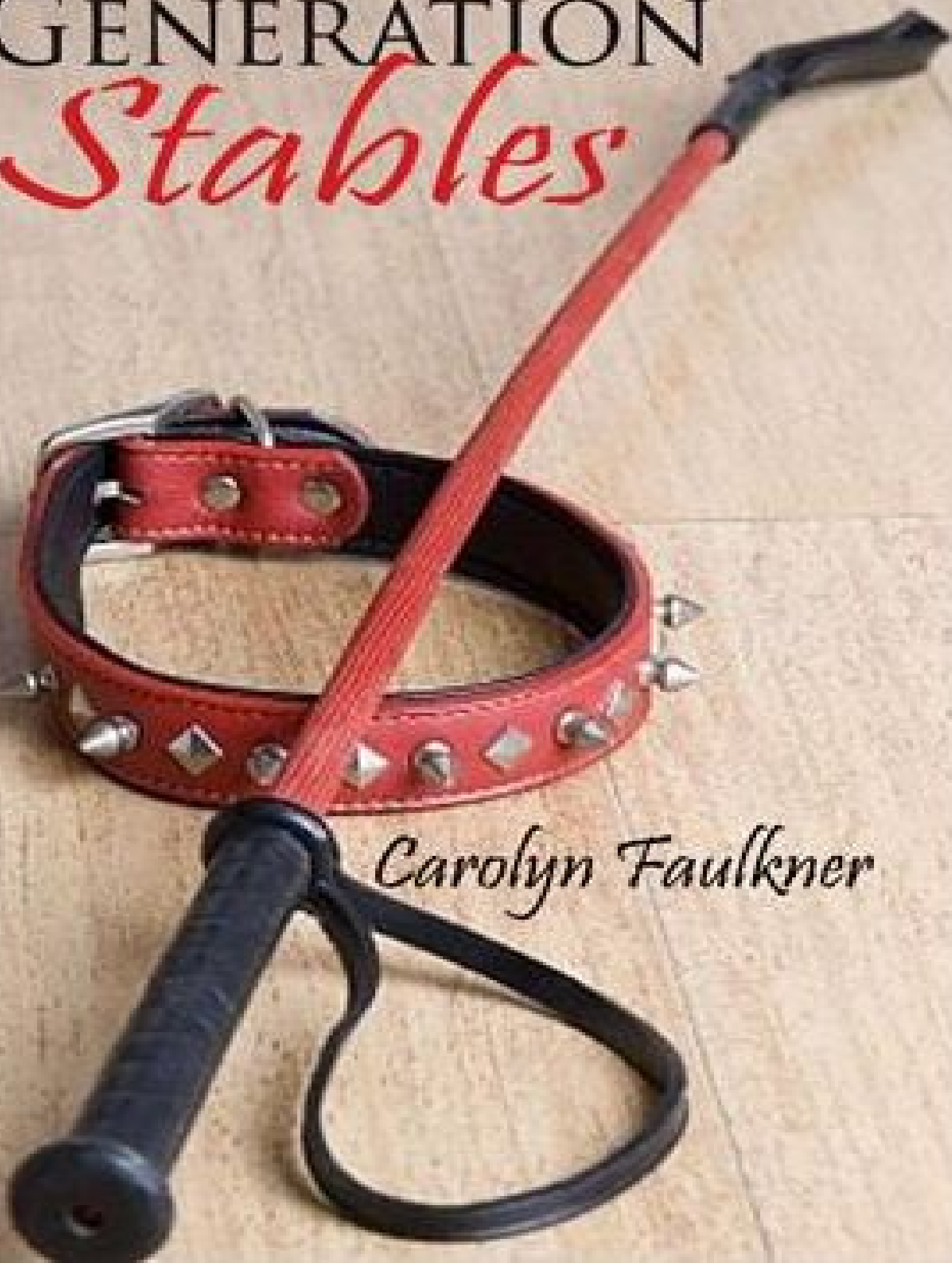


GENERATION *Stables*



Carolyn Faulkner

Amanda Matthews was a woman who demanded respect and accepted nothing less in every aspect of her life; even to her friends – who were not thick on the ground by any means – she was Amanda, never anything as casual as “Mandy”, and to her underlings she was “Ms. Matthews” no matter how late at night they worked. She had a powerful, responsible position as the youngest executive in the investment department at a large commercial bank. She was, in her business as well as her personal dealings, what used to be referred to as “prim and proper”. Having a very singular mind towards her career goals, she had never found a man who attracted her enough to pull her away from her job, thus, at twenty-nine, she was an unapologetic and highly successful virgin, and she kept her sexual preferences, whatever those were, to herself, disdaining those who brandished their own in public.

Before she’d died, her mother despaired of her ever “finding a man”, but Amanda was quite satisfied with her life and needed no man to complete it. She had her job and a few close friends, and that was all she aspired to in this life; spinsterhood was not a concern.

It was enough, she kept telling herself as she left her job one evening, the last person out of the building as usual. The parking garage was dark and the attendant was nowhere in sight, of course. She had her keys already out, though, and looked around carefully for anyone else. She saw no one.

By the time she noticed the van pull up beside her, it was too late. A big, burly man had already jumped out, clamped a damp, chloroform soaked cloth over her mouth, and dragged her unconscious body into its dark interior, closing and locking the door with a loud clunk.

Across town, a nubile eighteen year old woman stepped out the abandoned building where a huge rave was ongoing, and had been for several days. It was so loud in there she could barely thing, and she was getting a headache, partly from the noise and partly be-

cause she hadn't eaten in three days. Debbie Townsend took a deep, deep breath of clean air, indulging in a fullbody stretch with no concern at all about the need to be careful in that part of town. She was newly homeless; a runaway with no place to live and no one looking after her. As yet she had no pimp and was not hooked on any of the drugs that were so readily available inside.

When the blue van pulled up alongside her, she paid it no attention, nor did any of the others milling about outside. As soon as Debbie turned the corner away from the crowd, the sliding door on the side of the van opened, and she was dragged inside, the sounds of her screams drowned by the still booming music.

Generations Stables had been in business for, as the name implied, generations. It functioned in complete secrecy, with a blind eye from the government, who occasionally provided new bloodlines for the operation, or new farm or field stock.

Aaron Johnson, whose family had run the Stables for more years than anyone liked to remember – probably since its inception – rubbed his hand through his full head of black hair, drawing in a lungful of sweet smelling, early morning air. He'd just gotten a call on his cell telling him that there'd be two new arrivals in a few minutes, so he set a groomsmen to making sure that all of the necessary arrangements were made in the receiving room and that there were two immaculately clean stalls ready.

When the blue van arrived, the two women were still woozy from the chloroform, bound and gagged and undressed while they were unconscious, so it was relatively easy to move them into the reception area, which was a large room with soft dirt on the floor strewn with a layers of clean hay and sweet smelling herbs, which was the required flooring in all stalls. Each animal's stall was scrupulously cleaned out morning and evening, and Aaron was known to fire on the spot any groomsmen or stable hand that passed by a stall with a mess in it and didn't clean it out. He applied the same rule to himself, too – he would not tolerate his valuable animals standing around in

filth under any circumstances, and could often be found in a mare's stall – he definitely favored the females – with a shovel in his hand, and more often than not a sweet treat for the mare like a sugar cube or a bit of apple or carrot – or the highly prized chocolate, but that was only given out on very special occasions.

The women were arranged together in the receiving room; Aaron had found that, in the beginning, it was often beneficial to keep the mares together. They tended to be a little bit less hysterical when they were with their own kind. Each had been put into the stable's special type of restraints for newcomers that would keep them – as well as any trainers, groomsmen, or stable hands that got near them for a while – safe. They could – and, Aaron acknowledged with a smile to himself, did quite prettily – buck and writhe and wiggle and arch, but there was truly no way out of the system of straps and stocks he had created himself. The flesh displayed before him was quite arousing, and that was no mistake at all. Each animal's neck was encircled by a very pretty, soft leather collar that had three D-rings, one on either side and one in front. A short leather length bound the front ring to a bolt in the floor, limiting the females' ability to raise their heads. Each feminine wrist was secured in a highly padded cuff that was chained to the floor on either side, so that neither of them could raise their hands off the floor. Each mare's shoulders were, because of the shortness of their lead, inches above the pot pourri'd hay. Generously padded wooden stocks both supported their waists, enhancing and lifting them into the "present" position, and capturing them, holding their torsos as still as possible, and framing the lovely heart shaped asses that spilled out of them. Knees were bound and bolted, more than twenty inches apart, ankles in much the same cuffs as the other areas of their bodies, short-chained to prevent scissor kicking or, truly, much movement at all.

Amanda's long mane of chocolate brown hair was arranged in an artful bun at the base of her neck to keep it out of the way for training. Within the next two to six weeks – depending how she took to her new situation – it would rarely be allowed to flow loose unless

she was being groomed, but despite that fact that no one as yet would see its rich glory, her groomsmen would wash, condition, and brush it every day until it shone. The bun covered part of the back of the bridle she was wearing – that they both were wearing. It was a training bridle with the bit removed, in consideration of the minor dental surgery that had been performed; the average person had thirty-two teeth, they now each had thirty. Two bottom molars had been pulled to make a place for the bit to rest well-back within their mouths. But for now, until their gums healed, they wore only the leather harness part of the bridle which consisted of straps over and around the head and beneath the chin, with big blinders on either side of their eyes.

They were just starting to come around, testing their bonds by reflex more so than anything else. Aaron stayed behind them deliberately. Her handlers' looks should be of no concern to a mare. Eventually she would be able to recognize and differentiate each one of them by sound and smell alone. Debbie seemed groggier than Amanda, who, once she woke began to diligently pull at her wrists and ankles, but then Debbie could simply be more inherently submissive than Amanda. Time would tell, and the grooms would carefully note each mare's personality traits, moods, and menstrual cycle. Of the two, if Aaron had been pressed to make a snap judgment, he would say the Debbie was going to have the easier time of it, but then, he wasn't always right about those things. Sometimes the little fillies surprised him.

His voice was calculatedly firm and reassuring, pitched low to make them strain just the slightest to hear him. "Right now you're probably wondering where you are. You're in a safe place where you will never be harmed, but your lives have changed irrevocably. As of this moment, you are no longer whoever you were before you came here. Those two identities – those two human women – are gone, and from what we've observed, not a lot of people are really going to miss you."

He stood between them but neither woman could lift or turn her head enough to see him. His fingertips rested possessively on the small of each bare back. The words came to them as if on a cloud of chloroform haze, only every other word penetrating their fuzzy consciousness. And that was exactly the way Aaron wanted it, at first. If he had to, he would keep them like that – just a bit off center – with carefully controlled doses of a particular drug until each was slowly weaned off it by the end of their schooling. He hated to taint his girls that way, but had sometimes found it was the least traumatic method of easing them into their new environment. Each upturned set of buttocks already bore the evidence of their first light dose; light to make sure there were no adverse reactions, small enough to allow them to find their way out of the soupy shroud left by the chloroform. “There is no escape from this place; and you do not want to learn the penalties for trying to flee. They are some of the most severe we have. There are no penalties for an actual escape, since no one has been successful yet.”

“From now on,” Aaron continued, stroking each sleek flank, “you each belong to me. You’re mine. You will each be trained to my particular specifications, primarily by your own groomsmen whom you will meet in a moment, but occasionally by others as well, including myself. It is not necessary that you understand the whats or whys. The important things are that you obey any men you see and learn your lessons well. Although you will soon lose any track of time beyond day to day concerns, your re-education will take anywhere from two to six weeks. The length of time it takes to accustom you to your new position in life depends entirely on you.”

And, just as he’d predicted, the filly on his left, whose first name had been Amanda in her former life, was having a hard time of it. Debbie had settled nicely under his hand, even arching a bit when his palm left her skin, bereft of its warmth for a moment. But Amanda. . . she was testing the strength of every cuff – not systematically – but almost furiously, trying to buck out of the waist stock. Aaron grinned softly. He was glad he’d had Ted, her groom, put the extra padding on hers. Intuition? Nah. Just care for the delicate, flawless hide of his

property. Her milky white skin drew him like a magnet, and he didn't want anything marring it.

Kind of stupid, actually, considering what a mess her bottom was probably – definitely – going to be at various points during the next few weeks, but then no permanent damage was ever done to any mare he owned. In fact, he'd had a hand in taking down some men who ran operations like his own – well, operations for the same reason as he did. But they had no respect for the treasures in their care – abusing them with bullwhips and singletails that marked their trembling hides forever.

Nothing like that was ever used on his animals – even the farm studs who worked in the fields pulling plows all day were treated better than that.

“Now, we've kept your names the same so you don't need to learn to respond to new ones.” Aaron touched each of them between the shoulder blades, stroking slowly. “We have Mandy here on my left and Debbie on my right. You two will be spending a certain amount of time together today. You're each naked, and you're both in exactly the same position right now, with your cute little behinds way up in the air, so there's no need to be embarrassed about it or get fretful.”

Aaron squatted down, knees cracking from previous injuries, reaching under Mandy first to tweak a pouty nipple, then it was Debbie's turn. Neither of them could scream due to a particular spray used on the backs of their throats that was powerful enough on one application to begin to atrophy their vocal chords, and eventually the disuse would become permanent. Eventually, no matter how hard they tried, they wouldn't be able to do much beyond screams of pain and moans of pleasure – nothing with any particular articulation, but rather high-pitched mewls or low, guttural groans, and not much in between.

His casual caresses helped reinforce the idea of his ownership and their submission – there was nothing they could do to stop him from

exploring anywhere on their bodies any time he wanted. The sooner they came to grips with that fact, the easier the transition would be for them.

“Now, this is the not-so-nice portion of my welcome lecture.” He cleared his throat.

“I’ve said that what you need to do to get on well here is to obey and learn. Keep that in mind, because although I have pretty close to infinite patience with someone who is trying hard to learn something, making every effort to do as she’s told, I have less than no patience with someone who is deliberately disobedient or defiant. If you should display either of those attitudes to me, or your groom, or for that manner to any man that you come in contact with, punishment will be swift and severe – each and every time.”

He rose and picked one of the bath brushes that the grooms used when bathing their charges. It was about twenty-four inches long, solid oak, with a flat oval head that was about four inches wide by five long – roughly the size of a large palm. Aaron hefted it a little; it had been a while since he’d actually had a hand in a first punishment, and even longer still since he went through grooms’ training and had taken fifty whacks with each disciplinary implement that Generations employed, one session each week of Disciplinary Attitude class for eleven weeks: hand, hairbrush, leather paddle, wooden paddle, tawse, rubber strap, bath brush, birch, switch, belt, and cane. The Stables required that anyone who might use an implement on a horse would know how it felt to be punished by that particular implement. It made the men deliver more sound, less emotionally inspired discipline because their own butts had been bruised by the same exact implements.

Before he even approached her, Mandy had caught on to what was going to happen next – how, he didn’t know, but she was pulling and wrestling for all she was worth, keening and mewling and making his flesh rise in his pants as her breasts and bottom jiggled and wobbled while she tried to get out of those unforgiving restraints. That one

was a smart girl. High-strung and beautiful, she'd be gorgeous in the ring and would probably throw some beautiful foals when he put her into the breeding program.

But right now, he stood to one side of her, laying the head of the brush flat against her taut rump, then snapping it down five times, good and hard – once on each lovely cheek, once on the back of each thigh and once in the middle of what would have been called her “sit spot” – leaving several seconds between each swat to allow the pain to truly sink in. With each stroke he saw her body flex, absorbing it against her will yet trying to fight against it at the same time, the whimpers becoming more frantic at each sharp crack of wood to skin.

Aaron found it hard to resist patting Mandy when he was done, but he did. At this point in her education, sympathy would do nothing but rile her, anyway. Debbie was already sobbing when he got to her, but she seemed resigned to her fate and was nowhere near as agitated as her companion, even at the end of her introduction to the Stables' style of discipline.

He returned the brush to the hook it hung from – each stall had a built in cupboard that contained one of each implement, so that the groom was never without one. Generally, though, they carried something on them, in a pocket or hanging by a leash from their belt – whatever their favorite tool was – just in case a lassie got a little uppity and forgot her place. Once a female had completed training, she knew that it was useless to resist and usually settled down; a good percentage of women, seventy-five to eighty percent, by his records, fairly thrived in their new lives.

The idea was not to allow either of the two new arrivals to become a part of the twenty percent who fought their captivity for the rest of their days.

Resuming his place between them, Aaron squatted down again, cupping a breast on each side as he spoke, hefting them gently in contrast to the spankings he had just delivered. Debbie's nipple was flaccid, as he expected. She was still weeping pitifully, and he let his hand become more caressing, more soothing, patting her back and murmuring wordless sounds hypnotically under his breath. She settled down almost immediately.

Turning to Mandy, he cupped her breast and was startled to find her nipple rock hard. With a surprised frown, he rolled that impudent nipple, pinching just a tiny bit, listening, looking, and feeling for sounds of arousal that were almost never present in a filly after a punishment; especially not a newly captured ponygirl who had just experienced her first taste of what disobedience wrought in this existence. But in Mandy, they were excitingly blatant: her breath became hard, well beyond the leftover from her tears and both nipples – upon inspection – were found to be what had to be achingly tight tips. He probably shouldn't do this, Aaron thought, but he did it anyway – a big hand followed a wandering path down her sides and over the sore red rump that bore the remnants of his attentions: five bright, angry splotches of pain in each area, on each cheek. Repositioning himself to hunker down behind her, he stayed there for a long moment, enjoying the sights and sounds before him; her legs were forced wide apart by the straps around her knees, bottom held high in the air, presenting her beautiful genitals to him like a supplicant offering – hence the name for the position as “display”. It was a wonderful position for breeding, pleasuring, punishing, bathing, inspecting... so many fantastic things that made his mouth water just to think of doing them to Mandy.

Her sweet, musky scent drifted into his nose. Aaron adored the female scent; he found it incredibly exciting. As he considered her nude beauty, he was amazed to see visual evidence of what his fingers were going to confirm tactilely – she had been aroused by that light little disciplinary demonstration. Oh, she didn't like the fact that her body had responded in a sexual manner to such searing pain, to be sure, and she also didn't like how he was inspecting her right

now, either; Mandy was pulling so hard at the cuffs that held her that Aaron was just a tad concerned she might damage herself accidentally – pull a muscle or dislocate something in her agitated frenzy.

But he wanted to feel her, and so he pressed two fingers into that involuntarily welcoming slit. His action ended up doing just what he'd wanted to: it shocked her enough that she stood stock still, quivering and shivering and blowing breath out of her lungs just like a real horse as he carefully but firmly parted two plump, swollen lips, exposing the well-guarded entrance to her body. Aaron knew Mandy was a virgin – a preliminary gynecological exam had been conducted on them not long after they'd arrived, along with a denuding of the pelts between their legs, while they were still unconscious. He wouldn't be able to get into her very far and that was fine. He just wanted to feel her silky liquid dribble onto his fingers, and she obliged him with a steady stream of luscious honey that coated his exploring digits instantaneously.

Aaron had found the idea of her virginity unbelievably sexy, himself. Even though they generally accumulated women who were much younger than Mandy, preferably in their late teens or early twenties – the prime breeding years – even the young eighteen year olds rarely arrived intact. Hence Miss Mandy-girl's entire sex life would take place in his stables. The only sexuality she would know – beyond anything she might have done with her own fingers in her own bed late at night – which she would never again be allowed to reach down and do to herself

– would be that of a ponygirl, which, definitely in her case, would be almost wholly concerned with breeding and being impregnated.

“Ahhhh, Mandy, we're gonna have to be extra hard on you, aren't we?” he breathed hoarsely, his cock straining against his pants. At his threatening words, she began to tug again, as Aaron withdrew with a gentle pat to her flank. He trailed his wet fingers up her back as he came to stand between them again. “I think I might just have to

train you myself, honey. And, based on what I just saw, I think you'll like that a lot."

Having made that snap decision, though, they would both still need groomsmen, so the next thing that Aaron did was to introduce Ted, who would be Mandy's groom, and Eric, who would be Debbie's. Each of the men immediately lay their hands on their animals, near their roasted butts, then firmly and gently approached the girls' heads. Each groom ran their hands over every part of the filly's bodies, mentally noting any sensitive or ticklish places, and when each mare might have had an indrawn breath or bucked against her restraints. Ted had it easy with Mandy – she bucked through the whole thing. He turned to Aaron and smiled. "This is one spirited filly you've got here – you sure you wanna do the training on her? I'd love to tame her myself."

Aaron grinned back and clapped Ted on the shoulder. "I'm sure you would, buddy, but no, I want to educate her myself – she'll probably end up as my stablemate."

Although any of the grooms or stable hands could take any mare at any time – except for those mares who might be restricted for whatever reason – each of them had favorites which were called stablemates. They were the ones that each man was more likely to breed with, because of preferences in personality or body type or mane color... or just plain bonding. Pretty much every filly in the stable was a favorite of someone, and some of them were the favorites of more than one male, which Aaron permitted as long as no jealousy was ever exhibited by the hands or grooms in question.

"You're going to have your hands full with her, boss," Ted whistled, still stroking Mandy in what he knew was a soothing manner, having done this thousands of times before for a newcomer, but she was not responding and settling down as she should. Debbie had already happily nuzzled her groom, and was being released to follow him to her own stall.

“What do you think?” Ted asked, looking to Aaron as he hummed softly to the sweating, agitated mare. “You think a fussy pill will help her for the night?”

Aaron frowned. A “fussy pill” was a euphemism for a suppository with a mild sedative -

Phenobarbital – just enough to take the edge off. Aaron hated to use them, much preferring a more natural method of relaxation, especially for the fillies. But, if he did it, it would be a temporary solution that would assure that she would get a good night’s sleep. He wasn’t willing to consider a program of regular medication to control her, and he prayed fervently that it wouldn’t come to that at all. “Give me a minute with her, hmmm? Maybe I can get her to relax some. If my method doesn’t work, then, yes, I’ll have to agree that she needs settling by whatever means necessary.”

“Okay, boss.”

“Check back with me in... “ he narrowed his gaze on her slender back, “oh, about a half an hour – if we’re not here, then we’ll be in her stall, which will mean that I’ve been at least somewhat successful. Turn that heat up for me a couple notches, will you on your way out?”

Ted grinned back at him as he left. “Ah, boss, if anyone can get a fractious filly to settle down, it would be you. They all love you.”

Aaron began to pat Mandy’s flank. “You don’t love me right now, though, do you, Mandy-girl?” He asked rhetorically in a whisper. His fingers unwound the bun at the back of her neck and delved into the soft, sable hair, letting it flow over them like water. “I bet if I took that bridle off, you’d do your best to give me what for, even though you still wouldn’t be able to talk well without it, and I’m sure you’d try – and maybe you’d succeed in biting me.”

Mandy stood and shivered under his hands, but she couldn't even nod her head in agreement, she was so tightly bound.

"Well," Aaron said in a very low, comforting tone, "maybe you'll like me better if I can help you unwind some, hmmm, sweetheart?"

In her mind, as she gritted her teeth even though it hurt her to do so, Mandy fumed at him. She was furious. Livid. And she wanted out at any cost. She hated the man next to her, she hated this whole situation, and if it killed her, so be it; she was going to get the fuck out of here. Case closed.

But as rabidly as her mind kept repeating how it detested the circumstances she currently found herself in, her body managed stubbornly to betray her at every single turn. Her body was primed and ready for whatever they threw at her next.

She had always had dominance and submission fantasies – and although no one who knew her would have guessed, she was always the submissive in the storyline, always the captive forced to do the sheik's obscene bidding, always the Rebel sympathizer cornered in her plantation basement by a huge, masculine Yankee Colonel come to occupy her house and her body and eventually her heart.

The big man's movements were slow and easy but unconscious, as if he'd done this a million times and gave no particular thought to it, and all he did at first was merely brush her hair. Mandy realized that she must've been up on some sort of platform, because her shoulders were about nipple level with his chest, and on all fours as she was she would never be that tall. As if he'd read her mind, he began to speak. "You're on a grooming platform," Aaron kept the same gentle tone through out, but gave her information that he thought would help her soothe herself. With some fillies it was the unknown that scared them the most about things... or first times doing things, and not just sex. Once they'd done something and been okay doing it and nothing bad happened to them while they did it,

they were fine to do it again on command, even. But a lot of the smarter fillies were xenophobic. They had lost any control over the lives and their surroundings and their bodies, but they were not going to do something unfamiliar on top of that. Sometimes, Aaron mused, the smarter ones had it harder – but he had to smile. He felt, though, that those mares were the most challenging to help adjust to their new lifestyle. They were the ones worth working extra hard with, worth being extra hard on, because if they could be turned, then they would be fantastic brood mares, and they would add their tremendous strength to the Stables' bloodlines.

“You'll be groomed thoroughly at least twice a day – morning and evening – more often if you're taken outside at all, which you really won't be much during your training period.” He had put some sort of sweet smelling lotion on his hands, and proceeded to start to rub it all over her back. Mandy's head came up as far as it could, and he could see that she was drinking in the new smell as much as possible. “I think we'll use lilac and lavender with you. Royal purple suits a fine, blooded filly like you.” The massage felt great – only Mandy didn't want it to feel great, and for a while she tried to avoid his hands. He never made mention of her efforts, although he certainly must have noticed them, just kept rubbing and speaking in hushed tones.

“Generally, you'll be awakened at six or so, and you'll have a good, nutritious breakfast, and then you'll be groomed and washed and perfumed and powdered to within an inch of your life so that you're all beautiful and pretty – not that you're not already – and then maybe – when you're not in training – you'll be turned out into the indoor paddock that's just down the hallway here while your groom – that's the man, Ted, that you just met – cleans out your stall and lays down fresh hay. The hay will have lilac or lavender pot pourri in it, too, so you'll be all coordinated in your smells with your bedding and your soaps and your lotions and the perfume we'll use on you if we put you in the ring, and when you lay down to sleep at night on purple silk and velvety blankets, you'll smell clean and familiar scents. All of your fabric bedding and blankets will all be washed and

dried with softeners that are either lilac or lavender, too. Perhaps Ted with rotate them for you weekly – we'll have to think about that, or maybe he and I will pick the scent that best seems to suit you.”

He pushed a button – Mandy heard a click and a whir – and the platform she was on was raised up a bit. The next place he put his hands was her stomach, making her start and try to arch her back up and away from him. “Shh-shh-shh, honey-girl. I'm not gonna hurt you. Quite the opposite, in fact. Just relax and let it feel good, baby.”

Aaron continued to talk to her as he massaged her flat belly for a little while, then moved to the fronts of her thighs, which were trim and slim as if she was a runner, then eventually to her calves and bare feet. “Now where you go once he's gotten your stall all fixed up for you will depend – some days you'll just rest either in the paddock with the other fillies or in your stall, although there won't be a lot of those during your training. Most days you'll have something to do, even if it's just being lunged on a line by your groom – you'll get some sort of exercise, morning and afternoon, for maybe an hour or so each session.” He carefully skipped over what she would probably be doing for some other hours during the day, but there was no sense in getting her all upset right now. She was already distressed enough as it was.

“If you're in the paddock around noon, all of our girls are fed together at the troughs. Cold spring water bubbles up into the paddock as well as all of the stalls, so water is always available. After you eat, you'll be put down for some rest – ponygirls can get bloat if they're exercised or running around playing in the paddock on a full stomach. During the afternoon, you might have some training or you might just have your exercise or something else and then some time in the paddock or your stall. Dinner is at six – and then usually quiet time in your stall until your groom grooms you again then puts you to bed for the night at nine.”

By now she had stopped shivering, partly in response to what he was doing and partly because she was concentrating on what he

was doing. Aaron felt that she was loosened up enough for him to do what he'd wanted to do the whole time. He put a warm, lotioned palm over each of her breasts and began to actively massage them. She reacted exactly as he'd expected, trying to jump away from his gentle but firm motions, but she couldn't even move enough to bring her breasts out of his hands. "Shh-shhh-shh, babygirl. I only want you to feel good. This is something your groom is going to do to you every morning and every evening until we bring in your milk. And I will probably do it every time I see you because your breasts just call to me; they beg to be squeezed and milked and your tight little nipples definitely need to be pulled and pinched to make them hurt just right – just as you like them to be."

Oh, God, he had to stop doing this! He had to – it was feeling too damned good for her to resist! If he continued, there was no way she was going to be able to prevent herself from coming. But she couldn't get away from him, and he wasn't about to stop. She couldn't even scream or rail at him; Amanda could only stand there on her hands and knees and be touched and fondled as if she was this man's property rather than a high-powered bank executive.

She was shivering again, but he knew that it was not with cold, it was with annoyance and desire. Her nipples were firmer than they had been when he started, and he could hear the changes in her breathing that betrayed her body's interest in his manipulations, so he kept them up quite deliberately and even increased the pressure of his touch, trying to make her moan and succeeding after only a few more minutes. "That's it, Mandy-girl," he praised when an almost agonized moan rumbled up from deep in her belly. "I know it feels good – it's supposed to. Just let me pleasure you, honey. I'm gonna do it anyway. Don't fight it. Don't fight me."

His words only made her fight harder, which he'd known there was a high probability was going to happen, but she wore down faster this time to another moan when one of his hands ran down her taut belly to part those pretty red lips in a no-nonsense fashion, as if it was something he did every day. If she could have squealed, she would

have, but he knew exactly what he was doing, so her outrage at his audacity in touching her so intimately was largely diffused into a moan of ecstasy at the touch of his knowing fingers, which made the whole of her body suffuse a beautiful glowing pink.

“Ahhh, sweetie pie girl, don’t you fret about being handled like this,” he continued his gentle, inexorable manipulations as that slick territory swelled and strained beneath his fingers, both voluntarily and involuntarily. “I’m just the first of many – there’s no room for shame or embarrassment here. Whatever you were before you came here is well and truly gone now, and you are now and forever an owned filly – owned by me.” There was a wealth of satisfaction in that statement. “You’re a cosseted, well-cared for ponygirl who nonetheless will feel the sting of the cane or a paddle or strap across her backside if she doesn’t obey the men around her who train and handle and take good care of her. Ted is going to do this to you every time he grooms you – it’s a requirement I have of all of my grooms – that they satisfy each mare in their care every morning and every evening, and they can choose to do the deed with either their hands or their mouths.”

More reluctant but excited moans and groans, struggles that were rapidly waning as he brought her closer and closer to his goal against her will. Her muscles were tensing again from more than her awkward efforts to escape; she was nearing orgasm just as he’d planned. Aaron read her responses quite expertly as her breath began to heave out of her lungs and her back arched. He redoubled his efforts, slipping down her crease a little further to gather the moisture he was gratified to find at her virgin entrance, bringing it back up to baptize her little bump. Those fingers caressed her relentlessly until he saw her try to throw her head back and felt her convulse beneath his hand, keening in that awkward way the new ones had because of the way the spray affected their vocal chords. He didn’t let up, though, milking her dry of every possible spasm, although she began to fight him again immediately after the first few hard contractions, despite his murmurs of encouragement to give in to it and enjoy it.

Afterwards, she collapsed in on herself as much as was possible physically as he made preparations to take her to her own stall. Aaron attached reins to the rings at the cheeks of her bit-less bridle, lowered the platform with a hydraulic switch so that it was level with the floor again, and released her wrists, waist, and ankles. He coaxed her up onto her feet, helping her a lot with muscles that were not cooperating well after such a long time in one position, only then realizing when he looked at her face that she was crying – she'd be- ing doing it in complete silence.

Before he moved to comfort her in any way, he saw to her safety and his, folding her arms back behind her one by one and locking her forearms together in gauntlets that kept them bound there. In an ab- stract moment he considered how much he loved what this did to a filly's breasts, throwing them into amazing prominence with their wonderful tips pointing straight out. Eventually, he would decorate Mandy's beautiful little nubs, but not right now. The last thing he did was hobble her ankles together with a short length of sturdy leather.

He stood next to her, towering over her, and by casually turning her head, Mandy was able to get her first quick look at the man who already knew her with an incredible amount of intimacy. On all fours, Amanda had not gotten any real sense of his size, but she was a smallish, delicate woman who barely stood over five feet. Normally, she wore four inch heels and big padded-shoulder business suits to compensate for her lack of stature – to say nothing of her carefully cultivated killer, kill joy personality. As she stood there in bare feet, he must've been at least a foot taller than she was – and probably outweighed her by more than an hundred and fifty pounds of what appeared to be solid muscle. He was huge, and for some reason that just made her cry all the harder.

Aaron was well aware that his charge was trying to get a gander at him, and that was fine as long as it didn't interfere with what he was doing for her, but it worried him that, having looked at him, she was crying even more. He almost smiled, wondering if he hadn't perhaps been quietly and firmly insulted by the little one, which he was sure

she'd just love the idea of at this point. "Shah-shah-shah," he shushed gently at her broken-hearted tears that were ripping into him. He hated to see any woman cry, but he thought that seeing a ponygirl cry was even worse, because it was harder for her to tell him what was wrong, and sometimes harder for him to fix it, unless the tears were inspired by a scolding or a punishment in which case he knew that they were well earned although they were still hard to hear. His body definitely drew pleasure from the punishment of a naughty pony, and he understood the reasons behind how necessary swift, regular – at first – punishments were – even the harsher sessions – but his heart and mind always felt inherently discomfited by it; Aaron always saw his role as a pony breeder/trainer as much more of a caretaker who guided and comforted and praised and pleased his girls into obedience, even though he went to the whip if it was necessary – and frankly, the idea of having to do that with Mandy – which he was quite sure was going to be the situation for a while until she settled into her new existence – made him stiff as a poker. But he hated to think of that as his predominant method. He would always give a filly the chance to decide to behave herself.

Whether she complied with the rules or not was one of the few things she would still have control over in this life.

"What's with the tears, little one? Am I that ugly that one look and you're bawling your eyes out?" he let his voice smile at her.

She sniffled a little and seemed embarrassed that he'd commented on her weeping.

Aaron took a handkerchief from his back pocket that he had deliberately scented with the brand of aftershave he always used and carefully wiped her face. He knew that scent associations were very important in training his girls, and he wanted his scent to represent comfort to Mandy. "Now, then, that's much better, honey-girl, isn't it? Yes, it is. Now. Let me explain to you how to walk properly with your trainer or groom: your groom will always be on your left side holding your reins or the lead to your halter. You will always be as you are

whenever you are taken somewhere – although you'll usually be wearing more decorations than you are now, you'll always be nude, even when you're dressed up – or 'dressage' nude, the only things you'll be wearing will be little tassels or bells hanging from those pretty pink nipples of yours, or dripping out of your bare cunt, which will never again have hair on it." He deliberately stroked each area as he spoke of it, and when she tried to struggle away he gave her her first training lessons in ponygirl behavior – never fidget away from the man who is handling you – especially at a stand, but generally not anywhere else, either, unless you were being punished, in which case it was considered natural to flinch from the implement or hand.

Each time she moved even the slightest bit away from his hand, she got a sharp smack to her already tenderized derriere with something that felt like stiffened leather. It smarted something fierce and quickly had her reconsidering whether or not she should be flinching away from him, even if that was what her mind wanted her to do each and every time. Her bottom was definitely screaming that she did not want to have to feel that horrid thing stripe her already tortured flesh again.

"Stand proud," Aaron repeated the command in a low growl for the umpteenth time after delivering yet another sharp smack to the stubborn pony's backside. "Stand still, Mandy, or I promise you we will be here all night until you learn to do so. I have nothing else to do but to teach you proper ponygirl behavior. And a ponygirl does not try to get away from her handler's touch." He deliberately pressed a thick finger between her nether lips, watching her reaction closely. Her teeth were clenched hard, which he knew had to hurt from her recent dental surgery, and tears of frustration and pain tracked down her face and onto her heaving bosom.

But she stayed still.

There would never be any question that in a war of wills with a stubborn pony as to who would win the fight. Aaron had been doing this

since he could hold the reins in his hands. He had grown up dominating women in general and ponygirls in particular. He'd seen every trick in the book and he'd dealt with all of the various personalities the fillies had when they'd first arrived. Mandy was his favorite type – a castrating, balls-to-the-wall business woman. The idea was to turn her consciousness more inwards and bring her sexuality to the forefront; he already knew her preferences ran to submission. All he really would be doing would be indulging those submissive tendencies to a somewhat radical extent. She would be getting just what she secretly wanted – and more. Much more. Her ability to submit would be enhanced and tested to its limits.

The tentative question was how would she react – how would she decide to be. As much as the men at the Stables would control her behavior – and they would control essentially every single aspect of it. But only she could decide whether she would be happy in this life, being coddled and cosseted and floating on a cloud of intense sexual satisfaction, well-fed, wellclothed – such as it was – with pretty – if ponygirl – accoutrements in an always clean, fresh stall, being bred frequently and by a multitude of different men, eventually.

“Good girl. That’s my good girl,” Aaron praised lavishly, petting her gently on the back, beneath the curtain of her mane. His hands roamed freely about her body, testing her responses and making sure that she behaved no matter where he touched her, and, even when his fingers sought out her most intimate secrets, she remained quiet under his hand. “That’s very, very good, baby girl. You see – as long as you behave, everything’s all right. You’ll always feel gentle hands and tender touches. Every man around you will do his level best to make sure that you are the most comfortable we can possibly make you. You don’t want to misbehave, honeygirl, I know you don’t, because then every man around you will do his level best to make sure you’re as uncomfortable as we can possibly make you – whether that’s putting you into an uncomfortable and vulnerable position and/or taking a paddle to your behind... there will always be a painful consequence to any naughtiness you might get up to, Mandy. Always.”

Aaron again gathered the reins in his hands as he spoke. “When you’re being led at a walk, Mandy, you must never get ahead or behind your groom or trainer – or any many that might be walking you. You must always keep pace with them to stand and walk proudly beside them. You’ll be hearing the command ‘Walk Proud’ a lot in the next few weeks. This means to thrust your breasts out as far as you can, keep your head high, eyes straight – never head down or eyes down – with your knees brought up very high for each step.” He took a step forwards, and so did Mandy, but her first instinct was to look down at her feet because the hobbling required that she take small, dainty steps – whatever material they were using in the hobble would allow her knees to come up in the preferred manner, but she could not take large steps ahead at all – especially since she just noticed that her knees were covered and braced with an extra padding that must’ve cradled her there while she was on all fours.

She felt a mild tug on the reins as he reminded sharply, but not nastily, “Head up – walk proud.” It was only about fifty feet into the stall he lead her to, but Mandy was corrected a multitude of times between here and there – her knees weren’t lifted high enough for him towards the end of her journey, she jerked her head around when Ted reappeared to see how Aaron was progressing with the feisty one, and she’d even gotten several crisp swats to her bottom from that horrible leather thing that made her yelp because she’d gotten ahead of him and behind him a few times.

In truth, Amanda had considered the possibility of merely going limp and refusing to do the whole thing. But she figured several things would happen if she did that – firstly, she figured her bottom would end up feeling much worse than it did right now, which was pretty damned bad. Secondly, she figured that, once the behemoth next to her realized that she truly wasn’t going anywhere, he’d simply pick her up and carry her to where he wanted her, so she’d end up there anyway. So she went. The idea of lying down and getting some sleep sounded like a fantastic idea to her, and she fully intended to regroup for a fight the next morning.

Ted was lavish in his praise, and used a particular voice with it – higher pitched, a little louder and very enthusiastic. “That’s it, Mandy, you got it. Knees up, girl, thataway. Good girl!

You are one magnificent animal – look at that mane flow!” Everything was fine until he touched her back and breasts and she shied away automatically. While Aaron held her head with the reins close under her chin, Ted took his own tawse out and give her seven very hard strokes, scolding her as he did so just as fiercely as he had been heaping compliments on her not seconds before. “A ponygirl never never never moves away from a man’s touch, naughty girl. I can see this is something we’re going to have to work on. That’s naughty naughty naughty behavior and it won’t be tolerated.” Mandy yipped and yelped – or tried to – with each searing stroke, but was reduced to blowing heavy, hot lungful of air out of her nostrils and mouth as the tears flowed again down cheeks that were already stiffened by the salt of her prior sobs. All of the things they were demanding that she remember and all of the pain and pleasure of the last few hours had caught up with her. Amanda was beside herself, with her loins still throbbing from Aaron’s fondling, and her bottom set on fire repeatedly by their hands and their leather straps and their vicious wooden paddles, her shoulders were aching from the way her arms were yanked and clamped behind her, which put her bobbing breasts on obscene display for any one who cared to look – and apparently she could do nothing but stand still and take it whenever any man who happened by decided to reach out and touch her there or anywhere! It was all too much for her, and as soon as her hobbles and arms were released, she fell to the floor and sobbed her heart out right where she landed. She didn’t care if they thought she was weak for it. It was just more than she could stand and her mind wouldn’t let her deal with it a minute longer.

The men did nothing for or to her for several long moments; they both knew that in a case like this it was just better to let a filly cry it out for a little while. She would feel better in the morning. Ted and Aaron puttered about her stall, not that it hadn’t been readied for her just after she was acquired, but both being type-A’s, especially about

their girls, they tidied a few things up and talked over the lilac/lavender decision, deciding to rotate for a while until one or the other scent jumped out at them. They made sure her pile of hay for sleeping was soft and comfortable and covered with several sheets of pure purple silk embroidered with the Generation Stables crest, which was a U of horse tails with a filly in profile in the “display” position for breeding, and a groomsmen/trainer behind her. It was obviously a groom because there was a patch with a bold “G” on his shoulder. He was giving her what she needed most, a broad grin on his face. All of this was elaborately detailed in gold thread in the corner of each horse blanket, each set of silk sheets – the crest was everywhere, including on the patch on the shoulder and above the left breast nametag on the light denim shirts every groom and trainer was required to wear. Hell, even Aaron wore a GS uniform shirt with his worn jeans every single day. Stable hands wore them too, but they were just plain cotton t-shirts with the emblem on the breast. Groomsmen and trainers – one was almost always the same as the other – went a step further in their commitment to the Stables, though.

These men were promoted from their status as hands – only. Aaron never hired a groom or a trainer off the street – ever. They had to have been with the Stables at least five years and have exhibited exemplary behavior in that somewhat menial role. They were temperament tested during the hiring process, as well as by the job itself every day – any abuse towards the animals, verbal or physical, or any hand found dipping his wick where it didn’t belong or not within specified parameters was set off the property immediately, and he would be damned lucky if the rest of the crew – especially Aaron himself – didn’t give him some gut-punches and broken ribs as going away presents.

If a hand applied to be a groom or a trainer – or both – then they went through an incredibly extensive battery of personality tests as only one small part of the exceedingly stringent application process. There weren’t usually a lot of those slots available – this was a man’s lifework and he didn’t leave it easily, although Aaron did auto-

matically retired them at fifty due to strength and health concerns, but the men with huge pension and stock option benefits, as well as a lifelong ability to come back to the Stables and indulge himself with any mare that was available. Aaron had also started a program whereby those retirees that wanted to could come back on a consulting basis in whatever area they liked best – breeding, training, grooming, stable construction... Aaron appreciated and accepted suggestions from any man – but the retirees had a wealth of knowledge and experience that no one could replace.

But when there was a coveted position open, there were usually upwards of twenty-five applicants for each job, and Aaron would only pick the best possible of the candidates to entrust his babies to. It was a tradition that when a hand became a groom, he had the GS crest tattooed into his skin right beneath where he would proudly display the patch on his uniform.

Ted had been at the stables for fifteen years. He rivaled Aaron in size, strength, and ability with the mares. Their temperaments, personalities, and philosophies about ponygirls were very much alike, which is why Aaron had chosen Ted to be Mandy's groom. He knew Ted would reinforce anything Aaron decided to do with her without question, just as firmly as if Aaron himself was doing the reinforcing, with an eye to praise and positive feedback, but with a complete willingness and ability to use the whip – well, the crop or the tawse or the paddle; whips were not allowed on the premises except in the ring more for show.

They were opposites in looks, however. Aaron was tall and very dark with black hair and eyes, and a wide, trimmed mustache. Both of them were tanned and extremely muscular, but Ted was tall and gray since he was twenty or so; he defined salt and pepper hair, but he still had a full head of it – Aaron used to tease him that if he were a stallion he'd throw gray colts – along with a somewhat bushy gray mustache. If either of them had had a mind to, they could have easily been models. Ted, in particular, made a striking picture of the quintessential cowboy, although Aaron was no slouch in the masculinity

department, either, nor were any of the men that worked there – they were all big, strapping men with extremely high levels of testosterone (blood and drug tests were mandatory upon application, and drug testing was randomly conducted for the length of any man’s employment at GS. No alcohol was ever allowed to be consumed around the animals, either), but they treated the animals entrusted to them as if they were priceless – hell, they never even swore around the mares, and any man that did was frowned at so much that he stopped immediately. The men all used particular words and phrases that made the ponies feel and act submissive – they were often spoken to as if they were little girls – words like “naughty” and “disobedient” and “little” were used a lot, as were either animalistic or babyish words for body parts or functions – “breasts” became “udders”, nipples were “teats”, “vagina” became “cunny” or “pussy”... They were all tough, macho, dominant men who thoroughly understood the psychology employed in the intricacies of wrangling their particular breed of little fillies, which they enjoyed a helluva lot more so than they preferred working with real horses.

It was Ted who, when they had decided that she’d had enough time to wallow, bent and picked up the crumpled little mare to set her down with the utmost care on her bed. Aaron loosened her arms from behind her, only to use the same leather gauntlet to rewrap her forearms together in front of her, adding thumbless mittens to her ensemble just incase she decided to harm herself – occasionally a filly was so unhappy she tried to harm herself, so this was merely a preventative measure. Lord knows everyone here hated to see any sort of blemish on a mare’s hide. Once Ted determined that she was stable enough in her new life not to do that, she would no longer be required to wear them at night.

The restraints were not apt to go away unless she behaved in an exemplary manner for a long time – although they could be reduced to a certain extent. Not only were her hands bound, but her supple leather collar was attached to a lead which was bolted into the floor, and the length of her hobbles was shortened by Ted, who was working at her other end, so that her ankles were essentially bound to-

gether as securely as her wrists. Mandy was lying on her side and this worked to their advantage when Aaron leaned over her hip from the front, pulling her towards him, almost over onto her belly but not quite. Someone, who must've been Ted, was behind her, and she soon discovered why: before Mandy even had a chance to register what was happening, she found her upper bottom cheek pulled up and something fairly thick but blunt pressed against her tight little hole. As it was pushed uncompromisingly up into her, Mandy emitted a low "unnggh", and got a gentle reproach, "Quiet now, this is one of your fussy pills, little girl." It popped up into her channel, sitting in there and filling it with its wide presence as surely as it had stretched her open to get there. Another followed just as quickly and easily, filling her to an uncomfortable extent, and the third one made her groan as it was worked up into her, then took its place with the other big rods inside her bottom. The men exchanged satisfied glances. She had taken them well. The fussy pills were fairly good sized suppositories – about an inch and a half around and about two inches long each – that were designed to melt very slowly inside her, but not irritatingly so. Only a very small part of them was actually the drug. They were deliberately large, hard to accept pieces to give the little filly something to distract her from her troubles and to seat her mind's attention where it belonged for the rest of her life – at her bottom, her genitals and the area between her legs or at her breasts – in the places at which she was most female, most vulnerable, and most concerned with pleasure and breeding. To further encourage this concentration, Aaron reached towards her head and flipped something from her blinkers over her eyes, so that she couldn't see anything – nothing – no light, no shadow, no motion.

In an almost fatherly gesture, Aaron leaned over and kissed the now soulfully keening woman on the forehead. "Sleep well, my lovely."

From Ted, she received a light pat on the bare flank. "Get a good night's sleep, girl, there's a lot for you to begin learning tomorrow."

Mandy would never know it, but she was far from alone that night. Ted and Aaron took turns watching her all night, not to mention the

fact that the stables was staffed twenty-fourseven. Each stable housed sixty ponies in a building that was designed like a plus sign – sort of. Three arms of the plus had nothing but immaculate stalls, twenty to an arm, ten to a side. Each stall had its own food and spring-fed trough, electrical outlets set up high where the ponies couldn't get to them, thermostat, air conditioning, aromatherapy equipment, vaporizer, air purification... anything he could think of to make each filly's stay as pleasant as possible. They were kept cleaner than most peoples' houses and were open and airy. The fourth arm was the indoor paddock and training and show rings. Grooms and trainers who had new charges always stayed with them at night – although the fillies didn't know it unless they got into some type of trouble, but there was a night staff of hands who did nothing but make the rounds all night long checking into stalls to make sure that no mare was in distress in any way. Mares in foal were housed in their own stable, and their grooms, hands, and handlers followed her to that special stable once she was determined to be in foal, as well as any and all of her familiar accoutrement so that the transition was as easy as possible for her – her scents and colors were scrupulously maintained, as was as much of her normal routine as possible.

The overnight shift was eleven to seven, and there were thirty men on it in each stable to get the overnight cleaning done and watch over each of the girls. Aaron had been considering increasing this – he didn't like the idea of any of his mares stressing at night because they were alone or lonely rather than sleeping as they needed to – especially the ones that were being actively bred. While he kept both eyes on his at first fussy and sobbing, then finally sleeping charge, he still had a third eye out for how things were running at night. Ben Two Deer, a sixfoot-seven, over three hundred pound half-Irish, half-Indian man was the supervisor on that shift in this barn, and his expertise was worth its weight in gold to Aaron. Ben could spot a problem-child mare at a hundred paces, and, for all his huge size and proportions, he had the gentlest touch with a fractious mare that Aaron had ever seen. The mares seemed to be drawn to him as if they expected him to protect them, and, frankly, he did with everything in him. Oh, he'd whip their bottoms good with the best of

them if they were naughty, but Ben had been known to nearly kill any man on his shift he found abusing any of his mares, and he'd put men in the hospital who had committed the unutterable sin of falling asleep on their shift; it was easy to do – no one was ever allowed to raise his voice – except in the case of an emergency – after lights out for the ladies, which was nine sharp every single night. The place was kept very quiet so that the mares could sleep. The stalls being as open as they were, sound traveled, and woe betide the man who awoke a filly in the middle of the night because he forgot himself and raised his voice. Ben recognized, as did every other good man there – every groom or trainer for certain – that these women depended on them for everything – for their very lives – and that this job, for all of its fringe benefits and they were certainly the best he'd ever had, was not all fucking and disciplining some very beautiful women.

Their complete and total care was an awesome responsibility, and any man on his watch or any other that didn't treat it as exactly that wasn't welcome in this organization – and he knew that Aaron backed him one hundred percent in that philosophy.

“Got some newbies in today, I heard,” Ben whispered as he came to stand next to Aaron, who was perched on one of the deliberately uncomfortable high stools that all the grooms/trainers used to watch over their girls when they stayed late or overnight – it helped them to stay awake when they weren't usually. If the mare was truly sick, though, they'd usually be in the stall, holding her, or in the infirmary or at least calling for the vet, but this situation really didn't call for such coddling. Aaron didn't want Mandy thinking that she could expect that type of attention every night. Ben folded his arms along the top of the stall where there were pastel painted wooden rails for about three feet down from the ceiling to the solid wall of the stall before it became the doorway. “She's a beautiful animal.”

“Absolutely,” Aaron whispered back fiercely.

“She give you any trouble?”

Aaron considered his response for a minute. “Nothing really. She’s just a feisty one who’s not going to take it lying down and she let us know, although she really did an excellent job on her short walk in here – man, when she’s all dressed out she’s gonna put every other pony in the ring to shame. Gave her three bullets, though, to settle her down to sleep. It’s on her chart.” Each mare had a chart outside her stall, just like the ones in a hospital that hung at the end of the beds, where every ounce of food they ate was recorded, how much water they drank, how long they were exercised, their weight daily, and any medications or vitamins they’d received. These things were extremely important to keep track of in regards to the breeding program, especially. Their cycles, too, would be charted and plotted carefully.

Ben heard the unmistakable pride in Aaron’s tone. “Gonna be your stablemate?”

“Yeah.”

“Are you gonna put her in the ring for a while?” he asked amiably. What Aaron did with his ponies was entirely up to him – Ben didn’t care one whit. But he did think that this one would probably throw some gorgeous foals.

“Long enough to get her championship titles in conformation at least – less than three months, I should think. She’s gonna cause such a sensation they’re just going to hand her the trophies, then I’m going to breed her and she’s gonna throw me some beauties.”

“Hell, yes, she will.”

They both sighed in contentment and agreement as they watched the woman they were already making big plans for while sleep peacefully with three big suppositories up her bottom to help her stay asleep.

Part II – Training

The next morning, Amanda was awakened in a very slow, gentle manner, starting at about five thirty, which was close to when she usually got up in the morning. The heavy scent of lilac was pumped into the air of her stall, along with sweet, soft classical music through recessed speakers in the roof. The water in her trough began to bubble just a slight bit louder now that it was morning and she was more likely to drink. Aaron, who had only done a short stint in the middle of the night because he wanted to be here first thing in the morning, relieved Ted, who had just set his stool aside and was rubbing his butt as if it hurt him.

“Been a while since you sat watch, Ted?” Aaron teased with a grin, watching Aaron come at him with a stiff gait, careful to keep his voice low as their filly awoke.

Ted gave him a sour look. “Yeah, right.” This was an accepted, routine part of Ted’s life, coddling the newbies on their first few nights. They both watched her begin to stir restlessly. “No problems at all last night – she slept like a baby.”

“Excellent. That’s just what I wanted to hear.”

“Them pills are wonders, aren’t they? I’m gonna go get some shut eye – I’ll be back mid morning or so.”

“Anytime, Ted – you get some sleep.” In the middle of the night, in a whispered conference conducted just outside her stall door, Aaron told Ted that he wanted the other man to take second place in caring for Mandy – that he wanted to do the majority of it himself. Every mare had a primary and secondary groom, for instances like today where the mares that Ted usually groomed and saw to in the mornings would be taken care of by their other groom, because Ted was home getting some much needed sleep. Although it was much preferred that the primary groom do everything for his mares all the

time, that was not always possible, and attentions by the secondary groom had to be as accepted by each filly just as readily as by the primary groom. Aaron was certainly qualified – overly qualified, in fact – to act as a primary, and when a particular filly caught his eye, he liked to do take over the entire responsibility for her well-being. Ted was all for it. He enjoyed watching a master at work with a mare, and that was Aaron all over.

Aaron eased himself into the stall slowly, watching Mandy's bright head come up. She knew there was someone in the stall with her – smart girl – but she probably couldn't recognize who yet. Regardless, it wouldn't make much difference to her this early in her training anyway. One man was as mean and rotten as the others, she was probably thinking.

He did not approach her immediately, but made sure her shallow stainless steel feed bin was full of breakfast, which consisted of a container with a mixture of a high-calorie, low sodium, high-fiber granola-like material called chaff; it was a mixture of oats and honey and a small amount of brown sugar and cinnamon to make it quite palatable, with raisins, dates, and nuts. The second section of the trough contained a blended yogurt – the first flavor she was offered would be apple-cinnamon. Any food preferences exhibited were carefully monitored. In the mornings, the mares could eat as much as they liked; Aaron was a firm believer that breakfast was the most important meal of the day, and his girls needed all the calories they could get. Lunch would be naturally regulated by how many mares were in the paddock at one time, and dinner was quite limited although the food was somewhat different, leaning towards a type of dried beef jerky he'd come up with that contained minimal salt, as well as what might be considered crudites in another scenario – fresh washed chunks of baby carrots and celery and cucumbers and radishes – salad food – that were sprinkled with a spice that mimicked the flavor of a mild ranch dressing. The food here was simple but good and well prepared, and it was extremely important that the mares ate well, so as much as possible they were given flavors they liked. The granola, however, was given to everyone the same – ex-

cept for those who were sensitive to nuts who got a no-nut variety. Aaron would not serve his animals anything he would not eat himself, and even his grooms snacked on the stuff and were required to eat it as readily as the mares. It was good food. The water trough ran across the tops of the other bins, within easy reach at all times, so she would be able to take a mouthful of food and a sip of water almost at the same time, if she liked.

Just as with larger canines, the troughs were head high so that the fillies did not have to bend down to the floor to eat – it was extremely bad for digestion for anyone to eat that way. Occasionally, as a treat, fresh fruits were offered, and again any preferences were duly recorded for future reference.

Once he'd made sure that all was in readiness for her, Aaron walked over and bent down in front of Mandy, saying softly, "Are we ready for a good hearty breakfast this morning?" He put his hand on her flank and he didn't flinch, but he didn't really count it as a good sign; she was probably still mostly asleep. "Close your eyes, Mandy-girl, I'm going to open your blinders and I don't want you to be startled."

For once, Mandy did something she was told a he flipped something up and the sun came streaming against her eyelids.

"Open slowly, baby."

She did, but they watered terribly anyway. Aaron hunkered down in front of her, holding her chin in his hand to tilt her pretty face up to his so that he could dab away the tears until there were no more. He rose and unhooked the lead that was attached to her collar from the floor, then unbound her wrists and ankles. As soon as she was free, Mandy lunged away from him, managing to surprise him with how hard she'd thrown herself away from him, as if she'd been lying in wait the whole time, but she forgot that he had a hold of the lead to her collar, and she was cruelly brought up short not two feet away from him.

“Damn!” he cursed under his breath. Aaron hated to use a collar as a restraint on a mare. It was method of very last resort as far as he was concerned. There were too many things that could go wrong, and he felt he should have seen her little break for it coming, blaming himself entirely for the way she was choking and coughing and straining at the leather around her neck. An expert at getting a filly – even a reluctant one – into a bridle, he had her buckled and snapped into one in seconds while she was still trying to catch her breath. The collar was removed immediately as soon as he had her reins in his one hand and Aaron’s mouth drew into a grim line as he saw the patch around her neck that was already starting to redden and bruise.

Taking his temper and anger at himself firmly in hand, he latched her reins to one of the multiple hidden toggles in the floor of her stall, right where she was, bringing her head down so far that she had to lay her cheek against the sweet-smelling hay on the floor. One of her legs kicked out aggressively towards him as he moved behind her, and Aaron had to smile to himself. She recovered quickly, his Mandy did. The hobbles were back on but loose enough right now until she found her ankles pulled apart till she felt like a wishbone, then they were attached to bolts into the floor to hold them in place. Her feet were kept so close to the ground that she wouldn’t even be able to drum them when she would want to... later. Her arms were next, which he immobilized with depressing ease, as far as Mandy was concerned. Despite her minor neck problem, she was raring to go and dying to get out of this place. She had nothing to lose in trying to escape. But Aaron simply stood over her with a huge booted foot planted on either side of her waist and looped a thickly padded cuff around her right wrist; knowing she was right handed, he neutralized that one first. Her left hand reached back as he was working on the other one and grabbed a hold of his calf, just above where his boot top, and tried to pinch him, but there wasn’t an inch – there wasn’t a millimeter in his whole body – to pinch.

Frustrated and crying again, as usual, Mandy twisted and writhed and bucked and charged as much as she could until he fastened her

left hand and she was rendered pretty much powerless, not that it stopped her from trying to get away. Aaron did what he would always do when a ponygirl rebelled against his authority. He went to the cupboard that was present in each stall in his stables and extracted an implement with which to deal severely with the miscreant.

This time, he chose a shortish, junior cane.

Before Mandy came anywhere near exhausting herself trying to loosen bonds that would never be loosened except at the behest of one of the men who now controlled her, Aaron stepped behind her, saying in a quiet, steady voice, "Attempts to escape will be punished rigorously and without exception."

The cane rose and fell on her tautly displayed, upturned bottom thirty times without stopping – a fresh stinging welt was added across her hindquarters approximately every three to four seconds in a horridly relentless rhythm. Aaron landed thwack after snap right over the dull bruises from yesterday when he'd given her another demonstration of why she needed to obey her handlers and submit to them. He would never fail to deliver any reminder she might need for the rest of her life, whether it was the first day she was there or the last.

Amanda thought she was going to go crazy from the pain, and the strokes just kept on coming, splitting her skin wide open each one, she was quite sure, but he just kept whistling that awful thing through the air at her defenseless rear and her muted screaming sobs made no difference to him at all... eight... nine... ten... fifteen... sixteen... twenty-one... twenty five... twenty-seven... he did finally stop at thirty, when she was already senseless from the torture.

Aaron came to crouch down by her head and speak to her, reaching out to lay his hand on her wet cheek, his heart breaking in his own chest from what he had to do to her. "Remember, Mandy, yesterday, when I said we'd have to be extra hard on you? That's because you're so smart and so responsive. You should have known better

than to try to get out of this stall – not that you ever could have. Do you know how many people would have descended on you immediately? The stables would have been in lockdown well before you found your way to a door. Even if you did happen to get out of the stables, the whole site would have been locked up tighter than a drum – and there are hundreds and hundreds of people who would have dropped everything they were doing to find you. It's not worth it. Why attempt something that's going to fail each and every single time, only to end up with you getting your buns blistered like this?

“You're too smart for this. Do the smart thing and submit and obey. I promise you it's a pretty damn good life – it's the best I can make it for you.” He stood and cleared his throat, trailing his fingers at the small of her back. “I said we were going to have to be extra hard on you. And we are. For anyone else in this barn – maybe with one or two exceptions that are just like you are – extra smart and extra stubborn – this would be the end of what was already a pretty harsh punishment.

“But not for you.” His softy spoken words made Amanda's heart drop into her stomach as she sobbed. She knew she didn't want to hear what he had to say next. “I want your lesson to really sink in, because I don't ever want you to do this again. Ever. For the rest of your life I want you to remember this and think twice and then a third time and a fourth time before you decide to make a break for it.”

Aaron took his position to one side of her bottom again, and the cane resumed its terrible song.

Mandy did not remember much of what happened during the second set of thirty strokes beyond her own rapidly hoarsening voice and the tears and the heaving against the restrains to try to relieve the unbelievable torture of that nasty rod as it sliced down into her already tender and swollen flesh. When the sixtieth weal had seared its way across her bottom, Aaron threw the cane out of his hand and came around to release her head and hold it in his lap, smothering her in butterfly kisses and stroking the wet hair out of her eyes.

“I couldn’t sleep, Boss, I – Holy mackerel!” Ted exclaimed as he peered over the top of the stall door and saw the ravaged condition of Mandy’s bottom. “Wha-happened?”

“She tried to get away as I was going to lead her to breakfast. And she got a lesson in not doing that. Check her for me, will you?”

Ted unlatched the automatic lock at the door and came in, carefully closing it behind him.

“I’ll say.” The first thing he did was kneel down behind her and carefully pry her welted cheeks apart. Aaron had been right. Ted caught his eye and nodded. She was soaking wet from that awfully hard punishment.

He stood and retrieved the cane, returning it to its rightful place, then helped Aaron get the sobbing and wailing mare situated on the grooming platform, which luckily wasn’t too far from where she was. No matter what the punishment or how hard it was, a mare’s routine was rarely allowed to be disrupted by it. Technically, breakfast was already over and all the other mares were being groomed, or waiting to be groomed. Mandy’s reins were cross tied so that she could not move her head to either side, or very far up or down. “You wanna use the head stock?” Ted asked.

“Not if we can avoid it – the only thing that stopped her this morning was the collar and she’s already working on a good bruise there. You know how I hate things around their necks. I don’t much like stocks in general,” Aaron frowned as he looked at the already darkening bruise around the slender column of Mandy’s neck.

“I know.” Ted bustled around getting everything ready for her grooming, although he knew that Aaron would want to do the actual session himself. He put a bucket of warm, lilac soaped water where it was within easy reach, with a big loofa already in it, and several very soft purple face cloths along with a big pile of purple and GS crested

bath sheets. He put a big dollop of a privately made, very expensive lilac-scented lotion in a warmer, and set out a big wooden paddle brush for her mane along with sterilized nail clippers, a battery operated toothbrush with a breath-freshening, tartar control gel already squirted onto it, along with a pretty lilac clear deodorant and perfumed shampoo and conditioner. The last two things he took out of another of the recessed cupboards in the stall was a bottle of perfume and Mandy's very own personal rectal thermometer.

Ted grinned. One thing could definitely be said for GS mares – they smelled great – each and every one of them. The Stables had scent layering down pat.

“Got a spoon somewhere in one of the cupboards?” Aaron asked.

“Yup.” Ted tossed one to him and kept one for himself once he saw what Aaron was doing with it.

Mandy could barely stand – which was easily rectified when a well-padded supporting beam about five inches wide – except where it was cut out to account for her breasts – whirred up from the floor to press itself very gently against the center of Mandy's body from just above her breast bone to just before her pubic bone, providing all the support she needed right now to remain upright on all fours. But she must've been hungry – she hadn't eaten by Aaron's calculations in about two days. So the groom and the owner of the stables himself spoon fed her. A straw-like fountain came up through the grooming platform so that any mare that got thirsty while she was being seen to could have a drink, and Mandy was no exception. Both Ted and Aaron encouraged her to eat and drink as much as she could, although neither of them got more than three or so spoonfuls of yogurt into her before she hung her head as far down as she could in exhaustion.

They groomed her together, one starting at the head, one at the tail. No inch of her was spared the loofa, which, when Ted reached her

swollen, bruised bottom made her groan and buck listlessly even as her face was being very gently washed. Her teeth were brushed and her face was lotioned, hair brushed then washed, toweled dried then put into a bun for training purposes. Her privates had never been so clean – Ted was scrupulous about making sure that his girls were excruciatingly clean there. Her breasts and nipples were attended to rather roughly, she thought, her nipples in particular were scraped over repeatedly with something that felt like sandpaper. It was awful.

Then she was massaged by the both of them, one on either side, which felt wonderful. As they worked their way to the midpoint of her body, they passed a familiar white and black bottle back and forth. Mandy recognized the bottle just as each of them grabbed a breast. Udder cream! Her breasts and nipples got a good fifteen minutes worth of attention in and of themselves, not unlike the massage they had gotten yesterday at Aaron's hands. They were made sore and very, very sensitive, along with her nipples which had already seen their share of abuse, which were pulled and stretched and twisted, almost as if she was being milked, and left hard and pointed and aching for more as they moved down to her hindquarters. Her bottom was massaged most vigorously, making her arch and cry out from their fingers on her multiple welts, but it kind of felt good, too, in a weird way. Two sets of digits worked themselves between her spread legs to find her already swollen clitty and massage it gently to attention, then they each worked their way down a leg to her feet, where her toenails were trimmed closely and each individual toe was massaged.

When they were done with the actual massage, Ted moved back to her breasts and did begin to milk her, mimicking the way a farmer would milk a cow, twisting and pulling and hurting her nipples and squeezing her breasts quite roughly, both at the same time.

Aaron moved to her pussy and put his fingers over her clit, rubbing her steadily and watching avidly as she was brought to a heaving, moaning morning climax despite – or, in her case probably because of -the harsh discipline she had just received. “Good girl, Mandy,”

both men praised at the same time. Ted patted her flank absently, but neither of them moved from their spots until every last contraction had been milked from her body.

The last thing they did to her – or rather Aaron did – was take her temperature rectally with a very long, thickish thermometer which looked like a candy thermometer. It was eased into her bottom slick as a whistle, the same way those awful “pills” of theirs were last night, and she didn’t know how long it stayed in there, but it was too long for her – she hated being held open like that in her bottom.

“Excellent work, Ted,” Aaron said, once he’d extracted it from her butt and read it, cleaning it then putting it away with all of the grooming things.

They worked in silence for a few minutes setting the stall to rights, then they each released an ankle and extended her leg back, just like a farrier shoeing a horse, enclosing her whole foot and leg – to just below her knee – in something very heavy and boot-like that laced up the front and zipped up the side until it clasped her calf and foot like a second skin – a very heavy, awkward skin.

When the grooming platform was returned to floor level, Mandy was helped to her feet, although her head was still cross tied, it had been raised some. Her arms were once again bound behind her, the thumbless mittens still in place. Aaron released one rein into his hand and then the other, grabbing them well up by her head and allowing her to stand – or really totter, because the boots they had put on her feet made her balance largely on her tiptoes and she was terribly afraid she might fall. “Stand proud, Mandy – head up, breasts out.”

Ted stood in front of her, shaking his head. “Man, she’s a gorgeous piece of horseflesh, even without all the folderol they want in the ring!” He reached out and grabbed a wobbling breast in each hand

and shook it. “Just look at these udders! Think of when they’re full of milk

– she’s gonna be a fantastic brood mare.” Aaron let his hand wander down her flank and over her bumpy bottom, squeezing gently.

“Remember your manners, Mandy,” he reminded sternly. “And when you walk, you are to pick those knees up high and look only straight ahead. And throw your udders out well in front of you. They’re the first thing anyone is going to notice about you until your mane is let loose. Make the men want to touch your boobies – they will, and you will not object to it. Your udders are there to be massaged and squeezed and your little teats are there to be pinched and pulled hard

– especially once your milk comes in once you’ve been successfully bred.

“Walk proud,” he ordered, clucking to her with his tongue.

Ted criticized – and swatted her sharply – as did Aaron, as she walked. Somehow, they each seemed to have a paddle in their hands, which they applied liberally to her bottom when she erred. “Bring those knees high up with each step, Mandy. Do it,” Ted encouraged, smacking away at her bottom while she tried to do as he said and as Aaron said, trying but failing miserably to avoid any more torture to her aching butt cheeks.

Mandy was still very involved in trying to remember everything they were saying to her

– and especially what they were whacking her for – but she also noticed something on this trip that she hadn’t noticed when she was lead into her stall for the first time – there were mirrors everywhere, emphasizing just how nude and vulnerable she was, and how lascivi-

ously she was displayed as she walked head-on towards another huge mirrored wall!

“Don’t fall behind, Mandy,” Aaron scolded, thwacking her soundly several times to help her remember when she became so absorbed in her absurd appearance that she almost stopped walking. When she turned on her way into the training ring, she caught a glimpse of the state of her own bottom – it looked like she’d been beaten to within an inch of her life. Somehow just seeing it made it hurt more.

By the time they got to where they were going, which was the training paddock, her bottom was in an even more atrocious state than when they’d left and her thigh and calf muscles were killing her as well as her shoulders. She had not just one groom attending to her disciplinary needs, but two who were very quick to use their implements on her at the slightest notion, and they continued to do so during her forty-five minute first training session, which really only consisted of learning to walk correctly while being led around. Luckily, Mandy caught on fairly easily – well, she learned what was expected of her, anyway, not that she always remembered to do it, but one of them always remembered to remind her quite sharply.

Finally, she set free in a big clean white-fenced paddock, those horrible boots still on her feet, of course, making her stumble and her feet hurt, and her arms still bound tightly behind her back making a lewd display of her breasts. Her bridle was still on, but there were no reins attached.

Mandy could see that there was a group of women – women ponies – at the far end of the fence, but she was in no hurry to join them, nor did she want them coming near her, but, of course, they did all at once, until high and mighty Mandy – who wasn’t feeling anywhere near as high and mighty as she usually did – was backed right into a corner. Aaron and Ted were only a few steps away, watching the action with great interest.

The other ponies, having been there for over a year at least, all of them, did not have their hands bound behind their backs like she did, nor were they hobbled as she was. Mandy felt ashamed that she was presenting her breasts to them in such a flagrant and embarrassing manner. Merry – short for Merryweather – was the closest thing there was to a leader of the fillies that were out there. She was the oldest one there and was currently in a breeding program that put her with one particular stallion that Aaron owned because he hoped that their bright blonde coloring would reappear in any foals. Merry reached out to touch the newcomer, in a gesture that was purely intended to offer comfort, but Mandy managed – somehow, and no one knew exactly how – to growl at Merry, deep in her throat, sending the majority of the ponies skittering away. But Merry merely took a step back and stayed.

Ted burst out laughing, not particularly concerned about anyone's safety. The mares in the herd in front of Mandy were all settled brood mares who wanted to be nothing but kind to her, and Mandy was essentially neutered by her restraints and hobbles. "How the hell'd she do that?"

Aaron was wearing a surprised grin himself. "Dunno. Mandy's full of surprises."

Several hands and grooms appeared to watch the show. "You got your hands full with that little filly, don'cha, Boss?" Ronny teased, and the other men laughed.

Debbie, who had just been released into the paddock by her groom, Eric, after her own first training period, walked over to where Merry was standing in front of Mandy, then tried to approach Mandy herself. Debbie's arms were not bound behind her and she looked infinitely more comfortable than Mandy was. Another low hissing growl issued from Mandy, who took a threatening step towards both ponies.

Eventually, Debbie left Mandy alone to go learn how to fit in with the herd that had regrouped about twenty feet away, still watching the frightening newcomer warily. Mandy noticed that although Debbie's bottom had some welts and was fairly reddened all over, her bottom was in nowhere near the atrocious condition Mandy's was. But then, Debbie probably hadn't tried to escape. Merry, however, stayed a closer but respectful distance away as if she was waiting for the new girl to come around and recognize that no one in the herd was going to hurt her.

Nothing much happened for a while – Mandy stayed in the corner of the corral with Merry about ten feet away from her, and the herd drifted off since there wasn't anything exciting going on. Then the dinner bell rang and the hands began to fill the feed troughs with more of the same sweet grain the mares had had for breakfast, which sent them all scattering to munch on their noon meal... except for Mandy, who stood staunchly in her corner. Merry tried to coax her out, and got hissed at as her reward, but she stood by the prickly little mare, and that's why Aaron told Ted to go get two feed bags.

Ted did exactly as he was told, but as he handed them to Aaron, he shook his head and said, "You're gonna spoil that one, Boss."

Aaron nodded his head in agreement at his own stupidity. "I know, I know, I just hate to see any of 'em go hungry," he caught Mandy's eye as he approached Merry, saying, "even if it is just due to their pure-ty stubbornness."

Merry walked right over to the big man and nuzzled her cheek against his chest. Aaron smiled indulgently down at her and ran his fingers through her scalp in a massaging motion that he knew she particularly liked as the filly dropped to all fours automatically to feed. "You deserve a reward, too, Merry, for trying to help your ungrateful new friend." The feed bag he put over her mouth fit like a surgeon's mask and looped over the mare's ears until it was removed. He'd had Ted add some apple and carrot chunks to her mix and Merry

munched happily away, lazily watching what happened with the new girl.

Since she was already in a corner, there really wasn't anywhere for Mandy to go to get away from him. He had her trapped in about four steps, then he helped her to her hands and knees by saying "feed", and pressing his own knee gently into hers to encourage her into the all fours position. Her wrists were restrained in front of her, bound tightly together so that she could balance on them while she ate. The feed bag was looped around her ears, but Mandy did not settle down and eat like a normal mare. She spent most of lunch trying to figure out how to get the feed bag off her face. She didn't like it at all. Aaron clenched his jaw against a smile at the little pain in the butt, and went one better on her, bolting her wrists to the floor so that she could not use them for leverage to help herself get out of the feed bag. So the little scamp heaved in place for a minute, and Ted and Aaron could just see the wheels turning in her head as she simply worked out another way to do away with it by rubbing her ears against her shoulders until the loops were worked back over one ear, then she was able to let it dangle off the other ear and down on to the perfumed straw.

The triumphant smile on her face was absolutely priceless – and her inventive gyrations had both men laughing until it hurt. "You are something, Mandy-girl. What you are I haven't quite decided yet, besides a beautiful thorn in my side, but you are something." Aaron chuckled and helped Mandy to her feet, rebinding her arms behind her and handing the reins to Ted.

"Why don't you take her back to her stall for quiet time and I'll distribute some of the sweet grain to everyone else?"

As she was being led out of the paddock, Mandy heard a sharp whistle and more of the clicks he made out of the side of his mouth, then she heard a lot of artificial hooves thundering towards where Aaron had been, and heard him mumbling teasingly to his girls. "That's it, Patty, don't let Peggy steal your thunder, girl, that's your

handful, not hers. Peggy, do you want a taste of my paddle or are you going to settle down and act like a ponygirl and not a ponypig? Teensie, there you go, pretty girl. Abby, come here and get some now, don't be shy. I don't bite – much," he'd added, and all of the girls did what passed now for a laugh.

As she passed down the long corridor towards her stall, she could see that he was surrounded by eager ponies and was hand feeding each one of them, offering a warm pat here, a tweak of a nipple there or a smack to someone's bottom who got too uppity and demanding of him. It was painfully obvious that he loved each and every one of the mares in front of him for their own individual characteristics – personality, looks, abilities. He knew who was a little reluctant in the group and needed some gentle encouragement, and who was apt to try to weasel another's portion away from her, who needed a firm hand on a tender bottom to bring her into line and who just needed a sharp look to remember to mind him.

Ted was being just as hard as always on her as she walked back and by the time she was put down for what they called "Quiet Time" her bottom was throbbing again from his multiple applications of that paddle as she was walked back to her stall. As he was putting her to bed, he spoke to her continually, as he did while he was grooming or training her. "Quiet Time now, girl, for a couple hours – ponies need to be still after they've ate – even those who haven't ate – " he gave her "the eye" pointedly. "Sleep if you can – " she looked at him worriedly, but he seemed to know what was on her mind. "No, no fussy pill right now. Tonight when you go to sleep though, but not now." He kissed her on the forehead much as Aaron had done last night.

"You get some shuteye, little filly. It's the best thing for you." He shut the stall door, which locked automatically behind him, and Mandy didn't know it because of course she couldn't see him, but he stayed right there on one of those God-awful stools, watching and listening to her. After a few snuffles and sobs that were heartrendingly endearing, she dropped off like someone had flipped a light switch.

Aaron happened by and looked in on her, then drew up a stool to sit next to Ted. “How’s our girl doing?”

“A little fussy and some tears, then she fell right off to sleep.”

“Good deal. Hey, if you wanna go see some of your other fillies, you go right ahead and I’ll watch her.” Ted was off his stool in a heartbeat with a somewhat apologetic grin. “I miss my girls,” he offered by way of explanation for his eagerness.

“I got no problem with that,” Aaron commented, in fact, it was exactly what he encouraged. “Go get ‘em, stud,” he teased.

The big older man actually blushed, then set off at a trot for the other side of the stables where the majority of his mares were. Grooms or trainers did not have a lot of mares that they were entirely dedicated to – the ratio was generally two mares to one groom/trainer, and some grooms specialized in the newbies, like Ted did, so although he would see a mare through her induction training, he might pass her off to a new groom – usually his secondary during training

– at the end of the six week period. But he always liked to keep an eye on them even after they’d left his care, and that was certainly something Aaron encouraged in his employees. So even if Ted didn’t even touch them, he would try to be present for any breeding – especially any firsttimers – any special training, any ring exercises, vet visits, farrier visits, etc just so that the ponygirl would see a lot of familiar faces rooting for her and guiding her with praise and encouragement to be well behaved. Ted, like Aaron, liked to service his primary girls at least once a day – more if there was time, but at least once a day on top of the grooming pleasures that were required.

It was two-thirty before Aaron started to see Mandy moving about on her silk covered hay bed, and that was his signal to service his own mare – well, not breed her as Ted was undoubtedly doing with his fillies – but to give her pleasure that she would be even less likely to

be able to fight against it. Aaron loved to wake his girls up with some loving, and he was dying to get his mouth on Mandy's beautiful pussy, which is exactly what he did.

"Someone needs to be loved awake, I think," he whispered hoarsely, letting his eyes adore her, drinking in her blind, helpless position with her neck on a short leash to the floor, arms banded tightly together and tethered to the same toggle as her collar so that they were well out of the way, ankles on a shortened hobble and also tied to the floor. The only restraint that Aaron changed was her ankles, drawing them up and back and tying them there to one of the many restraint leashes that were built into the ceiling, just enough that her hips were spreading them wide apart so that they would offer no obstacles to his watering mouth he stared down at that bare, pink pussy and literally watched as her cream began to flow from between those gorgeous lips from just his words and her position.

Aaron had to caution himself not to fall on her like a ravening beast. He prostrated himself before her – which he felt was an extremely apt position since he could quite happily die with his face between her legs, listening to her pleased moans and groans... or with his cock buried deep inside her, but then this was a pleasure position, ever a breeding one; mares never faced those who were servicing them – they were only taken from behind.

He pressed his face against her genitals, refusing to use his hands to keep her lips apart, instead he moved his lips and mouth over her until she yielded naturally to his teasing pressure. Once he had her nicely swollen clitty in his mouth, he latched onto it as the source of sustenance it was – it sustained the bond between groom/trainer and ponygirl through intimacy and pleasure; there was little in this life more intimate than to be bound, naked and helpless, with a man's eager lips and tongue suckling at the most private place on a mare's body – and this ritual would be repeated innumerable times just within the next six weeks. Usually by that time the mere assumption of a position on her back would cause a ponygirl to cream, but

Mandy, as usual, was way ahead of everyone else in the sexual response area.

As Aaron was diligently, luxuriously washing and lapping and suckling at that prominent bump, Ted came in quietly, so as not to disturb the scene of a filly being attended to by her groom. He did as any second in this case was expected to do. He lay down on his stomach in the hay, also, up by Mandy's torso, taking a firm hold of each of her breasts and massaging them in manner that was extremely arousing but not particularly gentle – in fact it was designed by Aaron originally as a method to help encourage mares to produce milk, and it used a groom's naturally strong, hard fingers to actively, forcefully stimulate every part of the udders as well as spending a good amount of time agitating those rosy pink teats, pulling and pinching and rolling them, and it did hurt – most of the ponies groaned and keened while they were being forcemilked like this if there was nothing else going on like what Aaron was doing. But in combination with something tickling their cunnies, it made for much harder orgasms, and that's what Aaron liked his fillies to have – long, hard contractions that wore them out and relaxed them. A sexually satisfied mare was less likely to rebel, so Ted had a feeling that this was going to be an extremely frequent scene in Mandy's future. Due to her blatantly sexual response to punishment and her tendency to fight against her lot in life – no pony had ever or would ever escape this compound; Aaron had tremendous security at this place, either he or Aaron would probably be at Mandy five to six times a day – especially once Aaron had popped her cherry, which he knew would be done fairly shortly.

Mandy moved restlessly beneath his ministering hands, trying to arch her hips to Aaron's mouth. Ted smiled slightly, lifting his mouth from her teats to keep up a running monologue as they would throughout her training and beyond as she was being pleased, to encourage a connection between their deep, resonant voices and her sexual pleasure. Eventually, just his

“wake up, pretty ponygirl,” first thing in the morning would bring her to a low level of sexual arousal that she would stay at all day because of the inherently personal touches and care taking that was done to and for her. “That’s it, Mandy-girl,” he gripped her breasts at the base especially hard, squeezing tightly, bringing the swollen, tenderized nipples to his mouth again so he could raze them with the edges of his incisors. “Come like a good ponygirl. Come in your trainer’s mouth, on his tongue.” He grabbed her wet, taut nipples between his index finger and his thumb, pulling them hard and rolling them as he used them lifted her heavy breasts and shake them like a dog with a plush toy. His cock jumped at the loud groan his action elicited, and he began to repeat it. “Ahhh, yes, I love my job, Mandy. I love being paid – and paid well – to milk beautiful young ponygirls’ breasts and lick their pussies and wash every single part of them and take the cane or the paddle or my palm to their always bare bottoms anytime I think they need it. And you need all of that, Mandy, and that’s what you’re going to get every single day for the rest of your life – lots of pleasure, lots of pain and no control over either.” He adjusted his pinching grip further down on her tender teats, more towards the bottom of her nipples, and continued using them to make her udders shake and jiggle obscenely.

More lovely, long soulful moans as the two men felt her body tensing, reaching quite blindly for the culmination they were both forcing her towards. Ted scrunched himself down a ways so that he could get his mouth right next to her ear as he spoke, but he kept up with his end of things groping and punishing those beautiful boobies as he whispered, “Come now, little one, that’s it. You’ve got two strapping strong grooms here attending to you in all the ways you like

– one man at your teats and the other your snatch. You’ve got a nice sore bottom that’s just gonna get sorer throughout the day, and it’s time to let fly with a good hard come for your masters before we herd you down to the training ring again and work you some more before we feed you dinner and groom you, when we’re going to do exactly this again to you – you’re going to come so much from now on you’re barely going to remember what its like not to be all wet and horny

because the next come's less than an hour away, usually, where we pull your legs up and back like they are now so you're all exposed to us and helpless and we can really get at your pretty little pussy with our mouths – “

If she had been able to scream, she would have at that moment – her convulsions were total body, yanking at her sky high ankles and writhing in animal heat as Aaron rode her out like a champ, not allowing her to dislodge where he'd gotten a lip lock on her clitty just before she blew. Now he stayed there and forced every last contraction from her body ruthlessly, while Ted saw to her breasts.

They both stopped at the same time and got up, when they'd figured she'd wound down enough. Aaron wiped his face with a handkerchief.

“She's juicy, huh?”

“Damn, I nearly drown there!”

Ted chuckled. “But what a way to go!”

Mandy was mortified at their comments, her body already flushed with a sex blush, but now suffused with an all over pink because of the way they were discussing her, as if she was an animal – plus they left her hiked up there, legs spread wide, her bare privates out there literally dripping onto the blanket beneath her – she could feel her own gooeyness slithering down her crack and falling off the rounded crest of her cheeks where they hung just a little above the floor.

Within five minutes or so, she had been given a quick but thorough clean up and was back on her feet – well, on her tiptoes, anyway – being walked slowly and painfully to the training ring, driven onwards by light praise and hard smacks from the latest implement to bruise her bottom – leather paddles, one in each of their strong right hands. Her training session was much the same as it had been this morning

– lots of swift, cruel swats and occasional praise, but by the end of it she really had caught on nicely.

Aaron pulled her close to him, pressing her cheek to his shoulder as she'd seen Merry do voluntarily. "You did a very good job this afternoon, Mandy-girl. Now go play nice with the other ponies."

Mandy surprised him by staying right behind him, even though he'd removed the reins from her bridle, although he hadn't released her arms from behind her back. When he turned to shut the paddock gate, she was right there. Aaron smiled and pushed her gently away from him, back into the enclosure, then secured the gate between them so that she could not get to him. He felt like he had a little shadow, though, because when he moved to the side, Mandy moved to the side. Mandy followed him as closely as she could. She hadn't even glanced at the herd of four or five fillies that was standing in the middle of the corral under the sunlamps, she just stood right up against the wooden fence and glared at Aaron, who promptly turned his back and walked away. When she could no longer see him – but was still standing right where he'd left her, he was sure – he opened a door and entered an area behind one of the big walls of the enclosure that was an area that allowed him to watch her on the multitude of closed-circuit cameras that were built into nearly every inch of the stables and any and all of the pastures, roads, and buildings on the grounds.

Mandy just stood there, looking after him even though she could no longer see him. Merry approached her again – Aaron made a mental note to reward Mary in the method he knew they both liked best, as well as give her the ultimate reward before she was had dinner – two chocolate kisses. Mares would do practically anything for chocolate, but the only way they could get it around here was to earn it by doing something extraordinary – like offering friendship to his prickly little one, and Merry'd done it twice, so she deserved two kisses.. . of the chocolate variety, anyway.

Merry didn't try to touch Mandy again at first; she just stood next to her as if she was trying to see what Mandy was seeing. Mandy's chin lowered to her chest and Aaron's jaw hardened; he could tell just by her posture and the way her body shook that she was crying. Merry reached out to give the distraught young filly a comforting pat, but Mandy shook it off and went to the corner he'd found her in last time to lean against it and continue crying softly – there were microphones everywhere in the complex, also. No ponygirl, no hand, no trainer, no groom was ever really alone. Aaron noted that she hadn't hissed this time, though; maybe they were making some sort of progress.

Though she'd been soundly rejected – twice – Merry stayed close to Mandy for the whole of their playtime, even going so far as to bully her gently under a heat lamp when she saw that the girl was cold. Aaron didn't think that Mandy even knew what Merry was doing when she gently maneuvered her around, she was just trying to avoid the other pony.

At five the other grooms would begin to come and retrieve their mares, so Aaron entered the ring at about ten of the hour. He walked right by Mandy, who tried not to but began to follow him about ten paces back as the only thing familiar in her world at this moment, but he deliberately ignored her. Merry trotted over to him immediately with a welcoming smile on her face, as did most of the girls, which he had counted on. He told Merry in a deliberately soft voice that drew the others even closer around them, "You've earned yourself a huge reward today by watching over a newcomer who isn't having a very easy time of it. You stayed by her the whole time and I saw the way you herded her under the lights when she got cold. You have behaved in an exemplary fashion, Merry-girl, and I am extremely proud of you." Aaron's big soft smile made Merry blush all over at having pleased him with her behavior. "Open your mouth and close your eyes." Merry giggled – or close to it – at the familiar phrasing from everyone's childhood, but she was smiling so broadly that she had a hard time keeping her mouth open for him.

Aaron knew he had every female's rapt attention as he unwrapped the candy and put it on Merry's tongue – he could hear the jealous groans and squeals emanating from the crowd. She groaned at the flavor of the treat as if he was pleasuring her in the most intimate of ways. When there was still chocolate melting in her mouth, she moved a step closer to Aaron and tilted her head, offering her lips in a sweet kiss, offering but not demanding in the least. Aaron accepted the offer with a grin, slanting his mouth across Merry's in an indulgent, familiar fashion as his hands gently tweaked the full, bare breasts that naturally filled them to overflowing.

The other ponies started to squeak and moan with jealousy even louder as he kissed Merry deeply, and with obvious affection. After dropping a loud, wet, smacking kiss on each of her red, upturned nipples, and patting that generous bottom, he winked at her and turned to them, saying to all of the assembled fillies, "That's the way a ponygirl should always act – helpful and caring towards her fellow ponygirls. Y'all would do well to take a lesson from Merry's behavior today."

Aaron strode purposefully towards Mandy, unlooping a pair of reins from one of the metal quick clips hanging off his belt loops. Now, of course, she began backing away from him in a complete reversal of her previous behavior. Aaron just had to laugh, which made Mandy's face screw up in confusion as she continued to back away. But backing up in pony hooves was an even harder thing to do than going forwards in them, and Mandy soon found herself leaning over as if she was going to end up flat on her back. Luckily, Aaron was close enough that he was able to grab her upper arm and steady her, but then he proceeded to bend her over and hold her bent by applying a broad hand to the back of her neck, leaving her luscious bottom exposed and begging for the forty strokes of the leather paddle he gave it while lecturing her about not moving away from her handler.

Not only had Amanda dissolved into tears at the first agonizing stroke, but her discomfort was multiplied by the fact that she was being disciplined in full view of everyone else. By then the other

grooms were coming to get their fillies to bring them into their stalls for some downtime before dinner. She could hear the men all talking to their ponies, mentioning to them as a mild threat that they'd better move along smartly or they'd end up like Mandy over there. Amanda thought she'd die of humiliation. She knew that her rapidly reddening and already bruised and welted bottom was there for everyone to see as Aaron whacked away at it, and she also knew that her privates, which were still full and swollen from this afternoons attentions, were also on full display, along with the fact that they were already glistening again with her own secretions.

When Aaron was through punishing her, he held her in position for a little while, fondling that exact area she'd been concerned about showing to all and sundry very thoroughly as he nodded and spoke to each one of the grooms who were around. Amanda tried to struggle, but worried she'd fall over in those dumb, uncomfortable shoes, so she had to stand there and have his fingers poking around between those lips, searching and finding that nub of flesh that made her draw a startled breath when he began to rub it vigorously.

Oh, God, he was going to make her come right here, right now, in front of God and everyone! She just wanted to sink into the ground and die.

But he didn't bring her off. He did continue to caress her until they were the only people in the corral, at which time he let her up and ordered with another crisp swat, "Walk Proud, Mandy."

Back in her stall she was put onto the grooming platform, knees laced into those padded things they strapped her into, head down and lashed there so tight she couldn't even raise it to change which side of her face was on the straw. Big padded cuffs were wrapped around her ankles. A thickly padded belt around her waist supported her middle and also prevented her from lowering her bottom while Aaron rubbed some sort of soothing lotion into the beleaguered skin of her backside, tsking and scolding her gently the whole time. "Are you going to be better behaved tomorrow, Mandy-girl? I should hope

so. I bet having your bottom this torn up is getting awful old, hon. Remember, you do have control over whether or not you get spanked. If you do good, or even if we see that you're trying to do good – that you're making an effort at cooperating instead of being naughty and rebellious – then things'll go easier on you and you won't be so sore all the time – although I know how much you love to have your bottom striped good and hard."

Amanda tried to buck and writhe in disagreement, but her movements were too limited to allow much of that, but Aaron knew what she meant.

"Yes, you do, babygirl. I know you do." He'd finished with her rear and the backs of her thighs, inspecting them carefully to make sure that there wasn't any scarring, despite the fact that he knew that was highly unlikely – all of their implements were designed with rounded edges and every possible precaution against any sort of permanent damage to a mare's valuable hide. Her bottom was looking pretty damned rough. But her pussy – that was looking as inviting as always. Aaron cupped her little cunny in his big hand. "This never lies, Mandy. Oh, your punishments hurt – maybe they hurt you more than the average ponygirl, I don't know. But I do know how your body responds to the paddle and the strap and even the cane – it loves it. You cream every time anyone lays a handprint or a stripe across these cheeks here – I've seen and smelt and touched and licked the evidence of it. You can't hide anything from us. We see all of you, and we know what you need." He dipped his fingers in her juices and brought them to her clit, rubbing the pads of his fingers over her with deliberately firm slowness, hearing her breathing increase, and watching her swallow hard. "You need this – to be touched and fondled and spanked and caned. That's what your life is going to revolve around from now on – you're just going to have to learn to accept it. The centers of your life are no longer your brain and your hands. No one around here is ever going to ask your opinion about anything – not whether you want an orgasm or not, not whether or not you want to be bred to some big stud, not whether or not you want to pull a sulky or wear a bit in your mouth. It's just going to be

done to you regardless of what you think. Your hands are always either going to be bound out of the way or they're going to be restrained all the time and be useless to you, always, especially since you keep showing me that I can't trust you."

His free hand roamed her sore bottom, pinching her here and there as his fingers friggged her relentlessly. "This is going to happen to you so much in the future, baby ponygirl. Your future is full of coming and punishments and being bred and trained. No thinking, nothing but pain and pleasure and lust. Maybe more of the pain for you than usual, but you like that, too.

"Like I said: we have to be harder on you than on the others – more demanding. You'll always have harsher punishments than the other girls, you'll be expected to do more and learn more than they will, to endure more, even to come harder than they do" He got a little more lubrication from her on his hand then began worrying her button again. "And I'm going to be here, doing it all to you. All of it. Tomorrow morning you're going to be brought to the breeding pens, and I'm going to fuck you for the first time. It's not too early in your training for a pony like you. You need to feel the thick length of a stud deep inside you, pounding into you from behind as you were meant to receive a cock – and for a while that stud's gonna be me."

Amanda emitted a high pitched keening wail at that pronouncement a Aaron hurled her over the edge of ecstasy again that day, praising her lush beauty and the awesome clenching of every muscle in her body, yet still his fingers tormented her – straight into a second explosive orgasm.

Amanda did the only thing any woman would do when faced with such overwhelming pleasure. She fainted.

Part III The Breeding Pen

The next day, Amanda was again gently awakened at about five thirty by nothing so loud and blaring as an alarm clock, but by the easy sounds around the stall, as if it was waking with her. Ted had her up and at breakfast in a no-nonsense fashion, as if he'd been doing it for years, and, indeed, for other ponygirls he had been doing it for years. Amanda was famished – she hadn't eaten much at all yesterday, so he was glad to record that she'd eaten all of what she was offered and looked around for more. She'd eaten all of the same apple cinnamon yogurt that she'd barely had any of yesterday, so that was marked down as an acceptable flavor for her. Each day she would be offered a different flavor until she'd run through all of what they offered, and whatever she turned her nose up at, she wouldn't see again.

She was a little bleary-eyed, Ted noted, but that could just be hangover from those three suppositories they'd seated in her bottom again last night. It was a little harder this time, because she'd had a good idea what was coming, but Aaron had taken a very firm tone with her – he was up at her head again and Ted had the good-sized bullets at the ready at the other end. “Mandy!

If you would prefer, we can roll you onto your tummy and wale the daylights out of your bottom to help convince you to behave while your medicine is being administered. Or, you can do the smart thing, the much less painful thing and lie still and it'll be a little bit uncomfortable and you'll be feeling full for a while, but it'll all be over in about five minutes. Regardless of which way you react, you will have all three pills in your bottom before you go to sleep tonight.”

There was no doubt in Amanda's mind that the two men who had handled her from the beginning were strong enough – in will and body – to do exactly what he said they'd do. So she had sighed petulantly and started to sob softly, which they took as acquiescence. Aaron had praised her for submitting well, as had Ted as he inserted the long, thick bullets carefully up into her tight little hole. She had fussed a little on the last one, but Aaron had stroked her head and Ted her flank, reassuring her that they were almost done. They both

considered that she was such a small woman, that she it was probably getting a bit crowded up there, but Ted was able to successfully lodge the third rod inside her.

Once they'd done that, and Aaron had flipped the blinders down so that she was immediately surrounded by complete darkness, and then they had set upon her like a pack of ravening wolves, Aaron at her sore, tender titties and Ted this time eagerly lapping up her pussy juices, bringing her to another earth-shattering orgasm before they let her drift off to sleep.

But at least she hadn't fainted this time.

That faint had set off every alarm Aaron had owned, when she'd just collapsed within her bonds and slumped over. His first thought was that he'd killed her and that he'd never be able to do that to any female again. But then he saw that her chest was rising regularly, and he felt her pulse and it was fast but steady.

Ted had wandered in at that point, took one look at Mandy and diagnosed the situation immediately, grinning ear to ear as he patted Aaron on the shoulder. "That mare is one hot ticket. If you're not careful you're gonna die breeding her – she'll burn you up."

Supper and her final grooming had gone well, and to dispel any fear she – and they – might be harboring regarding her orgasms, they brought her off as usual during the grooming session and then again that last time after giving her the pills. Aaron, whose heart had taken a while to start beating again after Mandy had fainted, was tempted to scold her and tell her never to do that to him again, but then he realized what a compliment it was to him and to his abilities, as well as to her ability to respond to him. Apparently he was reaching the stubborn little cuss, and on a very basic level.

She got her normal hour of training in, and was worked extra hard during it to help wear her out before she was brought to the breeding

pens. Aaron found that a good bout of strenuous exercise helped a mare work out a lot of natural energies so that, if she was likely to have a problem submitting in the pen, she'd already be too worn out to really fight and thus there was much less chance of injury.

Aaron had chosen a specific time when there would not be a lot of activity around them – the pens were not empty but it wasn't a situation where each pen was filled with a mare being serviced, either. One pen on either side, each a pen down from them, was being used. Although Mandy was brought out of the corral with her blinders down so that she could not see a thing, she had a good idea where they were going, and of course, she could hear the natural sounds of copulation going on around her when she was brought into the room – the soft slaps of flesh to flesh, the quiet groans of the ponygirls who were being filled. Males at stud at GS Stables – ponyboys – were extremely well-endowed – as were the hands, the trainers, and the grooms, who were all allowed to breed with any of the mares any time they liked, once a mare had been impregnated, or if she was not currently in a breeding program or recovering from foaling. The studs were also trained to be as quiet as possible when they were breeding a mare. They were free, whereas the mare was always bound into a particular position called “breed present”, and they could touch the mare anywhere they liked, but once they achieved their first objective – which was to always always always pleasure the female first – then they were expected to mount the filly and give her a good, slow, full-out fucking and to deposit as much foal-making sperm into her cunt as possible. Studs were encouraged to remain locked into their female for a good long while after actual ejaculation so as to maximize the amount of come that was left in the filly.

When he was done, his handler would take him away, and the female would be given a vaginal plug, then be taken back to her stall to receive a nice warm rubdown with scented oil, after which she would be put down for a rest before lunch.

Mandy began to resist as soon as she recognized where she was being brought and what was going on around her – and made the

connection that that was going to happen to her, soon, too. Several tremendous swats with the short, light canes they both carried for this particular mission had her standing stock still, but refusing to go forward, despite the scolding and the administering of even more profoundly painful licks. She was bawling from the searing pain in her bottom, but her feet were firmly planted and she wasn't going anywhere fast. So the men merely lifted her slight weight with ridiculous ease, and within a minute or so she found herself wide-eyed and completely without her blinders for the first time in a while, and she was in the most shameful position yet: Amanda was fenced in on all sides except her rear by pliant almost rubbery-looking padded bars, although the area directly in front of her only had bars halfway up so that she would be afforded an unobstructed view – of herself. There were floor to ceiling mirrors facing the fillies that were being bred in every single breeding pen in the facility. Not only could Amanda see what was happening to herself, but she could both see and hear what was being done to the females on either side of her. It was awful!

Her head was up and craned back almost to the point of discomfort, held there by the straps attached to her bridle. Although she tested it, she couldn't move her head an iota. Someone leaned in and swiped something wet and sticky over her eyelids – if she'd been expecting it and could have gotten to it she would have bitten off by that point – and within a few seconds she was finding it harder and harder to close them. The bastards – now she was forced to watch what was being done to her! She could close her eyes if she tried, but it wasn't easy, and without intense concentration they snapped back open again like window shades on tight rollers.

Her arms were secured behind her, almost forming a V like she was trying to fly, and there were comfy pads on the bars that were up against her shoulders to take her weight off her wrists, but her breasts were left to hang and bobble and bounce. Her back was forced into an acute arch, which pushed her bottom up into the air, and her legs were so far apart that she felt like she was being pulled apart like a wishbone. Her knees were held wide by straps pulling in

opposite directions, slim ankles were secured to the floor so that she could not kick.

In effect, she was completely neutralized and ready to be violated, and as she looked in the mirror at herself and the getup she was in, she realized just how helpless she was. She was going to be deflowered like this. And from what she had been able to gather when they talked around her, this was going to be far from her last time in this position. Her heart sank.

Aaron and Ted both stood behind her until Aaron came up to her head, and she was again struck by just how huge they were – or maybe they just seemed that way to someone who was spending the majority of her time on her hands and knees. But they were both tremendously muscular, with bulging arms and veiny forearms and heavily muscled chests.

“I know this must seem very frightening to you right now, Mandy, and I won’t lie to you

– there might be a little bit of hurt when I first enter you, but it’s not much, I promise. I know it’s asking too much, but please try to relax. Ted and I’ll make it as pleasant as possible for you.” He stroked her hair tenderly, and it was his blasted kindness that made her start to cry. He whipped out his ever-present handkerchief and dabbed at her tears since she would have a hard time blinking them away.

Ted patted her back and rubbed it a little. “We will make it pleasant for you, Mandy-girl. You know us. You know what we can do for you.” Oh, God, but she didn’t want to do it here, in front of an audience and a mirror showing all of her facial expressions and – Oh God NO!

Aaron had debated about whether or not to breed her in the relative comfort of her own stall, but then none of the padded safety equipment was there, or the medical kits, etc, just in case. So he and Ted agonized over it, but it was decided that at least her first time, if not

her first few times should be in the pens, where they could deal with anything that happened.

He arranged himself at her upturned pussy after unbuttoning his shirt and pulling it out of his pants. He didn't know why, but their research had shown that the stud or groom showing a little skin – chest muscles and chest hair in particular – helped the mares somehow, psychologically. The employees who bred with the ponygirls would never be nude – ever – it left them too vulnerable, and they lost the psychological edge of being fully clothed while the mares were nude, but for some tassels and boots and harnesses.

But somehow, when the grooms – who were all pretty buff – showed some bare-chested action as they were breeding a mare, the mares proved more fertile. They also tended to settle down and accept the servicing better. Aaron didn't know why, and frankly he didn't much care. So both he and Ted unbuttoned their shirts. Ted lay beneath Mandy, in what someone who didn't know what was going on might think of as a sixty-nine position, where he would be directly under her breasts and have plenty of access to those lovely udders that were just begging to be squeezed and pulled and groped.

Aaron began his own massage with a light cinnamon lotion that would heat up Mandy's pussy quickly, helping to concentrate the blood flow right where his hands were. He was almost afraid to use it, considering how she'd responded to him without it yesterday, but he figured he'd see how it went over. Once he'd applied it, he took a step back and bent over to blow on her genitals, and the increase of heat in the area made Mandy pony-scream and try to rear even further back than she was, but Ted kept a good, tight hold on those teats, using them to pull her back down.

Ted and Aaron said in unison, "A good ponygirl receives her breeding quietly." Aaron slipped a quick finger into Mandy's opening, gratified at what he found. "We have lubrication," he announced in a hoarse whisper.

“Excellent,” Ted replied. “Let’s bring her off, then.” And they did, with horribly embarrassing ease, working in a paced, planned rhythm with each other that was terribly frightening and overwhelming to the poor female they were working on. They had her moaning continually within a few minutes, and before another three minutes had passed she was contracting on Aaron’s fingers, making a total spectacle of herself as she tried to writhe and arch within her bonds. Aaron patted and stroked her mid back. “That’s a very good girl, Mandy. Good ponygirl.” He stood and unzipped his pants, pushing down his underwear enough to let the ten inches of his fully erect cock spring free in all its thick, hard glory. Aaron stood behind her, his entire concentration on Mandy and the act at hand – he didn’t see her in the mirrors, didn’t see himself or hear or see anyone else around them. Every part of his mind was thinking about Mandy and how he could make this easiest for her and try to make sure that every precaution was taken to keep her safe from injuring herself or being inadvertently injured by him, considering the differences in their size and strength.

He raised the platform so that she was at just the right height for his entry, and noticed that her puffy, swollen lips were leaking her own lubricating fluid. As a precaution and to increase the overall viscosity of the situation, though, he put a lightish coat of K-Y on himself, then presented his big head at her opening, putting his hands on her hips and grasping her firmly, as he’d been taught. Ted was kneeling to the side of Mandy’s head, stroking her hair and encouraging her to relax and submit, but she was sobbing and shaking in that heartrending manner of all ponygirls – they couldn’t beg him not to, they couldn’t plead and blubber. They could only receive whatever kind of treatment the men around them gave them, with no choice in the matter, and be obedient to them under the threat of physical chastisement if they didn’t.

Aaron wanted to be inside this mare more than he’d ever wanted to anything else in his life. While he’d been bringing Mandy to orgasm five and six times a day, he hadn’t had any release himself, despite the fact that he had been rock hard since he’d first laid eyes on her. He’d gone to Merry last night and made her scream with pleasure

with his very talented mouth, but he wanted to save his load for Mandy, so she hadn't gotten the best of him, and looked a little hurt because of it.

He wanted it done in the most clean, efficient, least painful manner possible, so he pushed himself forwards firmly and pulled her hips backwards at the same time, entering her to the hilt in one stroke. Mandy issued a hurt, angry, pseudo-scream, rearing back and trying desperately to unimpale herself, but the way she was expertly restrained – as well as Aaron's strong but firm hands holding her in place – would not allow her to do anything but what his body dictated. Aaron held onto his own control by a thin thread, but he held onto it, as much as he wanted to simply bang away at her and bury himself deep within her hard and fast, he made himself maintain a slow and steady, even gentle pace of plunge and retreat as he tried to remain as clinical and professional as possible – noting that there was no major show of blood at all, for which he was eternally grateful.

Mandy was not taking her servicing well at all, however, despite Aaron's careful attentions. She was wiggling and moaning and thrashing and sobbing so hard that Ted reached over and slapped her bottom sharply, if only to draw her attention. "Mandy," he said firmly, "a good ponygirl receives a stud submissively and quietly."

She was having none of it, though, and his warning did not seem to faze her in the least. Her straining and moaning continued unabated, and she would have received a more thorough punishment even during the session only Aaron found himself unable to sustain as long a breeding session as he usually did – he wanted her too much. Soon he began thrusting harder, even against his own will, plunging himself deeply into her then withdrawing fully to repeat the motion until his whole body clenched in orgasm and he poured his seed into her, bumping himself up against her wide open pussy with each powerful spasm.

He was usually able to give a mare a very long, hard ride – almost always making them come on his cock even though he'd made them come clitorally before mounting them. Aaron knew how to use his cock to pleasure a woman – he'd been doing it since he was twelve. But Mandy – Mandy practically made him explode just thinking about those wonderful tight, wet, depths of hers – and how she creamed even when he lathered her little bottom with the cane, and how she'd actually fainted from his efforts...

Breathing very raggedly at those thoughts, Aaron made one last, sharp thrust, then held her hips to his as he let the last few drops of his seed ooze out and into her receptive little cunny.

"Mark – the – time," he muttered, and Ted glanced at his watch.

"Ten-forty-five."

Aaron would stay inside Mandy for a full five minutes, to optimize the possibility of fertilization. Actually, as they didn't really have an idea of her cycle yet, this time was unlikely to bear fruit, but it would be duly noted as a breeding attempt, and he intended to follow the usual method to the T so that she would know exactly what the routine was, regardless of who she was put with in the future.

Mandy continued to sob, but she was no longer struggling against Aaron, but rather was almost hanging in her bonds quite dejectedly as Aaron and Ted stroked her flanks and her face.

"There now, pet, that wasn't that bad, was it?" Andrew crooned. "But you did not accept and submit as you should, Mandy. A good ponygirl submits to servicing whenever it is demanded of her – quietly and without resistance." Aaron caught Ted's eye. "Time?"

"Five."

Aaron eased himself out of Mandy, reaching for an antiseptic towelette that he used to wash up the small amount of blood that was oozing around her opening. "This might sting just a little, baby, but it's gonna help you heal quicker." He rubbed some soothing cream around her entrance as she jerked a little. "Shh-shh-shh, babygirl. Just making you feel all better."

Only when she'd been made more comfortable did Aaron clean himself up and readjust his clothing. While Ted was carefully arranging Mandy for the trip back to her stall, Aaron was lubing up a good-sized vaginal plug that would allow her to retain the sperm that had just been deposited inside her. The Stables breeding program did everything it could to maximize the possibility of fertilization, and this was one of their most successful measures.

She tensed immediately when Aaron began to press the big plug up inside her, but Ted held her fast as she was invaded yet again, this time by something inanimate and big and thick. It rubbed against where she'd lost her virginity, and began to sting immediately because the thick area before the flange kept her unnaturally stretched. "That's a good girl. Just a little thing to help you keep my sperm up inside you – so that hopefully you'll get pregnant. We'll take it out in about an hour." Mandy whimpered at that pronouncement.

It amazed her when, instead of being stood back up as she expected, she instead was gathered into Aaron's arms – bound as always – and he carried her back to her stall. "Now," he pressed a kiss to her forehead, "we're spoiling you a little bit, Mandy-girl, because the usual thing to do is to spend the hour after you're bred in the pens in the 'breed present' with the plug in. But I think you'll be more comfortable in your own stall."

She ended up back in her lilac scented stall, in that horridly familiar position with her bottom hiked up into the air and her head down in the sweet smelling hay. She was just beginning to relax a little when they each took a cane in one hand and stood on either side of her.

“What did we have to say to you several times while you were being bred, Mandy? About submitting? And not struggling?” Aaron asked rhetorically, laying his cane on her bottom almost tenderly. He sounded reluctant to have to do this, but Mandy knew by now that that was not going to stop him from doing it. She was beginning to realize that any sort of resistance was just going to get her more of the same painful meetings with the cane or the paddle or the leather strap they all seemed to carry. “We told you not to do it, didn’t we? We told you how a ponygirl behaves, and you chose to ignore us. So now you are going to pay the price for being a naughty and rebellious ponygirl.”

The strokes fell in rapid succession, one after the other – often one on top of the other which made her mutant yell explode hoarsely from her mouth – as they each scolded her thoroughly for being uncooperative during breeding. Before they were through with her, they’d laid a fresh layer of supremely painful welts on her backside all the way from the top of her crack to just above the backs of her knees, and Mandy was truly one sorry little ponygirl.

When they had finished with her discipline, it was almost as if it had never happened as far as they were concerned – as if the slate was wiped clean. But Mandy was crying so hard she was almost sick. A straw-like mechanism was arranged right next to her lips so that if she was thirsty, she could take a drink. Ted and Aaron massaged her soothingly and talked quietly between themselves, praising her as she gradually settled down.

In exactly one hour, the plug was removed very carefully and more salve was applied -

Mandy heard Aaron tell Ted to note that she was not actively bleeding at all – then she was fed lunch and bedded and bound down for her afternoon rest.

Her last thoughts as she fell asleep, was that this was going to be happening to her again and again – for the rest of her life – more breeding, more canes, more paddles, pain and pleasure and more pain. Although it had been sore and stingy at first, the way Aaron had been pumping in and out of her had just started to feel really good when he stopped – not that she wanted them to know she was thinking that.

And as she felt Aaron's come leaking sullenly out of her plumped-out lips and onto the purple silk sheet beneath her, she sighed in contentment.

Part 4: Real Life

Mandy's life took on a surreal quality as she awkwardly tip-toed her way through the days in her uncomfortable ponygirl shoes. The only things she could be really sure of were that her bottom was going to be well-roasted by the end of the day, and her pussy and breasts would be just as sore, only for very different reasons. Aaron had kept himself away from her – he hadn't taken her again – for three days, to give her time to heal. But he hadn't relented on the punishments or the molestations of her person one bit. He and Ted were at her all the time – she probably was brought to at least four orgasms a day – usually more like six. And they were tailored entirely to her tastes – each of the men had made themselves complete experts in her responses – they didn't just strive to bring her off, they watched and listed and smelled and touched and paid excruciating attention to what made her writhe and groan like an animal in the back of her throat, and then they did it to her again and again.

One of the things that they had definitely hit the bullseye on in regards to what literally made her drip – besides those awful spankings – was to be spoken to in their rumbly, masculine voices, Aaron's in particular; to be guided or cajoled or almost scolded into an orgasm made her come faster than almost anything else. Amanda thought to herself, though, that at this point, Aaron could recite a grocery list and she'd be most of the way there. It seemed she existed at a con-

stant, mid-level arousal point, and if she took the time to analyze it, which she rarely did because they kept her so blasted busy and so concerned about where the next sharp whack was coming from, she'd have to say that it was because of how turned on the very idea of her own captivity was to her. Her position as a ponygirl made her wet at just the thought – and she was living it! All of the accoutrement was all around her, along with two very strict, sexually appealing grooms whose hands were constantly either in the process of punishing her, pleasuring her, or taking care of in some inherently intimate way.

The hardest thing Amanda had to come to grips with was not the fall of the cane or the humiliating inspections of her person, but rather the idea that she liked this situation – indeed, she was rapidly coming to crave it.

She was very slowly coming to terms with what was going to be demanded of her for the rest of her life, although the occasional contemplation of that idea left her feeling numb. From this point on, her destiny was to be driven forward in the high stepping walk they required, eyes forward at all times, her own nudity and the images of the way she was kept on lewd display blatantly confronting her at every turn... Mandy hated the way she was forced to walk, and even more so when they upped their requirement to a faster paced trot that made her firm, round breasts jog up and down pendulously, which the men obviously adored; every man around the ring stopped to watch her.

That day – about her seventh in captivity, was filled with firsts. Aaron and Ted had made her break into a high-kneed trot for the first time, on a lunge line that Aaron was holding, requiring that she trot in a circle around him as Ted ran along beside her providing

“encouragement” with a long ruler-like paddle to the backs of her thighs. She was “decorated” for the first time, which only served to humiliate her more, using amethysts to go with her purple theme – two large, heavy, teardrop shaped pendants that hung off her

nipples from tight gold clamps that made her cry when they were applied, and six more that draped from clips attached to her vaginal lips. Mandy was allowed to stand for a while right after they put those horrid things on her as the two of them looked her up and down, trying to decide if she needed more. She ended up with wide arm bands of amethysts on her upper arms, as well as spatz-like showers of them draped over her hooves, but not low enough to trip her, of course.

Amanda hated the blasted things; they pinched her nipples terribly, and she'd certainly never had anything hanging from her nether lips in her life, although the ones attached there didn't really hurt much.

It was also the first morning that she was put into a true ponygirl harness in preparation for eventually pulling a sulky. She had already been trained to the bit, which had gone better than Aaron had expected, frankly. He figured someone was going to lose a finger or two to this feisty filly, but he was quite happy to be wrong. She had been in a bridle for some time – there was a method to his madness of having the newcomers put into a bit-less bridle before they were even awakened – and all he'd done once her gums had healed really was have Ted hold her nose closed, then snap the bit into place once she'd opened her mouth, however stubbornly. Now, she'd fussed, of course, shaking her head once it was in place and trying to dislodge it, and playing with it in her mouth to discover how well seated it was, but she'd taken to reining by him beautifully – Aaron was an expert driver and had a light but firm touch on the reins. He couldn't wait to get her a cart behind her and watch her go!

The purple leather harness with solid gold accents was a fairly elaborate series of leather straps that went over a pony's shoulders and around her breasts – leaving them entirely bare, of course but accenting them very nicely, especially with the contrast between the gleaming purple leather and Mandy's pampered milky white skin. Side straps ran down her flanks, then formed a garter across her hips, with one strap splitting her down the natural crease of her body. The extremely supple leather strap that invaded her slit was specially

designed to hold her lips open and kept her cheeks apart in the back, thus leaving her bare little cunny and bottom holes flaunted brazenly for everyone to see. At show, her whole crease and her nipples, as well as her mouth, would be rouged reddish for further emphasis.

She was also introduced for the first time to her ponytail. Now, Aaron loved to see a woman with a tail – it just kind of completed the ensemble for him – but there were issues of hygiene and comfort, even though he had had the most comfortable ones possible designed specifically for the Stables, along with some that were distinctly designed to be uncomfortable for those ponygirls who needed to be taught a nasty lesson. The first one that Aaron presented to Mandy's bottom, once it was buckled and snapped into its pretty ponygirl harness, was the smallest available. The harness itself gave Mandy no choice but to show her pinkish brown hole as it lifted and separated her already crimson bottom cheeks, so the tail was easy enough to insert. Ted had her head, giving it a gentle tug and saying, "Bend," at the same time. Mandy did as she was told and bent over, but took a small step away from Aaron as soon as he put the tip of the plug against that tight opening.

Aaron smacked her bottom sharply, enjoying the way her generous flesh wobbled within its leather frame as his handprint went from a yellowish white to a bright red on her skin.

"Steady, Mandy," he said sternly. He motioned for Ted to give him the reins, which he wrapped around his free hand, pulling her head back sharply and making her chomp at the bit as it was yanked cruelly back against her tender lips and sensitive teeth. Her arms were, as usually, bound tightly across her back, as useless as a penguin's vestigial wings. Aaron shortened her hobbles then tightened the reins even further, making her crane her head most uncomfortably. Finally, he nodded to Ted, who had already read his boss's mind about what Aaron wanted: as Mandy's back was forcibly arched, those big firm breasts jutted into even greater prominence, the amethysts dangling coyly, as if begging to be fondled. Ted grabbed a

hold of them in a grip that was anything but gentle, digging his fingers well into the ample, soft flesh, making Mandy jerk away from him at just the same time as Aaron pressed the tail-plug into her little bottom. It was seated within her before she knew it, looking absolutely gorgeous as the maker had matched the color of her mane perfectly.

She issued a long, low groan of frustration and humiliation, but Ted continued to massage her breasts in that kneading manner – careful not to dislodge the nipple decorations – as Aaron kept her in position for a while with her head pulled back to offer those tender morsels to Ted’s cruel, greedy hands.

Although she had already learned to walk proud as a ponygirl, the tail threw her gait off and she got blistered more often than she had been in days for her walking, because it so distracted her. Also, the harness they put on her was one for the ring, and it had little chimes all over it that tinkled whenever she moved – she sounded like a walking wind chime! It drove her crazy, but there was nothing she could do about it but try to concentrate, which is what they were saying to her as they scolded her soundly, beating her bottom crisply with nearly every step she took.

In that first week, she had been spanked, paddled, caned and belted so often that Aaron decided to try something else as a method of punishment. When she rebelled – even just that slightest step – about receiving her tail, Aaron had taken her back to her stall – still in her tail, still with those awful pinching clamps on her most sensitive spots – and put her on all fours. Not in a “display” position, just all fours. He also put her in the head stock for the first time, which she rapidly discovered she hated and was glad he didn’t use very often, but it suited his purpose this time because she would not be able to lower the front half of her body one iota while she was in the stock – and therein lay the catch.

As he began to punish her, she didn’t realize at first what he and Ted were doing. It didn’t seem like much of a punishment at first. They

were wrapping something soft and somewhat stretchy around the base of each breast. Ted had come up with this punishment, and it was highly effective and – as long as it was well timed – left no marks on the mare's body at all, but none of the mares it was used on ever doubted that they were being seriously disciplined. He whistled while he bound Mandy's breast tighter and tighter. The material they were using was like nylon, with nothing that would break the skin, but it would pinch and crush it horribly instead, restricting the blood flow beneath those seemingly innocuous bindings. Both he and Aaron were careful to get as far down the breast – close to the body – as possible before they began to tie her udders, and they made the loops around them very restrictively tight. Each of them made three passes around the base of the udder, then tied the strips of material off. Those straps served no other purpose in this facility other than to bind naughty ponygirl's breasts when they'd been disobedient. And Mandy was going to be taught yet another lesson..

Aaron had decreed to all of the staff at their weekly meeting – and had reiterated it to the grooms and trainers at their daily meeting – that nothing Mandy did wrong was ever to be overlooked; that she was to be severely reprimanded for any and all infractions of the rules, any and all hesitancy in doing exactly as she was told. So although he could have overlooked the fact that she'd tried to avoid the insertion of her pretty tail with one very tiny step, he wouldn't have wanted anyone else to, so he wasn't about to let it go. She was going to be punished harshly for even the smallest of mistakes. She needed that strictness, and he would gladly provide it for her.

And she was going to enjoy every horrible, humiliating second of it.

When they were through, the already generous globes of her breasts had been cinched tightly at the bottom and were therefore forced into a more exaggerated prominence than ever. Then Ted and Aaron assisted her out of the head stocks for just a short time, helping her to her feet to stand in a very specific place, where ankle stocks replaced the headstocks she was just in. Her arms were unbound then rebound around a thickish pole that was laid across her back, and

secured into the wall on each side with a click, then her wrists were buckled into restraints that were attached to a thick leather garter belt. She was going nowhere, but her breasts, as always, were front and center... and huge and red throbbing already, only a few minutes after they'd been tied. She knew exactly how obscene her breasts looked – and how titillating she looked all bound as she was – because Aaron had put almost a whole wall of full length mirrors in her stall, and once he'd stepped out from in front of her, she was confronted head on with a picture of herself in that ignominious position. Somehow the bastard had figured out how much she hated to see what was being done to her – how shameful her current situation was with those obscenely bound breasts swelling up tautly within their restricted confines, still dripping gems and framed by gleaming gold and purple patent leather.

Ted stood to one side, his arms folded across his chest, no sympathy on his face at all for her plight. In fact, he was almost grinning at the sight of her.

Aaron stood in front of her, a thin rod in his hand, less than half an inch thick and probably a foot to a foot and a half long that looked like a director's baton. "You're going to be wearing a ponygirl tail quite often from now on, Mandy. Maybe the next time one is given to you, you will remain still for its insertion." He reached out and slowly pulled off each of those clamping tassels the hard way – without releasing the pressure, just pulling back on the large, teardrop gem itself – oh, God, that hurt! "You're going to find out right now that there are more ways to punish you than just to blister that naughty bottom of yours."

And then that little stick began to fall on those swollen globes, and she began to howl with the agony it created from the outset.

It felt rapidly and unforgivingly. Aaron's face was entirely passive throughout – the exact opposite of Mandy's. The only part of her body that she could move was her head, and she thrashed it about in earnest, but there was no possible way for her to avoid those

sharp, stinging blows as they snapped down on her rapidly reddening fleshy spheres. Not only did the little baton leave thin welts crisscrossing all over her poor captive breasts, but any such blows only emphasized how tightly restricted they were – and they were swelling painfully, just because they were bound. The skin of those straining globes was so taut that each vicious stripe he issued threatened to split them wide open – but of course, that was not going to happen. Nothing that traumatic was going to rescue her from watching herself – even inadvertently – be subjected to this severe session of breast discipline. Aaron had gotten an “A” in that class in grooms’ training. He enjoyed punishing a mare’s udders enormously, although it had still been Ted’s idea, originally, about the binding. Aaron had been the first one to put them together in this most satisfying manner. It certainly satisfied the grooms plenty, and it always did the trick on a disobedient ponygirl.

He didn’t neglect those already sore nipples, either. He had another implement just for them; it was a smallish paddle-like thing with a raised ridge down the middle. Aaron was an expert marksman with it, and he brought it crashing down on her defiantly peaked nipples over and over until they, too, had swollen horribly and were an abnormal shade of ruby red – but that didn’t stop or even slow him. He gave it to those naughty nipples but good, and then he switched back to the baton and positioned it beneath her distorted breasts to flex his whole arm up so as to catch the virgin undersides of her breasts.

It was about this point in her punishment that Ted circled behind her and slipped his hand between her bottom cheeks, lifting that well-lodged tail and pulling just a little as a humiliating reminder of its presence up inside her bowels and why she found herself in her current state of abject misery. The stocks kept her legs well spread for just this ease of access to any orifice her groom might desire. His fingers explored and probed purposefully, and Mandy could see that he’d nodded his head at Aaron as soon as he discovered how wet she was.

And she was mighty wet.

Aaron and Ted had both smiled with satisfaction and then continued their dual purposes -

Aaron snapped that nasty rod up to raise more welts on the bottoms of her breasts, catching them both at the same time, and Ted rooted around more between her legs, seeking and finding her ever-swollen clitty to rub and pinch it as she moaned and yelped with a horribly familiar combination of pain and pleasure.

Aaron did not allow any part of her vulnerable udders to escape him – he lathered the top, sides, and bottom of them, as well as her pouty nipples, and then he started again. Ted dedicated himself to pleasuring her with the same single-minded determination, but he stopped when Aaron stopped – not too far shy of completion for her.

Mandy let out a squeal that was part relief that there would be no more welts raised on those abused titties of hers, but also part aggravation that Ted had left her hanging – she didn't know which situation was worse – the stinging, burning bee-stung agony of her breasts and nipples, or the achey, agonizing itch to come between her legs. Seconds later, she found herself back on her hands and knees, her head in the stock again – bucking and arching and trying desperately to get out of it as her arms were bound behind her and away from her body – almost as if she was going to be bred – in a position that left those poor tortured breasts hanging down, still within their cruel bindings, making the blood throb through them in the worst pain she had experienced to date.

Aaron hunkered down beside her as the tears tracked down her cheeks. In truth, Mandy was in such aching pain that she couldn't even moan or groan – the pain in her distended mammaries having eclipsed any pleasure from Ted's molestation of her pussy. "Now, Mandy, you know that naughty ponygirls in my Stables get punished when they disobey. And you know that you get punished worse than

anyone else, don't you? So you're going to have to stay like this for a half an hour." As he spoke, he was reattaching those awful clamps. The condition her breasts and nipples were in made that an absolute agony, but all she could do was cry harder. Then he left her alone with her misery as he and Ted stood outside her stall and waited.

"I've never seen anyone like her, boss," Ted whispered. "You came down on her pretty hard, and those udders are pretty torn up, but she just kept getting wetter through the whole thing!"

"Yeah, she's an interesting mare, isn't she?" Aaron was so rock hard he didn't know if he could stand it. He thought he might have to relieve himself with her, but didn't want to reward her in any way. He snorted to himself. As explosive as he felt right now, he probably wouldn't last through the first stroke that carried him into her before spurting his load into her depths! God, she was so tight and wet and hot when he entered her – he'd still kept himself away from her mostly, though. Since he'd bred her for the first time he'd only taken her twice, just to make sure she had time to be completely healed, although he'd inspected her carefully and hadn't found any evidence of infection or irritation.

Oh, God, those inspections were going to be the death of him, too! Twice a day after she'd been groomed, and again if he'd bred with her, he put her head down low and jacked her bottom up, using flashlights and mirrors and the instruments he trusted the most – his hands and his eyes – to check her out. Mandy hadn't liked that at all – it had gotten her a good thrashing on her plump bottom afterwards for being excessively fidgety during an inspection.

For the entire half hour, every five minutes or so, one or the other of them went back into the stall to check her heavy, bursting udders to make sure there wouldn't be any permanent damage. They looked terribly swollen and painful, and indeed even if her agonized moans had died down to whispers, she began to whimper as soon as she saw them coming towards her because she knew they were going to handle those artificially plumped out boobs of hers, and they did,

hefting them and pulling them, checking the bindings to make sure they hadn't loosened at all as they were wont to do while a mare's breasts were hanging down.

But she was fine for the whole half hour, as they'd known she would be, and when they both came in, Ted began to remove the strips of material while Aaron took out his engorged cock. The unrestricted flow of blood back into her breasts made Mandy groan and writhe with the exquisitely tortuous pain. After moving that luscious tail to one side and determining digitally that even this torture had made her body respond sexually – his fingers were literally drowned in her fluids – he drove into her with one stroke, making her grunt unbecomingly as her newly opened passage was forced to stretch widely to accommodate him as he plunged and withdrew fast and hard, one hand on her hip, the other pressing that terrible tail further into her in a deliberate rhythm with his own weapon, just to make sure his presence didn't pop it out. All the while Ted was at her breasts. While Aaron was servicing her, he pulled the clamps off her nipples – the hard way – then began to milk and massage her vigorously, which disciplined her nicely because her breasts were already so painful, but it also helped to bring blood back into her flesh, which also hurt her well. It worked nicely all the way around as far as the Stables and her grooms were concerned.

Mandy was beside herself, tormented horribly by the pain in her big, misshapen breasts, but that rod he kept driving up inside her was an even worse threat to her sanity and the way even her bottom hole was occupied and raped – it felt astonishingly good to her, embarrassingly so, making her whole body suffuse with a bright blush at how warm the area around him was growing as he dragged himself in and out of her. She was starting to feel the way she felt when they “attended to her”, bringing her to multiple orgasms several times each day. Oh, God, was there nothing about this situation that didn't make her want more – more rules, more punishment, more being... bred like an animal?

Just as that familiar tingle was beginning at the bottom of her spine as he slammed his unforgiving girth and length up into her three more times, his balls slapping against the sides of her pussy, but then he arched himself up against her and spent himself deep within her – and she was left – again – with no completion.

The rest of her day was much like the others, yet that much worse because not only was her bottom aflame but her breasts, too, as they danced up and down while she was forced to walk and trot on command. She was loosed with the other ponies with those abused boobs leading the way into the corner she always occupied, still bound as usual; it would be a while before Aaron would allow her the use of her arms around other ponies – more for their own protection than hers. But the others – except for Merry who seemed a glutton for punishment – still stayed away from her, which was exactly as she'd wanted it.

Once she had gotten walking and trotting down in full regalia, she was hooked up to an empty sulky at first – one that had no apparatus for sitting – just so she could become acquainted with how it felt to have something dragging along behind her, and so that she could get used to being guided by the longer dual reins. The bit was a little different – more elaborate – with a pair of reins attached to rings at the sides of her cheeks, and then another pair attached to the another set of rings that came down from the bit to just below her chin. This way Aaron had even more control over her head.

Both Ted and Aaron were supremely impressed with the way she handled herself in the sulky get-up, which was often frightening for a filly at first, but Mandy performed as if she was born to it... until Ted attached the bearing rein. A bearing rein was used on horses drawing smart carriages in the past – it forced the beautiful beasts to arch their necks while they pulled, which made a prettier display, but made it harder on the horses to do what was required of them. In the case of a pony girl, it pulled their heads back at a rather awkward angle, which appealed to the ponygirl owners and breeders because it accented the sleek lines of their bodies, packaged and paraded as

they were, as well as putting those marvelous udders in magnificent relief as they wobbled and jiggled their way around the ring. Essentially, it forced the poor girl to lead with her chest, which did make it somewhat harder to pull.

Mandy had a terrible time of adjusting to it – she was thrown completely off stride. Aaron and Ted could both see that she was close to tears but they knew she was trying to please them, having enjoyed her earlier successes and the lavish praise it brought. Neither of them ever punished true effort. They stood in front of the proud, beautiful, yet agitated animal together, as a team, where they knew she could see them even with her blinders on. Ted caught her attention through the haze of her tears.

“Mandy.”

She focused her eyes on them, and watched with astonishment as they each cast their crops to the side. “We will help you learn to do this and you need have no fear of punishment as long as we see that you are genuinely trying to learn.” They both came very close to her, Aaron cupping a wet cheek and Ted a soft shoulder. “We know this isn’t easy and it’s an awkward stance, but we know you can do it and we will do everything we can to help you get it. If you can learn this, we believe you’ll walk out of that show ring with your conformation title on your first try out.”

And they did. The implements went right back into their hands as soon as the training sessions were over, but while she was trying to accustom herself to pulling the cart – eventually with Aaron in it and once with Aaron and Ted in it – she heard suggestions and encouragement and praise, and only felt very, very occasional hand smacks to her bottom. That first day when she tried so hard to please them and didn’t necessarily do the best job of it, once they’d gone around the ring a few times using helpful encouragement and praise, Aaron and Ted had gotten her out of the sulky contraption and had done something that made her cry harder than anything they’d done to her before – they’d hugged her tightly.

Aaron had done it first, pulling her into his arms and crushing her against him, whispering into her ear how proud he was of her and that she was going to knock them dead in the ring. Ted had done and said roughly the same thing, telling her how beautiful she'd looked, even though Mandy knew she'd looked as awkward and clumsy as she'd felt. Then Aaron had taken her back in his arms and just rocked her there for a minute, stroking his hand down her flank possessively and telling her what a good ponygirl she was.

Mandy couldn't hug them back, of course, but she adored being held – she hadn't realized how much she missed that kind of contact. And it didn't really matter to them whether she wanted to be hugged – or bred or paddled – or not. It was simply another thing they did to her, but Mandy worried about how happy she was to have pleased them finally, and how much she wanted to please them. She was terrified that her personality was changing; that her drive to succeed in whatever environment she was put into was working against her, and her sexual predilection towards submission and masochism wasn't helping her any. She refused to admit that she was getting to like this lifestyle. She couldn't. She wouldn't.

Of course, she still got punished with alarming regularity – she was always doing something wrong. Until now, Aaron was the only man who had serviced her. Aaron was trying to impregnate her. But, as a ponygirl, she had to learn to be handled by other men without flinching – without resisting in any way – especially the judges in a ring, who would disqualify her in an instant if they saw any signs of rebellion. This point brought her a whole new field of welts across her bottom and the backs of her thighs. Her introduction to this concept was quite brutal: she was put at “attention” – arms bound behind her, breasts, of course, thrust out before her, in a harness but not attached to a sulky, wearing pony hooves but not hobbled, head back, eyes straight ahead. Aaron had given her a general idea of what was coming and a very specific list of what was expected of her – it was things she'd heard a lot before: “A pony girl always stood still whenever she was being touched or serviced or inspected by any man at all. Any man

– a hand, a groom, a trainer, a potential owner, a judge, etc. She did not flinch, she did not move, she did not fidget or cry out in any way. She adopted any position they required quickly and without delay.” He and Ted stood behind her, stiff leather straps at the ready as a succession of grooms she had seen around the barn came up to her and deliberately hefted and fondled her breasts, often cruelly twisting her nipples just to see if they could get a reaction out of her. Each man looked directly into her eyes each time, and she was expected to simply stare straight ahead

– not look up or down.

The first several men merely did that – touched and massaged her breasts in that painful manner they seemed to all have. The next few did that as well as running their hands over her body, pinching various places as if they were looking to buy her. Mandy definitely felt like a horse or a slave at auction. One of them made her open her mouth very wide so he could inspect her teeth, poking her tongue and touching her teeth with his big callused finger. She bore all of this in stoic silence, although she did cough and choke a little afterwards, but she wasn’t punished for that reaction, in fact Ted went and got her a glass of water to help her recover, and then it was back to attention and more groping.

Eventually, she ordered to “bend and display”, which meant she was bent over at the waist so that one such pretend judge or buyer could squat behind her and inspect her most private area. This she had an understandably hard time tolerating – understandably anywhere else but at Generations Stables, at least – and when she balked – jerking upright with a loud squeal and taking several steps away from him – Ted and Aaron caught her upper arms, bent her at the waist again, and let loose with those awful leather straps on her bare butt.

“What did we tell you about not moving while you’re being presented and inspected?”

Aaron scolded under his breath. He was putting all of his considerable strength into the whacks he was delivering to the naughty girl in front of him.

“A good ponygirl remains quiet and still during an inspection. She makes no sounds, and takes no steps except those that are ordered by her handlers,” Ted added, laying a particularly vicious stroke along the underside of her bottom and making that full, dense flesh wobble beautifully until Aaron’s next smack landed, which sent it jiggling again in a different direction.

Only when they felt any resistance had been thoroughly and completely conquered did they pull her back up and stand her at attention again, tears still dripping down onto those magnificent udders. The next man to walk up to her was a groom from the foaling stables that Aaron was sure she didn’t know. He tensed, waiting for her reaction. The first thing he did was wipe away the tears on her cheeks. Evan was an extremely good man, or he would never have made it into the foaling barn. Those guys were highly trained experts at assisting a mare in foal, calming their fears, and assisting in the birth.

Drugs were only used in a birth at Generations if the ponygirl’s obstetrician truly thought they were necessary – and that was not very often. Aaron employed a veritable army of medical personnel – indeed, the medical costs of maintaining this particular operation were astronomical; there weren’t any HMOs that covered ponygirls. From the moment they were diagnosed as being with foal, the ponygirl was assigned a medical team who saw her through the entire gestational period, so their personal medical team got to know the mare and any medical conditions she might have as well as her temperament and pain tolerance. The mare was given daily medical attention, but her additional groom was also a physician’s assistant, specially trained in obstetrics and gynecology.

Evan followed the path of those tears down to her breasts, licking the tears away there, then suckling gently at her incredibly tight nipples, lifting the udder up to latch onto the mare’s teat with as complete a

seal as he could, mimicking the way a foal nursed. Mandy drew a deep breath and released it in a choppy, convulsive manner, but she didn't move or resist, or even whimper, although she certainly wanted to. What he was doing to her made her skin flush hot, and this strange man made her want even more. A sex flush appeared on her chest above where his head was.

"She likes that, Evan," Aaron said loudly, and there were a few deep chuckles from the men around them.

He switched nipples eagerly, while rolling and pinching the nipple he'd left wet and hard. When she started to breathe heavily, he stopped and stood, moving behind her as Aaron and Ted came to her head, each having exchanged the leather implement for those thin, deadly batons.

"Bend and display," Ted commanded. Aaron gave a sharp tug on the reins, and she bent over from the waist, legs well spread, supported at the shoulders by their hands so that her breasts hung down beneath her.

As he squatted behind her, Evan clapped his hands and rubbed them together to warm them up, then he placed his palms on her roasted bottom and used his thumbs to gently pull apart her vaginal lips. He wasn't being in the least hurtful, but Mandy hated the idea that she was being so closely inspected by a man she didn't even know! A soft whimper escaped her lips, and Ted immediately let fly with his baton on the side and underside of her right breast, lancing welts into her five different times. Then he stood again and went back to supporting her shoulder as if nothing had happened.

Evan hadn't moved – he still held Mandy spread wide open. She heard something snapping behind her, and felt a slickened, gloved hand reach to the front of the area between her legs to gently pinch and fondle her, deliberately exciting her, feeling along her outer then inner lips, inspecting the rim of her vagina and then very deliberately

and slowly removing her pony tail to test and poke at her bottom hole, but not violating it before he stood up and peeled off the glove.

Mandy was incredibly relieved that he had not done something even more mortifying than what she had already been subjected to, like pressing his finger into her bottom or her pussy

... She wanted to sob out loud. How could she stand a lifetime of this? A few minutes later, he squatted again, using the same thumb-prying technique to pull apart her inner lips. “Yep. She’s responding.”

“Excellent. I kind of thought she would.” Aaron said, helping her back up to attention as a couple of them men whistled upon hearing Evan’s pronouncement.

About ten more men, Mandy guessed, were allowed to grope and fondle and molest and inspect her – some of them knelt behind her and used flashlights to look at her bottom and her pussy, like Aaron had while she was healing from being bred! But finally, it was done, and she was being led back to her stall for some lunch and rest. She was shaking and shivering from reaction and Aaron patted her arm encouragingly. “For a first time, Mandy, you did pretty well.”

The flesh of her breast and bottom wouldn’t necessarily agree with that assessment. Every muscle in her body hurt, too. She wondered if she wasn’t coming down with something, but there was no real way to tell anyone.

Evan stopped Aaron as he and Ted were leading Mandy out of the ring. “Has she had her ob/gyn done yet?”

“Only a baseline when she came in,” Aaron answered, stroking Mandy’s back absently.

“If she’s being bred already, she needs a regular and a pap.” Ted frowned. “We know. We’ve been trying to get her in, but with her schedule and your schedules, they haven’t meshed yet.”

“How’s this afternoon around two?”

Aaron and Ted looked at each other, each going through Mandy’s schedule in their minds. “Should be okay. See ya then.”

So Mandy was awakened in the middle of her afternoon rest, and strapped into the breeding position within her own stall – head down, arms back, legs splayed apart and genitals on display. Aaron stayed at her head, stroking her cheeks and hair soothingly as Ted hunkered down with Evan to assist if necessary. Mandy heard that now familiar sound of a rubber glove snapping down onto a thick wrist, then she felt him rubbing her clitty again and couldn’t help but respond to it – damn these men knew how to touch a woman!

Suddenly, Aaron’s hands were no longer at her face, they were reaching for her breasts, pinching her teats tightly and milking them, between the two of them and their concentrated efforts at her most sensitive spots she was already breathing hard.

“This one is incredibly responsive!” Mandy could hear the smile in his voice. “You must’ve been having a lot of fun with her – she was like this even after you whipped her good, as I remember.”

There was pride in Aaron’s voice as he answered, “Yes, she’s very sexually responsive. Stubborn sometimes, but she seems to be coming around.”

“Have you had to drug her at all?” They were chatting as if discussing the weather, but each continued to stimulate her purposefully, Evan’s fingers gliding over and over the nub that he kept fully exposed to his eager fingers, pulling back it’s hood with the fingers of

his other hand so that she could not escape the feel of him rubbing directly over the tip of her clit.

“That’s it, Mandy, come good for us,” Ted encouraged softly, watching Evan’s hands as if he wanted to learn some new tips.

Digging his fingers into the soft breast-flesh, making sure he massaged every inch of it, Aaron said, “After the initial capture, we’ve only used the occasional fussy pills. She’s been getting so much exercise in training lately that she falls asleep naturally, especially considering how many times during the day she’s brought to orgasm.”

“How many is that, usually?”

Aaron and Ted looked at each other, but Ted spoke. “Five to six, on average.”

“Full orgasms each time?”

“Yes.”

“And she’s been bred already?”

“Only to me.”

Evan nodded his head and applied just a bit more KY, despite the presence of ample lubrication from the filly. He preferred artificial lubrication, himself, when he was giving a mare a routine sexual/gynecological exam. It was less than a minute later, after he put his hand back on her pebble-like little clitty that they all watched her convulse on his fingers. “Time?” he asked Ted, who had been keeping track of exactly how long it had taken to bring Mandy to completion from the moment Evan’s hands touched her clit for the first time.

“Four minutes.”

Evan shook his head. “That’s some mare you’ve got here, guys. And you said she was a capture?” Ted and Aaron nodded. “Jeez, you’d think she was born and bred to this, considering her response time. Impressive.”

The rest of the exam was at least as excruciatingly shameful to Mandy. Evan proceeded to press two, and then three of his thick fingers up into her pussy, driving her forward with the pressure of his invasion. Then he rooted around inside her for a long while, using his free hand to manipulate her tummy and feel her organs. She began to sob again, because what he was doing hurt in both places – her stomach and her little cunny, which was stretched wider than ever by those seeking fingers, the tips of which played gently with her cervix to see if he got any reaction at all.

Mandy seized up, every muscle tense as she bucked violently against then away from him involuntarily. Aaron was reaching for his tawse, as was Ted, but Evan waylaid them. “No, no, no, this was not something she could be held accountable for in any way. Kinda like an erection from a prostate exam. Some women respond even way up there, some don’t feel a thing – your little filly here, not surprisingly at all – could probably be brought to orgasm merely from cervical stimulation, although it’s an awkward and unusually hard come.”

“She fainted once, when I brought her off regularly.” Evan’s brow went up. “Extraordinary.” He patted Mandy’s flank in a kindly manner, saying, “Just one more thing up here, babygirl, and then I’ll be done with your pretty little cunny.” Her tears started flowing again as she felt the metal blades of a speculum pressed against her opening. Evan slid it all the way into her and ratcheted it wide open, performing the Pap smear quickly and efficiently, then withdrawing the instrument carefully.

Aaron, who had gone back to holding Mandy's head, tensed a little, and Mandy knew something she wasn't going to like was going to happen next... and it did. But the first thing Evan did was to try to calm her with his first tool, his voice. He spoke in a low tone Mandy had come to think of as a "groom's" voice – deep and firm but reassuring at the same time. "Now, Mandy, I just want you to know what's coming next – so that I'm not sneaking up on you. I'm going to check the insides of your bottom, and I'll do it as carefully and gently as I can, but it'll probably be a little uncomfortable, but it's not a long exam. Try to relax as much as you can, baby, that'll make it easier on yourself." He looked up at Ted and Aaron and caught their eyes with a grin. "Be sure to be nice and quiet and still like a good ponygirl."

Of course, his speech made Mandy instantaneously tense. She hated anyone or anything fooling around with her bottom – fussy pills, or tail plugs or anything. Her sobs increased in volume, but Evan continued regardless, putting a dollop of lube on her little opening, as well as shmearing some on his index and middle fingers. "Now, just a little pressure here, Mandy-girl," he warned as he pressed his index finger against her rosette, hearing her keen long and low.

"Quiet, Mandy," Aaron warned sharply.

Evan twirled his finger around, hearing Mandy's loud sobs change as he manipulated her insides and forced her to accept this invasion. "Now, Mandy, if you had been quiet as a good ponygirl is supposed to, then I would have stopped right now," he winked at Ted and Aaron. It was a mild stretching of the truth, but kept her from getting a good thrashing from her handlers, he hoped. "But because you cried out when you're not supposed to, I'm going to have to add a finger into this naughty bottom hole of yours. It's gonna stretch you out real good, and it isn't going to feel very nice at all, but that's the price you pay when you disobey." He removed his first finger and lubed both up again – as well as his free hand for future reference – never wanting to take any sort of chance of injury. "You know better

than to yelp or thrash around when you're being attended to, don't you? Well, now you know the consequences of doing so when you're at the vet's." Even wrapped his middle finger over his index finger and slowly, carefully pushed them against her sphincter. It opened very reluctantly as Mandy cried pitifully while she was being violated. Evan kept up the pressure relentlessly until he was past the first knuckle on the bottom finger. "Oh, yes, this is just an awful, intimate, humiliating punishment, isn't it? I wonder if you think it's worse than getting a spanking from your grooms, hmmmmm?" Evan let his free hand reach up under her to tickle that still swollen female bump of hers. "You know you pay a price every time you do something naughty, don't you?"

Ted and Aaron flanked her, each manipulating a breast in that excruciating way of theirs. Mandy's sobs reached a fever pitch. She knew they were going to force her to pleasure again, and there was nothing she could do about it as the stranger behind her split her wide open on his huge fingers.

Evan did not stop pushing himself up inside her until he was in up to the first knuckles of his hand – and then he got all the way out and poked all the way in again, with much less involuntary resistance from Mandy. "That's it – this is going to happen – and your body wants it to happen; you're dripping your juices down into my hand, ponygirl. I'm gonna stretch out your bottom hole, Mandy, and I think you like this a lot."

He began to fuck her then, there, where she least wanted him to, leaving and entering her fully each time for a long while until her sobs died down. Then he stood and inserted his fingers way up inside her, until he could go no further, and then he began to pulse in and out of her, right up against her anal ring. If Aaron hadn't attached her reins to a toggle in the floor, she would have brought her head up at that.

She wished she could scream noooooooooooooo at them, that she didn't want to be anally raped and made to enjoy it, but that was ex-

actly what was happening. Evan's hand was nowhere near her clit any more, he was just standing behind her, driving his slick fingers into her tight little hole, and she was loving it – she was on the verge of an anal orgasm and she hated that fact, but she knew they would never stop until they reached their goal.

Evan kept up his forceful stabbing, knowing that she'd stretched and relaxed enough to allow him to be a little rougher with her. God he loved doing this to a pony – it was extremely rare to find one that was as easy to pleasure as this one – and to take such extreme pleasure at having two fingers up her bottom – his cock was bursting against his pants as he watched her heave and buck and twist and melt in the throes of the orgasm he drove her to, continuing to prod her hard throughout her contractions. “Ahhh, yes, that's it. Isn't it terribly humiliating to orgasm on someone's hand in your butt? I wasn't touching you anywhere else once I got inside there – that was all you needed was a good hard buttfuck – that's what naughty little ponygirls get when they're disobedient at their vet appointments.”

Finally, he withdrew and Mandy collapsed within her bonds, crying and shaking.

“She looks great, gentlemen,” Evan commented as he stripped off the KY covered gloves. “She needs to be bred. Mandy's a magnificent animal – she should throw some great foals. But, as you've probably discovered, she's at her best when she's being serviced – one way or the other – or punished. I think you'll find that she does best when she's full of a little one, and/or seed from a stud. Once she's in foal, you can even increase the servicing a little. You know that it's great for a gestating mare to come a lot. Relaxes them. Increases endorphins. Gets them high naturally, and their responses tend to increase during pregnancy.” Evan patted Mandy's bottom. “She's gonna blow you guys away if she gets any more sexually at-tuned, huh?”

The men laughed and joked – about but not at her – while Mandy tried to recover. She was put back to bed directly afterward her ex-

amination and Aaron thought she looked exceptionally tired. When they groomed her later and took her temperature, they found it was up a bit, and during the night Aaron was hauled out of bed by a call from Ted who happened to stop by her stall from visiting another of his mares who had just foaled, and found her feverish and sick.

Mandy had never been so coddled in her life – she was put through another vet visit, but this time from a regular vet not an o.b., who pronounced that she had the twenty-four hour thing that was going around. Aaron and Ted stayed in the stall with her ‘round the clock, making sure she was scrupulously clean, offering clear liquids when her tummy settle down, which was rarely with this particularly virulent strain of flu. Aaron kept her head in his lap the whole time, stroking her cheek. When her fever spiked, they wiped her down with alcohol and popped nonasprin in the form of suppositories into her bottom, making her cry again.

Aaron felt like the most useless person in the world when one of his fillies was sick. He hated it, and when Mandy dissolved into tears as Ted medicated her, he nearly did the same. If it wasn't because of pleasure or punishment, he had a horrible time dealing with a crying female, even a crying female ponygirl. “Shh-shh-shh, Mandy. It's just some medicine to help your fever come down.”

Mandy lost track of time; she was so sick. There was just the consistency of Aaron or Ted always being there with a cooling touch when she was hot, or a hot touch when she was cold. It was two days before they were able to get her tummy to stop rebelling at even just water, and when the vet stopped by he frowned a lot after examining her and making her cry – even though he didn't really do anything horrible to her – she heard that she might have to be taken to the infirmary if she didn't start getting better because he was worried about dehydration.

Finally, Aaron gave Mandy a spoonful of vanilla yogurt, and it stayed down. Then he gave her a sip of water. And it stayed down. She seemed to be on the road to recovery, but she was so weak it took

her several days to fully recover. The first day she was put back on her regular routine of training Aaron didn't even put her in the paddock with the girls – that she still wasn't socializing with anyway – but brought her back to her stall to rest before lunch, which turned out to be an excellent idea because as soon as he got her settled down on her blankets in the fragrant hay, she dissolved into tears of exhaustion. Aaron stayed with her throughout her rest, holding her and stroking her even after she fell asleep.

Ted, who had gone to see to his other girls, stormed into the stall when he saw that Aaron was back in the position he'd been since Mandy'd took sick.

“She's fine, she's fine,” Aaron whispered fiercely, knowing Ted had been at least as worried about their charge as he'd been. “Just a little overtired.”

Ted let the breath he'd been holding out explosively. “Poor baby.” Despite her illness, they were able to get her ready for her first show within the next couple of weeks. She would be entered in the conformation competition, which was against other ponies as to how they stood and looked within their pony regalia and on a couple pulls of the sulky around the arena, as well as beginning obedience, and the sulky class, which was put on just before the conformation contest. When Aaron had told Ted what he was entering her in, Ted chuckled. They were in the midst of grooming her for the night.

“Well, Boss,” he said as he made long, broad strokes through her luxurious mane, “I can see the sulky – that'll give her a chance to show off her mane, and she does pull fairly well, although I doubt she'll title in it. And the conformation, well,” the pride shown through his voice as he talked about the beautiful animal beneath his hands, “she'll take tops in that, I can tell you here and now.” He had to laugh again. “But obedience? This one?”

Mandy shook her head within her halter, stomping her front foot down hard. These were perfectly acceptable ponygirl behaviors she'd learned from watching the other ponygirls with their grooms, but Ted knew what she meant.

Aaron was smiling, she could tell it in his tone, although it was also no-nonsense. "Settle down, Mandy." He patted her bottom, where he was working her over with the loofa. "I know, I know," he agreed with Ted.

Mandy repeated her agitated movements even more emphatically, only to receive a sharp swat on the wet bottom for her efforts.

"What did I say, ponygirl? Be still or I'll get the cane." Mandy blew an annoyed breath through her lips.

"You really want to put Miss Stubborn here through an obedience test?" This time she growled as she had at Merry in the paddock that time, and the men had to laugh. "Someone doesn't like you making nasty comments about her," Aaron chuckled.

Ted washed Mandy's face vigorously, but there was a broad grin on his own face. "Well, then someone out to be a more obedient little pony, shouldn't she?" he said, as if she couldn't hear and understand him.

Without taking a step, which would have earned her a session with the cane, Mandy lowered her head and pressed it against Ted's chest, pushing him away from her as a horse might.

She caught him off guard and he stumbled back a few steps. Both men dissolved into laughter at her antics. When they'd recovered, Aaron said firmly, "Okay, Mandy, Ted's got the picture. No more disparaging remarks about your obedience or the lack thereof. Let's settle down now or he'll have good cause for what he's saying, won't he?"

The within the next few weeks – not that Mandy paid any attention to the days of the week at all any more – she was shown for the first time. The paddock had been transformed into a show ring, and there were tons of people there – much more than Mandy ever expected. As she was brought into the ring to take her place in the Obedience I class for beginners, Aaron whispered into her ear reassuringly over the murmuring of the crowd, which had lulled then heightened once she'd entered. There had quite a bit of buzz about her before it was even announced that she would be attending. "Don't pay any attention to any of these people. None of them mean anything to you at all. You concentrate on Ted and I, and do just like we did in training these past weeks and you'll do beautifully." Her training had been stepped up before the show, but the concentration was on conformation – her overall look and her obedience to staying still while strangers inspected her – and pulling the sulky.

Just before the obedience tests began, Aaron and Ted stood in front of her. "We just wanted to tell you that we're both very, very proud of how far you've come since you've gotten here. We know we've been very hard on you, and we'll continue to be very hard on you. It's what you need. But you have exceeded our expectations in every area, and you are one freakin' gorgeous ponygirl, regardless of anything anyone else says or what happens here."

"Damn straight," Ted agreed, nodding.

Their kind words brought tears to her eyes, which threatened to ruin her make up. Ted tsked and did damage control on her face. "I told you you shouldn't have told her that until after the competitions."

Normally, no ponygirl at Generations was allowed to wear makeup – Aaron much preferred his ponygirls looking their natural best. But in the ring, it was necessary to highlight and enhance a ponygirl's best attributes – that's why her nipples were rouged, also, as well as the entire of the crease between her legs, although not to a flagrant extent. Instead of a plume as most of the other ponygirls wore, though, Mandy was the only mare there wearing a solid gold tiara that had

the GS logo carved into its peak to set off her hair and compliment the gold in her harness. The harness served her up nicely, forcing her breasts into prominence, splaying her nether lips to show off her bejeweled clitty and holding her cheeks well apart in the back to accent her thick ponytail. Mandy had inadvertently added enhancing accents of her own by getting into trouble yesterday – somehow she couldn't seem to do anything right when they were rehearsing, and her bottom told the story in livid red welts and bruises that everyone could see had been laid very recently across her bottom. To her, it was a mess and terribly painful.

To the ponygirl community, it showed that she was well disciplined, especially considering how nicely she performed, and her stance went up because of the atrocious condition of her generous cheeks.

Obedience trials required that a ponygirl be absolutely obedient to her handler as she was put through her paces – all while maintaining proper ponygirl posture of head up, eyes forward, breasts out. She was required to stop and start again and again, walked and trotted around the ring with everyone staring at her bouncing, jingling boobies. Mandy's bounced even more so than the others because Aaron and Ted had decided to further accent them by placing stretchy purple bindings at the base that flared out around them like a silk flower, just for show time. They were released every time she came out of the ring, because the competitions could get long.

She surprised the both of them, pleasantly, in obedience, and didn't make one error. She took second place, and the men were beside themselves. The sulky competition went even better, despite her dislike of the bearing rein which was always used in show – she took first, with her beautiful mane flowing and billowing behind her, and amethysts dripping all over her body as she tinkled her way around the ring from the chimes they'd attached to her harness. Aaron was never so proud of a beast he owned in his life as when he and Ted went up with Mandy to accept the cup.

Mandy also took the top prize in conformation. Aaron put her into the sulky rig, with that blasted bearing rein holding her head back abnormally and making her jut her breasts out lewdly in front of her, driving her about the ring at a walk and a trot, then lead her to stand next to Ted and himself to await the next part of the judging. She knew that Aaron and Ted were holding their breath as the judge ran his hands over her scalp, felt her high cheekbones, opened her mouth and checked her teeth, looked at the alignment of her collarbones as well as the symmetry of her breasts, then squeezed them very hard and hefted them, as if he was trying to pick a grapefruit at a summer market. He felt her pussy from the front and all the way down her legs, noting the purple polish on her toenails, then put her into “bend and display” so that he could feel her up between the legs as she was so gloriously displayed. He also noted that the indications of discipline were extremely recent and must’ve been very painful, but they hadn’t kept her from doing a beautiful job of it. He tugged her tail to make sure it was well seated – and it should have been – it was a size up from where they had started her – then he held it to the side and cupped her with his hand, pressing a finger onto her clitty and rubbing it gently, then checking between her legs. He was amazed to find that she had creamed on him. If the judge – who was extremely distinguished in his profession – hadn’t heard some rumors about this little filly in particular, he’d’ve been suspicious. As it was, he called for a slide, which made somewhat of a sensation so early in the inspection. Of course it was proven to be true female lubrication, and Mandy was declared the winner, earning her championship title in only one show. Aaron couldn’t stop smiling or congratulating himself or Ted, and petting his wonderful pony. Mandy couldn’t smile through her bit, but she danced around in her pony hooves and her eyes sparkled that she had pleased them so.

Aaron stood directly in front of her and said, “Open your mouth and close your eyes.”

Remembering what this had meant to Merry, Mandy complied eagerly, and was rewarded in the same fashion – a chocolate kiss

was placed on her tongue. She savored it as it swirled around in her mouth even over the bit.

“You have four more you’ve earned because of your fantastic performance today. Would you like to eat them now or save some for later?” Mandy shook her head and closed her mouth, which Aaron took for saving some for later. As he tucked them into the equipment bag he’d brought for her things, a short, stout man tapped him on the shoulder.

“Excuse me, Mr. Johnson, but I would like to discuss something with you if I could.”

Aaron turned to the man as he and Ted stood in front of him. The man looked askance at Ted as if dismissing him from the conversation. “I understand you are the owner of this fine establishment. Some say it is the premier stables for ponygirls in the world.”

Aaron shrugged. “At the risk of sounding immodest, I’d have to agree.” The older man offered his hand. “I am Pierre LeJoux, and I would be interested in purchasing the pony you have behind you there – the one you call Mandy.”

“I’m afraid Mandy isn’t up for sale, Mr. LeJoux.”

“I will give you five hundred thousand dollars for her, Mr. Johnson,” the man replied as if Aaron hadn’t spoken. “She’s the finest piece of horseflesh I’ve seen in a long time.” Mandy’s heart sank. She’d never considered that she could be sold! Torn from here – a place where she’d finally adjusted to the new life that had been thrust upon her. She didn’t want to leave! But surely Aaron would accept a price such as that! But he was shaking his head. “I’m sorry, Mr. LeJoux. I meant what I said. Mandy is not for sale.”

“One million.”

Mandy saw Ted's eyebrows go up, but Aaron was still shaking his head.

The little man's bidding war with himself had begun to attract attention. People were crowding around Aaron and Pierre, genteely eavesdropping.

"No."

"Two million."

Aaron chuckled a little. "I'm not trying to drive up the price on her. She's not for sale."

"Two and a half million."

"No."

The man – who Mandy thought prejudicially looked particularly cruel – gritted his teeth.

"Three million and that's my final offer. I want that filly for Denouement Stables in Paris."

Aaron's eyes narrowed, and Ted flanked him immediately. That stables had a particularly unsavory reputation for how it treated its ponies – and they rode their female ponies, which Aaron never agreed with. He considered that ponygirls were much too delicate, and he knew that riding them – up or on fours – often caused back problems, no matter how light the jockey. He didn't much even like his studs to be ridden, although he hadn't outright banned it – yet. Sulkies were all that he would allow his fillies to pull, and with fairly light loads, too. He never allowed them to compete at pulling heavy loads, like some owners did. Aaron didn't like to put his ponygirls'

bodies under any undue physical stress – he considered pregnancy and labor to be stress enough.

Not that he would ever consider selling Mandy, anyway, but he would never sell any pony to Denouement.

“I’m sorry, Mr. LeJoux,” Aaron said tightly, and Mandy could feel his tenseness as he stood next to her. “That’s my final word on the subject.” He and Ted led Mandy away, wanting to get her comfortable in her stall and down for a rest for the remainder of the afternoon, then back on her schedule from dinner on. She’d certainly earned a very nice rest.

Aaron had all of the congratulatory flowers that he received from the other owners on his victories – other mares of his won in other parts of the competition but none as spectacularly as his Mandy – sent to Mandy’s stall, which he knew she liked because she kept lifting her head and looking at them as he put her down for the night. He teased that if she didn’t settle down and get some sleep he was going to have them taken away, but she began to cry when he said that. Aaron kissed her forehead and caressed a beautiful breast.

“Then you’d best get to sleep like you’re supposed to, hmm, girl?” From that point on, Mandy was even more Aaron’s favorite, even though he seemed to go out of his way to disprove it. After she won in the ring, he began to breed with her more earnestly, and always took her to the pens now – which she didn’t like – to do it. Mandy hated climaxing in front of the mirrors, where every filly around her was having the same terribly intimate things done to her. What’s worse was that she often came twice now, once with Aaron’s fingers or mouth, and once on the huge pole he still had to press up inside her. She didn’t think she’d ever learn to take him easily, and sometimes his very size made her swell and hold him tight inside her, making his slow and steady advance and retreat drive her right out of her mind. There was little she wanted at those moments than to scream in ecstasy, but that was not allowed. Her explosions were fierce and overwhelming, but oddly quiet as required, somehow as

restrained audibly as she was restrained physically. That was another thing she hated about the whole procedure – the position she was kept in – it was so terribly submissive.

Aaron had caught her eyes during one session, and began talking to her as he plunged deeply within her. His staying power was recovering itself with her slowly – but her blasted immediate responses to him just made him want her that much more, and made it harder for him to control himself to set the pace he should. As he spoke, his words were exciting himself, and he began banging into her harder. Ted began to sweat as he manipulated the little filly's fleshy udders and sore red nipples. "Think of it, Mandy – you'll never face a man for sex in your life. You'll always be taken like the ponygirl you are – from behind. But you'll always be satisfied -

“ she could see the smile on his face but also how tense he was with pleasure, “and knowing you, it'll always be multiple times no matter who breeds with you. You need this, just like you need air and water and food and harsh swats to your bottom to keep you in line. You need to take my seed and grow it within you. It's what you were meant to do. You'll like being pregnant – you'll be even more coddled than you are now.” His strokes were coming much harder and faster, along with her breathing. “I can't wait to see those udders that Ted has in his hands right now full of milk and your swollen belly hanging down while I fuck you like this – and I will, all throughout while you're growing my foal within you, I'll take you down here and breed you over and over and make you come because it's good for you to convulse and relax and get lots more of what made you swell in the first place – “ Aaron had to catch himself – he almost let go with a yell there, but then he was able to stifle it – barely.

And, sometime in the next few days, his seed took root in her womb.

Evan was back, and Mandy was snorting and pawing. She didn't like that man at all, and she was letting everyone, including him, know it. She'd refused a sugar cube from him entirely. Mandy did not easily forgive. Ted and Aaron had just laughed – they did not force her to

accept the peace offering from Evan, but Aaron did scold a little, saying, “That’s not very gracious, Mandy.”

Mandy snorted again, blowing angry air through her nose and mouth as she was put into that awful position for another “examination” by that horrible man.

So far, though, he hadn’t done much, just checked her over, feeling her breasts as everyone did and her belly, then pressing into her pussy with those inquisitive fingers, but they were warm and well lubed. “Yup – I’d bet she’s pregnant. Gonna take a urine specimen just to be sure.”

Mandy was catheterized for the first time in her life, and Evan told her exactly what he was going to do before he proceeded, but that did not make her very happy about what was done, although she was smart enough by now to remain still and quiet for it, she hated hated feeling that tube slip up inside her, feeling herself lose control of her bladder, and then feeling it slip out of her again – she shuddered when it was finally over.

Ted was less than sympathetic. “You’re fine, Mandy. Nothing to be afraid of.” At that she broke into sobs.

Aaron and Evan both looked at her and said, “Yup. Pregnant.” The test came back positive, and Mandy was immediately moved into the breeding stable, but to a stall that looked almost exactly as her old one did, and she was moved while she was in the paddock, so that there was no slow trauma about it. It was just done.

The paddock had become a better place for her after she’d titled. Aaron had left her arms undone for the first time this morning – and of course he watched her carefully that first time, just in case she decided to misbehave. But she stayed right where he was – at least she hadn’t gone to her usual corner, he supposed that was something – right next to the paddock gate.

“Mandy – go play with the other ponies, girl. That’s what this time is for – socializing.”

But she wouldn’t move, and he wasn’t going to punish her for disobeying him when she was pretty much on as close to her own time as she would ever get again. If she didn’t want to meet and greet the others, then that was that. But it would be a lonely existence for her. Aaron turned away and went into observe her by closed circuit camera. He shook his head as he watched her drift to her corner. He felt like a father with an anti-social little girl.

Merry had been at the show even though her days of competing were over. Her groom -

Jace – knew that she liked to go to them as some of her friends had gone on to other stables, and he always allowed her to go unless she’d been naughty, and Merry was very rarely naughty any more. She’d been extremely impressed – as was everyone around her – with how the little filly had performed, and the first thing she’d done when Aaron had let the girl go free in the paddock without her arms bound behind her – finally – was trot over to her with her arms out.

Mandy would have felt very petty turning down a hug, and she didn’t even think she could really do it – she liked to be hugged, and it happened rarely enough now that each one was to be extremely treasured. Slowly, each of the girls in the herd hugged her, and brought her to stand a little shyly, on the edge of their group under the heat lamps. They made room for her at the trough at lunch, and each of their grooms had patted her gently and praised her as he came to fetch his own pony.

Aaron was filled with pride as he came to collect Mandy. He always got her last on purpose – because they drove her so hard and were so harsh with her punishments and bred her more frequently than most ponies, giving her more orgasms than normal, he always tried to give her as much time in the paddock as he could – down time,

where she could organize her thoughts for herself and not worry about anyone's demands on her, including his own.

"There now. The girls were nice to you, weren't they? Everybody hugged you and you got patted and fawned over by all the girls and the grooms," Aaron patted her absently himself as he walked her to the gate. "Well, now, you're quite a little celebrity, aren't you, little ponygirl?"

Mandy snorted and stomped a back hoof in agreement.

"Well, you know I'll always be here with the cane in my hand to keep you from getting too big a head, now, doncha?"

Mandy "accidentally" stepped a little too close to Aaron, almost landing one of those heavy shoes on his booted foot.

He laughed, but brought her reins up short. "None of that, now, girl, or you'll be feeling the cane sooner than you want to, I'm sure." Aaron stopped her once they'd gotten through the gate, and she worried for a minute that she was going to get a spanking. But instead he said,

"You're with foal, Mandy, and we're going to move you over to the foaling barn until after you've delivered."

Just when she'd made friends here, they were taking her away! Aaron could see the stricken look on her face. "Now, a lot of the mares you met today'll be joining you over there, soon, I'd bet, and I promise you that they'll be just as excited to have you in the foaling stables as they are here, honey." Ted came up behind her and laid a thick, warm GS pony blanket over her shoulders, latching the toggles up the front. With her arms behind her, of course, she didn't need any armholes. "Your stall is already all fixed up for you – just the same – you'd never know the difference, Mandy-girl. And Aaron and I'll be there with you through the whole thing." Aaron put that special

section of the blinders down over her eyes so that she couldn't see a thing, which made Mandy a little agitated, shifting from hoof to hoof nervously. "I don't want your eyes hurt by the sun, baby. You just rely on me and Ted and your reins and we'll get you where you need to go." So even though she was being taken outside for the first time in almost two and a half months, Mandy couldn't see any of it, but she could feel the cold bite of the wind on the bare skin as it whipped under her cozy blanket, until she got into the barn they were taking her to. Aaron warned her, then put up the blinders so she could see straight ahead once again. It was funny to see in the mirrors that this place had, too, surprisingly, that she was covered. She hadn't been anything but starkly naked in a very long time, and it looked abnormal to her that she was covered now.

They were right that the stall she was taken to was exactly like the one she'd left. Only there waited her third groom, Kyle, who first introduced himself to Aaron and Ted, and then stood directly in front of Mandy and cupped her cheek in his hand. "I heard through the grapevine that this is one special lady, who has no particular liking for Evan, even though he's one of our top men."

Mandy felt free enough to growl at the mention of Evan's name, and Kyle's eyebrows rose in surprise while Ted and Aaron chuckled. "You got that right, Kyle," Aaron agreed, "this little filly was only too happy to see the back of him."

"Well," Kyle began again, "I'm his replacement, Mandy, and we're all going to do this together as much as possible. I can't promise you that I'm not going to do things to you that you won't like, but I'll be as gentle with you as I can – I think you've got enough going for you on the discipline side over there with those two." Kyle could see the large, flat wooden rulers hanging off each man's belt. "The first thing I'm going to do, sweetie, is a baseline exam. You've been through them before, I'm sure."

Aaron and Ted arranged her on the grooming platform on all fours for now. Kyle asked that she be put into a halter instead of the bridle

with blinders that she was wearing, so that she could see as much as possible of what he was doing. “Unless you think she’ll be a behavior problem.”

Aaron looked at Ted and Ted looked back at Aaron. They both shrugged their shoulders. With Mandy, despite her award, obedience was a crap shoot depending on her mood. But Aaron decided in a split second that basically, he trusted her to behave, and Ted must’ve come to the same conclusion because they both moved to put her in a halter – which was much less restricting – at the same time. Aaron let Ted do it, but stood nearby, his hand on his implement just in case. She was still cross tied and pretty well immobilized, but Mandy could surprise you in the most unpleasant of ways, and when you least expected it.

Mandy could still see a lot – and she much preferred the halter, so she resolved to be a good girl as much as was possible. Kyle broke one of those “hot hands” packets to warm his hands up before he touched her, which she appreciated to no end, and she let him know it once he’d finished examining her mouth by quickly pressing a kiss to his palm when she got the opportunity.

“Wow! You’ve made a hit, Kyle. She’s never done that to anyone, that I know of.”

“Yeah,” Aaron commented, “she’s much more likely to be going for a finger or two.”

Kyle patted Mandy on the head. “It’s the warm hands, believe me.” He also warmed his stethoscope in his hands when he used it – really warmed it rather than just breathing on it halfheartedly like most doctors did – and she kissed the air at that since she couldn’t reach him. All three of them burst out laughing at her antics. “You see, guys, Quasimodo could be examining her – as long as he warmed stuff up first, it’d be okay with Mandy here.”

He continued to do so, though, and always told her what he was going to do, showing her the instruments and how they worked. If something was going to hurt, he told her. If it was nothing to worry about, just a little pressure, here or there, he told her. His hands on her breasts were necessarily somewhat painful, but by way of apology he kissed her ear and ran his hands through her hair. "I know that hurt, baby, and I'm sorry." She saw him deliberately lick his fingertips, then reach beneath her and begin to roll and pull her teats in an extremely sensuous manner, leaving her flushed and blushed in an exceedingly small amount of time.

"Mmmmmm. So the rumors were right for a change – this one's hot." Kyle touched her firmly but carefully everywhere, noting that she was a little underweight, measuring down her tummy and across her hips, then exploring her bottom, saying teasingly, "Someone's been a naughty little girl, hasn't she?" He gave the welts and weals the once over but they looked like they were healing fine.

"Display," Kyle said, and Mandy's head was lowered and her bottom raised to make herself available to him. He sat behind her on a rolling stool, adjusting the height of the platform so that she was presented to him where he could get at her comfortably. Aaron came to her head automatically, but Ted just stood next to her with his hand rubbing her back slowly and soothingly.

"Now, Mandy, you know what's next. I want you to come for me, good and hard. I'm not timing you, so you can come at any time during the exam you like, but if you don't come before the exam ends, I'm afraid I'm going to do to you exactly what Evan did, and I know you don't like that very much – supposedly."

He reached for the tray table just so that his instruments were easily at hand. She was displayed so prettily before him, he always liked to enjoy the view before he touched, and that's what he did as he spoke to her. "The first thing I'm going to do is manually check you for any bumps or lumps, and then I'm going to play with that little clitty of yours for a while to see if I can get it to explode for me. After

a while, I'm going to put my fingers up inside your pussy – which I understand is really still very tight even though you've been bred – and I'm going to poke around in there for a while. Some of my thrusting might get quite hard, and that might feel awfully good to you. Then I'm going to put the speculum in and look up inside you with a light and a mirror, and then I'm going to manipulate your pussy again with my fingers. Then I'll be done – so your job is to come somewhere in there. And your grooms will help you with some hurtful help to your udders there.”

And they did.

“God,” Kyle commented as he eyed her as he put on his gloves, “she's leaking already!”

Aaron's voice was prideful. “Yeah, isn't she something?”

“Hell, yes,” Kyle agreed vehemently. “I might have to try her myself sometime.” First, he explored her, only touching that straining mass of nerves at the top of her cunny in passing as he pinched and gently prodded her privates. Then, just as Evan had, he used one of his hands to pull back the hood of her clitoris, so that when he brushed the fingers of his other hand over her little bump, she felt it to the core of her being – and he didn't let up or stop, in fact he didn't change his rhythm at all, even when he could feel her muscles gathering in anticipation of her orgasm. He was completely relentless, almost like a machine. Mandy came like a shot all over him, her breath heaving out of her lungs like a bellows.

Kyle leaned forwards and pressed a kiss to her bottom. “Very good girl. You can come now anytime you like from this point forwards, honey. The more the merrier, I always say. Can't be too rich, too thin, or be a too satisfied ponygirl – there's no such thing.”

And, to her embarrassment, she did – especially as his three fingers buried themselves deep inside her. He did encourage her, too, ter-

ribly, spending an overlong time there pumping his hand in and out of her. "I can feel you tensing, Mandy, you can't hide it from me. You need to come, baby. Do it, right on my fingers. That's a good girl."

Ted and Aaron weren't even anywhere near her breasts, but she didn't need them apparently, because seconds later she flew apart inside as he slammed his hand into her pussy hard over and over, making her contract around him till the end. "Fantastic. Very good girl."

He used the speculum, which was taken from the heated instrument tray that he always used with his girls, with no incident, although Mandy did find it extremely embarrassing that he was looking up inside her.

When he was done, he complemented her on how well she'd behaved, and offered her a sugar cube, which she accepted daintily from his hand.

"Well, guys, I've got good news and I've got bad news. Good news is that she looks great; she's in great shape to drop a foal and everything looks like a go on that front. The bad news is that she's a little constipated from the records I was given, it's been a little while since she had a movement and I'm going to give her a little encouragement that is not going to endear me to her at all. But it's got to get done."

Aaron and Ted could see what he was doing, but it was going on behind Mandy, so she couldn't. Ted looked at Aaron with a question. "Bridle her up?"

Aaron really didn't know.

"I don't know if it makes any difference to you guys, but I do want her to stay on all fours. It'll be easier for her to take it all if her stomach can expand."

This development did not sound at all good to Mandy. She was afraid she knew exactly what it was he was going to do to her, and her heart sank when she realized that she was right. As a ponygirl, there were expected manners of movement, even within the strict rules of ponygirl behavior. As Kyle hung the bulging clear bag full of sudsy liquid from a hook by her head, so that she could clearly see it, whether they bridled her or not, she pawed the ground and blew air through her lips loudly, and she shook all over. She knew that Aaron hated that, because it showed her true fear, but he didn't seem like he was going to override the physician's assistant, unfortunately.

Kyle hunkered down in front of her and took her chin in his hand. "Mandy, this is medicine for you that's going to go up into your bottom to help clean you out. You might be getting more of these in the future, so please don't hate me for them; they're good for you, and they're not meant to be a punishment although they can sometimes be uncomfortable to accept. There'll be some cramping, I'm sure, and you'll feel full soon because you're so tiny and this is a good-sized, fairly irritating enema. But I want you to take it well for me, and for Aaron and Ted. We'll help you through it as best we can."

He stood, patting her head. "Why don't you guys bridle her, so you'll have the control of the bit in her mouth, but take off the blinders. I do like my girls to watch their bag of medicine collapsing as it goes into their bottoms – gives them a sense of accomplishment, I think, that they're taking all of that stuff up inside them."

Ted and Aaron agreed, and Mandy was put back into the bridle, with Aaron keeping a tight hold on the reins. "You might have better control from behind me," Kyle suggested. "That way, she'll have to arch her head back nice and that'll make her arch her back which'll make her receive her enema that much more readily, and Ted can get at those udders for me again. Maybe while it's running into her we could see if we could pleasure her again? I'd be very interested to see if we can make her come while doing something she's probably not going to like."

Kyle showed her everything he was going to use on her – the clear tubing, the bag which had already been hung, and a bardex nozzle, to help her hold the solution once it was up inside her. The Bardex was interesting looking but she did not really believe that he was going to put it up inside her until she saw him doing exactly that in the mirror as Aaron stood behind him, holding her head back hard with the reins.

She could feel the folded yellow balloon being inserted up into her. It was moments like this that she most felt the constraints of her captivity. Now, she was pregnant and bound and helpless as a balloon was pressed into her bottom to forcefully deliver a large enema into her bowels that she would not be allowed to expel until whatever time they chose – that's what the Bardex did – it wrenched control of her bowels from her, on top of everything else she'd lost control of since she'd been kidnapped and held here. Now she was going to give birth – not at her own behest, but because she'd been impregnated by a man who raped her at will – and she had grown to like it – to like all of it!

The tears started then, drenching Ted's forearms as he hefted her breasts in his big hands.

"Here's the click," Kyle announced, and Mandy could feel the solution draining into her as she began to sob in earnest. Ted took to massaging her hard and firm, then Kyle rubbed both gloved hands in KY and set them on her clitty, using the same technique as before for a while, then pressing the fingers of one hand up into her pussy as he rubbed her, so that she was being filled in both holes at once. "When the cramps come, Mandy," Kyle spoke to her as if he wasn't rolling her clit between his thumb and forefinger and he didn't have his hand up her cunt,

"breathe fast to get through them, like this," he demonstrated what he wanted, but could feel her tense up anyway.

Despite the cramping, Kyle had her coming practically at will, although she was crying at the same time. “God, she is just magnificent, isn’t she?” he said as she hit orgasm number four during this horrible, embarrassing procedure. “Watch the bag get smaller, Mandy. All that good medicine’s going right up your butt where it belongs.”

The bag drained into her at a steady pace, and when it was empty, he rolled back the clamp. “Now, you hold it for fifteen minutes while we play.”

And they did. Ted and Kyle brought her off another three times as she was forced to hold her water until they decided to allow her to expel.

Mandy had thought that she had been ashamed before – but this experience brought that to new heights entirely.

Mandy’s experience in the foaling stables was unbelievable. Because she was in foal, and everyone around knew it even if she wasn’t showing yet, she could be bred to any man passing by. And she was. Her training schedule was more an exercise schedule now, and pretty gentle at that, but she could be and was still punished at any man’s will. Nearly every man that saw her, if he didn’t have a pony of his own with him, ordered her to “breed display”, and she found herself forced to copulate everywhere but the hallways, where Aaron banned it because of traffic flow. But he stood right there and got her into that position so that several big, brawny men could fondle her – it was still a requirement, even in a casual setting rather than at a breeding pen, that she be brought off before she was taken by any man – then mount and fuck her until they were through. So her usual four to six orgasms jumped to more like ten to twelve merely because she was in foal and had been moved to the breeding barn. There was barely a time when she wasn’t full of a groom’s cock, or a hand’s, or that she wasn’t in the process of being brought to ecstasy. Her time became a haze of sexual pleasure, because Ted

and Aaron were still attending to her, also, as frequently as they wanted to, which was very frequent.

It took several weeks for the novelty to wear off, but even then, she was still stopped often in the paddock after her exercise and before Aaron put her out with the girls. Her popularity didn't die down even though she became grossly swollen with her pregnancy, either, as a matter of fact, when her milk began to come in early, as the Stables wanted because they could sell the stuff and get good money for it, she became even more popular, everyone wanting a drink of the stuff, which they took without asking whenever they saw her, and which she, of course, had to endure without a sound or a movement of protest as they squeezed her breasts and remarked at the sweetness of her milk.

At first, Aaron had milked her himself, but that got to be too time consuming, so she was hooked up to the milking machine that drained her dry twice a day, morning and evening while she was being groomed. There really wasn't a reason to massage her breasts any more – they would be kept producing milk until she was no longer being bred, some ten to fifteen years from now.

Mandy hated the machines, and Aaron and Ted both knew that, but they were a necessary evil. Now, when she was given her morning and evening pleasure, it was to the sounds of her own milk splashing rhythmically into huge metal pails – every morning and every evening, without fail – with one exception, just a week or so before she gave birth. Mandy was naughty and tried to refuse to service a groom that she had taken a disliking to – for whatever reason. Aaron was furious, putting her into the “breed display” position instantaneously, and apologizing to the man profusely throughout the whole thing, promising that she would be severely punished and that he should be sure to use her whenever he wanted her. But he didn't want to spank her so close to her delivery date. So he settled for an insidious punishment that wouldn't leave a mark on her body – he salted her lunch and her dinner, which made her thirsty, so she drank

a lot more water than she usually did. That water went right to her udders in the form of milk.

That night, she was groomed and massaged as usual – except her breasts, and she was not brought off – she was brought to the brink and left. And she was most especially not milked. She was, however, left on all fours in the head stocks, bound with her arms back, pads around the stock supporting some body weight on her shoulders since her arms were tied back and out from her sides. Her full, swollen udders hung down and continued to fill to overflowing until the milk began to dribble out of them into the steel pails Aaron had positioned beneath them, only what little milk she was able to express was constantly being replaced by more and more and more.

It was the most miserable night of her life, and when Aaron came to see her in the morning to release her for breakfast, he brought the groom she had refused. Aaron deliberately took every single restraint off her – taking her out of the headstock, releasing her ankles except the hobbles and her wrists caught behind her. Then he had the man take her, hard and fast and with absolutely no preliminaries, making those sore, swollen breasts jog painfully back and forth with the force of his thrusts – he had her bawling within the first few strokes, and he had a groom's ability to last and last and last. Mandy had never felt more raped since she'd gotten there.

When the man, whose name was Jed, was done and zipping up his jeans, Aaron said loudly, "You have an exception with this mare. You have no need to pleasure her before you take her. I have no idea what her problem is, but she insulted you and she insulted me, and for as long as you work here, you are released from a groom's need to pleasure the mare he's with before he breeds her. You take her any time you like up until she foals, then after her down time to recover, I want you to be the first man to breed her once she's declared fit to be bred again. I'll let everyone know at the meeting today."

Aaron let her eat her breakfast, then he groomed her, and the very very last thing he did for her was milk those poor bedraggled breasts. The milking hurt terribly, too, and she cried all through it, but Aaron was not in the least sympathetic, and neither was Ted when he arrived. She was exercised in the ring very gently but with little praise, and tears were ran down her face the whole time from the pain in her breasts.

Aaron didn't seem to forgive her for her transgression no matter how good she was for the next week or so, until her water broke, and then he seemed to forget that she'd ever been naughty in her lifetime at his Stables. Aaron had assisted at a lot of births, and he remained by Mandy's side through the whole of this one, also – stroking her hair and encouraging her and praising her for her beauty and her courage and her feistiness and telling her how proud he was of her even though she was naughty some times... Ted was much more quietly helpful, rubbing her back and feeding her ice chips.

The birth was painful, obviously, but medically easy – there were no complications. Ponygirls gave birth on all fours as they did almost everything, and at approximately ten fortyfive in the evening, Mandy presented him with a young colt – all dark hair and dark eyes. The foal was given to suckle immediately after his birth, latching on to each of his mother's teats for a short time as everyone cleaned up.

Mandy was exhausted, and Aaron tucked her up very very gently, thanking her profusely for the beautiful addition to the Stables. In the next few weeks, her life would change yet again as she suckled her foal and recovered from the birth.

One morning as she was in the paddock after having been returned to her stall in the regular stable and also given a clean bill of health to be bred again, she was standing with the herd in the paddock as Eric led in a girl whose eyes flashed defiance and screamed revenge on everyone she saw. Her arms were bound behind her even after she was allowed the freedom of the paddock. When Mandy saw her, she knew she would have to help the poor thing, but on a very slow,

gentle approach, her hands wide to show she meant no harm, the girl growled at her low in her throat.

And Mandy smiled.

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