her round for a while, letting her get the feel of the empty cart.

Finally he sat down and let her pull him slowly round. She kept trying to look back at him, so he had to pull on her reins to keep her head looking straight out.

He knew she would probably stumble if she tried looking at him while running.

He had been very careful all the time not to hit her too hard with the whip.

Just a little encouraging, she should not be too upset by this first try out.

After all she was very shy and he knew it must be hard for her to do this.

To use the whip too hard would make her resent him and maybe even make her 'lock up' so that it would be very difficult to continue training with ease.

Tomorrow she would be ready for some more elaborate exercise, and as soon as Henrik had gone home it would be much easier.

Now she spend half her time looking at him.

In the meantime John and Cecilia had left and came back with Claus and the brunette.

She had stains of half-dried semen on her face and looked warm, sweating and red.

The Trainer grinned a bit; imagining what Claus had done with her, while they had been on their own.

Good, he thought.

Then Claus was not all that one-on-one with Anette as Henrik was with Elisabeth.

Would make Anette's next experience easier on all of them.

He left them a while to look at Elisabeth pulling him round the riding house.

Elisabeth got unrestful and blushed at all this sudden attention.

He had to pull and use the whip a bit more than he actually was interested in, to keep her on track.

Then he left the seat to Henrik, and let him try running her.

This did not go particularly well. Henrik was not used to this, and first of all did not have the determined pull on the reins.

Either he pulled to lightly, not making Elisabeth understand what he wanted or which way he wanted her to go, and then – realizing this - he pulled to hard, making her head yank backwards, and not at all doing anybody any good.

He stopped it before Henrik had pulled her jaws out of joint.

Then he let him caress and kiss her a little, before letting John take over the cart. John had a lot of

The other one was leaning against the fence, penis dripping cum slowly into the sawdust and his face red from the exhaustion.

She wondered for how long Anette would be left to the mercy of these two horny guys.

Back in her box the stableboy undressed her, gave her a bath and then put on a glossy and elegant leather harness and bridle.

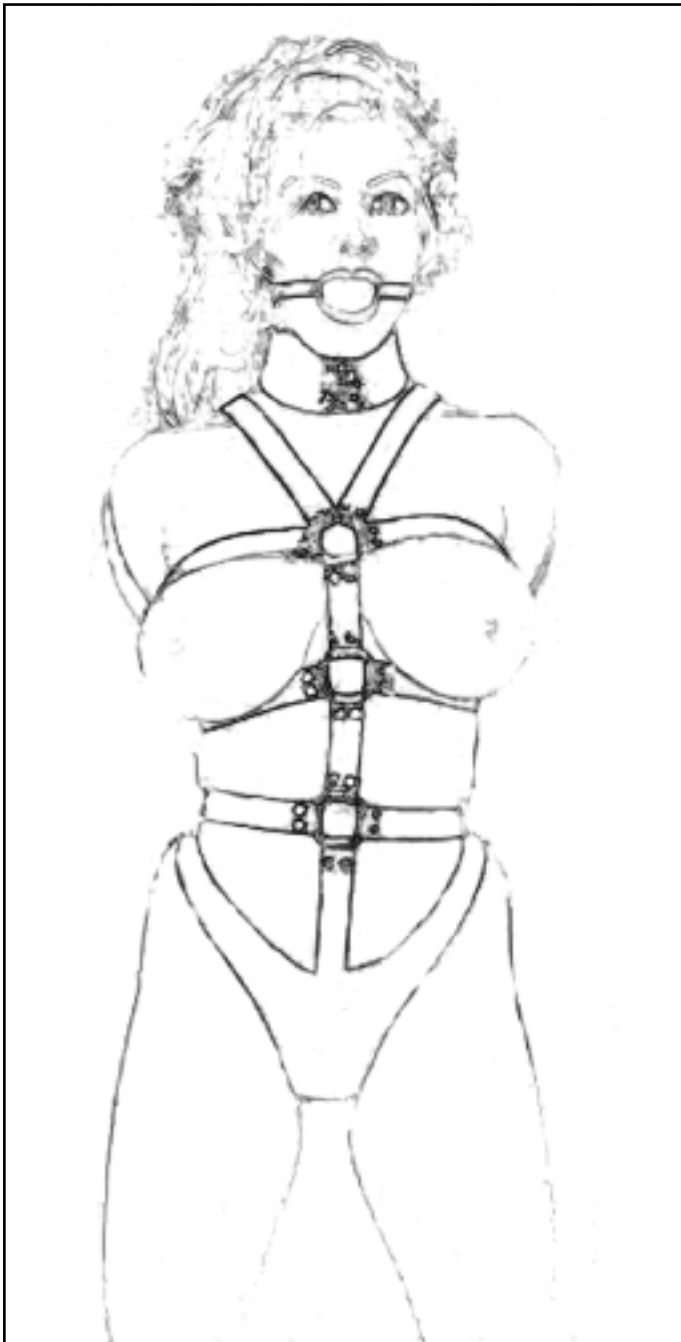
She now looked more like a lounge-pony than a workhorse.

Instead of her usual bit, he equipped her with a ring gag and a plug in the center.

This time everything was locked with discreet little padlocks.

They wanted to be sure, that Claus did not remove anything they did not want him to.

She was still a pony – under full control, no mistake about that.



experience, and Elisabeth was acting like she had never done anything else but pull carts.

He pulled Henrik aside and said:

'Look. You had better leave her to us. We will exercise her a bit more and then put her to sleep in her box. Nothing hard, just like what you have seen now.

Tomorrow you can see her in action again before you go and maybe exchange a few words with her. Don't worry. We will all be very gentle with her. I feel she is a very shy and sensitive little girl, and we don't wanna spoil that. It is a very fine quality, rarely seen.'

He looked straight in the Trainers eyes: 'I am glad you said that. I was beginning to have second thoughts about all of this, but now I realize that we have to make a try of it. After all I will have her back afterwards, and then she will be all mine again.'

'OK. I'll tell you what. You can have the blonde to keep you company overnight.'

He beckoned to Cecilia: 'Will you take the blonde and make her ready for a night with Henrik? You can start and then let one of the boys finish it. Then you have time to come back with Anette for the fun. OK?'

Cecilia gave him her warmest smile, nodded her head and went to get the blonde. She then took Henrik by the arm and led him and the blonde out.

The last thing the Trainer saw was Henrik looking over his shoulder at Elisabeth.

She was concentrating on moving in a perfect figure eight between two plastic cones under John's skilled hands, unaware that her lover left to spend the night with the sexy blonde ponygirl.

The Trainer smiled to himself.

As far as he had seen the blonde act till now, he knew that Henrik would be into a wild ride for the rest of the night. He was sure the blonde was craving sex – any kind – after the evening's events.

Pretty sure, that the blonde was far more experienced than Elisabeth, and that Henrik probably was not aware of what he had agreed to.

He wished he could be a 'fly on the wall' in Henrik's room, but still he had a lot to do before the evening was over.

He went over to Claus that was watching Elisabeth as he stroked the blushing and striped brunette's butt. He had really taken a fancy to her. Which was good in view of what they had in mind for Anette.

He leaned in over Claus so that nobody else could hear him: 'Well Claus are you having fun?'

'Yes. Very. I like it here. Had a great time so far.'

'Well. In a minute Anette is going to come in. I have had her prepared for her stay. I would like you to stay quietly in the background. Do you think you could do that?'

She was feeling a little tired, but got refreshed by the hose down and reharnessing.  
She imagined the time to be around midnight, but there would still be time for a lot of fun.

The stableboy gathered an assortment of whips and floggers, some rope and chains and finally some hooks and self-locking rings.  
He put the whole thing in an oblong bag, and then led her to Claus' bedroom.

She was pleased that he did not use the labia pulling system again, but he did attach the leading reins to the rings in her pussy.

He knocked on the door, but there was no answer, so he just entered.

Claus was nowhere to be seen, but sound coming from the bathroom indicated that he was also refreshing himself by a quick shower.

The stableboy attached her pussy reins to one of the posts to the bed, made her kneel and went out quietly.

Soon Claus came out of the shower.  
His hair covered in a towel and his naked body still dripping.  
He smiled when he saw her, and immediately knelt beside her, and started to investigate her harness and body.

Her hands were cross-locked on her back in the same kind of sleeve that she had been wearing for most of the evening.

He soon found out what he could release and what was locked firmly on her.

He ordered her around on the floor, as he looked her over: 'get up on your knees.' 'Turn round' . 'Lean forward' and so on.  
She obediently did as he requested.  
He spend a long time caressing the marks on her butt, now smeared with a fresh ointment by the boys.

Then he started kissing her butt and letting his fingers play with her pussy opening.

At first he had the initiative and was quite determined with her.  
She liked that and they had great sex again right there on the floor.  
Him ordering her about and she following even his smallest wish to make herself accessible and open for him.

After he had cum again, he seemed a bit exhausted and was lying on his back on the floor.

He had unlocked her arms, but had no way of removing her gloves, as they were locked with one of the small padlocks.

'Yes. Of course, but may I ask you why?'  
'Certainly. I have noticed two things about Anette during the evening. One that she is very independent and stubborn minded and second that she is not that certain she wants to go through with this. Is that true?'

'Well. Since you put it straight like that, I think you are right. On the other hand we have talked a lot about this as you might have figured. It is not a very light decision to get to this point. I am sure you have seen this before. It took a lot of discussion and a lot of contemplation. However, I think that we should go through with her three weeks as arranged. Then we can see after that if she will continue, or if she will never see you or me again. Is that a reasonable assumption?'

'I am glad you put it that way. Seen from my side of the fence it is. Therefore we need to get her subdued as fast as possible. That will give the best basis for further development along these lines. You have seen Elisabeth. She is basically submissive and shy, and needs to be taken gently into this. Then she will be very good at it, and probably enjoy herself like our two ponies. However, Anette is a different story. Therefore I have devised a little intro for her.'

'OK. What will it be?'

'I think you should wait and see. You will know in a moment. What I need now is your commitment to stay quiet, whatever happens in the next hour or so. Then we can talk. Is that OK?'

Yes. OK. Fine with me. You just want me to stay in this end of the riding house and be quiet, so that she won't notice I am here at all?

'To put it straight: Yes that would be fine.'

'Ok. I am game.'

The Trainer pulled away from him and went over to the door.

A few minutes later Cecilia, a stableboy and Anette appeared.

He went over to them.

Anette had been harnessed, and was twitching and struggling between Cecilia and the stableboy.  
He looked her up and down.

She had a headharness like the two other ponies.

Complete with a ball-stick bit that made any understandable sound impossible.

He grabbed the bridle and tightened the straps an extra notch, making her lips stretch to their limit around the bit. He was sure; she could not even use her mouth for breathing now.

Her eyes were burning and following him as he checked her.

Her arms were locked on her back: Elbows almost touching from the cuffs, hands in the same kind of short glove as the two other ponies.

Between her hands was the tail: a large dildo inserted in her anus and attached by straps to her corset.

Ending in a long horsetail sticking out and up between her disabled hands.

Her body encased in a very tight corset starting with straps over her shoulders, then small cups lifting her

She tried indicating to him, that he should remove the plug in her mouth.  
He misunderstood and spend some time fiddling with the locked ringgag, before telling her that it was not possible.

The sounds from her throat made him try again, and then he found out that the plug was detachable.  
She started licking his soft, small member by sticking her tongue out of the gag.

Rubbing her body against his to get him up again.  
He was talking to her in a low voice, suggesting that they made slow and soft love.  
This made her look up and shake her head violently.

She got up and went to the bag, and with the use of both her gloved hands managed to pick up a long, braided whip.

She brought this back to him, and dropped it on his stomach, indicating to him that soft love was the last thing she wanted.

The she continued licking him.  
Soon he was good and ready again.  
She could just manage to get his member in through the ring in the gag, and tried to be very careful in her attempts to suck him.

Even though it was as big and erect as before, the redness told her that he was a bit worn from the 'exercises' it had done throughout the evening.

He directed her underbody, so that she was almost sitting on his face.  
Then he started to play in fascination with the rings in her labia.  
Pulling her open by them, twisting and trying to see how the soft skin adjusted to the rings.  
He also let his hands slide up to her tits and used a lot of time playing with the rings here.  
All this made her ready to scream, and she was glad that the ringgag prevented her from accidentally biting him.

She laughed a little inside, as she realized that the uncomfortable gag was actually a great help more than a restraint.

When he came, she pressed her pussy down on his face, coming herself as she sucked cum out of him like she was sucking out his life.  
She had to push him all the way in, so that her throat automatically tried to swallow and sink what was coming out.  
She could not close her lips and make proper suction.

The massage of this made him snap for air anyway and she could feel the sticky stuff running down inside her.  
She regretted not being able to taste and play around with the sticky cum, but settled for this as being almost as good.

round breasts and a stiffened encasing round her waist, making it very small and keeping her posture right.  
Then a couple of straps under her and on each side of her cunt.

High-heeled boots from her knees and down, and a short chain between her ankles to prevent her from taking to big steps or kicking.

He smiled as he noticed the traces of semen on the insides of her legs.  
The stableboys had already had their bit of fun with her.

He pulled her reins and slapped her but with the crop.  
'Come on, pony. This way.'  
She squirmed from the crop and tried to pull away from him.  
He held firmly on to the bit ring on the side of her head and pulled her in the right direction.  
Protesting sounds emanated from her throat.  
She staggered along to the enclosure.

Inside, he took a spreader bar and replaced the chain between her legs with this.  
Then pulled her to a post in the middle.  
The spreader bar made moving really difficult and her vocal cords were making even more noise.

At the post he clicked a short chain from the ring in the back of her collar to a similar ring on the post.  
She pulled and dragged at the chain, but realized she was caught.

The last thing he did, was to tighten the straps from behind her headharness to her shoulders, making her head position locked.  
Now she could only look straight out, and everybody could see her face.  
Then he let go and went out closing the gate behind him.

In the other end of the enclosure the two stallions were waiting. Each in their separate little box.  
They were on the verge of exploding since they had been dragged around the whole evening without having any chance to ease the 'pressure' on their excitement.

Cecilia had previously released their cocks, and they were now sticking straight out in the air, ready to go.

She went to the side of the boxes and released the lock holding the doors barring the stallions from the main enclosure.

Both of them came out like a whirlwind.  
Anette was helpless in the middle of the enclosure.  
She tried desperately to get out of the way as the two males fought to get at her opening.

The spreader bar and the chain to the post made any attempt to get away seem a joke, and soon one of the stallions nailed her, even though he did not have the use of his hands.

As long as he sucked on her pussy, she would do what ever it took to stay this way and keep him up. He pushed her away from him.

Then he used his imagination. Tying rope ends in her rings and pulling and cross tying these.

He was like a kid with a new toy, as he explored the possibilities of these permanent 'handles' embedded in her body.

He also had a few tries with some of the floggers and whips – and before morning he was rather good at getting her excited.

She used her body language as much as she could to show him what to do and how to do it.

When the first graying daylight crept in through the

The stallion had chased her one way round the post, until the chain on the back of her collar was wound firmly round it. Then she had no way of escaping his erect manhood. The other male made disappointed sounds through his bit as he waited his turn.

The stallion had her back against the post and was using his member to lift her up and down. She fought and struggled as she got worked through by the very horny stallion.

Cecilia and the Trainer watched over the fence. Studying Anette's expression and urging the Stallion along as he huffed and puffed and did his best to stay inside her in spite of her struggling.

When he came he had pushed her one shoulder up against the pole, and she was quite still as he went on his toes in one last deep thrust inside her.



windows, she crawled off him and off the bed, curled up on the floor on the small carpet and fell asleep immediately.

When she woke up, he was in the shower again, and one of the boys was standing over her, pulling her to her feet.

She got up and staggered after him in to her box. On the way she met her blonde friend being dragged along by the other boy – and equally tired looking.

Another warm bath, some food and water from her usual bowls and then a few hours rest on the hard mattress on the floor of her box.

*Continued...*

His eyes half closed as his hips almost vibrated against her.

The muscles in his butt tightening again and again to aid every drop out of him.

He did not have time to enjoy this for long. He was shaking and his eyes were almost closed, when the second stallion managed to push him away. He gave a sound of disappointment as he was pushed aside and almost fell, but his companion, simply took over.

Not letting Anette having a free moment, before he was deep inside her swollen and wet cunt.

He worked as hard as his companion, but she did not resist a lot this time.

She let him do what he wanted, apparently coming to some sort of rest in her mind realizing that this was what was going to happen to her – no matter what she did.

The Trainer turned his attention away, and noticed Claus standing in the other end of the riding house. He could clearly see what was going on, but instead of a worried look; he was smiling all over.

When the Trainer got over to him he said quietly: 'Now I see what you mean. You were probably right. Now she realizes that she is in control and that no matter what she does, you will have your way with her.'

'Yes. In a minute we will take her out and have her for a spin. I think it will be best if she does not see you. So please go to your room. Will you have the brunette to keep you company for the rest of the night?'

'Can I? If yes, I would certainly like that.'

'I'll arrange it immediately. Just a sec then I will have somebody see you to your room.'

*Continued...*

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;  
She is a woman, and therefore to be won.  
*William Shakespeare*

