

# Chapter Ten

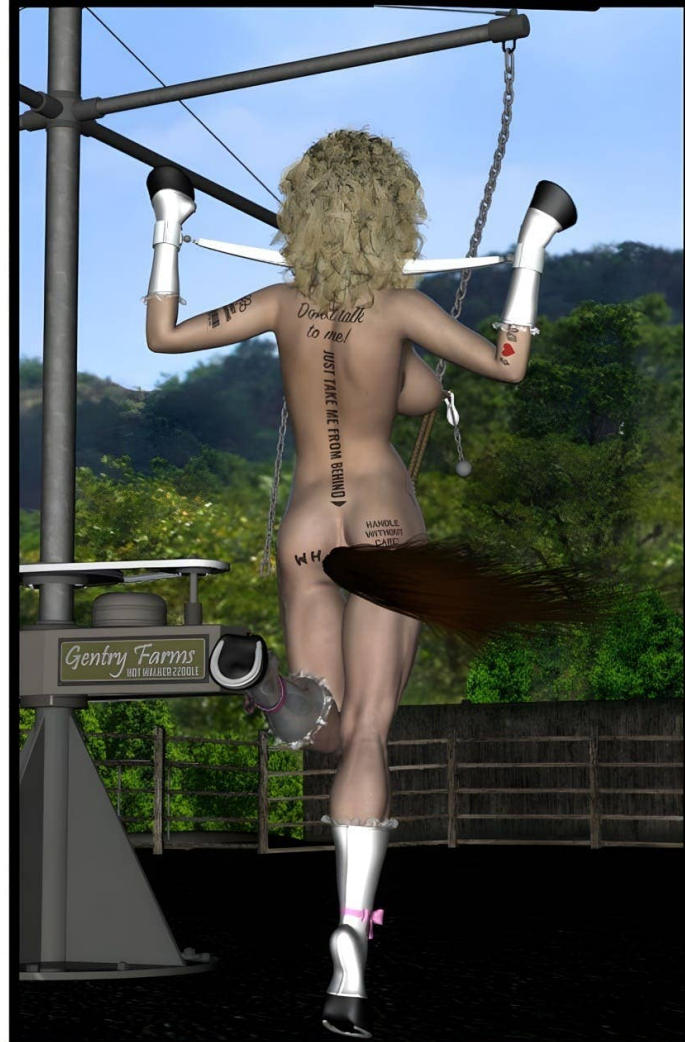


# Pony Girl Training



For Elsie, it had already been a rather long day. One of many over the last few... What, had it been weeks now, or months? It felt like years. As the truck backed the trailer up to the gate, she dared to hope that her day was over. The journey home wouldn't be pleasant, and it might start all over again tomorrow, but at least this day would be over. She feared, however, that the day was still far from over... and, by the sun's position in the sky, she knew there were still several trainable hours left.





The pull line tugged at her clit. The weights on her nipple clamps swayed back and forth with each step. Even her smart tail swished back and forth--the sensors sensing the muscles tightening and responding to them .

Her tormentor twins seemed to be taking their time as they walked from the truck over to her. As they walked, Elsie could hear their playful banter floating on the wind. They made a better couple than she'd expected.





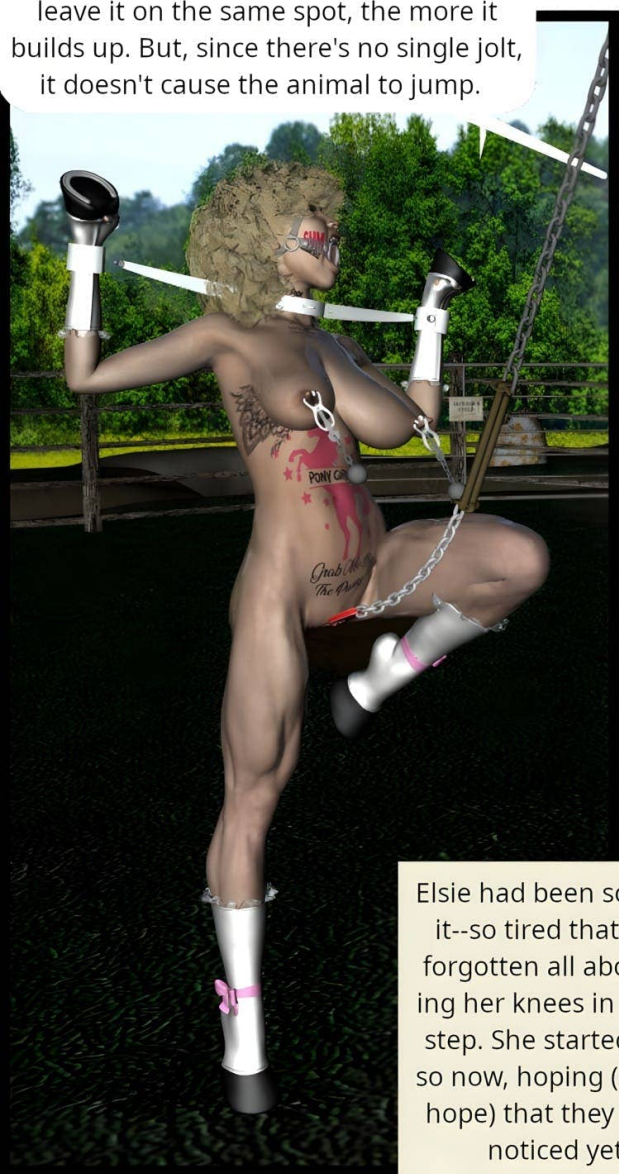
It's called a tic-stick. Slave trainers use them all the time. It produces an unpleasant flow of energy, but not enough to disrupt the training. A taser freezes the muscles and incapacitates. And a cattle prod produces a single painful shock--a zap of electricity.



Whuhuhuh!

What's That?

This produces a prolonged stream of output that creates a feeling more like an itch you can't scratch; the longer you leave it on the same spot, the more it builds up. But, since there's no single jolt, it doesn't cause the animal to jump.



Don't think I didn't notice you being lazy, Elsie!

Elsie had been so out of it--so tired that she'd forgotten all about lifting her knees in a high-step. She started to do so now, hoping (beyond hope) that they hadn't noticed yet.





That's it, Elsie! Keep stepping with those knees high. If you want me to stop zapping you, you're going to have to keep it up for another few minutes. You were such a bad girl while we were gone... you have to make up for all your slacking.

Umph!

Don't forget that you're a hupony, today, Elsie. If you insist on making human sounds, I'm going to have to keep punishing you.



Weehehe



Careful, Des. Don't want to cook her butt. Te, he, he.

That's better, good girl!



That reminds me, I need that new training belt I bought while we were at lunch. Can you go back to the truck and get it for me?

Oh, sorry forgot it.



No worries. Take your time. I'm sure Elsie doesn't mind if she makes a few more laps around.

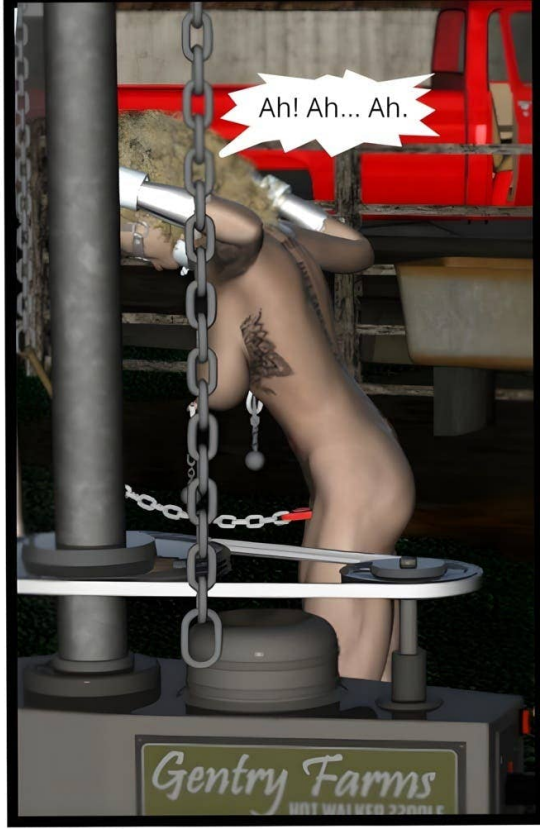
Elsie didn't exactly agree with Dez's assessment, however, she didn't much like the sound of a "training belt" either. Anything he bought for her was bound not to be a good thing, if history was any proof.



Fine, I'll be back in a few minutes.

Thanks, luv.





We're going to work on your high steps for a while. It's important for you to obey my commands instantly. No thinking about it--so I'll give you commands to stop and then start back up again. Then we'll do som lateral movements, same thing. Remember to focus on your form too. Every move has to be precise and uniform.



And just so we know you can do it without getting distracted, I'm going to tickle you the whole time.

Good thinking, Kirs!

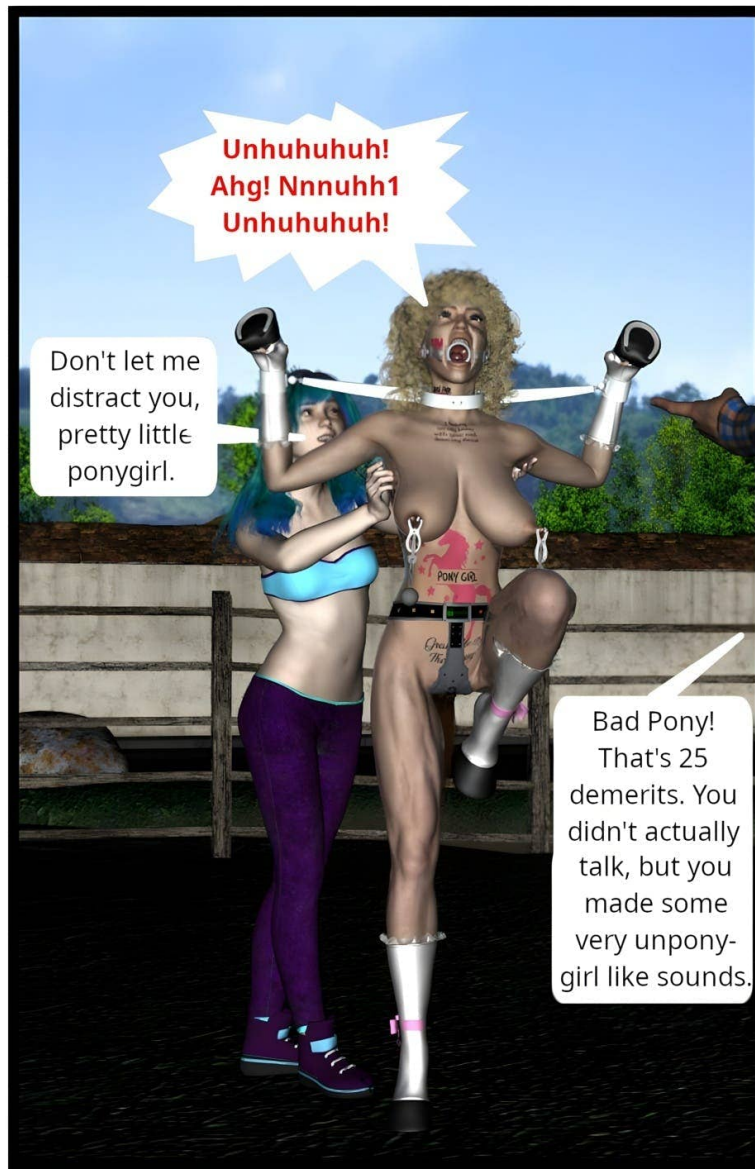
**Unhuhuhuh!**

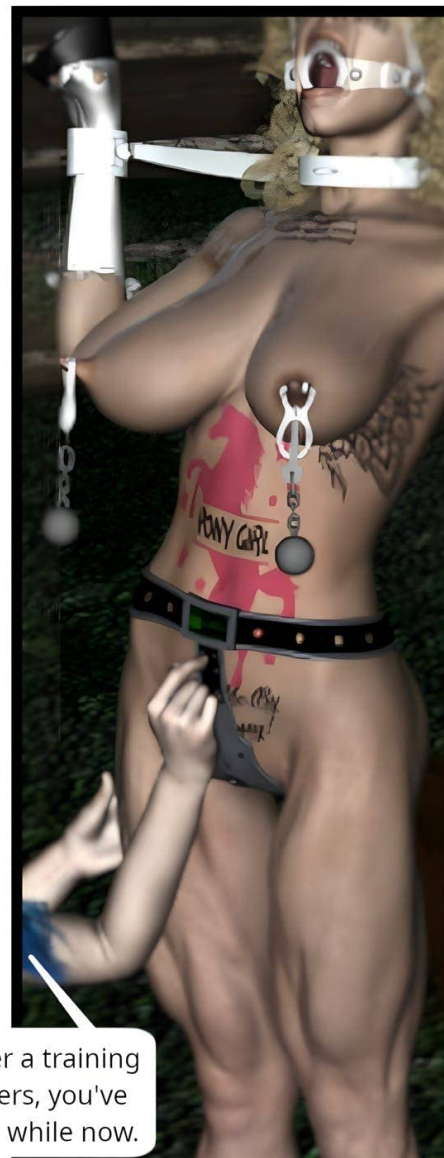
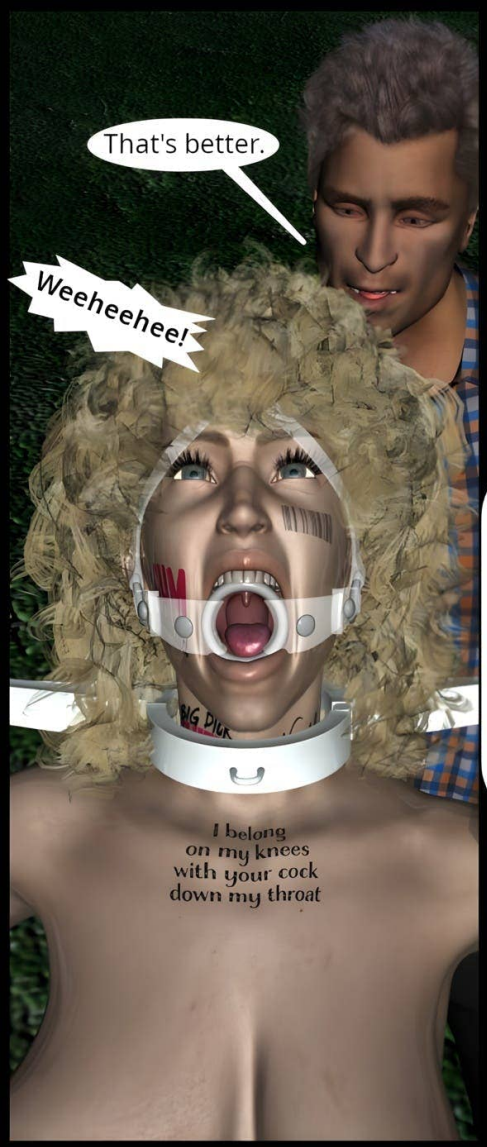


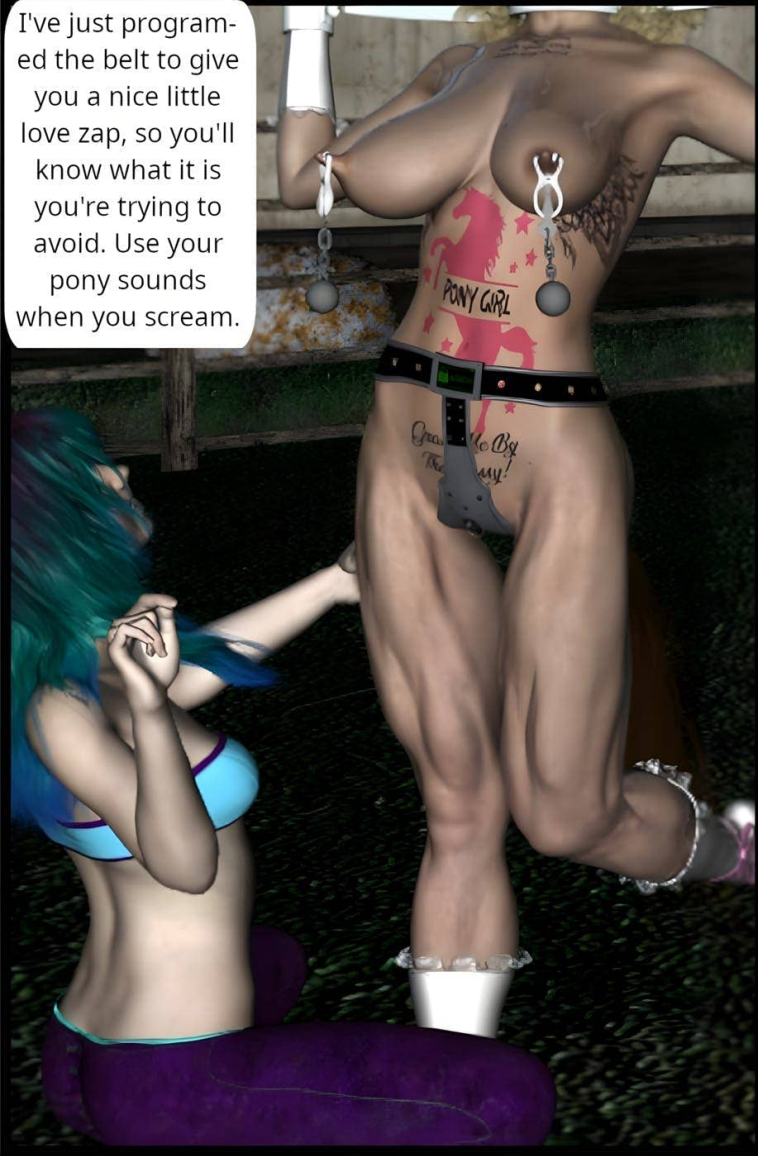
Don't let me distract you, pretty little ponygirl.

**Unhuhuhuh!  
Ahg! Nnnuhh1  
Unhuhuhuh!**

Bad Pony! That's 25 demerits. You didn't actually talk, but you made some very unpony-girl like sounds.







I've just program-  
ed the belt to give  
you a nice little  
love zap, so you'll  
know what it is  
you're trying to  
avoid. Use your  
pony sounds  
when you scream.



And I'll just put  
away my new toy.



We shouldn't need it,  
now that the belt's on.



Weehehehe!

Snort!



Damn! That was  
fun! I should have given her  
a few more zaps, just to  
watch her dance.

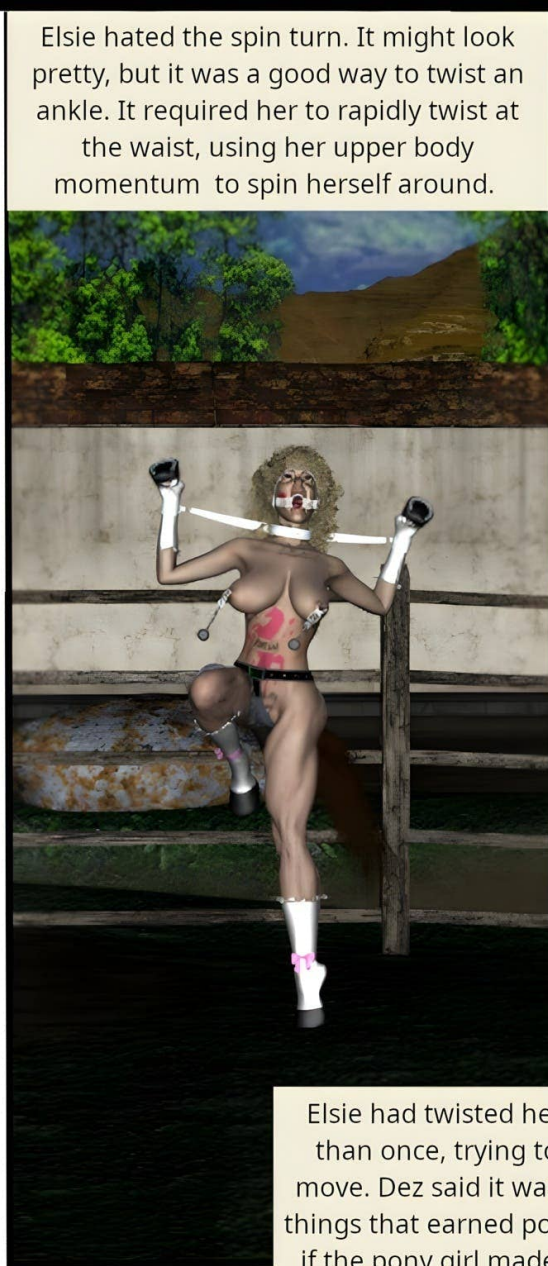
Now, now, you can't train any animal by  
tormenting them **ALL** the time. There have to  
be limits, so they know where the boundaries  
are. Let me finish setting those boundaries  
and we'll start training her in earnest,

Gentry Farm  
EST. 1985

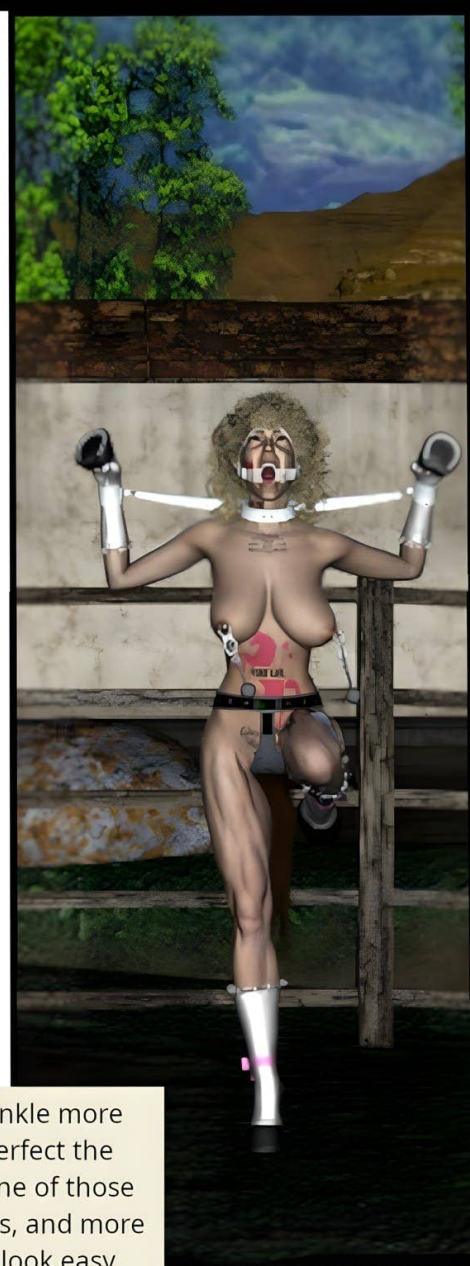




Good!  
Now do your spin  
turn!



Elsie hated the spin turn. It might look pretty, but it was a good way to twist an ankle. It required her to rapidly twist at the waist, using her upper body momentum to spin herself around.



Elsie had twisted her ankle more than once, trying to perfect the move. Dez said it was one of those things that earned points, and more if the pony girl made it look easy.



She's getting better at that one.

It's all those ballet classes she took. Every Saturday, when she was young. I never did though.

You refused to take them.

I have to keep pushing her, if she's going to be ready for the summer fair.

Kirsten had gone to the ballet lessons once. But she'd felt so discouraged and humiliated by her sister's skill that she never went back.

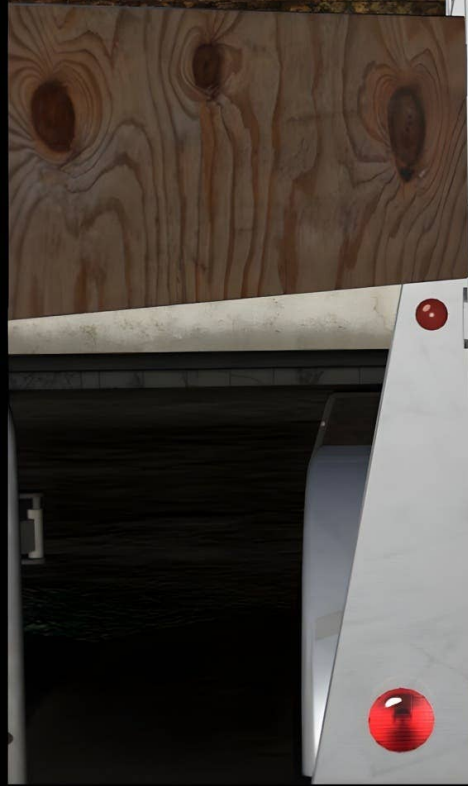
Elsie stepped up onto the platform that held the impaling rod, even though it irritated her to do so. She dreaded what she knew was coming on the ride home. They would set the feet pads to variable tension mode. If the trailer went over a pothole or a bump, the pads would shift from inward to outward tension. Unless she used her inner thigh muscles, her legs would fly apart, driving the shaft deep inside her. Then the inward pressure would return, bringing her legs back together again.



Damn, I almost wish I could ride in the back with her... I'd love to watch that thing at work. Maybe we could install a chair sometime?

I could install a few recording cameras, that way you could watch the action any time you wanted... We might even be able to edit it and create an entry for the public portion of the BondNet. In fact, I should consider recording more stuff too. There are pro channels that accept freelance work. training a pony girl is expensive.

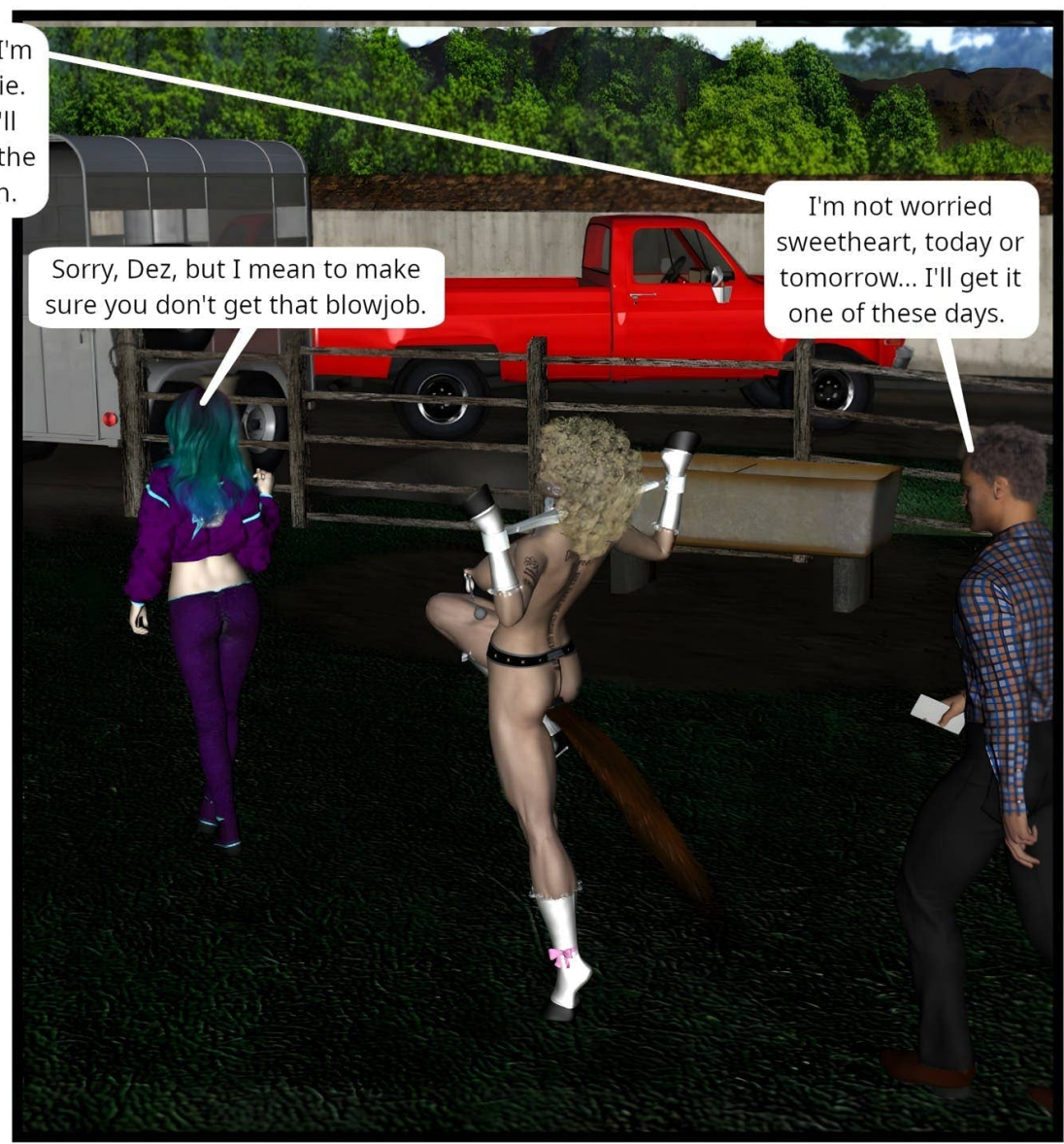
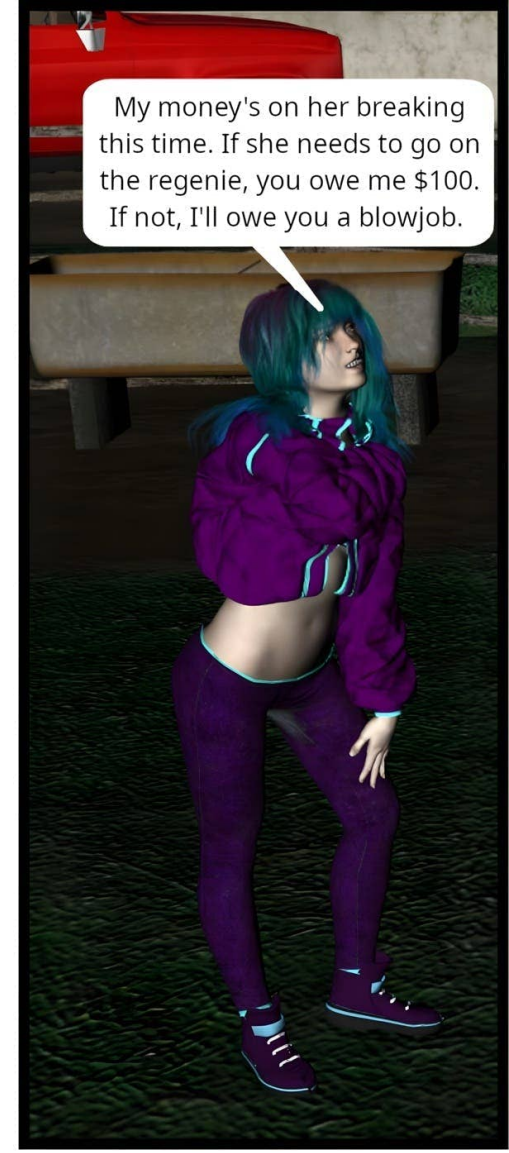
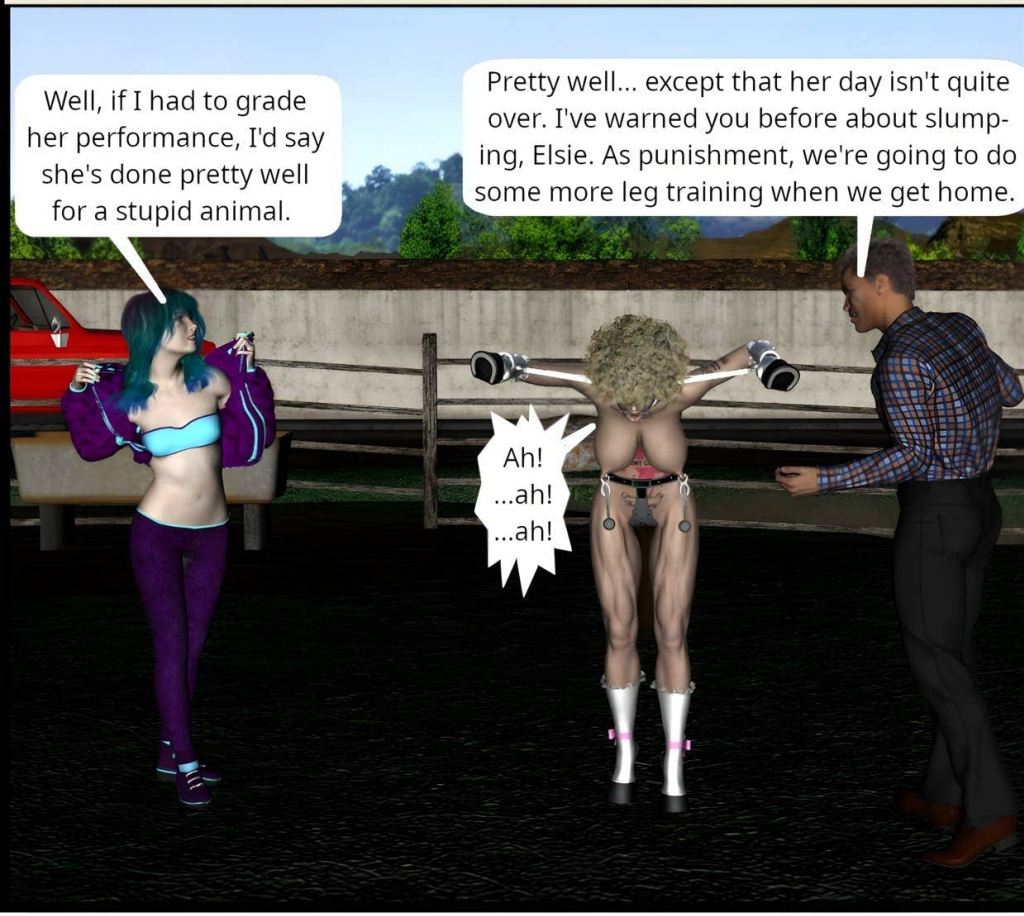
Elsie watched as her younger sister snapped the cuffs on her ankles, then raised the fuckstick and inserted it into her sore pussy.



I'm going to raise this a few inches higher than normal, as part of the punishment we promised Elsie.

Good thinking. But it's not going to keep you from losing. I think Elsie has slave blood. She's inherited extreme flexibility in her muscles, joints and skin.

A few hours later, Elsie was so tired she could barely stand. Her legs felt like wet noodles. She could literally feel them wobbling up and down the length of her calf and thighs. She's seen cartoon characters with legs that were drawn with wavy lines, but she'd never stopped to consider that it might actually be based on a mental reality. She'd never been so tired in her whole life. So when her sister began to slip back into her jacket again, she felt an overwhelming sense of relief.





No help today, Elsie! You've got to get up the ramp on your own. And if you fail on the first try, we'll give you some motivation on your next tries.

You heard her Elsie, quite stamping your feet. Stalling isn't going to work.



Oh no, Elsie! Don't fall! Watch out for the sides, you don't want to bump into them.

Good girl, Elsie.



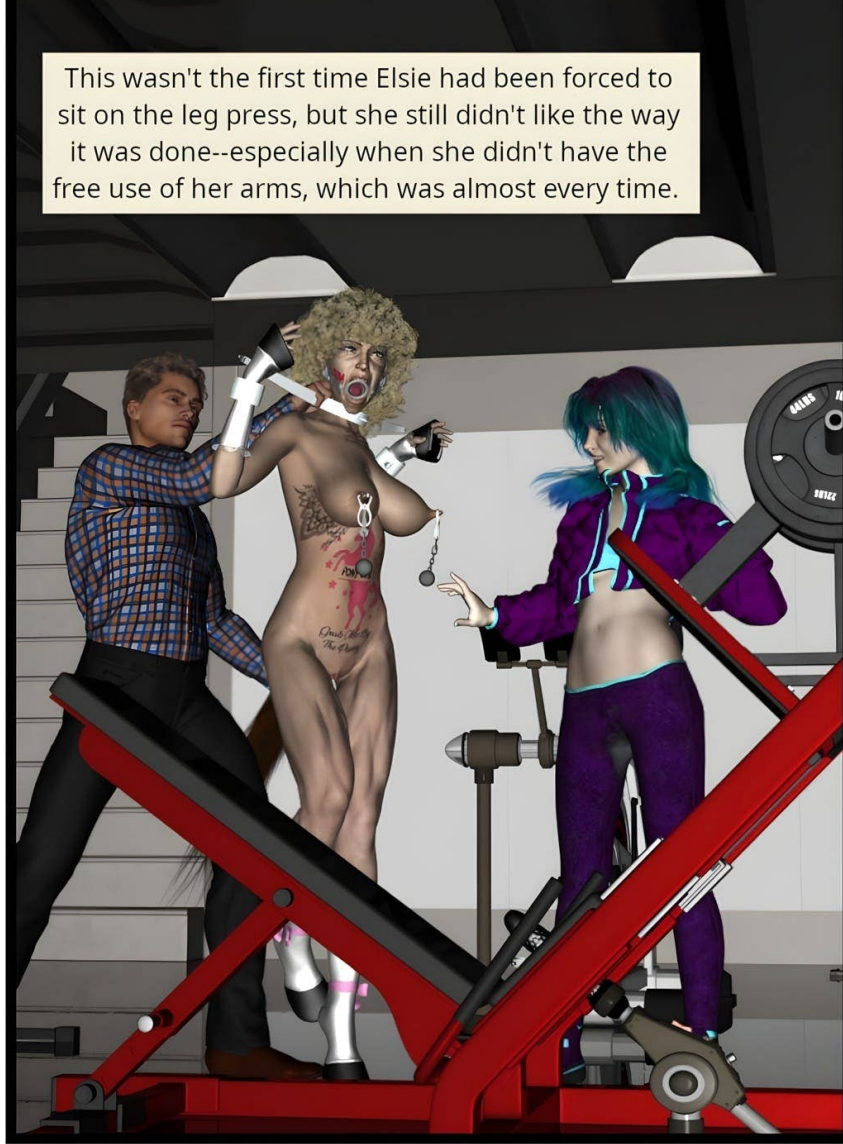
Clever little bitch! And as your reward, I'm going to push the dildo stick up another couple of notches.



Ah, don't be such a sore loser, Kirs. With those foot pads unlocked, and me trying to hit every pothole, all the way home... I think Elsie is going to be more than sore enough before we get home.



This wasn't the first time Elsie had been forced to sit on the leg press, but she still didn't like the way it was done--especially when she didn't have the free use of her arms, which was almost every time.



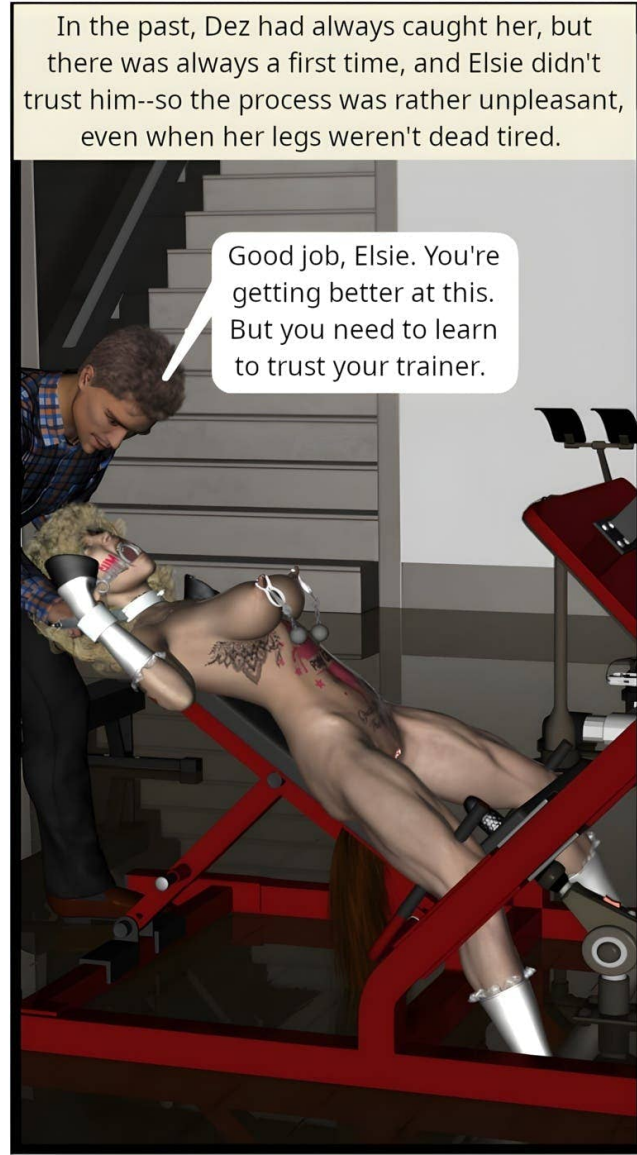
First, let's take your belt off, so that your holes are a little more receptive to the exercise machines.



It wouldn't have been so bad, if Dez didn't intentionally try to make it more difficult. As soon as Elsie had one leg straddled across the machine's inclined back, he would yank her backwards so that it felt like she was falling.



In the past, Dez had always caught her, but there was always a first time, and Elsie didn't trust him--so the process was rather unpleasant, even when her legs weren't dead tired.

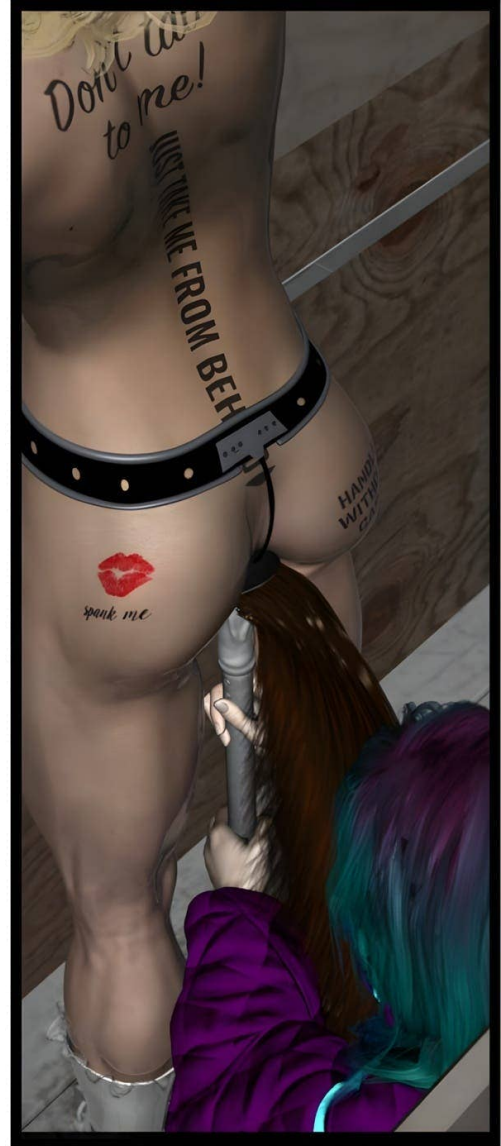




**Weeheehee**

Not too deep though! If you cause any internal damage I'll expect you to pay the bill to repair. A session on a regenie machine isn't cheap.

Yeah, yeah! I'll make sure it isn't coming out of her mough when I'm done.



There you go, Legs. That should help you enjoy the ride home.

I'll run a warm up program before we start back.



**Weeheehee**

Oh, nice reaction. I just love the way her legs are quivering.

I expect those extra few inches are pushing into unexplored territory. Doesn't look like she likes it very much.

**THUNK**

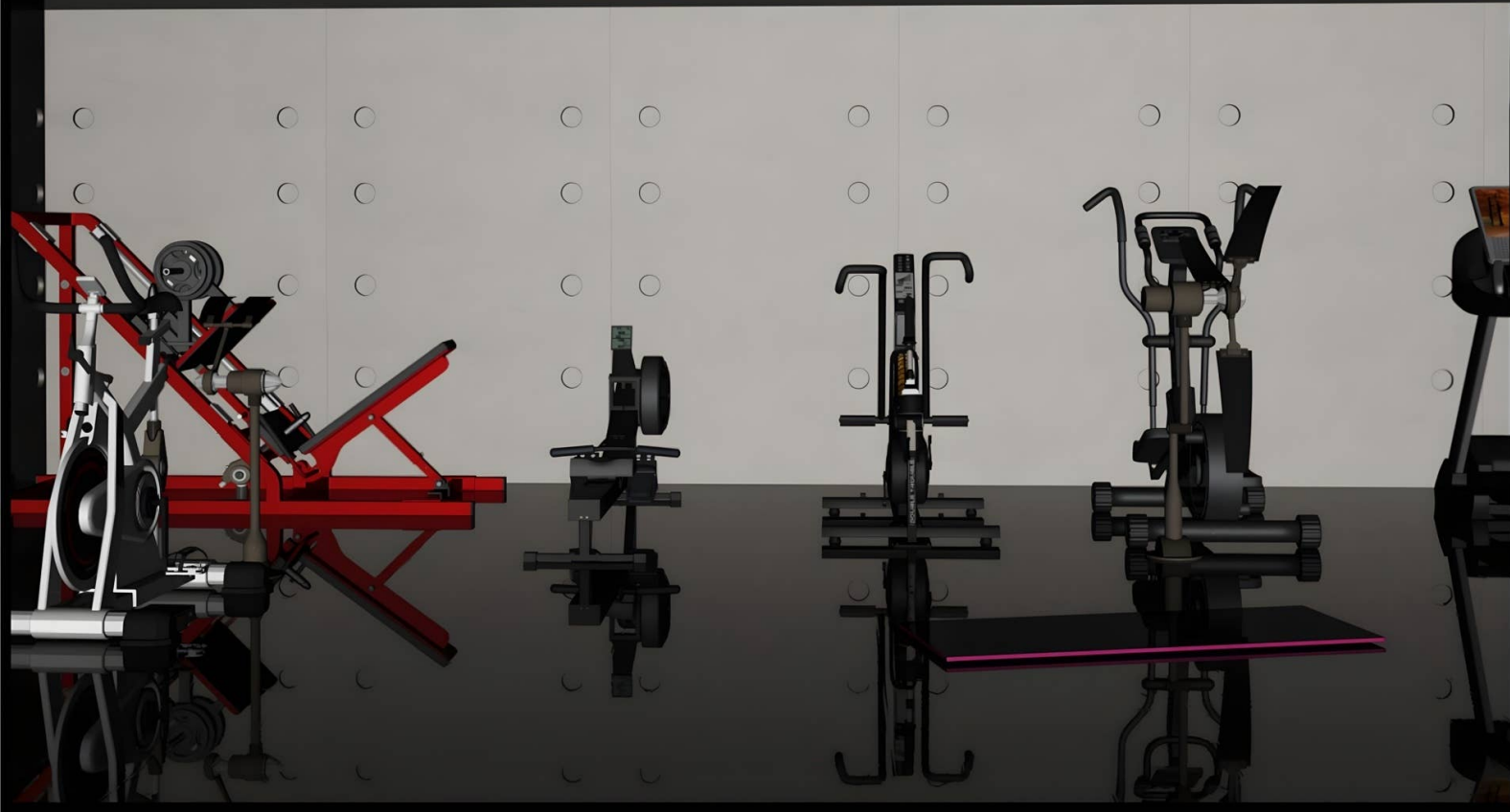


As they walked down the stairs to the Leg Room, Dez held Elsie's spreader bar, keeping her balanced so she didn't fall. Elsie hated the leg room. It was named that because all the exercise equipment in it was designed to target the legs.

Come on, Eslie! Quite dragging your legs. Your workout is just starting. You can't get out of it by dragging your legs.



It wasn't just the leg machines that make this such a hateful place. Most of the machines had a fucking machine integrated into it. Then, for motivation, there were the numerous spanking machines.





Elsie was just finishing up the last rep, when she heard the clop of feet coming down the stairs.



Do you think she's done?

Nah! She still looks fresh to me.

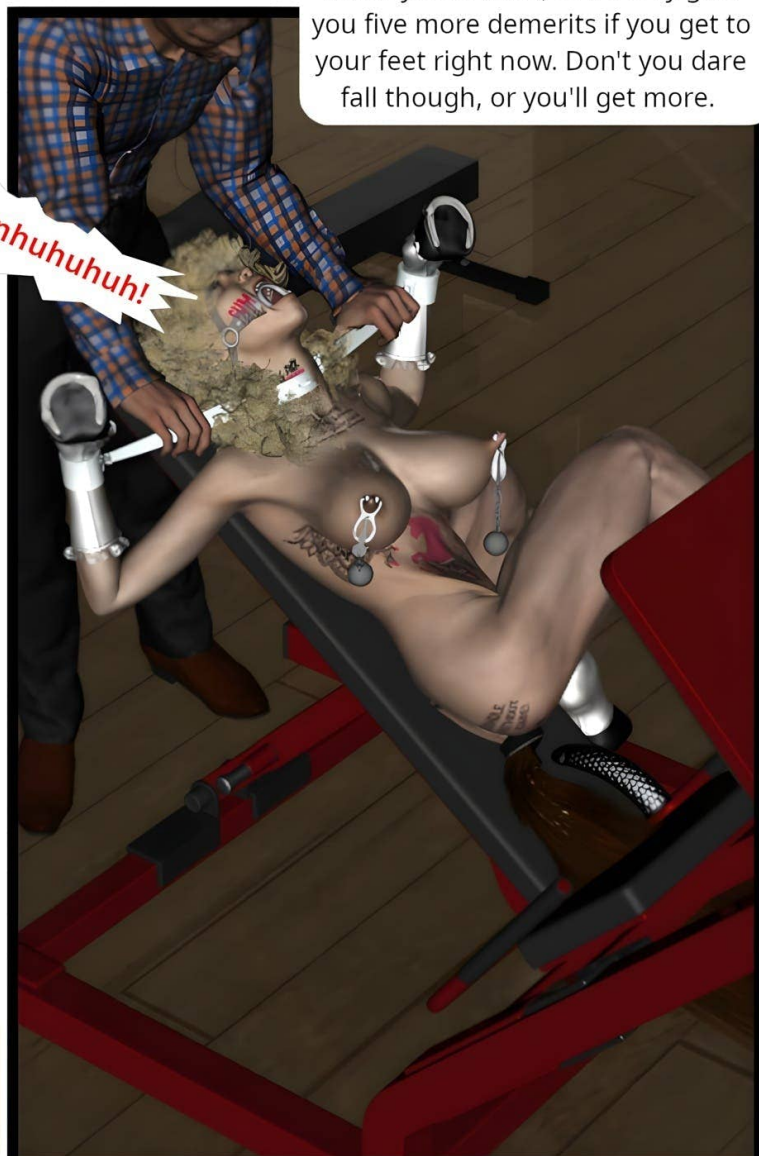
You may love it, but good ponies don't make unhappy sounds. I know you're tired, so I'll only give you five more demerits if you get to your feet right now. Don't you dare fall though, or you'll get more.



You heard her, Elsie. You've got at least one more set to go before you get to rest for the night.

Oh, I love it when she practices her unhappy ponygirl sounds.

Unhuhuhuh!



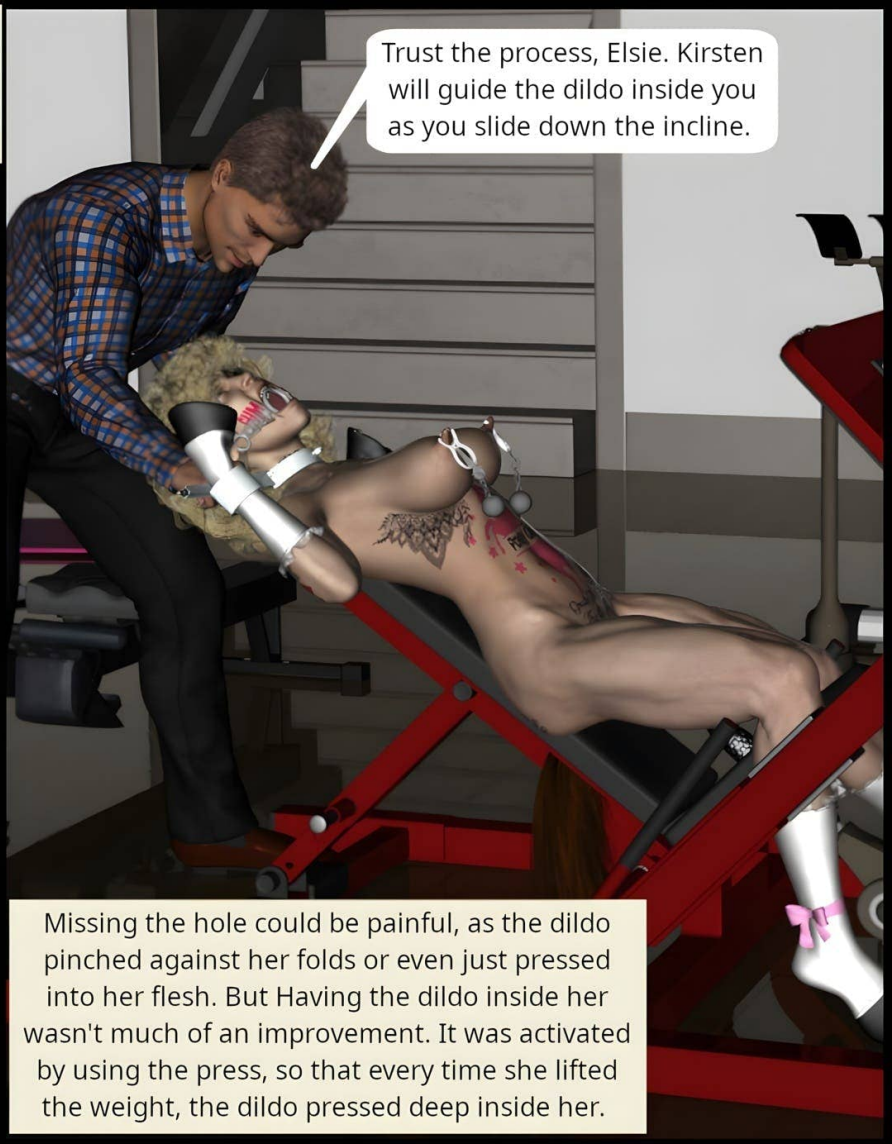
Unhuhuhuh!

Elsie wasn't sure if she could even stand. Her legs had been burning with the effort to finish the fifty reps. She'd lift until she couldn't any more then rest a few minutes and try again.

As Dez supported her weight (so that she didn't slip down on the incline just yet) Kirsten climbed underneath the machine so that she could guide the dildo inside her when the time was finally right.



Trust the process, Elsie. Kirsten will guide the dildo inside you as you slide down the incline.

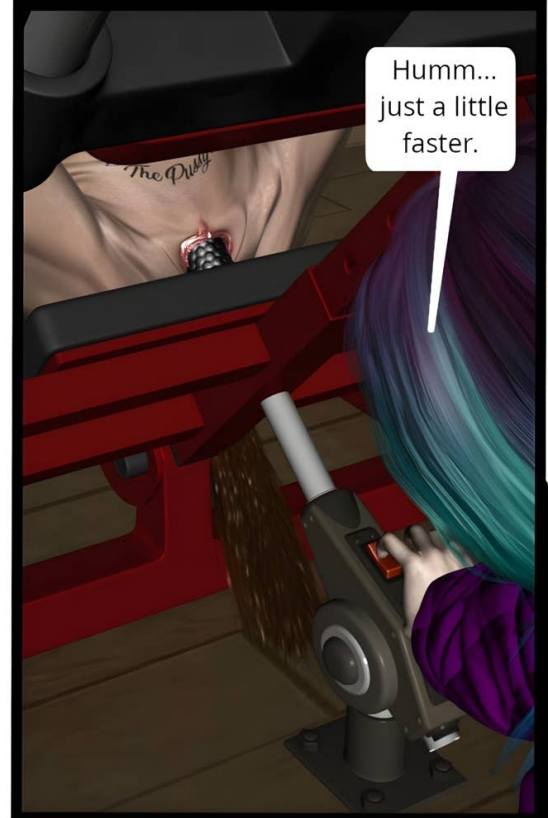


Missing the hole could be painful, as the dildo pinched against her folds or even just pressed into her flesh. But Having the dildo inside her wasn't much of an improvement. It was activated by using the press, so that every time she lifted the weight, the dildo pressed deep inside her.

That's it, Elsie!  
Now slide.



I'm going to set this to vibrate as well as the old in out.



Watch your step now!  
Don't fall down.

I think she's getting clumsier instead of better.  
We're going to have to give her a lot more training.



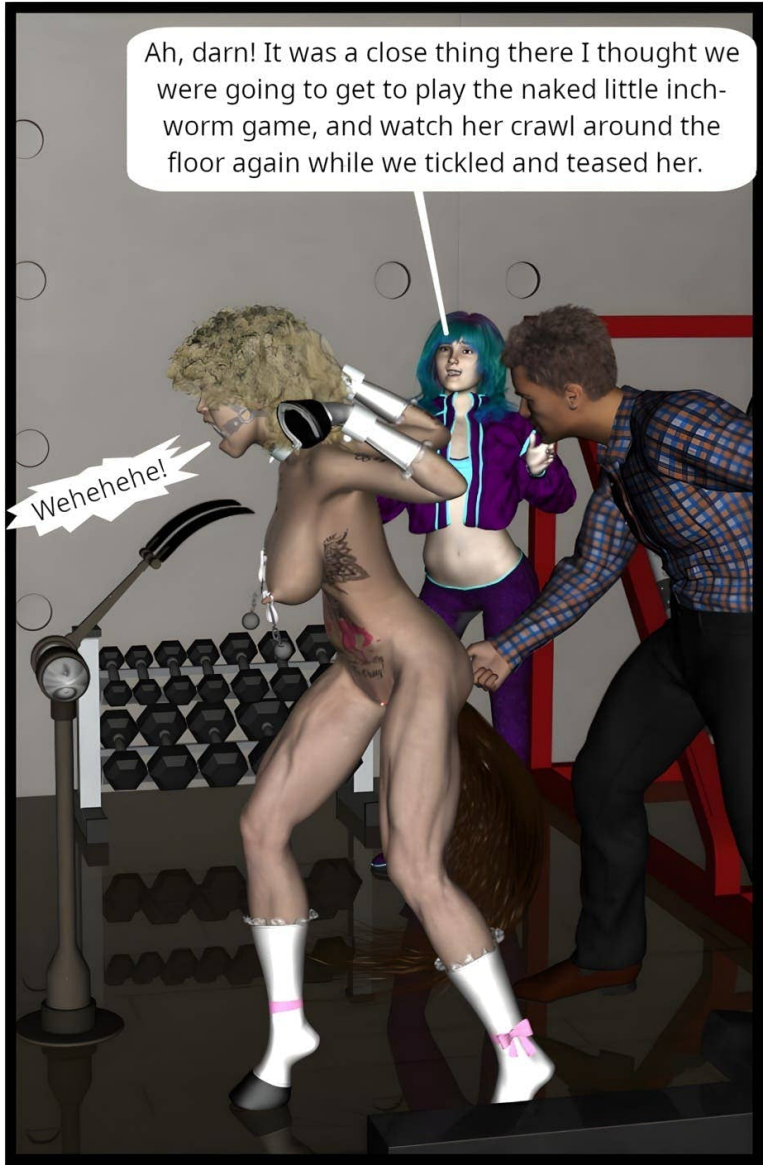
It was almost more than Elsie could manage, to catch herself while Dez was pushing against her balance. Part of her just wanted to collapse, but she knew from experience that would be a mistake. If she fell, her enlarged breasts would probably keep her from landing on her face, but getting to her feet without her hands was no easy challenge; and they were likely to whip her or use the cattle prod on her until she figured a way... all the while teasing her about earning demerits all the while she was resting.

Maybe not today--I'm starting to get a little tired, but definitely a lot more training.



Ah, darn! It was a close thing there I thought we were going to get to play the naked little inch-worm game, and watch her crawl around the floor again while we tickled and teased her.

Wehehehe!



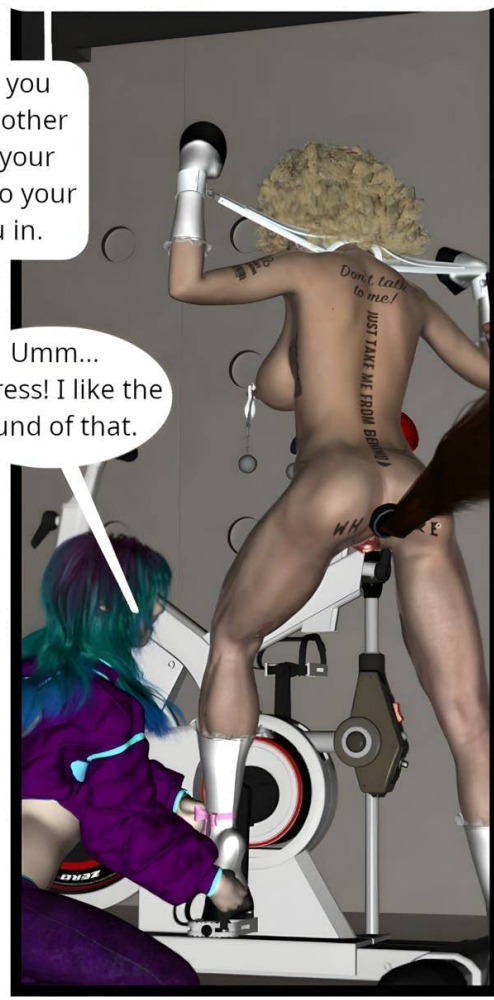
Elsie didn't exactly balk when she saw the machine they wanted her to climb onto, but apparently she wasn't fast enough for Dez either. He'd taken out his portable electric probe and pressed it unexpectedly against the cheeks of her ass. It was almost a blessing as the jolt of energy it gave her actually made her feel a little better. Unfortunately, she knew that would wear off before very long.

Good pony! Now swing your leg over so we can adjust the fucking pin. We wouldn't want you to fall off, after all.

I think she kind of likes that little zapper. Her juices are dripping down the insides of her leg.

Unless she's right and you want me to give you another jolt, I suggest you put your hoof up on that pedal, so your mistress can strap you in.

Umm... Mistress! I like the sound of that.



By the way, which program did you choose?

The fifty mile loop. I figure she should be done with it by the time we're ready for bed.

Damn girl, you really are trying to break her aren't you?



Once again the dildo mounted to the piston was connected to the exercise itself. Each time she push the pedals, it cause the piston to pump up and down.



Hear that, Elsie? You've got fifty miles to do before we get back. If you manage to do it, I'll let you sleep on a mattress tonight. If not, I'll let your mistress decide your punishment. Either you can spend the night doing another hundred miles with the spanker urging you on, each time you stop pedaling... or you can sleep the night on the wooden horse.

That's not a very hard choice, darling. Our pony deserves a horse ride of her own.

Unggh!

