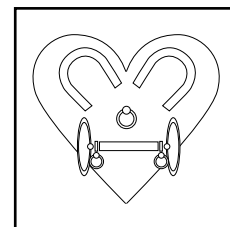


Chapter five

Friday Evening



Her part

'A woman can be a slave as well as a pony...'

She stood still with her eyes closed, breathing slowly. They had left her in the mating scaffold. The male ponies were in their boxes at the end, looking at her, but she did not care. She had stopped caring about the numbness in her arms, the sweating underneath all the leather stuff and the dildo in her still sobbing wet pussy.

Her mind felt weightless and she was in a big reddish, electric space, not knowing if she enjoyed the feeling or resented it – or in fact did not care about that either.

Her throat felt extremely dry and she craved for something to drink. Her stomach was like a big hole, as she had not had any food or drink since they had arrived this morning.

Slowly she came 'up to the surface' of real life. Beginning to feel the pain in her joints and the uncomfortableness of her position. She was happy when the stable boys came and took her back to the box, she was to know as her own for the next couple of days.

They hung her from the gloves/cuffs in her arms on an overhead beam, and removed everything except the headharness rings and bit...and of course they left the tail in. As they removed the corset, it was replaced with a wide leather belt. From the belt thin chains held the dildo/tail in place. They tightened the belt with as much force as they could, resulting in her waist being very slim. One of them had held the dildo in place in her anus as the other had taken the corset off, put the belt on and finally locked the dildo to the new fittings in the wide belt. No chance of her being able to push the expanding rod out, while they were changing the harness.

The usual straps to rings in the wall spread her legs. Then they washed her all over with the brush on the hose, and rinsed her with the pressurized hose. They paid special attention to her crotch, which they opened by pulling the rings, using the hose to clean the area. They also used a lot of time washing her breasts. She could feel herself getting horny again.

His part

'Enjoying the differences...'

The blonde looked really exhausted, when he released her from the scaffold. He wondered if both stable boys had had the pleasure of fucking her.

He led her along, and she followed, totally tame. 'She is getting there', he thought to himself. Amazed at how quickly, she apparently had been broken. A bit of a disappointment. He had expected more and wilder resistance. Maybe because they were already experienced subs, and their resistance just had been a show-off.

He thought he might bring her a step further at once – increase the speed of which they made progress. He brought her to the side of the hall. To where the machinery was. He got her easily to mount the stepping machine. Quite an ordinary model, like they used them in fitness centers. Two pedals going up and down managed by a computer and then a rail on each side and at the end. Normally for the person training to hold on to.

When he had assured himself she was ready, he started the machine – at first very slowly. She dutifully stepped up on the next step. Then as this step went down, she stepped onto the next one. She had probably tried it before in a normal fitness center.

After a while, having let her walk slowly and comfortable and working some of her excitement from the milking and fucking off, he stopped the machine.

Now he placed a bar under her arms and attached it to the rails on the side. This made her body fixed in the machine. Then he attached a couple of elastic lines to her titrings, and tightened these, so that if she was not on a certain level on the machine, she would have her tits pulled forcefully. He made the same arrangement with her labia rings. Her small 'mmmmph' sounds told him, that she certainly was not looking forward to this, but he knew it was necessary to inflict this exercise on her, so that she

Her jaw was beginning to hurt a lot from the bit, and she felt her facial muscles camping.

One of them grabbed her head from behind, as the other looked her straight in the eyes.

'Now. We might be stable boys, but when you are here in your own box – your ass is ours – to do with what we please.'

'Now. Take her down', he said as he connected a leash to the ring in her nose and gave it an extra pull to ensure that the ring stayed in place.

Tears came to her eyes again.

Finally the bit came out, and they took her down.

She tried grabbing the nosechain with her gloved hands, but another sharp pull made her give up on the idea.

Her eyes were watering and her nose hurt.

'Do as you are told, slave', he said, looking her straight in the eyes.

'Kneel.' He pointed to the floor in front of her, and as she went down, the other guy locked her hands and elbows on her back again.

The short and only time, she had had her hands free, had not been of any good to her at all.

Shortly after she found herself wearing the boots again. A nasty thin chain connected her ankles, making it impossible to move her feet more than a little apart. From the middle of this chain, two more chains went up to the ring in her collar – but they went through the pussy- and titrings – and they were so short that she could not stretch out or get up.

He pulled her by the nosechain to the drinking trough in the corner of the box and said: 'Now drink if you are thirsty. It's the only water you'll get today, so you had better drink.'

She had to put her head almost under the water to get any. But she was so thirsty, that she would do almost anything to get some.

After a while she figured out a system: First a deep breath, then she put most of her head under the water, sucking it in and down.

Then up and another deep breath. Then down again. It was cold and nice.

When he thought she had had enough, he put a bag over her mouth. It was attached to her headharness, and had a sort of clip just under the nose.

The bag was filled with a granulated food.

'Now eat. We will be back shortly for your evening preparation.'

She tried scooping some of the granulate up with her tongue.

It tasted good.

Somewhat like Granola with rice.

It took some time to get used to eating this way, but finally she figured out to rest the bag on the ground and then move her head to get everything up.

'How degrading', she thought, but on the other hand she was so hungry and thirsty from the exercise, that she did not care.

As long as she got some food.

(again) would be painfully aware of, who was in charge. He started the machine and stepped back behind her.

At first it went slowly at the same pace as before – then speed increased – slowly, very slowly she got up to quick walking speed – and then to almost running.

He kept her there, holding the emergency stop button and cord in one hand, and slapping her butt with his whip with the other hand.

He noticed out of the corner of his eyes that John had come in and was watching the exercise.

He was a bit jealous that he could not observe from the side and see her breasts react to the movement and pulling.

'Come on, girl' (Whack!)

'mmm'

'Follow the machine. That's a good girl' (Whack!)

'mmmmm'

'Good girl. That's the way to go. Steady and nice' (Whack!)

'mmmmphhh'

'I think we will increase a little' (Whack!)

'mmmmnnnnn...ph'

Then he let the crop slap in a rhythmical way, following the machine, and being careful to hit exactly the same spot each time.

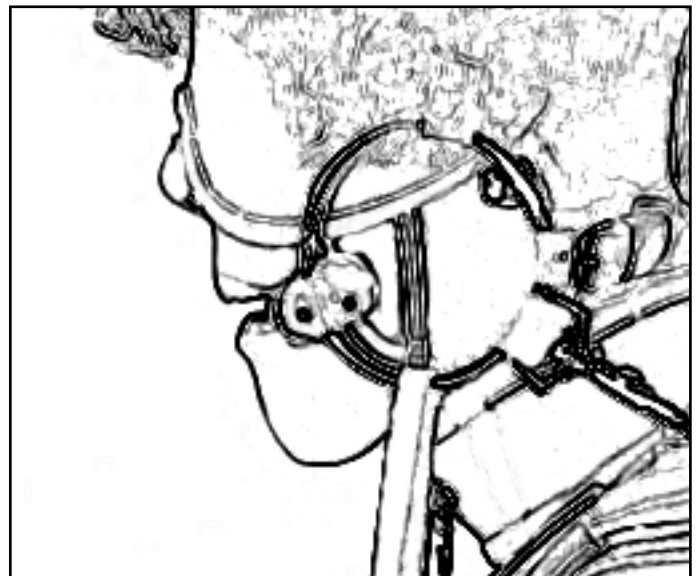
He knew this would not feel like being hit, but more like a constant pain, increasing with every time the whip fell on her.

'Beautiful. Keep walking. Good girl' (whack-whack-whack-whack...)

The sound she made was now almost a constant whining.

He knew that this was slowly emptying her mind, and that all she would have in her brain was a feeling of burning in her butt and a pain in her legs, tits and cunt from the exercise.

He had often experienced that the girls went almost into a sort of trance, stepping round like they were drunk after being released.



A good while later, they came back. She assumed that they had washed her friend and feed and watered her too.

One of them pulled her head up by the nosechain, and the other one took the bag off.

She said: 'I need to pee...'

She did not manage to say anything else, as they hosed her face clean making her cough and choke.

Then, as she was still coughing, the bit went in again.

She did not even have time to protest.

They wiped her face with a soft towel, then made her crawl to the center of the room, placing her above the drain in the middle.

The concrete floor felt warm, but hard.

'Now, pee if you have to.' A voice said.

Blushing and feeling more degraded than ever, she had to pee, on all four over the drain, while they were watching

Ahhh, her bladder emptied itself and she actually enjoyed the splashing sound in the drain behind her.

While she was doing this, one of them stroked her butt gently and apparently watched her empty herself in the drain – a warm and blushing feeling developed on her cheeks.

The other one was just holding on to her nosechain.

'So we had better put you to bed, for now', one of them said.

A few minutes later she was alone contemplating the experience and her situation.

She was lying sideways.

Curled up on a thin and hard, plastic covered mattress on one side of the box.

The only lighting came from an unprotected bulb hanging down right in the middle of the ceiling.

She moved her sore body, trying to get comfortable, but could feel the concrete floor distinctly through the mattress.

The heavy chain connecting her collar to a fat ring in the wall above her rattled as she moved.

They had left the headharness on – and the bit.

By now she was not even feeling it.

Her jaws had at first been aching from the position it was forced in, then numb – and now, she hardly noticed it.

She knew they would not come back for a while, and that she would have to try and get some sleep – even with the round stick firmly locked in her mouth.

She was still drooling, but just let her mouth water as it pleased, making a small puddle on the mattress in front of her.

They had also left the posture collar on.

She was a little hot underneath.

The washing and hosing had refreshed her body, but now her neck was again enclosed in its leather casing.

She tried with her now free hands to do something to the chain and buckles, but the way the gloves were designed, only allowed her to grab something rather

He drove her to the limit, seeing her body shine from the sweat and shaking all over from the 'attention' she got.

Finally he stooped the machine and supported her as she came to rest.

John assisted him in getting her down, and they both held on to her body, as she was standing between them, eyes half shut, saliva running down her chin, and her chest going up and down in a quick pumping movement.

They each cupped a breast and let their fingers play with the erect and blood filled nipples as she held her up.

He let his thumb rotate around the red, hard ripples alternating with pulling gently on the ring.

Her head was bend backwards and she constantly made throat sounds – indicating her immense pleasure. This was probably the first time she had been worked to ecstasy this way.

They supported her all the way to the mating box, where Cecilia was already waiting.

She did not resist at all when they placed her in the same position as in the milking box and secured her. He made sure to tighten her neck reins, so that she was looking straight ahead at the two boxes with the males.

John quickly tied her hands and tail up with a short cord to the scaffolding – out of the way of her opening.

He had put on his rubber gloves in front of her face, making sure she saw every move he made.

Now he went behind her and stuck two fingers up her cunt.

She hardly reacted, and he noticed how large, dark red and blood filled her lips were from the treatment he had just given her.

Now he attached the lines to her labia rings, and then pulled her open by tightening the lines to the scaffolding. He knew that these thin, nasty, elastic cords would make her stand as still as she absolute could during the next part of the session.

She whined in protest as she felt her labia being stretched out and her most intimate opening being controlled like this.

As Cecilia got the 'Stallion' ready – again right in front of her – he placed himself discretely beside her, so that he was able to watch her face.

She had not made a lot of noise, and seemed somewhat indifferent to the things they were doing to her.

When Cecilia made the man enter her, she did open her eyes wide, and gave a sound of amazement as she was entered fully in one go.

large – and only by using both hands. Her fingers were fixed inside the gloves, so she might as well have her hands tied up. She thought that this was a better way to make her feel under control: No locks and hands free – but with a set of ‘permanent’ gloves that made any attempt to use her hands as a normal human was impossible.

They had replaced the long corset with the smaller belt. This seemed to have two functions: Holding the dildo/tail in place and keeping her waist down to minimum size. She noticed her stomach sticking out in curve - a lot more rounded than normally. Most of her intestines were distributed below and above the belt – and since it was limited how much could be pressed up into her chest cavity, most of the surplus was pressed down, expanding her stomach this way.

The dildo/tail made it quite impossible to lie on her back, she had to choose between lying on the side – and even here she was limited to one choice, as the first stroke, she had had with the Trainers crop, had made a painful, swollen stripe across her left buttock. She had absolutely no desire to lie on this stripe.

They had also given her the boots on again. At first she had thought it rather nasty of them, but now she realized that the thin chains connecting her sensitive points, only gave her freedom to crawl on the floor, not stand up. The boots had a protective covering in front of her knees, making crawling easier. She was actually grateful, that she did not have to crawl on her naked knees. This quite compensated for the pain of having her feet fixed in a ‘balletdancer-like’ position inside the boots.

She looked round the room. On the opposite side were a bowl with some more of the cereal-like food, and a water basin with fresh water. At the moment she had no use of these as her bit prevented any intake through her mouth. On the end wall was a kind of small metal bar arrangement, same kind of pipes as the scaffolding she had experienced two times now, but on a smaller scale, obviously to hold someone in a kneeling position, head facing the wall and behind towards the door. The door dominated the last side of the room. Metal plate on the bottom and vertical bars on the top.

She tried getting a look at the rings in her labia. It was difficult to get at good look; the belt and posture collar efficiently barred her downward vision. She did manage to get some idea of these rings. They were larger than an inch in diameter, and had a smaller ring welded on to one side. This smaller ring was pulled through her labia and locked somehow. The larger rings were thus naturally resting on the insides of her legs, as opposed to a single large ring, that would ‘hang sideways’ and maybe irritate her when running. In the mating box she had clearly felt how these rings were flat against her butt, as she had been forced open. The idea of anybody using these rings to open her up

Cecilia then controlled the man’s movement inside the blonde. She pulled him out by a line connected to his balls and out between his legs – and then, when she had him almost out, she hit his butt with her personal crop, making him move inside in one desperate move to avoid the whip.

He could clearly see the blonde’s excitement. She was drooling even more, and making rhythmically sounds corresponding to the movements inside her cunt.

The scaffold made loud, clanking sounds every time the stallion hit home. He came with a loud guttural noise emanating between his bit. He was drooling uncontrollable and his eyes were wide from the orgasm. Cecilia used her hands to hold both of his buttocks, pressing him all the way in. Then when he stopped shaking and convulsing, she let go and pulled him out by a quick, sharp pull in his ball string. This made him convulse and make protesting sounds. He tried to fight a bit back and forth. He probably would have liked to stay inside for a while longer, but Cecilia was strict on this point. As soon as he had emptied himself - out he went.

She hit him a few times on top of his still erect penis with her crop, making him be still and behave himself. Then she pulled him back to his box.

In the meantime, he had made the dildo ready. Shoved it unceremoniously inside her. Using both hands to push it all the way in and ensuring that the end plate was resting firmly on her buttocks. Then he tied the straps from the front of her corset to the tail dildo, to make it stay in place.

Then he walked round to her front. He smiled at her as he took off his rubber gloves. Their eyes met, and they both knew that she was broken, and that every attempt she had made to resist or protest had been totally in vain.

He was sure that she would be very eager to comply tomorrow, and that he would have almost no problems beginning to teach her a few tricks as to be a true pony. He could see the defeat clearly in her eyes, and they both knew it.

Slowly and gently he stroked her hair and chin, then turned and walked out.

Back in the house, he had a wash, a change of clothes and went down to enjoy a light dinner with John. Cecilia came a bit later, when she had finished with her ‘stallions.’ Alice served and everybody small-talked during dinner. Then they retreated to the den, where they had had their first real talk about the girls.

made her shiver slightly and feel a little bit horny again. She started counting the rings in the walls, but exhaustion made her quickly slip away into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Her last thought was of a chariot, pulled by her and three other women, being whipped into running at the top of their capabilities by a fat man with a long bul-whip.

'Get up, girl!'

She felt a pain in her nose, as someone woke her up by pulling her nosering.

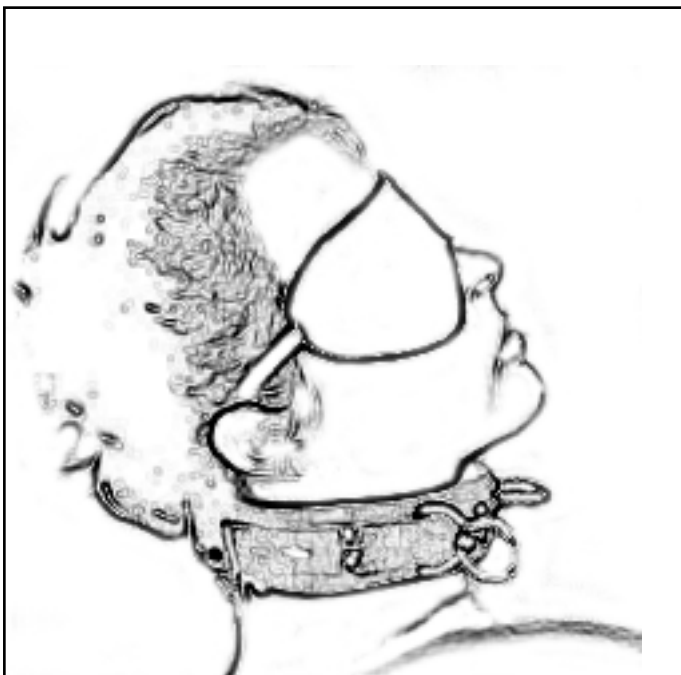
She opened her eyes and looked straight into the eyes of one of the stable boys.

'Up, up, up, girl!'

Half asleep she staggered to her feet. The thin chains had been released from her collar, but it had not woken her up. The pull in her nose did.

As soon as she was on her feet, a blindfold was tied over her eyes, her gloves and elbows were locked in the now familiar way on her back, and she was dragged off. She had trouble following the stable boy as he was just pulling a leash from her collar and in no way supporting her as they went.

When they came to a halt, her blindfold was removed, but she just managed to get a glimpse of the Trainer before her, as he put another blindfold on her.



This one was more comfortable (it had a lining of a soft fabric), and she could feel him fastening it to her headharness. Then he tightened all the straps on the harness, ending with the bit. She could feel the hard rubbery stick pressing further in her mouth, stretching her lips uncomfortably and making her jaw close tighter on it.

Her legs were spread and fastened to something with a number of clicking sounds. Then she was pulled forward by a tug on her collar. A bar or beam at her

Alice served coffee and drinks as they evaluated. They seemed to agree that the blonde was more a fighter than the brunette, but the brunette was a bit more ecstatic.

He had to admit that his initial impression of the Brunette being no good in carting was wrong. She seemed by far the most fit one, and would probably be able to pull a rather heavy weight for a long time and at a considerable speed.

The Blonde had lost her breath a little easier, but would be OK for carting etc.

They discussed, which of them was best in a lot of ways: Size, muscles, sexiness, vocalization, obedience etc. - but of course came to no definite conclusion.

Then they started talking about having spent most of the day satisfying the girls, but not really getting any fun out of it themselves.

He expressed his disappointment about this and his reluctance to wait till tomorrow night before having some fun himself.

They laughed a lot at this – and both John and Cecilia agreed that it would be nice to have their own needs taken care of before calling it a day.

Tomorrow would definitely be a big day for all of them, but they might as well use a couple of hours having a bit of fun.

'I would leave the blonde for now. She had a rougher time than the brunette, and probably needs the rest to be worth anything tomorrow. One should not overwork one's stock.

However, the brunette has had a light and relatively easy day – especially as she has had the right attitude from the start.

I think she is already behaving like a fairly well-broken pony, so maybe we should have her in and see, what she can do for us?' He looked round with a grin at John and Cecilia.

They both nodded their agreement to this.

'Now, we need a bit of planning...let's see.' He leaned in over the low table, looking straight in their eyes as he talked.

Ten minutes later, they called for a stable boy to get the brunette over.

They had gone into a little 'private' room next to the dining room.

The stable boy came in dragging the brunette after him. She was blindfolded. She stumbled and had slight problems following him.

He got up and took over.

First he removed the blindfold, only to exchange it for a permanent padded, leather blindfold attached to her head harness.

He tightened the harness and the bit, seeing her lips being even more stretched. Then he wiped the saliva off her chin.

stomach made her bend over forming a perfect 90-degree angle.

She was astonished when her hands were released, put together in front of her and pulled straight out as she heard the same whizzing sound, she had first heard, when they had secured her in the readying box. Her elbows were forced together and locked, making her head move backward so that her blinded eyes looked straight out.

She felt very small and alone. It had taken almost no time to place and secure her in this most uncomfortable position.

Now she could hear and sense nothing, except that there were several persons present beside herself and the Trainer.

She did not know what to expect.

She could feel and hear her own breathing.

A loud crack from a whip!

The sound made her hearth jump and her body jerk, but she had not been hit. He was just trying out the whip.

It sounded nasty.

Suddenly she felt the end of the whip sliding over her exposed back. Slowly it slid across her. Cold and hard. Probably a braided long thing, capable of causing a lot of pain.

She felt like screaming, getting up, begging, running away, but did nothing. Instead she tried to tighten every muscle in her body, biting as hard as possible in the rubber covered steel thing in her mouth - waiting for the inevitable.

She heard the sound before feeling the pain.

It made her back burn.

He had a good aim, and it had landed right across the center of her back. The end had slapped around her and just cracked into the side of her breast. The little knot causing almost unbearable pain.

She clenched the bit in her mouth with all her force.

She was not going to give in.

She tried thinking of something else, tried pretending that this was not she, and that she was not at all present. Tried clearing her mind, tried thinking of something else – anything else.

She felt him caress the whipmark, tracing it across her back with his fingers, slowly and softly.

It was almost worse than the actual hit.

The burning sensation and the increased sensitivity of her skin made the slight touch feel like barbed wire was pulled across her back.

She could feel tears wetting the padding of the blind-fold.

Then he again let the whip slide over her.

This time she knew exactly what was coming, and again she mustered all her strength as another blow was administered to her back.

He had made the two strikes cross, and the point where they crossed were the red, painful center of her whole

In one side of the room was a solid metal bar.

A simple construction: Two posts and a crossbeam.

The latter adjustable in height.

He placed her standing with her stomach resting on the crossbeam, and adjusted the height of the beam with John.

They took one leg each and pulled it out to the two posts, where they fixed a ring on the side of her foot to an appropriate lock on the post.

As John then dragged out a leather strap from the wall, he made her bend over by pulling the ring in front of her collar.

Released her arms only to lock them in front of her.

John clicked the leather strap to the ends of her gloves and tightened so that her movements were restricted to a minimum.

Finally he pushed her elbows together and locked them as well.

They stepped back and watched her.

He enjoyed the way the rings pulled her breasts down in perfect cones.

Her breathing made the rings go up and down, and he sensed she was anxious as to what they were going to do to her.

She could wait a little while as they enjoyed her helpless body.

He grabbed the bullwhip: a long braided thing with a little, hard knot in the end.

Gave it a trying smack on the floor beside her, partly to get the right feel, partly to see her give a little jerk from the sound.

Now she knew what he was going to do.

He slowly and carefully landed the whip on her back almost at the handle. Then walked backwards, making it slowly slide over her and finally fall to the floor.

This had two purposes. First to get the right distance.

He made sure that the end would just go over the far side of her and the knot hit on the side of her breast.

Secondly to get her even more frightened by feeling the cold hard leather, soon to inflict the pain on her skin.

Then he pulled the whip up and landed it on her with a loud crack.

The end knot hitting exactly where he wanted it to.

She shivered, but kept quiet.

He let his gloved hand follow the quickly developing red and blue stripe, making her shiver even more.

He caressed her cunt, amazed that it was wet.

Let his finger play a little with her and stroked her butt.

Then he gave her another lash.

Each time pausing to caress her and to let her compose herself.

At the fifth stroke, she cried out loudly, not being able to stand the pain anymore.

attention – making her totally unable to think, feeling like two red hot iron rod's had been pressed against her: one on her back and the other in the center of her brain. Again he trailed the stripe on her back.

She stopped counting, and just tried to concentrate to stay composed, but deep inside, she knew that he would keep on till she gave up – and he did.

Halfway through he changed sides, so that the knot hit the outside of her other breast with each lash.

By the end of the whipping, she had almost fainted. She hardly realized, that the Trainer released her and supported her as she stood on shaking legs. Nor did she react in any way as her hands and elbows were fastened in the usual position behind her back. She did not hear his kind and quiet words in her ear – but she felt him drying her tears and saliva off her face round the blindfold and bit, and someone smearing something cooling on her back.

She was still panting and shaking and feeling the intense pain in her back, when she heard Cecilia whispering in her ear: 'So my Dear, kneel down here.' At the same time she was helped down onto the floor again, and she could feel someone handling her bridle.

Suddenly it was released and Cecilia said: 'So, so. We'll take this out for now. Let me dry your mouth.' She was wiped gently with a cloth around her mouth, and instinctively worked her jaws to get some feelings into them again.

Then she could feel herself being dragged by the harness forward, and she could smell a woman, as Cecilia said: 'Go on, girl. Kiss me.' She stuck her tongue out and began working on Cecilia's pussy. It was wet and ready for her. The clitoris and inner lips felt large, blood-filled and ready. The pubes hair was tickling her face as she worked the best she knew on Cecilia's opening.

She suddenly became aware that this was a result of Cecilia having watched her being whipped. The kindness in her words was not to be mistaken. Cecilia was as much a lover of SM as she herself was. Probably the way of speaking kindly gave her more of a turn on. She had seen this a lot of times before, and she liked people doing it that way. Like a kind of 'normality' in the middle of the 'unusual.'

She sucked and licked, directed by Cecilia's hands holding her headharness, and almost whispering to her what to do.

Someone caressed her butt, while she was on the floor. It made her aware that there were spectators. Probably the Trainer and John. Maybe the stable boys – and – what made her really excited Alice the elderly, friendly maid? She tried listening, but could not deduce how many people were watching her.

He changed sides, so that the other breast would get its part as well.

At the seventh stroke, her body did not stop shaking as she was crying with pain.

He made the intermissions longer and longer, seeing it was becoming more and more difficult for her to compose herself between the hits.

When he stopped after ten strokes, he was sure that another few lashes would have made her unconscious. Cecilia and John were watching with ever increasing excitement.

He noticed that they both got heated by watching this defenseless thing, helplessly waiting for the next punitive strike.

John was sitting in a way he could see her from behind. He was looking straight up her cunt, swallowing her with his eyes and almost unable to control himself. He really looked like he was going to get up from his chair and jump her right there. His fists were clenching the armrests. He was trying very hard to control himself.

He slowly helped her up, and talked quietly to her as he used his handkerchief to dry the tears coming out under the blindfold.

Her back had the most beautiful striping in blue, red, green and black. One could enjoy the multicolored swellings as the color rapidly deepened.

He had made a perfect pattern: The striping almost evenly spread over the top of her back and half of them angled, so that they were crossing on the middle of her back.

Cecilia stepped up and administered a cool, oily ointment – giving a partial relief and helping the raw skin in healing. After all she had to be able to wear the corset or a body harness again tomorrow – and it would not do it she was skinless on her back.

On a sign from Cecilia, he let go of the shaking slave, and Cecilia started talking sweetly in her ear. Directing her down on the floor.

Cecilia sat down in front of the girl, one leg on each side of her. Removed the girls Then Cecilia lifted her dress up, baring her naked underbody. In spite of her age, she had a beautiful body. Hardly any sagging or wrinkles, and a full set of grey, brown hair in her crotch.

Demonstrating her long practice, Cecilia directed the girl by the headharness to her waiting opening. The girl responded and John and he looked on in excitement as the girl started licking and sucking Cecilia.

John adjusted a lamp, so that the girls head and Cecilia's crotch was in focus.

When Cecilia came, she moved so violently, and she was pressed into her pussy with such force, that she felt like choking.

Judging from the sounds, Cecilia had a really good come – but maybe she was always that vocal and wild. She did not know, but for now she took it as recognition of her ability to eat pussy.

She had sailed away in her own darkness, as she was licking and sucking.

Now she woke up as a man put the bit in again and fastened it.

Then she felt strong hands getting her up on a low platform or table.

The hands arranged her kneeling with legs apart and head bend forward.

As she felt her head being controlled by the reins, someone entered her from behind.

The person moved against her tail, and the dildo inside moved accordingly.

She was so horny, she could scream, so she really tried to follow the person fucking her.

Slowly her hornyness grew to a crescendo; she did not care who was fucking her, or that the person kept using her bit as a means of controlling her movements.

In fact she found herself struggling to avoid him, but then when he seemed to release his grip and there might be a chance of him moving out of her, she quickly pressed against him with all her force to keep him inside.

She had often heard the expression of 'riding a woman', but the way the man was controlling her movements with the reins, made her think that this was probably the most realistic 'ride' she had ever had.

When she finally felt the warmth of his semen deep inside herself, she wanted it to go on forever and ever. She tried to keep her clit in contact with his body, rubbing it against him, and feeling the rings in her labia pulling and pressing as they were between them. It gave her quite and extra sensation.

When she finally had to let him go, another man took over.

She could not deduce which of them was John and which was the Trainer, but did not care at this point, all she wanted was more of the same.

He worked her as much as the first man had, and got her up even higher than before.

This time the combined soreness and sensitivity, made her resistance a bit more energetic, but it just made the man holding the reins give her an even harder time.

In the end – after prolonged come from both of them, she let herself fall on the hard surface.

Just lying there and feeling the dripping from her pussy. Little drops tickling the insides of her legs as they trickled out of her.

He could feel his trousers getting too small for him, and could not help letting one of his hands caress the ponygirl's soft, rounded butt.

Cecilia signaled with her head that she wanted this for herself, and even though he was ready to have the girl from behind, he stepped back, leaving the scene for the two women.

John and he watched with increasing hornyness, as the slavegirl sucked and licked, and Cecilia began to move and sigh with her increasing tension.

John went up to her and started kissing her and playing with her tongue and breasts.

His intense concentration on the erogenous zones on her upper body, in connection with the girl energetically sucking her cunt, made Cecilia reach a quick climax.

At the exact moment, she started convulsing in orgasm, John let go, stepped back and stood beside her, watching the scene, as Cecilia went sky-high and slowly down again.

When she finally pushed the girl away from her crotch, he took over.

Quickly inserting the bit again, and tightening it as hard as before.

The brunette should not get any ideas, that she was without control – even for a few seconds – this was important for him, since he needed to progress so quickly with her.

He helped her up and made her kneel on a low table in the other side of the room.

After a few minutes, he had adjusted her on the table. While ignoring Cecilia, still sitting/lying with her eyes half closed, he went behind the girl, grabbed her tail and moved it out of the way.

Then he rode her like a horse, pulling at the reins to her bit as he moved his erect member in and out of her wet and warm cunt.

The girl struggled, but he stayed inside her and directed and managed her movements with the reins.

He knew she had been force-fucked before, but she had probably never been treated like she was some sort of animal.

All his controlled emotions and hornyness from the events of the day, came out at once.

Wilder and wilder he fucked her – till he was a little afraid, that he would hurt her jaws, but she just kept whining and moving and acting like she wanted more.

In fact he could distinctly feel her trying to accommodate his actions: She would 'pretend' to move away from him, but if he released the pull on her reins at the same time, she moved back towards him.

As if she wanted him all the way inside and that she had realized that defiant actions might produce a result she did not want.

Before she had composed herself, she was brutally pulled to her feet and led back to her box.

Soon she was lying on the same hard mattress – this time without the bit, but apart from that everything was as before.

She did manage to crawl to the side of the room getting some more granulated food and a lot of water – and emptying her bladder in the drain before lying down and disappear into a state between sleeping and dozing.

Continued...

She also moved her body independently, making his member almost rotate within her.

When he finally released his juices inside her, he felt her coming at the same time, and she really pressed against him and bowed her head to tighten the reins as she shook in her orgasm.

He was sure that she did what she could to prolong this moment of being 'held' while he ejaculated as long as possible.

The small sounds of disappointment escaping her throat, when he pulled out of her, assured him that she wanted as much as he could give her – and then some. She was great.

He quickly turned the reins over to John, that rode her equally wild until she came again and again.

When John had finished, she collapsed on the table, breathing fast and heavily and moaning long and hard.

They rang for the stable boys to take her back. Then took turns in going to the toilet washing themselves.

When he came back as the last, the girl was gone and John and Cecilia were sitting comfortably at the fire, enjoying a late night drink.

Continued...

Sight has to do with the understanding; hearing with reason; smell with memory.
Touch and taste are realistic and depend on contact; they have no ideal side
Arthur Schopenhauer

