

Pony Girl Jackie

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“Comfortable?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. A little stretching is always relaxing. And I thought it would be best for our little tete a’ tete.”

Jackie’s toes dangle less than an inch above the barn floor. Lady Joyce Grayson steps away from the wall switch. Broad wrist cuffs hooked to an overhead chain will firmly hold Jackie in place. With a flip of a switch, the winch will lower her when deemed necessary. The noted equestrienne has always felt simple bondage is best. Tethers tend to offer covering. She prefers complete nakedness.

“You’ve been raised to bear the harness, Jackie. There’s no doubt about that.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” the words coyly uttered.

Lady Joyce’s compliment is spurred by her gaze of the superb athletic form helplessly hanging from the barn’s ceiling. In her complete nudity, Jackie is a curious combination of girlish curves and impressive muscling. With every strand of body hair long ago removed, and cranial hair styled in the demanded short page boy of the pony girl, there is no part of her anatomy hidden from examining eyes. There is a charming bashfulness despite a life time of forcibly exhibiting all.

The equestrienne steps forward, noting calves and thighs that bulge despite being relieved by the chain of any burdens. As trained, the girl parts her feet to better present herself. Lady Joyce smiles with the ingrained reaction. A bald mons reveals all that normally makes a girl blush when so ostentatiously presented. Plump labia majora yield nicely to a vertical slit of bright pink inner lips. A clitoral hood seems to beg for inspection, bringing a wry smile to Lady Joyce. She knows that beneath is a mammoth bud, Jackie’s most sensitive feminine organ growing to absurdity under the deluge of hormones that began when she reached puberty and her trainer commenced exercising her in earnest.

Though somewhat aroused, Lady Joyce outwardly remains calm. This morning, she and Jackie will engage in a ritual of power exchange, that between human equine and equestrienne. Normally executed while pulling a cart or other means of conveyance, sometimes the mental side, psychologically exerting control, is as important as the physical.

Thus, Lady Joyce wears her white cotton blouse, beige jodhpurs, and knee high black leather boots while Jackie shows herself completely nude... and helplessly bound, toes twitching in search of flooring.

The equestrienne makes a show of producing latex gloves, neatly folded under her waist belt. She slowly dons the thin prophylactic coverings, deliberately snapping the elastic to ensure a tight fit.

A layer of protection denotes aloofness, but with the thinness she can also feel the firm and warm flesh of the completely naked pony girl.

“You’re expensive, Jackie. But come with good pedigree and what appears to be an appropriate disposition.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

“I can understand his Lordship’s preference. You’ve been trained in harness for years... have excellent stamina... a wonderful desire to run.”

A gloved left hand presses against Jackie’s lower belly. Though there is a layer of smooth flesh, it is shockingly firm where a woman is normally soft. Jackie’s abdominal musculing is toned to perfection. Still, thumb and forefinger press and splay, lifting, opening and spreading the clitoral hood. A satisfying moan reaches Lady Joyce’s ears. Complete chastity, rigidly enforced, has such a wonderful way of enhancing sensitivity. When the clitoris pops into view and obediently stands in salute, Lady Joyce smiles. It is indeed huge, seeming to implore attention.

“Interesting what male hormones will do. For a girl your age, your bud is enormous. It’s a shame it gets so little use.”

Lady Joyce snickers. Tonight she will make love to Lord Charles ensuring that her own feminine anatomy receives much consideration. She will orgasm thinking of Jackie... hooded, comfortably restrained and put up for the night... engaged in the never ending solitude of the pony girl... humbly resting in silent darkness but with unending desire to be harnessed and run.

“When were you first run, Jackie?”

“I don’t know, ma’am. I was raised to be a pony girl. Bred I suppose. I remember being run with Mother very early. She was in harness. I just ran free, following along, wrists bound behind my back, of course. Mistress wanted me to enjoy the feeling of cool, early morning air blowing over my uncovered skin. She worked Mother rather diligently that morning. She said she wanted me to be accustomed to the sound of the crop striking wet, perspiring skin. She had a firm, demanding hand and was known to quickly work Mother into a dawn lather. ‘There is warmth to be had, despite the languishing cold of the passing night,’ I remember Mistress explaining as the crop sounded a steady cadence on Mother’s backside.”

“You enjoyed watching Mistress work?”

“Oh yes. She had me run often that way. Just trotting along watching and listening. After every outing she would touch me there. Where your hand is now. And she would explain that it would someday be my turn to take the bit, to pull, and to feel the crop.”

“Interesting. So she masturbated you.”

Lady Joyce slides one then two fingers into Jackie’s vaginal pouch. The pubes is not only hairless, there is no stubble to be felt. In her formative years, the region was barraged with depilating chemicals and electrolysis. Jackie’s pubic follicles long ago surrendered even before hair had an opportunity to develop. Nothing much ever had a chance to grow there and nothing ever will.

Lady Joyce encounters much wetness. The pony girl’s own recollections prove to be lustfully pleasant.

“I guess so, ma’am. I am not sure what that is... masturbation”

Of course not. Jackie has never had a normal sexual experience. Mistress used the girl’s developing sexuality in a system of rewards, assuring that being run naked in the outdoor breeze was mentally associated with pleasure. Run well... then feel the wonderment of knowing fingers exploring where a girl so much enjoys penetration.

Lady Joyce surmises that later in such a program, the pleasure of exploring fingers would be curtailed and replaced by the curious sting of the crop excoriating flesh made hypersensitive

by the frustration of chastity. Denying young girls access to that which nature awakens at puberty has that effect... completely befuddling the nerve receptors... and making pain a substitute for that which is so much desired but constantly denied.

Lady Joyce glances up to see Jackie's nipples harden and point upwards. With her size and being strung up off her toes, the pony breasts are displayed at eye level to Lady Joyce.

She smirks with superiority. Her own mammary glands are voluptuous. Perfectly rounded mounds which Lord Charles attacks with delight in nightly sessions of love making, she takes pride in comparing them to the peculiarly flat pony breasts. Jackie's glands are depleted of fat, the miles and miles of laboring in harness and confronting the endless rotating canvass of the treadmill having robbed the girl of any curvature there. Still, nipples the size of cherries take nicely to the crop. Both pony girl and equestrienne know that a firm swat there ensures obedience and instant compliance to tugs on the reins.

Lady Joyce withdraws from Jackie's love pouch. Physical pleasure is a rare commodity in the stables. Satisfaction comes only in the form of physical exertion... of working to please Lady and Lord Grayson. It is a subtle reward and can be earned only under the crop and after heavily perspiring in warm sunshine and fresh air.

If Jackie was indeed masturbated as a pony girl in training, the memory of such pleasure should be savored. It will not happen under the tutelage of Lady Joyce.

Gloved hands move to the nipples. Sprightly pointing, so many times the pink nubs have felt the unmerciful sting of Lady Joyce's crop wielding hand. When pulling the cart, the buttocks may be an attractive target for encouragement, but the nipples prove to be amazingly efficient, causing instant reaction to the most modest of taps. No pony girl can withstand the anguish, and on a hot day, Lady Joyce spares herself of much exhaustion with simple flicks of the wrist rather than full strokes to well padded buttocks.

In toying with the erect areolas, Lady Joyce feels the firmness and the inordinate muscling under the thin layer of fat. Though limited in upper body development, running in harness builds many muscles other than legs and torso. And with the hormones, Jackie's chest resembles that of a hairless teenaged boy more than that of a woman. Still, the flatness of the mammary glands highlights the nipples, causing them to point... and with comical directness for those not accustomed to pony girls. Thus the peculiar lack of voluptuous fat has its advantages. The pink nubs are defacto targets.

Lady Joyce pinches and twists to receive a gasp of pain for her efforts. She wants Jackie's attention.

"Lord Charles seems to be enjoying his early morning jaunts. Have you?"

"Being of service is my only role in life, ma'am."

"Yes, of course."

Lady Joyce's hands smooth down the sides of Jackie's torso causing her body to slightly swing in suspension. Arriving at the hips the extraordinary muscling begins in earnest, her narrow waist giving way to the beginnings of a pony girl's most noticeable attribute, gluteus maximus muscles resembling sculpted globes and leading to thighs the size of tree trunks.

Lady Joyce recalls the amusing test which Jackie's former Mistress and trainer demonstrated when Jackie was being considered for purchase. Having the girl lean slightly forward and flexing her buttocks, a wine glass was perched atop the shelf of firm flesh resulting

from her Mistress's command. The full glass stayed perfectly balanced while a motionless Jackie kept her powerful gluteus maximus muscles taut. After a few moments Mistress gave the command to relax and deftly reached for the glass as it tipped and began to fall.

"Deportment training. She can so present herself for an hour without spilling a drop," Mistress explained while sipping with an evil grin.

As a result of such early training, Jackie's buttocks protrude incredibly and especially when in harness or being exercised. When Jackie first arrived at the stables, an infatuated Lord Charles used within days a year's supply of canes in amusing himself while running Jackie on the treadmill.

Now it seems he has found other amusements for the prodigious mounds of muscle and flesh.

Thus Lady Joyce's questions.

"Ever feel sorry that you're so over developed here, Jackie. You have the posterior of a rugby player. Not exactly the girlish form most would hope to have."

She laughs and steps to the side, surveying the mammoth backside in profile.

"I trust it serves you and Master Charles well, ma'am."

"Yes, it does. And that's what I wanted to discuss with you."

Lady Joyce continues to circle to Jackie's rear. The cheeks are round, firm, powerful. A lifetime of training has gone into their development. Quite possibly they are still growing with the daily extensive exercise, special diet and continuation of the hormones. And all so the twin hillocks can labor in harness and properly accept swift strokes of a whippy length of rattan. Which they do... often.

"Spread for me."

In a motion resembling that of a gymnast, Jackie parts her feet and lifts them out to her sides. Lady Joyce slips her right hand under and between Jackie's parted thighs and once again enters her vagina from the rear. She gathers up moisture and immediately withdraws. Holding one's feet apart while hanging from her wrists demonstrates impressive athleticism. Jackie maintains the awkward pose seemingly without effort.

"Can you feel my fingers here, Jackie?"

The moistened fingers of the right glove caress within the deep rear crevice formed by her mountainous hillocks. A wordless sigh answers Lady Joyce's question as the quick search finds the rear portal. Then there is a cooed 'ahh' when the fingers work past the crinkled rectum.

Two fingers welcomingly slide inward, well past the second knuckle. The ringed muscle of a teenaged girl's anus should not so easily facilitate penetration. Lady Joyce wriggles her digits in disgust.

"You're open here, Jackie. And it seems you are already lubricated."

A third finger is introduced. Lady Joyce is shocked when Jackie's young and well muscled backside proves to be so overly receptive. In a place where a young pony girl should be tight, Jackie is open... very open... and when another 'ahh' is involuntarily offered, Lady Joyce's suspicions are found to have basis.

Pony girl Jackie has not only been sodomized... her rectum is prepared for more... her rear portal yields to penetrating objects like the mouth of a hungry beggar... and worst... the forcibly chaste girl enjoys the sensation.

Disgust turns to anger as Jackie contracts her purse string muscle and squeezes her buttocks in what seems to be a practiced greeting to Lady Joyce's fingers. It is as if she is shaking her hand, but in a most lascivious manner. Jackie has undergone more than pony training.

Lady Joyce withdraws.

"Down."

Thighs and buttocks relax. The feet once again hang idly in quiet deference, toes wriggling. Lady Joyce moves to the front. She gazes at the stretched and muscled nakedness. With Jackie's wrists held high above and the toes of her pointed feet searching for the floor beneath, the length of the exposed flesh totals over eight feet. She marvels at the size and strength but smiles in contemplating the helplessness and complete vulnerability of the young and exquisitely forged giantess.

Then her smile fades. She holds up the penetrating glove-covered hand. It glistens.

"Clean... and lubricated. You've had a colonic and have been prepared for more than just pulling a cart."

A pause for thought.

"Interesting what one can learn early in the day. Something about the early bird catching a worm, if I recall an old adage."

Lady Joyce laughs wickedly as she peels away the latex gloves. Jackie hangs her head in shame. Her chin rests on her chest.

"I think you should ride a bit this morning... add a little muscling to those prodigious legs."

Lady Joyce slides a simple board mounted on a frame toward Jackie's hanging form.

"Spread one more time, Jackie."

A very disheartened young pony girl once again pushes her ankles apart while Lady Joyce guides the board between outstretched thighs. The edge points upward threatening a girl's most precious anatomy. Lady Joyce flips the switch and lowers Jackie until her feet touch the floor and her pink labia likewise touch the board.

Jackie rises to her toes in a practiced reaction to save her sensitive pink flesh from the board's abrasion.

"I'll need to reflect on these morning rendezvous Jackie. It is not within my purview to deny my husband pleasure. In keeping and training a bevy of pony girls, I suppose such comes with the territory.

"But you... your pleasure... is a different matter. That *is* well within my purview."

As Lady Joyce departs she is comforted in seeing Jackie struggle to stay on toes. Worse than hanging and letting gravity take its toll on the muscles in the arms, is to have to fight its slow effect for hour after hour with thigh and calf muscles.

But the awkward position nicely causes the massive buttocks to clench and display the fine roundedness so exquisitely carved through years and years of adolescent diet and exercise.

Lady Joyce makes a note to return. After an hour or so, Jackie's perspiring wet buttocks should be most ready for a firm caning.

“When did Lord Grayson give you the special instructions, Kaida?”

“About two months ago, Missie Joyce”

Kaida’s English is broken but she understands the language better than she speaks it. Therefore much discussion turns to one way communication with Lord or Lady Grayson speaking and Kaida dutifully listening.

Still, Kaida is quite the find. Young and from a farming region in Northern Japan, she understands animals. And with a natural disdain for the Caucasian female, she has been able to convert her understanding to appropriate but completely irreverent treatment of the Grayson’s collection of pony girls. Thus whenever Lady Joyce sees the young saucily dressed form of Kaida, aloofly working a girl’s buttocks or breasts with crop, quirt or cane, she is reminded that the Japanese eponym of ‘Kaida’ is ‘little dragon’.

“Show me what Lord Grayson has instructed you to do, Kaida.”

Kaida leads Lady Grayson to the cleansing room where a special table awaits every worn pony girl after endeavoring in harness.

“I lather... much soap. While suds clean, I push this into bottom.”

Kaida holds up an inflatable enema nozzle.

“Jackie like. But Lord Charles say I pump until she no like.”

Kaida smiles... almost breaking into a giggle.

“Then I hook to bottle. Water fill her. I clean. Wash. She groan. Move about. Then I pull out nozzle. Dirty water whoosh!

“Lord Charles, he want much water. I fill again and again until clear water whoosh. Girl very clean inside and out.”

Kaida laughs, no longer able to keep her composure thinking of the squirming Jackie receiving her daily series of enemas.

“Is that all, Kaida?”

“No. After very clean, I rub crevice with this.”

Kaida holds up a comically large tube of viscous gel.

“She very slippery when done.”

“And you do this *before* she runs in harness?”

“Yes, Missie Joyce. Master Charles wants very slippery bottom hole.”

“And after the run. Special treatment?”

“Same. Soap body. Fill bottom hole with nozzle. Much water. Jackie kept very clean inside and out.”

Kaida finally breaks into a full laugh, seeming to picture Jackie’s mammoth upturned backside forcibly taking pints and pints of water.

Lady Grayson pauses in thought. Kaida is the perfect unwitting accomplice for such sordid activities. She will follow instructions to the letter, enjoy observing Jackie’s struggles in having her rectum stretched, and insouciantly stand by while the pony girl’s bowels painfully fill to excess. *And*, with her rudimentary ability to communicate, no one would inadvertently learn of the activity from an indiscrete Kaida.

Though substantiated by many pointed questions of Jackie and Kaida, initial discovery of Lord Charles’ dalliances required an observing eye. The morning before, in concluding an early morning run, Lord Charles had the girl cantering, nipples quite reddened by the crop, forehead

oddly bearing a layer of dirt. He briskly snapped the perky nubs with two more strokes when he noticed Lady Joyce. The well harnessed pony girl stutter stepped with the pain and the unexpected command for speed so close to the stable. Lord Charles directed her straight to the barn despite the fact that Lady Joyce awaited on the porch with a cup of coffee for him. Not very chivalrous of her normally genteel husband.

It was then that Lady Joyce noticed traces of fluid streaming down Jackie's inner thighs.

Lord Charles' haste to return Jackie to the cleansing room provided the first clue, prompting further investigation. Jackie's stretched and lubricated opening and the instructions given Kaida for daily cleansings confirmed her husband's mischievous early morning conduct. How else would a harnessed pony girl dirty her forehead unless she has been released for duties other than pulling a cart?

Now... what to do.

Having suspected the source of the fluid dribbling down Jackie's thighs, Lady Joyce had come prepared. She reaches to the pocket of her jodhpurs.

"I have my own instructions, Kaida.

"Lord Charles desires to have Jackie's backside well cleansed. And I concur. So before applying the lubricant I want her bottom hole scrubbed... with this."

Lady Joyce holds up a simple toothbrush.

"Use it before Lord Charles takes her for the morning run. You won't need to open the skin, but I suspect the best way to ensure cleanliness is to scrub until her rectum is very sensitive to the touch."

There's no more exhilarating sensation of power known than to work a pony girl into an early morning sweat and then tap out a cadence of crisp 'splats' as the crop excoriates wet skin and motivates increases in speed.

The rakish Lord Charles has arisen before dawn, quietly dressed to avoid waking Lady Joyce and quickly eaten a muffin prepared by the loyal kitchen staff. As he steps out the rear door, the sun peeks over the far off grassy knoll where he will soon be directing his trusty steed.

Before acquiring Jackie, Lord Charles' mornings began with a refreshing shower. Now each begins with a refreshing run and a shower afterwards, the cleansing rush of water needed to cover evidence of his sordid escapade.

A quick walk to the barn area finds Kaida standing ready with Jackie harnessed to a very light pony cart. Bit and bridle... broad waist belt with wrist restraints... slack reins dangling in the handler's left hand... a crop in the right.

For these quick excursions, Lord Charles forgoes the preferred pageantry of the pony girl aficionado. No plumage, no tail insert, no fancy headdress. Just a naked pony girl and the minimal bindings needed to control her every movement.

In the cool morning air, Jackie's pert nipples point skyward seeming to stand in wait for the first application of the crop. Her hair remains wet from Kaida's morning bathing. Her feet shuffle in anticipation of a brisk run and in attempting to warm herself.

She will soon have more than enough heat as Lord Charles' deft but unrelenting hand will

crop her nipples and buttocks until her flesh burns and the cart seems to fly through the fields and pastures of the large farm.

“She’s cleansed?” Lord Charles asks, keeping dialogue with the sententious Kaida to a minimum.

“Inside out,” Kaida responds delivering reins and crop to eager hands.

“Lubricated?”

“The oil seems to excite, Massa Charles. See how she move feet?”

Yes, with the slightest movement Jackie feels a squishing sensation between her muscled hillocks. It feels good, reminding the young and naive pony girl of the forthcoming attention to be received from her Master. The regimen of strict chastity has that effect on the girl of eighteen. So many mundane things serve to titillate... to arouse. And standing bound and naked before Master Charles, knowing that her backside has been carefully washed and prepared for his pleasure, spurs a strange lust... and a yearning to please her Master. And she best knows how to do that in harness.

Lord Charles seats himself. The limited size of the cart forces him to part his feet which jut forward and to the left and right of Jackie’s knees. His face is just above the level of her wondrously shaped and exposed buttocks. With Kaida’s application of slick lotion, much of the broad expanse of flesh glows in the dull morning light. He feels arousal commencing even before the first stroke and he cannot help but hold crop and reins in his left hand and then extend his right in a comforting morning greeting.

“You’ll run well for me this morning Jackie. I can see it in your anxious feet.”

The right hand slips between massive thighs, gliding with the slipperiness there. When Jackie feels her Master’s touch she parts her feet in simple welcome. Fingers diddle the pink labia minora protruding ever so slightly, bringing exaggerated joy to the chaste teenaged girl. Well before any satisfying level of gratification is felt, however, the hand pulls back and two fingers find Kaida’s lubrication between the muscled cheeks. Satisfied, the digits retract entirely.

Comforted by his find and partially arousing Jackie to gentle frustration, his hand withdraws to take the crop.

“Giddup!”

With the command, Jackie’s right nipple feels the searing sting of the tip of the crop. As she steps to the left in response to the reins, her left nipple feels the same pang. She knows to direct the cart to the gate and knows to mentally prepare for a collection of powerful swats to her buttocks... to be endured until her Master is satisfied with the cart’s velocity.

She runs. The cart, precisely balanced on a pair of rubber inflated wheels, seems weightless, affording no burden to the extensively trained Jackie. Though mentally distressing, the years and years of conditioning and exercise have greatly diminished any physical challenge in running bound and naked.

Jackie is the equivalent of an Olympic athlete. Born, raised and trained for one purpose... to please Master and Mistress by utilizing her indefatigable conditioning. Despite the wicked snaps of the crop, her body goes into rote and begins to compose itself for a session of extended exertion. Her breathing becomes deep and steady, sucking air past the large hole in the bit. She feels her large muscles contract and then instantly flex with each footfall. Jackie becomes a machine with Master Charles at the controls. She will work herself, instantly responding to the

slightest tugs, until either the holder of the reins decides to rest or she drops in exhaustion.

She has never dropped.

Master Charles marvels at the rippling of her buttocks, the huge glutei working just inches from his face. He thinks of the well deserved respite he will bestow on Jackie when she pulls the cart to a very secluded copse... of how he will in turn exert himself while most of her form is permitted rest.

The thought spurs more strokes of the crop. Despite the coolness, sweat forms. The comforting sound of moist splats begins, spurring even more strokes. Master Charles feels pressure on the front of his trousers. Controlling pony girls has that effect. Naked skin receiving encouraging strokes of the crop and the notion of ultimate power cultivates a good stiff erection... one with which the bouncing buttocks will soon reckon.

The Grayson mansion disappears from view. The singing of waking birds forms a chorus with Lord Charles' crop hand providing a steady syncopated beat. Though the furtive grotto of greenery is only two miles from the stables, Master Charles wants his pony girl to earn her restful interlude. He directs her at full speed along paths which form a circular route... listening to the steady breathing... watchfully gazing at buttocks, legs and feet to detect any change in tempo

There is none... but occasional crisp splats of crop on buttocks ensure that there will be no waver in the exacting pace. Master Charles marvels at the performance. Jackie is very well bred and the peaceful morning sun and warming air bring thoughts concerning her procurement.

Jackie's mother, Jamie, was herself raised in harness and raced extensively. Master Charles recalls being permitted to inspect the forty-ish but impressively conditioned pony girl... languishing at the time in comfortable suspension. Jackie's original trainer and Mistress also showed him a picture. It was of her father... a huge Norwegian whose sperm was used to inseminate Jackie's mother.

Though having no homosexual proclivities and never having utilized a pony boy, Master Charles found the photo most provocative. Taken during the process of inseminating mother Jamie, the large glossy hung in a position of prominence on the wall of the Mistress's study. The naked Norwegian is shown standing with elbows painfully restrained together behind his back. His erection stood proudly. Mistress's right hand was shown firmly wrapped about the bottom of the shaft. Her left cupped the long scrotal sac with massive testicles overflowing her palm. With her domineering sneer the photo seemed to epitomize both her ultimate level of command and her disdain for the male.

In the left side of the photo, Jamie looks on, lying prostrate and strapped to a table. Her eyes glow with affection. Master Charles has seen the same pining look in Jackie's eyes whenever his fingers toy within her love pouch.

With crop hand continually working to ensure the cart's velocity, Master Charles recalls the words Jackie's trainer used to explain the process depicted in the photo.

"I could simply purchase frozen sperm and have it air shipped to the farm. But there's something about having the steed present when a pony girl is inseminated. I believe it better begins the process of bonding with the foal.

"So after having this pony named Bjorn flown to England, I had him restrained as tightly as possible and paraded him about in front of Jamie. You know pony girls as well as anyone, Lord Charles. Arousal is easily detected and as you will see by the wetness in other photos. Jamie

was instantly enthralled. Bjorn's level of arousal is self evident."

The dour trainer snickered with a noticeable look of contempt. It was evident that male ponies were tolerated... not revered.

"Before this photo was taken Jamie was fellating him to a good stand. Physical contact adds to the enticement and though not detectable in the photo, Jamie is strapped down with legs split. Here's another angle."

From a drawer, Mistress produced an even more lascivious photo. Taken from the rear of Jamie, pony boy Bjorn with Mistress stroking his huge shaft was at the top of the frame. Below lies Jamie, spread eagled, the slope of the table positioning her feet well above her head.

Much of her sex was revealed to the camera lens. The moisture, reddened color of labia minora and the firm bud peeking out from the clitoral hood evidenced the delight found in observing a virile male being slowly masturbated by controlling feminine hands. And it seemed that knowing that her own beautiful, naked and forcefully sculpted form served as a catalyst for his rising lust added to her joy.

"I slowly masturbated Bjorn and had him ejaculate into a sample jar. Then we used the sperm to inseminate Jamie.

"Basically, Lord Charles, these photos chronicle the procreation of Jackie."

A third photo showed Mistress utilizing one hand to gently feather labia and clitoris while a second hand inserted what appeared to be a turkey baster deep within Jamie's vagina. The hands of an unseen assistant are seen caressing Jamie's nipples. Bjorn's naked form stands to the side helplessly watching the siring of a daughter he would never see... his semi erect penis serving to further heighten Jamie's arousal.

"As you can see, bringing the pony girl to climax helps with the process. As Jamie achieves orgasm, I squeeze and squirt in the sperm. The oscillations of the vaginal walls lure the semen deeper into the uterus. You've examined the resulting offspring. Jamie became wonderfully pregnant. With a nice plump belly she pulled in harness right up to her seventh month.

"Bjorn here was quite the producer. Had enough essence for a second attempt if it was needed.

"Later I whipped him. The cost for that pleasure was included in the price of the sperm. His reproductive organs were sacrosanct from such amusement. But still I suspect he will remember me."

Mistress laughed so evilly that Lord Charles shuddered and shudders again with the recollection. For the pony boy, he could not in any way imagine it to be a sensuous undertaking... the drawing of the sperm. Mistress did not like males and in seeing the traces of the crop on Jackie's posterior, he envisions the bright red stripes which a single tailed whip would leave on Nordic flesh. But the ultimate impregnation... that seemed divinely powerful... and with such power came sensuality.

Lord Charles gently pulls on the left rein directing Jackie down an alternative path. Though she very much knows cart and rider's destination, getting there and the pathway selected will be under the guiding hand of Lord Charles. Jackie is never to choose. That's part of the power exchange.

Two quick snaps to the nipples adjust the speed for an approaching hill. Recollections of

that visit with Mistress return. Working an expecting pony girl must be fascinating, Lord Charles imagines. And he envisions Jamie wearing a special harness, one which does not constrict the waist, while Mistress gently taps her expanding body to ensure proper compartment and to send a message... that even during reproduction, a pony girl will be obedient and labor accordingly.

He pictures his own pony girl Jackie with the plumped belly of a mare with foal. Impregnating Jackie would be quite the experience. But conversely it would deprive him of months and months of good brisk runs through the English countryside.

Nature demands that at age eighteen, a pony girl be run. A body exercised to perfection yearns for exertion and Jackie seems to be constantly champing at the bit. The swollen belly of pregnancy will have to come later, Charles concludes while tugging reins and snapping the right nipple.

Pleasant reminiscences are put aside as the copse with its surrounding thicket of hedges comes into sight. Jackie knows to pull the cart through a narrow opening in the greenery. Stubborn branches attempt to impede entrance into the furtive clearing surrounded by a thick stand of oak. Jackie feels the pain of the crop on her buttocks and the abrasions of obstructing hedges on her breasts as her feet dig in order to thrust through to the camouflaged temple of sodomy.

“Whoa.”

Jackie stops in a curiously open area... the shade of the tall trees limiting the growth of shrubbery beneath. While standing motionless the irritation of the dozens upon dozens of crop strokes seem to heat her flesh. Her rate of breathing, really not labored, slows with marked deliberation. But Lord Charles marvels at every large lungful inhaled, sucked in practiced precision in order to reach for every cubic inch of air available.

Jackie is truly a machine. Even an idle steam engine exudes strength. And Jackie's athletic puissance is palpable... even at rest.

Lord Charles dismounts and offers water, squeezing the cooling liquid into the air hole in the bit. While Jackie drinks with the same precision used to breathe, his free hand tenderly works her nipples in an offering of reward for a very quick three mile run. The pink points of flesh are hot to the touch. Jackie closes her eyes with the delightful caresses and then opens to blink an unspoken thank you.

‘You'll soon be giving me a very proper thank you,’ Lord Charles thinks to himself.

Jackie is not overly tired, but she will be more docile than at the stable where she stood in harness with feet eagerly scratching the soil in anticipation.

The free hand moves to the exposed genitalia. Jackie is denuded of all covering and cannot hide her feminine charms. Her Master's fingers slip between welcoming labia. He diddles. She parts her feet in greeting and stirs with the pleasure. She has run well and soaks up the reward. Jackie contracts her pubo coccygeus muscles in response. Lord Charles laughs.

“Such a randy girl, Jackie,” he declares in withdrawing the knowing digits.

The water bottle is discarded. Fingers work to unhook the waist belt from the shafts of the cart. Simply and quickly, Lord Charles lets the shafts fall to the ground. The front of the cart tips downwards and, using a short grip on the reins, Lord Charles directs Jackie to step away.

With wrists cuffed towards the rear of the waist belt, a pony girl is usually very comfortable. But the playfully wicked Kaida connected Jackie's elbows together using a short

length of leather. The restraint causes a pony girl to thrust forth her chest and thus her nipples, making the pink nubs suitable targets for the crop.

Lord Charles conveniently forgets to countermand the cruel configuration and Jackie has painfully learned to accept her fate. She has long realized that she will be presented in a variety of tormenting methods of bondage and be run and exercised accordingly. That she has learned over the many years.

“Come girl.”

Master takes the reins. Pony girl carefully follows in the never ending endeavor to keep the thin lengths of leather slack and to minimize tension on mouth and lips. She knows where she is being led. Within the naturally green temple of sodomy there is an alter... a fallen tree forming a bench over which Jackie will lie tummy down and with thighs well apart. There, Master Charles will have his pleasure... and that will in turn pleasure Jackie. Pleasure is for what she has been born and bred... the pleasure of others.

The prominent mound on the front of Master’s trousers has grown. His manhood seeks release and Jackie has so often felt the effects of its escape.

Standing before the sizable log Jackie drops to her knees and demurely leans to place her stomach on the smooth worn area where so many times she has calmly knelt to accept her Master’s turgid phallus. She works apart her feet, arches the small of her back as Lord Charles so patiently taught her, and lowers her forehead to the ground. Jackie feels the reins slacken. Then hears on the opposing side of the log the rustle of garments, the sound of unzipping, the jingling of keys and pocket change, the metallic rattle of a belt buckle.

Then she feels fingers work to part her mammoth cheeks and feels cooling air where Kaida so diligently worked many minutes before. The flesh there is extremely sensitive. For the first time Kaida scrubbed inside and out with what felt like a small brush. The flesh began to burn with the mere touch of an exploring finger tip and Jackie was glad when she stopped.

Now the slight irritation returns as the abraded skin is exposed. Then she feels the reins tighten... Master Charles very much enjoying a tug or two during anal penetration to demonstrate his authority and emphasize Jackie’s thorough subjugation.

The hot tip of a rock hard erection slips within the gluteal cleft and knocks on Jackie’s rear portal. It stings! Rather than feeling the domineering power and the inbred thrill of submitting to it, instead Kaida’s little brush has made her rectum so sensitive that it feels as if a hot knife is entering.

Jackie groans in pain while the massive manhood slides within and the reins tighten in transmitting a message of celebration... a male is exercising his virility... penetrating where he most wishes and forcing the submissive female to accept his power.

Whereas Jackie normally thrills to the touch... fulfilling her deep need to please Master Charles, she is instead in extreme pain. Her rectum is on fire. Master Charles has never felt so large. For the first time her own subtle enjoyment of the experience, feeling Lord testicles slap against her aroused labia, is overridden with signals of fiery pain.

Master withdraws and pumps. The pain increases. Jackie tries to scream into her bit and bridle. The sound is muffled, as intended. Lord Charles assumes that Jackie, in her sublime submission, is moaning with the pleasure of a man’s most dominant use of the abject human pony girl. He ruts again and again. Jackie begins to buck in agony. She squeezes her powerful

buttocks in attempting to deny further entrance. Charles holds firmly to the reins. The pleasure derived from her attempts to avoid the deep and slow sodomy is indescribable. Jackie's amazing muscles have never before created such ecstatic sensations.

For the first time, the taking of Jackie's anus has become a challenge. As the anguish increases, Jackie fights and the resistance in turn spurs Lord Charles to deeper and faster thrusts.

Something is different this morning and whatever it is, Lord Charles is very pleased. But Jackie's rectum is on fire and her every breath is exhaled with a muffled and futile scream for mercy.

Finally, Lord Charles explodes deeper and harder than ever before. It seems as if he will fill Jackie's anal cavity with his spendings, shooting such quantities of sperm that he is reminded of his teen years. He has ridden Jackie's backside as if mounted on a bucking bronco. His stiff penis has tamed a very truculent and strong beast and there is a psychological satisfaction which inspires his male pride and, combined with the physical release in ejaculating deep within Jackie's anal cavity, places in him a state of euphoria .

He withdraws. Jackie is so grateful to feel her burning rectum contract and hear the plop of his organ exiting her cleft. She is in tears. She has never before had to endure such pain as a Master or Mistress took their pleasure of her.

She recalls Lady Joyce's words...

'Your pleasure is a different matter. That is well within my purview.'

Jackie knows to humbly remain lying over the fallen tree trunk while Lord Charles retrieves his trousers. When the reins pull on her bit she knows to arise.

"You're quite the bronco this morning, Jackie."

Lord Charles speaks affectionately as he brushes humus from Jackie's forehead and flicks particles of bark from breasts and stomach.

"Whatever Kaida did in preparation, I am going to make sure that it becomes a regular part of the morning routine."

A disheartened Jackie follows the reins to the cart. Despite the abundant lubrication, the rubbing of her cheeks causes a friction which irritates.

After clipping the cart shafts to her waist belt, Lord Charles takes her on a long celebratory excursion of the entire farm. Jackie's abraded rear portal affords constant pain despite the diversion of the excoriating crop so unrelentingly swung by Master Charles' firm hand.

The full story of Pony Girl Jackie can be found at www.lulu.com/content/3240321.

Chris Bellows appreciates comments, criticisms and feedback. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some fifteen or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo (www.pinkflamingo.com) had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the forthcoming release of 'Feminine Governance', book number twenty-nine.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably... readers with an interest in sexual power exchange who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Two Chris Bellows forays into the world of the human equine are available from Lulu (www.lulu.com) 'Billie and Mary' and 'Pony Girl Zesty'. Items 314775 and 1195861.

Also, for those aficionados of the perils of the submissive female... 'The Glass Oubliette' item 2053235.