

Kirsten & Sarah



Delphinia Longstreet



A "New Woman" Novel



Kirsten and Sarah

A story by Delphinia Longstreet

I

Boone City – Wanted: Forestry Management graduate to take part in an Experimental Program. Must be willing to travel as position is outside continental U.S. with no passport required. Salary commensurate with experience with periodic increases for workplace performance. All expenses to individual will be covered. Full medical and dental.

Contact: Solutions, Ltd. PO Box 0098, Charlotte Amalio. American Virgin Islands 00801

Sarad Ellen Kinklove stared at the advertisement with unbelieving eyes. After all this time, maybe he was about to become gainfully employed full time! Wouldn't that be a God-send? He could pay Ms. Anna Gormley what he owed her in back rent and get her suspicious ways out of his life! Maybe. . .

He was ashamed to ask Grams for money again. He owed her so much, and yet, she had never once complained nor commented on what he owed her.

Sarad had been sixteen years old when he had started college in Boone City, and now, three years later, barely nineteen with a bachelor's degree in Nursery Management, he found that the rosy future he had expected had vanished with the sinking economy. Not wishing to bother Grams for money to move, Sarad had taken part time work at several local nurseries and floral shops, minimum wage work that barely allowed him to cover his room and board with Ms. Anna Gormley!

As for extras, what extras? Even the clothes he was wearing had been presents from Gram, else he would have had to go around bare assed. A smirking grin wreathed his lips as he envisioned himself in such an embarrassing situation.

The only reason Sarad had attended college in Boone City was because he had won a full-paid scholarship in their forestry management department. He had loved the work, earning outstanding grades and high honors. But, it had all proved for naught. With a declining economy, it had all vanished like a puff of smoke, seemingly overnight!

With shaking hands, Sarad sat at his tiny desk and composed a letter to SOLUTIONS, Ltd., listing his degree accomplishments and his willingness to relocate, plus the other required information they had asked for. He dropped the letter off the next morning.

That evening he mentioned to Mrs. Gormley that he had given her name as a reference for a job interview and was subjected to a barrage of penetrating questions regarding his involvement. Sarad was embarrassed at the intimacy of some of her questions, but did his best to answer each truthfully and completely without giving away too much of his secret life! Needless to say, Sarad had kept no reminders of his transvestic side in Ms. Gormley's rooming house.

Of those few persons who knew him, only Grams knew that he was a secret transvestite and an accomplished cross-dresser who had appeared in public while dressed as a woman countless times, and usually with Grams full approval and accompaniment!

After Grams daughter and her husband had disappeared while on an expedition in Mongolia, Sarad had lived with her and been subject to her rules.

His parents had been Oriental experts researching Genghis Khan when they had disappeared. Even Sarad's name was Oriental, Hindi for born in Autumn, as his birthday was October 27th. Grams had always insisted that he had been born too soon by four days!

Sarad had always been a small lad and Grams insistence on dressing him as a little girl carried over as he grew to his present height, five foot three inches and one hundred two pounds of creamy pink, baby-smooth skin from head to foot. Coupled with his

light blonde hair and robins egg blue eyes, this had a foregone effect on the way he had developed mentally and physically under Grams guidance.

Being totally home schooled, Sarad had never known any other environment than femininity and he had proved an apt student, surpassing Grams expectations until he had become the reborn daughter she had lost to a globe-trotting explorer.

Even his name had undergone a slight transformation, thus becoming Sarah, which translated to Princess in Hebrew, which Grams much preferred.

All of which had reversed again when he had won the scholarship. It was in the name of Sarad Kinklove, and Sarad was a boy.

All during college, Sarad had been a loner, only becoming Sarah on those occasions when he visited Grams and was free to be himself, er, *herself*.

Still, it wasn't all dullsville for Sarad. He enjoyed many extracurricular activities offered by the college, learning how to play the guitar and to expand his knowledge of piano and music in general. The theater had a distinct appeal to his frame of reference although he never had the courage to try out for any roles although he knew he could have done a much better job than those turned in by the ones chosen.

He became an excellent tennis player and was college champion in his senior year, much to his vast surprise. At home with Grams, he could wear flirty girls tennis skirts to show off his long, tanned legs, but at college, he could only show his long, tanned legs without the added enhancement of girls tennis skirts! Oh, well, he consoled himself, you give a little, you get a little.

Upon his abrupt run in with reality with no job offers in the near or far future, Sarad had just about given up all hope of gainful employment in his chosen field and was seriously considering Grams request to return to the ancestral home and live the life of

an entitled lady.

However, somewhere in Sarad's learning curve, he had learned to stand on his own two feet and not depend on others for sustenance and shelter. He had developed a strong sense of responsibility and a need to provide for himself. Grams said she understood all that, but that in the meantime, he could live the life of Riley with her until something turned up.

Sarad seldom got his dander up, but on this one point he was adamant. He would do for himself or he would die in the attempt. Then he would dissolve in tears and bury his head between Grams soft, welcoming breasts until he could regain control of his emotions.

Several weeks passed and Sarad had all but forgotten the ad. He was resting in his room when a loud pounding came on his door. When he answered it, he found an angry Mrs. Gormley glaring at him with the message, "There's some woman on the phone wanting to speak with Miss Sarah Kinklove. When I tried to tell her there was no one here by that name, she insisted I call you. Are you mixed up in anything illegal, young man?" she demanded querulously.

"No, Ma'am," he stammered.

"Well, the phone's in my living room."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Sarad hurried downstairs and picked up the receiver. "Yes? This is Sarad Kinklove." He noticed that Ms Gormley sat in a chair close by so she would miss none of the conversation. Sarad turned slightly but realized she would move to listen no matter what he tried. He sighed with resignation.

"This is Agent Double Oh Ninety Six of SOLUTIONS, Ltd. Recently you sent us an application for employment as a Forestry Management Specialist, is that true?" a melodious voice asked quietly.

“Yes, ma’am,” Sarad agreed.

“Within the next few days, you will receive an employment package detailing the conditions of your proposed employment with SOLUTIONS, Ltd. There will be several appointments enclosed so that you can be checked out physically beforehand. Your starting salary will be twenty-seven thousand dollars per annum with additional advances upon satisfactory performance. Is that satisfactory?”

:Yes, ma’am, more than satisfactory!” Sarad enthused.

“Veddy good, Ms Kinklove. If you are selected, you will hear from us shortly. Good evening.”

And she hung up.

“But, I’m not Ms. Kinklove!” Sarad protested to dead silence.

“What was that all about?” Ms Gormley demanded suspiciously.

“That was the company I told you about two weeks or so ago. They offered me a job. . . well, they are sending me an employment package and I have to have a physical examination and they want to check my references and like that.”

“Are you involved in anything suspicious?” she demanded. “There’ve been some pretty shady characters slinking around the neighborhood of late asking all sorts of questions about what you do, where you work, who your friends are, what your hobbies are and like that. All very mysterious and hush-hush, if’n you get my drift.” She glared at him. “I hope you don’t intend to make a habit of getting phone calls during the middle of the night in future?” she demanded.

“Hunh?” Sarad thought. Why, its only seven fifteen in the evening! Aloud, “I have no control over when they might call. They’re located in Charlotte Amalie, American Virgin Islands, you know. Theres a time difference, you know,” he tried to explain.

“And don’t you be charging any collect calls to my phone neither!”

she snapped. “They cost an arm and a leg and I won’t have it!” she raged, her face reddening with anger.

Sarad sighed. Well he knew how cheap and grasping his landlady was. “No, ma’am.”

“And don’t you try sneaking off without paying me what you owe!” she reminded needlessly.

“I won’t, Ms Gormley, honest!”

“See that you don’t. After all, two months room and board at one fifty a month comes to three hundred dollars! Not that I’m keeping track, you understand.” She thought a moment. “And if’n you move out for this job, I’ve got to go to all the expense of renovating and advertising your room and that costs a bunch’a money, proolly at least two more months worth!”

You’ll get every dime! Sarad promised.

Damn, she thought, I could’a got three months extra outta the damned sissy!

You cheap, conniving old woman! Sarad thought, pitying her. I have some part time work at Green Things promised this week so I will be able to give you part of the rent at least, he offered.

“See that you do!” she snapped, determined to get in the last word. She slammed the door in his face.

* * *

II

Kirsten Tracy Longsleeve settled her luscious, shorts covered bottom into her grandmothers lounge chair and gazed at the older woman lovingly. “OK, beautiful, she teased, what’s on that devious mind of yours this time?”

“Me?” her beloved Grams asked in pretended surprise. “Why, Kirstie, whatever makes you think such a thing?”

“C’mon, Grams! You may be able to haul the sheep’s wool over the

myopic eyes of the rest of the world, but remember I've lived with you and I know the symptoms!"

"Why, my dear, I have no idea what you're talking about!" Sincerity dripped from the woman's red, red lips like honey from a comb.

Kirsten laughed." OK, Grams, have it your way, but I know the truth of the matter!"

"Kirstie, you are the most suspicious broad I have ever met!"

"No dick, Shit Tracy?" she giggled.

"Well, if you must know. . ." Grams conceded hesitantly.

"I must know," Kirsten agreed, leaning forward eagerly.

"Humph!" Grams sniffed, "just because you're being such a brat about it, I'm not going to tell you!"

"So, I have to find out for myself?"

The older woman nodded. "Yes."

"OK, Grams!" Kirsten stood, but instead of moving away, she dove for her grandmother, pinning her to her own chair, her fingers racing under the woman's loose fitting blouse and dancing merrily along her exposed ribs and sensitive nipples.

"Oh, Kirstie! Don't tickle me! You'll make me wet my knickers again!"

"Then tell me, Grams," Kirsten laughed, her fingers busily engaged.

"I promised I wouldn't!" the woman gasped.

"OK, desperate times require desperate measures!" Kirsten laughed, her fingers going under the waist band of the woman's shorts and tickling their way down between the woman's gaping thighs where they danced merrily on the woman's super sensitive skin.

"Oh, Kirstie, stop. Please stop! Oh, oh!" Her hips lifted from the lounge, her thighs falling far apart as she opened herself fully to Kirsten's questing fingers. For her part, Kirsten leaned in and kissed her grandmothers parted lips gently, then with more

pressure, more demands, until the helpless woman arched rigidly before falling back in total surrender to the passion that swept through her body.

“Oh, Kirstie, you’re the devil incarnate!” she gasped.

“And you love it, don’t you, Grams?” Kirsten teased.

“It’s too bad you’re my blood grand-daughter, Kirstie, else I’d make you my permanent lover!”

“And deny all those other broads who lust after your delectable pussy? For shame, Grams!”

“You ought to have your mouth washed out with laundry soap, Kirstin Longsleeve, the way you talk!” Grams scolded affectionately.

“Honestly! Like some unwashed dock-walloper!”

“I speaketh only the bald faced truth!” Kirsten laughed.

“Don’t you mean the bald pussy truth?” Grams teased.

“That too,” Kirsten agreed. Now, tell me what’s on your so called. . . mind?”

“I want to throw a party.”

“Is that all? What’s so special about that?”

“A B&D and S&M party.”

“Oh, goody! I’ll be the queen and you can be my Nubian slave girl!” Kirsten enthused.

“We did that last year.”

“What, then?”

“Pony girls!”

“Pony girls? I never heard of those. . .”

“Oh, yes, many years ago girls were pressed into service as ponies to haul their Masters and Mistresses around their estates when real ponies were unavailable. They wore leather harnesses and steel bits on their bridles and were hooked up to small carriages and forced

to draw them. Most of the time, except for their harnesses, the girls were completely naked except for hooved shoes.”

“Fan-fucking-tastic, Grams! Where can we get these harnesses and who do you have in mind to be the ponies?”

“Well, I thought your cousin Gloria, for one. She’s big and strong and subservient to the max and she would love to be used that way.”

“How do you know?”

“Who do you think gave me the original idea?”

“Grams! No!”

“Grams! Yes!”

“Holy shit!”

“Indeed.”

“When?”

“Hopefully sometime before the New Year, perhaps New Years Eve.”

“OK, Grams! Im all for it!”

“You might not be when I tell you what I have in mind. . .”

“Well, go ahead and ask. The worse I can do is refuse!”

“I’d like to team you with Gloria.”

“You mean be a pony and be harnessed in tandem with her?”

Kirsten asked, aghast.

Grams nodded. “The two of you would be a magnificent team! You’re both blonde, blue eyed, tall, weigh about the same, both of you have big tits, tiny waists, broad hips, bald pussies and long, tanned legs that would look great with hoof shoes! And you’d look great wearing a leather bridle and a steel spade bit with your arms bound behind your back in a reverse prayer position, your elbows touching forcing you to thrust your tits forward and upward. I’d even like to ring your nipples and hang tiny bells from them. You’d love it with a tight pussy strap dividing your lips in front and

spreading your cheeks wide in back. Just think of it! You'd be the envy of every squishing pussy at the party!"

"What men are you inviting?"

"Just those pansies whose husbands insist they wear dresses, gowns and frilly lingerie. Maybe six or eight in all. And a very few dominant males for comic relief. Why?"

"Just wondering, that's all," Kirsten admitted. "Look, give me a chance to think it over. OK? Does Gloria know what you intend?"

"Not really, but once her hands are fastened behind her back, she will do anything I tell her."

Kirsten laughed. "How well I know!" She leaned in and kissed Grams lightly. "I love you!"

Grams smiled. "Yes, dear, I know."

Smiling to herself, Kirsten walked up to her room, grabbed the daily newspaper and threw herself across the bed. Sighing, she opened to the want ads.

Boone City – Wanted: Nursery Management graduate to take part in an Experimental Program. Must be willing to travel as position is outside continental U.S. with no passport required. Salary commensurate with experience with periodic increases for workplace performance. All expenses to individual will be covered. Full medical and dental.

Contact: Solutions, Ltd. PO Box 0098, Charlotte Amalio. American Virgin Islands 00801

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! she thought. That's me! Without stopping to think, Kirsten sat at her desk and composed a hasty letter to SOLUTIONS, Ltd. Not trusting regular mail, she sent it Priority Mail Express with a guarantee of next day delivery. Two days later she received notice of delivery and she sat back (figuratively) to wait for a response.

Two weeks later, she had all but forgotten sending the letter when her phone rang. She answered it, surprised to hear clicks and sounds of connecting and unconnecting, and a soft, melodious

voice filled her ears. “Hello? This is Agent Double Oh Ninety Six calling for SOLUTIONS, Ltd. in Charlotte Amalie, U S Virgin Islands and I wish to speak with Ms or Miss Kirsten Longsleeve. Is she available?”

“This is she. I’m Kirsten Longsleeve,” Kirsten told the voice excitedly.

“I am calling to tell you that you have made the cut for retention of services and an employment contract package is being sent you via today’s post. There are several appointments scheduled for you to make sure you are healthy and disease free. Please read the enclosed contract carefully and if it is agreeable, please sign it and return it with the other pertinent information we have requested.”

“Your starting salary will be thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars per annum with periodic raises for satisfactory performance. The minimum contract is for three years. Thank you and good luck.”

“Hey, wait a minute!” Kirsten yelled. But all she heard was dead silence. The woman had hung up on her! Kirsten gazed at the phone, dumbfounded. “Why, you bitch!” she muttered.

The phone stared back at her silently.

A few minutes later, she burst into Grams bedroom and plopped down beside the surprised woman. “Kirstie! Whatever is it, child?”

“You remember that ad I told you about, the one from the Virgin Islands?”

“Yes, dear, I recall something about it. . .” she admitted.

“Well, they just called and offered me a job paying thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars per year and that was it! When I tried to find out a little about the job, the bitch hung up on me!”

Grams laughed. “How rude of her.”

“I have half a mind to tell her to take her fucking job and shove it right between those fat, curved nether cheeks of hers!” Kirsten

exploded.

Grams laughed. "Now you know how it feels to be on the receiving end of rudeness!"

"Oh, Grams!" Kirsten protested. "I'm never like that!"

Grams nodded. "Yes, dear, you frequently are!"

"Well, I don't mean to be."

"I'm sure that Agent Double Oh Ninety Six meant no disrespect either."

"No, I suppose not," Kirsten admitted slowly. "Still. . . it was very rude of her. . ."

"Yes, dear," Grams agreed with a secret smile.

* * *

III

"Oh, Mr. Kinklove," the mailman greeted. "I have a huge manila envelope here addressed to Ms. Sarah Kinklove. It's from Charlotte Amalie in the U S Virgin Islands. Just someone else who got your name wrong," he grinned. This had happened many times in the past. "Besides, I thought you'd want to keep it private from Ms Gormley," he winked conspiratorially.

"Thank you, Mr. MacDonald. I appreciate your thoughtfulness."

"Have a nice day, *Ms* Kinklove!" the man teased as he left the porch.

Sarad grimaced. "Et tu, Brute!"

"Was that the postman?" Ms Gormley stormed as Sarad entered the house.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied quietly.

"Well, what came?"

"Two letters for you," he replied.

"What else?"

"An envelope for me," he admitted.

“Let me have it!” she demanded.

“No, ma’am, its confidential and is addressed to me personally,” he objected in surprise.

“Look, you young whippersnapper, you will let me see that letter or else!” she stormed.

“No, ma’am, I won’t.” He turned away from her and started for the stair.

“What kind of hanky panky are you pulling on me?” she demanded. There’s been more of those secret squirrel types around the neighborhood asking questions about you and the neighbors are getting up in arms about it!”

The only one who was getting up in arms was Ms Gormley. She detested not knowing anything and since no one admitted anything, she was the first one to become suspicious! For a moment, she considered throwing him out bag and baggage, but then she would never see the back rent nor anything else. Muttering to herself angrily, she bit her tongue. . . hard!

In his room, Sarad opened the letter to find two airline tickets, one from Grams home to Chicago and the other from Chicago to SOLUTIONS, Ltd. at an undisclosed destination leaving on January third. He assumed the final destination would be in the American Virgin Islands and promptly forgot about it. Good, show, he thought, that will give me a whole month with Grams before I have to leave.

Looking further he discovered a check made out to Ms Sarah Kinklove in the amount of three thousand dollars to cover all expenses of moving. He giggled. Except for the bare minimum of clothing and toiletries, Sarad kept nothing in his room. Even his school books had been kept at the college under lock and key, and once he had graduated, all books and scholastic material had been forwarded to Grams for safe keeping.

It wasn’t that Sarad didn’t trust Ms Gormley, he just couldn’t trust

the woman with anything!

Whistling merrily, Sarad left the rooming house and went to a local mall where he could cash the check, do some shopping, have a good meal in a good restaurant where he could eat in peace. Too, the place offered table phone service which meant that Sarad could call Grams in private!

He ordered his meal, asked for a phone and called Grams collect. She happily accepted the call and they spent a good half hour discussing his good fortune, not the least of which was the four weeks he could spend with Grams before he had to leave on his new job. Grams was excitedly planning their time together as Mother and Daughter when Sarad laughingly called a halt.

Making sure he had secreted his excess money from Ms Gormley's prying eyes, he went back to the rooming house where he paid his rent arrears to the skeptical, suspicious woman.

While she was happy about getting her money, she regretted not knowing how much he had so she could gouge him accordingly. On Friday evening, Sarad presented himself at Ms Gormleys living room door and announced he was leaving and that the way he figured it, he owed her nothing as his rent was paid until the end of the month, still several days in the future. She got red in the face and stormed at him about how tough it was to rent rooms. The old girl about had apoplexy at this unwelcome news, but he remained adamant, telling her, I know you have rented the room already, so you will lose nothing. I am tired of being your patsy and you can go to the very devil, for all I care!

So saying, he turned on his heel, picked up his one bag of belongings and departed, her screams of outrage ringing in the cool night air long after he was long out of hearing.

At the next corner, he caught a taxi that took him to a local hotel where he stripped out of his boy clothes, took a long, hot bubble bath, checked his body closely for any stray hairs, powdered

himself and got dressed in his new feminine finery. First he stepped into a pair of satin directoire pants, then clasped a tight corset around his already small waist and pulled it in as far as it would go. Smiling into the mirror, he admired the sleek hour-glass figure he saw. The top of the corset pushed his chest up to give the illusion of budding breasts, further enhanced by the padded A-cup bullet bra he clasped around his body.

Grinning with anticipation, he rolled nude nylons up his legs and fastened them securely to the tabs on his corset before slipping his feet into a pair of black patent operas with four inch heels. He stretched his leg out and twisted it, enjoying the taut feel of nylon sliding so sensuously along his sensitive skin, the light glinting seductively.

A mid-calf length satin and lace slip slipped over his head and settled sinuously into place about his torso. He shivered with rising excitement.

Trying to conceal his rising excitement, he painstakingly did his make-up, being ever so careful to get it just right, to look ladylike but not whorish! That done, he combed out his blonde hair, hair that just that afternoon had been freshly styled in a feminine feather cut.

Next, the dress, a silk and lace Dior style from the late 40s that outlined his thrusting breasts blatantly, to curve about his waist with the full skirt falling to just above his ankles. He stood and twirled before the mirror, his skirt flaring out alarmingly to show his slip covered legs and his feet shod in new sandals with three inch high heels.

Taking the small camera that he had purchased that same afternoon, he took several self timed pictures, knowing that Grams would love them one and all.

Lastly, he shrugged into a white furry bunny coat and left his room to go to the restaurant where once more he requested a phone and

called Grams to speak with her.

He spent many minutes describing to Grams how he was dressed, where he was sitting, what he was eating and she even encouraged him to flirt with a man or two, just for practice.

This he would not do even though she wished him to do so.

After his phone call and dinner, he took a stroll through the mall, stopping at several small kiosks to purchase small gifts for Grams. On a whim, he even had his ears pierced and afterwards wondered why he had waited so long to do it!

He noticed an ad for a movie that he had not seen and spent the next two hours engrossed in the action. It was quite late when he got back to the hotel. He left a wake-up call for seven A.M., removed his clothing, slipped into a silky nightie, got into bed and promptly went to sleep.

The next morning, he once more dressed in his 1940s attire, made his way to the taxi stand, went to the train station and by 10:00 A.M., he was on his way home.

He relaxed on the train, enjoying his liberation and reveling in the chance to be a woman again!

Sarad was now Sarah, and will be Sarah henceforth.

* * *

IV

“I don’t know, Grams,” Kirsten demurred, “it’s a bit revealing and it makes me feel so helpless!” she whispered with embarrassment as she gazed at herself in the full length mirror.

“Nonsense, Kirstie!” Grams exulted. “It brings out your beauty in ways that nothing else can!”

“Gloria may like it, but I don’t!”

“You’re just a big spoil sport, Kirstie,” Grams laughed. “Don’t you just love the way that little bump caresses your clit? And the way

the strap splits and comes up to divide your ass cheeks so beautifully, why it's enough to give a girl a hard-on!" She reached out and tweaked Kirsten's ringed nipples causing the tiny bells to chime musically. "Your tits never looked better, dear," Grams praised. "You really should stand up straight and not slouch so much. Be proud of your five foot ten inches, girl, and revel in it!"

"My arms are numb," Kirsten complained.

"Oh, you'll get used to that in no time. Why, Gloria can twist her arms up in a reverse prayer and touch her elbows without outside help!" Grams enthused.

"Yeah, well, that's only because she's been practicing for years. I'd be that flexible if I'd worked at it too!" she explained.

"Just a moment, dear," Grams turned away. When she turned back, she was holding a steel something in her hand and before Kirsten could object, she felt the steel object thrust deep between her lips to rest uncomfortably on the top of her throat. Involuntarily, she gagged slightly and shook her head to dislodge this object.

"No, no, dear!" Grams cautioned, her hand covering Kirsten's mouth to prevent the girl from expelling the steel object. Grams quickly fitted a leather contraption over Kirsten's head and fastened it so that the steel thing stayed in Kirsten's mouth in spite of her best efforts to expel it.

Grams patted her cheek tenderly. "There, dear, all bridled and bitted and ready to be hitched to my cart for a canter around the paddock. Once you're used to drawing the cart, well hitch you in tandem with Gloria and teach you to be a team! Won't that be exciting? I can hardly wait to put the whip to that fat ass of yours!" she enthused.

"Uh dud ab a fad ath!" Kirsten objected around her bit.

Grams sighed. "Oh, dear, ponies don't speak, they whinny, dear! Please don't forget in future else I shall whip you. Understood?" she asked quietly, her lips curled in an anticipatory smile. "Nod if you

understand.”

Involuntarily, Kirsten nodded her head.

“There’s my good, good girl!” Grams praised. “Oh, were going to have such fun, you and I!”

Grams had coaxed Kirsten to at least try on the harness and she had fallen for Grams solemn promise to just try it on for laughs. Except that once Kirsten had stripped naked and slipped into the leather harness contraption, Grams had captured her wrists behind her back and proceeded to twist her arms up in a reverse prayer position. Once she had accomplished this, a leather glove like sleeve was slipped over her arms and laced closed, bringing her elbows together and forcing her to thrust her breasts outward and upward blatantly.

When Grams had fitted the cupped leather between her denuded pussy lips to cover her stiff clit, Kirsten had about creamed herself when the cup caressed her insistently. The strap split just behind her clit and came up between her bottom cheeks to spread them wide, exposing her wide open orifices to any who would look.

Helplessly, she had allowed Grams to push her down on a hay bale to remove her shoes and replace them with toe boots that forced her to walk on the balls of her feet on steel horse shoes that clicked ominously when she walked.

She stood passively as Grams admired her, praising her for being the best pony girl ever! Kirsten was not so sure she liked this distinction, but she went along with it. What else could she do? She was completely dependent on Grams for anything and everything!

Even when Grams backed her between the shafts of her small two wheel cart and fastened her to the shafts, she did not resist. She felt Grams weight tip the cart as she settled in place and then felt Grams shaking the reins to urge her to start out.

Hesitantly, Kirsten walked forward smoothly, the cart following easily on well balanced wheels as she pulled it from the shed where

Grams kept it.

Hell, this isn't too bad, Kirsten thought as Grams shook the reins for her to speed up. She began a ragged trot, but as she became familiar with the movement of the cart and the reins and the urges of the bit in her mouth, she moved more smoothly and effortlessly.

It wasn't until she grew a little tired and she slowed down that Grams brought her whip into play.

"Do not slow down, dear!" Grams ordered warningly.

But, Kirsten slowed anyway and felt the sting of the whips lash across her naked bottom and she speeded up for a short time.

"Good girl!" Grams praised. "You'll build endurance quickly. You'll see! Now, let's try for a galloping trot, shall we?"

With this, she lashed Kirsten's naked bottom viciously causing the hapless girl to run full tilt ahead, unconsciously obeying the guidance of the reins instead of watching where she was going! When she tried to slow up, Grams whipped her unmercifully! Kirsten was gasping and panting hard and her thigh and leg muscles felt like rubber bands under her, and still Grams urged her on with vicious slashes of her whip. Kirsten was on the verge of collapse when Grams brought her to a halt in front of the shed. She expertly backed the cart into the shed, guiding Kirsten with the reins, then dismounted and unhitched Kirsten from the shafts.

She led the still harnessed girl into a stall-like enclosure, removed the body harness except for the arm corset and her bridle, then hosed her down with a cold water spray before rubbing her tired muscles with a rough towel.

"That was a good run, dear," Grams praised. "In a day or two we shall team you with Gloria and then we shall see how fast you can run! I promise you, before too many tours of the bridle paths, you will be running like the wind and not feel a thing except the exhilaration of being a good pony girl for your Mistress!" She caressed Kirsten's whipped bottom globes with affection. "There will

come a time when you will wear your whip marks proudly and delight in showing them to the world! Believe me, Kirsten, I know you better than you know yourself! Right now you're telling yourself that I am crazy, but deep down, you realize the truth about yourself. You're a masochist of the first order and you strive to keep that fact from becoming public knowledge. But mark my words, one day you will find a woman who will recognize you for what you really are and she will subjugate you in ways you cannot imagine!"