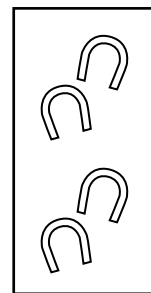


## Chapter six

### Saturday



#### Her part

##### 'Party pony...'

She was pulled out of her doze by the stableboys, turning on the light.

The sharp overhead bulb had been turned off in favor of a night lamp: A reddish bulb next to the white one - on for the night.

It had given the whole box a kind of cozy red-pink look.

The day passed with the same routines as the day before.

She was hung from the overhead beam by the stable boys, had a full enema like yesterday.

Then she was washed, and the Trainer came to put her leather gear on.

He did not use the corset, but a kind of multi-strapped harness.

She was grateful for that, as her back was extremely sore, and it would have been almost unbearable to have the raw skin pressed in a leather casing.

He did put the very tight belt back round her waistline though.

She was then taken for light training for about an hour: Running in the 'helicopter' as she had now begun to refer to it in her mind.

Afterwards - as she had warmed up - some free training in a long rein (a lunge).

She was taken to a milking session, after which she was dried and had some more granulated food served in the usual bag attached to her head.

After this short brake, he took her out in the riding house again.

She had expected more of the same, but was surprised, when he led her to a small cart.

She was certainly not going to pull him around in a cart. This was too degrading and ridiculous.

She fought hard against him, tried to kick him and pull her body away from his hold, but she ended up standing between the arms of the cart, and with a ring on each side of her belt locked to the arms of the cart. She had only gotten one kick in properly, and had managed to hit him on his lower leg.

He had been swearing as it hurt him, and it had given her some short satisfaction, but now she was again helpless under his control.

She felt the beams of the cart giving a short pull downwards as he sat down.

#### His part

##### 'More new stock...'

He woke up in great spirit.

First of all yesterday had been a total success, secondly this was the day he was going to try out the girls abilities to do carting, and thirdly they would have a party and he would be introduced to the two new ponies-to-be.

He had plenty of time before the girls were ready for him.

So he had a solid breakfast and checked out the fancy equipment he was going to make the girls use tonight.

The he started with the brunette.

She did not resist at all, but seemed to be content with her fate.

Maybe she had even grown to like it, he thought.

He had decided on the harness instead of the corset.

He could see from the state of her skin and he knew from experience, that it would be almost too much to put her in a tight corset.

Her back needed some air and time to heal. He made sure that none of the harness straps, in contact with the stripes he had made last night, were tighter than absolutely necessary.

He put her through pretty much the same routine as yesterday: Half an hour being led by the machine round at different tempos, then half an hour running in a free circle at different speeds.

It all went very well and she was very cooperative.

The he had her out for milking, drying and feeding, and took the blonde through the same routine.

She was also very obedient and did everything as if she had never done anything else.

After her run, he sent her for milking etc. and got the brunette out again.

Now he realized that this was still very raw material, as he introduced her to the cart.

She started fighting and struggling, and even managed to kick his leg with a well-aimed blow.

It hurt a lot, but he controlled himself and - apart from a few swearings - just kept on talking softly to her, as he got her in place between the bars of the cart.

As soon as he had fastened her belt to the cart, she stood quite still again.

Probably realizing that she had no other options.

Then her head was pulled a little to one side then to the other side, and finally upward.

He was testing the controls.

She still did not feel like moving at all, and had decided to make it hard on him.

However, when the first stroke of the whip crossed her butt, she automatically moved one step forward, and as his encouraging commands and strokes with the whip increased, she started walking.

The cart was lightweight and easy to pull, so it took almost no effort on her account.

She was a bit surprised at this, and her fear of stumbling or falling quickly passed as she got into the rhythm.

She had never ever expected that she would be hog-strapped like this and then made to pull a cart like a horse.

It did excite her in a strange way – being controlled to such a degree.

The bopping of the rings in her tits, and the feeling of the rings in her labia against her legs, pulling her sensitive lips at every move, contributed greatly to her warmer and warmer feeling.

He directed her between a setup of plastic cones.

Again, something that surprised her.

Her vision was limited to a short area straight in front of her, and she could not look down to see where she was going.

She had to depend totally on the signals conveyed from the reins to her bit and the small lashes on the sides of her butt.

It was easier than she had expected.

The Trainer was good – very good – and had her moving in figures between the plastic cones and freely on the floor.

Completely perfect.

Afterwards he caressed her and praised her.

Then let the stable boys take her to another mating session.

After this session, she was put in the box with the male that had not mated her.

He also had his arms on his back and a bit in his mouth, but as he had seen her being fucked by the other stallion, his penis was erect and ready.

He had to chase her round the small box, without the use of his arms.

Cecilia was watching them through the bars and encouraging him to mount her.

She got into the 'game' and avoided him for a long time.

Finally he got her cornered.

He was a lot taller and bigger than she, so she was looking straight into his chest.

After a few attempts, where he lowered himself and then tried to move upwards and having his member enter her opening, he succeeded.

She almost got lifted up from the floor 'hanging' by his member.

He loved carting more than any other kind of pony training.

He enjoyed seeing a girl in leather harness and bit.

Knowing that he controlled her ability to talk – or rather barred her from talking.

He loved the way he could make the girl move in the direction of his choice, only by pulling slightly in a set of reins – and with relatively soft attention from the whip.

The way her arms were totally out of the way.

Locked tightly together on her back.

The small waistline, the high-heeled boots.

He knew that in a minute, she would be walking and running, pulling the cart and him as he pleased.

He would be free to enjoy the sight of her lovely body as it moved according to his smallest wish.

He felt it was the ultimate degrading and humiliation of a woman. Reducing her to a mute beast used for pulling a cart.

He got in the cart, holding the reins.

Then he tested the bit by pulling a little in this direction then in the other and finally upward.

The way she had been acting as he had locked her in position suggested that he would have trouble with her, but not at all.

As soon as she felt the first stroke of the whip, she began walking.

He let her get used to it first, making her walk slowly round the edge of the riding house.

Then he started the actual training.

Before long he had her doing formation runs, and different speeds, like she had never done anything else.

She sure was a quick learner.

He noticed the sweat shining on her skin, and was sorry that he could not see her front as she was running.

He remembered yesterday, when he had seen her breasts bopping when she moved – and the rings increasing every move she made.

He decided that she was finished for now, and praised her a lot and caressed her wet skin as he untied her and let her over to the stable boys for mating.

Then the blonde had to try carting.

Now John had come over to watch the training.

This proved to be a good thing, because the blonde started struggling even more than the brunette, when she saw the cart, and they had to help each other getting her in place.

Then she did not walk, when he hit her repeatedly, and he had to have John pull her forward by a couple of lines from her tits.

Finally she gave in and started moving by herself.

By this time her butt was cross-striped from the crop, and she almost jumped every time he hit her.

She was also really good at this before the end of the session, as she tried to avoid the crop, by moving almost before he hit her.

She could hear him grunting and panting from the strain of doing this without anything but his penis.

She scraped her arms, back and butt against the concrete as he moved up and down with her nailed like this.

It was a strange way of being fucked, she thought. Just being joined by his member.

He did come with full force, but the situation was so unusual for her that she did not get much excitement from the climax.

After that Cecilia had her taken to her box, got her fed and let her rest for a while.

Then she had another milking session, some more training, and was led off to rest just when it was getting dark outside.

(There were some windows in the riding house – high up – she could follow the winter daylight changing through these. A little bit of grey sky was visible, and that slowly became pitch black).

The stable boys and the Trainer had made her ready. She could not remember, the last time her body had had that much attention – and then from three men at once.

She was washed the usual way and hosed down afterwards.

Scented oil had been carefully rubbed into her whole body, making her skin soft, shiny and look appetizing. They had done her facial makeup, and it felt like they were good at it.

She was impressed and eager to look in a mirror as soon as possible.

She had been equipped with a harness set much finer than the plain training set; she had been wearing before.

Her head harness had little silvery or polished steel decoration rivets, it had a set of imitated horse ears sticking up and a feather-like top, the blinkers had stitching and engravings making them look more like an ornamental decoration than a restraint to her vision.

The gag was nasty: a combined ballgag and bit. It had a semi-soft leather ball attached to the middle. This ball was behind the bit when in place, but it filled her mouth totally and efficiently prevented any attempt to breathe through her mouth or make noises this way. No air escaped between the ball and the sides of her mouth.

The collar was the usual, but a little bell hung in the ring in front.

Lines and straps attached her headharness to the body one.

Most of them were loose at the moment, but she had a pretty good idea how these straps could be tightened to block her head movements.

Like she was trying to signal to him that she was moving and doing as he wanted, so she increased speed all the time, and he had to hold her back with the reins instead of driving her forward with the crop.

When he eventually took her to the stableboys for mating, he whispered in her ear: 'See my sweet little bitch. You did it - and well. I love it when you try to resist. Please continue. It will give me good reason to punish you – and - believe me – you will do as I want you to – every time.'

From the sound emanating from her, he assumed that she was somehow protesting, but he just gave her his sweetest smile and let the crop circle her left tit slowly, before handing her over to the boys.

He went back to the main building to get a few hours rest before the party.

He had enjoyed making the girls ready.

By now they knew what was going on, and even helped him along, when he put the harness and bridles on them.

He had gotten the stableboys to help out, and they had all three had a really good time washing, oiling and dressing the girls.

They had looked beautiful in the 'Parade harness.' Lots of shiny steel rivets and engraved ornaments in the leather.

He was careful with the brunette not to tie the harness too tight around the stripes on her body.

He had also made double sure that she had been carefully oiled on the welts.

Even though they were to be considered livestock, there was no reason not to treat them with the best of care.

He was fascinated with the blonde's breasts: round and firm – and as on most young girls – not hanging or sacking at all.

He had wondered if she had had a surgical job done on them, but by now he was sure that they were all natural flesh.

Carefully he had pressed her tits into the silver holders, and then inserted the rings and pins again.

Then he had let his thumb caress the hard little red knob sticking out of the cone.

The way the pin held the tit out and the cone pressed - making the otherwise round breast pointing towards him - made him extremely horny.

He knew her nipple would be more or less constant hard from this arrangement.

He also imagined that it would have a prominent place in her mind at all times, reminding her of her status and keeping her horny and ready.

He knelt in front of her, and fastened the thin, elastic lines to each side of her belt.

He was sorry that she could not watch him, as he was sorry that he could not look her in the eyes, while he was doing this last preparatory thing.

Carefully and without touching her more than necessary,

They had taken the rings out of her tits, and squeezed her breast, making the point fit into a small, decorated, silver cone covering the red part.

In the end of this cone, just the tip of the nipple stuck through.

Then they had remounted the rings so that the pin through the tit was resting on the edges of the cone pulling distinctly and as the cone was pressing on the sides – gave her a fantastic tickling sensation.

Her arms had been crossed on her back.

Her parallel underarms encased in a leather holder.

This way her hands and arms were out of the way at all times, and she would not be uncomfortable, as with the elbow tie, she had been in for all the training.

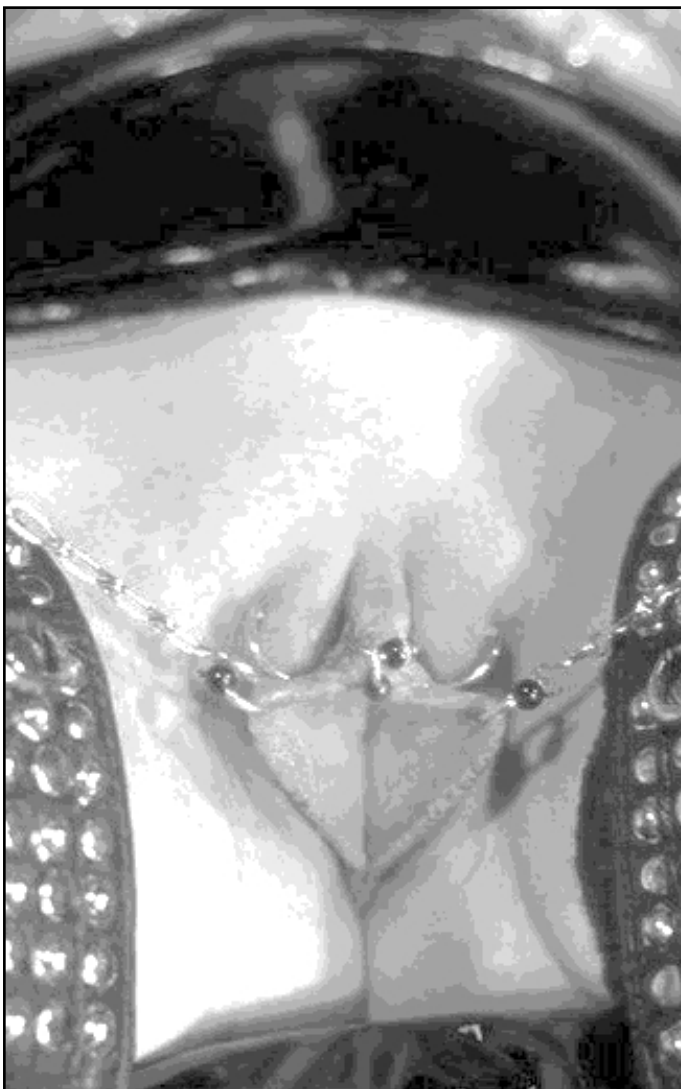
They had given her a pretty tail /dildo.

This one was braided as on a show horse, and the hair was stiffened or starched with something, giving it an optimistic upturned look, but also pulling a bit more than the training model.

They had watched her for a moment in silence upon completion of their job.

'Beautiful', one of them said, stepping back a little.

'Now for the final touch to preserve her modesty and display her real qualities', the Trainer said with a large grin as he stepped nearer.



he let the clip/hook slide in around each of the rings in her outer labia.

Then he took the strap between his thumb and forefinger, using two fingers on his other hand to pull the automatic fastener.

He took care to pull slowly and watched as the ring started to rest on her skin, and the labia to stretch out making her open up.

He pulled till he could feel the tension of the strap under his fingers.

Then switched to the other side.

With interest, he watched her open totally up.

He could see the wet insides, and enjoyed hearing her useless protests as she felt the pain from the pull.

He could look straight into her innermost privacy.

Her lips were spread and opened like a red, wet flower before him – and she had absolutely no say in the matter or any way of protecting herself.

Now she was for everybody's use – and they both knew it.

He let the end of his index finger touch and slide on just the tip of her bared clit.

Smiling he noted that she shivered and goosepimples appeared on the skin surrounding her opening.

He got up and did a final check on her bit.

Tightening it just one more notch, to ensure that the hidden ball in the middle of the black stick was pressed firmly against her mouth and that she had no possibilities of moving her lips or jaws.

Everything was locked perfectly.

He gave her head one last jerk and then went out to get ready himself.

In the meantime he knew Cecilia had prepared her stallions and they met in the den to exchange views on their stock.

Cecilia was a little envious about her two stallions, as the girls had been more than a pleasant surprise.

Last time they had had a joint weekend with Stallions and Mares not knowing each other, it had not been such a success. In fact one of the stallions had not taken to several of the mares, and they had had to whip him a lot to get him hard and able to perform a mating.

Cecilia had had trouble herself getting to fuck him.

So she had started to be a bit careful, who she let in and to investigate more carefully to what a degree this special sort of play turned them on.

This time the girls had been pretty and obedient, the stallions had been horny and willing – and in general everything had worked out fine.

Cecilia and the Trainer had a quick drink before changing and going down to meet the newcomers.

He said his hellos to the two young couples there.

In a quick, professional glance he had placed them as people without any experience in this or in SM at all, but apparently with a keen interest in things.

He had 'x-rayed' the two girls, and quickly decided, what kind of training he would give them.

He hoped that he would be able to lay his hands on

She wondered what he meant.

There was certainly no modesty in the way they had dressed her, and her body could hardly be displayed better or more.

She tried looking down as he attached some straps to the front of the waist belt.

She felt him fiddling with the rings in her labia, and then she felt a sharp pain as her lips were pulled apart by the rings.

He secured the straps and stepped back.

Her pussy was totally forced open.

She struggled in her reins, as he smiled at her.

She had never felt that open and defenseless.

There was an elastic string between the rings and the sides of her belt, holding her open.

As the strings went across her stomach, she would pull on the arrangement and her lips with every move she would make.

He let his fingers slide over her openness.

'Like a flower. Open in all its redness. Inviting. Don't you think my little Pony girl?'

She tried shaking her head and making protesting noises, but he just turned laughing and went out.

It took a while.

It hurt to have her pussy pulled open like this.

She tried to be very still to get used to the system, but it just grew on her mind.

Hurting and degrading her.

Like saying to everybody: 'Look up my pussy, see my most private insides – and use me for whatever you like. I am in no position to object or resist.'

She tried moving slightly, but the pain just increased as she inadvertently pulled on the elastic straps.

Even though she was all alone, she moaned, slightly in the semi-darkness.

Then the door opened, and Alice came in.

She did not know, what she had actually expected, but it was certainly not this kind looking elderly lady.

'So, my Dear. I see they have made you ready.

How beautiful you are. Let me see...'

Alice pulled one of the strings to the rings in her labia with a finger, making her squirm.

'I thought so, They always do those too tight. Stand still.'

She could feel the pull released a little.

First on one side then on the other. She was grateful to Alice for the relief.

Then Alice took the reins and led her out.

Outside the next box, Alice 'parked' her by winding the reins round a little hook on the wall, before going in to get her friend.

This was the first time they met after the Dressing Room.

They looked up and down each other as far as they could.

Both were in similar dresses – and both had their pussies forced open the same way.

Looking at the way her friend was harnessed and the

them as soon as possible, but for now he was very polite and made general conversation.

Soon Alice signaled that she had brought the Stallions and Mares in to the dining room.

They escorted the newcomers in to the great hall.

He was happy to see the blonde being closest at hand, as he felt she was more at ease with the situation than the rest of them.

He kept a keen eye on the whole company, making sure that everybody was satisfied.

First they had the usual stock inspection. He, John, Cecilia and the boys knew what this was about:

An examining look at the flesh for the nights entertainment, so they looked and felt the muscles, sexual points and the harnessing etc. etc.

The newbies were more inquisitive, and looked at different things.

He noticed that the girl from the first couple seemed rather shocked at being presented to the mares, but the one from the second couple looked on in what he deemed was a general curiosity and excitement.

He also overheard the man saying to her that he wanted to have her look like the brunette soon – and the girl did not protest – he hoped to have her in a small adjustable harness later in the evening...

He made everybody take their places at the table and then got the brunette (she was the one obviously in the best physical shape) to mount the running machine.

He was careful to calm her by stroking and almost whispering in her ear, as he got her in between the bars and attached her reins to the front console of the running machine.

He had set it to a general, rather slow program, so that she would not be totally exhausted, and they would be able to enjoy her during the whole meal.

He then got one of the males onto the stepping machine. He also made sure that the stallion was at ease with this – but he knew that he had tried it before, so it was no hassle.

Finally he got the blonde and the other stallion up on the table, kneeling and looking straight in each other's eyes.

He had a bit of problems adjusting the straps, so that they were fixed in a position, kneeling with spread legs and heads forced backwards, looking straight out, but at last he succeeded.

He started the stepping machine and the running belt. To encourage the two in the machines, he gave them a slight smack on their butts.

The slow whizzing sound and their boots hitting the surface of the machinery was the only sound for a couple of minutes.

He realized that the whole company was watching the running girl and the stallion using the stairs.

way they had painted her lips deep ruby red – and her general appearance made her wish to look in a mirror even more.

It was just as beautiful as the pic's in the book.

Alice led them alongside each other through a passageway and over to the main building.

They did not meet anybody else on the way, but could hear voices talking and laughing from a room next door, when they entered the main hall of the building.

The hall had a long table down the middle, a fireplace at one end, a couple of wooden posts on each side and something that looked like the equipment for a workout gym between the posts.

Alice placed each of them by a post, tied by their reins to a ring at eye height – and with a spreader bar keeping their legs apart.

Then she went out, only to come back a few minutes later with the two male stallions.

They were of course done up the same way as the girls, and were placed at similar posts on the other side of the table.

The males had a harness around their balls separating them and tightening the skin so that they looked like two small, smooth oval lumps in a leather cage – looked quite painful.

Their penises were erect, and were held tightly up and against their stomachs by elastic straps from under the head to their waisttrainer belt.

They eyed each other across the table.

Soon the room filled with people: The Trainer, John, Cecilia, The two stable boys and two couples in quite ordinary clothes.

One looked like any normal couples the other had the small twist, that the man was leading the girl by a leash from a collar round her neck.

He also had a small whip in his hand, but the girl had no other means of visible restraints.

They moved alongside the walls, looking first at the girls, then turned to the other side of the room and looked at the boys.

She was turned and handled by The Trainer, John, Cecilia and the stable boys. Nothing different in that from what she had experienced since her training began. A bit difficult to move with her legs spread by the bar, but of course she managed.

Then the ordinary couple got to her.

The man grabbed her shoulder and showed his girlfriend her tits, and pussy pointing with a finger, but not touching.

The girl looked at her with a mixture of amazement and slight disgust.

'See how her cunt is opened and wet. Try feeling it.'

The girl carefully let a finger slide over her clit.

'Hmm. Must hurt to have one's labia opened like that. I wonder if she likes it.'

It was a beautiful sight.

The brunette moved with rhythmic elegance, her breasts bopping up and down in the 1/4 cups of her leather bra, and the little bell in her collar tinkling.

The man on the stepping machine moved equally gracefully, his erect penis tied fast against his stomach. He smiled as he sat down to dinner.

Alice started serving the first course.

During dinner, he, John, Cecilia and the boys talked about everyday subjects.

In the beginning it was difficult to get the two new couples into the conversation.

Probably they were slightly shy and uncomfortable at this strange dinner setting, but shortly they got used to it and joined the conversation.

He enjoyed, when the stepping or the running machine changed pace according to his pre-programming.

Conversation stopped and the newbies looked at the pony and stallion for a minute or two, then proceeded to eat and talk.

The two persons kneeling in the middle of the table was very still during the whole thing, and nobody touched them.

He was sitting at the end of the table, looking straight up the blonde's cunt and tail.

He enjoyed the shiny wetness of her open lips and the way all the surroundings of her opening were dark, large and filled with blood throughout the dinner.

She was ready to have it, and she was kept on top of her excitement for almost an hour.

He also had time to study the newbies.

The couple nearest to him: Claus and Anette were the ones looking most interesting.

He was tall, had a kind of artistic look, like he was in advertising or fashion or some sort of business, where looks mattered.

She was a bit smaller than him and looked rather neutral.

Someone you would not remember, if you were introduced to her once.

Claus was looking more at the running brunette than at the side of the blonde right in front of him.

Anette was following his stare most of the time, and the look in her eyes changed between jealousy and arousal.

It would be fun to 'play' with them.

In the Trainers mind, he was already devising the way he wanted the evening to proceed after the dinner.

The couple on the far end amused him a lot.

Henrik and Elisabeth.

He was also much taller than she, and in turn she was almost as small as the brunette.

The thing he found amusing was the collar and leash the girl was wearing. If it had been a better fit, if she had worn it with more elegance if..if..It could have been a statement as to her status and their relationship, but the collar was too new, and too badly a fit, to be anything but a beginners statement.

They kept on talking about her, but in a shy way. None of them looked in her eyes, and none of them touched her a lot. Finally the man grinned at the woman: 'Ok, I might have her later, then you can whip her afterwards – would you like that? Punish her for satisfying me?' 'You bet, if any bitch satisfies my man, she's gonna get it from me...'

Then they passed on to her blonde friend, and the last she heard was the girl saying: 'Look, she's exactly the same way.'

Then the couple with the girl on a leash was in front of her. The man started, by grabbing her waist: 'Look this is what I would like to do to you eventually.' She was turned round and the man made her bend over: 'See how the tail is attached. Can you imagine how it feels inside?' 'Yes.' The girl's voice was small and trembling a little. Apparently she was not very experienced in this and probably shy. She could feel the girl's little hand pulling and moving the dildo/tail inside her. The man pulled her upright by her shoulders and turned her round. 'See the clever piercings. Making her easy to get at.' 'Must be very degrading for her – to be opened like that – can anybody use her?' 'Yes, anybody that wants her has absolutely free access – and the system makes both her and them aware of it all the time. It is very exciting don't you think?' 'Quite, but it must hurt before one gets to this point. Is she a regular and for how long has she been a slave?' 'I don't know. We were just invited here to get you two girls started on some training, so everybody could decide if it is something for you. I was told that the girls were also on a trial basis, and that we should ask the Trainer before doing anything to them.' '...but you don't get pierced like this overnight. They must be regulars...'

'Maybe. I'll ask the Trainer later how long it takes to get to this point. Then we can plan for your future.'

Saying this he fondled his girlfriend's breasts through her blouse in a demonstrating manner. Then they moved on, and she was on her own.

When everybody had been 'introduced', the Trainer hit his glass a few times with a spoon to get attention. 'Now. Ladies and Gentlemen. Dinner will be served in a minute or two. I suggest you will find your place at the table, then I will arrange some light entertainment during dinner.'

As the group settled, the Trainer came over to her first. Lead her to a standard running machine, like the ones they have in workout gyms. The machine had its side to the table. She had to turn her body to see the sitting guests, but they had her in full view all the time.

After tying her reins in front of her to the console, he got

Quite apparently it had been bought recently in a BDSM shop, and they were just getting used to it between them.

The Trainer wondered what other equipment, they had at home, and how far they had gotten in this kind of playing. He made a mental note to ask John or Cecilia, where they had found these two.

During dinner he evaluated Elisabeth and Anette even closer. Looked discreetly at their bodies trying to figure out what was beneath their clothes. Imagining how they would look in different leather gear.

At the same time he enjoyed the brunette constantly running at different paces beside the table on her machine, and the male on the other side of the table.

When dinner ended, he had a pretty good overview of the company and knew how he wanted to proceed. He managed to exchange a few words with Henrik, when they accidentally met in the toilet.

Henrik told him that they had been lovers for almost a year, had increasingly played with ropes and leather, but did not have a lot of experience. They had also played 'the rape game' a few times. Elisabeth was very shy, but he felt that they had reached the point, where some pro help was needed to get them further. He was also ready to chance that Elisabeth liked whatever happened to her during her stay – or in worst case left him afterwards.

John and Cecilia had talked to them before and had gotten Elisabeth's consent to having sex with whomever they decided she would have it with. They had all signed the 'Consent agreement.'

The Trainer knew this type, and knew she would not be the ideal pain-junkie. Alone being under total control would be enough for one evening, but he still considered a little pain to go in the mixture for her.

When they returned to the party everybody was getting up, and he took Elisabeth by the arm and led her to a corner of the room. Here he asked her if she liked what was going on, and if she had any limits or was afraid of anything. He talked in a very low and calm voice and managed to get through her shyness eventually.

She told him, that it excited her to see the ponygirls and stallions, and that she would like to try being dominated like that.

She was however afraid that she would be exposed to too much pain or something terrible would happen to her.

He assured her that they were not there to be mean or to hurt anybody, but the people present did have a different attitude towards sex than most people.

He made her agree to see what would happen and how

one of the men, and placed him on a stepping machine on the other side of the table.

Finally he took her friend and the other male and made them go down on their knees, facing each other on the middle of the table.

He used spreader bars and lines going under the table to fix them in position.

He tightened their reins, so that their heads was bend backwards and they had to look into the eyes of each other.

A line under the table connected their ankles, keeping them apart.

A similar line kept their knees pulled outwards.

From the belt a chain went to each of their ankles, keeping their behinds in place.

Then a simple, short leather strap connected their collars, finishing the immobilization.

The company watched and enjoyed.

Then he came back to her, and as he started the running machine, whispered in her ear: 'I have put it on a light program, so just relax. You should have no problem running for the next hour or so.'

Then he stepped back and hit her butt with a short, quick whack of his crop as he said out loud: 'Giddyup, girl.'

She was already trotting at a slow speed, and jumped with the pain.

Then he laughed and went over to the man starting his stepping machine also at a slow pace.

She turned a little so that she could see him.

The machine was facing the crowd, so that everybody at the table could see his muscular front and tied up penis as he walked.

She felt her machine increase speed a little, and had to turn and pay attention to it. Her wrung open pussy started to hurt and lubricate at the same time from her legs pulling the strings to her labia rings. She could also feel that she was beginning to sweat a little and her breathing got quicker.

She tried adjusting herself to an even breathing through her nose as her mouth was sealed.

She did feel a small strain of saliva running down her chin from her mouth.

As the dinner progressed, she worked up a good sweat. She had to concentrate, and could thus only see a small section of the wall in front of her, not any of the company at the table.

The thumping sound of her high-heeled boots on the runner band, the bopping feeling in her tits and the constant pulling of her labia gave her enough to think about.

After what had seemed ages, the company rose and the Trainer came over and stopped the running machine.

He caressed her butt and whispered in her ear: 'Beautiful, my dear. You are better at this than anybody would expect.'

Cecilia and the Trainer mounted a small tray on the waist of her and her friend. The tray had a belt round her waist and two chains connecting the front of the

she liked it, knowing in his mind that as soon as he had her in the stables, she would not be asked anything before the end of her stay.

He then sent her back to the company, and turned to making the ponies ready.

He tied the tray round the brunette's waist and patted her butt.

She looked up at him a bit curious.

Obviously she had never tried being a human serving tray.

He let the tips of his fingers caress her nipples.

They were hard already, being pulled out in their little cones.

He loved this: Just the point of her tits. Sticking out red and hard, begging to be touched and fondled.

At the same time locked in the cones and held in place by the hard and smooth steel pins.

He slowly took each of the chains from the front edge of the tray, and clicked them on to the rings in her tits.

Then adjusted the length so that she was carrying the tray in the chains.

He knew exactly how tight he should make it.

Just slightly pulling her breasts. The weight of just a glass would give a bit more of a pull, thus exciting her beyond anything she would be able to imagine, he thought.

Her eyes grew bigger, as she realized how the arrangement worked.

A small sound escaped her throat, making him calm her down by stroking her butt and kissing her earlobe.

'Don't worry my dear. You will also be a perfect tray.'

He did the same to the Blonde and then pulled them next door to the rest of the company.

Cecilia dragged her Stallions along.

He enjoyed mixing drinks for everybody, and there was nothing like having a nice well mixed after dinner drink served between to chained breasts.

He preferred the blonde because of her breasts rounder shape.

Made the drink really stand out between her full breasts.

The brunettes small, pointed variety did not quite do this kind of serving justice, but still it was a feast for the eyes.

He had blinked to Elisabeth a few times to make her more comfortable and to give her the feeling that they had some sort of special and secret understanding. He knew this often made the girls relax in the initial stage, and later it would be of no importance, what they thought. The point was to get them to feel at easy, until they were so much under control that there was no way back.

He handed them the measurement tape and paper, in order for Alice to have some specifications, when she went looking for the equipment.

He had decided on a light dress up for Elisabeth, after all it would be her first time.

He left them to fill in the measurements, and turned his attention to Claus and Anette.



tray to the rings in her tits.  
He then led the two girls in next door, as Cecilia led the two stallions.

In the next room they were brought to a counter at the end, and then drinks were mixed for everybody. She and her friend then acted as human serving trays, and went round to each of the participants one by one with a drink on the tray for everybody. The two males were simply tied to a post at each the side of the fireplace.

'Now. Its time for some fun', the Trainer said. He turned to the couple with the girl on a leash: 'Would you like to try out a few things?' The man immediately answered 'Yes', and gave his girl a hungry look. The girl answered 'yes' in a very small voice. Blushing and looking down in front of her while speaking. The Trainer gave them a piece of paper and a soft measuring band: 'Now, fill in your measurements, please. Then we can have Alice look if we have something that will suit you. Don't worry. You will be fine and have fun.' They leaned over the paper and started measuring and writing.

'Now Claus. While they are busy doing that, you could try one of the girls. Which one would you like?' The artistic looking guy with the long hair sent his own girl a long look and then pointed to her: 'I think I would like to try the Brunette, if nobody minds.' 'Well, you are sure the girl won't mind. She is here for your total and free usage.' The Trainer grinned at her as he led her over by the leash. Quickly he unmounted the tray, and dragged her to a small leather sofa in the middle of the room. Claus came over and looked up and down her body.

'Well. Take your clothes off', the Trainer said to Claus. Claus did so quickly and left his clothes in a bundle on the floor. He had a nice body without any fat on it and she noticed his half-stiff member was well formed and not circumcised. The soft skin cover was still able to hide half of the red head. The Trainer made him lie down on the sofa and directed her down on her knees in front of him. Then he took out the ball and stick gag, as he whispered in her ear: 'You better do this good. Otherwise I will whip you ass to shreds in your box later.'

She stuck out her tongue and started licking him carefully. He reacted quickly and his member began to rise. She had no problems getting it in her mouth and pushing the skin back so that she could concentrate on his sensitive head with the point of her tongue. He moaned under her treatment, and she sensed the Trainer's watchful eyes in the back of her head.

His point here were to get them both very excited – and he knew exactly how he would go about it. First he got hold of the Brunette. He had noticed that Claus had almost not been able to keep his eyes from her during dinner. He made Claus undress and lie down on the couch in the middle of the room. Then he directed the brunette, first to suck him till he was good and hard, then to ride him till he came with a scream.



All the time he kept a watchful eye on Anette, noticing that she was following her boyfriends excitement and finally orgasm with increasing anger and jealousy. This was going to be great, he thought to himself. After having the brunette lick Claus clean, he had handed her over to Anette and given her the reins.

He imagined the feelings in the mind of the brunette, so totally defenseless being handed over to a woman that so resented her. He made them get up and follow him into the next room: The Dungeon room.

The brunette made a few resisting attempts, but Anette jerked her into submission – using a bit more force than necessary, the Trainer thought.

He instructed and aided Anette in placing the brunette at the 'horse': A standard piece of equipment in any gym – four legs and a padded top used for jumping over.

When the Trainer thought he was stiff and excited enough, he pulled her away and directed her to sit on him.

Without using her hands but just by sliding her wet and open pussy along his stomach she got him inside. When he she could feel him being sufficiently inside for her to control his member, she moved upright, letting him see the connecting between them, before she lowered herself slowly.

She could not help moaning as she felt him all the way inside. The events of the day and more so the events of the evening had made her extremely horny. She was ready to come at once, but controlled herself.

Now and then she managed a stolen glance at his girlfriend. She was clutching the armrests of her easy chair and looking not at all pleased. 'I am going to get it for this', she thought to herself, feeling helplessly caught between having to satisfy Claus in a way that would not trigger a punishment later, and not getting his girlfriend more upset than necessary.

However, ecstasy made her soon forget all this, and she worked her body and pussy on him in a wilder and wilder manner.

The openness of her pussy ensured that every time she went down, she got the full tickling feeling of his hairy crotch. She had trouble not screaming.

The Trainer kept encouraging Claus, and she felt his seeking hands on her stretched out tit points, and his fingers tickling her clit alternately. Finally they both came with a set of violent convulsions and moans. She bit her lip not to make too much noise, as she knew it was a privilege not to have something blocking her vocals.

As soon as Claus had stopped shaking, but before she was quite composed, the Trainer pulled her off by her headharness, and forced her down between his legs again. 'Now, suck him clean – all the way – I wanna see him as clean as a newborn baby – but be careful.'

She licked him extremely carefully, knowing that he was at the top of sensitivity, and that any complaints or anything the Trainer thought was too much, would mean a punishment for her.

She could not help making Claus shake and convulse a few times.

He was probably not aware of the trouble it could cause her if he showed any sign of being too excited by her. She licked all his cum and her juices off him and kept licking and sucking till his member was back to normal size.

Then the Trainer pulled her away in one sharp pull, pressed her head backwards and stuck the stick and

He showed Anette how to spread the brunette's legs and secure them to the legs of the horse. From the center of the brunette's waisttrainer belt, he locked a strap going up and over the horse and locking on to a hook on the bottom on the other side. Thus her legs and hips were immobilized, but the top of her body could sway and move freely.

He helped Anette pick a suitable long thin whip, and then pulled the brunettes tail out of the way and tied it to her crossed arms on her back.

He went back and got the rest of the company except the Stallions that were still tied beside the fireplace. 'Now. Anette. Here we have a pony that has just been performing poorly, as you have seen for yourself. She must be punished, and you are the one to do it. Her butt is at your disposal.'

The Trainer enjoyed the increasingly scared look in the brunette's eyes as she realized what was going to happen: The girlfriend of the man she had just had sex with would punish her for it, and in full view of the company, that were standing in a half-circle in front of her.

Anette swung the thin whip and landed it on her unprotected butt with a sharp sound.

She was certainly not holding back. A swollen stripe immediately started to form on the buttocks. The brunette were standing very still, trying to concentrate and not show how much it actually hurt. Anette did not seem to notice, she swung the whip again and again, and let it fall with full force on the brunette.

Soon she started to twist and make little throat sounds. A few tears were running down her cheeks.

A minute later she was fighting and pulling her body wildly as the pain became unbearable. Her legs and hips did not move at all, but the top of her body was fighting as wildly as she could.

Her butt was striped and blushing. Some of the stripes – especially where they crossed each other – were developing a bluish look.

Elisabeth closed her eyes and tucked herself into her boyfriend, but the rest of the company watched on – more or less excited by the punishment.

Finally he stopped Anette. The brunette collapsed with the top of her body – she was jerking and breathing heavily and fast and a small whining sound was almost constantly coming from her throat. He could not quite decide which of the girls were sweating the most – but he was sure of who was in the worse pain.

gag inside her again.

Her eyes met the Trainer's, and her frightened look made him smile even more.

She could see and sense that there were more in it than that.

'Get up.' He pulled her to her feet and dragged her to Anette, then back down on her knees in front of her.

He handed her reins to Anette as he said: 'Well, she was not performing very well. Since Claus is your boyfriend, I think it will be appropriate that you administer a suitable punishment on her.'

She could feel the little hairs in the back of her neck standing up, as both she and Anette realized that she was in her total power and control.

Anette's look told her that she was not going to get off lightly.

...and she did not.

*Continued...*

'Now. Come my friends. We will leave these two.

Here Anette. Take this ointment and try relieving the pain you have just inflicted.'

He gave Anette a small container with some soothing cr me in.

Then he directed the party out of the room.

Claus gave the two girls a long look, as he went out.

The last thing the Trainer noticed were Anette holding the brunette's head between her hands, kissing her and whispering: 'Please forgive me....'

*Continued...*

Pleasure is more powerful than all fear of the penalty  
*Johan Wolfgang von Goethe*

