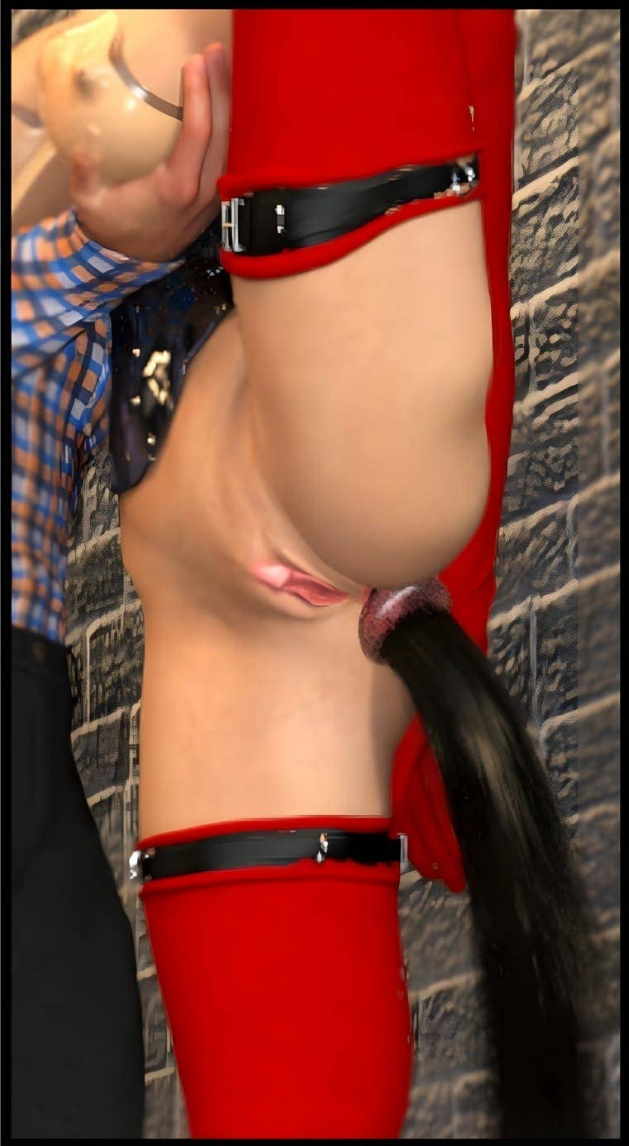


# Chapter Five



Elsie  
the  
Cow  
Pony



Don't get me wrong, son, that's a mighty fine position for having fun with your favorite...

But what exactly do you think you're doing with Esie there?



What do you mean, Jeth?

I thought I explained that legally, she's a cow. But you're trying to confuse her by putting her in pony

Sorry Jeth...

Did you buy this gear?

With your own money?



I did





I didn't think I was paying you enough to afford all this.



You're not the only one who can run a 3D Printer, Jeth. Besides, I was hoping it might turn into a nice little investment.

Oh? How is that?

Remember my school reunion... well I passed out a bunch of business cards.

You don't say

And, let me guess... Elsie was a big hit and now they've been calling you asking if they can see her again .



Actually, they're asking if they might be able to rent Elsie out for the night.

Now, why would they do that, son?

Well, I kind of hinted that I might be able to convince you to...

Rent her out, I suppose: like a party clown?

Exactly! She can be a full service entertainer. Elsie the cow-pony, maid-girl who can offer freshly squeezed milk while she pours your coffee or tee.

Sounds like you've given this a lot of thought.

Actually, I have. I know you said Elsie can't be a cow and a pony. But that's not entirely true. As long as I buy a separate title for her as a pony, there's no legal problem



Hum... Well, I have to say, that's one hell of a tail you've created for our poor Elsie.



So, you really think there's enough interest in this sort of thing to make it worth your time?

Oh yeah! I've had nearly a dozen people give me a call already, and not all of them were at the reunion. And 2 or 3 have specifically asked about renting her as a pony girl.

So you designed this costume and started training her... all without asking me if it was OK?

Yeah, sorry boss.

Don't sweat it, son. I actually kind of like the way you think. But that doesn't mean I'm on board with all this... not exactly. Here's what we're going to do: You buy the pony permit for Elsie, and then you can use her for your little experiment... but only Elsie. None of the other girls (at least not for now) and only if it doesn't interfere with her milking... or your duties. This is your baby. You can do whatever you want with her, as long as I get my milk. You'll run the business how you want. You'll do all the work. And you'll keep all the profits.



Don't interrupt me until I'm done, son.

As I was saying, you'll keep all your profits...

But Jeth!

Sorry, boss.

... but you'll have to give me a user's fee--for the time you're using Elsie. I'll buy an insurance rider, to cover her in case anything unfortunate happens while the two of you are out gallivanting around--but only because I'm not actually paying you anything. As soon as you start making money, you'll have to cover the costs yourself. And you'll pay for the gear she wears and any other incidental expenses, like transportation. Keep a record of everything. That's important. Prove to me that this little experiment is a money maker and we'll look at making this more of a partnership and expanding the roster (in a year or so) to some of the other cows.



Sounds fair to me.

Alright then, welcome to the business world, son.

Now, if you don't mind me playing with your favorite, I'm going to see how hard it is to put this inside her.



No, Help yourself.

Damn, it's a lot easier than I thot.



Elsie was born to be a pony, boss. She's got a nice stretchy ass, but with strtrong muscles that grip whatever you put inside her.

Yeah, well, if you're going to be taking her off the premises on a regular basis, then you'll have to mark her. You know, give her a slave tattoo, so she can be easily identified, if she should get lost or try to escape. She's your pony, so you'll have to decide what you want to put on her. I've got a machine, from back in the days when I was doing tats as a side job. If you want, we'll pull it out and I'll help you with the tats.

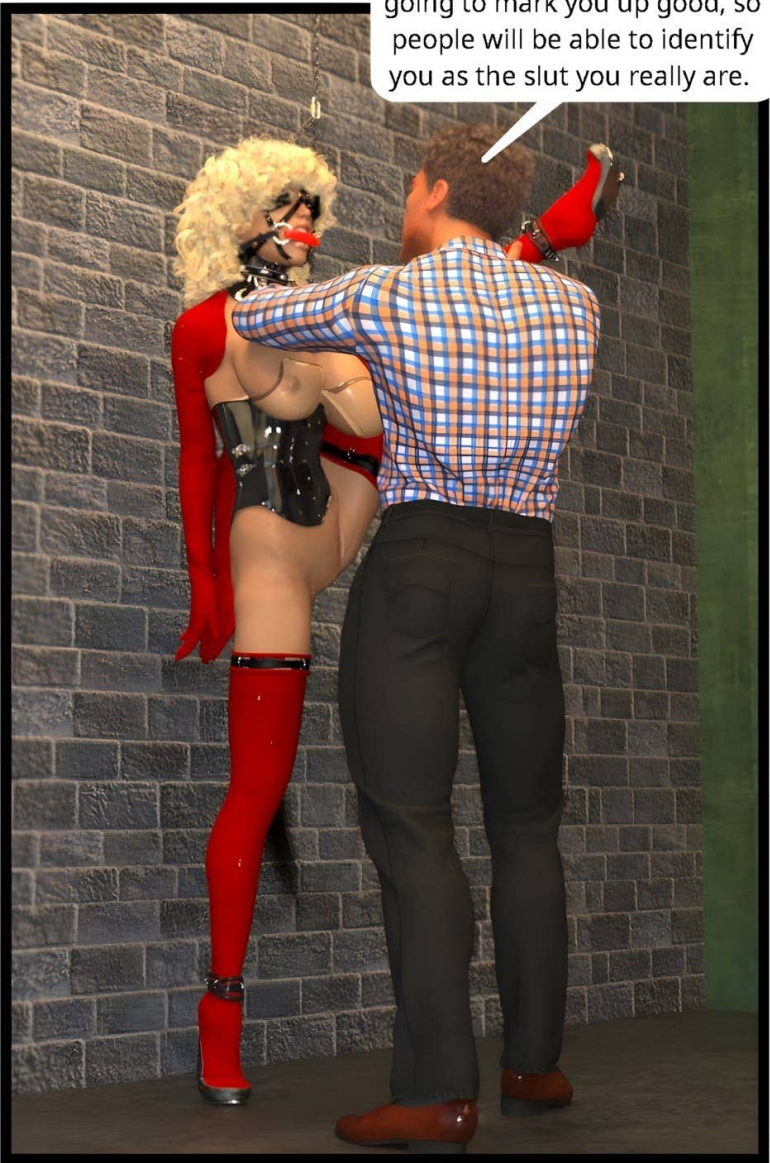
Alright, why don't you take Elsie to room fift-teen and set her up on one of the frames. I'll go dig the tat machine out of storage and meet you there.



Yeah, sounds good.

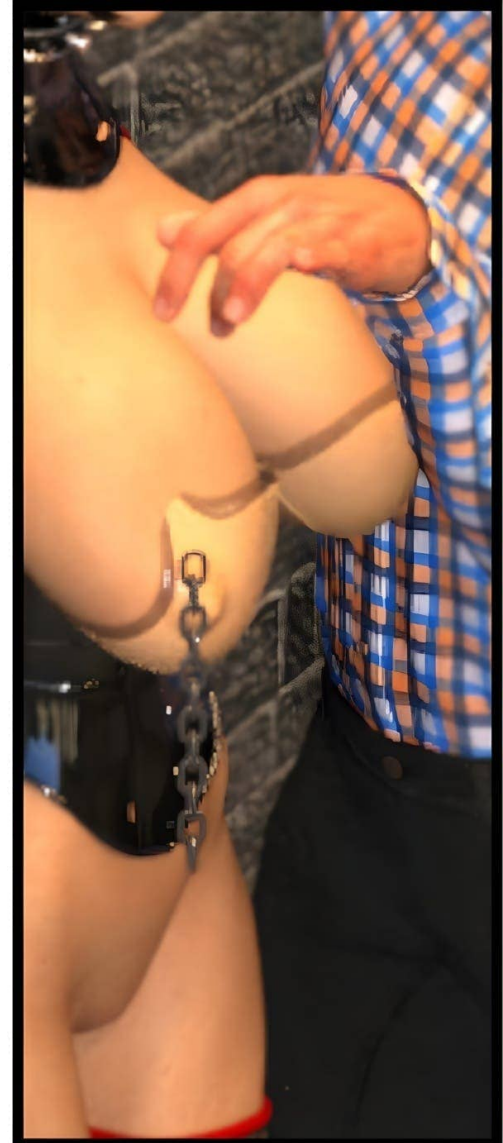


Hear that Elsie? We're going to give you some tattoos. I'm going to mark you up good, so people will be able to identify you as the slut you really are.



Alright now, Elsie. I'm going to release your head, and you're going to remain calm and walk to room fifteen with me. If you act up, I'm going to give you an additional 100 strokes each morning and night, until I feel you've had enough.







Ahhhh!

That's good, Elsie. But you're a pony, now. Good ponies lift their knees nice and high. Bad ponies get 100 lashes.



That's my good little pony! Keep those knees bouncing nice and high. I'll make a show pony out of you yet. I always wanted to enter an animal in the county fair.

Ummmh.

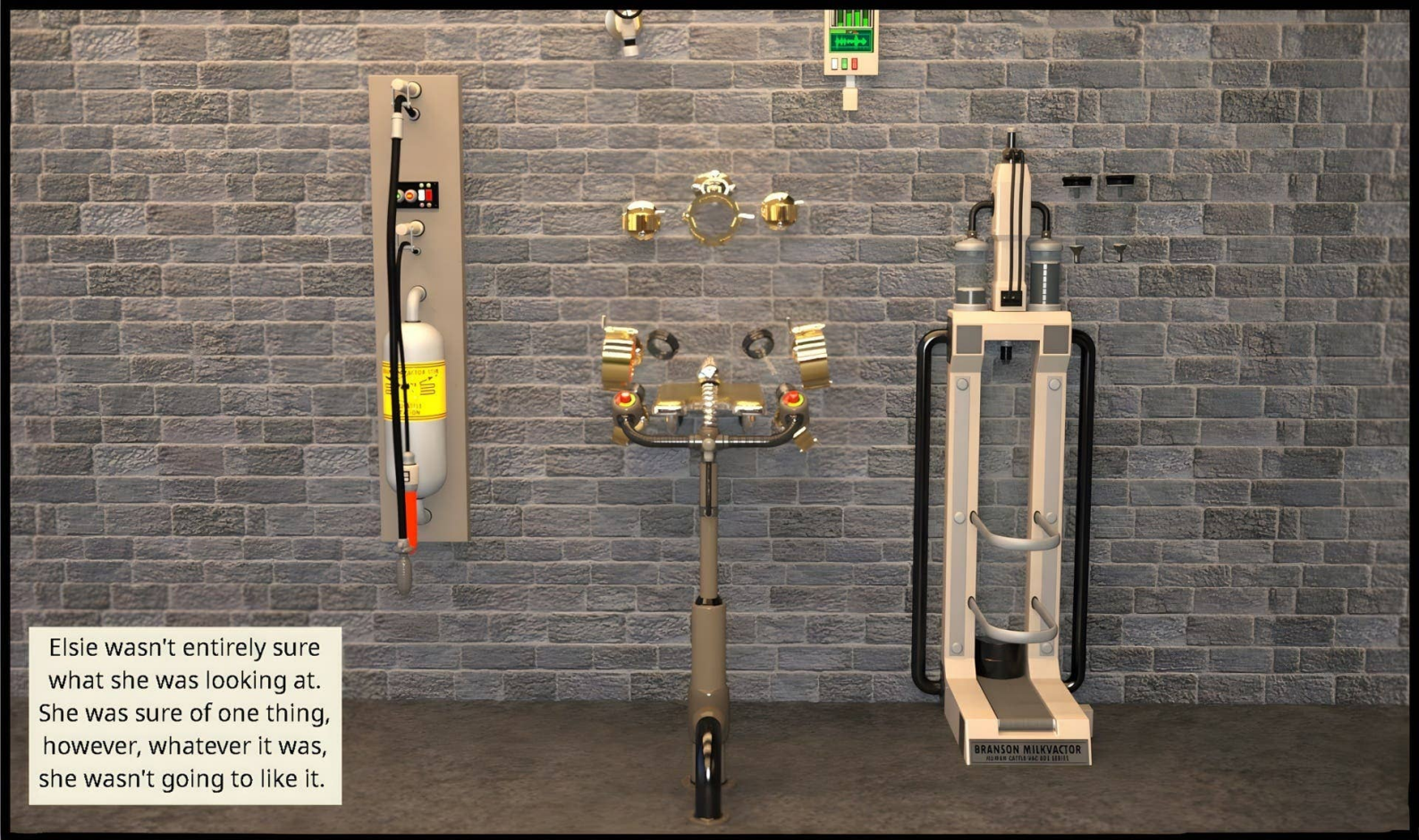


I can't help wondering what kind of tattoo I should give you. Maybe something light and playful, like "I swallow anything," written on your cheek.



Oh My God! What the fuck is that?

No, no, no, Elsie. Keep those knees nice and high!



Elsie wasn't entirely sure what she was looking at. She was sure of one thing, however, whatever it was, she wasn't going to like it.



Let's get you ready by taking off some of your gear.

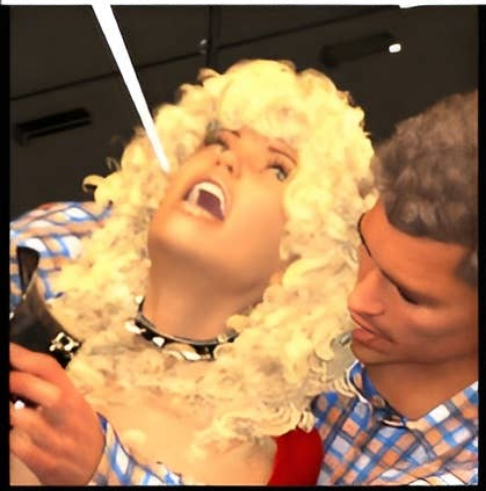


Given everything that's likely to happen to you in the next few minutes... and being given a tattoo is the thing you wish to risk a demerit to complain about?

I don't like needles.

But you're a cow now, Elsie. We don't really care what you like or don't like.

Please Dez... You can't be serious! You're not really going to give me a tattoo, are you.



What we care about is obedlance... and you finally learning that hupets don't talk. That's fifteen more demerits.



Now, let's expose a little more skin by removing this corsett. I'm thinking a tat right on the belly.

I'm thinking that, in addition to being a runaway slave bulletin, your body should be a billboard. We want to let everyone know just what type of girl you are... and just what sorts of services you're available to perform







Now, I could just plop you right down on the plug and be done with it in one foul swoop, but if I miss the hole that could be rather painful. So, if you promise to be a good girl, I'll set you beind the plug and let you insert it yourself. That way, you can choose which hole it goes in too.

Yes, yes!  
I'll be a good girl.



You're such a nasty cow, Elsie. I knew you'd choose you're pussy

Give me a break, Dez! I'm trying to work up a little lubricant here.

I think it's too big for either hole, but there's no way it would fit in my ass.

I'm doing my best, I really am!

Oh? Is that why you're rubbing your clit?

Oh, I don't think we have to worry about all that. When I lift your leg and give you a little tug forward, look. See how it slides right in?

Ahhh! No, please Dez! It's too much.

Jeth is right, Elsie. You really are a silly little cow. How quickly you forget that cows don't talk. I'm going to have to make your pose very uncomfortable.



A few minutes later.

Ah, Jeth. You're just in time.

Well now, son. I'm not sure I'm supposed to give her tattoos with her all muched up like that. Not to mention that you didn't take off her boots and gloves. Limits my options some, you know.

Ahhh!

MMMM

Well, the difficult pose is to work off some of her demerits. Elsie was talking again, you see? And then I figured she needed to be milked first, so her teats aren't hanging down over her belly. I'm thinking I want one right there, center mas, so to speak. And you wanted me to pick out what I wanted. I figured we could do that while her teats are being deflated... and maybe take lunch too. Elsie doesn't mind waiting.

Well, when you put it like that, I guess I see your point. Alright then, lets go pick out a few doozies.

NNugh!



Elsie couldn't believe they were leaving her on this machine. It was called the thumper because it made a loud thumping noise every time the pump created at significant sucking pressure, and it did that several times a second. Although there was still the pleasure of being milked (the feel of the liquid being pulled out of her skin) the thumper's painful aspect was far greater than any of the other milk pumps they'd forced her to try.

Oh... I don't think we need to worry about that. Elsie's been a very bad girl today. she's earned a lot of demerits, not to mention she still had a running total from yesterday.

The thumper milks a cow very quickly. We shouldn't leave her too long or the machine will be dry pumping her--Very painful. So unless she's earned a lot of demerits...

Thump!  
Thump!  
Thump!

Twenty or thirty minutes later

Hopefully it wasn't too long. A little dry humping stimulates the mam-milary glands... but too long can make her dry up

Ah, poor thing. Looks like Elsie has been milked dry for a while now.

Oh God! Please, get me off this thing!

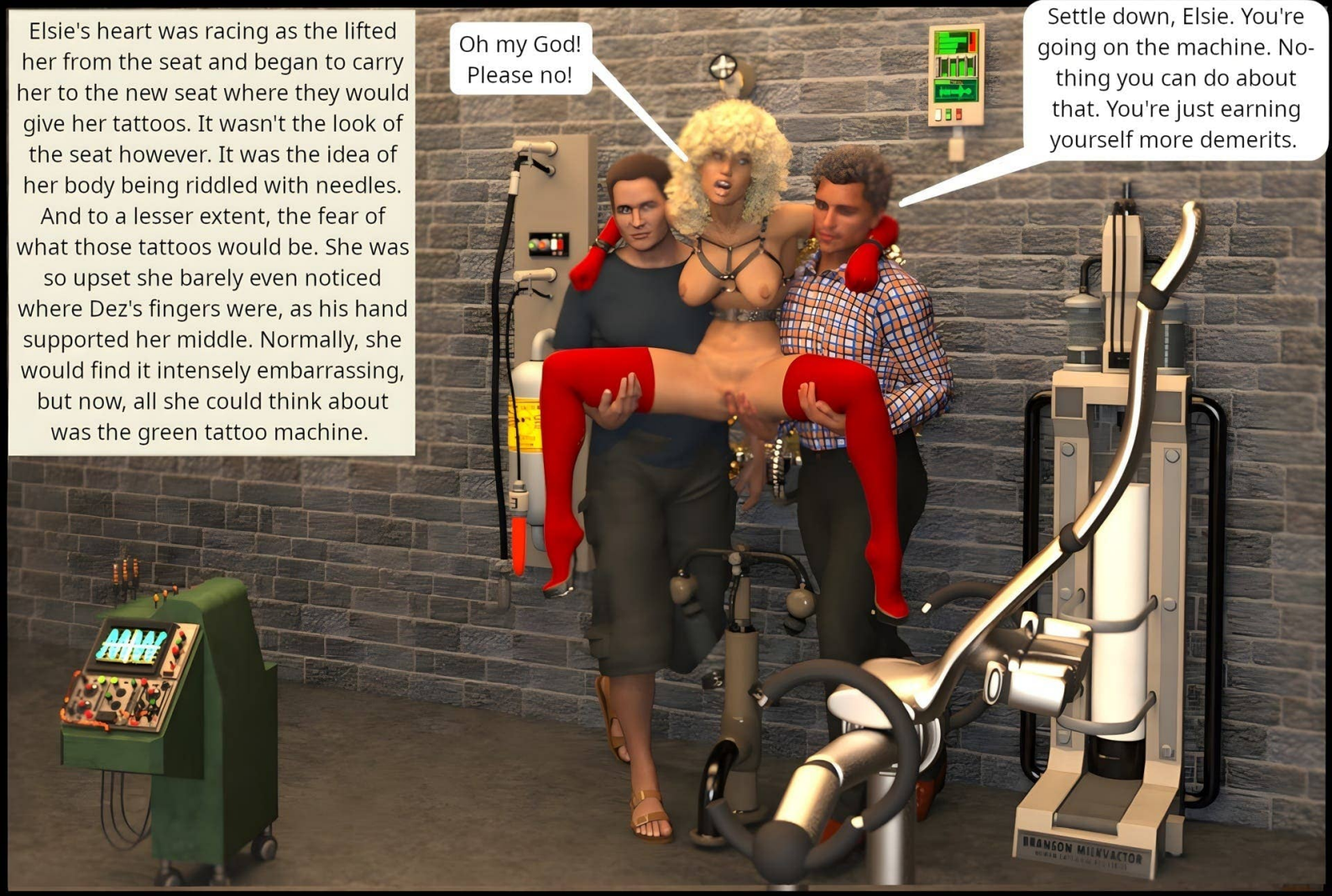
Thump!  
Thump!  
Thump!  
Thump!  
Thump!



Elsie's heart was racing as the lifted her from the seat and began to carry her to the new seat where they would give her tattoos. It wasn't the look of the seat however. It was the idea of her body being riddled with needles. And to a lesser extent, the fear of what those tattoos would be. She was so upset she barely even noticed where Dez's fingers were, as his hand supported her middle. Normally, she would find it intensely embarrassing, but now, all she could think about was the green tattoo machine.

Oh my God!  
Please no!

Settle down, Elsie. You're going on the machine. Nothing you can do about that. You're just earning yourself more demerits.



She's really nervous. She must really hate needles... unfortunately, for her, I don't think this experience is going to make her like them any better.

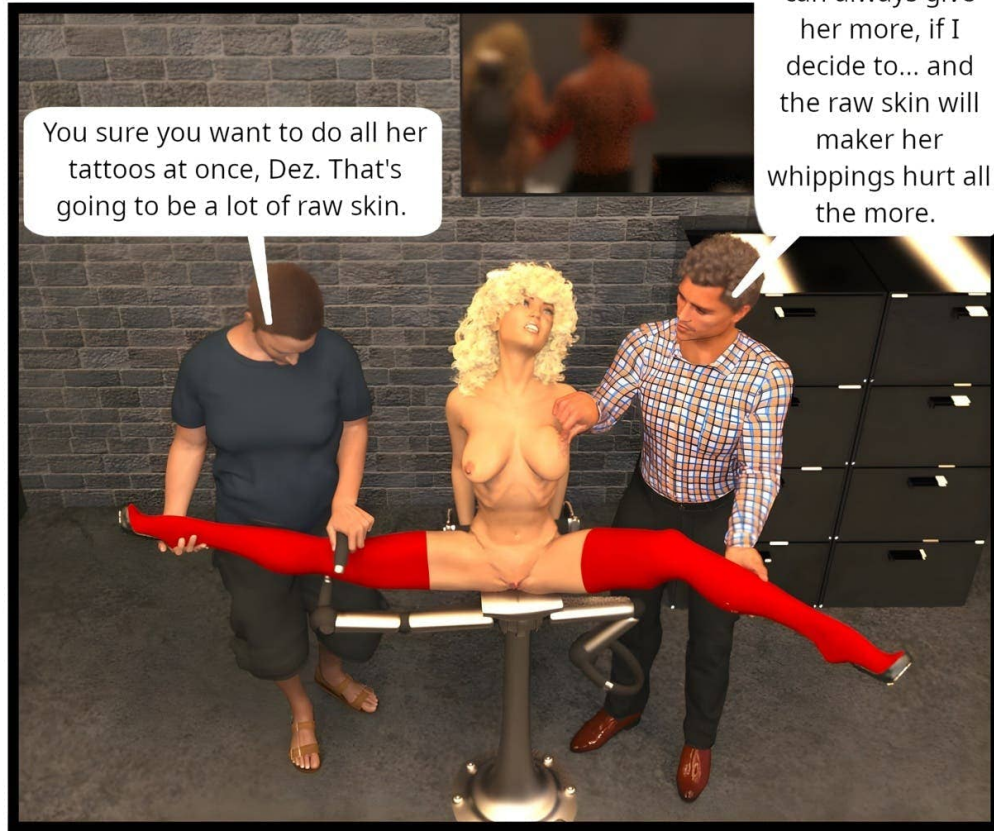


I think it's best to get them all over with. Besides, I can always give her more, if I decide to... and the raw skin will make her whippings hurt all the more.

You should enjoy this. We're going to remove your bondage gear; and you won't even be sitting on a probe. Of course, you're such a slut... maybe that's why you're so upset, hum?



You sure you want to do all her tattoos at once, Dez. That's going to be a lot of raw skin.



The only ones I'm really particular about is the one that's going around her asshole and ponygirl tattoo, which I want right here on her belly. Make it as large as possible without the edges disappearing around the corners.

And the rest, I'll just put where ever I get a where feeling. I can handle that--and if you don't like it we can mask it and try again.

Sounds good... So I'll just leave you to paint her up.



A week and a half later



It's time to pay the piper, Elsie! I've been holding up payment on your demerits for several days now; I wanted to let your tattoos finish weeping... Now that they're in the second stage of healing, your skin should be irritable and itchy... and the sting of my whip should be even more painful than usual. That's why I'm going to target your tattoos. This may send you into the third stage of healing a bit prematurely, causing scabs to form early. But if this messes up your tattoos, we'll just have to start over. Either way, I can't wait any longer. You're collecting too many demerits... I have to use some of them up, or my whipping session will be so long that I'll literally flay the skin off before I can finish it. So, basically, this is doing you a bit of a favor I think.



Don't expect me to go easy on you, Elsie, just because your skin is tender. This is my daily work out and I've been getting out of shape by not giving it to you.



True to his word, Dez targeted her tattoos.... they weren't the only skin he hit, but (as he'd promised) when he did they caused far more pain than any of the other strokes did.



