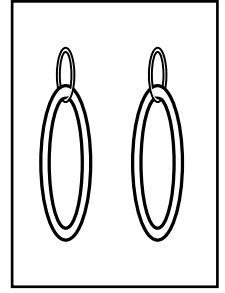


Chapter seven

Saturday



Her part

'Helping out...'

She had been whipped. Her butt was hurting in a way that she thought she would never be able to sit down again.

Not only did she feel the terrible burning, but also every time she moved just slightly, the sore skin on her butt moved and stretched the swollen bands crossing it. She concentrated on standing absolutely still.

Now this strange woman, who had just swung the whip with such painful results on her, was holding her head and kissing her tears away, whipping her face and crying almost as much as she herself was.

She tried nodding and making noises, signaling to the woman that it was OK, and that she understood. She felt like it was a just punishment for her actions. She would not herself take it lightly if any man of hers would let himself be fucked like this right in front of her eyes. Her restraints made it difficult to signal, and then the woman went behind her and started to kiss her swollen butt and smear the ointment on her burning flesh.

After a while the woman released her from the horse, took the bit out of her mouth and also released her hands.

'I am so sorry. Don't know what came over me. Can you forgive me, Please?'

'Of course. I would have done the same thing, if it was my man. I had to do what I did, as I was ordered to. It is part of the game. Why are you here in the first place? Not to see me or my friend I suppose?'

'No. Claus, my boyfriend and I have talked about this a long time. Then we met Cecilia and John, and they convinced us that, we should try letting me stay here for a while. To see if I liked this kind of kink. Claus is very hooked on it, but I am not quite sure. Looking at you and the way you are done up, makes me horny though. I envy you a bit. A large part of me thinks that I would like to be you, but another part of me is frightened by the thought. So helpless, so controlled – and then the pain involved. I probably need to trust Claus a lot more than I actually do. On the other hand, he has never done anything to me that I did not eventually like, or even loved.'

She ignored the pro and con statement and said: 'So you are here for a longer stay? My friend and I are only here for the weekend - unfortunately. Have had great fun so far. I can highly recommend it. Wish we were here for a longer period.'

His part

'Getting things under control..'

The Trainer got a nod from Alice signaling that everything was ready for Elisabeth.

Smiling he went over to Henrik, and took the dogleash out of his hands.

'...and now, if you permit me, I will borrow your sweet girl from you for a little while. I am sure you will love her even more, when I bring her back to you...and you my dear. Will you please come with me, so that we can see if Alice has found something suitable for you? Don't worry. You'll be back here in no time, and no harm will be done to you...'

Saying the last words, he managed to get an arm under hers, and gently he led her off more by the arm than by the leash.

She did not dare look at him but looked down on the floor straight in front of her, and was blushing heavily.

'See you in a minute...', he just heard Henrik say as he led her out, across the hall and into the 'Dressing Room' where the girls had started their weekend.

This room had many advantages, apart from the see-through mirror, it was also sound-proof and had 'hidden' cabinets in the walls to hold equipment – and then of course it had an arrangement of heavy hooks, solidly embedded in the walls and ceiling. Most of these hooks were able to hold more than twice the weight of an average person.

The chairs had been moved to one side and on one of them stood a closed box with equipment. The stuff Alice had gotten out for them.

He placed the girl in the middle of the room and let go of her. Then he walked round her slowly. She was looking into the floor, still blushing.

A skinny thing, long blonde hair, blue eyes and a couple of breasts that looked firm but not big – maybe a small b-cup he thought.

'A you nervous?'

'Yes, a little. I am rather shy'

'I noticed.' He pulled out a free chair and sat down.

'Now, will you take you clothes off for me, so that I can see your beautiful body?'

She nodded and began slowly to undress.

'Yes, Claus and I have booked me for a three week stay, and I am suppose to have some piercings and get rid of some of my body hair along the way. He has also talked about some sort of 'Ownership Marking', but I have not been able to get out of him, what he means. I am not quite sure I will go along with it, but so far it has been very easy. Maybe I will say no, when they get to the more serious part? What do you think?'

She smiled a little, knowing that in a short while this woman in front of her would not be in any position to ask questions or refuse any of the treatment, they were going to give her, but for the excitement of it all, she decided not to reveal her thoughts about this.

'Instead of answering directly, she said: 'Don't really know about that. Probably a personal thing. Differs form each individual. Do you know if the other woman is in for a longer stay? Do you know her at all?'

'Elisabeth. Yes, we have been friends for a couple of years. She's very nice and trustworthy. She is also going to stay here for three weeks, if everything works out, that is.'

'Good. Then you will have some sort of company. Always nice. I have my best girlfriend along, makes me feel safer and so on.'

Considering that she had only seen her friend this evening, and that they had been in no contact at all, this was the understatement of the weekend, she thought.

'Can I ask you something?'

'Of course'

Does it hurt to have your tits in those?'

'No, but the pussy arrangement is bad. Took some time to adjust to, but now it feels somehow good. Try feeling it'

She directed Anette's hands to her tits, and made her feel the hard points sticking out. Then she led her hand to her pussy, so she could feel the way it was pulled open.

She sighed and licked her lips. Looking sideways at Anette - suddenly desiring her.

She let her hand slide round her neck, pulled her close and whispered in her ear: 'Ever had girl sex?...and with a pony girl?...would you like to try?' she licked Anette's earlobe.

Anette shivered. 'No never had girl sex, but would like to try - can we?'

'Of course we can. Would you like to dominate me, or should we just play around and see what happens?'

'I am probably not very good at ordering people about, so let's be on an even level'

'Fine. Come over here to the little stool. I can't really sit on my butt, thanks to you - hihih'

'Ohh. So sorry again.'

'Don't worry. I kinda like it. It is part of the game to. You might like it if you try. Gotta get used to it though. I did not go for this much pain in the beginning, but it grows on you.'

'Don't you want those off ?' Anette pointed to the gloves on her hands.

'In fact I would, but I should not, you know.'

'Take the collar and your rings off as well, I would like you to be totally nude.'

'Could you please look the other way? I am very shy and have not undressed in front of strangers before?'

'Well. Sooner or later I have to see you anyway, and you are not the first woman I see naked.' He replied, but got up and turned his attention to the paintings on the wall. Shortly after she said: 'Ok, I am ready.'

He turned round. She was still standing in the middle of the floor.

Naked but with her hands firmly crossed over her breasts.

He went up to her and took her hands gently.

Moved them down and over to her back.

In the process he got very close to her, and she looked right into his eyes with an innocent and questioning look.

He could hear her short, rapid breathing and see her chest moving up and down.

She was getting excited and was still nervous.

'So - leave you hands there for the time being.'

He had helped her folding them on the middle of her back.

She quickly looked down into the floor again, but did not move her arms or hands, when he let go.

'Wauv!. You don't have anything to hide. Beautiful!', he said admiring her firm, rounded breasts and the little pointed tits at the end.

Her face turned almost purple.

'Now let's see what Alice has found for us.'

He turned to the box on the other chair.

He put the wrist cuffs on her first, enabling him to lock her hands on her back - no more crossing them in front of her pretty breasts.

The cuffs were of the same type; the other two girls were wearing. He was going to wait with the heavy hoof model till later.

She was still very calm after he had locked her hands. Probably something she and her boyfriend had tried already.

Nothing that alarmed her.

He grabbed her shoulders from behind and whispered in her ears: 'Not to uncomfortable? OK ?'

She nodded and spoke an almost unheardable 'yes.'

'Good. This will keep you hands out of the way.'

Then he picked up a collar.

A wider model than the one she had been wearing before, and one that had a sort of mask attached to it.

'Good girl, Alice' he thought.

Often a mask made the girls relax, gave them a feeling of anonymity, that made submission easier.

He explained this in a whispering voice as he adjusted the mask and collar on her pretty face and head

The mask left her eyes, nostrils, ears and mouth/chin free. It also had an opening in the back, where he pulled her hair out and tied a thin strap around the base.

Now she had a ponytail hairdo - one that could also be

Then they laughed at each other and said in unison: 'It's part of the game.'

'I get it, I get it. You can keep your gloves on.'

'Come on don't be shy.' She took Anette by hooking her wrist and putting it around her arm. Then she pulled her over to the little square box, and let her arms slide around her whispering: 'Kiss me. I wanna taste you.'

Claus entered quietly, and looked at the tangle of arms and legs on the stool.

Moaning and sighing filled the air from the two women unaware of his presence.

'Well, well. So this is what goes on when I leave you two alone.'

The bodies disengaged and Anette got up, blushing.

'Sorry, but we could not help it.'

'It's ok. Nice to see you two have become friends.'

Thought you were angry with both her and me'

'No. We were just playing around.'

Anette went over to him and put her arms around him.

She was just wearing her blouse. Everything else had come off in the struggle.

They kissed. He said. 'Well you might as well take that off too.' He pulled the blouse over her head, so that she was totally naked.

She caressed him and held her body close to his.

Then she whispered in his ear: 'She's actually really sweet. Would you like to have her again? As a sign I am not the least bit cross. I will even help you. How would you like her? I am sure; she will do whatever we want her to.'

He smiled from ear to ear and looked sideways at the ponygirl kneeling in front of the stool: 'I think I would like to have her anally. Something you have never let me do to you. Can I do that?'

'Probably, yes. Come here, my little pony. Claus would like to have you.'

She got up and went over to them.

They locked her arms and put the bit back in place.

They had not tried this before, but after a bit of fumbling, they succeeded in getting it right.

'Now bend over', Anette said, and as she did this she felt how they released her tail and pulled it out with a slurping sound.

Anette made sure her position over the stool was right: spread legs, forward bend and her chest resting on the stool.

Her little hands pulled and pushed until she was satisfied.

Then she went down and sucked Claus till he was big and ready.

'Now. Fuck her for me.'

She helped him down on his knees and directed his stiff member into her small anus.

It was tight and greased and he moaned as he penetrated her.

Anette kissed him and let him play with her as she whispered in his ear and sucked on his tongue.

used as a handle. The mask was very soft, padded and totally smooth, so that the bridle would be easy and comfortable later..

'Much better, is it not? Now you can pretend to be anybody, and pretend that nobody knows you.'

'Yes', she gave the mirror a quick glance. 'I think I like that.'

She spoke up a bit, and he sensed she straightened her back.

It did have the desired effect.

Now she was looking up and not down in the floor, and her shyness was wearing away.

He then put the boots on her.

From the front, not the usual way, like a blacksmith shoes horses.

He wanted her to feel even more secure, so it was important for him, that she could see and follow his actions as much as possible.

'You should think I am the submissive, kneeling like this for you.'

They both laughed a little over this.

She was relaxing and calming down.

'Now for a little waist improvement.' He took out the black waist-trainer corset.

'Please. Not too tight.'

'No. We will start with just putting it on lightly.'

Then you can see if you like it.'

He mounted the corset round her thin waistline, and made sure it was just fitting but not pressing, and that the appropriate points on the bottom of it was resting on her hipbone.

Then he lifted her locked hands up and clicked them on to the back of the corset.

He undid them from each other, and used a ring on the side of the corset, pulling her arms crossed on her back.

One could see most of her gloved hands sticking out of both sides of her body.

He smiled as he did this very light, thinking he would wait with the final adjustment, till he had tightened the corset.

She probably thought that they were finished with her arms and corset, and thinking that it was not that bad after all.

After which he let his hands slide slowly down her butt.

'Nice. Keeps your underbody free and accessible.'

Do you like that?'

She gave a quiet moan, clearly getting excited.

He then mounted the cuffs on her elbows, but left them unlocked for the time being.

Pulling out the telescopic spreader bar and placing it quickly behind her legs, he whispered in her ear: 'Now. My little bitch. Spread your legs for me. Come. Come. More. More.'

He had placed one hand in her crotch and let a finger slowly caress the outsides of her opening.

Slowly her legs slid outwards and suddenly he could feel her open and the wetness developing inside her.

Being busy like this she did not notice the two stableboys quietly entering the room.



She could clearly see them entering from her position facing the door.

She saw them tip-toeing closer, as she felt Claus bumping in and out of her, mixing the pain of him hitting her raw butt with the enjoyment of his member stretching her sphincter.

'Hey. Let go. Stop that.' Anette started protesting as they pulled her away.

She could not see what was happening, but soon Anette was dragged into view in front of her.

The boys held her arms and forced her face down on the floor. She kicked and protested.

'Claus. Help me. Let go you brutes.'

She saw how they cross-tied Anette's wrists with a short cord on her back.

Then they crossed her ankles and tied them up as well. Finally they connected her wrists and ankles with another short cord.

Between them they forced a ballgag in Anette's protesting and screaming mouth.

Immediately muffling the sound.

Then they let go of her.

The whole thing seemed to have taken only a minute or two.

It reminded her of the way she had seen cowboys at rodeo's catching calves: Quickly down on the ground and then a professional and fast tying of the arms and legs.

She bend her head looking down at the floor, not wanting to meet Anette's eyes at this moment.

Claus had been still in her anus during all this.

Now he spoke: 'Well. My dear. We are now at the point we have all been waiting for. In a minute the boys will take you to the stables, where you will spend the next three weeks in training. I will ask them to wait till I have finished with this pony, so that you can see and feel the humiliation.'

She could hear Anette struggling, but knew instinctively that it would be in vain.

After all, if she got loose or partly loose, the boys would

His finger slid in easily and she gave a short gasp.

'Calm my dear. Just open and do as you are told.'

She closed her lips firmly as her legs slid even further apart, until they were the right distance.

He quickly let go of her, and clicked the rings on the ankles of the boots to the bar.

'So. That's much better. Open and nice.

Don't you think?'

'Yes' she answered in a small voice.

Again she was becoming shy and blushing.

'Louder...and it is 'Yes, Master' ...you do need some training, don't you' , he said in a more determined voice.

They were getting closer.

Yes, Master' she replied, maybe for the first time realizing what was happening to her.

'I am sure your boyfriend will like your new looks.

Just need the final adjustments. Now, be a good little bitch and open your mouth...wide please.'

He put the bit with the build-in ballgag in front of her face, and she obediently opened up and let it inside.

Carefully he placed it and then tightened the straps behind her head, under her chin and over her head.

He made sure that it was good and tight so that she would not be able to speak.

'I am sure your boyfriend thinks you normally have a big mouth..but we have put an end to that..haven't we my dear...'

'hmmmm...'

'I thought so..lovely. And now for the final touch.'

He started to tighten the corset one strap at a time and one notch at a time.

Slowly her waist became even slimmer, and her hips and breasts stuck out even more invitingly.

She tried twisting and turning and making protesting noises.

He really enjoyed this part.

Now he was ready to let her feel the total dominance.

No more sweet-talking and consideration.

He made the corset really tight.

Her skinny body looking more and more sexy as it began to have the well-known hourglass shape.

Then he pressed her elbows together, making her moan as her shoulder and chest stuck out.

With a loud click, he secured them, released her wrists, and pressed her elbows even further together.

Finally he connected her wrists by a leather strap through a ring in the front-center of her corset and secured her.

Then stepped back to admire her.

'Beautiful. Now, who would have thought that you could turn out this pretty? Certainly not you, yourself?'

He let his hands slide over her shoulders and down under her breasts, as he whispered in her ears: 'Just to make your breasts stick out for my pleasure. Lovely.

Don't you think. Begging me to do anything I want with them.'

be over her again – and then: Where would she go and how would she get out?

She felt Claus beginning to move again, and pressed and tried to keep up his rhythm.

Looking up, she saw tears running down Anette's cheeks.

Had she been able to speak, she would have asked them all to stop, as the conversation, she had just had with Anette, had convinced her that she had second thoughts about the whole thing, but her bit prevented any uttering efficiently.

Claus fucked her anus till he came with a little scream, muttering: 'Ahhh, lovely.'

He trust himself in a few more times, emptying himself. Then pulled out of her.

She stayed still in the same position, as he got up. She did not even react, when one of the stableboys remounted her tail.

Claus hovered over Anette: 'Well. Boys. She is very hot-tempered and very independent. Now take her away and teach her some manners.'

The boys pulled a hood over Anette's head. Probably to make her quiet.

At least his was what happened.

Then they untied her legs, but left a short cord between her ankles, so she would not kick or try to run.

They held one arm each and led her away.

Claus turned to her, and pulled her up by her bit. 'Get up, my little ponygirl.'

His face was very close to hers.

Then he kissed her cheek.

'Now I have had you in all your 3 openings – and it has been great every time.

I hope Anette will come out somehow like you after her training. I also hope to see more of you before the end of my stay.'

He caressed her all over.

His gentle hands inspected her piercings, waistline, the headharness and her bridle.

All with a lot of care and taking good time in doing so.

She noticed that his member was getting larger again, and began herself to feel ready to have him once more.

He made her lie down on her back on the same stool, on which she had just played with Anette and on which she had been resting as he had her from behind a few minutes before.

Her arms were partly sleeping, but she could still feel how uncomfortable it was to lie with her full weight on them.

Then he started kissing her hard tits, sucking the little points sticking out of the cones, biting carefully in the hard flesh.

She wriggled in ecstasy and felt a tinkling in her pussy.

She wriggled again, but he just laughed as he caressed her.

He went to the side of the wall and pulled a rope that was attached to a ring in the ceiling right above her.

He attached the rope to the back of her belt.

'Just to make you stand still.' He said again letting his hand slide over her body again.

He had secured the rope from her belt to the ceiling, immobilizing her completely.

Elisabeth looked in the mirror at herself with a curious look: Naked and in leather and restraints.

He gave her ample time to study herself.

Her eyes had a slightly frightened look, but at this point he knew, that he was in control and that she would get over her first surprised over her condition.

He took the little nipple chain out of his breast pocket: 'We had better use this. Don't you think?'

He did not wait for or expect any answer as he held up the chain with the pincher in each end.

She might as well get used to her nipples getting this kind of attention.

After all, she would soon have a heavy and maybe permanent ring hanging from each of them.

With his thumb and forefinger he pressed and pinched her nipple, till he was satisfied with the hardness.

Then slipped the pincer over it and let go.

He quickly did the same to the other nipple.

She shivered and her chest was moving very fast up and down.

He pulled the chain between them. Saying: 'Ahhh.

Lovely feeling is it not? I thought you would like that.'

Then he attached a leash to her collar and said: 'Now, bitch. Bend over so I can have the Trainers privilege:

The first try-out.'

She struggled, but he forced her head downwards and locked the leash to the spreader bar between her legs.

One last pull and she was helpless butt sticking straight out, and inviting him.

The strap from her belt to the ceiling made her legs stay in that perfect triangle.

'First I will make both of us realize, who's in control, and what will happen to you if you don't behave and do as you are instructed from now on.'

He swung the crop a few times in mid air making an ominous swishing sound.

Then he went behind her, and placed the end of the crop right on her opening.

He rubbed it a little back and forth on her wet skin.

Then pulled back and gave her one quick and sharp lash right on her most sensitive point.

She screamed, but the scream stayed down in her throat.

He placed the crop a second time.

This time she knew what was coming and struggled violently, but in vain – another swish of the crop and

He slowly slid down to her crotch and used two fingers to pull the skin away from her clit.

Then he let the point of his tongue carefully caress just the end of it.

She was almost exploding.

'So so, my little pony. Calm. Calm.'

She just caught a glimpse of his eyes before he went down again.

This time sucking her clit as if he wanted to suck out all the energy of her body.

She wriggled even more, trying to get away from the suction and the ecstasy, but he followed her movements and held on to her, so that she was in constant contact with his licking tongue and sucking mouth.

Finally she arched in a wide curve, her body leaving the box all together and just her shoulder blades and feet on the ground.

He had put his arms under her hips and was holding on to some of the rings in her belt.

Thus he had full control: His shoulders prevented her from putting her legs together, his grip prevented her from moving away on the stool, and at the same time was making it easy for him to follow her movements and holding her back.

Then his lips closed in on her exposed clit, sucking like she had not been sucked for a long time.

She felt like her whole world was centered round this helpless little point between her legs, and that it was inside his mouth being drained of everything.

She moved so violently that he felt like he was actually riding her and that she was doing what she could to throw him off, but he stayed and kept it up, even when he felt her legs shaking and her whole body shivering in orgasm.

The almost animal like sounds coming from her throat made the whole scene seem even more like she was not human.

He got up and looked down at her.

Their eyes met in a quiet understanding.

One thing was to control her physical body, another thing to control her senses like he had just done.

She looked at his stiff member, and followed it with her eyes as far as she could as he knelt down, took a firm hold of her legs and penetrated her wet pussy with one fast and hard punch.



another hit right in the spot made her jump in the restraints.

He hit her five times, each time carefully placing the crop, and waiting for her to be absolutely still before giving her a precise slap.

He knew this had one advantage: Nobody would be able to see any marks afterwards, and of course she would not be able to tell.

He went beside her head and dropped his pants. 'Look, Bitch.'

He turned her head so that she could see his erect member.

'I am going to fuck you, and fuck you good.

Maybe I will butt-fuck you later tonight, but for a first run, I will use your cunt.'

He went behind her and let his hands caress her hips, getting a good grip and positioning himself before trusting inside her warmth with full force.

He rode her wildly and at one point let go of her hips, so that she could feel him bumping her at each trust.

She came with a wild throat sound and a shiver as he released his warm juices inside her.

He was really ready for this.

The events of the day had made him really horny – and he delivered a full load inside her.

He pressed himself all the way inside her, and stayed like this until he was sure, he had nothing more to deliver. Then pulled back.

He let his fingers slide gently over her wet meat, making her shiver one last time.

It was not possible to see if the swelling was from the whipping or the fucking.

He felt himself wanting her again, but decided he would wait.

After all there was one more woman to be tried out this evening: Anette, that had been so good with the whip.

He was looking forward to see her reactions, when she found herself in the receiving end.

A small, crooked smile developed on his face.

He got the dildo strap out of the now almost empty box, made sure that she had time to give the long leather strap with the two dildo's a good, long look.

He stood right beside her head, as he greased the black rods for easier insertion.

He took care to do it slowly, making her see every detail and imagine what these two large, black, rubber sticks would feel inside her.

He went behind her and attached the end to the front of her waist-trainer under her, pulled it out between her legs and placed the two hard rods at each opening.

He was very careful to place the butt-dildo correctly. Tried with his thumb to penetrate her and feeling how she resisted with all the force she had left in her.

He did get the thumb inside, and could feel that she

All the way inside till he could feel the rings and chains from her labia scraping against his skin.

She was proud that she had succeeded yet again to excite him and make him want to have her.

'Look at me', he ordered her as he hovered above her. She focused, and he smiled at her saying: Look me in the eyes. I wanna see you. Don't look away or close your eyes.'

She concentrated and kept his eyes locked to hers as he began moving inside her.

The tickling and sensitivity in her pussy was almost unbearable.

He moved inside her in little circles, making his member explore every little part of her insides.

At the same time rubbing his body against her naked outer skin, stretched labia and ring and chain arrangement.

She spread her legs as far as they would go and pressed her body against his, wishing she had some sort of method to lock him inside her, so that he would just stay there, big and probing

Little shivering waves went through her body, until she could not help herself anymore, but lifted her legs up behind him and locked the ankles on his back, holding him and pressing to get even more of him inside.

Thus they kept on, eyes fixed to each other until she could see in his eyes that he was ready to cum. She eagerly waited his juices, and pressed even harder. Her legs almost cramping. She was almost at the verge of another great cum.

Suddenly he pulled out of her, released himself from her locking legs, got up and placed himself kneeling on top of her.

One leg on each side of her chest.

His penis hovering over her head.

He grabbed the ring on the top of her head with one hand, and his member with the other.

'Don't look away. Look at me.' His voice was firm and determined, and she did not dare anything but to do as told.

She looked beside the stiff member and into his eyes.

Then he started moving the skin on his member back and forth with his free hand, first slowly, then faster.

She saw the red head right above her and his eyes looking at her - smiling.

She realized that this was something he, until now, never had done - and something he would not get Anette to do by her own free will.

His member started a series of jerks and then his semen spayed onto her face.

She blinked a few times to avoid getting it directly in her eyes, but most of it hit her cheeks, nose and bridled mouth.

It surprised her that he still had so much juice in him. She had expected him to run rather dry from the

had not been used in this opening, or at least not regularly.

Maybe he should use a smaller size for starters?

He decided to try with the medium size Alice had provided him with.

Alice usually was a good judge of people, character, and sizes.

He took a lot of care placing the butt dildo the right way in the opening.

Her cunt was so sobbing wet and open, that he knew it would be no problem.

Slowly he pressed the two rods inside her.

Using the most force on the butt model and feeling her resistance as the head slowly expanded her.

She was also making noises indicating that this was not pleasing for her.

He could see the head disappearing inside her and her sphincter closing behind it.

Knew it would be difficult for her to push it out now.

He could sense she relaxed.

She had given up resistance, and was standing very still as she was slowly penetrated and her last two openings taken under his control.

Finally he tightened the strap so that it was deeply lodged between her buttocks, spreading them and underlining the beauty of their roundness.

'So my dear. Now you are ready to go back to your boyfriend. I am sure; he will appreciate the difference.' Their eyes met as he got her upright again, and untied the spreader bar.

She was stepping a little back and forth with very small steps, to adjust her balance.

He caressed her cheek and smiled at her: 'I am sure you will be a good little pony. You just need some training and adjusting. Let me give you a first and last piece of advice: Do what you are told, and do it as good as you can, then you will be spared much pain and much punishment. Now, come on - back to playland...'

He led her along by the leash.

First very slowly making her adjust herself to the unfamiliarity of the high-heels - then a bit faster up to almost normal walking speed.

'Here she is!', he said as they entered the room.

Everybody turned and looked.

'Wauw!', 'Pretty!', 'Beautiful!' praising words flew across the room, and everybody gathered around Elisabeth, feeling her, touching her and caressing her.

'Well, is this something like you expected?' The Trainer asked Henrik.

'Yeah. You bet. She's prettier than I would ever imagine. How did you get her to agree to this?'

The Trainer stroked her butt: 'Was not difficult, was it, Elisabeth. We got along fine after the first shyness was overcome.' He smiled at her and she tried uttering something that stuck behind the gag.

evening's events – but he still had enough to deliver over her face.

When he had released all, he took the hand from his penis, while still holding her head with the other hand, smeared the semen around, drying his fingers on her cheeks.

Then he smiled one last time and got up saying: 'lie still.'

He turned to the display of leatherware on the wall, picked a short many-ended flogger, and came back. 'So you wanna come again? Do you my little pony?' She tried nodding, feeling his semen dripping off her face in little tickling drops.

He placed himself between her legs, spreading them once again so that he had absolutely free access to her opened cunt, and then he started to hit her with the flogger.

Not hard, but very gentle at first.

He rotated the shaft of the flogger in the air, making the ends circle and hit her blood-filled clit and lips with every turn.

The sensation made her jump.

He rhythmically flogged her open cunt until she came again from the constant small pain from the flogger. She then collapsed and closed her eyes, hoping he would leave her for a while.

'Beautiful', she heard Johns voice and then Cecilia seconding him.

They both clapped and praised Claus for his way of handling her.

She kept her eyes closed, but could understand from the exchange of words that they had been watching them for a while.

Then John said: 'Well. We had better go to the riding house. Maybe we can see if you can handle her equally well in front of a cart'

Continued...

She did not look at all frightened anymore.

Maybe the mask, maybe the number of people admiring her as natural as they would a work of art, maybe something quite different... Fact was that she was calm and looked from one to the other, like she had been doing this for years.

Probably surprised herself.

'OK. We can take her and the blonde for a spin in the riding house in a minute. I just have to talk to Claus.

Excuse me.' He handed the leash to Henrik, who immediately demonstrated his dominance by pulling her along to a chair and making her kneel beside it as he sat down.

He pulled Claus aside: 'Are your girlfriend still playing with the brunette?'

'Yes, I looked in on them discretely a minute ago. They were having girl-fun – hehe.'

'OK. You still want to go along with this – and do you think she still does?'

'Well. I don't think she has changed her mind. She's very stubborn, but I think you will not be able to make her volunteer like Elisabeth. I think you should force her in the beginning. Then after a short while, she will realize that this is what we are here for and that she has agreed to it herself.'

'OK. In a minute you will go in to them. I will get the two stableboys. Then after a short while they will come in and take care of her. No matter what, you just be still, and don't interfere with things. The boys have tried his a lot of times before. No harm will come to her. They know what they are doing. You just relax – and maybe have some fun with the brunette. After Anette has been taken away by the lads. John or Cecilia will come for you and the brunette. You can come to the stable and have some fun, while Anette is being made ready. Don't worry it will be fine.'

Continued...

"The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it"
Oscar Wilde

