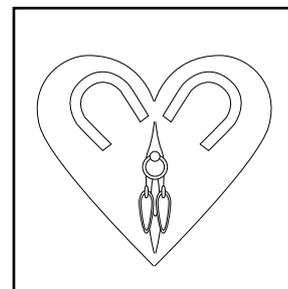


Chapter nine

Sunday



Her part

'Racing and goodbye...'

By now her box felt like home. She woke up, crawled to have a drink of water and some of the usual food from her bowl. Then she relieved her bladder over the drain on her way back to the mattress. Her body felt like it had been run over, but it was a good feeling of having done well in her role as pony. It took a while before the boys came to make her ready, so she was lying and looking at a ray of pale sunlight coming in from the windows high up on the wall above her. She smiled and counted the number of times she had made Claus come. He was probably more sore than she...

When the boys finally came in they took a long time in washing her (after the morning enema), and generally took good care of her body. They massaged her sore limbs and oiled the marks from the night before. Then they harnessed her as usual. She was beginning to feel rather comfortable in the leather attire. First she had had a strange feeling of being naked, and then when she got all the leather gear on, she felt like she was 'dressed.'

In the back of her mind, she constantly remembered that her body and openings were for everybody's free use – but she was not even allowed to scratch her nose. They left her standing in the reins after having dressed her.

Eventually one of them came back and took her to the riding house, gave her a quick warm up by letting her run in circles in a lunge. Then she was hitched to a light cart, and her reins were tied to a ring in the wall.

Shortly after her girlfriend was lead in, and had the same warm up. She too was hitched to a cart and reined to another ring in the wall a few meters away.

Then they brought Elisabeth in. She was walking proudly in her reins – a total transformation from the party last night. Elisabeth was reined (with her cart) to the third ring in the wall beside them.

His part

'A good trainer knows how to race...'

After he had arranged for everybody, he went back to Anette. Cecilia had taken the stallions away for the night, so only Anette was in the pen. Still chained to the post, but looking rather broken by now.

He went in and caressed her as he released her from the post. Then he had her run a few circles inside the pen in a slow pace, to get her to wind down. He then took her to her box, and made her ready for the night himself. She was quite still and did nothing to resist to his treatment of her.

After he had taken the harness off and washed her down, he put her night harness on: A wide, tight leather belt with straps over her shoulder and under her crotch. Arms crossed on her back and locked to the harness, so that she would get used to living without hands.

He also secured her in a position on all four by two thin chains from her collar to her ankles. Then he filled her water and food bowl with the standard mixture, and took the bit out before leaving her to herself.

He gave her almost an hour, before he came back and inserted the bit again. She did not try to talk to him or do anything to resist during this whole process.

He continued to have fun with her for a couple of hours, fucking her and whipping her to make her painfully aware that he were her master for the time being.

Finally he felt tired and left her alone on her mattress. On his way back to the house he inspected the boxes, and noticed that John was still having his little bit of fun with Elisabeth. He could also hear that Cecilia was having her bit of enjoyment back at the ponyboys area. He thought that the whole farm must be full of people having sex in different constellations and with different degrees of kinkyness.

He slept by himself as he almost always did, when training ponies.

Finally Anette was lead in. She could see that they had been using the whip on her extensively. Her harness was much different from the rest of them. Apparently she already had an earlobe piercing, and they had attached the holes in her ears to her shoulder straps. They had also fixed her arms way up between her shoulder blades and her elbows were pulled together by a nasty looking little chain. 'Must be very painful', she thought to herself.

It looked like she was wearing a pair of small leather pants, but she knew that they were the basis for both a tail dildo – and for a just as big dildo lodged in her front opening. She had a short rod from her crotch hanging down between her legs. The rod ended just above her knees. It took a while before she realized that this rod was directly connected to the dildo in her pussy. So that it acted like a counterweight, amplifying and reflecting all her movements. A system like this would naturally make anybody want to move as little as possible.

The most astonishing arrangement was her nipples. A short, thin chain was clipped on to the points of each tit. The chains were connected to the sides of her bit, and they were actually lifting her breasts upwards. Through a couple of rings in her shoulderstraps, her reins were connected to the middle of these thin chains. Her head was kept upright by a couple of lines from the top back of her head to her shoulders. Thus the straps to her shoulders and the chains from her earlobes fixed her head. Control was easy: A slight pull on her reins would affect both her bit and her nipples.

It looked really nasty and potentially painful.

The Trainer led her in himself, and hitched her to a cart. Then he left her beside the rest of them at the wall. She had been very peaceful during this, but now the boys came in and took her out for a warm-up spin with the cart.

She did not like that, but put up quite a fight, and the boys had to use their whips and a stun gun to make her do what they wanted. Her fighting did her no good: She too was warmed up, and then (with some trouble) placed back at her original position by the wall.

She thought to herself that they must be a beautiful, but strange sight: The four of them, waiting for their drivers.

They did not have to wait long till the Trainer, John, Cecilia, Claus and Henrik came in. Henrik went straight to Elisabeth and caressed her; Claus walked in a semi-circle round Anette.

In the morning he had a quick breakfast with Cecilia and John.

Claus and Henrik had a late morning. He had however ordered the stable boys to get the girls down from their rooms, and make them ready for the race later. He wanted to make Anette ready himself.

When he came over to her box, the boys had already done the preliminaries: Given her the compulsory enema, washed her and set her hair, harnessed her with the heavy leather disciplining harness and placed the ball/bit in her mouth.

She was fixed by long leather reins from her feet and collar to the rings in the wall. He studied her body as he walked round her. There were clear marks from the whipping the night before, but the ointment had already made it look better.

He started by tightening her bit, making her give little disapproving sounds as she followed him with her eyes. Then he unlocked her arms from the back of her belt – one at a time – and forced them slowly up between her shoulder blades, where he locked them to a ring at the top of the corset/harness. She made a sound between a whine and a scream from the pain of this.

He then pressed her elbows together a little bit and attached them to each other through a ring in the back of the corset. This enabled him to even further lift her wrists up between her shoulder blades. He stepped back and admired his work. Tears were rolling down her cheeks.



The Trainer came up to her, and whispered in her ear: 'Now, my little pony. We are ending your stay here with a little friendly race. I would like to drive you myself, as I know you are the best runner, but since we have two inexperienced drivers, I am going to let Henrik drive you. I will ask you to act as pacer. You will not have the blinkers on, so you will be able to see where you are going and where the rest of us are. Try to keep in front for most of the race, and then fall back in the end, so that whoever of the newbies behind you will win. Will you do that for me?'

She was surprised at this request, but could see the sense in it, and nodded her head slightly. She noticed that John was over talking to her friend. Probably instructing her the same way.

They got ready. Cecilia acted as starter. She had the inner lane with Henrik as driver. Next to her, John was driving Elisabeth. Then came her friend with Claus in the driver's seat and finally the Trainer with Anette. Her friend and herself was standing quite still in anticipation. Elisabeth was stepping back and forth and sideways, seeming eager to go. Anette was just trying to make as much trouble as possible, but the Trainer used the reins and whip to keep her facing the right direction.

Cecilia counted down from 3 and she jumpstarted. Henrik really was no good at this. He kept hitting her with his whip, and pulling her reins at the wrong time and to the wrong side. But she managed to get in front before the first corner of the riding hall.

She could hear the others close behind her and increased speed on the long straight sides. In the corners, she got no help from her driver, and naturally lost some distance, especially to The Trainer and Anette. She was surprised that they were the ones in close pursuit, as she had expected Anette to run sideways or at least off the track. First at this moment she realized how good the Trainer actually were. A few times she threw her head back (almost like a horse) as Henrik used the whip to hard in the wrong place or time or pulled her to stop, just as she was increasing speed after a turn.

She panted and sweat was running down her entire body. The heavy boots were actually helping her to run. It was like she only had to lift her feet, and then the weight of the boots made her move forward. She was beginning to feel uncomfortable and sweaty – even in the boots.

At the beginning it had annoyed her that the rings in her nipples was pulling and swinging, but less than half way through she ignored it.

He knew that her arms were hurting, but they would soon grown numb from the forced position. Eventually she would not feel them at all, but when she were released later, she would be in a lot of pain, when trying to get her arms back to normal position and use.

Her breasts stuck out nicely in the quarter-cups of the corset. He caressed the soft flesh and hard nipples – lovely.

Then stuck the front dildo up her. It was a large model, and had little rubber 'fingers' on the sides and on the bottom, where it was to be in contact with her clit. He pulled the straps up good and firm, ensuring that it was lodged inside her with all its hardness. She just grunted, when he did this.

To complete her dressing in this end, he attached at short, heavy rubber covered steel pipe to the thread in the end of the front dildo. This worked as a counterweight, so that any movement, she would make, would be boosted inside her by the rod's free swinging between her legs. It would make her move in an elegant slow pace without any sudden movements. He grabbed the rod and pulled it a little back and forth, making her squirm. He could see in her eyes the desperation as she realized how he gradually was taking control of her.

He turned his attention to her head. First he strapped the top back of her harness to her shoulderstraps, so that she would be limited to a little sideways and upwards movements with her head. Then he put thin chains from her pierced earlobes to the same point on her shoulders as the straps. Now any sudden and sharp head movement would release an instant pull and pain in her ears.

For the final touch, he clipped a nasty little pincher on each of her nipples, connecting these with another set of thin chains to the sides of her bit. He slowly pulled her head from side to side by the ring on her left cheek. She whined and another tear ran slowly down her face.

This was the final humiliation, making her realize that she would be in no position to resist – or that any attempt to resist would bring immediate and unbearable pain to her nipples.

Smiling at his work, he attached her the reins to the middle of the chains between her bit and her nipples. Then he released her from the wall straps and gave a sharp pull forward. The pain made her walk forward very quickly and obediently.

He seemed to have caused her so much pain, and put her under such obvious control, that she just walked nicely and quietly after him into the riding house. She did not even protest, when he harnessed her to the

Even though in the end she felt like someone had been fondling her breasts for hours.

This was really an effective way to get horny.

They ran ten times round the riding house, and just at the last turn, the Trainer and Anette passed them, coming in about five meters before herself.

Then came Elisabeth and finally her friend. They were all sweating, drooling and panting from the strain.

The Trainer came over to her and kissed her wet cheek: 'Good. Good. Thank you. You did well. Had it been you and me, we would have finished, before the rest had made it half way.'

Then he gave her butt a slap and turned away smiling. She felt rather proud and could not help straightening up even more.

Strangely enough even Anette seemed to have liked it. They were all gathered around her, feeling her muscles and praising her efforts. She too looked rather proud for the first time during her stay. They were all led back to their individual boxes for to be dried off and have a rest.

The boys blindfolded her before they went out. She did not know who came in. It could have been any of them: The Trainer, John, Claus or Henrik. The person locked her kneeling in the metal bar in the end of the room, whipped the back of her upper legs with a thin whip, and then fucked her.

This was the last humiliation, after which she was crying and almost unconscious in the bar arrangement, till the boys came back.

They took all the harnessing off her, except the collar and cuffs. They also took the rings out of her labia with a small screwdriver. Then she was washed and finally she was blindfolded and placed in the same arrangement as the first time she had been in the box.

After a while unseen hands released her, and escorted her back to the original dressing room.

She waited there a while, sensed that her friend came in, then heard the click as someone took her handcuffs off and went out.

She sat for a few minutes before daring to remove the blindfold. Her friend was sitting in a chair next to her, the same way they had started their weekend.

They quickly took the ballgags, collars, and tit rings off, found their own clothes next to the chair, and then – still in silence – walked to the door and went out.

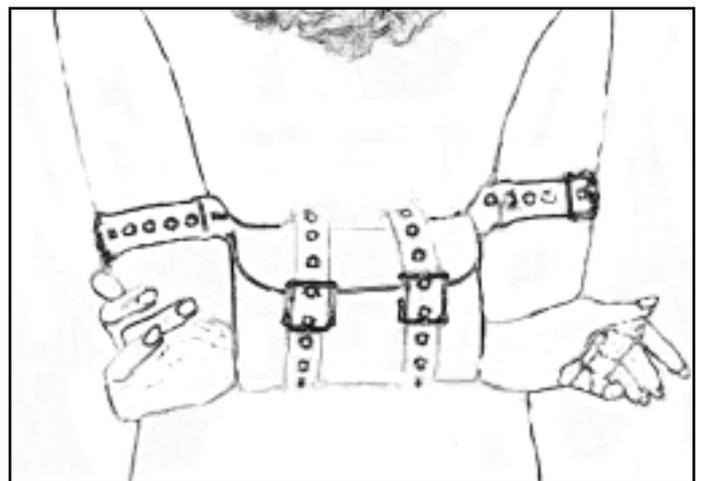
cart, tied her to the wall beside the others and went out. 'Surprising what a little leather and steel can do to an independent mind', he thought to himself.

When he returned with John, Cecilia, Henrik and Claus he was ready for a race. He had distributed the drivers and ponies according to their different attitude and training stage. He was going to race Anette, as she would probably be the most difficult one, John would use his equally great experience to drive Elisabeth. Even though she was becoming more and more enthusiastic, she was still untrained and inexperienced in this and needed a firm hand and whip to make her do right.

Henrik would get the brunette, as she seemed to be the one able to do a race like this almost without a driver, and Henrik still had absolutely no idea what he was doing.

Claus would have the blonde, as he was equally inexperienced, but still that little bit better and more considerate than Henrik. He would probably be doing well, with the slightly heavy blonde. After all, she would probably also be able to do this race without a driver. He distributed the drivers. Instructed the ponies, Cecilia counted down, and they were off.

At the first turn, he was second after the brunette. Anette was running nicely, and responded to his slight pulls. She probably did not want to have more pain than necessary, so she complied with his signals and whip.



A few times he had to use the whip a bit harder, especially in the first couple of corners, as Anette seemed afraid to turn. Probably because she could not see anything, but had to rely on him.

For most of the race he was behind the brunette. On the long straight sides, the brunette was increasing the distance between them, but in the corners his greater experience made him gain in on her. Henrik did not help her out in any way.

In the adjoining room, Cecilia and John were waiting for them.

'Well, how do you feel?' John said in a calm voice.

'Fine – I think', she managed to utter.

'Wauv – can we go back and continue at once', her friend said.

'No, we have to stay with the original arrangement, but we would sure like to have you back again – and soon – if you like', Cecilia smiled.

'You are welcome anytime', John seconded her.

'Where is the Trainer, Claus and Henrik?' she asked.

'Well, the Trainer is busy. He does not talk to the ponies, when they are out of training. He prefers to know them only as ponies. Claus and Henrik have just left for the city. I was to convey their warmest regards, and say that they really liked you', John replied.

'Well, what was the best thing about this?', Cecilia asked.

'The race', 'The harnessing', 'the control.'

They both named a lot of things, but started laughing, as they could not agree to what was the best experience they had had.

'Well – the inevitable following question: What was the worst thing?' Cecilia asked.

'The food!' They both answered as with one mouth.

John laughed: 'Well, you know horses don't get that much variation in their food, and if you would have stayed here longer, you would probably have gotten used to having almost the same menu all the time. Don't worry. It might not be the New French Kitchen, but it is mixed with all the necessary ingredients for your well being. The food contains everything that's needed to keep you fit and running.'

He blinked with one eye at the end of the sentence – and they nodded at the little joke.

The all talked a while longer about the food and laughed a bit more, but they did help themselves to some of the rolls and sandwiches, Alice had prepared for them.

They continued to talk about the events of the weekend, as if they were discussing a family outing.

Cecilia and John was interested in every detail, that could make their facilities more perfect, and the girls were interested to hear if things always was done the same way they had experienced.

Finally John said: 'Well, this seems to be goodbye for now. Here's our card, so you can call us for another appointment, if you so desire. Is there anything else you would like before Cecilia takes you back?'

There was a short pause.

Then she pulled herself together and said: 'Eh..I think we would like to say goodbye to Elisabeth and Anette if it is possible?'

Cecilia and John looked quickly at each other, then Cecilia said: 'It is highly irregular, but since you have been so good in your training, I think we will make an exception. Don't you?' She looked at John again and he nodded.

Shortly after Cecilia was accompanying them through the hall to the stables.

She had to evaluate the distance to the corner, begin to slow down and then turning at the right moment. It was difficult, especially with a driver that just used the whip and reins at random.

After a few turns Anette seemed to have confidence in his driving.

He could get closer to the corners before slowing her down and beginning the turn.

Soon he was very close to the brunette and Henrik.

He had time to enjoy Anette's wonderful butt, her movements and her restrained arms and head.

After about half way, he could also hear the girls panting through their bits and he could see the sweat shine on their naked skin...boy, how he loved this.

At the last few meters, Anette decided that she wanted to win, so she gave a trust forward and overtook the brunette.

(He had whispering asked the brunette not to win the race, and she had nodded her agreement before they started, but she did not give way until the last 25 meters to the goal).

He praised Anette and the brunette a lot, being very proud to have such good material to work with.

He had all the girls led out for a rest.

He took Claus and Henrik back to the house.

Their eyes were shining from the excitement and experience.

He had an evaluation talk with them in the kitchen.

After the experience of the race they were more eager than ever to commit their girls to the training.

They had a few questions and he answered truthfully.

One of their major questions was regarding the Vet and the girl's modifications.

He explained that they had an experienced piercer/Vet.

He would come in a few days, remove all their body hair and do the initial piercings: Nose, nipples, labia and of course clit.

The Vet had his own 'scaffold' that he had along in his van, and he assured them that it was both a comfortable and a completely restraining device, enabling him to 'work freely with the girls' as he put it.

He then showed them examples of the steel rings that would eventually adorn the girls.

They were locked by a little hinged bit of the ring and then a special screw, were one had to use his 'patented' screwdriver.

Any other form of tool apart from a hydraulic bolt cutter would not be able to remove the rings, when first in place.

He assured that they would get a double set of screwdrivers when they returned for their girls.

Cecilia had joined them and she presented them with the order list for equipment.

First they went to see Elisabeth. She was being milked, and they could hear the rhythmical sound of the milking machine as they came down the hall.

Elisabeth was tied up in the milking contraption, and was clearly enjoying herself. She had her eyes closed and even though she had the bit in her mouth, they could see, she was smiling.

She let her hand slide over her butt and fondled her opening with a few fingers. She was very wet.

Then she put her head close to Elisabeth's ear and whispered: 'So long Elisabeth. It was nice. I hope you will enjoy your stay, and I envy you a lot. Hopefully we will meet here again. Be good and do as good as you can, then you will have a lot of enjoyment out of all this' Elisabeth opened her eyes, smiled even more under her bit, and blinked with one eye.

She must have been in the milking device for a while, because just before they went out, she began to sigh and moan and had body spasms as she was having a little but long lasting orgasm all by herself.

The last thing she noticed was the little goosepimples developing all over Elisabeth's body.

Then they went into the riding house. Annette was in the pen right inside the door. She opened the gate, and went up to her. 'I am sorry things worked out this way. However, now you are here, and will stay here for the duration, so you might as well behave yourself and get the most out of it.'

Anette stamped her foot and tried to shake her head in spite of the chains to her nipples and ears.

'Calm, Calm. You told me last night that you would see how things developed and then decide. I knew already then that you would not be able to decide anything, as soon as you were inside. Sorry, I did not tell you, but I was not allowed. Besides it would not have done you any good at that time, only made you more anxious. I hope you will settle in to the part, and that you will continue to be a pony, even after the duration of your basic training. I hope we will meet again here – and soon.'

'Anette looked straight at her and tried to say something in spite of the bit. It was not possible to deduce if she was pleased or angry.

She looked at her friend and then they smiled at each other – agreeing.

She bent over, took Anette's breasts in her hands and started to lick and kiss the sore points – ever so carefully.

Her friend kneeled down and tried to get her fingers and tongue in under the dildo strap in Anette's front.

They were very gentle and kissed and licked her all over. Anette's vocal's began to sound more and more like Elisabeth's had done.

Then her legs and body started shaking as she had a

They crossed off what they wanted to have made to measure for the girls, and Cecilia assured them that it would all be tailor made to a perfect fit.

Then when they had had answers to all their questions, Cecilia followed them out.

He was already on his way back to the stables, when he heard them drive out of the yard.

Now he really had the girls to himself, and could start the actual training.

He was humming a little tune to himself and hitting his boot with his crop as he entered the box end of the riding house...

The end...?



small orgasm from the girls trained fingers and tongues. They kept on licking and kissing until she was quite still again. Then they turned quickly and went out.

They said goodbye to Alice and – since there was no more to be said or done, went with Cecilia out to the Range Rover.

When they drove down the gravel road from the farm, she turned and had one last long look. Knowing that she would come back very soon for more of the same, and knowing that one of her first actions back in town would be to contact her usual piercing studio to have a nose- and a clitjob.

Two weeks later, she came home and found a large brown envelope in her mailbox. It was from Cecilia, and contained a series of glossy color photographs of all of them taken during their stay at the farm.

She had not noticed but apparently Cecilia had been taking a lot of pics during their stay. Some of them seemed like they were taken from a surveillance camera. F. inst. a couple of shots of her in her box.

The best ones were the ones Cecilia had taken with a hand held camera during the final race. Some totals, where one could really see her and the other girls running the best they could, and then some detail shots, where one could see and sense the sweat and drooling.

She carefully placed the pics in the back of the book, that had started the whole thing for her, and put the book in her shelf – but not too far away...

The end...?

"Pain pays the income of each precious thing"
William Shakespeare

