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illustrated
by THORN

Takamura

PONY FARM

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PONY farm

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Chapter One

Chaos

At the beginning of the third millennium, a particularly heartless kind of capitalism reigned in all Europe. “If it’s good for business, it’s good” was a phrase dear to the hearts of businessmen, corporations and even some governments.

Many companies went to the wall, especially those working in the area of the Arts and of Social Welfare, both of which had previously been subsidized.

New companies appeared too, many of them in what had once been known as “show business”. What was shown was frequently the naked female body...

Sexual slavery, which had always accompanied humanity in its faltering steps towards civilization, came to the surface as never before...

Networks of stalkers, trappers, distributors, businessmen and brothels flourished. Thousands of young women were kidnapped and turned into sexual slaves. They were reduced to the status of animals and their breasts, and vaginas and bottoms were constantly available to the highest bidder...

Slavery became a legal, or at least a tolerated, activity, in the same way as prostitution had been tolerated in earlier times. Like prostitution, it was often ignored, but in certain areas of Europe it became so common

that it became part of the normality, even the economic specialization, of whole regions.

Governments made little attempt to stop the outbreak of sexual slavery but they did regulate it by imposing taxes on all financial aspects. Gambling on pony girl races became the most popular of all gambling activities, and the government taxed it very heavily. Trappers were licensed and licenses were expensive. Pony farms paid huge amounts for licenses too. There were never more than twenty in operation at any time because of the cost of the license. All this suited everybody: businessmen, Inland Revenue departments and of course the clients.

Those who were least happy were the human beings whose bodies were the object of the transactions, mostly desirable young women. But their opinions counted for little. Their minds and bodies were sacrificed for the common economic good and for the entertainment of the people.

As a concession to the more conservative sectors of society, some European governments agreed to legislate certain limitations.

A woman could not be captured if she was in the company of a man or another woman or if she was over the age of forty.

Slaves could only be bought and sold through authorized agencies, most of which also operated as distributors and brothels.

The effect of the new legislation was to boost the sex-slave industry. Specialization was the norm. Brothels were frequently “Role Play Houses”, to use a governmental expression, specializing in certain kinds of sexual behaviour, many of which had previously been regarded as aberrant. There were houses for lesbians, for lovers of scatology, for practitioners of any of the many sadomasochistic tendencies, and for zoophiles.

The most popular, and unquestionably the cruellest, were the houses known as “Pony Ranches”.

Quiet, unspoilt corners of England, ruined by the spread of prions to all farmyard animals, found a new lease of life in Pony Ranches.

For the first time for many generations, young people did not leave the farms. They stayed there and trained ponies...

Chapter Two

Office Supplies Ltd, Canary Wharf

10 May, 2010

Teresa had popped out for a coffee. The television was on in the Stevedore Arms.

“Sophie Crawford, the popular presenter of the programme Women at Arms, has been missing from her home since Tuesday morning...”

Teresa looked up from her newspaper. She saw Sophie Crawford interviewing the owner of the leading House of Roles.

“The police believe Ms Crawford’s disappearance may be connected with the broadcasting of the first episode of a documentary on Pony Ranches. In this fifteen-minute report Ms Crawford aimed to “draw public attention to the extreme cruelty of the training methods used by keepers on the ponies in their care.”

Teresa Roberts closed the newspaper. Pony Ranches? What was that all about? She had never been very interested in the topic. She supposed that they were the just old brothels under a new name. She did not suspect that cruelty had evolved in a darkening world.

She looked at the screen. To her astonishment, she saw a young girl, completely naked, harnessed like a horse, pulling a carriage at full speed.

A middle-aged couple were sitting comfortably inside. The woman held a whip and beat the “mare” viciously on the strong, muscular rump while the man held the reins. There was a close-up of the girl. She was very young, perhaps even an adolescent. She wore a tight leather harness that held her head firm. There was an iron bit between her teeth.

Teresa held her breath in astonishment. What was she looking at? Fiction of some kind, surely? A horror film?

“Ms Roberts.”

Teresa jumped. Then she turned round and smiled.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Mr Smith, I was looking at the telly.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to frighten you,” he replied.

She felt embarrassed at having reacted so nervously in front of the bald, fat, middle-aged man. She had never quite liked him although she did not know why. Was it just because he was Rita’s husband?

They all worked in the same office. Rita had announced the previous day that she too was going for the job of Office Manager. It had not helped an already difficult relationship between the three of them.

“No, no, it was my fault, I was looking at the news,” she apologized, unnecessarily.

When she thought about it, it was surprising to find this fat slug of a Mr Smith in the bar. He hardly ever left the office.

“May I join you?”

“Yes ... of course. The truth is, I was just leaving. Mr Mackintosh is waiting for me. I just popped out for a quick coffee.” She was in a hurry to leave. She never had much to say to the man, and it was worse now his wife had applied for the same job.

“It’s just a quick one, two minutes.”

Teresa sat down again. The television was still on. The middle-aged woman on the cart was still flogging the unhappy girl. The girl, completely naked, was still pulling the carriage. The barman turned the volume up and the customers fell silent as the whip came down and strange noises, like a horse whinnying, came from the naked girl.

“Jesus Christ!” said Teresa, “what the hell is going on here?”

Mr Smith smiled.

“Have you never heard of pony girls, Teresa?”

Teresa winced at the use of the first name. She shook her head. She could not take her eyes off the screen. The whip was coming down faster and faster. They would kill the poor girl! It was incredible.

“It’s very popular these days, especially up north. They organize races, they bet on the ponies... The bookmakers love it. It’s very big in Manchester, but they’re doing it round here too. There are agencies here in Canary Wharf. Isolated farms in Dorset or in Cumberland... Anyone can go and ride the ponies. Renting a pony for half the day only costs five new pounds”.

“It’s incredible. It’s filthy. How is it possible? Why do they tolerate it?”

Smith’s eyes went unthinkingly to the woman’s tight figure. It was useless to try to explain it to her. He saw for a moment her magnificent breasts (38D, he surmised, correctly) swinging freely, flopping around in front of a cart and not wrapped up tightly as they always were in her smart manly executive suits...

A career girl if ever there was one. But a stunner. Virgin too, he surmised, also correctly. A waste. A waste of space, a waste of air. A waste of breasts.

“Business is business”, he said, remembering she had asked him a question. “And it gives a lot of pleasure to a lot of people. My wife and I are rather partial to it, as a matter of fact. Sitting in a trap pulled by a pony turns us on, as they say. Actually we’re going to one of these ranches for the weekend.”

Teresa looked at him for some sign that he was joking. She saw none.

“You’re not joking, are you?” she said, astonished.

“No”.

She stood up. “Is there something we cannot discuss back in the office?” she asked, putting her cigarettes and lighter into the jacket pocket.

Smith blushed unexpectedly. His eye was on her shirt, where a button had slipped open, revealing the fascinating generous curve of one of Teresa’s breasts.

“I ... I don't quite know how to put it ... Teresa.” He took a deep breath. “The fact of the matter is, I ... I think I ... love you.”

She looked at him in surprise, then confusion, and finally contempt. After a slight pause, she replied, with a strength of feeling that shook him...

“Get stuffed, Mr Smith.”

After work, Teresa went to her rather expensive flat. It was the right district for a career girl, and she had fallen in love with the view over the old docklands.

She went straight to the bathroom. It was late and she wanted to check her make-up before her interview with Mackintosh. That fat pig Smith had made her late...

She checked in the mirror. Her blonde hair, lightly curled, fell to just below her shoulders. She shook her head. Her hair responded with a coquettish wave.

She put a little more rouge on and she adjusted her smart executive jacket, one of her most expensive buys.

She undid the buttons in a slow, calculating way. It was time to use her best weapons, however uncomfortable it made her feel...

She knocked at a door and Rita Smith opened it, doing her best to ignore her.

Teresa stared at her. You'd sit up and listen soon enough if I told you what your husband has just said to me, she thought.

Mackintosh was on the phone, but he motioned her in. She sat down on a straight-backed wooden chair. The luxury leather chair which was already occupied by Mackintosh himself.

Teresa stood up, feeling uncomfortable. The man never took his eyes off her. He was talking about a delivery of office furniture but he was running his eyes up and down her body...

Teresa hated this kind of thing. She knew she was attractive to men and she knew that her short stature (five foot six) meant that her breasts were unusually prominent, but she liked to believe that men were interested in other things too. Mackintosh and men like him made it difficult for her to believe this. They always seemed to be undressing her mentally, removing piece by piece the jacket, the trousers, the tights she put on so carefully each morning, and finally her bra and her expensive satin knickers. She could see them doing it. She could see the order in which they did it, undoing all her careful work each morning when she dressed in a way that would minimize the full roundness of her body.

She was not alone in hating all this. The other girls hated it too and often said so. They all hated Mackintosh because he made no attempt to disguise his interest in them. They called him The Crow although nobody could remember why. They hated his penetrating looks and sometimes too they hated his probing hands. There were no queues to do overtime with Mr Mackintosh.

On one occasion he had “found” a bamboo cane inside a piece of office furniture. He asked one of the young secretaries to stay behind and help him. He called her into his office, showed her the cane and told her pull her trousers and knickers down and bend over a table. She refused.

He got angry, said she was going to punish her on her breasts, and tried to open her blouse. The girl resisted, successfully, by shouting and screaming. She went home in tears. Her father rang demanding compensation. Mackintosh paid up and never touched the girl again.

When he finished, Mackintosh said nothing to Teresa for some ten minutes while he made notes. Then he called his secretary.

“Book a table for two for tonight at Jockey’s could you, for nine o’clock?”

Finally he spoke to Teresa, without taking his eyes off her full, shapely calves.

“I have no time to speak to you now, Miss Roberts. We can discuss your job application in the restaurant if you have no objection”.

She smiled. Jockey’s was the most expensive restaurant in the Wharf. It would do her image no harm at all to be seen there.

“It will be a pleasure, Mr Mackintosh,” she replied.
“I’ll send a taxi for you, eight-forty-five.”

Teresa spent the rest of the morning worrying. Had she done the right thing in accepting? What did he want exactly? Would he spend the whole meal staring at her breasts, making her feel uncomfortable, making her feel like an over-inflated figure of a woman she had once seen in a sex-shop window, with huge nipples on the end of grossly exaggerated absurdly horizontal breasts?

And what would his wife think about it? Did he often take other women out for meals?

She had heard that his wife was much younger than he was, and very attractive.

She had an obscure feeling that she was missing something, that something was going on that she did not fully understand. She did not like that. She had planned her life around her career. Marriage could come later. She liked to think she was in control.

Her orderly mind prompted her to collect information, to try to find out what she could about The Crow.

She needed no more than ten minutes with her laptop to start collecting information. First, she bypassed the security code and gained access to Mackintosh’s e-mail account. Next, she copied everything onto her laptop.

Before lunch, she went to Rita Smith’s office...

“Rita, dear,” she said, with a winner’s smile on her lips, “I’m going home now. I’m going out for dinner with Mr Mackintosh, a business meeting you understand, and I want to prepare it...”

Rita bit her lips. She had hated Teresa since the first set eyes on her. She hated her for her big breasts, for her air of self-sufficiency, for her expensive clothes, for everything...

“What shall I tell Mr Mackintosh if he asks about you?”

“Tell him the truth, of course,” she said, turning towards the door. “Tell him I wanted to get ready for the meeting, for dinner...” She enunciated the words “get ready” with special emphasis. The silly old

bag could make what she liked of it. “Tell him I don’t want to disappoint him,” she said with a hint of a malicious smile, stopping with her hand on the doorknob, turning sideways to reveal her splendid figure.

Rita Smith realized she had unconsciously screwed up the draft copy of the annual report for shareholders which Mr Mackintosh had asked her for some time ago, urgently.

She bit her lip and said nothing. She would find some way of bringing this woman down. “Pride cometh before a fall”, she mumbled to herself as the door closed.

She hated Teresa with all the hatred and malice of ordinary people in ordinary jobs in ordinary offices. She hated her too because neither her boss nor her husband could take their eyes off her. She had hated her since she first set eyes on her, but especially since the day she had tried to consult Teresa about a procedural matter of office protocol, and Teresa had told her she was sorry, but she was too busy writing an important report. She had not helped later, either, and Rita had not forgotten.

She hated Teresa too because no one had invited Rita to an interview in a restaurant when she applied for the same job.

Rita hated Teresa for her beauty, for her business like, organized mind, for her smart clothes, for the way the conversation dropped when she entered a room, for ... for everything about her... She just hated her.

As soon as she got home, Teresa opened her laptop. She went through the boss’s correspondence. Some of it was interesting, small details of office life which helped her to make sense of things she had not understood, but none of it was especially useful.

She did gather, however, that Mr Mackintosh was very, very rich, which she had not suspected. The company in which she worked was just one of a series of companies that he owned.

Teresa opened a folder labelled PG. For the second time that day she found the words “pony girl”.

For the next half-hour she checked out the links she found in the folder. She visited sites that seemed to have been made in Hell itself. She stared uncomprehendingly at photos and texts which seemed to come from a

vet's guide to horses, but which, she saw, were in fact about women. It seemed that men found it exciting to dress a woman up like a horse, with a harness and a bridle, and then to hit them.

Mackintosh led a double life. He was the owner, she discovered, of Pony Paradise, one of the best-known Role-Play Houses in the country. It was referred to in some documents as PP and in others as "pee-pee".

Teresa kept a back-up copy of all this and made hard copies of some of the photos, among them one in which Mrs Mackintosh was riding in a trap. She was accompanied by a young girl, young enough to be her daughter, and was pulled by four beautiful young women, two white and two black.

Teresa's hands were trembling. She knew she had got something important here. Something she could use to her own advantage. But how?

She turned the taps on. The bathwater would help her think...

Chapter Three The Jockey's Club

Mr and Mrs Mackintosh were dining in a restaurant next to the Jockey's.

Mrs Mackintosh was a splendidly buxom German woman, twenty-eight years old, which was exactly twenty-five years younger than her husband. She caught hold of his hand. They had been married for only a month.

"You promised," she said, lowering her voice to a sexy roughness. "You promised..." She crossed her legs, pulling her skirt up a little more.

Mackintosh had an aching erection.

He apologized immediately.

"The thing is, darling, it's not easy to get the right material. I wouldn't want to disappoint you."

"I can wait. My little pussy can wait... But not forever. I've promised her she'll sit on a bare back, a bare muscular back!"

Mr Mackintosh also crossed his legs but for a different reason. His penis was filling up slowly but inevitably. It was almost fully erect now and was trying to move into a more comfortable position, but the trousers did not let it. He bent forward uncomfortably as his new wife slipped her shoe off and ran her foot up his leg and finally pressed her toes, in a soft, massaging manner against the shaft of his upright penis.

"Hmmm....." she said, licking her lips, "you've got a good one there,

darling...”

Mackintosh slumped forward over the table as the pressure got through to him. He had hoped she would not notice his erection. They were in a public restaurant, not a pony ranch. He pushed her foot away quickly. What would the people at the other tables think?

“Behave yourself”, he said, forcing a smile. “You shall have your little pony, I promise. Just be patient. I’ll get you a good one. Rebellious, independent, proud, a pony you can break in any way you want!”

Mackintosh knew he would have to fulfil his promise. It was almost part of the marriage deal. His wife had told him when they first started going out that she didn’t know if she was heterosexual or bisexual. He had seen it for himself at the pony ranches. His wife seemed to take an equal interest in the ponies and some the stable hands, some of them just young lads...

He himself saw nothing wrong with being bisexual. On the contrary, he had always been aroused by the thought of two women together. He had once confessed this to the accountant, and had made a little joke that went round the office and even offices of other companies. “It’s like peanuts,” he said. “If you like one, you like two.”

While the newly-weds were enjoying their dinner, Teresa was enjoying her bath. It smelt of lavender and expensive oils. Aromatherapy helped her to relax and think.

She stood naked in front of the steamed-up mirror, absentmindedly wiping the steam off with her hand. Gradually her naked body appeared. For the moment it was hers, and hers only. She would keep it that way until she found someone worthy of her, body and soul...

She enjoyed looking at herself. “I am probably at my best,” she thought. “Twenty-two years old, breasts high and firm”. She smiled and turned this way and that, examining her magnificent 38, 28, 36 figure.

She would not have liked a man to see her at this moment. This

perfection was for herself only.

She blushed when she remembered something a coarse workman had said to her a few days previously as she was walking along the street:

“Here you are, Craig, we used to call that an SBH, Standard British Handful!”

“That’s a 38 I’d say”, replied Craig. “A 38D any day of the week!”

Teresa smiled to herself. He was right. She preferred to buy her bras in France because there was more variety in the biggest sizes.

Teresa was beautiful, but it did not matter to her. It was not part of her real, intimate world. In a way, it was a nuisance. It was difficult for men to talk to her. Her beauty was a barrier. She did not understand it, but she had noticed how all the men looked at her when she got on the Underground, and then moved away slightly if she stood too near them. It was as if they were uncomfortable. As if they knew they would not be able to take their eyes off her.

Why were men so obvious?

Her beauty made her feel powerful. And probably she would be able to find some way of using her beauty to become rich or successful or famous. That seemed to be what she wanted. But in a strange way it was not really important to her either.

She was happy enough with her novels, her classical music, her Internet browsing. She did not particularly enjoy discos or the clubs. She always felt someone was about to slip something in her drink.

She did not understand men.

Even when they fell in love with her, or said they did, she did not know what they really meant. She tried not to be cynical about it, but her impression was that they meant they wanted open the buttons of her blouse and pull her bra up or down or sideways or whatever crossed their minds or wires at the time.

On one occasion a young man had made a declaration of love on his knees, half-seriously, she supposed, but when she looked at him carefully she saw that his eyes flickered towards the crutch of her tight trousers.

“Are you speaking to me or my trousers?” she had asked, in that clipped, precise style she had when she was trying to keep the world under control. The young man had risen to his feet, half offended, half apologetically. It had epitomized her relations with men. She did not understand them and she appeared cold and distant to them, even to her female friends. She sounded like Groucho Marx, even to herself.

She was particularly bad, she knew, at handling office relationships. She brushed this off lightly. Who the hell wanted to go to an office anyway?

Who would work at all if they didn't have to?

It made everybody grumpy, not just her.

The only way out, as she did not think her lottery numbers were ever going to come up, was to get to the top as fast as possible.

She didn't mind too much if she trod on other people's toes on the way up.

She realized she had a cruel streak in her. She was considered sharp mentally, but sharp-tongued too.

She never thought how many enemies she was making. It just seemed the way up.

She was very careful with her bosses, though. They always saw her at her best.

They always got the best view of her breasts through her exclusive semi-transparent blouses.

She stepped out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, and walked around the room, enjoying the feel of the carpet on her naked feet. She looked in satisfaction around the room.

She liked feeling clean. She liked smelling nice. She liked living in a luxury flat because the isolation was a pleasure to her. She even enjoyed reading the books on economics and marketing which she read to keep up with market trends.

It was her life, the way she wanted it, clean, sweet-smelling, well-organized...

She was in no hurry to share her flat with a man. She would wait until something happened, something clear and unmistakable, the beginning of a real relationship, and then she would bring a man into this flat or she

would go and live in his because it would seem the one obviously right thing to do...

The flat was expensive, of course. But she loved it. She looked out of the window, down onto the dockland where her father and grandfather had once worked. They would not recognize it now, she thought with a smile.

And as for the rent, well, it would no longer be a problem once she had a better job, either in this company or another...

She ran her hands down unthinkingly over her breasts and touched the nipples lightly. They wrinkled and firmed up. She glanced sideways into the full-length mirror.

She was pleased with her breasts when she was alone with them.

On the beach they were an embarrassment. She always wore a one-piece swimsuit, not a bikini. Even so, she was painfully aware of the eyes on her, men's and women's, as she moved across the beach as unobtrusively as possible, trying to glide like a swan, trying not to set off the usual bouncing motion that made people stare at her even harder...

She had hardly ever met a man who could speak to her without looking down furtively, stupidly, at her shirt buttons.

She was shy, too, in her own rather touchy way. But she was ambitious too and that covered up her shyness. Tonight she had a date that might pay for the rent and set her career in the right direction. It was time to use her charms. It was her night. If she played her cards right, she said to herself, she would get the job. There is a tide in the affairs of men, and women, she thought, that if taken at the flood leads on to fortune...

She walked over to the exercise machine, as she did every morning before work. She stepped onto it, this time wearing nothing.

She rode a little, looking at her clean body in the mirror. Just a little hint of cellulite, but hardly visible. All women had something they didn't like about their bodies. In that respect, she was lucky. She was reasonably happy in her own clean skin. She would have reduced her breasts a little, perhaps. It would have made everyday life a bit easier. But maybe they would be the way to the right man's heart one day? After all, that seemed

to be the way men's minds worked.

Teresa took a little exercise every day before she went to the office. She preferred to do it at home, alone. Her friends went to the gym and, in her opinion, overdid it with long sessions of hard exercise and ostentatious drinking of fashionable mineral water. She enjoyed being alone.

Normally she exercised before the shower. She wore a swimsuit, telling herself it would tone up her muscles, but really she was glad to be able to keep her large, swinging, bobbing breasts in place.

At weekends she sometimes put on the silky underwear she always wore, even to the office. When she was younger she had worn cotton knickers because they were more practical, softer and more absorbent if she was caught without tampons. Later, she had learnt to enjoy the silkier feel of satin underwear. It was something she did for herself.

Her outer garments were severe, even manly, the classic City office worker's suits or jackets. She always wore tights, not stockings, because she thought it was tarty to show the soft flesh at the top of the thigh to all the men behind her on the escalator.

But underneath she wore satin.

Teresa stopped pedalling and put body lotion over her shapely legs. She loved the smell of it, body milk, with honey and almond oil. She rubbed it into her breasts too. Sometimes she smiled to herself to think how the men at work would like to help with these little perfumed toiletries.

She ran some cream over her bottom. She did it every day and she enjoyed the freshness of it, the smell, the softness, the shine she saw reflected in the mirror...

She pulled at the handlebars of the machine, not too much because the last thing she wanted was to overdevelop her breasts...

Then she got off and put on a freshly ironed pair of satin knickers. She put them on slowly, sensuously, running them up her lovely thighs and pulling them tight over her blonde pubic hair.

Next she put on a pair of tights.

With her tights on, she felt more secure.

Then she selected a bra, also satin, subtly reinforced but with delicate lacework around the top.

This was an important dinner. She could come out of it with a better job that would help her pay the rent of this rather expensive flat. Her career could take off...

She arched her back as she pulled the bra onto her breasts, lifting them, forcing them together...

She looked in the mirror. Was it over the top? Was she overdoing it? No, it was a special occasion. She would wear it.

Mr Mackintosh said goodbye to his young wife with a lively kiss full on the lips.

“Don’t wait up for me, dear. If things go well, I’ll be back early, but don’t count on it. There are a lot of details to be sorted out before we sign the contract. It could be a long one.”

“I won’t. I’ll go to bed and watch a film. I expect you’d like me to be awake when you get back, wouldn’t you?” she asked, rubbing the hard ball of her hand, just above the wrist, over his erection, pressing it low and hard. He grunted.

“I’ll be waiting in bed, naked, with my cunt all moist and ready...” she went on.

The arrival of the Rolls interrupted the conversation. He saw his wife into a taxi and got into the Rolls.

“The port, Baxter,” he said to the chauffeur, “but we’ll stop by the Club first. I want to change.”

At that moment Teresa was still standing in front of the mirror. She had rejected several offers from model agencies since she arrived in town. She was a high flier and she would fly the way she chose, with the help of her intellect. She would use her head more than her boobs. But there was a time for everything, and this was a time for an uncomfortable bra.

She imagined herself ringing her mother with the news “Mummy, I’ve been promoted!”

She walked sinuously over to her wardrobe, her now well-presented breasts rising and falling with each sensual step.

Her wardrobe was full of tastefully chosen clothes, most of them expensive executive suits. It was a question of investing in one's future.

Most of the shoes too were business shoes too, classic high heeled shoes that looked good under her business suits.

She decided to go for something special. Mr Mackintosh was repellent to her as a man, but she now knew he was unbelievably rich. The sky was the limit if he had his eye on her...

She ran her hand along the clothes thoughtfully and stopped at a dress that seemed right for the occasion, something that would make Mackintosh so excited he would blow a fuse mentally, something that would make the Jockey's Club members' members sit up...

She laughed at the thought and chose a long dress, a deep vibrant red. It fell down to her ankles.

It was elegant and provocative. It was daring. It had a deep cut up the back from the bottom almost up to her knickers.

The top of the dress was self-supporting, without straps, and there was a deep V-neck, a cut that went as close as it could to her nipples without actually showing them. If her nipples were erect, you could see them very clearly through the thin material of the dress. To some extent, it was the nipples themselves that held the top of the dress up...

Only a woman with a large, firm bust like Teresa could contemplate going out in public with a dress like that.

Her back was bare except for a small strap halfway across her back. It was tied in a bow. Such things, she knew, drive men mad. It was such a fine, delicate little bow, so easy to pull on an untie, that on the one occasion she had worn the dress in public she had silenced the men at the tables behind her as well as in front of her.

She blushed at the thought of it.

Why were all the men she knew so obvious, so transparent? she thought again. Why could they not get on with their jobs, or think their own thoughts, or talk to their unlovely wives? Had they really used up all the conversation? Had they really said it all? She did not understand them. Why did they bother to choose a partner for life if they got their wires

crossed every time they saw a big pair of boobs?

She looked in the mirror. She was still not sure...

Then she made up her mind. She would suffer in the Club. She would show parts of her body, especially her breasts, which she did not normally like to show, and with which she was not entirely happy. Her boobs were just too big for her to feel comfortable lifting them and showing them like this. But it was for a good cause. So she would wear the dress. After all, she would have her tights on. Her career was worth a blush or two...

Finally she decided to take her bra off. She hardly needed it, and probably her boss would prefer to see her without it. Her boobs would not be so high, it was true, but it would blow his mind to see she had no bra on...

She changed her knickers too from beige to red. Christian Chior, very exclusive... They were high, almost up to the waist, but they were cut down to a semi-tanga at the front and back. They would show well through the thin material of her dress.

She chose a pair of red shoes, high heels. She liked high heels for the way they emphasized her calves. She did not why, but she had noticed that men looked at her bottom more than usual when she wore high heels.

The next problem was, how could she cover all this up when she was in the taxi or entering and leaving the restaurant? She had still not been able to afford the kind of breathtaking coat she wanted.

She finally chose a shawl in a fairly neutral off-white. It was silk too, but it did not quite go with the dress. On the other hand, it was a distinctive touch, the kind of thing advertising executives wore to make themselves look a bit different. Women in the restaurant would probably criticize it as "wrong with the dress", but they were likely to be older women anyway and she could handle that. She doubted if the men would notice she was wearing it. If they did, they would not criticize it.

She took off her dress and stood naked except for her satin knickers, her protective tights and her high-heeled shoes.

She still had a couple of hours to go until the taxi came to pick her up. She was very nervous. After pacing around the room a few times, going over imaginary scenarios for the business dinner, she decided to switch

on the television. She zapped from channel to channel. Nothing. She tried the foreign channels.

She found a report by the well-known television presenter, Sophie Crawford. It was titled “Pony Ranches – the First and Last Episode”.

The film was poor quality, filmed with hidden cameras.

She watched a Rolls pull up outside a restaurant. Jesus Christ! It was Mr Mackintosh! That was not possible! A man certainly who looked like him got out in his best riding wear: leather gloves and boots with spurs, riding trousers and waistcoat, cap and riding crop. He thought he was showing potential clients around, but in fact they were television reporters, Marco Crossi and Gary Jenkins.

They walked into a small meat warehouse, now unused. It was one of the few buildings that had not been included in the Wharf development. It was dirty and still had a lingering smell of meat, which suggested that it was still being used by meat importers looking for discreet ways of importing Asian meat.

Mackintosh walked in and smiled.

Teresa Roberts could not take her eyes off the screen. The reporter’s voice was controlled and objective, but she was speaking of horrors.

Why had this film not been shown in this country? Why did she have to watch it on a foreign channel?

The pictures were blood chilling. Few details could be seen, but Teresa saw enough to understand that women were being sexually tortured...

She shuddered. Mr Mackintosh, if indeed it was he, was beginning to look like a dangerous man. And it was too much of a coincidence. Mackintosh was the owner of Pony Paradise, whatever that was. Ponies, anyway...

She was confused, but excited. Like many ambitious people, she too had her ruthless side. She knew more about her boss, if that man really was him, and she felt good about that. You never knew when that kind of information would come in handy.

Chapter Four

Dinner with the Boss

The doorman opened the taxi door. Teresa was very nervous as she walked into the restaurant.

There was no sign of Mackintosh.

“Are you expecting someone, Madam?”

“Yes, Mr Mackintosh. Could you tell him Ms Roberts is here please?”

The doorman consulted a list. He flicked his eyes up to look at her as he went through the list. Teresa ignored it, but felt uncomfortable and looked away.

“It’s not in here, Miss”, he said. “It’s round the back. Go out of the restaurant, round the corner to the left and you’ll see a door with a horseshoe on it. You’ll find Mr Mackintosh inside.”

“B ... but, isn’t this the Jockey’s Club?”

“Mr Mackintosh is having dinner in the Jockey’s Club itself, not in the Jockey’s Club restaurant. The club is private.”

Teresa hesitated. She had never heard of the Jockey’s Club. And what was this horseshoe on the door business? What was this all this riding business about?

On her way to the club she met two middle-aged couples wearing evening dress. They seemed surprised to see her. The men stared long

and hard. The women looked critically and turned their heads away.

“They let anyone in these days, I see” said one of the women, “whores too.”

The remark was gratuitous. She had done and said nothing to offend them.

Teresa kept her head high and walked on past them. She was well used to the criticisms of other women. She had learnt early in life that the prettier you are, the more they criticise you. Her schooldays had taught her that. Children were cruel. Her short professional life had taught her something else: there were no limits to the ordinary gratuitous malice of ordinary people.

Teresa ignored the doorknocker and walked in. She found herself in a dark room that smelt strongly of marihuana.

“Looking for someone?”

“Mr Mackintosh,” she replied, smiling to conceal her astonishment.

She looked around. There were a dozen or so tables and sofas spread around the rather dingy, smoke-filled room. There were half a dozen topless waitresses. And there were middle-aged men, chatting or playing cards. She was the only female guest.

The walls were covered in equestrian motifs: harnesses, bridles, martingales, bits, boots, spurs, and crops.

The men had all fallen silent when she walked in. They were all staring at her. She wanted the floor to open up and swallow her.

There was a single table laid for supper. Mackintosh sat at it, dressed in full riding gear. There were flecks of blood on his shirt.

“Aren’t you going to take your shawl off, my dear?” he asked amiably, gesturing her to sit down.

Teresa hesitated briefly and then removed her shawl. The hostile atmosphere had the effect of making her more decisive than she would have been. She stood up and took her shawl off in full view of all the men.

One of the waitresses brought supper, which Mackintosh had obviously ordered previously without consulting her.

“I took the liberty to order for you, dear. It’s mare’s nipple, a rare gastronomic delicacy,” he said, his eye fixed on her deep V front.

“That’s perfectly all right, Mr Mackintosh. I haven’t come here to eat.”

“Would you like to get straight down to business?” he asked.

She was not sure if he was laughing at her or not.

“Yes,” she replied in her best-clipped professional manner.

“Fine by me. And I take it you have no particular desire for me to beat around the bush?”

“No.”

“Excellent. Well, here it is then. In a nutshell, my dear, here it is. As am I sure you know, you are a very beautiful woman. I find you extraordinarily attractive. Quite stunning, if you don’t mind me saying so.”

Teresa looked down, a little confused by so much praise.

“Here’s the deal. You are interested in a more responsible job in the company. You would like to move up to middle management.”

“Yes,” she replied.

“And I am interested in opening your blouse and taking your breasts out. I am also interested in opening that long slit up your dress and taking your pants down. I’ll put it bluntly, Teresa. You get the job if you come to bed with me. You wouldn’t be the first woman to get promotion on the end of my dick.”

Teresa looked him straight in the eye, lifted her head provocatively and replied: “It’s a deal.”

Mackintosh seemed a little surprised.

“You agree to be my ... my kept women?”

“I didn’t say that,” she replied, taking the initiative in the conversation.

“I said I would go to bed with you. What I mean by that is, I will go to bed with you as your wife.”

The boldness of her statement surprised Teresa herself. His wife? Had she really said that? On the positive side, it would of course make her an immensely rich women. Where the money came from was not her concern. Once it was hers, she would invest it legally in whatever businesses she chose.

Mackintosh lifted his gaze from the tablecloth. "Are you crazy? You know I'm a happily married man."

Teresa lit a cigarette. "Get a divorce," she said, arching her back to lift her splendid bosom. She drew in the smoke slowly and sexily.

"I was right. You are crazy. Look, I'm the one who decides the conditions. You get the job if you agree to be my private whore. I can throw in the odd extra, the odd little present... We can negotiate that now, if you like."

Teresa smiled maliciously.

"The promotion will be mine," she said, lifting and offering her full breasts, "and you won't be taking out any my breasts if you don't get rid of Mrs Mackintosh and make me your wife."

She opened her bag and produced a diskette and a photo.

"Does the name Pony Paradise mean anything to you? It does to me. And if you want it stay that way, something between you and me, you'll get rid of Mrs Mackintosh!"

Mackintosh's mouth fell open, just for a second. Then he closed his jaw firmly. She saw the little muscles below his ear working as he clenched his teeth. She had hit hard. She would get the job, she felt sure. She might even get it without having to go bed with the fat slob!

She replaced the diskette in her bag, rose from the table and left.

In the street outside, she noticed she was trembling.

She had not intended to go so far. Something in the atmosphere, something hard, hostile and aggressive had made her do it.

Back in her flat, she lay down and reflected. It was a long shot. But if it came off it would make her one of the richest women in the country. She would use that power for her own sake, but there were also things she could for the good of the country. She would be in a unique position to carry on the campaign for the abolition of sexual slavery and corruption of other kinds...

She would find out the story from the inside and then blow it in the press.

If she had to buy a newspaper or television company first, she could do it.

Teresa arrived at the office after ten. The receptionist congratulated her on her promotion.

Teresa walked on past her, without replying, to Mackintosh's office.

"Tell Mr Mackintosh I'm here," she said.

"Ms Roberts is here, Mr Mackintosh."

Teresa walked straight into the office without waiting. "Well, Mr Mackintosh?" she asked.

He stood up slowly and stretched out his hand to her.

"Congratulations, Miss Roberts, on your promotion."

She smiled a winner's smile. "Thank you."

"The appointment was posted in the company bulletin this morning. As of this moment, you are Section Manager.

"Thank you, Mr Mackintosh."

"There is the question of your personal assistant. Any preferences?"

Teresa did not hesitate.

"Mrs Smith, Rita Smith. Can she come to my office now? She's very efficient and I can trust her."

Mackintosh hesitated. This girl was ahead of him again. Then he pressed the button and summoned Mrs Smith.

Teresa smiled.

Twenty minutes later, the new Section Manager called her secretary into the office.

"I have to tell you that the decision to bring you into my team was my own. I hope you will live up to the high standards everyone associates with you."

Mrs Smith said nothing. She had been with the company for twenty years. She could do the job at least as well as this big-titted newcomer! And here she was, demoted to the post of secretary to a Section Manager, not to the real boss, as she had been for seven years now. It was a big step down, even though her salary would not be affected.

"I am aware you also applied for the job," said Teresa. "I hope that does not mean that you are unwilling to be my secretary. I have to make

it clear that I expect maximum cooperation and, above all, maximum loyalty.”

“I am sure you will have no cause for complaint,” Mrs Smith replied.

“That is exactly what I supposed of you, Rita. And to begin with, could you draw up a full inventory of everything we have in stock, please? Do it personally.”

“Me?”

“Yes. I want a reliable report and I can trust you to do it well.”

“But it will take a week or more to make a list of everything in the warehouse.”

“The sooner you start the sooner you’ll finish.”

“Yes, Miss Roberts.” She left, her head down. A week counting office furniture, tables, chairs, intrays, desk lamps, pen holders...

“By the way, Rita. From now on, you will address me as Ms Roberts, not Miss. My status is of no concern to anybody else.”

Rita Smith turned round and darted a look of pure hatred. She would have liked to tear the arms and legs off her, and the great big boobs too...

“Before you go to the warehouse, tell Mr Smith to come to my office.”

Rita Smith stared at Teresa. What did this slut want with her husband?

“I would tell you to sit down, Smith, but this is going to be a short conversation.”

Smith looked up in some confusion.

“You will see, no doubt, what I’m getting at,” Teresa added. Smith looked at her, confused, frightened...

“You are fired, Smith. Fired. Please pick up your personal effects as soon as possible and leave the office.”

“Why? ... Why? ... But wh...” was all he could say.

“I am not obliged to give any explanation, but as your wife is now my secretary, I will tell you. You are dismissed for inappropriate sexual conduct. Harassment.”

“Harassment? Who am I supposed to have harassed?”

“Everybody, I would imagine. But there was complaint last year from a secretary. She said you ran your hand up her thigh under her skirt.”

Smith’s head dropped. He looked around, dazed, looking for comfort

in the carpet, the chairs, his eyes wildly avoiding hers. It was true, she saw. She had scored a direct hit again.

“You were lucky. The secretary was moved to another company. Last week there was another complaint. Angela Dickson in the Accounts Department said you unbuttoned her shirt and asked her to show you her breasts.”

Smith’s head dropped again.

“And if that is not enough, you harassed me, Smith. I have decided to fire you. And now please be so good as to leave this office. Pick up your personal belongings and leave. Now!”

Twenty minutes later, Teresa Roberts walked unannounced into Mr Mackintosh’s office.

“Well?” she asked, sitting on his table and crossing her legs.

“Well what, Teresa?”

“Are you leaving her or not? Your wife.”

“Do you really want to marry me, Teresa? Think about it. I snore at night. My breath smells. My armpits smell, so they tell me.”

She looked at him suspiciously, unable to catch the tone. Was he really joking?

“Yes. I don’t care if you smell or not. I’m not going to share a bedroom with you, and probably not a house either “

“Then, why do you want to marry me, dear?”

“Money, my dear, money. I am going to marry you for your money. There are precedents, your wife among them!”

Mackintosh flushed deeply. He was older than his wife and she was beautiful. He loved her. What Teresa said could be true. Old men who had no money didn’t marry beautiful young women very often. He knew that. But he did not like to be reminded of it...

“And what is there for me in this deal? I mean, I might agree to it on certain conditions,” he said, stroking Teresa’s smooth, well-moisturised thigh.

Teresa pushed his hand away.

“You’ll marry me because you’ve got no choice. Or do you want your

filthy business interests to be public knowledge? People are already edgy about the horse business after the Crawford disappearance.”

“I shall have to think about it,” he said, looking at her in astonishment.

“I want an answer tonight,” she said.

“OK, you’ll have an answer tonight. By the way, I’ve invited all the other Managing Directors to my house. A little party in your honour, you know, for your promotion.”

Teresa smiled. She would be able to meet a lot of important people...

“What time?”

“Eight. Will you bring a friend?”

“No.”

“It is customary for each manager to bring his secretary to these meetings. People-management, motivation, that sort of thing.”

“All right,” she said. “I’ll tell Mrs Smith to come.”

At four o’clock she felt confident she was about to score another direct hit. She met Mrs Mackintosh, her boss’s young wife, in a pub.

“What did you want to see me about, my dear?” the woman asked.

“I’ll get straight to the point. Your husband and I have been lovers for the last twelve months.”

Mrs Mackintosh raised her eyebrows.

“And?” she asked.

“The thing is, we’re going to get married. I thought maybe you’d like to know about it.”

“What on earth makes you think my husband would marry you?”

Teresa bit her lip nervously. She had not expected such calculated coldness. The bitch must be even more calculating than she was herself!

“Maybe you should ask your husband about it, not me,” Teresa said finally, unsure of her ground again.

“Let me tell you something, darling. I haven’t been Mrs Mackintosh for long, but we were going out for some time before we got married. And I was not the only horse in the race, as you can imagine. There was another little slut from the office who tried to come between me and my

husband. She ended up in a brothel for clients with rather special tastes...”

Teresa looked at her. She did not seem to be joking...

Chapter Five

Trapped

Rita Smith went to pick Teresa up at seven. Rita was also now her chauffeur.

“Are you enjoying yourself in the warehouse, Rita?” Teresa asked as she got into the car.

The other woman glared back at her but did not reply.

They were silent for some time and then the secretary spoke:

“Can I tell you something, Ms Roberts?”

“Go ahead.”

“I’ve asked Mr Mackintosh for a move, a posting somewhere else. He’s considering it.”

“Is it too much for you, dear, counting in the warehouse?”

“He has more or less agreed,” Rita, ignoring the aggression, “but I want your approval.”

“No, Rita, you won’t have my approval. You are going to work for me and you are going to count boxes. If you don’t like it, just tell me and I’ll sack you, the same as I sacked that pig of a husband of yours.”

Teresa looked carefully at Rita to see her reaction. She thought she saw the suggestion of a smile waiting to come through, just for a second. Am I missing something here? she asked herself.

Rita Smith stopped at a petrol station.

“Why are you stopping?”

“I have to go to the toilet.”

“Can’t you see it’s closed, woman?”

The secretary got out of the car anyway.

Teresa did the same. She was a little nervous. Something told her things were slipping out of control. Maybe she hadn’t found the right style, the right tone of voice...

She lit a cigarette and paced around.

It was a moonless night. A fine drizzle began to fall. There was no sound anywhere, and where was that stupid woman?

A single lorry came slowly up the road. Teresa watched its progress anxiously.

“No! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

The cry escaped from Teresa’s lips.

It was one of those sinister vehicles that trappers use to kidnap sexual slaves! She had seen one in Sophie Crawford’s documentary.

For a moment she froze, unable to move, like a fox dazzled by car’s headlights.

She ran quickly to the car and got in. She beeped the horn repeatedly. Where was that bloody Rita?

The armoured transport vehicle moved slowly towards her.

Where were the car keys?

The sinister vehicle was pulling up alongside...

She panicked, jumped out of the opposite door and ran towards the toilets, screaming.

“Rita! RITA!!! HELP!!! HELP!!!”

She found the toilet door and pulled on it.

“RIIIIIIIIIITAAA!!! Are you in there? Let me in!”

“Now why should I let you in, my dear?”

“There’s one of those ... trappers’ vehicles ... kidnappers! It’s stopped, let me in!” She had difficulty breathing. Her heart was pounding in her ears...

“The thing is, my dear, I’m just building up a good head of steam. I’ve got a bit of a crap coming. It wouldn’t do to waste it, would it?”

“OPEN THE BLOODY DOOOOR!!!”

“Have you thought of running away?” Rita asked.



Teresa turned round, panic-stricken. Two big men carrying lassoes had jumped out of the van and were walking slowly towards her.

A third man jumped down, with three dogs on leashes.

They were coming for her!

She jumped over the fence around the petrol station and ran into the dark.

She stumbled and fell. She was in a ploughed field and it was difficult to run on the lines of upturned soil.

The dogs were barking and getting nearer...

Suddenly, two powerful floodlights lit up the whole field.

It was a trap! She had nowhere to go.

She stumbled and fell. She got to her feet and ran but the dogs were nearly on her...

The dogs did not bite. They ran around her in circles, snarling.

She stopped, paralysed with fright.

Then one of the dogs jumped onto her and knocked her down. They started to pull her clothes off...

“Down! Down!”

The dogs withdrew at the authoritative command.

A man carrying a riding crop caught hold of her hair. He pulled her forwards onto her knees and then pushed her down into the wet soil.

A boot in the small of her back prevented her from moving.

“Let me go! Let me go!” she screamed.

“The mud’s good for your tits, love. People pay good money for a mud bath!”

The other men laughed...

They put a noose around her neck. They were going to strangle her!

The men forced her arms behind her back and tied her wrists together. Then they tied her ankles together, tightly, with one foot crossed over in front of the other. They pulled her two feet right back up towards her bottom and then tied them to the back of her thighs. Finally, they put another rope around her feet and tied them to her wrists.

She could not move at all.

It was all very quick and very brutal. These men had done this before. Teresa lay tense as a bowstring, her body arched back...

Someone slipped a pole between the ropes. They were going to carry her on a pole, the way hunters carried dead animals!

Teresa started screaming.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Something made of rubber, a horrid, sticky, bitter-tasting thing was forced through her open mouth and down into her throat.

“UUUUUGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

She was choking. The rope around her neck was being pulled tight and that thing that filled her mouth and touched her Adam’s apple was making her stomach heave. She stopped struggling. She did not want to be choked to death.

Two the trappers lifted her onto the pole. She swung by her wrists and ankles, looking up at the pole. She felt like a sloth hanging upside down from a branch. It was very painful on her shoulders and elbows and she shouted in pain.

When they walked past the car Teresa looked up and saw a smiling Rita waving goodbye.

The trappers stopped for a moment and greeted Rita.

Rita lowered the window. “Have a good trip, dear. I’ll come and see you with my husband when you’re fully trained! We’ll all come and visit you!”

Trained? Teresa did not understand. She was too busy trying to breathe...

Rita looked at Teresa and her muddy clothes.

“Oh, what a pity!” she said, ironically. “That was such a nice dress! Well, it doesn’t matter really. You won’t need it where you’re going.”

Teresa squirmed on the pole. She knew that the dress was ripped and hanging loose. She could see the men looking at her. She did not want them to see her legs.

One of the trappers smiled at Rita.

“Prime quality horsemeat here,” he said, pulling Teresa’s dress up and letting it hang down the opposite side so that Rita could see...

Teresa gasped. The stupid woman was looking at her tights!

The trapper’s hand reached down and pulled at the top of her tights. Teresa’s satin knickers came down a little, but to her relief they stayed up. The man pulled her tights right off her bottom.

“Such lovely knickers you’re wearing too, my dear,” said Rita. “They must have been very expensive! You were probably expecting Mr Mackintosh to pull them down for you after your meal. As he’s not here to do it for you, perhaps you would like me to take your lovely satin knickers off for you?” she said, reaching out and pulling them all the way down to Teresa’s knees.

“Let’s see what the boss is missing!” said Rita, looking inquisitively at Teresa’s most intimate parts. “Perhaps you would like to look too,” she said to the trappers. “It’s good practice for her. She’ll have to get used to showing her cunt to everybody! Mind you, she probably is anyway!”

Teresa could not speak. She would have been speechless even without the gag. She always covered her body so carefully! What was the silly bitch talking about? She just could not believe her ears. But it was real! There was that stupid Rita looking at her most intimate parts!

She wriggled around on the pole, trying to lift one thigh to cover her vagina.

A man’s hand reached down and pushed the thigh away. He held the lips of her vagina wide open with his thumb and fingers.

“Have a good look” he said, smiling sadistically.

“Most kind of you, thank you very much indeed!” replied Rita, laughing. She took a long and hard look because she knew Teresa hated it. Finally, she looked Teresa in the eye and said “It’s nothing to be ashamed of, showing your fanny. Prime cut British fanny is the best in the world. It’s all good, clean fun where you’re going. Well, good fun anyway. Not very clean, to tell you the truth, but you’ll get used to it. It’s just horseplay, anyway,” she said, with a laugh. “Bye dear, see you when you’re trained!”

The trappers carried Teresa off and threw her down onto the floor of the truck. One of them jumped up with her, pulled her by the hair and forced her onto her knees. The other snapped an iron collar around her neck.

Teresa waited, looking at her torn clothes, her wrists tied to her ankles and her neck chained to the lorry.

She was not alone. Next to her knelt a beautiful, slim black girl, whimpering in terror. Teresa saw that the gag in her mouth was a horrendous object, the shape of a thick penis...

The other girl was also blindfold, but this did not prevent tears from running down her cheeks. Her skin was covered in scratches and teeth marks.

The three dogs, barking furiously, jumped up into the vehicle and it pulled away.

One of the trappers hung a wooden sign around Teresa's neck. He held it up for her to see. It said simply "SOLD".

Then he put a blindfold on her.

The journey took three days. It was hell. They stopped at bars and rest areas on motorways or picnic areas. They drove around in aimless circles, it seemed to her, probably just to confuse them or anyone following them. The trappers ate or got drunk, usually both, while the girls remained on their knees, gagged and blindfold, with their necks sadistically chained to the vehicle.

Other stops were to sleep. The men pitched a tent, lit a fire, tied up the dogs and pulled the black girl out.

Teresa could not see what they were doing to the girl, but she could imagine it. She heard her begging, pleading, in a series of animal grunts and groans coming around the obscene gag, and she heard the mocking laughter of the men.

The trappers treated the girl with contempt, with great brutality.

They made her crawl around on the ground, still tied up, while they insulted her, groped her most intimate parts, slapped her and punched her. They especially enjoyed working on her breasts, pinching, squeezing and slapping...

They were strong men and they slapped hard.

Then they raped her again.

They took Teresa's blindfold off so she could watch the spectacle. It made her sick. She had never seen violence before. She too had a gag in now. She groaned through it.

The torture and rape sessions lasted hours at times. There were four men and the one girl was never enough to satisfy them.

Teresa wondered why they did not rape her too. Was it because she had been sold already? She did not know what being sold meant, but at least for the moment it seemed to be protecting her from the worst of the violence.

In the morning they brought the girl back to the vehicle. She was in a terrible state. Her face and body were badly bruised. There was semen all over her shining dark hair. She was bleeding from the beatings she had received on her breasts and bottom.

The smell of semen made Teresa feel sick. It made her stomach heave.

From time to time one of the men took the gag out of her mouth and stuffed pieces of hamburger into her mouth. Then he pushed the remains of the meat straight down into her stomach with the same gag, not giving her time to finish it.

She could not have finished anyway. She had no strength left in her jaw. She could not even close it.

The worst thing of all was when she wanted to urinate.

She tried to hold it as long as she could, but in the end she had to let it go. The first time, she waited until the black girl let hers go. Immediately afterwards, she did the same.

The dogs barked wildly.

One of the men came over to Teresa when she had finished. She was still kneeling, looking down at her wet thighs, the urine still running down them...

He grabbed her by the hair and kissed her on the mouth before she had time to move. It was brutal, possessive, interminable...

"It turns me on!" he said. "But what really gets me horny is to see a girl have a fucking good crap!" The other men laughed.

Teresa looked at him in disbelief.

"We'll do a deal," the man said. "Either you drop your load now, or

I'll make you eat it when you do."

Teresa shook her head wildly. The man was mad! How could he get sexually excited seeing her evacuate her bowels? She had heard of men like that, but she had never really believed it! The man was a pervert!

She burst into tears.

Once again she felt his lips, tongue and beard running over her face. He was strangling her...

Suddenly she gasped, horrified, as she felt his hand running up over her tights, then slide down into them and down again into her silk knickers.

His hand cupped over her mons veneris and rolled it around a few times.

He ran his fingers through her pubic hair, almost gently.

She gasped, harder this time, and shouted in pain.

His finger had gone up into her anus!

She twisted around in pain. The chain hurt her neck. Her wrists and ankles were agony.

A second later, the second finger went in...

"Is that loosening things up a bit, love?"

The man's voice was dark with lust.

Teresa shouted a NO! through the gag. He was hurting her. He was violating her intimacy. What were the fingers doing stuck down her tights, under her satin knickers? Was it all a nightmare?

The man started kissing her again. It seemed horribly real.

She bit him on the lip with all her strength.

The man jumped back, put his finger to his lip and then punched her in the stomach.

She leaned forwards and was sick.

"That's enough," said one of the trappers, warning him. "Not our property, remember?"

The man sat down again, muttering angrily.

Teresa knelt in her own urine and vomit, too humiliated, too confused, to think anything at all. A wave of despair came over her and she began sobbing, quietly at first, then louder and louder...

Chapter Six The Warehouse

By the end of the third day when they arrived at the warehouse, Teresa was in a state of pure panic.

She had been tied up and blindfolded, and everything hurt, especially her jaws and her back muscles which were badly cramped.

She had wet herself several times, she had heard the black girl being raped literally dozens of times, she had been punched and her anus had been penetrated by a man's fingers.

Where were they taking her?

The lorry stopped and she heard the dogs jump out.

It was not an ordinary stop to eat or to rape the other girl. This time she heard other voices.

The girls were left alone for some hours.

It was hot and the vehicle smelt foul.

Teresa listened, straining her ears for any slight sound, but she heard only the low groans of the black girl.

Finally she heard steps. The door opened and someone untied her legs, but not her arms.

“Get up! Time to get those big tits moving!”

She could not move her legs.

They lifted her by the hair and pulled her out.

She fell to the ground, on her side, face down.

They took the blindfold off her.

For some time she saw nothing and then gradually her eyes got used to the light. She was in a warehouse with red brick walls. There was a big gate with iron bars. It led onto a piece of wasteland covered in old scrap metal – rusting cars and lead pipes.

Someone unchained her and took her by the neck, pulling and tugging. Teresa felt she was being strangled. She was still wearing the iron collar but they had put a noose around her neck as well.

She stumbled along as best she could. She could hardly feel her legs.

They pulled her through the gate and into the scrap yard. The ground was covered in excrement.

They attached her collar to the wall, next to three other women who were also bound and gagged. One was the black girl. The others were white blondes, one about her age, early twenties, and the other a very attractive, smart woman in her early thirties.

She saw a chair and an old iron table with a pile of papers on it.

Again Teresa waited.

For what?

Hours passed and no one came. When night fell a dim bulb threw gloomy shadows round the warehouse.

Teresa tried to make eye contact with the other women. Sometimes she managed it and sometimes they were too confused and depressed.

She saw that she would need to help herself, to draw on her own inner resources, if she was to survive mentally. There was not much help coming, but making eye contact could be a start.

If she could help them a little bit, she would be helping herself.

She took a resolve. They had chained her body, but they would not chain her mind.

She was better educated than these thugs, whoever they were, and more intelligent. She had inner resources. Whatever fate was waiting for her, she would resist it.

Dawn came.

Teresa's legs hurt unbearably. She was very tired and at different moments had dropped off to sleep. A sharp pull of her iron collar, which was attached to the wall, always woke her up when her head dropped.

The coloured girl next to her had let her bowels go, straight onto the ground.

She was still completely naked while the others wore some clothes.

Teresa felt especially sorry for her. It must be so humiliating, being completely naked. The others all wore clothes that were ripped and torn, but at least they covered their most intimate parts.

Teresa noticed that the others tended to look away from the girl.

What could you say to her?

A few hours later, two men came in. They hosed the girls down without speaking to them, removing the mud from their legs. They hosed down their clothes too, for good measure: "Here you are ladies, the cling look! It'll put your price up!"

It was clear from the way they looked at the girls that they were men who enjoyed their work.

They spent a long time with the black girl hosing down everything, front and back.

There were two clients.

One was a smart middle-aged man, and the second was a huge negro, about forty years old, who was smoking marihuana. Teresa heard his name, Kemal.

The white man took a quick look at the women and asked the saleswoman about Teresa.

"Sorry, the one on the right's not for sale," she said. She was an attractive woman, dressed in a dark grey executive jacket.

The client looked at all the girls again and asked about Teresa again.. Was she really sold? Would the buyer be interested in selling her again, for a profit?

"Sorry," the saleswoman replied. "This is a special commission. And it's not really a money question, I think, but you can ask this gentleman."

"She goes to a ranch with me," said the black man, unsmilingly. "I'm

a buyer for ranches. But that one is just a delivery job. Smart piece, eh? Carries her own air-bags.”

The white man laughed and nodded, but he seemed very disappointed.

At that moment another client came in, a woman.

Teresa’s blood turned to ice.

It was Mrs Mackintosh!

Mrs Mackintosh looked at the other women, pinching their thighs and upper arms as if to test the quality of the flesh. When she came to Teresa she paused, looked her in the eye, and smiled...

“Enjoy your stay, my dear. You will learn a lot here.”

She moved on without touching her. She seemed to be making a point of ignoring her.

“I’m only interested in that one,” she said finally, pointing an elegant finger at one of the other women. How old is she?”

“Thirty-four,” replied the saleswoman.

“Married?”

“Yes. Been married since she was twenty.”

“Children?”

“A daughter of fifteen and a son of fourteen.”

“Have we got the daughter too?” Mrs Mackintosh asked. She put her hand into the woman’s shirt and pulled out her breasts. Then she squeezed both nipples extremely hard. Tears ran down the woman’s cheeks from the pain.

“I want the daughter too. How long will it take to get her?”

“A week, maybe two.”

“Did you ever make love with a woman? I mean, before you became a slave?” she asked the terrified prisoner. The woman shook her head.

“Excellent ... and what about your daughter? Is she a lesbian? A lipstick lesbian, perhaps, or a sporty little dyke with a football shirt who plays with the boys?”

The woman shook her head. Teresa saw that she did it mechanically, panic-stricken, as if all this was not happening, as if she was not really there at all...

“Don’t worry. I’ll teach both of you. I have a lot of experience teaching women! Many of them have thanked me for it. A lot of women don’t

know what they have between their legs until another woman shows them. It's a question of touch, of delicacy..."

"Will you take her now or do you want her delivered, Mrs Mackintosh?"

"I'll take her with me," said Mrs Mackintosh. "She's making me a bit damp..."

The saleswoman smiled. "I take it we don't bill you."

"No, no, it's just for a month or two. Put it down as preliminary training. I'll bring her back. Call me when you've got the daughter."

Two men pulled the woman out of the warehouse...

Just another delivery job. They couldn't even have fun with this one. It was for Mrs Mackintosh.

Mrs Mackintosh left the warehouse. She ignored Teresa completely. Teresa's mind had gone blank. She was numb physically and mentally.

She saw the black man go over to the black girl and examine her...

She turned her head and saw the white man getting interested in the blonde, although he still cast a few glances in her direction from time to time. He was pulling the blonde's dress off her breasts and putting it back on them again, over and over again, either for the pleasure of seeing them appear or perhaps examining the bounce as the dress came down, pulling the girl's breasts down with it, and then releasing them suddenly...

When he finished he paused, and then stuck first one finger, then another, deep into her vagina. He wiggled his fingers.

The girl screamed.

Both men seemed happy with what their purchase. The white man took the blonde girl. The black man took the black girl and Teresa.

Chapter Seven

Journey to the Stable

The journey to the stable was worse than the first journey. Teresa and the black girl were chained to each other by the neck in a cage that was so small they hardly fitted in it.

And the worst of it was, they made the journey in the back of an open pick-up truck and everybody could see them. It seemed that in this part of the country there was less need for secrecy.

Cars sounded their horns when they overtook. Men shouted obscenities.

Teresa found herself looking around for the police. She only saw one police car and the police waved at the driver and looked curiously at the women.

Things were worse than Teresa thought.

She was terrified. She still had a sign round her neck saying SOLD. The police must have seen it. How could you sell a human being in the twenty-first century? Who would do it? Who would buy her? What for?

She had no real answers to these questions.

The pick-up van stopped in a village square, outside a bar with a terrace. The huge black left the truck in the sun. It was obviously his lunchtime. In a minute they had a group of people standing around them.

Teresa pressed herself against the black girl to cover her breasts better.

The girl smiled weakly at her. It was a small, pathetic smile that hardly formed around the obscene gag torturing their mouths and throats.

“I told you it was the PP pick-up,” said one of the group of onlookers. Teresa’s blood froze again. PP? Pony Paradise?

“They don’t look very strong,” said another.

“The blonde’s got strong thighs and blacks are all strong, you can do what you like with them.”

She pressed herself tighter against the other girl.

A young couple came over. The girl must have been about Teresa’s age, early twenties.

“You won’t recognize them in a few weeks,” said the boy.

The girl looked at them out of the corner of her eye, with repugnance, as if they were lepers.

“I’ve never seen a pony close-up before,” she said quietly. “They stink!”

Teresa would have scratched her eyes out. Of course they stank! How could they wash with their hands tied behind them?

Teresa’s head was spinning, trying to make sense of it all. One problem was, she was still not sure what the reference to ponies really meant. Was she going to be a pony girl, like the ones she had seen in the documentary? Did that mean a girl who was obliged to pull a cart and run around naked pretending to be a pony? What the hell was the point of that? What did ponies have to do with it?

The boy put his hand between the bars and touched her ankles. Just a light touch, as if he was touching a lion in a cage. When he saw that she did not react he put his hand in again and pinched her on the thigh.

She shouted out, but only a murmur came round the gag.

“If you like,” the boy said to his girlfriend, who was looking unconvinced, “I’ll take you to the ranch tomorrow. You can ride a pony for just a few quid. Maybe we’ll see how they train these two.”

She tutted, shaking her head.

“Go on, it’s good fun!”

The girl looked at him but said nothing.

Teresa was trembling and felt cold despite the sun.

The crowd stayed there for a long time, laughing, joking and making obscene comments. The men sometimes fell silent and just stared. Even when they were joking, their eyes were hard with lust.

At least, Teresa thought, I'm not naked like the black girl...

Two hours went by...

People passed by in the street, ordinary-looking people she did not know, people she had not offended in any way.

Her plight seemed to strike them as amusing or curious, in some cruel way she did not understand.

She had never imagined that people could be so cruel. They threw stones, spat at the women and prodded them with sticks through the bars.

One asked Teresa why she wasn't wearing horseshoes. She thought it was a silly joke, but it confused her even more...

Everyone seemed to know more than she did!

When the crowd was getting dangerously excited and a couple of drunks had started groping the girls, trying to grab their breasts, the black came out of the restaurant with a middle-aged man.

He was short, fat and uncommonly ugly. His head was either bald or shaved and he wore thick round glasses. He carried a case with a red cross on it. Nothing about him inspired confidence.

"Just two this time," said the man, pointing to the van. "There were two others. One was no good, too floppy, and the boss's wife kept the other one."

The short, fat man went over to the cage. His glasses were dirty. Everything about him looked dirty.

He looked them up and down, from all angles, as if he was buying a beast at market.

"They're all right. A bit on the thin side round the rump. But some people like them like that. They'll put on muscle, not flab."

Chapter Eight

The Stables

Teresa would never forget the moment she saw a sign on the door.

WELCOME TO PONY PARADISE

The black, Kemal attached Teresa to the black girl by the collar, with a chain about a metre long.

He pulled them along. Teresa's legs were still numb and she was still wearing the high-heeled shoes she'd chosen for the restaurant.

It started to rain, very hard.

She had no time to think, to work out what was going on around her. She was confused and frightened and she concentrated on walking. Her heels sank in the mud.

She walked like a zombie, her eyes fixed on the naked buttocks of the girl ahead.

She soon lost her shoes in the mud and had to walk without them. The ground was cold and so was she. She began shaking.

They went into the stable.

The first thing that hit her was the stink. She should have been used to it, but she wasn't. It was unbearable. She started reaching and heaving

and then suddenly she was sick. She turned her head not to be sick over the black girl.

The stable was enormous. It was divided into a series of cubicles, separated by wooden boards about a metre high.

Kemal stopped and she bumped into the naked girl in front of her.

“Put the blonde in here,” said a middle-aged woman who looked like a farmer. She was short and plump, with red hair and a lot of freckles. She was wearing an old, leather suit. It was filthy.

She separated Teresa from the black girl and pulled her by the chain into one of the cubicles.

She took out her gag. It was some time before Teresa was able to close her jaw, and she had lost her voice completely.

The woman took off her collar and put a different one, a high leather collar cut away in front so that her chin fitted in. Teresa cried out in panic, choking, when the woman pulled the three straps tight. She felt totally helpless. It came as a wave of panic and it switched her mind off. She realised she could not lower her chin!

Next, the woman attached two chains to the collar, one each side. They went to two posts in two of the corners of the cubicle.

Teresa was now standing in the middle, unable to move her head and with very little movement of anything else. The chains were a little bit slack, but not slack enough to let her sit down or even rest a knee on the ground.

Next the woman stood behind her and cut the ropes that were torturing her wrists and elbows. Teresa’s arms fell uselessly to her side. She couldn’t feel them. She had lost the feeling in her hands too.

“You’ve lost the feeling in your arms, haven’t you? You’ll have to get used to that! You don’t need arms here!” She laughed.

What did the woman mean?

Time passed and Teresa calmed down a bit...

She looked around and could see almost all the building. It was a stable, each side maybe twenty metres long. There was a gap between

the walls and the ceiling, which rested on wooden pillars. It seemed designed to let the air in.

The stables were divided into two. One area was for the ponies and the other was for the workers.

There were about fifty small cubicles for the ponies, each about four square metres.

There was a deep feeding-trough, almost a yard high, and a smaller drinking trough. There was straw everywhere and excrement.

Teresa looked at her companion. She was chained up just as she was herself, two cubicles away. They were apparently the only occupants of the stables at that moment.

Then Teresa saw something moving to her right, partially out of sight in the cubicle next to hers.

She found she was able to turn her whole body round, enough to see another naked woman tied up the same as them, but with enough chain to let her lie down on the straw.

Teresa looked at the woman. She knew that face!

NOOOOOOOOOO! It couldn't be! Oh, God! It was!

Sophie Crawford! It was Sophie Crawford, the missing reporter!

She tried to speak to her but the girl was asleep, or in some kind of comatose depression.

The hours passed and nobody came except the odd stable hand. A lot of them were girls. None of them came to her area.

Teresa was near to fainting. It was three days since her kidnapping and she had hardly eaten. She was thirsty again and wanted to go to the toilet badly.

She had been standing up for six hours, first on one foot, then on the other, trying to get her legs working again.

It was getting dark...

Suddenly there was a noise and the dim light bulbs came on.

Teresa watched open-eyed.

Dozens of women were coming in, in groups of three or four. The women were on a lead pulled by a stable hand!

They were covered in sweat. They were strong and muscular. They were wild and restless. Steam came out of their mouths...

Were they ponies with big breast implants or were they really girls?

Teresa wet herself. She could not hold it any more.

When the first animal went past, Teresa's heart shrank.

It was a girl, a real girl! She was tall, and perhaps a year or two older than Teresa, twenty-three or four.

Her skin was shining like a horse's after exercise. She pulled at a bit between her teeth.

She was wearing a harness, which made her look like some strange animal, not exactly a horse, not exactly a woman...

The harness went tight around her head and distorted her features.

A belt, thick and tight, ran round her slim waist. Her arms seemed to be tucked into it. Another strap tied her elbows together behind her back...

On her feet she wore two strong pairs of sandals with iron heels more than six inches high!

Teresa watched in horror as the girl trotted past.

The sandals were tied to her ankles and locked on with tiny pairs of padlocks.

Teresa shuddered.

She could not breathe properly.

A stable girl pushed the "pony" into the cubicle next to Teresa.

Teresa tried to establish eye-contact, but the girl avoided her eyes. She made strange snorting noises and seemed to Teresa to prance a little as she moved round and round the small cubicle.

There was something strange about the girl, something that sent a chill down Teresa's spine. There was something unreal too in the silence in the stables, broken by obscene comments from the stable staff and strange

guttural noises from the girls.

Teresa's head swam.

It was a bad dream, a nightmare.

She felt physically sick. Her head was swimming. It was all so dirty, so smelly, so frightening.

She had no time to think about it any more.

A stable boy came up to her cubicle. Without a word, he took her by the chain and led her away, out of the stable to an adjacent building.

Chapter Nine

The Vet

Teresa was led into the building. She looked up and saw a sign

EXAMINATION ROOM

Several men were standing around a table. They seemed relaxed. They looked up expectantly at her.

Teresa waited for the chance to smile at someone. Most of the men were looking her up and down, apparently appreciatively.

One of the men looked her in the eye. She smiled. He did not return the smile, just averted his gaze down to her breasts.

Two assistants stripped her.

They threw the remains of her muddy dress into a sack.

They took off her tights and her satin knickers.

For the first time in her life Teresa stood naked in front a man, and not just one man, several! Her head dropped and a light flush came to her cheeks.

Then they removed her collar and left her completely naked.

Her head swam in confusion. She bit her lower lip nervously and

wriggled around uncomfortably.

She covered her superb breasts with one hand, as best she could, and held her thighs together at the top, aware that she could not completely cover her pubic hair with her other hand.

The men just kept on looking at her as if she was some kind of animal.

“Who are you?” she asked, managing a croaky voice. “What do you want? What are you going to do to me?”

No one replied. They just ignored her, as if she was not there, except one of the stable boys who said “She sounds a bit hoarse.” No one laughed. “You’ve heard that one before, haven’t you?” the lad said.

Teresa began sobbing. It was a low sob at first but it soon got louder. She felt cold. She realised she was shivering.

One of the stable boys passed through the Examination Room and spoke to one of the men. “Won’t need any special feed, this one!”

The man smiled and looked at her breasts.

Teresa was horror-struck. She knew she had big breasts and that men liked them. She knew too that when she sat down to talk to a man, his eyes kept flickering down towards them. She had come to accept that as a fact of her life, but she did not like it. It was certainly no easier now there were several men and she was stark naked.

She had always felt that it was difficult to have a conversation with a man, because however serious the subject was, she could tell that the man had something else going through his mind.

Men had a hidden agenda, she said. That was why, when she went out, she usually preferred to go out with girl-friends.

It was not that she was lesbian. She wasn’t. It was that men had always disappointed her. First they would have sex with her, she supposed, and then they would think about whether they loved her.

She was keeping herself for something better, someone more sensitive, someone more worthy of her.

Teresa had never underestimated herself.

The sky was the limit.

And she had always kept her most intimate parts protected by satin knickers and a pair of tights...

Her nakedness shot through her mind like a knife, with a wave of panic.

Why were they looking at her like that?

Why wouldn't they talk to her?

Unthinkingly, she spread her fingers a little to try to cover her thick pubic hair.

Then she changed her mind when she saw they were mostly staring at her breasts and she crossed both arms over them.

She realised she was trembling. She did not know if it was the cold or the fright.

"Put your hands behind your head!" said the man who seemed to be in charge.

She held tight onto her large breasts, as if looking for comfort, for reassurance in them. She could not, she would not, uncover her breasts! Why should she?

Two of the stable boys stepped forwards and pulled her arms off her breasts.

She struggled and writhed around.

They pulled her arms straight behind her back, pushing her breasts forwards, and a third boy came up holding a riding crop.

Teresa looked in disbelief as he pulled his arm back, his eyes fixed on her nipples...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

The crop came down hard onto both breasts, biting into them and leaving a red mark, a line, a welt with angry raised edges, right across both breasts.

Teresa stopped sobbing and screamed and screamed.

She had never felt pain like that in her life.

She was furious.

Who did they think they were? What century did they think they were living in?

“You bastards!” she shouted. “You filthy, sadistic bastards! Who the hell do you think you are?”

The boy lowered the riding crop and stepped right up to her. He looked at her breasts, now held high and pushed forwards by the position of her arms behind her back, and he slapped them with his hand.

He slapped them hard, methodically, rhythmically, with the front and back of his hand, like a tennis player practising his strokes.

Her breasts responded by picking up red finger-marks and jolting left and right after each slap.

Teresa shouted and shouted. The boy grabbed a breast in each hand and squeezed and squeezed.

“NO! STOP! STOP! PLEASE!”

The boy stepped back and took aim again with his riding crop. Teresa watched in horror. She seemed to be seeing it all in slow motion as the crop came down again and caught her stingingly on both breasts.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

She threw her head back as the pain sank in.

“Legs apart. Wide!” the boy ordered.

Teresa did not move. Two stable lads grabbed her ankles and held them apart. She looked in horror at the group of men. Why weren't they helping her? Why did they just stand there smiling and watching?

The boy took up position with the riding crop. He reached down and opened the lips of her vagina and pulled back his arm...

For the first time in Teresa's life, men were looking at, and into, her vagina.

She thought it was a bluff. She did not see how anyone could do a thing like that, hit a defenceless woman on her open vagina!

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

The crop went down hard across her open lips, stinging her...

“NOOOOOOOO! STOP!! I’ll do it! Don’t hit me, please! Don’t hit me!”

The boy seemed a little disappointed, but let her lift her hands.

“Bow your head!”

Reluctantly, she lowered her head. She could see and feel the stinging welts across her breasts.

“OK, vet,” said the boy, “she’s all yours.”

The man smiled.

He went up to Teresa with a tape measure.

“Thirty-eight, twenty-eight, thirty-six.”

“Very nice indeed,” said one of the other men. “Especially that thirty-eight!”

“It’s a thirty-eight on a slim back too!” said another man. “She’s just about right the way she is.”

“But we could build her up and make her better, it wouldn’t be too difficult,” replied the man they called the “vet”.

“What do you think?” another man asked the stable lad.

The boy put his hand under Teresa’s breasts, causing her to flinch in embarrassment, and lifted them up and down as if he was weighing dough to make bread. “They’re firm. I reckon they could be a bit bigger without getting the flops!”

The men laughed.

Teresa’s cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. Suddenly she burst into tears.

“Come over to the examination table,” said the man they called the vet. “You’ve nothing to be afraid of. I’m not really a vet. I’m a doctor, or I was until I retired. I’ve always been interested in horses so this is an



entertaining retirement for me.”

Teresa looked in horror at the series of instruments laid out on the table. The vet crossed his arms, waiting...

Teresa did not move. The vet glanced at a stable hand who picked up an electric cattle prod. He stood behind her and applied it to her naked buttocks.

She shouted out in pain. Her feet were standing in mud and the shock was very strong.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She moved obediently over to the table, trying not to look at the instruments.

“Open your mouth wide.”

The “vet” cranked her mouth open painfully with a mouth jack.

Teresa winced as her jaws were forced further and further apart. She thought her head was going to split open.

Next the stable lads strapped stirrups on her legs and pulled her feet wide apart.

“Sit down in the examination chair.”

She looked suspiciously at the clearly dirty instruments, but saw that she had no choice. She sat down and they pulled her legs apart, strapping them to each side of the chair.

The examination was familiar enough to her, except that it began with a close examination of her vagina.

“You will see,” explained the vet, “that the vagina of this young filly is a healthy pink colour. Most of the women we get in here are sluts of some kind or another, and this one is probably no exception. I dare say this vagina has had a fair bashing in its time.”

The onlookers nodded. They had paid good money to be here. It was good business for the ranches. They liked hearing the vet’s explanations.

Teresa’s heart sank. She was beginning to feel that all this, in a strange way, had nothing to do with her.

If nobody spoke to her hardly, if nobody asked her if her vagina had really had “a fair bashing”, what was she?

Did she exist at all?

There was some purpose in all this that escaped her. Their behaviour was not normal, not natural. People, real people, human beings, spoke to each other. Even in offices, people usually spoke to each other. They never pretended you didn't exist.

“Can I put my finger in?” asked one of the men. Teresa turned her head and looked at him. He was about sixty years old, with a bloody red nose spreading all over his flushed cheeks. A drinker. She found him ugly.

“Of course, go ahead.”

The man stood over her and ran his finger round and round over the lips of her vagina.

She gasped as he winkled out her clitoris and rolled it round and round, pulling it up and examining it with great curiosity.

Then suddenly he thrust two fingers deep inside her.

Teresa winced. It hurt.

“Virgin?” the man asked.

The vet came over put two fingers in.

“Hard to say, but she could be! No good asking her, she'll say yes.”

He withdrew, leaving the other man to continue the exploration.

His big, fat, insensitive fingers worked their way around deep in her most intimate parts.

Teresa was shocked and indignant.

His other hand came up to her breasts, still sore from the beating, and pressed and squeezed, concentrating on the nipples, rubbing them until they stood out like two tubes.

“Look at that!” said the man, triumphantly, pointing to the erect nipples.

The others smiled.

“Sorry to stop you when you're having fun, but I must get on with the

medical. It's important to see them when they first come in, before they start on the feed. It gives you a better idea of their stamina."

The man nodded and reluctantly withdrew his finger.

The vet carried on with his inspection, which was a crude parody of standard gynaecological techniques. He inserted the speculum in a rough, brutal way, causing Teresa to shout out in pain. Next he inserted mirrors and forceps, none of them too clean, and moved them about painfully.

Finally he removed the speculum and applied it, without sterilizing it, to her mouth.

He put the same dirty instruments into her mouth that he had just removed from her vagina.

Sometimes he wiped them on her hair or stomach, and sometimes he wiped them across her breasts.

Teresa was getting used to the fact that nobody was going to ask her questions, particularly as she couldn't speak anyway with her mouth jacked open.

She resolved to use her best weapon, her intelligence, to get all the information she could. Information was power. If she knew enough, she might be able to escape. At least, by collecting information, she would stay sane in this deranged world...

"Why are you looking in her mouth?" someone asked.

"Well, not because she's a gift-horse, I can tell you that! These girls don't come so cheap!"

It was an old joke. The vet always used it. It always got a laugh.

"And it's not to tell her age either!" he added, apparently to the amusement of the onlookers.

"It's to get the girl used to things in a gentle way," he explained. "She has to learn that her body is no longer her own. It belongs to the ranch and its clients. It gives her the idea that we can do whatever we like with it, inside and out.

It is the beginning of a subtle and fascinating process: the end of a

woman, the beginning of a new animal. The new animal is, of course, not entirely a pony, but it is certainly not a woman, at least not the woman who came in on a pole or in the back of a pick-up van.”

“How do you change them?” asked another man.

“Every ranch has its own methods. It’s all pretty hi-tec these days of course. And we’re getting better all the time. Some of the very latest treatment in hospitals came out of the pony ranches. There are things that other companies can’t do that we can do.”

“Does the girl suffer a lot?”

“I wouldn’t say, a lot, no. Let’s call it mild discomfort, shall we?” he said. “At the beginning, of course, the girl has to learn to obey.”

He put his hand on Teresa’s left breast above the nipple and pulled it up, exposing the soft skin below the nipple to the riding crop. He hit her there with a practised flick of the wrist.

Teresa screamed.

She began writhing and twisting around on the table in a panic.

When she calmed down a bit the vet opened her vagina, stretching the lips right back. “Have a good look. One of you can explore with his finger if you like.”

“Can I put it up her ass?”

“Of course, I’ll clean her out first.”

Teresa was handcuffed with her arms above her head. She was forced to drink lots of watery liquid until her stomach swelled up. A harness with some kind of funnel or tube in it was put into her anus and connected to a tap. Warm oily liquid passed into her anus. In no time at all she found herself urinating and emptying her bowels.

Then she was washed and taken back to the table.

“She’s all yours”, said the vet.

There was a moment’s hesitation and a woman aged about forty stepped forwards. She went directly to the open vagina and exposed Teresa’s clitoris.

The vet offered her the riding crop.

“Thank you,” she said in a gruff voice, rejecting it, “I always carry my



THORN

own.”

She opened a large bag and produced a flail, a kind of cat-o'-nine tails. It was made of a single strip of leather cut into nine thin strips.

She lifted her heavy arm high in the air and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The straps opened out in the air and came down all across Teresa's open, defenceless vagina...

“Can I give her one across the tits?”

“Of course. Be my guest.”

“Thank you,” said the woman, lifting her arm.

She looked doubtfully at Teresa and said “Put your arms behind your back.”

Teresa did not move.

“I advise you to learn obedience from the very first moment,” said the vet. “If not you will be punished very severely, more severely than you can easily imagine. You will be punished again and again on your breasts and also directly on your open vagina. The skin will also be whipped off your naked bottom.”

Teresa looked around at the group. They had stopped smiling and seemed to want to see this happen.

She slowly moved her arms behind her back.

“Present your breasts better, woman! Not slumped in the chair like that. Straighten your back, arch it backwards, stick your tits out! Higher! Higher!”

There was a low murmur of appreciation as Teresa presented her superb breasts to the woman.

The woman licked a finger, wet each of Teresa's nipples, and blew on

them until they stood right out.

Another murmur from the crowd.

They were beginning to enjoy this.

The woman raised her arm, stood sideways to get the force of her shoulder into the blow and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The flail came down hard, catching not only the nipples but also the whole breasts.

The large breasts shuddered and jolted, and Teresa screamed and writhed around. She put her hands quickly to her breasts and rubbed them to relieve the pain.

The vet stepped forward and spoke to Teresa.

“That was foolish of you, my dear. Nobody told you to move your arms!”

Teresa would have killed him. This was sadism, pure brutal sadism!

“Every one of you will have one swipe. Anywhere you like,” said the vet.

“I have some very useful punishment instruments in my bag if you want one,” offered the woman. She took out a bamboo cane, about two feet long and very whippy.

A man came forwards and grabbed it.

Teresa’s hands were tied behind her back.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The pain was unbearable. There was nothing she could do to relieve it.

The man ran the cane up and down inside the lips of her vagina, took

it out and licked it clean, but she hardly noticed...

“Next please,” said the vet. “I’ve got seven more girls to examine today and we’ll never finish if we don’t get on with it!”

The woman opened her bag again and produced birch twigs – a bundle of knobbly twigs tied together at the base.

Teresa watched in horror as she handed it to another man. She did not think she would be able to take it without fainting. It was coming down on her breasts again, she saw...

“NO! PLEASE!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

The man stopped, apparently amused.

“You are being punished. It would be wrong of me to stop. Rule number one on a pony ranch is obedience. Total obedience.”

He lifted his arm and

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The twigs bit deep into Teresa’s already red breasts, marking them. She screamed and screamed.

Again and again her breasts were beaten, flogged, and slapped. Again and again canes, plastic rulers, flails, birch twigs and leather belts came down onto her lovely breasts.

Finally, after twelve men and four women had each hit her, the vet picked up the flail and stood to one side of her.

He hit her on the open vagina, hard and unexpectedly.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!”

Teresa had not fainted. She did not understand how, but she had remained conscious during all these beatings.

The leather straps on her most intimate parts left her wriggling on the chair.

She started sobbing.

“No ... please ... don’t hit me any more! Please! Please! I can’t stand any more!”

The vet picked up the cane and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Teresa screamed as the cane bit deep between her lips, smacking hard on her exposed clitoris.

She had to stop him.

“I’ll be good! I PROMISE!!! I’ll be obedient,” she said, sobbing.

The vet picked up the leather belt and held it so that the buckle would come down on her vagina.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Teresa screamed again and again.

How could she get through to him? What did she have to do?

She looked at him pleadingly as he came round the front of the chair.

She was looking for a phrase, a thought, anything, when he turned his back on her.

“The real question is,” said the vet, “not if you will be a good little girl. What we want to know is, will you be a good little pony girl?”

“Yes,” she said, without knowing what he meant. “I’ll be a good little pony girl.”

“What you have seen,” he said, “or rather, what you have participated in, is the physical examination of a new inmate, and the beginning of a learning process. Our subjects have to make important mental

adjustments in the first few weeks, you will appreciate. When they come in, their minds, their bodies, their personalities, are distinct and individualized. They belong to the girls themselves.

Over a period of a year or two, that changes. They come to look like each other and to behave alike. Those changes deepen over the years. After ten or fifteen years here, girls have learnt that their bodies are not their own any more.

For commercial reasons our training methods are a well-kept secret. Modern science, the very latest technology you understand, plays an important part, as do certain techniques from the annals of conventional psychology.”

Teresa watched in disbelief, still sobbing, as the onlookers nodded wisely at all the claptrap.

If it was a question of psychology, she would find her own way of fighting them, she thought.

Her mind, her personality, were hers.

She would play their game. She had no choice.

But she would play her own game too...

She would win in the end because she was more intelligent than this weird, twisted bunch of perverts.

Chapter Ten Transformation

Teresa was taken back to the stables by two lads.

The stress was starting to show. She was sobbing quietly.

Back in her cubicle, she was chained to the wall again.

One of the stable hands spoke to the other.

“What do you think? Shall we let her sit down?”

The young man looked at her and shrugged his shoulders.

“If you like.”

They gave her a slightly longer chain. Teresa discovered it was not long enough to let her lie on the straw, but at least she could sit down.

She was left alone for a few hours, until mid-afternoon, when she was hosed down.

The water was cold and she was given no towel.

She felt very miserable as she sat on the straw shivering.

She longed to be back in her modern, centrally-heated flat. She kept thinking about all the warm clothes in her wardrobe.

She thought too of her bathroom, with its lovely pink marble tiles and

its shelves full of body-care creams. She would have loved to fill a nice, hot bath and soak in the lavender bath salts as she always did, and then come out and put on her body cream, her hand cream, her face cream...

She was very, very depressed. She was trapped in some strange game, a game for men and women, which she was struggling to understand.

What was all this horsy stuff? The television documentary, the Jockey's Club, pony ranches, Welcome to Pony Paradise! What kind of paradise was it, when men hit naked women on their most private parts?

What did it all mean, really? That men preferred horses to women? She found that hard to believe. Was there anything sexy about a mare or a filly or a pony? Not that she could see. She knew that bestialism, copulation between men and animals, was something that existed in remote country parts, probably all over the world. But why horses? Female goats seemed sexier to her. They had a high, clearly visible, pink vagina. She could even understand some men being attracted to sheep. At least they are cuddly.

Her thoughts were interrupted. The vet had come with two helpers. They gave her some water: "It'll do you good. It's got vitamins." She drank suspiciously, but thirstily.

Nobody spoke to her. That, she could see, was part of the game.

She was taken to the examination room and tied to a table.

"This," said the vet, "is the anaesthetist."

Teresa looked up at a man who nodded amiably. He did not look like an anaesthetist. He looked like a dirty old man, a lecher, a filthy pervert with a needle in his hand.

"First," said the vet, "I would like to explain the purpose of this little intervention. I am going to modify certain things you will not need in your new life. It is a life of complete obedience to the client. If the client wants to ride you, he – or she – will ride you. If he wants you to pull him, you will pull him. Is that clear?·

Teresa nodded. It was mad, but clear.

“Now you are very lucky in having a splendid pair of breasts. The clients appreciate that. For the moment we will not touch them. If you have to be punished, you are already presenting a sufficient area to receive the most frequent punishment, which is flogging.

There are other characteristics, however, which have little or no purpose here. It is those which I propose to modify. You will know more when you wake up.”

He put an injection in her arm and Teresa’s head was soon beginning to swim. She had difficulty concentrating on his explanation...

An hour later, she woke up, still lying on the bed.

She was very thirsty, her arms hurt, her nose hurt, her tongue hurt and she had a pain in her throat.

She tried to speak, but only a strange noise came out. She had heard the noise before, from the other girls, but she had supposed they were trained to make it.

An hour later, she was taken back to the stable and left in her cubicle. They threaded a leather lead through something on her nose and pulled her to the stables.

She tried to shout, but heard only a hoarse animal noise, a broken series of sounds like a horse’s high-pitched whinny. She could feel and almost see a large ring through her nose.

Her arms hurt near the elbow. They were bandaged. The bandage was clean, at least...

Her arms hung useless by her side, she realised in horror. Was this why the other girls had them tied to their belts? Did they just flap around?

A dark, deep sickness and despair came over suddenly. She felt sick and frightened.

Later, the vet came and checked her throat and arms.

“You won’t need a voice in here,” he said. “Just a whinny, like a good little pony. And you won’t need arms, except to flap them about and keep the flies off.

Just remember, from now on, your body is not your own.

Your owners will decide how they want to decorate you. The iron nose ring will be there for a month until something more attractive is fitted. A bell, for example.

You probably haven’t felt it, but I have placed a small electronic tag, a chip, inside your back. This contains details of your current physical shape and our address, in case you escape (which has never happened) or are stolen (which has happened once).”

Teresa’s head dropped. She had been tagged like a dress in a shop, like a dog on the street...

The bastards were trying to destroy her personality. They were really, seriously mad. They really were going to treat her like a pony!

“All of this is for your own good. You must forget your past. Your present and future are going to be very different. Nothing you learnt in your past life can help you. Wipe it all out. For your sake. Think about it. If we just tied you up, you would always feel you could be free one day. Full transformation is much kinder. It helps you reconcile yourself to your new existence. You are now a real pony girl. You have two legs, not four, obviously. You are not a pony. You are a pony girl. But the best thing you can do from now on is THINK PONY.”

He said this with special emphasis. It was part of the fun. Teresa’s panic, her disbelief, her total defenceless, that was the fun, she saw. So was the power he enjoyed. The power let him make the girls suffer and let him enjoy their suffering. In the end, everybody in the Stables probably knew, it was all a stupid game. But it was their stupid game and the clients’ stupid game and it made a lot of money and let the clients exercise their own power too, for a price.

Or maybe it was just a job for them? Maybe it had become so routine they it all seemed normal?

And how could she think pony? Girls thought Girl, however many cuts they made in the tendons of their arms.

In a way, Teresa was right. A pony girl suffered for many years, if she survived the physical ordeal, but she always knew she was a girl.

A real pony does not suffer because it is a pony. It is the pony girl that suffers. Her mind makes some adjustments, of course, but the terrible indignity of her life is always present to her. All the stable workers saw to that. So did the clients.

That was where the fun lay. You couldn't humiliate a real pony and enjoy it.

"Now I am going to help you," the vet went on. "I am a doctor, or was, and I am going to fill out a certificate for you. It is your death certificate. What would you like to die of?"

Teresa did not reply.

"Apnoea," the vet replied. "Very common on death certificates. It means you stopped breathing in your sleep."

Teresa watched in horror as he opened his clipboard and filled out her death certificate.

He showed it to her, holding it before her eyes.

"Who is my owner?" she asked.

"You have been commissioned. You may be informed one day who that person is, or by then it may not matter to you. To all practical intents and purposes, the stable is your owner. The stable hands are your owners. The clients are your owners."

The vet stared at her large breasts for some time. He stroked them. She instinctively tried to lift her arms to stop him, but could not. They did not respond. He ran his fingers over the deep welts and bruises, stroking her...

"Now," he said, "you are coming with me to meet your groom."

He threaded a leather strap through her nose ring and took her down to the end of the stables, where she saw a door marked TACK ROOM.

A woman stepped forward. She was in her forties, with short dark hair cut like a man's. She wore a man's shirt and her gestures were hearty, sporty...

"Nice young pony!" she said, looking Teresa up and down and finally staring shamelessly at her breasts. "Spirited, too, from the look of the punishment she took!"

The woman, too, ran her hands over Teresa's full bosom, caressing the nipples lightly with her fingers. She looked Teresa straight in the eye. Teresa winced and gave a slight toss of the head as the erotic touch started to get through to her. She could feel her nipples wrinkling. Damn, she thought. Now this butch dyke will think I'm a lesbian too.

"What are you going to call her?" asked the vet.

The groom looked again at Teresa's superb, round, feminine forms.

"I'll call her Fuckbags," she said.

The vet smiled. "The names you grooms think of!"

"Do you like your name?" the vet asked Teresa. "Before you answer, let me warn you. The correct answer is, yes. Your groom may be offended if you say no."

There was a long silence.

"Yeeeeaaa."

"That was a good pony yes," replied the groom. She turned to the vet: "She's learning."

"Yes, some ponies are more intelligent than others. This one will learn quickly enough. I'll leave her in your capable hands. I imagine that's where she'll be quite frequently!"

The groom smiled. She turned Teresa round and slapped her hard, on each buttock. She watched in satisfaction as the bottom quivered and red finger marks appeared on it.

"We'll start her training tomorrow. Shall I feed her tonight?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Build it up carefully. Not too much at the beginning."

Teresa was led back to the stable and left her alone. She felt dizzy. A

lot of the conversation was insider talk. She wished she understood it better.

Late that night the groom appeared and emptied a pack of horse feed into the trough.

Teresa was hungry. She put her head deep in the trough to try to get some. Her arms were useless now, so it was the only way. The feed smelt terrible. She managed to get some of it into her mouth. It was made of compressed pellets. It tasted foul, but that and water was all she had.

The groom stayed to watch her feed. Every time Teresa lifted her head she saw the groom staring at her bottom. Teresa had the feeling, which was quite correct, that when her bottom was up the woman could see her vagina as well as her anus.

She supposed, also correctly, that the trough had been designed for that purpose.

Later, a group of girls was brought to the stable for the night. Once again, none were put near her so she had no opportunity to see them clearly. She saw, however, that their arms were all useless, like hers. It was true, then, their only use was to keep the flies away! In some cases, not even for that, because they had been strapped to a belt round the waist.

Most of the girls were totally naked except for the horse trappings that they all wore. In some cases, however, the girls wore something extra. One girl with especially enormous breasts wore a kind of plastic bra with large holes in each cup. Part of the poor girl's breasts, more than just the nipple and aureole, were sticking through the holes. The purpose was twofold, Teresa learned later from the conversation of stable hands: to frame the breasts and make them stand out, and also to lift them. Teresa noticed that they had been very badly beaten, apparently with a riding crop.

Another girl had a tail. It was a real pony tail, as far as she could see, attached to a cork or piece of wood of some kind that had been forced into the girl's anus!

Teresa shuddered.

Would they do this to her? There seemed no reason why not. Unless her “owner” had different ideas.

Teresa sank her head deeper into the trough. She had to eat. She had to keep her strength up.

She chewed and looked around.

It was frightening. The girls all seemed so big, so muscular, so sweaty, so strong...

They walked angrily around their cubicles, tossing their heads and snorting.

They made strange guttural noises that filled the stables.

There was foam around their mouths.

The flies were excited.

Teresa kept on munching.

She did not know it, but with each mouthful she took a carefully calculated dose of anabolic steroids, designed to build up her musculature...

Chapter Eleven

Fitting Out a New Pony Girl

The next morning Teresa ate her reinforced feed and drank some water. She found herself wanting to use her arms all the time – to grab hold of the side of the trough, to run her largely useless hands through her hair...

She was left in the cubicle when all the other girls left in the morning. Later, her groom came for her, unchained her and threaded her nose ring. As she was leaving the cubicle another worker, a young man, passed by and looked at Teresa.

“What’s her name?”

“Fuckbags.”

“Can I have a quick feel of Fuckbags?,” he asked, smiling at the groom.

“Very quick one,” she said. “There’s no one around. But hurry up, I’ve got a lot of work to do on this one.”

Nobody spoke to Teresa. The stable lad ran his hands over her breasts and bottom. Teresa shuddered. His hands were filthy with straw and excrement. She looked down at her breasts and saw how he had left some muck on them. She shuddered. She thought of her bathroom, with its oils and creams and lovely smells. She could almost see it and smell it and it depressed her.

She gasped as the worker put a dirty finger into her anus and wiggled it about.

“Tight little bum hole, this one,” said the young man. “Is she obedient?”
“I don’t know. You mean, you want to help punish her?”
The young man smiled.
“If you play your cards right, I’ll let you help me!”

Teresa breathed again as the young man pulled his finger out and went away smiling.

She was led to a small room. Her arms were tied painfully sideways at head height, and her legs were tied to rings in the floor about a yard apart, so that her vagina was fully exposed.

“I’m not going to do anything to your lovely little pony cunt,” said the groom. “I just want you to show it to me. You have to get used to showing it to other ponies and clients. And I want to have it well presented, you know, nice and ready in case I decide to punish you.

You and I are going to work closely together now,” she said, wiping Teresa’s dirty breasts with a wet cloth. Teresa shuddered and shrank back. She received a hard slap on the cheek. The groom looked down at her vagina.

“Show me your cunt,” she ordered. “Stick it out.”

Teresa pushed her pelvis forwards as best she could, giving it a little tilt that pulled her stomach in and brought her vagina forwards a little. The groom ran her fingers through the wiry little curls of blonde pubic hair.

She put a finger in the lips, running it around slowly and sensually...

“One of the things you’re going to have to learn is to produce some juice a bit quicker.”

Teresa said nothing. The girl worked on, stimulating her clitoris directly this time. She put her fingers up and brought down some secretion which she spread over the pubic hair.

She glanced at Teresa’s breasts again, hesitated a moment, and picked up the cat-o’-nine tails.

“Now stick your tits out, Fuckbags.”

Teresa obeyed, but pleaded not to be flogged. “Aiiiiii’ll be good! PLEEEASE!!! Don’t hiiiit me!” Her own voice sounded strangely

metallic. She didn't seem to be able to get her tongue round some of the consonants, her voice was slurred like a drunk's, but the groom understood her.

The groom raised her arm and brought the cat down onto the already bruised breasts.

SWIIIIIIIIISH
THWAAAAAAAAAACK!
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Teresa writhed and wriggled.

The woman turned the cat round and inserted the handle brutally into her vagina.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She pumped and pumped and twirled it round and round. Then she pulled it out and asked Teresa “Will you really be a good little Funbags?”

“Yes ... yees! I pro ... I proomise!” Teresa sobbed.

“We'll see. Now I'll explain what we're going to do with you.

First I'm going to get you used to the bit. Our clients don't just want to look at your funbags bouncing. They want to control you. So we put a bit in your mouth.”

The girl strapped a harness onto Teresa's head. Teresa did not dare move.

A cold metal bar was put in her mouth. It bit into the corners of the lips.

Teresa hated the feel of her teeth on the iron.

The groom, whose name she did not know and was never to learn, examined the work.

She smiled. Teresa too seemed to be smiling as the bit forced her mouth into a grotesque grimace.

“Now you look a bit more like a pony girl.”

Next the groom attached reins to the bit and gave a few experimental tugs. Teresa cried out in pain.

“The bit is serrated. It will grind down your teeth. It will make you

dribble, so you'll have to swallow it as best you can. That will take a few weeks because your tongue doesn't do much now. The tongue's no problem. You'll use it less and less from now on, except to please the clients and your groom!"

Next the groom called for the farrier. A huge man arrived, a parody of the conventional blacksmith.

He looked at Teresa and grunted. "Good one," he said.

"Don't tell me you're volunteering to punish her too! You're late. Number seven's beaten you to it."

The farrier said nothing. Unlike most of the others, he seemed a completely humourless man.

"What do you want?"

"Posh job," replied the groom. "Something chic."

The farrier opened a box and showed her samples of high-heeled sandals. They came in a variety of colours – pink, blue, red, black and white – and they looked just like real shoes except that they had real horseshoes on the bottom.

The groom chose a feminine pink pair and showed it to Teresa.

"They're not very comfortable, but they make your rump move better."

"Better?" mumbled Teresa.

"Better! I'll show you. If you know why we make you do things, you'll do them better."

She disappeared for a moment and returned with a new pony girl. The girl was sobbing. She was naked, waiting for her turn with the vet.

The groom felt into the clothes bag and retrieved the girl's original shoes.

"Put them on and walk away from us. Then come back."

The girl did it. "Look at the movement of her rump in flat shoes. Horizontal, more or less, just a little turn upwards. Now see what happens in high heels."

The girl walked away in the pony shoes. Each jolt of her buttocks was exaggerated.

"You see, her rump goes up and down more, like a horse, not so much sideways. Each cheek does a real upward jolt. That's what men like. They don't even realise it until you tell them! They're pretty stupid

animals, men. It drives them crazy to see a girl's arse go up and down like a horse's and they don't even know it's happening!"

She put the pony shoes on Teresa. They had heels about four inches high and were uncomfortable, but not impossible to wear.

"Look at them. They're your feet now, OK? Part of your feet. You'll never take them off. Got it?"

Teresa nodded. She was beginning to sob again.

Such madness, such cruelty! How could these perverts take it all so seriously? Was it just the money? Didn't they care about the girls? Did they really see just horses and ponies?

"Walk around!"

Teresa was led by the nose ring. The groom stood in the middle of the room and held the lead while she walked and stumbled round in a circle.

"Straighten that back!"

Teresa obeyed.

"Now show me your big floppy tits! Wobble them! Let them go! Let yourself go, let them fly!"

Teresa's magnificent breasts, like the cheeks of her bottom, picked up an exaggerated swing and bounce.

Hundreds of men had dreamed of Teresa's wonderful, generous, uplifted, wobbling, inviting, provocative breasts, but none had seen them outside Pony Paradise.

A stable boy stopped to admire their swing and bounce.

"Nice pair of airbags you've got there," he said, grinning lewdly." Bags was obviously a local joke, Teresa noted. "My name is Teresa," she said to herself. "They will not beat me down with their silly names."

The boy's hand went down to his genitals and he rubbed them comically. "Let me know when she's ready for a dick job. A man's dick, I mean. Ha! ha! ha!"

Teresa did not know what the joke was. "You wish!" she thought.

She stopped and looked at the groom.

"I didn't tell you to stop," she said, picking up a riding crop.

“Turn round. Present your rump.”

Teresa turned round, slowly, and held her breath.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She managed to get her hands round to her bottom and rub it.

She turned round and saw the boy handing the riding crop back to the groom.

“Walk.”

She carried on in her stumbling circle, knowing that her body was not quite her own body any more. It was, rather, a cruel parody of her body. Her breasts that she had always cared for with creams and had always kept out of sight in expensive bras were now on public display.

“Attagirl!” said the stable lad. “Up and down, up and down! Shake ‘em up! Let’s seem ‘em wobble!”

“Funbaaaags,” called the butch groom in a lightly mocking tone, “present your breasts to this gentleman!”

Teresa stopped, turned to face him, and arched her back, lifting and presenting her generous bosom.

The lad said nothing, but his jaw dropped slightly. It was a magnificent sight.

“That’s the stuff to give the troops, as my Dad says.”

“Wait till you see her with all the tack on!”

The groom tethered Teresa to a post by her reins. Teresa looked terrified. In reality, the equipment was just a couple of thin leather straps attached to a leather collar. One strap hung down to her waist, and horizontal straps came off metal rings on the vertical strap. The horizontal straps passed under her breasts and gave them an extra lift which men found irresistible. These straps fastened behind her back.

The groom then fitted another strap between her collar and her bridal strap to force Teresa’s head up.

“This will present your milkbags. It’ll show these lovely big juicy tits of yours to best advantage,” the groom said, stroking her gently.

Teresa called her Fuckface, privately. If I’m Fuckbags, you’re Fuckface.

The next step was not so gentle. The groom fitted a wide leather belt, with rings sewn into it, round her waist and pulled it tight.

“Breathe in!”

Teresa made a tremendous effort and sucked her stomach in.

The groom attached the bottom of the cross strap to this belt and pulled it tight.

She did the same to a strap that came down from the back of her collar.

Finally, the groom fitted leather cuffs to her elbows and tied them to the same belt. In this way her largely useless arms were held against her body.

“We can’t have you flapping around like a penguin, can we?” she asked.

Teresa smiled weakly. Her arms were not a very useful part of her body any more.

What would she do to keep the flies off? It worried her.

The groom seemed to understand her problem:

“Try not to crap down your legs so much, dear. You won’t have so many flies then.”

“In a race,” the groom explained, “we put lead weights on these rings if you need a handicap. Or if we want to build your muscles up.

It’s very practical.

We hang stirrups from them too for clients who want to mount you.”

Teresa’s eyes opened wide.

Were the clients going to ride her bareback?

“When you are stronger, you will be ridden bareback. And you’ll be used to pull a trap. We’ll build up your strength gradually, don’t worry. It’s a very natural process. You’re coming all nicely!” she said, stroking her already muscular back.

“By the end of your training you will be able to carry nearly double your own weight. Fifteen hours a day! It will be hard, but you’ll be able to do it.”

Teresa closed her eyes and tried to picture herself carrying a person. She could not.

For three days, nothing much happened. There were sometimes girls in the adjacent stalls, always completely naked, often sobbing. They all had dressings on their arms like hers. They were all too panic-stricken or confused to say anything and when they did she found it difficult to understand them. They sounded like horses.

Teresa developed an obsession with her private bodily functions.

She could not get used to having to do her physical necessities in front of other people.

But at least she had learnt to bend at the knees to avoid urinating down her legs.

There was, however, one problem with this. When she put herself in the right position, and tried to relax to let the urine go, it often happened that one of the workers saw her and gave a shout to the others.

She could not bear to do it in front of other people, so she held it back. This amused any workers who had come to watch.

“Just relax, Fuckbags.”

“Let it go, Fucksie, listen to the water!” said a man with a hose, playing it on the ground near her.

“Pee, peeeeeeeee! Hisssssss hisssssssssssss!”

“Come on Fucksie,” said her groom, evidently taken by the nickname, “show them how a pony pisses.”

In the end, she always had to let it go. She managed to open her legs enough to keep the urine from running down them, and she managed to keep it off the absurd high-heeled sandals they made her wear.

She closed her eyes and tried to shut the obscene, mocking voices out. She relaxed her muscles and the warm liquid flowed copiously from between her half-open lips. Although her diet was apparently poor, her pee was yellow.

“Save a bit for me, love!”

“Geeez, I’m thirsty!”

“Don’t worry, Fucksie, I’ll clean your cunt out with my tongue!”



Even worse was when she needed to empty her bowels.

At night her chain was changed for a longer one that let her sleep on the dirty straw.

Twice a week, not more to reduce staffing costs, her stall was mucked out and fresh straw was put in.

At the same time she was hosed down with cold water and left to shiver. In normal circumstances it would have produced an illness of some kind, perhaps pneumonia, but the feed was building up her resistance.

If her bowels moved during the day she sometimes had no choice but to let them go.

If a stable worker saw her preparing for this too, he would tell the others.

They made her turn round and show them her bottom. Sometimes she couldn't hold it any more and, half-crouching, she defecated onto the straw in front of them, to their amusement.

“Gaaawd Almighty!”

“Hold your noses, chaps!”

“What a stinker! It just goes to show. A posh woman in a designer dress and she craps like you or me!”

Sometimes there were visitors, clients who had paid to be shown around Pony Paradise.

On one occasion she had let her bowels go in front of a middle-aged man who had got very excited. He took his member out.

“I'm sorry, sir,” said one of the workers. “You have to hire them if you want to do that kind of thing.”

“How much is it?”

“Five new pounds for the morning. But you can't have this one. She was commissioned.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means her owner knew her and paid us to trap her. In her case, they left her here with us. We're going to hire her out, but we can't do it until they decide she's ready.”

The man did not ask the question that Teresa could not get out of her mind, Who is my owner?

“She’s lovely,” said the man in genuine admiration. “She’ll be a fine pony girl when you’ve finished with her.”

Chapter Twelve Training

Teresa's training began the very next day.

She was led out with a group of girls she did not know.

It was a cold morning and the click-clack of their horseshoes rang clear and loud.

All the girls hated it.

They tried to shut it out, to ignore it.

Every step said "pony" to them when they wanted to hear "girl".

"For the next three or four months," said a man she had never seen before, the Head Groom, "you will learn how to pull a cart. The trick is simple. Think Pony. Eat Pony. Drink Pony. Pull Pony. Jerk your rump like a Pony. Keep your head high and flop your tits like a well-trained Pony Girl. If you don't, if you think Girl, you'll feel my training whip all over your body, inside and out."

He showed them the thick handle of the big ox-whip he was carrying. The whip was about four yards long, and was thick enough to enable a peasant farmer to communicate his intentions to a fully-grown ox.

"For the next few months you're going to go round, attached to a horse carousel. That's all you'll do. The only change in your routine is that sometimes guests will come and look at you, and sometimes they won't. We start now."

He led the way to a back yard where a carousel was waiting.
The girls were tethered to it.
“Pull!” shouted the Head Groom.
The girls pulled.

Teresa’s head was spinning. How could she pull hour after hour, day after day, for months? She would go mad!

She plodded slowly round with the other girls. Sometimes her head dropped and she looked at the ground in front, but it was risky. Stable hands, boys and girls, came from time to time and reminded them to stand straight or hold their heads higher.

They reminded them with a sharp, often unexpected, blow of a riding crop, usually on the buttocks.

Teresa noticed that in her case it often came, not on the buttocks, but on the naked breasts. It hurt on both places.

The workers took every opportunity to laugh at the girls and humiliate them.

“Come on, Fatrump! Move that big rear end! Shake it about!”

“Look lively there, Misty!”

“Tits up, Thatchy” they called to a dark-haired girl with a particularly thick growth of pubic hair.

“Knees up, Wetcunt!” they called to a girl whose secretions had always been copious, right from the first day. She had been a lesbian in her previous life. Now she was just a pony girl, but she still seemed to find the presence of the other pony girls stimulating.

Teresa’s own groom, Fuckface, appeared sometimes in the training sessions. She found it amusing to put Wetcunt behind Fucksie, knowing that the movement of Teresa’s firm buttocks was an extreme provocation for Wetcunt.

Sometimes she would call out “Stop! Wetcunt, one step forwards!”

To the amusement of any watching guests or workers, Wetcunt whinnied happily and pressed herself against Teresa’s rump.

Teresa shuddered. She could feel her bottom getting wetter and wetter...



Although it was against the rules, the groom sometimes took Wetcut off to a quiet corner and masturbated her.

There was, however, no penetration by the male staff. That was totally forbidden.

The first week passed in meaningless walking. The girls were instructed in such matters as deportment – how to keep their heads high, giving guests the impression that they were proud of their new status as ponies.

Certain refinements typical of dressage were added. On the call of “Knees” the girls had to bring their knees up until their thighs were horizontal. It gave a good view of their thigh development and a less good, but nonetheless intriguing view of their pubic hair. It also opened the buttocks slightly.

The second week was devoted to trotting, which required a light, balanced gait with more spring in it.

“The main thing here is to hold your head up. When you walk and gallop your head goes down and forwards, then upwards and back. The trot is different. In the trot the head is still.

When you trot you bounce. Think Pony. Imagine you’ve got a bareback rider, a man. His testicles are bouncing up and down off you. If he knows about horses he’ll probably post, as we say – go up and down with you. It helps preserve his bollocks! If the rider’s a woman, she’ll probably stay down on your back, maybe rubbing herself with you. She’ll take advantage of the bumps.”

One day a group of first-year biology students came to see the training. They held their noses and commented on the smell.

They asked a lot of questions. The guide was always helpful and patient.

“What’s the definition of a pony, exactly?”

“It’s a horse, just a small one.”

“How small?”

“Under 14 hands. To be precise, under 14.2 hands.”

“How big is a Shetland pony?”

“They’re very small – under seven hands.”

“What’s a hand?”

“Four inches, an old measure. About twenty centimetres.”

“Do they have calves?”

“If you mean babies, yes, they are called foals. Cows have calves.”

“Do they have their period like people?”

“Yes, they do. It runs down their legs and then we hose them down.”

Teresa hated it all. It was so stupid, so degrading. But she said nothing. She did not want to stand out too much from the herd, from the crowd, she said, correcting herself, it was dangerous. She would be punished.

Did I really say herd? she asked herself, worried. I meant crowd.

“My name is Teresa Roberts. I am twenty-two. I am a girl and a virgin.”

She repeated the phrase several times.

On one occasion Teresa’s bowels were ready to empty themselves, as they did several times a day, a deliberate consequence of the pony feed. She was holding on to it. At that moment a female student asked:

“What do they do if they want a pee?”

“They just let it go. Haven’t you seen horses in parades? They let their excrement go too. If it falls on their legs, that’s bad luck. It doesn’t mean the same to them as it would to you. They’re used to it. It’s natural for them, it’s just their way.”

Teresa was walking past and overheard. In a flash of rebelliousness, she decided to let it go.

The students started laughing when they saw it.

“She must have understood you,” someone said.

Some of it clung to the back of Teresa’s leg.

Instantly, she regretted her action. She hadn’t been concentrating. Now she was dirty and she could smell it. The girl behind dropped back a little.

Teresa felt bad.

She must learn to control that temper of hers, for the sake of her breasts, which would take the punishment, she felt sure.

The third week the pace sped up. They moved on to the canter, a slow gallop. There was no bump. It was, the Head Groom explained, elegant and graceful. The rider sits more forward and uses the stirrups to take his weight.

The fourth week was dedicated to a faster version of the same thing, the gallop. It was done in short bursts, allowing time for recuperation.

“Head down” was one of the rules here. Ponies who had trouble with this were fitted with a martingale, a strap that came up from their waist band and was attached to the ring in their noses. It held the head down. It became painful on the back of the neck after a few hours.

Visitors enjoyed all of this. Some preferred the trot to other gaits because of the bounce it gave to the girls’ breasts. They watched in fascination as boobs bounced, fell heavily into place, shook and trembled with sideways tremors, then lifted again, high and proud, mouth-filling, suckable, fantastic, fantasy-filling, mind-bending tits, lifting and falling, again and again and again...

The guests who were into breasts were known as Titmen and Titwomen, and usually came only on trotting days.

Stable staff had their own names for different types of guests. As most of the guests were in fact interested in all pony activities, the staff used the names carefully and applied them only in private and only to people with one clear, specific interest.

The Bummen and Bumwomen were considered less predictable because some liked to see the hind quarters wobble in a trot while others preferred a canter or gallop with its head down position, which gave the hind quarters a lift.

The Cuntmen and Cuntwomen often found it all slightly disappointing and turned up at odd times, like hosing and grooming. They were sometimes allowed to brush the pubic hair.

There was one man in particular who always asked for Teresa. She had to stand up with first with her legs together to be groomed and then

with her legs wide apart. The brush had little round knobs on the end of each hair and the man concentrated first on brushing her hair and then on brushing the lips of her vagina. Sometimes he slipped the brush in and passed it over her damp clitoris, rubbing the little round tips of the hairs over it very lightly at first and then harder and harder and sometimes turning the brush round and rubbing the smooth plastic handle over the clitoris until Teresa tossed and turned, fighting it...

There were times when Teresa, who was no longer able to masturbate satisfactorily now she could not use her hands, found this difficult to resist, and she gave an involuntary jerk forwards to increase the pressure, although she always managed in the end to avoid coming in front of him.

She did not want to give him that pleasure.

She had not had an orgasm in front of another man. She had not saved herself so long for this perverted old sod who had paid to see it and wanted his money's worth.

The stable staff also talked of the Pissmen and Pisswomen. They too tended to turn up for grooming, where they had more chance of seeing clearly what was happening.

If they asked to see a specific pony peeing, and the pony was able to do it, she was usually rewarded. The reward was sometimes just a pat on the head, but if the ponies were lucky it was a sugar lump held in the flat open palm of the hand.

Crapmen and Crapwomen usually came soon after feeding in the morning or late evening. Thanks to the special diet, they could be fairly sure of seeing most of the girls defecate.

The pony girls were only allowed to dunk their heads in the water and to drink it. They were not allowed to use it for washing.

The girls were usually tired and hungry. At midday there was a break when the workers had a picnic lunch. It was hard for the girls to see and smell the food.

Twenty minutes later, training started again. The girls were worked hard all afternoon.

In the evening training went on until ten o'clock.

The ponies were not fed straight away. This was the hardest time of day for them because they had to wait until the workers finished their dinner, a hot meal which came wafting through the stables.

Around twelve-thirty, when the workers had finished chatting with the outgoing shift, the girls were finally untethered.

Those who had been able to hold their bladders and bowels now had the opportunity to look for a good place in the stall to do it.

As there were no visitors at this time, they did not have to tell anyone what they were doing. It was a rare moment of semi-privacy, but as time went by it was less and less appreciated.

Teresa and the other ponies did not realise, but this slow, monotonous training was gradually having the desired effect...

They were unconsciously beginning to get used to it all. They were beginning to walk around in a less self-conscious way. Some of them even began to adopt a reduced version of the trot and walked with a prancing high-stepping gait. Heads which had been forced up remained up. Heads which had been forced down remained down.

Teresa herself realised one day that she walked straighter, sometimes even with a slightly arched back that lifted and presented her breasts.

I must stop that, she thought. I must not let them grind me down. I will not let this become normal for me.

I will watch and wait.

I will remain sane.

“My name is Teresa Roberts. I am twenty-two. I am a girl and a virgin.”

“My name is Teresa Roberts. I am twenty-two. I am a girl and a virgin.”

She repeated the phrase mechanically.

She was always tired, and often confused, and she wanted to hold on to the essential facts of her own personality.

Some nights there was a party in the rest area, which usually involved heavy drinking by the staff and guests.

If the workers forgot to untether the ponies when they left, the next shift coming on in the morning did not know that the ponies had been

like that all night.

Most of the ponies had no way of telling them, except whinnying, which was not always successful.

The girls themselves could not understand how they could survive it all.

They were unaware that the terrible cocktail of drugs in their feed was slowly changing their bodies and their minds.

Chapter Thirteen

Visiting the Vet

The vet's surgery, as he called it, was a small stable. It was similar to all other rooms except that the floor was covered in sawdust.

Ponies got very nervous if they had to go there, which they did every few weeks.

"It's for a thorough check-up, inside and out!" he explained with a smile.

They were taken in groups of three or four and tethered to a hook by a loose knot. That was sufficient, as they could no longer untie knots.

When one girl was being examined, the others had to watch. If they turned away, a cattle prod was applied to one of their nipples. The nipple was usually licked first.

Teresa looked around in horror. It was her first visit.
The vet chose her first.

She was tied down to a table. Her feet were pulled wide apart by means of stirrups.

The same instruments were used on all of them.

"Present your buttocks!"

She went down obediently. The vet showed her a large, rusty syringe. She gasped in horror.

“There’s nothing to be afraid of. I’m going to show you all the instruments so you know exactly what is going on.”

Teresa screamed a falsetto whinny as the syringe went in.

Cortisone went deep inside her sphincter, twice. It kept her bottom soft and supple and helped conceal the marks caused by the various instruments that were used to punish her.

She sobbed with pain.

“No marks, you see, my dear. Better that way. We don’t want the punters complaining about you now, do we? It’s for your own good, like everything we do.”

She yelped strangely, like a frightened seal pup.

“Now a quick look at your orifices,” he said, examining her anus and vagina, pulling the skin back with rudimentary spatulas.

He used the same instruments to look down her throat.

“Sit up on the table!” he ordered, loosening her stirrups.

“Present your boobs!”

She stuck her breasts out for him.

He stroked his chin thoughtfully.

“I don’t know if I’m doing the right thing or not, but I’m going to expand you a bit. I see you’re a 38 with a small back, or you were when you came in,” he said, consulting his notes.

“You’re in pretty good shape here,” he added, stroking her breasts and nipples.

“I wonder if you could hold up a 40?”

Teresa said nothing.

“It doesn’t matter too much if you can’t. You’ll just flop around like a cow on the way to the milk shed. You’ll be all udder! A cow girl! A lot of clients would find that very interesting. They’d pay good money to see you swinging your udder round when you’re down on all fours! I think we’ll go for it.”

“There, there, just relax, you’re all right, stop whimpering!” he said, stroking her hair as the needle went into her breasts. Two clients on a



tour of the stables came over at that moment to look. They were, she thought, typical dirty old men. She hated the way they looked at her vagina and then laughed. She knew her lips were open. She felt bad.

She knew she was not allowed to turn her head and look away, but she winced as the needle went in for the fourth time...

The party of students arrived at that moment. They needed two visits to get their five biology credits.

Teresa felt her cheeks go red when they all crowded round the table to see her, kneeling naked and with a needle in her breast.

Teresa was painfully aware that her nipples were erect. It was normal. She was in a cold, draughty room.

That was not the vet's explanation.

"You will observe that this pony girl's nipples are erect, in much the same way as her clitoris is probably erect too, because she is in a state of sexual excitement. She is aroused, waiting to be mated."

Teresa cringed with shame and embarrassment.

"What do you do with the little mirror?" asked a young male student.

As the student had hoped, the vet handed him the mirror.

"Open your legs," he said to Teresa. "Stand up first."

She rose slowly, in painful embarrassment and stood with her feet apart.

"Look for yourself," said the vet, separating the lips of Teresa's vagina. Several girls present looked away. The student put the mirror in a little way and peered into it. There was giggling. Teresa wished that the ground would open up and swallow her.

When the students left, the vet put a long rod up inside her. She sucked in air, biting her tongue from the pain.

"Don't move! There are wires attached to this rod. They have electrodes on the end which I am now going to attach to your nipples. Other wires go to this computer. It will take a few minutes to warm up. Pity the paying guests have gone, they always enjoy this bit. We'll wait for the next party, I think."

He stroked her breasts slowly and thoughtfully as they waited, and he ran his finger around the lips of her vagina, very, very slowly, moving in little by little on her clitoris but never quite getting there. Teresa was beginning to wriggle around in small, involuntary movements...

“Ah here they are. We’ll switch on!”

One of the stable hands, a new worker, looked puzzled.

“Good laugh, this one,” explained the vet in a quiet voice so that Teresa would not hear, “it’s just a vibrator! Hang around!”

Teresa began to straighten her back. She leaned backwards, presenting her lovely breasts to the new guests. The vet threw a switch and she suddenly rocked forwards, her chin hanging open, her eyes out of focus.

The vet left it like that for a minute and then speeded it up.

Teresa could do little about it. The machine was pounding away inside her vagina, thumping and twisting at the same time, making her more and more excited.

She could not fight it. She did not want to come, but she felt it rising inside her.

The guests were laughing outright now.

“Lie down on the table on your back!” ordered the vet. “Keep your legs wide apart. You don’t need stirrups. Just obey orders. Open those legs!”

Teresa writhed and wriggled around on the table.

She was flushed now, with little pink patches around her neck and chest.

Her pelvis was beginning to jerk rhythmically, harder and harder...

The vet switched the machine off.

“Not good for them to have too many orgasms,” he explained.

Teresa was left gasping, flying, on the brink of an orgasm.

The crowd fell silent, sensing some strange cruelty.

“He could have let her finish!” complained a woman as the group moved on.

“If you’re a good little pony, we may let you finish one day,” said the vet, stroking her clitoris, too lightly to trigger the orgasm.

Teresa felt both humiliated and angry. She had been aroused sexually, in front of strangers, and then it had all imploded in a feeling of frustration and shame.

Back in her stall, she sat on the wet ground and sobbed and sobbed.

Weeks, months, had passed and she had learnt very little. She was no nearer being able to escape. She could not even open the door if she had a key.

Mentally, too, she often felt she was losing touch, if it was possible ever to be in touch with this distorted, perverted reality.

One night she overheard part of a conversation between her groom (Fuckface was she called?) and the new stable hand. Snatches of it came to her, but she missed parts of it because of snorting or whinnying or the noise of the workers’ buckets.

“What’s it all about, this genetic stuff in the cupboard?”

“The bottles of DNA?”

“Yeah.”

“Pony stuff.”

“What’s it for?”

“Breeding. It’s not a hundred per cent, but sometimes they can have foals. Some of it is dog DNA. About a quarter of them make it. The others are stillborn or have to be destroyed.”

“What’s the point of that?”

“What do you mean, what’s the point of all this? Money. A dwarf pony or a dog bred in an English girl fetches a hundred thousand pounds in Asia. A pony girl can breed several times. Work it out for yourself.

It’s a hit and miss business. We’ve lost a few girls like that. But they’re replaceable. Pony girls are getting cheaper all the time. The trappers are on the phone every day trying to get rid of them.”

“You’re pulling my leg about breeding!” said the lad.

“No. You asked and I’m telling you. But keep it to yourself. Most of

us know, but the ponies mustn't find out. They'd be more difficult to control."

"And what are the changes?" the lad asked, seriously.

"Bigger cunts for bigger pricks, more or less. And bigger tits for more milk."

"Is that why some of them have such big boobs?"

"Yes. The breeding ponies go up to 40D. Firm, too, not just big floppy udders held up in big bras. They sell the milk as well as the animal."

"Jesus Christ," said the young man.

"Keep it to yourself."

"Mum's the word."

Teresa could not sleep that night. She had caught the word breeding and the word money and had some idea of the drift of the conversation. This was what she wanted, information. Information is power, she had always said.

But how was it power?

What could she do with this information?

She had no voice. She could not write. The other girls hardly had any contact with each other except sometimes to stand near each other with their heads together, which the groom encouraged them to do because it was a genuine pony trait, and also because she was a lesbian.

A week later Teresa had her next session with the vet.

After it, she remembered nothing.

She did not even know that she remembered nothing.

The injections included drugs that diminished the short-term memory.

Her eyes hurt, which seemed to happen to all the girls after treatment. But that was the only symptom.

She was confused about time.

She was sure she had arrived for examination in the morning. It was now evening, it seemed.

She was hitched back on the carousel and she thought no more about it, concentrating instead on the walk, the trot, and the gallop.

The treatment was not intended to brainwash the ponies entirely. The

vet would not have enjoyed his retirement job so much. The visitors would not have enjoyed making their lewd comments and suggestions. Nobody wanted a zombie or a real pony.

People quite liked real ponies, with their cute habit of pressing their necks together and their frisky, prancing ways. People were a little bit of afraid of them too, and treated them some respect. They had teeth and a good bite and could sometimes kick, like all horses.

What was really fun was not ponies, but a pony girl, with her big tits and comic ways.

The genetic programming was subtle. It aimed to confuse, to undermine the roots of memory, to chip away at the prevailing social order and its fun-destroying taboos.

The vet sometimes explained this to a group of guests:

“A man is very interested in a woman’s private parts. He wants to see them. Not only does he wants to see them, but he wants to look at them, to touch and feel them, and perhaps to lick them and suck them. He wants them as they really are, unprotected by the absurd, provocative products of the fashion industry.

There are taboos in nearly all societies about these things. Women cover up their private parts. It is to do with the family. Their instinct is to be intimate with one man, most of the time...

Now there is nothing wrong with that. There is nothing wrong with families. But they are not pleasure-oriented. Our own interests are different. We are in show business. We are the specific area of show business that deals with showing women’s private parts. We are also educators. We teach women to show them.

We don’t want a totally natural, shameless pony.

We want a beautiful, sexy pony girl who is still a girl as well as a pony and who still feels shame and who still tries to cover her tits and vagina.

We use a lot of technology here, but we use a lot of psychology too. The whips and the canes are part of the psychology. It’s crude, but very

effective.

We also confuse the girls in different ways.

We change the order of the days of the week, for example. Monday may come after Thursday. We have a lot of quite ordinary tricks that generate deep confusion.”

One day the groom came up to Teresa as she lay in her stall.

“Time for a quick reading lesson,” she said. “We have to keep your mind alert, don’t we?”

Teresa nodded. She was exhausted, she needed to sleep, but she had to keep her mind alert, yes, that was true, yes.

“I am Teresa Roberts,” she said sleepily to Fuckface. “I am twenty, twenty years old.”

“Quite good,” said the groom in an encouraging voice. “You are twenty-three. You had a birthday last month.”

Teresa’s heart sank.

A birthday? And she was twenty-three!

She sobbed. She was losing control!

The groom grabbed her by a nipple and squeezed it hard between her thumb and forefinger.

“Wake up! Stop that snivelling!”

She lifted the breast by the nipple and ran her crop over the soft, shiny skin.

“Pay attention, or you’ll be punished.”

Teresa shook her head to clear her thoughts and sat up.

“What does this say?” asked the groom.

“Dog.”

“Good. And this?”

“Pony.”

“Good. And this?”

“Dog.”

“Wrong! It says god. You are dyslexic.”

She lifted her breast by the nipple and gave a light slap with a bamboo cane.

Teresa shook her head.

She was not dyslexic. She was Teresa Roberts, a virgin.

“My name is Teresa Roberts. I am twenty-three. I am a vagina.”

The groom laughed. “You mean you are a virgin. You said you were a vagina. Just relax dear. A lot of ponies are dyslexic.”

“Poop,” said, Teresa, reading with some difficulty.

“Wrong. It says boob. You should know that, with boobs like yours. Poops are on boats, boobs are on girls. Sit up straighter now, with your knees wide apart.”

Teresa obeyed, opening her legs. The groom opened her lips and ran the bamboo up and down, slowly.

Teresa sat back, lifted her head and gasped as the ribs of the cane ran over her clitoris. “Pooooops are on boats, pooooops are on girls,” said Teresa.

“Lean back, get your tits up high.”

The cane moved up and down, up and down, between the lips.

“Good,” said Fuckface, “you’re beginning to drip faster now. The cane’s wet already,”

Teresa was breathing faster...

And the groom stopped.

“Now pay attention again. I’m going to spread out some picture cards on the floor. And over here I’m going to put some word cards. Nice aren’t they? They’re used for teaching children to read. When I put my finger on a picture card, I want you to point to the word card. For example, if I put my finger on the picture of the elephant, you point to this card over here. It says ELEPHANT. You see? You can point with your foot.”

Teresa nodded. The groom pointed to a house. Teresa looked at the word cards for some time. Some of them were upside down, which made it very difficult for her. She turned them round with her foot. She hesitated for some time. The groom encouraged her. “What is this, Fucksie?” “House.” “Good, now which card says house?”

Teresa shifted her head nervously. Finally she put her foot down, very uncertainly. “No! That says MOUSE! Can you remember capital letters, Fucksie? She nodded. “Look at the cards and you’ll see the difference. House, and mouse.” Teresa nodded.

“Now find this card. Tits up, I want to see them! She pointed to a rabbit. Teresa remembered the animal, but she could not remember its name. She shook her head. “Not remember,” she said. The groom told her: “It’s a rabbit.” Teresa nodded and agreed, yes, it was a rabbit. The groom pointed to the word cards. Teresa looked at them. There were letters that were very familiar to her, especially the “o” and the “i”. But there were others that all looked the same. The words didn’t help much either. ELEPHANT was easy because it was long, but the others were all much shorter. There were not many that could be rabbit. She put her foot on one of the longer words. Teresa laughed. “CABBAGE! That’s not a cabbage, Fucksie, that’s a rabbit.”

Teresa’s head hung in shame.

The groom tapped her lightly on a nipple, and then hit her just above it. Then she caught hold of the nipple and lifted the whole breast, pulling it right up. “If the next one is wrong, Fucksie, you get the cane on this silky skin below your nipple.” She stroked it, running the cane over it as if she was playing a violin.

Teresa snorted nervously and a little foam appeared around her mouth. The groom pointed to a sheep. Teresa looked at the words. CABBAGE ELEPHANT DOG CAT BOX HOUSE MOUSE CARROT TREE SHEEP SHIP BOY GIRL...

She tried to remember the name of the animal. “Sh... sh...” Finally she gave up and put her foot down confidently on CARROT.

The groom laughed.

“Stand up!”

Teresa stood up nervously.

“Tits out!” She pulled Teresa’s breast up high, still holding the nipple, revealing the soft, shiny skin on the bottom.

Teresa closed her eyes.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The groom had hit her on the breast. Immediately afterwards, the

groom's cane went in between Teresa's legs, and came out shining.

"Turn round. Bend over. Show me your bottom. Higher! Higher!"

The groom lifted the bottom up with the cane so that the vagina too was clearly visible, and she ran the cane up and down the crack, over both orifices.

She ran her hand over both cheeks, stroking them. Then she held up the cane again...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Teresa staggered forwards from the pain. The groom caressed the welt she had raised.

"Good girl. That's what I like. Nice and obedient. You don't need to read here anyway, do you? You just need to obey orders. Now show me your cunt."

Teresa obeyed. She separated her feet just a little and bent at the knees, her feet pointing slightly outwards. She gave a little pelvic twist and her vagina came up more clearly into view.

The groom looked around and saw the new stable lad.

"Come and look. She's coming along nicely. That's what you can do with two months' training. When she came she wouldn't have stood like this. Show your cunt to this boy!"

Teresa hesitated. She was going to stick her breasts out, then she remembered and obeyed correctly. She was very tired. She just wanted to sleep.

The groom smiled mischievously at the new lad.

"Have you worked with horses before?"

"Yes. I used to work at a stables in Wiltshire."

"Then you'll know that horses lick. Do you want a quick lick?"

The stable boy looked surprised, looked at Teresa and said "Yes. I won't say no!"

He knelt down and kissed Teresa all around her lips, giving her lots of quick little butterfly kisses. Then he gave her a vigorous firm lick, a long lick like a child with a lolly, right on her clitoris.

Teresa sucked in air.

The boy sucked in the clitoris.

For some time the stall rang with weird noises, of gasping, of occasional grunts and groans from the stable boy, of whinnies and snorts...

Teresa was beginning to press her vagina into the boy's face, onto his exploring tongue...

The boy grabbed her by the hips to have something to hold on to.

Teresa was losing control, thrusting harder and harder...

"Stop now!" said the groom. STOP!"

The lad looked round, dazed, overcome by vaginal juices and Teresa's beauty and proximity, his mouth hanging open, his chin and face shining in the dim light, his whole face wet from secretions that were flowing freer than ever before under the influence of the hormones...

"Training, you see. We don't like them to come too often. We like to build the pressure up... Get a good head of steam on her! Just look at this little pony. Gagging at the bit! She's coming along very nicely."

"Sod that!" said the boy. "Next time, you do your own licking!"

Fuckface held out a sugar lump in the flat palm of her hand.

Teresa ignored it.

Fuckface laughed and went away. Another day, Fucksie would take it.

Chapter Fourteen

Teresa's Mind

Teresa was aware of her bodily changes, but she often forgot that she was aware.

Most obviously, her breasts had swelled.
To her surprise, they were still firm.

She had some trouble at times with a fast canter. They flopped about.
The guests loved it.

She was worried about the dyslexia, which she did not associate with the drugs.

Words which had been familiar to her all her life seemed to be different words now. Letters like b and d and p and q became tricky combinations of a circle and a stick.

Obviously, she said to herself, all this mindless walking round the carousel is having an effect...

Sometimes she stared for a long time at what used to be the Tack Room, wondering why it was now called the Fack Room.

The stable clock soon became incomprehensible to her.

As time passed, meaninglessly except for training purposes, she lost track of it.

Fuckface told her it was the best thing she could do.

If she knew the time and the day and the week it would not help her. It would make things worse.

She had to help herself now, by fitting in, by getting used to the training schedules.

It was all for her own good.

The groom's hand ran over Teresa's breasts.

"You're a good little pony," she said thoughtfully. "I'm still going to punish you if you disobey, but from time to time I'm going to reward you too."

She held out her hand, offering another sugar lump.

Teresa was still sufficiently in control not to fall for simple tricks like that.

On the other hand, she had not tasted sugar for a long time. She decided to accept it.

She opened her mouth and moved her head down to the open palm, preparing to lick it up, when Fuckface unexpectedly closed her hand.

"Not that way. The first one goes somewhere else. Open your legs."

Teresa obeyed and the groom slipped the sugar between her lips.

"I'll call one of the lads. I suppose you prefer a lad?"

Teresa nodded.

"Which one do you fancy?"

Teresa shrugged her shoulders. They were all the same, spotty youths who spent their day mucking out the stalls.

Fuckface called the same lad over.

"I'll give you another chance. There's a sugar lump in there. You can lick it and push it around, but you can't suck it out."

She ordered Teresa to lie back on the wet straw and open her legs.

The boy went down on her.

He went round her, stepped over her head, and went down on her vagina, holding her legs wide apart.

"Can I pull my trousers down a bit?"

"Yes, but she's not going to suck you. You can just press it against her face.

legs

She looked around to check that no one was watching.

Quietly, carefully, she climbed up on to waist-high fence between her stall and the next, which was empty.

She leaned forward and rode the fence, faster and faster, trying not to make a noise, until she felt the rising tide of orgasm jerk her arms and legs about and she let out a triumphant whinny as she slipped into the semi-conscious state of pure physical bliss...

“UGH! ... AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She slumped forward onto the fence.

A figure emerged from the shadows.

“That was very good,” said the vet, smiling amiably as always. “The punters are going to like you!”

He held out a small piece of dark chocolate.

She took it, licking it up from the flat palm of his outstretched hand.

She did not feel it as a kind of degradation.

She was still in control. She took it, she argued, because she chose it.

Her thoughts were still her own thoughts, her mind was still her own mind.

“My neeeiims ... Teresa,” she said to him. “Teresa Robins. I aam tweekeny yeeers. Aiiiim a vagaiiina.”

That seemed to be all right. I am managing very well, she said to herself.

The vet turned to the groom and looked at her enquiringly. “She said her name, but she got it wrong. She said she’s a vagina. She means she’s a virgin,” the groom said. The vet nodded.

As the weeks passed, Teresa’s timeless existence became a present existence.

It was daytime when she was awake and night when she was asleep.

It was training time when she was woken up to have her bridle and bit fitted.

She was aware of many external factors, like cold and heat, or dry sunny weather or wet weather, but they had little meaning to her except

as part of the training. They meant she sweated more or less, or had to be more or less careful where she put her feet, but they meant nothing else.

What mattered most to her now were the details, the sugar lump or the chocolate.

She was prepared to do silly things to get them.

She would, for example, move her body a little to the left or right to show her new breasts off to best advantage.

Or she would stand in front of visitors, push her breasts up and forwards, then turn round and touch her toes, showing them her hindquarters.

Her vagina, as she realised, was proportionately larger than before. It fascinated visitors.

The training moved on relentlessly.

Some of the girls had alterations to their hindquarters, but in Teresa's case this was considered not necessary.

Weight training took over from the carousel.

Heavy weights were attached to their belt or ankles. Carriages and traps laden with rocks made their shoulder and back muscles enormously strong.

Many of the ponies could pull three people in a special ultra light trap, if the people were not too heavy.

Masturbation, which had been quietly tolerated, was now strictly forbidden.

Tremendous punishment was meted out to offenders, usually in the form of a repeated beating by stable hands or guests directly on the open vagina.

Teresa repressed herself, but found she was thinking more and more of tongues licking her most private parts. In her fantasies, they were long animal tongues.

One day the vet spoke to Teresa's groom.

He took Teresa away for examination, exploring and probing deep into her throat, vagina and anus.

He tested the muscular development, especially of the back, thighs and ankles.

He called her groom over.

“Fucksie is ready. What will you do with her, carriage or races?”

Chapter Fifteen

Pony Girls in Service

Teresa was taken at eight in the morning to join the other fully trained pony girls.

There were some thirty of them in all. They were taken in smaller groups and paraded around a paddock to be inspected by the guests.

Teresa's arrival caused a tremendous stir.

Her lovely breasts were enormous now, but still retained their uplift. Her nipples pointed proudly upwards. Seen from the side, she was perfectly rounded. Her buttocks, round and firm, balanced her breasts.

Many of the guests were regulars who had seen the same ponies for several years. From time to time a pony just did not appear in any of the groups. If they asked "Where's Dainty?" or said "I haven't seen Bumhole for some time," they were told that Dainty and Bumhole had gone to the Big Horse in the Sky. It was a hard, arduous job and the life expectancy was short. Drugs and physical excess took their toll. It was natural, the staff explained, the generational change came faster for animals.

It often happened that there were few guests at eight. Many came later, at ten. But the girls still had to parade around in the same mindless way as at the carousel.

Loudspeaker comments entertained the few guests during these two hours with information about the ponies.



“This one was called Teresa when she came here. We call her Fuckbags or just Fucksie to her friends. Take a bow, Fucksie. Keep it good and low, let these folks see how you got your name Fuckbags!

She came with 38D boobs and we’ve taken her up to 40D, for your delight and entertainment, ladies and gentlemen.

Step over to the guests, Fucksie, and let them see you!”

Teresa walked in a slightly self-conscious, springing gait over to the line of onlookers.

She moved slowly down the line, pushing her now unbelievable, mind-bending breasts up and forwards, turning slightly left and right, letting guests cup their hands underneath them and move them up and down as if they were weighing a bag of potatoes.

“Be careful, Sir!” This one’s so full of milk she’ll explode in your face!”

The ponies usually preferred not to be chosen for a ride or a race. Parading was boring but not gruelling.

Sometimes a client took a pair of ponies.

They pulled heavier loads, such as a trap with a wider seat and leather hood to keep the rain off.

Special waterproof covers kept passengers dry even if the pony was up to her waist in a river.

In the summer, cotton sunshades were used, giving the whole thing a pleasant country feel.

But this was her first day, and she knew little of the pleasures awaiting her.

She turned her head to the man with the microphone and made a soft noise.

“You’re in luck this morning, ladies and gentlemen, she’s going to drop her load in front of you.”

Teresa turned round and showed them all her bottom.

She bent her legs a little at the knees and leaned slightly forwards,

raising her splendid buttocks just a little.

She strained for a moment, grunted, and dropped her excrement onto the ground.

“Bravo!”

“Well done, attagirl!”

She waited a moment, turned round, opened her legs and pissed onto the ground in front of them. Some of it went down her thighs, where it steamed in the crisp morning air.

“A big hand, ladies and gentlemen, that was a nice pony double!”

Finally, Teresa turned round again and lifted her buttocks as high as she could, putting her head down near the ground to show everybody her anus and her vagina, held high and provocative...

Some of the men cheered.

Others fell silent, prey to a terrible lust, either intensified or reduced, depending on the individual, by the sight of fresh, unwiped shit around the bottom and back of the legs, and steaming yellow piss still running down the thighs.

The women were especially shocked.

One put her handkerchief to her nose, sprinkling toilet water over it.

“Disgusting! They’re animals! Just filthy animals! How can they do that!”

“It’s natural for them, Madam. They don’t think about it.

And now, if you’d like to pass through to the racing and trap area, you can all enjoy a ride. I’m afraid it’s not a very nice day, but don’t let that spoil your enjoyment.”

“I’ll take Fucksie,” said one of the guests, a woman. “Will she pull me and my friend?”

“No problem at all, Madam. Would you like her bottom wiped first or not?”

“Of course we would,” said the friend. “We don’t want to be looking at that filthy thing all day, do we, Rita?”

“Certainly not,” agreed the first woman. One or two of the men present looked as if they would be very happy to look at it all day and all night

too.

Teresa pricked her ears up. Rita? Oh God!

“Bend over!”

Teresa bent over as her bottom was wiped with a chemical wipe. As always, it stung.

She was taken over to a trap and put between the shafts. She had a quick look! Yes, it was Rita, come with a friend to see her first day, her first humiliation!

Teresa’s back was strapped down over a crossbar. This kept her bottom high and meant that passengers could sit in fascination as her anus and her vagina moved around, opening and closing, winking provocatively at them...

The rings in her waist belt were attached to the shafts and her arms were hitched to the shafts at the elbows and wrists.

A strap fitted to the bridle was pulled back onto her belt to ensure that her torso was raised, giving a clear view to other drivers of her superb swinging breasts.

Teresa waited nervously. She had been waiting months for this, she had endured arduous training for this...

And she felt suddenly trapped. More trapped than before, even. She was tied in an absurd, degrading position in which two women would shortly see her open her bowels and bladder once again.

She was being forced to display what she had always hidden so carefully.

In a dramatic flash she saw her room again. Her wardrobe, her satin knickers, her tights that always covered them and protected her, her bathroom, her creams, her make-up, so much cleanliness, all gone, all reduced to public exhibition of her naked, defenceless, unprotected, punishable breasts and vagina.

She felt crushed by it all. She would have cried out loud, but her buttocks were already too exposed... She did not want to be flogged on them, or whipped on the breasts...

So much effort, she thought, so much beauty, all available, she knew, for a very moderate price.

It cost only five new pounds to hire a pony for six hours. Six new pounds gave a full eight hours. Most guests paid six and made a day of it.

She tossed her head as she had been taught, ringing the little bell on her nose.

Now she really would be a pony.

She pawed at the ground as if impatient to go.

She felt desolate, degraded as never before.

She was sorry she remembered her past life. She would try to live in the present. But how?

“Giddy-up!” shouted the driver. Teresa strained and the cart moved off.

She had to concentrate now...

It was torture for her to try to keep up the trotting rhythm. If her pace slackened, she was reminded of it by a crack from the whip on her exposed buttocks.

When she let her pee go, the guests laughed.

“I’ve never seen holes like those in my life!” said Rita. “That must come from a dissolute life! She must have been a slut before she became a pony!”

“You could drive a pony and trap up that cunt!” said the other one, laughing.

The bit pulled cruelly into Teresa’s mouth.

After a few miles Teresa’s legs were wobbling, but there was little she could do about it.

Her lungs were about to explode.

They gave her just one rest, and one chance to drink.

As she rested between the shafts, her breasts covered in sweat and

heaving from the effort, Rita came round to the front and stared at her for some time.

She went over to a tree, pulled off a branch and stripped the leaves from it.

She came back in a determined way, swishing the air experimentally with his whippy twig and

SWIIIIIIIIISH
THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK
“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The twig bit deep into her breasts, leaving a deep red mark and causing her to scream.

“That one,” she said, “was for sending me to the storeroom to count penholders. The next one is for blackmailing Mr Mackintosh and taking my job!”

SWIIIIIIIIISH
THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK
“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“And the next one is for flopping your big tits in front of my husband and nearly ruining my marriage!”

SWIIIIIIIIISH
THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK
“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Rita got back into the trap, apparently satisfied with his morning’s work.

Teresa was in agony. The stripped twig had broken the skin on her breasts in several places. She squirmed around between the shafts but could do nothing to ease the pain.

Rita! So Rita had set up the trap for her! She had suspected it, but had never been sure.

How had it all gone wrong? How had an intelligent woman like her been outsmarted by a stupid secretary with a brain the size of a pea like Rita?



“Home, pony, home!” A flick on the buttocks.

Teresa pulled the cart round with some relief.

She arrived dripping with sweat. It ran into her welts on her breasts and made it sting.

She threw her head around nervously.

She found it very annoying, having to watch them eat and drink while she only had a water trough.

She avoided looking at Rita as much as she could. She knew that Rita was looking at her.

She felt bad when she had to pee...

She hated the way they never offered her anything to eat, not even an apple.

She hated the way they threw the leftovers into a bin.

She hated the afternoon, pulling for hours and hours...

It was a bad day, perhaps the worst so far.

“Goodbye, Teresa,” said Rita. It was the first time she had heard her name since she came to the stable. It sounded strange to her. Just like Rita to use it, to humiliate her by reminding her of her past...

She turned away. When Rita and her friend left, she burst into tears and sat on the straw, remembering... She was surprised at the clarity of her memories. Recently, she had been getting very confused mentally. Perhaps seeing Rita brought it all back...

The weeks passed, and Teresa fell into a different and much more gruelling routine pulling a trap.

Life was no better, Teresa discovered, for the racing ponies. She was not apparently considered a racer, she supposed because of her big bones and heavier build.

She had sometimes competed, though, and it was just as humiliating in its own way. The horses were led around the paddock and their racing record was read out over the loudspeakers. Their form was discussed.

Punters had a card with five races on it. Betting was frenzied, a gabble of excitement and comparisons of legs and thighs and buttocks.

Teresa noticed that the racers seemed to take it all very seriously. Some of them were clearly proud of their form. Heads were carried high and knees lifted.

The racing was called sulky racing.

Teresa was fairly sure she had heard the word sulky before. She seemed to remember that it meant something negative, but she couldn't quite remember what. In any case, it did not matter because a sulky turned out to be a light two-wheeled carriage for a single driver and a single pony.

Running proved complicated. If she wanted to go faster, her driver often pulled on the bit and checked her. As the driver was frequently new, there was little understanding between pony and driver, and collisions were commonplace.

On one occasion Teresa's sulky had rolled over onto its back, throwing the driver out and leaving her suspended between the shafts upside-down, showing her naked vagina to a crowd of amused onlookers.

"Wait a minute, I've got a letter to post!"

"Hold your knees together love or the next pony'll fall in!"

"Are you interested in astronomy, love? Have you ever seen Uranus? Well wait a minute and I'll get a mirror!"

"More like a black 'ole if you ask me!"

"They suck everything in, don't they?"

Teresa actually won a chaotic race of this kind because nearly all the other carriages overturned.

She was taken, sweating and out of breath, to the winner's enclosure, where she was allowed to wet her head in a drinking trough.

Teresa was leaning forward with a large vibrator inside, the winner's prize.

Little by little the vibrator stimulated her so that, even in public with so many people looking at her – and a camera crew filming the scene – she found it very difficult to keep still.

Winning punters slapped her heartily on the buttocks to congratulate

her.

Her rider was interviewed explaining that the merit was the pony's. She had a lot of stamina rather than speed and had kept going where others had fallen.

Credit must go to the trainer, he said, smiling.

The one who got least credit, it seemed, was the pony herself.

She watched exhausted as champagne bottles were opened and she was largely ignored, except for irrelevant comments on her personal characteristics such as the size of her breasts or vagina.

Finally, a big red rosette was fixed into Teresa's hair.

She obligingly shook her head and whinnied.

The crowd applauded.

Teresa tried to shake the vibrator out, but that proved impossible.

Her groom came up, smiling, and put her hand down over Teresa's bush, talking to her quietly, reassuring her, cupping her hand and pressing, stroking her lightly on the breasts, while the crowd looked on and applauded.

After a time the groom stepped back.

Teresa was high-stepping nervously.

She knew she needed an orgasm. The extra hormones made it a desperate necessity. But she was deeply embarrassed to be doing it like this, in front of so many people.

It soon became clear that this was all part of the spectacle.

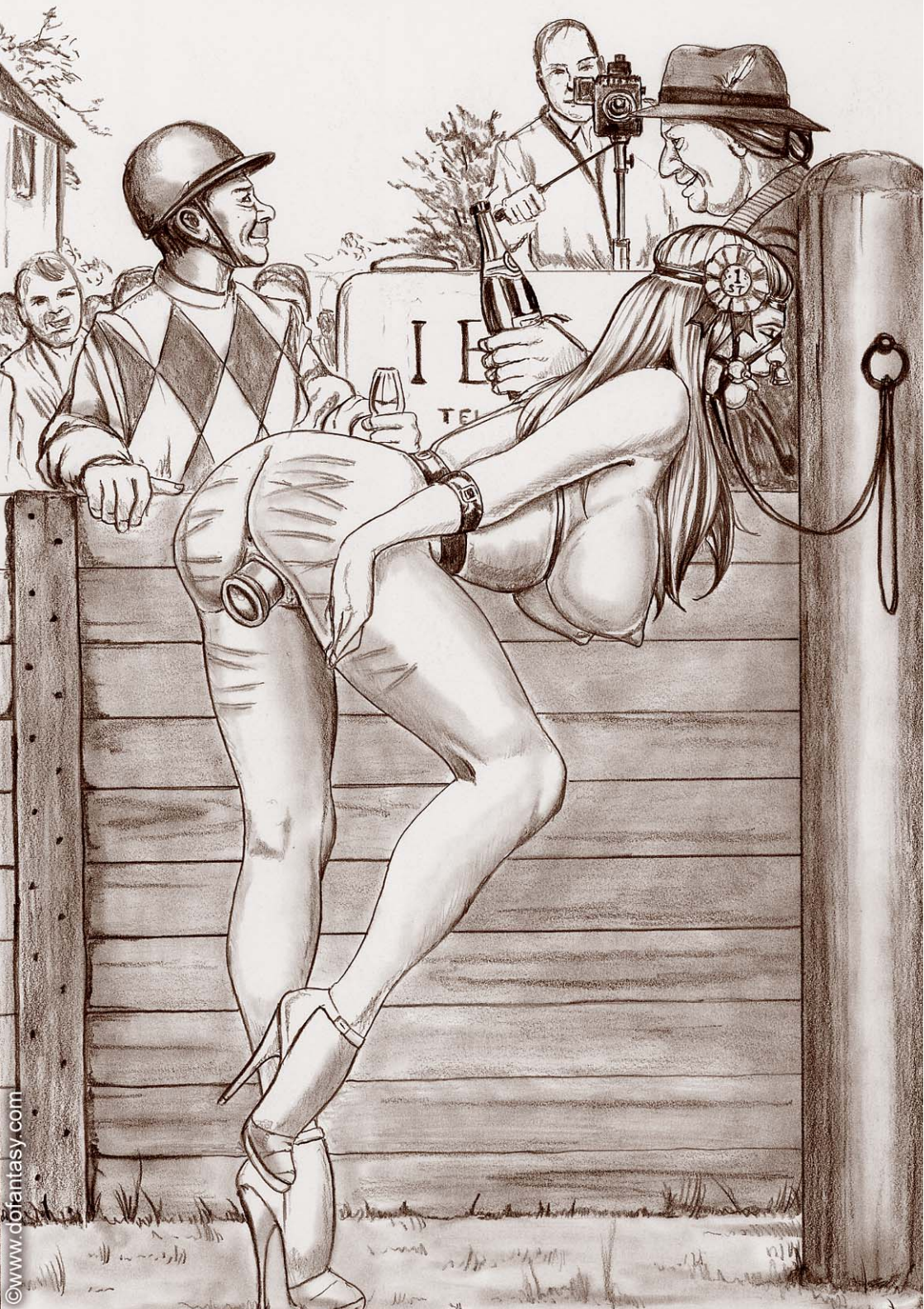
"This young pony has never won before, ladies and gentlemen. She has never been mated with man or horse. She has never been allowed to have an orgasm in front of other people. So this is a real first for her, now let's see what today's winner can do in front of a crowd!"

The crowd fell silent, fascinated.

They were watching the pony's first public orgasm!

Teresa looked around.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, she had a momentary flash of rebellion.



She would resist the orgasm. She would show she them she was not an animal!

She leapt about to take her mind off the relentless thumping and vibrating that was going on deep inside her.

The crowd thought she was coming and roared its approval.

“Shake ‘em up, girl! Get ‘em wobbling!”

“Flop your udder, love! Flop it around!”

She made a huge effort to fight against the orgasm, but it was in vain...

She needed it, and it was gradually winning, gradually forcing her into compulsive thrusts of the pelvis like a mad monkey fucking the air...

She found herself closing one thigh elegantly over the other, like a pony taking a bow, as she had sometimes done when as a child she masturbated sitting at a school desk or lying alone in her bed, and this more familiar pressure helped her finish.

She threw her head back, opened her mouth as her whole body twisted and jerked out of control, her legs and breasts flying around in all directions and she screamed her way into dark oblivion...

“UGH!

UUUUGGHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

She staggered around, half-fainting, unable to see or hear...

The crowd roared its approval.

But no one took the vibrator out.

There was half an hour to the next race and no other entertainment had been laid on, so she was left to recover with the vibrator in.

She had carried off the first orgasm quite well, she felt, keeping her dignity in her own way.

But the second and the third and the fourth left her exhausted, tearful, disgusted with the whole sick business.

The crowd booed as she was led away, sobbing, just as the next race began.

Chapter Sixteen

Conditioning for Copulation

Teresa did not know it, but a year had passed.

It was no longer necessary to strap her down to the examination table.

She still hated it all, especially the new instrument which was strapped onto her face. It kept her eyes open.

She had not been able to discover its purpose, but she suspected that some kind of brainwashing was involved.

She had begun a few weeks ago to have strange fantasies, which did not go away even if she found ways of masturbating.

It seemed to her that even as an adolescent she had had such fantasies, but had ignored them. Nearly all adolescent girls like horses and ponies. They believe them to be intelligent. If their parents have money, they ask for them as a birthday present.

When she was young, she did not realise the sexual nature of this fantasy.

She did now. It was, she reflected, one of the few useful pieces of self-knowledge she had acquired in this strange, depraved ranch pony. Did I say ranch pony? she asked herself. I mean pony ranch, she thought, correcting herself. Pony ranch, not ranch pony. A pony ranch is a ranch, a ranch pony is a pony, she reminded herself. Recently, her mind seemed

to have clouded over again. Her memory was going and words were becoming slippery.

“My name is Teresa. I am twenty years old. I am a girl, not a ranch pony.”

“My name is Teresa. I am twenty years old. I am a girl, not a ranch pony.”

Most of her speech now was for herself. Her groom still understood her most of the time but other people seemed to have increasing difficulty.

As her conditioning bit in, she founds herself thinking more and more of horses and dogs.

Sometimes she and the other girls were shown videos of bestialism, usually a woman being licked by a dog and then copulating with it. The woman always enjoyed the orgasms and the girls watching the video envied her.

One day the vet gave them a talk, an introduction to a factual documentary on the same subject.

Teresa was interested to learn that the Empress Catherine of Russia had made a special frame above her bed to hold and restrain a horse. The Empress died when the frame collapsed...

“Died with a big smile on her face, we suppose!” said the vet.

The girls and the guests laughed. The girls tossed their heads high and moved nervously around in their seats, giving quick looks left and right, flaring their nostrils...

“We’re going to a ranch tomorrow,” said Fuckface one day.

Teresa and the other girls were put into a truck, blindfold and gagged. They were told to think about horses and horses’ penises.

When they arrived, they saw real horses and real mares.

The horse’s penises were enormous when erect.

Teresa said nothing but could not take her eyes off the huge member.

“A pony girl’s does not have many pleasures for the girl herself. It is a useful life, a life of service,” said the vet, “but it does not always satisfy the girls themselves in a strictly physical sense. Their needs are different,

stronger, than those of other girls. For some pony girls, a relation with another animal is the most satisfactory part of their life of service on a ranch.”

A few days later, a stallion was brought to the stable.

There were more visitors than usual that day.

Word had obviously got around.

Most of the visitors were women. They sat on one side of an area marked out with low fences, like a kind of boxing ring.

They wore elegant cocktail gowns and wore select jewellery.

The ranch encouraged them to do this as it made the ponies feel particularly uncomfortable.

The women settled down to enjoy the show, smoking and drinking.

The mating of “virgin ponies” was the centrepiece of one of the big dinner parties. Prices were high and guests expected to be entertained.

They were not usually disappointed.

Teresa had not expected any of this.

Her name was announced just as she entered the box. She was led on a leather lead which passed through her nose ring.

She had been groomed and was looking her best, but why?

First she had been dipped and hosed down.

Then her hair was piled up in a sophisticated hairstyle. Small diamante combs shone in it, and she wore matching diamante earrings and choker.

She had long cocktail gloves up to her elbows and a bracelet on one wrist that matched the other jewellery.

Fuckface had made her up heavily, lots of rouge and eyeliner.

Teresa felt a natural pride, the pleasure of dressing up.

At the same time, she was nervous in public.

It was like a dream she used to have in which she realised she was wearing no clothes in a public place...

What was happening?

What had Fuckface meant when she said she looked lovely for her first date?

She would soon find out.

Meanwhile, she waited, standing nervously in the middle of the box.

Everyone waited.

A door opened and some twenty pony girls, all naked, were brought in and stood in a corner to watch.

Then the stallion appeared!

It was biting at the bit with all the timidity and nervousness of its species.

The Master of Ceremonies cleared his throat.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, you are about to have the privilege of watching one of the most portentous events in all nature, the intimate meeting of very different species, horse and woman.”

Teresa’s eyes opened wide in disbelief.

She looked at the horse.

It was a small but magnificent pony, perfect in its own miniature way. It even looked strong and muscular, she thought, in admiration.

But how could they...?

It wasn’t possible. It wouldn’t work.

And she was a virgin! She had never made love with anybody!

She supposed they had chosen a smallish pony for that reason, or maybe to avoid the Empress’s problem with the stallion over her bed...

The Master of Ceremonies droned on.

His voice sounded distant and irrelevant.

He made her walk around the box, showing her body in different ways

Suddenly Teresa got nervous. She ran over to the horse, looked closely at its erect penis, panicked and wet herself.

The crowd watched, at first in silence, but later more raucously, and derisory comments came from all sides.

“That’ll help the horse in! Get it wet and sticky love!”

“Good gracious!” said an elderly woman with small binoculars, “she’s wetting herself! Have they no shame at all?”

“Turn round, girl, I can’t see properly!”

Teresa felt deeply embarrassed.
She blushed.

The announcer waited for the guests to fall silent once again.

“This lovely little stud has been chosen specially for Fuckbags, ladies and gentlemen! Her groom noticed that she couldn’t take her eyes off the little stallion the other day! So she has been chosen to ride it, if that is the right expression, which it is not, ladies and gentlemen, because she’s going to be ridden! In any case, riding or ridden, she has been chosen for this prize-winning dick! It’s a double first, actually, for the stallion and the pony, so you’re really in luck today!”

“Say hello to the horse!” he said to Teresa. “Polite animals always say hello before they fuck!”

Teresa managed a weak “Hello.”

As usual these days, the guests had difficulty understand her. “Good girl! That was hello, ladies and gentlemen.”

“The horse,” he explained, “has been genetically modified, as well as the pony. You may have noticed how his penis begins to pump up as soon as her breasts get near him. Naked girls turn him on.”

He untied both the stallion and Teresa.

“You have learnt to do all your most private acts in public,” he said to Teresa. “It is natural for you. Now you are going to take the horse’s member into you. That is all it is. You do not feel shame because you have nothing to be ashamed of.”

Teresa stroked and patted the stallion the only way she could, with her head and neck, calming it down with strange guttural noises.

She let her neck rest against the horse's neck.
It seemed to find this reassuring.

“As some of you probably know,” said the vet, “this is more or less the way mules are produced. The mule is a cross between a horse and a donkey. The process of mating is as follows. A horse, a stallion, is aroused by the presence of another horse, a mare, and at the last moment the mare is taken away and a female donkey is put in its place. The horse has such a big, aching dick by that time that he doesn't give a damn! Like some men I know!”

The crowd giggled with tense, nervous laughter.

Teresa panicked again, stepped back, startling the animal.

A stable boy stood up, brandishing a cattle prod and steered her back to the horse.

“Go down on your knees under it!” said the Master of Ceremonies. “That's what it expects!”

Teresa shuddered, but her training was beginning to get hold of her. Her thoughts were running out of control. She hardly recognised them as hers.

I have always wanted to do things like this, she thought. I didn't know. It's only the first time that's difficult. Once I've done it I'll feel better. I've been repressed until now. One copulation will wipe out years of inhibition.

I have to know if I like it. There's no other way to find out.

If I have an orgasm I'll like it. I always like coming and they don't let me usually.

I have always liked horses.

I will come under this horse.

He will put his enormous penis into me and he'll make me come!

It's natural for him. It's all right. Everything's going to be all right...

She turned her head, looked at the crowd and made short, excited noises.

The crowd fell silent. They could see it was not easy for her. They were fascinated by the conflict between Teresa's conscious mind and her newly acquired genetic programming.

Teresa bent down near the enormous penis. It was a dramatic black colour. She was a little shocked at first and pulled back, undecided.

The boy with the cattle prod moved near her...

She dropped to her knees and opened her lovely mouth, the mouth so many men had kissed in so many bedtime fantasies...

She gave the horse a gentle, tentative kiss on the end of its huge erect penis, opening her soft, warm lips very slowly, sensuously, and kissing the tip of the horse's penis as if belonged to her fantasy lover, the lover she had never had in her former life, the man she had been keeping herself for...

The audience were caught by surprise by the sincerity of the gesture. They gasped.

Then Teresa's programming took over.

This, she said to herself, is what I have always dreamed of, ever since I was an adolescent.

This will make me happy...

This will give me the orgasm I need...

This will fulfil the fantasies I had when I was a young girl...

She opened her full lips wide around the end of the penis, and took it in, giving it a series of generous sucks.

She licked it too, with big, urgent licks. Many of the men present considered all this enthusiasm wasted on a horse.

She sucked and sucked, wishing she could use her hands, wishing she could hold the horse's splendid rod, wishing she could use one of her hands on her own nipples...

For a moment, there was confusion in her mind as she wavered between two states, between her old life with its social and moral conditioning, and her new life with its quite different social, moral and genetic conditioning.

She paused, the penis still in her mouth, puzzled, not knowing what to do and not even sure what she was doing.

At that moment the horse went into a sudden, unexpected orgasm, giving a quick thrust and shooting huge quantities of sperm down her throat.

As she pulled back, releasing the tip of the penis, the horse fired again, straight into her face.

As she pulled the penis out and down, away from her face, she got some semen on the breasts too.

There was silence from the crowd.

The usual ribald comments were silenced by the strange eroticism of the scene, by Teresa's passionate, almost tender sucking of the huge black penis.

Teresa stood up in confusion and backed away from the horse.

She looked around, remembered where she was, and scampered into a corner like a naughty little girl.

The crowd laughed, releasing its tension, commenting on her wet face and breasts.

She felt her cheeks go bright red.

"Don't worry, ladies and gentleman," said the Master of Ceremonies, "this horse will be ready in no time at all. Just enjoy your drinks and in a couple of minutes he'll be raring to go!"

He was right. The boy with the prod made Teresa stand in front of the horse for a moment and then go down on all fours under it. Its long penis soon pumped itself up.

Teresa too was soon ready. As she watched the penis grow, irresistible fantasies came into her head, fantasies that she supposed, wrongly, had always been there, waiting for this opportunity.

Fulfilment seemed to lie in that improbable penis.

Aching, undesired lust flowed through her veins.

She wanted to be fucked. It was a rude word. She knew that. She remembered that clearly. But there was nothing she could do about it. She wanted to be fucked and she said so, with her high-pitched, urgent whinny.

Her instinct told her what to do.

She lifted her bottom.

She brushed it against the horse's belly and made it step forward, looking for her...

She wiggled back onto the horse's penis. She kept wiggling until she was fully impaled.

Her mouth opened as the penis slipped into her vagina, deeper and deeper.

She gasped a pony gasp and pushed back and forth, trying to find the horse's rhythm.

She opened her mouth wider and half-closed her eyes, turning her face to the crowd. She hardly saw them. She was alone now, lost in her own world of pure lust. She was reduced to a throbbing vagina, desperate for stimulation, desperate for release from this terrible sexual tension..

She had never looked so beautiful in her life, so sensual, so lost in her own passion...

For a time the audience was silent, a sign of deep respect, of admiration.

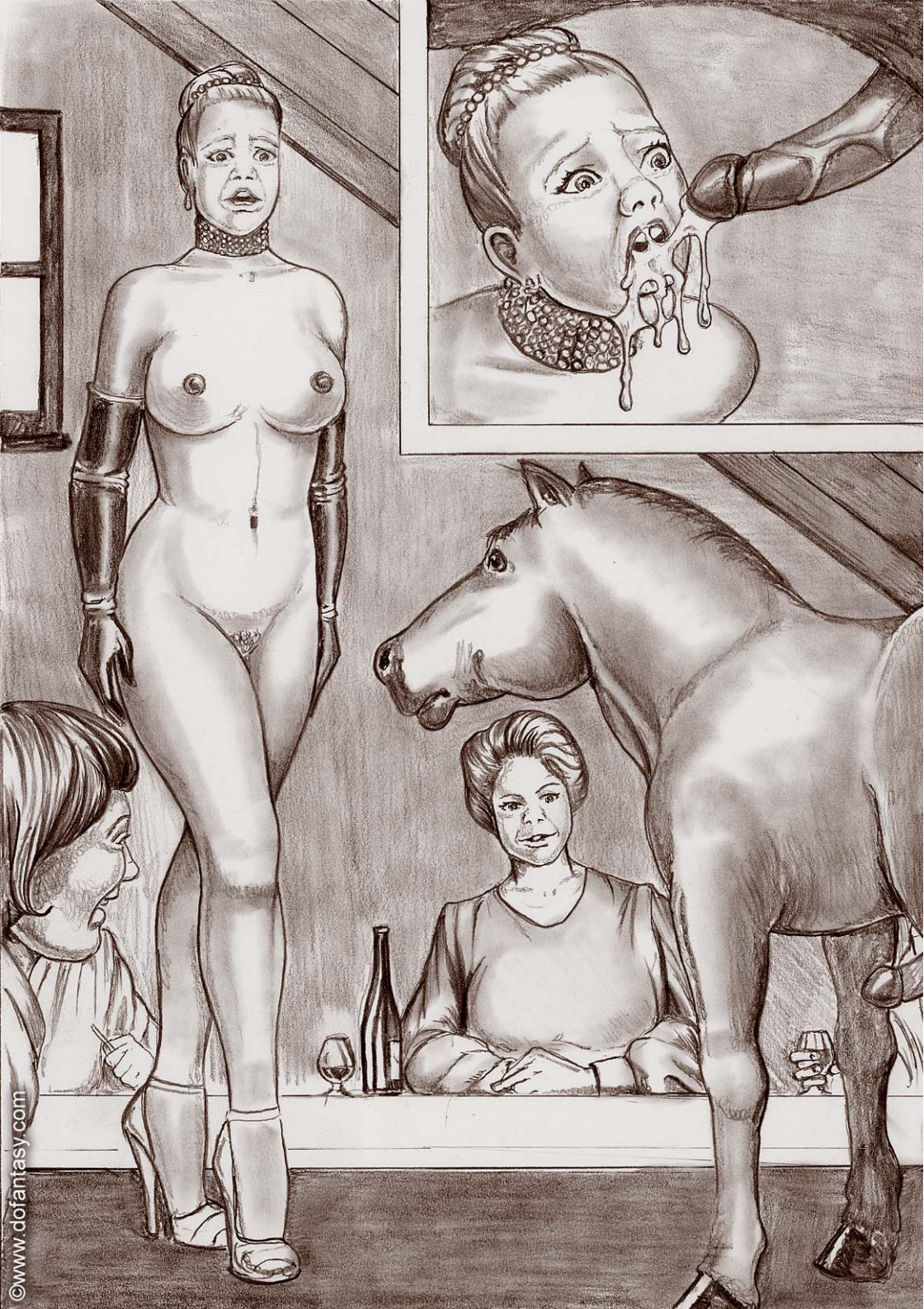
Her perfect breasts hung heavily, drawing all eyes as they swung backwards and forwards.

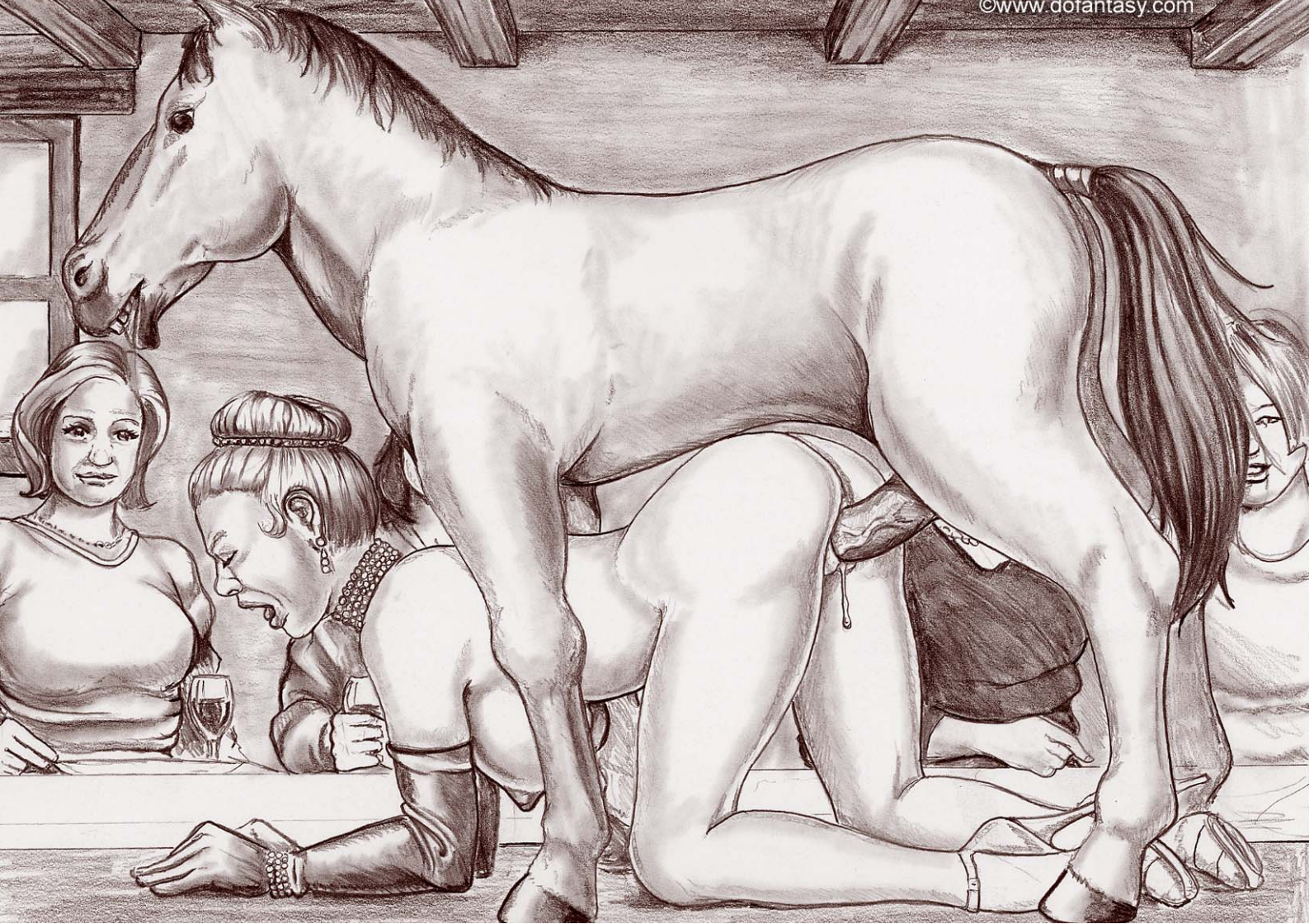
Teresa herself, all of her, mind and body was perfect too at that moment, perfectly at peace, perfectly integrated, perfectly lost in her own world and perfectly penetrated.

Then someone broke the ice.

"That makes a change, eh love? Being ridden, I mean. I thought you was the pony!"

She opened her eyes and half-remembered where she was.





Teresa had three more mind-blowing orgasms before the horse lifted its head and shot its last load deep into her vagina.

Teresa was happy.

She had never had an orgasm as powerful as these before.

She remember how, in the privacy of her own bedroom, exploring herself delicately with her own fingers, or less elegantly crossing her thighs at the top and jerking, she had sometimes had orgasms. She could see now that they were only lesser pleasures, a temporary relief from tension.

She had never come as she came under the horse.

She felt a little proud of herself.

She felt free.

She was becoming the woman she wanted to be!

I am becoming the pony I have always wanted to be, she said to herself.

The crowd sensed her pride as she looked around, head held high, and a cheer rang round the room.

Teresa stood up, still in her own world, and smiled as she saw the semen on her breasts and felt it run down her thighs.

“Fucksie,” said the Master of Ceremonies, handing her a sugar lump, “that was wonderful. Some of the guests would like a closer look. Could you just walk up and down in front of them and show them your bottom. Nice and high now, that’s the way. And your tits too, lovely!”

Teresa sucked on the sugar. It was lovely.

She moved down the line of guests, first bending down in front of them to show them her hanging, swinging breasts, and then turning away from them, lifting her bottom high and keeping her head low, showing them the semen seeping from the swollen, inflamed, pink lips of her vagina, showing them her anus, so small and tempting and mysterious to the men...

Most of the men present had not had anal sex, but they were all fascinated by her wrinkled little anus.

When she came to the end of the row, she seemed for a moment to have lost her composure. She turned to the Master of Ceremonies, looked

shyly down at the sawdust on the ground, wondering what to do, waiting for orders.

“Just wait there a moment, Fucksie,” he said. “A big hand, ladies and gentlemen, for a very lucky stallion and a very, very lucky pony girl!”

A moment later, another horse appeared, a large brown stallion. It was paraded around the ring.

“Strictly speaking, the show’s over folks, but if any of you want to stay for a while, you’re welcome to do so.

We think Fucksie enjoyed her ride, so we’ve got a special treat for her. We’re going to leave her all night. Now we have to be careful when we do this. Our stallions are very valuable animals. We don’t want to lose any of them, so we’ll be changing them from time to time. Stay around by all means.”

Nobody moved.

There was a murmur of appreciation, some said thank you, and all eyes turned to Teresa.

The crowd clapped politely as the exhausted-looking pony was led away.

Teresa had no problems this time. She had done it once, and it had been wonderful.

She actually wanted the crowd to see how she had been liberated from her old inhibitions. She felt superior to them. These middle-aged women with their dry vaginas, what would they give to have an orgasm like hers?

She decided to do exactly the same as last time.

She opened her mouth and sucked and licked on the huge tip.

She was careful not to go too far too fast.

She kissed the member all along its tremendous length, running her tongue up and down it repeatedly.

Then she moved into position again, bottom high, and reversed onto the penis, holding her breath in ecstasy as the huge length went in as far

as it would go.

The orgasm when it came was at least as good as the first.
When it hit her, Teresa shouted out as never before...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She appeared to lose conscious for a second. Her head dropped and, still on all fours, she swayed left and right, swinging her enormous breasts to the delight of the guests.

When she recovered, she slid forwards and the penis came out.

She seemed to wake up, almost frightened and looked round.

She offered her bottom again, but the horse was twitching out of control and the penis was flopping round wildly.

Desperately, Teresa sat on the ground with her legs wide apart.

She leaned back onto her shoulders and pushed her pelvis high, presenting her open vagina to the horse. She looked like some strange four-legged creature, with a vagina instead a mouth.

“Turn over, Fucksie,” said the Master of Ceremonies. “This is a stud, not a man! It only responds to ponies’ hind quarters. Show it your bottom, good and high.”

Teresa turned over quickly and lifted her bottom.

She had finished, but she wanted the horse to finish too and she loved having it inside her.

This time the horse and Teresa finished together.

The crowd applauded.

When the last guests left at seven the next morning, Teresa was impaled on one horse and sucking off another that was standing alongside it.

There was sperm everywhere. It hung in the air as a strong salt smell. It was all over Teresa’s hair and face. Her breasts were shining with a

dry crust of horse spunk.

Her vagina and bottom and the tops of her legs were covered in it.

Teresa was happy.

She felt she belonged.

Which was exactly what the pony ranch did not want.

Nobody wanted real ponies.

No fun.

So when the horses were taken away and Teresa stood exhausted, gasping for air, her head hanging over her huge, unbelievably firm breasts, the Head Groom appeared.

“Fuckbags! They tell me you have been fucking my horses all night!

That is very naughty of you.

These are valuable animals. They have a job to do.

You are not so valuable, but you still have a job to do.

You are going to be punished now for giving yourself up to your own pleasure.

You have to learn that you are not here for your pleasure.

You are here for other people’s!”

Teresa was silent.

It was true. She had had a night of pleasure.

But it was false too, she thought.

People had paid to watch her pleasure.

“Let me put it another way,” said the Head Groom, “ your cunt is no longer your cunt. It is our cunt.”

Teresa remained silent. They would find any excuse to punish her, or none at all, if that was what they wanted to do.

Teresa had difficulty thinking things out these days, but she understood the essential fact of her existence: she was a pony girl, not a pony and not a girl, a pony girl, something in the middle. A pony girl is really a girl. She hung on to the thought, pleased with it.

I am a pony, not a girl, she said to herself. It’s just that I’m a girl pony,

a pony ranch, a ... a ... sniff ... snort...

She saw that the stabler mans, the humans, what was the word? would never let her be really happy either as a pony or as a girl.

They did not want her to be happy.

They wanted her to suffer in her dual identity.

They wanted the paying punters to see how she suffered.

That was the fun.

“We have two more ponies to be punished,” said the Head Groom,
“We’ll do them all together.”

Chapter Seventeen

Samantha Biggs and Sophie Crawford

In the morning when the other ponies left, Teresa stayed in her stall.

She had been on a short chain since her sessions with the horses, unable to sit down.

One of the girls was Sophie Crawford, the IBC reporter who had disappeared. Teresa seemed to remember that she had seen her when she first arrived at the ranch. She had not seen her since, she thought. Or perhaps she had. She did not remember.

The other girl was Samantha Biggs, the pin-up!

It took two men to hold her. She had obviously been captured very recently.

She was still wearing the tatters of her dress, although it had been ripped at the top and pulled off her huge and very public breasts.

“You fucking bastards!” she was shouting. “Who the hell do you think you are? You’re not going to get away with this!”

A group of three trappers stood around laughing and joking.

“I don’t like it,” said the Head Groom. “You people have been taking too many chances. You’re going over the top. We don’t need famous ponies. It’s not worth it. People will start talking, word will get out...”

“Yeah, but look at the money you make!” replied one of the trappers, a huge man with muscular arms.

“I don’t like it!”

“OK, it’s a bit risky, but we can handle it. And we’re taking out the opposition. No one’s going to make any more documentaries about pony ranches after what happened to Sophie Crawford! How is she doing, by the way?”

“Fully trained. We call her Dribble. She’s still pretty high-spirited, which is not a bad thing. She’s going to be punished today. Her and Samantha. And this one,” he said, pointing to Teresa.

“What have they done? Sophie hasn’t done anything. It’s just good to keep her on her toes. Samantha’s done a bit of everything. Punching, spitting, kicking, scratching, swearing, you name it, she’s done it.”

“And this one?”

“Fucksie? She just fucks horses. All night. She tired out four of our studs and she tired herself out. She’s no good for pulling a cart today. Let’s say she was good, but over the top. Too good for her own good.”

The men looked at Teresa with admiration.

She looked away in unexpected embarrassment. The girl in me, she thought.

Her head was spinning. Was she losing touch? Was she going mad?

“My neeeeiim is Tereeeesa. I ... have twenty yeeees ... baaaathdeeis ... vagaaaaaiinas . SNORT!” The sound of her own voice surprised her. She hardly ever heard it these days.

“What did she say?” asked one of the trappers.

The Head Groom shrugged his shoulders. “She didn’t say anything, I don’t think.”

“Something about twenty vaginas!” said one of the others.

They all laughed.

“Sounds OK to me!” said another. “That’s about six holes each. We can all get our legs over at the same time if we can find the buggers!”

“Hang around if you like. Have a good look.” suggested the Head Groom.

The men nodded.

“Three of a kind,” said one of them, looking at the three blondes and

their large, prominent breasts.

“I’ve always liked that sort,” said one of the other trappers. “No wastage in the proportions. Short girls with big tits are all curves.”

The others smiled.

The other ponies were led off to the paddock.

The stable workers returned to punish the three ponies.

The girls were suspended by the ankles from hooks on the ceiling. Samantha screamed and twisted and punched out in all directions.

Teresa and Sophie hung, waiting...

Their hands were tied behind their back, high enough up the back to leave their bottoms clear... One of Sophie’s thighs was damp with her own excretion. She had always had an abundant flow, even before treatment.

In a minute or two the vet appeared, smiling as always.

He was carrying a battery with a dozen or so cables fitted to it.

He attached a cable to each breast, securing it with a roll of sticky tape around the girls’ backs.

He pressed a button and sent an electric discharge through six nipples.

Samantha screamed; Teresa and Sophie made strange high-pitched squeals.

After a dozen discharges, he attached three of the remaining cables to the vaginas.

“You won’t like this very much, Dribble,” he said to Sophie. “The more you dribble, the more it hurts.”

He pressed the button again.

The girls writhed and twisted around, like eels on a hook.

He pressed again, and again, and again...

Then he removed all the cables.

“That was to remind them how bad things can get!” he explained. “Now we will proceed with more conventional kinds of punishment.”

He fetched the box of punishment material.
The trappers laughed as he emptied it onto the floor.

They joked as they picked up an extraordinary variety of whips, flails, belts, birch twigs, hazel twigs (whippier and longer than birch twigs), a child's fibreglass fishing rod, plastic rulers, metal rulers, riding crops, car fan belts, lengths of rubber hose, baseball bats, rubber phalluses, plastic phalluses, leather phalluses, smooth vibrators, rough vibrators with rubber knobs, vibrators covered in sand paper, leather vibrators with stitches, different kinds and lengths of rope, some of it shiny plastic and other bits rough hemp, and finally three black rubber bras with huge holes in the cups for the six huge breasts to stick through.

“Be my guests,” said the vet, still smiling...

Strong arms reached down, picking up and trying different objects.

“I suggest,” said the vet, “that if you want them to have orgasms, you use the dildoes before you punish them too much.”

“Good idea,” said a trapper, picking up a knobbly vibrator and pushing it deep into Samantha's exposed vagina. Samantha's whole body convulsed as it went in.

“No trouble getting that in!” he said, laughing.

Samantha was by now frothing at the mouth, in a state of blind panic. The vet suggested it might be difficult for her to finish.

“In that case,” he suggested, “we'll give her another chance later. If she comes, she will avoid further punishment.”

A second trapper walked over to Teresa, holding a leather phallus and a cat-o'-nine tails.

He opened her lips to expose her clitoris and brought the cat down heavily onto it.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Do I have to use one of these jobs?” he asked. “I’ve got one of my own, you know.”

“I’m sorry, but you do. Our girls are only raped in very special circumstances. The price is high. You would have to set a lot of traps to pay for it!”

The man seemed disappointed.

He pushed the leather dildoes down into Teresa’s vagina. It was not mechanical. He worked it himself, while playing with her clitoris.

Teresa squirmed and did her best.

She had no more orgasms in her.

She had used them all up on the horses’ penises.

The man got angry and hit her with the flail again and again...

Then he seemed dissatisfied with the flail and exchanged it for a length of coarse rope, with bristly fibres sticking out all along its length.

He held it between two hands as if it was a huge piece of dental floss, and he pulled it across Teresa’s already sore clitoris.

Teresa squirmed and protested...

The vet intervened.

“That’s enough for that one. We mated her last night. We’ll just leave her hanging for a bit, it’ll help get the sperm down.”

One of the other men was already working on the television presenter.

He was especially angry with her.

He had trapped her himself. He had always said he would trap her. The other trappers had said he wouldn’t dare. Money was put on the table. He won.

He hit her with everything and he hit her hard.

He hit her so hard the vet had to intervene again.

“That’s enough, gentlemen. This is just a special favour for guests. We don’t normally let people participate in punishment sessions, unless of course they pay!”

The trapper reluctantly stopped, spat into Sophie’s vagina and threw down the length of rubber tubing that he was beating her with.

The girl and the pony girls were taken back to their stall, where they lay sobbing and whimpering all night.

The next morning, the Head Groom appeared.

He ordered the girls to be tied up against the wall, with their legs wide apart.

He brought in another group of guests.

“These ponies,” he explained, “sometimes find it difficult to have orgasms in public. As our guests enjoy watching orgasms, we are getting them used to it.”

The group, nine men and three women, nodded.

The Head Groom was right. Watching an orgasm was fun.

“We are going to draw straws. Some of you will participate and others will watch. If you are unlucky and you can only watch, remember that you are also participating. The girls have to get used to having an audience.

“We will proceed to draw straws,” he said, picking up twelve straws. “The six guests with the long straws will participate. The guests with the short straws will be the audience.”

There were groans of disappointment and gasps of delight as the guests drew their straws.

“Two of you will work on each girl until she has an orgasm. If the girls do not have an orgasm, they will be hung up and punished, as they were yesterday.”

Samantha, still sobbing, had no wish to be punished again.

She would have an orgasm.

The guests needed no prompting.

Two men moved over to her.

“What’s her name?” he asked.

“She hasn’t got one yet. Do you want to give her one?”

“Fair pair of tits she’s got there. How about Sucksie?”
“Sucksie it is then,” said the Groom.

One customer worked on her tremendous breasts, kissing and licking them and stroking her sensitive nipples, while the other masturbated her, playing with her clitoris, running his finger over it, trapping it between two fingers which he moved up and down over it, the whole length of the fingers, sticking his fingers deep into her vagina and rubbing at different speeds, until finally she began pushing and pushing onto her fingers, moaning softly, grunting, gasping, “On the clit, on the clit...”, she said... He worked on her clitoris and soon brought her grunting and groaning to a breast-jerking orgasm...

“No! ... NOOOO!!! ... PLEEEASE! ... NOOOOOOOO!!!
AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“When you can, pee in front of them!” the Head Groom ordered, speaking to Samantha.

Samantha blushed. How could she pee in front of everybody?

“We’re not going to take you back to your stall until you pee in front of them!”

She looked round desperate, then nodded.

“I can’t. I haven’t got any!”

“Take your time. Just tell me when it’s ready.”

“It’s coming.”

The guests watched as Samantha peed down her thighs.

“Well, I never!” said a woman.

“What can you expect from someone who’s always showing her tits?” said another woman. “She deserves all she gets if you ask me!”

“She deserves a thorough beating and a thorough fucking!” said an elderly man with a Colonel’s moustache.

Almost simultaneously, Teresa and Sophie jerked their way to orgasm. Sophie seemed disconcerted by the woman who had opted to masturbate her but had concentrated on the man who was kissing her passionately on the breasts and mouth and all over the face and finally she too had managed to come.

They were all safe from further punishment, for the moment.

Chapter Eighteen

Breeding

A week after insemination, Teresa began to notice changes. Her breasts, improbable though it seemed, started to swell.

The vet was more attentive and examined her more frequently than usual.

A horse's pregnancy is normally eleven months, but the genetic programming speeded it up.

In two weeks Teresa noticed her tummy growing. A week later she felt something kicking.

Had she been raped? Had the vet inserted semen during an examination?

Soon she was taken out of service and put in another stable.

The walls were higher and she could not see inside the other stalls, but she could hear noises and sometimes what seemed to be the sound of labour.

Birth, if that is what it was, was often followed by silence and sobbing...

Then one day, after a three-month pregnancy, the kicking got harder and the contractions came on.

The vet was called.

“Push, Fucksie, push!”

Teresa pushed and pushed, screaming... She felt she was about to split down the middle...

Then, suddenly, her baby was pulled out by the vet.

He held it up for her to see.

It was a foal.

She smiled. She does not understand what was happening but her hormones guided her. She suckled it, stroking its still wet head...

A week later the foal was taken away from her.

“It’s for its own good, and yours, Fucksie. It’s a real horse, you see. More or less.”

Teresa nodded. She understood, but it didn’t make it any easier.

She was taken later that day to another stable.

It held about thirty girls, all of them with swollen breasts.

Every morning they were taken to the milking parlour and attached to metal and rubber suction cups. Their milk was drawn off and conveyed through clear plastic pipes to glass urns.

Teresa found it painful as the suction cup shrank itself onto her teats. She also found it profoundly humiliating.

She lost track of time. She did not know that she was milked for six months.

One day, the vet came and gave orders to take her back to the other stables.

Chapter Nineteen

Entertainment

The real reason for moving Teresa was, as always, financial.

Milk was a good money-spinner, but there were times when the Pony Ranch made more money from other things, such as gambling. Certain sports or entertainments became fashionable at certain moments, and the ranch responded to market forces by moving the ponies around.

Teresa was taken to a stall next to Samantha, who was still in training then. She was also next to Sophie, who was now fully trained and had already been mated, unsuccessfully, with a stallion.

“Three of a kind,” the Head Groom had explained. The staff, especially Teresa’s groom, liked to see them together because of their physical similarity.

Because Samantha was still in training, she did not participate in the entertainment.

Sophie and Teresa did. It was new for Teresa.

On the first day Sophie and Teresa were led off to the paddock with three other girls.

Six horses, all stallions, were later brought in. There was always an extra horse so that a pony girl who finished quickly could move on to another horse if she wanted to.

The gambling was quite open, but did not seem to bother or interest the girls. They had eyes only for the stallions.

They had been told, and believed, that the horses were there to help them release their pent-up sexual drive.

“When your sexual drive finds no release, you become difficult, stubborn little ponies and you have to be punished. It is better for you if you work it out naturally.”

Bets were placed on which of the five girls would be the first to mate with all five horses.

Teresa won. She got a ribbon and a sugar lump. She was tired, but not so nervous as before. They were right, she thought, I must fuck horses to get rid of this tension...

At other times large dogs were used instead of horses.

The girls were tied down low, close to the ground, on all fours. Sometimes a bar was placed horizontally under their vaginas to lift their bottoms high.

Betting on dogs was different. In this case, the bets were placed on the dogs, not on the pony girls. The winning dog was the one that fucked all the girls first.

Teresa's conditioning had now taken over. She felt almost uncontrollable lust as soon as she saw a dog's penis.

Like the other girls, she did everything possible to attract the dogs. She howled, she tried to bark, she wiggled her bottom, she squeezed her vagina or her anal sphincters together quickly, as if she was winking at the dogs with her bottom...

There were more exotic gambling activities too, which became fashionable for a few months and then disappeared.

One of these was to mate a girl with a poisonous snake. In this case, the betting was simple, and had a historical precedent in the gladiators of Roman times: the betting was on whether the girl would survive or not.

Enormous prices were paid to attend this event.

Sophie's snake dance. Sophie is laying on a table in the centre of the 'covering stall. Teresa and two other ponies look on terrified. The audience of women look on with much amusement and laughter. A stable hand in protective clothing and goggles has just dropped a nasty poisonous snake onto Sophie's tits. It has slithered down and its head is forcing her sex lips apart and entering her snatch. Sophie has a terrified look on her face and tears roll down her cheeks as she looks on for non-existent mercy.

The girl was tied down with her legs well apart and some female snake hormone was sprayed inside her vagina.

Teresa was not chosen for this, but she was taken to watch Sophie.

Sophie cringed as the snake was shaken out of a bag and it dropped heavily onto her breasts.

She tried not to move, not to frighten it.

Sophie experienced a deep repugnance, part of her original genetic code, as the snake slid down, attracted to the female smells.

As soon as the snake slid into the hole, a newer genetic code came into operation, and Sophie began pushing her pelvis around, fucking the snake, fucking the air...

It was comical to see, a kind of parody of copulation.

The only visible sign of the snake was a kind of slime that it sometimes secreted, which mixed the girl's own juices and came oozing out like semen.

Sophie was lucky. She came on the snake just as it was sliding out, its scales rubbing over her clitoris, and the snake, perhaps feeling the contractions, hurried out.

On another occasion, Teresa and Sophie were obliged to take part in a fair, an annual event organised by the pony ranch. All guests who had made at least one visit during the year were invited, free of charge.

At fairs, held around Carnival time, certain liberties were taken and events laid on for guests which would have been considered in poor taste

at other times of the year.

Tradition required that at least one new spectacle should be included in the programme.

On that day the surprise event was the Pools Race.

Both Teresa and Sophie lined up along with half a dozen other ponies. A gun was fired and they raced off on an obstacle course. They had to jump over hurdles, cross a river hanging upside down from a single rope, and jump into two pools before returning to the starting line.

The stink in the first pool was abominable. It was a cesspool that held the run-off from the stables, fortified for the occasion by the addition of extra pony excrement. Pony girls who jumped in often disappeared altogether under the foetid slime, a greenish, blackish, brownish scum bubbling on the pool.

The ponies scrambled out as quickly as they could and hurried to the next pool, the Fresh Water Pool. They jumped in, expecting only to be able to wash the sewerage off, but instead they found that the bottom of the pool was covered in live eels.

The scum from the cesspool contained eel stimulant. As soon as the girls jumped in, the eels slid up their legs and thighs and tried to work their way into their vaginas. Some succeeded.

There was little the girls could do to stop them. Flapping their useless arms about in the water simply stirred the eels off the bottom and attracted them upwards.

The crowd laughed and giggled as the pony girls thrashed around in the water and the Master of Ceremonies gave his entertaining little commentaries.

“I’m sure some of you remember this one, ladies and gentlemen:

There was a young lady from Ongar
Who was had in the sea by a conger
Her mother said “Leel,
How does it feel?”

She said, "Just like a man, only longer."

"What's Leel?" asked a woman.

"Dunno really. A name, I suppose."

"It's not as good as the young man from Kent!" said another voice.

"Go ahead, Sir, take the mike. It's all yours!"

"There was a young man from Kent

Whose prick was incredibly bent.

To save himself trouble,

He put it in double

And instead of coming he went."

"Excellent, Sir. Very good indeed. Now take a good look at these girls. Some of them are in trouble here. Just as well it's not congers, eh? There wouldn't be a clit left!"

The crowd watched in fascination as the girls were, in effect, raped by eels.

The girls themselves could do nothing about until the eels found their own way out.

After the race they were all exhibited for a few minutes. Guests were allowed to touch them and check that there were no eels still inside them. Some of the men took the opportunity to do a two or even three-finger exploration in the anus as well as the vagina.

The high spot of the fair was the Pony Fight. These fights were an annual event and attracted large numbers of visitors. They were sometimes fights to the death, usually involving older ponies or ponies that were within a few years of being sold.

Neither Teresa nor Sophie was involved, but they were obliged to watch, along with the other ponies.

Two ponies had had a surgical implant a few days previously. It was a single horn, like a unicorn's. They also wore leather ankle cuffs with a sharp blade attached, to use as a kind of cockerel's spur.

Their hands were held down in a harness at the side of their breasts.

Heavy gambling accompanied this fight.

The two terrified girls were prodded into the ring together. They had instructions to use their heads to butt their opponent or their ankles to slash at them, or anything else they wished. They had to carry on until there was a clear winner.

In reality, after the first few blows or butts, the main weapon was the teeth.

In the fight watched by Teresa and Sophie one of the girls sank her teeth into the other's nipple, and bit it off.

It seemed for a time as if the biter would win, but there was a surprise twist when the bitten, blood still dripping from one breast, threw herself head first into the other girl's crutch and bit off her clitoris. She spat it out. Then she attacked the lips of the other girl's vagina, sinking her teeth in hard, while the other girl screamed and screamed...

She finished her off with a quick ankle slash across the throat.

Teresa and Sophie were chilled to the core.

They understood well enough what they had seen.

They fell silent, each one seeing herself there in a few years' time.

Back in the adjacent stalls they stood together, desolate, looking for comfort in the contact of each other's necks.

Chapter Twenty

Winter

Winter was the hardest time for the pony girls.

The routine never changed. The hose was the same, but the water was now icy cold. They were hosed down mornings and evenings.

Going back to the stall was a miserable experience. There was no heating except in the workers' rest area.

Sometimes they went thirsty until the stable hands remembered and broke the ice on their troughs.

For the carriage ponies like Teresa and Sophie there was an extra problem. The uphill routes, which were hard but dry, were changed in winter so that they had to pull their traps through rivers and streams.

One day the Head Groom spoke to them both.

“It’s Christmas Day tomorrow. Special grooming today.”

The girls hearts sank. The past was fading fast now, but Christmas still meant so many things to them: home, fireplaces, loved ones...

The girls had tinsel in their hair, including tinsel strips around their waists as a kind of belt, and other pieces of tinsel tied between their legs and attached to the belt like a tanga. The pieces were pulled tight over the vagina so that they disappeared in the lips, which turned some of the

stable lads on, and one or two lasses as well...

The girls were then tethered to carts, or real sleighs if the weather permitted it, and pulled the stable hands to a nearby village. They waited outside while the staff had lunch and a drink or two next to a warm fire.

A passing villager sometimes gave them sugar lumps or even, if they were lucky, mince pies.

Christmas Day was the same as any other day. Up at five-thirty for a hosing down, then feeding and watering.

Samantha, Sucksie, had finished her training now and she joined the others. Her enormous breasts had not been changed in any way, and this made her a star attraction.

She was in great demand for all types of work. As a racer, she was in demand, not because of her speed, because she never won a race, but because her breasts had a characteristic wobble when she ran fast. Men could hardly resist putting their hands in their pockets when they saw her run.

As a trap pony she was also in demand. Her buttocks were particularly strong and muscular and had a specially provocative way of jiggling around, with a pronounced up-down movement that lifted her bottom high when she was between the shafts and sometimes gave a more than generous peek at her mons veneris.

As a sleigh horse Sucksie was also a huge success because of the way her large nipples reacted to the ice and snow. Guests paid extra money to put snow on her nipples and watch them swell into two excited, sensitive, wrinkled tubes.

She received more punishment than most other ponies, too, because huge sums were paid to flog her breasts. If the breasts were in a black plastic bra with holes, the punishment sessions were more expensive. Extra money had to be paid if her vagina was fully presented, and the cost of a punishment session involving her breasts, vagina, and buttocks was so high that only the richest guests could afford it. Small syndicates

were formed in which groups bought an hour of her time.

For the highest price of all, she could be forced to have an orgasm and guests were allowed to masturbate over her.

She ended such sessions with her whole body, back and front, dripping with semen.

More than the other pony girls, Samantha remained reasonably aware of all that was going on around her, which was attributed to the fact that she had received less genetic programming than the others because her breasts had not needed it.

This made it especially hard for her.

She could more or less handle the male guests, and she was certainly used to them admiring her breasts, but she never got used to the beatings on her breasts and she never understood the attraction of this for men.

It was the women guests, however, that she had most difficulty with. They would stand around her holding their rubber hoses or birch twigs and provoke her in a way that the men never did.

“Filthy little animal!!

“Bitch!”

“Slut”

“This will teach you!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Going around showing your big tits to men!”

“Did you think you’d get away with it?”

“It’s the same as prostitution!”

“Of course it is. Money for exhibiting your body!”

“You deserve all you get!”

“Stick your breasts out, Sucksie! Higher! Arch your back! Tits up!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

“And look at her vagina!”

“Enormous!”

“Shop-soiled, if you ask me!”

“Slut! Why don’t you just put a sign over your fanny saying HELP YOURSELF?”

“Look! She’s peeing!”

“In front of everybody!”

“You filthy ... SLAP ... disgusting ... depraved ... big-titted ... SLAP cock-sucking ...SLAP ... immoral ... SLAP ... TART!!!”

Even worse was the lesbian group.

They tied her to the vaulting horse in every position imaginable. In a single session she was flogged and kissed on every part of her body. It was during these sessions that Sucksie sucked most.

It became the custom in the lesbian group to stimulate one part of her body while punishing another.

Two women would work on her nipples, kissing and sucking them or applying ice to them and blowing on them, while another applied a rough vibrator to her anus and another worked on her vagina with something, a bamboo stick for example, or that prickly piece of coarse rope that irritated her vagina when it was held tight and passed over it, especially over her clitoris...

Christmas Day was Samantha’s first day in harness as a fully-trained pony girl. She pulled a sleigh to the village along with the other girls.

She waited outside the pub with the others as villagers inspected them and revellers threw festive snowballs at them.

Samantha had a particularly bad time, as Fuckface had been eloquent in the pub about the unusual sensitivity of the girl’s nipples. The result was that some of the villagers, instead of throwing their snowballs, pressed them onto Samantha’s nipples and laughed to see them swelling and reaching forwards.

“Jesus Christ!” said a villager, a man aged about sixty, “get an eyeful of that nipple!”

“A mouthful wouldn’t be a bad thing, either. And I wouldn’t say no to getting my mouth round that cunt!”

The rest of the day was a normal working day. The girls pulled traps containing guests who were well wrapped up in blankets, had hot water bottles on their laps, and drank brandy or whisky from hip flasks.

The girls had to run through the snow, which in some places was up to their knees, puffing and panting, their breath freezing in the cold air and their vaginas and legs steaming when they peed themselves.

In the afternoon they were all taken to the racetrack for the Christmas Day Special. The girls were raced more or less upright, with their arms strapped to a saddle which was sitting on their backs. Stirrups were hooked to their waist belts.

The jockeys were all dwarfs or very light adults.

The dwarfs had all done it before and knew how to deal with difficult ponies. Some demanded blinkers, which calmed them down, while others put on martingales to hold their heads down.

The jockeys rode with authority, on a short rein, and controlled the ponies very well. They rewarded them with sugar and chocolate. The ponies found it all humiliating, but liked the chocolate.

The ponies were pleased, too, when they were rewarded with dry straw after being mucked out. They were even pleased when they received playful slaps on the hindquarters. They would once have taken this as a sign of sexual harassment, but now they thought it was a compliment. They even felt jealous if other ponies received slaps on the bottom and they did not.

Above all, they were pleased with their orgasms, which after mating with horses and dogs were extremely powerful. The girls came and came, and found genuine solace and liberation in each orgasm.



Spontaneously, they began to nuzzle around human beings in the hope of having their breasts fondled, or if not at least for a sugary treat.

More and more of their time was spent posturing, presenting their bodies to guests.

They tried everything to excite the stable staff and the paying guests. They were very frustrated when their little tricks did not work.

One day Teresa peed in front of an important visitor and then turned round and bent forwards, head right down, so that he could see the excrement coming out of her raised bottom.

Like the other girls, Teresa was beginning to feel sorry for human beings who had so much trouble looking for toilets when they were out shopping.

This time, however, the guest was shocked.

“B ... but, are they girls or animals?” he asked.

Teresa’s past life, now more or less forgotten, flashed before her in all its cleanliness and natural delicacy.

How could she have done this?

How could she have sunk so low as to look for sexual gratification by peeing and defecating in front of a man?

She felt profoundly degraded.

An hour later, back in the stalls with the other ponies, she had forgotten the incident. Her past was receding fast now.

Samantha and Sophie were allowed to cross over the low divisions between stalls.

It kept the ponies under control if they could let off steam with each other.

Typically, Samantha lay back against the wall, her arms behind her, pushing her magnificent, sensitive breasts forwards, presenting them to the other girls.

She stood with her feet wide apart, also presenting her new, enlarged vagina.

Teresa dropped to her knees and began licking it, making low, tender

noises that were both horsy and romantic at the same time.

Sophie moved from one girl to the other, kissing and sucking all the nipples one after the other...

Samantha groaned with pure, animal delight as Teresa's tongue worked on her clitoris and Sophie's clever mouth sucked at her nipples.

Samantha pushed and pushed onto Teresa's tongue, feeling each tongue stroke send shudders through her body.

When the orgasm finally came, it shook her powerful thighs again and again, releasing all the pent-up energy in a tremendous series of breast-wobbling explosions.

When the orgasm was over, it was over in an animal way, quickly forgotten unless tension was built up again by some new stimulus.

Now that there were three of them, that stimulus was always there. The others had an equal right to their own orgasms. They hardly spoke now, but they communicated in pony noises, and it was understood that orgasms had to be equally divided between the three of them.

It did not matter how tired the girls were at the end of the day, there was always work to be done, receiving or giving the new, necessary, explosive orgasms.

When Sophie went down like a dog it was always the signal for the other two to take up position at each end. Samantha usually took up position by her bottom and began licking her vagina, noisily, slurping as she did so. Teresa went round to the front and bent slightly at the knees, opening her legs wide and offering her own vagina. Immediately, Sophie slipped her tongue in.

They took it in turns to be the "dog", giving and receiving, licking and being licked, sucking and being sucked, slurping and being slurped...

The girls had learnt this, initially, from Teresa's groom, who had participated herself on a few occasions. She had always been the piggy in the middle as she called it.

When the groom participated, one of the three pony girls was left out. In that case, she did whatever she felt like at the time. One possibility was to ride the piggy and kiss the breasts of the girl standing at the front end. This was popular with the girl standing up because she was being licked twice, once above her waist and once between her legs.

Unable to use their arms, they compensated by using each other, and developed complex routines.

Sometimes the groom sent the fourth girl to the back of the line, where she could lick a bottom or a vagina if she wished. In that case, there were four of them in a row. One of the most popular spectacles for the guests had its origin in this activity. The line of four grew and became a line of thirty, in a circle in the paddock, all of them down on all fours and all of them licking and being licked.

It became a popular gambling activity to bet on which pony would come first.

When there were just the four of them, the groom sometimes liked to put one of the girls on her back underneath her. This was her favourite position because the “suckling pig”, as she called her, worked on her hanging breasts at the same time.

All of this guaranteed an orgasm, usually much quicker than the groom wanted.

It was often possible, in this way, for the girls to have an orgasm at the same time. They liked this. It was possible because the girls communicated their degree of excitement in different ways, by the urgency of their licks, for example, or by the rising pitch of the grunts. If one girl went into orgasm, she sometimes triggered an orgasm in the others.

There were also times, however, when only a girl could not finish.

Today was one of those. Teresa when she was very near to orgasm, she could feel it coming, but she lost it. Sophie finished, but Teresa was still trying, jerking onto her face again and again...

It was a difficult situation. The groom had once mocked them all. “Some animals are more equal than others,” she had said, with a malicious

smile.

Teresa was left in mid-air, floating but not quite flying, desperate, her vagina crying out for contact of some kind...

She moved around nervously, pressing her thighs around Samantha's and then squeezing her vagina onto them, or mounting Sophie from the rear while she was still down with her bottom high and pressing her vagina onto any part she could reach, especially Sophie's buttocks.

Finally, Samantha leaned away from the wall to which she was chained, and offered Teresa the tensed chain.

Teresa stepped over it and bent her knees so that the chain slipped in between her lips of her large vagina, and she fucked it in a kind of mad frenzy, pushing herself against it again and again until finally she went into a faster, more urgent, jerkier rhythm and tossed her head around and opened her mouth and screamed out....

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

There was a long silence in the stables.

A light went on.

Two figures emerged from the shadows

“Well done, all of you. You are very good with your tongues, I see.”

Teresa shuddered.

She began shaking. She was confused these days, and her memory was going fast, but she knew that voice!

Who are you, she wanted to say, but she knew it was useless. They would not understand her.

Her heart was racing. She was beginning to panic...

“Turn her round!” said the man.

Teresa's groom, Fartface, as Teresa now called her in her growing confusion, made Teresa turn round in front of the guests.

“Slowly, now, Fucksie, nice and slow! Good girl. Stick your breasts out, that’s right! Now show them your cunt. Good... Feet apart, knees bent, that’s right.”

Mr Mackintosh ran his hand over Teresa’s lovely breasts and down to her open vagina.

He ran his fingers over it.

It was damp.

It was actually wet!

Her juices flowed so abundantly these days that the inside of one of her thighs was also wet...

Teresa gasped as the man’s finger found her clitoris.

“My turn, dear,” said Mrs Mackintosh, putting her hand on his arm. She bent down and sucked long and hard on the clitoris, causing Teresa to twist and squirm.

Her huge breasts wobbled like jelly, bouncing up and down and slowly settling into place again and again.

“Where is she punished normally?” Mackintosh asked.

“Normally on the breasts, like the other two,” replied the groom.

They make a nice little set of ponies, don’t they,” he observed.

“They’re the best matching set we’ve ever had!”

“Do they understand humans?”

“It depends. They understand pony talk. If it’s simple, they can understand humans.”

“Excellent.”

“Can we speak to the Head Groom now,” his wife asked. “We want to bring a few people here for Carnival. The feed has to be adjusted.”

Chapter Twenty-one

Carnival Time

The cold weather passed and life went on much as usual for the pony girls.

Spring came. Despite the warmer weather, the girls had the impression that they were feeling the cold more than usual.

Their memories improved, always in the form of flashbacks. They saw clear mental pictures of their houses, their bathrooms, the most unexpected apparently trivial details of their former lives...

They smelt the creams they once lavished on their naked bodies.

They felt the warmth of their flats, the touch of bath towel...

The girls lived in a twilight zone between woman and animal, which was complex. Although they seemed at the moment to be recovering human characteristics, and they were certainly more aware of who they were and where they were, there were other more animal characteristics which were becoming stronger. The girls noticed that they were aroused by the physical presence of any male animal, providing it had four legs.

The stable hands, although, not officially allowed to do so, sometimes brought in other animals apart from horses and dogs.

Surprisingly, nobody had thought of it before, but ponies, real male ponies, became fashionable for a time and were coupled with pony girls.

No foals had yet been born, but it was expected that pony foals would be a big money-spinner, easier to keep in small gardens than horses. There seemed to be less risk of losing the pony girls during labour too...

Sheep were brought in, but proved disappointing unless they were fleeced, and then they looked silly anyway.

Pigs, a more traditional animal for coupling, were found to be more fun, and what started as a staff joke became an option for the paying guests.

Donkeys appeared too, causing the Master of Ceremonies to revive an old rugby song, once popular when sung to the tune of "D'you ken John Peel?"

"Oh, the donkey is a lonely bloke
He very rarely has a poke
But when he doooooes, he lets it sooooooak
As he revels in the joys of fornicaaaaaaation."

Bu perhaps the most popular animal of all among the clients was a goat, a huge billy goat with a long billy goat beard, known as Gruff.

It was an enormous, terrifying animal that silenced the crowd.

It aroused the girls as soon as they smelt its sharp, pungent male smell.

Teresa proved particularly skilful in attracting Gruff, by a clever sucking movement of her high, prominent vagina.

The other ponies were jealous and kicked her if they could.

When the annual Carnival Party approached, decorations of all kinds were put up in the stables and in the paddock. Huge phalluses and breasts and buttocks and vaginas hung from the ceiling. The central decoration was a huge hanging breast covered in red stripes.

On Carnival Day all the staff wore carnival masks. Female staff were topless, and this time it was their turn to feel embarrassment. Comparison with the pony girls was not in their favour...

It was to be a private party, Teresa heard.

The ranch was closed that day.

The guests arrived. The ponies were waiting for them in the paddock, already attached to their traps.

As soon as they came into the stable, the guests took their masks off.

“Have they been on weaker feed?” asked a fat man with a beautiful younger wife.

“Yes, Sir,” said the Head Groom. “They’ve been on the minimum for the last month.”

“Will they be able to speak?”

“You might be lucky. They’re pretty well ponies now though. The groom sometimes understands the odd word, she says. We just hear snorts.”

“Will they remember?” asked a middle-aged woman.

“Probably. Some things, anyway. We’ve been reminding them about things all month. It’s coming back to them. But don’t expect miracles”

The woman nodded.

“Let’s see them then,” said the man, taking his wife by the arm.

A group of twenty people followed obediently.

The group went into the paddock.

Samantha did not react. Nor did Sophie. They had never seen any of these people before.

Teresa gave a panic-stricken whinny.

Her head was clearer than usual.

She bucked, lifting one foot into the air like a stallion on its hind legs, pawing the air.

“You’re looking very well, Teresa,” said Mr Mackintosh. “I am pleased to see it. I am pleased to see you remember me too. You do remember me, don’t you?”

Teresa nodded, an unusually slight, human nod.

She remembered very well.

“Neeeeeeighhh!” she said. The guests were not sure if it was a reply or not.

“Perhaps you remember my wife?”

Teresa nodded.

The woman came up to her and stroked her breasts, licking and blowing on the nipples.

The woman laughed as the nipples wrinkled and firmed up, becoming two erectile tubes, long and provocative.

“Does the name Office Suppliers Ltd, Canary Wharf mean anything to you?”

Teresa nodded.

Her cheeks flushed. It was all coming back to her, in a series of photographic flashbacks.

She saw the building, her office, her boss, his secretary...

She looked around at the group.

Familiar faces. Even the cleaning woman was there!

Rita was there, and the accountant, and the advertising department staff, good-looking young people with trendy clothes...

And Rita, the boss's secretary!

More flashes – dogs barking, men with a pole and ropes, Rita smiling from her car, looking at her satin knickers and tights as the men pulled them down...

Another flash – Rita visiting the farm, whipping her with a hazel twig...

And suddenly came a wave, a wave of shame.

What was she doing here, tied to a cart, her naked breasts hanging so heavily, her naked bottom raised to receive the whip, her naked vagina flashing below her anus as she ran, her naked cheeks stinging...

Teresa looked down.

Her face was burning.

She sobbed. A terrible, desperate sob such as she had not sobbed since her first few months here...

There was long silence while she recovered.

Mrs Mackintosh took out a delicate lace handkerchief and wiped the tears from Teresa's cheeks.

She looked at the handkerchief with its lace border and it all came back to her, memory after memory flooding in, of satin and creams and tights and her lovely warm bathroom and her exercise machine.

She remembered too all her hopes and ambitions, how she had been saving herself for the right man, how she had got the job she wanted, how the sky was the limit...

The faces around her were hostile. She had trodden on a lot of toes as she went up the ladder...

"My wife and I hope you are enjoying your stay on our Pony Ranch. We hope you are also enjoying the company," he said, pointing to Samantha and Sophie.

"You are a famous trio. You have made a lot of money for me," he went on.

His eyes fell on Samantha.

"Would you like to know why you are here?" he asked.

Samantha's eyes opened wide. She had understood everything.

"You were commissioned too, like the others. A friend of mine has a magazine, Animal Playmates."

Samantha's eyes opened wide.

"You were on the cover of the magazine, full frontal naked shot, showing your breasts. You felt you had been tricked. You had understood you would be dressed as a rabbit. You did not realise that the agreement you signed was for a full frontal nude session. You complained all through the camera session. You complained so much they got fed up with you. You threatened to take them to court. That was very silly of you, Samantha."

"Sucksie," his wife corrected.

"My friend decided to give you what you wanted, the opportunity to

pretend to be an animal. You have been a very good pony. You too have made a lot of money for me.”

“And Sophie, you hardly need to ask... You were becoming too inquisitive. Journalism is a very dangerous profession. You made one documentary too many. A lot of trappers were very angry. One of them trapped you. My wife saw you and couldn't resist you. You were a little present for her. A whim, if you like.”

“I like things that come in threes,” his wife said, smiling. “I have a complete set, a matching set,” she said, smiling. “I haven't finished with you yet, but you will soon see how you come in threes!”

Everybody laughed. The girls all looked very beautiful.

Sophie's head dropped too. A whim? A matching set?

Just a lesbian's whim?

Her head was spinning. It was so trivial, so incomprehensible...

“Well, shall we go for a spin?” Mr Mackintosh asked.

They set off. It was a particularly hard day. They were ridden until they were exhausted and they were beaten mercilessly.

The one who suffered most was Teresa.

This time Teresa pulled Rita and her fat husband. She could not remember his name.

“I enjoyed the last ride, Fuckbags, and this time I wanted to do it with my husband. By the way, I also enjoyed watching you lose your virginity with a horse. I don't think you saw me there. You were too interested in the horse!”

Teresa's head dropped. Rita was right, she had not noticed her there.

Teresa was saddled up and took them out for a ride. Rita was as merciless as on the previous occasion. So was her normally shy husband. When they stopped at the hazel tree and Rita broke off a twig, her husband asked if he could have a go with it. He was brutal with Teresa's buttocks, and he had the annoying habit of holding the tip of the stick in Teresa's crack, against the anus, which made it very painful when she ran.

When they got back at lunchtime the girls were allowed to drink water and were left in their stalls until after lunch.

There was no racing or pulling in the afternoon.

The girls were untethered and taken to an area of the stables where powerful lights illuminated them.

They were stood against the wall, but were left unchained.

The guests, all of them still dressed in Carnival attire, spoke to the girls one at a time.

As it was each girl's turn, she stepped forwards and showed her paces.

Teresa's groom took them individually through the gaits they had learnt, walking, trotting, the canter or slow gallop, and the fast gallop.

Teresa had never felt so ridiculous in all her life.

"Up, Fucksie, up on your hind legs!"

"Turn round and show your bottom!"

"Higher, head down, show them your bum hole and your fanny at the same time!"

"When you can, pee for the guests."

"Walk alone the line, let them feel your breasts!"

"Now let everyone touch your cunt!"

"If you want, ladies and gentlemen, you can put three fingers up her bottom. Just three."

The fingers were not so painful. On more than one occasion horses had gone in the wrong passage and opened it.

But it was embarrassing, painfully embarrassing.

Without the support of the pony feed, human characteristics were fighting back.

Teresa felt more embarrassed than she had for a long time. She realised she was crying.

Why? She never cried.

She was painfully aware too that she was showing her most private parts to people she knew, people she had worked with in Canary Wharf.

"Rita, my dear," said Mr Mackintosh, leaning forward and smiling.

“As you have taken a special interest in Fucksie, would you like to initiate the punishment session?”

“My pleasure, Mr Mackintosh,” said Rita. “Is it obligatory to flog her? I am not especially interested in it. I take more pleasure in talking to this animal, if one can.”

“As you wish, Rita. Each guest is free to participate or pass, as he or she wishes. And of course each guest is free to punish the pony if he or she wishes.”

“I will not pass,” said Rita with a grim smile. “This bitch made me suffer. She humiliated me. I have not forgotten. I have been waiting for this moment for a long time. She never hit me, she never flogged me, but she made me suffer. It’s my turn now.”

Teresa took a deep breath. What was coming now? She remember most things. She had fired Rita Smith’s husband and she had got the job Rita wanted. She had sent her to the warehouse to count desks, chairs, and desktop penholders.

Yes, it was true. She had humiliated her.

“Do you remember who you are, Fucksie?” she asked Teresa.

NEEEIIIIIGHHHH!

Everyone laughed.

“Try to concentrate, Teresa. I will repeat the question,” said Rita. “Do you remember who you are?”

Silence. Then a snort.

“I’ve heard parrots with better voices,” said one of the guests.

Teresa blushed. Once, she too had been able to speak.

But she was still more intelligent than all of them, she thought, in a flash of pride.

“Now listen carefully, Teresa. I thought you would be pleased to know I got your job when you disappeared. I also thought you would also like to know that it was me who persuaded Mr Mackintosh to trap you and bring you to one of his pony farms. Do you understand me?”

Teresa was silent.

“Fucksie! Do you understand?” asked the groom.

The groom nodded. "I think she understands."

"I also got your flat."

Teresa's eyes flashed indignation and hatred. Rita registered the direct hit. Teresa had understood that all right.

"Mr Mackintosh kindly paid for the rent and let me move in. He was grateful to me for the idea of trapping you, and for helping him do it."

"Look at my skin, Fucksie. It is soft. It is soft with your body lotions, your expensive creams! My legs are strong from your exercise machine! I use your soft towels when I come out of your bath! I wear your satin knickers, without your stupid tights! I still keep your tampons! I've kept everything of yours! Look!"

She lifted her costume to reveal a pair of Teresa's expensive embroidered satin knickers.

She opened a bag and emptied it. A selection of Teresa's things fell onto the straw. It had been carefully chosen to remind her of her previous existence. There were designer dresses with slits up the side and low V-necks, satin underwear, make-up, framed photographs, economics books... It was a cruel selection.

Teresa burst into tears.

It all came flooding back, painfully.

All her old comforts, all her old dreams, all her creams and perfumes, all her old life...

And here she was, stark naked in front of her ex-colleagues...

"Look carefully at my arms, Fucksie. I can lift them! You cannot lift yours, can you?"

Look at my breasts!" she said, pulling her costume open and revealing her unspectacular 36A bra. She pulled it up to show her equally unspectacular breasts.

Not as good as yours, eh? But they're human! I am a person. And you are a pony! A stupid, obedient little pony that pisses and craps and has her period down her legs in front of humans and doesn't care what they

think!”

Teresa sobbed and sobbed.

It was true.

She had become like an animal, a dirty animal. It was not fair, it was not her fault, but it was true. She was an animal.

Period, she thought. She had her period, yes, she thought.

“And you are a little bit stupid, now, aren’t you? I mean, you don’t always understand when people talk to you, do you?”

A wave of despair hit Teresa in the stomach and instantly moved out, filling every part of her unhappy, abused, genetically manipulated, hormone-filled, dirty body.

It was all over for her.

She wished she was dead.

“Can I tell Fucksie something about a pony girl’s future, Rita?” asked Mrs Mackintosh.

“Yes. Tell her! I’ve said what I wanted to say. The filthy slut knows the truth now, that’s good enough for me!” Rita said, sitting down.

Mrs Mackintosh smiled and uncrossed her legs, showing Teresa her expensively well-cared for thighs. She looked at Teresa. She’s still beautiful, she thought. The hormones are doing her good.

“Pony girls often die in their mid-thirties. Some of them make it to their mid-forties, but not many.”

Teresa tossed her head nervously. A death sentence!

Samantha and Sophie were listening, equally stunned.

“Their bodies are in pretty good shape, of course. It’s the steroids and other drugs in their feed. But they burn themselves out inside. It’s a hard life, as I’m sure you’ve realised!”

Teresa’s head sank. She saw her huge, improbable breasts. She saw the tears rolling slowly down them...

“Before they die, they are usually sold. Some work the land. A few go down mines. They are cheaper than pit ponies and they’re in good supply.

A few have ended up on the walls of farms, along with the deer antlers. Not all their bodies, just their heads, or sometimes torsos and heads, like a figurehead on a ship,” she said laughing.

“Most of them end up as dog food. It’s a way of showing their gratitude to the dogs that have given them so many good times.

Or they are sold to laboratories. Some of the guests you have entertained by pulling their carts and exhibiting your bottom to them have probably been thinking, one day, one day that big, wet, animal cunt will be mine!”

“Oh, don’t cry, Teresa,” said Rita, interrupting, and deliberately using her real name. “You never cried before. You were never sorry for any of us when you trod on our toes, trampled us down, like a mad horse. No point in crying now, is there? Now you really are a horse!

You’ve got a really comfortable stall. Thousands of people would be glad to sleep under a roof. The food smells a bit, I admit, but you don’t pay for it, do you? You have no cares or worries in here. They tell me you can’t read, but that’s no problem for a pony! You can’t move your arms, but you don’t need them to do your job. You’ve got very powerful hind legs! That’s much more important. You can’t speak, but who cares? No one is interested in what you could say. No one ever was. You always were a bad-tempered bitch. You were very cruel, you know that, don’t you? You sacked my husband for a laugh. You took my job and you did everything you could to crush me, to humiliate me, to annihilate me...

Teresa, you’ve got your comeuppance.

You are crushed. You are humiliated. You don’t exist!”

“Don’t upset yourself, Rita,” said Mr Mackintosh. “She’s just a pony now. Why don’t you give her some chocolate? I understand she can’t refuse it!”

Rita stood up and went over to her.

“Yes, they told me you like chocolate. I do too,” she said, putting a piece into her mouth and sucking it. Teresa found herself sniffing the air.

Rita spat the chocolate out onto her own hand, and held it in front of Teresa's eyes. Slowly she lowered it past her sniffing nose and held it in front of her mouth.

"You're a good little pony, aren't you?"

Teresa moved her head around nervously.

The sweet, strong smell of the delicious dark chocolate was getting through to her.

"Eat it. Go ahead," said Rita encouragingly.

Teresa's head dropped.

The smell was too much for her.

She picked up the wet chocolate delicately between her lips and sucked it in.

Mrs Mackintosh rose from her seat.

She also took a piece of chocolate and put it in her mouth.

"Legs apart, Fucksie," she said.

Teresa looked around in panic. She remembered. They were all people from the office!

"Mrs Mackintosh gave you an order, Fucksie!" said the groom.

Teresa was breathing fast in panic. She looked around at all the expectant faces and she blushed.

She obeyed, separating her feet so that her vagina was visible.

"Use your hands now, Fucksie. Hold open the lips so we can all see," said Mrs Mackintosh.

Teresa moved her shoulders and leaned forwards so that her arms flopped round to the front. She tried to catch one hand with another but she missed. She tried again, and this time succeeded.

She stood with her hands over her vagina, pleased to be able to conceal it.

"Open your lips," said the groom, threateningly.

Teresa managed to hold onto her vagina with her clumsy fingers. Her arms fell back and the weight of the arms helped pull on the lips. They came apart and Teresa managed to hold onto them.

“It’s huge!” said one of the secretaries in disgust. “I’ve never seen anything like that in all my life!”

“I wish I’d seen it more often!” said one of the clerks.

Mrs Mackintosh took the bar of chocolate from Rita’s hand and broke off a piece.

She rubbed it slowly up and down between the lips of Teresa’s now equine vagina.

She rubbed it especially carefully over her clitoris. It was beginning to melt in the heat and it was like brown paint now, covering everything.

Then she suddenly pushed it right up, deep inside.

Teresa gasped and wiggled around as Mrs Mackintosh’s brown finger scratched and rubbed and explored, sometimes slowly, sometimes very, very fast, stimulating Teresa, making her move her vagina round and round, gasping, sobbing, sucking in air, groaning, grunting as the woman’s other hand moved on to her clitoris...

Then Mrs Mackintosh stopped.

“We don’t want you to come just yet, in front of so many ex-colleagues, do we? I mean, it’s not very polite, is it? Ladies don’t do that sort of thing, not real ladies, not even at Carnival time.”

She broke off more pieces of chocolate and pushed them deep inside. As it melted, it oozed out.

“She looks as if she’s messed herself. Maybe all ponies have a crap round the front?” asked a clerk. “My old Dad always calls a crap a pony and trap! I didn’t know it was a front job, though!”

Everyone laughed. They all had their reasons for hating Teresa, and they were all good reasons. They laughed because they hated her and were glad to watch her humiliation.

Suddenly Rita stood up, went over to Teresa, and ordered her to turn round and show her bottom.

“Head down, bum up, Teresa!” she said, turning her round so that everyone could see her bottom. “Feet together!” She pulled Teresa’s bottom up as high as she could. Then she broke off more pieces of chocolate and forced them in Teresa’s anus.

The others laughed as more and more pieces of chocolate went in and started oozing out.

Soon the melting chocolate oozing from her vagina and anus mixed with the pony feed in her bowels and Teresa had difficulty holding it in.

“I think you’re going to be lucky,” said the groom, who recognised Teresa’s difficulty from her movements.

And then it came.

Out plopped her excrement, mixed with dark chocolate, and splashed heavily onto the ground.

Some of it fell onto Teresa’s thighs and calves.

“Good God,” said the accountant. “She craps just like a horse! That’s all I needed! Blood and shit! Jesus Christ!”

“Very good, eh, Rita?” said Mr Mackintosh, laughing. “I see you get a lot of fun out of ponies. Would you like to buy this one when she’s finished here on the ranch?”

Rita turned to Mackintosh and smiled.

“It’s a wonderful idea, Mr Mackintosh, but I don’t think I could afford her.”

“Yes, you could. We have a rule never to give ponies away, but I can charge you a symbolic price. What would you say to 50p?”

“I’d say thank you very much, Mr Mackintosh.”

“What will you do with her, Rita?”

“I’ll have to think about it. Would you like to be a hunter’s trophy, Teresa? Your boobs full of straw, a big whore’s smile on your face, grinning away on my living-room wall?”

Teresa could picture it all too clearly.

“How much do they fetch as dog food, Mr Mackintosh?”

“About five pounds I think. You’d make a profit!”

“And if I sell her to a laboratory for experiments?”

“The same. Market forces....”

Teresa looked terrified. She had never thought of her future in these terms.

She had only thought of escaping or of just staying sane. She had never thought of the possibility of ending up being stuffed or eaten by dogs or cut up in a laboratory.

Rita's choice. Perhaps a collage type picture. Teresa has been a fully transformed pony girl for ten or fifteen years now. At the centre of the picture is Rita is facing a distraught Teresa. She has just explained to the unfortunate pony girl that she is responsible for her years of suffering and humiliation. But worse, Teresa has learnt that Rita has bought her and has decided that Teresa is ready for disposal. Around this central image, perhaps by thought or speech bubble, Rita can indicate the possibilities - stuffed in a museum, sent for medical experiments, or sent to an abattoir to be turned into pet food for Rita's dog.

Rita sat down, smiling happily. Maybe she would do none of these things. Maybe she would keep her alive, leave her here and visit her from time to time... She would think about it.

Teresa was completely crushed.

She was reduced, humiliated, degraded beyond anything she could ever have imagined. She was showing her vagina and her anus, at the same time, to her colleagues. They were both full of melting chocolate. Her bottom was covered in her own shit. Her legs were covered in it too, and in her own period.

She could smell it herself.

She turned her head and saw that several of the guests were holding their noses or flapping their hands as if they were fans.

"Gaw blimey!" said one of the secretaries, "that's bit rich, ain't it?"

"It is indeed," said Mr Mackintosh, "it's one of our most profitable lines. Pony shit, well weathered and mixed with straw, is behind some of the most famous gardens in England."

"Behind's the word, Mr Mackintosh!"

Teresa did not know what to do. Should she move or should she stay down like that?

She waited.

There was a moment's silence and then the accountant spoke out.

“Mr Mackintosh, does she have to stay like that, dirty? I mean, she is a woman too, and I'm not particularly into excrement myself. I'd quite like to see her clean. Especially her boobs.”

There was general laughter, and general support for the accountant, especially from the men, who had mostly been silent.

They had enjoyed the excrement and the chocolate, but – like the accountant – they wanted to see the woman in the pony girl.

The truth was, they all had aching erections.

Something in the girl's tremendous humiliation got through to them.

It was not sympathy. They did not feel sorry for her at all. They thought she thoroughly deserved all she got. They had their own careers and their own rent to pay, and Teresa had not felt sorry for them. On the contrary, she had done all she could to put them down, to ruin their careers, to make them feel small and insignificant.

They hated her.

But something in her very humiliation, in her powerlessness, her total defencelessness had gone straight to their hormone system.

They all had aching erections.

Teresa was defenceless.

She was at their beck and call.

She had huge tits.

She was beautiful.

They had all fancied her.

She had spurned them, probably despised them...

She had used her female charms to get what she wanted.

She had captivated them, obsessed them, bewitched them with her low-cut dresses and the way she leaned forwards over the table to push a document across to them, staying down for a moment, her breasts swinging heavily, enticingly...

They had all, at one time or another, been in love with her.

Rita's husband was not the only one who made a fool of himself declaring his love for her.

They had all done it, all who dared, all who were not too shy or

intimated or overawed by her...

As she stood in front of them, her bottom lifted, her anus and vagina both prominent on well-raised buttocks, the barriers had fallen away.

She was no longer intimidating.

She was theirs. To do what they liked with.

And she was still very, very beautiful. More beautiful than before, perhaps.

The men imagined her muscular thighs grabbing them as Teresa lay on her back, groaning as they thrust into her.

They imagined her mouth opening and taking their aching members in, sucking and providing solace...

“What I mean is,” said the accountant, “couldn’t we clean her up and stroke her a bit?”

Laughter.

“Good idea!” said Mackintosh. “Does anyone want to flog her while she’s still dirty?”

No one did, apparently.

The smell was quite strong.

“Well, take her away then. Hose her down!”

The groom was leading Teresa away, when Rita interrupted.

“Mr Mackintosh, why don’t we give her a good bath? The kind of thing she used to enjoy? I have some of her creams with me. She’ll like that. It will bring back lots of pleasant memories.”

Teresa burst into tears.

She cried and cried, uncontrollably.

She cried through the hot bath, to which all the group was invited, and she sobbed as Rita and Mrs Mackintosh applied the creams and body lotions personally.

The men were allowed to rub the creams into Teresa’s breasts...

They all enjoyed it so much that they bathed Samantha and Sophie too, this time both of them together. Mrs Mackintosh, in particular, loved

all this bathing.

When both girls were clean, she made them stand face to face and put their fingers inside each other's vaginas.

She stopped them before they got too excited.

All three girls were taken back and stood against the wall.

They looked beautiful. Superficially, their bodies were perfect, although their heart had taken more strain than was usual.

"Well, it's your day out," said Mr Mackintosh, addressing his workers. "Here you have them, all yours. Three clean pony girls. Not a common sight, I can assure you! What now?"

"Mr Mackintosh, are they er ... technically ... er ... virgins?" asked the company lawyer, a man with a rather obvious erection.

"You mean, with men?"

"Er, yes, with men."

Mackintosh looked enquiringly at the groom.

"The vet thinks Fucksie was probably a virgin. Not the other two. And of course, if you count animals, none of them are virgins. They've had most farmyard animals up them, and once we borrowed a zebra from the Safari Park! We haven't had any striped babies though! Zebras do cross with horses, but not with pony girls, at least not yet!"

"Do these girls find men attractive still, or is it just animals?"

"I don't know. They're more used to animals, that's for sure."

"I have a suggestion," said Mrs Mackintosh. "The accountant is right. They are still women rather than real ponies. They are entitled to have sex with humans, men or women. Let's remind them what it's like. Or in Fucksie's case, we'll have to teach her, I think."

"Fine by me," said Mr Mackintosh, who had been drinking heavily, like many of his staff. "I suggest all the men who want to participate get their dicks out. And the women who are interested can do what they like! Whatever it is, get it out! It's Carnival time after all!"

"Quite right, my dear," said Mrs Mackintosh, patting him on the hand. She removed all her clothes, taking the lead. Her husband pulled his member out.

There was some hesitation among the workers, and one or two women remained as they were. Two other women took all their clothes off.

Mr Mackintosh looked around. "What's it to be, ladies first?"

"Thank you dear," said his wife, running a hand sensuously up and down her thigh.

The three ladies followed Mrs Mackintosh's lead and moved their chairs forward.

Teresa, Samantha and Sophie looked disconcerted.

"Go down on your knees between their legs," ordered the groom, who was beginning to enjoy the spectacle.

The girls went down, nervously, shyly, onto their knees.

They were a splendid sight with their huge breasts shining in the light, covered in body cream...

The men looked on, fascinated. Most of them had never seen anything like this before, although they knew it went on and some of them even knew it was the true business of their company. It all had a dreamlike quality. They loved it.

"Put your tongues out, like good little ponies," said Mrs Mackintosh. The girls obeyed.

"Now get working. It's our turn to come in threes. And if you don't lick us to a good orgasm, you'll be flogged all over your lovely big tits."

The girls quickly put their heads down into the women's pubic hair.

As Teresa was standing in the middle, she got Mrs Mackintosh, who was at least young and beautiful. She was grateful it wasn't Rita.

The other two were less lucky. They had to work inside the flabby thighs of two distinctly less attractive office workers.

All three women came fairly quickly and very noisily.

Mrs Mackintosh pressed Teresa's head against her vagina so hard and held it so tight that she nearly choked her. Teresa felt sick.

When the ladies finished they took their chairs back. Mrs Mackintosh

remained seated completely naked, while the other two got dressed rather quickly.

“Thank you, dear,” she said, smiling sweetly at her husband.

“I would like to know,” said Rita, “exactly how Teresa felt when she was doing that. How did you feel, Teresa?”

Teresa was silent, her head hanging in shame. She was a woman now, with useless arms, maimed, tortured, deeply ashamed...

“How did you feel, Teresa?”

Teresa began crying, gently, softly. There was foam on her lips.

“I understand you get very excited when you see a stallion.”

Teresa, still on her knees, squirmed and wriggled in embarrassment.

“You three,” she continued, “go down the line and take all the men in your mouths. It’s blow-job time! Start with the boss, the lawyer and the accountant. Ha! ha! ha!”

The girls rose to their feet and moved over to the three men.

Teresa found herself in front of the accountant, a fat man with a thick penis.

She opened her mouth and closed it around the tip.

The accountant groaned.

“Grab hold of the shaft. Use both hands,” said the groom.

The girls swung their arms forwards and managed to trap the members in their hoof-like shoes.

If they pressed too hard, the men groaned in pain.

“All change!” shouted Mr Mackintosh, and the girls changed men, in rotation.

“Is it a change from stallions and pigs?” asked Mrs Mackintosh.

The girls all nodded.

They were all very confused, and very embarrassed.

“All change, and this time stay down till we all come!” said Mr

Mackintosh.

The girls obeyed, sucking on the erect penises.

“And don’t spill a drop,” said Mr Mackintosh. “This is quality spunk!”

First Samantha, and then Sophie, managed to bring their man to an orgasm.

All eyes were on Teresa as she struggled with the lawyer.

Finally, he came.

She pulled her mouth away as he started shooting off and she took it all over her chin and breasts.

“That was very naughty, dear,” said Mrs Mackintosh, “spilling it like that. Clean her up and tie her with her back to the wall.”

Teresa was wiped clean and tied to the wall, her arms tied high behind her back to present her breasts for punishment.

Mrs Mackintosh selected a bamboo cane and ran it between Teresa’s lips until it was shining.

Then she held it up for the terrified girl to see and

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Teresa screamed, an almost human scream as the cane bit deep into her, right on the nipples.

“Could I have a go, Mrs Mackintosh?” Rita asked.

“Of course. Choose your weapon!”

Rita selected a whippy stick.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“That,” she explained, “was for the way you humiliated me. Now I want you to repeat after me: I am Teresa Roberts. I am a pony girl.”

Silence.

“Would you like to leave, Teresa?”

A nod of the head.

“No, Teresa. You are not going to leave here, except to come home with me. You are a sexual slave, Teresa. Your body is not your own. You cannot cover it with satin underwear any more. You must always show your big breasts and your big cunt. You are a parody of a woman now. A joke. A laughing stock. A cartoon figure. A figure of fun.”

Teresa sobbed. Her humiliation was complete.

Rita sat down, feeling reasonably satisfied.

“Quite right, Rita,” said Mr Mackintosh. “Well done, dear. Now, what’s next on the agenda? This is your big day, Rita. Your show! Your call! What’s next?”

“Would anyone else like to punish Teresa?” she enquired.

Four of the men and two of the women did.

“Tits first?” asked Rita. “Who’s going for the tits? They deserve a good flogging. Just remember how she treated you! A good birching will teach her a lesson!”

She picked up the bundle of birch twigs and handed it to the first man.

He first put his finger into her vagina and played with her for a while, making her head jerk left and right as he stimulated her clitoris.

Then he stopped, lifted the birch and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Teresa screamed as he hit her several times on the huge, naked, totally defenceless breasts.

Then he handed the twigs to the next person in the queue, who turned out to be Mrs Mackintosh, looking rather beautiful and still stark naked...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

At Rita’s suggestion, each blow was preceded by a short explanation of her punishment.

“That’s for calling me a stupid little cow!” said one of the secretaries, bringing the birch down with surprising pleasure.

When they had all finished, Teresa sank back against the wall. She longed to rub her stinging breasts but could not.

“Are we allowed to hit her on the bottom?” asked the lawyer.

“Of course,” said Rita. “As hard as you like. How shall we do it?”

Teresa’s groom made a suggestion. “We could get the vaulting horse. You can tie her any way you like to that, bottom up or vagina up!”

“Excellent! We’ll try it both ways!”

First they tied Teresa face down, with her bottom sticking out one end.

“It’s really how you FEEL that interests me, Teresa,” said Rita. “I am not really very interested in your breasts. I mean, do you feel ridiculous with so many people looking at your naked bottom?”

Teresa was still sobbing.

She said nothing. She did not know how to...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“I shall ask you again, Teresa. I want you to tell me exactly how you feel. I want a running commentary, do you understand?”

This time everyone wanted a go at her bottom. Rita chose the fishing rod.

SWIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

herself a virgin, she was still waiting for the right man...

“Could I have a go first?”

Teresa looked up. It was Mr Smith! She remembered the surname now. Surely Rita Smith would stop him!

“I mean, she owes it to me. I actually lost my job, for a couple of weeks anyway! She fired me! It was very depressing, humiliating, degrading... She owes me one.” He looked at his wife, enquiringly. Rita smiled.

“She owes you more than one, dear! Go ahead!”

Mr Smith moved his fat body over to Teresa.

“Shall we get a mattress for you?” asked the groom.

“Yes, please.”

“I’ll get you one. Meanwhile, Teresa will go on her knees and open her mouth.”

Teresa obeyed. Mr Smith pushed his member into her mouth and made her kiss and suck it.

The groom returned with a mattress and threw it onto the ground.

Teresa looked at Mr Smith.

At that moment, the vet appeared, holding a syringe. “If you like,” he said to the guest, “we can try a shot of this. It sometimes helps them to speak, just for a few minutes. She’s been here too long, really, but we can give it a try if you like.”

Rita nodded. The vet injected Teresa.

A minute or two later, Teresa shook her head a few times.

She looked at Rita’s husband.

“The laaaast taaaiiim we met,” she said in an almost incomprehensible voice, “we were in the Steeevedore Arms. You said you looooved me. Did you tell your waaaiiiiff?”

A shocked silence fell on the group.

Smith slapped her across the face, hard.

Teresa cried.

“You filthy liar! Slut! You’re a filthy fucking liar!” He kicked her in the stomach and slapped her again on her badly bruised breasts. They were already bleeding from the beatings.

Rita smiled.

“That was a very silly lie, Teresa. You will regret that.”

There were murmurs from the group...

“Shocking!”

“We all know Bob Smith! Known him for thirty years or more! He’d never do a thing like that!”

“All yours, Bob, “ said Mr Mackintosh.

The groom tied Teresa’s hands behind her back and ordered her to open her legs wide.

Smith could hardly wait. He was blinded by Teresa’s breasts, blinded by years of fantasies about her, he was oblivious to the presence of the others...

He penetrated her quickly and easily.

Teresa looked at him in deep disgust.

So it was all over.

Her virginity, her cherished dreams, all gone under the fat stomach and thrusting pelvis of Bob Smith. She would have preferred a real pig to an imitation.

When Smith finished, six other men, all unable to stand their aching erections any more, asked permission to rape her.

“Please! Go ahead!” said Rita. “Do whatever you like with her.”

Most of the men penetrated her vagina. Two of them, the accountant and the spotty young boy, asked if they could go into her buttocks.

Rita looked enquiringly at the groom.

“No problem. Fucksie, present your bottom! Turn round, head down on the ground, that’s right, lift your bottom! Wait a minute, I’ll get a trestle.”

Teresa waited, trembling, while she got the trestle. The wooden slat across the top of it was at an angle so that if a pony girl sat on it, she got the corner of the wood in sticking up into her vagina. Pony girls were punished on the trestle. They had to spend whole days or nights on it, with their toes just touching the ground. It was a cruel instrument. They had to spend the night struggling to keep their weight off their vaginas,

and they got terrible cramp in their legs...

Teresa started trembling when she saw it. But she was lucky. This time it was only to lift her bottom higher.

“Do you want lubricating cream?” the groom asked.

“No. I want it to hurt.”

When they finished, Teresa lay in deep despair. Her anus was unbearably painful. She knew that her vagina was prominently displayed and that semen was oozing out of both her anus and her vagina and was running down her thigh. They could all see it. They were all laughing about it. She felt wet and humiliated.

“Do you brand your ponies?” Rita asked.

“Not normally, only by commission.”

Rita looked at Mr Mackintosh. “What did you have in mind, Rita?”

“R for Rita on one of her thighs. Just so she knows she’s mine!”

“Do you want her nipples pierced? We can put little disks or bells if you like, with R for Rita on them!”

“That sounds splendid. Thank you so much!”

“What about the other girls?” asked the accountant.

“Of course, we were forgetting them. Mustn’t let my little obsessions spoil the fun, must we? What would you like to do with them?”

“Well, as a matter of fact, I like seeing the two of them together. It’s a fantastic collection of knockers! I’d like to see them working on each other, you know, to get us a bit randy again.”

“Shall I untie one and get her to work on the other till she comes? Then they can swap round. You get a better view like that,” suggested the groom.

There was general approval for this.

Teresa was led off to be branded and belled.

The guests watched in fascination as first Samantha brought Sophie to

orgasm, then she lifted her to a whole series of orgasms by kissing her breasts and then by licking her vagina.

The stables rang with the sound of groans and whinnies, of soft, pleading whimpers, as time and again Sophie tried to fight the inevitable rising tide of an enforced, undesired, public pleasure...

Finally, when Sophie had almost lost consciousness, Mr Mackintosh called "All change!" and Sophie was untied. She fell to the floor and was allowed to rest for a few minutes before having cold water thrown over her head and breasts.

Screams could be heard from the Tack Room as Teresa's nipples were pierced with red-hot needles.

The smell of the brazier reached the guests.

Samantha was tied to the wall in an X, arms and legs spread out wide. Mrs Mackintosh put the flail into Sophie's hands and she began using it on the huge, wobbling breasts that seemed to the men present to be most of Samantha's body...

SWWWWWWWWWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The lovely breasts shook, quivered and settled down.
Samantha sobbed.

"On the cunt now," said Mrs Mackintosh.

SWWWWWWWWWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The cat came down again and again on the open lips.
Samantha sobbed and sobbed again and again.

"Go down on her now," said Mrs Mackintosh, who was gently masturbating, like most of the people present.

Sophie went on to her knees and began pecking around the vagina, kissing the hair, stroking the outer lips with her own lips, exploring for the clitoris and sucking it in between her front teeth.

Samantha, too, went into a series of multiple orgasms. Time after time her unbelievable breasts shook and flew in all directions as her thrusts became more and more urgent and her grunts and groans became a huge cry...

UGH! ... OOGH! ...UGH! ...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

One of the secretaries looked on in envy.

“I wish I could come like that!”

“It’s age, dear,” said Mrs Mackintosh, running her hand under the girl’s skirt and up her thigh. “A woman’s at her best around thirty. I never had multiple orgasms until then! It’s compensation for getting older!”

The girl laughed. She did not reject the woman’s hand. She was the boss’s wife, after all...

Suddenly a piercing scream came from the tack room. A red-hot brand was being held against Teresa’s thigh.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

A few minutes later, Teresa appeared. She was deeply distressed. She stood, sobbing, in front of her ex-colleagues, who all admired the brand and the bells.

Teresa looked through her tears at the rows of fascinated faces.

They had won. They had beaten her.

The old anger flared for a moment and died.

She was nobody. She was cattle. She was Rita’s property.

Her humiliation was complete. They had taken it all, her creams and her dreams...

Now, what? Dog food? A laboratory? In a cage in Rita's flat, which was her flat once, in her former life, when she had a life, when she was a person...

Teresa's thoughts were interrupted.

"Tea time!" shouted the groom, bringing in refreshments.

"Jolly good!"

"I could do with a nice cuppa after all this excitement!"

"Me too!"

Teresa sobbed as they had tea in front of her.

She sobbed as some of them called her over and asked her to suck them or lick them while they were having their tea.

She sobbed as she stood in front of them all, where Rita told her to stand, and she sobbed as she lost control of her bladder and wet herself.

She sobbed as they laughed at her wet legs.

She sobbed as they hung her upside down in chains and stuffed cream buns into her vagina, and a rubber dildoes into her anus, and Mr Mackintosh put his penis in on top of the cream bun and they all laughed ("I've heard of creaming your jeans," said his wife).

Teresa sobbed as the men put their erect members in the deep crack between her hanging breasts and rubbed them together, shooting off onto her stomach.

She sobbed as Mrs Mackintosh knelt on the ground next to her and held her head up and said "Suck me!"

She sobbed when Mrs Mackintosh emptied her bladder into her mouth and said "Drink, Fucksie, drink my pee! Swallow it all!"

She sobbed when the guests finished their tea and even those who had not participated found new strength and masturbated onto her or into her.

She sobbed as she lay dripping with urine and semen, her thigh stinging from the hot iron, her breasts stinging from the piercing...

She blacked out.

When she came round she found herself lying in a dark corner, sobbing...

She smelt bad. She had been sick over herself.

“Tell me, Teresa, how do you feel?”

The distant voice hardly reached her through the buzzing in her head, through her own nausea.

“I will suggest some words, and you will nod. We’ll start with sick. Do you feel sick?”

Teresa nodded.

“Disgusted.”

Nod.

“Humiliated.”

Nod.

“Good. As you humiliated me, so I have humiliated you. An eye for an eye.

The only difference is, my suffering was short.

Do you think yours will be short or long, Teresa?”

No response.

“I’ll tell you. To be precise, you will suffer for as long as I wish.”

Teresa looked into Rita’s loveless eyes and had no illusions.

She would suffer.

She would not be allowed to suffer like a pony girl.

She would suffer like a woman, in whatever ways Rita found most effective.

She had lost everything.

A deep, black sense of shame and utter humiliation came over Teresa.

“Come on Fucksie!” said the groom. “They want to see what you do with stallions!”

Teresa looked wearily at her groom.

A murmur of excitement ran round the room.

She would show them what she did with stallions.

She would, she suspected, not have many more opportunities to do it.

It was a skill like any other.

A skill from her pony life that, she now feared, she would soon be leaving.

Rita did not want a pony.

Ponies don't feel shame. They are not embarrassed. They crap and piss in front of people and they don't care.

Rita wanted something else.

Rita was subtle, and crueller than the pony ranch...

Rita wanted the woman in her, the woman who sobbed and suffered and knew the meaning of shame, embarrassment and humiliation...

Chapter Twenty-two

The end

“You will see,” said the Head Groom, stroking Teresa’s forehead down to her nose, “that at the end of their useful pony life, ponies are fully adapted. This one is called Fucksie. She’s been here for fifteen years now. She hasn’t spoken for some years now.

Fucksie is of course her pony name. It is in fact a nickname. Her real pony name was Fuckbags because she came to us with very big breasts. 38D. We took her up to 40D, and she has held them up very well, despite all the punishment they received the first few years here. She has heard no other name for many years and she probably cannot even remember her human name. She had a birthday last week with fifteen candles made of sugar. We’re not sure if she really understood what a birthday is, but she ate the candles and shared them with the other ponies.

If she could speak, she would say she’s a pony. On very rare occasions we have been able to get them to speak and that’s what they say. She wouldn’t say ‘I’m a pony girl’. She’d say ‘I’m a pony.’ They’re different things.

“Come on, Fucksie, don’t be shy, come over here.”

Teresa had backed against the wall. She was looking nervously around at the human faces, shaking her head and snorting.

Her groom pulled at a bridle attached to her collar.

Teresa looked around nervously at the semicircle of chairs with humans on them, but she followed her groom into the centre of the room.

“Stand up, Fucksie. Up! Up!”

Teresa pulled herself onto her back legs and stood up.

Her eyes moved left and right quickly.

“Does she spend all her time on all fours?” asked Rita.

“No, she stands up too. We don’t interfere with that. She’s a genetic mix. She doesn’t think about things like that. Turn round, Fucksie. Show them your mane.”

Teresa turned round. She shook her head quickly and shook her mane.

“How do you stick it on?” asked the accountant.

The Head Groom laughed. “Come and see for yourself! Mind she doesn’t kick you. Come round the side.”

The accountant stood up and walked over to Fucksie. He walked out of reach of Teresa’s shoes and put his hand up to her mane. He felt the coarse hairs between his fingers. “It’s real horse hair, isn’t it?” he asked. The Head Groom smiled and said “Now pull it off!”

The accountant pulled at the mane. Teresa gave a high-pitched whinny and kicked backwards. He examined it carefully. “It’s a graft! It’s grafted in!”

The Head Groom shook his head. “No. It’s real. She grew it herself.”

“Good God!” exclaimed the accountant. He rubbed his fingers, aware of the grease on them. “It’s rather disgusting, frankly,” he said, sitting down.

The others laughed.

“If any of you are interested, you can come and look at her breasts too. They are covered in very fine pony hair.”

Mrs Mackintosh stood up first, followed by her husband and all the others. Most of the workers who had come at Carnival time some years earlier were still there. Pony business was good and salaries were high.

Mrs Mackintosh stroked Teresa’s breasts.

“You’re right, it is rather disgusting. It’s all patchy on the breasts. It reminds me of an old woman’s head!”

“Yes, it is a bit patchy,” the Head Groom admitted. “Turn round, Fucksie. It’s patchy all over her body. And some of it has rubbed off from her hind quarters.”

“She’s a bit of a museum piece,” Rita observed. “I’ve seen stuffed bears that have been in a museum for fifty years with more hair on them than that!”

“Yes, it’s not perfect, but we’re getting better all the time.”

“Does she spend all her time with animals now?” Rita’s husband asked.

“Yes. She spends a lot of time with real ponies now. She spends all morning in her stable with one or two ponies or pony girls. She doesn’t seem to know the difference between them any more. She has two close friends. One is a pony and the other is a pony girl called Sucksie. They just stand there with their necks together. She’s as comfortable on all fours as she is standing. There used to be three of them, but Dribble died last year.

We take them out sometimes in the afternoons but there’s not a lot we can do with them. They can’t pull a cart or race any more. They’re too weak and too slow. Clients don’t want to pay good money to see a real pony being punished. They think it’s wrong. So there’s not much we can do with them except mate them with animals and, to be honest, that’s not a lot of fun either.”

“You could put a man in with her,” suggested one of the secretaries.

“I don’t suppose she would know what to do with a man. She will copulate with almost any animal if we tell her to, but she prefers horses or ponies.”

“It would be bestiality wouldn’t it,” asked Rita, “if she copulated with a man? I mean, she’s not human.”

“It’s against the rules, at least on the premises, but there wouldn’t be much demand for it anyway. About the only thing the punters pay for here is to see two or three pony girls working with each other or maybe with animals.”

“Could we see it?” Rita asked.

Teresa's groom, once known as Fuckface and now nameless, nodded and fetched a strap with two huge rubber penises on it. Teresa stood up and separated her knees when she saw her coming with the strap, adopting an awkward crouching posture. She looked around at all the curious faces around her. Her face was expressionless.

One of the penises was on the inside of the strap as it came down from her girth, passed between her legs. The groom put it in her vagina. Teresa fell onto all fours. The other penis was flopping around like a real pony's penis.

The groom then fetched Sophie, who was also rather hairy, and a real male pony. She stepped to one side and watched.

The three ponies stood together for a time, pressing necks. The male nibbled the back of Teresa's neck and bit it from time to time. It walked around impatiently. Teresa lowered her head and lifted her bottom invitingly.

"God Almighty!" said Rita's husband. "You could drive a horse and cart through that vagina!"

The others laughed. Teresa's vagina was indeed large, with big thick lips, but it was almost completely concealed by her thick pubic hair.

The small stallion mounted her successfully.

"Where on earth is he putting all that?" a clerk asked.

"See if you learn!" said a secretary, giggling.

"I'll have you know I'm pretty well hung for a man."

"How much does an hour with the stallion cost?" asked the girl.

"Somebody's not doing his job there!" said the groom and they all laughed.

Sophie offered her bottom and Teresa managed to put the rubber penis in, with some help from the groom. Once it was in, all went well.

The management and employees of Office Supplies Ltd, Canary Wharf, watched with interest as the three ponies performed. The stallion finished first, in a minute or two, but Teresa and Sophie carried on. Every time Teresa thrust forwards, the phallus went in deep and also pressed back

against the other phallus inside her, moving it. As the outside phallus was placed over her vagina, and the groom had been careful to open her lips, it also pressed against her clitoris every time she pushed.

As a consequence, Teresa finished first. Sophie came soon after. There was, however, little to see in this process. A little shaking of the head, a soft whinny or two, and it was over. Teresa trotted over to a drinking trough. None of the spectators had taken their clothes off, and few of the men had erections. Mrs Mackintosh, who had once been unable to take her eyes off Teresa's full breasts, found herself looking at the stallion.

"Do you want to see the ponies performing with a dog?" the Head Groom asked. The guests looked around, but there was little interest in a pony and dog show.

"What else can they do?" asked Rita.

The Head Groom shrugged his shoulders. "It's the end of the line, I'm afraid. They're just not pulling the punters in. Maybe it's the hair."

"If I show her some things from her previous life, will she have flashbacks?" Rita asked.

The Head Groom nodded. "You can try. She hasn't had any yet, I don't think. She doesn't seem to remember any of you. She just thinks pony now."

Rita asked for a table and they brought Teresa over to it. One by one Rita took objects from a grip she was carrying, holding them up for Teresa to see.

"This is your towel, Teresa, do you remember? Think hard, Teresa. Your name is Teresa Roberts. You worked in Office Supplies, Canary Wharf. You had a lovely big flat with a lovely big bathroom. Do you remember, Teresa? Look at this photo, Christmas party, 2009. Look at the dress. I've got it here. A V-neck to show your tits off! A designer dress, Teresa, very expensive. Do you remember?"

Teresa stood next to the table. She lifted herself onto her back legs and looked hard at Rita. Her eyes opened wide and her nostrils flared.

"Neeeeeeeeeiigghhhhhhhhh!" she said.

She looked around desperately. Inside her tired brain a slide show

was beginning. The office, her flat, her bathroom, her wardrobe...

“And this is your favourite body cream, Teresa. You came out of the bath and dried yourself and then you put cream on. You had an exercise bicycle too. And such expensive clothes! When you were trapped, you were wearing these silk knickers and you had these tights on top of them.”

The slide show went on. Teresa saw herself swinging from a pole. A man lifted her dress and showed her tights and knickers to a woman in a car. Rita smiling, a journey in the back of an open lorry, chains, a black girl raped again and again, the stables, the vet, injections, punishment, hanging upside down in chains, whips and flails coming down onto her breasts and open vagina...

Teresa saw it all and understood it all.

A tear fell down her cheek.

Only Rita spoke. The rest watched, fascinated.

“You had big breasts, Teresa. You flopped them around in the office in one of these bras. You leaned forwards over the table when you spoke to men, you had them hanging out when you met Mr Mackintosh for dinner, I am sure...”

Teresa looked around panic-stricken. They could see her breasts! And they were hairy! They could see her vagina, the vagina she had always covered so carefully.

“You had a brilliant future, Teresa. You were very clever, but very callous! You trod on people, just as you kick at them now. You were wild and cruel. They have just brought it out. This is the end, Teresa, of a brilliant career. You thought it was a one-horse race when you took the job I wanted. Now you are the horse. It’s over, Teresa.”

Teresa gave a deep sob that lifted and shook her velvety, greasy breasts.

She looked around. Yes, they were all there. Those that had loved her and those that had lusted after her. They were all there except the man she was waiting for, the man she would love...

She wept, silently...

It was the end.

“Do you want to take her home now, Rita?” Mr Mackintosh asked.

“Yes, please.”

Chapter Twenty-three

The End

Teresa sat on a chain in her old flat. She had been there for a week looking at everything, smelling everything, understanding only what came to her as a flashback.

Rita had spent the week talking to her, reminding her, until it seemed there were no more flashes and no more tears...

Rita put a can of dog food on the table.

“Look at it, Teresa. In five minutes they’re coming for you. You’re a pony now. I tried to sell you to a brothel but they didn’t want you. It’s recycling time.”

Teresa looked at Rita. She could have tried to speak but she had nothing to say any more.

She said nothing when the lorry arrived.

She said nothing when she was taken into a factory.

She said nothing when Rita showed her the cans of feed.

There were no more flashbacks.

END

PONY GIRL HORROR

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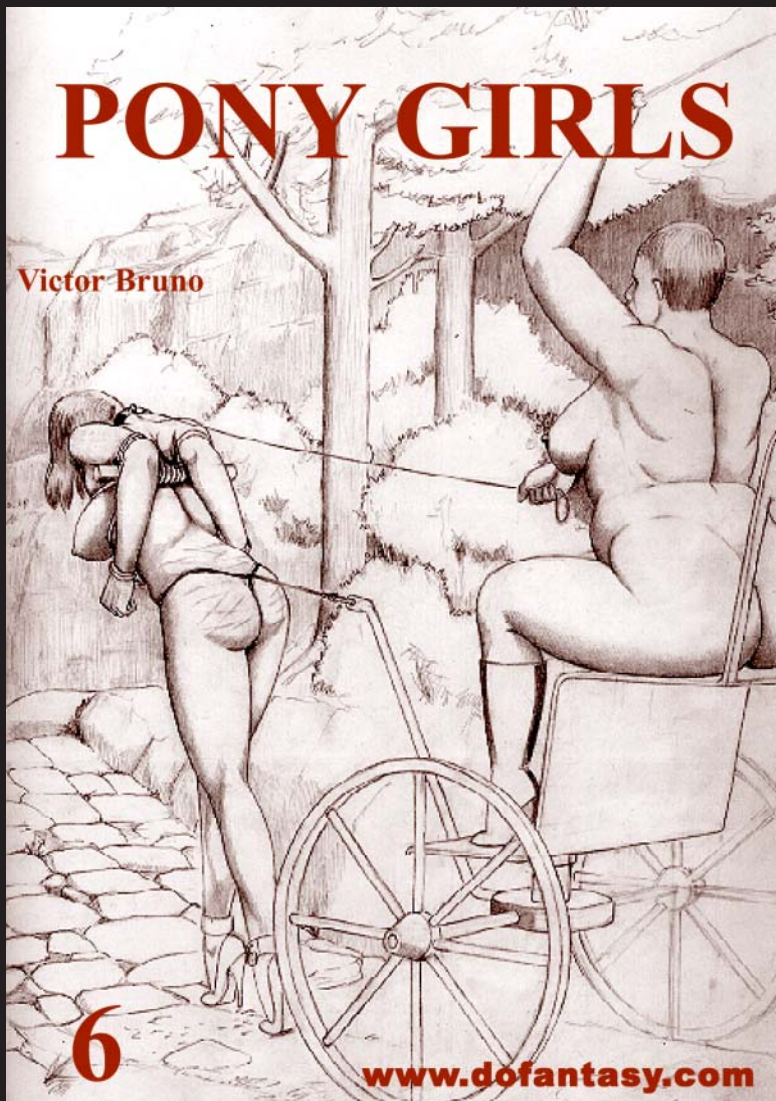
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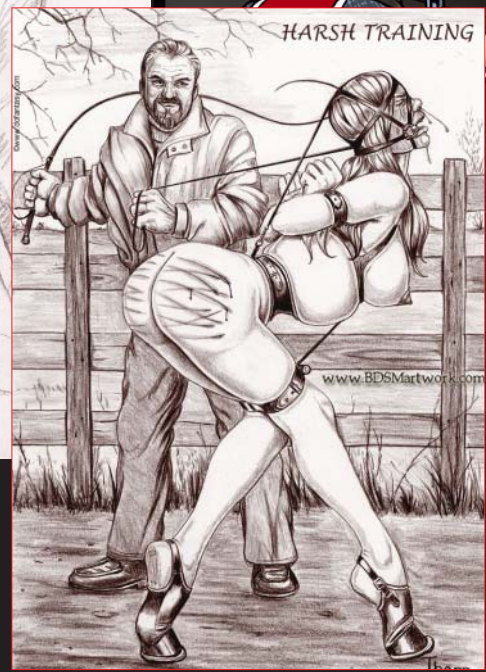
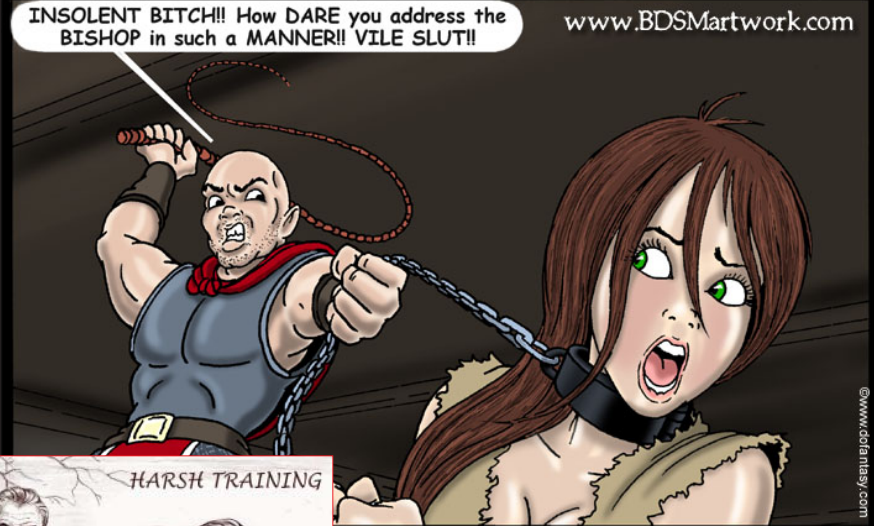
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