

BLACK STUDS, WHITE FILLIES

Abel

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Chapter 1

She was back on the box again! And making Guy Glover's blood boil. It was some crap about women's lib and equal opportunities. What else? Amanda Roberts was wheeled out for comment every time the topic came up, on the strength of her books on the subject- and of course her stunning looks.

'Slut or Saint- the Fetishized Female' was the book everyone knew.

What was it this time? A top politician had come out with some put down against a female MP in parliament which was alleged to be sexist. What did Ms Roberts think? Ms Roberts thought it was male chauvinist piggery writ large. No surprise there. Which led on to discussion about why there weren't more women in the House of Commons and how it was like a men's club and no wonder women felt alienated.

She always looked hot on TV but Guy had seen her in the flesh and knew it wasn't just professional makeup and studio lighting. She was a true beauty- of a certain type. Enough to make any red-blooded male want to jerk off. He'd wanked in the court toilets, hating what she was doing to him but wanting her nevertheless.

Tall, slim, and rangy rather than curvy, no tits to speak of. Glossy shoulder length hair, almost black. Unexpectedly sea blue eyes with long lashes, strong eyebrows, not plucked. Full cupid's bow. Trace of a cleft in her chin. Seemingly perfect teeth. One tiny mole above her upper lip, otherwise flawless skin. She looked super intelligent and not just when she put her glasses on.

People called her elegant, stylish, 'thinking man's crumpet'.

He called her an arrogant bitch. A stuck-up slut. She needed a good fuck from a real man.

He'd had plenty of time to look at her during the court case. At that time she was a divorce lawyer with a growing reputation for taking rich husbands to the cleaners.

Guy was one of her victims.

He wasn't likely to forget Amanda Roberts.

She needed his big black cock.

That was the other thing about her. Guy was convinced she was prejudiced. All through the hearing she took a particular pleasure in wrong footing him and making him seem small. So OK that was her job but the smile playing on her lips said she was enjoying herself in the way a cat enjoys playing with a mouse.

Chapter 2

Most folk thought Amber Parks was a wild child. Amber didn't care what most folk thought.

Amber's mother deserved worst names. Slut. Slag. Whore- to name but a few. And fond of the black penis. A night rider. Georgia had a lot of sex and almost always with black guys she sought out in bars or online. She wasn't a pro but a very enthusiastic amateur.

Georgia gave her daughter an education but not the conventional kind. She told Amber all about men and how to please them. She was very direct.

'Don't call it a blow job,' she said. 'There's no blowing involved. You suck a guy's cock, right?'

'Yes mother.'

'You got to learn to take it up the arse. Men like that.'

'Yes mother.'

Amber said 'yes' when she meant 'no way'. No guy was poking around up there as far as she was concerned.

One of Amber's most vivid memories was coming home one afternoon and seeing her mother fucking this black guy right there in the front room.

A huge sweaty black arse going up and down and Georgia screaming as if he was splitting her in two.

Amber's only joy in life was her pony.

Another of Georgia's black boyfriends had bought the horse, no doubt to impress his new girlfriend and to keep Amber out of the way. Bit of guilty conscious too perhaps. He was the sort of guy who threw his money around to boost his ego. Normally she would have scorned such an obvious attempt to bring her onside but this was different. Her own horse!

Her room was papered with pictures of ponies. Inside her head was plastered with pony pin ups!

If his motive was to keep her out of the way, the plan certainly worked. Harvey became the best looked after pony in the universe and Amber the most loving and diligent owner, lavishing all the affection on the horse that no human being in her life deserved.

Chapter 3

During the hearing whenever Amanda looked across the courtroom at Rebecca's husband Guy she remembered how her client had described him variously as a brute, a pig, and a sadist.

Amanda was not one to be intimidated by any man but this guy was an ebony man mountain with a polished shaved head, well over six feet in height, broad shouldered and bull necked with enormous hands which he clenched and unclenched as he listened.

His face wore a perpetual frown and his voice an edge of impatience and Amanda didn't need Rebecca to tell her he had anger management issues which was a polite way of saying he was an big bully with a short fuse.

Rebecca, who was quite petite and feminine, was obviously terrified of him.

Although Amanda despised him from hearing Rebecca's account of their sex life, she felt a slight frisson of excitement when she first saw him in the flesh.

Rebecca said it was obvious from the off that Guy liked rough sex which, being honest, she'd found quite exciting at first. But after they tied the knot (to coin a phrase) she quickly discovered he wanted to do things that scared her, something called Shibari, involving ropes and gags and hanging upside down. He took her for a walk along a riverbank and showed her a tree with a bough overhanging the water. He said he wanted to tie her up naked and suspend her from the branch and takes lots of photographs but she was terrified of water even more than being bound and she said she'd rather not.

Guy told her Shibari was a centuries old art form and there was a market for really exotic and usual photographs. He tried to persuade her it was all very creative and done properly it didn't hurt at all.

'Was he serious about all this?'

'Deadly serious. He showed me some pictures online but I wasn't interested.'

'Did he persist?'

'I felt pressured. There were other things he wanted to do.'

'Is it something you can talk about or is it too difficult?'

'I wouldn't want any of this to be mentioned in the case. It would be too embarrassing.'

'Don't talk about it if you'd rather not.'

'No, it's a relief to be able to tell someone I can trust.'

'He sounds very controlling.'

'He was. He is.'

'Were there other things he suggested that you found unacceptable?'

'He wanted to spank me.'

'How did you feel about that?'

'I wasn't keen. Perhaps I sound very boring and prudish?'

'Not to me.'

Amanda was in reassuring and caring mode. She was wondering how much more there was to come.

'I thought he meant he wanted to spank my bottom but it turned out he wanted to whack my boobs and... other places.'

'He was into S&M?'

'He wanted to be.'

'Did you get the impression he had experience of bondage and sadism?'

‘It sounded that way. I wondered if he was still doing it after we got married. There are clubs aren’t there? And I suppose he could find women online who liked being hurt and humiliated.’

‘I guess so.’

‘He wanted anal sex.’

‘And you didn’t?’

‘I just wanted ordinary loving sex. What he scornfully called vanilla.’

‘Did he force you?’

‘He’s very well endowed. Trying to take a nine inch cock up there was painful.’

Suddenly Amanda had a vivid picture in her mind and felt a flicker of arousal. Such a huge black stud astride this fragile looking white girl! She shuddered at the thought but she was getting horny- against her better nature. What was wrong with her? Getting a damp gusset over a beast like Guy Glover. This was the conversation she recalled time and again when she looked at Guy in the courtroom but she didn’t let the recollection put her off her stride. Nine inches! Really? Did he tell her that? Did she measure it? Surely an exaggeration? Surely the thing about black guys having big dicks was a myth?

Chapter 4

£200 per week livery costs for Harvey was a lot of money. It was all inclusive-everything from mucking out to preparing for a show, cleaning tack, and riding out for daily exercise but still top dollar. All right as long as sugar daddy was paying but when Georgia's rich boyfriend got fed up with Georgia, as they all did eventually, there was no-one to pay.

There was no way Amber could afford the payments even if she got a job.

Amber foolishly let the bills mount up until she received an ultimatum from Guy Glover. Turn up at his office at ten o'clock that day or Harvey's turned out of stable, stall and paddock.

Amber had never spoken to the boss of Centaur Farm Equestrian Enterprises although she'd seen him watching her exercise Harvey on a couple of occasions. Mr Glover had never shown any interest in Harvey's progress and anyway Amber had learnt to be wary of black guys.

Now she stood before his imposing desk feeling like a naughty schoolgirl. Although Amber despised her mother, on this occasion she was not beyond copying her style when wanting to get her own way with a man. She might be able to buy time before needing to pay of her debts to Glover and maybe by then another sugar daddy would have appeared on the scene.

It was hot weather and Amber put on a scanty gingham dress with only her panties underneath so she exposed bare arms and bare legs and not a little cleavage. She let her long blonde hair free to cascade down her back.

Amber knew she had a great body and pretty face which didn't need makeup. She stood with hands behind her back and her 38DD breasts (big tits ran in the family though her mother's had been helped) thrust boldly forward, her face wearing her cutest pout, and adopting her most appealing little girl voice. The act was a straight copy of how she'd seen Georgia behave in front of some new guy she wanted to impress.

'I'm so sorry Mr Glover,' she purred. 'I'm financially embarrassed right now.'

When Guy walked round from behind his desk Amber knew she'd had the desired effect, the bulge in his trousers was huge. He came very close to the girl looking her up and down to appraise her very obvious assets.

'You owe me a lot of money Amber. How do you propose settling your debts?'

'If you could give me more time...'

'Are you expecting to win the lottery?'

'I guess not.'

'Are you likely to come into money some other way? Can your parents help?'

'I only have a mum and she doesn't bother with me much.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'She's too busy living her own life, put it that way.'

'Is she hot like you?'

Amber was preening like she'd seen Georgia do, fiddling with her hair one minute, smoothing down her dress the next. When she ran her hands over her hips and thighs she accentuated her curves.

'We're both blue-eyed blondes,' she said.

'Great body,' said Guy.

'Thank you.'

'It was a question. I meant your mother.'

'Georgia's bustier.'

'Wow,' he said. 'You call your ma by her first name?'

'Always have. She doesn't command much respect.'

'I'm getting the impression she puts herself about, is that right?'

'She goes through a lot of boyfriends,' said Amber.

'I think I'd like to meet her.'

'You'd get on. She likes black guys.'

'Good taste then. What about you?'

'What about me?'

'You like black guys?'

'Sure.' It was sort of a white lie- if you pardoned the pun!

'You just like guys, eh?'

'Like mother, like daughter.' Amber gave him her sexiest smile. She moved even closer and pressed her chest against his.

'Would it clear all my debts?'

'One fuck wouldn't,' he said.

'Could I keep Harvey on here...if it was regular?'

'Maybe.'

Guy went over to lock the door of his office then unzipped his trousers to let his cock free. Amber knew he already had an erection but she was unprepared for its size. She realized she was gawping.

'It won't suck itself,' he said.

'I don't know if I can,' she said.

'You've never given a man a blow job?'

'I mean it's so big!'

'Welcome to black dick! Aren't you the lucky girl?'

Guy took the precaution of lowering the blinds at the window that looked over the gardens before going back to sit on his black chair; then summoned Amber with his forefinger. She knelt between his wide open legs with her pretty face poised over his rampant cock; she noticed the tight flesh on his shaft was a lighter brown than the rest of his shiny black skin.

'Make it good for your old nag's sake,' he said. 'There's a lot riding on this.'

Amber hesitated; frightened by the length and girth of Guy's dick, afraid she wouldn't be able to take more than the bulbous head and maybe the first inch or two.

Guy lifted the hem of Amber's dress and tore it off to leave her naked apart from her thong, her huge tits exposed to his appreciative gaze. God, if her mother was even bigger!

Amber's mouth was dry which didn't help. Sweat broke out on her forehead, over her arched back and between her tits.

He grabbed her blonde mane and shoved her head down hard. Amber felt the glans hit the back of her throat making her gag.

She managed to pull away for long enough to say: 'No, please!' before he rammed her face down again and thrust his dick into her mouth in a single movement.

Amber struggled but Guy held her in position.

She tried to suck but her mouth was too stuffed for her to do anything apart from make choking noises.

'Grab my balls,' he ordered.

His scrotum was so swollen and hard his balls were riding high like they were part of his shaft but she cupped her hands and did her best to fondle and massage them.

Gradually she was able to take more of him and begin to suck but she suddenly felt his cock twitch and go harder still and then hot spunk exploded in her mouth and filled it to overflowing.

‘Swallow! Get every last drop!’

Amber tried desperately not to spill any semen, gulping it down rapidly to make room for more but the supply pumping into her seemed endless and some dribbled from the corners of her mouth. Guy thrust hard into her like he was fucking her face holding her fast by her hair.

‘Now clean me up!’

There was a lot to do. Sticky cum on his balls, some on his thighs and belly as well as his cock which was still erect and swinging back and forth as she licked. She didn’t like the taste. She didn’t like the smell. But she knew she had to finish her task. It took ages and all the time his dick stayed rigid.

‘You need to practise, slut.’

‘I’m sorry.’ It was ridiculous that she was apologizing but she was. And he was still cleaning him despite being called a slut.

O.K. she was behaving like a slut.

When he was satisfied she’d licked him clean he told her to stand up. He took a good look at her tits, smacking one huge jug against the other, feeling their weight, plucking her nipples.

‘You need to settle all your debts, slut,’ he said.

Amber hung her head. ‘Like this?’

‘Sure but you also need to earn your keep, pay your way.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘I’ll use you as a stable girl if you show me you can work hard.’

‘What would I have to do?’

All the time the sweat on her tits and back was cooling though her face was still burning with embarrassment.

‘Yard duties, mucking out and turning out.’

‘I could keep Harvey here?’

‘If you give full satisfaction in every department.’

‘I would be paid?’

Guy laughed uproariously. ‘I’d be doing you a favour, girl.’

‘Yes.’

‘Don’t think it would be glamorous like in the pony story books. You’d spend a lot of time poo picking, clearing horse shit from the fields.’

‘And the sex...I’d have to...’

Amber couldn’t bring herself to say it.

‘Yes, you’d have to fuck. But you need training. A tongue stud will improve your cock sucking abilities.’

‘Yes.’ Amber was praying he’d let her put her dress back on although she was sure he’d ripped it. She felt humiliated and scared. He was none too gentle the way he handled her boobs.

‘I guess we don’t need to get your mother’s permission,’ he said scornfully.

Amber knew the truth was that Georgia would be pleased to have her out of sight and out of mind.

Chapter 5

It was Julia who finally caught them.

Security was too tight for them to get into the central area with its cameras, lights, and trip wire devices but they'd taken to stealing metal gates in the fields and copper wiring from phone lines far away from the main buildings. Removal of gates led to valuable stock escaping. One another occasion they stole power tools left in one of the far flung outbuildings and siphoned red diesel from a horse box.

Julia was pleased to see the two young white guys at the end of her shotgun.

She marched them into the yard and when they protested she told them to think of it as a citizen's arrest- except she was the arresting officer, judge and jailor rolled into one.

The sentence was life.

Once inside the stable Julia told the two white guys to strip and pile their clothes at her feet.

They weren't keen and she had to stick the twin barrels under their noses and repeat her instruction.

Soon Julia was looking at two well-built young men covering their cocks with crossed hands. She loved watching their embarrassed twitching, just the start of their humiliation. It made it worse for them that it was a black woman making them strip.

'Put your hands on your heads,' she ordered.

'A bit of honest work will help you put on some muscle,' she observed. 'You can pay us back for the damage you've done and the fuel you've stolen.' Julia appraised their bodies with an expert eye and liked what she saw. They were thieving little shits but their bodies were fit enough if pale and pasty.

She couldn't resist helping each one into his stall with a poke of the shotgun between the shoulder blades.

'What the fuck?' This was from the taller guy.

'You can't keep us here bitch,' said the other.

Julia gathered up their clothes and locked the stable door.

She took their clothes and tossed them into the incinerator.

Chapter 6

Rebecca didn't tell her lawyer Amanda anything like the whole story of her life with Guy; it would have been too degrading.

Guy was still working as a trader at the bank when they got married, making pots of money, and living the lifestyle. Rebecca moved into his penthouse suite overlooking the Thames and looked forward to a cosseted existence with cleaners and a maid on tap. Her illusions lasted about as long as the early autumn mists over the river.

The maid was a pretty Thai girl called Bun Ma who came to work in a tight white t-shirt and denim shorts and had a stunning figure in miniature. But Becky had seen her only once. Guy made it clear he expected his new wife to do everything.

'You're not working now. You've nothing else to do,' he said. 'You do your housework naked and you make sure the place is spotless.'

It wasn't long before he told her he was bringing three colleagues back for drinks after work and she was to be 'the perfect hostess.'

'You'll do everything to please them,' he said. 'You cater for their every whim. Is that understood?'

She stood before him naked with her duster in her hand.

'I guess so.'

'I'm sending a catering firm round with the food and drinks. All you have to do is the serving. I want to show you off.'

'What do I wear?'

'Nothing. Stay as you are.'

'You're kidding.'

'I said I want to show you off.'

'No way!'

'Follow me.'

Guy took Becky into one of the spare bedrooms. She saw various pieces of equipment laid out on the bed, a number of floggers, a red corset, handcuffs, a cane with a shepherd's crook handle, what looked like a gag.

'If you want to escape punishment don't resist. These are my closest colleagues and I want them to have a good time.'

'So it's all about sex. You want me to fuck them?'

'I want you to please them.'

'I can't. I won't.'

'You'll do as I tell you.'

'Not this.'

'You'll enjoy it. You'll be the centre of interest, the main attraction.'

'I'll be shamed and humiliated. *Your wife* will be degraded and despised... that's what you want, is it? Have you no pride?'

'I am proud of you and I want my friends to enjoy you.'

'You're a pig!'

'Be careful. Remember the rules.'

'Who are these people? Men or women?'

'You'll see.'

'I won't do it naked. You can't expect that.'

'I've told them you do all your housework naked.'

'I don't mind serving a few drinks and making conversation...'

‘Conversation is the last thing we want from you. They may speak to you but you won’t say a word except to thank them if they pay you a compliment.

‘Oh, great! Why didn’t you hire a waitress along with the food and drink?’

‘A nude waitress?’

‘I’m sure you could find some whore to do it. I bet there are plenty online.’

‘I’ve got my own whore,’ he said. ‘But that’s an idea. I might hire you out.’

‘Please Guy. Please don’t make me do this!’

Becky dropped onto her knees and gripped Guy’s legs.

‘I beg you.’

‘You’ll like my friends. They’re professional people.’

‘I can’t show myself up like that.’

‘Just go for it. Don’t be shy. Strut your stuff. You’ve got good tits, a great arse! Just don’t hold back.’

Chapter 7

The weather was cool but sweat was pouring off the bodies of the two men in the paddock.

They were naked except for basic training gear consisting of bridles and bits which, at this stage, were there to keep them from speaking as much as anything else; they also had their arms in leather binders that pulled their biceps together behind their backs and forced their chests outwards achieving the twin purposes of restraint and improving posture.

The two former thieves wore leather harness from which ropes were attached enabling them to drag heavy sacks filled with sand.

Julia watched them strain and sweat.

She was wearing skin tight camel coloured jodhpurs, long black riding boots, a superbly tailored black jacket which cinched her trim waist, over a crisp white shirt, and her Afro styled hair haloed her head and tumbled over her broad shoulders.

Julia held a lunging whip with a lash of about seven feet in length.

When she thought a man was slacking Julia stepped within range and curled the lash around his buttocks. Her aim was always perfect, the result of hours of experience training horses of all breeds and varieties. Of course their genitals were exposed and unprotected and always a possible target if she wished to really wake them up but a lash there would turn their balls purple and make them balloon.

The men needed the exercise and she had imposed a harsh regime including a strict diet. The stable girls added supplements to their nose bags. It was important to increase both strength and stamina. Their legs needed to be muscled and strong.

They dragged their sacks round and round the paddock, straining every sinew, puny chests heaving, faces almost purple; they were obscenely unfit; but Julia had a vision of how they should be and would be. When they were fully trained and toned they would look magnificent and very desirable but right now they were a long way short.

Chapter 8

Guy waited for Amanda Roberts to leave the court at the end of the day. He kept a discrete distance behind her as she walked towards the restaurants and bars nearby.

She disappeared into an up market pub and minutes later she appeared in the bay window with a drink in her hand, talking to a pretty blonde girl, younger than herself.

Guy tried to look inconspicuous on the other side of the road and was helped by the crowds of people seeking an after work drink.

Eventually Amanda came out with her blonde companion and they walked back in the direction of the court where Guy knew she had parked her car.

The two women stood chatting for some time beside Amanda's car and then Guy saw them kiss. It was a long, full on kiss and it left no room for doubt that they were lovers.

Guy had suspected Amanda was a lesbian.

All the vitriol that came from her pretty little mouth and her word processor said she was a real man hater.

The young girl was strikingly beautiful to the point that he felt envious that Amanda got to kiss her. Fucking lucky dyke! He'd like to do more than kiss her- make her appreciate a proper man with a big black dick.

He had assumed it was a parting kiss so was surprised to see the girl get into the passenger seat. Guy got his keys in his hand and ran for his own car parked a few rows away. If he was quick enough he could follow Amanda's Jag and find out where she lived. It looked more like the blonde might be a live-in lover rather than a casual friend...

Chapter 9

Becky had hidden in the bathroom when the caterers arrived to unload the food and the booze. Guy had given them a key telling them there would be no-one in. He was so determined that she stayed naked he'd put all her clothes into locked wardrobes and drawers.

He'd instructed her to wear nothing but her slave necklace and ankle chain. The (real) silver necklace had a pendant of miniature handcuffs; the anklet had three clusters of tiny bells which tinkled as she moved about.

At this time Becky was not collared.

Guy had told her to use her makeup to look like the slut she was. By the time she had finished Becky had applied a deep green liquid eyeliner and seductive false lashes, her blusher made her cheekbones stand out, she wore luscious red lipstick with a gloss and her face looked a peachy colour. He told her to arrange her hair to make it look like she'd just been fucked.

Becky painted her toenails bright red and likewise with her fingernails.

She trimmed her bush with scissors and lady shave but Guy preferred some pubic hair so she left a landing strip.

When the guests arrived Becky was standing by the drinks table shivering, more through fear than cold. They arrived together, two women and one guy, all black. Becky's first thought was how stunning and stylish the women looked in smart suits and with their hair immaculate. They looked supremely confident and they smiled indulgently at Becky, saying simply, 'hello' and registering no surprise at seeing her naked.

'Good evening ma'am,' she said to the first lady, 'what can I get you to drink?'

'White wine,' she said.

The other lady asked for a gin and tonic.

Guy and his male guest, whom she addressed as 'sir', had beer. He was a very tall, very black African, with dreadlocks.

'Please help yourselves to food,' said Becky.

When they chatted, balancing their plates and their drinks, it was obvious no ice breakers were required; they were colleagues used to each other's company. Becky was the one who felt awkward and isolated as she moved round offering more canapés and the replenishment of glasses, her little bells tinkling as she moved. She was aware of the guests coolly appraising her body but otherwise they made no effort to engage.

She remembered Guy had said she had to take the initiative. But how? She would have to put on some kind of performance.

'P...please take a seat,' she said in a hoarse, hesitant voice.

She felt blind panic as they sat down; Guy arranging the chairs so there was a space for her to step into.

She was very conscious of the whiteness of her skin among so many black people. Becky began to sway her hips as she stroked her tits, sashaying close to each person in turn, trying to keep a sexy pout on her lips though she was dry mouthed and sweaty. She ran her hands through her already dishevelled hair so it fell over her eyes, and then flicked it back with a toss of her head.

'Fetch the floggers,' interrupted Guy.

All of them looked unimpressed, even bored, by her little performance. As Becky left them for the bedroom she heard a burst of laughter which made her feel even more embarrassed and degraded- and there was something menacing in the laughter too.

It felt strange carrying floggers knowing they would be used to hurt her body- when she returned she handed one to each of the guests bowing her head respectfully.

They remained impassive and Becky could think of nothing else to do but to resume her dance. This time she bent right over and put her hands behind her back to open up her labia with her fingers so they could see more. She moved around to let everyone have a good look at her holes, pulling her cheeks apart to expose her puckered anus.

Becky expected to be struck on her arse when she bent over but the first stinging blow was struck across her tits by one of the women, Julia. There was something vicious in the way she thrashed her. Then the others followed suit but it was not a frenzied attack; there were long pauses between each stroke while she continued to entertain them. They whipped all parts of her body and she could clearly see the red marks the floggers left on her white skin.

She tried to distract the African guy by rubbing the front of his trousers and then unzipping him but the others leaned forward and flogged her back and bottom.

Even when she took out his coal black cock and knelt to lick the head, the flogging continued at intervals so that her upper back and shoulders took the brunt.

Becky pulled his trousers below his knees and sucked his big black cock leaving a ring of her bright red lipstick.

‘No favouritism,’ said Julia. She seemed to be the most assertive, more so than Guy.

Becky shuffled over to her on her knees while Julia hitched up her tight skirt to bare her thighs. Becky pulled down her panties and the woman grabbed her hair and shoved her head into the narrow gap between her legs. Becky found herself munching cunt for the first time in her life, inhaling the smell of woman and the taste of female juice different from her own. As it was difficult for Becky’s tongue to penetrate her labia because of the tight skirt, Julia stood up, unzipped it, and took the garment right off.

Julia sat down again, raised her knees, and opened her legs wide.

Becky slobbered for a while until she located Julia’s engorged clit where she went to work sensing this woman was one she had to please. By the time she gasped for breath and turned round to look, the other people in the room had stripped. The African she had gone down on came behind her and rammed his still wet cock into her from behind while she continued to lick the woman.

When Julia finished her noisy orgasm, squirting into Becky’s mouth, the black guy was nearing his climax. He gripped her firmly round her slim waist and pounded her relentlessly until he spurted his load deep inside her, both of them bathed in sweat.

Then he lifted Becky up and made her look behind where Guy was fucking the other black woman spread out on the rug.

She was made to watch while her husband enjoyed vigorous sex with more enthusiasm than he ever showed when he shagged his own wife. Becky fought back tears of humiliation. But her shaming ordeal was not over.

Julia told her to get down and rim Guy’s ring. She pushed her roughly into place and cut her back with her flogger.

While his arse thrust up and down Becky had the difficult task of keeping Guy’s cheeks parted so she could lick his hairy anus then probe deeper with her tongue. She had never been made to eat ass before and flinched from the bitter taste but Julia made sure her face stayed in position.

Chapter 10

Guy and Julia drove out to the site together to clinch the deal.

The equestrian centre was surrounded by acres of woodland with a river flowing through it, ideal for cross-country and off-road hacking.

The farm had a mix of crops and cattle and produced enough haylage to provide for their own animals with plenty left over to sell.

The accommodation including an attractive ranch style house, livery yards, three stable blocks, an indoor dressage arena, as well as the camping site set among the trees suitable for cars and caravans.

Guy and Julia discussed how they could create public and private areas so they could cater for vanilla clients as well as those paying to use the boot camp facilities. There would need to be some new building and adaptations to others. They needed high security fences all round, an alarm system, and CCTV.

The cost of buying the centre was high and it was essential that the venture paid its way once they took over. Ideally the consortium (composed of the four bankers and city dealers) hoped to make a profit to recoup some of their initial outlay but it would be difficult at first. Discreet publicity and advertising in fetish magazines and websites would be the key before, hopefully, word of mouth established their position.

The cost of equipment would also be expensive.

Even if they saved a good deal by not paying wages they would have to pay some staff at least until they developed their own expertise in all areas. Julia was a much more experienced horsewoman than Guy but he could ride and was a quick learner.

Julia planned a conversation with the farm manager when she hoped to enlist his understanding of their unusual business plan.

Her powers of persuasion were strong.

On the drive home Guy asked Julia her opinion of Becky's performance when she serviced members of the group in his apartment.

'She's cute enough but she still needs a lot of training.'

'You're right.'

'Would you like her to come to me for a weekend?'

'That would be good.'

'Any limits?'

'None at all. Give the slut a hard time.'

'I will. I'll make her appreciate you more.'

'Are you truly bi-sexual Julia? You don't have even the slightest preference either way?'

'No, I've always been greedy. I want it all.'

Chapter 11

It turned out Amanda's meeting with her girlfriend after work was a regular thing and Guy surmised she probably worked somewhere near the courts and it was a convenient way of them going home together- save bringing another car into the centre.

One day he followed the blonde and discovered she worked in an up-market clothes shop.

Guy and his friends decided it was better to kidnap Amanda from outside her home- taking her from outside the court was pretty foolhardy with police and legal eagles swarming around the place.

The question was whether to lift the girlfriend as well. It would be for entertainment only. With Amanda (and Rebecca if he got her back) there were scores to settle.

Amanda's girlfriend was a very young chick, nineteen or twenty, around five foot five in height, with shoulder length golden blonde hair (probably naturally fair) and a peachy complexion- perfect oval face with a dimple chin- toothsome in every way.

Smart clothes. Almost no makeup. A wide-eyed, innocent look about her.

Guy's stalking got to a point where he dared to move into the pub to observe them. The risk added a frisson of excitement.

Guy had overheard Amanda call her Katrina.

Looking at them Guy decided that if they were horses Katrina would be a beautiful little Palomino with fine gold coat and white mane and tail. Amanda a chestnut Arabian mare with finely chiselled bone structure and arched neck, impossibly long legs, and a hot-blooded temperament.

They decided to take Katrina as well as Amanda.

They erected red and white barriers round a drain cover in the quiet mews and waited. It was an old trick but it worked. Guy wore a hard hat and overalls and popped out now and then to stare at the drain cover and stroke his chin.

No-one asked any questions or showed any interest.

When the time came for the two girls to arrive home they moved the van closer to their front door.

They waited until Amanda's foot was on her first step before they pounced. In seconds both girls were bundled into the back of the van where Marcus got hoods over their heads before they knew what was happening.

The drive would take around two hours depending on the traffic.

Chapter 12

With her 38DD tits it was obvious to use Amber for publicity once she's settled in. Guy and Marcus set up a session with a number of cameras and sound including a boom microphone. Marcus had some filming experience to call on and they didn't want to involve outsiders for obvious reasons.

They had a few ideas rather than a storyboard.

First they filmed Amber riding out of the yard into one of the paddocks nude apart from a pair of boots, making sure viewers couldn't recognise the Centaur Centre from any of the shots.

Her jugs were so big she looked like she was going to topple over any second but she was a capable rider with a good seat in every sense. When she made Harvey gallop the camera got in close on her arse bumping up and down in the saddle.

Amber brought Harvey back to the starting point and stroked the animal's neck as if in love with him, then caressed and squeezed her own breasts, after which she reclined on the horse's back and masturbated, all of which was recorded.

By this stage Guy and Marcus had built a number of chariots, improving and developing their original design, basically wheels on an axle with a platform to stand on. The sulky they used for filming was much more sophisticated, lightweight but strong enough to seat at least one man in comfort. Although it was light it required a considerable effort from the human horse especially the females.

Amber, like all the others, had been put through a rigorous exercise programme to strengthen her legs in particular. Guy noted how much better her thighs and calves looked when Amber was brought out for the karting sequence.

At the start she stood obediently and patiently in a tightly laced leather corset which cinched her waist dramatically and pushed her huge tits higher and out even further. Amber's nipples were now pierced and Marcus clipped tiny bells to the rings so they would tinkle when she moved off. The body of the corset ended just above her waistline exposing her cunt but the garment incorporated a strap that went under her crotch and fastened behind.

Guy filmed Marcus pulling on the leather headpiece with its large blinkers and metal rings to which her reins would be clipped, followed by bridle and bit. So far Amber's body had not been modified apart from piercing but as soon as she clamped her teeth onto the bit she instantly looked more equine.

Amber was still a half trained novice but they knew she could perform well enough to make a decent video. If she didn't get her knees up high and achieve a good speed she's feel the whip on her pert bottom always nicely in range. There were old bruises clearly visible on her arse and on her thighs.

Marcus backed her into the shafts and Amber grasped them with her gloved hands. Guy climbed aboard the chariot with whip in hand and took the reins.

As Marcus filmed, Guy clicked his tongue and said, 'walk on!'

Amber snorted and whinnied before pawing the ground and moving off. It was always difficult to achieve momentum at first and she had to strain to achieve traction and forward movement in the soft grass. Guy helped by lashing her naked shoulders and then her butt enjoying the sight of her wince with pain.

Marcus ran alongside to film in close-up, making sure Amber's private parts featured prominently. Her bouncing boobs were hard to ignore even from side-on but he kept her jiggling arse in view as well.

This footage showed the girl mainly in profile and from behind and after a time they stopped. The effort of pulling Guy had made Amber's body shine with sweat which looked good through the camera lens.

The plan now was to show Amber coming towards the camera and for this Julia drove a truck with Marcus sitting in the back to film. Guy ordered Amber to trot and then canter; again he used the whip liberally to encourage her and the girl gained enough speed to make the sulky sway and bump over ruts in the path. By this time they had left the farm to drive along a track through the private part of the woods.

Chapter 13

The weekend with Julia finally made Becky decide to escape Guy's clutches and get a divorce. When a husband pimps his own wife- and to another woman! And when that woman has a cellar equipped to facilitate sadistic play!

Becky knew how cruel Julia could be from their first encounter and looking at the winch and pulley system in the cellar she knew she was going to suffer.

Becky knew she couldn't resist Julia physically.

The black woman was taller, bulkier and obviously taller. She looked formidable in her leather corset and thigh length boots.

Becky dreaded the lesbian sexual advances almost as much as the torture.

Once in the cold cellar, access gained by a flight of stone steps, Julia told Becky to undress and place her folded clothes on a chair next to a table laid out with ominous looking bondage paraphernalia.

'No, please,' said Becky when Julia told her to stand bare foot under the ropes dangling from the pulley. She was shaking violently and tears were pricking her eyes.

'You don't want to play?'

'Please let me go Miss Julia,' she said in a pleading tone.

'Guy said we could have a little fun together.'

'He didn't ask me. I didn't agree,' said Becky.

'You're not a pain slut?'

'I don't know what he told you.'

'He said you were being trained but progress was slow.'

'All of that is my husband's idea,' said Becky, sniffing as the tears gathered.

'Are you saying you're not submissive?'

'I'm not saying that Miss Julia. I am quite submissive but I don't like all the bondage stuff.'

'Stop sniffing,' said Julia. 'You sound pathetic.'

'I'm sorry Miss Julia,' sobbed Becky. 'I don't mean to be disrespectful to you. Would you let me go if I pay you or...?'

'Or what? Anything else you can offer I can take for myself...I might accept your offer of payment as well.'

'I meant I'd pay you if you let me go. Call it a misunderstanding. Guy's fault.'

'How much would you pay?'

'A hundred pounds...if that's acceptable.'

'I'll take your hundred pounds as payment for my time and trouble. I said to Guy I would take you off his hands for the weekend and see what I could do to advance your training. Do you have your cheque book in your handbag?'

'But that was for...'

'Are you refusing? A hundred pounds might make me slightly more lenient.'

'Yes Miss Julia.'

Becky took a step towards her bag.

'I didn't give you permission,' said Julia. 'You don't move unless I tell you.'

'Sorry Miss Julia.'

Becky's nose was running and mixing with the tears falling on her bare breasts.

'We'll make it two hundred pounds,' said Julia. 'My fee for bed and board and for my specialist training. You can write the cheque now.'

Becky went to her handbook, took out her cheque book and pen, and then asked Julia who to make it out to though she wasn't very audible through her sobs.

Then Julia took her time to bind Becky's breasts tightly, tie her elbows in a box tie behind her back in the reverse prayer position: a skilful combination of breast, elbow and crotch bondage.

Julia winched Becky up a few inches so her dainty painted toes just made contact with the cold flags below.

It was the scenario Guy had wanted for her and which she'd managed to resist so far.

'You didn't sound very respectful to your husband,' Julia said with her face very close to her victim's.

'I am Miss Julia honestly.'

'Then why don't you obey him?'

Without waiting for an answer Julia went to the table and picked up a number of pegs. Julia clipped four to Becky's right nipple, went back for more, and clamped her left nipple with the same number. Becky yelped as each pin nipped her tender flesh and distorted the shape of each teat.

Julia put her face close to Becky's.

'Why don't you answer white slut?'

'I do obey him Miss Julia.'

Julia brushed her lips against Becky's. At the same time she shoved her fingers into the girl's cunt.

'Not well enough,' she breathed.

'I'm sorry Miss Julia. I will. I promise.'

'Don't you realise how lucky you are?'

'I do Miss Julia.'

'To have a big black stud for a husband.'

'Yes Miss Julia.'

'Do you worship his big ebony dick?'

'I...er...yes Miss Julia.'

'You don't sound very sure.'

This time Julia kissed Becky full on the lips and kept her mouth there.

'Tell me how you worship his big black dick.'

'I don't know what to say. I like it.'

'What do you do to show you worship it as a white whore should to a black guy? You're vastly inferior to a black person. How do you show your respect?'

'I don't know what you want me to say Miss Julia, I'm sorry.'

'Perhaps you need a little encouragement slut?'

Julia returned to her table and fetched more clothespins. As Becky wriggled to try to free herself Julia clipped the pegs to her labia until it was festooned. She whimpered and moaned at this abuse of her most sensitive place.

'What do you do when you see Guy's big cock?'

'I feel lucky he's so big. He's nine inches.'

'Do you drool?'

'Yes Miss Julia.'

'Do you smack your lips?'

'Yes Miss Julia.'

'Say it. Tell me.'

'I drool and smack my lips when I see his prick.'

'Does your cunt get soaking wet?'

'My cunt gets soaking wet.'

‘Are you reduced to a quivering horny white whore who can’t wait to be fucked?’

‘I become a quivering horny white whore Miss Julia.’

‘Do you beg for it up you?’

‘I can’t wait. I beg to be fucked.’

All the time Becky wriggled with the pain shooting through her pussy.

‘Do you get your prissy white mouth round his big black cock?’

‘I get on my knees and give him a blow job.’

‘So what’s it like?’

‘It’s wonderful Miss Julia.’

‘You’re a lucky white whore.’

‘I am very lucky Miss Julia. A lucky white fuck slut.’

‘Do you like his cock between your tits? Do you like him to fuck your boobs?’

‘I love it.’

‘Do you like his cum in your mouth?’

‘Yes Miss Julia.’

‘Do you swallow?’

‘Every drop Miss.’

‘So you worship black cocks and you can’t enough?’

‘That’s correct Miss Julia.’

‘He is a good husband to you.’

‘Yes Miss Julia.’

‘What do you think of black guys?’

‘I worship them Miss Julia.’ She was getting better at reading Julia’s mind so she could work out the answer she wanted.

‘What about Marcus the African?’

‘I was lucky he fucked me.’

The truth was he had been brutal. She still had a bruised pussy and scratches on her arse.

‘He wasn’t very impressed with your performance, neither was I. You need practice so you can please men and women equally.’

‘Yes Miss Julia.’

Julia disappeared for some time leaving Becky suspended in the cellar with the pegs still in place. She tried shaking her tits but only one pin fell to the stone floor.

When her tormentor returned Becky’s mouth fell open.

Julia was wearing nothing but a huge black strap-on dildo in the exact shape of a cock which swayed menacing as she strode towards her.

It was even longer and thicker than Guy’s prick and it horrified Becky. To think how it would stretch her holes!

Becky’s body was wracked with pain but she braced herself knowing that she faced a choice between pleasing Julia as a fuck object or face further torture. Perhaps she wouldn’t even get a choice.

But she resolved to run from Guy at the first opportunity.

Chapter 14

Marcus sat on Amanda for the whole journey in an attempt to keep her quiet. Even with a hood over her head and her hands cuffed behind her back she managed to bang on the side of the van with her feet whenever it slowed down at a crossing or at traffic lights.

Katrina was much more subdued, seeming to be in a state of shock, the hood, tied tight with a draw string, seemed to have taken away her power of speech as well as her sight.

Marcus wanted to get his hands on the blonde girl's body but Amanda kept him fully occupied. It was obvious the older woman was going to be a real challenge but Marcus knew Guy would rise to it. Marcus knew this one was personal where his friend was concerned. He knew she was the bitch lawyer who had humiliated him in court.

He might want Becky back but Amanda was his number one target.

He'd expected Guy to want to travel in the back of the van but perhaps he wanted to be in a place where he could fully assert his authority and perhaps he wanted her to expend some of her excess energy in useless protest.

From the little Marcus had seen of this woman he knew she was a real thoroughbred, a mare with plenty of speed and spirit, strong-willed with defiance in her blue eyes.

And beautiful to look at with a glossy mane of black hair, long slim legs, stately gait.

All the equine attributes: good balance, well-proportioned, skin pulled tightly over muscles with no excess fat, good head and neck, stands and moves with grace.

If she didn't respond to Guy's training she'd suffer!

The sexy young blonde, Katrina, would be more submissive, would learn obedience more quickly. But she would never have the same quality and class as a pony girl.

And that was their future. They would have no other purpose in life.

Chapter 15

Amanda scratched and struggled as Guy undressed her in the yard. In the end he had to rip her clothes from her body. It didn't matter because she wouldn't need them again. All her clothes would be incinerated along with her handbag and cell phone.

When she was naked she still fought him like a tigress.

Guy had to face arms flailing and feet kicking, spitting and snarling. He was torn between defending himself and standing back to admire her.

He was not disappointed in her body.

She might be a bit older than Rebecca and Amber and some of the other girls but she was in a class of her own. Her tits *were* small but perfectly shaped with large pink aureoles. There was a wind whipping across the cobbled yard and her tits were soon goose pimped and her nipples erect.

Many girls in this situation would have used their hands to cover their modesty but Amanda continued to lash out.

'Goodness, Miss Roberts,' he said sarcastically. 'I thought you were a lady.'

Guy went to the wall mounted hose. She was onto to him almost before he could turn it on.

He struggled to direct it at her and got wet himself but he was clothed and Amanda was naked. She gasped with shock when the jet of cold water hit her full on and she involuntarily stepped backwards which gave Guy the chance to hose her down from head to toe. Her long black hair was plastered to her head and face and she bowed in an effort to lessen the impact of the force on her body.

Now he could turn the tap on fully and the jet was strong enough to move her round the yard like one of his horses. The cobbles became slippery and Amanda fell headlong grazing her knees and bruising her tits.

Guy stepped over her, directed the nozzle, and soaked her.

Her stark white body took on a bluish hue, the dark triangle at the apex of her thighs the only contrast.

He saw her lips move and he assumed she was cursing but the noise of the hose and the splashing drowned out any words.

Guy turned off the hose.

'You better run round to get warm,' he advised.

Amanda made a sudden dive for her clothes but he got to them first.

'Oh, no. You stay naked my girl- unless I decide otherwise.'

She was shivering so violently that she got to her feet and started to run over the shiny wet cobbles. There were puddles in places and she had to splash through them. She seemed to have decided that this was the only way to get some warmth back into her limbs but resented the fact that she was doing Guy's bidding.

Despite her bedraggled appearance she was far from defeated, looking daggers at Guy as she passed him. He stood back and smiled. It was obvious he held the whip hand.

It wasn't long before she slipped and fell again, heavily this time. She got herself into a sitting position, wrapped her arms round her bruised legs and sobbed.

He scooped her up in his arms and carried her to a stall.

Guy threw her onto the floor which was covered in straw and wood shavings. There was a much used tattered towel hanging up at the back and he told her to dry herself with that.

Apart from forage there was nothing in the stall but a bucket of fresh water and two legs irons attached to the brick wall. Guy fastened them round Amanda's slim ankles. Then he left her, bolting the door shut behind him, knowing this would plunge her into darkness.

He would see how much more co-operative she was in the morning after a night without food.

Chapter 16

She seemed more subdued when Guy freed her from her leg irons but he took the precaution of slipping a halter over her head to which a short lead was clipped. He could tell she was embarrassed because it was obvious from the smell that she had defecated during the night.

Just what he wanted- but this was only the start of a long journey of humiliation.

Out in the daylight Guy saw her legs were quite badly bruised from her fall and there were a couple of cuts on her calves. Now was the time to take her inside and offer her a warm shower and maybe even breakfast if she played her cards sensibly.

He'd told Bun May to have coffee brewing and bacon frying in one of the luxury caravans when he brought her in; the little Thai servant was still in his employ.

When Amanda was seated Guy asked her if she'd had a good night's sleep.

'What do you think?'

'I don't know. That's why I'm asking.'

'You won't get away with this.'

The remark was so predicable he laughed out loud.

'Don't be so pessimistic. I think we have every chance.'

'The police will simply trawl through all my cases...'

'I imagine there are lots of people who hate your guts.'

'They'll be looking for a crazy...your behaviour in court...'

He leaned forward and slapped her face hard. The superior expression melted away for a few moments.

'Whatever you want with me, release Katrina. She'd done you no harm.'

'I don't respond well to being bossed about. You're not in court now.'

'Please.'

'That's a little better. You need to learn to be polite.'

'Will you let her go?'

'My friend has taken a liking to her. He'll teach her to appreciate a real man and turn away from her cunt licking. We'll find she liked cock all along.'

'I wouldn't count on it.'

'Just as you will soon worship my dick.'

'In your dreams.'

'Oh, you will. I know you're already thinking about it. I bet you started imagining my big black cock when you saw me in court.'

'I was too busy taking you to pieces.'

'And look at you now. Sitting there without a stitch on, wearing a halter. Quite a come down.'

She looked a mess after a night in the stall; hair bedraggled; face begrimed, dark rings round her eyes. There were some wood shavings stuck between her tits. He knew how uncomfortable she must be; she would have used straw to wipe her arse after her shit- if she wiped it at all.

She was trying hard to keep her legs together so he couldn't see her sex but the top of her thick dark bush was clearly visible above her crossed thighs.

The Thai girl brought Guy a plate of bacon and a cup of coffee. He waved the plate under Amanda's nose before taking a slice and eating it.

'You must be hungry,' he said.

'You bastard,' she said.

'I'll give you a piece if you beg.'

'I'll never ask you for anything.'

'You *will* beg, if not now then later. You could have some breakfast followed by a nice hot shower. How does that sound?'

Guy took the last rasher of bacon and held it over her face.

'I'll take your halter off so you can eat it properly if you ask me nicely.'

Unexpectedly she spat in his face.

'If that's the way you want it,' said Guy. 'For a supposedly intelligent woman you're very stupid.'

'Go fuck yourself,' she said.

'I have other ideas Mandy,' he said and slapped her face again.

Chapter 17

When Julia went to see the farmer, Luke Roberts, she took Amber with her.

Amber was wearing denim bib overalls and nothing underneath. The bib hardly covered her tits and they were constantly in danger of popping out completely. Her blonde hair was tied in plaits.

Consequently, Luke found it hard to concentrate on what Julia was saying.

They had arranged to meet in Luke's farmhouse kitchen and when they arrived he offered them coffee.

'Amber will do that,' said Julia. 'Just show her where everything is.'

As Amber busied herself, Luke's eyes followed every movement and when she bent down to hand him his coffee he had a view of her massive cleavage. Just at that moment one of her straps came loose and the bib fell half open so that one breast was completely revealed.

Amber made a show of embarrassment but took her time re-fastening her strap.

'I think it's broken Miss Julia,' said Amber in her most girly voice.

'Stop fussing. Just leave it down!'

Julia was pleased the girl had carried off the plan successfully.

'I hope you don't mind Luke,' she said. 'I'll send Amber back to get changed if you like.'

'Don't bother on my account,' said the farmer.

He couldn't help gawping. After all Amber had very big tits and the rings through her nipples added further interest.

Julia and Guy had refrained from whipping the young girl's tits for some time knowing what they had in mind for Luke.

As Julia began to outline the consortium's plans to develop the Centre Amber sat close by on the arm of a chair. She was amused by how difficult Luke found it to look at anyone or anything else but Amber's boobs, even though the subject was his role in the project and how much money he might hope to make from the venture. Right now he'd probably agree to almost anything!

'We think boot camp facilities will appeal to many people in the S & M community.'

'What do you mean by facilities?'

'You imagine it, we provide it. If you have any ideas Luke let us know. We want to provide for every sort of fetish and fantasy. A lot of dominants will bring their submissive here for training, either basic or top-up.'

'Is Amber part of this? I'm guessing she's a submissive?'

'Sure. Would you like the chance to use Amber with no limits?'

'What red-bloodied male wouldn't?'

'That's what we're banking on.'

'So you provide the girls if the clients don't bring their own?'

'We provide girls and guys so we cater for all tastes.'

Amber's instructions were to take things further if Luke showed definite interest. The signals couldn't have been clearer.

She began stroking her tits and tweaking her nipples.

'If you become a joint owner you have many perks,' said a smiling Julia.

'So I would have free use of the facilities?'

'Amber, let Mr Roberts have a good look at you.'

Amber unzipped her overalls and stepped out of them. She came closer to Luke and did a twirl so he got a look at all her assets. There was no disguising the bruising to her back, arse and thighs and they provided another test of his attitude.

He ran his hand over the curve of her cheeks.

‘How did she get these?’

‘I need to be punished sometimes,’ said Amber. ‘It’s what I deserve.’

‘You don’t mind?’

‘It’s not up to me, sir,’ she said with a flutter of eyelashes. ‘But if I want to avoid punishment I need to do as I’m told.’

‘Amber’s a pony girl. It’s our speciality. The training of our girls and guys is strict and we provide an excellent product. We train work horses, show horses, dressage horses, ponies that pull carts and carriages, horses to ride out.’

‘Work horses? So they could work the farm?’

‘They’re mostly beefy guys. They work naked except for leather harness. We need to be discreet of course.’

‘And do they give...er...sexual favours?’

‘They exist to be used as clients desire.’

‘So what does Amber do?’

He was obviously besotted.

Amber sat down on the arm of the chair again with her legs apart, crotch open. Now Luke was torn between looking at her tits and her cunt.

‘Stand up Amber. Let Mr Roberts inspect you properly. Feel her all over, Luke. See what you think of the slut.’

Luke’s hands were all over her weighty DD mammaries once again, this time kneading them, putting his finger into the nipple rings and pulling.

His hands wandered over her flat belly, her smooth Venus mound, and then fingers probed her hairless cunt. Amber stood with legs apart for all the world like a patient horse, head nodding occasionally.

Luke shoved fingers into her arsehole. They slid in fairly easily and he was sure she was no anal virgin.

‘Are all your girls as hot as this one?’

‘Hot *and* horny. Amber’s a nymphomaniac. What do you like Amber?’

‘Plenty of cock.’

‘And?’

‘Plenty of pussy please Miss Julia.’

‘She’s well trained.’

‘She’s part trained, still some way to go. I’ll leave Amber with you, see what you think. She doesn’t need to be back for a couple of hours. Take her out for a ride but be sure to stay within our boundary lines if you take her into the forest. Think over what we’ve talked about for a week or so then I’ll come back with Guy and hopefully we can clinch the deal.’

‘How far do you take this equine thing?’

‘We have all sorts of techniques. I think you’ll be impressed.’

‘Do you go in for body modification?’

‘Let’s say we take our work very seriously.’

‘I guess I shouldn’t ask where you get the girls.’

‘Leave that side of things to us. We’re looking to you for successful management of the farm.’

‘I’m sure we can reach an agreement.’

‘One last word, Luke. Don’t stand any nonsense from this one.’ She pointed at Amber. ‘There are no limits. She does what you require instantly or she suffers.’

‘Where do I get her Tack?’

‘Take her back to the stables and one of the lads will get her ready.’

Chapter 18

Amber heard herself described as horny, indeed as a nymphomaniac. She was getting used to being referred to in disparaging terms, as something other than a sentient human being, increasingly as a pony. Amber had tried hard to adopt equine behaviour at first to escape whipping or other punishments but it was becoming second nature. She observed Harvey even more closely than she had before to pick up on his movements and 'conversation'. She was so close to him he was like a mate, boy and girl together. Sometimes she would be allowed to stand in the field next to him, always naked, and rub her neck against his. Sometimes when she was down on all fours Harvey would nuzzle her backside with his soft wet nose where the flies were gorging themselves.

Amber's period of basic training as a stable girl had not lasted long.

It seemed probable Guy had marked her out as a potential pony girl from the beginning.

She learnt to sigh like Harvey, drawing in deep breaths and letting it out slowly and audibly through mouth and nostrils. She would signal pleasure when being groomed with a long 'Aaaah! Grooming for Amber consisted of being tethered in the yard, hosed down, washed with a sponge and suds, rinsed, and then patted dry, before having moisturiser rubbed into her skin.

If the groom was male he was likely to spend more time washing her vulva and udders than the girls did. It was important to sponge the vulva thoroughly to avoid infection and to rinse carefully so no soap remained to cause irritation. However the male grooms, and some females, stayed in the 'dock area' longer than was necessary. Amber usually found this attention quite pleasurable.

Her teeth would be brushed and there was much attention given to her feet. Her hair was shampooed.

Amber adopted the full range of Harvey's language, groans and grunts, nickering, blowing her lips so they trembled, neighing, as well non-verbal language like pawing the ground, nodding her head up and down, rubbing herself against a fence, nuzzling a groom's hands in the hope of receiving a carrot or an apple.

Although the male grooms spent more time than necessary washing her vulva and anus, they were constantly drawn back to Amber's tits. Sometimes she blessed her mother; sometimes she cursed the genetic inheritance that had gifted her enormous jugs. Her melons were not only huge but firm and not prone to sag- in that respect she was lucky; nor did she have very visible blue veins that marred some big mammaries. But she suffered.

Her nipples were still sore and sensitive from her piercing. Her breasts often ached when she was made to pull a cart or jump the fences on the show jumping course. Amber was never allowed to wear a sports bra or any other support and when she wore a harness it did nothing to stop her tits bouncing up and down when she ran. Then there were times when her udders were deliberately targeted for punishment, usually with a riding crop or whip but sometimes with a cane or stick of one kind or another.

Sometimes when she was in the shafts pulling a sulky the whip would snake round her body flicking her tits painfully.

And there were some plainly sadistic stable lads who abused her, and the other pony girls, by torturing her tits in various ways and by shoving objects inside her. She was wary when they were on duty but the more she shied away the more they hurt her.

Marcus himself was sometimes cruel, always demanding.

But worst of all was that Julia took a dislike to her and singled her out for rough treatment. Amber wondered if she was jealous of the way the men buzzed round her and admired her body. Amber could see Julia was sexually attracted to both sexes.

Guy and Marcus working in the office most afternoons and this was the time Amber had to report so they could use her for sex.

Julia liked to torture the girl in the time leading up to her daily meeting with the masters so that when she arrived she was stiff and aching from her ordeal, thus making it painful for her to provide what the men demanded.

Amber had to meet Julia in one of the out-lying barns at the appointed time. When Julia entered Amber had to assume the slave's offer position, kneeling naked with her forehead pressed to the ground, legs wide apart, arse raised high in the air, and hands reaching back to open her cheeks to expose her holes.

Julia would often signal that she follow this with the loo position, sitting back on her ankles with head tilted back, hands clasped behind her head, mouth wide open, ready for Julia to squat over her and deliver her stream. Amber guessed Julia refrained from peeing during the morning to store up a copious amount of urine to pour into her slave's mouth. Amber became adept at gulping it down, encouraged by the knowledge that she would be punished if she spilt any of the golden shower.

Julia specialized in stress positions such as forcing Amber to stand in the classic star position, standing upright against the wall of the barn, maintaining contact with her nose, knees and toes as long as Julia deemed the punishment was complete. There was added pain for Amber because her big tits got pressed hard against the brick wall.

These stress positions were meant to punish Amber for disobedience or for failing to complete tasks properly but Amber knew they were more for Julia's sadistic pleasure.

Julia accused of her of being lazy and resentful but the punishments were random and arbitrary.

Amber was made to squat as if defecating then waddle round the barn in this position which put an enormous strain on her legs and thighs. Julia called this 'the duck walk.'

She would make Amber stand on point, like a ballerina but with the ends of her toes curled under for long periods. This caused her legs excruciating pain.

When Julia had a coffee break she would usually face sit Amber for the duration.

After all this Amber was expected to give Guy and Marcus a good time- not easy when every move she made was agony.

Chapter 19

Whenever Guy saw Amber's tits bouncing up and down as she ran round the paddock or pulled a sulky or carriage, he thought about her mother, Georgia. He'd never forgotten that Amber had said her mother's boobs were even bigger than hers and that she lusted for black cock.

Without telling Amber, Guy set about finding her mother.

He had her address from when Amber first came to Centaur Farm to register her horse Harvey- at that time Amber could easily afford the cost of livery.

But when he drove to the impressive looking detached house in Richmond which overlooked the Thames he found Georgia no longer lived there.

The current owners had been left a forwarding address for Georgia which they readily handed over. Guy noticed the address was in a much less affluent area of London.

He spent a frustrating time trying to find the right block of high-rise flats but was lucky to encounter a postman who gave him directions. Typically the lift was out of order and Guy trudged up graffiti decorated stairways until he reached the flat he was looking for. The only people to pass him on the stairs were black teenagers and young males of West Indian appearance.

One such guy came out of Georgia's flat just as Guy reached the door.

'You're wasting your time with that slapper, man,' he said to Guy. 'She's out of her skull.'

In the dimly lit room Guy could just make out Georgia lying naked on a dirty mattress, the drug taking paraphernalia around the room only too obvious; syringes, dirty spoons, rubber tubing.

There was no sign of money anywhere so the black guy who'd just left couldn't have paid for his fuck or, more likely, he'd used her body before relieving her of all the money she had.

He saw Georgia's limbs were shining. Her last visitor had probably pissed on her.

When Guy stood over her and his eyes adjusted better to the feeble light he saw the guy had brutalized her further. From the welts and bruises it looked like he'd used his belt on her body- some marks were the shape of a buckle- and there was dark bruising on her stomach and on her sides consistent with a kicking.

Her tits were as impressive as he'd expected from Amber's description but they too bore the marks of abuse.

He decided he wouldn't be able to get Georgia out of the house himself so Guy used his cell phone to contact Marcus telling him to bring the van.

It seemed likely that even if they were seen no-one would care.

Chapter 20

Getting Becky back was a simple operation.

Guy knew she would go to her mother's.

Bun Ma had carelessly and uncharacteristically left the door unlocked. Becky had wrapped a towel round herself and knocked on the door of an apartment on the floor below.

She'd been lucky to find someone in- and lucky it was a woman about her own age.

Before the Thai slave knew Becky was free the woman had given her some of her clothes and paid for a taxi to her mother's.

It was difficult to punish Bun Ma because she was a true pain slut and would enjoy a whipping. She pleaded to keep her job (the only punishment would be to cast her out) and Guy eventually agreed.

After all it was a simple matter of watching and waiting for a convenient time and place to bundle Becky into the van...

If it was a simple task to lift her off the street it was less easy to keep her subdued. Guy and Marcus wore hoods so all she saw was slits for eyes which terrified her although surely she couldn't have doubted who was kidnapping her. The normally submissive Becky kicked up a storm, lashing out, banging on the sides of the van and yelling at the top of her voice. .. Until finally she was silenced.

Chapter 21

As soon as Julia left his farm Luke Roberts used his cell phone to contact his herdsmen out in the fields.

‘I’ve got a nice surprise for you guys. Meet me by the blasted oak in an hour. Leave the young lad in charge.’

He took his jeans down and released his throbbing cock.

It was only right that Luke should enjoy her first.

He could fuck her hard before taking her out for a ride. Then he could relax in the sulky while she was made to strain every muscle.

Without hesitation Amber came to undress him. Luke licked her tits and bit her nipples while she pulled off his clothes. He’d never seen tits like them! They were straight out of male fantasy but they were real! And he could do what he liked with them.

First he covered them in purple love bites.

Amber went down on hands and knees to offer her arse to Luke. He got behind her to bite her labia and buttocks.

Her golden hair fell over her face like a curtain

She snorted and whinnied exactly like a pony.

When Luke covered her he felt like a powerful stallion.

There were six burly herdsmen waiting at the blasted oak, most of them already stripped to the waist.

Amber was unhitched from the sulky and relieved of her harness, bridle and bit.

When the men formed a rough circle and lowered their jeans she knew what to do. Although Luke had fucked all her holes before setting off, to the point where Amber was very bruised and sore, he joined the others for more.

Amber got on her hands and knees and crawled from one to the other holding their cocks at the base and sucking as if greedy for their taste. If she spent too long with one the others slapped their dicks into her face or pulled her in their direction by her hair. Although pricks seemed to assail from every direction Amber tried her best to meet all their demands.

Eventually one big guy pushed into her anus then lay on his back holding Amber on top of him with legs splayed so another could take her in the missionary position while a third fucked her face. The other three pushed up against her either to take turns using her mouth or being masturbated.

An hour later when Amber was backed into the shafts of the sulky to take Luke back to the farm she was so stiff and sore she found it difficult to put one foot in front of the other which meant she was flogged without mercy for her laziness.

Chapter 22

A string of five mares and fillies now represented Centaur Stables on the female side.

Julia and Bun Ma flung open the doors of the stalls and the naked females ran into the cobbled yard, flicking their long manes- the golden blondes Amber, Georgia and Katrina along with the fine chestnut mare Amanda and the smaller pony Rebecca.

Their owners wished to inspect them as a group, to re-name them, and to instruct the newly appointment stable lads and lasses in their duties. The men, all of them black or Asian, awaiting Guy's instructions had been recruited via carefully worded advertisements on the Centaur Farm webpage and now lived on the caravan site.

Three naked young white guys joined the girls, their cocks swinging freely as they trotted into the yard. Georgia noticed all three men had pert little arses.

The human equines were ordered to run round and round the yard so their owners could appraise their gait as well as their other features. Amanda had a natural grace that set her above the others in beauty of movement but she was still wild and ill-disciplined.

Anything more strenuous than trotting was difficult for Georgia and Amber in particular because they were gifted, or cursed, with such big udders. Georgia was so top heavy she crawled over the cobbles on all fours.

It was a hot day and the girls were soon sweating.

'You've got to be prepared to work hard if you want the perks,' said Guy when the ponies were pulled up to stand in a row. 'Mucking out early morning is a must or bacteria get to work. It's a pleasant task but essential.'

Georgia and Amber did not recognise each other.

By controlling her heroin habit it had been relatively easy to get Georgia to accept her fate which included body modification. Much of the time she appeared to be lost to the real world without need for the conditioning applied to the other girls.

Her jaw had been broken deliberately before their dentist got to work with implants achieving elongated features so horsey that Amber did not suspect they were related. Silicone implants had enlarged Georgia's breasts still more to a point where she was more comfortable on all fours, her tits actually trailing on the ground. Her real horse hair tail was attached by a deep butt plug and was almost a permanent feature.

Where Amber was concerned her conditioning had proceeded to a stage where she thought and behaved more like a pony than a human. Instead of speaking English she used the whole range of 'horse language.' It struck Guy that even if her mother had not been physically altered Amber might not have registered who she was because of her own changed mental state.

So it was that Georgia and Amber appeared together in the row, one standing upright the other down on hands and knees. Amanda, still a novice, looked the most resentful at being so carefully inspected by so many men. Every so often her haughty expression returned. She was far from broken in.

'Daily exercise for every pony is part of the routine, either in the yard or out in the paddock. That's irrespective of their Kart training or any other programme they are undertaking.'

'Can we ride the sluts?'

'You can mount them for short periods but don't break their backs. Use your judgement.'

'I think he meant *mount* in the other sense,' said one of the other grooms. 'He means: can we fuck 'em?'

‘As long as you realise breeding will be carefully regulated so you don’t shoot your load except with permission. As I say, have your fun but marry that with proper horse management. Watch out for signs that things are not as they should be. Ponies neck wrestling, kicking, biting, retracted lips, pawing the ground, incessant head bowing.’

‘Are you serious about all this?’

‘Sure we are. These fillies especially represent a large investment. Any damage has to be at the hands of our clients- if they pay enough. The stallions are less valuable.’

‘We need the same standard of care when we look after boarders,’ added Marcus.

‘Boarders?’

‘When the Boot Camp is fully up and running we’ll have other submissives staying for weekends or longer and their owners will be paying livery charges.’

‘Watch out for sun burn, itching or hair loss: midges can cause huge irritation and spoil their looks. Rub plenty of sun cream on when the weather is as hot as this. That should be quite a pleasant duty. Keep their skin moisturised and in good condition. Their manes will be easier to manage when they’ve been cut and shaped.’

‘So can we use the whip?’

‘Sure. You must keep them disciplined.’

‘You expect a few cuts and bruises then?’

‘And we can rope them when necessary?’

The new guys had more questions which Guy and Marcus did their best to answer.

Then the girls and boys were led into the shed to be shaved and trimmed by the Thai girl under Julia’s supervision.

The guys watched as Bun May washed their manes, then used long-bladed scissors and clippers to shear the hair short and in a perfect straight line, combing out as she cut. Every pony girl, whether blonde or brunette, was left with hair of the same length and style. The males had their heads shaved.

Then Julia positioned each girl in turn so that Bun May could shave their pussies clean. She repeated the process with the boys.

When this was done the pony human equines lined up to be branded with ‘CF’ (Centaur Farm) on the left buttock.

Guy announced their pony girl names:

Amanda – Whoor

Amber- Dirty Chick

Georgia- Udders

Rebecca- Maggot

Katrina- Blow

He decreed their new names would be painted over their stalls.

Chapter 23

Another blazing hot day.

Guy is in jodhpurs tapping his crop against the side of his right riding boot. He opens the Dutch door of the stall marked *Whoor* and peers in. Amanda wears a black blindfold so has no trouble with the light. She has been left in the darkness for two days with water but no food until this morning when Marcus came by to prepare her.

The stall smells of her shit and her urine.

'How is Whoor today?'

'I knew you were a bastard,' she says but her voice is weaker than her sentiment.

'Hungry?'

No answer.

'You probably need food and exercise,' he says. I'm reminded of Maslow's hierarchy of needs. You won't be thinking of anything more complicated right now.'

'What have you done with Katrina?'

'You need to think about your own situation.'

'Let her go.'

'The stench in here is appalling. Your stall stinks. You reek of sweat and shit. You've probably got used to your filthy smell.'

Marcus has hoisted the naked Amanda and tied her with the toes of one foot just touching the wood shavings on the floor of the stall, the other leg tied back so it forks at a sharp angle. Her arms are tied behind her back, breasts bound separately and so tightly that they appear fuller and rounder than they are. There are rope ties round her waist and over her crotch.

Amanda looked beautiful in suspension but Guy didn't tell her.

'The other piece of basic psychology that comes to mind is to do with rewards and punishments,' he said, stepping into the stall.

Guy uses the tip of his riding crop to lightly touch her nipples which are hard. It is still cold in the shade of the stables and the goose pimples on her skin are most noticeable on her white breasts.

He is struck by how white her skin is. He inspects every inch of her noting each mole or blemish. It adds piquancy that she can't know exactly where he is looking.

Her pink pussy lips pout perfectly. They are even easier to admire now that Bun Ma has shaved her cunt clean. Her pubic hair had been shaped and trimmed but was still abundant and dark until she was shaved.

This is the woman who scorned him in court, looking down her pretty little nose at the stupid black guy, relishing his discomfort, his awkward stance, shifting of his weight from one foot to the other.

This is the woman who pontificates about the superiority of the female sex and wants women to have men by the balls.

'You understand about rewards and punishments?'

'Just let me go before this goes any further.'

'Why would I do that?'

'It could make a difference to the time you serve in prison.'

'Are you puzzled as to what I require of you?'

'You're a depraved perverted low life. I know your type.'

'Total obedience is what I require.'

'In your dreams.'

‘Your nightmares- if I don’t get what I require.’

‘I was simply doing my job. You brought your troubles on yourself. Rebecca told me all about you.’

‘Did she?’

‘She described you as sick in the head. She told me you liked to play with knots.’

‘But no Boy Scout, eh?’

Guy dropped the crop and grasped the points of her cone-shaped tits, squeezing hard as if pressing hooters or horns to play a tune. The ropes prevented him from cupping the whole of each breast. It was both painful and degrading for Amanda.

‘You see I can do what I like when I like.’

‘I suppose you do this because no woman could like you for yourself.’

‘I know you for what you are- a white whore.’

‘I think perhaps you’re afraid of women.’

He continued to squeeze her breasts. ‘Don’t waste your feminist clap trap on me,’ he said. ‘*Slut or Saint*, eh? We know which you are, don’t we?’

‘And you’re the sort of gross chauvinist bastard I write about, aren’t you?’

‘You should talk with your tits, they make more sense.’

Guy pulled her nipples hard as he spoke. Amanda’s body tensed. He wondered if she’s spit in his face again but she simply grimaced.

‘Not the biggest tits I’ve ever seen but they’re cute.’

Her face twisted with pain as he nipped her teats to flatten and elongate their shape, tweaking them, letting go the stalks, and pinching them again...

‘Please...’

‘What?’

‘Please don’t...’

‘Is this progress? Are you begging, my learned friend?’

‘I’m asking you...’

‘Begging?’

‘Yes.’

‘You’re begging me to stop? You better say it.’

‘I beg you to stop.’

‘You have sensitive nipples, slut. Is that right?’

‘Yes.’

‘I could be whipping your tits with my crop Whoor. How would you feel about that?’

‘Please don’t do that...’

‘Your manners are improving a little.’

‘I’m sorry.’

Guy left off playing with Amanda’s nipples and poked his finger into her navel, perfectly shaped, fine hairs surrounding the deep belly button. Her belly was flat and her hips flared. There was no attempt to inflict pain but the intimacy of the act was invasive. He could almost feel her flesh crawl but she didn’t protest.

There was always a strange intimacy between a rigger and his girl unlike any other; this was true now even though Marcus had tied her.

He knew that every muscle would be suffering cramp and that she was getting tired. She’d also worked out that insulting Guy only brought more pain and, like most people under torture, with the exception of pain sluts like Bun Ma, the instinct for self-protection kicked in.

‘Please let me get down.’ There was no longer any arrogance in her voice, just pleading.

‘Do you think you’re showing enough respect?’

‘Please let me down, Sir.’

‘You need to apologize. I seem to remember you called me a pig.’

'I'm sorry Sir.'

'What about all the things you said in court? We'll need to discuss that sometime.'

'Yes Sir.'

Guy pushed two fingers into her pussy.

'So you're going to be a good girl?'

'I will try do what you want, Sir.'

Guy began the task of untying her knots.

Marcus returned bringing food in a hamper.

He handed Guy half a cooked chicken.

Whoor knelt in the straw beneath his feet looking up at Guy longingly. He ate the chicken slowly while Marcus devoured his piece. When Guy had finished eating he dangled his greasy hand in Whoor's face to see if she could resist it. She hesitated for only a few seconds before she licked and sucked his fingers, averting her eyes out of shame.

Marcus produced a carrot from the hamper and offered it to Amanda who chomped on it greedily so it disappeared in seconds. Her resemblance to a grateful horse was evident.

'Do you want another?' Marcus offered another carrot but just out of reach.

'Yes please Sir,' she said.

'Beg for it.'

'I beg you Sir.'

'I mean beg like a dog,' said Marcus.

Amanda sat on her haunches with her arms dangling limp in front of her, looking at the carrot with eager eyes.

'Bray like a donkey.'

Amanda did her best to imitate the sound and when Marcus threw her the carrot she had to scramble for it among the straw and shavings. Marcus handed Guy a beer before closing the hamper.

'I'll leave you to it,' he said.

Guy opened the screw top bottle and drank most of the contents. Then he held it just above Amanda's up-turned face.

'Want some?'

Her mouth opened and her tongue fell out. She was too parched to try to keep her dignity.

He allowed a few drops to fall into her wide-open mouth.

When she whimpered Guy let her have a few more drops.

Then he swigged the remainder and smacked his lips.

Amanda was still crouching on the floor of the stall, Guy towering above her, letting his riding crop touch her head, ears, mouth, shoulders, tits, ever so lightly but with menace. She looked like she expected him to whip her any second and she was defenceless.

She tried to focus her thoughts on Katrina. She had been relieved to see that Katrina was alive and strong enough to run round the yard. She had tried to make contact but the vicious bitch with the riding crop- Julia- whipped her three times her across her naked back and screamed obscenities at her.

Seeing Katrina's naked white body made Amanda's heart lurch. She looked beautiful and desirable but so vulnerable. The poor girl was told to hold her head higher and to lift up her knees as she ran in imitation of a pony's trot.

Three other girls were also put through their paces, an older blonde woman with enormous breasts who had to crawl on all fours, a big chested younger girl, also blonde, and another petite woman of fragile appearance. It took Amanda a few moments to realise this was Rebecca, the woman she'd represented in court many years before. But who were the

other women and why were they here- besides the obvious reason to satisfy the twisted lust of Guy Glover and his perverted cronies?

Chapter 24

The third young man who ran out with the two former thieves was Mitchell Stark, a blond eighteen year old, the nephew of Alice Lyons, Julia's closet friend.

Alice had arrived at the Centre in her Land Rover with the boy hog-tied and cuffed. She must have had someone's assistance to immobilise him.

Alice had come to Julia pleading for help to get Mitchell back on track.

The boy had dropped out of college and was stealing from his own parents to pay for his serious cocaine addiction.

'He needs the sort of training you give your horses,' said Alice.

Julia smiled inwardly. Although he looked a mess right now with his runny nose and sunken eyes, Mitchell was a good looking boy. She would enjoy providing a bit of discipline but it would be a lot more severe than anything her friend imagined.

'Does he show any interest in horses?'

Julia thought it best to give the impression she was considering him as a stable lad.

'Not particularly,' said Alice. 'But you could keep an eye on him. We know you wouldn't stand any nonsense.'

'Reforming a coke head isn't going to be easy,' said Julia, pretending reluctance. 'I've got a lot on my plate Alice. We're just starting a major expansion programme.'

'You'd have complete authority over him. His parents know the only alternative is the penitentiary. They've thrown him out of the house and he's spending all his time with the low lifes who got him into crime in the first place.'

'Are his parents able to pay? We're not cheap.'

'His dad's well heeled. You could name your fee. They just need a result. I told them I've seen you work miracles with horses no-one else could do anything with. What about that crazy stallion that kicked down his stall – in the end you had him eating out of your hand? It was Mitchell's father who said you should train him like one of your animals and not to spare the whip. I think he was serious.'

'Sounds like the boy's a spoilt brat. I couldn't have the parents interfering once I'd got started. They'd have to trust me. No visiting for the first six months.'

'To be honest I think they'd welcome a period of respite. They've had a pretty rough time.'

'Drive him over there,' said Julia pointing to a white painted stable door. 'We'll give him a taste of cold turkey. Better keep him hog-tied.'

Alice jumped into her car keen to move her cargo before Julia changed her mind. The two women carried him between them and after dumping him on the straw-strewn floor of the stall, Alice bolted and pad locked the door.

Julia knew enough about the crash period after coke addiction to know the boy would suffer poor sleep disturbed by vivid dreams and hallucinations. He was best left alone until he was stabilised to some degree but he would need plenty of water and his appetite would be keen. Julia decided to assign Diane one of her best stable girls to the task of attending to Mitchell's basic needs until he was ready to begin training.

She had a fancy to turn this one into a house slave for her own very personal use.

After five days Julia returned with Diane to Mitchell's stall to take a look at him. Although Diane had fed and watered him conscientiously the boy himself was in a disgusting state. He was still hog tied and cuffed.

His jeans were stained and wet from his shit and piss; his blond hair was matted; his face tear-stained and smeared with snot. Both women held their noses against the stink.

Alice unlocked his cuffs with the keys Alice had left him and untied his knots. As soon as she tried to move him he grimaced and yelped with pain and tottered like a new born foal unable to stand. Julia knew he would have suffered excruciating cramp having been tied in the same position for so long. He would have passed through severe cramps to a stage where every fibre of his body burned continuously. He would have lost consciousness at times and would have suffered horrendous dreams and imaginings.

On Julia's orders Diane stripped Mitchell naked as he lay in the straw.

Julia was pleased to see he was well hung for a white guy, uncircumcised. Otherwise he was in poor condition because of his drug habit and unhealthy life style but she knew how to bring him to a state of fitness with better skin and toned muscles. He already had a pert little arse. He was young enough to respond well to training. She would decide later whether to have him circumcised or indeed castrated. Julia was still pondering whether to have the two thieves gelded.

With Mitchell she figured cutting off his balls might help him concentrate on his only purpose which was to please her, as well as giving him a clear message as to his new status.

Castration of animals was a frequent event on the farm and caused little comment. All the tools for gelding were available along with the expertise.

To have this power to alter the life of a young man gave her a strong sexual thrill and she wondered if Diane was similarly aroused as they discussed Mitchell's possible fate.

'It works with stallions,' Diane said. 'Calms them down a treat.'

'The same with our gelded pony boys,' said Julia. 'Erections are rarer and weaker. There's still sex in their heads but they can't do much about it. Anyway we teach them a whole new outlook on sex.'

Diane grasped Mitchell's dick. 'You've had your last fuck, boy,' she told him. 'No more use for this little piece of gristle.' She pulled back his foreskin to observe his purple bell end. 'It's disgusting to look at.'

'Pathetically small,' said Julia.

'He'll thank us when he can't perform- make his life simpler.'

'No wanking either- you know what they're like: at it all the time! Total chastity,' said Julia. 'I'll fit him with a cage right away once he's on his feet. Then we can take our time deciding whether we crush his nuts.'

During these exchanges between the women Mitchell's mouth fell upon and his face assumed an expression of mingled awe and fear. His eyes too registered pain from his prolonged hog-tie and terror of what the conversation threatened for the future. Inwardly he cursed his aunt for delivering him into the hands of these formidable females. His usual cockiness had disappeared completely as he decided it was safer not to speak until invited.

The two women took him by the arms and helped him to stand but Mitchell was unable to take a step forward.

They half-walked and half-dragged him round the stall until he lost the stiffness in his limbs and was able to stand unaided and take a few hesitant steps.

Outside in the yard they turned the hose on him to wash away days of grime and excrement. The force of the jet knocked him over but he regained his feet. Diane lifted his filthy clothes with a pitchfork and tossed them into the incinerator.

Chapter 25

Later when Guy brought Amanda a mirror she thought it was the first act of kindness from anyone since her abduction. It was only a broken piece from a small vanity mirror but it would suffice. When Amanda peered into it she realized her captor's motive was not kindness but further humiliation.

Her hair, so recently cut to resemble a horse's mane, looked ridiculous. To her horror she realized the style did make her look slightly horsey. Although she'd been hosed down more than once, her hair, though reasonably clean, had lost its shine in the absence of any conditioner.

When she turned the mirror to examine her face the shock was even greater and without warning large tears ran down her cheeks blurring her vision. Despite this distortion she was only too aware of the black circles round her eyes, her sunken cheeks, and the extreme pallor of her skin.

Against her better nature Amanda looked at her body.

The pink lips of her shaved cunt looked so crudely exposed and there he was watching her self-examination with a smirk on his face.

She looked emaciated, the bones of her rib-cage protruding, her breasts shrivelled. How could she have deteriorated this much in the time she'd been here? She was horrified to see under-arm hair was returning and her legs needed to be shaved.

'You look the part- Whoor!'

The tears continued to fall.

Amanda wondered if she could *play* the part as well as look the part, at least for a time. Her stomach ached from hunger. Play him along until she could catch him off guard perhaps and make her escape? Could she swallow her pride and act the slut convincingly enough to make him think he'd mastered her? He wanted her to behave like a pony. Could she perform this act but keep her inner humanity intact? Amanda knew she could act with the best. What did she do in court but put on a performance? She was good at it, everyone said so. She didn't always believe what her clients told her yet she did her best to concoct and present a convincing case. She sometimes told lies for money- all lawyers did. Didn't some people say it was a kind of prostitution?

She knew her master (she had to accept the idea he was her master for the time being) was waiting for her to embrace her new status. He'd fingered her cunt but hadn't raped her knowing it would be more degrading if she was made to initiate the sex and Guy knew she would do what he wanted sooner or later if she was starved and sufficiently ill-treated.

Amanda also knew that her master (she had to get used to calling him master) would demand she played the part in full by talking dirty as well as giving her body especially as he considered her to be stuck up and keen to sound educated with that slight lisp that sounded cute and girly and irritating at the same time. Guy would have to feel she'd had a complete change of heart even if the reason was self-preservation.

Amanda knelt and nuzzled his crotch with her face like an animal would, feeling the harness of his erection.

Guy stroked her mane like he would stroke a horse.

He unzipped his jeans enough to release his dick and expose his balls.

'This is what you've longed for isn't it? Since you first saw me in court?'

'Yes, oh yes!' He was so huge. His cock was so black. She despised him but she was awe-struck.

She continued to nuzzle his genitals with her face, nose and cheeks and chin, as if she had no arms. As if she was a pony. She dribbled her spit over the enormous bell end.

She knew he would decide when to shuffle up and push his rampant dick deep into her mouth. Her task was not to gag but to take as many inches as possible as if she was greedy for it, as if she'd been waiting for this moment, as if she was a slut, a whore, as if she was on heat, as if she lived for black cock, as if this penis was more important than food and drink.

He began to fuck her face, slowly at first.

She knew to look up at him from her kneeling position, to make eye-contact, to show with her eyes how much she adored him, how she worshipped his cock. She knew he would normally demand she kept her eyes averted in the manner of a slave but eye contact during a blow job increased the intimacy and therefore increased her humiliation.

'Master! Oh, master!' She didn't wait to be told to address him this way. She stopped sucking for a moment and threw back her head as if in ecstasy.

'Happy, little slut?'

'Oh, God! I love it! I worship your big black cock! The taste! The delicious pre-cum! The way it throbs! I'm such a lucky mare! My stud! My virile stud! Master! You're so big, so hard! Fuck me, give it to me!'

He still held the riding crop.

Guy began to thrash Amanda's shoulders and back to encourage her; fucking her open mouth at the same time. When she had the chance she licked and sucked his bulging balls as they swung to and fro, trying to concentrate, trying to shut out the pain. The more aroused he became the harder he whipped her but she knew not to slacken her pace or appear distracted; on the contrary she had to appear to respond to the whip as a ridden horse would.

He pushed her onto the bed of straw and Amanda crouched on all fours presenting her arse so he could ride her. Her master sat in the dip of her back with his full weight and whipped her haunches with his right hand while gripping her tits with his left as though holding reins.

Finally Guy rammed his dick deep into her shit-hole and sodomised her vigorously. It was the first time anyone had taken Amanda up the arse. She was outraged. She shut her eyes and tried to think of her beloved Katrina. How she hated men and this monster in particular. His long, thick cock easily overcame weak resistance from her anal sphincter and stretched her passage painfully. At first she was reduced to silence, unable to keep up the pretence that she was enjoying what was happening, but when he called for her to whinny like a horse she found herself obeying.

When he'd shot his hot spunk deep inside her leaving her rectum horribly sore Amanda had the task of cleaning his massive shaft, licking up her own smears of shit and his plentiful semen.

'Did I please you master?'

'You want a score?'

'Yes master.'

'Two out of ten, slut.'

'I'm sorry, master.'

'You smell foul. Sweat, shit, piss.'

'I'm sorry, master.'

'You look scrawny and unkempt. A dog!'

'Please forgive me master. I know I'm disgusting.'

'I don't think even Katrina would fancy you now.'

'No sir.'

'I think it's time we discussed your attitude in court.'

All the time Amanda felt Guy's semen oozing from her arsehole and running down the backs of her legs.

'My attitude was dreadful. I was totally wrong about you, sir. I apologise for my arrogance. I should never have taken the case.'

'So your punishment is deserved?'

'Totally master. You have every right to feel aggrieved and I deserve any punishment you decide.'

'I have been lenient so far.'

'Very lenient, sir. Thank you for being merciful.'

He seemed satisfied that his genitals were clean. His cock was still semi erect but he tucked it away and zipped up his jeans.

'My wife never had a case.'

'I realize that now, master.'

'She lied through her teeth.'

'Yes, she perjured herself. A very serious offence.'

'She deserves punishment too.'

'Yes sir.'

'I think you fancied Becky didn't you? That's why you were on her side.'

'She is an attractive girl, sir.'

'You like her, don't you? You want to have sex with her.'

She had no choice but to agree with everything he said if she was not to ruin the act. She was in too far. And she wanted food.

'Yes sir. I want to have sex with her.'

'You're a dyke.'

This was a tricky one. Did she pander to his girl on girl fantasies or say that he had turned her and she wanted men. Black men. Perhaps she could steer a middle course.

'I like some girls, sir. But I love your cock more than any pussy. I am lucky to be your fuck slut, especially after being so disrespectful to you in court.'

'You're very lucky, filthy dyke. You've always been a whore haven't you? You were lusting for my cock when you saw me in court, weren't you?'

'I wanted to be your slut from the moment I saw you.'

'So the truth is you want sex with everyone, man or woman? You're Whoor after all. The name says it all.'

'I only want you master. I worship your cock.'

'What if I tell you to have sex with Becky? Will Katrina be jealous?'

'I would have to obey you master.'

'Have to?'

'I would be glad to master.'

'There must be great pleasure for you in being my creature.'

'It is a great honour to serve you, sir.'

Guy made her resume the all fours position with her arse raised. He measured his distance carefully, tapped her lightly on the bare butt with his riding crop, and then made her wait for the first stroke.

He proceeded to flog her slowly and steadily until her white arse was covered in livid red stripes, raised welts gradually turning to purple.

Chapter 26

Mitchell quickly became a favourite with the stable girls.

As he recovered from his drug habit it became more and more obvious he was a good looking, fit young man. *Hot* in the language of the stable girls. Even when he was relieved of his blonde curls (and shaved all over) his regular features and bright blue eyes meant he retained his handsome facial appearance.

Julia's programme of good diet and regular exercise led to weight gain and weight training developed his muscles.

After he started his equine training his progress was even more rapid. When he ran naked round the paddock the stable girls and other females working at Centaur Farm gathered together to sit or lean on the fence to watch and Julia had to shout them back to work.

Julia decided to move Mitchell into the farm cottage she occupied to be her house slave. She had dominated many white men over time but she had not had a domestic slave for many years- no-one had quite fitted the bill- and it was good to be able to lose all inhibitions and do exactly whatever came into her head. This included using Mitchell as a toilet slave. He struggled at first but gradually learnt to gulp down her pee without spillages even when she deliberately drank pints of water before squatting over his face. She also let him clean up after shitting so was able to dispense with toilet paper.

Julia set out to train Mitchell's tongue to satisfy all her demands and he proved a quick learner- fear of punishment in the dreaded humbler proving a great motivator. Julia introduced him to the humbler as soon as she took him in.

She got him on all fours and pulled his balls back between his legs then clamped them into the wooden vice that resembled the ancient stocks. His balls soon became purple and swollen presenting a perfect target for her paddle or cane. Whenever Mitchell showed any sign of disobedience, even the slightest hesitation in obeying an order or any sign of flagging during oral, Julia forced him to endure the humbler which always lived up to its name. She had him at her mercy- literally had him by the balls- and relished hearing him scream and beg to be released.

Julia rode him regularly to increase his strength and stamina.

When he was not pulling a chariot, Mitchell had to carry his mistress on his shoulders sometimes for long distances. Julia took him along the pathways through the forest where increasingly they encountered other riders. Centaur Farm's boot camp facilities were now widely known and the centre was becoming popular. Julia frequently met girls pulling sulkies carrying one or sometimes pairs of guys and men doing the same for women.

She would also encounter groups of naked girls out running under the watchful eye of a male trainer or groups of men being put through their paces by a female trainer.

On one occasion Julia stopped to talk to a black woman out riding on a big muscular looking white male with a shaved head and they got talking about the relative merits of their naked mounts. Mitchell looked slender and boyish beside the other man.

'He looks well turned out,' said the lady dismounting from her steed. 'A credit to you.'

Julia made Mitchell kneel like a camel off-loading a passenger so she could step down.

Both men dropped to the ground to present, kneeling with heads down and arses raised; then pulled their buttocks apart to expose their rings.

Their mistresses told them when to stand.

The mature lady (she looked to be in her fifties) inspected Mitchell closely in the manner of an experienced horse woman, opening his mouth to look at his teeth and running her hand over his tight buttocks.

Julia made a careful inspection of the other mount, feeling his toned body with obvious approval.

Under Julia's close attention the guy's cock quickly climbed to a stonking erection which made both women tut with apparent disapproval.

The older woman- Meg- fondled Mitchell's balls (under the pretext of examining the purple bruising around his scrotum) but his cock was caged so an erection was impossible.

'They're incorrigible,' Meg said to Julia. 'White sluts!'

'Aren't they disgusting?'

'I make him take Viagra twice a day,' said Meg, 'to test his self-discipline. He should be able to control himself by now. I'm sorry he's so disrespectful. I tell him time and again that ladies don't want to see him with a hard-on. It's not as though he has much to show.'

'I say the same to this one,' said Julia. 'I tell him erections are deeply offensive and insulting to a lady especially when they are so puny. I keep his little dick caged most of the time. Black guys, well that's another thing!'

'Mine's an ex-con,' said Meg. 'He was inside for abusing his partner. He's learning proper respect for women the hard way.'

'Mine was a coke head but his head's clearer now.'

'What is it with men?' Meg used her riding crop to rap Mitchell's arse sharply.

'Only good for one thing,' said Julia. 'Tongue work.'

'If they're feeling horny perhaps they should have sex with each other,' suggested Meg.

'Your boy looks ready for it,' said Julia. 'Let him fuck my girly little slut.'

Mitchell knew it was not enough to obey Julia's orders once they were given- he had to anticipate her desires. He knelt on the stony pathway once again and stuck out his arse invitingly. The other guy did not wait for an order either. His mistress had made her wishes clear.

He wet the bell end of his rampant cock with his spit, crouched down in the doggie position and shoved his cock high up Mitchell's shit hole, proceeding to fuck him hard as the two women watched with mild amusement. Soon they were so engaged in conversation that their interest in the spectacle waned.

Chapter 27

Guy led Whoor into the practice ring.

He was pleased with her transformation.

Guy felt dark brown eyes suited her equine reincarnation more than blue eyes so she wore brown contact lenses; her long false eye lashes enhanced the horse look.

Her hair was dyed black (though already dark) tied back and knotted to imitate a horse's mane.

The extensive dental work she had undergone over the last two months had completely altered her mouth and nose and, taken along with her implants, her face was now long and shaped like that of a gentle mare.

The silicone implants had enlarged her small breasts and any remaining scarring was hidden under the leather straps of her simple harness. They were now twin tributes to feminine beauty even in equine form, heavy yet still cone-shaped, seeming to defy gravity.

Her arse was quite altered by use of implants to swell the buttocks which also created deeper cleavage between them and the attachment of a long black tail held in place by a butt plug.

Whoor was able to swish her tail to deter insects by moving her hips.

Work to re-fashion her cunt had made her labia more prominent. They now looked pink and wet and seemed to pout.

Skilful surgery on her feet had created hoofs where there had once been human feet.

Guy was aware of spectators gathering around to watch as they always did when Whoor was in the ring. She looked a thoroughbred, elegance writ large. His Arabian mare.

As Guy made her trot sweat began to break out over her near naked body, the sheen enhancing her slim body still more. There was just the right amount of muscle definition for a mare and not an ounce of excess fat.

Her gait was stately, head up, knees raised high, her trotting wasted no effort; she seemed to glide over the turf. Her blinkers forced her to look ahead and focus.

Guy ran alongside, holding her by her bridle.

He hardly needed to use the whip but he liked to remind her of his total authority over her. He had turned an arrogant young lady called Amanda Roberts into a submissive equine called Whoor without sacrificing her beauty and grace, her best attributes. Gone was the expression of superiority and disdain to be replaced by a calm submissive look that nevertheless retained a glimmer of intelligence.

And best of all she was his fuck slut and he could use her whenever he wanted to and she knew his ownership of her was total, body, mind and soul.

The brand on her arse said it all.

Guy let Whoor go and she picked up her hoofs in a canter.

Soon the sweat flew off her in showers.

He knew exactly how she would smell afterwards. He'd take her before he hosed her down. It was one of many pleasures she provided. A body that was once bathed and delicately perfumed stinking of sweat!

A lawyer's mind that was once forensic and sharp now absorbed by one imperative-pleasing her black master.

The future of Centaur Farm was secured. The girls were in good condition for breeding.

THE END